

"B E V E R L Y H I L L S C O P"

A DON SIMPSON-JERRY BRUCKHEIMER PRODUCTION

By

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and

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FINAL DRAFT

March 30, 1984

BEVERLY HILLS COP

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. THE CITY OF DETROIT - DAY 1
A strong wind blasts across Lake St. Clair and roars through the downtown streets.
- 2 EXT. DETROIT STREETS - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY 2
We see quick images of Detroit.
- 3 A BLACK KID 3
who's been up all night shivers as he bops along, ghetto blaster on his shoulder.
- 4 A NEWSPAPER TRUCK 4
is dumping off a stack of papers in front of a small, tarnished newsstand.
- 5 A TRIO OF MANGY DOGS 5
stroll across an intersection.
- 6 SEVERAL HOOKERS 6
in miniskirts wait outside a closing bar.
- 7 ZOMBIE-LIKE TRASHMEN 7
hurl bags of garbage into a slowly cruising garbage truck.
- 8 EXT. A DETROIT STREET - DAY 8
Decrepit, abandoned warehouses and storefronts line the block; there's no sign of life here. The early light shows rubbish piled against the curb, black with grease and dirt. Halfway down the block, apparently deserted, is a huge, dirty, silver and blue Peterbilt 16-wheel semi. The door of the rear trailer is partially open.
- 9 INT. THE REAR TRAILER 9
The trailer is packed, almost floor to ceiling, with cases of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a narrow aisle of sorts between the stacks of cigarettes. Two small-time hoods, RYZA and MIRSKY, stand in the center of the aisle, whispering to each other.

RYZA

(moves forward
to his friend)

Yeah, it's all here. C'mon.

MIRSKY

(anxious)

Let's get movin'! Hey!... I'm
talkin' to you.

AXEL (O.S.)

... Yeah.

And a case of cigarettes, dropped from overhead, narrowly misses Ryza and Mirsky, landing at their feet. AXEL COBRETTI, a very good-looking, outgoing, totally unselfconscious man of 30, hops down INTO FRAME from the top of the stack of cigarette cases. Axel is dressed, very casually, in a pair of jeans and a jacket that's seen a lot of use.

AXEL

(continuing)

You guys make up your mind?

Axel rips open the case he's tossed down from above, picks a carton at random, tears it open, and hands Ryza and Mirsky a pack of cigarettes each. Mirsky nervously eyes the empty street.

AXEL

(continuing)

You got your State of Michigan tax
stamps on the back of every one.

RYZA

(hard-act)

So why don't you keep them, go
into business for yourself, it's
such a fucking good deal?

AXEL

Let's just say I don't smoke.

MIRSKY

Let's get outta here. What the
hell we waitin' for?!

Ryza turns the pack of stolen cigarettes over and over in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

AXEL

... Listen, you do what you want.
You don't like the deal, walk
away.

Ryza raises his eyebrows; Mirsky nods and continues to
eye the street.

RYZA

... Okay.
(to Mirsky)
Start it up.

And Mirsky ducks out under the rear trailer door.

AXEL

You got something for me?

Ryza hands Axel an envelope. Axel opens it and starts
to count a wad of bills.

10 EXT. THE TRUCK - DAY

10

Mirsky looks up and down the empty street before hop-
ping into the cab and cranking the engine.

11 INT. THE REAR TRAILER

11

Axel stuffs the cash back into the envelope.

AXEL

Close enough. It's all yours,
pal.

12 EXT. THE TRUCK - ANGLE ON THE REAR TRAILER - DAY

12

Ryza has jumped down from the rear trailer; Axel is at
the edge of the trailer, hand on the cord that lowers
the rear door: they stand frozen.

13 THEIR POV

13

A Detroit police car is pointed right at them.

14 AXEL'S

14

lips form the word "shit," but he doesn't speak out
loud.

15 ANGLE ON THE POLICE CAR 15

Two youngish COPS, ties untied, bomber jackets half open, hair rather too long to go with the uniform cap, get out of their car.

FIRST COP

Hey, what the hell ya doing here?

16 IN THE CAB 16

Mirsky has the ENGINE RUNNING. He stares out the side view mirror at the Cops walking toward the truck. He licks his lips and puts the truck into gear, ready to take off. He slips a pistol out of his jacket.

17 AXEL 17

tries to play it cool.

AXEL

Are we glad to see you! You want to call us a tow? We threw a bearing.

The Second Cop has been staring at Axel.

SECOND COP

... I know you from someplace?

18 RYZA 18

panics and runs toward a pickup truck parked across the street. He doesn't have a chance; the Cops draw their guns.

FIRST COP

Hey, freeze!

Ryza keeps running. The First Cop FIRES and Ryza goes down screaming, clutching his leg in agony.

19 ANGLE ON THE TRUCK'S CAB 19

Mirsky lets out the clutch and the rig jerks forward.

20 AXEL 20

is still standing on the bed of the rear trailer of the moving truck. The Second Cop yells at him --

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

SECOND COP

Get down offa there!

-- but Axel stays where he is, hanging on as the truck gains speed. The Second Cop FIRES a warning shot; Axel braces himself at the side of the trailer to offer a narrow target but now the truck is going about 40 as it takes the next corner and --

21

THE REAR TRAILER

21

bounces up over the curb and fishtails into a parked car. It looks like the truck is going to jackknife, but instead it comes out of the turn gathering more speed.

22

AXEL

22

is nearly thrown off the rear of the truck, but he hangs on. .

23

THE DETROIT POLICE CAR

23

follows, SIREN SCREAMING. Its flashing red and amber lights provide the only color in the otherwise monochromatic inner city.

24

THE TRUCK

24

hurtles almost out of control down streets and around corners as --

25

MIRSKY

25

at the wheel takes increasingly demented chances, trying desperately to get away from --

26

THE POLICE CARS

26

-- and two more cop cars join the chase as we watch.

27

THE GIANT TRUCK

27

pounds through center city at eighty-seven miles an hour; the fantastic vibration nearly shakes the suspension apart. A taxi frantically veers to avoid the stampeding monster truck.

- 28 THE REAR TRAILER 28
The stacks of cigarette cases go flying everywhere
and --
- 29 AXEL 29
is forced to play dodge-ball with cases of cigarettes
that bounce past him and out into the roadway.
- 30 THE FIRST OF THE PURSUING POLICE CARS 30
catches a case of cigarettes right on the front bumper
and the case shreds into its component parts: the car
goes into a 360 degree skid over the slick cigarette
packs and --
- 31 THE SECOND POLICE CAR 31
smashes head on into the first. The other cop cars
skid to a panic stop just shy of the obstruction.
- 32 A NEWSSTAND 32
explodes from the impact of the truck as it roars
around the corner.
- 33 MIRSKY 33
in the cab of the speeding 18-wheel Peterbilt is watch-
ing the cop cars recede in his rearview mirror.
- 34 THE TRUCK 34
heads down a narrow street at terrifying speed and --
- 35 THE WATERFRONT 35
Mirsky realizes the truck is out of control and impos-
sible to turn safely.
- 36 MIRSKY 36
frantically shifts gears.
- 37 THE BARRELING TRUCK 37
lunges like an attacking lion over the pavement and
into the water.

38 AXEL

38

is thrown forward, deep into the rear trailer among the falling stacks of cigarette cases, as the truck violently rips into the black water.

39 THE TRUCK'S ENGINE

39

steams above the blackness of the river and begins to sink at an alarming speed.

40 ANGLE ON THE TRUCK'S CAB

40

Mirsky, dazed, tries to open the door. The water pressure has him sealed in... Water pours in under the dashboard. Mirsky panics.

41 ANGLE ON THE REAR OF THE TRAILER

41

Cases of cigarettes avalanche on Axel as thousands of gallons of water pour with terrifying force into the trailer's open rear door.

42 THE MASSIVE MACHINE

42

begins to buckle in half, forcing the rear end and escape route to an up angle.

43 MIRSKY

43

is waist high in water and kicks insanely at the side WINDOW which SHATTERS and tears out under the repeated kicks... Mirsky crawls out.

44 AXEL

44

grips the wood slats that line the walls of the interior of the trailer and with all his strength pulls himself forward against the lethal onrushing water.

45 THE REAR OF THE TRAILER

45

is nearly under water as Axel clears the submerging death trap... He spots Mirsky swimming to a mountainous garbage barge with trash that appears to reach to the top of the skyscrapers that faintly loom in the b.g.

46 MIRSKY

46

is thrashing wildly through the blackness, desperately looking back at Axel's progress.

47 AXEL

47

swims after the thief in strong, athletic strokes, which closes the gap quickly.

48 MIRSKY

48

reaches out and hauls his frenzied form onto the massive barge... He looks at Axel cutting through the water and begins to retreat up the towering hill of waste.

49 A PAIR OF STRAINING HANDS

49

grip the side of the barge and Axel swings aboard and pursues Mirsky.

50 MIRSKY

50

looks down over his shoulder and spies his gaining pursuer.

51 THE TOP OF THE BARGE

51

Mirsky breathlessly arrives and wildly scans the debris for a weapon... He throws several empty bottles at Axel.

52 BOTTLES

52

thud and scatter around Axel... He is only yards away.

53 MIRSKY

53

picks up another pair of bottles and CRACKS them together, instantly creating a matching set of jagged, razor-sharp weapons.

MIRSKY

C'mon! C'mon!

54 AXEL

54

reaches the top and swiftly sidesteps as a jagged bottle rakes near his face... He sidesteps another lunge by Mirsky and pile-drives the thief with a chopping blow.

55 MIRSKY

55

stands at the top of the barge with Axel.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

As he cuts loose with a swift right to Mirsky's mid-section and the criminal tumbles over backward and cascades down the hill.

56 AXEL 56

is bent over trying to catch his breath when a VOICE through a MICROPHONE booms out:

VOICE (V.O.)
... Don't move!

57 HARBOR PATROL BOAT 57

The outline of several HARBOR PATROLMEN holding what appears to be rifles.

VOICE
... What are you doing there?

58 AXEL 58

stands erect and, taking a deep breath, slowly exhales and eyes the trash all around him. Axle gives a look of almost disarming innocence.

AXEL
... Gettin' some fresh air.

59 INT. DETROIT POLICE STATION - DAY 59

The station is energized with constant movement as police of all sizes, genders and colors move in a multitude of directions... Several black youths are being brought in handcuffed. They defiantly slow down.

COP
... walk or be dragged? Move it,
hard case!

The two youths increase their speed as the main entry door opens.

Axel, looking very dirty, worn and intense, is bumped against by the two youths as they pass... The arresting Cop smirks at Axel's disheveled appearance.

COP
(continuing;
keeps moving)
... you been stakin' out a garbage
can, Cobra?

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

... Close.

COP

... Todd's looking for ya.

Axel nervously eyes Todd's empty office at the other end of the main pool of the cop's desk in the center of the decaying room.

The Cops are typing two finger style as they ask questions of suspects or fill out complaints from local residents.

Axel starts to move down the dark, dismal hallway... a youngish, bushy, dark haired, almost bookish COP holding a file under his arm speeds up behind Axel.

STU

... Todd's going to kick your ass.

AXEL

Nice to see ya again, Stu.

STU

This is no bullshit, he's smoking -- Did you really dump a truck in the river?

AXEL

... Yeah.

STU

Why?

AXEL

Couldn't find a parkin' space -- Where's Todd now?

STU

Probably lookin' for you. Why don't you wait in his office?

AXEL

Hey, Stu, what're you? The social director around here today?

STU

Don't take kindness for weakness, Cobra -- I'm tryin' to help ya out here.

(CONTINUED)

STU

(continuing)

... I've been thinkin' about buyin' a new piece -- A .44 Mag. Where can I get a good buy?

AXEL

Hey, Stu, what do you need a Magnum for -- to shoot an angry file cabinet?

Axel pushes open a door that is marked, "LOCKER ROOM."

STU

Forget it. I told you Todd wants to see you, so where are you going?

AXEL

... To get hygienic.

Door closes.

60 INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

60

The constant HISS of the SHOWER fills the room... LOCKER DOORS SLAM as entering and exiting cops pass down the narrow way... The cops that are present in no way resemble Axel in body or attitude. They are mostly from the old school... In the distance a BOOMING VOICE is heard.

TODD

We're not gonna take much more of your bullshit -- you wanna play some bullshit, cowboy cop, do it in somebody else's precinct!

INSPECTOR TODD is black and 55; his hair is just starting to turn grey. He stares at Axel, furious. Axel is in the SHOWER... two out-of-shape cops are behind him.

TODD

(continuing)

Nine hours! They say it's gonna take the river patrol nine hours to haul that truck out of the river! You have any idea what that is gonna cost the city?

AXEL

... More than I can afford.

Axel steps out of the shower and moves to his locker.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Much more! I got a call from the Deputy Mayor, I got a call from the Chief, I got a call from a group Vice-President of the Harbor Commission and three calls from Goddamn environmentalists. So naturally I said "Get me Detective Cobretti". Now what the hell were you doing with that Goddamn truckload of cigarettes, Cobra?

AXEL

The truck was from the hijacking in New Jersey last week --

TODD

That bust went down last week. That truck was supposed to be impounded as evidence.

AXEL

Yes, sir, but they didn't exactly have room for it down at the pound, it's a very long piece of equipment, but I don't have to tell you that.

TODD

No, you don't.

AXEL

So I figured since it was going to be parked on the street --

TODD

... you might as well run one of your scams. How come you were running this scam on your own, without any backup?

Several cops nearby are dressing and eye Axel with obvious jealousy...

AXEL

I thought it'd work better alone.

TODD

Hey, if you would use a little teamwork for once, that kind of thing wouldn't happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TODD (CONT'D)

You could have had a car parked out of sight to monitor the radio calls; they could have intercepted the patrol car, and back you for the bust. We're tired of takin' the heat for you.

AXEL

(smiles)

It is gettin' kind of warm in here.

TODD

Okay, Cobra, I'm through but no more of these setups, I'm tellin' ya for the last time stop forcin' things, you'll make your busts -- let things happen on the natural.

AXEL

... on the natural.

Todd turns and starts away.

AXEL

(continuing; smiles)

Inspector, you know most men are never appreciated in their own lifetime.

TODD

(laughs)

... Go to hell, Cobra.

61 EXT. DETROIT POLICE DEPT. - EVENING

61

Axel walks to his parked car. The car is a monster, a '69 Plymouth G.T.X. painted battleship grey without any chrome. All the money has gone under the hood. He starts the car and from the way the CAR GROWLS and shakes we can tell it's a rocket.

62 EXT. AXEL'S STREET - EVENING

62

Axel veers to the curb and parks his G.T.X. Behind him is an extremely tough-looking pool hall with many hard types hanging out front... Axel nods at several hard cases and enters a chipped doorway next to a pool hall.

63 INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

63

Axel pauses outside his apartment door. It's slightly ajar. Axel unholsters his service revolver and enters quietly.

Axel's brother MICHAEL COBRETTI is sitting on Axel's battered sofa, feet up on the coffee table. He is the same coloring and built well, only thinner and less athletic.

MICHAEL

Bang, bang.

AXEL

Hey, Mike! Damn! How ya doing?

MICHAEL

Hey, Axel, you gonna put your gun away, or what?

They punch each other's shoulders affectionately.

AXEL

How'd ya get in?

MICHAEL

You gotta ask.

Axel turns and looks at a cheap home door alarm that hangs by a pair of wires.

AXEL

Secure your home for five dollars and ninety-five cents. Why do I still fall for gimmicks? Anyway, you look great! When'd you get out?

MICHAEL

I got a year off for good time, I got out six months ago.

AXEL

An' you don't bother callin' ya brother, do ya!? -- where you been?

MICHAEL

Movin' -- Movin' big. Remember Jenny Schecter?

AXEL

Sure I remember her.

MICHAEL

(looks for a moment)
Didn't I steal this couch? I've seen this couch before.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

I paid for it... what about Jenny?

MICHAEL

Hey, I ain't gonna get ya in trouble being here?

AXEL

Don't worry about it.

MICHAEL

When I got out I heard from Nicky Black -- you know Nicky?

AXEL

Small time from Fourth Street.

MICHAEL

Yeah, so he tells me Jenny's doin' good in Beverly Hills and I give her a call.

AXEL

Collect.

MICHAEL

Collect -- and she got me a job as a security guard.

AXEL

With your record you're a security guard in Beverly Hills?

Next to him a pair of fish tanks full of assorted matchbooks.

MICHAEL

How'd ya think I got the tan? You still collecting matchbooks?

Axel gesturing to the fish tanks.

AXEL

Can ya tell?

MICHAEL

Here's one from the Beverly Hills Hotel -- I know you don't have this one.

He tosses it over.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

Now the collection's getting class
-- y'know, I haven't seen Jenny
for maybe ten years.

MICHAEL

She looks good...

AXEL

Good or very good?

MICHAEL

Very good -- she didn't beef up or
nothin'.

AXEL

... Trim and healthy.

MICHAEL

(sipping a beer)

Christ, are you a doctor now?
Yeah, trim and healthy. Hey,
listen, I gotta get movin' so
before I get too loaded I wanna
show you something.

Michael removes an object wrapped in brown paper from a
plastic bag.

AXEL

... What is it?

MICHAEL

It's somethin' you'll never see in
this neighborhood.

He unwraps the parcel and sets a one-and-a-half foot
statue of a dancer on the coffee table among the beer
cans and other debris.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Nice hood ornament, huh - you know
how I got it?

AXEL

Mike, gimme a break. I don't
wanna know anything.

MICHAEL

That's the thing, I didn't exactly
steal it. It's an incredible scam.

AXEL

Jenny part of it?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Who knows -- I just watch out for myself, ya know what I mean?

AXEL

It's beautiful, what's it worth?

MICHAEL

You don't want to know. You're a cop, remember? Look, I gotta get movin'!

AXEL

C'mon, let's go out for awhile.

Axel playfully rubs Michael's head.

AXEL

(continuing)

C'mon, I never see ya, punk -- we'll have a few, then ya can take off.

65 INT. POOL HALL AND BAR - NIGHT

65

There are 15 pool tables in use. At the bar a line of drunks yell at the team of three go-go dancers that do their best to pulsate along with the throbbing MUSIC. A tough-looking BLACK YOUTH runs two balls.

HUSTLER

Hey, man, I'm burnin' tonight -- sticks burnin', here.

Several of his friends against the wall laugh and drink. The Hustler runs two more. Axel seems unconcerned.

AXEL

(leans against
his stick)

So tell me about Jenny. I mean, how'd she ever get out there?

MICHAEL

(drinking)

Remember when she left to do modelin' bullshit in Chicago? When that dried up, she split for L.A. Gotta couple actin' gigs, then fell in with the right crowd.

The Hustler misses and scowls at the stick... Axel moves forward.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Hey, Cobra -- when ya gonna exit the neighborhood?

AXEL

C'mon, where's ya loyalty?

MICHAEL

C'mon nothin', ya need to carry a chainsaw around here.

AXEL

(to Michael)

So what were you sayin' 'bout Jenny?

MICHAEL

Like you wouldn't believe her. She's like a real Beverly Hills lady, runs a big art gallery, called Giovanni Gallery -- maybe you heard of it?

AXEL

(shooting and running the table)

Why would I have heard of it?

MICHAEL

Hey, I'm just tryin' to be social -- it's supposed to be famous, who knows -- she drives a Porsche, has a home with a pool. We're talkin' about the chick who used to help prime your car.

The Hustler and his crowd are getting upset at Axel's casual approach to the game.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Do you believe it, man! And she runs the Gallery for this guy Fleming -- she got me the guard job with this guy, the man's got a house worth nine million dollars.

Michael has made another Detroit boilermaker for each of them. They chug them down as rapidly as before. Axel wipes his mouth.

HUSTLER

You playin' or you drinkin'? -- I'm busy, man.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

Relax -- nine?!

MICHAEL

Unfurnished -- the guy owns a piece of everything. I tell ya, this guy's got the most incredible scam going, it's un-fucking-believable. He's heavy in that town; he lives like a king. And how was your year, Cobra? Ever manage to get laid?

Axel laughs and sinks the last ball... Axel grabs Michael in a headlock and twists blue chalk on his nose. The disgruntled Hustler drops a ten on the table and moves away.

HUSTLER

You best be gettin' serious when we play, hear?! Tomorrow, man -- bring serious bread.

Axel lets his brother out of the headlock. His nose is all blue.

MICHAEL

... You wrecked my nose.

AXEL

(to Michael)

Look, you listen, brother, how ya doin'? You need any money to hold you over?

MICHAEL

(moved)

... Don't worry about nothin' after tomorrow. I'll be rollin' in it. Hey, Axel, I gotta get movin'.

He checks his watch.

66 INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

66

Axel is helping Michael up the stairs. Michael still has the blue chalk on his nose.

MICHAEL

I never was so scared as when that alarm sucker went off.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

Me too.

MICHAEL

(wipes the tip
of his nose)

I remember hauling ass down the
street, thinking you were right
behind me, looking back and seeing
you and that cop, what's-his-name?

AXEL

Harrigan.

MICHAEL

Yeah, Harrigan.

He pauses emotionally.

AXEL

Hey, Mike, you didn't think I ran
out on you, did you?

MICHAEL

C'mon. That was years ago.

AXEL

Yeah, but I still feel bad when I
think about the time they gave you
at State School.

MICHAEL

It was only ten weeks. Big deal.
Why do ya have to get serious
every time you drink?

AXEL

I feel like I should have done
time with ya.

MICHAEL

Will you forget it; listen, you
were a faster runner and you kept
running -- I would have done the
same as you.

AXEL

On the natural?

Axel opens the door and steps across the threshold.

MICHAEL

On the natural.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

Suddenly a club is wielded through the darkness and catches Axel on the side of the neck. Another club crashes down on Michael's head. Both men drop to the floor and are repeatedly beaten by THREE MEN. Axel tries to fend off the blow but is nearly unconscious. Michael hovers into a corner.

MICHAEL

(continuing; screaming)

Take it back! Take it back! It's yours! I don't want it!

One of the attackers grabs Michael's hand and the other attacker produces a massive pair of chain cutters.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Oh, God! Please! Take it back!
Axel, help me! Goddamn! Axel,
help me!

Axel crawls forward and barely manages to make out the outline of the two men standing over Michael. Axel tries to move forward but is kicked back, and a sawed-off shotgun barrel is held in his face helplessly as Axel watches the brutal scene. The handles of the chain CUTTERS are spread open, then violently SNAPPED together. Michael emits an unearthly scream. The SOUND of the CUTTERS slicing through flesh is heard again... The men start to leave as Axel staggers to his feet and wrestles with the man, and is clubbed with the chain cutter as the men flee... Bleeding profusely, Axel takes up the chase and staggers down the stairs after the faceless assailants.

67 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

67

The men flee from the apartment building as Axel steps outside, just in time to see the killers depart in a dark car... Weakening with every moment, Axel staggers back inside.

68 EXT. AXEL'S BUILDING - EVENING

68

Axel takes a step into the apartment and stops; lying on the floor in front of him is the body of his brother. There are great gouts of blood coagulating in several pools. Michael's hands have been cut off at the wrists.

69

EXT. AXEL'S BUILDING - DAWN

69

A fair-sized crowd of silent onlookers, almost all black, stand behind the police barricades set up around Axel's building. Uniformed policemen stand around in front of the barricades, stamping their feet to keep warm. Seven marked and unmarked Detroit police cars and two wagons from the Medical Examiner's Office are parked out front, their revolving red and amber lights splaying on the buildings on both sides of the street. Axel sits on the stoop of the building, staring straight ahead. Everyone leaves him alone.

70

INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

70

Police technicians are going over the apartment. Inspector Todd stands in the center of the room with a young black doctor -- who is a DEPUTY MEDICAL EXAMINER.

DEPUTY M.E.

The fatal wounds were inflicted ante-mortem.

TODD

What did they use, an axe?

DEPUTY M.E.

No. The first cuts were clean. Something with blades on both sides, like a scissors. Maybe a big bolt cutter.

TODD

Jesus Christ.

DEPUTY M.E.

We're all finished here, Inspector; you mind if we take the body out?

TODD

Yeah, go ahead.

71

EXT. AXEL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

71

DETECTIVE SGT. LOU RAND sits down next to Axel and offers him a cigarette. Axel declines. Rand lights up. Axel's face is bruised badly and blood still seeps from beneath a gauze bandage above his eye. Detective Stu Nathan stands behind Rand, trying to be part of the action.

RAND

(condescendingly)

Hey, Cobra, I'm sorry, but I got to ask you a few more questions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

RAND (CONT'D)

Did ya brother write down any
phone numbers, any addresses, like
where he might have been stayin'
in town?

AXEL

... Nothin'.

RAND

He had nothin' with him when he
came to visit?

AXEL

No.

STU

Nothing at all?

Axel just eyes him.

RAND

Was he holding anything?

AXEL

... Nothin', he was clean.

STU

Come on, Cobra, how clean could he
be? Let's be a realist.

Axel reddens and Rand leans out of the way of the order-
lies bringing out Michael's body. Todd is right behind.

TODD

You get his statement, Sergeant?

RAND

Yeah, Inspector. All done.

Todd leads Axel away from the stoop to an empty area in
the center of the ring of police cars, out of earshot
of the other cops. Todd is quiet but angry.

TODD

You want to predict the headline
in the Free Press? "Criminal found
dead in cop's apartment." You got
any idea how this is gonna hurt us
in the City Council?

AXEL

I didn't know he was gonna be
killed.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

You realize this gives a lot of ammunition to the people in this department that want to fire your crazy ass.

He eyes a group of cops exiting his apartment.

AXEL

Are they done here?

TODD

Why?

AXEL

I wanna get my piece.

TODD

Forget getting your piece. The apartment's under seal.

AXEL

You're lockin' me out of my apartment?

TODD

You heard -- What the hell were you doin' with that fuckin' loser?

AXEL

He was my brother.

TODD

So what? You're a cop. He's a thief. Well that's your problem now. And I want you to know this case belongs to Sergeant Rand from now on. You don't have anything to do with it.

AXEL

You're keepin' me out of it?

TODD

You get any information, you give it to Rand. You got nothing to do with it. Stay out of sight, don't talk to reporters, don't do a Goddamn thing. Understand? We'll do what we can and we'll follow procedure.

AXEL

Procedure -- he was an ex-con. Nobody's gonna walk across the street to solve this...

(CONTINUED)

TODD

You'll follow procedure or you're suspended.

AXEL

Y'wanna know something? There's a time when all the legal procedure bullshit stops and people start.

TODD

You want more problems?

AXEL

No, but what's one more?

Todd turns and goes as Axel stares after him.

AXEL

(continuing)

... I'm owed two weeks vacation.

TODD

You want it now?

AXEL

... Right now.

TODD

Take it... It's no good tellin' ya to stay out of it, is it?

AXEL

... I'm on vacation.

Axel turns and moves away from Todd.

72 EXT. KARPINOWSKI'S HOUSE - DAY

72

The house is situated on an undistinguished block of simple homes... it is a neighborhood that has seen its glory days and now has settled inauspiciously into retirement... Axel pulls up in his G.T.X. and approaches a house.

73 INT. FOYER - KARPINOWSKI'S HOUSE - DAY

73

The FIRST of TWO BODYGUARDS -- an ex-boxer -- opens the door before Axel can ring the bell. Axel finds himself in a foyer that, with its simple print wallpaper and coatrack on the wall, gives a benign, yet unsettling feeling.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

FIRST BODYGUARD

He's waiting for you.

The SECOND BODYGUARD runs a hand-held metal detector -- just like the ones used at airports -- over Axel.

SECOND BODYGUARD

(finishing)

He's clean.

AXEL

... The airports need men like you.

FIRST BODYGUARD

Don't get wise, Cobra. Mr. Karpinowski will see you now.

74 INT. THE DEN - KARPINOWSKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

74

This drafty room is lined with leather-bound books and filled with ancient mahogany furniture. The lights are dim. Lost in a large chair in front of TV is an old man, EMIL KARPINOWSKI. The two Bodyguards escort Axel into the den.

MR. KARPINOWSKI

(flips off the remote
with a hand control)

Always a pleasure to see you, Axel. I was sorry to hear about little Michael. I remember you two kids, always in trouble. I used to figure you would end up working for me. Funny how things turn out.

AXEL

What did my brother really have -- I mean, what was that statue?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

A Degas Bronze -- Mike wanted me to move it for him -- why not? I like the kid.

AXEL

What do they go for?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

One at a time, maybe two hundred grand a shot.

AXEL

How did Mike know you wanted them?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

He reaches up to put a hand on Axel's shoulder.

MR. KARPINOWSKI

The word was out -- walk with me.

Motioning his Bodyguards not to follow, Karpinowski leads Axel out.

75 EXT. KARPINOWSKI'S BACK YARD - DAY

75

Mr. Karpinowski steps down and climbs a short flight of steps and into the well kept yard, which is split between flowers and vegetables.

MR. KARPINOWSKI

I've known you for a long time -- seen you and ya brother grow up -- this thing that happened to Mike, I wanted you to know we're not responsible.

Karpinowski idly picks dead leaves off a cluster of flowers.

AXEL

(returning to the subject)

When was Mike gonna make delivery to you?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

Michael called here yesterday, I didn't talk to him. They told me he wanted to come see me, he never showed.

AXEL

Why was he hit like that?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

What a terrible way to die. You know, there was kind of a tradition, back in the thirties, if a fence set up a score for a thief, and the thief didn't turn over the goods, tried to make a better deal elsewhere, maybe, then the thief would get his hands cut off. And I'd say the only reason you're still among the living is you're a cop, and cop killers get heat.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

How can somebody make a hit in your territory and you not know about it?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

People do stupid things. People don't respect rules. You don't run any business without them. Am I right? -- I'm gonna be straight with you -- anyone who comes to Detroit and does this shit, I take them right out. But this was your brother.

AXEL

Mike worked for a guy on the coast called Fleming --

MR. KARPINOWSKI

I know --

He eyes the garden.

AXEL

Did Fleming kill Mike?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

When this happens close to home it makes everybody look bad.

AXEL

How's Fleming connected on the Coast?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

Heavy -- political contributor and all that.

AXEL

Can he be brought down?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

Anybody can be brought down. But remember, a man who orders another man's hand cut off would have to be crazy -- you don't fool with crazy people unless you can take them out, all the way.

AXEL

The hit men?

MR. KARPINOWSKI

One local -- two from the Coast.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

AXEL
Where's the local?

MR. KARPINOWSKI
Taken care of -- today. He's
dogfood, the other two you can
have.

Mr. Karpinowski stares at Axel, and that stare reminds us that this guy is not only an old fart from the neighborhood but is also a rich and ruthless criminal. Mr. Karpinowski turns and heads in the opposite direction.

MR. KARPINOWSKI
(continuing)
... If you don't die, drop by
again.

76 EXT. AXEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT 76

Now at three in the morning Axel's street is quiet and empty; his car is out front.

77 INT. AXEL'S BUILDING - LANDING - NIGHT 77

Axel's front door bears three paper police seals. Without hesitation Axel opens his door anyway.

78 INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 78

Axel pulls jeans, shirts, shoes and underwear, clean or otherwise, from the floor of his jumbled closet and jams them into a large drawstring laundry bag.

79 CLOSE ON THE DRAWER 79

Axel opens it and takes out a nickel-plated Smith and Wesson .44 mag. with a 2½ inch barrel. Axel weighs the weapon in his hand, then puts it and two boxes of shells in the bag.

80 EXT. AXEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT 80

Axel tosses the laundry bag behind the front seat - the Pontiac's back seat seems to be missing -- and slides behind the wheel. The giant ENGINE ROARS to life, and we CUT on the SLAMMING of the DOOR.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 81 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY 81
This is the kind of day -- bright, clear, 72 degrees, smog-free -- that lured millions of people over the years in their innocence to come and live in Southern California.
- 82 FOLLOWING AXEL'S CAR 82
out Santa Monica Boulevard through Hollywood.
- 83 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS - DAY 83
We FOLLOW Axel past the serene, haughty Presbyterian Church; he turns north and drives up a tree-lined street of handsome big homes incongruously packed together on small lots. Axel turns to look at the Rolls, Mercedes, Clenets that pass by. There are no people on the sidewalks; the occasional gardener is the only sign of life. Axel's G.T.X. crosses Sunset -- we get a great view of the Beverly Hills Hotel -- he cruises through the gentle hills north of Sunset. Here the homes are grander, the lots bigger, the landscaping even more lavish. Axel turns south again on Charing Cross, and eventually comes back to Wilshire.
- 84 EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY 84
Axel drives up Rodeo Drive with his savagely growling, supercharged car and road-weary appearance. He's way out of his element and sure does show it; his eye is alert and it lights on:
- 85 ANGLE 85
A discreet, snooty window sign reading "Reductions on Selected Merchandise."
- 86 ANGLE 86
A knockout California blonde woman with surgically enhanced breasts and hideous red hip boots.
- 87 ANGLE 87
The Cartier security guard, staring suspiciously right at Axel.

88 ANGLE

88

An Arab man, wearing an Italian suit and French gold jewelry, leaving an English Rolls with a Salvadoran parking valet.

89 ANGLE

89

Three teenage girls, unfortunately on the chubby side, wearing designer sweatshirts a la Flashdance with the neckline cut off so the shirt exposes the shoulder.

Axel crosses Brighton. There, at the corner of Brighton and Rodeo is the "Giovanni" gallery, selling expensive art. He REVS his ENGINE which stops people in their tracks. Shutting off the engine he exits the car. He pauses to comb his hair in the store front window, and enters. Axel shakes his head at the wonder of it all, then enters the gallery.

90 INT. THE "GIOVANNI" ART GALLERY - DAY

90

This gallery is lavish to the point of being vulgar, Gucci doesn't cross that line, A handsome YOUNG MAN who looks like he's just stepped out of a Ralph Lauren ad sweeps up to Axel, nose rather too high in the air.

YOUNG MAN

Good afternoon, sir. My name is Jacques. How may we help you today?

AXEL

I'd like to see Jenny Schechter.

JACQUES

There isn't anyone here by that name, so if you don't have an appointment can I suggest you move along.

AXEL

She's the manager or whatever.

JACQUES

Our "manager or whatever" is Miss Jeannette Summers and has been for quite some time.

AXEL

(smiles)

Then would you tell Miss Jeannette Summers of Beverly Hills, that Mr. Axel Cobretti of Detroit is here to see her.

(CONTINUED)

JACQUES

She's very busy. Perhaps if you made an appointment...

AXEL

Listen, the sooner you get her, the sooner I'll leave and stop hurtin' ya store's image.

Jacques flounces off. Axel sees a pile of gold laminated matchbooks near the cash register and without hesitation takes one. He then examines a multicolored modern painting; he lifts the price tag. Seeing this, another salesman -- HAROLD, a clone of Jacques -- glides up.

HAROLD

Would you care for help?

AXEL

Does this accident really cost twenty thousand dollars?

HAROLD

Your thumb is covering a zero -- the tag reads two hundred thousand dollars.

AXEL

Have many heart attacks in here?

JEANNETTE

... Yes?

Axel turns to view the presence of JEANNETTE SUMMERS, a very chic businesswoman who could have been a top model had she chosen to be.

AXEL

(moves toward her)

... How good is your memory?

JEANNETTE

Cobra? Is that you?

AXEL

Same guy.

JEANNETTE

I can't believe it.

AXEL

Me either. I'm not causin' problems being here, am I?

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE

No, why?

AXEL

(touches his clothes)
I mean, I just got off the road.
I didn't have time to change this
rig... you look good.

JEANNETTE

(composing herself)
Thank you. What on earth are you
doing in Beverly Hills? The last
I heard, Mike said you got tired
of hanging around the pool hall
and became a policeman of all
things.

AXEL

I'm still a cop.

JEANNETTE

You must be doing very well to
afford to vacation in Beverly
Hills.

AXEL

Listen, is there someplace we can
talk -- maybe have a coffee?

JEANNETTE

... Of course.

AXEL

(eyeing Jacques)
... Let's do that.

JEANNETTE

(uneasy)
... Alright.

91 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS CAFE - DAY

91

Axel and Jeannette sit at a street-side cafe, as the
wealthy stroll by in the f.g.... Axel sips his coffee
and Jeannette a glass of wine.

JEANNETTE

So why are you here?

AXEL

I'm here on a case.

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE

That's interesting. What is the case?

AXEL

Jenny, is there a chance this Fleming guy was involved with Mike?

JEANNETTE

Of course he was -- why, is he in trouble again?

AXEL

He was killed in Detroit Monday.

Jeannette is stunned; she completely drops her great-lady pose.

JEANNETTE

... It can't be.

AXEL

That's why I'm here.

JEANNETTE

And you think Mr. Fleming had something to do with it?

AXEL

I wanna talk with him.

JEANNETTE

How can he help? He didn't know Mike that well.

AXEL

I think he had him killed.

JEANNETTE

Are you serious? You can't mean that? You can't just accuse a man like Paul Fleming of murder.

AXEL

There's proof and maybe, with your help, I'll find it.

JEANNETTE

(speechless)

You can't just expect me to get involved like that - you don't have any evidence.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

AXEL

Mike took a statue that belonged to Fleming -- five hours later the statue was gone and my brother's hands were cut off.

JEANNETTE

... You still can't say Paul had anything to do with it - you're talking about a very respected man. He owns real estate, buildings, on the board of a local bank -- He's very influential.

AXEL

Where's all this influence stayin' right now?

JEANNETTE

What do you mean?

AXEL

Where do I find Fleming?

JEANNETTE

Cobra, I liked Mike, but you've made a mistake.

AXEL

(leaves a few dollars on the table)

... Look, I'll see ya later.

92 EXT. STREET - DAY

92

Axel steps over and sees his car being ticketed by a no nonsense METERMAID.

METERMAID

(dryly, without eye contact)

You were in a loading zone -- it's for deliveries.

AXEL

(getting in his car)

I was delivering something.

METERMAID

(still writing)

What?

AXEL

... Bad news.

Axel fires up the machine and is gone.

93 EXT. GIOVANNI'S - DAY

93

From across the street and through the window Jacques observes Axel leaving and reaches for the phone and he dials.

94 EXT. FLEMING JUDICIARY CORPORATION - DAY

94

Axel pulls up to a beautiful designed building... He eyes the building, then runs his finger down the page of a yellow pages phone book... Checking the address, he exits.

95 INT. FLEMING'S JUDICIARY BUILDING - DAY

95

Just as Axel enters the rather dark foyer, he is violently pounced upon by six bodyguard types in suits ... With his arms pinned, Axel kicks one of the men in the face, then breaks loose and counter-attacks two more... Overwhelmed from behind, Axel is clubbed to the floor, picked up and kicked solidly in the midsection which drives him through a huge reflective plate glass window.

96 EXT. FLEMING BUILDING - DAY

96

Suddenly the WINDOW EXPLODES and Axel comes flying out. He crashes down on his ass, shards of glass falling all around him. Axel is bruised up, but unhurt. Slowly he gets to his feet, as a black-and-white Beverly Hills Police car bounces up on the sidewalk and the two officers -- COPELAND and GRANT -- run toward Axel, guns drawn. Another police car wheels up with Detectives TAGGERT and SIDDONS... Axel's hand is cut.

OFFICER COPELAND

Put your hands on the roof of the car.

AXEL

What?

SERGEANT TAGGERT

You heard him! Do it!

Taggert is thirty-five, black, hard-eyed and very well groomed. Siddons, thinner, California blond, likable. Axel puts his hands on the roof of the car. Officer Grant, who looks like an Eagle Scout, frisks Axel quickly but thoroughly, and finds Axel's pistol.

TAGGERT

(continuing)

Cuff him.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

AXEL

What's the charge?

TAGGERT

Assault. And trespassing. And possessing a deadly weapon.

AXEL

What the hell, are you crazy?

TAGGERT

What'd you say? Get in the car!

AXEL

I get jumped by six guys and I'm busted for assault.

TAGGERT

You want to throw in resisting arrest? Get the hell in because I won't ask a second time.

97 INT. THE POLICE CAR - DAY

97

Axel sits in the back seat behind a wire cage separating him and the officers in the front.

AXEL

How will I get my car?

GRANT

Don't worry about it.

AXEL

Y'know, for you guys to get there that fast somebody must of put in the call before I even got out of my car.

Axel's attention is drawn by a BEEPING NOISE from the front of the patrol car. Over Copeland's shoulder Axel sees a small keyboard and digital display monitor unit: a computer terminal, in short, mounted on the dashboard. A small logo identifies it as an MDT 800.

AXEL

(continuing)

What's that? - Is that the M.D.T. 800?

GRANT

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

AXEL

I read about that -- it's supposed to be 30 times faster than voice communications.

GRANT

I suppose.

AXEL

Isn't there a thing -- what was it called? Self test diagnostics and transmission verification?

GRANT

(unsure)

Something like that.

Axel leans up against the wire cage to stare at the green letters racing across the small screen.

AXEL

Y'know what they'd give for this back home?

COPELAND

Enough talking, pal.

Copeland presses three control keys on the terminal. The screen flashes:

KL-R9-5
//EN ROUTE//STATION//SUSPECT IN CUSTODY//
BREAK

Axel shakes his head.

AXEL

That's progress.

98 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS CITY HALL - DAY - HOT

98

The police car with Axel inside drives up Crescent in front of the imposing Beverly Hills City Hall. The ornate building with its carefully-tended lawn and swaying palm trees is a living symbol of the traditional Beverly Hills. The car swings right, then right again to come up behind the building. A lighted green sign points to the POLICE DEPARTMENT, which has the south wing of City Hall.

99 INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPT. - OPERATIONS ROOM

99

An officer almost bumps into Axel as he stops abruptly right inside the door of the operations room.

(CONTINUED)

Axel looks around at the kind of police department God would buy if He had the money. Not that there are any luxuries -- no Gucci uniforms -- it's just that here in this room is the best and the latest police equipment, some that Axel didn't know was invented yet. Taggert and Siddons meet Axel at the operations room entrance door...

TAGGERT

(to Grant and Copeland)

... We got him -- C'mon.

Axel looks around as he's led across the room. This isn't like the squad room back home. There are fourteen detective desks: each has a computer terminal. Behind a glass partition is the main frame computer. A twenty-foot long electronic map of Beverly Hills dominates the far wall; a pair of dispatchers, seated at a computer console six feet in front of it, can see in glowing red, green and blue lights the precise location of every police car, fire truck and ambulance in town. Taggert guides Axel to a detective's desk.

SIDDONS

... Sit down, please.

They come around their desks to stand in front of Axel. Taggert has a computer printout in his hand. Axel's huge gun is on the desk beside him.

TAGGERT

We have six witnesses that say you broke in and started yelling threats, then jumped through the window when the guards tried to take your gun away.

AXEL

And you believe that?

TAGGERT

We have good witnesses.

AXEL

The best money can buy.

Taggert's face tightens. He can't remember the last time a prisoner spoke to him this way, and he doesn't like it.

TAGGERT

Why didn't you identify yourself as a police officer when you were booked?

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

I'm on vacation.

CAPT. BOGOMIL (O.S.)

Is that right?

All the detectives in the room wear quiet, well-pressed suits, conservative shirts, ties knotted all the way up, highly polished shoes; their hair is short and combed at all times. Now we see the man who sets the example for them: CAPTAIN ANDREW BOGOMIL, Chief of Detectives for the Beverly Hills Police Department.

CAPT. BOGOMIL

Detective Cobretti, I am Captain Bogomil of the Beverly Hills Police Department. Why didn't you check in with us when you came to town?

AXEL

I'm on vacation.

CAPT. BOGOMIL

You always go on vacation with a weapon in your possession?

AXEL

Can't a fellow police officer carry a gun?

CAPT. BOGOMIL

That's not a gun, it is a cannon and no, you can not carry it in Beverly Hills. I just got off the phone with Detroit, I spoke with an Inspector Todd... name ring a bell?

Axel winces slightly hearing the name.

CAPT. BOGOMIL

(continuing)

He says that you're an outstanding detective, which I find hard to believe. He also says he nearly had to fire you for insubordination. I find that very easy to believe. Now what are you doing in Beverly Hills?

AXEL

Just visiting.

(CONTINUED)

CAPT. BOGOMIL

The Inspector tells me that a petty criminal, your brother, was found murdered in your apartment.

AXEL

What else?

CAPT. BOGOMIL

He says that if you've come out here to investigate the murder, you'll be brought up on charges. Now, what were you doing at Fleming's office?

AXEL

... Getting jumped.

CAPT. BOGOMIL

One last time. What are you doing in Beverly Hills?

AXEL

I'm on --

CAPT. BOGOMIL

(finishing for him)

-- vacation. Siddons, take Mr. Cobretti over to the courthouse and let him post bond.

SIDDONS

(to Axel)

Would you follow me, sir?

AXEL

Do you know how most of this stuff works?

SIDDONS

Most of it.

AXEL

... Smart guy.

Bogomil motions Taggart over and speaks with him privately as Siddons leads Axel across the operations room toward the door.

CAPT. BOGOMIL

Set up a 24-hour tail on him. I want you to handle it personally. Don't let him spot you if you can help it, but don't lose him. I want to know where he goes and who he sees.

100 EXT. FLEMING BUILDING - NIGHT

100

The sun has just set as PAUL FLEMING exits the building flanked by two bodyguards... He is fairly thick shouldered and erect. The man at one stage in his life might have been a hell of a street fighter. His clothing and grooming are immaculate. His face ruggedly haunting. But the eyes belong on a lone wolf. Dark, deadly, expressionless, except when provoked.

Axel is parked across the street observing from his idling car. He wants to confront the man but, glancing over his shoulder, he eyes Detectives Taggart and Siddons watching.

As Fleming enters the black Rolls Royce, Axel places his car in gear and performs a sharp U-turn... At the end of the turn, Axel flashes on his high-beams into Fleming's car... The bodyguards become alerted as Axel slowly and intimidatingly completes the turn. The detectives follow... In the shadowy recesses of the Rolls, Fleming's facial contours are outlined by the bright lights... Axel and Fleming lock eyes as Axel completes the turn... Once done, Axel continues to the corner.

101 INT. AXEL'S G.T.X. - NIGHT

101

Axel looks in his rearview mirror and smiles at --

102 REVERSE ANGLE - AXEL'S POV

102

-- Taggart and Siddons following in an unmarked Plymouth.

103 EXT. BEVERLY DRIVE AT OLYMPIC BLVD. - NIGHT

103

Axel stops at a red light. The Plymouth pulls in behind him. Axel gets out of his car and walks back to the cops. He reads from a crumpled piece of paper.

AXEL

... I'm going to 611 South El
Camino.

Axel takes his time getting back in his driver's seat while cars behind HONK because the light's green. Then he fakes some trouble starting his car, turning back to the cops behind him and shrugging helplessly.

TAGGERT

(leaning out his
window)

Come on! Move it!

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Now the light turns from green to amber and the cars behind are HONKING and Taggert's getting red in the face and then the light goes from amber to red and just as it does:

104 AXEL'S G.T.X. ROCKETS

104

105 TAGGERT AND SIDDONS

105

can't believe it -- all of a sudden Axel is gone and they're sitting at a red light with traffic crossing in front of them.

TAGGERT

Goddamn it!

Taggert hits the SIREN and inches the unmarked car across six lanes of snarled traffic. When they get across, Axel is nowhere in sight.

TAGGERT

(continuing)

Goddamn it!

106 EXT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

106

Axel walks up to the front door and rings the bell. He turns and nods ironically at Taggert and Siddons, parked at the curb behind his Pontiac. Jeannette jerks the front door open.

JEANNETTE

(sees his wrapped hand)

Where have you been? What happened?

AXEL

I was window shoppin'.

She sees the plainclothes cops at the curb.

JEANNETTE

Who's that?

AXEL

Local cops.

JEANNETTE

What are they doing here?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

AXEL

Just watching -- Mind if I come
in, Jenny?

She abruptly walks away from the front door. Axel
follows her in.

107 INT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

107

Axel walks in to Jeannette's tastefully decorated liv-
ing room. Jeannette nervously lights a cigarette as
Axel looks around.

AXEL

Nice place, Jenny. I remember you
always said you'd have a place
like this some day.

JEANNETTE

Look, Axel, we're not kids anymore
-- at least I'm not -- and I
haven't been Jenny for eight years.

AXEL

Oh, it's officially Jeannette then?

JEANNETTE

If you don't mind.

AXEL

I don't mind. Actually, there's a
theory that after a certain age,
people should rename themselves if
they're not very happy about who
they are.

JEANNETTE

Still collecting facts.

AXEL

A warehouse of useless information
-- so how you been?

JEANNETTE

Fine until a couple of hours ago.

She stubs out the cigarette she's just lit and lights
another.

AXEL

Bad habit.

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE

I know -- Look, Cobra, because I don't want to stir up things doesn't mean I don't care. I do. But why should I be in the middle of it? I've got a good life here.

AXEL

... You, me and Mike. We go back a long time.

JEANNETTE

I've worked with Paul Fleming for five years, he's very important to me.

AXEL

Are you hungry? Would you like to get something to eat?

JEANNETTE

Where -- Look how you're dressed?

AXEL

Isn't there a place where normal people eat?

JEANNETTE

I don't remember.

AXEL

C'mon, we'll find something.

JEANNETTE

What if I'm seen with you - it might cost me my job.

AXEL

We'll say you're slumming.

JEANNETTE

What about those policemen parked outside your house?

AXEL

You got a potato?

The total nonsequitur takes Jeannette by surprise.

JEANNETTE

What?

AXEL

Have you got a potato? A raw baking potato?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

JEANNETTE

No, I have some artichoke hearts.

AXEL

No, I definitely need a potato.

JEANNETTE

I don't have a potato! -- Will an eggplant do?

108 EXT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

108

Taggart and Siddons watch Jeannette come out the front door and walk to Axel's big old Pontiac. They cannot see Axel sneak out the kitchen door and jump lightly over the wall of the neighbor's carport. Under cover of this wall, Axel runs lightly down the neighbor's driveway to come up behind Taggart and Siddons' car. On hands and knees Axel jams the eggplant deep into the unmarked police car's muffler. Then Axel comes around the car and taps on the driver's side door. Startled, Taggart rolls down his window.

AXEL

How you guys doin'?

SIDDONS

... Good.

AXEL

You want me to tell you where we're going?

TAGGERT

We'll follow you.

AXEL

Have it your way.

And Axel jumps into his own car. The Pontiac's ENGINE ROARS; then Taggart starts the unmarked police car and puts it into gear.

109 INT. AXEL'S G.T.O - NIGHT

109

Axel drives slowly down the street, watching his rear-view mirror.

JEANNETTE

I can't believe this is the same exact car you had when I left Detroit.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

I'm emotionally attached -- you
spent a lotta time in this machine.

JEANNETTE

I think you've got me mixed up
with somebody.

AXEL

You've got this class act down
pat, don't you?

JEANNETTE

(lighting a cigarette)
It's not an act.

AXEL

I don't wanna ruin your night, but
smoking causes premature agin' --

JEANNETTE

Especially in women, right?

AXEL

... Especially.

She sighs and snubs out the cigarette.

JEANNETTE

See anything else wrong?

Axel smiles. She looks where the back seat should be
and sees an odd assortment of notebooks, plastic bags,
a bat and baseball.

JEANNETTE

(continuing)

Can I ask you a personal question?

AXEL

Sure.

JEANNETTE

Where is your back seat?

AXEL

I sent it out to be cleaned and it
never came back.

JEANNETTE

What is that junky thing?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

AXEL

The guts of a microwave oven --
Jams radio signals for a couple
miles.

Axel flips a switch on the side of the microwave.

110 INT. SIDDONS' AND TAGGERT'S CAR - NIGHT

110

The plainclothes men are trailing behind Axel...
their police RADIO BROADCASTS a constant stream of
information.

RADIO

... Car 22 -- Investigate --
suspicious persons on the twelve
hundred block of Brighton Way --
Description --

The RADIO suddenly is filled with GRATING STATIC.

SIDDONS

What's wrong?

111 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

111

Axel's car sees glimpses of Taggert and Siddons looking
composed and trying to adjust the malfunctioning radio
... Axel grips and flips the switch off.

AXEL

... Works real good.

JEANNETTE

Did you ever think of getting an
air freshener?

AXEL

Why, are we going to a prom?

JEANNETTE

Once was enough, thank you.

AXEL

That was a great night.

JEANNETTE

Great? You left me in the
Boulevard Ballroom. Why'd you do
that?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

AXEL
Look, I didn't mind rentin' a tux,
I didn't mind buyin' you flowers
you said clashed with your dress,
I didn't mind anything until you
got drunk and started dancing on a
table.

JEANNETTE
So, I was having fun.

AXEL
So I'm image conscious -- look
back there.

112 EXT. TAGGERT AND SIDDON'S CAR - NIGHT

112

The police car's ENGINE CHOKES on its own exhaust and
DIES.

113 INT. TAGGERT AND SIDDON'S CAR - NIGHT

113

Taggert cranks the starter but the engine won't turn
over.

TAGGERT
Goddamnit!

Then Taggert and Siddons look up to see Axel driving
by. A second car also moves past the policemen and
continues to trail Axel.

114 EXT. PUP AND TAIL - NIGHT

114

Axel looks very comfortable as he eats at the famous
and ridiculous hot dog stand... Jeannette looks morti-
fied and terribly out of place.

JEANNETTE
Why are we here? So you can
embarrass me?

AXEL
No, but my clothes suit this place,
right?

JEANNETTE
You'll be sorry.

AXEL
For what?

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE

For eating these things -- they had a white worm epidemic in hot dogs two weeks ago -- but keep eating.

AXEL

That's disgustin'.

Axel looks at the hot dog and inspects it.

AXEL

(continuing)

... I'm full.

Axel drops it in a trash can.

AXEL

(continuing)

Have you been in touch with Fleming?

JEANNETTE

When I called Paul this afternoon, and when I told him that Mike was dead, he told me how shocked he was -- he was the only one who would give Mike a job.

AXEL

Where'd he work... with you?

JEANNETTE

He was a security guard. The Gallery has a small warehouse nearby. He worked there.

AXEL

And Fleming owns the warehouse?

JEANNETTE

Yes, I suppose. Why are you looking like that?

AXEL

Like what?

JEANNETTE

Like I've done something wrong. I haven't done anything wrong except give a job to somebody who couldn't be trusted.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

AXEL

Nobody's accusing you of anything
-- but don't take sides against my
brother.

JEANNETTE

You just can't come into this city
without any proof, without anything,
upsetting people's lives.

AXEL

My brother was a thief, a thief
who stole from a thief -- he
didn't deserve to be butchered --
I saw it. I've got to live with
it.

JEANNETTE

But you still don't have proof.
And I can't help. I don't know
anything.

AXEL

Look, we came from the same place,
the same neighborhood, we sorta
grew up together -- I'm askin' as
a favor for you to take me there.

JEANNETTE

Where?

AXEL

... The warehouse.

JEANNETTE

This is the last favor -- By the
way, the worm story was a lie.

AXEL

(trying to save
face)

... I knew that.

They head to the car.

JEANNETTE

It was really roach eggs.

AXEL

(panicking)

... You're kidding?!

JEANNETTE

I'm kidding.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3)

.114

She gets in the car and smiles.

JEANNETTE

(continuing)

True. It was rat hair... You should've never left me prom night.

115 EXT. JEANNETTE'S STREET - NIGHT

115

Taggart and Siddons' unmarked police car is being attached to a tow truck. A second unmarked car, a grey Ford Futura, pulls up; two rookie detectives FOSTER -- a black, late twenties -- and McCABE redheaded, also late twenties -- hop out and join Taggart and Siddons.

FOSTER

What happened?

TAGGERT

What does it look like? We lost them.

116 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

116

The streets are fairly deserted as Axel cruises near the art gallery.

JEANNETTE

The warehouse is down this street and turn into the alley.

The G.T.X. follows the route and slows down.

117 INT. G.T.X. - NIGHT

117

Jeannette points at a large building with a wide loading dock.

JEANNETTE

That's it -- now can we go?

AXEL

After I go inside.

JEANNETTE

... You can't do that.

Axel reaches into the rear of the car and pulls out some burglar tools and exits.

118 EXT. G.T.X. - NIGHT

118

Axel starts towards the building.

JEANNETTE
You're out of your mind.

AXEL
Jenny, you're gettin' to be a nag.

Suddenly several SILENCED GUNSHOTS rip through the night and dig up pavement near Axel. He flattens against the wall as TWO MORE SHOTS chip away brick... A dark Mercedes ROARS away at the end of the alley. Axel dashes to his car.

119 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

119

Axel gets in and quickly FIRES UP the car.

JEANNETTE
(hysterical)
Who was that?! What are you going to do?

AXEL
(pulls away)
Make a citizens arrest.

JEANNETTE
You are crazy!

AXEL
Recognize the car?

JEANNETTE
No. But what if they recognize me?!!

AXEL
Then get down.

JEANNETTE
Who knows what's down there?

Axel floors the car and Jeannette gets down.

120 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT

120

Axel drives like a demon and within seconds has the dark car in his sights... A moment later he is beside them.

The HITMEN cannot believe their eyes and almost start to panic.

121 INT. AXEL'S CAR

121

Axel turns away from the hitmen and stares at the road ahead.

AXEL

... Hold on.

JEANNETTE

What are you doing?

AXEL

... Speeding.

Axel downshifts and the machine erupts with unbridled power.

122 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

122

Axel blows past the Mercedes with alarming quickness and burns down the street until he is nearly four hundred yards ahead of the car... Downshifting and breaking, he whips his car into a 180 degree turn and speeds off in the direction of the oncoming Mercedes.

123 WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT

123

The car and the Mercedes are on a collision course. The Mercedes tries to angle away, but Axel lines up head on with the car. They play this cat and mouse game until they are only seventy-five yards apart.

124 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

124

Again Jeannette sticks her head up and turns panic-stricken to Axel. Axel's face is hardened into an expression of unshakable defiance.

JEANNETTE

Don't do it! Let me out!

125 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

125

We are barely able to make out any clearly identifiable facial characteristics as the men stare at Axel in rigid disbelief.

HITMAN

That bastard is crazy.

HITMAN #2

Keep goin' -- He doesn't have the balls!!

126 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

126

The two machines ROAR towards one another. At the very last minute the Mercedes driver panics and careens off a curbed retaining wall and comes to an incredibly long and grinding halt. Axel slams on his brakes and does another 180 degree turn.

AXEL

Stay down!

JEANNETTE

Don't worry!

Axel pulls his machine up to a smoking stop and jumps out of the car and yanks open the passenger side door. Axel grabs the passenger Hitman by the hair and jerks his head backwards.

AXEL

... I'm gonna ask you one time --
Where's Fleming?

127 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

127

Axel pulls the badly shaken Hitmen out of the car and cuffs him.

JEANNETTE

Who are they?

AXEL

Don't worry about -- look. You don't want to go where I have to go... can you make it home as best you can?

JEANNETTE

How do I get there?

AXEL

(at a loss)
Take a bus?
(throws the Hitmen in)
Don't move.

JEANNETTE

They hardly ever run.

AXEL

Then call a cab -- you okay for money?

JEANNETTE

Call from where?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

AXEL
(gets in the car)
Then try walkin'.

JEANNETTE
Nobody walks in Beverly Hills!

AXEL
Try. Maybe you'll start a fad.

Axel starts the AWESOME SOUNDING ENGINE. He pulls alongside Jeannette.

JEANNETTE
... You always were a crazy driver.

AXEL
Crazy, but safe.

128 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

128

Axel pulls up to an expensive restaurant and a VALET steps over.

VALET
Can I help you?

Axel goes around the other side of the car and pulls the Hitman out. He is handcuffed. Axel jerks the man into the restaurant.

VALET
(continuing)
You're supposed to leave your keys in the car, sir.

129 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

129

The restaurant is one of the city's finest. The glamorous decor is a shocking backdrop for the taunt expression of Axel as he scans the room for Fleming. The MAITRE D' comes by and is appalled by Axel's savage appearance and the battered Hitman.

MAITRE D'
May I help you?

AXEL
Me and my date are lookin' for somebody!

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Axel spots Fleming across the room seated at a table with a party of fifteen to twenty. Axel grabs the Hitman in an arm-lock, starts to move forward, trailed by the trembling Maitre D'.

MAITRE D'

Please, sir -- wait -- you can't do this! Wait, sir, you don't have a reservation!

At this point Axel speeds up and is guiding the Hitman ahead like a battering ram. He flings the Hitman headlong across Fleming's table... The party panics and leaps clear of the sprawled Hitman. Fleming glares at Axel... Fleming's bodyguard, ZACK, goes to make a move on Axel. Axel hits him with the back of his forearm and reaches inside Zack's jacket and removes a .45 caliber pistol.

AXEL

Make another move, I'll feed it to you.

FLEMING

What do you want?

Axel stares at him, then eyes the other guests.

FLEMING

(continuing)

I said, what do you want?

Axel leans forward until he is only inches away from Fleming.

AXEL

(slowly)

... You. I want you.

Axel leans forward and takes a crystal wine glass from in front of Fleming, then backs away from the stunned party, never removing his eyes from Fleming's smouldering expression.

130 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

130

Axel comes out and moves to the curb where his car still stands.

Axel reaches into the junk in the rear of his car and pulls out a plastic bag in which he places the wine glass. Once done, Axel looks at a black Rolls with the license plate that reads "FLEMING."

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Axel calmly puts his foot through the driver's window
... Axel gets back in his car.

... 'Night. AXEL

Axel drives away and a SECOND VALET moves up to the
First.

VALET #1
Why didn't you do something, man?

VALET #2
I work here, man, I ain't paid to
die here.

131 EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

131

Axel cruises down the depraved street. He spots a
motel sign that reads: TROPICANA - VACANCY.

132 INT. TROPICANA MOTEL - NIGHT

132

Axel walks into a claustrophobic room and goes to the
phone and dials.

133 INT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

133

Jeannette is sitting by the phone; deep in thought...
The PHONE RINGS... She sets a drink down, and though in
an aggravated state she composes herself and answers
the phone in a sedate voice.

JEANNETTE
... Hello -- Cobra? Are you all
right?

134 INT. TROPICANA MOTEL - NIGHT

134

Axel stands by the window, gazing at the passing traf-
fic as he converses with Jeannette.

AXEL
I'm fine -- Now do you believe
Fleming's put Mike away?

JEANNETTE
... You don't know what you're
starting.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL
I'm gonna bring him down.

JEANNETTE
You just can't gate-crash Beverly Hills like it is some neighborhood block party in Detroit. That thing tonight could've been two robbers you interrupted. Paul Fleming is not that common.

AXEL
... Y'know, you always were a hard sell. Call ya tomorrow.

Axel hangs up and moves to the bed. As he sits and removes his shoes, POUNDING starts from the other side of the wall... the POUNDING from the increasingly violent lovemaking CONTINUES... Axel looks at his watch.

AXEL
(continuing; at the wall)
... Be sensitive.

Axel lays back and pulls a pillow over his head.

135 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

135

It is very late at night when we see Taggert and Siddons cruising past a Holiday Inn.

SIDDONS
That covers just about every hotel on the west side.

TAGGERT
You know how this makes us look?
-- Just keep driving.

136 EXT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

136

A dark Rolls with a shattered window glides to a stop.

137 INT. JEANNETTE'S HOME - NIGHT

137

A KNOCK is heard at the door and Jeannette sways out of her bedroom, obviously freshly awakened.

JEANNETTE
Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

Paul.

VOICE

She opens the door and is staring into Fleming's body-guard's face... Fleming steps forward. Jeannette backs up.

FLEMING

Did I wake you? Sorry.

JEANNETTE

That's all right. Something wrong?

FLEMING

This Detroit policeman -- Is he your friend?

JEANNETTE

I've known him awhile.

FLEMING

What did he ask you?

JEANNETTE

Paul, I don't have anything to do with this.

FLEMING

Don't be afraid -- have I ever hurt you -- have I ever hurt anyone?

JEANNETTE

... No.

FLEMING

I'm just being harassed by your friend and I'd like to know why?

JEANNETTE

His brother was killed.

FLEMING

I heard.

JEANNETTE

(unnerved)

And he just showed up.

FLEMING

Do you know where he is now?

JEANNETTE

... I swear I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

FLEMING
(very quietly)
Since you met me you have a
position, status, security --

JEANNETTE
... And I've thanked you.

FLEMING
(a soft threat)
I don't want thanks, Jeannette. I
just want my people to be loyal --
you can understand that.

JEANNETTE
Yes.

FLEMING
... If you're a friend, make him
go home. Otherwise it looks bad
for you, Jeannette. You know how
rumors travel in this city.

Fleming turns and leaves... Jeannette is frozen with
terror.

138 EXT. TROPICANA MOTEL - NIGHT

138

Siddons and Taggert are on the verge of exhaustion as
they spy Axel's battered G.T.X. parked outside of motel.

TAGGERT
... There! Pull over, over there.

SIDDONS
You want to call in for
replacements?

TAGGERT
... We'll wait it out.

139 EXT. TROPICANA MOTEL - STREET - MORNING

139

THROUGH the WINDSHIELD of Taggert and Siddons' car, a
YOUNG MEXICAN BOY carrying a small cardboard box with
two coffees and two Danishes.

The cops have dozed off for real, not in the overtly-
comical, mouth-open, snoring-like-an-adenoidal-bear
mode.

The Mexican youth taps on the window... Taggert opens a
strained eye and rolls down the window.

(CONTINUED)

Yeah, what ya want? TAGGERT

The guy said you might be hungry. YOUNG MEXICAN

Who? What guy? TAGGERT

Him, man. YOUNG MEXICAN

The youth gestures over his shoulder at Axel fifty yards away.

At the moment, Axel is bent inside the engine of his car.

140 CLOSE ON AXEL

140

with a wrench in his hand. Axel is fine-tuning his awesome machine... Siddons and Taggert appear from around the hood.

AXEL
Mornin' guys -- It's a full time
job keeping this monster together
-- get any sleep?

TAGGERT
... Enough.

AXEL
Not me -- I think I got the local
love-machine next door... One more
turn and I'll have it.

SIDDONS
(gestures at the
engine)
... What's it put out?

AXEL
Around five hundred and fifty
horse --

TAGGERT
What about last night?

AXEL
What about it?

TAGGERT
Don't play dumb.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL
I don't, it comes natural -- What?

TAGGERT
How'd we get an eggplant in our tailpipe?

AXEL
... Maybe you drove through a salad bar. Would you do me a favor?

Axel reaches in and pulls out the covered wine glass.

AXEL
(continuing; to Siddons)
As one cop to another. Run this through fingerprints, then the rest of that computer equipment and see what it tells ya.

TAGGERT
We can't do that.

AXEL
If you want to find out what I'm doin' here you will.

141 INT. TROPICANA HALLWAY

141

Axel enters his room when the next door opens and Axel sees the local love-machine. He is a total nerd followed by a not-bad-looking female street waif.

AXEL
Hey, I admire you.

Axel enters.

142 INT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - MORNING

142

Jeannette exits her room beautifully dressed for the day... She passes by the RINGING PHONE, hesitating ever so slightly, then exits.

143 INT. TROPICANA MOTEL - MORNING

143

Axel's expression shows concern as he replaces the phone in its cradle.

