

CHINATOWN

Written by

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FULL SCREEN PHOTOGRAPH Grainy but unmistakably a man and woman making love. Photograph shakes. SOUND of a man MOANING in anguish. The photograph is dropped, REVEALING ANOTHER, MORE compromising one. Then another, and another. More moans.

CURLY'S VOICE

(crying out)

Oh, no.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

CURLY drops the photos on Gittes' desk. Curly towers over GITTES and sweats heavily through his workman's clothes, his breathing progressively more labored. A drop plunks on Gittes' shiny desk top.

Gittes notes it. A fan whiffs overhead. Gittes glances up at it. He looks cool and brisk in a white linen suit despite the heat. Never taking his eyes off Curly, he lights a cigarette using a lighter with a "nail" on his desk.

Curly, with another anguished sob, turns and rams his fist into the wall, kicking the wastebasket as he does. He starts to sob again, slides along the wall where his fist has left a noticeable dent and its impact has sent the signed photos of several movie stars askew.

Curly slides on into the blinds and sinks to his knees. He is weeping heavily now, and is in such pain that he actually bites into the blinds.

Gittes doesn't move from his chair.

GITTES

All right, enough is enough. You
can't eat the Venetian blinds, Curly.
I just had 'em installed on Wednesday.

Curly responds slowly, rising to his feet, crying. Gittes
reaches into his desk and pulls out a shot glass, quickly
selects a cheaper bottle of bourbon from several fifths of
more expensive whiskeys.

Gittes pours a large shot. He shoves the glass across his
desk toward Curly.

GITTES

Down the hatch.

Curly stares dumbly at it. Then picks it up, and drains it.
He sinks back into the chair opposite Gittes, begins to cry
quietly.

CURLY

(drinking, relaxing a
little)
She's just no good.

GITTES

What can I tell you, Kid? You're
right. When you're right, you're
right, and you're right.

CURLY

Ain't worth thinking about.

Gittes leaves the bottle with Curly.

GITTES

You're absolutely right, I wouldn't
give her another thought.

CURLY

(pouring himself)

You know, you're okay, Mr. Gittes. I
know it's your job, but you're okay.

GITTES

(settling back,
breathing a little
easier)

Thanks, Curly. Call me Jake.

CURLY

Thanks. You know something, Jake?

GITTES

What's that, Curly?

CURLY

I think I'll kill her.

INT. DUFFY & WALSH'S OFFICE

Noticeably less plush than Gitte's. A well-groomed, dark-haired WOMAN sits nervously between their two desks, fiddling with the veil on her pillbox hat.

WOMAN

I was hoping Mr. Gittes could see to this personally.

WALSH

(almost the manner of
someone comforting
the bereaved)

If you'll allow us to complete our preliminary questioning, by then he'll be free.

There is the SOUND of ANOTHER MOAN coming from Gittes' Office.

Something made of glass shatters. The Woman grows more edgy.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE GITTES & CURLY

Gittes and Curly stand in front of the desk, Gittes staring contemptuously at the heavy breathing hulk towering over him. Gittes takes a handkerchief and wipes away the plunk of perspiration on his desk.

CURLY

(crying)

They don't kill a guy for that.

GITTES

Oh they don't?

CURLY

Not for your wife. That's the
unwritten law.

Gittes pounds the photos on the desk, shouting;

GITTES

I'll tell you the unwritten law, you
dumb son of a bitch, you gotta be
rich to kill somebody, anybody and
get away with it. You think you got
that kind of dough, you think you
got that kind of class?

Curly shrinks back a little.

CURLY

...No...

GITTES

You bet your ass you don't. You can't
even pay me off.

This seems to upset Curly even more.

CURLY

I'll pay the rest next trip. We only

caught sixty ton of skipjack around
San Benedict. We hit a chubasco,
they don't pay you for skipjack the
way they do for tuna or albacore.

GITTES

(easing him out of
his office)

Forget it. I only mention it to
illustrate a point...

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION

He's now walking him past SOPHIE who pointedly averts her
gaze. He opens the door where on the pebbled glass can be
read: "J. J. GITTES and Associates. DISCREET INVESTIGATION"

GITTES

I don't want your last dime.

He throws an arm around Curly and flashes a dazzling smile.

GITTES

(continuing)

What kind of guy do you think I am?

CURLY

Thanks, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Call me Jake. Careful driving home,

Curly.

He shuts the door on him and the smile disappears.

He shakes his head, starting to swear under his breath.

SOPHIE

A Mrs. Mulwray is waiting for you,
with Mr. Walsh and Mr. Duffy.

Gittes nods, walks on in.

INT. DUFFY AND WALSH'S OFFICE

Walsh rises when Gittes enters.

WALSH

Mrs. Mulwray, may I present Mr.
Gittes?

Gittes walks over to her and again flashes a warm, sympathetic
smile.

GITTES

How do you do, Mrs. Mulwray?

MRS. MULWRAY

Mr. Gittes...

GITTES

Now, Mrs. Mulwray, what seems to be

the problem?

She holds her breath. The revelation isn't easy for her.

MRS. MULWRAY

My husband, I believe, is seeing
another woman.

Gittes looks mildly shocked. He turns for confirmation to
his two partners.

GITTES

(gravely)

No, really?

MRS. MULWRAY

I'm afraid so.

GITTES

I am sorry.

Gittes pulls up a chair sitting next to Mrs. Mulwray between
Duffy and Walsh. Duffy cracks his gum.

Gittes gives him an irritated glance. Duffy stops chewing.

MRS. MULWRAY

Can't we talk about this alone, Mr.
Gittes?

GITTES

I'm afraid not, Mrs. Mulwray. These men are my operatives and at some point they're going to assist me. I can't do everything myself.

MRS. MULWRAY

Of course not.

GITTES

Now, what makes you certain he is involved with someone?

Mrs. Mulwray hesitates. She seems uncommonly nervous at the question.

MRS. MULWRAY

A wife can tell.

Gittes sighs.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray, do you love your husband?

MRS. MULWRAY

(shocked)

...Yes of course.

GITTES

(deliberately)

Then go home and forget about it.

MRS. MULWRAY

But...

GITTES

(staring intently at
her)

I'm sure he loves you, too. You know
the expression, let sleeping dogs
lie? You're better off not knowing.

MRS. MULWRAY

(with some real anxiety)

But I have to know.

Her intensity is genuine. Gittes looks to his two partners.

GITTES

All right, what's your husband's
first name?

MRS. MULWRAY

Hollis. Hollis Mulwray.

GITTES

(visibly surprised)

Water and Power?

Mrs. Mulwray nods, almost shyly. Gittes is now casually but
carefully checking out the detailing of Mrs. Mulwray's dress
her handbag, shoes, etc.

MRS. MULWRAY

He's the Chief Engineer.

DUFFY

(a little eagerly)

Chief Engineer?

Gittes' glance tells Duffy Gittes wants to do the questioning.

Mrs. Mulwray nods.

GITTES

(confidentially)

This type of investigation can be
hard on your pocketbook, Mrs. Mulwray.
It takes time.

MRS. MULWRAY

Money doesn't matter to me, Mr.
Gittes.

Gittes sighs.

GITTES

Very well. We'll see what we can do.

EXT. CITY HALL MORNING

Already shimmering with heat.

A drunk blows his nose with his fingers into the fountain at

the foot of the steps.

Gittes, impeccably dressed, passes the drunk on the way up the stairs.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS

Former Mayor SAM BAGBY is speaking. Behind him is a huge map, with overleafs and bold lettering:

"PROPOSED ALTO VALLEJO DAM AND RESERVOIR"

Some of the councilmen are reading funny papers and gossip columns while Bagby is speaking.

BAGBY

Gentlemen, today you can walk out that door, turn right, hop on a streetcar and in twenty-five minutes end up smack in the Pacific Ocean. Now you can swim in it, you can fish in it, you can sail in it but you can't drink it, you can't water your lawns with it, you can't irrigate an orange grove with it. Remember we live next door to the ocean but we also live on the edge of the desert. Los Angeles is a desert community. Beneath this building, beneath every street there's a desert. Without water the dust will rise up and cover

us as though we'd never existed!

(pausing, letting the
implication sink in)

CLOSE GITTES

sitting next to some grubby farmers, bored. He yawns, edges
away from one of the dirtier farmers.

BAGBY (O.S.)

(continuing)

The Alto Vallejo can save us from
that, and I respectfully suggest
that eight and a half million dollars
is a fair price to pay to keep the
desert from our streets and not on
top of them.

AUDIENCE COUNCIL CHAMBERS

An amalgam of farmers, businessmen, and city employees have
been listening with keen interest. A couple of the farmers
applaud.

Somebody shooshes them.

COUNCIL COMMITTEE

In a whispered conference.

COUNCILMAN

(acknowledging Bagby)

Mayor Bagby... let's hear from the
departments again. I suppose we better
take Water and Power first. Mr.
Mulwray.

REACTION GITTES

Looking up with interest from his racing form.

MULWRAY

Walks to the huge map with overleafs. He is a slender man in
his sixties, who wears glasses and moves with surprising
fluidity. He turns to a smaller, younger man, and nods. The
man turns the overleaf on the map.

MULWRAY

In case you've forgotten, gentlemen,
over five hundred lives were lost
when the Van der Lip Dam gave way
core samples have shown that beneath
this bedrock is shale similar to the
permeable shale in the Van der Lip
disaster. It couldn't withstand
that kind of pressure there.

(referring to a new
overleaf)

Now you propose yet another dirt
banked terminus dam with slopes of
two and one half to one, one hundred

twelve feet high and a twelve thousand
acre water surface. Well, it won't
hold. I won't build it. It's that
simple. I am not making that kind of
mistake twice. Thank you, gentlemen.

Mulwray leaves the overleaf board and sits down. Suddenly
there are some whoops and hollers from the rear of the
chambers and a redfaced FARMER drives in several scrawny,
bleating sheep. Naturally, they cause a commotion.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT

(shouting to farmer)

What in the hell do you think you're
doing?

(as the sheep bleat
down the aisles toward
the Council)

Get those goddam things out of here!

FARMER

(right back)

Tell me where to take them! You don't
have an answer for that so quick, do
you?

Bailiffs and sergeants-at-arms respond to the imprecations
of the Council and attempt to capture the sheep and the
farmers, having to restrain one who looks like he's going to
bodily attack Mulwray.

FARMER

(through above, to

Mulwray)

You steal the water from the valley,
ruin the grazing, starve my livestock
who's paying you to do that, Mr.
Mulwray, that's what I want to know!

L.A. RIVERBED LONG SHOT

It's virtually empty. Sun blazes off it's ugly concrete banks.
Where the banks are earthen, they are parched and choked
with weeds.

After a moment, Mulwray's car pulls INTO VIEW on a flood
control road about fifteen feet above the riverbed. Mulwray
gets out of the car. Me looks around.

WITH GITTES

Holding a pair of binoculars, downstream and just above the
flood control road using some dried mustard weeds for cover.
He watches while Mulwray makes his way down to the center of
the riverbed.

There Mulwray stops, tuns slowly, appears to be looking at
the bottom of the riverbed, or at nothing at all.

GITTES

Trains the binoculars on him. Sun glints off Mulwray's

glasses.

BELOW GITTES

There's the SOUND of something like champagne corks popping.
Then a small Mexican boy atop a swayback horse rides it into
the riverbed, and into Gitte's view.

MULWRAY

Himself stops, stands still when he hears the sound. Power
lines and the sun are overhead, the trickle of brackish water
at his feet.

He moves swiftly downstream in the direction of the sound,
toward Gittes.

GITTES

Moves a little further back as Mulwray rounds the bend in
the river and comes face to face with the Mexican boy on the
muddy banks.

Mulwray says something to the boy.

The boy doesn't answer at first. Mulwray points to the ground.
The boy gestures. Mulwray frowns. He kneels down in the mud
and stares at it. He seems to be concentrating on it.

After a moment, he rises, thanks the boy and heads swiftly
back upstream scrambling up the bank to his car.

There he reaches through the window and pulls out a roll of blueprints or something like them. He spreads them on the hood of his car and begins to scribble some notes, looking downstream from time to time.

The power lines overhead HUM.

He stops, listens to them then rolls up the plans and gets back in the car. He drives off.

GITTES

Hurries to get back to his car. He gets in and gets right back out.

The steamy leather burns him. He takes a towel from the back seat and carefully places it on the front one. He gets in and takes off.

POINT FERMIN PARK DUSK

Street lights go on.

MULWRAY

Pulls up, parks. Hurries out of the car, across the park lawn and into the shade of some trees and buildings.

GITTES

Pulls up, moves across the park at a different angle, but in the direction Mulwray had gone. He makes it through the trees in time to see Mulwray scramble adroitly down the side of the cliff to the beach below. He seems in a hurry. Gittes moves after him, having a little more difficulty negotiating the climb than Mulwray did.

DOWN ON THE BEACH

Gittes looks to his right where the bay is a long, clear crescent.

He looks to his left. There's a promontory of sorts. It's apparent Mulwray has gone that way. Gittes hesitates, then moves in that direction but climbs along the promontory in order to be above Mulwray.

AT THE OUTFALL

Gittes spots Mulwray just below him, kicking at the sand.

Mulwray picks up a starfish. Brushes the sand off it. Looks absently up toward Gittes.

GITTES

Backs away, sits near the outfall, yawns.

BEACON LIGHT AT POINT FERMIN

Flashing in the dust.

CLOSE GITTES

Sitting, suddenly starts. He swears softly. He's in a puddle of water and the seat of his trousers is wet.

MULWRAY

Below him in watching the water trickling down from the outfall near Gittes.

Mulwray stands and stares at the water, apparently fascinated. Even as Gittes watches Mulwray watching, the volume and velocity seem to increase until it gushes in spurts, cascading into the sea, whipping it into a foam.

AT THE STREET GITTES' CAR

There's a slip of paper stuck under the windshield wiper. Gittes pulls it off, gets in the car and turns on the dash light. It says:

"SAVE OUR CITY! LOS ANGELES IS DYING OF THIRST! PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY! LOS ANGELES IS YOUR INVESTMENT IN THE FUTURE!!! VOTE YES NOVEMBER 6... CITIZENS COMMITTEE TO SAVE OUR CITY, HON. SAM BAGBY, FORMER MAYOR CHAIRMAN." Gittes grumbles, crumples it up and tosses it out the window. He notices other flyers parked on a couple of cars down the street.

Gittes reaches down and opens his glove compartment.

INT. GLOVE COMPARTMENT

Consists of a small mountain of Ingersoll pocket watches.

The cheap price tags are still on them. Gittes pulls out one.

He absently winds it, checks the time with his own watch. It's 9:37 as he walks to Mulwray's car and places it behind the front wheel of Mulwray's car. He yawns again and heads back to his own car.

GITTES

Arrives whistling, opens the door with "J.J. GITTES AND ASSOCIATES DISCREET INVESTIGATION" on it.

GITTES

Morning, Sophie.

Sophie hands him a small pile of messages. He goes through them.

GITTES

Walsh here?

SOPHIE

He's in the dark room.

Gittes walks through his office to Duffy and Walsh's. A little red light is on in the corner, over a closed door. Gittes

walks over and knocks on the door.

GITTES

Where'd he go yesterday?

WALSH'S VOICE

Three reservoirs. Men's room of a
Richfield gas station on Flower, and
the Pig 'n Whistle.

GITTES

Jesus Christ, this guy's really got
water on the brain.

WALSH'S VOICE

What'd you expect? That's his job.

GITTES

Listen, we can't string this broad
out indefinitely we got to come up
with something.

WALSH'S VOICE

I think I got something.

GITTES

Oh yeah? You pick up the watch?

INT. DUFFY & WALSH'S OFFICE GITTES

WALSH'S VOICE

It's on your desk. Say, you hear the
one about the guy who goes to the
North Pole with Admiral Byrd looking
for penguins?

Gittes walks to his office.

ON HIS DESK

Is the Ingersoll watch, the crystal broken, the hands stopped
at 2:47.

GITTES

He was there all night.

Gittes drops it, sits down. Walsh comes in carrying a series
of wet photos stuck with clothes pins onto a small blackboard.

GITTES

(continuing; eagerly)

So what you got?

Walsh shows him the photos. He looks at them. They are a
series outside a restaurant showing Mulwray with another man
whose appearance is striking. In two of the photos a gnarled
cane is visible.

GITTES

(continuing; obviously
annoyed)

This?

WALSH

They got into a terrific argument
outside the Pig 'n Whistle.

GITTES

What about?

WALSH

I don't know. The traffic was pretty
loud. I only heard one thing apple
core.

GITTES

Apple core?

WALSH

(shrugs)
Yeah.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Gittes tosses down the photos in disgust.

GITTES

Jesus Christ, Walsh. That's what you
spent your day doing?

WALSH

Look, you tell me to take pictures,
I take pictures.

GITTES

Let me explain something to you,
Walsh. This business requires a
certain finesse.

The PHONE has been RINGING. Sophie buzzes him.

GITTES

Yeah, Sophie?

(he picks up the phone)

Duffy, where are you?

Duffy's VOICE can be HEARD, excitedly. "I got it. I got it.

He's found himself some cute little twist in a rowboat, in
Echo Park."

GITTES

(continuing)

Okay, slow down Echo Park.

(to Walsh)

Jesus, water again.

WESTLAKE PARK (MCARTHUR PARK)

Duffy is rowing, Gittes seated in the stern.

They pass Mulwray and a slender blonde girl in a summer print
dress, drifting in their rowboat, Mulwray fondly doting on
the girl.

GITTES

(to Duffy, as they
pass)

Let's have a big smile, pal.

He shoots past Duffy, expertly running off a couple of fast shots.

Mulwray and the girl seem blissfully unaware of them.

DUFFY

Turns again and they row past Mulwray and the girl, Gittes again clicking off several fast shots.

CLOSE SHOT SIGN:

"EL MACANDO APARTMENTS"

MOVE ALONG the red tiled roof and down to a lower level of the roof where Gittes' feet are hooked over the apex of the roof and Gittes himself is stretched face downward on the tiles, pointing himself and his camera to a veranda below him where the girl and Mulwray are eating. Gittes is clicking off more shots when the tiles his feet are hooked over come loose.

