

## **THE GOLD CRICKET**

Detective Joanne Leslie has a fondness for the finer things in life, including the best cocaine money can buy. Unfortunately her lifestyle and a detective's salary don't comfortably coexist. Drug dealer Cheesy Johnston wants his money, cash he needs to replace the five thousand dollars he's paying Jake Klein to get him out of the country. What Cheesy doesn't know is Klein is a bounty hunter tasked with bringing him in for trial.

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**CHEESY**

FADE IN

INTERIOR: THE "FINAL DE LA LINEA", OTAY MESA, SAN DIEGO,  
JUST NORTH OF THE USA-MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

Bail Enforcement Agent, JAKE KLEIN, a handsome aging ex minor league ball player, sits at a sleazy bar, nursing a warm beer. At forty-nine, KLEIN is not all that anxious to be chasing bad guys down back alleys, especially guys like SKINNY CHEESY JOHNSTON, but CHEESY, as he is affectionately known in the drug business, was about to miss a court appearance, stiffing KLEIN'S boss for a cool half-a-million bond.

KLEIN'S cell phone rings, he answers.

JAKE KLEIN

KLEIN...

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)

You ready for the meet.

JAKE KLEIN

Jesus FREDDIE, relax, CHEESY  
will be here when he gets here.  
Stop calling me.

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)

You don't bring this prick back  
I'm screwed...

JAKE KLEIN

I know FREDDIE. Don't worry.  
I'll get him.

The front door of the bar opens, a tall lanky drink of water in jeans, and a red and black leather motorcycle jacket over a Rob Zombie t-shirt, topped off by a black leather embossed cowboy hat walks in carrying a brown paper bag. It's CHEESY JOHNSTON. JOHNSTON looks around and spots KLEIN on the phone at the bar. He approaches KLEIN.

JAKE KLEIN

Got to go Honey, my business  
meeting is about to start.

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)  
He showed up?

JAKE KLEIN  
Love you to sweetheart.

KLEIN hangs up.

CHEESY JOHNSTON  
You Smith?

JAKE KLEIN  
I am if you're SKINNY?

CHEESY JOHNSTON  
I don't like it when people call  
me that.

JAKE KLEIN  
You prefer CHEESY?

CHEESY JOHNSTON  
Hell no! That's even worse. Call  
me CLARENCE, that's my real  
name.

JAKE KLEIN  
Okay, CLARENCE, you got the  
money?

JOHNSTON places the brown paper bag on the bar. KLEIN opens it and looks. The bag is filled with five thousand dollars as agreed. KLEIN figures there's no need for FREDDIE to know about the extra dividend, not that he'd really care, as long as he brought the truant drug dealer in on time to meet his court date.

KLEIN reaches to take the bag but JOHNSTON stops him.

CHEESY JOHNSTON  
You sure this will work?

JAKE KLEIN  
Oh, it will work all right, as  
long as we get moving. There's a  
shift change at four o'clock and  
my guy will be off duty.

JOHNSTON pushes the bag over to KLEIN.

KLEIN takes a gold cricket embossed money clip out of his pocket, pulls out a five-dollar bill, and places it under the edge of his unfinished beer. The two men leave the bar. KLEIN leads JOHNSTON around the back to where he's parked his car. KLEIN unlocks the trunk.

JAKE KLEIN

Get in.

CHEESY JOHNSTON

You gotta be fuck'n kidd'n!

JAKE KLEIN

You want to get across the border or not?

CHEESY JOHNSTON

Yeah, but I want to make it without suffocating.

JAKE KLEIN

Don't worry about it. It's only a few minutes to the border and besides I had it ventilated.

CHEESY JOHNSTON

I don't know about this.

JAKE KLEIN

Fine... here's your dough...

KLEIN shoves the brown paper bag into CHEESY'S sunken chest and turns to leave.

CHEESY JOHNSTON

Jesus Christ! Just hold on...

KLEIN turns back.

JAKE KLEIN

We going, or not?

CHEESY hands the brown paper bag back to KLEIN and awkwardly gets in the trunk. KLEIN puts his hand on the trunk lid and looks down at JOHNSTON struggling to find a comfortable position.

JAKE KLEIN

Why don't you have a nice nap  
and before you know it you'll be  
in beautiful downtown Tijuana.

JOHNSTON starts to say something but KLEIN slams the trunk closed. He gets in the car placing the brown paper bag on the seat beside him. He starts the engine and heads back to Los Angeles. He taps the hands free phone button on the steering wheel. It rings.

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)

KING BAILBONDS, FREDDIE KING,  
King of the bail bond's  
business.

JAKE KLEIN

It's me. I got him.

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)

GREAT, where is he?

JAKE KLEIN

He's in the trunk.

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)

The trunk! Jesus JAKE, I need  
him back alive.

JAKE KLEIN

You should have mentioned that  
before...

FREDDIE KING (V.O.)

JAKE...

JAKE KLEIN

Don't worry FREDDIE, I'll get  
him in the back seat as soon as  
I get out of town and find some  
back road where he won't give me  
any trouble.

KLEIN hangs up before FREDDIE can bitch any more about his tactics.

FADE OUT

## DATE NIGHT

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: OUTSIDE THE FOREST ARMS CONDOMINIUM, WOODLAND HILLS, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

An attractive dark haired woman, JOANNE LESIE, anxiously waits in her car watching the lobby entrance of the Forest Arms condominium in the Woodland Hills district of Los Angeles.

She takes a small yellow previously used prescription container out of her jacket pocket. She dabs a small amount of cocaine onto the back of her hand. She snorts the white powder, wipes the residue from her nose, and settles back to wait.

INTERIOR: FOREST ARMS CONDOMINIUM, ALLIE NESS'S SUITE

Inside on the second floor in Condo 503 ALLIE NESS and DONALD DAVIS untangle themselves from a white leather Bauhaus couch. The couple rearrange their clothing while ALLIE pours the last bit of red wine into the two long stemmed glasses that have been neglected for the last half hour of horizontal *Batachata*.

DAVIS

I've got to go.

NESS

But we haven't even crossed the finish line coach.

DAVIS

Yeah, tell me about it, but I got to get back. I have an early day to tomorrow.

NESS

You sure?

DAVIS

I want to stay but I can't. I still have to do some last minute prep for tomorrow's meeting.

DAVIS is searching around for his car keys, looking in the pockets of the charcoal gray cashmere sports jacket he haphazardly tossed on the white Marcel Breuer armchair.

NESS

You tossed them on the desk when we came in.

DAVIS walks over to the minimalist silver tubular desk with the black leather top. He looks down and spots his keys.

Directly behind the car keys is a silver framed photograph of NESS kissing the cheek of the attractive dark haired woman impatiently waiting in her car outside. He picks up the frame.

DAVIS

Who this?

NESS

Jealous?

DAVIS

Should I be?

NESS ignores the question.

