FADE IN:

1 INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ALARM CLOCK - PREDAWN (4:59 AM)

In a Santa Clarita housing tract. It's dark.

WIDER ANGLE

Eyes glisten in the clock's shine, patiently watching the time.

BZZZZ! The ALARM SOUNDS. A hand that's been hovering over the clock drops. Silence. JAKE HOYT, a fit young man, rolls over, throws an arm over his sleeping wife --

JAKE

It's time.

-- she's not there, just empty blankets. He sits up, sporting a scraggly goatee, his hair growing out.

HIS POV

LISA, his wife, in a rocking chair in the corner.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake is surprised. How'd she sneak off?

JAKE

What are you doing up?

She pulls back the blanket, she breast-feeds their infant daughter.

LISA

Mooooo.

Shelavishes kisses on her baby.

CUT TO:

2 INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - BRASSO - DAWN

is squirted on terry cloth. A badge is rubbed against it in precise circles.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WIDEN TO:

Jake in T-shirt and jeans, studies the gleaming badge, snaps it in its case, clips it to his belt. He tosses a duffel on the counter. Searches through the police gear. Lisa taps a police baton on his shoulder. He takes it.

JAKE

Thanks.

LISA

Wrong day to forget stuff. Everyone's saying how lucky you are. Don't screw this up.

He gives her a look, shoves it in the bag.

JAKE

She go back to sleep?

LISA

Mmm-hmm. Ate like a pig.

Jake does a final check of gun belt. Inspecting his Beretta and magazines.

JAKE

I know how lucky I am. I ace this assignment. Department's wide open. Get my own division someday. You should see those guys' houses.

She grabs a pack of English muffins. Jake catches his reflection in a mirror, rubs his chin. He doesn't like the way he looks. Next to the mirror is his police academy graduation photo -- Clean-cut, almost adolescent. Lisa plays with his goatee, she likes it.

LISA

Want some eggs for the road?

JAKE

I gotta roll. Gotta beat the traffic.

He shoves his gun belt in the duffel. Zips it shut. He grabs a pressed uniform off a chair, and his police hat, wrapped in plastic. He kisses Lisa's cheek, her neck, her lips. Heads to the door. The PHONE RINGS. Jake stops. Lisa answers.

(CONTINUED)
LISA
Hello?
(beat, laughs)
How nice, thank you.
(beat, giggles)
I will, don't worry.

Jake looks at her, wondering who the hell is making his wife giggle so much.

LISA
He's right here.
(to Jake)
Jake. It's Alonzo.

Jake reacts, steels himself and takes the phone.

JAKE
Hello?

ALONZO (V.O.)
Hoyt?

JAKE
Yessir?

ALONZO (V.O.)
On your way to roll call?

JAKE
Yessir. I'm out the door right now.

ALONZO (V.O.)
Hoyt.

JAKE
Yessir?

ALONZO (V.O.)
Patrol fairies go to roll call. We don't go to roll call.

JAKE
Yessir.

ALONZO (V.O.)
There's a coffee shop at 7th and Witmer. See you there at ten. Be in civvies. Comfortable shoes. Got a back-up gun? Something pocket-sized?

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Nossir. Just my department
issue service pistol.

ALONZO (V.O.)
Bring it. Cuffs, too. We're
gonna be in the office all day,
but who knows, maybe we'll do some
business. We're an aggressive
unit.

JAKE
I know. That's why I signed up.
I want to thank you for giving me
the oppor --

-- CLICK! Alonzo hangs up. Jake too. He stands there,
flies his nervous stomach.

LISA
What's wrong?

JAKE
Feel like it's football tryouts.
Wish it was tomorrow so I'd know
already if I made his squad or
not.

LISA
It's not tomorrow. It's today.
And it's gonna work out. I know
it will.

JAKE
I gotta relax.

Lisa looking at him. He gets an idea, snuggles up to
her.

JAKE
Don't have to show up until ten.

She breaks the embrace -- sore breasts -- Ouch!

JAKE
Soon they'll be mine again.

Jake chases them with cupped hands as she retreats,
giggling. Their game.

CUT TO:
INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Old and tired, near Good Samaritan Hospital. Jake struts through the door, confidently looks around.

JAKE'S POV

DETECTIVE SERGEANT ALONZO HARRIS, in black shirt, black leather jacket. And just enough platinum and diamonds to look like somebody. He reads the paper in a booth. The gun leather-tough LAPD vet is a hands-on, blue-collar cop who can kick your ass with a look.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake walks over. Slides in across. Alonzo's eyes will never leave his newspaper.

JAKE

Good morning, sir.

A young waitress pours Jake coffee, offers a menu. Jake waves it away.

JAKE

I'm okay, ma'am. Thank you.

ALONZO

Have some chow before we hit the office. Go ahead. It's my dollar.

JAKE

No, thank you, sir. I ate.

ALONZO

Fine. Don't.

Alonzo turns the page. A long beat. Then:

JAKE

It's nice here.

ALONZO

May I read my paper?

JAKE

I'm sorry, sir... I'll get some food.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALONZO
No. You won't. You fucked that up. Please. I'm reading. Shut up.

Jake does -- Jeeez, sorry. Pours a ton of sugar in his coffee.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The waitress pours refills. Alonzo reads. Jake fidgets.

JAKE
Sure wouldn't mind not roasting in a hot black and white all summer.

Alonzo sighs, carefully folds his paper. Glares at Jake.

ALONZO
Tell me a story, Hoyt.

JAKE
My story?

ALONZO
Not your story. A story. You can't keep your mouth shut long enough to let me finish my paper. So tell me a story.

JAKE
I don't think I know any stories.

Alonzo waves the paper in Jake's face.

ALONZO
This is a newspaper. And I know it's ninety percent bullshit but it's entertaining. That's why I read it. Because it entertains me. If you won't let me read my paper, then entertain me with your bullshit. Tell me a story.

JAKE
A real one or should I make one up?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALONZO
(sighs)
Where'd you do your probation?

JAKE
Van Nuys.

ALONZO
Right. The Valley. No cute little anecdotes about writing underage smoking cites at the shopping mall?

Jake thinks. Bingo! He's got it.

JAKE
There was this D.U.I. stop.

ALONZO

JAKE
We were on the mid-watch.

ALONZO
We? You and...?

JAKE
Debbie.

ALONZO
Debbie? The hell's Debbie?

JAKE
My training officer. Debbie Maxwell --

ALONZO
-- Your T.O. was female?

JAKE
Yessir.

ALONZO
She white? Black?

JAKE
White.

ALONZO
She dyked out or she any good?

(continued)
JAKE
She's pretty good.

ALONZO
(he's hooked)
So you and Debbie are pullin' a mid-watch?

JAKE
Right. It's a real quiet night. A yawner. We're rolling on Vanowen. I'm driving. And this Acura, just a beautiful car, comes out a side street. In excess. All over the median. So I light it up and hit the wailer. Guy drives on like I'm invisible for ten blocks before he pulls over. Plates ran clean. Debbie covers as I approach. Driver's this huge white guy. Can barely keep his eyes open. I field test and arrest and I'm belting him in our unit. Debbie's tossing his car. She calls me to the vehicle and shows me a snubbed .38 and two shotguns, all loaded and locked.

ALONZO
No shit?

JAKE
No shit. She calls our supervisor and I keep searching. I find five hundred grams of meth in the dash. Turns out our D.U.I. was on bail for distribution. He was on his way to smoke his ex-partner before trial.

(proudly)
We prevented a murder.

Alonzo is astonished.

ALONZO
... amazing...

Jake beams -- some story, huh?
CONTINUED:  (3)

ALONZO
You're driving around the Valley with a fine bitch in your car for a year and the most entertaining story you got is a drunk stop? Never hit her up for some Code X in the back seat? Didn't tap it?

JAKE
I have a wife.

ALONZO
You also have a dick.

Alonzo shakes his head in disgust. Jake is crushed.

ALONZO
Let's go.

Alonzo tosses a fifty on the table. OFF his heavy wedding band we --

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jake and Alonzo crossing. Alonzo sizes Jake up.

ALONZO
You walk and talk like a damn cop.

Alonzo stops at:

G-RIDE

A narc-machine supreme. A clean, black 1978 Monte Carlo on nice rims.

ALONZO
Gimme that menu.

Jake pulls a Chinese menu from under the wiper. Hands it to Alonzo, who folds and pockets it.

ALONZO
Get in. S'unlocked.

Jake admires the car, climbs in.
INT. G-RIDE/EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jake buries his shoes in beer cans and coffee cups. Alonzo twists the key and pumps the hell out of the gas. After a beat, the ENGINE CATCHES -- VROOM!

JAKE
This isn't from the motor pool.

ALONZO
Don't worry. My baby puts out when she has to.

Alonzo rubs the dash lovingly.

JAKE
Where's the office? Back at Division?

Alonzo hits the switches and the G-Ride is raised by hydraulics.

ALONZO
You're in it.

Jake reacts. Then smiles -- This is kinda cool.

INT. G-RIDE (7TH STREET) - MOVING - DAY

Alonzo SQUEALS out of the lot. They pass the formidably-stylish Metropolitan Detention Center.

ALONZO
Rover's in the glove box. Wanna ten-eight us?

JAKE
Yessir.

ALONZO
Shitcan the sirs. I'm not your domestic violence awareness instructor.

Jake takes a Motorola radio from the glove box.

JAKE
What's our I.D.?

ALONZO
Nora fifteen.

JAKE
(into Motorola)
Nora fifteen, ten-eight.

(CONTINUED)
Jake checks the street signs -- 7th and Broadway. Before he can tell Dispatch, Alonzo snatches the Motorola as he makes a left on Broadway.

**ALONZO**

(into rover)

Nora fifteen, South on Rampart at Beverly.

**DISPATCH (V.O.)**

Ten four.

Alonzo tosses Jake the rover.

**ALONZO**

Bad guys are listening. Don't trust the radios. Never let anyone know where you're really at. Ever.

Jake nods and smiles -- makes sense.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. G-RIDE (BROADWAY) - MOVING - DAY**

Heading north on Broadway in downtown LA. It could be San Salvador or Guatemala City. Jake is mesmerized by the crowds.

**JAKE**

This looks like the Third World.

**ALONZO**

It's my world.

Jake notes several men making hand signs as they pass.

**JAKE**

They're flashing gang signs.

**ALONZO**

They're selling micas. Fake I.D.s. Green cards, licenses, socials.

Alonzo gives Jake a fatherly look, lights a smoke. Settles in his seat.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Today's a training day. Gonna show you around, give you a feel for the business. I have thirty-eight cases pending trial. I have sixty-three active investigations. There's another three hundred and fifty cases on the log I can't clear. I'm supervising five officers. That's five different personalities, five different sets of problems. You, Officer Hoyt, if you got the guts to succeed, will be number six. I don't have time to baby-sit or hold hands. You have one day to show me who you are and what you can or cannot handle. You can't hack narcotics, feel free to work a pussy desk chasing bad checks. Hear me, Officer Hoyt?

JAKE
I hear you.

ALONZO
Good. Gonna show you reality. Think you can handle it?

JAKE
Yeah.

ALONZO
Why you wanna be a narc?

JAKE
I want to serve my community by ridding it of dangerous drugs.

Alonzo gives him a look -- Don't b.s. me.

JAKE
I wanna make detective.

The boy is ambitious. Alonzo likes that. As they cruise down Broadway, a black and white up the street does a sudden U-turn.

ALONZO
Stick with me and you will. If you can unlearn the bullshit they've filled your head with.

(MORE)
ALONZO (CONT'D)
You gonna be passing out baseball cards and carrying old ladies' groceries like the rest of the newfucks Washington's flooded the streets with?

JAKE
I'll do anything you want me to do.

ALONZO
Good. Roll your window down. Can't hear the street.

Jake does.

ALONZO
Stand by, because narcotics ain't about staying in the car and looking good. I bet you write great paper, Hoyt. (before Jake can answer)
You do. I checked it out. Cover your area, cover your ass, but not necessarily in that order, right?

JAKE
Right.

The two cops from the black and white have their guns drawn on five hardcore cholos with tats on their shoulders and heads. A white cop screams at them in English, then switches to Spanish as his partner pours beer on a cholo's head.

ALONZO
How's the Espanol?

JAKE
Mas o menos.

ALONZO
Work on it. People'll be plotting the worst kind of shit behind your back.

JAKE
Right. Are you going to teach me that old school, hard-charging, beat up everything that moves Rodney King shit?
No way. I'm the new breed. I use this...
(taps his head)
This is my tool.

The G-Ride crosses the 1st Street Bridge, revealing Echo Park spread before them.

INT. G-RIDE (1ST STREET BRIDGE) - MOVING - DAY

ALONZO
How long you been married?

JAKE
A year.

ALONZO
Gotta kid, right?

JAKE
(smiles)
A nine-month-old girl.

ALONZO
I got four kids. All boys. You want a son, lemme know. I'll do your old lady up. I can't miss.

Jake angers, although he knows he is being tested.

JAKE
Let's not talk about my family.

ALONZO
It's cool. I can respect that. I'm married. I have my queen, too. I remember what it's like to have a pretty young bride. Bet you still fuck her face-to-face.

JAKE
(clenched teeth)
Can we not talk about my wife?

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Kick back, kid... You're so in
love it's comin' out your eyes.
The day you bring the old lady to
the office is the day you don't go
home. If you don't hide your love
deep inside, maggots out here
will find it and chew it up.

Jake realizes Alonzo is right. Alonzo hands him a card.

ALONZO
That's our Chaplain, Lieutenant
Conelly. Give him a call. Invite
him and his wife over for dinner.
He's a good guy and no dumbshit.
You and your woman need any kinda
help, call him. I'm serious.

Jake takes the card. Kind of smiles.

JAKE
Thanks. I will.

They cruise a beat.

JAKE
Who's Mr. Clean?

Alonzo nails him with surprised look.

ALONZO
Where the hell you hear that?

JAKE
From a Valley Robbery Detective.
Told me to ask you that.

ALONZO
(smiles, shakes his head)
Asshole.

EXT. G-RIDE (NETO'S STREET) - DAY

Alonzo pulls onto a street of dense apartments. Parks
along the curb.

JAKE
What's here?

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Transactions... See the 
Salvatrucha zero head on the fence, 
trying not to look like he's 
slangin'?

Jake looks, sees a young, bald cholo, Neto, just hanging 
out.

ALONZO
That's Neto. Homeboy did three 
years in the boyna roja. Red 
beret.

JAKE
What's that?

ALONZO
Batallon de accion rapida 
Atlacatl. 
(off Jake's look)
El Salvadoran special forces. 
Punk's only seventeen and can 
kill with the best of them. Works 
for me.

JAKE
Jesus. He an informant?

ALONZO
I got eyes everywhere. He gets to 
peddle reefer, make a little cash 
for the family. I get a heads-up 
when shit goes down. The barrio 
dot com.

JAKE
And you trust him?

ALONZO
Goddamn right I trust him. Sprung 
his mom from I.N.S. detention.

