

LOG # \_\_\_\_\_

Rev. 7/26/85 (Pink)  
Rev. 8/15/85 (Blue)  
Rev. 8/28/85 (Yellow)  
Rev. 9/04/85 (Green)

POLICE ACADEMY III  
(working title)

by

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REVISED FIRST DRAFT

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REVISED PAGES 3 SEPTEMBER 1985

84,85,87,94,95

REVISED PAGES 4 SEPTEMBER 1985

29A,29B,31,32,50,50A,  
51/52,53,54

FADE IN:

1 EXT. POLICE ACADEMY - DAY 1

Establishing shot over which we hear pretentious, official-sounding MUSIC. And, judging by the official-looking cars and the helicopter squatting on the parade field, something big is going on here.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. OUTDOOR AUDITORIUM - DAY 2

FROM THE STAGE

GOVERNOR NEILSON addresses the audience. Behind him sits a dour group of two men and two women - the EVALUATION COMMITTEE. Beside the Committee sit COMMANDANTS LASSARD and Mauser, Lt. Proctor and CHIEF HURST.

NEILSON

(in mid-speech)

...as Governor of this great state, I'm filled with pride at the sight of our graduating police cadets.

ANGLE ON THE GRADUATES

TWO GROUPS in different uniforms, sitting on opposite sides of an aisle. We also discover CALLAHAN in front and JONES in back with Blanks and Copeland. Copeland's wearing a neck brace. They exchange conspiratorial smirks.

NEILSON (O.S.)

However, it saddens me to tell you that this is the last time there will be two graduating classes. It's time to tighten our belts.

(CONTINUED)



2 CONTINUED:

2

ANGLE ON LASSARD

engrossed in chasing away a fly playing Kamakazi pilot with his head. Over this we hear...

NEILSON (O.S.)

Time to close one of our Academies.  
But in the spirit of fair play for  
which my administration is noted,  
I've appointed...

ANGLE ON EVALUATION COMMITTEE

and boy are they a humorless looking bunch.

NEILSON (O.S.)

...a Committee to evaluate and  
compare the two. So, each Academy's  
fate rests in their own hands.

ANGLE ON LASSARD

We can't be sure he's heard any of this because the damn fly is driving him nuts. It lands on the cheek of a WOMAN beside him. Lassard is fascinated. Slowly, carefully, he raises his hand to strike as...

NEILSON (O.S.)

I'm sure both Commandants welcome  
this challenge...

SLAM, Lassard nails the fly, sending the woman sprawling out of FRAME.

LASSARD

Got it!

THE GOVERNOR

turns, oblivious to the slight commotion behind him.

NEILSON

...isn't that so, Commandants  
Lassard and Mauser.  
(motioning them  
to stand)

The AUDIENCE applauds. Lassard stands, a bit bewildered.

LASSARD

(reacting to applause)  
Good heavens, it was only a fly.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. POLICE ACADEMY - PARADE GROUND - DAY

3

Let's take a second to set things up: The Governor's helicopter squats at the far end of the Parade Field; to reach it, the Governor must pass before a long line of POLICE OFFICERS who stand ready to salute him.

Mauser and his boot-licking assistant, Lt. Proctor, cross to Lassard. Callahan, wearing mirror-shades (she's always wearing mirrored-shades), stands beside him at rigid parade rest, followed by Blanks, Copeland and Jones.

MAUSER

Well Commandant, good luck.

LASSARD

Yes, may the better Academy win.

MAUSER

Oh, we intend to, we intend to.

LASSARD

Don't be so sure Commandant Mauser. We have many, many wonderful new recruits. Men and women we will mold in my own image.

MAUSER

Oh, promise me you'll do that!

The Governor, the Evaluation Committee and POLICE COMMISSIONER HURST arrive and Mauser bows repeatedly.

MAUSER

(continuing)

Ladies, gentlemen. A pleasure. Anyone need a ride? Perhaps a police escort? Don't hesitate to ask. Governor, magnificent speech. Bravo. I applaud it.

And he does, getting raised eyebrow looks and nervous smiles as they pass by.

CALLAHAN

(with no change in position or expression)

Why beat around the bush, Mauser? Just get down on your knees and kiss his ass.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

MAUSER

I don't need any tactical advice  
from you, Callahan!

(following Governor)

Oh, Governor!

Mauser steps in front of the Governor and brandishes a  
file folder thick with papers in his face.

MAUSER

I thought the Governor might be  
interested in a little study  
I've put together on training  
techniques.

HURST

The Governor is in a hurry,  
Commandant Mauser.

MAUSER

(to Governor)

I could memo you on this, sir.

The Governor nods, tries to step around Mauser, who  
moves to block him.

ANGLE ON JONES

The glimmer in his eye suggests he's up to no good.

ANOTHER ANGLE

so we are seeing Mauser over Jones' shoulder.

MAUSER

Governor, I believe I speak  
for everyone when I say...

And Mauser BELCHES.

Rather, Jones manufactures a belch for him. Perhaps the  
loudest belch we've ever heard. The Governor steps back  
-- stunned. Mauser's stunned too -- he can't believe he  
did that. Lassard steps forward.

LASSARD

I assure you Governor, Commandant  
Mauser does not speak for this  
Academy.

MAUSER

I... I... sir...

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

Jones manufactures a little STOMACH RUMBLING then another BELCH. Mauser grabs his gut, then his mouth...looks horrified...the Governor and Evaluation Committee give him a wide berth as they head for the helicopter.

HURST

(muttered to Mauser)  
Get hold of yourself, idiot.  
You're making the Governor sick.

Hurst storms off. Mauser turns on Proctor.

MAUSER

What the hell did you let me eat?

Proctor sputters.

LASSARD

Well, Mauser, I think you've made a lasting impression on the Governor.

MAUSER

(waves his file)  
This'll make the only lasting impression that counts. We'll see who's got an Academy left when this is over.

Mauser and Proctor storm off. Lassard's concerned.

COPELAND

(false bravado)  
You have nothing to worry about, sir.

BLANKS

Right! Leave things to us and Mauser will be eating those words.

Copeland and Blanks snap off a salute and exit FRAME. A beat. Then, in unison...

LASSARD/JONES/CALLAHAN

(in unison)  
We better call Mahoney!

CUT TO:

4

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

4

CLOSE on Mahoney in uniform. We don't know where he is or what's going on but judging by the SHOUTS and SCREAMS, the POUNDING OF RACING FEET and the frantic expression on

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Mahoney's face, we're in the middle of a riot.

MAHONEY

(shouts)

No! Stop! No!

(blows whistle)

WIDE

as he walks forward and we discover the source of all that noise - TWO GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS have been going at it on a playground court. The qualifications for these teams is that you have to look great in shorts and a tee-shirt. They all do as they stop playing and turn to Mahoney.

MAHONEY

It's a simple give and go...  
Gather round...

He motions them around as he sits on his haunches to draw some X's and O's on the hardtop.

MAHONEY

Now, all you do is...

Mahoney stops as he looks up - totally encircled by the girls. He clears his throat.

MAHONEY

...gather around even more.

CUT TO:

4A

MAHONEY'S PATROL CAR

4A

parked near the playground. A nine year old black kid named TOMMY, sits in the driver's seat, feet propped up on the dashboard, reading a comic book. The car radio CRACKLES ON and he answers.

TOMMY

Sergeant Mahoney's office.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Get Mahoney and get your feet  
off the dashboard!

This last bit startles Tommy. He sits bolt upright, then looks around to discover Jones peering through a window.

JONES

(as radio voice)

That's a lot better.

(CONTINUED)

4A

CONTINUED:

4A

Tommy smiles, pleased.

TOMMY

(duplicating  
radio voice)

Ah, I shoulda known it was you!

CUT TO:

5

THE PLAYGROUND

5

Mahoney runs the teams through a drill. He stands at the top of the key and passes the ball off to a girl slashing past him. At least that's how it's supposed to work.

MAHONEY

Alright, let's go...move it...

The first girl through, takes the pass but her defender sails right into Mahoney. The two go down.

GIRL DEFENDER

Oh...I'm sorry Sergeant, I didn't mean to...

The others have gathered around as they stand...

MAHONEY

Don't worry about it. My pleasure.

(to others; as if  
he enjoyed it)

Anyone else like to foul me?

The girls laugh. Tommy breaks through the circle.

TOMMY

Sergeant, my Uncle's here. Says Lassard needs help.

Mahoney's expression changes and we linger on Mahoney long enough to know this is important, then...

CUT TO:

6

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

6

We are looking across an expanse of grass at a WOMAN seated with her back to us on a park bench. We can't tell much about her except that she's wearing a BARBI-DOLL blond wig, she's a bit on the bulky side and the purse beside her is big enough to carry a microwave.

A MAN who exudes purse snatcher, steps into the f.g. and looks around surreptitiously. He slinks towards the unsuspecting woman.

P.O.V. MAN - WOMAN

and her tempting purse. His hand reaches for it as we...

ANGLE on the purse snatcher, clamping hold of the purse straps. He takes a step then is suddenly pulled back, out of FRAME.

WIDE

The woman jerks on the purse so hard the man flies over the bench, hitting the ground with a THUD. He looks up in painful amazement, eyes filled with horror. He screams.

P.O.V. MAN - WOMAN

Only now we discover the scowling face of HIGHTOWER under that blond wig.

BACK IN SCENE

there's a CACKLING RADIO SOUND from somewhere and Hightower extends a walkie-talkie from where his cleavage should be. We hear...

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Hightower...turn in your pantyhose,  
Lassard needs help.

A beat for Hightower's reaction, then...

CUT TO:

7

OMITTED

7

8

EXT. BACKYARD - SUNSET

8

At first, we seem to be tracking through some exotic jungle. Jungle birds CHIRP, jungle bugs make jungle BUG SOUNDS, all heightened by ominous jungle STALKING MUSIC.

BUD, a gangly twenty year old, moves cautiously around a palm tree. He stops. Looks down. Bends and we bend with him to discover...

LITTLE EUGENE

Sgt. Tackleberry's two year old son. He wears a diaper, a toy holster and he carries a plastic squirt gun.

BUD

(whispered)

Come on little Eugene, give me a hint. Where's he hiding?

Little Eugene shakes his head.

ANGLE on...well, we can't be sure but it looks like wet sand. Slowly, a form begins to emerge from the sand: it's TACKLEBERRY, bare chested, with a bow slung across his shoulder - he's doing his best RAMBO OUT OF THE MUD impersonation.

ANGLE on Bud trying to get some hints from Little Eugene.

BUD

Come on. I have a message for him.

A wet sand covered Tackleberry looms ominously in the b.g., then lunges at Bud gripping him around the throat.

BUD

(a bit strangulated)

Oh, that was a good one. Really fooled me. Ah, Mahoney called. Said Lassard needs help.

Tackleberry loosens his grip; a distant, glazed look in his eyes. If you sat next to someone on a bus with this look, you'd move immediately. Bud rubs his throat. Tackleberry picks up his son as we go...

WIDE

The kid giggles and playfully squirts Tackleberry in the face with a spray from the water pistol.

(CONTINUED)



8 CONTINUED:

8

## TACKLEBERRY

Good shot.

Meanwhile, we're discovering Tackleberry's jungle's composed of potted palms, the SOUNDS are provided by a tape deck and Tackleberry's hiding place was a child's sandbox.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

9

There's bright, blinding light as, from a LOW ANGLE we peer down a highly polished marble floor. We hear the ECHOING CLICK of boots on the hard surface and then SIX ELONGATED SHADOWS MOVE towards CAMERA. Dramatic MUSIC SWELLS as the CAMERA tilts up to find five silhouettes dramatically backlit - smoke billowing up behind them.

We may not recognize them at first but these are our heroes, making an entrance that has all the mystic and heroic impact of "THE RIGHT STUFF". Mahoney, Jones, Tackleberry, Hooks, Nighthower and Callahan sweep towards us - avenging angels, determined to save the day.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LASSARD'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Lassard sits at his desk, flanked by Blanks and Copeland. In front of Lassard is a goldfish bowl containing a LARGE GOLDFISH. Lassard, Copeland and Blanks look up as...

P.O.V. ALL OF THEM - OUR HEROES

dramatically filling the doorway.

JONES

(like the little girl  
in 'POLTERGEIST')

We're here!

BACK IN SCENE

Blanks and Copeland are obviously unhappy as our heroes line up in front of Lassard's desk. Lassard stands, a riding crop in hand. He touches it to the brim of his cap and snaps off a salute.

LASSARD

What a wonderful, wonderful  
moment. My favorite graduates  
back...

(CONTINUED)

BLANKS

(interrupting)

Sir, I don't see why we need Mahoney and these...

LASSARD

Sgt. Blanks, the Academy is facing its greatest challenge. We must work together.

As Lassard speaks he paces behind his desk, tapping his hand with the crop for emphasis. We suspect he may have seen PATTON a few too many times. Fishbowl and fish are on desk.

LASSARD

After many, many years of turning out many, many fine police officers, the state says it can no longer afford two academies. God knows what they did with all the money...

Lassard gets carried away and smacks his palm too hard with the riding crop. He lets out a controlled HUM of pain but goes on with new zeal.

LASSARD

We have a tradition to uphold here! A reputation to defend and defend it we will!

Lassard smacks the desk with the crop and the fish flies out. Mahoney catches it. Drops it in bowl. Lassard lays the crop on the desk and sits.

LASSARD

With our new recruits and your help, I'm sure we will survive this competition!

Lost in thought, he rolls back and forth in his chair, each time straying just a little bit further from the desk.

LASSARD

There can only be one winner. But also only one loser so it works out nicely.

ANGLE on our heroes; their heads move side to side tracking Lassard as if viewing a tennis match.

ANGLE ON Lassard rolling back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

LASSARD

(wistful)

I certainly hope we win.  
Then I could retire with the  
same sense of dignity I have  
always brought to this Academy.

Lassard has rolled completely out of FRAME. There's an  
O.S. CRASH then the chair rolls back into FRAME -- minus  
Lassard.

LASSARD (O.S.)

(continuing)

Dismissed.

CUT TO:

A very quiet, very quaint suburban neighborhood just waking up to the morning sun. A YOUNG BOY on a bike delivers newspapers - tossing them towards the stoops: real Norman Rockwell kind of stuff. A paper hits the door of the first house and comes to a rest. A paper hits the door of the second house and drops to the steps.

At the third house, things aren't so quaint or quiet. A uniformed SGT. DOUG FACKLER is back out his front door, arguing with his wife. MRS. FACKLER, suitcase in hand, tries to shove past him and succeeds in knocking off his hat.

FACKLER

Put down the suitcase! You're  
not going to the Police Academy!  
(bends to pick  
up hat)

MRS. FACKLER

Wrong!

But that's about all she gets out because as he bends for his hat, the newspaper arrives, sails over his stooped form and nails Mrs. Fackler in the gut. She GROANS, clutching her stomach and dropping the suitcase.

FACKLER

(grabbing suitcase)

Finally!

She lunges for the suitcase. They wrestle over it.

FACKLER

One policeman in this family  
is enough!

The suitcase opens, spilling its contents over the lawn. This stops the fighting for a beat.

MRS. FACKLER

(hurt and pathetic)

I only want to join the force to  
be with you. We can ride together,  
wear matching uniforms, share ammo.  
All the stuff that helps a marriage.

Fackler buys it. He bends to gather up his wife's things.

FACKLER

Gee, police work is so dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

Just how dangerous becomes immediately apparent: Mrs. Fackler drops her sweet act, pushes her husband head over heels, then races for the driveway where a police car squats behind the family station wagon. Fackler lunges, catching her by the ankle. She hits the ground with a THUD but undaunted and unharmed, tries crawling to the car.

MRS. FACKLER

Let go of me mister or face the consequences.

FACKLER

(dragging her by the  
leg to the house)

This is for your own good. It's hell  
out there on the streets.

Mrs. Fackler stops struggling. Speaks calmly.

MRS. FACKLER

O.k.. You're right. We're adults,  
we can talk this out.

A relieved Fackler helps his wife up.

FACKLER

Good. You'll see. Your place is here at home.

Suddenly, Mrs. Fackler bolts for the house slamming the door in her husband's face and locking it. Fackler proceeds to carry on a one-sided conversation with the locked door...

FACKLER (o.s.)

I thought we were adults. Open up. O.K.,  
you want to be this way, fine. I'm trained  
for this stuff. I can stand out here all  
day. You're not getting past me.

While he's carrying on this conversation we...

ANGLE on a window at the side of the house. Mrs. Fackler appears, drops from the window to the ground.

MOVE with her as she does a military style belly crawl to the driveway, climbs into the police car and starts it.

WIDE as Fackler stops his monologue with the door the CAR STARTS. He races to the driveway and hurls himself onto the hood. The car SQUEALS away, lights flashing, SIREN BLARING. \*

CUT TO:-

Over Mrs. Fackler's shoulder we see her husband pressed against the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

FACKLER

This is my last warning! Pull  
over.

Mrs. Fackler responds by turning on the window washer  
and wipers.

12 EXT. ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

12

We might mistake this for arrival day at some slightly  
seedy New England college campus: Mahoney greets car-  
loads of hopeful new recruits; goodbyes are interrupted by  
Tackleberry barking orders; Jones and Callahan line up new  
arrivals; Hightower directs confused cadets. An unsmiling  
Copeland surveys all this as...

A BLOCK LONG LIMO

swings to the curb. A heavysset young man in his early  
twenties hops out and contemptuously appraises the place.  
This is DANIEL HEDGES and he exudes arrogance. His  
CHAUFFEUR starts to unload luggage.

