

PROTECT & SERVE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JED and BILLY, muscular men with machine guns, flank the ends of a plain white van.

HUSTLE, mid-40s, flashy dresser with gold jewelry; and FELTON ASWAAD, mid-30s, large presence in an oversized shirt and sagging jeans, stand several feet in front of Jed and Billy.

FELTON  
We've got all this product, and  
he's late?

HUSTLE  
When have I not come through?

FELTON  
Something's not right.

Felton takes out a pistol, cocks it.

HUSTLE  
What are you doing?

FELTON  
Gettin' ready. You should too.

HUSTLE  
I don't have a gun.

FELTON  
What drug dealer don't have a gun?

HUSTLE  
I've got them.

Hustle points to Jed and Billy, Felton rolls his eyes.

FELTON  
(annoyed)  
What's taking this guy so long?

HUSTLE  
He's from Alabama. Maybe he  
operates on country time.

FELTON  
I see somebody.

Car headlights approach.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

BROCK LIGHTNING, early-30s with comically blonde hair, dressed in gaudy cowboy clothing and a ten-gallon hat, drives and SINGS along to COUNTRY MUSIC.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Felton, Hustle, Jed and Billy watch a black sports car speed into their area, SCREECHES to a halt. The tinted window on the driver's side lowers.

BROCK  
(singing)  
When daddy asked me why I did it; I  
made him laugh out loud when I  
told'em, "Cause the chicks dig it"!  
YEEEEEEEEEE HAW!

Felton, Hustle, Jed and Billy watch in disbelief as Brock turns off the car. He gets out, dances as he approaches Felton and Hustle.

Felton points a gun at Brock, who stops, puts his hands up. He speaks with a thick country dialect, loud and obnoxious.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Howdy, pilgrims!

FELTON  
Who the hell are you?

BROCK  
I's Brock Lightning!

FELTON  
(to Hustle)  
You're doing business with this  
country bumpkin?

BROCK  
No need to call names, pilgrim!

FELTON  
Shut up!

Felton and Hustle look Brock over.

FELTON (CONT'D)  
Do I know you?

BROCK  
Not unless you've been to Pig's  
Feet Paul, Alabama!

FELTON  
Why are you shouting?

BROCK  
I'm not!

Felton pats Brock down, stops at his ribs.

FELTON  
You plan to use that?

BROCK  
Not unless you give me a reason!

FELTON  
You don't trust us?

BROCK  
What drug dealer don't carry a gun?

Felton looks at Hustle, who dismisses his look. Felton pulls back Brock's vest revealing a big silver cowboy revolver in a holster. He takes Brock's gun, looks at him quizzically.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
That's my piece!

Felton gives Brock's gun to Hustle, whispers to him.

FELTON  
I'm bustin' a cap in his ass.

HUSTLE  
Get the money first.

Felton turns to Brock, hands still up.

FELTON  
Where the Benjamins?

BROCK  
Not until I see the Piggly Wiggly!

FELTON  
The what?

BROCK  
You Yankee boys call it cocaine.

Felton motions to Brock as he puts his gun away. Brock lowers his hands. Hustle leads them to the van. Jed and Billy open the rear double-doors, revealing several crates.

Hustle grabs a silver brick packet, takes out a switchblade, pops it open and cuts into the packet, extracting white powder on the tip of the knife. He offers it to Brock.

Brock uses his pinky to take the powder and taste it. He SHAKES and SPINS. Hustle and Felton give him a strange look.

BROCK (CONT'D)

God damn! That's the Piggly Wiggly!

HUSTLE

We got a deal?

BROCK

Weeee doggy!

FELTON

Show me the money.

Brock, smiling, goes to his car.

FELTON (CONT'D)

We're taking the money and the cocaine.

HUSTLE

You're gonna start a war.

FELTON

I don't care. This guy is annoying!

Brock opens the trunk, takes out two silver briefcases. He walks back to Felton, Hustle, Jed and Billy.

BROCK

You can do the honors!

Brock lifts the briefcases and puts them in the outstretched arms of Felton and Hustle, still holding the handles.

FELTON

Do you mind?

BROCK

You got it, pilgrim!

Brock YANKS the handles gun parts attached. The briefcases spring OPEN. FLASH BOMBS go off in Felton and Hustle's faces, sending them to the ground blinded.

Brock puts the pieces together, assembles an automatic assault weapon with a high capacity magazine.

Jed and Billy gather themselves, Brock FIRES several rounds into their chests, KILLING both.

Felton struggles to his feet, takes his gun out. Brock aims his weapon at him, speaks in a normal voice.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Drop it, asshole!

Felton raises the gun. Brock UNLOADS bullets into his body. Brock ejects the empty clip, reloads and FIRES all of the bullets into Felton's body, which hits the ground, DEAD.

Hustle looks up. Brock aims his gun, flashes a badge.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Detective Steven Law. Hustle  
Benson, you're under arrest!

Hustle lies on his back. A bar of soap lands on his chest.

STEVEN  
You might wanna rope for that.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT (LATER)

A police truck tows the drug van along the streets.

INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

MURRAY and CARL, two police officers, are in the police truck, Murray driving.

MURRAY  
I can't believe Law left and put us  
on clean-up duty.

CARL  
Did you see how many times he shot  
that guy?

MURRAY  
There's no way Black Lives Matter  
isn't already protesting.

CARL  
What's going on up here?

Murray slows to a stop.

EXT. THE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A sedan BLOCKS the middle of the road. The officers get out of the tow truck, approach the sedan, hands on their guns.

MURRAY  
(shouting)  
Move your vehicle!

No response from the sedan.

CARL  
(shouting)  
Step out with your hands up!

The tinted driver's window lowers, a black gloved hand extends and points.

Carl nods at Murray, turns away as Murray stays focused on the sedan.

Carl sees van headlights approaching. It slows to a stop a few feet from the tow truck.

The sedan's passenger door opens. A man steps out, back to Murray, who draws his gun and points.

MURRAY  
Hands in the air!

The man puts his hands up.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Turn around!

The man turns around slowly, revealing a smiling FARQUAAD ASWAAD. He looks exactly like Felton except he has a goatee.

CARL  
(shouting)  
What's happening, partner?

The van's HIGH BEAMS shine in Carl's eyes.

The van doors fly open and two men from each side jump out with automatic weapons, FIRING on Carl, killing him.

Murray turns around, but is SHOT dead also.

The men approach the drug van. Farquaad puts his hands down, comes around the car and joins the men at the van. He opens the doors, looks at the brick packets of cocaine.

FARQUAAD  
Load up the shopping cart.

The shooters put their guns away, take packets and load them into their van.

INT. POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

Several officers work inside the station. Steven enters with normal black hair and plain clothes.

Steven walks through the station, stops at a desk. DETECTIVE NYA CARTER, early-30s, works at a computer.

STEVEN  
Where the hell were you last night?

NYA  
I had a date.

STEVEN  
We were working a case.

NYA  
I figured you had things under control, Super Cop.

Steven turns, bumps into DETECTIVE DERRICK CHAMBERS, early-40s, overweight. Chambers HUGS Steven.

CHAMBERS  
You've been working out.

STEVEN  
Stop touching me.

Chambers lets go of Steven, SLAPS him on the butt like a sports player. Steven gives Chambers a disapproving stare. Chambers stands extremely close to Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Please don't stand so close to me.

CHAMBERS  
What happened last night?

STEVEN  
I did the bust by myself. Where were you?

CHAMBERS  
It was Bunko night for me and my wife.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Law! Carter! Chambers! My office!

Steven, Nya and Chambers look at each other.

INT. MCBRIDE'S OFFICE - DAY

LIEUTENANT MCBRIDE, early-40s, sits behind a desk, several folders on it. She is upset. Steven, Nya and Chambers enter.

Chambers closes the door, the three detectives sit in chairs in front of McBride's desk.

MCBRIDE  
 I could kill all of you!

NYA  
 If you tell us in advance, isn't that First Degree Murder?

MCBRIDE  
 I'm not in the mood for jokes.

STEVEN  
 What's the problem?

MCBRIDE  
 You! Don't say another word!

STEVEN  
 You called us...

MCBRIDE  
 Shut up!

Silence.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)  
 I assigned all of you to the Hustle Benson case. Why is it only one detective was on site last night?

NYA  
 I don't know ma'am. I'm just as surprised as you are.

STEVEN  
 Bullshit!

MCBRIDE  
 I've had it with your antics!

The faint sound of MATERIAL GIRL by Madonna plays. Everyone looks at Chambers, he takes out his phone and answers.

CHAMBERS

Hi honey... I'm not at my desk... I know I'm supposed to let you know where I am at all times, but the Lieutenant called us into her office and... Yes, Lieutenant is a woman... We're talking about last night... No, about a case! I was with you, remember?

Chambers extends the phone to McBride.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

My wife wants to speak to you.

Steven takes the phone, hangs up, gives it back.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

No!

STEVEN

You were saying, Lieutenant?

MCBRIDE

I should throw you off the force and have you arrested!

STEVEN

For what?

MCBRIDE

You didn't notify your partners.

STEVEN

I did! I couldn't afford to wait. And one of the Ass Wads was there.

MCBRIDE

Aswaad!

STEVEN

That's what I said.

McBride glares at Steven, opens one of the folders.

MCBRIDE

I came in this morning to all types of bad news. You're lucky I didn't throw you to Internal Affairs.

STEVEN

(low)  
Wouldn't be the first time.

MCBRIDE

You used excessive force on Aswaad.

STEVEN

He went for his gun.

MCBRIDE

You shot him 67 times!

STEVEN

I feared for my life.

MCBRIDE

You used a non-department weapon.

STEVEN

They would know I'm a cop if they  
saw the shitty gun you issued.

MCBRIDE

You're lucky there are no relatives  
that can sue us!

McBride SLAMS a picture on the desk that looks like Felton  
Aswaad except it's a woman.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

That's Felton Aswaad's mother. You  
remember her, Detective Law?

STEVEN

That was back when I was a traffic  
cop. She exceeded the speed limit.  
It was a routine stop that she  
turned into a bad situation by  
trying to run me over.

MCBRIDE

You blew her up with a rocket  
launcher!

STEVEN

She was too far away to shoot out  
the tires.

McBride SLAMS down several pictures of men that look exactly  
like Felton Aswaad. One has a bald head. Another has  
dreadlocks. The others have blonde, red, and long hair.

MCBRIDE

Frampton, Frumpton, Felix, Florida, Fredrick and now Felton. You've killed each one you've come in contact with because they came after you for killing their mother. There's one brother left.

STEVEN

If he breaks the law, I'll blow him up too.

MCBRIDE

I was only able to get Internal Affairs off your back because the entire family are criminals.

STEVEN

(sarcastic)

I'm sure it had nothing to do with me being a great detective.

MCBRIDE

Do you know the consequences of your actions last night?

STEVEN

Stopping a major drug deal?

MCBRIDE

After you turned over the evidence for delivery, the officers transporting it got hit.

STEVEN

What do you mean?

MCBRIDE

Stolen. Robbed. Jacked. The officers were killed and the drugs were taken. The only thing remaining was the van. They stole everything out of it, including the emergency brake.

NYA

How did they take the emergency brake?

MCBRIDE

How the hell should I know?

STEVEN

How come no one told me last night?

MCBRIDE

I told them not to. I want you to take responsibility for your selfishness. Two officers are dead because of you!

Silence.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

Get the hell out of my office!

Steven, Nya and Chambers get up and leave.

EXT. VAN CRIME SCENE - AFTERNOON

Steven's car pulls up to the crime scene, which has yellow police tape around it. Steven, Nya and Chambers get out. Chambers is on the phone.

CHAMBERS

Steven took the phone and hung up on you... We're at a crime scene now, I swear.

Steven and Nya look around the crime scene.

NYA

Sorry about last night.

STEVEN

I hope your date with Officer D-Cup was worth it.

NYA

That's messed up.

STEVEN

All you do is hang me out to dry.

NYA

I messed up, but we're a team. We're supposed to trust each other.

STEVEN

I'm an only child, I'm used to being the only person I can trust.

NYA

You didn't have friends in school?

STEVEN

No. Kids didn't like me putting them in police holds.

CHAMBERS

I love you more.

NYA

You're an excellent detective, good at surveillance and infiltration. I'm good with tech and finding evidence that's not clear.

CHAMBERS

Kissy Kissy Boo Boo!

