

Let's Be Cops

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Over BLACK, we hear:

A battering ram SMASHING against STEEL: BOOM!...BOOM!...BOOM!

FADE IN ON:

JUSTIN & RYAN

Both dressed in police tactical gear and both bloody and torn as they're scrunched down behind a counter. In the background, a large steel door QUAKES with every forceful BLOW from the outside - BOOM!...BOOM! Whoever's outside, they're about to get in. The door is weakening. The waiting is torture...

Justin & Ryan look at each another, panting, nothing but fear in their eyes. This is it. They both know they're going to die, as we CUT to BLACK.

SUBTITLE - 3 Weeks Earlier.

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - NIGHT

RYAN, once a handsome athlete now 15 lbs heavier, lounges on their ratty couch playing a COP VIDEO GAME. But this game is like nothing you've ever seen and Ryan is loving it...

RYAN
I said goddamn! Daddy's home.
(calls out to Justin)
Yo! You know what's cool about this? There's no super heroes or vampires or any of that fantasy horseshit. It's just real.
(kills someone in the game)
Boom, motherfucker!

IN JUSTIN'S BEDROOM

JUSTIN, cool but endearing, practices his pitch into the mirror. Years ago, this sort of thing would be a cake walk for him. But somewhere along the way, he lost his confidence.

RYAN (O.S.)
What do you do in there all night?
C'mon, man, let's go out!

Justin sighs, takes a long hard look at himself...

JUSTIN (V.O.)
It's funny, you have this image of what you're life's gonna be like by the time you're 30...

Justin opens his door to see Ryan and their crappy apartment.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
 ...and this isn't it.
 (then to Ryan)
 Why am I missing underwear?

RYAN
 Your assistant days are over,
 broham. Your game is the shit.
 We're going out and celebrating.

JUSTIN
 No, we're not.

RYAN (V.O.)
 God, when did he grow a vagina?
 (then to Justin)
 Why not?

JUSTIN
 Cause I still have tweaks to do.

Justin marches into Ryan's bedroom. From the decor, it's obvious Ryan still lives in the past: Miami of Ohio Football pennants, pictures of Ryan as a star quarterback.

RYAN
 You've been tweaking this thing for
 two years. What you need is to
relax and have some fun with your
 boy tonight.

Justin comes out of Ryan's room, holding his underwear.

JUSTIN
 Are you kidding? This is sick,
 dude. I don't want your balls in
 my underwear.

RYAN
 Balls are balls, dude.

JUSTIN
 No, they're not, and it's called
 boundaries, man. Remember our
 discussion?

RYAN
 Hey man, if I wanted a wife, I'd
 call your sister.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
 He's such a dick.

RYAN (V.O.)
 Dick.

INT. LAKERS GAME - NIGHT

We see CELEBRITIES, POWER PLAYERS and BEAUTIFUL WOMEN sitting
 courtside. This is the center of the fun and excitement in LA.

Then we CRANE UP...seemingly miles up...to the nose-bleed seats where Justin & Ryan sit. This is their place in LA.

RYAN
Pretty cool, huh? You wanna sneak down again? See if we can snag better seats?

JUSTIN
Nah, let's just bounce.

Justin is wary of the DEGENERATE FANS around them. They're eyeing Ryan who's dressed in Cleveland Cavaliers colors.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
And why would you wear that? These guys are gonna rape us.

RYAN
Dude, we're fine.

A CRAZY OLD DRUNK next to Justin can sense his fear and suddenly screams in Justin's face:

CRAZY OLD DRUNK
YOU'RE A PUSSY-ASS BITCH!!

JUSTIN
(to Ryan)
Why? Why do they always pick me?

Justin gets up and leaves as we CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The sidewalks are packed with people out partying. As the boys walk through the crowds, they have to walk around people. It's like they're invisible. Justin gets bumped.

EXT. OUTSIDE A TRENDY CLUB - NIGHT

They stand in the crowd, waiting to get in as a PRETENTIOUS DOOR GIRL with her clipboard picks people to be let in.

PRETENTIOUS DOOR GIRL
You and you. The rest of you buh-bye.

RYAN
Whoa! I'm pretty sure you forgot about me and my boy here.

PRETENTIOUS DOOR GIRL
Whoa, pretty sure I didn't.

Ryan pretends to recognize her.

RYAN
Wait a minute. Didn't you hit on me
on J-Date last night?...It was you!

She scoffs and walks into the club.

JUSTIN
Awesome. Let's go home, man.

RYAN
No, no, no. What do we say? If we
can't get in the party, then we...?

JUSTIN
(sighs)
...we lower our standards.

INT. SADDLE RANCH BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

A DRUNK FAT GIRL rides the mechanical bull. The cheesy bar
is packed with COLLEGE KIDS and GENERAL DOUCHEBAGS.

JUSTIN
Ok, now let's go home.

RYAN
Should I sign you up for the bull?

JUSTIN
I said home.

RYAN
Cool. I'll go put us on the list.

We follow Ryan as he saunters over to some Hot Girls.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Heyyy you. Is it Trudy or Gabby?

HOT GIRL #1
It's Fuck.

RYAN
(excited)
Really.

HOT GIRL #1
As in "Fuck off."

RYAN
I'm a big fan of clever.

BACK TO JUSTIN

He stands in the corner when an entire drink SPLASHES on him.

JUSTIN
Aww! What the--?

Justin turns to see THREE JUICED-OUT DICKS wearing "*Tap Out*" T-shirts. These guys go out just to get into fights.

TAP-OUT DICK
(all aggro)
What did you say?!

Justin sees there's three of them. What can he do?

JUSTIN
I said you're awesome. Thanks.

TAP-OUT DICK
Yeah, that's what I thought.

The Dicks LAUGH as Justin leaves and we CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Georgie's is a family-owned diner complete with bar and karaoke stage. The boys sit silently at their usual table. The tension between them is obvious.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
It happens so slowly. Without even noticing, your 20's just slip by. Then one day you look up and realize you're so far away from the guy you thought you'd be...

Justin gazes outside where everyone else in LA is having a great night: Guys his age laughing with their buddies, hooking up with girls, going in and out of clubs.

Justin looks over at Ryan staring into space. Ryan notices.

RYAN
What?

JUSTIN
...Nothing.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
What the hell happened to us?

We PUSH-IN on Justin as he fondly thinks back to...

JUSTIN & RYAN (**at 18**)

Freshman dorm. Miami University of Ohio. Ryan throws his arm around Justin and takes him into a party.

RYAN
 Everyone, this is my roommate,
 Gustavo. Kidding, this is Justin. He
 just got out of jail, so if you're
 wearing jewelry, hide that shit now.

Everyone laughs and takes Justin in. Justin scans the room,
 eyes a CUTE GIRL and walks up. He says something, makes her
 smile and sits down next to her. Then, Ryan pops up...

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (to Girl)
 That's my boy right there, be
 gentle. He just got out of a
 relationship.
 (sotto to Justin)
 Remember, one make-out sesh doesn't
 mean you put a ring on it.

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD AT NIGHT

Ryan practices his QB skills and throws hundreds of footballs
 deep to Justin. Ryan's got the arm but lacks control.

RYAN
 This is a waste of time, it's never
 gonna happen! I'm just a walk-on.

JUSTIN
 So was Tom Brady! Keep going!

RYAN
 Tom Brady was not a walk-on!

JUSTIN
 Did he cry like a little bitch?

RYAN
 I'm not crying!

Ryan throws a ROCKET directly into Justin's hands.

JUSTIN
There he is! Keep 'em coming.

As Ryan keeps FIRING OFF bombs to Justin, we CUT TO:

MIAMI OF OHIO'S YAGER STADIUM

Senior year. Ryan O'Malley, star QB, dominates the game as
 the stadium goes wild for him. Ryan looks out to the stands,
 points to Justin and Justin's GIRLFRIEND. (Yep, it's the girl
 he met Freshman Year.) Justin & Ryan share a thankful look.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
 What did happen to us?...Maybe L.A.
 is what happened to us...

As we see the boys move from Ohio to LA, we CUT TO:

A VIDEO GAME COMPANY - VENICE, CA - ONE YEAR LATER

Justin (**at 23**) is a young assistant, dying to begin his career. He sees DAVE, a senior designer, walk by.

JUSTIN

Hey, Dave! I know you're crazed,
but when you have time, I created
this cop game and I'd love for you--

DAVE

Cool, man, congrats!

The Designer hurries away as we CUT TO:

A CASTING OFFICE FOR "CSI: MIAMI"

Ryan (**at 23**) passionately auditions...

RYAN

...I swear, that's all I know! I
freed myself, the gun went off, and
that was it. I'm the killer!

CASTING ASSISTANT

Can you just read the line the way
it's written?

RYAN

Sure. What was the line again?

CASTING ASSISTANT

"Anyone want coffee."

RYAN

I think my take's got more punch, no?

CASTING ASSISTANT

Thanks for coming in.

Off Ryan, pumped, we CUT BACK TO:

GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT - Present Day

Justin watches Ryan.

JUSTIN (V.O.)

And how does he do it? How does he
go through life like none of this
bothers him?...He just sits there.
What's he thinking about?

ANGLE on Ryan, gazing off.

RYAN (V.O.)
I gotta jerk-off...Shit, do I have
any good DVD's to jerk-off to? So
sick of *Vampire Diaries*...

JUSTIN (V.O.)
God, when did I become so negative?

Justin finally breaks the silence...

JUSTIN
Look man, I'm sorry I've been such
a dick lately.

RYAN
It's cool, man. I get it.

JUSTIN
It's just..when we first moved out
here, we said if we didn't make it
by the time we were 30, then we'd
go back to Ohio.

RYAN
You're gonna sell your game, man.
You just need to relax.

JUSTIN
I'm done relaxing. What've we been
doing the past 8 years?

RYAN
Hey, did you see my *Vampire Diaries*
DVD's anywhere?

JUSTIN
...Forget it.

A WAITER brings over Ryan's food.

RYAN
Oh yeah, I'm gonna bend these
pancakes over and savor the flavor.

JUSTIN
Thanks for that image.

Then Justin sees JOSIE, 20's, walk in to begin her shift.
She's stunningly beautiful but tough.

RYAN
Dude, just go up to her already.
You want me to open it for you?

JUSTIN
I don't want you to do anything.

RYAN
Hey, Georgie!

GEORGIE, the sweet Russian man who owns the place, walks up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What's the deal with your niece?
My boy's got a little crush on her.

GEORGIE
Good! She needs someone like you.
For some reason, she always goes
for these bad boys.

RYAN
Ohmygod, Georgie just called you a
pussy.

GEORGIE
No! That's not what I meant. I
meant you're a nice boy.

Georgie squeezes Justin's cheek. Ryan squeezes the other one.
Justin flicks Ryan's hand off and goes up to...

THE COUNTER

Josie's behind the register. Justin walks up but she doesn't
notice him so he stands there, hesitating...

JUSTIN (V.O.)
C'mon, just do it. What's wrong
with you? Say something...Anything!

Then Ryan YELLS OUT from across the diner.

RYAN
JUST ASK HER FOR HER NUMBER!

Josie looks up, noticing Justin standing there.

JUSTIN
(plays it off)
Ha. That was weird.

JOSIE
(didn't hear)
What?

JUSTIN
Nothing....Hey, I uhh...
(he can't do it)
...thought the pancakes were
really...good.

JOSIE
Great.

She walks off.

JUSTIN
Great. Good talk.

Off that failure, we CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S SHITBOX CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Justin ruminates as Ryan drives them home.

JUSTIN
Who am I? I can't even talk to a girl
anymore. I lost my game.

RYAN
Dude, you never had game to lose.

JUSTIN
Are you kidding? I had game.

RYAN
You had hot girlfriends, I'll give you
that. But you never had game, dude.

JUSTIN
Okay.

RYAN
You were always married guy. But now,
Jesus, you're so weird around chicks.
When did you get so scared?

JUSTIN
I'm not--

Justin keeps it in. Not worth it. Tense silence, then:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Look, I've been thinking. Maybe
it's time I get my own place.

RYAN
What?

JUSTIN
I'm not gonna leave you high and dry.
We'll find you a roommate, someone
cool, someone you're comfortable with--

RYAN
Is this 'cause of rent? 'Cause that
fat kid still owes me money--

JUSTIN
No. It has nothing to do with you,
man. It's me.

RYAN
Are you fucking with me? It sounds
like you're breaking up with me.

JUSTIN
No, I just...need a change, man.
Don't you feel you need a change?

RYAN
Change what? Things are fine--

BAMMM! Their car is suddenly RAMMED by another vehicle! They
go SPINNING, tires SCREECHING, then they abruptly stop.

RYAN (CONT'D)
JESUS! You okay? What happened?

JUSTIN
It was him. He ran the light.

He points to a BLACK MERCEDES SUV idling in the intersection.
Justin & Ryan get out of the car. Ryan surveys the damage.

RYAN
Look at this. My car's totalled.

JUSTIN
No offense, but it pretty much
looks the same.

He's right. But that doesn't stop Ryan, who marches over to
the Mercedes SUV which has no damage whatsoever.

RYAN
You better have Geico, buddy!

No one gets out of the SUV. RAP MUSIC booms from inside.
The windows are blacked-out. Ryan KNOCKS on the window.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Hey! You hear me?!

The windows roll down revealing rich-looking RUSSIAN GUYS,
partying with HOT GIRLS, wasted.

DRIVER
Don't touch the fucking car.

RYAN
Are you kidding? You just hit my
car, asshole!

Reveal TWO COCKY RUSSIAN GUYS, older and younger brothers,
laughing in the back seat with two half-naked EUROPEAN GIRLS.

YOUNGER BROTHER
Whoops.

RYAN
Whoops? Alright, outta the car.

JUSTIN
Ryan, chill. Just get proof...

With his iPhone, Justin snaps pictures of the SUV. Suddenly the Younger Brother JUMPS out, RIPS the phone out of Justin's hand and SMASHES it on the pavement!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?

YOUNGER BROTHER
Watch who the fuck you take pictures of...

He gets back in the SUV and they begin to drive off.

RYAN
Whoa! Where you going?!

JUSTIN
Get their plates!

Ryan chases the SUV but sees it has no plates.

RYAN
They don't have any! SHIT!

They stand there helplessly in the empty intersection.

PUSH-IN on Justin...

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Something had to change. And the answer was obvious. *I just had to sell my game...*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

Justin's been here preparing for hours. His pitch presentation is elaborate, including TWO LIFE-SIZE MANNEQUINS dressed in full LAPD POLICE UNIFORMS. A huge flat-screen TV is ready for people to play his video game.

DAVE, 32, the senior game designer we saw earlier, walks in with three other designers. Justin's happy to see him.

DAVE
Man, you pulled out all the stops. Those cop uniforms look real.

JUSTIN
They are real. Just want to do everything possible, you know?

DAVE

Look, your game's awesome. Just pitch it today like you've pitched it to us a hundred times.

In walks TODD CONNORS, 35, tall, boisterous, fratty, the president of creative.

TODD CONNORS

Alright, what am I hearing?

DAVE

Justin's been working hard on something for a long time so I wanted you to hear it.

Todd sits down. His CREATIVE EXECS take seats around him.

TODD

Well, pitch it, bitch...

JUSTIN

(thrown off)

I will...bitch...

Justin politely laughs then starts his memorized pitch...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What's up, guys? I'm Justin...Most of you know me as Dave's assistant. How's everyone doing?

Crickets. Dave motions: *Be strong, dude.*

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

The thing about games today is, sure, they look better than ever, but we still know, "it's just a game." But what if we made a game so visceral it felt like real life? (from the heart)

And I think the best experiences in life are the ones you go through with your buddies. Even if the experience is scary or dangerous, you still feel this excitement 'cause you're going through it with your brothers.

TODD CONNORS

What the hell have you done that's so dangerous?

JUSTIN

Exactly. That's why people like me need this game.

Justin smiles and unveils his VIDEO GAME.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 "Brothers in Blue" is a character-
 driven action game. What's cool
 about it is it's real. You are a
 cop, being put in situations--

TODD CONNORS
 What do you mean it's real? Are
 you a cop?

JUSTIN
 ...No, but I've been doing years of
 research for this thing.

Todd is looking down at his Blackberry. Justin knows he
 better cut to the chase.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 So I actually created a demo of the
 game that you can play right now--

TODD CONNORS
 (without looking up)
 What kind of super-powers do these
 guys have?

JUSTIN
 ...Super-powers? Well, they're
 cops, so...they don't have any.

CREATIVE EXECUTIVE #1
 Well, what do they have? Are they
 like vampires or anything cool?

TODD CONNORS
 You know what's cool? Firefighters.

JUSTIN
 Firefighters? Okay, umm--

Sensing Justin's weakness, the other Execs jump in...

FEMALE KISS-ASS EXEC
 Firefighters are hot. Ever since
 9/11 everyone wants to be a fireman.

CREATIVE EXEC #1
 Yeah. Who wants to be a cop?

CREATIVE EXEC #2
 I wanna shoot at cops but I don't
 wanna be one.

Justin starts to panic, but as always, stays polite:

JUSTIN
If I can just show you the game,
cops are actually really cool--

TODD CONNORS
No, you know what's really cool?
...Zombies.

FEMALE KISS-ASS EXEC
We just optioned that comic book,
"*Transformers of the Dead*." Let's
just combine them.

CREATIVE EXEC #1
That's genius!

As the Execs get excited, Justin gives up inside. He wants to
gain control of the room, but he just doesn't have it in him:

TODD CONNORS
Great. Scrap this cop thing.
Dave? Here's what the game is:
Just a balls-out shoot 'em up.
Firemen vs. Zombies. Boom!

Justin stands there, devastated. Years of his life wasted.