HEDGES

(loud; snapping fingers)

Hey! Hey, can I get a little  
help with the bags here?

(crossing to Copeland)

You, in the cub scout uniform,  
how about a little help!?

Hedges stuffs a few crumpled bills into Copeland's breast  
pocket, motions him to the bags.

COPELAND

(indignant)

I'm a police officer. We can't  
accept gratuities.

(looks at money)

Kind of a stupid rule though,  
isn't it?! I mean...

Impatient, Hedges grabs the money, turns to see...

HIGHTOWER

at the curb.

HEDGES

(crossing to him)

Oh porter...red cap!

Hightower gives him a slow, sullen stare. Hedges indi-  
cates a row of matching bags the chauffeur has placed at  
the curb.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

HEDGES

You wanna get those for me?!  
I mean the noon whistle blow  
or something?

Hightower moves to the bags, clamps hold of all of them, hoists them up and calmly thrusts them on Hedges. Hedges topples and so do the bags.

HEDGES

(sitting amidst  
the bags)

O.k., I think I can handle it  
from here. Yeah. Definitely.  
Definitely I can handle it.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

13

A POLICE OFFICER sits on his cycle, strikes a match to light his cigarette. He looks up at the sound of SIRENS as something shoots past, blowing out his match.

P.O.V. POLICE OFFICER - A POLICE CAR

whizzing by. We may just catch a glimpse of Mrs. Fackler behind the wheel. Mr. Fackler is hanging onto the hood for dear life.

BACK IN SCENE

two more police cars, and a motorcycle, all with SIRENS BLARING, trail the lead car. The motorcycle cop decides that whatever's going on must be serious. He gives pursuit.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. A TWO LANE ROAD

14

MR. SWEETCHUCK peers through his bifocals at the highway as he PUTTS-PUTTS along on his MOPED. This guy was born to be picked on. All the HONKING going on behind him is taking its toll.

SWEETCHUCK

(muttering)

Alright, alright what do you  
want - LeMans!!

He angles onto the shoulder and motions for someone to pass.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

A BOY ON A BICYCLE

pedals past - gives him a dirty look.

SWEETCHUCK

swings onto the road only to be immediately driven off by the SOUND OF SIRENS as the Mrs. Fackler led entourage of police cars and cycles ROARS past. This time the moped hits the shoulder and keeps on going until it disappears into the woods. Sweetchuck's cry drowns out the SIRENS.

CUT TO:



15 EXT. ACADEMY - PARKING LOT 15

A bus swings to the curb and stops.

16 INT. BUS 16

New cadets are bounding out of their seats, pulling gear from overhead racks. Hooks stands at the head of the bus with a clipboard in hand. She's trying to impose some order on this madhouse.

HOOKS

(barely audible)

Please line up at the curb and report to Sgt. Jones who will...

She stops. No one's paying attention.

HOOKS

Please...could you...would you I have to read the instructions before...

ANGLE on the cadets, totally ignoring her.

ANGLE on Hooks. She sighs, then tucks the clipboard under one arm, puts two fingers to her lips and lets loose a whistle that's probably stopping cabs in Manhattan.

HOOKS

(loud and hard)

Zip your lips, slap your butts into the seats and listen hard.

We HEAR an o.s. burst of MOVEMENT.

ANGLE on the cadets - very humbled and very quiet as they sit frozen at attention.

ANGLE on Hooks, all smiles and sweetness.

HOOKS

(soft)

Gee, now that's a lot better, isn't it!?

CUT TO:

17 EXT. BUS 17

Recruits begin to file off. Mahoney nods and smiles hellos as if he were welcoming them to Club Med, addressing them through an electronic bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

MAHONEY

Let me be the first to welcome you to the fabulous Mid-City Police Academy where you're about to begin an incredible fourteen week adventure in living. I'm one of your hosts, Sergeant Carey Mahoney and...

MOVE with the recruits to...

JONES

back to us, also speaking through an electronic BULL HORN.

JONES

Please form a double line.  
(some static)  
That's a double line.

He turns around revealing just his hand to his mouth - no bullhorn.

JONES

(manufacturing  
bullhorn tone)

Everyone, follow me please.

He starts to lead them off with a manufactured DRUM ROLL but is brought up short by...

LOUD SIRENS. Lots of them.

17A

IN THE PARKING LOT

17A

Mrs. Fackler brings the police car to a halt. The four trailing vehicles SCREECH to a stop. She hops out of the car covering her ears. The police are out of their cars - confused and angry.

MRS. FACKLER

(to Jones; indicating siren)

You know how to shut that thing off?! It's driving me nuts.

She tosses him the keys and crosses the parking lot.

CUT TO:

18A

EXT. MAUSER'S ACADEMY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

18A

We see enough to know that this is a soaring chrome and glass hi-tech eyesore accompanied by a hi-tech MUSIC STING.

20

EXT. MAUSER'S ACADEMY - PARADE FIELD

20

We can't tell too much about the academy at first because we are CLOSE on Mauser appraising something that pleases him.

PULL BACK a little to discover he is walking down a line of men at rigid attention. This line-up is enough to convince you that cloning is here to stay - every one of these guys looks like a member of some super Aryan race.

MAUSER

(nodding, pleased)

Oh yes...very, very good...  
oh, perfect.

Lt. Proctor walks at his side mimicking the head nodding gesture, checking names from a clipboard.

MAUSER

(continuing)

Oh these men are...

Suddenly, Mauser stops. Where there should be another 6'2" storm trooper specimen is a gap.

Mauser slowly looks down. He is not happy.

P.O.V. MAUSER - TOMOKO NOGATA

who is a sore thumb in these surroundings. He's 5'3" and definitely not WASP.

BACK IN SCENE

MAUSER

(almost an accusation)

And who are you?!

NOGATA

Tomoko Nogata of the Tachikawa  
Nogata's.

(he frantically  
checks an English  
phrase book)

And is this your lovely wife?

Mauser's expression tells Nogata he's picked the wrong phrase. He digs through the book again.

MAUSER

Proctor!

(bangs into Proctor  
as he spins around)

Irritated, he drags his assistant away.

(CONTINUED)

MAUSER

What's the story with Fu Man Chu?  
What is he doing here?

A confused Proctor fumbles through his papers.

PROCTOR

Fu Man Chu? Fu Man Chu? Are you  
sure on that name, sir? I don't  
show any Fu Man Chu.

MAUSER

(pointing out Nogata)  
Him, you idiot!

PROCTOR

Oh. He's with the Tachikawa  
Highway Patrol. Part of an  
International Exchange Program.  
Here to study our methods.

MAUSER

Not my methods. You think I'm  
running the U.N. here? Ship him  
to Lassard's. He'll fit in there.

Proctor runs off to take care of Nogata. As Mauser  
watches the little man being pulled off the line, THE  
BAXTER BROTHERS, two huge jocks who left their brains  
in a locker, drop to the ground in front of him and  
start doing rapid fire push-ups. Mauser looks a little  
taken back. The men pop back up to rigid attention.

BAXTER 1

Sorry sir.

BAXTER 2

We were overcome with a desire  
to do calisthenics, sir.

Mauser gives them a nervous smile of appreciation and  
moves on.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. LASSARD'S ACADEMY - WALKWAY

21

Jones leads the NEW RECRUITS in a little HUT - HUT march. He stops as he HEARS a BALL BOUNCING then what sounds like a crowd cheering.

P.O.V. JONES - TOMMY

Mahoney's phone answering assistant. He's dribbling a basketball - BOUNCE BOUNCE - shooting - SWISH - and getting a big CHEER. There is no ball, net or crowd so the kid is manufacturing all the sounds as he plays.

BACK IN SCENE

Jones watches him dribble his imaginary ball, providing the sound of the crowd. Blanks has joined him.

BLANKS

What's he doing?

JONES

Playing one on one with Dr. J.

BLANKS

He doesn't have a ball.

Tommy and Jones appraise Blanks as if he's crazy.

TOMMY

Tell that to Dr. J.. I'm three up on him.

Tommy goes back to his game.

BLANKS

Well this is police property. You can't play here. And take this with you.

As Blanks bends to pick up Tommy's sweatshirt, Jones produces the SOUND OF RIPPING MATERIAL. With a start, Blanks straightens up, grabs his ass to find and cover the rip. He's getting strange looks from the recruits.

BLANKS

(backing away)

Jones, secure this area.

Blanks can't see behind him, stumbles, and with his hands still clamped to his ass, does a full somersault, hops to his feet with contrived dignity, and storms away.

CUT TO:

21A EXT. THE GRINDER - DAY

21A

A pushy MOTHER prods her timid daughter, SARAH, towards  
CALLAHAN

back to us, arms akimbo. Even from behind she looks hard.

MOTHER

Excuse me, sir?

Callahan turns her sunglassed stare on the two. The girl  
cowers back.

CALLAHAN

I'm a ma'am, ma'am!

MOTHER

Oh, I'm sorry. Those guns make it so  
hard to tell. Are you an instructor?

CALLAHAN

Affirmative.

(to Sarah)

Are you a new recruit?

SARAH

Well, yes...I...

MOTHER

(to Callahan)

She certainly is. She's just a  
little shy.

(to daughter)

Sarah, stand up straight.

Sarah's lips move like she wants to say something but  
her mother doesn't give her a chance.

MOTHER

...And don't babble, Sarah...  
what's the officer going to  
think! Now, I want you to...

Callahan's had enough of this. She puts fingers to her  
lips and WHISTLES the conversation to a stop.

CALLAHAN

(to mother)

Stifle it.

(to Sarah)

Don't worry. When we're finished  
with you, you'll have nerves of  
steel, ice in your veins and a  
set of brass balls this big.

(CONTINUED)

21A

CONTINUED:

21A

Callahan punctuates this by gesturing exactly how big these brass balls will be, then leads a wide-eyed Sarah out of FRAME.

22

EXT. CURB - DAY

22

Tackleberry is engaged in uncomfortable conversation with his father-in-law, MR. KIRKLAND and his brother-in-law, BUD.

MR. KIRKLAND

Now, no favoritism here. If Bud screws up you give him a good whack.

He demonstrates this by giving the kid a swat on the head. The kid drops like a sack of rocks. The father thinks it's funny, racing to his car with a laugh.

Bud is up and at the driver's side window.

BUD

Pretty good, Dad. Pretty sneaky. Caught me off guard there.

The father gives an 'aw shucks,' shrug.

MR. KIRKLAND

You take care of yourself son and listen to Eugene. I'm proud of you. You'll make one hell of a cop.

Now it's the kid's turn to go 'Aw shucksy'.

BUD

Thanks dad. And would you give this to Mom for me?

With that Bud nails his father with a solid right cross that drops him out of view beneath the dashboard. Elated, Bud hops back as the car starts weaving down the drive, the father just coming into view, waving out the window.

BUD

Dad and I have a terrific relationship.

Tackleberry's definitely questioning the kid's sanity.

CUT TO:

22A

A CAB

22A

as it SHUDDERS to a halt.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Nogata is thrown violently forward, disappears on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

The CABBIE, a guy in a T-shirt that must have been used to wrap Fatburgers, smacks his meter so numbers start twirling like a slot machine.

CABBIE

Let's see...that's \$700

(beat)

Plus tip.

Nogata crawls back onto his seat, fumbling out American and foreign currency. Hands a fistful to the cabbie.

CABBIE

Uh, uh. I don't take money  
with pictures of tuna fish.

CUT TO:

23 KAREN HOOVER

23

a new recruit who may not be out and out beautiful but she's damn close. At the moment she's dragging a large suitcase across the parking lot. She reaches...

NOGATA

and the cabbie. They are out of the cab, and Nogata is piling money into the cabbie's hand. Nogata takes off a shoe and finds more money which he starts to count out.

KAREN

looks concerned. Crosses to Nogata.

KAREN

Where did you get this cab?  
Yokahama?

CABBIE

Take a hike, sister!

KAREN

(to Nogata)  
You're being ripped off.

NOGATA

(confused)  
Ripped off?!

ANGLE on Mahony who spots Karen and likes what he spots. He crosses to the cab where a full scale altercation's going on.

MAHONEY

Officer Carey Mahoney here, may  
I be of some assistance?

(CONTINUED)



KAREN

(indicating cabbie  
then Nogata)

This guy's trying to rip off this guy.

NOGATA

Rip off?!

(searches phrase book)

MAHONEY

(to cabbie)

Is this true, sir? Oh, and by  
the way, may I have the name  
of your laundress?

CABBIE

Look, wise guy, don't think a  
blue uniform scares me.

MAHONEY

(a beat; smiles  
sweetly)

Oh, Hightower! Hightower!

ANGLE on Hightower talking to some recruits. He turns and  
heads towards...

MAHONEY

who points to the cabbie.

MAHONEY

This man just made fun of your  
mother.

The cabbie gets nervous as Hightower appears at his side.

KAREN

He's also charging \$700 for a cab  
ride.

CABBIE

What's the meter read, huh!?  
Meters don't lie.

Hightower reaches into the cab, rips the meter off the  
dash and shakes it violently in front of the cabbie's  
face. The fare comes up .70 cents. Hightower smiles  
and hands the meter to the cabbie.

HIGHTOWER

Right!

As the cabbie scurries back into his cab, Mahoney pulls  
Karen aside.

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

This sordid little scene must have been very trying for you, Miss...

KAREN

Karen Hoover.

MAHONEY

You're kidding! Karen Hoover...

(checks clipboard)

We're roomies. I'll get you settled in. You can take a shower, slip into something smaller...

He reaches for her bag but she grabs it away.

KAREN

Thanks anyway, Sgt., but I'm not here to get hit on by every guy who thinks he looks cute in a blue uniform.

MAHONEY

(mock anger)

Other guys have been hitting on you!? Now that burns my buns!

Karen ignores him, as she drags her bag away.

MAHONEY

(shouting after her)

Who is it? Lassard?

(beat)

Believe me, these May, December romances never work out.

Lassard swings his golf cart up to Mahoney and drives in circles around him.

LASSARD

Well Mahoney, I see you still have very good taste.

(a beat)

This is most encouraging. There seem to be many, many, fine new recruits! Don't you agree?

Mahoney doesn't have time to agree because...

CUT TO:

## 23A THE DRIVEWAY

23A

Where Sweetchuck and his moped limp towards the circular drive. And ROARING up behind him comes...

MAX

on a motorcycle the size of Rhode Island. Max looks like he spends his nights robbing 7-11's.

MOVE with him as he swings up beside a terrified Sweetchuck.

MAX

(screams like a  
madman)

I HATE YOUR BIKE!

Sweetchuck tries to keep his moped under control as Max swerves towards him, laughing. The laughter will be short lived because they're heading straight for...

## 23B THE FLAGPOLE

23B

and the center Island of grass displaying flowers and the school emblem.

We can tell by their SCREAMS OF TERROR that Max and Sweetchuck have both lost control. Their cycle and moped scatter instructors and cadets like bowling pins then hit the lip of the grass island. Riders and bikes separate.

CUT TO:

## 23C MAHONEY AND LASSARD

23C

who watch in wide-eyed disbelief and horror because...

## 23D MAX AND SWEETCHUCK

23D

land in rapid succession spread-eagle and face first into the flower bed; followed by the cycle and the moped which drop beside them from out of the sky.

## 23E TWO SHOT MAHONEY AND LASSARD

23E

as they survey the scene.

MAHONEY

If you say so, sir.

CUT TO:

24 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

24

Crowded with cadets carrying bags and supplies. Max and Sweetchuck converge on the same door but can't see each other over the pile of junk they carry. They collide in the doorway. Sweetchuck is about to get mad until he gets a good look at Max. He SCREAMS. His SCREAM startles Max, who also SCREAMS.

25 INT. BEDROOM

25

Sweetchuck backs into the room, stepping up on the first bed and cowering against the wall.

MAX

(tossing stuff on  
second bed)

Okay...I'll take this one.

SWEETCHUCK

You stay away from me...you hear.

(shouting)

Police...police!

MAX

(confused)

I thought we were the police.

CALLAHAN

(from the door)

What's the problem here?

(CONTINUED)

SWEETCHUCK

(pointing)

Him. Him. He's the problem.  
He's an animal!

CALLAHAN

Get used to it. He's your  
roommate.

SWEETCHUCK

Roommate?!

CALLAHAN

Max's reformed.

MAX

Yeah! I used to be with Zed's  
old gang. But we had a crises  
of leadership.

CALLAHAN

So, he's on our side now.  
Besides, he knows the criminal  
mind...

(as she exits)

...hell, he is the criminal mind.

MAX

I...I been in therapy. It...it  
helped get rid of my hostilities.  
I had too much angst.

(beat; in the  
same tone)

Don't call me an animal or I'll  
rip out your spine and slap you  
across the face with it.

CUT TO:

25A

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

25A

New recruits in sweatsuits exercise under the eye of Callahan and Hooks.

TRACK with Callahan as she marches up the ranks prod-  
ding them on as they do a toe touching exercise.

HEDGES

is a victim of inertia. He touches his toes but keeps  
right on bending, falling in one slow, continuous motion.

BUD

is like a windmill, throwing his arms around cadets have  
to duck and dodge to avoid losing their heads.

NOGATA

however, has things under control - exercising with  
clockwork-like precision.

MAX

has a cigarette dangling from his mouth as he stands  
watching Sweetchuck GRUNT his way through the exercise.

