MURDER POLICE

"Gang War/Moving Out!"

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SECOND DRAFT

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COLD OPEN

EXT. STREET - DAY

We're CLOSE on an AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLE. PULL OUT to reveal it's owner, a dangerous looking YOUNG HOOD in a big old American car with three other YOUNG HOODS, all of whom also have rifles. The car zooms around a corner, unnoticed by MANUEL AND TOMMY in Manuel's car as it pulls into a gas station. MANUEL and TOMMY get out. Manuel goes to the pump while Tommy heads inside.

TOMMY

Gas station hot dog, all the trimmings?

MANUEL

Yup, and while you're getting our lunch... (RE: CAR) I'll get her lunch...

TOMMY

It's more like you're giving her something else, know what I mean?

Tommy smiles at Manuel, waiting for Manuel to get it.

MANUEL

Oh, yeah, like... like the gas pump is an I.V. and I'm giving her much needed medication...

TOMMY

No, come on, Manny, what's the gas pump look like?

MANUEL

... uh... oh, the gas pump looks like... a straw, and...

(MORE)

MANUEL (CONT'D)

the car has had it’s teeth broken, and has to take all its food in liquid form...?

TOMMY

Never mind...

Tommy exits inside. Manuel takes the pump and puts it in his gas tank. As he does...

MANUEL

(FINALLY GETTING IT) Ohhhh... sex!

Now enjoying the joke, Manuel pulls the nozzle out a little, then puts it back in.

MANUEL (CONT’D)

Heh.

Suddenly, a FRANTIC HISPANIC WOMAN runs up to Manuel. (NOTE: ALL HER DIALOGUE IS IN SPANISH, TRANSLATED IN SUBTITLES.)

FRANTIC WOMAN

(IN SPANISH) Officer, please! Help me! A gang of men are driving down my street! They’re going to shoot someone!

MANUEL

(NODS, THEN) Oh, I’m sorry, I don’t... what did you want here?

FRANTIC WOMAN

(IN SPANISH) Please Officer! They are going to hurt someone!

MANUEL

Yeah, you’re not-- you’re not listening, I don’t--

FRANTIC WOMAN

(IN SPANISH, SUBTITLED) THERE'S NO TIME! PLEASE! YOU HAVE TO STOP THEM!

She grabs Manuel's arm and starts pulling.

MANUEL

Hey! Oh, I see, yes, well, you're very attractive in your own way...

FRANTIC WOMAN

(IN SPANISH, SUBTITLED) Someone is going to get hurt! We have to hurry!

The woman pulls Manuel's legs as he clings on to the pump.

MANUEL

AAH! MA'AM! ARE YOU CRAZY? GET OFF OF ME!! SOMEBODY HELP!

Tommy runs out of the gas station with two hot dogs in hand.

TOMMY

Hey, get off of him, bro!

Tommy, still holding the hot dogs, kicks the woman off of Manny.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, what's going on?

The frantic woman gets up and collects herself.

FRANTIC WOMAN

(IN SPANISH) Officer! There are men with very large guns down the street, they're about to kill someone!

Long beat.

TOMMY

What's she saying, Manny?

MANUEL

I don't know, I don't speak Spanish!

TOMMY

But you're Mexican...

MANUEL

And you're Italian. Do you speak Italian?

TOMMY

She's not speaking Italian--

MANUEL

No, I know, I just think it's kind of racist to assume--

FRANTIC WOMAN

(IN SPANISH) WE HAVE TO GO, NOW!

TOMMY

Lady! We got no time to coax your baby out of the car or whatever you--

We HEAR gunshots in the distance for an extended beat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, man, we better check that out! (TO WOMAN) And lady, you better hope you didn't distract us from something we could've prevented! Comprende?

MANUEL

And by the way, *I'm married*.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. RUNDOWN DUPLEX - DAY

The duplex is surrounded by cops. The entire side of the building is shot up. Manuel and Tommy pull up in Manuel's car and get out. (Tommy still holds the hot dogs.)

TOMMY

Funny, when I was still a woman I dated a guy who lived on this block.

MANUEL

Oh, how'd it go?

TOMMY

Didn't last, I was too jealous of him.

MANUEL

Why were you jealous?

TOMMY

He had a penis and I didn't, idiot.

MANUEL

(AWKWARD) Oh, right... 'cause I should've known that...

A UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Detectives, witnesses say a group of guys with guns unloaded on this duplex and just drove off.

TOMMY

Wellp, vandalism isn't our department. We're homicide bro. C'mon, Manny. (RE: HOT DOGS) Let's go scarf these bad boys down.

MANUEL

Tommy, I don't-- don't you think we should see if anybody's hurt?

TOMMY

Assuming the bullets went through the walls. How often does that happen?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

There is a dead guy in the second floor unit...

TOMMY

DAMMIT!

Tommy throws both hot dogs on the ground. They head inside.

INT. APARTMENT (TOP FLOOR) - MOMENTS LATER

An OVERWEIGHT DEAD GUY sits at his kitchen table face down in a frozen dinner. Tommy and Manuel stand over him. Manuel looks at a package for a Hungry Tom TV dinner.

MANUEL

(DEEP) A Hungry Tom TV Dinner. Salisbury Steak. My favorite. Hm. So long, fellow Hungry Tom.

Manuel pats the guy's head and we hear the SQUISH of the head in the frozen dinner.

TOMMY

Hey, looks like he's got some kind of tattoo on his arm... 1-8-2.

On his shoulder, a small tattoo reads, "182"

MANUEL

HEY! A Blink 182 fan! (WRITING ON HIS PAD) Alright! I liked this guy.

DONEL (O.S.)

