

## LA Confidential BUD and LYNN

INT. 1736 NOTTINGHAM (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

*Spent, Bud and Lynn lie in bed. She traces a finger over his bicep as he muses on the ceiling.*

BUD

Who was that guy who that was here earlier?

*Lynn's tracing finger stops on Bud's shoulder -- a small white scar.*

LYNN

It doesn't matter. All they get is Veronica Lake. You got the real Lynn Margaret Bracken...

(re: scar)

Where'd this come from?

BUD

When I was ten, my old man threw a bottle at my mother. I guess I got in the way.

LYNN

So, you saved her.

BUD

Yeah. But not for long. (PAUSE) He tied me to a radiator in the kitchen. Beat her to death with a tire iron. Right in front of me. Then he just left...me still tied to the radiator. Three days later, the truant officers found me, (laughs) because I didn't show up to school. They never found the old man.

*Bud looks away. Doesn't want to show he's upset. Lynn sees he doesn't want to talk about it.*

LYNN

Is that why you became a come?

BUD

Yeah.

LYNN

Do you like being a cop, Bud?

BUD

(PAUSE) I used to. What I do now is strong-arm. Sitting duck stuff... They use me as the "muscle" No, I don't like it. (Gets excited) But, If I could work Homicide like a real detective...

*Lynn listens sympathetically. Bud's opening up.*

BUD

There's something wrong with the  
Nite Owl. That fucking prick Exley shot  
the wrong guys. But they made HIM  
a hero and whoever killed my  
partner is still out there.

*Frustrated, Bud pokes at his own chest.*

BUD

In here I know it. But I can't  
prove it.  
I'm not smart enough. I'm just  
the guy they bring in to scare the  
other guy shitless.

*Bud looks away, embarrassed to have shown so much of  
himself. Lynn reaches over, turns his face back to her.*

LYNN

You found Patchett. You found me.  
You're smart enough. Be a  
detective if that's what you want.

BUD

That simple, huh?

LYNN

*Lynn nods. Yes, That simple. (smiles, touches his face)*

**END**