WIDE as Callahan turns to walk back down the line of  
cadets. Lassard comes bounding towards her on his golf  
cart. He slows as he nears her.

LASSARD

Ah, Callahan! There you are!  
We have to talk to you about this  
evaluation thing.

Now, Lassard hasn't actually stopped. He's gone past  
shouting back over his shoulder.

LASSARD

I'll see you at...

And Lassard and his golf cart disappear over an embank-  
ment. All that trails back to us is a protracted...

LASSARD

...luuuuuuunch!!!

Callahan shakes her head and turns to the gawking cadets.

CALLAHAN

What are you gawking at? You  
never saw a golf cart before?!

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

25A EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT 25A

Skyscrapers jut into the night sky. Over this appears:

THE STATE, IN AN EFFORT TO CUT COSTS, IS ABOUT TO CLOSE ONE OF ITS TWO POLICE ACADEMIES. WHILE MOST MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT VIEW THIS AS A LOSS, THERE ARE THOSE FEW SELFISH MEN WHO VIEW IT AS AN OPPORTUNITY.

CUT TO:

25B EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 25B

(TITLES begin in the same style as POLICE ACADEMY I and II.)

Dark. Wet. Deserted, except for the STREET SWEEPER lumbering towards us. Only someone up to no good would be out on this street.

In the f.g., a car SQUEALS around the corner and heads towards us racing through a large puddle of cruddy water that splatters the street sweeper.

CUT TO:

25C EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT 25C

This same non-descript car appears on another ominous looking street - its TWO OCCUPANTS indistinguishable silhouettes. The car slows...searching for something...then swings into a...

CUT TO:

26 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 26

The car's headlights sweep the concrete walls as it negotiates the twists and turns of a subterranean garage entrance ramp. The car slows for a...

TICKET BOOTH

CLOSE on the driver's window. It slides down but all we get to see of the driver is his trench coat clad arm. It shoots out at the same moment the LOT ATTENDANT'S arm shoots into FRAME. The driver plucks the ticket from the attendant's hand. The window slides up. The car pulls away.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

We close in ten minutes, Mack!

CUT TO:

27

EXT. GARAGE - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

27

The car's headlights snap off as it glides into a spot.

The two occupants are paranoid; wearing dark glasses, hats pulled down on their heads, a trenchcoat with up-turned collar and ducking down in the seat as an exiting car swoops past. They slide out of the car, shutting the door with a soft CLICK that makes them flinch. As they tiptoe away, the driver is jerked to a sudden stop. He strains forward and we hear a RIPPING noise. He's just left half his trenchcoat in the closed car door.

We may recognize these two as they go back to sneaking around the garage - it's COPELAND and BLANKS. To know them is to want to plant a kick firmly in their crotch. But for now, we'll just MOVE with them as they stalk around cars - slink through shadows.

## FROM UNDER CARS

we have a TRACKING SHOT of their feet. These are tense feet - sneaky feet and then, uncertain feet as they stop suddenly, turn and collide into each other.

BLANK (O.S.)

(whispered)

You sure this is the place?

COPELAND (O.S.)

(whispered)

I'm sure. I'm sure.

## ANGLE ON BLANKS AND COPELAND

looking around. Furtive.

BLANKS

(whispered; annoyed)

Well, where is he?

Copeland's getting worried. He leans through the open window of a car and BLASTS THE HORN. It's painfully loud.

COPELAND

(whispered)

Hey! We're here!

He BLASTS THE HORN again as, suddenly, MAUSER and PROCTOR, hands clamped to their ears and grimacing in pain, leap from behind a pillar.

MAUSER

You morons almost blew out my eardrums!?

(CONTINUED)



Startled, Blanks and Copeland practically jump into each other's arms.

MAUSER

I've sucked up six years' worth of exhaust fumes waiting for you. What's with this Deep Throat crap?!

BLANKS

(defensive)

It wasn't my idea, it was his.  
(points at Proctor)

PROCTOR

We shouldn't be seen together. Just thinking of the safety of Operation Fiasco.  
(proudly)  
It's what I call this, sir.

Mauser rolls his eyes heavenward. Shakes his head.

MAUSER

(muttering)

I'm working with the village idiot!?  
(to Blanks and Copeland)  
Do you clowns know how many Police Academies there are in this state?

Blanks and Copeland look at each other. Confused.

COPELAND

(slyly)

Is this a trick question, sir?

MAUSER

No, it's not a trick question, sir!

BLANKS

Two!

MAUSER

Wrong! My sources have informed me that one of them's being closed.

BLANKS

Which one?

MAUSER

They haven't decided. That's where you two come in. I need some men who'll help make sure they close Lassard's academy - not mine. Men who want to rise to the top with me! Men who'd sell out their own mothers to get ahead!

(CONTINUED)

BLANKS & COPELAND

(proud; in unison)

That's us! Definitely, that's us!

BLANKS

Sure, we don't owe Lassard anything!

MAUSER

Good.

(to Proctor)

Can we get out of here now?

Proctor hesitates.

PROCTOR

We should split up. We'll go first.

MAUSER

(sarcastic)

Good idea. Besides, I'm in a hurry to pick up my decoder ring.  
(Mauser turns away)

A beat.

COPELAND

(anxious)

Ah...don't you think we should have one of those? I'm a size eight.

CUT TO:

27A BLANKS' CAR

27A

swinging up the exit ramp. The car stops abruptly as it comes face to face with a metal gate blocking the exit.

Copeland HONKS the HORN. No response. He hops out and goes to the gate leaving Blanks in the car. \*

COPELAND \*

(muttering)

Damn.

He tries sliding it open. Bit by bit it moves. He's really struggling with this thing and he's almost got it when he glances at his car to see... \*

P.O.V. COPELAND - CAR \*

starting to slide back down the ramp...picking up speed as a frantic Blanks lunges for the wheel. \*

(CONTINUED)

27A

CONTINUED:

27A

## BACK IN SCENE

Copeland is so startled he lets go of the gate. Instantly it snaps shut, pinning him to the wall with a LOUD THUD. He only has a second to lament his fate, because the next thing we hear is the unmistakable sound of Blanks SCREAMING and a car CRASHING INTO CEMENT. Hold on Copeland's beady little eyes darting back and forth while he remains pinned to the wall.

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

28 INT. SWEETCHUCK'S ROOM - NIGHT

28

CLOSE on Sweetchuck, asleep. His eyes flutter open. He senses something...turns slowly to come face to face with

MAX

staring wide-eyed at him, not six inches away. Sweetchuck YELPS. Jumps back.

MAX

You got a real weird birthmark,  
you know that?

Sweetchuck looks horrified, pulls the covers tight over his butt.

SWEETCHUCK

What are you some kind of  
vampire thing? It's one in  
the morning.

MAX

No...I'm a night person. I  
can't sleep.

SWEETCHUCK

(turning away;  
trying to get  
comfortable)

Well, I'm not a night person...  
I'm a normal human being.

ANGLE on Sweetchuck. The room is quiet. His eyes start to slide shut. He may actually get back to sleep but then - BONGOS the LOUDEST DAMN BONGOS we've ever heard. He sits up instantly, eyes wide, groping for the light...to reveal Max pounding on a pair of bongos doing a little DAY - O, DAY - O.

MAX

(shouting)

What kinda music you like? John  
Cougar Melancamp or Duran Duran?!

29 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

29

A door swings open and an angry Blanks and Copeland look out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

29A

MAX'S ROOM

29A

Max pounds away. Sweetchuck lies on his back, eyes wide open, staring straight up at the ceiling.

Blanks and Copeland enter.

MAX

I...I don't do requests.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

30

We hear Sweetchuck protesting (o.s.), then Sweetchuck, Max Copeland and Blanks appear in FRAME. Stop. Copeland hands each of them a flashlight.

SWEETCHUCK

(muttering)

I'm not a night person. I'm a day person...a day person. I want to sleep...I....

BLANKS

Pick up every weed, scrap of paper, cigarette butt, everything, from here to the parade field.

COPELAND

We'll be watching if those flashlights stop moving you're both in deep trouble. Deep trouble!

Blanks and Copeland storm off.

MAX

Hey, Heckle and Jeckle must be night people too.

Sweetchuck spins around, angry but lets out another YELP. Max's making a distorted face and holding the flashlight under his chin. We don't blame Sweetchuck for YELPING.

CUT TO:

31

INT. BLANKS' ROOM - THE WINDOW - NIGHT

31

Blanks sleeps and Copeland sits at the window watching the flashlights' beams sweeping the grounds. Max and Sweetchuck must be on speed because those beams are racing around in frantic circles. Copeland looks at Blanks, at the beams, at Blanks. He's nervous about waking him.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

32

Max sleeps on the grass. Sweetchuck is watching something. He shakes Max awake.

MAX

(nasty)

What...what ...what?

SWEETCHUCK

(pointing)

It'll never work...never work.

We PAN in the direction he's pointing to discover...

TWO DOGS

each with a flashlight attached to their collars. They are chasing each other across the field...into the road. We get the idea that the chaser would like more than a casual relationship with the chasee.

ANGLE ON Max and Sweetchuck.

SWEETCHUCK

My God! Look! Look what they're doing in the middle of the road.

MAX

Well, they probably couldn't get a motel room.

CUT TO:

33

INT. BLANKS' ROOM - NIGHT

33

We're looking out the window at the two dogs but all we see are the flashlights. And those two flashlights are going through some strange gyrations out there. Blanks still sleeps but Copeland is both fascinated and confused by what he sees.

COPELAND

(muttering to self)

Are they...ah... Nah! Couldn't be...?!

(beat)

Whew...sure looks like it though...

He peers again. Now he's convinced. He jumps up.

COPELAND

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF PERVS!!

Blanks jerks awake, wide-eyed.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. FIELD

34

Where Sweetchuck is doing his best not to watch. Max seems sort of hypnotized though, then...

MAX

(pointing)

Oh, oh....

A PIZZAS R US DELIVERY TRUCK

is coming up the driveway.

THE DRIVER

is a little sleepy behind the wheel but something's caught his attention because he's suddenly alert as we...

CUT TO:

35

INT. BLANKS' ROOM

35

Blanks has his uniform jacket on and a pistol in his hand. Copeland keeps vigil at the window. Blanks looks out just in time to see the truck headlights barreling down on the flashlights. The SOUND of SCREECHING TIRES reaches them...

COPELAND

Oh, my God! We...we...we killed them.

BLANKS

We! The flashlights were your idea!

As both men race from the room, we linger on the window long enough to see the two flashlights race off across the field.

36

OMITTED (Was - Int. Blanks' Office)

36

37

EXT. PARADE FIELD - MORNING

37

The cadets stand at attention as Blanks paces in front of them. Behind Blanks, lined up at parade rest, are our heroes. And Copeland.

(CONTINUED)

BLANKS

(glaring at Sweetchuck)

Some of you have shown a lack of discipline and dedication, so some of you will remain whimpering, simpering, civilians. Some of you...

HEDGES

(bored)

I think we get the drift.

BLANKS

(spinning around)

One thing you will learn lard ass, is ...

Blanks snaps his finger in the direction of Copeland who steps forward and spits out each letter as he spells...

(CONTINUED)



COPELAND  
R..E..S..P..E..C..T!

MAHONEY  
(singing a la Aretha  
Franklin)  
...Find out what it means to me...

HEDGES  
I don't have to learn respect.  
I'm rich.  
(takes out a wad  
of money)  
How many dead presidents do you  
fold into your pocket every  
Friday? I'm talking net, not  
gross.

Smoke is about to start coming out of Blanks' ears but Mahoney intervenes.

MAHONEY  
Isn't this great! He's rich and  
I'm broke but when we put on the  
uniform, we're equals. In fact,  
I'm more equal.  
(beat; he's serious  
now)  
There's something else you should  
all know. You could be the last  
class to attend this Academy.  
That may not mean anything to you,  
but it sure does to us...

Mahoney gestures at his fellow officers; Hightower, Jones, Hooks, Tackieberry (maybe he wipes a tear from his eye but it's hard to tell with those mirrored shades), Callahan.

INTERCUT between Mahoney and this group - everyone except Copeland moved by his words. Copeland has the kind of smug grin on his face that's just begging to be slapped off.

MAHONEY  
That's why, we not only want you  
to keep up the good work but we  
want you to work harder. We  
want you to be the best cadets  
this Academy's ever seen.  
(beat)  
You can do it. You may not believe  
this, but once, even I was a screw  
up. Now, let's go out there and  
win one for Lassard!

This gets a spontaneous cheer from Hightower and company. Copeland shakes his head until Hightower glares at him - then he starts applauding feverishly.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

ANGLE on Karen who is obviously moved and impressed by Mahoney's impassioned plea.

ANGLE on Blanks who is just as obviously not impressed.

38 INT. LASSARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CUT TO:

38

Lassard stands at the window. In his hand he has one of those little clay houses used to decorate fish tanks. He has been observing this scene and is touched. He moves from the window to his desk. As he does, he finds that the little house is stuck on his index finger. He tries to pry it off. No dice. He sits, leans close to the goldfish bowl and speaks to the fish.

LASSARD

(still trying to  
pull off house)

Did you hear that? No. No, of course not. How silly of me to ask.

(picks up bowl)

You're too far from the window.

Lassard, with the house still attached to his finger, carries the bowl to the window.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. PARADE FIELD - DAY

39

The cadets are dispersing but Karen lingers, waiting for Mahoney.

MOVE with her as she falls in beside him. Mahoney does a little start as if he's afraid of being hit again.

AS THEY WALK

KAREN

Sargeant Mahoney I...well, I was very impressed by what you said. I mean...you really care.

Mahoney looks around as if afraid she might be overheard.

MAHONEY

Shush...that kind of rep is hell to live down.

KAREN

(laughs)

Anyway, I owe you an apology for the way I acted. You were just trying to be cute.

(CONTINUED)

Mahoney stops abruptly. He is dumbstruck.

MAHONEY

Trying to be cute...trying!  
Listen, on a cuteness scale of one  
to ten, ten being the Smurfs, I was  
a ten! And I won't accept your  
apology unless you accept mine.

KAREN

A deal.

They start walking again, passing beneath Lassard's office window.

MAHONEY

Good. It was just that...well,  
haven't you met someone and after  
ten minutes felt like you'd known  
them for two, maybe three days!?

KAREN

(laughing)  
No, but I've felt like I'd known  
them ten minutes.

Mahoney doesn't get a chance to respond because he hears...

LASSARD (o.s.)

(shouts)  
Mahoney!

We discover the problem with Mahoney.

P.O.V. MAHONEY - FISH BOWL

dropping from the window in SLOW MOTION.

BACK IN SCENE

Mahoney takes two steps, positions himself, a beat, and  
the bowl drops into his arms barely losing a drop of  
water. He's done this before. He calmly turns to a wide-  
eyed Karen.

MAHONEY

You know, some of my best times  
only lasted ten minutes.

CUT TO:

Cadets stand at Parade rest in front of two squad cars.  
Behind them we see a driving obstacle course. Hooks  
addresses them. Jones stands beside her.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

HOOKS

Not only must you know all traffic laws, you must also master high speed driving. We'll begin today, with a leisurely spin around the course.

CUT TO:

41

INT. POLICE CAR

41

CLOSE on Karen, tightly clutching the steering wheel and staring intently ahead. She's nervous. Karen flinches at the SOUND of TIRES SQUEALING, CARS COLLIDING, GLASS AND METAL SHATTERING. We're convinced she's just been part of a twenty seven car crack-up until...

PULL BACK to reveal Jones sitting beside her and providing the sound effects.

JONES

You can start the car now but remember, if I hear any of those things - you fail.

CUT TO:

42

INT. ANOTHER POLICE CAR

42

Max is behind the wheel and Hooks is beside him. She's about to hand him some keys... \*

HOOKS

Gops! Wrong keys. I'll be right back.

MAX

Ah, that's no problem. \*

With that he ducks under the dash and reappears with two wires. As Hooks looks on, Max touches the wires against his teeth and an electric current jumps from one wire to the other with Max in the middle. It looks kind of like the reviving of FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. \*

The car starts and... \*

EXT. CAR

...leaves a patch of rubber as it explodes off the line.

CUT TO:

Hightower, flanked by two GERMAN SHEPHERDS the size of Chevys, walks in front of the assembled cadets.

HIGHTOWER

Very often, in the field, the  
dog can be your best friend,  
your most faithful partner.

ANGLE on Bud as he reaches to pet a passing dog.

BUD

I love dogs and they love me.

We HEAR an O.S. SNARL and Bud leaps back, minus the sleeve to his sweatshirt.

WIDE

as Hightower, still talking, stops, pulls a tattered sleeve from one of the dogs, tosses it to Bud.

HIGHTOWER

But first it is important to  
develop the master-dog relation-  
ship. If you show fear the dog  
will not respect you.

Hightower motions Sweetchuck off the line.

HIGHTOWER

(to Sweetchuck)

Order the dogs to sit.

Sweetchuck is nervous about this.

SWEETCHUCK

I don't know. Dogs hate me...  
I...

(he gulps; to dogs)

If it's not an inconvenience,  
could you sit?

(when the dogs  
growl)

Sit. Please. I'm begging here.

This triggers something because both dogs leap at Sweetchuck, pinning him to the floor to slobber kisses over this face.

HIGHTOWER

(pulling dogs off)

You have to show them who's  
boss.

Hightower turns to the dogs.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

HIGHTOWER  
(with a ton of  
authority)

Sit!

