

BLACK & WHITE

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SERGEANT SARGENT INTERVIEW

DOUGLAS SARGENT (50s), a burly, mustachioed LAPD sergeant, sits awkwardly behind his desk while being interviewed.

SERGEANT SARGENT

How is it working with these two?

(thinks for a beat)

You ever see *Beverly Hills Cop*?

It's a lot like that, but instead of dealing with one obnoxious black cop I'm dealing with two obnoxious white cops.

Sergeant Sargent SNORTS with laughter. Then--

SERGEANT SARGENT (CONT'D)

I'm not saying black cops are obnoxious. I was talking about Eddie Murphy. *He's* obnoxious. I mean, his *character*. I'm sure Eddie is a sweetheart in real life. Don't want to come across as racist.

(to Interviewer, quietly)

You can edit that out, right?

BEGIN MONTAGE

A pair of LAPD cops/partners, who also happen to be musician JACK WHITE and actor JACK BLACK, kick fucking ass as they do a bunch of cop shit: they roll by slowly in their patrol car looking gangsta; they chug coffee at Randy's Donuts; they direct traffic through an uncontrolled intersection; etc.

END MONTAGE

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

In slow-motion, the Jacks exit the precinct.

TITLE: BLACK & WHITE

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

Jack White, who has now grown a huge cop mustache, sits behind his desk in the precinct.

JACK WHITE

I was rich. I mean, like, rich rich.

(MORE)

If I wanted, I could've had someone
killed like *that*.
(leaning forward, serious)
You hear that, Michael Stipe?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. JACK WHITE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies in bed typing on a laptop.

JACK WHITE (V.O.)
Unfortunately, I developed a
serious eBay addiction.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What would you buy?

JACK WHITE (V.O.)
White Stripes merchandise. Being in
the band, I wanted to have it all.

Jack bids on a bobblehead of himself and wins.

JACK WHITE
Yes! Suck on that, StripesFan0976!

JACK WHITE (V.O.)
Bobbleheads. Pillow cases. Those
decorative little thimbles you can
only get in Eastern Europe.

END FLASHBACK

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

INTERVIEWER
But being in the band, couldn't you
get all that stuff for free?

Jack thinks long and hard for a beat.

JACK WHITE
Huh.

JACK BLACK INTERVIEW

Jack Black, who has grown a cop mustache only to compete with his partner, sits behind the wheel of their parked cop car.

JACK BLACK
Like White, I had an addiction.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. JACK BLACK'S MANSION - DAY

Jack pulls up in a rusty Hyundai. He exits and walks up to the front door of a gaudy, multi-million dollar mansion.

INT. JACK BLACK'S MANSION - DAY

He opens the door. Inside, giant bean bags line every floor.

JACK WHITE (V.O.)
Bean bags. When I was a kid, I had a dream of filling every room in my home with bean bags, and when the acting thing took off I was able to live that dream.

Jack jumps onto the bean bags and rolls around in pure joy, GIGGLING like a schoolchild.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
What happened?

EXT. JACK BLACK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Jack's mansion is now fully engulfed in flames.

JACK WHITE (V.O.)
I fell asleep with incense burning. The entire house burned to the ground in under three minutes. Turns out bean bags are extremely flammable.

END FLASHBACK

JACK BLACK INTERVIEW

JACK BLACK

I was fortunate enough to get out alive, but I lost everything. My house. My bean bags. All of my cash, which I kept hidden in a giant bean bag that had a dollar symbol on the side of it.

INTERVIEWER

Why wasn't your cash in a bank?

JACK BLACK

(laughing)

Yeah, a bank. You think I'm crazy?

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

JACK WHITE

Did I ever want to be a cop?

JACK BLACK INTERVIEW

JACK BLACK

Fuck. No. With a cherry on top.

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

JACK WHITE

Never. As in ever. Ever.

JACK BLACK INTERVIEW

JACK BLACK

But a man's still gotta eat Carl's Jr. every night, right?

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

JACK WHITE

There's this White Stripes' teapot I have my eye on. It's a Chinese knockoff, but if I save I should be able to afford it in the next month. Three, tops.

JACK BLACK INTERVIEW

JACK BLACK
Do I like working with White?

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

JACK WHITE
It's tough. I mean, I think it is
for Black. You know, with the whole
being the second most famous--

JACK BLACK INTERVIEW

JACK BLACK
--Jack around. It's gotta be hard
for him, right? Let me put it this
way: I wouldn't want to be him.
Only because I'm--

JACK WHITE INTERVIEW

JACK WHITE
--me. Yeah. I'm sure it's rough.

SERGEANT SARGENT INTERVIEW

SERGEANT SARGENT
But seriously, I loved him in those
Madea movies.

INTERVIEWER
That was Tyler Perry.

SERGEANT SARGENT
(frustrated)
Goddamn it!

INT. COP CAR - DAY

The Jacks sit in their patrol car staring at their smart
phones. White is bidding on an item on eBay while Black
Shazam's a Raconteurs song on the radio.

A car speeds past them going well over the speed limit; they
couldn't care less.

