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# The Black Dahlia

By Josh Friedman

Mr. Fire versus Mr. Ice.  
For everything people were  
making it out to be  
you'd think  
it was our first fight.  
It wasn't.  
And it wouldn't be our last.  
And, in local news,  
violence between servicemen and  
zoot-suiters reached a new level tonight  
after the wives of two sailors  
were criminally attacked.  
An order listing Los Angeles  
as a restricted area  
has not deterred the fighting,  
but the Los Angeles Police  
Department assures the public  
that it has the situation  
completely under control.  
Hey, sawbuck on the private  
chasing that skinny one over there!  
Come on, private!  
Come on, private!  
That spic's quick!  
Jesus Christ!  
Double or nothing on that greaser! You're on!  
Bleichert!  
I already knew him  
by reputation,  
record down pat.  
A regular attraction at the  
Hollywood Legion Stadium.  
Lee Blanchard.  
Bleichert!  
Shit!  
And he knew me,  
Dwight "Bucky" Bleichert.  
Light heavy,  
by Ring Magazine.  
Fighting no-name opponents  
in a no-man's-land division.  
Get out of here!  
Hey, get back there.  
In our first year

at Central Division Station  
we never spoke.  
To the Halls of Tripoli,  
shitbirds.  
Who's this?  
Officer Bleichert,  
meet Seor Tomas Dos Santos.  
You came all the way down  
here just to roust some Class B felon?  
Came down here, same as you,  
to keep from getting killed.  
Happened to see some jarheads  
beating on a good collar.  
I'll take him in the morning.  
This is nuts.  
We'll never get him  
booked tonight.  
That's a nice left hook  
you got.  
Mmm.  
Well, you know, old habits.  
Yeah.  
My girlfriend saw you fight a  
couple of times over at the Olympic.  
Said you were good.  
Said you were somebody.  
Big fish, small pond.  
Never made it up to the  
big boys' division like you.  
My first 20 fights  
were stumblebums  
handpicked by my manager.  
Lucky to survive.  
There's a Jew-boy Deputy D.A.  
over in Central Warrants,  
wets his pants for fighters,  
and he promised me  
the next spot he can wangle.  
Warrants was  
local celebrity as a cop.  
Warrants was chasing  
real criminals  
not rousting winos and wienie waggars  
in front of some Midnight Mission.

Hey, Bleichert.  
Bleichert.  
They want to see you upstairs.  
The D.A.'s office.  
Jew-boy D.A.'s  
with hard-ons for fighters.  
Transfers, promotions...  
Officer Bleichert.  
Back then,  
I told myself I didn't care.  
Gentlemen, Bucky Bleichert.  
Bucky,  
this is Chief Ted Green.  
Nice to meet you.  
Deputy District Attorney  
Ellis Loew.  
Read that out loud, Dwight.  
That's running  
in the Sunday Times.  
"Before the war,  
the City of Angels  
"was graced  
with two local fighters,  
"pugilists with styles  
as different as fire and ice.  
"Lee Blanchard..."  
Excuse me.  
"Mr. Fire and Mr. Ice  
never fought each other  
"but duty brought them to the  
Los Angeles Police Department.  
"Blanchard cracked the Boulevard-Citizens  
Bank robbery case in 1939  
"and captured thrill-killer,  
Tomas Dos Santos.  
"Bleichert served with distinction  
during the Zoot Suit Wars."  
Jump to the end.  
Right, boss.  
"On Election Day, voters are going  
to be asked to vote on a bond proposal  
"to upgrade  
the LAPD's equipment  
"and provide for an 8%

pay raise for all personnel.

"Keep in mind the examples  
of Mr. Fire and Mr. Ice.

"Vote 'Yes' on Proposition B."

What do you think?

Subtle.

Prop B's a loser right now,  
but I think if we can  
drum up some publicity  
we can get it passed  
in next month's election.

- Yes, sir.

- Fire and Ice.

Ten rounds, Academy Gym, three  
weeks from now, before the election,  
all gate to charity.

After that, we bring back  
the boxing team.

What do you say, Bucky?

You in?

I got to get back in shape.

Bucky.

Lee.

I'd like you to meet Kay Lake.

- Hello.

- Hello.

You beefing up?

You know.

I was just telling Kay here  
about our new hobby.

Are you a fight fan,  
Miss Lake?

No, Lee used to drag me.

I was taking art classes,  
so I'd sketch.

She made me quit fighting  
the smokers.

Didn't want me doing  
the "Vegetable Shuffle."

I promise not to hurt you.

That won't make Loew  
very happy.

Oh, he's got money on me?

Seems that way.

You win, you get Warrants.  
What's in it for you?  
Well, betting works both ways.  
My girl's got a taste  
for nice things  
and I can't afford to  
let her down.  
Right, babe?  
Keep talking about me  
in third person.  
It sends me.  
What do you think of all this,  
Miss Lake?  
Well, for civic reasons, I hope the LAPD  
is ridiculed for perpetrating this farce.  
For personal reasons,  
I hope Lee wins.  
And, for aesthetic reasons, I hope you  
both look good with your shirts off.  
Papa?  
Guten Tag, Dwight.  
English, Papa.  
Hey, you haven't finished  
this plane yet.  
Can you finish that?  
Here, sit down.  
If you could just come by  
and clean the place up,  
keep an eye on him  
for a week or so.  
I know I still owe you.  
Guess what I hear is right.  
You'll want to place this  
with Mickey Cohen's indie.  
He's got Blanchard, 2-1.  
That confident, huh?  
You done your homework?  
Yeah. I've done my homework.  
I'm not betting on me, Pete.  
Blanchard's the hero here.  
That's the way  
the story's supposed to go.  
I'm just the other guy.  
Well, at least he looks good

with his shirt off.  
Where's your sketchpad?  
I was never any good.  
Ended up with a Master's  
in History.  
Education's  
an expensive habit.  
Lee paid for it.  
He shouldn't have  
quit fighting.  
I asked him to.  
Besides, police work  
gives him a sense of order.  
Do you have a girlfriend,  
Dwight?  
I'm saving myself  
for Rita Hayworth.  
So he quits fighting for  
you, puts you through school.  
Quite a guy. Quite a pair.  
Why aren't you married?  
You know, shacking's against  
regs. Probably cost him a stripe.  
So where's the diamonds  
and the bassinets, huh?  
Well, you'd have to sleep  
together for that, Dwight.  
The gym was packed  
to the rafters.  
A wild crowd hungry  
to see what was in us.  
I already knew what was in us.  
Ambition, pride,  
dissatisfaction at a life  
turned just the wrong way.  
Luck, Dwight.  
Come on.  
Keep it clean!  
I feel it's my duty  
as a friend to tell you this,  
make it look good.  
One!  
Two!  
Three!

Four!

Five!

Six!

I lost a lot of things  
in life...

