

# 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.*