

STUBER

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EXT. FOUR STAR HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The unmistakable "U" decal in the windshield of an Uber car as it pulls up to the hotel valet. Its drunk passengers spill out and head into the posh hotel past other Ubers and taxis jockeying for position.

INSERT TITLE: **DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES**

An unmarked DODGE CHARGER parks and two people emerge:

DETECTIVE VIC MANNING (50s, seasoned vet, been to hell and back and preferred hell) and his partner, DETECTIVE SARA RODRIGUEZ (30s, savvy, asphalt tough, one of the guys).

They head for the lobby entrance, their LAPD jackets repelling the rain, continuing an earlier conversation.

RODRIGUEZ

Jesus, why do you hate every single guy I date?

VIC

Hate? I never said hate. I just said it's too soon to move in. I'm sure he loves you, but living with a cop... My ex-wife could write a trashy novel about it.

RODRIGUEZ

Luckily, I'm not you. And Derek isn't your ex-wife. At least... wait... am I dating your ex-wife?

VIC

Not unless he's got a tattoo of David Crosby's face on his upper thigh.

Rodriguez chuckles: gross.

INT. HOTEL CHECK-IN DESK - MOMENTS LATER

The MANAGER looks Vic and Rodriguez up and down.

MANAGER

I'll just let Ms. Johnson know you're on your way up.

He reaches for the phone and Vic stops him.

VIC
It's best if we surprise "*Ms. Johnson.*"

The Manager nods, a little unnerved. Rodriguez and Vic head towards the elevator bank, continuing--

RODRIGUEZ
One day you're gonna have to let me grow up. You know that, right?

VIC
I know how this plays out. First you move in together, next you start a family--

RODRIGUEZ
If you think I'd ever trade in my badge for a baby stroller, then fuck you, Vic.

Vic beams, almost like a proud father.

VIC
Yeah. Fuck you, too.

Ding! They head inside--

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Taps the PENTHOUSE button. Long ride up.

RODRIGUEZ
You really think someone like Santos would stay here and not some kinda safe house?

VIC
(shrugs)
You got the same intel I got. "*Ms. Johnson.*" Probably a celeb hiding out on a coke bender.

RODRIGUEZ
I'm starving. Let's hit that Korean taco spot after this.

Ding. They've arrived. Just as the doors open--

A GIANT KNIFE slices towards them! Just misses Vic, but it's CAUGHT IN HIS JACKET.

The MASSIVE GOON wielding it leaps into the elevator, smashes Rodriguez in the face with an elbow as Vic wrestles for control of the knife!

Rodriguez drops to the floor, disoriented, but manages to keep the elevator doors from closing with her foot.

Vic's got his LAPD jacket wrapped around the Goon's knife hand as he HEAD BUTTS the guy over and over again.

Rodriguez gets her bearings. Leaps up and CHOKE HOLDS the asshole from behind, occupying him just enough for--

Vic to TURN THE KNIFE inward on the Goon and... SHOVE THE BLADE into his gut. Holy shit.

The Goon DROPS to the ground. The elevator doors thud against his torso attempting to close. He's bleeding out.

Vic and Rodriguez share a look, catch their breath.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Let's call for backup.

Vic shakes her off: this is our collar. Santos is here.

They DRAW THEIR WEAPONS and enter the elegant floor-wide penthouse.

It's quiet. Too quiet. They search each room carefully.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Vic.

REVEAL: open balcony door. They rush out, look down to see--

A badass woman nimbly PARKOURING DOWN THE BUILDING from balcony to balcony.

This is CAROLINA SANTOS (40, cut, the nefarious ass-kicking queen bee of a ruthless South American syndicate).

VIC
We can't lose her!

Vic goes to PARKOUR down... then realizes that's insanity.

VIC (CONT'D)
Let's take the elevator.

But as they turn back, they notice...

A BRIEFCASE BOMB COUNTING DOWN: 7... 6... 5... 4...

VIC (CONT'D)
LET'S TAKE THE BALCONY!

They rush back out to the balcony, step over the railing.

RODRIGUEZ
We'll never make the pool.

She's right. Vic knows it. The pool's 12 stories below and would require a miraculous feat of athleticism.

VIC
Sure we can. We just bend at the knees and--

BOOOOOM!!!! The hotel room EXPLODES IN A BLAST, and the SHEER FORCE SENDS VIC AND RODRIGUEZ FLYING off the balcony.

They summersault and spin wildly through the air, screaming and out of control, and by pure fucking luck...

LAND IN THE POOL! Scattered debris flutters down everywhere. Hipsters cocktailing poolside scream and take cover.

We hold on the surface of the pool. Are they dead? Then finally, their heads BOB UP from the water, gasping for air.

VIC (CONT'D)
Hey. You good?

RODRIGUEZ
Yeah.

They see SANTOS drop from the final balcony and dart through the lobby.

LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Vic and Rodriguez, soaking wet, sloppily "sprint" through the lobby, water squishing through their shoes, sliding around like they're on ice skates, plowing through a bellhop.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
CAN WE CALL FOR BACKUP NOW?!

Vic's too focused to respond. They rush out the entrance.

EXT. FOUR STAR HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Lakers game. Thousands of fans clogging the streets, filtering into nearby Staples Center for tip-off.

VIC

THERE!

ON SANTOS: beating the crap out of some poor guy and stealing his Kobe jersey and Lakers hat. She glimpses our two and disappears into the sea of Kobe jerseys and Lakers hats.

ON VIC/RODRIGUEZ: spinning every Kobe jersey around in the crowd--old, young, black, white, etc.--pissing them all off.

OLD KOREAN KOBE

FUCK YOU, CORN COB!

Huh? Doesn't matter. They split up. GLOCKS DRAWN but covertly by their sides to avoid scaring people.

Rodriguez trails one Kobe, long black hair cascading out of her Lakers hat. It's Santos. She knows it is.

RODRIGUEZ

LAPD! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT YOU RIGHT
WHERE YOU FUCKING STAND!

The woman stops. Hands in the air.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

NOW TURN AROUND SLOWLY!

The woman slowly spins around, revealing... NOT SANTOS.

As Rodriguez lowers her weapon, confused, embarrassed--

A BLADE DIGS INTO HER BACK! Santos was HIDING behind a pillar waiting to strike. Rodriguez goes weak.

As Santos twists the knife, she whispers in her ear.

SANTOS

Shhhh. That's a good little girl.

VIC (O.S.)

HEY! HANDS IN THE AIR!

REVEAL: Vic 200 feet away. But as he chases over towards them, Santos drops Rodriguez to the pavement and easily disappears into the crowd.

Vic arrives, drops to his knees, holds Rodriguez's face.

VIC (CONT'D)

You good?!

(off silence)

Rodriguez?! TELL ME YOU'RE GOOD!

As Vic locates her wound and compresses it, we PULL UP INTO THE NIGHT RAIN high above Staples and into blackness.

EXT. LAPD METRO DIVISION - DAY

Little Toyko traffic rumbles past the square brick fortress.

INSERT TITLE: **ONE YEAR LATER**

INT. VIC'S OFFICE - LAPD METRO DIVISION - DAY

What used to be an interrogation room now houses Vic's case against Carolina Santos. Stacks of notes, files, newspaper clippings strewn about a large metal table.

Vic puts on his READING GLASSES to peruse a report.

MCHENRY (O.S.)

Anything new?

Vic turns to see CAPTAIN MCHENRY (60s, affable, built like a bulldozer), who grabs a case file at random and peruses it.

VIC

I think there could be a pattern to her visits here to LA.

(sighs)

Or maybe I just want there to be one. Some days I can't make sense of up or down on this.

McHenry pulls up a chair next to Vic. Two old friends.

MCHENRY

Shit. Losing a partner is the worst thing that can happen to a cop. You should grab a beer with Nathanson in Homicide. He's been through it. Or Grabowsky in Major Crimes. Or O'Toole in Special Ops. Watkins in Gang Division. Or Lopez in Animal Control. Or Cho in Animal Control. Or Jackson in Animal Control.

(realizing)

Jesus, we gotta clean up that Animal Control division.

VIC

I've got my informants on the street. It's been quiet lately, but I know it's just a matter of time.

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

Santos will make a mistake eventually, and when she does, I'll be there to nail her ass.

MCHENRY

Nothing would make me happier than to see you do that. Trust me.

(long pause)

But I'm getting pressure from above. Chief wants the Feds to handle this one here on out.

VIC

The Feds didn't promise Rodriguez's family they'd take down Santos. No. Sorry. Can't work with the Feds.

McHenry gives Vic a look...

VIC (CONT'D)

He wants me off completely?! FUCK! Captain, you gotta buy me more time. It's only been a year. Aside from killing one of our own, do you know how much drugs, guns, *people* that monster is trafficking into this city?

MCHENRY

Yeah! I do! And it pisses me off. But my hands are tied on this.

Vic's boiling. McHenry grabs his shoulder, softens.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you take the weekend off? Paid leave.

VIC

I'm already off. Lasik surgery.

MCHENRY

It's about time. Claussen told me you showed up to softball practice in sports goggles. That's just embarrassing.

Vic shrugs, cleans his eyeglasses with his shirt.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

Use the recovery time to clear your head. Come back to work Monday a new man.

VIC
 Maybe I don't want to be a new man.

MCHENRY
 (sighs)
 I'm sorry, Vic. I really am.

McHenry exits. A beat. Vic slams his fist on the desk.

INT. "OUTSIDE THE BOX" CAMPING STORE - EVENING

Camping gear. Hunting gear. Tents. Kayaks. Rock climbing.

In cargo pants and an "Outside the Box" employee vest we find STU MORRIS (mid 20s, black, highly organized, polite, a product of the suburbs).

Stu pulls a BEAR-PROOF FOOD CONTAINER from the shelf.

STU
 This is the last Bear Keg we got.

Stu sticks it into a shopping cart along with 20 other plastic "Bear Kegs" just like it.

STU (CONT'D)
 That's a solid product. Durable
 food grade polymer. Air tight to
 keep food smells away from bears.
 You're gonna be pleased.

The customer, clearly a TWEEKER (20s, fidgety, dirty hair and badly in need of a dentist) examines one of the little kegs.

TWEEKER
 I need this shit to be air tight.
 AIR FUCKING TIGHT!

STU
 (confused)
 Yeah. All Bear Keg products are air
 tight. That's why they've printed
 the words "air tight" on the label.

Tweeker grunts -- Stu's clearly not getting it -- so he lays on some finger quotes and liberal eye-winking.

TWEEKER
 Okay. Okay. Listen dude. Listen.
 Are you listening? Okay.
 (MORE)

TWEEKER (CONT'D)

Let's say I'm crossing like from one "*camping site*" to you know a second "*camping site*." And these fucking "*bears*" man, these fucking "*bears*," these fucking--

STU

Bears?

TWEEKER

Yeah! Well they've got their own dogs with them, right?

STU

Wait. The bears have dogs? Like on leashes?

TWEEKER

I don't know! They just do. And these dogs can "*sniff things*" man! Okay. So let's say you have like a ton of "*camping supplies*" going from one "*camp site*" to another "*camp site*" -- I need to know if the bears' "*sniffing dogs*" can--

STU

Why would bears need sniffing dogs? Their own noses are perfectly good.

TWEEKER

FUCK MAN!

Other customers frown. The Tweeker gives Stu a serious look.

TWEEKER (CONT'D)

(hushed tone)

Can I sneak drugs over the border inside this shit or what?!

EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM --

TJ SANDUSKY (30s, fratty) leans against the vending machine, hitting on the new girl.

TJ

You wanna come into work late one day? Roll in at noon? I got you, girl. You do you. If there's one thing you need to know about my management style, it's this: You come first. Let me say those three words again so it really sinks in: You. Come. F--

STU (O.S.)

TJ. We got a situation out here.

TJ pounds the vending machine, annoyed to see a frazzled Stu wrecking his perfect game.

TJ

Can't you see we're having an important work convo here? C'mon Stuber!

NEW GIRL

I thought your name was Stu.

STU

I've got a customer out here who's talking about illegally transporting drugs in our Bear Kegs.

TJ

Get to the fucking point, Stubes.

STU

That WAS the point! This guy's like Jesse Pinkman with worse teeth.

TJ

Who's Jesse Pinkman?

STU

Seriously? Breaking Bad.

TJ

I don't watch TV. It's beneath me.
(to new girl)
I only read high-intellect novels. Shakespeare. Tom Clancy. Anything by Sir Dean Koontz.

STU

Maybe we should call the cops.

TJ

Do you have any idea how much weird, devious shit our customers do with our products? We're not in the business of calling the cops. We're in the business of closing deals! Now get the fuck out of my face and sell them Bear Kegs, son!

Stu scowls, wants to yell back, but that's not his nature. TJ's already turned back to the girl.

TJ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you had to see me in such an authoritative role. If it turned you on, I completely understand.

(without looking away)

Why are you still standing there?!

Stu shakes his head, returns to the floor to make the sale.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the distant corner of the parking lot, Stu finds his NISSAN LEAF, a dainty yet practical electric car.

INT. STU'S LEAF - CONTINUOUS

Stu pushes the ignition button. It silently turns on. Pulls out his phone and opens his UBER APP.

"Searching for Passengers" blinks on his phone. And then--

"Passenger Request -- .1 miles."

STU

Point one miles? Oh hell no...

On phone: TJ SANDUSKY'S PROFILE PIC - a big dumb smile.

Stu places his iPhone in a mounted holster, then silently motors over to the storefront where TJ waits at the curb.

TJ hops in shotgun and looks around the car.

TJ

Nice ride, Stuber. A little eco-puss for me. But nice.

STU

Please don't call me that.

TJ

What? *Stuber*? You drive a fucking Uber. That name is genius.

STU

You're an asshole.

TJ

You're too sensitive. You know I have to be tough with you in front of the other employees so I don't show favoritism.

STU

Favoritism? You told Ashley in hunting gear I had a small dick.

TJ

My point is I see potential in you. I don't want anyone thinking you had it easy on your rise to assistant manager. That's right. I said it. Assistant manager. Let those words sink in for a sec.

STU

(sighs)

Just type in your destination.

TJ pulls out his phone and starts typing.

"East Orient Ma\$\$age" pops into Stu's phone. He's disgusted.

TJ

If you were smart, you'd come with me. Getting your snake tugged by a middle-aged Asian lady helps you see the world in a new light.

STU

That's quite a sales pitch.

TJ

(claps his hands)

All right! Now give me the full Stuber experience or I'll only give you half a star.

Stu reluctantly opens his glove compartment, revealing: a meticulously curated shelf of products and accessories. It's like a miniature country club bathroom counter.

TJ (CONT'D)

Dat's what I'm talkin' 'bout!

TJ swigs some mouthwash, sprays some cologne, grabs some gum, then helps himself to Stu's iPod and blasts a classic:

COOLIO (ON STEREO)

*Come on, y'all, let's take a ride
Don't you say shit, just get inside
It's time to take your ass on
another kind of trip
'Cause you can't have the hop if
you don't have the hip--*

Coolio's "**Fantastic Voyage**" underscores Stu's night of Ubering. We catch GLIMPSES of that night. No matter what happens, Stu's the *ultimate* Uber driver:

-- Hot sorority girls squeeze in for a night of clubbing.

-- Hot gay guys squeeze in for a night of clubbing.

-- A couple crying/screaming/breaking up in the back seat.

-- That same couple making out, borderline fucking.

-- At a red light, Stu looks over at the hybrid next to him, sees the Uber "U" decal in the window. Feeling the bond, Stu and the Uber driver exchange a knowing nod and a thumbs up.

-- Over all this, we track Stu's UBER APP, see Profile Pics come and go, a flurry of \$\$ tips and those highly coveted 5-star ratings, what every Uber driver loves to see.