Alonzo watches his mirror, perks up.

ALONZO
Here we go.

INSERT - MIRROR
A new VW Beetle pulls onto the street, moving slow.

(CONTINUED)
BACK TO SCENE

The VW passes the G-Ride. Jake glimpses three people inside, two guys in front, a girl in back. Hipster university students.

ALONZO
Shit's going down.

JAKE'S POV

The VW stops. Neto looks around, crosses to the driver's window, a drink cup in hand. Neto plucks a foil pack from the cup. Trades it for the driver's ten.

BACK TO SCENE

Neto walks away, disappears into some apartments.

ALONZO
See the hand-to-hand?

JAKE
I saw it.

The VW drives off, fast. Alonzo pulls out. Follows it.

ALONZO
When was your last felony stop?

JAKE
Couple weeks ago.

ALONZO
You need practice.

JAKE
They look like college kids.

ALONZO
They need a lesson. I want the Brady Bunch grabbing glass. I got front. You got back.

Alonzo pulls his gun. Jake reaches for the Motorola.

ALONZO
Stay off the rover.

Jake puts it away, pulls his gun. Alonzo stomps the gas. The G-Ride HOWLS. The VW is at the corner, about to turn!--
SCREEEEEEECH! -- Alonzo slaloms to a stop, blocking its path. His pistol aimed through Jake's window at the DRIVER.

ALONZO
Police! Lemme see your hands!

Jake draws a bead on the girl in back.

JAKE
Police officers! Your hands!

The kids gawk at the two narcs for a stunned beat.

JAKE
Don't look at us! Look straight ahead!

ALONZO
Driver and right front passenger! Palms on the windshield!

JAKE
You in the back! Palms on the side window! Look straight ahead!

ALONZO
Driver! Use your left hand, put the vehicle in park.

The Driver is mortified because:

DRIVER
... it's a stickshift...

ALONZO
Shut up, dickhead! I'll shoot your face off! Take the keys out of the ignition. Throw 'em out the window!

The Driver does, quickly, as Alonzo jumps from the car, charges the Driver, shoves the gun in his face. These are just scared kids. The girl tries not to cry.

ALONZO
Fork it over, smartman.

DRIVER
What, sir?

Alonzo grabs his ear, tugs violently.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALONZO

The marijuana I just watched you purchase!

The Driver hands over the foil pack.

PASSENGER

I'm very sorry, sir. I didn't know he was bringing me here.

ALONZO

Shut up, dumbass. You're here now! Gimme that pipe!

There's an ornate pot pipe on the floor mat. The PASSENGER picks it up. Reluctantly hands it to Alonzo.

PASSENGER

My mom gave me that pipe.

ALONZO

What else you got?

DRIVER

Cigarettes...?

ALONZO

Gimme those too.

He gives him a squished packed of Marlboro reds. The kids realize Alonzo isn't your average cop. The girl sees Neto standing down the block like nothing is going on. She lowers her hands -- bad move.

ALONZO

Control your suspect, Hoyt!

JAKE

Miss! Palms on the glass!

Alonzo sees her lip quiver.

ALONZO

Cry and I slap the eyes outta your face!

Back to the Driver.

ALONZO

You aware this is a gang neighborhood?

That gives him pause -- no kidding -- Alonzo grabs his ear again, shakes.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
I see you here again, I take your car. You can walk home while your girlfriend pulls a homeboy train... Hear me, reefer addict?

DRIVER
Yes, sir.

ALONZO
Thank you for your cooperation -- Safe your iron.

ON VW
Jake holsters his gun. Follows Alonzo to the G-Ride. The kids lower their hands.

ON G-RIDE
Alonzo and Jake climb in. As they drive away, the girl nails Jake with a look of revulsion. Jake reacts.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (NETO'S NEIGHBORHOOD) - MOVING - DAY
Alonzo laughing. Jake didn't like what happened. It shows.

JAKE
Was that training? How to roust students for dime bags?

ALONZO
They have no business being here. Sooner or later that little smart-ass white boy college puke is gonna get jacked. I saved his life.

JAKE
Taught him a real lesson.

ALONZO
Sure did, buy your shit on campus. (beat) I like your moves. Someone trained you well.

Jake smiles to himself. Alonzo opens the foil, sniffs -- (CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Shitty dime. Check it out.

He hands it to Jake. Who takes out a bud.

ALONZO
See the small hairs? The undeveloped seeds. How it's all stems?

Jake nods.

ALONZO
It was picked immature. See how flat it is? Classic brick-pack Mexican. See how brittle it is? It's not bud season. It's from last year.

Jake is amazed. Alonzo snatches the bud, crumbles it in the pipe, tosses aside seeds.

ALONZO
To be truly effective, a narcotics detective must know and love narcotics. A good narcotics detective should have narcotics in his blood.

JAKE
You going to smoke that?

Alonzo smiles devilishly, offers Jake the pipe.

ALONZO
You are.

JAKE
Hell if I am.

ALONZO
What? You a Mormon? A Jesus freak?

JAKE
No. I'm not losing my job.

ALONZO
(re: the pipe)
This is your job.

JAKE
I can't do it.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
This isn't some kind of test.
Take a damn hit.

JAKE
I became a cop to keep people from
using that poison.

ALONZO
(laughs)
This ain't a review board. We
ain't doing rails. Just leafy
green bud.

Jake stands firm, shaking his head.

EXT. G-RIDE/ROGER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

SCREECH! Alonzo stops in the middle of the street, pulls
his gun, jams it in Jake's ear. CARS behind them HONK.

ALONZO
If I was a dealer, you'd be dead.
Turn shit down on the street and
the Chief hands your wife a
crisply-folded flag.

Jake stares stubbornly at Alonzo. Alonzo pockets the
gun. Lights the lighter. And takes a huge hit, blows
smoke in Jake's face.

ALONZO
I don't want you in my unit. Not
even my division. Go back to
Valley. Get the fuck out of my
car.

A staring contest. Jake decides to play the game.

JAKE
... Okay...

He takes the pipe, takes an absolutely huge hit --

ALONZO
Alright. That's how it's done, son.

-- And is racked with a spasm of coughing.

ALONZO
Betrayed by your virgin lungs.

(CONTINUED)
Jake takes another hit -- a passing driver watches -- blows the smoke in Alonzo's face. Alonzo laughs, resumes driving, takes a hit. They pass the pipe around a few times before Alonzo tosses it on the dash.

ALONZO
It's cashed.

INT. G-RIDE (ECHO PARK) - DAY

They cruise in a strange otherworldly silence. Jake is clearly messed up, his head lolls from side to side.

ALONZO
Shit, you took some man-sized hits. You gonna be okay? When's the last time you smoked out?

JAKE
... Twelfth grade...

INT. G-RIDE (SUNSET BOULEVARD) - DAY

ALONZO
Left that out of your service jacket. Knew you had secrets, everyone does. Didn't know you dig dusters.

JAKE
What are dusters?

ALONZO
You know, dusted bud. Dippers? C'mon, dipped in P.C.P. Primos. Sherm, kool, P-dog, angel dust... Didn't you smell it? Taste it?

JAKE
(horrified)
... I've never done it...

ALONZO
Now you have. Remember the smell for next time. Think I'd inhale that shit?

Jake is scared as hell, pale, sweaty.

JAKE
Oh, no. No. No. No.

(CONTINUED)
B12 CONTINUED:

ALONZO
Gonna kick the shit out of Neto. Motherfucker's lacing crappy bud to get that unsuspecting return client. Hell with his mom, I'm deporting the bitch.

JAKE
I'm gonna get piss tested. I'm gonna get fired.

ALONZO
Lieutenant's got our backs. We know a week before we piss.

JAKE
(panicking)
Shit. How could you do this to me? Shit. Shit. Shit!

Alonzo slams an elbow across Jake's throat.

ALONZO
Chill and ride the high. You're an adult. You chose to smoke. Live with your decisions. You cool?

JAKE
I'm cool.

ALONZO
Besides, no one put a gun to your head.

Jake shoots him a look.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - DAY

A well-tended Craftsman on a steep hill of fixer-uppers in Echo Park. The G-Ride parks out front.

ALONZO
Get your shit together.

Alonzo and Jake cross to the door. Alonzo knocks.

ALONZO
This is my Road Dog's pad. Wanna see what he thinks of you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
What do I say?

ALONZO
You'll think of something stupid.

The door opens revealing ROGER in a bathrobe, worn from years of hard living. He's happy to see Alonzo.

ROGER
Hey, brother, get your ass in here.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roger and Alonzo hug.

ALONZO
Did I wake you?

ROGER
No. C'mon in. Please have a seat.

Alonzo and Jake sit in big chairs. Three beepers, three cell phones on the coffee table. Roger sits, takes a bottle of whisky, three tumblers from a liquor cart. Pours booze. Jake looks around at the modest traditional furniture. The tacky porcelain figurines. Family photos on the wall.

ALONZO
Alright. Time to get my swerve on.

Roger gives Alonzo a concerned look.

ROGER
Heard you had a beef in Vegas. There's a greenlight on your ass.

ALONZO
I'm cool. People talk shit.

ROGER
You know I got your back.

ALONZO
I know. Thanks.

They clink glasses. Jake doesn't. He stares into the liquid, enraptured by its smoky patterns.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Jake, drink your medicine.

Jake takes a sip and winces. Roger tugs Jake's goatee. Jake recoils.

ROGER
Went and got yourself a daisy-fresh rookie.

Roger leans back in the couch. Jake is looking around the room again. A BEEPER BEEPS. Roger checks it. Ignores it. Roger studies Jake.

ROGER
Jesus, Alonzo. He's high as a motherfucker. The hell you give him?

Alonzo tosses the foil pack on the table. Roger takes it, smells the PCP and shakes his head.

ROGER
Where'd you grow up?

JAKE
North Hollywood.

ROGER
What's your last name?

JAKE
Hoyt.

ROGER
(it clicks)
You play strong safety for North Hollywood High?

JAKE
Yessir. How'd you know?

ROGER
I follow all the good players.

His BEEPER BEEPS. He checks it, sighs. Dials a cell phone.

(CONTINUED)
ROGER
(into phone)
It's me. Whassup?

(beat)
Can't do a thing for you. Your mess. You clean it up. Don't be callin' me.

He hangs up. Freshens the drinks.

ROGER
(to Jake)
Here's a joke, boy. One day this man walks out of his house to go to work. He sees this snail on his porch. So he picks it up and chucks it over his roof, into the back yard. Snail bounces off a rock, cracks its shell all to shit, and lands in the grass. Snail lies there dying.

A BEEPER BEEPS. Roger checks and ignores it.

ROGER
But it doesn't die. It eats some grass. Slowly heals. Grows a new shell. And after a while it can crawl again. One day the snail up and heads back to the front of the house. Finally, after a year, the little guy crawls back on the porch. Right then, the man walks out to go to work and sees this snail again. So he says to it, 'What the fuck's your problem?'

Jake stares at Roger a beat. Then starts laughing. Really laughing. Maybe too much. He wipes his eyes.

JAKE
That's messed up. That wasn't funny.

ALONZO
Then why are you cackling like a jackal?

JAKE
I dunno.

ROGER
Figure that joke out and you'll figure the streets out.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Don't listen to him. There's nothing to figure out. The street's a buncha senseless bullshit.

JAKE
Uh-uh. I got 'em figured out.

ROGER
You got the streets figured out?

JAKE
Yeah. It's all smiles and cries.

ALONZO
Give up. You're too high, space captain.

ROGER
Hold on -- smiles and cries. I hear you.

JAKE
You gotta control your smiles and cries. No one can take them away so... they're all we really have.

Roger and Alonzo trade looks -- sharp kid. Alonzo pats Jake's shoulder. To Roger:

ALONZO
Think this greenhorn can handle undercover?

Roger scrutinizes Jake a beat. Smiles and nods: yes.

ROGER
You were just like him.

ALONZO
(laughs)
Bullshit.

ROGER
Same silly-ass look and everything. Saving the Goddamn world.

ALONZO
That lasted a week.

Alonzo stands, shakes with Roger.  

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Brother, I gotta get back in my office. Thanks for the snort, dog. What're you up to today?

Roger gestures at the phones and beepers.

ROGER
Think I get out of the house?

A BEEPER BEEPS. Roger shakes with Jake.

ROGER
Take care, Hoyt. You're gonna do okay.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (6TH STREET TO ALVARADO) - MOVING - DAY


JAKE
What?

ALONZO
He liked you.

JAKE
Who is he? One of your snitches?

ALONZO
He's no snitch. He's a good man to know. C'mon, let's find some action in Niggertown.

(off Jake's look)
That's N-wordtown to you. What are you, Hoyt? You ain't pure whiteboy. You mixed?

JAKE
Italian, Irish and Mexican.

ALONZO
No shit? You're all dicked up.

Jake looks green, tosses the cigarette out the window. Alonzo senses what's coming and SLAMS on the BRAKES, flings open Jake's door. Jake vomits. A beat of dry heaving.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALONZO
Okay, well's dry, kid.

JAKE
Sorry.

ALONZO
Wipe your chin.

Alonzo hands Jake a handkerchief. Jakes wipes his sweaty face.

JAKE
I'm cool. Had to unload the groceries.

ALONZO
You gotta learn how to party. To handle a high. It's a necessary job skill. I'm not kidding. It's an alcohol world down here. You gotta be able to hang. To get wasted and talk shit with sketchy sociopathic dumbasses and not pass out and get your shoes stolen.

JAKE
I'm fine, just a little dizzy.

Alonzo lights a smoke, leaning on his car, cracks a brew.

ALONZO
Oh, damn!

JAKE'S POV
A beautiful Mexican woman pushing a baby carriage. CAMERA PLAYING OVER her in luscious SLOW MOTION.

BACK TO SCENE
Jake stares, mouth open. Alonzo points out more beautiful Latinas gracing the sidewalks.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO

Mmmmm-mmmmm. The brown woman is the fine woman. Give her ten more babies to push around. Thick and tasty. Love to get up in that... Your old lady white? Nordic cheerleader, right?

JACK
Wrong. She's Chicana. Light-skinned.

ALONZO
I like my meat dark. C'mon, get in the car.

EXT. G- RIDE (MACARTHUR PARK) - MOVING - DAY
Alonzo sees Jake has his eyes closed.

ALONZO
C'mon, man. Open your eyes. You'll make it worse.

Nothing.

ALONZO
Sit your ass up. Hoyt!

Jake locks bleary red eyes on Alonzo, jokingly:

JAKE
Who're you?

ALONZO
The Goddamn zig-zag man.

JAKE
Cool. I'm a cop.

ALONZO
You're a little bitty boot.

Alonzo cracks beers for him and Jake.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
C'mon. It helps. Believe me.
Gives you ballast.

Jake takes one. Alonzo drives over the 6th Street bridge. Jake drops his beer, soaking his leg.

ALONZO
Dumbass.