In unison and fast, the dogs and all the cadets sit then look up at Hightower for their next command.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. MAUSER'S ACADEMY - DAY

44

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

45

INT. MAUSER'S OFFICE - DAY

45

It's strictly sterile hi-tech: white walls, metal desk with desktop computer and a bank of video monitors. Mauser is showing Commissioner Hurst the monitoring system. Proctor hovers at Mauser's shoulder. The monitors broadcast centers of activity - the gymnasium, a classroom, an athletic field.

MAUSER

You see sir, this gives me instant access to all my cadets and instructors.

(makes a "watch this" gesture)

Over Mauser's shoulder we see a monitor pick up a cadet at a hallway water fountain.

MAUSER

(speaking into mike)

Forget the water, Cadet, give me twenty push-ups.

ON SCREEN

the startled cadet looks up, nailing himself with a spray of water. He's really shaken as he searches for the source of the voice then hits the floor for push-ups.

BACK IN SCENE

MAUSER

(laughs; proud)

There's no escaping the camera's eye.

(flipping dial)

I can monitor the dorm...gym... classrooms...

A cartoon appears on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

PROCTOR

(same tone as  
Mauser's)

... the Rocky and Bullwinkle  
show. Oh good, this is the  
episode where Natasha and Boris  
have Rocky trapped in a...

Mauser snaps off the monitor. Glazes at Proctor.

MAUSER

Still a few bugs to work out.  
But I hope you'll tell the  
Evaluation Committee about the  
steps I've taken to improve...

HURST

(cutting him off)

You're chapping your lips on  
the wrong butt, Mauser. I  
have no say with the Committee.  
And I want both Academies to  
look good.

MAUSER

Oh, so do I. So do I. When  
might the Committee be coming?

HURST

(disgusted)

They'll be at Lassard's this  
week and next week the Governor's  
got them snooping around the  
downtown precincts. So you got  
a couple of weeks to perfect  
your ass kissing.

Mauser's reaction tells us this piece of information  
interests him. The Baxter brothers enter the room and  
stand at attention.

BAXTER 1

(very military)

Cadets Baxter here, sir, with the  
reports on...

(stops; awed)

Commissioner!

They immediately drop to the floor and start doing  
one handed push-ups.

BAXTER 2

We can do twenty with either  
hand, sir.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (2)

45

Hurst gives Mauser a, "Are these guys nuts?", look and tries to exit around them but finally has to time a leap over them on a down beat.

HURST

(from the door)

Have these men examined before  
the Committee gets here.

CUT TO:

46

INT. GYM - DAY

46

For a beat, the FRAME is empty. Then Jones, dressed in a white smock with a black belt, flies into FRAME with a fierce KARATE SCREAM. Now, when Jones goes through the following exhibition, he produces all the out of sync SMACKING, SLAPPING and CHOPPING SOUND EFFECTS. The whole thing has the aura of a SHAW BROTHERS' KUNG FU MOVIE

Jones soars through the air, throws a karate kick and does a CHOP CHOP move with his hands, punctuated by...

JONES

(out of sync;  
oriental accent)

AHHHHHHHHH! Ginsu knife!

Jones has more hang time than Dr. J. ever dreamed of. In fact, he's suspended in air long enough to discover...

THE CADETS

viewing this exhibition open-mouthed. Some of them are armed with street weapons.

ANGLE on Jones who lands and in rapid-fire procession...

CHOPS a broom stick held by Karen into pieces, does a double flip ending up with a kick that splits a two-by-four held by a nervous Sweetchuck. SLASH, he splits Mrs. Fackler's bike chain, spins and takes out Nogata's baseball bat, then ends by cracking cinder blocks stacked at the edge of the mat, with his head. All of this is punctuated with KUNG FU CRIES and things like...

JONES

OOOOOHH! TOYOTA... AAAAAAHHHHH!  
SUSHI...

Jones turns to the group with a deep oriental bow.

JONES

It's simple. Who'd like to try it  
first?



46A

CONTINUED:

46A

## THE GYM - LATER

Cadets practice a karate move. They step out with the left leg and punch with the left arm. The move is accompanied by a scream of "AYE YAH!" that is totally out of sync. Jones nods his head enthusiastically.

JONES

(out of sync)

Very Good!

## ANOTHER PART OF THE GYM

Callahan watches Nogata pick up a wooden board, study it, close his eyes, crack the board with his head then calmly walk out of FRAME. Callahan is impressed. She exits FRAME to follow Nogata.

A beat. Blanks steps into FRAME glaring after Nogata. He picks up another board. Looks around. Satisfied everyone is occupied, he tries to break the board with his head but instead almost manages to knock himself out. He staggers out of FRAME.

A beat. Max steps into FRAME. Picks up the board. Looks around. Slips on a pair of brass knuckles and proceeds to pound on the board until it cracks. He gives a little self-satisfied shrug of the shoulders then steps out of FRAME.

ANGLE on Callahan crossing to Nogata who is being shown a kick move by Jones. Callahan comes close to Nogata which places her breasts at about his eye level - something Nogata does not fail to notice.

CALLAHAN

You have impressive moves for a cadet.

JONES

We'll be changing No's name to Bruce Lee.

Nogata is uncomfortable with the praise but not so uncomfortable he takes his eyes off Callahan's bust.

(CONTINUED)

NOGATA

Please, it is just a matter  
of the mind being mightier  
than the bosom.

Nogata seems unaware of his mistake. If we could see  
Callahan's eyes through her shades, she might be  
glaring at Nogata, but we can't be sure.

CALLAHAN

Interesting theory.  
(turns and walks  
away)

A beat. With growing panic, Nogata realizes what he's  
done.

NOGATA

I said bosom?! I said bosom not  
board!

JONES

(with a shrug)  
Common mistake.

NOGATA

I meant no disrespect...it's just  
...oh! What a woman!

To prove that, we ANGLE on Callahan who puts her fingers  
to her lips and lets out a DEAFENING WHISTLE. All  
activity stops as cadets cover their ears in pain.

CALLAHAN

Hit the showers!

The cadets file past the various gym equipment as they  
exit. Bud passes a HEAVY PUNCHING BAG suspended from the  
ceiling and gives it a vicious shot. The bag swings out  
of FRAME.

Sweetchuck walks by just as the bag swings back into FRAME,  
hitting him full force and knocking him out of FRAME.

CUT TO:

Cadets finish dressing, exit. Voices trail back to us,  
then we are alone in the quiet locker room as a locker  
door opens and Sweetchuck peeks out. Certain the coast  
is clear he steps from his locker wrapped in a towel  
and carrying what looks like the largest roll of SARAN  
WRAP we've ever seen. He tiptoes through the locker room.

One of those open affairs with shower heads mounted along the wall. It doesn't afford much privacy. Sweetchuck plans to provide his own because that's no roll of saran wrap - it's a plastic shower curtain mounted on a curved shower rod. Sweetchuck fastens this with suction cups to the wall.

Satisfied it's secure, he takes a furtive look around and slips into the shower. We slip in with him to play PSYCHO SHOWER SCENE: Here's Sweetchuck washing merrily away and there...over his shoulder is someone stalking him... obscured by the curtain and getting closer as the PSYCHO MUSIC starts...Sweetchuck scrubbing...the shadowy hand reaching out...the MUSIC LOUDER...the curtain pulled back...

CLOSE on Sweetchuck as he SCREAMS...reaches for the curtain, slips...SNAP, SNAP, SNAP, the curtain rings pop and Sweetchuck falls, tangled in the curtain as he looks up.

P.O.V. SWEETCHUCK - MAX

peering down at him, bongos tucked under one arm.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

MAX

How about this one?

(pounds bongos; sings)

"Splish, splash, I was taking a  
bath..."

CUT TO:

49

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

49

Cadets play pool, ping pong, watch T.V. and compare their aches and pains.

Bud sits glued to the T.V., using a remote control to flip through the channels.

Tackleberry appears in the doorway, surveys the room. Checks his watch. Enters. He's standing so we can see and hear the T.V. set behind him.

TACKLEBERRY

(pleasantly)

Twenty-two hundred hours men,  
sack time.

The cadets begin to file out of the room, Tackleberry nodding pleasantly. Behind him Bud changes the channels and we HEAR...

T.V. (V.O.)

Don't move copper!

...followed by GUNSHOTS.

Tackleberry quick draws his pistol, spins and shoots out the T.V. The cadets hit the deck - hide behind furniture. Bud turns in his chair.

BUD

If you asked, I would've  
changed the channel!

CUT TO:

50

INT. DORMS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

50

All is peaceful, all is calm. Blanks strolls down the hallway. Checks a few rooms. Nods. Satisfied. He stops beside an alarm box at the end of the hallway. Smiles. Pulls a switch. Lights start flashing and an ALARM BLARES. Exhausted cadets tumble out of their rooms.

BLANKS

Let's go...let's move it...  
outside...NOW!

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 51

The cadets run along the streets...a lot of GRUMBLING going on. A squad car trails behind them: A message blares from its speaker.

COPELAND (V.O.)

Let's go maggots. The good cop is always prepared. The good cop knows the city streets.

52 INT. POLICE CAR 52

Copeland drives and speaks through a microphone and Blanks snores in the back seat...

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAWN 53

The cadets drag themselves to their rooms.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HEDGES' ROOM 54

Nogata drags Hedges into the room because his legs aren't doing much to support him. \*

HEDGES

I'll have to be fed intravenously.

Nogata releases Hedges so he can pull some of the junk off the guy's bed. Hedges sways, then belly flops onto Nogata's bed. A beat. Hedges SCREAMS, slides onto the floor, pulling the sheet with him to reveal that Nogata's mattress has been replaced with a bed of nails. \*

NOGATA \*

(pleasant)

Oh, I pick that up studying in New Delhi. Good for your back.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. ACADEMY GROUNDS - DAWN 55

A disgruntled Sweetchuck struggles down the driveway with his suitcase. Suddenly, a shadowy figure drops from a tree into his path. Sweetchuck staggers back in fright as Tackleberry, bare chested, wearing a headband and grease paint on his face, blocks his way. While they talk, we hear the annoying BUZZ of a MOSQUITO.

TACKLEBERRY

Identify yourself!

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

SWEETCHUCK

It's me...it's Sweetchuck. You're giving me a heart attack here.

TACKLEBERRY

Going A.W.O.L.?!

Tackleberry shoos the mosquito away. It won't quit.

SWEETCHUCK

Am I leaving? Yes! Quitting?  
Yes! I can't take anymore! I  
was happier at home being mugged.

Tackleberry removes a large piece of paper from his back pocket. He starts to unfold it.

TACKLEBERRY

Look this man in the eye and  
tell him you're quitting!

With a dramatic flourish, he reveals a poster of RAMBO.

SWEETCHUCK

That man didn't have to room  
with Max!

TACKLEBERRY

(dead serious)

Give me the chance and I'll  
turn you into a man. Or kill  
you trying.

The mosquito has gotten to Tackleberry because he suddenly pulls a knife from his boot and lets it fly. We hear the knife hit the tree o.s. and the abrupt and loud end of the mosquito's BUZZING. Tackleberry puts an arm around the wide-eyed Sweetchuck and leads him back to the dorm.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. FIELD - DAY

56

Only we don't know that at first because we are PANNING that humorless-looking group known as the Evaluation Committee. As we Pan we hear...

CALLAHAN (O.S.)

The foregoing is proper procedure  
for entry into a hostile environment.

Then we...

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE on Tackleberry doing what we've seen McGarrett do a hundred times on HAWAII 5-0: Tackleberry approaches a demo-door set into a stage flat from the left. With his pistol held straight out, he kicks the X spot on the door. As it opens, he falls against the wall to the right of the door, swinging the pistol up close to his face. A beat, then Tackleberry brings the pistol down, leaps into the open doorway and fires at a target shaped like a man. Tackleberry turns around and we go...

WIDE

to discover the rest of his audience includes the cadets and, on the sidelines, Mahoney, Lassard and Blanks.

TACKLEBERRY

(to cadets; serious)

A good kick may be all that stands between you and the excruciating pain of a .357 Magnum slug shredding your vital organs.

Hedges has heard all he needs to hear. He's ready to go.

HEDGES

Boys, that's a wrap for me!

Callahan grabs his shirt front and shoves him back down.

Tackleberry motions to Sweetchuck, points to the door. Sweetchuck moves to the door, spins so his back is to us and kicks viciously at the door. A beat. The door doesn't budge. Sweetchuck is frozen in place. Then, like a slowly falling statue, he topples over and drops out of FRAME.

ANGLE on Lassard who glances nervously at the Evaluation Committee. It's hard to judge what they're thinking.

MAX

moves to the door playing this out as if he were breaking into an apartment. He lights a cigarette, looks around nervously, then spins to the door. But instead of whipping out his gun and kicking, he pulls out a piece of plastic and jimmies the lock open. He stands up proudly only to blow smoke into the face of an angry Copeland. He grabs his cigarettes and lighter.

HEDGES

swings off the wall and kicks. While he doesn't open the door, he does manage to kick a hole through it and bury his right leg in the door up to his crotch.

(CONTINUED)



NOGATA

walks quietly up to the closed door. He stands and stares at it, eyes wide and intense. Slowly the door swings open as if of its own volition. He steps out of FRAME.

MRS. FACKLER

kicks the door open but forgets to move away. The door swings back and nails her. A beat, then Mrs. Fackler gets her revenge, pounding and kicking on the door until Callahan steps in and pulls her out of FRAME.

BUD

swings around to face the door but instead of just kicking, he opens fire at point-blank range, then kicks what's left of the door. When the door swings open, he fires on the target...CLICK...CLICK...no more ammo.

CUT TO:

THE SIDELINES

Lassard seems confused.

LASSARD

I'm a bit rusty on the manual...  
are these methods approved?

Mahoney sparks to this.

MAHONEY

NO. But neither's running the  
cadets at three in the morning.

BLANKS

Hold on, Mahoney! If I think  
cadets should...

LASSARD

(heavy whisper)  
Gentlemen, please! We are being  
evaluated...

(rolls his eyes  
in direction of  
Committee)

MAHONEY

You're right, sir.

BLANKS

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)



56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

Both men salute Lassard. Lassard starts to return the salute but catches himself and nods instead. When he turns and walks away, we discover why he did not salute: The clay goldfish bowl house remains stuck to his finger. Hands behind his back, he passes the Evaluation Committee. Their heads turn in unison as they witness his struggle to remove it.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

57

Establishing shot of a row of buildings that house small stores - jewelry shops, appliance shops - and walk up apartments.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

58

Two shadowy figures crouch behind an air duct. They tense as the door to the roof opens and...

ANGLE on Mauser and Proctor stepping onto the roof. Proctor looks around, pleased.

MAUSER

(disgruntled)

Whose bright idea was it to meet up here?

PROCTOR

Oh, it was my bright idea. Gee, this is some view isn't it sir? Twinkling lights of the city, stars in the heavens...

MAUSER

(sarcastic)

...and Mr. Sandman flying from house to house.

PROCTOR

(searching the sky)

Where!?

Mauser looks at Proctor as if he's way short of a full load.

The figures step out from behind the air duct. A flashlight snaps on and Mauser and Proctor cover their eyes, recoil in pain. Mad, Mauser grabs for the flashlight.

MAUSER

Give me that damn thing!

He turns the light on Blanks and Copeland. In fact, during the entire conversation he keeps them squirming under the flashlight beam.

(CONTINUED)

MAUSER

(continuing)

Well, how did it go, dimwits?

COPELAND

Oh, the Committee knew right away we were hopeless.

MAUSER

Good! Now, next week I want you to take the cadets for a little downtown field work.

BLANKS

But sir, that's usually the tenth week. They're not ready for...

MAUSER

I know they're not ready, moron. That's why I want them to go. The Evaluation Committee's going to be downtown next week.

BLANKS

(cocky)

Oh, I get it, sir.

MAUSER

I doubt it. But I'll be there when Lassard's guys screw up. You just make sure they do screw up. Now let's get out of here.

COPELAND

(mysterious)

We leave separately, right?

Mauser gives Proctor a dirty look, shakes his head.

MAUSER

(disgusted)

See what you started? Go ahead 007 - get um out of here.

The three head for the door.

PROCTOR

(as they exit)

Next time we'll meet some place serving refreshments.

The door slams shut, leaving Mauser alone. A beat. He crosses to the door, pulls on it, but it won't open. With mounting panic he tugs then pounds on the door.

(CONTINUED)

MAUSER

(shouting)

Hey! Hey the damn door's locked.

Proctor! Somebody!

(no response)

Great! What next!?

And the answer to that is supplied by a CRACK of lightning and the start of a monsoon. Mauser is instantly drenched. He pulls on the door again. Suddenly he hears a BURGLAR ALARM. LOUD. He races from one side of the roof to the other looking down. He doesn't like what he sees.

P.O.V. MAUSER - BURGLARS

four stories below, racing from the jewelry store with sacks of loot. And their getaway car happens to belong to Mauser.

BACK TO SCENE

MAUSER

(shouting)

Hey! Hey! That's my car! Get away from there.

That doesn't seem to mean much to this group - they start the car and take off. Mauser is frantic. Frantic enough to start lowering himself to the street via a...

(CONTINUED)

## DRAINPIPE

along the side of the building. He's just starting down when he hears a HELICOPTER.

## P.O.V. BLANKS - POLICE HELICOPTER

Hovering over the building, its spotlight scanning the street, the rooftop.

## BACK TO SCENE

The beam picks him clinging to the drainpipe.

COP (o.s.)

You, on the building there. We have you in our sights, do not attempt to escape. We repeat, do not attempt to escape.

