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Colors

By Michael Schiffer

(indistinct announcement on PA)

Hodges. What d'you think
about those hotshot jitterbugs?

- What about 'em?

- You never pulled that shit, did you?

No way.

- Bullshit, huh?

- Yeah.

I don't understand Melindez, I really don't.

John Wayne's Rexall Rangers - pussies.

I got one year left.

Gimme a towel. And after that...

After that...

Ex cuse me.

I'm gonna go for another ten.

Who are you?

Rocky VI.

What'd you say you did for a living?

I'm a guardian of masculinity, man.

- (cop) Somebody smells good!

- Where does that put you?

- (cop) Where the fuck is my gun?

- Fuck.

We want a uniformed presence...

...out in the street.

They're flying their colours,...

...we're flying ours.

I want them to know

who they're dealing with.

They got uzis. They got shotguns.

They got explosives. They got access
to any weapon they want within 24 hours.

We got over 50,000

gangbangers out there.

We're bleeding from open wounds.

We're just jamming you 24 in
to stop the flow.

We sound like a bunch of Tampax.

What?

You wanna tell me what you were saying?

uh...

I said we sound like

a bunch of Tampax, sir.

Kid's cute.

Tampax goes someplace good.

(groans)

- Give this guy to Hodges.

- What? What?

Beat it.

("One Time One Night" by Los Lobos)

A wise man

Was tellin' stories to me

About the places he had been to

and the things that he had seen

A quiet voice

Was singin' something to me

An age-old song 'bout the home

of the brave in this land here of the free

One time one night in America

A lady dressed in white

with the man she loved

Was standing along the side

of a pick-up truck

A shot rang out in the night

Just when everything seemed right

Another headline written

down in America

The guy that lived next door in 305

Took the kids to the park

and disappeared 'bout half past nine

Who will ever know

how much she loved them so?

That dark night alone in America

A quiet voice

Was singin' somethin' to me

An age-old song 'bout the home

of the brave in this land here of the free

One time one night in America

Four small boys

playing ball in the parking lot

A preacher, a teacher

and the other became a cop

A car skidded into the rain

Making the last little one a saint

One more light goes out in America

A young girl tosses a coin

in a wishing well

She hopes for a heaven,

but for her there's just this hell
She gave away her life
To become somebody's wife
Another wish unanswered in America
People havin' so much faith
Die too soon
while all the rest come late
We write a song that no one sings
on a cold black stone
Where a lasting peace will finally bring...

(sirens)

(youth raps) Say, Rocket's gonna pop it
And no one's gonna stop it
Look what I got
to rock your knots with...

- Just light the damn sherm.
- Yes, yes.
- Light it up, dude.
- Yes, yes, yo.
- Sherm up the driver, cuz.
- Eat it up.

We like to get high
So a nigger kid dies
Checkin' out slobs
That is our job
And if you think we're the Crips
Well, you hit it on the nob
G-ridin' in the van
With my main man
Shotgun jam
Turnin' niggers into Spam
Rocket don't smoke
And Rocket don't joke
Yo! Rocket, put the cap on the nigger

(laughter)

- Hey, man, shut the fuck up.
- (turns off music) Better?
- Chill out, motherfucker.
- Yo, Rocket.

Man, I'm high as a motherfucker.

Yo, Rocket, we're comin' in.

(voices in conversation)

Hey, Blood!

Oh, God! No!

No! No!

No! No!

Oh, God! No! No! No!

He can't die! He can't die!

No! He can't die!

No! Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy!

No!

- What'd you find out?

- OK, the victim's name is Robert Craig.

A little warlock, house of Blood set.

Apparently, at least two blacks

drive by in a van, say "Hey, Blood." Boom.

Shit.

She saw it.

(Mrs Craig wails)

Ex cuse me.

- I ain't seen nothin'.

- I'd like to ask you a few questions.

- Nothin'!

- Ma'am, if you saw this, you can't...

Who can't? Just get on out of my face.

Are you gonna just close your eyes

every time this happens?

- There's a kid laying here dead, ma'am!

- Let's go, let's go. She has to live here.

(Mrs Craig) No, please!

(Mrs Craig) No!

He can't die! He can't die!

D'you need anything?

Jeez, I don't know, Hodges.

Maybe some of your valuable expertise.

I doubt it. You guys are doin' such a fine

job, that's why they call us out at 2am.

Hey, why don't you flyin' CRASH guys

go take a flyin' fuck?

Hey, fuck you.

- Fuck you.

- Let's get in the car.

There's too many bodies around here.

(Mrs Craig) No! No! No!

He can't die! No!

Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy!

No!

The kid was a Blood. Dealing too.

Whether it was drugs or gang related, I don't know. For now, let's hook and book. Be inventive. Find some probable cause. Get both gangs off the street, at least for a night or two. Let 'em calm down. See if they'll talk. What I need is a shot of Demerol and some clean sheets.

Whoa, whoa. Any further questions?

- No, sir.
- All right. Let's rock'n'roll.
- Stand up. Keep your fuckin' mouth shut.
- Why the fuck you holdin' on us?
- Wait, wait.
- Shut up!

Don't get excited, man. Wait!

Yo, man, we ain't did nothin'!

Man, they rode on us.

The punk-ass motherfuckers!

Keep movin, Rocket.

(Ice-T) I am a nightmare walkin'

Psychopath talkin'

King of my jungle

Just a gangster stalkin'

Livin' life like a firecracker

Quick is my fuse

Vendettas of death

Back the colors I choose

Red or blue, Cuz or Blood

It just don't matter

Sucker, dive for your life

When my shotgun scatters

Colors

The gangs of LA will never die

Just multiply

Colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors

You don't know me, fool
You disown me, cool
I don't need your assistance
Social persistence
Any problem I got
I just put my fist in
My life is violent
But violent is life
Peace is a dream
Reality is a knife
My color's my honor
My color's my all
With my colors upon me
One soldier stands tall
Tell me, what have you left me?
What have I got?
Last night in cold blood
My young brother got shot
(Hodges) And there they are.
The Ville. Crips. Crip de Ville.
Stone fuckin' killers. They'll walk in your
house, blow you away, sit down to eat...
Then leave.
That's right. You get them off the street.
- Lady, we're trying.
- You need more help! (laughs)
- So, what's up, Rocky-o?
- Yo, yo, yo, put it here.
Get your hand outta my face, all right?
Oh.
Hodges, you back, huh?
- What's up, homes?
- Hey, turn the music down, man.
- Hey, fuck that! That ain't my job.
- You better watch your back, man.
Nice ride, man. I didn't make it.
- Why you sneakin' up on us like that?
- You wanna get back on the sidewalk?
- You're all buffed out. Been to the joint?
- Just County. Missed you for a while.
You out on good time? What's this?
Oh, this here's my Hopalong Cassidy rag.
- Get rid of it.
- (voices arguing)

