

TRAINING DAY (diner scene)

Interior Diner: Early am. Jake enters. Timidly sits across, from Alonzo. It's Jake's 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