NOSEY PASSENGER

You an actor? Every driver's a wannabe actor, right?

STU

Nope, though my girlfriend says I look like a younger, more vulnerable Denzel. Not sure what that means. But no, I just Uber for the extra cash. Saving for an engagement ring.

-- Drunk Lady in shotgun honks Stu's horn, fucks with his display panel, then tries to give Stu a TITTY-TWISTER:

DRUNK LADY

TUNE INTO TOKYO! TOKYO, COME IN!

-- After politely waking up that same Drunk Lady and coaxing her out of the car, Stu's PHONE RINGS.

Annoying Bird Squawking Ringtone - call from "**Becca Bird.**" He answers on bluetooth.

STU

Hey, babe.

BECCA (O.S.)

Oh thank God you're okay! I was so worried about you.

STU

You know I'm Ubering tonight.

BECCA

Yes. I do. I also know that when you took this job you said you'd text every half hour to check in. And it's been 45 minutes. I thought you were robbed by one of your passengers. Or raped.

STU

Why are those always the two options?
(then)
Couple more pickups then I'm home.

BECCA

You work too hard.

STU

Trust me. It'll be worth it. Love you, my Becca Bird.

BECCA

Love you more, my Stu-Bear.

-- DRUNK ASSHOLE in the back seat VOMITS OUT THE WINDOW.

DRUNK ASSHOLE

(beat)
Sorry, dude.

STU

Well... at least you got it out the window.

Then, Stu spots the guy in the mirror doing something else.

STU (CONT'D)

What are you--? NO!

Turns back: dude's trying to PEE IN HIS CUP HOLDER. While driving Stu slaps the guy with his free hand.

STU (CONT'D)

NO! STOP THAT! STOP PEEING!

DRUNK ASSHOLE

I CAN'T MAKE IT STOP!

-- We end on Stu at a DIY car wash late at night cleaning out his car. He looks at his phone: Drunk Asshole only gave him 2 stars. Fuck.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF AN EYEBALL. PULL BACK TO--

INT. EYE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The DOCTOR's examining Vic's eyes through a phoropter eye scope. Vic's wearing weird post-surgery goggles.

EYE DOCTOR
Mmm hmmm. Mmm hmmm. Yeah.
(looks up from scope)
Everything looks good.

VIC
Good?

EYE DOCTOR
I could say "bitchin'" but that
doesn't seem very doctorly.
(tests it out)
Surgery was a bitchin' success.

Vic hates banter. Feels around for his eyeglasses.

EYE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Won't need those anymore.

VIC
How long before I can see straight?

EYE DOCTOR
The blurriness should dissipate in
the next 24 hours, give or take. No
driving, operating heavy machinery.
Basically don't do anything you
wouldn't do while intoxicated.

Doc reaches into a drawer and hands Vic a MINI EYE CHART
(just like the big one on the wall but hand-held).

EYE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
When you can read the bottom line,
you're good to go.

VIC'S POV: the whole chart is blurry as fuck.

MATCH CUT TO:

THAT SAME BLURRY AS FUCK CHART AS VIC STARES AT IT IN--

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - DAY

Vic rides shotgun in his goofy paper goggles, trying to make sense of that chart.

VIC

Jackass screwed up my eyes.

At the wheel we find Vic's daughter, NICOLE (20s, bangs, tattoos and piercings belie a beautiful, thoughtful girl).

NICOLE

Chill. It's only been half an hour.

Vic fumes in his seat, quietly muttering something angrily.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You gonna make it over there?

Vic says nothing. Nicole uses the silence to change gears.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna spend Christmas with Mom and David. Just thought you'd want to know.

VIC

David...

NICOLE

I know you have to hate him because that's like a thing, you gotta hate your ex's husband. But he's actually a good guy. And he makes Mom happy. You know they have a scheduled date night every Friday?

VIC

What about Howard Wu's? It's our Christmas night tradition.

NICOLE

Howard Wu's is your tradition. Not that you ever ask, but I hate that place. It's a wasteland of dirty dishes and MSG.

VIC

Howard's good people. Back in '99 he gave me vital information which helped me crack--

NICOLE

--the Melrose Murders. I know, Dad.

More silence as Nicole pulls into the driveway of her Dad's fourplex building, clearly somewhere up in the valley.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I know your vision's banged up, but think you can make it tonight?

(off his confusion)

Tonight. Abbot Kinney. My first gallery show. Ever. Nothing??

VIC

I know. I know. Abbot Kinney.

(beat)

The thing is, you know, I don't fit into that scene. I'm a ballpark and Budweiser guy. And like you said, with my vision I don't think I could appreciate your paintings--

NICOLE

My *paintings*?! Jesus Christ, I'm a fucking sculptor.

VIC

Calm down. You know what I meant. I'll make the next one.

NICOLE

Give me your phone! Hand it over!

Vic reluctantly digs into his pocket, hands her his phone. She starts swiping and typing.

VIC

What are you doing?

NICOLE

You're not gonna make *the next one*! You're gonna make this one!

VIC

Honey... You're being emotional.

NICOLE

Yeah! You should try it some time!

(re: his phone)

What year is this phone from? And these icons! Holy shit, Dad.

REVEAL: Vic's 2005 Motorola (not very) smart phone with its giant icons, like four to a screen with mammoth font.

ON VIC'S PHONE: we see the UBER APP DOWNLOADING.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

This is called Uber.

VIC

I don't live in a cave. I know what Uber is.

NICOLE

Then you know how easy it is to click "Request Ride" and get a driver to take you anywhere you want to go.

(sharply)

Like, for example, my art show tonight. Now let's find a profile pic. Got any good selfies?

ON VIC'S PHONE, all she finds are crime scene photos: a pile of COCAINE on an evidence table, a close up of a BLOODY HANDPRINT, a DEAD BODY in the street, and lastly a DECAYED SEVERED FOOT being carried in a raccoon's mouth.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

These are your personal pics??
Here, look at me.

He turns. Stoic face. Weird paper goggles. A total monster. She SNAPS A PIC. Then hands the phone back to Vic.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Abbot Kinney. Tonight. No excuses.

VIC

I'll see what I can--

NICOLE

Yeah, you do that.

Vic nods, exits the car and she speeds off in a huff.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vic don't give a fuck about cleanliness or organization. Pizza boxes, dirty dishes, a fold-out couch that doubles as his dining room table.

Beer in hand and sitting upright, Vic snores softly. We slowly PUSH IN ON VIC'S SLEEPING EYES...

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - (VIC'S DREAM)

Empty arena. Pitch black. Spotlight shines down on center court where RODRIGUEZ in a full Kobe Bryant Lakers uniform dribbles the ball like a Globetrotter.

RODRIGUEZ
C'mon, Vic. One game!

A second spotlight on Vic, also in a Lakers jersey.

VIC
All right. First to 21. Make it
take it. Loser buys Korean tacos.

Rodriguez nods in agreement, then takes off for the hoop, dribbling through Vic's legs, spinning around and somehow soaring high in the air for a thunderous two-handed DUNK.

RODRIGUEZ
AW YEAH! I can taste the tacos now.

As she passes him for the top of the key, Vic notices the STAB WOUND in her back. Blood pours through her Kobe jersey and drips liberally onto the court. Vic's confused.

Somewhere off-screen there's a BUZZ. BUZZZ. BUZZZZZZ.

RESUME PRESENT -

Vic's PHONE BUZZES in the kitchen. Vic wakes up in a sweat. Then Helen Kellers his way through a stack of newspapers and an old ass banker's box labeled "Kitchen Pots."

Finally he grabs his phone, Caller ID's too blurry.

VIC
Yeah.

PANICKED MAN (O.S.)
VIC! YOU GOTTA HELP ME MAN! YOU
GOTTA FUCKING HELP ME!

VIC
Calm down. Calm down.
(realizing)
Leon, is that you?

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LEON (40s, cornrows, drenched in sweat) scurries through an old abandoned factory, frantically looking over his shoulder to see if he's being followed. Screams into his phone:

LEON
YEAH IT'S FUCKING ME MOTHAFUCKA!
THEY'RE GONNA KILL ME, MAN!

WE INTERCUT LEON/VIC:

VIC

Leon. Slow down. Talk to me. Who's gonna kill you?

LEON

Who you think, man?! SANTOS!

VIC

SANTOS?? She's here?! In town?

LEON

Overseeing a hand-off tonight then skipping town. It's big. \$50 mil. Maybe more. There's your fucking intel, Vic. Now can you protect me or what?!

Vic is stunned: his white whale has come to shore.

VIC

You done good, Leon. Now where are you?

Vic's face lights up, the happiest he's been in a long time.

INT. CAPTAIN MCHENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

McHenry's reviewing a case file when his intercom beeps:

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Detective Manning for you. Says it's urgent.

McHenry picks up.

MCHENRY

Vic. How are the new eyes?

VIC (O.S.)

I've got a lead. I've got a fucking lead! Finally! We got her!

MCHENRY

We got her?

VIC (O.S.)

Yeah. Santos! My informant just--

MCHENRY

Vic. I need you to listen to me carefully.

McHenry shuts the door to his office.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

Talked to the Chief last night. I
pled your case. *Our case*. Honestly,
he's still pissed about shutting
down half of LAX for no reason.

VIC

That intel was solid! She was
supposed to be on that flight.

MCHENRY

Stop. Please. Chief made it very
clear that if you continue with
this, you're fired. Hell Vic, I'm
fired right there with you.

VIC (O.S.)

So what?! This is about justice.

(then)

Look, you don't want to be
involved. That's fine. Just send me
a squad car to drive me around. A
fucking rookie. An office rat. I
don't care.

MCHENRY

You have got to let this go, Vic.
Take your medical leave. Let it go.

McHenry hangs up. Stares out the window, pissed at himself.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vic holding a phone with no one on the other end.

VIC

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Kitchen table. Scours it with both hands, knocking off a
bottle of whiskey and fast food bags, then finally grabs--

His CAR KEYS.

EXT. VIC'S FOURPLEX - DAY

Vic clumsily finds his way down the stairs, fumbles around
for which one of the cars might be his.

VIC

Do this myself.

After way too long, he keys into his BUICK, hops in and quickly REVS THE ENGINE.

Tosses it into REVERSE, hits the gas and--

SMASHES INTO A TREE!

A beat. Then the horn blares and we can just make out:

VIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

INT. STU'S LEAF - DAY

It's late in the day. Stu's on the job, has a SWEET GRANDMOTHER in shotgun, pulls up to her house.

STU
And we have arrived, mah lady.

SWEET GRANDMOTHER
May I just say you're a lovely young man. And your fiancée is lucky to have you.

STU
(blushes)
Thank you. But she's not my fiancée yet. She will be soon.

Stu shows the grandmother his phone: pulls up an image of a DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. Waits for her praise.

STU (CONT'D)
No... Cloris... Don't tell me you don't like it.

SWEET GRANDMOTHER
When my Harold proposed to me in 1957 he placed a a metal washer on my finger. Took it from the factory floor. Couldn't have cost more than two bits. Sent my heart aflutter.

Stu nods, clearly has no clue what she's talking about.

SWEET GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
Good luck to you, my dear.

She exits the car. Stu closes out her ride in his app. Starts to pull away when his UBER APP DINGS. Checks his phone.

ON PHONE: A "ride request." On reflex he hits "accept" then notices VIC'S SCARY PROFILE PIC.

STU

OH JESUS!

(beat)

At least he's on the way home.

Stu puts it in gear and drives.

INT. STU'S LEAF - DAY

As he turns down Vic's street, Stu sings along in falsetto to the gentle sounds of John Legend.

STU

*'Cause all of me loves all of you.
Love your curves and all your
edges, all your perfect
imperfections. Give your all to--*

WHAM! Vic slaps the hood for Stu to stop. Scares the crap out of Stu who slams the brakes. Then--

Vic hops in shotgun. Stu catches his breath.

STU (CONT'D)

Okay. That was different. You must be Vic. I'm Stu.

Stu extends a friendly fist-bump. Ignored.

VIC

Turn the car on. Let's go!

STU

It's already on. Electric. Nissan Leaf. Call it the Silent Killer.

VIC

I don't care what you call it. Just drive.

STU

Can I offer you a bottled water or some peppermint mouth spray?

Stu opens the glove compartment, and Vic SHUTS IT.

VIC

No. Just get me to Koreatown and step on it!

STU

Right. Koreatown.

(looks at phone)

Doesn't appear you've entered the destination into the app, so...

(off Vic's steely glare)

That's okay. I'll Waze us.

Stu silently motors away.

INT. STU'S LEAF - LATER

Driving down the 101 towards K-town in silence.

STU

I've got a fully-loaded iPod there at your disposal. Hip hop. Oldies. Jazz. Singer-songwriter stuff. Colbie Caillat. *Callay*? Is that how you pronounce it?

(off silence)

You strike me as a classic rock guy. I've got ya covered.

(off silence)

Boston. Foreigner. Styx, too, if you like Styx. Just the greatest hits. What's that song -- "I'm Sailing Away"? That's one of their big ones, right? I think that's on there.

(long beat)

"Come Sail Away!" That's it.

VIC

Look pal, I don't want to Come Sail Away with you anywhere. Just get me where I need to go.

Stu shuts up, exits the freeway towards K-town. Vic pulls out his mini-eye chart, studies it.

STU

Is that an eye chart? Never seen one that small.

Vic ignores him, annoyed.

STU (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'll shut up now.

(can't resist)

It's just, passengers who don't like conversation hop in the back.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

So when you ride shotgun, it's an unwritten code--a social contract--that you're D-T-T. Down-To-Talk. But it's fine. Diff'rent strokes.

Stu pulls to a halt in front of an APARTMENT BUILDING and--
TWO TEENAGERS hop in the back seat. Stu fist-bumps them:

STU (CONT'D)

Got you heading to USC campus, right?

VIC

WHAT? What the hell is this?! Tell them to get out of the car now!

STU

I can't kick them out. You selected the "UberPool" option.

VIC

The what?

STU

UberPool. You pool the cost of the ride with other passengers going in similar directions.

VIC

I don't have time to *pool*!

Vic pulls out his POLICE BADGE and flashes it to the teens:

VIC (CONT'D)

Official police business. Get the fuck out of the car!

Scared shitless, they scam. Vic faces forward again.

VIC (CONT'D)

DRIVE!

Stu abruptly speeds off through a K-town neighborhood.

STU

Um... Did you say "official police business"?

VIC

Don't sweat it. I'm just going to see a friend.

Stu nods, put at ease. Then laughs to himself.

VIC (CONT'D)
Somethin' funny?

STU
No. It's just ironic. Yesterday I literally told my boss we should call the cops on a customer. And today... I'm driving a cop.

VIC
Great story.

EXT. KOREATOWN WAREHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Stu's Leaf pulls up outside an abandoned warehouse. Vic hops out and then turns back:

VIC
Keep the meter running.

STU
There's no meter. It's all done on the--

Vic's already slammed the door shut and left. Stu sighs as he checks his phone.

Reveal: The Teenagers gave him **zero stars** and wrote "**Taint Puppet**" in the comments section. A knife to Stu's heart.

INT. KOREATOWN WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vic's got his GLOCK DRAWN as he quietly paces through the old vacant factory. He whispers loudly:

VIC
Leon! Leon!

CRASH! Vic knocks over a crate of glass bottles. Vic kneels down to wait it out, see if he hears anyone. While he's down there he feels a WET SUBSTANCE on the concrete.

He lifts his finger really close to his face, squinting, until he realizes... it's FRESH BLOOD. Shit.

With his horrible vision, he can only see things 3" in front of his face, so he has to BABY CRAWL forward, following the trail of BLOOD DROPS spaced a few feet apart.