- Find better friends. You're in violation.
- Hey, I live right there. I'm just passin' by.
- What's the matter with him?
- Who, Rocket?
- Don't he like it around here?
- Cuz is down for the hood, man.
Y'all got any dope today?
Not us. We just say no to drugs.
- You go get some. I'll be right back.
- All right, man. Get some for us.
Yeah, you bet.
Hey, later on, Hodges.
Take care of yourself, homeboy.
They ain't got nothin', cuz.
Hodges has a new partner.
Fuckin' Melindez, man. I cannot
believe I'm back out here. Man!
I worked CRASH for five years.
I did my time. Finally made it up to Juvie.
Home at night with the wife. Get to
help somebody every once in a while...
Here I am. Same old shit.
("Butcher Shop" by Kool G Rap
on car stereo)
(McGavin) He don't wanna see us.
Freeze.
Stop, asshole!
Fuckhead!
Don't move.
That's what you get
for messin' with the police.
Hands behind your heads, interlock your
fingers, down on your knees. Let's go.
Cross your ankles. Don't move.
Drop it.
1-CRASH-32. Requesting backup.
My partner's on foot in an alley.
1200... South Main.
OK, you kids, get outta here. Get lost. Go
home. These guys are creeps. Go home!
Go on!
Bring him out here, McGavin.
Homes, what d'you think I'm gonna
find when I look under that car, huh?

Huh?

You don't run from
the fastest white boy on two feet.

Oh, man, you smell good, homes.

What is that? Eau de doo-dah-day?

I saw him toss it.

What the hell were you runnin' for?

Answer me, asshole.

Answer me.

What's your name?

- What's your name?

- Clarence Brown.

- Don't lie to me.

- Clarence Brown.

- How old are you?

- 18.

How old are you?

What else do they call you?

What's your name on the street?

Give me another name.

- High Top.

- Why do they call you that?

You a second-storey man, High Top?

You go down on basketball players?

What do you hang out with this loser for?

Wanna be like him? You do, don't you?

No.

- What's your heart beatin' for?

- I'm scared, man.

I thought you were runnin' a marathon.

Got it.

Stand up. Let's see your tattoos.

Oh, man, homes. It's fuckin' Gibraltar.

- Look at the red. He's a Blood. Let's see.

- (boy) What?

- Recognise this?

- (Crip) Cancel Christmas. You're dead.

- You on parole or probation?

- No.

Well, I got you on my file now.

If I catch you here again, I'm gonna shove
this up your ass. How would that feel?

uncuff him.

uncuff him.

You heard me.

- I'm Hodges. Ask around who I am.

- Yeah.

- You owe me one, OK?

- Yeah.

- Got that?

- Yes, sir.

Say it.

- I owe you one.

- OK.

Get outta here.

This alley is hot.

It's no longer yours, it's mine.

If I catch you here again,

I'm gonna arrest you.

Be straight with me,

I'll be straight with you.

Now, all of you, get lost.

Let's go. Come on. Out!

- Come on, man. Let's go.

- Go on.

- We'll get him round the corner.

- Right on.

I'm down for that.

I'll drive.

- What the fuck was that?

- What?

I made a righteous collar
back there, partner.

If I do something, I expect you to back
me up and I hope you expect the same.

Oh. You don't even know the area, yet you
wanna drag him in for a pissy little rock...

...and spend the rest of the shift
doin' paperwork? Is that a plan?

- You wanna hear a plan? I got a plan.

- Yeah.

We get him for rock,
then for somethin' else,...

...and when he does something serious,
it's not a first fuckin' offence!

(dispatcher) Male causing disturbance
at parking lot, corner of 9th and Figueroa.
Shit.

OK, that's your plan. All right.
Now you wanna hear mine?
You're full of fuckin' adrenaline, man.
You know...
You're not chasin' around
Mickey Mouse crimes any more.
Now, the plan as I see it
is to get to know these guys,...
...so then when somethin' big
does come along...
You wanna listen or what?
What?
You wanna look at pussy
or learn about this job? Which is it?
You heard the one about the two bulls?
Not yet.
Not yet, huh?
These two bulls are sittin' on a knoll
overlookin' a herd of Guernseys,...
...and the baby bull says "Hey, Pop, let's
run down and fuck one of those cows."
But the papa bull says "No, Son."
"Let's walk down."
"Fuck 'em all."
(dispatcher) Unit 15,
what is your location?
- When d'you get outta jail?
- (chuckles) What?
I could put a word in with Parole.
- What's your name?
- Louisa.
Danny.
Hi, Danny.
So you get time off for good behaviour?
You ever go out with a cop?
You don't like cops, do you?
No.
- No what?
- No sale. Let's go.
Yeah, sure.
I will be back.
I really love... your coffee, Louisa.
Bye.
Bye.

- You're jealous.

- That's right.

But I got a wife at home
whom I love, and three kids.

- Yeah, well, that don't mean shit.

- That's why I'm jealous.

You don't wanna get laid, man.

It leads to kissin',
and pretty soon you gotta talk to 'em.

White Fence are the oldest gang in LA.

There's three or four generations.

I don't know if you remember -
they threatened that lady DA last year.

- (McGavin)? Que pas, homes?

- What's up?

- (McGavin) Nice ride.

- Hodges, what's happenin'?

Not much.

You still smokin' that PCP?

Make you stupid, man.

No, I don't fuck with juice. This is weed.

Peeweese smoke that shit. I don't.

You seen any... gang members around?

Who, me? I ain't seen any gang members.

You seen any gang members?

Check these vatos.

(police dispatcher on radio)

- 21st Street on our list?

- Nah.

Poor fuckers are professional victims.

Get their ass kicked constantly.

Kind of a mixed gang.

You got Diamond Street there, the Ville,
and the projects on the west.

So they gotta fight their way in
and fight their way out.

- They're fucked, huh?

- They are fucked.

- (thud)

- Jesus!

What're you gonna do? Stand in the street
and wave your fist? Let's go. Come on!

(hip-hop music)

(laughter)

Hey, what you guys doin'?

Stay where you are.

Drop and you're dead, buddy.

(music stops)

OK. All right, let's line up.

Come on, let's go.

Come on. Right up here. Let's go.

Let's go. Come on.

All right.

What's the matter with you?

Put that fuckin' thing away!

Asshole.

Hey, get your hands outta your pockets.

Put your hands behind your neck.

Come on. And you.

Are you guys stupid or what? Throwin' rocks at our car... This is my office.

What are you, crazy?

Get your hands up.

Gimme your fingers, man.

Spread your legs. Wider.

Spread your fuckin' legs, homes.

Who threw the rock?

Oh.

We can have it any way you want.

You wanna have an understanding?

Are we gonna have

some kind of rapport or what?

- What's that?
- Cigarettes.
- You have any fuckin' primos in there?
- Chale, homes.

OK, get out.

What do you wanna have?

- Hodges, still with that rapport shit, huh?
- Hey. How you doin'?

What's my little brother doin' up in that tree?

- Thinks he's a monkey vato, eh?
- Stay up there.

You heard the man.

- Little brother?
- S, mon.