That ain't no Blink 182 tattoo, you

punk ass bitch.

Tommy and Manuel see DONEL leaning up against the door frame.

MANUEL

Oh! Uh, h-- hey Donel. What's up?

DONEL

(ENTERING) That tattoo's the mark of

the 182nd street gang.

MANUEL

... Oh! Heh. I- I thought it was the

Mark HOPPUS of the Blink... 182...

street... sorry.

DONEL

182nd is the main Salvadoran gang,

this is their terri-tori-tution, 'bout

two-two year-years now... probably a

hit by MA-13, the Nicaraguans...

TOMMY

Bro, I hate you.

DONEL

I hate you too, bitch.

They give each other an ANGRY fist bump. Just then the LANDLORD, 60ish, storms into the apartment. (The Spanish is sub-titled in English).

LANDLORD

(IN SPANISH) What's going on!? Why

aren't the cops telling me anything!?

The Uniform Officer from earlier is trying to restrain him.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

I'm sorry, detectives! He just stormed in!

Donel stands in the way of the landlord.

DONEL

(IN SPANISH) Calm down, calm down, sir. We're working a murder case here.

LANDLORD

(IN SPANISH) I'm the landlord, I have a right to know what's going on here! *

Tommy and Manuel jump in

TOMMY

WHO IS THAT? WHO IS THIS GUY? YOU NEED ME TO ROUGH HIM UP? WHAT'S GOING ON?

MANUEL

WHAT'S HE SAYING? DONEL! DONEL! DONEL, WHAT'S HE SAYING?

DONEL

EVERYONE SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Everyone shuts the fuck up.

DONEL (CONT'D)

(IN SPANISH) Senor, we don't know who shot up your duplex. Does anyone else live here besides this man?

LANDLORD

(IN SPANISH) No one. He lives alone. The other unit's been empty for months...

DONEL

(IN SPANISH; SUB-TITLED) Thank you, Senor, please wait outside.

The landlord leaves with the Uniformed Policeman.

MANUEL

So who was that guy?

DONEL

You don’t speak Spanish?

MANUEL

(”DUH?) Psh... do I speak Spanish...

Manuel nudges Tommy.

TOMMY

He doesn’t.

MANUEL

Hey!

EXT./ESTAB. PRECINCT - DAY

INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - DAY

Manuel, Tommy, Sylvia and Randall sit at their desks.

MANUEL

Hey you guys wanna hear my 9/11 story?

EVERBODY

(ANNOYED) No. / No! / Nah. / No.

Rushour enters, carrying his much too big laptop.

RUSHOUR

Alright, dicks, we’ve been having a lot of problems with THIS moving company...

Rushour opens up his laptop, we see a logo for “Cake Farts”.

SYLVIA

Cake farts? I get those...

RUSHOUR

Uhp, sorry... that's-- that's not--

that's unrelated. Different case.

Rushour clicks, and the screen changes to a website that looks like it was made in 1997. It plays a MIDI (cheesy pre-MP3 internet music) for Metallica's "Master of the Puppets." (Tommy and Manuel are both subtly enjoying.) The website is a bunch of images of guys in black clothing being all rock'n'roll about moving, sticking their tongues out as they move a couch and so forth.

TOMMY

Headbanger Movers!? I hired those

dudes when I moved into my condo!

SYLVIA

Hey, why don't you mention your ugly

condo again?

TOMMY

IT AIN'T UGLY, YOU'RE UGLY, BITCH.

RANDALL

I hired those guys when Colleen kicked

me out the house, but then they held

on to all my stuff and doubled the

price before they would deliver it to

my studio! And then I had to pay

double when Colleen took me back.

TOMMY

Oh, bro, that's the high quality

furniture tax. If you have high

quality furniture, you have to pay

them more, but they can't tell until

they test it at their facility.

MANUEL/RANDALL/SYLVIA

Ohhhhhhhh.

SYLVIA

So, what are they doing that's got people so upset, Captain?

RUSHOUR

That... th-- that's exactly what they're doing! There's no such thing as a high quality furniture tax! What you're describing is illegal, idiots!

TOMMY

(ASIDE TO MANUEL) Someone's a little jealous THEY don't have high quality furniture.

Manuel tries to stifle a snort laugh.

RUSHOUR

Goldenberg, Hickox, you'll be setting up a dummy moving company and you're gonna move a client. I have a hunch they'll approach and try to intimidate you out of the business.

SYLVIA

Oh my god. I can't be a mover. Why don't we just pretend we're moving and hire Headbanger Movers--

RUSHOUR

(SHAKES HIS HEAD) What!? No no no. That won't work. Just... trust me.

SYLVIA

Why wouldn't th--

RUSHOUR

LISTEN! AS FRED DURST ONCE SAID, WE'RE DOING THIS MY WAY! MY WAY OR THE HIGHWAY!

SYLVIA

Uch, I'm too old for this, I quit...

RANDALL

I thought you can't quit 'cause your pension isn't enough--

SYLVIA

Shut up he didn't hear me shut up.

Rushour turns to Tommy and Manuel.

RUSHOUR

And what about you two penis-pumps?

MANUEL

Well, Cap, turns out our vic was a member of 182nd street gang--

RUSHOUR

Stop right there. I don't want you wasting my time with gang homicides.

MANUEL

I mean, it doesn't really waste YOUR time-- you just-- sit in your office all day--

RUSHOUR

(SHUTTING MANUEL UP) All right-- look-

Listen! You've never dealt with these

people. None of the witnesses ever

talk to the police.

MANUEL

Captain, no offense, but you're not

Latino.

RUSHOUR

That's-- I'm supposed to take offense

to that?