NESS

I thought you were in a hurry to leave?

DAVIS

Yeah, I've got to get moving.

Not wanting to leave things up in the air.

NESS

She's an old friend from college. We get together a couple times a year and bitch about life.

DAVIS

Seem kind of close.

NESS

College you know... experimenting with things... all kinds of things.

DAVIS

I bet. You'll have to tell me  
about her but not tonight.

DAVIS puts on his jacket, bends down and kisses NESS.

DAVIS

I'm sorry about the money. It's  
just not a good time.

NESS

Don't worry about it. You can  
bring me sandwiches when they  
put me in debtor's prison.

DAVIS

I'm pretty sure they don't do  
that anymore... they just send you  
to a work farm. You'd look cute  
in those Daisy Mae cut-offs.

NESS

Very funny.

DAVIS

Got to run. I'll pop by after  
work tomorrow and we'll do it up  
right.

DAVIS leaves. A few minutes later the lobby buzzer sounds.

NESS

Yes, who is it?

LESLIE

It's me.

NESS presses the button to let the attractive dark haired  
woman enter the building. A few minutes later there's a  
knock. NESS opens the door.

JOANNE LESLIE grabs NESS by the hair on the back of her  
head. She looks NESS right in the eye. Their heads are only  
inches apart. She kisses NESS passionately on the mouth.

NESS

Well... hello to you too.



LESLIE walks in without replying. She takes off her Donna Karan jacket and tosses it on the Breuer armchair.

NESS

I guess nobody uses a closet anymore.

LESLIE ignores her.

LESLIE

Did he give you the money?

NESS

No. He says it's not a good time.

LESLIE

I told you I need that money.

NESS

Well, I guess you're going to have to get it someplace else. Maybe if you cut back on the Donna Karan and Vera Wang you wouldn't need the money.

LESLIE forces herself to calm down. The only reason she puts up with NESS, the uptown bitch with the downtown tastes, is to get her hands on the money. She approaches NESS, puts a hand gently on her cheek and kisses her again.

LESLIE

To hell with the money, let's go to bed.

FADE OUT

## THE SURPRISE

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF ALLIE NESS'S SUITE - NIGHT

The following day, as promised, DAVIS arrives at the front door of NESS'S apartment with a bottle of Bollinger Brut and an attaché case filled with five thousand dollars. He uses his key to unlock the door and enter.

He looks around but ALLIE isn't in the living room. He figures she's still in the bedroom getting ready. He tosses his jacket on the Breuer and places the attaché case on the desk.

DAVIS

I hope you're still not sore  
about last night. Anyway... I got  
a surprise for you.

He goes to the bar and uncorks the champagne with a large pop! He grabs a couple of long stemmed glasses and pours the champagne.

DAVIS

Guess what Baby? I got you the  
dough you needed.

With the Bollinger Brut in one hand and the two glasses of champagne in the other he enters ALLIE'S bedroom. NESS isn't there.

Disappointed, DAVIS puts the champagne down on the nightstand; he slips off his black soft as butter Italian loafers, and lies down on ALLIE'S bed to wait for her.

The next morning he wakes up to find he's alone on the bed still wearing his clothes. He gets up and goes into the kitchen expecting to see ALLIE making breakfast. She's not there. DAVIS is concerned... but first he needs to use the facilities.

He goes into ALLIE'S bathroom en suite and notices the shower curtain is pulled shut. It's something ALLIE never does concerned that mould will form on the tiles. He pushes back the curtain and looks down. ALLIE'S naked body is sprawled across the oversized Jacuzzi bathtub.

DAVIS  
Jesus Christ!

DAVIS, shaking, tears welling up in the corner of his eyes walks unsteadily into the bedroom. He sits down on the bed gathering his thoughts. He picks up the bedside phone and dials the police.

POLICE (V.O.)  
Los Angeles Police Department,  
Woodland Hills Division, how can  
I direct your call?

DAVIS  
I'd like to report a murder...

FADE OUT

## THE GOLD CRICKET

FADE IN

INTERIOR: THE LOCKUP COP BAR - NIGHT

The Lockup is your standard LA cop bar complete with pictures of distinguished local heroes killed in action hanging on the sandblasted brick walls. The tables are worn mahogany surrounded by matching wooden chairs all of which have suffered under the abuse of the heavy drinking men in blue and their groupie acquaintances.

The floor is littered in discarded peanut shells providing a weird crunching sound barely audible over the raucous din of oversized men letting off some steam. It was a place KLEIN was comfortable frequenting, both for the company provided by attractive women who mistook him for a senior detective, and for the odd bit of information he'd pick up from eavesdropping on loose-mouth drunken conversations.

KLEIN notices DETECTIVE MATT CAPLINSKI walk in and waves for him to come over. CAPLINSKI heads to KLEIN'S table and takes a seat.

CAPLINSKI

I hear you brought in our old  
pal CHEESY.

KLEIN

I told you I would.

CAPLINSKI

I guess you saved FREDDIE a  
bundle?

KLEIN

Ain't that the truth. FREDDIE  
was sweating like a prized pig  
at a Texas barbeque.

CAPLINKSKI

Tell me... do the ladies fall for  
that down-home act of yours.

KLEIN

I like to think I'm flexible. I move with whatever the situation calls for.

CAPLINSKI

Well I bet they like the flexible part at least.

CAPLINKSKI starts to get up to join his cop buddies.

KLEIN

Where you running... there's a small matter of settling our wager. Something about, "I'll bet you \$50 bucks you can't bring that sack of shit, CHEESY JOHNSTON, in before his court date." You remember that conversation don't you?

CAPLINSKI sits back down frustrated by his attempt at getting away clean.

CAPLINKSKI

You really going to hold me to that bet? I was hammered when I said that...

KLEIN

A bet's a bet, besides... you weren't that hammered, and I don't have a government pension to fall back on in my fast approaching declining years.

CAPLINSKI reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll of cash. He peels off five ten-dollar bills and places them on the table.

KLEIN takes out his gold money clip with the embossed cricket and carefully slides the five tens into place.

CAPLINSKI

What drug dealer did you take that little gem away from?

KLEIN holds up the money clip admiringly...

KLEIN

I actually buy my shit. I don't have access to the police evidence room to pick out little knick-knacks.

CAPLINKSKI

Fuck you too KLEIN. Remind me to never get drunk with you again. I can't afford the fallout.

CAPLINSKI gets up and leaves.

An attractive dark haired woman in tight designer jeans, white cotton Vera Wang shirt, unbuttoned just enough to 'say hello to my little friends,' and a Donna Karan black leather jacket approaches KLEIN'S table.

LESLIE

Is this seat taken?

FADE OUT

## ONE NIGHT STAND

FADE IN

INTERIOR: KLEIN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

KLEIN is asleep in bed with LESLIE beside him. Her cell phone vibrates. KLEIN still asleep stirs... LESLIE reaches for the phone and answers it.

