

"CHINATOWN"

BY

ROBERT TOWNE

There it is. Take it.

- William Mulholland

Director: Roman Polanski
Starring: Jack Nicholson and
Faye Dunaway

A Robert Evans-Paramount Pictures Production

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE L.A. RIVER OCTOBER, 1937

MOVING alongside it as it snakes thru the city, one can see that all along its great length the L.A. River is virtually empty.

Sun blazes off its ugly concrete banks. Where the banks are earthen they are parched and choked with dry weeds.

THRU THE WINDOW

of a moving car one can see further signs of drought - withered bean fields, playfields brown as toast, parched earth and clouds of dust.

MOVING ALONG THE RIVERBED

A half-starved doe and her fawn nibble at weeds in the center of the riverbed.

THRU THE WINDOW

past a crowded park where people seek refuge from the sun under gazebos by a long and tiered pond filled with goldfish and cattails.

PERSHING SQUARE

is a sea of parasols, protecting lunchers from the sun.

ON WILSHIRE

several cars are stalled. Radiators boil over. Hoods are raised with sweating drivers peering into their prostrate machines. Horns honk.

BACK THRU THE WINDOW

Sheep and cattle lie and bake in barren fields.

FULL SHOT THE CITY

shimmering in the relentless sun.

CLOSE SHOT HORSES' HOoves

moving thru mud, making a SOUND like the pop of champagne corks.

HOLLIS MULWRAY

stands in the center of the riverbed, powerlines and sun overhead, the trickle of brackish water among the weeds at his feet. His head turns at the SOUND.

L.A. RIVERBED MULWRAY

Mulwray walks downstream toward a Mexican boy riding a swayback horse into the river.

MULWRAY

Oiga, chico!

The BOY draws up his horse along the muddy banks when he sees Mulwray. Mulwray begins chatting amiably with the boy in Spanish.

A SEDAN

sits on the flood control road fifteen feet above the dry riverbed. The car door is open, and the DWP Department of Water and Power insignia can be seen on the door.

INT. SEDAN

BYRON SAMPLES fiddles with a feathered jig and sweats. He stares down at Mulwray, as he smooths the bright orange feathers on the squid he has carefully built around the hook.

MULWRAY AND THE BOY

are laughing together. Then:

MULWRAY

Cuando?

BOY

En la noche, senor.

MULWRAY

La noche?

BOY

Si.

CONTINUED

The smile fades from Mulwray's face. He squats and stares at the mud. The banks are clay and less permeable than the sandy center of the riverbed. He stares over at the skimpy trickle of water then back to the muddy banks he's standing on.

Then, without a further word, Mulwray deftly scrambles up the steep banks to the car. Though Mulwray is sixty-three and lined, he's slender and moves with surprising fluidity.

AT THE CAR

Samples abruptly implants the hook in the felt visor overhead.

THE CITY ITSELF

continues to bake in the sun..

INT. SEDAN SAMPLES AND MULWRAY

Samples glances at Mulwray who seems to be staring at the floorboards.

MULWRAY

..mud..

SAMPLES

Sir?

MULWRAY

Mud. There's mud on my shoes -
don't worry, Byron, it'll wash off.

Mulwray glances up at the jig in the visor. Samples notices him looking.

INT. LOBBY OFFICE BUILDING

At the SOUND of castanets, a well-groomed, dark-haired WOMAN stops powdering her nose. She snaps closed her compact, passes the candy counter and enters the elevator.

SIXTH FLOOR

She leaves the elevator and enters 602. "J.J. Gittes and Associates - DISCREET INVESTIGATION" is stencilled on the pebbled glass.

INT. OFFICES DUFFY AND WALSH

DUFFY is late. He enters, looking back at the woman who has just arrived.

WALSH doesn't look up. He's writing a report, chewing gum, wearing a more or less perpetual smile.

There is a loud moan from the next office and the SOUND of something tinny being kicked, like a wastebasket.

DUFFY

Who's in there with Gittes?

WALSH

- fisherman from Pedro.

Duffy looks skeptical.

INT. DUFFY AND WALSH'S OFFICE

DUFFY

A fisherman?

WALSH

Tuna boat skipper. Gittes got some pictures of his wife.

There is an anguished moan from the other room and something made of glass shatters. Duffy sits behind a desk opposite Walsh.

DUFFY

Guy's certainly upset.

Walsh looks up and smiles, chewing gum.

WALSH

Yeah? The day somebody shows you a picture of Thelma taking a stiff six in the chops I wanna see how happy you are about it. Yes ma'm?

CONTINUED

This last to the woman who has now edged her way to their door. Walsh has risen and smiles amiably.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Noticeably more plush than Duffy and Walsh's. A fan whirrs overhead. GITTES glances up at it. He looks cool and brisk in a white linen shirt and suit despite the heat.

CURLY, the fisherman, towers over Gittes and sweats heavily. He's holding the photos Gittes had taken and is going over them, one by one, his breathing progressively more labored. He sweats. A drop plunks on Gittes' shiny desk top. Gittes notes it. His attention now turns to the heavy desk lighter that Curly's hand is tightening on. Curly hefts it, still looking at the photos. Gittes calculates where he might throw the lighter with quick flicks of his eyes.

Curly suddenly drops the lighter. Gittes catches it before it hits the floor.

Curly drops the photos. He turns and rams his fist into the wall. He starts to sob again, slides along the wall where his fist has left a noticeable dent and its impact has sent the signed photos of several movie stars askew.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE GITTES AND CURLY

Curly slides on into the blinds and sinks to his knees. He's weeping now and in such pain that he actually bites into the blinds.

Gittes rises.

GITTES

All right, enough is enough - you can't eat the venetian blinds, Curly. I just had 'em installed on Wednesday. C'mon now.

INT. OFFICE DUFFY AND WALSH AND WOMAN

The woman is seated between Duffy and Walsh. There are intermittent moans still coming from the wall. They clearly make the woman nervous. She fingers the veil on her pillbox hat.

MRS. MULWRAY

I was hoping Mr. Gittes could see to this personally...

WALSH

If you'll allow us to ask a few more questions by then I'm sure Mr. Gittes will be free, Mrs. Mulwray.

Another moan.

MRS. MULWRAY

You see I read about Mr. Gittes in the papers.

DUFFY

Yes, Mr. Gittes likes his name in the papers.

Walsh shoots Duffy a glance.

WALSH.

Now Mrs. Mulwray, what makes you believe your husband is involved with another woman?

MRS. MULWRAY

A wife can tell. I mean I followed him.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE GITTES AND CURLY

Gittes has hefted Curly onto a chair and is in the process of pouring Curly another shot of bourbon. Curly gratefully accepts.

GITTES

Sorry I had to be the one to tell you.

Curly downs it.

CONTINUED

CURLY

- what the hell, ain't your fault -

GITTES

I know but I'm sorry.

CURLY

She's no good.

GITTES

Kid, relax.

CURLY

(drinking, relaxing)

She's just no good.

GITTES

What can I tell you, kid? You're right. When you're right you're right, and you're right.

CURLY

- ain't worth thinking about.

GITTES

You're right, I wouldn't give her another thought.

CURLY

(pouring himself)

You're right. You know, you're OKAY, Mr. Gittes. I know it's your job but you're okay.

GITTES

(breathing a little easier)

Thanks, Curly. Call me Jake.

CURLY

Thanks. You know something, Jake?

GITTES

What's that, Curly?

CURLY

I think I'll kill her.

INT. OFFICE DUFFY AND WALSH AND MRS. MULWRAY

WALSH

Your husband's first name, Mrs. Mulwray.

MRS. MULWRAY

Hollis. H-o-l-l-i-s.

WALSH

What does he do?

MRS. MULWRAY

(nervously)

What does he do?

DUFFY

Where does he work, Mrs. Mulwray?

MRS. MULWRAY

- he's..chief engineer for the Department of Water and Power. Is all this really necessary?

WALSH

(smiling still)

Yes, ma'm, it is. Do you have a photo with you?

INT. GITTES' OFFICE GITTES AND CURLY

Gittes is pacing up and down now. Curly is sitting, holding the shot glass in his gigantic hand, staring at it.

GITTES

(disgusted)

All right, what do I care, go home and knock her off.

Gittes opens the door to his office, inviting Curly to go home and kill his wife.

CURLY

(a little defensive)

They don't kill a guy for that.

GITTES

Oh they don't?

CONTINUED

CURLY

Not for your wife. That's the unwritten law, they don't kill you for that.

Gittes slams the door, shouting.

GITTES

I'll tell you the unwritten law, you dumb son of a bitch. You gotta be rich to kill somebody, anybody, and get away with it - even your wife. You think you got that kind of dough, you think you got that kind of class?

CURLY

..no..

GITTES

You bet your ass you don't. You can't even pay me off.

CURLY

I'll pay the rest next trip - we only caught sixty ton we hit a chubasco around San Benedict -

GITTES

(back to a normal tone)

Forget it. I only mention it to illustrate a point - I don't want your last dime.

Gittes wipes the sweat drop off his desk with a handkerchief then throws an arm around Curly and flashes a dazzling smile.

GITTES

What kind of a guy do you think I am?

INT. OFFICE DUFFY AND WALSH AND MRS. MULWRAY

DUFFY

One other thing, Mrs. Mulwray. Do you know who the woman is?

MRS. MULWRAY

Certainly not. What kind of a question is that?

CONTINUED

DUFFY

Well, uhh, sometimes, Mrs. Mulwray,
after all, these things happen close
to home with our friends and neighbors -
(tries to laugh)
- it's a small town, Mrs. Mulwray.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Gittes is now standing behind Curly, massaging his
shoulders. Tears are in Curly's eyes.

GITTES

(softly)

- remember, she's the mother of your
children and she's waiting for you when
you come home. That means the woman
loves you. Because she loves you she
gets lonely. That's all -

Duffy opens the door. - Gittes, irritated, signals him to
stay back a minute. Curly turns slightly and spots Duffy.

DUFFY

Sorry, Jake.

GITTES

Excuse me, Curly.

They walk out into the outer office, past SOPHIE, their
secretary.

DUFFY

Looks like you got him ready to buy
her flowers and candy.

GITTES

He'll go home and kick the shit out
of her. I just didn't want him breaking
up my office anymore. Now what's the
trouble, Duffy?

DUFFY

No trouble. A Mrs. Mulwray wants to
talk to you right away, that's all.

Gittes eyes Duffy suspiciously.

GITTES

What'd you do? Irritate her?

DUFFY

No.

CONTINUED

GITTES

Make some remark?

DUFFY

I did not.

Sophie watches the hostility between the two men.

GITTES

(gives him a fishy look)

You gotta watch that, Duffy. You're not working for the Ventura sheriff breaking up stills in chicken coops anymore. This business requires a certain finesse.

DUFFY

Yeah, like you in Chinatown.

They had started toward Duffy's office. When Duffy says this, Gittes stops, looks coldly at Duffy, then forces a smile. They go on in to meet Mrs. Mulwray.

EXT. CITY HALL - MORNING

already shimmering with heat.

A drunk blows his nose with his fingers into the fountain at the foot of the steps.

Mulwray passes the drunk on the way up the stairs.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS

Former Mayor SAM BAGBY is speaking. Behind him is a huge map with overleaves and bold lettering.

"PROPOSED ALTO VALLEJO DAM AND RESERVOIR"

Some of the councilmen are reading funny papers and gossip columns while Bagby is speaking.

BAGBY

- gentlemen, in nineteen-ought-five the first red car went to Santa Monica - now today you can walk out that door, turn right, hop on a streetcar and it'll take you twenty-five minutes to go fifteen miles and end up smack in the Pacific Ocean. Now you can swim in it, you can fish in it, you can sail in it - but you can't drink it, you can't water your

CONTINUED

BAGBY (Cont.)

lawns with it, you can't use it on livestock, you can't irrigate an orange grove with it. Remember, even though some of you latecomers don't see it - we live next door to the ocean but we also live on the edge of the desert. Los Angeles is a desert community. Beneath this building, beneath every street and tree and bush in this city there's a desert and without water the dust will rise up and cover us. Without water the desert will claim us like we'd never existed. The Alto Vallejo can save us from that, and I respectfully suggest that eight and a half million dollars is a fair price to pay to keep the desert from our streets and not on top of them.

AUDIENCE COUNCIL CHAMBERS

An amalgam of farmers, businessmen, and city employees have been listening with varying degrees of interest. A couple of farmers applaud. Somebody shooshes them.

COUNCIL COMMITTEE

in a whispered conference.

COUNCILMAN

(acknowledging Bagby)

- Mayor Bagby..let's hear from the departments again. I suppose we'd better take water and power first. Mr. Mulwray.

There are silent exchanges in several sections of audience before and during Mulwray's speech.

MULWRAY

I've spoken at length about the folly of terminus dam construction in general. Let me add this - along with the dirt slopes of two and a half to one on each side, the other proportions, including its three hundred thousand acre foot storage capacity give the Alto Vallejo, roughly speaking, the dimensions of the Van der Lip Dam. In case you've forgotten, gentlemen, over five hundred lives were lost when the Van der Lip gave way - core samples have further

CONTINUED

MULWRAY (Cont.)

shown that beneath this bedrock is shale similar to the permeable shale in the Van der Lip disaster. It couldn't withstand that kind of pressure there and it can't withstand it in the Alto Vallejo..I won't build it, gentlemen. It's that simple, I am not going to make that kind of mistake twice. If this council authorizes the bond for condemnation and construction of the proposed Alto Vallejo dam the DWP will build it under a new engineer.

Suddenly there are some whoops and hollers from the rear of the chambers and a red-faced farmer drives in several scrawny bleating sheep. Naturally, they cause a commotion.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

(shouting to farmer)

What in the hell do you think you're doing?

The audience scrambles to get out of the way of the sheep which are now running wild in the audience.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

(as some sheep move toward the council itself)

Get those goddam things out of here!

FARMER

No sir, you look at 'em. Tell them why there's no water in the valley, why my grazing is all ruined and they're starving - tell them why don't you, Mr. Mulwray? Who's paying you to kill my livestock, that's what I want to know!

Bailiffs and sergeants-at-arms respond to the imprecations of the council and attempt to capture the sheep and the farmers, having to restrain one who looks like he's going to bodily attack Mulwray.

CITY HALL ROTUNDA

Mulwray starts up a stairwell and is joined by Bagby as the walk thru the second floor passages above the rotunda. Their voices, hollow and echoing, float down the stairwell.

BAGBY

That was quite a scene, Hollie.

CONTINUED

MULWRAY

Yes, it was.

BAGBY

(smiling)

By the way - I looked at your geologist's report..there's no blue shale beneath the bedrock in the Alta Vallejo. It's perfectly safe.

MULWRAY

It's earthquake country, Sam.
Nothing is perfectly safe.

BAGBY

Why are you doing this?

Mulwray doesn't answer. He walks on.

EXT.CITY HALL - DAY

Duffy passes a green Buick convertible parked on the street. He looks around then gives the right taillight a quick kick, breaking it. He pulls off the red lens, exposing the white bulb underneath.

PERSHING SQUARE - SUNSET

Parasds come down. Two bums collide, swooping down like .. birds on a cigarette package.

MULWRAY

climbs into his green Buick convertible, apparently not noticing the damage done by Duffy to his rear taillight.

PACIFIC COAST HWY - NIGHT THRU THE WINDOW OF DUFFY'S CAR

of a car. In view are the taillights of various cars - with one pair distinctly visible - a red taillight and a white one where Duffy had damaged Mulwray's car.

DUFFY

lights up, easily following the car in front of him.

POINT FERMIN L.A. HARBOR - NIGHT

Mulwray pulls up, hurries out of the car, across the park lawn and into the shade of some trees.

DUFFY

pulls up, follows him. He makes it thru the trees in time to see Mulwray scramble adroitly down the side of the cliff to the beach below. He seems in a hurry. Duffy moves after him.

DOWN ON THE BEACH

Duffy looks to his right - where the bay is a long, clear crescent. He looks to the left - there's a promontory of sorts. It's apparent Mulwray has gone that way. Duffy hesitates, then moves in that direction.

When Duffy clears the promontory he sees Mulwray.

AT THE OUTFALL - NIGHT

A street lamp from the street above dimly illuminates the scene, along with the lighthouse from Point Fermin itself.

Mulwray is alone. He simply sits watching water pour into the ocean. Even as Duffy watches the volume and velocity seem to increase until it gushes in spurts, cascading into the sea, whipping it into a foam. Mulwray doesn't move.

INT. CLIFTON'S CAFETERIA - MORNING

Duffy, Walsh and Gittes are having breakfast in front of an artificial waterfall, one lit with rainbow colors from neon.

Gittes looks skeptical.

GITTES

He just looked at the water?

DUFFY

Well, finally, he went home.

GITTES

You must've missed something, Duffy. He ain't gonna sneak down to the beach in the middle of the night just to look at the ocean.

DUFFY

I'm telling you that's what he was doing.

CONTINUED

Gittes throws down his paper in disgust.

GITTES

~~What a bunch of bums.~~
I guess I have to do everything myself.

CLOSE GITTES OFFICE

He checks and loads a Leica with the speed and precision of a man readying his favorite weapon. He checks the lens at varying distances with dazzling speed.

He locks up a cabinet from which he'd taken the camera. In it are various kinds of cameras, each neatly in place - with the Leica he'd just taken being the only missing one.

EXT. BULLOCKS WILSHIRE MULWRAY

emerges, carrying some Bullocks' packages in one arm and chattering away at a pretty pale-haired girl on his other arm. The girl seems to literally hang on him and everything he says.

They climb into Mulwray's green Buick.

AT DOLORES' DRIVE-IN

Mulwray and the girl sit, having cheeseburgers.

GITTES

in a nondescript coupe has pulled up alongside them and is also apparently eating.

ON HIS TRAY

stashed between a strawberry soda and french fries is the Leica, pointed across the tray and at Mulwray and the girl a few yards away. Gittes leans back, absently smoking, staring out the front window of the car while he fires shot after shot, cocking with a hidden hand and shooting with a cable release.

AT THE FARMER'S MARKET MULWRAY

and the girl stop as she admires some honking ducks that run loose across the sawdust floor of the market. The girl staggers, appears a little faint.

Mulwray catches hold of her, and they leave the market.

EXT. EL MIRADOR APTS.

The green Buick pulls up. Mulwray and the girl get out. walking past some kids who run thru a whirling sprinkler. The girl waves to the kids.

WITH GITTES

ensconced on a tiled roof, partially hidden by bougainvillea adjusting his camera.

THRU THE BOUGAINVILLEA

glimpses of the girl and Mulwray can be seen. They are chattering away in Spanish. They stop talking. They embrace.

GITTES

fires off a few shots, shooting thru the bougainvillea. Moments later Mulwray and the girl leave the veranda. The doors close.

IN THE STREET GITTES

fishes in his pocket and pulls out a pair of cheap Ingersoll watches. He places them under the tires of Mulwray's convertible. Before he does, he checks the time on them: 2:10.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Gittes has a sink there. He's carefully cleaning himself, changing his shirt, combing his hair, breaking open his camera, giving Sophie dictation. Sophie's a little embarrassed that Gittes has only an undershirt on.

Gittes pauses and picks up one of the Ingersoll watches. It now has a shattered crystal - the hands are stopped at 4:42.

GITTES

(rapidly)

- subject stayed just over two and a half hours, till 4:42.

(taking film)

- get Scheiner to develop these and when Mrs. Mulwray calls for them ask her if she wants to pursue this thing further.. if it's for uhh..litigation advise her that the evidence as it stands would not be considered substantive. In other words, Sophie, I didn't see him screw her.

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE
(shocked)
Mr. Gittes.

GITTES
See you later, baby -
(he's grabbed a fresh shirt
and some binoculars)
- the Biscuit's going in the seventh
at Santa Anita.

L.A. RIVER - LATE AFTERNOON

As the sun sets on a brackish trickle of water, V.O. the SOUND of Joe Hernandez calling the stretch drive in the seventh. DISSOLVE TO the greenery of Santa Anita, and the stretch drive itself, without showing the horses crossing the finish line.

THE CITY - DAY

Outside of a barbershop a FAT MAN yelps as he gets in and sits on the upholstery of his simmering car. He opens the car door to jump back out again. A passing car hits the door. The sun burns down on an ensuing argument and traffic jam.

INT. BARBERSHOP - GITTES, CUSTOMERS AND BARNEY THE BARBER.

Gittes is having a haircut, a manicure and a shoeshine all at once. He's laughing at the spectacle outside.

BARNEY
- heat's murder.

GITTES
- it is, Barney.

BARNEY
- three fellas passed out on the sidewalk at lunch yesterday.

GITTES
- is that right?

Other customers can be overheard talking about the drought. Someone says, "They're gonna start rationing water unless it rains." Somebody else says, "Only for washing your cars." Third says, "You're not going to be able to water your lawn either, or take a bath more than once a week." First says,

CONTINUED:

"If you don't have a lawn or a car, do you get an extra bath?" During this, Barney looks over to a customer in another chair, winks. Then:

BARNEY

So things look big with you, you made the papers again -

GITTES

(eyes half-closed, yawning)
- oh yeah. Business ain't bad.

INT. BARBERSHOP BARNEY

gestures to another customer, "Go ahead." Then, to Gittes:

BARNEY

Naturally, when you get so much publicity after a while you get blazee about it.

GITTES

(a self-satisfied smile)
I wouldn't say that.

BARNEY

Face it. You're practically a movie star.

GITTES

Aw, come off it, Barney.

CUSTOMER VOICE

- boy oh boy did Seabiscuit fold in the stretch the other day.

Gittes sits up in the barber chair like a shot, eyes wide open. Gittes turns toward him leaning over. He spits it out.

GITTES

Those bums had him carrying a hundred and thirty-three pounds. I don't care, give him any jock you want, give him the Iceman, that's too much weight for a mile and a quarter.

INT. BARBERSHOP GITTES AND BARNEY AND CUSTOMER

CUSTOMER

- well...I wouldn't know..

CONTINUED:

Gittes is furious. He gets out of the chair, half the barber sheet sticking onto it as he stands over the customer sitting in the next chair.

GITTES

You wouldn't know? Then what are you running off at the mouth for?

BARNEY

(tugging at Gittes' barber sheet)

Jake, take it easy, he didn't know what he was doing. We just thought we'd pull your leg a little, that's all.

