

RAY

--the ethics of my department. Yeah
I remember.

Nick looking at him. More confused than ever..

RAY (CONT'D)

He was my partner.

NICK

Ray I get it man but Jesus--

RAY

Hey you want out just say the word.
I'll get a unit to take you back to
Olympic.

Nick looks out. Frustrated. City passing. Doesn't say
anything. They drive. All Ray's got is:

RAY (CONT'D)

He was my partner.

Everything it means to be a cop.

24 EXT. LA STREET - LATER

24

Old Buick. 90's beater. Nick and Ray roll up. Hit the
flashers. PUNKS around the car scatter. One left-- DEANDRE--
19 maybe. Emaciated. Ray and Nick get out. *

START →

DEANDRE

Hey no problem man, I'll move the
car...

RAY

You DeAndre?

Backing away now..

DEANDRE

Naw man that ain't me, I don't know
no DeAndre..

Tries to RUN-- Nick there. Throws him up against the car.

NICK

Whoa man, where you goin?...

DeAndre lays on the ground. Puts his hands out..

DEANDRE

Okay okay!... I am not resisting!...
Everybody sees this I am not
resisting!...

Ray reaches into the car, pops the trunk. Nick cuffing
DeAndre.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Hey man I didn't say you could do
that... I didn't give you no consent
to search that...

RAY

Sorry, I see a mouthful of meth rot
I automatically think probable
cause.

Nick braces DeAndre across the Interceptor's hood. Pats him
down as Ray goes through the trunk.

DEANDRE

Hey man whatever you find in there
it ain't mine...

RAY

What ain't yours?

DEANDRE

I dunno, whatever you find.

Ray tosses paraphernalia onto the hood. Chemicals, funnel.
Packets of meds...

RAY

Little science experiment DeAndre?

DEANDRE

I don't know how that got back
there, that ain't even my car, it's
my cousin's!...

CUT TO:

25

EXT. STREET - SQUAD CAR MOVING - LATER

25

The Crown Vic's back on the road. DeAndre cuffed in the back.

DEANDRE

Yo man it smells like puke back
here.

They ignore him.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)
Serious, could you like crack a
window or something?

Ray turns on the heat.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)
Aw man not the heat that's gonna
make it worse!... Aw shit man!...
(sees street coming up)
Hey hey this is it... El Granada,
right here...

Ray turns. Tenements. Stucco and weeds.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)
Hey don't get too close, I don't
want no one to see me.

They pull over.

RAY
You sure this is it?

DEANDRE
Yeah... yeah down at the end there.
One with the fence been all tagged.

Ray gets out. Pulls him out of the car..

DEANDRE (CONT'D)
Aw come on man, what are you
doing?...

← END

Uncuffing him now--

RAY
We're releasing you back into the
wild, beat it.

DeAndre takes off. Ray gets back in.

RAY (CONT'D)
Take your badge off, put it in the
glovebox.

Nick looks at him. *What the fuck am I getting myself into?...*
Takes his badge off. Tosses it in with Ray's. Ray fishes out
a roll of tape, a screwdriver.

RAY (CONT'D)
Here, tape over the car number.
They got one on the side and one on
the back.