

Title: Dirty District

Status: Completed screenplay (US version of Double Diamonds)

Genre: Thriller/Crime - 'Beverly Hills Cop' meets 'The Departed'

Setting: North American City

Period: Eighties

Page Length: 105

Logline: A corrupt cop has twelve hours to find his dead partner's murderer before he and his entire department are hung out to dry.

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(please scroll down for excerpt)

INT. POLICE WATERING HOLE - AFTERNOON

Tony sits at a booth. Drunk and alone. He stares into space, a collection of empty glasses on the table in front of him.

Off-duty policemen sip at their drinks and look at him suspiciously.

TONY
(shouts to barman)
Hey Duke, bring me a bottle for
crissakes.

Bleary eyed, Tony continues to stare at nothing. Duke the barman walks over bearing a bottle of scotch.

DUKE
On the house Tony. Drink a couple
for me.

Tony pours out a huge slug and raises his glass.

TONY
To Jake.
(raises his voice so the
whole bar can hear)
The best damned cop in town.

There is a ripple of unrest in the crowd. A few remarks are made. Too low for Tony to make out. He looks around belligerently.

TONY (CONT'D)
You fuckers got anything to say,
come out and say it!

DUKE
C'mon now Tony. Forget it.

TONY
(sarcastic)
Yeh right.

Duke gives Tony a reassuring pat on the back then gets back to work.

Tony sips morosely at his drink.

McClusky and his cronies enter the bar. Their chatter stops when they see Tony.

MCCLUSKY
Well look who it ain't.

Tony stays quiet. Stares ahead.

MCCLUSKY (CONT'D)

(taunts)

Weren't worth suspending ya. From what I heard you and your dead pal stopped being cops a long time ago. S'wonder he didn't end up dead sooner.

McClusky readies for the retaliation -

No response.

MCCLUSKY (CONT'D)

Like I thought, ain't got the balls to do shit.

Tony looks up.

TONY

That's not what your wife said when she was sucking 'em.

Laughter ripples through the bar.

MCCLUSKY

(furious)

Cocksucking son of a bitch!

He lunges and his Cronies struggle to hold him back.

Tony leaps to his feet. Bottle in hand -

A deep voice barks from behind.

GANZA (O.C.)

Cut it out!

Chief Ganza steps into view and the fuss slowly settles.

CHIEF GANZA

Go get yourself a drink McClusky.

McClusky glares.

CHIEF GANZA (CONT'D)

Now!

MCCLUSKY

Keep an eye on your back Flores.

He walks off and Tony sits.

Chief Ganza slides into the chair opposite.

TONY

What the fuck do you want Ganza?

CHIEF GANZA
Watch your mouth Tony.

TONY
Hey, I ain't a cop no more. I can
say what the hell I like.

Tony drains his drink. Pours another.

CHIEF GANZA
Slow down.

TONY
Why? Last I heard I was on
vacation.

Ganza watches him steadily.

CHIEF GANZA
For the past couple of years I
left you and Jake to it. I
figured you were smart enough not
to get caught -

TONY
(objects)
Hey -

CHIEF GANZA
Don't take me for a fool Tony.

His cold eyes bore into Tony.

GANZA
All of us have a little sideline
going. You and I both know the
city don't pay that good. But
when you get greedy, that's when
you make mistakes.

Tony remains silent and stares at Ganza sullenly.

CHIEF GANZA
This shit has gone way beyond me
now Tony. Internal have never had
anything solid to pin on you.
Hands have always been tied up
with tape. But with Jake's
murder, they've got the authority
to do what they want and look
where they like.
(pause)
You and I both know what they'll
find.

Ganza pushes a glass towards Tony.

Beat.

Tony slowly fills the glass with scotch. Ganza nods and takes a gulp.

CHIEF GANZA (CONT'D)

If they find the man that killed Jake, they'll find out about every dirty piece of action that you, him and me have got our grubby little fingers in. The lid's going to get lifted on the cesspit Tony, and the whole city's gonna know how bad it stinks.

TONY

Spit it out Ganza.

Ganza drains his drink.

CHIEF GANZA

I've worked too hard and too long to get things where I want 'em. There's no way some crackhead, cop killing, sonofabitch is gonna fuck things up for me now.

TONY

So what d'ya plan to do?

CHIEF GANZA

You're gonna make sure things stay the way I want em.

TONY

Forget it. I've got two of those Internal pigs so tight on my ass they can tell me what time a day I'm gonna take a crap.

(sips, pensive)

I've had enough Ganza. I'm taking what I've got and getting the fuck out while I can.

CHIEF GANZA

You two bit, gutless... You don't stand a chance. The only thing you'll have left when Internal get through with you is a target on your back with the D.A. and every judge in town waiting to take a shot.

TONY

I'll take whatever chance I've got.

CHIEF GANZA

You do that. And what about Jake?
You're gonna let his murder hang
over you?

Silence.

Sorrow cuts through Tony. He struggles to speak.

TONY

What d'ya expect me to do huh?
Jake's dead and I've been kicked
off the force. All I can do is
bend over, spread 'em like a pro'
and take it.

(pause)

Jake was my whole family. There
ain't nothing more I want than to
nail his killer, but Internal
won't let that happen. You heard
Cohen.

Ganza stares. Assured. Knowing.

CHIEF GANZA

You've got twelve hours. You'll
still have your babysitters but I
can hold things back in the
precinct for that long.

Tony looks up. Half-hopeful.

TONY

C'mon Ganza. With Internal
propping up every corner? Too
risky.

CHIEF GANZA

Fuck the risk. If I know of
anybody who can do it, it's you.
Find out what the hell Jake was
doing in that warehouse and find
the sonofabitch that killed him.

Ganza stares coldly at Tony.

CHIEF GANZA (CONT'D)

Do whatever you need to do to
make sure Internal don't get
their hands on him. I'll take
care of Cohen this end. Twelve
hours Tony.

Ganza drains his drink and leaves. Tony watches him go, his
expression sceptical.