What's your name, little brother?

- Tell him your name, homes.
- Felipe.
- That's my partner, McGavin.
- What's your name, man?
- Huh?
- Larry.
Larry.
New partner.
OK, Larry. Get over there.
Larry Sylvester. Looney Tunes.
What's the matter
with the peewees, homes?
- What?
- They threw a rock at my brand-new car.
Who threw the rock?
Who threw it?!
- You're a stupid fuck, you know that?
- No future in it, homie.
- So you're back in the jungles, homes?
- This ain't the jungle. This is Disneyland.
So how we gonna teach them?
I don't know, Hodges. I don't know, man.
I don't know about this
younger generation, homes.
You come down, Felipe.
I'm gonna beat your ass.
Well, keep the homeboys in line, all right?
Yes, sir.
Have a good day.
All right, homes.
I didn't mean to jump on your case,
it's just you were blowin' my deal.
Our community have kids out there
who are dying over colours.
I mean, actually dying over red or blue.
And what we need is your help.
We need you to testify when
you see something going on out there.
We're outnumbered, we're outgunned,
we're tired. We need your help.
You mean the cops
don't have enough guns? Shit!
- You wanna know why they pull this shit?
- Cos there ain't no jobs out there!

Hell with 'em all!
Throw all the motherfuckers in jail, huh?
I know all about bein' outgunned,
all right? I mean, I was in Vietnam.
Yeah!
It ain't about what you got in your hand.
It's about what the people want.
That's what it is, man.
You're doggone right that's what it is.
- It's what the people want.
- Wait. Let the man talk, all right?
I used to run with a gang, all right?
Now I work with 'em.
I just wanna make a point here.
The reality on the streets is
the dope dealer has the Mercedes-Benz,...
...the money and the women. Now, these
kids have eyes. They see what's goin' on.
And that is their socialisation.
It's the values that they respect.
We don't educate 'em.
We don't give 'em jobs.
We know all that.
Why don't you do somethin' about it?
Look, what we need
is some damn protection.
- Then you've got to get involved.
- Why the fuck d'you think we're here?
We're fed up! We're sick of this shit!
The police are never gonna get anywhere.
Shakin' people down,
shinin' their lights in our eyes.
Treatin' all of us like criminals
cos of where we live!
- And right in front of our kids!
- D'you know where your kids are now?
Fuck you!
- Fuck you, man!
- You don't go botherin' me about my kid.
(shouting)
(woman bangs desk) Calm down!
Please hold it down. Let's come to order!
(gospel singing)
(choir) Soon, and very soon

We are going to see the King
Hallelujah, hallelujah
We are going to see the King
Oh, Lord God in heaven
We are going to see the King
Hallelujah, hallelujah
We are going to see the King
Oh, I said soon, and very soon
We are going to see the King
Soon, and very soon
We are going to see the King
Oh, I said soon, and very soon
We are going to see the King
Hallelujah, hallelujah
We are going to see the King
I want to thank Miss Loretta Thomas
and her choir,...

...greet the congregation and
all the rest of you who have chosen...
...to grace our church on this special day.
What makes this day so special?
"What is so special?" you ask.
Another black boy bites the dust
to which thou art returned.
I knew this boy, this Robert Craig,...

...whose mama brought him up
as best she could.
- It wasn't lack of love that killed him.
- (choir) Amen!

It was the scourge of drugs and gangs.
(congregation) That's right.
And what makes this day so special is, we
have now declared war upon this plague!
Yeah!

Till we see that this scourge of
gang violence is driven from our streets!
We've been bullied too long
by these sawed-off gangsters.
These gangbangers,
as they call themselves.
And now it is time for decent folk,...

- ...for people of God, to start bangin' back.
- Amen!
- Are we afraid of these hoodlums?

- (congregation) No.
- I said, are we afraid?
- No!
(automatic fire)
They hit, goddamn it!
We have a black and white following
a black Ford LTD. Request air unit.
- Fuck!
- Shit!
Eastbound in alley
between 113 and 114 from Wilmington.
(horns)
(dispatcher) Air units,
come in on southeast frequency.
Air 18. Go ahead.
Keep this motherfucker goin'!
Fuckin' asshole!
Get outta Dodge, you motherfuckers.
Eat shit and die, motherfuckers!
Get these cops. Fuck 'em up!
Air 18, respond to shots fired.
That fuckin' bitch can drive, man.
(helicopter pilot) Air 18.
Code six. Have three suspects...
Assholes. Fuck. Crips, Bloods...
Oh, shit!
(winded gasps)
My wife, uh...
says she wants to meet you.
She says, uh,...
- ...you can bring a date.
- Thanks.
- Jesus Christ!
- (Hodges chuckles)
So we had Linda, you know.
She's 18 now, right?
And then Bobby said
"Well, why don't we try for a boy?"
So I thought Tommie for sure
was gonna be our last one, but...
- (baby gurgles)
- ...these things happen!
Well, they better not.
Oh, no. You heard what he said?

Jumbo shrimp! There's a contradiction.

- \$14.95 a pound.

- Bobby...!

Hey, he's my partner.

What's money to two highly paid professionals of LA's best? Right?

- Right.

- Let me go help you.

- No, honey. Sit down.

- It's OK. I'll just come. Later, dear.

Prick. Bastard.

You dog.

You better treat her right,
or her Mexican mama's gonna chop it off.

- A fuckin' angel.

- I know.

Pretty fancy drivin'
the other day, McGavin.

I mean, we didn't
have to try and catch 'em.

Are you sayin' I wouldn't have?

Well, if I was you,
a year before pension,...

...a wife like that, a kid...

Three kids. That's bullshit.

D'you wanna get into this now?

I don't understand you. I really don't.

You wanna psychoanalyse me?

- Where'd you get your fuckin' hard-on?

- Ask me if I loved my mother.

I used to get jacked up
cos I thought I needed that edge.

Well, maybe you don't, maybe I do.

Maybe we're just different.

What I remember most from that time
is nothing but regrets.

Let me tell you something: you can't
prove anything out on the streets.

What you do is a job. You can try to be a
professional - that's the best you can do.

Now in 19 years I've learned one thing.

If you try to fight every jerk on the street,
you'll be one sad, sorry son of a bitch.

And you'll never last 20 years.

And God forbid if you ever get married
and take it out on your wife.
She will walk. She will fucking leave you.
So why make it worse all the time?

- Is that one thing?

- Yeah, one thing.
It's all one thing.

- The other day...

- This isn't to do with that.

- Shut up! uh, do I get to talk?

- Talk.

I'm sorry about the car.
I fuckin' wiped out. What can I say?
You want me to say
it's not gonna happen again?
I know what you're saying
and trying to do,...

...but I didn't volunteer for CRASH to play
games and be nice to these assholes.
Think you get respect? They laugh and
fuck somebody up. I can't deal with that.
If you don't think you can deal with me,
well, I understand that, too.

- Well?

- (Louisa) What?

- So tell me about him.

- Well, I will tell you later.