Gittes begins a slow slide down the tile to the edge of the roof and possibly over it to a three-story drop. He tries to slow himself down. The loose tile also begins to slide.

Gittes stops himself at the roof's edge by the storm drain and begins a very precarious turn, this time hooking his feet in the drain itself. The loose tile falls and hits the veranda below. He stops as it's about to slide over the edge. He carefully lays it in the drain. But a fragment off the cracked edge of the tile falls.

WITH MULWRAY AND THE GIRL

Mulwray staring at the fragment at his feet. He looks to the girl.

He's clearly concerned. He rises, looks up to the roof.

FROM HIS POV

The roof and the sign topping it betray nothing. He slowly sits back down, staring at the tile fragment.

CLOSE SHOT NEWSPAPER "DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER BLOWS FUSE OVER CHIEF'S USE OF FUNDS FOR EL MACANDO LOVE NEST."

In the style of the Hearst yellow press, there is a heart-shaped drawing around one of the photos that Gittes had taken. Next to it is a smaller column, "J.J. Gittes hired by suspicious spouse."

INT. BARBERSHOP GITTES

Holds the paper and reads while getting his haircut and his shoes shined. In fact, almost all the customers are reading

papers.

BARNEY

(to Gittes)

When you get so much publicity, after
a while you must get blasé about it.

A self-satisfied smile comes to Gittes' face.

BARNEY

(continuing)

Face it. You're practically a movie
star.

In b.g., customers can be OVERHEARD talking about the drought.

Interspersed with above, someone is saying, "They're gonna
start rationing water unless it rains." Someone else says,
"Only for washing your cars." Third says, "You're not going
to be able to water your lawn either, or take a bath more
than once a week." First says, "If you don't have a lawn or
a car, do you get an extra bath?"

Gittes has been staring outside the barbershop. A car is
stalled.

The hood is up. A man watches his radiator boiling over.

GITTES

(laughing)

Look at that.

BARNEY

Heat's murder.

OTHER CUSTOMER

(end of conversation)

Fools names and fools faces...

Gittes has heard the word. He straightens up.

GITTES

(smiling; to Other
Customer)

What's that, pal?

OTHER CUSTOMER

(indicating paper)

Nothing. You got a hell of a way to
make a living.

GITTES

Oh? What do you do to make ends meet?

OTHER CUSTOMER

Mortgage Department, First National
Bank.

Gittes laughs.

GITTES

Tell me, how many people a week do

you foreclose on?

OTHER CUSTOMER

We don't publish a record in the paper, I can tell you that.

GITTES

Neither do I.

OTHER CUSTOMER

No, you have a press agent do it.

Gittes gets out of the chair. Barney, a little concerned, tries to restrain him, holding onto the barber sheet around Gittes' neck.

GITTES

Barney, who is this bimbo? He a regular customer?

BARNEY

Take it easy, Jake.

GITTES

Look, pal. I make an honest living. People don't come to me unless they're miserable and I help 'em out of a bad situation. I don't kick them out of their homes like you jerks who work in the bank.

BARNEY

Jake, for Christ's sake.

Gittes is trying to take off his sheet.

GITTES

C'mon, get out of the barber chair.

We'll go outside and talk this over.

The Customer is shrinking back into the chair.

BARNEY

Hey, c'mon, Jake. Sit down. Sit down.

You hear about the fella goes to his
friend and says, 'What'll I do, I'm
tired of screwing my wife?' and his
friend says, 'Whyn't you do what the
Chinese do?'

Gittes allows himself to be tugged back to his chair.

GITTES

I don't know how that got in the
paper as a matter of fact it
surprised me it was so quick. I make
an honest living.

BARNEY

'Course you do, Jake.

GITTES

An honest living.

BARNEY

(continuing)

So anyway, he says, 'whyn't you do
what the Chinese do?'

INT. GITTES' OFFICE

Gittes comes bursting in, slapping a newspapers on his thigh.

GITTES

Duffy, Walsh.

Walsh comes out of his office, Duffy out of the other one.

GITTES

(continuing)

Sophie, go to the little girl's room
for a minute.

SOPHIE

But, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

(insisting)

Sophie.

SOPHIE

Yes, Mr. Gittes.

She gets up and leaves.

GITTES

So there's this fella who's tired of
screwing his wife.

DUFFY

Jake, listen.

GITTES

Shut up, Duffy, you're always in a
hurry and his friend says why not do
what the Chinese do? So he says what
do they do? His friend says the
Chinese they screw for a while. Just
listen a second, Duffy...

A stunning YOUNG WOMAN appears behind Gittes in his doorway.
She's shortly joined by a small, GRAY-HAIRED MAN. They listen,
unseen by Gittes.

GITTES

(continuing)

...and then they stop and they read
a little Confucius and they screw
some more and they stop and they
smoke some opium and then they go
back and screw some more and they
stop again and they contemplate the
moon or something and it makes it
more exciting. So this other guy

goes home to screw his wife and after
a while he stops and gets up and
goes into the other room only he
reads Life Magazine and he goes back
and he screws some more and suddenly
says excuse me a second and he gets
up and smokes a cigarette and he
goes back and by this time his wife
is getting sore as hell. So he screws
some more and then he gets up to
look at the moon and his wife says,
'What the hell do you think you're
doing?

(Gittes breaks up)

...you're screwing like a Chinaman.'

Gittes hangs onto Sophie's desk laughing his ass off. The
little Gray-Haired Man winces. When Gittes looks up he sees
the Young Woman, apparently in her late twenties. She's so
stunning that Gittes nearly gasps.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

Yes?

YOUNG WOMAN

Do you know me?

GITTES

Well... I think I... I would've
remembered.

YOUNG WOMAN

Have we ever met?

GITTES

Well, no.

YOUNG WOMAN

Never?

GITTES

Never.

YOUNG WOMAN

That's what I thought. You see, I'm
Mrs. Evelyn Mulwray. You know, Mr.
Mulwray's wife.

Gittes is staggered. He glances down at the newspaper.

GITTES

Not that Mulwray?

EVELYN

Yes, that Mulwray, Mr. Gittes. And
since you agree with me we've never
met, you must also agree that I
haven't hired you to do anything.
Certainly not spy on my husband. I

see you like publicity, Mr. Gittes.

Well, you're going to get it.

GITTES

Now wait a minute, Mrs. Mulwray...

She's walked past him toward the door. He stop her.

GITTES

(continuing)

...there's some misunderstanding
here. It's not going to do any good
to get tough with me.

Evelyn flashes a cold smile.

EVELYN

I don't get tough with anybody, Mr.
Gittes. My lawyer does.

Evelyn starts out the door and Gittes starts after her. This
time he's stopped by the Gray-Haired Man who has also come
out of his office and up behind him.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

Here's something for you, Mr. Gittes.

Gittes turns to be handed a thick sheaf of papers, a summons
and complaint. Evelyn walks out the door.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

(continuing; pleasantly)

I suppose we'll be hearing from your attorney.

Gittes stares down at the papers in his hand.

INT. GITTES' INNER OFFICE GITTES, DUFFY & WALSH

On Gittes' desk. There are empty coffee cups, the summons and complaint, and the newspaper Gittes had brought with him from the barber shop.

The three men are sitting, worn and silent. Walsh chewing gum is the loudest noise in the room.

Gittes looks to Walsh with obvious irritation. Walsh stops chewing.

Duffy puts out a cigarette in the dregs of one of the coffee cups.

GITTES

(to Duffy)

There's seven ashtrays in this room,
Duffy.

DUFFY

Okay.

GITTES

That's a filthy habit.

DUFFY

I said okay, Jake.

GITTES

Yeah, yeah. If she'd come in here
saying she was Shirley Temple you'd
say okay to that, too.

WALSH

Look, Jake. She gave us Mulwray's
real phone number and address.

GITTES

All she needed for that was the phone
book!

WALSH

No, no. She said not to call, her
husband might answer.

GITTES

When I find out who that phony bitch
was.

Gittes is staring down at the newspaper. He suddenly grabs
the phone, begins dialing. A tight little smile breaks out
on his face.

He buzzes Sophie.

GITTES

Sophie.

SOPHIE

Yes, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Get me the Times. Whitey Mehrholtz.

(as he waits)

And how about that snotty broad?

(the phone to his ear)

What does she think, she's perfect?

Coming in waving her lawyers and her
money at me so goddam smug. She's
no better than anybody else in this
town.

Sophie BUZZES.

GITTES

(continuing)

Whitey, what's new, pal?... Yeah,
listen, where did you get those
photographs... Yeah, blowing a fuse
over the El Macando love nest. That's
cute, Whitey... so who sent them to
you... I sent them?

(Gittes laughs a little

hysterically)

Why would I be asking how you got
them if I sent them?... Whitey?...

Whitey?... C'mon, level with me for
once, my tit's in the wringer and
it's beginning to hurt... yeah...
yeah... yeah.

He hangs up.

WALSH

So he says you sent them?

GITTES

(after a moment)

They're all a bunch of phonies.

INT. DEPARTMENT WATER & POWER HALL

Gittes stops outside a door marked:

"HOLLIS J. MULWRAY CHIEF ENGINEER"

He enters an outer office. The SECRETARY looks surprised.

GITTES

Mr. Mulwray, please.

SECRETARY

He's not in, Mr.?

GITTES

Gittes.

SECRETARY

May I ask what this is regarding?

GITTES

It's personal. Has he been out long?

SECRETARY

Since lunch.

GITTES

Gee whiz.

(he glances at his
watch)

And I'm late.

SECRETARY

He was expecting you?

GITTES

Fifteen minutes ago. Why don't I go
in and wait?

Without waiting for a response, he does. The Secretary half
rises in protest but Gittes is through the inner door.

MULWRAY'S INNER OFFICE

The walls are covered with commendation, photos of Mulwray
at various construction sites, large maps of watershed areas
and reservoirs in the city. On the desk is a framed, tinted
photo of Evelyn in riding clothes.

Gittes moves to the desk, watching the translucent pane in the upper half of the door leading to the outer office as he does.

He begins to open and close the desk drawers after quickly examining the top. He tries one of the drawers and it doesn't open.

He reopens the top drawer, and the bottom one opens.

He looks in it, pulls out a checkbook. He opens it, riffles through the stubs like he was shuffling cards. Drops it, finds a set of keys, an old phone book, and a menu from a Water Department lunch at the Biltmore Hotel in 1913. Then,

He flips through them, reads one notation in Mulwray's neat hand:

"Tues. night. Oak Pass Res. 7 channels used."

Gittes spots a shadow looming in front of the translucent pane. He quickly tosses item after item back, kneeing the drawer, nearly knocking a spare pair of Mulwray's glasses off the desk top when he does. He catches them, puts them on the desk and is pacing the room as the door opens.

RUSS YELBURTON

Enters the room. An anxious Secretary is right behind him.

YELBURTON

Can I help you?

(extending his hand)

Russ Yelburton, Deputy Chief in the
Department.

GITTES

(equally pleasant)

J.J. Gittes. And it's not a
departmental matter.

YELBURTON

I wonder if you'd care to wait in my
office?

This is more a request than an invitation. Gittes nods,
follows Yelburton out, through the outer office to his offices
down the hall.

YELBURTON

(continuing; as they're
going)

You see, this whole business in the
paper with Mr. Mulwray has us all on
edge.

INT. YELBURTON OFFICE

Smaller than Mulwray's, he has most noticeably a lacquered
marlin mounted on the wall. There are a couple of other
pictures of Yelburton with yellowtail and other fish he's

standing beside.

There's also a small burgee of a fish with the initials A.C.
below it, tacked onto the wall.

YELBURTON

After all, you work with a man for a
certain length of time, you come to
know him, his habits, his values,
and so forth. Well either he's the
kind who chases after women or he
isn't.

GITTES

And Mulwray isn't?

YELBURTON

He never even kids about it.

GITTES

Maybe he takes it very seriously.

Gittes winks. Yelburton chuckles appreciatively, loosening
up a little.

GITTES

You don't happen to know where Mr.
Mulwray's having lunch?

YELBURTON

I'm sorry, I --

GITTES

Well, tell him I'll be back.

Gittes spots a card tray on Yelburton's desk.

GITTES

(continuing)

Mind if I take one of your cards?

In case I want to get in touch with
you again.

YELBURTON

Help yourself.

Gittes fishes a couple off the tray, puts them in his
handkerchief pocket. He goes out the door, nearly running
into a man who is standing by the Secretary's desk, about
GITTES' age only a head taller and a foot wider, dressed in
a plain suit that fits him about as well as a brown paper
bag.

GITTES

Mulvihill, what are you doing here?

OUTER OFFICE YELBURTON, MULVIHILL AND GITTES

Mulvihill stares at Gittes with unblinking eyes, remains by
the desk.

MULVIHILL

They shut my water off, what's it to you?

GITTES

How'd you find out? You don't drink it, you don't take a bath in it, maybe they sent you a letter. Ah, but then you'd have to be able to read.

Mulvihill moves toward Gittes, shaking with fury. Yelburton steps between them.

GITTES

(continuing)

Relax, Mulvihill, glad to see you.

(to Yelburton)

Do you know Claude Mulvihill here?

YELBURTON

Hope so. He's working for us.

EXT. MULWRAY HOUSE GITTES

Rings the bell. He waits.

A powerful CHINESE BUTLER with heavy hair and a half-jacket of gold on one front tooth, answers the door.

GITTES

J.J. Gittes to see Mr. Mulwray.

He hands the Chinese Butler a card from his wallet. The Butler takes it and disappears, leaving Gittes standing in the doorway.

Gittes stands, and sweats, watching a Japanese GARDENER trim a hedge. There's a SQUEAKING SOUND. Gittes moves a few feet off the porch.

POV GARAGE

A chauffeur is washing down a cream-colored Packard with a chamois.

Steam rises off the hood. The squeaking has obviously come from the chamois.

CHINESE BUTLER

In doorway.

CHINESE BUTLER

Please.

Gittes looks behind him. The Chinese Butler is gesturing for him to follow.

THROUGH THE HOUSE GITTES

Follows him, trying to check out the rooms as he goes. A maid is cleaning in the den. They pass through it out some

French doors along a trellised walkway to a large pond with running water.

CHINESE BUTLER

You wait, please.

Gittes is left standing by the pond. It's suddenly very quiet except for the running water. The pond is over-flowing. After a moment, the Gardener comes running back. He smiles at Gittes, probes into the pond.

There's something gleaming in the bottom of it. Gittes notes it.

After a moment, the Gardener drops the long probe, the waters recede.

EXT. POND GITTES AND JAPANESE GARDENER DAY

GARDENER

(to Gittes)

Bad for glass.

GITTES

(not understanding)

Yeah sure. Bad for glass.

The Gardener nods, and is off, leaving Gittes staring at the object in the bottom of the pond that is gleaming.

He looks at the tool the Gardener was using, hesitates, picks

it up and starts to probe into the pond himself, toward the gleaming object.

He then spots Evelyn rounding a turn, coming down the trellised pathway. He casually belts the probe, holds onto it for poise.

Evelyn is wearing jeans that are lathered white on the inside of the thighs and laced with brown horsehair.

She's wearing riding boots, is perspiring a little, but looks younger than she did in the office.

EVELYN

Yes, Mr. Gittes?

Gittes is a little taken aback at seeing Evelyn. He is annoyed as well. Nevertheless, he is elaborately polite.

GITTES

Actually, I'm here to see your
husband, Mrs. Mulwray.

He laughs. a little nervously. He waits for a reply. There is none.

The Chinese Butler appears on the veranda.

EVELYN

Would you like something to drink?

GITTES

What are you having?

EVELYN

Iced tea.

GITTES

Yeah. Fine, thank you.

Chinese Butler nods, disappears

EXT. POND AND GARDEN MULWRAY HOUSE DAY

Evelyn sits at a glass-topped table. Gittes Joins her.

EVELYN

My husband's at the office.

GITTES

Actually he's not. And he's moved
from his apartment at the El Macando.

EVELYN

(sharply)

That's not his apartment.

GITTES

Anyway... I... the point is, Mrs.
Mulwray. I'm not in business to be
loved, but I am in business, and
believe me, whoever set up your

husband, set me up. L.A.'s a small
town, people talk.

He waits for a response. Then:

GITTES

(continuing; uneasily)

I'm just trying to make a living,
and I don't want to become a local
Joke.

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes, you've talked me into
it. I'll drop the lawsuit.

GITTES

What?

EVELYN

I said I'll drop it.

The iced tea comes on a tray which Ramon sets down between
them.

EVELYN

(continuing; pleasantly)

So let's just drop the whole thing.
Sugar? Lemon?

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

(as she's mixing one
of the drinks)

Yes, Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

I don't want to drop it.

Evelyn looks up. Gittes smiles a little sheepishly.

GITTES

I should talk this over with your
husband.

EVELYN

(a little concerned)

Why?... What on earth for? Look,
Hollis seems to think you're an
innocent man.

GITTES

Well, I've been accused of many
things, Mrs. Mulwray, but never that.

Again he laughs a little nervously. Again no reaction.

GITTES

(continuing)

You see, somebody went to a lot of
trouble here, and I want to find

out, lawsuit or no lawsuit. I'm not the one who's supposed to be caught with my pants down... so I'd like to see your husband. Unless that's a problem.

EVELYN

(with a slight edge)

What do you mean?

GITTES

May I speak frankly, Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

You may if you can, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

(determined to be
polite)

Well, that little girlfriend, she was attractive in a cheap sort of way of course. She's disappeared. Maybe they disappeared together somewhere.

EVELYN

(with rising anger)

Suppose they did. How does it concern you?

GITTES

Nothing personal, Mrs. Mulwray, I
just --

EVELYN

It's very personal. It couldn't be
more personal. Is this a business or
an obsession with you?

GITTES

Look at it this way. Now this phony
broad, excuse the language, says
she's you, she's hired me. Whoever
put her up to it, didn't have anything
against me. They were out to get
your husband. Now if I see him, I
can help him. Did you talk this
morning?