INT. LOADING DOCKS - KOREATOWN WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vic crawls into the loading dock area, still tracking the droplets when he arrives at--

LEON'S DEAD BODY in a pool of blood. Multiple gunshot wounds. Vic checks his pulse then sighs. *Fuck*. Then he hears--

A noise! Someone's coming! He turns abruptly and--

FIRES HIS PISTOL! AND--

Misses a STRAY CAT by a fucking mile! It hisses and runs off through the factory. Vic exhales. Returns to Leon.

Quickly pats him down, searching Leon's pockets for something, anything, then locates--

Leon's CELL PHONE. Vic pockets it.

INT. STU'S LEAF - DUSK

Stu sees Vic exit the warehouse. Vic doesn't see him, so he TAPS HIS HORN and waves. Vic rushes over and hops in.

STU
How was your friend?

VIC
Huh?

STU
You guys have a nice visit?

VIC
No.

STU
(noticing)
Is that... blood on your shirt?

VIC
No.

Vic's too busy looking at LEON'S CELL PHONE. If he holds it 2" from his eyes he can read the numbers.

VIC'S POV: an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Leon's recent calls with "**Vic Dickhead**" listed at the top of the call log. The only other call is: "**Shaniqua Titties.**" Vic dials it.

STU
So. Where to next?

Silences Stu with a finger. Waits for "Shaniqua Titties" to answer.

Vic does a surprisingly awesome LEON IMPRESSION:

VIC
*Yo Shaniqua, it's Leon. Haven't
 seen you in a minute, girl!*

ON STU'S FACE: what the fuck is happening?

VIC (CONT'D)
*HA! You know I can dig that. Yeah,
 you keep that ass warm for Leon.*

Vic hangs up.

STU
 Maybe not the *most* offensive thing
 I've ever seen, but Top 20 easy.

VIC
 The Sizzle Room. Compton.
 (then)
 And I'm not typing the address into
 the goddamn app.

Stu nods. Silently motors away from the warehouse.

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Compton at night is fantastic: low-riders, hookers, dudes smoking crack on the sidewalk. The occasional WOP-WOP of a police siren -- everyone screams "fuck you" in return.

STU
 Don't get many ride requests out
 here. It's, uh, scenic.

VIC
 Yeah. Real paradise.

At a red light, a CRACKHEAD knocks on Vic's window:

CRACKHEAD
 Hey man. My car broke down and I
 need a dollar for gas.

STU
 (digging into pocket)
 I think I've got a--

Vic rolls down his window and FLASHES HIS GLOCK.

VIC

Back the fuck away from the car.

Stu's face is frozen in fear. The light turns green.

VIC (CONT'D)

Let's get a move on, pal.

Stu drives. After a beat, he gathers the courage.

STU

So. Once I get you to The Sizzle Room--which I'm hoping is some kind of steakhouse--I'm gonna need to end my shift. Call it a night.

VIC

No. That doesn't work for me.

STU

It... doesn't work for you? The beauty of Uber is I get to set my own hours. And I've set them-- And also, Vic, I'm gonna be totally straight with you, having a .357 magnum in my car freaks me out.

VIC

It's a glock.

STU

Oh. Great! Just a glock? I should've left you in Koreatown. Because of you, those other two riders gave me zero stars. *Zero!*

VIC

What is this, kindergarten? You need some gold stars to put in your little chart?

STU

No. I need stars, digital stars-- I need high ratings to keep this job. Zero stars are an Uber driver's worst nightmare, so thanks.

VIC

It's really sad how much validation you require from strangers.

STU

It's not-- Look, I'm dropping you at The Sizzle Room then that's that. Final answer. End of ride.

VIC

You got somewhere you need to be?

STU

Yeah actually! My anniversary dinner.

VIC

You're married?

STU

Girlfriend.

VIC

Huh. How many years?

STU

17.
(off Vic's confusion)
... months.

Vic laughs condescendingly. Stu stands up for it.

STU (CONT'D)

Oh. Sure. To you monthly anniversaries are a joke, but--

VIC

No. People who celebrate monthly anniversaries are a joke.

STU

Wow. You're a real peach. I'm gonna be so happy when I can quit Ubering jerks like you around.

VIC

With your thin skin, I'm surprised you've lasted this long.

STU

I need the money. I'm saving up for an engagement ring. It's a princess cut. 1.7 carats. Why am I telling you any of this?

VIC

1.7? That's specific.

STU

Becca's sister's ring is 1.6 carats and I know she'll be fucking pissed if I don't beat it.

VIC

The girl dragging you to *monthversary* dinners demands a large rock? You picked a winner.

STU

No! I demand it. Me. To prove my love to her. Jesus. You've clearly never been married.

VIC

Feeling like maybe I struck a nerve here with Dr. Thin Skin.

Stu's really pissed now, but manages to keep his composure. Follows his Waze directions in silence.

VIC (CONT'D)

Tell you what. I'm gonna have several stops. You be my driver all night, as long as it takes, and I'll give you some gold stars and a big fat tip. How's 200 bucks sound?

Stu doesn't even have to think about it.

STU

Uh, it sounds like not enough money to piss off Becca. Our anniv--monthversary dinner is a big deal. She's already crazy mad that I missed my text check-in earlier.

VIC

You have to check in with--

STU

(defensive)

It's a system! And it works! And I'm not talking about it.

A beat. Vic changes tactics.

VIC

Are you familiar with Section 150-C of the California Penal Code?

STU

Why would I possibly--?

VIC

Any citizen who neglects to provide aid or assistance to a law enforcement officer in need of such aid or assistance is thereby obstructing justice.

STU

Obstructing justice?

VIC

You're gonna drive me around as long as it takes or you're gonna do a night in county lockup.

(beat)

How long do you think a Princess Cut like you would last in county?

Stu shrugs nervously, focuses on the road.

STU

Well, I mean, I'd have to tell Becca that I'm--

VIC

Unless you want to violate Section 150-C of the California Penal Code, you don't tell her shit. Make something up. Okay, Steve?

STU

Yeah. Okay.
(then, softly)
It's Stu. My name. Stu.

Vic ignores him, checking out his eye chart again. He can read the top two rows now, which pleases him.

EXT. THE SIZZLE ROOM - NIGHT

A high-end STRIP CLUB where Compton's biggest and baddest come to sip bubbly, make deals, and stare at tits.

Giant dudes in suits with earpieces guard the door.

At the valet, a LINEBACKER of a man steps out of a Range Rover (we'll call him "DAWSON"). Other cars arrive: a Porsche, a Benz and... Stu's Leaf.

Vic hops out. Seconds later, Stu follows.

VIC

No. Wait for me in the car.

STU
I've gotta pee.

VIC
Go pee somewhere else.

STU
(sarcastically)
Oh sure. Let me just cruise around Compton at night by myself and look for a public bathroom.

REVEAL: Dawson from the Range Rover behind Stu.

STU (CONT'D)
(backpedaling)
I mean... that's uh, not a knock against Compton. Compton's awesome! It's more about me being afraid of public bathrooms. I'm a germophobe. Seriously. I love Compton, man. I'm from Pomona but I always wish I was from here. And, also, how good was that movie? Eazy-E needed an Oscar.
(off confusion)
Oscars-so-white, you feel me?

Dawson shakes his head dismissively, heads inside.

VIC
What's wrong with you?
(then)
You can come in. Just stay out of my way.

Before entering, Stu and Vic are PATTED DOWN. Stu GIGGLES.

STU
(off Vic)
Sorry. I'm ticklish.

Vic flashes his holster to the doorman as well as his badge.

VIC
Just visiting a friend.

The doorman nods and lets them inside.

INT. THE SIZZLE ROOM - NIGHT

Hip hop blasts. Gorgeous black women throughout the floor giving lap dances, hugging poles, etc. Vic heads to the bar and flags down the BARTENDER.

VIC
Lookin' for Shaniqua.

BARTENDER
We got three Shaniquas here.

VIC
Shaniqua... Titties?

BARTENDER
It's actually pronounced *Tittyais*.
French I guess. She's on break.

Bartender nods behind the stage. Vic's vision is improving, makes it through the crowd without knocking anything over.

Stu exits the rest room, takes it all in. He's entranced by the thumping bass of the hip hop. A BEAUTIFUL TOPLESS STRIPPER GODDESS on a pole summons him with one finger.

He looks around: me? *Yeah you*. He blushes: me? really? *Yeah you really*. Seems only polite to approach her.

STRIPPER GODDESS
(as she dances)
You kinda cute.

STU
(taken aback)
Me? Uh. Thanks. A lot of people say
I look like a younger, more
vulnerable Danny Glover.

STRIPPER GODDESS
(giggles)
You funny, too.

She spins around and bends over, putting her perfect breasts just inches from Stu's face. He smiles like a child when--

His PHONE RINGS -- that horrible bird squawking ringtone.

He glimpses it: **Becca Bird**.

STU
Sorry, I should take this. Is there
somewhere quiet--?

STRIPPER GODDESS
Yeah, sugar. I know just the place.

Goddess steps off the stage, leads Stu into--

INT. QUIET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nice and quiet and dark. Stu sits on a satin couch.

STU
 (to Goddess)
 Perfect. Thank you.
 (answers phone)
 I know what you're gonna say and
 I'm so so sorry about dinn--

BECCA (O.S.)
 Stop lying to me, Stu!

STU
 Whoa. What?

BECCA (O.S.)
 In your text check-in, you said you
 have to cancel dinner because you
 got -- and I quote -- a "big fare
 to Long Beach."

The LIGHTS DIM. Stu doesn't notice.

STU
 Yeah! Exactly. I'm in traffic right
 now.

BECCA (O.S.)
 Noooo, you're in some fucking place
 called The Sizzle Room in Compton!

STU
 (reeling/confused)
 Wha-- How-- I--

Goddess puts on some sexy music: SADE.

BECCA (O.S.)
 Find my iPhone!

STU
 You're tracking my phone?!

BECCA (O.S.)
 Of course I'm tracking your phone.
 I don't want you to get raped.

STU
 Damn. What is your obsession with
 that happening to me?!

BECCA (O.S.)
I dunno, Stu. What's your obsession
with lying to me?

STU
I'm not--! I'm--

Stu watches as Goddess removes her THONG and approaches him
seductively wearing nothing but high heels.

STU (CONT'D)
I'm picking up the passenger right
now in Compton at a very classy
steakhouse called The Sizzle Room.
Then I'm heading to Long Beach to
drop her off.

Goddess twirls, then sits down on Stu's lap and starts
GRINDING HIM, slowly at first.

STU (CONT'D)
Him! Drop *him* off. My passenger is
a him. A man. A very ugly man.
(covering phone)
Please. Please stop doing that.

Goddess smiles seductively, then CHANGES TEMPO. She's
naughty, and quite gifted in the art of lap dance.

STU (CONT'D)
(abruptly)
Babe? Still there?

BECCA (O.S.)
Yeah. I'm just thinking.

Stu breathes deeply, waiting patiently for Becca to think,
trying not to blow his load as Goddess grinds him.

BECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you 100% absolutely positively
promise that you're telling me the
truth, my Stu-Bear?

Goddess raises up and plops her ass down hard on his crotch.

STU
(moans)
OH GOD YES.
(under control)
Yes. I promise, my Becca Bird.

BECCA (O.S.)
 (intrigued)
 Classy steakhouse, huh? I've never
 seen it on Eater. Maybe we can go
 there next month for our 18th
 anniversary?

STU
 Yeah... Absolutely. You'd love it.

Goddess drops to her knees, goes to UNZIP STU'S PANTS -- too far! -- so Stu politely EVADES HER, quickly tries to find a way out of the dark Champagne Room. Still on the phone:

STU (CONT'D)
 Killer apps. And uh, Champagne.

BECCA (O.S.)
 Ooh, Champagne sounds yummy.

STU
 Yeah, there's an entire room of it.

BECCA (O.S.)
 Weird. I'm looking online. I don't
 see a menu.

An exit. Thank God! He pushes through the door and into--

ANOTHER CHAMPAGNE ROOM! Stu's face: Oh dear God...

DAWSON (from the valet) and a STRIPPER are totally naked screwing up against the wall.

CHAMPAGNE ROOM STRIPPER
 FUCK MY ASS, DAWSON!

BECCA (O.S.)
 STU WHAT THE HELL WAS--

STU ENDS THE CALL. Tries to quietly tiptoe back out when--

BIRD SQUAWKING RINGTONE.

Silences it quickly. Then, looks up and sees--

DAWSON
 Come on in, Pomona. We got room for
 one more.

Dawson laughs like hell as Stu quickly darts out of the room.

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE SIZZLE ROOM - NIGHT

Vic's sitting across from SHANIQUA at a vanity. She's dabbing her eyes with a tissue, clearly emotional.

SHANIQUA

I just talked to him this
afternoon. I can't believe it.

Vic pats her shoulder with the bedside manner of a brick.

VIC

There there.

SHANIQUA

There there? You fucking serious?

Vic tries again, with meaning:

VIC

I'm sorry you had to hear it like
this. Leon was a good informant and
I'm sure... a good boyfriend.

(then)

But I need you to think hard. Did
he ever mention anything about
someone named Carolina Santos?

(off her head shake)

Anything about shipments out of
Colombia? Peru? Ecuador? Think
carefully, *Ms. Tittyais*.

Shaniqua racks her brain, then suddenly:

SHANIQUA

Amo. Amo Cortez.

VIC

Amo Cortez.

SHANIQUA

Leon did a minute in Lancaster. Amo
was his cell mate. Leon mentioned
something about Amo getting him in
on something big.

VIC

Drugs? Guns?

SHANIQUA

Dunno. Leon called it
"import/export," made him feel like
a big shit.

VIC

Good. Good. I need to get in touch with this Amo Cortez.

SHANIQUA

Runs with the 182nd Locos, but that's all I know.

VIC

This is plenty. Thank you.

Vic turns for the door.

SHANIQUA

You gonna get 'em? The fools who smoked Leon?

VIC

That's the plan.

SHANIQUA

Then I should thank you.

She sobs quietly. Though as soon as Vic exits, her TEARS VANISH INSTANTLY. She straightens up quickly.

EXT. THE SIZZLE ROOM - NIGHT

Stu and Vic approach the Leaf.

STU

That place was insane! You're a cop, let me ask you something. Is it legal for one man to witness another man make love? I'm asking for a friend, of course.

VIC

We're heading west to Lawndale.

STU

I was hoping maybe you'd say Long Beach, but Lawndale it is.

Stu scrolls through his iPhone and DISABLES the **Find my iPhone** feature.

They hop in the Leaf. As they pull away, we catch--

SHANIQUA standing by an employee entrance. She covertly watches Stu's Leaf roll by. Speaks into her cell phone:

SHANIQUA

You said I should call if anyone comes by asking questions?

(then)

There's two of 'em. You want the license plate, too?

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Heading through Gardena towards Lawndale. At a red light, Stu reads a lengthy text message from Becca.

STU

(to self)

Shit... She is next level pissed.

VIC

Know what your problem is, Steve? You never went through puberty.

Stu sighs: good one.

VIC (CONT'D)

When I was 14, my Dad took me on a camping trip.

STU

I bet you guys used a Coleman dome tent. Those are still a big seller.

Vic glares at him and continues.

VIC

Didn't see the old man much, but when he was in town, I was excited to do whatever the hell he wanted. On this particular occasion, he said camping. So we drove out to Sleephole Valley, out past 29 Palms.

(beat)

First night there, he hops in his truck, says he's gonna run into town to grab groceries. What that really meant was he was gonna tie one on and make friendly with a Palm Desert local.

STU

A prostitute?

VIC

Stop interrupting my story.

(beat)

So a few hours go by and I think "hey, probably got a flat tire. No big." Then it gets dark. It gets cold. I'm hungry. There's shit out in the desert making noises and I don't even have so much as a knife-- old man had all the gear.