He leans his head on the window pillar, feeling better. Jake's eyes absorb the street's tableau of unworldly beauty gliding by. Palm trees and sunshine. Paradise and hell in one. His lids begin to drift shut. Then Jake sees a flash of movement in an alley. Suddenly alert, he paws at the door handle.

JAKE
Activity on the right! Stop the car!

ALONZO
Siddown, Hoyt. Everything's fine.

JAKE
Stop the car!

ALONZO
C'mon, relax. You're tripping.

Jake grabs the gearshift, throws it in reverse. The transmission GRINDS, TIRES SCREECH. The ENGINE STALLS. Jake is out like a shot --

15 EXT. STREET/CRACKHEAD ALLEY - DAY 15
-- he dodges an oncoming car.

ALONZO
Get your ass back here!

ON G-RIDE

Alonzo pulling to the curb.

ALONZO
Dumb-ass kid.

ON JAKE


(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HIS POV

A devastatingly-beautiful Latina SCHOOLGIRL is pinned against the wall by a tall CRACKHEAD. Her nose dots blood on her uniform blouse.

BACK TO SCENE

The Crackhead hauls back to smack her. Jake charging.

JAKE
Police officer! You're under arrest!

The Crackhead punches Jake's throat. Stops him cold. Jake realizes how huge this guy is. Gulp.

CRACKHEAD #1
Gonna fuck you too, cop.

ANOTHER CRACKHEAD divdes from the shadows and tackles Jake. Both go down hard. Jake gets his arm around Crackhead #2's neck, squeezes -- the forbidden choke hold.

Crackhead #1 stomps on Jake's head.

Alonzo drives the G-ride into the alley. Sits in the car and enjoys the action.

Jake rides out Crackhead #1's vicious kicks as Crackhead #2 convulses from hypoxia. And finally goes limp. Jake lets go, sweeps Crackhead #1's legs out from under him and hops to his feet. Crackhead #1 stands too.

CRACKHEAD #1
Your ass is doomed.

Jake growls, snatches him up like a rag doll, spins him, slams him hard. In a flash, Jake twists him into a pretzel, drops a knee on his neck, grinds his head into the asphalt. Clicks on the cuffs.

CRACKHEAD #1
We didn't do shit. Bitch is crazy and shit.

Crackhead #2 coming to, starting to stand. Jake crosses to him, pins his head with his knee. Slips a pair of flexicuffs from his sock, zips them on the man's wrists.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

CRACKHEAD #2
Man, you messin' up, slick.
Homegirl tradin' her ass for cookies.

JAKE
(bellows in rage)
Shut the fuck up, sir!

ANGLE ON ALONZO
He casually exits the G-ride with a smile, impressed by Jake's raw skill.

JAKE
Thanks for the help.

ALONZO
Shoulda shot 'em.

Jake crosses to the Schoolgirl.

JAKE
We're police officers. You okay? You hurt?

SCHOOLGIRL
(to the Crackheads)
You're dead! My cousins are from Trece Flats. They're gonna blast you fools! Pinche mayates!

ALONZO
Miss! Relax! Are you okay?

SCHOOLGIRL
What? No. No, I'm not okay. Lookit my nose... My mom's gonna trip out.

Alonzo gingerly examines her nose.

ALONZO
Honey, it's just a nosebleed. Put ice on it. Don't be walkin' around here alone. Tell your cousins to get your back. You know what those piecesa shit were gonna do. Probably got AIDS. Why aren't you in school?

SCHOOLGIRL
I was going to a ditch party.
ALONZO
You almost became a ditch party.
Go home. Go home, now.

She grabs her book bag and gets out of there.

JAKE
I gotta get her statement.

ALONZO
Unhook 'em. We're not racking up arrests.

JAKE
(shocked)
Kick 'em loose?

ALONZO
No. Get some shots in first.

JAKE
I have a punching bag at home. I
want them off the street.

Alonzo squats by Crackhead #1. Searches him.

ALONZO
Hear that, bro? My dog, here,
wants to lock you up. Been to the
bootyhouse? Grabbin' ankles for
the big boys?

CRACKHEAD #1
Suck my dick, bitch. I know
people.

ALONZO
Kick back, who's-who.

Alonzo finds rocks in one sock. Some twenties in the
other. He pockets the cash and crack. Searches
Crackhead #2.

ALONZO
Where's your horn?

CRACKHEAD #2
Ain't got no horn.

Alonzo finds a glass pipe.

ALONZO
So what's this, chief? Gonna make
you eat it.
Instead, Alonzo grinds it underfoot.

ALONZO
You, stand up.

Alonzo hauls Crackhead #1 to his feet. Unlocks the cuffs, tosses them to Jake. Crackhead #2 strains against the flexicuffs.

ALONZO
(to Crackhead #2)
You get to keep those. Want to go to jail or go home?

He steers Crackhead #1 to a wall -- cocks his fist.

ALONZO
Ain't the first honey y'all pinned to a wall, huh? Close your eyes.

Crackhead #1 does. Alonzo knees his groin -- oof! -- He falls to the ground, whimpers in the fetal position.

ALONZO
Lucky I got pressing business. Next time I cut your dick off and shove it up your ass.
(pats Jake's back, winks)
I'll leave you three alone for some quality time. Gonna grab some beer.

Alonzo gets in the car, backs out of the alley. Jake watches Crackhead #1 whimper; Crackhead #2 writhes in the gutter. It's futile to beat these men. Jake takes pity, walks away.

CRACKHEAD #2

Jake stops and turns around. He stoops to pick up a pink plastic change purse.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (5)

INSIDE CHANGE PURSE

The Schoolgirl's bus pass and her freshman ID from Sacred Convent High School.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake glares at the Crackheads.

JAKE
You assholes! She's fourteen!

CRACKHEAD #2
She all woman. Tax that ass for days.

Man! Jake could kick his brains out. Somehow, he turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (LONG BEACH AVE.) - MOVING - DAY

Jake steams. Alonzo offers a beer from a new sixer. Jake refuses. Alonzo counts and pockets the money he took. Notes Jake's stare.

ALONZO
Wanna book sixty bucks? Where're the suspects?

JAKE
You let them go.

ALONZO
Get over it. You wanna go runnin' and gunnin', stay in patrol. This is Investigations. Leave the garbage for the garbage men. We're professional anglers. We reel in the big ones. Shoulda dished out some shoe leather. You'd have a big 'ol smile on your face.

JAKE
I get my shits and grins booking bad guys, not beating them.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Man... The hell you doing running alone into an alley fulla cracked-out monkey-strong motherfuckers? Those hemorrhoids woulda killed you without mercy or hesitation.

JAKE
That's why they belong in prison.

ALONZO
They lost their money, their rock, got beat down and now the eses from Trece Flats are gonna smoke 'em. Jesus, what more do you want?

JAKE
Justice.

ALONZO
Is that not justice?

JAKE
That's street justice.

ALONZO
What's wrong with street justice?

JAKE
Let the animals wipe themselves out, right?

ALONZO
God willing. But it don't work like that. They wipe out the good folks. It's always school kids, mommies and ass-bustin' family men catching stray slugs in their noodles. You protect the flock by catching the wolves. And it takes a wolf to catch a wolf.

JAKE
What?

ALONZO
You protect --

JAKE
I heard you. Whatever.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
When do you lock anyone up? Seems like you're too busy keeping people out.

Bad mistake. Alonzo slaps him. Glares at him.

ALONZO
Shut up, boot! Nothin' but shit 'tween your ears. They build prisons cause a me! Judges have handed out fifteen thousand man years of incarceration time based on my investigations. My record speaks for itself. How many felons have you collared? Dickhead.

Now that it's clear who's the boss, they drive in tense silence for a long beat. Alonzo digs in his pocket --

ALONZO
Here...

-- hands Jake the rocks he found. A beat.

JAKE
I'm not smoking crack.

ALONZO
Good. I'm glad to hear that. Toss 'em in the glove box.

Jake does, sees several more rocks under some papers.

ALONZO
Comes in handy. Like a credit card.
(offers Jake a beer)
You earned it. C'mon.

Jake refuses.

ALONZO
No matter what I say, I want you to know, you did the right thing. Reminds me of when I could chase down anyone and rock their world. You're a good cop. You got fire. That was some amazing shit back there.

JAKE
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

ALONZO
That the choke hold I saw you applying? Isn't that a big no-no, procedure-boy?

JAKE
Well... I was getting my ass kicked.

ALONZO
You did what you had to do.

Alonzo gives Jake a beer and grins at him like a proud dad.

ALONZO
You got a magic eye, Hoyt. You have a goddamn magic eye. Up your street I.Q. and you'll do some damage, crime fighter.

They clink cans. Jake smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL AVE. AND SLAUSON - DAY

If you don't know the neighborhood, stay the hell out. A Regal with four rough-looking gangsters bumps its radio through the intersection, oozing menace. Then the G-Ride rolls through the intersection.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (CENTRAL AVE.) - MOVING - DAY

The area fills Alonzo's eyes with memories.

ALONZO
Did my probation here. Learned a lot on these blocks. Kicked some ass. Had my ass kicked.

JAKE
Back in the day.

ALONZO
Yeah, back in the day. Been on the job thirteen years. Today's my date of employment.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
No shit. Happy anniversary.

They shake hands.

ALONZO
Thanks. Thirteen's an unlucky number. But I figure the seven to go cancel it out.

Alonzo turns on McKinley. He reaches over, digs in the glove box. Pulls out a photograph and hands it to Jake.

INSERT - PHOTO
A spit-and-polish, young cop in crisp blues, white gloves, holding his pistol at inspection arms.

BACK TO SCENE
Jake looks at the photo, then at Alonzo. Realizing:

JAKE
You're Mr. Clean.

ALONZO
I had a few misconceptions when I started out.
  (notes a graffited wall)
Shit's going down. See that?

JAKE
Buncha graffiti.

ALONZO
Crossing out each other's placas like that. Ghettoville and the Locotes are at war.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Alonzo rounds a corner. A driveby is under investigation. Several black and whites, crime-scene tape. A coroner's van. Flares block the street. A rookie gestures for Alonzo to stop.

Alonzo badges him and drives around a bullet-riddled Cutlass with two dead gangsters spilling out the open doors. Jake gawks, Alonzo is utterly nonplussed.

ALONZO
Learn to read walls, not just street signs.

Alonzo turns down an alley. Then pulls onto a boulevard. After a block, he pulls into a different neighborhood. Alonzo glimpses some pit bulls down a driveway. A beat later he points out a house.

ALONZO
On the left. See that house? Dude named Spooky lived there. Mean old vato loco. Mexican Mafia. No one messed with Spooky. Even got respect from the cops. We'd keep an eye on his house. You like dogs?

JAKE
Gotta six-year-old Rottweiler. Not too bright, but he's good with my kid.

ALONZO
Rotties are good dogs. Dobermans are better. Spooky raised Dobermans. On my second week of patrol, when I was not knowin' shit, we roll by Spooky's one night. I observe this old, black fool named Too Fine, all drunk, beating the shit out of this female Doberman. Beautiful dog, seven months old. Too Fine's whoopin' her with a garden hose. This dog's just crying, shaking. I grew up with Dobermans. I was pissed. I tell my T.O. 'I'm gonna take him.' And my T.O. is like: 'No, no. It's cool.' He waves to Too Fine and this motherfucker smiles and waves back and keeps hitting the dog.

(MORE)
ALONZO (CONT'D)

Thought I lost my damn mind.
Tells me Spooky gave him twenty
bucks to beat the shit out of it.
My T.O., this good 'ol boy, looks
me in the eye and says: 'Teaches
'em to hate niggers.' Almost quit
right there. Almost got out of
that black and white and took the
bus home.

Jake looks at Alonzo.

JAKE

That's fucked-up. That's one of
the most whacked things I ever
heard.

ALONZO

Just remembered that. Every time
I'd seen it all, the street'd show
me something even more twisted. I
know you didn't see no shit like
that in the Valley.

JAKE

No, I haven't.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (CRENSHAW BLVD.) - MOVING - DAY

Alonzo scans the infamous Boulevard searching for prey.
Sees a gaunt DEALER on a corner, in a wheelchair.
Alonzo hands Jake a twenty.

ALONZO

Still up twenty. Your turn.
Put your hood up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
What do I say?

ALONZO
Ad lib, boy. Use your words.

He pulls over. The Dealer rolls up to Jake's side.

DEALER
What you want, homie?

JAKE
Crack. Twenty dollars' worth.

DEALER
Fuck you, rookie.

He spins and rolls away quickly. Alonzo shoots Jake a look.

ALONZO
Fetch, boy. Fetch.

Jake bolts from the car.

23
EXT. CRENSHAW BOULEVARD - DAY

ON DEALER wheeling away. He sees Jake, speeds up. Then suddenly darts into a wig shop.

A24
INT. WIG SHOP - DAY

The Dealer heads for the back. Where a door leads out to an alley. He reaches for the door handle. Jake tackles him. Gets the Dealer in a compliance hold and cuffs him. Alonzo enters the store, badges the owner.

ALONZO
Love doing that, huh?

Jake searches the Dealer as rows of display heads stare with blind eyes.

ALONZO
Who you work for, shitstain?

DEALER
Can't work. I'm on disability.

ALONZO
Bullshit. You crackin'.

(CONTINUED)
Jake finishes searching.

ALONZO

No rocks?

JAKE

No rocks.

DEALER

(laughing)
Aw, dang. See? Y'all ain't got shit. The man comin' up short again.

Alonzo glares.

ALONZO

I never come up short, fool.
Open your mouth.

The Dealer does. Sensing to not play with Alonzo.

ALONZO

Lift your tongue.

He does.

DEALER

See. I ain't be gottin' shit.

ALONZO

Gimme a pen.

Jake does. Alonzo grabs the Dealer's neck. Forces the pen in his mouth. Down his throat. He gags -- urgh! Vomits.

DEALER

Shit, man!

Jake is stunned. Alonzo inspects the spattered sidewalk. Sees Saran-wrapped rocks.

ALONZO

Lookie those.

DEALER

That's corn.

ALONZO
That's Jimmy crack corn and I don't care. One, two, three, four, five... six. How'd you swallow that shit without water?

(CONTINUED)
DEALER
This is bullshit! Civil rights violatin' motherfuckers.

Alonzo slaps him.

ALONZO
Gonna act like a man or a bitch?!
Got you cold. Wanna go to jail?
Or go home? Gimme a name.

The Dealer mulls it over.

DEALER
He in County.

ALONZO
Who?

DEALER
Sandman. He's shot callin'.

ALONZO
Unhook him, Hoyt.
(to Dealer)
You on my team now. Be seeing you, homie.

Jake unlocks the cuffs. Alonzo steps over the vomit and crack.

ALONZO
And collect the evidence.

JAKE
Hell no.

ALONZO
You're learning.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (WATTS) - MOVING - DAY

Jake keeps looking at Alonzo, half impressed, half appalled.

ALONZO
What?

JAKE
You don't give a shit. That stuff doesn't fly anymore. What if that guy complains?
ALONZO
To who?

JAKE
Look, I like my badge.

Alonzo gives a reassuring look, dials a cell phone.