MANUEL

182nd street is a Latino gang, I'm

Latino, they'll open up to me. I'm

your guy!

Everyone starts laughing at Manuel.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

What? Why are you-- What's so funny!?

Just then, a vent falls from the ceiling and hits Manuel on the head.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

OW!

DONEL drops down from the open vent and lands behind Manuel. OMINOUS MUSIC plays as Donel pulls Manuel's arm behind his back, slams his face down on the desk and puts his gun to Manuel's head.

DONEL

Sorry, bitches. Had to come in this

way. Working a drug undercover, can't

be seen coming into this place.

RUSHOUR/SYLVIA/RANDALL

It's alright, Donel. / It's okay. /Don't know why you gotta call us bitches...

MANUEL

Ow, Donel, that's my detecting arm!

DONEL

(TO MANUEL) You need to explain to me why Felicia Santos is walkin' around the hood sayin' she tried to warn you about the shooting today and you wouldn't help her stupid ass.

TOMMY

Whoa whoa whoa, bro! How can you be sure that was us??

DONEL

'Cause she called you the "chubby little Mexican cop and his partner retarded Scott Caan."

TOMMY

Well, maybe cause when I had my sex change I gave a picture of Scott Caan to my doctor and I said, "make me like that." Stupid!

MANUEL

L-- Look, Donel! My Spanish isn't perfect! I thought she-- I thought she wanted to have sex with me!

Everybody starts laughing again.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Alri-- Again! Why's that funny?!

Tommy steps in close to Donel.

TOMMY

Donel. If you don't let go of my partner in 5 seconds. I'm going to take that gun from your hand and shove it so far up my own ass, that when I shove it up YOUR ass, you get all my ass germs in your ass. Then I'm gonna take it out and shoot you in the head. Kapish?

DONEL

... Man. You weird.

Donel let's go of Manuel's arm.

DONEL (CONT'D)

182nd street had peace with a MA-13, but looks like MA-13 used that treaty as TP and took a 182 out. This is a Nicaraguan and Salvadoran blood feud, it's over your head.

MANUEL

Donel, you're underestimating me! Sure, my Spanish isn't as good as say, Enrique Iglesias or Ricky Martin or Speedy Gonzalez--

RUSHOUR

Donel you're the expert, take it.

DONEL

Can't. Been trackin' some meth dealers who are pissed 'cause their methylamine supplier just raised their price. If I can supply 'em, I'm in. So I'm out.

Donel leaps up and exits through the vent.

MANUEL

Captain, don't you worry, I will solve this case. Just let me do my THANG. The South American way.

SYLVIA

Mexico isn't South America.

MANUEL

It is south of America. Racist.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. SANCHEZ RESIDENCE - MORNING

INT. SANCHEZ RESIDENCE KITCHEN - MORNING

Mario is sitting at the kitchen nook. He stares into space while Rosa cooks breakfast. Manuel walks in, wearing his normal clothes, but no tie, his shirt's out and only the top button is done. He has a white t-shirt underneath. He also wears a bandana. He sits next to Mario.

MANUEL

Sup, guys.

MARIO

Why are you dressed like that?

MANUEL

Like, what? Oh, this? What do you mean, this is how I always dress.

MARIO

Why would we ever think that was true?

Rosa puts a plate of breakfast in front of each of them.

ROSA

Okay, two pancakes, two eggs, and two bacons! Just like at the Denny's.

MANUEL

Oh... eh. That's cool I guess.

ROSA

Is something wrong?

MANUEL

Nah, nah, I just... you know... be nice to have some food from our actual heritage for a change. You know. Something *Mexican*?

ROSA

I'm Puerto Rican.

MARIO

I just tell people I'm white. It's easier.

MANUEL

Oh, jeez. You see that, Rosa!? Our damn son doesn't even know what he is anymore cause you keep serving this white people food! Bring us some Huevos Rancheros with a side of chilaquiles!

ROSA

Manny, you hate both of those foods.

Manuel stares her down angrily.

MANUEL

Honey... I said... I want (PUSHING THE ACCENT) HHHUEVOS RANCHERRRRROS. (NO ACCENT) And ch-chilaquiles. Now.

ROSA

(ANNOYED) Fine.

She grabs the plates off of the table and walks back to the kitchen. Manuel turns to Mario sitting next to him. He shakes his head and points his thumb at Rosa walking away.

MANUEL

(AM I RIGHT?) Psh.

Manuel picks up a Spanish text book.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Hey, you mind if I borrow this? Gonna brush up on my *espanish*.

MARIO

Yeah, if you want me to get an F--

Suddenly, the back door is KICKED OFF ITS HINGES! Donel is on the other side aiming his gun.

DONEL

Police! Freez--

Rosa runs to shield Mario from the intruder.

ROSA MARIO *

Dios mio! Get off of me! *

MANUEL

Relax! Relax everyone!... it's just my homeboy! It's my homebody Donel from work.

DONEL

This is <u>your</u> crib? I got an anonymous tip that this was a meth den.

Manuel takes out a small voice changer, holds it to his mouth.

MANUEL

(WEIRD VOICE) Oh, did you? (PUTS IT AWAY; LAUGHS AS HE LEADS DONEL IN) Ah, come on in, you caught us in the middle of our traditional Mexican breakfast. *Just like-a-mama used to make!*

DONEL

I ain't his homeboy.

MARIO

We know.

EXT./ESTAB. SANCHEZ RESIDENCE - MORNING

INT. SANCHEZ RESIDENCE KITCHEN - LATER

Everyone is eating breakfast. Donel is eating using his gun like a knife (using it to push food up onto his fork).

