

PETERSON: CHP Internal has asked for our help on that armored car job. They think some of their own were involved.

NELSON - What, the one where the pilot jumped?

PETERSON: Yeah, or maybe the copilot pushed him. They don't know.

NELSON - How many cops do they suspect?

PETERSON: Five. We need to find them.

NELSON - How much they get?

PETERSON: 12.6 million. Truck had just left Santa Anita with the cash take from the Breeders' Cup.

NELSON - You want me to go out there and ask some questions?

PETERSON: No, I want you to go on the inside.

NELSON - No shit? Go undercover within the department? That's awesome.

PETERSON: Can you ride a bike?

NELSON - Why a bike?

PETERSON: The bad guys ride bikes. Can you?

NELSON - Oh, I dominate anything with a motor.

PETERSON: Don't get cocky. I'm serious.

NELSON - I'm not cocky either. Give me a snow blower, step the fuck back. A weed-whipper? I own that shit!

PETERSON: Listen, we need to talk about you shooting Allen and the photos of Hector's wife on your phone. There's gonna be a panel.

NELSON - Allen's a pussy. We both know that. He handed over his weapon to a detainee. Why don't you review him?

PETERSON: You need to bury it. Because he's leading the investigation out in LA. He's gonna be your point.

NELSON - Don't send that clown, please.

PETERSON: You think everybody since Glade was a clown.

NELSON - No, but he is a real clown!

PETERSON: You're acting like a fucking widow. Get over it.

NELSON - Sorry.

PETERSON: And how do you explain the pictures?

NELSON - Well, I can't help it if someone sends me unsolicited photos. How am I gonna stop that?

PETERSON: So, you had nothing to do with it?

NELSON - Aside from being handsome and symmetrical, no.

PETERSON: So, you're not to blame for the cock shots your phone sent to her phone? Or did your phone take them while you were asleep? Because your dick looked wide awake.

NELSON - At the time, it seemed like the more innocent option. It was less wrong than actually plowing her.

PETERSON: Good! So you didn't have sex with her?

NELSON - Eventually, I did. That's why I said, "At the time".

PETERSON: That's the defendant's wife! The defendant in your case!

NELSON - I hear you loud and clear, sir.

PETERSON: I really hope you do. Because I'd hate to lose a great agent over some bullshit. I think you're a sex addict.

NELSON - I understand, sir. So, who am I playing?

PETERSON: They got you playing, uh... You're gonna be Francis Llewellyn Poncherello.

NELSON - That's a fucked up name. That's a lot of names.

PETERSON: Well, that's too bad because we already built the bio. What are we gonna do, go and change it?

NELSON - Got it.