

# THE BACK UPS

by  
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EXT. MANHATTAN BANK - DAY

It's a perfect day in New York - blue skies and sunshine.

INT. NEW YORK BANK - DAY

Just a few customers are in the bank as it nears closing time: A WOMAN WEARING SUNGLASSES WITH A BABY STROLLER steps up to the teller.

TELLER

Hello there. What's this little one's name?

The woman reaches down and pulls a blanket off the stroller. The two other customers reach in and pull out SLICK SEMI AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

WOMAN WITH GUNS

(thick German accent)

The baby's name is push the alarm and you will have a giant bloody hole in your chest!

MUSIC: RAPID FIRE SNARE DRUM SCORES THE ROBBERY

The woman takes off a wig, REVEALING a man. ALL THREE ROBBERS LOOK IDENTICAL: blonde, baseball caps, blonde moustaches, sunglasses.

BANK ROBBER 1

(also with German accent)

Everybody relax. I want no heroes! If you notice I have a Germanic accent, from the Rhine region. Something distinct to tell the authorities.

The Security Guard raises his arms submissively.

BANK ROBBER 3

Three more minutes!

BARRY, the assistant manager, walks over and opens the door for Bank Robbers 1 and 2 while Bank Robber 3 keeps a gun on the employees and a few customers.

BARRY

This way!

TELLER

Barry, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRY

I have to. My daughter's going to Tulane. I want a plasma. IT'S CALLED LIVING!

Barry leads Bank Robber 1 and 2 to the vault.

BANK ROBBER 3

One hundred forty seconds!

BANK ROBBER 2

(in German)

There's no money in the vault!  
Just these notes!!

BANK ROBBER 1

Barry, there was supposed to be two million in cash! What the shit is going on!!!

BARRY

(fast nervous  
description)

Well see, the Fed just came and seized all our cash and reserve deposits. Right before that happened, the bank put all of its outstanding mortgages into four tranches, which was snapped up by China, which is a good thing. Cash infusion, right? Wrong, sixty percent of debt was toxic. Cash from China isn't coming in and now we've had to issue Promissory Notes to cover all reserves on deposit. But I assure you, in four years you're looking at six hundred thousand dollars, a nice tidy sum.

Bank Robber #3 holds up a bag.

BANK ROBBER 3

I got eight thousand from the drawers! Let's go!

All three Bank Robbers start to back out of the bank. Barry follows.

BANK ROBBER 1

(turns and points  
gun)

And Barry, just to guarantee that no one talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRY

I asked you a dozen times if you were going to kill me after the robbery and you said no.

BANK ROBBER 1

I lied.

BARRY

I even asked you if you would say "I lied" if I asked you why you were going to kill me after-

He shoots Barry. Barry's lifeless body falls against a sign advertising low, low mortgage rates.

SFX: Alarms sound.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The "Germans" run out and into a waiting car -- a late modeled Mercedes Benz -- and speed off. Cop cars follow in the distance.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Off come the sunglasses and wigs revealing three CHINESE GUYS.

BANK ROBBER 1

(Mandarin accent)

Eight thousand dollars! That robbery didn't even pay for itself!

BANK ROBBER 2

(thick German accent)

At least with our German accents they will never be able to identify us!

BANK ROBBER 1

Stop with the accent! It's annoying.

BANK ROBBER 2

(Cantonese accent now as well)

Sorry. It was hard to master and I am proud of it.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET- A FEW BLOCKS AWAY

CLOSE UP: wide angle lens shot of a big fat American made tire and fender coming into frame.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm just saying a pinch of sugar  
cuts the acidity of the tomatoes.

We go inside the car to find DANSON AND MANZETTI -- iconic star cops (think Stallone, Willis, Jackson etc). Manzetti is on the phone.

DANSON

Sometimes I put two pinches....

MANZETTI

No! Don't put two pinches!  
(and then to Danson)  
Stop it! My wife gets confused in  
the kitchen. She's gonna wreck the  
sauce.

A call comes over the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We've got a ten thirty in  
progress. Three German males,  
driving a white, late model  
Mercedes. South on 6th Avenue.

Manzetti puts a magnetic light on the roof, Danson guns the engine.

DANSON

Time to get our hair mussed up.

Danson hits the tape deck.

MUSIC: ERIC B AND RAKIM'S "FOLLOW THE LEADER" KICKS IN.

OPENING CREDITS START

INT. CAR - DAY

Danson floors it then cuts the wheel and drives through a park. We see the cop cars and the Mercedes speeding through traffic and DANSON AND MANZETTI POWER INTO THE CHASE overtaking the squad cars.

EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

The Chinese guys listen to a scanner.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
I repeat- a 2003 white Mercedes  
300 with three German males...

BANK ROBBER 2  
(German accent)  
Our plan is exceeding  
expectations.

BANK ROBBER 3  
Seriously stop it.

They hit the brakes and skid to a stop around a corner  
behind a delivery truck as the cop cars pass.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two guys jump out and with surgical precision THEY PULL  
WHITE "SKINS" OFF THE CAR, REVEALING A SILVER NISSAN  
300ZX. One rips off the Mercedes hood ornament and  
slaps on a Nissan one. In the back, the other snaps on a  
spoiler. They jump back in and punch it.

INT. COP CAR - SAME TIME

We see two POLICE OFFICERS in their car. They can't find  
them.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Anyone have a read on the  
Mercedes? Anyone.

COP  
It's like they disappeared.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Danson and Manzetti sit at the red light.

MANZETTI  
(into phone)  
Now just stir it on a low  
flame...Make sure it simmers. You  
don't want a full boil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danson looks across at the Nissan next to him. He sees three Chinese guys trying to look relaxed. Danson looks closer. We see what he's looking at.

REVEAL: A MERCEDES HUB CAP.

Danson rolls his window all the way down.

DANSON  
Hey fellas, Sprechen zie Mandarin?

The Chinese guys realize they've been made. THEY PUNCH IT THROUGH THE RED LIGHT SMASHING INTO A DOUBLE DECKER TOURIST BUS.

Danson and Manzetti almost get hit by the toppling bus and cut around the corner.

QUICK CUT: Body Shop Bill uncrumples in frame while action freezes: "Double Deck Tour Bus....43,450 dollars in damages." UNFREEZE AND BACK TO ACTION.

MANZETTI  
(still on phone)  
Just keep stirring sweetie.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: FOLLOW THE LEADER kicks back in.

The two cars battle for space as they fly up Park Avenue. We see STORE FRONTS WITH FOR LEASE signs in the windows.

INT. DANSON AND MANZETTI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

POV of DANSON as they drive to the divider on Park Ave. The Chinese bump Danson's car. Danson drives up the ramp, the Chinese down below. THEY'VE LOST THEM.

We see in front of him the entrance to a building.

MANZETTI  
Are you thinking what I'm  
thinking?

CRASH! Danson drives through the windowed doors and into the office building which towers over 42nd street.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING OFF 42ND AND PARK

They're on the second floor of an office. They drive down the corridor, taking cubicles with them as people dive for cover.

DANSON

Stop playing mine sweeper! Get back to work!

They smash through the cubicle where an OFFICE WORKER is playing mine sweeper and we FREEZE AND THEN FLASH CUT TO: TWO WEEKS LATER: A MAINTENANCE MAN finishes fixing the cubicle.

MAINTENANCE MAN

There you go, all set.

We see the same OFFICE WORKER still playing mine sweeper. He doesn't even look up.

OFFICE WORKER

Thanks.

UNFREEZE and BACK TO ACTION.

The car smashes through a giant window and BOUNCES DOWN THE STAIRS separating two escalators.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The car crashes through the glass and onto 42nd street.

MANZETTI

(into phone)

Just add a splash of red table wine. Not the expensive kind!

INT. NISSAN - DAY

Robber 1 looks in the rear view mirror and sees Danson and Manzetti pull in behind them.

BANK ROBBER 2

Mein Gott!!

INT. DANSON AND MANZETTI'S CAR - DAY

Manzetti reaches behind the car seat and brandishes a large fifty caliber rifle.

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CONTINUED:

DANSON  
How'd you get that?

MANZETTI  
I used a coupon.

Danson laughs. He's having a good time. Manzetti fires the 50 cal at the Chinese. It's like a cannon.

SFX: THUNK, THUNK, THUNK

The Chinese fire back with 38's. Danson and Manzetti HIT THEIR BRAKES HARD, screeching to a stop at an intersection.

An OLD LADY PUSHES A GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR WHO'S PUSHING A BABY STROLLER through the intersection while all traffic waits. They watch the Chinese speed off in the distance.

DANSON  
(re: wheel  
chair/stroller)  
Amazing, all the years driving the streets and I've never seen that before.

EXT. DOCKS - A MINUTE LATER

A sign read BEAST TOURIST SPEED BOATS: "All of Manhattan in twenty minutes." All three Chinese run and jump on to the boat. Tourists jump off at gunpoint. THE CHINESE GUN THE BOAT TOWARDS THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND FREEDOM.

Danson and Manzetti pull up, seconds too late.

MANZETTI  
(hanging up the  
phone)  
Bad news. She wrecked the sauce.

Manzetti hangs up as they watch the boat head out of the harbor.

DANSON  
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

The Beast flies across the water. In the distance is a waiting Tanker with a Zodiac raft next to it. Robber 1 points the nose in that direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBER 1

A tanker? How much did this robbery cost?

ROBBER 2

We're going to have to get real jobs to pay this off.

Just then, the sound of their boat is drowned out by a thunderous noise.

MUSIC: AMPED UP REMIX OF FOLLOW THE LEADER

Hovering right over them is a HELICOPTER flown by Danson and Manzetti. They smile. Over a PA we hear.

MANZETTI

Time to clean the garbage outta the Hudson!

Danson zeroes the helicopter in on the Beast. Closer and closer. HE GENTLY USES THE HELICOPTER SKIDS AND PICKS THE BEAST UP, lifting it out of the water.

EXT. CIRCLE LINE BOAT - DAY

Tourists line up on the bow of a Circle Line Boat and take pictures of the skyline. A MIDDLE AGED MAN TOURIST is there with his wife.

MIDDLE AGED MAN TOURIST

I'm telling you, New York City has lost it's edge. It's not what it used to be.

EXT. BEAST - DAY

The Chinese climb toward the rails of the helicopter. One starts to shoot at Danson and Manzetti. A bullet hits the skids.

TIGHT ON THE SKIDS - THE BEAST SLIPS AND PLUMMETS FORTY FEET TO THE WATER and CRASHES into the water. Unmanned and still full throttle, it snakes it's way toward a giant sign: "Coming Soon Trump Marina!". THE BEAST CRASHES INTO IT WITH A GIANT, FIERY EXPLOSION.

The Circle Line passengers watch.

MIDDLE AGED MAN TOURIST

That's kind of cool. I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREEZE ON THE EXPLOSION OF TRUMP MARINA. WE CUT TO Donald Trump on the set of THE APPRENTICE 8.

DONALD TRUMP  
And the winner of Apprentice 8  
will spearhead the rebuilding of  
my marina.

UNFREEZE AND BACK TO ACTION

EXT. RIKER'S ISLAND - DAY

The helicopter lowers the three Chinese into the yard. Inmates cheer.

INMATES  
Hey! It's Danson and Manzetti!

EXT. INTREPID - AN HOUR LATER

A huge crowd of reporters is in front of Danson and Manzetti who are fielding questions with the Chief of Police, the Mayor and the D.A. behind them.

REPORTER #1  
New York Post Online. Were you  
guys at all concerned about your  
safety?

DANSON  
You know what I say, you can  
always take a Motrin later.

Huge laughs from the press pool. Reporter #1 wipes a tear away and jots down the "quote".

REPORTER #2  
New York Times Online. Is it true  
that after forty-six million  
dollars in property damage that  
the robbers were caught with only  
eight thousand dollars?

Silence. More silence.

MANZETTI  
Looks like someone didn't have  
their morning coffee.

Huge laughs from all the other reporters.

REPORTER #1  
You guys are the best!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #3  
 Entertainment Weekly Online.  
 Danson, Manzetti, how is your  
 department handling the current  
 budget cuts and lay offs to the  
 the force?

MANZETTI  
 So long as we got enough to buy  
 bones for ol' Arnold here.

Manzetti's BULLDOG barks, CAMERAS FLASH, medals are  
 pinned on by the Mayor.

WE PULL OUT OF THE PRESS CONFERENCE:

INT. STATION - D.A. SPECIAL UNIT - DAY

Danson and Manzetti enter the Precinct. Everyone cheers.  
 Danson holds up the medal

DANSON  
 (holds up paper)  
 This is for all of us!

MANZETTI  
 Even though it specifically just  
 says our names on it.

A lot more applause. CAMERAS FLASH --

We PAN OVER through the crowd to ALLEN GAMBLE (Will  
 Ferrell). He snaps another photo. His partner TERRY  
 HOITZ (Mark Wahlberg) slaps the camera down.

TERRY  
 Stop it man.

ALLEN  
 What?!

FREEZE: MAIN TITLES: **THE BACK UPS**

DANSON  
 We're going to celebrate at Butter  
 tonight. DeeJay Skeleton Penis is  
 going to be spinning.

MANZETTI  
 We got Brody Jenner, Bai Lynn,  
 some kids from Road Rules. Anyway,  
 you're all on the list!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danson and Manzetti head out as LIEUTENANT MAUCH, 55, gives them a wave.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Nice work today Detectives!

(then to the others)

Now we got Chinese nationals with no paperwork -- INS nightmare, fifty million in property damage. This paperwork is going to be thicker than the Beijing phone book. Who wants to be a hero?

ALLEN

(very loudly,  
enthusiastically)

I do!

(then)

Debbie! I'm going to need a new mouse pad! Two boxes of Uni-Balls micro tip in blue!

Terry watches Allen grab the stuff. We meet SCOTT MARTIN and RICK FOSSE - Martin and Fosse - two detectives, cool, connected and ready to be heroes.

FOSSE

Alright! "Spell Check" is on the case!

MARTIN

"Spell Check" and "Hero" pulling up on the rear!

All the cops laugh. Terry walks over to Allen who is typing with a big smile on his face.

TERRY

Jesus, look at that big smile on your face.

ALLEN

Until there's a piece of paper with the word guilty on it justice can not be served. Paperwork is the oxygen Justice breathes. So feel free to make fun of me all you want behind my back.

TERRY

If I'm going to say something, I'll say it to your face. I don't like you. Not like "I don't like onions." I mean I don't like you on a muscular, raw smell level.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY (CONT'D)

If we were in the wild, I would attack you. Even if you weren't in my food chain, I would go out of my way to attack you. If I were a lion, and you were a tuna, I would swim out and eat you.

ALLEN

There's a reason people talk behind each other's backs! At least pay me that courtesy!

DETECTIVE BOB DELANEY (Mike Delaney) pokes his head in to the conversation, holding a mug of coffee. He's an affable and pleasant guy.

BOB

Hey guys, you see American Idol last night? I can't believe that girl won! I mean, wow! She's a cutie.

TERRY

It's a bad time Bob!

INT. EDIT BAY - NIGHT

A UNSEEN FIGURE watches a MONITOR. On it is DAVID ERSHON, 40s, suave, being interviewed in a Bahamas type setting.

DAVID ERSHON

(English accent)

How does it feel being a billionaire? Yesterday I kite surfed with a nude super model on my back. The day before I got a six handed hand job from triplets...Can I say that on TV?

LESLIE STAHL

You own thirty percent of the network. You can say whatever you want.

DAVID ERSHON

(chuckling)

That's right, I do. How does it feel to be a billionaire?...Stellar.

The Unseen Figure repeatedly rewinds it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID ERSRON (CONT'D)  
 ...Stellar... Stellar... Stellar.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE - NEXT DAY

A SIGN READS: "9AM: GRIEF AND RELIEF COUNSELING - NYPD"

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A THERAPY GROUP of police sits in a circle. One man, the THERAPIST holds a clip board. A VETERAN COP shares. Hoitz sits in the center, listening.

VETERAN COP

A brown tar heroin bust has gotten sticky. Buddy and I hightail it down to Chinatown. Ugly misty night. Sleet, but sticking. We split up and turn the corner and I'm looking at four members of the Crazy Eye'd Dragons.

Other cops murmur -- "nasty", "oh shit, I know where this is heading", "why'd you split up, you never split up!"