EXT. PARK - DAY

CLOSE ON: Ryan's face. His eyes determined as he YELLS OUT:

RYAN
Razor 8, razor 8! Watch 45! Pick
up the blitz, set, set, HUT!

Reveal Ryan's the quarterback in a touch-football game with a
bunch of MIDDLE SCHOOL KIDS (12 to 14 year-olds). Ryan plays
HARD! He dodges one kid, stiff-arms another, touchdown!

RYAN (CONT'D)
Alright, let me show you what you
guys are doing wrong. First, Tommy--

8TH GRADER
Can we just have our ball back?

Ryan's teammates walk past him, pissed.

RYAN
I'm sorry, guys, I had the hole.

UPSET KID
You're a ball-hog.

RYAN
Oh, man-up.

LITTLE JOEY comes up, hi-fives Ryan. Joey's 12 and tiny.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Joey, you see that shit?

LITTLE JOEY
Shit was tight.

8TH GRADER
Shut up, Joey. We're outta here.

RYAN
Yo, don't tell him to shut-up.
Where you guys going?

8TH GRADER
Home.

RYAN
What the shit, guys?! It's tie game?!
(they ignore him)
Wow, o-kay. Good luck going pro
with those attitudes! I know I
didn't quit early!

8TH GRADER
Yeah, and you didn't go pro, either!

RYAN
Hey, I got injured. What's your
excuse?

8TH GRADER #2
What do you do all day anyway?

RYAN
Well, what the hell do you do all day?

The kids head to their PARENTS' SUV's. A FATHER eyes Ryan as he gets the kids in the car.

FATHER
Hey Tommy, who is that guy?

8TH GRADER
Some loser. He just shows up every
day and thinks he's our coach.

Ryan & Little Joey are left on the field alone.

LITTLE JOEY
Those guys are chumps. Hey, want
me to take you to Hooters again?

RYAN
Nah, can't today, I got a big night.

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Justin comes home to find Ryan waiting, excited.

RYAN
Well? Who's my all-star video game designer?!

JUSTIN
I don't wanna talk about it.

RYAN
What? What happened?

Justin's ashamed to explain, especially to Ryan.

JUSTIN
...Fucking Todd. He jumped in and just took over--

RYAN
I want to meet this Todd guy. Do I need to come down there and take care of this? Daddy will?

JUSTIN
Daddy needs to shut-up.

RYAN
You know what your problem is?

Justin looks and Ryan stares him down. Justin looks away.

RYAN (CONT'D)
That's your problem.

JUSTIN
Thanks, Miyagi.

RYAN
Look, let's just hit this party.

JUSTIN
I'm really not in the mood, man.

RYAN
Dude, we have to go.

JUSTIN
Why do you want to go to this thing so bad? It's gonna be like a college reunion--
(realizes)
Of course, that's why you want to go.

RYAN
(smiles, caught)
What, it'll be like the good ole
days. C'mon, man. We need this.

JUSTIN
Did you get us costumes?

RYAN
Please. The Kid always comes
through...

Ryan heads into Justin's bedroom.

JUSTIN
Why are you going in my bedroom?

Ryan jumps out wearing a WHITE BED SHEET over his head with
two holes cut out for eyes.

RYAN
Boo, motherfucker!

JUSTIN
What the--?! Are those my sheets?

RYAN
We're ghosts, dude.

JUSTIN
You look like a Klan member.

RYAN
Well, we need costumes.

JUSTIN
Why are they having a costume party
in the middle of June?

RYAN
(shrugs)
That's what the Evite said.
(notices something)
What about those?

Justin follows his gaze to...THE POLICE UNIFORMS.

JUSTIN
No. Not gonna happen.

EXT. MODERN MANSION - SUNSET PLAZA - NIGHT

The boys wear the LAPD POLICE UNIFORMS as they walk up to the
house party. Ryan's uniform fits perfectly. Justin's is
oversized and he looks like a boy in a man's suit.

JUSTIN
We look ridiculous.

RYAN
No. You look ridiculous. I look
like a fucking shot-caller.

Up ahead, VALETS stand at the driveway. They nod obediently
but Justin & Ryan don't notice. SOUNDS OF A BIG PARTY emanate
from inside the house. A MIAMI OF OHIO BANNER hangs outside.

JUSTIN
God, I really don't want to see
these people right now.

RYAN
Dude, we're gonna crush this.

They open the front door and Justin FREEZES:

The entire party is dressed in FORMAL BLACK-TIE EVENING WEAR.
Everyone is wearing glittered masquerade masks.

Justin & Ryan stand there in their LAPD police uniforms.

JUSTIN
(aside to Ryan)
I'm gonna kill you.

RYAN
What?

JUSTIN
What? It's not a costume party,
it's a masquerade party.

RYAN
Whatever, same thing.

JUSTIN
No, not the same thing.

INTERCUT the boys as they separately catch up with people:

--Justin talks with a group of SUCCESSFUL MARRIED COUPLES.

WIFE #1
We just bought a house in Pasadena.

HUSBAND #2
No way, we just bought in
Calabasas! Look at us, we're all
so grown-up now and adult.

Everyone turns and sees Justin in his cop uniform. Awkward.

HUSBAND #1
 Hey man, congrats!
 (off Justin's confusion)
 Jenny Facebooked me. I saw the
 "Engaged" status, when's the big day?

JUSTIN
 I wouldn't know. We broke up after
 graduation.

HUSBAND #1
 Oh...Whoops--

HUSBAND #2
 So where you living these days,
 Justin? Buying? Renting?

JUSTIN
 I uh...bought a house in Brentwood,
 yeah, but I'm looking to upgrade.

WIFE #2
 Really? That other cop said you
 two share an apartment?

JUSTIN
 (busted, embarrassed)
 Ha. Did he? That's weird...

--Ryan walks around, nodding his head at people but no one's
 giving him the usual star treatment he was expecting.

He sees a group is gathered around a TV playing SportsCenter
 highlights of the MU Football Team through the years. One of
 Ryan's most glorious college games comes on.

RYAN
 Heyyy, who's that handsome guy?

CLOSE ON: Ryan watching his younger, more vibrant self on TV
 as the star quarterback of the game...

FLASH TO: Ryan's memory of being there, inside the huddle.
 His teammates look up at him with such respect. He's their
 leader as he calls out the play - *Break!*

Ryan snaps the ball, fake-pumps, then RUNS it in himself -
 Touchdown! The entire stadium goes WILD for him! He raises
 his arms in the air. 100,000 people screaming his name.

BACK TO: Ryan snapping out of it. The crowd around the TV is
 gone. Here it dawns on him...No one cares anymore. He looks
 around the party. Everyone has moved on but him. He's alone.

A group of DRUNK SUCCESSFUL GUYS approaches Ryan.

SUCCESSFUL GUY
 Look, it's Ryan O'Malley. Quick
 get his autograph.
 (the guys laugh)
 So what happened, man? Everyone
 said you were going pro?

Ryan tries not to let this get to him...

RYAN
 Yeah, well, with the injury, life
 kinda screwed me.

SUCCESSFUL GUY #2
 I saw you in a herpes commercial.

RYAN
 (proudly)
 Yes you did. Valtrex, brother.

SUCCESSFUL GUY
 So what, you're an actor now?

RYAN
 I'm dabbling in a few things. I
 mentor some kids in football, you
 know, trying to give back.
 (off their laughter)
 What?

SUCCESSFUL GUY
 No, I love it, I love it.
 (stops laughing)
 So, c'mon, man, cut the shit.

RYAN
 What?

SUCCESSFUL GUY
 So what do you do...in life? Your
job. What's your career?

Ryan just stares at him. It's a painful moment.

SUCCESSFUL GUY #2
 Jay, chill out, man.

SUCCESSFUL GUY
 Hey, it's good seeing you, man.
 The Great Ryan O'Malley.
 (pats Ryan on the back)
 Good luck on that acting career.

They walk off, laughing, leaving Ryan alone. He puts down
 his drink, as if giving up, and quietly leaves the party.

Justin sees him leave. Concerned, he follows him out.

EXT. MODERN MANSION - SUNSET PLAZA - NIGHT

Justin & Ryan walk in silence, each of them feeling horrible.

JUSTIN
...Dude, I'm done.

RYAN
It's fine, let's go home.

JUSTIN
No, I mean like done, done. I'm
not built for LA, man. I'll admit
it, this place has beaten me. I'm
going back to Ohio...

A silent beat, then...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Ryan keeps walking. Justin realizes: Ryan does feel the same way. These years have affected him. Justin feels for him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Me, too, man.

They head down Sunset Blvd toward their car. As they walk through crowds of partyers, WE see something is different...

People actually move out of their way. Everyone is noticing them, even girls. They're no longer invisible. The boys start to realize this and then--

WOMAN (O.S.)
Officer! Officer!

A HOT WOMAN rushes toward them. The boys look around, *Is she talking to us?* She runs up and KISSES Justin on the mouth!

HOT WOMAN
Scavenger hunt! We all have to
kiss a cop!

The rest of the BACHELORETTE PARTY comes running at them. The boys are stunned as girl after girl kisses them. One or two totally make out with them. Then the girls take off.

JUSTIN
Wow. That was...different.

RYAN
That was AWESOME!

Justin laughs. Ryan notices a SNOBBY GUY walking by.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You, freeze!

Snobby Guy freezes.

SNOBBY GUY
What?

RYAN
Where do you think you're going?

SNOBBY GUY
I'm just walking to my car?

RYAN
Alright then, let's pick up the pace.

The Guy hurries off.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Dude, this is incredible. People
actually think we're cops.
(re: their uniforms)
They think these things are real.

JUSTIN
They are real.

RYAN
Dude, you gotta try this.

A PUNK SKATEBOARDER zooms by, forcing people out of his way.

JUSTIN
Police! Freeze!

The Skateboarder wipes out.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ooo, shit, my bad.

They help him up and he skates off. Justin smiles at Ryan.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Dude, this is amazing.

RYAN
Let's get this party started.

--The boys stop a group of REALLY HOT GIRLS.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Ladies, ladies, stop right there.

JUSTIN
Do you know what you guys did?

GIRLS

No...?

RYAN

Okay, I'm gonna need a cell phone number from each and every one of you, starting with you...
(points to hottest girl)
Hit me.

HOT GIRL #1

Are you being serious?

JUSTIN

We're dead serious, ma'am. We're the police.

--The boys crack up. Ryan sees a GROUP OF YOUNG DUDES smoking weed. The Dudes see the "cops" and quickly begin to flee.

RYAN

WHOA! Hold it right there, guys.

The dudes freeze. Ryan tests the authority.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hands on your heads please.

The dudes actually put their hands on their heads.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(notices something)

Uh-oh, what's this?

Ryan picks up their LIT JOINT off the ground.

DUDE #1

Officer, I swear, it's not--

Ryan takes a HUGE hit. The dudes are stunned.

RYAN

This is good shit. Gimme the rest.

DUDE #2

Is this for real?

JUSTIN

Wanna spend a night in the box?

The dudes hand it over and take off. Ryan offers the joint to Justin. *Fuck it, why not?* Justin takes a hit, smiles.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's good to be the cops.

INT. STARBUCK'S - NIGHT

Justin & Ryan, high as kites, stand in line waiting for their coffees. Justin fumbles with his wallet, super-baked.

VOICE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Justin turns around and sees TWO REAL COPS behind him. He opens his mouth, but no sound comes out.

COP #1
You know Starbuck's always gives
love. Put your wallet away.

The CASHIER hands Justin & Ryan their orders.

CASHIER
On the house, Officers, of course.

Ryan takes the coffees, leans in to Cop #1 regarding Justin.

RYAN
Fuckin' rookie, huh? You be safe
out there.

COP #1
Back atcha.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

The boys exit, exchange a look, *Ho-ly shit!*

RYAN
Even the cops think we're cops.

INT. GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

End of the night, the boys laugh hysterically together. Patrons are thrown by the giddy, giggling cops.

Georgie comes over again with his wife, LYDIA.

GEORGIE
We feel horrible, we had no idea
you two were policemen. If we
knew, we never would've charged you
for anything.

LYDIA
The boys in blue always eat for free.

RYAN
Guys, listen, this is our second
home. Here we pay.

JUSTIN
That's right.

GEORGIE
Okay, eat, enjoy, anything you want.

They leave. Ryan turns to Justin with an excited smile.

RYAN
I think this is the beginning of
something really, really special.

JUSTIN
We're lucky we haven't gotten
arrested.

Suddenly we hear a GLASS BREAK and DRUNKEN LAUGHTER. Justin turns to see it's the "TAP-OUT" DICKS from Saddle Ranch. They're at a booth, being obnoxious and heckling Josie.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I hate those douchebags.

Ryan gets up.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

RYAN
Let's destroy these guys. C'mon,
protect and serve.

JUSTIN
You realize we're not real cops, right?

But Ryan's on the move. Justin nervously follows as they walk up to the "Tap Out" Dicks.

RYAN
Gentlemen, step outside please.

TAP-OUT DICK #1
What's the problem?

JUSTIN
You're the problem. Let's go.

OUTSIDE GEORGIE'S

The Dicks are lined up as Ryan hands them each a CITATION.

TAP-OUT DICK #1
I didn't run a light?

RYAN
Now you did.

TAP-OUT DICK #2
Resisting arrest? But I didn't say--

JUSTIN
What was that? What'd you say?

TAP-OUT DICK #2
...Nothing.

JUSTIN
Yeah, that's what I thought.

Josie notices this from the doorway. She's impressed by Justin. His authority clearly attracts her.

As the Tap-Out Dicks walk off, Justin feels Josie eyeing him. He turns and catches her. She smiles, caught.

JOSIE
I'm sorry, I just...I had no idea you were a cop.

JUSTIN
Well, I'm not really a cop...

Off her confused look, Ryan jumps in...

RYAN
He means we're more than cops. We work with the FBI, SWAT, pretty much all the...intense forces.

Justin throws him a look, *Dude, please stop.*

JOSIE
I actually watch all those cop shows. I can't believe the stuff you have to do.

JUSTIN
Well--

RYAN
Tell me about it, we're on a 5150 the other night, when this huge guy comes runnin' at me with a sawed-off and then BAM-BAM-BAM!!!
(pats Justin)
J-Rock here puts two in his chest, one in his balls, saves my life right there.

JOSIE
Wow. Really??

JUSTIN
No--

RYAN
Don't let his sweet face fool you.
They call him Kill Shot.

JUSTIN
No. They don't--

JOSIE
Killshot, huh?

RYAN
This guy's the most bad-ass on the
force. Yep, this guy definitely
deserves a serious massage.

Awkward beat.

JOSIE
I'm Josie, by the way.

JUSTIN
Nice to meet you.

JOSIE
Nice to meet you...Gutierrez?

JUSTIN
Gutierrez?

She motions to his COP NAME TAG which reads: Gutierrez.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Oh, that's...my name. Yeah.

JOSIE
You know I've always wanted to learn
how to shoot guns. Maybe you'd want
to take me sometime?...Teach me how?

JUSTIN
Teach you how...to shoot guns?

RYAN
Oh, he'll shoot with you. This guy
will shoot all over the place--

Justin hits him. Josie smiles and goes back inside.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Oooo-wee! Look at you, dude. The
kid is back.

Justin can't hide it, he feels pretty amazing as we CUT TO:

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan's on the couch, struggling to do the P90X exercise video. Justin's about to leave for work, regards Ryan.

JUSTIN
So what do you got going on today?

RYAN
Couple auditions, maybe some
"Vampire Diaries," the usual.

JUSTIN
Hey, last night was pretty sweet.

RYAN
Yeah...it was.

They revel in the memory for a beat. Last night definitely eased the friction between them.

JUSTIN
Alright, man, see ya later.

RYAN
Go get 'em, tiger.

Justin leaves and Ryan gives up exercising. He looks over at the floor...

...at the POLICE UNIFORMS as we CUT TO...

INT. VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

Justin walks into work and sees the design team throwing away all his cop materials.

JUSTIN
Wait wait wait...I'll take those.

In place of his cop materials, the team posts up cheesy illustrations of ZOMBIES and calendar photos of shirtless FIREFIGHTERS. Justin's heart breaks. Meanwhile...

RYAN, in his uniform

struts through the neighborhood, chest puffed out, greeting people, and loving the power of being a cop:

--Ryan has pulled a EURO SNOB out of his Lamborghini. The Euro Snob is confused.

EURO SNOB
You need to test drive it for what?

RYAN
It's called emissions, Sir, and I'll
ask the questions. Now, excuse me...

Ryan gets in and TEARS OFF, "WHOOOOOOO!!!"

--A group of UNDERAGE KIDS come out of a liquor store with
tons of ALCOHOL. They freeze when they see a cop step out of
a Lamborghini.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Yo, snap some pix of me in this thing.

Ryan tosses them his iPhone and strikes poses with his gun in
front of the Lambo.

RYAN (CONT'D)
How's this? Do I look bad-ass?
(off the kids nodding)
Cool, now let's see some ID, guys.
(off their silence)
Underage drinking is not cool, guys.
What the fuck. So I'll just be
taking these...

Ryan grabs their VODKA and BEER.

--At GEORGIE'S, Ryan drops in and has lunch with Georgie.
They drink, laugh and arm-wrestle together, forming a real
father/son bond as we CUT BACK TO:

--The Euro Snob still waiting. Ryan rolls up in his Lambo.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Lucky for you, it passed. But I'm
watching you.

INT. JUSTIN'S PRIUS - DRIVING - DAY

End of the day, Justin's driving home when he sees Ryan, in
uniform. Ryan's frisking a GROUP OF SKATE PUNKS lined up
against a wall. Justin double-takes...

JUSTIN
What the--?!

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Justin freaks out.

JUSTIN
ARE YOU INSANE?

