

by

Echo Park by
by
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FADE IN:

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - DAY

DIRK BOGART, thirties, dressed in early 1950's style suit drives his old white Chevy down an early fifties Los Angeles street.

The traffic is heavy, he taps his horn at a car in front of him.

He passes a sign that reads "Los Angeles City Limits."

DIRK BOGART
Los Angeles, the city of Angels.
What a load of crap. More like the
city of degenerates, hookers, pimps
and gamblers.

EXT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He wheels his Chevy into the parking lot of an old run down office building.

Dirk gets out of his car and heads slowly towards the building.

He passes a pretty young lady in a low cut dress, he tips his hat and smiles.

DIRK BOGART
Good morning.

She doesn't speak, just smiles and nods her head.

EXT. DIRK BOGART'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The sign on the door says "Dirk Bogart, Private Investigations."

Dirk unlocks the door and enters.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dirk is sitting at his desk. The office is very plain, only his desk and two chairs and an old phone.

He smokes a cigarette, feet up on his desk, blowing smoke rings and poking his finger through them.

(CONTINUED)

There is an old trash can in the corner. He tosses paper at the can, some miss the mark and lay on the surrounding floor.

Dirk doodles aimlessly on an appointment calender, that is the only thing on his desk besides his phone.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)

It was a normal day at the office.
I don't want to say business was
slow, but slow would be an
improvement over nonexistent, which
was the real state of my affairs.

Dirk blows another smoke ring, and tosses another crumpled up piece of paper at the waste can, he hits the can with this one.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)

But all that was going to change
when Angela Divine walked in
through my door. What a dish, I can
tell you. A walking apparition from
heaven reincarnated in human form.
Long blond hair, deep blue eyes, a
figure to die for with legs that
seemed like they went on forever.

There is a knock on the door.

DIRK BOGART

I'm home, come on in.

The door opens slowly and in walks a beautiful blond, early thirties, ANGELA DIVINE.

Dirk gets up quickly to offer Angela a seat.

ANGELA DIVINE

Detective Bogart, Dirk Bogart?

DIRK BOGART

Yes, yes, I'm Bogart, and who might
you be?

ANGELA DIVINE

I'm Angela Divine. Nice to meet you
Mr. Bogart.

Dirk takes her hand and shakes it gently. Points at the chair on the other side of his desk.

DIRK BOGART

Have a seat, Miss Divine, or is it Mrs.?

Angela smiles a sheepish smile.

ANGELA DIVINE

Oh, it's Mrs.

DIRK BOGART

Mrs. Divine, how can I help you?

ANGELA DIVINE

I'm in trouble and I need the services of a good private eye, but I'm afraid I don't have much money.

DIRK BOGART

If you're in trouble, why not go to the cops, why a private dick?

ANGELA DIVINE

I'm mixed up in an affair I really don't want the police involved in. If my husband knew about it, I'd be a dead woman.

DIRK BOGART

Oh I don't know, sounds like an affair I should stay out of myself or I might be dead.

ANGELA DIVINE

Please, Mr. Bogart. I'm desperate, you've got to help me.

A single tear streams down Angela's face, Dirk hands her a tissue, she blows her nose.

DIRK BOGART

Okay, Mrs. Divine, calm down, tell me your story. I'm not guaranteeing I'm going to take your case, you understand. But I guess I could at least listen.

Angela blows her nose again and wiped her eyes.

ANGELA DIVINE

It all started very innocently, I never intended to get involved with him, but you know some things just happen. I was having a dry martini

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA DIVINE (cont'd)
at a little place up in the Valley,
when he walked in the joint...

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Angela is sitting at a table alone drinking her martini.

Two guys drinking beer at the bar, look over at her, one raises his glass to offer a toast, she just ignores him.

The door of the club opens and in walks a handsome man, mid-thirties, tall, good looking, LANCE O'BRIEN.

He strolls across the club toward the bar. Every lady in the joint watches with interest as he stops at the bar, waves the bartender over.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Scotch, rocks.

The BARTENDER fixes his drink and sets it on the counter

BARTENDER
One dollar, friend.

Lance pulls a money clip with a wad of cash out of his pocket, removes a bill, lays it on the counter.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Keep the change, friend.

Lance stands at the bar, sipping his drink and surveying the club.