Seven!

...but never  
a fight for money.

Eight!

I was trading Warrants for  
a close-out on old bad debts.

The eight grand

I was going to clear  
was enough

to maintain the old man  
in a good, clean rest home  
for three years.

The late-round tank job,  
enough to convince myself  
I wasn't a complete coward.

Box!

Finish the fight!

Where's that hook?

You're out!

Give me a smile.

It's nice, isn't it, Papa?

What do you think?

Hey! Canvasback!

Canvasback!

You going to hide in there  
another week?

Ain't you bored yet?

Nice chompers.

So, you want to work Warrants?

I lost.

What about Loew's deal?

Don't you read the papers?

The bond passed yesterday.

You want the job?

Atta boy, Mr. Ice.

Champ!

Show them what's  
under the lip, boss.

Right over here.



Officer Bleichert,  
the men of Central Dicks.  
Homicide, Ad Vice, Bunco, et  
cetera. I'm Captain John Tierney.  
You and Lee  
are the white men of the hour,  
so I hope  
you enjoyed your ovation.  
You won't get another one  
till you retire.  
Enough horse shit!  
Listen!  
This is the felony  
summary report  
for the week ending  
November 14, 1946.  
First, two liquor store  
stickups  
Broadway and Seventh,  
and Hill Liquor in Chinatown.  
That one comes  
with a pistol whipping,  
my personal favorite.  
Russ Millard, Homicides.  
Hi.  
How are you?  
My wife and kids thank you  
for the raise, Officer.  
Officer Bleichert, I'm Bill  
Koenig. This is Fritz Vogel.  
Welcome aboard.  
Pleasure to meet you.  
Lee, I heard something  
you ought to know.  
I was over at County Parole, and  
Bobby DeWitt got an "A" number.  
He'll be released to L.A.  
in late January.  
Thanks, Russ.  
Who's Bobby DeWitt?  
Old beef.  
Pot roast tonight?  
Don't say anything  
about DeWitt.

It'll upset Kay.  
Sure.  
Nice place.  
Fight stash.  
Hello.  
Dwight.  
Glad you could make it.  
How was your first day?  
Mostly backslaps and paperwork  
if I know those boys.  
And look at that smile now.  
Well, this is nice,  
isn't it?  
What?  
You and Lee partners.  
It's nice.  
It couldn't have worked out better  
if you'd planned it, could it, Dwight?  
Well, I could've beat him.  
Except you didn't.  
I don't know, sweetheart. Bucky  
was somebody back in the day.  
And here we all are...  
It's nice.  
It's more than nice.  
Might even be worth those  
front teeth of yours, Dwight.  
A toast  
to Proposition B.  
To the Bleichert-Blanchard  
rematch,  
bigger than  
Louis-Schmeling.  
To my supercops!  
To us!  
From November  
through the New Year,  
Lee and I captured  
parole and probation absconders.  
After tours of duty, Lee and I  
would go to the house and find Kay.  
Sometimes she'd make  
dinner for us.  
Other times, the three of us

would go out on the town.  
Always she'd be there  
never between us,  
always in the middle.  
For New Year's,  
we headed downtown  
to a dinner club  
owned by Morrie Friedman,  
a friend of Mickey Cohen's  
who sometimes clued  
Lee in to L.A. drug traffic.  
Happy New Year!  
It was the best time  
of my life.  
Listen up!  
Gentlemen, thank you.  
"Raymond 'Junior' Nash.  
"Statutory rape,  
armed robbery, felony mayhem.  
"Texas State Prison.  
Alcatraz."  
Mr. Nash pistol-whipped  
a little old lady  
at a stickup near Leimert  
Park, Tuesday morning.  
She died last night.  
Anything common  
in the sex beefs?  
Negro girls. Young ones.  
All the complainants  
have been coloreds.  
Junior Nash  
was an inbred Okie shit-kicker  
who came west and took  
all us locals for easy marks  
just because we prefer our  
cowboys to look like Gene Autry.  
Of course, I didn't care  
if he was a hard man  
or what he thought  
about anything.  
He raped children and beat  
senior citizens to death.  
He was a coward

and I wanted to put him down.  
I got a tip for the hophead who's going  
to be at Norton and Coliseum tonight.  
Hey, partner,  
everything good to go?  
Yeah.  
Nash just got a fuck pad  
on Norton and Coliseum.  
Scram! Get out of here!  
Okay!  
Fine.  
- Don't make me say it twice!  
- All right! We're going!  
Make some money, man.  
Oh, my! Oh, help!  
Help me! Help, somebody!  
Please! Help!  
Stop! Stop the car!  
Please stop! Stop! Stop!  
Listen. I'm broke.  
Baby, he's gonna cut  
us a real good deal on this.  
I have been knowing him  
for a long time.  
You ain't got to worry  
about a thing, okay?  
You ain't got to worry.  
I got this dirty cop.  
Mmm-hmm.  
He's going to  
take care of me real soon.  
And I mean real soon.  
Dirty cop?  
I haven't heard  
of a clean cop, Baxter.  
I just want to go home.  
Why do you do this to me, huh?  
Why? Why this? Why? Why?  
Same reason why you do this to  
me. You know why I do this to you.  
Where is this guy? He's right  
there. We almost there. Come on.  
Come on, baby! Come on.  
Oh, God,

I got to follow you now?  
Come on.  
Listen, this is the last time.  
Bucky, wake up.  
Bucky, look out! Get down!  
I was half-asleep, but Lee  
had his boxer's wits about him.  
He felt the blow coming.  
He saved my life.  
Get your motherfucking hands off  
me, man. I ain't done nothing!  
Yeah, what do you call that  
shooting gallery back there?  
Fuck you, man!  
Lee!  
Lee!  
Well, that's about it.  
Thank you for your time, Detective,  
and for the good police work.  
Blanchard knew the white guy,  
I guess.  
Busted him once.  
He snitched for Lee  
a couple of times.  
Baxter Fitch.  
It's a busy neighborhood.  
Take a look at top billing.  
All right, easy.  
Guys, guys. Please.  
Don't trample over everything,  
please. Easy.  
Secure the area.  
All right, listen up.  
No reporters view the body.  
You photo men, finish  
taking your pictures now.  
Coroner's men, put a sheet on  
the body as soon as they are done.  
We set up a perimeter  
six feet back.  
Any reporter crosses it,  
arrest him.  
Now, gentlemen, before  
this gets out of hand,

let's put the kibosh  
on something.  
With publicity,  
you get confessions.  
With confessions, you get  
crazies, liars and false leads.  
So, we keep some things quiet.  
The ear-to-ear  
facial lacerations,  
disembowelment,  
you keep this information  
to yourselves.  
Not your wives,  
not your girlfriends,  
no other officers,  
and I mean no...  
Bleichert, what the hell  
are you doing here?  
Where the hell's Blanchard?  
He's right here.  
Nash might be renting a room  
in that building over there.  
I heard something on the  
radio about a shooting.  
Was that Nash?  
No.  
We had some trouble.  
Stand back!  
Get back of the line!  
Move back. Come on, boys.  
Get them back!  
Hey, Raymond Nash, remember?  
We need to go  
check out that room.  
Nash didn't do this.  
No. But he beat  
a woman to death.  
That's why  
he's our priority warrantee.  
All right!  
I need everybody right now!  
Baby.  
What happened?  
Nothing.