LESLIE

Yeah... what's up?  
Okay I got it, I'll be right there.

LESLIE slides her naked body out of bed to retrieve her clothes.

KLEIN

Is everything all right?

LESLIE dresses quickly.

LESLIE

Yeah, I just got to go to work.  
Some emergency.

KLEIN

I never got your name?

LESLIE

I'll leave it and my number on your desk. Go back to sleep.

KLEIN rolls over and goes back to sleep.

LESLIE goes to KLEIN'S desk in the far corner of the room located under the window that overlooks the street below. She opens the top drawer to see if she can find a pen and paper to write on. She spots KLEIN'S gold money clip with the embossed cricket.

She closes the drawer and opens the file drawer underneath. The files have all been pushed back against the back of the drawer to make room for a brown paper bag filled with cash. LESLIE stops and stares, taking in the prize. Just what she needs to get herself out of a jam.

She turns and looks at KLEIN making sure he's still asleep. He's out like a light, not surprising based on the animated previous few hours of cardio.

LESLIE carefully pulls the brown bag out of the file drawer trying desperately not to alert KLEIN with the crumbling sound of the paper bag. As she pulls the bag from the drawer she looks back over her shoulder making sure KLEIN doesn't wake up.

With the bag safely extracted from it's not too safe hiding place, LESLIE turns to leave, but stops. She turns back to the desk and reopens the top drawer. She looks down at the gold cricket money clip holding at least a couple hundred dollars.

She spots a box of tissues on the desk. She gently pulls out a tissue from the box and carefully lifts the clip out of the drawer making sure her fingers don't touch the metal.

She slips the money out of the clip trying to decide whether to just take the money, the clip, or both.

LESLIE (WHISPER)

Fuck it!

She slips the money back into the money clip still wrapped in the tissue and slides it into her tight designer jeans. She goes to the door and leaves.

FADE OUT



## THE CRIME SCENE

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: OUTSIDE ALLIE NESS'S CONDO - NIGHT

LESLIE pulls up and parks her restored 1963 fire engine red Austin Healey with black leather interior in front of the two parked police cruisers. A uniformed cop, BILLY ANDERSON, approaches LESLIE as she gets out of the convertible.

BILLY

Nice wheels.

LESLIE

Someday BILLY when you grow up and become a big bad detective like me, you too can drive in style.

BILLY points to DAVIS sitting in the back seat of his cruiser.

BILLY

It was called in by the boyfriend, DONALD DAVIS, a lawyer. I put him in the back of my cruiser figuring he's suspect one.

LESLIE looks over at DAVIS in the back of the cop car.

LESLIE

See that BILLY-boy you're on your way to a gold shield already.

BILLY

FREDDY is guarding the door to the condo... No 503. Once we saw the body we hustled him out of there before any evidence got fucked up.

LESLIE

Where's HARRY?

BILLY THE COP

Dispatch said your partner would  
be late. He had to call his Ex  
to see if she could take the  
kids.

LESLIE walks over to BILLY'S cruiser and looks in the  
window. She opens the door to speak with DAVIS. DAVIS looks  
at her strangely almost as if he recognizes her.

DAVIS

You look familiar, are you a  
friend of ALLIE'S.

DAVIS pushes back her black leather Donna Karan jacket  
revealing her gold shield and a Glock G43 9mm pistol,  
tightly held in place by a black leather shoulder holster.

DAVIS

Sorry... I thought we might have  
met before. I'm still pretty  
shaken up.

LESLIE

Where'd you find the body?

DAVIS

In the bath tube.

LESLIE

What were you doing in the  
bathroom?

DAVIS a little confused by the question.

DAVIS

I had to take a leak.

LESLIE

You just walked into the  
bathroom and saw the body?

DAVIS

Not exactly...

LESLIE

Well why don't you tell me,  
exactly.

DAVIS

The shower curtain was drawn  
closed.

LESLIE

You always go around rearranging  
your girlfriend's stuff?

DAVIS, getting increasing nervous and flustered by the  
questions.

DAVIS

No, of course not, it's just  
that...

LESLIE

It's just that what?

DAVIS

ALLIE never leaves the shower  
curtain drawn closed. She's  
paranoid about mould.

LESLIE gives DAVIS a hard stare for no other reason than to  
keep him on the defensive. The more defensive he appears,  
the guiltier he'll look to her colleagues that always focus  
on the boyfriend or husband.

LESLIE

I see... a bit OCD was she?

DAVIS

No, not really, she just...

DAVIS doesn't wait for a response.

LESLIE

One of these fine police  
officers will take you downtown  
so you can make a statement.

She closes the cruiser door and walks back to BILLY.

LESLIE

Call dispatch and tell them you're bringing the boyfriend in for questioning. Have them call HARRY and have him go directly to the station so he can interview the boyfriend while I take care of the crime scene. Are the techs on their way?

BILLY

I figured you'd want to look around first.

LESLIE

Good thinking. I'll take a quick look around while I wait for them.

BILLY heads for his car to take DAVIS in, while LESLIE heads up to ALLIE NESS'S condo.

INTERIOR: ALLIE NESS'S CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

DAVIS steps out of the elevator and heads to apartment 503. A uniformed cop, FREDDY GOMEZ, BILLY'S partner, stands guard outside.

LESLIE

Anybody try to get in?

FREDDY

No Sir, err Mame...

LESLIE

You and BILLY nose-around to see if there was anything you like?

FREDDY

No Mame! We wouldn't do anything like that.

LESLIE

You sure?

FREDDY

Yes Mame! As soon as the  
boyfriend showed us the body we  
got him and ourselves out of  
there P.D.Q.

LESLIE

Okay, good.

LESLIE opens the door and enters the familiar condo of her  
deceased sometime girlfriend ALLIE NESS.

INTERIOR: ALLIE NESS'S CONDO - NIGHT

LESLIE goes straight to the bathroom. She dispassionately  
views her deceased lover sprawled across the Jacuzzi tube.

She leaves the bathroom and heads for the bedroom where she  
notices the rumbled bedcovers. DAVIS must not have realized  
NESS was stashed in the Jacuzzi; figuring she was out, he  
falls asleep waiting for her.

Of course the rumbled bedspread could also be seen by her  
fellow men in blue as the sign of a struggle.

LESLIE (V.O.)

Jesus men are stupid. They'll  
always jump to the quickest  
solution. Throw the fucker in  
the slammer whether he's guilty  
or not. Move on to the next  
piece of shit that finds himself  
in the wrong place at the wrong  
time. And that's the beauty of  
the whole plan.

LESLIE analyses the scene with the practiced eye of a  
seasoned homicide cop. She reaches into her pocket and  
pulls out the tissue wrapped gold money clip with the  
embossed cricket. She removes most of the money leaving  
fifty bucks in the clip for the sake of credibility. She  
drops the clip on the floor nudging it part way under the  
bedspread with her foot. The crime scene techs would have  
to be blind to miss it.

