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WE BEGIN WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF A GIRL NAMED ELLA KARN:

- ELLA, age 5, grinning, dressed the way little girls used to for church -- buckled shoes, lace dress, both pink. Her beautiful, Givenchy-dressed MOM kneels and beams at her perfect little daughter. It's 1956.

- ELLA, 9 now, more tomboyish, climbing a tree, looking over her shoulder with a you-can't-catch-me smile. 1960.

- ELLA, barely a teenager, strikingly pretty in sweater and skirt, posing stiffly with her mom and solid-citizen DAD in front of a Christmas tree. 1964. For the first time, she's not smiling.

- ELLA on a beach, early 1966, 15, a woman's body in a bikini, her hair wind-wild. Around her, tousled BOYS and GIRLS with surfboards, beer cans raised, a VW in the background.

- ELLA in mini-skirt and fur vest, caught in mid-scream, placard held high over head, one of HUNDREDS facing off against POLICE, marching with PROTESTERS at night on the Sunset Strip, late 1966.

- ELLA, 16 now, in evening dress, hair in a densely-sprayed helmet -- beautiful, miserable and angry. She is standing next to her tuxedoed Dad. It's 1967. And beside Ella and her father: Richard Nixon.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Then WHITE LETTERS slowly FADE UP with the CHIRP of crickets:

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

August, 1967

EXT. BEL AIR - THE KARN MANSION - NIGHT

Glassy. Sharp. Isolated. GLOWING from within.

A WINDOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR SLIDES OPEN

And 16-year-old Ella Karn slips out.

EXT. A CAR PARKED IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ella pulls the door open, kisses the driver, 19-year-old RICK ZONDERVAN, one of the boys from the beach picture: thin, anxious, excited. He starts the car and they drive off into the night.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

"Good Vibrations" by The Beach Boys YOWLS from a LOUD PARTY in a bungalow.

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALMOST A HUNDRED BODIES crammed into a thousand square feet. Most dancing. Two distinct groups:

The dominant group -- BOYS in sport shirts, chinos, clean-shaven, hair neatly combed; their counterpart GIRLS in knit tops and Jax pants, hair chemically-helmeted. Call this group THE DEPARTMENT STORE REBELS.

Peppered among them, a smaller group -- GUYS in sandals, YOUNG WOMEN braless, both in tattered denim and explosively colored cotton; bodies defiantly unwashed, hair long, untreated, these are THE AUTHENTIC HIPPIE FREAKS.

ELLA KARN DANCES WITH RICK ZONDERVAN,

Both clearly Department Store Rebels.

RICK

Glad you came now?

Ella just nods in time to the music.

RICK

I told you, this is where it's happening.

He leans in close. They kiss. Rick wants more but Ella spins away. She's lost in the music, the bodies around her, the colors, happy, free, one of many anonymously young, fresh and beautiful girls. Both she and Rick are unaware that she's been singled out by --

A MAN ACROSS THE ROOM

Watching her. Except for the fact that he's in his early thirties, he's the archetypal Authentic Hippie Freak. Wiry, short, bearded. With him are two GIRLS in their early twenties, a pretty BRUNETTE named PATTY, and a freckly, gamine REDHEAD, LYNETTE, all watching --

ELLA

As she sways to the MUSIC.

A JOINT IS PASSED TO THE BEARDED MAN BY A BIKER

In a leather vest that displays the logo of the THE STRAIGHT SATANS. The Biker is late twenties, built like a Rottweiler, personality to match: DENNY TARLO.

The wiry little Bearded Man takes a long hit, giving Denny a brother-hug as he passes the joint to his girls, who greet Denny warmly. Then the Bearded Man watches as --

RICK

Gives Ella a peck out on the dance floor and moves off to get a beer.

THE BEARDED MAN

Whispers to Lynette, who smiles and nods.

ELLA

Sways to the MUSIC on the floor. Then feels a body dance alongside hers. It's Lynette. She's good. They smile at one another. Lynette passes the joint to Ella, who takes it hesitantly and puffs briefly. Ella laughs at her own inexperience.

ACROSS THE ROOM, RICK

Sips beer. Turns. Is met with a warm smile from a lithe, dark-haired girl in her mid-twenties, SADIE. She leans in and whispers to him. We don't hear what she says but it makes Rick's face go slack with disbelief. Sadie's hands on Rick assure him what she just told him is true.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - NIGHT

Ella, Lynette and Patty are high, feeling good, chatting quietly, the party a muted, psychedelic SWIRL in the stained glass windows behind them. Then, they hear --

THE BEARDED MAN (O.S.)

Look at it.

He approaches from the shadows. His two girls greet him. Ella is wary. He's referring to the boulevard below, a wide, coursing river of light.

THE BEARDED MAN

It's an electric snake. It wants
me. You. Us. The whole world.
It's gonna eat us all up, Ella.

ELLA

How... how do you know my name?

LYNETTE

He was born to know your name.

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The party is a far-off THRUM. The hall is empty but for Rick, who leans against the wall as Sadie drops to her knees and undoes his pants. A large, busy bracelet JANGLES on her wrist.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Bearded Man gestures for Ella to look out at Sunset again.

THE BEARDED MAN

Ella, when that snake comes to eat
everything up, know what'll save
ya?

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pants at his ankles, Rick looks down at the tent of Sadie's hair across his naked lap.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Bearded Man smiles at the entranced Ella.

THE BEARDED MAN

You think Daddy's gonna save ya? Or
that boyfriend of yours?

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sadie sucks Rick into ecstasy.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - CONTINUOUS

THE BEARDED MAN

No. You survive with me. With us.

The girls are close now, MURMURING assent.

THE BEARDED MAN

Snake eats the world. We eat the
snake. I'll show you how, and then
nothin' will ever hurt again.

(strokes her hair)

L'il thang, I'm Charlie Manson.

SMASH TO:

CREDITS

Which begin in *FLAMES* as *DOZENS* of draft cards are *IGNITED* at once by *COLLEGE WAR PROTESTERS* and we *HEAR "Everybody's Been Burned"* by *The Byrds* as we *CUT TO*:

- *VIETNAMESE PALMS* as they shiver under the blast of army helicopters.
- *BANDAGED AMERICAN SOLDIERS* in the crossfire.
- *CAPTURED VIET CONG SOLDIERS* beaten down with rifle butts.
- *A WOMAN* in a miniskirt pops a birth control pill from its foil sarcophagus, swallowing it with a sip of Tab.
- *SEX* in movies, TV shows, commercials, magazines, a *MASHUP* of lips, legs, crotches, cleavage and coupling.
- *A THOUSAND HIPPIES* cluster at a *ROCK CONCERT*.
- *LONG-HAIRED STUDENTS* chant for peace.
- *THEN-GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN* of California gives a speech:

GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN

You know what my definition of a
hippie is? Someone who dresses
like Tarzan, has hair like Jane...
and smells like Cheetah!

- *BOBBY KENNEDY* moves among *BLACK MARCHERS*.
- *MARTIN LUTHER KING JR* is at the pulpit.
- *SHERIFFS* turn dogs and firehoses on *PROTESTERS*.
- *WE END IN FIRE* as *Watts, Newark and Detroit* all *BURN* and all we see is searing, hypnotic, apocalyptic *FLAME*.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KARN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sleek shelf of FAMILY PHOTOS is being studied by a 43-year-old white MAN in a grey suit and black tie. Something about him makes the suit seem like a uniform, the act of looking at these framed pictures, a mission.

This is L.A.P.D. SERGEANT SAM HODIAK. His eyes travel down the gallery of frozen years, many of which we saw at the top of the Teaser. Hodiak's gaze lands on the photo of Ella and her Dad with Nixon.

GRACE KARN

Enters. 42, coiffed and polished, trying her best to hide a volcanic worry. She's the Mom in the photos, passing her husband --

KEN KARN, 48, behind the bar, mixing drinks. He's the Dad in the photos. A lawyer, good with words in a way that's always gotten him what he wants. Ken and Grace don't look at each other as --

GRACE
(handing Hodiak a stack of
snapshots)
These are the most recent.