I don't want to talk about it.  
Lee, Baxter Fitch just happened  
to be there? What happened, Lee?  
What do you know about it?  
I know you, Lee.  
I know you, Lee.  
Lee...  
He knew one of the guys, so...  
Dwight, was it you or them?  
He saved my life.  
Hey, Kay,  
who's Bobby DeWitt?  
I know he's an old beef  
of Lee's.  
But he doesn't want to talk about  
it and he gets out in a week.  
You know who he is?  
I'm scared, Dwight.  
I'll take care of it.  
You don't know Bobby.  
Bobby DeWitt.  
Who are these men  
who feed on others?  
What do they feel when they cut  
their names into somebody else's life?  
It was the case  
that made Lee's career.  
He'd never said a word  
about it and I'd never asked.  
One of Lee's snitches  
fingered Bobby DeWitt,  
a small-time pimp with a yard-long  
rap, as the brains behind the job.  
DeWitt never spoke the entire  
trial, never coughing up the dough  
even after damning character  
testimony from some of his girls  
including one Katherine Lake,  
formerly of Sioux Falls,  
South Dakota,  
and looking to go straight.  
DeWitt got 10 to life  
in San Quentin.  
Lee got Kay

or maybe it was  
the other way around.  
We're supposed to be  
looking for Nash.  
Priority.  
Yeah, priority  
for Homicide Division, not us.  
Nice white girl gets snuffed.  
Got to show the voters they did the  
right thing passing the bond issue.  
It's A-plus, Buck.  
We don't miss this.  
Maybe she wasn't  
such a nice girl.  
Maybe that old lady that Nash  
snuffed was somebody's loving granny.  
Maybe we let  
the Bureau handle this  
and we get back to our job  
before Nash snuffs somebody else.  
Got any other maybes?  
Yeah, maybe we've had  
enough headlines.  
With or without you, Buck.  
With or without you.  
Therefore, we have created  
a special unit  
which will include a number  
of highly trained officers  
including  
Detective Russell Millard,  
our very own Mr. Fire  
and his partner, Mr. Ice.  
Mr. Loew, can you  
assure the public that you will find  
the murderer  
before he strikes again?  
I can guarantee you  
this killer will be caught.  
You got us detached?  
Slow and easy, Buck.  
I gave Loew a memo saying  
Nash blew our jurisdiction.  
You did what?



Are you fucking nuts?  
It's all right.  
The APB still stands.  
He's covered.  
This is the main event.  
Nash is pure undercard. Just give  
me another week with this girl.  
What's your problem  
with this?  
Letting Nash slip.  
On gross pathology, we have  
a female Caucasian between 16 and 30.  
The cadaver  
is presented in two halves  
with bisection  
level with the umbilicus.  
Through and through lacerations  
of both mouth corners.  
No visible bruising  
on the neck.  
Rectangular abrasions on the  
wing tips of the sphenoid bones.  
And, oh!  
A puncture wound, here,  
in the palm.  
On the palm of the right hand.  
There.  
Investigation of upper half abdominal  
cavity reveals no free-flowing blood.  
Intestines, stomach,  
spleen, liver, all removed.  
Is it all right to smoke,  
Doctor?  
She won't mind.  
Lower half of cadaver reveals  
removal of all reproductive organs.  
Both legs broken at the knee.  
Questions.  
What's your best guess?  
Well, here's what she wasn't,  
she wasn't raped  
and she wasn't pregnant.  
In terms of the nitty-gritty,  
the cause of death

is either the mouth wound here  
or she was beaten to death with  
something like a baseball bat.  
What about her insides?  
They came out posthumously.  
I say then he drained  
the blood from the body  
and washed it clean,  
probably in a bathtub.  
Have you got a name yet?  
"Elizabeth Ann Short.  
"Date of birth,  
July 29, 1924,  
"Medford, Massachusetts."  
Cops popped her in '43.  
Santa Barbara.  
Underage drinking.  
Other than that, she's clean.  
Four sisters, parents divorced,  
her father's here in L.A.  
Oh, and I hear he sold some  
old photos of her to the Herald.  
I got an alibi just in case  
you think I did it.  
Tighter than a crab's ass,  
and that is airtight.  
Detective Bleichert,  
Mr. Short.  
This is Detective Blanchard.  
We would like to express our condolences  
for the loss of your daughter.  
Yeah, I know who you are.  
Neither of you'd have lasted  
a round against Jim Jeffries.  
And as for Betty, she called  
the tune, she paid the piper.  
You want to hear my alibi?  
Yeah, since you're  
so anxious to tell it.  
Johnny on the spot  
here at the diner.  
Twenty-seven straight hours  
at that grill.  
Twenty-seven straight,

last 17 overtime.  
You ask anybody here.  
They'll alibi me up  
tighter than a popcorn fart  
and that's  
pretty fucking tight.  
When was the last time you  
saw your daughter, Mr. Short?  
Betty came west in '43,  
stars in her eyes.  
I promised her three squares and a  
five-spot, she kept the house tidy.  
She live with you then?  
I gave her the boot in July.  
Moved to Santa Barbara. Sent me  
a postcard a couple weeks later.  
Some soldier  
beat her up pretty bad.  
That's the last  
I heard from her.  
I need three pigs  
in a blanket.  
Keep your fucking panties on.  
Was that soldier  
her boyfriend, Mr. Short?  
Boyfriend?  
They were all her boyfriends.  
As long as they wore  
a uniform.  
See, Betty believed in  
quantity before quality.  
You calling your  
own daughter a tramp?  
I got five daughters.  
One rotten apple ain't so bad.  
Well, maybe this time  
she had a boyfriend.  
Maybe.  
Any names, Mr. Short?  
Look, Tom, Dick, Harry,  
it don't matter.  
She said she was looking  
for movie work,  
but she just paraded

Hollywood Boulevard  
in those black get-ups  
of hers.  
I mean, who wouldn't get  
herself killed doing that, huh?  
Who wouldn't?  
We just got handed the entire  
U.S. armed forces as suspects.  
Flip to see  
who writes it up?  
I'm staking  
Nash's pad tonight.  
See if we get any strange  
drive-bys at the murder scene.  
Do me a favor. Stop by  
and check on Kay, will you?  
Yeah, sure.  
Hello, Dwight.  
How'd you know it was me?  
Lee stomps.  
Is Lee working late?  
Mmm.  
What's wrong?  
He's all bent out of shape  
on this dead girl.  
He's going  
a little squirrely.  
Benzedrine, I think.  
Did you read the papers?  
She's being played up as the  
hottest number since the atom bomb.  
Ellis Loew's looking to make a career  
on it. I think Lee's not far behind.  
What about you?  
What about me?  
What's going to happen to us,  
Dwight?  
The three of us, I don't know.  
No, us.  
Just the two of us.  
Us.  
Kay,  
there is no two of us.  
He's my partner.

