

AN LA STORY

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE THEATRE - NIGHT

A red carpet is rolled out on the sidewalk. Crowds of people stand either side of it. Rain is pouring down on them but they do not seem to care. The paparazzi are poised with their cameras as an Armstrong Siddeley Lancaster rolls up. The crowds begin to cheer.

There is a moment of silent anticipation when the car stops. An ATTENDANT approaches the car and opens the back door and a man in a yellow pinstripe suit falls face first out onto the carpet.

The crowd screams as they notice he has a large bloody patch on his back. The paparazzi gasp before taking photos.

The Attendant quickly moves to the drivers door and opens it. Inside the driver gasps for air his face is turning purple. The cameras turn on this poor guy. His eyes roll into the back of his head.

Police start to usher the crowd away from the scene.

LAZLO (V.O.)

It was the summer of '49 and the night of Flash Charlie's movie premier. His real name was Bartholomew Carey and he was no longer flash.

Medics run out from the theatre.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Many of his fans had come to get autographs and he was due to sit down with the rest of the crew from his new picture Heaven is Missing Angels. A melodramatic flick about a guy and gal removed of their wings for some shit.

A MEDIC attends to Flash Charlie. He is rolled on his back. The Medic winces as he realizes Charlie has no eyes.

LAZLO (V.O.)

The perpetrators must have thought of themselves clever to remove his eyes with a spoon. What are actors if they cannot watch their own movies?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A man in his mid twenties sits at a desk pressing keys on a typewriter. He is an incredibly fast typist.

LAZLO (V.O.)

That's me at the typewriter. I work freelance as a crime journalist. Be at the scene, get the story first and sell it high.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THEATRE - NIGHT

Lazlo stands next to a woman who is crying hysterically at the sight of the dead body.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Yeah I know what shit is going to go down first. I meet some real interesting guys and gals.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

He puts some new paper in the typewriter.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Tell the cops first? No. I sure as shit ain't gonna do that. More money in my line of work if I get there first.

Lazlo grabs a bottle of beer and takes a sip, he continues to type one handed.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Let me take you back.

INT. HALL - DAY

Lazlo walks up to a table with a soldier sitting at it.

SOLDIER

Name?!

LAZLO

Lazlo Priskin sir.

SOLDIER

Age?

LAZLO
Twenty three sir.

SOLDIER
And why do you want to serve our
great nation Priskin?!

LAZLO
Because I ain't got nothing better
to do.

SOLDIER
Sign here.

Lazlo signs a piece of paper on the table before turning
around and walking away.

LAZLO (V.O.)
That's how the army liked you.
Dumb, young and dumb again.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Lazlo and a couple of soldiers stalk through the undergrowth.
They hold their guns out.

LAZLO (V.O.)
Two months later I was shipped out
to Japan to shoot and kill other
guys the same age as me.

Lazlo kneels down and aims his gun at a Japanese Soldier.

LAZLO (V.O.)
I remember taking my first shot,
pissed my pants.

A bullet fires through the Japanese Soldier's head. A full on
fire fight breaks out. Screams and the sound of flesh being
torn apart can be heard.

LAZLO (V.O.)
When I later confirmed my kill, I
shit myself.
(beat)
Literally.
(beat)
The noises I heard that day... well
let's just say, will melt an ice
cold mobster.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Lazlo lays on the floor clutching his knee and screaming.

LAZLO
Fuuuuuuuuuuck!

A MEDIC tends to the wound.

LAZLO (CONT'D)
(to Medic)
You fucking bastard! Oh god holy fuck!

MEDIC
(panicking)
There's so much blood Sergeant!

The Sergeant looks down at Lazlo.

SERGEANT
Tell me what a lot of blood looks like kid when you see a man strung upside down with no limbs or a head!
(to Lazlo)
You are going to be okay, you are going to be in a lot of fucking pain but you are going to be okay!

LAZLO (V.O.)
After that day I never felt pain again.
(beat)
Let me take you back further.

INT. HALL - DAY

A small Lazlo dressed in rags walks along holding a woman's hand. A Man stands in front of them showing a guard a piece of paper.