HODIAK

Flips through the Kodachrome snapshots of:

- ELLA, 16, at a friend's birthday, at the beach, playing tennis, watching a garage band rehearse. In most of the photos, she's with Rick Zondervan.

HODIAK
(shot of Rick)
This her boyfriend?

GRACE
I've never heard her use that word.
None of them do anymore.

KARN
But she's probably with him...
again... and she'll come back with
some story.. again.

GRACE
(sharply)
She's been gone four days.
(to Hodiak)
That's never happened before.

Arctic silence. Hodiak pockets the pictures and takes out a small notebook and pen, jotting.

HODIAK

The boy, you know his name?

GRACE

Rick Zondervan.

HODIAK

How old is she again...?

GRACE

Sixteen.

KARN

Look. Sam. We really appreciate this. But just...

(beat)

This, it can't... be official?
With the election next year...

Hodiak sees Grace's eyes swivel contemptuously at her husband.

KARN

Obviously, yes, finding her is the important thing but if you can keep it quiet? There are people who'd appreciate it.

Hodiak's eyes flick to the family photo. Of Nixon.

EXT. KARN MANSION - DAY

Grace walks Hodiak to his car.

GRACE

Still married?

HODIAK

I guess. Technically.

GRACE

I'm sorry, I didn't --

HODIAK

It's okay.

GRACE

How's your boy?

HODIAK

Good.

GRACE
Must be in college.

HODIAK
Army.

GRACE
Overseas?

HODIAK
Da Nang. Just made corporal.

GRACE
My mother always said, you never
know fear till you have kids.

HODIAK
How is your Mom?

GRACE
Still asks about you. First
boyfriend she ever liked. Also the
last. Who knew.

HODIAK
Who knows anything.

She takes his hand. Tears shimmer in her eyes.

GRACE
Please? Sam? Get my little girl
back. I don't care where she is...
what she's done...

HODIAK
(comforting)
Hey, hey...

Her free hand drifts up to his shoulder and she buries her
face in his neck. He's a little uncomfortable with how close
she is.

GRACE
I want my baby back...

His eyes flick to the house and up there, in the floor-to-
ceiling window:

KARN,

her husband. Watching them.

GRACE
 ...I want my baby... I want my
 baby... my baby...

INT. THE SHED - NIGHT

A nightclub that STROBES with pulsing amoeba LIGHTS, swaying BODIES, mostly of the Department Store Rebel variety, everyone dancing to THE CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND, live on stage, ripping through "I'm A King Bee."

HODIAK ENTERS,

The only one in a jacket and tie, the only one with a crew cut and the only one over 40, he slices through the tangle of the dance floor like a set of shears, ignoring hostile glares as he heads straight for --

RICK ZONDERVAN,

Who is startled when Hodiak flashes his badge.

INT. THE SHED - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hodiak and Rick alone.

RICK
 I haven't seen her in a while.

HODIAK
 What's a while? A day, week?

RICK
 I dunno.

Nervous and evasive, he starts to go. Hodiak's hand rests firmly on Rick's chest. Keeping him here.

HODIAK
 (even, quiet)
 Rick? The last couple times she was out all night, she was with you. So.

RICK
 There was this party.

HODIAK
 And?

RICK
 She just, I don't know, took off.

HODIAK

By herself?

RICK

It was crowded and, y'know, just, I figured she saw a friend, went to another party, it happens.

HODIAK

And you didn't call her folks the next day, see if she was okay?

RICK

Her folks don't like me already. I'm gonna call and say, "Hey, I snuck your daughter out and she freaked on me?"

HODIAK

Freaked on you.

RICK

What?

HODIAK

Before you said, "took off," now, "freaked on you?" That's a little more specific.

RICK

Look, whaddayou want, man?

And now THREE MORE BOYS tumble in, LAUGHING, then going quiet as they see Rick getting braced by the jacket-and-tie Hodiak.

RICK

She's a chick, y'know? Who knows?

Hodiak studies Rick. Then --

HODIAK

Where was the party?

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A long, crooked set of wooden steps zig-zag up the hillside to the porch. Hodiak stands in the open doorway, talking to STEVE EMLER, late twenties, long mustache, stoned, indifferent to the photo of Ella he hands back.

STEVE

(shrugs)

Sorry.

Hodiak glances over Steve's shoulder, into the gloom of the bungalow, seeing a YOUNG WOMAN cross from the kitchen -- wearing a crop-top blouse and nothing else, settling into a mostly MALE GROUP on the floor, listening to the Grateful Dead's "Good Morning, Little School Girl."

And in this group, the Straight Satan Biker from that night, Denny Tarlo. His eyes lock on Hodiak.

HODIAK

Mind if I talk to them?

STEVE

Mind if I see your warrant?

HODIAK

You think getting one is hard?

STEVE

You think telling you to fuck off is easy? Oh, wait. It is.

He SLAMS the door in Hodiak's face.

EXT. THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE, A VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

The Dead's "Good Morning, Little School Girl" ROLLS across the CUT as Charles Manson steps out a door and surveys a river bottom ravine at the western mouth of Topanga Canyon. He leans against a spiral staircase curving up from first floor to second that gives the house its local nickname.

The vast yard is littered with car parts, delapidated vehicles of all sorts, including a number of VW vans and larger buses, alive with MUSICIANS, STUDENTS, SURFERS, STRAIGHT SATAN BIKERS, HIPPIES MALE and FEMALE, a whole slew of counter-culture drifters. Among them, Manson spies --

ELLA, UNDER THE SHADE OF A TREE WITH LYNETTE,

Who is teaching the sixteen-year-old how to macrame.

BACK TO MANSON

As Patty approaches. Leans into Manson.

PATTY

She told me last night, Charlie.
She's a virgin.

Manson gives her a fatherly kiss.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

AN EARNEST, LONG-HAIRED BOY of twenty is looking directly INTO CAMERA, speaking to a TV REPORTER and CAMERAMAN, while behind him, protest MARCHERS with picket signs file past.

EARNEST LONG-HAIRED BOY

I'm old enough to get drafted, to go kill for my country but I'm not old enough to be on this sidewalk after ten? Well, I'm here, man. We're all here.

(begins to CHANT)

'N we're gonna stay! We're gonna stay! Not gonna move, move, move us TODAY!

He drops back and joins the passing MARCHERS:

MARCHERS

We're gonna stay! We're gonna stay! Not gonna move, move, MOVE us today!

Hundreds of BOYS AND GIRLS, Department Store Rebels and Authentic Hippie Freaks mixed, mostly fifteen to twenty-five, move down a Sunset Boulevard sidewalk -- past fin-tailed cars, shop fronts, liquor stores, clubs and bars. All of them stoically observed by:

L.A. RIOT COPS

In gleaming white helmets and shiny black leather.

MARCHING KIDS AND HIPPIES

We're gonna stay! We're gonna stay! WE'RE GONNA STAY!

Some Protesters stop, inches from the police line:

THE REALLY DEFIANT FEW

Move us TODAY? We're gonna STAY!
Go? NO! Go? NO! Go? NO!

The Riot Cops just stare, robots yet to be switched on.

INT. GLADNER'S COFFEE HUT - ON SUNSET STRIP - CONTINUOUS

A plate glass window looks out at the cops, the protesters and the boiling tension.

THE REALLY DEFIANT FEW

Go? No! Go? No!

In a rear booth sit BRIAN SHAFE and MIKE VICKERY. Vickery is late twenties, aviator glasses, velvet vest, a plastic hippie knockoff. Shafe is mid-20s, looks younger, bright, with longish hair, a light scruff, jeans and a defiant nature that hums in him like an idling race car engine.

SHAFE

So, the thing we talked about?

VICKERY

(calling off)

Hey, Art.

This to the fortyish owner, ART GLADNER, who turns from a CUSTOMER.

VICKERY

My friend here's in kind of a hurry, could we get the check? And a key lime slice to go.

(to Shafe)

You want anything?

SHAFE

The thing. We talked about.

Outside we can hear a POLICE VOICE through a bullhorn:

POLICE VOICE

Clear the streets! It is ten p.m. and curfew has now begun. Clear the streets!