Evelyn brushes lightly at the horsehair on her Jeans.

EVELYN

No. I went riding rather early.

GITTES

Looks like you went quite a distance.

EVELYN

No, Just riding bareback, that's
all. Anyway, you might try the Oak
Pass or Stone Canyon Reservoirs.
Sometimes at lunch Hollis takes walks

around them. Otherwise he'll be home
by 6:30.

GITTES

I'll stop by.

EVELYN

Please call first.

Gittes nods.

EXT. OAK PASS RESERVOIR DAY

Gittes drives up a winding road, following a flood channel
up into the parched hills.

TWO FIRE TRUCKS

One a rescue truck, are at the entrance to the reservoir.

The chain link fence with its KEEP OUT sign is open and there
are people milling around. The reservoir is below.

Gittes' car is stopped by a couple of UNIFORMED POLICE.

GUARD

Sorry, this is closed to the public,
sir.

Gittes hesitates only a moment, then:

GITTES

(to the Guard)

It's all right. Russ Yelburton, Deputy
Chief in the Department.

He fishes out one of Yelburton's cards from his handkerchief
pocket, hands it to the Guard.

GUARD

Sorry, Mr. Yelburton. Go on down.

Gittes drives past the Guards, through the gate, along the
reservoir. He spots a police car and an unmarked one as well.

Gittes stops and gets out of the car. Several men with their
backs turned, one talking quietly, staring down into the
reservoir where other men in small skiffs are apparently
dredging for something.

One of the men turns and sees Gittes. He recognizes Gittes
and is visibly shocked.

LOACH

Gittes, for Chrissakes.

GITTES

Loach.

LOACH

(moving to Gittes,
taking him by the

arm)

C'mon, get out of here before --

EXT. RESERVOIR DAY

Loach tries to ease him down the path.

GITTES

Before what? What the hell's going
on?

At the sound of his raised voice, a man standing at the edge
of the channel, talking to two boys in swimming trunks, turns
around. He's a tall, sleek Mexican in his early thirties,
LUIS ESCOBAR.

Both Gittes and Escobar register considerable surprise at
seeing one another. The men around them are extremely uneasy.

Loach is actually sweating. Finally, Escobar smiles.

ESCOBAR

Hello, Jake.

GITTES

(without smiling)

How are you, Lou?

ESCOBAR

I have a cold I can't seem to shake
but other than that, I'm fine.

GITTES

Summer colds are the worst.

ESCOBAR

Yeah, they are.

Gittes reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cigarette case.

A FIREMAN

No smoking, sir. It's a fire hazard
this time of year.

ESCOBAR

I think we can make an exception.
I'll see he's careful with the
matches.

GITTES

(lighting up)

Thanks, Lou.

ESCOBAR

How'd you get past the guards?

GITTES

Well, to tell you the truth, I lied
a little.

Escobar nods. They walk a couple of steps. The other police,
two plainclothesmen and a uniformed officer, watch them.

ESCOBAR

You've done well by yourself.

GITTES

I get by.

ESCOBAR

Well, sometimes it takes a while for
a man to find himself and I guess
you have.

LOACH

Poking around in other people's dirty
linen.

GITTES

Yeah. Tell me, you still throw
Chinamen into jail for spitting on
the laundry?

ESCOBAR

You're behind the times, Jake. They've
got steam irons now.

(smiles)

And I'm out of Chinatown.

GITTES

Since when?

ESCOBAR

Since I made Lieutenant.

It's apparent Gittes is impressed despite himself.

GITTES

Congratulations.

ESCOBAR

Uh-huh. So what are you doing here?

GITTES

Looking for someone.

ESCOBAR

Who?

GITTES

Hollis Mulwray. You seen him?

ESCOBAR

Oh yes.

GITTES

I'd like to talk to him.

ESCOBAR

You're welcome to try. There he is.

Escobar points down to the reservoir. A couple of men using poles with hooks are fishing about in the water. It can be SEEN that one of them has hooked something.

He shouts. The other man hooks it, too. They pull, revealing the soaking back of a man's coat. They start to pull the body into the skiff.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE EVELYN AND ESCOBAR

Are standing over the body of Mulwray. Escobar has the sheet drawn back. Evelyn nods.

Escobar drops the sheet. Escobar and Evelyn move a few feet to one side and whisper, almost as though they were trying to keep the corpse from hearing them.

ESCOBAR

It looks like he was washed the entire length of the runoff channel. Could he swim?

EVELYN

Of course.

ESCOBAR

Obviously the fall must have knocked him out.

Evelyn nods slightly Escobar coughs. A coroner's assistant wheels the body out of the office.

ESCOBAR

(continuing)

This alleged affair he was having.
The publicity didn't make him morose
or unhappy?

OUTSIDE THE CORONER'S

Gittes has been sitting on a wooden bench, smoking and listening. At this question, he rises and looks through the doorway.

Escobar sees him, ignores him. Evelyn doesn't see him.

EVELYN

...Well, it didn't make him happy...

ESCOBAR

But there is no possibility he would
have taken his own life?

EVELYN

(sharply)

No.

ESCOBAR

(a little uncomfortably
now)

Mrs. Mulwray, do you happen to know
the name of the young woman in
question?

Evelyn shows a flash of annoyance.

EVELYN

No.

ESCOBAR

Do you know where she might be?

EVELYN

Certainly not!

Escobar and Evelyn move slowly toward the door.

ESCOBAR

You and your husband never discussed
her?

EVELYN

(stopping, faltering)

He... we did... he wouldn't tell me
her name. We quarreled over her...
of course. It came as a complete
surprise to me.

ESCOBAR

A complete surprise?

EVELYN

Yes.

ESCOBAR

But I thought you'd hired a private

investigator.

EVELYN

A private investigator?

ESCOBAR

(gesturing vaguely

toward the door)

Mr. Gittes.

EVELYN

Well yes.

Evelyn looks up to see Gittes standing in the doorway only a foot or two from her. She stops cold. They look at one another for a long moment.

EVELYN

(her eyes on Gittes)

But I... I... did that because I
thought it was a nasty rumor I'd put
an end to...

She finishes, looks plaintively at Gittes. Escobar is right at her back. Gittes says nothing.

ESCOBAR

And when did Mr. Gittes inform you
that these rumors had some foundation
in fact?

Evelyn looks at Escobar but doesn't know how to answer him.

GITTES

(smoothly)

Just before the story broke in the
papers, Lou.

Escobar nods. They begin to walk slowly, again have to move
out of the way as some other corpse is being wheeled out of
one of the Coroner cubicles.

ESCOBAR

You wouldn't happen to know the
present whereabouts of the young
woman.

GITTES

No.

ESCOBAR

Or her name?

GITTES

No.

They have walked a few steps further down the hall.

EVELYN

Will you need me for anything else,
Lieutenant?

ESCOBAR

I don't think so, Mrs. Mulwray. Of course you have my deepest sympathy and if we need anymore information, we'll be in touch.

GITTES

I'll walk her to her car, be right back.

ESCOBAR'S POV

Evelyn glances at Gittes. They go through a couple of outer doors and pass several reporters who have been in the outer hall, laughing, kidding, the tag end of lines like "only in L.A." and "Southern Cafeteria."

Gittes hurries her past the reporters who flank them, asking questions. Gittes brushes them aside.

EVELYN AND GITTES AT HER CAR

In a small parking lot.

Evelyn fumbles in her bag, looking feverishly for something in her purse.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray?... Mrs. Mulwray.

EVELYN

(flushed, perspiring)

...Just a minute...

GITTES

(touching her gently)

You left your keys in the ignition.

EVELYN

Oh... thank you.

She glances down, leans against the side of the car.

EVELYN

(continuing)

Thank you for going along with me. I

just didn't want to explain

anything... I'll send you a check.

GITTES

(puzzled)

A check?

Evelyn gets in her car.

EVELYN

To make it official, I hired you.

She drives off, leaving Gittes gaping.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE HALLWAY

GITTES

Don't give me that, Lou. You hauled
me down here for a statement.

Escobar shrugs.

ESCOBAR

I don't want it anymore.

GITTES

No?

ESCOBAR

No. It was an accident.

GITTES

You mean that's what you're going to
call it.

Escobar looks up.

ESCOBAR

That's right.

(contemptuously)

Out of respect for his civic position.

Resume walking.

Gittes laughs.

GITTES

What'd he do, Lou, make a pass at
your sister?

Escobar stops.

ESCOBAR

No, he drowned a cousin of mine with
about five hundred other people. But
they weren't very important, just a
bunch of dumb Mexicans living by a
dam. Now beat it, Gittes, you don't
come out of this smelling like a
rose, you know.

GITTES

Oh yeah? Can you think of something
to charge me with?

ESCOBAR

When I do, you'll hear about it.

Gittes nods, turns, and walks down the hall.

OUTSIDE MORGUE

Gittes stops by a body on the table, the toe tagged with
Mulwray's name. MORTY is standing near it in a doorway to an
adjoining room. A RADIO is on, and with it the announcement
that they're about to hear another chapter in the life of
Lorenzo Jones and his devoted wife, Belle. Another Coroner's
assistant sits at the table, listening to the radio and eating

a sandwich.

Gittes ambles into the room.

MORTY

(a cigarette dangling

out of his mouth)

Jake, what're you doin' here?

GITTES

Nothin', Morty, it's my lunch hour,

I thought I'd drop by and see who

died lately.

Gittes picks up the sheet and pulls it back. CAMERA GETS ITS
FIRST GLIMPSE of Mulwray's body. Eyes open, the face badly
cut and bruised.

MORTY

Yeah? Ain't that something? Middle
of a drought, the water commissioner
drowns. Only in L.A.

GITTES

(looking at. Mulwray)

Yeah. Banged up pretty bad.

MORTY

That's a long fall.

GITTES

So how are you, Morty?

Morty is wheeling in another body with the help of an assistant.

MORTY

Never better. You know me, Jake.

As he begins to move the body into the refrigerator, he breaks into a wrenching spasm of coughing. Gittes spots the other body, lowers the sheet on Mulwray.

GITTES

(picking up on cough)

Yeah, so who you got there?

Morty pulls back the sheet.

MORTY

Leroy Shuhardt, local drunk used to hang around Ferguson's Alley.

Morty brushes some sand from the man's face, laughs.

MORTY

(continuing)

Quite a character. Lately he'd been living in one of the downtown storm drains. Had a bureau dresser down there and everything.

Gittes has already lost interest. He starts away.

GITTES

Yeah.

MORTY

Drowned, too.

This stops Gittes.

GITTES

Come again?

MORTY

Yeah, got dead drunk, passed out in
the bottom of the riverbed.

GITTES

The L.A. River?

MORTY

(a little puzzled)

Yeah, under Hollenbeck Bridge, what's
wrong with that?

Gittes has moved back to the body, looks at it more closely.

GITTES

It's bone dry, Morty.

MORTY

It's not completely dry.

GITTES

Yeah, well he ain't gonna drown in a
damp riverbed either, I don't care
how soused he was. That's like
drowning in a teaspoon.

Morty shrugs.

MORTY

We got water out of him, Jake. He
drowned.

Gittes walks away mumbling.

GITTES

Jesus, this town...

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD GITTES DAY

He's parked on an overpass. The sign HOLLENBECK BRIDGE on
one of its concrete columns. Gittes looks down into the
riverbed below.

FROM THE BRIDGE

Gittes can see the muddy remains of a collapsed shack, its
contents strewn down river from the bridge. Below him, lying
half over the storm drain and one wall that was on the bank
of the river is a sign that proclaims "OWN YOUR OWN OFFICE

IN THIS BUILDING \$5000 to \$6000" which was used as a roof of sorts. Downstream, there's the dresser, an oil drum, a Ford seat cushion, an Armour lard can, etc. The trashy remains of Shuhardt's home.

Gittes scrambles down the embankment and as he lands near the storm drain one shoe sinks, ankle deep into mud. Gittes pulls it out, swearing.

He begins to walk a little further downstream when he hears the vaguely familiar SQUISHY CLOP of something.

Clearing the bridge on the opposite side is the little Mexican Boy, again on his swayback horse, riding along the muddy bank.

They look at one another a moment.

GITTES

(calling out to him)

You were riding here the other day,
weren't you...?

The Boy doesn't answer.

GITTES

(continuing)

Speak English?... Habla Ingles?

THE BOY

(finally)

Si.

GITTES

Didn't you talk to a man here... few
days ago... wore glasses... he...

The Boy nods.

GITTES

(continuing)

What did you talk about, mind my
asking?

The shadows of the two are very long now.

THE BOY

(finally)

The water.

GITTES

What about the water?

THE BOY

When it comes.

GITTES

When it comes? What'd you tell him?

THE BOY

Comes in different parts of the river.
Every night a different part.

Gittes nods. The horse snorts. The Boy rides slowly on.

EXT. RIVERBED DUSK

Gittes scrambles up the embankment to note the direction the storm drain by Hollenbeck Bridge takes. It is headed above toward the Hollywood Hills, where the sun is setting.

EXT. GITTES IN CAR NIGHTFALL

Winding his way up a section of the Hollywood Hills. He picks up on an open flood channel with the spotlight by the driver's window.

GITTES IN CAR MOVING

Along the flood channel. It is dark now and Gittes follows the channel with the car spotlight. He turns at a fork in the road which allows him to continue following the flood channel.

FURTHER UP MOVING

The road is narrower. Gittes drives more slowly. Foliage is overgrown in the channel so its bottom cannot be glimpsed.

STILL FURTHER NIGHT

The road is dirt. Heavy clusters of oak trees and eucalyptus are everywhere. It is very still. Another turn and a pie-

shaped view of a lake of lights in the city below can be
GLIMPSED.

POV CHAIN-LINK FENCE

Over the road, bolted. It says "OAK PASS RESERVOIR. KEEP
OUT. NO TRESPASSING."

The chain-link itself actually extends over the flood channel
and down into it, making access along the channel itself
impossible.

Gittes backs up, turns off the motor, the car lights, the
spotlight.

A lone light overhead on tension wires is the sole
illumination.

There is only the eerie SOUND of the tension WIRES HUMMING.

Gittes gets out of the car, clubs the fence near the Flood
channel itself.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Gittes carefully works his way up through the thick Foliage
toward a second and large chain-link fence. Lights from the
reservoir still higher above can be SEEN.

Suddenly there is a GUNSHOT. Then ANOTHER. Gittes dives into
the flood control channel, which is at this point about four

feet deep and six feet wide. There is the SOUND of men scurrying through the brush, coming near him, then retreating. Gittes loses himself among the ivy in the channel.

He waits. The men seem to have passed him by. But there is another SOUND now. An echoing growing sound. It puzzles Gittes. He starts to lift his head to catch the direction.

GITTES IN FLOOD CONTROL CHANNEL NIGHT

Then he's inundated with a rush of water which pours over him, knocks off his hat, carries him down the channel, banging into its banks, as he desperately tries to grab some of the overgrowth to hang on and pull himself out. But the force of the stream batters him and carries him with it until he's brought rudely to the chainlink fence. It stops him cold. He's nearly strained through it.

Swearing and choking, he pulls himself out of the rushing water by means of the fence itself.

Drenched, battered, he slowly climbs back over the fence and makes his way toward his car.

AT GITTES' CAR

He fishes for his car keys, looks down. One shoe is missing.

GITTES

(grumbling)

Goddam Florsheim shoe, goddammit.

He starts to get into his car but Mulvihill and a SMALLER MAN stop him. Mulvihill pulling his coat down and pinning his arms, holding him tightly. The smaller man thrusts a switchblade knife about an inch and a half up Gittes' left nostril.

SMALLER MAN

(shaking with emotion)

Hold it there, kitty cat.

CLOSE GITTES

Frozen, the knife in his nostril, the street lamp overhead gleaming on the silvery blade.

THE SMALLER MAN

You are a very nosey fellow, kitty
cat... you know what happens to nosey
fellows?

The Smaller Man actually seems to be trembling with rage when he says this. Gittes doesn't move.

SMALLER MAN

(continuing)

Wanna guess? No? Okay, lose their
noses.

With a quick flick the Smaller Man pulls back on the blade, laying Gittes' left nostril open about an inch further. Gittes

screams.

Blood gushes down onto his shirt and coat.

Gittes bends over, instinctively trying to keep the blood from getting on his clothes. Mulvihill and the Smaller Man stare at him.

THE SMALLER MAN

(continuing)

Next time you lose the whole thing,
kitty cat. I'll cut it off and feed
it to my goldfish, understand?

MULVIHILL

Tell him you understand, Gittes.

EXT. OAK PASS RESERVOIR NIGHT

Gittes is now groveling on his hands and knees.

GITTES

(mumbling)

I understand...

Gittes on the ground can see only his tormentor's two-tone brown and white wing-tipped shoes, lightly freckled with his blood.

THE SHOE

Comes up and lightly shoves Gittes into the ground. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS RETREATING, Gittes gasping.

INT. GITTES' OFFICE GITTES

Sits behind his desk, BACK TO CAMERA, not moving. Duffy sits staring at nothing, Walsh moves uneasily around the room.

The PHONE is RINGING. Sophie BUZZES.

GITTES

(pressing down intercom)

Yeah, Sophie.

SOPHIE'S VOICE

A Miss Sessions calling.

GITTES

Who?

SOPHIE'S VOICE

Ida Sessions.

GITTES

Don't know her. Take a number.

NEW ANGLE REVEALING

A bandage spread-eagled across Gittes' nose.

WALSH

So some contractor wants to build a
dam and he makes a few payoffs. So
what?

Gittes turns slowly to Walsh. He lightly taps his nose.

WALSH

(continuing)

Think you can nail Mulvihill? They'll
claim you were trespassing.

GITTES

I don't want Mulvihill. I want the
big boys that are making the payoffs.

DUFFY

Then what'll you do?

GITTES

Sue the shit out of 'em.

WALSH

Yeah?

GITTES

Yeah. What's wrong with you guys?

Think ahead. We find 'em, sue 'em.

We'll make a killing.

(a dazzling smile)

We'll have dinner at Chasen's twice
a week, we'll be pissing on ice the

rest of our lives.

