

UNTITLED COPS SCRIPT

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INT. ULTRA COOL L.A. CLUB - NIGHT

An upscale bar filled with attractive people. Stunning women are everywhere.

TWO GORGEOUS GIRLS, mid 20s, sit alone at a tall cocktail table. They seem available, ready to be picked up by any guy with the stones to make a move. Across the bar, we find TWO 27 YEAR-OLD GUYS staring at them, awed.

JESSE is clean-cut and nice-looking in a boyish way, but has a timidity and self-consciousness to him. His best friend CHARLIE, sloppier and less self-aware, stands next to Jesse, coaching him.

CHARLIE

C'mon, you got this. Just walk over and say "hey, I'm Jesse."

JESSE

Why do I have to do this? Why can't you be the one to walk over and say hi?

CHARLIE

Because this isn't my issue, I'm not the one who's all timid and crippled from a year-old breakup. I'm also not afraid of hot ladies, I constantly do stuff like -

He turns to the NEAREST GIRL -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey gorgeous. Let's take a chance at love.

She rolls her eyes and turns away. Unfazed, Charlie turns back and continues -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

- which rarely works, but I'm not afraid to do it. C'mon, don't be intimidated by their beauty. Or theirs.

He nods to THE HANDSOME GUYS AROUND THEM - tall, model-esque studs who make Jesse and Charlie look like boys in a sea of men.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Any bar filled with hot girls is going to draw hot guys.

JESSE

Please don't call the guys "hot."

CHARLIE

(staring in awe)

What should I call them? Gorgeous?  
Stunning? Masculine sexuality  
personified?

Charlie realizes he's crushing Jesse's confidence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, they're not even here. It's  
just you and those girls. So get  
confident, remember that you are  
awesome, and do your thing.

Jesse steels himself, game face on, and starts to walk over.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Jesse -  
(as Jesse turns back)  
Relax. They're just people.  
What's the worst that could happen?

Jesse considers this and loosens up. Charlie's right.  
What's the worst that could happen?

Jesse approaches and stands at the girls' table.

JESSE

Hey there. I'm Jesse.

He smiles. The girls say nothing. They're not rude, they  
don't look away, they just... say nothing. An awkward beat.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Well. Guess I should have planned  
more than four words, huh? Not  
that I planned anything - I'm not  
one of those guys who rehearses  
what he's going to say to girls.

(a long, awkward beat)

Although maybe I should be, right?  
Because this is... not going well.

(chuckles, then)

Okay, let me start over. My name -

As he sets a hand on their tall table, it rocks - KNOCKING  
OVER THEIR FULL DRINKS.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Shit! Sorry, let me grab a -

No napkin in sight. With the liquid spreading, threatening to pour into their laps...

JESSE (CONT'D)

What the hell -

He puts both arms on the table and pulls the fluid toward himself, soaking his sleeves.

JESSE (CONT'D)

There. That was chivalrous, right?  
Sacrificed my own -

His arm passes over a candle - one of HIS SLEEVES CATCHES ON FIRE. Not an inferno, just a slow flame on his forearm.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Wow, look at that. What were you drinking, Red Bull and kerosene?  
Kidding. I should put this out.

He calmly pats the flame with his other sleeve - WHICH ALSO CATCHES ON FIRE. He stands there with two flaming forearms.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hmm. Probably should have seen that coming. Okay, I'm getting a little scared...

With no other ideas, Jesse pulls off his shirt and stamps out the flame. He's bare-chested.

JESSE (CONT'D)

There we go. Problem solved.  
(then, realizing)  
And I'm shirtless. So, yeah. This is me. This is what I'm working with. A perfect male specimen?  
Not exactly. I don't live at the gym. But I do have a membership, and I get there when I can.  
Actually, check this out -

As Jesse goes into an awkward bicep flex, we CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - LATER

Jesse is dejected and still wearing his half-burned shirt as the guys walk home in silence. Finally:

CHARLIE

I thought that went okay. Not perfect. But okay.

JESSE  
I caught on fire.

CHARLIE  
Like I said, not perfect.  
(then, upbeat)  
Don't worry buddy, I got a lot more  
action on the docket: pub crawls,  
ladies nights, a museum showing of  
18th Century Victorian art that'll  
be boring as shit but crawling with  
tail... I even got us invited to a  
costume party Friday.

JESSE  
(flat)  
Sounds thrilling.

They walk in silence for a beat. Then:

CHARLIE  
So you're keeping the shirt, huh?

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CUBICLE - MORNING

In his best suit and tie, Jesse paces, nervous as he quietly rehearses a presentation. As he runs through his speech, he references a professional looking presentation folder. A few additional copies sit on his desk.

JESSE  
In today's global economy, it's  
imperative for a company to  
incentivize and strategize...  
(checking notes)  
To strategize and incentivize its -

DAVE  
Big Dog! How they hanging? And by  
they, I am referring to your testi-  
cles.

DAVE, 28, leans against the cubicle entrance. He's a classic alpha male - slick, sharply dressed and brimming with ego.

JESSE  
Dave. Hey.

DAVE  
You ready for our presentations to  
the old farts?

JESSE

I think so. I feel good about the content of my report - I'm just a little nervous about reporting it.

DAVE

Let me peep your shit.

Jesse hands him a copy of his presentation folder. Dave looks over it, flipping through pages. He's impressed.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Damn, bro. This is legit. You'll be walking in there with a big stout cock. Only concern is getting the bitch wet enough to take it.

Dave chuckles. Jesse considers this, a bit disturbed.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You're up first today, and that room'll be ice cold. So how 'bout I help you out, shoulder the load?

JESSE

You'd want to present first?

DAVE

Hey, I don't want to have to follow this -

(holds up Jesse's folder)

And more importantly, I can prime the crowd. Get 'em all slick and slippery so you can slide on in.

JESSE

(disgusted)

Oh. Sure. Thanks.

DAVE

Sweet, bro. It's boner time.

He gives a cocky wink and exits. Jesse starts to gather his things - not realizing that Dave took the copy of his folder.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A DOZEN STUFFY SENIOR EXECUTIVES surround a board room table. Jesse and another Junior Guy sit against the wall, nervously awaiting their turn to talk.

## EXEC AT PODIUM

First up, we'll be hearing from  
 Jesse Stratton -  
 (then, off Dave's wave)  
 Excuse me, David Hemingway. David?

Dave takes the podium at the head of the room.

## DAVE

Morning Gents. You know, the other  
 day I was thinking, and it hit me:  
 In today's global economy, it's  
 imperative for a company to  
 strategize and incentivize...

Jesse looks up from his notes. Is that...? Is he...? And  
 the answer is yes to both - Dave is reading off Jesse's  
 folder, delivering Jesse's presentation.

Jesse is in shock. He's breathing heavily, sweating. How  
 can he stop this? What can he do? Should he raise a hand?  
 Shout out and interrupt? Run up to the podium and -

HUGE APPLAUSE. A standing ovation. Jesse looks up - it's  
 over. Dave gave the entire presentation as Jesse sat there.  
 Dave basks in the glory, shaking hands as he takes his seat.

## EXEC AT PODIUM

Thank you, David! That was... wow.  
 I would not want to have to follow  
 that.  
 (chuckles, then)  
 Next up, Jesse Stratton. Jesse?

Jesse is petrified as all eyes turn to him and stare...

## INT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - LATER

In a brightly lit building, Jesse relays his story to  
 Charlie.

## JESSE

And he launches right into my  
 presentation. Starts delivering it  
 right in front of me!

## CHARLIE

What a prick. So when you charged  
 the podium, how did you take him  
 out? Uppercut? Body slam? Or did  
 you just put a boot in his dick?

JESSE

Charlie, you may not realize this,  
but at most jobs it's a bad idea to  
put a boot in a co-worker's dick.  
I don't know how it is at your job.

Charlie turns to a PASSING GUY who pushes a cart -

CHARLIE

Hey Frank - what would you do if I  
stole your work?

PASSING GUY

Put a boot in your dick.

REVEAL we are at a PETCO PET STORE. Charlie is an employee.

CHARLIE

Well. There you have it.

JESSE

(still in disbelief)  
The guy humiliated me. And I just  
sat there.

Charlie continues his work, sprinkling food into cages.

CHARLIE

You need to sack up. Find your  
balls. Take a page from the  
hamsters.

(off Jesse's blank look)  
Hamsters are violent as fuck.

JESSE

I don't think that's a widely known  
piece of information.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah. Put a few adults together  
and it's carnage: severed arms,  
chewed off faces, stray eyeballs  
and rivers of fucking blood...

Charlie then realizes a YOUNG BOY AND GIRL at the hamster  
cages are listening to him. A beat. The boy starts to CRY.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(sotto to kids)  
Sorry. I'm Frank, if someone asks.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The guys walk home.

CHARLIE

What about getting revenge? I know a dude who works at an aquarium - I can get a barracuda.

JESSE

And do what with it?

CHARLIE

I don't know, put it in the guy's bath. Does he take baths?

JESSE

I have no idea. Even if he does, I think he'd notice a barracuda in his tub. And wouldn't a barracuda die in fresh water?

CHARLIE

So we'll get some salt -

JESSE

Okay, Charlie - stop. You're not getting it. It's over. There's nothing I can do.

CHARLIE

So you're just going to let him get away with it? That's insane!

JESSE

*That's* insane. You want me to go after him with a giant fish.

CHARLIE

A fish that would probably bite off his penis. It's a good plan.

Jesse ignores this. They walk in silence for a moment.

JESSE

Do you think I should call Kelly?

Charlie stops walking - he's so annoyed that he needs a moment to contain his frustration.

CHARLIE

And why would you do that, Jesse?

JESSE

Say hi. Maybe she'd want to get a coffee.

CHARLIE

Kelly. The girl who dumped you fourteen months ago. And in your, I don't know, nine attempts to reconnect, has told you: no, not interested, not happening, please stop calling, please stop texting, stay away from my house, why won't you leave me alone, and if you come any closer I'm calling my Uncle who works for the FBI. You think she might like to get coffee.

JESSE

(beat, small)

Or a scone, or something.

Charlie shakes his head, trying not to lose it.

CHARLIE

That's it. That is completely, officially *it*. Jesse, look at yourself - you're a giant pussy! A gaping, cavernous vagina! I can't take it anymore!

(then, determined)

I'm pulling you out of this rut. I don't know how, but mark my words, I am pulling you out - even if I have to drag you by the testicles.

JESSE

I'm a vagina with testicles?

CHARLIE

I mixed metaphors. But I stand by it.

Jesse just sighs and checks his watch.

JESSE

I should get home. Catch you later.

He starts walking in one direction as Charlie starts in the other.

CHARLIE

Night. Love you.

Jesse stops and looks back at Charlie... and starts laughing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

One of these days you're going to say it back. I know it.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - THE NEXT DAY

Jesse sits at his desk and mindlessly types into a boring spreadsheet on his computer.

After a moment, he checks to be sure no one is looking and opens a FACEBOOK PAGE. He clicks to a group of pictures.

WE ANGLE ON: PHOTOS of Jesse with a cute girl, smiling and happy - but these pictures are at least a year old. He stares at them wistfully, memories of a happier time...

Dave enters and launches right into:

DAVE

Okay, here's the sitch. I -  
(then, off the computer)  
Who's that chick? Your sister?

Jesse closes the page, caught.

JESSE

Just... nobody.

DAVE

Not bad. I'd stick her.  
(then, back to it)  
Listen, bro - yesterday, I got a little carried away. I was so jazzed about your presentation that I went ahead and delivered it myself. But stepping on your toes like that, it was...  
(steels himself, then)  
Not the coolest thing I've ever done.

He sighs, then holds his hands out - so there you have it.

JESSE

Uh... thanks?

DAVE

You're welcome. To be honest, I did you a favor. That promotion they gave me? You did not want it, bro.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I mean yeah, it's a shitload more money. Pretty sweet office, and my assistant's hot as fuck - but it's a lot of pressure. And you can't handle that, you know? This cubicle stuff here, papers and folders and shit? That's your jam. You're a wizard at that crap. So I'm not looking for a big thank you or anything, I just want you to know I got your back. Cool?

Jesse glares at him, wanting to say so many things, but:

JESSE

Cool.

DAVE

Sweet titties, bro. Keep rockin'.

Dave gives an obnoxious wink and walks off. Jesse sits in silence, feeling like the world's biggest loser.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jesse sits in front of the TV, but only half pays attention as he eats a frozen pizza. The TV is on a local news channel:

TV NEWSCASTER

...the third murder of an alleged crime boss in as many weeks. Police say they have no suspects.

There's a BANG BANG BANG at the apartment door.

As Jesse gets up to answer it, we HOLD ON THE TV.

ONSCREEN: A 50ish man speaks with reporters. A caption below reads KENT MCNULTY, CHIEF OF POLICE.

CHIEF MCNULTY (ON TV)

We're doing all we can. But the simple fact is, a murder in the world of organized crime makes for a very difficult investigation...

Jesse reaches the door. Right as he cracks it open, Charlie - DRESSED AS AN LAPD OFFICER - blows in with authority.

CHARLIE

Sir, we've had complaints of loud squishing and grunting sounds, as if someone was violently masturbating with honey butter. You mind if I take a look around?

JESSE

What the hell is this?

CHARLIE

Cop uniform.

Charlie turns and grins proudly. His uniform looks 100% authentic. From boots to badge to a black utility belt with baton and real-looking gun, Charlie is a legit Cop.

JESSE

That looks completely real. Where did you get it?

CHARLIE

You know my friend who works at the TV studio? It's from their wardrobe department - this is the same shit they wear on Law & Order. I'm only missing one accessory: a *partner*.

From behind his back, Charlie presents a SECOND POLICE UNIFORM. Off Jesse's confused look:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's Friday. Costume party.

JESSE

Right. Forgot. Look, Charlie, I appreciate that you're trying to get me back out there, but a costume party? We're not twelve.

CHARLIE

Do you not realize what "costume party" is? It's code for "ladies, put on something slutty and let's get nuts." We're talking about a parade of tight skirts and slut-boots, garter belts and hosiery, tiny blouses struggling to restrain the monstrous breasts crammed therein. And tonight, you're not Jesse Stratton -

(dangling the uniform)

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 You're Officer Rick Hugeballs,  
 certified badass. The ladies are  
 waiting, Officer. Time to cop up.

Jesse stares at the uniform, considering, and as RAUCOUS  
 PARTY MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY, WE...

CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP ON A STUNNING GIRL: long legs, tiny skirt, giant  
 breasts in green overalls, sexy braided pigtails... she's  
 amazing, a perfect match for The St. Pauli girl...

INT. APARTMENT COSTUME PARTY - NIGHT

WHERE WE REVEAL that she is the St. Pauli Girl - or more  
 specifically, a cardboard bar standee of a model for St.  
 Pauli beer. It's the only attractive thing in the apartment.

This party *sucks*. Twenty guys compete for the attention of  
 three homely girls dressed in wildly un-sexy Hobbit costumes.

To the side of the party, Jesse glares at Charlie, annoyed.

CHARLIE  
 Did I oversell it? Feel like I  
 oversold it.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Jesse and Charlie walk home in their Cop Uniforms, dejected.

CHARLIE  
 Okay, I'll admit: that was less  
 erotic than I was expecting.

JESSE  
 That was less erotic than  
 hemorrhoids.

CHARLIE  
 Hey, what are hemorrhoids? I know  
 they're bad and you get 'em on your  
 ass, but... what are they?

JESSE  
 Probably not worth getting into.

CHARLIE  
 I'm sorry the party sucked. But it  
 was worth a shot.  
 (MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It takes effort to meet girls.  
They don't just magically -

GIRL (O.S.)  
Hey, guys!

They turn. THREE GIRLS - very, very attractive girls - wave from across the street. Baffled by this, Jesse and Charlie point to themselves: *us?* The girl smiles.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
Yes, you. C'mere.

Thrilled, the guys hurry over, speed-walking with excitement. Charlie realizes and whispers:

CHARLIE  
Shit, we're going too fast! We  
look overeager.

They pull back, and begin taking slow, oddly casual steps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Shit, that was a weird transition.  
We look crazy.  
(then)  
Fuck it, just walk.

The guys arrive at the outdoor bar patio where the three stunning girls sit, and instantly shift into cool-guy mode.

JESSE/CHARLIE  
Hey there. / 'Sup.

GIRL  
Hey. What are you guys up to?

JESSE  
Friday night, what else? Partyin'.

CHARLIE  
Partyin' our dicks off.

JESSE  
Smokin' this, drinkin' that...

CHARLIE  
It's *all* good.

The three girls give a confused look.

GIRL  
Oh. Because we think my friend's  
purse was stolen.

She nods to a fourth friend who quietly sobs a few feet away.

Jesse and Charlie are silent for a beat, confused. Jesse then looks to their uniforms and realizes:

JESSE

Oh! And here we are looking exactly like Cops. But actually, we're not -

CHARLIE

(quickly)

Too busy to help. Not too busy at all.

Charlie walks to the Crying Girl and puts an arm around her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, shhh... we'll find the sonofabitch who did this. I swear it.

Jesse watches in disbelief as Charlie hugs and holds her.

MOMENTS LATER:

Charlie scribbles into a small notepad, then flips it shut - a tough cop getting the facts.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the info. We'll call you if we find something. We may also call if we don't.

GIRL

Thanks Officers. It's good to know you're out there protecting us.

CHARLIE

Just doing our job, ma'am.

Charlie initiates another hug, and somehow it catches on - soon Charlie and Jesse are hugging all four girls.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You ladies stay safe.

Charlie tips his hat, and he and Jesse turn and walk off. As they go, they share a look... it becomes a grin, then...

SMASH TO:

Two pair of shiny black boots. Over SUPER BAD-ASS MUSIC they march in perfect step.

WE TILT UP ON dark pants, dark blue shirts and shiny badges. OFFICER JESSE and OFFICER CHARLIE walk tall, their faces tough and intense. Pedestrians are quick to step out of their way as they move. Right now, THEY ARE COPS.

AN OBNOXIOUS SKATEBOARDING TEEN zips down the sidewalk, heading toward them - Charlie HIP CHECKS HIM INTO A WALL.

MONTAGE:

- Officers Jesse and Charlie, in full bad-ass mode, sip beers and talk confidently to a SEXY BARTENDER.

JESSE

I wouldn't say I don't fear death.  
Other people say that about me.

- The guys take turns trying to slide across the hood of a car like TV Cops - failing in a variety of painful ways.

- At a different bar, to a different SEXY BARTENDER:

CHARLIE

Yeah, it was Christmas Eve, but that skyscraper was filled with terrorists. I had to stop them.

- The guys talk to a GROUP OF TEENS ON BIKES.

JESSE

Stay away from drugs. They'll ruin your life. Well - not pot, that's okay.

CHARLIE

And you should at least try ecstasy. See what all the fuss is about.

- Officer Charlie stands at a parked convertible sports car - the BEAUTIFUL FEMALE DRIVER, LATE 30s, looks worried as he examines her driver's license.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You blew through the stop sign, but your real crime is lying - calling yourself 38 when you're clearly 24.

The female driver smiles shyly.

- Jesse talks with a GROUP OF HOT DRUNK GIRLS:

HOT DRUNK GIRL

Hey Officer, can my friend take a picture of you putting me in cuffs?

JESSE

I don't know, that may be against regulations. Charlie?

REVEAL Charlie, posing for a picture: One of the girls is on her knees, pretending to scream as Charlie presses his gun to her temple and makes an angry face. Off Jesse's question:

CHARLIE

Hmm?

- A 19 YEAR OLD KID nervously hurries out of a grocery store with two cases of beer. He suddenly RUNS SMACK INTO TWO COPS. Charlie shakes his head - tsk tsk - takes one of the two cases... and the Cops walk off. The kid is shocked.

- TWO CUTE GIRLS scribble their phone numbers for the guys.

CUTE GIRL

I've never gone out with a Cop before.

JESSE

Well, you know what they say: Once you go Cop, you never... um...  
(he's got nothing)  
We're very fun.

- Jesse and Charlie are laughing as they turn a corner and suddenly - bump into TWO REAL LAPD OFFICERS. The guys freeze. The Officers stare them down for a tense beat, then:

LAPD OFFICERS

Evening fellas.

JESSE

Uh, evening. Fellas.

The Officers walk off. Charlie and Jesse exchange a look - *we're invincible*.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The guys walk home, elated. Charlie is wasted, holding a beer in one hand and carrying a case in the other.

JESSE

That was unbelievable! Free dinner, eight phone numbers, everyone in town kissing our ass...

CHARLIE

Dude, Cops are the tits! We should do this every day, and every night, forever. From this day on -  
(suddenly GASPS)  
*I have an idea.*

He stops in his tracks, dropping the case of beer. He's wide-eyed, almost dumbstruck by the genius of his plan.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is... it's the greatest idea I've ever had. It's so brilliant it's making me dizzy.  
(chugs his beer, then)  
C'mon!

Charlie darts off. Confused, Jesse slowly follows him to...

EXT. JESSE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie stands at the passenger side of the car, giddy.

JESSE

Why are you standing at my car?

CHARLIE

The idea! We have to drive there!

JESSE

We have to drive?

CHARLIE

Okay, you do. Look, don't argue. Don't think. Just go, go with the genius. Let it take you. Open up, get in. C'mon. Let's go. Let's ride...

Charlie is completely amped. Jesse sighs, annoyed as he reluctantly hits the power locks to open his car. We -

CUT TO:

A FIST knocking on a door, slowly, authoritatively.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

DAVE - Jesse's co-worker - opens the door. A look of concern comes over his face and he subconsciously stands up straight.

DAVE  
Uh, hi. Officer.

OFFICER CHARLIE stands on his doorstep. He's in tough cop mode, his eyes intense, his face deathly serious.

CHARLIE  
David Hemingway?

DAVE  
Yes sir?

CHARLIE  
You mind if I come in? I got a few questions.

Dave hesitates, confused at the request, not sure what to say...

INT. JESSE'S PARKED CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse sits at the wheel of the car. The passenger door soon opens and Charlie hops in.

JESSE  
What happened? Was he there? What did you do?

CHARLIE  
Well, I went in his apartment. And I sort of... tossed it.

JESSE  
You... tossed it?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. I... tossed it.

FLASHBACK TO CHARLIE AT DAVE'S APARTMENT:

Charlie summons Samuel L Jackson as he rages through Dave's apartment, flipping over furniture, ripping down bookcases...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
*Where are the drugs you mother fucker?! I want the fucking drugs right now you piece of shit!*

DAVE  
 (terrified)  
 Please, I don't know what you mean!  
 You must have the wrong -

Charlie turns and violently SHOVES Dave over a table, then continues trashing the apartment.

BACK TO JESSE AND CHARLIE:

Charlie grins a huge shit-eating grin. Jesse's jaw hangs open in shock - but slowly the shock turns to a smile, then a giggle, then he BUSTS OUT LAUGHING. Both guys laugh hysterically now, tears streaming down.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LATER

Jesse drives. Both guys still laugh as Charlie recounts:

CHARLIE  
 You should have seen his face! I  
 thought he was gonna cry!  
 (impersonating)  
*Please, there are no drugs! Why  
 are you kicking a hole in my TV?!*

Suddenly, they pull up to a HUGE TRAFFIC JAM.

JESSE  
 What the hell? Traffic this late?

It stretches out in every direction. Jesse makes a quick turn to bypass it - and they hit TOTAL GRIDLOCK. A hundred cars, completely stuck. Even for LA, this is weird.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
 What's going on? I don't see an  
 accident. No construction.

CHARLIE  
 (shifting in his seat)  
 Uh-oh. I gotta empty the tank.  
 (an uncomfortable beat)  
 Hey, is it cool if -

JESSE  
 No, it isn't cool if you pull your  
 dick out in the front seat of my  
 car and try to fit a bladder-full  
 of piss into an empty beer bottle.

CHARLIE  
 (a beat)  
 The back seat?

Jesse just glares back - not happening. Charlie squirms as he surveys the surrounding area. No other choice.

EXT. JESSE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie walks to the closest bush. But before he starts to go, he peeks over his shoulder to be sure no one is watching - and spots a 5-year-old kid in a nearby car, staring at him.

CHARLIE  
 Oh, c'mon. What the hell, kid?

Charlie tries to pee anyway. He can't. He looks back at the kid - he's still staring. Charlie tries again... focusing...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Dammit!

But can't make it happen. He zips up and walks away, giving the kid a middle finger as he walks off. He angrily mouths:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you, kid! You creepy little  
 shit! Fuck! Y-

Charlie isn't paying attention as he turns a corner, and -  
 CHAOS.

Flashing lights, police cars everywhere. At least TWO DOZEN LAPD OFFICERS are in action, and a huge spotlight shines on a nearby building. This is the cause of the traffic jam.

It's a massive raid - the police have stormed a building and haul out COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF THUGS. The situation is still volatile as thugs fight back. The officers are overwhelmed.

Three Officers struggle with A HANDCUFFED FELON. One of the Cops CRACKS HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH A BATON, KNOCKING HIM OUT. Charlie watches this, stunned. Suddenly -

POLICE OFFICER  
 Officer! Hey! Get over here!  
 Yes, you! Get the fuck over here!

In a daze, Charlie slowly approaches the Officer, who holds up the passed out thug.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

This thing's out of control! They had twice the numbers we thought and the fucking wagon's nowhere in sight! Get this guy to county, we'll sort 'em out later!

He shoves the dazed felon to Charlie - Charlie catches him as the Officer sprints off. He looks to his captive: tall, muscular, dark goatee. Charlie just stands there, terrified.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse sits in traffic when the back door opens. Someone is thrown in. Then Charlie gets in the front. Confused, Jesse looks to Charlie, who stares off blankly, glazed over - then to the back. A mean-looking guy is passed out on the seat.

JESSE

Dude. What - what did you do? Who is that? Charlie?

CHARLIE

(mumbling, spaced out)  
S'outta control. Twice the numbers we thought.

JESSE

What are you talking about? Who -

A CAR HORN BLARES from behind. The civilian traffic is moving as a fresh crop of police cars arrive from the rear. A police car is right behind us, lights flashing.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

Move your vehicle immediately! Get out of the way! Now!

JESSE

Charlie, what's going -

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

*Get out of the fucking way!*

Jesse pulls forward, and soon he's moving, nowhere to pull over and figure this out.

JESSE

What's happening?!

MOMENTS LATER:

The car is stopped on the side of a quiet side street. The guys stand outside. Eyes closed, Charlie grins in ecstasy as he finally UNLEASHES A MASSIVE FLOOD OF PISS.

CHARLIE

I don't know, man. He just told me to take the guy.

JESSE

So you did?!

CHARLIE

Dude, it was total chaos. Bad guys swinging, pissed-off cop screaming... I panicked.

JESSE

Charlie, you took a police captive and put him in my car! You took a felon and threw him in my backseat!

CHARLIE

Yes I did. Sorry.

JESSE

Okay, we have to call the police.

CHARLIE

And tell them we've been running around town, impersonating Cops for the last four hours? No thanks.

JESSE

So what the hell do we do?

CHARLIE

(thinks, then)

Let's take him in. We can drive to the nearest police station, shove him through the door and duck out before anyone can question us. We made a mistake, but that fixes it.

JESSE

"We" made a mistake. That's the word you're using.

CHARLIE

C'mon, the guy's unconscious and handcuffed, how hard can it be?

Jesse considers this, but gets distracted as he realizes Charlie is still peeing.

JESSE  
Dude, that's incredible.

CHARLIE  
I know, right?  
(then, looking down)  
Those ants are not gonna be happy.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse is rigid and nervous as he drives. The felon is still sprawled out in the back seat, eyes closed.

CHARLIE  
Okay, true or false: this is a little bit cool.

JESSE  
False. Big, resounding false.

Slowly, we notice the FELON'S EYES BEGINNING TO TWITCH...

CHARLIE  
You're crazy. We're taking a bad guy to jail - that's real Cop stuff! Think about it, that piece of shit back there? That filthy fuck?

THE FELON SITS UP IN THE BACK SEAT. Awake. He looks around, groggy, no idea where he is.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
We're getting this low-life asshole off the street. The city will be safer once we deliver this dirty no-good cock-

Sensing something, Charlie turns - and sees THE FULLY AWAKE FELON STARING RIGHT BACK AT HIM. Charlie is frozen.

JESSE  
Cock... Sucker? Smoker? Holster, is that it? Is he a cock holster? Charlie?

Off Charlie's silence, Jesse peeks in his rearview mirror - AND LOCKS EYES WITH THE FELON. Before Jesse can even gasp, the felon LIFTS HIS LEGS AND WRAPS THEM AROUND JESSE'S NECK.

CHARLIE  
Whoa! No! Stop it!

As Jesse struggles, his flailing legs hit the gas - the car lurches ahead, swerving. Charlie tries to break the felon's leg-lock choke-hold.

JESSE  
Get... him... off!

CHARLIE  
I'm trying, his legs are like  
pythons! Okay, that does it!

He grabs the nearest weapon he can find - A ROLLED UP  
MAGAZINE - and repeatedly smacks the felon over the head:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
No! Bad! Stop it!

JESSE  
Charlie... dying...

CHARLIE  
(as he keeps whacking)  
I got a Men's Health Magazine,  
Jesse, I'm doing the best I can!

Charlie then spots the felon's exposed ankle flesh. What the hell: HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND BITES, LATCHING ON LIKE A PIT BULL. The felon CRIES OUT, squeezing Jesse tighter.

Jesse's eyes roll back into his head. The CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE.

EXT. QUIET ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

All three guys are motionless, dazed. Gradually, the felon - still cuffed - inches to the door and finds the handle. A second later he's out. Jesse and Charlie come to, stunned.

Charlie unbuckles his seat belt and opens the door.

JESSE  
What are you doing?

CHARLIE  
Going after him.

JESSE  
Are you crazy?

CHARLIE  
Jesse, we just set a criminal free!  
What if he goes and hurts somebody?  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
That's on us, we fucked up. We  
have to fix it.

Charlie steels himself, then SPRINTS OFF. A beat.

JESSE  
I object to this abuse of the word  
WE!  
(then)  
Oh man...

And Jesse reluctantly steps out of the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES - MOMENTS LATER

The felon runs, stumbling, limited by his hands cuffed behind his back. Charlie sprints after him, with Jesse bringing up the rear.

Jesse catches up to Charlie, and they're running in step - a real pursuit, like real Cops. They share a look: this is incredible!

CHARLIE  
Stop! Police!

JESSE  
Freeze, asshole! LAPD!

They chase the felon through a row of backyards, jumping over fences, sandboxes and picnic tables. Dogs bark, homeowners and their families watch on in shock.

The felon is fast, but with each stumble the Officers gain ground - in a semi-remote area, a quiet patch between neighborhoods, they finally catch up and TACKLE THE FELON FROM BEHIND. All three guys go sprawling to the ground.

Slowly they get to their feet and face each other, panting. A long, silent beat. Jesse looks to Charlie: what now? Charlie looks back: I'm not sure. Finally:

CHARLIE  
You're under arrest.

FELON  
I was already under arrest.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, well... you still are.

The Felon curiously looks them over. Then, to Jesse:

FELON  
You're not a Cop.

JESSE  
Hey, why did you single me out?

FELON  
Turn around and go home. Or stay  
here and get fucked up.

JESSE/CHARLIE  
Yessir, turning. / *Bring it.*

Jesse looks to Charlie - what the hell are you doing?!

CHARLIE  
(to Jesse, sotto)  
It's cool, we got this. He's just  
making threats 'cause he knows we  
can take him. We'll come at him  
from different angles, okay? When  
I charge, you charge. Got it?

Jesse reluctantly nods, and they begin to slowly approach the  
waiting felon. As they close in, Jesse keeps a careful eye  
on Charlie...

Charlie HEAD FAKES - but doesn't go. Off the fake, JESSE  
CHARGES, barrelling ahead full speed. The felon swiftly  
kicks him in the gut. Jesse drops to the ground.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh... shoot. Jesse? You okay?

JESSE  
(rolling in agony)  
What... the fuck... Charlie...

CHARLIE  
I am so sorry, I was trying to head-  
fake and I sort of... flinched.  
That's on me, Partner. Seriously.

FELON  
One down.

The felon grins. Charlie glares at the smirking felon. He's  
pissed. He scans the area, spots an old 2x4 and grabs it.

CHARLIE  
Okay, dick fuck. Let's do this.

Charlie closes in, swinging at him with the 2x4.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That's right. Who's tough now?  
And this is just the rain, asshole -  
you're about to get the thunder.

He raises the 2x4 high in the air - and the felon explodes, charging his shoulder into Charlie's mid-section. Charlie goes flying and lands on his back.

FELON

Was that the thunder? 'Cause I  
wasn't sure if -

Jesse NAILS HIM, tackling him to the ground. As they wrestle in the dirt, Charlie finds an old beer bottle and SMASHES it over the felon's head. The felon rolls onto his back, dazed.

CHARLIE

Actually, that was the thun-

The felon sweeps Charlie's legs. Charlie goes down again. The felon LEAPS TO HIS FEET and turns, looking for Jesse -

WHACK! Jesse catches him with a 2x4 to the face. The felon goes down. He's out. A long beat, and they slowly realize:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit... we did it. We did it!

JESSE

Hell yeah! We whooped his ass!

CHARLIE

Whooped it good!  
(they hi-five, then)  
When we tell this story, let's not  
mention that he was in handcuffs.

JESSE

Yeah, definitely not.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - RAID SITE - NIGHT

Police finally have the situation contained. An unmarked police car screeches up and a tough-looking 50ish man in a suit, Gary Oldman-esque, steps out. CHIEF McNULTY - the man from the TV interview - storms over to a Senior Officer.

SENIOR OFFICER

(instantly worried)  
Chief McNulty! Evening, Sir. Glad  
you're here. We, uh -

CHIEF MCNULTY

Fucked up. You were told not to move until I arrived.

SENIOR OFFICER

Sir, we were taking position around the building, and someone inside must have spotted us. We saw activity, they were mobilizing. I made the call to move in.

The Chief glares at him, then moves to check out the felons. He looks them over, then marches back to the Senior Officer.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Where are the rest?

SENIOR OFFICER

Sir? Everyone we grabbed is here, or they've been shipped to County -

CHIEF MCNULTY

I just spoke to County. The man I want isn't there.

McNulty holds up a PHOTO: a mug shot of the felon Charlie tossed in Jesse's car. He walks down a line of officers, showing the photo.

CHIEF MCNULTY (CONT'D)

We got a tip from inside, we know he was in the building. So where is he?

YOUNG OFFICER

(timidly)

Sir? I saw him.

The Chief marches over to the Young Officer, the Cop who handed the felon to Charlie. He seems intimidated, a rookie.

YOUNG OFFICER (CONT'D)

I cuffed him myself. I put him in the custody of the other Officer...

(looking for Charlie,  
worried)

But... I don't see -

CHIEF MCNULTY

*Where the fuck is this man?!*

The Chief is red-faced, furious.

EXT. DARK, QUIET AREA OF LOS ANGELES - LATER

The guys finish tying a dirty old rope around the groggy felon's legs.

JESSE

You ready to do this?

CHARLIE

Let's take out the trash. Or - take it in. That didn't work, but, yes.

The felon is dazed, but still conscious. As they start to drag him away, he's slowly coming to, realizing where he is.

FELON

Wait... stop... you can't take me to the Cops... they'll kill me.

CHARLIE

Yeah, they'll mess you up alright. Might whip your ass even worse than we did.

FELON

No. Not like that. Literally killed. Shot in the head, dead.

Jesse and Charlie stop, thrown by this.

FELON (CONT'D)

You don't know what you stumbled onto tonight. That wasn't just a raid on some thugs. It was a massive operation to get one man - me. Because I know something I'm not supposed to know. Something the Cops can't allow to get out. And they'll kill me to keep it quiet.

Charlie GASPS. He's fully sold.

CHARLIE

How can we help?

JESSE

Charlie! Don't be an idiot, he's full of shit. We're not helping him.

FELON

Actually, you are.

JESSE

Actually, we're not. You're not calling the shot-

FELON

(forceful)

I am now. Because if you don't do exactly as I say I'll make sure all my nastiest pals know I was turned in by Jesse Stratton, a junior analyst at Wilson and Stern who drives a shitty Ford Taurus, supports the Sierra Club, and sleeps alone in Unit 209 of the Fairview Apartments on Wilshire Boulevard.

The felon lets this sink in for Jesse.

FELON (CONT'D)

Now let's loosen this rope, partners.

EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

They drive through a dark, scary row of abandoned homes. Jesse glares ahead, pissed. Charlie leans over the backseat, enthralled by everything about his new friend COLIN.

CHARLIE

Colin, how did you know that stuff about Jesse? Where he lives, where he works?

COLIN

There's a lot of mail back here.

CHARLIE

Dude... you're fucking smart. But how did you know he slept alone?

COLIN

Just assumed.

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Nice! You're right, he gets like, zero ass.

(off Jesse's look)

Just making conversation.

(then back to Colin)

So why do the Cops want to kill you?

## FELON

The last few years I've been employed by a... businessman. A criminal businessman. Kevin Best. He controls a lot of activity in town - just not as much as he'd like. A month ago he hooked up with a new partner and began systematically eliminating his competition. That partner is the Chief of the LAPD. They're using Cops as a private hit squad, cleaning up the streets with executions. And I can prove it.

## CHARLIE

(staring, awed)  
Your five o'clock shadow is like, off-the-charts cool. Do you use an electric or a blade?

## EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse's car sits in front of an abandoned one-story house. It's falling apart, all broken windows and rotted wood.

Jesse and Charlie exit the car. Jesse opens the back door for Colin, and as Colin gets out and stands, he and Jesse share a long, tense stare.

Colin walks to the house with Charlie following, but Jesse stops - something is wrong with his car.

## CHARLIE

You coming?

## JESSE

(crouching at a tire)  
Go ahead, I'll be right there.

At the door, Charlie gets a serious look, then dramatically KICKS it open. He draws his gun and disappears inside.

## CHARLIE (O.S.)

Police! Get down! Do it now!  
I'll blow your fucking head off!  
(then, poking head out)  
Just kidding. There's no one here.

Colin rolls his eyes and follows Charlie in. The second they're inside, Jesse takes out his cell phone and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911 Operator.

JESSE  
(quietly)  
I need to talk to the LAPD.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The place is old, wet and rotten. Colin nods to a corner that's obstructed by wood and trash.

COLIN  
There. Under the floorboards.  
Third one from the left.

Charlie looks at the spot. He'll be putting himself in a vulnerable position. He hesitates, then turns back:

CHARLIE  
I want to get something straight,  
Colin: I've taken your story at  
face value. Accepted your words as  
truth, because I trust you and I  
want to help you. So if I get down  
to reach that board and you ambush  
me... if you smash my face into the  
wall, or kick a shard of wood in my  
gut and rupture my spleen... I'm  
going to be very disappointed in  
you.

COLIN  
Noted.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse speaks quietly but urgently into his cell phone.

JESSE  
He threatened me into bringing him  
here. Says he has a tape tying the  
Chief of Police to a murder scheme  
or something... I don't trust this  
guy, I just want him taken in.

INTERCUT TO:

Jesse has been connected to CHIEF MCNULTY. Still at the scene of the raid, he listens to Jesse while communicating something to a Cop in a parked patrol car. Into phone:

CHIEF MCNULTY

You were smart to call us, Jesse.  
Our officers on the way.

The Chief hangs up his phone and thinks a moment. The Cop in the patrol car looks up to him.

OFFICER

Sir? The officers you requested are three miles from this address. But we have a patrol car in the vicinity. Should I send them?

CHIEF MCNULTY

No, don't send anyone else. I need the right men on this.

The Chief walks off. The Officer watches him go, confused.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse enters - and finds Charlie standing behind Colin, trying to help him squeeze out of his cuffs.

JESSE

What the hell are you doing?!

CHARLIE

Trying to get his cuffs off. That tape's a fascinating listen, check it out.

Charlie nods to a table. Jesse walks over and sees a micro cassette tape recorder. He hits play, and we hear:

MAN 1 (ON TAPE)

...take out Martinez next. Once people know he's gone his business will start flowing to me -

MAN 2 (ON TAPE)

Already on it. We got one of his guys to roll over, he's getting us access to Martinez' home tonight...

CHARLIE

That's the head of the LAPD getting a hit list from a crime boss! They've got police executing people and getting paid a shitload for it.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Colin was about to turn that over  
 to a federal judge - the Cops won't  
 hesitate to kill him, and anyone  
 else who knows about this!

Jesse suddenly feels panicked and nauseous.

JESSE  
 Hey, let's uh... we should leave.

CHARLIE  
 What is it?

JESSE  
 Nothing, just - we should go. Now.

CHARLIE  
 Why? What's going on?

COLIN  
 He just called the police.

CHARLIE  
 No he didn't, Jesse wouldn't go  
 behind my back. We're Partners.  
 And Partners always -

Then they hear it - A SIREN APPROACHING. Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Dick move, dude. Dick move.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As they sprint to Jesse's car, Charlie shouts, livid -

CHARLIE  
 I can't believe you! I don't know  
 if I'll ever forgive you for this!  
 That was a betrayal of staggering -

Charlie slides across the hood of Jesse's car - and  
 BEAUTIFULLY STICKS THE LANDING. He's stunned. And thrilled:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Holy shit! Did you see that,  
 Jesse?! I fucking nailed it!

COLIN  
 Way to hold a grudge.

MOMENTS LATER:

Jesse drives slowly through the dark stretch of abandoned homes. Oddly, the sirens are gone. It's eerily calm.

CHARLIE

Did we lose them? I think we lost them. Hot damn, I think we -

SUDDENLY a police car pulls right in front of them, blocking their path - Jesse slams hard on the brakes and Charlie's face SMACKS HARD INTO THE DASHBOARD.

MOMENTS LATER:

Jesse and Charlie walk side by side in a dark field, staring off into the distance. Charlie has an introspective look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Funny, I can't recall the last time I looked up at the stars. So magnificent, and yet, we take them for granted. Kinda like friendship.

(a long beat)

You know I love you, right?

JESSE

Don't do that. You're so weird.

CHARLIE

You're weird. Three words, and you can't say them. Even now, when we're about to die.

JESSE

You don't know that for sure.

CHARLIE

Sir? Are we about to die?

REVEAL A BIG POLICE OFFICER walking behind them, gun in hand. They're in a dark, secluded area behind the abandoned homes.

OFFICER 1

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Told you.

INT. PARKED POLICE CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Still at the row of abandoned homes, Colin sits helplessly in the back of a parked patrol car. Officer 2 - an African-American Cop - sits in the front seat, smoking a cigarette.

OFFICER 2

Colin, Colin, Colin. You thought you were gonna get away with this. Didn't you?

COLIN

Obviously yes. Why else would I have done it?

OFFICER 2

(a beat, stumped)  
Colin, Colin, Colin.

EXT. DARK AREA BEHIND ABANDONED HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Jesse and Charlie continue to march at gunpoint.

CHARLIE

Maybe you weren't hugged as a baby, I don't know. I wasn't there.

JESSE

What is wrong with you?! How are you talking about this right now?

CHARLIE

I bet this guy tells his Partner he loves him. And he's a dirty Cop.

OFFICER 1

Hey - I don't care for that term.

CHARLIE

I apologize, is there something more P.C.?

OFFICER 1

Shut up. Stop here. Think this is far enough from the neighbors.

They stop walking. The Cop COCKS HIS GUN and looks around, making sure there are no witnesses.

JESSE

Oh my God. This is it. We're going to die.

CHARLIE

And yet you still can't say it. Unbelievable.

(to the Cop)

Sir?

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Back me up here, do you love your  
 Partner? You're about to kill us,  
 so we won't tell anyone.

OFFICER 1  
 (an annoyed sigh)  
 Yes. Okay? I love my partner.

CHARLIE  
 Ha! See? He loves his Partner!

JESSE  
 Charlie, he's about to shoot us!

CHARLIE  
 Then you better start talking!

Jesse is baffled. And Charlie is oddly irate, getting in his  
 face. The Cop is also perplexed, moving to shut Charlie up -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Okay, fine! If you can't say it  
 even now? When we're about to die?  
 Then I want to be shot! Because I  
 don't want to live in a world where  
 my best friend can't even -

WHACK! In one lightning-quick motion, CHARLIE WHIPS THE  
 BATON OFF HIS BELT AND CRACKS THE COP ACROSS THE FACE.

The Cop hits the ground. Out. Jesse is stunned.

JESSE  
 Holy shit! Charlie, that was  
 awesome!

CHARLIE  
 Sun-Tzu once said, "war is  
 deception. We are most able to  
 attack when we appear unable."

He leans down to grab the COP'S GUN, then:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Seriously, why can't you say it?

INT. PARKED POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Officer 2 continues to taunt Colin.

OFFICER 2  
 McNulty will be here soon. And  
 he's gonna dice your ass up.  
 (MORE)

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

Then fillet it. Then toss it in a pan and flambe that sh-

CHARLIE

We get it, you have the Food Network, shut up.

Charlie leans in the window, A GUN RIGHT IN THE COP'S FACE.

MOMENTS LATER:

Officer 2 is irate as he lays on his stomach on the street. Hands shaking, Jesse nervously cuffs the Officer's arms behind his back while Charlie keeps his gun on him.

OFFICER 2

You don't know who you're fucking with! I swear, I'm gonna find you, and when I do -

CHARLIE

Shut up, dick hole. You're a disgrace to your kind.

(then)

To Cops, I mean. Not black people. There's nothing racial about this.

JESSE

Even though you were going to kill us, I still feel obligated to apologize for this.

OFFICER 2

(menacing)

Don't worry. I'll get you back. Promise.

He shoots Jesse a vicious glare. Terrified, Jesse finishes with the cuffs and moves away.

As Jesse and Charlie walk to the Patrol Car, Officer 2 realizes something - Jesse DIDN'T GET HIS CUFFS LOCKED. He slowly slips a hand free, stealthily REACHING FOR HIS HOLSTER...

JESSE

(sotto to Charlie)

Dude, how are you so calm? I'm losing my shit here.

Charlie chuckles, super cool as he tosses the gun back and forth between his hands. Officer 2 reaches, fingers INCHES FROM HIS OWN GUN...

CHARLIE  
 Jesse, my friend, "cool" is a just  
 state of -

BLAM! THE GUN GOES OFF IN CHARLIE'S HANDS. Officer 2 cries  
 out as a bullet fires straight into his butt cheek.

OFFICER 2  
*Aghhh! You mother fucker! You're  
 dead! You're fucking dead!*

CHARLIE  
 We should go.

INT. PARKED POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse and Charlie hurry into the car, with Colin still in the  
 back. Jesse sits behind the wheel - then suddenly realizes:

JESSE  
 Wait, why did we get in the Cop  
 car?

CHARLIE  
 Because we're Cops?

JESSE  
 No we're not! I'm not stealing a  
 Cop car!

COLIN  
 Jesse, drive! Now!

JESSE  
 Don't yell at me! My car is right  
 there. Why steal a car when we -

COLIN  
 (staring out the back)  
 FUCKING DRIVE!

Jesse looks in his rearview - as it's SHATTERED BY A BULLET.

OFFICER 2 IS UP AND FIRING. Jesse SLAMS ON THE GAS. Bullets  
 rip into the car as they speed off, swerving wildly.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Now in a more populated part of town, the guys sit at a red  
 light, silent and shell-shocked. Finally:

CHARLIE  
Okay, true or false -

JESSE  
False! This is not awesome!

CHARLIE  
Really, not awesome? Said the guy  
*driving the police car?*

JESSE  
Charlie, Cops are after us! They  
want us dead! We can't even -

SUDDENLY - a convertible of cute girls pulls up next to them.

JESSE/CHARLIE  
(instantly cool)  
Ladies. / 'Sup. / Lookin' good...

COLIN  
(also super cool)  
Where's the party?

The light turns green and the girls drive off. A beat - and Jesse and Charlie turn to Colin. He was acting like an idiot too? Colin shakes his own head in disbelief.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Okay, your stupidity is wearing off  
on me. We can't be macking on  
chicks when we're driving around in  
a stolen... cop car.  
(realizing)  
Shit. This is a stolen cop car.  
Shit! These have GPS, they'll know  
exactly where we are! We have to  
get out of here, now. Right now.  
We have to -

Jesse THEN SEES ANOTHER POLICE CAR driving at a normal speed  
in the opposite direction - not pursuing them. However...

JESSE  
Shit!

Spooked, Jesse SLAMS ON THE GAS. THEIR CAR TAKES OFF.

COLIN  
What the hell are you doing?! We  
have to get out of here!

JESSE  
I'm trying!

COLIN  
 No you idiot, out of *here!* Away  
 from the police car!

JESSE  
 I saw it! It's coming!

Jesse watches the rearview mirror for the other Cop car. It starts to turn... making a U-turn to follow them? Jesse doesn't want to find out - he accelerates even faster.

Soon they're blowing through lights and intersections - THEY NARROWLY AVOID GETTING SIDESWIPE.

COLIN  
*Jesse, what the fuck?! We have to  
 get away from the car! This car!*

JESSE  
 Stop yelling! I'm freaking out! I  
 am freaking out!

Jesse is almost hyperventilating as they speed ahead. Charlie subtly grins as he FLIPS ON THEIR FLASHING LIGHTS AND SIRENS.

COLIN  
 Jesse, STOP! We can't - who turned  
 on the fucking siren?! Charlie!

CHARLIE  
 It's a matter of public safety!

COLIN  
 JESSE WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

JESSE  
*Freaking out! I am freaking out!!!*

THE POLICE CAR FLIES DOWN THE STREET, SIREN SCREAMING AND WE -

CUT TO:

The guys slowly, carefully unbuckle their seat belts and take a delicate step out of the police car. Which is currently -

INT. TACO BELL - NIGHT

The car is literally INSIDE A TACO BELL. All the way inside. Jesse drove right through a giant window. Charlie shows his badge to a dozen stunned late night diners.

CHARLIE

Nothing to see here, folks. Relax and enjoy your food. Hey, Chalupa - good call. Next time try the cinnamon twists.

MOMENTS LATER:

Colin and Jesse sit in the back of a new car, calm and quiet.

COLIN

So was there a specific thought going through your head? A degree of logic, however skewed, to explain what you were doing?

JESSE

Well, I was... freaking out.

REVEAL the three guys in the car of a A FRIGHTENED TEENAGE KID, one of the Taco Bell diners. As the kid drives, Charlie sits shotgun, playing super cool:

CHARLIE

Being a Cop isn't all car chases and shootouts. There's also a lot of sex. A lot of sex.

EXT. QUIET SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

They guys step out of the kid's car. He drives off.

CHARLIE

Okay, next time we need a car, I'm commandeering one. Bumming a ride? What kind of Cops are we?

Charlie angrily bites into a taco. Jesse surveys the area, confused, and turns to Colin:

JESSE

Why did you have the kid drop us off here?

COLIN

If you'll recall, before our unscheduled trip to taco town, we were trying to expose some crooked Cops.

CHARLIE

(laughs, mouth full)  
Trip to taco town. Sounds dirty.

COLIN

And the Judge who was going to help  
me with this -  
(holds up his tape)  
Lives on this block.

The guys wait for Colin to lead the way - but for some reason  
he isn't walking. He's having doubts.

COLIN (CONT'D)

But something's been bothering  
me... I made arrangements to hand  
this tape over *tomorrow*. For the  
Cops to risk that raid tonight, to  
ambush a group of armed thugs in a  
crowded part of town, they must  
have known this was their one  
chance to get me. Which means  
someone told them.

JESSE

How many other people knew what you  
were doing?

COLIN

Two. So either the judge wasn't as  
honorable as I thought - or...

Colin trails off, not wanting to consider the second option.

EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

They stand in a dark area across the street from the giant  
house.

COLIN

As a teenager I was in this guy's  
courtroom more times than I count.  
He was a good man, kept giving me  
second chances to turn my life  
around. I obviously didn't take  
them.

(then)

I had to get this tape to someone  
important - someone I knew would do  
the right thing. When I contacted  
the judge and told him what I had,  
he promised to help. I have to  
know if I can still trust him.

JESSE

How are you going to find that out?

COLIN

I'm not.

The implication is clear: they are. The guys react: us?

COLIN (CONT'D)

I can't confront him myself. If he's the guy who sold me out, he won't admit to that. But when two Cops show up on his doorstep at 1AM, he's going to let them in and listen to what they have to say.

CHARLIE

And then we kick his ass?

COLIN

What? No. How would that help?

CHARLIE

I don't know. It's an option. We'll keep it on the table.

COLIN

Tell him: "We have Colin. It's under control." If he's the guy who turned on me he'll be relieved to know I've been caught. If he's not, he'll be confused, and scared. Because the two Cops in his house are probably there to kill him.

CHARLIE

And then if things get out of hand -

COLIN

Charlie, there is no scenario in which you kick the judge's ass. None.

CHARLIE

Whatever. This is a stupid plan.

As Charlie and Jesse start approaching the Judge's house:

COLIN

One more thing - he has to believe you're Cops. So act like Cops.

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse rings the bell. As a light comes on upstairs, Jesse tries to psyche himself up:

JESSE

Okay, I can do this. I'm a Cop,  
I'm a Cop, I'm a Cop, I'm a Cop.

CHARLIE

What are you doing?

JESSE

Telling myself I'm a Cop.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I hear the words, I'm just  
not buying them. Dude, don't say  
it - be it. Get it in your head,  
you're Dirty Harry. John fucking  
McClane. If you don't believe it,  
how will anyone else?

JESSE

If it's that easy, let's hear you.

CHARLIE

Me? You're asking me if I'm a  
Police Officer?

JESSE

Yes, I -

CHARLIE

(with sudden intensity)  
*You're damn right I am! I'm LAPD,  
asshole! A mother-fucking Cop! A  
bad-ass, take-no-shit -*

The door opens and A DOG LUNGES AT THEM, furiously barking.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(recoiling)  
Ah! Dog!

JUDGE

Sprinkles! No.

Sprinkles is a TWO POUND MALTESE with a pink bow. The JUDGE  
- mid 60s, wearing a bath robe - yanks the dog back.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Sorry, no need to be afraid of her.

CHARLIE

(macho voice)  
No, obviously. I'm just allergic.  
Back the fuck up, Sprinkles.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - ROW OF ABANDONED HOMES - NIGHT

A small group of new Cops have arrived. Chief McNulty glares angrily at Officer 1 and Officer 2 - Officer 2 leans against a patrol car, pants at his ankles while an EMT tends to his ass.

CHIEF MCNULTY

So our target is handcuffed in the back of your car - and you let two civilians immobilize you, steal your weapon, and take him back?

OFFICER 1

Sir, maybe these guys aren't as dumb as they look.

The Chief looks over a copy of Jesse and Charlie's goofy driver's license photos - they both look extremely dumb.

CHIEF MCNULTY

I don't get it. On paper they're just a couple of dipshits. No criminal record, no connection to Colin. And they're running around in police uniforms? Why?

OFFICER 2

I know this much - you don't shoot a man in the ass for no reason. A move like that means someth-AHH!  
(pained, turns to EMT)  
What the hell! What's the deal?!

EMT

Well, you have a bullet in your ass. So... that.

INT. SUBURBAN MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse and Charlie follow the judge inside.

JUDGE

You've come to my home at 1AM so I'll assume this is important.

BOTH GUYS AT ONCE

Yes Sir, it -

They stop, then look to the other - okay, you say it. Then:

BOTH GUYS AT ONCE (CONT'D)

Yes Sir, it -

They can't get it together. They angrily gesture back and forth: *let me say it. No, I'll do it. Okay, go. Finally:*

JESSE

(blurts out)

Yes it is important Sir!

(then, his Cop voice)

Here's the deal, Judge. We are Cops. And we - well, obviously we're Cops. I mean, look at our uniforms, right? Probably didn't need to say it. And, as Cops, we -

JUDGE

I'm sorry, I need a drink. Pardon me.

The Judge moves into a nearby study. Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE

I may have to put in a request for a new partner.

JESSE

Okay, that was not my best work. I can admit that.

The guys turn to peek at the study. They're still able to see the Judge as he stands at a bar. Confused, they whisper:

JESSE (CONT'D)

Why does he suddenly need a drink? Because he's afraid of us?

CHARLIE

Not necessarily. I think that's just what old guys do. They hang out in bathrobes and drink.

(then)

I think I'm looking forward to being old. That sounds awesome.

Jesse sees some wall photos and moves to check them out.

JESSE

You keeping an eye on him?

CHARLIE

He's pouring a scotch. One ice cube. And he's swirling it. And swirling it. And... swirling it.

JESSE

Whoa, he knows Shaquille O'Neal.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

Charlie goes to check out the picture: the judge stands on a golf course, smiling alongside Shaquille O'Neal.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, what weighs more: a full-grown badger... or an average dump from Shaq?

JESSE

Male or female badger?

CHARLIE

Male.

IN THE STUDY, we ANGLE ON the Judge's face as he stares into his drink. He's scared. The swirling is a nervous stall.

JESSE

I'm gonna say badger.

THEN, we enter the POV of someone else - moving stealthily as they sneak up behind the judge. The judge turns, and -

THWIP-THWIP-THWIP-THWIP! A silenced gun fires into the Judge's chest. The assassin - dressed in black, wearing mask and gloves - slips out the study's patio door. Gone.

IN THE HALLWAY, Charlie and Jesse still look at the photo.

CHARLIE

You're crazy, Shaq-dump's way heavier. Look at it this way: the average turkey leg -

JESSE

(suddenly noticing)  
Where'd he go?

The Judge isn't at his bar. They exchange a worried look and hurry to the study. They stand in the doorway, confused.

CHARLIE

Where is he?

They take a step in to examine - JESSE WIPES OUT. His legs slip out and he lands hard on his back. Charlie cracks up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, dude! You should have seen that, that was incredible! Your legs literally OHHHH...

Charlie covers his mouth in horror. The thing Jesse slipped on was a GIANT POOL OF BLOOD. Laying on his back, Jesse turns his head and sees the judge on the floor - his face pale white, eyes wide open in shock, dead. Jesse SCREAMS.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE: The assassin, walking away, freezes - did he just hear something? He sits still, listening...

BACK IN THE STUDY, Charlie immediately jumps on Jesse, a hand clamped over his mouth to silence him. Jesse's face continues to make a screaming motion but no sound escapes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Shhhh! Quiet!  
 (as Jesse freaks out)  
 Jesse, calm down! Whoever did this  
 may still be here!

Jesse still thrashes wildly - and then we see why. Charlie's knee is planted square in Jesse's crotch, SQUASHING HIS NUTS.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE: The assassin, hearing nothing further, continues walking.

BACK IN THE STUDY: Jesse continues thrashing, freaking out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Shhh! I know you're scared,  
 Partner. I'm scared too.

Jesse looks like he may actually die. Charlie has no idea.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 But it's cool. Look at me. See  
 how cool I am? Ice tea, baby. See  
 my face? See the coolness I'm  
 putting out? Feed off that, try to -

Jesse gets a hand free and PUNCHES Charlie. Charlie falls onto his back. Jesse writhes in pain, trying not to scream. He rolls on his side, grabs Charlie and yanks him face to face, their noses touching. Face red with fury, Jesse gasps:

JESSE  
 YOU HAD. YOUR KNEE. ON MY NUTS.

CHARLIE  
 Ohhh... that makes sense. I was  
 wondering why I couldn't calm you  
 down. You were really freaked.

Jesse lets go and both guys roll onto their backs. They lay there a moment - then suddenly remember they're in a pool of blood. They exchange a look, then jump to their feet and tear out of the room, their slick shoes slipping as they go.

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - LATER

Colin waits in the darkness when two figures approach. Jesse and Charlie walk toward him in an odd, deliberate fashion, but he can't yet see them clearly.

COLIN

Guys? What is it? What happened?

As they step into a patch of moonlight -

CHARLIE

There was an incident.

Colin's eyes go wide - their faces are SMEARED WITH BLOOD.

COLIN

Run!

THEN, FURTHER DOWN THE STREET, WE FIND:

The Judge's killer calmly walking away from the house. He's a pro, nonchalantly removing his mask and gloves as he slips away. He's BIG AND SCARY LOOKING - someone we'll remember.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The three guys are hunched over, out of breath from running.

COLIN

He was out of your sight for one minute - and then he was dead?

CHARLIE

Super dead, I don't know how much blood is in the human body, but every drop of his was on the floor.

JESSE

I don't get it - if the judge was the guy who turned you in, why would the Cops kill him?

COLIN

They wouldn't. It wasn't him.  
FUCK!

Colin suddenly looks anxious and rattled. Jesse and Charlie exchange a look - what's going on?

COLIN (CONT'D)

Okay, I need to get these fucking cuffs off. Now.

Colin marches off, pushing into a wooded area. The guys shrug and follow. As they go, Jesse looks at Charlie, his face covered in blood.

JESSE

You look like Carrie.

CHARLIE

Carrie who?

JESSE

Carrie. As in, Carrie. The movie.

CHARLIE

(a beat)

Sex and The City?

MOMENTS LATER:

Colin pushes through a wooded area as the guys follow.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I only saw the first one. Was there some big bloodbath in part 2?

JESSE

Yes Charlie, you look like Sarah Jessica Parker from the bloodbath scene in Sex and The City 2. The girls were shoe shopping in Dubai when a camel exploded.

CHARLIE

Seriously?

COLIN

(turns back and snaps)

Can you dumbfucks shut up for one minute?! Do you even know what's happening? The judge is dead because of me! And now there's no one I can trust with this tape which means the odds of us dying tonight are suddenly very fucking good!

Colin turns and keeps moving. The guys follow in silence, scolded. After a moment, he turns back:

COLIN (CONT'D)

Look... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have called you dumbfucks. You are dumbfucks. But I shouldn't have called you that. Even though you are. So... whatever.

He turns and keeps walking. After a moment, Charlie speaks up delicately:

CHARLIE

So who was it? Who turned you in?

COLIN

(sighs, troubled)

My cousin. Mike and I grew up together, went to school together, dropped out together... and started working for the boss together. I knew if I turned the boss in, anyone working for him would go down as well. So I told Mike to cut ties and leave town by tomorrow. Guess he didn't.

They step out of the wooded area and into -

EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

They move down the quiet street, careful to stay hidden.

JESSE

(humbly)

Hey, um... just wanted to tell you guys that... I'm in now. I think we're doing the right thing. And I'm sorry I called the Cops. I should've trusted you, Colin.

COLIN

No, you shouldn't.

JESSE

What do you mean?

COLIN

I mean why would anyone believe a word from the mouth of a desperate, handcuffed police captive? You'd have to be a complete fucking idi-

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)  
(then, catching himself)  
I mean... thanks, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, no prob.

JESSE  
So what's the plan here?

COLIN  
People this rich usually have more  
than one home. So some of these  
will be empty.  
(scans the houses, then)  
That one.

Colin starts toward a house up the street.

CHARLIE  
That's amazing. He's like a "who's  
home and who's not" psychic.

JESSE  
Or just a criminal.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They creep up. Suddenly a FLOOD LIGHT shines on them.

CHARLIE  
Shit!

Charlie DIVES head first into a row of hedges. But they're  
dense, and he only gets a foot in - his head and neck are  
simply lodged in the bush.

COLIN  
Motion sensor.

CHARLIE  
(still in the bush)  
Yeah, that makes sense.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They stand outside a back door that leads to a kitchen.

COLIN  
Break the window.

JESSE  
With what?

COLIN

Well, you could check the pool, see if they have any rocks. You know that smooth, decorative kind that often adorn a pool perimeter?

JESSE

Yeah.

COLIN

Or you could quit being a pussy and use your fist.

Jesse smirks, then, determined to prove himself, takes off his outer shirt, wraps his fist and presses it to the glass. He focuses, takes a few slow practice punches, then... steps back.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Gonna look for rocks?

JESSE

Just a quick peek.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A rock smashes through the window. Jesse reaches in and unlocks the door. They enter.

COLIN

Okay, first thing -

CHARLIE

I'll check.

Charlie opens the fridge, grabs a beer, and chugs the entire can in one sip. He finishes with a contented *ahhh...*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That's a yes. They have beer.

He tosses a beer to Colin - it hits his chest and falls.

COLIN

Now, ordinarily I would have caught that. But given that I'm currently -

CHARLIE

Handcuffed! Right. Duh.

COLIN

Let's hit the garage.

Charlie follows after Colin, but Jesse hangs back.

JESSE

Hey, um... I'll meet you in a sec.  
(off their looks)  
I have to poop, okay?

CHARLIE

He's an anxiety shitter. When  
things get too crazy, watch out.

COLIN

I really hit the jackpot with you  
two, didn't I?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie has an array of tools out. Currently he tries to get through the cuffs with a hacksaw. Colin looks very worried.

COLIN

For the record, I'd rather have the  
cuffs stay on than my hand cut off.

CHARLIE

Relax, I know what I'm doing.

COLIN

Did you know what you were doing  
when you shot that cop in the ass?

CHARLIE

Touche.

Charlie saws away for a beat.

COLIN

Why do you smell like guinea pigs?

CHARLIE

You mean hamsters. Why do I smell  
like hamsters.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse drops his pants and takes a seat - no need to close the door. He thinks, processing. His cell phone RINGS. Startled, he finds it and timidly answers:

JESSE

Hello?

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. TACO BELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Chief McNulty stares at the POLICE CAR inside the restaurant.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Jesse, I'm confused. I thought you  
and I had an agreement.

JESSE

Is this... Chief -

CHIEF MCNULTY

McNulty, yes. And even though you  
drove a police car into a Taco Bell  
and shot one of my men in the ass -

JESSE

Actually, that was Charlie -

CHIEF MCNULTY

I'm going to give you one more  
chance to help me. If you tell me  
where Colin is now, I'll forget I  
ever heard your name. If you  
don't, Jesse Stratton of 1520 North  
Wilshire, I'll find you and I'll  
kill you. So what'll it be?

Jesse is speechless, no idea what say. Then, A GASP.

A 15 YEAR-OLD BOY stands in the doorway, stunned as he glares  
at Jesse. A beat... and he runs. Jesse's phone falls  
between his legs and SPLASHES INTO THE TOILET.

JESSE

Shit!

Jesse jumps up. Does he get the phone or go for the kid? He  
looks from the phone, to the hall, to the phone, to the hall -

MCNULTY stares at his phone. Jesse has hung up. He turns to  
a Cop who types into the dashboard computer in his squad car.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Anything?

OFFICER

Got tech on it now, they should be  
able to locate his phone in a few  
minutes.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The young kid is in hysterics as he talks to SIX TEENAGE FRIENDS, GUYS AND GIRLS. Lights down, they drink beer and smoke.

KID

I'm serious! Five-oh right there in the bathroom, droppin' a D!

KID 2

Dude, whatever. There's no way a Cop just snuck in the house and walked upstairs to drop a -

The bedroom door FLIES OPEN - Officer Jesse stands there. The kids FREAK.

KIDS

AGH! FIVE-OH! FIVE-OH!

They scatter, steamrolling Jesse as they flee.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A few broken tools lay on the ground at Charlie's feet. He now tries a set of bolt cutters on the cuffs. And he's still talking up a storm - Colin has gone mind-numb.

CHARLIE

...and ever since then, I get sexually aroused when I hear the sound of a ping pong game.

COLIN

(flat, barely listening)  
Uh-huh. Really interesting.

CHARLIE

Hey, so why did you do it? Risking your life to get all this evidence on your boss? What happened?

Colin hesitates - this isn't something he wants to discuss.

COLIN

It's a long story.

CHARLIE

C'mon - sharing's a two-way street. You need me to talk more about myself?

COLIN

(quickly)

So I got this call. Six weeks ago. Ex-girlfriend on the east coast, hadn't seen in years, contacts me out of the blue and says: guess what? You have a son.

CHARLIE

You sure it's yours? Bitches will pull shit like that when they want a man. They're devious.

COLIN

You talking from experience?

CHARLIE

No. But I hear stuff.

COLIN

I'm sure. And believe me, if she was lying to rope in a quality dad, I'm not the guy.

(then)

At first I wanted to forget she'd even told me. But I couldn't get it out of my head. Found myself thinking about heading east to meet the kid. Maybe even start over. But in my line of work, when a guy takes you under his wing, he expects to keep you there. Somehow my boss heard about the kid. So he sat me down and made it clear if I tried to skip town, he'd kill me. And he doesn't make empty threats. I was stuck. So when I stumble onto this plan of his and see a way to get him off my back for good, fuck a few dirty cops in the process, I had to take it.

CHARLIE

I once had a boss once who made us clock out when we had to pee. He actually refused to pay us for the minute and a half we'd be pissing.

COLIN

So you get where I'm coming from.

The chain connecting the two cuffs suddenly SNAPS.

CHARLIE

I did it!

Colin stretches his arms out and rubs his wrists, a feeling of incredible relief.

COLIN

Thanks, Charlie. I owe you one.

Charlie grins and sticks his arms out for a hug.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CHARLIE

Bring it in, my man.

COLIN

Don't try it.

CHARLIE

Don't fight it.

COLIN

I'm not kidding.

CHARLIE

I'm not either. Don't be afraid. Surrender to friendship. It's not wrong.

JESSE (O.S.)

Guys?

Jesse stands in the doorway with a worried expression.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Is it a good thing or a bad thing if we accidentally took a hostage?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

They stare at a 15 YEAR OLD GIRL, gagged and tied to a chair.

CHARLIE

Shit, Jesse. Gagged and bound. Look at you getting all hardcore.

JESSE

Her friend popped in when I was on the crapper, I didn't know what to do! She was the only one I caught.

COLIN

(crouching down to her)  
 Hey. Don't worry, we're not going to hurt you. I need to take your gag off to ask you a question. Do you promise not to scream?

She nods yes. Colin reaches for the gag, then hesitates.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Now, we all know how this usually goes. You say you won't scream, I pull the gag off, you scream, and I have to put the gag right back on. You think we can bypass all that by you just not screaming?

She nods. As Colin slips the gag off, she opens her mouth - they flinch. But there's no scream. She looks Colin over:

15 YEAR OLD GIRL

You're fucking hot. I'm Sara.

COLIN

Uh, hi. Is there anyone else in the house, Sara?

SARA

No, they bolted 'cause of 5.0 here.

JESSE

I found them upstairs. Drinking alcohol and smoking narcotics.

SARA

Fuck you, Pig. My parents are out of town. What do you care?

CHARLIE

Wow, this girl is sassy.

JESSE

We're not Cops. Believe it or not, we're outlaws.

SARA

(scoffs)  
 Yeah, you look like it.  
 (then to Colin)  
 I mean, you do. You look totally bad. Are you bad? You look bad.

She winks and makes pouty lips at him.

COLIN

Okay, you need to stop doing that.

SARA

You can steal whatever you want, I don't give a shit. Can you untie me so I can fix a pizza?

MOMENTS LATER:

Colin is stone-faced, a serious moment.

COLIN

The only way to protect ourselves is to get this tape to someone in law enforcement. Someone we can trust. Until we do, these Cops will keep coming for us. And they won't stop until we're dead.

REVEAL Jesse and Charlie, listening intently - FROM INSIDE A RUNNING SHOWER. They're in their boxer shorts, scrubbing blood off their hands, necks, and faces.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It's hard to talk serious with guys who are showering together.

JESSE

We're not showering *together* - we're showering at the same time. Don't make it weird.

CHARLIE

Can one of you get my back? I got this one spot that I just *can not* reach.

MOMENTS LATER:

The guys towel off. Sara enters and drops their wrinkled police uniforms on the floor.

SARA

I rinsed them out in the kitchen. It looks like an elephant had its period in the sink.

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Oh my God, that's disgusting! How are you this cool?

She just shrugs. Jesse and Charlie start to sort through their uniforms, when Charlie suddenly GASPS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! I know who can help us.

Amazed at the idea, Charlie turns and looks at Jesse. It takes a moment, but soon Jesse gets it.

JESSE

What? No. Charlie, I can't. You said to never call again.

CHARLIE

This is different! This isn't casual stalking - this is, like, a weird sign. Cosmic serendipity or something. You have to call Kelly.

COLIN

Kelly?

JESSE

She's sort of my... ex.

CHARLIE

Jesse was totally in love with her, all googly-eyed and fagsy, but she broke his heart. He cried for a month, it was pathetic.

SARA

And the award for lamest guy ever goes to...

CHARLIE

(laughs at Sara, then)

In his defense, she was pretty hot: cute face, great smile, and her tits were like, *blam*. Not the biggest you've ever seen, but really good sized, perfect shape -

JESSE

How is this necessary?

COLIN

I'd like to hear more.

CHARLIE

Anyway, in addition to shapely boobs, she has an Uncle who works at the FBI.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
And he's a big swinging dick, like  
top guy at the LA office.

JESSE  
Roger Marks. He's an Executive  
Director, I think.

COLIN  
I've heard that name.

CHARLIE  
And the FBI is federal, as in not  
connected to the LAPD. We just  
have to get Kelly to set us up with  
him - he hears that tape and I  
guarantee he'll protect us! Wow,  
who's smart as shit? That's right -  
Charlie's smart as shit.

Proud of himself, Charlie looks to Colin - what do you think?  
Colin considers, not sure about this...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Or, we could go with the brilliant  
plan you guys came up with. And  
what was that again?

MOMENTS LATER:

Jesse is visibly nervous as he holds the house phone. The  
receiver is in his hand, but he's not dialing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, you can do it. Make the  
call.

JESSE  
I will, just... give me a second.  
This isn't easy. This was my dream  
girl. The girl I thought I would  
marry. Til the day she ripped out  
my heart, ate it, then shit it back  
out like a bad piece of chicken.

CHARLIE  
(moved)  
That was haunting.

Colin approaches Jesse, sympathetic.

COLIN  
Hey, I've been there. Heartbreak  
is a bitch. Rips your guts out.  
(then)  
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

You know what else rips guts out?  
Bullets. Fired by Cops. Who are  
working very, very hard to kill us.

Jesse nods and takes a deep breath, steeling himself. He dials the number, then waits as it rings...

JESSE

She won't be thrilled I'm waking  
her up at 2 in the morning. Hope  
she's not too mad. Probably been  
asleep for hou-

A BLAST OF DANCE MUSIC SUDDENLY BLARES OUT OF THE PHONE. Even from several feet away, Charlie, Colin and Sara flinch.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(shouting into phone)

Uh... Kelly?! K- Kelly?! Can you -  
This is - hello?! Kelly?! It's J-  
Hello?! Can you -

The phone goes dead - Kelly has hung up. The room is quiet again.

JESSE (CONT'D)

She, uh... wasn't asleep.

CHARLIE

No? You sure?

JESSE

Pretty certain, yes. I couldn't  
make anything out. I don't know  
where she is.

They think for a moment. Charlie stands - an idea. He walks to a nearby laptop computer and types a few keystrokes.

CHARLIE

She is... here. And - oh my -  
she's wearing *that*.

Charlie spins the laptop, and we -

ANGLE ON: Kelly's Facebook page. A status update shows a photo of Kelly in a sexy outfit at a giant dance party.

SARA

What a slut.

JESSE

Hey! She's not a slut, she -  
 (then, seeing picture)  
 Okay, that's a provocative dress.

CHARLIE

(as he types)  
 Charlie... "likes" this.

Charlie emphatically hits enter, then pops up from his chair.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now then. Shall we rave?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The three guys are in a BAD-ASS SPORTS CAR, with Colin at the wheel, Jesse shotgun, and Charlie in back. Sara stands and leans into the driver's window.

COLIN

Thanks, Sara. I'm sure your Dad  
 has insurance -

SARA

Like I care. I hope he freaks out  
 and shits his chinos. So you want  
 to get my number? Call me some  
 time?

COLIN

Uh, no. Thanks though.

CHARLIE

I'll take it.  
 (off their looks)  
 What? For when she's older, I  
 mean. It wouldn't hurt to stay in  
 touch, establish a rapport. And  
 maybe in five or six years...

Colin backs the car out of the garage.

COLIN

That's messed up, Charlie.

INT. BAD-ASS SPORTS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Colin drives, the car now a block away from Sara's house.

CHARLIE

...and maybe that sounds weird, but if you can look me in the eye and tell me she wasn't the least bit hot, then fuck you, you're lying.

Jesse and Colin chuckle. Suddenly, TWO POLICE CARS AND ONE UNMARKED CAR speed toward them.... and zoom right by.

COLIN

What the hell?

A moment later, the last car, the unmarked car, SUDDENLY STOPS. It sits perfectly still as Colin watches it in his rearview mirror.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Did either of you use a cell phone?

CHARLIE

No.

JESSE

No.

(then, remembering)

Oh... fudge. Did I forget to mention that the Cops called me?

The unmarked car makes a hard turn, coming after them. Chief McNulty FLASHES HIS LIGHTS and speeds to catch up with them.

COLIN

Yes you did. Hang on.

Colin GUNS IT. The car takes off.

BEGIN AWESOME CAR CHASE:

McNulty is right on their ass, making moves to pull alongside them. Colin aggressively swerves to block. Charlie flies from one side of the backseat to the other.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing back there?!

CHARLIE

(flying to one side)

*Sorry never got my -*

(flying to the other side)

*Seatbelt on!*

They speed on when suddenly - THE TWO POLICE CARS APPEAR, ONE BLOCK AHEAD, SPEEDING RIGHT AT THEM. Nowhere to turn. Colin keeps driving full speed as the police cars close in.

JESSE

Uh... Colin? They're not stopping.

COLIN

No they aren't. And neither are we.

Colin accelerates. The two Cops get closer and closer, on a direct collision course with us when... Colin SWERVES OFF THE ROAD, INTO A FRONT YARD, and keeps going.

McNulty's car is bearing down on the police cars - he calmly SPEEDS RIGHT BETWEEN THEM, splitting them. Both police cars make a hard turn to avoid him and crash into a ditch.

INT. POLICE CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

OFFICER DAVIS - the black Cop Charlie shot in the ass - sits behind the wheel of his car, stunned that McNulty just ran him off the road.

OFFICER DAVIS

What the fuck, McNulty?!

He tries to back out of the ditch, but his tires just spit up mud. He thinks for a moment, pissed... then picks up his cell phone - not his police radio - and makes a call:

OFFICER DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey. It's Davis. Yeah, they're here, but... McNulty's lost it. Might be time for you to step in.

BACK IN THE CHASE:

Colin drives through front yards, tearing up lawns, weaving through fountains and statues, a suburban obstacle course.

JESSE

(freaking out)

Oh man - oh no - oh geez - oh dear  
oh dear - OH! DEER!

COLIN

You know what would help, Jesse?

Colin PLOWS OVER a decorative family of DEER. They go flying.

COLIN (CONT'D)

If you could get your inner-grandma to grab a quick nap. Thanks.

McNulty is pissed, laser focused as he speeds down the street, keeping pace right alongside them.

Colin is approaching a massive brick wall between two yards, no way around it. And McNulty is blocking their access to the street.

CHARLIE

Colin, wall. Wall. Wall. Wall!

They get closer and closer to impact and -

Colin makes a hard turn into the street, slamming into McNulty and pushing onto the asphalt - McNulty pushes back. Colin is now driving half on the road, half off, PLOWING OVER MAILBOXES. Then -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Brick box! Brick box!

Charlie points to a BRICK MAILBOX in their path. Colin slams hard into McNulty, forcing his way onto the street.

The cars drive side by side, scraping each other. Jesse looks out his window - McNulty stares right back at him, their faces a few feet apart.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Hello, Jesse.

McNulty POINTS HIS GUN at Jesse. Jesse lets out a girly:

JESSE

AHH! GUN!

Colin SLAMS McNulty as he FIRES, throwing off his aim. The bullet flies into their car and out the windshield. Still right alongside them, McNulty calmly takes aim again.

JESSE (CONT'D)

MORE GUN! MORE GUN!

Colin SLAMS him, again throwing McNulty off as he FIRES. McNulty calmly takes aim at Jesse a third time, when -

CHARLIE

HEY SHIT-BIRD! EAT LEAD!

Charlie points his gun out the window at McNulty and FIRES - but nothing happens.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh. Guess that's the fake gun.  
Where did I put the real one?

Pissed, McNulty turns his gun on Charlie, aims and -

COLIN SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

McNulty didn't realize they were nearing the end of the road - a stop sign and a T-intersection. His car flies through the intersection, screaming toward a house.

He hits the brakes as his car tears into the yard and PLOWS RIGHT INTO A FRONT PORCH. He throws the car in reverse, but his wheels spin. Stuck.

INT. BAD-ASS SPORTS CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

The guys take a moment to catch their breaths. As Colin slowly turns the car around, they're treated to a view of the chaos and demolished yards they've left in their wake.

CHARLIE

Well then. Fuck you, suburbia.

INT. MCNULTY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

He slams his fist, furious. A moment later, his cell phone RINGS.

CHIEF MCNULTY

What?!

INTERCUT TO:

INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

KEVIN BEST, 50. Colin's boss calmly paces, phone to his ear. He's quietly intimidating, but is more conservative and buttoned-up than we might have imagined.

BEST

My my, that doesn't sound like a happy Chief.

CHIEF MCNULTY

What is it, Best?

BEST

I was hoping for a status update, but I think I just got it. I take it our man has eluded you?

CHIEF MCNULTY

I'm working on it -

BEST

Are you? Because I told you exactly where Colin was tonight - all you had to do was walk in and get him. And you fucked up.

CHIEF MCNULTY

No, you fucked up! The second you allowed your man to bug your office you fucked us both!

Best takes a moment, absorbs this... then, perfectly calm:

BEST

This is merely a courtesy call. Letting you know I've put my own people on this.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Best, stay out of my way! If you turn this into a big fucking mess that I have to clean up, I -

CLICK. The phone goes dead. Best has hung up.

CHIEF MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

McNulty limps down the trashed street. He passes one of the ditched police cars. An Officer stands outside, sheepish.

COP

They, uh, got away, Sir.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Hey, thanks. Hadn't noticed. Fucking idiot.

INT. BAD-ASS SPORTS CAR - LATER

The guys drive away from the scene of the chase, slowly catching their breaths. After a long moment of silence:

CHARLIE

Okay, true or false: that was awe-

AN SUV VIOLENTLY SMASHES INTO THEM.

It came screaming in like a guided missile, plowing into the driver's side of the car. They go spinning, finally CRASHING INTO A CEMENT POST in a gas station parking lot.

The car is totalled. For several moments the guys sit silent, still. Colin bleeds from his head. He and Jesse are barely conscious.

Charlie, less hurt than the others, looks to the SUV twenty feet away. He glares, pissed. Between coughs:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Someone's getting... a ticket.

He opens his door to get out. Colin tries to speak:

COLIN  
Ch- Char- Don't -

But Charlie is out the door.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie limps over, a pissed off Cop. The SUV's windows are tinted dark black - he can't see inside as he angrily raps on the driver's window.

The window slowly rolls down...

CHARLIE  
Do you have *any idea* how fast -  
(seeing the driver)  
You... are... wow.

The FEMALE DRIVER is stunningly beautiful, 30s, with jet black hair and bright red lips. She gives a sexy smile.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Well hey there. What's got you all smiley?

She beckons Charlie to come closer, then whispers, lusty:

WOMAN  
(a German accent)  
*Beiss.*

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry - ice?

WOMAN  
*Beiss...*

CHARLIE  
You want rice?

She waves a finger, seductively beckoning him closer.  
Charlie leans in, their faces inches apart... she SHOUTS:

WOMAN  
BEISS!!!

AN ATTACK DOG COMES FLYING OUT HER WINDOW.

IT KNOCKS CHARLIE ONTO HIS BACK. A massive German Shepherd stands on his chest, viciously snarling and snapping.

CHARLIE  
*Agh! No! Bad dog! Bad dog no!*

He has a hand on the dog's neck, holding back its snapping jaws, but the dog is strong and pushing closer, closer...

MAN (O.S.)  
ZEETZ!

The dog INSTANTLY SITS - perfectly calm, even cute.  
Confused, Charlie looks to the source of the command.

CHARLIE  
Colin?

The SUV door opens and THE WOMAN STEPS OUT. Charlie's eyes go wide - she's giant, six feet tall, hugely busty and wears a skin-tight black outfit. She's like a Bond villain.

Then, the SUV's passenger door opens. Charlie's jaw drops.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Holy... fuck.

Something inhuman steps out. GIANT FOOTSTEPS march slowly toward Colin and Jesse.

INSIDE THE SPORTS CAR:

Through the cracked windshield, Jesse sees the monster.

JESSE  
*What the hell is that?!*

COLIN  
My cousin.

COUSIN MIKE, an absolute mountain, grabs a loose corner of the windshield and RIPS IT CLEAN OFF THE CAR.

With one hand, he lifts Jesse out of the car and tosses him next to Charlie. (We may recognize Mike as the assassin who killed the Judge.)

Colin's door opens and Colin spills out, badly hurt. He's on hands and knees, coughing.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Hey there... Mike...

MICHAEL  
Boss told me to bring you in, Cuz.

Mike DRAWS A GUN. Colin tries to stand, but can't - he gets halfway up but repeatedly falls.

COLIN  
Don't much... want to go in... Cuz.

Mike watches as Colin pathetically stumbles.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Maybe you could... cut me a  
break... let it slide... or even -

COLIN EXPLODES UPWARD, CLOCKING MIKE IN THE JAW - a brutal uppercut. A beat... and Mike tips over like a tree. He lands with a THUD, out. His gun falls to the ground.

Colin stands. Still hurt, but not as hurt as he let on.

CHARLIE  
Yes! Fuck yeah, Colin!  
(to the woman)  
Suck it, lady! He's okay! So you  
got noth-

The TWO BACK DOORS OF THE SUV OPEN.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

TWO TOUGH-LOOKING ASIAN TWINS emerge from the SUV - as they approach Colin, TWIN 1 calmly pulls out a gun and FIRES. Colin dives out of the way as bullets nip at his heels.

TWIN 1  
Best has asked us not to kill you  
without the tape.

TWIN 2  
But we can blow your knees apart if  
you won't hand it over.

Twin 2 pulls out his own weapon.

TWIN 1  
We fire in three -

TWIN 2  
Two -

TWIN 1  
One -

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
FREEZE, ASSHOLES!

The Twins turn - Charlie is standing behind the Giant Hot Woman, an arm around her waist, HIS GUN AT HER HEAD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Drop your guns.

TWIN 1  
No... why don't you drop yours.

He points his gun at Charlie - A RED LASER SCOPE appears between Charlie's eyes.

CHARLIE  
Hmm.

JESSE  
Actually, how 'bout *you* drop yours.

Jesse nervously points his gun - his fake gun - at Twin 1.

A standoff.

Muscles tense. Eyes dart.

We may notice Colin HAS SPOTTED SOMETHING.

Twin 1 glares at Charlie, studying his eyes.

Jesse tries his best to look calm and cool.

Charlie nervously grips Giant Hot Woman (GHW), a hand on her stomach as he squeezes her tight.

Colin stares at MIKE'S GUN - on the ground, a few feet away. With the right distraction he could maybe -

GHW  
*Ugh! Pervert mother fucker!*

GHW angrily shifts away - Charlie's BONER was poking her ass.

CHARLIE

Sorry! Weird time to get excited,  
I -

COLIN MAKES HIS MOVE, LUNGING FOR THE GUN.

IN THE SPAN OF TWO SECONDS: Colin grabs the gun and SHOOTs TWIN 2, dropping him. Twin 1 turns, FIRING at Colin, as Colin dives behind a gas pump. GHW ELBOWS Charlie's face, sending him reeling.

Colin and T1 fight at close range, throwing fists, trying to raise their weapons for a clean shot.

GHW grabs Charlie, lifts him over her head and throws him - he goes flying and CRASHES STRAIGHT THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW OF THE SUV, landing inside the car.

JESSE

Charlie!

Jesse CHARGES, THROWING HIS SHOULDER INTO HER - and he may as well have hit a brick wall. He bounces off her and hits the ground. GHW pulls Jesse to his feet, looks him over, and LAUGHS. Pathetic.

Pissed, JESSE REARS BACK AND PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE.

For a moment, he's completely stunned - he can't believe he did that. He punched a girl.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I am so sor-

WHAM! She clocks him in the face, then unloads with an onslaught of punches...

Colin and T1 have both dropped their weapons, fighting now with fists alone...

INSIDE THE SUV:

Charlie lifts his head and finds himself staring at SOMETHING VERY EXCITING - he grins.

OUTSIDE THE SUV:

GHW savagely kicks Jesse's ass, gets him on the ground, and unsheaths a huge knife...

T1 knocks Colin down and scrambles to his gun, grabbing it and raising it...

*BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!*

An eruption of gunfire. Everyone turns.

Charlie stands tall, holding A BAD ASS AK-47 over his head.

CHARLIE  
Sorry bad guys - this brawl is  
over.

Colin takes a swing - sucker punching T1. He drops.

Charlie holds his AK on GHW as our three guys back away...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's been fun, sweetheart, but we  
should be going. Oh, and if you  
were hoping to follow us? You are  
shit -

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! He fires a quick burst at the SUV.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Out of -

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Another burst.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
*Luck.*

BLAM-BLAM **BOOM!!!**

The final bullet hits the SUV's gas tank.

THE CAR EXPLODES, ERUPTING IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL.

The three guys and GHW are all VIOLENTLY THROWN BACK from the explosion.

After a long moment, Charlie, Colin and Jesse slowly sit up, stunned as they stare at the flaming SUV skeleton.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
That was a bigger point than I  
intended to make.

Our guys hobble off, leaving four knocked out baddies and a total disaster behind them. As they exit frame, the German Shepherd calmly walks through, curiously sniffing.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

At the kitchen table, Sara casually bites into a piece of pizza and chews... and chews... then looks up, annoyed.

SARA

Rude much?

REVEAL Chief McNulty glaring at her. Three other Cops are also here. McNulty is livid, he's been at this a while.

CHIEF MCNULTY

So you're telling me you didn't hear a word. Not one mention of what they were doing, where they were going. They were here in your home, openly formulating a plan, yet you somehow heard *nothing*.

SARA

Nah.

CHIEF MCNULTY

(losing it, explodes)

Do you get that I'm a Cop?! That lying to me is a serious -

SARA

Dude - I said, "*nah*."

She takes another bite of pizza. McNulty turns away, struggling not to lose his shit. He looks to his men, sotto:

CHIEF MCNULTY

I may shoot her. I know I shouldn't but this is too much. How is a teenage girl that snooty? That entitled? That -

SARA

(between bites)

I can hear you, you know. Just like, FYI, if you think you're being covert. You're not.

Trembling with rage, McNulty reaches for his gun -

COP

Chief?

McNulty turns. The Cop has noticed something - an OPEN LAPTOP COMPUTER. A Facebook page is open on the screen.

COP (CONT'D)

I think I got something.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - LATER

Colin, Jesse and Charlie hurry away from the gas station. Parked cars line the quiet street, and Colin checks door handles to find something they can steal.

CHARLIE

Okay, true or false -

JESSE

Alright, true! That was fucking awesome!

CHARLIE

Right?! Parking lot super brawl!

JESSE

I was in a fight! I got hit, and I hit back! Yeah, I hit a girl, but fuck it - she was huge!

COLIN

(still checking cars)

Am I the only one worried about how they found us?

JESSE

Who cares, we whipped their asses! We were just like real Cops, rumbling and brawling!

CHARLIE

Did you see me pull out that gat?

I was all -

(pulls the gun from his holster)

*Back the fuck off or I'll bust a c-*

BLAM! CHARLIE SHOOTS JESSE.

Waving his gun too excitedly - the gun he lifted from Officer Davis - Charlie accidentally shoots Jesse in the shoulder. All three guys go silent for a beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

Stunned, Jesse looks to his shoulder, then to Charlie, then to his shoulder, and back to Charlie. Finally:

JESSE

*WHAT THE FUCK, CHARLIE?!*

CHARLIE  
I think this is the real gun.

JESSE  
*You think?! You shot me!*

Colin moves to check out Jesse's wound, which doesn't appear bad - he's still standing and fully conscious.

CHARLIE  
It was an accident! This thing has an alarmingly sensitive firing mechanism. Are you okay?

JESSE  
Yeah, totally. No big deal at all, really. I only got FUCKING SHOT!

COLIN  
(examining)  
It's not bad.

JESSE  
Not bad? He shot me!

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry, I was excited! We were celebrating, had some good energy going...

JESSE  
Yes we did. And then you SHOT ME!

COLIN  
You'll be okay, he just grazed you.

Colin tears off a piece his shirt and wraps Jesse's shoulder.

CHARLIE  
See, just a graze. No big deal.

JESSE  
Really, no big deal? Tell you what, let me see the gun.

CHARLIE  
Uh... what for?

JESSE  
Just let me see it a second. I want to show you something.

CHARLIE

Um, that's okay. Maybe I'll just hang on to it for now.

COLIN

Settle it later, we have to move. Charlie, get a car while I patch this up.

CHARLIE

Get a car? Like... *commandeer one*? Oh, I am fucking on this!

Thrilled, Charlie jogs into the quiet street. He calls back:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry for shooting you, Partner! I'm about to redeem myself!

JESSE

Have you ever met anyone so stupid?

COLIN

Yes. But it's been a while.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Additional police cars have arrived at the scene of the car chase. Five of McNulty's Officers are here. The open laptop from Sara's house sits on the roof of a car as McNulty stares at it, thinking.

CHIEF MCNULTY

They brought up photos of the event, a map, directions, all to meet a girl... why?

COP

You kidding? Did you see her picture?

The Cop chuckles at his joke - McNulty shoots daggers.

CHIEF MCNULTY

This is insane. It's 3am, they're running for their lives, and suddenly figure, "what the hell, *let's go to a rave.*" Are they that dumb? Or is there some bizarre, high-level intellect at work here?

McNulty considers... then shuts the computer.

CHIEF MCNULTY (CONT'D)  
 Fuck it. Let's go.

McNulty and his team get into their cars.

As he walks to a car, OFFICER DAVIS TAKES OUT HIS CELL, makes sure no one is watching, and stealthily types a text message.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LATER

Charlie stands in the middle of the quiet street. A lone car approaches from a few blocks away. With nervous excitement, he steels himself.

CHARLIE  
 Okay, kids. Welcome to Vehicle  
 Commandeering 101. This is some  
 hardcore Cop shit, so pay  
 attention. Shoulders back, palm up  
 and out, firmly proclaim:  
 (his authoritative voice)  
 Citizen! Stop your vehicle!

The car doesn't slow down. It flashes its headlights - get out of the way. Charlie is confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Uh... Stop the car! Please!

The car HONKS, not slowing down. It may even be speeding up. Charlie is growing nervous as THE CAR SPEEDS CLOSER AND CLOSER...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 They'll stop. Just testing me.  
 I'm not backing down. I'm a Cop.  
 I'm not -

Charlie DIVES OUT OF THE WAY as the car speeds by, narrowly missing him.

He slowly gets to his feet, stunned as he looks to Jesse and Colin.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
*What the hell was that?! They were  
 supposed to -*

BOOM! CHARLIE IS NAILED BY A VAN heading the opposite direction. He gets flattened, but the van managed to brake enough that he isn't dead. He staggers to his feet, gasping:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I'm okay! I'm up! Nothing major.  
 Just got the wind kn-

Charlie THROWS UP in the middle of the street.

INT. PIECE OF SHIT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Colin starts the engine of a beat-up old hippie van, with Jesse in shotgun and Charlie seated behind him. The van sputters and chugs, threatening to die at any moment.

COLIN  
 Not an ideal vehicle.

CHARLIE  
 Hey, I tried to stop a Beamer, it almost killed me! The Mystery Machine will have to do.

COLIN  
 I still say we should have ditched these guys.

REVEAL three 20 year old STONERS on the floor in the back of the van, huddled together in fear, completely wiggled out.

CHARLIE  
 We couldn't leave 'em out there, they'd get eaten alive - look at them.

STONER 1  
*Oh man... Can't believe I hit a fucking Cop, man. Oh man...*

INT. PIECE OF SHIT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The guys drive in silence. Jesse stares straight ahead, stone faced and furious as he holds a makeshift bandage to his shoulder. Charlie leans up from the back seat:

CHARLIE  
 Okay, you know what? You can only stay mad for so long before I come out and say it: you are being rude. And honestly? A little childish.

JESSE  
 (calm but emphatic)  
 You. Shot me.

CHARLIE

Yes, you've pointed that out several times now, I think it's been sufficiently established - I shot you. I took out a gun, and I shot you. And for the thousandth time, I am sorry.

JESSE

You know what the worst part is?

CHARLIE

I swear, if you say that I shot you...

JESSE

(turning to face him)

The worst part is that you shooting me *isn't* the worst part. If that was all you'd done, I could let it go. But it's just one small moment in a night that perfectly sums up our entire relationship: you are a human wrecking ball. And your sole purpose is to destroy my life.

CHARLIE

Whoa, c'mon. I know you're mad right now -

JESSE

It's not "right now," Charlie! It's always! Every day with you is a new adventure in stunning stupidity! And you keep dragging me into your mess!

CHARLIE

Because I'm trying to help you. To improve your life -

JESSE

(laughs)

Really?! Thanks so much! How lucky am I?! Getting life lessons from a guy who's professional field is hamsters! A guy who's only impressive trait is an ability to somehow do the exact wrong thing in every single situation!

(then, explodes)

*Who gets a boner in a Mexican standoff?!*

CHARLIE  
 Hey, that chick was hot as shit!  
 You would have chubbed out too! Oh  
 wait - no you wouldn't, because you  
 don't have any balls!

COLIN  
 Guys -

JESSE/CHARLIE  
 Shut up!

Colin goes quiet and turns back to the road.

CHARLIE  
 You know what, Jesse? I give up.  
 I'm through trying to help. Go  
 ahead and stay this way, keep  
 living life as the world's biggest  
 pussy, see where it gets you!

JESSE  
 I will! And you keep being the  
 world's biggest idiot!

CHARLIE  
 I wouldn't stop if I could!

JESSE  
 I know! Because you suck!

CHARLIE  
 I hate you!

They simultaneously whip away from each other in a huff.

A long beat. Stoner 2 leans in to his buddies:

STONER 2  
 These Cops are weird.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

McNulty drives on the 405 when his cell phone rings.

CHIEF MCNULTY  
 McNulty.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

A DESK COP stares at his computer.

DESK COP

Sir? I've been doing some digging on this Kelly girl. This may be nothing, but - her Uncle is Robert Marks. As in Executive Director Robert Marks.

A beat. McNulty drops his phone and SLAMS ON THE GAS.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A burned out SUV smolders. Mike, the Asian twins, and the Giant Hot Woman are sprawled out where we left them.

A PHONE RINGS. It rings again and again, until -

MIKE SITS STRAIGHT UP. A monster awakened. Groggy, he finds his cell phone and puts it to his ear.

MICHAEL

Hmm.

ON THE OTHER END:

Kevin Best is in his office.

BEST

Michael. I have new information from our friend. I'd like you to meet me somewhere.

EXT. MASSIVE WAREHOUSE RAVE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Our guys step out of the van in a packed parking lot. Colin looks to the three stoners huddled in the back.

COLIN

You good to hold down the fort?

STONER 1

This is a van, Sir. Not a fort.

COLIN

I've enjoyed our time together.

Colin shuts the door.

Dozens of young 20s kids in bizarre rave outfits stream toward the building. When the kids see Jesse and Charlie:

RAVE KIDS

Boo! / You suck! / Go home, Pigs!

Colin looks Jesse and Charlie over, considering...

COLIN

You two are going to draw a lot of attention in those.

CHARLIE

Yeah? Well I forgot to pack an overnight bag, Colin, so what exactly would you like me to do?

SECONDS LATER:

We hear a RIP! Colin steps back, holding a piece of blue fabric. He stares at his creation:

COLIN

Okay. That looks... different.

REVEAL Jesse and Charlie dressed like CHIPPENDALE COPS: the sleeves have been torn off their cop shirts - which are now unbuttoned to their stomachs - and their pants have been ripped into TEENY SHORT-SHORTS. Charlie turns to Jesse.

CHARLIE

Pfft. You look like America's worst gay stripper.

JESSE

You look like the world's worst gay stripper.

CHARLIE

Well you look like the worst gay stripper in fucking... space!

JESSE

Well you look like -

Colin wraps an arm around both guys and pulls them in close:

COLIN

Hey, guess what I have? A special prize for the next person that talks. Wanna know what it is? I'll give you a hint: it's a punch in the face. You want the prize?

The guys press their lips shut and shake their heads no.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Let's make this as painless as possible, shall we?

Colin walks them to the warehouse. From the back, we see just how short their shorts are - a BIT OF ROUNDED ASS CHEEK pokes out from the back of each tiny pant leg.

CHARLIE

Colin?

COLIN

Yes, Charlie?

CHARLIE

My buns are cold.

COLIN

Don't talk about your buns, Charlie.

EXT. MASSIVE WAREHOUSE RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

A VERY GAY DOOR GUY looks Jesse and Charlie over.

DOOR GUY

Whoa-ho. Hope you Cops invited some Firemen, 'cause you just started a blaze in my pants.

Jesse and Charlie stand there for a long, uncomfortable beat.

JESSE

Can we go inside, please?

DOOR GUY

Can you? I'm waiving your cover charge. Rave on, little Hot Cops.

He ushers them in, eagerly watching as they enter. He then turns back and looks Colin over, unimpressed.

DOOR GUY (CONT'D)

Ten bucks.

INT. MASSIVE WAREHOUSE RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

They enter a huge building filled with hundreds of costumed ravers. The atmosphere is electric - bumping techno music, insane lights, smoke machines and elaborate decorations.

JESSE

We should sweep from one side to the other til we find her.

(pointing)

Let's start by that giant dragon.

CHARLIE

That's a dumb idea.

(nods to opposite side)

Let's start by that giant missile.

JESSE

You're just saying that to contradict me. That's not even a missile, it's a ship.

CHARLIE

I know. So is your face.

JESSE

Really. My face is a ship.

CHARLIE

Yes. A ship filled with farts.

JESSE

You're so stupid!

CHARLIE

You have gross legs!

They sneer at each other, then simultaneously charge in opposite directions. Colin tries to stop them, but -

COLIN

Guys! Don't -

(trailing off)

Split up...

A beat. Colin sighs, pissed.

COLIN (CONT'D)

It's Adventures in fucking Babysitting.

LATER:

- Jesse looks for Kelly as he pushes through the crowd, hundreds of weirdos in weirdo costumes.

- Charlie wanders the crowd and accidentally bumps into a weird RAVE GIRL dancing by herself, entranced.

CHARLIE

Sorry! Didn't mean to disrupt.  
Great moves by the way, very -

She grabs Charlie's face and LICKS HIM. A beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm Charlie.

- Colin searches for Jesse and Charlie, annoyed as shit as ravers wave glow sticks and other weird objects in his face.

COLIN

No. Go away. Hey, giant lollipop.

He grabs the giant lollipop from a raver and chucks it. Colin hops up on a ledge for a better view, and looks out on a dense sea of ravers. This is hopeless.

- Jesse reaches a bar area. He stops and leans against it, overwhelmed. As he looks out on the huge crowd:

GUY (O.S.)

Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Bro?!

Jesse turns to see his CO-WORKER DAVE. Dave is dressed as a GIANT BABY: giant diaper, giant bonnet and giant baby bottle. As ridiculous as he looks, he seems more shocked by Jesse.

DAVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

JESSE

Trying to find an ex-girlfriend with FBI connections so I can help a reformed felon take down a crime boss and some dirty Cops. You?

DAVE

(a beat)

I can see your balls!

- Charlie dances with his rave girl, shouting over the music to talk to her, even though she isn't listening:

CHARLIE

And he thinks I'm a mess? *He's* the mess. I'm legit - I'm in charge of literally hundreds of hamst-

She jams her RING POP in his mouth - twisting it and making him awkwardly suck. When she finally pulls it out:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mmm. Part of me is curious how many mouths that's been in tonight, but -

She grabs him and starts PASSIONATELY MAKING OUT WITH HIM.

- Jesse is insanely annoyed as Dave, who's drunk or tripping or both, laughs and shouts in his ear:

DAVE

Jesse from work, man! It's like a weird juxtaposition! 'Cause the party's dope and bumpin' and packed with titties! And then you - you're totally lame!

JESSE

I'm... what?

DAVE

Not in a bad way, bro! I just meant - you're Jesse. You're totally lame. Not in a bad way.

JESSE

I'm... lame. But not in a bad way.

DAVE

Exactly! You get me, bro.

He gives Jesse a friendly punch in the arm. Jesse considers this for a beat... then suddenly EXPLODES:

JESSE

HOLY FUCK, YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE! Look at you! You're ridiculous! Why would someone like you ever get to push me around?

Jesse shakes his head, disappointed in himself for ever bowing down to this guy. Then, newly emboldened:

JESSE (CONT'D)

Here's the sitch, Dave: on Monday, you and I are gonna straighten some things out. And you'll be seeing a new side of me. You know why?

(with fierce intensity)

'Cause I'm a Cop, you scumbag. And yes, that's largely metaphorical but - fuck it - I'm a Cop and I'm crazier than Dirty Harry and John McClane put together.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Fuck with me again, and I'll destroy you. I'll rip off your face and shit on your skull. And when you go home to wash off my shit, guess what you'll find in your bath? A barracuda. And it's gonna eat your penis. Later, bro.

Jesse gives him a slap on the cheek and walks off, a big confident stud. His ass is half-showing, but he's still a stud. Dave is speechless.

EXT. MASSIVE WAREHOUSE RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

A hundred dollar bill is slapped down before the Door Guy. He looks up to see Cousin Mike, GHW and the Asian Twins (one of whom is wounded from a gunshot, but still mobile.)

MICHAEL

Four please.

DOOR GUY

(into his phone)

Hi, Dr. Frankenstein? I think your monster has gotten out again.

Door Guy laughs at his joke - but gets no smiles from the group. He nervously clears his throat, then, all business:

DOOR GUY (CONT'D)

Okay, so four times ten is forty...

INT. MASSIVE WAREHOUSE RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

His patience gone, Colin now forcibly grabs people from behind who look like they could be Jesse or Charlie. With each turn, he sees an unfamiliar face.

SUDDENLY, Colin freezes. Twenty feet away, ONE OF THE ASIAN TWINS ROAMS THE CROWD.

COLIN

*Shit.*

- Jesse aggressively pushes through the crowd, determined as he searches for Kelly.

- Charlie sloppily makes out with his rave girl when he's grabbed from behind and spun. Colin is there, looking very concerned.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
 Charlie - come with me. Now.

CHARLIE  
 What? Why? Did Jesse see me  
 having an awesome time and send you  
 to ruin it? What a dick!

COLIN  
 (eyes scanning the crowd)  
 No, just shut up and -

CHARLIE  
 You tell him he can kiss my ass!  
 And since my ass is hanging  
 completely out of my shorts, he  
 should have no tr-

Colin GRABS CHARLIE, THROWS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER, and carries him off. It happened so quickly, Charlie has no idea why he's suddenly staring at the floor.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Whoa. Am I tripping balls?

- A PRETTY GIRL in a sexy outfit dances. She's lost in the music, oblivious to the mass of pervy guys trying to move in on her. Suddenly, she's grabbed by the arm - she turns:

KELLY  
 (shocked)  
 Jesse?

JESSE  
 Hey Kelly.

KELLY  
 What... what are you doing?  
 (then noticing)  
 What are you wearing? Why are you  
 here? What are you -

A DOUCHEBAG RAVE GUY steps in, playing hero for Kelly -

RAVE GUY  
 Is this guy giving you a pr-

JESSE  
 Fuck off.

With one hand Jesse nonchalantly SHOVES THE GUY TO THE FLOOR. Kelly is shocked.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I need your help. Listen  
carefully.

He leans in close, talking directly into her ear. She listens intently, amazed at this new side of Jesse.

- Colin pushes through the crowd with Charlie slung over his shoulder. Charlie's EXPOSED ASS IS RIGHT NEXT TO COLIN'S FACE. It's like a wildly gay Officer and a Gentlemen moment. As a group of GAY RAVERS see the homoerotic scene -

RAVERS  
(cheering)  
Woo! Take that ass on home!

COLIN  
Shh! Shut up! I'm trying to hide!

RAVERS  
Don't be ashamed! / We support you!  
/ Love is never wrong!

They clap and cheer. Colin has had enough. He abandons discretion and charges ahead, plowing over people, when suddenly - he's FACE TO FACE WITH A GUN.

Cousin Mike is on the other end, pressing his gun into Colin's temple. KEVIN BEST stands next to Mike, hands in pockets, perfectly calm.

BEST  
Hey, Colin.

COLIN  
(shaken)  
Hey boss. Didn't expect to see you here.

With a nod, Best and Michael back Colin - who still carries Charlie - into an isolated corner of the warehouse, slightly removed from the masses.

BEST  
(nods to Charlie's ass)  
Making new friends?

COLIN  
Trying to fit in.

CHARLIE  
(still upside down)  
What's going on? Who are we talking to?

BEST

Been a long time since I went out on an errand, Colin. But this, I had to be part of. Time to wrap this thing up.

Colin considers his options. He doesn't have many.

COLIN

Can I set this idiot down?

BEST

(disgusted by Charlie's  
ass)

I would prefer it.

Colin slowly moves to set Charlie down. As he does, we may notice his hand STEALTHILY REACHING FOR CHARLIE'S BATON...

In the blink of an eye Colin drops Charlie, grabs the baton and CRACKS MIKE IN THE FACE. Mike goes down, knocked silly -

But Best is fast - he already has his own gun in Colin's chest.

BEST (CONT'D)

Dammit, man, is it not enough I'm at this zoo at 4 in the fucking morning? I gotta deal with your bullshit too? Why can't you be more compliant? Like your cousin?

COLIN

My cousin's an idiot. I love him, but he's an idiot.

BEST

Good employee though. Loyal. Not like you.

As Best glares into Colin's eyes, his anger begins to rise...

BEST (CONT'D)

I know we should do this someplace private, but staring at you now, I'm not sure I can wait.

Best COCKS HIS GUN, about to pull the trigger -

CHIEF McNULTY

Here's an idea - let's not commit murder before 1000 witnesses.

Best turns. He's surprised to see McNulty standing right next to him.

CHIEF MCNULTY (CONT'D)  
 For one, we still don't have the  
 tape. And two, you can't fire a  
 gun in a huge crowd without a -  
 (THWIP!)  
 Silencer.

McNulty's silenced gun FIRES A BULLET INTO BEST'S GUT.  
 McNulty fires three more shots, and Best drops. Dead.

CHIEF MCNULTY (CONT'D)  
 He can be so impulsive. It's  
 frustrating.

McNulty then presses his gun into Colin's stomach.

CHIEF MCNULTY (CONT'D)  
 Let's take a walk, boys.

SOMEWHERE IN THE HUGE CROWD:

Jesse leads Kelly by the hand as he works through the crowd,  
 scanning for Charlie and Colin. Kelly follows him willingly,  
 but seems somewhat confused.

KELLY  
 I understand why the Chief is after  
 you... and I see why the criminals  
 want you dead... but I'm still not  
 getting the shorts.

JESSE  
 I'm not sure I do either.

SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE HUGE CROWD:

Colin and Charlie walk side by side, slowly pushing through  
 ravers. McNulty walks behind Colin, right up against him,  
 his gun stealthily pressed into Colin's lower back.

Charlie's eyes dart about as he scans the area, searching for  
 a weapon, or an escape path, or -

CHIEF MCNULTY  
 Charlie, I swear to God, if you  
 even blink I will shoot you in the  
 testicles. I will literally jam my  
 gun in your crotch and explode your  
 nuts.

Horrified, Charlie immediately falls in line.

CHARLIE

Yessir. That is a very effective threat.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Keep moving nice and slow. When we get to the exit -

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

The exit?

McNulty looks to see -

JESSE

You just got here.

Jesse stands before them, tall and defiant.

With his gun still in Colin's back, McNulty looks Jesse over and laughs.

CHIEF MCNULTY

This a joke, right? Jesse, c'mon! You're not going to save the day. You're not a hero. You're nothing. Just a sad, helpless loser.

JESSE

Actually - a sad, helpless loser -

CLICK. A GUN COCKS.

JESSE (CONT'D)

With a gun.

Jesse presses the gun hard into McNulty's stomach.

McNulty just grins, unflinching as he glares into Jesse's eyes.

CHIEF MCNULTY

Of all the lame threats I've ever heard, this is the lamest - a pussy, dressed like a homo, with a *fake gun*.

A beat. Jesse nods, chuckles, then:

JESSE

Maybe you're right, McNulty. Maybe it is fake. Just a lame, fake gun from a lame, fake uniform.

Jesse takes a step closer, and now with incredible intensity:

JESSE (CONT'D)

Or maybe, it's the *real* gun we took from a *real* Cop. And maybe the guy holding it has had a real bad day and is real close to losing his shit and blowing a very real hole in your gut. So before you make your move, McNulty, ask yourself: is that a legit firearm jammed in my stomach? Or is it...

McNulty's confidence wavers - as his eyes make a quick look down to inspect the gun...

WHAM! JESSE THROWS A RIGHT HOOK TO MCNULTY'S JAW.

JESSE (CONT'D)

A distraction?

A beat. McNulty blinks... his eyes roll back in his head... and he slumps to the floor. Jesse grabs McNulty's gun.

Colin and Charlie are speechless, jaws open. Kelly, standing a few feet behind Jesse, is equally stunned. Finally:

CHARLIE

Jesse, holy shit! That was awesome!

JESSE

Yeah, well - guess I found my balls.

CHARLIE

Good for you. I think you're really going to enjoy them.

They chuckle. A beat, then:

BOTH GUYS AT ONCE

Charlie, I / Jesse, the -

They both stop. Then gesture to the other - okay, you first.

BOTH GUYS AT ONCE (CONT'D)

I just wanted -

Another beat. They gesture again - you go. No, let me. No, let -

COLIN

For fuck's sake!  
(quickly points)  
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

You're sorry, you're sorry, you  
didn't mean it, you're still  
friends and you're still idiots.  
Good?

They nod - sounds about right.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Good. Can we move?

JESSE

(nod to Kelly)

Yeah, got what we came for. Let's  
get the hell out of here.

Jesse takes Kelly's hand and leads the way as Charlie and  
Colin follow.

CHARLIE

Hey Kelly.

KELLY

Hey Charlie.

CHARLIE

Great outfit.

KELLY

Stop staring, Charlie.

MOMENTS LATER, HALFWAY TO THE EXIT:

The foursome struggles to push through the huge crowd, when  
SUDDENLY, THEY SEE IT - a Giant Hot Woman ten feet away,  
towering over the ravers.

CHARLIE

Madame HugeTits!

SHE SPOTS THEM. As she reaches for a gun, they try to head a  
new direction. She WHISTLES - a shrill blast, signaling THE  
ASIAN TWINS fifteen feet away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Kung Fu Twins!

The Twins REACH FOR THEIR GUNS and close in. Jesse turns to  
lead the group in a different direction, but -

THEY SEE TWO COPS, McNulty's guys, ten feet away. The Cops  
spot them and reach for their weapons...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Dirty Cops!

The foursome turns a different direction, but -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Psycho Sasquatch!

Cousin Mike is back on his feet, a huge, pissed off monster plowing toward them, throwing ravers aside like ragdolls.

Our guys stand helpless and trapped. Four different enemies push in from four different directions, guns drawn as they search for a clean shot amidst the dense crowd and flashing lights...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Well... been a fun night, guys.

COLIN  
Yeah. I guess it has.

JESSE  
Yeah. In fact...

Jesse pulls out the gun he lifted off McNulty...

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Let's keep it going.

Raises it, and as he turns his body a full 360 degrees, he FIRES - BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! FOUR SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION.

He hits all four targets: FOUR GIANT SMOKE MACHINES located in four corners of the warehouse.

The machines ERUPT, SPEWING A THICK CLOUD OF SMOKE. The combination of smoke and gunfire creates -

CHAOS.

THE CROWD FREAKS. Hundreds of spaced-out ravers lose their shit and push for the exit. The bad guys get knocked hard by ravers, swept up in the crowd...

COLIN  
Go!

Colin tucks Charlie under his arm and charges ahead, bulldozing his way through the crowd.

Jesse follows close behind, riding Colin's wake - he has an arm around Kelly, protecting her.

As they near the exit, they hit a bottleneck. From various angles, the baddies are still in pursuit. Guns are drawn, but no one can get a direct shot.

GHW sees an opening, about to fire - but gets slammed by a surge of ravers and drops her weapon.

Cousin Mike is mere feet away, but can't reach them in the dense crowd. He angrily lunges, his fingers brushing an inch from Jesse's face.

A few feet from the door, Charlie spots -

CHARLIE  
Hey! Rave Girl!

His weird rave girl is next to him, pushing to the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
How was your night?

A push from the rear shoves our guys forward, through the doorway to -

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The crowd spills outside and flees in a panic, screaming.

Colin emerges, still protecting Charlie, who in turn protects Rave Girl.

Jesse and Kelly spill out a moment later.

JESSE  
Get to the van!

The group charges through the lot, trying not to get separated in the chaos, when suddenly -

MAN (O.S.)  
Hey! Look who it is!

They stop and turn - OFFICER DAVIS is approaching. He's positively gleeful as he DRAWS HIS GUN. Our guys freeze.

OFFICER DAVIS  
The mother fucker who shot me in the ass. You know what time it is, mother fucker? It's payback time.

He raises his gun, his eyes locked on Charlie...

OFFICER DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Time for you to get shot in *your* ass. Time for you to know the searing pain of hot lea-

WHAM! The PIECE OF SHIT VAN comes from out of nowhere and FLATTENS OFFICER DAVIS.

Stoner 1 sits behind the wheel of the van. He and his stoner pals are completely freaked - this was not intentional.

STONER 1  
Oh shit, man! I hit a fucking Cop,  
man! Again, man! Oh man...

As Stoner 1 curls up into a ball, Colin runs to the door.

COLIN  
How 'bout I drive.

Colin shoves him aside and takes the wheel. As Jesse and Charlie help the girls into the van, Jesse notices Rave Girl for the first time.

JESSE  
(sotto to Charlie)  
Who is that?

CHARLIE  
(duh)  
Rave Girl.

Charlie hops in the van. Jesse hops in after him.

As they speed off, we follow the van from an AERIAL VIEW OF THE PARKING LOT:

RAVE GIRL (O.S.)  
So is that, like, a real gun?

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Nah, this one's fake. But it's a  
perfect replica. As a matter of  
fact -

BLAM!

A beat.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh.

COLIN (O.S.)  
CHARLIE! WHAT THE FUCK!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

A beautiful two-story family home in a quaint, quiet neighborhood. The sun is beginning to rise.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

A 50ish MAN is asleep in bed next to his wife. There's a loud BANG BANG BANG. BANG BANG BANG. Groggy and confused, the man sits up. He reaches for his glasses and a bathrobe.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ENTRANCE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The BANG BANG BANG continues as he shuffles to the front door, barely awake.

MAN

Okay, I'm coming...

The man, ROGER MARKS, opens the door to...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DOORSTEP - CONTINUOUS

The strangest collection of people he's ever seen.

ROGER

What the hell...?

His niece Kelly is flanked by two fruity hot cops, a spaced-out rave girl, three goofball stoners, and a big bad-ass with an angry look on his face.

KELLY

Hey, Uncle Roger. Can we come in?

Roger Marks stares back in disbelief. Charlie leans in to Colin, who has a hand clamped onto his shoulder.

CHARLIE

Honestly, it doesn't look that bad.

COLIN

Don't talk to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MONDAY MORNING

The sun is out, a beautiful morning.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dave pours a coffee and skims an article in the LA TIMES. It reads: POLICE CHIEF, COPS CAUGHT IN MURDER RING. He reads it in amazement.

Sensing something, Dave looks up from the paper - Jesse stands next to him, calmly pouring a coffee. Dave jumps.

DAVE

Jesse! Hey! Hey. How's it going?

JESSE

Fine, Dave. You?

DAVE

Doing okay. Could be better - Mondays, right?

(chuckles nervously, then)

Hey, did I see you at that rave Friday? I was pretty wasted. Barely remember a thing.

Dave subtly looks away. He seems to remember enough.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But, um, I was thinking I might talk to Kratzer. Let him know I stole your work. Just seems like the right thing to do.

JESSE

How nice.

DAVE

Okay, cool then. I'll do that. Get it straightened out. And maybe we could like, hang out sometime.

JESSE

I don't think so.

DAVE

Yeah, definitely not. Sorry.

Dave awkwardly shuffles out of the kitchen. Jesse grins.

INT. JESSE'S CUBICLE - LATER

Jesse enters and takes a seat at his desk. His office phone is flashing with a voicemail. He presses play, and over the speaker phone we hear:

KELLY (ON VOICEMAIL)

Jesse, hey. It's Kelly. I tried your cell but I didn't hear back. Thought I'd try you at the office.

(then, a bit awkward)

So, um... it was good to see you the other night. But in all the confusion, we didn't actually get a chance to talk. And, well, I was thinking maybe we could get together. Catch up. Get a coffee or... I don't know. Whatever. So... call me, 'kay?

Jesse chuckles as he stares at the phone, hardly believing the role reversal.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jesse and Charlie are getting ready for something - for now, we can't tell exactly what they're doing.

CHARLIE

Colin's in New York right now. Meeting his kid for the first time. Pretty crazy.

(then)

Wonder how long he'll be there? I mean, I assume he's just visiting. As opposed to moving. He should definitely come back. It's awesome here. It's where his life is. It's where his friends are.

(then, small)

I miss Colin.

JESSE

I know, buddy.

CHARLIE

You think he's still mad I shot him?

JESSE

(delicately)

Yeah... probably.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Think I should call him?

JESSE

Let's give it a few weeks.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - LATER

Jesse and Charlie walk through town. At the moment we only see them from the neck up.

CHARLIE

So what's next with Kelly? You going to start seeing her again?

JESSE

(considers)

Actually, I don't know. Don't get me wrong, she's great, but... all that time I was hung up on her, I'm not sure if I was really in love with her, or just afraid to move on.

CHARLIE

Love is indeed elusive. Rave Girl and I didn't last. We had chemistry. And I cared about her. I just... had no idea what her name was. It got weird.

JESSE

Yeah, I can see that.

As they reach their destination -

CHARLIE

Well, onward and upward.

JESSE

Yep.

They push through a door to...

INT. BAR - DAY

They enter and stand in the doorway. Everyone here turns, checking them out. Girls in particular seem especially intrigued as Jesse and Charlie walk through and grab a seat.

As they sit, they each set something down on the table before them - a beautiful red HELMET.

REVEAL JESSE AND CHARLIE DRESSED AS FIREMEN: blue t-shirts, suspenders, yellow pants and boots - perfect replica costumes of L.A. Firefighters.

A CUTE GIRL at an adjacent table leans in, flirty:

CUTE GIRL  
So you guys are firemen?

JESSE  
What gave us away?

Jesse gives a smooth grin and we...

FADE OUT.

OVER CREDITS:

MONTAGE:

- Jesse and Charlie enter a bar. They're dressed as AIR FORCE PILOTS. They bask in the attention as every woman here stares at them.

- Jesse and Charlie enter a bar. They're dressed as HOSPITAL SURGEONS. They bask in the attention as every woman here stares at them.

- Jesse and Charlie enter a bar. Everyone turns to look - then immediately scatters, leaving the bar empty. REVEAL the guys dressed as members of the L.A. BOMB SQUAD.

JESSE  
We may not have thought this one through.

THE END.