We hear ANGRY SHOUTS from the marchers out there:

SHOUTING VOICES

(variously)

Make us...! Eat shit...! Pigs...!
Fark the Nucks! Fark the Nucks!
Fark the Nucks!

THROUGH THE WINDOW SHAFE SEES

A DOZEN PROTESTERS being SHOVED back by a FIVE MAN wedge of club-wielding Riot Cops.

INSIDE, ART

Brings a to-go pie container, setting it in front of Shafe. With the check.

VICKERY

Ya mind? I'm tapped.

Annoyed, Shafe flips the check over. The tab's \$100. Shafe is surprised, looks up at Vickery, who just regards him coolly.

VICKERY

Tip's included, dig? Just leave the cash... and take the box. Just don't open it here.

(looking out at the cops)

Not that the fuzz'd have any idea what it is.

The NOISE outside is building. YELLING. POLICE BULLHORNS. WARNINGS. Shafe reaches into his pocket and takes out some crumpled twenties. Which he sets on the table.

SHAFE

Walk me out to my car?

VICKERY

Scared of the cops?

SHAFE

Nope.

Shafe's hand is resting on the tabletop. He moves it two inches, revealing an L.A.P.D. badge for just a second before he sweeps it back into his pocket.

SHAFE

I don't want you, I want him...

(meaning Art Gladner)

...so walk me to my car.

EXT. BACK OF GLADNER'S - NIGHT

Holding the to-go pie box, Shafe walks Vickery out to a small, fenced-in parking area. The nearby RIOT is getting LOUDER, the FLASH of POLICE LIGHTS brighter.

VICKERY

Man, come on, seriously?

And as Shafe is about to answer --

TWO UNIFORMED COPS drawn clubs hustle around the corner, gripping THREE BOYS, 17.

UNIFORMED COP ONE

(to the three)

Hands on the wall.

Two Boys comply awkwardly. The Third sullenly refuses.

THIRD BOY
What's the charge?

UNIFORMED COP ONE
Whatever the fuck I say.

UNIFORMED COP TWO
(to Vickery and Shafe)
You two. Grab some brick.

Vickery is swift. Shafe hesitates, holding his pie box.

UNIFORMED COP ONE
(to Third Boy)
You hear me or what?

Shafe watches Cop One SHOVE the Third Boy with his club.

SHAFE
Hey!

Cop Two sees Shafe going for Cop One and swings a baton choke hold on Shafe --

-- but Shafe ducks it, elbows the Cop back, reaches for the badge in his pocket but his jacket rides up exposing his holstered snub-nosed .38 and --

UNIFORMED COP TWO
Gun, he's got a GUN!

-- the baton of Cop One SMACKS Shafe in the gut, doubling him over as Vickery, splayed against the wall, truly appreciates the rollicking irony here and lets out a short, sharp LAUGH --

VICKERY
Ohhh! Yeahhhh! Beautiful, baby,
beautiful, yeah! Put that fuckin'
hippie down!

-- the baton of Cop Two comes down on the crown of Shafe's skull-back with a THUNDER CRACK and --

SHAFE'S FACE

hits pavement.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ella listens to a folk song, lost in lyrics that seem to be about her:

MAN SINGING (O.S.)
*"...think you're lovin', baby, and
 all you're doin' is cryin'."*

She sits with an AUDIENCE of a dozen or so, some drifting in and out, some getting high, some as rapt as Ella, watching --

CHARLES MANSON SINGING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

Strumming a guitar.

CHARLES MANSON
*"Can you feel? Are those feelin's
 real?"*

And here he opens his eyes, looking straight at Ella.

CHARLES MANSON
*"Look at your game, girl... Look at
 your game, girl..."*

INT. L.A.P.D. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Several NIGHTWATCH OLD TIMERS, white men in their forties and fifties, view this parade of YELLING, SHOUTING, SCREAMING REBELLIOUSNESS as DOZENS of the Sunset Protesters are hauled in by UNIFORMED and PLAINCLOTHES.

OFFICER ED CUTLER, 44, big, brutal-looking, with slicked back hair gleaming above quick eyes.

CUTLER
 L.A.'s always gotta be first.
 First spic riots, first nigger
 riots, now the first diaper riots.

This to Hodiak, the only cop not looking at the parade. He's with a UNIFORMED POLICE WOMAN, pinned-up hair, crisp in her skirt, tie, hat: CHARMAIN TULLY, early twenties, dying to be taken seriously.

CHARMAIN
 The guy you talked to? Steve
 Elman? Is a record producer, owns
 the house, little under two years.

HODIAK
 Arrests?

CHARMAIN
 (off a second set of
 records)
 None. Anything else, Sarge? Loo
 needs me for body-pats.
 (MORE)

CHARMAIN (cont'd)
 (re: the stream of
 HIPPIES)
 Said we never had this many femmes.

CUTLER
 Not true. Did a whorehouse sweep
 in '61. Double the tits, half the
 quality.

His eyes have landed on a HIPPIE GIRL in an almost-see-through bikini top.

CUTLER
 Charmain, go give that one a feel.

Charmain tries her best to politely ignore Cutler as she gives her paperwork to Hodiak and joins the fray.

CUTLER
 Tell her I'm "groovy, baby!"

Cutler pulls a bottle out of his desk and pours a quick shot into a paper cup, offers some to Hodiak, who shakes his head.

CUTLER
 Hey. Isn't that what's his
 name...?

Cutler points. Hodiak turns. Sees --

SHAFE

Head bleeding, being led in by the two Uniformed Cops who put him down. Cop One has him by the arm to steady him.

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shafe, holding ice to his blood-mopped hair, and the Uniformed Cop who hit him are going at it hard, in front of CAPTAIN GERALD DUNN, 45, hard to impress, and LIEUTENANT ALONSO PRIORE, 34, always looking to Dunn so he can anticipate his mood and meet it.

SHAFE
 (to Uni One)
 You're gonna file a report on me?

UNIFORMED COP ONE
 (to Lt. Priore)
 What the hell was he doin' out
 there dressed like that?

LT. PRIORE
 (cutting in, sucking up)
 Captain, it's like this, Brian
 comes to me a few weeks ago --
 (trying to read Dunn's
 reaction)
 -- he's got a good idea --
 (but Dunn is stone-faced,
 impossible to read)
 -- I think, at the time, maybe --
 (still nothing from Dunn)
 -- which is: try 'n look like one
 of 'em, follow some leads, see
 where it goes --

CAPTAIN DUNN
 (to Shafe)
 You make a buy?

SHAFE
 Yeah.

CAPTAIN DUNN
 You log it?

SHAFE
 It's gone, I woke up in the car
 after I got clubbed --

UNIFORMED COP ONE
 (to the Captain)
 He was goin' for his gun --

SHAFE
 I was going for my badge --

UNIFORMED COP ONE
 (stabs Shafe's chest)
 -- shut up, freak.

SHAFE
 Don't touch me unless you love me.

The Uni shoves, Shafe knocks his hand away and the two go at it -- fast, messy, grappling -- and are pulled apart by Lt. Priore and the Captain.

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAWN

Through a window, daylight cracks the skyline. In here, it's a little quieter. PARENTS have started arriving. CHARMAIN and ANOTHER POLICEWOMAN walk TWO GIRLS to their glowering PARENTS.

Captain Dunn is leaving for the night. Hodiak catches him on the way to the door.

HODIAK
Cap, can I talk to you?
That kid, Shafe...

CAPTAIN DUNN
You wanna give him the haircut?

HODIAK
No.

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - LOCKER ROOM - DAWN

SHAFE
Wait.

At his open locker, Shafe turns around to face Hodiak.

SHAFE
I report to you.

HODIAK
Yep.

SHAFE
Because?

HODIAK
Captain says so.

SHAFE
Because.

HODIAK
Missing girl's from a family with juice, Cap figures it can't hurt to help a Dad who's buddies with the mayor, governor, maybe the next president. This is my report so far.

Hodiak holds out a thin file to Shafe, who ignores it.

SHAFE
Look, I didn't crack some secret hippie code that'll tell you what they're really saying and I don't wanna be the bait that gets you in the door to start bashing heads.

HODIAK

Look, sorry you had a bad night
but...