Gittes turns back to Barney. He smiles icily.

GITTES

- oh you did?

Barney backs off nervously.

BARNEY

Hey, c'mon, Jake. Sit down. Sit down please. You hear the one about the fella goes to his friend and says, "What'll I do, I'm tired of screwing my wife?" and his friend says, "Whyn't you do what the Chinese do?"

Gittes hasn't moved. With quiet contempt:

GITTES

That animal, Barney, has character.

BARNEY

You're right, Jake. You're absolutely right.

GITTES

(sitting finally)

Real character.

Barney breathes a little sigh of relief.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Sophie is away from her desk when Gittes comes whistling in, immaculate. He stops and notes with approval the scrapbook on Sophie's desk. She's cut out and is pasting the following: "DWP PAYS FOR CHIEF'S EL MIRADOR 'LOVE NEST'". Sub-head set "Mulwray's dept. reveals room receipts paid from department funds." There is an adjacent smaller column the heading of which Sophie has underlined in red: "J.J. Gittes hired by Suspicious Spouse." In the center of it is a reprint of one of the photos of Mulwray and the girl taken by Gittes.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

Duffy, Walsh, - Sophie, go to the little girls' room for a minute.

SOPHIE

But Mr. Gittes -

GITTES

Sophie -

SOPHIE

Yes, Mr. Gittes.

She gets up and leaves.

DUFFY

Jake, listen for a minute -

GITTES

Shut up, Duffy! You're always in a hurry, relax! Now listen, there's this fella who goes to his friend and says, "What'll I do, I'm tired of screwing my wife?" And his friend says, "Why not do what the Chinese do?"

(Duffy tries to interrupt)

- just listen a second, Duffy. You'll like it. So he says, "Well, what do they do?" And his friend says, "Well, the Chinese they screw for a while and then they stop and they read a little Confucius and they screw their wives some more and they stop and they smoke some opium and then they go back and screw some more and they stop again and they contemplate the moon or something and it makes it more exciting." So this other guy says, "What the hell I'll try it"...and so he comes home to screw his wife and after a while he stops and gets up only he don't have any opium so he smokes a cigarette, and he goes back and he screws his wife some more and suddenly says, "Excuse me," only he don't have any Confucius either so he reads Life Magazine. Well, by the time he goes back to his wife she's getting sore as hell. So he screws some more and then he gets up to look at the moon and his wife says, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

(Gittes breaks up)

..you're screwing like a Chinaman."

Gittes hangs onto Sophie's desk laughing his ass off. When looks up he sees a young woman apparently in her late twent. She's standing in the doorway of his inner office staring quietly at Gittes. Her hair is chestnut and she's so stunn that Gittes nearly gasps.

CONTINUED: (2)

YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

Yes?

YOUNG WOMAN

Do you know me?

GITTES

(fumping)

Do I know you?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes, do you?

GITTES

(standing awkwardly)

- well - I think I - I would've remembered. Why, have we met?

YOUNG WOMAN

(pleasantly)

I'm asking you.

GITTES

I'm trying to think.

YOUNG WOMAN

Just answer me. Have we ever met?

GITTES

Well, no.

YOUNG WOMAN

(slightly provocative)

Never?

GITTES

(beginning to enjoy it)

Never.

YOUNG WOMAN

That's what I thought, too. You see,
I'm Mrs. Evelyn Mulwray - you know,
Mr. Mulwray's wife?

Gittes stops cold. He stares down at the headlines on his
desk.

GITTES

Not that Mulwray?

CONTINUED: (3)

EVELYN

Yes, that Mulwray, Mr. Gittes. And since you agree with me we've never met you must also agree that I haven't hired you to do anything - pull weeds, tend bar or spy on my husband. I see you like publicity, Mr. Gittes. Well, you're going to get it -

GITTES

Now wait a minute, Mrs. Mulwray...

She's walked past him toward the door. Gittes stops her.

GITTES

- there's some misunderstanding here. It's not going to do any good to get tough with me -

Evelyn flashes a cold smile.

EVELYN

I don't get tough with anybody, Mr. Gittes. My lawyer does.

Evelyn starts out the door and Gittes starts after her. This time he's stopped by a small, gray-haired MAN who has also come out of his office and up behind him.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

Here's something for you, Mr. Gittes -

Gittes turns to be handed a thick sheaf of papers, a summons and complaint. Evelyn walks out the door.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

(pleasantly)

I suppose we'll be hearing from your attorney.

Gittes stares dumbly down at the papers in his hand.

INT. SAUL AND SIMON BRESLER'S LAW OFFICE GITTES

Gittes sits disconsolate. SAUL and SIMON BRESLER stand and pace, quietly carrying on a debate over Gittes' head, ignoring him.

Saul is an aged man with a soft tummy and the delicate limbs and moves of a spider. He walks and talks in a hoarse whisper, holding the complaint in one hand and an unlit cigar in the other. Gittes looks from one to the other.

CONTINUED:

SAUL

(indicating complaint)

This is not inartfully done.

SIMON

- doesn't mean she could win what she's asking -

SAUL

- but it's not inartfully done...see...see all those John Does? In my opinion, she wants them. She wants to know who hired him.

SIMON

Then why didn't she ask? She didn't have to sue him for six hundred thousand dollars if all she wanted was the answer to a couple of questions.

This stops both Simon and Saul. Then Simon continues pacing.

SIMON

- could be she thinks the people who hired him have influence. Obviously they want to remain anonymous.

SAUL

(following out the logic)

- so if she wants to know who they are, she has to intimidate him a little.

Gittes is steaming at the exchanges, at being ignored.

GITTES

(an outburst)

Wait a minute, wait a minute. Can't I sue somebody?

Saul looks down, mildly surprised.

SAUL

Anybody. What for?

GITTES

Didn't somebody misrepresent themselves to me?

SIMON

Yes.

GITTES

That's fraud, ain't it?

SAUL

It is.

CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

Didn't that make me a party to something for which I got the shit sued out of me?

SAUL

It did.

GITTES

(rising, warming to his brief)
Okay, that's something they got to indemnify me for, in addition to which of course I suffer extreme mental anguish over this matter, plus which there is slander and libel, they defame my character which ruins my business, embarrasses and humiliates me and causes me to possibly be a party to a criminal action -

SAUL

(mildly)

Very good. You've made your point. You've got grounds for a hell of a lawsuit.

GITTES

You bet your ass I do.

SAUL

You still got to find somebody to sue.

Gittes looks a little crushed. Saul sighs and fumbles for a match for his cigar. Gittes pulls out some, lights one.

SAUL

(taking pack)

Thanks, no, it's one of two things a man has to do for himself.

Saul lights his own cigar.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE DUFFY AND WALSH AND GITTES

Gittes is pacing away furiously. Walsh and Duffy look glum. The only sound is Walsh chewing gum. Gittes glares at him. Walsh stops cracking his gum.

GITTES

- no phone number, no address, no license plate, no car. What else you find, Duffy?

DUFFY

(defensive)

Look, Jake, she give us Mulwray's real phone and address and said not to call her husband might answer.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

Bums. Bums.

DUFFY

(growing hostility)

No law says you couldn't have checked.

GITTES

(right back)

I include myself! All right, what about the real one? Find anything about her?

WALSH

- just that she had a falling out with her father about the time she got married.

GITTES

Who's her father?

WALSH

Name's Julian Cross. Other than that I know he's rich, retired, and don't like his name in the papers..but there was some ugly gossip about the time she got married.

For the first time Gittes smiles, vaguely pleased. He picks up an orange on his desk and begins peeling it.

GITTES

Oh yeah?

DUFFY

Yeah - Whitey Mehrholtz claims when she was in school half the hands on her father's ranch knocked her up, but old man Cross kept it quiet.

Gittes nods, smile broadens. He continues to peel the orange.

DUFFY

- then there was another thing he couldn't keep out of the papers, it almost became a legend at the time - something about her and a Richfield gas station attendant - in the gas station.

GITTES

(growing excitement)

- these people with breeding. She comes in waving her lawyers and money at me, so goddam smug - damn.

CONTINUED: (2)

In his enthusiasm he jabs the orange. It squirts him. While he wipes the acid out of his eye, Duffy goes on.

DUFFY

Then there was something really funny - her husband it seems, shot her father.

WALSH

Before or after he married the daughter?

This breaks up Walsh. Gittes smiles a little himself.

GITTES

(popping an orange slice in)
When was it, Duffy?

DUFFY

Fifteen years ago.

GITTES

(annoyed)
Fifteen years ago? What the hell good is that? How old was she, twelve?

DUFFY

Evelyn Mulwray's thirty-four years old.

GITTES

That's impossible. Where did you get that information?

DUFFY

You don't take my word for nothing!

WALSH

He don't take nobody's word.

DUFFY

(triumphant)
Andy Escobar told me.

This subdues Gittes.

GITTES

Escobar?

DUFFY

He used to work in one of her father's avocado groves, picking avocados. He knew her then.

GITTES

(after a moment)
- her father press charges?

CONTINUED: (3)

DUFFY

I don't think so. I was lucky to get as much out of Escobar as I did. He ain't anxious to talk about it.

GITTES

Then check somewhere else. Look, boys, I'm being sued for a million dollars by her, I've got to know everything I can -

DUFFY

I thought it was six hundred thousand.

GITTES

(whirling on Duffy, furious)

What the hell's the difference, Duffy? Jesus Christ.

Duffy fumbles for a cigarette in an empty pack. Gittes pull out a silver cigarette case, the initials JJG on it.

GITTES

Here, Duffy, have one of mine.

(Duffy doesn't take one.

Then, an order)

Take one and don't sulk. Look, if the people who set me up have the kind of money I think they do, we'll find 'em, Sy'll sue 'em, and we'll make a killing.

(a pause, then, elaborately lighting Duffy's cigarette for him)

Evelyn Mulwray's no better than anybody else in this town. They're all a bunch of whores and phonies, aren't they, boys? Aren't they?

Duffy and Walsh nod and grunt assent - "Yeah, Jake. Sure, Jake."

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET GITTES AND WALSH

Gittes in a jaunty mood, carefully finishes picking out some oranges, putting them in a brown bag, paying for them to the grinning Japanese vendor.

WALSH

(worried)

I hope we know what we're doing. These people have influence, you know. Real influence. Julian Cross still owns a sizable part of the county.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(as they're walking)

Relax.

WALSH

Sue people like that, they're liable to be buying dinner for the judge who's trying the case.

Gittes opens the door to his convertible. Both men are sweating now.

GITTES

(smiling)

We'll get rich, I tell you. We'll have dinner at Chasens twice a week. We'll be pissing on ice for the rest of our lives.

He gets in and gets out of his car immediately, swearing under his breath. He reaches in the back and puts a towel over the steaming leather. He gets in again.

GITTES

Say, Walsh - where is Escobar now? Last I heard he was in administration or something.

WALSH

No, he made lieutenant.

Gittes is really surprised, and a touch envious.

GITTES

Escobar made lieutenant?

WALSH

Yeah, he's in homicide now.

Gittes nods, drives off.

EXT. PASADENA STREET - DAY

Gittes speeds down a quiet, palm-lined street. Another car swerves, avoiding the onrushing Gittes, and dies in the middle of the street.

GITTES

turns off onto a winding road. It goes up into the foothills.

WINDING STREET

This time Gittes swerves, missing a dog stretched out lazily in the road. He yells indignantly at the sleepy animal.

Gittes stops on a curve. Above a steep bank and partially hidden is the Mulwray home - moderne almost as tho it were built today, yet like Schindler and Wright homes of that period highly mannered, designed and constructed with shade and curves that are startling. Sharp contrast from traditional Spanish or Colonial or Greene and Greene around it.

Gittes hurries up the driveway. He's hot with strong intent. He stops next to a gaping hole in a slumpstone wall facing him. Brick lies scattered about revealing decking and a large pond behind the wall.

There's a squeaking SOUND. Someone pushes a wheelbarrow along a trellised path. Gittes strains to see who it is.

EVELYN MULWRAY

wheels across the decking to the shattered wall. She has a 70-pound sack of cement, a trowel, a line of hose.

She's dressed in old clothes, wearing workman's gloves and a floppy hat. She looks even younger than she did in the office.

Evelyn doesn't notice Gittes. She hefts the 70-pound bag of cement and splits it expertly. She pours some of it into the wheelbarrow.

Gittes is taken with the show of strength. Evelyn suddenly spots him. They look at one another for a moment. Despite his judgment of her to Walsh and Duffy, Gittes is sincere almost to the point of being obsequious.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray, I'm here to get you off my back. I know what you think of me and frankly - I'm not in business to be loved...

He laughs nervously. He waits for a reply. There is none.

GITTES (CONT'D)

- but I am in business, and believe me, whoever set your husband up, set me up. L.A.'s a small town, people talk -

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes, please -

GITTES

I admit it, you're better connected than I realized, the point is I don't want to become a local joke -

CONTINUED:

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes!...you've talked me into it.
I'll drop the lawsuit. May I continue
my work now?

GITTES

What?

EVELYN

I said I'll drop it...so...let's just -
drop it.

Evelyn goes back to her work, half turning her back on Gittes.
She seems to work with an intensity which excludes Gittes.
Gittes stares at her back for a moment quietly hating her.
A dead fish floats belly up to the surface of the pond.
Gittes stares at it for a moment. Then:

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

(after a moment)

-- yes, Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

I don't want to drop it.

Evelyn turns to look at Gittes. Gittes smiles a little
sheepishly.

GITTES

And, if you don't mind, I want to
see your husband.

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes...why?...what on earth for?
Look, Hollis seems to think I was a
little hasty. He seems to think you're
an innocent man.

GITTES

Well, I been accused of many things,
Mrs. Mulwray, but never that.

Again he laughs nervously. Again no reaction from Evelyn.

GITTES (CONT'D)

(beginning to lose his grip
on his obsequious manner)

Mrs. Mulwray, somebody went to a lot of
trouble to make your husband look bad.

Whoever did, made me look bad. And I
want to find out, lawsuit or no lawsuit.

I'm not the one who's supposed to be caught
with my pants down.. So I'd like to see your
husband - unless that's a problem

CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN

(a little tentative)
What kind of problem.

GITTES

May I speak frankly, Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

You may if you can, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Well, he's not at his office and I
also checked his apartment at the El
Mirador -

Gittes looks expectantly to Evelyn as though she'll under-
stand that. She doesn't. He's forced to go on.

GITTES

- well, that little Spanish-speaking
blonde, she was attractive in a cheap
sort of way - and she disappeared. Well,
maybe they disappeared together..somewhere.

Evelyn just stares at Gittes for a long moment.

EVELYN

(snapping)

..Hollis hasn't gone off with anybody!

(then)

..When you call that girl "cheap" do you
mean unwholesome, unhealthy?

GITTES

Pardon me?

EVELYN

(looking up)

I said ~~she~~ was unhealthy.

Gittes looks blankly at her.

GITTES

Look, Mrs. Mulwray, I'm not a doctor,
I didn't give her an examination. I
observed her from a distance.

EVELYN

...I realize that..

GITTES

Okay, I just mention it, people get
some funny ideas about my profession.

EVELYN

I'm sure they do.

CONTINUED: (3)

Gittes waits for Evelyn to say more. She doesn't.

GITTES

Now she didn't look like she had anything catching..she didn't have a cold or nothing if that's what you mean.

EVELYN

(irritated)

I'm sure I don't know what I meant.

Evelyn draws up her feet and stares outward.

GITTES

Look, Mrs. Mulwray, your husband has enough money in one of his bank accounts to buy and sell the El Mirador twenty times. Obviously if he's going to play around a little he don't have to snatch a few nickels from the city.

EVELYN

How do you know that!

GITTES

- that's my business, I checked.

EVELYN

(rising)

How dare you -

GITTES

It wasn't daring at all, I'm desperate, I'm trying to find out anything I can, and I can't even turn up that phony broad that hired me, excuse the language. Now if I can see your husband I think I can help him. I think we can do each other some good...when did you see him last?

EVELYN

Well - we talked this morning. I was out of town actually..visiting some friends.. Hollis wasn't home when I got back..but he'll be here for dinner.

GITTES

- when did you get home?

EVELYN

Oh, a while ago.

GITTES

Was the wall broken like this?

CONTINUED: (4)

EVELYN

..what?..yes.

GITTES

How did it happen?

EVELYN

I kicked it, you ask an awful lot of questions.

GITTES

I know..sorry.

EVELYN

...Apparently the iceman did it.

GITTES

The iceman?

EVELYN

Yes, what's so peculiar about that?

GITTES

In a home like this, you don't have a Frigidaire?

EVELYN

(starting toward the kitchen)
Yes, would you like to see it?

GITTES

(annoyed despite himself)
I have a Frigidaire, Mrs. Mulwray.

EVELYN

Well then, we both have Frigidaires.
And it was not my iceman.

She shuts the screen door, and moves back to her work, talking as to a child:

EVELYN

It was the neighborhood iceman. He got stuck, backed into my driveway, broke down my wall, left me a note, and paid for the damages. Goodbye, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

..he left you money?

EVELYN

He did. He did indeed.

GITTES

How did he know how much to leave?

CONTINUED: (5)

EVELYN

If you want to know, ask him! Ask the iceman! Now for God's sake!...please. My husband will be home by 6:30. I'll ask him to call you.

GITTES

Didn't mean to upset you.

EVELYN

You didn't.

GITTES

Well, you're upset.

Evelyn gives him a murderous look. Gittes smiles, waves, and leaves, swearing softly to himself as he gets down the driveway.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Underwater pipes create white boils on the water.

A couple of kids are stripping by some evergreen trees, getting ready to sneak into the water. They move quietly to the water's edge and slither in.

They paddle silently toward the center of the reservoir. One of them turns and splashes the other.

NIFTY

~~Neat~~, huh?

ONE OF THEM

OTHER

Yeah.

One of them places his hand over the white boil on the surface of the water.

ONE OF THEM

Feel it, Geoff..water pump or something...

He turns to his companion. He splashes him lightly again.

GEOFF

gags on some water, choking. He manages a strangled cry.

BESIDE THE OTHER BOY

Geoff has just seen the body of Mulwray. It bobs on the water, eyes open, clothes and hair animated by the under-surface stream of white water.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE EVELYN

is seated, looking up at Escobar, a tall, sleek Mexican in his early thirties. Escobar coughs. When he speaks he possesses that accent peculiar to East L.A. where each word is carefully pronounced.

Gittes arrives, and stands at the back of the room. Escobar motions for Gittes to sit down. Gittes moves out of the room and begins to match coins with a pair of deputies. Odd man wins.

Escobar glances down at the stenographer, then back to Evelyn.

ESCOBAR

- what we believe is this, Mrs. Mulwray: your husband in the course of walking around the rim of the Oak Pass Reservoir - I think I can get you some brandy -

EVELYN

No, it's a little warm for brandy, thank you.

Escobar clears his throat. He glances at the coroner who has made an appearance.

ESCOBAR

Yes...in any event that he slipped and fell some several hundred feet - that when he landed in the water he was unconscious, and of course in such a case it was inevitable - he drowned.

EVELYN

(steadily)

Well, what is your question, Lieutenant?

GITTES

matching coins, wins.

ESCOBAR

- this recent alleged affair he was having - the publicity over that didn't make him morose or unhappy?

Gittes grows more interested in the response. He tries to peek around the corner. The deputies restrain him.

CLOSE EVELYN

EVELYN

..well, it didn't make him happy but it didn't make him morose either..

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

So there is no possibility he would have taken his own life?

EVELYN

(sharply)

No.

She gives Escobar a funny, almost quizzical look. Escobar looks away.

ESCOBAR

I see. Mrs. Mulwray, do you happen to know the name of the girl in question?

Evelyn looks up with a flash of annoyance.

EVELYN

No.

ESCOBAR

- well, do you know where she might be?

EVELYN

I have no idea!

Escobar glances back over at the stenographer.

ESCOBAR

I'm sorry. I have to ask these questions, Mrs. Mulwray... Now do you mean that after you became aware of this girl's existence you and your husband never discussed her in any way?

Evelyn inhales sharply, then:

EVELYN

- yes, we discussed her, but he wouldn't tell me her name. He..we did, naturally quarrel over her, it came as a complete surprise to me -

ESCOBAR

A complete surprise?

EVELYN

- yes.

ESCOBAR

But I thought you'd hired a private investigator -

EVELYN

...a private investigator?

GITTES

is poised, concentrating on the conversation. One of the deputies jostles him to keep playing.

ESCOBAR'S VOICE

Mr. Gittes.

EVELYN'S VOICE

..well yes, but I did that just because I thought it was a nasty rumor I'd put an end to...

Gittes flips the coin and deliberately drops it. It hits the floor and rolls.

INT. CORNER'S OFFICE EVELYN AND ESCOBAR

reacting to the SOUND of the coin. A quarter rolls into view. They watch it. Gittes comes behind it. He picks it up - Evelyn turns, looking in shock at Gittes. Her eyes don't leave him for a long moment.

ESCOBAR

(angrily to Gittes)

I told you to wait outside.

EVELYN

(blurting it out)

No, that's all right - I mean do what you think best, Lieutenant.

Escobar looks from one to the other. Then:

ESCOBAR

Okay, sit down - and hang onto your change.

THE STENOGRAPHER

dutifully records this. She looks up, catches Escobar glaring down at her. Escobar nods to Gittes.

ESCOBAR

Go ahead - give her your name and your reason for being here.

Gittes has sat next to Evelyn. She glances over at him, looking almost plaintive.

GITTES

(turning toward steno)

John Jerome Gittes, 212 South Spring Street, Suite 604, private investigator.. in the employ of Mrs. Evelyn Mulwray.

CONTINUED:

He looks back to Evelyn. She is relieved.

ESCOBAR

(to Gittes)

In your investigations did you happen to learn the name or the whereabouts of the girl in question?

Evelyn glances back toward Gittes.

GITTES

- no.

ESCOBAR

Anything else to add?

GITTES

No.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Gittes hurriedly walks Evelyn past reporters who have gathered there. There's laughter among them, kidding on the theme of: "Only in L.A., middle of a drought, the water chief drowns."

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL

Gittes continues walking her to her car, holding her arm. Evelyn stares straight ahead. They reach her car. She fumbles in her bag.