LAZLO (V.O.)
The ladies's hand I'm holding is my Mom, bless her soul.
(beat)
The man in front, he was my farther. He used to beat my Mom regularly. Fuck his soul.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mom is pinned up against the wall and slapped across the face by Dad. A young Lazlo sits at the table.

LAZLO (V.O.)
I was the son of Hungarian
immigrants looking for the American
dream in New York.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lazlo places a couple of pieces of paper on top of each other.

LAZLO (V.O.)
Yes this was the life I had chosen
after my discharge from the army.

He gets up, walks to the door and leaves.

INT. TRAM - DAY

Moving.

Lazlo sits looking out the window.

LAZLO (V.O.)
When I came back from the war I
moved to LA. It was a town full of
opportunities, a place where anyone
could be anyone or anything. Well
at least that is what I thought.

INT. NEWSPAPER PRINTING AREA - DAY

Hundreds of newspapers fall out of a machine and move along a conveyor belt.

Lazlo walks towards a door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A fat man in his early fifties wearing a white shirt with red braces sits smoking a cigar. Lazlo sits opposite him also smoking a cigar.

LAZLO (V.O.)
This piece of shit is called Wayne
Driver. He is a millionaire with an
unhealthy appetite for minors.

WAYNE
What a scoop! You should sell ice
cream!

Lazlo laughs.

LAZLO (V.O.)

What am I doing laughing at this fucks jokes? I should be writing about how he is chauffeured around picking up street kids.

(beat)

But that is the problem, crime against good people sells. But reporting crime against the top dogs in town, the Wayne Divers, does not earn you money.

WAYNE

Just keep bringing me gold Lazlo!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It is a bright and vibrant bar. A bowling alley is next to it.

LAZLO (V.O.)

I'm going to write a new piece, it is going to sell a lot, I can feel it. Enough to get me a house in Beverly Hills a lot. So I went down to Quilters.

Lazlo sits down at the bar.

LAZLO (V.O.)

The joint belongs to Jeremy Quilter. The drinks cost but the stories are free.

A MAN with grey hair approaches LAZLO from the other side of the bar.

JEREMY

Lazlo you son of a bitch!

He holds his hand out and Lazlo shakes it.

LAZLO

Jeremy you Irish bastard.

JEREMY

Do you want a drink?

LAZLO

Sure, two figures of Jack.

Jeremy pours him the drink.

LAZLO (CONT'D)

So what d'ya know?

JEREMY

I had a few of Palermo's men in earlier.

LAZLO

Go on.

JEREMY

They were talking about some sort of attack on a butchers.

LAZLO

What butchers?

JEREMY

I didn't catch the name.

LAZLO

Fuck Jeremy.

JEREMY

I might remember with some help.

Lazlo sighs and throws a twenty dollar bill on the counter.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Rocco's.

LAZLO

Rocco's? What's that scum bag fucking up to?

JEREMY

I wish I could tell you more.

Lazlo reaches into his pocket to get his wallet.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I don't know Lazlo.

LAZLO

To health.

Lazlo drinks the contents of his glass.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lazlo walks along with his hands in his coat pockets.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Rocco, another one of Los Angeles's cunts. Fuck, if you are late with your money don't worry about yourself worry about your wife and kids. Your wife and daughter will be raped and if they're lucky it'll only be done by one guy. Got a son?
(MORE)

LAZLO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He'll be strung up and bleeding
like one of his pigs.

INT. BUTCHER - NIGHT

Lazlo approaches a counter. Sausages are hung up and other meat is on show. Lazlo presses a bell on the counter. He waits a few moments and out from the back walks a well built man with blonde hair. He smiles when he sees Lazlo.

LAZLO
Rocco!

ROCCO
Mr. Priskin!

They shake hands.

LAZLO
I want something to go with my
eggs.

ROCCO
I have this.

He slaps a long sleeve of sausage meat on the counter.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
From the hills of Germany.

LAZLO
You don't say?
(beat)
I'll take it.

Rocco starts chopping it up.

LAZLO (CONT'D)
How's everything going with you?

ROCCO
Oh just fine.

He slams a meat cleaver down.

LAZLO
How're the girls?

ROCCO
Sian is fine.

LAZLO
What about Anna?