- Gimme the baby. Louisa?

- No, it's all right. I enjoy it.

How do you want me
to cook those shrimp?
Oh, butterfly 'em.
What's up?
Nothin'.
You OK?
Yeah.

- (Tommie) Here I come!
- Look at your brother there. Look.
(playful growls)
(McGavin) Now look what I got.
("Low Rider" by War
plays in background)
(laughter)
Hey, homes. You kiddin' me, homes?

Listen up, homes. Listen up.
That dude was fly, homes.
He so fly, he gone.
He made his own from the kerb, man.
Over and out.
Boom! Yeah.
Hey, Larry.
- You can make it out too, man.
- How?
Maybe I'll go to Hollywood,
be Eddie Murphy.
Frog, you think America's ready
to love two niggers at the same time?
Chale, homes.
- You been talkin' to Bird too long, eh?
- Say what?
I say you been talkin' to Bird too long.
- He says there's no future in it.
- Ain't no future but what you make it.
- Shit.
- Bangin' is shit!
Listen, homes! Hey, see, man,
that's just the way the world is, ese.
There's always gonna be gangs.
There's always gonna be fighting.
Always was and always is, man.
Nobody's gonna fuckin' stop it, man.
That's just life.
- You can stop it for yourselves.
- Fuck you. I don't wanna stop nothin'!
- Fuck you, you stupid fuckin' asshole.
- Fuck you back, man!
Tell your fairy tales to somebody else.
What am I gonna do with you guys, man?
(Frog) What do you mean? What the fuck
you mean, what you gonna do, man?
Who the fuck sent you anyway, homes?
- Hodges.
- Hodges?!
Yeah, he thinks maybe you're smart
enough to walk away from this bullshit.
- But you're too stupid to realise it.
- What does Hodges know, man? Huh?
Fuck Hodges, man!

Where does Hodges
come from anyway, huh?
See, man, these are my homeboys, vato.
See, our homie here is all we have, man.
I love them...
They love me back, man.
Mi barrio es primero, man.
(grunts)
D'you want me
to walk away from this, man?
No way.
Fuck you. No way, man.
I banged.
- But there's more.
- Where, man?
Fuckin' show me, huh?
What's up? What's goin' down, homes?
- Get outta here, Felipe.
- Well, shit, man!
Get the fuck away, homes!
That's your little brother, man.
You can stop over there.
(clears throat)
I had a nice time.
Thank you.
Hey.
- What?
- Look over here.
Where?
Closer.
What?
Lookin' pretty good.
I like you, too.
I didn't say that.
Tough guy, huh?
You know, everybody around here
is so tough that...
...that doesn't get to me.
What does?
Be nice.
- Wanna tell me what you were thinking?
- No. uh... no!
OK. I'm gonna go then.
No, no, no, no, no. I'll drive you down.

This is a bad area.

- I'll bring you down.

- Danny, I'm a homegirl.

This is my barrio, remember?

I'm safe.

Now they see me with you, maybe I'm not.

Good night.

Come here.

("Such a Night" by Dr John)

- She was that good?

- Yeah. The biggest tits I ever saw.

("Bloody Mary Morning"

by Willie Nelson on car radio)

(cop) This fuckin' paperwork!

Ex cuse me! Hello? Anyone know

where the valet parking is?

Hey, how do I look?

I don't mean relative to you, of course.

- Looks like they got a lemon.

- It looks like a Pac-Man.

- Oh, yeah, gobble them assholes up.

- Hey, hey, ooh. Pac-Man.

- (McGavin) That's my street name.

- Got a registration for that?

- I'll registrate your ass.

- Take all you bluecoats to try.

- Let's go get some of this juicy booty.

- Juicy booty!

Come on, we ain't goin' in that.

(dispatcher) 1-Mary-11, 1-Mary-11,

meet 1-Mary-10...

How'd you get involved?

Shit. Sheriff's got

the best intelligence, man.

We the ones called you in.

Yeah?

I noticed all those gangbang assholes

drivin' fire extinguishers off the docks.

I couldn't figure out why they was so

concerned about puttin' out a fuckin' fire.

So I'm checkin' out the fire extinguishers,

and it goes off in my hands.

They put the coke in the holes, you

know? So the evidence gets destroyed.

I nearly froze my fuckin' balls off.
(dispatcher) 35-Charlie-22.
212 Collins Street. 2-1-2 Collins Street.
The fire extinguisher's made in Taiwan,
comes from Colombia on a Panama boat.
(dispatcher) 11-George, are you ready?
11-Georgia. So, Big Bird, let's do it to it!
("Land of 1000 Dances"
plays faintly on stereo)
(Spanish on TV)
Police! We have a search warrant.
Open up!
Freeze! Stand the fuck up!
Turn around! Keep your fuckin' hands up!
Stand the fuck up! Turn around!
Get your fuckin' hands up in the air!
Put 'em behind your fuckin' head!
Put 'em behind your head!
Fuck! Don't move!
(McGavin) OK, we're inside.
- What have you got?
- I don't know. Check back there.
- He's got a gauge.
- Doin' some duck huntin', asshole?
- I didn't get his lower half yet.
- I'll get it.
(shouting)
(cop) Cuff this fuckin' gorilla.
(cop) All right, get him
on his goddamn feet. Now!
Help me lift him.
(helicopter pilot) Air 11.
Code four. Suspects in custody.
(dispatcher) Code four.
Suspects in custody. Code four.
Code four. Suspects in custody.
Code four.
Hey, now, Oso.
- Oso means "bear" in Spanish, huh, Oso?
- S, mon.
Well, ain't this a fuckin' bear, Oso?
You know what I want from you, man?
Five names.
You ain't shit. We'll fuck you.

Send you to county jail.
Or you give us five names,
stand back of court, and walk.
Is that understood?
We ain't talkin' no DA deal now.
I don't know anybody, officer.
Search warrant. Resistin' arrest. Want
more? You're messin' with a sheriff now.
If I talk?
Gun clean, you walk,
right here, right now.
Fuck it. Sheriff,
you got Chango, Mosca and Trian.
That's good. I know those assholes
as well as I know my own.
Now, who take it to the city?
For my friends here.
Who take the coke out the hose?
Who is Smokey the Bear?
A cat named Winky and High Top.
- High Top?
- I'm not lyin', man.
I don't owe them pinche myates
a fuckin' thing!
Let's go. Come on. You been a good bear.
You can go hibernate for a while.
- High Top.
- I fuckin' had the motherfucker.
Had what? What did we have?
A piece of rock. Big deal.
Did we know he was tied in here?
Oh, hey, what?
uncle Bob make a mistake?
- You wanna go and second-guess me?
- No, I wanna go and bust him.
So you gonna pull a fire extinguisher
out of his ass?
I'll plant one there if I have to, ...
...then you can pull it out so you don't
have to dick around in the car all the time.
You wanna fuckin' die? Spit it out!
Spit it out!
Face the wall. Down on your knees.
On your knees!

