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# National Security

By Jay Scherick

How long does it take to make a taco?  
Two minutes. But it takes 20  
to convince them I'm not Immigration...  
...to get the cook up  
from the basement. Here.

Call it.

- Ex-con.
- No way.
- What?
- Wannabe cop.
- He's got "academy reject" all over him.
- Hey, pal.

Hey, buddy.

- Try "dude."
- Hey, dude!
- You did time in Chino, right?
- No, Lompoc.

I told you. Only job the  
poor bastards can get. Thanks.  
Thirteen-A-six-seven, a 4-59...  
... silent alarm. Centurion  
Storage, Alvarado and Marathon.  
A-six-seven, roger.

Thirteen-A-six-seven,  
cancel that alarm.

- Must've been a power glitch.
- Want to take a peek?

Why is it that on these quiet  
nights you get restless?

This is a great opportunity for us  
to connect, you know?

We can open up with one another  
and really talk. You need a hug?

Shut up.

You called it.

A-six-seven, door open,  
Centurion Storage...

...Alameda and 22nd. Request backup.

- Roger.
- Let's go.
- Three-one en route.

Hey, Charlie, you ever hear  
of that word "stealth"?

Shut up.

At least they don't know we're here.

The element of surprise.

- Ready?

- Yeah, I'm ready.

- Go on.

- You're unbelievable.

- Let's split up.

- Okay.

Hank!

A-six-seven, shots fired!

Shots fired! Officer needs help!

Hank, taking fire, four to five suspects on my side.

Hank!

Come in! Where you at?

I'm in the big room, off the office.

- Hank!

- I got you!

- Hank!

- It's bulletproof! I'm coming in!

Charlie! Your six!

What?

Your six!

A-six-seven, my partner's down!

Request paramedics.

I have four suspects, armed!

My partner has been hit!

All units, all units, all L.A. units.

Officer down. Officer down.

Impressive, Montgomery.

You realize, though, you missed the target in the middle.

Who, the brother?

I wasn't shooting at him.

- Mind telling me why not?

- He don't look suspicious.

Look at him. One brother, surrounded by four white guys with guns.

The man is terrified.

You want him to tap-dance?

It's all right, brother.

Okay? I got you.

Don't be afraid to call 911.

I keeps it clean, when

Montgomery's on the scene.

What the problem is?

On behalf of the citizens  
of Los Angeles...

...I present to you our nation's flag.

McDuff.

Sorry. He was a good man.

I want in on the investigation.

I think it's best if we let McDuff  
handle this. It's complicated.

What's complicated?

My partner's dead. I want the  
son of a bitch who did it.

There was \$800,000 of  
stolen computer chips there...

...and a warrant to seize it.

Last night, somebody cleared it out.

I don't care about computer chips.

I want the guy who killed Charlie.

You're not a detective.

Stick to your job.

- Fine.

- Interfere with an investigation...

...you won't have a job.

- Fine.

- They're gonna find him.

- Yeah.

When chasing a suspect,  
maintain visual contact...

...until a backup force can  
arrive to assist in the arrest.

Time!

Nice job, Taylor.

Say something, Montgomery?

You said, "Nice job, Taylor,"

**and I just said:**

- Think you can do it better?

- Let me think.

Check me out.

Hey, Taylor, you think he ready?

- I'll take this.

- All yours.

Show this boy how it's done.

So you the suspect, man?  
What you do?  
Doesn't matter.  
You could've robbed a bank,  
mugged an old lady...  
...said something about my mama?  
Just chase me, smartmouth.  
Okay, Mr. White Bank Robber.  
You're insane!  
And you're resisting arrest.  
Don't you run from me.  
Don't you run from me.  
I'm insane? I'm insane when it  
comes to old-lady muggers, huh?  
You like robbing banks, huh?  
You said something about my mama?  
And I heard you call me "boy."  
That's cowboy to you.  
Time!  
I see how this works.  
The system can't tolerate a black man  
with superior skills.  
I'm the future, and it scares you...  
...because you'll be out of work!  
I remember when the  
NBA was all white.  
That's all right. That's all right. I'm cool.  
Because y'all losing somebody good.  
I'm a one-man, kung-fu SWAT team.  
That's all right.  
I got skills!  
You bitches!  
Hank.  
- You don't have to get out there so soon.  
- No, I'm better off.  
- Want somebody to ride with you?  
- Nope. It's okay.  
Need some help?  
You asking me if I need help,  
or if I'm stealing this car?  
Okay, fine.  
Are you stealing this car?  
Does it look like I'm stealing this car?  
- Little bit.

- Why? Because I'm black?  
White man has his hand in the car...  
...you give him a Good  
Samaritan award.  
Figure he's going around  
turning off people's lights.  
All right, license and  
registration, please.  
I ain't showing you a  
damn thing, you Nazi.

- Excuse me?  
- Hey, man!  
This here? This is my car.  
I ain't done nothing wrong.  
The way I see it...  
...you owe me an apology.

- What did you call me?  
You ain't listening, baby.  
We ain't got nothing to talk about.  
Unless it starts  
with you saying, "I'm sorry."  
You're on dangerous grounds.  
Be careful what comes  
out of your mouth next.  
Wanna hear what comes  
out of my mouth next?  
You're...  
...a...  
...fucking...  
...pig.

- You're under arrest.  
- Oh, no.  
I ain't under arrest. You are.  
I'm arresting your ass.  
Citizen's arrest. You're under  
arrest for false arrest.  
Hands up on the car!  
Give me those cuffs.  
Back off! I'm warning you.  
You're warning me? You  
have the right to shut up.  
That's it, get up against the car!  
Don't make me add "resisting arrest."  
Now! Up against the car!