RYAN
Dude, it is awesome. Wearing this
uniform is a fucking rush, man!

JUSTIN

Maybe you don't understand something -
- It's illegal! Like really illegal!
Not to mention fucking weird.

RYAN

So? So what? How amazing did you
feel last night? Did you feel like
that at work today?

(off Justin's reaction)

Exactly. Dude, you saw that chick
last night, she wanted you!

Justin can't help but smile. Ryan sees it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

There he is!...Look, you were right,
we did need a change and this is it!

JUSTIN

This is not what I--

RYAN

It doesn't matter! C'mon, I need
you to watch my six.

JUSTIN

Your six?

RYAN

My backup. My partner! Dude, I'm
going, because I know I had the best
night of my life last night. So why
not enjoy it a little bit more?

(then)

I'll bet Josie wants to see you?

Justin sighs, torn, then...

JUSTIN

...Alright.

RYAN

Yessss!

JUSTIN

But settle down, I'm not getting
arrested over this--

RYAN

Dude, real cops thought we were
cops. We'll keep it low-key.

EXT. OUTSIDE A LAKERS GAME - NIGHT

It's mobbed with thousands of fans. Justin nervously follows
Ryan in their police uniforms...

JUSTIN
Motherfucker, this is not low-key.

They cut through the massive lines and head right for the entrance where SECURITY and REAL POLICE are patrolling.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Dude, they're gonna bust us. And what are we gonna say? "*Sorry, we were just kidding?*"

RYAN
Don't think, just be a cop.

As they approach the gate, the Police are now clocking them.

JUSTIN
Shit, this is so not worth it, man.

Too late. Ryan nods to the Police and walks around the metal detectors. Justin follows but his utility belt gets caught on a stanchion and it CLANKS to the floor. Everyone turns.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Shit...Shit.

Ryan looks back, sees Justin, helpless, staring at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I'm stuck.

A POLICE OFFICER comes at him.

POLICE OFFICER
Stop. Put your hands up.

Justin, surrenders, puts his hands behind his head.

JUSTIN
I'm sorry...we were just kidding--

But to Justin's surprise, the Officer unhooks him.

POLICE OFFICER
There. You're good.

JUSTIN
Oh...Thanks, man.

Justin hurries to Ryan and they enter the arena. The crowds part for the cops. Justin passes by the CRAZY OLD DRUNK who screamed at him last time. He leans into him...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Pussy-ass bitch.

The Drunk is startled by the cop as we CUT TO:

COURTSIDE OF THE LAKERS GAME

The boys have the best seats in the whole arena...Well, they're not quite seats but they're standing right next to JACK NICHOLSON. Ryan looks to Justin. Justin smiles.

JUSTIN

Okay, this was worth it. This was way worth it.

Kobe scores! The boys go ape-shit! They notice they're on the Jumbotron! The cops jump around, screaming and waving like school kids. The whole arena watches, bewildered.

Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" kicks in as we **INTERCUT** the next several nights of their amazing new nightlife:

--**AT THEIR APARTMENT**, every night as soon as Justin comes home, the boys suit up in their cop uniforms, laughing, pumped up for the night...

--**AT A RED CARPET EVENT PARTY**, the cops walk the red carpet. They head toward the club when the same PRETENTIOUS DOOR GIRL with her clipboard hesitantly stops the cops.

PRETENTIOUS DOOR GIRL

I'm sorry, are you guys on the list?

RYAN

You wanna go to jail?

PRETENTIOUS DOOR GIRL

...Umm, no?

Ryan grabs her clipboard with her guest list.

RYAN

This is a 402 so I'll be taking this.

Justin sees TWO GUYS at the very back of the crowd. They could've been Justin & Ryan only days ago.

JUSTIN

And those two. They get in right now.

--**INSIDE THE PACKED CLUB**, the GM sees them and hurries over, thinking it's a police inspection. He treats them like kings.

GENERAL MANAGER

Evening, guys. Is there a problem? Anything I can help you with?

RYAN

Sure. Why don't we start with some shots, sailor. And we'll take that table over there.

GENERAL MANAGER
Are you...serious?

RYAN
Or we can just start checking ID's?

GENERAL MANAGER
Let's get you that table. Follow me.

Ryan dances behind the GM, pretending to grind him.

JUSTIN
Dude, really?

A group of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS notice the cops. Ryan dances over to them and the girls love it. Ryan waves Justin over. Justin laughs, *fuck it*, and joins them as we SMASH TO:

The cops are the center of it all: Pounding shots with celebrities, partying with girls in VIP, crushing it on the dance floor. FLOYD MAYWEATHER and his posse laugh.

FLOYD MAYWEATHER
Those cops are the shit!

Justin has a smile plastered on his face, all his inhibitions are gone but then we CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN L.A. GUN CLUB - DAY

Justin looks nervous as Josie excitedly leads him in. This place is not the Beverly Hills Gun Club. It's a seedy, tough crowd. GANGBANGERS come here to practice.

JUSTIN
You really wanna do this, huh?
Wouldn't you rather go to the beach?

JOSIE
The beach is for pussies. C'mon,
let's bust a cap in someone's ass.

At the counter, the tatted-up EX-CON sizes up Justin.

EX-CON
You ever fire a gun before? Or do
you need me to show you?

JOSIE
Ha, I think we'll be fine. He's a cop.

EX-CON
You're a cop?

JUSTIN
Nahhh...

JOSIE
But you are, though...

JUSTIN
I know, I just...

JOSIE
They call him Kill Shot.

EX-CON
Killshot, huh? What do you shoot?

JUSTIN
You know...whatever kills.

AT THE EQUIPMENT COUNTER

Justin & Josie put on their protective goggles.

JUSTIN
So why do you want to do this again?

JOSIE
I don't know, I think it's time I
learn how to protect myself.

JUSTIN
Protect yourself from what? Bears?

JOSIE
Let's just say my ex was... not a
good guy.

JUSTIN
Uh-oh...Okay, lay it on me.

JOSIE
Uch, let's see...Violent, crazy. I
really don't like talking about it.

JUSTIN
Phew, tell me about it. I hate
talking about my violent, crazy exes.

She laughs. Then looks into his eyes.

JOSIE
I like you. You're like this
"tough" cop on the outside, but
inside you're like this...softy.

JUSTIN
Softy? Really? That's a first.

JOSIE
(playful)
Yeah, like a real soft...softy.

JUSTIN
Let's just shoot some guns.

JUSTIN

now stands in an actual firing lane. Josie hands him a G18 MACHINE PISTOL with the clip and the ammo.

JOSIE
Ok, show me how to load this thing.

Justin has no clue what to do. He just stares at the clip.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
You okay?

JUSTIN
Yeah, totally.

He notices a GANGBANGER next to them loading his gun. Justin purposely drops a bullet and crawls under to the Guy's lane to watch him load. The Gangbanger looks down and sees him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
You good? Just making sure you're loading that right?

GANGBANGER
Huh?

JUSTIN
(to Josie)
He's okay, he's got it.

Justin gets back in their lane. He loads the clip but it's way harder than it looks. Justin has to use serious strength.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Jesus...this equipment's so old.
(finishes loading)
Alright, so we're really doing this.

Justin is hesitant. He's never shot a gun before. But Josie doesn't know that. In fact, she's getting turned on by the image of Justin holding a gun. She comes up behind him.

JOSIE
Here, I wanna do it with you.

Her body presses against him. She wraps her arms around his.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Your hands are shaking?

JUSTIN
Oh...I have a...gunshot wound causes me to shake.

JOSIE
 (whispers)
 Pull that trigger for me...

Justin closes his eyes and BOOOM! It ain't like the movies, this is what a gun is really like: It's VIOLENT and EAR-SHATTERING! The sheer force KICKS Justin's body back!

He loses control as Josie keeps FIRING! BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!
 Justin screams in terror, then he turns around to face her.

JUSTIN
 Look, we should just stop. This
 equipment is so--

Josie SQUEALS, jumps on Justin, wrapping her arms and legs around his body.

JOSIE
 Ohmygod! That was sooo incredible!

Justin's taken aback as she kisses him. He turns and notices the Gangbanger nodding, "You the man, bro."

INT. JUSTIN'S PRIUS - DRIVING - DAY

Justin drives home, feeling amazing, when suddenly a POLICE CAR comes up behind him, lights flashing, siren blaring!

JUSTIN
 Holy shit!

Justin pulls over. The cop yells over his loudspeaker:

COP (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
SHUT - THE - ENGINE - OFF! STEP
 OUT OF THE VEHICLE!

Terrified, Justin kills the engine and quickly gets out.

COP (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)
 TURN AROUND! HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD!

Justin turns, facing us. Behind him, the COP approaches.

COP (CONT'D)
 Don't you move....Now spread 'em!
 (then)
 Now real slow...unzip for me, let's
 see what you're working with--

JUSTIN
 What the--!

Justin spins around to see Ryan laughing his ass off!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Oh, you dick!

RYAN
Oh my God, that was amazing!

Ryan can't stop laughing which makes Justin laugh.

JUSTIN
Where'd you get this thing?!

RYAN
Dude, Ebay.

JUSTIN
Ebay?!

RYAN
I know, how cool is that?

JUSTIN
How can you buy a cop car on Ebay?

RYAN
There were hundreds of them. I had
to get a new car anyway, right?

Justin looks it over. It's a real black-and-white except
without the official LAPD emblems.

RYAN (CONT'D)
It doesn't have the LAPD shit on
the doors, but don't worry, I'll
figure something out.

Justin takes it in...he can't help but smile.

JUSTIN
This is insane.

RYAN
I know. Get in.

"Rock Superstar" from *"Training Day"* starts up as we CUT TO:

EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Our boys pull out of the parking garage in their 5-0 hooptie,
their heads bobbing to the beat. Reveal the music is coming
from Justin's itunes on his laptop. They pull up to...

A RED LIGHT

next to a souped-up Acura filled with Asian *"Fast-n-Furious"*
types. Ryan revs the engine, challenging them to race.

RYAN
You wanna party?

The Asians look freaked-out by the cops. Justin laughs.

JUSTIN
Why do you always say that? It's so
creepy and random.

RYAN
Exactly.

The light turns green and they PEEL OUT as we CUT TO:

DURING THE DAYTIME

--While Justin's at work, Ryan's home alone, getting more
passionate about being a cop:

--He watches cop TV shows like "*The Wire*," and "*The Shield*"
to learn the police lingo.

--He works out hard and gets back into shape.

--He promotes himself by sewing on TWO SERGEANT STRIPES to
his uniform. He looks in the mirror, smiles.

RYAN
Yeah, that's Sergeant to you, bitch.

--Ryan soups-up his police car: He glues LAPD EMBLEMS onto
the doors and attaches a Ramming Bar as we SMASH CUT TO:

THE PARK

BOOM! Ryan BLASTS his police car onto the field where the
MIDDLE SCHOOL KIDS we met earlier are playing football. The
kids are stunned as the cop car stops in front of them.

RYAN
So which one of you little dicks
asked what I did all day?

The kids are speechless. But his pal, Little Joey, smiles.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Joey, hop in. Not you guys.

Ryan PEELS OUT and flips the kids off, as we CUT TO:

AT THE APARTMENT

Ryan searches YouTube and finds POLICE INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEOS.
He studies hand-to-hand combat moves, then practices them on
Little Joey. He hands Joey a SWITCHBLADE.

RYAN
Here, try to kill me with that.

INT. VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

Meanwhile, Justin's sitting in a meeting, watching Todd Connors bully everyone. Justin can't take it anymore. He gets up and walks out as we CUT TO:

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - DAY

Justin comes home to find Ryan studying POLICE TAKE-DOWNS on YouTube. Justin watches intently.

JUSTIN
I wanna learn this shit.

RYAN
Alright, come at me.

Justin goes at him. Ryan GRABS Justin's hand, TWISTS it and FORCES him down to the floor.

JUSTIN
Ok, ok, I get it, get off!

RYAN
See! That shit's real, man!
That's Israeli Krav Maga!

JUSTIN
Alright, settle down. Now show me
how to kill someone.

As Justin learns the move, we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A brand new POLICE SCANNER sits under the dash. The boys listen to the dispatch for cool police calls...

POLICE DISPATCH (OVER SCANNER)
Be advised. Possible 602 at Cole...

RYAN
602, shit, I forgot. What's a 602?

JUSTIN
A 602 is...

On Justin's laptop is a Googled list of POLICE CODES.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Credit card fraud. Bor-ing.

POLICE DISPATCH (OVER SCANNER)
Possible 211 at La Brea and Venice...

JUSTIN
211. What's a 211?

RYAN
Are you kidding? N.W.A. That's an
armed robbery, let's hit that!

JUSTIN
What's wrong with you?

RYAN
Daddy wants to get in the shit!

JUSTIN
Shut-up. Jesus.

POLICE DISPATCH (OVER SCANNER)
All units, we have a 418 in progress...

RYAN
Dude! A 418! That's a high-speed chase!

POLICE DISPATCH (OVER SCANNER)
Suspect heading eastbound on
Arlington just south of Washington--

RYAN
Arlington? That's right here!

Ryan SWERVES left onto the street.

JUSTIN
No! What're you doing?!

Up ahead, they see the SUSPECT! It's weaving through cars!

RYAN
Holy shit, that's him! We're the
first ones on the scene! Should I
hit the lights??

JUSTIN
Are you nuts?! NO!

Ryan GUNS IT, swerving after him!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Dude, what the fuck! Stop!

RYAN
I've always wanted to do this!

JUSTIN
I don't care! Turn off!

Justin grabs the wheel, forcing him to pull over.

Dude, stop!

RYAN

JUSTIN

It's not funny, turn off!

A NEWSOPTER shines a spotlight overhead as we CUT TO:

A LIVE NEWS REPORT

We see a SKY-VIEW SHOT of the police chase. The one cop car is chasing the suspect car but the cop car is swerving uncontrollably back-and-forth. We hear the NEWS REPORTER:

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Now this is strange. The police
car seems to be losing control?

JUSTIN & RYAN

Fighting over control of the wheel.

RYAN
Let me just do the pick move!

JUSTIN
NO! TURN OFF! SERIOUSLY!

RYAN
...Fine.

SKY-VIEW SHOT:

The police car SWERVES OFF and abandons the high-speed chase.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Well, John, I've never seen anything like that before. The police car just left the scene, it just drove away? Absolutely bizarre.

JUSTIN & RYAN

are pulled over on a quiet street. Ryan's just been scolded.

RYAN
Look, I'm sorry, man. I just...get
excited, ya know?

JUSTIN
No. I don't. That was a news
copter, man! What if they saw us?
This shit cannot catch up with us.

INT. VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

Justin sits in a design meeting when a RECEPTIONIST enters.

RECEPTIONIST
Justin?...There's a police officer
here to see you?

Justin panics.

JUSTIN
A police--? Ok. Excuse me, guys.

WALKING DOWN TO THE LOBBY

Justin's mind is racing. He looks to the reception desk and is relieved to see it's just Ryan standing in full uniform.

RYAN
What's up, Tonto?

Justin puts on a public smile, then he yanks Ryan aside.

JUSTIN
Are you an idiot? You scared the
shit out of me! And why are you
wearing that during the day?!

RYAN
I'm on patrol.

JUSTIN
See, you're scaring me right now.

RYAN
Hey, you want me to talk to Todd
about your game?

JUSTIN
No. Go home and take that off.

RYAN
Alright, but hurry up, I'm bored.
I wanna get out there early tonight.

Ryan walks out. Justin watches as Ryan stops an EMPLOYEE outside and interrogates him. Off Justin's worry, we CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S CUBICLE - VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

Justin Googles "*Impersonating a police officer.*" His jaw drops as he begins reading: "*Falsely representing a law officer is punishable of up to 5 years imprisonment...*" We INTERCUT THIS WITH:

--RYAN, in his cop uniform, parks his police car in front of the MIDDLE SCHOOL and struts inside with authority...

--Justin continues reading: "*Simply wearing a police badge is punishable of 1 year minimum in a Federal Penitentiary...*"

--CLOSE ON: Ryan's POLICE BADGE as he stands at the front of Little Joey's class doing a show-and-tell...

--*"The use of official police equipment is punishable of up to 2 years in a Federal Penitentiary..."*

--During his show-and-tell, Ryan whips out his POLICE BATON.

RYAN

Yeah, check this baby out. This is my police-issue retractable baton. Made out of solid steel, I can WHACK the SHIT of a suspect if need be.

(to Teacher)

Excuse the language. Now, if there are no further questions, I'd like to relieve Little Joey here of his algebra obligations so he can partake in an official ride along.

(the class "ooooohs")

As long as that's okay with you, Mrs. Crabtree?

TEACHER

(weirded-out)

It's Ms. Smith, and that'll be fine.

--Justin's eyes widen: *"Any vehicle with red or blue lights is punishable to 3 years imprisonment and a \$200,000 fine..."*

--Ryan & Little Joey cruise Hollywood in the police car.

RYAN

Always keep your eyes peeled for danger, right?

LITTLE JOEY

Fuck yeah.

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan, still in uniform, comes home with Little Joey.

RYAN

Good shift today. You looked alive out there. We get you a firearm and you'll be ready in no time--

JUSTIN (O.S.)

What the hell have you been doing?

Reveal Justin's on the couch waiting for Ryan to come home. He notices the kid with Ryan.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

And who the hell's this?

RYAN
This is Joey, our intern.

LITTLE JOEY
You said Assistant Deputy?

RYAN
Jo-Jo, watch the attitude--

JUSTIN
Dude, are you insane? We could go to jail for years for this shit and now you got a kid involved?

LITTLE JOEY
Who's this bitch?

JUSTIN
It stops right now, I'm not kidding. Take the uniform off, we're throwing them away. We are done. That's it.