Spit it out! Spit it out!
You're gonna fuckin' die.
- Spit it out!
- That's enough, McGavin. Enough!
My partner doesn't fuckin' care if you
die either. Fuckin' stand up. Stand up!
Keep your hands behind your head.
Get down!
(chokes)
Your homeboy is gonna fuckin' die, OK?
He's gonna start turnin' blue and dyin'.
If somebody gives a fuck,
they'll bring him to the hospital.
- Don't fuckin' dance on me, OK?
- Enough. McGavin! Enough, hotshot.
Hold on. Hold on. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on. Hold on.
Hold on. What are you doin', Picasso?
Crossin' out the names of your friends?
Not gonna like that, are they?
Put your hands on your head.
You at war with these guys now?
Well, they're not gonna
like that one bit, my friend.
I'll tell you what.
Turn around, White Fence.
Why don't you graffiti on this mural?
Why don't you do that?
Cos they'll kill your fuckin' ass
and you know that, right, homes?
Now, if I were you, I'd get out
of this neighbourhood right away.
Hey.
This is a misdemeanour.
We could take you to jail for this.
But I got a plan. We can work somethin'
out. Ever heard of Earl Scheib, homes?
That's enough of that shit!
What should I have done?
Put masking tape on his ears?
Go on, get outta here.
Fuck you, Pac-Man!
- Here's your lemonade.
- Thank you, darlin'.

So, like I was sayin', everything's
goin' all right. You're doin' a good job.
You down for your crime,
so don't worry about nothin', man.
- Everything's gonna be all right.

- Yes.

Pac-Man!

Stand up.

I said stand up!

Get your hands behind your head.

Where your friends goin', dealer man?

You're usin' ten-year-olds

to carry your dope now?

What's this? You a brain surgeon?

Dr Feelgood?

Look at this shit.

- Where'd you get this?

- My auntie.

Man, I'm just kickin' it here. I'm just
chillin' out. What Pac-Man on me for?

(beeping)

Keep your hands behind your head
and turn around.

Who do you call when that beeper goes
off? Who's the nice man who calls you?

Huh?

Who's your connection? High Top?

What are you lookin' at, huh?

(outraged shouts from bystanders)

Don't you ever gimme no hard looks, cuz!

- Come on.

- Hey!

- Just for that you're goin' to jail, homes.

- Goin' to jail?!

Aagh!

But I ain't did nothin'.

- Except become a professional asshole.

- Aagh!

- Man, these handcuffs is too tight!

- Well, they're not built for comfort, pal.

- Listen, man, you ain't got nothin' on me!

- I got handcuffs on you.

Say, man, you ain't got to grab my hair!

Ah, shit! Man, you ain't got shit on me!

- Shut up!
- (yells)
Soon I'll be out of this motherfucker, man!
All that old punk shit you doin',
that ain't nothin'!
That ain't shit!
Say, man, a fuckin' parole violation? I'll
be out of this motherfucker in six months.
- Shut up.
- These handcuffs are too tight.
Want me to do a little
tap dance on your head? Shut up.
This fuckin' guy...
- What's the matter?
- I'm too old for your shit.
- I'm not gonna argue with that.
- Oh, yeah?
You think you can handle me?
You think I'm over the hill?
You want a fuckin' piece of me?!
Right now, huh?
You think you got the market cornered?
You think I'm not fuckin' crazy? Try me.
Try me, you fuck.
What are you talkin' about?
That's what I thought.
Hey, Hodges.
uncle Bob.
I don't have any problem with you.
Oh, no? You got problems with
the whole fuckin' world, and I'm in it.
And I don't like it.
Why don't you just chill out a little bit
and figure out which side you're on?
I would if I could.
But you're just like them, Pac-Man.
Nothin' but a gangster.
Now, you've been to my house, that's
where I live. Any time. Any fuckin' time!
You better bring your lunch.
- Will you just come out to talk?
- No!
- Why?
- You OK?

Yeah, I'm fine.

- What do you want?

- Nothing. Just... go away!

(sighs)

- This is stupid. It stinks back here.

- (fly buzzes)

No kidding? Well, thank you.

Will you just tell me what I did?

They hate you, McGavin.

McGavin? Oh.

You see that badge?

I wear it. That's my job. That's what I do.

So what do you want?

The other day you caught this boy
and put paint all over his face.

Well, he's my cousin.

Oh, that's funny?

I didn't know you had such a big family.

I'm sorry. OK?

I'm sorry.

You know what he was doin'?

He was crossing out the names
of East LA gang members on the wall.

You know what that means
when they do that?

It means they're gonna kill someone.

So I'm sorry if I sprayed the kid's face.

Maybe I saved his life that way.

- But I swear...

- I don't care!

That's mean, Danny. You're sadistic.

I am not with you.

I am with them, Danny. I'm a homegirl.

Did they threaten you?

No.

No one knows I saw you.

It's you who threaten me, Danny.

You have a mean heart.

What's up? What can I do for you?

- Thanks for comin' by.

- I called you because Felipe's got...

Felipe got all fucked up on PCP, homes.

He got whacked on that juice.

But he's straight, homes.

He goes to school.
Now they got him on this gang file shit
and he ain't banging, homes.
He ain't in no gang.
Barrio don't need him, homes.
Hodges, I'm telling you this. You gotta
get him off the computer file, homes.
Well, he's gonna have
to go to Juvie Hall anyway.
Might do him some good.
Scare him a little.
Ah, he's scared. He's scared
of what I'm gonna do, homes.
Listen, get him out of the gang file. You'll
fuck up his life sure as I live, homes.
I'll talk to him. I'll talk to him, OK?
Orale! I know the routine, homes.
I owe you one.
That's what makes
this country great, homes.
- What's that?
- Credit.
You got your Visa card. I got you, homes.
Thanks, homes.
- Hey, Frog.
- Yeah.
- 21st Street, right?
- S, mon.
Leo Lopez. Homeboy, you just saved
me a trip. I got a warrant out for you.
Hey, homes, I'm a visitor, man.
- Now you're a guest.
- I'm a fucking visitor.
Turn around. Assume the position, man!
- What'd he do, man?
- This clown's got 15 outstanding tickets.
Hey, homes, I was gonna pay those.
Yeah, well, you're a little late, partner.
Want me to raise your bail, man?
Nah. I got more time than money.
Dreamer.
Let's go.
Good morning, officer.
("Rhythm Killers" by Sly & Robbie

on car stereo)
(volume down)
Hey!
Hey!
Watch it!
High Top!
Hey!
Hey, High Top!
(screaming)
(screams)
Everybody down! Everybody down!
Release the woman, motherfucker!
- Let's go.
- No.
God! Please.
Release the woman!
Give it up, asshole!
Please!
Release the woman, motherfucker,
or I'll fuckin' shoot!
(screams)
(cries out)
How long you been
thinking about this one?
Motherfucker!
Let me see your fuckin' face, asshole!
You're under arrest.
You're under arrest.
You have the right to remain silent.
If you give up that right, anything you say
can be used against you in a court of law.
You have the right to speak to an attorney
and have one present during questioning.
If you so desire and cannot afford one,
one will be appointed for you at no cost.
("Crumblin' Down"
by John Cougar Mellencamp)
Hey, Bob!
(turns volume down)
- That was hot shit, cowboy.
- Thank you, man. Thank you.
For an old man.
- Well, every dog has his day.
- (turns music off)

It was my own fault, right? I mean, I was the asshole that let him go to begin with. Hey, wait a minute. I wanna apologise.