Below him, in the street, three police cars have SCREECHED to a halt.

BLANKS

(shouting)

I'm a police officer, guys. A police officer.

At that instant the drainpipe bends, angling him out over the street - this was not a very good idea. He swings towards the building and drops, barely catching hold of a

## WINDOW LEDGE

Blanks sighs. Looks down. It's a forty foot fall. The window slides open and a WOMAN in bathrobe and curlers peers out at him.

WOMAN

Get away from there...get away.

(shouting)

Police, police...he's here... he's here...

## WIDE

as the helicopter and police car searchlights scan the building, picking up the dangling Blanks.

ANGLE on Blanks holding on for dear life.

BLANKS

I am a cop, Lady! Could I have a little help here!?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (4)

58

## REVERSE ANGLE

Over the woman's shoulder so we have a clear view of Mauser.

WOMAN

Let's see some I.D.

Mauser reflexively reaches for his wallet. His face instantly registers a horrifying reality - he can't hold onto the ledge with one hand.

59 EXT. STREET

59

Mauser falls with a protracted...

MAUSER

Oh shiiiiit!!!!!!

and lands in a massive garbage dumpster with a CRASH that sends a half dozen cats scurrying out of the thing.

60 INT. DUMPSTER

60

as Mauser tries to sit up, suddenly blinded by the searchlights, but not so blinded that he doesn't see the dozen or so weapons that are suddenly cocked in his face.

MAUSER

(soft and weak)

Shit.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED

61

REWRITE HAS RESULTED IN DELETION OF PAGES

55 AND 56

We've seen something like this on HILL STREET BLUES: Glass separates the police and a witness from a lineup of suspects. The cops and witness sit in the dark while the suspects squirm under bright lights.

In the back row, Commissioner Hurst huddles with the Evaluation Committee: The fat gentleman squeezed into the three piece suit is MR. BELLOWS; the undertaker type is MR. DELANEY and the three austere spinsters are MS. CLICK, MS. TYLER and MS. FREEMAN. Not a mellow group as they sit poised with pen ready to touch paper. In the front row, TWO COPS work with MR. MILLER, a nervous, nerdy witness.

Hurst treats the Committee members with a pleasantness he could choke on.

HURST

(whispered to  
committee)

The eyewitness is still the most important source of convictions.

ANGLE on witness and two cops.

COP #1

Now, Mr. Miller I want you to take your time and study these men very carefully. Then tell us if you see the man who robbed your store.

P.O.V. MILLER - LINEUP

And boy is this deck stacked: We PAN from a shy accountant, to an Orthodox Jew, to a Catholic Priest, to an Eagle Scout, then - Bingo! This last guy has to jump out at us - bulging, unblinking eyes and a face that practically has "Axe Murderer," tattooed onto it.

BACK IN SCENE

COP #2

(gentle)

Well, Mr. Miller, is he there?

MILLER

Are...are you sure they can't see me? My wife said they'd see me. Said not to do this...I...

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

COP #1

(impatient)

Mr. Miller, bright lights in there  
and dark in here. He can not see  
us. Now, do you see him?

A nervous Miller licks his lips as we...

CUT TO:

63

INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - DAY

63

Mahoney, Blanks, Hooks and Jones, lead a parade of cadets  
down a drab hallway.

MOVE WITH THEM

MAHONEY

(disgruntled)

Bringing cadets into the field  
this early has all the makings  
of one of your lousy ideas.

BLANKS

What's the matter Mahoney? No  
faith in the cadets?!

CUT TO:

The two cops are frustrated by their nervous witness.

COP #1

How hard can it be, Miller?  
He's either there or not.

MILLER

I don't know...he really didn't  
steal that much and...well my  
hospital stay was kind of restful.  
(sighs)  
Wish I'd listened to my wife.

Hurst has had it with this wimp. He leans forward and  
jabs him on the shoulder.

HURST

For God's sake, Miller. Take  
your balls out of your wife's  
purse and finger the dirt bag.

While this gets a few raised eyebrows and some serious  
note taking from the Committee Members, it also gets to  
Miller. He takes a deep breath, sets his jaw, raises his  
hand and, with a surge of courage, points at his assailant.

At that precise moment, the lights jump on and all heads  
turn to discover our cadets and instructors filling the  
doorway - foremost of whom is Hedges with his guilty hand  
on the light switch.

HEDGES

What do you think we are?  
Bats! I couldn't see a thing.

Then everyone spins and stares at Miller who SCREAMS  
because...

(CONTINUED)



64

CONTINUED:

64

## THE AXE MURDERER

has plastered himself to the glass, eyes wide in manic anger as he stares at his accuser.

Miller jumps up...and frantically shifts his accusing finger to the priest.

MILLER

Him...him, he's the one...  
The hoodlum priest!

CUT TO:

65

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - DAY

65

An agitated Hurst storms out of the lineup room, flanked by Blanks and Mahoney. In the b.g., cadets and Evaluation Committee members file out.

BLANKS

(Mr. Innocent)

We had no idea the Evaluation Committee would be here. We just thought it would help advance their training, sir.

MAHONEY

We! What we?

HURST

It was a lousy idea. Now I've got a bunch of trainees running around with this damn committee...

Hurst stops short. Mauser appears in the hallway.

HURST

What are you doing here?

MAUSER

Just stopped by to pay my respects, sir, before I run my men through the streets. It gives them a feel for the city.

Hurst shakes his head in total frustration.

HURST

Well let them get their feel somewhere else.

Hurst storms away but we linger with Mahoney and Mauser.

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

(suspicious)

You just happened to be in the neighborhood, huh? This thing has a certain Mauser reek to it.

MAUSER

Reek!? What reek?

Mahoney shakes his head in disgust and shoves past Mauser.

MAUSER

(calling after him)

Be careful what you say, Mahoney. You never know when you'll be begging me for a job!

CUT TO:

It doesn't seem to bother Max but is sure getting to a nervous Ms. Tyler. She's practically jogging to keep up with Max's bouncy step, writing in a notebook as they move into a crosswalk.

MAX

You gotta learn to relax - you could get migraines.

#### TWO CAR LOADS OF PUNKS

suddenly SCREECH to a halt on both sides of them. Ms. Tyler lets out a yelp, drops her note pad.

Max confronts the gang head-on as they pile out of the beat up convertibles and appraise him like old west gunfighters. Then suddenly the gang engulfs them. Ms. Tyler lets out a prolonged SCREAM as she and Max are lifted into the backseat of a car. Then gang members are laughing, slapping Max on the back...shouting hello's.

ANGLE on the backseat as a gang member slides in beside a confused Ms. Tyler. He throws an arm around her.

GANG MEMBER

(to Max)

This your new squeeze?

The gang member slaps Ms. Tyler on the back good-naturedly. She's petrified.

MAX

(to Ms. Tyler)

No sweat...it's just my old gang.

Ms. Tyler shoots him a horrified look.

MAX

I...I used to be cheap, hoodlum punk. It was peer pressure.

Suddenly, Ms. Tyler is thrown back against her seat as the car blasts off the line.

CUT TO:

67

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

67

One of those restaurants with a walk-up window and an outdoor dining area.

Tackleberry steps out of his patrol car and heads to the window, leaving Sweetchuck sitting shotgun. An AGITATED WOMAN and her three small children waylay Tackleberry.

AGITATED WOMAN

Excuse me, officer...we're sitting in a no smoking area and that man won't put out his cigar.

She indicates a FAT MAN sucking on a three pound cigar while he sips coffee and reads a paper.

TACKLEBERRY

(tipping his hat)  
I'll attend to this, ma'am.

He crosses to the man.

TACKLEBERRY

This is a no smoking area, sir.  
Extinguish that cigar.

FAT MAN

(without looking up  
from paper)  
Drop dead! I'll put it out when I'm finished.

Tackleberry's eyes go wide in anger. He takes two steps back, which brings him parallel to his car and Sweetchuck. He reaches for something - we don't know what until...

TACKLEBERRY

(screaming)  
You'll put it out NOW, mister!

Tackleberry swings up his RAMBO BOW and lets fly an arrow that jerks the cigar from the fat man's mouth and pins it to the building.

CUT TO:

68

EXT. STREET - DAY

68

Not a prosperous neighborhood. Tommy - who we last saw playing an imaginary game of one on one with Dr. J. - walks along looking as dejected as any nine year old can look.

CUT TO:

69

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

69

Bud drives, Jones rides shotgun. He sees Tommy.

JONES

Hey, pull up beside that kid.

Bud's eyes light up - this is action.

70

EXT. CAR

70

With lights flashing and SIREN BLASTING, Bud barrels onto the sidewalk, SCREECHING to a stop in front of a startled Tommy and throwing Jones against the dashboard.

BUD

(excited)

Should I read him his rights?

JONES

I don't think so. He's my nephew.

TOMMY

You trying to give a kid a heart attack?

JONES

(leans out window)

I was worried about you. Haven't seen you around the Academy for a while.

TOMMY

Some rat faced guy kicked me out.

JONES & BUD

(in unison)

Blanks!

Jones bounces an imaginary ball out the car window, manufacturing the sound.

JONES

How's the one on one with Dr. J.?

TOMMY

(sounding hurt)

You come here to make fun of me?

He spins around and walks away. We MOVE with him.

JONES (o.s.)

I'm not making fun of you.

TOMMY

Are too.

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

We HEAR the o.s. BOUNCE of a basketball - it grows LOUDER until a BASKETBALL bounces into FRAME and over Tommy's head. Tommy's startled, but not so startled he can't grab the ball and study it as if he's not sure it's real.

WIDE

The police car backs off the curb and as it pulls away, Jones gives the joyous Tommy a thumbs up gesture.

CUT TO:

71

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY

71

Mrs. Fackler drives very cautiously with Hooks beside her and Mr. Delaney and Ms. Freeman from the Evaluation Committee in back. A car speeds out of an alleyway, cuts them off and races up the street.

HOOKS

Hit it!

Mrs. Fackler hits it. Hooks flips on the SIREN. The sudden NOISE startles Mrs. Fackler.

MRS. FACKLER

(jerking on wheel)

What the hell...!

72

EXT. POLICE CAR

72

swerving onto the curb, then straightening out.

CUT TO:

73

OMITTED

73

74

EXT. STREETS - THE CHASE

74

With SIREN BLARING and lights flashing, Mrs. Fackler swerves into...

AN ALLEYWAY

It's a tight squeeze.

75

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

75

ANGLE on Hooks, horrified as the police car scrapes the narrow alley walls sending up a shower of sparks. Hooks bends and tries to pry Mrs. Fackler's foot off the gas peddle.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED

75

HOOKS

The brakes, Mrs. Fackler! I  
said hit the brakes!

CUT TO:

75A EXT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

75A

It is not slowing down.

HOOKS (V.O.)

At least open your eyes!

CUT TO:

76 OMITTED

76

E

E

77

77

78 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

78

The police car comes shooting out of the alleyway only  
to head straight for...

P.O.V. OCCUPANTS - MAX

and Ms. Tyler along with his car load of friends.

78A BACK IN SCENE

78A

Mrs. Fackler SCREAMS, covers her eyes. Hooks lunges  
for the wheel.

79 EXT. THE CAR

79

swerves, misses Max's car but hits the curb hard and  
lifts off the ground. We follow its SLOW MOTION flight  
and HEAR -

MRS. FACKLER (V.O.)

Is there an owner's manual with  
this thing?

The car lands out of FRAME with an o.s. CRASH.

CUT TO:

80 THE POLICE CAR

80

upside down on top of a parked car; its occupants hang  
like bats, unharmed. Mrs. Fackler tries to turn to the  
Committee members.

MRS. FACKLER

Will this count against us!?

CUT TO:

81 OMITTED

81 \*

82 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

82

A neighborhood of Mom and Pop stores selling appliances, clothing, hardware - definitely not Beverly Hills. Karen and an apprehensive Sarah patrol the dark streets.

SARAH

(muttering)

I didn't really want to be a police officer...my mother thought it would help my posture...

KAREN

(stage whisper)

It's helping, Sarah, it's helping.

Karen hears something. Motions Sarah to be quiet then moves cautiously ahead to...

BOB'S T.V. AND STEREOS

THREE YOUNG PUNKS pick the lock. Karen startles them with a flashlight beam. They spin around, shielding their eyes.

PUNK #1

Hey, lady...ya mind!? Ya blinding me here!

KAREN

(tense)

Excuse me, is one of you Bob?

The FIRST PUNK grins. Moves toward her.

PUNK #1

Sure, I'm Bob of Bob's stereos. These are my sons. I'm teaching them the family business.

KAREN

No...I don't think so.

(whispered)

Sarah, there's a police call box on the corner. Get us some back up.

(no response)

Sarah!

(CONTINUED)



She turns to see Sarah frozen in place.

KAREN

Sarah, please!

SARAH

(not too sure)

I...I...can do it.

KAREN

(nervous)

Sure you can. It'll be good  
for your posture.

SARAH

(with sudden gusto)

Right!

She takes off running. The punks move towards Karen.

KAREN

(to punks)

Look, I'm an expert in all  
branches of the martial arts.

A punk lunges and Karen springs into action with a devastating kick. It doesn't do much damage to the punk who ducks but it does a number on Bob's plate glass window: Her shoe flies off, shatters the window and sets off enough lights and ALARMS to guard the Crown Jewels.

Karen is frozen in place, stunned. The punks aren't. They reach into the window grabbing t.v.'s and stereos so by the time Karen reacts with a feeble karate chop to someone's back they are racing down the street.

PUNK #1

(as he runs)

Thanks lady!

KAREN

Hey! Come back here! Hey.

But they're gone. Karen sighs, looks at her shoe sitting in the middle of the shattered glass and looted display. She reaches for it...can't quite get it...crawls in. Success. Starts to crawl back out only to hear...

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

(loud)

Ereeze!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

...and comes face to face with Mauser, his cadets and a dozen drawn pistols and, just over their shoulder, the ever unsmiling Evaluation Committee.

83 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

83

A local hang out frequented by cops. Mahoney sits at the bar with disconsolate cadets.

We ANGLE ON Jones and the BARTENDER ringing up a tab, the transaction punctuated by the PING of the cash register bell. When he turns away, Jones duplicates the PING. The bartender turns back, hits the drawer to be sure it's shut, turns, HEARS the PING again, spins around as if trying to catch it in the act. More PINGS. He whacks the side of the register, obsessed with shutting the thing up. Suddenly, it dawns on him. He grabs a roll of duct tape from under the bar and turns on Jones.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

BARTENDER

(friendly)

One more ping Jonesie and I'll  
permanently tape those lips shut.

Jones gives a mock look of innocence.

ANGLE on Mahoney and the cadets.

MAHONEY

I want all of you to forget today.  
You're not expected to be ready  
for the field yet.

KAREN

Yeah, we sure proved that.

MRS. FACKLER

Come on, was it a total loss!?

WIDE as a grinning Mauser intrudes with Proctor lapping  
at his heels.

MAUSER

One Police car and two civilian  
cars totaled; three citizen  
complaints; two evaluation  
committee members placed under  
heavy sedation; one telex from  
the Pope and one retired cadet.  
Yeah, I'd say it was a total loss!

Mauser laughs as he moves down the bar and snaps his  
fingers for service.

HEDGES

Whew! Glad I have an inheritance  
to fall back on.

MAUSER

(loud)

My associate and I will have some  
champagne. We're sort of  
celebrating.

Jones nudges Mahoney. Shoves the duct tape in front of  
him. The two of them obviously are on the same wave  
length because they saunter towards Mauser.

MAHONEY

What a waste of champagne.

MAUSER

What's that crack mean?

JONES

It means we don't think you can  
tell champagne from beer.

(CONTINUED)

Mauser laughs, contemptuously.

MAHONEY

I'll bet you can't. Loser buys.

MAUSER

You two really are brain dead.

The bartender obviously wants to see this because he's got a bottle of beer, a bottle of champagne and two glasses at the ready. The cadets crowd around.

MAHONEY

Now, we'll just blindfold you  
so...

MAUSER

What?

JONES

You might be tempted to peek.

Mauser shakes his head but closes his eyes. Mahoney applies a strip of duct tape. The bartender and cadets are wide-eyed but Proctor doesn't catch on. Mahoney shoves a glass in Mauser's hand. He takes a sip.

MAUSER

Easy! Beer!

MAHONEY

(tossing money  
on bar)

Too good for us...you win.

He leads the cadets out as Mauser smiles, starts to tug on the tape. His smile fades.

MAUSER

Hey! Hey! What is this? Give  
me a hand here!

Proctor does, grabbing hold and RIPPING it off oblivious to Mauser's agony.

PROCTOR

You really showed them, sir!

With a corner of the tape dangling from his temple, Mauser looks up at Proctor in a rage. His eyebrows and eyelids are totally gone - permanently affixed to the tape.

CUT TO:

84

EXT. PARADE FIELD - DAY

84

Lassard paces in front of a line up of Academy Instructors and cadets. They are not happy.

LASSARD

Commissioner Hurst was very, very upset. He used many, many bad words to describe our Academy. Some were even foreign -- Italian or Irish, I think...

(beat)

This is survival of the fittest. After what happened downtown I'm afraid we don't seem very fit.

SWEETCHUCK

You're not giving up are you, sir?

Lassard turns to Sweetchuck who wears a sweatband and mirrored shades.

LASSARD

Of course not! I have no doubt we'll be victorious.