WALSH

Sue people like that they're liable
to be having dinner with the Judge
who's trying the suit.

Gittes looks irritated. The PHONE RINGS again.

SOPHIE'S VOICE

Miss Ida Sessions again. She says
you know her.

GITTES

Okay.

Gittes picks up the phone. He winks to his boys.

GITTES

(continuing)

Hello, Miss Sessions. I don't believe
we've had the pleasure.

IDA'S VOICE

Oh yes we have... are you alone, Mr.
Gittes?

GITTES

(clowning a little

for the boys)

Isn't everybody? What can I do for

you, Miss Sessions?

Walsh promptly starts to tell Duffy the Admiral Byrd story.

IDA'S VOICE

Well, I'm a working girl, Mr. Gittes.

I didn't come in to see you on my
own.

GITTES

When did you come in?

IDA'S VOICE

I was the one who pretended to be
Mrs. Mulwray, remember?

Walsh has finished off the punch line and both men are
laughing raucously. Gittes drops the mail he's been loafing
through and puts his hand over the receiver.

GITTES

(to Duffy and Walsh)

Shut the fuck up!

(then back to Ida)

...Yes I remember nothing, Miss
Sessions, just going over a detail
or two with my associates... you
were saying?

IDA'S VOICE

Well I never expected anything to

happen like what happened to Mr.
Mulwray, the point is if it ever
comes out I want somebody to know I
didn't know what would happen.

GITTES

I understand... if you could tell me
who employed you, Miss Sessions.
That could help us both.

IDA'S VOICE

Oh no.

GITTES

...Why don't you give me your address
and we can talk this over?

IDA'S VOICE

No, Mr. Gittes. Just look in the
obituary column of today's Times...

GITTES

The obituary column?

IDA'S VOICE

You'll find one of those people.

GITTES

'Those people?' Miss Sessions.

She hangs up. Gittes looks to his two men.

INT. BROWN DERBY CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER

Gittes is seated, flips through the paper until he finds the OBITUARY COLUMN, scans it, looks up, abruptly tears the column from the paper and puts it in his pocket.

When he closes the paper we can SEE headlines in the left hand column: "WATER BOND ISSUE PASSES COUNCIL". Ten million dollar referendum to go before the public.

Evelyn Mulwray is standing at the table as he does so. He rises, allows her to sit.

CLOSE ON EVELYN

Gittes watches her as she removes her gloves slowly... She's wearing dove gray gabardine, subdued, tailored.

GITTES

Thanks for coming... drink?

The waiter's appeared. Evelyn is looking at Gittes' nose.

EVELYN

Tom Collins with lime, not lemon,
please.

Evelyn looks down and smoothes her gloves. When she looks back up she stares expectantly at Gittes.

Gittes pulls out a torn envelope. The initials ECM can be SEEN in a delicate scroll on the corner of it.

GITTES

I got your check in the mail.

EVELYN

Yes. As I said, I was very grateful.

Gittes' fingers the envelope. He coughs.

GITTES

Mrs. Mulwray, I'm afraid that's not good enough.

EVELYN

(a little embarrassed)

Well, how much would you like?

CLOSE ON EVELYN

GITTES

Stop it. The money's fine. It's generous but you've shortchanged me on the story.

EVELYN

(coolly)

I have?

GITTES

I think so. Something besides your
husband's death was bothering you.
You were upset but not that upset.

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes...

(icily)

Don't tell me how I feel.

The drinks come. The waiter sets them down.

GITTES

Sorry. Look, you sue me, your husband
dies, you drop the lawsuit like a
hot potato, and all of it quicker
than wind from a duck's ass. Excuse
me. Then you ask me to lie to the
police.

EVELYN

It wasn't much of a lie.

GITTES

If your husband was killed it was.

(meaning check)

This can look like you paid me off
to withhold evidence.

EVELYN

But he wasn't killed.

Gittes smiles.

GITTES

I think you're hiding something,
Mrs. Mulwray.

Evelyn remains unperturbed.

EVELYN

Well, I suppose I am... actually I
knew about the affair.

GITTES

How did you find out?

EVELYN

My husband.

GITTES

He told you?

Evelyn nods.

GITTES

(continuing)

And you weren't the slightest bit
upset about it?

EVELYN

I was grateful.

Evelyn for the first time appears a little embarrassed.

GITTES

You'll have to explain that, Mrs.
Mulwray.

EVELYN

Why?

GITTES

(a flash of annoyance)

Look, I do matrimonial work, It's my
metiay. When a wife tells me she's
happy her husband is cheating on her
it runs contrary to my experience.

Gittes looks significantly to Evelyn.

EVELYN

Unless what?

GITTES

(looking directly at
her)

She's cheating on him.

Evelyn doesn't reply.

GITTES

(continuing)

Were you?

Evelyn is clearly angry but she is controlling it.

EVELYN

I don't like the word 'cheat.'

GITTES

Did you have affairs?

EVELYN

(flashing)

Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Did he know?

EVELYN

(almost an outburst)

Well I wouldn't run home and tell
him whenever I went to bed with
someone, if that's what you mean.

This subdues Gittes a little. Evelyn is still a little heated.

EVELYN

(continuing; more
calmly)

Is there anything else you want to
know?

GITTES

Where you were when your husband died.

EVELYN

I can't tell you.

GITTES

You mean you don't know where you were?

EVELYN

I mean I can't tell you.

GITTES

You were seeing someone, too.

Evelyn looks squarely at him. She doesn't deny it.

GITTES

For very long?

EVELYN

I don't see anyone for very long,
Mr. Gittes. It's difficult for me.
Now I think you know all you need to
about me. I didn't want publicity. I
didn't want to go into any of this,
then or now. Is this all?

Gittes nods.

GITTES

Oh, by the way. What's the 'C' stand
for?

He's been fingering the envelope...

EVELYN

(she stammers slightly)

K... Cross.

GITTES

That your maiden name?

EVELYN

Yes... why?

GITTES

No reason.

Evelyn turns into Gittes.

EVELYN

You must've had a reason to ask me
that.

GITTES

(shrugs)

No. I'm just a snoop.

EVELYN

You seem to have had a reason for

every other question.

GITTES

No, not for that one.

EVELYN

I don't believe you.

Gittes suddenly turns sharply in to Evelyn.

GITTES

(moving in)

Do me a favor. Sit still and act
like I'm charming.

Evelyn involuntarily draws back.

GITTES

(continuing)

There's somebody here. Say something.
Anything. Something like we're being
intimate.

Evelyn reluctantly allows Gittes to move closer and dangle
his hand in front of their faces. She stares at him.

EVELYN

(meaning his nose)

How did it happen?

GITTES

(quietly)

Been meaning to talk to you about
that.

EVELYN

(quietly)

Maybe putting your nose in other
people's business?

GITTES

(quietly)

More like other people putting their
business in my nose.

Evelyn actually smiles a little.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You son of a bitch.

Gittes looks up and flashes his smile.

GITTES

Mrs. Match. How're you?

MRS. MATCH is swaying over the table, a plump woman with a
glass of whiskey in one hand, a large purse in the other,
and a menacing look in her eye.

MRS. MATCH

Don't give me that, you son of a
bitch.

GITTES

Okay.

Gittes turns back to Evelyn.

EVELYN

(softly)

Another satisfied client?

GITTES

Another satisfied client's wife.

MRS. MATCH

Look at me, you son of a bitch. You...
you bastard. Are you happy, are you
happy now?

She tries to take a swipe at Gittes with her purse. Gittes
covers himself. Waiters rush over.

MRS. MATCH

You smug son of a bitch. My husband's
so upset he sweats all night! How do
you think that makes me feel?

GITTES

Sweaty?

Mrs. Match swings at Gittes again and again. She catches him
on the nose. It hurts. He covers it, then swings his leg out

from under the table and deftly kicks her in the shin.

Mrs. Match drops her purse and spills her drink. She grabs her shin, hopping around a little. The waiters who had tried to restrain her now try to keep her from falling over.

GITTES

Let's get out of here before she
picks up her purse.

They rise and move toward the door.

EVELYN

(quietly)
Tough guy, huh?

Gittes looks, sees she's kidding, and nods.

OUTSIDE IN THE PARKING LOT DUSK

Gittes' car has been brought by the parking attendant. The attendant opens the passenger side for Evelyn.

EVELYN

Oh, no. I've got my own car. The
creamcolored Packard.

GITTES

(to attendant who
dutifully starts for
her car)

Wait a minute, sonny.

(to Evelyn)

I think you better come with me.

EVELYN

What for? There's nothing more to
say.

(to attendant)

Get my car, please.

The attendant starts after it again. Gittes leans on the
open door of his car and in to Evelyn. He talks quietly but
spits it out.

GITTES

Okay, go home. But in case you're
interested your husband was murdered.
Somebody's dumping tons of water out
of the city reservoirs when we're
supposedly in the middle of a drought,
he found out, and he was killed.
There's a waterlogged drunk in the
morgue. Involuntary manslaughter if
anybody wants to take the trouble
which they don't. It looks like half
the city is trying to cover it all
up, which is fine with me. But, Mrs.
Mulwray.

(now inches from her)

I goddam near lost my nose! And I
like it. I like breathing through

it. And I still think you're hiding something.

Evelyn steadies herself on the open car door. She stares at Gittes for a long moment. Then he gently tugs the car door closed.

EVELYN

Mr. Gittes.

He drives off into the Wilshire traffic, leaving Evelyn looking after him.

INT. DWP MULWRAY'S OFFICE DOOR

WITH ITS LETTERING:

"HOLLIS I. MULWRAY CHIEF ENGINEER"

Gittes goes through the door to the Secretary. She looks up. She recognizes Gittes again and is not happy to see him.

GITTES

J.J. Gittes to see Mr. Yelburton.

The Secretary immediately gets up and goes into the inner office.

Gittes turns and strolls around the office a moment. He sees a photographic display of "THE HISTORY OF THE DWP. THE EARLY YEARS", along the wall. He stops as he spots a photo of the

man with the cane Gittes had seen photos of earlier. He is standing high in the mountains, near a pass. The caption reads "JULIAN CROSS. 1905".

Cross is strikingly handsome.

Gittes immediately pulls out the envelope containing Evelyn's check. He looks at the corner of it, his thumb pressing down under the middle initial C, then he looks back to the photos.

The Secretary returns.

SECRETARY

Mr. Yelburton will be busy for some time.

GITTES

Well I'm on my lunch hour. I'll wait.

SECRETARY

He's liable to be tied up indefinitely.

GITTES

I take a long lunch. All day sometimes.

Gittes pulls out a cigarette case, offers the Secretary one. She refuses. He lights up and begins to hum 'The Way You Look Tonight,' strolling along the wall looking at more photographs.

INT. MULWRAY'S OFFICES

Here he spots several photos of a much younger Mulwray, along with Julian Cross. One of the captions: "HOLLIS MULWRAY AND JULIAN CROSS AS THE AQUEDUCT CLEARS THE SANTA SUSANNAH PASS. 1912".

Gittes, still humming, turns to the Secretary.

GITTES

Julian Cross worked for the water department?

SECRETARY

(looking up)

Yes. No.

GITTES

(humming, then)

He did or he didn't?

SECRETARY

He owned it.

Gittes is genuinely surprised at this.

GITTES

He owned the water department?

SECRETARY

Yes.

GITTES

He owned the entire water supply for
the city?

SECRETARY

Yes.

GITTES

(really surprised)

How did they get it away from him?

SECRETARY

(a sigh, then)

Mr. Mulwray felt the public should
own the display. The water. If you'll
just read the display.

GITTES

(glances back, hums,
then)

Mulwray? I thought you said Cross
owned the department.

SECRETARY

Along with Mr. Mulwray.

GITTES

They were partners.

SECRETARY

(testily)

Yes. Yes, they were partners.

She gets up, annoyed, and goes into Yelburton's inner office.

Gittes goes back to the photographs. He hears a SCRATCHING SOUND, apparently coming from just outside the outer door.

He moves quickly to it, hesitates, swiftly opens the door.

Workmen are behind it, scraping away Mulwray's name on the outer door, looking up at Gittes in some surprise.

The Secretary returns, sees the workman on the floor.

SECRETARY

(to Gittes)

Mr. Yelburton will see you now.

Gittes nods graciously, heads on into Yelburton's office.

INT. DWP YELBURTON & GITTES

There is a subtle but perceptible difference in Yelburton's attitude. He's now head of the department.

YELBURTON

Mr. Gittes, sorry to keep you waiting.

These staff meetings, they just go
on and on.

GITTES

Yeah, must be especially tough to
take over under these circumstances.

YELBURTON

Oh yes. Hollis was the best department
head the city's ever had. My goodness,
what happened to your nose?

GITTES

(smiles)

I cut myself shaving.

YELBURTON

You ought to be more careful. That
must really smart.

GITTES

Only when I breathe.

YELBURTON

(laughing)

Only when you breathe... don't tell
me you're still working for Mrs.
Mulwray?

GITTES

I never was.

YELBURTON

(stops smiling)

I don't understand.

GITTES

Neither do I, actually. But you hired me or you hired that chippie to hire me.

YELBURTON

Mr. Gittes, you're not making a bit of sense.

GITTES

Well, look at it this way, Mr. Yelburton. Mulwray didn't want to build a dam and he had a reputation that was hard to get around, so, you decided to ruin it. Then he found out that you were dumping water every night. Then he was drowned.

YELBURTON

Mr. Gittes! That's an outrageous accusation. I don't know what you're talking about.

GITTES

Well, Whitey Mehrholtz over at the Times will. Dumping thousands of gallons of water down the toilet in the middle of a drought. That's news.

Gittes heads toward the door.

YELBURTON

Wait. Please sit down, Mr. Gittes.

We're... well, we're not anxious for this to get around, but we have been diverting a little water to irrigate avocado and walnut groves in the northwest valley. As you know, the farmers there have no legal right to our water, and since the drought we've had to cut them off. The city comes first, naturally. But, well, we've been trying to help some of them out, keep them from going under. Naturally when you divert water you get a little runoff.

GITTES

Yeah, a little runoff. Where are those orchards?

YELBURTON

I said, the northwest valley.

GITTES

That's like saying they're in Arizona.

YELBURTON

Mr. Gittes, my field men are out and

I can't give you an exact location...

Gittes nods.

GITTES

You're a married man, am I right?

YELBURTON

Yes...

GITTES

Hard working, have a wife and kids...

YELBURTON

Yes...

GITTES

I don't want to nail you. I just
want to know who put you up to it.
I'll give you a few days to think it
over.

(hands him a card)

Call me. I can help. Who knows?
Maybe we can lay the whole thing off
on a few big shots and you can stay
head of the department for the next
twenty years.

Gittes smiles, leaves an unsmiling Yelburton.

INT. GITTES OFFICE

Gittes enters, drops his hat on Sophie's desk. Sophie tries to tell him something but Gittes goes on into his office.

EVELYN MULWRAY

Is sitting, smoking. She looks up when he enters.

EVELYN

What's your usual salary?

Gittes moves to his desk, barely breaking stride at the sight of her.

GITTES

Thirty-five bucks daily for me, twenty
for each of my operators, plus
expenses, plus my fee if I show
results.

He's sitting now. Evelyn is very pale now, obviously very shaken.

EVELYN

Whoever's behind my husband's death,
why have they gone to all this
trouble?

GITTES

Money. How they plan to make it by
emptying the reservoirs, that I don't

know.

EVELYN

I'll pay your salary plus five
thousand dollars if you find out
what happened to Hollis and who is
involved.

Gittes buzzes Sophie.

GITTES

Sophie, draw up one of our standard
forms for Mrs. Mulwray.

(he leans back; to
Evelyn)

Tell me, did you get married before
or after Mulwray and your father
sold the water department?

Evelyn nearly jumps at the question.

GITTES

(continuing)

Your father is Julian Cross, isn't
he?

EVELYN

Yes, of course. It was quite a while
after. I was just out of grade school
when they did that.

GITTES

So you married your father's business partner?

Evelyn nods. She lights another cigarette.

GITTES

(continuing; staring
at her, points to
the ashtray)

You've got one going, Mrs. Mulwray.

EVELYN

Oh.

She quickly stubs one out.

GITTES

Is there something upsetting about my asking about your father?

EVELYN

No!... Yes, a little. You see Hollis and my fa... my father had a falling out...

GITTES

Over the water department, or over you?

EVELYN

(quickly)

Not over me. Why would they have a
falling out over me?

GITTES

(noting her nervousness)

Then it was over the water department.

EVELYN

Not exactly. Well, I mean, yes. Yes
and no. Hollis felt the public should
own the water but I don't think my
father felt that way. Actually, it
was over the Van der Lip. The dam
that broke.

GITTES

Oh, yeah?

EVELYN

Yes. He never forgave him for it.

GITTES

Never forgave him for what?

EVELYN

For talking him into building it, he
never forgave my father... They
haven't spoken to this day.

GITTES

(starts a little)

You sure shout that?

EVELYN

Of course I'm sure.

GITTES

What about you? Do you and your father
get along?

Sophie comes in with the form, cutting off Evelyn's reply.

Gittes places two copies on a coffee table in front of Evelyn.

GITTES

Sign here... The other copy's for
you.

She signs it. When she looks back up, Gittes is staring
intently at her.

EVELYN

What are you thinking?

GITTES

(picking up one of
copies, folding it,
putting it in his
pocket)

Before this I turned on the faucet,
it came out hot and cold, I didn't
think there was a thing to it.

INT. SEAPLANE

The engines make the small cabin vibrate. Gittes threads his way down the tiny aisle of the eight passenger cabin, which is full of middle-aged men in old clothes and their fishing gear. Gittes is poked by a pole, has to move along.

One of the old men says something to him.

GITTES

(above the engines)

What?

OLD MAN

You'll have to sit with the pilot.

Gittes moves forward into the cockpit, the PILOT looks up nods for Gittes to sit down, first moving a half eaten cheese sandwich out of Gittes' seat.

EXT. HARBOR - SEAPLANE

Taxiing down the ramp into the sea. In a moment, it kicks up a spray of foam and takes off.