ROCCO
She has been fucking some spook.

LAZLO

A spook?!

ROCCO

Some fucking nigga can you believe it?

LAZLO

No.

ROCCO

I put a roof over her head, put jewels around her neck and fancy dresses in her wardrobe.

He slams the meat cleaver down again.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

I come home one night after busting my balls here and I open the door and there she is with her a nigga between her legs.

Rocco starts wrapping the meat.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

You know what pisses me off the most?

LAZLO

No what?

ROCCO

Niggas don't go down on their women.

Rocco slaps the sausage down in front of Lazlo.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Five dollars.

Lazlo reaches around in his pocket.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

It's on the house. Hey! What happened the other night at the theatre?

LAZLO

Flash turned up with no eyes.

ROCCO

Fuck, you just don't know what is going to happen in life.

(beat)

Oh wait a moment I have something to go with that sausage.

Rocco walks out back. Lazlo peeks around the corner to see Rocco looking through a walk in freezer. A black man stands stiff as a board covered in ice against the wall.

Lazlo looks in his pockets as Rocco returns with a piece of bacon. He puts it on the counter, turns around and picks up a tin of white beans.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Bacon from Germany. It's on the house.

(beat)

Now these white beans are from Spain put these with your meat and you won't regret it.

LAZLO

Thanks.

(beat)

I hope you don't mind me asking but where is Anna?

He throws down some money.

ROCCO

Like I said you won't regret it.

LAZLO

(slight pause)

Thanks. Have a good night.

ROCCO

See ya around.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lazlo walks over to a bench opposite Rocco's butchers and sits down.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Jeremy was never wrong. Never or so I thought. I waited for ten minutes but not a soul came to shoot the place up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lazlo sits at a wooden table eating a plate of sausage, bacon, eggs and beans.

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Lazlo knocks on the door.

LAZLO
Jeremy! Come on!

He knocks the door again.

LAZLO (CONT'D)
Come on you Irish bastard open up!

He knocks again, sighs and then starts to kick the door open.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lazlo runs to the counter. Jeremy is slumped on the floor with a long slit up his wrist.

LAZLO
Fuck! Jeremy!

Lazlo scales the bar and grabs hold of Jeremy's face.

LAZLO (CONT'D)
Jeremy! Fucking wake up you Irish bastard! Come on!

LAZLO (V.O.)
I don't know what I was shouting about, that weren't going to bring him back.
(beat)
The fucks had set this up. They made the cut look like suicide, a real unprofessional fucking job.

Broken glass covers the floor.

LAZLO (V.O.)
Glass on the floor to make it look like he had a breakdown, smashed his shit on the floor and then killed himself.

Lazlo looks down at Jeremy.

LAZLO
Fuck!

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lazlo sits at the table quickly typing on the typewriter.

LAZLO (V.O.)
The nights events had fuelled my imagination for my blockbuster article. I didn't stop typing until my fingers bled.

INT. NEWSPAPER PRINTER AREA - DAY

Lazlo walks past the papers. He grabs a copy that is whizzing past and begins to read it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lazlo sits in front of Wayne.

WAYNE

You know what? There was.

LAZLO

When did it come through.

WAYNE

Same time as Flash.

LAZLO

Why haven't you run a story on it?

WAYNE

The stories are not in the same universe as each other. An A-list actor and a lost Negro. It is not even worth the ink.

Lazlo places a piece of paper on the desk.

LAZLO

I was the first there.

Wayne reads it.

WAYNE

It is just a suicide story. It won't run.

LAZLO

What time is the funeral?

WAYNE

Its at eleven.

EXT. OUTSIDE CHURCH - DAY

A coffin is carried away from the church. The words "FLASH" and "BART" are made out of yellow flowers and are being carried beside the funeral march. Hundreds of people line the street watching the procession.

Lazlo stands close by, he scribbles notes down on a jotter.

The coffin is carried into a graveyard. People follow.

Lazlo turns but turns back again. Another coffin is being carried a short distance away followed by ten black people. Lazlo walks casually over.

LAZLO
(to Pallbearer)
Hey let me help you with this.

Lazlo grabs hold of the coffin and walks alongside.

PALLBEARER #1
Thanks mister.