STU

Damn. So what'd you do?

VIC

I stayed up scared shitless and shivering until sunrise. Then I hiked 22 miles to the nearest town.

(laughs nostalgically)

Know what the old man said afterwards? "*That oughta put some hair on your chest.*"

STU

That is... horrifying! Did you call Child Protective Services?

VIC

It was my rite of passage.

STU

You don't have to drop your kid in the wilderness to teach them about adulthood!

VIC

You wouldn't know adulthood if it shoved a 9mm in your face. Piss your pants every time your girlfriend sends you a text.

(then)

You would've died in that desert trying to get a signal on your phone to SnapChat for help.

STU

You don't shit about me. I can hold my own. I was a Webelos, man. I'm talking Arrow of Light.

VIC

Sounds very impressive.

STU

Yeah, well. It was. They don't just give that shit out. I mean, yeah, they did give it to Ryan Lazzaro because they didn't want to hurt his feelings. But for me, they didn't. I earned that badge.

Stu sighs, not pleased with himself.

EXT. 182ND LOCOS CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Stu parks at the curb, kills the lights. Vic hops out then leans back into the car.

VIC

No, keep the car running.

STU

It *is* running. I told you: the Silent Killer.

Stu revs the gas which is just BARELY AUDIBLE.

INT. 182ND LOCOS CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Latino gangbangers and their girlfriends sitting around smoking weed and laughing as they watch a NASTY PITBULL chase a remote control car around the room.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! They freeze.

VIC (O.S.)

LAPD. Open the fuck up!

VARIOUS GANGBANGERS

(scrambling)

Where do we put all this shit? /
Fuck! / I dunno. / You take it! /
Flush it! / No fucking way!

ON VIC: Continuing to knock at the front door. Finally the door's opened by a wiry Hispanic man, 30s, in an oversized denim shirt and a skinny moustache ("AMO CORTEZ").

AMO CORTEZ

Is there a problem, officer?

Vic pushes past him and into the house.

INT. STU'S LEAF - CONTINUOUS

Stu's busy constructing the perfect apology text.

STU TEXT POP: *I'm so sorry about earlier. Been a weird night. Will explain later, I promise. You're my Becca Bird. And I'm your Stu-Bear.*

He waits. And waits. And waits. Then.

BECCA TEXT POP: *You've disappointed me.*

He sighs.

INT. 182ND LOCOS CRACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone's seated on the couch and living room floor as Vic holds court.

VIC

All I want is ten minutes with Amo Cortez and I'll get out of your lives.

They remain silent on the couch, Amo included.

VIC (CONT'D)

Are you Amo Cortez? Are you? How about you? No? Nothing?

(then)

What the hell's wrong with your dog?

REVEAL: their pitbull dramatically moaning and crawling on the floor, starts dry-heaving by the coffee table.

GANGBANGER

Nothing's wrong with him. Don't you need a warrant or some shit?

The pitbull continues pacing around the room dry-heaving.

VIC

No. You invited me in. And if you don't tell me where I can find Amo Cortez, I'm gonna shoot your fancy flat screen TV.

Vic aims his pistol in that direction.

GANGBANGER

Dude, that's the fish tank.

Vic squints, then aims his pistol in another direction.

GANGBANGER #2
That's a microwave.

Annoyed, Vic aims his Glock right at them.

VIC
You got five seconds to tell me
where I can find Amo Cortez or it's
gonna start raining bullets.

But before he counts, the PITBULL VOMITS UP THREE POUNDS OF
WEED ALL OVER VIC'S SHOES. Holy shit that's a lot of weed.

A beat. Silence. Their faces say it all: oh fuck.

Vic grabs a 40oz off the table, deliberately pours it over
his shoes to clean off the weed vomit. Clearly pissed.

AMO CORTEZ
So. Um. *Hypothetically*, if uh, one
of us here was Amo Cortez,
hypothetically, is there any way
you could forget what just
happened?

VIC
(smirks)
Nice to meet you, Amo.
Hypothetically.

Vic approaches Amo and yanks him to his feet hard.

VIC (CONT'D)
Carolina Santos. When and where's
the meet? WHEN AND WHERE?!

AMO CORTEZ
I don't know shit about that.

VIC
Let's go.

Yanks Amo through the living room and out the front door.

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Stu sees Vic approaching with Amo. Squints: is that guy in
handcuffs? Yep! Behind his back.

Vic opens the rear door and SHOVES AMO INSIDE hard.

AMO CORTEZ
Damn, homie! I got fucking rights.

STU
(perplexed)
Uh. VIC?! What's--

VIC
Just a friend of mine.

STU
In handcuffs?!

VIC
He's a friend who doesn't feel much
like talking right now.
(to Amo)
But he will. Because he knows he's
looking at six months for
possession. And that's where we
head next, Amo: jail.

AMO CORTEZ
I ain't got shit on me.

VIC
I'm gonna go fill that fucking dog
vomit in a ziploc with my bare
hands. Damn, I can throw an animal
cruelty charge on top of it. Not
your day, Amo, is it?

Vic slams Amo's door shut. Stu leaps--

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

Rushes to confront Vic on the sidewalk.

STU
You're not-- You can't just leave
him in my car.

VIC
He's jumping in my UberPool.

STU
No. That's not how that works.
UberPool is only if another
passenger is heading in a similar--

VIC
Here. Take this.

Vic reaches into his ANKLE HOLSTER, pulls out a .22 PISTOL!

STU
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!

VIC
It's a 22. A baby gun. Good in a
pinch. Take it.

STU
I don't want your... baby gun!

VIC
Are you trying to obstruct justice?

STU
What?! No! I just...

Vic positions himself with Stu so that Amo Cortez has a clear view of this -- he wants to intimidate him.

VIC
The man in your car is Amo Cortez.
Soldier for the 182nd Locos. Do you
know what that means?

Stu shakes his head, clearly lost.

VIC (CONT'D)
That means if he leaves the scene,
he'll go off and do some very bad
things. And we don't want that.
(then)
Just take the gun. Hold it on him
for two minutes. I'll be right
back. It's not a big deal.

STU
It is to me! I've never touched a--
I'm not-- This isn't--

VIC
Look at me, Steve: this is your
night in the desert. Man up.

Vic pushes the .22 into Stu's palm, then heads to the house.

Stu looks down at the little pistol: fuck.

INT. STU'S LEAF - MOMENTS LATER

Stu sits in the driver's seat. The "baby gun" oscillating in his trembling hands. In the rearview he sees--

Amo sizing him up... then spots the "U" decal in the window.

AMO CORTEZ

Wait... I'm in an Uber? A fucking
Uber? Fuck this shit.

Amo tries to open the door with his mouth, his chin. With his
hands cuffed behind him, it's his only chance.

STU

Hey. Um. Stop that! Please stop!
C'mon man! Please! Okay, yes, I'm
an Uber driver! But as part of, uh,
Chapter 150 of California Penal--
(yelling off)
VIC! HEY VIC!

Stu reluctantly grabs the .22 and aims it at Amo.

STU (CONT'D)

I said please, okay?! Just... stay
here until he gets back.

Amo looks up and sees the pistol.

AMO CORTEZ

You're gonna shoot a handcuffed
Latino man in the back of a car?
(off Stu's silence)
Yeah. Now shut the fuck up.

Amo continues to "chin" the door handle and... OPENS IT! Head-
butts the door all the way open and barrel rolls out.

STU

Shit. SHIT!

Amo spins to his feet, starts RUNNING OFF DOWN THE SIDEWALK.

STU (CONT'D)

VIC?! VIC HE'S RUNNING!

Stu hops out of his car with the .22 and shouts after:

STU (CONT'D)

STOP! MR. CORTEZ! PLEASE! C'MON!

Stu RAISES THE GUN, closes his eyes, and... FIRES A WARNING
SHOT STRAIGHT UP INTO THE AIR! Only problem? It--

RICOCHETS OF A LIGHT POST and impossibly HITS AMO IN THE
CALF!

He drops on the pavement, SCREAMING in pain!

STU (CONT'D)
Oh God. Oh God. Oh God.

Vic hauls ass out of the house.

VIC
WHAT'D YOU DO?!

STU
I DON'T KNOW! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

They both race towards Amo who's motionless on the sidewalk.

VIC
YOU SHOT HIM?!

STU
YOU GAVE ME THE GUN!

VIC
JUST TO SCARE HIM! HE'S IN CUFFS!

Stu's waving the .22 around neurotically.

STU
OH GOD! I KILLED HIM! I FUCKING
KILLED HIM!

VIC
(snatches gun)
Two goddamn minutes I ask!

Vic holsters the gun. Then drops to a knee, rolls Amo over.
He's still alive, wincing in pain. Bad flesh wound.

VIC (CONT'D)
Amo. Amo. What do you know about
the Santos deal? Tell me, Amo.

AMO CORTEZ
(struggling)
The deal... is going down...
tonight...

VIC
Where? When?

AMO CORTEZ
At the... At the...

Amo looks down at his BLOODY CALF and... PASSES OUT!

We see HOUSE LIGHTS up and down the block.

VIC

Pull the car up. Quickly. He needs medical attention.

Stu sprints back to the Leaf. Silently motors it forward as Vic removes Amo's handcuffs.

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Stu's hyperventilating as he drives. Amo's in the back seat moaning, drifting in and out of consciousness.

STU

Mr. Cortez. I want you to know I am SO sorry. It must have ricocheted.

VIC

He can't hear you. He's in shock.

STU

This is so fucked.

VIC

I can sense that you're upset. But it's gonna be okay. Six parts cold water to one part ammonia.

STU

What?!

VIC

For the blood stains in the upholstery. Six to one, water to ammonia.

STU

I don't give a shit about the blood stains! There's a guy dying in the back seat of my car!

VIC

Just a flesh wound.

(then)

Take Rosecrans over to Aviation. There's a hospital there.

Stu seems calmed by this information.

STU

Okay good. A hospital. Good.

EXT. BAYSIDE ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Stu helps Vic carry Amo into the building, which is clearly closed for business. Stu clocks the ANIMAL HOSPITAL sign:

STU
You said hospital!

VIC
It is a hospital.

STU
An animal hospital!

VIC
Last I checked, humans are animals.

A LIGHT flicks on from inside and DR. BRANCH (elderly, avuncular) politely waves to Vic and Stu.

INT. BAYSIDE ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Amo lay passed out on a big metal table as Dr. Branch stitches up the leg.

Off to the side, Stu paces maniacally. Vic sits in a chair.

STU
I'm fucked. I'm so fucked.

VIC
Sit down. Relax. You didn't do anything wrong.

STU
(sarcastic)
Yeah. Yeah, good point. Shooting an innocent handcuffed man was the right thing to do.

VIC
Oh, he's innocent now, too? What is this, a Bernie Sanders rally?
(off Stu's confusion)
That scumbag over there has information that's going to help keep this city safer for years to come. Now sit down and relax. Everything's fine. I promise you.

Stu takes Vic's advice. Sits down and breathes deeply. Calms. Vic pulls out his eye chart again and studies it.

STU
What's with the eye chart?

VIC
Had Lasik this afternoon.

STU
This afternoon? And you're out
going around town busting heads?
What's wrong with you?

VIC
You sound like my daughter.

STU
You have a daughter?? Man, if I
were her I'd stay as far away from
you as possible.

VIC
Hey. My daughter and I have a--
(hesitates)
Everything's good between us.

STU
I've only known you a few hours and
I find that hard to believe.

Dr. Branch nods to Vic and Stu and they hustle over.

STU (CONT'D)
Is he okay? Is he gonna live?

DR. BRANCH
He's fine. Minor tissue damage.
It'll heal itself in a few weeks.

Stu exhales, totally relieved! Vic's vision isn't great, but
he feels the stitches:

VIC
Nice stitch job, Doc.

DR. BRANCH
Least I could do for you, Vic.
(re: Amo)
Gave him some sedatives, should be
snapping out soon. Just tell him to
stay off the leg for a few days.

Dr. Branch shakes Vic's hand and heads into his office in the
next room. Stu tries to make sense of everything.

STU

I'm glad he's okay.

(thinks)

Do I need to... fill out a report
or something now? Give a statement?

VIC

Nah. I'll take care of it.

Stu shakes his head, exhausted, borderline emotional.

STU

Look, Vic. I'm not equipped for
this. Whatever this is. Can you
please relieve me from my penal
code or whatever and just let me go
home?

(long beat)

I just want to go home now.

Vic looks at Stu, his slumped shoulders. Nods.

VIC

Okay, kid. I understand. If you
want to take off, I'll find another
driver.

AMO CORTEZ (O.S.)

He shoots me in the fucking leg and
he just gets to leave?!

They turn to see Amo awake on the table.

VIC

Hey! He said he was sorry.

(then)

Go ahead, Steve. Take off.

Stu does just that. Heads out through the exit.

EXT. BAYSIDE ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Stu exits, unlocks the Leaf and hops in. But he doesn't turn
it on. He just buries his head in his hands, needing some
time to breathe. Not noticing the--

BLACK ESCALADE killing its lights a few parking spaces away.

INT. BAYSIDE ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

We resume Vic/Amo:

AMO CORTEZ
Yo I'm about to be rich, homie.

VIC
How you figure, *homie*?

AMO CORTEZ
Shoot a Latino brother in handcuffs
for no reason? I'm pressing mad
charges for this shi--

Vic CLOCKS HIM ACROSS THE FACE, nearly knocking him off the
metal table. Amo wails, holds his jaw.

VIC
Add that to the lawsuit.

AMO CORTEZ
(muffled)
You broke my fucking jaw!

VIC
I was aiming for your nose. Guess
my vision's still a little off.
(calmly)
Now earlier you were starting to
tell me about the Santos deal going
down tonight. I need to know when
and where.

AMO CORTEZ
Fuck you, pig!

Amo SPITS a bloody loogie all over Vic's shirt. Vic sighs.

VIC
Now let's see. Where are those
stitches of yours?

Vic feels around until he arrives at Amo's calf.

VIC (CONT'D)
When and where, Amo?

Vic APPLIES PRESSURE. Amo tries to hold back the pain.

VIC (CONT'D)
When and where?!

Vic PUSHES HARDER. HARDER! STITCHES POP! BLOOD SPURTS!

AMO CORTEZ
FUUUUCKKK!!! MIDNIGHT!! AT THE
SALVAGE YARD!!

VIC
 (still pushing)
 Need you to be more specific.

AMO CORTEZ
 INGLEWOOD! OFF THE 105! THAT'S ALL
 I KNOW! I PROMISE!

Vic eases up. Amo grabs his calf in pain. Nearly crying.

VIC
 Was that so hard?

Vic pulls out his cell phone and tries to read the screen.
 Holds it up towards Amo.

VIC (CONT'D)
 Is this one the Uber app?

Amo looks at him: are you fucking serious?!

STU (O.S.)
 Um. Vic?

VIC
 (without looking up)
 I thought you--

Looks up, sees Stu... his arms raised and a GUN TO HIS HEAD!

Vic yanks Amo off the table and HOLDS A GUN TO *HIS* HEAD.

As Stu slowly enters the room, we see a GOON (30s, thick Colombian accent, ponytail, neck tats) holding him hostage.

COLOMBIAN GOON
 It appears we find ourselves in --
 how you say -- a pickle.

Vic holds Amo hostage across the room. A chess match.

VIC
 Santos sends her pool boy to do her
 dirty work?

COLOMBIAN GOON
 (laughs)
 That's good. That's funny. I like
 you.

VIC
 What the hell you want?

COLOMBIAN GOON

This is more about what you want,
Detective Manning.

Digs the barrel of his pistol into Stu's head.