ALONZO
Afternoon, Bob. It's Alonzo. Got your gang book?
(beat)
I need a res. Sandman from Mobsters... might be in custody.
(beat)
Okay, shoot.

Alonzo jots the information on a note pad.

ALONZO
Thank you, sir. That's gonna do it. Have a good one.

Alonzo hangs up. Shows Jake the address with a grin.

JAKE
We go after the Sandman?

ALONZO
We go after the Sandman.

Jake smiles.

EXT. SANDMAN'S STREET - DAY
Near 13th and Mona Blvd. Graffiti on a wall: "MOBSTERS HOOD -- SANDMAN." The G-Ride glides INTO FRAME and OUT.

ANGLE
The G-Ride parks in front of a house. Alonzo and Jake exit. Alonzo pops the trunk. Inside is a microwave box, toaster, a boom box, a TV.

JAKE
Gonna open a Circuit City?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALONZO
It's unclaimed shit from property. I pass it out to informants, victims, witnesses. Help their families out.

Alonzo fishes out an LAPD Windbreaker, "POLICE" across the back. Hands it to Jake.

ALONZO
Wear that. Intel says his wife's in the residence with two female juveniles and a possible male juvenile.

JAKE
If he's not here, why are we here?

Alonzo pulls a paper out of his pocket, unfolds it.

ALONZO
We gotta serve this search warrant.

It's the Chinese take-out menu Jake handed him earlier.

JAKE
We can't do that.

ALONZO
Yes we can, supercop. Ding-ding, that's the school bell.

He slams the trunk. Pulls his gun. They cross to the door.

JAKE
Get a real warrant.

ALONZO
I wanna get shit done.

EXT. SANDMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

They step onto the porch. Take sides by the front door.

ALONZO
Don't get me killed, new guy.

He knocks on the security screen.

ALONZO
Police! Search warrant!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
L.A.P.D.! Open the door.

Nothing. Then:

SANDMAN'S WIFE (O.S.)
Kevin ain't here. He up at the Honor Ranch.

ALONZO
L.A.P.D.! Please open the door or we kick it in! Ma'am?!

CLICKING. The door is unlocked, opened. SANDMAN'S WIFE, an attractive black woman, stands on the other side of the security screen. Alonzo waves the menu.

ALONZO
Search warrant. Unlock the door and back away.

She does, Alonzo snaps it open, rushes in, Jake follows.

INT. SANDMAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake and Alonzo swinging guns around the room -- two scared toddlers in a playpen. Sandman's Wife sits on the couch.

JAKE
Stand up, ma'am.

He searches the couch for a weapon.

ALONZO
Anyone else in the house, ma'am?

SANDMAN'S WIFE
My nephew, Dimitri. He in the bedroom. The boy is ten.

ALONZO
Cover her. Gonna clear the house.

JAKE
You can sit. Please keep your hands on your knees.

Alonzo exits through a doorway into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALONZO (O.S.)
Kitchen's clear!

We hear ALONZO moving through the bedrooms.

ALONZO (O.S.)
Bedrooms' re clear! Bringing out the kid!

Alonzo marches Dimitri, 10, into the living room. The youngster trembles.

ALONZO
S'okay, son, we're the good guys. Go sit on the couch with your aunt -- House is code-four. Gonna start my search.

Alonzo exits. Sandman's Wife glares at Jake.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
I wanna read the warrant. Supposed to give me a copy.

JAKE
(reacts)
My partner has it.

She looks out the window at the empty street.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
Where's your back-up?

JAKE
Ma'am, please be quiet while we conduct our investigation.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
You got the gun, boss.
(sotto)
Crooked-ass pigs.

The kids stare at Jake like an occupying soldier. He crosses to Dimitri, smiles.

JAKE
Hey, little man. How's it going?

Jake tries to shake. Dimitri crosses his arms, looks away. Sandman's Wife smirks. O.S., the SOUNDS of Alonzo tearing apart the bedrooms like a hurricane. Making a hell of a mess. Sandman's Wife stands.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

JAKE
Ma'am. Stay seated.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
Who you be thinkin'? Comin' in like you pay the rent.

JAKE
Ma'am, sit down.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
Both y'alls stink. Drinkin' all day. Gotta get liquored up to do business?

Alonzo is suddenly quiet. Jake backs to the doorway, peeks around it. Sees a dresser with a mirror.

IN MIRROR
Alonzo shoves something big down his jacket.

BACK TO SCENE

JAKE
Siddown. Now.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
Gonna shoot me, boss? Kids, don't look. The drunk policeman gonna shoot me now.

Alonzo enters, excited, grinning.

ALONZO
Didn't find shit. Let's go -- sorry about the inconvenience, ma'am. Thank you for your cooperation.

He and Jake head for the door.

SANDMAN'S WIFE
I wanna see the warrant.

ALONZO
Here.

He hands her the menu as they exit.

CUT TO:
At the end of the block, three big gangsters buy Popsicles from an ice cream truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sandman's Wife bursts out of the house, screams at Jake and Alonzo as they climb in the G-Ride.

SANDMAN'S WIFE

Y'all jackers! You ain't no damn police! Get on back here with my money!

She sees the gangsters.

SANDMAN'S WIFE

Why y'all standin' there lookin' pretty?! Blast them fools!

The gangsters trade looks. Start running towards --

G-RIDE

Alonzo sees the gangsters. Tries STARTING the CAR. The engine won't catch.

ALONZO

C'mon, baby. Don't do me like that.

The gangsters getting closer.

ALONZO

You bitch! Start!

Jake sees a Glock pulled from a waistband.

JAKE

Gun! Gun! Gun!

VAROOM! Alonzo SQUEALS from the driveway.

The armed gangster drops to one knee. The G-Ride tearasses away in Glock's sights.

POP!-POP!-POP!-POP!-POP!

A ROUND SHATTERS a taillight. ANOTHER pierces the trunk!--
29 INT. G-RIDE (SANDMAN'S STREET) - DAY

-- the back seat -- the front seat -- the six-pack -- and finally the dash. Jake reacting to beer spray.

30 INT./EXT. G-RIDE (FREEWAY) - DAY

Alonzo rounds the corner, tosses the wounded cans out the window.

    ALONZO
    Shit... Let's hit a liquor store.

Jake fingers the hole in the dash.

    ALONZO
    Gun! Gun! Gun!

Jake startles, Alonzo laughing.

    ALONZO
    First time you been shot at?

    JAKE
    (lies)
    No.

    ALONZO
    Yeah, it was. Take the jacket off.

Jake does, Alonzo takes whatever is in his jacket, wraps it in the raid jacket and sets it at his feet.

    JAKE
    That wasn't cool. That wasn't cool at all. Where's the Sandman? What the hell were you doing in there?

    ALONZO

    JAKE
    Cash...?

    ALONZO
    Speak on it, son.

    JAKE
    She was screaming about money.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Bitch was talking shit. Trying to get us blasted by her homies.

Jake looks at the raid jacket.

ALONZO
What?

JAKE
I dunno. I'm just a new guy. A daisy-fresh boot. You tell me what.

ALONZO
I don't deny my shit stinks. I will never deny that. So why do I got the best arrest and conviction record in the county. Why? 'Cause I don't handicap myself with bullshit.

JAKE
I thought that bullshit served a purpose.

ALONZO
You thought wrong. There's some profoundly evil people walking free on the streets right now who've killed three, four, five people. I know it, they know it, every detective on payroll knows it. Why do these turds still float around? The rules. I take down the duly deserving. I'm not locking up Mr. Nine-to-five, Mr. Family Provider.

Jake shaking his head angrily.

ALONZO
C'mon, communicate. What aren't you saying? Talk to me.

A beat. Then Jake fixes Alonzo with a stare.

JAKE
I think... I think you're a rogue cop.

Alonzo laughs his ass off. Wipes his eyes, he laughs so hard. Ahead on the freeway, a Highway Patrol cruiser is on the opposite shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO

JAKE
Whatever. I'm gonna be on the six o'clock news in an orange jumpsuit and handcuffs because of you. With the scandals and whatnot, it's open season on misconduct. They'll nail us to the wall.

(worried, repentant)
God, what the hell did I just do?

Alonzo holds up a finger for him to stop and pulls over on the shoulder opposite the cruiser. A highway patrolman helps a distressed female motorist change a tire.

ALONZO
You're in a privileged position to learn a thing or two if you can keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. If you're serious about doing good in the real world, this is the place to learn how. Gun! Gun! Gun! If this shit shakes you up, go back to Division and cry to the Watch Commander. He'll find you a nice job lighting flares and measuring wrecks. Decide now if you want to be a wolf or a sheep. If you want on my squad, I'll sign your card.

Alonzo stops the car. Alonzo puts his foot on the dash, reveals his unit's tattoo on his ankle. Jake reacts.

ALONZO
Get your ink.
(re: the patrolman)
Or get out and give him a hand.

Alonzo reaches over and opens Jake's door. Jake looks around, looks at the tattoo. Forget it, he's out. Jake exits the car. Jake stands on the shoulder, squints at the patrolman fighting lugnuts. Jake knows what he wants to do. He gets back in the G-ride. Slams the door and nails Alonzo with a steely look of resolve.

JAKE
I'm in.

Alonzo holds out his hand. Jake shakes, serious. Solemn.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (3)

ALONZO
Welcome to Narcotics, Officer Hoyt.

JAKE
I'm going to do my best.

ALONZO
You do and you'll run the unit some day.
   (a beat)
You hungry? Let's code seven.

Alonzo SCREECHES out of there.

INT. G-RIDE (JUNGLE) - MOVING - DAY

Jake nervously glances around one of the toughest parts of the city. A strong point adorned with wrought iron and concertina wire. Alonzo looks around cautiously, puts his gun in his lap, wary.

JAKE
What are you doing? We'll be killed coming in here.

ALONZO
Oh, you've heard about this neck of the woods?

JAKE
This is the Jungle. They said never come in here with anything less than a platoon.

EXT. G-RIDE (CUL-DE-SAC) - MOVING - DAY

Alonzo enters a cul-de-sac of run-down houses and apartments. Formidable fences line the entire block. A fortress.

ALONZO
This is the heart right here. The headquarters. A lot of murder investigations lead here. One way in, no way out. Strictly heavy hitters. Damus don't play.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jake is really uncomfortable.

JAKE
I thought we were going to eat.

A little kid runs out of the corner house. He eyes Alonzo, then hops on his bike and rides OUT OF VIEW into the cul-de-sac. A beat. The little kid returns. Waves Alonzo into the cul-de-sac. Alonzo turns onto the dangerous dead-end, driving around a poorly-parked van.

ALONZO
Lots of eyes on us right now. Never come up in here without me. For your safety. I'm serious.

JAKE
Okay. Why do you have a golden pass?

The little kid gives Jake an unsettling maddog stare.

ALONZO
Because I'm square with 'em. But they know if the line is crossed, I'm leading the platoon in here.

Two solid, early teen gangsters lean against a fence. One claps sharply. Alonzo gestures for Jake to look up through the windshield.

JAKE'S POV
A dozen pigeons dive from the sky, right at the G-ride.

BACK TO SCENE
Jake reacts. The gangster claps his hands again and the pigeons pull out of their dive and arc back into the sky. The gangster smiles at Alonzo.

JAKE
What the hell was that?

ALONZO
They're flipping pigeons to let folks know I'm here.

Jake looking at Alonzo, lost. Alonzo grins.

At the far end of a driveway, more gangsters work out and drink. One of them is benching over 300 pounds.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

Alonzo parks at the end of the cul-de-sac. Jake and
Alonzo get out. Cross to a gate where two more GANGSTERS
kick it. They look at Jake.

    GANGSTER
    'Sup, Lonz. Thanks for helping
    my cousin.

    ALONZO
    I got your back, dog.
    (re: Jake)
    He's my people.

Alonzo pushes open the gate. The gangsters regard him
coldly as he passes.

NEW ANGLE

Behind Alonzo's back, the gangsters' disposition becomes
disdain.

    GANGSTER
    Sick'a that pig actin' like king-
    shit.

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - DAY

Kids play in the bare dirt yard. A huge pit bull is chained
to a tree.

    JAKE
    (re: the gangsters)
    And those guys?

    ALONZO
    Punk ass fools. I got all these
    busters under my thumb.

An old woman sweeps her doorstep and glares at Jake.

    ALONZO
    Buenas tardes, Dona Lucila.

The old woman smiles, nods. Jake and Alonzo cross to
some stairs, climb the steps. A 15-year-old girl exits
with a laundry basket. Alonzo leers.

    ALONZO
    Gonna throw her dad in jail.
    Raise her up myself. Like veal.

Jake reacts, unsure if Alonzo is joking.
Alonzo knocks on a door.

JAKE
What's here?

ALONZO
A loving touch.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Quien...?

ALONZO
Policia, senorita.

The door opens, there stands SARA, a ravishing Salvadoran in a housedress. She hugs Alonzo, plants a big kiss on him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARA
Hi, papi.

She notices Jake and backs off.

ALONZO
He's just my new guy.

She holds out her hand. They shake.

SARA
Hi. How are you?

JAKE
Good, thank you.

SARA
Come in, come in. Welcome to my house.

Alonzo enters, Jake follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is filled with Salvadoran kitsch. It's bright, airy, a refuge. A 2-year-old boy on the couch watches cartoons. Alonzo motions for Jake to sit.

ALONZO
You had a rough morning. Relax and let her hook you up.

He disappears into the bedroom. Sara hands Jake the remote.

SARA
Here. Take this. I have cable. You watch what you want. This is your house. Don't be shy.

She crosses to the kitchen. Sounds of POTS, DISHES. Jake is about to change the channel. The kid gives him a look. He puts away the remote.

Sara returns with a massive tray of food, chicken stew, beans, rice, salad, tortillas, the works. She sets the mouth-watering spread before Jake.

SARA
This is El Salvador food. I hope you like it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
Thank you. This is great. I'm starving.

She hangs a beat, embarrassed.

SARA
I'm sorry. I have to...

Jake knows. She runs off.

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Jake dozes, his plate wiped clean, an arm around the little kid, still watching cartoons. Alonzo enters, invigorated, he kicks Jake's foot.

ALONZO
Let's go. We're rollin'. Gotta meeting in fifteen.

Jake stirs, stretches. Stands. Alonzo shows him the door.

ALONZO
Go to the car.

JAKE
I'd like to thank her for the food. It was great.

ALONZO
I'll tell her, don't worry.

Jake tussles the kid's hair.

JAKE
See you later, little man.

Jake exits. Alonzo picks up his son. Hugs him tight.

ALONZO
(subtitled)
(How are you, son? You're getting big.)

Sara watches from the bedroom doorway. Seeing Alonzo like this rips her apart.

CUT TO:
INT. G-RIDE (6TH STREET) - MOVING - DAY

Heading east on 6th Street. The buildings of downtown loom ahead. The noon sun high and bright.

JAKE
What about your queen?

ALONZO
Sara's my princess.