And that's everything.  
He's done a lot for me.  
He's done even more for me.  
There's food in the fridge.  
Good night.  
Thank our friend Bevo Means  
at the Examiner.  
See, Bevo's painting Betty in  
a black dress like some actress  
in that Alan Ladd movie,  
Blue Dahlia.  
Should triple our confessions.  
Great.  
Hollywood will fuck you  
when no one else will.  
Hey, Johnson,  
go get a smoke.  
What do you want to do?  
I want to go back to Warrants.  
No dice.  
You're a bright penny,  
Bleichert, and I need you here.  
These are Betty's last known  
residences and associates.  
You go to University Station, pick  
up Bill Koenig. Fritzie's sick.  
Lieutenant...  
No. You call me Russ  
and you get out of here.  
So, how do you want  
to play this, Sarge?  
Fritzie usually does  
the talking.  
Muscle job?  
Why don't you let me  
try and talk to her?  
All right, first question,  
does a Lorna Mertz  
live here?  
She used to.  
She skipped town this morning.  
But I'm holding this suitcase  
till she ponies up the back rent.  
Is this it?

Miss Short moved around  
quite a bit, too, didn't she?  
Was anybody threatening her?  
Poor Betty.  
Her problem wasn't  
too many enemies.  
It was too many friends.  
I gathered that.  
Okay,  
let's change the subject.  
All right.  
How about the world  
of high finance?  
How about the movies?  
You girls are all trying  
to break in, right?  
Darling, I'm in.  
Congratulations.  
How about Betty?  
Maybe once.  
Maybe not at all.  
She came around  
last Christmas,  
bragging about  
getting her big break.  
Guess after all those screen  
tests, she finally got a part.  
But,  
she had a tendency to...  
Stretch the truth?  
No.  
She fucking lied.  
Do you know the names  
of any of her boyfriends?  
What is it?  
You can tell me.  
Well,  
I do remember,  
before she split,  
her and Lorna...  
Mertz?  
Yeah. Her and Lorna Mertz.  
I mean I don't want to  
tell any tales out of school

but I do remember them being  
up on Hollywood Boulevard  
speaking to this older woman.  
And she,  
she was wearing a man's suit  
and had a man's short haircut.  
But it was just that once.  
Miss Saddon, are you saying  
they were talking to a lesbian?  
Your driver's here.  
Yeah. I got to go.  
We're not done yet.  
Well, then,  
how about you arrest me?  
Because the truck don't wait!  
Why don't we take a look inside  
Lorna's bag, and then maybe you can go.  
That's her.  
Christ, she's 15.  
Do you know what studios  
Betty tested at?  
They weren't exactly studios.  
Screen test,  
Elizabeth Short.  
So, where are you from?  
Boston.  
How long you've lived here?  
Two years.  
Lost your accent.  
Yeah.  
You know, when in Rome. Why? Are you  
looking for a girl with an accent?  
No, no. That's all right.  
Because I can just bring it  
back like that.  
Because I'm a whiz with accents and I  
basically do every accent in the world.  
We don't really need  
an accent, thank you.  
'Cause I can be  
from anywhere.  
Okay.  
Let's hear  
that Boston accent.

Now?

Yes.

No, I can't do it now.

I would have to meet with  
my dialect coach, Milton Perl,  
who was introduced to me  
by David Selznick.

You know

David O. Selznick?

I do.

He's been very,  
very, very kind to me.

He's taken me out  
to such beautiful dinners  
in fancy restaurants.

And he's treated me  
like a lady  
and with respect  
and guess what.

He was very, very,  
very impressed  
when I did my Scarlett  
for him.

You auditioned for Scarlett O'Hara?

No, I didn't audition for Gone  
With The Wind, but, the thing is...

Gosh, I just love that movie  
so much

that I decided that I had to  
memorize all of Scarlett's dialog.

Well...

And I want to do it for you  
because I think  
you're handsome.

No, no, I don't think we need  
that... But I think you're handsome  
and I'm going to do it  
for you right now.

"As God is my witness

"As God is my witness

"I will never go hungry again.

"Even if I have to lie

"or cheat

"or steal.



"I'll never go hungry again."  
He hated her.  
Bad, and he wanted  
the whole world to know it.  
Lee, you got to eat something.  
Get this off the table!  
God damn it!  
Dwight,  
you got to do something.  
He's been like this  
since last night.  
Get some air.  
I'll take care of him.  
Bucky,  
this ain't a random job.  
He knew what he was doing  
every single step of the way.  
You learn anything  
about our girl today?  
Nothing worth  
you doing this to yourself.  
Come on. Let's get out of here.  
No, I'm staying here with her.  
Come on.  
Go learn something  
about our girl!  
Love  
For sale  
Advertising young love  
for sale  
Beverage Control?  
LAPD Homicide.  
Who got snuffed?  
Seen either of them?  
The Dahlia's a sister?  
I don't know. You tell me.  
Never seen her  
except in the papers.  
And the schoolgirl twist,  
I've never seen.  
We don't truck  
with underage stuff, capisci?  
Never seen her, man.  
Don't fucking lie to me.

She's 15 fucking years old.  
Come clean or I'll slap  
a contributing beef on you  
and you'll spend  
the next five years  
serving raisinjack  
to bull dykes in Tehachapi.  
A couple of times.  
Two or three months ago.  
She used to get drinks  
off the sisters,  
though, she liked boys.  
I'm sure, man.  
Not the Dahlia. Never.  
For a trip to paradise  
Love  
For sale  
Let the poets pipe of love  
In their childish way  
I know every type of love  
Better far than they  
If you want  
the thrill of love  
I've been through  
Excuse me, ladies.  
I'm sorry.  
I was wondering  
if you've seen this girl.  
Have you?  
No.  
Everything but true love  
Haven't seen her.  
This girl?  
Advertising young love  
For sale  
If you want to try my wares  
Come with me  
and climb the stairs  
Love  
For sale  
She wasn't the first  
Dahlia wanna-be I'd seen  
but she was the best.  
Was she the les

that Betty and Lorna knew?  
Or was she just some rich bitch  
with a taste for the low life?  
I will not have these  
in my house anymore.  
No!  
It is insane!  
After everything that's happened to  
us, Lee. I will nail this guy, Kay!  
I'll do this,  
I will do this!  
Talk to her, Bucky.  
Reason with her.  
Jesus.  
Lee, she's right.  
There's at least  
three misdemeanors here.  
You can't...  
I promised him a week on this.  
Four more days, and it's over.  
Dwight, you can be so gutless  
sometimes, you know that?  
Three days  
since we killed four men.  
Three days  
until Bobby DeWitt got out.  
I tried to tell myself I was the  
sturdy leg in our little triangle.  
I was worried it was true.  
Slumming, Miss Linscott?  
I am now.  
Daddy spying on me again?  
"Maddy, girl, you shouldn't be congregating  
"in such unsuitable places."  
I'm a policeman.  
That's a new one.  
Homicide.  
Let's try Elizabeth Short  
and Lorna Mertz.  
I know you knew them,  
so don't jerk me off.  
Otherwise, it's downtown  
and a whole lot of publicity.  
This is all a fluke.

