

CHiPs

by

Dax Shepard

based on characters created by Rick Rosner

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PRODUCTION WHITE

WARNER BROS. PICTURES INC.
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

August 7, 2015
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FADE IN:

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EXT. EXIT RAMP - NIGHT

1

A CHP motorcycle follows a PT Cruiser off an exit ramp, lights strobing. They pull to the shoulder. OFFICER RAY BLACKWELL (6'5" beast) approaches the vehicle.

RAY BLACKWELL

Put it away.

CHAD (25, hipster) points an iPhone at him.

CHAD

No. I have a right to film you.
I have a Constitutional right.

RAY BLACKWELL

Really? The Constitution mentions iPhones? The one written in 1787?

CHAD

Freedom of speech. 1st Amendment.

RAY BLACKWELL

Oh. I tell you what, I'll give you \$500, right now, if you can name two more Amendments. Just two. In fact, I'll give you the 2nd, right to bear arms. So just one more. One for 500. Go 'head.

Ray stares at Chad. Waiting. Waiting. Waiting.

CHAD

You can't stop me for no reason.

RAY BLACKWELL

You were texting while driving.

CHAD

No, I wasn't. I take driving very seriously.

RAY BLACKWELL

You made it abundantly clear that you don't take driving seriously when you bought a PT Cruiser. And you text while piloting this piece-a-shit. What's so important, huh? Your nine Twitter followers going to die if they don't know about the farm-to-table meal you overpaid for? Or see your pics from Coachella?

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

That's funny. Just keep burying yourself. I'm posting this.

RAY BLACKWELL

You know what's funny? You, sir, have zero regard for the law, but you expect me to follow it to the letter. That's a ballsy assumption -- Maybe I'm a renegade like you. Maybe I own a PT Cruiser, pick and choose the laws I want to follow.

CHAD

It's your job to follow the rules. And I pay your salary.

Ray rips the iPhone away, SNAPS it in half and chucks it into the road. A truck passes, destroying what's left.

CHAD

I'm reporting you! You can't destroy my property asshole...

Chad tries to exit the car. Ray RAMS him back in his seat and SLAMS the door.

RAY BLACKWELL

By the time your complaint hits my boss' desk, I'll be snorkeling in the South Pacific, retired. So file away. But remember, I also know your address and, like you, I don't give a fuck about the rules.

Ray reaches in abruptly, snatches the ignition keys and hurls them over a fence onto the highway.

RAY BLACKWELL

Have a great night, sir. Be safe.

Ray hops on his bike and BLASTS past a paralyzed Chad.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Ray ENTERS. He evaluates. Not good.

Cigarette smoldering, half-gone bottle of Jack, .357, La-Z-Boy. JACK PEROT (40), in FULL CHP riding gear.

RAY BLACKWELL

What's going on? I tried you, like, 20 times.

(CONTINUED)

JACK PEROT

They know about two of the bodies,
the widow's fund and the six mill.

RAY BLACKWELL

What are you talking about? How?

JACK PEROT

Brill, Stevens, and TJ. All on
record. I got 'slipped' the file.

Ray takes a minute to process. He glances at the open
file on the ground:

CLOSEUP - PHOTOS OF BRILL, STEVENS AND TJ

paperclipped to handwritten statements.

JACK PEROT

Don't worry. You're not in there.
It's just me.

RAY BLACKWELL

Okay, then you're on a plane to
Samoa tonight. I'll meet you in --

JACK PEROT

Ray, they took our money. We have
nothing. There's no move. 8 A.M.
tomorrow, they're gonna charge me.

RAY BLACKWELL

Right, so you go tonight; we were
going in two months, anyway.
What's the difference? The money?
I can put something together...

JACK PEROT

Play that through: I disappear
tonight. They start looking for
me. They go through every text
message, call, and e-mail I've
ever sent. That leads them to you
and the whole team. Then
questioning, polygraphs,
subpoenas. Everyone will go down.
(beat)
Nah. There's a solution, but that
ain't it.

Ray EYES the .357

(CONTINUED)

RAY BLACKWELL

Jack, come on. This is NOT how this ends. We all go to prison before I let you do that.

JACK PEROT

If I die, the investigation dies. It closes. It's me or all y'all.

Ray STEPS closer to Jack. Jack GRABS the gun.

JACK PEROT

Hey! Don't be a fucking baby. I'm holding the grenade, so I get to decide if I wanna lob it or lay down on it. We both know what you would do.

Jack smiles. Butch and Sundance. He COCKS the hammer, then holds his glass of Jack high in the air.

JACK PEROT

Now, listen, I ain't trying to die in vain. You're gonna owe me now: Get our money back, fuck those snitches proper and parachute on outta here. You get to Samoa. For me. That's the debt...

Jack SLAMS his drink, Ray LUNGES... BOOM! Back of Jack's helmet explodes. Ray's EYES ignite with fury.

INT. APARTMENT (MIAMI) - 4:59:52 AM

Darkness. A MAN, "CHACHO" springs awake. He sits, waiting -- five, four, three, two... iPhone ALARM SOUNDS.

SUPERIMPOSE: MIAMI, FL. 5:00 AM

Chacho's feet hit the ground with purpose.

INT. CHIPS ACADEMY - BARRACKS - 8:05 AM

Old school alarm clock WAILS. JON BAKER rolls over and swats it. Looks around: 40 empty beds. Fuck. Late.

SUPERIMPOSE: SACRAMENTO, CA. 8:07 AM

With great effort, he swings his legs off the bed. Scars everywhere: knees, ankles, calves, shoulders, wrists. He begins a pathetic waddle to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Chacho drops spinach, kale, ginger and fish oil into a Vitamix. Grind. Pour. Pound.

-- Jon shakes out four Percocet, tosses them back, cracks a Red Bull, swills it down.

-- Chacho burns through his morning routine: push-ups, pull-ups, sit-ups, plyometrics, yoga and speed bag.

-- Jon tries to touch his toes, gets as far as his knees. Holds a door frame and leans into a sad shoulder stretch.

-- Chacho exfoliates with a Clarisonic, then meticulously applies gel, hair spray, SPF and cologne. On the medicine cabinet is a Post-it note, "Ann." He wads it up and tosses it into the trash with a dozen others.

-- Jon spits toothpaste, splattering the mirror. He wets his hand and mats down wavy blond hair. His toiletry bag contains 15 prescription bottles and zero toiletries.

-- Chacho NUDGES a sleeping SUPERMODEL. He's holding a coffee, her purse and clothes.

CHACHO

Ann, sweetie? Ann, wake up. I gotta run.

ANN

Ann? My name is Jackie...

He stares at her blankly for a long beat.

CHACHO

Jackie? Are you positive?
Because I wrote down...

She grabs her stuff and storms out. He watches her Jen Selter-esque figure disappear down the hallway. Ooph.

-- Jon, phone to ear, listens to an outgoing message:

KAREN (V.O.)

This is Karen. Only my mom still leaves voicemails, so if you're not her, text or e-mail me.

Jon debates leaving a message, but knows it's futile...

Chacho fires up a 600-HP AMG Station Wagon and BOLTS.

6 EXT. CHIPS ACADEMY - BARRACKS - MORNING 6

Jon mounts a 2006 Ducati Monopostal (toughest motorcycle ever made). As he pulls away, all of his aches subside.

7 EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - LATE MORNING 7

Bustling street in the banking district. A low, sinister RUMBLE ricochets off of the glass office buildings.

Chacho sits curbside in the idling AMG. He checks his watch, the police scanner and blinking dots on an iPad.

All of a sudden, in the rearview mirror, he sees something. His heart rate jumps. Body stiffens.

CHACHO

Oh, fuck me. Not now...

CHACHO'S POV - IN MIRROR

A HOT MOM in yoga pants does squats and lunges while gripping a baby stroller.

CHACHO (O.S.)

My anaconda don't. Want. None...

BACK TO SCENE

POP! POP! POP! THREE MASKED MEN fire M4 rifles into the air while leaving First National. They FLATTEN bystanders en route to the AMG. SCREAMS. ALARMS. HYSTERIA.

8 INT. AMG - SAME TIME 8

MEN pile in. SHAMUS, sitting shotgun, checks his watch.

SHAMUS

Move!

Chacho DROPS it in gear, SMOKES the tires.

9 EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI 9

Two POLICE CRUISERS descend. Cherries lit, sirens BLARING. Chase is on.

(CONTINUED)

Chacho DRIFTS the AMG through an intersection like a boss. One COP runs wide, forcing a MAN to DIVE into the side door of his van JUST as the cop car obliterates it.

SECOND COP T-BONES the back of the first cop car.

DUDES in back fly around wildly. One steadies himself with his machine gun: RAT-TAT-TAT. Bullets RIP through the roof above Chacho's head. He LOCKS up the brakes.

CHACHO

Jesus! What the fuck, idiot?!
Put your god damn gun on the
floor!

DUDE #1

Wasn't my fault. You're driving
all fucking erratic.

CHACHO

So you steady yourself with the
trigger of your M4?! Use the 'Oh,
shit' handles on the ceiling.
That's what they're there for!

FOUR COPS, on foot, run from their wrecked cruisers toward the AMG. Shamus watches their approach.

SHAMUS

Shut up and drive!

CHACHO

Two options: Gun on the floor, or
secure the barrel in your mouth.

COPS inch closer to the AMG on foot, guns drawn. The DUDE reluctantly sets his gun on the floor. Chacho SLAMS it in DRIVE and rockets away, DUDES grab the "Oh, shit" handles.

Cops RUN after the AMG, firing. Rear window SHATTERS.

AMG DRIFTS around a corner, just missing an oncoming truck, then SKIDS to a stop behind an empty TAXI CAB.

Guys out. Masks and jumpsuits off. Money goes in the cab, clothes, masks, gloves and M4s go in the AMG.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SHAMUS

What are you waiting for?

Chacho is holding a lit MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, hesitant.

CHACHO

It's kind of a dick move. Like,
if Santa shot Rudolph after he
delivered all the presents...

Shamus grabs it and hucks it in. BOOM! FLAMES. GLASS.

CHACHO

Cold...

12 INT. TAXI - SECONDS LATER

12

Chacho and Shamus are up front. DUDES are in back.

CHACHO

You're in back.

SHAMUS

Fuck that. I'm shotgun.

CHACHO

It's supposed to look like a fare,
not a cabbie and his dude riding
up front.

SHAMUS

Just go.

CHACHO

I need you in back...

Shamus gives him a quizzical look. Something's up.

SHAMUS

Ain't happening.

CHACHO

(into his collar)
Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv...

13 EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - SAME TIME

13

One street over, a line of unmarked FBI cars/SUVs sit in
waiting. Over the CB, we hear:

CHACHO (V.O.)

Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv...

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

The cavalry MASHES OUT.

14

INT. TAXI - SAME TIME

14

Shamus stares at Chacho.

SHAMUS

Tel Aviv... what the fuck is...

Chacho LOCKS the doors. Guys in back try to get out.

Chacho PULLS his .40 cal Sig straight up to Shamus' face.

SHAMUS

Chacho...

CHACHO

Castillo. Agent Castillo.

(flashes shield)

I know, it's a bummer.

UNMARKED FBI cars SQUEAL to a stop. AGENTS OUT. Guns DRAWN. DUDES in back KICK at the partition.

SHAMUS

I took you to the Bahamas with my family. To fucking Atlantis, you piece of shit.

CHACHO

Yeah, but in '09 you shot my partner at the Salem Credit Union, so you kinda owed me a trip...

Door RIPS open and Shamus is YANKED from the front seat by AGENT CLAY ALLEN (Castillo's partner).

15

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

15

Chacho/Castillo gets out to assist.

SHAMUS

Bullshit. I never shot no one.

CASTILLO (CHACHO)

You shot Agent Michael Glade.

As ALLEN cuffs Shamus, he BREAKS loose, SPINS, and SNAGS Allen's weapon. He gets Allen in a headlock from behind, points the gun at his temple and backs up.

SHAMUS

Chacho, you move and I'll...

(CONTINUED)

POP! POP! POP! Castillo rips three rounds, one through Allen's shoulder into Shamus' chest and two in Shamus' arm. Both men DROP.

Castillo ignores his partner and pounces on Shamus, tying him up and cuffing him. He pulls him up to his feet.

CASTILLO

Thank you. I was praying you'd give me an excuse to shoot you, and you really came through.

Castillo drags Shamus to the ambulance. He stops and digs his iPhone out of his pocket.

CASTILLO

Shit, I almost forgot your last surprise.

Castillo holds up his phone: NAKED selfie of a WOMAN.

SHAMUS

You motherfucker...

CASTILLO

I guess I felt like you still owed me, even after the vacation.

Shamus LUNGES TEETH-FIRST into the side of Castillo's neck, BITING down with everything.

SEVERAL AGENTS tackle the two men. A messy melee ensues.

WIDEN OUT TO the muddled tableau of a BURNING AMG and a PILE OF AGENTS scuffling in the street...

Each CADET we PASS fires and hits the target in the head or chest.

LAND ON Jon Baker. He unloads a full mag. Nothing. Not even the corners. He rotates his wrist, clearly in pain.

Eight-foot wooden wall with a rope up one side. A FEMALE CADET (21) drops from the top and hits the ground running. An OVERWEIGHT SLOB (20) lands and makes haste.

Jon Baker jumps from the top and immediately COLLAPSES upon impact. He grabs both knees in extreme pain.

18

INT. CHIPS ACADEMY - GYMNASIUM

18

Jon and a BIG MAN (22), both in gray sweatsuits, circle each other on a wrestling mat. A TRAINING INSTRUCTOR, PAT (male, 50), watches with a whistle.

PAT

Come on, now! Let's go! Shoot, Kyle!

Big Man DIVES at Jon's legs, wrapping his arms around Jon's knees. Jon SCREAMS as he instinctively lets a HUGE UPPER-CUT fly. BOOM! Big guy DROPS to the mat LIMP and UNCONSCIOUS.

PAT

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Baker?! What the hell are you doing, cadet?! This is a grappling exercise!

The instructor tries to revive big guy.

JON BAKER

Oh, my god. I'm so sorry! I've had some knee trauma, and I just kinda reacted. My training took over.

PAT

(standing)

What god damn training?! Not our training! Not California Highway Patrol Training! What training?!

JON BAKER

I don't know... just, training, you know? Like, on the schoolyard?

19

INT. SERGEANT GAIL HERNANDEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

19

Jon Baker sits across from SERGEANT HERNANDEZ (female, 40, short, pretty). She thumbs through his files.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Jon, none of these aptitude scores meet even the lowest standards for graduation. In fact, we've had disabled cadets who have exceeded some of these numbers. Especially in marksmanship.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

Well, some disabled folks are pretty impressive nowadays. Like that Olympic runner with no legs? I believe he even killed his girlfriend. Not that that's an accomplishment. But I doubt most able-bodied people are capable...

SGT. HERNANDEZ

And then there's your physical. You've had 23 surgeries?

JON BAKER

Yes, 23. Not including scopes.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

What were some of them?

JON BAKER

Let's see. Tarsal reconstruction in both feet, rod in my tibia, patella reattached. Three ACLs. Screws in both femurs. Titanium humerus. Like the whole thing. From here to here. And eight or so shoulder surgeries.

Hernandez is dumbfounded.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

And how do you feel?

JON BAKER

Well, for the most part, pretty darn good.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Really?

JON BAKER

Yeah. I'm on a pharmaceutical regimen that allows me to enjoy life like a normal person. Except for when it's about to rain. Those days are rough. Really, really rough. Luckily, it doesn't rain in California. I don't think I could live in Seattle.

Hernandez stares at Jon for a beat. He is a damn nice guy, and this isn't easy.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. HERNANDEZ

Jon, why do you want to be CHP?
You're about 18 years older than
the average cadet, and you have
considerable physical limitations.

Jon takes his time with this question.

JON BAKER

To be honest? I'm, ah, I'm in a
bit of a low point in life, right
now.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

And what led to this low point?

JON BAKER

It's kind of embarrassing...

SGT. HERNANDEZ

It's okay, Jon. Whatever you tell
me will stay in this room.

JON BAKER

Oh, wow. Okay, um... well, my
wife wants a separation. It's
been a really bad year for us. I
lost my sponsors awhile back, and
I didn't have a back-up plan, so I
just kinda sat around and
wallowed. So she, understandably,
sort of lost her attraction to me.
I can feel it, you know, when I
look at her.

Hernandez is fully welled-up. Something's been
triggered.

JON BAKER

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be a
downer.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

It's not you. It just triggered
some of my own stuff. I'm going
through a similar thing with my
husband, Ted. I know that look.
It's very painful.

She hands him a framed picture of her and Ted. Jon hands
her a tissue, then studies the photo. He WELLS UP. A
lot.

JON BAKER

Wow, he's gorgeous. I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. HERNANDEZ

How does CHP play into this, Jon?

JON BAKER

Well, her father is a retired cop.
And I need a new career, *so*, I
thought, this could be perfect.

She looks at him with true compassion.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

But, Jon, these scores... I don't
know if it would be safe to let
you through.

JON BAKER

I know. But if you let me pass, I
can join the Motorcycle
Enforcement Program, and *that* I
can do.

SGT. HERNANDEZ

You're sure? You can ride a
motorcycle well?

JON BAKER

(dead serious)
Like a motherfucker.

They stare at each other. It is a long, POWERFUL beat...

MANY VOICES (V.O.)

I, a member of the California
Highway Patrol, subscribe in word
and deed to the following:

MOVING IMPOSSIBLY FAST THROUGH THICK TRAFFIC like a laser
beam. SLICING BETWEEN slow moving cars and trucks.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO MONTHS LATER

TRACKING SHOT

THREE BLACK KTM 990 SUPERMOTOS (track bike/dirt bike
hybrid; unlimited capability) blaze EAST through 30 mph
traffic at 80 mph. Terrifying.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

ANGLE ON CHP SQUAD CAR

in heavy traffic hits the sirens and zigzags from lane to lane, creating a traffic break.

MANY VOICES (V.O.)

To serve the United States of
America and the State of
California honestly, and
conscientiously; and fulfill my
oath as a soldier of the law...

Squad car SLOWS. Traffic compacts. Door opens. COP drops a flare in the #1 lane, then #2, #3, and PARKS in lane 4. Cop exits cruiser and directs cars onto Lowell Exit ramp.

ANGLE ON ALLIED ARMORED TRUCK

inching down the Lowell off-ramp. DAVID BARNES drives, TRENTON rides shotgun.

BARNES

3-9 to base, 3-9 to base. 7-0-4
on Eastbound 210. Exiting at
Lowell.

ANGLE ON THE THREE KTMS

snaking through the parking lot that is now the 210.

21

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - SAME TIME

21

THROUGH the windshield, at the end of the 1/4 mile long off-ramp, a second CHP squad car BLOCKS the entrance to Lowell Rd.

TRENTON

How they gonna force us off the
highway, then block the fucking
exit?

22

EXT. LOWELL OFF-RAMP - SAME TIME

22

The KTMs SURROUND the Allied truck in a triangle. Riders off. GUNS out. Backpacks opened. SHAPE CHARGE revealed.

(CONTINUED)

MANY VOICES (V.O.)
To uphold and maintain the honor
and integrity of the California
Highway Patrol...

The rhomboid-shaped frame is STUCK to the rear door.
WIRE unspooled. RIDERS take cover behind cars.

RIDER #1
LT? Clear?

RAY's unmistakable BLUE EYES beam through his helmet.

RAY BLACKWELL
No. Very not clear. You think
that door's just gonna evaporate?

A Chevy Cruze is directly behind the Allied truck. A
YOUNG FEMALE (BECKY) watches, trembling. Ray yanks the
door open and drags her from the car.

BECKY
Please! No! Please! Don't
hurt...

The DRIVER of a propane truck just behind Becky's Cruze
watches, then REALIZES. He JUMPS from his truck just as:

Ray casually NODS to Rider #1. BOOM! Windows EXPLODE.
A chunk of armored-door-turned-missile RIPS through
Becky's windshield/roof before ricocheting into a
PROPANE truck. KA-BOOM! A thermal-nuclear-sized
fireball mushrooms up.

Becky looks up at Ray from the ground, trembling.

RAY BLACKWELL
It's okay. You'll be back home
with your cats in no time.

CHP chopper banks hard over DOWNTOWN L.A. The pilot, TJ
(40) and co-pilot PARISH (35, YOKED) go to work.

PARISH
Eagle 6 responding to 11-80 at the
210 and Lowell...

TWO RIDERS exit the armored truck wearing BULGING
backpacks and MOUNT UP on the KTM's.

(CONTINUED)

MANY VOICES (V.O.)

Be loyal to my fellow officers;
respect and obey my seniors in
rank; and enforce the law without
fear, favor, or discrimination...

Ray exits, dragging the dazed driver (Barnes), by the scruff of the neck towards a huge parking lot bordering the off-ramp.

Ray hears ROTOR BLADES, looks up and sees the CHP chopper descending. He smirks.

The two KTMs turn onto Lowell Rd. One stops next to the CHP squad car blocking the off-ramp. A "Cop" (HUGE red beard) exits the car with a helmet on and hops on the front of the bike.

Both bikes speed up the on-ramp toward the 210 East.

They hover above the smoldering truck. Parish cranes his neck looking over his shoulder.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Eagle 6, we have multiple reports
of a two-eleven with explosives...

PARISH

On-ramp! On-ramp! Two bikes.

The KTMs stop just before getting on the 210. The "Cop" who shut down the 210 abandons his cruiser and jumps on the second bike. Two bikes, four men, full throttle.

As TJ banks to give chase, he notices something in the empty parking lot: Ray holding a gun to Barnes' head.

PARISH

(into CB)

Four suspects on two black
motorcycles, traveling eastbound
toward Pennsylvania Ave...

TJ keeps banking, back toward the parking lot.

PARISH

No, TJ, they're eastbound!

26 EXT. LOWELL OFF-RAMP/PARKING LOT - SAME TIME 26

The helo hovers above Ray. He points his gun directly at TJ, traces a long arcing motion with his gun from TJ down to the ground, then pushes it back into Barnes' temple.

27 INT. CHOPPER - SAME TIME 27

TJ focuses hard on Barnes. He's shell-shocked...

PARISH
What the hell does that mean?

RAY BLACKWELL (V.O.)
(over CB)
Jump time, TJ. Or Barnes dies.

PARISH
How the fuck is he patched in...

MANY VOICES (V.O.)
Assist those in peril or distress,
and, if necessary, lay down my
life rather than swerve from the
path of duty...

CLICK. Parish turns to TJ, who's unbuckled. TJ LOCKS EYES with Parish. Staring. Grinding. Eyes welling.

28 EXT. LOWELL OFF-RAMP/PARKING LOT - SAME TIME 28

The chopper becomes UNSTABLE. TJ's door OPENS. BEAT. BEAT. TJ TUMBLES out, head-first. His body twirls gently through the air as Parish FIGHTS the stick to recover.

THWACK! TJ's body explodes on impact.

RAY BLACKWELL
David Barnes, I'm gonna trust you
to leave L.A. for good. I left
some relocation money in the
truck.

Ray releases Barnes and walks back to his bike. Barnes, shaky, kneels down next to the body.

(CONTINUED)

MANY VOICES (V.O.)

My personal conduct shall at all
times be above reproach and I will
never knowingly commit any act
that will in any way bring
discredit upon the California
Highway Patrol or any member
thereof...

CHP bikes arrive, but instead of giving chase, OFFICERS
dismount and take in the colossal scope of the disaster.

EXT. CHIPS ACADEMY - MOTORCYCLE TRAINING COURSE - DAY

Five acres of tarmac dotted with orange cones. CADETS
line up to take their riding test.

The TRAINING OFFICER starts the stopwatch. Jon POPS the
clutch, STANDS the bike up in a vortical wheelie and
keeps it pinned.

He sets it down just before entering the tight turns.
His back tire SLIDES as he "backs it in." It's amazing.

He hits 65 MPH in the straight, then JAMS the front brake
as he enters the "Stop Box," lifting the back wheel OFF
the ground into a CONTROLLED FRONT ENDO. He's a GOD.

MANY VOICES (V.O.)

To all of this I do solemnly
pledge...

The Training Officer looks at the stopwatch, blown away.
He smiles and nods at Jon. Cadets extend their hands to
hi-five him as he rides by.

EXT. CHIPS ACADEMY - GRADUATION FIELD - TRACKING SHOT - DAY

of GRADUATING CADETS as they mouth...

LAND ON Jon Baker, MUMBLING along, BUTCHERING the oath.

MANY VOICES

... my sacred honor as an
Officer of the California
Highway Patrol.

JON BAKER

My achred formmer but are
of iccer of **California**
Highway Patrol!

He flashes a HUGE SMILE. He's a graduate! Hats FLY.
Jon lets his rip, tweaking his shoulder in the process.

30 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (MIAMI) - DAY 30

Castillo guides his souped-up '69 Camaro into the subterranean parking garage.

31 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (MIAMI) - PARKING GARAGE - DAY 31

Castillo waits. Elevator doors open revealing Agent Clay Allen in a SLING and AGENT PETERSON (55, alpha).

CASTILLO

Clay! Hey, look at you! You're already back? That's great.

CLAY ALLEN

Great? I'm going to need two surgeries just to lift my children up again, you selfish asshole.

CASTILLO

That's a weird way to thank me for saving your life, but *you're welcome?*

CLAY ALLEN

There's not a single agent that would partner with you. Not one.

CASTILLO

Are these 'agents' as skilled as you? Like, can't even cuff a guy?

Clay STEPS towards him. Peterson gets between them.

PETERSON

Clay, go home.
(to Castillo)
Get in the goddamn elevator.

Castillo obliges. Peterson steps in with him.

CASTILLO

You'll wanna alternate between heat and ice. 20 minutes each.

32 INT. ELEVATOR 32

Clay lunges at the doors just as they close.

PETERSON

You're gonna get fragged.

(CONTINUED)

CASTILLO

Weren't you getting out?

PETERSON

I need to talk to you more than I need a fourth Starbucks. CHP Internal looked into that armored car job and found nothing.

CASTILLO

Nothing? Two CHP officers shut down the highway and their pilot base jumped to save a rent-a-cop.

Doors OPEN.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (MIAMI)

Bullpen. Tons of desks. Walk and talk.

PETERSON

They said the cars were stolen from the motor pool and the pilot was unstable because he was on a new antidepressant.

CASTILLO

They say why only the chopper responded?

PETERSON

Every CHP in a 5-mile radius was responding to a bullshit 11-99 call. Probably radioed in from one of the stolen cruisers.

CASTILLO

And this crew just happens to own CHP uniforms, knows radio codes, and has access to the motor pool?

PETERSON

And they can run a traffic break on the busiest highway in the U.S.

Castillo smirks.

PETERSON

They got away with 12.6 million. This is now priority number one.

CASTILLO

12.6?! Where was the pick up?

(CONTINUED)

PETERSON

Santa Anita Racetrack. Cash take
from 'The Breeders' Cup.'

CASTILLO

Damn...

INT. PETERSON'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Castillo clocks a corkboard littered with armored car
routes and photos of CHP officers.

CASTILLO

You think the crew is all CHP?

PETERSON

At least one. Maybe all. It's
definitely an inside job. CHP
ain't gonna find out, though,
'cause they're not even looking.

CASTILLO

So you want me to go out there and
ask some questions?

PETERSON

Cops ain't talkin' to nobody but
each other. I send you there as a
federal agent, we won't find shit.
I need you inside.

CASTILLO

No shit? Undercover within a
department...

Castillo's face lights up. This is new.

PETERSON

Can you ride a bike?

CASTILLO

Why a bike?

PETERSON

The bad guys ride bikes. Can you?

CASTILLO

I dominate anything with a motor.

PETERSON

Don't be cocky. I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)

CASTILLO

I am, too. You give me a snowblower, step the fuck back. Weed-whipper? I'll own it.

Peterson smiles. He likes Castillo, but...

PETERSON

Listen, we need to talk about you shooting Allen, and the photos of Shamus' wife on your phone. There's gonna be a panel.

CASTILLO

Allen's a pussy. He handed over his weapon to a detainee. Review him.

PETERSON

Well, you need to bury that because Allen's leading the ground team in L.A. He was your sixth partner in four years. They can't *all* be bad.

CASTILLO

Since Glade, they have. They've all been bad.

PETERSON

You're acting like a fucking widow. It's time to move on. Now, explain the pictures.

CASTILLO

I can't help it if someone sends me unsolicited photos. How can I stop that?

PETERSON

You had nothing to do with it?

CASTILLO

Outside of being handsome? No.

PETERSON

So you're not to blame for the cock-shots your phone sent to her phone? Or did your phone take them while you were asleep? 'Cause your dick looks very awake.

Oops. Castillo's cheeks betray him with some redness.

(CONTINUED)

CASTILLO

I'm sorry. At the time it felt like the more innocent option, you know? Like, it was less wrong than actually plowing her.

PETERSON

Good, so you didn't have sex with her?

CASTILLO

No. I did. Eventually, I did. That's why I said 'at the time.'

PETERSON

Castillo, that's the defendant's wife. The defendant in your case.

CASTILLO

I hear you. Loud and clear.

PETERSON

I really hope you do. I would hate to lose a great agent over such petty shit. Okay?

CASTILLO

Understood. Who am I playing?

L.A.'s intricate highway system. CHP Central sits UNDER the cloverleaf of the 10/110 intersection.

PETERSON (V.O.)

You're name is Officer Francis Llewellyn Poncherello and you're transferring from CHP in Redding.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Castillo/Ponch rolls through the lot in a 2016 Camaro.

CASTILLO (V.O.)

What a ridiculous name. What the fuck is that, Sicilian?

PETERSON (V.O.)

He's an actual CHP officer that just retired to Vancouver, so a real bio exists on him. Captain Lindle will be the only person that knows you're FBI.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

PETERSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She put you with a rookie named
Jon Baker who won't know shit
about shit, so you'll be able to
drag him around without him
getting suspicious.

Ponch checks out OFFICER AVA PEREZ's (30, badass, Latina)
ass as she crouches down to look at Jon's Ducati 1000.

36

INT. CHP CENTRAL - LOCKER ROOM - TRACKING SHOT - MORNING

36

Officers dress. Ponch looks for locker 63. He spots it.
Jon, tight briefs and T-shirt, is at 64.

JON BAKER

Hey, how are you? Jon Baker.

Jon holds out his hand. Ponch reluctantly takes it.

PONCH (CASTILLO)

Hey, Francis Pon... Poncher-ello.

JON BAKER

Oh, great, you're Poncherello. We're
partners! Shit, let's kick this off
right with the real thing --

Jon goes in for a hug, hips first. Ponch reacts
strongly.

PONCH

Whoa, whoa. Slow down, bud.

JON BAKER

Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to... if
you're homophobic, or whatever,
that's cool. I mean, it's not
cool to be homophobic, but I
respect your right to be.

PONCH

My 'right to be'? What are you --

JON BAKER

Nothing. They warned us at the
academy that 'police culture' can
sometimes be slow to catch up with --

PONCH

You think I'm homophobic because I
don't want to embrace a man in his
underpants? That I've never met?
That's your definition?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PONCH (CONT'D)

Someone who doesn't want to hold a random dude wearing tight panties?

JON BAKER

Of course not. It was just such a strong reaction. Like, borderline violent. And I bet if I was a super hot woman, you'd be fine with hugging me. Even if I were in a bikini.

Ponch stares at him. What is wrong with this guy?

JON BAKER

So... would you?

PONCH

Would I *what*, man?

JON BAKER

Be fine hugging me if I was a super hot woman?

PONCH

I want to get this straight, your question is: Would I prefer to hug a hot woman over a male stranger, and my answer to this will determine whether or not I'm a homophobe; according to you.

JON BAKER

I think you've oversimplified it, but, yeah.

PONCH

Okay. Here's my answer: I'm the senior officer here and you're a fucking rookie who doesn't know his mouth from his asshole, least of all the definition of homophobia. So going forward, you will shut the fuck up and wait patiently for me to ask all the questions.

Jon takes this to heart.

JON BAKER

Yes, sir. I'm sorry. I think I'm a bit nervous because it's my first day and there's a lot riding on this. I'm trying to salvage my marriage and this job is the key --

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

Jesus, man, did I ask to hear
about your failing marriage? Just
suit up and shut up. Okay?

Jon nods and removes his shirt. Ponch CLOCKS the scars.

PONCH

Good god. When did you go through
the wood-chipper?

OFFICER BRIAN GRIEVES (30, handsome, Californian), boxer
briefs, towel, stops in his tracks when he sees Jon.

BRIAN GRIEVES

Holy. Shit. Jon Baker! 'The
Baker!' Grievess. Brian Grievess.
What the hell are you doing here?

JON BAKER

I'm an officer. First day. This
is my partner Francis Poncherello.

Ponch cringes at his name. Brian hardly acknowledges
him.

BRIAN GRIEVES

Wow, too cool. My cousin competed
against you in freestyle. I can't
tell you how many times I've seen
you ride.

JON BAKER

No kidding? Who's your cousin?

BRIAN GRIEVES

Reed Junior.

JON BAKER

Oh, for sure! He was amazing. I
wish he woulda stuck with it.

They share a weighty look.

BRIAN GRIEVES

Yeah, he was still competitive
when it was just pills, but once
he was on the real shit...

JON BAKER

Yeah. Super common.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (3)

36

BRIAN GRIEVES

Well, look man, welcome. Can't wait to work with you! And you, too, Poncharrow, welcome to L.A.!

Brian gives Jon a quick "cool guy" hug. Ponch locks in on their penises pressing hard against each other. Jon makes eye contact with Ponch during the embrace.

37

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

37

Ray, Venti Starbucks in hand, steps into an X-ray body scanner. ARNAUD (25, Frenchman) watches the screen.

ARNAUD

I'm sorry, but your coffee has to stay on that side.

RAY BLACKWELL

I *just* got this.

Arnaud shrugs. Ray holds his stare, then guzzles twenty ounces of scalding hot coffee in one go. Horrifying.

ARNAUD

You have quite a bit of metal in your body, huh? I see screws, rods --

RAY BLACKWELL

Yeah. You ride a motorcycle long enough, you turn into one.

ARNAUD

Do you have a favorite artist?

RAY BLACKWELL

No. I have a favorite size: backpack.

Arnaud smiles.

ARNAUD

We have just the piece.

38

INT. WAREHOUSE - TRACKING SHOT - MOMENTS LATER

38

ARNAUD leads Ray down a long aisle of huge commercial-grade refrigerators. He opens one, revealing an exquisite display with a VERY simple painting.

(CONTINUED)

ARNAUD

Piet Mondrian's *Composition No. 7*,
1941. 20 by 26 inches. 12
million.

RAY BLACKWELL

For five lines and three colored
boxes?

That perfectly describes what they're looking at.

ARNAUD

Yes, sir.

RAY BLACKWELL

You realize an elephant could've
done this, right? There's an
actual elephant in India who
paints much better than this. He
got a whole segment on '60
Minutes.'

ARNAUD

Perhaps, but the elephant wouldn't
have been the first. Mondrian
was.

RAY BLACKWELL

Right. Okay. I'll take it.
Cash.

ARNAUD

If you're paying cash, it's 14.

RAY BLACKWELL

14?! A two million-dollar service
charge for cash?

ARNAUD

Sir, you can put this painting in
your carry on and no matter where
in the world you go, it'll be
worth 12. It's better than an
offshore bank account. Your cash,
on the other hand, is cumbersome
and will require costly resources
to legitimize, hence the fee. But
I suspect you already know all
that.

RAY BLACKWELL

I wouldn't know what you're
talking about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

RAY BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

I'm simply looking for a piece
that's 'the first' of it's kind;
'cause that's terribly important
me. I don't have the 14 now. But
I'll get it.

39

INT. CHP CENTRAL - BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

39

30 OFFICERS shoot the shit. Ponch and Jon sit. Ponch
and OFFICER LINDSEY TAYLOR (29, stunning) share long
looks.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL (65, confident, regal) steps up to
the podium. Jon pulls out a notepad. His pens CRASH to
the floor. PARISH (pilot) gives him a queer look.

PONCH

Put that shit away. You're gonna
get us pegged as slap-dicks.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

Morning, everyone. We have a
couple new team members to welcome
today. Transferring from our
Redding Branch, Officer Pinchilla.

JON BAKER

Poncherello. Francis Poncherello.

PONCH

Ponch. Ponch is fine.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

Great. Ponch. Much easier. And
correcting me was Jon Baker. Jon
has the honor of being our oldest
rookie ever. By nine years. So,
congrats.

EVERYONE LAUGHS. Ponch studies Parish INTENSELY.

40

EXT. CHP CENTRAL - MOTOR POOL - MOMENTS LATER

40

OFFICERS make their way from the main building to the
motor pool. An eager Jon tries to keep up with Ponch.

JON BAKER

This is pretty cool, huh?
Everyone suited up for battle.

Ponch glances at all the officers clad in shit brown.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

Yeah. Dressing like U.P.S.
Drivers is super cool.

JON BAKER

Hell, yeah. Fuckin' 'Go Brown.'

Ponch's phone RINGS. He drops back for some privacy.

PONCH

You find out where she works?
(beat)
'Studio City Hand Car Wash.'

ANGLE ON JON

walking solo. Ava Perez joins him.

AVA PEREZ

Hey, is that your Sport 1000?

JON BAKER

Yeah.

AVA PEREZ

I have a Paul Smart 1000, but I
been looking for one like yours.

JON BAKER

No shit? Paul Smarts are
beautiful.

AVA PEREZ

Yeah. I love it. You should ride
Angeles Crest up to Newcomb's
Ranch with us. There's always a
ton of Ducatis up there.

JON BAKER

(dead serious)
I am so flattered. Seriously.
You're incredibly attractive, but
I'm trying to repair my marriage
right now. We're trying to
heal...

AVA PEREZ

No, uh-uh. Stop. First of all,
you're old as fuck. Second, no
one wants to hear about your
marriage troubles. K? I'd rather
hear about someone's digestive
tract. Second, I didn't invite
you to 69 me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

AVA PEREZ (CONT'D)

I asked if you wanted to go on a
ride. So, maybe get over
yourself?

Ponch watches Ava storm away. Jon is stunned.

PONCH

Great. Blending right in. We
gotta make a stop in the Valley.

41

EXT. STUDIO CITY HAND CAR WASH - MORNING

41

A GIANT hand holds a car in front of the landmark car
wash. Jon sits on his bike, next to a new Cruze,
watching Ponch talk to BECKY through the window.

42

INT. STUDIO CITY HAND CAR WASH - SAME TIME

42

Ponch writes on a notepad.

BECKY

I just hope he's not like a crazy
stalker. He *knew* I had cats.

PONCH'S POV

Puffy pink sweatshirt, huge hair scunchy, cutesy bracelet
with charms.

BACK TO SCENE

PONCH

It may have just been a really
lucky guess. You hear any names?

BECKY

Yeah, someone called him 'LT.'

PONCH

'LT'? Was he a black male, 300
lbs., runs a four-four 'forty'?
Lawrence Taylor? Football? No?

She is deadpan.

PONCH

And how about the pilot? Did he
seem to *fall* out, or did it look
like he was pushed?

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

BECKY

I only saw him land...

She gets emotional remembering, and it gets very real.

PONCH

Don't worry. Nobody's gonna get
away with any of this. Okay?

He really means it, and this seems to comfort her.

BECKY

Is your friend ticketing me?

43

EXT. STUDIO CITY HAND CAR WASH

43

Ponch rips the ticket off her windshield, wads it up.
Jon pops a handful of pills without water. CRUNCH.
CRUNCH.

JON BAKER

What are you doing? There's no
plates on this car.

PONCH

Car's a week old. They're coming.

JON BAKER

If we don't write some tickets,
we're gonna be in trouble, no?
FUCK! No seat belt! Red Honda!

Jon FLIPS his SIRENS and FLASHERS, ROCKETS after a Honda.

44

EXT. PHILIPPE'S FRENCH DIP (DOWNTOWN L.A.) - DAY

44

THROUGH THE WINDOW: 10 OFFICERS including Ray, Lindsey,
ROMA (40s, Boy Scout), Ava, Grieves, Parish, BRILL and
STEVENS (30s, dicks) eat French dips.

Ponch sits down. He holds his hand out to Parish.

PONCH

Hey, I'm Ponch.

Parish looks at his outstretched hand and nods.

PARISH

Your partner okay?

Parish looks out the window to the STREET, where Jon
measures the frame height of a REDNECK's pickup truck.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

Yeah, I don't know, man. He was just assigned to me, you know?

BRILL

Right, but he doesn't have any impairments or anything, does he?

Ponch studies Jon crawling around under the truck.

PONCH

I really don't know. It's a good question.

AVA PEREZ

I think he's writing a frame height violation.

LINDSEY TAYLOR

Hasn't been one of those filed since *Skynyrd* played the Rose Bowl.

PONCH

It's his 12th ticket in an hour.

RAY BLACKWELL

You transferred from Redding?

PONCH

Yes, I did. I'm Ponch.

He extends his hand, Ray gives it a warm shake.

RAY BLACKWELL

Ray. So you must know Bob Lynn?

PONCH

Yeah, of course... Asian Bob.

RAY BLACKWELL

You call him 'Asian Bob'? I think he's English. Or Scottish, no?

PONCH

Oh, that Bob! Bob L Y NN. I thought you were talking about Bob L I N, who's Asian as hell. I think 100%. But to answer your question, yes, I know white Bob, too. Very good person. Great cop.

(CONTINUED)

RAY BLACKWELL

So, you add everyone's race to
their name? Like a prefix? Asian
Bob. Black Tony. Mexican Mike.
Where'd you say you're from again?
The 1930s?

Ray STARES at him like he's the village idiot. Luckily,
Ponch's phone RINGS. He excuses himself. Ray trades a
suspicious look with COOPER (40, BUILT).

PONCH

Hey, I need an address for TJ, the
pilot who jumped. Also, I need an
immediate profile built for a Bob
Lin, L I N. Gotta be super Asian.

Jon and Ponch pull up in front the well-manicured home.

JON BAKER

We seem to be pretty far off the
highway, Ponch.

PONCH

Good work, detective.

JON BAKER

I have one shot at earning my
wife's respect back, and keeping
this job is crucial to that.

PONCH

I couldn't care less about your
wife, Jon. Just stay with the
bikes. And don't ticket anyone.
Oh, and look at the video I sent
you. I need to figure out what
kind of bikes those are.

JON BAKER

Fuck that. Not a chance.

PONCH

Excuse me?

JON BAKER

I'm not letting my partner fly
solo into an unknown environment.

PONCH

You're not gonna let or not let me
do a damn thing. You're a rookie.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

I recognize your rank, but I will NOT let my partner enter a domicile while on-duty without me at his 6 o'clock. It's a non-starter, Ponch. Non. Starter.

PONCH

Jesus Christ. Fine. But you keep your mouth shut, got it?

JON BAKER

I'll try. Sometimes I get nauseous inside people's homes, though. Because of the smells, you know? That mix of food and pheromones?

PONCH

Fuck, you're weird.

INT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE (BALDWIN HILLS)

JOY JACKSON (40, pretty) walks Ponch and John through the flowery, over-decorated house. A PHOTO of TJ (pilot who jumped) sits framed on a table.

JOY JACKSON

I don't remember Terrell ever mentioning a Pueblerro. Is that Native American?

PONCH

It's Poncherello.

JOY JACKSON

Oh. I don't remember that either.

PONCH

Well, it was quite awhile ago. In the academy. I've wanted to introduce myself since transferring. Give my condolences.

Jon points out the MANY oil paintings of Joy and TJ posing in different settings, then mimes puking.

EXT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Ponch and Joy sit at an outdoor table sipping coffee. Jon stands guard off to the side like he's detailing Obama.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

It was just so shocking because
the TJ I remember would never...

Joy looks emotional.

PONCH

I'm sorry to bring all of this up.
I was just... I couldn't help but
think, was there something more
happening? More than just this
medication and the depression?

JOY JACKSON

Certainly not anything that I knew
about. We were very, very happy.

Jon is, for lack of a better term, snooping by the OPEN
GARAGE.

PONCH

Did he owe anyone any money?

JOY JACKSON

Absolutely not. He left a savings
account behind. No debt.

PONCH

And he was happy working with
Parish?

Joy starts to feel interrogated.

JOY JACKSON

I'm sorry, I have an appointment I
need to start getting ready for.

PONCH

Oh, sure. We gotta take off, too.
We're going over to visit LT now.

JOY JACKSON

Who's LT?

PONCH

Oh, just a mutual friend...

Ponch and Jon make their way back to the bikes. Joy
makes a call as she watches them through the window.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

Were you able to get any closure from that?

PONCH

'Closure'? What dude uses the word 'closure'? You a therapist now?

JON BAKER

What? That's what it's called when you're trying to resolve painful feelings. Isn't that why we're here? To help you process the loss of your friend? Which, by the way, I am VERY sorry about.

PONCH

My god.

JON BAKER

What?

PONCH

Your word choice. It's like you are perpetually three beers deep. Everything you say is three beers too intimate. Maybe it's the pills you're on?

JON BAKER

Here we go: textbook deflection. You couldn't be more cliché if you tried. 'I'm a tough motorbike cop with no emotions. I don't give a shit who dies. Friends. Family. Pets. Fuck 'em. What do I care?'

PONCH

Fuck you.

They mount up.

JON BAKER

Your friend's been gone for how long? And you still haven't dealt with it? Just keep deflecting.

PONCH

He's been dead a month, Freud.

Jon looks thoroughly perplexed by that news.

JON BAKER

A *month*?

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

Yeah. A month.

JON BAKER

That's weird.

PONCH

What's weird?

JON BAKER

Nothing.

PONCH

What? What's weird, Jon? What now?

JON BAKER

Well, there was nothing of his in there. I mean, there's no sign of him. Nothing. So I assumed he died awhile ago and his wife moved on.

PONCH

'Moved on,' what are you talking --

JON BAKER

There's no commendations on the wall. No TV in the living room. The garage doesn't have a single tool in it. He was a helicopter pilot without a workbench or even a tool box? And no gun safe? What cop doesn't have a gun safe? It's weird. Doesn't feel like he lived there.

(beat)

I gotta hit that Arby's at the bottom of the hill. I'm on 'E.'

Jon FIRES UP his bike and pulls away nonchalantly. Ponch looks at the house. Jon's right. He pulls his phone.

PONCH

Roth, find out if TJ owned any other properties? Or rented? Maybe there's a lease?

An unmarked Crown Vic stops DIRECTLY in front of Ponch.

PARISH

What's going on?

PONCH

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

PARISH

What are you doing in front of my partner's house?

PONCH

I was just paying my condolences.

PARISH

You knew TJ? How?

PONCH

The academy.

Parish squints, not fully buying it.

PARISH

Really? What year was that exactly?

PONCH

Hey, I don't know why you're shaking me down, man. Back at Philippe's, and now here? I was friends with TJ. We were friends. I assumed we'd get along, too, but if you're gonna be up my ass, I'll keep it movin'.

Ponch fires up his bike, drops it in gear.

PONCH

Be well, bro...

Jon pitches his wrappers in the trash.

PONCH

Hey, before you go write another seat belt ticket, can you tell me what kind of bikes these are?

Ponch plays a video on his iPhone: Ducatis (from the heist) blow by someone's car window in heavy traffic. Jon hardly glances at the phone.

JON BAKER

Ducati Hypermotard. The 800.

PONCH

You didn't even look at it.

JON BAKER

You can't see shit. It's a blur.
Just listen. You hear how bassy
it is? It's a big V-twin.

PONCH

Yeah? A lot of people make twins.

JON BAKER

Yeah, but that one's revving at
like 9000 RPMs, which only a four-
valve motor will do. The only
four-valve twin in a supermoto set-
up is the Ducati.

Jon buckles his helmet and pulls away. Ponch is in awe.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Ponch and Jon ride side-by-side. Jon scans every car,
looking for trouble. They have headsets in their
helmets.

PONCH

That was kind of impressive,
pegging those bikes. You know, if
you could just chill for like 5
whole minutes, we might actually --

JUST THEN, a LAMBORGHINI BLOWS by Ponch and Jon.

JON BAKER

L.A.-15, 7-Mary-3 and 4 in pursuit
of red Lamborghini. Code 3!

PONCH

Jon! Jon! Goddamnit, I just said --

MUSIC CUE: Toto, "Rosanna."

INT. LAMBORGHINI - SAME TIME

Toto BLARES as the Lambo SLALOMS through heavy traffic.
The WASPY DRIVER (65) has speed/Toto-induced euphoria.

EXT. HIGHWAY

TRAFFIC. Lambo slows. Jon pulls alongside WASP and
locks eyes. Wasp PRESSES a GOLD BADGE to the window and
mouths, "It's cool." Jon pulls his gun out.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER
Rock beats scissors.

Ponch trails Jon on foot to the Lambo. Muffled Toto.

PONCH
Jon, slow down! That's an order.

JON BAKER
One sec. License and
registration.

WASP cracks the window and shoves the badge into Jon's
hand. The Toto is UNBEARABLY LOUD.

WASP DRIVER
What are you doing, boy? Could
you not see what I was holding
up?!

JON BAKER
'CHP Widow's Fund. Gold Donor.'
What's this? Are you the widow of
a fallen officer, sir?

PONCH
You keep ignoring me it's gonna be
an insubordination write-up. You
wanna keep this job?
(to the Wasp)
Sir, please lower your stereo.

JON BAKER
If we keep running your errands
instead of doing police work, I'm
not gonna have a job to lose!

WASP DRIVER
Excuse me, I will not have my day
eaten up by two, bickering --

JON BAKER
Shut up and turn down the FUCKING
TOTO!

Wasp gets out of the car abruptly.

WASP DRIVER
Give me that. I donated \$10,000
to the Widow's Fund to get that
badge, and you shitheads know damn
well what that entitles me to.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

Get back in your car right...

Wasp LUNGES for the badge. Jon CLAMPS his wrist and SPINS him around violently, shoving him face-first on the hood.

Lindsey and RATHBUN (male) pull up in a CRUISER. Ponch grabs the badge off the ground and walks over to Lindsey.

PONCH

What is this? Is it the 'get out of jail free card' in L.A.?

LINDSEY TAYLOR

It's from the Gold Donor Program. Used to be a guaranteed 'warning.'

PONCH

Used to be? What happened?

LINDSEY TAYLOR

Captain Lindel ended it. We usually just tell them the policy changed and let 'em go.

Ponch notices Rathbun is holding a fire extinguisher.

PONCH

What's with the extinguisher?

LINDSEY TAYLOR

Mandatory for all stops in L.A. County. In case the car explodes.

PONCH

Explodes? It's brand new.

RATHBUN

We get about 1300 car explosions a year, and most are newer vehicles.

PONCH

1300?! That seems inordinately --

Jon barges through with the Wasp in HANDCUFFS. Ponch grabs Wasp from Jon and walks him BACK to the Lambo.

PONCH

There's been a policy change. This is your one freebie.

Ponch uncuffs him. Jon runs up and GRABS Wasp. Ava rides up just in time for the show.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

What are you doing?! You can't
let this obnoxious prick go!

WASP DRIVER

Mind your words, Officer.

PONCH

Let go of him!

JON BAKER

You let go! You're hurting him!

PONCH

Careful, damnit! He's fucking
old!

JON BAKER

So stop jerking on him! He's
fucking old and fragile!

They pull, tear and shred violently, PUMMELING the Wasp.

ANGLE ON LINDSEY AND AVA

watching.

AVA PEREZ

You ever seen grizzlies fight over
an elk carcass? It's identical.

Ponch DROPS Jon with a KICK to the knee, then STUFFS the
Driver back into his Lambo and SLAMS the door.

JON BAKER

What the fuck, bitch?!

Ponch leans down.

PONCH

Listen, dumbass, we're both new
here. I'm trying to blend in. I
suggest you start doing the same.

JON BAKER

First off, you're a fucking coward
and cheap-shot artist. Second, I
took an oath to enforce --

PONCH

Stop being a goddamn Boy Scout,
get on your bike and GO HOME.
You're done for the day!

(CONTINUED)

Stare-off. BEAT. BEAT. BEAT.

JON BAKER

Fine. I'll go. But only because
I love my wife slightly more than
I hate you.

He slowly gets to his feet and limps back to his bike.
He pops a few pain pills, then TEARS away on a wheelie.

AVA PEREZ

Rides kinda hot, though.

LINDSEY TAYLOR

I like the brown one.

Agent Clay Allen (in a sling) and AGENT ANGELA ROTH
(female, 30) exit a Suburban just as Ponch rides up.

CLAY ALLEN

What are you doing here?

PONCH

After you interview Barnes, see if
anyone named 'LT' works here.

ROTH

Barnes has been M.I.A. since the --

CLAY ALLEN

Don't tell him shit. Who's LT?

PONCH

The shot caller. Witness heard
it.

CLAY ALLEN

Why are you talking to witnesses?
You're supposed to be undercover,
getting the co-pilot's story.

PONCH

Don't worry, we're getting cozy.
And my new partner's the best.
Now, back to the leads you've
missed: 40K of that 12.6 million
was marked. I need it tracked.

CLAY ALLEN

Nothing was marked. It was all
random cash from the racetrack.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

Read the manifest. There was 40K
in a bundle straight from the FED.
It was supposed to get dropped at
First National *before* the pick up.
It never got there. And all those
serial numbers are known.

Ponch starts his bike. Roth smiles, angering Clay. A
MAN (HANSEN, huge red beard) crosses in b.g. with trash.

INT. CHP CENTRAL (LOS ANGELES) - DAY

Cooper works the computer. Ray leans over.

RAY BLACKWELL

No, it's E, L, L, O. Poncherello.

Cooper types it into the CHP database. Dozens of
pictures pop up of our Ponch in uniform at the Redding
Branch.

COOPER

That's him. And Baker can't be
IA, he was in the X Games a few
years ago.

Ray takes the mouse away from Cooper and SCROLLS.

COOPER

You don't like it.

RAY BLACKWELL

These two show up right when we're
inside the 20? No, I do not like
it. But Brill and Stevens are
working the Cahuenga Pass and
Allied has a Hollywood Bowl pick-
up, so it's now or never.

COOPER

Why don't we just find another way
to move the money and take care of
Brill and Stevens walking out of
the bar? Or at home?

RAY BLACKWELL

We execute two cops off duty,
they're gonna move heaven and
Earth to find us. They go down on
the job, there's zero questions.
And the painting is the only way
to walk through customs with 12
million dollars. It's beautiful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

RAY BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

The plan, not the actual painting.
The painting's an embarrassment.

COOPER

Okay. Even if these clowns do
show up, they're riding lawn
mowers.

RAY BLACKWELL

Search 'Bob Lin,' L I N.

Cooper types it in. Photos of an Asian officer pop up.

RAY BLACKWELL

Hmm. Asian as hell...

56

EXT. JON'S CORONA McMANSION - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

56

Stucco monstrosity with a water park-style swimming pool.

KAREN STUCCI (smoking-hot valley trash) gets LAUNCHED in
the air by RICK (6'2" stud). She lands with a HUGE
splash, comes up to find JON at the edge of the pool.

JON BAKER

Hey!

KAREN

Hey, what's up? I'm right in the
middle of giving a swim lesson.

JON BAKER

Oh, sorry.

Jon glances at Rick, nods.

KAREN

What are you wearing?

JON BAKER

It's my uniform. From the CHP.

He feels proud and struggles not to smile.

KAREN

Aren't you supposed to change out
of it when you get off work?

JON BAKER

Ah, yeah, you can. I mean, yeah,
I guess most guys do.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

So why are you still wearing it?

JON BAKER

I don't know. I thought, first day I've worn it. Maybe you'd wanna see what I looked like in it.

KAREN

In all brown? It's great, Jon.

He just stares at her. Embarrassed. Speechless.

KAREN

You know, while I have you here, I noticed you cut through the patio to get to the guest house last night. And I'm trying to be generous about all this, but you really have to follow the rules. I can only be so flexible. You know?

JON BAKER

Yeah, I know. Won't happen again.

Jon, ruined, walks slowly past Rick in the shallow end.

RICK

Hey, Jon.

JON BAKER

Rick.

RICK

(sincere; positive)
You working down at U.P.S. now?

INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - TRACKING SHOT - 57
NIGHT

Empty kitchen, foyer, LAND ON sparse living room: Ponch, standing, mid-coitus with RENEE (female, 30) pushed up against the drapes.

RENEE

... so Amber, who's like basically my life coach, said, 'Forget Glen.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

RENEE (CONT'D)

You need a rebound man.' But I was like, 'I don't go to bars, I don't want to join some creepy dating site, and I can't eat in front of other people. So like, how?'

Ponch tries to ignore the monologue.

PONCH

Yeah. Same here.

RENEE

I didn't even know what 'Casual Encounters' was until today. I mean, I'd seen it on Craigslist before, but I had no idea. It's crazy. People just posting ads to hook up? You don't do this a lot, do you? Hook up with strangers?

PONCH

Never. I just found out about it, too... today.

A high-revving V-twin SCREAMS to a STOP outside. Ponch FREEZES. He cautiously parts the curtains. A MAN on a black KTM STARES up at him.

58

EXT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - RAY'S POV

58

Ponch peers out a slit in the curtains. Renee pulls them all the way open, revealing full carnality.

59

INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS)

59

Ponch jerks the drapes shut.

RENEE

Who's that? Your roommate?

PONCH

Get dressed.

RENEE

Is it your parent?!

Ponch scrambles to get dressed. The KTM ROARS away.

60

EXT. TOMMY BURGER (RAMPART) - MORNING

60

Jon eats a messy chili burger. His uniform is COVERED in chili. He could give a fuck. Enthusiasm is GONE.

Ponch exits the bathroom and takes a long look.

PONCH

You wanna get a to-go box for your shirt so you can eat it later?

JON BAKER

Classic Ponchy; always deflecting.

PONCH

Stop using that word.

JON BAKER

Do you even know what it means?
'Cause I can give you an example:
It's when a guy's embarrassed
about taking his THIRD DUMP before
11 A.M., so he makes fun of his
partner's shirt.

PONCH

It's almost noon. Not 11. And
stop counting my bathroom breaks,
perv.

JON BAKER

Admit it! You have something
going on with your butt or
intestinally, and you're too proud
to stop at a Walgreens or a Rite
Aid.

Ponch ABRUPTLY pulls away. Jon rides after him.

61

EXT. STREET LIGHT (L.A.) - MOMENTS LATER

61

Jon pulls up next to Ponch at a red light.

JON BAKER

Dude, I'm happy to go in and buy
you some Imodium if you're too
ashamed. Just take the olive
branch and accept some help!

Ponch flips his SIRENS and RUNS the red light. Jon follows. Cars lock up their brakes. A Prius rear-ends a truck. The truck EXPLODES. Jon and Ponch have no idea.

62

EXT. SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR - MOMENTS LATER

62

Ponch RIPS down Silver Lake Blvd. FLASHERS STROBE, cars pull over. Jon catches up to him. They're hauling ass.

JON BAKER

Ponch, slow down! You're not good enough to ride this fast.

PONCH

I'd rather crash and die than talk to you.

JON BAKER

Fine! You clearly have a health thing, like Crohn's or colitis, and I won't bring it up again. I promise. Just, slow down.

PONCH

I don't have *colitis*. There are other reasons to be in the goddamn bathroom, okay?!

Jon drops back a bit. "What reasons?"

JON BAKER

Is it a prostate thing? 'Cause even with that, 20 minutes is a long... WAIT... OH, MY GOD! Are you --

Jon RACES back to study Ponch's face.

JON BAKER

You're servicing yourself THREE TIMES a day?! How?!

Ponch looks away.

JON BAKER

You must take testosterone shots. Or that topical cream? That's it, isn't it?! You rub testosterone gel onto your chest, get all horned-up and fucking HAMMER that dong. In *communal* bathrooms!

Ponch makes a sharp turn up a small canyon road.

63

EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP - SAME TIME

63

Two long rows of cars wait to enter the freeway. GREEN LIGHT. Cars advance one car-length.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

An ENORMOUS CITY GARBAGE TRUCK inches forward, right up against the back of an "ALLIED ARMOR" carrier.

64 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - SAME TIME

64

THROUGH the windshield, two cars enter the FWY. Truck moves up to pole position. Light turns RED.

65 EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP - SAME TIME

65

The garbage truck LOWERS its large LIFTING FORKS, positions them UNDER the rear AXLE of the armored truck.

66 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - SAME TIME

66

Light turns GREEN. The DRIVER hits the gas just as the whole back end lifts into the air. THROUGH the windshield, HORIZON turns to PAVEMENT.

DRIVER

(into CB)

Code 4. We are code 4 at --

67 EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP - SAME TIME

67

Armored truck dangles three feet off the ground, wheels spinning. TWO MEN jump down from the garbage truck. One man has his mask pulled up (Ray's SON, 30).

RAY BLACKWELL

What the fuck? Your mask!

SON

Oh... sorry.

Ray grabs his face and looks closely at his DILATED EYES.

RAY BLACKWELL

Jesus. It's not even noon.

Ray YANKS his mask down. His Son smacks the SHAPE CHARGE on the armored truck's rear door.

BOOM! The door BLOWS directly through the WINDSHIELD of the garbage truck. Ray nods as a CHP SQUAD CAR flies up the shoulder of the on-ramp.

BRILL and STEVENS stop directly BEHIND the garbage truck. They exit and draw their guns, but Ray AIMS his M4 first. They FREEZE. He lifts his ski mask, revealing his FACE.

(CONTINUED)

RAY BLACKWELL

You two forgot the oath, 'Be loyal to my fellow officers; respect and obey my seniors in rank.' Did you think the oath excluded Jack?

STEVENS

Come on, Ray. Jack lit up two civilians on the side of the road.

RAY BLACKWELL

No, he only got one. I bagged the other. And they weren't civilians. They were MS-13 holding six kilos.

BRILL

We were second on the scene. There were no drugs in that car.

RAY BLACKWELL

No, I was second, you were third. But you're right, when we were done, there were no more drugs in that car.

Ray smirks, then FIRES a round in the air.

RAY BLACKWELL

Back in. You'll wanna be comfortable for this --

They get in. The garbage truck backs up ONTO THE HOOD, FLATTENING the car to shit as it RAISES its "hopper."

TWO MEN on KTM SUPERMOTOS appear.

Ray fires TWO SHOTS through the windshield as AN AVALANCHE of waste BURIES them under a MOUNTAIN of trash.

Ponch and Jon are off their bikes. The HOLLYWOOD sign is impossibly close behind them.

JON BAKER

Look, I wasn't trying to embarrass you! I was just concerned. Sometimes over-sexualized behavior like yours is evidence of past trauma. And I wanted you to feel safe talking --

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

There's been no trauma! And I don't ever want to 'feel safe' talking with you! Ever! So you need to shut up about what I do in the bathroom and how many times I do it. That's my time, not our time. Also, I don't want to hear about your failing relationship. If I wanted to talk incessantly about relationships, I'd be IN ONE! I know how they work: No sex and TONS of talking. I get it!

JON BAKER

Anything else?

PONCH

Yes! Try not to repel every single cop in the CHP. I'm trying to form some new relationships here and you're basically screaming, 'Hey! We tested positive for herpes! Let's hang!' Of course your wife's leaving you. Who wouldn't?!

Jon stares blankly at him, hurt to the bone. Ponch realizes he's probably gone too far. Long, long BEAT.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

L.A. 15 to all units. 211.
Eastbound 101 on-ramp at Cahuenga.
Armed suspects fleeing on
motorcycles.

Ponch LOOKS: 101 is visible at the bottom of the hill.

PONCH

Shit, that's three exits up.

Ponch JUMPS on his bike. Jon's emotional and slow to act.

EXT. ARGYLE - SECONDS LATER

Ponch HOWLS down the hill. Jon catches up.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

TWO KTMs SPRINT down the 101. Each bike carries a RIDER and a PASSENGER. The passengers wear bulging backpacks.

71 EXT. OVERPASS - SAME TIME

71

Ponch and Jon look down on the 101. They SPOT the KTMs just as they EXIT at Elysian Park. They chase after them and catch up as the KTMs lane-split through two rows of cars at a red light.

KTMs breeze through with tons of room. The huge CHP bikes clip EVERY car's mirror, like exploding glass dominos.

72 EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - SAME TIME

72

KTMs veer off the road into the park. They fly up a hill and LAUNCH in the air, clearing a row of picnic tables. Ponch sees this and skids to a stop.

PONCH

No way. Not on this pig.

JON BAKER

Stop blaming your equipment. Go
block the Stadium Way exit!

Ponch shamefully PEELS off toward the road.

Jon launches the heavy bike and lands ON a picnic table, obliterating a full buffet and destroying a chess match.

CHESS PLAYER

Dude! Have some respect for --

His BUDDY grabs his arm just as Lindsey and two other cop cars MOW down ALL the picnic tables. Mass chaos.

AVA PEREZ (V.O.)

(over CB)

Jon, Ponch, what's your 20?

PONCH

They're moving northeast through
Elysian...

JON BAKER

Don't talk to her! Leave her out
of your weird shit! We're moving
northeast through Elysian Park.

Jon stays on the KTMs: between trees, over hills.

KTMs ROCKET through BUSHES onto the parking lot of a
baseball stadium. FULL TILT RACE across the HUGE tarmac.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

Oncoming CHP cruisers descend from the opposite direction. One KTM bounces right, INTO:

73

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - SAME TIME

73

College baseball game in full swing. Pitcher WINDS UP.

KTM enters LEFT FIELD, screaming towards THE MOUND.

Pitcher THROWS just as KTM passes him. BATTER CRANKS a powerful line drive. Ball BEAMS the passenger in the HELMET, RIPPING him OFF the bike. His M4 goes flying.

Jon LAUNCHES off the mound. The passenger flails BENEATH.

JON BAKER

SHIT!!!

Jon's back tire lands ON the passenger's CHEST. CRACK!
Jon is BUCKED off and SLIDES across the grass.

KTM kicks up SOD as it races back to the passenger. Jon pulls his gun. KTM rider helps the passenger up.

JON BAKER

Freeze! Get on the ground!

They ignore him.

18-YEAR-OLD PLAYER

They're gonna get away! Shoot
'em!

JON BAKER

I said freeze, damnit!!! Please!

19-YEAR-OLD PLAYER

What are you waiting for, bro?!
Fucking plug 'em, dude!

JON'S POV

Two bad guys and LOTS of INNOCENT PLAYERS.

BACK TO SCENE

18-YEAR-OLD PLAYER

Look, he's scared. He's a pussy!

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

JON BAKER
I'm not a pussy! I don't have
good aim! Okay?!

Frustrated, Jon holsters his gun as KTM BLURS past. Jon struggles to lift his bike.

19-YEAR-OLD PLAYER
What a fucking joke! Call LAPD!

PLAYERS SCATTER as KTM races into the dugout TUNNEL.

74

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - PARKING LOT

74

KTM SHOOTS OUT of the tunnel back onto the asphalt, joining up with the second KTM. Jon is just behind.

75

EXT. STADIUM WAY - SECONDS LATER

75

Ponch waits in the middle of the road; comically alone. ENGINE NOISES grow and grow. ALL THREE BIKES crest the hill. He PULLS his gun and TAKES AIM.

He looks decidedly confused. He didn't think this through. All three bikes BLOW PAST, kicking up DEBRIS.

PONCH
Shit!

JON BAKER
Great job.

PONCH
What?! What should I have done?

JON BAKER
Shot them! I would have!

PONCH
I'm not emptying my weapon without
cause!

JON BAKER
If this was a public bathroom,
you'd be emptying your weapon all
over the place!

76

INT. CHOPPER - SAME TIME

76

Parish and PATRICIA EERLY (20s) DROP DOWN on the chase. KTMs and Jon approach Riverside. Ponch lags far behind.

77

EXT. INTERSECTION - SECONDS LATER

77

KTMs and Jon turn onto Riverside. A drag race. The injured passenger looks directly at Jon and gives him the "hang loose" just as BOTH KTMs leave Jon in the DUST.

Jon is full throttle and going nowhere. He BANGS on the handlebars in frustration.

JON BAKER

Come on, piece of shit!!!

PONCH

What?! What's happening?

JON BAKER

Holeshot on Riverside. They're just walking away.

PONCH

7-Mary-3 to Eagle 6. You got eyes?

OFFICER EERLY (V.O.)

Roger. Southbound on Riverside.

KTMs WHIZ by Ava, heading the opposite direction. She LOCKS UP the back brake, flips a 180, almost hitting Jon.

78

INT. CHOPPER - SAME TIME

78

The KTMs are pulling away from the chopper, HAULING ASS.

OFFICER EERLY

We're maxed at 130...

KTMs disappear UNDER a web of OVERPASSES. Chopper flies ABOVE. They clear the overpasses and look down: NO BIKES.

OFFICER EERLY

You got 'em?

PARISH

Negative.

OFFICER EERLY

They under the bridge?

PONCH (V.O.)

7-Mary-3 to Eagle 6. Status?!

Parish BANKS STEEPLY down into the L.A. River to get a lower vantage point. They scan Riverside.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

OFFICER EERLY
I don't see them.

PONCH (V.O.)
Eagle 6, 7-Mary-3, do you copy?!

PARISH
7-Mary-3, shut the fuck up!

79

EXT. RIVERSIDE DR. - OVERPASS - SAME TIME

79

Jon, Ava and Ponch approach. Chopper hovers 20 feet above the L.A. River, WAFTING MIST and DIRT.

Jon and Ava pull to the shoulder. Ponch stops in the middle of the road. Scanning the freeway overhead.

PONCH
Outstanding work, Eagle 6!

80

INT. SEMI TRUCK - SAME TIME

80

Heading north on Riverside, the SEMI DRIVER is distracted by the HUGE HELICOPTER hovering 20 feet above the river.

Rotor wash SPATTERS muddy water across the windshield. He FLIPS the wipers on, clearing a view of PONCH in the MIDDLE of the road, 30 FEET ahead.

81

EXT. RIVERSIDE DR. - SAME TIME

81

HELICOPTER NOISE is DEAFENING. Ponch is oblivious. Jon sees THE TRUCK. He TACKLES PONCH in the BLINK OF AN EYE.

WHAM! Bike is FLATTENED, then DRAGGED 100 feet. SPARKS cascade from the bike's gas tank. WHOOM! Wall of FIRE. Truck DRIVER jumps out just as it becomes an INFERNO.

Jon lies on top of Ponch. Both stare downstream at the incredible, BIBLICAL WRECKAGE.

PONCH
Holy shit. Fuck, that was close.

Jon stands and holds his left hand out to help Ponch up. Ponch grabs it and Jon PUNCHES him square in the nose.

JON BAKER
That's for kicking my knee. And don't worry about writing me up, I'll turn in my badge tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

PONCH

Wait, Jon... hold up a second!

Jon climbs on his bike and rides off down Riverside, straight through a long streak of fiery asphalt.

AVA PEREZ

He saved your life *just* to kick your ass. That's pretty gangster.

CHP CARS arrive in force. OFFICERS surround Ponch as he watches Jon go. Lindsey gently helps him up.

82 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - NIGHT

82

Ponch, Scotch in hand, ice on his nose. Phone VIBRATES:

TEXT from Lindsey: *Want a visitor?*

TEXT from Ponch: *Rain check?*

TEXT from Lindsey: *Didn't think u were rain check type.*

TEXT from Ponch: *Yeah. 1st time.*

TEXT from Lindsey: *Too bad. These were gonna join:*

PHOTO: Beautiful, natural, ski-slope breasts.

He closes the text with a smirk, then makes a call.

JON BAKER (V.O.)

Hey! It's Jon. Leave me a message.

PONCH

I said I'm sorry, Baker. Stop declining my calls.

83 EXT. JON'S McMANSION (CORONA) - DAWN

83

The sky is DARK and CLOUDY. THUNDERCLAP. Rain's a comin'.

84 INT. JON'S McMANSION (CORONA) - GUEST HOUSE - DAWN

84

Jon WRITHES with pain. He fishes through his night stand, comes up empty. He eyes the bathroom. So, so far away.

He rolls to the edge of the bed, tries to stand, WHAM! He BUCKLES into a naked heap on the floor, SCREAMING.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

JON BAKER
Karen! Karen! Can you help me?!
I need my pills! PLEASE!!!
KAREN!!!

85 INT. JON'S McMANSION (CORONA) - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

85

Rick and Karen enjoy omelets at the island. Jon's
MUFFLED SCREAMS are VERY audible. Rick lowers the "John
Mayer."

RICK
Is that Jon?

KAREN
Probably.

RICK
Should we help him?

KAREN
This is how he gets attention.

She CRANKS the "Mayer."

86 INT. AVA'S GARAGE - MORNING

86

Ava Perez is on the phone next to three gorgeous Ducatis.

JON BAKER (V.O.)
I told dispatch it was an
emergency. Which it actually is.

AVA PEREZ
I want to get this straight: You
thought it was inappropriate to go
on a motorcycle ride together, but
now you'd like me to come into
your bedroom and help you from
your bed to your bathtub? Where
you'll pop pills and 'loosen up'?
All because it's gonna rain?

87 INT. JON'S McMANSION (CORONA) - GUEST HOUSE - SAME TIME

87

Jon leans painfully against his nightstand.

JON BAKER
Yes, ma'am.

AVA PEREZ (V.O.)
And I'm guessing you're undressed?

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

87

JON BAKER

I am not dressed. That is
correct.

Ava hangs up. Jon stares at his phone, hopeless.

88

INT. GRIEVES' APARTMENT - SAME TIME

88

Phone vibrates. Incoming call from Baker. TILT UP TO
Grievess, WRAPPING his severely BRUISED chest.

89

INT. SHERMAN OAKS CORPORATE APARTMENT - MORNING

89

Ponch, post-workout, pours Agent Roth a smoothie.

PONCH

I want a tap on the co-pilot.

ROTH

'Dislike' doesn't warrant a tap.
But I've got good news on the
property search for TJ. An
eviction notice was filed
yesterday for an apartment he
cosigned on.

PONCH

Great. Address?

Ponch's phone VIBRATES. He sees it's Jon and smiles.

90

INT. JON'S McMANSION (CORONA) - GUEST HOUSE

90

Rain BEATS DOWN hard on the roof. Ponch hands Jon
SEVERAL pill bottles. He watches Jon, covered in a sheet
on the floor, CRUNCHING pills without any water.

JON BAKER

Thank you. I was in real trouble
there. I was about to call 911.

PONCH

Yeah. No problem. Need some
water?

JON BAKER

No. But I really do need to get
into the bathtub, if you wouldn't
mind carrying me.

PONCH

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

If I don't get in some warm water,
I'll be on this floor all day.

PONCH

I can't do it, man. I mean,
physically I could, but I'm not
carrying your naked ass wrapped in
a thin bed sheet to the bathtub.
No way. You'll have to call 911.

Ponch stares at him. He's serious.

JON BAKER

I saved your life yesterday.

PONCH

I knew you'd bring that up! Look,
I'll *drag* you there, but I'm not
cradling you like a newborn --

JON BAKER

You'd have to lift me into the tub
once we got there anyway, so just
lift me up now and get it over
with. Stop being a homophobe.

Ponch, pissed, bends down and lifts Jon up abruptly.

PONCH

Stop calling me that. You'd have
to be gay for me to be homophobic
towards you. You're using it
wrong and irresponsibly. It's
cavalier.

JON BAKER

I don't want to argue semantics
with you, but --

Ponch STEPS on some loose sheet as he walks and the whole
thing RIPS off. Jon's instantly NAKED in Ponch's arms.

PONCH

JON BAKER

Shit! Oh my god! I can't! Dude! Grab my sheet!

Jon's junk is inches from Ponch's face. He turns his
head and hurries toward the bathroom. The sheet, wrapped
around his foot, SNAGS the bathroom door and he TRIPS,
sending Jon SOARING through the air. Ponch lands face-
first as Jon hits the tub with a sickening THUD.

PONCH

JON BAKER

Shit. Sorry!

Ow! Fuck! Jesus, man!

(CONTINUED)

Jon turns the bath on and Ponch ducks into the hallway.

PONCH

Dude, I'm sorry. I tripped.

JON BAKER

I know. It's fine. I'm good.
Sorry my bush was in your face.

Ponch breaks and laughs uncontrollably. Jon joins him.

PONCH

I probably deserved it after what
I said about your wife yesterday.
That was shitty. If someone had
said that to me, I wouldn't have
risked my life to save theirs 10
minutes later. It's pretty
unbelievable, actually.

Jon can't help but smile.

JON BAKER

That's 'cause I'm a better person
than you.

PONCH

Well, thank you. For real.

They have a moment. All is forgiven. Ponch looks at
framed photos of Jon doing impossible aerobatics on his
dirt bike in front of HUGE CROWDS.

PONCH

That's the second time someone's
had to saved my life. Would've
been safer to go into freestyle.

JON BAKER

Who saved you the first time?

PONCH

My ex-partner.
(beat)
Agent Glade.

JON BAKER

Agent Glade?

Ponch sticks his head back in the bathroom.

PONCH

I'm FBI, Jon.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER
What do mean FBI? Like, *now*?
(as Ponch nods)
Who all knows about this?!

PONCH
Captain Lindel. And now you.

Jon feels kind of honored.

JON BAKER
What case are you working? The
armored car jobs?

PONCH
Yeah. But I'm not working them,
we're working them.

JON BAKER
Get in this tub with me.

91 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (MARINA DEL REY) - AFTERNOON

91

RAIN FALLS. Jon crunches pills like ice chunks. Ponch helps him out of the Camaro.

JON BAKER
I'm good. I got it.

Ponch lets go. WHAM! Jon HITS the deck HARD.

92 INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

92

GALE (55, male) walks Jon and Ponch through an apartment. Boxes everywhere. New furniture. Target shopping bags.

GALE
They moved everything in on a
Sunday, but I don't think they
ever actually slept here.

PONCH
'They'? TJ was with a woman?

GALE
No. A man. His partner, you
know.

Jon and Ponch share a look, "partner."

JON BAKER
Is there a garage?

93

INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON

93

Door OPENS. Jon, Ponch and Gale are backlit.

PONCH

Look. You were right. Workbench
and a gun safe. Is his partner
listed on the lease?

Gale looks through his paperwork.

GALE

Barnes. Daryl Barnes.

This KNOCKS the wind out of Ponch. He looks for himself.

JON BAKER

What? Who's Daryl Barnes?

PONCH

The guard being held at gunpoint
when TJ jumped. Who's now M.I.A.

JON BAKER

Wow. That's brutal. His partner
was the hostage?! Just by chance?

PONCH

No way. Our guy wanted to make
TJ's death look collateral.
But... how could he know for sure
he'd jump? That's a bold risk...

JON BAKER

Are you kidding? If someone was
pointing a gun at my wife's head,
I'd jump in a second. Anyone
would. Unless, of course, they
were struggling with sex addiction
and were incapable of intimacy.

PONCH

Oh, you wanna talk addiction,
junkie? You're like if Dr. House
and Nurse Jackie had a baby.

GALE

This stuff seems private, should I --

PONCH

Let's go. We need round two with
TJ's 'wife.'

94 EXT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE (BALDWIN HILLS) - ANGLE ON JOY 94

standing in a window watching Ponch help Jon cross the lawn. She DIALS a number.

JON BAKER

I know you were just joking, but I hope you know I don't abuse my medications.

PONCH

I wasn't joking. How often do you shit?

JON BAKER

Shit? The normal amount. Like, every two or three weeks. Why?

PONCH

Jon, that's a problem! That's the first sign of opiate addiction.

JON BAKER

How is that a problem? Why would someone want to shit *more* often?

95 INT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE (BALDWIN HILLS) 95

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Joy cracks the door.

JON BAKER

Shitting is a waste of man's time.

PONCH

It is *not*. It's man's last refuge.

She shuts the door.

JOY JACKSON

I'm busy. Please don't come back.

PONCH (O.S.)

Miss Jackson, we just want justice for Terrell. Don't you want that?

Joy is a deer caught in headlights. BEAT. BEAT. BEAT. She reluctantly opens the door.

PONCH

Thank you. And I apologize for the rank discourse. We didn't see you.

96

INT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

96

Coffee. RAIN on the roof. Joy and Jon sit. Ponch stands.

PONCH

Someone knew about TJ and Daryl,
and they used that to get even
with him over *something*. We need
your help figuring out who that
could be...

She shrugs. Tears ROLL down her cheeks. Jon comforts her.

WHAM! The back door SLAMS. Parish FULL SPEED, GRABS Ponch by the neck and PINS him against the wall.

PARISH

I told you to stay away from...

Ponch BREAKS the hold and ELBOWS Parish in the nose.
BLOOD SPATTERS. Joy SCREAMS. Jon stands, then FALLS.

Parish TACKLES Ponch into the living room.

97

INT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

97

CRASHING through a coffee table on the way to the ground.
Parish lands on top. He BELTS Ponch twice in the head.

PONCH

Baker!!! Get your ass...

BAM! Right cross to Ponch's MOUTH. Parish COCKS all the way back, this will be the KNOCK-OUT punch...

WHAM! An oil painting, *Joy In Field Of Wild Flowers*
SMASHES across Parish's face, knocking him off Ponch.

As Parish scrambles, Jon grabs *Joy On Horseback* and CLOBBERS his back, dazing him. He stumbles toward Ponch.

Ponch gets to his feet and grabs *Joy In Vineyard*. Wood SPLINTERS as he PUMMELS Parish, knocking him OUT COLD.

He lies motionless. BEAT. BEAT. BEAT. BAM! Jon FLOGS his LIMP body with *Joy In Nantucket*. Joy enters, sees Parish, clocks the EMPTY walls and SCREAMS.

JON BAKER

I'm so sorry. We had no choice.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH
(eyeing Jon)
Except for maybe the last one.

Parish in back, CUFFED. Ponch and Jon up front. RAIN.

PONCH
Who all knew about TJ and Barnes?

PARISH
Man, I didn't even know that shit
until just now, and we was
partners for eight years.

PONCH
The dude pointing the gun at
Barnes damn well knew. Who did TJ
fuck over?

PARISH
The only person TJ ever had beef
with was Jack Perot, and Jack
killed himself six months ago.

JON BAKER
What was it over?

PARISH
They was both on the CHP Widow's
Fund Board. TJ caught him
embezzling. He had siphoned off,
like three million dollars. Then
other stuff came out, he shot some
guys, lifted a cash seizure.

Ponch and Jon share a look.

JON BAKER
Who had the other shit on Jack?
Brill and Stevens?

PARISH
Don't know. I only know about TJ.

PONCH
Did TJ hang out with an 'LT'?

PARISH
Which one?

PONCH
He knew more than one 'LT'?

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

PARISH

You mean lieutenant? Or someone
actually named 'LT'?

Ponch feels so stupid. He looks at Jon.

PONCH

LT. Lieutenant.

99

EXT. TERRELL JACKSON'S HOUSE (BALDWIN HILLS)

99

Parish stands, uncuffed. Ponch leans out the window.

PONCH

We're on the same team. Let's
stop kicking each other's ass,
okay?

PARISH

You the only one that got they ass
kicked. I got ambushed by two
little bitches with oil paintings.

JON BAKER

(leaning over Ponch)

I think I could kick your ass fair
and square if it were sunny out.

Ponch PULLS away.

100

EXT. RIVERSIDE DR. - DAY

100

Jon and Ponch drive next to the L.A. River (no rain).

PONCH (V.O.)

Those are all the active
lieutenants in Central.

JON BAKER (V.O.)

Nerd. Nerd. Nerd. Dork. Woman.
Woman. Dork. Nerd.

101

INT. CAMARO - DAY

101

Jon flicks through HEADSHOTS on Ponch's iPad.

JON BAKER

Wait, wait, wait. Hello,
psycho...

Jon holds up the iPad: RAY BLACKWELL.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

PONCH

Hell, yes. Absolutely. Look at that face. He looks like a bad guy. Like a bad, bad person.

Ponch SMACKS the steering wheel, excited.

PONCH

Finally. Something.

Jon stares out at the river. He SPOTS SOMETHING:

ANGLE ON GIANT STORM DRAIN

that feeds the L.A. River.

JON BAKER

Oh my god. I know how they got away.

102 EXT. L.A. RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

102

Scene of the getaway: They make their way down to the mouth of a storm drain. It's eight feet in diameter.

JON BAKER

Hundred bucks the grate's gone.

They peek their heads in. Sure enough, it's cut out.

PONCH

Eye-in-the-sky can't follow you there. Would you ride in there?

JON BAKER

With their bikes? Sure.

PONCH

Well... I got that fed money.

JON BAKER

Are you gonna give me the *Pretty Woman* shopping experience?

PONCH

You can't help yourself, can you?

103 INT. WAREHOUSE (PALMDALE) - NIGHT

103

Ray, phone to ear, strolls past his collection of vintage law enforcement toys: cars, bikes, SWAT truck.

(CONTINUED)

RAY BLACKWELL

I have the full 14. When can we meet?

ARNAUD (V.O.)

We have a Brunei Embassy flight leaving Van Nuys in nine days.

RAY BLACKWELL

Nine days?! No. I will drop the cash now.

ARNAUD (V.O.)

Storing cash is not a service we provide. If you'd like to deliver the money to the plane in nine days, I can hand you the Mondrian.

Ray BOILS...

104 INT. CHP CENTRAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

104

Lindel walks alone. Ponch catches up to her, discretely.

PONCH

Captain Lindel, you got two seconds?

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

For my little Donnie Brasco? Sure.

PONCH

Were Brill and Stevens involved in your Jack Perot investigation?

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

Yeah. They responded to an 11-99, and when they got there, Jack was planting a throw-down on a body.

PONCH

Was Ray Blackwell his partner?

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

No. But they were friends.

PONCH

I need Blackwell's full file.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

He put in for retirement this morning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL (CONT'D)

Said the Brill and Stevens
shooting was the final straw. He
was pretty shaken...

105 EXT. CHP CENTRAL (LOS ANGELES) - MORNING

105

Sun is out. Ponch and Jon walk in new KEVLAR suits,
looking FUCKING AWESOME. Two ride-or-die road warriors.

Motor pool garage opens. GROVER (30) wheels out two
Ducati Hypermotards with CHP colors, LED flashers and
sirens. They're EVIL.

ANGLE ON THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT

pissed-off, watching Ponch and Jon pull away, trying to
act humble, nodding shyly.

AVA PEREZ

Why are they on those? And why
aren't they wearing shit-brown?

JON BAKER

They hate us.

PONCH

I don't think so. We just have to
play it real humble and subdued.

PONCH rips a beautiful tire-roasting burnout that turns
into a long, elegant WHEELIE. Jon follows suit.

106 INT. GOLD'S GYM - DAY

106

Ray bench presses. He's a monster. He finishes his set.
Sits up, Ponch and Jon stand directly above him.

PONCH

Ray! We heard this was your spot.

JON BAKER

Man! What are lifting? 4? 450?
That's World's Strongest Man shit.

Ray stands and walks to a squat rack.

RAY BLACKWELL

As you can see, I'm right in the
middle of it, so why don't you
come back in an hour when I'm
gone.

(CONTINUED)

He hoists a bar STACKED with weight onto his shoulders.

PONCH

Actually, this time works for us,
so we'll just shadow you.

Ray squats. Jon cringes.

JON BAKER

Fuck, that's a ton of weight. Are
you training for a specific event?
Like 'keg toss' or flipping a car?

PONCH

How well did you know Jack Perot?
You know, the officer who took the
coward's way out?

Ray racks the bar.

RAY BLACKWELL

Is that the coward move? Or is
letting your partner get gunned
down while you're supposed to have
his back the coward move? How
well do you know Officer
Poncherello? Did you know he's
60? And Italian, not Guatemalan,
or whatever the fuck you are.

Ray BUMPS Ponch's shoulder as he passes. Ponch is
rattled by the Glade comment. Ray grabs a kettle bell.

JON BAKER

Oh, is *this* CrossFit? I heard
it's hell on your back.

PONCH

I read your record before we came
over here, LT. In 24 years with
the CHP, you've shot and killed
five suspects. That's a record.

JON BAKER

Great job. Thorough.

PONCH

What wasn't in there was the bit
about you killing TJ, Brill and
Stevens, but I'm happy to put it
in. I don't mind paperwork the
way other folks do.

Ray TOSSES the kettle bell at Ponch. He JUMPS back. It
SMASHES a wall mirror. Ray gets RIGHT in Ponch's face.

(CONTINUED)

RAY BLACKWELL

This shit may fly with the Haitian and Cuban crews you jerk off in Miami, but I'm law, motherfucker. The old kind. We both know if you had shit on me, we'd be talking in the box. So how about you fuck off and get some riding lessons.

PONCH

Wow. I thought we were cocky. You're like the whole Jersey Shore funneled into one man.

Ray lies back down on the bench.

RAY BLACKWELL

Yeah, well, that's the freedom that comes with retirement. Unless you got a time machine, you won't be catching me doing anything.

Ray smiles as he HOISTS the bar into the air.

Ponch and Jon walk to their bikes.

JON BAKER

Did he just admit he did it and then say, 'Tough shit, you didn't catch me.'

PONCH

Yeah. That's what I heard.

JON BAKER

That's so fucking punk rock. He kinda rules, huh? What can we do?

PONCH

We don't have anything. Nothing. If we had a member of his crew, maybe we could scare them into talking, but we don't even have that. And if he's really done, really retired... FUCK.

Ponch is about to blow when two HOT GIRLS in yoga pants walk by. Ponch gets lost in their buns for a second.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

JON BAKER

Jesus, man. Even at a time like this?

PONCH

Huh? Sorry. I'm fucking powerless over yoga pants. There's buns. There's toe.

JON BAKER

You need to find a toilet?

108 INT. BLACKWELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

108

Ray RAISES the blinds. Light hits his Son like a FREIGHT TRAIN.

SON

Dad, come on. Shut those.

RAY BLACKWELL

Don't lay in this dark room all day. Got it? Go to the gym or something. Get some endorphins.

SON

Yes, sir.

RAY BLACKWELL

Just stay healthy and out of trouble for a week. That's it. Then it's bikes and surf down in Perth. Okay? Stay clean.

SON

Okay. I'm on it. I'll make it.

RAY BLACKWELL

Good. 'Cause there's no point in me making it down there without you. I love ya.

His Son softens. It's a nice moment.

109 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (MIAMI)

109

Peterson, on speaker phone, dumps cream into his coffee.

PETERSON

AMEX just called to verify a \$68,000 charge! What the fuck?!

INTERCUT WITH:

110 EXT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - SUNRISE

110

Ponch JOGS, headset on.

PONCH

It's okay. We needed new gear and bikes. It's legit.

PETERSON

Legit? You have to put in for that kind of money. Are you crazy?

PONCH

It seemed time sensitive.

PETERSON

Seemed? You got a break? Or you were actively in pursuit? Which?

PONCH

A break? I have the guy. Ray Blackwell. He's the man.

PETERSON

Is he in custody?

PONCH

No. We don't have anything super concrete yet.

PETERSON

Are you joking?! You spent 68 grand on nothing? Allen has a legitimate lead, and it didn't cost him a goddamn penny.

PONCH

Allen doesn't have shit.

PETERSON

He found out there were marked bills in that 12.6, and tracked them to a drug house in Venice.

PONCH

What?! That's my lead! He was tracking that for me! Who passed the bills?

PETERSON

Guy on a motorcycle. Five bills on separate trips, all late morning.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

What's the address?

PETERSON

Nope. They're already there. DEA cleared them, not you. You screw up a DEA operation on top of this 68K, you're back in Miami.

CLICK. Ponch climbs the stairs to his apartment. Jon is waiting at the door.

PONCH

Good. You're early. We gotta run.

JON BAKER

Who's that woman inside? I knocked and an older gal answered.

PONCH

What? She's *still* in there?
Okay, shit -- let's just go. Go.
Let's go.

Door opens and a nice, 64-YEAR-OLD WOMAN steps out.

64-YEAR-OLD WOMAN

Thanks for everything. Call me.

She kisses him and leaves. Jon is in shock.

JON BAKER

I hope to god that's your mom...

Ponch and Jon PUSH their bikes. Ponch stops, looks at his iPhone, then to an OLD MOTORHOME up ahead.

PONCH

That's got to be them.

JON BAKER

What's that? Some special FBI app?

PONCH

No, dude, 'find my iPhone.' I know Clay's password. We were partners.

111 CONTINUED:

111

JON BAKER

Does he know you know it? Do you
know mine?

PONCH

I doubt he does. Yours is
'TheBaker1975.'

112 EXT. MOTORHOME - TRACKING SHOT - MOMENTS LATER

112

THROUGH the motorhome window Roth and Allen listen to
AUDIO from inside the DRUG HOUSE.

CLAY ALLEN

Do you hear whispering?

ROTH

No. Just that terrible reggae.

SHOT CONTINUES ALONG the outside of the motorhome where
Ponch and John LEAN against the side, WHISPERING.

JON BAKER

I know we're just starting to get
along, and I don't want to make
you uncomfortable, but that woman
leaving your apartment, she was
very advanced in age. I hope you
were kind to her.

PONCH

She wasn't *that* old. And there's
no shame in taking down a cougar.

JON BAKER

A cougar? Ponch, she was a hyena.

PONCH

No she wasn't. She was a cougar.
She was hunting on Craigslist.

JON BAKER

No. She was a nice, old hyena,
scavenging on Craigslist. Prolly
looking for carrion and some nice
conversation. You better call
her.

PONCH

It wouldn't be called 'Casual
Encounters' if you were obligated
to stay in contact with everyone.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

JON BAKER

Ponch, she probably lost her
husband. Least you can do is call
the old girl and grab a coffee.

A TRICKED-OUT, orange and white KTM Supermoto rips into
the driveway and pulls to the back of the house.

PONCH

We're up. Go in around back.

JON BAKER

Wait, Ponch, you should know, I'm
a terrible shot. Like, the worst.

PONCH

Okay, then don't shoot. I'll do
all the shooting.

113 INT. MOTORHOME - SAME TIME

113

Roth watches Allen put a coat on over his sling.

CLAY ALLEN

I'll post up at the corner. Let
me know when he's rolling.

114 EXT. DRUG HOUSE (VENICE) - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

114

Jon CREEPS slowly around back, gun drawn. He climbs the
staircase, takes three deep breaths, HOLDS, then ENTERS.

115 EXT. DRUG HOUSE (VENICE) - FRONT YARD - MORNING

115

Ponch uses his shoulder to nudge the front door open...

116 INT. DRUG HOUSE (VENICE) - MORNING

116

Jon makes his way down a hallway.

JON'S POV

Garbage strewn everywhere. Walls caked with dried
PHLEGM. BATHROOM: overflowing toilet with an abandoned
plunger sticking out of a shit swamp.

BACK TO SCENE

Jon SNIFFS the air, gets instantly queasy.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

He ESCAPES to the kitchen, only to find a backed-up sink, rotten food and a dead rat. He's gonna puke.

ANGLE ON PONCH

moving slowly through the living room. He hears MUFFLED talking. He inches toward:

DINING ROOM. The Rider, HELMET on, hands money to a DEALER in a SOILED BATHROBE. He STOPS, looks, sees PONCH.

The Rider quickly spins towards the KITCHEN where Jon ENTERS, holding his stomach, GREEN.

PONCH

Jon! Grab 'em!

JON'S POV

Soiled bathrobe. SNAP ZOOM TO SPECIFIC stains. Blood. Urine. Fecal? Dealer SNEEZES in SLOW MOTION. Snot soars --

BACK TO SCENE

Jon DOUBLES OVER and VOMITS LOUDLY as the Rider PASSES.

PONCH

Fuck! Grab him! Jon!

117 INT. MOTORHOME - SAME TIME

117

Roth hears Ponch SCREAMING, then COMMOTION.

ROTH

Castillo's inside! Get down here!

118 EXT. DRUG HOUSE - FRONT YARD

118

Rider jumps on his KTM, pulls a GUN from his back, stows it in a tank holster, then takes off.

Allen SKIDS to a stop, BLOCKING the driveway. KTM POPS the front wheel UP onto THE HOOD, across the ROOF, LAUNCHES off the trunk.

Ponch and Jon BURST out the front door and run by Allen.

119 EXT. DRUG HOUSE - FRONT YARD - SECONDS LATER 119

Roth puts the motor home in gear, Allen jumps in. Ponch and Jon jump on their bikes as the KTM DARTS away.

JON BAKER
I'm so sorry. That house was like
being in a pug's anal gland.

120 EXT. STREET - MORNING 120

KTM weaves in and out of cars. Jon and Ponch are GAINING.

PONCH
7-Mary-3 and 4, southbound Lincoln
Boulevard and Rose...

121 EXT. 405 FWY OVERPASS - SAME TIME 121

Officer Grieves, on the overpass, runs radar.

JON BAKER (V.O.)
(over CB)
Pursuit of orange and white KTM.
He immediately pulls out his cell phone.

122 INT. CHP SQUAD CAR (10 FWY) - MORNING 122

Lindsey and Rathbun, FLASHERS, SIRENS, hauling ASS.

RATHBUN
Go 10 West to the 405 South to the
90 West, exit Lincoln!

LINDSEY TAYLOR
405? No way. 10 West straight to
Lincoln south is the fastest.

RATHBUN
At least exit 4th and cut up Rose --
And so goes EVERY L.A. traffic conversation...

123 EXT. STREETS - MORNING 123

KTM, Jon and Ponch approach an intersection. Roth SKIDS to a stop, blocking with the motor home. KTM darts into:

124 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME TIME 124

KTM and Jon FLY through the structure, DRIFTING through every corner and catching air on the transitions. Tire smoke blinds Ponch.

PONCH

Suspect in parking structure at --

125 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME 125

Ava lane-splits in heavy traffic, losing her partner. Grieves appears just behind her, then passes.

126 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME TIME 126

KTM and Jon drift in a huge sweeping arc onto the roof deck of the structure. KTM has nowhere to go. Jon stops.

JON BAKER

Get up here! He's boxed in!

KTM rides along the railing, scanning below. Ponch SKIDS to a stop and PULLS his gun. Rider considers pulling his, then rides up the hood of a minivan, onto the roof, then OFF the side of the parking structure!

PONCH

What the fuck?!

JON BAKER

'Drop in.'

Jon rides onto the minivan, then off. The fucking. Roof.

127 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME TIME 127

BOTH bikes FREEFALL five stories! KTM lands PERFECTLY on a tall, slanted sculpture. Jon's RIGHT behind.

Grieves and Ava pull up just in time to see this.

AVA PEREZ

God damn! That was no joke...

KTM and Jon fly past them. They turn and give chase just as Lindsey and Rathbun arrive. Ponch exits the structure.

128 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - TIGHT ON TRUCK GRILL - SAME TIME 128
Engine WAILS.

Crossing the street, a HOT DOG VENDOR DIVES as the all-black vintage SWAT truck DEMOLISHES his cart.

129 EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 129

SUNBATHERS SCATTER as all four bikes TEAR onto the beach. It's a sand drag, KTM and Jon pull away. Grieves fights like hell to keep up on the shitty bike. Ava lags.

130 EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - SAME TIME 130

Ponch rides parallel to Jon and KTM on asphalt. Lindsey and Rathbun are right behind him.

PONCH
The dude you touched dicks with is
CRUSHING!

KTM cuts up the beach, away from the water and towards a row of huge, bulldozed sand dunes.

131 EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME 131

KTM and Jon close in on the imposing dunes. Jon spots Ponch in the parking lot.

JON BAKER
What's on the other side of these?

RATHBUN
Ah, more sand, then Ballona Creek.

KTM glances back at Jon just before LAUNCHING off the first dune. He WHIPS the back end on takeoff and turns the whole bike 180 degrees in the air. (NOTE: Practical stunt.)

KTM and Jon sail 30 feet high, FACING each other. KTM rider pulls his gun and FIRES at Jon, hitting his leg.

KTM straightens and lands smoothly. Jon lands UGLY.

JON BAKER
FUCK!

PONCH
Are you hit?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

JON BAKER
No. Yeah. Kinda. It's
superficial.

Jon follows KTM onto the Ballona Creek bike path.

Ponch and Lindsey turn onto a parallel road. Ava and
Grieves make their way back to the road.

132 EXT. BEACH - HELICOPTER POV - DAY

132

Jon and KTM BLAZE east on the bike path. Ponch, Lindsey
and the motor home pace. Ponch looks up.

PONCH (V.O.)
(over CB)
7-Mary-3 to Eagle 6, DON'T fucking
lose them this time!

133 EXT. BALLONA CREEK - SAME TIME

133

KTM and Jon do 130 mph on the bike path along the river.
The helicopter flies above. BICYCLISTS shit themselves.

KTM exits the bike path onto Higuera St. He turns right
to cross the bridge over the river. There are FLARES
down and two BICYCLE COPS stop traffic.

JON BAKER
South Higuera!

134 INT. MOTOR HOME

134

Clay studies his map app.

CLAY ALLEN
Drop down a block south. Faster!

ROTH
I'm driving a house, Clay! A
fucking residence!

Roth swerves.

135 EXT. STREET - DAY

135

Ponch, Lindsey, Ava and Grieves BLAZE down the street.

PONCH
Where the fuck is that?!

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

LINDSEY TAYLOR
Two blocks up.

136 EXT. BRIDGE - SECONDS LATER

136

KTM and Jon blow past the Bicycle Cops and flares.

BICYCLE COP
Hey, bridge is closed!

They dart between a rolled-over car and a tow truck. The TOW TRUCK DRIVER is at the winch controls.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Watch it, assholes!

He hits the lever and the winch moves. A steel cable connected to the rolled-over car tightens.

Jon and KTM race toward the SOUTH end of the bridge when Roth SQUEALS to a STOP, BLOCKING the whole road. KTM rips a 180.

137 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

137

SWAT truck BLOWS a RED LIGHT. Ray grips a CB.

PONCH (V.O.)
(over CB)
They're boxed in on the Higuera bridge just north of Jefferson.

RAY BLACKWELL
(into mic)
Stay in character. I'll make a hole.

138 EXT. BRIDGE

138

Ponch, Ava, Grieves, Lindsey block the NORTH end, next to the BICYCLE COPS.

GRIEVES
(into CB)
Roger.

BICYCLE COP
What's going on?!

AVA PEREZ
Training exercise.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

BICYCLE COP
Don't to lie to a fellow cop.

AVA PEREZ
I'll tell you the truth when you
get promoted to a Segway.

139 INT. SWAT TRUCK - SAME TIME

139

Ray, evil incarnate, lowers his ski mask. The truck RUNS
FULL-TILT toward the opposite side of the MOTOR HOME.

140 EXT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

140

KTM hauls ass north, he glances over his shoulder at Jon,
when he looks back, the STEEL CABLE is taut between the
rolled car and the tow truck, right at NECK LEVEL.

He LOCKS the brakes. THLURP! Too late. The cable
GLIDES THROUGH his neck, DECAPITATING the rider.

Jon DUCKS under the cable as the airborne head/helmet
PLUNGES into the windshield of the rolled car. Jon
SKIDS.

WHAM! The SWAT truck EXPLODES right THROUGH the middle
of the motor home, SPLITTING IT IN HALF!

141 INT. SWAT TRUCK - SAME TIME

141

Ray AIMS directly at JON. His back is turned.

142 EXT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

142

SWAT truck snaps the cable, car rolls back on its roof.

WHACK! Jon BOUNCES off the grill of the truck and hits
the ground with a sickening THUD. His bike's FLATTENED.

Clay Allen extracts himself from the motor home wreckage.

Ray AIMS the truck at Ponch. Ponch FIRES rapidly,
hitting the grill and windshield.

Ray swerves to avoid his Son's BODY, exposing CLAY ALLEN.
Ponch's bullet RIPS through Allen's good shoulder.

PONCH
Shit!

Ray careens towards the roadblock.

143 INT. LINDSEY'S SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME 143

Lindsey and Rathbun JUMP from the car as the SWAT truck OBLITERATES it.

144 EXT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME 144

Squad car ricochets off the truck and EXPLODES, blasting Grieves. The BICYCLE Cops SCREAM loudly like girls.

Ponch jumps on his bike and aims at the escaping truck. He looks back at Jon. Then to the truck. To Jon. Truck. SHIT. He turns his bike and races to Jon. Ava follows.

145 EXT. BRIDGE - HIGH AND WIDE SHOT 145

Carnage. Ponch desperately gives Jon CPR as backup arrives from both sides of the bridge.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

RHYTHMIC PULSING of a MEDICAL VENTILATOR.

FADE IN:

146 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - TRACKING SHOT - NIGHT 146

Ponch walks, box of Pink's chili dogs in hand. He pauses. Peeks in a room: GRIEVES, unconscious.

SHOT CONTINUES: Second room, RACK TO CLAY ALLEN, sitting upright in bed, watching TV. BOTH arms in slings.

Ponch keeps moving. Next room, Roth sleeps. She's okay.

Fourth Room: Rathbun in two LEG CASTS, sleeping.

PONCH

Jesus. Got the whole floor booked.

LINDSEY TAYLOR (O.S.)

Looking for Jon?

Ponch turns to Lindsey, a few scratches, arm bandaged.

PONCH

Yeah. How are you?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

LINDSEY TAYLOR

Body's a little sore, but I'm
okay. They just discharged me.

PONCH

Oh, good. I got scared when I saw
your car Frisbee like that. I'm
glad you're okay.

LINDSEY TAYLOR

Me, too... Jon's at the end of the
hall. Text me when you're home.

PONCH

I will.

He leans in and kisses her forehead. She looks up into
his eyes, then goes in for a nice, long, soft kiss.

147 INT. HOSPITAL - JON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

147

Ponch enters. Jon's in bad shape: stitches on his head,
cast on right forearm, tube in his throat.

Ponch stares for a bit. He sees Jon's riding suit
hanging. He grabs Jon's phone from a pocket. DIALS.

KAREN (V.O.)

This is Karen. Only my mom still
leaves voicemails, so if you're
not her, text or e-mail me.

Ava enters, but stops when she sees Ponch, back turned.

PONCH

Hey, Karen, this is Ponch, Jon's
partner. I'm with Jon at Cedar's.
You should get down here as quick
as possible. He's in bad shape...

Ava shows herself out, undetected.

PULL OUT ON Ponch as he sits in vigil next to Jon.

148 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S HOUSE (L.A.) - NIGHT

148

Ponch flies into the driveway on his bike. He walks with
purpose to the door, pulls his gun and KICKS the door in.

149 INT. RAY BLACKWELL'S HOUSE (L.A.) 149

Ponch clears the house. His light shines on evidence of a hasty departure. Ray's GONE. He drops his weapon. Defeat.

150 EXT. WAREHOUSE (PALMDALE) - NIGHT 150

Large warehouse on five acres. Yellow light escapes from the open doors. A BAG is LOBBED INTO FRAME. Then another.

Ray crawls out of a SUBTERRANEAN vault, grabs both bags and heads across the gravel lot to the warehouse.

151 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 151

Ray throws the bags into the back of an AMBULANCE.

RAY BLACKWELL
Last ones. You got it?

FEMALE (O.S.)
Yeah, I can manage.

CAMERA COMES OFF Ray, REVEALING the inside of the ambulance: 20 bags stacked floor to ceiling.

The female secures the last bag and TURNS: Lindsey.

RAY BLACKWELL
The second Brian's out of the hospital, you, Cooper and Hansen head up to Big Bear and wait for the Brunei flight. Get the painting and get out of here.

LINDSEY TAYLOR
And until then?

RAY BLACKWELL
Business as usual. I'm the only one they know about.

She jumps down. Blackwell SLAMS the doors shut.

LINDSEY TAYLOR
Ray, I'm so, so sorry. Do you want --

RAY BLACKWELL
No. I do not.

152 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - NIGHT

152

MUSIC CUE: Atlantic Rhythm Section's "So Into You."

PUSH IN ON Ponch sitting on the couch, drinking Scotch.
After a long BEAT, he grabs his phone.

INSERT - iPHONE

He taps "Messages." Taps "Compose." He types, "L I N D"
-- Suggestions drop down: LINDLE, LINDROS, LINDSEY. His
thumbs swipe quickly.

BACK TO SCENE

SUPERIMPOSE: "HEY, HOW ARE YOU FEELING?"

He waits. PHONE VIBRATES.

SUPERIMPOSE: "I'M GOOD. YOU?"

He types:

SUPERIMPOSE: "YOU SURE? HOW'S YOUR BODY?"

SUPERIMPOSE: "MY BODY? HMMMMM. LET'S SEE... GOOD."

He smirks, then types:

SUPERIMPOSE: "DON'T LIE."

SUPERIMPOSE: "I'M NOT LYING. IT'S VERY GOOD. NEED
PROOF?"

He smiles. How can he say no?

SUPERIMPOSE: "YES. NEED PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE..."

SUPERIMPOSE: "HOW ABOUT A FULL BODY SCAN? SKYPE?"

SUPERIMPOSE: "FUCK. YEAH."

RING. RING. RING. He hits "ACCEPT."

INSERT - iPHONE SCREEN

Beautiful feet. Toes wiggle. Very cute. Tan, toned
calves. Long elegant quads.

PONCH (O.S.)
I didn't know you had those...

(CONTINUED)

Upper thighs. White mesh panties.

PONCH (O.S)
Oh, my god. Wait, slower.
Please...

Tight washboard ABS. Pronounced ribs. Beautiful, huge, augmented breasts...

BACK TO SCENE

Ponch is perplexed. Those aren't the same ones from the earlier pics...

PONCH
Wow. Those look *huge* tonight...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
They look huge every night...

INSERT SHOT

The camera lands on her face. Her 65-year-old face.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL (V.O.)
... Officer Pantera.

BACK TO SCENE

PONCH
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The highest pitched SCREAM of his life. He SCRAMBLES to end the FaceTime.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL (V.O.)
Ooh, what was that sexy scream?
Did somebody prematurely ejac--

CLICK. He THROWS the phone on the couch. BEAT. BEAT.

RING. RING. RING. BEAT. RING. RING. RING. BEAT.
RING.

He hits "DECLINE." Phone says "CONNECTING." He panics and CHUCKS it against the wall, SHATTERING it.

153 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

153

Ponch walks with a tray of Tommy's Burgers. He sees Captain Lindel down the hallway and quickly DUCKS into a ROOM.

CLAY ALLEN (O.S.)
I'm gonna kill you. When I'm
healed, I'm going to physically
kill you. Now get out of my room
and call Peterson. He's looking
for you.

Ponch turns. Shit. He's in Clay's room.

PONCH
My phone's broken.

CLAY ALLEN
Convenient timing. You torpedo
the entire case and your phone
breaks?

PONCH
Torpedo? We have a suspect's
head. That's a victory.

CLAY ALLEN
Three officers, and two agents are
hospitalized, all for a severed
head that no one can I.D. That's
victory to you? Your partner's in
a coma, and that's a win?

Ponch is about to retort, but hears CAPTAIN LINDEL in the hallway. He sits with Allen's stinging assessment.

154 INT. HOSPITAL - JON'S ROOM - MORNING

154

Jon's chest rises and falls on a ventilator as a NURSE changes his fluids. Ponch watches, genuinely worried.

155 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

155

Ponch walks to his car. He hears FOOTSTEPS. He SPINS around, GUN DRAWN. Peterson QUICKLY grabs his wrist and twists, redirecting the gun to the ground.

PETERSON
You better shoot me. That's the
only way you're getting out of
talking to me.

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

I'm not trying to get out of anything. My phone is broken.

PETERSON

Right. And how long does it take to get a new phone? It couldn't possibly take longer than flying from Miami to L.A., could it?

PONCH

I've been in there with Jon. My partner.

PETERSON

For three days?! Do you understand the scope of the shit show you've created?! Get in the car.

Ponch drives, Peterson yells.

PONCH

How would they've done any better? In that shitty motor home? The chase would've lasted a block.

PETERSON

They weren't going to chase anyone! Do you know what the drones in Afghanistan did when they spotted a bad guy? They FOLLOWED him, undetected, back to his camp where all the other bad guys were sitting around eating falafel, and THEN they fired. Instead of one guy, they got ALL the guys. You don't even have one WHOLE guy.

PONCH

What about Ray Blackwell? He was definitely driving the SWAT truck.

PETERSON

Gone. Bad guy got away. You absolutely destroyed this case. And I told you explicitly, stay away from Allen, what did you do? Found him and shot him. Again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

156

CONTINUED:

156

PETERSON (CONT'D)

And when I call your captain to find out where you are, she says she hasn't heard from you since you 'initiated a sexual exchange' with her at 1:00 A.M.

Ponch is HUMILIATED.

PONCH

It was an accident. I thought I was texting with this girl Lindsey --

PETERSON

You're fired. You're on the 11 A.M. to Miami. And I need your gun.

157

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

157

A MALE NURSE wheels Jon out in a wheelchair.

MALE NURSE

You got someone picking you up?

JON BAKER

Yeah. They're just pulling in. I'm good.

Jon watches the NURSE go. He spots TWO different MEN being picked up by their loving WIVES.

Jon HAILS a cab from his wheelchair, then struggles to get out of it. It's pathetic.

CABBIE

Hey, hey, before you get in, you don't have anything leaky, do you?

JON BAKER

Leaky? No.

CABBIE

No leaky tubes or bags or anything?

JON BAKER

Look man, I promise. I'm not *leaking* from anywhere...

SCREECH! Ponch SLIDES to a stop behind the cab.

PONCH

I'm so sorry! I JUST got my phone working and got your messages.

(CONTINUED)

Jon is so, so, so happy to see Ponch.

JON BAKER

Oh, man, thanks for coming. I really appreciate it.

PONCH

Are you kidding? I would have been here when you woke up, but I was getting a new phone.

Jon rises from the wheelchair. Ponch scurries to help.

JON BAKER

I got it. It's not that bad.

PONCH

Not that bad? You got shot. And hit by an armored truck.

JON BAKER

My right arm took most of the hit. It's titanium. It was only a five.

PONCH

A five?

JON BAKER

Out of ten.

PONCH

A *five* out of ten?! What's a ten?!

JON BAKER

Scrotal tear. Which I've had. Nuts unravel down your leg. It's rough.

Ponch cringes as he shuts Jon's door.

Ponch turns into Jon's neighborhood.

PONCH

The final straw was Lindel. I accidentally sexted with her, and she told Peterson...

JON BAKER

Our captain?! She's a senior, Ponch!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

JON BAKER (CONT'D)

This is getting pathological. How was her chassis?

PONCH

Truthfully, tight as hell.
Imagine Rihanna's body, but white,
with an old-ass head.

Ponch stops in front of Jon's house. They both look up in shock. MOVERS are carrying boxes in.

159 EXT. JON'S McMANSION (CORONA) - DAY

159

Jon struggles to get out. A WOMAN directs MOVERS.

JON BAKER

Hey, what's going on here?

WOMAN

We're moving in. We're your new neighbors. I'm Amy Hansen.

She holds out her hand.

JON BAKER

Your moving into my house. That would make us roommates, not neighbors.

Amy looks confused.

WOMAN

No, this is our house. We bought it from Karen Baker...

Jon is thunderstruck.

160 INT. CAMARO - DAY

160

Driving in silence.

JON BAKER

You know, I was gone for nearly a week without calling her. Maybe she thought I moved out, so she --

PONCH

Sold the house in three days? I don't think so, Jon. There's escrow and inspections. It takes a month.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

JON BAKER

Maybe she was going to surprise
me, but didn't know where I was.

PONCH

I left her a message, Jon. In
fact, I left her about 40.

Jon looks out the window, trying not to get emotional.

161 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - NIGHT

161

Ponch digs into a plate of salmon, broccoli and kale.
Jon just stares at his untouched plate.

PONCH

Not enough chili?

Jon doesn't even smirk.

PONCH

Jon, I know how much you love
Karen and how hard you've fought
to win her back, but can I say
just one thing about her? Without
you getting upset?

JON BAKER

Sure.

PONCH

She's an asshole, Jon.

JON BAKER

Well, hold on, you don't really
know her all that well.

PONCH

I know plenty about her, and she's
a dick. End of story. And I
think I know why you're so
hellbent on keeping her around.

JON BAKER

Yeah? Why is that?

PONCH

Because she is the only thing you
have left from the glory days.
The money's gone, the fans, your
house. She's the last bit of
proof that it even happened. And
if you lose her, you will have
officially lost it all.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Jon mulls that over. Fuck. That might be the truth.

JON BAKER

Wow. For a dude who won't say the word 'closure,' that's a pretty profound observation.

Jon processes. It's true. And the truth makes him lighter and lighter. He slides his plate close and grabs a fork.

JON BAKER

And you're positive she's no good?

PONCH

When it comes to women, nobody has better character-radar than me. She's the absolute worst. Period.

Jon nods his head. He tries a bite of salmon. Not bad.

162 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - MORNING

162

Jon and Ponch drink smoothies in the living room. Stacks of photos and documents cover the coffee table.

Jon comes across an 8x10 glossy of the helmet LODGED in the windshield.

JON BAKER

Man. Now that's 'career ending.'

PONCH

Our only lead, and there's nothing there. No dental records. Never been fingerprinted...

JON BAKER

Can't you just scan his face into an FBI computer and have it tell you who he is?

PONCH

We don't have a fucking Bat Computer, Jon. If that's what you're asking. There are no --

Jon STOPS on a photo with the VISOR lifted: RAY'S SON.

JON BAKER

Oh, my god...

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

I know. We made an EMT flip the visor. So gross.

JON BAKER

No, that's Reed. Reed Junior!

PONCH

Who?

JON BAKER

I use to compete against him!
He's Grieves' cousin! Holy shit!

PONCH

Grieves?!

JON BAKER

Dude I touched dicks with!

PONCH

Get out of here!!! Oh, my god.
What's his full name?

JON BAKER

I don't know. He competed as Reed Junior.

Ponch searches "Reed Junior." Awesome motorcycle photos pop up. He clicks the WIKIPEDIA link.

PONCH

'Reed Junior, born Raymond Reed
Blackwell Jr., July 18th, 1988'
WHAT?!!!!!!

Ponch is on his feet now. They are LOSING THEIR MINDS.

Gliding smoothly WITH Karen as she swims laps. Elegant, precise kick flip. Graceful strokes.

Military BOOTS ENTER FRAME, then walk along the edge of the pool, pacing Karen, OMINOUSLY. She is clueless.

ELECTRODE BARBS sink into her back. Spastic CONVULSIONS. Splashing. Then, STILLNESS. Hands lift her ANKLES.

Ponch walks BRISKLY. Jon struggles to keep up.

165 INT. CHP CENTRAL - LINDEL'S OFFICE - MORNING 165

FAST PUSH-IN: Ponch BARGES in with purpose, IMPASSIONED.

FASTER PUSH-IN: Lindel reads his body language, RACES to him.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL
It's about goddamn time...

She reaches toward his face. He JERKS BACK dramatically.
Jon hobbles in.

PONCH
Stop! That is NOT why I'm here!
The decapitated suspect is Ray's
son, and Brian Grieves is his
nephew. You need to get bodies
over to Cedars-Sinai immediately.
We can use him to find Ray.
Second, I need a gun. You need to
swear me in as an officer of the
California Highway Patrol.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL
But you're an FBI agent...

PONCH
I was fired, and your 'honesty' is
largely to blame.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL
I'm sorry. I was feeling
abandoned.

Lindel grabs the "CHP Code Of Conduct" book from a shelf.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL
Do you know the oath?

JON BAKER
I do. Or parts of it. The
ending.

166 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY 166

Ava Perez and a MALE OFFICER (SMITH) walk with purpose.

167 INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - SECONDS LATER 167

Ava turns the corner to find a NURSE changing bedding.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

AVA PEREZ
Where is Officer Grieves?

NURSE
He was discharged an hour ago.

AVA PEREZ
Who picked him up?

NURSE
A police officer. Female. Very pretty.

168 INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

168

Karen, handcuffed to a pole, shivers. Military boots step INTO FRAME. iPhone SNAPS a picture of Karen.

169 INT. BEDROOM - SERIES OF INSERT SHOTS - DAY

169

Tall, black motorcycle boots PULLED on. Vest ZIPPED. Belt BUCKLED. .44 Magnum HOLSTERED. '80s-era CHP helmet STRAPPED on.

Ray stands in a retro CHP uniform (circa 1983), like the evil bike cops from *Magnum Force*. Chilling. BAD. ASS.

170 EXT. CHP CENTRAL - MORNING

170

Ponch and Jon walk to the Camaro.

PONCH
When we get to the hospital, we will do the questioning...

Ponch's phone VIBRATES. He looks at it.

PONCH
Jesus. I really do need to get a handle on this.

JON BAKER
On what?

PONCH
Getting a pic from a number I don't even recognize: 'Come now. Just you and your partner.'

Pic DOWNLOADS as Jon leans in: KAREN, cuffed to a pole.

(CONTINUED)

JON BAKER

Dude?! You're sexting with Karen?!

PONCH

No, idiot. She's handcuffed to a pole. Look.

He re-examines.

PONCH

It's geotagged.

He taps the "pin." MAPS opens. Jon looks, then HOBBLIES off toward the motor pool.

JON BAKER

Littlerock. That's out by Devil's Punchbowl. We need the bikes.

PONCH

What's 'Devil's Punchbowl'? Hey! Stop. Why would we go and risk our lives to save your dirtbag ex-wife? She stole your house!

JON BAKER

You cheap-shotted my weak knee and said my wife should divorce me, and I *still* saved yours. You save someone when you can. That's what a person should do. *Especially* a fucking cop. I mean, Jesus, Ponch.

PONCH

Okay, maybe, but... you can't ride.

JON BAKER

I've done backflips with more injuries than this.

PONCH

Okay, hold on, we're gonna need back up. He clearly blames us for Reed.

JON BAKER

It said just you and I. Besides, you don't know who else in the department is working for him.

Ponch thinks this through. He's right. Jon, DEAD serious:

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: (2)

170

JON BAKER

Ponch, we're in this like Jay Z
and Beyonce, we fucking ride-or-
die.

171 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

171

HANSEN (30, wiry) and COOPER (40, built), wear fatigues
and load a MILITARY HUMVEE.

Lindsey and a wobbly Grieves transfer their gear from her
police car into the ambulance. Ray SLAMS the doors.

RAY BLACKWELL

Plane leaves Thursday at 3 PM out
of 'Global Air' in Van Nuys. Tail
number Alpha, Vector, 375.
Cabin's got a week of provisions.

Ray walks to his 1961 HARLEY DAVIDSON Police Special.

GRIEVES

When should we expect you?

He pulls a 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN from the side rack. Checks
for SHELLS, stows it.

RAY BLACKWELL

You should not.

He FIRES it up. BLUE FLAMES pop from the exhaust. A
demonic weapon that IDLES like a NASCAR.

172 EXT. ANGELES FOREST HWY - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

172

FIND Ponch and Jon RAILING through the BEST mountain road
in all of Southern California.

They DRAG knees, WHEELIE, and leave SCORCHED EARTH behind
them. Jon RIDES Reed's orange and white KTM.

ANOTHER ANGLE

PONCH

Pretty cold, riding the dead son's
bike.

JON BAKER

You kidnap my wife, I ride your
dead son's bike.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

PONCH

Just a thought: If we *don't* save
her, you won't need a divorce.
And widowers get tons of ass.
Tons.

173 EXT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

173

TEN CHP OFFICERS are gathered around Ava, Smith and Roma.

AVA PEREZ

The nurse said he left with a
'very pretty' CHP officer, so...

PAN TO the faces of FOUR AVERAGE-LOOKING female OFFICERS.

AVA PEREZ

... has to be Lindsey.

The average-looking FEMALE OFFICERS can't help but agree.

AVA PEREZ

She's radio silent, but GPS has
her car 12 miles east of Palmdale.

174 EXT. ANGELES FOREST HWY - DAY

174

Ponch and Jon drop down from mountain to OPEN DESERT on a
lonely, two-lane road.

ANGLE ON RAY

obscured behind a rusty mobile home. He TEARS out RIGHT
in front of them. Jon swerves left. Ponch SWERVES into
the desert at 100 mph in a BALL OF DUST.

Ray speeds after them. Ponch MERGES back onto the road
next to Jon.

PONCH

My heart just grenaded.

BOOM! A MAILBOX explodes next to Ponch. BOOM! Street
sign. Ray is right behind them, FIRING his 12-GAUGE.

JON BAKER

GO! GO! GO!

They down shift. Ray FIRES. A CACTUS BURSTS into
pieces. He stows the shotgun and pushes the motor balls-
out.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

PONCH

How is that thing gaining on us?!

JON BAKER

It think he's running a V8.

LOW ANGLE BEHIND BLACKWELL

BLUE FLAMES from the exhaust. SPARKS shower off the FOOT
PEGS in EVERY turn. GRINDING METAL mixed with ENGINE
noise; a cacophony of EVIL.

PONCH

He's a fucking warlock!

175 EXT. DESERT ROAD - SAME TIME

175

The ambulance SKIDS to a stop on the shoulder of the
road. The humvee is directly behind.

176 INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

176

Grieves, behind the wheel, turns to Lindsey.

GRIEVES

I can't do it. I can't leave him
by himself.

LINDSEY TAYLOR

He said to hide out in the cabin.
He was VERY clear...

GRIEVES

You're free to do that. But
you're dropping me off first.

Grieves FLIPS a U-turn.

177 EXT. DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

177

GLIDING OVER the DRAMATIC geology of "Devils Punchbowl,"
where the San Andreas Fault has caused MEGALITHS to JUT
up from the Earth.

Past the JAGGED peaks we FIND Jon, Ponch and Blackwell
BLOWING down an empty desert road.

They pass a DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL sign. Jon spots a long
driveway, BRAKES HARD and turns in. Ponch follows.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE

The COMPOUND is surrounded by a tall ADOBE WALL. Jon clocks the GATE, then rides the perimeter of the WALL.

PONCH

Where are you going?!

JON BAKER

Looking for a chink in the armor.

PONCH

You think they just left a gap in the wall?

JON BAKER

BINGO!

They pass a rusted-out trailer. Jon whips a 180.

PONCH

No! Don't hit that. I can't jump!

JON BAKER

You got this.

PONCH

You don't even know what's on the other side!

Ray's shotgun EXPLODES the wall above Jon's head as he hits the trailer and SAILS over the wall.

Ponch PULLS his gun and AIMS at Ray. BOOM! Ponch's GUN rips from his hand. Ray pumps, aims, CLICK! Empty.

Ray pulls his .44 Magnum.

PONCH

Death by falling or death by Magnum...

Ponch HITS the ramp. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Blackwell's heavy Magnum rounds pepper the adobe.

Jon watches Ponch soar ACROSS the sky.

JON BAKER

There we go! Stick the landing!

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

Ponch lands on a huge dirt mound (remnants of a pool that was dug and never poured). He immediately gets squirrely and EATS SHIT.

Jon helps Ponch up.

JON BAKER

Dude! You had it! You just need to work on your landing.

PONCH

Fuck you. Work on your landing.

179 INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

179

Jon cuts Karen's ropes. She stands and hugs him, SOBBING.

KAREN

Oh, Jon, thank god you're here!
Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

Ponch RIPS them apart.

PONCH

That's enough gratitude. Let's go.

180 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND - DAY

180

Jon PASSES Ponch his gun as the THREE of them SCURRY from the front of the house to the BACK of the WAREHOUSE.

Ray races toward them on his HARLEY. Ponch AIMS, FIRES and DESTROYS the front wheel. Ray goes DOWN hard.

Ponch HOLDS the back door of the WAREHOUSE open.

PONCH

Come on! Go! Go!

BOOM! Ray BLASTS. Three fingers RIP OFF of Ponch's hand as Jon and Karen DIVE into the WAREHOUSE.

181 INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

181

Ponch DIVES in, SCREAMING. He wraps his hand with a rag.

JON BAKER

What?! What just happened?!

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

PONCH

My fingers!!! He shot my fingers
off! It's NOT superficial.

JON BAKER

It's okay. It's okay. They can
reattach 'em.

PONCH

How?! They're gone!

Jon peeks out the door.

JON'S POV - THREE LONELY FINGERS

scattered on the dirt.

BACK TO SCENE

JON BAKER

I see 'em. I'm going in.

182 EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

182

Jon SNATCHES up the gun, fires twice. DIVES onto the
dirt. Grabs TWO FINGERS. REACHES for the last. Ray
fires.

A CHUNK of his cast EXPLODES. Jon recoils and scampers
back to the warehouse.

183 INT. WAREHOUSE

183

Jon DIVES back through the door.

JON BAKER

Put 'em in your pocket!

PONCH

That's only two!

JON BAKER

You'll have to make do! Lock that
door!

Jon grabs Karen and leads her toward the SWAT truck.
Ponch FIDDLES with the door.

Jon and Karen run around the corner of the truck, WHAM!

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

GRIEVES CLOSELINES Jon with his cast. A cast-on-cast BATTLE. An ethereal cloud of plaster dust ENGULFS them.

184 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND

184

Several cop cars RAM the front gates at the end of the driveway as the humvee and ambulance attempt to leave.

OFFICERS abandon their cars as the humvee PLOWS into them. The cars EXPLODE. Fire blocks all passage. Lindsey TURNS the ambulance back toward the warehouse.

Hansen and Cooper exit the humvee with M4 machine guns. AVA posts up behind a cruiser. GUN BATTLE ignites.

185 INT. WAREHOUSE

185

Muffled GUNFIRE. Ponch secures the DEADBOLT. BOOM! It's SHOT clean off as Ray KICKS the door IN.

Ponch WRAPS the CHAIN from the roll-up garage door around Ray's neck, HANGS from the chain, anchors his legs around a 50-gallon drum and HOISTS Ray into the air.

Ray drops his gun and claws at the chain. He clocks the damaged hand and KICKS it. Ponch SCREAMS. BOTH men crash to the floor. Ray grabs his gun, Ponch RUNS.

Jon THROWS a HAMMER-LIKE right and drops Grieves COLD. Ponch rounds the corner and tosses Jon the gun.

JON BAKER

I don't want it. You shoot it.

PONCH

How?! Jimi Hendrix-style? With my fucking teeth?!

JON BAKER

Your left is better than my right.

PONCH

My left is busy keeping me from BLEEDING OUT!

JON BAKER

FINE!

Ray walks slowly at them. Jon rolls right and FIRES, hitting a work bench. POP, a clock breaks. POP, window.

Ray slowly raises his gun, Ponch pulls Jon back.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

PONCH

You're hitting 10 degrees to the
right of where you aim every time!
So aim 10 degrees to the left!

Jon ROLLS back out, trains his weapon on:

JON'S POV

Ray, aiming directly AT CAMERA. PAN LEFT 10 degrees TO a
dozen SHAPE CHARGES hanging on a WALL.

BACK TO SCENE

PONCH

Are you 10 degrees left?!

JON BAKER

Yes! I'm 10 degrees left, but...

PONCH

But nothing! Fire!

Jon FIRES. BULL'S-EYE! He hits the SHAPE CHARGES!

The EXPLOSION is SEISMIC. Fireball TEARS across the
warehouse. The SWAT truck SHIELDS Jon, Ponch and Karen.

Ray CHURNS in the wave of FIRE at 200 feet per second,
DENTING the side of the SWAT truck with a sickening THUD.

186 EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

186

BOTH pedestrian doors BLOW off their hinges. 100' FLAMES
spew horizontally from the holes. Hansen and Cooper
PAUSE to look at the volcanic event.

A BURST of red from the back of Hansen's head. He DROPS
to the ground. RACK TO Ava, gun smoking.

187 INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

187

FIRE EVERYWHERE. Jon and Ponch hoist RAY, unconscious,
into the SWAT truck with GREAT difficulty. Karen
watches.

PONCH

You okay? Looks like you got a
real bad case of lazy from that
blast.

188 INT. SWAT TRUCK - SECONDS LATER 188

Doors SLAM. Ponch drives, Jon's SHOTGUN. FIRE closes in.

JON BAKER
What's your plan? All the doors
are shut.

Ponch STARTS it up, THROWS it in drive.

PONCH
Where we're going, we don't need
doors.

Ponch FLOORS it. The truck BUILDS speed, smashing a couple of motorcycles along the way. They hit 30 MPH.

They drive through a WALL OF FIRE, leaving two flaming tire tracks (a la *Back To The Future*) before SLAMMING directly into the side of warehouse.

189 EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME 189

The armored truck BREAKS through the corrugated steel wall of the warehouse in a BURST of FIRE and SHRAPNEL.

They SPEED toward the POOL/HOLE. Ponch LOCKS the brakes, but the momentum TORPEDOES them nose-first INTO the hole.

190 INT. SWAT TRUCK 190

Bodies SLAM into the windshield as MUDDY WATER engulfs the truck. They shake it off and drag Blackwell, with great effort, to the rear. Karen doesn't help.

PONCH
No, it's cool. We got it, Karen.

191 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND 191

REAR doors pop open. They push Ray's body OUT the back. He drops to the ground and STIRS.

JON BAKER
Shit, he's up! Boost me...

They scramble to climb out with their injuries. Ray gets to his feet, but stands directly into a GUN.

Lindsey PINS her revolver against his temple. Jon and Ponch, exhale with relief.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY TAYLOR
Hands behind your back. Now!

PONCH
(to Karen)
You see that? She's hot and
helpful. It's not an either/or.

Lindsey lowers her hands to "CUFF" Blackwell.

PONCH
And you, I'm gonna be honest. We
both thought you were kinda rad.
Maybe even had a little crush on you,
but then you shot my fingers off, so
now, you gotta go away for --

CLICK. Ray COCKS Lindsey's revolver in Ponch's face.

RAY BLACKWELL
A 'long, long time?' Nah. That's
not what's happening.

Ponch looks to Lindsey, shell-shocked. She's unphased.

JON BAKER
(sotto to Ponch)
'When it comes to women, nobody
has better character radar...'

PONCH
You're with this piece of shi--

BOOM! Ray fires the gun. BULLET whizzes by Ponch's ear.
He and Jon both back away slowly. Karen SPRINTS OFF.

RAY BLACKWELL
I want to get this straight:
After you found out I killed three
people to get even for my *friend's*
death, you thought killing my *son*
was a real game-changing idea?

JON BAKER
Not to be a dick, sir, but your
beef is with a steel cable, not
us.

Ray aims at Jon.

RAY BLACKWELL
Okay, you can jump to the front of
the line.

Jon is in the crosshairs, genuinely scared for his life.

192 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND - SAME TIME 192

CHP DROP over the walls of the compound like SEALs.
Cooper tries to reload and is TACKLED by FIVE OFFICERS.

CHP FAN out over the property. Ava runs toward the POOL.

193 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND - SAME TIME 193

PUSH IN ON Ray, poised for murder.

RAY BLACKWELL
You're not half the rider Reed
was. He should be standing here,
not you...

SLOW MOTION PUSH IN: Ray COCKS the hammer of the gun.

JON BAKER
I was way better than Reed...

SLOW MOTION PUSH IN: Ray SQUEEZES the trigger.

SLOW MOTION PUSH IN: Ponch screams --

PONCH
NOOOOO!

-- as he DIVES.

SLOW MOTION: Gun FIRES, BOOM... BOOM... BOOM...

SLOW MOTION: Ponch TACKLES Jon. Jon's RIGHT ARM flies
up from the BRUNT force of the tackle, shielding his
FACE.

SLOW MOTION: Jon's right arm EXPLODES in three, RAPID
BURSTS of BLOOD as the rounds penetrate flesh.

CLINK. CLINK. CLINK. The sound of lead hitting
TITANIUM, then RICOCHETING.

THWAP! THWAP! Ray takes two ricochets, one to the
forehead and one to the neck. Ray Blackwell, DEAD.

WHACK! Ava TACKLES Lindsey at full speed. CHP SWARM the
scene.

Ponch lies on Jon, trying to compute what just happened.
He looks at Ray's body, then at the holes in Jon's arm.
Shiny METAL glistens back.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

PONCH

Wow. You weren't lying. That
arm's straight titanium. Like The
Terminator's.

He puts his finger IN the hole.

PONCH

Can you feel that?

JON BAKER

A little. Like a 2 out of 10.

OFFICERS help Jon and Ponch up. They share a long HUG.

JON BAKER

Dude. You saved my life...

PONCH

Yeah. But I've shot a couple of
my partners. So I'm technically
still in the red. Come on. We
need to get in that ambulance.

They walk towards it, supporting each other. Jon stops.

JON BAKER

Shit, wait! We need to find your
third finger.

PONCH

Oh, my god. Duh! Good looking
out.

They hobble off as the FIRE DEPARTMENT arrives.

JON BAKER

Hey! Keep the trucks out of here!
We're looking for Ponch's pinkie!

PULL UP HIGH AND WIDE ON another SHIT SHOW.

194 INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

194

Ponch sits in back. An EMT plops a Ziploc bag filled
with ice and three fingers on his lap.

195 EXT. RAY BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND

195

Jon is on a stretcher. EMTs work on strapping his legs
down. Karen stares at him, emotional.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

You're going to be okay, I promise.

JON BAKER

Thank you.

KAREN

Thanks for coming for me.

JON BAKER

Of course. Always...

KAREN

You know, I saw a look on your face today that I haven't seen in years. Not since you competed. I can tell you really love this; being a cop.

JON BAKER

I do. I really do. Maybe even more than riding.

He smiles big and warm. He looks cute. She smiles back.

KAREN

You want me to ride with you to the hospital?

He looks at her. This is the moment. He's won her back...

JON BAKER

Nah, I'd rather ride with Ponch.

ON CUE, the EMTs lift and load him into the ambulance.

AVA PEREZ

Hey, you got room for me in there?

JON BAKER

Of course. The more the merrier.

Ava jumps in. Karen can NOT compute what she's seeing.

Two EMTs hook Jon up to an IV. Ponch and Ava watch.

AVA PEREZ

So, that's your type? Wrung out?

(CONTINUED)

PONCH

It's not just about looks for Jon.
She must also have the personality
of a Porta-Potty.

JON BAKER

Okay. That's enough.

PONCH

What are they giving you?

JON BAKER

Ah... morphine.

PONCH

I got my fingers shot off. Put
that thing in me.

JON BAKER

Careful. It'll constipate you and
you won't have an excuse to go
into those public toilets and beat-
off nine times a day.

Ava looks at Ponch, disgusted. He shrugs.

197 EXT. ANGELES FOREST HWY - HELICOPTER SHOT - SAME TIME 197

The ambulance snakes through the twisty, sanding canyons
towards L.A.

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE.

198 FLASHBACK - INT. WAREHOUSE 198

For the first time we see the screen from Arnaud's X-ray.

ARNAUD (O.S.)

You have quite a bit of metal in
your body, huh? I see screws,
rods --

PUSH IN ON the forehead of the X-ray: METAL PLATE.

199 EXT. BLACKWELL'S COMPOUND 199

EMTs lift a stretcher to the raised position. RAY's face
FILLS the SCREEN. BEAT. His eyes POP OPEN, right AT us.

200 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - NIGHT 200

Ava and Jon make-out, post-coital. She rolls off him.

AVA PEREZ

I'm gonna get some water, you want anything?

JON BAKER

No. I'm good. But put something on. My roommate's a predator.

201 INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT (SHERMAN OAKS) - MOMENTS LATER 201

Ava, robed, sneaks out of Jon's room. She turns:
CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL, in a VERY sexy robe, exits Ponch's room.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

Hey, you. Fun. Switcheroo time?

AVA PEREZ

Excuse me?

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

A little bed hop? Sloppy seconds?

AVA PEREZ

Nah, I'm good.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

Then, maybe all four of us pop out to the living room and get messy.

AVA PEREZ

Nah, I'm even more good now.

CAPTAIN JANE LINDEL

Suit yourself.

Jane struts off. Ava slowly follows. BEAT.

JON BAKER (O.S.)

(muffled)

Ponchy. Was that Captain Lindel's voice?! Are you poaching hyena?!

PONCH (O.S.)

(muffled)

Shut up, bro. Go to sleep.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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