SHAFE

What the fuck else do you guys know
how to do?

HODIAK

"You guys."
(points to Shafe's shield)
Really?

SHAFE

See something you don't understand,
you just wanna hit it, shoot it or
fuck it.

Shafe SLAMS his locker door shut.

HODIAK

'Cause you know me so well?

SHAFE

Hey, I know first time we say two
words, you're leaning on me to do
your thing, so...

Shafe starts off, away from Hodiak.

HODIAK

Good, then you know tomorrow
morning, that hair's going high and
tight again...

This stops Shafe. Hodiak approaches him.

HODIAK

...and your uniform's coming out of
plastic. Cap's orders.
(slaps the file against
Shafe's chest)
Unless...

Shafe reaches up, takes the file from Hodiak. And exits.

EXT. SHAFE HOUSE - DAY

A Valley tract, identical to its neighbors. Shafe pulls up
in his rattling Chevy and gets out.

His neighbor, HOWARD, 50s, white, unsmiling, tends to rose
bushes, listening to a radio song through the open window:
Doris Day singing "Que Sera, Sera."

SHAFE
Hey, Howard.

Howard ignores Shafe.

SHAFE
(gets mail, pretends to
hear a question from
Howard)
I'm good, you?

Howard says nothing, just clips and snips.

SHAFE
Really? Come on.
(chuckles during a pause)
She did? Well, the ladies, huh,
what're you gonna do?
(then, as he sifts through
mail)
See you at the barbecue Saturday.
(pause, off Howard's total
silence)
Seven o'clock. Don't you dare
bring anything but your charming
self.
(pause)
You, too, Howard.

Howard ignores him. Shafe walks to his front door.

INT. SHAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The radio's on, playing The Supremes' "Reflections." Shafe walks in and under the song, hears a CRYING BABY in the next room.

SHAFE
Hey.

KRISTIN (O.S.)
Hey, honey.

His wife, KRISTIN SHAFE, enters holding their 10-MONTH-OLD BABY DAUGHTER, MOLLY.

Kristin and Molly are both Black.

KRISTIN
Have a nice talk with Howard?

SHAFE
Always.

They kiss.

KRISTIN

Such a warm, lovely, open-minded
neighborhood we live --

She runs her fingers through his hair and comes across the
tangle of bloody hair.

KRISTIN

Jesus, baby, what happened? You
okay?

SHAFE

Just another day, bein' kept down
by whitey...

She laughs and hands him the baby.

KRISTIN

I gotta pee. Sing your sad song to
the next generation.

She kisses him and moves off.

INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Hodiak sleeps in white t-shirt and boxers. The area near the
bed is mostly open boxes, clothes half-in, half-out.

SUDDEN WIDE SHOT - A YOUNG SOLDIER STANDS OVER HODIAK

In a dress army uniform. Shaved head under the hat.
Corporal's stripes. Ramrod straight. Almost at attention.
Totally still. Staring down at Hodiak.

It's so odd it could almost be a dream. But it's not.

HODIAK

Wakens, sees the Soldier, is startled up onto his elbows,
blinks, then --

HODIAK

Paul...?

PAUL

Hi, Dad.

INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Hodiak hands his son a cup of coffee.

HODIAK

So.

(beat)

This is kind of a...

(beat)

Does your Mom know...?

PAUL

No. I barely knew myself.

Paul looks around. More boxes.

PAUL

So this is the new place.

HODIAK

Yeah.

PAUL

Homey.

HODIAK

(through a forced smile)

I thought you were in-country...

PAUL

I was. I am.

HODIAK

I don't understand, how'd you get
leave to come back...?

PAUL

New policy.

HODIAK

(dubious but trying to be
casual)

Little different than my day.

PAUL

'Lot of things are.

INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul is almost asleep on a fold out couch. Eyes closed.
Face peaceful. Like a child.

Hodiak passes in the hall and reaches in to turn out the
light. Looks at his son with tender worry. Paul's eyes
flutter open.

PAUL

Dad? I love you.

Hodiak doesn't know how to respond. Manages a tight nod. Flicks out the light.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flickering candlelight reveals QUICK-POP CLOSE-UP DETAILS here:

- AN LP revolving on a stereo playing "A Whiter Shade of Pale" by Procol Harum.

- SHEET MUSIC, songs by "C. Manson" with titles like "Look At Your Game, Girl," "Mechanical Man," "True Love You Will Find," and "Don't Do Anything Illegal."

- OTHER RECORDS, in their jackets, spread here and there: The Beatles, The Beach Boys, Jefferson Airplane, Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary, The Rolling Stones and The Yardbirds.

- A SHELF of oft-read, cracked-spine books, almost all of them on Scientology and Dianetics, by L. Ron Hubbard.

- A BONE-HANDLE STRAIGHT RAZOR, gleaming and open, next to a wash basin.

- A SMOLDERING ROACH in an ashtray.

Manson and Ella are alone, sitting cross-legged on the bed.

CHARLES MANSON

What do you love?

ELLA

Don't you mean "who?"

CHARLES MANSON

No, I know the answer to that. You don't love anyone. You thought you loved your plastic little boy-oh-boy. You folks, well, you loved 'em once, then put down your dollies and saw Mommy with that dead look in her eyes from listening to all Daddy's lawyer lies.

ELLA

(in awe)

How'd you know my Dad's a lawyer?
How do you know so much about me?

CHARLES MANSON

I don't look at you. I see you.
And when I see you, I see me.

(MORE)

CHARLES MANSON (cont'd)

(caressing her arm)

I see what they did to you. 'Cause y'know what she did to me? My Mommy? I was five, she was outta money, dyin' for a drink. So she takes me to a bar, 'n she...

(pause -- sudden tears
spring into his eyes)

...gives me to the waitress for a bucket of beer. Then left.

(off Ella's empathy)

It's what they do to all of us. One way or the other. It's why we think we're all alone. But we're not.

(he leans into her and
they kiss lightly)

You're not.

(a deeper kiss)

You will never be alone again.

Manson eases Ella onto her back. He looks down at her quivering, innocent longing. Her huge, trusting eyes.

He nods. A silent command. And she pulls off her shorts, her panties. He unbuckles his belt as TWO SHADOWY FIGURES slip in through the open doorway.

And as Manson now lowers himself onto Ella, she is startled to feel female hands on her face, her neck, in her hair, unbuttoning her blouse.

It's Lynette and Patty. Naked. Smiling. Ella tenses.

CHARLES MANSON

It's all love, right here, right now, the love you always wanted, the love you need...

He starts to push himself into her. Her face pinches.

CHARLES MANSON

...the love you love.

He thrusts in. Ella CRIES out in pain, overwhelmed by Manson, the girls and all the hands and lips and tumbling hair that enclose her.

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - DAY

Hodiak walks with Cutler.

CUTLER

I talked to my brother-in-law at Pendelton. Army's got no new policy. You can't just take off. Ain't college.

HODIAK

(what he dreaded)

Yeah.

CUTLER

Where is he now?

HODIAK

Home.

CUTLER

The thing I don't get is, how he just got out? I mean, my brother-in-law said the only way you ever get sent stateside is one of your parents is dying and you gotta have letters and doctors and --

Hodiak is struck by something. His eyes flick. Cutler notices.

CUTLER

(laughs)

What, you dyin'?

Hodiak hurries out a door.

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - DAY

Dark on dark. The BARTENDER looks like he was born here. OPAL, a woman in her early forties, pretty a decade ago, sober three hours ago, drinks and smokes alone. From the jukebox, Tony Bennett sings "The Shadow Of Your Smile."

Hodiak enters from the street.

HODIAK

Opal...?

OPAL

Officer.

HODIAK

...you sent the letter, didn't you?
To the army. To get him back.

She ignites a new cigarette from her last butt.

HODIAK
 Saying, what, you were sick, dying?
 Who'd you get to be doctor?
 (at the Bartender)
 Him?

Opal blows smoke rings in answer.

HODIAK
 Our son is AWOL from a combat zone.
 He's a deserter. He could go to
 prison. You too.