She then heads back into the living room to see if there was anything in the room that could lead to anyone tying her to NESS. She takes a quick tour around the room and ends up by the minimalist tubular desk with the black leather top. LESLIE spots the brief case and the silver picture frame.

LESLIE

Shit... The fucking picture.

She picks up the frame but she has no place to put. She looks around but can't think of anyplace to hide it. She absentmindedly opens the brief case to see what's in it.

LESLIE

JACKPOT!

LESLIE looks intently at the contents as if it was silently saying take me I'm yours. Five thousand dollars neatly arranged in neat stacks leaving just enough room for her to stash the picture frame. She closes the attaché case leaving it on the desk. She goes to the front door and opens it.

LESLIE

FREDDY... I forgot my phone, go down to my car and get it for me... I tossed it on the passenger seat.

FREDDY

CLANCEY'S downstairs watching the lobby, I'll call down and have him bring it up.

LESLIE

What the fuck is it with you guys? Did anyone tell you to think! CLANCEY guards the fucking lobby and you do what the fuck I tell you to. Now get me my fucking phone before I decide to write you up for insubordination.

FREDDY

Okay, okay, I'm going...

FREDDY starts down the hallway mumbling to himself.

FREDDY  
Bitch must be on the rag or  
something.

LESLIE still standing in the doorway watching him.

LESLIE  
I can fucking hear you asshole!

An elderly man and woman in a neighbouring apartment stick their heads out their front door to see what the ruckus is all about. LESLIE turns to look at them...

LESLIE  
Police business! Get back  
inside!

The elderly woman starts to say something, but her husband stops her, gently pushing her back inside their apartment.

LESLIE goes back inside and grabs the attaché case. She quickly walks down the hall turning right just after the elevator. She opens a door to a small room that contains a garbage shoot and a recycle bin. She hides the attaché case behind the recycle bin. She heads back to NESS'S apartment just in time for FREDDY'S return.

FREDDY  
Your phone wasn't there.

LESLIE  
Yeah, okay... I found it in my  
jacket pocket.

FREDDY doesn't say a word. He knows better than to start up with a detective, especially this woman detective.

A few minutes later three crime scene techs show up carrying all their nerd paraphernalia.

CRIME TECH  
Evening Detective...  
Where's the body?

LESLIE

She's in the bathroom. I'll get out of your way so you can do your thing. Make sure you collect all the evidence. And check the bedroom carefully, the bed shows signs of a struggle.

LESLIE leaves the apartment but as she leaves she gives FREDDY a half-ass apology.

LESLIE

FREDDY... sorry about earlier, it's late and I'm a little testy.

FREDDY

A little testy?

LESLIE

Don't push it pal. Now go in and see if the crime scene nerds need any help.

FREDDY

Since when do they need my help?

LESLIE

Can't you just do what the fuck you're told?

FREDDY shrugs and goes inside knowing full well the crime nerds will tell him to get the hell out before he contaminates the scene.

Meanwhile LESLIE quickly retrieves the attaché case before hustling down the five flights of back stairs and out the garage door. She gets back to her car, opens the trunk, and tosses the attaché case in beside JAKE KLEIN'S brown paper bag of money. She gets in the driver's seat and enters a number on her cell phone.

LESLIE

Hi it's me. It's done. We're square... now fuck off.



CHEESY (V.O.)

Oh baby, we're hardly done.  
Getting rid of the witness was  
only the vig. There's still the  
matter of principal that needs  
to be cleared up.

LESLIE

You better keep in mind I'm a  
cop!

CHEESY (V.O.)

Honey, I'm well aware of what  
kind of a cop you are. That's  
what makes our arrangement so...  
simpatico.

LESLIE

Fuck off CHEESY.

CHEESY (V.O.)

Be nice baby... you know I prefer  
CLARENCE.

LESLIE

My mistake... Fuck Off CLARENCE!

And she hangs up.

FADE OUT

## CLARENCE, MY OLD PAL

FADE IN

INTERIOR: THE LOCKUP COP BAR - NIGHT

KLEIN sits at the back of The Lockup with a clear view of everybody that walks into the bar, hoping the bitch with the great body and his five grand comes back for seconds. He's pissed, it wasn't just the money; she took the gold cricket money clip as well.

CHEESY'S 5G's was a nice score, something to put away for a rainy day. Five grand is tempting for anybody on the make but why the hell did she have to take the money clip. It was his rabbit's foot, his good luck charm.

An old Chinese gentleman, Mr. Chen, gave it to him when he helped his son out of a jam. It was a nice thing to do, and the old man told him it would bring him good luck, and it had. He could understand the bitch taking the money; she had to pay for those fancy threads somehow; but why take the money clip. She could have taken the money from the clip and left the clip but no, the bitch had to take the money clip too.

KLEIN

What's the matter with people  
today?

A copy of the LA Evening Star slams down on the table almost knocking over KLEIN'S Boston Sour. A lone skinny finger with a skull and crossbones ring points to a small article at the bottom of the page under a mug shot of CLARENCE 'CHEESY' JOHNSTON.

### **D.A. Drops Case Against Clarence 'Cheesy' Johnston**

Eye Witness ALLIE NESS Found Murdered In Her Luxury Condo

KLEIN looks up to see CHEESY looming menacingly over him.

CHEESY

Mr. Smith I presume?

KLEIN

Evening CLARENCE. I suppose  
congratulations are in order?

CHEESY remains standing.

CHEESY

I prefer to discuss the small matter of five thousand dollars paid in good faith for services never rendered.

KLEIN

About that money... I'd love to return it but... well... I met this young lady and...

CHEESY

Bring me my fucking money or witnesses won't be the only ones that turn up dead.

CHEESY turns and heads for the door.

EXTERIOR: THE LOCKUP COP BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CHEESY exits The Lockup just as JOANNE LESLIE pulls up in her classic red Austin Healey. She gets out of the sports car not noticing CHEESY coming towards her. He grabs her by the arm and schleps her towards his white Cadillac Escalade. He pushes her hard up against the side of the car. His body is pressed tight against her; he has her by the wrists so she can't get at her piece. His face is only inches away from hers.

LESLIE

You know, you really should get laid more often; it might curb some of your more violent tendencies.

CHEESY

You're one to talk.

LESLIE

If you want to fuck, all you have to do is ask. No need for the rough stuff.

CHEESY still has her pinned up against the side of the Cadillac. He can feel LESLIE'S hips pushing up against him in an effort to avoid the inevitable.

CHEESY

You got my money?

LESLIE

No I ain't got your money, and even if I did I wouldn't fucking give it to you.

CHEESY

Is that so?

LESLIE

Yeah, that's so... I paid my debt. Knocking-off witnesses is an expensive ask. In fact, I think a lifetime supply of powder would be fair compensation.