- Watch my car, I just had it detailed.

- Settle down! Understand?

This is police brutality!

You ain't doing nothing but  
compounding problems.

- I've had enough crap!

- I'm telling you, man. Get off me.

Whoa!

- What?

- A big-ass bumblebee behind you!

You don't think I'll fall for that, do you?

I'm allergic. If I get stung...

...I'm gonna seize up and die.

What? Just ignore him

and he won't touch you.

- Yeah. All right.

- Look! Right there.

I'm gonna...

Help! He's trying to kill me!

- Help! Help! He's trying to kill me!

- Get down! I got him!

Don't kill me!

I got him!

He's trying to kill me!

- You are seeing video...

- Check this out.

... taken earlier today, showing

Los Angeles officer, Hank Rafferty...

... brutally beating an

unidentified black male.

Police are withholding his name...

... but we have obtained

this photograph...

... taken after the beating, his face

grotesquely bruised and swollen.

It was a bumblebee.

Officer Rafferty's vicious

beating of a black suspect...

... has sparked a swift and angry

response from the black community.

Detective McDuff had this reaction:

The police and the district attorney's

office are treating this very seriously.

I urge the people of this city...

... to please be patient and trust us to do our jobs. Clearly, this is an isolated incident.

- It was a bee.

- Get the hell out of here.

Mr. Montgomery, this is Detective McDuff...

...Lieutenant Washington and District Attorney Robert Barton.

- Morning.

- Good morning. Call me. I'm serious.

Giggler. All right.

Weren't you on TV last night?

Oh, snap, that is you.

- What's up, man?

- What happened to your face?

I was attacked by one of your officers. What do you think?

I mean, what happened to the swelling and bruises?

Oh, that. That ain't nothing but allergies. Bee stings.

Come again?

Y'all mind if I have a seat? Cool.

Y'all gonna ask a brother questions, don't even offer me a seat.

What's happening?

All right.

While I was being slammed into the car, having billy clubs jammed in my neck... ..that psychotic storm trooper y'all call a cop... ..also allowed this big-ass bumblebee to nearly sting me to death.

You know what? I'm not even sure that bee wasn't one of his own. Like some anti-Africanized attack bee, trained to hate black people. That's the sort of thing y'all gonna uncover in your investigation... ..so I ain't tripping.

- Would you excuse us for a moment?

- Do your thing, man.



Thank you.

We can't put this guy on the stand.

- He's unstable. Not to mention that he...

- Yo.

Who's the Planet-of-the Apes-looking lady in the dress?

That's my father.

Handsome man.

I don't believe this.

I'm calling this off. This is crazy...

Like it or not, Rafferty violated his rights.

People won't look the other way.

We can't go through this again.

Drop the prosecution and I guarantee you got a riot on your hands.

Earl, do you work?

Do you have a steady job?

Yes, I work. I work in security, man.

- Ah.

- Until I get back in the academy.

- I see.

- You know what?

- Y'all need to investigate them...

- Mr. Montgomery...

...all allergies aside,

did Officer Rafferty assault you or not?

How many times I gotta say it?

All right. Let's get down to business.

Superior Court is now in session.

Please be seated.

The state of California

versus Henry Rafferty.

Case CV-34259.

Honorable Marsha Gailey presiding.

At this time the bee appeared.

Right here. There it is. It's coming in.

You can't...

You can't really see

it on the tape, but it's there.

Okay.

I'm swatting it with my stick.

There I am, stomping on it,

with the heel of my boot.

Kept missing it.

It's not a good angle.  
Are you claiming there was no  
bumblebee at the time of the incident?  
No, I'm not.  
- There was a bumblebee present, man.  
- Oh, good.  
And there were birds chirping.  
There were dogs barking.  
For all I know there was a chipmunk  
in the bushes, humping a turtle.  
You gotta be careful with them  
chipmunks. They'll hump anything.  
This is no laughing matter,  
Mr. Montgomery.  
Look, man, I came here for justice.  
Okay, that man right there?  
That man harassed and choked me.  
He used excessive violence...  
...way before there was or  
was not a bumblebee, sir.  
I know the score.  
It's not the first time I been  
pulled over for DWB.  
- DWB?  
- Driving While Black.  
- Move to strike!  
- Kiss my ass.  
Will the defendant please rise?  
The jury has found you  
guilty as charged.  
You are hereby sentenced to serve  
six months in a state penitentiary.  
Murphy. Okay, move along.  
Keep it moving.  
You must be that white cop, huh?  
Beat up the black guy.  
- What makes you say that?  
- Them.  
Oh, man.  
Hey, se.  
Save your strength.  
You're gonna need it.  
- You look cute, baby.  
- Get going.

Look, don't mess with me or I'll  
throw your ass in solitary.

All right, let's go.

You're out of the hole.

- Hey, how long have I been in here?

- Three months.

Congratulations.

You are the graduating class  
of this third week of August.

Many people don't make it through  
both days of intense training.

You are the elite.

Wherever you go, you'll be  
part of this special fraternity.

You're equipped with everything  
you'll need to do your job:

Flashlight.

Pepper spray.

And if things get really nasty...

...a coin holster full of quarters,  
so you can call the police.

Congratulations.

What do you mean, you got nothing?

You had a crime scene,  
physical evidence.

- I gave you a goddamn tattoo.

- Which was a ghost.

- We couldn't find it in the database.

- Look, these things take time, Hank.

- Oh, please...

- Holy cow, check it out. Hank Rafferty...

...a security guard.

Nobody throw gum on the ground,  
okay? We'd get, like, a warning.

District 21 units, additional  
on the ADW in progress.

Suspect, male white,  
blue jacket, brown pants.

Male black, green shirt, brown pants.

Fled eastbound on foot.

Excuse me. You ever see that?

Four-59. Silent alarm, A and L

Beverages, 18th and Main.

Cancel that. Must have

been a power glitch.  
Gotcha.  
Where's security?  
Freeze!  
What are you doing?  
The lights went out,  
and I couldn't find a switch.  
So I was filing in the dark.  
That's why I called you here.  
Lola...  
...filing in the dark is a serious offense.  
You're in a lot of trouble.  
Get up against that wall.  
What are you gonna do to me?  
Search you. Make sure you  
ain't carrying any concealed weapons.  
You finding anything?  
- Is this a thong?  
- What?  
Is this a thong?!  
Are you gonna strip-search me?  
No.  
I'm gonna put on some music.  
You gonna strip-search yourself.  
Whoa, whoa, slow it up for me.  
Nice and easy. Yeah.  
Can't get enough of your love, babe!  
Yo, pass those two.  
- Get the motherboard.  
- Check those boxes, man.  
Got it. Load them up.  
Get them out of here.  
We have to check the load.  
- Yeah, Earl.  
- No. Don't call me Earl. Call me "officer."  
- Oh, okay.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
Are you gonna give it to  
me now, officer?  
Hell, yeah.  
I'm gonna incarcerate you.  
You know my style. I like it wild.  
- All right, pass that over.  
- No, I got it.

Freeze!  
Hands up!  
What was that?  
I said, freeze!  
You, behind there!  
Wait here. Might get  
a little dangerous.  
You really playing this thing  
out, aren't you, baby?  
Talk to me about a hit six  
months ago, Centurion Storage!  
Talk to me about a hit six  
months ago, Centurion Storage!  
- Go to hell.  
- We wondered where security was.  
Drop the weapon.  
You should have run when  
you had the chance.  
Now you got no chance.  
Over there! There he is! Get him!  
Somebody shoot them!  
- Thanks.  
- No sweat.  
- What are you doing here?  
- I work here! What are you doing here?  
I spent six months in prison  
because of you!  
Six months? That's all they  
gave you, six months?  
Damn it, Earl! This  
ain't turning me on!  
- What the hell is that?  
- Earl Junior.  
Likes to hang out with Daddy.  
Precious, ain't it?  
Get the goods! Load them up!  
- Cover me!  
- Hey, man, you ain't my boss.  
We work for the same company.  
Since I got seniority, you cover me.  
- Okay, I cover you.  
- Go!  
No! My car!  
No, not my car!

Somebody shoot that monkey!  
What did you call me?  
Let's go, now!  
Get them in here!  
Go, go, go!  
- Get out of my car!  
- Because I'm a black man?  
This has nothing to do  
with you. It's personal!  
Damn right it's personal. White boy  
back there called me "monkey." Drive!  
- Get out, now!  
- Look, man.  
I been waiting my whole life  
for shit like this to go down.  
If you're gonna shoot me, shoot me.  
That's the only way I'm getting out.  
They getting away, man!  
Come on! Go!  
Earl?  
Man, this slow-ass,  
damn Flintstone car, man.  
We might as well be  
peddling with our damn feet.  
- What's wrong with this piece of junk?  
- I don't know.  
I was gonna take it for  
a regular maintenance...  
...but for the past six months  
I've been in prison!  
You should've got more time.  
Pushing me into cars and putting  
me in satanic chokeholds.  
You were resisting arrest! I was  
authorized to use any force...  
We could go back and  
forth on this all night long, man.  
Fortunately, there are courts  
to handle this matter.  
According to the courts...  
...you were assaulting and battering  
me like a hillbilly on his wife.  
Yo, yo, yo!  
Oh, shit. This is how I'm

gonna conceal the weapon.

Pull over! Pull over!

Get the van!

- You pull over, buddy!

- No, get the van!

- Drop the gun!

- Get the van!

- Drop it!

- Get the v...

Damn!

If I would've gotten out with  
a wallet in my hand...

...I'd have bullets all in my ass!

That's some bullshit, man.

Security guard, huh, Hank?

That's a shame.

- Hey, Washington, how you doing?

- Better than you.

- You okay, man?

- You know how it is, my brother.

Just a little shaken up, that's all.

Let me see if I got this figured out.

You get out of prison,

pissed with your life...

...you decide to pay your buddy Earl  
a visit. Things got out of hand...

...shots are fired, police respond just  
in time to catch Hank trying to get...

...away with you in his car, probably  
holding you at gunpoint. Am I correct?

Amazing. You are very, very good.

Wait a second. This is crazy.

I wasn't out for revenge.

Shut the hell up! Just shut the hell up.

I'm tired of your goddamn lies.

I got a restraining order saying you can't  
get within 100 feet of this guy.

So I don't really give a damn what  
you have to say. All I need from you...

...is your testimony and his ass  
goes back to prison. Tomorrow.

Nothing would make me happier than  
to see this man go back to prison.

Good.

For the heartache...

...and the trauma.

One time he took the club

and he switched it around...

...with the handle sticking out

and bop, right there.

Can you see that little cut,

right there? Anyway...

What happens is it makes

me start saying incoherent...

You know, I'm liable to spurt that out.

Just incoherent shit. Bitch!

I apologize.

My doctor said I'm not getting

proper oxygen up through here.

They said pump it and breathe.

And it's sort of like that sneaker.

It's a weird exercise.

Anyway, nothing would make me

happier than to see him go to prison.

- Wait a second here!

- Get back, bitch!

- Shut the hell up, Hank, and I mean it!

- You... The violence.

Let me calm myself.

Unfortunately, certain details

of your story are slightly skewed.

What do you mean, skewed?

Hank...

...did not come back for revenge.

- Thank you.

- He came back to apologize.

- What?

- You went there to apologize?

The man's talking to you.

Yep.

- And you were saying?

- I was...

...saying I was sorry.

- For what?

- Beating you.

Yeah, my dog.

That's what I'm talking about, man.

Hank was right in the middle



of this very touching apology...  
...when I discovered  
that my warehouse was being robbed.  
So Hank and I, we banded together  
to apprehend these outlaws.  
And we would've had them,  
had not your boys come along.  
Excuse me?  
Deputy Droop-a-long.  
Man, they stopped the wrong car.  
- You better watch your mouth.  
- What you gonna do?  
Beat the hell out of me?  
Probably blame it on a damn spider.  
- What you got?  
- The updated report.  
We got a 4-59 at the warehouse, but  
nothing on a van. Coroner has two bodies.  
DA says self-defense.  
So we kick them loose.  
- The C and L warehouse on 18th?  
- Yeah.  
Not a cop anymore, Hank,  
so stop acting like one.  
I'm all too happy to find any reason  
to lock your ass up. You understand?  
Go find McDuff, tell him  
I want to see him right away.  
Yeah, we also encountered a naked girl  
upstairs, handcuffed to a light fixture.  
Lola.  
Do you think you could hook a brother  
up with another restraining order?  
Right there, because I recognize them.  
Great.  
All my stuff should be in here too.  
What's up?  
Right.  
I don't believe this. Where's my bullets?  
We don't return live ammunition.  
Well, if you're gonna keep the bullets,  
just keep the gun.  
- All right.  
- Give me my gun, man.

Where's my car?  
Impound lot. Twenty blocks up,  
seven blocks over.  
You expect that man to walk...  
Y'all got a shuttle bus?  
You know what?  
You upset my partner.  
I should set it off up in this...  
But you got your boys.  
Hank, you believe his attitude, man?  
Man, they probably gonna give you  
your car back with no tires.  
I like the way you played it  
back there.  
Yeah, not letting them in on our case.  
That was smooth.  
- This is our bust, right?  
- Get the hell away from me!  
Hey, Hank! You know what?  
Sooner or later, your hostility is officially  
gonna start affecting our work.  
Now, look, man.  
All you got to do is kind of...  
What is you running for?  
I'm trying to talk to you.  
Look! I am trying to remain calm...  
...because if I hit you,  
I will never see the light of day.  
Which right now seems  
almost worth it. So don't push it!  
- You threatening me?  
- Yeah! Yeah, I'm threatening you!  
Well, bring it on.  
Bring it on, Hank.  
I could have went pro.  
I drop bombs on them,  
drop bombs on them.  
- What? Here, slip, move, slide, duck.  
- Can't redial without a signal.  
Oh, bang them out of there.  
Hey, where you going, man?  
- Shut up!  
- Big Red Truck and Trailer.  
Truck and trailer. Yeah, look,

you guys got a call...

...yesterday, I think, regarding  
a white van that you rented out.

We only rent big rigs.

Yeah, well, maybe you can help out.

I'm trying to find a couple of my buddies.

I think they rented a truck  
from you yesterday.

- What name is it under?

- No, I don't know their names.

- Listen, pal, we get a lot of people here.

- No...

- You listen.

- Give me the phone.

- Where are you located?

- Downtown, on Normandie.

South Central? These were white folks.

They just left.

They bought extra insurance for Baja.

- Heading to Mexico?

- I guess.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

The way I see it,  
they got a 20-minute head start.

They're probably heading down the 405.

What are you doing?

Stop the car! National Security!

Stop the damn car!

National Security,

I'm commandeering this vehicle.

- What did I do?

- Oh, student driver, huh?

**Well, lesson 12:**

get your ass up out the car.

- Go!

- Okay, okay, don't shoot.

And do your homework!

What the problem is?

Hey, man, do I got to solve  
this crime by myself?

Unbelievable.

Big, red truck.

It's gonna be easy to find.  
It's probably gonna say "Big Red"  
all along the side of the truck...  
...in big, red letters.  
Hey, Hank, you know that file  
back at Washington's office?  
Well, I used my acute peripheral vision  
to get a upside-down read.  
- Wanna know what I saw?  
- What?  
On one of them papers  
it said, "CIA heist."  
And?  
- That's all I saw, "CIA."  
- That's it?  
Hey, look, man, I said I got peripheral  
vision, not X-ray vision, man. All right?  
Now, apparently, we are caught up  
in some real live...  
...complex-ass, espionage shit.  
This is great, man, isn't it?  
Me and you, man, we're security guards  
out here acting like real cops.  
- I was a real cop, Earl.  
- Well, you must've loved it, huh?  
I can't believe you gave that up.  
Yeah. There's Route 1.  
Stay on the freeway,  
it's a lot faster.  
They wanna keep a low profile.  
They're gonna go Route 1.  
Stay on the freeway.  
No, on the freeway, come on.  
- Don't!  
- Oh, shit!  
- Hey, come on!  
- Freeway traffic, man.  
- Stay on the freeway.  
- We're in the middle of the street.  
What are you doing?!  
- Let go of the wheel!  
- Freeway!  
What are you doing, Hank?!  
Oh, shit!

- God! Are you okay?  
- Yeah.  
- Shit.  
- Hey!  
Sorry.  
- Somebody was right about the freeway.  
- What?  
Look at that. You can't tell me  
that ain't a big, red truck.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Gun under the seat.  
Hank! Hank!  
Hank!  
Get off me!  
- Hey!  
- Shoot her, Hank.  
Shoot this big bitch.  
Hank's about to shoot you.  
No, I ain't gonna shoot anybody.  
Put him down...  
...in a minute or two. No hurry.  
I don't like nobody messing with my rig.  
Don't be a pussy, Hank. Shoot her!  
You oversized, big-boot,  
thick-ass, Jerry Springer-reject ass...  
- Earl, come on. Let's go.  
- No, man.  
Shaq here owes me an apology.  
But then again...  
...what your name is?  
Brittany.  
Yeah?  
Got a ring on every finger  
except that lock down one, huh?  
You like to wrestle?  
Because that's my thing. I like to wrestle.  
Earl. Earl, come on, let's go.  
Why don't you give me your number?  
And if you're nice, I'll show you  
what a real big rig looks like.  
Earl, come on!  
- I'll call you.  
- Let's go! The truck's leaving.  
- I'm with you. Hold on, hold on.

- Come on!  
- Think these are our guys?  
- How the hell am I supposed to know?  
No, wait. Wait. No.  
Sorry.  
Earl!  
Earl, come on!  
Come on, come on!  
Swing around!  
Oh, my knee!  
Oh, shit.  
Hey, come on!  
Come on, come on.  
- You did that on purpose.  
- Look.  
So that's why the cops  
couldn't find the van.  
Hey, do you know how  
to hot-wire a car?  
Oh, because I'm black, I automatically  
know how to hot-wire a car?  
- Do you know how or don't you?  
- Yeah.  
- But not because I'm black.  
- Do it then.  
- Move your leg, man. Close your legs.  
- Get in there.  
- See that?  
- All right, go, go, go.  
Okay.  
See that spark when one of them  
bumped into each other?  
That's because that red wire  
is what gives off all that energy.  
- I don't care.  
- See how that's sparking there?  
Got it?  
- How's that? What's that doing?  
- Earl, the windshield wipers are on.  
Must be a '94.  
I touched the wrong one.  
How's that?  
- What's that?  
- What the hell?

- Turn it off. Turn it off!  
- Oh, come on.  
Somebody's back in that trailer.  
Let's take a look.  
Eddie, look out!  
- Do it. Come on, come on, come on.  
- Yeah.  
Go!  
Oh, shit!  
Thanks, Hank.  
That's the second time in 20 minutes  
you landed us in some shit.  
Hey, you messing with Earl and Hank!  
What the problem is?  
Let's find out what the hell  
is in these boxes.  
Oh, Hank!  
Oh, it stinks.  
- Oh, damn!  
- Sorry.  
Damn, it looks like Christmas.  
Except for these fish guts  
and orange peels.  
Please be guns. Please be guns.  
What the hell is that?  
This is a beer keg.  
It doesn't make any sense.  
It makes sense  
when you put together the pieces.  
What pieces?  
It's obvious.  
The CIA, they're smuggling alcohol...  
...into the inner city in an effort  
to further subjugate the black man.  
Hey, do you actually believe the crap  
that comes out of your mouth?  
Oh, I'm never really sure  
until I'm finished talking.  
Think they all kegs?  
Yeah. Nash. We got a problem.  
Well, what we have here  
appears to be...  
...your average, garden-variety,  
\$22-deposit beer keg...

...but it's way too light.  
- It must be light beer.  
- Yeah, way too light.  
Couldn't be a pound and a half.  
Let's take a peek inside, huh?  
Yeah, she's empty all right.  
You think there's a double wall?  
Something stashed in between?  
Happy to take a look.  
Put on the glasses, boys,  
or you will go blind.  
This torch burns  
at 4000 degrees Fahrenheit...  
...so let's slice open this can of peaches.  
Incredible.  
She's cold as ice.  
Gorgeous.  
Why don't you and the keg get a room?  
Gentlemen, what we have here...  
...is an Area 51, high-tech,  
aerospace alloy.  
It weighs next to nothing,  
disperses heat instantaneously...  
...and is resistant to almost  
any force in man or nature.  
Well, is it worth anything?  
Yeah, millions!  
Which is exactly why...  
...I want you two to take this thing  
and get the hell out of my shop.  
Personally, I don't feel  
like dying right now...  
...and this is exactly the kind of shit  
people get killed over.  
Thanks.  
We'll stash the van here  
until we find out what's what.  
- Whose garage is this?  
- This guy I know. It doesn't matter.  
No, no. This ain't no guy garage.  
There ain't a power tool in here.  
Let's go.  
Hank, this box up here  
got your name on it.



This wouldn't be  
your girlfriend's house?  
Could you do me a favor?  
Could you stay out of my business?  
Oh, well, lookie, lookie, lookie.  
Looks like somebody got dissed, huh?  
All right, let me guess, Hank.  
Your girl left because you  
beat the shit out of her.  
No. Ironically, she left me...  
...because I was convicted  
of beating the shit out of somebody else.  
Oh, me?  
Man, go ahead with that, man.  
Look, Hank, I'm just saying, man...  
...I suppose that's what your attitude  
is all about? Huh?  
Hanky ain't getting no loving.  
I'll be happy to go back in there...  
...and straighten this  
whole mess out.  
- No, thanks, you've done enough.  
- No, serious, Hank. I wanna do it, man.  
Earl Montgomery is a love-maker,  
not a love-taker.  
Wait a second.  
Let me get this straight.  
You're telling me you'd go in there  
and tell Denise...  
...I never harassed you,  
and I went to jail for no reason?  
Absolutely.  
But you and I both know  
you got exactly what you deserve.  
Denise.  
I hope they don't think we're breaking in.  
She's not home.  
Damn. Denise got one fine-looking maid.  
- Excuse me?  
- Earl...  
...that is Denise. Hey.  
- What do you want, Hank?  
- I only wanna talk.  
- Oh, you wanna talk?

- Yeah.

Or you wanna lie?

Because there's a difference, you know.

- I've always been honest with you.

- Of course.

You just forgot to tell me you were  
beating up black men on your lunch.

Oh, snap. She's witty.

Yeah. She most definitely  
got the upper hand.

Hey, could you be quiet  
for a minute? Thanks.

- Look, I told you how...

- Yeah, I know, the bumblebee did it.

- Yeah.

- You lied to me, Henry.

Lies, lies. Lies just compound lies.

You know? But you saying  
the same thing. Do your thing.

I didn't beat anybody, okay?

And I can prove it.

This is the man that I was accused  
of assaulting. Okay, Earl.

- Hi.

- You got something you wanna say?

Oh, yeah.

She's black.

You never told me she was black.

Did I or did I not assault you?

Oh, he beat the hell out of me, ma'am.

- What?

- I'm not gonna lie to the sister.

No, you're... You son of a bitch!

I'm not gonna take this!

Hey! Get your hands off him.

Stop it. Get out.

- Get out!

- Get out! Just get out!

- Henry, get out!

- You too. Get out! Get!

- But...

- Get!

I think the violence  
might kick off out there.

Get out.

Listen, man. Wait.

Why you all salty at me, man?

Look, Hank, kill that noise, man.

Listen, it's not my fault. Okay?

- You told me she was white.

- I did not.

Well, you didn't tell me she was black.

- What difference does it make?

- A big difference.

Look, if I had lied and told her  
that you didn't beat me up...

...I'd be condoning  
interracial relationships.

Which is something

I do not condone.

Okay, that's it. If you're not out of  
my face in three seconds...

Now, you don't wanna be  
threatening your partner.

I am not your partner!

I had a partner!

I would have taken a bullet for him!

You, I'm having a hard time  
not shooting!

All right, hold on! Now, that's it.

Now I'm upset.

If you leave, I'm gonna put  
your ass under citizen's arrest.

Okay? And you and I both  
know you are in direct violation...

...of a legal, binding restraining order.

- You have something in your teeth.

- Where? Here, or here?

Now you can tell people I hit you.

- Hi.

- Hi, '78 Plymouth Volare, tan.

- Can I have your driver's license?

- Yep.

Are you kidding me?

I got something in my teeth?

I'll tell you what it was, Hank.

Trust. And now it's gone.

Earl, what do I have to do?

I just came to get Earl Jr.  
I don't go nowhere without my baby.  
So why don't you get your jalopy,  
and we go our separate ways.  
That's my car right over there.  
Could I have the keys?  
We're just trying to locate  
your paperwork, sir.  
Lookie, lookie, lookie.  
What do we have here?  
How you doing, Miss Dolly?  
- Fine.  
- Oh, yes, you are.  
You got a pair of handcuffs  
I can borrow?  
- You hitting on her?  
- Yeah.  
What was all that crap  
about interracial couples?  
I am firmly and belligerently  
against any interracial coupling...  
...when the man is white.  
Darling...  
...can I interest you  
in a stick of gum?  
You know, they say five out of five  
dentists recommend this shit.  
Thanks.  
Get your stuff out of my car  
and get the hell out of here!  
Miss Darling, what do I have to do  
to get my car out of here?!  
Would you please just be patient?  
Patient.  
- Freeze!  
- On the ground, now!  
Goddamn it. God.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I gave up!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah!  
No, don't give up. Get in.  
- Hank, freeze!  
- Get in the back.  
- Know what I'm doing?  
- Stealing a police car.

I'm saving your ass yet again  
despite the fact that you struck me...  
...yet again.  
- Okay. Sorry. Thank you.  
God!  
- Apology accepted.  
- Okay, we're even. Go, go, go!  
- Don't hit me no damn more.  
- Go, go, go!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Car!  
Forklift. Forklift, my side.  
Forklift!  
I got it!  
Yep...  
...you got it.  
- Watch out!  
Watch out!  
Dead end! Dead end, dead end!  
- Hey!  
- I see it.  
Come to think of it,  
you hit me and I didn't kill you?  
I'm letting you live, saving your ass.  
- Oh, I'm going straight to heaven.  
- Fence!  
Chill, Hank. I'm blessed.  
What'd you do this time, Hank?  
I don't know. I'll find out.  
For a cop, you sure get in  
a hell of a lot of trouble.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Turn here. Turn, turn, turn!  
Hey, chopper. Turn here, turn here!  
Turn!  
Always loved the car wash, man.  
White, foamy water over you.  
Brushes waving in the breeze.  
When you a kid in the ghetto,  
that's like going to Hawaii.  
- They got an APB out on both of us.  
- Both of us? What the hell did I do?  
We're wanted for the shootout  
on the Vincent Thomas Bridge.  
- Yeah, well, that's fair.

- No, it doesn't make any sense.  
How'd the cops know  
we were on the bridge?  
Only the guys in the truck could ID us,  
and they wouldn't call it in.  
Maybe someone on the inside  
put out a APB to locate us.  
Now we're talking about dirty cops.

- What you doing?  
- Running the numbers on the van.  
No, plates are phony. Damn it!  
- Check the VIN.  
- What?  
- I thought they were all scratched off.  
- Not underneath.  
I pulled it when I was wiring the van.  
- All units, 5-0-3, stolen police vehicle.  
- Bingo. Address. Okay.  
- Car wash at Venice and Crenshaw.  
- They tracked us.  
Let's ditch the car!  
- We need a car.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
Hey, hey! Hey, hey!  
Hey, could you pull over here?  
- God!  
- Use the badge.  
- What?  
- Use the badge.  
Stop! National Security!  
- I'm commandeering this car!  
- Let's see the badge.  
- Just step out of the car, ma'am.  
- Don't you raise your voice at me.  
Get out of the damn car!  
Didn't your mama  
teach you any manners?  
At least you could ask me nicely.  
You call this commandeering a car?  
- You wanna shut the hell up?  
- Don't be using that language in my car.  
Sorry.  
Now, I got no problem  
giving you boys a ride.

But I don't take kindly to being told  
to get out of my car.

No, sir. I surely do not.

Warrant.

A warrant.

They must've had a warrant  
to raid the warehouse.

The dirty cop had to have access to it  
to send his boys in first.

Same thing must've happened  
at the storage place.

- So who's the leak?

- I don't know.

APB's go through watch commander.

Washington?

Ain't that how it always is?

- What?

- You have nothing to go on...

...and already

you blaming the black man.

- I'm just throwing names out.

- I'll tell you how to find a dirty cop.

Pick up the phone

and call the police station.

Don't really matter who answers.

What you gonna say?

- Thanks.

- Thank you.

- Okay, you boys behave now.

- No question.

- Take care.

- Should I have gotten her number?

- Definitely. She's very nice.

- I thought so too.

Is this the place?

Stay cool.

Can you pick this?

What? "Just because I'm

a black man... What?"

You were doing good.

But why you said like this:

All black people don't do that.

Look, man. Just let it flow...

Can you pick the lock or not?

- Not without my tools.  
- Hey, hey. Come on.  
This is great. A real stakeout.  
My whole life, man,  
I wanted to be a cop.  
Ever since I was a kid,  
watching Quincy on TV.  
Quincy was a medical examiner.  
Oh. I guess in the projects  
we didn't get real good reception.  
Hey, man. This is boring.  
How long we been here?  
- Coming up on 12 minutes.  
- Where the hell are these people?  
Earl, this is a stakeout.  
We could be sitting here for hours.  
No wonder cops are so fat.  
Shoot.  
Hey, whatever happened to Charlie?  
If you don't mind, I'd just...  
I'd rather not talk about it.  
You sure?  
Yeah.  
You know, they shot him  
right in front of me, man.  
I couldn't do a damn thing about it.  
I'm sorry to hear that, man.  
Who did it?  
The guys we're looking for.  
So that's why this is personal.  
Let me get this straight.  
Your partner got killed...  
...you lost your job, you got thrown  
in jail, your girlfriend walked...  
...and now you're a security guard  
making 182 dollars a week?  
Know what you are, Hank?  
You're a black man.  
Now, though, you gotta  
think about it though, right?  
Glad to see you laugh, man.  
- Now how long have we been here?  
- Oh, come on.  
- Coming up on 13 minutes.



- I got to get something to eat, man.

Earl.

Hey, Earl.

What are you doing?

No! Earl!

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Earl, hey. Earl.

We're always early. He's always late.

Damn it!

Call me back. They were spotted

at the police impound yard.

Get down and get the goods.

Pain in the ass!

Are you okay?

Hell, no, I ain't okay, man.

I been shot!

Shit.

- It's him!

- How do you know?

Tattoo!

Son of a bitch!

Partner.

Go get him.

- Hank.

- Yeah?

You get him?

No.

- Come on.

- I ain't gonna make it, Hank.

I'm cold, man. I'm cold all over.

I'm starting to see white light.

Damn. Even the light is white.

Come on. You got hit

in the leg, Sally. Let's go!

- Don't bounce. Don't bounce!

- You gotta help me a little.

- You're bouncing!

- Your other leg.

Denise! Denise! It's Hank. Hank.

- I thought I told you. It's over.

- I been shot!

You shot him now?

- No.

- What happened?

You gotta trust us. We didn't do anything wrong or illegal. Then take him to a hospital. No, no! We can't, 'cause the cops are looking for us.

- What?

- It's complicated!

Look, Denise, I understand you're a nurse.

I'm bleeding out here.

Y'all can bicker later. Come on.

- Please, please.

- Let me come in?

- All right.

- Yeah, go.

- Hey.

- Sorry.

- Take off your pants.

- Huh?

Take off your pants.

Earl? You're not wearing any underwear.

I don't like to wear drawers, okay?

Makes me feel constricted.

So does dying. Now, hurry up, Hank! Come on!

- I'll get you a towel.

- Better make it a beach towel.

- It's not that big.

- It ain't small.

Thank you, Denise.

That was very sweet of you.

All right, I'm gonna need you to keep pressure on the wound.

Right. Okay, bend over the chair and hike up the towel.

- What? I'm not like that, man!

- Do it!

Oh, oh. Well, just say that, Hank.

I thought you was trying to get a free ass shot.

Come on, Denise.

Now, tell me the truth.

Earl, there's no bullet in you.

It went through the bone,  
out the other side?  
It barely touched you. It's a scratch.  
- Denise, am I gonna need stitches?  
- Yes.  
I knew it.  
- Well, just...  
- Oh! Whoa. You know what?  
- What?  
- I'll let it heal naturally.  
- Oh...  
- Yeah, yeah, that's right.  
Oh, no!  
- It's a bee...  
- Calm down!  
- A bumblebee! No!  
- Don't move. Don't move!  
Death from above! No! Swish it out.  
Death from above, man.  
- Is it safe?  
- Not for you it ain't!  
I can't believe your girl  
can go off like that.  
- She hits harder than you do.  
- Yeah, this is it.  
Marina Yacht Club.  
This is where the call came from.  
How we gonna get in?  
- Split up.  
- Excuse me, I want the big fat one.  
Oh, that looks interesting. What is it?  
I don't know, but it smells like ass.  
You recognize anyone?  
Man, it's so damn white in here,  
my pupils haven't adjusted yet.  
Hey. Hey, look.  
- That's him.  
- Son of a bitch.  
What do you know?  
It's the white guy.  
A sad day in Caucasian history.  
- Where the hell the two of you been?  
- Jimmy Buffet's in town. Come on.  
You got five minutes. It better be good.

- Can I get a chip?

- No.

You've got a leak

and we know who it is.

- Now can I get a chip?

- No.

It's McDuff.

- I assume you have some proof.

- Yeah.

We tracked them knuckleheads

who hit my warehouse.

- The same guys who killed Charlie.

- Led us right to McDuff.

That's all very interesting,

but do you have actual evidence?

- No.

- No. But we got what he wants.

- And what's that?

- The goods from the CIA heist.

- You got the CIA goods?

- Wait a minute. It was really CIA?

Crupps International Aerospace.

What CIA did you think

I was talking about?

Would you tell him, please?

A year ago, over \$ 7 million in atomic alloy was stolen out of Crupps.

To smuggle it out, they had to melt it down and recast it as beer kegs.

Feds tipped us off.

Our leak beat us to the punch.

That's right. McDuff. Offer to sell him back his stuff. Oh, he'll bite.

- If he's dirty.

- Oh, he's dirty.

Now, give the man a chip.

I appreciate you trying to get me a chip.

But thinking that I was talking about the actual CIA...

Yeah. I don't know what I was thinking.

Hey, McDuff.

It's your buddies, Hank and Earl.

- What's up, Duff?

- We got something you want.  
I don't know what  
you're talking about.  
We're talking beer kegs, bitch!

- You two are wanted felons.  
- Frank, save it. We know you're dirty.  
- Listen to me...  
- No, you listen to me.  
I don't know who  
you're selling these things to.  
All we want is a piece of the pie.  
Say, \$ 1 million worth.

- We're talking six zeros, chump.  
- So, what's your plan?  
Meet us tomorrow morning, 7 a.m.  
The old fort, Luna Point.  
How'd you find this place?  
I did a couple nights of security  
watching some construction equipment.

- It's perfect for us, though.  
- How many boys Washington got?  
I don't know. I see five or so.  
- I'm starting to feel all tingly.  
- Yeah.  
I thought I shot you once already.  
You're a tough little monkey, aren't you?  
You into monkey jokes?  
Didn't your mama teach you manners  
when you were humping her?

- You bring the metal, Hank?  
- You bring the money, Frank?  
We'll see about that  
when I see the kegs.  
Let's just forget about the money.  
We already got what we came for.  
I don't think you'll find them  
as helpful as you thought they'd be.  
You see, my men aren't actually  
members of the L.A. SWAT team.

- Where's Washington?  
- I don't know.  
Excellent question.  
- Shit.  
- Oh, man.

The brother's in on it?  
He must've grew up  
in a white neighborhood.  
Gun. Scratch that.  
He's a real brother, getting messed over  
just like the rest of us.  
Guns, gentlemen.  
Look, I... No. Look!  
Sorry. No, no. Look, look.  
No, no, no, no! Go!  
Washington, get over here!  
Get in! Get in! Get in!  
I know a way out!  
There's a tunnel at the other end.  
Down! Down!  
What the hell happened?  
I don't know.  
They grabbed me after we talked.  
Take a right! Come on!  
Get through the other end!  
Earl!  
Come on! The tunnel!  
Go, go!  
Hank, come on!  
Earl.  
What? Where's Hank?  
- I don't know.  
- Hank!  
Hank! Shit. I gotta go find him.  
- Okay, go ahead. My foot's busted up.  
- You gonna be okay?  
I'll be fine. Go!  
Damn it!  
Earl!  
No!  
Busted!  
Son of a bitch.  
Yeah!  
Hey, Nash! Catch!  
Yeah!  
Who's a monkey now? Monkey!  
- Shit. Hank!  
- Hold on!  
Whoops! Sorry!

- Hank!

- Hold on!

Good, good, good, good!

Whoa!

- Yes!

- Yeah!

- You the man!

- No, you are the man!

- You the man!

- Okay, I am the man!

Yeah, yeah!

Six months ago,

these two men were locked...

... in a conflict that shook our city.

Today they stand together as heroes.

Gentlemen, thank you for your bravery  
and your selflessness.

Hank, welcome back to the force.

Thanks.

- Earl, welcome to the L.A.P.D.

- You serious?

- Congratulations, Earl.

- Yeah. Thank you.

- Earl! That's enough.

- Oh.

Hey, check it out, 10:00.

Pull over.

- Excuse me.

- You wanna step away from the vehicle?

Hank. Please, man.

Let me show you how this type  
of situation is properly handled.

Excuse me, Mr. Civilian,  
who has rights.

Did you perhaps lock your keys  
in your vehicle?

Yeah, I do it all the time.

They're right there in the visor.

Yeah, yeah. Right there in the visor.

For my partner's peace of mind...

...would you tell us

the numbers on your plate?

- Sure, 2CQN654.

- Is he right?

Yeah.

Allow me to assist you...

...instead of beat you senseless,  
like some cops would.

- Thank you, officer

- You're welcome.

- Have a good day, all right?

- I will. Thanks.

Not everyone's a criminal.

Remember that.

My car! No, wait! That's my car!

- Always good to have a backup plan.

- Hey!

I give up!

Ma'am, you may re-procure your vehicle.

You idiot!

What the problem is?