RYAN
We're retiring? Whoa-whoa, let's at least take a vote here. Jo-Jo?

LITTLE JOEY
Fuck that.

JUSTIN
Get him out of here--

Justin's cell rings. He sees it's Josie.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ah, shit.
(answers phone)
Heyyy, what's up?

INTERCUT: JOSIE, crouched down, hiding. Fear in her voice.

JOSIE
I'm so sorry to bother you but I don't know who else to call.

JUSTIN
What's wrong? Where are you?

JOSIE
I'm at the restaurant. These guys are here again and they're being really scary.

Justin paces. Ryan follows, overhearing and getting excited.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Can you just come over here?
Please hurry.

She hangs up.

JUSTIN
Holy shit. Did you hear that?

RYAN
She needs you, bro. Looks like
we're coming out of retirement.

JUSTIN
What are we gonna do?

RYAN
We're gonna suit up and protect
your girl! JoJo, am I wrong?

LITTLE JOEY
Let's whoop some ass! I'm coming!

JUSTIN/RYAN
NO YOU'RE NOT!

INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Ryan guns it for Georgie's. Justin buttons his uniform.

JUSTIN
This is nuts, we're in broad daylight.

RYAN
Should I light up the cherries?
(off Justin's look)
No? Alright.

Driving up to Georgie's, they see a BLACK MERCEDES SUV parked
outside. The same one that rammed Ryan's car earlier.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Well look who it is. I knew I'd
see those fuckers again!

JUSTIN
No way, are those the same guys?

TWO BIG RUSSIAN THUGS stand guard outside Georgie's. Inside,
someone's closing the blinds so no one can see in.

RYAN
Something serious is going on in
there.

JUSTIN
Just drive by. Pull around back.

BEHIND GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT

The boys pull up, jump out and hurry through the back door...

INSIDE GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT

They quietly creep through the back kitchen. There's broken glass and dishes everywhere. They find Lydia crouched down, hiding. Ryan signals her to be quiet as they peek into...

THE DINING AREA

Where two RUSSIAN MEN we've seen earlier have Georgie seated at a table. A LARGE RUSSIAN THUG stands over Georgie, tossing dishes in the air. They shatter on the floor.

GEORGIE

Why do you do this to me? I make my payments, I don't talk.

RUSSIAN MAN #1

Georgie, you have a good business here. And Mossi admires that. He wants to be your partner.

The Man pushes LEGAL CONTRACTS across the table for Georgie to sign. Georgie is scared but he doesn't sign it.

GEORGIE

But I never asked for a partner.

RUSSIAN MAN #1

This will help you if you ever get into trouble. You don't want trouble.

Justin & Ryan watch this and exchange looks, "You ready?" But Lydia reaches out to Ryan and whispers:

LYDIA

Don't...Please. No police.

They continue watching as the Men pressure Georgie.

GEORGIE

This is not right. We've been here 32 years. This is my whole life! This is my family!

The Large Thug GRABS Josie by the arm and YANKS her over.

RUSSIAN MAN #1

You have such a beautiful family. Be a shame if something happened.

Justin's heart is pounding. That's it, they barge in...

RYAN
Wheew! I am starving!

The Men are startled to see the cops.

RUSSIAN MAN #1
We're closed.

RYAN
Is that right?

RUSSIAN MAN #1
Yeah, that's right. And this is a
private meeting. Right, Georgie?

Georgie is scared and pretends he doesn't know the boys.

GEORGIE
It's okay, Officers. Everything's fine.

RUSSIAN MAN #1
You see? Everything's fine.

JUSTIN
It's not fine...

Justin marches up to the Thug clenching Josie's arm.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Let go of her.

The Thug doesn't. Justin steps closer.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna ask you again.

THUG
Take it easy...

The Thug puts his hand up to shoo Justin when WHACK! Out of reflex from his YouTube training, Justin GRABS the Thug's hand, TWISTS it, FORCING the Thug to the floor! Justin THRUSTS his foot down on his face.

JUSTIN
Yeah? How's that for easy?

Justin can't believe he just did that! Neither can Ryan.

RYAN
(sotto to Justin)
I told you that shit works!
(to Russian Men)
So, we doin' some business here?

Ryan walks up to the table, grabs the LEGAL CONTRACTS, then leans in to the Men.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 You guys like picking on old men,
 huh? You know what I like?
 (smiles)
 Partying with good-lookin' sailors
 like yourselves. Let's go! Outside!

OUTSIDE GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT

Ryan now has all the Russian Men lined-up, on their knees.

RYAN
 Shirts off, guys, let's go.
 (off their looks)
 What, I told you we were gonna party.

A crowd has gathered to watch. It's all of the RUSSIAN STORE OWNERS in the neighborhood who are also being extorted by these men. They're shocked to see them on their knees.

Georgie takes Justin & Ryan aside.

GEORGIE
 Boys, it's okay. You don't have to
 do this.

RUSSIAN MAN #1
 You should listen to your friend.

Ryan turns to the Man.

RYAN
 Oh, is that what I should do? This
 your Mercedes?
 (off their nods)
 We got a report of a hit-n-run the
 other night, matches this car
 exactly. Ring a bell?

The shirtless Russians stay silent.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Well, the vehicle you hit was worth
 a lot of money. We're talkin' a top-
 of-the-line Toyota Camry, worth
 anywhere from \$40 to \$95...hundred.

Justin just closes his eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Now the victims are willing to take
 a settlement offer?
 (off their silence)
 Fine. Have it your way.
 (to Justin)
 Gutierrez! Let's 402 their vehicle.

JUSTIN
402?

RYAN
Yeah. Search and seizure.

JUSTIN
Roger that.

As Justin searches through their SUV, Ryan paces in front of the shirtless, tatted-up Russian Men.

RYAN
Well, I'm not gonna lie, fellas, I
got a boner right now.
(to the tubby one)
You've obviously been working out.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
Sergeant! Check it out...

Justin pulls out a CARDBOARD BOX from the SUV. It's filled with envelopes. Each envelope is from a different store owner on the block. They're all filled with CASH. Ryan grabs the box, regards the Store Owners.

RYAN
Huh. Wonder who these belong to?
(to Russian Men)
Listen, you guys are bullies. I hate
bullies which means I am loving this.

RUSSIAN MAN #1
Who the fuck are you?

Ryan crouches down and gets in the Man's face.

RYAN
I'm the new Sheriff in town...

Ryan sees a GUN in the box and sticks it in his waistband.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And it goes like this: No more
payments. From any of these people.
Now get the fuck outta here.
(to the tubby one)
And you, hit the gym, damn.

The shirtless Russians get in their SUV and drive off. Ryan turns to the crowd and holds up their envelopes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Now who wants their money back?!

The store owners CHEER! Ryan's taken aback as everyone CROWDS around him, looking up at him with such respect.

He looks to Justin, who smiles and points, "*You the man!*" For the first time in many years, Ryan feels like a hero again.

Justin turns and sees how Josie is looking at him. A girl hasn't looked at him like this in a long, long time. Justin feels like a man again as we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

The boys are exhilarated.

JUSTIN
We ran shit back there!

RYAN
I FUCKING LOVE BEING A COP!!!

Ryan FLOORS IT! Up ahead, the light turns RED...

JUSTIN
Dude! DUDE!

But Ryan hits the CHERRIES and GUNS right through it!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
HAHA! I forgot we can do that!

Then Ryan notices something in the rear-view. A REAL POLICE CAR has sped up behind them, turns on it's CHERRIES!

RYAN/JUSTIN
Oh shit./Shit! We're dead!

RYAN
...Should I try to lose them?

JUSTIN
Lose them? Who are you?!

Ryan pulls over and stops. The Police Car stops behind them.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
We're dead. We're going to jail and we're gonna get raped. Like hard.

RYAN
Alright, on the count of three, let's bolt.

JUSTIN
No! What are you, nuts?

The TWO COPS get out of their car and approach.

RYAN
Here they come. Alright, let me handle this.

JUSTIN

No! Don't do anything stupid--

As Cop #1 comes to Ryan's side, Ryan rolls down the window and flashes an official police hand signal to the Cop...

RYAN

Code four. All clear, man.

Justin closes his eyes, *Oh my God*.

The Cop looks at Ryan, then Justin, still unsure.

COP #1

We saw you didn't have plates, we didn't know what to make of that.

RYAN

Yeah, we were on a 208. We came out and some asshole stole 'em.

The Cop suddenly sees Ryan's SERGEANT STRIPES.

COP #1

Oh shit, I'm sorry, Sergeant. I'm Segars, this is Jackson.

COP #2

Sorry about that, Sergeant, we should've called it in first.

RYAN

Well, next time let's be more careful out here, okay, guys?

COP#1/COP#2

Yes, Sir.

Justin can't believe this is actually happening.

RYAN

Look, no worries, I was young and hungry once, too. I'm O'Malley. This is Gutierrez.

Justin waves, trying to play along.

SEGARS

Hey, let us make it up to you guys. First round's on us. Whaddaya say?

RYAN

Hell yeah, if you're buyin'--

JUSTIN

Actually, we're gonna call it a night, guys.

Justin throws Ryan a look, *what are you doing?*

RYAN
Sorry guys. Maybe you didn't get
the memo. Gutierrez here is a pussy.

They laugh. Suddenly an ALARM goes off from the K-MART across
the street! Segars turns to the boys.

SEGARS
Never a dull moment. Let's do it.

The Officers run toward the store. Ryan gets out.

JUSTIN
Dude! Where are you going?!

RYAN
Getting their six.

JUSTIN
What?!

The Officers look back. Justin's put on the spot.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(to Officers)
Should we wait here? Just in case?

SEGARS
C'mon, Sarge! Let's do this!

RYAN
C'mon, Gutierrez.

INSIDE THE K-MART STORE

The Officers defer to Ryan, the Sergeant, but Ryan motions
for them to lead. Ryan leans in to Justin, whispers:

RYAN
Remember the YouTube video,
"Control the situation."

JUSTIN
I'm gonna kill you.

A LOUD CRASHING is heard at the back of the store! The
Officers rip out their GUNS. Justin is freaking.

Jackson looks back at them, motions them to pull out their
guns! They pull out their PROP GUNS, keeping them hidden.

The Officers hand-signal them in police code. Justin
responds with a "thumbs up." The Officers look confused.

RYAN
They're saying they'll take the
east side. We'll take the west.

Ryan starts to move. Justin waits for the Officers to
disappear around the corner, then he GRABS Ryan.

JUSTIN
(whispers)
What the hell? Let's get outta here!

RYAN
Hold on.

JUSTIN
Hold on for what?! Let's bail!

Justin TUGS Ryan, Ryan pulls back. They start to wrestle.

RYAN
Dude, get off! Get off me!

JUSTIN
Asshole! This is not funny!

Suddenly A MUSCULAR JAMAICAN GUY appears with a BASEBALL BAT!
He's panting, all jacked-up on drugs. He winds up the bat.

JAMAICAN GUY
C'mon, pig mothafuckaz!

JUSTIN/RYAN
Holy shit!!!

The boys back-pedal as the Guy starts SWINGING MADLY. Ryan
whips out his baton but Justin steps in front of Ryan.

JUSTIN
Guys-guys! Hold it! Hold it!
(to Jamaican Guy)
Dude, just go! Take off! We won't
chase you!

RYAN
(to Justin)
Dude! What are you doing?!

The Jamaican Guy is confused but Justin pleads:

JUSTIN
(to Jamaican Guy)
I swear, just take off! We're not
gonna chase you, I promise.

The Jamaican Guy hesitates, then runs away.

RYAN
Dude, that was so pussy. I can't
even believe how pussy that was.

JUSTIN
Shut-up! Now let's get outta here.

RYAN
Wow. I thought we were men, dude.

JUSTIN
You're an idiot.

Justin leads, hoping to sneak out of here when they see...
Segars & Jackson chasing a HUGE BUTT-NAKED SAMOAN GUY. The
guy is flopping in sweat and running right at them!

SEGARS
TAKE HIM! TAKE HIM, SARGE!

Ryan turns to Justin.

RYAN
All you, brother.

JUSTIN
Fuck you, you take him, *Sarge*.

RYAN
Fine. Watch and learn...

Ryan goes to tackle him but the Huge Samoan PLOWS right over
Ryan! Amazingly, Justin reacts on instinct and LEAPS on top
of the guy, bringing him down by his neck!

CRASH! They KNOCK down an aisle and Justin's head gets
LODGED between the naked Samoan's legs!

JUSTIN
UGH! GET HIM OFF! GET HIM OFF ME!

The Officers pull him off, cuff him, then HI-FIVE Justin.

SEGARS
Nice take down, Gutierrez!

JACKSON
Way to go!...Where's the other guy?

JUSTIN
What other guy?

SEGARS
The other guy? The other perp?

The boys exchange looks, not knowing what to say.

JUSTIN
 I'm pretty sure it was just him.
 (off their confusion)
 But let's go, we'll check the
 front, you guys take the back.

Justin hurries off. Ryan follows. When they reach the front doors, they take off, book to their car and TEAR AWAY!

INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Justin looks back as Ryan drives, all pumped up.

RYAN
Whooooo! What a night!

JUSTIN
 We better pray they didn't see us.

RYAN
 C'mon! You know that was awesome!

JUSTIN
 That fat guy was sick. I can still
 taste his sweat in my mouth!

RYAN
 Dude, you practically fucked that guy.

Justin cracks a smile. Ryan sees it.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Yeeaah! There he is!

They hit the cherries and as the boys speed off, we CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They drive by Georgie's and see the last POLICE CAR and FIRE TRUCK have just pulled away. All the locals crowd around.

JUSTIN/RYAN
 What's this?/What the hell?

They pull over and quickly run in.

INT. GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is TRASHED. They find Josie & Lydia with Georgie, who's hunched in a chair, fresh cuts on his face.

JUSTIN/RYAN
 Are you okay?/Georgie!

GEORGIE
 It's ok. Everything's ok.

RYAN
What do you mean? Georgie, what happened?

LYDIA
Just stay away! Please. Don't you understand?...You can't be here.

Scared, Lydia peers out the windows. Ryan follows her gaze. Across the street, he sees the black Mercedes SUV pull up.

RYAN
Those motherfuckers.
(to Georgie & Lydia)
This was them??

GEORGIE
Please. No more trouble.

But Ryan wants revenge. He marches outside.

JUSTIN
Ryan!
(to Josie)
Stay here, okay? Just stay inside.

OUTSIDE GEORGIE'S

Ryan heads straight for the Mercedes. Justin catches up.

JUSTIN
Ryan! Hold on!

The doors open and MOSSI, 29, steps out, followed by his men. Justin & Ryan instantly recognize him. He was the Younger Brother from the hit-n-run. He confidently walks up to Ryan.

MOSSI
You the tough cop? Playing tough when I'm not around?
(gets in Ryan's face)
Well, I'm here now. You wanna go to war?...You wanna go to war with me?

RYAN
Don't threaten me. I'm a cop, asshole!

MOSSI
You're a rookie. You see any other cops around here?
(smirks)
What are you gonna do? Huh?

Ryan wants to punch him. Mossi eggs him on.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
You wanna jump?...Jump...Do it.

RYAN
(burning inside)
You're fucking with the wrong cop.

MOSSI
...That's all you got?

Mossi smiles, turns to his men and says something in Russian. They laugh. He turns back to Ryan.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
Then show us! C'mon, show all these
people what you're gonna do to me!

Ryan looks at all of the store owners he protected earlier. They're watching, hoping he does something. But Ryan knows he can't do anything. It's painful to watch.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
You can't do shit.
(in Ryan's face)
I'm Sheriff here.

Mossi looks at Justin, standing behind Ryan.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
You're the new boyfriend, huh? You
gonna protect her?

Mossi gets in Justin's face. Stares into Justin's eyes. It's the test and Justin looks away. Mossi smirks.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
You're scared.
(turns to his men)
This one's fuckin' scared.

JOSIE (O.S.)
Such a big man, huh, Mossi?

Josie comes out of the restaurant.

JUSTIN
Josie! Stay there!

Mossi smiles, leans in to Justin.

MOSSI
You wanna know how she likes it?

Justin stands there, emasculated. Mossi laughs. He struts back to his SUV with his men and they PEEL OUT!

Josie comes over.

JOSIE
What'd he say?

RYAN
That guy's your ex-boyfriend?

Josie looks down, embarrassed.

JUSTIN
 Don't worry. We'll take care of it.
 (looks into her eyes)
 Josie. I'll take care of it.

She mouths "*thank you.*" This hits Justin. He realizes he just dug himself a whole lot deeper into this mess.

Ryan watches the crowd of store owners disperse. He tries to make eye contact with someone, any of them, but no one will meet his eyes. He's lost their respect.

He sees Justin come over.

RYAN
 I'm gonna get that motherfucker.

JUSTIN
 (sotto)
 It's time we go to the cops, man.
Real cops. Right now.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dressed in their normal clothes, the boys get out of Justin's Prius and head into the CENTRAL HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION.

JUSTIN
 We're just gonna tell these guys everything. Everything except that we've been impersonating cops.

INT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - NIGHT

TWO DETECTIVES, one 50's, one 30's, look over the LEGAL CONTRACTS Ryan stole from Mossi's men.

RYAN
 ...And that's the contract they were forcing Georgie to sign. This Mossi guy is extorting the whole block.

The Detectives exchange amused smiles.

OLDER DETECTIVE
 Fucking Mossi.

YOUNGER DETECTIVE
 I'm surprised he knew how to spell.

JUSTIN
 So you guys know him?

YOUNGER DETECTIVE
Unfortunately. He's a wannabe.
He's not a threat.

RYAN
Not a threat? The guy attacked cops!

DETECTIVES
He what?/What cops?

Justin throws Ryan a look.