STEVEN

And Chambers?

NYA

The point is we all bring something to the table. Let's start acting like a team. That's all I'm saying.

STEVEN

Whatever.

Chambers hangs up, joins Steven and Nya.

CHAMBERS

Sorry about that, you know how women are.

NYA

No. I don't.

STEVEN

Tell your wife to get a job and stop calling so much.

CHAMBERS

She has a job.

STEVEN

Doing what?

CHAMBERS

She's an entrepreneur.

NYA

What type of business?

CHAMBERS

She makes Christmas ornaments.

STEVEN

That's a hobby, not a business.

CHAMBERS

People around the world buy her ornaments.

NYA

Where does she sell them?

CHAMBERS

Amazon, Ebay and her website.

STEVEN

She's too busy bitching at you to make money selling Christmas ornaments.

CHAMBERS

Stop talking about my wife!

Steven, Nya and Chambers duck under the police tape and go to the van. They inspect different parts. Nya looks in the driver's side door.

NYA

Damn. They really did take the emergency brake.

Steven walks around the side of the van then goes to the front. He looks at the tires.

Nya and Chambers join Steven as he crouches. Chambers leans near Steven, his crotch near the back of his head. Steven turns and gets a full view of Chambers crotch, zipper down.

STEVEN

What the hell is wrong with you?

CHAMBERS

Sorry about that.

Steven stands and steps away from Chambers.

STEVEN

No skid marks on the road.

Steven looks around, focusing on blood stains on the ground. He walks under the police tape, finds bullet casings.

NYA

Our officers were set up.

CHAMBERS

By who?

STEVEN

Someone stopped in the middle of the road.

CHAMBERS

Still doesn't tell us who.

STEVEN

But it tells us whoever's responsible knew about our investigation.

NYA

Either dirty cops or someone connected to who was at the deal last night.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Farquaad watches several men moving the stolen cocaine out of a vehicle. One of the men tosses a packet to Farquaad.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Steven sits at his desk while Nya is on the computer opposite of him, Chambers on the phone.

NYA

I got the names of the two meatheads you smoked last night. Jed Palmer and Billy Joe Hudson.

STEVEN

I don't think it mattered who had the drugs. Whoever stole them had things scouted out well. They could strike whoever ended up with them.

NYA

What are you getting at?

STEVEN

The drugs were passing through, but the hit took place here. Our perp is local. Search those guys against employment records.

Nya types and waits.

NYA

I've got a hit!

Steven gets up from his desk, joins Nya.

NYA (CONT'D)

I cross referenced Hustle, Palmer and Hudson's employment records. Palmer and Hudson worked together at three restaurants. "Hog and Dogs", "Big Racks" and "Ribs-N-Guts".

STEVEN

What type of food do those places serve?

NYA

"Hog and Dogs" served Chinese food. The USDA shut it down because they were grilling stray dogs. "Big Racks" had big breasted women serving bar-b-que ribs.

STEVEN

That's right up your alley.

NYA

Women protested because the mandatory dress code was low cut shirts with bar-b-que sauce smeared on their cleavage.

STEVEN

Do I really wanna know about "Ribs-N-Guts"?

NYA

Trust me, you don't.

STEVEN

Who is so obsessed with pigs to keep opening restaurants serving them?

Nya types.

NYA

Interesting. All three places Palmer and Hudson worked were owned by a Theodore "Boss" King. He just opened a restaurant six months ago.

STEVEN

Which one?

NYA

"King Beef". It's number one in the city.

STEVEN

At least he switched from pig products.

NYA

When Hustle wasn't running drugs, he worked at "Fanfare Distributors", the delivery service for all of King's companies.

STEVEN

I think it's time for lunch.

Chambers hangs up the phone.

CHAMBERS

Good! I'm hungry!

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Several people prepare food. Overseeing everything is JEFF HINTZ, mid-20s, dressed as a chef.

Jeff joins one of the people preparing sauce. He takes a spoon, dips it and samples. Jeff speaks with a French accent.

JEFF

This requires more Worcestershire sauce and brown sugar.

Farquaad enters, joins Jeff, gives him a seasoning bottle.

FARQUAAD

It's the boss' special ingredient he wants in everything served.

JEFF

A chef of my caliber will not continue to have his entrees dictated to him!

Jeff opens the bottle but Farquaad stops him.

FARQUAAD

Don't taste it.

JEFF

I must sample the ingredients I put in my finest sauces!

FARQUAAD

It's the boss' sauce. Only one  
tablespoon. His orders.

JEFF

I am a chef with a reputation. I  
will not serve anything in my name  
that does not have my approval!

FARQUAAD

Shut up and put the shit in.

Farquaad leaves the kitchen. Jeff takes a tablespoon and  
pours some of the white contents of the bottle into the  
spoon, dumps it in the sauce.

EXT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - DAY

Steven, Nya and Chambers park in front of the restaurant, get  
out of the car.

A CRACKHEAD, dressed in dirty clothes, bad skin, crusty lips,  
paces the sidewalk talking to himself. He constantly  
scratches his body.

Steven, Nya and Chambers exchange looks with the Crackhead.

NYA

Are you okay?

CRACKHEAD

You going in to get something to  
eat?

STEVEN

We'd like to.

CRACKHEAD

Can you get me something? Like that  
Ox Tail Spaghetti?

STEVEN

Go in and get it yourself.

CRACKHEAD

They won't let me in!

NYA

Why not?

CRACKHEAD

I spent all my money in there. That  
shit is so good!

STEVEN

Excuse us.

Steven, Nya and Chambers walk past the Crackhead. The Crackhead grabs Chambers' arm.

CRACKHEAD

Come on, hook a brother up. I'll do anything for more of that food.

CHAMBERS

Anything?

CRACKHEAD

Man, I'll suck yo' dick!

STEVEN

That's solicitation, you're under arrest!

Nya stops Steven from going after the Crackhead.

NYA

Leave him alone. He's a junkie.

STEVEN

That's against the law too!

Steven grabs for his gun, the Crackhead runs away. Steven takes his hand off his gun, wags a finger at Nya.

Steven, Nya and Chambers enter the restaurant.

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Steven, Nya and Chambers look around the highly populated restaurant as they find a table. They grab menus.

NYA

This looks disgusting.

STEVEN

And these prices are insane.

CHAMBERS

I don't see anything wrong.

STEVEN

You don't have a problem with boiled snail on the half-shell?

CHAMBERS

I'm from the South.

Steven looks up to see Farquaad exit the restaurant.

STEVEN

Oh yeah. We're in the right place.

NYA

We need to follow him.

STEVEN

Chambers, get on him.

CHAMBERS

I'm hungry! You do it.

STEVEN

You're refusing to do police work  
because you want to eat this shit?  
I'm ordering you!

Chambers SLAMS the menu down.

CHAMBERS

Fine! But get me the peppermint  
chitterlings, sweet and sour hog  
maws, an order of beef stroganoff  
and a diet Coke.

STEVEN

Get the hell out of here!

Chambers leaves the table.

NYA

Fat back is healthier than this.

WAITRESS, mid-20s, comes to the table.

WAITRESS

Welcome to King Beef. Would you  
like to try our lunch special of  
rump roast salad with Alabama style  
vinaigrette?

STEVEN

No! Why is this place named King  
Beef but there's a lot of pork on  
the menu?

WAITRESS

The owner was going for an ironic  
theme. Will you be ordering?

Steven and Nya look over the menu.

NYA  
I'll have the fried ostrich wings.

WAITRESS  
And you, sir?

STEVEN  
Ox tail spaghetti.

WAITRESS  
Excellent choice, that's my favorite. Anything else?

NYA  
We need to order for Chambers.

STEVEN  
He'll have the Rump Roast salad.

NYA  
And a Diet Coke.

WAITRESS  
We'll have those right out.

The waitress takes the menus, leaves.

EXT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - DAY

Farquaad walks the sidewalk, Chambers follows. Farquaad stops to talk on his phone.

Chambers passes Farquaad, who does not notice him. Chambers turns and walks past Farquaad again, slightly bumping into him. Farquaad shoots Chambers a disapproving look.

Chambers waits a few moments before trying to get closer to Farquaad from behind. Farquaad turns around as Chambers leans in close, LIPS touch. Farquaad SHOVES Chambers away.

FARQUAAD  
(angry)  
What the hell is your problem?

MATERIAL GIRL plays. Chambers scrambles to answer his phone.

CHAMBERS  
Hey baby... I'm not out of breath... I'm outside... I'm following somebody...

Chambers stops, looks at Farquaad. Farquaad ends his call, backs away from Chambers, briskly walks away.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)  
Baby, I'll call you back...

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - DAY

Steven and Nya study the restaurant. Some people exhibit strange behavior while others are in food comas.

NYA  
You could die of clogged arteries  
after eating one of these meals.

Chambers enters the restaurant, joins Steven and Nya.

NYA (CONT'D)  
You can't be done following Aswaad.

CHAMBERS  
He made me.

NYA  
How?

CHAMBERS  
He was on the phone, I got close,  
he turned around and our faces and  
lips hit each other....

STEVEN  
You kissed him?

CHAMBERS  
It was an accidental peck.

NYA  
You were supposed to follow him,  
not try to fuck him!

CHAMBERS  
It happened so fast! My wife  
called.

STEVEN  
She sensed you trying to cheat.

The waitress brings the food, places it on the table.

WAITRESS  
Enjoy!

The waitress leaves. Chambers stares at his food.

CHAMBERS

What is this?

STEVEN

Rump roast. Don't you like that? Or do you prefer sausage?

Steven, Nya and Chambers eat. Steven takes a couple of bites, makes a disapproving face.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

This tastes funny.

CHAMBERS

I'll eat it.

Chambers tries to take Steven's food but Steven picks it up, holds it away from him.

NYA

Maybe you just don't like ox tail.

STEVEN

It's the sauce. It doesn't taste right.

The waitress comes back to the table.

WAITRESS

How is everything?

STEVEN

What's in this sauce?

WAITRESS

A special ingredient by the world renowned Chef Jeff.

NYA

A chef? In this place?

Steven takes another bite of the spaghetti.

STEVEN

Can we meet him?

WAITRESS

I'll see if he'll join you.

The waitress leaves.

STEVEN

Cocaine is in this sauce.

NYA

You sure?

The waitress returns with Jeff.

WAITRESS

This is Chef Jeff.

JEFF

Bonjour!

STEVEN

World renowned and French.

JEFF

Oui oui.

STEVEN

Pardon my ignorance for not being familiar with your cuisines.

JEFF

Excuse moi your ignorance.

STEVEN

Who knew pig's feet was a delicacy outside of Mississippi?

JEFF

(French)

Va te faire foutre!

STEVEN

Did I touch a nerve?

NYA

Steven.

STEVEN

We wanted to meet you because we're dying to know what's in this spaghetti sauce.

JEFF

(appalled)

Sacre bleu! A gourmet chef never reveals his recipes!

STEVEN

Chitterlings is a gourmet food?

Jeff takes off one of his gloves.

JEFF

Moi will not be insulted by a  
miscreant. Enguard!

Jeff SLAPS Steven in the face with his glove. Steven stares  
at Jeff, shocked. He looks at Nya.

NYA

No!

Steven jumps up, GRABS Jeff, twists his arm around his back  
and SLAMS him face down on the table. Jeff SCREAMS.

STEVEN

You're under arrest for striking a  
police officer.

JEFF

(no accent)  
I didn't know!

STEVEN

What happened to your accent?

JEFF

Umm, oui?

STEVEN

Fake accent, fake chef, I should  
bust your ass for fraud too.

JEFF

I am a chef!

STEVEN

Cooking pig ears in a fake soul  
food restaurant will not get you a  
show on the Food Network!

The Crackhead walks near the table, scratching himself.

CUSTOMER

I told you the Ox Tail Spaghetti  
was good!

STEVEN

What are you...?

Steven looks at Chambers.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You let him suck your dick, didn't  
you?

CRACKHEAD

I would have, but these white people gave me their leftovers.

STEVEN

Nya, check this guy.

NYA

I don't think we...

STEVEN

Now!

CRACKHEAD

What are you checking me for?

Nya leads the Crackhead away as Steven presses down on Jeff.

STEVEN

What's in the spaghetti?

VOICE (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

Everyone turns to see THEODORE "BOSS" KING, early-40s, well over six-feet tall and overweight.