DONEL

...you need these gangs' respect, you gotta get up all there and mess with their domes. You gotta show 'em your one of 'em.

MANUEL

That's-- that's a good idea, 'cause I-- I am one of them! Right, guys!?

ROSA

Donel, we don't usually allow guns at the table.

Manuel reacts by taking HIS gun out.

MANUEL

Aw, c'mon, honey. Don't be such a rotten banana--

It goes off into the ceiling and he drops it on the ground.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

AAAH!!!

Donel keeps eating. Rosa and Mario sit wide-eyed.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

... I'll-- let me...

Manuel reaches under the table to grab it but then,

MANUEL (CONT'D)

You know what, I'll just-- I'll leave it down there. For now.

ROSA

Manny, what is all this? What are you trying to prove to this man?

MANUEL

What? I'm not trying to prove anything! I'm a Latino! So my Spanish isn't great, it's not like anyone died because of it. Donel sees that, right, amiga?

Manuel puts his hand on Donel's shoulder. Donel immediately grabs Manuels wrists and twists his arm behind his back and slams him to the table.

DONEL

Don't you touch me, poser!

MARIO

Oh man--

ROSA

You let go of him!

MANUEL

STOP YELLING AT MY FRIEND!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Outside a modest apartment walk-up, a MOVING TRUCK sits parked on the street. Sylvia and Randall stand in coveralls staring at the side of the truck, which reads:

RANDALL

"Blaque 'N' Juey Moving Company"?

Have you lost your damn mind?!

RUSHOUR

No! People will be like, "What? Why do they call themselves that?" And then YOU'LL walk in and they'll go, "Ohh I-- okay, yeah, I see."

SYLVIA

I think Juey should come first...

RANDALL

Nah, I think it works. So when we meet the client, which one of us should be the owner of the company...

RUSHOUR

I-- I really don't care.

They all start walking.

RANDALL

... it'll be me. It's a good narrative. Black man, gets a small business loan from the government... helps him get out of the lower-middle class... it'll get us some good PR...

As they get halfway up the stairs, they hear Rushour clear his throat behind them. They look back and see him sitting in his Rascal at the foot of the stairs.

INT. RUSHOUR'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

The apartment is cluttered with awards, framed pictures, and too much furniture.

Randall and Sylvia, completely out of breath, carry Rushour in on his Rascal and put him down on the carpet.

RUSHOUR

Sorry guys, elevator's been out for weeks now... okay, you gotta lot of packing to do. The client doesn't want any of his old bowling trophies broken, he wants you to use plenty of bubble wrap on his flat screen... said you can't use enough bubble wrap...

SYLVIA

Is this your apartment?

RUSHOUR

What?

SYLVIA

This is your apartment!

RUSHOUR

(LAUGHING) Okay, so you think I would set up a a fake sting operation so the department could pay for my moving. Wow. WOW, you guys.

RANDALL

There is a painting of you holding a musket above the fireplace.

ANGLE TO REVEAL the painting.

RUSHOUR

What that? That's not me.

Sylvia picks up some bills off a table.

SYLVIA

These bills are addressed to you.

RUSHOUR

Aw you found my bills?! Awesome... I musta dropped them... when I... came in here earlier. Look, just put this stuff in the truck and get going?

Rushour starts heading out the door.

SYLVIA

No problem. We'll just head over to Home Depot and hire some illegal--

RUSHOUR

WHAT?! No, no no. The client was very clear about that, he doesn't want any of those little deprived claws touching his lucrative belongings. He said that! His exact words! Now move my-- the client's stuff and call me when you get it to his beautiful downtown loft. DON'T BREAK ANYTHING!

Rushour wheels out of the apartment. We then him going down stairs in his rascal one step at a time. BA-DUMP. BA-DUMP.

SYLVIA

(TO RANDALL) Must be tough going down the steps that way...

RUSHOUR (O.S.)

Why do you think he's moving! (BA-DUMP) Because... because he has a Rascal. (BA-DUMP)

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

There's a bunch of Latino guys in red on one side of the bullpen and blue on the other. There's a lot of arguing going on across the room. In the middle stands Manuel with a bullhorn (still in his "Latino" outfit).

MANUEL

(BULLHORN; AS IF HE'S BEING APPLAUDED)

Thanks! Thanks for coming everyone!

Thank-- Thanks for-- Thank you!

TOMMY

Manny, they're ain't cheering, they want to kill you. (TO GANGS) HEY, EVERYBODY SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTHHOLES!

The noise subsides.

MANUEL

Hey, c'mon, Tommy. We just wanna chillax. Sure, y'all 182's are upset because one of your esse's was killed... as a Latino, I understand...

(AWKWARD SPANISH "I am your friend")

Yo soy tu amigo, comprende?

GANG MEMBER #1

No sé lo que estás hablando...

MANUEL

Um, in English, please.

GANG MEMBER #1

Don't know what you're talking about. But if a 182 was killed, we wouldn't tell you who did it, because we'd make sure they wouldn't get away with it.

Tommy turns to the other gang.

TOMMY

Oh, man, you gonna take that? They said they want payback for what you did! That's gotta have you worried.

OTHER GANG MEMBER #1

We didn't do nothing. But if we did, we wouldn't be afraid of no 182.

MANUEL

Okay, see? This is good. We're talking. Bueno. This is bueno.

Rosa enters. All the gang members start gawking and whistling at her.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, homies, back off, this is MY piece of escuela! Ha ha!

GANG MEMBER #1

"Piece of School?"

ROSA

Manuel, I'm representing the 182's. You have no probable cause for bringing them in.

(MORE)

ROSA (CONT'D)

If you're not going to press charges,

you're going to have to let them go...