GITTES

Can you drive?

She nods. She feverishly continues to look for something in her purse.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray?...Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

(almost screaming)

Just a minute.

GITTES

..you left your keys in the ignition.

She glances down, leans against the side of the car.

EVELYN

..thank you..thank you for going along with me back there..I just didn't want to explain anything.—

EXT. PARKING LOT EVELYN AND GITTES

by her car.

GITTES

Sure.

EVELYN

- if I'd said I hadn't, you'd have to say who did, and you couldn't explain that...I'll send you a check.

GITTES

(puzzled)

A check?

Evelyn gets in her car.

EVELYN

To make it official I hired you.

She drives off, leaving Gittes gaping.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICES CORRIDOR

Gittes walks down the hall. He spots one of Escobar's deputies.

GITTES

. Where is he?

The deputy indicates the MEN'S ROOM.

INT. MEN'S ROOM ESCOBAR AND GITTES

large and dingy. Escobar is standing in front of a urinal, when Gittes enters. Gittes himself uses the adjoining one.

GITTES

You sure don't ask many questions.

ESCOBAR

You don't have many answers.

Escobar goes over and again meticulously washes his hands.

ESCOBAR

(over the running water)

What are you getting at?

GITTES

(not turning around)

You seem anxious for Mulwray's death to look like an accident.

CONTINUED:

A COUNTY MARSHALL enters. Escobar lowers his voice a little

ESCOBAR

(wiping his hands)

- yeah, well out of respect for his civic position they want it all wrapped up - personally I don't care if he committed suicide. I don't care if he was murdered.. in his day he did in a lot of people.

Escobar combs his hair.

GITTES

Mulwray?

Escobar nods.

ESCOBAR

Five hundred, give or take a few.

GITTES

(at the wash basin)

One at a time or all at once.

Escobar smiles a little. He moves to a stall and pulls a fresh sheet of toilet paper out.

ESCOBAR

Mulwray built a dam. It broke.

GITTES

That's an accident, ain't it?

ESCOBAR

That's what the city called it.

Escobar carefully uses the tissue paper to open the door knob of the men's room and goes out. It flutters to the floor. Gittes follows him.

MOVING DOWN THE CORRIDOR ESCOBAR AND GITTES

ESCOBAR

- Mulwray took a fortune in bribes, built a dam in the wrong place with dirt banks. It was unstable and Mulwray knew it..but the five hundred he drowned weren't important.

Escobar leans in and nods to an assistant who gets up to join them.

EXT. CORRIDOR ESCOBAR AND GITTES

GITTES

They weren't?

ESCOBAR

(a slight smile)

No. Bunch of dumb Mexicans..too dumb to understand English. When the marshalls were riding up and down the block telling them the dam was breaking they thought it was a bunch of gringos in uniform trying to kick them off their land..which was nothing new.

He starts to go.

GITTES

Wait up sec - what'd Mulwray do about it?

ESCOBAR

What could he do? He cried a lot. The newspapers reported it, and everybody felt sorry for him. See you, Jake.

Escobar and his assistant go out the back door. They get into an unmarked car. Gittes stands on a landing above them. A coroner's truck pulls in, partially obscuring his view of Escobar.

GITTES

Say, Andy - I hear you know Evelyn Mulwray pretty well.

Escobar stops, his face betraying nothing.

ESCOBAR

I knew her when she was young.

GITTES

She ain't exactly long in the tooth.

ESCOBAR

- no.

GITTES

- I'd say she was a knockout - congratulations, Andy.

ESCOBAR

What for?

GITTES

Making lieutenant.

Escobar says nothing. The driver takes off, leaving Gittes standing there. He looks down. Morty is pulling a stiff

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL MORTY AND GITTES

MORTY

Easy, Jake, comin' thru.

GITTES

How're you today, Morty?

MORTY

Never better. You know me, Jake, always in the pink. Keep myself tuned like a fine Swiss watch.

He starts to move the body again and almost drops it as he breaks into a wrenching spasm of coughing. Gittes grabs part of the stretcher, helping Morty hold on.

MORTY

Except for this darn cough. Boy oh boy.

Gittes glances down. The sheet has partially fallen away from the corpse.

GITTES

Who you got there?

MORTY

Leroy Shuhardt, local drunk, used to hang around Ferguson's Alley, quite a character. Lately he'd been living in one of the downtown storm drains - had a bureau dresser down there and everything.

Gittes has already lost interest. He starts away.

GITTES

Oh yeah?

MORTY

Yeah. He drowned.

Gittes has gone several yards when he stops. He calls back

GITTES

Drowned?

MORTY

Yeah, got dead drunk, passed out in the bottom of the river bed, drowned.

GITTES

The L.A. River?

MORTY

(a little puzzled)

Yeah, under Hollenbeck Bridge, what's wrong with that?

CONTINUED:

Gittes scrambles down the embankment and as he lands near the storm drain one shoe sinks, ankle deep into mud. Gittes pulls it out, swearing. There is the SOUND of someone sniffing. Gittes moves beyond the span of the bridge to the other side where sixty inch storm drains poke into the riverbed.

There an OLD MAN is rummaging through the muddy remains of a collapsed shack. There is a sign that proclaims OWN YOUR OWN OFFICE IN THIS BUILDING \$5000 TO \$6000 which was used as a roof of sorts -- now leaning at a cockeyed angle against the drain. There's the dresser, an oil drum, a Ford seat cushion, an Armour lard can, etc. -- the trashy remains of Shuhardt's home.

As Gittes watches the old man fishing thru the mud for personal belongings, the old man becomes aware of being watched. He actually starts to sniffle a bit in a bid for sympathy.

OLD MAN

Happened again.

GITTES

Is that right?

OLD MAN

That's the God's truth and I'm stone cold sober. Every night in different parts - gushes down like a waterfall.

GITTES

Where were you before?

COLLAPSED SHACK GITTES AND OLD MAN

OLD MAN

Over to Bandini Dump - we got flooded out there a week ago.

GITTES

We?

OLD MAN

Me and Leroy - Leroy's gone now. Just disappeared on me - went up to the freight yard, came back and he just disappeared on me.

The old man continues to rummage.

OLD MAN

He had my last six bits - you ain't seen, Leroy, have you?

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(shakes his head, peels
off a bill)

No - but here you go, pal...I owed it
to Leroy.

OLD MAN

Oh my. Bless you...bless you. I want
you to know something. I'm not a bum.
I've tried to keep myself clean.

GITTES

Yeah...sure...

EXT. RIVERBED - DUSK

Gittes scrambles up the river embankment to note the
direction the storm drain takes. It is headed up above
toward the Hollywood Hills, where the sun is setting.

As he stands there he hears the squishy clomp of something.
He looks across the riverbed and the little Mexican boy
Mulwray had talked to stands astride his horse, on the muddy
embankment as before. He stares across at Gittes in the
gathering dusk.

EXT. GITTES IN CAR - NIGHT

winding his way up a section of the Hollywood Hills. He
picks up on an open flood channel with the spotlight by
the driver's window.

GITTES IN CAR MOVING

along by the flood channel, following it with the spotlight.
He turns at a fork in the road which allows him to continue
following the flood channel.

FURTHER UP MOVING

The road is narrower. Gittes drives more slowly. Foliage
overgrown in the channel so its bottom cannot be glimpsed.

STILL FURTHER - NIGHT

The road is dirt. Heavy clusters of oak trees and eucalypt
everywhere. It is quiet. Another turn and a pie-shaped view
of a lake of lights in the city below can be glimpsed.

POV CHAINLINK FENCE

over the road, bolted. It says OAK PASS RESERVOIR. KEEP OUT NO TRESPASSING.

The chain link itself actually extends over the flood channel and down into it, making access along the channel itself impossible.

Gittes backs up, turns off the motor, the car lights, the spotlight. A lone light overhead on tension wires is the sole illumination. There is only the eerie SOUND of the tension wires humming.

Gittes gets out of the car, climbs the fence near the flood channel itself.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Gittes carefully works his way up thru the thick foliage toward a second and larger chain link. Lights from the reservoir still higher above can be seen.

Suddenly there is a GUNSHOT. Then another. Gittes dives into the flood control channel, which is at this point about four feet deep and six feet wide. There is the SOUND of men scurrying thru the brush, coming near him, then retreating. Gittes loses himself among the ivy in the channel.

He waits. The men seem to have passed him by. But there is another SOUND now - an echoing growing sound. It puzzles Gittes. He starts to lift his head to catch the direction.

GITTES IN FLOOD CONTROL CHANNEL - NIGHT

Then he's inundated with a rush of water which pours over him, knocks off his hat, carries him down the channel, banging in its banks, as he desperately tries to grab some of the overgrowth to hang on and pull himself out. But the force of the stream batters him and carries him with it until he's brought rudely to the chainlink fence. It stops him cold. He's nearly strained thru it.

Swearing and choking, he pulls himself out of the rushing water by means of the fence itself.

Drenched, battered, he slowly climbs back over the fence and makes his way toward his car.

AT GITTES' CAR

He fishes for his car keys, looks down - one shoe is missing

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(grumbling)

Goddam Florsheim shoe, goddamit.

He starts to get into his car but two men stop him. One does it by the simple expedient of thrusting a switchblade knife about an inch and a half up Gittes' left nostril.

THE MAN

Hold it there, kitty cat.

CLOSE GITTES

frozen, the knife in his nostril, the streetlamp overhead gleaming on the silvery blade.

THE MAN

You are a very nosey fellow, kitty cat..you know what happens to nosey fellows?

(Gittes doesn't move)

Wanna guess? No? Okay. They lose their noses.

With a quick flick the man pulls back on the blade, laying Gittes' left nostril open about an inch and a half further.

Gittes screams. Blood gushes down onto his shirt and coat.

Gittes bends over, instinctively trying to keep the blood from getting on his clothes. The two figures stare at him.

THE MAN

Next time you lose the whole thing, kitty cat. I'll cut it off and feed it to the fishes, understand? Say you understand.

EXT. OAK PASS RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Gittes is now grovelling on his hands and knees.

GITTES

(mumbling)

...I understand..

Gittes on the ground can see only his tormentor's two-tone brown and white wing-tipped shoes - lightly freckled with his blood.

THE SHOE

comes up and lightly shoves Gittes into the ground. Then the SOUND of footsteps retreating, Gittes gasping.

INT. OFFICE BLDG. GITTES - DAY

back to CAMERA, pauses by the candy counter to buy a pack of Philip Morris. When he turns to the click of castanets to enter the elevator, a huge bandage can be seen spread-eagled across his nose.

INT. ELEVATOR GITTES, OPERATOR, AND OTHERS

One of the men whom Gittes had acknowledged entering the elevator is staring at Gittes' bandaged nose. A smile is spreading. Gittes doesn't like the stare.

MAN

What happened, Jake? Somebody slam
a bedroom window on it?

Titters in the crowded elevator. It stops, opens. Gittes smiles.

GITTES

Nope - your wife crossed her legs a
little too quick - wasn't used to that
kind of excitement - you understand, pal.

Gittes pats the man on the shoulder as he exits the elevator.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE GITTES, DUFFY, WALSH

Gittes is seated at his desk. He's staring straight ahead. Both Duffy and Walsh are moving about. They seem mildly upset.

WALSH

Look, Jake. Mrs. Mulwray dropped her
lawsuit. Am I right or am I right?

DUFFY

You're right.

WALSH

(expansively)
So we're off the hook.

Gittes nods. Then:

GITTES

Well..there's something else..at the
coroner's office yesterday I lied to
Escobar. I think he knows I lied.

CONTINUED:

WALSH

Why, Jake?

Gittes is very uncomfortable.

GITTES

She was upset. Didn't want to answer questions -

WALSH

(lightly)

It's Chinatown.

DUFFY

(almost contemptuous)

Another twist.

GITTES

(instantly flaring up)

C'mon! It was common decency. Her husband just died for Chrissakes.

DUFFY

(jumping on it):

- yeah and she just sued you for a million bucks.

GITTES

Six hundred thousand - I don't want to talk about it!

DUFFY

You don't want to talk about it?

WALSH

Wait a minute - it still don't mean you got to run around riverbeds and reservoirs trying to figure out what went on -

DUFFY

- exactly - so some grifters are trying to pick up a few bucks - it's no skin off your nose.

WALSH

Yeah - take the money and forget about it.

GITTES

The money? What money?

WALSH

Evelyn Mulwray sent you a check.

Gittes' mood starts to turn.

CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

(pressing the intercom)
How do you know that?

Walsh has overstepped himself.

WALSH

I just - it was open on the desk.

Sophie comes in.

GITTES

Evelyn Mulwray sent me a check?

SOPHIE

This morning, Mr. Gittes - for five hundred dollars.

GITTES

Sophie, I've told you before - I like to open my own mail.

SOPHIE

(upset)

I thought it was a bill!

GITTES

(trying to forestall hysteria)

Okay okay okay - it was a mistake, forget it, Sophie.

SOPHIE

(storming out)

According to you I never do anything right.

GITTES

(half rising to follow her)

I said I'm sorry, Sophie.

Gittes looks from Duffy to Walsh. He smiles slowly.

GITTES

It ain't possible, is it, that somebody called you guys and persuaded you to persuade me to lay off this - is it?

WALSH

(carefully)

You're crazy, Jake. I always -

The phone has been RINGING for a few moments. It is sufficiently uncomfortable for Gittes to escape by answering the phone himself.

INT. KITCHEN WALL ANDY ESCOBAR - DAY

is standing using a wall phone with a handkerchief around the cradle. He's staring at a number, MU 72794, scrawled on the wall.

At Escobar's feet on the tiled floor are some spilled vegetable

ESCOBAR

MU 72794?

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Gittes holds the phone.

GITTES

Yeah -- J.J. Gittes and Associates.

ESCOBAR KITCHEN WALL

ESCOBAR

Okay, Jake, this is Andy Escobar. How about coming down to 555 1/2 Carritos Tower Road - right now?

As Escobar hangs up the phone a torn shopping bag can be glimpsed - out of which ice cream has melted across the floor. Blood from some unseen source has mingled among the ice cream and there is a growing stream of ants.

As the angle widens, IDA SESSIONS is seen lying on the floor surrounded by the groceries from the broken bag and the ice-cream and her own blood. Her eyes are open. A stream of ants are pouring into her open mouth. She is recognizable as the woman who posed as Evelyn Mulwray.

GITTES

reacting to her.

GITTES

So what happened?

ESCOBAR

What's it look like?

Gittes glances at the open shelf above his head, the overturned stool, the blood on the cast iron stove.

GITTES

That she shoulda had help putting away her groceries?

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

Her name was Ida Sessions. You didn't happen to know her, did you?

Gittes shrugs.

ESCOBAR

Used the name Rosemary Lane when she worked - did a few bits in pictures. Recognize it?

Gittes shakes his head. He looks down at her again. Escobar snaps his fingers. A man hands him a few glossies of Ida, black and whites in various glamor poses for a composite. She's younger but she's unmistakably the woman who had posed as Mrs. Mulwray.

GITTES

(staring at them)
Nope.

ESCOBAR

You're sure?

GITTES

Sure as I can be.

ESCOBAR

Well then, Jake - how come your phone number is written on her wall?

Escobar had been leaning against the number. He moves away, exposing it. Gittes stares at the scrawled MU 72794 on the wall.

ESCOBAR

(after a moment)
When did she call you, Jake?

GITTES

(easily)
Lots of people call me. I don't necessarily talk to them - unless I know who they are or who recommended them. Otherwise you end up talking to a lot of deadbeats and I don't have to tell you I'm in this to make a living.

Escobar nods. He jerks his head, indicating Gittes follow him. As they talk they move toward the bedroom.

ESCOBAR

Maybe your secretary has a record of a call?

CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

Maybe. I'll check for you.

ESCOBAR

Don't bother, I'll do it.

The two men stop, look at each other. Escobar smiles, nearly as disarmingly as Gittes does.

ESCOBAR

Jake, it's nothing. It's routine. Only your name's been associated with a couple of accidents in a couple of days.

(to an assistant)

Earl, you checked the bathroom for prints?

INT. IDA SESSIONS' BEDROOM

EARL

(shouting back)

Yeah.

Escobar goes into the bathroom and shuts the door. Gittes turns and looks around. His gaze rests on Ida's dresser.

On it are a few fan magazines, bric-a-brac, and a book. Gittes lightly sifts thru the magazines and picks up the book. The title is "Angling for the Great Yellow Fin in the Blue Pacific" - when he puts it back down he dislodges some brightly colored orange feathers. They fall behind the dresser. Next to them is a small coil of wire leader.

Gittes glances back to the bathroom. He hears the toilet flush. He quickly gets on his hands and knees and blows under the dresser. A lone orange feather floats out. Gittes picks it up, fingers it - places it under the lining in his hat brim.

Escobar opens the door, holding the knob again with a piece of toilet paper.

He glances at Gittes. They walk back past the kitchen. Gittes stops. He glances in. He pointedly avoids looking at the body.

GITTES

Tell me - when was the last time you figured that broad tried to put ice cream and lettuce on the top shelf in the kitchen?

INT. IDA SESSIONS' HOUSE

Gittes goes and opens a few cupboard doors. They hold a dusty box of baking powder, some graham crackers - very little else.

GITTES

In fact, when was the last time Ida went marketing at all?

Escobar shrugs. They head out of the house together, down a ramp and to an elevator that services these art deco apartments perched precariously on a hillside. The elevator itself looks like a church steeple.

ESCOBAR

People do peculiar things. Right now it looks more like an accident than anything else.

INT. ELEVATOR ESCOBAR AND GITTES

Gittes nods. The elevator is making a creaky descent.

GITTES

Like Mulwray was an accident?

ESCOBAR

(evenly)

Yeah. What happened to your nose?

The elevator opens. They step out. Police cars and a crowd are in the street looking up at the apartment Gittes and Escobar have just left.

GITTES

- somebody slammed a bedroom window on it - look, if that's all for now, I've got a date.

ESCOBAR

Sure.

GITTES

See you, Andy.

ESCOBAR

See you, kitty cat.

Gittes pauses on his way to his car and turns back to Escobar

GITTES

What's that supposed to mean?

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

Just an expression. Why? Does it mean something to you?

Escobar shrugs. It's left at that. Gittes gets into his car and takes off.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. GITTES - DAY

inches toward the Brown Derby in late afternoon traffic. A man steps out into the street and points toward his lot and the 15 cents parking sign.

MAN

You could park it in my driveway - if they park it, it'll cost you a quarter.

Gittes flashes a dazzling smile.

GITTES

I'm rich, pal.

He guns past him and pulls into the Derby lot.

INT. DERBY GITTES

waits alone at a table. Occasionally he nods to someone passing by. He's leaning against a smoked mirror, turns to check himself out in it.

Evelyn Mulwray is standing at the table as he does. He turns a little awkward, rises while she sits.

CLOSE EVELYN

Gittes watches her as she removes her gloves slowly. She's wearing dove gray gabardine - subdued, tailored.

GITTES

Thanks for coming...drink?

The waiter's appeared.

EVELYN

Tom Collins - with lime, not lemon, please.

Evelyn looks down and smooths her gloves. When she looks back up she stares expectantly at Gittes.

Gittes pulls out a torn envelope. The initials EM can be seen in a delicate script.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

Look - I got your check in the mail.

EVELYN

Yes - as I said - I was very grateful.

Gittes fingers the envelope. He coughs.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray, I'm afraid that's not good enough.

The drinks come. The waiter sets them down.

EVELYN

(with faint distaste)

Well, I suppose I could make it for more.

She reaches into her purse, fumbling around.

GITTES

What are you doing?

EVELYN

Looking for my checkbook.

Gittes takes her arm. She looks up in surprise.

GITTES

Stop it. The money's fine. It's generous, but you've short-changed me on the story..okay you were upset in Escobar's office but you weren't that upset. I mean you were worried, too. What were you worried about?

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Yes?

EVELYN

(icily)

If you want to talk to me and you want me to listen - don't ever tell me how I feel about anything. Ever again.

GITTES

Sorry - I didn't mean that the way it sounded.

EVELYN

Just go on.

GITTES

CONTINUED: (2)

Gittes turns sharply into Evelyn.

GITTES

(moving in)

Do me a favor. Sit still and act like I'm charming.

Evelyn involuntarily draws back.

GITTES

...there's somebody here I just can't see. Say something. Anything. Something like we're being intimate.

Evelyn reluctantly allows Gittes to move closer and dangle his hand in front of their faces. She stares at him.

EVELYN

(quietly)

--You've got four stitches..

GITTES

(quietly)

Five.

EVELYN

(quietly)

Maybe putting your nose in other people's business?

GITTES

(quietly)

More like other people putting their business in my nose.

Evelyn actually smiles a little.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You son of a bitch.

Gittes looks up and flashes his smile.

GITTES

Mrs. Match. How're you?

MRS. MATCH is swaying over the table, a plump woman with a glass of whiskey in one hand, a large purse in the other, and a menacing look in her eye..

MRS. MATCH

Don't give me that, you son of a bitch.

GITTES

Okay.

Gittes turns back to Evelyn.

CONTINUED: (3)

EVELYN

(softly)

Another satisfied client?

GITTES

Another satisfied client's wife.

MRS. MATCH

Look at me, you son of a bitch. You ruined our marriage, you know that, don't you?

She tries to take a swipe at Gittes with her purse. Gittes covers himself. Waiters rush over. Mrs. Match swings again.

MRS. MATCH

Sneak up on decent people..pry into their lives..you smug son of a bitch. My husband's so upset he sweats every night. How do you think that makes me feel?

GITTES

Sweaty?

Mrs. Match swings at Gittes again and again. She catches him on the nose. It hurts. He covers it - then swings his leg out from under the table and deftly kicks her in the shin.

Mrs. Match drops her purse and spills her drink. She grabs her shin, hopping around a little. The waiters who had tried to restrain her now try to keep her from falling over.

GITTES

Let's get out of here before she picks up her purse.

They rise and move toward the door.

EVELYN

(quietly)

Tough guy, huh?

Gittes looks, sees she's kidding, and nods.

OUTSIDE IN THE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Gittes' car has been brought by the parking attendant. The attendant opens the passenger side for Evelyn.