STEVEN

Who are you?

KING

They call me Boss. I own this fine establishment. Based on the grip you have on my chef, I'd say you didn't like the food.

STEVEN

It had a strange after taste.

KING

That's no reason to beat him up.

STEVEN

Would you like to take his place?

Steven picks up Jeff from the table, PUSHES him to King, who catches the diminutive Jeff and holds him up.

KING

I'm sorry you didn't enjoy your dining experience at King Beef. How can I make it up to you?

STEVEN

Don't serve the ox tail spaghetti,  
or anything else with red sauce.

Steven and King glare at each other.

KING

Your lunches are on the house.

CHAMBERS

Can I have a couple of doggy bags?

King motions to the waitress, who leaves. King straightens the table.

KING

If I were you, I'd have had the  
sweet and sour hog maws.

CHAMBERS

That sounds good!

STEVEN

You should bring your wife here,  
Chambers. Is that her outside?

CHAMBERS

Where?

Chambers looks frantically outside the window.

KING

We have an excellent dinner menu  
for couples. I'll hook you up for  
your wedding anniversary.

STEVEN

Split hoof oregano flavored pig's  
feet by candlelight? Romantic!

The waitress returns, gives the leftovers to Chambers. Steven walks by King, glaring at him, then Jeff. Steven leads Chambers to Nya.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You get the sample?

NYA

It's not admissible in court.

Steven, Nya and Chambers exit the restaurant as King, Jeff and the Waitress watch. The Waitress SLAPS Jeff in the face.

WAITRESS

I slept with you because you said  
you were French!

INT. POLICE LAB - LATER

Steven and Nya analyze a blood sample. Chambers EATS.

STEVEN

I can't believe you actually  
touched that crackhead.

NYA

I didn't. I poked him in the love  
handles with a fork.

STEVEN

Sounds like something I would do.

Steven looks through a microscope.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

My god! I didn't know a person  
could have that much cocaine in  
their system.

Steven backs away, Nya looks.

NYA

Wow!

STEVEN

Chambers, bring the spaghetti.

CHAMBERS

I want it.

NYA

It's evidence.

CHAMBERS

We collected it illegally.

STEVEN

The blood from the crackhead was  
collected illegally. The leftovers  
were voluntarily given to you.  
Therefore, they belong to you. Now  
you're giving them to us.

Chambers reluctantly gives the spaghetti to Steven. Steven  
takes some of the sauce and puts it on a slide, which he  
sticks under the microscope and analyzes.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What do you know, cocaine in the  
spaghetti sauce!

CHAMBERS  
Does this mean I can't eat it?

STEVEN  
Go for it! Don't expect to be on  
the force much longer.

McBride storms into the lab.

MCBRIDE  
(upset)  
Whose idea was it?

NYA  
What idea, lieutenant?

MCBRIDE  
Harassing one of the city's most  
respected business men.

CHAMBERS  
It was Steven's idea. I thought we  
were just getting lunch.

Steven gives Chambers a strong disapproving stare.

STEVEN  
Theodore "Boss" King sells colon  
meat. He's not someone I would call  
"respected".

MCBRIDE  
That's no reason to harass him! He  
called the chief, who called me.  
And since shit rolls downhill, the  
shit lands on you!

NYA  
We had probable cause.

MCBRIDE  
Like what?

STEVEN  
He's selling food laced with  
cocaine.

MCBRIDE  
You have proof of this?

STEVEN

We analyzed spaghetti we ordered for lunch. It's in there. I think it's the cocaine from last night's bust.

MCBRIDE

How can you tie King to that?

NYA

The two guys Steven smoked last night have a history working for King. Hustle worked at the distributor for all of his businesses.

MCBRIDE

We need more proof. You can't harass King or bring him in until everything you have is concrete. Do this by the book.

STEVEN

Don't we always?

MCBRIDE

Hell no! If King is our guy, get the evidence! We'll put his ass away!

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A few remaining customers stumble out of the restaurant as workers clean.

INT. KING'S OFFICE

The office is decorated with a mounted deer head, mounted pig head, mounted chicken head and a mounted bar-b-que rib.

King sits behind a desk, Farquaad stands behind him. Jeff sits in a chair facing them.

KING

You've provided excellent service for King Beef Restaurant. Business is booming. This may be the most successful establishment I've owned. It's because of your food.

JEFF

Thank you.

KING

Your skill combined with my special ingredient have customers addicted.

JEFF

I add a little kick.

King leans back in his chair.

KING

However, some disturbing things transpired today. I feel defrauded.

JEFF

I don't understand.

KING

I thought I hired a French chef. Turns out you were faking an accent.

JEFF

I'm sorry about that. I did it to buy credibility since a lot of the great chefs are French.

KING

One of my waitresses was fooled also. And you both violated the fraternization policy.

JEFF

I didn't know there was one.

KING

More concerning is you brought police to my place.

JEFF

I had nothing to do with that.

KING

A police presence drives away customers. As much as this hurts King Beef, your employment is terminated. Effective immediately.

JEFF

I didn't do anything wrong!

KING

The optics of police and my chef in an establishment like this?

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

As a business man, that's a risk I can't take.

JEFF

I just got a new apartment. I'm learning to drive so I can get a car.

KING

I understand these are hard economic times. That's also the case for small business owners like me. I have to protect my interests.

JEFF

This isn't fair. I feel like I've been wrongly terminated.

KING

We'll mail your final paycheck.

Jeff stares at King for a few moments then Farquaad. He gets up, leaves the office.

KING (CONT'D)

We're not paying him shit! You know what to do.

FARQUAAD

On it.

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT

Jeff walks through the restaurant, the workers and waitresses stop cleaning to watch him walk by. Farquaad, several feet behind, stops and watches Jeff.

JEFF

Okay, I don't think anyone here should flip out!

Jeff makes wild, crazy movements, hands above his head.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You and your jobs are safe. I'm the only one being fired, even though my food built this establishment! That's a fact!

Jeff TRIPS over a mop bucket, hits the floor. He sits up.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I may be down, but I'm a chef.

Jeff gets back to his feet.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I will find somewhere to practice  
my culinary expertise. I just wanna  
know, who's coming with me?

Jeff looks around, everyone stares at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Come on. Who's coming with me?

Jeff stands across from the Waitress.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Are you coming with me?

The Waitress SLAPS Jeff in the face.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a no.

No one joins Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
This is embarrassing.

Jeff walks to the exit. The restaurant door opens. HECTOR, mid-30s, wearing a trench coat, enters, brushing past Jeff, a large tarantula tattooed on his right hand.

Hector looks over the restaurant, everyone looking at him. He locks eyes with Farquaad.

King walks out. Hector focuses on him, whips open the trench coat, pulls out a machine gun.

HECTOR  
(Spanish)  
Cerdo ladron cocinando perra!

Hector SHOOTS at King just as he dives to the floor, avoiding the bullets. Jeff and the workers take cover behind and underneath tables.

JEFF  
Lord have mercy!

Hector pauses after his machine empties of bullets. He ejects the magazine, RELOADS. Farquaad rises from cover, pistol pointed at Hector.

Farquaad SHOTS Hector once in the right shoulder, once in the left rib cage, and finally in the chest, making him do the SPLITS and die. Farquaad checks King.

KING  
I'm good. Get the police here.  
Change of plans.

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Several police officers speak to witnesses. Other officers section off Hector's dead body from the restaurant with police tape.

Steven, Nya and Chambers enter, look at Hector's body.

NYA  
Is it me or does it look like he  
didn't come up from the splits?

Steven spots King consoling a crying Farquaad as they talk to another officer. Steven leads Nya and Chambers to them.

FARQUAAD  
I've never been so scared in my  
life. He pulled out that gun and I  
wet myself!

Farquaad buries his head in King's chest.

KING  
The police are here to protect you.

STEVEN  
Looks like you're doing a good job.

Farquaad stops crying, glares at Steven. He looks at Chambers for a moment then glares back at Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I don't think we've met.

Farquaad does not answer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Mind if I see some identification?

KING  
Why do you need his ID?

STEVEN

For my report. Since your business was shot up, surely you want the report to be accurate for the insurance claim you'll file, right?

King nods, Farquaad takes out his ID, hands it to Steven, who smiles while reading it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fuckwad Ass Wad?

FARQUAAD

(angry)

It's Farquaad Aswaad!

STEVEN

That's what I said.

Steven hands the ID back to Farquaad.

NYA

You wanna explain what happened?

KING

We were preparing to close. I'd just completed a conversation with my chef informing him his services were no longer needed.

STEVEN

You fired him?

NYA

I didn't think the food was that bad.

KING

He committed fraud and violated the fraternization policy.

STEVEN

This grease shack has an HR handbook?

MATERIAL GIRL plays. Chambers answers his phone.

CHAMBERS

Hi dear.

STEVEN

Are you serious?

CHAMBERS

I'll grab tampons on my way home.

KING

I thought this was a police investigation.

Chambers hangs up, everyone looking at him with disapproval.

CHAMBERS

Sorry, my wife depends on me.

STEVEN

Because I'm sure before she met you, she wasn't self-sufficient enough to buy her own Tampax.

KING

As I was saying, I fired the chef and he didn't like it. He got violent, started yelling, then he pulled a gun.

STEVEN

Bullshit!

NYA

You're telling us that guy shot up this place?

Everyone looks at a corner where Jeff sits by himself, oblivious and blowing spit bubbles.

STEVEN

We can arrest you for falsely reporting a crime.

KING

He tried to kill me!

STEVEN

Because you fired him from cooking pickled pig's feet? Show us the camera footage.

KING

We don't have cameras.

NYA

How did the guy doing the splits end up dead?

KING

He was just some guy looking for something to eat.

NYA

You said you were closing.

KING

At the end of the night, we give leftovers to people like that. He came in, saw what was happening and tried to stop it, but Chef Jeff shot him. This man is a hero.

STEVEN

And the chef stuck around.

KING

I think it's strange too. Look at him, so calm, like he's done it before. Maybe he's a sociopath.

STEVEN

Chambers, see can you get a murder weapon off the chef.

Chambers goes over to Jeff.

CHAMBERS

I'm Detective Chambers. I need to search you.

JEFF

For what?

CHAMBERS

We're looking for a murder weapon.

JEFF

I don't have it.

CHAMBERS

That's not what that guy over there says. Need you to spread'em.

Jeff gives Chambers a strange looks.

Back with Steven, Nya, King and Farquaad...

KING

Anybody seen the chef's girlfriend?

Steven and Nya look at each other then look around.

STEVEN

You let someone witness to what happened leave?

KING

I couldn't stop her. I'm not a police officer.

Chambers stands close behind Jeff as he searches him. Chambers' crotch continuously bumps into Jeff's butt as he caresses him more than searches.

JEFF

What are you doing?

CHAMBERS

Looking for a weapon. You could have it somewhere I can't feel. I might have to do a cavity search.

JEFF

Let go of me!

Jeff tries to get away but Chambers grabs him, pulls him back hard. Jeff's butt powers into Chambers' crotch.

CHAMBERS

Let me finish!

Steven and Nya rush over to Jeff and Chambers.

STEVEN

Do you get any pussy at home?

Chambers lets go of Jeff, who turns to face Steven and Nya.

NYA

Where's your girlfriend?

JEFF

I don't have one, but you're cute.

STEVEN

You're not her type. Where's the waitress?

JEFF

I don't know. She dumped me.

NYA

When?

JEFF

Right after y'all ruined my reputation. I got fired!

STEVEN

Then you tried to kill your boss.

JEFF

No I didn't! I was leaving and the dead guy came in and tried to shoot him! Farquaad killed him.

NYA

If that's true, the dead guy should have a gun on his body.

JEFF

Search him instead of having this guy trying to rape me.

STEVEN

(to Chambers)

Assuming you're not into necrophilia, search for a weapon.

Chambers leaves to search Hector's body.

JEFF

She wasn't my girlfriend.

NYA

Booty call?

JEFF

I really liked her chest.

CHAMBERS (O.S.)

He's clean!

STEVEN

Somebody here is lying.

JEFF

It's not me.

STEVEN

No gun and your girl is missing. Doesn't look good for you.

Jeff looks at Steven, then Nya. He looks at the exit then tries to run but TRIPS and falls. Nya takes out handcuffs, puts them on Jeff, stands him up.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 (to Chambers)  
 Find his address. Search his place  
 for his girlfriend and a gun.