RYAN
I mean, I could see him attacking cops.

YOUNGER DETECTIVE
Mossi's never gonna attack a cop.

OLDER DETECTIVE
No, he's just the baby brother of
Remi Kazarian...

FLASH TO: Justin's memory of the hit-n-run...We see older,
wiser REMI, in the back seat of the SUV with Mossi.

OLDER DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Remi just got popped for racketeering.
He's up in state for at least ten, so
I'm sure Mossi needs money bad.

RYAN
Well he's making good money off
these innocent store owners.

YOUNGER DETECTIVE
That's the most disgusting part.
These guys tax their own people so
no one's gonna say anything. It's
a cultural thing. Even your guy,
Georgie, is saying tonight was an
accident and that Mossi's his
business partner.

RYAN
He said that? That's cause he's
scared, man! C'mon!

OLDER DETECTIVE
We get your frustration. But
unfortunately, it's impossible for
us, as law enforcement, to do
anything when no one's stating a
crime was actually committed.

RYAN
Well, sounds like we should run a
wire, get evidence and nail this guy.

The Detectives exchange a look.

YOUNGER DETECTIVE
What was your name again?

JUSTIN
What he means is, what can we do?
How do we stop him from doing this
to Georgie and everyone else?

OLDER DETECTIVE
Major Crimes Unit will investigate,
but honestly, they're not gonna come
up with anything. I know it's not
what you want to hear, but the best
thing for you to do is stay out of it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ryan walks out determined. Justin's distressed.

JUSTIN
What the hell am I gonna tell Josie?

RYAN
It's up to us now, man. We gotta
get this guy.

JUSTIN
There's nothing we can do.

RYAN
Bullshit...
(with his excited smile)
We suit up.

JUSTIN
Dude, we're done. Remember? And
I'm not going near that guy! He'll
kill us.

RYAN
He's not gonna kill us. You heard
him, he's not gonna go after cops,
he's not that stupid.

JUSTIN
We're not cops, dude!

RYAN
He doesn't know that. And what
about Georgie, huh? What about
Josie? We made this worse for
them. Now we gotta fix it.

Justin paces, worried, guilty.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 You think Mossi's just gonna stop?
 You can't back out now, man. You
 can't be scared.

JUSTIN
 Fuck you!...I'm not.

RYAN
 Look, you always say you're sick of
 backing down to people, right?
 Well this time, don't.
 (pumping Justin up)
 C'mon, man. We're the cops. Let's
 destroy this guy!

JUSTIN
 But we're not real cops!

RYAN
 Exactly. Which is even better.

JUSTIN
 Why?

RYAN
 Cause we can totally fuck with him.
 Make his life miserable...Mess with
 his business, his personal life.
 It'll be amazing! We'll keep
 torturing him until he stops going
 after Georgie.
 (smiles)
 Think about it, we can do shit to
 him the cops wish they could do!

Justin's curiosity is piqued.

JUSTIN
 Like what?

EXT. STREET / INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Mossi's Mercedes SUV cruises the street when TWERP-TWERP!
 The boys hit the police lights and pull them over.

RYAN
 Let the games begin...

The boys march up to the SUV, BANG on the windows.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Outta the car! All of you!
 (sing-songy)
SOBRIETY TESTS!

CUT TO: MOSSI'S MEN doing all sorts of physical exercises, from handstands to somersaults. The Men pant and sweat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Alright, final test, guys...
 Gutierrez, hit it!

From the police car, Justin blasts the techno song, "*Rhythm Is a Dancer*" and Ryan starts freaking to the beat.

RUSSIAN #1
 You don't know when to quit, do you?

RYAN
 Nope. Now do this for me...

The boys bust out some sick dance moves for the Men to copy.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Let's go! You gotta feel this shit!

The Russians just stand there.

JUSTIN
 I don't think they're getting it.

RYAN
 No? Alright, they fail then...

Ryan goes to their SUV and jumps in.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Penal Code 266, I now get to
 impound your car. You tell Mossi
 we're doing this every night. I
 don't give a shit, I'm startin' to
 like you guys. Now get the fuck
 outta my way.

Ryan PEELS OUT, followed by Justin in the police car, still blasting the music. The Russians are stranded as we CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S PRIUS - DAY

Ryan holds the Mercedes CAR REGISTRATION. He checks the address and looks across the street to see...A RUSSIAN SOCIAL CLUB called *Perestroika*. The doors are barred.

RYAN
 That's it, 6625 Wilshire. Daddy's
 gettin' good at this detective shit.

JUSTIN
 Is that why you're wearing that?

Reveal Ryan's wearing a suit now, his police badge hangs from a chain around his neck like Pacino in "*Heat*."

RYAN
What, I made detective?

JUSTIN
You scare me.

The boys pull around back. Behind *Perestroika*, they find a private parking lot with a loading dock.

RYAN
Boom, what'd I tell ya?

JUSTIN
What, so they own a restaurant?

RYAN
You ever see a restaurant with that many security cameras?

Justin notices 12 HIGH-TECH CAMERAS positioned everywhere.

JUSTIN
Whoa. What are they doing in there?

RYAN
Obviously some shady shit. We gotta run surveillance...

Ryan points to an OFFICE BUILDING directly across the lot.

RYAN (CONT'D)
There, up on that rooftop. That's our vantage point.

JUSTIN
Ok, Serpico.

UP ON THE ROOFTOP OF THE OFFICE BUILDING

Justin & Ryan can watch *Perestroika* below without being seen.

RYAN
You ready?

JUSTIN
No, but just do it.

Ryan presses the REMOTE for the Mercedes. The car alarm starts to WAIL behind *Perestroika* where we reveal...

MOSSI'S MERCEDES SUV

entirely painted and bedazzled with RAINBOWS and UNICORNS. Mossi & crew come pouring out of the club and see it.

RYAN
Ooo, Mossi looks pissed.

The boys get a good look at Mossi's Men with the zoom-lenses on their iPhones.

JUSTIN
Jesus! Look how big some of those guys are.

RYAN
Alright, he's got six guys--

JUSTIN
Dude, some of those guys gotta count as three, they're beasts!

Mossi opens the door of his SUV and a FLOCK OF PIGEONS come flapping out! Justin & Ryan crack up...

RYAN
Think he got the message?

JUSTIN
Yeah, I think he got it.

Mossi continues yelling at his men, but they're careful and go back inside Perestroika to discuss.

RYAN
Shit, we gotta hear what they're saying.
(turns to Justin)
What do you got at work as far as surveillance equipment?

JUSTIN
Surveillance equipment? We're a video game company.

RYAN
We need real equipment...Like cameras, microphones, wiretaps.

JUSTIN
What, you thinking Walmart?

RYAN
Don't worry, I got this.

INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - DAY

In uniform, Ryan drives through the main gate of the HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION. He waves to the guard and pulls in the back lot where the rest of the cop cars are parked.

Ryan sits in his police car, watching REAL COPS enter through the rear entrance. Ryan takes a deep breath.

RYAN
Fuck it, let's dance.

Ryan gets out, puts his sunglasses on, and follows a COP to the doors. The Cop uses his key card and opens the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Hey, can you hold that for me?

The Cop holds the door open and Ryan walks right into...

THE INSIDE OF THE POLICE STATION

Ryan's heart races. He's in! He acts casual and pretends he knows where he's going. He nods to a cop passing by.

RYAN
What's up, man.

Ryan comes to a MAIN BULLPEN and has no idea which direction to go now. He spots a COP drinking coffee.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Hey man, I'm from downtown. Where the hell's your equipment cage around here?

The Cop frowns.

COP
You're from where?

RYAN
Oh, don't worry about it, I'm good.

Ryan quickly turns and walks off.

COP (O.S.)
Hey!

Oh shit-oh shit. Ryan keeps walking.

COP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HEY! I'm talking to you!

Ryan knows he's busted. He turns around and sees it's a different cop who's been yelling. Ryan recognizes him. It's SEGARS, one of the two cops from K-Mart!

SEGARS
O'Malley, right?

RYAN
Yeah. Segars?

SEGARS
Yeah, man! What's up, Sarge?!

Segars hi-fives him and calls out to the OTHER COPS.

SEGARS (CONT'D)
 Polski! O'Brien! This is the
 Sergeant we pulled over that night.

The other cops laugh and come over, shake Ryan's hand.

SEGARS (CONT'D)
 Then he got us back by bailing on
 us on that K-Mart bust. Left us to
 do the paperwork, you sonuvabitch!
 Hey, where's your partner?
 Gutierrez, right?

RYAN
 Eh, he decided to go to work today.
 (catches himself)
 I mean...paperwork and stuff.

CUT TO: JUSTIN & JOSIE

at the firing range. They're BLASTING AWAY targets together!
 Even the gangbangers are impressed. Josie kisses Justin.

BACK TO: THE POLICE STATION

Ryan follows Segars through the police station. Ryan loves
 the tour. He grabs things when Segars isn't looking.

SEGARS
 So what do you need surveillance
 equipment for? What do you guys
 got going on?

RYAN
 That's classified, Segars.
 (they laugh)
 Nah, we're just trying to get some
 info on a suspect.

They continue on to the...

INT. ARMORY/EQUIPMENT CAGE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Segars introduces Ryan to an OLD COP who runs the cage.

SEGARS
 O'Malley meet Barney. Barney's
 like our "Q" from James Bond. Hey
 Barney, hook the Sergeant up.
 Anything he needs.

Ryan hands Barney his handwritten wishlist.

BARNEY
 Let's see what we got here.

THROUGH THE AISLES OF EQUIPMENT

Ryan follows as Barney reads Ryan's wishlist.

BARNEY

This must be one helluva an investigation. Parabolic microphones, Wiretap kit, Night vision goggles...What's this say here?

(reads Ryan's list)

"Anything like the masks in *Mission Impossible* where you peel them off?"

RYAN

Unrealistic?

BARNEY

Actually, I do have a new toy that just came in.

Barney shows Ryan a TINY DEVICE with a push-button.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

It's called a Kill-Switch. It kills the power within a 100-foot radius. It only lasts 5 seconds.

Barney pushes the button. All the power goes out, total darkness. We HEAR cops yelling and complaining. Barney counts to five and then the power comes back on.

RYAN

Yes, I'll be taking that, too.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Justin comes up on the roof and sees all the high-tech equipment as Ryan's been surveilling *Perestroika*.

RYAN

How was work, Dear?

JUSTIN

Where'd all this come from?

RYAN

Oh...yard sale.

JUSTIN

They had wire-taps at a yard sale?

RYAN

It was a big sale, dude.

JUSTIN

I don't even want to know.

Ryan sees Mossi & Crew getting into a vehicle.

RYAN
He's on the move.

EXT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

The boys tail Mossi & Crew to a bath house.

JUSTIN
Russian Bath House? What the hell?

RYAN
Dude, "*Eastern Promises*." It's
where they do their business.

JUSTIN
Or other business. Maybe we got
this guy all wrong?

RYAN
I got an idea. Grab the equipment.

JUSTIN
I'm telling you right now, I'm not
getting naked.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Dressed as a detective, Ryan flashes his badge to the HOST.

RYAN
So we got some reports of a stage-5
fungus in here.

HOST
A what?

RYAN
Hey, don't play naive with me. Now
I'm not gonna shut you down, but I
would appreciate some hospitality.

MEANWHILE...

Justin infiltrates the LOCKER ROOM. He pulls out a POLICE
BUMP KEY and quickly starts popping open lockers in search of
Mossi's locker, as we CUT TO:

RYAN, BUTT-NAKED

struts through the large STEAM ROOM, nods to a FAT HAIRY GUY.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Sup, man.
(re: Guy's penis)
Good job down there.

Ryan continues, looking for Mossi. The steam gets real thick. Ryan can't see. Then he hears:

VOICE (O.S.)
Over here...

Through the steam, Ryan is surprised to find Mossi waiting for him. HIS ENTIRE CREW is seated around him.

MOSSI
Sit down.

Ryan sits down amongst the naked muscular men.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
Where's your boy? Too scared?

RYAN
Nah, he's just not comfortable
being around eight pairs of balls,
like I am.

A LARGE THUG gets up and goes looking for Justin.

BACK IN THE LOCKER ROOM

Justin finds Mossi's locker! He rifles through his clothes and finds Mossi's thick CHAIN NECKLACE. Justin pulls out a teeny SURVEILLANCE CAM and tries to link it to Mossi's chain.

IN THE STEAM ROOM

Mossi & Ryan stare each other down. Ryan smiles.

RYAN
Look, I know what you're thinking.
And I'm thinking the same thing.
You and me just got off on the
wrong foot. So why don't you
apologize, stop bothering Georgie
and I'll leave you alone. Whaddaya
think?

MOSSI
I think your gun and your badge, it
don't mean shit to me. That's what
I think.

RYAN
You know what I think? I think
you're a pussy. Only a pussy does
what you do.

Mossi glares at Ryan. Even Mossi's Men are on edge.

MOSSI
Why don't we step outside? Handle
this like men.

Ryan smiles.

RYAN
We just might get that chance.

And with that, Ryan gets up and walks off as we CUT TO:

THE LOCKER ROOM

Justin's scrambling! He can't get the pinhole cam to link
onto Mossi's chain. Then he hears someone coming...

OUTSIDE

Mossi's LARGE THUG charges right for the locker room! We
follow him as he BARGES through the doors and sees...

JUSTIN, BUTT-NAKED

Justin turns around. He gives the Thug a look.

JUSTIN
...You wanna party?

The Thug squints, "*What the fuck?*" He looks around, making
sure nothing's fishy, then walks out. Justin exhales, then
looks for the FIRE ALARM and PULLS it!

IN THE ENTIRE BATH HOUSE

Alarms wail! Sprinklers SHOWER down! Everyone hurries out!

OUTSIDE ON BEVERLY BLVD.

Hoads of NAKED RUSSIAN MEN pour out onto the sidewalks.

Mossi looks for Ryan. Sees him down the block. The two
naked men stare each other down. Justin pulls up in the cop
car. Ryan gives Mossi a wink, gets in, and they drive off.

INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - DAY

The boys speed around the corner and into an ALLEYWAY.

RYAN
Let's see if this shit works...

In the back seat, they turn on a surveillance monitor.
Suddenly they can see and hear everything from Mossi's POV
since the spy cam is linked onto the chain Mossi's wearing.

JUSTIN
Holy shit, it works!

RYAN
This is gonna be awesome.

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eating pizza and drinking beers, the Boys watch live video of Mossi, inside *Perestroika*, making out with a HOT GIRL.

JUSTIN
 Dude, this is so wrong.

RYAN
 God, I love being a cop.

Mossi is told someone's here. FROM MOSSI'S POV: We see a mean-looking SEASONED MOBSTER, 50's, enter the room.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Whoa, who's this guy? Who's Tony Montana?

JUSTIN
 He's obviously someone big. Look how everyone's afraid of him.

Mossi sits up as the Mobster takes a seat across from him. The Mobster hands Mossi PHOTOS OF JUSTIN & RYAN IN UNIFORM!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 They have pictures of us?!

We see the photos were taken when the boys were arguing with Mossi outside of Georgie's.

MOSSI (O.S.)
 So? Who are these guys?

MOBSTER
 They tell me their badge numbers don't match up. Which tells me one thing...They're not LAPD.

JUSTIN/RYAN
 Oh shit./Oh no...

MOSSI (O.S.)
 So what are they?

MOBSTER
 They could be Feds, they could be some kind of special unit...

Justin & Ryan BURST out laughing!

RYAN
 Yeah, we're Feds, you dingleberries!

MOBSTER

...Whoever these guys are, I don't like it. With these guys on you, I advise you to lay low and not move forward with the plan right now.

The Boys react...

RYAN

Whoa, what plan?!

MOSSI (O.S.)

Fuck that. I ain't waiting for shit. When that shipment comes, we're goin'...

JUSTIN

He's doing a drug deal.

MOBSTER

Your older brother would think differently.

MOSSI (O.S.)

Well, Remi's locked up. So he don't got much say. And I'm not sweatin' these two. They're scared.

Ryan scoffs, then he sees the fear in Justin's eyes.

RYAN

What's your deal?

JUSTIN

I admit it, I am scared of him. That guy scares the shit out of me.

RYAN

What are you so afraid of?

JUSTIN

I don't know, getting my face bashed in? Dying?

BAM! Ryan PUNCHES Justin in the face!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

AHHH! WHAT THE FUCK?!

RYAN

See? It didn't kill you, did it?

JUSTIN

Fucking asshole, it hurts!

RYAN

Exactly, but now you're over it.
And next time you're not gonna be
so scared. And then you can kick
the shit out of the Todd Connors of
the world, and maybe even get to
second base with Josie.

JUSTIN

She just wants me because of the
uniform--

RYAN

Hey, the uniform doesn't make the
man, the man makes the uniform.
Now you ready to do this shit?!

CRACK! Justin SOCKS Ryan in the face! Ryan SCREAMS!

JUSTIN

Yeah, now I'm ready.

IN THEIR APARTMENT

The boys watch "*American Gangster*" and see the cops use an
INVESTIGATION BOARD to pin up PHOTOS of suspects. CUT TO:

The boys lug in a huge INVESTIGATION BOARD into their living
room. They pin up pictures of Mossi's crew. Photos of MOSSI
and the mean-looking MOBSTER are pinned to the top.

EXT. UP ON THE ROOFTOP - DAY

A CARGO TRUCK has backed in to the loading dock behind
Perestroika. A tattooed LATINO GANGBANGER, driving the
truck, assists with unloading GIANT METAL CRATES.

RYAN

There's his shipment. We got him.

The boys turn to the surveillance monitor to get a closer look.
FROM MOSSI'S POV: His Men drill open the crates, lift up the
tops and-- Their audio/video suddenly BLURS and MUFFLES!