- For what?

- For a lotta shit.

Go see a priest, say a couple of Hail Marys. I mean, I'm not the guy for that. If you cut me half as much slack as you do those assholes, I might owe you one. I have.

You do.

Listen, I spoke to Melindez at DSD, OK? I'll be gettin' a new partner first of the month.

You ever have a bad relationship with a woman where you fight all the time? Even when you love 'em. It's like havin' two heads. One says "red", the other's sure to say "green". Once you had one that wasn't like that, you never go back again. You leave it. You don't point a finger and blame someone. You just go your separate ways.

OK?

That's it.

Yeah, well, the apology still goes.
(turns music back on)

That's your ass, High Top!
Bloods don't deal with Crip dealers.
You Crip!
Hey, Crip!
We're Bloods, motherfucker!
I want a doctor.
Why'd they do you, High Top? Hm?
You sellin' bad shit in the street?
You been hangin' around those Crips too much, man.
I wanna talk to my lawyer.
Lawyer's not gonna help you, man.
Give it up.
Tell me somethin' that I don't know.
Even his homeboys can't deal with him.

Get his ass outta here.
- Get him put in his cell.
- Hold it!
Wanna get out of the gang module, huh?
Wanna get back in the population?
You don't - well,
you're one dead motherfucker.
Tell me somethin' I don't know.
You may beat the rap, but there's
all kinds of justice in this world.
I don't know what you know.
Give me somethin' tasty.
Some of that nasty cheese of yours, hm?
It's a cold world, Blood. No mercy.
Ain't that what you write on the walls?
Who got Robert Craig?
Rocket. It was Rocket.
(dispatcher) Hollenbeck units.
Vehicle used in a 187.
Dark-blue van. License.1-Frank-
9-2-6-David. 1-Frank-9-2-6-David.
- That's Rocket's van, man.
- Well, here we go.
(Hodges) 1-CRASH-32, we're southbound
on Huntington, responding to a 187 van.
At the liquor store,
you go past it, turn right.
(helicopter pilot) I have my light on
a dark-blue van behind the liquor store.
Driver, put both hands out the window.
Both hands!
Keep your right hand out the window.
Take your left hand,...
...cross it over your body
and take the keys out of the ignition.
I wanna see the keys in your hand.
(helicopter pilot) Air Two. I have
two units, code six, on the suspect.
Now, with one hand,
open the right-hand door.
I want it all the way open.
Same hand, open the other door.
Now get your hand back up.
(helicopter pilot) Air Two.

We have two suspects. Male, black.
Passenger, ...
...slowly climb over the driver's side.
Exit with your hands in the air.
Put your hands in sight above your head.
Face forward.
Hey, RJ, these guys look pretty scary.
You feelin' like a hero? Cuff 'em up.
This is the van that ol' Rocket was driving
when he shot up Robert Craig.
- Read 'em their rights.
- What for?
(cop) All right, keep your head still.
OK, move 'em over. That's it.
What you got? Nice and easy now.
- See my flashlight?
- Tell me what you got.
- OK, what do we got here?
- Don't want no surprises.
Don't worry. They got no diseases.
(helicopter pilot) Air Two.
Code four. Suspects in custody.
How long have you known Rocket?
A year? Ten years?
- About one year, I guess.
- About one year, you guess.
Where does his lady live?
I don't know.
Hey, don't pull my fuckin' dick, stupid.
I don't. I don't know where she lives.
OK, look. Somebody
wants to kill Rocket, let's say.
And old fat Willie's gotta let him know, be
a hero to him. Now, how do you find him?
I don't know.
Oh, man, homes.
We can do this all fuckin' night.
What is Rocket's girlfriend's name?
I don't know his girlfriend's name.
Hey, look.
You're not talkin' to some fool now.
We're talkin' about your freedom.
You don't know her.
What's her girlfriend's name?

- What girlfriend?
- Any one. Pick one.
Don't tell me you don't know
the little bitches' names in the hood.
Big strong boy like you.
Huh?
What's the name of some of
Rocket's girlfriend's friends?
Annie.
Annie what?
I don't know.
(voice over PA)
180, 65. Come to the front desk.
Who else? Don't pull my fuckin' dick.
I'll front you in front of the homeboys.
I'll go out there, give you \$50,
say "Thanks for the information."
I'll do it. I've done it before.
(sighs)
Cheryl Williams.
I'll be back.
You keep your fuckin' mouth shut.
Annie, Cheryl Williams.
(voice over PA) Call at the front desk.
1-David-12, phone call at the front desk.
(Hodges) How did he get your van?
How did he get your van?
Hm?
We know that he used your van, Lewis.
Now, if you don't wanna get in trouble,...
...just tell me how Rocket got it.
I lent it to my brother.
And?
Rocket took it from him at a party.
He just took the van?
My brother was afraid.
He's more afraid of Rocket than of you?
(voice over PA) Detective McShaney
has a call in the front office.
Just so we understand ourselves.
We don't want you, man. We want him.
But they used your van in a drive-by,...
...so we're gonna book you
unless you help us out.

Relax, man. I'm not laughin' at you.
- You know what fat Willie just told me?
- What?
You know that foxy little chick that hangs
out with Cheryl Williams and Annie?
- I don't think so.
- Yeah, yeah, you know who I mean.
The sexy little thing. This is wild.
Shit, uh...
Lewis, what the fuck
is the name of that girl?
- Sharon?
- Right!
Oh, yeah.
Right, Sharon, uh...
I don't know.
Robbins?
Robbins. Right.
- Rocket's lady.
- Right, man!
(Hodges) Right.
- Police! Open up.
- (woman moans)
- I don't think they heard us.
- Fuck 'em. Let's go.
Talk about gettin' off.
We are going in. Be careful and be quiet.
(woman pants and moans)
(woman) Yes! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
- (woman shrieks)
- Freeze!
That's not Rocket. That's not Rocket.
- (woman screams)
- Holy fuck! Stop that shit.
Come on.
(woman sobs)
Killer-Bee.
Why'd you move, man? Why?
I was reachin'... for my pants, man.
Yeah.
Just lie still. Don't move, OK? Hang
in there. I'll get you an ambulance, OK?
Somebody get an ambulance!

Hang in there.

(woman weeps)

Motherfucker, you!

Pac-Man, motherfucker, you!

We're gonna get you, motherfucker!

("Let the Rhythm Run" by Salt-n-Pepa)

We can get Pac-Man.

- You get Pac-Man.

- We gonna let Rocket know.