LAZLO
Who is he?

PALLBEARER #1
Jessie Jones.

LAZLO
Were you just at that church?

PALLBEARER #2
Sure was. But there's not a white person in this town who gonna remember Jessie.

PALLBEARER #1
Not many white folk care about a young dead nigga.

LAZLO
Why were you sharing the church?

PALLBEARER #2
Film studio saw it as the right thing to do. Put the coffin there but not a single word uttered about Jessie.

LAZLO
What did Jessie do?

PALLBEARER #2
He was a runner for the movies.

They approach a cemetery. A weeping women opens the gate.

PALLBEARER #1
Stop that crying now you hear?
Jessie would want us laughing.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The Pallbearers and Lazlo sit on the grass.

PALLBEARER #2
That were real kind of you sir.

LAZLO
Forget it.
(beat)
Say when was Jessie body found?

PALLBEARER #1
Day after film premier. But we
never did see him.

LAZLO
Do you have a photo of Jessie?

PALLBEARER #1
Sure do.

He shows Lazlo a photo. Lazlo nods his head.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Lazlo walks over to Jessie's grave with a shovel in his hand and starts to dig it up.

EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT

Lazlo smashes open the coffin.

LAZLO (V.O.)
I felt terrible doing it but I had
to know.

The face of an old black man can now be seen. Lazlo places a was of dollars next to the gravestone.

EXT. OUTSIDE BUTCHER - NIGHT

Lazlo picks the lock on the door.

INT. BUTCHER - NIGHT

Lazlo walks over to the fridge and opens it. A black man is still standing there.

LAZLO (V.O.)
Rocco had Jessie in his freezer.
That story I was writing could go
on hold because I was about to take
down one of LA's biggest mob
bosses.

Lazlo grabs a meat cleaver and begins to chop at Jessie's hand.

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION - NIGHT

Lazlo approaches a police officer at a desk.

POLICE OFFICIAL

Lazlo!

LAZLO

Kaspar.

POLICE OFFICIAL

What can we help you with?

Lazlo places Jessie's hand on the table.

LAZLO

Be a sport and get these fingers printed.

POLICE OFFICIAL

Sure.

Lazlo leaves.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Wayne looks out the window.

WAYNE

I can't run it.

LAZLO

Wayne this is the biggest catch in five years! Fuck! This is the biggest catch of the century! We have actual evidence of a murder committed by Rocco and maybe even Palermo!

WAYNE

If I get the coroner's report I might but I'll need protection for me and my family.

LAZLO

I can get you that.

Lazlo nods his head.

WAYNE

Do you want to have dinner at Vincenzo's tomorrow night?

LAZLO

Sure.

WAYNE
I'll make sure they treat you well.
Angel is singing.

Lazlo leaves the room. Wayne walks over to a phone and dials a number.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A CORONER is cleaning surgical items. There is a knock at the door.

CORONER
Yeah.

Two men dressed in black suits and wearing purple ties walk in.

CORONER (CONT'D)
What can I do for you gentleman?

The Coroner is shot in the head. Blood splatters the back wall. The men walk around the room. They check filing cabinets, open refrigerators and empty draws.

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION - NIGHT

Lazlo walks up to the desk. Kaspar is laying on the floor in a pool of blood.

INT. OUTSIDE CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lazlo slowly walks down a staircase and towards the office. The sound of the office being ransacked echoes down the hall towards him. He walks towards the office and takes a deep sigh.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door swings open. One of the men raises his gun to shoot Lazlo. Lazlo grabs the gun and twists it. A bullet passes through the other man's ear. He screams loudly. Lazlo pushes the man down onto the desk face first and holds him down. Lazlo reaches over, grabs a surgical knife and slices the back of the man's neck which pours with blood. The man with the shot off ear tries to get to his feet but Lazlo walks over to him and sticks the knife into his throat.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

Lazlo walks along a sewer.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Whenever there is a purple tie
there is trouble. Palermo's fucks
wear purple. Palermo was the most
feared mobster in LA. About seventy
percent of all drug trafficking,
murders, racketeering, fraud and
whore related crimes were related
to him in one way or another.