COLOMBIAN GOON (CONT'D)

Do you want another one of your
partners to die right before your
eyes? Rodriguez. That was her name,
wasn't it?

On Stu, piecing together the backstory.

VIC

That little shit's not my partner.
Blow his brains out for all I care.

STU

WHAT?! NO! VIC! WHY WOULD YOU--?

VIC

Because, Steve, it's pointless.
Here's how this plays out: First,
this cocksucker's gonna offer a
swap--you for Amo straight up--and
then once he hands you over, he'll
shoot us both.

(to Goon)

That about right?

COLOMBIAN GOON

You forgot one thing. Once I
located your partner's car, I
called in a few of my colleagues.

RIGHT ON CUE: FIVE MORE COLOMBIAN MOTHERFUCKERS enter the
room, quietly stand behind the goon, guns drawn.

VIC

Hmm. I take it the swap is off the
table?

COLOMBIAN GOON

(to accomplices)

Mátalo!

They OPEN FIRE ON VIC! A monsoon of BULLETS tear up the room!

Vic uses AMO AS A HUMAN SHIELD, just long enough to flip the
metal operating table on its side and take cover, unloading
his GLOCK in return fire!

ON STU: who immediately hits the floor and tries to crawl to safety as bullets, debris and chunks of drywall whiz by. One Colombian takes a bullet in the chest and--

DROPS DEAD right next to Stu. His dead eyes inches from Stu's face. Stu SCREAMS and crawls faster.

ON DR. BRANCH: in his office in the next room (visible by a window), playing solitaire on his computer, blasting BROADWAY SHOWTUNES on his noise-canceling headphones.

He's completely unaware of the shit show going on in the next room. His music (something upbeat like "76 Trombones" from the Music Man) serves as the backdrop for our--

SHOOT OUT FROM HELL. Stu's still crawling, about to make it to safety behind the metal table.

Vic GRABS HIM BY THE COLLAR and yanks him to safety just as a BULLET RIPS through STU'S PANT LEG! Holy shit! Close call.

Stu leans against the metal table, hyperventilating. Sees--

Vic returning fire blindly with one hand while... studying his EYE CHART in the other! They yell over the gunfire:

STU

Are you serious right now?!

Vic shoves the eye chart back into his shirt pocket.

VIC

I need you to be my eyes!

STU

Be your eyes?!

VIC

Aim for me!

STU

Aim what?!

The bullets STOP. They're reloading. Perfect timing for--

Vic who locates a small gap in the metal table, sticks his gun through and pulls Stu's head over. They WHISPER:

VIC

I've only got six bullets left in the mag, so we're looking for kill shots only.

STU
KILL SHOTS?!

VIC
 I'll pull the trigger, okay? You
 gotta aim it. It's us or them.

STU
 No! I'm not going to--

A bullet RIPS PAST STU'S HEAD, taking a chunk of hair!
 They've reloaded! More bullets follow!

Stu nods to Vic: okay, let's do this.

STU'S POV: Squinting down the barrel of the gun. Trying to
 line up the sights on one of the goons firing an AK-47. It's
 like a real life first-person shooter game!

STU (CONT'D)
 Ummmm.... NOW!

Vic PULLS THE TRIGGER and... MISSES BY 10 FEET!

VIC
 We get him?!

STU
 (realizing)
 Ohhhh, so that's how the aimy thing
 works.

VIC
The aimy thing?!

Stu aims again. Focuses. Then:

STU
 FIRE!

A HIT! One of the goons goes down! Stu aims again:

STU (CONT'D)
 FIRE!

ANOTHER HIT! Stu's actually kind of good at this.

STU (CONT'D)
 AGAIN!

Vic FIRES -- another Goon goes down! Only one remains, and he
 takes cover behind a steel tanker desk. Silence.

VIC
 (whisper)
 How we doing?

Stu's looking over the aimy thing, scanning. Whispers back:

STU
 Just one left. He's hiding I guess.
 I lost him.

VIC
 What do you mean you lost him?

STU
 He was just there and then... now
 he's not. Maybe he left?

REVEAL: the last goon snuck around the side, and he's tip-toeing around the metal table with his AK-47. Vic and Stu are sitting ducks!

Just one more step and he's got them.

CLOSE ON: his boot which just barely steps on crushed glass. The FAINTEST CRUNCH OF GLASS and--

BOOM! Kill shot! He drops to the ground.

REVEAL: Vic holding the smoking gun. He's deadly accurate from four feet away. Stu looks over his shoulder, can't believe how close that was.

ON DR. BRANCH: right as he wins solitaire on his computer. He stands up and cheers! Then turns and sees what used to be his operating room. His smile fades.

RESUME STU/VIC: standing now, looking at the body count.

BIRD SQUAWKING frightens Stu! Oh. Just his ringtone.

VIC
 Don't answer that.

STU
 I have to. It's been an hour.
 (into phone)
 Hey, babe.

Vic goes to work examining the dead goons, searching their pockets, as Stu steps off to the side.

STU (CONT'D)
 Yes. I'm absolutely 100% positively
 sure that I'm sorry.
 (MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

(beat)

Huh. No, I don't know why Find my iPhone's not working. Weird.

(beat)

Why would I disable it? I... obviously want you to know where I am at all times. That's completely normal to track loved ones via GPS.

In the b.g., one of the goons is STILL ALIVE and is trying to STRANGLE VIC! Stu doesn't notice.

STU (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Of course you're my Becca Bird.

(beat)

You want me to Stu-Bear now? Right now? I'm with my passenger, babe.

Vic pins the guy and starts CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM!

Again, Stu doesn't notice, still on the phone. He makes the cutest little BEAR GROWLING NOISE ever.

STU (CONT'D)

(into phone)

GARRGHGHHHH! GARRGGGHHH! Okay? Good? Time for Stu-Bear to go back into hibernation.

(then)

Yes, I'll text you in 30.

Stu hangs up, turns back to Vic, who's exhausted and panting.

STU (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

Vic stands and hands Stu a BURNER PHONE.

STU (CONT'D)

What's this?

VIC

One of theirs. Type a text message that says he's dead.

STU

What? Why?

VIC

Because it's important that Santos thinks I'm dead. Can't spook her.

STU
 (checking phone)
 There's only one number stored in
 this phone. There's no name.

VIC
 It's Santos. That's how these
 operations work. Soldiers get
 burner phones. They tell their boss
 when shit's finished. They trash
 the phones and Santos gives 'em new
 ones. Now send the text. Put it in
 Spanish: "Esta muerto." That's
 m-u-e-r-t-o.

Stu types the text: "**Esta muerto.**"

STU
 Kinda impressed you speak Spanish.

VIC
 (dry)
 Every badge in LA knows how to say
 "he's dead" in Spanish.

STU
 This Santos lady's pretty bad?

VIC
 She transports illegal goods.

STU
 Like counterfeit Rolexes?

VIC
 Like drugs. Like guns. Like young
 South American girls who have been
 abducted from their homes, loaded
 up in cargo ships and sold as sex
 slaves here in the U.S.

Stu takes a beat, absorbing the gravity of it all.

STU
 And she killed your partner?

Vic nods, clearly not wanting to discuss it.

STU (CONT'D)
 Well... I hope you arrest her. Or
 shoot her. Or whatever it is you're
 planning. This is all way too much.

Stu rubs his head as he turns for the door.

VIC
 You can't leave.
 (off Stu)
 At some point they picked up your
 plates. They made you.

STU
 Made me?! I'm an Uber driver!

VIC
 They think you're my partner. If
 they can run your plates, they can
 sure as shit find you where you
 sleep.
 (then)
 You're a dead man walking.

Stu lets that sink in then totally loses it:

STU
 I don't want to be a dead man
 walking! I want to be... an alive
 man walking! And talking! And other
 shit! All I wanted was to drive
 nights! A few weekends! Make enough
 cash to buy a goddamn princess cut!
 (hysterical)
 Why do I always pick up the worst
 passengers?! I can never just get
 an accountant. A boring accountant
 who wants me to take him to fucking
 Olive Garden. That's all I wanted!

Vic gives Stu a moment to catch his breath.

VIC
 You want to live? Stick with me.
 Help me finish this tonight.

Stu nods vacantly, can't think straight. Looks around at the
 Colombian corpses:

STU
 What do we do about these... guys?

VIC
 Doc will take care of 'em. He owes
 me one.

Vic looks through the glass, gives Dr. Branch a thumbs up.

STU
 I don't even want to know why
 anyone would owe you so much.

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Stu silently motors out of the parking lot with Vic in shotgun.

VIC

Drive with purpose. Stay focused.
If you think you've picked up a
tail, you probably have. Got it?
(tries to view clock)
What time is it?

STU

Nine-thirty.

VIC

Good. We've got time. Head to
Venice. Abbot Kinney.

STU

I don't want any more... guns.
Bodies. Can't handle it right now.

VIC

How 'bout sculptures? Can you
handle those?

Off Stu's confusion...

INT. ART GALLERY - ABBOT KINNEY - NIGHT

Knit beanie hats, ironic t-shirts and \$600 Japanese selvedge denim jeans. Rich hipster overload.

But the artwork is incredible. Massive modern sculptures of welded steel and glass. In the center of it all, we find a wealthy SOCIALITE swooning over NICOLE (Vic's daughter).

SOCIALITE

The tryptich of the penises is a
divine revelation.

NICOLE

Those aren't penises. They actually
represent the three phases of my
childhood during my parents'
divorce: joy, confusion, isolation.

SOCIALITE

So in other words: penises.

The socialite guffaws. Nicole's annoyed, smiles politely.

NICOLE

I think I see someone I know.

She doesn't. Walks away anyway.

AT THE ENTRANCE: we find VIC and STU, both covered in blood spatter and looking like total garbage.

RANDOM HIPSTER

Love the shirts, brothas. Blood spatter prints are scorching hot right now. The new chevron.

VIC

Take a hike, pal.

The Hipster smiles, thinks he's kidding. Then realizes he's not kidding and walks off.

Stu keeps looking over his shoulder, out at the street.

VIC (CONT'D)

Relax. Nobody tailed us here.

STU

How can you be sure?

VIC

I make a living being sure.
(then)
Go have a drink.

STU

I badly need one, but it's against Uber code of conduct.

VIC

Don't get hammered. Just have one to calm your nerves. It's fine.

Stu nods, then beelines to the bar where he throws down a flute of Champagne like it's a shot. It spills sloppily down his shirt.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Thirsty?

He turns to see Nicole. Her eyes. Her neckline. Her cool tats. He's at a loss for words, but he's clearly smitten.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I should get drunk, too. Everyone here's high on their own bullshit.

She snags a Champagne. Hands one to Stu as well:

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Chug one with me?

VIC (O.S.)
I've got him on a one-drink limit.

She turns, surprised to see Vic.

NICOLE
Dad?

STU
(taken aback)
Dad?

NICOLE
I-- I can't believe-- You're here.
You actually came!

Her eyes are so full of hope and love. She gives him a hug. Vic takes a beat, trying to choose the right words. Then--

VIC
I gotta take a shit.

STU
VIC! Jesus.

Vic turns to Nicole and tries again.

VIC
Your sculptures--from what I can see--are very good, honey. I'll pick one out for my apartment.

NICOLE
They're kind of expensive.

VIC
Maybe they'll cut me a family discount. I know the artist.

He winks. It's the closest he'll ever get to charming.

NICOLE
Go... do your business, Dad.

He nods, badly needing that shit. Takes off.

STU
I'm Stu.

She shakes his hand, intrigued.

NICOLE

Don't be offended, but I find it hard to believe my Dad would be friends with--

STU

A black guy?

NICOLE

(laughs)

No. With anyone under the age of 30. He's not exactly in touch with Millennials.

STU

I don't know. He did drop a nasty SnapChat reference earlier. But yeah, we're not friends. I mean... I don't think we're friends.

(then)

Your Dad saved my life.

NICOLE

Oh yeah? When?

STU

About 30 minutes ago.

She laughs, assumes Stu's joking.

NICOLE

Well, if you got him to show up here, then you're a good influence on him.

(sincerely)

Thank you.

It's a sweet moment. Stu doesn't want to lose momentum.

STU

Would you mind showing me some of your stuff? I'm only *slightly* high on my own bullshit so I'll go easy.

She nods, smiles, then leads Stu to a series of sculptures.

INT. CAPTAIN MCHENRY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

McHenry and his wife hosting a family dinner party. Drinking wine. Eating a big fancy roast. Laughing.

MCHENRY'S SON

...and when Dad bent over, his plumber's crack was so prominently displayed, I thought Mrs. Samuels was gonna faint right there on the spot!

Everyone's laughing like hell.

MCHENRY

Did I or did I not fix her toilet?

Everyone laughs some more. McHenry taps his coat pocket, looking for something, then leans over to his wife.

MCHENRY (CONT'D)

Honey, have you seen my phone?

MCHENRY'S WIFE

I think you left it in your study.

He nods. Gets up with his glass of wine and walks into--

HIS STUDY --

Where he puts his glasses on and grabs his cell phone. He stares at it for a long beat. Sighs. Gulps his wine.

MCHENRY'S SON (O.S.)

Dad, Emily's about to tell the Lake Arrowhead story!

McHenry doesn't respond. Just keeps staring at his phone.

CLOSE ON PHONE: a text message reads: "**Esta muerto.**"

McHenry DELETES the text, shoves the phone in his pocket, and then returns to his dinner party.

INT. ART GALLERY - ABBOT KINNEY - NIGHT

Stu and Nicole stand before one of her pieces.

STU

I can't believe you welded this!

NICOLE

Because I'm a chick?

STU

What? No. Because it's awesome.
It's like something I'd expect to
see in the lobby of a building too
fancy for me to get into.

(then)

But yeah, a lady welder is pretty
clutch, too. Getting some serious
Flashdance nostalgia right now.

NICOLE

*Just a steel town girl on a
Saturday night.*

STU

If you keep going I might have to
excuse myself.

She laughs. They continue through the gallery, checking out
her other pieces.

STU (CONT'D)

I actually minored in Art History
in college.

NICOLE

I see. So you're silently judging
all of my pieces?

STU

Uh, the sum total of my Art History
minor is remembering that Van Gogh
cut off his hand.

NICOLE

His ear, actually.

Stu shrugs and laughs at himself.

STU

Yeah, I like to refer to myself as
an "art historian."

NICOLE

So what do you do when you're not
publishing papers on 19th century
post-impressionists?

STU

By day, I work at Outside the Box.
(off her confusion)
Camping gear.

Nicole nods politely.

NICOLE
Sounds cool.

STU
It is decidedly uncool. It's a really horrible job. I don't know why I work there.

Stu suddenly finds himself deep in thought.

STU (CONT'D)
You know those Choose Your Adventure books? The ones you read when you're a kid? I feel like my life has become a series of choosing the shitty option. The safe option. Every time.
(realizing)
Oh God. I kind of hate my life.
(jokes)
Why am I telling you all this?

NICOLE
I have no idea, but I'm entertained.

STU
I guess when a bullet from an AK takes off a chunk of your hair, it forces you to reevaluate things.

She laughs, but then Stu tips his head down so she can see the obvious missing chunk.

NICOLE
Oh shit. You're not kidding.

INT. ART GALLERY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vic flushes the toilet, exits the stall and washes his hands. He takes a hard, contemplative look in the mirror when--

Another guy enters and Vic straightens up.

RANDOM GUY
Dude. That shirt!

VIC
Yeah. I know. The new chevron.

Vic passes him, dismissively.

INT. ART GALLERY - ABBOT KINNEY - CONTINUOUS

We resume Stu/Nicole:

NICOLE

So we get out to the desert and he's like "*Hey Nicole, I gotta run into town and get some groceries.*"

STU

No! NO! He did NOT leave you in the desert!