OPAL
 Yep, you're in a real pickle there,
 Officer. You gonna turn me in?
 Your wife? Mother of your child?
 (eyes boring into him)
 No. You'll do what's right.
 You'll turn him in.

HODIAK
 I won't have to. They're gonna
 come looking. Do you know what
 you've done?

OPAL
 I sure do.

INT. HODIAK'S APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

HODIAK (O.S.)
 Paul?
 (footsteps getting closer)
 Paulie?

He opens the door and steps in. The room is empty. No sign
 Paul was ever here.

Hodiak stands. He closes his eyes and leans his head against
 the wall.

EXT. U.C.L.A. - QUAD - DAY

Rick Zondervan walks with a GROUP of FRIENDS to class.
 Suddenly, HANDS grab the back of his shirt and SLAM him onto
 a car hood and EVERYONE in sight jumps, startled, frightened
 at the sight of Hodiak, who flashes his badge.

HODIAK
 Back it up.
 (off their hesitation)
 NOW!

They do. Timid and skittish as deer.

HODIAK
 (gets the cuffs out)
 You really think you were never
 gonna see me again?

Rick's wrists locked behind him, Hodiak YANKS the back door open and TOSSES Rick like a rag doll into --

INT. HODIAK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- where he lands on his face in the backseat, scared enough to piss himself.

Hodiak gets behind the wheel as WE REVEAL Shafe in the passenger seat.

SHAFE
 You got to read him his rights.

HODIAK
 What.

SHAFE
 That new, that Miranda thing...

HODIAK
 Gimme a break.

SHAFE
 Hey. You gotta do it.

HODIAK
 Fine.
 (back to Rick)
 "You've got the right to blah,
 blah, blah," or I'll kick the shit
 out of you.

SHAFE
 Seriously. You know it?

HODIAK
 Do you?

SHAFE
 I got the little card they handed
 out... hang on...
 (looking in pockets)
 ...shit, it's in my other --

HODIAK
 Fine, too bad.

He starts the car. From the back, Rick's eyes dart, watching the argument escalate:

SHAFE

Call the station, write it down.
 (off Hodiak's fury)
 I don't make the rules, man. We're gonna haul him in, we do it right.

HODIAK

Or what, you're gonna write me up, pencil-fuck me?

SHAFE

Hey. You wanted to work with me. This? Is me.

HODIAK

I'm supposed to get out and go find a phone.

SHAFE

Unless you got one in the car.

Hodiak shuts the car off, gets out, SLAMS the door and stalks off. Shafe turns and looks at Rick.

SHAFE

Okay, I bought you five minutes.

RICK

I want a lawyer.

SHAFE

No, you don't.

RICK

And I want to call my dad.

SHAFE

You know this is personal for him, right? Ella. He knows her family. Her mom.

RICK

Jesus --

SHAFE

He is gonna get you someplace sound-proof and --

RICK

I don't know --

SHAFE
 (giving up, turning away)
 Okay.

RICK
 I don't know, okay? She freaked
 and, and, and went off with this
 guy!

SHAFE
 What guy?

RICK
 I don't know, I don't know --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rick is arched in ecstasy, his pants at his ankles. The bobbing, brunette head of Sadie is between his legs.

Then Rick hears a MUFFLED SOB from down the hall, his eyes open, he sees --

Ella. Standing there. Staring. Then, as Rick tries to struggle away from Sadie and that large, busy bracelet of hers JANGLES again on her wrist and he gets his pants hitched, Ella runs off, REVEALING:

Charles Manson in the hall behind where she stood, flanked by Patty and Lynette. Manson indicates Patty and Lynette should follow Ella. They do.

Rick scrambles fully into his pants as Sadie backs up, giggling, wiping her mouth.

Rick stumbles toward the hall. Manson stops him.

CHARLES MANSON
 She's gone, junior.

RICK
 Get off me, man.

Manson's small, easy to push aside. But the Straight Satan biker Denny Tarlo is neither and he's suddenly SHOVING Rick back, daring the boy to try and get around him.

CHARLES MANSON

*You're just Daddy to her, man,
'nother lying shit sack, she don't
need you no more, I pulled her
outta the womb of ignorance and
into the light of now.*

DENNY

*She's with Charlie now. You get
that? She's with Charlie.*

*Rick tries to get past Denny. Manson nods. Denny DRIVES A
FIST UP INTO Rick's stomach. Rick drops to his knees, the
air punched out of him. Sadie walks past him. He looks up
and sees Sadie kiss Charlie on the mouth. Then Denny. The
three walk off.*

Rick WHEEZES and GAGS on the floor. Alone.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. HODIAK'S CAR - DAY

Rick and Shafe.

SHAFE

Then what?

RICK

I got back to the party and I'm all
like, who's Charlie? And Steve, he
owns the house, he's like, "Charlie
gets the girls."

SHAFE

What does that mean?

RICK

I dunno, he was fried, just kept
saying, "It's cool, the flower gets
the sun, bird gets the worms,
Charlie gets the girls." I fuckin'
hate that poser fuck.

SHAFE

Get a last name on Charlie?

RICK

No.

SHAFE

Turn around.

Reluctantly, Rick turns his back to Shafe, who pulls out a key and unlocks the kid.

SHAFE

Go.

Rick practically FLIES out the door. Shafe watches him disappear into a KNOT OF KIDS. He's gone. The driver door opens and Hodiak drops back into his seat.

SHAFE

Think we got what he knows. Not much.

HODIAK

And he never wondered why I'd look for a pay phone with a radio in the car?

He refers to the large police radio in plain view, center of the dash.

HODIAK

(starts the car)

Yeah, country's gonna be in good hands.

EXT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE HOUSE - DAY

Ella sits alone under a tree, watching Charlie talk to Lynette and Patty. Sadie comes over and sits next to her.

SADIE

Y'know, you're the only one I ever heard Charlie say he wanted before he even met you. It's like he dreamed you... then found you.

ELLA

He says I'm special to him but...

SADIE

...what?

ELLA

Well, he's with Patty, Lynette, you... how many others?

SADIE

Jealous?

ELLA

No, just... I don't know.

SADIE

You crave him, right? But Charlie will teach your craving to die down. He'll show you a whole new way to be. It's like, if you let go of everything from before, you're alive for the first time.

Sadie strokes Ella's face. And Ella hears a familiar JANGLE. It's Sadie's big, noisy, metal bracelet. Ella looks at it.

SADIE

What?

ELLA

Your --
(bracelet on her wrist)
Were you... were you... there?

SADIE

Let go. Of everything. The only one who knows what was or will be? Is Charlie.

EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

A CLUSTER OF MALE AND FEMALE HIPPIES thumb rides and beg change on a corner. Hodiak watches them as he nurses a coffee. Shafe eats.

SHAFE

So this thing's totally off the books...

HODIAK

Yep.

SHAFE

So if I was to propose something that was slightly illegal...

HODIAK

Like what?

SHAFE

I need five, six ounces of dope.

HODIAK

We can sign it out from Narco.

SHAFE

No, for one thing, it's not coming back and it's got to be good shit, for connoisseurs.

(MORE)

SHAFE (cont'd)
 (off Hodiak's stoic stare)
 This blowing your mind? Take a
 breath, I'm not giving you mouth to
 mouth.

Hodiak smiles into his coffee.

HODIAK
 Two years ago, we could've gotten
 it off my old man.

A forkful of beans stop halfway to Shafe's mouth.

SHAFE
 Wait. Your dad? What?

HODIAK
 Jazz drummer. Every night and
 twice on Sunday till it killed him.

SHAFE
 You can't O.D. on pot.

HODIAK
 Lung cancer.

Shafe takes that in.

SHAFE
 I'm sorry. But shit. Your old man
 was a head?

Hodiak glances back at the panhandling Hippies.

HODIAK
 Kids think you invented everything.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - SIDE STREET - DAY

Mike Vickery, in swim trunks and a tie-dye muscle shirt, is
 talking to THREE GIRLS IN BIKINIS.

VICKERY
 We can just go back to my pad,
 y'know, order in a little
 Chinese...

ONE of the girls seems interested; the OTHERS seem creeped
 out. Shafe walks up. Vickery goes ill.

VICKERY
 Man, seriously?