He notices Angela sitting at the table, noticing him.

Their eyes meet, Lance flashes a smile, she smiles back, takes a sip from her martini, he takes a sip of scotch.

They notice each other for a while, they both sip their drinks.

Lance tired of the charade walks over to the table where Angela is seated.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Could I join you, doll face?

Angela, trying to appear coy, puts her drink down, their eyes meet in a moment of immediate attraction.

She motions for him to have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA DIVINE
It's a free country.

LANCE O'BRIEN
How about I buy you another drink.
You look like you could use one.

ANGELA DIVINE
Martini, dry.

Lance motions for the WAITER to come to their table.

WAITER
Yes sir, what's it gonna be?

LANCE O'BRIEN
Scotch, rocks for me and a dry
Martini for the lovely lady.

WAITER
Very well, sir.

LANCE O'BRIEN
So what's a dish like you, doing
sitting all alone in a joint like
this?

ANGELA DIVINE
I just felt like being alone.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Well, if I'm bothering you.

ANGELA DIVINE
oh no, no...

LANCE O'BRIEN
I'm Lance O'brien.

ANGELA DIVINE
Angela Divine.

Lance takes her hand and kisses it gallantly.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Come here often?

ANGELA DIVINE
Sometimes...

The waiter brings their drinks, sets them on the table, they both sip their drinks, looking into each other eyes.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE O'BRIEN

God you're beautiful, if you don't mind me saying.

ANGELA DIVINE

Oh, I bet you say that to all the girls.

LANCE O'BRIEN

Your eyes are so blue, a man could get lost in them.

ANGELA DIVINE

You ain't so bad yourself.

LANCE O'BRIEN

How about we finish these drinks and go somewhere a little quieter, so we can get to know each other.

ANGELA DIVINE

Oh, I don't know...I only just met you. I don't even know you.

LANCE O'BRIEN

What else do you need to know? Tell me, 'cause my life is an open book. Ask me anything.

ANGELA DIVINE

Okay, what kind of work do you do?

LANCE O'BRIEN

I'm an accountant with Smith, Barney, and Marsh.

ANGELA DIVINE

What kind of car do you drive?

LANCE O'BRIEN

Canary yellow Cadillac Coup de Ville.

ANGELA DIVINE

What are your parents names?

LANCE O'BRIEN

Fred and Nancy O'Brien. Anything else? What about you? I don't know anything about you.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA DIVINE

I'm just a girl in a bar, having a drink. It's better if that's all you know, believe me.

LANCE O'BRIEN

Okay, Angela, just a girl in a bar, how about it? Let's blow this joint. I know a place where we can have a private drink and talk all night. A quiet place. What you say?

ANGELA DIVINE

Well all right...Just as long as all we're going to do is have a drink and talk, 'cause I'm not that kind of girl.

LANCE O'BRIEN

I promise I'll be a perfect gentleman.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Three men sit in a old Ford as it is driven down a deserted dark street,

The driver and passenger in the front, another rather large man in the back seat.

The man in the front passenger seat looks terrified, the man in the back seems to be his tormentor.

The tormentor grabs the man in the passenger seat around his neck with piano wire, the passenger GASPS.

The man in the back seat pulls an ice pick out of his pocket and stabs it deep into the passenger's neck.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car comes to a stop on a dirt road in a secluded area.

The door opens and a body is kicked out on the side of the road.

The car drives off into the night.

INT. LANCE O'BRIEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela and Lance sit in a handsomely decorated living room, sipping drinks, enjoying one another on the couch.

They clink glasses, looking into each other's eyes.

The clock on the mantle reads "11:30."

ANGELA DIVINE

You have a nice place here, Mr. O'Brien.

LANCE O'BRIEN

Thanks, and please call me Lance. I keep thinking my father is standing behind me.

ANGELA DIVINE

Okay, you have a nice place here Lance.

LANCE O'BRIEN

That's better. Care for another drink?

ANGELA DIVINE

Oh I don't know, I shouldn't, I really need to be going.

LANCE O'BRIEN

One more for the road then.

ANGELA DIVINE

Well, maybe just one.

Lance pours Angela another drink. He gives her a light kiss on the lips, she pulls back a little embarrassed at first, then kisses him back harder.

They start to kiss heavily on the couch, Lance takes her by the hand and leads her to the bedroom.