THERAPIST

Shhh. This isn't about judgement, this about dealing with the pain of using your gun in the line of duty. Please go on...

VETERAN COP

Anyway, three I pegged as scared, I'll hold off. I spotted the one with the even hand. I get the drop on him, pop off two rounds on a roll putting red carnations on his chest like he's going to the frickin prom.

Now standing and acting this out.

OTHER COPS

Yea! Pop! Pop!

VETERAN COP

I hit two more in the knees and raise up to take out the leader and just then my gun jams. Click, click. I'm a dead man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER COPS

Oh shit!

VETERAN COP

I hear a whistle. Look up and it's my partner tucked away on a roof. He says, "let's even the odds" and drops me down a Mosberg pump, clip action, matte black, nice. I send one right through the bag of H he's holding and into his chest. Game over.

All the cops applaud and cheer.

THERAPIST

Okay, this is supposed to be about your feelings after using your weapon to harm another human... How did you feel after this?

VETERAN COP

I got a medal and a thousand pats on the back. So how'd I feel? Like a rhino with a badge and a hard-on.

Cops all cheer.

THERAPIST

Stop!! We're supposed to be expressing grief we bury inside ourselves after a traumatic experience. Okay, Officer Hoitz?

Everyone looks at him, stares him down.

COP #3

Why's he even in here?!

THERAPIST

He's in here because this is a place where we can share without judgement. Terry?

TERRY

Okay. I, uh, I relive it every night. Bronx, October. Game seven of the World Series. You guys know the drill. High pressure, unruly crowds and I pull tunnel duty.

We see this unfold.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

Terry in cop uniform is guarding a tunnel. A shadowy figure is walking towards him.

TERRY (V.O.)  
I saw a shadowy figure in the tunnel. I told'em to stop. Over and over. Finally I pulled my gun.

We see Terry screaming "Stop!" Terry pulls his gun. The shadowy figure has a baseball bat.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
And he pulls a deadly weapon and starts running at me.

COPS  
It's called a bat! Come on!

TERRY  
I didn't know! I warned him again and then I shot.

We see TERRY RUN TO THE FIGURE HE SHOT IN THE LEG. As he bends down, the lights in the tunnel brighten and we see it's DEREK JETER. Derek is wearing an iPod.

COP #2 (V.O.)  
You shot Jeter!

DEREK JETER  
My leg! You shot me in my leg!

BACK TO REAL TIME

Everyone stares at Terry with such disdain.

TERRY  
He was wearing in iPod! He couldn't hear me!! Jose Vizcaino replaces him and goes 0 for five, Yankees lose the World Series. I relive it every day.

COP #3  
So do I. I lost ten grand on that game cause of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

I was top of my class, number one in marksmanship in the city, number three Hapkaido and now I do paper work.

COP #4

Jerk off!

THERAPIST

Listen, Terry messed up. He did an incredibly dumb and hurtful thing that no other cop would ever do and his career will continue to suffer for the rest of his life.

Beat.

TERRY

But?

THERAPIST

But what?

TERRY

Are you going to say something about moving on and healing?

THERAPIST

No. I finished my statement. I had box seats for that game. Officer Tranton?

COP #4 stands up and starts waxing the story.

COP#4

Okay so I'm undercover on a white slavery case against the Russian mob...

Some of the police reveal popcorn.

COP #3

Oooh, this is a good one.

INT. D.A.'S SPECIAL UNIT OFFICES - SAME TIME

The office is bustling with early morning activity. Allen is deep in paperwork. Martin and Fosse come and sit on his desk.

FOSSE

Hey Allen, how's that paperwork going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Great. I've seen a real increase in illegalities in construction permits, specifically scaffolding. I'd call it a crime wave actually.

MARTIN

That's real interesting. Hey how come you've never fired your weapon in the office?

ALLEN

Who fires their weapon in the office?

MARTIN

We all have.

ALLEN

That seems a little dangerous and maybe against the rules.

FOSSE

Rules? Dangerous? We're cops. The gun is a tool of our trade. It's okay to use your tool. This is a professional environment.

ALLEN

Come on!

MARTIN

You really think we'd lie to you about firing your weapon in the office? It's called a Desk Pop. It's a tradition in the force.

ALLEN

Really?

MARTIN

Yes, really. Take your gun out.

Allen tentatively pulls his gun out.

FOSSE

Pop one off!

ALLEN

I don't know. This feels wrong.

MARTIN

Wrong? We're cops. This is what we do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

There's no safer place in the world to fire off a round than in the station.

ALLEN

Wow, now I'm kind of excited. I'm going to do it. Wait, let me ask the Lieutenant --- nah, nevermind I'm just going to do it.

(aiming)

Up or down?

Up. MARTIN Down. FOSSE

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Boy, I don't know guys.

MARTIN

You're over thinking it! Just do it!

Allen fires straight up into the ceiling. Sheetrock panels fall down and dust. Immediately all the cops pull out their guns. Some guys hit the floor.

SFX: ALARM goes off in the distance.

ALLEN

It's okay! Desk pop! First ever desk pop!

Fosse and Martin are laughing. Terry runs in, gun drawn.

TERRY

What the hell are you doing?!

ALLEN

(talking loud from ears ringing)

I did my first ever desk pop! It's a real thing, right? Right?

TERRY

A desk pop?! No that's not real!!

ALLEN

I thought so but then they made it seem real...!!

SMASH CUT TO THE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Allen and Terry are seated on a couch talking to the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
Allen, you're going to need to  
hand over your gun.

ALLEN  
Really?

Lieutenant Mauch reaches into a drawer. Allen puts his gun on the desk. Lieutenant Mauch pulls out a black wooden gun.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
Here we go. This is a dummy gun.  
They use it for ceremony. It's  
wooden.

Knocks it on the table.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)  
(holds up Allen's  
gun)  
You get this back when you can  
prove to me you can handle it.

TERRY  
This isn't working Lieutenant.  
Dobbs needs a new partner. His got  
laid off.

ALLEN  
I think we're doing great. We're  
still in the growing pains stage  
but I see a big upside.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
Not on my watch!

ALLEN  
Why did you say that?

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
Honestly, I was tired of dealing  
with you guys and it seemed strong  
and definitive. Now get out.

Allen puts the gun in the holster. It doesn't really fit and sticks out.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - SAME TIME

Midtown - lunch time crowd, eating outside over the exhaust of taxis. A construction crew is destroying a building with a WRECKING BALL, front end loaders, jackhammers and lots of dust.

FOREMAN

Let's go! Lunch!

As the CONSTRUCTION WORKERS leave their posts, a SOLDIER type, 30s, buzz cut, in a track suit, jumps up on the wrecking ball.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Get outta there! What the hell are you doing?

The Soldier pulls out a TASER GUN and shoots off two electric prongs into the Foreman who convulses and hits the ground.

MUSIC: BAD ASS SCORE

We see the soldier is swinging the heavy lead ball across 5th Avenue. It crushes one cab, and sends another flying across the Avenue. People run for cover as the giant ball swings back and forth, narrowing in on it's target-- The CARTIER FLAGSHIP STORE on Fifth Avenue.

The Ex-Soldier speaks into a headset, timing with the swinging ball.

SOLDIER

In three... two... one.

The window and whole front of the CARTIER store SHATTERS.

TWO MORE SOLDIER-TYPES run and start cleaning out the Cartier window of diamonds.

INT. PRECINCT - LATER THAT DAY

Allen and Terry are working at their desks.

FOSSE

Hey Allen, all this month, flash your badge at any pizzeria, free pizza.

ALLEN

I know it's not true!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

That's enough, I'm serious over here!

MARTIN

What'd you care? You hate him.

TERRY

I never used the word hate. And he's still my partner. You guys are just J holes with ties.

ALLEN

But is it true? About the pizza? Cause it would be nice. You always see it on tv shows... free food for cops.

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)

Robbery in process. 470 Fifth Avenue. They're using a wrecking ball to clean out Cartiers.

Everyone scrambles.

MARTIN/FOSSE

We got it!

TERRY

Already heading out.

We HEAR Danson's voice come over the radio.

MANZETTI (O.S.)

(over the radio)

Yeah, Danson and Manzetti. We're rolling heavy.

DANSON (O.S.)

Hey Felicia, I'll pick you up a nice anklet while I'm there.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

(embarrassed)

You're the best Danson.

Terry, Allen, Fosse and Martin turn back to their desks. Terry loses it. He kicks over a water cooler.

TERRY

Dammit! I'm a peacock! Let me fly!

ALLEN

Terry don't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY

God gave me wings!! Let me use  
em!!

FOSSE

Wow. That is uncomfortable to  
watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Danson and Manzetti fish tail their car in front of  
Cartier. The Ex-Soldiers have loaded up the their CARGO  
VAN and are speeding off.

MANZETTI

Well, well, well... At least  
they've got good taste.

DANSON

I'm a Movado man myself.

Danson and Manzetti punch the accelerator and give chase.

The Ex-Soldiers cut through traffic and SLO MO crash into  
a water fountain in front of an Office Building. The Van  
flips and rolls by the front entrance and the Soldiers  
climb out and run for the building.

MANZETTI

I don't know who's crazier. Us or  
them!

Danson and Manzetti screech to a stop and chase after  
them into the high rise building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Danson and Manzetti haul ass into the lobby and into an  
elevator. They hit the "40th floor" and "close door".

As the doors close, an old hand reaches in. An OLD LADY  
talking to her DAUGHTER.

OLD LADY

Fifteen.

Danson hits fifteen. Both guys sigh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

I told him let me get you a TV tray. He said I'll just put the plate on my lap. I said, this tray has a snow scene of Vermont on it. You can eat, enjoy the snow scene and watch "Wheel of Fortune" at the same time. He told me to shut up about the damn TV tray. He just came to hook up the cable and he wanted to leave.

Fifteenth Floor opens up. The Old Lady looks out of the doors.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Nope. This isn't it. It's either the 16th or 22nd or the 28th.

She starts hitting a bunch of floors.

DANSON

Dammit. Stairs.

Danson pushes the doors open and they run out.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stair doors crash open. Danson comes out, breathing hard, followed by Manzetti.

MANZETTI

You been eating too much of Sal's pizza.

They both split up and scan the roof. Danson looks over edge to the street below as Manzetti runs over.

DANSON

Dammit.

Their POV: Two Ex-Soldiers are on the ground waiting for the third. THE THIRD IS MIDWAY DOWN AN IMPRESSIVE ZIP LINE SLIDE THAT'S BEEN SHOT OUT OF THE 20TH FLOOR TO THE STREET BELOW.

DANSON (CONT'D)

These guys are pros.

They both lock eyes. They know each other only too well.

MANZETTI

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both stand on the ledge. In SLO MO we see them LEAP OFF THE 40 STORY BUILDING, arms waving, feet bicycling. It's glorious!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

TIGHT ON the blur of drumsticks held by white gloves. RAT-A-TAT-TAT followed by the HUMM of bagpipes.

MUSIC: "Amazing Grace"

As played by the NYPD Pipe and Drum Corp during a funeral procession. We see COPS lined up in dress blues, white gloves - it's an impressive turnout for impressive guys. News Crews cover the story as two horse drawn coffins slowly make their way past the crowd.

EXT. CEMETERY - HOUR LATER

The Mayor gives a eulogy.

MAYOR

Two days ago, this city wept. We lost two heroes who gave everything for this city...

As we PAN ACROSS the crowd we HEAR quips from different cops.

COP

Who jumps from forty stories?

...past another cop.

COP #2

I heard Manzetti has an eighty eight I.Q. -- that's clinically diagnosed as "dull".

... past another cop.

COP #3

... I had a piece of art in my front yard. Real nice modern sculpture... Manzetti took a shit in. Thought it was a toilet. Not a smart guy.

The Mayor continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR

I only hope in Heaven, God will give them a medal, a slice of Sal's and a silver plated .44 just to keep everyone in check.

Lots of laughs. We end on Terry and Allen. Everyone salutes the coffins as the DRUM starts up.

Terry and Allen whisper to each other.

TERRY

This is our moment Allen. Our moment to be the guys, step up, fill the void.

ALLEN

This is a funeral! Have some respect!

TERRY

What? You don't think every other team here isn't thinking the same?

They both look across to see Martin and Fosse - also whispering, conspiring. Both parties catch each other looking and guiltily stop chatting.

INT. ITALIAN AMERICAN HALL - AN HOUR LATER

MUSIC: TASTEFUL STRING VERSION OF Bruce Springsteen's "Glory Days."

It's the Memorial Service following the funeral. A lot of people are eating baked ziti off of paper plates.

ALLEN

(on cell phone)

I'll be home when I'm home! Just put the dinner on the stove! Bye!

He hangs up.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

My wife is a real piece of work.

Martin and Fosse walk up to Allen and Terry.

FOSSE

Hey, you guys seemed real talkative at the funeral. Real talkative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Scheming like two little mouthy  
bitches.

TERRY

Hey, if you guys are looking to  
mix it up. I'm all about that.

FOSSE

(laughing)

You're not worth the pit stains.  
Look at these two jamokes. One  
shot Jeter, the other shot an  
office.

ALLEN

Guys, keep it down. We're at a  
funeral.

Fosse steps up into Allen's face.

FOSSE

(whispering)

Watch it Gamble. I'll smash your  
little bean counting nose so far  
down your throat you'll be able to  
smell your own taint!

Terry steps up to Fosse's face.

TERRY

(also whispering)

Come on Fosse... You wanna roll?  
I'll kick your fat head in and  
then use your brain juice as shoe  
shine.

Bob interrupts.

BOB

Hey guys. You have that ziti?  
It's really outstanding.

TERRY

Get outta here Bob.

Martin lunges at Terry. THEY START VICIOUSLY BRAWLING ON  
THE GROUND BUT QUIETLY, trying not to draw attention.

ALLEN

(gently whispering)

Take him, Terry. Take him!

It's the quietest nasty fight ever. Some other cops come  
over and start cheering on Martin but all in whispers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FOSSE AND OTHER COPS

(all in a whisper)

Kick his ass Martin....Come  
on...That's it....Fuck him up!

Danson's WIDOW, 19, walks by. Allen nods to her with the  
whisper fight behind him.

ALLEN

I'm very sorry for your loss.

The Lieutenant runs over and whisper yells at them.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

(whisper yelling)

What the hell is going on?! I'm  
over there consoling the grieving  
family and you guys are having a  
damn street brawl?

He looks at Fosse and a bloody-nosed Martin, then at  
Terry and Allen.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

(whisper yell)

We're at a goddamn funeral! Two  
men have died!

ALLEN

(whisper)

I told them that.

A weeping WOMAN walks by being consoled by the D.A.

TERRY, ALLEN, MARTIN, FOSSE,  
LIEUTENANT

Sorry for your loss...Hello  
Frank...Sorry for your loss.

As soon as they pass, Terry punches Martin and they go at  
it again.

ALL

(whisper cheering)

Kick his ass...Oh!...Come On!

The Lieutenant pulls them apart again.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

That's enough you jackals!

The Lieutenant undoes his tie and pulls out a RED VEST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

If you need anything I'm doing the night shift at Target. Tonight's manager special - Oster Blenders. Great for the wives.

EXT. BANQUET HALL - TEN MINUTES LATER

We see Terry walking out taking off his tie. Allen catches up to him.

ALLEN

Thanks for stepping in back there. I think I could've handled it, though.

TERRY

He had the drop on you. He was on your weak side, backlit, not your dominant eye - you wouldn't of seen the first punch.

ALLEN

Well thanks. Where are you going?

TERRY

I've got to go see my ol' lady. Someone who gets me.

He keeps walking. Allen keeps up.

ALLEN

I didn't know you had a girl.

INT. BALLET STUDIO - NIGHT

MUSIC: TCHAIKOVSKY - Plucky Harp

Several dancers stretch on the rail. One woman stands out -- she's beautiful and graceful. This is FRANCINE. A svelte, muscular, BLACK MALE DANCER holds her leg.

Terry and Allen enter -- clearly out of place.

TERRY

What the hell are you doing?

FRANCINE

I'm dancing. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

I love you Francine. You don't even ask about Terry Junior. He misses you.

FRANCINE

Terry Junior is a dog! You named him after yourself to try and guilt me.

TERRY

Everyone on the block still asks about you. Slappy and ChooChoo and the guys still sing doo-wop tunes around the ash can. They can't believe we're not together.