INT. VICKERY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A nervous Vickery shuts the shades, cutting out the beach glare. Shafe starts opening drawers and doors, searching.

VICKERY
I can't believe you're a cop. We
were friends. This is bullshit.
And who's the fuckin' totem
pole...?

He's referring to Hodiak, still and quiet in the corner.

VICKERY
...he gonna wail on me now?

Shafe starts flipping cushions on the couch. Opens a guitar case.

VICKERY
Easy, that's a Martin! I got
lawyers, man. This is harrassment.
(re: Shafe's search)
Okay, okay, the drum, okay?

Shafe flips a bongo drum over, reaches in and takes out a swollen baggie of loose weed, another bag of about a dozen joints.

SHAFE
Thanks, Mike.

Taking the stash, Shafe and Hodiak exit.

VICKERY
(grabs a joint, lights up)
I got rights! I'm callin' my
lawyers! Dig that!
(the two cops are gone)
Fuckin' pigs! At least offer to
pay!

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Shafe and Hodiak talk to the uniformed Police Woman Charmain Tully.

HODIAK
If you're not comfortable with
this...

CHARMAIN
No, I'm okay.

HODIAK

You're sure.

She nods.

SHAFE

And you get the look, right?

CHARMAIN

Got an eyeful, close-up, the other night. What time?

SHAFE

Ten-thirty, quarter of eleven.

CHARMAIN

I'll be there.

We PRE-LAP The Doors' "Break On Through (To The Other Side)," which takes us to --

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - NIGHT

-- where there's another PARTY that spills out onto the deck. Shafe drifts up the crooked Z of hillside stairs, moving into the CROWD of Authentic Freaks and Department Store Rebels. He looks like a half-way point -- not as polished as the Rebels, not as grubby as the Freaks.

He scans the faces. Off in a corner, he spots --

THE BACK OF A MOTORCYCLE VEST

Bearing "THE STRAIGHT SATANS" logo. It's Denny Tarlo.

SHAFE

Takes note, keeps moving, deeper into the party, toward the center, where the MUSIC is even louder and there's DANCING and food and wine. Smoke hangs thick in the air.

He stops, opens his jacket, takes out one of the loose joints and starts to put it in his mouth. Sees A WOMAN NEXT TO HIM, looking at him. Shafe offers her the unlit joint. She takes it, a GUY next to her fires it up for her and she takes a long, smoky hit, mouthing: "Wow."

JUMP CUT TO:

SHAFE - LATER

Rolling a joint now. Talking to some Department Store Rebel boys who look on, impressed with Shafe's smooth technique.

JUMP CUT TO:

SHAFE - LATER

Dancing with SEVERAL GIRLS. ONE of the girls passes a joint to Steve Elman, who raises it in a little toast to Shafe, then tokes.

JUMP CUT TO:

SHAFE - LATER

Offers Steve Elman the bag of Vickery weed. Steve pretends he doesn't want it -- *no, no it's too much* -- but Shafe insists. Steve takes it. Hugs Shafe. Friends for life now.

Through it all, Shafe has not taken a single hit.

The Doors CRESCENDO.

EXT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hodiak sits in his car, staring at the small Spanish style home. The lawn is overgrown and dry, the shrubs threatening to swallow the property whole.

Hodiak gets out, walks to the front door and takes out a key, slips it into the lock and --

-- it doesn't work. Hodiak smiles. Of course. From another key ring, Hodiak takes a lock pick.

INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, moving through the living room in the dark, he stops, seeing a half-dozen framed PHOTOS on a tabletop, illuminated by street light. He focuses for a moment on one of:

- PAUL, HIS SON, late teens, awkward, smiling, braces. His mother Opal has her arms around him.

Hodiak moves on, going deeper into the dark house.

INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Opal sleeps on her stomach, naked, sheets around her knees. She is completely out, barely breathing. Next to her a big, beefy MAN, also naked, slab-like arm thrown across his head, SNORING.

Hodiak doesn't react to his freshly-fucked wife or her lover. He just doesn't want to wake them, so passes her doorway, in the hall, moving to:

INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hodiak steps in, turns on a single lamp in the corner. It throws more shadow than light, illuminating a plain, neat room, allowing Hodiak to quickly open drawers, closet doors, look under the bed and around the bedside table.

Nothing.

He ducks his head under the bed. Finds a crumpled folder with a picture of a bus on the cover. It's a bus schedule. There are a few illegible scribbles and doodles on it.

Hodiak straightens, pockets the schedule, moves back into --

INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

-- making his way quietly to the front door.

Behind him, A SHADOW MOVES silently. And begins to CLOSE IN ON Hodiak, who doesn't see or hear as --

-- a .38 Police Special rises, catches the light and kisses the back of Hodiak's neck. A thumb CLICKS BACK the hammer.

Hodiak FREEZES as WE RACK TO REVEAL who's put the gun to his head:

HODIAK'S PARTNER, OFFICER ED CUTLER.

CUTLER

Hands high, asshole.

Hodiak recognizes the voice but raises his hands anyhow. Cutler starts to pat him.

HODIAK

Cut?

Hodiak turns his head slowly, taking in his partner's nudity with relative calm.

CUTLER

Jesus. Ah, Jesus. Okay, Sam...
ah...

Hodiak gives him a long, silent look.

CUTLER

Lemme get some -- some kinda --

INT. OPAL HODIAK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cutler, dressed now. The partners sit across from one another.

CUTLER

Look, I... Okay. See. Jeanie and me would come over, after you guys split up, but then Jeanie'd get tired, y'know, she's not much of a drinker but me and Opal, we both, well, you know, so pretty soon I'm comin' over alone and...

HODIAK

Jeanie know?

CUTLER

(appalled)

Are you crazy? No.

HODIAK

Thought maybe you guys're swingers now or something.

CUTLER

Jesus, what is wrong with you? I'm sorry, okay? I'm really, really sorry. It happened.

HODIAK

How long?

CUTLER

Five... months? Look, you want me to end it, it's over.

HODIAK

Cut. I don't give a shit. Okay? She's a lousy wife, a shit mother but she can fuck and she can drink and since those are the only hobbies you ever had, the two of you are made for each other, I only wanna know one thing: where's my son?

CUTLER

I haven't seen him.

HODIAK

But he was here.

CUTLER

After you told me he was back and you were all worried, I asked her. She said he was here about a day; gave him all the money she could scrape together.

HODIAK

Where'd he go?

CUTLER

I don't know.

HODIAK

Does she?

CUTLER

Probably. But good luck gettin' it out of her.

Hodiak nods, stands.

CUTLER

(stands also)

So, we're good?

HODIAK

We're good.

Cutler holds out his hand. Hodiak takes it. They shake.

HODIAK

And we're done. I don't work with liars. It's not a moral thing. It's a safety issue. You understand.

Hodiak keeps Cutler's hand gripped in his till Cutler looks down and nods. Hodiak lets go, turns and --

-- there, in a doorway, in her robe, is Opal.

OPAL

Eddie, I ever tell you the time he hit me? Fist. Four stitches. Drunk off his ass. Crying the next day, begging forgiveness. A wife beater, that's your partner who's too fuckin' good for you.

Hodiak looks at Opal evenly, then exits quietly.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK - NIGHT

Shafe is out here with Steve, a CLUSTER of Hippies and Rebels. At the periphery, Denny Tarlo. Then, from up the stairs --

-- Police Woman Charmain Tully appears. No longer in uniform. Her hair's combed out, parted down the middle, she's in denim and sandals, no make-up.

CHARMAIN

Bri? Hey.

She gives Shafe a shy little wave. Shafe pretends that seeing her is cool but slightly annoying.

SHAFE

(to Charmain)

In a sec. Grab a beer.

Charmain nods and moves to a cooler. A BOY hands her a beer, gives her a hopeful smile.

SHAFE

(under his breath, to
Steve)

Aw, man.

STEVE

Problem?

(off Charmain's beauty)

With that?

SHAFE

Nah, she's okay, I picked her up couple days ago, hitching, but I can't shake her, won't stop talking about this Charlie cat, met him at some party, Charlie this, Charlie that, Charlie and all his girls...