(beat)

Things were going to end soon and
if my article was to finish the way
I wanted it to, I needed help.

Lazlo ducks under a pipe and begins to climb a chain link
fence.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Luckily this help could not be
found in a newspaper or a
phonebook.

Lazlo steps over three pipes, approaches a wooden door and
opens it.

INT. SEWER BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lazlo walks down a flight of steps and into a room filled
from floor to ceiling with weaponry.

LAZLO (V.O.)

It wasn't my knee that got me
discharged from the army it was one
intercepted letter to a military
supplier.

Lazlo picks up a machine gun.

LAZLO (V.O.)

Machine guns, assault rifles,
pistols, flamethrowers and
grenades. I had everything but
suicidal depression, that couldn't
be packaged yet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lazlo stands at a pay phone.

LAZLO

(into phone)

Sully!

(beat)

I am going to hell's waiting room.

(beat)

I need some help.

INT. OFFICE - DAWN

Lazlo sits at the desk typing away.

LAZLO (V.O.)
I spent the rest of the night
putting the finishing touches to my
"Beverly Hills" article.

INT. NEWSPAPER PRINTER AREA - DAWN

Lazlo stops the press, walks over to a type setter and places a pistol to his head.

LAZLO
Print this.

He drops his article down in front of the type setter.

INT. VINCHENZO'S - NIGHT

Lazlo sits at a small round table eating a steak with some devine looking potatoes and vegetables. Many other people sit at tables eating luxurious meals and drinking from expensive glasses. In front of them, clinging to a microphone stand, is a beautiful brunette women. She wears an elegant purple dress and black heels. This is ANGEL.

ANGEL
(softly into microphone)
I hope you are all having a great
night out there.

LAZLO (V.O.)
Wayne was a dumb fuck and thought I
didn't know.

Two men pick up a saxophone each and place the mouthpieces to the lips. They begin to play.

ANGEL
(singing into microphone)
Southern trees bear strange fruit,
blood on the leaves and blood at
the root...

LAZLO (V.O.)
Vincenzo's was used like a
graveyard for Palermo's enemies.

A waiter walks over to Lazlo and leans down in front of him.

WAITER
(whispering)
Mr. Priskin?

LAZLO
(whispering)
Yes?

WAITER
(whispering)
Mr. Driver sends his apologies but
he cannot attend.

LAZLO
(whispering)
Okay fella.

The waiter walks away.

ANGEL
(singing)
Scent of magnolias, sweet and
fresh. Then the sudden smell of
burning flesh.

LAZLO (V.O.)
It was almost time for the grand
finale.

INT. VINCHENZO'S - LATER

A Waiter approaches Lazlo who is eating a sundae.

WAITER #2
Hello sir. Angel has asked if you
would like to join her for a drink?

LAZLO
(with a smile)
Sure.

INT. VINCHENZO'S/DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Angel is sitting looking into a mirror, a man kneels beside
her holding her hand.

ANGEL
Sully, I can't do it no more.

SULLY
Just stay calm and everything will
be fine.

Sully begins to tie a piece of rope around her arm. He opens
a small box and takes out a syringe.

There is a knock at the door.

SULLY (CONT'D)
Come in.

Lazlo walks inside.

SULLY (CONT'D)
Hey Lazlo! How are you?

LAZLO
Well.

SULLY
(to Angel)
Now, just breath.

He pricks her arm. She closes her eyes and begins to breath slowly. Sully places a hand on her face.

SULLY (CONT'D)
A singer is like a thoroughbred
horse, keep them well and they will
always pay the bills.
(to Angel)
You know your next number?

Angel nods.

Sully stands up and hugs Lazlo.

LAZLO
So is it going to be ready?

SULLY
Sure is. Just sit at table number
22.

They shake hands.

INT. VINCHENZO'S - NIGHT

Lazlo walks through a now empty dining area. He takes a seat at table number 22. Angel walks out and grabs hold of the microphone stand. The saxophonists begin to play.

ANGEL
(singing into microphone)
When you're smiling. The whole
world smiles with you.

A door opens and in walks Wayne. He awkwardly takes a seat in front of Lazlo. Moments later Rocco walks in and sits down next to Wayne.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(singing into microphone)
So stop that sighin' be happy
again, keep on smilin' cause when
your smiling...