MANUEL

Press charges? You're mistaken

Counselor, this is just a good old

fashioned Ford fiesta.

Manuel goes over to his computer and clicks the mouse. "SMOOTH" by Santana begins to play.

ROSA

I'm going to talk to your Captain.

Rosa exits to Rushour's office.

MANUEL

Yeahhh, y'all like this song? Anybody

want a soda, we could throw down on

some nachos? In the microwave?

The gangs get angry again, as Donel comes out of the crowd.

DONEL

HEY, PIG! STOP WASTIN' OUR TIME, WE

DON'T TALK TO NO PIGS, YA HEARD!?

The gang members subtly cheer, backing up Donel.

MANUEL

Donel-- What are y--

Donel grabs Manuel by his shirt drags him out of earshot of the gangs.

DONEL

(SOTTO) Shut up, fool! I'm

undercover!

(MORE)

DONEL (CONT'D)

Trying to score some methylamine from these gangs. Shoot my ass.

MANUEL

(SOTTO) Shoot your ass!?

DONEL

(SOTTO) No, my chest, fool! I'm wearin' kevlar! It'll help my cover. (THEN FOR THE CROWD) You gonna shoot me!? You gonna shoot me!? You ain't got the balls!

MANUEL

Oh I've got balls, alright! Big balls! I've got really big balls, you wanna see my balls!?

As Manuel takes his gun out and shoots Donel in the knee.

DONEL

Ahhh!

The gang members erupt, and WRECK THE BULLPEN TRYING TO GET AWAY. Some run out, some throw desks through the windows and jump out. They clear out of of the bullpen leaving Tommy, Manny and a bleeding Donel. Rushour comes out of his office with Rosa.

RUSHOUR

What the hell is going on?

MANUEL

We were having a party.

DONEL

He shot me!

ROSA

Manny, you shot him?

MANUEL

He told me to shoot him in the knee!

DONEL

I said shoot me in the chest!

MANUEL

I heard knee, it's a common-- (TRYING TO MAKE IT WORK) knee, chest-- okay I don't know how-- look you're right, I don't know where I got knee from!

INT. RUSHOUR'S APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - LATER

Randall and Sylvia struggle to carry Rushour's couch down the stairs (Sylvia is on the lower end).

RANDALL

You know Sylvia, we do a good job here, it'll be good word of mouth.

SYLVIA

Word of mouth from who? Rushour?

RANDALL

No, his friend whose stuff we're moving...

Sylvia gives him a look as they're coming around the corner of a landing, and it's that difficult thing of having to lift the couch up over the bannister.

RANDALL

You gotta lift it up over... you gotta get under it... rest it on the bannister... don't worry, it'll hold, it'll hold...

SYLVIA

I can't lift it that high... I can't get under it if I can't lift that high... if I rest it on it, it'll break it... I don't think it's gonna hold...

Sylvia rests the couch on the bannister, which strains and immediately breaks under the weight. We TRACK DOWN the stairwell with the couch for an extended sequence as it tumbles end over end down the stairwell, knocking PEOPLE aside and wrecking banisters, doorways etc.

ANGLE BACK ON SYLVIA AND RANDALL who run down the stairs and reach the bottom to find the couch right side up. There are multiple INJURED PEOPLE strewn all over the place, MOANING in pain. Sylvia and Randall lift of the couch and exit.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

They gotta fix that elevator.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Randall and Sylvia push the couch into the back of the van.

SYLVIA

I'm telling you, there's a Home Depot two blocks away. I say we head over with a box of pop tarts and let them deal with unloading all this crap.

HEADBANGER #1 (O.S.)

I wouldn't recommend that, brother.

They turn around and see two guys in black "HEADBANGER MOVERS" shirts. One of them is holding an electric guitar.

HEADBANGER #1 (CONT'D)

Be a shame if someone found out about that and reported it to the police.

(MORE)

HEADBANGER #1 (CONT'D)

Labor laws are pretty strict in this town. Right, Axyl?

Axyl, the one with the guitar, agrees by playing a solo. Only it sounds stupid because it's not plugged in and you can barely hear it.

HEADBANGER #1 (CONT'D)

It's-- It's a lot more effective when he has it plugged in. You can hear that, though, right?

RANDALL

Not really, Kind of.

SYLVIA

I hate the loud music.

HEADBANGER #1 (CONT'D)

Well-- get-- come on. Lean in, he's really talented. Hit 'em again.

Randal; and Sylvia lean in closer as Axyl plays another lick.

SYLVIA

Yeah, no, too loud... It's too loud.

RANDALL

Okay, okay, you got skills.

HEADBANGER #1 (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, Axyl can't afford an amp, which is why he's working so hard at this job. Be a shame if some other moving company came in and stole our business. Then Axyl couldn't get the amp he needs for America to hear his beautiful licks.

SYLVIA

Well, that's a shame. But I got news for you, pal. I'm not intimidated by skinny punk kids, and I don't think I've ever been intimidated by anyone with a ponytail. C'mon, Randall.

They walk back into the apartment building, the Headbanger movers watch angrily.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Randall and Sylvia walk into the apartment, it's pretty much empty now. Sylvia grabs the painting off the mantle while Randall picks up a final box of stuff.

RANDALL

What the hell are you doing!? Those were our guys out there.

SYLVIA

Randall, we got 'em. We just gotta let em know we're not budging on our price, they try to intimidate us, we can arrest them on coercion...

RANDALL

...and we will have put a competitive moving company out of business on our first day! Good thinking!

SYLVIA

No, we're not--

RANDALL

Come on!

Randall picks up the box and excitedly runs out of the room, As Sylvia follows with the painting...