INT. COCKPIT

The island gradually looming larger before the Pilot and Gittes.

The Pilot glances over at Gittes who, as usual, is impeccably dressed. A contrast to the others on the plane.

PILOT

(above the engines)

Well, you're not going fishing.

Gittes shakes his head.

GITTES

Not exactly.

PILOT

(winks)

But that's what you told your wife.

The Pilot laughs raucously. Gittes laughs politely.

PILOT

Lots of fellas do. Tell the little woman they're going on a fishing trip, then shack up with some little twist on the island... she pretty?

GITTES

(abruptly)

I'm going to see a man called Julian Cross. Ever heard of him?

PILOT

Is the Pope Catholic? Who are you,

mister?... I ask because he doesn't
see a whole lot of people.

GITTES

I'm working for his daughter.

PILOT

(surprised)

That right?... She used to be some
looker.

GITTES

She ain't exactly long in the tooth
now.

PILOT

She must be about thirty-three, thirty-
four.

GITTES

You must be thinking of a different
daughter.

PILOT

No, he's only got one, I remember
her age, I read it in the newspapers
when she ran away.

GITTES

She ran away?

PILOT

Oh yeah, it was a big thing at the time. Julian Cross' daughter. God almighty. She was a wild little thing.

He gives a sidelong glance to Gittes, a little concerned he's said too much.

PILOT

(continuing)

Course, she settled down nicely.

GITTES

(smiling a little)

Well, you never know, do you?

PILOT

(loosening up)

That's for sure.

GITTES

Why'd she run away?

PILOT

Oh, you know. She was sixteen or seventeen.

GITTES

(nudging him)

We missed the best of it, didn't we, pal?

Both men laugh a little lewdly.

PILOT

She ran off to Mexico. Rumor was she
was knocked up and didn't even know
who the father was. Went there to
get rid of it.

GITTES

You don't say?

PILOT

Cross was looking for her all over
the country. Offered rewards,
everything. Felt real sorry for him,
with all his money.

ALBACORE CLUB DAY

A pleasant but unobtrusive clapboard blue and white building
on the bay overlooking the harbor. The seaplane lands. A
motor launch with a burgee of a fish flying from it turns
and heads in the direction of the plane.

EXT. WINDING ROAD RANCHO DEL CRUCE

Gittes, driven in a station wagon, passes under the sign
with a cross painted below the name.

The ranch itself is only partially in a valley on the island.

As the wagon continues one can SEE that it is actually a miniature California, encompassing desert, mountains and canyon that tumble down palisades to the windward side of the sea.

The wagon comes to a halt where a group of hands are clustered around a corral. The circle of men drift apart, leaving JULIAN CROSS standing, using a cane for support, reedy but handsome in a rough linen shirt and jeans. When he talks his strong face is lively, in repose it looks ravaged.

EXT. BRIDLE PATH GITTES & CROSS

Walking toward the main house. A classic Monterey. A horse led on a halter by another ranch hand slows down and defecates in the center of the path they are taking. Gittes doesn't notice.

CROSS

Horseshit.

Gittes pauses, not certain he has heard correctly.

GITTES

Sir?

CROSS

I said horseshit.

(pointing)

Horseshit.

GITTES

Yes, sir, that's what it looks like.

I'll give you that.

Cross pauses when they reach the dung pile. He removes his hat and waves it, inhales deeply.

CROSS

Love the smell of it. A lot of people
do but of course they won't admit
it. Look at the shape.

Gittes glances down out of politeness.

CROSS

(continuing; smiling,
almost enthusiastic)
Always the same.

Cross walks on. Gittes follows.

GITTES

(not one to let it go)
Always?

CROSS

What? Oh, damn near yes. Unless the
animal's sick or something.

(stops and glances.
back)
And the steam rising off it like

that in the morning. That's life,
Mr. Gittes. Life.

They move on.

CROSS

(continuing)

Perhaps this preoccupation with
horseshit may seem a little perverse,
but I ask you to remember this. One
way or another, it's what I've dealt
in all my life. Let's have breakfast.

EXT. COURTYARD VERANDA GITTES & CROSS AT BREAKFAST

Below them is a corral where hands take Arabians, one by
one, and work them out, letting them run and literally kick
up their heels.

Cross' attention is diverted by the animals from time to
time. An impeccable Mexican butler serves them their main
course, broiled fish.

CROSS

You know, you've got a nasty
reputation, Mr. Gittes. I like that.

GITTES

(dubious)

Thanks.

CROSS

If you were a bank president that would be one thing, but in your business it's admirable. And it's good advertising.

GITTES

It doesn't hurt.

CROSS

It's why you attract a client like my daughter.

GITTES

Probably.

CROSS

But I'm surprised you're still working for her, unless she's suddenly come up with another husband.

GITTES

No. She happens to think the last one was murdered.

Cross is visibly surprised.

CROSS

How did she get that idea?

GITTES

I think I gave it to her.

Cross nods.

CROSS

Uh-huh. Oh I hope you don't mind. I believe they should be served with the head.

Gittes glances down at the fish whose isinglass eye is glazed over with the heat of cooking.

GITTES

Fine, as long as you don't serve chicken that way.

CROSS

(laughs)

Tell me. What do the police say?

GITTES

They're calling it an accident.

CROSS

Who's the investigating officer?

GITTES

Lou Escobar he's a Lieutenant.

CROSS

Do you know him?

GITTES

Oh yes.

CROSS

Where from?

GITTES

We worked in Chinatown together.

CROSS

Would you call him a capable man?

GITTES

Very.

CROSS

Honest?

GITTES

Far as it goes. Of course he has to
swim in the same water we all do.

CROSS

Of course, but you've got no reason
to think he's bungled the case?

GITTES

None.

CROSS

That's too bad.

GITTES

Too bad?

CROSS

It disturbs me, Mr. Gittes. It makes me think you're taking my daughter for a ride. Financially speaking, of course. How much are you charging her?

GITTES

(carefully)

My usual fee, plus a bonus if I come up with any results.

CROSS

Are you sleeping with her? Come, come, Mr. Gittes. You don't have to think about that to remember, do you?

Gittes laughs.

GITTES

If you want an answer to that question I can always put one of my men on the job. Good afternoon, Mr. Cross.

CROSS

Mr. Gittes! You're dealing with a disturbed woman who's lost her husband. I don't want her taken advantage of. Sit down.

GITTES

What for?

CROSS

You may think you know what you're dealing with, but believe me, you don't.

This stops Gittes. He seems faintly mused by it.

CROSS

Why is that funny?

GITTES

It's what the D.A. used to tell me about Chinatown.

CROSS

Was he right?

Gittes shrugs.

CROSS

(continuing)

...Exactly what do you know about me, Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

Mainly that you're rich and too
respectable to want your name in the
papers.

CROSS

(grunts, then)

'Course I'm respectable. I'm old.
Politicians, ugly buildings and whores
all get respectable if they last
long enough. I'll double whatever
your fees are and I'll pay you ten
thousand dollars if you can find
Hollis' girlfriend.

GITTES

His girlfriend?

CROSS

Yes, his girlfriend.

GITTES

You mean the little chippie he was
with at the El Macando?

CROSS

Yes. She's disappeared, hasn't she?

GITTES

Yeah.

CROSS

Doesn't that strike you as odd?

GITTES

No. She's probably scared to death.

CROSS

Wouldn't it be useful to talk to
her?

GITTES

Maybe.

CROSS

If Mulwray was murdered, she was
probably one of the last people to
see him.

GITTES

You didn't see Mulwray much, did
you?

CROSS

No.

GITTES

When was the last time?

Cross starts to reply, then there's the SOUND of a MARIACHI
BAND and some men in formation clear a bluff about a hundred

yards off. They are dressed like Spanish dons on horseback.
For the most part they are fat in the saddle and pass along
in disordered review to the music.

CROSS

Sheriff's gold posse... bunch of
damn fools who pay \$5,000 apiece to
the sheriff's reelection. I let 'em
practice up out here.

GITTES

Yeah. Do you remember the last time
you talked to Mulwray?

Cross shakes his head.

CROSS

At my age, you tend to lose track...

GITTES

Well, It was about five days ago.
You were outside the Pig 'n Whistle
and you had one hell of an argument.

Cross looks to Gittes in some real surprise.

GITTES

(continuing)

I've got the photographs in my office.
If they'll help you remember. What
was the argument about?

CROSS

(a long pause, then:)

My daughter.

GITTES

What about her?

CROSS

Just find the girl, Mr. Gittes. I
think she is frightened and I happen
to know Hollis was fond of her. I'd
like to help her if I can.

GITTES

I didn't realize you and Hollis were
so fond of each other.

Cross looks hatefully at Gittes.

CROSS

Hollis Mulwray made this city and he
made me a fortune... We were a lot
closer than Evelyn realized.

GITTES

If you want to hire me, I still have
to know what you and Mulwray were
arguing about.

CROSS

(painfully)

Well... she's an extremely jealous person. I didn't want her to find out about the girl.

GITTES

How did you find out?

CROSS

I've still got a few teeth in my head, Mr. Gittes, and a few friends in town.

GITTES

Okay. My secretary'll send you a letter of agreement. Tell me are you worried about that girl, or what Evelyn might do to her?

CROSS

Just find the girl.

GITTES

I'll look into it as soon as I check out some avocado groves.

CROSS

Avocado groves?

GITTES

We'll be in touch, Mr. Cross.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS DAY

Dark and quiet except for the whirring of fans. Gittes approaches one of the CLERKS at a desk.

GITTES

I'm a little lost. Where can I find
the plat books for the northwest
valley?

The Clerk's droopy eyes widen a little.

CLERK

Part of it's in Ventura County. We
don't have Ventura County in our
Hall of Records.

Which is a snotty remark. Gittes smiles.

GITTES

I'll settle for L.A. County.

CLERK

(regards him, then)

Row twenty-three, section C.

The Clerk turns away abruptly. Gittes regards his back a moment, then goes to the stacks.

THROUGH THE STACKS

Gittes sees the Clerk turn to another, say something. The second clerk gets on the phone. Gittes watches a moment, then swiftly turns his attention to the stacks.

He hauls down the northwest valley volume, opens it. It's huge and there's a lot to go through.

The print itself makes him squint.

INSERT PAGE

Showing TRACT, LOT, PARCEL, even a METES AND BOUNDS designation where the description of the land parcel is long and hopelessly involved e.g. '6000 paces to Rio Seco, thence 7000 paces to Loma Linda, etc.' These descriptions are old and faded. In the owners' column, however there are numerous freshly typed names pasted over the prior owners.

GITTES

Hauls the huge volume back to the Clerk's desk.

GITTES

(to Clerk)

Say... uh... sonny.

The Clerk turns sharply around.

GITTES

How come all these new names are

pasted into the plat book?

CLERK

Land sales out of escrow are always
recorded within the week.

Gittes looks a little surprised.

GITTES

Then these are all new owners?

CLERK

That's right.

GITTES

(astonished)

But that means that most of the
valley's been sold in the last few
months.

CLERK

If that's what it says.

GITTES

Can I check one of these volumes
out?

CLERK

(quietly snotty)

Sir, this is not a lending library,
it's the Hall of Records.

GITTES

Well, then, how about a ruler?

CLERK

A ruler?

GITTES

The print's pretty fine. I forgot my
glasses. I'd like to be able to read
across.

The exasperated Clerk reaches around, rummages, slaps a ruler
on the desk.

Gittes goes back to the stacks with the ruler. He opens the
book, places the ruler not horizontally but vertically.

INSERT PLAT BOOK NORTHWEST VALLEY

Beside the OWNER column he places the ruler, looks toward
the clerks, then swiftly rips down the page, tearing out a
strip about two inches wide containing the owner's name and
property description. As he tears, he either snuffles or
coughs to cover the SOUND of the PAPER being ripped.

EXT. ROAD GITTES DRIVING DAY

Amidst a hall of shimmering dust and heat, parched and drying
groves, narrower roads.

He passes a ramshackle home, next to a rotting orchard. There is a "SOLD" sign on the collapsing barn. Gittes stops, checks it against the names he had taken from the Hall of Records.

OLD STUCCO BUILDINGS FURTHER ON

And a few withered pepper trees. Gittes has paused at this dried-up intersection. There is a "SOLD" sign on a drug store. Gittes looks OFF SCREEN.

Coming INTO VIEW above the arid fields is a spiraling cloud of purple smoke. Gittes heads in that direction.

Gittes parks at the edge of the field. About twenty yards away is a man mounted on a strange machine, holding a lid off it.

Billowing lavender clouds are belching forth.

Several CHILDREN are watching the man at work.

GITTES

(to one of the Children)

Say, pal, what's he doing?

CHILD

Making some rain.

Gittes nods, walks over to the man who is elaborately busying himself with the intricacies of his machine. He's aware of Gittes watching him.

GITTES

Well, you're just the man I'm looking
for.

The Rainmaker now glances down at Gittes, who as usual is
immaculately dressed.

GITTES

Some associates and I are thinking
of buying property out here. Of
course, we're worried about the
rainfall.

The Rainmaker steps down.

RAINMAKER

No problem with me on the Job.

GITTES

Yeah.

(glancing around at
the desolate, dry
field)

Do you have any references?

RAINMAKER & GITTES

RAINMAKER

City of La Habra Heights filled an
800,000 gallon reservoir with sixteen

inches of rain in two days.

GITTES

(nods)

That's swell. But how about here?

(pulling out names

from his pocket)

Ever worked for Robert Knox, Emma
Dill, Clarence Speer, Marian Parsons,
or Jasper Lamar Crabb?

RAINMAKER

Never heard of 'em... new owners?

GITTES

Yeah.

RAINMAKER

(climbing back up)

Lot of turnover these days. Better
tell them to get in touch with me if
they want to hang onto their land.

GITTES

Yeah, I'll do that.

GITTES DRIVING

Is now covered with a film of dust:

He reaches a fork in the dirt road. There are a couple of

mailboxes.

Gittes takes this fork and begins a slow ascent.

As he does, the tops of a line of bright green trees can be SEEN, coming more and more INTO VIEW, row upon row of avocado and walnut groves, their foliage heavy. The few structures in the distance are white-washed, and well kept, right down to the white-washed stones that mark the pathway to the home. Towering above it all is a huge wooden water tank.

Gittes drives through a gate that has "NO TRESPASSING" and "KEEP OUT PRIVATE PROPERTY" signs neatly printed on it.

He drives down the road into the grove.

GITTES

Pulls to a halt in the road flanking the orchard lanes. He puts the car in neutral, stares at the trees. By contrast with what he has seen they are lush and beautiful, their heavy branches barely swaying in a light breeze.

Then a SHOTGUN BLAST abruptly strips bare the branches of the tree he'd been staring at.

EXT. AVOCADO GROVES DAY

Gittes is shocked. He looks behind him. Riding on horseback down the field in the direction he had just driven is a Red-Faced Man in overalls. His hat blows off his head. He does

not, however, lose the shotgun he has just used. Gittes' lane of retreat is denied him. He guns the car, and takes off down one of the orchard lanes.

MOVING WITH GITTES

The dirt lane is rough. As Gittes nears the end of it, a Younger Man on a mule blocks the exit.

Gittes veers a sharp left, knocking a branch off one of the trees, heading down one of the cross-lanes. Here he's pursued by a scraggly dog that nips at the tires. Gittes yells at it.

ANGLE ON GROVE

Two farmers on foot, one using a crutch, run down the lanes toward a dust trail rising above the trees. They've spotted it. Clearly it's from Gittes' car.

This hide-and-seek chase between one man on horseback, one on a mule and a couple on foot continues up and down and across the orchard lanes until Gittes' front tire and radiator are ruptured by another SHOTGUN BLAST.

Gittes' car veers off, scattering a stray gaggle of geese and smacks into an avocado tree, shaking loose a barrage of the heavy fruit onto Gittes and the car.

Gittes immediately tries to get out through the branches over the back of his car, but he's pulled off it by one of

the younger farmers, a huge brute who he begins to tussle with. The Crippled Farmer begins to bang Gittes on the back with his crutch. The two of them manage to pound Gittes to the ground within moments, where the Crippled Farmer continues to whack away at Gittes with the crutch.

The older Red Faced Farmer with the shotgun and the Man on a mule ride up.

RED FACED FARMER

All right, quit it! Quit now! Search
the man, see if he's armed.

Gittes is hefted half off the ground and the two younger Farmers spin him around, going through his clothes. Gittes is badly banged up and half out on his feet. They toss his wallet, his silver cigarette case, etc. on the ground.

RED FACED FARMER

I said see if he's armed, not empty
his pockets.

BIG FARMER

He ain't armed.

Gittes leans against the back of his car, breathing heavily.

RED FACED FARMER

All right, mister. Who you with?
Water department or the real estate
office?

Gittes' back is to the Red Faced Farmer. He has trouble catching his breath. The Crippled Farmer pokes him rudely in the back with his crutch. Gittes turns sharply.

GITTES

(to Crippled Farmer)

Get away from me!

CRIPPLED FARMER

Answer him!

GITTES

Touch me with that thing again and you'll need a pair of them.

BIG FARMER

(shoving Gittes)

Whyn't you pick on somebody your own size?

RED FACED FARMER

I said cut that out! Give him a chance to say something.

Gittes looks up at the Red Faced Farmer.

GITTES

(reaching down for
his wallet)

Name's Gittes. I'm a private

investigator and I'm not with either
one.

RED FACED FARMER

Then what are you doing out here?

GITTES

Client hired me to see... whether or
not the water department's been
irrigating your land.

RED FACED FARMER

Irrigating my land?

(exploding)

The water department's been sending
you people to blow up my water tanks!
They threw poison down three of my
wells! I call that a funny way to
irrigate. Who'd hire you for a thing
like that?

Gittes reaches into his pocket. The paper's on the ground.

He picks it up.

GITTES

Mrs. Evelyn Mulwray.

BIG FARMER

Mulwray? That's the son of a bitch
who's done it to us.

GITTES

Mulwray's dead. You don't know what
you're talking about, you dumb Oakie.