EXT. RESIDENCE OF VICTOR REGATE - NIGHT

The same LARGE MAN that was in the back seat of the old Ford bangs on the door.

Another hood with him pulls a thirty eight revolver out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

LARGE MAN

Open this door, I know you're in there.

He knocks again, even louder.

INT. LANCE O'BRIENS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lance and Angela are on the bed kissing. There is a loud knocking at the front door.

Angela sits straight up, a look of terror on her face.

ANGELA DIVINE

Oh my God...

LANCE O'BRIEN

Now who the hell is that at this hour.

ANGELA DIVINE

It's my husband!

LANCE O'BRIEN

Your husband. You never said you were married.

ANGELA DIVINE

You've got to hide me.

Angela runs and hides in the closet as Lance goes to answer the door.

EXT. LANCE OBRIEN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

A DRUNK MAN is teetering outside of the door, he bangs on the door again.

DRUNK MAN

Hey Fred, open the door. Fred you in there?

INT. LANCE O'BRIEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LANCE O'BRIEN

There's no Fred here. You got the wrong house, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK MAN(O.S)
Fred is that you? Fred!

LANCE O'BRIEN
There's no Fred here. Get the hell
away from my door before I call the
cops.

EXT. LANCE O'BRIEN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The drunk man staggers off into the night.

INT. LANCE O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lance comes back into his bedroom to find Angela missing. He
looks under the bed, no Angela.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Angela, you can come out. Angela it
was just a drunk at the wrong
address. Angela!

Angela bails out the closet relieved and gives Lance a big
hug.

ANGELA
Oh my God, I thought we were dead.
You got a cigarette. I need a
cigarette.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Yeah, yeah, sure.

He pulls a pack of smokes and lighter out of his dresser
drawer and hands one to Angela and lights it.

She takes a deep drag, exhaling a big white puff of smoke.

ANGELA DIVINE
That bastard husband of mine, he's
crazy.

Lance takes a cigarette out of the pack and lights up.

LANCE O'BRIEN
What have you got me into Angela?

ANGELA DIVINE
I shouldn't have come here. I just
needed to get away. I'm so unhappy.

Angela starts to cry.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA DIVINE
Maybe I should go.

Lance puts his arm around her to comfort her.

LANCE O'BRIEN
No, you don't have to go, baby.

ANGELA DIVINE
I hate him so much. He's such a
cruel man. I just need some
tenderness. I need to be loved,
Lance.

They start to kiss at first lightly, then tenderly, then
fiercely.

The clock on the wall, reads 3:00.

The covers are on the floor, as the couple make passionate
love.

The clock on the desk top reads 4:30.

The sun comes up and shines the first rays of the morning
light through Lance's bedroom curtains.

Lance and Angela are still asleep in each other's arms.

Angela wakes up with a start.

She shakes Lance.

ANGELA
Lance, Lance, wake up.

Lance slowly comes around with a smile on his face.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Wha...What?

ANGELA
Wake up! It's morning. Oh my God.
Wake up.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Don't sweat the small details baby.
So it's morning.

ANGELA
You don't understand. I've got to
go. What the hell am I going to
tell my husband?

(CONTINUED)

Lance tries to kiss her, but she pushes him away.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Just tell him, you were with your
sick mother. That's it, your mother
is dying.

ANGELA
My mother died when I was eight.

LANCE O'BRIEN
You were with a sick friend then.

ANGELA
Lance, what am I going to do?

LANCE O'BRIEN
You'll think of something. Want
some breakfast? Coffee?

ANGELA
Lance, I'm not kidding.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Me either. I never kid about my
breakfast. You've got to try it.

INT. LANCE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lance is at the stove cooking, Angela is sitting at a small
kitchen table.

LANCE O'BRIEN
How do you like your eggs?

ANGELA
I'm not hungry.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Come on, you've got to try my eggs.

ANGELA
Oh all right. Sunny side up, I
guess.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Sunny side up, coming right up.

Lance continues to cook, Angela sips a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE O'BRIEN

I know. Let's have a picnic. I could make a nice little lunch, with a bottle of wine, bring a blanket, if you get the picture.

Angela doesn't respond, she just stares into her coffee.

LANCE O'BRIEN

Come on, what do you say. I know a great place, Echo Park, where we can be alone with nature. C'mon Angela, what you say?