EVELYN

Oh, no. I've got my own car. The cream-colored Packard.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(to attendant who dutifully starts for her car)
Wait a minute, sonny.

(to Evelyn)

I think you better come with me.

EVELYN

What for? There's nothing to say.

(to attendant)

Get my car, please.

The attendant starts after it again.

Gittes leans on the open door of his car and into Evelyn. He talks quietly but spits it out.

GITTES

Okay, go home. But in case you're interested, your husband was murdered. Ida Sessions, the woman who hired me was murdered. Your hubby's little blonde is probably dead. There's a waterlogged drunk in the morgue -- involuntary manslaughter if anybody wants to take the trouble which they don't, it looks like the police and everybody else in L.A.'s trying to cover it all up - which is fine with me. But Mrs. Mulwray --

(now inches from her)

I goddam near lost my nose! And I like it. I like breathing through it. So before I lie anymore for you I want the truth. Let's take a ride to the beach and talk.

Evelyn steadies herself on the open car door. She stares at Gittes for a long moment. Then she slides into the car. Gittes shuts the door and flips the parking attendant a half dollar as he pulls up in Evelyn's car.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. GITTES AND EVELYN MOVING CAR - DUSK

GITTES

--
- somebody's dumping water out of those reservoirs - tens of thousands of gallons flushed down the toilet when we're supposedly in the middle of a drought.

EVELYN

- and he found out -

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(touching his nose lightly)
It's why I think he was killed.

EXT. COVE - SUNSET

Behind are the palisades of Malibu.

Parked on the highway by Gittes' convertible is a dusty sedan. Its occupants, A FAMILY of four with the FATHER in overalls, have wandered down to the shore.

Their little dog scampers across the sand and barks angrily at the surf.

The children spot a huge wooden sign of a fish, its brightly colored fins chipped and peeling, its large wooden teeth broken. It has the crudely printed letters "BAIT" printed on its side and the entire fish is suspended on stilts in the center of a slough, divided by a thin row of shabby homes from the sea.

The tide is out. The children run across the slough and begin climbing up into the belly of the fish, squealing with delight:

Evelyn and Gittes have been walking. Evelyn pauses when she sees the precariously balanced fish creaking as the children play on it - it's a little eerie because they have disappeared into the fish and the wooden creature appears to have a life of its own.

EVELYN

Those kids'll hurt themselves if they're not careful.

GITTES

What, oh yeah, sure. Look at it this way, Mrs. Mulwray - I tell you I think your husband was murdered and you ask me not to go to the police - and I don't go. Now how does that look?

EXT. BEACH BAIT SIGN - SUNSET

Evelyn doesn't answer.

GITTES

- married people do each other in.
Even the police know that. It's no secret.

Evelyn looks sharply to Gittes.

CONTINUED:

EVELYN

But you just got thru saying..

GITTES

Saying what?

EVELYN

- Hollis died because of this water thing -

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray, I am only giving you my opinion. The police still go for obvious things - like an irate wife. Look, we're both in trouble. You sue me, your husband dies, you drop the lawsuit like a hot potato, and all of it quicker than wind from a duck's ass - excuse me. Now that looks like you paid me off to withhold evidence.

EVELYN

..well..what do you want to know?

GITTES

Exactly where you were when your husband died for one thing.

EVELYN

...I can't tell you.

GITTES

You mean you don't know where you were?

EVELYN

I mean I can't tell you.

GITTES

(sitting, shaken)

Mrs. Mulwray - maybe I better talk this over with your lawyer. Don't explain nothing to me - I understand.

(trying to be pleasant)

Listen, I was married myself.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Despite herself, Evelyn smiles slightly.

EVELYN

(gently)

- Mr. Gittes, I didn't kill my husband.

Gittes looks up.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

Good, that's a load off my mind, I don't mind telling you. So where were you?

Evelyn sighs.

EVELYN

You won't go to Escobar if I tell you?

GITTES

I didn't say that. I will go if you don't tell me. That's what I said.

EVELYN

All right...I've been seeing someone.

GITTES

Seeing someone?

The sun goes down. Evelyn suddenly shivers. Her face is partially in shadow.

GITTES

You mean you're having an affair.

Evelyn nods. Now Gittes sighs. He stands.

EVELYN

I'm sorry.

GITTES

What for? Aren't you enjoying it?

Evelyn gives Gittes a sharp look. Then:

EVELYN

I meant it makes it look worse.

Gittes kicks lightly at the sand.

GITTES

Well, yes and no. Maybe not. Who is the lucky fellow, Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

I just can't tell you.

GITTES

(it's predictable)
He's married.

Evelyn looks at him - nods.

CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

You been seeing him long? You got to give me some idea.

EVELYN

Not long.

GITTES

The day I came to the house looking for your husband - that's where you'd been, wasn't it?

Evelyn nods.

GITTES

Did your husband know that?

EVELYN

Look, I know this'll be difficult for you but it's possible to be unfaithful to someone and still love them. Men claim they do it all the time.

GITTES

Yeah sure. So you're telling me you loved your husband.

EVELYN

Yes.

GITTES

And you love this other guy?

EVELYN

Yes.

GITTES

Anybody else you love you're not telling me about?

Now Evelyn rises, turns to the ocean and feels the breeze on her face. She turns back.

EVELYN

That was unnecessarily sadistic, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

(rising to her)

I'm sure you're right, Mrs. Mulwray. But you're asking me to lay my ass on the line and you're not offering me love or money.

CONTINUED: (3)

EVELYN

Which would you like?

(evenly)

I'll do anything to protect this person.

Gittes stares back at her for a long moment. Evelyn doesn't bat an eye.

GITTES

Even if it means being arrested for murder?

EVELYN

- yes.

GITTES

- but sooner or later I have to go to the police.

EVELYN

Well..if you could give me a week - ten days..he's been ill recently..and I..I'd like him to have a chance to..to talk to his wife, in his own way..I don't want him to destroy his family, and I'm sure he doesn't either.

GITTES

I'll give you two weeks.

EVELYN

You promise me?

GITTES

: (a little disgusted
with himself)

I said I'll give you two weeks I'll give you two weeks - but for Christ's sake get this bimbo healthy enough to face his wife, will you?

Evelyn just stares at him, her face barely visible. She takes Gittes' arm.

EVELYN

This means more to me than you realize.

GITTES

Okay okay.

They walk along the beach into the distance. Evelyn stumbles lets out a small cry. She jumps back - she's gotten her right foot soaking wet.

EVELYN

What was that?

CONTINUED: (4)

GITTES

Water. There's an outfall from the palisades. It's night and they've started dumping water from the reservoirs again. I guess they're doing it all over the city.

They listen and the SOUND of the water gradually seems to increase.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. GITTES AND EVELYN MOVING CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

The top's down. She lies her head back on the seat. Gittes glances over at her. Her eyes are shut, the wind tugging at her hair as they pass under street lights.

She opens her eyes, sees Gittes is looking at her. She smiles a little. Gittes smiles back.

AT THE BROWN DERBY PARKING LOT

It's nearly empty now. The attendant rushes over and opens the door for Evelyn as they pull in.

EVELYN

(to the attendant)

Just a minute, please.

She turns into Gittes, moving in very close to avoid being heard by the attendant.

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes, because I don't want you to go to the police - doesn't mean I don't want to find out what happened to Hollis.

Gittes sighs.

GITTES

It's Chinatown.

EVELYN

What does that mean?

GITTES

Don't ask me to explain it right now.

EVELYN

..whoever's behind this, why do you think they're going to this kind of trouble?

CONTINUED:

GITTES

Money - how they plan to make it by emptying the reservoirs, that I don't know - look, it's only fair to tell you, in the last few years all I've done is matrimonial work - that's my..

(he elaborately
mispronounces it)
- meetiay.

Evelyn smiles. Her voice becomes very plaintive.

EVELYN

But you're interested?

GITTES

(looking at her a moment, then:)

- I'm a snoop. Listen, before this I turned on the faucet it came out hot and - cold I didn't think there was any mystery to it.

EVELYN

(abruptly)

Well, I'll pay you five thousand dollars if you can find exactly what happened to Hollis and who is involved. Call me tomorrow..

INT. GITTES' OFFICE CLOSE GITTES - DAY

He's at his desk, intent on something - tho what it is can't be seen.

Duffy pokes his head in the door. Gittes immediately but casually lifts the newspaper on his desk, peering over it at Duffy.

DUFFY

Mornin', Jake; what's new?

GITTES

Not much..listen, Duffy, I made some remark yesterday, don't know what got into me -

DUFFY

Forget it.

GITTES

(apologetically)

Every once in a while I tend to go off on tangents, you know me, Duffy.

CONTINUED:

DUFFY

I already forgot it.

GITTES

Well, I'm dropping that whole thing with Mulwray - it's a mess.

DUFFY

Glad to hear it, Jake.

GITTES

Oh, and apologize to Walsh for me, will you, kid?

DUFFY

Sure thing. You been working too hard, Jake - whyn't you take the day off, go to the track? I think the Biscuit's going this afternoon.

GITTES

(smiling brightly)

That's a thought, Duffy.

Duffy leaves. The smile fades from Gittes' face. He lowers the newspaper and continues cleaning the .38 on his desk. He checks and snaps the chamber.

CONTINUED:

He picks up snub-nosed bullets off of a note, an airline ticket and a hundred dollar bill which lie partially soiled by cleaning oil on the desk.

As he picks up the bullets one by one the note can be read. It says, in a bold scrawl: "SEAPLANES LEAVE EVERY HOUR. WE SHOULD TALK." It is signed "JULIAN CROSS."

EXT. SAN PEDRO HARBOR - MORNING

Gittes pulls up and parks near a ramp not far from the fish "BAIT" sign which can be seen in the adjacent slough. Again children are playing on it, climbing into its swaying belly.

A SEAPLANE

is on a ramp, its engines turning over. Gittes heads down a walkway toward the plane.

There's a burgee prominent on the side of the plane. It's a gray game fish on a white background, with the initials A.C. Embarking with Gittes are passengers that are almost all men over fifty, dressed in old clothes, carrying fishing gear.

Gittes, young and dressed in a dapper suit, is in noticeable contrast:

EXT. COVE SEAPLANE

kicking up a spray of foam as it takes off.

ALBACORE CLUB - DAY

A pleasant but unobtrusive clapboard blue and white building on the bay overlooking the harbor. The seaplane lands. A motor launch with a smaller A.C. burgee flying from it turns and heads in the direction of the plane.

EXT. WINDING ROAD RANCHO DEL CRUCE

Gittes, driven in a station wagon, passes under the sign with a cross painted below the name.

The ranch itself is only partially in a valley on the island as the wagon continues one can see that it is actually a miniature California encompassing desert, mountains and canyons that tumble down palisades to the windward side of the sea.

The wagon comes to a halt where a group of hands are clustered around a corral. The circle of men drift apart leaving JULIAN CROSS standing, using a cane for support -- ready but hands

CONTINUED

in a rough linen shirt and jeans. When he talks his strong face is lively, in repose it looks ravaged.

EXT. BRIDLE PATH GITTES AND CROSS

walking toward the main house - a classic Monterey. A horse led on a halter by another ranch hand slows down and defecate in the center of the path they are taking. Gittes doesn't notice.

CROSS

Horseshit.

Gittes pauses, not certain he has heard correctly.

GITTES

Sir?

CROSS

I said horseshit.

(pointing)

Horseshit.

GITTES

Yes sir, that's what it looks like -
I'll give you that.

Cross pauses when they reach the dung pile. He removes his hat and waves it, inhales deeply.

CROSS

Love the smell of it. A lot of people
do but of course they won't admit it.
I love to watch a mare raise her tail -
and plop.

Cross smiles and raises his eyebrows in approbation.

GITTES

(a little uncertain)

Yes sir.

CROSS

Look at the shape.

Gittes glances down out of politeness.

CROSS

(smiling, almost enthusiastic)

Always the same.

Cross walks on. Gittes follows.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(not one to let it go)
Always?

CROSS

What? Oh damn near - yes. Unless the animal's sick or something.

(stops and glances back)

- and the steam rising off it like that in the morning - that's life, Mr. Gittes. Life.

(they move on)

Perhaps this preoccupation with horseshit may seem a little perverse, but I ask you to remember this - one way or another it's what I've dealt in all my life, and it's how I made my fortune. Let's have breakfast.

EXT. COURTYARD VERANDA GITTES AND CROSS AT BREAKFAST

Below them is a corral where hands take Arabians one by one and work them out, letting them run and literally kick up their heels. Cross' attention is diverted by the animals from time to time. An impeccable FILIPINO BUTLER serves them their main course, broiled fish.

CROSS

Well, what have you heard about me?

GITTES

Only that you're rich and too respectable to want your name in the papers.

CROSS

(laughing)

Course I'm respectable. I'm old. Politicians, ugly buildings and whores all get respectable if they last long enough - I hope you don't mind. I believe they should be served with the head.

Gittes glances down at the fish whose isinglass eye is glazed over with the heat of cooking.

GITTES

- fine, long as you don't serve chicken that way.

Cross smiles again.

CONTINUED:

CROSS

No, that wouldn't do, would it? - Years ago, Mr. Gittes, when the city over there was desert and you were just a gleam in your Daddy's eye, me and my partner come out here in a Model A. We were selling straw hats for some firm in Minnesota, making \$25 a week and having a hell of a good time. But it was during the land boom and one day we decided to make some real money. Well, land was cheap, but there just wasn't enough water to go around. That damn partner of mine figured out one day that building a lot of expensive reservoirs by themselves was nonsense - eighty percent of the water evaporated.. he calculated that if you dumped it - onto desert sand it would percolate down to bedrock and stay underground where you could pump it back up - you'd lose twenty to twenty-five percent, 'stead of seventy or eighty. We not only started the water department, we owned it, we built a lot of what you see over there, and we made a fortune.

GITTES

(incredulous)

You owned the entire water department?

CROSS

Me and my partner...but when the city really boomed, he felt the public ought to own the water.

GITTES

What'd you do - give it away?

CROSS

(a slight smile)

I thought so.

GITTES

Who was this partner?

CROSS

Hollis Mulwray - my daughter's husband.

Cross' eyes moisten. He looks out to the corral.

CROSS

That little mare bowing her neck down there - that's Lambchop.

CONTINUED: (2)

Tears are starting to run down Cross' cheeks. He rises and goes down to the corral. After a moment Gittes follows. They watch the animal go thru her paces.

She trots up and nuzzles Cross who offers her a pocket - he helps her fish out a cube of sugar.

GITTES

(he really means it)
- she's somethin'.

CROSS

(turns and nods, proudly)
Bred her myself - my oh my. They do everything I can't anymore - run, screw and take a crap. Few years back I had half my ass shot off.
(he raises his shirt, Johnson style, to show the scars)
- Okay, I'll pay you ten thousand dollars to find out what happened to Hollis Mulwray.

GITTES

..what happened to him? He died.

Cross shakes his head.

CROSS

I've still got a few teeth in my head, Mr. Gittes, and a few friends in town. They tell me things. They tell me that someone in homicide is sitting on a coroner's report that shows Hollis Mulwray had salt water in his lungs. Now how in hell did he drown in the ocean and drag himself up to a fresh water reservoir?

GITTES

(a long, uncomfortable moment, then)
- well, if that's true, I guess he must've had help - but I've known Lieutenant Escobar a long time. We worked Chinatown together. If he's withholding information, I'm sure he's got reasons.

CROSS

.. I'm sure.

GITTES

- what's that supposed to mean?

CROSS

I've known Escobar a long time, too - used to work for me, as a matter of fact.

CONTINUED: (3)

GITTES

You calling him dishonest?

CROSS

No - I wouldn't care about that, anyway.

Cross turns and gives Gittes an almost plaintive look. Then he turns away.

CROSS

..no..it's got to do with..Evelyn.

GITTES

What?..you don't trust him around her?

Gittes' own curiosity is intense. Cross senses it and he seems to withdraw.

CROSS

..maybe I don't trust Evelyn around Escobar.

(abruptly)

What are you doing for her now?

GITTES

Well, that's something you should ask her - she's my client.

CROSS

Mr. Gittes, she won't speak to me at all. I'm sure you know that - it's why I asked you here.

GITTES

Why won't she speak to you?

CROSS

(with barely suppressed anger)

Mr. Gittes, don't ask me that again - it doesn't concern you. But if you're extorting any money out of that girl it concerns me. I'll find out - and like I said - I've still got a few teeth in my head.

GITTES

Yeah? Well, I may be disreputable but I'm not dishonest and I resent the implication. I don't extort nothing. Now get me out of here.

CROSS

Wait a minute - if that's all it takes to insult you, you're not going to last long in any business.

Gittes turns around, a little heated.

CONTINUED: (4)

GITTES

What do you think your daughter's hiding?

CROSS

I don't think she's hiding anything.

GITTES

(pressing a little)

You worried she had something to do
with her husband's death?

For a moment Cross looks as if he'll strike Gittes. Then:

CROSS

- it's not my daughter I'm worried
about. It's the company she keeps.

GITTES

I don't know what you're talking about.

CROSS

Don't you?

GITTES

Look - as far as it goes I understand
you had a falling out with him.

CROSS

With who?

GITTES

Mulwray.

CROSS

(nods, seems to weaken and drift)
Oh..that..yeah, I talked him into building
one dam too many. Hollie knew it wasn't
any good but I was a persuasive son of a
bitch in those days..he never forgave me.

GITTES

That why he shot you?

CROSS

(sharply)

Who told you that?

GITTES

I heard it.

CROSS

(after a long moment)

..yes, I heard that too..

CONTINUED: (5)

GITTES

- Look, Mr. Cross, if my opinion means anything - somebody went to a lot of trouble to ruin Mulwray's reputation - maybe right down to setting him up with that little blonde - whoever did was probably responsible for his death.

CROSS

What the hell kind of thinking is that? If you go to the trouble to ruin a man's reputation, you're going to be the last one to kill him. Particularly if it's got anything to do with business - that's just common sense. I meant it, Mr. Gittes - ten thousand dollars if you find out what happened to Mulwray. You might even start by looking for that little girl friend of his.

At that moment there's the SOUND of a marching band and some men in formation clear a bluff about a hundred yards off. They are dressed like Spanish dons on horseback. For the most part they are fat in the saddle and pass along in disordered review to the music.

CROSS

Sheriff's gold posse.
(wincing in pain, putting his weight on his cane)
Bunch of damn fools who pay \$5,000 apiece to the sheriff's re-election. For that they have the privilege of falling on their ass in the Thanksgiving Day parade. I let 'em practice up out here.

GITTES

(nods, then)

Sorry, Mr. Cross - it's a lot of money, but not enough to retire on. I don't believe in investigating a homicide lieutenant, among other things. I want to hold onto my license. Now I've got to get back to my office.

CROSS

Mr. Gittes...she won't talk to me. I know she needs help.

GITTES

Everybody does, Mr. Cross.
(glances out at the horse)
What'd you say her name was?

CROSS

Lambchop.

LAMBCHOP

moves beautifully, her hooves dancing over the dusty earth.

GITTES

She's a winner all right.

CROSS

(it's hard for him)

Look - if that's what it takes, you
can have her.

Gittes looks astonished.

CROSS

She's worth - well, I couldn't even
put a price on her.

Cross coughs. Gittes is genuinely moved.

GITTES

That's the best offer I've ever had,
Mr. Cross - but I'm sorry.

EXT. ALBACORE CLUB DOCK FROM THE PLANE GITTES - DAY

looks back at the dock as the engines rev up, spray streams
across the porthole-like windows, obscuring the lone figure
of Julian Cross who stands at the end of the dock, leaning
his cane, watching Gittes take off.

EXT. CITY HALL - SUNSET

tinged with an orange glow from the setting sun.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS HOMICIDE

A plainclothes COP on the desk pounds away with two fingers on a Remington upright. He makes a mistake, smoke gets in his eye from his cigar and he looks up to see Gittes standing there.

GITTES

J.J. Gittes here to see Lieutenant Escobar.

COP ON DESK

(eyeballs Gittes, then:)

Escobar's off tonight. You might check him at home.

GITTES

I did. His wife said he was working late.

The cop actually smiles a little.

COP ON DESK

Well - I don't think it's official business...at least he's not bringing it down to the station.

Gittes nods, leaves.

THE FRONT DOOR

is open. Gittes hesitates - he shoves the door all the way open. It's very heavy and opens slowly.

THE LIVING ROOM

is immaculate.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray?

(louder)

Mrs. Mulwray?

Silence. Gittes moves on to the den. He has to turn on the lights there.

INT. DEN

On the walls are photographs of Mulwray at work and at play. There are individual photos of Evelyn on horseback and some of her in her early teens - which are striking for their directness of expression and generally uncomplicated feeling they convey.

There are another series of photos of Mulwray doing an engineering job in the mountains. One of the photos is with a man now recognizable as Evelyn's father: it is labeled HOLLIS MULWRAY AND JULIAN CROSS AT THE SANTA SUSANNAH PASS. It was taken years ago and both men were young and handsome - but Julian looks compelling.

He starts to leave - sees Mulwray's desk and routinely goes thru it - the bottom drawer is locked. He fusses with it, opens it and comes up with a bundle of blueprints. They read in bold type: WATERSHED AND DRAINAGE SYSTEM FOR THE LOS ANGELES BASIN.

Gittes opens them, thumbs thru them, spots one page with notations about the rate of acre feet per hour jotted in scrawling pencil over the blueprint of the Oak Pass Reservoir. He picks up the plans.

In general Gittes cannot leave a drawer unopened. Here one can see pragmatic curiosity give way to compulsive peeping. He opens every drawer and cupboard in sight. He has to know everything. He opens a door off the den. It leads thru a passageway to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN GITTES

turns on the light. It is clean, exceptionally functional - nothing out of the ordinary. He nevertheless has to open a few drawers - crockery, silverware, bread - nothing unusual. He starts out, spots the Frigidaire. He goes back and opens

INT. HALLWAY GITTES

moving to the bedroom. The door is slightly ajar. He opens it toward him. Something falls abruptly on him. It is startling and threatening. Gittes starts to pull his gun when he realizes he's wrestling with a hat rack, the lone hat on it now on the floor. He picks it up but then what he sees does startle him.

THE BEDROOM

has been ransacked. Clothes are strewn everywhere - all the drawers and dressers have been opened and thrown about - some dresses have been torn. It looks as if the room had been raped.