The Big Farmer takes a swing at Gittes. Gittes kicks him
squarely in the nuts, knees him in the jaw after he's doubled
up, and hits him solidly. The Crippled Farmer takes careful
aim and brings his crutch down on the back of Gittes' head.
Gittes is knocked to the ground and lies still beside the
Big Farmer who is writhing in agony in the dirt.

RED FACED FARMER

Well, that's that.

BLACK SCREEN

There's a PURLING SOUND, which soon becomes defined into the
SOUND OF VOICES talking quietly about whether to move or
not to move, doctors, etc.

CLOSE EVELYN MULWRAY

Is staring down at Gittes who's lying in the screened in
porch of the farmers. His wife, the Red Faced Farmer, and
the Big Farmer are there, along with the dog.

The Red Faced Farmer's wife has set tea out. The farmers,
all of them, now seem awkward and a little embarrassed.

FRONT PORCH RED FACE FARMER'S HOUSE REACTION GITTES
DUSK

He focuses on Evelyn who sits right next to him. He's got dried blood down the side of his face from his nose, a huge mouse on his cheek, and his clothes are torn in a couple of spots.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

What's going on?

DUBOIS

(quietly, almost as

if he were in a

hospital)

You didn't look too good, so we

thought we better call your employer.

Gittes nods. He checks his watch. He looks out. It's almost evening.

Gittes says nothing. The wife of the Red Faced Farmer (DUBOIS) looks reproachfully at Dubois. Gittes feels the back of his head, It obviously hurts him.

EXT. DUBOIS FARMHOUSE EVENING

Evelyn and Gittes go out to her car, the cream colored Packard.

Dubois accompanies them, along with the Big Farmer who is carrying a crate of something. Gittes has cleaned himself up

a little.

DUBOIS

Look here, if it's all the same with
you, we'll get your car patched up.
If you'll tell me what your trousers
run you, I'll make good on them, Mr.
Gittes.

GITTES

It's okay, Mr. Dubois.

DUBOIS,

(to Evelyn)

It's just that they're after everybody
out here, tearing up our irrigation
ditches trying to make our land
worthless so they can pick it up for
twenty-five dollars an acre.

Gittes nods.

DUBOIS

(continuing)

Anyway. Earl here is sorry, too. He
wants to give you something to take
back with you.

Gittes looks. Earl has the huge crate he's holding brim-full
of avocados.

GITTES

Thanks, Earl.

INT. CAR EVELYN & GITTES DUSK

Evelyn driving.

GITTES

Thanks for coming...

Gittes pulls out cigarette case, takes one, offers one to Evelyn who refuses.

GITTES

That dam is a con job.

EVELYN

What dam?

GITTES

The one your husband opposed. They're conning L.A. into building it, only the water won't go to L.A. It'll go here.

EVELYN

The Valley?

GITTES

Everything you can see, everything around us. I was at the Hall of

Records today.

(whips out papers,
turns on the car
light)

That bother you?

EVELYN

No.

GITTES

(looking over papers)

In the last three months, Robert
Knox has bought 7,000 acres, Emma
Dill 12,000 acres, Clarence Speer
5,000 acres, and Jasper Lamar Crabb
25,000 acres.

EVELYN

Jasper Lamar Crabb?

GITTES

Know him?

EVELYN

No, I think I'd remember.

GITTES

Yeah. They've been blowing these
farmers out of here and buying their
land for peanuts. Have any idea what
this land'll be worth with a steady

water supply? About thirty million
more than they paid.

EVELYN

And Hollis knew about it?

GITTES

It's why he was killed. Jasper Lamar
Crabb. Jasper Lamar Crabb.

He's pulling out his wallet, excitedly now, spilling its
contents onto the seat. He pulls out the obituary column
he'd folded up earlier in the day.

GITTES

(continuing)

We got it. We got it, baby.

EVELYN

What? What is it?

GITTES

There was a memorial service at the
Mar Vista Inn today for Jasper Lamar
Crabb. He died three weeks ago.

EVELYN

Is that unusual?

GITTES

Two weeks ago he bought those 25,000

acres. That's unusual.

EXT. MAR VISTA INN AND REST HOME NIGHT

Evelyn's car pulls up before the elegant Spanish rest home, its entryway illuminated by streetlights. There is a small sign giving the name of the place in elegant neon scroll. It sits on the rolling green lawns.

Gittes gets out of the car with Evelyn. He offers her his arm and they go up the walkway to the entrance.

INT. MAR VISTA INN AND REST HOME NIGHT

Gittes and Evelyn are approached by an unctuous man in his forties, with a flower in his buttonhole. He sees Evelyn first.

PALMER

Hello there, I'm Mr. Palmer. Can I
help you folks?

Then he gets a clear look at Gittes, bruised, trousers torn,
etc.

GITTES

Yes, I sure hope so. It's Dad.

(indicating his
disheveled appearance)

I just can't handle him anymore, can
I, sweetheart?

Evelyn shakes her head.

PALMER

Oh my goodness.

GITTES

(hastily)

Nothing to do with Dad. It's me,
actually.

EVELYN

They just don't get along very well.
Dad's a lamb with anyone else.

PALMER

(not so sure)

Oh, well, I don't know.

GITTES

Naturally, I want the best for him,
money is no object.

PALMER

Perhaps if we could meet your father.

GITTES

There's just one question.

PALMER

Of course.

GITTES

Do you accept anyone of the Jewish
persuasion?

Evelyn can't quite conceal her surprise at the question.

PALMER

(very embarrassed)

I'm sorry. We don't.

GITTES

(smoothly)

Don't be sorry, neither does Dad.

Wanted to make sure though, didn't
we, honey?

Evelyn stares back at Gittes, amused and appalled. She manages
to nod.

GITTES

Just to be certain, I wonder if you
could show us a list of your patients?

PALMER

(polite but pointed)

We don't reveal the names of our
guests as a matter of policy. I know
you'd appreciate that if your father
came to live with us.

Gittes locks eyes with Palmer.

GITTES

(confidentially)

That's exactly what we wanted to hear.

PALMER

Oh, good.

GITTES

I wonder, is it too late for us to have a look around?

PALMER

I don't think so. Be happy to show you.

GITTES

Would you mind if we took a stroll on our own?

PALMER

Just, if you will, confine yourself to the main building. It's nearly bedtime.

GITTES

We understand, c'mon, sweetheart.

He takes Evelyn.

INT. PARLOR EVELYN

Looking. Either by accident or design, the primarily octogenarian guests have segregated themselves. In one wing, the men are playing pinochle, some are playing dominoes, one elderly gentleman sits by himself carefully peeling an orange.

In an adjacent parlor several white-headed ladies work on a quilt.

Gittes grabs Evelyn's hand.

GITTES

(quietly)

They're all here. Every goddam name.

Gittes points to the wall. It says "ACTIVITIES BOARD". There are titles. "LAWN BOWLING". "BRIDGE". "FISHING". "CROQUET". Below them are the names of the guests, entered under certain activities, for certain days.

After Evelyn looks, she turns to Gittes.

GITTES

(continuing; indicating
the ancients around
them)

You're looking at the owners of a
50,000 acre empire.

EVELYN

(astonished)

They can't be.

GITTES

They may not know it but they are.

Gittes strolls toward the women knitting and working on the quilt.

GITTES

Hello, girls.

Two of the ladies giggle. The third continues to busy herself with her quilt, off by herself.

GITTES

(continuing)

Which one of you is Emma Dill?

Two of them say "she is," and point in different directions.

The third gives them a curt look and goes back to her knitting. Gittes approaches her.

GITTES

Are you Emma?

Some old voice is singing softly, "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree."

EMMA

Yes.

GITTES

I've been wanting to meet you.

EMMA

Why?

GITTES

Did you know that you're a very
wealthy woman?

EMMA

(stitching, smiles)

I'm not.

GITTES

Well you own a lot of land.

EMMA

Not anymore. Oh, some time ago, my
late husband owned a good deal of
beach property in Long Beach, but we
lost it.

Gittes looks at the quilt. In it is the head of a fish among
the rest of the crazy quilt pattern. Gittes spots it.

GITTES

That's just lovely.

EMMA

Thank you...

He looks through the quilt for other pieces of the fish,
comes across the tail and by it the initials A.C.

GITTES

(indicating tail)

Where did you get this material?

EMMA

(what it sounds like)

The apple core club.

GITTES

The apple core?

EMMA

No. The albacore. It's a fish. My
grandson's a member and they take
very nice care of us.

GITTES

How do they do that?

EMMA

Give us things. Not just some old
flag like this, but -

GITTES

(kneeling)

But what?

PALMER'S VOICE

We're a sort of unofficial charity
of theirs, Mr. Gittes. Would you
care to come this way? Someone wants
to see you.

Gittes looks up, sees Palmer standing in the doorway, looking
taut and a little drawn. Evelyn is beside him. She gestures
as if there's someone behind Palmer.

Gittes rises.

GITTES

See you later, Emma.

He walks toward Palmer who waits for him to walk in front.

AT THE ENTRANCE HALL MULVIHILL

Is waiting. He's got his hand in his pocket. Evelyn looks to
Gittes.

The four of them stand there, Mulvihill towering over
everyone.

MULVIHILL

Come on I want you to meet somebody,
Gittes.

GITTES

(glancing from Palmer
to Mulvihill)

Can we leave the lady out of this?

MULVIHILL

(a little uncertain)

Yeah, why not?

GITTES

Okay, I'd like to walk her to her
car.

EVELYN

I'll stay.

GITTES

(taking her by the
arm)

Get in the car.

MULVIHILL

I'll see she makes it.

Mulvihill has walked up beside Gittes. He makes the mistake of opening the glass door in the entryway, putting his back to Gittes for a moment. Gittes swiftly pulls Mulvihill's jacket up over his head. He spins him around. With his jacket covering his face, Gittes hammers away at Mulvihill, beating him against the glass door, along the wall, mercilessly pounding his fists into the cloth until the cloth turns red

and Mulvihill begins to sink to the red tile floor.

Palmer screams. Evelyn stands there astonished. Mulvihill's gun has clattered to the floor.

GITTES

(as Mulvihill hits
the floor, to Evelyn)

What are you waiting for? Get in the
car!

Evelyn goes.

Mulvihill tries to get up again. Palmer starts to go for the gun, nearly picking it up. Gittes slaps it out of his hand and kicks it.

It goes flying down the hall, at least thirty feet; hits the wall.

Palmer goes screaming off into the night. Gittes turns back to Mulvihill who starts to get up, then collapses.

Gittes goes out the front door, ignoring the excited audience of ancients behind him.

OUTSIDE

As Gittes walks down the pathway, he stops. Two men are coming toward him. One of them is shorter, and has the nervous, jerky moves of the man who slit his nose.

Gittes stops. The two men fan out and continue to move toward him.

Gittes spots the two-tone shoes. He begins to back up.

Suddenly there is a pair of headlights flashing brilliantly behind the two men. In a moment Evelyn's car is headed across the lawn directly toward the two men, accelerating as it gets near them. They look in disbelief, then dive for safety. The car skids to a stop, fishtailing a little on the grass.

Evelyn opens the passenger door.

EVELYN

Get in.

Gittes jumps in and she takes off across the lawn, tilting the elegant little neon sign on the lawn as she goes. Two SHOTS ARE FIRED.

INT. CAR EVELYN & GITTES

Evelyn looking straight ahead, driving. After a moment she takes one hand off the wheel and rubs her left eye a little. Gittes watches her. He smiles.

EXT. VERANDA MULWRAY HOME NIGHT

Gittes stands on the veranda, smoking a cigarette, staring off into the night.

Evelyn comes out to the veranda, carrying a tray with whiskey and an ice bucket on it. She sets it down. Gittes turns.

GITTES

(watching her pour)

Maid's night off?

EVELYN

Why?

GITTES

(a little surprised,

he laughs)

What do you mean, 'why?' Nobody's here, that's all.

EVELYN

(handing Gittes his

drink)

I gave everybody the night off.

GITTES

Easy, it's an innocent question.

EVELYN

No question from you is innocent,

Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

(laughing)

I guess not to you, Mrs. Mulwray.
Frankly you really saved my a... my
neck tonight.

They drink.

EVELYN

Tell me something. Does this usually
happen to you, Mr. Gittes?

GITTES

What's that, Mrs. Mulwray?

EVELYN

Well, I'm only judging on the basis
of one afternoon and an evening, but
if that's how you go about your work,
I'd say you're lucky to get through
a whole day.

GITTES

(pouring himself
another drink)
Actually this hasn't happened to me
in some time.

EVELYN

When was the last time?

GITTES

Why?

EVELYN

Just. I don't know why. I'm asking.

Gittes touches his nose, winces a little.

GITTES

It was in Chinatown.

EVELYN

What were you doing there?

GITTES

(taking a long drink)

Working for the District Attorney.

EVELYN

Doing what?

Gittes looks sharply at her. Then:

GITTES

As little as possible.

EVELYN

The District Attorney gives his men
advice like that?

GITTES

They do in Chinatown.

She looks at him. Gittes stares off into the night.

Evelyn has poured herself another drink.

EVELYN

Bothers you to talk about it, doesn't
it?

Gittes gets up.

GITTES

No. I wonder... could I. Do you have
any peroxide or something?

He touches his nose lightly.

EVELYN

Oh sure. C'mon.

She takes his hand and leads him back into the house.

INT. BATHROOM MIRROR

Gittes pulls the plaster off his nose, stares at it in the
mirror.

Evelyn takes some hydrogen peroxide and some cotton out of a
medicine cabinet. Evelyn turns Gittes' head toward her. She
has him sit on the pullman tile adjacent to the sink.

EVELYN

Doctor did a nice job...

She begins to work on his nose with the peroxide. Then she sees his cheek, checks back in his hair.

EVELYN

(continuing)

Boy oh boy, you're a mess.

GITTES

Yeah.

EVELYN

(working on him)

So why does it bother you to talk about it... Chinatown...

GITTES

Bothers everybody who works there, but to me... It was...

Gittes shrugs.

EVELYN

Hold still. Why?

GITTES

You can't always tell what's going on there.

EVELYN

...No. Why was it.

GITTES

I thought I was keeping someone from
being hurt and actually I ended up
making sure they were hurt.

EVELYN

Could you do anything about it?

They're very close now as she's going over a mouse very near
his eye.

GITTES

Yeah. Make sure I don't find myself
in Chinatown anymore. Wait a second.

He takes hold of her and pulls her even closer,

EVELYN

(momentarily freezing)
What's wrong?

GITTES

Your eye.

EVELYN

What about it?

GITTES

(staring intently)

There's something black in the green
part of your eye.

EVELYN

(not moving)

Oh that... It's a flaw in the iris...

GITTES

...A flaw...

EVELYN

(she almost shivers)

...Yes, sort of a birthmark...

Gittes kisses her lightly, gradually rises until he's standing
holding her. She hesitates, then wraps her arms around him.

INT. MULWRAY BEDROOM TELEPHONE

On a nightstand, city lights visible through the open window
behind it. It is RINGING. Evelyn's arm reaches INTO SHOT.
SOUND of something hitting the headboard. Gittes moans.

VIEW SHIFTS TO INCLUDE Gittes in bed, holding his head, which
he's just hit. Evelyn pauses in her reach to the phone. She
turns to him, whispers, "I'm sorry," kisses him on the head
and lips. PHONE CONTINUES TO RING. She picks it up.

EVELYN

Hello...

(in Spanish now)

No, no, I'll come and help, just
keep watching her and don't do
anything until I get there... 'bye.

VIEW SHIFTS AGAIN TO INCLUDE Gittes in bed, watching Evelyn
next to him as she's talking on the phone. She hangs up. She
touches Gittes' cheek lightly.

EVELYN

I have to go.

Gittes stares at her silently.

GITTES

Where?

EVELYN

Just... I have to.

GITTES

And I want to know where.

EVELYN

(she starts out of
bed)

Please don't be angry... believe me,
it's got nothing to do with you.

GITTES

(stopping her)

Where are you going?

EVELYN

(near tears)

Please!... Trust me this much...

(she kisses him lightly)

I'll be back. Look, there is something
I should tell you. The fishing club
that old lady mentioned, the pieces
off the flag.

GITTES

The Albacore Club.

EVELYN

It has to do with my father.

GITTES

I know.

EVELYN

He owns it. You know?

GITTES

I saw him.

EVELYN

(sitting up straight)

You saw my fa... father? When?

GITTES

This morning.

EVELYN

(panicked)

You didn't tell me.

GITTES

There hasn't been a lot of time.

She leaps out of bed, throwing on a robe.

EVELYN

What did he say?

(insistent)

What did he say?

GITTES

That you were jealous, and he was
worried about what you might do.

EVELYN

Do? To who?

GITTES

Mulwray's girlfriend, for one thing.
He wanted to know where she was.

Evelyn starts quickly for the bathroom, then comes back and
kneels by the side of the bed, takes Gittes' hand.

EVELYN

I want you to listen to me. My father

is a very dangerous man. You don't know how dangerous. You don't know how crazy.

GITTES

Give me an example.

EVELYN

You may think you know what's going on, but you don't.

GITTES

That's what your father said. You're telling me he's in back of this whole thing?

EVELYN

It's possible.

GITTES

Including the death of your husband?

EVELYN

It's possible. Please don't ask me any more questions now. Just wait, wait for me. I'll be back. I need you here.

She kisses him, rushes to the bathroom, shuts the door. Gittes stares at it a moment. Then leaps out of bed, rummages around, tosses on his trousers. He grabs his shoes, throws them on.

Then hurries out of the bedroom.

EXT. MULWRAY HOME GITTES

Running across the driveway to the garage. There are two cars there.

Mulwray's Buick and Evelyn's Packard.

Gittes moves over to the Buick, opens the passenger's door.

INT. BUICK - GITTES

Checks the ignition. No key is in it. He pulls a couple of wires from under the dash, starts to mess with them, seems satisfied.

Slides out across the seat, slams the door.