JAKE
I like her. She's a really cool lady.

ALONZO
So are her two sisters. They look damn good and they party. How'd you like to be in the middle of a bitch sandwich? Come to Vegas with us.

JAKE
No, thanks. I get mine at home.

ALONZO
You're missing out. I should know.

JAKE
Her kid looks just like you. He's number five?

ALONZO
Number six.

JAKE
Six kids. That's all? Or you holding royal court in a few more houses?

ALONZO
I'm only aware of six.

JAKE
It's easy to make a baby --

ALONZO
-- and hard to take care of one. Fuck you, okay? No one's going hungry. Everyone gets plenty of what they need: toys, shoes, clothes.

JAKE
Love?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Alonzo shoots a look at Jake.

ALONZO
Let's not talk about my family.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. G-RIDE/PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

The G-Ride pulls up to the downtown L.A. landmark. Alonzo's CELL RINGS.

ALONZO
Get out.

Jake does. Alonzo talks on his cell a heated beat. Jake overhears:

ALONZO
You'll get the damn money.

Alonzo hangs up, exits the car uncharacteristically shaken. He and Jake cross to the entrance. Alonzo slips an old man polishing shoes a twenty. Alonzo, the raid jacket tucked underarm, hands Jake some eyedrops.

ALONZO
Use it.

Jake does. Alonzo opens the door.

JAKE
Who's here?

ALONZO
Don't speak unless spoken to.

CUT TO:

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - BACK ROOM - DAY

Leather booths and big, padded chairs. It's empty. Save for a corner table. Three scary 40ish bruisers in immaculate suits, DOUG, STAN, and LOU, share a top-notch cabernet.

Doug and Stan see Alonzo, react like they've seen a ghost. Lou turns, sees Alonzo. And quickly stands. It's tense. Like there could be a gunfight. Jake's hand creeps to his gun. Alonzo and Lou converge, trading serious questions and answers with their eyes. Jake watches Stan and Doug. They watch him. Alonzo and Lou grab hands grimly.

(CONTINUED)
LOU
(softly)
I don't know why I'm meeting you.
I don't talk to dead men.

ALONZO
(smiles, winks)
Ain't dead yet, you prick.

They shake vigorously, smile big. Everyone relaxes.

LOU
Who the hell is Ricky Rookie?

Alonzo grabs Jake's shoulder, pulls him into the huddle. Jake notes none wear shoes.

ALONZO
This is Jake Hoyt, first day in my squad.

Jake shakes Lou's hand. Sees an LAPD Captain's badge on his belt. Jake realizes these guys are police administrators.

ALONZO
Jake, this is Lou Jacobs. You ever have to talk to a fed, talk to this man first. He'll get your back.

JAKE
Pleased to meet you, sir.

ALONZO
This is Stan Gursky, runs the D.A.'s shooting team. Think about him before you pull a trigger, okay? Stan will rock your world if you make a bad call.

JAKE
(shaking with Stan)
Pleased to meet you, sir.

ALONZO
And this is Doug Rosselli, does high-dollar theft cases for the poodle crowd. Your Picasso takes a trip, Doug'll find it or die trying.

Doug stares at Jake like he's a bug as they shake. Jake withers a little.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Pleased to meet you, sir.

Lou takes Alonzo's arm.

LOU
Have a seat, guy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Alonzo slides into a leather chair at their table.

**ALONZO**

Shoo, boy. Shoo.

He points out the corner table for Jake. Jake crosses, sits, his back to their table.

**LOU**

Seems like a good kid.

**ALONZO**

Why the long face, Doug? Feds seize your house or something?

Chuckles from Lou and Stan.

**DOUG**

Spent twelve months trying to catch this serial burglar. A real slickster, gave up nothing. Captain rode my ass the entire time. What broke it? Luck. Caught in the act by a patrolman. We had him. Prosecutor's first major case but he slam-dunked it. From a stepladder. Jury deliberates half a day. Comes back guilty on ten out of eleven counts. The shitbag was looking at a twenty-five minimum.

**STAN**


**DOUG**

Sentencing was today --

**LOU**

-- Judge is female.

**DOUG**

Right. Landers.

**ALONZO**

I know her. Sharp lady.

**DOUG**

Before this guy goes to the hearing, he gets a hold of some peanut butter and packs his ass crack with it.

(MORE)
DOUG
Before the arraignment hearing today, the guy gets a hold of some peanut butter and packs his ass crack with it. He's standing tall before the bench to give his statement, shoves his hand down his pants and comes out with a gob of fuckin' extra-chunky Jiff. Coulda heard a pin drop. Bailiffs wouldn't come near him. He looks the judge right in her eyes and licks his fingers clean. Holy shit. The judge, she screams. All these homeowners are there to read statements, they run out screaming.

Alonzo is breaking up. Stan and Lou too.

ON JAKE
laughing too.

DOUG
No wait, here's the punchline.
Judge orders him to psychiatric.

STAN
Fucker'll do six months in the puzzle factory before they say he's normal and kick him loose.

DOUG
Won't do a day in prison.

ALONZO
If the asshole's clever enough to play the system like that, I say he earned his freedom.

DOUG
I see him on the street, I'm gonna fuckin' do him.

ALONZO
Take his bullets, Stan.

Laughs.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Hey, listen, been showing my new guy around town. Scored some reefer for him to smoke. But he wouldn't. So I run through the whole bit, the gun to the head. Everything. 'Okay,' he says. I light up and it stinks like burnt rubber, right? Nevertheless, I pass it to him.

The detectives grin knowingly.

STAN
You're an asshole.

DOUG
Kid's gotta learn.

ALONZO
We're in MacArthur Park and he starts screaming and jumps out of my car.

The detectives are hooked. So is...

JAKE
Listening, sipping water.

ALONZO
So I chase him down this alley and, holy shit, he's jamming two huge crackheads and there's this mamacita with a bloody nose. Kid stopped a rape.

STAN
No shit.

LOU
Kid's got a magic eye.

ALONZO
That's what I told him. Kid's a prince.

Jake beams with beer-buzzed pride.  

(CONTINUED)
ON DETECTIVES

ALONZO
His first day on the squad and know what he tells me?
(pathetic voice)
'You're a rogue cop.'

Roars of laughter from the Detectives.

ON JAKE
He turns, sees it's a serious pow-wow. Overhears:

STAN
Heard you had an expensive weekend in Vegas. How'd you screw up so bad?

ALONZO
How could I know? Vegas ain't my town. I'm not omniscient.

LOU
You should hop a jet outta here.

ALONZO
Why? It's an easy fix.

LOU
How?

ALONZO
I can cash out an account.

STAN
Whose?

ALONZO
One of mine. My first.

The three suits shudder, trade looks.

LOU
You're messed up.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (6)

ALONZO
He's a security risk. Who's gonna keep him off the radar if I'm gone. You? I'm taxing him.

A beat. Stan acquiesces.

STAN
It's your call. Do not dick this up. I do not want you on the front page with the rest of those assholes.

Alonzo smiles. And the men speak in hushed tones. Jake turns to look.

JAKE'S POV
Lou, Doug, Stan and Alonzo stare back at him.

BACK TO SCENE
Jake snaps his eyes to his plate. The men murmur. The Waiter arrives with Jake's steak.

WAITER
You should know when not to listen.

Jake reacts. The Waiter quickly exits. Jake looks at his steak. Pushes away the plate.

CUT TO:
EXT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

Alonzo and Jake exit. It’s obvious something big is going down. Alonzo is excited, happy, the raid jacket underarm. He crosses to the valet.

ALONZO
Gimme the keys for the grey one.

Alonzo receives a key ring. Alonzo crosses to one of three plush unmarked police sedans in the lot. Jake watches him open the trunk and empty his jacket inside. Alonzo returns the keys to the valet.

CUT TO:

INT. G-RIDE (6TH STREET INTO DOWNTOWN) - MOVING - DAY

Alonzo drives away. Dials his cell phone.

ALONZO
It's me. We gotta green light. Fax the warrant to the clerk and tell her to get the judge to sign it. I want you and Paul to bring it to location one. Have Jeff get some picks and shovels. Sign 'em out from maintenance. Copy that?
(beat)
Good. Hurry up.

He hangs up.

JAKE
How much was in your jacket?

ALONZO
Forty G's.

JAKE
What for?

ALONZO
You wanna know?

JAKE
I wanna know.

ALONZO
Nothing's free in this world. Not even an arrest warrant.

Jake didn't want to know.
CONTINUED:

JAKE
Who's it for?

ALONZO
A real bag of shit. A genuine bad
guy. Been investigating this vile
bastard for ten years. He's a big
fish in a big pond. Today I fry
him. The squad's gonna get some
glory. Talkin' name-making shit.
We'll be getting handshakes from
the Chief and Mayor. Wanna piece,
new guy?


JAKE
Hell, yeah. I wanna piece.

ALONZO
Knew you would.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Near downtown. An unmarked police sedan waits. The
G-Ride parks next to it. Alonzo and Jake exit.

Out of the sedan steps MARK, a Chicano clothes horse in
Italian silk. And PAUL, a steely-eyed, heavyset black
guy. JEFF and TIM exit, clean-cut white guys, Jeff has
a mullet. Tim is generic but tough-looking.

JEFF
Nice suit, Mark.

TIM
Beautiful suit.

Now Alonzo and Jake get out. Six cops huddled in an
alley. Jake fits right in with the motley bunch.
Mark hands Alonzo the warrant.

ALONZO
Thanks.
(to Jeff and Tim)
My picks and shovels?

JEFF
In the trunk.

(CONTINUED)
MARK
Gonna dig a ditch?

ALONZO
You are. Great suit.

MARK
Shut up.

ALONZO
(shakes with Paul)
Howdy, killer.

PAUL
Alonzo, what the hell's going on?
I've been hearing things. You good?

ALONZO
Don't worry. I talked to the three wise men. It's all good.

His men trade looks, they have total trust in him. Jake is a little nervous.

PAUL
You say we get away with it, let's hit this fool -- Who's this?

JAKE
Jake Hoyt. First day in the unit.
I'm coming from Valley patrol.

He holds out his hand. Paul scoffs.

PAUL
You're a long way from Starbucks.
(to Alonzo)
Why's he in on this shit?

ALONZO
Gotta pop his cherry sometime.

PAUL
(to Jake, peeved)
Stay the hell outta my way, little puppy. This is big dog work.

Alonzo notes Jake's unease, shows him the warrant.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

ALONZO
It's the real deal. Signed by the judge. Thank the Sandman.
(addresses everyone)
Our safety comes first. He gives us shit, we give him lead. Let's do this right so everyone can go home and do the wife and girl friend thing tonight.
(checks his watch)
Suit up, ladies. Time to punch in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE (ALLEY) - FENCE - DAY

Five cops crouch outside a gate with shotguns, MP-5s. Assault vests and helmets worn over civvies. Jake and Jeff to one side. Paul, Mark and Tim to the other. Alonzo crosses to the gate with boltcutters and snaps the padlock. The five cops open the gate and run to --

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

The back door of the little house. Paul and Mark kick it open. Wood splinters. The five cops rush inside.

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - DAY

The cops run through the kitchen into a familiar living room. A familiar one -- This is Roger's house. Jake is surprised, confused.

Roger reads on the couch, the morning paper. He's nonplussed to find himself surrounded by police, weapons.

MARK
Freeze up! You need to not move, breathe, think or blink.

ROGER
What are you clowns doing here?

PAUL
Shut up! -- New guy! His hands move, blast him.

Jake aiming his shotgun at Roger's head.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE

I'm on him.

Roger, holding his newspaper, recognizes Jake.

ROGER

You know what you're doing, son?

Jake nods: yes. The truth is; he doesn't.

PAUL


CLUNK-CLUNK! Two tiny derringers hit the coffee table. Roger had been palming them. Paul sweeps them aside with his foot. The cops relax a little. Roger folds his paper. Sets it down, takes off his reading glasses. A principal besieged by truants.

ROGER

Alonzo's gonna kill you guys.

Alonzo enters the shattered door. Holding picks, shovels. He drops the tools. They crash to the floor. Roger crosses his arms and glares at his friend.

ROGER

What's going down, Alonzo?

ALONZO

I had lunch with the three wise men. You gotta render unto Caesar.

Roger sees the tools and knows exactly what they are for.

ROGER

Those goddamn vampires want my pension.

ALONZO

No, man, it's not like that. You're just getting taxed. They got their boat payments and God knows what. I'm sorry. They're makin' me do it. I'm just a lowly civil servant.

ROGER

Bullshit. You're their bitch. What happens with me?

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Don't worry, bro. I promised you'd never go back to prison. I got your back. You won't even miss what I'm gonna take. I hate doing this. Orders is orders. Sorry, dog.

ROGER
No, you ain't. Cop.

ALONZO
(to Tim and Jeff)
You guys are gonna work. Get the tools.
(grabs Jake's shotgun)
Gimme the boomer.

Tim and Jeff gather the tools. Alonzo hands Jake a pick and leads the three men to the kitchen. Roger pours a slug of Crown Royal as Paul and Mark guard him.

ROGER
Who's paying for my floor?

ALONZO
The city.

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY
Alonzo flips the table. Taps the floor with his toe.

ALONZO
Open the floor. Right here.

Jake, Tim and Jeff begin chopping. It's quick work to tear a large hole in the wood.

ALONZO
Hop in, Hoyt. Couple a feet down, there's a locker.

Jake jumps in. Attacking dirt with his pick.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (10 MINUTES LATER)
Jake, Tim and Jeff haul a trash-bag-wrapped footlocker out of the hole.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
What's in it?

ALONZO
Open it.

Jake tears away trash bags. Alonzo takes a pick and snaps the lock. Jake opens the lid -- taped bundles inside.

JAKE
It's coke?

Alonzo hands him a penknife.

ALONZO
Cut the damn thing open.

Jake does -- it is a brick of fifty dollar bills. Alonzo is relieved to see the money. Jake likes its heft.

JAKE
This is sweet.

ALONZO
That's a hundred grand in your hot little hands. There's four million bucks in there.

Alonzo slaps Jake's back.

ALONZO
First day on the job and you're in on a three million dollar seizure.

JAKE
You said four.

ALONZO
Told you, nothing's for free. Gotta grease the rails to make the big moves.

Alonzo grabs a shopping bag. Tosses bricks of fifties in it. Hands it to Jake.

ALONZO
Here. Lucky to get this, day-one-motherfucker.

JAKE
What's this?

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Sweet green clean legal tender.
Start the kid's college fund
early. Get the old lady a
minivan.

However pleasant the heft, Jake could never accept. He
returns the shopping bag to Alonzo.

JAKE
No way. Only checks I cash say
City of L.A. on 'em.

JEFF
Someone didn't sleep through
Ethics.

ALONZO
You said you wanted a piece.

JAKE
Not like this.

ALONZO
I understand. I'll hold on to it
for you. Not everyone's
comfortable the first time --
Let's wrap up.

Alonzo drops the bag in the locker. Exits. Jake,
Tim and Jeff follow.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Roger reads a Vegas odds paper. Alonzo, Tim, Jeff and
Jake enter. Roger glares at Alonzo.