CHAMBERS  
 But Amy needs tampons.

STEVEN  
 You're going to need a tampon!

Chambers leaves, reluctantly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 Get this body and food boy to the  
 station. Test both for gun powder  
 residue.

Nya pushes Jeff as they walk to the exit.

JEFF  
 You're making a mistake!

Nya exits with Jeff. Steven looks at King and Farquaad,  
 several feet away, smiling.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff sits at a table, handcuffed, a bright light shines over  
 him. Steven enters, closes the door.

JEFF  
 My civil rights have been violated!

Steven tosses a folder on the table, sits in a chair across  
 from Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 I've been subjected to cruel and  
 unusual punishment!

STEVEN  
 Like that food you cook?

JEFF  
 You didn't read me my rights!

STEVEN  
 I thought you were a French illegal  
 alien. You waived your rights.

The room door OPENS. McBride pops inside, motions to Steven.

Steven follows McBride out of the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McBride looks at Steven, irritated.

MCBRIDE  
You didn't read him his rights?

STEVEN  
Detective Carter was the arresting officer.

Nya and Chambers join Steven and McBride.

MCBRIDE  
(to Nya)  
Did you arrest the Chef?

NYA  
It was a team effort.

MCBRIDE  
Did any of you read him his rights?

STEVEN  
I didn't have time. I was leading the investigation.

CHAMBERS  
I had to call Amy.

McBride looks at Steven, Nya and Chambers in disbelief.

MCBRIDE  
Somebody better come up with a reason for not reading him his rights or you're all suspended.

NYA  
We need to release him.

MCBRIDE  
You're all suspended.

NYA  
We ran tests on the chef's hands. There's no gun powder residue.

MCBRIDE  
Why the hell did you arrest him?

NYA

King said he shot up the place and  
killed the guy at the restaurant.

MCBRIDE

And you believed him?

STEVEN

You said he was the city's most  
respected businessman.

McBride glares at Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Of course we don't believe the chef  
killed anyone. We had to do  
something to force King's hand.

CHAMBERS

What about the gun I found at the  
chef's place?

STEVEN

King insinuated the chef's  
girlfriend took the gun there.

NYA

She probably did on King's orders,  
then went home.

MCBRIDE

Did you have a warrant?

CHAMBERS

Well Ste--...

STEVEN

(interrupting)  
We'll get to that.

NYA

Should we bring her in?

STEVEN

No. It will only tip King off that  
we're watching, but not enough to  
force him to make a desperate move.

MCBRIDE

You didn't answer if you had...

STEVEN

(interrupting)  
What else did you find, Nya?

NYA

The gun showed it had been recently fired. Powder residue in the gun matches powder residue and burns on the dead body's hands.

MCBRIDE

So, who shot him?

NYA

Probably Aswaad or King. I ran a check on the dead guy. His name is Hector Garcia. He's associated with the Tarantula Cartel.

MCBRIDE

Oh shit!

STEVEN

I stop a drug deal and take the drugs. They get taken again then one of the Tarantulas shows up.

NYA

Those drugs belonged to them.

MCBRIDE

And King stole them.

NYA

The Tarantulas sent someone to take King out, but he got them first.

STEVEN

Ladies and gentlemen, we have ourselves a drug war!

MCBRIDE

We've got to stop this. The Tarantulas are going to come hard when they find out their guy is dead. What about the chef?

STEVEN

The spaghetti was made with cocaine. He had to be in on it. He cooked the food.

NYA

Maybe he wasn't. We need him to roll on King with any information he knows.

MCBRIDE

We have to get out in front of this before the Tarantulas strike. Talk to the chef then let him go.

STEVEN

I got this.

Steven enters the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steven closes the door, sits at the table and stares at Jeff.

STEVEN

I didn't know cocaine was a spaghetti ingredient?

JEFF

What?

STEVEN

We had your spaghetti today. It tasted funny so we tested it. It was laced with cocaine.

JEFF

I didn't put it there!

STEVEN

You cooked it.

Silence.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

The good news for you is we've determined you didn't shoot that guy at the restaurant.

JEFF

Told you!

STEVEN

You're still a liar.

JEFF

I am not!

STEVEN

You pretended to be French.

JEFF

That was for my job.

STEVEN  
Who shot the guy?

JEFF  
Farquaad.

STEVEN  
That's bad news for you.

JEFF  
Why?

STEVEN  
The guy he shot was part of the  
Tarantula drug cartel.

JEFF  
How is that bad news for me?

STEVEN  
Your former boss filed a statement  
saying you shot their man.

JEFF  
What does that mean?

STEVEN  
By now, that statement has gotten  
out. Which means the Tarantulas are  
coming for you.

JEFF  
Here?

STEVEN  
Wherever they can find you.

JEFF  
But I didn't shoot him!

STEVEN  
That's not what they think.

JEFF  
You guys need to stop them!

STEVEN  
They're a drug cartel. They have  
better weapons than us.

JEFF  
What am I supposed to do?

STEVEN

Duck.

Jeff SLAMS his hand on the table.

JEFF

This is bullshit!

STEVEN

The Tarantulas probably think you ripped off their drugs too.

JEFF

I didn't do any of that!

STEVEN

Then tell me who put the cocaine in the spaghetti!

Silence for several moments.

JEFF

Farquaad came in the kitchen today and told me to put something in the food. He wouldn't tell me what it was or where it came from. He just said King wanted me to put the ingredient in the food.

STEVEN

Has he done this before?

JEFF

He comes in the kitchen all the time. He's never told me to put anything in the food until today.

STEVEN

Could have done it behind your back. Did you taste it?

JEFF

No! I didn't know where it came from. It could have been poison.

STEVEN

But you still cooked and served it.

JEFF

I was told not to ask questions.

STEVEN

If a lesbian shoves a strap on dick in your face, do you suck it?

JEFF

What the hell does that even mean?

STEVEN

If you suddenly find yourself face to face with a dick, real, plastic or otherwise, do you just start sucking, or do you want answers as to why there's an unsolicited dick in your face?

McBride BUSTS into the room.

MCBRIDE

Detective Law, that's enough! Chef, you're free to go.

JEFF

Go where?

MCBRIDE

Home.

JEFF

But he said the Tarantulas are looking for me!

McBride thinks.

MCBRIDE

Detective Law will escort you.

STEVEN

What!

MCBRIDE

Escort the chef home. Make sure he's safe.

STEVEN

Can't you ask one of the rookies?

MCBRIDE

I'm ordering you to do it!

Steven and Jeff look at each other.

INT. KING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

King sits in a dimly lit home office, on the phone.

KING

I didn't call to brag, but you need to send better people if you plan to eliminate me, Camacho... I didn't steal from you. I had no idea the cops we hit had your product... Before you push the red button, I think we could benefit from working together to eliminate a common problem... The enemy of my enemy is my friend... The cop responsible for what happened to your shipment is the same cop you have history with... Glad I have your attention.

King smiles broadly.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Steven drives, Jeff sits in the passenger seat.

JEFF

You were a lot more talkative at the police station.

STEVEN

I was doing my job.

JEFF

Aren't you doing your job now?

STEVEN

Yes, and I'm choosing to do this portion without talking to you.

JEFF

Why do you hate me?

STEVEN

I don't hate you.

JEFF

Why are you treating me like this?

STEVEN

God, you sound like my ex-wife.

JEFF

You were married?

STEVEN

Yes.

JEFF  
What happened?

STEVEN  
None of your business.

JEFF  
I'm just making conversation.

STEVEN  
I don't want to make conversation.

JEFF  
Why not?

STEVEN  
If I want to make conversation,  
I'll talk to myself.

JEFF  
You talk to your coworkers.

STEVEN  
Part of the job.

JEFF  
Why can't you talk to me?

STEVEN  
I have something in common with my  
partners. What am I going to talk  
to you about? Cookie recipes?

JEFF  
Asshole! No wonder you're divorced.

STEVEN  
I'd watch what I'm saying to the  
guy keeping you from getting  
canceled by a Mexican drug cartel.

The car moves along, Steven and Jeff are silent.

JEFF  
Are you making sure those  
Tarantulas aren't following us?

Steven turns on the radio, cranks the VOLUME.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
That's rude!

Steven and Jeff ride with the music BLARING. Jeff turns down the radio.

STEVEN  
Dammit, I thought you got the hint.

JEFF  
Why are all police jerks?

STEVEN  
Watch your mouth.

JEFF  
All the police have done is shoot unarmed black men and let me down my entire life.

STEVEN  
Here comes the sob story...

JEFF  
It's a sad story. The police made me an orphan.

STEVEN  
Let me guess, your parents were imprisoned for crimes they allegedly didn't commit?

JEFF  
No.

STEVEN  
A cop shot your father?

JEFF  
I've never met him. He split after my mom got pregnant with me.

STEVEN  
He probably knew something considering how you turned out.

JEFF  
Asshole!

Silence for a few moments.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I was five years-old and it was Mother's Day.

STEVEN  
In a galaxy far far way...

JEFF  
Will you stop!

STEVEN  
My bad.

JEFF  
I was trying to make breakfast in bed for my mom. It was going to be the greatest Mother's Day present ever. I went outside to pick flowers, but I lost track of time and the food. I went back in the house and the kitchen was on fire!

STEVEN  
What were you making?

JEFF  
Pancakes, turkey sausage and grits.

STEVEN  
Grits? Who the hell is your father? King? It's like you were destined to work for that son of a bitch.

JEFF  
Mom woke up, saw the fire. She rushed me out of the house and instead of calling the fire department, she went back in to fight the fire. She never made it out. The only thing left was her tea kettle. She saved my life, and the last thing I said to her when she was alive wasn't, "I love you". It was, "Mommy, don't let the turkey sausage burn".

STEVEN  
What does that have to do with you not liking police?

JEFF  
They didn't show up!

STEVEN  
You didn't call!

JEFF  
I'm sure a neighbor saw the fire and called.

STEVEN

What happened after you cooked your poor mother?

JEFF

I lived in five foster homes.

STEVEN

Damn! No one wanted you? I can understand why they wouldn't.

JEFF

I kept getting kicked out of orphanages too.

STEVEN

Why, they didn't like your cooking?

Silence for a few moments. Steven looks at Jeff.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You didn't!

JEFF

Only one of the orphanages burnt down, and it wasn't my fault!

STEVEN

Your mom's ghost should kick your ass anytime you're near a stove!

JEFF

I've always loved to cook. But when mom died, I wanted to atone for my mistake in the kitchen. I decided to become the best chef on earth.

STEVEN

(sarcastic)

You're off to a great start making neck bones.

JEFF

I want every meal to be a tribute to mom's sacrifice. I cook for her!

STEVEN

With the exception of your mother dying, this may be the funniest shit I've heard.

JEFF

I bet you don't have any friends.

STEVEN

The law is my friend.

JEFF

That's why you changed your last name to it?

STEVEN

That's my real last name!

JEFF

You friends with your partners?

STEVEN

They're coworkers. That's it.

JEFF

Have you tried being friends with them?

STEVEN

Chambers is always trying to hump my leg. Nya has the same taste in women I do. I don't need competition.

Jeff LAUGHS, causing Steven to smile.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You like cooking. I like being a cop. I love busting people. It doesn't matter if you're black or white; man or woman; gay, straight, hermaphrodite or a cat. You break the law, I'm peeling your cap back!

JEFF

There has be more to life than that. You were married.

STEVEN

And I put her ass in jail.

JEFF

That's one way to get out of a marriage.

STEVEN

Shot her too.

JEFF

What made you do that?

STEVEN

She was a criminal. I didn't know.

JEFF

You're a cop, how could you not?

STEVEN

I was too busy chasing bad guys. You shouldn't have to keep tabs on your wife.

JEFF

You seem like the type that would.

STEVEN

I did do a background check when I met her.

JEFF

I knew it.

STEVEN

Her family was trash. I thought she was different. Only had a couple of parking tickets. No red flags.

JEFF

What happened?

STEVEN

When I was at to work, she did accounting for drug cartels. Then she started stealing from them.

JEFF

That's dangerous!

STEVEN

I got suspicious because she didn't have a real job, but we had more money in our bank account than we should have. Around the same time, Internal Affairs became suspicious of me. One of the cartels she was stealing from was the Tarantulas.

JEFF

The same Tarantulas after me?

STEVEN

I've got history with them. They did a drive-by on our house. I thought they were after me. They were trying to kill her.