FRANCINE

You have to stop! You have to give up on this fantasy. I moved on a long, long time ago.

The black dancer walks over.

DANCER

Francine, is this guy bothering you?

TERRY

Who's this guy? He your new boyfriend?

FRANCINE

He's my dance partner Terry.

TERRY

What? You don't think I can do this shit?

Terry turns around and does an impressive *pirouet* into a *arabesque* into a *grande jete en attitude*. He walks away.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I love you Francine!

ALLEN

He loves you Francine!

EXT. BALLET STUDIO - NIGHT

Allen walks with Terry. Terry's upset.

ALLEN

I didn't know you could dance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

We used to do those dance moves to make fun of guys. Show em how queer they were.

ALLEN

You learned to dance like that sarcastically?

TERRY

I guess.

ALLEN

I just realized after a year working together, you've never been to my house for dinner or met Sheila.

TERRY

I don't know. Your wife seems like a real ball buster.

ALLEN

Sheila? Yeah I married young. But she's harmless.

EXT. QUEENS BROWNSTONE - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see a Prius parked in front on a modest brownstone in a middle class Queens neighborhood.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Terry and Allen are seated at a modest dining nook table. The house feels like a Math Teacher's, humble yet smart. Allen is showing Terry some paper work.

ALLEN

Here are three downtown construction sites that are totally unpermitted. And this is just from last month. The budget cuts have gutted any regulatory teeth the city had.....

TERRY

Don't you get it? Danson and Manzetti are gone. When I said this was our chance to step up, I didn't mean this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Honestly, does anyone know why they jumped off that building?

TERRY

Who cares? There's a vacuum in this city and we could fill it! Allen, it's time to be a real cop!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Soup's on!

Just then Allen's wife SHEILA, 34, comes in with dinner. SHE IS ABSOLUTELY STUNNING. She wears a sun dress and could easily be a movie star or model.

SHEILA

You must be Terry. Sorry I've been hiding, this was a tricky dinner.

TERRY

Uh, hi. You're Allen's wife?

SHEILA

I know people are always shocked because he's Episcopalian and I'm Catholic. But it works.

ALLEN

This smells delicious honey. Are you going to change for dinner?

SHEILA

I already did.

ALLEN

Uh-oh! Foot goes in mouth! Seriously though honey, are you going to change? You look, not so great and we have company....

Sheila is seated and serving dinner.

SHEILA

I'm sorry baby. Just for tonight I thought I'd go casual.

TERRY

It's no big deal.... You look nice.

ALLEN

You don't have to be polite Terry. She looks terrible.

(holds up iPhone)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

This is my People Magazine Fashion App. I typed in what you're wearing and you got a C plus.

SHEILA

Allen loves his Apps. And screw People Magazine. I don't want to look like Reese Witherspoon.

TERRY

Why are you with Allen? I mean, how did you guys meet?

SHEILA

Its a pretty typical "how we met" story Terry. I was a dancer for the Knicks while finishing my residency at Columbia Hospital. Allen came in, he hurt himself. He was unemployed and uninsured. Needless to say, I fell for him immediately.

ALLEN

Not immediately.

SHEILA

That's right... Allen was still dating his old girlfriend Dianne Lane. But once they split I jumped in there.

TERRY

You dated Dianne Lane?

ALLEN

(mouth full)  
Y-up. Dark days.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - AN HOUR LATER

Terry says goodbye to Allen and Sheila.

SHEILA

It was really nice meeting you Terry!

TERRY

Likewise, Sheila. Allen, remember what I said. This is our time. Starting tomorrow we both clock in ready to rock and roll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

So what's that? Bicycle pants,  
mesh top and Reeboks?

TERRY

No. Start with not that and work  
from there. Thanks again for  
dinner.

They close the door but we hear Sheila as it closes.

ALLEN (O.C.)

Why would you dress up as a French  
Maid? The house is clean.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

An alarm clock goes off at 6:00 AM. Next to it is a badge  
and a gun. We hear news radio blaring.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

1010 WINS! Stock Market drops 220  
but the big story, a shooting on  
the Westside Highway leaves a  
Bronx woman hospitalized-

We see Terry asleep in his bed. His bedroom is a mess of  
dirty clothes. He reaches over and hits the alarm off.

TERRY

I got this one.

MUSIC: AC/DC "Ride On"

MONTAGE OF TERRY GETTING DRESSED:

-Jeans pulled up.

-T-shirt thrown on.

-Knife taped to his calf.

-Cool necklace.

-A dab of WARNING SHOT Cologne

-Shoulder holster strapped and gleaming Baretta locked  
and loaded.

-Topped off with a well worn leather jacket.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The doors fling open on a dusty old garage REVEALING a car under a cover. Terry flings off the cover - IT'S AN AMAZING 1970 DODGE CORONET - a classic cop car. Shiny black, cherry. He gives the car a little kiss.

TERRY

It's our time Carol.

At the end of the driveway, Allen pulls up in his Prius. He sees Terry leaning against his impressive Dodge.

ALLEN

Let's just take mine!

MUSIC OUT.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Allen drives with Terry in the passenger seat. Both their heads are crammed into the car cause of its low ceiling.

ALLEN

I apologize in advance if I'm a little out of it. Sheila and I got into last night.

TERRY

What were you guys fighting about?

ALLEN

She wants to take this blow job class at the Learning Annex and we just don't have the money in the budget. Women, huh?

TERRY

Yeah... that's... messed up.

Allen takes out his iPhone and makes a call.

ALLEN

(into phone)

Yeah, I'm tailing driver number 649. I just have to say, he's doing quite well.

TERRY

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allen motions to the bumper sticker on the back of the truck in front of them which reads. "How Am I Driving 1-800-DRV CMMT."

ALLEN

Calling in with a report....

(back to phone)

He's patient. He's signalling at the all the proper times and he's keeping a nice even speed. He's a real pleasure. Okay, have a nice day.

He clicks off his phone.

TERRY

You gotta be kidding me.

ALLEN

How so?

TERRY

Why you'd do that?

ALLEN

This country thrives on feedback. That guy will drive back to work and there'll be a nice message waiting for him. It's called Pay it Forward.

The radio crackles in the car.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We've got shots fired. 232 Grand street. There are large amounts of narcotics on the scene.

Terry picks up the receiver.

TERRY

Detective Hoitz and Gamble. We got it!

We hear Martin and Fosse crackle on the radio.

MARTIN (VO)

This is Detectives Martin and Fosse. Fuck you Hoitz. This one's ours!

TERRY

Punch it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN

America!!

Terry pops in a CD on the radio. Bad ass heavy metal kicks in.

MUSIC: PRONG'S "SNAP YOUR FINGERS, SNAP YOUR NECK"

Allen cuts through traffic with his Prius. He puts a little Radio Shack siren on the roof. It has a cigarette lighter charger that runs across his face from the roof.

MUSIC: CHANGES TO LITTLE RIVER BAND "REMINISCING"

TERRY

What the hell is that?

ALLEN

LRB. Little River Band.

TERRY

The idea is we play some music to get us pumped for the call.

ALLEN

Exactly.

Allen turns up LRB louder. Terry turns it off.

TERRY

Let's go with no music.

FOSSE (V.O.)

This is Detectives Martin and Fosse en route. We are two minutes out!

TERRY

(into radio)

Negative! Hoitz and Gamble have already made the call!!

MARTIN (V.O.)

Hoitz and Gamble should get ready to do our paperwork. And please don't shoot any beloved baseball players.

TERRY

Punch it Allen! I swear to God you drop that foot like a lead weight or I'm going to shoot you in the foot!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALLEN

Ahhhh!!!! I'm gonna do it!!!!

EXT. SECOND AVE - DAY

Allen punches the accelerator and THE CAR SHOOTS OFF LIKE A ROCKET. Swerving in and out of traffic, going at least ninety.

TERRY

That's too fast!! Easy!

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

WIDE SHOT as Allen DRIVES RIGHT THROUGH THE YELLOW TAPE AND INTO THE CRIME SCENE. A bag of white powder explodes in the air as their car hits it.

ALLEN

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

We hear the telltale BUMP of driving over a body as they stop. The entire crowds GASPS and stares in shock. The crime scene is destroyed.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

Terry and Allen sit in the Prius as Martin and Fosse coolly walk up.

MARTIN

That was nice guys. Forensics is gonna love you.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Martin and Fosse run the show while Terry and Allen stand with the crowd behind yellow tape. Fosse emerges from a building with a GUY in handcuffs. The CROWD CHEERS.

Martin and Fosse turn to the GATHERED PRESS -- light flashes, reporters, etc.

MARTIN

Let's just say, the only white powder these guys will be dealing is flour in the kitchen for a bunch of inmates.

There's a beat of silence --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOSSE  
Making biscuits!

Then the Reporters cheer. Several do their sign offs.

REPORTER #1  
Looks like it's prison biscuits  
for these criminals. But the real  
question is: Are Martin and Fosse  
the new Super Cops!? Only time  
will tell....

Allen pops in behind the Reporter #2's shot.

ALLEN  
Except they're not!

INT. GOTHAM GRILLE RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

An upscale restaurant. Terry and Allen sit at a table in  
as A WAITER prepares a Caesar salad for them table side.  
WE SEE THE WAITER IS ACTUALLY LIEUTENANT MAUCH.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
I can't have you guys out there  
wrecking crime scenes.

TERRY  
Sorry Lieutenant. Martin and Fosse  
jumped our call.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
Crime is changing detectives.

A BUSBOY comes over and fills the water glasses.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)  
You guys remember, Guillermo  
Vasquez? Busted seventeen times  
for B&E.

TERRY  
Hey. I think I broke your  
collarbone once. What are you  
doing here?

BUSBOY  
Right before I took this job, I  
broke into an apartment. Was  
going to grab a plasma screen, a  
couple of lap tops. You know what  
they had? An afghan and four CDs.  
People are hurting bro. Sparkling  
or flat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Flat.

Lieutenant is serving the salad, it's elaborate.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

All I'm saying is be sure you make your cases count. Drugs, animals and sex. Those are the crimes that get air time and keep our budget up. Fresh pepper?

ALLEN/TERRY

Yes....Please.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

And if you guys feel like bitching, remember I should have retired three years ago. Now I'm working three jobs.

ALLEN

Not to be a pain but can I get this without anchovies?

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Go jump up your own ass.

The Lieutenant goes to serve another table.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

How's the birthday boy doing!!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIUS - THE NEXT DAY

Terry and Allen sit in the car eating sandwiches.

ALLEN

How long you been with Francine?

TERRY

We dated five years.

ALLEN

That's tough. Were you guys high school sweethearts?

TERRY

No. Fourth grade to eighth grade. It was intense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

So you were twelve when you split?

TERRY

Yeah. I just can't get her out of my heart. I remember this one time in fifth grade we were throwing bricks at an old TV in the garbage and she took my Sprees and I was crying. Listen to me, I sound like a Movie of the Week.

ALLEN

I guess...Man, that's young.

TERRY

Braveheart met his wife when she was six.

A call comes over the dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Get out your cash rewards cards, here's a good one -- some reality star is holding a lingerie model hostage at the Plaza.

We HEAR sirens start up in the distance.

TERRY

This is Detectives Hoitz and Gamble en route!  
(to Allen)  
This time I drive.

INT. SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Martin and Fosse are mentoring a bunch of SIXTH GRADERS.

MARTIN

You're going to be getting a lot of pressure to join a gang. And there's one way to avoid this. And that is-

A CALL comes over Fosse's radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

(crackly barely  
audible)

Hostage situation...lingerie model...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOSSE

We got to go!

MARTIN

Yep. Okay where are the guns?  
Pass'em to the front!

Martin and Fosse look out to the kids who are passing around their guns.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Terry and Allen drive. They look up. News Helicopters litter the sky.

ALLEN

Everyone's coming out for this one.

Allen hits the music:

MUSIC: Little River Band's "Night Owl"

TERRY

No! No more. Clearly we have differences in music. You listen to what you want, I'll listen to what I want.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRIUS - ONE MINUTE LATER

Terry and Allen barrel down the street, IN SILENCE WITH IPOD HEAD PHONES ON, clearly grooving to their own beat.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - PLAZA HOTEL - SAME TIME

News vans screech to a halt in front of the Plaza Hotel where a dozen cop cars and police are surrounding the building.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Terry and Allen driving. Something catches Allen's eye.

ALLEN

Stop the car!

The car screeches to a stop in front of an upscale apartment building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

This better be Jimmy Hoffa selling crack to OJ!

Allen is standing and looking at a residential building with scaffolding while checking his iPhone.

ALLEN

This is a death trap.... An absolute death trap.

Terry gets out of the car.

TERRY

If you say the word "permit" I'm gonna clock you I really am.

Cop cars with sirens blaring screech past in the background.

ALLEN

I'm checking records on my City permits app and there's nothing on this address! Six tons of scaffolding over a public sidewalk and they don't fill out a permit? Building's registered to a David Ershon -- money manager.

Allen has his picture on his phone. Just then DAVID ERSNON, the man from the 60 Minutes interview, exits the building in a hurry.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir? Are you David Ershon?

The Gentleman starts moving towards the limo. Allen stands in front of him.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Are you David Ershon?

DAVID ERSNON

Yes, now if you could please move, I'm in a hurry.

ALLEN

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you do or say can be, can be... What's the next part?

TERRY

Can be used as a flotation device.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN

Can be used as a flotation device.  
Okay, that's not funny. It's been  
awhile since I've Miranda'd  
someone, okay?

DAVID ERSNON

It certainly took you long enough.  
I guess I always pictured a more  
impressive arrest scene.

Allen leads Ershon to the car. We hear their radio blare.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Hostage taker has been disarmed by  
Detectives Martin and Fosse. I  
repeat Martin and Fosse have the  
collar.

TERRY

Un-cocksuckin-believable! We blew  
it!

Allen pushes Ershon into the back seat and gets in.

ALLEN

You have the right to an attorney,  
anything you say can be... used to  
do stuff...

Terry gets into the passenger seat.

TERRY

Martin and Fosse won't pay for a  
drink for months and we're chasing  
permit violations!

DAVID ERSNON

Wait, what am I being arrested  
for?

SUDDENLY - CRASH! The Prius is rammed into from the side,  
knocking it onto the sidewalk. Terry and Allen are  
dazed. We see a BIG WHITE ESCALADE has just hit them.

SFX: A CONTINUOUS PIERCING TONE AFTER THE HIT

Allen gets out with license and registration. It's in SLO  
MO as the effects of the accident fade.

ALLEN

License and registration right  
here! Let's do this by the books.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Escalade was driven by a TALL ARMENIAN and SHORT ARMENIAN (think Vic Darchinyan). Both wear suits and have mean looking faces but with big pleasant looking smiles. We ramp down out of the SLO MO as the two imposing men walk towards Allen.

SFX: THE PIERCING SOUND DIES DOWN

SHORT ARMENIAN  
(soothing)  
Please.... Please...please...

TERRY  
Everyone okay?

TALL ARMENIAN  
Please... please.

The hypnotic "pleases" allow the Armenians to walk right up to Terry and Allen. They REVEAL TWO LARGE PISTOLS under their jackets and get the drop on the guys.

SHORT ARMENIAN  
Please.

They take away Terry's gun, The Short Armenian takes Allen's gun and sniffs it and then laughs.

SHORT ARMENIAN (CONT'D)  
(in Armenian)  
He has a wooden gun!

ERSHON  
(clipped)  
Do not let these men take me! It  
will be a very bad everyone!

CRASH! A BLACK RANGE ROVER slams into the back of the Escalade sending it flying. Out jump a SOUTH AMERICAN MAN AND WOMAN, (Think Ricardo Mayorga and Vivian Castro). Their GUNS are IMMEDIATELY REVEALED UNDER THEIR SHIRTS. The Armenians steps back.

TERRY  
Are we in the middle of a drug  
deal? What is this?

SOUTH AMERICAN MAN  
I am very sorry.

Everyone has guns drawn, except Terry and Allen. The hot South American jostles them around.

SOUTH AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
I am very sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALLEN  
They're all very polite.

THE HOT SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN STARES AT ALLEN FOR A BEAT, DRINKING HIM IN. Then she gets in his car and drives away with Ershon in it. The Range Rover quickly follows. SCREECH! They look over and one of the Armenians drives off in the Escalade.

It all went down in a matter of seconds leaving Allen and Terry with no car, no guns and somehow no shoes.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
What just happened?

Beat.

TERRY  
When did they take my shoes?

EXT. 1ST AVE - TEN MINUTES LATER

We see a long lens shot of Allen and Terry walking towards us down 1st Avenue. They look tired and beaten. People give the barefoot duo looks as they walk.

ALLEN  
I don't get why we can't call the office and have a blue and white pick us up?

TERRY  
No. No way that call's going out on the radio. No way.

ALLEN  
Then at least let's take the subway.

TERRY  
See, unlike you I have friends. And occasionally I bump into them on subways.

ALLEN  
I'm calling.

Feels for his phone, nothing.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Dammit! My phone was in the car! You know how many apps I had on that? Sixty. Sixty apps.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(off Terry)

You don't care, do you?

TERRY

No. Not at all.

They walk for a beat longer passing some restaurants.

ALLEN

Hey, it's your birthday in a few days.

TERRY

How do you know that?

ALLEN

I make the birthday calender for the office.

TERRY

I thought that got torn down five minutes after it was put up?

ALLEN

Yes, it did. And they drenched it in toilet water and put it in my desk with a note that said "We're cops not second graders."

TERRY

That's pretty nasty. But honestly you do anything on my birthday and I'll punch your head. Understood?

ALLEN

What's wrong with celebrating a birthday?

TERRY

I'm in my late thirties. There's no more growth to mark. No more milestones. I just down a shot and say "Hey I didn't get stabbed or hit by a car this year. Down the hatch!"

ALLEN

That is bleak.

TERRY

You know what's bleak? A party store. Go into one of those, fluorescent lights, cheap crap. People trying to buy a good time. The best parties just happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY (CONT'D)

I've got some wine! Hey, I just met these Puerto Rican girls! Party!

ALLEN

Why were you in a party store in the first place?

Beat

TERRY

Okay, you got me. It was Francine's 12th birthday and I went to town. Balloons, streamers, magnetic mustache games for favors. That's the day she broke up with me.

ALLEN

But you were twelve?

TERRY

Yeah. Can you believe it? I ate pop rocks and Pepsi to try and do myself in. But it just made my mouth tingle.

Beat.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What was with you and the hot Latin chick back there. You guys had a moment.

ALLEN

I wouldn't say that.

TERRY

Are you kidding me? She undressed you, did you and left a twenty on the bed on her way out all in her mind.

ALLEN

You're nuts.

TERRY

What'd you care, your wife's crazy hot.

ALLEN

Who Sheila? Come on. She's cute. I love her. But she's not hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TERRY

You're delusional dude. She's  
insanely hot.

ALLEN

Well that's nice of you to say and  
I'll pass on the compliment.

TERRY

Don't tell your wife I said she's  
hot. She'll think I'm a creep.

Beat

ALLEN

Once again, what the hell just  
happened?

TERRY

I think we were just in the middle  
of a kidnapping.

We watch the two cops walk down the street barefoot.

INT. D.A.'S SPECIAL UNIT OFFICES - TWO HOURS LATER

Martin and Fosse are both trying on sunglasses. There's  
a large tray and a HOT SALESGIRL. Fosse's got a pair of  
rose colored Foster Grants.

MARTIN

I like 'em. They really frame  
your face. Make you look thinner.

Terry and Allen enter -- they've been walking the streets  
barefoot for two hours. Terry enters and makes a grand  
announcement.

TERRY

Okay folks, we've got a high  
profile kidnapping. Might be  
drugged related, might be  
terrorist.

ALLEN

(equally enthused)  
That's right folks, we said the  
"T" word!

Martin and Fosse look over interested. Both wearing  
sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

I'm going to need someone from the motor pool. We got a missing car.

MARTIN

Who got kidnapped?

Terry paces, speaks and enjoys the stage.

TERRY

David Ershon, wealthy upper eastside resident. We're looking at multi national team, possibly working in concert. Too early to tell.

ALLEN

Not making assumptions!

The rest of the precinct starts to act.

TERRY

We need full cooperation of all departments, Terry and I will be running point.

ALLEN

Interface people! Interface!

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Okay, slow down. Talk to me.

ALLEN

Okay, we apprehended David Ershon for questioning concerning a building violation. While in our custody-- is someone writing this down? While in our custody, we were blind sided and then overtaken by four members of a multinational kidnapping death squad. Really? No one's writing this down? We were then stripped of our weapons and our shoes and Ershon was violently abducted. We should expect a ransom phone call within minutes. All it takes is a pen and paper!! It's called a statement!

MARTIN

They took your guns?

FOSSE AND OTHER COPS

And your shoes? Why shoes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY

Enough about the shoes! Now I suggest we start working the streets or this guy's coming home in a body bag!

BOB

Guys, heads up. Guys? They just said your guy's name on the Knicks game?

Everyone turns to the Knicks game on the TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Nate Robinson, for threeee! And Nate high fives David Ershon and his date.

ANNOUNCER II (V.O.)

The guy has game and I'm talking about Ershon.

MARTIN

I guess they're holding your guy hostage court side!

Everyone in the squad room laughs and walks away. Terry walks over to the TV and looks at Ershon with his super model girlfriend, who we only see half of.

TERRY

Who is this guy?

INT. APPLE STORE - GENIUS BAR

Allen and Terry are with an employee at the Apple Store, TIM LEE, 30s wearing the Apple iPhone shirt, cop demeanor surrounded by kids. They are standing at the Genius Bar.

ALLEN

Tim, we appreciate this.

TIM

You kidding? It's all I enjoy doing.

Tim starts typing.

TIM (CONT'D)

Any idea when the city might bring back the computer forensic lab?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Not looking good. Laid off twenty more detectives last month.

TIM

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Apple Store EMO KID EMPLOYEE approaches Tim.

EMPLOYEE

Tim, you want to switch shifts tomorrow? I really wanna go see Radiohead.

TIM

How about I shove an iShuffle up your ass and you learn something about responsibility? Huh? How about that?

EMPLOYEE

I was just asking, you don't have to be a douche.

The kid walks off.

TERRY

(keeping it moving)  
So any luck?

TIM

I think you're really going to like this. Grab a seat.

Terry and Allen grab a seat in the Apple Theater.

MUSIC UP: SADE "Smooth Operator"

On the giant screen images start to flash as a track that Tim recorded earlier, there's amazing graphics, dissolves of photos, great animation.

TIM (CONT'D)

I used a Morgan Freeman voice over app.

ALLEN

Oh, I'm getting that!

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.)

David Ershon, born Gale Forentsky in Gainsville, Florida to parents Eve and Tate Forentsky, ran a dry cleaning concern in downtown Gainsville.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY

He's not even English.

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.)

After graduating from Florida State, Gale Forentsky changed his name to "David Ershon". He became a fast rising star in the investment world and in 2005 started the Ershon Consortium, current financial holdings are said to exceed 70 Billion Euros. They are the only investment firm to show profits during the 2009 collapse. Lives a lavish lifestyle with wife Evika Hellimenez, arguably the most beautiful woman on the earth. Three times Ms. Universe.

We see a PIXALATED PHOTO OF A WOMAN.

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The 97 cm, 121 KGs beauty is so sexy that any photograph of her automatically receives an R rating.

TERRY

Ah Tim, why is everything in metric?

TIM

Sounds cooler in kilos and Euros.

ALLEN

I've always thought that.

The presentation continues.

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.)

The only financier to have a corporate skybox at the Senate. Ershon has one of the largest wine and cheese collections in the world. He frequently hangs out with Judge Anthony Scalia, Brody Jenner, and the lead singer of Maroon 5.

The BIG SCREEN is interrupted by "GEARS OF WAR".

TIM

Garry, get off the main drive!  
I'm working!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

...Back to the presentation.

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.)  
 Mr. Ershon was made an honorary  
 member of the Baldwin Family in  
 2004. And the future looks  
 nothing but bright for this rising  
 star of the finance world.

The lights come on. Music stops.

TIM  
 Sorry guys. This guy's legit.

TERRY  
 Keep digging.

ALLEN  
 Love the presentation. Really  
 impressive.

TIM  
 Let me know if you hear of any  
 jobs opening up.

EXT. STREET - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Terry and Allen drive down the street in Terry's bad ass  
 big American car. It is pluming black smoke behind it.

TERRY  
 I don't buy he's squeaky clean.  
 Once I see guns and airline  
 tickets I know someone left a  
 trout in the tanning bed.

ALLEN  
 This guy's got a lot of foreign  
 investments.

The car rumbles and backfires.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 What do you get, six miles to the  
 gallon?

TERRY  
 Five but there's more to a car  
 than that.

He revs and the 8 cylinders light up like a stallion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

That means nothing. Definitions of power are changing every day. Who would win in a fight, Noble Prize winning economist Paul Krugman or ultimate fighter Ken Shamrock?

TERRY

Ken Shamrock.

ALLEN

Really? But then Paul Krugman manipulates currency rates devaluing Ken Shamrocks earning power, leading to unemployment and less time working out.

TERRY

And Ken Shamrock walks in and punches Krugman in the face.

ALLEN

Don't get me wrong, I love Ken Shamrock. I'm a huge fan. But in the long run Krugman comes out ahead.

TERRY

But in the short run Shamrock arm bars Krugman.

ALLEN

I could not be a bigger Ken Shamrock fan. But Shamrock has gimpy knees and is broke by the time he's forty having in no way affected the world. Meanwhile Krugman? Just started collecting awards.

TERRY

You asked who would win and I told you.

(looks at dash)

Ah, look at that. I gotta fill up.

Terry pulls into a gas station.

EXT. ERSHON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ershon and his Girlfriend, who's face is pixilated, enter the house. The two Brazilians stand outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUTH AMERICAN MAN

Good night. We will be here.

The door shuts. They look up to see the Armenians' Escalade drive by slowly. The Brazilians hold their guns under their jackets and stare them down.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

The Jenklow Art Gallery.

INT. JENKLOW ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: SOURCE: JAPANESE ELECTRONICA

Francine is surrounded by patrons and artists. She looks stunning in a designer dress and holds a glass of wine. TERRY WALKS IN, grabs a glass of wine and approaches her. He starts to put the wine on the table. A WORKER...

WORKER

Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. That's an installation.

TERRY

What? This coffee table?

It's a coffee table -- magazines, an ashtray, remote control, half empty coffee mug, wrappers. Terry looks closely at the price listing.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Five hundred thousand?

WORKER

Yeah.

Francine approaches.

FRANCINE

What are you doing here?

TERRY

I wanna be with you.

FRANCINE

Terry, we dated thirty years ago. We weren't allowed to have matches when we were together.

TERRY

You're lost baby. This world's got you all upside down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY (CONT'D)

You should be in my arms and instead you're selling dirty coffee tables. Look at this, it's nonsense.

FRANCINE

It's a comment on the inanity of our consumer culture. The chaos of the coffee table represents our fractured ego.

TERRY

It's not art, it's a dirty coffee table.

FRANCINE

The fact that we're discussing this, makes it art. You think you can do this? You can't.

Francine's BOSS, 52, comes over. He's wearing square glasses, a Paul Smith suit jacket and T-shirt that says "I'M GAY."

BOSS

Is this man bothering you Francine?

TERRY

Francine, you actually have sex with this creep?

FRANCINE

He's gay Terry. He's wearing a shirt that says "I'm gay." And he's also my boss.

BOSS

It's an ironic vintage shirt. Except the irony is ironic because I am gay.

FRANCINE

Everything's fine Mr. Reeger. He's leaving.

TERRY

What about us?

FRANCINE

There is no us.

TERRY

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Terry reaches down and moves a spoon a fraction of an inch on the coffee table. People scream!

FRANCINE/PATRONS

Ahh!... Oh Dear God no!!... Sweet Jesus!!!

Terry busts out of the gallery.

TERRY

My love for you is art!!!

The whole Gallery groans.

PATRONS

Ohhhh....Oh brother!...Painful!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTOR POOL - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

We see three OFFICERS in Hazmat suits scrubbing Allen's Prius. It's a mess. A tire is gone, as is the back passenger side door. Terry and Allen enter.

ALLEN

Are you guys dusting for prints?

Everyone laughs. The head of the Motor Pool, OFFICER WATTS, 48 walks them to the car.

OFFICER WATTS

Hardly. From fluid and hair samples we've determined a bunch of homeless old men had an orgy in the car.

ALLEN

Oh God.

OFFICER WATTS

Then shortly after, a Dominican woman gave birth on the floor. And then to top it off some guy took a nifty little dump in the driver's seat. It was a little swirl. Almost cute. He must have found out you were a cop. It was a spite shit.

ALLEN

You can tell all that from fluid and hair samples?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the Officers in the Hazmat suit holds up a plastic bag with Allen's iPhone in it.

HAZMAT OFFICER

Is this yours?!

ALLEN

Oh my God, Carol!

OFFICER WATTS

The guy named a piece of machinery Carol. That's F'd up, huh?

TERRY

Yeah... So you guys see any sign of a struggle or find any shells?

OFFICER WATTS

Believe me, everyone who participated in the orgy was more than willing. So, no.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Terry and Allen are sitting on the couch of the Lieutenant's office.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Mayor's office wants you to back off.

TERRY

Back off of what?

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Ershon. He called and apologized, played his political card, huge contributor to every pol in town. He said his security guys got out of line. We're fining them and then moving on.

Lieutenant Mauch hands them each their guns. Allen still has a wooden gun.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

They returned these. Allen they actually put a nice linseed oil and stain on yours.

Terry stands up, heated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

This is wrong Lieutenant! That was NOT a security team!

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Leave it alone! There is no collar!

ALLEN

(to Terry)

Look, I think what Lieutenant Mauch is saying, is pursue the case, but be careful.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

No, that's not at all what I'm saying. I'm saying leave it alone!

ALLEN

(to Terry)

Okay, so pursue the case but check in with him from time to time.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Goddamit! I'm saying there is no case! It's over!

Lieutenant Mauch pulls out a folder.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

Here. Martin and Fosse have been begging for it. An unlicensed photo studio working on the lower east side. We're talking drug use, animal trafficking. Real nasty stuff. It's yours.

He hand them the folder. It's a bunch of cat photos for calendars, greeting cards, etc.

TERRY

Kittens?

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

This has good PR all over it. Local news will eat this up. Don't blow it!

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Terry and Allen walk down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

I want Ershon now.

ALLEN

You heard the Lieutenant, we can only work the case on weekends.

TERRY

It's too neat the way this got cleaned up. The Lieutenant should've had our backs when our guns were taken.

Allen looks through his phone.

ALLEN

Hey there was a thirteen minute phone call after we were jumped.

TERRY

They used your phone?

ALLEN

My phone ghost dialed.

TERRY

So it coulda picked up some of that conversation when Ershon got grabbed. We got to hear the other side of that call.

ALLEN

(changes his mind)

No, it's probably nothing.

TERRY

Nothing? It's the only lead we have.

ALLEN

It's an ex-girlfriend. There's no way I'm talking to her.

TERRY

Do you realize this guy could be putting up illegal scaffolding right now?

ALLEN

I know, it's tearing me up inside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Allen's Prius is in front of a big house up in Westchester. They knock on the door. A really beautiful woman holding a cocktail answers the door. This is CHRISTINITH.

CHRISTINITH

Allen.

INT. HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Christinith, Allen and Terry all sit in uncomfortable silence. Christinith's cell phone sits on the coffee table.

CHRISTINITH

I waited for you in Tower Records for FOUR HOURS!

ALLEN

I'm sorry. That was thirteen years ago.

CHRISTINITH

It feels like ten seconds to me.

Her husband HAL walks in with a tray of drinks.

HAL

Just a little pause for the cause -  
- some Arnold Palmers. Sweetie,  
that one's got the vodkey.

CHRISTINITH

Hal, just place them down.

HAL

Alrighty.

CHRISTINITH

I did things with you in bed that I've never done with anyone!

ALLEN

Christinith your husband...?

CHRISTINITH

He knows all about us.

TERRY

Christine, this is a lovely house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINITH

It's Christinith! Are you deaf?

ALLEN

Look we really need the message.  
We believe there was a kidnapping.

CHRISTINITH

Do you remember how every morning  
I'd call and say, "I'd die for  
you"?

ALLEN

Yeah, it was.....sweet.