NICOLE

I saw it coming a mile away. He talked my ear off all day about how the desert toughened him up.

STU

So what'd you do?

NICOLE

I had already pick-pocketed his car keys. So he gave me the "grocery" line and went to start his car.

(beat)

Then I watched for two hours as he scoured the desert sand, looking for his keys, getting a sunburn, screaming obscenities. It was magical.

Stu laughs, loving it.

STU

You actually broke him!

NICOLE

We camped out that night. Made a fire. Told ghost stories. He was actually kind of fun to be around.

STU

What happened to him?

NICOLE

He's always been a little... jagged. It got way worse last year when he lost his partner.

STU

(recalling)
Rodriguez?

She nods.

NICOLE

She was the daughter he wished he had.

STU

I'm sure that's not true.

NICOLE

Whatever. You can't pick your family, right?

REVEAL: Vic, standing behind them, eavesdropping. Pipes up:

VIC

Hey, honey. I need to borrow your house key.

NICOLE

My house key?

VIC

Yeah, I need to get into my, ya know, storage.

Nicole looks at him quizzically, realizing:

NICOLE

Wait... Is that why you're here?

VIC

Well, I didn't have time to go all the way back up to Van Nuys.

NICOLE

You're a fucking prick.

She storms off. He yells after.

VIC

Honey! Wait!
(she turns back)
The key?

Stu shakes his head. Nicole FLINGS THE KEY at her Dad.

EXT. VENICE WALK-STREET - NIGHT

The full, yellow moon highlights the narrow walking path as Stu and Vic head towards Nicole's duplex.

STU
Do you want to talk about it?

VIC
No.

STU
By *it* I mean your relationship with
Nicole?

VIC
No.

They keep walking. Stu can't resist.

STU
Do you know what John Legend says
about unconditional love?

VIC
Oh Jesus Christ...

STU
You don't get to just keep pissing
someone off. Eventually they wise
up and stay away. You can't put
these walls up around you forever.

VIC
I'll keep that in mind.

STU
Your daughter is incredible, man.
And so talented. And beautiful.
(realizing)
And sexy.

Vic grabs Stu and PINS HIM against a light post.

VIC
First off, my daughter would break
you in half, so take the next train
out of fantasy land.
(then)
Secondly, when I want advice from
the Uber-driving Webelos Scout,
I'll let you know. Okay, Steve?

STU
IT'S STU! STU! MY NAME IS STU!

Stu PUSHES VIC away. The bravest thing he's ever done.

STU (CONT'D)

You know what? I hope Nicole wises up. I hope she stays away from you. She deserves better.

VIC

(sighs)

Tell me something I don't know.

They stand there for a beat. Silence. Vic looks around at a nearby address. Can't quite make it out.

VIC (CONT'D)

Is this 117?

STU

No. 113.

Vic continues down the path. Stu follows.

INT. NICOLE'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Cool, funky little place. Stu's sifting through Nicole's vinyl collection when a FRAMED PHOTO catches his eye:

Nicole (12) with Vic (40s) and her MOM (40s) enjoying heaping bowls of fried rice and lo mein at Howard Wu's Chinese Restaurant. Their Christmas dinner tradition.

STU

What are we doing here exactly?

VIC (O.S.)

Just picking up some supplies.

IN THE NEXT ROOM -

Vic has REMOVED A FEW FLOOR BOARDS. Retrieves a METAL BOX.

Stu enters, confused. He watches as Stu opens the metal box and pulls out--

TWO PISTOLS and a couple of extra MAGAZINES.

STU

What kind of man keeps a hidden armory in his daughter's bedroom?

VIC

The kind who likes to be prepared when shit hits the fan.

(then)

How many rounds are in here?

Vic hands Stu a magazine. He squints, studying it.

STU
Six. Maybe seven?

VIC
Fuck.

STU
What's fuck?

VIC
Fuck is taking a water gun to a
fire-fight.

STU
(thinking)
Well... water puts out fire, so if
you had a water gun, in theory--

VIC
I need more ammo, you idiot. And
we've only got an hour.

STU
Ammo? Like bullets?
(then)
Outside the Box.

VIC
(glares)
Yeah, asshole, we need to think
outside the box.

STU
No, *asshole*. We don't need to think
outside the box. We need to go
there.

Off Vic's confusion, we--

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOX - NIGHT

After hours. Store's empty. Stu and Vic approach the entrance
where Stu locates the electronic keypad. We see his Leaf
parked in the b.g.

VIC
Came to this store once for some
fishing gear. Wanted to punch the
sales clerk in the face.

STU

Yeah. That was probably my boss.

Punches in the code. The entrance UNLOCKS.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BOX - NIGHT

Vic is a kid in a candy store! He pushes a grocery cart, making a mess as he loads up all kinds of shit: shotgun, rifle, bullets, shells, binoculars, a fucking cross-bow!

Stu follows him, curiously.

STU

Whoa. Vic. I thought you just needed some bullets.

VIC

Can never be too prepared.

STU

Yeah, but, I mean, someone has to pay for all this stuff.

VIC

Put it on my Uber tab.

(then)

I need to find a grappling hook.

STU

A grappling hook?

Vic heads off with the cart. Stu starts cleaning up Vic's mess, reorganizing the shelves.

TJ (O.S.)

Stuber? Is that you?

Stu turns to see TJ, his dickhead boss.

STU

Oh. Hey. What are you doing here?

TJ

Inventory list for headquarters.

(then)

The question is: what the hell are you doing here?

TJ approaches and stands right in Stu's face.

STU

I, uh... I was just...

TJ
 You were just? You were just...
 being a sneaky little bitch?

VIC (O.S.)
 Is there a problem here?

TJ turns to see Vic and his Rambo-style grocery cart.

TJ
 Whoa. Who is this tall, dusty drink
 of water?

TJ glances at the cart, then back at Stu:

TJ (CONT'D)
 Stuber, are you and your boyfriend
 ripping off the store?
 (realizing)
 Holy shit, this is going to be so
 much better than just firing you. I
 can take legal action. This is rad!
 I've been dying to take legal
 action against one of my employees.

STU
 Please... TJ... Don't--

TJ
 Get corporate involved? Oh yeah!
 This is like Christmas fucking
 morning, Stuber!

VIC
 His name is Stu.

TJ
 (laughs)
 What's that, big fella?

VIC
 Stu. His name is Stu.

Vic approaches, serious as a heart attack.

VIC (CONT'D)
 You see that stain on Stu's shirt?
 What do you think that is? Ketchup?
 Paint? Sunday gravy?
 (off TJ's shrug)
 It's blood. You know what's
 required for blood spatter to form
 in a tight-nit pattern like that?
 (beat)
 (MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

Close range bullet to the chest.
See... a bullet to the skull is
much cleaner. The bone around the
brain contains the explosion.

Vic taps TJ's skull. He's really rattled by now.

VIC (CONT'D)

But with the chest, you're dealing
with very soft, very delicate
tissue. When a bullet enters. Well.
Blood goes every fucking direction
and there's no bone to stop it.

(then)

Stu, how many men have you killed
tonight?

Stu takes Vic's lead, grabs a HUNTING KNIFE from a display
case and confidently approaches TJ.

STU

Five so far.

(beat)

But I'm this fucking close to
adding number six.

Stu and Vic are right up in TJ's face.

TJ

Please... Please don't hurt me.

VIC

Start with the testicles, then
slice all the way up to his throat.

TJ starts sobbing.

TJ

No. Please! No!

Stu holds the knife up to TJ's crotch.

STU

Say my name.

TJ

Stu Morris!

STU

Just the first name.

TJ

Um. Stu?

STU
(offended)
Is that a fucking question?

TJ
STU! Your name is Stu! Not a
question. You are Stu!

STU
Good. Very good.

Stu steps away. TJ's still emotional.

STU (CONT'D)
You know this knife's just a
display, right? Fucking idiot.

Stu bends the blade -- it's plastic.

STU (CONT'D)
Oh, also, I quit.

Stu and Vic turn and head for the exit as TJ stands there
drying his tears.

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Stu drives as Vic checks his eye chart in shotgun.

VIC
Look at that. I can almost read the
whole damn chart.
(then)
How's our time?

STU
Waze has us getting to the salvage
yard in 27 minutes. 11:38.

VIC
Perfect.

STU
Thanks, by the way. Back there.

VIC
For what?

STU
For, ya know. Making me look like a
badass.

VIC
I didn't do anything you didn't
already do yourself.

Stu nods, internalizing.

STU
Wait... was that a compliment?

VIC
No.

STU
It was! You complimented me. Thank
you, Vic. I'm flattered.

Vic ignores him. A moment passes.

STU (CONT'D)
So when we get there, you want me
to drop you like up the road or
something? How does this work?

VIC
You're not dropping me anywhere.
You're coming with me.

STU
(not getting it)
Coming with you where?

VIC
To the meet. How the hell else are
we gonna get Santos?

STU
No no no no no. WE are not getting
Santos. That's you. That's a you
thing. That's a Vic thing.

VIC
You're in this now. Same as me.

STU
It's not even remotely close to
being the same as you! I'm not a
fucking cop! I'm a civilian! I
drive an Uber!

VIC
I don't know what you want me to
say. You want me deputize you? This
isn't Dodge City.

STU
 Can't you call your dispatch?
 (then)
 Isn't that what cops do when shit
 hits the fan? Call for back-up?

VIC FLASHES TO:

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Vic and Rodriguez stand over the Goon's dead body, the elevator door keeps trying to close on his torso.

RODRIGUEZ
 Let's call for backup.

He stares at Rodriguez's face for a long time, then shakes her off: this is our collar. Rodriguez's eyes seem sad.

STU (O.S.)
 Hello? Vic? Vic?

RESUME: STU'S LEAF --

Vic's in a daze, trapped by his memory. Stu continues:

STU (CONT'D)
 I know you're this John Wayne
 badass who never asks shit from
 anyone, but you know what? Your Dad
 was a fucking dick to leave you in
 the desert! He should've been there
 to help you. Sometimes people
 actually need help. It's not a sign
 of weakness; it's just life.

VIC
 You're right.

STU
 (taken aback)
 I am?

VIC
 I'll call for back-up.

Stu's impressed. Vic pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INT. MCHENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

McHenry and his wife are getting frisky under the sheets.

His PHONE BUZZES from his night stand. His wife sighs as he reaches over and answers.

MCHENRY

McHenry.

VIC (O.S.)

Don't hang up!

MCHENRY

(confused)

I'm sorry?

VIC (O.S.)

Don't hang up, captain. Give me 60 seconds to explain.

McHenry's face loses all color. He puts on his glasses to check his phone. No. It can't be...

CALLER ID: **Vic Manning.**

McHenry quickly scurries into another room.

MCHENRY

Vic? You're um-- You're--

(beat)

I thought you're on medical leave.

WE INTERCUT VIC / MCHENRY:

VIC

I know you think I'm the boy who cried Santos, but I've fucking got her this time.

MCHENRY

You do?

VIC

She's making a deal at Watseka Salvage off the 105 in Inglewood.

MCHENRY

You're-- You're absolutely sure?

VIC

If I'm wrong, demote me. Fire me. Let Chief send me to fucking jail. I'm sure on this.

(then)

Meet goes down in half an hour. I can't do this one alone. I need you to send in the goddamn cavalry.

McHenry takes a beat.

VIC (CONT'D)
Captain? You still there?

MCHENRY
Watseka Salvage. Inglewood.

VIC
I'll run point on this. Just give me the reinforcements.

MCHENRY
Okay. Okay. You got it, Vic.

Vic's about to hang up, but hesitates.

VIC
Hey. Thanks for not giving up on me.

MCHENRY
Yeah.

Vic hangs up. Exhales.

STU
SEE? Doesn't that feel great?! You asked for help and the sky didn't fall!

RIGHT ON CUE: it starts RAINING. Stu flips on the wipers.

STU (CONT'D)
That's not the sky... technically. That's just like the sky's tears. Tears of joy because the sky is proud of you.

VIC
Please shut the fuck up.

EXT. WATSEKA SALVAGE YARD - NIGHT

Three tricked-out black Lexus SUVs sit parked in a lighted corner of the otherwise dark auto salvage yard. Their lights are on. Their engines are running.

IN THE DISTANCE, OVERLOOKING THE YARD--

Two tiny headlights shut off. No one notices.

EXT. WATSEKA SALVAGE YARD - HILLTOP - NIGHT

Rain drizzles down as Vic and Stu quietly exit the car. Vic hands Stu a pair of binoculars.

VIC
Tell me what you see.

Stu takes a moment to scan the area below.

STU
Um. Looks like three cars.

VIC
Three cars? What kind? What are they doing?

STU
Just sitting there. Three black Lexuses. Lexi? Lexuses? No. Lexi.

VIC
(sighs)
How many men? What ethnicity?

STU
Hard to tell. They're all inside the cars. Six maybe?

Vic snags the binoculars and looks for himself.

VIC'S POV: a blurry binocular shot that just makes out the silhouettes of the three SUVs.

VIC
Must be the buyers. They're waiting for Santos. What time you got?

STU
(checking his phone)
11:52.

VIC
You should get out of here. Things are gonna get hairy soon.

STU
I thought you said it's unsafe to go home.

VIC
Cavalry will be here any moment. Santos is toast. You're safe now.

Stu nods, looks at Vic. Hard to believe this is goodbye.

STU
Should we, um?

Stu extends his arms for a hug.

VIC
What are you doing?

STU
I'm just, uh--

He inches forward with his open arms.

VIC
Stop that.

STU
After everything we've been
through, I think we've earned the
right to hug.

Vic looks Stu over, then... extends a handshake.

VIC
Thanks for driving.

Stu nods, accepts the handshake. Then heads to his car.

INT. STU'S LEAF - NIGHT

Stu pushes the ignition, silently motors away, watching as Vic grows smaller and smaller in the rearview mirror.

BIRD SQUAWKING RINGTONE.

Stu takes a deep breath. Pulls off to the side of the road and answers.

BECCA (O.S.)
You're still driving? Babe... I
hate to be that girl, but you
missed another check-in.

STU
(not sorry)
Yeah, well, it's been a weird night
so I guess you can't win 'em all.

BECCA (O.S.)
What's that supposed to mean?

STU

I don't know. Nothing.

BECCA (O.S.)

I made a Genius Bar appointment for you in the morning. See if they can troubleshoot your Find my iPhone.

STU

You're not serious.

BECCA (O.S.)

Um. Yeah. Thank me later.

STU

Babe... I don't want you to *Find my iPhone*. I turned that feature off intentionally.

BECCA (O.S.)

You did? Why?

STU

Remember when we first started dating? How cool it was? Easy. And then we had our big D-T-R talk and suddenly we were tethered to each other like those poor kids you see at Six Flags on a leash with their parents.

BECCA (O.S.)

Six flags? Stu, what are you talking about?

STU

Do you know why I took this job Ubering assholes around? Because I wanted to be able to buy you a 1.7 carat diamond engagement ring.

BECCA (O.S.)

STU-BEAR!!!! OHMYGOD! HOLYSHIT! AND 1.7?!?! THAT'S BIGGER THAN ABBIE'S RING! FUCK YOU, ABBIE! FUCK YOU!

She keeps screaming, laughing, hysterically happy.

STU

No. Babe. Stop. Becca. STOP! STOP!
(off her silence)

Yes, I took this job because I intended on buying you that ring.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

(beat)

But my intentions have changed.

BECCA (O.S.)

Changed? How? If you want to wait and ask me at our 18th anniversary, I'll still act surprised. We can do it at that steakhouse you found, The Sizzle Room.

Stu sighs: she's really not getting this.

STU

I had an unbelievable night. Truly literally unbelievable. I almost died. Several times. I watched a totally jacked dude having upright sex with a stripper at The Sizzle Room which is definitely not a steakhouse. I fucking shot a guy in the leg purely by accident. But I did!