ROGER
What have I done to those guys?
Are they nuts? Am I supposed to
stand still and let them horsefuck
me?

ALONZO
No. We can put you out of your
misery.

Alonzo tosses Jake the shotgun.

(CONTINUED)
ALONZO
Lemme tell you a secret, Hoyt. If you kill someone on duty, they have to be your slave in the afterlife.
(points to Roger)
There you go. Start an entourage.

JAKE
You want me to shoot him?

Paul, Mark, Tim and Jeff snicker, crack smiles. Roger too. Jake plays along, points the shotgun at Roger.

ROGER
You'd be doin' me a favor, kid.

JAKE
Bang -- There.

He lowers the weapon.

ALONZO
Not gonna do it?

JAKE
Of course not. This isn't funny.

Alonzo smiles. Takes the shotgun from him.

ALONZO
Man, youngsters these days. Can't get shit done unless you do it yourself.

Alonzo aims at Roger. Roger suddenly understands.

ROGER
This is all you...

BOOM! Roger is punched ragged with BUCKSHOT, lifted off his couch, knocked into the wall.


JAKE
Holy shit!

Jake's shock elicits more giggles from the squad.

PAUL
Finish him.

(CONTINUED)
Jake watches Alonzo cross to Roger, blindly gasping.

ALONZO
He's finished.

Alonzo takes one of Roger's derringers from the floor. Slaps it in the dying man's hand.

ALONZO
C'mere, Jeff. You took fire coming through the door.

Jeff smiles, gets in position so Alonzo can shoot him.

JEFF
Alright. Gonna get some time off.

He braces himself. Alonzo aims Roger's hand. Pop! A BULLET THWACKS harmlessly into Jeff's VEST. He removes his sunglasses from a pocket.

JEFF
Watch my shades.

Jake looking at Roger, it's hard to watch a man die. Again Jeff braces. Pop! The THWACK of another BULLET.

ALONZO
How's that?

Jeff probing his hand under the vest.

JEFF
Fine.

Alonzo drops the gun in an envelope marked: EVIDENCE HANDGUN. Jake can't believe what he just saw.

ALONZO
Listen up. This is the scenario. Mark and Paul kick the door. Jeff is first through. Roger opens fire. Hits Jeff twice.

Jeff coughs -- bright foamy blood in his hand.

JEFF
Oh, shit.

ALONZO
One go through?

Jeff answers by coughing more blood. Tim runs to him.

(CONTINUED)
TIM
Siddown, dude.

Jeff does. Tim opens the vest -- a hole in a seam on the edge. Underneath, bruised puckered flesh drools blood.

TIM
You shot him!

JEFF
You shot me!

TIM
Call a rescue.

ALONZO
You're fine. You'll get a medal.

JEFF
Call the R.A.!

ALONZO
Let me quarterback the goings on and I will. Okay -- Mark and Paul kick the door. First through is Jeff. Bang. Bang. Gets hit. Wounded. Second through is our new guy, Hoyt. He drops the suspect with some fine shotgun work.

(points at Mark)
Who shot Roger?

MARK
The new guy. Came in spraying.

ALONZO
Paul?

PAUL
The boot shot him.

ALONZO
What'd you guys see?

TIM
Hoyt blasted him.

JEFF
Hoyt went for it -- Now will you get me a damn rescue ambulance?

(CONTINUED)
Jake looks at these guys. They look back, smiling, smirking. He feels dizzy, sick as the nightmare sinks in.

Jeff coughs blood. Alonzo tosses his rover to Paul.

PAUL
(into rover)

ALONZO
(slaps Jake's back)
Good job, son. Congratulations. Gonna get a medal of valor.

JAKE
... I didn't shoot him...

ALONZO
Roomful of cops says you did.

JAKE
I don't care. I didn't shoot him. You did.

Alonzo pulls his gun. Aims at Jake's face.

ALONZO
(as a newscaster)
A Los Angeles Police Department narcotics officer was killed serving a high risk warrant in Echo Park today. An L.A.P.D. spokesperson said the young officer was survived by his wife and infant child.

(himself)
Shit gets deeper. Get the picture?

JAKE
I got the picture.

Jake strikes -- twists back Alonzo's gun sharply -- sweeps away his legs with a kick. Alonzo finds himself on his back, Jake's knee on his neck, staring down the maw of his own pistol.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
That's the second time you've stuck a gun in my face. Won't be a third.

ALONZO
That's what I'm talking about. You guys watching this? That's it, Jake.

Paul presses his Beretta against Jake's temple.

PAUL
Be my pleasure putting a hydrashock in your melon.

Tim, Jeff, Mark gawk at the Mexican standoff.

PAUL
But I'm gonna be cool. Open your hand slowly. Drop the weapon.

Jake's free hand inches to his holstered gun --

JAKE
(super-calm)
Hey, sorry, man. Relax, okay?

-- and snatches it -- He swings on Tim -- who swings his .45 on Jake. A three-way standoff.

JAKE
Wanna shoot me, Paul? Go ahead. Because these two are gonna be wiping my ass in the netherworld.

A beat. Then:

TIM
Alonzo. This is bad.

PAUL
This dude's a fed.

ALONZO
He's no fed. Just a choirboy with heart who got the drop on you fools. Everyone, let's take a deep breath and defuse this -- Jake? You hear me?

JAKE
You can't just spring this shit on me. I never signed up for this.
I hear you. I know you're angry! -- Paul, Tim, please put down your guns.

TIM

Hell no.

PAUL

Choirboy first.

SIRENS APPROACH. Lots of them.

ALONZO

Both of you: guns down. Now.

Paul and Tim reluctantly lower their weapons. Jake lifts his knee off Alonzo's neck, stands and backs away, aiming both pistols at Alonzo, who climbs to his feet.

ALONZO

Jake, use your ears and listen. Sometimes we take shit all the way. That's the nature of the game. We don't do this every day. No one will ever again ask you to pull a trigger you don't want to! -- Mark, where're you transferring to?

MARK

Westside Homicide.

ALONZO

Westside Homicide -- Just made detective. Jake, give me eighteen months and I'll give you a career. We make the big arrests. We make the big seizures. When someone's in my unit they're in all the way or not at all. I thought you were man enough to handle this shit.

Alonzo calmly pours himself a glass of Roger's whisky.

ALONZO

Five proven, decorated officers say you were the shooter. Investigators are gonna pull a tube of your blood and test for intoxicants. Remember all the P.C.P. you smoked today?

(CONTINUED)
Jake does, wincing at his stupidity.

JAKE
You've been planning this all day.

ALONZO
I've been planning this all week. You start talking crazy shit, I will make sure your dirty blood makes it to the lab. Still wanna walk your babynuts around the block? You won't make it to the corner. But if you're cool. You're a hero. A virgin shooter above suspicion.

Jake looks at Roger, gasping like a beached carp. The SIRENS are getting CLOSER.

Alonzo gulps his drink and!— Pffft! Spits the booze in Jake's face. Jake is blinded. Paul seizes Jake's wrists and aims the pistols at the ceiling. Alonzo wrenches the pistols from his hands. Jake wipes his eyes, looks at the roomful of crazy cops, scared. Paul points at Roger's other derringer, laying on the carpet.

PAUL
Alonzo, there's two shots in that stinger. Let's kill your boy right now and say Roger dumped him coming through the door.

Mark, Tim, Jeff like the idea. Jake doesn't. And lucky for him, neither does Alonzo, who stands protectively in front of Jake.

ALONZO
No. We're not killing him. He's a good guy. Man's got the magic. Just having a little freakout is all. We've all been there. I say he's cool. No one's gonna hurt him.

Jake and Alonzo trade a look. The SIRENS are close.

ALONZO
Hoyt, you gotta decision to make. In ten seconds, this place will be overrun with blue suits. Go outside and clear your head. (returns Jake's gun) Or shoot me now.
Jake is only too happy to get out of there. Jake crosses to exit, pauses, an afterthought:

JAKE
Hey, Paul.

Crack! Jake nails his jaw. Paul staggers, almost falls. To Jake as he exits:

PAUL
You're dead! I'm takin' you out. I don't care.

ALONZO
Kick back, Wyatt Earp. Gotta respect a cat who puts you on queer street with one punch.
(catches his men trading looks)
Kid's got more balls than all you faggots combined.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LONG SHOT - DAY
from a distant hilltop. The ambulances and black and whites out front shimmer in golden afternoon heat. Two distance-distorted LAPD paramedics wheel out Roger on a stretcher.

ZOOM IN.

Amidst the heat mirages, Alonzo talks to a uniformed sergeant. Two more paramedics wheel Jeff outside on a stretcher. Mark, Tim and Paul following. Roger is lifted into an ambulance. Alonzo dismisses Jeff's paramedics and huddles with his men.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - ALLEY - DAY
Alonzo crosses to the G-ride with an armload of gear. Pops the trunk. Dumps everything inside. He shuts the trunk. Dials his cell phone and gets in the car.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON JAKE

leaning against a phone pole. Watching as Alonzo pulls a clipboard from under his seat and puts on reading glasses. Alonzo begins writing a major incident report as he talks on his cell. A beat. Alonzo STARTS the G-RIDE. Motions for Jake to get in.

INT. G-RIDE (ROGER'S HOUSE - ALLEY) - DAY

Jake gets in, on the verge of freaking out. Alonzo with his reading glasses, the clipboard on his steering wheel, filling in the report, talking on his cell phone, laughing.

ALONZO

-- you're gonna be scrubbing the bathtub, homie. Later.

Alonzo hangs up. Preoccupied with filling in little boxes on the report.

ALONZO

Why didn't you take off?

JAKE

There's nowhere to run.

ALONZO

Roger was D.O.A. at Good Samaritan. Let's get the paper rolling now.

Alonzo looks at Jake, sees his torment.

ALONZO

Justifiable homicide in the line of duty. Anyone'd be proud to have that in their jacket.

JAKE

Not this way. Say I don't play along?

ALONZO

At this point it behooves you not to dick around.

Jake has a lump in his throat. A beat of silence.

ALONZO

What happened today was --
JAKE
-- was murder and armed robbery.
Wait. We had badges. It's different.

ALONZO
Dammit, boy! Why can't you open your eyes and see?

Jake can see. Too clearly. Softly:

JAKE
That man was your friend and you killed him like a fly.

ALONZO
(laughs)
Friend? Because I drank his whisky and he knew my name? Shit. I was playing his ass. That's my job. That's your job. Roger sold dope to kids. World's better off without him. He's the biggest major violator in L.A. I've been watching the cocksucker operate with impunity for ten years. Now I got him. This shit's chess not checkers. Can't just slap cuffs on a cat like that.

That's the truth. And Jake knows it.

ALONZO
Look, keep the money.

JAKE
Told you, I don't want it.

ALONZO
Just take it. Throw it in the ocean. Barbecue it. Just take it. It would make the boys feel better.

JAKE
Fuck their feelings.

ALONZO
You're not making anyone feel you're on the team.

(CONTINUED)
The team? You guys are insane. I'll go back to Valley and cut parking tickets.

Jake stares out the window a beat, clenching his jaw. He looks at dozens of birds sitting on the power lines, backlit by the setting sun.

Jake finally looks at Alonzo, stares into Alonzo's scary, empty eyes. Amazed to be utterly trapped by them. We can almost hear Jake's heart breaking.

Jake
It can't be like this.

A beat.

Alonzo
It is like this. I'm really sorry I exposed you to all that. It was ugly but it was necessary. Never seen no one die before? Too damn soft. Bet you never missed a meal in your life.

Jake (glares at Alonzo)
Missed a lot meals growing up. Why?
   (pantomimes shooting up)
   Because the folks had to do their shit.

Off Alonzo's amazed look:

Jake
That's right. I'm in the cop business to lock up the criminals, the poisoners. Not to be one.

Alonzo sizes up Jake anew, laments not knowing that earlier. He tries a different tack.

Alonzo
All the shit you're feeling now, it's going to go away. I know you're scared.

Jake
I'm not scared.

(Continued)
ALONZO
You're terrified. I know you are. I went through the same shit. Everyone has. Sooner the world in your head matches the real world, the better you're gonna feel.
(a beat)
Jake, there's gotta be dirt on you if anyone's gonna trust you. After this is behind you, a whole new life will open up. I walk a higher path. I can give you the keys to all doors.

JAKE
What are you talking about?

ALONZO
I'm not the asskicker I once was, but you are. Want to run my unit? My guys are good but not one of those clowns is a leader. You are. Want my job? You got it. Wanna lock up criminals? This is the best place to do it. Do your time and make detective. Play the game, grow wise and change things from the inside.

Jake looks at him. And realizes Alonzo is right. Alonzo STARTS the CAR, exits the alley.

ALONZO
Let's get to the hospital and talk to Stan. He'll tell you what to say to the D.A.'s guys.

CUT TO:

EXT. CESAR CHAVEZ BLVD. - SUNSET
The G-ride crosses the river into East L.A. General Hospital looms ahead.

EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS - SUNSET
The tough old barrio is before the huge hospital. Cholos drink on the sidewalk. Play grab-ass and listen to MUSIC.

CUT TO:
Alonzo parks near the gangsters.

JAKE
What's here?

ALONZO
Informant of mine's in Chino.
Promised I'd help out his family.

Alonzo points out a well-tended, quiet, quaint house near the cholos. Alonzo gets out. Opens the trunk. Loads up his arms with appliances.

ALONZO
Sometimes I bring food. Believe it or not, I like to help out the community whenever I can.
(a box falls)
Shit. Hoyt, help me with this.

CUT TO:

Jake gets out, takes some boxes. And they cross to the house. With Jake following. Past staring cholos.

ALONZO
(re: Jake)
He's with me.

A drunk PeeWee maddogs Jake. Jake maddogs back.

PEEWEE
You know where you're at, fool?

A VETERANO shoves the PeeWee aside.

VETERANO
Outta the way, punk. It's business.

He shakes with Alonzo.

VETERANO
'Sup, dog. Thought you were missing in action.

ALONZO
'Sup, man. You know I'm never lost.
EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Jake and Alonzo cross to the house. AD LIBS of "Those're cops," spread through the cholos. At the house's door, Alonzo knocks. A beat. A little girl cracks it.

ALONZO
Hi. Got some stuff for your family.

She closes it. A beat. The door opens to reveal SMILEY, a huge, drunk veteran sleeved with prison tattoos. He looks at the two cops. Massive, impassive. Smiley never smiles.

SMILEY
Kitchen's this way.

Alonzo enters. Jake hesitates. Then follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

The little girl does homework on a computer. Two fine cholos watch the Spanish newscast. An old man dozes in a chair. Family photos on the wall -- A proud line of warfighters, lots of military uniforms. Alonzo and Jake follow Smiley into:

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SUNSET

SNIPER and MORENO, big and intimidating like Smiley, have been playing poker around a beer-bottle-covered table. Smiley, Alonzo and Jake enter.

SMILEY
Put it on the counter.