CHRISTINITH

It's still true.

ALLEN

So can we hear the message?

CHRISTINITH

Come into the kitchen and I'll  
play it for you. Everyone else  
stay here.

HAL

Okay, sweetie.

Allen and Christinith get up and leave Hal and Terry.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Allen follows Christinith into the kitchen. As soon as  
the door shuts, she turns and attacks Allen.

CHRISTINITH

Take me. Here. Now. Please!  
Take me!

From upstairs we HEAR.

KID (O.C.)

Mom! Mom! Can you help with our  
art project?

CHRISTINITH

I'll be right there!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry and the husband sit quietly. They can hear the  
activity in the kitchen. Crashing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL

She was so excited when she saw he called.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Christinith holds up an old snow cone wrapper.

CHRISTINITH

I saved it.

ALLEN

I don't know what that is.

CHRISTINITH

Sno Cone wrapper you ate. August 1995 Great Adventure, right before you got on the Lighting Loops, this was in your mouth. You own my mouth.

Allen breaks free. He runs out of the kitchen.

ALLEN

Terry! Let's go!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allen lunges for her phone on the coffee table. Hal tries to stop him. Allen stiff arms him.

HAL

You love her like she deserves to be loved! Give her heart back!

ALLEN

This is police evidence! Terry, let's go!

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Allen and Terry run out of the house. Christinith screams from the porch.

CHRISTINITH

Allen!! Teach Hal how to be you!!!

INT. FINNEGAN'S BAR - NIGHT

Traditional Irish Pub -- it's packed. In the back room, guys hold their Guinness', singing traditional Irish songs in a circle with heads down accapella.

OLD MAN  
A HEMP-ROPE ON HIS NECK/ NE'ER A  
TEAR IN HIS BLUE EYES/ AS YOUNG  
RODDY MCCORLEY GOES TO DIE/ ON THE  
BRIDGE OF TOOME TODAY.

We find Terry and Allen hovering over two beers, trying to listen to the messages on Christinith's phone.

TERRY  
What did you do to that girl?

ALLEN  
Nothing. I think I looked like her  
Dad. She's very intense.  
(and then)  
Okay, here we go.

On SPEAKER we hear:

SFX: BEEP

We hear a conversation between Ershon and something that sounds Spanish.

ERSHON  
I'm sorry. I panicked.

More foreign language.

ERSHON (CONT'D)  
Tell them I won't do it again.  
Tell them it was just about some  
stupid building code violations.

TERRY  
What is that? Spanish?

Allen looks at his phone.

ALLEN  
No. New iPhone app: language  
translator. See that? Portuguese.

They continue listening to the Portuguese speaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 Something about Banco Sao Paulo.  
 Must be something with currencies,  
 or currency reserves. They're-

A OLD MAN taps his shoulder.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 Hold on. I'm up.

Allen stands. He stares at the floor, tapping his hand  
 on his thigh.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 AND ANNIE'S CHILD HELD HER SLEEVE  
 WHEN THE SOLDIERS CAME A KNOCKING,  
 SHE SAID THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO  
 TAKE FROM US AND HER MOTHER DID  
 DROP DEAD. FOR FIVE DAYS YOUNG  
 TESS LAID THERE, NOT LETTING GO OF  
 'ER SLEEVE.

Allen immediately swings back to the conversation.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 Currency reserves are usually a  
 safe bet. But dealing with those  
 countries in today's times, who  
 knows?

TERRY  
 So you think he's dealing drugs?

ALLEN  
 No! It's not drugs! It's not  
 murder! It's economies in flux,  
 shadow banking, offshore accounts.  
 We're going to have to do paperwork,  
 due diligence, financial ledgers.

TERRY  
 Don't you get it? That's not who  
 I am.

(re his gun)  
 This is cop work, what you're  
 talking about is homework.

ALLEN  
 Look, there's more to being a cop  
 than pulling a trigger. You gotta-

The Old man taps Allen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Already?

(sings)

I PLEDGE MY LOVE TO ERIN, SHE  
PROMISED TO BE TRUE. I WENT TO  
WAR TO COME BACK AND FIND FIVE  
BRITISH SOLDIERS HAD THEIR WAY  
WITH HER, IT WAS CONSENSUAL.

Allen swings back to the conversation.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

You gotta think internationally  
now and look for the deal that's  
too good to be true! That's police  
work!

TERRY

I came out of my mama's privates  
ready to kick in doors and cuff  
perps! None of that is happening!  
I want to be a cop and I NEED TO  
BE A COP!

Terry starts to walk out. Allen starts to go after him  
but then jumps back into the song for one last line.

ALLEN

AND THEN THE BODIES BURIED THERE  
GREW FLOWERS EVERMORE.

Allen runs up to Terry and stops him.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know this is all new  
for you.

TERRY

I haven't even cuffed someone in  
six months Allen. I'm starting to  
feel confused.

ALLEN

Liuetenant will kill us if we  
don't look into this illegal photo  
studio...Let's go be cops.

SMASH CUT:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CHINATOWN - TEN MINUTES LATER

MUSIC: SOURCE: NASTY HIP HOP PLAYS ON A CHEAP RADIO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A photo session is in progress. A CRAZY TWEAKER holds two kittens down on a table while, a SLEAZY EURO photographer snaps pictures. The room is dingy and filled with cages with kittens in them.

Suddenly the DOOR is KICKED in. In FLY Terry and Allen.

TERRY

Police! Step away from the kitten!

The Euro pulls out a straight razor and the Tweaker takes out a buck knife. Terry is on them fast. He blocks the knife from the Tweaker and cuts the Italian with the blade nipping his ear. WE QUICKLY CUT TO THE CUTE KITTENS WATCHING. Terry steps back causing the two dirt bags to collide and snaps the Euro's arm.

FLASH CUT: INT. HOSPITAL PRISON REHAB ROOM - DAY

Six weeks later. The Italian is with a PHYSICAL THERAPIST he lifts a one pound weight with great strain.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

That's good Antonio... Very good.

WE CUT BACK TO ACTION SCENE.

Terry then grabs the TWEAKER by the neck and punches him super fast in the mouth three times. THE KITTENS WATCH. Terry then ducks down and smashes the Tweaker's knee with a nearby light pole.

FLASH CUT: INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Six weeks later. The Tweaker is on the phone with his outstretched leg in a soft cast. He's going over an insurance bill.

TWEAKER

No!... I already did the co-pay.  
But now they're saying "Missed  
work" is not covered?

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - NIGHT

MUSIC: POGUES "Dirty Ol Town"

Reporters everywhere. Terry and Allen exit the building to flashes. Allen holds two guns and a kitten, Terry holds a bag of meth and a kitten.

INT. CITY HALL - TWO DAYS LATER

Allen and Terry are in their dress blues as THE MAYOR pins medals on them. This is all FRAMED IN A FOX NEWS frame and corner bug.

MAYOR

...For valor and bravery in the execution of duty...

EXT. CITY HALL STEPS - TEN MINUTES LATER

Allen and Terry stand on the steps talking.

MUSIC: OUT

TERRY

I feel dirty. We seized six hundred dollars in drugs and rescue ten cats and we're the lead story on the news?

Martin and Fosse walk by.

MARTIN/FOSSE

Meooow.....meow.....meooooowwww!!!

TERRY

Let's go get this guy Ershon.

MUSIC: AEROSMITH'S "Back in the Saddle Again"

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Allen is talking on his cell phone while Terry listens to his iPod.

ALLEN

(on his phone)  
Good use of blinkers, nice even pace, considerate to pedestrians. All in all some fantastic driving.

INT. ERSHON'S OFFICE - DAY

Terry and Allen led by an ASSISTANT, 25, enter David Ershon's amazing office with 270 degree views. David Ershon greets them with a hearty hand shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERSHON

(English accent)

I had been trying to reach out to you. Please sit.

(to Secretary)

Three of those Russian waters, lime wedges, cucumber.

As they sit down.

ERSHON (CONT'D)

First off, I took care of those scaffolding issues. I thank you for pointing it out. I'm dealing with so many contractors, someone is always trying to cut corners.

The Assistant hands Terry and Allen their waters.

TERRY

Let's cut the crap Florida boy. We had you in our car and you were taken from us at gun point.

ERSHON

I do apologize. I deal with many high level international banks. My security force is always on high alert. What they saw was me being forced into a car unwillingly. I truly apologize.

Allen sips his water.

ALLEN

God this is really good water!

TERRY

You asked us not to let the first group of armed men take you. Why would you say that about your own security team?

ERSHON

Detective Hoitz, everyone involved has been reprimanded and will be attending a sensitivity seminar. To show my sincerity, I want to offer you my personal court side seats at the Knicks game and access to the Ambassador Club. Would you please accept them?

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Ed Curry for twoooooooooooo!

The Knicks score! We see Terry and Allen cheering from court side surrounded by celebrities. They both wear Knicks jerseys and hats.

ALLEN  
(shouts)  
I have to say, I feel funny about accepting these seats. Like we're being taking advantage of.

Terry is mid-bite of a giant hot dog.

TERRY  
Son of a bitch! I saw "court side" and went blind. Let's go back and play hard ball this time.

They throw down their beers and walk off.

INT. ERSHON'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Terry and Allen enter, still in their Knicks swag.

TERRY  
We're here to see Mr. Ershon.

SMASH CUT:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

On stage MAMA MIA is hitting it's big number, "Dancing Queen." We PAN ACROSS the audience and find Allen and Terry waving their hands in the air and swaying to the music.

ALLEN  
(shouts)  
Dammit! You know he did it again!

TERRY  
Sonuvabitch! You're right! Let's leave at the act break.

INT. ERSHON'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Terry and Allen barge in. Ershon looks up from his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

No more tickets!

ASSISTANT

Mr. Ershon, I tried-

ERSHON

It's okay. Could you get us three glacier waters with Mediterranean limes? How great is Mama Mia?

ALLEN

It was good but I've listened to the catalogue of ABBA for years, but I've always had a different narrative in my head-

TERRY

(interrupts)

You're a liar Ershon. And we're not going away.

While Ershon talks, Allen sips another water with fruit.

ERSHON

My intention was never to "buy" you. But in my hand I have two tickets to the premiere, at the Zigfield Theater or Rob Shneider's "Chick Magnet. Where you will be sitting with in close proximity of Rob Schneider.

Ershon holds up two large, impressive tickets.

ERSHON (CONT'D)

There's an after-party.

Terry and Allen look at each other - a lot of "Maybe"/"Maybe not" looks.

ALLEN

(definitively)

No... Right?

(then)

No! Definitely no. We need some answers.

TERRY

We want to know who those guys were! I want gun permits on everyone of them. Passports. I'm tired of this Leprechaun Breakfast you're giving us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN

What's that?

TERRY

Two eggs and a thumb up your ass.  
Now what's going on?!

ERSHON

(calm)

You'll have to speak to my lawyer.  
We're done here.

EXT. SEC OFFICES - DAY

Terry and Allen walk into an impressive building with  
"Securities Exchange Commission" over it.

TERRY

So what does this place do?

ALLEN

They're cops for bankers. We  
should have come here to begin  
with.

TERRY

Profession that needs it's own  
cops. Fucking A.

INT. OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

We pan past a door with "Overseas Securities Division" on  
it and find Allen seated across from SEC Investigator DON  
BEAMAN, 54. Terry looks at framed college degrees.

TERRY

So you're a law enforcement  
official?

DON BEAMAN

Yes, I'm hired by the Federal  
Government as a branch of the  
Federal Reserve.

TERRY

And the Federal Reserve is a...  
prison?

DON BEAMAN

Basically a bank owned by the  
Government that sets interest  
rates and gives loans to other  
banks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

So, you investigate bankers involved in drugs and the sex trade?

DON BEAMAN

No, we investigate high level fraud, stock market manipulation, things of that nature.

TERRY

Cold cases? Human trafficking?

DON BEAMAN

No. Now I was told you are both here regarding David Ershon?

ALLEN

Yes, what can you tell me about his business? Are there any on-going investigations, discrepancies, fraud, what not?

DON BEAMAN

Gentlemen let me put you at ease. David is an upstanding citizen. In fact I'm playing squash with him in forty minutes.

TERRY

Is that when you'll give him a hand job?

DON BEAMAN

Okay, I think we're done here.

TERRY

I guess you gotta get your hand cream ready for Ershon.

DON BEAMAN

I do not give him hand jobs!

ALLEN

My partner mispoke Mr. Beaman. I think he meant you both give each other hand jobs.

DON BEAMAN

The only time I have ever shared a bed with David Ershon was a whitewater rafting trip on the River Kern and no hand jobs were had by anybody!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY

Listen to me you Windsor knot wearing monkey, you play squash with Ershon, your kids go to school with his, you tug on each other's poles in the shower!! How do you know if he's clean or not!

Beat.

DON BEAMAN

Look, because you guys are concerned, I will go back and look at some stuff. Just to be sure.

TERRY

You do that champ.

INT. GARAGE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Terry and Allen walk up to their car and get in.

ALLEN

That was nice, how'd you know that he'd turn like that?

TERRY

I had no idea. Every now and then even a guy with no legs steps in a turd.

ALLEN

Is that a phrase?

TERRY

Yeah, of course.

A flatbed starts to back up to their car.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this mook doing?

MUSIC: TENSE SCORE

Just then, giant straps are thrown over the Prius by FOUR BLACK GUYS IN JUMPSUITS. It's a professional group, precise in their execution - the leader has a big fro and a nose piercing. THE CAR DOORS ARE STRAPPED SHUT.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allen starts dialing his cell phone. One of the guys pulls out a DEMAGNIFICATION WAND. He waves it over the car. Allen's phone, in mid conversation, goes dead.

ALLEN

My phone is dead!

TERRY

Mine too.

The car is then hooked up to the flatbed and hoisted up. Allen and Terry pound the doors, trying to get attention.

EXT. CITY STREETS- MINUTES LATER

Terry and Allen are trapped in their car on the back of the flatbed being driving through Manhattan. They pound on the windows, scream and honk the horn. No one notices amidst all the street noise.

INT. HOLLAND TUNNEL - 30 MINUTES LATER

The guys still pound of the windows and yell but now with much less energy as they go through the Holland Tunnel.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - TEN HOURS LATER

Allen and Terry both have their seats in recline while listening to the cast recording of MAMA MIA.

MUSIC: MAMA MIA

INT. CAR - THAT NIGHT

Terry and Allen are both sound asleep as we see car lights strobing by in the background.

EXT. IDAHO - MORNING

Terry and Allen wake up to find themselves on top of giant freight train, flying parallel to route 66.

TERRY

Motherfucker!

EXT. IDAHO TRAIN STATION - THAT AFTERNOON

We see railway WORKERS in the background who have just cut the straps off the car. Allen is in the foreground on a pay phone while Terry tips the workers.

ALLEN

No, there weren't any demands made and we weren't mistreated. Basically they drove us to a freight train and then shipped us to Idaho.

INT. D.A.'S SPECIAL UNIT OFFICES - SAME TIME

The Lieutenant is on the phone in his office. Cut back and forth where necessary.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Look guys if you want to do a road trip, take a weekend and go drinking. But don't play me for a sucker. Or was this about Ershon?

ALLEN

(fast to get off  
phone)

No we think it might be related to the cats. Anyway, we'll be back by morning depending on if we get this Continental flight out of Boise.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Allen and Terry are on a plane taxiing on the runway.

ALLEN (V.O.)

I told Sheila you thought she was hot by the way. She thought that was a weird thing to say to a friend about his wife.

TERRY (V.O.)

I told you not to say that.

ALLEN (V.O.)

No you told me to tell her. I'm positive.

INT. PRECINCT - THE NEXT MORNING

Terry and Allen sit with an African American SKETCH ARTIST, 34 in the crowded office. They drink coffee and look exhausted.

ALLEN

That's good, but the afro was bigger. That's it....

TERRY

Yeah, yeah. And he had flaired nostrils... and some jewelry his nose. Like ivory or a bone?

The artist works and works.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Bigger lips... Bigger.

The artist holds up a rendering.

SKETCH ARTIST

So this is what your perp looked like?

It's a police artist sketch of THE MOST OFFENSIVELY CARTOONISH LOOKING BLACK MAN EVER. Huge fro and a bone through the nose (sort of what the guy actually looked like).

TERRY

Yep. Yep. That's him.