JEFF

How much did she take?

STEVEN

I don't know, several million.  
Never got an exact number. She had  
them investing in Obama Care stock.

JEFF

There's Obama Care stock?

STEVEN

Hell no, why do you think they  
wanted to kill her? After Internal  
Affairs let me in on what she was  
doing, I said I'd bring her in.

JEFF

At what point did you shoot her?

STEVEN

When she pulled a gun on me after I  
confronted her. She emptied a clip  
trying to kill me. She's lucky I  
only shot her in the leg.

JEFF

Why aren't the Tarantulas after you  
because of what your wife did?

STEVEN

Who says they aren't? They and  
Internal Affairs think I have the  
money she stole.

JEFF

Do you?

STEVEN

No idea where it is. But the  
Tarantulas and Internal Affairs  
both admit a guy that would shoot  
his own wife and throw her in jail  
is somebody too crazy to fuck with.  
I don't like talking about it.

Silence for several moments.

JEFF

I got you to have a conversation.

Steven smiles, slightly.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Steven's car pulls into a parking lot. He and Jeff get out.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Steven and Jeff walk through the building to an apartment at the end of the hall. Jeff takes out his keys as he approaches the door. He stops before putting the key in the lock.

JEFF

My door is open.

Steven draws his weapon, slides Jeff to the side then pushes the door open, cautiously sticking his head inside.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Steven steps to the side as he enters, finding a light switch, flips it ON. He looks around then puts his gun away.

STEVEN

You can come in. You're won't like what you see.

Jeff steps into the ransacked apartment. He walks in a state of shock. He rushes to the kitchen.

JEFF

Dammit!

Steven enters the kitchen. Jeff picks up pieces of a broken tea kettle.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This is the only thing I had left from my mom.

Jeff tosses the broken pieces to the floor.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do?

STEVEN

You can't stay here because the Tarantulas are expecting you'll come back to see this.

JEFF

I don't have anywhere to go.

STEVEN

Go to your girlfriend's place.

JEFF

She's wasn't my girlfriend. Plus,  
we broke up.

STEVEN

Wait. Huh?

JEFF

Can I stay with you?

STEVEN

Hell no!

JEFF

You said the Tarantulas would be  
looking for me. But they think  
you're too crazy to fuck with.

STEVEN

I don't trust you at my house.

JEFF

Why not?

STEVEN

Do I need to remind you of the  
circumstances under which we met?

JEFF

You're supposed to protect innocent  
people like me.

STEVEN

I don't fall for guilt trips.

JEFF

I'm a material witness.

STEVEN

We're not going to trial. If  
anything, you're an accomplice.

JEFF

What am I supposed to do?

STEVEN

Stay in a hotel.

JEFF

I don't have a credit card.

STEVEN  
Use a debit card.

JEFF  
My account is in the negative.

STEVEN  
I suggest you find some cash and  
stay in a motel.

JEFF  
Can I borrow some money?

STEVEN  
You have no one that can help you?

JEFF  
I'm an orphan!

STEVEN  
At this point, you're better off  
letting the Tarantulas kill you.

JEFF  
Fuck you!

Silence as Jeff looks at his destroyed apartment.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I have no one. I asked you, the  
police, and you won't help. I'm  
better off asking King or sleeping  
on a park bench under newspapers.

STEVEN  
I could put you in a private cell  
at the station. It's not as  
comfortable as a hotel, but it's  
better than sleeping on a bench.

Steven watches as Jeff walks through the apartment, stepping  
over his destroyed belongings. He leaves.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jeff walks away from his apartment. Steven exits, closes the  
door behind him.

STEVEN  
Fine! I'll let you stay at my place  
until we wrap this case.

Jeff turns around.

JEFF  
You being serious?

STEVEN  
I'll change my mind if you piss me  
off.

JEFF  
Thanks! I'll grab some clothes.

Jeff RUNS by Steven, enters the apartment. Steven waits  
several moments. Jeff emerges empty handed.

STEVEN  
Where are your clothes.

JEFF  
They pissed on them!

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A door opens. Steven enters, turns on a LIGHT. Jeff follows,  
looks around.

JEFF  
Did the Tarantulas break into your  
place too?

Steven's house is extremely MESSY. He goes to the  
refrigerator.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I would have stayed at my place if  
I knew yours looked like this.

STEVEN  
I've been busy.

JEFF  
Doesn't look like you've ever  
cleaned this place!

STEVEN  
You want to go back to yours?

JEFF  
Almost.

Jeff steps over things as he proceeds through the house.  
Steven opens the refrigerator.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
What's in the fridge?

STEVEN  
Beer and pizza.

Steven grabs a Coors Light, TOSSES it to Jeff. Steven grabs another beer for himself, closes the refrigerator.

JEFF  
I don't drink beer. It's not sophisticated.

STEVEN  
That's funny coming from a guy who specializes in cooking pig snout.

JEFF  
I make other things.

STEVEN  
Like what?

JEFF  
French toast, Peach Cobbler, Lasagna.

STEVEN  
I can do that! Doesn't make me a chef.

Jeff places the beer in a clean spot on a cluttered kitchen table.

JEFF  
Where am I sleeping?

STEVEN  
Upstairs, last bedroom on the right.

JEFF  
Is it clean?

STEVEN  
I don't use it.

Jeff goes upstairs as Steven drinks his beer.

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Steven sleeps on a recliner in the living room, holding an empty beer bottle.

A VACUUM wakes Steven up. He tosses the bottle to the side, draws his gun and points at Jeff, vacuuming. He stops, puts his hands in the air.

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
What the hell are you doing?

JEFF  
(yelling)  
Cleaning!

STEVEN  
(yelling)  
Turn that off!

Jeff turns off the vacuum as Steven puts the gun away and gets up. He looks around, house significantly cleaner.

JEFF  
What do you think?

Steven walks through the house looking at its cleanliness. The kitchen is spotless. He opens the refrigerator, only a few items inside, but it is clean.

STEVEN  
What happened to my food?

JEFF  
It was either spoiled or stuff you  
accidentally put in the  
refrigerator. Like bullets.

Steven goes to a cabinet, grabs a clean glass then goes to the sink. He fills it with water, drinks.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I've been up all night cleaning.

STEVEN  
I didn't ask you to do that.

JEFF  
I couldn't sleep in that room you  
sent me to. All of your dirty  
clothes were in there. It smelled!  
I sorted them and did the laundry.

STEVEN  
I don't need a maid.

JEFF

Clearly you do. I thought cleaning would be a way to pay you back for letting me stay.

STEVEN

Good. For a moment, I thought I had to put out.

JEFF

What are we doing today?

STEVEN

I'm going to work. You need to figure out how to stay alive.

JEFF

What do you mean?

STEVEN

You don't have a job anymore.

JEFF

I'm staying here.

STEVEN

Not while I'm gone.

JEFF

Where am I supposed to go?

Steven thinks.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Nya sits at her computer. Steven and Jeff enter, join her.

STEVEN

We need to talk to Hustle.

NYA

Better hurry. He's being released.

STEVEN

On what grounds?

NYA

You didn't read him his rights.

STEVEN

I think he knows something about King.

Chambers joins them, stands behind Jeff.

CHAMBERS  
Morning everybody!

NYA  
You're in a good mood.

CHAMBERS  
I'm in a great mood! Me and my wife  
had sex last night!

STEVEN  
Wow! Did she let you get on top?

NYA  
Pause. Didn't you get her tampons  
last night?

Steven, Jeff and Nya stare at Chambers, who has an awkward  
look to him.

STEVEN  
You like your steaks bloody too?

JEFF  
How do you get any police work  
done?

STEVEN  
We get plenty done. When was the  
last time you made a soufflé?

JEFF  
What's that got to do with you  
anything?

MATERIAL GIRL plays. Chambers answers his phone.

CHAMBERS  
Hi Sugar Snatch!

STEVEN  
This fucking guy...

CHAMBERS  
I'm at Nya's desk... Yes, that's a  
woman... No! She don't even like  
men, she's eats pussy...

NYA  
(upset)  
Why are you discussing my personal  
life with your wife?

CHAMBERS

She didn't ask me to be in a  
threesome!

Steven TAKES the phone from Chambers, talks into it.

STEVEN

(deep female voice)  
This is Nya's girlfriend.

CHAMBERS

What are you doing?

Chambers tries to get the phone from Steven but is held off.

STEVEN

(deep female voice)  
I've got a black, 12-inch, strap-on  
dick I just took out of Nya and I'm  
about to put it in your husband.  
You want next?

Chambers yanks the phone from Steven.

CHAMBERS

(frantic)  
Baby! Baby!

Chambers looks at Steven, frightened.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

She's going to kill me!

Chambers goes away, dialing a number on the phone.

JEFF

That was hilarious!

NYA

Let's get serious. We can't blow  
the lid off this case until we  
catch King doing something illegal  
or we tie him to some warehouses.  
He has to be storing drugs  
somewhere.

STEVEN

That's why we need to talk to  
Hustle. If he's made deliveries for  
King before, he's done it for more  
than just food.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Steven and Nya sit in the room. The door opens, a police officer leads a handcuffed Hustle inside. Hustle walks funny. He sits down gingerly as the officer leaves.

STEVEN

I told you to get a rope.

Hustle does not respond.

NYA

We want to know about Boss King.

HUSTLE

Never heard of him.

STEVEN

Those two meatheads you were hanging out with used to work for him. And you just happened to work at a place that shipped goods to his abysmal restaurants.

HUSTLE

If you know all of this, why you asking me?

STEVEN

We want to know the location of his warehouses.

HUSTLE

What's in it for me? If you want my help, you gotta give me something.

Steven reaches in his pocket, takes out a shoestring. He places it on the table.

HUSTLE (CONT'D)

What's that?

STEVEN

That's what I'm offering. By the way you're walking, you could have used it this morning.

HUSTLE

Fuck you!

Steven stands, walks around the table, behind Hustle.

NYA

Steven, don't.

HUSTLE

Don't what?

Steven yanks Hustle out of the chair by the collar, SLAMS him face down on the table.

HUSTLE (CONT'D)

(scared)

What are you doing?

Steven takes his gun out, places it near Hustle's face.

STEVEN

Where are the warehouses?

HUSTLE

I don't know!

Steven COCKS the gun.

STEVEN

Warehouses!

HUSTLE

I don't know where they are! We did vehicle trades at his restaurant. We didn't follow him! He set the rules that only he goes to his warehouses with his people!

STEVEN

You telling me the truth?

HUSTLE

I swear! I'll take the string!

Steven lets Hustle up and tosses him back in the seat, puts his gun away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Steven, Jeff, Nya and Chambers at Steven's desk.

NYA

We don't have much to go on. King's warehouses could be anywhere.

STEVEN

If what Hustle says about the vehicle swaps is true, King must have a daily routine.

NYA  
So what do we do?

## MONTAGE

King's Cadillac Escalade pulls up in front of the King Beef Restaurant. King and Farquaad get out, go inside. Steven watches from his car.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
We tail King.

King exits a hospital clinic holding a prescription bag, Farquaad flanks him.

King and Farquaad get manicures and pedicures inside a nail saloon.

King talks to the nail-tech, hands her a business card.

A limo stops in front of the restaurant. The limo driver, SAUL, a hard looking man with a large tarantula tattoo on his right hand, exits and helps the nail-tech, wearing a cocktail dress, out of the limo.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
Once we figure out his routine.

The limo pulls up to a gate that opens automatically. The limo pulls in, stops in front of a large house.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
We implement Operation Butterfly  
Sting.

Farquaad gets out, as does Saul, who opens the rear door and King steps out with the nail-tech. She does a weird uncoordinated twirling dance. Farquaad, King, Saul and the nail-tech enter the house through the front door.

## INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

JEFF  
What's Operation Butterfly Sting?

CHAMBERS  
Yeah. Butterflies don't sting.

STEVEN  
This one does.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAYS LATER

Steven, Nya and Chambers look directly into the camera.

NYA

I think you can pull this off.

STEVEN

Outside of the fuzz above your lip,  
you'll definitely pass.

CHAMBERS

My wife has a little. In the right  
light, it's sexy.

STEVEN

Does she have under-arm hair too?

JEFF (O.S.)

When you said Operation Butterfly  
Sting, I thought you meant some  
Muhammad Ali shit. Not Madame  
Butterfly!