CHEESY

Is that what you think?

LESLIE

Listen asshole, I'm still a cop, and no one would give a shit if I put a hole in your fucking head right here in the parking lot.

CHEESY releases her wrists and takes a step back.

CHEESY

You better watch yourself sweetheart. Even cops aren't bullet proof.

LESLIE walks back to her car.

CHEESY

Thought you were going in for a drink?

LESLIE

Lost my appetite.

She gets into her car and drives off. CHEESY watches her pull out of the parking lot. He turns to see JAKE KLEIN standing just outside the bar door watching.

CHEESY waves to KLEIN to come over. KLEIN walks to where CHEESY is standing.

CHEESY

Get in. We need to talk.

KLEIN opens the passenger door and gets in; CHEESY walks around the other side and gets in the driver's side.

KLEIN

We going for a ride?

CHEESY

You better hope we're not?  
Besides I like you, and you owe  
me a favor.

KLEIN

If you like me so much how come  
you threatened to kill me a few  
minutes ago.

CHEESY

Situations are always in flux.

KLEIN

Jesus, CLARENCE, you're deep,  
kind of the Spinoza of drug  
dealers.

CHEESY

Spin-who? He some kind of cartel  
boss or something?

KLEIN

Yeah, or something...

CHEESY

Listen I get it. We all have a  
job to do. It's how things work,  
but you fucked up, and there's  
consequences.

KLEIN

So you told me.

CHEESY

You say you don't have my money,  
okay... some broad stole it, or  
you lost it at the track, or you  
shoved it up your nose, I really  
don't give a shit. The bottom  
line is you owe me.

KLEIN

Okay, CLARENCE, I'll play. What  
do you want?

CHEESY

You're not the only one who owes  
me money, there this broad...

CHEESY prattles on about the bitch cop that owes him money,  
the same bitch that screwed KLEIN, both literally and  
figuratively. KLEIN recognized her from across the parking  
lot when CHEESY had her pinned to the side of the Escalade.  
But now he knew she was a cop, and that made things harder.

KLEIN

I get your money... we're square?

CHEESY

Yeah that's what I've been  
saying.

KLEIN

Okay CLARENCE, we got a deal,  
but this could take some time.

CHEESY

Yeah well, don't take too long,  
or I may have to charge you a  
penalty.

KLEIN opens the car door but CHEESY grabs him by the arm.

CHEESY

If she happens to disappear  
altogether, maybe I come up with  
a bonus.

KLEIN doesn't bother answering. He just leaves.

FADE OUT

**THE GIRL IN THE SILVER FRAME**

FADE IN

INTERIOR: POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE HARRY MARSHALL, LESLIE'S partner sits across the table from DONALD DAVIS in the interrogation room.

DAVIS

Look I just came in today to see about my money. I already gave you my statement a couple of days ago. Stop asking me the same damn questions... I fell asleep waiting for ALLIE and when I got up to take a leak, I found her in the bathroom.

LESLIE enters and positions herself in the corner of the room barely lit by the single sixty-watt fixture hanging from the ceiling. MARSHALL turns to LESLIE.

MARSHALL

He keeps going on about five thousand dollars he left in the apartment.

LESLIE

Ask the crime scene boys. Don't ask me. They're the ones that collected all the evidence.

DAVIS

It was in an attaché case on the desk, right next to a picture of ALLIE and her friend.

LESLIE takes a step closer to the light.

LESLIE

I didn't see any attaché case or photograph.

DAVIS

Hay, aren't you the woman in the picture kissing ALLIE, her friend from college? I thought I recognized you.

MARSHALL turns to LESLIE.

MARSHALL

You know what the fuck he's talking about?

LESLIE

I haven't clue.

DAVIS leans in closer to MARSHALL

DAVIS

I'm telling you, I left five thousand dollars in a leather attaché on the desk beside a picture of ALLIE kissing your partner.

LESLIE

Not only is this asshole guilty, he's delusional.

MARSHALL gets up and goes to the door and opens it. DETECTIVE MATT CAPLINSKI is sitting at his desk drinking coffee.

MARSHALL

MATT, go down to the evidence room and bring up the box of stuff the nerds collected for the NESS case.

MARSHALL turns back to DAVIS.

MARSHALL

If your phantom money and picture were there, the nerds would have collected it.

Five minutes later CAPLINSKI knocks on the interrogation room door. LESLIE opens the door.



CAPLINSKI

The stuff's on my desk.

LESLIE and MARSHALL start to leave. DAVIS gets up to follow. LESLIE turns to look at DAVIS.

LESLIE

Where do you think you're going?  
Sit-the-fuck-down and wait!

DAVIS, frustrated sits down with a thump. LESLIE and MARSHALL walk to CAPLINSKI'S desk. Leslie looks at CAPLINSKI.

LESLIE

It's your desk, be my guest.

CAPLINSKI opens the box... he's stunned. Staring him in the face on top of all the other stuff is an evidence bag containing a gold money clip with an embossed cricket.

LESLIE

You see an attaché case?

MARSHALL

Nope!

LESLIE pulls the evidence bags out of the box and lays them out on the desk. CAPLINSKI can't take his eyes off the money clip.

LESLIE

You see a silver frame with me  
kissing anybody?

MARSHALL looks at LESLIE.

MARSHALL

Who said anything about a silver  
picture frame?

CAPLINSKI looks up at LESLIE.

LESLIE

Look at the apartment for Christ  
sake. Everything is silver and  
chrome. You think this dame  
would just tape the photo to her  
expensive black leather desk?

CAPLINSKI walks over to the interrogation room and opens the door.

DAVIS  
You find the money?

CAPLINSKI ignores the question.

CAPLINSKI  
Was the photo just lying on the desk?

DAVIS  
No... it was in a nice silver frame.

CAPLINSKI looks back at MARSHALL, then at LESLIE.

LESLIE  
Jesus... I confess, I read Architectural Digest.

CAPLINSKI and MARSHALL smile.

FADE OUT

**WHERE'S MY MONEY?**

FADE IN

INTERIOR: THE LOCKUP COP BAR - NIGHT

DONALD DAVIS enters The Lockup and goes straight to the bar. He orders a drink and asks the bartender a question. The bartender shakes his head and starts to walk away but DAVIS stops him. DAVIS places two twenties on the bar. The bartender points to a table in the back and pockets the cash. DAVIS takes his drink and walks directly to where the barkeep pointed.

DAVIS

Excuse me. Are you JAKE KLEIN?

KLEIN looks up from his drink.

KLEIN

That depends. Who's asking?

DAVIS sits down across from KLEIN.

KLEIN

Have a seat, why don't you?

DAVIS

I'm DONALD DAVIS, a lawyer and I need your help.

KLEIN

Look, if one of your clients skipped bail, you'll have to call the office.

KLEIN reaches into his pocket and pulls out a business card. He slides it across the table to DAVIS.

KLEIN

Ask for FREDDIE.

DAVIS

No it's nothing like that. My girlfriend was murdered, perhaps you heard about it: ALLIE NESS, it's all over the papers.

KLEIN

Sure I heard about it, but  
that's a police matter.

DAVIS

There's something fishy going  
on.

KLEIN

What you mean fishy?

DAVIS

ALLIE needed some money... five  
thousand dollars...

KLEIN

For what?

DAVIS

I didn't ask. She said it was to  
pay some debts, but I think it  
was for a friend.

KLEIN

Go on...

DAVIS

Anyway, I told her it was a bad  
time but then I collected from a  
client I thought was going to  
stiff me, so I thought we would  
celebrate. I went over to her  
place with the cash and some  
champagne but she wasn't home,  
or at least that's what I  
thought. She was stashed in the  
bathtub.

KLEIN

I don't understand what any of  
this has to do with me.

DAVIS

The cops say the money wasn't there. And that's bullshit. It was in the attaché case on the desk when they showed up and hustled me out into a squad car like I was the murderer.

KLEIN

The attaché case was just sitting on the desk.

DAVIS

Yes... right beside the photograph of ALLIE kissing this female detective.

KLEIN

What female detective?

DAVIS

Her name's LESLIE, and that's another thing, the photo was also missing. The whole thing stinks.

KLEIN

This female cop, you say her name was LESLIE?

DAVIS

Yeah, I'm positive.

KLEIN

Nice looking, dark hair, great body, and expensive threads?

DAVIS

That's the bitch.

KLEIN

Yeah... that's the bitch all right.

DAVIS

Something else strange happened.

KLEIN

I bet.

DAVIS

This other detective, MATT something, went to get the evidence box to check for the money and photo of ALLIE.

KLEIN

MATT CAPLINSKI?

DAVIS

Could be... anyway he comes back and starts asking me if the photo was in a frame, what the hell else would it be in?

Look, they want to pin this thing on me and I've got nothing to do with it, besides I want my money back. You get the money back and find out what the hell is going on and I'll give you half, twenty-five hundred.

KLEIN thinks for a moment, this whole thing is getting complicated.

KLEIN

I'll nose around and see what I can find out. How do I get in touch?

DAVIS takes a leather business card holder out of his pocket and hands KLEIN one of his cards.

KLEIN

Let me know as soon as you find anything out.

The two men shake hands and DAVIS leaves. KLEIN stares at the ice cube in his drink as if it was a shaman's rune hiding the key to understanding what exactly was going on.

The bitch cop with the sticky fingers was at it again. And the whole business with the picture frame was weird, she was obviously bent, so he could understand her taking the money, but why the picture frame, why the money clip, unless she had something to do with NESS'S murder. With this bitch anything was possible.

KLEIN'S concentration is broken by MATT CAPLINSKI depositing his cop-sized bulk down in the chair previously occupied by DONALD DAVIS.

CAPLINSKI

Let me see your fancy money clip?

KLEIN

What?

CAPLINSKI

Let me see your god damn money clip now!

KLEIN

It was stolen.

CAPLINSKI

Of all the people, KLEIN, you're the last one I would think would knock-off a civilian.

KLEIN

What the hell are you talking about?

CAPLINSKI

We found your missing money clip under ALLIE NESS'S bed where you dropped it during the struggle.

KLEIN

You're nuts! Your colleague DETECTIVE LESLIE, stole it, along with the five thousand bucks CHEESY gave me to get him out of the country.

CAPLINSKI

But you brought him in?

KLEIN

Yah, I'm guilty of lying to a drug dealer in order to bring him in for trial.

CAPLINSKI

How do you know LESLIE stole the clip?

KLEIN

Well let's see... we were lying in bed after fucking each other's brains out, her phone buzzes, and she says she has to take off. I didn't know she was a cop, I fell sleep, and she fucking robs me.

CAPLINSKI is quiet for a moment.

CAPLINSKI

NESS'S boyfriend kept going on about some missing money from the crime scene, and a photo of LESLIE kissing NESS.

KLEIN

Who was first on the scene?

CAPLINSKI

According to the file, a couple of uniforms got there first, put DAVIS in a cruiser, and waited for LESLIE.

KLEIN

That must have been the call she got at my place. What about her partner?

CAPLINSKI

He went to the station to interview DAVIS while LESLIE checked the crime scene... Shit!

KLEIN

Alone? Before the crime scene guys showed up?



CAPLISNSKI  
Yah... son-of-a-bitch.

FADE OUT

**OLD FRIENDS**

FADE IN

INTERIOR: BEVERLY CENTER/ MIRACLE MILE - DAY

KLEIN pulls up to the gate of a two story Spanish Colonial complete with tile roof and stucco exterior. He presses the speaker hanging on the gatepost. It crackles to life.

VOICE

Yeah... what do you want?

KLEIN

JAKE KLEIN to see CLARENCE.

The speaker box buzzes and crackles before to falls back to sleep. The rustic ornate Spanish inspired wrought iron gate opens allowing KLEIN to enter the mini estate. He pulls up to the front door.

A very large athletic black man in cream colored trousers and a black cotton polo shirt stretched to its limit comes out to greet KLEIN. Hanging precariously from a black leather shoulder holster is a .50 caliber brushed chrome Desert Eagle.

The man approaches KLEIN with open arms as KLEIN exits his car.

KLEIN

Jesus Christ is that you, TINY?

He grabs KLEIN in a bear hug almost cracking two ribs.

TINY

God damn right it's me. How the fuck are you?

KLEIN

Can't complain. You're looking prosperous?

TINY

You mean fat?

KLEIN

Is there a difference?

TINY

Jeez it's good to see you. How long has it been... ten years?

KLEIN

Fifteen I think, Winter Ball in the Dominican I think.

TINY

Boy those were the days. Fun, sun, and broads, I miss it.

KLEIN

Jesus, what the hell are you doing here? And that fucking cannon you got hanging from your shoulder, what's up with that?

TINY

Not a lot of work for has-been ball players, so I take what I can get. And this prick needs an intimidator.

KLEIN

You should put that on a business card, "TINY WILSON, The Intimidator, Have Cannon Will Travel."

Both men smile.

TINY

I like the sound of it, "The Intimidator"... I just might do that. So you got business with this asshole? I hope you're not using.

KLEIN

Nah, nothing like that. My partying days are done, but listen, something's going down, and CHEESY'S going down with it. So maybe pack up your cannon and find another gig.

TINY

Not that many people looking to  
hire a black Paladin to stand  
around and look scary.

KLEIN takes a business card from his pocket and hands it to  
TINY.

KLEIN

Go speak to FREDDIE, tell him I  
said to hire you. We can always  
use someone with your talents.

TINY

Bounty Hunter, ah? Shit that  
could work.

KLEIN

Where do I find your boss?

TINY

I'll take you around the back.