SKETCH ARTIST

You make me sick! To you, every black man is a criminal! We've got a black President! Open your damn minds!

The artist storms off.

ALLEN

Joshua no! It's really what he looked like!

BOB walks by holding his cup of coffee.

BOB

Hey Guys, just wanted to talk to you about tomorrow, I got--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

Jesus Bob, you have got to stop coming into conversations with this stupid shit! You're boring and nobody wants to hear your worthless shit! Now go away!

BOB

Jeez, guys. I just wanted to say I won't be in to work tomorrow, cause the wife is really sick. They're not sure if she's going to make it. I'll ah.. pass on your love to her.

Bob walks away.

TERRY

Oh Bob! Bob! Come on Bob!

Terry and Allen look at their desk. It's covered in potatoes.

MARTIN

Next time you want potatoes, check your desk.

Everyone laughs.

TERRY

Really funny.  
(to the office)  
You know what! We've been kidnapped twice! Held at gun point! Car stolen! And no one has our backs! We're police officers! We're supposed to be on the same team! Does anyone remember that? The same team!

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

What case are you talking about, Terry?

TERRY

(caught, but same intensity)  
Nothing! Not a specific case! I mean, just in general! A lot of crazy stuff goes on in this world. I'm a peacock!

ALLEN

Terry don't. Not the peacock.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Terry and Allen walk to their cars. A Detective walks by.

DETECTIVE  
Hey Allen, what time is that party tonight?

ALLEN  
Party? There's no party tonight.

DETECTIVE  
Oh, right.

The Detective walks away.

TERRY  
What was that about?

ALLEN  
Nothing. Well, good night.

TERRY  
Okay, good night.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The apartment is decorated with streamers, balloons and filled with Detectives.

ALLEN  
(pacing and shouting)  
He doesn't know anything! We've got him fooled!!

SHEILA  
Lower your voice sweetie.

ALLEN  
A lot of work has gone into this and, if we don't play this right, it's all for naught!!

GUEST  
Lighten up Allen, it's just a surprise party.

ALLEN  
You know what? You lighten up!!

SHEILA  
Here he comes! Everyone hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They shut the lights off and hide. Terry jostles with the lock and finally he opens the door.

CROWD

Surprise!!!

TERRY IMMEDIATELY ROLLS AND POPS UP ON A KNEE, GUN DRAWN and SHOOTING. Lamps and framed pictures explode as everyone runs screaming for cover. Terry throws a couple of road flares down. HE GETS ONE GUY IN A HEADLOCK AND ANOTHER GUY PINNED ON THE GROUND with his foot.

TERRY

Drop your weapon!!!

Everyone in the room has a gun pointed at Terry.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The party is now in full swing with people having cocktails and music playing.

MUSIC: I FOOLED AROUND AND FELL IN LOVE

Sheila and Allen talk to Terry.

ALLEN

So I learned a lesson. Don't have surprise parties for cops.

TERRY

I told you I didn't like birthdays.

ALLEN

You didn't even hesitate. Your gun was out immediately.

TERRY

Always ready. Thanks for this though Allen, it's not so bad...

Allen holds up his Iphone and we hear the Morgan Freeman voice over app:

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.)

And slowly the two partners grew closer as a lasting friendship was formed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

Put that away. So where's all my furniture?

ALLEN

I put it on the roof. I had Evan from crime scene draw chalk outlines so we wouldn't forget where it went.

We see chalk outlines on the hardwood floor of a sofa, chair, TV stand etc.

TIM

Hey guys, nice party.

It's Tim from the Apple store.

TIM (CONT'D)

So I hooked up my Mosaic software to my Macbook pro and pumped that through my X-Box 360. No one will ever tell you this, then ran it through Ershon's company's hard drive...unnoticed! And got the last million keystrokes. Back tracked it and I found some dripping wet juicy stuff. Turns out his foreign banking clients bought about 90 billion from him in CDSRs. Credit default swap reverses.

TERRY

What's that? Smack?

TIM

No. How did you get that from what I just said? Anyway, Ershon sold several foreign banks Credit Default Swaps which are basically insurance that the reserves won't fail, except you can sell and buy them. But he then adds a reverse which allows him to invest the default swaps with other banks. He created his own financial product. Made billions off of this.

ALLEN

That's fantastic work Tim.

TIM

So any word on re-hiring? Things are pretty bad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm working on the Geek Squad.  
I'm on call now, that's why I'm  
not drinking.

ALLEN

Sorry man.

TIM

Hey, no one's eating the chicken  
fingers, mind if I throw a sheet  
of tin foil over it and take it  
home?

ALLEN

The party just started.

TIM

I'll just stand by it and you give  
me the high sign when it's okay to  
take it.

ALLEN

You know, just take it now.

TIM

Yeah, I thought that's the way to  
go.

He walks over and takes the chicken fingers and a big  
basket of nacho chips.

TERRY

So Ershon's playing fast and loose  
with money he shouldn't be playing  
fast and loose with?

Allen is on his Iphone.

ALLEN

Seems like it... Armenian Reserve  
Bank, National Bank of San Paulo,  
National Bank of Chad...

TERRY

Armenians, Africans and South  
Americans.

ALLEN

It seems like they're not trying  
to kill him though.

TERRY

He was afraid of the Armenians.  
That's for sure.

SFX: THUNDER and RAIN kick up outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TERRY (CONT'D)

You put all my furniture on the roof and didn't even check the weather?

ALLEN

There are dozens of ways to answer that question but basically no, I didn't check.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

We pull up from the roof of the building where a full living room set is being rained on.

INT. PRIUS - THE NEXT DAY

Terry and Allen are sitting in the car across from Ershon's building. Allen writes in a memo book.

ALLEN

And what did Greg get you?

TERRY

Williams Sonoma Pizza Brick.

ALLEN

Barry?

TERRY

Hits of Motown Box Set.

ALLEN

That's thoughtful. You got some good gifts.

A call comes over the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Possible Jumper. Three World Financial Center, 23rd floor. All units. Fire department and EMT en route.

ALLEN

That's Don Beaman's office.

Allen punches it and they tear off.

EXT. CITY STREET - A MINUTE LATER

They're tearing down the street. Terry puts in his ear wigs. Allen stops him.

ALLEN

Wait. I know we've got different tastes in music, but I really thought about your tastes and mine and I think I've got something we'll both like. Just please, give it at least a minute before you judge it.

Allen pops in a CD.

MUSIC: WALKING TO MEMPHIS by Marc Cohn.

Immediately Terry ejects and throws it out the window.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

You know what you are? You're petulant! Petulant!

TERRY

Don't play that shit when we're working. It's all I ask!

ALLEN

You ask for much more than that!

EXT. WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Terry and Allen pull in front of the building. A crowd has gathered. They look up 23 floors sure enough, a figure is there. It's Don Beamen.

A uniform cop is holding back a crowd.

TERRY

Detectives Hoitz and Gamble! We got this!

COP

Hey, look! It's the asshole who shot Jeter! It's all yours.

ALLEN

I took a night course in negotiating at Hunter college. Give me the bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

We don't have a bullhorn.

Allen looks around and sees an ICE CREAM TRUCK surrounded by the onlookers. He runs towards it and reaches in grabbing the microphone for the speaker.

ALLEN

This is police business. I need to use this PA system.

ICE CREAM MAN

Okay, let me turn it on.

He turns it on and the PLUCKY CALLIOPE ICE CREAM TRUCK MUSIC automatically comes on.

ALLEN

Mr. Beamen! Mr. Don Beamen. We know you're in a really dark place right now. You're feeling like the world is strangling you and sweet death is your only release. Are you wrong? Who can say? There's a very good chance you kill yourself now, you're greeted in heaven by an infinite number of open, loving arms. But think about life. All the great things. Sure there's bad things, elderly people with no one to talk too, orphans who will never have a mother kiss them on the forehead. Innocent puppies that-

COP

We got a second jumper on the fourteenth floor!

TERRY

What are you doing? You're starting to depress me!

ALLEN

I'm creating a bond with the victim...

(back to bullhorn)

I'm not going to lie to you Don and that second person, who ever you are. People down here are murmuring that you don't have the balls to do it. They're saying that you'll probably screw this up just like you screwed up your whole life. I say you can do it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Well I don't mean "do it", I just mean you have the capability.

TERRY

Stop it man!

ALLEN

Okay I went a little too far trying to get a bond.

COP

The guy on the 14th went back in.

ALLEN

Alright, now I've got some momentum. I find laughter to be very helpful on a gloomy day. One time there was this black comic on TV, and he was like "some women have big butts and they be showing it off, like, that's right I got a big booty...Uh-huh!!" But he did it better than that-

There's a crash. A body lands on the car next to Allen.

COP

Nice job.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - TWO HOURS LATER

There's a body on a table. The CORONER, 38, is there with Terry and Allen.

TERRY

Anything unusual in the toxicology? We're pretty sure there's foul play.

CORONER

This was a clear cut suicide. You can ask me all you want but that's the answer.

Lieutenant Mauch enters.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Detectives, I believe you're done here. Martin and Fosse were already investigating this man for cocaine and sex clubs.

Martin and Fosse enter.

MARTIN

Hey guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FOSSE

Meooooow.

Terry and Allen are dumbfounded.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

I said you're done here!!!

Terry and Allen walk over to Mauch.

TERRY

We pulled this call!

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

You're going to tell me you didn't try to get the Examiner to connect this to Ershon?

ALLEN

We asked....Yes.

MUSIC SCORE: Grim cello. This is serious.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

I've got Senators calling the Mayor who's calling the D.A. You've got zero political will on this. And I told you five times to lay off. But what did you do?

ALLEN

We didn't listen.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

You're being transferred. Terry, Traffic. Allen, Harbor Patrol. It's already done so save your gas.

The Lieutenant walks off leaving Terry and Allen devastated.

INT. CAR - TEN MINUTES LATER

Terry and Allen drive together in silence.

TERRY

The only thing I had to be proud of in my life was being a Detective. That was all I had.

ALLEN

You still got me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

You don't get it do you? I don't want you Allen! I never did. But I let myself forget and you dragged us into this bullshit! Credit swaps! SEC! Federal Reserve! Currency reserves! That's not cop work!

ALLEN

I can't believe you still doubt me after everything we've seen. This case is real and I'm a real cop.

TERRY

You carry a wooden gun! You're not a cop! You're an accountant with a hot wife!!

ALLEN

How dare you call my wife hot!

TERRY

We're done. Our job doesn't mean we have to hang out anymore. Get out.

Terry stops the car. Allen gets out.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I was up front from day one that I didn't like you.

ALLEN

Well I wasn't honest about one thing.... I did like you.

Allen walks away. Terry punches the accelerator and takes off.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I am a cop. I AM A COP!

MUSIC: SEASON OF THE WITCH BY DONOVAN PLAYS THROUGH MONTAGE

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Allen sits at his kitchen table, he takes off his shirt REVEALING a T-SHIRT and drinking a beer. He throws his Iphone against the wall. Sheila, cooking at the oven, looks at him concerned.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Terry directs traffic in a blue police uniform with an orange reflective safety belt on. He's defeated.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Allen is lifting weights and takes a swig of Jack Daniels.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry sits in front of his computer. After a beat he goes to Google and types in "crime." But then he deletes and types "Scaffolding violations." A ton of hits come up and Terry leans in interested.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - ERSHON'S HOUSE - DAY

Terry, dressed like a construction worker, measures the scaffolding, takes notes, talks to a worker.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A WOMAN walks down the street. A PUNK runs by and grabs her purse and bolts. WE SEE ALLEN COME TEARING AROUND A CORNER IN SUNGLASSES AND LEATHER JACKET. But the Purse Snatcher is long gone. Allen hunches over breathing hard.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - DAY

It's a lecture hall. A bunch of Economics equations on the board and a professor lecturing. In the back of the room is Terry taking notes.

INT. DELI - DAY

Two PUNKS hold a gun at a DELI OWNER. They grab money from the register and run. ALLEN COMES RUNNING AFTER THEM. He chucks a garbage can lid at their feet, knocking them both over. In a flash he's on them with punches to the face and a foot to the gun hand to separate weapon from perp. He cuffs them and radios in the bust.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - DAY

Terry sits up front he raises his hand, answering a question. People start listening.

INT. ALLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allen enters his bedroom wearing sunglasses and a leather coat. Sheila is there in a nightgown reading. Allen takes off his leather coat. He's got a WIFE BEATER and a TATTOO.

SHEILA

What's happening to you Allen?!

ALLEN

I became a cop.

He grabs her and they kiss and make love.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Terry is dressed as a Doctor in scrubs with a fake mustache and glasses. An ORDERLY leaves the room and Terry rifles through a computer typing in "Donald Beaman."

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Allen walks into Lieutenant Mauch's office. The Lieutenant is at his desk. Allen slams his wooden gun down.

ALLEN

I want my gun back. Now!

END OF MONTAGE

MUSIC OUT.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

A Gala. Terry runs up the steps in a tux.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

It's a black tie event in full swing -- band, champagne, furs. A WAITER passes by and Terry takes a glass of champagne and crosses over to Francine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCINE

Terry?

TERRY

Shh. I'm not here to make a scene. I just wanted you to know I won't be bothering you anymore and I'm sorry.

A HANDSOME OLDER MAN walks over.

OLDER MAN

Francine, is this guy bothering you?

TERRY

You win, chief. You can have her. Enjoy making the sweet, sweet love to her that I dreamt about for years. But I swear to God, you make sure you pleasure her first before you cum, cause she's an angel. She's worth it.

FRANCINE

Terry, this is my dad.

Terry puts in finger over her mouth.

TERRY

Shhsssh. Please, let's not try and hurt each other. Not now.

Terry downs his champagne and heads out.

INT. DOWNTOWN GUN CLUB - DAY

Allen stands at a gun bay. He's wearing earphones. He draws his gun down on a target and empties it. He looks badass. He hit the switch and the target flies back to him. It's unscathed.

ALLEN

Dammit.

He sends the target back and reloads. Just as he starts to aim -- SIX RAPID FIRE SHOTS hit DEAD CENTER on his target. Allen leans forward to the next bay. It's Terry.

TERRY

Remember, bend your elbow. You get less recoil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Hey. How's traffic?

TERRY

It's good. Been doing a little moonlighting too. Found out a lot about Ershon... and myself.

ALLEN

I guess I did the same. I got tired of pushing a computer mouse, decided to pick up some real metal. Grabbed my ol' .45.

TERRY

That's a .38.

(then)

You were right. It's the scaffolding. That building had work completed a year ago, yet the scaffolds are still up. Landmarks approved work being done by a Brazilian company that's owned by the bank doing business with Ershon.

ALLEN

I busted some guys stealing TVs, drank whiskey and made crazy great love to Sheila.

TERRY

And get this, I broke into the city morgue's computer and found out that Don Beaman had half a bottle of gin in his system when he died. Beaman was AA for twenty years.

ALLEN

I feel like the things you did were more productive than what I did.

TERRY

I doesn't matter. What's important is that we've got to bring in those Brazilians and Armenians for questioning and we can do it on the fake construction charge. Now we just gotta find them.

WE HEAR GUNFIRE from the other stalls. They look to the left and see the BRAZILIAN MAN AND HOT LADY in two bays.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

More GUNFIRE, they look to their right and it's the two ARMENIANS.

ALLEN

There they are, right there.

Everyone notices everyone else and reloads for a full harried beat. Terry is first and fires at the Brazilian Man. WE RIDE THE BULLET as it tears into the Brazilian Man's shoulder, knocking him back.

QUICK FLASH FORWARD: INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The Brazilian Man is being treated by a Doctor.

DOCTOR

This is a nasty gun shot wound,  
how'd this happen?

BRAZILIAN MAN

It's a tattoo accident... A bear  
bite...A BB gun wound.

DOCTOR

What?

The Brazilian punches the Doctor, grabs medicine and runs.

BACK TO ACTION. The Armenians run to the far side of the target range hiding behind targets. Allen ducks behind sand bags and fires at that, missing every time.

TERRY

Cock your elbow! And don't close  
one eye!

(into his radio)

We're at the Downtown Gun Club!  
Shots fired! I repeat shots  
fired!

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Are you kidding me? It's a gun  
club.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Martin and Fosse and other detectives listen to the dispatch. You can HEAR the gunfire. Everyone's laughing.

MARTIN

Guys! Allen and Terry are  
reporting shots fired at a gun  
club.