(then)

And I met a crazy talented artist.

BECCA (O.S.)

(tentatively)

Why are you saying all this stuff?

STU

Because there's this whole world out there... and I'll never get to experience it with you clinging onto my leg at every step.

BECCA (O.S.)

Are you-- you're not-- you're not breaking up with me...

STU

I'm sorry. I want you to be happy. But I want me to be happy too. Goodbye Becca.

Stu HANGS UP. Leans back in his seat. Kind of can't believe what he just did.

That BIRD SQUAWKING RINGTO--

SHUTS OFF HIS PHONE. A smile breaks across his face.

Just then, Stu sees a POLICE CAR approaching.

STU (CONT'D)

(to self)

Well, Vic, looks like your cavalry
has arrived. Just in time, too.

Glimpses his car's clock: 11:59.

As the police car drives past, Stu clocks 65-year old McHenry
at the wheel. No other police cars in sight.

STU (CONT'D)

Kind of a weak ass cavalry...

Stu sits there, contemplating. Something's eating at him.

He shifts the Leaf into drive and silently motors around,
pulling a U-turn and heading back towards Vic.

EXT. WATSEKA SALVAGE YARD - NIGHT

Three black ESCALADES drive onto the lot. They park 50 feet
from the Lexuses (Lexi?) and out steps--

CAROLINA SANTOS, badass queen bee in military boots, flanked
by six of her men. One WHEELS OUT A LARGE CRATE, probably
drugs.

The "buyers" -- six of them -- exit their SUVs with three
large metal briefcases, probably cash.

They all meet in the middle.

EXT. WATSEKA SALVAGE YARD - HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Vic tries to make sense of it through the binoculars. Can't
see shit. Grabs one of the Outside the Box RIFLES and aims
the scope down on the action.

A car rolls up, out steps McHenry. Vic can spot his big ox of
a frame anywhere.

VIC

Good timing. Deal's about to go
down. Here.

Vic hands McHenry his rifle so he can take a look through the
scope down at the action.

MCHENRY

Yep. That's Santos all right. Good
work, Vic.

ON STU: sitting in his Leaf, watching Vic and McHenry from 100 feet away, curious.

RESUME VIC / MCHENRY:

VIC
(realizing)
Where's SWAT?

MCHENRY
I didn't think they were needed for this.

VIC
Huh. Guess a bunch of beat cops will do, but we gotta get close range. Everyone needs vests. What's the ETA?
(off his silence)
Cap'n? How long 'til they arrive?

McHenry lowers the rifle, turns to face Vic.

MCHENRY
All you had to do was take the weekend off. Watch reruns of House Hunters. How hard is that?

VIC
(not understanding)
We didn't get into this line of work to do the easy thing.

MCHENRY
No. No we did not. I have to make difficult decisions every day.
(beat)
None harder than the one I have to make right now.

McHenry takes a step back and AIMS THE RIFLE AT VIC. Vic hangs his head as he realizes:

VIC
You're on her payroll.

MCHENRY
Nothing personal, Vic.

McHenry loads the chamber, finger on the trigger as--

WE TRACK STU'S LEAF SILENTLY MOTORING TOWARDS THEM and picking up speed!

Right as McHenry fires a shot, he's--

CRUSHED BY THE LEAF!!! *The Silent Killer!*

His RIFLE SHOT GOES ERRANT up into the night's sky.

CUT TO:

SANTOS / BUYERS DOWN BELOW --

They all heard the gunshot, and their heads whip up towards the top of the hill. Santos turns to her men:

SANTOS
(subtitled)
It's a setup!

TAH-TAH-TAH-TAH-TAH-TAH! Her men OPEN FIRE on the buyers, obliterating them on the spot.

Silence. Santos peers up on the ridge above.

SANTOS (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Up there!

INT. STU'S LEAF - CONTINUOUS

Vic quickly hops in shotgun.

VIC
DRIVE! NOW!

Stu's frozen in the driver's seat.

VIC (CONT'D)
STU?? We're sitting ducks up here!

STU
(nearly catatonic)
I killed a police officer...

VIC
No, you killed a guy who lost his way. A crooked cop. NOW DRIVE!

Vic moves the gear shift into DRIVE for him, but Stu shifts it back into PARK, clearly affected.

STU
I can't.

A BULLET EXPLODES THE REAR WINDOW!

VIC
How 'bout now?!

Stu nods, crushes the gas! As fast as the Leaf will go!

ON SANTOS AND HER MEN:

DRAINING THEIR AK-47S up at Stu's Leaf which hauls ass across the ridge above them. But somehow... the LEAF ESCAPES!

SANTOS
(subtitled)
GO! GO! MOVE OUT!

Everyone scrambles into Escalades.

RESUME STU/VIC:

Lots of bullet holes, but no major damage as Stu flies through Inglewood. He screeches to a red light.

VIC
Make a U-turn.

STU
WHAT?! Are you insane?

VIC
I'm not letting Santos get away.
Not again. We're going back.

STU
Well, when you're driving the car
you can decide where we go, but
right now I'm in control.

The light turns GREEN. Vic GRABS THE WHEEL.

VIC
TURN-- AROUND!

STU
(fighting back)
NO! LET GO!!!!

Too busy fighting, they don't see the ESCALADE ABOUT TO--

CRRRAAASSSSHHHH! SIDE-SWIPE THEM, causing the Leaf to spin through the intersection. Stu SCREAMS.

Magically, the Leaf is still operational. STU GUNS IT AND--

Masterfully weaves in and out of traffic as the Escalades give chase. Something has clicked inside of him. Drives like a badass. Vic can't help but be impressed.

VIC

Where'd you learn to drive like this?

STU

I trained under the finest Uber Instructors in the world.

VIC

You're shitting me.

STU

Evasive Driving was my best subject.

Vic shakes his head. Then leans out the window and FIRES BACK AT THE ESCALADES!

A HIGH-SPEED CHASE ENSUES.

MUSIC CUE: The fast-rocking end of Styx's "**Come Sail Away.**"

AERIAL SHOT of the Leaf and Escalades zigging and zagging past The Forum, down Manchester, and onto the 405.

INSIDE SANTOS' ESCALADE: An AK in her hands as she screams:

SANTOS

(subtitled)

STAY ON HIS ASS! FASTER!

Stu EXITS, zips under the freeway, races into the RANDY'S DONUTS PARKING LOT and pulls a 180-degree SKID-STOP!

KILLS HIS LIGHTS. Waits as...

The Escalades FLY PAST down La Cienega. It worked!

ON STU: catching his breath, adrenaline rush. Vic loads up a fresh magazine, turns to Stu.

VIC

Alright. Let's show 'em who's boss.
(off Stu's confusion)
Let's go, kid. Let's go get 'em.

STU

They were trying to kill us! And we lost them. *Barely*. Isn't that victory enough? We're still alive.

VIC

For how long? You want to look over
your shoulder the rest of your
life? Or you want to end this now?

Stu takes a deep breath: this is crazy. Then flicks on his
headlights, kisses his fingers and taps the dash.

STU

Okay, Silent Killer. Do your thing.

Stu pulls out of the lot and speeds off, this time *they're*
the ones in pursuit, racing after the Escalades.

STU (CONT'D)

Hey Vic? I don't see them. Where'd
they--?

Then notices... SIX HEADLIGHTS in the distance gunning right
for them.

ON ESCALADES: side-by-side-by-side taking up all three lanes
of the road, heading in the wrong direction, speeding towards
Stu and Vic.

ON STU/VIC:

VIC

Good. They want to play chicken.
Let's play chicken! Stu, you drive
right at those fuckers.

Stu GRIPS THE WHEEL TIGHT. Speedometer crosses 80MPH. He's
actually fucking doing it!

AERIAL SHOT of the Escalades, the Leaf, racing right at each
other, heading for a massive collision. At the last second...

STU PEELS OFF down a side street! Escalades' tires SQUEAL,
reverse, quickly follow.

VIC (CONT'D)

DAMNIT, STU! WE HAD THEM!

STU

HOW DID WE POSSIBLY HAVE THEM?!

Stu races BACK ONTO THE 405. Heading the other way. Escalades
in pursuit. FIRING BULLETS. Stu and Vic duck.

Vic hops in the back seat, kicks out the rear window. FIRES!

DIRECT HIT! ONE ESCALADE SWERVES OFF THE ROAD!

VIC
Hey hey! My vision's back!

STU
(dodging gunfire)
Wow. What great news. That was
clearly my main concern.

Vic spots SANTOS' ESCALADE approaching next. He salivates.

Traffic ahead! Stu sees an opening, yanks the wheel to the median, HUGGING THE GUARDRAIL, stripping off all his paint, knocks off the side-view. The Leaf is hurting.

Swerves back four lanes to the opposite SHOULDER. But... Santos' Escalade is RIGHT THERE ON THEIR BUMPER! Vic regains his balance, aims his gun on Santos:

VIC
Hold it steady!

STU
OH! SURE THING VIC!

VIC
(to self)
C'mon Carolina. A little closer. A
little closer.

Vic goes to squeeze the trigger when--

BOOM! Santos FIRES FIRST and... BLOWS OUT STU'S REAR TIRE.

The LEAF VEERS OFF THE SHOULDER, PLOWS THROUGH THE GUARDRAIL AND TUMBLES END OVER END DOWN A STEEP HILLSIDE! UNTIL--

SMASH!!!!

The Leaf is upside down. Riddled with bullet holes. One wheel spins silently.

INT. STU'S LEAF - INVERTED - MOMENTS LATER

Stu and Vic are bloodied and bruised and somehow still alive, upside down and pressed against the ceiling.

Outside the window, they see SANTOS' MILITARY BOOTS step up to the car. *Fuck*. And we--

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE - NIGHT

Squeezed between two goons we find Vic and Stu wearing BLACK HOODS over their heads.

VIC
Thanks for nothing.

STU
How is this my fault?

VIC
I just *had* to call for back-up.

STU
Oh yeah! Of course! 'Cause I knew your captain was crooked. God damn, you're an asshole.

The Goon in shotgun turns around:

SANTOS' GOON
Cállate! Cállate pendejos!

For good measure he rams the BUTT OF HIS AK into their guts. They both double over, gasping for air.

INT. CONCRETE ROOM - UNKNOWN

We find Vic, hood off, tied to a chair being BEATEN MERCILESSLY by a jacked Colombian. Blood streams from his nose, his ear, his mouth, down onto his shirt.

Santos calmly sips espresso a few feet away.

SANTOS
I'm getting tired of this game, Mr. Manning.

VIC
It's *Detective* Manning, you ignorant piece of shit.

She rolls her eyes, unimpressed.

VIC (CONT'D)
Just shoot me already.

SANTOS
If I shoot you, then I won't know what you know about my little operation.

She nods to her Goon who grabs a WHIP and starts WORKING VIC'S NECK AND BACK.

CLOSE ON: Vic's face, not giving Santos the satisfaction of moaning or wincing with each strike.

SANTOS (CONT'D)
If you won't talk, your partner
will.

INT. STU'S CONCRETE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Identical situation. Stu's tied up to a chair. All alone.

Santos enters. Stu's eyes are completely full of fear.

SANTOS
Detective Manning thinks he's a
real man. He doesn't want to talk.

Santos approaches Stu but doesn't touch him.

She DRAGS HIS CHAIR over to the side of the room. Rips off an air vent, allowing Stu to--

WATCH VIC NEXT DOOR getting the shit beaten out of him.

SANTOS (CONT'D)
You care about him... Don't you?

Stu doesn't respond. The anguish on his face says it all.

SANTOS (CONT'D)
Tell me what you know about my
business, or I'll execute your
partner and make you watch.

STU
My partner?? Do I look like a cop
to you?

SANTOS
I don't know. What's a cop look
like?

STU
Not like me! I drive strangers
around for 13 bucks an hour! Plus
tips! If I'm lucky!

SANTOS
You're lying, Detective Morris.

STU

Detective Morris? I barely made it through Webelos! I was like a half-step above Ryan Lazzaro and that kid couldn't even pitch a tent. Please don't hurt me! Please!

Stu's on the verge of tears and she hasn't even laid a finger on him yet. Santos squats down to his level.

SANTOS

Tell me what you know and I will make this as peaceful as possible.

STU

I don't know what you want...

Santos drags Stu back over to a table. She pulls out a pen and paper, sets it in front of him.

SANTOS

I want a list of names. Every cop in your department who knows the details of my operation.

STU

I told you, I'm not in a depart--

SMACK! She SLAPS THE FUCK OUT OF STU'S FACE.

She fingers the blood in the corner of his mouth and tastes it. A creepy power play.

SANTOS

I'll give you ten minutes to jog your memory. Then you watch your partner die.

She whips out a LARGE KNIFE. Stu cringes in fear as she--

CUTS THE ROPE, freeing his hands. As she walks away:

SANTOS (CONT'D)

Ten minutes, Detective Morris.

She slams the door and we hear it BOLT SHUT from the outside.

Stu looks around: he's trapped in a concrete room. He stares at the pen, the paper. What the fuck is he supposed to do?

He rushes over to the hole in the wall where he sees Vic, who's still tied up, but all alone, barely conscious.

STU
 (whispers)
 Vic! Vic! Hey! It's me!

Vic cracks an eye open in Stu's direction.

STU (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Hang in there! I'm gonna get us out
 of here. You saved my life, and now
 I'm gonna save yours!
 (thinking)
 Though I guess if you count what I
 did driving into your Captain, then
 I kind of already--

Vic grunts, lacking the energy to tell Stu to "fuck off."

STU (CONT'D)
 You're right. That was in poor
 taste. I got this, Vic.

Stu turns back to his room. Surveys it.

STU (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 Think. Think. What would Vic do?
 Probably construct a bomb out of
 fishing wire and armpit sweat.
 (then)
 I'm not Vic. I'm Stu. What would
 Stu do? C'mon.

In the corner of the room he sees a massive plastic tarp.
 Runs over to it, peels it back and finds a--

Big stack of WOODEN CRATES. Cracks them open and finds--

PACKING PEANUTS. Shit-loads of them. Nothing else. Fuck.

He scrunches up a bunch of styrofoam peanuts into a TIGHT
 BALL. As a test, he turns, and THROWS THE BALL AND--

The little pieces flutter apart immediately. He sighs. I'm a
 fucking idiot. Then notices something...

One of the 2x4s in the wooden crate has a BIG RUSTY NAIL
 sticking out of it. He grabs it like a baseball bat. Huh.

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - OUTSIDE STU'S ROOM - UNKNOWN

A BIG FAT COLOMBIAN GOON babysits the locked door when--

STU (O.S.)
Hello! Anyone out there?! Help me!

The Goon draws his pistol, turns and unlocks the door. And--
ENTERS STU'S ROOM --

Stu stands by the crates holding the 2x4 in his hands. The Big Fat Goon approaches, broken English. Laughs at Stu:

BIG FAT GOON
Gonn' hit me with that, chico?

As Fat Goon gets closer, Stu YANKS A ROPE and we follow it--

To the ceiling where the TARP UNLEASHES THOUSANDS OF
STYROFOAM PEANUTS right on top of the goon.

Does it hurt him? God no. But it distracts him just long
enough for--

THWAAACK! Stu drills the giant Goon with the 2x4! The RUSTY
NAIL PLUGS IN HIS FAT NECK!

Blood's oozing out! The Big Fat Goon is confused, in shock,
turns and faces Stu:

STU
Um. Sorry.

The goon YANKS OUT THE 2x4, which only makes matters worse,
unplugging the wound. He's losing a ton of blood, staggers
around, and just manages to--

AIM HIS PISTOL AT STU! Stu bull-rushes him and--

WRESTLES THE GOON for the pistol. Ends up in a massive
HEADLOCK. Blood's spurting every which way as the Goon's
squeezing the fucking life out of Stu. This is the end! Stu
fights it with all his might until...