Sure enough, momma. We tell Rocket.

Yo, Rocket, man! Check out this uzi.

Definitely tighten up

Pac-Man's shit, homeboy.

(dance music)

T-Bone.

- You gonna shoot me, you punk?

- I'm not gonna shoot you.

- You gonna shoot me?

- Everything's cool. Let's go.

Fuck that, man!

- Get off me! Gimme my rabbit.

- Calm down, T-Bone.

Tell him to gimme my rabbit. Punk!

You couldn't get none at home?

Get off me, man!

- There's your rabbit, T-Bone.

- Yeah, yeah.

- There's your rabbit.

- I stuck my T-bones in your hind!

- In the hind, baby.

- Get up, T-Bone.

- You don't have to stick my face in it.

- You'll get your rabbit. Got your rabbit.

- Give it!

- Here's your rabbit. Come on.

You're tryin' to take T-Bone away.

I want another one.

You can't take T-Bone away, man.

You can't take the T!

Here, boy, come on now. Come on.

The rabbit's gonna be right with us here.

Here's your rabbit.

See that? That's the part that's next.

Hey, man. Wherever I go,

I represent the set, man. I am the set.
Kickin' back, illin' with the homeboys.
Doin' that crazy shit.

- Right on, T-Bone.

- I love that crazy shit.

Crashin' motherfuckers on the floor.

Bam, man!

Bust 'em in the head, stab 'em, whatever.

- Robbin' houses, beatin' up on fools.

- You know that.

- Blastin' my enemies.

- Go partyin' afterwards. That's it, man.

Yo, I go to this freak house, man,
with cuz. I left cuz there.

Man, I come back, the boy's sleepin'
on the floor, man. Like The Little Rascals.

Boy's sleepin' on the floor.

You know Rocket's hidin' out, man.

Cops killed the Killer-Bee, man.

Shot that boy down, man!

He's pumpin' his fuel into Rocket's lady.

The cops came in, bang, bang!

Pumped so much lead in that boy,
turned him into a pencil, man.

Left him on the floor curled up
like a baby with a big dick, man.

- That's cold, man.

- Word, that's the Pac-Man.

That motherfucker Pac-Man,
we gonna put the bite on his ass, man.

Yo, man, go get me some cigarettes.

And a girlie magazine. Hurry up, man.

Hey, come on, Frog.

Are you playin' or what?

What about the woman, Officer Baines?

Was she in the line of fire?

Not to my knowledge. She wasn't hit.

Your knowledge of our shooting policy
is the question here, Officer Baines,...

...because your judgment
is certainly suspect.

You killed a man, mister -
for reachin' for his pants.

Sir, I thought my life and the lives

of my fellow officers were in danger.
- He appeared to be going for a weapon.
- I do understand that, Officer Baines.
But what I can't figure out...
...is why you didn't take more time
to find out who was really in that room.
Sir, we thought the 187
murder suspect was in the room.
That's why we were there.
You thought wrong, Officer Baines.
Man, this is crazy.
They think he shot him.
- It wasn't you, was it?
- No, sir.
What difference does it make?
If they think he did, he did it.
They're not gonna shoot a cop.
- Who told you this?
- I'd rather not say.
I'm not asking you to testify.
I'm not gonna give up your source.
Leo Lopez. Call him Frog.
He's in County on a traffic warrant.
He owed me one, OK?
- Look, I believe him.
- I'm sick of these dumb assholes.
Call Metro. Put the clamps on
until we get 'em to call it off.
- Melindez, you wanna set it up?
- Yeah. Sure.
What we gonna do with him?
Ex cuse me. If you wanna take me
off the street, that's your option.
But we shouldn't let these gangbangers
dictate the way we operate. I'll be OK.
What do you think?
I'll call Metro when I get upstairs.
In the meantime, kick back.
Relax, t sables? And be careful.
Yes, sir. Thank you.
I'm back after lunch.
Fuck it, man! They're still out there, dude,
askin' about the hit on Pac-Man.
- (Crip) Say what?

- (Crip #2) No shit.
- Who said?
- I saw 'em rollin' down the street!
(Crip) Bullshit, shit!
- Y'all been talkin'?
- Hell, no!
- Is everybody here?
- No.
T-Bone, cuz. up in County, man.
Word.
- Y'all find out who that nigger with.
- T-Bone say Frog from 21st Street.
- Let's bust a cap in his ass.
- Get his hide.
We down.
Your brother paid.
I got him a job, remember?
Shit! Well, he shouldn't have paid, homes.
- It's just money, man.
- I know, but he shouldn't have paid.
Went up to Miss Mousie's door
Shut up, man!
Gonna get a job and
pay your brother back now?
- I don't know, homes.
- He's into Miss Mousie now, man.
You're gonna have to get some pussy.
You been in the slammer too long.
(Larry) All right!
Party tonight, man. Party!
(dance music)
Come on, homie. Show us how!
This is so strong, man.
You wanna have some of this shit
and get high, then we'll bust some hose.
Yeah, back in a bit.
Shit.
Good shit, huh?
I feel sorry for the bitch
I'll take home tonight, ese.
(screaming)
(dispatcher) Units in the area, shots fired.
1070 Hicks. Ganahl and Hicks.
Roger. 1-CRASH-32, there in one.

(pilot) Air 12. CRASH-1-32.
We have our light on you. Are responding
to shots fired, Ganahl and Hicks.
(siren)
(faint music from house)
- One of you back me up, will you?
- I'm goin' with Hodges.
I'm OK. How you doin' tonight?
Bet we got victims up there now.
("Memories of El Monte"
by The Penguins on stereo)
Turn the music off.
(music stops)
Sit him down.
- Did anybody get hit?
- (women) No.
- Anyone hurt?
- No.
- What's with your homeboy, Spanky?
- Too many cervezas, homes.
Go sit over here, man.
What are you on, man?
- Been smokin' some super kools?
- Go sit over there.
See my finger? Follow my finger.
This guy's dusted.
Don't sneak up on me like that, man.
Come on. Come on out.
Take a seat over here.
What?
What's the matter with you, Pac-Man?
Huh?
What's the matter with you, man? Hey.
- Hey, Pac-Man!
- Hey.
Hey, Pac-Man! Hey, man.
Fuck you. I know him.
Just relax. Relax, relax. She's gone.
(sobbing man) I was watchin' TV...
- What's your name?
- Mary Castillo.
Castillo?
You think you know who I am, Danny?
Huh? Do you?

All you see is what you want,
and you only want things one way.

Look at me, Danny!

- Look at me!

- Go back up, Dennis.

Look at me, Pac-Man!

This is me too, man!

(man sobs)

Why?

Why? Why?

(man) Oh, God!

Why? Why?

I don't know why, man.

Did you see how many people
were in the car?

I didn't see anything.

(man sobs) Why?

I saw who it was, man.

It was Rocket, Dog-Man and Shooter.

- Rocket?

- Fuck the Crips, eh?

They die.

I want in. Won't take this shit no more.