I met them at LaVerne's  
last fall.  
Betty, maybe one time.  
Lorna, a couple.  
They'd come in to cadge a  
drink or a meal off a sister.  
So why'd you rabbit  
last night?  
Mister,  
my father is Emmett Linscott.  
The Emmett Linscott?  
He built half of Hollywood  
and Long Beach.  
Imagine the headlines,  
"Construction Tycoon's Daughter  
Questioned in Dahlia Case."  
"Footsie  
at Lesbian Nightclub."  
Get the picture?  
Technicolor.  
So what'd you talk about?  
When?  
When you were playing footsie.  
Lorna talked about her stupid boyfriend  
back in Hicktown, Nebraska, or wherever.  
Betty talked about the latest  
issue of Screen World.  
Starlets, Hollywood dreams,  
the whole sad nine yards.  
So, did Betty ever tell you  
about a movie she was in?  
On a conversational level, they  
were right up there with you.  
Cute. Answer the question.  
Look, I'm tired. Do you want  
my alibi so I can go home?  
Sure.  
My family and I were in Laguna from Sunday  
through Thursday, along with the servants.  
If you want verification,  
call Daddy,  
but please be discreet.  
So,  
what do I have to do to keep

my name out of the papers?  
What do you mean?  
That's not very convincing.  
I don't need your Daddy's money,  
if that's what you're saying.  
You know it's not  
what I'm saying.  
I might be convinced.  
Tomorrow night, 8:00.  
My address is 482 South  
Muirfield, Hancock Park.  
I know the address.  
Not surprised.  
Pick me up.  
Like a gentleman,  
not like a cop.  
Oh, one more thing.  
What's your name?  
Bucky Bleichert.  
Bucky?  
I'll try to remember.  
I can hear you just fine.  
Look, ma'am, you mind?  
I've just learned to type.  
Yes, I understand.  
A werewolf and Red Sheridan.  
What if the werewolf  
is Red Sheridan?  
Yes, that would be  
more efficient.  
I love tip duty.  
How's Kay?  
Not good.  
You mind if I bunk out at your  
pop's place for a few days?  
Sure.  
Thanks.  
DeWitt gets out tomorrow,  
Lee.  
I was thinking maybe  
I should talk to him.  
Blanchard, Homicide.  
Lee.  
All right, people,

let's get back to work here.  
Yeah, it's an earthquake.  
I heard it.  
Look, I didn't know  
you were a boxer.  
Daddy's heard of you and he  
insists you stay for dinner.  
I told him we met at that art  
exhibit at Stanley Rose's Book Shop.  
So, if you have to pump  
everybody for my alibi, be subtle.  
Who's this?  
Balto.  
The paper is the L.A. Times  
for August 1, 1926.  
Balto was bringing in  
the paper  
when Daddy found out  
he made his first million.  
He wanted to consecrate  
the moment,  
so he shot him.  
Here we go.  
Mother, Father,  
this is my friend, Bucky.  
Bucky, this is my mother,  
Ramona Cathcart Linscott.  
Nice to meet you.  
My father,  
Emmett Linscott.  
Pleasure to meet you, sir.  
And my sister,  
Martha McConville Linscott.  
Hi.  
Saw you fight Mondo Sanchez.  
Boxed the pants off him.  
Another Billy Conn  
you might have been.  
Thanks.  
Can I get you something?  
Sure.  
I'll get it, Daddy.  
Okay, darling.  
Mondo gave a good show.

Whatever happened to him?  
Heroin overdose.  
Too bad.  
He shamed his family.  
And speaking of families,  
Ramona, Martha.  
That's our best Glenlivet,  
laddie.  
Madeleine says nice things  
about you.  
Daddy,  
can we eat?  
Bucky and I want

**to catch a 9:**

Of course, darling.  
Dig in, lad.  
Hearty fare breeds  
hearty people.  
Haute cuisine breeds  
degenerates.  
I want to draw  
Mr. Bleichert, Daddy.  
You're in for  
a cruel caricaturing, Bucky.  
Maddy's my pretty one, but  
Martha's my certified genius.  
What kind of a name  
is Bleichert? Dutch?  
German.  
A great people, the Germans.  
Hitler was a bit excessive.  
But mark my words  
that someday we'll regret  
not joining forces with him  
to fight the Reds.  
You know, I killed a lot of  
your countrymen during the war.  
Mr. Bleichert, have you  
met Balto in the hallway?  
Yes. Very realistic.  
An old friend  
stuffed him.  
We were in the Scots Regiment

together. Georgie Tilden.  
He wanted to work  
in the flickers.  
When did you move here?  
Hollywood was a cow pasture but  
the silent flickers were booming.  
Georgie got work as a lighting  
man, me building houses.  
Georgie introduced me  
to Mack Sennett.  
I helped him build that housing  
project he was putting up  
underneath  
that god-awful sign.  
Hollywoodland.  
I used to love  
the Keystone Kops.  
Me, too.  
Old Mack knew how  
to squeeze a dollar dry.  
He had extras moonlighting  
as laborers and vice versa.  
Georgie and I used to drive  
them over to Hollywoodland  
after 12 hours  
on a silent flicker.  
Then put in another six hours  
by torchlight.  
He even gave us movie credits  
a couple of times.  
Mother.  
Are you feeling well?  
Would you like to contribute  
to the conversation?  
Did you know, Mr. Bleichert,  
that Ramona Boulevard  
is named after me?  
I didn't.  
When Emmett married me,  
for my father's money,  
he promised my family that  
he would use his influence  
with the City Zoning Board  
to have a street named



after me.

But all he could manage  
was a dead-end block  
in a red-light district  
in Lincoln Heights.

Are you familiar with the  
neighborhood, Mr. Bleichert?

I grew up there.

Yes, well,

then you'll know

that Mexican prostitutes  
expose themselves  
in windows.

I hear many of them

know Mr. Linscott by name.

That's enough!