KLEIN and TINY reminisce about the good old days as they  
take the patterned concrete path to the backyard, dominated  
by a large swimming pool.

Lounging in a chaise beside a beautiful almost naked blonde  
is CLARENCE "CHEESY" JOHNSTON wrapped a hideous, brightly  
colored beach towel but still wearing his signature black  
leather embossed cowboy hat.

TINY

You got a visitor boss.

CHEESY looks up from the concoction of fruit and alcohol  
that he's nursing, tips back his black Stetson, and smiles.

KLEIN

CLARENCE...

CHEESY

Take a load off.

CHEESY waves for KLEIN to sit in the chair beside him. TINY  
stands off to the side waiting for instructions.

CHEESY

You bring my money?

KLEIN

Nope, something better.

CHEESY

Ain't nothing better than money  
my friend, except maybe pussy,  
and without money, there ain't  
no pussy.

KLEIN looks around the backyard. The back of the house is all glass revealing CHEESY'S bedroom ensuite shower with another of CHEESY'S stable of female friends enjoying a long hot shower.

KLEIN

Nice place you got here. Great  
view.

CHEESY slaps the butt of the almost naked blonde beside him.

CHEESY

Why don't you go help TANYA  
lather up.

The blonde gets up, kisses CHEESY on the cheek, and heads for the shower to join TANYA.

CHEESY

So what's better than money?

KLEIN

Information.

CHEESY

Let's have it; it's almost time  
for my afternoon siesta.

KLEIN

Your cop friend has your money;  
in fact, she literally has your  
money. She's the one that stole  
the money from my apartment.

CHEESY

Why didn't you tell me this  
before?

KLEIN

I didn't know who she was, or that she had anything to do with you. I didn't even know she was a cop.

CHEESY

Yah, and I bet you didn't know she was the one that knocked off NESS.

KLEIN

I figured it was something like that.

CHEESY

Okay fine. Go get my money and get rid of her while you're at it.

KLEIN

Not a chance, CLARENCE. I'm not killing anybody. I brought you the information so you go get your money yourself.

CHEESY

You know my man here used to be a pretty good ball player, like you, only he could hit. And he still has his bats handy in case people don't do as I ask.

KLEIN

Like I said I have information that may change your mind.

CHEESY

I'll be the judge of that.

KLEIN

I'm guessing our cop friend owed you the money and you got her to knock off NESS as payment.

CHEESY

So what?

KLEIN

LESLIE and NESS were old pals,  
pretty close from what I gather.  
So NESS was suppose to get the  
money from her boyfriend.

CHEESY

Old news my friend, tell me  
something I don't know.

KLEIN

The night LESLIE killed NESS,  
the boyfriend showed up with the  
cash, and since LESLIE was the  
first detective to arrive on the  
scene, she grabbed the money.  
The bitch is sitting on ten  
grand.

CHEESY

I knew I couldn't trust that  
bitch. Okay Jake, we're square,  
now get lost. And I don't have  
to remind you to forget this  
whole arrangement, *capisce*?

KLEIN

CLARENCE, it's already  
forgotten.

CHEESY

TINY... show our friend out.

TINY and KLEIN walk to the front of the house.

KLEIN

Listen TINY, this whole thing is  
going sideways. I'm telling you  
as a friend, get lost before the  
shit hits the fan. You do not  
want to get caught holding the  
bag for that piece of *dreck*.

TINY

I don't know if I can. I'm  
already in pretty deep. He's  
going to want me to do the dirty  
work.

KLEIN

Okay listen, I got an idea. Hold  
tight and stall till I get back  
to you.

TINY scribbles his cell phone number on one of JAKE'S  
cards, and hands it to KLEIN. The men shake hands and KLEIN  
leaves.

FADE OUT



**A CHEESY PLAN**

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: JOANNE LESLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

JAKE KLEIN pulls up in front of LESLIE'S apartment building and parks behind her red Austin Healey sports car. He gets out of his car and approaches the doorman.

DOORMAN

Good Evening Sir, who are you here to visit?

KLEIN

JOANNE LESLIE.

The DOORMAN reaches to push the button to announce KLEIN'S arrival but stops.

DOORMAN

Who shall I say is here?

KLEIN takes a wade of cash out of his pocket and peels off a twenty-dollar bill.

KLEIN

It's a surprise.

The DOORMAN looks at the twenty and then at KLEIN.

DOORMAN

What kind of surprise?

KLEIN peels off another twenty from his roll.

KLEIN

A big surprise.

The DOORMAN takes both twenties and opens the lobby door.

DOORMAN

Apartment 408... but being an old friend you already knew that.

KLEIN enters the lobby and heads for the elevator.

INTERIOR: JOANNE LESLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LESLIE has two rails of cocaine neatly laid out on her glass coffee table beside a laptop computer playing a rerun of *Dexter*. Her spare Glock sits on the table close at hand. She uses a tightly wrapped twenty-dollar bill to snort the two lines of cocaine, one after another.

Her small but elegant Echo Park apartment is well furnished, dominated by a large black leather couch facing the window that overlooks the street below. Two matching oversized black leather chairs flank the couch. There's a knock on the door. She grabs the piece and stuffs it behind the cushions of the couch.

She crosses the room to answer the door. She opens it.

KLEIN

Hello again.

LESLIE is surprised to see him.

LESLIE

You... How'd you find me?

KLEIN pushes his way past her and takes a seat in the middle of the couch in front of the computer. KLEIN looks down at the computer to see Dexter doing his handiwork. He looks up at LESLIE who is standing over him, her hands on her hips.

KLEIN

Getting pointers?

LESLIE

How'd you find me?

KLEIN

It's kind of my job, finding people.

LESLIE

What do you want?

KLEIN

You didn't leave me your number.

LESLIE

I guess I forgot. You weren't really worth remembering.

KLEIN

Ouch! That's kind of cruel don't you think, after all we meant to each other.

LESLIE

Do you mind? I'm missing my program.

KLEIN

I think we have business to discuss.

LESLIE

Yeah, business... what kind of business?

KLEIN

Five thousand dollar business, and the matter of a gold cricket money clip.

There's a knock on the door.

LESLIE

Jesus Christ! Where the hell's the doorman?

She starts to answer the door but KLEIN stops her.

KLEIN

Ah... don't bother, I'll get it, it's for me anyway.

KLEIN goes to the door and opens it. It's MATT CAPLINSKI.

CAPLINSKI

Any trouble?

KLEIN

Not so far.

CAPLINSKI enters the apartment. LESLIE is surprised.

LESLIE

You two clowns know each other?

CAPLINSKI

Oh yah, we're old pals from way back.

LESLIE

So what's the deal here?

Both men take seats on the couch. LESLIE remains standing, nervously weighing her untenable options, like an antelope singled out from the herd.

CAPLINSKI

Is that *Dexter*? I love that show.