EXT. MULWRAY DRIVEWAY NIGHT

Gittes hurries over to the Packard. He gets down on the driveway, lying on his back, bracing himself. With the heel of his shoe, he kicks at the right rear taillight of the car. He shatters the red lens, gets up. He carefully pulls the red lens off the taillight, exposing the white light beneath it. He tosses the red lens into the shrubbery and hurries back toward the house.

ONE RED AND ONE WHITE TAILLIGHT MOVING NIGHT

Evelyn's car speeds along the curves on Sunset Boulevard,
the red and white lights coming IN AND OUT OF VIEW.

GITTES DRIVING NIGHT

Behind the wheel of Mulwray's car, keeping a healthy distance
from Evelyn in front of him.

EVELYN'S PACKARD

Pulls up before a small little bungalow house. She gets out,
looks up and down the street. There is nothing. She hurries
on up the walkway to the front door.

DOWN THE STREET GITTES IN BUICK

Idles the engine with the lights off. He brings the car a
few yards further down the street, parking it near Evelyn's.

Gittes gets out of the car and goes up the walkway. The
curtains are drawn except for one of the small windows on
the side of the house.

He goes to it and looks, balancing on the edge of the porch.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Gittes sees Evelyn's Oriental servant rush through the living
room of the small house. In a moment he re-emerges back
through the living room carrying a tray with a glass and
pitcher on it.

GITTES

Around to the side of the house. He runs into shrubbery and a short picket fence.

He climbs over it, follows along the stucco wall to a series of windows at the corner of the house. These all have shades on them.

He can hear someone crying in the house. Someone else talking alternately firmly and plaintively in Spanish. Here the windows have blinds. He moves to one where the blind is not completely drawn.

There's an inch or so of space at the bottom.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Gittes can see the servant again. Evelyn is pacing back and forth in and out of his line of vision. After a moment someone rises INTO SHOT, obviously from lying on a bed. The figure is just a few feet from Evelyn. Her tear-stained face comes INTO VIEW. It is unmistakably the girl Gittes had last seen with Hollis Mulwray.

Mulwray's girlfriend. She's looking up to Evelyn, speaking in Spanish. Her words are not discernible but the tone is bitter, anguished. A newspaper is strewn about the room.

Evelyn kneels. She insists that the girl swallow down some

pills.

The girl reluctantly does.

GITTES

Continues to watch.

EXT. STREET EVELYN NIGHT

Emerges from the house, goes to her car and gets in.

INT. CAR

Evelyn sees Gittes sitting in her car, staring coldly at her.

GITTES

Okay, give me the keys.

EVELYN

(stunned, furious)

You bastard.

GITTES

It's either that or you drive to the
police yourself.

EVELYN

The police?

GITTES

C'mon, Mrs. Mulwray. You've got your
husband's girlfriend tied up in there!

EVELYN

She's not tied up!

GITTES

You know what I mean. You're keeping
her there against her will.

EVELYN

I am not!

GITTES

Then let's go talk to her.

Gittes starts to get out of the car. Evelyn grabs his arm,
nearly screaming:

EVELYN

No!

Her intensity actually rips Gittes' already partially torn
jacket.

He looks at it and her. It seems to have a momentary calming
effect on both of them.

EVELYN

(continuing)

She's too upset.

GITTES

What about?

EVELYN

Hollis' death. I tried to keep it
from her, I didn't want her upset
before I could make plans for her to
leave.

GITTES

You mean she just found out?

EVELYN

Yes.

GITTES

That's not what it looks like, Mrs.
Mulwray.

EVELYN

What does it look like?

GITTES

Like she knows about Hollis' death.
Like she knows more than you want
her to tell.

EVELYN

You're insane.

Gittes explodes.

GITTES

Just tell me the truth. I'm not the
police. I don't care what you've
done. I'm not going to hurt you, but
one way or another I'm going to know.

EVELYN

You won't go to the police if I tell
you?

GITTES

I will if you don't.

A long pause. Evelyn's head sinks onto the steering wheel,
her hair covering her face.

EVELYN

She's my sister.

Evelyn is breathing very deeply now. Not crying, but the
kind of deep breathing that comes from real hysteria. Gittes
puts an arm on her shoulder.

GITTES

Take it easy... If it's your sister
it's your sister... why all the
secrecy?

She lifts her head and looks up at him. He's genuinely puzzled.

EVELYN

(really upset)

I can't...

GITTES

Because of Hollis? Because she was seeing your husband? Was that it?

Jesus Christ, say something. Was that it?

She nods. Gittes sighs.

EVELYN

(finally)

I would never ever have harmed Hollis.

I loved him more than my own family.

He was the most gentle, decent man

imaginable... and he put up with

more from me than you'll ever know...

I just wanted him to be happy...

She begins to cry softly.

GITTES

(after a moment)

I took your husband's Buick...

(he opens the car

door)

I'll return it tomorrow.

EVELYN

Aren't you coming back with me?

GITTES

Don't worry. I'm not telling anybody
about this.

EVELYN

...That's not what I meant.

There is a long moment of silence. Gittes looks over to
Evelyn. Her hair covers most of her face from him.

GITTES

(finally)

Yeah, well... I'm very tired, Mrs.
Mulwray. Good night.

He gets out and slams the car door. She drives off.

INT. SHOWER GITTES' APARTMENT GITTES

The spray is hitting him full on the top of the head. Gittes
is so exhausted he's literally holding onto the nozzle as
the water pours down. He shuts the shower off, reaches weakly
for a towel, dabs his nose lightly with it.

INT. GITTES' BEDROOM GITTES

Pads around in elegant silk pajamas.

He walks over to the window where morning light is streaming in. He closes the curtains, collapses on the bed, on top of the covers, inert. Almost immediately the PHONE RINGS. Gittes lets it go on for a moment, then picks it up without saying anything.

VOICE ON PHONE

(male)

Gittes?... Gittes?

GITTES

Yeah.

VOICE ON PHONE

Ida Sessions wants to see you.

GITTES

Who?

VOICE ON PHONE

Ida Sessions, you remember Ida.

Gittes slowly rises to one elbow.

GITTES

Yeah?... I do?

VOICE ON PHONE

Sure you do.

GITTES

Well, tell you what, pal. If Ida
wants to see me she can call me at
my office.

He hangs up, falls back down. PHONE RINGS AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

Gittes swears, picks it up.

VOICE ON PHONE

684 1/2 East Tensington. Echo Park.
She begged me to call. She's waiting
for you.

Before Gittes can say anything, the phone clicks dead.

EXT. CERRITOS TOWER ROAD HOLLYWOOD HILLS EARLY MORNING

Gittes pulls up. It is a bungalow courtyard with a very narrow
walkway and sickly green stucco.

EXT. IDA SESSIONS' APARTMENT DAY

Gittes at the front door. It's slightly ajar. He knocks.
Nothing. He opens it and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Morning light filters through the half-open blinds. Dust
particles in the shafts of light. It's still and empty. Gittes
sees something down the hall, under the legs of a telephone

table. Gittes moves toward it. It is grotesque. When he gets closer he can see it's a wilted head of lettuce. Just inside the kitchen some radishes and onions lie on the linoleum. Gittes walks on into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Clearing the kitchen counter, Gittes sees IDA SESSIONS lying on her back on the floor, surrounded by the groceries from a broken bag.

Ice cream has melted around her. Her eyes are open, a stream of ants is moving across the ice cream and into her mouth. She's recognizable as the woman who posed as Evelyn Mulwray.

Gittes kneels over her. He gingerly opens her handbag, fishes for its contents, takes them and looks at them on the kitchen counter.

Wallet with a few bills in it, driver's license with her name. A Screen Actors Guild card. Gittes nods, turns, carefully replaces the items in the purse.

He idly opens the broom closet, pantry, and even Frigidaire, which is all but empty. Then he steps over her body and moves across the hall to a door that is slightly ajar.

INT. BATHROOM

Gittes enters and turns on the light.

ESCOBAR

Find anything interesting, Gittes?

Escobar and another PLAINCLOTHED MAN stand in the bathroom by the entrance to the bedroom door. Gittes turns around. A THIRD MAN is now coming down the hall from the bedroom.

Gittes looks at the two, doesn't reply.

ESCOBAR

What are you doing here?

GITTES

Didn't you call?

ESCOBAR

(jerk of his head
toward the kitchen)

How do you happen to know her?

GITTES

I don't.

ESCOBAR

(turning toward other
room)

Let me show you something.

INT. KITCHEN

Escobar points to the number "MU 7279" on the side of one of

the kitchen cabinets.

ESCOBAR

Isn't that your number?

GITTES

Is it? I forget. I don't call myself
that often.

ESCOBAR

Just to be on the safe side, we had
Loach here give you a ring.

He indicates one of his assistants.

ESCOBAR'S ASSISTANT

(a slight sneer)

What happened to your nose, Gittes?
Somebody slam a bedroom window on
it?

GITTES

(right back, smiling)

Nope, your wife got excited, crossed
her legs a little too quick. You
understand, pal.

The Assistant starts to move for Gittes who is ready for
him.

Escobar steps between the two.

ESCOBAR

(to other Assistant)

Loach.

(Escobar pulls out a
drawer)

How about these? Look familiar?

In the open drawer are the photos of Mulwray and the girl in
the park, boat, and at the El Macando on the veranda.

GITTES

(no point in denying
it)

Yeah, I took 'em. So what?

ESCOBAR

How did she...

(meaning the corpse)

...happen to have them?

Gittes takes a deep breath.

GITTES

Either you tell me or I guess 'cause

I don't have the answer.

Escobar nods.

ESCOBAR

You really think I'm stupid, don't

you, Gittes?

GITTES

I don't think about it one way or the other. But if you want, give me a day or two, and I'll get back to you. Now I'd like to go home.

ESCOBAR

I want the rest of the pictures.

GITTES

What pictures?

ESCOBAR

(meaning the corpse)

This broad hired you, Gittes, not Evelyn Mulwray.

GITTES

Yeah?

ESCOBAR

Yeah. Somebody wanted to shake down Mulwray, she hired you, and that's how you happen to know Mulwray was murdered.

GITTES

I heard it was an accident.

ESCOBAR

C'mon, you think you're dealing with
a bunch of assholes? Mulwray had
salt water in his goddam lungs! Now
how did he get that... in a fresh
water reservoir?

Gittes is surprised at this piece of information, but remains
nonplussed.

ESCOBAR

You were following him night and
day. You saw who killed him. You
even took pictures of it. It was
Evelyn Mulwray. She's been paying
you off like a slot machine ever
since her husband died.

GITTES

(smiling)

You accusing me of extortion?

ESCOBAR

Absolutely.

GITTES

I don't think I need a day or two.
You're even dumber than you think I
think you are. Not only that, I'd
never extort a nickel out of my worst
enemy, that's where I draw the line,

Escobar.

ESCOBAR

Yeah, I once knew a whore who for enough money would piss in a customer's face, but she'd never shit on his chest. That's where she drew the line.

GITTES

(smiling)

Well, I hope she wasn't too much of a disappointment to you, Lou.

Escobar manages a thin smile.

ESCOBAR

I want those photographs, Gittes.
We're talking about accessory after the fact, conspiracy, and extortion.
Minimum.

GITTES

Why do you think Mulwray's body was moved you dimwit? Evelyn Mulwray knocked off her husband in the ocean and thought it would look like more of an accident if she hauled him up to the Oak Pass Reservoir?

This is a little telling.

GITTES

(continuing)

Mulwray was murdered and moved because
somebody didn't want his body found
in the ocean.

ESCOBAR

And why's that?

GITTES

He found out somebody was dumping
water there. That's what they were
trying to cover up by moving him.

This stops Escobar. He's dumbfounded by it.

ESCOBAR

What are you talking about?

GITTES

C'mon I'll show you.

Escobar hesitates.

GITTES

(continuing)

C'mon make a decision, Lou. You're
in charge.

The men around Escobar look to him. Escobar grudgingly nods.

CLOSE SHOT STORM DRAIN

It yawns AT CAMERA, only a trickle of water dropping into the ocean.

VIEW WIDENS TO INCLUDE Escobar, Gittes, and two Plain clothesmen, standing and staring at the empty pipe as if they expect it to talk.

GITTES

(squinting in sunlight)

It's too late.

ESCOBAR

Too late for what?

GITTES

They only dump the water at night.

A THIRD ASSISTANT runs down the side of the cliff and Over to Escobar.

ESCOBAR

Reach anybody?

THIRD ASSISTANT

Yelburton, he's the new chief.

ESCOBAR

I know who he is. Well?

THIRD ASSISTANT

He says -

GITTES

I know what he says.

ESCOBAR

(to Gittes)

Shut up.

(to Assistant)

Go on.

THIRD ASSISTANT

Yelburton says they're irrigating in the valley. There's always a little runoff when they do that. And he says is Gittes knows that, and has been going around making irresponsible accusations for the last week.

Escobar turns to Gittes. Stares at him for a long moment.

ONE OF ASSISTANTS

Let's swear out a warrant for her arrest. What are we waiting for?

GITTES

(meaning Escobar)

Because he just made lieutenant, and he wants to hang onto his little

gold bar.

Escobar stares hatefully at Gittes.

ESCOBAR

Have your client in my office in two
hours and remember. I don't have to
let you go. I've got you for
withholding evidence right now.

EXT. MULWRAY HOME DAY

Gittes in Mulwray's Buick whips into the driveway. He looks
in the garage. Evelyn's car is gone. Only the Gardener's
truck is there.

Gittes hurries along the pathway and up to the house. He
rings the doorbell. Scarcely waiting for an answer he tries
it. It's locked.

He reaches into his pocket pulls out his cigarette case,
takes a pick out of the side and starts to fool with the
lock.

The Maid opens the door abruptly, stares in some surprise at
Gittes.

GITTES

Where's Mrs. Mulwray?

MAID

No esta.

Gittes looks past the Maid to the center of the living room where luggage is packed and neatly piled.

The Maid is actually in the process of throwing covers over the furniture.

GITTES

(indicating luggage)

Is Mrs. Mulwray going someplace?...

(no answer)

on a trip?... vacation?...

MAID

No esta in casa.

Gittes nods. He continues through the house and out back to the veranda.

EXT. MULWRAY VERANDA GITTES

Is unsettled. Sees the Gardener working by the pond. He wanders a few yards in that direction.

GARDENER

Spots Gittes, half-bows, nods and smiles.

GITTES

In turn, nods, smiles.

GITTES

Bad for glass.

GARDENER

Breaks into a big grin. Nods again.

GARDENER

Oh yes, bad for glass.

He points to the newly mown lawn.

GARDENER

(continuing)

Salt water velly bad for glass.

GITTES

Can't quite believe what he's heard,

GITTES

Salt water?

The Gardener nods vigorously. Points to the pond.

GARDENER

Velly velly bad.

Gittes has moved to the pond. He kneels. Clinging to the edge of it he can now see as he could have before if he'd

looked closely, a starfish.

CLOSE STARFISH

It has one leg missing. The fifth point on the star is just beginning to grow back.

GITTES

Touches the water, tastes it. He licks his lips, then spots something glinting in the bottom of the pond.

GITTES

What's that... down there?

The Gardener peers into the pond.

GITTES

(continuing)

...there.

The Gardener spots it. He rolls up his trousers, gets in the pond, and reaches into the bottom, his chin actually touching the water.

He misses the object, which seems to scoot away like an animal. Then he grasps it. He lifts it out of the water and holds a pair of eye glasses, rimless, bent, his finger poking through the frame where one lens is shattered.

The Gardener seems surprised. Gittes looks at the glasses.

They are heavily bifocal and reflect the sun.

INT. MULWRAY HOME

Gittes holds the phone to his ear. On the telephone table, lying on his handkerchief are the glasses.

The Maid hovers around over Gittes' shoulder, uneasily watching him.

CROSS' VOICE

Hello.

GITTES

Have you got your checkbook handy,
Mr. Cross? I've got the girl.

CROSS' VOICE

You've got her? Where?

GITTES

Do you remember the figures we
discussed?

CROSS' VOICE

Of course I do. Where are you?

GITTES

At your daughter's house. How soon
can you get here?

CROSS' VOICE

Two hours... tell me, will Evelyn be
there as well?

GITTES

Either that or she'll be in jail.

CROSS' VOICE

What are you talking about?

GITTES

Just bring your checkbook.

Gittes hangs up.

EXT. BUNGALOW HOUSE ADELAIDE DRIVE

Gittes pulls up in Mulwray's Buick. He hurries to the front
door, pounds on it.

The Chinese servant answers the door.

CHINESE SERVANT

You wait.

GITTES

(short sentence in
Chinese)

You wait.

Gittes pushes past him. Evelyn, looking a little worn but

glad to see him hurries to the door. She takes Gittes' arm.

EVELYN

How are you? I was calling you.

She looks at him, searching his face.

GITTES

Yeah?

They move into the living room. Gittes is looking around it.

EVELYN

Did you get some sleep?

GITTES

Sure.

EVELYN

Did you have lunch? Kyo will fix you something.

GITTES

(abruptly)

Where's the girl?

EVELYN

Upstairs. Why?

GITTES

I want to see her.

EVELYN

...she's having a bath now... why do
you want to see her?

Gittes continues to look around. He sees clothes laid out
for packing in a bedroom off the living room.

GITTES

Going somewhere?

EVELYN

Yes, we've got a 4:30 train to catch.
Why?

Gittes doesn't answer. He goes to the phone and dials.

GITTES

J. J. Gittes for Lieutenant Escobar

EVELYN

What are you doing? What's wrong? I
told you we've got a 4:30.

GITTES

(cutting her off)

You're going to miss your train!

(then, into phone)

Lou, meet me at 1412 Adelaide. It's
above Santa Monica Canyon... yeah,
soon as you can.

EVELYN

What did you do that for?

GITTES

(a moment, then)

You know any good criminal lawyers?

EVELYN

(puzzled)

No...

GITTES

Don't worry. I can recommend a couple.

They're expensive but you can afford
it.

EVELYN

(evenly but with great
anger)

What the hell is this all about?

Gittes looks at her, then takes the handkerchief out of his breast pocket. Unfolds it on a coffee table, revealing the bifocal glasses, one lens still intact. Evelyn stares dumbly at them.