Es mi barrio.

I want in.

Get off the fuckin' porch, homes.

Get off the fuckin' porch, homes.

So you wanna let the little fucker in, huh?

I don't think he's tough enough, homes.

I don't think he's got enough heart, man.

(shouts of encouragement)

That's two fights, homes. All right.

All right!

There's no turning back now, homes.

You fucked up, homes.

You joined the gang.

Es mi barrio, homes.

Mi barrio.

You did good.

You all right?

Good.

(gang member) Way to go, homie!

Bang. 2-1, homes.

OK, loosen up!

All right, I want all CRASH units
on full alert. Wear your vests.
use every precaution. Arrest 'em on sight.
These streets'll be quiet soon.
There'll be nobody to bust.
All right, let's go to work!
(shouts of support)
("Squeeze the Trigger" by Ice-T)
(song continues faintly)
All right, just as we planned.
(song continues)
Stupid fucks.
(confused shouting)
Grenades!
(guitars play)
(twig snaps)
Fuckin' Looney Tunes, eh?
He's fuckin' Rambo, ese.
Rambo didn't die, homes.
Fuck that, man.
Cos I'm a fuckin' Rambo, homes!
See, I go, man. I'll go just like Larry.
Fuck! Fucking vato psycho loco, homes.
When I die, homes,
I wanna go just like that, man.
Die?
You ain't never gonna die, homes.
Come here.
When I die, homes,...
...I'm gonna die like that.
Con mi ruca, homes.
Relax, homie.
You did good.
Te aventaste, homes.
You got big balls, little brother.
(helicopter engine)
Police!
- What do you want, eh?
- Stand up! Hands on top of your head!
- Get your hands up now!
- Drop that shotgun!
(pilot) Air Two. I have 20 suspects with
automatic rifles, shotguns and handguns.
I repeat.this is Air Two.

I have 20 suspects...
...with automatic rifles,
shotguns and handguns.
Put your hands behind your head!
Get down on your knees!
Down on your knees.
Down on your knees!
- Been lookin' for you, Frog.
- Are we gonna have a rapport, Hodges?
- Who'd you tell?
- Huh?
- Who'd you tell?
- Nobody.
You're a fuckin' liar.
I go and do a favour
for your lousy partner.
(cop) Get that cigarette
out of your mouth. Get up!
- This guy's got a gun.
- Gimme another set of cuffs.
Get down. Get down! Get down.
- Hey, turn the fuck around.
- No future in it, vato!
Oh, shit!
Air Two requesting
four additional units for shots fired.
(Hodges) Oh, Gosh. Oh.
- Officer down! Call an RA unit!
- (dispatcher) Officer requesting backup.
Four units. 20 suspects. Armed.
Jesus fucking Christ, man!
(groans)
It's OK.
It's just... I can't feel my legs.
- OK. It's OK.
- I just wanna lay here for a minute.
- Stay calm. Stay calm.
- Just call my wife.
OK. Somebody get an ambulance!
Have somebody call my wife
and tell her to come get me.
Go get my w... Get my wife.
OK. I just wanna rest my head a minute.
I gotta catch my breath.

I'm gonna catch my breath.

OK.

I'm gonna catch my breath.

Gonna catch my breath.

(gasps) Catch my breath.

OK. Now, after just a little rest I...

I'll be ready to roll in a minute.

- (moans) My wife...

- Stay calm. Stay calm.

OK.

(gasps) Gotta catch my breath.

(chokes)

Breathe. Breathe.

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.

Let me catch my breath.

Where's my wife?

OK, I'll be ready to roll in a minute. OK.

It's all right. Call my wife.

- Catch my breath.

- (McGavin) Breathe. Breathe.

Breathe.

Bob, breathe. Breathe!

Air Two. We have a possible 187.

(cries out)

(helicopter pilot, distorted) Air Two...

So you know, I keep my backup
on my inside left ankle.

If we ever get into any hostage situation,
I call you by my name...

Hey, hey, you ain't got to worry
about no hostage situation, partner,...

...cos now, see, you got yourself
a bad, black, kick-ass cop for a sidekick.

What's this, man?

Looks like we got us a deal.

(girl shouts)

They toss it?

You're all fired up, man.

- Let me tell you about workin' the ghetto.

- Hey, I grew up in this neighbourhood.

I don't need no lecture from no white cop
about how to get on here.

Hey, what you gettin' moody for? I grew
up here. I know what the fuck I'm doin'.

Just shut up, all right? Listen.
There were these two, uh, bulls...
...and they're standin'
on top of a mountain.
And, uh... um...
...they're lookin' down at a bunch of cows.
And then, uh, the older one
says to the younger one...
No! The younger one...
The younger one says...
"Hey, Pop."
"What do you say we run down
and fuck one of them cows?" And, uh...
And then the older one says "No, son."
"Let's walk down and fuck 'em all."

(partner laughs)

("Colors" by Ice-T)

Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors
Colors

I am a nightmare walkin'
Psychopath talkin'
King of my jungle
Just a gangster stalkin'
Livin' life like a firecracker
Quick is my fuse
Vendettas of death
back the colors I choose
Red or blue, Cuz or Blood
It just don't matter
Sucker, dive for your life
When my shotgun scatters
Colors
The gangs of LA will never die
Just multiply
Colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors

Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors
You don't know me, fool
You disown me, cool
I don't need your assistance
Social persistence
Any problem I got
I just put my fist in
My life is violent
But violent is life
Peace is a dream
Reality is a knife
My color's my honor
My color's my all
With my colors upon me
One soldier stands tall
Tell me, what have you left me?
What have I got?
Last night in cold blood
My young brother got shot
My homeboy got jacked
My mother's on crack
My sister can't work
Cos her arms show tracks
Madness, insanity
Livin' profanity
Then some punk claimin'
They understandin' me?
Gimme a break
What world do you live in?
Death is my set
Guess my religion
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
My pants are saggin'

Braided hair
Suckers stare
But I don't care
My game ain't knowledge
My game's fear
I've no remorse
So squares beware
But my true mission
Is just revenge
You ain't in my set
You ain't my friend
Wear the wrong color
Your life could end
Homicide's my favourite binge
Colors
Colors, co-colors, colors, colors
Colors, co-co-colors, colors
Colors, co-co-co-colors
Colors, co-co-co-colors
Colors, co-co-co-colors
Colors
Colors, colors
Colors, colors
So I just walk like a giant
Police defiant
You'll say to stop
But I'll say that I can't
My gang's my family
It's all that I have
I'm a star
On the wall's my autograph
You don't like it so
You know where you can go
Cos the streets are my stage
And terror's my show
Psychoanalyse, try
Diagnose me, why?
It wasn't your brother
Who brutally died
But it was mine
So let me define
My territory
Don't cross the line
Don't try to act crazy

Cos that shit don't faze me
If you ran like a punk
It wouldn't amaze me
Cos my color's death
Though we all want peace
But our war won't end
Till all wars cease
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors
Colors, colors, colors