RYAN (CONT'D)

What the hell? What'd you do?

JUSTIN

His chain spun around! The
camera's facing his chest.

RYAN

Eww! That's his chest hair? Fuck!

The boys go to their zoom-lenses and watch Mossi move to the
crates. But the cargo truck blocks their view!

RYAN (CONT'D)
I can't see what's in them!

JUSTIN
I can't either.

Mossi's Men pull the loading dock doors closed.

RYAN
Shit! That was our evidence! We
have to know what was in there!

JUSTIN
What're we gonna do?

Ryan watches as the Latino Gangbanger leaves in his truck.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
What are you thinking?

SPEEDING IN THEIR POLICE CAR

Ryan hits the SIRENS/LIGHTS, pulls the Truck over.

JUSTIN
Aww, dude, no! This guy's a full-
on gangbanger. Did you see the
tattoos on his face?

RYAN
Relax, I'm just gonna talk to him.

Ryan walks up to the truck and RIPS the Gangbanger out!

JUSTIN
What the--? Oh, here we go...

Ryan DRAGS him by his feet to the police car!

RYAN
Open the door! Open the back door!

JUSTIN
Idiot...

Justin opens the door. Ryan THROWS the Guy in the back seat.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Can I talk to you a sec?
(takes Ryan aside)
WHAT - THE - FUCK?!

RYAN
We gotta find out what's in those
crates!

JUSTIN
So what are you gonna do,
interrogate him?

INT. THEIR APARTMENT HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - DAY

DING! The elevator opens and the boys come out with the Gangbanger, now handcuffed with a TRADER JOE'S BAG over his head so he can't see. He's WRITHING and CURSING in Spanish.

As they restrain him to their apartment, Josie shows up with a bottle of wine to surprise Justin. She freezes:

JOSIE
Oh...Wow.

Justin quietly signals her, *"Sorry. I'll call you."* She nods and hurries off. Justin breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - DAY

The Gangbanger (GB) is now on his knees with the bag still over his head in their living room. Ryan stands over him.

RYAN
I got you for conspiracy, resisting
arrest, not to mention all the shit
I'm gonna make up, so... WHAT'S IN
THE FUCKIN' CRATES?!

The GB chuckles from underneath the bag. Justin grabs Ryan and pulls him into their kitchen.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What? I'm about to break him.

JUSTIN
Dude, he's not gonna talk.

RYAN
Then we torture him.

JUSTIN
Ok, have fun with that.

RYAN
Look, I've already showed my cards.
You're the mysterious one now, you
gotta be bad cop.

JUSTIN
Oh, so I'm torturing him?

RYAN
Who said torture? Just make him
talk...Now go get 'em!

Justin gets into character, walks over to the GB and rips the bag off his head. The GB spits at Justin!

GANGBANGER
CHINGA SU COOLO, PUTA!

Justin hurries back to the kitchen.

JUSTIN
He's not gonna tell me shit! He's not afraid of me.

RYAN
Then make him afraid of you!

Ryan flicks open a SWITCHBLADE and hands it to him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Reservoir Dogs, dude. Cut the ear.

JUSTIN
Dude, be realistic.

Ryan thinks, as we CUT TO:

JUSTIN & RYAN

have the Gangbanger strapped to an IRONING BOARD as they struggle to see-saw him in and out of the kitchen faucet. It's a ridiculous attempt to WATERBOARD him.

RYAN
You're not doing it right!

JUSTIN
Oh, you're the expert on waterboarding!

RYAN
(to Gangbanger)
We're gonna drown you, bro! Better speak up!

They accidentally drop him onto the floor!

GANGBANGER
The fuck, man! Alright, enough!
(then)
I hate fuckin' Mossi. Everybody does. I'll tell you everything I know, just stop with this shit, man!

RYAN
Why didn't you say that before?!

JUSTIN
And that you spoke English, dick?

They lift him off the floor.

RYAN
You want a beer or something?
What's your name?

GANGBANGER
Pupa.

CUT TO: The boys on the couch, drinking beers with Pupa.
Pupa is playing Justin's COP VIDEO GAME while they talk...

PUPA
For real, I don't know what was in
those crates but Mossi paid some
cash for whatever's in there.

RYAN
Well, Pupa, how do we find out?

PUPA
Mossi's having one of his parties
tonight. And his shit gets crazy.
The crates will still be there.
You wait till tomorrow, that shit's
gonna be gone.
(Re: Justin's video game)
This game's gangster, man!

JUSTIN
Really? Gangster?

PUPA
Shit's for real. But you know what
would make this really dope?

JUSTIN
What?

As they talk, Ryan gets up and paces...

RYAN
Shit, we gotta get in that party
tonight. How do we get in?

Ryan stops. He notices Justin & Pupa playing next to each
other. That excited smile comes over him. Justin notices.

JUSTIN
What?

RYAN
Dude, no offense, but you and Pupa
could be like brothers.

Justin looks at Pupa, then back at Ryan.

JUSTIN

Dude. No.

CUT TO: JUSTIN.

They've shaved his head and covered his face and body with TRIBAL TATTOOS. Justin is unrecognizable. He looks exactly like Pupa.

PUPA

Dang, he looks for real.

RYAN

He looks incredible! Pupa, you are an artist.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What if I start sweating? This stuff's gonna run down my face.

RYAN

Then don't sweat, dude.

JUSTIN

Okay, I'm not doing this. I'm not going to some thug party.

PUPA

Yo, why you gotta be such a bitch?

JUSTIN

Pupa, don't call me a bitch.

PUPA

You made such a cool game, man. If you make it, then you gotta play it.

RYAN

Pupa's got a point, dude.

Justin sighs, knows he's right. He looks in the mirror.

JUSTIN

How the hell am I gonna do this?

PUPA

Yo, no matter what happens, no matter what anyone says to you, all ya gotta say is, *Chupe mis bolas, gallo*.

Subtitle: Suck my balls, Cocksucker.

JUSTIN

What does that mean?

PUPA

It means, "*Suck my balls, you cocksucka!*"

(bumps fists with Justin)

You got it, holmes.

JUSTIN
Thanks, Pupa.

RYAN
Pupa, you're the best.

EXT. PERESTROIKA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Perestroika is packed. Crowds of RAUCOUS THUGS have poured into the parking lot. Everyone looks up and notices:

Justin, the lone Latino Gangbanger, walking up. He mumbles into the WIRE underneath his shirt.

JUSTIN
What the hell am I doing? I'm gonna get killed down here.

We HEAR Ryan over the EAR-WIG in Justin's ear...

RYAN
Relax. You're gonna be in and out...

INTERCUT: Ryan. He's around the corner, holding a small monitor. He's watching THE VIDEO from the tiny PINHOLE CAMERA Justin's wearing on his shirt.

RYAN (CONT'D)
...All you gotta do is find what's in those crates. We'll get footage of it and you're out, ok?

Justin continues walking. Other GANGBANGERS mad-dog him.

JUSTIN
They're all staring at me.

RYAN
Then stare back at them! You're a Chollo vato killer! Own that shit!

Justin glares at the Gangbangers, imitates Pupa:

JUSTIN
Ehhh, chupa bolas y polla.

But Justin mixed-up the words...

Subtitle: I suck balls and cock.

The Gangbangers react confused as Justin struts...

INSIDE PERESTROIKA

The dining area is packed with MAFIA, THUGS, and HOT WOMEN. INTERCUT Ryan watching through the monitor.

RYAN
Nice! Okay, we're in...Dude, that chick is hot!

JUSTIN
 C'mon, dude, I am bugging here--

RYAN
You gotta relax or you'll stand out. These people are so whacked-out, just be like them, go with the music, feel it.

Justin walks around, awkwardly jiggling to the music.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And don't do that jiggling thing you always do, it's creepy.
 (Justin instantly stops)
Just be cool. What's behind that curtain?

Justin walks around a big velvet curtain. Nothing.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Shit. There has to be some kind of back room or storage area.

Justin wanders to the KITCHEN AREA. Sees a THUG making out with a HOT GIRL.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Wait! Go back, go back!

JUSTIN
 What?

Ryan watches them making out.

RYAN
Yeah, stay on that.

JUSTIN
 Dude--

RYAN
Alright, go to the other side of the restaurant. Find a place where they'd hide those crates.

Justin turns and walks right into one of MOSSI'S GUYS.

MOSSI'S GUY
 What are you doing here?

Justin freezes. The Guy talks to him in Spanish.

MOSSI'S GUY (CONT'D)
 Qué estás haciendo aquí?

JUSTIN
Ehhh, chupa bolas y polla.

Subtitle: I'll suck your balls and cock.

The Guy cocks his head, *What?*

RYAN
Hell yeah, Gutierrez! You tell him!

MOSSI'S GUY
 Come with me. Mossi's gonna want to see you.

Justin follows him. He whispers into his mic.

JUSTIN
 Shit, what do I do?!

RYAN
*I don't know but don't be nervous.
 But don't fuck it up either!*

The Guy leads Justin to where Mossi's holding court with a group of RUSSIAN THUGS and GIRLS. Mossi peers at Justin, his eyes are blood-shot, menacing, unstable.

MOSSI
 Where the other "hombres," holmes?

JUSTIN
Ehhh, bolas chupa polla.

Subtitle: My balls suck cock.

A LATINA GIRL reacts, *"What'd he say?"*

MOSSI
 You guys fucked me on the deal.

RYAN
What deal? Make him say what he bought! What's in those crates?!

JUSTIN
 What are we referring to, ese?

Mossi stares into Justin's eyes, then holds out a GLASS PIPE.

MOSSI
 Hit this shit.

JUSTIN
 Uhh...

RYAN
*Do it, dude. He'll know
 something's up if you don't.*

JUSTIN
 Nah, I'm good, so messed up right now--

MOSSI
Do it.

RYAN
Just do it, dude. He's testing you.

Mossi lights the pipe for Justin. Hiding his panic, Justin slowly puts his mouth on the pipe, but he doesn't inhale.

MOSSI
Suck that shit in, motherfucker.

Justin has no choice. He sucks it in, then coughs violently!

THUG
 Ha. You just got cranked up, fool.

The group laughs. Justin fake laughs with them, then walks off. He mumbles into his mic.

JUSTIN
 Ryan, what the fuck did I just
 smoke? What's cranked up mean?

RYAN
*If I tell you, promise not to freak
 out?*

JUSTIN
 Just tell me!

RYAN
You just smoked crystal meth, dude.

JUSTIN
Crystal meth?!

RYAN
It's not gonna affect you.

JUSTIN
 It's not gonna affect me?! Are you
 kidding me?!

RYAN
*Dude, my grandma's smoked crystal
 meth! Eyes on the prize. Now
 what's in that corner?*

Justin hurries down a hallway. At the end of it, there's A PAIR OF METAL BASEMENT DOORS and a REST ROOM to the right.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Whoa! Right there! They have a basement. You gotta go down there.

JUSTIN
 No way.

Justin rushes into the MEN'S ROOM instead.

RYAN
That's gotta be it! Do not puss-out now!

JUSTIN
 Fuck you, asshole!

A SCARY THUG pissing in the urinal turns and looks.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Sorry, man, I didn't mean you.

The Thug SHOVES Justin and leaves. Justin locks the door.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Dude, I gotta get out of here. I'm feeling it, I am fucking flyyyy-ing!

RYAN
Alright, open up that window.

Justin pushes open the window and A GUY IN A MASK pops his head in! Justin JUMPS!

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Dude, it's me, it's me!

Justin keeps SHOVING him back out.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Let me in! What are you doing?!

JUSTIN
 I don't know but I am...
 (starts laughing)
 ...on fire right now, whooo!

RYAN
 Damn, you are flippin'. I'm going down there but you gotta cover me.

JUSTIN
 No! We're out of here!

RYAN

Listen to me, that's their safe-house down there. I'm going in, you stand guard. Now go out there and tell me if the coast is clear.

JUSTIN

Dude, I'm on crystal meth!

RYAN

Stop boasting! I could've been back by now. Let's go!

IN THE HALLWAY

Justin exits the bathroom, walks to where the hallway meets the crowded restaurant. No one's watching.

JUSTIN

Okay, go.

Behind Justin, Ryan darts out, opens the metal basement doors, goes down and closes them quietly behind him.

DOWNSTAIRS

Ryan walks through a catacomb-like basement. He finds a table covered with a tarp. He removes the tarp to find THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN CASH and a PILE OF HANDGUNS.

RYAN

Holy shit.

UPSTAIRS

We HEAR Ryan in Justin's ear-wig again.

JUSTIN

What?...Ryan? What?

Justin's iphone vibrates. He pulls it out, sees PHOTO-TEXTS of Ryan posing like Tupac with cash and guns.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Dude, what are you doing?!

RYAN

How cool is that pic? Should I take some of this cash?

JUSTIN

No! Stop fucking around, hurry up.

RYAN

I am, I'm looking for the crates.

JUSTIN
Well, look faster. It's getting
insane up here...

In the Dining Area, it's game time. A HUGE CAGE is rolled out and DOZENS OF THUGS rip off their shirts and enter the cage.

As a sick mosh pit begins, two thugs get in the middle, strap their left arms together, and begin viciously PUNCHING each other in the face as hard as they can. Whoever falls, loses.

Justin watches this, horrified.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Oh, this is awesome.

DOWNSTAIRS

Ryan enters a DARK ROOM. He flicks on the lights.

RYAN
Ho-ly shit.

JUSTIN
What?

The room is filled with HEAVY ARTILLERY: Racks of sick-looking AUTOMATIC RIFLES, rows of BULLETPROOF BODY ARMOR SUITS. The crates lay empty on the floor.

Ryan uses his iphone to snap pictures and record video.

RYAN
Dude, these guys are armed to the teeth. These are cop-killer rifles. These things are so illegal, they can shoot through bulletproof vests.

Ryan inspects the kevlar bulletproof suits.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And it looks like custom-made bulletproof armor. Dude, these guys are doing something huge.

Ryan sees something on the wall. They're BUILDING FLOOR PLANS. He looks closer, sees labels like "Vault" and "Bulletproof Glass." At the top, it reads: "Transfer 0715."

RYAN (CONT'D)
It's a bank. They're robbing a bank, dude. A fucking big one.

JUSTIN
Cool. Now get up here! Let's go!

Ryan carefully videotapes the entire floor plan. He notices an entrance door to the bank is circled in RED.

RYAN
It doesn't say what bank though.
Transfer 0715? What is that?

JUSTIN
Ryan, get up here, I'm not kidding.

In the cage, a HUGE SHIRTLESS THUG scans the room looking for a challenger. His beady eyes meet Justin's. He points!

HUGE THUG
I WANT HIM!

Everyone turns and looks at Justin. Justin, terrified, tries to play it off.

JUSTIN
Oh, my back's still tweaked from
last time, guys. Next time, though.

They GRAB Justin and his wire goes out! They drag him into the CAGE. Justin is freaking!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
GUYS, GUYS, SERIOUSLY!
(into his mic)
Ryan, get your ass up here, I'm
about to die!

DOWNSTAIRS, Ryan didn't hear any of it as he continues taking pictures of the bank floor plans.

RYAN
We totally got 'em, dude.

Justin's now in the middle of the cage. The Thug straps their left arms together tight. Justin feels sick...

JUSTIN
I don't want to do this. Seriously.

HUGE THUG
HIT ME!

JUSTIN
I can't. Please--

BAM! Justin didn't even see it coming as the Thug BASHES him across the face! All sound cuts out. A high-pitch RINGING fills our ears.

Justin STUMBLES BACK, his EAR WIG pops out and rolls across the floor! Justin doesn't feel any pain, just a sudden rush of adrenaline.

Before he even realizes it, he BELTS the Thug across the face as hard as he can! The Thug's head whips back as he stumbles to the ground! Everyone CHEERS!

Mossi comes over, laughing excitedly, clapping.

MOSSI

Let's go downstairs, holmes. You're gonna show me how your shit works.

Mossi brings Justin toward the basement! Everyone follows.

JUSTIN

Wait, wait! Hold on!

(mumbles into mic)

Ryan, we're coming down. Ryan?!

Justin realizes his ear wig is gone. He can't hear Ryan!

DOWNSTAIRS

Ryan hears the metal doors open! He DASHES into a side closet just as Mossi, Justin and the group enter. Through the crack, Ryan peeks in. His eyes go wide. He left his iphone sitting out there on the table! It has all the evidence on it! It has everything.

While Mossi picks out a gun, Justin pocket-texts Ryan's phone: "*I'm calling 911!*" Justin hits SEND but the service is bad and the text is not going through!

Mossi tosses an ASSAULT RIFLE to Justin.

MOSSI

Show me the slide action shit.

Justin has no idea what Mossi's talking about.

JUSTIN

The slide action shit? Ok...This rifle's tricky so I don't want you hurting yourself...This is the trigger right here...

MOSSI

You don't know shit about that gun.

JUSTIN

This gun? Fuck yeah I do.

MOSSI

Where's the safety then?

JUSTIN

The safety? It should be right--

MOSSI

There is no safety, motherfucker.

Mossi GRABS the rifle, points it in Justin's face! Then...

Ryan's iphone VIBRATES loudly on the table. Justin's text finally went through! Everyone turns to look at the phone.

THUG

Whose is this?

Ryan presses his REMOTE KILL-SWITCH. The power goes out. Total darkness and chaos!

Ryan BURSTS into the room with his NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES on, grabs Justin and his iphone, and BOOKS up the stairs! 3 - 4 - 5 seconds! The power comes back on!

Justin finds himself in the MEN'S ROOM with Ryan.

RYAN

How fucking cool was that?

OUTSIDE

They jump out the window, fall to the street and run off!

INT. THEIR APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

The boys celebrate, exhilarated. Justin is still tweaking from the meth. He checks out the shiner on his face.

JUSTIN

Look at that! I took that gorilla's best punch, and I dropped his ass! Can you believe I did that?

RYAN

It was the crystal meth, dude.

JUSTIN

It was? Seriously?

RYAN

No, dude! I'm proud of you, man. C'mere, check it out.

Ryan flips through all the evidence he's got on his iphone: PHOTOS of the rifles, the body armor, the bank floor plans.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We got him, dude. This shit's gonna put him away for years!

JUSTIN
(super high)
God, you are so fucking awesome at
this shit, man! You're just so
fucking awesome!

RYAN
Dude, I gotta say, you're super-cool
on crystal meth. We gotta get you
more of that shit.

They both laugh. Justin a little too hard.

JUSTIN
So what now? What's the next step?

--The boys create an OFFICIAL POLICE INVESTIGATION REPORT
with the help of YouTube. They enclose all of their
evidence: Photos, videos, written facts as we CUT TO:

--Later, Ryan is on the phone with Officer Segars while
Justin finishes sealing their EVIDENCE REPORT.

RYAN
Segars, O'Malley here...Hey, me and
Gutierrez may have stumbled upon
something pretty big in your area.
Tell me something, who's the head
detective over there at Major
Crimes?...Uh-huh, got it, thanks.

Ryan grabs the evidence report, nods to Justin.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Alright, wish me luck.

JUSTIN
Whoa, where you going with that?

RYAN
I'm going down to the station?
Giving this to Detective Brolin.

JUSTIN
No you're not. We're mailing that
in anonymously.

RYAN
But this is my collar?

JUSTIN
Freakshow, no one can know this was
us, remember? Not the cops, not
anyone. You understand?

RYAN
Yeah...It sucks, but yeah.

--Late at night, outside Georgie's Restaurant, Ryan watches from across the street. Mossi's rowdy Crew has turned Georgie's into their own hangout. They're drinking and being crude. Georgie & Lydia are forced to cater to them.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Hold tight, Georgie. It's just a matter of hours now.

FADE OUT.

EXT. UP ON THE ROOFTOP - DAY

Justin & Ryan watch the activity behind *Perestroika*. It's business as usual. No police raid, no helicopters, nothing.

RYAN
What the hell? It's been three days! What are they waiting for?

JUSTIN
It was an anonymous report, I'm sure they have to check everything out first.

RYAN
It's laziness is what it is! With the evidence we gave them, they should've at least sent a car down to check it out.

JUSTIN
They'll come. I'm sure it's fine.

Ryan storms off.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Hey! We're retired, remember? Don't do anything stupid.

EXT./INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Impulsive, Ryan marches through the front doors dressed in civilian clothes. He lies to the CLERK at the front desk.

RYAN
Hi, I'm late, I have an appointment with Detective Brolin in Major Crimes.

She BUZZES him in.

CLERK
C-208. Down that hall.

THROUGH THE CORRIDORS

Ryan walks around looking for Detective Brolin's office. He finds C-208 and peers in the open door. Ryan FREEZES...

Sitting at the desk, reading, is...

The mean-looking Mobster, Mossi's partner in crime. The guy they videotaped inside *Perestroika*. The guy who researched if Justin & Ryan were LAPD. This guy's a crooked cop!

Ryan's jaw drops. The Guy is reading their investigation report! He looks up and sees Ryan. Their eyes lock. Ryan looks terrified. Brolin's eyes narrow. He's sensing it's Ryan who sent this report in.

Ryan bolts! And tears out of the police station!

Brolin gets to the front desk, snaps at the Clerk.

DETECTIVE BROLIN
Who was that?

CLERK
He said he had an appointment--

Brolin points to the security cameras.

DETECTIVE BROLIN
Get me tape on both these cameras.
And the cameras outside.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Panicking, Ryan hurries down a side street, speed-dialing Justin. Gets voicemail. He leaves a message...

RYAN
Dude, where are you?! Call me right now! Our evidence never got to the police! That "Tony Montana" guy, the one who was researching who we were for Mossi? He's a cop, dude, and he's got our report! Which means Mossi must know everything by now.
(dawning on him)
HOLY FUCK, WE'RE DEAD!
(as if calming Justin)
Alright, you gotta calm down, dude. Don't freak out. Nothing can trace back to us...I don't think. I gotta get to the apartment and trash everything. Everything's gonna be fine, alright? They still don't know who we are.

AT THE POLICE STATION

In the computer room, we see IMAGES OF RYAN and ALL OF HIS INFORMATION on the JRIC computers. Brolin reads it as a POLICE TECH points to another monitor.

POLICE TECH
And this is his roommate here.

We see all of JUSTIN'S INFO on the other monitor.

BROLIN
Print up everything and give it to me.

Brolin goes into his office, shuts the door and makes a call.

BROLIN (CONT'D)
I found the problem. And they're not cops.

ON MOSSI, *at Perestroika*

MOSSI
What do you mean they're not cops?

BROLIN (O.S.)
We have a window. We can take care of this quickly....

As Mossi hears the plan, fury builds in his eyes. He nods to his men, who load their guns and head out. We CUT BACK TO:

THE POLICE STATION

where Officer Segars walks past the JRIC monitors and stops.

SEGARS
Hey. What are you doing? That's O'Malley and Gutierrez. They're cops downtown.

TECH
These guys? They're not cops.

On Segars, looking confused then realizing he's been had.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Ryan runs to his police car. A VAN screeches around the corner and races toward him...then passes by. Relief. Ryan pops the trunk and puts on his POLICE BULLETPROOF VEST.

He dials Justin's phone again, and we reveal--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

JUSTIN'S PHONE is on silent. He doesn't notice the calls as he sits in a crowded design meeting led by Todd Connors.

Dave & the design team are presenting to Todd his "Firefighters vs. Zombies" video game. It looks ridiculous and Todd is blaming everyone else...

TODD CONNORS
You guys just don't get it. This isn't cool. I want cool! Like, where are their super-powers?

Justin is burning inside as Todd emasculates Dave.

DAVE
I'm sorry, we can give them super-powers, it's just...

TODD CONNORS
It's just what?

JUSTIN
It's just your idea is lame.

The room freezes.

TODD CONNORS
What was that?!

JUSTIN
I said your idea is fucking lame.

TODD CONNORS
Okay, you shouldn't even be in this room let alone talking.

JUSTIN
A bunch of shirtless firefighters fighting zombies? C'mon guys, what are we doing?

Todd walks over and gets in Justin's face.

TODD CONNORS
I'm gonna give you one second to get the fuck outta here.

Justin smiles.

JUSTIN
Maybe you should rethink that.

Todd senses Justin's strength, so he attacks someone else.

TODD CONNORS
Dave?! Why is he--

JUSTIN
Don't look at Dave. Talk to me.

Todd turns, looks at Justin. Justin stares him down. Todd looks away, sensing the alpha is no longer him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Look, you want it to be cool, we all get that. What if it was a real-life situation...A situation you'd never be in in your normal life. Something dangerous but real, where you could get killed....

As Justin continues, we CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ryan cautiously approaches their apartment building. It's awfully quiet. Too quiet. Ryan slowly pulls out his TASER.

APARTMENT HALLWAY

Ryan approaches their apartment door. He takes a breath then silently puts the key in the lock and turns the handle.

INSIDE THEIR APARTMENT

It's silent. Ryan creeps in. His heart's pounding out of his chest. All we hear is his breathing. He enters the living room. Everything looks normal. He turns around and there's A THUG in a ski mask, pointing a GUN! BOOOOM!

We're in Ryan's POV as we're BLASTED BACKWARDS through a GLASS DOOR and FALL off a ledge...

THUMP!! Ryan HITS the ground back-first. He GASPS FOR BREATH! He gets up, then FALLS to his knees. He can't fucking breathe. The bullet's in his vest, but the impact feels like it broke his ribs. Suddenly, he hears tires SCREECHING, men YELLING...

Adrenaline taking over, Ryan gets up and BOOKS! He runs through an alley, glimpsing another GROUP OF THUGS running at him! INTERCUT WITH:

JUSTIN IN THE MEETING

JUSTIN
It's not like in the movies.
Gunfire is intense, trust me on this. And it's ear-shattering...

ON RYAN

running for his fucking life! We're hand-held/crazy behind him as we hear LOUD GUNFIRE CRACKING behind us!

ON JUSTIN

JUSTIN

And bullets are sick. They rip and explode through everything...

ON RYAN

zig-zagging left and right, bullets WHIZZING past us, EXPLODING everything in front of us!

ON JUSTIN

JUSTIN

But isn't that what people want?
That vicarious thrill of being deep
in the shit?

ON RYAN SCREAMING

RYAN

FUUUUUCK! HELP! FUUUUUCK!

Ryan, panting, terrified, races in his POLICE CAR!

ON JUSTIN

He has the room captivated. They're finally listening to him when the RECEPTIONIST enters.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me, Justin? There's a
police officer here to see you
again? He says it's urgent.

Justin smiles, knows it's Ryan.

JUSTIN

Tell him to wait please.

(to Todd)

Look, it took me years to create my
cop game, and through some...recent
experiences, I've revised it. So I
can assure you it's more real than
anything you've ever seen--

TODD CONNORS

Okay, stop-stop. You're just
a...bullshit assistant. What the
hell kind of experience do you have
that would make anything feel real?

BOOOM! The doors BLOW OPEN and in rush TWO COPS, guns drawn, with Detective Brolin!

COP #1
GET DOWN! EVERYONE DOWN!

Everyone SCREAMS! Todd is scared shitless! But Justin recognizes the Mobster! He instinctively knows something's wrong and takes off!

COPS
FREEZE, MOTHERFUCKER!

The Cops STORM OVER the conference table as Justin DIVES off the balcony! He falls through the giant "Firefighters vs. Zombies" BANNER and lands on the floor below. Everyone APPLAUDS! They now think this is all part of Justin's spiel.

TODD CONNORS
 I LOVE IT!

JUSTIN
 They're not cops! Call 911!

Justin books out the back.

OUT THE BACK ALLEY

Justin runs, panting. A cop car SCREECHES OUT behind him! Justin hauls-ass but the cop car CUTS HIM OFF! It's RYAN!

RYAN
 GET IN!

JUSTIN
 WHAT THE FUCK?!

Justin jumps in and they TEAR OFF!

INSIDE THE CAR

Ryan GUNS IT. Both boys are freaked-out, panicking.

JUSTIN
 What happened?! How'd they find us?!

Ryan shakes his head. Justin sees he's holding back.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ryan! How'd they find us?

RYAN
 I went in to the station, to see what was going on.

JUSTIN
 YOU WHAT?!

RYAN
DUDE, HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW HE
WAS A DIRTY COP?!

JUSTIN
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU DID?! THEY
KNOW WHO WE ARE NOW! WE'RE FUCKING
DEAD, THEY'RE GONNA KILL US!
(then)
WHY DON'T YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THINGS?!

RYAN
I was just going in there--

JUSTIN
To what? To get your collar?! You
did it because you wanted the
fucking glory, man. This isn't
football, the crowds aren't cheering
for you anymore! Get over it.

RYAN
I did it for Georgie, asshole.
Unlike you, who backs down or runs
away whenever shit gets bad. And you
wonder why your life is so fucked-up.

JUSTIN
My life's fucked up?! You don't
even have a job! For the last 8
years, you've been sulking around,
"Life fucked me, that's why I
didn't get drafted."

RYAN
That is why, dick!

JUSTIN
You jumped off a roof at a party!
That's how you got injured. Life
didn't fuck you, you fucked you!
God, take responsibility for once!

Justin's cell RINGS. It's Josie. He knows he's got to face
the music. He turns to Ryan.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Like I do.
(into phone)
Hey.

JOSIE
Ohmygod, Justin, are you okay?
There's police all over--

JUSTIN
Listen, Josie, there's no time to explain. You have to take Georgie & Lydia and get out of town.

JOSIE
What? Justin, you're scaring me--

JUSTIN
Josie, I'm not the guy you think I am. And I'm so sorry. But trust me: You guys have to leave town. Now.

JOSIE
Justin, you're not making sense--

JUSTIN
I'm not a cop, Josie! I never was. I'm so sorry. Now please, you have to leave...Hello? Josie?
(as she hangs up)
Well, that went well.

Suddenly FOUR COP CARS come SCREAMING up behind them!

RYAN
Shit! What do we do?

JUSTIN
I don't know! How do we know if they're good cops or bad cops?!

Ryan keeps GUNNING IT. A COP CAR blocks the road ahead! Out of the cop car, jumps SEGARS and JACKSON, guns pointed!

RYAN
Holy shit, it's Segars!

Ryan jumps out.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Segars! It's us! Listen--

SEGARS/JACKSON
GET DOWN!/ON YOUR KNEES!/NOW!

Within seconds, the boys are pinned down by numerous cops.

RYAN
Segars! We have evidence--

SEGARS
SHUT UP! DON'T EVEN LOOK AT ME!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Justin & Ryan sit silently in the back as the line of police cars pulls up outside the station.

INSIDE THE STATION

Detective Brolin watches. He's on the phone with Mossi.

DETECTIVE BROLIN
The police have them now. This is
about to blow wide open. Forget
the plan. You gotta do it now.

As he hangs up, we CUT TO:

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION LOBBY

The boys are placed on a bench as Segars goes to book them.

SEGARS
Stay there. And shut-up.

Ryan notices something framed on the lobby wall. It's the BUILDING FLOOR PLANS for the police station, indicating the fire exits, etc. But Ryan recognizes them. He's seen them a million times. They're the exact same floor plans as the bank Mossi's going to hit. Ryan nudges Justin.

JUSTIN
Don't touch me.

RYAN
Just look at the wall.

JUSTIN
I'm not looking at any walls.

RYAN
Dude, the wall didn't do anything
to you. Just look at it.
(off Justin looking)
Those look familiar to you?

Justin sees the floor plans, his eyes widen, *Holy shit...*

JUSTIN
Why would they come here?

Segars & Jackson return followed by a CROWD OF COPS, wanting to see "the two assholes who impersonated police officers."

SEGARS
Alright, let's go idiots--

RYAN
Segars, just hear us out! These Russian guys are coming here! I swear to God!

FLASH TO: INSIDE A SPEEDING ARMORED TRUCK

Mossi sits with four of his MEN. He speaks into his walkie:

MOSSI
Do it.

IN SILVERLAKE

Two of Mossi's Men close the back doors of a WHITE VAN filled with C-4 EXPLOSIVE. The white van rolls into the SILVERLAKE RESERVOIR. After it submerges, KABOOOOOM! THE VAN EXPLODES!

BACK TO: THE POLICE STATION

Segars YANK the boys off the bench.

RYAN
I have all the evidence on my phone! And Detective Brolin is dirty, man! He's in on it!

The crowd of cops laugh, then a call comes over their walkies:

POLICE DISPATCH (OVER WALKIES)
We have a 303. Explosion at the Silverlake Reservoir. Immediate back-up needed from all units.

All the cops hurry out to their squad cars.

RYAN
That's them! He's creating a diversion! Don't you see what's happening here?

JACKSON
You're one delusional motherfucker. Get 'em outta here!

Segars takes Justin & Ryan into...

A LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM

JUSTIN
Segars, I know we're idiots, we impersonated cops, but just look at his phone!

Ryan shows him photos of the building floor plans.

RYAN

Look! Those are the floor plans of this station. Why would these guys have that?

SEGARS

Cause you guys are whack-jobs! Do you know how bad you made me look?
(to Ryan)
And you, you actually had me take out equipment for you!

RYAN

And I'm still planning on returning it! But look, just look...
(flips through his iphone)
These guys have FN rifles, they've got bulletproof armor...

FLASH TO: Inside the truck, Mossi's Men load up their FN assault rifles, strap on Kevlar suits.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you really think it's a coincidence there's suddenly an explosion that pulls your cops away?

SEGARS

I don't give a shit.

JUSTIN

Segars, these guys are coming. And they just got rid of half your police force. Why would they want to come here?

SEGARS

They wouldn't! No one robs a police station. There's nothing of value here. All we've got are guns, a tiny evidence vault, and inmates.

The boys exchange a look.

RYAN

Inmates. Mossi's older brother?
(turns to Segars)
Remi Kazarian! He just got arrested for racketeering--

SEGARS

Yeah, I know who Remi Kazarian is. He's up in State.

RYAN

Did he get transferred here for some reason?

Segars, dubious, goes to a computer in the corner. He pulls up the PRISONER TRANSFER LOG and reads, "*Kazarian, Remi. Transfer from LAC State Prison for court appearance...*"

SEGARS

He is here. He gets transferred out Sunday.

RYAN

It's a perfect plan...

As Ryan puts the pieces together, we FLASH TO:

Remi being taken out of the STATE PRISON by Sheriffs.

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

Move him out of a maximum security prison. And bring him here to a temporary holding cell...

FLASH TO: Detective Brolin escorts Remi into the Police Station. He places him in a cell, gives Remi a subtle nod.

RYAN (V.O.)

You find a way to get all the cops out of here. And then you transfer him out like business as usual...

FLASH TO: The one-way exit door of the jail opens up to reveal the back of a PRISONER TRANSPORT TRUCK. Remi is escorted out of his cell and into the truck. Reveal Mossi and his Men waiting inside the transport truck.

RYAN (V.O.)

By the time anyone realized he was missing, he'd be long gone...All you need is an inside guy.

BACK TO: Segars, Justin & Ryan.

JUSTIN

Brolin. He could orchestrate the whole thing.