Gittes threads his way thru the room toward the bathroom and stops when he feels something underfoot. He leans down, pulls back a dress that had been thrown on the floor.

Underneath it - in a frame with the glass cracked - is a newspaper photo. It is grainy and cropped but it is one he took - it is the young blonde girl on the balcony who had been with Mulwray. Gittes is puzzled by it. He sets it aside on the dresser and heads into the bathroom.

There, too, the drawers are opened. He glances around - starts out, but spots something half-hidden behind a box of Kleenex. It's three things, really - a bottle of clear liquid, a dark bottle, a hypodermic needle which is sticking into a rotting peach.

Gittes picks up the peach and pulls the needle out of it. He examines the rotting spots on the peach and can see they are clusters of needle marks.

Gittes turns abruptly when he hears a SOUND. He drops the peach, hesitates - pockets the two bottles of liquid, draws his .38 and heads toward the bedroom door.

AT THE DOOR

He listens - is not sure there is anything out there. Then as he looks thru the crack in the door the hall light is turned off, the hall plunged into darkness.

Gittes waits until he hears footsteps reach the three-step stair coming to the bedroom. Each one creaks a little.

He looks down - realizes his .38 is not cocked. He carefully cocks it but the SOUND is unnaturally loud. He winces. That's all he has time to do.

There is a shattering ROAR and the bedroom door is literally blown off its hinges and halfway into the room.

GITTES

doesn't stick around. He dives over the bed, rolls and throws himself into the bathroom, slamming the door shut, searching for a way out.

There is a moment of silence. Gittes dives out of the way of the door, to the tiled shower. His coat catches on something - he glances at the cabinet mirror to see that a shard of the door has speared his left coat arm. Half of his tie is also missing.

Then the image is shattered as three more .45 slugs pump their way into the bathroom, plowing fist-sized holes in the door, spraying glass and tile around the room and all over Gittes in the shower stall.

The shower springs a leak.

GITTES

Jesus Christ -

(shouting)

Hold it! Hold it out there!...I'm John Gittes, I'm a private investigator, I'm armed, and the police are on their way - so stop firing and talk.

(silence)

Talk!

Another moment. Then:

ESCOBAR'S VOICE

The police are already here. Come on out, Jake.

Gittes brushes the debris off him and, a little shakily, heads toward the bathroom door, opening what's left of it.

INT. BEDROOM ESCOBAR

Gittes enters the room. The two men stare at each other.

GITTES

(after a moment)

- since when are you using a .45?

ESCOBAR

I like the noise. It's very intimidating -
(a short laugh).

- don't point that in the direction of a police officer, Jake, it's a felony.

Escobar winks. Gittes holsters his own .38. Only then does Escobar put away the .45.

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

- and don't ever cock it around me -
the sound gets on my nerves.

Gittes looks around the room, nods.

ESCOBAR

C'mon -

(as they walk down hall
toward living room)

All right, why are you here?

GITTES

(smoothly)

My client, Mrs. Mulwray, was expecting me.

Gittes finishes saying this as he and Escobar enter the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Evelyn is standing there waiting for them. There is a long silent moment between the three of them.

ESCOBAR

(to Evelyn)

Were you expecting him?

Evelyn looks from Escobar to Gittes and back. She nods.

ESCOBAR

- you should have mentioned it.

There has been the o.s. SOUND of sirens growing louder. They seem to be nearly outside the door.

EVELYN

I forgot...seeing the bedroom like that.

GITTES

While we're at it, who died, Andy?

ESCOBAR

What are you talking about?

GITTES

Far as I can tell, this was a burglary
not a homicide - why are you here?

ESCOBAR

(starts to answer,
doorbell RINGS)

Excuse me.

CONTINUED:

Escobar turns and handles the uniformed POLICE at the door, explaining who he is and what happened. He has the uniformed men shoo back a few bathrobed and curious NEIGHBORS who are trying to peek in.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

Did you bother to see if anything was taken? jewelry or anything?

EVELYN

Things were torn up - but nothing was taken as far as I could see.

GITTES

So how did Escobar get here?

EVELYN

I called him.

GITTES

(insistent)

Where did you call him?

EVELYN

(sensing the urgency, a little put off by it)
- at his home. Why?

GITTES

(trying to contain himself)

Because Escobar could have ransacked the place himself!

EVELYN

But he's an old friend.

GITTES

He thinks you're hiding something.

EVELYN

Then he would've asked me.

GITTES

(pleasantly but very tense)

Well, he knows your husband was murdered and he's not exactly letting you in on it, is he?

EVELYN

(panicked)

How do you know that?

Escobar has returned before Gittes can answer.

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

Maybe you ought to go to a hotel tonight. I messed it up pretty good back there, I'm sorry.

(to one of the other police)
- let me write it up.

EVELYN

(to Escobar)
I'm all right now.

ESCOBAR

C'mon, I'll drive you.

GITTES

Don't you have to file a report? I can drop you at a hotel, Mrs. Mulwray.

EVELYN

(glancing at the two men)
As far as that goes, I can drive myself.

Escobar seems to recognize something familiar in Evelyn's attitude here. He smiles.

ESCOBAR

Okie-dokie. Goodnight, Mrs. Mulwray.

EVELYN

Goodnight.

Escobar leaves, taking the remnants of the police contingent with him. There's a moment of silence between them.

EVELYN

- would you like a drink?

GITTES

I don't think so. But there's some blueprints of your husband's I'd like to take with me.

EVELYN

Fine.

EXT. STREET GITTES AND EVELYN DRIVING

Her overnight bag sits on the seat between them. Gittes tries to light a cigarette in the open car. He can't. Evelyn pushes in the lighter.

GITTES

It doesn't work.

CONTINUED:

Evelyn expertly lights a cigarette in the wind, hands it to Gittes.

GITTES
(observing her)
Thanks.

They pass thru Chinatown. As they pass thru the streets, one can see an amalgam of old and new - there are still Chinese with pigtailed and scawed beards scattered here and there. Gittes slows down, smiles a little. Evelyn notices him looking.

EVELYN
So why did you say Andy Escobar knows what happened to Hollis?

GITTES
(glances over, starts to give one answer, then:)
If I know, he knows - just stay away from him, I don't trust him, I don't trust him around you -

Gittes catches himself when he realizes he's repeated Cross' words. Evelyn is eyeing him uneasily.

EXT. CAR EVELYN AND GITTES DRIVING - NIGHT

GITTES
I mean he's the kind of cop who's capable of anything -- when he wants information.

EVELYN
(amused)
Like what? Twisting my arm?

GITTES
Like romancing you.

EVELYN
Well, that's better than beating me up, I must say.

GITTES
- Yeah. You could look at it like that.

EVELYN
Oh I do.

CONTINUED:

Gittes pulls up to a signal. A beautiful MEXICAN GIRL driving an old Model A has pulled up to them. She has her skirt hiked up, one leg dangling over the side of the car. As the signal changes and they take off, the wind billows her skirts back over her thighs.

GITTES

(watching her)

That's one way to beat the heat.

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes?

(he glances to Evelyn)

You're going to plow into the car in front of us.

GITTES

What? Oh yeah.

He brakes.

EVELYN

She did have nice legs.

GITTES

I didn't notice.

Both of them laugh. Gittes' gaze, almost unavoidably, travels to Mrs. Mulwray's legs - the night breeze along with her legs crossed has exposed a considerable amount of their considerable length.

Evelyn doesn't appear to be noticing Gittes' corner-of-the-eye gaze at her legs. Then their eyes meet. Gittes abruptly looks to the road.

EVELYN

Well, how do they compare?

GITTES

- I'd hate to hazard a guess, Mrs. Mulwray - I only saw one of hers.

EVELYN

(teasing)

- you saw a lot of it.

Gittes nods - his gaze goes back to her legs. He clears his throat.

GITTES

- yours are longer..

It's clear that Gittes does not mean this in any pejorative sense. It actually embarrasses Evelyn. She inadvertently lowers her skirt. Gittes catches her doing it. He smiles a little. She does not.

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

They pull in. The DOORMAN comes up.

GITTES

(casually)

By the way, I understand Hollis Mulwray was your father's business partner.

EVELYN

(with a growing tension)

..that's right..for a time..

GITTES

..maybe it's a good idea to talk to him..he might know something about this water thing.

EVELYN

(coldly)

Mr. Gittes - I never want you to talk to my father under any circumstances, for any reason whatsoever. Is that clear?

GITTES

But -

EVELYN

He's crazy, he's dangerous, he's destructive. I don't want to discuss this again. I don't want to discuss him again.

She's very even when she says this. She gets out of the car, takes her overnight bag, and heads into the hotel.

EXT. MCKORKLE'S DRUG STORE - DAY

It's morning but already a scorcher. Gittes pulls up and parks.

Inside, the pharmacist, BEN, a harried little man with an exceptionally heavy beard shadow, is going over the bottles that Gittes had taken from Evelyn's bathroom the night before.

He's been fooling with a couple of chemical reactions.

BEN

(1st bottle)

..distilled water...

(2nd bottle)

..insulin.

GITTES

Like they use for diabetics?

CONTINUED:

Ben nods.

GITTES

You sure?

Ben tastes it.

BEN

Positive.

GITTES

- you couldn't poison somebody with it, could you?

BEN

- if you gave a diabetic too much - yeah, it could kill him.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER & POWER - DAY

Gittes enters the building. He's carrying the blueprint plans.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER & POWER

Gittes passes by a door marked:

MULWRAY
CHIEF ENGINEER
DWP

Some workmen are in the process of scraping Hollis' name off the door. Gittes opens it and goes down the hallway to another suite of offices.

INT. YELBURTON'S OFFICE

Yelburton is seated, the plans spread open before him - a large nameplate on the desk indicating that he's RUSS YELBURTON, DEPUTY CHIEF, DWP.

Behind him on the wall is a leaping but lacquered marlin, dust on its glass eye. There are a couple of other pictures of Yelburton with yellowtail and other fish posing outside the Albacore Club where they weigh the fish. Gittes takes in the photos.

YELBURTON

- we certainly appreciate you returning these plans to us, Mr. Gittes. How is Mrs. Mulwray feeling these days?

GITTES

BEN

GITTES

couldn't poison somebody with
uld you?

BEN

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it could kill him.

WATER & POWER - DAY

building. He's carrying the blueprint

WATER & POWER

: marked:

MULWRAY

CHIEF ENGINEER
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YELBURTON

ly appreciate you returning
to us, Mr. Gittes. How is
feeling these days?

TTES

ELBURTON

r my best - wonderful
a great admirer of her

TTES

ie it's tough to take
se circumstances.

ELBURTON

is the best department head
had. Well, thanks again -
ig everywhere for these.

TTES

Mulwray's home?

ELBURTON

TTES

e into the Mulwrays' last
da turned it upside down.

n laughs.

ELBURTON

n't been looking that hard.

Gittes joins him. They stop.

ELBURTON

an't afford second story
dget.

Gittes joins him again.

TTES

dget, huh?

ELBURTON

Gittes rises and scoops up the

YELBURTON

u going?

GITTES

Times - or the News, or

CONTINUED: (2)

YELBURTON

But what for?

GITTES

Hollis Mulwray made notes that show you're dumping six inches of water out of every reservoir in the city, every night. That's a funny thing to do in the middle of a drought - it's also news.

YELBURTON

(sharply)

Mr. Gittes, don't make a fool of yourself - you've misread those acre-foot designations on the renderings.

GITTES

I have?

YELBURTON

Yes.

GITTES

(coming back)

I've also been in the riverbed. During the day it's so dry a coyote can't get across it without a water canteen. At night there's enough water to float the Queen Mary into the harbor - I goddam near drowned in the riptide. How did I misread that?

Yelburton fidgets nervously. Samples comes in, drops off a brightly-feathered jig - one that has the bright orange colors recognizable from Ida's apartment.

YELBURTON

Just put it down, Byron.

Gittes notes it. Yelburton waits for Byron Samples to leave.

YELBURTON

Mr. Gittes - we're not anxious for this to get around, but we have been diverting a little water at night to irrigate avocado and walnut groves in the northwest valley. As you know, the farmers there have no legal right to our water, and since we've been so short ourselves, we've had to cut them off. The city comes first - but, well, we've been trying to help some of them out, keep them from going under. Naturally, when you divert water - you get a little runoff.

CONTINUED: (3)

GITTES

- Yeah, a little runoff. Those orchards are in the northwest valley?

YELBURTON

Yes, that's right.

GITTES

That's like saying they're in Arizona.

YELBURTON

Mr. Gittes, my field men are out and I can't give you a location, now I've been very frank with you -

Gittes nods - looks at the jig.

GITTES

You go in for deep sea fishing?

YELBURTON

When I can. Do you?

GITTES

Had a client recently who fishes a lot. Too much, in fact.

YELBURTON

Too much?

GITTES

Made his wife nervous. And lonely.

Gittes winks. Yelburton laughs, loosens up.

GITTES

Well, thanks, Mr. Yelburton - just told Mrs. Mulwray I'd ask about this.

YELBURTON

Happy to clear up anything I can.

GITTES

You did.

YELBURTON

Oh, and keep that little information under your hat.

GITTES

I will.

CONTINUED: (4)

They have walked to the door and as they open it Gittes spots a MAN his age sitting there. He's about a foot wider, a head taller than Gittes - and dressed in a plain suit that fits him about as well as a brown paper bag. He's sweating thru it.

GITTES

Mulvihill, what are you doing here?

MULVIHILL

(looking up at Gittes
with unblinking eyes)

They shut my water off, what's it to you?

GITTES

How'd you find out? You don't drink it, you don't take a bath in it, maybe they sent you a letter. Ah, but then you'd have to be able to read.

Mulvihill rises, shaking with fury.

GITTES

(to Yelburton)

Do you know Claude Mulvihill here?

YELBURTON

Hope so. He's working for us.

GITTES

- beating up customers that don't pay their bills?

Yelburton glances uneasily at Mulvihill.

YELBURTON

- well - there have been some threats to blow up the city reservoirs.

GITTES

Any particular reason?

YELBURTON

- like I said, some of these farmers that are going under, they're upset naturally, they can't get it in their head it's not their water. What can we do? City has to come first.

GITTES

Well, you're in luck, Mr. Yelburton.

YELBURTON

How's that?

CONTINUED: (5)

GITTES

When Mulvihill here was with the Ventura County Sheriffs, rum runners landed tons of booze in Malibu and never lost a drop. He ought to be able to hold onto your water for you.

EXT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

Late afternoon.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

Dark and quiet except for the whirring of fans. Gittes approaches one of the clerks at a desk.

GITTES

I'm a little lost -- where can I find the plat books for the northwest valley?

The clerk's droopy eyes widen a little.

CLERK

Part of it's in Ventura County.. We don't have Ventura County in our Hall of Records.

Which is a snotty remark. Gittes smiles.

GITTES

I'll settle for L.A. County.

CLERK

(regards him, then)
Row twenty-three, section C.

The clerk turns away.

GITTES

Oh -- how up-to-date do you keep your books?

CLERK

(wearily)
Land sales out of escrow are always recorded within the week.

Gittes nods and goes to the stacks.

THRU THE STACKS

Gittes sees the clerk turn to another, say something. The second clerk gets on the phone. Gittes watches a moment then turns his attention to the stacks.

He hauls down the northwest valley volume, opens it. It's huge and there's a lot to go thru.

The print itself makes him squint. He goes back to the desk.

GITTES

Can I check one of these volumes out?

CLERK

(quietly annoyed)

Sir, this is not a lending library, it's the Hall of Records.

GITTES

Well, how about a ruler?

CLERK

A ruler? What for?

GITTES

The print's pretty fine - I'd like to be able to read across.

The exasperated clerk reaches around, rummages - slaps a ruler on the desk.

GITTES

Thank you.

As he returns to the stacks he hears the SCREECH of tires. He looks out the third story window to see a dark and dusty coupe whipping into the parking lot. The driver gets out. He seems in a hurry. He's coatless, wearing a white shirt. He heads toward the record building.

GITTES

goes back to the stacks with the ruler. He opens the book, places the ruler not horizontally but vertically.

INSERT: PLAT BOOK NORTHWEST VALLEY

There are columns like Lot No./ Unsub. Acr./ and OWNER. In the "Owner" column, with few exceptions, new names have been pasted in over the old, indicating recent sales and transfer of land.

GITTES

looks toward the clerks. Then he swiftly rips down the page, tearing out a strip about two inches wide - containing the owner's name and the metes and bounds description of the property.

As he tears - he either snuffles or coughs - to cover the sound of the paper being ripped.

He also checks the front door. When a coatless man enters, sweating thru his white shirt, Gittes starts to replace the plat book - still several tears from completing the job. He thinks better of it. He just rips out the last pages and stuffs them in his pockets.

The man who had entered the room is Byron Samples.

Samples goes to the second clerk and asks something. When he strolls past row 23 - Gittes is gone. Only the ruler, lying on the floor, remains..

EXT. PARKING LOT - GITTES

pauses before Samples' dusty coupe. He checks out the name on the steering column - writes down the address.

As he backs out he spots fish hooks stuck in the sun visor. They are squids and they have bright orange feathers surrounding the hooks. Gittes recognizes the color.

EXT. MULHURAY HOME GITTES AND EVELYN - DAY

There's the SOUND of workmen pounding and plastering in and out of the bedroom, repairing the damage, cleaning it up.

Evelyn is actually helping a hod carrier steady a load when she spots Gittes.

He waves. She smiles a little, comes over to him, shaking flecks of plaster out of her hair, brushing them off her short-sleeved blouse.

They walk on a few steps.

GITTES

Tell me - you know anybody familiar with the northwest valley?

EVELYN

I grew up there.

GITTES

- yeah?...you know where most of the avocado and walnut groves are?

EVELYN

Sure. Why?

GITTES

Gotta check something out - can you spare a couple of hours?

He opens his car door for her.

EVELYN

- there's an awful lot of dirt roads out there - narrow, too.

Gittes looks over to the garage. There's the shiny red Indian, a canvas half-covering it.

GITTES

Whose Indian?

EVELYN

Cousin of Hollis'. Can you operate it?

GITTES

Are you kidding? I rode one of those all over Chinatown.

EXT. ROAD GITTES ON MOTORCYCLE WITH EVELYN - DAY

They flash along a road flanked by sky high eucalyptus trees.

EXT. SUNIAND - DAY

They kick up dust thru a complex of old stucco buildings and a few withered pepper trees more than a town. The sun is relentless.

AT A ROADSIDE STAND

at the end of a line of palm trees. It's made of dried palm fronds and dusty clapboard and orange crates. In general the surrounding roads appear dustier - the bean fields dryer.

Gittes and Evelyn are sitting at a redwood table under a torn umbrella, Evelyn drinking orange juice, Gittes peeling an orange.

Some children help their mother and father sort fruit at the stand.

Gittes looks up as some lavender smoke drifts into FRAME. He gazes off to the far end of the dried field. There a MAN has mounted a strange machine and lifted the lid off it, and a large mounted fan has been blowing the lavender smoke in their direction.

GITTES

What the hell's that?

EVELYN

A rainmaker.

GITTES

(incredulous)

Farmers still hire those bimbos?

EVELYN

Up to a few years ago, cities did.

A tall, unshaven MAN in a threadbare suit with no socks, stops by their table. He eye the little pile of orange peels by Gittes hungrily.

RAINMAKER

My dear, you must never call us rainmakers.

EVELYN

I mustn't?

RAINMAKER

No. We are precipitators, my associate and I. We do not create Nature. We merely assist it.

CONTINUED:

He has, with as much dignity as possible, popped a couple of Gittes' discarded orange rinds into his mouth.

GITTES

- ever been able to persuade Nature to come across?

Evelyn glances wryly at Gittes.

RAINMAKER

(with unaffected dignity)

Oh my yes. My last contract with the city of La Habra Heights called for me to fill the city reservoir in less than ninety days. Within two I had produced sixteen inches of rain and filled an 800,000 gallon reservoir which had never been more than one quarter full.

The rainmaker is whittling away at the pile of orange peels, eating them as delicately but quickly as possible while he talks.

EVELYN

That's marvelous.

RAINMAKER

It was dreadful - you see I not only filled the reservoir, I flooded the entire community - and they refused to pay me. Not that I blame them. Houses rolled down from the mountains, boulders crushed cars in the streets, cottonwood trees floated down main boulevards, dogs went mad, and birds bashed into window panes. Naturally, I have tried never to produce such an effort again.

GITTES

Well, what are you doing out there now?

The rainmaker smiles. He's finished the last of the orange peels - looks out at the parched and arid field. Then:

RAINMAKER

Exercising prodigious restraint. -

(rising, to Evelyn)

- my dear.

He tips his hat and heads back across the field in the direction of the lavender smoke. Half-way across he turns back and calls out:

CONTINUED: (2)

RAINMAKER

But the rains will come. It's going to be torrential, a flood, an apocalypse.

He waves gaily and continues on - Evelyn waves back just as gaily. Gittes watches her.

MOVING THRU THE VALLEY GITTES AND EVELYN

amidst a haze of shimmering dust and heat, parched and drying groves, and ever narrower roads.

GITTES AND EVELYN

on motorcycle periodically pause, while Evelyn points in another direction. Gittes looks slightly skeptical. Evelyn nods emphatically.

PLACE AFTER PLACE

they pass ramshackle homes, often with "SOLD" signs, collapsing barns and rotting fields.

BOTH OF THEM

are now covered with a film of dust. They reach a fork in the dirt road, take the one on the right and begin a slow ascent.

As they do, the tops of a line of bright green trees can be seen, coming more and more into view, row upon row of avocado and walnut groves, their foliage heavy. The few structures in the distance are white-washed and well kept, right down to white-washed stones that mark the pathway to the homes. Towering above it all is a huge wooden water tank.

Gittes nods to Evelyn. They head down the road into the grove.

GITTES

pulls to a halt in the road flanking the orchard lanes. Both look at the trees, their heavy branches barely swaying in a light wind. In contrast to what they've seen they're lush and beautiful.

EVELYN

- ..well, they've had water..

CONTINUED:

Gittes nods. A moment of silence. Then a SHOTGUN BLAST abruptly strips bare the branches of the tree they've been staring at.