The camera focuses on Jeff. He wears a sun dress along with a wig and make-up to look like a woman.

STEVEN

Muhammad Ali was "float like a  
butterfly, sting like a bee". I'm  
not sure how you mixed that up.

JEFF

How do you know this is even going  
to work?

STEVEN

From what I've seen, you're King's  
type. If you were a girl.

JEFF

Why can't Nya do it?

STEVEN

She's a girl that doesn't like  
guys. Her performance won't be  
convincing.

JEFF

I don't like guys!

STEVEN

That's different. You'll seem like  
you're playing hard to get.

JEFF

What about your lieutenant?

STEVEN

She's Plan B.

NYA

She's rough. More like Plan X.

STEVEN

You're the only one of us that will pass for a chick King would fuck.

JEFF

What if he tries to take my clothes off?

NYA

Do you just let any woman take your clothes off?

JEFF

Depends on how she looks.

NYA

You're such a slut.

JEFF

Can I wear apple bottom jeans instead of a dress?

CHAMBERS

You don't have an apple bottom.

Steven, Nya and Jeff look at Chambers.

JEFF

I'd feel more comfortable around King. And Chambers.

CHAMBERS

Your package might show. That would tip him off.

JEFF

I can tuck.

CHAMBERS

Not all that.

Steven, Nya and Jeff look at Chambers again.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

You know what I mean!

NYA

You just need to get King to notice you, go to his house and get him turned on.

STEVEN

You'll need to get him out of the way, but he probably has evidence in the house. Find it. We'll get you out of there and bust him.

JEFF

How do I turn him on?

STEVEN

Touch his balls.

CHAMBERS

You act like you've never turned a man on before. Do we have to teach you everything?

STEVEN

Maybe we should put the wig and panties on Chambers.

CHAMBERS

I'm not his type.

Nya hands earrings to Jeff.

JEFF

My ears aren't pierced.

NYA

They're clip-ons. One earring has a microphone. It can pick up any conversation in the room. There's also a tiny piece to stick in your ear to hear us. The other earring has a camera. We'll snap pictures remotely.

Jeff clips on the earrings.

INT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - EVENING

The restaurant is packed with people dining.

Jeff enters, looks around uneasily. A few men with women look at Jeff as he passes.

JEFF  
(whispering)  
Everyone's looking at me.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Is one of them King?

JEFF  
(whispering)  
I don't see him. What should I do?

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Sit at the bar.

Jeff stumbles as he approaches the bar, rights himself. He awkwardly gets on a stool before situating himself.

The BAR TENDER comes over to Jeff. He looks Jeff over.

BAR TENDER  
What are you drinking?

JEFF  
I'll have a beer.

The Bar Tender gives Jeff a strange look.

BAR TENDER  
Sounds like you need orange juice.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Disguise your voice!

Jeff CLEARS his throat, speaks in a somewhat feminine voice.

JEFF  
I've got laryngitis. Give me an  
Amaretto Sour.

BAR TENDER  
Right.

The Bar Tender leaves.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Be sexy enough to attract King!

JEFF  
(whispering)  
I know!

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Talk like a woman!

JEFF  
(whispering)  
Even with you?

The Bar Tender returns with the Jeff's drink. Jeff WINKS at the Bar Tender.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Thank you, sweetie.

The Bar Tender gives Jeff another strange look.

BAR TENDER  
Don't mention it.

King enters the dining area with Farquaad, stops to speak with customers. King double-takes when he sees Jeff.

King pulls Farquaad to the side and points at the bar. Moments later, they approach.

JEFF  
(whispering)  
They're coming over!

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Stay in character!

King and Farquaad join Jeff, who speaks in his female voice.

JEFF  
Hello.

KING  
Thanks for coming into my  
restaurant.

JEFF  
You own this place?

KING  
They call me Boss. You can too.

JEFF  
Hello Boss.

KING  
What's your name?

JEFF  
Jeff... Ann.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
The hell?

KING  
Jeffanne? That's unusual. I like  
it.

JEFF  
Thank you.

KING  
You're not dining with us tonight?

JEFF  
I was supposed to meet my  
girlfriend for dinner, but she  
stood me up.

KING  
Girlfriend?

STEVEN (O.S.)  
You're supposed to like dick!

JEFF  
Like a friend that's a girl.

KING  
Oh. Not that there's anything wrong  
with that. I just thought someone  
as beautiful as you would be out  
with your boyfriend tonight.

JEFF  
My girlfriend actually stood me up  
to be with my boyfriend.

KING  
I hope you're no longer with him.

JEFF  
I broke up with him. And her.

KING  
Sorry you're having a rough night.  
You don't have to be alone. How  
about I keep you company? We could  
go some place more private.

JEFF  
Sure.

Jeff gets up from the bar, walks gingerly past King and Farquaad. As Jeff passes, King checks Jeff out from the back, nods at Farquaad. They all leave the restaurant.

EXT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Farquaad opens the back passenger door of a limo, King and Jeff get inside. Farquaad closes the door then gets in the front passenger side of the limo.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - EVENING

Steven, Nya and Chambers watch the limo drive away.

STEVEN

Show time.

Chambers gets to the front of the van, starts it and follows the limo from a distance.

EXT. KING'S HOUSE - EVENING

Saul and Farquaad get out of the limo, assist Jeff and King getting out.

The surveillance van parks a block away.

INT. KING'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeff and King are followed by Farquaad as they enter the spacious, but tacky and gaudily decorated house. Jeff continues speaking in his female voice.

KING

Welcome to my palace. Enjoy a cocktail while dinner is prepared?

JEFF

Sure.

Farquaad exits while Jeff follows King to a room with a bar.

KING

What would you like?

JEFF

Whatever you're having.

KING

Everything I have is hard.

King pours dark liquor in two glasses.

STEVEN (O.S.)

Could you be a little sexier?

JEFF  
I am.

KING  
Pardon?

JEFF  
I am... very adventuresome around  
such charming gentlemen.

KING  
Is that right?

STEVEN (O.S.)  
That was good!

King walks around the bar, hands Jeff a glass.

KING  
Mazeltov.

King and Jeff TOAST, drink. Jeff COUGHS.

KING (CONT'D)  
Told you it was hard.

King takes the drink from Jeff, places it on the bar. He  
stands flirtatiously in front of Jeff.

KING (CONT'D)  
You wear that dress well. You could  
be a model.

JEFF  
You probably say that to all the  
girls.

KING  
Model that dress for me.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Show'em some leg, bitch!

Jeff reluctantly moves away from the bar, into a more open  
area. King watches Jeff do an awkward, sexy walk.

Jeff does a little DANCE.

KING  
Oh yeah! Let me get a close up.

Jeff turns around, sticks his butt out.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Steven, Nya and Chambers watch from the earring camera, the picture moves wildly.

NYA  
Is he twerking?

INT. KING'S HOUSE

Jeff TWERKS poorly. King grabs his crotch for a moment then his chest.

KING  
Damn baby! You know what I like.

Jeff stops TWERKING, rejoins King at the bar.

KING (CONT'D)  
You do rap videos for a living?

JEFF  
I'm a secretary.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Way to be stereotypical.

KING  
I'm actually looking for a personal assistant. I could use extra help with my import and export business.

JEFF  
What do you import and export?

KING  
Exotic goods.

King gets closer to Jeff, who backs away. King gets closer.

JEFF  
Should I send you my resume to see if I'm qualified for the position?

KING  
It's more than one position.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Steven, Nya and Chambers watch King's face on the earring camera.

NYA  
King's already making his move. We  
need to get Jeff out!

STEVEN  
We still don't have anything.

NYA  
We can't leave him in there!

STEVEN  
We're not.

INT. KING'S HOUSE

King puts his hand on Jeff's leg, caresses it.

JEFF  
Your hand is on my leg!

KING  
It's part of the interview.

King moves his hand further up Jeff's leg.

KING (CONT'D)  
Natural! That's a turn on.

King is about to put his hand under Jeff's dress when Jeff  
jumps up, dashes a few feet away.

JEFF  
I thought this was an interview.

KING  
It's a performance interview.

JEFF  
But I already danced for you.

KING  
We're both a little hot. I'm going  
to step away for a moment. Make  
yourself comfortable. Feel free to  
slip out of that dress.

King passes Jeff, stares at him seductively.

KING (CONT'D)  
Keep it wet.

King leaves the room. Jeff whispers in his normal voice.

JEFF

Help!

STEVEN (O.S.)

Search that room.

JEFF

What am I looking for?

STEVEN (O.S.)

Written notes. Envelopes. Money.

Jeff searches, comes across several prescription bottles on a counter top. He picks one up.

JEFF

You see this?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Steven, Nya and Chambers look at the bottle on screen.

CHAMBERS

Viagra! My man is about to have some fun!

Another bottle appears on screen.

STEVEN

Zocor. How come I'm not surprised King has a heart condition?

NYA

Should he be mixing Viagra and Zocor?

CHAMBERS

It's okay. Viagra started off as medicine for heart disease. An erection was the side-effect.

NYA

You would know this...

INT. KING'S HOUSE - GAME ROOM

Farquaad shoots pool with Saul. King stops in the room, motions to Farquaad.

Farquaad puts his stick on the table, joins King. Both men disappear around a corner.

INT. KING'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

King and Farquaad stop at a closet just outside a bathroom.

KING  
That little breezy is in heat.

FARQUAAD  
Okay...

KING  
Right now.

FARQUAAD  
Come on! Can't you use the electric pump?

KING  
It's too hard to regulate air pressure. That's why I had to spend a week in the hospital last year.

King opens the closet, takes out a manual bike air pump and a plastic tube.

Jeff comes around a corner, sees King and Farquaad, quickly pulls back to avoid being seen.

INT. KING'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

King and Farquaad enter the bathroom, King holds the plastic tube. Farquaad stands a few feet away with the pump. King connects the pump to the plastic tube, unzips his pants. He puts the tube at his crotch.

Jeff looks through the cracked bathroom door, sees King with the plastic tube, Farquaad with the pump. King finishes adjusting the tube.

FARQUAAD  
Ready?

King puts his hands on his hips, nods affirmatively. Farquaad PUMPS.

Jeff tilts his head to the side.

JEFF  
What the hell?

INTERCUT - SURVEILLANCE VAN

Steven, Nya and Chambers watch King and Farquaad on the screen. They tilt their heads to the side.

STEVEN  
What the hell?

INT. KING'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farquaad continues PUMPING.

KING  
That's good. I'm about to tear that  
ass up!

Jeff scrambles away from the bathroom door.

INT. KING'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff stumbles into the room, looks around, goes to a desk.

JEFF  
You might want to start taking  
pictures.

There are many notes along with other documents on the desk.

INTERCUT - SURVEILLANCE VAN

Nya looks at a view of the desk on the screen.

NYA  
Those look like directions, along  
with shipping schedules.

CHAMBERS  
Jackpot!

INT. KING'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff bends over the desk, butt sticking out.

KING (O.S.)  
How did you know you were  
interviewing for that position?

Jeff turns his head back, still bent over. King enters, wearing only a male thong.

KING (CONT'D)  
Looking for something? Or  
expecting?

INTERCUT - SURVEILLANCE VAN

Nya sees King advancing on screen.

NYA  
Jeff's about to get mounted!

INT. KING'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

King approaches Jeff, who turns around to face him.

JEFF  
I don't know if I'm ready.

KING  
I'll be gentle.

Jeff navigates the desk to use it as a barrier.

KING (CONT'D)  
Going to tease me and make me work  
for it? I like this game.

EXT. KING'S HOUSE

Saul smokes while walking along the lawn. Someone approaches the entrance.

SAUL  
Stop!

The focus is on a person wearing shorts and loud-colored clothes, an overly exaggerated butt, along with braided hair extensions. It is Steven, in make-up. He speaks in a Jamaican female voice.

STEVEN  
Where is he! I know he's here!

SAUL  
I don't know who you're talking  
about, but you're trespassing.

STEVEN  
Was I trespassing last night?

SAUL

I've never seen you before.

Steven turns around and sticks his over-exaggerated butt out.

STEVEN

Do you remember now? You should,  
you kept staring at it last night!

SAUL

Uh, wow. I...

Farquaad steps outside as Steven turns around.

FARQUAAD

This is private property.

STEVEN

What's so private about this  
property?

FARQUAAD

You're on it and it doesn't belong  
to you.

