

3 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

3

Old and tired, near Good Samaritan Hospital. Jake struts through the door, confidently looks around.

JAKE'S POV

DETECTIVE SERGEANT ALONZO HARRIS, in black shirt, black leather jacket. And just enough platinum and diamonds to look like somebody. He reads the paper in a booth. The gun leather-tough LAPD vet is a hands-on, blue-collar cop who can kick your ass with a look.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake walks over. Slides in across. Alonzo's eyes will never leave his newspaper.

JAKE

Good morning, sir.

A young waitress pours Jake coffee, offers a menu. Jake waves it away.

JAKE

I'm okay, ma'am. Thank you.

ALONZO

Have some chow before we hit the office. Go ahead. It's my dollar.

JAKE

No, thank you, sir. I ate.

ALONZO

Fine. Don't.

Alonzo turns the page. A long beat. Then:

JAKE

It's nice here.

ALONZO

May I read my paper?

JAKE

I'm sorry, sir... I'll get some food.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ALONZO

No. You won't. You fucked that up. Please. I'm reading. Shut up.

Jake does -- Jeeez, sorry. Pours a ton of sugar in his coffee.

TIME CUT TO:

4 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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The waitress pours refills. Alonzo reads. Jake fidgets.

JAKE

Sure wouldn't mind not roasting in a hot black and white all summer.

Alonzo sighs, carefully folds his paper. Glares at Jake.

ALONZO

Tell me a story, Hoyt.

JAKE

My story?

ALONZO

Not your story. A story. You can't keep your mouth shut long enough to let me finish my paper. So tell me a story.

JAKE

I don't think I know any stories.

Alonzo waves the paper in Jake's face.

ALONZO

This is a newspaper. And I know it's ninety percent bullshit but it's entertaining. That's why I read it. Because it entertains me. If you won't let me read my paper, then entertain me with your bullshit. Tell me a story.

JAKE

A real one or should I make one up?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ALONZO

(sighs)

Where'd you do your probation?

JAKE

Van Nuys.

ALONZO

Right. The Valley. No cute little anecdotes about writing underage smoking cites at the shopping mall?

Jake thinks. Bingo! He's got it.

JAKE

There was this D.U.I. stop.

ALONZO

A D.U.I. stop. Wow. Go on.

JAKE

We were on the mid-watch.

ALONZO

We? You and...?

JAKE

Debbie.

ALONZO

Debbie? The hell's Debbie?

JAKE

My training officer. Debbie Maxwell --

ALONZO

-- Your T.O. was female?

JAKE

Yessir.

ALONZO

She white? Black?

JAKE

White.

ALONZO

She dyked out or she any good?

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

JAKE

She's pretty good.

ALONZO

(he's hooked)

So you and Debbie are pullin' a mid-watch?

JAKE

Right. It's a real quiet night. A yawner. We're rolling on Vanowen. I'm driving. And this Acura, just a beautiful car, comes out a side street. In excess. All over the median. So I light it up and hit the wailer. Guy drives on like I'm invisible for ten blocks before he pulls over. Plates ran clean. Debbie covers as I approach. Driver's this huge white guy. Can barely keep his eyes open. I field test and arrest and I'm belting him in our unit. Debbie's tossing his car. She calls me to the vehicle and shows me a snubbed .38 and two shotguns, all loaded and locked.

ALONZO

No shit?

JAKE

No shit. She calls our supervisor and I keep searching. I find five hundred grams of meth in the dash. Turns out our D.U.I. was on bail for distribution. He was on his way to smoke his ex-partner before trial.

(proudly)

We prevented a murder.

Alonzo is astonished.

ALONZO

... amazing...

Jake beams -- some story, huh?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

ALONZO

You're driving around the Valley with a fine bitch in your car for a year and the most entertaining story you got is a drunk stop? Never hit her up for some Code X in the back seat? Didn't tap it?

JAKE

I have a wife.

ALONZO

You also have a dick.

Alonzo shakes his head in disgust. Jake is crushed.

ALONZO

Let's go.

Alonzo tosses a fifty on the table. OFF his heavy wedding band we --

CUT TO:

5 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - PARKING LOT - DAY

5

Jake and Alonzo crossing. Alonzo sizes Jake up.

ALONZO

You walk and talk like a damn cop.

Alonzo stops at:

G-RIDE

A narc-machine supreme. A clean, black 1978 Monte Carlo on nice rims.

ALONZO

Gimme that menu.

Jake pulls a Chinese menu from under the wiper. Hands it to Alonzo, who folds and pockets it.

ALONZO

Get in. S'unlocked.

Jake admires the car, climbs in.