INT. DOWNTOWN GUN CLUB - DAY

The Hot Brazilian Lady and Terry exchange fire. She's tough. She cart wheels behind a target and Terry hits it dead center four times but she's already headed out the door.

ALLEN  
Elbow cocked... both eyes  
opened...

Allen squeezes off a shot at the Armenians and grazes one on the thigh. He grabs his wound and they scamper out of the range.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I got one!

It's suddenly quiet.

TERRY  
You hear that? No sirens.

ALLEN  
They never sent back ups.

There's an eerie silence.

INT. TARGET - NIGHT

Lieutenant Mauch addresses.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
We got a big day out there. We  
got a full moon, people are going  
to be amped. Crazy town. What's  
on our HOT TIPS?

We PULL BACK to see Lieutenant Mauch addressing the staff of TARGET. Teenagers and old men take notes.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)  
Celine Dion Concert DVD drops  
today. We're all excited, so are  
the customers.

The Lieutenant see Terry and Allen standing in the back.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)  
Okay everyone. Let's be careful  
out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

That was a rousing speech  
Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Surprised to see you fellas.  
How's traffic and harbor patrol?

TERRY

We just came from getting shot at  
and no back ups came to the scene.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

You guys aren't my problem  
anymore.

The Lieutenant takes a price tag gun and begins pricing  
coffee makers.

ALLEN

Boss, we're not making this up.  
Brazilian cartel soldiers are  
propping up Ershon while Armenian  
security forces try and take him  
out.

TERRY

From day one you were pushing us  
off this case. What's going on  
Lieutenant? Is this an actual  
conspiracy?

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

(big breath)

It's worse than a conspiracy. You  
guys are caught in the most  
powerful force there is...

He stops pricing the boxes.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

Systemic indifference.

TERRY

What's that?

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Everyone has money with Ershon.  
The D.A., the Mayor, the whole  
upper east side. Everyone's  
getting paid. They know they can't  
openly obstruct your investigation  
so they ignore it to death. And  
it's worse, cause not giving a  
shit leaves no prints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN

You said that cool.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

When I was in uniform, I got a tip about a Wall Streeter who was ripping off millions. Ended up being Ivan Boesky. I passed it off to the SEC. Nothing happened. Then I read he's ripped off millions from people. I've put guys away for years for selling dime bags and this Boesky walked after 24 months. I've busted junkies, hookers, thieves and when all was said and done, I felt like they were just a hair on Andre the Giant's left ball. Take this fucker down. But do it smart.

Terry and Allen have got their blessing. It's on.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH (CONT'D)

Remember, you've got no support, no back up, no friends.

TERRY

What else is new?

BIG MUSIC UP: SLAMMING GUITAR AND HORNS

INT. CAR - DAY

SLO MO we see Terry and Allen rolling up to a stop in the Prius. Allen is taking pictures with his Iphone. Across the way we see a gourmet cheese shop.

TERRY

I just don't see how you can be so certain.

ALLEN

Ershon loves cheese and there's a 10 year aged French Gruyere that many people consider to be the finest in the world. This is the only place that carries it.

TERRY

So you think he's going to show up to buy it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

I know he will. It's only released every ten years and today's the day.

INT. UPPER EASTSIDE CHEESE SHOP - DAY

Bouzouki music plays, really loud. It's a small shop. Lots of wheels of cheese, lots of wooden boxes and cheese cloth and straw. There's a steady amount of customers.

ALLEN

You've got to taste this one...

Allen is tasting cheese and has a dozen sample napkins in front of him.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

It's a Manchester Goat's, washed rind and then go right into this Stilson. Perfection.

TERRY

You seem to know a lot about cheese.

ALLEN

Cheese has always been a passion of mine.

Just then, David Ershon enters the store.

SALESMAN

Mr. Ershon!

DAVID ERSHON

Hello Gregory. Did it arrive?

The Salesman takes out a velvet covered cask.

SALESMAN

This morning via private courier.

He opens it up, it's the most beautiful piece of cheese ever. It looks like an ivory diamond. Ershon takes a big sniff. He's in ecstasy.

DAVID ERSHON

If the Mother Mary wore perfume....

Allen and Terry move in on each side of Ershon. Allen looks only at the cheese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

That's a nice hunk of cheese.  
Which country's bank paid for  
that?

ERSHON

I wondered when you would return.

Ershon gives the clerk his Amex black card.

ALLEN

I'm sorry, but is there a chance I  
could have a small taste of that?

TERRY

So is this what you do? You steal  
from poor countries so you can buy  
cheese?

ERSHON

This is not just "cheese." This  
is the Saint Marjora Gruyere, made  
by blind celibate monks in the  
Basque region. Aged ten years in  
the tomb of Saint Ferdinand. They  
say every slice of cheese has ten  
tears the monks shed for the  
flowers they will never see. This  
single piece of cheese cost more  
that you make in a whole year.

Terry and Ershon stare each other down.

ALLEN

Can I have a piece?

ERSHON

No. You may not. Now if you'll  
excuse me, I believe I asked you  
to speak to my lawyers.

Ershon signs the credit card slip and exits the store  
with Terry and Allen behind him.

ALLEN

Please can I have a taste of that  
cheese?

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

They exit the store and walk down the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

Don Beamen didn't commit suicide.  
You know that. What did he find?

Ershon stops and wheels on Terry.

ERSHON

Don Beamen is a good friend of  
mine, I don't appreciate you using  
his name!!

ALLEN

Look, we're all upset. Let's just  
sit down, have some of that cheese  
and figure this all out!

TERRY

Allen, shut up about the cheese!

A CARGO VAN pulls up. The three Armenians jump out.  
They make their way to the Ershon. David Ershon runs.  
Terry and Allen follow.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Why are you running from these  
men? Just tell us!

Allen slows and bends over.

ALLEN

I'm cramping up. Too much cheese.

Terry grabs Ershon by the neck.

TERRY

Just get him in our car. I'm in  
the mood for a fight.

Allen leads Ershon to the Prius. The Armenians rush at  
Terry who stands there calmly. Terry PUNCHES one in the  
throat, KNOCKS a TELESCOPING ROD out of another's hand  
and breaks his wrist with it.

QUICK FLASH CUT: An X-RAY of a horribly broken wrist.

CUT BACK TO REAL TIME: Terry kicks the third guy into  
traffic where he is hit by a passing car.

QUICK FLASH CUT: INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Six months later. The Tall Armenian drives a cab. He's  
got a FAMILY of TOURISTS.

DAD

So, how'd you become a cab driver?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TALL ARMENIAN

I used to kill people, then I hurt  
my hip. I take the FDR, okay?

CUT BACK TO REAL TIME: Terry kicks the last guy in the  
stomach and punches the last guy with a nasty right hook  
in the mouth where he knocks out several teeth.

QUICK FLASH CUT: INT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Armenian Number 3 is on a date with a CUTE GIRL.

CUTE GIRL

I like you. You make me feel safe.

He smiles to reveal the worst fake teeth ever.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'm going to go.

CUT BACK TO REAL TIME: Terry runs over and jumps in the  
car where Allen and Ershon are.

ALLEN

How do you do that?

TERRY

Don't freak out and keep your left  
up.

Allen punches the accelerator and they pull out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Prius pulls out we see four MOTORCYCLISTS on low  
riding black Mercedes bikes. It's the AFRICANS. One of  
them has a sawed off shotgun. He fires at the car ripping  
through the back window.

TERRY

Who are these people shooting at?  
You or us?

ERSHON

I don't know!!

Allen skids to a stop.

ALLEN

Okay, let's find out.

Terry hangs Ershon half out of the car. He looks down  
the street and sees the four Motorcyclists tearing at  
him. A shotgun blasts at Ershon. Ershon panics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERSHON

I invest money for foreign banks  
and I had some losses so I covered  
them with illegal money transfers  
from other banks and then I lost  
it all!!

Terry pulls Ershon in and Allen hits the Prius in reverse  
KNOCKING ONE MOTORCYCLIST OFF HIS BIKE with the open  
passenger door.

TERRY

Why are some of these groups  
propping you up if you ripped them  
off?

ERSHON

Honestly, I do not know!

Allen slams on the brakes. Terry pushes Ershon out. Allen  
puts it into park and turns on the radio.

MUSIC: PHIL COLLINS' You Can't Hurry Love.

ALLEN

We haven't had our lunch break yet  
Terry.

TERRY

No we haven't Allen.

Allen kicks up his feet and opens up Ershon's cheese and  
has a bite. The Motorcyclists rocket towards them firing  
shots.

ERSHON

If it comes out that I bankrupted  
the banks their whole economies  
will collapse. So they're propping  
me up until I can set deals with  
other countries or they can set up  
something with the IMF.

TERRY

Is the IMF a street gang?

ERSHON

No! The International Monetary  
Fund. The basically buy messed up  
countries! Now give me my fucking  
cheese.

Terry pulls him back in and Allen hits the pedal. Ershon  
snatches the cheese back from Allen. Allen leans in and  
takes one more bite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLEN

Ooohhhh. Soo good...

Allen cruises through a parking lot. The three motorcyclists are still behind him.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I can't lose them. The door was the only driving trick I knew.

TERRY

Listen to me. You're gonna turn here and then left on Lex.

The side window is shot out. The Motorcyclists are all over them.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Now cut the wheel to the right....  
Now!

Allen turns and there are literally 80 MOTORCYCLISTS parked in the middle of the street hanging around.

ALLEN

What the-!

TERRY

I Twittered a Motorcycle challenge. Said me and my buddies are the fastest and who wants a challenge.

As they pass through all the bikes follow the three Motorcycles causing a giant pile up. Allen tears off leaving them behind.

ALLEN

I can't believe you Tweeted! Was that your first?

TERRY

I guess.

ERSHON

There's many more people looking for me. We're not safe.

TERRY

We got no back up. We need time to figure out what to do.

ALLEN

There's a safe house two blocks from here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I did the paperwork on the new hot water heater they put in. They use it for mafia witnesses.

EXT. CITY STREET - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Their car screeches to a stop in front of a brownstone. It has a FORECLOSED notice on the door and a REAL ESTATE QUICK SALE SIGN ON THE BRICK FACE.

TERRY

Shit.

ALLEN

They didn't pay the mortgage on the safe house?

ERSHON

I have a small apartment I use for private affairs. No one knows about it. Go to 93rd and 2nd.

INT. LOFT - TEN MINUTES LATER

It is a vast amazing space taking up the whole floor, sparsely decorated, 360 views, terraces light up.

ALLEN

This is your second apartment?

DAVID ERSHON

My third in New York.

TERRY

(not impressed)

Wow. How impressive. You've got lotsa fancy apartments. Sit down dick.

Terry pushes Ershon onto a chair. A butler DEMARCO, 50, enters.

DEMARCO

Is everything okay Mr. Ershon?

ERSHON

Yes, Demarco. Everything is fine. This is Demarco. He cares for the place and cooks.

INT. ERSHON LOFT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

They stroll around the apartment looking at original Warhol's and Pollacks.

TERRY

This really is an amazing place.  
What's sad is you probably start  
taking it for granted after a  
month or two.

ERSHON

If you like it, it's yours.

TERRY

What?

ERSHON

If you let me walk out of here,  
I'll have my lawyers draw up some  
documents so that no one will ever  
know how you got it and I'll  
disappear.

TERRY

Drop dead.

ERSHON

How about the apartment plus two  
hundred million in an untraceable  
off shore account?

TERRY

We said no!

ALLEN

Are we tempted? Yes! But the  
answer is no!

ERSHON

One billion dollars. Off shore  
account.

There is a beat of silence.

ALLEN

Terry, can we talk?

Terry and Allen step away. They talk very close to each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN (CONT'D)

One billion dollars! And we know he has the money. We have a moral obligation to think about this.

TERRY

Are you crazy? There's no argument. We definitely take this money. It's a billion fucking dollars!

ALLEN

It's tempting. It really is. I always wanted to open a hospital for the sick kids.

TERRY

Right now, I want to cry that is so amazing. I can't believe I didn't know that!

ALLEN

When I was kid, I was sickly. I've never told anyone that.

TERRY

David, we'll be with you in a moment. We're just hashing out some details!

ALLEN

You know what I just thought of, so it doesn't seem so wrong? We fund a department for the police force that trains officers to resist bribes.

TERRY

That's good. That way, yes, this is wrong. But a greater good comes from it.

ALLEN

Wait, wait, wait.... Everyone will wonder where the money came from!

TERRY

David! Won't everyone wonder where the money came from?!

ERSHON

Believe me, if there's one thing I know how to do it's hide money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERSHON (CONT'D)

Then you decide if you want to leave the country or just take small amounts out for the next seventy years.

Beat.

ALLEN

That's good enough for me.

Terry and Allen walk towards Ershon with hands extended for a big handshake and a hug.

TERRY

Done deal!

ERSHON

You guys have made a wise decision.

ALLEN

It feels great. A little wrong. But great.

Demarco pops a bottle of champagne. They all toast.

INT. LOFT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The fax machine is ringing off the hook. Pages are coming forward. Terry, Allen and Ershon are huddled over a desk looking at paper work and still sipping champagne.

ERSHON

Here are passports under aliases for accessing the money.

TERRY

Thank you very much.

ERSHON

And now just a signature here.

They both sign.

ALLEN

This is so great. Where do you go from here David?

ERSHON

I actually made a deal with the Chinese government. I bring tens of billions into their economy and they give me residence with no extradition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

That's a very smart deal. Very smart.

Ershon press the conference button on the phone.

ERSHON

Let's go around the horn to see who's on the call once again.

We hear voices on the phone.

LAWYER (V.O.)

This is Evan Riefle from Riefle and Taback.

LAWYER #2 (V.O.)

This is Eileen Shapp from Gerland, Shapp and Quentin.

FOREIGN BANKER (V.O.)

This is Rudolpho Mirici from the First Bank of Venice.

FOREIGN BANKER #2 (V.O.)

This is Dmetri Wirkin from-

ALLEN

Wait! No... I can't do it!

TERRY

Thank God. I can't do it either.

ERSHON

Are you sure?

ALLEN

Absolutely. I could never live with myself. My whole life would seem corrupt.

TERRY

Sorry everyone.

ALLEN

Eileen, Evan, Rudolpho... Dmitri. Thank you for all of your work. But the deal's off.

Ershon hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY

I immediately feel better. But now that it sinks in that we just passed on a billion dollars, I feel sick.

ALLEN

I have an idea that could make us feel better...

INT. LOFT - LATER

Terry and Allen are inside a stunning wine room with Ershon in tow.

ALLEN

What's the most expensive bottle of wine you have? We may not be taking your bribe but we can at least live like you for one night.

TERRY

I love it.

ERSHON

This 98' Napa Valley Shiraz is quite good.

TERRY

Bullshit. Go for the oldest bottles at the end.

INT. LOFT - TEN MINUTES LATER

MUSIC: ELLA FITZGERALD

QUICK CUT; Allen on the phone.

ALLEN

Remember when I took you to Black Angus for our anniversary? Tonight I make up for it.

QUICK CUT; Terry on the phone.

TERRY

Just for tonight. No professing my love for you. No talking to you about us getting married. Just us.

INT. LOFT KITCHEN - TEN MINUTES LATER

Allen walks back and forth while DeMarco takes notes in the amazing kitchen.

ALLEN

For dinner, kobe beef skewers with foie gras, lobster, taken out of the shell, potato with black truffles and for dessert, the gold leaf cake.

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

We see Terry locking Ershon into a guest bedroom.

TERRY

Nighty night creep.

INT. LOFT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The guys stand in the mirror in designer tuxedos.

TERRY

You believe this guy keeps tuxes for his guests?

The doorbell rings.

INT. LOFT - TERRACE

A beautiful dinner. Allen pours a glass of wine, Sheila sips it

SHEILA

Wow, it almost evaporates on your tongue.

ALLEN

Please, it's not HiC. That's a forty thousand dollar bottle of wine according to my wine appraisal app.

DEMARCO

Kobe beef skewers with humanely gathered foie gras. Enjoy.

EXT. LOFT - NIGHT

Francine sits with Terry.

FRANCINE

I can't believe I'm saying this.  
But when you walked away and said  
you would never contact me again,  
I got a little sad.

TERRY

Yeah. It was hard from my end too.

FRANCINE

I have missed you Terry. You were  
my first boyfriend.