STEVEN

Was it private property when I came  
here with King? Or was it simply me  
that was the private property when  
he was hitting it from the back?

SAUL

(Spanish)  
Dios mil.

FARQUAAD

You weren't here. I would know.

Steven and Farquaad lock eyes.

FARQUAAD (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

Steven backs up slightly.

STEVEN

You do if you remember this?

Steven turns around, sticks out his exaggerated butt again.

Farquaad and Saul step forward, Farquaad grabs Steven.

FARQUAAD

Out!

Steven grabs Farquaad's arm, twists it around his back. Saul attacks, but Steven SPIN KICKS him, knocking him off balance.

Steven PUSHES Farquaad into Saul, bursts forward and KNEES Farquaad in the chest, knocking both men to the ground. Steven dives on top of them, knocking Saul out with a single punch, PUMMELS Farquaad until he is unconscious.

Steven stands, dusts off and opens the front door, enters.

INT. KING'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steven closes the door, proceeds through, looks around.

STEVEN  
(whispering)  
I'm in.

INT. KING'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

King is on one side of the desk, Jeff on the other.

KING  
I've got you.

JEFF  
But you're over there and I'm here.

King sits on the desk, spins and swings his body to the other side, stands in front of Jeff.

KING  
Now, I'm here with you.

Jeff swallows hard. Steven enters, he speaks in the Jamaican female voice.

STEVEN  
Theodore Boss King!

King turns around.

KING  
Who the hell are you?

STEVEN  
You don't remember?

KING  
No! Why are you in my house? Where are my guards?

STEVEN

Taking a nap like you were after  
you got some of my ill na na!

KING

I don't know you!

STEVEN

You knew me last night when you  
kept saying my name!

KING

(shouting)  
Farquaad!

STEVEN

Calling your little helper that  
filmed us last night?

KING

I wasn't filmed with you!

STEVEN

(upset)  
You were with someone else before I  
came over?

JEFF

(upset)  
You had two women over last night  
and now you have me here?

Farquaad rushes into the study, rubbing his face.

FARQUAAD

Boss, we have a problem.

STEVEN

Who's that behind you, Theodore?

Steven moves to look around King just as Jeff steps to the  
side so they see each other.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JEFF

I'm Boss' new girlfriend!

KING

We haven't consummated the  
relationship yet.

STEVEN

He can't be your boyfriend because  
I'm his girlfriend.

JEFF

My boyfriend cheated on me with you  
and you're cheating on him with my  
new boyfriend. You bitch!

KING

You two know each other?

JEFF

We used to be BFFs until she stole  
my boyfriend. Now she's trying to  
steal you!

Steven and Jeff advance toward each other. Farquaad looks at King, who shrugs.

STEVEN

I can't steal something that never  
belonged to you!

Steven and Jeff cat fight, but they do not hit each other. King gets between them.

KING

No need to fight. There's enough of  
me to go around for both of you.

Jeff SLAPS King in the face.

JEFF

I've never been so insulted!

KING

I thought...

STEVEN

(interrupts)

You dog! I can't believe I let you  
put it there last night!

Steven SLUGS King in the jaw, knocking him across the desk to the other side. King gets up, gathers himself.

KING

Damn, baby, you hit like a dude.

Farquaad looks Steven and Jeff over as he goes to help King. Farquaad taps the side of the desk.

FARQUAAD  
You both have broad shoulders.

STEVEN  
And you have a double chin!

FARQUAAD  
Why are you here?

STEVEN  
Me natty boom boom!

Steven turns around, sticks his butt out, shakes it. King stares, mouth open.

KING  
Damn...

STEVEN  
And my momma got ass too.

Several armed guards enter the study, cocking their guns, pointing them at Steven and Jeff.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
All this because you cheated on me?

Farquaad takes out a gun, walks to Steven and Jeff, looking them over. Jeff smiles, but Farquaad pulls the wig off his head. Jeff returns to his normal voice.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I knew your hair was fake, just like your boobs!

KING  
You're sick!

JEFF  
You weren't saying that when you were trying to get in my panties.

KING  
I thought you were a woman!

JEFF  
That didn't matter a few minutes ago.

Farquaad points his gun at Steven.

FARQUAAD  
Let me guess...

STEVEN

I'm a woman that is pissed off that her boyfriend would rather be with a man pretending to be a woman!

KING

I don't know you!

STEVEN

You don't remember all this?

Steven gyrates with his body while accentuating his curves. Farquaad points his gun at Steven, he stops gyrating.

FARQUAAD

We all know who you are. I want the satisfaction of you showing us.

Steven puts his hands up, returns to his normal voice.

STEVEN

Sting like a bee.

FARQUAAD

What?

An object flies over the armed guards, lands near Steven, Jeff, Farquaad and King. Steven and Jeff look at each other. Steven nods.

Steven and Jeff dive to the side as a flash grenade EXPLODES, temporarily blinding King and Farquaad. Several guards are picked off by gun fire from Nya and Chambers.

NYA

Let's go!

Steven and Jeff scramble to get away. King grabs Steven's leg just as surviving guards return fire at Nya and Chambers, they dive for cover, SHOOT back.

KING

I've had it with you!

King gets up, drags Steven. Steven uses his free leg to kick King's leg, knocking him down, frees himself. Farquaad grabs Steven from behind, Jeff rams into him, frees Steven.

STEVEN

Good job, chef!

Nya and Chambers are behind cover taking heavy fire. MATERIAL GIRL plays. Chambers takes out his phone.

NYA

No! You will not talk to your wife  
in the middle of a gun fight!

CHAMBERS

It might be an emergency!

Chambers puts his gun down, answers.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Baby this is a bad time... I'm not  
at the movies, we got drug dealers  
shooting at us!

Steven tackles a guard shooting at Nya and Chambers, takes  
his weapon. Steven unloads on the person, killing him.

STEVEN

(to Jeff)

Go!

Steven covers Jeff as he runs toward Nya and Chambers.

Farquaad helps King up. They escape through a door at the  
back of the study.

Nya returns fire, Chambers still on the phone.

CHAMBERS

(yelling)

Can everyone stop shooting? I can't  
hear my wife!

Steven picks off a few other guards before he and Jeff can  
make it to Nya and Chambers. Steven removes the wig.

STEVEN

Is he serious?

NYA

It's not like we didn't know he was  
pussy whipped.

Steven looks over at Chambers, who looks at him.

STEVEN

Throw your phone. Let your wife nag  
them until they're dead!

Chambers waves off Steven. Steven fires as Nya and Jeff duck  
and get out of the house. Steven backs up while FIRING at the  
armed guards, killing two.

CHAMBERS

Wait for me!

Chambers gets up to run out of the house, a bullet barely misses his head. Steven KILLS the shooter.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Thanks, partner!

Steven covers Chambers as he scrambles out of the house.

EXT. KING'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steven and Chambers get out, Steven SHOTS inside.

NYA

Clear out!

Nya, several feet away, aims a grenade launcher.

NYA (CONT'D)

Say hello to my little friend!

Nya LAUNCHES as Steven and Chambers run away from the house.

The grenade flies inside the house, massive EXPLOSION. The blast concussion propels Steven and Chambers into the air, they CRASH to the ground.

Nya and Jeff rush to help Steven and Chambers.

NYA (CONT'D)

Where's King?

STEVEN

Got away. He's going to be pissed when he finds out what you did to his house.

SIRENS.

JEFF

(sarcastic)

Now the rest of the police department wants to arrive.

A sedan, driven by Farquaad, King in the passenger's seat, SPEEDS around a corner, headed for Jeff.

NYA

Look out!

Steven and Chambers dive. Nya SHOVES Jeff out of the way, but the car HITS her, propels her onto the hood, rolls over the top and lands hard on the ground as it speeds away.

STEVEN

Nya!

Steven, Jeff and Chambers rush to Nya, who tries to get up, but she is unable to, grips one of her legs. Steven grabs Nya, holds her.

EXT. KING'S HOUSE - LATER

Emergency vehicles are on site. Firefighters deal with King's blazing house. Paramedics tend to Nya, on a stretcher. Steven, Jeff and Chambers look on. McBride joins them.

MCBRIDE

What the hell happened?

STEVEN

We had a shoot out with King's people. We almost had him.

MCBRIDE

Where is he?

Steven shakes his head negatively. McBride checks Nya, who motions for Steven, he joins them.

NYA

(weakly)

According to what I saw, King is set for a big delivery. The time table is probably accelerated now.

STEVEN

He has to be processing the drugs in different forms at his restaurant.

NYA

On the earring feed, I saw a warehouse near the river. Follow him from the restaurant. Get him, Steven!

The paramedics take Nya away.

CHAMBERS

(upset)

King hurt our family. We're cooking his ass!

MCBRIDE

Can you do it without blowing up  
another house?

CHAMBERS

We need to do whatever we need to  
do to rain down pain on this drug  
dealing piece of shit!

MATERIAL GIRL plays. Chambers answers his phone.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Hi boo... right now... Okay.

Chambers hangs up.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Y'all get a head start. I'll catch  
up. My wife's bunions are hurting  
and she can barely walk.

Steven, Jeff and McBride watch Chambers leave.

JEFF

That really just happen.

MCBRIDE

This is a mess. We need King now!  
If we don't bring him down our  
whole department is probably done.  
Do whatever you need to do, fast!

STEVEN

On it, Lieutenant.

MCBRIDE

I'm not sure how much backup I can  
authorize. I can probably send in a  
clean-up team, but you're close to  
on your own.

STEVEN

I got this.

McBride leaves.

JEFF

What are you going to do with no  
backup?

STEVEN

You wanna be a hero?

## INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - MONTAGE

Steven stands in front of a door, OPENS it, reveals a cornucopia of firearms.

Jeff stares at a kitchen cabinet, OPENS it, reveals several boxed food items.

Steven loads several guns with bullets.

Jeff mixes food in a bowl.

Steven places pistols into holsters on his torso and legs.

Jeff places a cooking pan with food into an oven.

## EXT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

The garage door raises, Steven holds an automatic weapon, Jeff holds a bag of food. Both look tough wearing sunglasses.

STEVEN

We're about to take down a drug  
lord and you decide to make food?

JEFF

You can't fight crime on an empty  
stomach.

Steven and Jeff get into Steven's car.

## INT. STEVEN'S CAR - EVENING

Steven drives while Jeff opens the bag.

JEFF

Why is your car spotless but your  
house looks like New Jersey?

STEVEN

So I can get to my guns fast.

JEFF

Your house needs to be clean so  
roaches don't get your food fast.

STEVEN

I don't have roaches.

JEFF

Not yet.

STEVEN  
What did you make?

JEFF  
Crepes.

STEVEN  
Crepes?

JEFF  
I would have made donuts, but you  
don't have the right supplies.

STEVEN  
Whatever. Give me one.

Jeff extends the bag. Steven reaches in, grabs a crepe, eats it quickly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Damn! Hit me again!

Steven reaches in the bag, grabs another crepe, eats it just as quickly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Can't believe you were wasting your  
talent cooking pig tails.

JEFF  
Wait until you try my brisket.

STEVEN  
After we smoke your boss, I'll hold  
you to it.

JEFF  
Deal!

Steven and Jeff FIST BUMP.

EXT. KING BEEF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Workers load crates and boxes into a big truck behind the restaurant. King and Farquaad supervise, along with several armed guards. King's phone RINGS.

KING  
Go... Those crazy ass cops blew up  
my house... The restaurant can  
still be used as a distribution  
center... What do you mean you  
won't be there...

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)  
I'm bringing you heat? This  
wouldn't have started if you crazy  
ass Tarantulas didn't shoot up my  
restaurant!

King hangs up.

KING (CONT'D)  
Camacho pulled out.

FARQUAAD  
Now what?

KING  
Lay low and establish a new area.  
We take out Camacho like we did  
other cartels then take over his  
product and distribution channels.

FARQUAAD  
The same way we've always done.

KING  
Bigger network this time.

FARQUAAD  
We need a lot of resources. With  
any luck, the cops will take out  
Camacho before we do.

KING  
Even better.

A car drives slowly toward where King, Farquaad and the  
workers load the truck.

FARQUAAD  
You expecting somebody?

KING  
No...

The car speeds up, the driver's window lowers. Steven points  
an automatic weapon.

STEVEN  
Drive-by!

Steven SHOOTs, King, Farquaad and the workers dive for cover,  
BULLETS hit the truck, crates and some of the workers.