SYLVIA

Randall, this isn't real...

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sylvia and Randall walk out of the apartment building. They realize the Headbanger Movers and the "Blaque and Juey" moving trucks are gone. Long beat.

RANDALL

Now we gotta replace our truck.

SYLVIA

For god's sake this isn't real!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Manuel's car drives down the street.

INT. MANUEL'S CAR - SAME

Manuel drives, Tommy's in the passenger seat.

TOMMY

Why we going to the vic's funeral?

MANUEL

We Latinos are very emotional and Nicarguan's often have a "best homie," the closest equivalent in your culture is a "best friend..." We'll find the most emotional homie, he'll tell us who did this to his homie.

TOMMY

I thought the vic was Salvadoran.

MANUEL

Yeah-- uhp-- that's what I said.

TOMMY

No you didn't --

MANUEL

Yeah, I did-- oh good we're here.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Manuel and Tommy pull up in Manuel's car and get out. Tommy pulls out his pistol, and checks the chamber.

MANUEL

What are you doing?

TOMMY

I've never been to a gang funeral before. Somebody messes with me, it's going to be a double funeral.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know what I'm saying?

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

MANUEL

Ha ha!! Yeah! Good one. Killing people at a place where someone's already dead! That's comedy. *

They walk inside.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - SAME

Manuel and Tommy enters as MOURNERS (no gang members) sit in pews, many sobbing. A large picture of the victim is near a PRIEST, who reads the eulogy.

PRIEST

And so we say goodbye to our dear friend Juan Fernandez. We'll miss his smile, his warm embrace and his love for all people regardless of their affiliation.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And most of all, his love for his

favorite band... take it away, Agnes.

An old ORGANIST starts playing “Adam’s Song” by Blink 182. Manuel has a realization.

CUT TO:

Multiple posters up of Blink 182 around the funeral.

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN DUPLEX - FLASHBACK

Manuel noticing the tattoo on the victim.

MANUEL

HEY! A Blink 182 fan!

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN DUPLEX - FLASHBACK

Manuel holding the HUNGRY TOM TV DINNER, it pulls out of the logo and shows more of the box revealing it’s front image of TOM DELONGE of BLINK 182’s with a knife and fork.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BACK TO SCENE

MANUEL

He wasn’t a member of 182nd street at

all! He just loved Blink 182!

ANGLE ON TOMMY, who has a CRYING ELDERLY MAN by the collar.

TOMMY

I think I found his “best homie.”

ELDERLY MAN

I’m his father--

TOMMY

Shut up!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PRECINCT - LATER

Manuel, Tommy, Donel and Rushour are in the bullpen. Donel has a bandage on his leg.

DONEL

Treaty's out the window. 182nd and MA-

13 are going to war because of the

crap y'all pulled in here today!

MANUEL

Yeah, about that, uh, sorry about

shooting you.

DONEL

It's nothing, get shot all the time.

Donel lifts his shirt to reveal way too many old bullet wounds.

RUSHOUR

I can't believe you shot my best

friend Donel...

MANUEL

Well Captain, I mean, he's not your

best friend, he's MY best friend!

DONEL

My best friend is the streets.

Donel struts out of the office.

MANUEL/TOMMY/RUSHOUR

Daaaaaaaaayyyyyyaaaaaamn.

TOMMY

Hey, wait a second, Donel was the one

that told us the tattoo was--

RUSHOUR

Stop wasting my time! You've already distracted me from the much more important moving company case--

Randall and Sylvia enter.

RUSHOUR (CONT'D)

Ayyyyye, there are my guys! Hey, head on in to my office, I'll be with you in one hot minute! Alllriiiiight!

Sylvia and Randall, heads down, walk in. As soon as they leave the room...

RUSHOUR (CONT'D)

Got those two idiots to move my entire apartment for free.

Rushour begins to laugh as he turns around and heads towards his office, his laughter gets more and more maniacal and builds up until he shuts the door behind him.

MANUEL

I don't know, Tommy. I just-- I can't help but feel that I'm responsible for all of this. Had I spoken Spanish like a real Latino, the victim might still be alive. And if I wasn't trying to impress Donel, there'd be no impending gang war between the Nicaraguans and the Dominicans.

TOMMY

I thought they were Salvadorans.

MANUEL

I-- I don't-- are they? I don't know! That's the problem! I'm the problem!

TOMMY

Manny, Manny, Manny, let me tell you a story. There was once a little girl named Penelope Margaretti.

MANUEL

(NODDING) Your sister.

TOMMY

And Penel-- wait what? No! Penelope was me, before I had the sex change!

MANUEL

Oh, right right right!

TOMMY

I've told you this story a thousand times!

MANUEL

I guess I--- I guess I tend... to put it in the back of my head. Every day.

TOMMY

Anyway, Penelope Margaretti would wake up every morning and look down at her vagina and think, "What-- what is this? What is this thing? I didn't ask for it, ANOTHER hole in my body? Don't I have enough holes?

MANUEL

Right. Ear holes, nose holes...

TOMMY

Belly button holes, mouth holes, that's too many holes. Why do I need this extra one? And that's when I realized, "This isn't me! This isn't who I am!" I'm a man. And I'm going to be the man I wanna be regardless of what the other idiots think. Now look, I'm a high ranking police officer busting heads and I'm more man than all these gang bangers put together. With or without a vagina.

MANUEL

So... you're saying I had too many holes?

TOMMY

No! I'm saying I had too many holes, and I had to learn to accept who I am, just like you do.

MANUEL

Oh, I see, Tommy... (HAS A REALIZATION) Wait a minute... too many holes... the duplex... Tommy, that's it! Come on!

Manuel rushes out, with Tommy right behind him.

INT. RUSHOUR'S OFFICE - SAME

Rushour yells at Randall and Sylvia.

RUSHOUR

STOLEN!? I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU IDIOTS. NOT ONLY COULD YOU NOT PULL OFF A JOB MOST PEOPLE DO WITHOUT CITIZENSHIP, YOU GOT ALL THE CLIENT'S STUFF STOLEN!

Sylvia pulls out the painting.

SYLVIA

We still have the painting.

Rushour immediately grabs it and hugs it dearly.

RUSHOUR

(RELIEVED) Oh thank god! (OFF THEIR LOOKS) The-- the client... he really loved this painting. Of me.

RANDALL

Captain, don't worry. We got it all under control. We're getting a search warrant to search the Headbanger warehouse--

RUSHOUR

And what if the stuff's hidden somewhere else!? You'll have tipped them off and they'll dump everything! We can't afford that. The client's police medals are all in that truck!

SYLVIA

He's right, Randall. We're gonna need to be subtle. Or that stuff might be gone forever.

There's a long beat.

RANDALL

(TO RUSHOUR) Are you crying?

Rushour has his glasses up over his forehead and he's wiping tears from his eyes.

RUSHOUR

(SOBBING) No!

Rushour turns away from them. Randall and Sylvia stand there for an awkward beat, then leave the room.

RANDALL

If you'd let me do the talking, I

wouldn't have made him cry--

RUSHOUR

(CRYING) I'M NOT CRYING! IT'S JUST

STUFF. IT'S JUST... SOMEBODY ELSE'S

LIFE LONG COLLECTION OF STUFF!

He weeps uncontrollably as he zooms out of his office.

EXT. DUPLEX APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Manuel's car is parked out front.

INT. DUPLEX APARTMENT (BOTTOM FLOOR) - LATER

Manuel and Tommy look through the empty apartment. It's riddled with bullets. Manuel is counting.

MANUEL

...one-hundred and fifty-seven, one

hundred fifty-eight...

TOMMY

What are you counting?

MANUEL

Bullet holes! There's like twice as many in this empty apartment as there were in the victims apartment. They <u>were</u> aiming at this apartment.

TOMMY

But the place is empty, no one lived here for months.

MANUEL

Tommy, the Landlord <u>said</u> no one lived here for months. But look!

Manuel gets down runs his finger along a mark on the floor.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Sawdust, these scratch marks are fresh. The landlord was lying! Something or somebody <u>was</u> living here until recently! That's what the shooters were aiming at. (THEN) This room has too many holes...

TOMMY

(DAWNING) Just like Penelope's body.

EXT. HEADBANGER MOVERS GARAGE - LATER

Sylvia and Randall (still in their mover disguises) approach.

SYLVIA

I never saw the Captain so upset.

RANDALL

Me neither. This client must be a

good friend of his. (OFF HER LOOK)

What?

SYLVIA

Nothing. You search the garage while

I create a distraction...

INT. HEADBANGER MOVERS GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sylvia walks into the garage and walks over to the glassed-in office where Headbanger #1 and Axyl sit with their feet up. Axyl picks at his guitar.

SYLVIA

Hello young man.

In the background, unseen by the headbangers, Randall quietly sneaks into the garage.

HEADBANGER #1

What do you want? Trying to get your

stuff back? (THEN) We didn't take

your truck, by the way.

SYLVIA

Oh, who cares? Whoever took the truck

put my boss out of business.

HEADBANGER #1

You're not too upset about losing your

job.

SYLVIA

Didn't like the working atmosphere.

HEADBANGER #1

Oh, probably played a lot of that hip-

hop trash, right? Well, not here...

ANGLE ON RANDALL, creeping around the garage. He gets to a storage unit, opens it and looks inside. Not Rushour's stuff. He goes to the next one, looks in, also not Rushour's stuff. Goes to a third. The door sticks...

BACK ON SYLVIA and the Headbangers, who are now a little uncomfortable where Sylvia has taken the conversation.

SYLVIA

...they get their own President, and

they rub it in our faces...

HEADBANGER #1

Well, he's all of our President...

SYLVIA

I didn't vote for him, and no thanks

to him, I still gotta work at 68...

I'm 68, I should be retired...

ANGLE ON RANDALL finally forcing the door open on the storage unit. It makes a loud noise. The Headbanger and Axyl run out followed by Sylvia. Axyl carries his guitar. They all run up to Randall.

RANDALL

Now, hold on guys, let's not get

excited.

Axyl plays an ominous sting on his guitar (again, it's hard to hear).

HEADBANGER #1

You're gonna be sorry you broke in

here...

RANDALL

Look, okay, you took my truck and ruined my business, which I started with a small business loan from the government...

HEADBANGER #1

You got no proof we took anything from you, man. So you better get lost...

SYLVIA

(NOTICING SOMETHING) Hey, what's that?

Among the furniture in the bin is a LARGE CHEMICAL DRUM.

HEADBANGER #1

None of your business. It belongs to one of our clients...

SYLVIA

That's methylamine. That's the main ingredient in Crystal Meth.

RANDALL

You better tell us whose it is. If it was obtained illegally it's a felony for you to be storing that.

HEADBANGER #1

So? Are you the cops all of a sudden?

SYLVIA

(FLASHING BADGE) Yes.

Axyl plays a "uh oh" sting.

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Manuel and Tommy question the Landlord.

MANUEL

You said it was empty for months...

LANDLORD

Que?

TOMMY

No, it's not okay, 'kay.

MANUEL

No, Tommy, he's speaking Span--

LANDLORD

Que?