GITTES

I found these in your backyard... in
your fish pond. They belonged to
your husband, didn't they?... didn't

they?

EVELYN

I don't know. I mean yes, probably.

GITTES

Yes positively. That's where he was
drowned...

EVELYN

What are you saying?

GITTES

There's no time for you to be shocked
by the truth, Mrs. Mulwray. The
coroner's report proves he was killed
in salt water. Just take my word for
it. Now I want to know how it happened
and why. I want to know before Escobar
gets here because I want to hang
onto my license.

EVELYN

I don't know what you're talking
about. This is the most insane...
the craziest thing I ever...

Gittes has been in a state of near frenzy himself. gets up,
shakes her.

GITTES

Stop it! I'll make it easy. You
were jealous, you fought, he fell,
hit his head. It was an accident,
but his girl is a witness. You've
had to pay her off. You don't have
the stomach to harm her, but you've
got the money to shut her up. Yes or
no?

EVELYN

...no...

GITTES

Who is she? And don't give me that
crap about it being your sister. You
don't have a sister.

Evelyn is trembling.

EVELYN

I'll tell you the truth...

Gittes smiles.

GITTES

That's good. Now what's her name?

EVELYN

Katherine.

GITTES

Katherine?... Katherine who?

EVELYN

She's my daughter.

Gittes stares at her. He's been charged with anger and when

Evelyn says this it explodes. He hits her full in the face.

Evelyn stares back at him. The blow has forced tears from her eyes, but she makes no move, not even to defend herself.

GITTES

I said the truth!

EVELYN

She's my sister.

Gittes slaps her again.

EVELYN

She's my daughter.

Gittes slaps her again.

EVELYN

My sister.

He hits her again.

EVELYN

My daughter, my sister.

He belts her finally, knocking her into a cheap Chinese vase
which shatters and she collapses on the sofa, sobbing.

GITTES

I said I want the truth.

EVELYN

(almost screaming it)

She's my sister and my daughter!

Kyo comes running down the stairs.

EVELYN

(continuing; in Chinese)

For God's sake, Kyo, keep her
upstairs, go back!

Kyo turns after staring at Gittes for a moment then goes
back upstairs.

EVELYN

My father and I, understand, or is
it too tough for you?

Gittes doesn't answer.

EVELYN

...he had a breakdown... the dam
broke... my mother died... he became
a little boy... I was fifteen...
he'd ask me what to eat for breakfast,

what clothes to wear!... It
happened... then I ran away...

GITTES

To Mexico...

She nods.

EVELYN

Hollis came and took... care of me...
after she was born... he said... he
took care of her... I couldn't see
her... I wanted to but I couldn't...
I just want to see her once in a
while... take care of her... that's
all... but I don't want her to
know... I don't want her to know...

GITTES

...so that's why you hate him...

Evelyn looks slowly up at Gittes.

EVELYN

No... for turning his back on me
after it happened! He couldn't face
it...

(weeping)

I hate him.

Gittes suddenly feels the need to loosen his tie.

GITTES

Yeah... where are you taking her
now?

EVELYN

Back to Mexico.

GITTES

You can't go by train. Escobar'll be
looking for you everywhere.

EVELYN

How about a plane?

GITTES

That's worse... Just get out of here.
Walk out, leave everything.

EVELYN

I have to go home and get my things.

GITTES

I'll take care of it.

EVELYN

Where can we go?

GITTES

...where does Kyo live?

EVELYN

With us.

GITTES

On his day off. Get the exact address.

EVELYN

Okay...

She stops suddenly.

EVELYN

Those didn't belong to Hollis.

For a moment Gittes doesn't know what she's talking about.

Then he follows her gaze to the glasses lying on his
handkerchief.

GITTES

How do you know?

EVELYN

He didn't wear bifocals.

Gittes picks up the glasses, stares at the lens, is
momentarily lost in them.

EVELYN

From the stairs. She has her arm around Katherine.

EVELYN

Say hello to Mr. Gittes, sweetheart.

KATHERINE

(from the stairs)

Hello.

GITTES

Rises a little shakily from the arm
of the sofa.

GITTES

Hello.

With her arm around the girl, talking in Spanish, Evelyn
hurries her toward the bedroom. In a moment she re-emerges.

EVELYN

(calling down)

He lives at 1712 Alameda... do you
know where that is?

REACTION GITTES

He nods slowly.

GITTES

Sure. It's Chinatown.

THRU WINDOW

Of bungalow Gittes watches Evelyn, the girl and Kyo head for Kyo's black dusty sedan.

Gittes drops the curtain, heads swiftly to the phone. He dials.

GITTES

Sophie... is Walsh there?... yeah,
listen, pal, Escobar's going to try
and book me in about five minutes...
relax, I'll tell you. Wait in the
office for two hours. If you don't
hear from me, you and Duffy meet me
at 1712 Alameda.

WALSH'S VOICE

Jesus, that's in Chinatown, ain't
it?

The front BELL RINGS.

GITTES

I know where it is! Just do it.

Gittes hangs up and goes to the door. He opens it. No one is there.

GITTES

(not even bothering
to look around the
sides)

Come on in, Lou. We're both too late.

Escobar and his minions appear from either side of the door.

GITTES

Looks like she flew the coop.

Escobar nods.

ESCOBAR

I don't suppose you got any idea
Where she went?

GITTES

Matter of fact I do.

ESCOBAR

Where?

GITTES

Her maid's house. I think she knows
something's up.

ESCOBAR

What's the maid's address?

GITTES

She lives in Pedro. I'll write it
down for you.

ESCOBAR

No, Gittes, you'll show us.

GITTES

What for?

ESCOBAR

If she's not there, you're going
downtown, and you're staying there
til she shows up.

GITTES

(deliberately petulant)

Gee, Lou, I'm doing the best I can.

ESCOBAR

(shoving him toward
the door)

Tell us about it on the way to Pedro.

EXT. SAN PEDRO 29TH STREET DAY

A steep hill overlooks part of the harbor. Escobar's unmarked
car pulls up to a stop in front of a Spanish duplex perched
on the steep hillside.

ESCOBAR

That's it?

GITTES

Yeah.

ESCOBAR

Well, let's go.

GITTES

Do me a favor, will you, Lou?

Escobar waits.

GITTES

(continuing)

Let me bring her down myself... she's
not armed or nothing... she won't be
any problem... I'd just like a minute
alone with her... It would mean
something... to... her... and to
me.

Escobar shakes his head. For a moment it looks like it means
no.

ESCOBAR

You never learn, do you, Gittes?

GITTES

(a little chagrined)

I guess not.

ESCOBAR

Give you three minutes.

GITTES

Gee, thanks, Lou.

Gittes gets out of the car, glances around, goes up the stairs. He looks back down at Escobar. Gittes rings the bell. He waits. It opens. It's a WOMAN who's not recognizable. She's got the remnants of a black eye.

WOMAN

Yes?...

Gittes looks past her to Curly, the fisherman from the first scene.

He's seated at the dinner table with his father, his mother, and his children. Curly looks up in surprise.

CURLY

(happily)

Mr. Gittes! Come in, come in.

Gittes enters and closes the door. Curly rises and comes over to him, greets him happily.

CURLY

Gee, this is a surprise, Mr. Gittes.

GITTES

Call me Jake. How is everything?

CURLY

Just sitting down to supper, Jake.

Care to join us?

GITTES

No thanks.

CURLY

How about a glass of wine? Honey,
this is...

WIFE

(coolly)

Yes, I know.

GITTES

Thanks just the same, Curly. I could
use a glass of water, though. Come
out with me to the kitchen for a
second.

CURLY

(puzzled)

Sure thing.

INT. KITCHEN GITTES AND CURLY

GITTES

Curly, where's your car?

CURLY

In the garage.

GITTES

Where's that?

CURLY

Off the alley.

GITTES

Could you drive me somewhere?

CURLY

Sure, as soon as we eat.

GITTES

Right now, Curly. It can't wait.

CURLY

I'll just tell my wife.

GITTES

(pulling him out the
back door)

Tell her later.

They head out the back door and down the steps toward the garage.

EXT. ALLEY AND GARAGE

Curly pulls open the garage door. Gets in, starts the car, backs it out. It's an old, late twenties Plymouth Sedan. Gittes hops in. They take off. At the edge of the alley Gittes

looks back.

POV FROM CURLY'S CAR

Escobar is getting out of his car, moving towards the duplex.

Gittes slips down in the seat.

GITTES' VOICE

Just drive slow for a block or two,
will you, Curly?

CURLY'S VOICE

What's this all about?

GITTES' VOICE

Tell you in a couple of blocks.

INT. SEDAN GITTES AND CURLY

GITTES

How much do you owe me, Curly?

CURLY

(embarrassed)

Oh, gee, Mr. Gittes we're going out
tomorrow. I know you been real good
about it but my cousin Auggie's sick.

GITTES

Forget it. How would you like to pay
me off by taking a couple of

passengers to Ensenada... you'd have
to leave tonight.

CURLY

I don't know...

GITTES

I might be able to squeeze an extra
seventy-five bucks out of it for
you. Maybe an even hundred.

CURLY

Plus what I owe you?

GITTES

I'll throw that in too.

CURLY

(smiling)

Okay, you got yourself a boat.

EXT. MULWRAY HOME GITTES AND CURLY

Carry bags out to Curly's car. Curly opens the door for the
Maid.

She gets in. He turns to Gittes.

GITTES

Tell Mrs. Mulwray to wait for half
an hour after you get there. Then if

I don't show, take her down to the
boat.

CURLY

(a little worried)

You sure this is okay?

GITTES

(mildly indignant)

Curly, you know how long I been in
business.

Curly nods, reassured. He gets in and takes off.

EXT. MULWRAY HOME DUSK

By the pond, cigarette smoke drifts INTO SHOT. A car pulls
up. In a moment Cross can be SEEN, looking TOWARD CAMERA.

CROSS

There you are.

He walks toward Gittes who stands by the pond, smoking.

CROSS

(continuing)

Well, you don't look any the worse
for wear, Mr. Gittes, I must say...
where's the girl?...

GITTES

I've got her.

CROSS

Is she all right?

GITTES

She's fine.

CROSS

Where is she?

GITTES

With her mother.

Cross' tone alters here.

CROSS

...with her mother?

Gittes pulls something out of his pocket and unfolds it.

GITTES

I'd like you to look at something,

Mr. Cross.

CROSS

(taking it)

What is it?

GITTES

An obituary column... can you read

in this light?

CROSS

Yes... I think I can manage...

Cross dips into his coat pocket and pulls out a pair of rimless glasses.. He puts them on, reads.

GITTES

Stares at the bifocal lenses as Cross continues to look through the obituary column. He looks up.

CROSS

What does this mean?

GITTES

That you killed Hollis Mulwray.

Gittes is holding the bifocals with the broken lens now.

GITTES

Right here, in this pond. You drowned him... and you left these.

Cross looks at the glasses.

GITTES

...the coroner's report showed Mulwray had salt water in his lungs.

CROSS

(finally)

Hollie was always fond of tide-pools.
You know what he used to say about
them?

GITTES

Haven't the faintest idea.

CROSS

That's where life begins... marshes,
sloughs, tide-pools... he was
fascinated by them... you know when
we first came out here he figured
that if you dumped water onto desert
sand it would percolate down into
the bedrock and stay there, instead
of evaporating the way it does in
most reservoirs. You'd lose only
twenty percent instead of seventy or
eighty. He made this city.

GITTES

And that's what you were going to do
in the Valley?

EXT. POND CROSS AND GITTES

CROSS

(after a long moment)

No, Mr. Gittes. That's what I am

doing with the Valley. The bond issue passes Tuesday. There'll be ten million to build an aqueduct and reservoir. I'm doing it.

GITTES

There's going to be some irate citizens when they find out they're paying for water they're not getting.

CROSS

That's all taken care of. You see, Mr. Gittes. Either you bring the water to L.A. or you bring L.A. to the water.

GITTES

How do you do that?

CROSS

Just incorporate the Valley into the city so the water goes to L.A. after all. It's very simple.

Gittes nods.

GITTES

(then)

How much are you worth?

CROSS

(shrugs, then)

I have no idea. How much do you want?

GITTES

I want to know what you're worth.

Over ten million?

CROSS

Oh, my, yes.

GITTES

Then why are you doing it? How much better can you eat? What can you buy that you can't already afford?

CROSS

(a long moment, then:)

The future, Mr. Gittes. The future. Now where's the girl?... I want the only daughter I have left... as you found out, Evelyn was lost to me a long time ago.

GITTES

(with sarcasm)

Who do you blame for that? Her?

Cross makes a funny little cock of his head.

CROSS

I don't blame myself. You see, Mr.

Gittes, most people never have to
face the fact that at the right time
and right place, they're capable of
anything. Take those glasses from
him, will you, Claude?

Mulvihill moves INTO VIEW. Extends his hand for the glasses.

Gittes doesn't move.

CROSS

It's not worth it, Mr. Gittes. It's
really not worth it.

Gittes hands over the glasses.

CROSS

Take us to the girl. Either Evelyn
allows me to see her, or I'm not
averse to seeing Evelyn in jail. If
I have to buy the jail. Hollis and
Evelyn kept her from me for fifteen
years. It's been too long, I'm too
old.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET NIGHT

The streets are crowded. Here and there one can see Chinese
in traditional dress.

GITTES

Driving slowly, spots Katherine with Ramon and luggage, nearly lost in the crowd. They are walking toward a car parked near a laundry truck.

Gittes sees them, keeps driving.

CROSS

(suddenly)

Stop the car. Stop the car!

Mulvihill tries to clobber Gittes. Gittes elbows him. The car jumps the curb and hits a lamppost.

EXT. STREET CROSS

Leaps out of the car shouting:

CROSS

Katherine! Katherine! Wait!

Gittes is after him, grabbing him. Cross tries to swing at Gittes with his cane. Mulvihill comes up behind Gittes and the three of them begin an awkward wrestling match, the crowd scattering, Mulvihill pulling his revolver, trying to hit Gittes on the side of the head. The three men crash to the pavement.

CURLY

Starts out of the car toward Gittes. Gittes sees him.

GITTES

No, Curly, get 'em out of here! Get
'em out of here!

He bites Mulvihill's hand and furiously pounds it into the sidewalk, shaking gun loose. Mulvihill and Gittes try for it but someone else has it.

EVELYN

Holds the gun. She's shaking but apparently in control of herself.

GITTES

Rises to his feet. Mulvihill starts to help Cross up.

EVELYN

No, don't help him. Don't do anything.

Mulvihill doesn't move. Cross rises on his own. Evelyn holds the revolver on him.

EVELYN

She's gone. It's no good.

CROSS

Where?

GITTES

(moving to Evelyn)

Let me handle that.

EVELYN

(to Gittes)

I'm all right.

GITTES

(she's not)

Sure, but I'd like to handle it.

Evelyn backs up as her father takes a step toward her.

CROSS

You're going to have to kill me,
Evelyn. Either that or tell me where
she is.

Evelyn is backing up. Cross moving on her. Evelyn cocks the
pistol.

CROSS

How many years have I got?... she's
mine too.

EVELYN

She's never going to know that.

There's the SOUND of a SIREN. Cross lunges toward her. Gittes
grabs Cross.

Duffy and Walsh are elbowing through the crowd. Gittes sees

them.

GITTES

Duffy, go over and sit on Mulvihill.

(to Walsh)

Jesus Christ, I didn't tell you to
bring the police department with
you.

WALSH

Jake, it's Chinatown. They're all
over the place. You oughta know
better.

GITTES

(to Walsh, meaning

Cross)

Gimme your keys. Watch this old fart,
will you?

(moving to Evelyn)

Take Duffy's car. Curly's boat's in
Pedro, near the Starkist cannery.

It's the Evening Star. He'll be
waiting. I'll take care of this.

She looks to Gittes. He looks at her. She turns and he looks
at her.

She turns and Escobar is standing between her and it.

ESCOBAR

Mrs. Mulwray, you don't want to run
around like that.

GITTES

Oh, Christ. Escobar, you don't know
what's going on. Let her go. I'll
explain it later.

ESCOBAR

Mrs. Mulwray, it's a very serious
offense pointing that at an officer
of the law. It's a felony.

GITTES

Let her go. She didn't kill anybody.

ESCOBAR

(starting toward her)
I'm sorry, Mrs. Mulwray.

GITTES

Lou, she will kill you. Let her go
for now. You don't know.

ESCOBAR

Gittes, stay outta this.

Escobar continues to move toward her. Gittes grabs him.

GITTES

(to Evelyn)

Now take off.

Evelyn gets in the car. She starts it. Gittes lets Escobar go.

ESCOBAR

I'll just have her followed. She's
not going anywhere.

There's a single GUNSHOT. Both men look surprised. Down the block a uniformed officer has fired, standing beside his double-parked car.

Duffy's sedan slows to a stop in the middle of the street. It jerks a couple of times, still in gear, then comes to a halt.

Gittes rushes to the car. He opens it. Evelyn falls out, inert.

Blood is pouring from her right eye.

GITTES

(yelling)

No!

He holds onto Evelyn as Escobar and others hurry up. Cross himself elbows through.

GITTES

Where is he? I'll kill him, I'll

kill the son of a bitch.

Several officers contain Gittes.

GITTES

(to Escobar)

Who is he, get his name? I'll kill
him.

ESCOBAR

(badly shaken)

Take it easy, take it easy, it was
an accident.

GITTES

An accident?

Gittes looks down. What he sees horrifies him. Cross is on
the ground, holding Evelyn's body, crying.

GITTES

Get him away from her. He's
responsible for everything. Get him
away from her!

ESCOBAR

(stunned)

Jake, you're very disturbed. You're
crazy. That's her father.

Walsh and Duffy elbow through the crowd.

ESCOBAR

(to them)

You wanna do your partner the biggest
favor of his life? Take him home.

Just get him the hell out of here!

Duffy bear hugs the protesting Gittes, along with Walsh,
literally dragging him away from the scene, with Gittes trying
to shake free.

Through the crowd noises, Walsh can be heard saying, "Forget
it, Jake. It's Chinatown."

THE END