Gittes is shocked. He looks behind him. Riding on horseback down the field in the direction they have just cycled is a red-faced MAN in overalls. His hat blows off his head. He does not, however, lose the shotgun he has just used. Gittes' lane of retreat is denied him. He guns the motorcycle.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

Hang on.

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

He heads down one of the orchard lanes.

MOVING WITH THE TWO

The dirt is rougher. It kicks up around them. As Gittes nears the end of the lane, a younger MAN on a mule blocks the exit. Gittes veers a sharp left. He now heads down one of the cross-lanes - periodically pursued by a scraggly dog that darts in and out of the lanes. Gittes curses and tries to kick at it.

ANGLE ON WALNUT GROVE

The only evidence of Gittes and Evelyn is the SOUND of the motorcycle and the yapping dog. Another MAN on a scruffy mount joins up with the older farmer - they shout back and forth to each other, trying to locate them. Now a dust trail can be seen rising above the trees. Clearly it's from the motorcycle. The two men ride off in pursuit.

This hide-and-seek chase between two men on horseback and one on a mule with Gittes and Evelyn on the Indian continues up and down and across the orchard lanes - with Gittes nearly getting nailed by another SHOTGUN BLAST. This one also strips and amputates a heavy branch of another tree.

After skillfully making a series of sharp turns thru the grove, Gittes manages another in the face of the horsemen - only to run into a stray gaggle of geese. Feathers and birds fly. Gittes skids into some mulch under one of the trees. In moments two of the three men arrive on their scruffy mounts. They stand over Gittes, who is pinned under the bike, along with Evelyn - the wheels still spinning. The older farmer points the shotgun at Gittes.

CONTINUED:

OLDER FARMER

Now who're you with - water department
or that fella Haze?

GITTES

I don't know any Haze - look, can we
move this off the lady?

OLDER FARMER

(ignoring the request)

Oh, then you're with the goddam water
department.

GITTES

I'm not with either one!

OLDER FARMER

Then what the hell are you doing here?

GITTES

I'm checking up on the goddam water
department. Could you point that in
a slightly different direction?

The farmer lowers the shotgun - slightly. Gittes unzips
his windbreaker. He has trouble doing it.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

Could you?...my wallet, sweetheart.

She does.

GITTES

Name's Gittes. I'm a private investi-
gator - client hired me to see whether
or not the water department's been
irrigating your land.

The older farmer raises the shotgun again.

OLDER FARMER

Irrigating my orchards?

(exploding)

The water department's been sending
out men to blow up my water tanks!
They threw poison down three of my wells!
I call that a funny way to irrigate,
wouldn't you?

GITTES

I call it anything you call it.

YOUNGER FARMER

(quietly)

Pa.

AT THE WATER TANK

is a car. Two men stand by the tank - one of them is unmistakably, even at this distance - the bulky Mulvihill. Mulvihill uses a cigar and lights something by the water tank, then the two men make a dash for the car.

The younger man fires after them. Guns from the car FIRE back. The car takes off.

The young man starts toward the water tank.

OLDER FARMER

No, don't!

The young man pauses. All get on their feet and start moving away from the tank.

THE WATER TANK

BLOWS apart, wood flying like shrapnel, water cascading down onto the house, pouring over a couple of old trucks, the force of it actually caving in the roof of a barn, pouring down, soaking all of them.

AT THE HOUSE ON THE VERANDA FARMER, EVELYN, GITTES

Evelyn is in a robe. Gittes is wrapped in towels. The old man's WIFE has served them tea and food from shiny crockery.

The old man is looking around at the shattered tank, the waste.

OLD FARMER

- yeah, they been doin' it to everybody out here - bully 'em, tear up their irrigation ditches and sluices - makes their land worthless - then this chisler Haze comes along and offers twenty-five, fifty dollars an acre - I ain't selling for peanuts, believe me.

HIS WIFE

Sit down, Elmer.

GITTES

You gone to the police?

ELMER

(shrugs)

They're working for the water department ever since the department got a court order saying we all stole their river water - water that comes from our wells.

CONTINUED:

EVELYN

Can't you go to court?

ELMER

We did..the judge is thinking about it..
least he was till our lawyer came by
and gave us our money back..

GITTES

Think he was bought off?

ELMER

Don't think so..he was young fella..
I think he was just..disgusted..

Gittes nods. He rises and fishes into his windbreaker which is drying. He pulls out his wallet, reaches in and peels out the now soggy strips of the plat book he had taken from the Hall of Records. He lays them down on the table. They curl in the sun as he reads from them.

ELMER

(with interest)

What you got there?

GITTES

Just see if you recognize any of these
names - Robert Knox.

Elmer shakes his head. He looks to his boys. Doesn't mean a thing to them either.

GITTES

Orville Cope.
(again no response)
Emma Tannenbaum.

ELMER

Emma Tannenbaum?

GITTES

(hopefully)

- yeah?

ELMER

Never heard of her.

GITTES

Clarence Speer, Michael Bionde, or
Marian Parsons.

ELMER

Don't mean a thing. Why?

CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

Because they've bought an empire - all around you.

ELMER

Maybe so - but the only one doing business is Mr. Haze.

GITTES

..this fella Haze - where does he operate, Mr. Van Zile?

ELMER

Over to the Arroyo Realty Company. Comes by every day - and all my neighbors walk in there like lambs to the slaughter. This land means more to me than that.

GITTES

How about running me over there?

ELMER

What for?

GITTES

Well, I don't know much about the price of walnuts - but I might be able to help us both if I found out who's in back of this guy Haze...it's my business.

Gittes looks over to Evelyn who has been watching him, fanning herself with part of the robe she's wearing.

GITTES

(quietly, to Evelyn)

Can you hold up in this heat?

(she nods, smiles)

Well, can you hold me up in this heat?

She laughs a little.

EXT. ARROYO REALTY COMPANY - DAY

Outside is the farmer's car, along with a few others. A few yards down on the sidewalk under an awning is a SHOE-SHINE BOY.

INT. REALTY COMPANY

Gittes sits with Evelyn while the farmer exchanges words with an escrow officer. Their clothes have now dried but they already have begun to perspire thru them.

Gittes is growing a little fidgety. A soft popping SOUND can be heard, o.s.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

What time did he say that guy Haze would be here?

EVELYN

Two thirty.

GITTES

He's late.

Gittes rises, begins to pace. He stops, looks out the window in the direction of the popping SOUND. He mashes his cigarette out and abruptly walks out the door.

EVELYN

Where are you going?

EXT. VALLEY STREET

In the blazing sun Gittes walks a few yards up the street to where a man stands on the sidewalk getting his two-toned shoes shined by the boy. Gittes watches while the boy puts the finishing touches on the last shoe with a couple of more loud burping buffs from the cloth.

Evelyn has come out the door and started to say something. Gittes puts his hand softly but firmly over her mouth, indicates she stay quiet and stay put.

Two-tone takes his shoe off the boy's stand.

TWO-TONE

(fishing for change)

That's a nice job, kitty cat.

He hands the boy a dime from a palmful of loose change. At this point Gittes has walked up behind him. He reaches down and swiftly pulls the man's jacket up over his head. The man's hat is knocked to the ground, the palmful of coins go flying and tinkling along the sidewalk.

With the man's head covered by his own jacket, Gittes spins him around and begins to literally beat the man to the sidewalk. The man is strong and tries to break away - bouncing blindly off a couple of automobiles, into a fruit stand - but Gittes continues to hammer away at the coat cloth covering his face until

CONTINUED:

He has the man up against an ARROYO REALTY sign on a front lawn - Gittes pounds the man and the sign flat to the ground. The man's arms go slack. Gittes is breathing like a crazed animal. He pulls a pistol from the unconscious man's shoulder holster.

The farmer, Elmer Van Zile, has come up behind Gittes with his two boys close by him. He shakes his head.

ELMER

Mr. Gittes, you got a peculiar notion of doing business.

GITTES

(still breathing heavily)

What are you talking about?

ELMER

That's Danny Haze - fella who's been coming around to buy up land - what's left of him, anyway.

Gittes walks away, still breathing in great gasps. Evelyn stares at him, stunned by the maniacal streak in the man.

When Gittes does look up, he sees Evelyn staring at him. Slowly, significantly - he taps his nose.

EVELYN

nods.

EVELYN

(then)

Mr. Gittes?

She takes his hand.

EVELYN

You better come with me.

GITTES

Where?

She indicates the truck with the farmers - now back in it, two of them seated in the open rear, engine idling.

Then Gittes looks down the street. A pair of men have emerged from the Realty Company. They wear dark suits and they're big. They've propped up Haze and are trying to talk to him.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

Where did they come from?

CONTINUED:

EVELYN

(indicating building)

- inside - but I don't think they're
in the real estate business.

GITTES

No, I don't think so.

He takes her hand and they start walking as casually as possible toward the farmer's truck. The two men begin to move after them. The farmers, waiting for Evelyn and Gittes, put the truck in gear and begin to roll forward.

The two men pick up their pursuit. Evelyn and Gittes begin moving more quickly. Finally it's a race to the rear of the truck which has also begun moving faster. Evelyn and Gittes are helped onto the rear of the truck and just out of reach of the two pursuing men. The truck takes off. The two men in suits turn around and race back to a dark sedan.

THE TRUCK

rounds the corner of the street.

EXT. STREET

There's a large horse cart and cab taking up most of the street. The farmer veers to the right of the cart and cab, bouncing up onto the sidewalk, behind the cart and cab, jostling those in the rear of the truck.

Moments later the sedan in a hurry rounds the corner and speeds down the street, the truck blocked from view by the horse cart.

EXT. FARMER'S TRUCK TRAVELING GITTES, EVELYN AND
FARMER'S SONS

in rear of truck. All are obviously relieved. The young farmer offers Gittes a brown paper bag. He looks inside, takes the top off a bottle of bourbon, takes a swig. He looks to Evelyn. She nods. He offers it to her. She takes a healthy swig herself. As she does, Gittes notices her hands are shaking. She notices him noticing. Then they settle back and enjoy the ride.

EXT. CAB DRIVING - SUNSET

thru Pasadena.

INT. CAB EVELYN AND GITTES

Both damp from heat and excitement, they are still dri
from the same bourbon bottle. They've put quite a den
it.

GITTES

(finally)

Sorry.

EVELYN

What about?

GITTES

Your Indian.

EVELYN

Oh, that..Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

Yes, Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

That was one hell of a lot of fun.

GITTES

I thought so, too.

EXT. MULWRAY DRIVEWAY - SUNSET

as the cab drops them off. They get out. They walk to
door. Evelyn puts her key in the lock, looks around.
quiet - the sun's last rays are filtering thru a line o
jacaranda - spearing them both with shards of yellow li
It's very quiet.

EVELYN

(looking around)

I guess the workmen have left.

CONTINUED:

Gittes nods. Evelyn fumbles with her keys, then leans over

GITTES

What's wrong?

EVELYN

Oh, nothing - I think I've still got something in my eye - from the ride.

GITTES

Turn this way.

She does. Gittes bends down a little, facing her.

GITTES

Do this -

He puts his upper lid over his lower. She does, too.

GITTES

(rolling his eyes)
Now look up - and around.

She does.

GITTES

Gone?

Keeping one lid closed - she opens the eye then closes it again.

EVELYN

Nope -

(she laughs a little)

- still there.

(she laughs again)

It's not very funny. I don't know why I'm laughing.

GITTES

Okay okay - c'mere.

He takes her by the hand to his car, reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out an immaculate handkerchief. Then he sits her on the hood of his car. He unfolds the handkerchief. Very delicately he pulls back the eyelid.

EXTREME CLOSEUP EVELYN

watching Gittes.

EXTREME CLOSEUP GITTES

as he lightly brushes the underside of the eyelid. Their faces are almost touching.

GITTES

..don't move..there..

EVELYN

(blinking her eye, pleased)

Hey, you got it.

Gittes folds up his handkerchief, but remains very close to her, still looking at her eyes. Evelyn suddenly becomes very still.

EVELYN

What's wrong?

GITTES

There's something black in the green part of your eye.

EVELYN

(not moving)

..oh that..it's a flaw in the iris..

EVELYN AND GITTES VERY CLOSE

GITTES

...a flaw..

EVELYN

(she almost shivers)

..yes..sort of a birthmark..

He kisses her lightly but firmly moving into her. She starts to fall back onto the hood of his car, wraps her arms around him to keep from falling.

They break a moment - then as they kiss again either Gittes lifts her or she straightens herself until they are standing in a tight embrace by the car, one that shows no sign of ending as the shadows begin to fall.

INT. MULWRAY BEDROOM EVELYN AND GITTES - NIGHT

Evelyn sits naked on the windowsill, her knees drawn up to her chin, smoking, staring out the window, a translucent curtain filtering in moonlight. Her body is a series of light and dark arabesques, smoke curling around it. She doesn't move.

GITTES

sits in bed, staring at her. He too doesn't move. Finally he lights a cigarette, exhales.

GITTES

Would you like me to leave?

EVELYN

(without turning, after
a long moment)

- yes, please..

Gittes is visibly hurt by the reply.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

- yes?

GITTES

(with a certain insouciance)

I hope it's something I said.

Evelyn turns back to look at him. She's been crying.

She comes over to the bed and sits on it. She stares at him. Puts out her cigarette. She takes his out of his hand, puts it out in the ashtray. She kisses him lightly, kisses him again, lingering more.

EVELYN

- I've changed my mind.

GITTES

Oh. Okay.

EVELYN

..it's just that I'm..

GITTES

..feeling guilty?

EVELYN

Yes - but it's not what you think..

GITTES

(a sigh)

Look, Mrs. Mulwray, sweetheart - I don't know how to tell you this..

EVELYN

- just tell me.

GITTES

I don't have a thought in my head.

CONTINUED:

She laughs a little, touches his cheek.

EVELYN

Is that bad?

Gittes sits up.

GITTES

(a little heated)

I don't know what you want!...
Yeah, sure - it's possible to love
someone and be unfaithful to them,
I remember.

*Yeah - I like to know
what people
want from
me.*

EVELYN

(pulling away a little)

- it's not what you think.

GITTES

I'm telling you I don't know what I
think. You're driving me crazy -
look, I know things about you, or
I've heard things -

EVELYN

What things -

GITTES

- just - never mind.

EVELYN

What things?

GITTES

That you play around a lot.

EVELYN

..I see..do you want to talk about that?

GITTES

No! Because at this point if you told
me you killed somebody, I'd ask you
where you want the body hidden.

EVELYN

(touching him).

What do you want from me?

GITTES

Tell me the truth.

EVELYN

I'm trying.

GITTES

Then who is this other guy?

CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN

It doesn't matter.

GITTES

It does to me.

EVELYN

I just can't tell you..believe me, it's not -

GITTES

Stop saying that - what's the use.
It's Chinatown all over again.

A pause.

EVELYN

What's Chinatown?

GITTES

It's nothing. You don't want to hear about it.

EVELYN

You mean you don't want to tell me.

Gittes sits up.

GITTES

Okay, okay, okay. I worked for the D.A. there during the Tong Wars.

(it's embarrassing for him)

- they're still going on, but then it was wild. Bunch of chinks running around in pigtails jabbering in a hundred dialects, throwing hatchets at each other - there was no point interfering - you never know if you were preventing a crime or helping commit one. So the D.A.'s office always said to us - we gotta put you down there, but don't mess around in Chinatown. Even if you think you know what you're doing, you don't. You'll be wrong.

EVELYN

So you didn't do anything.

GITTES

No, I did. There was this little girl, Blossom or Cherry - one day she comes up to me with tears in her eyes. Her family's going to sell her to someone she hates. She says she and her boy

CONTINUED: (3)

GITTES (Cont.)

friend'll kill themselves if that happens. She begged me to take her with her dowry to her boy friend - they'd get married. So I figured - what the hell - young love. I took her from her family - which they considered grand theft - and chased us up and down every alley in the joint, in and out of whore houses, flop houses, gambling dens - you name it.

EVELYN

But you did get her to her boy friend?

GITTES

Oh yeah.

EVELYN

So the story had a happy ending.

GITTES

Not exactly. I also brought her dowry which it turned out was fifty pounds of stolen opium. Her boy friend was the biggest dope dealer east of Hong Kong. The police were waiting for us. I was arrested as an accessory after the fact, and the D.A. suspended me. I lost my job.

EVELYN

Anything else?

GITTES

Your friend Escobar got promoted to sergeant.

EVELYN

Andy Escobar?

GITTES

Yeah, I was his first big arrest..it's a small town, sweetheart.

Evelyn laughs.

EVELYN

It's a sweet story.

GITTES

Yeah? - Well, it still ain't a good place to mess around when you don't know what's going on.

(he's been looking pointedly at

Evelyn when he says this last)

I thought I learned my lesson.

CONTINUED: (4)

EVELYN

(looking steadily at Gittes)
So now I'm Chinatown?

GITTES

(more than that)
- it's a thought.

They kiss and begin to make love again. The phone rings. It keeps ringing. They ignore it. Finally Evelyn answers.

EVELYN

(softly)
- yes?...

She listens for a long moment. Gittes watches her. Even in the semi-darkness it's apparent that Evelyn is hit very hard by the call.

EVELYN

(in Spanish)
No!..wait 'til I get there. Thank
you.

She rises swiftly and begins to dress. Gittes is flabbergasted.

GITTES

Where are you going?

Evelyn doesn't answer. She's dressed so swiftly that she's tossing a scarf around her head now. Gittes too has leapt into trousers and a shirt.

He grabs her tightly.

GITTES

Where are you going?

EVELYN

I've got to see somebody.

GITTES

Can't it wait?

EVELYN

I'll be back.

GITTES

When?

EVELYN

(touching him)
Wait for me - I'll be back.

CONTINUED: (5)

She hurries thru the kitchen to the garage. She seems in a pell-mell panic.

EXT. GARDEN

Gittes catches up to her near the garage.

GITTES

(holding her)

Give me a number where I can reach you.

Evelyn looks at Gittes helplessly.

EVELYN

...please..

GITTES

No! Look down there. That can kill us both.

THE VALLEY THEIR P.O.V.

below them, moonlit fields and the stark Santa Susanas beyond. Only a couple of lights are burning in the dark valley - in vivid contrast to the neon brightness of L.A. at their backs.

EVELYN

What? Two lights?

GITTES

Not the two lights, sweetheart - everything else.

EVELYN

(confused)

- everything else - I don't know what you're talking about, someone needs me -

GITTES

(rolling over her,
spitting it out)

Everything you can see down there and some you can't. In the last four months the names I asked those farmers about, or whoever represents those names - they've bought forty-seven thousand acres. Bought for loose change by using the city and the water department to blow out those farmers and pea pickers - you know what they're going to do, don't you? Take the dam they're conning L.A. into building and see the water don't go to L.A.

CONTINUED:

GITTES (Cont.)

(he points behind him to
the bed of lights)

- it goes down there. Have any idea what that desert's worth with a steady water supply? At least thirty million more bucks than they paid. Now people have killed for less, it's why your husband's dead, it's why your house was torn apart - until I find addresses for those names, until I find out who they are - we can both be killed. ~~any time~~, any time. I want to know where you're going.

She looks at him for a long time. Then:

EVELYN

- if you want to wait for me, wait for me.

She reaches the garage.

GITTES

Answer one question and don't lie to me - is it Escobar?

EVELYN

is in the shadows and her reaction cannot be seen.

EVELYN

- no.

She gets in the car and whips out of the driveway, leaving Gittes standing there watching her, frustrated.

INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM - MORNING GITTES

half-clothed awakens to the SOUND of something. He listens a moment. Looks beside him - Evelyn is not there and has obviously not returned. He goes to the window in the direction of the sound.

OUT THE WINDOW

an Oriental gardener is mowing a small patch of lawn near the pond.

DOWNSTAIRS KITCHEN GITTES

grimaces as he sips some coffee. He sets it down and goes out the front door.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

The morning's mail has fallen thru the slot. As a matter of course Gittes pauses. He leafs thru it. Nothing. He drops it back on the floor and goes out the door.

AT THE DRIVEWAY THE GARDENER

jabbering away to himself is running to his truck. The truck, as it happens, is blocking Gittes' car.

GITTES

Say, pal, would you mind moving?

The gardener is rummaging thru some tools in his truck, ignoring the request. Gittes goes over to him.

GITTES

I said would you mind moving?

He ignores Gittes. He has some sort of tool like a spear he finds and rushes back toward the pond. Gittes follows him.

BY THE POND

It is overflowing badly. The gardener is rolling up his trousers to his knees - a futile gesture as it happens, since when he gets into the pond the water is above his waist.

Gittes watches him. The gardener is probing for something.

EXT. POND - DAY

The gardener is grunting. He glances up.

GARDENER

- water kills glass.

GITTES

- water kills glass?

GARDENER

Overflows, kills glass -

He points to the newly-mown lawn where the pond is seeping onto it. Gittes shakes his head.

GARDENER

Salt water bad for glass.

Gittes stares at the pond. He can't quite believe what he's heard.

GITTES

That's salt water?

The gardener nods vigorously.

GARDENER

Mr. Mulwray makee tide pool - bring in sea water - but velly bad for glass.

Gittes kneels. Clinging to the edge of the pond, he can now see - as he could have before if he'd looked closely - a starfish.

CLOSE STARFISH

It has one leg missing. The fifth point on the star is just beginning to grow back.

GITTES

touches the creature and it moves. He then looks up slowly, glances at the newly repaired decking that he had seen Evelyn work on - glances at the wall, now repaired - the mortar still a little darker than that on the rest of the wall.

THE GARDENER

breathes an audible sigh of relief. The waters have begun to recede back into the pond.

CONTINUED:

GARDENER

Something stuck - all fix - now I move car, okay?

The gardener hefts himself out of the bottom of the pond. Thru the ripples, Gittes can see the sun glinting off something that now shines brightly in the bottom of the pond.

GITTES

Wait a sec - could I?

He indicates he'd like the spear-like tool. The gardener smiles. He gives Gittes the instrument.

GARDENER

Okay.

He scoots off, dripping water. Gittes actually leans for a moment on the tool. Then he pokes it into the water, probing toward the hot point of light in the bottom of the pond. It's suddenly very quiet. He misses the object, and it scoots along like an animal. He pokes again. He seems to have it. He lifts the spear out of the pond and he holds, at its pointed end, a pair of eye glasses, bent, the spear actually poking thru the frame where one lens is shattered. The other is intact.

Gittes looks at the glasses. They are heavily bifocal and reflect the sun as they did when they were on Mulwray's face where Gittes had seen them last.

His hands shaking, Gittes pulls out his handkerchief and carefully wraps the glasses in them. The gardener returns and shouts:

GARDENER

All moved!

Gittes nods, walks back to his car, gets in. Almost in a trance he starts the car and slowly moves down the driveway. At the bottom he nearly bumps fenders with Evelyn coming up the driveway.

EXT. MULWRAY DRIVEWAY - DAY

Evelyn pulls out the emergency brake. Hops out of the car - some grocery bags tumble after her. She catches one and hurries over to Gittes.

CONTINUED:

She looks in, wan, but smiling - she seems really happy. Either to see Gittes or because of where she's been. She leans in the window and kisses Gittes.

EVELYN

(a little breathless)

- I'm so glad you waited. I stopped by the Farmers Market and picked up some fresh cinnamon rolls and some scones, too, if you like scones -

Gittes is staring back at her. Evelyn notices she's not getting the response she's giving.

GITTES

(meaning "no")

I got to check in the office.

EVELYN

Anything important? I mean anything new?

Gittes looks at her, shakes his head.

GITTES

How about your friend? How's he feeling?

EVELYN

- much better, why?

GITTES

(with a little bite)

I'm hoping he'll have a sudden surge of good health. Then maybe he can talk to his wife - and I can square myself with the police.

EVELYN

Yes, of course...sorry you can't stay for breakfast.

She goes back to her car, backs up, Gittes moves around her. She stares out of her car window after him, bewildered and obviously hurt.

INT. POLICE STATION GITTES

rolls in again, bouncing a newspaper off his pantleg, unshaven - looking, for him, a little disheveled.

Someone who knows him passes by. They walk together.

CONTINUED:

COP

Jesus, Jake, you must've really tied one on last night.

GITTES

Yeah - Seen Escobar this morning?

LOACH

Nope. Not going to either - he phoned in sick.

GITTES

Oh yeah?

LOACH

Yeah - funny, I been on the force three years, first time I can remember that - Escobar's healthy as a horse.

GITTES

..yeah.

LOACH

(pausing before door)

Can I help you with anything, Jake?

GITTES

Nothin', pal - just passin' thru.

EXT. PASADENA AREA - DAY EVELYN DRIVING

in the Glendale area beside the Arroyo Seco. She's wearing a hat and dark glasses.

EXT. EAST L.A. EVELYN DRIVING

from Pasadena elegance thru the squalor of Mexican East L.A. across the riverbed.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

Evelyn pulls in and parks. She gets out, goes to a phone booth.

EXT. OPEN HOT DOG STAND

One of its standing customers receives a dog and turns, mindlessly slapping mustard on it. It is Gittes, himself in a change of hat and clothes that are baggier than he normally wears. Not a disguise - but his appearance is surprisingly altered. He's staring over at the Union Station.

PARKING LOT UNION STATION

A cab pulls up and helps Evelyn remove a couple of heavy pieces of luggage from the trunk of her car. Then she gets in the cab and they take off.

NEAR STREETCAR LINE

She gets out of the cab, leaving her luggage in it. She hops on the streetcar.

WITH GITTES

behind her in a nondescript coupe. As the streetcar takes off, he hesitates - then follows the cab with the luggage, and without her.

SWEETZER DRIVE.

The cab with the luggage pulls up in front of THE SWEETZER ARMS, an example of California medieval apartment houses - surrounding a courtyard with devil grass, dry and unkempt.

In moments another cab with Evelyn pulls up. She pays off the driver who brought her - beckons to the cabbie waiting. He pulls the luggage out of the trunk and follows her into the courtyard.

GITTES

cruises by, can actually see them entering apartment #5. He parks. As he's about to get out he can see thru his rear window that Evelyn almost immediately has returned to the cab. After depositing the luggage, she takes off again. Gittes hesitates - then decides. He switches off the ignition - gets out and moves to the apartment, thru the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD SWEETZER ARMS - DAY

Gittes approaches the door with some caution, walking thru the messy yard. He pulls out his cigarette case, taking a pick from it. In a moment he has the door open. It's heavy - he nudges it. It opens inward. Gittes steps inside quickly.

INT. APARTMENT SWEETZER ARMS

By contrast with the exterior it is immaculate, almost antiseptic. Evelyn's luggage is there - a few dresses are hung in the closet.

CONTINUED:

Gittes checks the kitchen - then the bedroom - again it is immaculate. He opens the bathroom door and then he sees it - perhaps the lone bit of disarray in the entire place - a piece of toilet paper drops off the inside knob and flutters to the floor as Gittes opens the bathroom door.

He just stares at the paper. Bends down - picks it up, stares at it hatefully - crushes it and tosses it into a wastebasket.

Gittes turns on his heel and walks out the door - pauses by another closet that has flowered drapes before it - slides it back - there on a hanger is Escobar's .45 - in a holster. Gittes, hardly breaking stride, slams the curtain closed and goes out the door.

EXT. SLOUGH BAIT SIGN

Gittes looks thru his car window, smoking, staring at the children playing on the rickety wooden fish. A seaplane's engines can be heard. As it rounds the bluff and begins its descent, Gittes gets out of his car, slamming the door soundly. He heads toward the incoming plane.

EXT. ALBACORE CLUB - DAY JULIAN CROSS

is standing on the dock as the launch taxiing in from the plane carries Gittes. It bumps off the pier. Gittes walks up the ramp and the two men shake hands.

CLOSE CROSS AND GITTES.

Cross glances at the flags flying over the club. There are two - each one of a fish.

CROSS

It's a good day.

GITTES

For what?

CROSS

(indicating flags)

- yellowtail and albacore, mainly.

INT. ALBACORE CLUB GITTES AND CROSS

Gittes is staring over his menu out of a semi-private room into the main dining room. There are middle-aged to elderly men dining informally in fishing clothes - spare and almost spartan - but immaculate, like an old English club. No ice cubes in the water.

CONTINUED:

CROSS

(to Gittes)

See somebody you know?

GITTES

(shakes his head)

- people I know about. Zern of the Times, Charles Bardeen, Lyle Manning, Mayor Bagby..

CROSS

- out here, they're just a bunch of fishermen. Hollie and I started this club - trying to preserve a few game fish, and the idea caught on - busy people like to get away.. Well, Mr. Gittes, I once offered you money. I have the feeling you're here now to demand it.

Gittes smiles a little. He puts down the menu.

GITTES

You've got a one-track mind, Mr. Cross. Either I'm trying to extort money out of your daughter or out of you.

The waiter comes. Gittes looks outside the window. Someone is clubbing a fish to death on the deck - it's a large tuna, and it's flapping. A Portuguese chummer is hitting it behind the eyes with an iron pipe and the fishermen outside are watching. He strikes a couple of light blows so the large fish actually coughs up the chum it had swallowed - he smiles, it's a sort of trick he's demonstrating to the onlookers. Then he raises the iron pipe and strikes a hard blow. The fish quivers, its tail flapping a couple of more times. They look back from the spectacle outside.

GITTES

- you say you're concerned about her?

Cross nods.

GITTES

Would you say you have your daughter's welfare at stake?

Cross nods again.

GITTES

Okay, then before I go any farther I want to know why Evelyn won't talk to you.

Cross' lips begin to quiver a little.

CONTINUED: (2)

CROSS

I told you that is not your concern.

GITTES

That's what she says, too. But it is now -

Gittes takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and opens it carefully. There are Mulwray's bifocals.

GITTES

When I photographed him with that little blonde chippie, Mulwray was wearing these. They're pretty thick - I don't think he got around too well without them. This morning I found them in Evelyn's backyard, at the bottom of a pond, that is full of sea water. Evelyn is having an affair with Escobar. Now the coroner's report was suppressed by the investigating officer - Escobar. Escobar, I gather, wasn't nuts about Mulwray, anyway. Evelyn looks like she's packing to leave town. She's also made a couple of large withdrawals. Now Escobar could decide to join her - but before he does, between the two of them, they could end up making me look awful bad..

CROSS

..What do you plan to do about it?

Gittes glances outside. They're pulling in another fish.

GITTES

Get off the hook..

CROSS

How..

GITTES

Depends on what you tell me - I want to know about them, it may help me handle Escobar. If you care about her, I'll give you seventy-two hours, an opportunity to line up the lawyers she'll need, and help keeping it as quiet as you can.

Cross looks broken. He nods, a nod that turns into a tremor. Then:

CROSS

- it happened the summer of the drownings..

CONTINUED: (3)

.GITTES

- the dam..

CROSS

Yes, the dam - it broke. It really broke, that summer. My wife died of diabetes, Hollis turned his back on me.. I guess it was only natural, I doted on her then, wanted her with me, she was fifteen, somehow girls are never prettier than they are at that age..

(he drifts off)

..it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been so protective - but Evelyn's like me, she's independent, and you can't tell her not to do something..so Escobar saw his opportunity to screw his way into fifteen million dollars. Evelyn got pregnant - they ran off together..when it happened, Hollie forgot our differences and went after them - he knew I'd kill Escobar. He got hold of Evelyn, she had an abortion and he brought her back..I lost my head..I said things to her..called her some pretty ugly things, and, for a few years after that she tried to live up to every name I called her...finally, she settled down and married Hollis - I was always grateful for that at least.

GITTES

Mulwray doesn't exactly sound like a man who would shoot you.

CROSS

..he didn't - Escobar did..I never pressed charges because - well, in the long run it would only have hurt Evelyn.

Gittes shakes his head.

GITTES

So Escobar ends up in homicide.

CROSS

- not a bad place for him.. Where are they meeting?

GITTES

Little place on Sweetzer.

CROSS

Have you been there?

CONTINUED: (4)

Gittes nods.

CROSS

What's it like?

GITTES

What difference does it make?

Cross clutches his stomach. He reaches in his pocket, takes out a pill, swallows it.

CROSS

I'd like to go there..I'd like my daughter back..

Gittes shakes his head.

GITTES

Don't think that's such a good idea -
(starting to wrap up
the glasses)

You've got your seventy-two hours...
then I go to the police.

CROSS

Wait - at least leave those..please.
The police don't have to have them.
What difference can it make now?
They'll only hurt her more.

Gittes looks down at the broken glasses. Cross reaches into his coat, pulls out a pen. He rises and goes over to a desk, sits. He returns. Sets down a check on the tablecloth.

THE CHECK

is made out for ten thousand dollars. It's to J.J. Gittes. Gittes rises. He looks down at the check and the glasses - picks up his handkerchief and folds it, tucks it away in his breast pocket - leaving the glasses and the check on the table. Cross picks up the check, stuffs it in Gittes' pocket.

CROSS

Take it. You won't be hurting anybody -
if it bothers you, you can always tear
it up.

Gittes looks at Cross. The check is now in his pocket, the glasses on the table.

CONTINUED:

Gittes walks over to the window. Another fish is drumming out its life on the pier.

GITTES

(his back to Cross
and the table)

When's the next plane out of here?

INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT GITTES - EVENING

stares gloomily out the window at the darkening sky. For the first time there appear to be a few dark clouds. Other passengers can be overheard saying, "It looks like rain." Another discounting the possibility.

Gittes reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out the check. He stares at it - then tears it up. He looks for some place to put it - can't find any, stuffs the pieces in his coat pocket.

EXT. GITTES' OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

He now picks up a paper from a newsboy with a wooden leg holding papers which proclaim WATER BOND ISSUE REFERENDUM TODAY, goes thru the doors and heads toward the elevators.

Byron Samples picks him up as he's walking. Samples is sweating. Gittes notices him but keeps walking.

GITTES

Samples, why don't you guys quit?

SAMPLES

Quit what?

GITTES

(getting pack of cigarettes
at candy counter)

Dumping it in the ocean. Following me.
I'm convinced - everybody in L.A. is.
We're gonna cough up eight million
bucks for a new dam tomorrow.

Unseen by Gittes by the magazine stand is a pair of wing-tipped shoes. They're pointing toward Gittes. After he talks, they turn and walk in the opposite direction.

SAMPLES

Oh that.

GITTES

(as castanets SOUND)

Yeah, that - beat it. You're too
tough for me to handle.

INT. LOBBY

SAMPLES

I'm not a tough guy.

Gittes eyes him. Gets into the elevator. Samples follows him.

GITTES

Ida Sessions was your girl, wasn't she?

Samples blinks, nods.

GITTES

They got you to have her pose as Mrs. Mulwray, didn't they?

Samples nods.

GITTES

- then somebody knocked her off. And they wanted you to keep quiet about it -
(taps paper)
- till this got passed, isn't that right?

Samples nods again. The elevator boy is getting an ear full.

GITTES

You're a tough guy. I'm a sissy about things like that. When somebody knocks off my girl, I go to pieces.

He gets out of elevator. Samples lurches after him, grabs his coattail.

SAMPLES

(desperate)

Brother, wait a minute! Don't go into your office.

Gittes glances down the hall.

SAMPLES

I thought I knew what happened but they lied to me.

GITTES

Who lied to you?

SAMPLES

Mulvihill. Right now there's two guys in your office that have been talking to Mulvihill this morning - all I know is that they're gonna put you on ice for a few days, maybe longer. That's what Mulvihill said.

INT. HALLWAY

GITTES

Why? What do they think I can do?
Why do they think I care? This thing
is gonna pass tomorrow.

SAMPLES

It's got to do with something else
I don't know about.

Gittes turns into Samples.

GITTES

Okay - why are you being such a pal?

SAMPLES

Like I said - they lied. Remember
those names you come up with in the
Hall of Records?

Gittes nods.

SAMPLES

Ever come up with an address?

Gittes shakes his head.

SAMPLES

Well, Clarence Speer was one of those
names. Two weeks ago he went into escrow
on eighteen thousand acres in the valley.

GITTES

(irritated)

Samples, leave me alone! I been thru
all that.

SAMPLES

Three weeks ago he hired Ida to pose
as Mrs. Mulwray.

This stops Gittes.

GITTES

Go on.

SAMPLES

Four weeks ago he died at the Mar Vista
Inn in Venice.

Samples hands him a newspaper.

SAMPLES

...it was in the obituary column of
Sunday's Times.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(fascinated, but skeptical)
You make a habit of reading these things?

SAMPLES

(turning paper around)
They're usually next to the crossword puzzle.

He shows Gittes the puzzle.

SAMPLES

Say, you wouldn't happen to know an eight-letter word beginning with o that means leaving something out, would you?

GITTES

Tell you what - I'll work on it.
Where you parked?

SAMPLES

Outside - on the street. Why?

GITTES

Go down and start your car - I'll be there in five minutes with the answer.
Let me keep this.
(indicates newspaper)

SAMPLES

..okay..

Samples gets back in the elevator. Gittes goes down the hall to his office door. He checks under his breast pocket, opens the door.

AT SOPHIE'S DESK

their backs to him, are Duffy and Walsh. Walsh slams down the phone a little too quick. They turn around, smile. They look a little like twins.

GITTES

(smiling easily)
Hi, boys. Where's Sophie?

WALSH

Oh, we..we told her to take an early lunch.

GITTES

No clients this morning?

CONTINUED:

DUFFY

(coming up to Gittes)

Not a one - I was just telling Walsh about my new car - it's in the garage.. come on down and take a look.

GITTES

You sure know how to spend it..I don't think so, Duffy. I gotta make a few calls.

WALSH

Come on, Jake - let's take a quick look.

They both have their arms on his shoulders.

WALSH

Besides - I got a great new gag.

They ease him out the door. They walk down the hall past the elevators.

GITTES

Why we taking the freight elevator?

WALSH

Don't want to tell it in mixed company.

Both Walsh and Duffy are smiling and sweating a little. The freight elevator door opens. The grillwork is there. They step in and close the grill - Gittes between his partners.

GITTES

Okay, what's the gag, Duffy?

DUFFY

(sweating more and more as he talks, watching the numbers on the slow-moving freight elevator change, watching the floors go by)
- okay, see this fella goes off on an expedition to the North Pole with Admiral Byrd..after three years of looking at penguins he comes home to his wife and.. and she has a..six-month-old baby. A six-month-old baby, get it?

Duffy smiles a grimace. Gittes smiles. Walsh starts to smile but freezes.

INSERT:

Gittes has his .38 firmly planted in Walsh's belly.

GITTES

(to Walsh)

I got it -

Walsh nods too, frozen with fear.

DUFFY

No, you got to hear the punch line.
Naturally he's very aggravated so he
says to his wife, "All right, who was
it, my friend Harry?" She says, "No."
"Oh," he says, "was it my friend Louie?"
(getting louder and louder
as the floor passes "1" and
heads to a red "3")

"No," she says, "what do you think, I
don't have any friends of my own?"

Duffy laughs. The elevator bounces to a halt. The door
starts to open.

DUFFY

Funny, huh?

GITTES

Hilarious.

As he says this he rams the butt of the .38 into Duffy's
Adam's apple, choking off his laughter, making him gag,
trying to talk. He hits Walsh with his elbow. Then
slams Duffy off the two walls and kicks him out of the
elevator as the grill opens - revealing a dark sedan right
next to the elevator, the door open. Two large HOODS
stand by the side of the door, grab Duffy as he comes
plummeting out, sap him twice, knee him, and throw him
into the back of the sedan - a fate obviously intended
for Gittes. The two look up when they see Walsh cowering
- realize they've made a mistake. The grill on the
freight elevator starts to close. They rush toward it.
Gittes FIRES once. They dive out of the way. The shot
echoes thunderously thru the basement. The rear tire on
the sedan begins to fizzle as the freight elevator closes
and Gittes turns back to the terrified Walsh.

GITTES

Take a bow.

He kicks Walsh in the nuts. Walsh falls to his knees.

WALSH

(moaning, gasping)

Don't, Jake...

CONTINUED:

GITTES

How much did they give you?

WALSH

I didn't ask for nothin'! .. Look, Jake, I like you - they just threatened me, I said I wouldn't say nothin' to you -

GITTES

Five hundred?

WALSH

(pleading)

..two-fifty. Look, Jake -

The elevator has stopped. Gittes holds the grillwork.

GITTES

Yeah, I know, you're a family man.

He slams the pistol into the side of Walsh's face, knocking him cold. He gets out of the elevator and walks briskly thru the lobby.

EXT. STREET SAMPLES

Gittes gets in.

GITTES

Take off.

They do.

INT. SAMPLES' CAR GITTES AND SAMPLES

Gittes glances out the window.

GITTES

Looks like rain - better hope it holds off. People ain't going to go to the polls to spend eight million bucks in a rainstorm. Did Mulwray know who hired Ida?

SAMPLES

- I think so.. When he found out about the phony receipts and me and Ida, he told me he'd let me resign and not fire me if I would get Ida to come to his house to meet someone.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

(intent)

But he never said who that someone was?

Samples shakes his head.

GITTES

Did she say?

SAMPLES

I never saw her after that.

EXT. MAR VISTA INN AND REST HOME - DAY

A sea breeze bends the colonnade of palm trees that lead up across a broad expanse of lawn to the home's entrance. Samples pauses before they enter, obviously nervous. Gittes steadies him, almost as if to tug him in.

INT. MAR VISTA INN AND REST HOME

Samples and Gittes are approached by an unctuous MAN in his forties with a flower in his buttonhole.

PALMER

Hello, there, I'm Mr. Palmer. Can I help you folks?

Gittes places an arm around Samples.

GITTES

Not us - Dad.

Palmer looks at the two. They are an unlikely-looking pair of relatives.

PALMER

I see.

GITTES

He's getting to the point where he needs real looking after -- don't he, Bud?

SAMPLES

..oh..yes..

GITTES

Bud's come clear out from Duluth..just one question.

PALMER

Of course.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

Do you accept anyone of the Jewish persuasion?

PALMER

(very embarrassed)

I'm sorry - we don't.

GITTES

Don't be sorry -- neither does Dad. Just wanted to make sure, didn't we, Bud?

Samples is speechless.

GITTES

Just to be sure, I wonder if you could show us a list of your patients?

PALMER

(polite but pointed)

We don't reveal the names of our guests as a matter of policy. After all, some people feel ashamed about sending their relatives away from home and, of course, they shouldn't. So we do make an effort to insure their privacy. I know you'd appreciate that if your father came to live with us.

GITTES

Oh sure.

SAMPLES

(getting into the swing of it)

- yes.

PALMER

However, there's nothing to prevent you gentlemen from looking on the activities board - you'll find the names of some of our ladies and gentlemen there and, of course, how they entertain themselves. In any case, if you're thinking in terms of your father, it might interest you.

GITTES

I'm sure it will.

CLOSEUP ACTIVITIES BOARD GITTES AND SAMPLES

in a parlor that overlooks the bowling green. Several of the ancients attempt the game. Samples watches while one of them bowls a ball that almost, but not quite, reaches

CONTINUED:

the pins. Gittes turns from the bulletin board. In the adjacent room several white-headed ladies work on a quilt. He glances from one group to the other with considerable and growing awe.

GITTES

Well, they're here. Every goddam name.

Samples goes over the board himself, 'a little awed.

GITTES

(indicating the tottering
ancients)

Samples - you're looking at the owners
of an empire - thirty million bucks worth.

SAMPLES

(dumbfounded)

What are they gonna do with it?

GITTES

Spike their Ovaltine and stay up late.

Gittes turns away and walks into the parlor. The elderly ladies look up from their quilt. They're all well into their seventies and beyond.

GITTES

Hello, ladies.

They giggle like children.

GITTES

Which one of you is Emma Tannenbaum?

Two of them say, "She is," and point to a different woman. The third woman doesn't find it a bit funny.

GITTES

(to the third)

Are you Emma?

EMMA

(working on her quilt)

...maybe...

GITTES

That's very pretty, Emma.

EMMA

...thank you..

CONTINUED: (2)

GITTES

Tell me, Emma - do you know that you're a very rich little girl? that you own a lot of land? about nine thousand acres in the valley?...do you?

Emma stitches away. She looks up, smiles.

EMMA

Thank you..

GITTES

(despairing)

You're welcome..

He's been staring past the patchwork piece of quilt she's been working on when something draws his focus.

MIDDLE OF QUILT

There is a burgee, the flag sewn into the quilt. A new one had been flying the day before on the dock, where he met Cross. It is a gray game fish against a white background - with the initials A.C. beneath the fish. Gittes stares at it.

GITTES

Where did you get this, Emma?

Emma smiles.

ANOTHER LADY

(finally)

..apple core..

GITTES

(he knows now)

Apple core, huh?

PALMER

(entering room)

How're you coming along?

GITTES

Just admiring their handiwork, Mr. Palmer. Inventive, using a flag like that.

PALMER

Isn't it?

GITTES

You must've gotten it directly from the club..I'm thinking of becoming a member myself.

CONTINUED:

He had hesitated answering Gittes but now:

PALMER

(fairly bubbling)

Oh I see, I see. Wonderful - we're a sort of unofficial charity of the Albacore Club - they provide the building and we look after some of their relatives -

(looking around)

...a goodly number, in fact. Who, may I ask, recommended you? It's very exclusive, that club.

GITTES

Actually, it was Julian Cross.

PALMER

(impressed)

No.

GITTES

Yes - just after he visited you here a couple of weeks ago.

Gittes glances at Samples.

PALMER

Yes, he did, as a matter of fact - well, you couldn't have a better recommendation.

GITTES

We'll be in touch, Mr. Palmer. I know Dad will like it a lot here.

EXT. MAR VISTA INN AND REST HOME GITTES AND SAMPLES

as Gittes rushes down towards Samples' car. He turns to Samples, fishes in his pocket.

GITTES

Here's a hundred bucks, Samples. Take a cab...the keys, the keys, c'mon, the keys..

Samples hands him his keys.

SAMPLES

..but..

GITTES

If anything happens to it, I'll buy you a new one.

CONTINUED:

Gittes takes off in a tearing hurry from the street, leaving a bewildered Samples standing there. Samples blinks - a drop of rain has hit him. He looks up - the sky is now a late afternoon one, filling with battalions of dark clouds.

WITH GITTES IN SAMPLES' CAR

Rain dots more than drops are beginning to hit the windshield. He doesn't even bother with the wipers as he turns a corner.

EXT. STREET - DAY GITTES

as he turns down Sweetzer Drive the rain is falling harder. He pulls up before The Sweetzer Arms. Gets out of the car, dashes across the courtyard to Number 5. He hesitates, doesn't know whether to ring the bell or try the door. He listens - there's the SOUND of a female voice humming a melody. The voice is a happy one. Gittes tries the door. He presses down softly on the latch - it's open. He swiftly opens the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gittes sees in the low-lit living room the back of a honey-haired figure ironing a blouse, humming. From this ANGLE it looks like Evelyn. The figure turns in some surprise but not concern when the door opens and she sees Gittes.

THE GIRL

is now clearly recognizable as the one Gittes had photographed with Mulwray, Mulwray's alleged girl friend.

Up closer she looks younger, hardly seventeen, and has a frail beauty. She stares for a moment at Gittes, then chirps out:

THE GIRL

Mama.

In a moment Evelyn enters the room.

EVELYN

(in Spanish)

- - yes, Maria -

CONTINUED:

She stops when she sees Gittes. Gittes is standing there dumb. The two women together have an unmistakable resemblance to each other, look like sisters no more than a few years apart.

Evelyn looks at Gittes for a long moment, sighs.

THE GIRL
(in Spanish)
Is it all right, Mama?

Evelyn nods.

EVELYN
(in Spanish)
Yes, yes, sweetheart. This is Mr.
Gittes. Mr. Gittes - Maria.

GITTES
(badly shaken)
..how do you do?

THE GIRL
(in English)
Hello.

Gittes really doesn't know what to say.

GITTES
- she's very nice..

EVELYN
I think so.

Evelyn strokes the girl's hair, gives her a hug.

EVELYN
(in Spanish)
I want to speak to Mr. Gittes alone.
You go finish packing.

The girl nods. She obediently goes into the other room.

EVELYN
We're getting ready to leave. She's
much better now, her blood sugar's way
down, I'm so relieved, you've no idea.
I'm sorry I lied to you.

Gittes just stares dumbly back.

EVELYN
Oh I wasn't at first - but then -

She stops - rain can now be heard hitting the roof.

CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN

Maybe our friend was right.

GITTES

Our friend?

EVELYN

The rainmaker - it's starting to pour.
What did he say? It would be torrential?..

GITTES

..something like that..

EVELYN

..that was a very nice day, wasn't it?..

She comes up to Gittes, kisses him lightly.

EVELYN

..Mr. Gittes..

(then)

We have to hurry now. We're catching
the train to Ensenada, I'll stay with
her for a while. Then I'll come back..

GITTES

What about her father?

EVELYN

(coldly)

What about him?

GITTES

Escobar. Will he go with you?

Evelyn looks at him a little strangely.

EVELYN

..no..look, we'll miss our train..

GITTES

But why this much secrecy? If you had
a daughter, you had a daughter - even
if she's -

(Gittes hesitates over the word)
- illegitimate, what does it matter?

EVELYN

I want to protect her.

GITTES

From what?

EVELYN

(hesitates)

Look, you ask questions at the damndest
times -

CONTINUED: (3)

GITTES

- okay but there's something else
you've got to know - I lied to you.
I've spoken to your father.

Evelyn stops cold, expression draining from her face.

GITTES

- just listen to me. Your father
killed Mulwray. He met him at your
house when you were obviously with your
daughter - Mulwray had it figured that
your father and his fishing buddies
were behind the water thing and he
obviously wanted to stop it.

EVELYN

How do you know that?

GITTES

Byron Samples, partly - he's -

EVELYN

Yes, I know who he is.

GITTES

Anyway, I think they had some sort
of confrontation by the pond - Ida
witnessed it - that much Samples knows -

Evelyn nods. She seems very calm.

EVELYN

He doesn't know that you know..

Gittes shakes his head.

EVELYN

Did he say anything else?

GITTES

-- no.

EVELYN

(intent herself)

- did he mention talking with Hollis?

Gittes shakes his head.

EVELYN

(very intently)

- anything else?

CONTINUED: (4)

GITTES

- just - he missed his daughter. Wanted to see her, wanted her back. What you'd expect.

Evelyn looks very oddly at Gittes.

EVELYN

(coolly)

I'll talk to him.

She goes directly to the phone.

EVELYN

Avalon 497, please...

She looks at Gittes.

EVELYN

- would you mind looking after Maria while I'm gone? She should be all right now but she went into a diabetic coma the other night and -

(into phone, flatly)

This is Evelyn. I think we better talk.. in person..catch the last flight..we'll talk when I see you...

The experience didn't seem too traumatic for her. She hangs up.

GITTES

Let me go with you.

EVELYN

- in this situation I'm the only one who should talk to him. I'm the only one who can. Excuse me.

She goes into the other room, gets Maria, is chattering in Spanish as she brings her back to an uneasy Gittes. Then she goes over and pulls back the curtains, taking a coat - as she does she quickly slips the .45 out of the holster on the hanger, tucking it into the folds of the coat. Gittes turns abruptly to her, just missing this move.

GITTES

Look - I think I better take her somewhere else. I've had a few people anxious to catch up to me. I think I'll park her at my secretary's.

EVELYN

- if you think it's okay, I'm sure it is.

CONTINUED:

GITTES

You do, huh?

EVELYN

I may not always tell you the truth,
Mr. Gittes, but I trust you.

She kisses him quickly - hugs her daughter, admonishes her to mind Mr. Gittes, and hurries swiftly out the door.

EXT. STREET HOLLYWOOD AREA SOPHIE

stands with an umbrella to allow Maria to get under it and out of Samples' car which Gittes is still driving. The rain is now pouring down.

GITTES

(actually almost having
to shout over the spray of
rain from traffic)

- I said I just want to pick up some
cash at my place and I'll be right
back..don't let her out of your sight,
Sophie.

SOPHIE

(annoyed)

Mr. Gittes -

GITTES

I may not always tell you the truth,
but I trust you, Sophie.

Sophie's face lights up. She takes the girl under the umbrella and they go into the apartment building.

EXT. MARMION WAY APTS. GITTES

runs down the steps of rows of tiered bungalows - red tile roofs and splashes of bougainvillea being pelted with rain. Soaking, Gittes reaches his apartment door. He dashes in.

INT. GITTES' APT.

He hurries in and as he opens the door a fist knocks him over his sofa, into the whiskey cabinet where a couple of crystal decanters fall, and against a spider leg table which breaks.

When he looks up, bleeding and wet, Escobar is standing over him.

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

You sold her out, you son of a bitch.

GITTES

What are you talking about?

Escobar points to the end table. He turns on the light.

MULWRAY'S BIFOCALS

are there, marked with a little tag.

ESCOBAR

Your partners turned them in this morning. There's a warrant for Evelyn's arrest for murder -

GITTES

- but she didn't do it -

ESCOBAR

You're telling me she didn't do it? There's also a warrant for your arrest - for withholding evidence, extortion - and accessory after the fact before I'm through.

GITTES

Extortion?

ESCOBAR

Julian Cross has sworn out a complaint - you came to him with incriminating evidence and blackmailed him.

Gittes rises, sits.

GITTES

I don't extort a nickel out of nobody - that's where I draw the line.

ESCOBAR

Yeah, Jake, well I knew a whore who for enough money would piss in a customer's face - but no matter what he paid her, she'd never shit on his chest. That was nasty. That's where she drew the line.

GITTES

Well, Andy, I hope she wasn't too much of a disappointment to you.

CONTINUED:

Gittes has risen and walked to the coat which he had worn yesterday. It lies crumpled in a wing chair.

ESCOBAR

(going for his coat)
What are you doing?

GITTES

Watch me.

Gittes reaches into the side pocket of the coat. He pulls out the check Cross had written. Most of it falls like confetti to the floor.

GITTES

Julian Cross' check.

He walks toward Escobar with the remnants of the check in his palm. He abruptly closes his fist and hits Escobar, knocking him to the floor. Then he brushes the remaining bits of the check out of his palm. He reaches down and helps Escobar up. Escobar accepts both the punch and the gesture of help.

ESCOBAR

Okay, you're just dumb. Where is she?

GITTES

- your daughter's with Sophie, my secretary.

ESCOBAR

My daughter?..where's Evelyn?

GITTES

..taking care of something.

ESCOBAR

(very suspicious)

- taking care of what?..Look, Jake, now's the wrong time to hold out on me - Maria's not mine, I never touched Evelyn then and I haven't since. Do I have to spell it out for you? Maria is Julian Cross' daughter.

GITTES

- but I thought she was Evelyn's.

ESCOBAR

She is!

Gittes sits slowly on the arm of the sofa, staring blankly in front of him.

CONTINUED: (2)

ESCOBAR
Now where did Evelyn go?

GITTES
..to see him..

ESCOBAR
Cross?

Gittes nods.

ESCOBAR
That's impossible! Are you sure?
What did she say?

GITTES
- that she was the only one who could
talk to him.

Escobar swears in Spanish, a stream of epithets.

ESCOBAR
- she's gone to kill him.

Gittes looks up to Escobar.

ESCOBAR
The last time she 'talked' to him
she put three slugs in him.

GITTES
- and you covered for her?

ESCOBAR
- look, Cross is so crazy that after
he...took advantage of his own daughter,
he couldn't face it! He had to be con-
vinced that I did it. He tried to kill
me - that's when Evelyn shot him..she
saved my life.

Gittes rises. He picks his hat off the floor.

GITTES
- Cross is flying in from the island
right now.

Gittes puts on his hat as the two head for the door.

EXT. L.A. STREET ESCOBAR SEDAN

fishtailing along as it rounds a corner in the driving rain.

145.
INT. CAR GITTES AND ESCOBAR

Rain is pelting into the windshield now. Both men are tense.

GITTES
Why Figueroa?

ESCOBAR
It's faster.

GITTES
Western's shorter.

ESCOBAR
(blowing up)
I'm taking Figueroa - I grew up here for Chrissakes! We could get flooded out on Western.

THRU WINDSHIELD VIEW OF THE OCEAN EVELYN

sits in her car staring out at the open sea, rain blurring her vision, waiting for the sight or the sound of an approaching seaplane. It's growing progressively darker.

INT. ESCOBAR SEDAN MOVING

GITTES
..I don't understand it..

Escobar glances over at him. He can see Gittes is badly shaken.

ESCOBAR
- Evelyn worshipped him in those days - he was impressive - then he had a kind of breakdown, his wife died, he leaned on her like she was his mother - it happened.

GITTES
..Cross doesn't know about Maria?

ESCOBAR
..- he didn't..

GITTES
..I think he does know..

ESCOBAR
...that crazy old son of a bitch--

GITTES
Who does she think her father is?

CONTINUED:

ESCOBAR

We told her some fairy tale - but if
Cross finds her he'll tell her the truth.
All of it. Evelyn's had to live with it -
she doesn't want Maria to.

EXT. OCEAN THRU THE RAIN

The SOUND of the engines can be heard. Then the red
light - then coming thru the clouds and rain, the seaplane
itself is on top of CAMERA, splashing down, very close.
It begins to taxi up the ramp.

REACTION EVELYN

in her car. She sees the plane as it taxis up. Puts out
her cigarette. A revolving navigation light periodically
flashes across the landscape.

SEAPLANE

engines turning over, as it churns out of the water up
onto the ramp. The props sputter and die.. Only the
pounding of the rain on the plane's skin can be heard.

The passenger door slides back.

CLOSE MULVIHILL

He gets out, opens an umbrella. Cross steps out behind
him, peers thru the rain and darkness - cannot see
Evelyn's car which is parked near the highway.

CROSS

Can you see her?

MULVIHILL

..no..

CROSS

- where's your car?

MULVIHILL

On the highway.

They start toward it, up a dirt road that is fast becoming
a muddy river. They walk up it slowly.

Cross pauses suddenly as if he senses something.

CONTINUED:

CROSS
(calling out)
Evelyn?...Evelyn?..

EVELYN IN HER CAR

has been watching the two men. The car is idling. Her foot is on the clutch, her hand on the emergency brake. She releases the brake, pops the clutch and swerves down the dirt road toward the two men.

EXT. COAST DRIVING RAIN

The car hurtles toward the two men in darkness. The headlights flash on.

Mulvihill pulls a pistol and FIRES at the onrushing car.

Screen goes blank, as Evelyn has blinked.

INT. CAR

the windshield shattered. Evelyn sideswipes the two men who now dive into a ditch avoiding her.

The car continues fishtailing down the muddy road, Mulvihill firing a couple of more times toward it. The car SLAMS into the seaplane's fuselage, carrying both car and plane into the surf.

INT. CAR EVELYN

is dazed. She looks behind her. Reaches into her coat - pulls out the .45.

Then she forces the car door open against the surf, which she steps into - it roils around her knees.

A couple of more shots are fired toward her - one hitting the plane, the other the car.

Evelyn plants herself in the surf. She takes the .45, holds it carefully in two hands.

CLOSE .45

It FIRES, the sound like a cannon - the .45 in CLOSEUP moving from parallel to perpendicular.

EVELYN

reels from the shock. It has knocked her back against the car. She recovers and starts out of the surf.

WITH MULVIHILL AND CROSS

shocked and frightened at the sound. They look thru the dense rain and clouds toward the plane. Mulvihill fires a couple of more times.

Cross struggles to his feet. Mulvihill tries to but has obviously twisted something badly.

CROSS

..your car keys..

MULVIHILL

..the sun visor..

Cross struggles off up the road.

EVELYN

moves away from the plane as Mulvihill fires again.

CAR AND PLANE

EXPLODE in flames and surf.

WITH GITTES AND ESCOBAR

driving along the highway - they see the explosion.

EVELYN

moves swiftly up the beach - spots her father heading toward the car. She stops, braces herself against a crooked fence-post - FIRES. She's knocked back. The rotting fence post bends and cracks under the impact of her body.

WITH CROSS

The .45 slug has hit the radiator of the car. Cross turns in a panic and races across the highway, sliding into a barbed wire fence surrounding an adjacent oil field.

CONTINUED:

Cross slides under the fence. Muddy and panicked he begins sloshing thru the rain and oil patches, past a stray cow and her calf, frantically looking for shelter.

EVELYN

is behind him, crawling thru the fence, searching for him.

MULVIHILL

now is on his feet, struggling across the highway after them.

GITTES AND ESCOBAR

pull up by the highway. They look to the burning wreckage in the sea.

Then another SHOT. It comes from across the highway.

They dash out of the car toward the oil fields.

EXT. OIL FIELDS

The rain is now falling in relentless sheets. Evelyn is stalking Cross, Mulvihill looking for her.

He spots her over the horizon. He fires.

EVELYN

ignores it.

WITH CROSS

He's slipped and fallen into a low patch of exposed ground in the oil field. He can't go back up. He looks behind him - knows Evelyn is after him.

BEFORE HIM

is the slough and the large fish with the BAIT sign, barely visible thru the pouring rain. He heads toward it, working his way back out under the fence.

He scuttles across the highway like a crab, hitting the slough itself, falling into it, submerging, struggling to his feet, wading out of it toward the large FISH sign.

WITH EVELYN

She has moved down to the low patch of ground - the rain already splattering the patch of ground where Cross had worked his way under the fence. Evelyn looks toward the slough across the way.

MULVIHILL

spots Evelyn below him. She's a perfect target. He fires. His pistol jams. As he's checking it, he's knocked off his feet into the mud by a pistol shot - either from Gittes or Escobar, is unclear.

EXT. SLOUGH AND BAIT SIGN EVELYN

alone, wading thru it, looking around for some sign of Cross. The rain spatters the flat slough, but it has abated somewhat so there is a greater sense of silence than before.

GITTES

crosses the highway, spotting Evelyn.

EVELYN

is looking around almost serenely, not moving.

GITTES

(shouting)

Evelyn, don't!

EVELYN

turns and for a moment it should seem as if she's turning to the sound of Gittes' voice. But it is toward the BAIT sign.

BAIT SIGN

on its stilts, rain pouring off it. Then, for no apparent reason, the huge wooden fish seems to move. The stilts creak.

EVELYN AND BAIT SIGN

Evelyn raises the .45 and FIRES into the wooden belly of the fish. Each SHOT knocks her farther and farther away from it.

FISH SIGN

great holes pounded into and thru the chipped paint of its wooden belly. Then after a moment, blood begins to pour out of the holes, down the side of the fish, mingling with the paint and water.

THE FISH

creaks on its rickety stilts as if it's received a mortal wound. Then, after a long moment, the huge wooden fish crashes into the slough and begins to sink until it's nearly submerged.

REACTION GITTES

soaked thru, staring helplessly toward Evelyn.

INT. POLICE STATION GITTES AND BRESLER

Gittes is a mess, but he's sipping coffee, quietly talking with old Saul Bresler.

Escobar comes to the door, motions to Gittes. Gittes gets up, comes over to him.

ESCOBAR

What's he say?

GITTES

It would help if she'll tell why she did it..

ESCOBAR

She won't..

Gittes nods.

GITTES

- you talked to her?

ESCOBAR

(nods)

- yeah..she wants you to take Maria back to Ensenada..right away..

Gittes nods.

ESCOBAR

- Mulvihill admitted to seeing Cross kill Mulwray - they quarreled - knocked him into the pond - apparently it was an accident - but because of the water thing, they had to cover it up..anyway, that should help her a little..

CONTINUED:

The two men look at each other.

ESCOBAR

- Jake..

GITTES

..Andy..

They turn away from each other, Escobar going down the hall, Gittes back to Saul.

Saul is lighting a cigar. Gittes watches him.

GITTES

Okay, you're hired. I've got to leave town for a while.

Saul nods, sighs, blows out the cigar smoke.

GITTES

What's the other thing, Saul?

(Saul looks up)

You once said there were two things a man had to do for himself - one was light his own cigar. What's the other one?

Saul looks up, smiles a little sadly.

SAUL

Put on his own hat.

Gittes looks over in the corner where his coat and his very badly battered hat lie. He nods, slowly moves toward it.

EXT. SCENIC DRIVE ALTA VISTA ROAD MOVING SHOT

Gittes' convertible drives along the winding road in a rain storm, the valley visible below.

GITTES' VOICE

For figuring out that Julian Cross killed Hollis Mulwray and that Evelyn killed Julian Cross - I got a lot of publicity. Of course, I didn't exactly figure either one. The only thing I did figure out - well, I didn't get any publicity for that at all. Oh, it was in the papers - after the bond issue passed and the dam was built - a few folks squawked that eight million dollars worth of L.A. water was being used on the valley - but they got around that real quick by passing an ordinance and making

CONTINUED:

Gittes stops his car and gets out. He looks toward the valley and begins walking along the road. It's raining very hard now.

GITTES' VOICE

And, what with a daughter killing her father, nobody paid much attention to anything else. What I figured out ended up buried on page thirty-two -- and I was wrong about the thirty million -- it was more like 300 million. Evelyn spent four years in prison and after that, she disappeared. I don't know where she is now. But Mulwray came out of it pretty well. After ruining his reputation and his life, they named a street after him.

Gittes looks down. By him is a curbstone. In it is set a bronze plaque. Rain is pelting off it.

INSERT: PLAQUE

"FROM THIS DAY FORWARD ALTA VISTA ROAD WILL BE KNOWN AS MULWRAY DRIVE in honor of Hollis I. Mulwray - Zanjero - Water Engineer - Architect of the City - by unanimous resolution of the City Council of El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, March 12, 1938."

Only the first bold letters of the plaque are legible.

Gittes straightens up. The ANGLE now includes the new sign post saying MULWRAY DRIVE. Rain continues to fall in relentless sheets. Gittes looks out at the valley.

GITTES' VOICE

The drought had hung on just long enough for them to get their dam. Whenever the sun broke through the clouds that winter, the valley was all green and something to look at.

Gittes looks toward the valley as the sky clears and sharp spears of sunlight break through the lush plain below, the mountains cold and clear beyond.

GITTES' VOICE

...and it's still there, of course.

As it has cleared, the view of the valley below changes through a series of DISSOLVES. The CAMERA COMES CLOSER and CLOSER to the plain and the valley, with each DISSOLVE, resembles itself today -- until CAMERA is in the midst of all its contemporary sprawl -- the tangle of traffic. *off*