Lassard resumes walking. As he does, he fails to realize he has gone past the end of the line so, along with the cadets, we watch him get further and further away.

LASSARD

Well, I have a little doubt but I'm basically an optimist. Now, I'm sure the Committee will be observing us here and... and in the field again and at the Policeman's Ball, so, we must do nothing to dishonor the uniform.

Lassard turns to make a point, finds no one's there, looks back and shouts...

LASSARD

Dismissed.

CUT TO:

85

INT. MAUSER'S OFFICE - DAY

85

Mauser sits in a chair with his back to us. Proctor is doing something to his face, first with an eyebrow pencil then with an eyelash curler. Proctor steps back to admire his work.

PROCTOR

It's an interesting look, sir.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

Mauser holds up a mirror and starts making WOUNDED ANIMAL SOUNDS. He spins around so we discover Proctor has penciled-in 1930 STARLET EYEBROWS and given him inch long, glittering eyelashes. The wide-eyed Mauser continues the STRANGULATED ANIMAL SOUNDS. Proctor gets the idea he's not too happy.

PROCTOR

I have something more traditional!

Proctor produces a gag - bushy eyebrows, glasses and big rubber nose - set.

CUT TO:

86

INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATING ROOM - DAY

86

All we see of it at first is a hi-tech screen displaying a map of the city.

HOOKS (o.s.)

(continuing)

This map will pinpoint trouble spots over a ten square mile area.

PULL BACK to discover the room. The screen takes up half a wall. In front of the screen is an elaborate communications console - you could launch the space shuttle flight here. Hooks sits at the console with cadets lined up behind her watching.

HOOKS

This dispatch unit has a two hundred mile range and...

(indicating computer terminal)

a computerized city grid.

Hooks pushes a few buttons and a grid map of city streets pops on the screen.

HOOKS

(continuing)

...this computerized city grid tracks police vehicle movement.

HEDGES

Will this thing pick up M.T.V.?

Some laughter. A beat. Hooks does not look happy.

HOOKS

(pointing to lips)

You see these smiling?

A resounding, "No, Sgt. Hooks," from the cadets.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

HOOKS

And you won't until we've beaten  
Mauer's Academy.

A resounding, "Yes, Sgt. Hooks," from the cadets.

CUT TO:

87

INT. SMALL WOOD BUILDING - DAY

87

CLOSE on all the cadets bunched together and looking  
scared.

WIDE

to see Hightower addressing them and looking scary.

HIGHTOWER

(holds up gas mask)

You should have your mask on and  
be out of here 30 seconds after  
this...

(holds up gas canister)

...comes through the window.

Hightower gives them one ominous look then exits.

88

EXT. WOODEN BUILDING - DAY

88

Hightower slams the door and crosses to Jones who also  
holds a gas canister. Jones makes a DIVE BOMBER SOUND as  
he prepares to throw the canister, then adds the WHISTLING  
SOUND of a BOMB as he lets it go. Bull's-eye! He hits  
the window.

Hightower goes into a baseball windup and throws.

ANGLE on the building as the canister drills a hole  
through the building.

HIGHTOWER (o.s.)

Cops!

THE DOORS

bust open as cadets race out, gas masks in place; Jones  
and Hightower encouraging them with shouts of: 'Let's go,'  
- 'Thataway to move!'. Smoke billows from the doorway.

JONES

Everyone present and accounted for?!

As an answer, Max steps into the doorway without his  
gas mask. It doesn't seem to bother him though; smoke  
rings pop out of his mouth as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

MAX

You know, I feel good now.  
I feel good!

CUT TO:

89

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

89

A depressed Nogata approaches an open door and peers in.

P.O.V. NOGATA - JONES

back to us, he appears to be adjusting a synthesizer, producing a drum rhythm section. He tweaks an imaginary dial.

BACK IN SCENE

Nogata knocks tentatively on the door. Jones spins around still manufacturing the sound. He sees Nogata and quickly flips make believe switches shutting down his sound effects.

NOGATA

(uncertain)

Shall I return when...when  
all is well with your mind?

JONES

My mind's as well as it gets.  
But you look a little tense.

NOGATA

I have great confusions about  
the Sgt. Callahan.

Jones puts an arm around Nogata and draws him into the room as he starts to shut the door on us.

JONES

You've come to the right place.  
Grab paper and pen - the Love  
Doctor is about to speak.

The door shuts as we...

CUT TO:

90

INT. HALLWAY - ANOTHER DOOR - NIGHT

90

A hand enters FRAME and knocks on the door.

CUT TO:



91

INT. CALLAHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

91

Dressed in one of those workout suits more appropriate for seduction than exercise, Callahan does bench presses on her bed. The KNOCKING interrupts her. She crosses to the door and opens it.

P.O.V. CALLAHAN - NOGATA

He wears a pair of mirrored shades identical to Callahan's and a thin gold necklace. In his hand he holds a single rose and a note paper which he nervously consults.

BACK IN SCENE

He offers the rose.

NOGATA

In my country it is written, only  
the kiss of a beautiful woman  
compares to the petal of the rose.

(checks paper)

Babe.

Callahan tosses away his glasses and reels him in by the gold chain.

CALLAHAN

In my country, talk is cheap.

With that she envelops Nogata in her arms and they fall back on her bed, his head buried in her breasts.

NOGATA

(voice muffled)

I love America!

DISSOLVE TO:

92

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

92

It'll be a second before we realize that because we've dissolved to Nogata with his head still buried in Callahan's breasts. She's in a gown and they're slow dancing as we...

PULL BACK to discover everyone else on the crowded dance floor doing whatever fast step is the latest craze. A large banner above the stage reads: WELCOME TO THE 35th. ANNUAL POLICEMAN'S BALL. On the stage some hot band plays and sweats.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Mahoney and Karen survey the room. A woman in a red sequined dress who is obviously a HOOKER, slinks past Mahoney and gives him a friendly wave.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92

HOOKER

Hi Mahoney, how's tricks!?

KAREN

(with arched eyebrow)

Your friend forgot to wear her  
for rent sign.

MOVE with them.

MAHONEY

Sweet kid. My aerobics instructor.

KAREN

Mahoney...see this ear? It's  
a finely tuned crap detector.

MAHONEY

And a lovely ear it is. May  
I roll my tongue around in it  
for a while?

As they MOVE out of FRAME we...

ANGLE on a group standing around chatting. It includes  
Hurst, the Governor, Lassard and the Evaluation Committee.

The Hooker sweeps by and taps Lassard on the shoulder.

HOOKER

Hi! Remember me?!

Lassard smiles.

LASSARD

Yes! Of course. How could I  
forget!

He turns back to the group, chuckling to himself. They  
stare at him. There's judgement in that stare. Lassard  
stifles his chuckling and clears his throat.

LASSARD

My aerobics instructor.

(NOTE: Alternate tag:

HURST

Who was that?

LASSARD

(gazing off; wistful)

Just an old friend.

(CONTINUED)

## ANGLE ON PROCTOR

backed up by the Baxter boys. They step up to Mahoney.

## PROCTOR

(arrogant)

Well, I'm surprised you had the nerve to show up after your cadets humiliated the police department. Personally, it makes me sick. How about you guys? Don't you think...

Proctor hasn't noticed that the Baxters have wandered off until he turns for their support. He does a double take.

## PROCTOR

...that my friend Mahoney and his cadets should be given a second chance because...

(stops as if he  
were called)

Oh, coming Commissioner!

## KAREN

Will you think less of me if I call him a slime bucket?

## MAHONEY

Nope.

(takes her hand;  
moves thru crowd)

But let's have my aerobics instructor confirm it.

## AT THE BUFFET TABLE

Mahoney, still holding Karen's hand, reaches the Hooker and maneuvers her out of FRAME.

## MAHONEY

I need one of your special favors.

## HOOKER

(as they exit  
FRAME; surprised)

Right here!

We stay at the buffet table to watch Proctor eat hors d'oeuvres. He takes a bite out of one, doesn't like it and puts it back on the platter. He picks up another, smells it, decides he doesn't like it either and puts it on the plate of a woman next to him.

(CONTINUED)

Finally, he anchors himself over a bowl of shrimp and starts shoving them into his mouth with rapid-fire precision. He's managed to deposit a ring of cocktail sauce around his mouth. The Hooker saunters up to him.

HOOKER

Ohhhh! I love a man who eats shrimp that way!

PROCTOR

(with a mouthful of food)

You do?

She nods. Slips a cigarette into her mouth. Removes a gold lighter from her cleavage, hands it to Proctor.

HOOKER

(husky whisper)

Light me.

He lights her cigarette then watches in amazement as she inhales, instantly reducing the cigarette to one long ash. Proctor clears his throat.

HOOKER

Enough small talk. Come on...

She takes his hand and drags him away, passing...

#### ANOTHER PART OF THE BUFFET TABLE

Nogata stands trancelike, holding his hand over a candle decorating the table. He is oblivious to the flame. Hedges, Copeland and other guests watch in awe. Nogata removes his hand from the flame opens his eyes and smiles.

GUEST

How does he do that?

HEDGES

The question is -- why does he do that?

NOGATA

It is the power of the mind.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd disperses when Nogata leaves; all except Copeland. He looks at the candle, looks around, decides to give it a try. He closes his eyes and places his hand over the flame. There is a second of calm before Copeland SCREAMS and jams his arm up to the elbow into...

### A PUNCH BOWL

at precisely the moment Hurst and his wife arrive to be greeted by a tidal wave of punch. Behind them we see the Evaluation Committee Members. With his hand still in the bowl, Copeland takes Hurst's glass.

COPELAND

(filling Hurst's glass)

Please...allow me, sir.

(to Committee  
Members)

You folks care for any?

HURST

(hot)

What kind of asshole are you!?

As he turns to lead his wife away, Mauser appears to block their path. He wears phony eyebrows that look like thick black caterpillars.

MAUSER

I witnessed the entire attack, sir. My apologies to the Mrs.. But, I should point out, sir, that Sergeant Copeland is a member of Lassard's staff.

Hurst shoves Mauser out of the way.

MAUSER

(to Committee  
Members)

That's Lassard's staff.

(shouting after  
Hurst)

Oh, and send me the dry cleaning bill on that, sir!

CUT TO:

It is very dark. We can barely make out Proctor and the Hooker. We HEAR CLOTHING BEING REMOVED.

PROCTOR

You want this last shrimp?

(CONTINUED)

HOOKER

There's only one thing I want.

PROCTOR

What? I'll call room service.

HOOKER

Don't be silly. Now, you wait in  
the bathroom while I get ready.

In silhouette, we see her lead Proctor to a door.

PROCTOR

Why can't I stay in here?

HOOKER

We just met. Can't a girl be a  
little old-fashioned?

(shoves him out)

I'll call when I'm ready.

CUT TO:

The room door slams in the naked Proctor's face. If he realizes this is not the bathroom he doesn't show it. He presses his ear to the door, listens. Now, while a maid's cart blocks our view from the waist down, it doesn't block the view of the ELDERLY COUPLE walking down the hall towards CAMERA. Proctor doesn't notice them.

(CONTINUED)

PROCTOR

(tapping on door)

Come on, it's kind of drafty.

In the b.g. the couple stop. The man starts to back up. \*

OLD MAN \*

I'll...I'll get help.' \*

He takes off but the WOMAN holds her ground - curious. \*

PROCTOR

(to woman) \*

Hey. A little patience, huh.

I'll be out in a minute.

(taps on door) \*

Hurry up! Someone's waiting to use... \*

He trails off as reality hits him. Panicked, he POUNDS on the door. The old woman watches, placidly.

PROCTOR

Hey! Hey! Let me in there. Hey come on!

No response. Another hallway door and the elevator doors, start to open.

Now, what happens next, happens very quickly:

Shielding his body with the maid's cart, Proctor dashes onto the elevator.

The maid exits a room just in time to see this. She races to the elevator. From the CAMERA'S P.O.V. in the hallway, we see her reach into the elevator and come out with her cart. Proctor's head and arms appear as he tries to hold onto the cart. Then he's catapulted into the hall by a herd of people stampeding off the elevator.

Proctor leaps for the elevator jamming his arm between the doors to prevent them from shutting. Every other set of elevator doors in the world would pop open again - not these. They stay shut and suddenly Proctor is being lifted off the floor as the elevator begins to rise.

ANGLE on the old woman who calmly watches Proctor as he...

ANGLE on Proctor...dangles, a look of horror on his face.

CUT TO:

Only we don't know that because we are CLOSE on Hooks who sings a few "SHADUBI DO," type lyrics as we... \*

(CONTINUED)

PULL BACK to discover he's on stage along with Jones, Tackleberry and Callahan singing a little Motown style backup for Hooks. She is very good.

Jones relieves her doing a perfect JIMMI HENDRIX. He manufactures the Hendrix sound without benefit of any instruments.

(NOTE: MUSICAL NUMBER MAY BE PLAYED STRAIGHT OR INTERCUT WITH FOLLOWING: CAN SERVE AS MTV PULL OUT)

INTERCUT WITH

HURST'S TABLE

Hurst, his wife and the four Evaluation Committee watch the show. Mauser joins them.

MAUSER

Everyone comfortable?! Enjoying themselves?!

(snaps his fingers)

Waiter! Waiter! Another round here, on me.

HURST

(muttering)

The drinks are free you idiot.

MAUSER

Yes. Of course. Oh, Mrs. Hurst that punch stain has dried quite nicely.

Everyone turns to stare at the huge purple stain encompassing the front of Mrs. Hurst's gown.

HURST

(pulls Mauser aside)

You're not going to influence the Evaluation Committee so will you stop this slobbering?!

MAUSER

(considering this)

I'm sure I could get it under control if I knew who was winning.

HURST

(with a sigh)

Let's just say that Lassard's cadets have not impressed them.

Mauser's ecstatic. He pumps Hurst's hand so hard one of his eyebrows shakes loose.

(CONTINUED)



95

CONTINUED: (2)

95

MAUSER

Thank you, sir...oh thank you,  
very, very much!

Hurst pulls away, disgusted.

HURST

Get hold of yourself, man! You're  
falling apart.

He turns and collides with a very agitated HOTEL MANAGER.

HURST

(snapping)  
What the hell do you want!?

MANAGER

Sorry to bother you Commissioner,  
but we've had reports of a nude  
man terrorizing the hotel.

HURST

Well, he's not at this table!  
Mauser take care of this.

Mauser's all too happy to oblige.

MAUSER

Nude man! I'll put my best people  
on this!

(shouting)

Proctor!

CUT TO:

96 OMITTED

96

96A EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

96A

Proctor is out of earshot as he crouches down and slinks  
from one car to another trying to find one with keys.  
Finally, success. He hops in and we linger long enough  
to hear the engine start then...

CUT TO:

96B EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

96B

Quiet, deserted. Proctor rolls to a stop at a light.  
He looks a little more relaxed until a TRUCK RUMBLES up  
alongside him. Proctor slinks down in his seat.

ANGLE on the TRUCK and the MAN riding shotgun. He  
casually glances down at Proctor, then does a double  
take.

(CONTINUED)

WIDE

Proctor returns the look and decides not to wait for the light. He ZOOMS off. \*

CUT TO:

97 OMITTED

97 \*

98 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

98

Mauser approaches Lassard's table. Mahoney, Karen, Hightower, Jones and Hooks sit with Lassard.

MAUSER

Well, glad to see you enjoying yourselves, despite the bad news.

LASSARD

Bad news!? There's been bad news?

MAUSER

(gloating)

Well, bad for you, good for me. Your boys have been doing their usual fine job so I've got this contest in the bag.

With genuine enthusiasm, Lassard hops up and shakes a startled Mauser's hand.

LASSARD

Congratulations! I'm so happy when someone I know wins. I always think these contests are fixed. I...

(a beat; it sinks in)

Wait a minute...if you're winning, then...then we're losing.

(slumps into his chair)

MAUSER

Brilliant detective work.  
(laughing as he exits)

LASSARD

(standing, dramatic)

Just remember Mauser, he who laughs last, laughs last.

MAHONEY

Words to live by, sir.

KAREN

It's not fair.

This gets a mumbling of approval. Mahoney is thinking.  
(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

HOOKS

Any ideas?

HIGHTOWER

(matter-of-fact)

I could twist off Mauser's shiny  
head and roll it down the street.

MAHONEY

(hops up)

Hold that thought, Hightower.  
(and takes off)

CUT TO:

98A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

98A

Proctor's car squats at the side of the road making  
SOUNDS that suggest it will never run again.

CUT TO:

98B INT. CAR

98B

CLOSE on Proctor's hand turning the key.

INSERT - GAS GAUGE

it reads empty.

CUT TO:

98C EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

98C

We're not sure why we are looking at a couple of garbage  
cans until two bare arms come into FRAME and yank off  
the lids.

WIDE

to see that this dark, deserted alleyway doesn't look  
much better than the garbage cans. Suddenly, up ahead,  
someone zigzags towards us: It's Proctor, holding two  
garbage can lids in place - one covering his crotch, the  
other, his butt.

A DOG BARKS. Proctor freezes for a beat then continues  
to slink down the alley. This is one nervous guy.

UP AHEAD

a police car swings into the alley...moves towards

PROCTOR

who presses back in a doorway. The car's getting closer  
and he'll be seen for sure. He looks around - frantic -

(CONTINUED)

98C CONTINUED: 98C

tries the door and it opens. Proctor pops inside the building just as the cop car sweeps past.

98D INT. BUILDING 98D

Proctor leans against the door - sighs with relief. A beat as he gathers his composure then turns around to see...