The door opens again and in walks a man dressed in a purple suit with a white tie, two men holding Tommy guns walk beside him. The man takes a seat in between Wayne and Rocco.

LAZLO

So the legends are true Palermo.

PALERMO

And what would those be?

LAZLO

You really are short!

Palermo laughs.

PALERMO

Lets get this over with.

(beat)

Do you have any last words guys?

ROCCO

Not for this nigga loving bastard.

WAYNE

You were my best reporter Lazlo I'm going to miss you.

The men cock their Tommy guns.

PALERMO

Any last words Lazlo?

Suddenly there is a loud honking noise. Everyone looks round. A car smashes through the wall. Everyone but Lazlo falls to the floor. He then casually walks over to the car, opens the trunk and pulls out a shotgun. He pulls back the trigger. Palermo's two henchman get to their feet only to be blasted away one by one. Rocco pounces on Lazlo and manages to disarm him. Lazlo rolls around with him on the floor. They are both laying next to the car door. Lazlo opens the door, pulls a brick off of the accelerator and clobbers Rocco across the side of the face with it. Rocco lays stunned on the ground slowly swinging his arms about. Lazlo climbs on top of him and begins to deliver a series of vicious blows to his face with the brick. Blood splurts out of his face as it begins to cave in. Lazlo gets up, walks over to the trunk again and pulls out a machine gun. He begins to scout the room for Wayne and Palermo. A door swings open and in runs some of Palermo's men. They are mowed down by machine gun bullets. Lazlo continues to search the area. He looks under tables and over banisters. When he turns around, he sees Wayne clutching Angel around the neck and holding a pistol to her head.

WAYNE

Stop the shit Laz...

A well executed shot to Wayne's leg brings him to his knees. Angel crawls away.

Lazlo walks over to Wayne, forces his mouth open with the gun barrel and fires a round of bullets down his throat. Lazlo turns around quickly and shoots another three henchman dead. He walks back to the car and pulls out a pistol. Lazlo notices some movement under the rubble, he walks over to it and finds Palermo. He pulls him out and drags him over to a chair.

PALERMO

No! Please!

Palermo is forced to sit down. Lazlo shoots him in the left kneecap. He yells in pain. A bullet is fired into the right kneecap. He screams even louder.

PALERMO (CONT'D)

Ah fuuuck! Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!
Fuck you fucking cunt!

Lazlo walks over to the car.

PALERMO (CONT'D)

You fucking bastard fuck!

Lazlo lifts out a flamethrower.

PALERMO (CONT'D)

Ah shit no! Fuck Lazlo no!

Lazlo drags it across the floor and switches it on in front of Palermo.

PALERMO (CONT'D)

Please don't! Oh fuck! Please!
(beat)
I have kids Lazlo please!

Lazlo sets him alight. Palermo screams in pure agony. Suddenly a bullet passes through Lazlo's gut. He checks the wound, blood is pumping out of it. Lazlo falls to his knees, blood has started to dribble out of his mouth. He looks around for the shooter. A henchman leans up against a wall he is also covered in blood. Lazlo swallows hard and pulls the pistol trigger. No bullets fire. Lazlo falls on his back. The henchman falls face first on the ground.

LAZLO (V.O.)

That was it. My time was up.

Fire spreads across the restaurant.

LAZLO (V.O.)

My Beverly Hills story was getting
the wrong ending.

(beat)

(MORE)

LAZLO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had taken out three of the
biggest criminals on the west coast
- this would definitely make the
papers.

Lazlo looks around at the destruction.

LAZLO (V.O.)
Robin Hood eat your fucking heart
out.
(beat)
As I took my last few breathes I
thought how another three
slimeballs would just take their
place and now it was my time to be
part of just another LA story.

Lazlo stops breathing and his eyes partially close. Pan out
slowly as the restaurant falls to the ground.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Caucasian man dressed in a suit sits on a bench reading a
newspaper. In thick black letters on the front page of the
newspaper is printed "WE COVER UP BLACK MURDERS".

MAN
Hmm.

He places the paper down on the bench and walks away.

FADE OUT.

THE END