STEVE

Charlie Manson.

Denny's ears prick up. He turns. Fixes his gaze on Shafe.

SHAFE

(trying to be non chalant)

I guess. What's he, like, God or something?

STEVE

Just a guy. Little weird. I dig him. Good songwriter. Gets more ass 'n a ferris wheel.

Denny is drifting close to Steve and Shafe, listening:

SHAFE

Man, if you can tell me where to find him, be a life saver, I gotta shake this chick.

STEVE

(shrugs)

I'd love to help but, no idea.

DENNY

I know where he's crashing.

SHAFE

Cool.

(to Steve)

Hey, man, great party.

STEVE

My brother, you have an all access pass.

They grip, shake, hug. Then Denny puts a big hand on Shafe's shoulder and the two walk across the deck toward Charmain.

DENNY

Charlie's my guy, right? I got his back -- all ways, all days.

SHAFE

Right...

They're now at the stairs, a few feet from Charmain, who now hears:

DENNY

So if she's lookin' for Charlie, she's gotta go through me.

Denny grins. Shafe is cool. Charmain, holding her beer, has no clue.

SHAFE

So, what, you wanna, like search her?

DENNY

I'll be ballin' her. That's our thing, me and Charlie, I ball 'em all, sooner or later.

(to Charmain)

Hey, sweetness.

Charmain has gone stone-still with fear and shock. The Boy who handed her the beer tries to pass her a joint. She looks down at it like it might bite.

Shafe reaches across -- quickly takes it and, for the first time tonight, tokes. He has to will himself not to cough like a newbie.

Seeing Officer Shafe take a hit, Charmain looks like she's in a nightmare. Her breathing visibly quickens.

DENNY

(to Shafe)

What's her problem, man? You said she knows Charlie, then she knows how Charlie goes.

SHAFE

(a little cough)

Hittin' the speed all week, look, man, can we get you two together later?

(passes to Denny)

I gotta be in Redlands by one, I got no idea where Charlie's at.

DENNY

(taking a hit)

Beach.

SHAFE

Where, at the beach?

DENNY

(takes Charmain's hand)

Tell you in a half hour.

(pulls her with him)

C'mon.

SHAFE

Whoa, whoa, the beach? Jesus. I'm never gonna make Redlands. Tell ya what. You and me, we drive out to Charlie's, you two ball in the backseat.

(to Charmain)

(MORE)

SHAFE (cont'd)
That's cool, right? Gets you to
Charlie.

Charmain has no idea how to answer.

DENNY
Back seat, what is this, prom
night?

SHAFE
I'm tellin' you, I gotta be in
Redlands by one, my connection's up-
tight, so back seat, gas station on
the way or when you get to
Charlie's, just, let's roll.

Denny puffs thoughtfully, sizing Shafe up for what seems an
eternity.

DENNY
Whatever.

He gives Charmain's ass a pat. Shafe and Denny head down the
long, crooked flight of stairs. Charmain hesitates. Looks
at Shafe. His look tells her -- *c'mon*. She numbly descends
with the two men.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - STAIRS - NIGHT

The party floating above is a far-off ECHO. Denny and Shafe
descend a few steps ahead of the hesitant Charmain.

DENNY
What's your name, sugar bush?

Charmain can barely speak and when she does her mouth
crackles, dry.

CHARMAIN
Charmain.

At that moment, Shafe HOOKS AN ANKLE into Denny's, gives a
nudge with his shoulder and --

-- sends Denny TUMBLING forward, caught totally off-guard.
He SLAMS into the rail, pivots and CRASHES down a half-dozen
steps, landing in a surprised self-tangle.

Shafe pretends to fall with him, and as he's on top of the
big biker --

-- Shafe DRIVES THE HEEL OF HIS BOOT right into the side of
Denny's knee. There's a wet CRACK. Denny SCREAMS.

DENNY
 What the -- what the -- ahhhhh,
fuck, man --

SHAFE
 Shit. Shit.

He takes Charmain's hand and leads her down, around the splayed Denny.

SHAFE
 Stay there, I'll get a doctor.
 Don't move, I think it's broken.

DENNY
 -- yeah, it's broken -- asshole --

On the canyon road below, Shafe hustles Charmain into his car. As Shafe drives off, a FEW CURIOUS HEADS appear on the steps above, reacting to Denny's WAILS.

HODIAK (PRE-LAP, V.O.)
 Wow...

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - LOCKER ROOM - BULLPEN - NIGHT

HODIAK
 ...the Love Generation plays rough.

This to Shafe, who shrugs. Then, to Charmain:

HODIAK
 You okay?

CHARMAIN
 I'm fine.

She gives a tight smile. Nothing else. Hodiak looks at her, still in her hippie garb.

HODIAK
 Well. Thanks. You can clock out.
 (to Shafe)
 I'll go run the name.

Hodiak moves off, leaving Charmain and Shafe alone.

SHAFE
 Listen. I know it got weird.

CHARMAIN
 No, just... for a second, I just
 thought maybe...

SHAFE
 ...I was gonna let that guy have
 sex with you?

CHARMAIN
 You were on drugs.

SHAFE
 On drugs.

CHARMAIN
 You still are.

Shafe isn't quite sure how to react to this. Charmain's
 stare is pitiless.

Lt. Priore drifts past. Takes in Shafe. Then Charmain.

LT. PRIORE
 Nice beads.

CHARMAIN
 Thanks.

LT. PRIORE
 I was talking to him.

SHAFE
 Epidemic, keep moving or you're
 next.

Once Shafe and Charmain are alone again:

SHAFE
 Look, Charmain, it gets weird
 sometimes... you don't have to do
 anything like this again...

She suddenly leans close and whispers:

CHARMAIN
 I loved it.

Her face creases into a smile, she gets up and exits. Shafe
 sits, not quite sure what to make of that.

SMASH CUT TO:

"MANSON, CHARLES"

In HUGE typewritten letters. WIDEN TO REVEAL:

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY

HODIAK
 (truly shocked)
 ...Jesus.

Hodiak is staring down at a thick police file he's just opened. Hovering behind, wolfing a sandwich, is Shafe. He glances over Hodiak's shoulder.

HODIAK
 (reading)
 Assault, attempted murder,
 pandering, rape.
 (flipping page after page)
 Thirty-three years old. Seventeen
 inside. Released, Terminal Island
 last March.
 (flipping more)
 Auto theft, check fraud, armed
 robbery...

SHAFE
 Go see his P.O.?

INT. SAN PEDRO PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

BRUCE TAMMINY, fifties, parole officer, empties file after file after file from a cabinet, piling them high on the desk. They're all marked, "Manson, Charles."

HODIAK
 This has gotta stay between us...

TAMMINY
 Sure.

HODIAK
 He's got an underage girl with him.

TAMMINY
 Must be turnin' her out. That was
 his thing. Up on Sunset, 'fore he
 went in. Had a whole stable of
 'em, good lookin', young. Ain't
 much to look at, my little Charlie.
 But he's got a quality. Rumor was,
 he got girls for movie stars,
 singers, politicians...

Hodiak looks up from his reading. Then starts rifling through the document pages, digging faster, harder.

SHAFE
So he was in for pimping?

TAMMINY
(head shake)
Forged a check.

SHAFE
Seven years for that?

TAMMINY
Government check, made it federal.
'Course the time he did was nothin'
compared to what he woulda gone
down for if they hadn't made that
fancy deal.

SHAFE
Fancy deal...?

TAMMINY
One of his whores disappeared.
Everybody said Manson did it.
'Cause she was gonna talk about the
client list... but he got himself a
good lawyer, made it all go away...

HODIAK
(reading it off a smudged
court record)
Ken Karn.

Shafe recognizes the name, looks at Hodiak. The desk phone
RINGS.

TAMMINY
(answering)
Tamminy.
(to Shafe)
You Shafe?
(Shafe nods)
For you. Emergency.

SHAFE
(taking it)
Hello?

EXT. SHAFE HOUSE - DAY

Hodiak's Pontiac pulls up and both he and Shafe see it.
Spray-painted in big red letters on their white garage door:

NIGGERS AND NIGGER LUVRS GO!

