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
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. Blurs:

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.