P.O.V. PROCTOR - MEN IN LEATHER

lots of them, all staring wide-eyed at the new arrival. Proctor has found the back door to the Blue Oyster.

REACTION - PROCTOR

also wide-eyed. We HEAR but do not see, GARBAGE CAN LIDS RATTLE to the floor, as we...

CUT TO:

98E HURST'S TABLE 98E

Mauser is just about to take a seat between Hurst and the Governor when he's trapped in the blinding glare of a spotlight. He blinks, looks around, like a jailbird caught making his escape.

MAHONEY (O.S.)

There he is folks...a very, very special man...

(in FRAME; holding mike)

Commandant Mauser.

Mahoney plays this as if it were a bad Vegas Lounge act. He shoves Mauser into his chair and glides behind the Evaluation Committee. The spotlight follows him and the Committee stares into it - unblinkingly.

MAHONEY

You all know this committee's been evaluating our two academies. And they're close to a decision.

HURST

turns and glares at Mauser.

MAHONEY

(moves to Mauser; gives him cuff on chin)

You know what this man said about that?!

(CONTINUED)

98E

CONTINUED:

98E

Mahoney tilts the microphone to Mauser who sputters something like...

MAUSER

Itzafatcha...

Mahoney jerks the microphone away...

MAHONEY

That's right - itzafatcha - Greek, I believe, for, "It's not fair."

MAUSER

leaps out of his seat - Hurst jerks him back down.

MAHONEY

He said, you can't judge an academy by rushing cadets into the field. Or by whose cadets march the straightest. Nah! You know what the guy I like to call MR. POLICEMAN said?

Mahoney tossles Mauser's hair with mock affection. Mauser almost tries to bite his hand.

MAHONEY

He said you want competition!? Let the cadets go head-on-head in the street. Then you'll know what kind of cops they'll make. Commandant Mauser, I salute you!

Mahoney thrusts the mike into a glass of water in front of Mauser and starts applauding. The others stand and applaud with him. We catch COMMENTS, like: 'Great idea!', 'Brilliant!'. A desperate Mauser tries to protest but when he plucks the mike from the water he gets a shock that throws him, wide-eyed, back in his chair and starts his phony eyebrows smoking.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

99

EXT. LASSARD'S ACADEMY - PARADE GROUND - DAY

99

Commissioner Hurst stands at a podium set up on a make-shift stage. He addresses cadets and instructors from the two Academies. Mauser, Proctor, Lassard, Mahoney and the Governor sit behind him. The Governor's helicopter is visible in the b.g. Hurst is just finishing up.

HURST

... so your Academy's handling of these simulated police situations - use of manpower, speed, efficiency and judgment - determines our winner. Evaluation Committee members and police personnel will monitor your performance at crime locations. My advice is, treat this as if it were real.

(beat)

Dismissed!

As the proceedings break up and cadets from both Academies head for the parking lot, Hurst takes Lassard, Mauser, Proctor and Mahoney aside.

HURST

(unhappy)

I'm escorting the Governor to the Charity Regatta. He wants one man from each Academy to go with us.

MAUSER

But the competition, sir! All men should...

HURST

(sarcastic)

The Governor thought it would be nice to evaluate cadets in a social situation.

MAHONEY

(mock serious)

Special men, trained to combat debutante crime! I have just the one.

CUT TO:

100

INT. GOVERNOR'S HELICOPTER - DAY

100

CLOSE on Hedges looking green, a barf bag pressed to his mouth.

PAN to the Governor sitting beside him, a look of revulsion on his face. The Governor looks left to see a red faced Baxter #1, the veins in his neck ready to explode as he presses his palms together in an isometric exercise.

(CONTINUED)

100

CONTINUED:

100

Hurst turns around from the front seat. \*

HURST \*

We'll be taking off in a minute, Governor...

He stops, taken back by the sight of Hedges and Baxter. \*

CUT TO:

101

INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

101

Mrs. Fackler works the computer terminal and handles the radio under Hooks' supervision. Blanks and Copeland observe. \*

The wall size screen displays the street grid breaking the city into sectors. A red light blinks on and off in Sector One.

MRS. FACKLER

We've got a 1046 in Sector One.

BLANKS

Send in Tackleberry.

HOOKS

Tackleberry?! He's across town!  
Hightower's only three...

COPELAND

You heard him, Tackleberry!

Mrs. Fackler looks from Blanks to Copeland to Hooks. \*

Hooks bites her tongue. \*

CUT TO:

102

EXT. STREET - DAY

102

Tackleberry and Sweetchuck pull their squad car to the curb as an ELDERLY WOMAN waves them down from a corner pay phone. She's very upset.

WOMAN

Officer...officer...the phone took  
my dime and the operator won't  
give it back.

Tackleberry is as sweet as can be as he pats the woman on the shoulder and takes the receiver.

TACKLEBERRY

I'll handle this, ma'am.

(into phone)

Operator, this is Sgt. Tackleberry  
speaking, please relinquish this  
woman's dime.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I already told her, she has to write in for a refund.

TACKLEBERRY

(screams into phone)

You'll pay her NOW!

He steps back, draws his gun, fires three shots into the coin box. Change explodes out and Tackleberry scoops up a handful and holds it out to the petrified woman.

TACKLEBERRY

Can you identify your dime, ma'am?

SWEETCHUCK (O.S.)

Sgt., we've got a 1046.

Tackleberry shoves all the coins at the woman and races out of FRAME.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. CITY STREET - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

103

A police car SCREECHES to the curb in front of a four-story office building. Tackleberry and Sweetchuck hop out and hit the revolving door hard and fast. Tackleberry hits it so hard and fast that the momentum spits Sweetchuck back into the street. Sweetchuck draws his gun, startling pedestrians before he realizes where he is. He races into the building.

104 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

104

An old building with an old elevator and a set of stairs.

TACKLEBERRY

Secure the elevator. I'll take the stairs.

105 ON THE STAIRS

105

Tackleberry goes through exaggerated motions - throwing himself from wall to wall with gun in hand - as if expecting a sneak attack at any moment.

106 INT. ELEVATOR

106

A nervous Sweetchuck stands in a police crouch, pistol trained on the elevator door. Sweat's coming off this guy in buckets. The elevator stops. The door slides open and we...

CUT TO:



107

INT. HALLWAY - FOURTH FLOOR

107

We may have enough time to read FRIEDMAN DIAMOND EXCHANGE on the pebbled glass door before Tackleberry leaps from the stairs and Sweetchuck bolts off the elevator. Tackleberry scares the pee out of Sweetchuck who jumps back, YELLS and drops his gun. The gun discharges shattering the glass door. Tackleberry immediately thrusts his pistol through the broken glass.

P.O.V. TACKLEBERRY - THE OFFICE

where Mauser, a couple of his cadets, the Evaluation Committee and a few wide-eyed participants in this mock holdup, turn in the direction of...

TACKLEBERRY

framed in the shattered door. Sweetchuck pops up beside him, pistol in hand.

MAUSER (O.S.)

Since we took care of the robbery,  
the least you can do is grab a  
broom and sweep up your mess.

CUT TO:

108

EXT. YACHT CLUB - LAWN - DAY

108

A large expanse of lawn is crowded with umbrella covered tables, bars and buffet tables and moneyed, SUNTANNED PEOPLE in Yacht Club attire. Everyone holds a cocktail glass so the cash bars are doing a brisk business. Women with Republican hair sell raffle tickets to help some unannounced charity.

The Governor's helicopter sits on pontoons by the dock. On the placid lake, regal sailboats compete in the Regatta.

The Governor stands beside a large trophy encircled by reporters. Baxter is glued to his side, muttering into a walkie-talkie pressed to his lips. Hurst watches, disdainfully.

BAXTER

I am with the Governor at the  
trophy...

GOVERNOR

(giving Baxter  
sideways glance)  
...so, we're hoping to raise an  
additional ten thousand this year.

The Governor takes a step and Baxter moves with him.

<CONTINUED>

BAXTER

(muttering into  
walkie-talkie)

I am moving with the Governor  
towards the punch bowl.

The Governor stops abruptly and Baxter almost runs up his  
back, the walkie-talkie antenna hitting him in the head. \*

BAXTER

(into walkie-talkie)

We have stopped...

GOVERNOR

(under his breath  
but hard)

Would you back off?!

As the Governor steps away, Hurst jerks the walkie-talkie  
from Baxter's hand - shoves down the antenna. \*

HURST

Are you trying to maim the man!? \*

BAXTER

Commandant Mauser's cadets never  
abandon their post, sir. Unlike  
other cadets I might name. \*

ANGLE on Hedges doing some mingling. He stops a white-  
jacketed BUSBOY. \*

HEDGES

You know the ice buckets are empty  
and half the chafing dishes are out. \*

BUSBOY

(instantly enraged)

Get off my back! It's not my job. \*

The busboy storms out of FRAME. Hedges shakes his head,  
not believing what he's just heard. He steps towards a  
large MAN in a red jacket directing other help. \*

HEDGES

(taps him on shoulder)

Hey, are you in charge here, because... \*

Hedges stops short when the man spins around. He's Mr. Axe  
Murderer - we met him in the lineup room. This guy's face  
is hard to forget. \*

HEDGES

(continuing; gulps)

...I want to compliment you on  
that little fish mousse thing.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

The guy grunts and storms away. We linger on Hedges long enough to know he's thinking hard about something.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

109

A prosperous, quiet neighborhood where yuppies wax BMWs, walk dogs, job. A police car, driven by Hightower, rolls quietly into FRAME and we see Bud - eyes wide, scanning the streets, holding a shotgun out the window. As the car exits FRAME it goes over a speed bump and the shotgun DISCHARGES O.S.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. POLICE CAR - STOP LIGHT - DAY

110

Jones is behind the wheel and Nogata is beside him as they wait for a light to change. A half dozen kids converge on the car and start cleaning the front and back windows.

JONES:

While you're at it...check the oil.

PULL BACK to discover a couple of kids are already checking out the gas. In fact, they're siphoning it into a red can.

CUT TO:

111 INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

111

Karen drives, Mahoney rides shotgun. They both look very intense, very serious. There is an O.S. chuckling. They both turn towards it.

P.O.V. BOTH OF THEM - LASSARD

In the backseat, chuckling as he reads a book with a large goldfish on the cover, that's entitled "THE WACKY WORLD OF GOLDFISH."

CUT TO:

112 INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

112

CLOSE on the screen showing the city grid and location of squad cars. Suddenly a red light pops on and the number 1048 flashes on and off.

PULL BACK as...

HOOKS

(jumps up)

All right, send in car 46.

CUT TO:

113 INT. HIGHTOWER'S POLICE CAR - CITY STREETS - DAY 113

We hear Mrs. Fackler on the car radio. \*

MRS. FACKLER (V.O.)  
Hightower, ya got a roving  
gang in the Gower district. \*

Hightower flips on the siren.

CUT TO:

114 INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY 114

ANGLE on Copeland and Blanks as Copeland slides what looks like a remote control T.V. device from his pocket, surreptitiously aims it at the...

THE SCREEN

The red dot hops around like a Mexican jumping bean.

MRS. FACKLER  
It's at Lincoln and... wait,  
have him go right on Tower and...  
(confused)  
No...wait, a left on...

CUT TO:

115 EXT. HIGHTOWER'S POLICE CAR - STREET - AERIAL SHOT 115

The car makes two full circles in the middle of the street then turns left onto a narrow road.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. HIGHTOWER AND BUD - THE ROAD

or what's left of it because it empties right into a lake.

BACK IN SCENE

The police car plows into the water.

CUT TO:

116 INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY 116

Copeland exchanges a glance with Blanks, pushes another button and...

Mrs. Fackler can't believe what she's seeing -- a game of DONKEY KONG dances on the video screen. A concerned Hooks pushes buttons on the console. Copeland flips a switch and the grid pops back on.

(CONTINUED)

116

CONTINUED:

116

MRS. FACKLER  
 (totally confused)  
 Jones, now it's in your sector!

CUT TO:

117

EXT. JONES' POLICE CAR - STREET - DAY

117

Jones leans against the car door, car radio mike in hand.

JONES  
 (into mike)  
 That's nice but you better send  
 in Mahoney.

As he speaks we PULL BACK to discover Jones' car out of  
 gas and blocking traffic at an intersection. We see  
 Hogata trudging away with a gas can.

CUT TO:

118

EXT. STREET - DAY

118

Two of Mauser's police cars are pulled up onto the side-  
 walk penning in a group of kids posing as a street gang.  
 Mauser, Proctor, FOUR of MAUSER'S CADETS and the Evalua-  
 tion Committee Members, turn as...

Mahoney's car comes SCREECHING to a halt.

Mauser leans in the driver's window. Smiles at Karen,  
 Mahoney and Lassard.

MAUSER  
 You're improving. Only twenty  
 minutes late.

CUT TO:

119

EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

119

The Governor talks to some socialites with Baxter prac-  
 tically standing in his back pocket. Hedges approaches  
 Baxter.

HEDGES  
 You want to check out the  
 busboys with me? I think  
 something funny's going on.

BAXTER  
 (hot)  
 Forget it! It's not my job.

Hedges shakes his head...staggeres away...as if he can't  
 believe this sudden assault.

CUT TO:

120

INT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

120

Hedges approaches a set of swinging doors and peers through a glass portal.

P.O.V. HEDGES - THE KITCHEN

Where he sees ten waiters, cooks and busboys hard at work but not at preparing food. They are pulling on rubber masks of SNOW WHITE and the SEVEN DWARFS -- the axe murderer is Snow White. They shove weapons into their jacket pockets.

BACK IN SCENE

Hedges turns from the door wide-eyed.

HEDGE

Holy shit!

Panicked he stumbles away, pulling a walkie-talkie from his back pocket. He flips a switch, extends the antenna.

HEDGES

(into walkie-talkie)

Mahoney...Mahoney...somebody!

CUT TO:

121

INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

121

Mrs. Fackler takes off her headset, and hands it to Hooks. \*

MRS. FACKLER \*

Something's going on with Hedges. \*

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING

Mahoney adjusts the radio as we hear, faintly...

HEDGES (V.O.)

(lots of static)

I need help! I need help! And  
don't say, "It's not my job!"

CUT TO:

122

INT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

122

HEDGES

(into walkie-talkie)

...the busboys are...

A gun comes into FRAME and presses against his nose.

(CONTINUED)

122

CONTINUED:

122

HEDGES  
(nasal sounding)  
...shooting my nose.

The walkie-talkie drops with a CRASH.

CUT TO:

123

INT. MAHONEY'S POLICE CAR

123

Karen, Mahoney and Lassard do a take as they hear the CRASH.

HOOKS (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
Did you read that? Was that  
for real?

KAREN  
(into mike)  
We heard it.  
(to Lassard)  
Sir?

LASSARD  
(not certain)  
Maybe we better check it out.

MAHONEY  
What about the evaluation?

A beat.

LASSARD  
One of my boys may be in trouble!  
Screw the evaluation!

MAHONEY  
I love it when you talk dirty, sir.

The car speeds away.

CUT TO:

124

INT. ACADEMY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

124

Blanks and Copeland sit smugly in back as Mrs. Fackler  
watches Hooks work the dispatch board.

HOOKS  
(concerned; into mike)  
Are... are you sure on that?  
What about the evaluation contest?

Blanks and Copeland perk up at the sound of this.

(CONTINUED)



124 CONTINUED:

124

## HOOKS

O.K....Hightower, Jones,  
Tackleberry...Lassard says screw  
the evaluation...assist Hedges.

Copeland hears this and jumps up with a victory yelp.  
When he jumps the remote control switch hops out of his  
pocket and...

MOVE with switch as it slides across the floor and stops  
at Hooks' feet.

Hooks turns slowly, looks at Copeland and Blanks, con-  
fused by their reaction. She looks down, picks up the  
remote control device, pushes a button and the VIDEO  
GAME appears on the screen again.

ANGLE on Blanks and Copeland, who look at each other  
knowing they've been nailed, turn as if to offer a  
feeble protest only to get simultaneously coidcocked  
by Hooks.

They hit the floor like two sacks of rocks and Hooks  
steps over them.

CUT TO:

125 INT. MAUSER'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING.

125

Proctor snaps off the car radio.

## PROCTOR

Mahoney must think he's as dumb  
as we are! We're not gonna fall  
for that Hedges stuff!

Mauser gives one of his, "I can't believe this guy" takes.

## MAUSER

Yeah. They're getting desperate  
- trying to sucker us with that  
crap. If there was trouble  
Baxter would let us know.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. YACHT CLUB - LAWN - DAY

126

CLOSE on Baxter as a gun is jammed against his face. He  
faints. In fact, during this entire scene, Baxter re-  
mains passed out.

PULL BACK as THE THIEVES pull their weapons and there is  
a COLLECTIVE GASP, followed by the sound of COCKTAIL  
GLASSES hitting the grass. The Governor and Hurst look  
down on Baxter disdainfully, then at the axe murderer,  
who holds Hedges at gunpoint.

(CONTINUED)



126

CONTINUED:

126

AXE MURDERER

Hand over your money and jewels  
and you won't get hurt.

GOVERNOR

(to axe murderer;  
indignant)

You won't get away with this!  
I'm the Governor!

AXE MURDERER

(sticks pistol to  
his nose)

And I'm the guy with the .44 Magnum.

The Governor swallows hard.