I will sing for my supper  
when Mayor Bowron comes  
to dinner,

but not

for Madeleine's male whores.

He's a common policeman.

My God, Emmett!

How little you think of me.

I'm sorry.

I'm really so sorry.

Mr. Bleichert.

You kept your name

out of the papers.

Until the wedding.

Your mother would love that.

She's a snob.

The kind who takes pills

the doctor gives her

so she doesn't have to admit

to being a hophead.

Do you want to know a secret?

Sure.

Daddy bought

rotten lumber

and old movie sets

from Mack Sennett

and built houses

out of them.

That's how he really made  
his money.  
He's got firetraps  
all over L.A.  
His good friend Georgie,  
maimed in a car crash,  
while running Daddy  
some errands.  
And now he throws him scraps,  
odd jobs, tending  
Daddy's rental properties.  
You don't have  
to tell me this.  
I like you, Bucky.  
I didn't tell you  
all about Betty.  
You didn't?  
Don't be mad at me.  
Last summer, I heard about  
a girl who looked like me.  
I got curious.  
I left notes  
at a couple of places,  
"Your look-alike wants to  
meet you," things like that.  
I left my number.  
She called.  
That's how I met her  
at LaVerne's with Lorna.  
And that's all of it?  
Yes.  
Tell me something.  
Why'd you want to meet  
Betty Short anyway?  
I've worked hard to be loose  
but the way people  
described Betty  
it was like she was a natural.  
"Don't walk out on me,  
Richard.  
"Say you care.  
Say that you..."  
Miss Short.  
There is a pause

after "care".

Are you familiar  
with the English language?

I try to be.

Okay.

Let's try it again.

And remember, go back to the  
beginning, you're begging him.

Begging.

He's walking out on you.

You're begging him.

So, come on, let's do it.

We're running out of  
film here. Let's go.

Richard,

don't walk out on me.

Please say that you care.

Say that you think

that I'm beautiful,

and that you love me.

Miss Short, you know,

this is a very sad scene.

Do you think you're capable  
of playing sadness?

Sure.

I can do that.

Miss!

Get your hands off her!

I'm an emancipated minor

and if you touch me

without a matron present

I'll sue you!

- Leave her alone.

- No!

I'm a policeman. Policeman.

You and Betty made the

casting rounds together, right?

Did you ever get

any movie work?

No.

Well, then,

what about the film can?

It's a movie.

What kind of movie?

Something tells me  
it's not David O. Selznick.  
Now, you have to tell us the whole  
thing, sweetheart, so think it through.  
I was cadging  
at a bar in Gardena.  
This man started  
talking to me.  
I thought I was pregnant  
and I was desperate  
wicked bad for money.  
He said he'd give me \$200  
to act in a nudie film.  
He said he needed another  
girl, so I called Betty.  
We made... Thank you.  
...the movie at this big house  
a couple of hours  
outside town.  
Then he drove us  
back to L.A.  
Where was this house,  
exactly?  
I was pretty out of it,  
if you know what I mean.  
What do you think, Russ?  
This got anything to do  
with the girl's murder?  
Long shot, Chief.  
What's that about, gentlemen?  
Your boy can't hold his water?  
I got you Warrants.  
You're my men and you made me look like a fool  
in front of the most powerful  
man in the department.  
And you...  
Yeah, you. Look at me.  
Blanchard? Look at me!  
If you weren't Mr. Fire,  
you would be suspended  
from duty already.  
You're a punch-drunk,  
washed-up fighter...  
Stay out of this, Bleichert!

You're back on Warrants  
as of tomorrow.  
I want you to report to me  
at 0800  
with a letter of apology  
for Chief Green.  
You are a political animal,  
and for the sake  
of your pension,  
I suggest that you grovel.

**It is now 8:**

in the morning.  
Where's your partner?  
I don't know.  
I was hoping he'd be here.

**Well, it is 8:**

and he is not here  
and neither  
are his letters of apology.  
Bleichert,  
get out of my sight.  
Try and be a police officer.  
Attention all units in the  
vicinity of Crenshaw and Stocker.  
Code four.  
Two dead. Suspect, dead.  
Raymond "Junior" Nash.  
Warrant number 5-6-0-9.  
Repeat. Code four.  
We forgot about Junior Nash.  
Here he is, dead  
in the middle of a stickup.  
He was trash and a killer  
and I'd been right  
from the beginning.  
We let him slip  
and the innocent died.  
Blanchard!  
He's in the men's.  
No. I beat up a wall.  
For messing up Nash...  
Not good enough.

I'm sorry, Bucky.  
Not good enough.  
I'm sorry.  
Oh, fuck, Lee! Fuck!  
Losing the first  
Bleichert-Blanchard fight  
got me local celebrity  
Warrants  
and close to nine grand  
in cash.  
Winning the rematch  
got me a sprained wrist,  
two dislocated knuckles  
and the rest of the day off.  
Smile at me.  
Look soft and sweet.  
I picked up  
Lorna Mertz yesterday.  
She had a copy  
of a stag film,  
her and Betty Short  
playing les.  
Pretty spooky stuff.  
Did she mention me?  
No.  
And I checked  
the case file.  
No mention of that number-leaving  
note thing that you did.  
Listen,  
I'm withholding evidence  
for you.  
It's a fair trade  
but it shakes me.  
Are you sure  
there isn't anything  
you haven't told me  
about you and Betty?  
Betty and I made love once,  
that one time last summer.  
I just did it to see  
what it would be like  
to do it with someone  
who looked like me.

Jesus Christ.  
Bucky, that's it. I swear.  
Bucky, please stay.  
You stupid slut.  
Stay. Sugar, stay!  
Hey.  
We're famous, Dwight.  
Notorious.  
Where's Lee?  
Bobby DeWitt's  
probably in L.A. by now.  
Lee always said I'd be safe.  
You will be. You will be.  
He had a sister.  
What?  
He had a little sister.  
She was killed  
when Lee was 15,  
and they never  
caught the guy.  
Why...  
Why didn't you tell me  
this before?  
He made me promise  
never to tell you.  
He thought it made him  
too easy to figure.  
Well, it sure explains  
some things.  
No, it doesn't.  
Kay, where's Lee?  
If you know,  
you should tell me.  
Kay,  
Bobby DeWitt just got out.  
Lee's all hopped up  
on Benzedrine,  
so what do you  
think is going to happen?  
Where is he?  
Morrie Friedman called  
a couple of hours ago.  
The guy from New Year's?  
Bobby's got a drug deal

somewhere  
in a building Friedman owns,  
the Olympic, I think.  
When?  
Now.  
Jesus.  
Dwight.  
Bobby DeWitt?  
Get your hands up.  
Get up against that wall  
over there.  
Keep your hands  
where I can see them.  
Jesus.  
I ain't out one week, and...  
You're here for a drug deal with  
Morrie Friedman. I know that.  
Look, I'm just looking  
for a place to take a piss.  
Lee Blanchard's here. Did  
you know that? Blanchard?  
Man-oh-Manischewitz, I ain't seen  
Blanchard since my fucking trial.  
Yeah,  
but he's been on your mind.  
And you've been on his mind.  
I'm thinking that you let the word  
out there knowing he'd come down here.  
Look, maybe I flapped my trap at  
trial. Maybe I was thinking revenge,  
maybe talking trash  
to my cellies,  
but all I know is  
what I read in the papers,  
and when that fucker  
killed them niggers...  
Finish up.  
I don't know what his version  
is. What's your version?  
Sir, all this between  
me and Blanchard  
is that I fucked this big-titted  
Dakota cunt named Kay Lake...  
Hold it, pal.



