

L.A. Confidential

*Lynn does her best to usher the slightly disheveled
Older Gentleman out the door.*

LYNN
(on the phone)
Right now? I understand!

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Hey doll face! Them em to leave us alone!

LYNN
Aw, baby...bad news...you have to go!

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Go!

LYNN
Something very important has come up and you have to go. I'll make it up to
you! I promise

As he begins to mash up against her...a knock at the door

LYNN
Excuse me.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Is it the cops?!

BUD
Ms. Bracken, I'm officer white...

LYNN
I've been expecting you...just not this soon. Pierce called, he told me what
happened to Susan.

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Everything alright doll? You want me to get rid of him?

BUD
Hit the road pal!

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Maybe I will...maybe I won't!

BUD
LAPD shit brick, get the fuck out of here or I'll call your wife to come get
you!

Looks at Lynn, then gathers his stuff and proceeds out the door

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Officer

BUD
Counselman

Lynn lets Bud in, he enters

LYNN
Would you care for a drink?

BUD
Yeah, Scotch, straight.

LYNN
I was friendly with Sue Lefferts,
but we weren't really friends.
You know what I mean?

BUD
Are you sorry she's dead?

LYNN
Of course I am. What kind of
question is that?...

LYNN(cont.)
Do you know why
Pierce is humoring you?

BUD
You use words like that, you
might make me mad.

LYNN
Yea, But do you know?

BUD
Yeah! Patchett is running
Whores, cut to look like movie stars and judging by his address,
probably something bigger on the
side. He doesn't want any
attention.

LYNN
That's right. Our motives are
selfish, so we're cooperating.

BUD
So cooperate Ms. Bracken, Why was Susan Lefferts at the
Nite Owl?

LYNN
I don't know. I never heard of
the Nite Owl till today.

BUD
How did she meet Patchett?

LYNN

Pierce meets people. Sue came
on the bus with dreams of
Hollywood. This is how they
turned out. Thanks to Pierce,
we still get to act a little.

BUD

Tell me about Pierce.

LYNN

He's waiting for you to mention
money.

BUD

You want some advice, Miss
Bracken?

LYNN

It's Lynn.

BUD

Miss Bracken, don't ever try to
fucking bribe me or threaten me
or I'll have you and Patchett
in shit up to your ears.

Lynn smiles again. She likes Bud. A beat.

LYNN

I remember you from Christmas
Eve. You have a thing for
helping women, don't you,
Officer White?

BUD

Maybe I'm just fucking curious.

LYNN

You say 'fuck' a lot.

BUD

You fuck for money.

LYNN

There's blood on your shirt. Is
that an integral part of your job?

BUD

Yeah.

LYNN

Do you enjoy it?

BUD

When they deserve it.

LYNN

Did they deserve it today?

BUD

I'm not sure.

LYNN

But you did it anyway.

BUD

Yeah, just like the half dozen
guys you screwed today.

LYNN

(laughs again)

Actually, it was only two. You're
different, Officer White. You're
the first man in five years who
didn't tell me I look like
Veronica Lake inside of a minute.

BUD

You look better than Veronica
Lake. Pierce Patchett.

LYNN

He takes a cut of our earnings
and invests it for us. He makes
us quit the life at thirty. He
doesn't let us use narcotics and
he doesn't abuse us. Can your
policeman's mentality grasp
those contradictions?

BUD

He had you cut to look like
Veronica Lake?

LYNN

No. I'm really a brunette, but
the rest is me. And that's all
the news that's fit to print.

*Lynn starts toward the door. Bud watches her a moment,
then follows. She takes his glass at the door.*

LYNN

It was nice meeting you, Officer.

Out the door, Bud turns back. Blurts:

BUD

I like to see you again.

LYNN

Are you asking me for a date or
an appointment?

BUD

(suddenly unsure)
I don't know.

LYNN

(another smile)
If it's a date I think you'd
better tell me your first name
because I --

BUD

(feeling foolish)
Forget I asked. It was a
mistake.

Lynn watches thoughtfully after Bud as he walks away.