CAPLINSKI looks at the glass coffee table and spots the cocaine residue beside the computer. He licks his finger, sticks it in the residue and touches it to his tongue. He looks up at LESLIE.

CAPLINSKI

Diner?

She doesn't answer.

CAPLINSKI

My friend here doesn't like woman that fuck and run, especially when they take off with his stuff.

LESLIE

What's that got to do with you, that's between him and me?

CAPLINSKI

Me, oh I'm more interested in the reason you tried to frame him by planting his rather unusual gold money clip.

There's a knock on the door.

LESLIE

Now what for god's sake?

KLEIN

I forgot to mention, CHEESY'S coming over to get the money you owe him, and oh yah... he's wants to kill you.

Now LESLIE is scared. CAPLINSKI puts his finger to his mouth in a signal for her to be quiet.

CAPLINSKI

We'll be in the bedroom.

Both men quickly go to the bedroom located at the other end of the room. LESLIE goes to the couch were KLEIN and CAPLINSKI were sitting.

She reaches down between the cushions and retrieves her Gen 17 Glock. She tucks it in the waistband of her designer jeans at the small of her back under her silk Vera Wang shirt.

There's another more impatient knock. She goes to door and opens it.

A very large black man fills the entire doorway. TINY pushes LESLIE out of the way and walks in followed by CHESSY in his black leather embossed cowboy hat and motorcycle jacket.

TINY takes his position between the couch and the chair closest to the front of the apartment, while CHESSY takes a seat on couch. He looks down at the computer were Dexter is covering the room in plastic sheeting.

CHESSY

Shit... I knew we forgot something. TINY... next time remind me to bring some plastic sheeting. It makes things so much neater.

TINY

Sure boss, I'll make a note of it.

CHEESY

While I talk to our detective friend here, why don't you look around and see if you can find all that money that doesn't belong to her.

TINY starts searching the room by pulling up seat cushions, knocking books and knick-knacks off the shelves, opening drawers and throwing their contents on the floor.

TINY

The room's clean, boss.

LESLIE is standing by the window leaning back on the windowsill calculating how long it would take her to reach for her gun and drop CHEESY and his bodyguard. The emaciated CHEESY wasn't a problem, one bullet anywhere important would do the trick, but she'd need an elephant gun to take down TINY.

CHEESY

Check the bedroom.

TINY walks to the back of the room and opens the bedroom door. KLEIN and CAPLINSKI are standing there. TINY goes in pushing the door closed behind him.

KLEIN (WHISPERING)

Make it loud.

The three men all start pulling things apart. Drawers are open, bras, underwear, cashmere sweaters, and designer shirts are scattering all over the room. The money is not there. The three men all look at one another. TINY opens the door and goes back into the living room.

TINY

Nothing boss. She must have the dough hidden someplace else.

CHEESY

Where's the money bitch?

LESLIE

I spent it. You're not the only drug dealer in town.

CHEESY

I'm not surprised. Well what are going to do? That's business, you win some and you lose some.

CHEESY gets up and rearranges his cowboy hat at a dapper angle. He looks at LESLIE but speaks to TINY.

CHESSY

Kill her.

CHESSY starts moving towards the door.

TINY

I'm not fucking killing anyone. You want her dead. Kill her yourself.

CHESSY stops, puts his hands on his hips, and thinks for a second. He looks at LESLIE.

CHEESY

You see! I have to do everything myself. You just can't get good help anymore.

CHESSY pulls his piece from under his red and black leather motorcycle jacket and haphazardly aims it at TINY. He shoots hitting TINY in the shoulder. The big man hits the floor with a loud groan.

CAPLINSKI followed by KLEIN run into the living room guns drawn. CHEESY sees CAPLINSKI and fires hitting him in the arm giving LESLIE enough time to draw her weapon and shot. She drops CHESSY with one perfectly aimed shot to the forehead. His gun skitters across the hardwood floor to LESLIE'S feet. She drops her piece and picks up CHESSY'S. She takes aim at KLEIN.

BANG!

LESLIE'S body slams hard into the window her head cracking the glass.

BANG! BANG!

The next two shots hit her with the force of an elephant gun putting her right through the cracked window. TINY staggers to his feet blood staining his tight black polo shirt. KLEIN helps CAPLINSKI to the couch.

KLEIN

You guys all right?

CAPLINSKI

Do I look all right? That asshole shot me!

TINY manages to get to one of the black leather chairs and deposits his oversized frame into the soft black leather. The impact of TINY'S body on the chair releases a final gasp of air from the deflated cushion.

CAPLINSKI

I got to check LESLIE; she went out the window with the gun still in her hand.

KLEIN

You two just stay where you are and call for re-enforcements. I'll check for the gun.

KLEIN runs downstairs as quickly as possible. When he gets to the street he sees what left of LESLIE'S body spreadeagled across her badly dented Austin Healy. Her body hit the sports car with such force that it popped the trunk open. The DOORMAN is bending over ready to pick up CHEESY'S gun that landed on the sidewalk.

KLEIN

Don't touch that! Go up to 408 and check on the two cops. They've been shot.

It's not exactly true but it will get the DOORMAN out of the way for a few minutes. He figures that all he needs.

The DOORMAN stops what he's doing and goes into the building heading for the elevator.



Police and ambulance sirens can already be heard. They'd be on the scene any minute. KLEIN takes a cursory look at LESLIE. She was dead before she went through the window.

He goes around to the back of the Healey and looks in the trunk. He see the brown paper bag filled with CHEESY'S money and the missing leather attaché case that belongs to DONALD DAVIS. He removes the paper bag and the attaché case and puts them in the trunk of his car.

People start coming out of the surrounding buildings to see what the commotion is all about. As they gather KLEIN positions himself beside CHEESY'S gun making sure no numskull bystander tries to retrieve a souvenir. The police and ambulance arrive.

FADE OUT

## EPILOGUE

FADE IN

INTERIOR: MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL, TINY WILSON'S ROOM - DAY

TINY sits up in his hospital bed surrounded by flowers, balloons, and even a big Teddy Bear with a ribbon. JAKE KLEIN sits in a chair beside him.

KLEIN

So what do say?

TINY

Private eyes? I don't know.

KLEIN

It's better than working for a drug dealer, besides you're a hero. It's all over the papers. And FREDDIE said he farm out some of his business to us.

TINY

Who's got money to start a business?

KLEIN

I got that covered. With CHEESY'S contribution and the money DAVIS promised me we got enough to get started.

A small lumpy package wrapped in newspaper and a red bow flies across the room and lands in KLEIN'S lap. CAPLINSKI appears in the doorway.

CAPLINSKI

I should have known you'd get your hands on the cash somehow.

KLEIN holds up the package.

KLEIN

Nice wrapping job. What is it?

CAPLINSKI

Open it and see.

KLEIN removes the bow and carefully unwraps the lumpy package. It's his gold cricket money clip.

FADE OUT