Blanchard, behind you!  
Blanchard!  
No!  
Here.  
My apologies,  
Officer Bleichert.  
My men are instructed not to take  
any chances, and you did have a gun.  
The guy  
with the choke rope,  
I assume DeWitt brought him  
for muscle.  
No identification, nothing left of  
his face after he hit the fountain.  
You understand why we must  
handle things like this, huh?  
It's your building.  
Uh-huh.  
Come on. Bring him in.  
Get him in here.  
Officer?  
See what we got here?  
I can't think of another way,  
can you?  
Come here.  
Come on.  
Come.  
Want to say something?  
Fire and Ice.  
Fire and Ice.  
Excuse me?  
Nothing.  
Just do it quick.  
What happened?  
What happened?  
What happened?  
What happened?  
Stolen witness reports,  
medical records,  
autopsy photos.  
Lee had turned his life  
inside out  
and my dad's apartment into the  
Black Dahlia's House of Horrors.

I confessed  
to the only priest I needed.  
How long have you known  
about this?  
I don't know.  
Why show me now?  
I don't know.  
He's not coming back,  
is he, Buck?  
Stupid son of a bitch,  
getting himself killed over a  
little mope like Bobby DeWitt.  
Damn.  
Did you tell Kay?  
Well, that's as far  
as it goes, then.  
Mo Friedman was right.  
Our boy doesn't need any more  
headlines. Neither does Kay.  
This...  
I want you to  
stick with me here.  
We are going to make  
something of this.  
What's a sexy girl  
like you so sad about?  
Nothing.  
You've got tears running down your  
face. What's the matter with you?  
Just a bad day.  
It's all right.  
You must have a lot of fun.  
You look like you have a hell  
of a lot of fun. Oh, I sure do.  
I'm a fun-loving gal.  
You got any special guys  
that you, you know...  
I have a fianc.  
Yeah, I met him in Florida.  
And it was one  
of those things that was...  
Gosh, I don't know if you've  
experienced this before,  
but it was love

at first sight.  
Yeah, I get it  
about five times a night.  
That's what it was.  
He asked me to marry him  
that night.  
And then, the next day,  
he was just gone.  
Well, that "ask you  
to marry him" always works.  
No, he promised  
he'd come back.  
He was an Air Force captain, which is  
why he had to leave. He went overseas.  
And you know  
what he used to do?  
He used to write me  
such beautiful, florid,  
romantic love letters.  
Oh, a poet.  
Just a decent guy.  
So, what happened  
to Prince Charming?  
Well, the night that  
he was supposed to come back,  
he was called to  
do one last mission  
and his plane crashed  
over India.  
And now he's dead.  
Boy, you sure know  
how to tell a funny story.  
Yeah, I sure do.  
Okay. Should I read  
into the camera?  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
I'm told that  
I'm very photogenic.  
I'm collating the KA update  
sheets for tomorrow.  
Anything new  
you need him to add?  
No.

Dolph's tonight?  
I'm going to Kay's.  
Wednesday nights were the nights she'd  
make Lee and me a big dinner, so...  
We haven't done it since.  
We're going to try.  
Should we say something?  
We haven't said anything.  
To my supercops.  
I feel like I haven't said  
anything right.  
Haven't done anything right.  
There's nothing to say.  
There is.  
There is.  
He saved my life.  
He saved my life, and I saw  
him there and I couldn't...  
Dwight.  
I couldn't move.  
I couldn't move.  
I didn't move.  
I never move. I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.  
Kay, I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
I could've saved him.  
I could've saved him.  
"Shoddy home construction?"  
I cut my foot  
on a bathroom tile.  
You got it in you  
to replace a few?  
Yeah, of course.  
Dwight.  
Dwight.  
I'd always wondered  
where he kept it.  
Were you ever  
going to tell me?  
He'd given all his money  
to Ben Siegel and he...  
He wanted to buy us a home.  
I didn't know

there was any left.  
Were you ever  
going to tell me?  
Something's burning.  
Bobby did do the bank job,  
Dwight. Don't get the wrong idea.  
I don't know what kind  
of idea I got right now.  
Things were getting really bad between  
me and Bobby, and I had to get out.  
I knew this guy that Bobby  
made me be with once.  
He was a hophead  
who let it slip  
that he sometimes snitched  
to the cops for dope money.  
And that's how you met Lee?  
I told him what Bobby was doing to me,  
how he cut me and pimped me to his friends  
and I told him about the bank job  
and where Bobby was hiding the money.  
And then last year,  
the guy...  
The hophead?  
Yeah.  
Lee had given him \$1,000  
for introducing us.  
He found out  
that Bobby was getting out,  
and he threatened to tell him  
that we stole from him.  
He wanted money that  
we didn't have, Dwight.  
He wanted \$10,000.  
What were we going to do?  
Promise me, promise me  
you'll forgive him for DeWitt.  
Forgive him for the bank.  
Please. It doesn't matter to us.  
What was the guy's name?  
It doesn't matter.  
Kay, tell me the guy's name.  
It was Baxter Fitch.  
Baxter Fitch, and then DeWitt.

Lee killed them both  
and took the bank money,  
making me witness, stooge,  
weak point  
in a fairy tale triangle.  
You're so good at some things.  
Dwight, he loved you. He loved  
both of us, Dwight, so much.  
This had nothing to do with us,  
Dwight! Nothing! Don't run out on us!  
The basic rule of homicide applied:  
Nothing stays buried forever.  
Corpses. Ghosts.  
Nothing stays buried forever.  
Nothing.  
Family's in Laguna.  
But you know that.  
You've been watching.  
Lee and Kay had lived in sin,  
not because their shack job  
was against department regs  
but because the ghosts of their past had  
forced them to choose love over passion.  
The veneer of a fairy tale,  
only a band-aid  
to cover a fractured life.  
I didn't believe  
in fairy tales.  
It was a reunion  
of avowed tramps,  
old rutters who knew they'd never  
have it as good with anybody else.  
Have you met  
Balto in the hallway?  
An old friend stuffed him.  
We were in the Scots Regiment  
together. Georgie Tilden.  
He wanted to work  
in the flickers.  
What?  
Nothing.  
You miss them?  
Mother's insults?  
Martha's pornography?