King and Farquaad get to their vehicle, Farquaad starts the  
car and drives in the opposite direction. Steven turns his  
car around.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steven gives his automatic weapon to Jeff.

STEVEN  
Shoot the truck.

Jeff lowers his window, points the gun. Jeff SHOOTs at the truck but the recoil sends the gun upward.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Why are you shooting at the moon?

JEFF  
The gun is out of control!

STEVEN  
You've never shot a gun!

JEFF  
Dude, I'm a chef!

Steven takes the gun from Jeff.

INT. KING'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Farquaad drives furiously, King looks back at Steven's car in pursuit. Farquaad takes out a pistol, hands it to King.

KING  
What is this for?

FARQUAAD  
Shoot the cop!

KING  
I've never done that.

FARQUAAD  
Seriously? You're a drug kingpin.

KING  
That's what I have you for.

Farquaad takes the pistol from King, awkwardly points the gun out of the window, SHOOTs back at Steven's car.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steven continues pursuit.

STEVEN  
Pop the cherries!

JEFF  
Who's the virgin?

STEVEN  
You are so not a cop!

JEFF  
I'm a chef!

STEVEN  
How many times are you going to use  
that excuse? We're trying to stop a  
drug dealer. Man-up and do  
something good for your community!

Steven FLIPS a switch.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Police lights FLASH on Steven's car along with a SIREN.  
King's car takes a wild turn around a corner, Steven's car  
does the same.

King's car speeds through a red stoplight, causes other cars  
to SCREECH to a halt. Steven's car gets through the  
intersection before the other cars resume.

Farquaad FIRES out of the window, Steven swerves, returns  
fire with his automatic weapon, SHOOTS out the rear window.

INT. KING'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Farquaad and King duck from the SHATTERING glass.

KING  
You can't lose this guy?

FARQUAAD  
I'm trying!

KING  
I'd think you'd try a little harder  
since he killed your whole family.

Farquaad gives King a disapproving look.

EXT. THE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Farquaad weaves the car in and out of traffic, Steven does the same. Farquaad navigates the car into an occupied lane, causing the other car to SWERVE.

ACCIDENT!

Steven drives around the car crash.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff hangs on to the food amongst the wild pursuit.

JEFF

You're driving like a maniac!

STEVEN

I'm chasing a drug lord!

JEFF

Don't you have to be safe?

STEVEN

(sarcastic)

Stick your head out the window and tell that to the bad guys. I'm sure they'll stop so I can arrest them.

EXT. THE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

King's car takes another wild turn as Steven SHOTS at them, missing. Farquaad barely avoids a person crossing the street.

Steven's car rounds the same corner but SCREECHES to a halt to not hit the person crossing the street. Jeff drops crepes.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steven continues driving.

JEFF

Did you lose King?

STEVEN

I know where he's going.

Steven looks at Jeff then the food on the floor and seats.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You need to clean that up!

JEFF  
Right now?

STEVEN  
Don't you do that with your  
kitchen?

Steven takes out his phone, makes a call.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant, I'm in pursuit of King.  
I need a favor.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Steven's car rolls to a stop, turns off the headlights.  
King's abandoned car is on site.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steven cuts the engine.

JEFF  
Now what?

STEVEN  
We go in and cap this fool.

JEFF  
We?

STEVEN  
You're coming too.

JEFF  
I thought I was staying in the car.

STEVEN  
I don't know who or what King has  
in there. I need help.

JEFF  
You just called your Lieutenant.

STEVEN  
I have a different job for her.

JEFF  
What do you need me to do?

STEVEN

Cover me while I take out the bad guys.

JEFF

I need a piece.

STEVEN

Piece of what? I saw how it worked out the few seconds you held one.

JEFF

How am I supposed to cover you?

STEVEN

Dive in front of the bullets.

JEFF

That's going to get me killed!

STEVEN

You'll be a hero.

Steven smiles at Jeff as he opens the door, they get out.

EXT. PIER - CONTINUOUS

Steven and Jeff cautiously advance to a warehouse. Steven readies one of his automatic weapons.

JEFF

Is that police issued?

STEVEN

Does it matter?

JEFF

I've seen a lot on the news about cops and the weapons they use.

STEVEN

What do you suggest I use when going to war with heavily armed drug dealers?

JEFF

Your department issues you a gun.

STEVEN

You can buy a fork in a grocery store.

JEFF

What does that have to do with anything?

STEVEN

I'm supposed to go out with a piece of shit Beretta and get the job done against people carrying military grade weapons?

JEFF

Kill one of them and take their weapon.

STEVEN

Who knew police work was like playing Halo...

Steven and Jeff reach a warehouse door. Jeff positions himself behind Steven. Steven turns the door knob, pushes the door open. He walks into the dark warehouse, Jeff follows.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steven and Jeff stand quietly in the dark for a few moments.

LIGHTS.

On the other side of the warehouse, several feet away, are King, Farquaad and two guards.

KING

Why can't you just die and let me run my business?

STEVEN

You're a drug dealer, that's a bit of a problem for me.

King looks at Jeff.

KING

I gave you a job. I let you cook that bland shit you call spaghetti.

JEFF

It was bland because you used cocaine instead of garlic!

KING

It kept people coming back.

STEVEN

We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

KING

What's the easy way?

STEVEN

Turn yourself in.

KING

No thanks.

STEVEN

I was hoping you'd say that because I love blowing away criminals.

Steven FIRES his automatic weapon at King, Farquaad and the guards, who dive for cover. Farquaad and the guards return fire as Steven and Jeff dive behind wooden crates.

JEFF

I need a bulletproof vest!

STEVEN

You ask about that now?

JEFF

I didn't think I'd need it.

STEVEN

What did you expect to happen at a gun fight?

JEFF

I thought you'd shoot them first. You missed!

STEVEN

I didn't miss! That was tactical fire.

Steven SHOOTS, splintering wooden crates King, Farquaad and the guards are behind.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

We need to get closer.

JEFF

Go ahead, I'll go back to the car.

Steven advances closer, navigating behind other crates. He turns to see Jeff at the other cover location.

STEVEN  
Get your ass over here!

King, Farquaad and the guards are still behind their cover.

FARQUAAD  
(to guards)  
Flush them out. The cop is mine.

The guards acknowledge and navigate behind another set of crates. Farquaad goes in another direction.

Jeff joins Steven. They see Farquaad and the guards advancing their position.

STEVEN  
They're flanking us.

JEFF  
Does that mean we're surrounded?

STEVEN  
Genius!

JEFF  
What do we do?

STEVEN  
King doesn't have a weapon. You need to take him out?

JEFF  
Say what?

STEVEN  
He fired you, framed you and tried to have you killed. It's payback time! Run down there and drag his ass from behind that crate.

JEFF  
They're going to shoot me!

STEVEN  
I'll draw their fire.

Jeff looks scared.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Jeff, there's only us. If you don't do this, he gets away.

Jeff grimaces then smiles.

JEFF

Time to be a hero.

Jeff rises from behind cover, takes off RUNNING down the middle of the warehouse. The guards rise, about to shoot. Steven comes from behind cover, shoots at them, bullets SPLINTER the crates.

The guards SHOOT, missing as Steven barrel rolls from behind one crate to another.

Jeff, YELLING, dives into the crate King is behind. He bounces off, hits the ground on his back. King rises and walks out, looks down at Jeff.

KING

You going to cook my goose?

King picks up Jeff by the hair, THROWS him into the crate.

Steven runs into the middle of the warehouse. The guards aim but before they shoot, Farquaad dives and tackles Steven, knocking his weapon to the ground. They get up.

FARQUAAD

You've killed everyone in my family! I'm all that's left.

STEVEN

Sorry, I'll make it up to you. All expense paid trip to hell to join them. Courtesy of me.

Farquaad attacks, Steven hits him with two quick punches to the face. Steven throws another punch, Farquaad hooks his arm and lands a punch that sends Steven to the ground.

King hovers over Jeff, who struggles to get up.

KING

You came into my home pretending to be someone I would sleep with!

King KICKS Jeff in the ribs, sending him into a crate.

Farquaad attacks, Steven blocks a punch but takes a knee to the ribs which sends him down. Steven grabs one of Farquaad's legs, YANKS him down. Steven dives on Farquaad, SLUGS him in the face. Farquaad throws him off.

Jeff dodges punches from King, crawls underneath his legs. King grabs Jeff by the hair, pulls him back.

KING (CONT'D)  
You assholes blew up my house!

JEFF  
Steven said you'd be pissed about  
that.

King PUNCHES Jeff in the stomach, doubling him over in pain.

Farquaad throws a wild punch, Steven counters with punches to the ribs. Farquaad throws another punch, Steven ducks and counters with a punch to the kidneys and a kick to the back of his leg that puts Farquaad on one knee.

A guards SHOOTs at Steven, who dives to the floor, rolls to his automatic weapon. He grabs it, quickly aims and FIRES several rounds into the guard's body, killing him just as the other rises. Steven KILLS him also.

Farquaad GRABS Steven from behind. Steven runs to a crate, puts his feet up on the surface, Farquaad releases. Steven BACK FLIPS off the crate, over Farquaad, lands behind him.

Farquaad turns around as Steven aims his automatic weapon.

STEVEN  
Time for your family reunion.

Steven UNLOADS bullets into Farquaad until the gun is empty. Steven throws it to the ground, takes out a pistol to unload more bullets into Farquaad's body, which is pinned against a wooden crate.

Farquaad's dead body falls to the ground. King stops beating Jeff, holds him by the neck.

KING  
That violates every police  
procedure ever created.

Steven RELOADS, points at King.

STEVEN  
Unless you want the same treatment,  
drop the chef and get on your knees  
with your hands up.

KING  
I don't like getting my hands  
dirty, but I'll make an exception.  
Drop your gun or I crush his neck.

STEVEN

If you move just an inch, I can  
kill you without hurting him.

King shifts and puts Jeff in front of him, in a choke hold.

KING

Now, what are you going to do?

HIGH HEELS hit the floor. Steven smiles.

King looks past Steven, the silhouette of a woman walks into view. It is McBride, wearing makeup and sexy clothes. She stands next to Steven.

MCBRIDE

I feel ridiculous.

STEVEN

You look hot. I'd hit it.

MCBRIDE

Shut up!

King continues staring at McBride as she does different poses. King's choke hold loosens from Jeff's neck.

KING

Damn...

Sweat runs down King's face.

MCBRIDE

Is he okay?

Steven checks his watch.

STEVEN

He hasn't taken his Zocor yet.

McBride walks closer. King breathes harder, adjusts his shirt to get more air.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Need your penis pump?

King backs away from Jeff, goes down to a knee, holds his chest. King falls on his back.

Steven and McBride join Jeff, look at King, eyes are open. Suddenly, Steven SHOOTs several bullets into King's chest.

MCBRIDE

What the hell are you doing?

STEVEN

I thought he was going for my gun.

MCBRIDE

Internal Affairs is going to be crawling up my ass on this.

STEVEN

Keep walking around like that, Internal Affairs won't be the only ones crawling up your ass.

JEFF

What happens now?

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NEXT DAY

Steven, McBride and Chambers visit Nya, she lies in a bed.

STEVEN

She made King have a heart attack! You'd have wanted to tap it, Nya.

MCBRIDE

Shut up!

NYA

Where was Chambers?

STEVEN

Where do you think?

CHAMBERS

My wife had an emergency!

Jeff enters the room with a tray of covered food.

NYA

Look who it is!

Jeff places the food on the bed's tray holder. He lifts the cover to reveal beef brisket.

JEFF

You said you'd try it if we stopped King.

STEVEN

Looks delicious!

JEFF

Am I part of the team? I did help.

STEVEN

If hitting King's fist with your  
face is helping, you did good.

JEFF

I need a job. I could be your  
official Police Chef.

MCBRIDE

Table that discussion.

CHAMBERS

Let's eat!

Jeff starts to cut a piece of brisket when MATERIAL GIRL  
plays. Chambers answers.

STEVEN

For fuck's sake...

CHAMBERS

Hey bae... What aisle has KY Jelly?  
I couldn't find it with the  
Smuckers last time...

Chambers leaves the room. Jeff serves the brisket.

JEFF

(French accent)

Bon Appetite!

Steven, Jeff, Nya and McBride all eat a piece of brisket.

FADE OUT.