Alonzo and Jake place the boxes on the counter. Sniper, Moreno, ignore Alonzo. And vice versa.

ALONZO
Can I use the head?

SMILEY
Go for it.

ALONZO
(to Jake)
I'll be two seconds. We're already late.

(CONTINUED)
Alonzo exits to a hallway. Smiley opens a box. Pulls out a nice CD player.

MORENO
That's nice. Lemme get that.

SMILEY
You get the blender. This is mine.

Smiley opens a microwave box. Jake reacts.

JAKe'S POV
The box contains the bag of cash Jake refused.

BACK TO SCENE

SMILEY
Dreamer! Got your bony ass in here!

DREAMER, 19, an attractive young lady, enters. Smiley hands her the bag of Jake's money.

SMILEY
Count that shit in the bedroom.

DREAMER
Thanks, eh. I was doing stuff. You learn to count, math whiz.

She gives him a dirty look and exits. Smiley takes his seat and picks up his cards. He eyes Moreno.

SNIPER
You looked at 'em.

MORENO
No I didn't.

Smiley tosses them to Sniper.

SMILEY
Deal again.

SNIPER
Play cards, cop?

JAKe
Not really.

(CONTINUED)
MORENO
Beer?

Moreno offers one. Sniper deals in Jake.

JAKE
No thanks.

SNIPER
C'mon and play a hand.

MORENO
Don't be rude, dude. One hand.

SMILEY
Don't sweat it. We ain't playin' for money.

JAKE
We gotta go.

SMILEY
Alonzo's taking a dump. Go ahead and have a seat.

Sniper finishes dealing. Jake looks at the cards intended for him.

JAKE
Okay. One hand.

Jake sits. Now he can see a shotgun against the wall by Moreno. The three cholos check their hands, signal for more cards. Jake checks his cards.

MORENO
How long you been a cop?

JAKE
Nineteen months.

MORENO
Like it?

JAKE
I shoulda been a fireman.

SNIPER
Waddaya got, dog?

JAKE
Huh?

(CONTINUED)
SNIPER
Your hand, homes.

Oh -- Jake lays down his cards.

JAKE
Three of a kind.

SMILEY
Man... didn't get squat.

He tosses away his hand, Moreno, too. Sniper shows his cards with a grin.

SNIPER
Two pair.

Sniper collects the cards. Shuffles.

SMILEY
What are you doing? The cop won.

SNIPER
I got two pair.

SMILEY
Three of a kind beats two pair, dumbass.

MORENO
See why we don't play for money?

Moreno shakes his head, points at Jake's waist.

MORENO
Lemme see your cohete.

SNIPER
Your gun, dude. Let him see your gun. Under your shirt.

Jake is outnumbered, outsized, outgunned. All he can do is take the pistol from his holster and show Moreno.

MORENO
That's down. What is it? A three eighty?

JAKE
MORENO
Lemme see it. Ain't gonna blast no one.

Jake hands it over. Moreno examines it with skilled hands.

MORENO
Fuck a vato up with this.

He hands it back. To Jake's relief. Jake looks down the hall. Getting up:

JAKE
We have to go. I'm gonna get Alonzo.

SMILEY
Kick back and party.

Smiley pulls aside the curtain.

JAKE'S POV
An empty street. The G-Ride is gone.

SMILEY (O.S.)
Ain't nobody out there for you.

ON JAKE
He feels like a toddler lost in a department store. He sits back down. Moreno laughs.

MORENO
Alonzo played you like a booger.

Smiley slides the deck to Jake.

SMILEY
Your deal.

Jake shuffles. Smiley lights a joint. Offers it to him.

SMILEY
It's P.C.P. Wanna hit?

JAKE
No thanks. I already smoked out today.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (5)

SNIPER
Shit. I'll step on that P-dog.

Sniper takes it, inhales. Jake dealing cards. The joint rounds the table.

SNIPER
Gimme two cards.

Jake does. Dreamer enters.

DREAMER
It's all there.

You sure?

DREAMER
You count it if you don't believe me.

SMILEY
Okay. Thanks -- Gimme three.

Dreamer grabs a beer and exits. Jake deals three.

SMILEY
Alonzo pulled off a miracle, huh? Times are tight. Scared up a lotta cash.

SNIPER
Who'd he jack?

JAKE
(dealing cards)
I dunno.

SMILEY
He jacked Roger. Blasted the dude.

Moreno guffaws. Sniper chuckles.

MORENO
Damnnnn. Alonzo's scandalous.

SNIPER
That's some cold shit. Vato'll jack anyone.

MORENO
Alonzo's a low-down, dirty, ruthless vato.

(continued)
SMILEY
That's why I never shake his hand.
He don't respect shit.
(to Jake)
Know what the money's for?

JAKE
No.

SMILEY
Alonzo's a hothead. Last week in Vegas some Russian dude was talking shit. Alonzo spazzed out and beat his ass to death. Oops. Turns out the dude was somebody. Alonzo's into the Rooskies for million, wasting that cat like that.

JAKE
How do you know?

Smiley gives Jake a look.

SMILEY
They gave Alonzo till today to pay up. But his name's already on a list. No one thought he could get cash that big. Good thing he got his blood money, 'cause a crew's waiting on standby. He don't get downtown and pay up by midnight and not a minute after, Cinderfella turns into a corpse.

MORENO
It's all about punctuality, ese.

SNIPER
Dude made a pact with the devil or some shit 'cause only a miracle coulda saved his ass.

JAKE
It's no miracle.

SNIPER
Alonzo takes care of business.

SMILEY
Cops get crafty in a clinch.

(CONTINUED)
SNIPER
And get away with it.

MORENO
Makes me wanna turn out a cop --  
Ever had your shit pushed in?

JAKE
What?

MORENO
I had my shit pushed in.

SNIPER
Me too. My shit's been pushed in.  
Smiley?

SMILEY
(grins)
I'm always gettin' love from the 
homies.

Smiley caresses Jake's thigh under the table. He almost 
leaps from his chair. Everyone laughs.

SMILEY
Jumpy motherfucker.

SNIPER
(disgusted)
He's a buster.

MORENO
You never been booty-busted?

Jake tries to laugh. But it's getting weird.

SMILEY
Hey, cop. Win this hand and we 
won't bust you out.

MORENO
Unless you want us to.

laughs. Sniper reveals his cards.

SNIPER
I got two pair again.

MORENO
(tossing his cards)
Didn't get shit.

(CONTINUED)
SMILEY
(grins)
Gotta straight.

SNIPER
Uh-oh. This jura's gonna be wearin' a dress.

Everyone looks at Jake -- Well? He lays down his cards.

JAKE
Full house.

SMILEY
Lucky.

SNIPER
You won. Deal again.

Smiley taps the deck. Jake looks at it. At them.

MORENO
Deal, homie.

Jake picks up the deck. Starts dealing. Smiley arranges his hand.

SMILEY
Gimme three.

MORENO
Fuck this buster. Let's get this shit over with.

Looks of agreement are traded. Moreno grins at his shotgun. Sniper shifts his weight. Smiley whiteknuckling his beer.

SMILEY
Hurry up, cop. Gimme three.

Jake reaches for the deck. This happens fast: Jake flings the deck in Sniper's face. Smack! Cards scatter.

Jumps up from his chair, flips the table into Moreno. Smiley SMASHES a beer BOTTLE on Jake's head. Moreno grabbing the shotgun. Crack! -- Jake socks Smiley's jaw. He goes down, amazed to find himself on his ass.

Crack! -- Sniper uppercuts Jake. Smiley grabs Jake's legs, yanks him to the deck -- kerchack!

(CONTINUED)
JAKE'S POV

The bore of a 12 gauge and Moreno's leering face.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake gives up, his broken scalp gushing blood.

JAKE

... uncle...

Dreamer pops her head in.

DREAMER

Dang! You guys fucked him up.

MORENO

Get outta here. Take the girls next door. Or you're next.

She gives him the finger, pops out. Smiley pats Jake down. Pockets his gun.

SMILEY

You tripped, fool. You know that.

He finds Jake's handcuffs -- clicks his wrists together behind his back. He takes his badge, clips it on his belt.

SMILEY

Look. I'm a cop. Gonna start taxing.

Smiley commences kicking the hell out of Jake:

SMILEY

You're under arrest. For being a cop. For being a buster. For dogging me in the mouth in my own pad. And for bleeding on my clean kitchen floor. You have the right to be kicked. And the right to be slapped.


SMILEY

There. Get him in the bathtub.

Moreno grabs Jake's hair, Sniper grabs an arm, they jerk him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (10)

SMILEY
Gotta fuck this vato up.

They run him out of the kitchen, Smiley follows.

OMITTED

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pink carpet and porcelain kitties. They throw Jake into the tub -- shove his face in the drain. Smiley turns on the water -- Jake's blood whirlpooling away. Smiley grabs the shotgun from Moreno. Thumps the butt against Jake's head, flips it, shoves the muzzle in his ear. Snicks the shower curtain shut to catch the spatter.

SNIPER
Do it, eh.

SMILEY
It's gonna be loud. Close the door.

Moreno does. Sniper plugs his ears. Smiley braces for the recoil. Jake is dazed, like steer in a slaughterhouse chute.

MORENO
Wait. Lemme get his money first.


MORENO
... dang...

He hands it to Smiley.

MORENO
Here, ese... You are gonna trip out.

Smiley opens it. His face goes dead blank. He hands Moreno the shotgun. Whips aside the shower curtain. Starts slugging Jake. Emphasizes each word with a kidney punch.

(CONTINUED)
SMILEY
Pinchi... game... playing...
cop... where'd... you... get...
this?

JAKE

Smiley slaps him with the change purse.

SMILEY
This, stupid. Alonzo give it to you?

JAKE
No! I found it!

SMILEY
Where?

JAKE
MacArthur Park!

SMILEY
What? Bullshit!

Snick! The curtain closes. Smiley takes the shotgun. Holds it to Jake's temple. Moreno angles for a peek.

MORENO
Wait up. I can't see.

SMILEY
If you're religious, go ahead and get in that last prayer.

JAKE
(sobs)
Omigod... she was going to be raped. I was driving with Alonzo. These two crackheads were gonna rape her. I saw them hit her. I stopped them. They were gonna rape her. I swear to God. I stopped it... I gotta kid --

SMILEY
-- Shut up, faggot!

Smiley opens the curtain -- stomps Jake's back -- closes it.

SNIPER
Blast the fool.

(CONTINUED)
Smiley aims, braces for the recoil. Jake croaks:

JAKE
... I gotta little girl...

Smiley pauses. He eases off the trigger. Pulls a cell phone. Dials.

SMILEY
We're gonna get to the bottom of your bullshit. She's my cousin. She's a civilian. Ain't right involving her.

He sits on the toilet. Still holding the shotgun to Jake's head, he waits for an answer.

INTERCUT:

INT. LETTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl works out Algebra II proofs on a "Hello Kitty" bedspread in a pink T-shirt. Boy band posters. She grabs her RINGING PHONE.

SCHOOLGIRL
Hello?

SMILEY
Wassup, Letty. Whatcha doin'?

LETTY (SCHOOLGIRL)
Hey, Smiley! Just here doing homework. Wanna talk to Tony?

SMILEY
No. I wanna talk to you. Go to school today?

LETTY
Yep. Yep.

SMILEY
All day? You didn't ditch?

LETTY
Nope. I went to every class... Why?

SMILEY
I heard different.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LETTY
Nuh-uh.

SMILEY
Cops talk to you today?

LETTY
No.

SMILEY
Tell me what happened. Don't bullshit me.

LETTY
I got jumped by two niggers.

SMILEY
You got jumped?

LETTY
Well... I think they wanted to rape me. I kinda got hit. I mean he just slapped me. But nothing happened, okay? 'Cause this cop came and kicked their butts. They almost killed him but he kicked their asses.

A beat.

SMILEY
What did this cop look like?

LETTY
He was a white boy. He looked young.

Smiley looks at Jake. That's him.

SMILEY
Sure you're okay?

LETTY
I'm fine. Nothing happened.

SMILEY
That don't sound like nothing. Wanna go to the doctor?

LETTY
No. I said I'm fine.

SMILEY
Letty.

(CONTINUED)
LETTY
Yeah?

SMILEY
What were you doing in East Los?

LETTY
I was just kicking back at my friend's pad. There weren't no guys or nothing. I swear to God.

SMILEY
Letty.

LETTY
Yeah?

SMILEY
You go there again, I'm gonna beat your ass. I got your bus pass and I.D. Gonna send 'em over. And we're gonna talk more about this.

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

He hangs up. Looks at Jake a long beat. Soaked, bloody, shivering. Click. He safeties the shotgun. Tosses it to a disappointed Moreno.

MORENO
Ain't you gonna blast him?

SMILEY
The vato was tellin' the truth. Life's a trip, huh?

SNIPER
This is some trippy-ass shit.

Smiley hands the change purse to Sniper.

SMILEY
Get this to Letty.

Smiley stands, turns off the water. He helps Jake to his feet. Unlocks the handcuffs as Jake sways, woozy.

SMILEY
Thanks for getting my cousin's back.

Jake half-smiles, not really sure if he's alive or not. Smiley tosses him a towel.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SMILEY
Put that on your head. You're gonna stain the carpet. Where they at? Where you book 'em?

JAKE
I didn't.

SMILEY
Why not?

JAKE
Alonzo let them go.

Smiley scowls. Regards Jake a beat, the wheels turning, Smiley's a smart guy. He offers Jake his hand.

SMILEY
You know this shit was just business.

JAKE
I know.

They shake.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Smiley and Jake exit, the Cholos on the street, they watch him with their jaded, curious eyes.

SMILEY
Alonzo wants your ass destroyed. Supposed to burn you up on the freeway by your house.

Jake looks at Smiley. Sucks some blood from his teeth.

SMILEY
You went Sega today, rookie. You're at that next level. Just play their games and do what you gotta do and you'll be cool. They'll make you Chief.

He trades a look with Smiley and walks toward the nearby boulevard.

SMILEY
Sure you don't wanna ride?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
I'm sure.

Smiley watching him go, impressed.

SMILEY
(beat)
Hey, cop!

Jake stops, turns. Smiley smiles. The first time.

SMILEY
Remember me.

Jake looks at Smiley, grins at the absurdity.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MTA BUS - NIGHT

The driver hits the button and the door opens. Jake climbs aboard; the driver is looking at his battered face. Jake taps the badge on his belt. Pulls sixty bucks from his pocket.

JAKE
I need one of your shoes.

The driver gives him a look, unties her shoe. Hands it to Jake.

JAKE
Go straight to the Jungle. Stop only when I say.

Cool. Jake jerks his head -- "Hurry up." He picked the right driver; her sock-clad foot stomps the gas pedal. The bus lurches forward.