ANGELA

Okay. The fresh air will do me good. Since I'm going to die today I might as well breath some fresh air.

LANCE O'BRIEN

That's the spirit.

EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY

Sitting on a blanket, under a shade tree, bottle of wine, picnic basket, Angela and Lance enjoy the food, drink and the beautiful California day.

They clink wine glasses and make a toast.

LANCE O'BRIEN

A toast.

ANGELA

A toast. To what?

LANCE O'BRIEN

Oh I don't know. This marvelous red wine, this beautiful day, to us.

ANGELA

Okay, to us.

They kiss like the world around them doesn't exist.

Behind them is a rustle in the bushes, they do not hear.

Angela and Lance continue kissing.

The bushes move, a face can be seen, not distinguishable, only a shadow.

(CONTINUED)

Angela pushes Lance away, retrieves her glass and downs the remainder of her wine.

Lance taken aback and somewhat put out, pours Angela another glass.

LANCE O'BRIEN
What's the problem Angela?

ANGELA
This is just so wrong. I shouldn't be here. I feel like someone is watching us.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Stop being so paranoid, baby. We're alone here, relax.

Angela calms down a little and drinks her wine. Lance pours another and joins her.

They sit in silence for a while.

A hand slowly comes out from the bushes, reaching to grab Lance.

He turns to look and the hand is quickly retracted.

Suddenly Lance stands up.

LANCE O'BRIEN
Got to pee, babe. Be back in a shake of a lambs tale.

ANGELA
Don't be long.

Lance disappears into the bushes, Angela sips her wine.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA
I waited and waited but he never came back, Mr. Bogart. You've got to help me find him, you got to...

DIRK BOGART
Now, now calm down...

Dirk hands Angela some more tissue out of his desk drawer, she blows her nose loudly.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

So will you take my case, Mr.
Bogart.

DIRK BOGART

Well, guess I could look into it
for a few days. Mind you, I'm not
making any promises.

ANGELA

Thank you...Here is his home and
work address and all the cash I
could scrape together.

She hands Bogart an envelope out of her purse. He peaks
inside, noticing the cash, quickly counting it.

DIRK BOGART

Well, yes this will do nicely.

Angela stands, Dirk stands as well, there is an awkward
silence. She suddenly gives Dirk a big hug, turns and
disappears out the door.

Dirk sits back down at his desk, looking at the envelope in
his hand.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)

I knew I was making a big mistake,
but I couldn't stop myself. The
lady was so beautiful and her story
was so compelling. What the hell?
What could it hurt to look for this
mug for a few days?

INT. VICTOR REGATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A man sits in a chair tightly restrained, VICTOR REGATE,
fifties, pencil thin mustache, salt and pepper hair.

VINNIE DEMUCCI, forties, huge, dark hair and SONNY RIZALE,
thirties, rail thin, blond.

Vinnie smacks Victor in the face, he spits blood, attempting
to speak.

VICTOR REGATE

I swear I don't know anything about
any money.

Sonny punches Victor in the stomach, he groans.

(CONTINUED)

SONNY RIZALE

We can do this all night, Victor.
You might as well tell us now. We
promise to kill you quick, won't we
Vinnie?

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Yeah, yeah, quick and painless.
Just tell us what we need to know.
But one way or the other you gonna
tell us what happened to the boss's
hundred grand.

VICTOR REGATE

I...I swear on my mother's eyes, I
don't know.

Vinnie pulls an ice pick out of his pocket, shows it to his
captive.

VINNIE DEMUCCI

You know they call me "the pick?"

VICTOR REGATE

Please, oh God...

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Gonna ask you one more time.

VICTOR REGATE

I don't know. I don't...

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Hold his arm, Sonny.

Vinnie plunges the ice pick deep into Victor's hand, blood
gushes, Victor screams in pain...

EXT. VACANT HOUSE - DAY

Dirk stands on the street, half in and half out of his car,
looking at a house.

He looks at a piece of paper as if verifying information,
looking from the paper back at the house.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)

Like I said, I agreed against my
better judgment to look for this
Lance O'Brien. It's not like I had
anything else better to do. She did
pay me...in advance, so what the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIRK BOGART(V.O.) (cont'd)
hell. So I went to the address this
broad gave me.

