

LA CONFIDENTIAL - BUD MEETS LYNN

**EXT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY**

Lynn does her best to usher the slightly disheveled Older Gentleman out the door.

**OLDER GENTLEMAN**

I don't understand, doll, we just got started.

**LYNN**

I'm sorry, but I'll make it up to you. I promise.

**OLDER GENTLEMAN**

Gosh, kitten, I don't know...

As he begins to mash up against her...

**BUD (O.S.)**

Hit the road, gramps.

Bud's standing at the bottom of the stairs. The Older Gentleman strikes a pose. He still thinks he's Alan Ladd.

**OLDER GENTLEMAN**

Alright. This time I'll go, but next time --

**BUD**

(flips badge)

L.A.P.D., shitbird. Get the fuck out of here or I'll call your wife to come get you.

Sputtering, the Older Gentleman exchanges a look with Lynn then hurries away, giving Bud a wide berth.

**LYNN**

I've been expecting you. Pierce called. Told me what happened to Sue.

**INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY**

A nice breezy feel. The perfect place to shack up.

**LYNN**

It's Officer White, isn't it?

Bud nods, eyeballs the place.

**LYNN**

Can I get you a drink?

**BUD**

Yeah, plain scotch.

Bud watches her move to the bar. God, she's beautiful.

**LYNN**

I was friendly with Sue Lefferts,  
but we weren't really friends.  
You know what I mean?

**BUD**

Are you sorry she's dead?

**LYNN**

Of course I am. What kind of  
question is that?

She steps back with a scotch for both of them.

**BUD**

Have you ever heard of Dick  
Stensland?

**LYNN**

No I haven't. Do you know why  
Pierce is humoring you?

**BUD**

You use words like that, you  
might make me mad.

**LYNN**

Yes. But do you know?

**BUD**

Yeah I know. Patchett's running  
whores and judging by his address,  
probably something bigger on the  
side. He doesn't want any  
attention.

**LYNN**

That's right. Our motives are  
selfish, so we're cooperating.

**BUD**

Why was Susan Lefferts at the  
Nite Owl?

**LYNN**

I don't know. I never heard of  
the Nite Owl till today.

**BUD**

Did Lefferts have a boyfriend?

**LYNN**

Like I said we were friendly,  
not friends.

**BUD**

How'd she meet Patchett?

**LYNN**

Pierce meets people. Sue came  
on the bus with dreams of  
Hollywood. This is how they  
turned out. Thanks to Pierce,  
we still get to act a little.

**BUD**

Tell me about Patchett.

**LYNN**

He's waiting for you to mention  
money.

**BUD**

You want some advice, Miss  
Bracken?

**LYNN**

It's Lynn.

**BUD**

Miss Bracken, don't ever try to  
fucking bribe me or threaten me  
or I'll have you and Patchett  
in shit up to your ears.

Lynn smiles again. She likes Bud. A beat.

**LYNN**

I remember you from Christmas  
Eve. You have a thing for  
helping women, don't you,  
Officer White?

**BUD**

Maybe I'm just fucking curious.

**LYNN**

You say 'fuck' a lot.

**BUD**

You fuck for money.

**LYNN**

There's blood on your shirt. Is  
that an integral part of your job?

**BUD**

Yeah.

**LYNN**

Do you enjoy it?

**BUD**

When they deserve it.

**LYNN**

Did they deserve it today?

**BUD**

I'm not sure.

**LYNN**

But you did it anyway.

**BUD**

Yeah, just like the half dozen  
guys you screwed today.

**LYNN**

(laughs again)

Actually, it was two. You're  
different, Officer White. You're  
the first man in five years who  
didn't tell me I look like  
Veronica Lake inside of a minute.

**BUD**

You look better than Veronica  
Lake. Now, Pierce Patchett.

**LYNN**

He takes a cut of our earnings  
and invests it for us. He makes  
us quit the life at thirty. He  
doesn't let us use narcotics and  
he doesn't abuse us. Can your  
policeman's mentality grasp  
those contradictions?

**BUD**

He had you cut to look like  
Veronica Lake?

**LYNN**

No. I'm really a brunette, but  
the rest is me. And that's all  
the news that's fit to print.

Lynn starts toward the door. Bud watches her a moment,  
then follows. She takes his glass at the door.

**LYNN**

It was nice meeting you, Officer.

Out the door, Bud turns back. Blurts:

**BUD**

Look. I want to see you again.

**LYNN**

Are you asking me for a date or  
an appointment?

**BUD**

(suddenly unsure)

I don't know.

**LYNN**

(another smile)

If it's a date I think you'd  
better tell me your first name  
because I --

**BUD**

(feeling foolish)

Forget I asked. It was a  
mistake.

Lynn watches thoughtfully after Bud as he walks away.  
He opens his car door like he's going to tear it off.  
A last glance back at Lynn and as he gets in the car...