The bus drives away under Jake's walking feet. He turns and is scooped right into the back seat. Jake's ridden a lot of busses.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MTA BUS - NIGHT

Jake pulls his gun. Gives it a quick function check. He pulls the shoelace from the shoe. Ties the gun to his hand. Jake catches his reflection in the window, contemplates himself.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE'S POV

A battered stranger. His reflection moving across the streetlife in b.g.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET (NEAR CUL-DE-SAC) - NIGHT

The city bus FILLS FRAME. Then pulls away to reveal Jake.

JAKE'S POV

Down the block is the cul-de-sac. No man's land. Quiet and dark, the streetlights have been shot out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Jake enters, wary. He rounds the misparked van. The G-ride parked in a grassy lot. Jake glimpses the Little Kid on the bike disappear down a driveway. Jake notes a glowing cigarette on an apartment rooftop. Across the street, Jake sees rooftop movement, as someone takes cover. CLICK-CLACK as a rooftop shadow cocks a RIFLE.

Jake is on a mission, undeterred.

ON HOUSE

A porchlight turns off. The curtain moves in the window.

COUPLE G'S

kick it on a wall. Veteran soldiers ready for anything. They watch Jake pass with tough stoic faces.

Jake continues toward Sara's building. Where a GANGSTER stands with crossed arms, Jake's an irritant, not a threat.

GANGSTER

'Sup, rookie. You got business here?

Jake looks up at Sara's apartment.

JAKE

Yeah. I'm here for Alonzo.
The Gangster opens the gate for him. Jake climbs the stairs to Sara's apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV is ON in the living room. Sara's boy plays on the floor. TAPPING AT the WINDOW. The boy sees it's Jake, who smiles, points at the door. The little boy crosses, unlocks the door. Jake enters quickly, grabs the boy and hides him in a bookcase with little doors at the bottom.

JAKE
Shhh. It's okay. Lay down.

The boy looking at Jake as he closes the door. Jake hears GIGGLING O.S. Crosses to the bedroom door. Wham! Jake kicks it open.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake barges through the door, gun ready. Sara jumps from the bed, clutching a sheet. Alonzo is dressed down, ready for his important rendezvous. Finishing counting and repacking Roger's money into a war bag of police gear. Twenty-two pounds worth of Benjamin Franklin. Alonzo spins, reacting as he recognizes the ghost before him. He raises his hands, impressed. Unable to reach his gun sitting on the dresser by his wallet.

JAKE
Smiley didn't want the job.

ALONZO
Goddamn, Jake. Lemme shake your hand. You did it, you passed the test. You a man now.

Alonzo offers his hand. Jake scoffs. Alonzo reaches for the war bag. Real slow. He fishes a smoke from the pack inside. Lights it.

ALONZO
Shit I've been through. Shit I've seen. Took me a long time to get where you are. Now you on, Jake. Now you're a real narc. I held your hand through hell. You just gonna stand there holding your shit on me? Wassup?
CONTINUED:

Alonzo glances at a clock, it's 11:30, time's wasting. Jake follows his eye-line to the clock.

JAKE
Fuck your little rendezvous.

Alonzo reacts, surprised Jake knows all.

JAKE
I got your number, homie. You're worse than a gangster. They ain't hiding behind badges.

ALONZO
(holds out his hands)
Then hook and book me. For what? You shot Roger when you were whacked on P.C.P. and ran off like a maniac. Got witnesses? Smiley? My squad? My loyal troopers? Tell your tales. We'll tell the truth. It's not what you know, it's what you can prove. Where's your evidence, Jake?

JAKE
There's my evidence.

Jake nods at the cash. THWACK! Alonzo flicks his cigarette at Jake's face. A blinding explosion of SPARKS. Alonzo dives over the bed, grabbing the war bag of cash. In a rack under the bed is a sawed-off, pump SHOTGUN. Alonzo jerks the trigger -- BOOM! -- PELLETS SIZZLE past Jake's feet as he dives out of the room.

ALONZO
Jake. Doing good, man. First gunfight.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake scrambles for the kitchen. KERCHACK -- BOOM! Dives behind the counter as FORMICA EXPLODES around him.

ALONZO
Know that I am surgical with this baby. Wanna closed casket? Or you want one below the belt?

IN LIVING ROOM

Sara's boy bolts from his hiding place. Sees Jake and runs toward him. When the child reaches the hall --

(CONTINUED)
Jake swings his pistol on him. Alonzo swings the shotgun. Both men aiming at the terrified child, frozen in the hall.

Alonzo smiles, squats in the hall outside the bedroom door and beckons his son closer.

**ALONZO**


The child looks at Jake. A connection. Jake motions the child toward him. But the child looks to his father.

**ALONZO**


*(Translation: Son, he's bad. He's the boogeyman. He's going to hit your mommy and you. Come here, little man.)*

Jake must act. He scrambles to his feet, exposing himself.

**BOOM!** Alonzo PEPPERS the FRIDGE.

**POP-POP!** Jake FIRES as he scoops up the boy and dives into the living room.

Alonzo seizes the moment to depart, dropping the empty shotgun and disappearing into the bedroom.

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**A78**

**INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jake scrambles into the bedroom, gun ready.

**JAKE'S POV**

Sara points toward the open window. Alonzo and the money are gone.

CUT TO:

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**78**

**EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Alonzo flings the money on the roof, climbs the railing. And pulls himself on the roof.

*(CONTINUED)*
CONTINUED:

A beat later, Jake exits the window, climbs onto the railing and follows Alonzo onto the roof.

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT

Alonzo's silhouette running along the treacherous rooftop, takes cover alongside a pigeon coop covered with elaborate graffiti. Alonzo FIRES at Jake.

Jake drops, rolls and FIRES back blindly. Alonzo runs for the adjacent roof.

Alonzo jumps onto a balcony.

Jake runs at full tilt. Toward the edge of the roof. Where nasty coils of razor-wire lay in wait.

Jake jumps -- His foot hits rotten plywood -- Jake flies awkwardly through space.

EXT. OTHER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Another pigeon coop. Chairs, a card table, potted plants; a little oasis. The edge of the roof approaching fast, and its concertina of razor-wire. Jake's chest hits it -- oof! An iron spike atop a fence a mere inch from his ear. Jake pulls himself onto the roof.

Smack! Alonzo nails Jake's face with the war bag of cash.

Jake is stunned, Alonzo grabs the gun tied to Jake's hand and both hit the deck. They wrestle as Alonzo gets a finger in the trigger guard -- POP-POP-POP-CLICK! Emptying Jake's PISTOL.

Using his gun as brass knuckles, Jake punches Alonzo's head. Alonzo head-butts Jake, knees him in the crotch. Jake gasps in agony.

Alonzo stands, begins stomping Jake's head. Jake rolls out of the way. Alonzo kicking. Jake rolling...

Right off the edge of the roof.

Jake falls a story to -- THUD! -- a roof below.

Alonzo looks down at Jake. Who looks half-dead. Alonzo looks at his watch -- he has 25 minutes. Alonzo spits on Jake and moves on. Alonzo crosses to a stairwell and disappears.
81  EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Alonzo climbs in the G-ride and backs out. The money in his lap.

82  INT. G-RIDE (CUL-DE-SAC) - MOVING - HIGH ANGLE THROUGH FRONT WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

Something is falling toward the G-ride -- it's Jake, he jumped off the roof.

WHAM! Jake hits hard, denting the roof.

(CONTINUED)
Alonzo reacts, punches the gas, whips the wheel hard. Jake rolls onto the hood. Before he smacks the street, Jake extends a hand and snags the windshield wiper. He tries to pull himself up, but the sheet metal wiper bends back on itself.

JAKE'S FEET
drag along the street. RUBBER GRINDING off his heels.

INSERT - WIPER
It cuts Jake's hand, now slick with blood. Stress cracks in the sheet metal. The METAL TEARS...

BACK TO SCENE
The wiper snaps off. With three desperate fingers, Jake grabs the window stanchion, pulls himself back onto the windshield, his bloody face pressed against the glass, crimson streaks cascade down.

Jake begins whipping Alonzo with the wiper in his left hand. Pffck! Pffck! Opens a gash on Alonzo's face as he backs down the street.

Alonzo presses a button and a GUN slides out of the dash, Alonzo grabs it, presses the muzzle against the glass where Jake's face is. Jake jerks his head -- BAM! A near miss.

BAM! Another hole in the glass. But fortunately not Jake's head.

WHAM! The G-RIDE backs into a car. The gun flies from Alonzo's hand, out the window. Jake tumbles off the car onto the street. The G-ride stalls. It didn't get far at all. Alonzo is pretty beat up from the crash. Jake scrambles for the gun, then leans in the window of the G-ride and punches Alonzo several times. Jake grabs the war bag, pulls open the door and yanks Alonzo out onto the street, Jake backs up, sets the war bag at his feet.


A dozen gangsters boil out of a driveway like angry hornets. Lead by the imposing Bench Presser.

(CONTINUED)
Gangsters encircle the G-ride. Alonzo stands, faces Jake.

JAKE
No fun when the rabbit has the gun, is it?

ALONZO
Someone dome this white boy right now.

Jake casts wary sideways glances. The Bench Presser smirks, holds back his people with massive arms.

BENCH PRESSER
Police business.

Alonzo shoots him a look.

ALONZO
First head that drops this fool is gonna be a rich man!

To Alonzo's astonishment, no one moves. He's on his own. Jake's eyes are cooler and blacker than a shark's, pistol at his side.

JAKE
They're not like you. Know what I learned today? I'm not like you.

ALONZO

Alonzo taps his forehead as he takes a step toward Jake.

ALONZO
'Cause if I live, I'll be up in Santa Clarita, taking care of that gal I talked to this morning. Sweet voice. She's Chicana, light-skinned. Like to know how a good woman like that feels on the inside.

Jake smolders. He aims at Alonzo. Right between the eyes. No. He can't. Jake lowers the gun. Alonzo laughs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

Jake realizes Alonzo is stark raving mad. And it's kind of funny. Alonzo sees he isn't getting anywhere. Alonzo turns to the G's.

ALONZO
C'mon. Someone dump this man.

A gun is tossed at Alonzo's feet. A tired old workhorse. Drilled-out numbers, taped-up grips.

BENCH PRESSER
Put in your own damn work.

Jake and Alonzo looking at the gun. Alonzo smiles. He slowly reaches for it.

JAKE
Don't do it.

Alonzo turns his back, steps closer to the gun.

ALONZO
Wait, shoot me in the back. Guarantee yourself the gas chamber. Know it smells like pine oil?

Alonzo reaching for that gun.

BAM! Jake SHOOTS Alonzo in the upper thigh. Alonzo growls, taking the pain. He hops on one leg.

ALONZO
Sonufabitch. You shot me in the ass.

JAKE
Next one kills you.

Jake grabs the war bag. Loose bills fall around Alonzo. He desperately scrapes them off the street.

ALONZO
Gimme the money, Jake. C'mon, son.

JAKE
Not gonna happen.

ALONZO
Oh, now you dirty? Straight jackin' me, huh?

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Told you. It's my evidence. My
proof. Wanna go to jail. Or
you wanna go home?

Jake smirks at Alonzo.

JAKE
It's street justice. Nothing
wrong with that. Right?

Alonzo's eyes narrow in hatred. Alonzo rages at the
gangsters.

ALONZO
Disloyal fool-ass bitch-made
punks! Put cases on all y'all!
Whole crew's going to Folsom.
Solitary for life. No human
contact. Fuck y'all.

Alonzo looks diminished, broken.

Jake's eyes fall to the badge around Alonzo's neck. He
smirks at the irony. Then yanks the badge from Alonzo's
neck.

JAKE
You don't deserve this.

Jake looks at the gangsters, their faces, the faces of
the people around him. He sees satisfaction. Hears
murmurs of approval. Jake meets the Bench Presser's
gaze, who leans against the G-ride. Pulls a beer from
his pocket and cracks it.

BENCH PRESSER
Better get on outta here.

The Bench Presser gives Jake a slight nod of respect and
Jake leaves. Alonzo watches Jake go in outraged amazement.
Alonzo moves to follow Jake and gets the Bench Presser's
gun in his face. The crowd surrounding the G-ride drifts
away. People return home.

ALONZO
That's right. That's right. I'll
burn this down. Take it all down.
Walk away. See what happens.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (5)

No one listens. Alonzo has been abandoned save for the gangsters guarding him. He despairs in his defeat.

ON JAKE

walking away, the money in hand, his innocence gone. Though there is a heavy burden on his shoulders, there is much strength in his gait.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The G-ride barrels west toward LAX. A 747 in the landing pattern overtakes it, its ENGINES HOWL as it descends.

INT. G-RIDE (STREET NEAR LAX) - MOVING - NIGHT

Alonzo tears open the head liner, exposing a Glock duct-taped inside the roof. He lays the weapon on the seat next to him, where a ROVER plays routine POLICE CHATTER. Alonzo tears back the head liner more, finds a manila envelope, dumps it on the seat -- there's plane tickets, cash, pesos, passports, travelers' checks, IDs, apartment keys. His getaway kit.

A red light ahead. Light cross traffic. Alonzo notes headlights following him. Stops at the light. He takes a pull on a pint of vodka. Wipes his lips with a shaky hand.

A van pulls into the intersection to make a left. Too far into the intersection. Alonzo eyes it, wary.

The headlights pull up behind him -- another VAN -- SCREECHING to a stop at an angle, blocking him. The side doors on both vans slide open. Gun steel glimmers.

This is it. It's going down. Alonzo reaches for his Glock. Hesitates. It's over. Alonzo lifts his chin and braces for what is coming...

BRRRDDDDBBBBBBBDDT! Two men in each van open FIRE with heavy AUTOMATIC WEAPONS -- AKs and HK-91s. Muzzle flashes strobe across bandanna-covered faces and shiny eyes. These pros know their weapons.

Bullets PUNCH into Alonzo, the G-Ride. Passing straight through the car, SHATTERING GLASS. Shattering Alonzo.
After forever, the weapons are empty. Gun smoke wafts through the intersection. Alonzo, his beloved G-ride, are shredded. Alonzo leans forward, his head hits the HORN.

The DOORS of the vans SNAP SHUT. The vans take off in different directions.

FOOM! A small FIRE STARTS under the G-ride, leaking fuel and fluids. The flames spread, the interior burns.

CLOSE ON FINGERS OF FIRE

as they probe out from the bullet holes.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jake slowly approaches his house.

HIS POV

In his driveway is a plush unmarked police sedan.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake grabs his service nine from his duffle. He parks and gets out.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake shoves the nine in his waistband and crosses to the sedan. Lou, Doug and Stan exit the car. They've been waiting.

STAN
Where's the money, Jake?

JAKE
The evidence room at headquarters.

Jake slaps Alonzo's badge on the trunk.

STAN
That's not necessary.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE

That's not mine.

Doug picks up Alonzo's badge, impressed, pockets it. Before Doug can say anything.

JAKE

Now leave me the hell alone.

With the last of his strength, a battered and mauled Jake limps away. The three wise men climb in their car. The plush sedan backs out of Jake's driveway. Jake enters his house.

PULL BACK.

Jake's home becomes indistinguishable in a sea of houses.

FADE OUT:

THE END