JACK BLACK
 (re: the song)
 Huh. The Raconteurs. You ever hear
 of 'em?

JACK WHITE
 Yeah. I was in the band.

JACK BLACK
 No kidding. Never heard of 'em
 before.
 (beat, re: the song)
 Eh.

JACK WHITE
 (offended)
 Really? Well, you know what? I
 actually saw *Gulliver's Travels* and
 it was like watching a Thai ping-
 pong show. There's no way to un-see
 the horrors of that movie.

JACK BLACK
 Low blow, man.

Suddenly, a car full of TEENAGERS drives past them.

JACK BLACK (CONT'D)
 Teenagers. Light 'em up.

JACK WHITE
 On it.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY

We realize the Jacks have parked their car directly in front
 of Hollywood's largest tourist trap with the hopes of being
 recognized.

The lights and SIREN blare to life as they pull off.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

The teenagers pull over. The Jacks pull their car behind them
 and get out. Black strolls up to the driver's side as White
 cautiously approaches the passenger's side.

JACK BLACK
 License and registration, please.

TEENAGE DRIVER
 Did I do something wrong?

JACK WHITE
Hey, tough guy, if we wanted any
lip we'd beat it out of you.

JACK BLACK
Nice.

JACK WHITE
Thanks. Heard a guy say it on *CSI*
last night.

The teenager hands over his license.

TEENAGE DRIVER
I only have my license. This is my
parents' car. I don't know where
their registration is.

JACK BLACK
Parents' car, huh? How old are you?

TEENAGE DRIVER
Seventeen.

JACK BLACK
Seventeen. That's a good age. Let
me ask you something. Did you ever
see *Gulliver's Travels*?

TEENAGE DRIVER
What's that?

JACK BLACK
A movie. Comedy starring some of
the most famous actors of our day.

JACK WHITE
Really? You and Jason Segel are--

JACK BLACK
(coughing)
Shut it.

TEENAGE DRIVER
(confused)
No, I never saw it.

JACK BLACK
(to himself)
Horse shit!

JACK WHITE
I'm telling you, the only people
who saw that movie was you and your
family. And me.

TEENAGER #1
(leaning out the window)
Wait, I think I saw that movie.

Black looks at White and smirks.

TEENAGER #1 (CONT'D)
Was that the one with the fat guy
who's a mall cop?

JACK BLACK
(furious)
That's *Paul Blart Mall Cop!* It's in
the title, for Christ's sake!

TEENAGE DRIVER
Wait... are you that fat guy?

Black throws the kid's driver's license out into the street.

TEENAGE DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hey! You can't do that!

JACK BLACK
(frustrated)
Yes, I can. You know why? Because
I'm a celebrity. Now get the hell
out of here. I don't want to see
you in this city again.

TEENAGE DRIVER
But I live here.

JACK BLACK
No excuses!

The kid goes to turn the car back on, but White leans in the
window and stops him.

JACK WHITE
(quietly)
What CDs you kids got in here?

TEENAGE DRIVER
CDs? I don't own CDs.
(holding up an iPhone)
All of my music is here.

JACK WHITE
 (grabbing iPhone)
 Gimme.
 (flipping through music)
 Macklemore. Of Monsters and Men.
 Mumford & Sons.
 (to driver)
 Do you listen to any bands that
 don't start with the letter M?

TEENAGE DRIVER
 What are you looking for?

JACK WHITE
 The White Stripes.

TEENAGE DRIVER
 The White Stripes? Do I *look* like
 I'm thirty?

The kids LAUGH. White thinks about the "thirty" comment for a beat; being in his late thirties, he actually looks flattered by the comment.

JACK BLACK
 (leaning in the window)
 What about Tenacious D? Got them?

TEENAGE DRIVER
 That sounds like the name of a band
 full of fat metal chicks.

JACK BLACK
 (angry)
 It was fat metal *guys*, you puny,
 pimple-faced punks, and we rocked
 harder than Satan in the Ninth
 Circle of Hell!

TEENAGE DRIVER
 Whatever.
 (to White)
 Can we go now or what?

White goes to hand the kid back his iPhone, then pulls it back and launches it into the middle of the street.

TEENAGE DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Hey! Stop throwing my shit into the
 street!

JACK WHITE
 Get out of here or we're gonna have
 to arrest you.

TEENAGE DRIVER

For what?

JACK WHITE

For saying "shit."

JACK BLACK

You heard the man.

The kid fires up the car and peels out.

TEENAGE DRIVER

(screaming)

Fucking cop assholes!

The Jacks walk back to their patrol car and get in.

BLACK AND WHITE INTERVIEW

The Jacks sit next to each other in the precinct.

JACK BLACK

It's a thankless job. A lot of
people hate us.

White tries to point at Black without him noticing. He does.

JACK BLACK (CONT'D)

(offended)

Oh, so *I'm* the assho--

JACK WHITE

(changing the subject)

It's hard to go from standing in
front of thousands of fans who love
you unconditionally every night, to
coming home to your one-bedroom
apartment, cooking up Ramen for
dinner, and then trying your luck
at Russian Roulette once or twice
before you cry yourself to sleep.