Shafe charges into the house, Hodiak follows, keeping his distance till he knows what's what.

INT. SHAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Shafe is still. Listening to Kristin. Their baby sits, happily eating mashed fruit with her stubby fingers.

KRISTIN

-- I told you, I don't like this place.

SHAFE

I know, I know --

KRISTIN

You fit.
(the baby)
We don't.

SHAFE

(trying to hold her,
comfort her)
I'll take care of this, okay?

Kristin notices Hodiak outside, silhouetted in the closed screen door.

KRISTIN

Who's that?

SHAFE

Oh, sorry, that's...
(opens the door)
C'mon in, Kristin, this is Sam,
Sam, Kristin.

Hodiak tries to be as neutrally polite as possible.

HODIAK

Hello.
(beat)
Sorry about this.

KRISTIN

Why? Did you do it?

Shafe goes from the kitchen into --

INT. SHAFE HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

-- and gets an old can of white paint, a roller and pan off the shelf.

Kristin stands in the doorway, Molly framed behind her, happily oblivious in her high chair. Hodiak looks at the baby.

KRISTIN

Bri --

SHAFE

Can we talk about this later?

He comes back into --

INT. SHAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and moves toward the door to the outside.

KRISTIN

What's gonna be different later?

SHAFE

We'll be alone?

(to Hodiak)

No offense.

Hodiak raises a hand -- *none taken*.

KRISTIN

What's it gonna be like when Molly wants to play with the kids across the street... goes to school...? You gonna repaint everyday?

SHAFE

Or start shooting the neighbors. Hey. I'm a cop, I get free bullets.

She won't laugh but has to smile. He kisses her and heads out with his painting supplies.

HODIAK

(to Kristin)

Nice to meet you.

(smiles at the baby,
giving her nose a pinch)

And you.

Hodiak follows Shafe back to --

EXT. SHAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- where Shafe gets right to work, pouring paint into the pan.

HODIAK
You gonna be okay?

SHAFE
Sure. You wanna wait, I'll jump
back in with you.

HODIAK
Stay with your family.

SHAFE
Thanks.
(beat)
I hope all this isn't too... I
mean, we don't know each that well
and...

HODIAK
Lemme know if you need anything.

He starts for the car as Shafe dips the roller in the paint.

SHAFE
Hey?
(Hodiak stops)
Manson's lawyer, "Ken Karn." That
the girl's father?

Hodiak nods.

SHAFE
Wow.

Hodiak gets in his car and starts the engine as Shafe's
neighbor, Howard, comes around his side yard with a hose. He
doesn't react to the words on the garage or Shafe's friendly
wave. Backing out, Hodiak watches:

SHAFE
Hey, Howard.
(long pause, nodding)
No, I know, awful, isn't it?
(another listening pause)
God, I have no idea who did it.
How 'bout you, Howard?
(beat)
What? No-no-no, that's sweet but I
can do it.

INT. KARN MANSION - NIGHT

Hodiak sits on the enormous, curved divan as Grace enters
with a pitcher of martinis and two glasses. She pours one
for herself, starts one for him.

HODIAK
 (stops her)
 On the clock.

GRACE
 I don't remember you being quite so
 rule-abiding.

HODIAK
 Live and learn.
 (off her silence)
 So this guy...
 (hands her Manson's
 topsheet, with photos)
 ...ever seen him? Maybe just
 hanging around? His P.O. says he's
 got longer hair now, beard...

GRACE
 (looking at the photo)
 No, never.

HODIAK
 Heard the name Manson?
 (she shakes her head)
 He got popped for check fraud in
 '59. Did seven years. Your
 husband was his lawyer.

GRACE
 What.

He hands her a record of the trial, listing counsel. She
 glances at the sheet, worried and confused, then back at the
 Manson photo.

HODIAK
 I don't think this is about Manson
 and your daughter -- it's about
 Manson and your husband.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A few lights on. Deserted street. Palms rustle.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Ken Karn, in suit and shined shoes, holding a slim briefcase,
 moves to his car, one of the last here in the lot. As he
 opens the driver's door --

-- Charles Manson melts out of the shadows, into the light
 and walks up behind him.

CHARLES MANSON

Hey, Ken.

Karn turns, startled, then --

KARN

(relieved)

Jesus. Charlie...

CHARLES MANSON

Been callin'.

KARN

I know.

CHARLES MANSON

Got out, just need a few bucks now
and then from ya, I'm tryin' to cut
a demo, expensive shit, left
messages a bunch.

KARN

I know. And it's got to stop.

CHARLES MANSON

Got two secretaries now, huh?
Puttin' me off. Tellin' me you're
busy. Two sweet ladies answerin'
your phones...

(laughs)

... 'n you're fuckin' 'em both,
right? Just like the old days. My
best customers, you and all your
big political friends there, I
couldn't round the 'hoooores up
fast enough for you boys, 'member?

Karn opens his car door and slides behind the wheel.

KARN

Listen. I did what I could for
you. I'm sorry. Okay? Stay away
from me.

He starts the car and the radio plays The 5th Dimension
singing "Up, Up And Away." It ECHOES eerily.

CHARLES MANSON

Okay. You don't wanna help your
old friend Charlie no more, I'll
just slink off, go home, tell my
new little girl all my problems.
She's sweet, that little Ella.

KARN
 (realizing)
 She's with you...?

CHARLES MANSON
 Wanna hear what your little girl
 sounds like when she comes? "Uh,
 uhh, unnnnhhhhhh, God, God, God,
 right there, shit, it's so big..."

With a guttural YELL, Karn launches himself out of the car at Manson. But Manson is ready for this. He steps outside Karn's clumsy, middle-aged swing, punches him quickly and efficiently in the balls.

Karn drops to his knees, in agony, and snap-fast, Manson is behind him, gripping his hair with one hand, holding that bone-handle straight razor to Ken's neck with the other.

CHARLES MANSON
 Yeah, there's a good Daddy, that's
 what I like to see. How's this
 feel? Huh? You like this, Daddy?
 I do. Know why? First time I blew
 my load in a guy, it was just like
 this.

Manson, positioned behind the kneeling Karn, begins to slowly grind his crotch into Karn's ass.

CHARLES MANSON
 Juvie. Sweet little crying thang,
 begging me to stop.
 (dry humping him)
 You gonna beg, Kenny? Huh?
 (Karn tries to fight, the
 razor draws neck-blood)
 Easy now.
 (Karn freezes)
 Feel that? I'm 'bout to cross into
 brand new territory here 'cause I
 fucked a lotta daughters but never
 none o' their daddies. What'cha
 thinkin'? I bet I can tell ya.
 Know how? Dianetics. L. Ron
 Hubbard. Founder of Scientology?
 You read it? L. Ron says there are
 five ways we react to danger.

Manson reaches down and undoes Ken's belt. When Karn tries to stop him, the razor digs deeper into his neck flesh.

CHARLES MANSON

One, attack. Tried that. Two, flee. Nope. Three, avoid. How'd that go for ya? Four, neglect. Didn't work. And five...?
 (pulling off Karn's belt, tearing his pants down)
 ...succumb. L. Ron is a fuckin' genius, Jack.

As Manson unzips there's the SQUEALING SOUND of a car passing, exiting the structure.

Manson is startled, jumps back and off Karn as headlight BEAMS SPLASH Karn's car windows but miss Manson. Karn just CRIES OUT in a huge, hysterical, helpless SOB and tries to crawl away from Manson, pants and boxers at his knees, blood pouring from his neck, reddening his shirt.

The car turns and is gone. Silence. Darkness. Breathing.

CHARLES MANSON

Shit, that was a mood-killer.
 (gets to his feet)
 Anyway, I gotta git. You think about what you can do for me now, Kenny. I got mouths to feed.
 (helps himself to money in Karn's billfold)
 One thing I know. You ain't gonna tell the cops. Not with the shit you did, all them political boys you did it with. So hey. Let's get together again. Maybe next time I bring your daughter 'n the three of us get freaky-deaky!

Manson walks into the night, leaving Karn on the ground, eyes open, in shock, hearing the finale of "Up, Up and Away."

CUT TO BLACK