Segars doesn't believe it, but he continues reading the Prisoner Transfer Log. At the bottom it reads: "*Transport Authorized by Det. Brolin.*" Segars's mind is spinning. He runs out as we SMASH TO:

INSIDE A SPEEDING ARMORED TRUCK

Mossi's men cock their rifles and chug down amphetamines. Mossi puts on sunglasses as someone counts down: 5-4-3-2...

ON SEGARS

running through the hall. He gets to Detective Brolin's office. The door is locked. He's long gone.

IN THE LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM

Out the windows, the boys see an LAPD PRISONER TRANSPORT TRUCK pull up out front. FOUR UNIFORMED COPS get out. It's Mossi and three of his men

JUSTIN
Holy shit!

RYAN
Dude, we looked way cooler.

As Mossi and the "Cops" casually enter the station, the Transport Truck drives around back to the jail area.

JUSTIN
Jesus, they're just gonna walk right in and escort Remi out.

RYAN
Right into their damn truck!

The boys run to the door, POUNDING on it, YELLING for Segars to hear them. But he's long gone.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Stand back, stand back...

Ryan CHARGES the door, trying to break it open.

JUSTIN
What are you doing?! Let's just stay in here!

RYAN
Dude, they know we're here. They're gonna kill us, too. If we're locked in here, we're dead.

Justin agrees and together they CHARGE the door. THUMP! They BOUNCE off the door and crash into each other.

RYAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, man, put your back into it.

JUSTIN
Hold on, hold on...

Justin goes and simply opens the door. He gives Ryan a look.

RYAN
Shut-up.

IN THE HALLWAY

Ryan leads them to an EXIT DOOR. Justin runs out, then turns and sees Ryan standing in the doorway.

JUSTIN
C'mon, what're you doing?!

RYAN
Taking responsibility.

JUSTIN
What?!? Ryan--

RYAN
We run, they'll find us. It's the
only way to fix all this...You were
right, it's time for me to own up.
(nods to Justin)
See you on the flipside.

He goes back inside, the door shutting behind him. Justin
YANKS at the door. It's locked!

JUSTIN
(knocking)
RYAN!...THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT! I
WAS JUST BEING A DICK! RYAN!
(to himself)
Holy shit!

Justin pulls his hair out, panicking. He looks around
wildly. Then he stops. PUSH-IN on his face as we CUT TO:

THE POLICE STATION LOBBY

Where Segars has been talking to Mossi & his men dressed as
cops. He checks their MANIFEST PAPERWORK.

SEGARS
It looks good. But I thought he
was being transferred out Sunday?

MOSSI'S COP #1
We're just following orders. I
guess they moved it up.

Segars nods, dubious. Then:

SEGARS
I'll take you guys down there.

MOSSI'S COP #1
That's not necessary, we're good.

SEGARS
No, no worries.

Segars leads the way. Mossi exchanges a look with his "Cops" and follows Segars as we CUT TO:

RYAN

hurrying to the EQUIPMENT CAGE/ARMORY. Barney is there and recognizes Ryan from earlier.

BARNEY
O'Malley, right? What do you need?

RYAN
Anything that blasts through
bulletproof armor.

Barney begins loading him up.

BARNEY
One M-16 rifle. One 12-gauge
shotgun...

VOICE (O.S.)
Make it two 12-gauges.

Ryan turns around to see Justin, panting.

RYAN
Dude, what are you doing--

JUSTIN
I got your six, motherfucker.

RYAN
Look, man, it's okay--

JUSTIN
No. No more running, no more
backing down...Besides, I can't let
you take the glory all by yourself.

The boys smile, *Nine Inch Nails* cranks up as we CUT TO:

OUR BOYS

suiting up one last time in sick-looking POLICE TACTICAL
GEAR: Arm plates, Kevlar gloves, strapping on Kevlar vests.
They fully load-up their rifles and pistols as we SMASH TO:

JUSTIN & RYAN

walking toward camera looking bad-ass...Then Justin STUMBLES
and falls! His gun GOES OFF! Ryan DIVES for cover.

RYAN
FUCKING CHRIST!

JUSTIN
Sorry!...Sorry, dude.

They get up. Ryan checks the floor plans on his iPhone.

RYAN
C'mon, the jail's this way.

As they head off, we CUT TO:

SEGARS

purposely taking Mossi and his "Cops" down the longer way to the jail area. Mossi's men are catching on.

MOSSI'S COP #1
We can take it from here.

SEGARS
You sure? It's still quite a ways.

MOSSI'S COP #1
We got it.

SEGARS
Okay then.

Segars flashes them the official "Code Four" hand-signal. Mossi & his "Cops" don't reciprocate. They clearly have no idea what "Code Four" means.

Segars goes for his gun as we CUT TO:

JUSTIN & RYAN

hear GUNFIRE around the corner. It's DEAFENING LOUD. Alarms go off! Ryan, terrified, peeks around the corner and sees Segars, shot, on the floor!

RYAN
Segars is hit!

Segars, panting, opens his eyes to see Justin & Ryan.

SEGARS
What are you guys doing?! Get outta here!

RYAN
Let me see where you're hit.

Segars covers his bloodied hand as Ryan checks the bullet hole in Segars's vest. It's SMOLDERING HOT.

SEGARS
Did it go through?

RYAN
No, but it's probably burning the
shit out of you. Here, let's take
it off, I'll give you mine.

They take off his vest and put Ryan's on him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Segars, we gotta get to that jail
before they do. How do we get in?

SEGARS
No, get the fuck outta here.

RYAN
Segars! We're running out of time!

Segars looks up at them, debating...

RYAN (CONT'D)
C'mon!

SEGARS
...The keypad is 2-3-9, 5-4-2.

JUSTIN/RYAN
2-3-9, 5-4-2.

SEGARS
When you get inside, go to the
control console and hit the
Emergency Button. It secures the
jail like a panic room so no one
can get in or out.
(motions ahead)
Take those stairs and you'll beat
them there. Go!

The boys nod and head off.

SEGARS (CONT'D)
And hey, O'Malley? You're still a
piece of shit.

RYAN
(nods)
I know, man.

OUTSIDE THE JAIL AREA

The boys arrive at a SECURE STEEL DOOR with a KEYPAD. A sign
above it reads: "*No Weapons Beyond this Point!*" Justin looks
around nervously as Ryan punches in the code.

RYAN
Shit, what was the code again?

JUSTIN
You're kidding, right?

The Steel Door unlocks. Ryan smiles.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Dude, how is that funny?

They open the Door and enter the...

JAIL AREA

It's a quiet area with five temporary holding cells. They hurry to the CONTROL CONSOLE where they see surveillance monitors. Justin finds a big red EMERGENCY BUTTON.

Justin pushes the button and ALL THE DOORS LOCK followed by a LOUD BUZZER. A LIGHT above the Main Steel Door to the outside turns from GREEN to RED.

RYAN
No one's gettin' in this bitch.
Fuckin' Daddy's home.

JUSTIN
Dude, enough with the Daddy shit.

On the SECURITY MONITOR: They see the TRANSPORT TRUCK idling right outside the ONE-WAY EXIT DOOR.

RYAN
There's their ride out.

Justin looks at the Steel Entry Door...

JUSTIN
If they have the key code, then all they had to do was come through the steel door, grab him, and exit right into the truck.

Suddenly, on the OTHER MONITOR: They see MOSSI'S MEN have arrived outside the Steel Entry Door. There are four of them. Now wearing ski masks.

JUSTIN/RYAN
Oh shit./Get down!

The boys duck down behind the counter. They hold their breath as they HEAR the men dialing the keycode. They hear them dialing it again and again but it won't unlock.

The boys exhale. The Emergency Button is overriding it!

Suddenly, they hear Mossi's Men OPEN FIRE on the steel door! But it's useless. The light above the door is still RED.

RYAN
They can't get in.

JUSTIN
Holy shit...thank you, God.

BOOOOOOM! A thundering loud IMPACT on the door!

RYAN
What the fuck was that??

On the Security Monitor, they see Mossi's Men manning a BATTERING RAM! They're going to ram the door down! BOOM! The Steel Door QUAKES! BOOM! The window in the door CRACKS! BOOM! The door is quickly weakening!

The boys duck back down behind the counter. BOOM!...BOOM! ...BOOM! The sound is nerve-racking to listen to...

The boys turn to each other and share a look. They both know it. They're both going to die once the men get in. Justin tries to catch his breath...

JUSTIN
This is it. Isn't it?...I don't know what to say.

Beat. Then Ryan exhales.

RYAN
...I'm the one who roofied you at graduation.

They both smile, despite the situation. Then Justin's face transforms...

JUSTIN
I'm so sorry about everything, man. Everything I said to you--

RYAN
I know...I know, man.

BOOM! Justin braces himself. Ryan crunches up with him. Together, they hold on to each other, waiting to die.

JUSTIN
God, this is really it...

Then silence. The booming stops. The door is still secure! The boys look at each other, out of breath, and smile.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
They can't get in.

Suddenly all the lights FLICKER and the LOUD BUZZER goes off! The light above the Steel Door turns from RED to GREEN and ALL THE DOORS UNLOCK! The Steel Door opens!

The boys freeze on the floor. They hold their rifles as they HEAR the Men slowly step into the room. Justin's hands tremble. The Men are getting closer...

The boys stare at each other, knowing they have a choice: They can sit there, hidden, and let the men pass by. Or they can stop them. Ryan looks deep into Justin and mouths:

RYAN

Ready?

JUSTIN

I can't. I can't do this.

RYAN

Look at me. You can. And you always could. Now let's do this.

(then)

...1...2...3!

They POP UP and OPEN FIRE together! Men go down! The others retreat. The boys wait, trembling. They hear Mossi YELL:

MOSSI (O.S.)

Remi!

Mossi yells something to Remi in Russian.

RYAN

They're gonna open fire! GO-GO-GO!

Justin & Ryan BOLT for Remi's cell as...

Mossi OPENS FIRE on them! BOOM! Justin gets HIT in the CHEST, knocks him off his feet! Ryan drags him into...

REMI'S CELL

...and HEAVES the door shut, pointing his gun at Remi.

Justin GASPS UNCONTROLLABLY for breath.

JUSTIN

...Can't breathe...

RYAN

You got hit in the vest. C'mere...

Ryan pulls him next to him, their backs are against the cell door together.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Push back! We can't let them in!

JUSTIN
...I can't...I'm shot.

RYAN
Like I haven't been shot before, c'mon!

Justin double-takes him, then tries to get the words out:

JUSTIN
I just...wanna tell you--

RYAN
Dude, if you tell me you love me,
I'm gonna shoot you myself!

JUSTIN
You're such a dick, we're about to
die--

RYAN
And you want your last words to be
"I love you" to another guy?! Say
something cooler--

BAM! Ryan accidentally FIRES, hitting REMI in the leg!

REMI
AHHHHHHH!

RYAN
Oh shit, my bad.

They hear Mossi SCREAM from outside:

MOSSI (O.S.)
Remi!

Out the cell window, they see Mossi and his last remaining
GUY. The Guy points a gun at their faces through the glass.

MOSSI (CONT'D)
Open the door or he'll blow your
fucking heads off.

The boys brace themselves...

Mossi's Guy FIRES! The bullet RICOCHETS off the bulletproof
window and BLOWS the Guy's face off!

JUSTIN/RYAN
WHOOAAA!/HOLY SHIT!

As they react, Mossi RAMS the door, KNOCKING them off balance
and Ryan's gun goes flying. Mossi BUSTS in and comes at Ryan.

These two have been waiting for this. They both attack,
beating the shit out of each other, as...

Justin & Remi grab hold of Ryan's gun, struggling, SPRAYING bullets all over the ceiling until the clip is empty.

Remi starts BASHING Justin in the face. Justin takes the beating, unfazed...

JUSTIN
You punch like a bitch.

Justin fights back, UNLEASHING punches on Remi as...

Ryan & Mossi TEAR at each other like savages. It's a sick dogfight, fueled by rage. Mossi yells out:

MOSSI
Remi! Close the doors! Go!

Remi staggers out of the cell. Justin realizes he's going to hit the Emergency Button and lock out any help or back-up.

Justin chases after him into...

THE MAIN JAIL AREA

...and tackles Remi. They both pick up GUNS off the floor, jump up, and point them at each other!

JUSTIN
...Don't!

Justin flinches. But Remi pulls the trigger! CLICK!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Motherfu--!

Remi runs at Justin! Justin FIRES, blasting Remi in the shoulder, sending his body SPINNING to the floor.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Yeah, what's up!

BACK IN THE CELL

Mossi & Ryan LUNGE at each other, gripping each other's faces. Mossi leans in, Ryan looks at him.

RYAN
You wanna make out with me, don't you?

As they strain to break the other's neck, we see one of their hands reach down and pull an ANKLE GUN out of its holster...

IN THE MAIN JAIL AREA

Justin sees Segars and a GROUP OF COPS come pouring in!

BAM! A GUNSHOT goes off inside Mossi & Ryan's cell.

JUSTIN

Ryan!

Justin goes running...

INSIDE THE CELL

...to find Ryan & Mossi still holding each other, both have stunned expressions. *Who got shot?* Then Mossi smiles.

JUSTIN

NOOOO! RYAN!!!

But it's Mossi who collapses to the ground, shot in the side. Ryan stands there, holding an ankle gun. He looks to Justin.

The boys share a look. Justin exhales, smiles at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' Daddy's home.

Segars and the rest of the Cops come to the doorway. Segars sees Mossi unconscious on the floor. Then he sees the boys peer up at him, out of breath and bloody. SWAT and ATF enter the area. A SERGEANT calls out to Segars.

SERGEANT

Segars, those two with you?

Segars looks down at the boys. They flash him the "Code Four."

SEGARS

Yeah, we're good. Code four.

As Segars exchanges a knowing nod with the boys, we CUT TO:

JUSTIN & RYAN

walking toward us, bloodied and torn. As they come out of the police station, their cop brothers reach out and give them a pat of respect as they pass by. We HEAR Justin's VO:

JUSTIN (V.O.)

Sometimes life gets confusing, and
you lose sight of the guy you
wanted to be...

MUSIC plays through the following...

The boys keep walking, further and further away from the station...away from the sea of police lights...away from the crowds...as they disappear into the distance.

MOSSI & REMI

are forcefully taken in handcuffs as they can hardly walk.

DETECTIVE BROLIN

is dragged out of his house by LAPD. He glances into the crowd and sees Justin & Ryan smiling as they wave, "*Buh-bye.*"

OUTSIDE GEORGIE'S RESTAURANT

Ryan sits in his parked car and watches as police arrest MOSSI'S CREW. Georgie & Lydia hug. The community celebrates.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Sometimes you may even feel it's
too late. And that the guy you
wanted to be is gone...

Ryan watches and smiles. He doesn't need the credit or the glory, this feels even better.

INT. VIDEO GAME COMPANY - DAY

In a design meeting, the group goes through the final touches on Justin's video game, "*Brothers in Blue.*"

JUSTIN (V.O.)
...But sometimes you have to go
through hell and back to see, that
the problems you thought were so
big in your life, weren't so big
afterall...

Todd Connors starts making changes but Justin throws him a look. Todd instantly backs down.

INT. GEORGIE'S - DAY

Justin walks in to find the restaurant looking great.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
And that courage you always wanted,
you realize you always had it, you
just needed a way to tap into it...

Reveal JOSIE, counting receipts behind the register.

JUSTIN
Hi.

JOSIE
Sorry, we don't serve liars here.
Can I get you a cup of bullshit for
the road?

JUSTIN
Look, I didn't come here to win you
back, or go back to whatever we
were. I just wanted to tell you,
face-to-face, that I'm so sorry.
(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(off Josie, unimpressed)
I pretended to be someone else.
And as bad as I wanted to be that
guy, I'm just not--

JOSIE
Why are you--

JUSTIN
I know, I'm sorry I--

JOSIE
No, stop saying I'm sorry. Just be
that guy.

Justin's eyes suddenly light up...

JUSTIN (V.O.)
So if you can find it in you to
just say "*fuck it*" and go for it...

He smiles and extends his hand to her.

JUSTIN
Hey. My name's Justin Miller and I
really want to go out with you.

She gives him a look, still not feeling it.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Too forward?

She finishes writing and walks off. Justin sighs, then he
notices on the counter, she left a note: "*Gun Club, 7:30pm.*"

JUSTIN (V.O.)
...You can become that guy you
always wanted to be.

INT. LA POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

A graduation ceremony. Ryan stands tall in a line of NEW
POLICE OFFICERS. He's decked out in a crisp new uniform.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
And with a little help from a
friend...

Ryan looks out into the audience, sees Justin. They share a
look only best friends can.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
You might just find you were that
guy all along.

INT. E3 CONVENTION - DAY

A gigantic banner for "*Brothers in Blue*" hangs above Justin as he gives a Q&A to a packed crowd of fans.

EXT. E3 CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Justin walks out of E3. Suddenly, a SOUPED-UP POLICE CRUISER screeches to a stop in front of him.

INSIDE THE POLICE CRUISER

Ryan is behind the wheel, devious grin. Justin laughs.

JUSTIN
Aren't you a little out of your jurisdiction?

RYAN
I'm off duty, fallopian. Get in.

Justin gets in. Ryan PEELS OUT.

JUSTIN
Easy! Shouldn't you be setting an example.

The POLICE RADIO goes off.

POLICE DISPATCH
All units be advised, possible 312 in progress. Suspects are--

RYAN
Oh shit, I've been dying for a 312!

JUSTIN
What's a 312?

RYAN
Bank robbery.

JUSTIN
Are you kidding? Dude, no--

RYAN
(into walkie)
Dispatch, this is 1769, we are on route!

Ryan flips on the lights, cranks up their song.

JUSTIN
Ryan, seriously! Ryan!

Ryan PUNCHES it, Justin grasps for his seat belt, as the boys
GET AIR over a hill and speed off into the distance.

FADE OUT.