CUT TO:

127

EXT. DOCK AREA - DAY

127

Four squad cars come to a TIRE SQUEALING stop at the edge of a concrete pier. Mahoney, Karen, Lassard, Jones, Bud, Nogata, Tackleberry, Sweetchuck and Hightower jump out of their cars and peer across the bay to the Yacht Club Island. They exchange quick glances. Mahoney turns to see...

P.O.V. MAHONEY - SIGN

that reads: "RENTAL OFFICE: BOATS - JETSKIS"

BACK IN SCENE

and Mahoney is moving in the direction of that sign.

CUT TO:

128

EXT. YACHT CLUB - LAWN - DAY

128

The bad guys have sacks filled with ill-gotten gains. One of them carries the Trophy. The Governor and Hedges stand with their hands up.

GOVERNOR

You must be breaking your  
mother's heart.

AXE MURDERER

(shrugs)

Why don't you ask her?

He indicates a woman wearing a SLEEPY mask who holds Hurst at gunpoint while she pulls off his medals.

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED:

128

Suddenly, there's a BUZZING SOUND. En masse, all heads turn towards the lake. Jaws drop open.

#### ON THE LAKE

Here come the good guys, racing towards the island in a foam spewing wedge. There's ARRIVAL OF THE CAVALRY MUSIC as we discover: Mahoney, Karen, Nogata and Bud riding jetskis forming the head of the wedge; Jones, Max and Callahan on wet bikes; Tackleberry (POSS. DOUBLE), Sweetchuck, Hightower and Lassard in a boat. Lassard stands posed like Washington crossing the Delaware. All of them are dressed in brightly colored wetsuits -- badges pinned to the front.

#### P.O.V. OUR HEROES - THE YACHT CLUB

the bad guys are thrown into mass confusion...they start running, guests start running as...

#### BACK IN SCENE

Our heroes split off to attack the island from various directions. It looks like the landing at Normandy.

CUT TO:

129

THE YACHT DOCK

129

The Axe Murderer and a THUG who carries the Trophy force the Governor into a boat. A SECOND THUG, carrying the loot, hops into a smaller boat and starts it up.

#### AT THE SHORE LINE

our heroes storm up the lawn, spreading out after the scattering thieves.

ANGLE on Mahoney who heads after the Governor.

#### WIDE

The Thug holds Mahoney at bay by pressing the gun to the Governor's head. The axe murderer starts the boat up, begins to steer away from the dock. The second thug follows in the smaller boat.

MOVE with Mahoney as he races back up the lawn past Karen, Hedges and Max.

MAHONEY

(shouting)

I'm going after the Governor.

They fall in behind him.

CUT TO:

129A A WOODED AREA (WAS SCENE 135)

129A

A CROOK clutches a pistol as he dodges branches. Suddenly, Sweetchuck drops from a tree, cradling a gun DIRTY HARRY would be proud of. He jumps back, drops the gun then, tentatively, reaches for it until...

SWEETCHUCK

I know what you're thinking, punk.  
Did he fire five rounds or six!?  
So, you gotta ask yourself: Do you  
feel lucky? Well, do you, punk!?

Guess not. He raises his hands.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. YACHT CLUB BUILDING

130

THREE CROOKS race through the front door - disappear. A beat and Jones comes racing after them.

CUT TO:

131 THE DOCK

131

TWO CROOKS hop into a second speedboat. One starts the inboard, the other takes the wheel. The engine roars but they don't budge. In unison they turn and see...

P.O.V. CROOKS - HIGHTOWER

chest deep in water, hands firmly clamped to the rear of the boat, holding it in place. He smiles.

BACK IN SCENE

Crook One jumps overboard. Crook Two makes the mistake of swinging at Hightower. Hightower lets go of the boat. It speeds away and the crook tumbles over the stern into Hightower's waiting arms.

ON THE DOCK

Crook One pulls himself out of the water, comes face to face with Bud and belts him. Bud is undaunted.

BUD

(contemptuous)

Dad hits much harder than that!

And Bud coldcocks him with one shot.

CUT TO:

131A ANGLE ON ANOTHER CROOK

131A

who jumps on a wet bike and speeds off. He doesn't get too far as he hits a floating buoy line. The front of the ski

(CONTINUED)

131A CONTINUED: 131A

catches the line and wet bike and crook do a complete somersault.

131B AT THE DOCK 131B

A crook starts up a jetski but is suddenly jerked out of FRAME. Hightower holds the crook out at arm's length, he's dragging his other catch by the shirt collar. A very cocky Sweetchuck steps up to him.

SWEETCHUCK

Everything under control here,  
Sgt. Need any help?

Hightower glances at the squirming crook and the man he's dragging.

HIGHTOWER

I believe all is copasetic.  
But I appreciate the offer.

Sweetchuck gives a cocky nod, steps back, trips on a tow line and...

ANGLE ON the jetski. It's still running as Sweetchuck topples on and the thing takes off...Sweetchuck's scream trailing back at us.

CUT TO:

132 INT. MAUSER'S POLICE CAR - MOVING PAST LAKE 132

Mauser hangs up the radio mike.

MAUSER

(pensive)  
I can't get Baxter.  
(glances out window)

P.O.V. MAUSER - THE YACHT CLUB

across the lake.

MAUSER (O.S.)

I wonder if something is going  
on over there.

BACK IN SCENE

MAUSER

(continuing)  
Pull into the next Marina.

CUT TO:

132A EXT. THE CHANNEL - DAY

132A

A man in a scull is maneuvering a turn in the channel. He looks up because he hears the same thing we do...the O.S. SOUND of APPROACHING BOATS.

P.O.V. MAN - BOATS

Boat #1 with the Axe Murderer, Governor and thug and boat #2 with a crook and the loot. They are heading straight for him.

BACK IN SCENE

This poor guy's got nowhere to go as boats 1 and 2 split his scull into thirds. He's only got a second to relax before Mahoney, Bud, Max and Karen sweep past him in pursuit of the crooks. The man, sitting in the remaining one-third of his boat, spins like a top.

WIDE as the two boats reach a...

DIVIDE IN THE CHANNEL

Boat #1 goes right followed by Mahoney and Karen. Boat #2 goes left followed by Bud and Max.

CUT TO:

132B CENTER ISLAND BOAT RIDES

132B

it's the water equivalent of BUMPER CARS. Lots of families having lots of fun until...

BOAT #1

followed by Mahoney and Karen come speeding through splashing people and sending the bumper boats careening off each other like pool balls.

CUT TO:

132C BOAT #2

132C

speeding through the narrow channel, Max and Bud losing ground.

ANGLE on Max looking determined as hell, then nervous as hell, because...

P.O.V. MAX - A LOG

directly in his path.

(CONTINUED)

132C

CONTINUED:

132C

## BACK IN SCENE

Max hits the log does a somersault, lands and keeps on going, coming up alongside Bud.

MAX

(shouting to Bud)

I feel good, now. I feel good.

CUT TO:

132D

THE LAND DIVIDE

132D

Swimming and picnicking are about to be rudely interrupted as...

## BOAT #1

heads for the divide and jumps it, followed by Mahoney and Karen. They land in...

132E

THE OTHER CHANNEL

132E

and now boat #1 and 2 are racing alongside each other with Mahoney, Karen, Hedges and Max in pursuit.

132F

ON THE LAND DIVIDE

132F

things are just getting back to normal as

132G

SWEETCHUCK

132G

barely hanging onto the jetski for dear life, sails over the divide and heads down the channel.

CUT TO:

133

OMITTED (REPOSITIONED TO 137A)

133

134

THE GOVERNOR'S HELICOPTER

134

A THIEF has commandeered it. The blades rotate...the copter shifts, ready to lift off, then, suddenly...

## THE WATER

explodes as Tackleberry, dramatically backlit by the sun, rises from the lake. Bare chested, face greased, he does his version of RAMBO; he grabs the pilot around the shirt front and catapults him out of the chopper.

CUT TO:

135

OMITTED (REPOSITIONED TO 129A)

135

136

INT. YACHT CLUB - KITCHEN

136

Empty. Quiet. Jones steps into FRAME... stalking, listening. He takes a few steps then...

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED:

136

CROOK (O.S.)

Hold it cop!

Jones spins around. Two crooks come at him from the left and a third appears to his right. With an out of sync KUNG FU YELL, Jones defies the laws of gravity and propels himself straight up and out of FRAME.

The crooks look up, openmouthed. Jones flies back into FRAME, kicking one crook in the chest and propelling him into the crook behind him. The two men go down hard.

Crook number Three holds a pistol on Jones and for a beat we think he's bought it but then we hear an O.S. KUNG FU YELL and all heads turn to see...

NOGATA

in a mid-air, SLOW MOTION, Kung Fu kick.

ANGLE on Third Crook as Nogata arrives in SLOW MOTION to kick the gun from his hand. All of this is accompanied by exaggerated SOUND EFFECTS.

ANGLE on Jones, smiling, then suddenly Nogata -- in REAL TIME -- drops into FRAME beside him. They turn back to back, making identical SOUNDS and hand movements then spin and kick, sending two crooks sliding across the floor on their butts. The third crook escapes.

CUT TO:

137

EXT. THE LAWN

137

A shotgun wielding crook has his path blocked by Callahan. He pumps the gun, threateningly. Calmly, Callahan shakes out her hair, begins to ease down the zipper on her wetsuit and steps towards him. He doesn't know if he's being seduced or arrested but while he's trying to decide, Callahan pulls a BEVERLY HILLS COP move. She clamps hold of the shotgun, flips the crook to the ground, shoves the barrel into his face then looks up and gives a big smile and an O.K. sign to...

LASSARD

who returns it as he steps onto the porch of the

YACHT CLUB BUILDING

The crook who escaped from Nogata and Jones races out. Lassard blocks his path.

CROOK

Outta my way, old man.

(CONTINUED)



137

CONTINUED:

137

Lassard takes a step back as if complying then suddenly pulls a Jones; he lets out a fierce yell, spins and nails the clown with a karate kick sending him CRASHING back into the building. Lassard straightens his jacket, points to lake.

LASSARD

To the boats, men!

CUT TO:

137A

THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE - THE REGATTA (WAS SCENE 133)

137A

Majestic. Impressive. Stately. That's how these sailboats look as they slice through the lake water, until...

THE TWO BOATS

exit the channel and head into the regatta, spewing foam, driving the delicate vessels off course, capsizing others. Just as things are returning to normal, here comes...

138

MAHONEY

138

and our other heroes creating more chaos.

Mahoney swings alongside the Axe Murderer's boat (boat #1) and motions them to pull over. The Axe Murderer points at himself with a "Who, me?!" gesture. Mahoney nods yes. The guy swerves his boat forcing Mahoney off course and around a large sailboat.

138A

ANGLE on Mahoney as he hits a wake and goes airborne. He flies through the sail of a boat, lands and continues the chase, undaunted.

138A

WIDE

to discover boats and jetskis weaving through the regatta playing a disruptive game of cat and mouse - joined now by Jones, Bud, Nogata and Callahan on wetbikes.

138B

ANGLE on Jones as his wetbike stalls. He tries to crank it up...it sputters. Jones looks left, then right to discover boats 1 and 2 converging on him. The waterbike starts and Jones manufactures the SOUND OF A DIVING SUBMARINE as he drives the waterbike under and disappears.

138B

The boats and jetskis whiz past, narrowly missing each other. When they clear FRAME, Jones rises out of the water, continuing his SUBMARINE SOUND EFFECTS, and joins the chase.

CUT TO:



138C SWEETCHUCK

138C

heading straight for a sailboat. He jumps it and lands, almost taking out Bud and Karen then zigzags between Max and Nogata who collide. As Sweetchuck pulls away, they remount their vehicles and join the chase.

CUT TO:

138D CALLAHAN AND SARAH

138D

riding between sailboats as boat #2 flies past 6 feet off the water.

CUT TO:

138E MAHONEY

138E

doing slalom type moves through the sailboats. He is almost wiped out by boat #1 speeding between boats.

CUT TO:

138F A WATERSKIER

138F

who, judging by the slow pace of his towboat, is no pro.

BOAT #2

cuts across the skier's line, snapping it and jerking it from his hand so the tow line and handle drag along behind the boat.

CUT TO:

139 ANOTHER PART OF THE LAKE

139

CLOSE on Mauser showing a strain and shouting...

MAUSER

For God's sake Proctor, put some muscle into it!!!

PULL BACK to discover that "it", is a pathetically small PADDLE BOAT making pathetically little progress as Mauser and Proctor, wearing a bulky life jacket, paddle away.

CUT TO:

139A BOAT #2

139A

sweeping down on them, just maneuvering away at the last second.

INSERT - TOW LINE

slipping under the paddle boat.

(CONTINUED)

139A CONTINUED:

139A

BACK IN SCENE

Mauser shakes a fist at the boat.

MAUSER

(shouting)

You're a menace, you moron! A  
menace!

More of a menace than Mauser can imagine because, suddenly, the paddle boat is jerked from FRAME as

WIDE

the tow line takes hold, dragging the boat behind it. Proctor and Mauser are trapped...their legs pumping away at ninety miles an hour...a look of sheer horror frozen on their faces.

INSERT - PADDLE BEARINGS

smoking like crazy.

BACK IN SCENE

The paddle boat is taken on a high speed run until it hits a wake, tilting it at a ninety degree angle and sending Mauser and Proctor flying out. The tow line snaps and the boat #2 zips away.

CUT TO:

140 MAHONEY

140

determined as hell, moves alongside the axe murderer's motorboat again. He pulls a John Wayne, leaping from the moving jetski into...

THE BOAT

Mahoney lands between the axe murderer and thug and the Governor.

MAHONEY

(staggers up)

I claim this ship in the name  
of her Majesty's Navy.

GOVERNOR

Forget it, Sgt., the man's  
humorless.

AXE MURDERER

(waving gun)

You just made a big mistake.

<CONTINUED>

140

CONTINUED:

140

## MAHONEY

Gosh, I hate to quibble with  
an armed man, but...

Mahoney points behind them and the axe murderer and his  
companion turn.

## P.O.V. BOTH OF THEM - POLICE BOATS

three of them approaching in a wedge formation. We can make  
out Hooks and Mrs. Fackler along with a lot of HARBOR  
POLICE.

## BACK IN SCENE

These guys panic. The man steering jerks the steering  
wheel sharply to the right to evade the Police boats.  
Mahoney throws himself over the Governor because they  
have just turned into a head-on path with boat #2.

## INTERCUT

instant panic on the faces of the crooks in both boats as  
they each swerve to avoid a head-on and manage to  
turn the boats into land cruisers. The boats hit

141

## THE SHORELINE

141

and become airborne.

## OUR HEROES

stop at the water's edge and watch the flight of the  
two boats.

ANGLE on a TWO STORY CHANGING BUILDING as the two boats  
hit and stick like darts in a dartboard.

## AT THE SHORE

police and guests race towards the two boats.

ANGLE on Axe Murderer, who lies on the ground, thrown  
clear of his boat. He starts to sit up and comes face  
to face with Hooks' pistol.

## HOOKS

(sweet)

Gosh, you just don't seem to learn...

(hard)

FREEZE DIRTBAG!!!!

ANGLE on boat #1 where slowly, tentatively, Mahoney  
stands in the stern, looks around, then helps a  
Governor to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

141A CONTINUED:

141A

## ON THE LAKE

A waterlogged Mauser and Proctor try to pull themselves out of the water but an out of control Sweetchuck keeps circling them, making it difficult. Mahoney gets thumbs up from our heroes, crowded around below him. Slipping into the b.g. we see a lone boat carrying the Evaluation Committee. They passively take in the scene as they slide out of FRAME we...

ANGLE on Mahoney, who hoists the Yacht Club Trophy overhead, raises the Governor's hand and...

MAHONEY

I'd like to thank all the members of my racing team for their assistance. I couldn't have won...

SLAM CUT:

142 EXT. LASSARD'S POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

142

START CLOSE on Lassard, PULLING BACK as he speaks.

LASSARD

... this competition without the help of my many, many wonderful instructors and my many, many fine cadets.

We're back far enough now to see this is another Graduation Day. Lassard stands at a podium addressing cadets and family. Hurst, the Governor and our heroes sit behind him.

LASSARD

Thanks to all of them, this Academy will carry on its fine tradition.

Everyone applauds as Lassard turns around and motions our heroes to stand. He snaps off a sharp salute and strides with dignity across the stage. He stops, looks back at our heroes, the Governor, the crowd, smiles, then goes into a quick Kung Fu kick.

Freeze on Lassard in his Kung Fu pose as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

143 EXT. FOUR LANE HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

143

We have our eye on a sporty convertible.

144 INT. CAR

144

Mahoney, in civilian clothes, drives, Karen is squeezed beside him.

144 CONTINUED:

144

KAREN

If Lassard does decide to retire  
you should think about the Governor's  
offer.

MAHONEY

I don't know. Being a Commandant  
seems awfully grown up.

They slow as they approach a Toll Booth.

KAREN

You're a good instructor. You  
taught me a lot. Even some  
stuff about police work.

They laugh as we slow...

AT THE TOLL BOOTH

ANGLE on Mahoney as he hands over a bill. A hand comes into  
FRAME and takes it. Mahoney smiles.

MAHONEY

Hey, keep the change.

He drives off as we stay on the Toll Booth long enough to  
see Mauser stick out his head, throw Mahoney a dirty look  
then motion to the next car.

MAUSER

You think I got all day here,  
pal? Let's move it.

PAN UP from the Toll Booth so we spot Mahoney's car speeding  
away. We watch it until it becomes a dot and we...

FADE OUT: