

CHINATOWN
Screenplay by
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10/9/73 3rd Draft

FADE IN:

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 Gittes'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 red-faced 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!

(MORE)

FARMER (CONT'D)

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 blas
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, Gittes hauls out the blueprints that Mulwray had laid across the hood of his car -- they read in bold type: WATERSHED AND DRAINAGE SYSTEM FOR THE LOS ANGELES BASIN.

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

Mulvihlll, 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.

GITTES

turns off onto a winding road. It goes up into the foothills. Gittes swerves, missing a dog stretched out lazily in the road. Gittes honks and yells indignantly at the sleepy animal.

Gittes stops on a curve. Above a steep bank and partially hidden is the Mulwray home -- designed and constructed with shade and curves that are dramatic. When he turns off the ignition, the distant SOUND of the SURF can be HEARD.

Gittes heads up to the entrance.

EXT. MULWRAY HOUSE - GITTES

rings the bell. He waits. 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 some- thing 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.

(MORE)

ESCOBAR (CONT'D)

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. RIVEBED - 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 chain-link 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

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

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. 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 smooths 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?

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 cream-colored 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 sea- plane 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.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

(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 glass 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 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 re-election. 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 O.S.

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

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 --
(MORE)

GITTES (CONT'D)
 (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...

(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(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.

(Points to the newly
mown lawn.)

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!

(MORE)

GITTES (CONT'D)

- 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

(continuing)

-- she's my daughter.

Gittes slaps her again.

EVELYN
 (continuing)
 -- my sister.

He hits her again.

EVELYN
 (continuing)
 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
 (continuing)
 -- my father and I, understand, or
 is it too tough for you?

Gittes doesn't answer.

EVELYN
 (continuing)
 ... 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

(continuing)

Looks like she flew the coop.

Escobar nods.

ESCOBAR

I don't suppose you got any idea here 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.

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

(continuing)

-- 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

(continuing)

It's not worth it, Mr. Gittes.
It's really not worth it.

Gittes hands over the glasses.

CROSS

(continuing)

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

(continuing)
-- 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

(continuing)

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 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

(continuing)
Where is he? I'll kill him, I'll
kill the son of a bitch --

Several officers contain Gittes.

GITTES

(continuing; 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

(continuing; 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