Beat.

JACK BLACK

(to White, quietly)

Dude... you eat Ramen, too?

INT. COP CAR - DAY

The Jacks sit watching a parking lot across the street.

JACK WHITE

This parking lot is a well-known spot for Johns to pick up tricks.

JACK BLACK

That's a cop term for whores.

Beat, as the Jacks stare at the empty parking lot.

JACK WHITE

It's like fishing. You gotta be patient if you want to catch the big one. And we do.

JACK BLACK

A mackerel.

JACK WHITE

I was thinking more like a Hawaiian saddle puffer.

JACK BLACK

That's very specific.

JACK WHITE

I like fish.

LATER

The Jacks now sit sleeping in their car. Black stirs and squints at the sunlight. His eyes adjust, then go wide.

JACK BLACK

Wake up! We've got one!

White wakes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A scantily clad HOOKER leans into the window of a souped-up Audi. She gets in and the car speeds off.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

The Jacks are giddy with excitement.

JACK WHITE

Time to make the donuts!

JACK BLACK

Jelly filled!

Black fires up the engine. White fires up the SIREN.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The Audi hauls ass as the Jacks' patrol car gives chase.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

The Jacks weave in and out of traffic.

JACK WHITE
We're losing 'em! Step on it!

JACK BLACK
You're not the boss of me!

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The Jacks' patrol car advances and passes the Audi.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

JACK WHITE
Cut it!

JACK BLACK
Like the cheese!

Black cuts the steering wheel hard right.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The patrol car cuts in front of the Audi forming a roadblock. The Audi screeches to a halt and stops just inches from teeing the side of the cop car.

The Jacks jump out of the car. Suddenly, the Audi's passenger door flies open. The hooker jumps out of the car and then takes off running down the street.

JACK WHITE
(running)
I'm on her!

JACK BLACK
Yeah, you are! Dirty!

As White runs off, Black runs up to the driver's side window with his gun drawn.

JACK BLACK (CONT'D)
Freeze, pervert!

The car's tinted window slowly lowers with a long BUZZ. As it does, it reveals actor KEVIN BACON sitting behind the wheel with his hands raised in the air.

JACK BLACK (CONT'D)
(confused)
Kevin Bacon?

Kevin Bacon shrugs guiltily.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The hooker flees, but she's no match for White who jumps through the air like a ninja and tackles the trick into a pile of garbage cans.

HOOKER
Get off me!

White and the hooker wrestle around for a beat, until White finally gets the best of her and flips her over.

JACK WHITE
You're under arrest--

Staring back at White is actor JON HAMM. He's dressed in slutty hooker garb, caked-on makeup and a horrible wig.

JACK WHITE (CONT'D)
--Jon Hamm?

Jon Hamm shrugs guiltily.

JON HAMM
If you let me go, officer, I'll--

JACK WHITE
(covering ears)
Don't even say it!

BLACK AND WHITE INTERVIEW

JACK BLACK
(incredulously)
Really? Kevin *Bacon* and Jon *Hamm*? I mean, seriously? Only in LA.

JACK WHITE

Yeah, that pretty much ruined *Mad Men* for me.

JACK BLACK

Seeing Hamm in drag pretty much ruined *women* for me. Mostly because, even as a dude, he's still prettier than most of the women I've slept with.

JACK WHITE

All one of them?

Black glares at White for a beat, then--

JACK BLACK

(pointing to himself)

But hey, guess who's only got one degree of separation between him and Kevin Bacon now?

(to himself)

I wonder how many steps away that puts me from Vladimir Putin.

JACK WHITE

(laughing)

You said Putin.

BACON AND HAMM INTERVIEW

Kevin Bacon and Jon Hamm sit in a booking room with their arms handcuffed to desks.

KEVIN BACON

I hate cops.

JON HAMM

They're the worst.

Beat.

KEVIN BACON

Pigs.

Realizing the irony of what was just said, the guys look at each other, smile, and then try and high-five, but their handcuffs make for an awkward high-five.

After their high-five failure, they awkwardly settle back into their seats and SIGH.

SERGEANT SARGENT INTERVIEW

Sergeant Sargent is in the same spot.

SERGEANT SARGENT
 (having an epiphany)
 Ah, but I *did* like him as the
 bumbling computer guy in *Superman*
III.

INTERVIEWER
 That was Richard Pryor.

SERGEANT SARGENT
 (frustrated)
 Son of a bitch!

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Once again, the Jacks walk in slow-motion to their patrol car. They're total cop badasses.

To prove it, they enter the car by jumping through its open windows, *Dukes of Hazzard* style!

As they do, one of their guns accidentally discharges with a loud BANG. The bullet whizzes through the confined space and exits the vehicle through the driver's side door.

JACK WHITE
 Sorry, I think that was me.

Beat of silence.

JACK WHITE (CONT'D)
 Black?

Another, longer beat of silence.

JACK WHITE (CONT'D)
 (fearful)
 Black!

JACK BLACK
 I think I just shit myself.

THE END