TRAINING DAY (diner scene)

Interior Diner: Early am. Jake enters. Timidly sits across, from Alonzo. It’s Jakes first day working as a detective with Alonzo. Alonzo's eyes almost never leave the newspaper.

JAKE
Good morning, sir.

(A young waitress immediately pours Jake coffee, offers a menu. Jake waves it away.)

JAKE
I'm okay, ma'am. Thank you.

ALONZO
(still looking at newspaper) Have some chow before we hit the office. Go ahead. My dollar.

JAKE
No, thank you, sir. I ate.

ALONZO
Fine. Don't.

(Alonzo turns the page. A long beat. Awkward silence. Then:)

JAKE
It's nice here.

ALONZO
May I read my paper?

JAKE
I'm sorry, sir... I'll get some food.

ALONZO
No, you won't. You fucked that up. I'm trying to read my paper. Please, Shut Up.

(Jake does. Pours a ton of sugar in his coffee. Alonzo reads. Jake fidgets...finally speaks)

JAKE
Where's the office, sir? Back at Division?

(Again, No response from Alonzo, he reads his newspaper the entire time)

JAKE
Going to be nice not roasting all Summer, in a hot black and white.

(Alonzo sighs, smiles, carefully folds his paper. Glares at Jake.)
ALONZO
Tell me a story, Hoyt.

JAKE
My story?

ALONZO
Not your story. A story. Since you can't keep your mouth shut long enough to let me finish my paper. Tell me a story.

JAKE
I don't think I know any stories.

ALONZO
You don't know any stories?? Ok, I will tell you a story. This is a newspaper. And I know it's ninety percent bullshit. BUT it's entertaining. That's why I read it. Because it entertains me. YOU won't let me read it, then you entertain me with your bullshit. Tell me a story, right now. Go.

JAKE
(pause) Well, there was this D.U.I. stop.

ALONZO
A D.U.I. stop. Wow. (pulls out his gun)
Let me load up my gun! A D.U.I.? Oh shit!

JAKE
No, listen it's good. We were on the mid-watch.

ALONZO
We? You and...?

JAKE
Oh, me and Debbie.

ALONZO
Debbie?

JAKE
Oh sorry, Debbie Maxwell, my training officer.

ALONZO
Wait, you had a female training officer. (Now, he’s interested)

JAKE
Yessir.
ALONZO
All right, all right, (laughs) So what was she Black? White?

JAKE
She was White.

ALONZO
Uh huh. Uh huh. Liquor license?

JAKE
A what?

ALONZO
A LICK-HER-LICENSE. Was she a dyke, a lesbian?

JAKE
Oh...no.

ALONZO
So, she was good?

JAKE
Oh..yeah...she’s Pretty good.

ALONZO
Ok, pretty-good Debbie, mid-watch? Go.

JAKE
Right. It's a real quiet night...

ALONZO
BOOM!! (scares Hoyt, then laughs) See, you never know. That’s the point. Go.

JAKE
Ok, so it was a quiet, and we're rolling on Vanowen. I'm driving. And this BMW, just a beautiful car, comes out a side street. All over the median. In excess. I light it up, hit the wailer. Guy drives on like I'm invisible for ten blocks before he pulls over. Plates ran clean. I approach. I field test and arrest, and I'm belting him in our unit. Debbie's tossing his car. She calls me over to the vehicle and shows me a snubbed .38 and two shotguns, fully loaded and locked.

ALONZO
No shit?
JAKE
No shit. She calls our supervisor and I keep searching. I find five hundred grams of meth in the dash. Turns out our D.U.I. was on bail for distribution. He was on his way to smoke his ex-partner before trial.

ALONZO
Boom.

JAKE
We prevented a murder.

(Alonzo acts astonished, and impressed)

ALONZO
Amazing. (claps his hands) Amazing. It is.

JAKE
(Jake beams) -- some story, huh?

ALONZO
It’s amazing, that you can be out there with a fine bitch a whole year and the most entertaining story you can come up with to tell me, is a drunk stop? (Pause) But I don’t know you. You tap that ass? Yeah. You know you tapped that ass. Put her in the back seat, and BAM!

JAKE
I have a wife.

ALONZO
You also have a dick. You do have a dick, right?

JAKE
Yeah.

ALONZO
Ok. Dick lines up straight like this. To the right of it, and to the left of it are pockets. Right? In those pockets are money. Look in either one of them, pay the bill. (smacks the table, gets up leaves)

END