

RAY
Fleeting at best.

NICK
Okay, how about... I dunno... fuck...
how about not dying alone?

RAY
Why, she going with you? We all die
alone kid. Only thing you're really
guaranteed of, it is a death and
taxes scenario.

NICK
Jesus you got a philosophy for
everything.

RAY
I got experiences that's all.

NICK
Yeah and what'd it get you? You got
25 years, you're still in a patrol
unit. You go home you got nobody.
I'm supposed to eat shit because I
want something past all that?

They stop at a red. Dispatch now--

DISPATCH (O.S)
*8th and Vermont 187, suspect is an
African American Male, 5'11" medium
build, striped tank top and green
camouflage pants..*

Guy walks through the intersection eating a bag of Doritos in
front of them. 5'11". Striped tank top. Camouflage pants.

Nick and Ray look at each other.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. LA STREET - SQUAD CAR MOVING - LATER 19

Suspect's in the back of the car. RONDELLE. Quiet. Resigned.
Hands all bandaged. Nick and Ray up front.

START →

RONDELLE
Hey man they let you put the radio
on? They got rules against that?

Ray looks at him in the mirror. Figures what the hell...

RAY

What do you wanna hear?

RONDELLE

Slow groove man. Something mellow.
Like oldies. 92.3 slow jams. Been a
fucked up night.

Ray finds the station. 90's bump and grind..

RONDELLE (CONT'D)

Yeah man, that's nice.

NICK

You seem awful calm for a man
going to jail. Not that we're
complaining.

RONDELLE

(shrugs)

Gotta be someplace right? I been to
Chino, Kern Valley, Corcoran..
County 8 times... Ain't so bad. You
know your routine, got a bed, free
meals. Tuesdays in County they got
Salisbury Steak. Anyway, figured
the way you found me maybe that's
where I'm meant to be anyway.
Y'know? Like it's the universe
saying "Rondelle, it's your time
to do 25 long."

RAY

How'd it go down back there, you
know that guy?

RONDELLE

(shakes his head)

Naw man, just wanted the car.

NICK

You were trying to jack the car?

Rondelle nods. In the groove..

NICK (CONT'D)

So how the hell did it end up on
fire?

RONDELLE

I roll up I see this guy sittin
there. Nice car. Come back a couple
times it's still there, figured I'd
like to have it. I open the door I

(MORE)

RONDELLE (CONT'D)

see this white girl's got his dick
in her mouth. Doin it good too,
y'know, like she a pro? She sees the
gun, starts screamin, jumps out--
this motherfucker starts grabbin his
chest and shit. Stops movin, y'know
like he's dead or whatever. By the
way, I want that on the record. Was
just his time y'know?

RAY

Hey shit happens.

RONDELLE

Anyway, this guy left his lights
on, he been sittin there so long
the battery died. So I go back home
and get my brother's Caprice and
come back and try to jump it.

NICK

With the dead guy still in it??

RONDELLE

Hey what the fuck, he don't need it
no more right? I don't know I had
the cables crossed up or what, but
that shit caught on fire. Fast too,
whole car went up like nothin.

NICK

That what happened to your hands?

RONDELLE

Car was on fire, dude was on fire...
Figured I'd at least try to get his
wallet. Kept burning myself and
shit. After like 5 or 6 tries I
said fuck it and went home and
watched Wheel of Fortune.

(examines his hands)

You think they got like neosporin
and shit at the police station?

← END

~~Ray looks out the window. Double-takes. SLAMS the brakes.~~

~~RAY~~

~~Oh fuck.~~

~~Pulling himself off the dash.~~

~~NICK~~

~~Jesus!... What the hell'd you do that
for??...~~