

104020

"CHiPs"

by

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(REVISED)

FADE IN:

EXT LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

A STRAFING SHOT over the freeway. An endless ribbon of speeding cars. STEP PUSH IN on a BLACK HUMMER bobbing from lane to lane, cruising past the other traffic with a sense of purpose.

INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

The driver is VIC BROWN (40's): Mean, stone-faced, calm. Four menacing THUGS are in the passenger seats.

VIC

There it is.

The thugs all pull MASKS over their heads.

EXT LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The HUMMER cruises alongside a CAR CARRIER loaded with four, fire engine red, LAMBORGHINIS. The Hummer's right side doors FLY OPEN. The masked hijackers, now wearing backpacks, LEAP ONTO the moving car carrier.

The backpacks contain hand held acetylene torches and small cans of gas. In moments the chains are TORCHED, and the cars are fueled and DRIVEN OFF the moving truck, onto the freeway.

INT. CAR CARRIER - FRONT CAB - CONTINUOUS

The portly TRUCK DRIVER looks out his window and sees a Lamborghini go WHIZZING BY. That's a coincidence. Another ZIPS by on the other side.

DRIVER

What the hell?!

The driver grabs his cell phone.

INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Vic drives with one hand and points his gun at the truck driver with the other. BAM! He blows away the driver's cell phone and a couple of his fingers then SPEEDS OFF.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The driver, confused and bleeding, LOSES CONTROL of his rig. It FISHTAILS and SKIDS down the freeway sideways before rolling on it's SIDE. The driver jumps out of the cab just as the gas tanks EXPLODE.

CUT TO:

EXT LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - MILES AWAY - DAY

We're close in on a RADAR GUN. It reads "65 MPH." PULL BACK to reveal two C.H.P. motorcycle officers on the shoulder of the freeway.

The radar gun is held by JON BAKER (20s): blonde, smart, all-American, a gung-ho cop.

Sitting beside him, looking through small binoculars, is his partner and best friend, FRANK "PONCH" PONCHERELLO (20s): handsome, slick but sincere. His manner almost as charming as his smile.

JON

Damn, Ponch, this is boring as hell.

PONCH

You've got to relax, bro. It's a beautiful day.

JON

I hate "A" shift. If I wanted to sit in the sun all day holding a radar gun, I'd get a job with the Dodgers. We gotta get back on nights

PONCH

Negative. Not doing it.

JON

The possession arrow's pointing my way. I may have to drop the hammer.

PONCH

I used my possession arrow to get us back on days. You can't just reverse my call. It's against the rules.

JON

Rules? Since when do you care about rules?

PONCH

When they affect my social life. The quality of available women goes significantly down when your happy hour is five AM. I'm not working graveyard again.

JON

Come on. The "yard" is when all the action happens. People fight you. Remember when we wrestled that junky out of his car and he tried to stab us with a needle?

(remembering fondly)

That was fun.

PONCH

You know me My idea of fun is a
little different.

PONCH'S POV: THROUGH THE BINOCULARS WE SEE A BMW CONVERTIBLE
BEING DRIVEN BY A SMOKING HOT BLONDE

END POV:

PONCH (CONT'D)

White Beemer

Jon points the radar gun at the car. It reads "90 MPH."
They hit their lights and sirens and TAKE OFF in pursuit.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW pulls into the break down lane, Ponch and Jon behind
it. Ponch gets off his bike and approaches the driver, LUISA.
He pulls off his sunglasses and gives her a friendly smile.

PONCH

Afternoon, ma'am Can I see your
license and registration?

LUISA

I was just keeping up with the other
traffic.

PONCH

Look, I'm telling you this because
I'm a nice guy. That's not one of
your prime excuses. Next time you
might try "relative in the hospital."
Maybe squeeze out a tear.

She smiles at him flirtatiously and hands him her license
and a card.

LUISA

Here's my license and here's my phone
number.

PONCH

I know you're flirting to get out of
the ticket.

LUISA

Maybe, but I do think you're cute.

ANGLE ON: JON SITTING ON HIS BIKE.

He's running Luisa's license on the MDC, a small COMPUTER
mounted to his bike. Ponch approaches.

JON

She's got a couple unpaid tickets.
We can impound her car.

PONCH
I'm leaning towards a warning.

JON
She was going ninety.

PONCH
She was on her way to the hospital
to visit her aunt... to say goodbye.

JON
(momentarily moved)
Man. That's rough.
(then, realizing)
C'mon

PONCH
You come on. Did you notice her
shoulders? No tan lines.

JON
No. I'm not doing it.

PONCH
Maybe she has a friend she could
bring? Maybe they suntan naked by a
pool together and need some strong
hands to rub in a little Banana Boat
Dark Mist Tanning oil?

JON
You're going to get us in trouble.

PONCH
She's got a couple tickets, it's not
worth the paperwork. Lighten up,
you worry too much.

JON
One of us has to. The only thing
you're worried about is picking up
women and getting tan.

PONCH
How could you say that? You know
this is my natural skin tone.

LUISA
(calling over)
Is everything okay?

PONCH
Fine. We're just working through
something.

One of the red LAMBORGHINIS goes BLASTING by.
Ponch and Jon exchange a look. Ponch jumps on his bike.

PONCH (CONT'D)
 (calling to Luisa)
 I'll call you.

They PEEL OUT in hot PURSUIT

PONCH (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 LA Mary Three and Four attempting to
 overtake a red Lamborghini traveling
 southbound 405 at the speed of light.

FEMALE DISPATCH (O.S.)
 LA Mary Three and Four that vehicle
 returns Ten-Eight Five-One, stolen
 off a car carrier

JON
 Ponch?

PONCH
 Yeah?

JON
 Sorry I ragged on "A shift."

Ponch and Jon look at each other and smile. They love this
 shit.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

Ponch and Jon TEAR down the freeway.

MUSIC CUE: TITLE THEME

ZOOM IN on the C.H.P. logo painted on Ponch's gas tank. The
 letters "C", "H", and "P", lift off towards the frame. The
 "i" and "s" appear to complete the word "CHiPs".

The Lamborghini ROARS through traffic. Ponch and Jon, sirens
 blaring, seconds behind

Slower traffic ahead, the Lamborghini SLICES across four
 lanes, BARELY making an exit ramp.

PONCH
 On him.

Ponch SHOOTS through, but a pick-up truck blocks Jon.

JON
 Dammit!

PONCH
 I'll push him North Hit the next
 exit.

Ponch's cycle catches air as it ROCKETS down the exit ramp. Behind him, Jon comes ROARING down the embankment, EXPERTLY navigating the jagged hillside. He pulls next to a surprised Ponch.

JON

Found a closer exit.

The Lamborghini makes a SHARP RIGHT. Jon stays on him as Ponch LEANS his bike HARD RIGHT and cuts into an alley. As he picks up speed, an old fart in a DODGE DART SWINGER backs out of a garage.

Ponch LURCHES left into a narrow sliver between two buildings. There's BARELY room for his cycle, and none for his protruding legs. He hops up, STANDING on the seat as he squeezes through the NARROW PASSAGE. He reaches the STREET, and sits back down on his bike as the Lamborghini goes FLYING PAST. Jon still on his tail.

From a side street a BLACK CROWN VICTORIA with one flashing police light, comes skidding into the chase.

In the car are two LAPD DETECTIVES. The driver, SCHNEIDER (30's): fierce, with huge steroid enhanced muscles. In the passenger seat, DAVIS (30's): good looking metro-sexual, wearing a designer suit.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - CONTINUOUS

Davis grabs the police radio.

DAVIS

LAPD in position. We'll take it over, now.

PONCH (O.S.)

(over police radio)

Negative. We got him.

SCHNEIDER

Get the hell out of our way!

The Lamborghini SKIDS left. Ponch follows.

PONCH

Squeeze him!

JON

Done.

Jon turns HARD left and disappears between two houses.

Ponch tries to stay with the Lamborghini but it begins to pull away. Jon EXPLODES through an eight foot HEDGE, cutting off the Lamborghini. It spins, throwing up a cloud of WHITE TIRE SMOKE, and RIPS OFF in another direction.

7.
Ponch and Jon ride through the smoke in pursuit, but the CROWN VICTORIA cuts in front of their bikes forcing them to SKID TO A STOP

JON (CONT'D)
Son-of-a-bitch!

The Crown Vic turns to chase the Lamborghini but LOSES TRACTION and SLAMS into a parked car.

Ponch and Jon gun it, trying to get back into the pursuit

ANGLE ON:

The Lamborghini cruises under an overpass and DOWNSHIFTS as it approaches a semi-truck. The back doors of the semi open and a ramp extends. The Lamborghini pulls into the TRUCK, joining another one of the STOLEN CARS. The ramp retracts, the doors ROLL SHUT and the truck pulls onto the freeway

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ponch and Jon cruise out onto the freeway and blow past the truck.

PONCH
Where'd he go?

Jon checks his MDC computer screen.

JON
Lo-Jack signal disappeared.

PONCH
(into radio)
LA Mary Three and Four, you still got a Lo-Jack signal on that Lamborghini?

FEMALE DISPATCH (O.S.)
Negative.

As Ponch and Jon exit the freeway, the semi-truck drives by.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. C.H.P. STATION - BRIEFING ROOM- LATER THAT DAY

Ponch and Jon are among a dozen C.H.P. officers sitting in rows of seats. SERGEANT GETRAER (40's): no-nonsense, way too intellectual for a cop, addresses the group.

GETRAER
In the last couple months twenty-seven ultra high-end sports cars have been stolen in West LA. Their street value is over ten million dollars.

The officers react, whistles and "cohs," they didn't realize it was this much

GETRAER (CONT'D)

Today four vehicles were driven off a moving car carrier and the driver was shot. These thieves are organized, armed, and temerarious.

KATHY (20's): pretty, blonde, athletic, raises her hand.

KATHY

Sarge?

GETRAER

Temerarious is an adjective. Latin root. It means to be recklessly daring.

PONCH

So you could use it to describe Grossman's perm.

Everyone chuckles. GROSSMAN (20's): Heavy-set, with short curly hair, smiles and tosses a pencil at Ponch.

GROSSMAN

Lick my hoop. These curls are real.

GETRAER

Enough. Lieutenants Davis and Schneider of LAPD are heading up the task force on the car thefts. Any information you have is to be shared with them first.

Groans.

JON

(quietly to officers)
Those A-holes almost killed us today.

GROSSMAN

I hate those guys. Glory hounds.

GETRAER

We're all on the same side. I expect complete coadjuvancy.

KATHY

Sarge?

JON

Coadjuvancy is a noun. It means cooperation, teamwork, synergy.
(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

(off their looks)

What? Sarge used it last spring
when we were going over the freeway
shootings.

PONCH

(proud)

That's my road dog!

The door opens and in walks agent DANIELLE MINJARES (20s):
Sexy, Latina, wearing a t-shirt, tight jeans, and on her
belt a holstered gun and a badge -- she looks so HOT you
might not realize how TOUGH she is. Getraer notices her
entrance.

GETRAER

We have a visitor. Let me introduce
agent Danielle Minjares.

Ponch claps, nobody else does.

PONCH

How about a little hospitality?
Seriously, this is why LA gets a bad
rap -- Kobe and shit like this.

GETRAER

Agent Minjares is with the DEA.
She's in town from Washington.

Ponch CLAPS again. After a moment, Jon follows suit.
Danielle shakes her head.

PONCH

(to Jon)

Thanks, bro.

JON

Got your back.

Danielle joins Getraer at the front of the room.

DANIELLE

Last week, the FBI's counter-terrorism
unit stumbled onto some chatter about
a large amount of heroin smuggled
into the Los Angeles area. That's
the extent of our information. I'm
out here to coordinate efforts with
local law enforcement agencies.

Ponch raises his hand.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Yes, I am single, but you're not my
type.

Everyone chuckles including Getraer

PONCH
(shaking his head)
Very unprofessional.
(to Jon)
I'm in love.

DANIELLE
(ignoring him)
I'll be in town for a few weeks, so
if anyone comes across any information
that will aid my investigation, please
contact me immediately. Thanks.

Danielle begins to head out.

PONCH
(sotto to Jon)
She's going to look at me. She's
going to look at me!

As she steps away, she DOES glance at Ponch for a SPLIT
SECOND.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Yes.

JON
(to Ponch)
She looked pissed.

GETRAER
Ponch, Jon, everything okay? You
have something you want to share
with the rest of us?

JON
Ponch was just excited that Agent
Minjares looked at him when she left
the room.

Ponch shrugs. Getraer sighs.

GETRAER
One last thing. As you know, next
week we have the annual Hoops for
Hope charity basketball game against
LAPD.

JON
Let's kick their ass this year!

Cheers of agreement.

GETRAER
This isn't about winning or losing.
(MORE)

GETRAER (CONT'D)

It's about raising money to help "at risk teens." Still, it'd be nice to look good, so if you can kick in a few extra bucks to Squad Club we can get some new uniforms. I'm thinking blue with a gold trim and our names on the back. That's all.

Everyone gets up and starts to exit.

GETRAER (CONT'D)

Poncherello, Baker. Hang back a second.

Ponch and Jon approach Getraer

GETRAER (CONT'D)

What happened out there this morning? Davis and Schneider said they called you off and you ignored them.

PONCH

We had the guy!

GETRAER

Doesn't matter, you know the rules. The pursuit went onto LA streets. That's LAPD jurisdiction.

PONCH

We were closing in and--

JON

--they cut us off. They're not--

PONCH

--team players

JON

Not at all.

GETRAER

Look, I like you guys. You have the potential to be two of the best officers I have. But you're magnets for trouble.

PONCH

Swear to God, Sarge, those pricks just couldn't stand to see us make the bust.

JON

What my partner means is that we were just trying to do our jobs to the best of our abilities.

GETRAER

Bullshit! I read your time sheets.
Ponch, last month you gave out twice
as many warnings as tickets

PONCH

I'm very compassionate.

GETRAER

You're very horny.

PONCH

There could be a little of that,
too

GETRAER

Next time you're out of jurisdiction
follow procedure, or I'll pull you
off patrol and have you teaching
parents how to install car seats.

Getraer heads off.

INT. C.H.P. STATION - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Ponch and Jon grab gear from their lockers, Jon is FUMING.
He slams his locker shut.

PONCH

Chill. It was just a warning.

JON

How can I "chill" when we were just
told we're screw ups? I want to
make sergeant. You know how political
that is. It's never going to happen
if the most impressive thing on my
record is that I can adjust the anti-
tangle five point harness on a Britax
car seat!

Jon pulls out an inhaler and takes a massive hit.

PONCH

You see what you do? You get yourself
all worked up.

JON

(re: inhaler)

I need this because I breathe freeway
smog eight hours a day, not 'cause
I'm angry

PONCH

Just seems like you use it when you're
mad.

JON

(angry)

Do not

Jon takes three quick hits

CUT TO:

INT. C.H.P. STATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Ponch and Jon walk down the hall, Ponch sees Danielle posting something on a bulletin board.

PONCH

I'll meet you outside.

Jon sees Danielle, smiles, and heads off. Ponch approaches her.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Agent Minjares, we haven't formally met. Frank Poncherello, but you can call me Ponch.

DANIELLE

Nice to meet you, Ponch.

PONCH

Sorry about my behavior in there. We're used to giving each other a hard time around here.

DANIELLE

That's fine with me. I look forward to giving you a hard time.

She turns and heads away, Ponch walks with her.

PONCH

Listen, while you're in town if you need someone to show you around...

Danielle stops

DANIELLE

Look, I'm here to do a job. This case could be a big break for me. I didn't come to sightsee, I'm not looking for a little slap and tickle or a bouncy ride on your worn out mattress. I'm not lonely, and I don't need companionship. Get it?

PONCH

Sure.

(then)

You have pretty hair. Are those extensions or did you grow it out?

She smiles, shakes her head and starts off. Ponch chases after her.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Wait. Next week we have a Hoops for Hope basketball game against the LAPD. It's for a good cause and I'll be wearing shorts. You should check it out.

DANIELLE

Thanks. But no.

She crosses off.

PONCH

(calling off)

It's to raise money for "at risk teens." They're the future drug dealers of America, might be a good career move to get to know them.

EXT C.H.P. STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Jon sits on his motorcycle. He's playing a hand-held VIDEO GAME that's wired to his MDC screen. In the game he's a cop BLOWING AWAY bad guys.

JON

(off game)

Eat that, bitch!

He glances up to see a group of CUB SCOUTS, who are getting a tour of the station, STARING at him in HORROR.

JON (CONT'D)

Don't do drugs. Stay in school.

The scout leader gives him a dirty look. As he leads the children away, Ponch approaches.

JON (CONT'D)

How'd it go?

PONCH

She could be a little bit of work.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - EVENING

Ponch and Jon cruise side by side.

JON

I don't get it. That car today had Lo-Jack. You can't just make that signal disappear.

PONCH

Yeah, something's ass backwards.

JON

Think about it, why do people steal cars?

PONCH

Joy ride. Chop 'em up for parts.

JON

Exactly. There isn't a big parts market for three hundred thousand dollar Lamborghinis. And you can't just slap on a new coat of paint and flip 'em. There's a big picture and if we could piece it together--

PONCH

You piece it together. I'll just chase them down.

JON

This could be a huge chance for us.

PONCH

A chance for what? I'm happy where I am. I love riding the bike.

Jon signals and changes lanes.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Where you going?

JON

We have to make a quick stop. I got the stolen vehicle report on that Aston Martin from yesterday. Told the Sarge we'd get the owner to sign.

PONCH

Aw, man. We're off the clock. Can't we do it tomorrow?

JON

It'll just take a minute. She lives at fourteen hundred Ocean Avenue.

Ponch SMILES.

PONCH

I know that building. It's where all the hot divorcees move when they get their huge settlements.

JON

Maybe you're right. We can wait 'til tomorrow.

PONCH
Don't mess around. We've got a job
to do.

Ponch hits his lights and siren and pulls ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ponch and Jon approach the luxury apartment building.

SLOW MOTION: Hot divorcees with spray-on tans and exquisite plastic work, strut in and out of the building, scantily clad in Roberto Cavalli, Versace, etc. Ponch looks on in awe.

END SLOW MOTION.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Ponch and Jon enter and approach the security guard who sits behind a desk.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey, Ponch.

PONCH
What's up, Bruce?

JON
(to Ponch)
You've been here before?

PONCH
Once or twice.

JON
(to guard)
We're looking for a miss Nicole Richards. Apartment 14-G.

SECURITY GUARD
Nikki just took off. I think she went next door to the Marina grill. Can't miss her. Tall, blond hair, black dress.

PONCH
Thanks

Two more GORGEOUS women walk by and smile at the guard

PONCH (CONT'D)
(to guard)
You're living the dream.

SECURITY GUARD

I know, brother. I know

INT. MARINA GRILL - NIGHT

It's a restaurant/bar at happy hour. Packed with a HOT, YOUNG, crowd. Ponch and Jon enter and look around. They see a tall blond woman in a black dress standing at the bar talking to a brunette

JON

That's got to be her.

PONCH

Here's the strategy. I go up to them and start talking to the brunette. Blonde is like, "He's using her to get to me." But I keep it going. Ignore Blonde. She doesn't exist. Soon she's doubting herself, "What's going on? Guys always go after me. I'm the hot one" Now her pride's on the line. She hits on me. I pretend to see her for the first time, "Who's talking? Oh, there's a smoking blonde standing right here. I hadn't noticed." And then I reel her in. Of course, Brunette is gonna be pissed, thinking her friend sandbagged her. "The one time a guy likes me, and that bitch ruins it." She doesn't realize she was a pawn from the beginning. It's sad, but it's the type of collateral damage that can't be avoided.

JON

We just need her to sign the report.

PONCH

I get it, you want the blonde. I'm cool with that.

Ponch and Jon CROSS to the women.

JON

Excuse me, ma'am. Are you Nicole Richards?

NICOLE

Yes, I am. Did you find my car?

JON

Not yet. But we need you to sign the stolen vehicle report

PONCH

And then we're going to need you and
your lovely friend to join us for
the standard victim's support
margarita.

(off their looks)

I think it's crazy too, but rules
are rules.

The women smile, Ponch's CHARM has worked again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARINA GRILL - LATER

Nancy, the brunette, sits by Ponch, and Nicole sits by Jon
There are a couple of empty margarita glasses in front of
the women.

NICOLE

... I didn't even buy that Aston
Martin. I got it from Frank in the
divorce. It was the only thing he
ever loved and I took it from him.
You might want to check his garage.

PONCH

I don't think so, Nikki.

JON

This is part of a larger operation.

NICOLE

(Flirtatiously, slurring)
You're too serious. Just have one
margarita.

JON

Can't. We're off duty, but we're
still wearing the uniform

NANCY

I think the uniform is so sexy.

PONCH

You should see what's underneath it.

The women giggle.

NANCY

Being a cop must be exciting.

PONCH

Just this morning we chased a
Lamborghini going one-twenty down
the 405.

NANCY

No way

JON

Oh yeah And last week this Honda Civic smashed into a guard rail and compressed like an accordion. Cut the driver in two.

Ponch surreptitiously draws his finger across his throat indicating for Jon to STOP. Jon MISUNDERSTANDS

JON (CONT'D)

When I pulled his dead body out of the car the head just fell to the pavement like a basketball. Blood everywhere

Nancy GAGS.

PONCH

Jon, dial it back a notch.

JON

What? You just told me to.

Jon does the FINGER ACROSS THROAT

PONCH

I was trying to get you to stop. You're freaking the ladies out.

NICOLE

(visibly shaken)

We're fine.

JON

Oh, come on. When I was six my Dad would get off a shift and tell me worse stories than that.

PONCH

Not everyone is from a family of cops

JON

Well if I'm going to have a relationship with this young lady, I shouldn't hide what my job is like.

PONCH

Relationship? These are hot divorcees looking to party.

NICOLE

Amen to that.

JON
If I can't be myself, what's the point?

PONCH
I'm just trying to help. You need to let go of the job when you're off duty.

JON
Why do you have to always get on me about that?

PONCH
I don't get on you. And don't tell me what I "always do."

NICOLE
You guys sound like me and my ex.

PONCH, JON
What?

NANCY
(a little creeped out)
We've got to go.

The girls get up and head off.

PONCH
Weird chicks.

JON
Tell me about it

Ponch gets up.

PONCH
I'm gonna hit the head.

CUT TO:

INT. MARINA GRILL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER.

Ponch exits the bathroom as a muscular guy wearing an obviously fake POLICE UNIFORM approaches.

PONCH
Whoa, buddy. I know the uniform turns the girls on, but impersonating a police officer is a felony.

MUSCULAR GUY
I'm the entertainment for the bachelorette party in the back room.

The guy motions to a door. Ponch opens it a crack and peeks in. About a dozen young women are PARTYING THEIR BRAINS OUT. The bride to be is wearing a hat that looks like a GIANT CONDOM. Ponch closes the door and smiles at the male stripper. He hands the guy some cash.

PONCH

Here's twenty bucks. Can you stay out of there for ten minutes?

INT. MARINA GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jon still sits at the table. Ponch quickly approaches.

PONCH

Hey, I was just in the bathroom and I overheard a couple women in the hallway. There's a drug deal going down in the back room.

JON

What? Are you sure?

PONCH

Positive. I looked in. They're not armed, let's bust 'em.

JON

Plan?

PONCH

There's a door in back. I'll block their escape. You go in through the hallway.

Jon gets up

PONCH (CONT'D)

When I'm in position I'll text you the signal.

INT. MARINA GRILL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jon approaches the door and hears laughter from the other side. He waits. His phone BEEPS.

CLOSE UP: JON'S PHONE. THE SCREEN READS "MARY 4"

Jon BURSTS into the room.

INT. BACHELOREITE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: JON COMING THROUGH THE DOOR.

JON

Police! Everyone put your hands behind your...

JON'S POV: The women all smile at him. The Bride to be still wears the condom hat, others wear Groucho glasses with rubber penises where the noses should be, etc.

BRIDE

(to Jon)
Take it off!

JON

What?

BRIDE

Show us some skin, bitch.

She grabs at Jon.

JON

Keep your hands off me! I'm a cop.

BRIDE

And I'm a virgin. Now lose the pants,
keep the boots and entertain me!

The women start closing in on Jon

WOMEN

(chanting)
Take it off! Take it off!

INT. MARINA GRILL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ponch leans against the wall LAUGHING.

WOMEN (O.S.)

(chanting)
Take it off! Take it off!

SFX: STRIPPER MUSIC

JON (O.S.)

Ponch, you're dead!
(then)
Stop that!

EXI. LA STREETS - EVENING

Jon talks on his cell phone as he rides his motorcycle.

JON

(into phone)
I will get you for that. Maybe
tomorrow, maybe twenty years from
now, but it's stored.

ANGLE ON: PONCH

He too holds his cell phone as he drives along.

PONCH

(into phone)

I was just trying to get you to
lighten up. I wouldn't mind ten hot
babes clawing at me.

JON (O S)

It was dangerous. They didn't know
I was a real cop. What if they
grabbed for my gun?

PONCH

And what if clouds were made of cotton
candy? Partner, we both know that's
not where they were grabbing.

ANGLE ON: JON

He can't help but smile.

JON

It was pretty classic.
(then)
I'm almost home.

PONCH

Okay, see you.

Jon pulls into the driveway of a small beach house. He
presses a remote on his bike and the garage door starts to
automatically lift. Ponch PULLS UP and DRIVES IN beside
him. They roll into the garage SIDE BY SIDE and turn off
their bikes.

JON

Garbage comes tomorrow. Your turn
to wheel out the can.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEAN RIDE CAR WASH - EVENING

A dozen high end vehicles being cleaned. Workers towel them
dry.

VIC (O.S.)

You promised me my stove would be in
last week.

INT. VIC BROWN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vic sits at his desk talking on the phone.

VIC

I warned you I'm not a patient man.
(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

If that stove isn't installed by the end of this week, I'm going to come to your house, cut off one of your ears, and feed it to your dog in front of you... Don't whimper. I can't work with a contractor who whimpers.

Vic hangs up and looks out the window. A black limousine stops in front of the WAREHOUSE adjacent to the car wash. Vic takes a GUN out of a desk drawer and tucks it in the back of his pants.

INT WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The warehouse holds a couple of giant CARGO CONTAINERS. Vic enters as his guys load a Maserati into one of them.

The warehouse door opens and MR. WEN (50's): A stern, well-dressed Asian man enters. Behind him, holding a briefcase, is PHIL (30's): Massive, ex-wrestler, bodyguard.

VIC

Mr. Wen. Everything's on schedule.
(motioning to Maserati)
There's one we got today.

Wen glances at the car

VIC (CONT'D)

(re: briefcase)
That my sample?

Mr. Wen snaps his fingers at Phil. Phil hands him the briefcase. Mr. Wen places it on a table and opens it. He pulls out a handful of what look like Nicotine patches.

VIC (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

Vic reaches behind his back grabbing his gun by the handle

MR. WEN

A new synthetic heroin. More addictive, and a user friendly delivery system. Just stick on the patch and in thirty seconds you're floating downstream.

Vic releases the gun and picks up a patch.

VIC

Goddamn China. Leave it to you guys to take something we have and make it cheaper and better.

Mr. Wen stares at him stone-faced

VIC (CONT'D)

When do I get the whole shipment?

MR. WEN

When the cars are on the boat you'll
get your drugs.

VIC

(holding up patch)
If these things work, I'm going to
turn LA on it's ass and retire a
wealthy man

(calling off)

Emiliano, get over here.

One of the warehouse workers comes over

VIC (CONT'D)

I want you to stop smoking. It's
bad for your health. Here, put this
patch on.

EMILIANO

(uneasy)

I'd rather use the gum.

VIC

Put. It. On.

Emiliano sticks the patch on his arm. Everyone stares at
him for several seconds.

EMILIANO

What?

VIC

How you feeling?

EMILIANO

My arm is a little warm... Whoa
What the hell is going on? My head...

VIC

Don't be a pussy, it's just heroin.

Emiliano SLUMPS in a chair and continues to slide into his
narcotic hole.

VIC (CONT'D)

Very nice.

Vic hands the stack of patches to one of his guys, JIMMY
ORTIZ (20's) shaved head, goatee, scar on his face, gold
earring, a bad ass version of Mr. Clean.

VIC (CONT'D)

Head down to the beach and hand these
out to the junkies. Get a little
word of mouth going.

(to Mr. Wen)
Marketing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

Ponch and Jon ride side by side. Ponch glances at the MDC
on his bike.

PONCH

Pretty clear out here. You want to
head to Lennox and cruise some side
streets?

JON

Maybe we should start heading over
to the gun range.

PONCH

We still got two hours before we
have to be there. You just can't
wait to blast away.

JON

You know how much I love the range.
It's like a video game with live
ammunition.

SFX: Police radio squawks.

FEMALE DISPATCH (O.S.)

All units. We have a Ten-Eight Five-
One, black Bugatti southbound on the
405 at Pico.

GROSSMAN (O.S.)

LA Seven-Nine-Six-Two on the 405 and
getting into position.

PONCH

(into radio)

LA Mary Three and Four, we're on our
way.

Ponch and Jon SPEED OFF.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The Bugatti HAULS ASS down the freeway, Grossman and Kathy
in a patrol car are hot on his tail. Ponch and Jon approach.
They communicate through helmet radios.

PONCH
Right behind you, Grossman.

GROSSMAN
This guy's flying.

Davis and Schneider in the Crown Vic swerve into the chase,
cutting in front of Ponch and Jon

JON
Whoa.

PONCH
(to Davis and Schneider)
Back off. We got it.

IGNORING PONCH, the Crown Vic SURGES through an opening in
traffic and GAINS on the Bugatti

The BUGATTI SWERVES across lanes, cutting off a Honda Accord.
The Honda loses control and FLIPS, sliding down an
embankment, metal crunching, glass SHATTERING

ANGLE ON: PONCH AND JON

PONCH (CONT'D)
Keep going. I'll take it.

EXT EMBANKMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The car is OVERTURNED and a HEAVY SET WOMAN is upside down,
pinned in the driver's seat behind her airbag. She has BLOOD
on her face and is SCARED. Ponch leans down.

PONCH
(smiling, upbeat)
Hey, how're you doing?

WOMAN
My legs hurt a lot.

PONCH
Can you feel your toes?

WOMAN
Yeah.

PONCH
You're going to be okay. I may have
to write you a ticket, though.
There's a new law against parking
upside down.

She takes a deep breath, he's putting her at ease. Ponch
reaches in and GENTLY picks some glass off her face.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Emergency crews are on the way.
Those guys'll take good care of you.
(then)
You're lookin' good in that airbag.

WOMAN

What?

PONCH

The gray color brings out the blue
in your eyes. You just need some
shoes to match and you're all set.

She smiles.

SFX: SIRENS

PONCH (CONT'D)

Hear that? Help has arrived. I'm
going to stay with you until you're
in the ambulance.

WOMAN

Thanks.

PONCH

Well, I've laid all the ground work
with you, I'm not going to let them
slide in and steal my girl.

WOMAN

I'm married.

PONCH

Okay. But after they cut you out of
this thing with the jaws of life,
we're going to have a little talk
about being such a tease.

They share a smile.

EXT LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jon is alongside Davis and Schneider's Crown Vic, in pursuit.
A guy with a Z84 AUTOMATIC LUGER leans out the passenger
window of the BUGATTI and FIRES a burst of SHOIS at Jon and
the Crown Vic. Jon swerves, pulls out his gun, and returns
fire. The Bugatti PULLS AWAY.

INT. BUGATTI - CONTINUOUS

One of VIC'S GUYS is driving. He glances in the mirror and
sees a police helicopter approaching in the distance. He
smiles. They're too late. He JERKS the WHEEL.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bugatti CATAPULTS off an exit. Davis and Schneider and Jon are seconds behind. They exit the freeway going too fast. Jon brakes, skidding sideways on the exit ramp, and NARROWLY MISSING the Crown Vic. They SKID to a stop. The Bugatti is GONE. Davis jumps out of the car and gets in Jon's face.

DAVIS

You glorified meter maid! What the hell do you think you're doing? We had 'em.

JON

We're supposed to work together, jackass!

DAVIS

Just stay out of our way!

He gets back in the car and slams the door.

ANGLE ON: A SEMI-TRUCK

It enters the freeway on the opposite side

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. C.H.P. STATION - PARKING LOT - MOTOR BAY - LATER

Ponch and Jon roll their bikes towards the motor bay.

JON

The airship was a minute out of camera range. If he got his lens on that car, we would've had him.

PONCH

These guys are either really lucky or really smart.

Ponch and Jon enter the MOTOR BAY. The crazy-eyed mechanic, HARLAN (30's), sits on a stool watching MONSTER GARAGE. He turns towards Ponch and Jon.

HARLAN

There are my boys. How you doing?

JON

Been better.

HARLAN

Talking to the bikes you queer.
Riding smooth?

Ponch and Jon look at each other.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Now, I'm talking to you.

PONCH
They're riding great, Harlan.

HARLAN
Heard you got smoked this morning.

PONCH
Maybe you can give us a little extra juice?

HARLAN
I wish. If they'd let me take the governor off these crotch rockets you could chase down an F-15. I got a couple tricks. You should see the bitches I got locked up in my garage.

Ponch and Jon nod and head off.

JON
He was talking about bikes, right?

PONCH
I hope so.

INT C.H.P. STATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ponch walks by a computer room and notices DANIELLE sitting in front of a monitor typing away. Ponch pokes his head in.

PONCH
Hello, agent Minjares. If you need any help navigating our computer system just let me know. I'm kind of an expert.

DANIELLE
I'm just using a Boolean search query to help track the flow of currency to and from suspected money laundering operations.

Ponch is lost.

PONCH
Oh, well. . .
(pretending to hear Jon)
What? Oh, okay Jon. I'm on my way.
(to Danielle)
We'll get back to this later.

Ponch heads off. Danielle smiles to herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUN RANGE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: the printed face of a man.

SFX: GUNSHOTS

Bullets RIP THROUGH the man's forehead, eyes and mouth.
PULL BACK to reveal JON, in the distance, aiming his pistol at the target. He wears protective glasses and ear muffs

We follow the target as it glides in on the wire towards Jon. Standing beside him are Ponch, Grossman, Kathy and fellow C.H.P. officers Loftus and Tolentino.

Ponch grabs the target.

PONCH

Damn. I'm glad we're friends.

JON

I need more firepower. That dude shooting at me from the Bugatti was laying down ten rounds a second.

PONCH

If it was up to you we'd have laser guided missiles on our bikes.

JON

Getraer shouldn't have put up a suggestion box if he doesn't want our ideas.

The Rangemaster approaches.

RANGEMASTER

Okay, I'm going to put each set of partners through their scenario.

The Rangemaster crosses off to the control panel.

PONCH

Let's make this interesting. How about the partners who score the highest get dinner at the Chart House?

GROSSMAN

You're on.

Ponch cocks his gun.

PONCH

Watch and learn.

INT. GUN RANGE - MOMENT'S LATER

Ponch and Jon are walking through the range. A target POPS OUT of a doorway - a guy holding a gun. Ponch fires STRIKING the bulls-eye on the head. Jon quickly follows with a burst of shots that blow the head clean off.

PONCH

Nice.

A target turns around. It's the guy holding the gun. Jon fires three quick shots which all hit the bulls-eye.

A target pops up in a window - the guy holding a shotgun. Ponch fires and hits the bull's-eye as Jon simultaneously fires a burst of shots, nailing the bulls-eye in both the chest and head.

Jon ejects the empty clip from his gun and Ponch tosses him a fresh one that Jon inserts in one fluid motion. THEY'RE IN THE ZONE.

JON

C'mon. Bring it!

The target of a guy with a knife slides out of an alley.

PONCH

Nine o'clock!

Jon turns left and coolly squeezes off three rounds OBLITERATING the bulls-eye in the head.

Another target slides out from behind a car. It's an old woman holding a small fluffy dog. Jon reacts - BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM! The woman and dog are no more.

Jon lowers his weapon.

JON

Dammit!

PONCH

Dog looked vicious.

As they stand there staring at what remains of the lady, another target SLIDES OUT then BACK IN before they can REACT.

PONCH (CONT'D)

I wonder how expensive the Chart House is?

CUT TO:

INT. C.H.P. STATION - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Officers are gathered around Jon's locker as he and Ponch enter. The crowd laughs, then parts

A HAND DRAWN CARTOON is taped to the locker. It's a CARICATURE of Jon blowing away an old woman and her dog. The officers laugh, then disperse.

PONCH

Very nice.

GROSSMAN

Thanks for the surf and turf last night. I really enjoyed it.

Grossman smiles and heads off.

PONCH

(calling after)

You might have won this time, Grossman, but your hair still looks like my mother's.

Jon tears down the caricature and slams his locker.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Easy. You've got to have a sense of humor about this stuff.

JON

I'm the best shot in the department.

PONCH

I know. You just got a little excited. It's only the practice range.

JON

Look, I was raised to do this job. My father took me to the gun range when I was four.

PONCH

That's inappropriate and possibly illegal, but okay.

JON

It's not funny. I'm never going to make sergeant with crap like this.

He holds up the caricature, crumples it, and throws it in a trash can.

INT. C.H.P. STATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ponch and Jon enter the hallway, Getraer approaches.

GETRAER

Another vehicle was pinched this morning. Black Ferrari Enzo. Million dollar car.

PONCH

Whoa.

JON

Where'd they grab it?

GETRAER

From a building at Montana and 2nd.
Guard was beaten with a baseball
bat. We're not dealing with
churchgoers.

Getraer heads off. Jon thinks.

JON

We've gotta break this thing.

PONCH

Every cop in the city is on it.

JON

Million dollar cars aren't stolen
everyday. This could be our only
shot at something like this. We've
got to get on the computer and do
some grunt work. Run the vin numbers,
check out every dealer in the state,
draw up a map and look for a pattern --

PONCH

You've been sniffing diesel fuel too
long. We're not detectives.

JON

Possession arrow is pointing my way.

Ponch is caught.

PONCH

Dammit

(then)

Okay, but we're not going to sit in
front of a computer for fifteen hours.
We'll hit my old 'hood. Those babosos
got their ears to the street. Maybe
they'll know something.

JON

Buena idea, compañero.
SUBTITLED: Good idea, partner

PONCH

Knock that shit off.

DISSOLVE TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - ANGEL'S BAR - NIGHT

A run-down local dive.

INT. ANGEL'S BAR - NIGHT

SANTANA on the jukebox. It's dark. A long bar, a pool table, and a row of booths. ROUGH looking Latino patrons.

Ponch and Jon enter. NODS of recognition for Ponch. ICY stares for Jon. Ponch surveys the room and spots a guy in a booth.

PONCH

That's him.

BOBBY CARDENAS (40s): hard, tough, but well dressed, gets up and greets Ponch with a hug.

BOBBY

Hey, vato. Looking good.

PONCH

You too, Bobby. This is my partner, Jon.

JON

Hola, me llamo Jon. Mucho gusto, Bobby. Me gusta tu camisa.

SUBTITLED: Hello, my name is Jon.

It's nice to meet you, Bobby. That's a nice shirt.

BOBBY

(to Ponch)

What the hell's he talking about?

Ponch shrugs.

PONCH

(to Jon)

Easy wonderbread. Be cool.

JON

Claro.

SUBTITLED: Of course.

They take a seat at the booth.

BOBBY

(calling off)

Three beers.

(then, to Ponch)

You don't come around much anymore.

PONCH

I've been busy. Working.

BOBBY

(to Jon)

You know, he's a cop because of me.

PONCH

Bobby used to live next door. When my Dad split he kind of looked out for me.

BOBBY

(to Ponch)

I whooped your ass. If it wasn't for me you'd still be raising hell with all the other pendejos in the neighborhood.

Ponch smiles

PONCH

You're probably right.

JON

Asi que de veras era un bandido?

SUBTITLED: So he was a real bandit?

PONCH

That's enough, really. It's punk when you do it in the squad room, but in here it'll get us stabbed.

JON

Look, I'm down with the culture, that's all.

BOBBY

You guys need a minute?

Ponch and Jon sheepishly shake their heads, "no."

PONCH

Listen, Bobby, I need your help. You hear any street noise about guys pinching luxury rides?

Bobby glances around.

BOBBY

You didn't get it from me, but I heard about a couple dudes who helped line a semi with copper mesh.

PONCH

Copper mesh?

JON

It jams electronic signals.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

The FBI uses it in the walls of their buildings. Would explain why we lost the Lo-Jack signal.

PONCH

So they could be hiding the cars in big rigs?

Bobby shrugs.

BOBBY

I told you all I know.

PONCH

Maybe you could poke around a little? I'd owe you.

BOBBY

You already owe me.

The waitress places three beers, tortilla chips, salsa and a bowl of peppers on the table and heads off. Jon reaches for a pepper.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that. It's a habanero.

JON

(trying to be cool)
I eat these little bitches all the time. Come to daddy.

Jon EATS the ENTIRE pepper. His face turns RED. He desperately struggles to hide his pain.

PONCH

You okay, daddy?

Jon shakes his head yes and holds up a finger indicating "give me a minute." He picks up his beer and slams the entire mug. He regains his composure.

JON

(nonchalant, voice
cracking)
Strong pepper.

Off Ponch and Bobby's reaction:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEAN RIDE CAR WASH - DAY

VALENTE GIL, late-twenties, weathered, finishes TOWEL DRYING a black CADILLAC STS. He stands and WAVES the towel. Bobby Cardenas approaches and hands Valente a twenty.

BOBBY
Que pasa, Valente?

VALENTE
Nada. 'Sup with you, Bobby?

Bobby hands him ANOTHER TWENTY.

BOBBY
I need to get in touch with the dudes
who tricked out those big rigs.

Valente looks at Bobby stone faced and HANDS the TWENTY back
to him.

VALENTE
Leave it alone.

ANOTHER WORKER has overheard the conversation. He CROSSES
to Vic Brown, who sits in a plastic chair outside of his
office looking at a catalogue of kitchen faucets.

The worker WHISPERS something in Vic's ear. Vic looks over
at Valente and Bobby, then takes out his cell phone and dials.

VIC
(into phone)
We got a problem

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - TWILIGHT

Ponch and Jon riding side by side.

JON
Any word from Bobby?

PONCH
Not since you asked me ten minutes
ago.

JON
I'm just wired. Last night it felt
like we were finally getting into
it.

PONCH
So puking up a hot pepper in an alley
is what you call "getting into it?"

JON
(smiling)
You know what I mean

As Ponch and Jon pass a SHINY fuel tanker, Ponch shamelessly
checks himself out in the REFLECTION. He likes what he sees.

JON (CONT'D)

You know, we could pull back if you'd like to put on some make-up.

PONCH

Hey, I have a date tonight. That's what they call it when you take a woman out. You should grow a pair and try it sometime.

Jon smiles, then notices A MOTOR HOME ahead is WEAVING in it's lane.

JON

(into radio)

LA Mary Three and Four, we got a Twenty-Nine roller license One-Victor-Paul-David-Three-Two-Three.

(then, to Ponch)

So who's the girl you're meeting tonight?

PONCH

The blonde from the Beemer.

JON

She has outstanding tickets.

PONCH

I don't know how closely you looked at her, but that wasn't all that was outstanding. Hopefully, she'll be doing some community service later tonight.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

LA Mary Three and Four, that plate returns clear to a 2002 yellow Miata out of San Diego.

JON

(re: RV)

That's one big ass Miata.

They hit the LIGHTS and SIRENS and accelerate toward the RV. The driver of the rig IGNORES them and keeps driving.

JON (CONT'D)

Where the hell does he think he's going?

Ponch PULLS parallel to the driver.

PONCH

(through loud speaker)

Pull to the shoulder Now!

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

A STONED GUY in his twenties is driving. There are two guys in back, also in their twenties and COMPLETELY BAKED, watching local news on TV. On the table is a big BALE OF WEED.

JON (O.S.)
Pull your vehicle over. This is
your last warning.

RICKY, a dude in back, is the leader

RICKY
(to driver)
I told you not to speed.

DRIVER
I wasn't, brah. Fifty-five, arrive
alive.

The driver glances at the speedometer, causing him to SWERVE AGAIN.

RICKY
Keep driving.
(to guy next to him)
If they find all this weed we're
boned. We've got to smoke as much
as we can.

He picks up a WATER BONG and takes a huge BUBBLING PULL.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ponch pulls back behind the RV.

JON
That's a big vehicle. Let's take it
slow and get some back-up.

Ponch looks at his watch.

PONCH
Ch, no.

INT. KILA NEWS - EVENING

A typical local LA anchorman - perma-tan, hurricane resistant hair, white "chiclet" teeth - is on the air.

ANCHORMAN
In our top story tonight, Doctors at
Cedars-Sinai Medical Center have
confirmed that a deadly strain of
the Asian Bird Flu may have reached
the southland.

(MORE)

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
 Crucial early warning signs include--
 (hearing something in
 his earpiece)
 Hang on. All right!
 (excited)
 This just in. We've got a slow speed
 pursuit on the southbound 405.

EXT LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - EVENING

We're close on C.H.P. CHOPPER. It BANKS hard right and DIVES
 down towards a line of POLICE CARS on the freeway below.

ANGLE ON: PONCH AND JON. THEY'RE AT THE HEAD OF THE PACK.

PONCH
 (frustrated)
 What is he doing? He's not going to
 get away.

JON
 Uh-oh. Looks like you're going to
 miss your booty call.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Ricky and the other stoned guy are now WATCHING their own
 pursuit on TV

STONED DUDE
 This is weird dude, this is really
 weird.
 (re:TV)
 I mean, we're there. But... we're
 here.

RICKY
 Killer.

He takes a PULL off the BONG.

EXI. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - LATER

Ponch is now on the phone with Luisa.

LUISA (O.S.)
 (sexy)
 I was really looking forward to seeing
 you. Forget about dinner. If the
 chase ends, maybe you can just swing
 by my place.

Ponch thinks for a beat. He gets his bearings.

PONCH
 Actually, I'm not that far from Playa
 Del Rey. I'll see you in a few.

Ponch hangs up and calls to Jon.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Cover for me I'm peeling off.

JON
No way. You catch it, you clean it.

PONCH
There's like fifteen cruisers and
our shift is over. You finish up
here and I'll do the paperwork.

JON
You say that, but I always wind up
doing it.

PONCH
That works for me, too. I'll catch
up with you later

Ponch PEELS off the freeway.

INT. NEWS FIVE CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

A perky FEMALE REPORTER sits next to the pilot. She looks
down and notices Ponch PULLING AWAY from the pack.

REPORTER
That C.H.P. bike is pulling out.
Probably making a tactical move.

PILOT
Should I follow him?

REPORTER
Hang back a little. I don't know if
the other news choppers noticed.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon is riding directly behind the RV, PISSED at Ponch and
the situation. He ACCELERATES alongside the RV, determined
to END THIS NOW

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Ricky is still watching the NEWS COVERAGE of the chase and
furiously EATING cheese puffs. He sees Jon PULL UP on the
left side of the RV.

RICKY
(calling up to driver)
Cop coming up on the left.

EXT. LOST ANGELES FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon is parallel to the RV, the rig SWERVES forcing him into the shoulder and PINNING his bike against the guard rail.

SPARKS FLY. Jon LEAPS from his bike, CLUTCHING a handle on the side of the RV. The RV BUMPS back onto the freeway, Jon holding on for his life.

INT. GETRAER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Getraer sees the events unfold on a small television set

GETRAER

What the hell is Jon doing?

INT. KTLA NEWS - EVENING

The anchorman is giving play by play.

ANCHORMAN

It appeared that the RV actually swerved into the officer. Adding some sparks to what's been a fairly disappointing chase so far.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jon still clings to the side of the RV. He reaches out and grabs the ladder that goes up the side of the vehicle. He takes hold of the SATELLITE DISH on the roof and pulls himself up. As he CLIMBS onto the roof the dish rips off and goes flying onto the freeway.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

As Ricky stares at the TV it goes to static. He has NO PERCEIVABLE REACTION, then:

RICKY

Bummer.

EXT. RV - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Jon CRAWLS to the sky light. He opens it and smoke from the weed BILLOWS out.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Ricky is taking another pull off the water bong

SFX: THUD

Ricky looks up and Jon is standing in front of him with his gun drawn.

RICKY

Whoa. Where the hell did he come from?

STONED DUDE

So you see him too?

JON

Pull the vehicle over.

INT. KILA NEWS - CONTINUOUS

ANCHORMAN

It looks like the Winnebago is pulling over peacefully, but Maria Gonzalez Martinez in chopper five reports the C.H.P. is still making tactical moves.

POV CHOPPER

We see the view from the chopper with the SEARCHLIGHT gliding over a neighborhood below.

MARIA (O.S.)

Yes, we spotted one C.H.P. officer break off from the pack in what appeared to be an orchestrated maneuver, but now we seem to have lost him.

The spotlight LANDS on a C.H.P. CYCLE parked in a driveway.

MARIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wait, I think we've spotted the bike.

The spotlight travels over the house and into the backyard, where Ponch, BARE-ASSED, jumps into a HOT TUB, joining Luisa. They start making out, then hear the helicopter and look up.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

Oh, my

INT. GETRAER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Getraer is beet red.

GETRAER

PONCH! What the--

CUT TO:

INT. GETRAER'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ponch and Jon stand in front of an irate Getraer.

GETRAER

--hell were you two thinking?!

PONCH
Our shift was over.

GETRAER
I don't want to hear it! On live TV
I had to watch one of you clinging
for your life and the other make
your porn debut. I'm shocked that
you could be so porocurante about
department procedure.

PONCH
Come again?

GEIRAER
LOOK IT UP!

PONCH
In our defense, sir--

JON
--I did make the arrest.

GETRAER
You took an unnecessary risk and
disabled your bike. I told you guys,
it's not enough to be good. You
have to play by the rules.
(then compassionate)
Look, this is what we're going to
do. I'm going to pull you off the
road for a couple days until the
heat on this dies down.

JON
Thank you, sir.

Jon gives Ponch a glare, and exits.

INT. C.H.P. STATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ponch catches up to Jon

PONCH
Jon--

JON
None of this would've happened if
you hadn't peeled off.

Jon keeps walking as Officer Salz, (30's), C.H.P. helicopter
pilot, still in flight suit and helmet, approaches Ponch.

SALZ
Hey Ponch, the cameras in our chopper
got some tight footage of you in
that hot tub. If you want, I could
burn a dvd for you.

PONCH

No thanks, I'm good.

SALZ

I know you're good. Like I said,
the cameras got some nice shots

He laughs and heads off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S BAR - NIGHT

Bobby Cardenas (Ponch's old buddy) EXITS the bar and crosses
to an adjacent parking lot. His Caddy has a flat.

BOBBY

(frustrated)

O que lá...

Bobby opens the trunk to get the spare. He hears something
behind him and just as he turns, WHAM! Jimmy Ortiz (the bad
ass with the scar) punches him in the face. Bobby GOES DOWN.
Vic Brown emerges from the darkness brandishing a BASEBALL
BAT.

VIC

You stick your nose where it don't
belong, you get it smashed in.

Vic spits on Bobby then starts wailing on him with the bat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

We're on the boardwalk at Venice Beach. T-shirt stands,
chainsaw jugglers, roller bladers, etc.

PAN OVER: A beach PARKING LOT. A "Toys 'R Us" truck is
parked with a table full of child safety products being handed
out. There are a handful of C.H.P. officers, wearing their
casual blue uniforms, helping parents to INSTALL CAR SEATS.

Ponch is in the back seat of a Ford Escape fastening a BABY
into a car seat as her young parents lean in and watch. The
baby holds a hard plastic RATTLE.

PONCH

...Then you just pull the harness
over her shoulders.

As Ponch does, the baby WHACKS him in the forehead with the
rattle.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Ow!

(then, calmly)
Keep it loose until precious cargo
is buckled in and then gently pull
on the strap to tighten it.

As Ponch demonstrates, the baby leans forward and, CRACK!
She nails him in the forehead with the rattle again. Ponch
rips the rattle out of the baby's hands.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Not so tough now, are ya?

Ponch taunts the baby by shaking the rattle just out of her
reach, then feeling the heat of the parents' glare, sheepishly
hands it back to the child.

PONCH (CONT'D)

(covering)
You're fun to play with. There you
go, sweetheart.

SMASH! The baby whacks him in the eye. As he puts his hand
up to shield his face, she grabs his hair and pulls, HARD

PONCH (CONT'D)

Son-of-a --

ANGLE ON: ACROSS THE PARKING LOT, JON, SCRIBBLES IN A NOTEPAD
AS HE TALKS TO A GUY LEANING AGAINST A BRAND NEW, SILVER
MASERATI.

JON

...So, when you bought it, did the
dealer ask any personal information
that seemed out of line or
unnecessary?

The guy shakes his head "no" as Ponch storms up to them.

PONCH

What the hell are you doing?!

He pulls Jon aside.

JON

Just trying to get a little
information. That's a Maserati. It
fits the profile of all the cars
that are being lifted.

PONCH

You were supposed to be putting in
car seats. I got my ass kicked over
there.

JON

Good. Cars are being ripped off all over the city and thanks to you, we're stuck at the beach.

PONCH

So this is all my fault?

JON

Of course not. A naked slut was drowning in her hot tub so you took off your clothes and jumped in to save her. You're my hero.

PONCH

I'm not the one who got my bike crushed trying to be superman.

JON

I don't get you. Why do you have to try to nail every woman you meet? Your dad was a babe-hound and you hated him.

PONCH

Maybe I'm getting it out of my system so I won't be like him

JON

Well, get it out of your system on your own time. It's a problem when you let your personal crap bleed into work.

PONCH

Yeah? Well I think it's a problem when you let your work overtake your life!

JON

I'm dedicated. I don't look at the job as a place to just do my eight and skate.

PONCH

Hey, I love the job. I just like to have a life outside the uniform. You're so locked in you have no perspective.

JON

That's bullshit.

PONCH

I know a cardboard little old lady and dog who would disagree.

Silence.

PONCH (CONT'D)

You really want to be the best cop?
You've got to loosen up sometimes.

JON

I'm not that uptight

Ponch looks around and notices TAYLOR and KIM, tall, blonde, athletic, bikini clad HOTTIES standing by a volleyball net, a cooler at their feet.

PONCH

Look over there What do you see?

JON

(oblivious to the
smoking hot girls)
Cooler. Possible open containers of
alcohol. Misdemeanor.

Ponch shakes his head and crosses to them. Jon follows.

PONCH

Afternoon, ladies. You have time
for a game?

Kim and Taylor exchange a surprised glance.

TAYLOR

Sure, why not.

PONCH

Great. Let's do it.

Ponch and Jon head to their side of the court.

JON

What are you doing?

PONCH

Teaching you how to have a little
fun. Loosen up.

JON

We can't be playing volleyball.
We're in uniform.

Ponch takes off his shirt.

PONCH

Problem solved.

Jon reluctantly takes off his shirt. He's wearing a bullet
proof vest He takes off his vest

PONCH (CONT'D)

This is what I'm talking about.
Body armor for car seats?

JON

New parents are under a lot of stress.
You never know when they could snap.

KIM

You guys can serve first.

She rolls the ball under the net

PONCH

(sotto to Jon)

Go easy on them, so they like us.

Jon SERVES the ball. Kim digs it, Taylor sets it, and Kim strikes it. Ponch DIVES, but misses the ball. He smiles at the girls.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Nice one.

MUSIC CUE: "PUMP II" by the Black eyed Peas.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

-Taylor serves the ball. Jon sets it. Ponch hits it, but Kim REJECTS it.

-Taylor hits a ball, Ponch punches it back and it goes out. Jon gives him a dirty look.

-Kim serves the ball, Jon sets it to Ponch who gently hits it over the net. Kim spikes it. She smiles at Jon. He looks pissed.

-Kim serves the ball. Ponch sets it to Jon who spikes it hard

END MUSIC

JON

(caught up)

Face!

Kim rolls the ball under the net and Ponch and Jon both lean down to get it.

TIGHT ON PONCH AND JON STANDING OVER THE BALL

The following is said through hushed tones.

PONCH

Would you mellow out?

JON

She smiled.

PONCH
She was trying to be nice.

JON
She was mocking us.

KIM (O.S.)
Everything okay over there?

PONCH
(calling over)
Just talking strategy.
(back to Jon)
Volleyball is not the game we're
trying to win.

JON
I'm not going to pretend I suck at
volleyball. Deception is no way to
start a relationship

PONCH
(losing his shit)
You can't have a relationship until
you get a date!

Ponch shoves the ball into Jon's stomach.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Don't be an asshole.

Jon goes back to the end line.

JON
(calling to girls)
Okay, here comes the heat.

Jon winks at Ponch then taps a POWDER PUFF SERVE that barely
clears the net. Kim SLAMS the ball back for a point

KIM/TAYLOR
Woooo!

Jon is pissed. He approaches Ponch.

JON
This stops now.

Ponch smacks him in the arm.

PONCH
Don't get all competitive. Think of
the big picture.

JON
Okay. Okay. Thanks. I'm cool
They get into position.

KIM

Eleven to four. Come on, boys.
Make a game out of it.

Ponch glances at Jon. He mouths "I'm cool " Kim serves.
Jon digs it. Ponch sets it, then immediately sees that Jon
has a DETERMINED look on his face.

PONCH

No, no, no, NO!

Jon violently SLAMS the ball. It strikes Kim HARD in the
chest, driving her to the ground

PONCH (CONT'D)

You okay?

Kim gets up.

KIM

(to Jon)

What's your problem?!

JON

What's your problem? Thought we'd
just let you win?

KIM

Don't get all He-Man on us

JON

Get over yourself.

PONCH

Jon--

JON

No. This is EXACTLY the problem
with attractive women. Everything
is given to them. They live in a
dream world.

KIM

Bullshit

JON

(to Kim)

Really. How many friends do you
have that you really trust? How
many guys like you for you and don't
just want to get in your pants?
Wake up. You're living a shallow
life and someday you're not going to
look as good in that bikini.

Kim starts to cry.

KIM

He's right. I'm miserable.

Jon heads to Kim and gives her a hug.

JON

It's okay.

Ponch rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER.

Ponch, Jon, Kim and Taylor walk towards the boardwalk. Ponch is obviously in HELL as Kim rambles to Jon.

KIM

(distracted)

...and so I said, "I can't do it anymore, Tony." I mean, we never even have a conversation.

JON

Forget about Tony. You've got to go back to UCLA and finish your degree. You're not going to be happy with someone else, until you're happy with yourself.

KIM

You're right. I know you're right.

Ponch stops.

PONCH

Okay, listen. We got to go.

Jon hands Kim a card.

JON

If you ever need to talk.

KIM

Thanks a lot.

She gives him a hug. And the girls head off.

JON

I think I helped that girl.

PONCH

Yeah, that's great. She'll call you at midnight crying about her boyfriend and you'll talk to her.

(then)

You do remember that sex feels good, right? Because it does, you know.

Jon waves Ponch off. Ponch's attention is drawn down the boardwalk, where a guy using bolt cutters SNAPS a bicycle lock. Ponch motions to Jon.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Check it out.

They SPRING towards the guy. He sees them and TAKES OFF on the bike. A young couple approaches on a TANDEM RECUMBENT bike.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Highway Patrol we need your bike.

WOMAN

What?

JON

C'mon, police emergency!

The couple gets off the bike and Ponch and Jon plop on the seats and TAKE OFF after the thief. Peddling furiously, they FLY down the boardwalk, Ponch WEAVING around pedestrians and other young couples on recumbent bikes.

They catch up to the thief.

JON (CONT'D)

Pull over!

The guy pedals harder. Ponch grabs the tire pump off the bike frame and SHOVES it through the guy's spokes. He TOPPLES off the bike. Ponch and Jon SKID to a stop. The guy gets up and TAKES OFF. Ponch and Jon hop off the bike and chase him. Jon TACKLES THE GUY. The dude's on his back, eyes in a haze, obviously fucked up on something.

PONCH

Damn. What did you take, bro?

The guy's on another planet. He just smiles. Jon notices a patch (like the one we saw with Vic) on the guy's arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. C.H.P. STATION - GETRAER'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Ponch and Jon exit the locker room still wearing their casual blue uniforms. Danielle approaches.

DANIELLE

I just heard from the lab that your bike thief was on some kind of synthetic opiate. It was ingested through that patch on his arm.

JON
 Didn't seem like the kind of guy who
 was committed to stop smoking.

DANIELLE
 Sketch artist drew this up off the
 description of the seller.

She hands Ponch a copy of the sketch -- a bald guy with a
 goatee, a scar and a hoop earring.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
 You guys might've found what I'm
 looking for. Good job.

PONCH
 Thanks. If there's anything else we
 can do, let us know.

DANIELLE
 I wouldn't want to interfere with
 your busy hot-tubbing schedule.

She smiles and walks away

PONCH
 (calling after)
 I can explain that.
 (then)
 Damn. I really like her.

JON
 Ponch, she's smart. She knows the
 type of guy you are. A woman like
 that isn't looking to be the latest
 conquest for a serial manwhore.
 (then)
 No offense.

PONCH
 Of course not.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING

Ponch flips open his phone.

PONCH (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello...
 (concerned)
 What? I'll be right there.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - USC MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

INT. USC MEDICAL CENTER - I.C.U. - NIGHT.

Bobby Cardenas lays on a gurney, SWOLLEN and BRUISED and attached to SEVERAL monitors.

Ponch and Jon enter and approach the bed.

NURSE

I'm sorry, you can't be in here.

PONCH

We need to get a statement from the victim.

Reluctantly the nurse steps aside

PONCH (CONT'D)

Hey Bobby, it's Ponch, can you hear me?

Bobby struggles to speak.

BOBBY

Want to Clean Ride to ask around for you

PONCH

Who'd you talk to? Bobby?

But Bobby is unconscious.

EXT. LA STREET - EVENING

A Prius Hybrid quietly and efficiently drives down the street.

INT. JON'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

PONCH

This is my fault. I asked Bobby to poke around. I have to get the bastards who did this.

JON

Hey man, if we want to nail these guys, the first thing we've got to do is get back on motor duty.

PONCH

We're sure as hell not going to catch a Maserati in this. Why the hell do you drive this thing?

JON

Everyone should have a hybrid.
(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

It's not just the great gas mileage,
it's the low emissions... and, you
know, it's sporty.

PONCH

It's a golf cart.

INT. C.H.P. STATION - GETRAER'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Getraer is at his desk. Ponch and Jon stand in front of him.

PONCH

C'mon, Sarge. We have a possible
connection to that car wash. We've
got to follow it up.

JON

Department's undermanned, car thieves
all over the freeways you--

PONCH

--need us out there

Getraer thinks.

GETRAER

Tomorrow "B" shift. You follow
procedure, you keep it clean.

JON

Yes sir.

GETRAER

But don't go poking around that car
wash until you clear it with Davis
and Schneider.

PONCH

But we--

GETRAER

I told you, it's their case. For
all you know, you could be
compromising undercover operations.
You guys are patrolmen. Do your
job.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAPD STATION - DAVIS AND SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE - MORNING.

Ponch and Jon stand, Davis is behind his desk, the hulking
Schneider stands by the door crushing a hand flexor with
ease.

DAVIS

Yeah, we're familiar with Clean Ride.
Owned by a guy named Vic Brown.

SCHNEIDER

Small time street hustler. No way
he's into something this major.

JON

We'd still like to go down there and
ask a few questions.

SCHNEIDER

We've been pounding this case for a
month. You think we're going to let
a couple of road jockeys come in
and screw it up?

DAVIS

We'll check it out. Just stay out
of our way or I'll get you busted
down to crossing guard.

PONCH

Why do you got to be all negative?
This is why people hate you guys.
Well, this and dragging motorists
out of their cars and beating them
with flashlights.

EXT. LAPD STATION - AFTERNOON

Ponch and Jon exit the station.

JON

(frustrated)

What do we do now?

PONCH

We're back on motor. We hit the
streets and keep our heads up.

JON

Maybe we should go check out Clean
Ride?

PONCH

Dude, you want to go back to "car
seat" brigade. Let's catch 'em on
the road. Focus on what we do.

JON

You're going to focus?

PONCH

I'm going to focus.

JON

So, no women till we bust these guys?
No hot tubs, no volleyball...

PONCH

Bro, I'm locked in. Just stay away
from Clean Ride

JON

If you stay away from women.

PONCH

Deal.

OFFICER BORDEN (20's): tall, LAPD uniform, approaches.

BORDEN

Hey Ponch, Jon.

PONCH

Borden, what's up?

A six-foot-nine BLACK GUY, wearing an LAPD uniform,
approaches.

BORDEN

Meet my new partner, Azeem

PONCH

Holy shit.

JON

So, I'm guessing it's just a
coincidence that you got your badge
right before the basketball game.

PONCH

There's no way you fit in a squad
car. Not even sideways.

AZEEM

Hey man, I took an oath to uphold
the law.

(then)

But don't bring any of your weak ass
shit down the lane because I will
slap it home. REJECT and serve,
baby.

BORDEN

(excited)

He means it.

Azeem and Borden laugh and head off.

JON
(frustrated)
We're going to get our asses kicked.
Again.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - USC MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

INT. USC MEDICAL CENTER - BOBBY'S ROOM

Bobby lays in bed with his eyes closed. Ponch enters and approaches him.

PONCH
Hey Bobby You hangin' in there?

Bobby opens his eyes wide.

BOBBY
(casually)
I've been better.

PONCH
Ahhh!

BOBBY
Don't want an answer don't ask the
question, carnal.

PONCH
I thought you were unconscious.

BOBBY
You expecting one of those
inspirational one-sided conversations?

PONCH
Yes! You gave me a freakin' heart
attack.
(then)
You remember any of what happened?

BOBBY
A couple dudes jumped me.

PONCH
Can you tell me what they looked
like?

BOBBY
First one was a punk with a shaved
head. Had a goatee and some kind of
scar. Second one looked like a
baseball bat coming at me Felt
like one, too.

Ponch takes this in. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out the SKETCH that Danielle gave him earlier. He turns it so Bobby can see.

PONCH
This the guy?

BOBBY
(surprised)
That looks like him. Where'd you
get that?

A NURSE enters carrying a tray of cups with pills in them.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Nice. Time for my meds.
(to nurse)
How about you keep the Vicodin and
slip me a few of those little blue
pills that wake up "Little Bobby."

He winks at her. Ponch smiles. Then gets an IDEA.

PONCH
(to nurse)
Could I talk to you for a second?
He pulls the nurse aside and hits her with THE SMILE.

PONCH (CONT'D)
I need a little favor.

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Ponch takes a bottle of pills out of his bag. It's VIAGRA. He DUMPS the blue pills onto the counter, GRINDS them with the bottom of a glass, then DUMPS the POWDER into an empty vitamin BOTTLE. He examines his work and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYM - BASKETBALL COURT - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON a basketball hoop. A ball is ferociously DUNKED. PULL BACK to reveal that Azeem has just slammed the ball home during a lay-up drill.

ANGLE ON: PONCH AND JON

They're mid-court watching the LAPD team warm up.

JON
Dammit. I hate losing to these guys.

Ponch glances back at the C.H.P. team WARMING UP at the other end. Not NEARLY as large or athletic as the LAPD squad.

PONCH
Have a little faith. Getraer's
pressure "D" may work better than
you think.

JON
It didn't even work in practice.
And that was against ourselves.

PONCH
(upbeat)
Hey, our new uniforms definitely
punk theirs

The LAPD uniforms have an old fashioned look, the shorts are
shiny and a little too SMALL.

Ponch notices Danielle Minjares enter the gym. He JOGS over

PONCH (CONT'D)
You made it.

DANIELLE
Don't get cocky. Sergeant Getraer
asked me to come. Besides, it's a
good cause.

Ponch gives her a charming smile.

PONCH
Me or the at risk teens?

She smiles.

DANIELLE
They still have a chance to mature.

Danielle turns her back and climbs into the bleachers. Ponch
looks after her for a moment, then crosses to the bench. He
opens his gym bag and PULLS OUT the BOTTLE of "vitamins."
He casually strolls to the LAPD cooler and surreptitiously
DUMPS the crushed Viagra into their Gatorade, then heads
back to his side.

SFX: A WHISTLE BLOWS.

ANGLE ON: C.H.P HUDDLE

The team is gathered around Getraer

GETRAER
Damn those LAPD ringers.

GROSSMAN
What do we do, Sarge?

GETRAER
 Play your hearts out. If we lose,
 we lose with dignity. Everyone in.

They all put their hands in

JON
 Dear Lord give us the strength to--

PONCH
 (quickly)
 One-two-three!

EVERYONE
 CHIPS!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Azeem wins the tip and cuts to the hoop. The ball is passed back to him and he dunks

-Jon makes a move down low and the ball is effortlessly swatted back into his face by Azeem.

-Azeem holds the ball over his head. Ponch and Jon jump to reach it and can't. Azeem passes to a wide open Davis who nails a jumper

-Azeem blocks another shot

-Azeem makes another dunk.

-And another dunk.

-And another dunk.

-Schneider elbows Jon in the face. He goes down then pops back up and shoves Schneider. The ref calls a foul on Jon.

-Ponch calls timeout.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

ANGLE ON: THE C.H.P. TEAM HUDDLED ON THE SIDELINE.

GETRAER
 Okay, kind of a rough start--

JON
 You think? We're down sixteen
 nothing. We've taken four shots and
 none of them have reached the rim!

Ponch glances over to the LAPD bench. They're GULPING DOWN the Gatorade. He smiles

PONCH

Relax. We're not out of this. Let's hold the ball. Slow down the tempo. Keep 'em from building up too much of a lead so we can make our comeback.

KATHY

Comeback? Are you high? We'll be lucky if we get a bucket.

PONCH

(dead serious)

Just watch yourself out there, Kathy

SFX: THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

As they walk back onto the court, four SMOKING HOT babes wearing sexy C.H.P. cheerleader outfits enter the gym

JON

What's that all about?

PONCH

I thought we might need a little additional encouragement.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Azeem dunks the ball. As the LAPD squad runs back on defense they pass the C.H.P. CHEERLEADERS who are doing a VERY suggestive dance on the sideline.

-The LAPD team is starting to FIDGET, preoccupied with their GROIN areas. Ponch easily drives to the hoop and SINKS a bucket

-The LAPD squad all have RAGING erections, made even more visible by the old fashioned smaller shorts. Because they are trying to cover themselves they are all playing the game with ONE hand. Ponch easily steals the ball and passes it to Kathy for a lay-up.

-C.H.P. is on offense and three LAPD guys are covering Kathy. She DOESN'T have the BALL. Getraer easily passes it to Ponch, who lays it in.

-Azeem stands with BOTH hands holding down his erection. It's a BATTLE. Jon easily hits a shot over him.

-We see the scoreboard and the game is now tied.

-Ponch SIEALS a pass and starts RUNNING down court. Schneider chases after him, but notices the spectators LAUGHING and pointing. He VEERS OFF at mid-court and runs right OUT of the gym. Ponch hits the lay-up, giving C.H.P. the LEAD.

SFX: BUZZER SOUNDS.

The first half has ended. The C.H.P. squad huddles up. They're jubilant.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Can you believe those guys. A couple cheerleaders and they lose control.

Ponch turns away and notices that MIKE, an effeminate C.H.P. officer, and one of the guys on the team, also has an erection.

PONCH (CONT'D)
You drink the LAPD Gatorade?

MIKE
No. Why do you ask?

PONCH
Nevermind.

The REFEREE approaches the C.H.P. bench

REFEREE
LAPD has forfeited the game.

Getraer throws the ball into the air and the C.H.P. officers CELEBRATE. The crowd CHEERS. Ponch glances over and sees Danielle walking OUT the door. He looks back at Jon who is DISTRACTED as the team congratulates one another. Ponch slips out of the gym.

EXT. GYM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Danielle heads to her car, Ponch catches up to her.

PONCH
You were just going to leave without saying goodbye?

DANIELLE
You saw that LAPD team. Do you think it's safe for any woman to stay in that building?

Ponch smiles.

PONCH
I don't know what happened to them.

DANIELLE
(smiling)
I'm guessing you do.

She continues walking and Ponch pursues her.

PONCH
Wait. Listen, will you go out to dinner with me tonight?

DANIELLE

I don't think that's a good idea.
I'll be honest. Even if I wasn't
here on business, you're not really
my type.

PONCH

That's profiling. How do you know
what "type" I am if you never give
me a chance. I'm not what you think.

DANIELLE

I think you're an emotionally stunted
man who needs the challenge of getting
a woman but has no desire for anything
lasting or real.

PONCH

Actually, that's pretty close. Then
again, maybe I just haven't met the
right woman. I'm really not a bad
guy. You might actually have fun.

She thinks.

PONCH (CONT'D)

And as a tease, I got a hit on that
sketch you gave me.

DANIELLE

Tell me.

PONCH

We can discuss it over dinner.

She shakes her head. He's worn her down.

DANIELLE

Okay. But we do it on my terms. I
plan the night.

PONCH

Fine by me.

DANIELLE

I'll pick you up at six.

She heads off.

PONCH

(to himself)

Sweet.

DANIELLE (O.S.)

I heard that. Try and play it a
little cooler tonight.

Ponch smiles.

EXT. CLEAN RIDE CAR WASH - EVENING

Schneider and Davis drive up. Schneider motions to Davis that Vic Brown's office light is on.

INT. VIC BROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vic sits at his desk looking at a "VIKING" appliance catalogue as Schneider and Davis enter.

VIC

Good evening officers. What can I do for you?

DAVIS

We had two C.H.P. patrolmen asking us about this place

VIC

I see.

Vic gets up and crosses to Davis. He SLAPS him hard across the face.

VIC (CONT'D)

How much did they know?

SCHNEIDER

(nervously)

They knew about the car carrier, the copper mesh, everything.

VIC

What the hell am I paying you guys for? You're supposed to provide protection from that kind of shit.

DAVIS

We're doing everything we can

Vic slaps Davis again.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Jesus. Can we take a five on the bitch slapping?!

VIC

Next time it'll be a bullet in your head. If these C.H.P. guys get in the way, I want them taken out.

SCHNEIDER

They won't be a problem.

VIC

We still need ten more cars. You got the list from your database?

Davis hands Vic a sheet of paper. Vic glances at it.

DAVIS
They're all in the Beverly Hills
area. Low security. Private owners

VIC
As soon as we come up with the plan,
I'll let you know what to do.

Vic glances DOWN and a DISGUSTED expression crosses his face.

VIC (CONT'D)
(re: Davis's crotch)
Does getting slapped give you wood?

Davis glances down. He's still hard from the basketball
game.

DAVIS
Dammit.
(to his crotch)
Go away already!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jon is by the counter wearing all black. He has a folder
and is looking at a series of eight by tens of CLEAN RIDE
car wash. Ponch enters, and Jon immediately shuts the folder.

JON
What's up?

PONCH
Nothing.

Silence.

JON
I'm heading out. Halo Three comes
out next month and you have to sign
up for the waiting list in person.

PONCH
I didn't know that.

JON
Most people don't. What are you up
to?

PONCH
Uh... I think I'm going to buy a new
pillow. Saw a report that said my
old one is probably seventy-five
percent dust mite turds.

JON
Live and learn.

PONCH
The more you know

Silence.

JON
Okay. See you later.

Jon exits and Ponch immediately pulls a can of AXEL body spray of the shelf, spritzes it in the air and walks through the mist.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - TWILIGHT

A HORSE trail in the hills beneath the HOLLYWOOD sign. A group of ten ride horses up the hill, Ponch and Danielle bringing up the rear.

PONCH
When you said you were going to plan the date, I was still thinking maybe candlelight, a little wine.

Uncomfortable, he "adjusts" himself.

PONCH (CONT'D)
You realize I'm on a motorcycle all day?

DANIELLE
Yeah, but when do you see a view like this?

Danielle motions to the BRILLIANT RED sunset over the city below. Ponch glances at the horse in front of him as it's tail LIFTS and out slides an enormous, STEAMING DUMP.

PONCH
Oh, yeah. Great view. Very romantic.

EXT. CLEAN RIDE - CAR WASH - NIGHT

Jon stands in a dark alley across the street from Clean Ride. He sees a semi pull into the warehouse adjacent the car wash. Suspicious, he crosses the street to get a CLOSER LOOK.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: TRAIL RIDGE BARBECUE - NIGHT

A western ranch style restaurant. The horses tied to a post in front.

INT. TRAIL RIDGE BARBECUE - NIGHT

Ponch sits across from Danielle. On his plate, BEEF RIBS that would make Fred Flintstone happy

Ponch holds up a giant rib.

PONCH

(re: rib)

I think I know what they do with the horses who are too tired to walk back.

DANIELLE

That's why I got the salad.

He smiles.

PONCH

Seriously, how'd you come up with this?

DANIELLE

Always wanted to ride a horse. Besides, my LA travel guide said this was one of the top five dates in the city.

PONCH

You just don't trust yourself with me in a romantic setting.

DANIELLE

Who said this isn't romantic?

She smiles as an INCREDIBLY ANNOYING waiter dressed as a COWBOY approaches.

WAITER

(exaggerated western voice)

More sarsaparilla soda, hombre?

Ponch and Danielle both casually lift the bottoms of their shirts showing the waiter their GUNS.

WAITER (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

Scrry, I'll leave you alone.

He crosses to the next table. Ponch and Danielle laugh.

DANIELLE

Okay, so we're here. What's this piece of information you have?

PONCH

Before we discuss business, there's something I've been wanting to ask you

DANIELLE

Ihong.

He takes in the mental image

PONCH

Thank you. But that wasn't it. I was just wondering how a woman like you winds up becoming a DEA agent.

DANIELLE

I grew up in DC. Both my brothers dealt and got busted. Thought it might be a good idea to go on the other side of things.

PONCH

Yeah. I kind of became a cop for the same reason.

DANIELLE

Come on, you? I thought you were in it for the uniform and the motorcycle.

PONCH

Hey, I grew up in a tough neighborhood Boyle Heights. My friend Bobby taught me when I was young I'd have more of a future if I was one of the good guys. And then... you know, there's the uniform and the motorcycle.

She smiles and takes a sip of wine.

DANIELLE

Maybe there's more to you than I thought.

PONCH

Thong.

DANIELLE

Really?

PONCH

Nah.

She laughs.

PONCH (CONT'D)

The guy Bobby I just told you about got put in the hospital because he was helping me investigate those car thefts.

Ponch takes out the sketch she gave him.

PONCH (CONT'D)

This is the guy who kicked his ass.

DANIELLE

You think the cases are related?

Ponch shrugs

EXT CLEAN RIDE - CAR WASH - NIGHT

Jon is now CROUCHED behind a couple trash cans. A tall chain link fence separates him from the warehouse. Three of Vic's thugs are outside having a smoke. One of them is the SECURITY GUARD from the DIVORCEE BUILDING. Jon pulls out his GUN, then thinks better of it. He turns to leave just as a woman approaches. She sees Jon dressed in black and holding a gun. She SCREAMS, then MACES him in THE FACE, and runs off.

JON

OWWWWWW! What the hell?!

Jon grabs his burning eyes, but has the wherewithal to know he's been compromised. He starts to casually WALK away, but when he sees the THUGS coming to investigate he breaks into a SPRINT and they immediately begin to chase him. Jon ducks into an alley and HIDES behind a dumpster.

CUT TO:

EXT PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle walks Ponch up to his door.

DANIELLE

I had... a surprisingly good time.

PONCH

Maybe we could do it again?

DANIELLE

I'll think about it.

They look at each other for a moment and then Ponch leans in and kisses her. It starts to get hot. Ponch's CELL PHONE RINGS.

ANGLE ON CELL PHONE WINDOW: A TEXT READS "MARY 3-911"

WITHOUT LOOKING, he turns it off and continues to make out with Danielle. Ponch stops kissing her.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

PONCH

No I just...

Ponch sighs

PONCH (CONT'D)

I once heard a theory that if you
like someone you don't need to rush
things.

Danielle smiles.

DANIELLE

You're full of surprises.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

PONCH

I'll see you tomorrow.

Ponch closes the door. He smiles. This feels strange, but
right. There's a KNOCK. He opens the door revealing
Danielle.

DANIELLE

Where I'm from, it's already tomorrow.

He pulls her inside and they start MACKING HOT AND HEAVY.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jon is still crouched behind the dumpster. He glances out
and sees one of the dudes from Clean Ride walk by. Jon's
trapped. Holding up his cell phone he presses speed dial.

PONCH (O.S.)

This is Ponch, leave a message.

FURIOUS, Jon pulls out his inhaler and takes three quick
hits.

The dude who just walked by comes running back and looks
down the alley.

HIS POV: THE ALLEY IS DESERTED.

END POV:

He walks towards the dumpster to investigate and Jon LEAPS
OUT and punches him in the face. The guy staggers back and
shakes his head clear. THE FIGHT IS ON. Each land blows,
Jon ending it with a knee to the stomach and a punch to the
face. The guy goes DOWN, Jon RUNS

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon enters the front door. He's covered in dirt and looks
like shit.

JON

Ponch?! Ponch!

Ponch comes running out of his bedroom in boxers.

PONCH

What?

JON

I sent the emergency text on your cell phone. Where the hell have you been?

PONCH

I must have shut my phone off.
(then)
What happened to you?!

JON

You shut your phone off? You never shut your phone off! I needed you. I almost got killed.

PONCH

By a bunch of geeks signing up to buy Halo Three?

JON

(caught)
Not exactly.
(off Ponch's look)
Alright, I went down to Clean Ride to poke around. I couldn't help it.

PONCH

Bro, we made a deal. You swore you wouldn't go down there.

Danielle pokes her head out of the bedroom. Jon sees her.

JON

Yeah, what about our deal? No chicks.
Liar.

PONCH

Hey, you lied to me too, liar.

JON

Don't try to turn this around on me.
You do that every time... Liar.

Jon goes to his room and slams the door.

DANIELLE

You guys fight like my parents.

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

We see Jon from the waist up, he's shirtless. He opens the fridge and drinks juice from the carton.

When he shuts the fridge Danielle is there. She's dressed, and drying her wet hair with a towel. She glances up to see that Jon is nude.

JON
(mortified)
I sleep naked.

DANIELLE
I can see that.

JON
I just assumed you went home. I didn't mean to...

DANIELLE
It's okay. I have brothers.

She hands him the towel and he COVERS himself. Ponch enters from his bedroom. Awkward silence. Danielle senses the TENSION.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
I should get going. Ponch, thanks for last night.

PONCH
I'll call you later.

Danielle exits. More silence.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Look, we both lied last night. We can sit here and fight about it like ten year-olds, or we can be mature and, you know, call a do-over.

Jon thinks.

JON
Do-over.

They dap and tap.

PONCH
Cool. Don't show my girl your rod anymore.

JON
Okay.
(then)
You know, last night I saw a semi going into a warehouse right next to the car wash. I also saw the security guard from that apartment on Ocean.

PONCH
That's huge.

JON

Still think we should just ride around
the freeway waiting to chase a car?

PONCH

If we take this to Getraer he'll
make us go to Davis and Schneider.

JON

We can't show up at Clean Ride and
start asking questions.

Ponch thinks.

PONCH

We were told not to go to Clean Ride
Nobody ever said anything about Vic
Brown. No harm in observing him
From a distance of course

Jon smiles

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENCINO HILLS - AFTERNOON

Vic Brown's BLACK HUMMER sits in the DRIVEWAY of a
contemporary ranch style fifties home. Ponch and Jon sit in
the Prius across the street.

INT. JON'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Jon's behind the wheel. Ponch sits in the passenger seat
looking through binoculars

PONCH

Now I know why Davis and Schneider
are such pricks. This is boring as
hell.

There is a long silence.

JON

You really rode a horse?

PONCH

It was cool. If that saddle hadn't
given me a callous on my huevos it
would have been the perfect date.

JON

Perfect? Will you get over it.

PONCH

In case you didn't notice. This
girl's special.

JON

I think you've got a callous on your brain. The only reason you think she's special is because she's only in town for a few weeks. And I know you. You probably won't even wait to blow her off now that you've sealed the deal.

PONCH

So wrong.

JON

Here's a riddle. What do you and I have in common? I know.... You're lying to both of us

PONCH

You always give me shit about chasing tail and now that I'm stepping up you got a problem with it?

JON

I'm just saying.

PONCH

What are you saying?

JON

I'm just saying. Just saying.

PONCH

When you say it like that you're a real dick.

JON

Don't take it wrong.
(off Ponch's glare)
I'm just saying.

A battered, pick-up truck pulls up and PARKS in front of the house. Stenciled on the side "Rachs Plumbing."

PONCH

I've got an idea.

Ponch gets out of the car and approaches the two Chicano guys getting out of the pick-up truck. Jon follows.

Ponch pulls out his BADGE and quickly FLASHES it.

PONCH (CONT'D)

I.N.S. Let's see some identification.

The two plumbers glance at each other, TERRIFIED.

EXT. VIC BROWN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ponch and Jon approach the front door wearing "RACHS PLUMBING" t-shirts with name patches. Ponch's reads "Enrique," Jon's "Arturro." Ponch holds a toolbox.

JON
I don't know about this.

PONCH
Are we just kicking around or are we in it to win it?

Ponch knocks on the door.

JON
(quietly)
You said from a distance. From a distance!

PONCH
Trust me.

Vic Brown opens the door

VIC
Dammit, you're late.

INT. VIC BROWN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

It's a HALF finished remodel. The cabinets and appliances are in, but there are wires hanging everywhere. Vic's wife, BRENDA, blonde, busty, over-tanned leathery skin, sits at a table off to the side, hand feeding a TINY DOG on her lap.

VIC
(Motioning to boxes on counter)
This is everything. The R.O filtration system, the insta-hot, the faucet set. How long do you think it'll take to install?

JON
Not sure. It's a pretty big job.

VIC
On the phone they said it was small.

PONCH
Yeah, over the phone it seemed small. That's 'cause they don't see it. Everything's smaller over the phone.

JON
(off name patch)
Good point, Enrique.

Vic looks suspiciously at the name patch on Jon's shirt.

VIC

You don't look like an Arturro.

Ponch and Jon exchange a quick glance.

JON

Tenemos sangre espanola de prate de
mi papa.

SUBTITLED: There's Spanish blood on
my father's side

VIC

Just get the job done or there'll be
your Spanish blood on my driveway.

PONCH

No worries, Mr. Brown. Neither one
of us has ever received a complaint
for a plumbing job we've done.

Vic stares them down, unimpressed.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING

Vic flips open his cell phone.

VIC

(into phone)

Yeah. What's the deal with the
cars?

Ponch and Jon are looking at him.

VIC (CONT'D)

Get to work!

Vic exits the room, Ponch and Jon move behind the counter
and talk in HUSHED tones so Brenda can't hear.

JON

I'll take a look around. You work
on the sink.

PONCH

I don't want to work on the sink

JON

This was your idea.

They look over at Brenda and smile, then back to each other

PONCH

I don't know anything about plumbing

JON

Just get under there and bang around
with a wrench. Try and look like a
plumber.

Jon exits. Ponch takes out a wrench and opens the cabinet
under the sink, then TUGS on his pants pulling them DOWN
just a bit.

ANGLE ON: BRENDA

She glances over and sees Ponch working under the sink. The
top of his butt is hanging OUT of his jeans, displaying a
perfect PLUMBER'S CRACK.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jon TIPTOES down the hall toward Vic's MUFFLED voice. He
leans against the door so he can OVERHEAR Vic's conversation.

VIC (O.S.)

(madder than hell)

No excuses! You know where the cars
are, make it happen.

As Jon listens intently, Brenda's little dog comes running
down the hall and starts YAPPING at him.

INT. VIC BROWN'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vic paces as he talks into his cell phone.

VIC

... The ship leaves San Diego
tomorrow. The cars better be on it
or you two are-

SFX: A DOG'S HIGH PITCHED GROWL

There's a some kind of struggle.

VIC (CONT'D)

(still into phone)

Hang on.

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Vic enters and finds the dog barking at a door.

VIC

Good dog.

He picks up the dog and opens the door. It's a CLOSET.

INT CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

As Vic leans in we see Jon's FEET PROTRUDING below a rack of clothes. Vic doesn't notice them as he TOSSES the dog down a laundry chute. The barks echo and fade. Vic SLAMS the door.

VIC (O.S.)

Stupid mutt.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brenda is GONE. Ponch is eating some leftover Chinese out of the fridge as Jon enters.

JON

(sotto)

What the hell are you doing?

PONCH

(sotto)

Lo Mein. It's awesome.

The following is spoken through hushed tones.

JON

They're stealing more cars tonight
and shipping them out of San Diego
tomorrow.

PONCH

Good work. Check it out. I installed
the faucet. Nice one. Heavy metal,
brushed nickel finish. I'm a natural.

Ponch TWISTS the knob on the faucet and water EXPLODES from below the sink SPRAYING everywhere. Jon quickly SHUTS the bottom cabinet. Water still SPRAYS inside.

Vic enters.

VIC

What the hell is that noise?

PONCH

We're just cleaning out the main
water ducting. tube valves.

JON

Guys who installed them didn't use
the correct regulator.

VIC

Why are you all wet?

JON

We're plumbers. Water is our game.

PONCH

Wet is our thing
(then)

We need to go to the truck and get
some tools and stuff.

Ponch puts down the Lo Mein and he and Jon quickly exit.
Vic crosses to the sink. He TURNS the handle on the faucet
It comes off in his hand and water ERUPTS.

VIC

Shit!

He YANKS open the cabinet under the sink, and water comes
CASCADING out. Vic opens a drawer, pulls out a gun and runs
to the door.

EXT VIC BROWN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ponch and Jon, in the Prius, HUM AWAY without using that
much gas or contaminating the environment.

CUT TO:

INT C.H.P. STATION - HALLWAY - LATER

Ponch walks down the hallway, dressed for his shift. Jon,
also in uniform, falls in next to him.

JON

(sotto)
I briefed Grossman and Lofty.

PONCH

We're locked and loaded.

They turn a corner and spot Danielle down the hall. Getraer
is handing her a file.

JON

There's your girl. Go make your
next move.

Ponch takes a step towards her then STOPS. Frozen.
Frustrated with himself he shakes his head. He's going to
BLOW HER OFF. Ponch turns and heads off. Jon follows.

JON (CONT'D)

I'm just saying

PONCH

Shut up.

As they exit, Danielle looks up and sees them go.

EXT. C.H.P. STATION - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Grossman, Kathy, Loftus and Tolentino prepare their patrol cars for their shift with military precision - checking their AR-15 assault rifles, racking their shotguns, logging into the MDC, etc. Jon is checking his cycle. Ponch wheels his cycle up.

TOLENTINO

You guys sure about this?

PONCH

Reliable source. They're stealing them tonight, moving 'em out of San Diego tomorrow.

JON

Remember, if the vehicle disappears during the pursuit, look for a semi.

GROSSMAN

Let's go nail us some car thieves.

Ponch nods.

PONCH

Put a little heat on the street.

Ponch and Jon's engines ROAR and their tires SCREECH as they hit the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON the back door of a semi-truck. It's SLAMMED SHUT and locked into place.

PULL BACK to reveal Vic Brown on his cell phone.

VIC

(into phone)

Rigged and ready

The driver gives Vic a THUMBS UP, and the truck RUMBLES out of the warehouse.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - LATER

Ponch and Jon CRUISE down the freeway. They come up next to a convertible with two painfully HOT WOMEN. Ponch ignores them. Jon smiles at Ponch's new resolve.

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

We're in the back of a WINDOWLESS van. Four guys in short VALET jackets are BOUND and GAGGED. Vic's guy, FARUK, is staring at his watch. He flips open his razor phone.

FARUK
(into phone)
Party time.

EXI. IVY BY THE SHORE - AFTERNOON.

A Lamborghini pulls up. The VALET opens the door.

VALET
Can I take your car?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A valet at a SWANKY PARTY in the hills gets into a FERRARI and pulls away.

A valet at a medical building PARKING STRUCTURE gets into a LAMBORGHINI and pulls away.

A valet at the PENINSULA HOTEL gets into a MASERATI and pulls away.

END SERIES OF SHOTS:

We're STREET level, cars move SWIFTLY in light traffic.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Attention all units. Be advised of
a Ten-Eight Five-One, silver Maserati,
southbound 405 at Wilshire.

The Maserati EXPLODES through traffic coming at us. AN
INSTANT later, Ponch and Jon SHOOT into frame, sirens BLARING.

PONCH
Let him lead us to the truck

Ponch and Jon FALL BACK. The Maserati pulls ahead and EXITS
at Venice Blvd.

SECONDS later, Ponch and Jon hit the Venice exit. The
Maserati is GONE.

A large SEMI is pulling under the overpass ENTERING the
freeway in the opposite direction. Ponch motions to Jon.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Got 'em.

They PURSUE the truck back onto the freeway and flash their
LIGHTS and SIRENS. The truck pulls over.

Ponch and Jon dismount and approach the driver (the guy from
Vic's warehouse).

PONCH (CONT'D)
Please step out of the vehicle, sir.

DRIVER
Hey man what'd I do?

The driver gets out.

PONCH
What's in back?

DRIVER
Doc Johnson's Motion Lotion.

JON
Excuse me?

PONCH
It's an edible sex lube. "Motion Lotion," "Joy Jelly," they're all the same. Come in different flavors, Strawberry, Cherry.

DRIVER
Kiwi.

PONCH
Really? That's new.

DRIVER
C'mon, you've got to tell me what I did wrong.

PONCH
I think you know. I'm guessing some of that "motion lotion" back there has Italian leather seats and a few hundred horsepower under the hood.

DRIVER
(confused)
It's for intercourse.

They go behind the truck and the driver OPENS the back door.
The trailer is packed with CARTONS.

Ponch and Jon step away.

JON
What do you think?

PONCH
False wall, maybe. Be dumb to go to all this trouble and just have the car sitting there when you open the back.

Ponch takes out his extendible steel BATON and walks the length of the truck, lightly TAPPING as he goes. Solid thumping. As he gets to the middle of the rig the sound gets HOLLOW. He crosses back to Jon.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Truck's not packed solid. The car's got to be up front.

(to driver)

We're going to take a look in the trailer

JON

Hang on. I'm not sure we have probable cause. We've got to do this by the book.

PONCH

You've been bitching non-stop about solving the case. We're about to solve it. Don't puss out

JON

I'm not pussing out. I'm just saying, we should do it right. Call Getraer, LAPD, get the proper clearance. Make it stick.

PONCH

What if we don't get clearance and he gets away? We know the car is in there.

Ponch CLIMBS onto the back bumper.

JON

(emphatic)

Ponch, don't!

PONCH

I've got the possession arrow, and I'm using it.

Ponch GRABS one of the boxes. It's wedged in TIGHTLY. As he YANKS it free, all the boxes come TOPPLING out.

Ponch is KNOCKED to the pavement in an AVALANCHE of Motion Lotion. Dozens and dozens of the plastic bottles ROLL onto the freeway and are CRUSHED by oncoming vehicles, SQUIRTING lotion everywhere

The fallen boxes have exposed the interior of the trailer - NO STOLEN CAR. Jon shakes his head. They're fucked.

Cars SWERVE and SKID.

ANGLE ON: VIC BROWN IS AT A NEARBY OVERPASS WITH BINOCULARS.

VIC

That's for my sink.

PULL BACK to reveal Davis and Schneider are standing beside him. Vic laughs, then hands Davis the binoculars.

EXT. VENICE BLVD. - MOMENTS LATER

Back at the underpass where Ponch and Jon first spotted the semi

PAN OVER to a house across the street. A freight truck backs up into the driveway, the garage door opens and the MASERATI drives into the back of the truck. The truck doors SLAM shut.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - LATER

Ponch and Jon are in shock, DRENCHED in motion lotion.

The slick freeway has caused a HUGE traffic jam. Grossman and Kathy are directing traffic as police and news HELICOPTERS hover overhead.

Getraer, BEYOND PISSED, approaches Ponch and Jon.

PONCH

Sarge, the front of the storage compartment was empty. It didn't make any sense.

GETRAER

That's your excuse?

JON

We know they've been using semi's to hide the stolen vehicles.

GETRAER

The only thing we KNOW is that traffic is backed up for eight miles and that you had no authority to search that truck. It's an embarrassment, it's dangerous, and it's a tremendous waste of Motion Lotion.

(then)

You guys have run out of chances.

JON

We know for a fact the cars are being shipped out of San Diego tomorrow.

Jon almost slips on the slick pavement but catches himself.

GETRAER

Really? What ship? What time? And I don't want to hear any theories. You better have hard evidence and you better have gotten it legally.

Ponch and Jon look at each other, completely DEFEATED

GETRAER (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Go home.
You're suspended. I don't want to
see you or hear from you. Got it?

Getraer heads off. Ponch and Jon stand in STUNNED SILENCE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jon is sitting on the sofa playing a VIDEO GAME where he's a
cop blowing away bad guys. Ponch enters and crosses to the
counter. Jon doesn't acknowledge him.

PONCH

Look, I know your pissed at me--

Jon puts down the game controller.

JON

I just can't do it anymore

PONCH

We can fight our way back from
suspension. We've screwed up before.

JON

We always screw up. I'm tired of
it.

(dropping the bomb)

I think we should put in for new
partners.

PONCH

Oh shit, here we go, all my fault
again.

JON

I told you not to search that truck.

PONCH

And I told you we shouldn't be
investigating that case! But you
have a hard-on to make sergeant and
now I'm suspended, too. Whose fault
is that?

JON

Damn! When are you going to be man
enough take responsibility?

PONCH

Man enough? Don't go there. You
sit in front of that TV playing video
games all the time. If it wasn't
for me you'd never even talk to girls.

JON

You're right Hanging out with you
every second has really helped me
find a quality woman... I DON'T LIKE
BIMBOS!

Ponch is taken aback.

PONCH

Nothing's more selfless than a guy
who tries to get his loser buddy
laid And this is the thanks I get?!
You know what, I don't want to be
your freakin' partner anymore.

JON

Good. You're not. Now why don't
you leave my ass alone and go find
yourself some beer breathed slut

PONCH

'Cause your mom lives in Barstow and
I don't feel like driving an hour
and a half.

Jon WHIPS the game controller at Ponch. He CAICHES it, drops
it to the ground, and SMASHES it with his foot, then walks
out, SLAMMING the door behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT C.H.P. STATION - EVENING

Danielle holds her cell phone to her ear.

PONCH (O.S.)

This is Ponch, leave a message.

She closes the phone. Dissapointed

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH PIER - EVENING

Ponch leans on the railing. He looks at his cell phone, it
reads, "Missed Call: DANIELLE." He puts his phone in his
pocket and looks out at the ocean.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Ponch walks up to a door and knocks. The door opens and
Danielle is standing inside. They look at each other for a
long silent beat.

DANIELLE

I thought you were blowing me off.

PONCH

I don't want to.

She steps ASIDE making room for him to enter. He does.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANIELLE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON: A HALF EMPTY BOTTLE OF KIWI MOTION LOTION

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Ponch in bed. Danielle comes out of the bathroom, in the process of getting dressed. She crosses to the bed and kisses Ponch.

PONCH

You leaving?

DANIELLE

Gotta head down to the station. I have some work to do.

She clips on her gun and badge, then starts putting some files in a shoulder bag.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot. I had my office in Washington run that sketch through the computer. Came up with a possible match for a guy out here named Jimmy Ortiz. I made you a copy of his court records.

She places the file on the side table.

PONCH

What's the point? I'm suspended and Jon and I are through.

DANIELLE

You can read it when you stop feeling sorry for yourself. I'll be back later. No pay-per-view porn. The government gets the bill for this and I have a reputation to protect.

He smiles. She exits.

CUT TO:

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jon sits on the couch like a ZOMBIE watching television. Flipping through the channels, he lands on a freeway chase being covered live. A black SUV speeding recklessly through traffic, a handful of CHP cruisers in pursuit.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)
...this driver obviously has no regard
for his own safety or the safety of
others.

Jon shakes his head, disappointed. He should be out there.

CLOSE ON: THE TV

The SUV scrapes by another car as it passes, sending sparks
into the air.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
(excited)
Wow. Did you see that? This is
really heating up. For those of you
waiting to see the President's State
of The Union address, we'll get to
it as soon as this chase is resolved.

PULL BACK:

INT. DANIELLE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ponch sits on the bed watching the same chase. Like Jon,
frustrated that he's missing out.

PONCH
Damn.

Ponch notices the file on the side table. What the hell,
might as well TAKE A LOOK. He picks up the file and opens
it. Something immediately CATCHES his eye.

ANGLE ON: FILE

Ortiz has a string of arrests. The last one was for auto
theft. Arresting officers: Detectives DAVIS and SCHNEIDER.

ANGLE ON: PONCH

He puts the file down and glances back at the TV -- A
Helicopter PCV of the chase. He gets up and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD STATION - DAVIS AND SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE - LATER

CLOSE IN on Davis.

DAVIS
Jimmy Ortiz? Yeah, I remember him.
What do you think he did?

PULL BACK to reveal Danielle in front of Davis and Schneider.

DANIELLE

There's a chance he's tied into the car thefts you're working on and the drug case I'm working on.

DAVIS

What's the evidence?

DANIELLE

A couple witnesses, not enough.

SCHNEIDER

I'll call his parole officer and get an address. Let's go pick him up.

DAVIS

(to Danielle)

Why don't you ride with us. We're all in this together now.

DANIELLE

Thanks. I appreciate it.

They start to exit. Behind her back, Davis and Schneider share a knowing glance.

CUT TO:

EXT. C.H.P. STATION - HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - LATER

A C.H.P. chopper touches down. It's blades slow to a stop and SALZ, the pilot we saw earlier, climbs out. As he crosses towards the station Ponch approaches him.

SALZ

What are you doing here? I heard you guys got suspended.

PONCH

I need your help. Did your cameras catch the mess we made on the freeway?

SALZ

Every last drop.

PONCH

Were you serious about being able to dump it on a dvd?

INT. C.H.P. STATION - COMPUTER OFFICE - LATER

ANGLE ON: COMPUTER SCREEN

Three video windows come up. They're labelled Camera one, two and three.

ANGLE ON: PONCH AND THE COMPUTER

Ponch studies the footage. He clicks on camera three and the image of him slipping on a freeway glazed with motion lotion FILLS THE SCREEN. He clicks on camera two and something GRABS HIS ATTENTION. He freezes the frame.

ANGLE ON: COMPUTER SCREEN

Two cars on a distant overpass. He ISOLATES that corner of the video and ZOOMS IN. It's an image of VIC BROWN standing beside DAVIS and SCHNEIDER, the Hummer and Crown Vic behind them.

INT. PONCH AND JON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jon sits on the couch watching RoboCop. He's in a trance, his lips move along with the dialogue. Ponch enters.

PONCH

Get up. We're back on the case.

JON

Come on, dude. Let it go. You're embarrassing yourself.

PONCH

Oh, shut up. I pulled this still off the airship video.

Ponch hands him a picture.

PONCH (CONT'D)

It's Davis and Schneider with Vic Brown checking out our little slip 'n slide on the freeway. They set us up.

Jon takes this in.

JON

They did mess up our pursuits.

PONCH

They didn't want us out of the way so they could make the bust. They were covering their asses.

JON

We have to report this.

PONCH

Why? So there'll be a two month internal affairs investigation while all those cars disappear and it's our word against theirs?

(MORE)

PONCH (CONT'D)
We don't win that fight. Now, I
don't care if we're partners or not,
we got some unfinished business to
take care of. So nut-up!

Jon glances at the print out one more time. It makes him
FURIOUS.

JON
Let's ride!

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Jon and Ponch sit in the Prius PUIIERING along

PONCH
We need faster wheels.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ponch and Jon approach a DILAPIDATED HOME. Ponch raises his
fist to knock on the door, but before he can, it opens a
crack and Harlan peeks out.

HARLAN
(suspicious)
What are you doing here?

JON
We need some wheels, Harlan. We're
taking down those car thieves.

HARLAN
You guys are poison right now. I
could lose my job if I help you.

PONCH
They're abducting automobiles.
Beautifully engineered, innocent,
sweet little cars who never hurt
anybody.

Again, Ponch knows what buttons to push.

HARLAN
Meet me around back.

EXT. HARLAN'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Harlan SLIDES open the door revealing GEARHEAD NIRVANA--a
gleaming, high-tech garage. In the center of the room are
two SHINY, TRICKED OUT, MOTORCYCLES.

PONCH

(in awe)
You're a bike pimpin' freak.

HARLAN

(embarrassed)
Thanks.
(re: cycles)
Super-light titanium frames, heavy
shocks enhanced torque, heated seats
and...

Indicating two small canisters on each bike.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

American street racing nitro tanks.

PONCH

How fast can they go?

HARLAN

Not sure. If I had to guess, I'd
say really freakin' fast. And here's
one last treat. In case you need
some extra firepower...

He flips open a SECRET compartment below the gas tank.
There's a HAND GUN clipped into place.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Storage. Looks like the manifold.
Got the idea from a drug smuggler we
busted last year. Also got some of
his weed if you're interested?

PONCH

We're good.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEAN RIDE CAR WASH - LATER

Ponch and Jon, on Harlan's bikes, roll to a stop across the
street from Clean Ride. Ponch motions to the adjacent
WAREHOUSE The lights are ON.

JON

Workin' late tonight.

PONCH

Let's get a closer look.

Ponch and Jon cross to the back of the warehouse. A WINDOW
ten feet up is propped open. They climb a dumpster and slide
through.

INT. WAREHOUSE - STORAGE CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Ponch and Jon DROP into a STORAGE closet. It's dark. Jon turns on a small flashlight.

PONCH
Where'd you get that?

JON
On my key chain. It also has a can-opener and a nail file. I was going to get you one for your birthday, but now that we're not partners it's a little awkward.

PONCH
Let's just do this.

They draw their GUNS.

Ponch slowly OPENS the door to the closet. On the other side is the warehouse floor. They quietly sneak out and HIDE behind a couple of storage drums.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: VIC, DAVIS AND SCHNEIDER.

They're on the floor of the warehouse as another Maserati is loaded into a CARGO container.

VIC
When we get to the dock we don't let Mr. Wen out of our sight until my drugs are on the truck.

DAVIS
When do we get our money?

VIC
You'll get paid when the deal is done. And for your sake I hope it goes smoothly. Cops don't do so well in prison. You'd have your asses cored like apples.

ANGLE ON: PONCH AND JON

JON
That would hurt.

Ponch motions to Jon and they JUMP OUT.

JON (CONT'D)
Put your hands over your heads!
You're all under arrest.

They all slowly put their hands over their heads. As Ponch and Jon approach them.

PONCH
Looks like you're not going to make
that ship, Mr Brown.

VIC
I think we will.
(calling off)
Jimmy, bring her out!

Ponch and Jon turn to see JIMMY ORTIZ walking from a back room with Danielle in front of him. His GUN is against her HEAD and her hands are tied behind her back. Jon turns his gun towards them trying to get a clean shot at Ortiz.

VIC (CONT'D)
Drop your weapons now or Jimmy will
blow the bitch's skull off her body.

Ponch and Jon are momentarily frozen.

PONCH
Don't try it, Jon.

Ponch and Jon lower their weapons. Davis and Schneider step forward and take the guns from them.

PONCH (CONT'D)
Nothing worse than a dirty cop.

SCHNEIDER
Better than being a dead one.

Schneider PUNCHES Ponch in the face. It WOBBLES him but he doesn't go down. As Ponch turns back ready to hit Schneider, Vic raises his gun and shakes his head, "No".

DAVIS
(to Vic)
Let me kill them.
(pained)
I had a boner for two days.

VIC
Easy. They're cops. This is big
bad shit. We've got to be careful.
No trail. No evidence.

He thinks for a beat.

VIC (CONT'D)
Lie 'em up and stick them in with
the car. We can have them dumped in
the ocean half way to Hong Kong.

FARUK and another guy enter, wheeling in Harlan's bikes.

FARUK
Found these outside.

VIC
Put 'em in the container, too. No
trail. No evidence.

ORTIZ shoves Danielle forward, and motions the three of them
toward the large cargo container.

INT CARGO CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

The motorcycles are wheeled up next to the Maserati as Ponch
Jon, and Danielle are TIED UP.

JON
(to Ponch)
At least this'll be the last time
you talk me into doing something
stupid.

Vic SLAMS the container door shut. Ponch, Jon and Danielle
are in DARKNESS.

EXT CLEAN RIDE CAR WASH - LATER

The Crown Vic pulls out of the lot followed by a transport
truck. There are two CARGO CONTAINERS on it.

INT CARGO CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

A little LIGHT seeps through the air vent in the container.

JON
Dammit. I've got to piss like a
racehorse

PONCH
I told you to go before we left.

JON
I was excited for the bust. I forgot.

PONCH
You always forget. That's one thing
I won't miss.

DANIELLE
Who cares about that now?! We've
got to find something sharp to cut
us out of these ropes.

JON
I can't see a thing. I wish I could
get to my flashlight.

PONCH

Didn't you say that key chain had a
can opener?

JON

Yeah, but it's in my front pocket.
I can't reach it.

PONCH

Maybe I can.

Ponch leans over and SHOVES his hand DEEP into Jon's FRONT
pocket. Jon gets a pained expression on his face.

JON

Whoa. I just told you I have to
pee. One more yank like that and
the levee breaks.

Ponch keeps DIGGING. Jon's eyes WIDEN, but Ponch finally
pulls out the keys.

PONCH

Got 'em.

Ponch gets out the can opener and starts working Jon's ropes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT FREEWAY - DAYBREAK

Vic sits next to the Driver. He glances at the SPEEDOMETER.

VIC

Slow down! We got plenty of time to
get to there. Last thing we need is
to get pulled over.

INT CARGO CONTAINER - DAYBREAK

Ponch is still working Jon's rope with the can opener.

JON

Dude, why is it taking so long?

PONCH

It's a can opener! Stay still.

The rope SNAPS and Jon is free. He quickly unties Ponch,
then runs over to the Maserati and PEES through it's open
window.

JON

Goddamn that feels good!

Ponch unties Danielle, then flicks on the motorcycle's
headlight and goes to the door of the cargo container. He
tries to OPEN it but it's BOLTED shut.

PONCH

How do we get out of this thing?
Doors are solid steel.

JON

(getting an idea)
Wait a minute.

Jon crosses to one of the motorcycles OPENS Harlan's SECRET compartment, pulls out the GUN.

JON (CONT'D)

I can blow one of the hinges off
from the inside.

PONCH

I don't know if that's such a good --

JON FIRES. Ponch, TACKLES Danielle to the ground as the bullet RICOCHETS off the hinge, bouncing off the walls, "PING-PING-PING" and narrowly missing them. SMASH! It shatters the headlight plunging them back into DARKNESS

PONCH (CONT'D)

Seriously, I will tie you back up

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT OF SAN DIEGO - EARLY MORNING

The transport truck RUMBLES into the port pulling next to a DOCK where a massive CARGO SHIP is berthed. It stops next to several other trucks. Vic climbs out and joins Davis and Schneider

Vic motions to a CRANE operator. A large crane HOOKS TO the container holding Ponch, Jon and Danielle.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Ponch, Jon and Danielle feel the container being lifted. They LURCH as the container SWAYS.

PONCH

We're going up.

JON

(panicked)
We've got to get out of this thing.

In vain, Jon SLAMS his fist against the door.

EXT. PORT OF SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Davis, Schneider and Vic watch as the cargo container is lifted. A black STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up. The window glides down revealing MR. WEN and his massive bodyguard.

MR. WEN

Get in.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Vic slides into the seat across from Mr. Wen.

VIC

Okay, you got your cars.

Wen nods and motions to a SUITCASE on the floor of the limousine. Vic opens it. It's FULL of the heroin patches. Vic shuts it and smiles.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

The container SWAYS AGAIN. Ponch, Jon and Danielle lose their balance and fall to the floor. The motorcycles TIP OVER, landing just a few inches from Ponch. He glances at the engine.

PONCH

Harlan said he outfitted these bikes with nitro tanks, right?

JON

Yeah. They're right on the side.

Jon points to a silver CANISTER the size of a small thermos.

Ponch unscrews the tank.

PONCH

Liquid Nitrogen. Makes bikes go very fast. Highly explosive.

EXT. PORT OF SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Vic approaches the truck he rode in on. Davis and Schneider are waiting for him. Vic puts down the suitcase full of drugs, then reaches in the truck pulling out a briefcase. He hands it to Davis.

VIC

Don't insult me by counting it.

Davis opens the briefcase. It's filled with CASH.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Jon WEDGES the nitro tank next to the door HINGE as Ponch removes the GUN from the other bike. They take cover behind the Maserati.

DANIELLE

What if we blow ourselves up?

PONCH

This is our only way out of here

Ponch aims the gun, then puts it down.

PONCH (CONT'D)

(to Jon)

You're a good partner and a hell of a cop.

JON

You too, man. You too. I know things have gotten insane lately, but if we make it out of this thing... I mean, wouldn't know how to be partners with anyone else.

PONCH

We'll work on our issues.

Jon nods. Ponch takes aim again.

JON

One more thing...

(this is hard for him)

I've been using your Axel Body Spray without asking. I'm sorry. I like the way it makes me smell.

PONCH

I forgive you.

They dap and tap.

PONCH (CONT'D)

(to Danielle)

And you're the first woman I've ever really... You know, blah blah blah

She rolls her eyes.

DANIELLE

Thanks. I know how hard that must have been for you to almost say.

They dap and tap, too. Ponch aims again.

JON

Wait

PONCH

(annoyed)

What?

JON

I'm a better shot.

PONCH

But I'm calmer under pressure.

Danielle grabs the gun.

DANIELLE

Get down!

She aims and PULLS the trigger.

EXT. PORT OF SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS.

The cargo container is DANGLING twenty feet above the ship's deck when it's door BLOWS OFF with a thunderous BOOM. Davis, Schneider, Vic's heads snap around

VIC

What the hell?

ANGLE ON: CARGO CONTAINER

Ponch and Jon FLY out of the cargo container on the motorcycles, landing atop a PYRAMID of containers which rest on the ship's deck. They JUMP their bikes from one container to the next as if descending a GIANT STAIRCASE. Davis, Schneider and Vic start SHOOTING at them.

Ponch and Jon have drawn gunfire away from the container. Danielle jumps down and SPRINTS OFF.

Now on the deck, Ponch sees a GANG PLANK resting on the ship's rail.

PONCH

(to Jon)

Follow me.

They FLOOR IT, and use the plank as a ramp, LAUNCHING like X-GAMES CHAMPS over the water and onto the dock below.

The bikes SHUDDER as they land, but Ponch and Jon maintain control, holding up their guns and firing, like cowboys on horseback, as they ZOOM towards Schneider, Davis and Vic.

Jon bears down on Davis, who keeps firing. Jon SHOOTs back, NAILING Davis in both legs. Davis falls, his gun skitters across the pavement

JON

Eat that, bitch!

The limo starts to pull away. Danielle, now on the dock, picks up Davis' gun and fires several rounds through the windshield of the retreating limo. The limo swerves and SMASHES hard into the base of the CRANE.

A DOCK WORKER, wearing an Ipod, rounds the corner unaware of the events. Jon whips his gun around taking aim, but pulls BACK when he sees it's an innocent.

Vic fires at Ponch, then picks up the SUITCASE. It explodes out of his hand as Ponch BLASTS a few rounds into it. The case SLAMS into the pavement, then BURSTS open, sending the drug patches into the air like butterflies in the wind.

Vic glances at Schneider, holding the briefcase full of cash. He SHOOTS him, takes the briefcase back, then rushes behind another cargo container.

As Ponch and Jon drive up, a red Lamborghini comes BARRELING out of the container. It's tires smoke as it SCREECHES away and SMASHES through the guard gate.

Ponch and Jon are hot on his tail, Ponch slows for a second by Danielle.

PONCH

You okay?

DANIELLE

Go!

Ponch rockets off. Danielle GRABS a young dock security guard who's blown away by what he's just witnessed.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Call C.H.P. and tell 'em this ship is loaded with stolen cars.

GUARD

Cool.

INT LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

Vic glances back, Ponch and Jon are on his tail. He looks down at the navigation system. The MEXICAN BORDER is within range.

Glancing up again he spots a truck loaded with GLASS TILES. He SHOOTS the truck's TIRE, it SWERVES and tiles go FLYING onto the freeway and SMASH everywhere.

A '67 Impala (The trunk is shaped almost like a ramp) drives over the BROKEN tiles and it's tires BLOW. The frame of the car drops CLOSE to the road.

Ponch and Jon approach the pavement LITTERED with TILES. They're going TOO FAST to stop.

Ponch MOTIONS to Jon. They FIRE their remaining NIITRO TANKS and use the back of the Impala as a RAMP, flying over the CAR and TILES.

They stick the landing and are back on the Lamborghini.

VIC EXITS onto the 905 East. The landscape becomes more BARREN as he starts to pull away.

PONCH
(realizing)
He's going for Mexico.

Ponch VEERS off the highway, into the dessert terrain. Jon follows and, like MOTOCROSS champs, they race across the desert throwing up dirt and getting HUGE AIR off the natural rolls and slopes of the landscape.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

Vic glances in his rear-view mirror. Nothing. He checks the navigation screen and makes a hard right onto a narrow deserted road.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The California flag flapping in a stiff wind.

PAN DOWN: A few RV's parked in the MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. One of them has a hand painted banner hanging from it's side, "CALIFORNIA MINUTEMEN".

A group of middle-aged fatties toting SHOTGUNS and NIGHT VISION goggles are milling around a big pot of chili.

Ponch and Jon go RIPPING by. The minutemen all HOLD UP their weapons, confused.

MINUTEMAN #1
Shoot! Shoot!

Shots are FIRED haphazardly.

MINUTEMANE #2
Wait! You jackasses They're heading
towards Mexico. That's what we want

They reluctantly put down their weapons. Chili is SPILLING out of BULLET HOLES in the side of the pot.

MINUTEMAN #2
God dammit, Gelineau, you shot the
chili!

As the minutemen inspect the chili pot, a family of TWELVE MEXICANS pop out from behind a bush and RUN TO FREEDOM.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Lamborghini ROARS down the road.

INT LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

Vic sees the border fence a HUNDRED yards away. But the road ends with a CONCRETE BARRIER in TWENTY. He squeals to a STOP, and, briefcase in hand, huffs it on FOOT.

Ponch and Jon come LAUNCHING out of a dry river bed fifty yards away.

Vic FIRES at them, emptying his magazine. Jon is HIT. His bike skids out of control and he goes down.

Vic throws down his empty gun and makes a mad DASH to the FENCE at the MEXICAN BORDER just ahead.

Vic TOSSES the briefcase OVER the fence INTO Mexico, then begins to climb the chain link.

Ponch skids to a stop and holds up his gun

PONCH

Freeze!

Vic momentarily freezes. He looks back at Ponch, and then to the BRIEFCASE. He CONTINUES to climb.

Ponch squeezes the trigger. "CLICK" He throws down the gun and runs for the fence.

Vic struggles with the RAZOR WIRE at the top of the fence, Ponch scurries up and YANKS him down. They tussle, each landing punches, until Ponch connects with a KNOCK OUT blow. Vic goes down and doesn't move.

SFX: SIRENS WAILING IN THE DISTANCE. A HELICOPTER CLOSING IN.

Ponch RUNS BACK to Jon, who lays on the ground, BREATHING HARD. It looks BAD. Ponch cradles him.

PONCH (CONT'D)

(emotional)

Hang in there, partner. Help is on the way.

Jon slowly holds up his inhaler and takes a huge puff. His breathing IMMEDIATELY returns to normal. He's fine.

JON

Damn, that bullet hurt like a mother.

He UNBUTTONS his shirt and we see the flattened bullet WEDGED into his kevlar vest. Ponch smiles, then LAUGHS his ass off as the SIRENS get CLOSER.

On the Mexican side of the fence, a SMALL POOR BOY picks up the briefcase FILLED WITH CASH and carries it away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KTLA NEWS - MORNING

The Anchorman is on the air.

ANCHORMAN

This morning's top story, C H P. officers foiled the largest car theft operation in California history...

The following is heard over news footage of C H P. officers taking Vic Brown and Mr. Wen away in handcuffs.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D):

...recovering dozens of stolen vehicles at the San Diego harbor along with millions of dollars worth of heroin. The case was cracked wide open by two West LA officers, Frank Poncherello and Jon Baker.

Ponch and Jon's pictures flash on screen. Ponch with a cool smile. Jon with RED-EYE. The newscast cuts to GETRAER being interviewed by a female reporter. Below his picture the CHYRON: "Sergeant Joseph Getraer."

GETRAER

...This is a proud day for the C H P. and a testimony to the intrepidity of two fine officers.

REPORTER

Beg your pardon?

GETRAER

From the adjective "intrepid" Fearless. Brave. Courageous

REPORTER

Why didn't you just use one of those words?

GETRAER

Because I have a modicum of intelligence.

A beat.

REPORTER

Back to you, Chuck.

INT. C H P. STATION - HALLWAY - MORNING

Ponch approaches Danielle.

PONCH
I just heard about your promotion.

DANIELLE
Might mean I'm out here more often.
That freak you out?

Ponch smiles and gives her a quick kiss as Getraer rounds the corner.

PONCH
(to Getraer)
Just giving agent Minjares a briefing.

Getraer smiles, shakes his head and walks off.

ANGLE ON:

A group of officers are by the BULLETIN board. Jon approaches, they part. There's a CARTOON of Jon and Ponch both dressed as SUPERHEROS holding stacks of the STOLEN CARS. The officers exit patting JON on the back.

GROSSMAN
Good work, buddy. Surf and turf's on me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY'S LATER

A STRAFING SHOT over the freeway. STEP PUSH IN on Ponch and Jon riding side by side.

JON
Twenty-nine dollars That's all I spent on gas last month

PONCH
Stop it. I'm not buying a Prius.

JON
You're very closed minded.

PONCH
I like speed.

JON
Planet hater.

Ponch smiles and checks his watch.

PONCH
Our shift's over. Danielle and I are grabbing a drink. You want to come along?

JON
Thanks, but I got plans

PONCH
Studying for your sergeant's test?

JON
I already know it cold. Besides,
it's not for a couple weeks. I'm
hooking up with Kim for dinner.

PONCH
The volleyball chick?
(proudly)
You dog.

JON
She says I talk way too much, so
tonight we're just going to do it.

PONCH
Alright. Don't forget to take off
the bullet proof vest.

Ponch and Jon laugh as a black Porsche goes BLOWING by doing
at least a hundred. Ponch and Jon look at each other and
smile. THEY REALLY LOVE THIS SHIT!

They hit their sirens and ACCELERATE out of frame.

FADE OUT:

CREDIT TAG

INT. MARINA GRILL - NIGHT

SFX: MUSIC CUE

Something upbeat, like "Hips Don't Lie" by Shakira

Ponch, Danielle, and the other C.E.P. officers are laughing celebrating and having a great time. Jon approaches Ponch and WHISPERS something in his ear.

Ponch gets up and follows Jon to the back hallway. Jon motions to the door then hurries away. Ponch LAUGHS. He's not falling for this shit. He unbuttons the top buttons on his shirt, puts on his sunglasses and fixes his hair. He opens the door and BURSTS into the room.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: PONCH COMING THROUGH THE DOOR.

PONCH

Okay, ladies. Let's get this party...

PONCH'S POV: The room is filled with a dozen scantily clad trannies having a birthday party.

INT. MARINA GRILL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon leans against a wall laughing.

PONCH (O.S.)

Whoa! Stop that

TRANNIE

Show us the nightstick!

PONCH (O.S.)

Hey, no grabbing! I don't put out unless you buy me dinner. If anyone is interested, my name is Jon Baker and my cell phone number is 310--

JON

PONCH!!!

Jon tries to open the door but it's been locked.