Dirk closes his car door and heads towards the house,
walks,up the driveway.

The yard is overgrown, there is mail on the porch and
hanging out of the box.

He peers in the front window. The house is vacant.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)
I got a sinking feeling in my gut
right then and there. I had had the
feeling all morning somebody was
tailing me. Maybe I was just being
paranoid. Now the house where this
mug was suppose to have lived was
empty. Something told me right then
and there to drop this case like a
hot potato, but she had paid me. I
decided to go to this Lance
O'Brien's place of employment next.

EXT. SMITH, BARNEY, AND MARSH ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

Dirk stands outside the glass office door, shrugs, turns the
knob and walks in.

The office is busy, lots of people hustling around doing
typical office stuff.

Dirk spies an ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE behind a receptionist desk
and makes a beeline over to her.

Still looking at his piece of paper.

DIRK BOGART
Excuse me miss...

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE
Yes sir. may I help you.

Dirk leans on the receptionist desk, beams a big smile.

DIRK BOGART
Well, yes ma'am I sure hope you
can. I was looking for a Lance
O'Brien. They tell me he works in
this joint.

(CONTINUED)

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE

No, I don't think anyone by that name works here, sir. What is this concerning.

DIRK BOGART

It's concerning, he's missing and I'm looking for him. Would you check and make sure.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE

(on the phone)

Yes, sir. I have a individual at my desk looking for a Lance O'Brien, says he works for our firm. We don't have anyone by that name here do we? Yes, I see, thank you.

(to Dirk)

Sir, I'm sorry, there's no one by that name here. Could I help you with anything else?

Dirk turns to leave, but changes his mind.

DIRK BOGART

You wouldn't happen to know a dame by the name of Angela Divine, would you?

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE

No sir, I sure don't.

DIRK BOGART

Yeah, I didn't think so, Thanks anyway.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - DAY

Dirk is driving down the street, smoking a cigarette, he honks his horn at a car in front of him.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)

I guess my gut was right once again. This whole thing stunk right from the beginning. Lance O'Brien, the name even sounds like it was made up. But why? Cherchez la femme, as they always say. Look for the woman. That's where the answer to this riddle lies. So I decided to make some subtle inquiries into my benefactor, Angela Divine.

INT. HOME OF VINNIE DEMUCCI - NIGHT

Vinnie drops a few cubes of ice in a glass, pours himself a drink from his ample bar, out of a whiskey decanter. He takes a long drink.

A woman is sitting in a chair in the living room, her back is turned, she is crying.

VINNIE DEMUCCI

I'm warning you, Maria. You know my reputation. You know what I do for a living. You're mind, and you always will be, coppice? I'll buy you anything you want. What you want, diamonds, pearls, mink? But if I catch you...

The phone rings suddenly, Vinnie picks up the receiver.

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Yeah, this is Vinnie. Okay, got you. The docks, nine o'clock tonight, Yeah...consider it done. Chow.

He hangs up the phone, the woman that was sitting in the chair is gone.

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Bitch, where the hell did you go? I'll deal with you later. I got business.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S OFFICE - DAY

Dirk is in his usual position, feet on his old desk, smoking a cigarette.

DIRK BOGART(V.O.)

I decided to do some poking around myself to see what I could find out about this Angela dame. I still had a few friends left in the L.A. cop shop and had given them a glass with a perfect set of the lady's prints. I hoped there would be a match.

The phone rings. DETECTIVE HORN from the L.A.P.D. is on the line.

(CONTINUED)

DIRK BOGART

Hello, this is Dirk Bogart, private investigations, may I help you?

DETECTIVE HORN(O.S.)

Hello asshole, this is Detective Horn, L.A.P.D.

DIRK BOGART

Excuse the hell out of me. Why you calling so freaking early Horn?

DETECTIVE HORN(O.S.)

Screw yourself with night stick, Bogart. It just so happens I've found out who Angela Divine really is, and you ain't gonna believe it, Bogart.

DIRK BOGART

I can believe quite a bit, so go on with your cockamamie story.

DETECTIVE HORN(O.S.)

Stick it where the sun don't shine Bogart. And by the way your mother wears combat boots.

DIRK BOGART

You really need some new material, Horn. Just tell me who the hell Angela Divine is, for God's sake.

DETECTIVE HORN(O.S.)

Okay, okay, keep your shirt on Bogart.

DIRK BOGART

It's on, now who is she?

DETECTIVE HORN(O.S.)

Turns out her name is Maria Demucci, an ex-stripper. And get this. She's married to a mob hit man, a made one at that. You might have heard of him, Vinnie "the pick" Demucci.

DIRK BOGART

Are you kidding?

(Bogart whistles)

I knew I had a bad feeling about this case. You got an address?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE HORN(O.S.)
16657 Sunset Lane, Los Angeles.

Bogart pulls a pad out of his desk and scribbles down the address.

DIRK BOGART
Okay, got you. I owe you big time
Horn.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Vinnie Demucci and Sonny Rizale have a man with terror filled eyes restrained with a rope, gag over his mouth.

SONNY RIZALE
The boss don't like it when you
steal his money.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
He don't like it when you sleep
with his wife either. Go figure,
he's funny like that.

The man strains at the ropes but to no avail, there is n escape.

Vinnie pulls his ice pick out of his coat pocket, and shows it to their captive.

The man's eyes are wide with fear.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
I'm Vinnie the pick and you're a
dead man.

He stabs the man deep into his chest, he falls like a stone, blood squirting out of his wound.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Get him up Sonny!

They wrap him up in chains attached to concrete and throw him into the water, he splashes in the water with an eerie sound.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Let's go Sonny, I need to check on
that bitch wife of mind. I think
she messing around, can you believe
that?

(CONTINUED)

SONNY RIZALE

Yeah, I need to get home too, my wife's making lasagna.

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Yeah save me some.

SONNY RIZALE

Okay, sure thing Vinnie.

EXT. DEMUCCI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Dirk drives by a swank house, white with columns, canary yellow Coupe and black Lincoln parked in the drive.

He turns around and parks down the street.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He pulls out a cigarette, lights it, looks back at the house.

EXT. DEMUCCI RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

A large burly man suddenly emerges from the house, jumps in the Lincoln, pulls out of the drive and screeches off down the street.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk is so startled he drops his cigarette in his lap.

DIRK BOGART

Damn it!

He watches the Lincoln pull out of site.

DIRK BOGART

Holy crap. Vinnie "the pick" Demucci, in the flesh. Wonder where the hell he's going in such a hurry? Somebody's gonna die tonight.

He retrieves his cigarette and takes a long drag.

DIRK BOGART

Better them than me. Now's where's this dame?

EXT. DEMUCCI RESIDENCE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Maria Demucci comes out of the house looking fine as hell and gets in the canary yellow Coupe. She pulls out of the drive and takes off like a bat out of hell.

DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk pulls away from the curb and eases in a few car lengths behind her.

DIRK BOGART

Now where are you going tonight
sweet heart, all dolled up like
that? It's not Sunday, so I know
you ain't going to church.

He continues to follow Maria, she turns into the lot of a fancy restaurant.

She gets out of her car and enters the restaurant.

EXT. CHEZ MONET'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dirk can see Maria through the front window of the restaurant, she meets a man in a tuxedo, kisses him and they disappear from view.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk lights up a cigarette, cocks his hat back on his head, stretches out.

DIRK BOGART

Oh you're a bad girl, yes you are.
Now who the hell is this stiff.
That's not Vinnie.

He continues to watch through the front windows of the restaurant.

DIRK BOGART

I wouldn't want to be in his shoes
if "the pick" catches up with him.
No sir I certainly would not.

Dirk takes a long drag off his cigarette, drops the butt out on the ground outside his car.

INT. CHEZ MONET'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Maria and a handsome gentleman in a black tux sit at a table, drinking champagne and eating a fancy dinner.

They laugh and talk.

Rising suddenly they head for the dance floor.

They dance in close embrace to a slow romantic number.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The couple can be seen in the front window. They dance close, slow and grinding.

DIRK BOGART

Oh he's a dead man. Only he don't know it. Damn, what are they thinking?

EXT. CHEZ MONET'S RESTAURANT - LATER

Maria and her gentleman friend leave the restaurant.

They get in the canary yellow Coupe and drive.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk cranks up his car, puts it in gear and follows the Coupe.

He follows the Coupe into a swank neighborhood, it turns into a large driveway leading to a mansion.

Dirk pulls down the street turns around and parks across the street.