The GOON COLLAPSES on Stu. Unconscious. Too much blood loss.
Stu tries to catch his breath under 300 pounds of Goon.

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - SANTOS' COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Stu tiptoes out. The hallway's empty. Looks both ways -- this
is clearly some kind of industrial compound.

He quietly shuts and locks his door behind him. Rushes over
to Vic's door, about to unlock it, when--

FOOTSTEPS. Shit. Stu hauls ass in the other direction.

It's a game of CAT & MOUSE as Stu tiptoes in and out of rooms and hallways, trying not to get caught by Santos or any of her Colombian gorillas.

He finds himself in a hallway. Footsteps coming from BOTH SIDES. He's totally fucked! Sees a door and sneaks into--

INT. STORAGE ROOM - SANTOS' COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Stu quietly closes the door behind him, flicks on the light and sees: a bunch of random boxes, cases and duffel bags. He quietly digs through them, pulls out:

Sealed packages of cocaine. Fuck.

A box of switch-blades and pistols.

A massive crate full of... 500 GRENADES. Jesus Christ!

Unzips another bag and stares at it in awe:

STU
Holy shit...

REVEAL: 25 BURNER PHONES. Just like the one the Goons had earlier at the Vet.

Stu pulls one out. Hits a button. Waits. And... IT POWERS ON.

Dials: **9-1-1**. Holds it to his ear. It's RINGING! A giant smile breaks across Stu's face.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
9-1-1 please state your emergency.

Stu WHISPERS QUIETLY:

STU
I am being held prisoner--

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hello? Please speak up, ma'am.

JUST THEN: Stu hears FOOTSTEPS outside the door!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello? Ma'am, are you there?

Stu peeks under the door. Sees the boots of FOUR GOONS out in the hallway. He can't make any noise. He hangs up the phone.

Delicately retreats away from the door. Stares at the phone, wants to hit **Redial** but can't risk it.

Thinks. Thinks. Then has an epiphany!

One by one, Stu POWERS ON the phones! All 25 of them quietly light up.

He grabs one, starts scrolling and typing. What's he doing?

ON SCREEN: the UBER APP is slowly DOWNLOADING!

ANOTHER SCREEN: UBER APP downloading!

Another. And another. And another! Every single phone's getting the Uber app.

Stu's working like a madman. *But what the hell is he up to?*

INT. STU'S CONCRETE ROOM - SANTOS' COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Santos unlocks the door, enters the room.

SANTOS
Detective Morris, your time--

Scans the room, alarmed to see: BIG FAT DEAD GOON.

SANTOS (CONT'D)
(yells off-screen)
Morris escapó! Él escapó!

Two goons rush in and see the dead body. Fuck!

INT. SANTOS' COMPOUND - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Armed men running down the hall.

Santos slides open the speak-easy slit in VIC'S DOOR, sees Vic still tied up, barely conscious. She barks at a Goon:

SANTOS
(subtitled)
*Gustavo! Guard this door with your
fucking life.*

"Gustavo" nods and stands there, AK-47 at the ready.

Santos sprints off down the hallway. We catch--

GLIMPSES of her and her men kicking down doors, searching every room in the compound, guns drawn!

SANTOS (CONT'D)
 (subtitled)
KILL ON SIGHT!

INT. STORAGE ROOM - SANTOS' COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

All 25 cell phones neatly organized in a row. Stu tackles them one-by-one pushing buttons, all the way down the line.

Hears the commotion! Rushes to the door and--

Peeks down the hallway: Santos' goons kicking in doors and screaming in Spanish. And they're heading this way!

FUCK! FUCK! THINK STU!

HALLWAY OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A Goon BURSTS INTO THE STORAGE ROOM. Flicks on the light. Doesn't notice the pile of powered-on cell phones -- dude's on a manhunt, not a cell phone hunt.

TOSSES BOXES out of the way. Checking any and all possible hiding places.

Unzips the bag with the COCAINE: no sign of Stu.

No one looking? He shoves a kilo in his pants. Then opens--

The MASSIVE CRATE OF GRENADES. Stares at it. Nothing.

Peels back into the hallway and takes off running.

After a beat... STU'S FACE APPEARS IN THE GRENADES. He pokes out just enough to take a massive hit of fresh air.

He very carefully, very delicately, very slowly climbs out of the grenade pile. Whispers to himself:

STU
 Please don't explode. Please don't
 explode. Please don't explode.

He makes it out. No explosions. But he can't stay here!

Arms himself with whatever he can fit in his pockets: a PISTOL, a SWITCH-BLADE, even a fucking GRENADE!

STU (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 What am I gonna do with a grenade?

Returns the grenade back to the pile. Turns to leave.

DOUBLES BACK and grabs the grenade. Just in case.

INT. SANTOS' COMPOUND - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Stu runs like a maniac back towards Vic's holding room.

The good news? All the goons have swept through this area so it's clear sailing.

The bad news? Stu turns the corner and sees... GUSTAVO guarding Vic's door.

Gustavo eyes Stu! Wastes no time, FIRES HIS AK-47!

Stu DIVES behind the corner. BULLETS FLY PAST.

ELSEWHERE IN THE COMPOUND: Santos and her men hear the gunfire.

SANTOS
(subtitled)
THIS WAY!

RESUME STU/GUSTAVO: Bullets WHIZZ past. Stu's hiding behind the corner. Trembling. Finally gathers the courage.

STU
(to self)
One... Two... And--

Spins and FIRES HIS PISTOL AT GUSTAVO and HITS GUSTAVO'S...

AK-47. Jams the gun! Gustavo looks at it. Looks at Stu.

Stu FIRES MORE SHOTS, missing horribly, as Gustavo takes off in a dead sprint RIGHT AT STU and--

TACKLES HIS ASS TO THE GROUND!

Stu fights for his life but he's no match for Gustavo who's strangling him to death. Stu lifts his feet up, kicks off the wall, trying to do something, anything.

Manages to PUSH GUSTAVO INTO THE WALL, which accidentally--

TRIGGERS THE SWITCH-BLADE IN HIS POCKET and--

STABS GUSTAVO IN THE GUT! He falls to the floor. Dead.

Stu takes a beat and looks at Gustavo. Whoa. But then--

BULLETS EXPLODE THE WALL all around Stu! Santos and her goons are racing from the other end of the hallway.

Stu hauls ass to Vic's door. Unlocks it. Rushes into--

INT. VIC'S CONCRETE ROOM - SANTOS' COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Yanks the table over to the door, wedging it in place. Rushes over to untie Vic.

Vic's in bad shape. Beaten within an inch of his life. But the sight of Stu gives him an adrenaline rush.

VIC
What are you doing?

STU
We're getting out of here.

BOOM! BOOM! Santos and her thugs beating down the door!

Vic's hands are finally free. He rubs his wrists. Stands and limps around the room.

VIC
Gotta find a way out of this room.

BOOM! BOOM! Stu and Vic look at the table: it's giving way! Muffled sounds of Santos screaming at her men outside.

STU
Would this help?

Vic looks over and sees the GRENADE in Stu's hand.

VIC
Throw it! Now!
(points)
At the wall! Do it!

Stu and Vic duck for cover near the door as STU PITCHES THE GRENADE AT THE OPPOSITE WALL AND...!

The grenade bounces off the wall and drops to the ground. No explosion. Nothing.

VIC (CONT'D)
Stu? Did you take the pin out first?

Stu sprints over to retrieve the grenade.

STU
I've never thrown one of these fucking things before!

BOOM! BOOM! Now MACHINE GUN FIRE AT THE DOOR! Santos and his goons will be inside any moment!

Vic snags the grenade from Stu, pulls the pin with his teeth, and LOBS IT AT THE WALL.

KA-BOOOOOM! Massive explosion. Vic and Stu duck as debris flies everywhere.

EXT. SANTO'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The concrete wall EXPLODES into the streets of Boyle Heights. It's early morning. Streets are empty. No witnesses.

Vic and Stu climb through the rubble and into the street.

They collapse onto the pavement. Been through hell. Enjoying their freedom for all of five seconds until...

SANTOS AND HER GOONS climb through that same rubble.

Ten AK-47s held at close range on Vic and Stu and all they can do is lay there with their faces on the pavement.

SANTOS

This is the end of the road,
gentlemen.

She nods to her Goons to end this, when suddenly--

The GENTLE HUM of a TOYOTA PRIUS just 20 feet away.

Everyone stops. Looks up. Confused. And then--

A CHEVY VOLT silently pulls up next to it.

A HONDA ACCORD HYBRID quietly parks nearby.

Another 20 HYBRIDS AND ELECTRIC CARS QUIETLY SURROUND THEM. It's kind of intimidating. And the real kicker?

Each car has the "U" decal on its windshield.

VIC

(whispers)
What'd you do?

STU

(whispers)
Found a stash of burner phones and called in the cavalry. *My* cavalry.

VIC
 (whispers, confused)
 You found phones and you called...
 this bunch of pussies?

The gentle hum of their 4-cylinder hybrid engines and electric motors actually isn't intimidating at all.

And Santos knows it.

SANTOS
 (subtitled)
Kill them all.

TAH-TAH-TAH-TAH-TAH! AK-47s UNLOAD ON THE UBER DRIVERS!

INSTANTLY, they all silently REVERSE OUT AS FAST AS THEY CAN!

INTERIOR SHOTS OF PRIUSES / VOLTS / ETC. as windshields explode! Drivers duck for cover, reversing chaotically in all directions and dialing **9-1-1**.

INT. 9-1-1 DISPATCH CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The switchboard LIGHTS UP as we skim down a row of OPERATORS:

VARIOUS OPERATORS
 9-1-1 please state your emergency /
 Please state your emergency /
 Corner of 5th and Fresno / 5th and
 Fresno / 5th and Fresno / Corner of
 5th and Fresno--

EXT. SANTO'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Goons continue to unload on the Uber cars.

Vic and Stu use the opportunity to ARMY CRAWL to safety. Stu's fucking exhausted. Vic's in horrible condition. Nearly goes UNCONSCIOUS so Stu tugs on his shoulder.

STU
 Don't you quit on me!

Vic wakes up, continues crawling. Eventually they crawl to safety behind some trash cans. They're safe now!

The gunfire's so deafening you can barely hear COP SIRENS or the LAPD CHOPPER coming in the distance.

Vic and Stu look at each other: I think we actually made it.

ANGLE ON: those familiar boots of Santos as she KICKS THE TRASH CANS out of the way.

They look up and see the barrel of her gun.

Stu cringes. Vic stares at her wide-eyed. If he's going down, he's going down eye-fucking her.

She pulls the trigger and--

BOOM! A bullet... RIPS THROUGH HER SHOULDER! She hits the ground!

STU (CONT'D)

(eyes closed)

AM I DEAD?! I'M DEAD AREN'T I?

FUCK! I'M COLD! I'M SO COLD, VIC!

VIC

(sarcastic)

Let me find you a fucking blanket.

Stu finally opens his eyes to see Santos on the ground.

REVEAL: a POLICE SNIPER who took Santos out from 200 yards!

Another 50 OFFICERS have Santos' GOONS SURROUNDED.

It's over. It's finally fucking over. Vic allows himself to close his eyes and go to sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Stu's passed out in the chair, still filthy in his bloodied clothes. A rerun of House Hunters plays on the TV.

In the bed we find VIC, covered in bandages, hooked up to monitors. Also asleep.

NICOLE ENTERS, rushes to Vic's bedside and kneels down. She takes her Dad's hand in hers. Squeezes it.

Vic's eyes flutter open. Sees Nicole. His mouth is dry, his words fragile as he pushes them out.

VIC

I'm sorry.

NICOLE

It's okay.

VIC

No... It's not okay. I'm gonna do better. Don't shut me out. I'm gonna do better.

She nods, tears filling her eyes. He squeezes her hand. Stu wakes up to witness the nice moment.

VIC (CONT'D)

And I want you to know, that I'm always D-T-T.

STU

(off her confusion)
Down-To-Talk.

A BEAT COP appears at the door.

BEAT COP

Detective? Mr. Morris. We've recovered your phones from the compound.

VIC / STU

Thanks. / Awesome.

Beat Cop hands Vic a big envelope. Vic shakes his phone out and takes a look at it. Stu does the same.

ON VIC'S PHONE: The Uber app DINGS. **"Your Ride is Complete. Total Charge: \$3,723.00."**

VIC

(mutter)
Motherfucker...

STU

(off his own phone)
Badass! I'll be in the Guinness Book of Uber drivers!

Vic looks at Stu, then back at his phone.

ON PHONE: **"Please Rate Your Uber Driver."** Vic hesitates.

Stu stares down at his phone, waiting... waiting...

STU (CONT'D)

Two and a half stars?! Seriously?!

VIC

(matter-of-fact)
Yeah, I deducted a star each time I saved your life.

Even in a hospital bed, he's a hardass.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EVENING

A live NEWS SEGMENT outside the hospital. A REPORTER holds a mic and speaks to the camera.

NEWS REPORTER

... The Detective is said to be in stable condition now. But the real heroes of this story aren't carrying any guns or badges. They're carrying *car keys*.

She jangles a pair of car keys in front of the camera.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Yes, it was actually a group of Uber drivers that surrounded Santos--listed as one of the FBI's most dangerous criminals--until the police officers arrived on the scene and apprehended her.

(beat)

So the next time you think about giving your Uber driver a poor rating or a bad tip, just remember: that driver might save your life one day.

(then)

Christina Lee, reporting live from USC Hospital.

FADE OUT.

INSERT TITLE: **TWO MONTHS LATER**

ANGLE ON: A miniature Christmas Tree.

Next to the tree, a little NATIVITY SCENE: wise men, baby Jesus, etc. Except... each figurine is ASIAN.

We're looking at the window display of--

INT. HOWARD WU'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Christmas music. Christmas decorations. A wreath hiding the "C" rating from the health department.

And in a booth we find Vic, Stu and Nicole eating Christmas dinner together. It's a quaint scene.

The owner comes by and drops off a plate of dumplings.

VIC
More food? Howard, you trying to
kill me?

HOWARD WU
You're unkillable, Vic.

STU
(laughs)
You're right, Howard. You're
totally right.

VIC
Back in '99, Howard helped me crack-

STU & NICOLE
The Melrose Murders.

VIC
Did I already tell you this one?

STU
Like fifty times.

HOWARD WU
Even I heard it twice already.

Howard laughs and walks away to another table.

VIC
Well, it's a good story. It
deserves to be told.
(off their silence)
All right. Okay. I'm a retired cop.
Guess I'll retire all my cop
stories, too. You happy now?

STU
Ecstatic.

NICOLE
Best news I've heard in a long
time.

VIC
Yeah yeah. Eat your goddamn
dumplings.

They both laugh. Nicole squeezes Stu's hand. He leans over
and kisses her on the cheek. Vic grits his teeth.

VIC (CONT'D)

(lying)

I'm perfectly comfortable with you kissing my daughter in public at my favorite restaurant. This is the new Vic. Never angry. Accepting of everything.

STU

You know, if that's true, and you're accepting of everything... You and I never did get that hug.

VIC

And we never will.

STU

Okay. Then how about one of those mafia style man-kisses on the lips?

VIC

Going the wrong direction.

STU

Then I'll settle for a bro-hug.

VIC

What's a bro-hug?

STU

You know, the handshake that gently transitions into--

VIC

Jesus. No. No bro-hugs. What's the matter with you?

As they continue arguing, we head outside...

EXT. HOWARD WU'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Through the glass we see the three of them in the booth. The new Christmas tradition. And we--

FADE OUT.