Francine goes up to him -- they're close for the first  
time in twenty years. Terry is dizzy.

DeMarco walks in carrying a tray.

DEMARCO

Gold leaf-  
(he stops)  
Francine? Is this guy bothering  
you?

EXT. LOFT - NIGHT

Sheila is now just in her bra. She and Allen are kissing.

ALLEN

You know I love you honey. But we  
got to talk about some stuff  
that's really been eating at me.

SHEILA

Sure. Whatever.

Sheila stands there, beautiful.

ALLEN

I feel like you've let yourself  
go. I feel like when we started  
dating, you we're the good looking  
one and now, it's changed and I'm  
the good looking one. I guess  
that's what those vows mean.

SHEILA

What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

I just don't want us to walk into a room and have people go, wow, look at those two. I wonder if she trapped him.

SHEILA

Look I'm sorry, I've been so selfish in the last year. Like when I said let's experiment with a threesome or when I said take a year off from work and I'll support us.

ALLEN

You have been really, really selfish. And honestly, physically you look gross. But here's what is amazing about us -- this conversation opens my eyes to why I love you. Your inner beauty.

SHEILA

I love you.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Ershon sits in his room and types into his computer in Chinese characters. The computer screen: CHINA AIR.

He switches screens and goes to a KIDS PARTY PLANNER. Ershon picks up the phone.

ERSHON

I wanted to inquire about a bouncy castle for tomorrow morning...

INT. LOFT - DAY

Terry and Allen stumble into the kitchen. DeMarco pours them fresh orange juice. Sheila's up, reading the paper.

ALLEN

Morning.

Terry grabs a cup of coffee. Francine runs through, rushed.

FRANCINE

I had an amazing time. But now I'm late for ballet.

She gives Terry a kiss and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allen walks over to Ershon's room.

ALLEN  
Ershon, you want some of your  
food?

Allen opens the door. He sees Ershon STANDING on the  
WINDOW LEDGE about to JUMP.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
David, no! Don't kill yourself  
and go to heaven where you'll be  
showered with love for eternity!

Allen moves towards Ershon just as he lets himself fall.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Nooooo!

Terry runs over.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
The sonofbitch jumped.

Terry and Allen look over the edge to see a BOUNCY CASTLE  
perfectly placed to break his fall.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Ershon climbs off the bouncy castle. There's a man  
dressed as a PRINCE. He watches Ershon run by

PRINCE  
Hey dude, where are the kids?

Ershon jumps into a waiting car.

INT. LOFT - DAY

TERRY  
Where is he going?

Allen walks over to the desk phone and hits redial.

VOICE  
(in Chinese)  
Air China.

ALLEN  
He's flying Air China. That's  
JFK.

Allen works his iPhone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Flight Tracker!

TERRY  
Stop saying out loud what thing  
you're using on your iPhone! Just  
do it!

Allen scans it.

ALLEN  
Next international flight in two  
hours.

INT. WESTSIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

ERSHON's SUV heads down the Westside Highway. A SUV  
PULLS in BEHIND them. Then ANOTHER SUV. Window are  
rolled down REVEALING the Armenians in one and the  
Africans in the other. They all carry Tech-Nines.

The three cars star jockeying for position heading down  
the Westside Highway. They exchange gunfire - windows  
are blown out. Cabs skid out of the way.

Terry and Allen's car swings in behind them. The  
Foursome tear down the Westside Highway.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY

Terry drives. Allen is on the radio.

ALLEN  
(into radio)  
Heading down tenth. Be ready for  
booking and processing, have a big  
stack of paperwork ready -- 8 by  
11, laser jet 24 pound stock, 94  
brightness.

Terry pulls out a CD and puts it in the player. They  
shout their conversation of the engine noise.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

TERRY  
I got to thinking, sure we have  
different types of music. But  
sometimes when you put two types  
of music together. They become  
better and stronger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

You mean like a team?

TERRY

I thought what I said, said it  
without being too heavy handed.  
The way you said it made me feel  
queesy!

Allen hits play. IT'S A MASH-UP BETWEEN LITTLE RIVER  
BAND AND METALLICA -- it kicks hard.

ALLEN

It's our time! Get out of the  
way!

Immediately, the Brazilians are behind them. The hot  
Brazilian blows Allen a kiss and then they RAM the Prius.

Terry and Allen's car spins out of control toward a truck  
with two SKATER DUDES UNLOADING A SKATE BOARD RAMP. The  
skaters see Terry and Allen's car careening for them.  
They drop the ramp and jump away.

IN SLO MO we see the car drive right up the ramp and flip  
over, landing on their roof. Hard.

MUSIC OUT

From Terry and Allen's UPSIDE DOWN POV -- they watch as  
the Brazilians, Armenians, Africans, cop cars and Ershon  
all tear off into the distance.

TERRY

I feel like they have all the cool  
guns, all the cool cars and we get  
our asses handed to us every time.

Terry and Allen climb out of the car. Terry looks over  
at the Javitt's Convention Center. On the front sign it  
reads "XXX ADULT CONVENTION, KNIFE AND GUN SHOW, AND CAR  
AND MOTORCYCLE SHOW."

ALLEN

Let's get to a wireless connection  
and cancel Ershon's airplane  
reservation.

Terry runs over to the Javitt's Center.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait up!

EXT. JAVETT'S CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Terry COMES SMASHING THROUGH THE MAIN WINDOW on a crazy SPIDER THREE WHEELED MOTORCYCLE with a pump action shot gun with a laser scope on it and PORN STAR BRIANNA BANKS SITTING ON THE BACK.

MUSIC: KICKING POP THRASH

TERRY  
That's more like it.

After a beat Allen comes tearing around from the back in a TESLA SPORTS CAR with a SHOCK GRENADE GUN.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Ms. Banks, I love your films, you got to get off.

BRIANNA BANKS  
That was fun! Bye!

They both gun it and tear down town.

INT. DAY SPA - SAME TIME

The Lieutenant is MASSAGING A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN in a day spa.

LIEUTENANT MAUCH  
(answers phone)  
Yeah this is him. Sweet Christ. A high speed chase with shots fired? I'll be right in.

He storms off.

INT. PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Martin is over Fosse's shoulder studying a computer screen (unseen).

FOSSE  
From the hair, I'd say 1995ish.

MARTIN  
I'm going with brazilian wax.

FOSSE  
Landing strip.

Fosse hits a button. They both scream with glee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOSSE/MARTIN

Clean shaven! I love this site.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

...Multiple cars involved in high speed chase... Shots fired....

MARTIN

Let's go!

FOSSE

One more. One more.

They both go back to the screen.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - SAME TIME

News choppers jam the skyline.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Ershon barrelling down the street while being shot up by gun men in the two SUVs.

Suddenly the back tire of the Armenian SUV blows up and Terry comes rocketing up on his bike with his sighted shot gun. The Armenian SUV is then rammed and we see Allen in his Tesla.

We see BRAZILIAN HOT LADY AND TOUGH GUY in the front seat. It's chaos set to cranking music. Terry and Allen talk to each via Bluetooths.

TERRY

We've got to ram them down University and tenth and through Washington Square. If I've got my date and time correct, they've got a little treat.

ALLEN

Wow. That helmet has built in blue tooth? I'm hands free!

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

New York Police Academy Cadet Graduation services are in progress. A HIGH RANKING OFFICER is talking to a sea of new Cadets and their proud parents. In the background we hear SIRENS, HORNS, CRASHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE CAPTAIN

You are now part of a tradition  
built on tolerance and a firm  
belief that everyone is innocent  
and protected until proven guilty.

Just then, Ershon's car crashes through the back of the stage. Immediately following are the SUVs, Terry's motorcycle, Allen's Tesla. The Squad Cars chasing another SUV. Two of SUVs crash off the stage and come to an abrupt stop.

CADETS

Get'em! / My first collar!

All the cadets descend on the security forces in the SUVs. They BEAT THE CRAP out of the Armenians and the Africans.

EXT. WESTSIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Terry comes upon the SUV and Ershon pulling up to the West side Helipad. A CHOPPER IS WAITING.

TERRY

He's taking a chopper!!!

Allen comes barrelling around a corner and comes screaming up.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

They're seconds too late. Ershon is GETTING IN the HELICOPTER. The Brazilians are pulling up.

The Helicopter's blades spin, Ershon climbs in. Allen drives his Tesla, skids to a stop.

ALLEN

He must have a private plane in  
Jersey! We've lost him!

TERRY

The hell with that....

Terry takes off his helmet, watches in disgust. He looks at Allen's car, perfectly positioned. TIGHT on Terry's eyes. TIGHT on Allen's eyes. TIGHT on Terry as he nods 'yes'. TIGHT on Allen as he nods 'no'. Terry puts back on his helmet and revs the throttle.

ALLEN

No!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terry locks the brake as the back tires burn rubber and then pops the clutch. Allen's eyes grow huge as Terry full speed comes right at him. At the last millisecond, TERRY POPS A WHEELIE USING the TESLA like a RAMP, shooting himself in to the air. Terry in SLO MO sails toward the rising helicopter. COPS, ALLEN, BAD GUYS all stare, frozen. Terry sails, separating from his bike.

With one hand he cocks his shot gun, the other, he reaches for the door to the helicopter. It's poetry. Then in REAL TIME, TERRY SLAMS HEAD FIRST INTO THE HELICOPTER GLASS AND FALLS FORTY FEET to the water.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Nooo!!!!

Allen dives into the water.

In the background we see the helicopter corkscrew from the impact and fall into the water with a huge violent splash. Police Cars pull in and block the Brazilian's van from leaving.

EXT. PIER - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY

Harbor Patrol boats circle the helicopter. ALLEN AND TERRY STAND WET WITH BLANKETS BY THE EDGE OF THE PIER. Uniformed police lead away the Brazilians. As they pass Terry and Allen THE HOT BRAZILIAN LADY BREAKS AWAY AND KISSES ALLEN.

HOT BRAZILIAN LADY

(in Portuguese)

I will meet you in Rio in twenty years.

The police pull her away and towards the Paddy Wagon.

TERRY

Come on man, what is with you and the ladies?

ALLEN

Don't freak out and always picture them on the toilet when you talk to them.

Ershon is handed over to Terry and Allen.

ERSHON

You got me. I guess even a man with no legs sometimes steps in a turd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

I told you that was a phrase.  
Cuff him Allen.

Allen puts cuffs on Ershon.

ALLEN

You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you say can and  
will be used against you in a  
court of law. You have the right  
to...

We pull out as rights are read.

EXT. CITY HALL - NEXT DAY

INT. CITY HALL MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Mayor, the D.A., Allen, Terry, Lieutenant Mauch and  
two SEC OFFICIALS sit at a large conference table.  
Ershon sits at the far end of the table with handcuffs  
on.

SEC OFFICIAL #1

Ershon is tied to a dozen  
international banks not to mention  
at least five major domestic banks  
that have received bailout funds  
are finally showing signs of  
recovery.

D.A.

We know this is a mess. A lot of  
us in the room will suffer losses  
as well.

MAYOR

First and foremost, David, what  
happened to the god damn money?

ERSHON

I don't know.

MAYOR

David you asshole! I'm Godfather  
to your son! I know you. You're a  
meticulous prick! Where is it!?

ERSHON

It's on my Facebook Page.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D.A.

What?

Allen clicks on Facebook. It shows on a large screen.

ALLEN

There's a lot of data on this page. Sorry for the delay.

We see the spinning pin wheel on the screen. Everyone waits.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(singing to kill time)

SPINNING WHEEL...SPINNING ROUND...  
RIDE A PAINTED PONEY LET THE  
SPINNING WHEEL SPIN!

D.A.

Stop it Detective.

The pin wheel stops. Everyone leans in.

TIGHT ON SCREEN we see it's a Facebook Page for David E. There's one video imbed which Allen clicks on.

The beginning of Rob Schneider's CHICK MAGNET starts. Rob Schneider wears a big pimp hat and spills a drink on a women's breasts.

MAYOR

What the hell is this?

ERSHON

The bulk of the money was lost once currencies began to fall. The rest was invested in German Health Care funds, they then invested the money into derivatives, which we're bought by China, who turned around and bought baskets of mortgages, that money was turned around and invested in a film production company which at some point last year, shot "Chick Magnet." And that is all that's left.

MAYOR

80 billion dollars gone. Sweet Jesus.

BOB

I saw that movie. It was funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We see that Bob is in the room too with a cup of coffee.

D.A.  
God bless America.

Another SEC Official walks in and hands papers to  
Official #1.

SEC OFFICIAL #1  
More bad news. Our lawyers have  
been pouring over the charges  
against Ershon and because of a  
bill passed in '01 concerning  
international banking regulations,  
technically speaking David Ershon  
hasn't done anything illegal.

TERRY  
You gotta be kidding me! I never  
heard about that bill!

MAYOR  
I did. Page 22 section D bottom  
right column of the Times. Plus C  
Span mentioned it.

Ershon stands up and SEC Official #2 unlocks his  
handcuffs.

ALLEN  
Wait!

Allen puts a bunch of paper work on the table.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I've been filing evidence and  
writing reports during my down  
time on this case...

He starts pushing forward immaculate files.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
....Offering an officer of the law  
a bribe....Fleeing and evading  
arrest....Failure to comply....And  
Of course: violation of the public  
hazard act by failing to get a  
proper permit for scaffolding.

The D.A. looks at the paperwork.

D.A.  
He'll do ninety days, tops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIEUTENANT MAUCH

Don't listen to these hacks  
Detectives. This is the closest  
they've been to doing the right  
thing in years.

INT. CITY HALL FOYER - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Terry and Allen exit and walk down the steps. There is no  
press conference. But across the way Martin and Fosse  
stand in front of three dozen reporters.

REPORTER #1

When did you realize that  
Brazilian terrorists were in the  
city?

FOSSE

It's really something you just  
know in your bones....

TERRY

I can't believe we traded ninety  
days and failure to file a permit  
for Brazilian terrorists.

ALLEN

I'm fine with it.

TERRY

Yeah.... screw career.

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE - DAY

Terry and Allen sit on the fountains on Sixth Avenue and  
51st eating gyros. A STRANGE GUY walks up them in  
silhouette from the sun.

STRANGE GUY

Okay here's the deal. You think  
you broke this open? You did  
nothing. If anything busting a  
guy like Ershon gives people a  
sense that nothing's going on.  
But right now there's fifty  
lobbyists out there pounding  
Washington, stripping out every  
form of regulation so that guys  
like Ershon can run wild. You  
didn't land the big fish, you just  
spanked a guppy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

What the Hell?

The Strange Guys steps out of the sun, it's DEREK JETER.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Derek Jeter?

DEREK JETER

Terry, you were set up that night you shot me. There were no threats and they knew putting a quick trigger finger like you by that door where I always take a pre-game Ipod walk would turn out bad for me. I'd been doing my own investigation on Ershon. I tried to talk to people, no one listened. And that's when they sent you. It shut me up. It shut me up for years, until I saw what you guys did. I forgive you Terry.

TERRY

Wow. I can't believe it was a set up. I'm so sorry.

DEREK JETER

The whole system's dirty with big money. You guys aren't the only one's who love this city. There are others. But start here.

Derek hands them a folder.

DEREK JETER (CONT'D)

A guy by the name of Carl Bastion, CEO of MacroBank. He took three billion in TARP funds, but refuses to give documentation on how he spent it. Take him down. But be careful, this guy's got Blackwater mercenaries on the clock 24/7.

Derek walks off feeding pigeons like a street person.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY

MUSIC UP: Pink Floyd's, "Money" covered by Mos Def.

They're driving off in the battered Tesla, heading down the Westside Highway towards Wall Street. Allen reads the file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

This guy Bastion is nasty. He summers with Dick Cheney. You're going to have to teach me to shoot and fight like you.

TERRY

Now, you're just blowing smoke up my ass.

ALLEN

Please don't say that. It's disgusting.

TERRY

How is that disgusting?

ALLEN

Why would blowing smoke up someone's ass be a good thing?

TERRY

It's a figure of speech.

ALLEN

It's deranged. What kind of a pervert introduced that into the language? By definition the smoke is second hand, equally as dangerous.

TERRY

I've never understood kissing ass as a phrase. The only person I want kissing my ass is your wife.

ALLEN

Alright, you just crossed the line.

ROLL CREDITS