Maria and her gentleman friend stagger out of the Coupe...

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The gentleman opens the front door and carries Maria in, closing the door.

The house is lit up brightly, the curtains of the front picture windows are open.

They start to kiss passionately.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk watches intently, he lights up a cigarette, takes a large drag.

DIRK BOGART
Holy crap...Will you look at that?

He continues to watch and smoke.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Maria and the gentleman's clothes start to come off, a pile forming on the floor.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DIRK BOGART
Damn, Vinnie's not going to like this.

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly a black Lincoln pulls into the drive. Four men in dark suits bail out heading towards the house.

Vinnie beats on the door.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Open this door, Maria. I know you're in there.

He keeps on beating, no answer.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Knock it down, boys.

INT. BEL AIR MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Maria and the gentleman struggle to get dressed.

MARIA
It's Vinnie, we've got to get out of here.

Before they even get their clothes on the door flies open, followed by Vinnie and three other hoods.

Vinnie hits Maria in the face she goes down hard.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs the GENTLEMAN by his throat.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Do you know who I am?

The man shakes his head and answers hoarsely, eyes filled with terror.

GENTLEMAN
No...

VINNIE DEMUCCI
I'm Vinnie "the pick" Demucci, that piece of work is my wife. And you're a dead man.

GENTLEMAN
Please, don't kill me. I...

Before he can finish his sentence, Vinnie pulls out his ice pick and stabs the gentleman in his chest, blood squirts out, he falls on the floor.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Roll this piece of crap up. Get him to the car.

The three hoods grab a throw rug off the floor and roll the gentleman up.

Vinnie snatches Maria off the floor by her hair and they all head out the door to the car.

EXT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As they are heading towards the Lincoln they spot Dirk parked across the street.

Dirk sees them, they all make eye contact.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
What the hell?

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk starts up his Chevy and screeches off.

EXT. BLACK LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

VINNIE DEMUCCI
Get him in the trunk, hurry. He's
getting away.

Vinnie throws Maria in the back seat, the hoods stuff the dead body in the trunk, close it, jump in the Lincoln and they take off in hot pursuit.

INT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk turns his old Chevy out of neighborhood and heads down a long straightaway.

DIRK BOGART
What have you gotten yourself into
now Bogart? Oh hell, I'm gonna die.

INT. BLACK LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

One of the hoods is driving, Vinnie is sitting in the passenger seat as the chase goes on, the Lincoln catching up with the old Chevy.

VINNIE DEMUCCI
There he is. Don't let that little
prick get away or I'll kill you.
You hear me?

The driver accelerates the Lincoln pulling up directly behind the Chevy.

EXT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk takes a hard right and careens down a small dark side street.

The street is a dead end. He throws the Chevy in reverse, turns around and heads back out the street.

INT. BLACK LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln drives by the street, screeches to halt, turns around to go back to where the Chevy had turned.

Just then Dirk's car comes barreling out of the side street and heads back down the straightaway.

(CONTINUED)

VINNIE DEMUCCI

Get that bastard or I swear I'm
gonna kill ya!

EXT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk continues to drive down the street at a high rate of speed, can't negotiate a sharp turn, his car rolls, flames and smoke shoot out.

He is injured but starts to crawl out....

INT. BLACK LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln pulls up in the street next to the wreckage. Vinnie and the three hoods jump out pistols drawn.

EXT. DIRK BOGART'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dirk is on the pavement helpless.

Vinnie and the hoods come up to finish the job.

Three L.A.P.D black and whites come roaring up out of nowhere.

They take Vinnie and the three hoods into custody.

An ambulance arrives and they put Dirk in back.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Dirk is on a stretcher hooked up to life support, heading for the hospital.

DIRK BOGART(V.0.)

Never thought I'd be happy to see the L.A.P.D. but they saved my bacon that night. I testified against Vinnie. He got life in prison with no parole. I went into the witness protection program. I'll miss being a private eye. But it was all my fault. I led Vinnie and his goons right where they wanted to go. That was Angela or Maria's plan all along. While Vinnie and his goons were following me, she was free to see her lover.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIRK BOGART(V.0.) (cont'd)
But when I started following her, I
ended up getting an innocent man
killed. Maybe I shouldn't be a
private dick after all. But I sure
liked it.

FADE OUT: