

EXCLUSIVE FILMS™
I N T E R N A T I O N A L

AN EXCLUSIVE MEDIA GROUP COMPANY

**This script is the property of Exclusive Films International.
It is not to be copied or distributed without our express consent.
This script is subject to change.**

END OF WATCH

EXCLUSIVE FILMS INTERNATIONAL
Email: info@exclusivefilmsinternational.com
<http://www.exclusivemedia.com>

9100 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 401 E
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
USA
Tel: +1 310 300 9000
Fax: +1 310 300 9001

52 Haymarket
London SW1Y 4RP
United Kingdom
Tel: +44 (0) 203 002 9510
Fax: +44 (0) 203 002 9519

END OF WATCH

(PRE PRODUCTION)

Genre: Action / Drama / Cop

Director: **David Ayer** (*Street Kings, Harsh Times*)

Cast: **Jake Gyllenhaal** (*Source Code, Love and Other Drugs, Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time, Brothers, Rendition, Zodiac, Jarhead, Proof, Brokeback Mountain*)
Michael Peña (*The Lincoln Lawyer, Battle: Los Angeles, Shooter, World Trade Center, Babel, Crash*)

Producer: **David Ayer** (*Harsh Times, Training Day*)
John Leshner

Screenplay: **David Ayer** (*Harsh Times, S.W.A.T., Dark Blue, Training Day, The Fast and the Furious, U-571*)

Cinematographer: **Roman Vasyanov** (*The Motel Life, Hipsters, Tiski*)

This gritty, suspenseful drama follows Los Angeles Police Officers Taylor (Jake Gyllenhaal) and Zavala (Michael Peña) as they face off against crack addicts, human traffickers and Mexican drug cartels in the daily battle for control of the city's meanest streets. Giving the story a gripping, first-person immediacy, the action unfolds entirely through footage from the ubiquitous handheld HD video cameras now commonly used by those on both sides of the law. After each grueling shift, the partners and best friends return home to their families as husbands and fathers, leaving the brutality of their jobs behind and making light of the courage it takes to go out into the streets every day. Despite moments of self-doubt, they prove so effective as a law enforcement team that they quickly become the targets of Sinaloa drug lords. When word gets out that the top bosses want Taylor and Zavala "taken care of," the partners swear they've got each other covered, not realizing their friendship is about to be tested to its limits. A powerful story of family, friendship, love, honor and courage, END OF WATCH uses cutting edge technology to create a riveting portrait of the city's darkest, most violent corners, the cops who risk their lives there every day, and the price they and their families are forced to pay.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

**Jake Gyllenhaal
as Officer Brian
Taylor**



One of our protagonists, a rookie LAPD Officer and loyal partner to Zavala. Brian records his everything (his police beat and personal life) as an assignment for film class, which is part of his pre-law studies

**Michael Peña as
Office Mike
Zavala**



One of our protagonists, a macho Latino LAPD Officer and loyal partner to Taylor

Sarge

Zavala and Taylor's protective boss

**Officer Van
Hauser**

Veteran, burned-out cop known on the force as the "angriest cop in the World"

Officer Orozco

Tough female Mexican cop who works with Taylor and Zavala

Captain Reese

Beloved Captain who the officers have nicknamed "The Coolest Captain Ever"

Gabby Zavala

Zavala's feisty wife

Cindy Zavala

Mike's younger sister

Janet

Taylor's girlfriend, whom he marries over the course of the film

Mr. Tre

Angry, drunk gangster who fights Zavala

**Fat Rat, DJ,
Blaster, Peant,
and Dion**

Gangsters that work with Mr. Tre

**Demon, Wicked,
Big Evil, La La**

Dangerous gang members of the Curbside Locotes gang. They want to kill Zavala and Taylor

"END OF WATCH" DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

IMPORTANT PLEASE READ

To the reader from the writer and director:

I would like to help you understand my vision for "End of Watch." In the simplest terms, this is a film about two best friends who happen to be policemen. We follow their lives over a period of several months as they fall in love, have children, get married and otherwise live their lives. The film also has a strong crime story and plenty of action of great scope. It is a film that will have something for everyone and touch upon universal themes of friendship, love, honor and courage. These are real people leading real lives.

Today's young people create and consume video media in very different ways. They film their daily lives and share these videos through social media. It is this novel use of video and the intimacy of reality that I wish to emulate. This film will be shot in many of the same ways that young people create media today. My concept is simple: The characters themselves are placing and operating the cameras. This creates a very visceral reality, much like watching real dramatic action on the Internet. One could term this method "French New Wave Cinema meets You Tube."

Often "found footage" films are difficult to watch due to excessive camera movement. Please keep in mind that these will not be shaky, unsteady "Cloverfield" type images. "End of Watch" will be shot in a normal theatrical resolution using many standard production techniques. Image quality will be high, the colors will be vibrant and beautiful. The shots will be incredibly lyrical and smooth. Although the actors will be wearing cameras, the images produced will be much like typical Steadicam shots, with the same grace and beauty, although from angles before unachievable.

I am working with camera manufacturers to develop new cameras that will capture the images of theatrical level quality yet be very small and compact. The extremely small, yet full resolution cameras will be able to record the drama and action in ways that have not been possible before. In success these new cameras will be nothing short of revolutionary. I believe the techniques used will be groundbreaking unto themselves and will become an important talking point in the release of the film. Of course there will also be standard camera coverage; my intent is to use all tools available to tell this wonderful story. This film will be beautiful, clearly shot and will immerse the viewer in it's world in an intimate way.

"End of Watch" will deliver an exciting and fresh viewing experience for audiences of all backgrounds. There will be nuanced and powerful performances by some of the best actors working today. The audience will see police as they have never seen them, the journey will be vibrant, fun and exciting. It will have the entertainment value of a "popcorn movie" yet deliver the depth and sophistication of a powerful drama. I hope you enjoy the script and come on this filmmaking journey with me.

Kind regards,
David Ayer
Los Angeles, California

THE SCREEN IS BLACK. THEN...

A CARD FADES IN THAT READS:

WARNING GRAPHIC! FOR COPS ONLY!

"What you are going to see consists of actual video shot by real people. Everything happened as you will see it. Most of this footage is amateur video filmed by the actual officers involved. You will also see official police footage, personal video shot by department personnel, surveillance video and news footage. This video is personal and private."

FADE OUT CARD -- THEN A TITLE CARD:

"The craaaaziest pursuit ever."

[NOTE: These are consumer level titles like something done in Apple iMovie.]

1

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - DAY

1

POV OF A POLICE DASH CAM...

Racing through neighborhood streets chasing an **ORANGE CADILLAC...**

The card didn't lie because this car chase is **INSANE...**

The **SIRENS** are blaring. The **ENGINE** roars. We hear the **CHATTER** of the police radio. Incredible speeds. **NEAR MISSES** with other vehicles...

Although we can't see them yet, the driver is **MIKE ZAVALA** (24) and his partner **DAN TAYLOR** (23) rides shotgun.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Clear right!

Dan's voice is pumping with adrenaline...

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

Watch it! Car!

ZAVALA (O.S.)

I see him.

The cop car swerves around a catering truck.

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

Rightside? Rightside?!

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Right's clear! Go, go, go!

The orange Cadillac almost hits a pick-up loaded with furniture.

ZAVALA (O.S.)
Whoa. Dude almost TC'ed.

Taylor "calls the pursuit" into the radio. This will go on the duration of the pursuit.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Thirteen-Adam-Nine Eastbound
Thirty Sixth Street passing
Waverly.

The Cadillac makes a hard right, disappearing from view, the cop car turns and we see the Cadillac again.

TAYLOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thirteen-Adam-Nine. Southbound
Raymond Avenue. From Denker.

ZAVALA (O.S.)
Where's he going?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Disneyland.

The Cadillac makes a hard left, the cop car follows, fishtailing a little.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Watch it.

Then:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
He's running the light.

ZAVALA
Am I clear?!

TAYLOR
Clear. We're clear. Go for it.

The ENGINE HOWLS and the cop car catches up...

ZAVALA
Homie can drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

You're better. Watch the road.

A slow car blocks their way. Taylor's voice BOOMS OVER THE PA LOUDSPEAKER...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Pull over. Pull over.

The car doesn't.

ZAVALA

Pendejo.

The cop car swings into oncoming traffic -- A near miss!
They pass the unyielding driver...

TAYLOR

I don't see him. There he is!

The Cadillac is more distant. Zavala quickly closes the gap...

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - VARIOUS STREETS - CONTINUOUS 2

And so the chase goes. Turn after turn the Cadillac fighting like a sportfish at the end of a line, unable to shake the cop car...

Zavala and Taylor shouting over the siren. Tires SCREECHING...

Then...

All the sound fades out. We're just watching the chase unfold on the dashcam. Hypnotically beautiful...

TAYLOR'S VOICEOVER

I am the police. And I am here to arrest you. You have broken the law. I did not write the law. I may even disagree with the law. But I will enforcement it. I will act professionally and treat you with respect. I also expect to be treated with respect. I will not insult you. I will not brutalize you. I will only use the force necessary to stop you. I will do whatever it takes to place you in custody.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR'S VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

I am prepared to deprive you of your freedom and if necessary your life. I will not hesitate to kill you if you endanger my life or the lives of others. If you run away I will chase you. If you fight me I will fight back. If you shoot at me I will shoot back. You are in this situation because something has gone wrong with your life. Most likely this moment has been a long time coming. As it is unlikely this moment may be an anomaly in an otherwise decent and law abiding life. I understand that factors in your life have created an easy justification for your actions. Poverty, lack of education, drug abuse, emotional and physical abuse may have conspired to rob you of the ability to obey the law. But many other people have endured and transcended much worse circumstances than the ones which have shaped your life. Yet you have made bad decisions. You are responsible for your behavior. Your actions have made you my responsibility. No matter how you plead, cajole, beg or attempt to stir my sympathies nothing you do will stop me from placing you in a steel cage with grey bars. By law I am unable to walk away. I am a consequence. I am the unpaid bill. I am fate with a badge and a gun. Behind my badge is a heart like yours. I bleed, I think, I love. And yes, I can be killed. And although I am but one man, I have thousands of brothers and sisters who are the same as me.

The cop car is now very close to the Cadillac...

TAYLOR'S VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

They will lay down their lives for me and I them. If you succeed in stopping me, you will not succeed in stopping them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR'S VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

We stand watch together, a thin
blue line, protecting the prey
from the predators. The good from
the bad. We are the police.

SCREEEECH! -- The sound slams back in full force. The
lyrical, eerie quality of the chase now feels dangerous
and visceral. SIRENS, SQUEALING TIRES, ROARING
ENGINES...

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The cop car pulls alongside the Cadillac's bumper and
does a "Pit Maneuver." The Cadillac spins out...

TAYLOR

Good job, Z.

WHAM! -- The Cadillac CRASHES into a phonepole...

SCREECH -- As the cop car slides to a stop right behind
it...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Thirteen-Adam-Nine. Code six.
Pursuit terminated. Suspect
vehicle TC'ed. Twenty three
hundred block of, uh, Forty-third
Street.

TWO HUGE GANGSTERS instantly spring out of the Cadillac
and OPEN FIRE with handguns...

TICK-TICK-TICK -- The windshield is hit...

ZAVALA

Gun! Gun!

We HEAR the door's open...

TAYLOR

Thirteen-Adam-Nine. Officer needs
help. Shots fired.

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! -- Still OFFSCREEN Zavala and
Taylor are returning fire...

The two HUGE GANGSTERS are hit multiple times and drop...

NOW WE SEE ZAVALA AND TAYLOR -- As they approach the
gangsters, **FRAMED IN DASH CAM.** Two healthy young men,
one White one Latino. Both are pure cop...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They kick the guns away from the men. Zavala handcuffs the dead gangsters. Taylor keys his shoulder mic...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Thirteen-Adam-Nine. Code four.

Both suspects are down.

Requesting supervisor and an RA.

We HEAR the POLICE CHOPPER overhead. The WAIL of a dozen approaching sirens...

MORE COPS flood into view -- A half dozen arriving units. The gravity of the shooting now hits Taylor hard...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit.

ZAVALA

You okay, partner?

TAYLOR

Holy shit. Holy shit.

ZAVALA

Walk it off.

TAYLOR

I'm good bro. Holy shit.

Zavala makes the "Code 4" to the arriving officers -- The badguys are no longer a danger.

OROZCO, a tough as hell female Mexican cop from the Hood, eyes the dead gangsters...

OROZCO

...holy shit...

SMASH TO BLACK -- THEN A TITLE CARD READS:

"THE CRAAAZIEST FIGHT EVER."

INT. MR. TRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

[NOTE: WE SEE THE FOLLOWING UNFOLD THROUGH THE SMALL HD CAMERAS TAYLOR AND ZAVALA WEAR ON THEIR UNIFORMS.]

It's super-ghetto up in here. Black velvet paintings. Fast food wrappers. Holes punched in the walls. A shopping cart full of empty 40's. A couple car doors in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

Lord and master of this domicile is MR. TRE -- Six and a half feet of angry drunk gangster. Shirtless, a barrelchest full of Folsom's best ink. He is mid-argument with Taylor and Zavala...

MR. TRE

Y'all coming up in here. In my house. My house. Talking nonsense about some fool ass Chinese motherfuckin' mailman. Stealing my mail. Opening my letters. Go in his living room get my mail. Punk-ass rollers.

TAYLOR

Sir, I appreciate you have an ongoing dispute with the your mail carrier. However. That does not justify you putting hands on him.

MR. TRE

Bitch. No such shit went down. Fool's a lying ass snitch. I'm a take my mail. I get checks. I get business correspondence. Money in the mail. He be opening that shit. I'm a take my mail from him.

TAYLOR

Interfering with a mail carrier is a federal crime. It's a felony. This can go one of several ways. Right now it's about your attitude.

MR. TRE

I got my mail. I helped him. I helped him give my mail to me. This shit's over. Y'all can get the fuck out my house.

ZAVALA

Sir, if you've been drinking you need to stay inside and not intimidate the mailman.

MR. TRE

You need to shut the fuck up. You didn't have that badge and gun you wouldn't be about shit. Without it you ain't shit. You don't stand for shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. TRE (CONT'D)

You're about less than
motherfucking nothing. Border
hopping motherfucker.

Zavala hardens. Begins unsnapping the keepers on his
gunbelt.

ZAVALA

That so? You wanna find out what
I'm about? Let's settle this
right here like grown men.

TAYLOR

Partner, that's not a good idea.

MR. TRE

(incredulous)
You wanna fight me?

ZAVALA

I wanna fight. Let's go.

MR. TRE

I'm a whip your ass, and your
partner there's gonna shoot my
brains out.

TAYLOR

Stand down, Z.

ZAVALA

(to Taylor)
Stay out of it.

MR. TRE

I beat your ass, y'all gonna
leave?

ZAVALA

Win or lose, I'm arresting you,
Tre. You can't steal mail. But
you called me out. Now I'm
calling you out. What's up?

MR. TRE

Let's do this.

Zavala tosses Taylor his gunbelt. Unpins his badge.
Hands it to Taylor. He squares off with Mr. Tre who
towers over him.

TAYLOR

...Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

-- What follows is one of the most intense and realistic fights ever --

WHAM! -- Mr. Tre was a kickboxer back in the day. He knocks Zavala into the wall with a roundhouse...

Zavala leaps up and closes with a blizzard of fists...

The sickening sound of punches landing on flesh as Zavala works the inside with flurries of rabbit punches...

WHAM! -- Mr. Tre kicks him again. Then follows up with his locomotive sized fists. Pounding Zavala into the carpet. Zavala is clearly overwhelmed...

Taylor moving forward...

ZAVALA

Taylor! No! I got this.

Zavala takes the punches, drops to a knee, covers up. Mr. Tre grabs his head and begins kneeing his face...

TAYLOR

Z!

ZAVALA

Stay out.

Overpowered and outgunned, Zavala stubbornly holds on. Taking blow after blow. It goes on and on...

Then Mr. Tre slows. He's panting from the exertion. Chest heaving, arms burning from the effort...

And that is when Zavala suddenly rises up from certain doom -- He explodes with a massive barrage of brutal hard punches...

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! -- He works Mr. Tre up and down his body, waits for his big muscled arms to drop and when they do...

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK -- Zavala lights up his face, finally landing a money shot on his jaw...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

You talk it. Can you take it?

Mr. Tre staggers back. Bewildered, stunned, he takes a knee and lowers his head...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. TRE

I'm done. Much respect.

He holds out his hand. Zavala shakes it. It's over. Zavala catches his breath. Taylor hands him back his badge. His gunbelt.

TAYLOR

Z, he has visible injuries.

MR. TRE

Don't trip. I'm a say I locked it up with some dude before y'all showed up.

Mr. Tre stands. Turns and holds his hands behind him to be cuffed -- As Zavala cuffs him...

MR. TRE (CONT'D)

You got a lotta heart for a cop.

SMASH TO BLACK -- THEN:

SUPER TITLE: POLICE OFFICER 2 MIGUEL "MIKE" ZAVALA

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

[NOTE: THIS SCENE WILL BE COVERED WITH A CONSUMER HD HANDHELD BY TAYLOR.]

It's the annual "Fight for Life" boxing match. LAPD Officers square off with LA County Sheriff Deputies.

There are tons off off-duty cops and Sheriffs and their families. Getting rowdy, rooting for their guys, drinking beers. SHOUTS and WHISTLES...

Zavala waits his turn in the ring. His smoking hot wife **GABBY** is six months pregnant. She massages his shoulders.

GABBY

Stay loose, baby.

WE DON'T SEE TAYLOR BECAUSE HE IS FILMING.

TAYLOR

Mike. Who are you and what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

I'm Mike and I'm gonna knock a Deputy the fuck out.

TAYLOR

C'mon. I have to show people this.

Zavala rolls his eyes, then plays along.

ZAVALA

Okay, I'm LAPD Police Officer Two Mike Zavala and I'm going in the ring to box Deputy Arkashian.

Gabby is her typically high energy and aggressive self.

GABBY

And you're gonna beat his fool ass, yeah?

ZAVALA

Yep-yep.

TAYLOR

Officer Zavala, where are you from?

ZAVALA

East Los, baby. City Terrace.

TAYLOR

How long have you been an officer?

ZAVALA

Bro, I gotta fight. This fool's heavy duty.

TAYLOR

(to Gabby)
And you are?

GABBY

Gabriela.

ZAVALA

That's my old lady, dude. You know that.

TAYLOR

When are you due?

(CONTINUED)

GABBY

Three months.

That's when SARGE enters the frame and throws an arm around Zavala. He's their field Sergeant, their boss. But he's a cop's cop and looks after his own.

SARGE

Zavala you're winning this, right?

ZAVALA

Yep.

SARGE

I got money on you. I heard he took thirty days comp time to work out in Big Bear with De La Hoya's trainer.

TAYLOR

Sarge, I'm interviewing Z for my thing.

SARGE

I'm breaking all your cameras, Taylor.

(back to Z)

You know he was Socal Golden Gloves champion?

ZAVALA

So. I was East L.A. King Taco parking lot champion.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Next up at one hundred and ninety pounds is Deputy Ivan "The Hitman" Arkashian with LASD's Special Enforcement Bureau. He'll be fighting Officer Mike "The Mangler" Zavala from LAPD Newton Patrol.

SARGE

Make us proud, Mike.

Deafening CHEERS as the crowd goes nuts. Zavala heads for the ring...

GABBY

Kick his ass, baby! Fuck him up!

6

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - BOXING RING - NIGHT

6

[NOTE: SHAKY HANDHELD COVERAGE OF THE FIGHT.]

Zavala and **ARKASHIAN** are mid-fight trading blows. The THUMPS of the blows easily heard over the SHOUTS and WHISTLES of the pumped up crowd...

Sweat flies. The blur of boxing gloves...

WHAM! -- Zavala knocks out the big Armenian Deputy. He falls like a tree and bounces off the canvas...

The **REFEREE** does a ten-count. Then grabs Zavala's gloved hand and raises it -- He's the winner...

LAPD COPS CHEER -- The DEPUTIES BOOING. Zavala SEES THE CAMERA and points his free glove at it and grins...

ZAVALA

LAPD! Hell to the yeah!

--BLACK SCREEN

SUPER TITLE: POLICE OFFICER 2 BRIAN TAYLOR

7

INT. NEWTON DIVISION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

7

[NOTE: CAMERA SITS ATOP A LOCKER GIVING A WIDE STEADY VIEW OF THE ROW OF LOCKERS WHERE TAYLOR AND ZAVALA DRESS FOR WATCH.]

Taylor looks AT CAMERA as he zips his uniform shirt.

TAYLOR

Okay. This is my day job. Some of you may know me as Brian. Or Taylor. But here I'm Police Two Officer Brian Taylor. This is where the forces of good prepare to fight the forces of evil.

TAYLOR REACHES AT CAMERA TURNS THE CAMERA POV -- WE SEE ZAVALA IN HIS BOXERS...

ZAVALA

What the hell, bro? I'm in my chones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

That's my partner Officer Zavala.
We work basic patrol here in
Newton. One of the toughest
divisions in LAPD.

ZAVALA

Shootin' Newton. That's right.

JUMP CUT:

Taylor is showing his equipment...

TAYLOR

This is the department issue side
arm. The Glock forty. It holds
fifteen rounds of high pressure
Hydrashock loads. I have a back-
up gun in this holster on my
ankle. It's a Glock twenty six.
I have a Spyderco knife. This
little thing that can break a car
window. My flashlight. Two Smith
and Wesson handcuffs. Radio
holder. A can of OC spray.
That's pepper spray. What else?
Spare magazines. Baton ring.

ZAVALA

Are you gonna shut the fuck up and
go to roll call?

TAYLOR

Don't curse. I have to edit that
out.

ZAVALA

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Now in
Spanish. Pinchi. Pinchi.
Pinchi.

VAN HAUSER

Having fun?

An older greying 25 year veteran lands at the locker by
Taylor's and hurries to get dressed. This is **VAN HAUSER**,
burned-out, beaten down. And still punching the clock.

TAYLOR

This is Officer Three Van Hauser.
He has twenty five years on the
job. Considered unpromotable by
the department.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA STICKS HIS FACE IN THE LENS AND WHISPERS...

ZAVALA

...he's the angriest cop in the
World...

Van Hauser spins -- Glares RIGHT AT CAMERA...

VAN HAUSER

I'm telling Sarge you're taping in
here.

TAYLOR

It uses flash cards. It's not
called taping anymore.

VAN HAUSER

Goddammit, Taylor!

VAN HAUSER GRABS CAMERA -- THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT. NEWTON DIVISION - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

**[NOTE: CAMERA POV IS SITTING ON A TABLE. TAYLOR'S OUT
OF FOCUS HAND TAKES NOTES IN THE FOREGROUND.]**

It looks like a classroom with police stuff on the walls.
The OFFICERS of the PM Watch sit at the tables.

CAPTAIN REESE, or "The Coolest Captain Ever" as the boys
call him, addresses the gathered officers. He's tall and
athletic and always smiling. Nobody doubts he'll be
Chief someday.

CAPTAIN REESE

OIG is auditing response times.
Acknowledge your call. Get there
fast and safe. Code six as soon
as you're on scene. Seconds
count. If someone's closer buy
the call and stop the clock. No
submarining. Make Newton look
good. I want to welcome back
Zavala and Taylor who have been
cleared by the DA for the shooting
last month. We had no doubt the
shooting board would recommend a
return to duty. I know it's an
unpleasant experience, that much
scrutiny. Never forget, a good on
the job shooting is still a
homicide.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN REESE (CONT'D)

It is not meant to be a pleasant ride. I will back you up if you're right. And if you're wrong, I will personally throw you under the bus. Okay?

THE WATCH OFFICERS

Yessir!

CAPTAIN REESE

All yours, Sergeant.

The Captain exits the room. Sarge sits on the desk up front. He holds up a ticket book.

SARGE

This is called a ticket book. Inside are these things called tickets. It gets better. You can actually stop motorists and cut citations for vehicle code violations. Like running lights and speeding. There is a reason you are issued these books. All of you need to write. I know there is plenty of other fun to be had out there. But if you don't start writing the Captain will shit on me. And I will shit on you. Capiche?

THE WATCH OFFICERS

(various adlibs)

-- Yes, Sarge --
-- I don't know how to write --
-- My dog ate my book --
-- I forgot my pen --

SARGE

Orozco and Davis, A-Twenty Five.
Peterson and Washington, A-Forty One.
Zavala and Taylor, you got A-Thirteen.

TAYLOR

Sarge, that's not our area.

SARGE

A-Thirteen.

ZAVALA

We work Nine. That's our turf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARGE

This isn't Monopoly, you don't get to pick your real estate. Goodbye. Go. Can you get through watch without killing anyone?

THE CAMERA IS GRABBED OFF THE TABLE...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. NEWTON DIVISION - PARKING LOT - DAY

[NOTE: CAMERA IS HANDHELD BY TAYLOR HE CROSSES TO THEIR CAR.]

Zavala, holding a shotgun, walking with Orozco, the tough female cop.

OROZCO

Why are you filming everything?

ZAVALA

It's for his class.

OROZCO

I thought you were studying law?

TAYLOR

Pre-law. I need an art elective. I'm taking film making.

OROZCO

Get my good side, eh?

ZAVALA

You don't have a good side.

OROZCO

You know they can subpoena that shit if something goes sideways. You ought'a think twice.

TAYLOR

Two words. Erase button.

OROZCO

Two words. Just 'cause you guys think you're these big ghetto gunfighters now don't mean you can be dropping calls.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

That was at least two dozen words.

OROZCO

I barely got a GED. What do you expect?

Orozco and her partner **DAVIS**, a tall blonde female, cross to their black and white. Zavala catches Taylor checking her out.

ZAVALA

Awww, dude. Admit it. You'd hit it.

TAYLOR

With a cinderblock.

10

EXT./INT. L.A. STREETS/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

10

[NOTE: FOR THE CAR INTERIORS COVERAGE IS PROVIDED BY TWO LIPSTICK CAMERAS MOUNTED IN THE FRONT.]

Zavala drives, Taylor does books. Zavala waves **AT CAMERA**. Squints at it...

ZAVALA

Barely notice this shit.

TAYLOR

Told you.

ZAVALA

Good to be back. Old lady's driving me nuts at the casa. Making me do shit.

TAYLOR

Oh no. She actually dared ask for help around the house? Incredible. Outrageous.

ZAVALA

Yo, just 'cause I look like the dudes at Home Depot doesn't mean I do the shit the Home Depot dudes do.

TAYLOR

Amen. I would never actually profile you as a man who helped his wife with chores.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Shut up. And her brother's always coming over during the day to swim. I'm filling the pool in with cement.

TAYLOR

Not personally. Because you'll hire a Home Depot dude for the task.

ZAVALA

Her brother's lame.

TAYLOR

Quiet today.

ZAVALA

Don't say that. Last time you said that we whacked two gangbangers.

TAYLOR

You heard sarge. We'll be cool.
(then)
It's slow.

ZAVALA

The ghetto will provide. The ghetto will provide.

Then, right on cue:

DISPATCH VOICE

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Four fifteen woman. Four two two one Thirty Ninth Street. Code two. Incident number three two one zero one.

TAYLOR

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Roger enroute.

(to Zavala)

First customer of the day.

ZAVALA

I hope they enjoy our police service.

11

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

11

[NOTE: THIS SCENE IS COVERED BY THE TWO SMALL CAMERAS
WORN ON TAYLOR'S AND ZAVALA'S UNIFORMS.]

The house is a hoarder's dream -- Bottles, garbage.
Stacks of DVD players and car stereos.

A distraught **FEMALE CRACKHEAD** digs at her arm with her
nails. Eyes bugging, nose running.

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

My babies are gone. I can't find
my babies. Someone took my
babies. I been here all night. I
been with them. Someone took 'em.
Maybe when I was in the bathroom.
Like quick. In and out.

TAYLOR

Ma'am, how many children are
missing and what are their ages?

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

They gone. I telling you they
gone. They ain't here.

TAYLOR

How many children are missing?

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

Two. Boy and a girl. My little
babies.

Zavala looking around. Thinking this is no place for a
child. He realizes her **MAN FRIEND** is sleeping on the
couch under several ratty blankets.

ZAVALA

Sir. Sir. Lemme see your hands.
Please sit up.

The man stirs. Zavala yanks off the blanket, he's in
boxers and socks. Zavala checks the cushions for
weapons.

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

Just sit up, sir. Put your hands
on your knees.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Two children. A boy and a girl.
How old are they? Ma'am. Ma'am?
How old are the children?

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

One year old. The other be four.

MAN FRIEND

The kids okay. They with they
grandma. They okay. We're good
here, officer.

TAYLOR

We're going to check the house.
Sometimes children hide. They
could be hiding under a bed or in
the closet.

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

I been lookin'. Been looking.
Looked everywhere. You go look.
Wasting time. Get out there bring
me my babies back.

MAN FRIEND

You forgot they with they grandma.
You forgot. They okay.

Something is odd going on. Zavala covers the Crackhead
and her MAN FRIEND as Taylor checks the closets...

TAYLOR'S CAMERA POV -- Moving down the hall. He opens a
linen closet...

Inside is a BABY DUCT-TAPED to its car seat. And a
LITTLE BOY also wrapped in duct-tape -- Feet and wrists
bound. Layers of tape over his mouth. Both children
STARING at Taylor with moist, pleading eyes...

We can hear him struggling to keep his composure...

TAYLOR

(into radio)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Request
supervisor and an RA to my
location. Two juvenile males
conscious breathing.

Taylor carefully peels the duct-tape back from the boy's
mouth.

SNICK -- Taylor opens his knife--

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It's okay, buddy.

--cuts his hands free.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Taylor reenters the living room -- Bumps his crossed forearms together -- That means to handcuff the people...

Zavala is on the woman in two steps -- Pulls his cuffs, spins her and has her cuffed with practiced speed...

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

Why you doing me like this? Huh?

ZAVALA

Remain calm.

Taylor throws the Man Friend on the floor. Handcuffs him. Struggling to act professional.

TAYLOR

You're under arrest.

MAN FRIEND

I'm sleeping. I'm sleeping is all. The kids with they grandma.

ZAVALA

What's up, partner?

TAYLOR

I found the kids.

ZAVALA

And?

Taylor nods for him to look. Zavala crosses.

TAYLOR

Let the paramedics take the rest of the tape off.

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

Lemme see my babies. Lemme see them.

TAYLOR

Why are your children duct-taped in a hall closet?

(CONTINUED)

The drug fog parts and the gears of memory and survival suddenly engage...

FEMALE CRACKHEAD

He did it. Put that motherfucker in jail. What he did to my babies. I'm a press charges. Taping my babies.

ZAVALA

Shut the fuck up!

MAN FRIEND

Bitch. You a snake, foul and low. A lying snake. They was crying. They wouldn't shut up. She told me to do it. Why you call the police you stupid-ass bitch? I could'a told you they in the closet. Dumb smoker bitch.

ZAVALA

Shut up asshole!

Zavala and Taylor want to kill these people. But they can't and they know it. Sometimes they have to protect each other from themselves...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

You good, partner. Got it under control?

The SIRENS of approaching ambulance build...

TAYLOR

It's under control. You, Z? Got it under control?

ZAVALA

Under control. Yeah.

This is one of those calls that forever strips away a piece of a cop's soul. And they know it...

[NOTE: THIS IS SHOT HANDHELD BY THE GANGSTERS THEMSELVES.]

A dozen members of a Blood set pass a blunt and drink beer. These guys aren't part timers, they are the real deal, laughing, joking having a good time.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Tre is just out of jail. He's circled up with **FAT RAT, DJ, BLASTER** and **PEANUT**.

HOLDING THE CAMERA IS DION BUT WE WON'T SEE HIM.

DJ

Why they saying you got your ass beat by a cop?

MR. TRE

I fought the dude. Homie took his badge off and we squabbed straight up.

DJ

But you got arrested?

MR. TRE

Not for thumpin' on one time. For disorderly 'cause a the mailman.

BLASTER

You fought a cop and they didn't put no assault on a peace officer on you?

MR. TRE

Nope. Nothing like that.

PEANUT

But he beat your black ass.

MR. TRE

Nobody beat my ass. I whupped the hell out of the dude but he was a man about it. Who saying that?

FAT RAT

You got your ass beat. Ah-hah.

MR. TRE

Shut the fuck up, Rat.

BLASTER

Now you know that's that same cop and his whiteboy partner who blasted them crabs from the park?

MR. TRE

Whaaat?

(CONTINUED)

BLASTER

Yeah. That's them. The crabs was in a G-ride and wrecked and came out bustin'. The po laid them out. Stretched 'em out on the sidewalk. Didn't even cover the bodies and they moms showed up and saw it.

FAT RAT

Fuck those fools. And they moms. Glad they got whacked.

BLASTER

They still niggas. LAPD still killin' niggas. That's what I'm saying. Maybe that Mexican cop acting right with you Tre, but he still out there killing niggas.

MR. TRE

Motherfucker got the right niggas so I ain't even trippin'.

PEANUT

Who that? Who car that?

The gangsters watch a minivan approaching. They instinctively spread out. **Sensing danger...**

The minivan accelerates -- Then SCREECHES to a stop. The door slides open...

The gangsters scatter...

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! -- Flashes of light from the weapons being fired inside the minivan...

We glimpse BLASTER returning fire with a Glock...

POP-POP-POP-POP! -- As the Minivan disappears around the corner...

SCREECH! -- The van takes off again...

DJ

They got Rat!

CAMERA FINDS FAT RAT -- On his back in the dirt yard, gasping his last breath.

Peanut kneels by his side.

(CONTINUED)

PEANUT

Call a motherfuckin' ambulance!
Rat? Rat? Hang on, dog.

BLASTER

That was the eses. I seen them,
that was the eses from Curbside.

MR. TRE

Yep. It's them. Curbside's
banging all over this
motherfucker.

DJ

Let's go. I know where they stay.
Let's get them fools.

Blaster glares right at camera:

BLASTER

Turn that shit off, Dion! You
stupid.

CAMERA SHAKES AS IT IS SWITCHED OFF...

INT. WHITE MINIVAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

**[NOTE: THIS IS HANDHELD CAMERA AND CELLPHONE FOOTAGE. IN
REAL LIFE IT IS NOT ALL UNUSUAL FOR GANGMEMBERS TO FILM
THEMSELVES COMMITTING CRIMES.]**

Four Homeboys from CURBSIDE LOCOTES GANG -- **DEMON,
WICKED, BIG EVIL.** Their homegirl **LA LA** is driving.

DEMON

You almost ran the light stupid.
You're gonna get us pulled over.

LA LA

I gotta be at work. You better
not bust out. Wasting my time.

WICKED

Hell no. I'm killin' all these
motherfuckin' niggers. Gonna have
their brains hanging out.

BIG EVIL

Eh, La La. When are you gonna
fuck the homeboy?

(CONTINUED)

LA LA

I'm not fucking the homeboy. I
look like those little paisa
hoochies you guys kick it with? I
put in real work.

DEMON

I seen you looking at the homeboy.

LA LA

Whatevers.

DEMON

Wachale. Slow up. This is the
street.

The three gangsters pull blue rags over their faces...

KERCHACK! -- Weapons are cocked...

BIG EVIL

Trucha, homie. They might have
fools posted up.

DEMON

Right there. Right there. That's
them. Mira mira mira. Alli van.
Go, ma!

La La hits the gas then hits the brakes when they reach
the target...

BIG EVIL

I'm smoking all these fuckin'
mayates.

The sliding door is opened -- Guns are raised...

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! -- The homies unload a fusillade of
bullets...

EXT./INT. L.A. STREETS/COP CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Zavala driving. Taylor enters license plate numbers into
the computer...

TAYLOR

She's smart. She's the first girl
I can actually have a conversation
with. You know she has Master of
Science in Fluid Hydraulics?

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Fluid Hydraulics? Dang, partner. You just handed me a blank check. But because you seem to like this broad I'm going to give you a pass.

TAYLOR

I date all these girls. Smoking hot.

ZAVALA

All your little badge bunnies?

TAYLOR

I got laid without a badge, thank you.

ZAVALA

I believe you. I do. In the Marines. Don't ask don't tell?

TAYLOR

There's a pattern. An M.O. here. First date and a respectful kiss. Second date, a nice dinner, then full carnal knowledge. Third date's dinner and uncomfortable silences when I try and discuss anything of merit. Then it's two or three bootycalls and it's on to the next.

ZAVALA

I went to my prom and got married a week later. I ain't tapped nobody but Old Faithful for like eight years. Don't know what you're tripping about, dude.

TAYLOR

I want someone to talk to. Not just sleep with.

ZAVALA

White people always get hung up on all that soulmate bullshit. Just hook up with some fine-ass broad that can cook and wants kids. A bitch that's down for you, won't fuck your friends and you're straight. You're the smartest dude I know. For real.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna find a bad-ass chick who's as smart as you.

TAYLOR

You're so full of shit. You talk to Gabby? I mean real conversations. You care what she has to say, right?

ZAVALA

Yeah, we rap all the time, man. Gabby's a trip. You should hear the shit that comes out of her mouth. She could be the fuckin' president. She's like way smarter than me.

TAYLOR

See what I mean? That's all I want.

ZAVALA

I'll kill you if you touch her.

TAYLOR

Shut up.

ZAVALA

What's this chick's name?

TAYLOR

Janet. She's kind'a the complete package. We're going out again.

ZAVALA

Saturday's my little sister's quinceñera, wanna cruise through with Janet from another planet? Shit's gonna be hardcore Mexican, you know how my familia rolls.

TAYLOR

Maybe. Maybe.

ZAVALA

I wanna check her out.

Suddenly the emergency CODE THREE TONES come from the radio...

DISPATCH VOICE

Thirteen-Adam-Twenty Five.
Shooting in progress.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISPATCH VOICE (CONT'D)

Thirty nine twenty Avalon Avenue.
One male down. Multiple gunshot
wounds. Suspect vehicle described
as a white minivan. Last seen
fleeing at a high rate of speed
Westbound on Thirty Ninth Street.
Suspects described as Hispanic
female driver and three Hispanic
males with shaved heads and dark
clothing. Code three incident two
one zero four one.

OROZCO'S VOICE

Thirteen-Adam-Twenty Five.
Enroute. Code three.

ZAVALA

Wish that was our call.

TAYLOR

Address is Mr. Tre's house.

ZAVALA

Shooters gotta be from Curbside.
Been heating up.

TAYLOR

I bet the Bloods are enroute time
now for some payoff.

ZAVALA

We'll beat 'em there, bro.

Zavala guns the engine and flips a tight U-turn. They
race toward the Curbside neighborhood...

EXT./INT. CURBSIDE HOOD/COP CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Zavala slowly cruising along the neat little houses in
the working class Latino street. Lots of **CHILDREN** play
in yards.

Zavala makes eye contact with a **MOM** watching her kids...

ZAVALA

(subtitled Spanish)

*Ma'am, get your kids inside.
Right now. Now is not a good time
for them to be outside,
understand?*

(CONTINUED)

The Mom understands perfectly. She quickly shepherds her five kids inside. The car pulls alongside a group of **TEENAGE HOMEBOYS** and **HOMEGIRLS** gathered around a custom car. One of the kids, who we'll see again is **CASPER** a basically decent charismatic 13 y.o.

TAYLOR

Casper. All of you. Go inside.
It's after curfew.

CASPER

C'mon Officer Taylor. It's my pad, dude. We're not drinking or nothing.

TAYLOR

Fine. Keep standing around.
Because a P.B. Blood is dead on the ground from a drive-by shooting. What do you think is going to happen next?

The kids trade looks. And quickly melt away to their houses.

JUMP CUT -- MINUTES LATER...

Word has gotten out. The street is now empty. Doors are closed. The previously vibrant neighborhood is on lock-down in anticipation of the Blood's retaliation.

Zavala and Taylor are parked, lights off. Watching the streets...

ZAVALA

Partner.

Zavala points out a suspicious car a couple blocks away...

The car must have spotted the black and white -- It does a U-turn and exits the area...

TAYLOR

Let's check him out.

Zavala pulls out. Then -- The EMERGENCY TONES interrupt the regular radio chatter...

DISPATCH VOICE

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Two-eleven in progress. Thrifty Mart. Forty-forty-one Adams.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISPATCH VOICE (CONT'D)

No suspect description. Code
three incident four two seven nine
eight one.

TAYLOR

We're on.
(into mic)
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Enroute
code three.

Zavala flips on the **LIGHTS and SIREN**. Peels out of there
in the opposite direction of the suspicious vehicle...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Wonder who that was. Get the
plate?

ZAVALA

No. My gut's saying it's the
Bloods.

TAYLOR

It's ping-pong. Back and forth.
Back and forth.

ZAVALA

It's all good. I think we just
stopped something, man.

TAYLOR

Hope so, bro. Clear right.

CUT TO BLACK:

A TITLE CARD READS: "CINDY'S QUINCENERA"

INT. SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT

[NOTE: COVERAGE IS A COMBINATION OF EVEN VIDEOGRAPHER
FOOTAGE, CELLPHONE AND HANDHELD VIDEO.]

CINDY is Zavala's 15 y.o. baby sister and this is her
party. There are lots of **TEENAGERS**, the girls in
matching purple dresses, the guys in white zootsuits and
fedoras. This is the Latino equivalent of a cotillion.
The hall packed with Zavala's extended family, all in
suits and evening dresses.

Zavala dances a Waltz with Cindy in her puffy purple
dress.

Now Taylor dances with Cindy, both looking embarrassed...

17

INT. SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

17

AT A TABLE -- Zavala, Gabby, Taylor and **JANET** talk over the loud music. Janet is petite, very pretty and a bit of a geek. She's every bit Taylor's match.

ZAVALA

Pretty much everyone here's family. Cousins, Aunts and Uncles and my Cousin's Cousins. Hang out long enough and you'll see someone throw up. You'll see a fight. It's all good.

JANET

I'm Irish. It's the same thing. Everyone stays married forever. Everyone has a big family, lots of kids. Cases of beer on Saturday and Church on Sunday. They drink way too much, get in fistfights. But you mess with one of us, you'll have the whole family after you.

GABBY

I like her, Brian. She'll fit right in.

TAYLOR

Uh, okay.

JANET

What do you do Gabby?

GABBY

I teach first graders for the school district. So dealing with a bunch of cops is easy for me.

JANET

You know I never dated a cop before.

GABBY

Good. That's a good sign. You'll get used to it. Sort of.

RE: Gabby's swollen belly.

JANET

Your first?

(CONTINUED)

GABBY

Yep.

JANET

Can I touch it?

GABBY

Go for it. He kicks a lot. Feel that?

JANET

Omigod.

ZAVALA

You believe that? Married four years and we're only on our first kid.

GABBY

My sister's got five. No thank you. I'm not a baby machine.

JANET

How long have you known Brian?

GABBY

Three years. He and Mike went to the academy together. If you wanna take notes I can give you the lowdown.

TAYLOR

No. Gabby. No. I thought we were cool.

GABBY

We are. This is lady talk. We gotta look out for each other the way you guys have each others backs. Go get another beer.

ZAVALA GRABS THE CAMERA AND SPEAKS INTO IT CLOSE UP...

ZAVALA

We now have a hen party in progress. Officer Taylor and me are now going to the bar and talking shit.

18

INT. SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

18

Everyone does the Chicken Dance -- **CAMERA FINDS:** Taylor and Janet having a great time together. He likes this girl. There's chemistry.

CUT TO -- A TIGHT SHOT:

Of Taylor and Janet slow dancing together. They smile at each other. Close their eyes and kiss -- Long and open mouthed. Taylor cracks an eye. **LOOKS ANGRILY AT CAMERA:**

TAYLOR

Seriously? Z. C'mon.

Zavala's LAUGHING shakes the camera as he turns it off.

LATER -- It's the end of the night. Gabby is filming Zavala and Taylor, both have had plenty of beer and are in full on "I love you, man" mode.

ZAVALA

You're like my fucking brother man. My brother's a piece of shit. I trust you with my life.

TAYLOR

Me too. I couldn't work with anyone else. We can read each other's mind. I know what you're going to do before you do it.

GABBY SPINS THE CAMERA ON HERSLEF AND JANET...

GABBY

See, girl. This is the part where they make out. I ain't gonna lie. I get jealous sometimes. You're driving right?

JANET

I'll take him home.

CUT TO:

19

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

19

The next morning. The sun is just rising. Janet looks into Taylor's camera, nervous. Still in the same dress.

JANET

Hi Brian. Look it's you...

(CONTINUED)

SHE PICKS THE CAMERA PANS IT ON A SLEEPING BRIAN.

Crashed in his bed. She returns the camera to its original position.

JANET (CONT'D)

I can't believe I spent the night.
Brace yourself. But this is the
first time I've done this. Ever.
I don't mean, like sex. You're
number two. Uh, erase that part.
I've been going through your
wallet. I hope you don't mind.
Sorry, I'm naturally curious.
Gotta like a guy who has a picture
of mom.

She holds up a picture of Brian's mom. Then she holds up
a paper with phone numbers and female names.

JANET (CONT'D)

So about Kirsten, Mia, Racquel,
etcetera. Yeah. You won't be
needing them anymore. Now this is
interesting.

She holds up his off-duty gun.

JANET (CONT'D)

I've never shot one. Maybe that
can be our next date?

She purses her lips and sighs. She has something hard to
say.

JANET (CONT'D)

Okay. Here's the deal, Brian
Taylor. I like you a lot. I mean
a lot. And it's not because your
this big bad cop. It's in spite
of it. I don't do this. I don't
do guys. Like dating. I've spent
the last six years reading
engineering papers. I'm all or
nothing. And I am falling really
hard for you and it's really
scaring me. But I can't play
games. And I can't hang out and
pretend to have a good time if I
don't know exactly where I stand.
Ready? Sit down. I love you
Brian Taylor and if you don't
think you will feel the same way
someday then walk away now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANET (CONT'D)

You won't have to say a thing. I won't hold it against you and I will move on. Take your time. Think about it. Here's your chance to make the easiest getaway ever. But if you want more. If you want me. I mean if you really want me. Then let me know.

She smiles. So beautiful, so vulnerable. She kisses the lens, leaving a lipstick print.

She gets up to leave--

JANET (CONT'D)

Bye.

--TURNING THE CAMERA OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - ALLEY - DAY

[NOTE: HANDHELD BY TAYLOR.]

We're looking at the white minivan the homies from Curbside used in the drive-by. It has been burned and is still smoking. Zavala is intently checking the ground for clues. Taylor narrates:

TAYLOR

This is what we believe may be the code thirty seven vehicle used in the drive-by last week. It fits the description and comes back as stolen. And you can see the steering column has been ripped open. Gangmembers like these vehicles because they blend in and you can put a lot of people in them. This door slides back and the gangmembers open up. The victim was a male black gangmember from a Blood set that has basically been at war with this Hispanic gang over control of narcotics sales.

Zavala shining his light into the van.

ZAVALA

Partner.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA FINDS -- Several shellcasings on the floor of the vehicle.

TAYLOR

Those are shell casings.
Detectives told us that three
different weapons were used and
we're seeing at least two kinds of
shells.

CAMERA PANS ONTO -- An unmarked Crown Vic pulling up and
two **HOMICIDE DETECTIVES** get out in their starched shirts
and silk ties.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

These are the Homicide Detectives
working the case.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1

The Hell's this? Candid camera?

TAYLOR

No, sir. It's a project I'm
working on.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1

Matches our wit statements.

TAYLOR

There's forty five and nine
millimeter shellcasings inside.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2

Oh yeah? How do you know that?
You grab 'em and measure them with
calipers? You touch them? You
contaminate the vehicle?

TAYLOR

Nossir.

ZAVALA

We found it. We called you.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1

The big dogs are here now. So put
up some yellow tape and stay on
the other side. We'll whistle if
we want anything.

ZAVALA

Okay, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Zavala and Taylor walking away from the van as the detectives check it out. **TAYLOR TURNS THE CAMERA ON HIMSELF.** He really wishes he was a detective.

TAYLOR

Okay. We'll guard the crime scene while the detectives and criminalists do their CSI thing.

Zavala squeezes into the shot grinning...

ZAVALA

Homicide detectives are cool. They have fancy ties and two hundred dollar shoes. If we're good they might let us get them coffee--

JUMP CUT -- Yellow tape surrounds the van. The two Detectives and a **CRIMINALIST** finish up. A tow truck stands by to impound the vehicle.

TAYLOR

It's been two hours and we're still waiting for the Detectives to release the scene so we can go back on patrol.

HE SWINGS THE CAMERA ON A BORED ZAVALA.

ZAVALA

Comfortable footwear. Policing is all about comfortable footwear.

They stand there. Looking like a couple little kids in time out. Zavala leans against their black and white.

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

Hey, what happened to homegirl with the hydraulics? Janet?

A beat.

TAYLOR

You know. She started making cow eyes at me. And, uh... You know just, uh, trying to institute rules and regulations.

ZAVALA

That why you've been acting like a little bitch?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

Didn't wanna give up the candy for something real, huh? I know you. Crawl back to her on your hands and knees, dude. Pray she takes you back.

TAYLOR

...what ev's...

A black and white pulls up. It's Van Hauser -- The angriest cop in the World. He's riding with a female Korean **ROOKIE**.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Officer Van Hauser. Good evening.

VAN HAUSER

Sarge said I should relieve you guys so you can go be the street gods you are.

ZAVALA

I'm down with that.

TAYLOR

Officer Van Hauser, have you made a difference today?

Van Hauser gets out of the car with a scowl, he barks at his Rookie:

VAN HAUSER

Get out. Watch the street. Make sure no assholes walk up and kill us.

Now he points **AT CAMERA**:

VAN HAUSER (CONT'D)

Turn that goddamn camera off.

TAYLOR

It's off.

VAN HAUSER

It's off?

TAYLOR

It's off.

Taylor is a pretty good liar. Van Hauser leans against his unit, crosses his arms.

(CONTINUED)

VAN HAUSER

I see you guys trying to be good little company men, doing the Lord's work. You have your nose up the command's ass. You're out here doing whatever it is you think you're doing. Making a difference as you call it. It's all fun and games. You get to run jump fight and shoot. Well one day, and mark my words. One day the LAPD is going to bend you over your black and white and fuck you up the ass. They will fuck you so long and so hard you'll want to eat your gun just to make it stop. And if you don't do it and the fucking somehow stops, they'll punish you for not eating your gun. They'll give you freeway therapy by assigning you to Devonshire daywatch. So you spend two hours on the freeway everyday thinking about the fucking they gave you. I was just like you Taylor. Exactly like you. Making a difference. At least the bad guys attack from the front. The department sneaks up from the rear. Watch your six.

CAMERA catches the mortified expression of the young Rookie who overheard all that. Zavala grins and pulls a clear bottle from his pocket...

ZAVALA

I'm ready. It may say Purell.
But it's really K.Y.

Taylor cracks up laughing...

EXT./INT. CURBSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD/COP CAR - DAY

Zavala and Taylor sit in the shade of a tree watching the neighborhood. Taylor uses a pair of binoculars.

Sarge pulls alongside.

ZAVALA

C'mon Sarge, we're staking out Curbside. They're gonna spot your unit.

(CONTINUED)

SARGE

You think they don't know you're here? Van Hauser wants to file a complaint on you, Taylor.

TAYLOR

The USS Van Hauser? LAPD's stealthiest submarine, only surfaces at the end of watch?

SARGE

He went through the academy before you were born so show a little respect. He said you were videotaping him. I warned you about that shit.

TAYLOR

I was documenting a crime scene.

SARGE

Just consider the wisdom of what you're doing. The video camera has not been good to this department.

TAYLOR

I understand, sarge.

ZAVALA

Yo. Why's Van Hauser such a bitter dude? If he hates pushing a black and white so much why don't he leave his badge on the Watch Commander's desk and go home?

SARGE

I didn't tell you this. He was programmed to pull the pin a couple years ago. He's got three divorces under his belt so his margins were pretty slim. Turns out marriage three-point-oh cratered because he was tapping a little mommy from right around here and knocked her up. He's gotta keep working to pay for the kid. He'll end up doing thirty and giving away his pension to a lot of outstretched hands.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

...damnnnnnn...

SARGE

That's not for broadcast. Have some empathy for the man. And Taylor, I'm entering in my log I verbally counseled you about the cameras.

TAYLOR

Okay, Sarge. My bad.

Sarge pulls away. Zavala and Taylor trade looks.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That explains so much.

ZAVALA

Hope he don't get his rookie pregnant. Then we'll never get rid of him. Gonna put your stupid cameras away now?

TAYLOR

No.

Taylor lifts his binocs. Watching the street.

A fancy pick-up truck stops at a house. A big **MEXICAN COWBOY** gets out. A **WOMAN** exits the house and gives him a heavy pot, presumably of soup...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Isn't that Big Evil's mom?

ZAVALA

Yep. Who's the cowboy?

TAYLOR

He's got money. See that truck? I'm running it.

Zavala is already pulling out. Taylor doesn't have to say anything.

Up ahead the pick-up pulls out. The black and white falls in behind it.

ZAVALA

Wanna jam this fool?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Yes I do. Plates are clean.

ZAVALA

Our PC's that stupid CD hanging
from the rearview mirror
obstructing his vision? Let's see
if he'll run.

TAYLOR

Let's do it.

He switches on the lights, gives the siren a quick WHOOP.

ZAVALA

C'mon fucker. Run from us. Run
fucker.

The pick-up pulls over.

TAYLOR

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Traffic
stop. Forty two hundred block of
Waverly. Four Boy seven three one
two. Black Ford pick-up.

Taylor and Zavala trade looks, exit the vehicle...

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - WAVERLY STREET - DAY

[NOTE: COVERAGE IS COMBINATION OF THE DASH CAM AND THE
HIDDEN CAMERAS ON THE BOYS' UNIFORMS.]

Zavala approaches the Cowboy, Taylor hangs back covering
him.

ZAVALA

Habla Ingles o Espanol?

COWBOY

Hablo Espanol.

ZAVALA

Le estamos deteniendo porque tiene
un CD colgado en su espejo. Salte
de vehiculo por favor.

COWBOY

Chinga tu madre!

The Cowboy raises a chrome .45 Pistol...

(CONTINUED)

With his boxer's reflexes Zavala bats the gun aside right as the Cowboy fires...

BAM!--

ZAVALA

Gun!

Zavala grabs the gun with both hands...

Taylor pulls his weapon -- SMASHES the passenger window of the pick-up with his Glock and screws it into the Cowboy's ear...

TAYLOR

*Suelta la pistola o te vuelo los
sesos!*

The Cowboy knows he's been had. And drops his pistol...

Zavala rips his door open and hauls the man to the ground and cuffs him. Taylor sees no one else is in the truck. He keys his mic...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Man with
a gun. Shots fired. Code four.
One in custody. Request a
supervisor.

To Zavala:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You good, partner? Any holes in
you?

ZAVALA

No. I got him, toss the truck.

Zavala picks up the man's custom pistol -- Diamond encrusted with ivory grips.

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

Dude's burner has bigger diamonds
than the old lady's wedding ring.
(to the Cowboy)
De donde eres?

COWBOY

Come verga puto.

Taylor takes the lid off the big soup pot. Sees it's full of exactly that -- soup.

(CONTINUED)

He picks it up. Sets it on the street. Tips it over with his boot -- Soup spills everywhere -- As do several packs of plastic wrapped \$100 bills.

Taylor returns to the truck -- His face turns white. He takes something out he hadn't seen before and holds it up so Zavala can see...

TAYLOR

Partner.

It's a gold plated AK-47...

ZAVALA

Big money. Big guns. Homie's a player.

Orozco and Davis pull up...

OROZCO

Save anything for us?

ZAVALA

Check it out. Dude's packin' Liberace's AK.

Taylor takes a cellphone from the truck and scrolls through the numbers...

[NOTE: CAMERA SITS BEFORE THEM ON THE TABLE HOLDING THEM IN A 2 SHOT.]

Taylor and Zavala write up the paperwork on the arrest. The money and weapons on the table before them. Taylor holds up the Cowboy's chrome .45 and the stack of cash...

TAYLOR

Here we have two of the major foodgroups. Money. And guns.

ZAVALA

More than I make in a year right there, partner.

Taylor holds up a property booking form TO CAMERA...

TAYLOR

This is how the department runs. This is the lifeblood of our organization. Paper work.

ZAVALA

Hours of it.

TAYLOR

The way red corpuscles carry
oxygen through the body, paperwork
carries information through the
department.

ZAVALA

What's a corpuscle?

Captain Reese enters. Taylor and Zavala tense.

CAPTAIN REESE

Gentlemen.

ZAVALA/TAYLOR

Good evening, sir.

CAPTAIN REESE

So this is it? Quite some
hardware.

Captain Reese picks up the gold AK.

CAPTAIN REESE (CONT'D)

Keep taking guns off the street.

Then:

CAPTAIN REESE (CONT'D)

Carry on.

Captain Reese exits. Taylor watching him go.

ZAVALA

You love him.

TAYLOR

Women want him. Men want to be
him.

ZAVALA

You want him.

TAYLOR

I'm not gay but I'd go down on him
if he asked.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Sometimes I don't know when you're kidding. I gotta know when you're kidding.

TAYLOR

I'm not kidding.

ZAVALA

Not cool. I gotta know.

Taylor checks his watch. Suddenly stands...

TAYLOR

I'm out of here. Taking Janet to the Philharmonic.

ZAVALA

Ah-ha, motherfucker! How bad did you have to kiss her ass for being a dick? Knew you'd go back.

TAYLOR

Bye.

ZAVALA

Later. Enjoy your white people shit.

CUT TO BLACK:

A TITLE CARD READS:

"THE FIRE"

EXT./INT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./COP CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 24

It's 2 A.M. on one of those rare quiet nights. Zavala driving as usual. Taylor does books. Enters plates in the computer.

TAYLOR

How did you know you were gonna marry Gabby?

ZAVALA

She told me.

TAYLOR

No for real.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

I was just a stoner working at my Uncle's muffler shop. One day she grabs me by the shoulders and tells me we're getting married and I'm joining the department because I can make a lot money without a college degree. I was like "okay."

TAYLOR

But you love her. I've never heard you say a bad word about her. You guys never fight. You're happy together.

ZAVALA

All of the above. I'm just telling you how it went down. I dunno. I popped her cherry in High School. She's never been with anyone else. I never wanted anyone else. Ain't even kissed another chick since we hooked up. It was easy. It's always been easy.

TAYLOR

Things are getting super serious with Janet.

ZAVALA

You just found out? That in the paper today or something? Homegirl owns your ass.

TAYLOR

She wants to move in. She's always over. Why spend the money on two apartments?

ZAVALA

It ain't about money, dude.

TAYLOR

Her parents are very traditional. They will go ballistic if she does. But at least we can tell them we're engaged.

ZAVALA

Yo. Hold up. Don't play with that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

You don't ask some broad to marry you 'cause her folks are old school. Think about this shit. Then think about it again. You're chill. You're not a partier. But marriage is forever. That's making a promise before God.

TAYLOR

...I know...
(then)
I'm scared shitless.

ZAVALA

My grandma who's like deep, dude. She's like seen it all. Okay. When me and Gabby got engaged she asked me one thing. Wanna hear it?

TAYLOR

Let's hear it.

ZAVALA

She asked me if I could live without her. And if the answer was yes to forget her.

TAYLOR

Wow.

ZAVALA

Right, dude? That's some deep ass shit. Think about it.

TAYLOR

I am.

Then:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Make a right. We got a fire.

ZAVALA

Where? -- Oh shit.

A large craftsman home is on fire.

TAYLOR

(into mic)
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. We're Code Six on a structure fire.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Six three one Twenty Sixth Street.
You better send fire.

Zavala pulls up to the burning house -- It's nicely framed in the DASH CAM...

A WOMAN comes running out with her hair smoking SHRIEKING at the top of her lungs...

Zavala and Taylor jump out. Zavala grabs the fire extinguisher from the trunk...

FSSSSSSH! -- He douses the Woman...

WOMAN
My babies are in there! My babies
are in there!

CRASH! -- A window breaks from the heat. Taylor and Zavala have mortified expressions...

ZAVALA
Where?

WOMAN
In the bedroom upstairs.

Zavala looks at Taylor--

TAYLOR
Z! No!

--and runs inside the inferno -- Taylor runs in after him...

[NOTE: WE'LL SEE THIS VIA THE BOYS' CHEST CAMS.]

Dark with black smoke. The fire ROARS. Flashes of bright flame...

MOVING UPSTAIRS -- Brighter flame. Denser smoke...

Now crawling on their hands and knees. Flame overhead. The smoke is an opaque moving wall...

Sounds of GROANING wood. Breaking GLASS...

INTO A BEDROOM -- Children's toys. A bed with two **TWIN BOYS** in it -- Hiding terrified under a blanket...

Arms grab them...

CAMERA POV RACING out of the house...

EXT. BURNING HOUSE - NIGHT

The Woman is delighted as Zavala and Taylor race out each carrying a Twin...

WOMAN

You got the twins! Where's my baby girl?

ZAVALA

Lady you got more kids?

WOMAN

My girl. She's two.

Zavala and Taylor run back inside...

INT. BURNING HOUSE - NIGHT

It's worse -- Dense black smoke...

They race upstairs...

Now on their hands and knees. Bright flame. Terrible smoke. They're COUGHING...

Into the kid's room -- Toys are now melting!!

They find the other bed -- The blanket smoldering...

It's empty!

ZAVALA

Shit!

TAYLOR

Let's go!

Zavala checks under the bed -- The scared **LITTLE GIRL** underneath it stares back at him...

Zavala snatches her up and runs...

Taylor follows...

(CONTINUED)

CRASH! -- A window breaks -- The children's room flashes over with a camera blinding explosion...

EXT. BURNING HOUSE - NIGHT

A firetruck rolls up with blaring SIRENS...

Zavala and Taylor exit the house and collapse in the yard. The Woman CRIES with joy. Her daughter is alive.

TWO FIREMEN come running, throw fire blankets on Taylor and Zavala's smoking uniforms...

EXT. BURNING HOUSE - NIGHT

[NOTE: THIS IS THE CHANNEL 7 NEWS REPORT ABOUT THE HEROIC RESCUE.]

A shot of Firemen knocking down the massive flames with hoses.

Now a shot of Taylor and Zavala breathing oxygen in their T-shirts as they sit on the bumper of an LAFD ambulance.

Now a shot of the REPORTER doing her stand-up. It is much later. Firemen rolling up hoses in B.G.

REPORTER

Two LAPD officers are being hailed as heroes tonight after rescuing three children from a burning home in South Central Los Angeles tonight. The officers, who the department has yet to identify, are being held overnight for observation. The three children have been transported to Children's Medical Center and are listed in good condition with minor smoke inhalation and minor burns. It is expected they will make a full recovery. Roger, Michelle, back to you in the newsroom.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

[NOTE: THIS IS SHOT BY A DEPARTMENT VIDEOGRAPHER.]

(CONTINUED)

It's packed with **COPS** -- All shapes, sizes and ranks. Half the Station's people are here. Civilian employees too. They are waiting for something...

Sarge runs into the room--

SARGE

Here they come!

A beat later Zavala and Taylor enter...

EVERYONE

Welcome back!

They look like deer in the headlights. They smile that tight smile when you're caught offguard...

Captain Reese steps up and shakes hands with them...

CAPTAIN REESE

Gentlemen you're a credit to not just Newton but the entire department. I wanted to let you know the Chief called me this morning. Both of you are going to receiving the Medal of Valor. Congratulations.

Zavala and Taylor's stunned looks say it all...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Zavala drives. Taylor keeps books. They seem quiet and reflective.

TAYLOR

You feel like a hero?

ZAVALA

No.

TAYLOR

Me neither. What's a hero feel like?

ZAVALA

I dunno. You know me and Gabby got in a huge fight over the fire.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

You didn't tell me that.

ZAVALA

She was mad I could'a died for
someone else's kid and mine hasn't
even been born. She's like
"you're not a fireman."

TAYLOR

Janet said the same thing. I keep
having this dream I'm on fire and
trapped in the house and I go to
open the door and the two
gangbangers we shot are standing
there aiming guns at me and my
holster's empty.

ZAVALA

Jeeezus, dude.

TAYLOR

I don't think I can go in another
burning house. I only went in
because you did.

ZAVALA

I didn't even think about it.
Started shaking in the hospital.
Gabby came in the room and started
crying right away.

TAYLOR

I don't want a medal. I just want
to forget it happened. Let's get
in a gunfight or something fun.

They bump fists:

ZAVALA

I'm right there, bro.

TAYLOR

Remember the cowboy with the
blinged out AK?

ZAVALA

Yep. He's probably my Cousin.

TAYLOR

I crisscrossed some phone numbers
in his cell. Couple addresses are
in our basic area.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

You're not a detective.

TAYLOR

That guy's something and he's into something. DA didn't buy the ADW. Only filed on the weapons beef. G-Unit says they'll get to him but they're too busy. Narcs aren't interested because we didn't find dope.

ZAVALA

You're not a detective.

TAYLOR

I want to be a detective.

ZAVALA

Wannabe. You said it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - DAY

Taylor and Zavala get out and approach the house. The yard is dead. The window's covered with plywood.

ZAVALA

Abandoned property?

TAYLOR

Maybe. Look at all the locks on the door.

He checks the side of the house SEES piles of garbage bags. Rips one open -- Paper plates spill out. He slashes open more bags -- All full of paper plates and plastic cups.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Partner. Someone have a party? Squatters?

ZAVALA

Food's all fresh.

TAYLOR

This is weird.

Taylor crosses to a plywood cover window. Shines his flashlight into a gap. Then...

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN'S VOICE

Ayudenos por favor!

TAYLOR

(into mic)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Code six.
Nine thirty one Fifty Third
Street. Requesting additional
unit.

Zavala POUNDS on the front door.

ZAVALA

Policia! Abren la puerta!
Policia!

The inner door opens -- A **TALL COWBOY** -- Stands behind
the heavy iron gate. Zavala's and Taylor's antennas are
raised. With his heavy accent:

TALL COWBOY

It's okay. It's okay.

ZAVALA

Abre la puerta.

TALL COWBOY

It's okay. Goodbye.

ZAVALA

Vamos a tumbar la puerta si no
abres.

TAYLOR

Fuck this guy.

Taylor draws his Glock and aims at the man through the
door...

The Tall Cowboy reluctantly unlocks the three deadbolts
and steps aside.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Sus manos. Levanta las manos.

If looks could kill this Cowboy's expression would be
lethal -- He's clearly a bad guy. The two ounce gold
pistol hanging from his neck doesn't give the warm
fuzzies...

34

INT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - DAY

34

Zavala draws his piece and moves inside. From OFFSCREEN:

ZAVALA

Hook him up!

Taylor steps in. Zavala has his gun on the Cowboy. Taylor spins him -- Revealing a magnum tucked in the small of the man's back.

TAYLOR

Gun.

Taylor takes the man's gun, shoves it in his belt. Cuffs the man. Searches him. Finds another gun clipped to his ostrich skin boot. Then a huge wad of cash in an AK-47 shaped money clip in his pocket.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Thirteen-Adam-Fifteen. We have one in custody with a gun.

Taylor shoves him to the floor face down.

ZAVALA

Partner.

Zavala nods for him to look. Taylor turns and his face falls...

The house is packed with 50 ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS -- They have just found a safe house for human trafficking.

Orozco and Davis arrive. Looking pissed...

OROZCO

Why you guys poaching in our area?

She enters the house and sees the mass of miserable scared people, **Men, Women, Children...**

OROZCO (CONT'D)

Omigod.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - DAY

35

Taylor and Zavala and an **ICE AGENT** do stacks of paperwork on the hood of a black and white.

(CONTINUED)

Behind them the Immigrants are searched and processed by a half-dozen **ICE AGENTS**.

TAYLOR

This is the second Cowboy like this we've run into.

ICE AGENT

Watch out for these guys. They are bad, bad actors.

TAYLOR

I know I'm just a street cop but I'd like a heads up here.

ICE AGENT

We have indicators this guy's a footsoldier for the Sinaloa Cartel.

TAYLOR

We didn't get any hits when we ran him.

ICE AGENT

You're not privy to our databases. Cartel people are operating here. And we're watching. You don't have the proper clearance to hear more than that. Be careful with these guys.

ZAVALA

What does that mean?

ICE AGENT

It means they're major players and you and your homeboy need to power down.

The Ice Agent walks away -- Zavala and Taylor trade looks.

ZAVALA

...Feds...

[NOTE: THIS IS HANDHELD FOOTAGE SHOT BY THE GANGSTERS THEMSELVES.]

(CONTINUED)

A house party is in full swing. The music BUMPS. We recognize Big Evil, Wicked, La La, Demon. There's a dozen **YOUNG HOMIES** and a plethora of **HOODRATS** and **FINE MAMIS**. Demon rolls a blunt. Watching a Young Homie do the "Crip Walk."

Big Evil waves over a **VERY PRETTY GIRL**. Hands her a plastic cup of beer. Innocence in the lion's den.

BIG EVIL

C'mere, baby doll. Drink the Jim Jones.

VERY PRETTY GIRL

Okay.

DEMON

Eh, you like coke?

VERY PRETTY GIRL

No.

DEMON

You ever fucked on heroin?

VERY PRETTY GIRL

Yeah right.

DEMON

I can fuck forever on that shit.
I'll eat your pussy for hours.

VERY PRETTY GIRL

You guys are crazy.

LA LA

Turn around, miJa. Let me check
out the nalgas.

The Pretty Girl does. Adlibs of "Damn" from the Cholos.

LA LA (CONT'D)

Get with me, yeah. These fools
just wanna hit it and quit it.
I'll make you my lady. Buy you
shit.

WICKED

Buy her a fuckin' raspado at the
swap meet.

LA LA

Shut-up.

(CONTINUED)

La La pulls out a huge wad of cash.

LA LA (CONT'D)

Louis Vuitton. Jimmy Chu's.
C'mere, mamita.

La La grabs her hand and pulls her onto her lap. Plants
on a long kiss.

DEMON

Aw, hell no.

Suddenly a **LOOKOUT** comes running into the back...

LOOKOUT

Alli viene la jura!

BIG EVIL

Hide the fuscas, perrito.

Big Evil, Demon and La La quickly hand him their guns.
The Lookout scrams, disappearing through a hole in the
fence...

Taylor, Zavala, Orozco and Davis come walking into the
back.

[NOTE: NOW WE'LL ADD COVERAGE FROM TAYLOR AND ZAVALA'S
CHESTCAMS.]

ZAVALA

Hide the guns. Hide the dope.
The jura's here.

TAYLOR

What's the occasion?

BIG EVIL

Just kicking back sir.
Everything's under control.

La La lights a blunt. Orozco glares at her.

OROZCO

Have some respect, La La. Don't
smoke in front of us.

LA LA

Take a hit. Shit'll chill you
out, Malinche.

(CONTINUED)

OROZCO

You even know who the Malinche was?

LA LA

She was an O.G. paisa. When Hernan Cortes came with the Spanish soldiers to conquer the Aztecs she helped him, she became his old lady and betrayed her own people. Like you.

OROZCO

No La La. Like you. Gangbanging. Slanging. Making this a bad place for kids to live.

LA LA

I enjoy your theories. You know you want this.

La La gestures at her sturdy, curvy body.

OROZCO

I wouldn't fuck you if you were the last bitch on Earth.

ZAVALA

Duuude. You did not just say that.

TAYLOR

So Mr. Big Evil. Why do they call you Big Evil?

BIG EVIL

Because my evil is big.

TAYLOR

You heard it here first, ladies and gentlemen. His evil is big. Can you turn down the music? We had a noise complaint.

BIG EVIL

Consider it done, officer.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER CARD: WELCOME TO THE WORLD MIGUEL ZAVALA JR.

37

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

37

[NOTE: HANDHELD VIDEO FROM GABBY'S SISTER HILDA.]

Gabby in bed, breast-feeding her new baby. Zavala sits next to her, both look content and exhausted. **GABBY'S MOM** and her brother **JOE** are also present.

GABBY'S MOM

Gabby hold his head.

GABBY

I am. Mommy, he's fine.

GABBY'S MOM

Put him in your elbow like this.

JOE

Like a football.

GABBY

I can hold a baby.

Zavala grins helplessly. Overwhelmed. Then he brightens up and smiles.

ZAVALA

Partner! Yo!

CAMERA PANS -- To find Taylor and Janet entering the room. Taylor sets a vase of flowers on a shelf.

GABBY

They're so pretty, thank you.

JANET

How's mama doing?

GABBY

Mama's tired and cranky. Just like baby. Mama wants to choke her mama.

GABBY'S MOM

Gabby.

JANET

You have a lot of hands to help out.

ZAVALA

And a lot of opinions.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

You name him Brian?

ZAVALA

Sorry, bro.

GABBY

He's a junior. Named him after his daddy.

JOE

So what's his name?

GABBY'S MOM

Joe. Be nice, mijo. That's your nephew.

JANET

Can I hold him?

A beat. Every new mom is VERY protective. Gabby smiles. Nods: yes. Janet carefully takes the newborn in her arms.

GABBY'S MOM

See, mija? That's how you hold a baby.

Janet gently rocks the baby, cooing and smiling. The infant grabs her nose. She loves kids. Zavala looks at Taylor and grins...

ZAVALA

You are so done.

Taylor looks at Zavala. And knows he's right.

[NOTE: VARIOUS SHOTS FROM OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT FOOTAGE, HANDHELD CAMERAS, CELLPHONES, ETC.]

It's the LAPD's annual Medal of Valor Ceremony. Up on the stage are this years recipients -- Ten COPS of all ages and colors looking crisp in their best dress blue uniforms. Taylor and Zavala are among them. Proud, heads held high.

The MAYOR of LA reads from their commendation...

During his speech we will see various shots of Janet and Gabby in the audience.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor and Zavala on stage looking humbled. Of their **BROTHER AND SISTER COPS** in the audience. Of the rows of **LAPD BRASS** and various city **BIG SHOTS**. Gabby holds their newborn of course, tears in her eyes. Janet too...

L.A. MAYOR

Officers Brian Taylor and Officer Miguel Zavala were on routine patrol in the six hundred block of Twenty-Sixth street when they saw smoke and flame coming from a fire at a house. A woman exited the house and told the officers that her children were inside. Without waiting for the fire department and without protective equipment, the officers entered the burning structure at great personal risk. The officers, working as a team, rescued the woman's twin sons. Upon exiting the house, they learned that an additional child was inside. They reentered what was now an inferno and feeling their way through the smoke found the woman's daughter and saved the child from certain death. For their selfless actions and exemplary service to the citizens of this city, the department is proud to award Officer Taylor and Officer Zavala the department's highest award; the Medal of Valor.

Now the CHIEF OF POLICE hangs medals around the necks of Taylor and Zavala and shakes their whitegloved hands.

The two officers return to their place in the line of recipients, verily glowing. Even to the hardest cop it's a great feeling.

Gabby can't help it, she screams...

GABBY

We love you, Mike!

Zavala drives. With the usual new-father pall of sleeplessness. Taylor doing books.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

You have to sleep. I can't carry
you every watch.

ZAVALA

What?

TAYLOR

Drink more coffee.

ZAVALA

I'm on my ninth Red Bull. We're
taking turns feeding, but dang,
sometimes the little guy just goes
off. Like you heard of colic?
That's what they call it when
nothing you do makes the kid stop
crying. The dude screams so loud
I can feel it my soul. Shit is
real. I just wanna play football
with him and tell him to watch out
for skanks already.

TAYLOR

Give it a few weeks. You guys
will be barhopping together.

Then -- A panic filled voice breaks over the radio:

ROOKIE V.O.

(filtered)

Thirteen-Adam-Forty-three!
Officer needs help!

Zavala and Taylor are immediately hit with an adrenaline
rush -- Waiting for her location -- It doesn't come...

TAYLOR

Where! Where are you?

DISPATCH VOICE

Thirteen-Adam-Forty-three what is
your location?

ROOKIE V.O.

...I don't know...

TAYLOR

That's Van Hauser's car. Just
book it South. Go. Go.

Zavala flips a U. Guns the engine...

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(into mic)
Find a street sign and put it out.

ROOKIE V.O.
(filtered)
I don't see any.

ZAVALA
Pendeja!

TAYLOR
Can you read a number off a
building? A house number?

ROOKIE V.O.
(filtered)
The house says three one seven
seven.

Then the Rookie SCREAMS -- Her mike cuts off. Silence.

TAYLOR
Holy shit. Go! Go! Hook down
Maple then swing left on Thirty
first.
(into mic)
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen enroute
code three.

DISPATCH
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Roger.
Code three.

Zavala makes a hard turn. The ENGINE howls. The SIREN
BLARES...

Taylor and Zavala scan the side streets looking for Van
Hauser's black and white...

TAYLOR
There!

SCREECH! -- Zavala slams the brakes, spinning their car
in a 180 -- Then guns it down 31st. Street...

UP AHEAD -- Is Van Hauser's car...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Code six.
Thirty one hundred block of Dorsey
Ave.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor **unlocks the shotun...**

Their car slides to a stop and the two cops spring out...

EXT. DORSEY AVENUE - NIGHT

[NOTE: COMBINATION OF DASHCAM FOOTAGE AND THE BOYS' WEARABLE CAMERAS.]

Taylor and Zavala run past the car. There sitting on the ground is Van Hauser -- He has a large kitchen knife sticking out of his eye. It's amazing he's still alive.

TAYLOR

Don't move, brother. Do not move.

VAN HAUSER

...Hispanic zerohead. Parolee.
White T. He's huge...

TAYLOR

(into radio)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Officer down. Knife wound to the head, conscious and breathing. Request supervisor and an RA. Suspect is a male Hispanic. Shaved head. White T-shirt. Heavysset. On foot, Eastbound through houses, thirty one hundred block, Dorsey Ave. Responding unit take Dorsey and Thirtieth Street.

They HEAR the ROOKIE SCREAM...

Zavala swings his flashlight...

DOWN A DRIVEWAY -- A **GIANT FAT CHOLO** sits on top of the Korean Rookie punching her in the face over and over...

KERCHACK! -- Taylor racks the shotgun...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off her or I will
blow you out of your socks!

The ex-con Cholo instantly complies -- He grabs the sky, fingers outstretch. He's had his fun -- As calm as can be...

(CONTINUED)

GIANT FAT CHOLO

Be cool. I'm done, sir. Be cool.
I ain't resisting. I'm a go with
you now, officer.

WHAM! -- Zavala tackles him. Cuffs him. Searches him.

TAYLOR

(into radio)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Show a
Code four. One in custody.

Now EVERY SIREN IN THE WORLD blows out the sound as the
cavalry has finally arrived...

Zavala checks out the Rookie and REACTS -- Her face may
never be the same.

ZAVALA

You're safe now. You're safe.

JUMP CUT:

Taylor holding Van Hauser's hand as he is loaded into the
ambulance. The knife is taped in place. He is still
very lucid...

TAYLOR

You're going to be okay. We got
your back, brother. Whatever you
need.

The badly wounded salty old cop smiles and croaks:

VAN HAUSER

...thanks...

SARGE

Taylor!

TAYLOR TURNS -- BRINGING SARGE INTO VIEW ON HIS
CHESTCAM...

SARGE (CONT'D)

Taylor. Hey. Why didn't you blow
that asshole away? You had him
dead to rights.

A beat.

TAYLOR

Sarge, I didn't feel like killing
anyone tonight.

(CONTINUED)

SARGE

You guys did good. Let's get this written up. Make sure all the logs match. Brass'll need clean paper on this one.

DASH CAM SHOT -- Zavala walks up, joins Sarge and Taylor...

ZAVALA

Sarge. You see that shit? Van H had a goddamn Ginsu set in his eye.

SARGE

He ain't coming back. Split his eyeball. You could see his lens hanging out. Rookie ain't coming back either.

Sarge pulls the Rookie's badge from his pocket.

SARGE (CONT'D)

She gave me this for the Watch Commander.

A quiet beat as three veteran cops bathed in the glow of a black and white's headlights ponder the fragile nature of their lives...

41

EXT./INT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

41

ZAVALA DRIVING, SMILES INTO THE HANDHELD CAMERA THAT TAYLOR HOLDS.

ZAVALA

On today's episode we're rolling to a call. It's just a welfare check. A woman called the station to check on her elderly mother.

TAYLOR

These are the kind of calls that most agencies deal with. Not every call is a foot pursuit or a car chase. There are officers at other places that have never drawn their weapon or been in a gunfight.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

ZAVALA

Here that's everyday before Code-Seven.

TAYLOR

Code seven is lunch for you civilians out there.

42

EXT. WELFARE CHECK HOUSE - DAY

42

Zavala and Taylor at the door. They KNOCK.

TAYLOR

Mrs. Williams. Police officers.

ZAVALA

Probably didn't change the battery on her hearing aid.

JUMP CUT -- Zavala returning to the porch after checking the windows.

TAYLOR

So the daughter is the owner of the house and has given us permission to enter for a welfare check. We're going to boot the door.

Zavala cocks back his size ten and -- WHAM! Kicks open the front door.

ZAVALA

When she rolls up from church bingo or the store or whatever and sees the property damage, then we'll be the bad guys.

That's when the smell hits them...

TAYLOR

We got a body.

They pull their flashlights and enter the dark house...

43

INT. WELFARE CHECK HOUSE - DAY

43

The vibe is one of danger and foreboding. This is a very bad place to be...

(CONTINUED)

Taylor and Zavala immediately sense something is very wrong. They draw their weapons...

TAYLOR

LAPD!

ZAVALA

Policia!

Taylor turns down his radio, and they listen a beat. It's dead quiet -- Just the BUZZING of flies.

The living room is full of empty beer bottles, holes are punched in the wall. There are extensive gang tags.

TAYLOR

Squatters?

ZAVALA

Looks like the eses been kickin' back here.

They begin clearing hiding places. Taylor opens a closet...

TAYLOR

Found her.

INSIDE THE CLOSET -- Is the corpse of an OLD WOMAN wrapped in plastic and duct tape. Brown liquid pooling inside.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(into radio)
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Request supervisor. Possible one eight seven.

They move further into the dark old house. Zavala opens a bedroom.

ZAVALA

Brian.

Taylor enters...

Inside are several cases of pickled chilies in glass jars from Mexico...

TAYLOR

This is random.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

Taylor unscrews a jar. Pours it out -- A plastic and foil wrapped cylinder falls out. Taylor kneels and cuts it open -- Reveals white crystalline powder...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Dope.

They keep moving to clear the final room -- It's door is double padlocked. Zavala gives it the boot...

44 INT. WELFARE CHECK HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 44

WHAM! -- The door flies off it's frame and Zavala and Taylor enter...

It's a nightmare inside. The room is lined with black plastic. Five bodies in their underwear lay BEHEADED, arms bound behind their back. They men have clearly been tortured...

45 EXT. WELFARE CHECK HOUSE - NIGHT 45

Now surrounded by yellow tape, COP CARS, UNMARKEDS and CORONER'S VANS.

We jump into the Channel 7 news story midstream...

REPORTER

--one of the largest narcotics seizures in what can only be described as a gruesome discovery. The five bodies were described as showing evidence of torture. A police official familiar with the investigation denied rumors that Mexican Drug Cartels are responsible for the murders. As you can see behind me, FBI and Homeland Security Agents have taken over the crimescene--

CLICK -- CAMERA TURNS OFF. BLACK SCREEN. THEN:

46 EXT. STEVEN'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT 46

[NOTE: THIS IS GRAINY FBI SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE SHOT WITH A NIGHTVISION LENS.]

(CONTINUED)

A SUPERIMPOSED TITLE READS: "FBI -- LAW ENFORCEMENT USE ONLY"

This is a steak and dinnershow place for monied Mexicans. In a corner of the parking lot, a group of **MEXICAN COWBOYS** is gathered by a couple horse trailers.

OVER WE HEAR -- A subtitled cellphone intercept of two CARTEL MEMBERS speaking Spanish in a Sinaloa drawl...

VOICE 1

We're having a lot of problems. Many problems. The people South want something done. This is two cops, right? Two regular policemen?

VOICE 2

Yes. They are policemen.

VOICE 1

My bosses, the top bosses, want them taken care of.

VOICE 2

They're police.

VOICE 1

They are local police. Bad things happen to police all the time. It is a dangerous job.

VOICE 2

I understand, boss. But it is different here. In Mexico I would take care of tonight.

VOICE 1

Look. You don't take care of these assholes soon, we both will lose our heads. I am not going to argue with you. If you can't do it, tell me. There are many of us there now.

VOICE 2

It's okay. Consider them cooked.

VOICE 1

Okay. Don't leave our prints on this. It has to look routine.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE 2

That's no problem. There's lots of crazy people here. People that hate cops. People in gangs.

VOICE 1

Okay. Take some of the money. Just write down on what you spend it on. Soon. Do it soon.

VOICE 2

Yes sir.

CLICK.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: MR. AND MRS. BRIAN TAYLOR

EXT. CASTAWAY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

[NOTE: THIS IS MOSTLY WEDDING VIDEOGRAPHER FOOTAGE WITH SOME CELLPHONE AND HANDHELD COVERAGE.]

The wedding gazebo overlooks an epic view of Burbank. Janet is in a traditional gown, Taylor wears crisp dress blues. They stand before their **PASTOR...**

PASTOR

You may kiss the bride.

Taylor lifts her veil. There are tears in both their eyes. This is a couple that is truly in love...

They kiss -- And the crowd goes nuts!

NOW WE SEE -- Zavala is his Best Man...

There's a few **COPS** in uniform. A couple **MARINES** in their iconic blues. Taylor's **PARENTS**, white haired solid citizens from Ohio. And a strong showing from Janet's **EXTENDED IRISH FAMILY...**

CAMERA FINDS Gabby, holding her baby. The normally tough woman dabs her eyes with a fistful of tissue.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The couple has their first dance -- Looking into each other's eyes, smiling. Slowdancing to Lionel Ritchie...

(CONTINUED)

Then the DJ switches it up and BUMPS some Sir Mix-A-Lot.

Janet and Taylor break into the routine they've been working on. Lot's of spins, dips and choreographed hip hop moves. Utterly hilarious...

Now Janet and Taylor cut the cake. They end up smearing cake on each other's faces...

It's time for the toast. Zavala stands before the newlyweds. He's already a little in the bag...

ZAVALA

I've known Brian since the academy. He helped me with the coursework. And I helped harden him up so he could pass PT. I don't really like cops. Maybe 'cause of where I grew up. But Brian was cool so I figured we should work patrol together. You sit in a car with the same dude watch after watch and you know them. And the second I saw him with Janet, I'm like that's it. She's his lady. So I'm not surprised to be here. Just that it took so long. And Janet, you got a lot of heart hooking up with a cop. You gotta be a strong person. I see a lot of cops' wives here and they're all nodding their heads. We're all hoping that you can make a man out of Brian because we've given up.

(to Brian)

Don't give me that look. Brother, you take care of her. 'Cause I'm her big brother now. All these cops in here. We're her family now too. Okay. Let's drink already. I'm tired of holding this glass up. To Brian and Janet. Cheers.

EVERYONE

Cheers.

LATER -- The boys are huddled for shots of tequila. Orozco is there in a pretty dress. The Sarge. Other **NEWTON COPS** we recognize.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Orozco, I didn't know you were pretty.

SARGE

That statement could be misconstrued.

ZAVALA

By who? Orozco's the mean ass ugly big sister who shoots people I never had.

OROZCO

Sarge, it's Taylor's reception. Put the badge away.

SARGE

Okay. Sorry.

Zavala pours everyone shots of Patron. The knot of Cops, two Marines Taylor served with, hold up their glasses.

ZAVALA

Why'd you get married in uniform, bro? If you worked at Best Buy would you wear the stupid polo shirt?

TAYLOR

Hell yes. I'm representing. You know I love you.

OROZCO

Here they go.

ZAVALA

I love you too, brother.

TAYLOR

Serious. I'd lay down my life for you.

ZAVALA

I'd take a bullet for you, homie.

SARGE

Why didn't you two get married? Closer than girlfriends.

TAYLOR

Okay-okay-okay. Everyone just shut up and take a shot.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Salud, bitch!

EVERYONE

Salud!

They down the shots.

LATER -- Music BUMPS, people dance. Taylor and Janet and Zavala and Gabby sit at a table, relaxed, content.

GABBY

Marriage is pretty basic. You gotta give it up all the time. Girls throw it at cops. Don't give him a reason, sweetheart.

ZAVALA

Gabby.

GABBY

And you got to be a freak, girl. Try new things.

ZAVALA

You're cut off.

Orozco comes running up with a worried expression...

OROZCO

Hey. Sarge is hell'a faded and crying about his partner that got shot back in the day and his wife wants him to go home. We gotta get him in the car.

GABBY

Go help your boss.

Zavala gets up, follows Orozco.

JANET

Do you ever get jealous? Of the female officers?

GABBY

Cops or not. Any of those bitches touch my man I will kill them. Straight up.

TAYLOR

She will too. You down for a one eight seven?

(CONTINUED)

JANET

I'll leave you wondering on that one.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

On honeymoon, Taylor stands on the edge of the majestic canyon at sunset, the orange and purple colors of the canyon wall are intoxicating. HE SMILES AT CAMERA, which Janet holds, a big genuine in-love smile...

TAYLOR

I thought I was happy. But I never thought I could be this happy. Didn't know it was possible. You're like life on crack.

JANET

Oh, God. On crack?

TAYLOR

It's a saying. Slip me some tongue.

JANET

(laughing)

Who are you? I married such a nice young man?

TAYLOR

You married a ghetto street cop.

They embrace and kiss, CAMERA between them, looking straight up as they kiss...

EXT./INT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

[NOTE: CAPTURED BY TAYLOR'S TWO IN-CAR CAMERAS.]

Zavala checks a text message. Taylor waves at a **HOMELESS MAN** pushing a cart.

ZAVALA

Gabby wants to know if you and Janet wanna go to the Dodgers game with us tonight.

TAYLOR

We're going to Santa Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Fuck you then.

Mr. Tre comes running up to their car in a bathrobe.

MR. TRE

Yo. Officers.

ZAVALA

What's up, Tre?

MR. TRE

Word's going around the eses put a green light on y'all.

ZAVALA

That's what's going around?

MR. TRE

Yep. My roaddog just got outta the pen. Heard it up North.

TAYLOR

You sure it's us?

MR. TRE

Taylor and Zavala. That's you ain't it?

Zavala checks his nametag.

ZAVALA

Yep. Thanks for the heads up. Don't mean you get a pass if we catch you slipping.

MR. TRE

I know. Watch y'all's backs.

Zavala and Taylor. When they get a distance away the grin at each other and tap fists.

ZAVALA

Hell yeah.

TAYLOR

You know we're making a difference if we're pissing people off that much.

51

INT./EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./MINIVAN (MOVING) - DAY

51

[NOTE: HANDHELD VIDEO.]

La La drives. She's switched up her appearance -- She looks like any other Latina mom in the neighborhood. In back are Big Evil, Wicked and Demon holding the camera. The guys have bandanas covering their faces.

Wicked hefts a shotgun.

CAMERA PANS -- To reveal they are following an LAPD black and white.

BIG EVIL

Tap their bumper at the stop sign.
And we'll jump out and blast.

LA LA

No. Let's get 'em then they go to lunch. At that Chinese place.

BIG EVIL

There's a gang'a cops there all the time. They gotta be alone.

LA LA

We can follow their asses home.

BIG EVIL

Mira, homegirl. The whiteboy lives in Simi Valley. The other fool's in San Gabriel. We gotta hit the fuckers at the same time.

DEMON

This is the one-time, homie. Not a bunch'a niggers. Why we doing this shit?

BIG EVIL

This wire's straight from the SHU, homie. You got in the car. Now pay the ticket for all the good times. Price of fucking admission, ese.

LA LA

This is fucking stupid. Those fools got bullet proof vests. We need AKs and shit.

(CONTINUED)

BIG EVIL

Don't rank out, La La.

LA LA

Fuck you. When the fuck have I ever backed down from shit, huh? I'm saying we can't fuck this up. I don't give a fuck, I'll do the time. But I don't want the big homies whacking me for fucking up. We need a plan.

A beat.

WICKED

The homegirl's right, ese.

BIG EVIL

Fuck it. Head back.

La La makes a right...

CAMERA STAYS on the black and white as it continues up the street. Oblivious to the danger it was in...

INT. NEWTON DIVISION - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

[NOTE: HANDHELD, TAYLOR OPERATING.]

Taylor is up to something sneaky. He tries not to laugh as he says this AT CAMERA:

TAYLOR

Never fall asleep in a room full of cops.

He PANS ONTO Zavala who then tickles the nose of a SLEEPING COP with a pencil...

The Sleeping Cop scratches his nose -- With a hand full of SHAVING CREAM. (Yep, it's the old Summercamp trick.)

He startles awake. Looks around angrily. The DOZEN COPS in the room CRACK UP...

SLEEPING COP

Zavala, that's really professional behavior. Just 'cause you won the medal doesn't give you a license to be a prick.

(CONTINUED)

Not only did the prank work but the victim is extra upset. That gets Taylor and Zavala bonus points.

The dozen COPS clap their approval. The Sleeping Cop gets up angrily and exits -- Right as Sarge enters.

He instantly figures out what's going on. Points angrily at Taylor and Zavala...

SARGE

Keep it up, you two. That kind of shit will earn you a risk management case. The department built you up, wanna see how quickly it can tear you down?

INT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./COP CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Taylor and Zavala on regular patrol.

ZAVALA

How was Santa Barbara?

TAYLOR

Awesome. Janet's pregnant.

ZAVALA

Get outta here. Already? Dang, bro. She ain't even Mexican.

TAYLOR

She's getting the ultrasound tomorrow to confirm, but three of those test things were positive.

Zavala shakes Taylor's hand.

ZAVALA

Congrats, man. Wouldn't it be crazy if our kids were pushing a black and white together one day?

TAYLOR

Screw that. I want my kid to have an honest job. Like a politician.

We may not have noticed -- But they've been following a MINIVAN. It pulls alongside.

Then...

The minivan runs a light -- Narrowly missing a truck.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

What an idiot. Blowing a light in front of a cop.

TAYLOR

That's contempt. Light 'em up.

Zavala guns the engine and follow the minivan...

ZAVALA

He's running.

TAYLOR

(into mic)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. We're following a vehicle failing to yield at a high rate of speed. Eastbound on Adams. Four Boy Edward X-Ray nine one five. Grey Toyota minivan. Request back-up.

They follow the minivan around the corner. It's speeding into an area of closely packed residential streets...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(into mic)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. We're in pursuit Southbound on Hooper from Adams.

The Minivan makes a surprise left onto a dead end street. Zavala stays on its bumper.

ZAVALA

They're gonna bail.

Sure enough the minivan SCREECHES to a stop in front of an apartment building -- The driver -- A **YOUNG HOMEBOY...**

TAYLOR

(into mic)

Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Foot pursuit. Southbound from Twenty five hundred Hooper Place. Male Hispanic. Dark clothing.

Taylor and Zavala give chase -- The Young Homeboy runs into an apartment building...

A foreboding dark building -- With barred windows...

If your stomach isn't tied in a knot it should be...

54

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

54

Taylor and Zavala enter the MAIN GATE -- Then follow the hall that leads to the open courtyard...

BEHIND THEM -- They hear the steel gate SLAM CLOSED...

They enter the courtyard of the three story building -- Open walkways surround the courtyard...

HANDHELD VIDEO -- OF TAYLOR AND ZAVALA, SHOT FROM ABOVE, LOOKING DOWN. THIS IS SHOT BY OUR FAMILIAR HOMIES...

[NOTE: WE'LL CALL THIS COVERAGE CHOLOCAM.]

THE HANDHELD CAMERA WHIP PANS ONTO DEMON HOLDING AN AK-47, TAKING AIM AT THE COPS BELOW...

-- It's an ambush! --

Taylor's alarm bells go off -- He grabs Zavala and throws him against a wall right as...

BRDDDDT! -- BRDDDDT! -- THREE AKs open up from the shadows of the walkways above...

Rounds CRASH into the stucco wall and cement patio raising huge clouds of dust...

Taylor screams into his radio--

TAYLOR
Thirteen-Adam-Thirteen. Shots
fired officer needs--

WHACK! -- The radio is shot out of his hand.

ON CHOLOCAM -- La La hisses at Demon...

LA LA
You missed stupid.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! -- Zavala returns fire at the MUZZLE FLASHES of an AK on a walkway above...

It's suddenly quiet -- The cops can HEAR the ominous sound of AK's being reloaded...

Taylor's hand is bleeding.

TAYLOR
I'm hit.

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA

Let's go. They're reloading.

They get up and run like panicked cats -- This is unfamiliar real estate...

They find an apartment unit without the ubiquitous steel door...

WHAM! -- Zavala kicks it open and they rush inside...

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - NIGHT

A scared **YOUNG MOTHER** hugs her **BABY** in the blue glow of a TV. They run her past looking for the back door out...

TAYLOR

No dice. We're trapped.

Taylor pulls out his cellphone...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Shit. I got no bars. You call dispatch.

ZAVALA

My phone's in the car.
(to the Young Mother)
Dame tu telephone.

She hands Zavala her cellphone. Zavala dials as Taylor covers the door...

TAYLOR

Senora. Bajase al suelo, por favor.

The Young Mother takes his advise and lays down on the floor...

Right then...

BRDDDDT-BRDDDT-BRDDDDDDDDT! -- A fusillade of AK fire
rips into the apartment...

Zavala hurls himself to the ground...

Taylor too...

AK rounds are punching through walls, shattering picture frames. Incredible dust and noise...

(CONTINUED)

The DISPATCH answers. We HEAR the recorded call from the LAPD Dispatch archives...

DISPATCH VOICE
Communications.

ZAVALA
(into cellphone)
This is Thirteen-Adam-Thirty.
Officer needs help. Multiple
suspects with automatic weapons.
We are barricaded in an apartment
building.
(to the Young Mother)
Dime la direcccion.

YOUNG MOTHER
Venti-cinco venti-dos.
Departamento C.

ZAVALA
(into cellphone)
Twenty-five twenty-two Hooper
place Apartment C.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

ON CHOLOCAM -- Big Evil WHISTLES at Demon.

BIG EVIL
Eh, fool. Can they get out?

DEMON
No, homie. We got 'em.

BIG EVIL
Go down. Go down. Wicked, bust
some caps on 'em while the
homeboys move up.

CHOLOCAM FINDS WICKED -- He aims at the apartment unit
and squeezes off a couple shots...

The other Homies head for the stairwells...

La La (filming) spins the CAMERA ON HERSELF. Grinning...

LA LA
We so got these fools.

57

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - NIGHT

57

Zavala looks relieved.

ZAVALA

We're good. Dispatch put it out.
They're sending the cavalry.
Rolling SWAT, airships the World.

POW-POW! -- A couple AK rounds ZIP through the apartment.

Taylor looking decidedly worried. Zavala SEES that...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

Partner?

TAYLOR

Wasn't Big Evil in the Army?

ZAVALA

Yeah.

TAYLOR

They're moving. If they assault
we can't hold them off. We have
to lay down a base of fire and
pivot.

ZAVALA

I wasn't a Marine. The fuck's
that mean in cop?

TAYLOR

We're shooting our way out.

ZAVALA

Senora, no hay salida por alli?

YOUNG MOTHER

Si. A la izquierda. Hay una
puerta que sale al parking.

ZAVALA

There's a door to the parking on
the left.

TAYLOR

Shooter's on the second story. On
three empty your mag and run.

Zavala and Taylor get ready...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three!

Zavala and Taylor charge out firing--

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! -- They hook left and race towards a big grey door...

BRDDDDDDDT -- Wicked opens up...

AK ROUNDS splatter all over the place...

WICKED

They're getting away!

Zavala reaches the door. Yanks it open and darts in, holding it open for Taylor--

--Who dives like he's sliding into first base...

CHolocAM -- Big Evil, Demon and La La reach the apartment unit -- But they are too late...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Taylor and Zavala running, they both reload -- They SEE A CAR with the engine running -- A CHOLO inside...

He raises a shotgun...

Taylor and Zavala open fire -- Punching holes in the windows, killing the Cholo...

TAYLOR

...they're everywhere...

ZAVALA

Keep going.

TAYLOR

Where's the cavalry?

They exit the parking lot -- It leads to...

EXT. LONG ALLEY - NIGHTIt is the most foreboding alley in South Central...

(CONTINUED)

Littered with trash, abandoned furniture, spiked steel fences and corrugated tin. Dogs BARKING everywhere...

There is only one thing to do and that's to keep running...

Taylor and Zavala run for their lives...

Partner? TAYLOR

Huh? ZAVALA

This sucks. TAYLOR

I think we killed that guy. ZAVALA

Good. TAYLOR

They can HEAR sirens approaching...

Hear that? ZAVALA

God yes. Fucking music. TAYLOR

HEADLIGHTS -- A vehicle enters the far end of the alley and turns towards them. Blinding headlights...

That us? That PD? ZAVALA

The vehicle accelerates RACES TOWARDS them...

Closing the distance -- COMING RIGHT AT THEM!

Zavala opens fire -- POP-POP-POP-POP!

Zavala and Taylor jump out of the way as the vehicle plows into a dumpster...

It's a pick-up truck -- A HOMIE with an AK sits in the bed...

BRDDDDT! -- He opens fire...

POP-POP-POP! -- Zavala shoots him in the head, he drops limp.

(CONTINUED)

The pick-up truck gets the hell out of there...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)
I lit that asshole up.

No response...

Zavala turns SEES Taylor is on the ground, he's taken three AK rounds to the chest. He's gasping for breath...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)
Brian! Fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, God.

He kneels by his partners side. Inspects his wounds.

TAYLOR
It's bad isn't it?

ZAVALA
It's bad. But I've seen guys way more fucked up make it.

TAYLOR
I'm going to die.

ZAVALA
Shut-up.

Zavala looking around. Desperate, worried...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is everybody?

Taylor begins shaking.

TAYLOR
I love Janet so much.

ZAVALA
I know you do.

TAYLOR
No. I love her so much. It hurts so much I love her. I don't want to lose her.

Taylor's eyes roll back. He begins convulsing...

ZAVALA
Shit-shit-shit.

(CONTINUED)

Zavala feels his pulse fading -- He unzips his shirt and un-velcros his vest -- Initiates CPR, giving him chest compressions...

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

Hold on. Hang on partner!

CHOLOCAM -- Approaching Zavala as he gives CPR to Taylor. Following Big Evil and Demon...

A shadow falls over him...

DEMON

Wassup puto?

Zavala's stomach drops. He turns -- SEES Demon and Big Evil aiming an AK at his face, La La behind them filming it...

Zavala has to try. He can't just give up -- He grabs for his holstered Glock...

BRDDDDDT! -- Zavala is no more. His body collapses atop Taylor...

A peal of EVIL LAUGHTER from the Cholos as they get the Hell out of there...

ZAVALA'S CHEST CAM -- IT'S STILL ON -- ANGLED DOWN THE FAR END OF THE ALLEY...

SIRENS GROWING LOUDER -- Now very Close...

A LOUD HELICOPTER approaching...

Many more LOUD SIRENS -- Every cop in the city must be on the way...

A COP CAR races into the alley -- Blue and red lights flashing. Then another cop car...

It SCREECHES to a stop -- Its headlight BLINDING CAMERA...

LAPD PILOT VOICE

Los Angeles Police Department!
Drop the weapons!

CHOLOCAM -- Following Demon, Wicked and Big Evil...

La La and her homies exit the alley and run right into...

A PHALANX OF COPS with raised pistols and shotguns...

(CONTINUED)

Demon raises his AK...

THE COPS OPEN FIRE AT CAMERA -- A CRESCENDO OF GUNFIRE...

The Gangsters are hit with a hail of gunfire...

The CAMERA POV falls to the ground. La La's dead face lands next to it **FILLING FRAME...**

La La, Big Evil, Demon and Wicked are no more.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - ALLEY - NIGHT

A COP approaches ZAVALA'S CAMERA -- It's Orozco. She falls to her knees and sobs...

CUT TO:

CHANNEL 7 NEWS FOOTAGE...

The BREAKING NEWS graphic -- The anchors, **MARK** and **MICHELLE**, in the newsroom with somber faces...

MARK

Breaking news tonight out of LAPD's Newton Division. Two officers have been killed tonight after an encounter with gang members armed with AK-47 assault rifles.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

[NOTE: THIS IS OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT FOOTAGE. WE SEE THE PAGEANTRY OF A LAW ENFORCEMENT MEMORIAL.]

Gabby in a black mourning dress and veil holds her baby in her lap. Next to her is Janet, noticeably pregnant.

The CHIEF hands Gabby a folded flag -- Her baby reaches out and touches the Chief's badge...

LATER -- The LAPD HONOR GUARD fires the traditional volley in honor of the fallen...

64

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

64

BAGPIPERS play AMAZING GRACE...

Two riderless horses pull wagons each with a flag draped coffin are lead by **EQUESTRIAN OFFICERS** in stetson hats...

A **HUNDRED MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS** from agencies all over Southern California pass in revue...

Pallbearers in LAPD uniform carry two flag draped coffins into Our Lady of Angels Cathedral...

CUT TO:

65

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A./COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

65

Zavala drives. Taylor keeps books. This is just two hours before they were killed...

TAYLOR

If your kid was a girl, would you let her be a cop?

ZAVALA

Would I want my daughter packing a burner to protect herself from the assholes of the World? Hell yeah.

TAYLOR

We're having a daughter.

ZAVALA

Just don't let her date cops.

TAYLOR

She's not dating anyone. Ever.

ZAVALA

I ever tell you about the first time I spent the night with Gabby?

TAYLOR

I don't want to hear that.

ZAVALA

I got a hella-big family. Someone's always in my house. And I had no money for a motel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

One time Gabby's parents bounced to Ensenada and her brother crashed at his girlfriends so I spend the night at her house. This was gonna be the night. The night. Know what I'm saying?

TAYLOR

Yes.

ZAVALA

So we're in her parent's bed. And it's on. It's about to go down. I'm pulling her chones off--

TAYLOR

--chones?

ZAVALA

Her skivvies, dog. And I'm like finally, right? Fucking finally. But we hear this noise. Like someone's in the pad. We figure it's her brother so I hide under the bed. Dude. It was her parents. This is the second floor. I got nowhere to go. Homegirl tries to distract them but it ain't happening. I'm under their bed. And they crash. And this is the part I never told Gabby. They did it. They got down. I'm talking Gabby's parents. That shit was traumatic. Finally at like two A.M. they fall asleep. So I do a commando crawl and escape.

Zavala can barely contain his laughter...

TAYLOR

Must of been a little uncomfortable around the folks after that.

ZAVALA

Bro. Her old man is a freak. Straight up. I guess you been married that long you gotta mix it up.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZAVALA (CONT'D)

I try and roll like that and Gabby gets all "Hell no, you ain't touching me there."

TAYLOR

I'm starting to get uncomfortable.

ZAVALA

Cause you're a freak too, huh?

TAYLOR

Don't go there.

ZAVALA

She said on our tenth anniversary it's all good. We'll get down.

TAYLOR

I'm telling her everything you just told me.

ZAVALA

That's against the rules.

TAYLOR

You done then?

ZAVALA

Yeah. Don't trip.

TAYLOR

Let's go fight crime or something.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN -- THEN A TITLE READS...

OFFICER BRIAN TAYLOR

END OF WATCH AUGUST 17, 2011

STILL PHOTO MONTAGE:

A STILL PHOTO FADES IN: Taylor and Janet at the Grand Canyon, all smiles in happier time...

The photo fades out. Black screen. Then another title:

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER MIKE ZAVALA

END OF WATCH AUGUST 17, 2011

FADE IN ANOTHER STILL PHOTO: Zavala in the hospital room holding his newborn boy. He looks like the proudest dad on Earth.

NEXT ANOTHER PHOTO: Taylor and Zavala at their academy graduation -- The faces of the two freshly minted cops glow just as bright as the new badges on their chests...

A FINAL PHOTO: From Taylor's wedding -- A three shot of Sarge, Taylor and Zavala...

SUPER TITLE:

In memory of Brian Taylor and Mike Zavala two of the best cops I have ever had the honor to work with.

IF YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT, SARGE EDITED THIS TRIBUTE.

We PUSH IN on the photo for a beat. Then...

FADE TO BLACK:

The End