TOMMY

Looks like this guy's got a real attitude...

MANUEL

No, he's--

Sylvia sticks in head into the interrogation room.

SYLVIA

We gotta talk to you guys. Now.

LANDLORD

Que?

TOMMY

(SARCASTIC) Oh, really? Is that okay with you? Shut the hell up.

Tommy and Manuel step out of the interrogation room.

INT. BULLPEN - SAME

Tommy and Manuel join Randall and Sylvia.

RANDALL

Is that Felipe Valazquez?

MANUEL

Yeah...

SYLVIA

We just dragged our butts all the way to his house, his wife said a chubby Mexican and James Caan took him in.

TOMMY

Whoa whoa whoa, You mean Scott, right? Not-- not James Caan.

SYLVIA

No she said James Caan.

MANUEL

Why were you looking for him?

RANDALL

Who, James Caan?

MANUEL

NO! The landlord!

RANDALL

Headbanger Movers had a drum of methylamine that belonged to him.

MANUEL

Methylamine? Wait... Donel said those drug dealers he was tracking were upset because they'd lost their hook-up! Their source had raised their price. (THEN) We need to talk to this guy right away.

Manny heads into the interrogation room.

RANDALL

His wife said he doesn't speak English. You wanna wait for a translator?

MANUEL

Oh, don't worry.

Manuel flips around. He holds up Mario's Spanish Textbook.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

... I've been studying.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The Landlord is still there. Manuel walks in followed by Tommy. Manuel starts speaking flawless Spanish.

MANUEL

(IN SPANISH; SUBTITLED) Hello sir. We won't keep you long. We are investigating this moving company, Headbanger Movers. They have a history of raising their prices after they've taken all the belongings. We think you used them, and they raised their price on you. And they had your methylamine, that you were storing in your apartment, and that you were selling to some drug dealers to make Crystal Meth. So since Headbangers raised their price, you had to raise <u>your</u> price to the dealers, who got very upset.

(MORE)

MANUEL (CONT'D)

But they didn't know you had moved out

of that apartment, so that's who they

were trying to kill, wasn't it?

Long pause, the Landlord hangs his head, looking guilty, then:

LANDLORD

Quiero hablar--

MANUEL

In English please.

EXT. UNDER A FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Things are heated. The two gangs are screaming at each other and scuffling. All of a sudden they hear sirens.

FIGHTING GANG MEMBER

5-0! 5-0, Y'ALL!

Three cars circle the giant scuffle and block everyone in from running everywhere. Manuel and Tommy get out of their car. Randall and Sylvia get out of theirs. And Rushour leans his head out the window asking the gang members,

RUSHOUR

Hey, can someone-- Can one of you

unload my Rascal? From the back?

It'll just take a second.

Manuel jumps up on the top of his car with a bullhorn and a DVD case. Randall and Sylvia go to take the Rascal out of Rushour's car.

MANUEL

LISTEN UP, MY FRIENDS AND PRESUMABLY

DISTANT COUSINS! THERE'S NO NEED TO

FIGHT! THE MURDER AT THE DUPLEX HAD

NOTHING TO DO WITH ANYBODY HERE!

(MORE)

MANUEL (CONT'D)

THAT WAS AN ERROR IN JUDGEMENT THAT I MADE AND I'M SORRY!

He now has everyone's attention.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Let me ask you all a question... has anybody seen this movie?

He holds up a DVD case of the movie FOOLS RUSH IN.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Can you-- can everybody see that? You see what it-- I'll just tell you. It's one of my favorite movies, "Fools Rush In."

One gang member goes "Yeah!" and a small golf-clap breaks out amongst the crowd.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

In this movie, Matthew Perry has it all. Good looks, a good job, a good house, everything. But he lack just one thing: true love. Until one day he meets Salma Hayek and makes her preggers. Now you would think, "Oh, they're from different cultures, different families, how could they ever raise this baby together?" Never work. Abort it, right? Uh uh. Not Salma.

(MORE)

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Salma decides that she's going to raise this baby regardless of what shade of brown it is, and even though Matthew Perry's white family hates Mexicans, and Salma's Mexican family hates white people, they're still gonna make it work. That's you guys. Some of you are Nicaraguans, some of you are Salvadorans, you all think you're unique but you're not to any of us. The point is, we're all Spaniards here! Me! You! The dead guy... I don't remember what his name was... we belong together. All of us!

Randall and Sylvia look at each other in puzzlement.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

So let's stop all this fighting and have a baby on top of Hoover Dam already! Am I right?

The gang members start applauding and cheering. Victorious music plays, then everything subsides.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Also, you guys are all under arrest.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. RUSHOUR'S LOFT - DAY

Rushour sits in his new loft. His eyes are red as if he's been crying. Sylvia and Randall unpack broken awards and pictures as Tommy and Manuel carry a broken plasma TV. Everything is damaged or broken.

SYLVIA

You stopped the gang war, but we still don't have the shooters...

TOMMY

(RE: PLASMA TV) The screen is broke...

RANDALL

We didn't use bubble wrap.

MANUEL

My guess is the shooters were the drug dealers Donel is trying to infiltrate... so it's only a matter of time before the best detectives in this squad break this case open...

Rushour sobs.

SYLVIA

(OFF MANUEL'S LOOK) You said "break."

CUT TO:

INT. METH LAB - SAME

The Young Hoods with the AK-47's we saw at the opening of the episode set up a meth lab. Two of them stand guard while another wheels the barrel of methylamine we saw earlier to the lab area. In the foreground, DONEL stands next to a large sack full of money while he counts a stack in his hand. He laughs quietly.

END OF SHOW