I just never imagined  
Georgie so...  
The way your father  
described him.  
Different.  
They were young.  
He died last year. Angina.  
Daddy paid to have him buried  
at the family plot in Scotland.  
That's very nice of him.  
I don't get modern art.  
I doubt modern art  
gets you, either.  
But I do.  
Kay, what the hell  
are you doing here?  
What am I doing here?  
How could you?  
How could you?  
You follow me here,  
after what you've done?  
What have I done? Nothing!  
You lied to me!  
I lied for you!  
I lied for us!  
What could I do but lie,  
Dwight?  
You could have  
told me the truth.  
She looks like  
that dead girl!  
How sick are you?  
You're going to end up  
like Lee. You will.  
But I will not.  
She looks like that  
dead girl! How sick are you?  
You're going to end up  
like Lee.  
The set was enough to  
tie Linscott to the porno movie,  
but not to the murder.  
For that, I needed to stop  
worrying about who killed the Dahlia

and focus on where.  
Georgie  
introduced me to Mack Sennett.  
I helped him build that housing  
project he was putting up  
underneath  
that god-awful sign.  
Hollywoodland.  
Lorna Mertz said  
it was shot out of town.  
People lie.  
Oh, a puncture  
wound in the palm of the hand.  
I say then he drained the blood  
from the body and washed it clean.  
I don't want to go to Europe.  
One of my foremen said  
the goddamn pipes are spewing gas.  
There'll be hell to pay.  
It's about time I showed the  
three of you good old Scotland.  
I don't want to go  
to Europe, Daddy.  
You're always talking about how  
dreadful and provincial it is.  
Yeah, but it's got  
what you need, lassie.  
What is that, Emmett?  
Saps like me?  
Or is that what you needed?  
Oh, laddie.  
You killed Elizabeth Short,  
and the two of you  
covered it up.  
You made that stag film  
with Lorna and Betty.  
I've seen the set.  
I found it all.  
Put that gun down, laddie.  
You're not the shooting type  
and I'm not the dying type.  
You might be half right.  
Jesus Christ, Bleichert.  
That's a Ming.



Great. Let's talk art.  
Let's talk The Man Who Laughs.  
I've seen the movie.  
I've got you.  
So you don't  
like my taste in art.  
I don't think  
that's a crime.  
Stop! Georgie did it!  
Oh, that's rich.  
Blame it on the poor,  
dead gardener.  
No, Bucky. It's true.  
Believe him.  
Georgie was always sneaking  
around Daddy's properties.  
He saw them make the movie  
and he got crazy about Betty.  
More.  
There are so many  
pretty things here, Emmett.  
All right.  
Betty called,  
short of cash, as usual.  
I put Daddy on and he offered her  
money to date a nice man he knew.  
You must've known  
he was a sick fuck then.  
Well, he was passive. I mean,  
he liked to touch dead things.  
I mean,  
his father was a surgeon.  
Did you know that?  
Famous in Scotland.  
We didn't know  
he'd go crazy like that.  
Liar!  
Liar!  
You did him enough damage,  
Emmett. Now you let him go!  
I would appreciate it if you just  
stopped shooting things, Officer, though.  
The rich don't own art  
just for themselves.

We safe keep it  
for future generations.  
How did Emmett damage Georgie?  
What did he do  
to make him go so crazy?  
Who made what made who crazy?  
It was Madeleine.  
She was 11 years old,  
and she looked  
just like Georgie.  
Ramona!  
Shut up, Emmett!  
That's right, Officer.  
George and me.  
Not that Emmett cared  
about that.  
But he was her father.  
And for that,  
he ruined George's face.  
When he got out of hospital,  
I gave him the Hugo book  
as a present.  
He had worked construction  
on that movie with Emmett.  
It was always  
one of his favorites.  
That's right. My book.  
My picture. My Gwynplaine.  
What about Betty Short?  
Well, that was  
the cruelest joke of all.  
He was obsessed with her,  
you know, that filthy film!  
And your husband  
bought her for Georgie.  
He's a shy wee lad,  
but I...  
It'd make him very happy, I think,  
if you'd take him out on a wee date.  
What did you do, Ramona?  
I was  
waiting up in Hollywoodland.  
Oh, gosh.  
It was the second swing,

woke her up.  
She looked so like my Maddy.  
It was  
the cruelest joke of all.  
We'll ruin you in court.  
You know that.  
Over what? Some little slut?  
It was neat enough for the  
papers, but that didn't make it clean.  
The rich lived differently. I guess  
they get to die differently, too.  
Hello, Officer Bleichert.  
Did you come to pay your  
respects or fuck my sister?  
I came to talk to you  
about Lee Blanchard.  
He came here, didn't he? Asking  
about your sister and the Dahlia?  
Tell me.  
Adios yourself back to the  
Halls of Tripoli, shitbird.  
I've got business  
with the lady.  
Bucky.  
Lee knew everything about you  
and Elizabeth Short.  
He knew everything,  
didn't he?  
I don't know  
what you're saying.  
I went by your house today. I  
talked to your sister, Martha.  
She told me that a policeman named  
Lee Blanchard came by the house  
asking questions about  
you and Elizabeth Short.  
She told him that  
the two of you were close.  
Martha was always  
jealous of me.  
He was blackmailing  
your father.  
No. I beat up a wall.  
For messing up Nash...

So,  
on the night that he went to the  
Olympic to settle an old score  
you tracked him there.  
Like a dog.  
I've been pointing my gun  
at a lot of people this week.  
I haven't had a chance  
to shoot anybody yet.  
What do you think?  
I think you'd rather fuck me  
than kill me,  
but you don't have  
the guts to do either.  
You're a boxer, not a fighter.  
You're a murderer.  
Of my partner.  
A murderer?  
Of Lee Blanchard?  
You should thank me  
for Lee Blanchard.  
If it weren't for me,  
you wouldn't  
have had the balls  
to fuck your partner's girl.  
You don't talk  
about them, okay?  
Wait. I forgot.  
You don't fuck her anymore  
because you'd rather  
fuck me.  
You don't talk about them.  
You chose me over her.  
You'll choose me over him.  
He was going to take  
Daddy's money and leave,  
leave all of you.  
You'd never shoot me.  
Don't forget who I look like.  
Because that girl,  
that sad, dead bitch,  
she's all you have.  
No.  
Madeleine was wrong.

I had others.  
Ones I'd loved  
and ones who'd loved me.  
People I'd betrayed and people  
I needed to protect.  
And, for the first time  
in my life,  
I had people that knew that,  
for the briefest of times,  
in the darkest of places,  
I had been so,  
so good at some things.  
Come inside.