

TRAINING DAY

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

FADE IN:

1 INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ALARM CLOCK - 1
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.

She lavishes kisses on her baby.

CUT TO:

2 INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - BRASSO - DAWN 2
is squirted on terry cloth. A badge is rubbed against it in precise circles.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

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)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

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,
grabs 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:

3 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

3

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)

3 CONTINUED:

3

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:

4 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

4

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)

4 CONTINUED:

4

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

A D.U.I. stop. Wow. Go on.

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)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

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)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

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:

5 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - PARKING LOT - DAY

5

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.

6 INT. G-RIDE/EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

6

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.

A7 INT. G-RIDE (7TH STREET) - MOVING - DAY

A7

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)

A7 CONTINUED:

A7

DISPATCH (V.O.)
 Nora fifteen, ten-twenty.

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:

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

7

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)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

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?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

ALONZO

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.

A8 INT. G-RIDE (1ST STREET BRIDGE) - MOVING - DAY

A8

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)

A8 CONTINUED:

A8

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.

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

8

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

JAKE

What's here?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

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)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

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--

9 EXT. G-RIDE/VW BUS AT STREET CORNER - DAY

9

SCREEEEEECH! -- 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)

9 CONTINUED:

9

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)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

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:

10 INT. G-RIDE (NETO'S NEIGHBORHOOD) - MOVING - DAY

10

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)

10 CONTINUED:

10

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)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

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.

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

11

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)

11 CONTINUED:

11

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.

A12 INT. G-RIDE (ECHO PARK) - DAY

A12

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...

B12 INT. G-RIDE (SUNSET BOULEVARD) - DAY

B12

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:

B12

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

12

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)

12 CONTINUED:

12

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:

13 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

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)

13 CONTINUED:

13

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)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

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)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

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)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

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:

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

14

East on Sunset. Jake senses he passed a test. Alonzo smiling at him. Alonzo offers him a cigarette. Jake accepts.

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)

14 CONTINUED:

14

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)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ALONZO

Mmmm-mmmm. 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.

A15 OMITTED

A15

B15 EXT. G-RIDE (MACARTHUR PARK) - MOVING - DAY

B15

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)

B15 CONTINUED:

B15

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

Running like a deer. He enters the alley. Sees a book bag on the ground -- A dumpster ahead. Jake rounds it. Fast.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

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 dives 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)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

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

Pussy-ass fool. Gonna see your ass again. Gonna fuck you up, bitch. Won't see shit coming. Creep like a ninja and crack your head open. Blow your house up. Punk-ass white boy. Now you in my world, motherfucker.

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

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

15

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:

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

16

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)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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, mummies 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)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

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)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

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:

17 EXT. CENTRAL AVE. AND SLAUSON - DAY

17

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:

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

18

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)

18 CONTINUED:

18

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)

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)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

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:

19 OMITTED
thru
21

19
thru
21

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

22

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)

22 CONTINUED:

22

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

23

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

A24 INT. WIG SHOP - DAY

A24

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)

A24 CONTINUED:

A24

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)

A24 CONTINUED: (2)

A24

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:

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

24

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?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

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.

25 EXT. SANDMAN'S STREET - DAY

25

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)

25 CONTINUED:

25

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.

26 EXT. SANDMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

26

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)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Silence. Alonzo knocks again. Nods at Jake.

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.

27 INT. SANDMAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

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)

27 CONTINUED:

27

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)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

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'all's 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:

28

EXT. SANDMAN'S STREET - DAY

28

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 tear-asses 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 29

-- 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 30

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

Looking for narcotics activity. Scales. Baggies. Guns. Coke. Bud. Etcetera.

JAKE

Cash...?

ALONZO

Speak on it, son.

JAKE

She was screaming about money.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

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

Hoyt, man. Know what? You're alright. You are alright.

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)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

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.

31 OMITTED
thru
3731
thru
37

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

38

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.

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

39

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)

39

CONTINUED:

39

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)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

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.

40 EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - DAY

40

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.

41 EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

41

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)

41 CONTINUED:

41

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:

42 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

42

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)

42 CONTINUED:

42

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:

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

43

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)

Hey. Como esta, mijo? Te portas
bien? Esta creciendo, papasito.
(How are you, son? You're getting
big.)

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

CUT TO:

44

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

44

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)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Alonzo shoots a look at Jake.

ALONZO

Let's not talk about my family.

CUT TO:

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

45

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:

46 INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - BACK ROOM - DAY

46

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)

46

CONTINUED:

46

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)

46 CONTINUED: (1A)

46

JAKE

Pleased to meet you, sir.

Lou takes Alonzo's arm.

LOU

Have a seat, guy.

(CONTINUED)

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

Minimum. Bye-bye, toilet-licker.

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)

(CONTINUED)

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)

46 CONTINUED: (5)

46

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)

46 CONTINUED: (6)

46

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:

47 EXT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - DAY

47

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:

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

48

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)

48 CONTINUED:

48

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?

A beat. Jake smiles. Sounds good.

JAKE

Hell, yeah. I wanna piece.

ALONZO

Knew you would.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

49

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, heavysset 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)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

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:

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

50

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 --

51 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

51

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

52 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - DAY

52

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)

52 CONTINUED:

52

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

Drop what's in your hands. Before
zero. Five. Four. Three. Two.

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)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

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.

53 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

53

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:

54 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (10 MINUTES LATER)

54

Jake, Tim and Jeff haul a trash-bag-wrapped footlocker out of the hole.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

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)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

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:

55 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

55

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)

55 CONTINUED:

55

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 jumps back. A peal of laughter from Tim. Contagious giggles from the others. Roger gurgles. Jake stares wide-eyed at Alonzo.

JAKE

Holy shit!

Jake's shock elicits more giggles from the squad.

PAUL

Finish him.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

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)

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55

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)

Eleven forty-nine. Nine-nine-eight. Shots fired. Shots fired. Officer down. Fifty-nine fifty-one Baxter Street.

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)

55 CONTINUED: (5)

55

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.

(CONTINUED)

ALONZO

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)

55 CONTINUED: (7)

55

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-- Pfffffst! 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.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (8)

55

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:

56 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - LONG SHOT - DAY

56

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:

57 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - ALLEY - DAY

57

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)

57 CONTINUED:

57

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.

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

58

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 --

(CONTINUED)

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
violateur 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)

JAKE

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)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

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:

59 EXT. CESAR CHAVEZ BLVD. - SUNSET

59

The G-ride crosses the river into East L.A. General
Hospital looms ahead.

60 EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS - SUNSET

60

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

CUT TO:

61 INT. G-RIDE (SMILEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD) - MOVING - SUNSET 61

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:

62 EXT. SMILEY'S STREET - SUNSET 62

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.

63 EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

63

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 veterano 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:

64 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

64

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:

65 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SUNSET

65

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)

65 CONTINUED:

65

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)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

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)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

65

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

Three eighty stainless. Double
action. Nine round mag.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (4)

65

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)

65 CONTINUED: (5)

65

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.

SMILEY

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)

65 CONTINUED: (8)

65

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)

65 CONTINUED: (9)

65

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.

Smack! He slaps him. Everyone laughs. Smiley finishes,
panting.

SMILEY

There. Get him in the bathtub.

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

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (10) 65

SMILEY
Gotta fuck this vato up.

They run him out of the kitchen, Smiley follows.

66 OMITTED 66
& &
67 67

68 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 68

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.

Smiley nods. Moreno searches Jake's pockets, takes his wallet. Pockets forty bucks. Finds the Schoolgirl's pink change purse. Opens it, reacts.

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)

68 CONTINUED:

68

SMILEY

Pinchi... game... playing...
cop... where'd... you... get...
this?

JAKE

Get what? Get what? Oh, God.

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)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

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:

69 INT. LETTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

69

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)

69 CONTINUED:

69

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)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

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.

A70 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A70

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)

A70 CONTINUED:

A70

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:

70 EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

70

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)

70 CONTINUED:

70

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:

71 EXT./INT. MTA BUS - NIGHT

71

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:

72 EXT./INT. MTA BUS - NIGHT

72

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)

72 CONTINUED: 72

JAKE'S POV

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

CUT TO:

73 EXT. STREET (NEAR CUL-DE-SAC) - NIGHT 73

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:

74 EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT 74

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.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

The Gangster opens the gate for him. Jake climbs the stairs to Sara's apartment.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

75

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.

76 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

76

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)

76

CONTINUED:

76

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.

77

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

77

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)

77 CONTINUED:

77

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

Shhh, mijo. No llores. Ven aqui, mijo. Vente no llores. Escucha a tu papi.

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

ALONZO

Mijo. No, es malo. Es el cucuy. Te va a pegar. El cucuy, mijo. Quiere pegarle a tu mami. Vente, papasito.

(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.

A78 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A78

Jake scrambles into the bedroom, gun ready.

JAKE'S POV

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

CUT TO:

78 EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

78

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

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

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

79 EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT 79

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.

80 EXT. OTHER ROOFTOP - NIGHT 80

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 81
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 82
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.

The porch lights of two houses come on. Steel doors open. People tentatively step outside. Women and children, mothers with babies on their hips. Blue-collar fathers in shop uniforms. The Old Woman appears with two pretty girls. More porch lights come on.

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

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

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

Good. Now what? Gonna kill me? Gonna break your cherry with a cop? Ever done a little killin', Jake? Just stepped on some ants? Ain't easy. Do it clean, right here, Jake.

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)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

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

Sonofabitch. 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)

82 CONTINUED: (4)

82

JAKE

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

Jake smikes 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)

82 CONTINUED: (5) 82

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:

83 EXT. SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD - NIGHT 83

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

84 INT. G-RIDE (STREET NEAR LAX) - MOVING - NIGHT 84

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...

BRRRDDDDDDDT! 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.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

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:

85 INT. JAKE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 85

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:

86 EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 86

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)

86 CONTINUED:

86

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