144 EXT. PALM CANYON DRIVE - DAY

144

Axel drives up a long, curving stretch of Palm Canyon Road, then pulls to the side of the road and stops. Taggart and Siddons pull over about a hundred feet back. On the right hand side of the street, running the whole length of the block, is a 12 foot tall brick wall topped by a revolving-spike fence. Axel takes a pair of binoculars out of his trunk and walks up the street.

145 EXT. FLEMING ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY

145

Axel stops in front of a very solid looking remote controlled electric gate. Axel looks through binoculars... A lot of action. Trucks, mostly catering and delivery, enter and exit.

146 AXEL'S POV

146

All Axel can see are trees, a stretch of lawn, flower beds, and the corner of a big, Spanish-style home. Axel gets back in his car and drives on.

147 EXT. FLEMING ESTATE - DAY

147

Just fifty feet or so past the main gate a side road -- Los Gatos Road -- angles off to the right and sharply uphill. Axel takes this turn and immediately turns his car around and parks it heading downhill on the wrong side of the road. Taggart and Siddons' car comes around the turn next.

They don't expect to see Axel parked just around the corner, so they go past him; they turn around and park behind Axel, who is standing on the hood of his Pontiac, surveying the Fleming estate with binoculars. The cops get out of their car and walk toward Axel, who hops down off the hood.

TAGGERT

Maybe you'd care to tell us what the hell you're doing up here.

AXEL

I came to see what nine million dollars buys nowadays. Down there.

Taggart and Siddons step over with Axel to the side of the road.

Los Gatos Road runs above and alongside the Fleming estate. At the side of the road the hillside drops away sharply. Three-quarters of the way down there's a tall chainlink fence topped with revolving spikes. Then there's a wooded area, and then a view of the main gates of the mansion are only fifty feet away; this is an ideal point from which to keep the main gate under surveillance.

A good part of the property is laid out before us -- there's a tennis court, a pool of course, lots of land; it's magnificent. There are men raising a large colorful tent. The house itself is a grand, rambling two-story hacienda with a red tile roof. It's the epitome of Beverly Hills luxury. On the wall are several signs reading: "WARNING ATTACK DOG". Advance Security Agency.

SIDDONS

Isn't this Paul Fleming's place?

AXEL

Yeah -- 12 foot wall -- laser tracking cameras, electrified fence, razor spikes, bodyguards, attack dog, armed guards, electric eye beams -- Even here it's a lot of protection for an art dealer -- What do you think?

SIDDONS

Looks that way.

AXEL

Sure does.

TAGGERT

You thinking about breaking in?

AXEL

The thought never crossed my mind.
(putting down
the binoculars)
Why the tent?

SIDDONS

He has a big political fund raiser every year.

Taggert eyes Siddons hard.

TAGGERT

Don't answer any more questions.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL
Taggert, what're you gettin' on
him for? Maybe you don't believe
it, but we're all cops here...

TAGGERT
We're just carrying out orders.

AXEL
Sometimes orders are wrong, but
you gotta use your own head --
Well, I've seen enough. You guys
want a beer?

TAGGERT
No. For a man who claims to be on
vacation, you look like a cop on a
case.

AXEL
No, you got it all wrong, just
sightseeing.

Axel holds up a map that reads in boldprint: FAMOUS
HOLLYWOOD HOMES.

AXEL
(continuing)
We should be havin' company soon.

TAGGERT
Like who?

AXEL
... Just stay close, okay?

Axel points to the security sign on the wall.

AXEL
(continuing)
... This Advance Security Company.
I've seen the logo around. Is it
pretty good?

SIDDONS
... Pretty good response time.

AXEL
Yeah... Listen, I'm going to the
Gallery now.

149 INT. THE "GIOVANNI" GALLERY - DAY

149

Jeannette is looking over a large modern oil with
Jacques.

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE
I want to display this on the
front wall and move the Gantrer's
to the other side.

JACQUES
What do you know.

JEANNETTE
Excuse me?

JACQUES
Mr. Goodbar is back.

150 EXT. THE "GIOVANNI" GALLERY - DAY

150

Taggart and Siddons are parked behind Axel's car in the red zone in front of the gallery. A second unmarked police car pulls in behind, and the two young detectives, Foster and McCabe, get out and go to Taggart's window.

FOSTER
We're ready to take over, Sarge.

McCABE
What's he been doing?

TAGGERT
Damned if I know, but is sure isn't vacation.

As Axel enters he reads a sticker on the corner of the window that reads: THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY ADVANCE SECURITY AGENCY.

151 INT. THE "GIOVANNI" GALLERY - DAY

151

Jeannette is standing in front of the large painting. Axel is beside her.

Jacques glances over periodically, but is unable to make out what is being said.

AXEL
You all right?

JEANNETTE
Good enough.

AXEL
He got to you, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE
... He asked if you would quit
harassing him.

AXEL
Harassing?! The guy's a murderer.

JEANNETTE
I don't believe it, so I don't
want to talk about it.

AXEL
No? What do you want to talk
about?

Jeannette gestures at the modern painting.

JEANNETTE
(loudly)
How about art -- Here is a
beautiful piece modestly priced at
eighty-eight thousand -- Who
wouldn't be proud to have this
hanging in their home?!!

AXEL
I wouldn't hang that garbage in my
doghouse!

(low)
Does he want you to tell me to lay
off?

JEANNETTE
(low)
... Yes.

AXEL
Listen, could you do me a favor?

JEANNETTE
Cobra, you're gonna get me killed!

AXEL
Jenny, you're already in it. No
matter what you say, he'll never
believe it. The best thing you
could do is stay close to me.
That's what he wants to know.

JEANNETTE
What?

AXEL
My next move.

152

INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION - OPERATIONS
ROOM - DAY

69.

152

Siddons enters and, with the wine glass given to him by Axel, he approaches a glass-encased office marked: IDENTIFICATION. He enters and observes TWO MEN working on various projects, dusting for fingerprints.

SIDDONS
Staying busy, Bill?

BILL
Always -- What have you got?

SIDDONS
Could you dust this glass? --
I want to run the prints to
Washington.

153

INT. G.T.X. - DAY

153

Jeannette and Axel drive down Little Santa Monica Blvd.

AXEL
That's the art -- some of it has
got to be hot, it's just one scam;
small time stuff. There's got to
be more -- Always this hot here?

JEANNETTE
Turn on the air conditioner --
What do you mean, more scams?

AXEL
It's broken -- He lives too high
to just have this scam -- He's
runnin' something else.

JEANNETTE
I can't believe all these things
you say he has going on --

AXEL
He does -- Jenny. I've seen this
label everywhere. "Advance
Security Agency." Y'know anything
about it?

JEANNETTE
Fleming's a major shareholder in
the company.

AXEL
Who runs it?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

JEANNETTE

The chief operations officer is a man named Tyler -- Carl Tyler.

AXEL

To get involved with a security agency, Fleming had to be bonded -- heavy -- like somebody had to pull some strings -- Who's this Tyler? Where's he from?

JEANNETTE

I don't know that -- Why don't we check the main office?

Axel smiles at her, having finally won her confidence.

AXEL

Yeah, why don't we?

154 INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY 154

Siddons sits at a bank of computers at an enlarged photo of Fleming's fingerprints... the COMPUTER OPERATOR does all the key work as Siddons instructs.

SIDDONS

Nothing at state level.

OPERATOR

The data from Interpol is coming in.

The computer begins to spill forth a stream information. A CLOSEUP of the screen reads "I.O. POSITIVE... JOHNNY WATSON CLARK... BIRTH: 7/6/36... LONDON, ENGLAND."

CONTINUED: CLOSEUP COMPUTER

5'10" - Male - White - Wt. 180 - Eyes Blue.

Alias: Bill Baker
John R. White
William Carl
Billy W. Baker
J. R. Hall
Johnny Watson

Arrests: Armed Robbery - 2/3/63 - Sentenced 3 yrs.
1st Degree Assault - 12/10/66 Charged Dropped.
Possession of Deadly Weapon - 2/5/67 -
Sentence Suspended

(CONTINUED)

Possession of Dangerous Drugs - 5/23/69 -
 Sentence Suspended
 Extortion - 7/7/69 - Charges Dropped
 Extortion - 2/12/70 - Charges Dropped
 Attempted Murder - 6/15/71 - Lack of Evidence.
 Insurance Fraud - 8/1/73 - Suspended Sentence.
 Possession of Stolen Goods - 9/4/75 -
 Charges Dropped.

155 INT. FLEMING'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

155

Zack, one of the nearly faceless killers present at Michael's murder, walks past the secretary and enters Fleming's office.

156 INT. FLEMING'S OFFICE - DAY

156

Outlined by the tinted light that flows in through the large picture windows, Paul Fleming presents an imposing serpentine figure behind his desk... When Zack enters, a secretary taking dictation automatically exits.

FLEMING

... What?

ZACK

(standing)

... They're together.

FLEMING

Where are they now?

ZACK

The last call, they were just driving.

FLEMING

Time to clear it up.

Zack starts to leave.

FLEMING

(continuing)

... Don't forget that girl.

Zack exits.

157 INT. POLICE STATION OPERATION CENTER

157

Siddons has compiled all the incriminating data on Fleming's past... He moves past the other preoccupied policemen and enters a cubicle and confronts Taggart.

(CONTINUED)

Taggart finishes his coffee and tosses the newspaper
aside.

Don't tell me -- it's our watch,
right?

TAGGERT

... I think you better read this
first.

SIDDONS

Taggart takes the folder.

What the hell is it?

TAGGERT

INT. AXEL'S CAR - DAY

Axel and Jeannette come to a stop in front of the
Advance Security Agency, an imposing building in the
Santa Monica district.

AXEL

How long's Fleming had this setup?

JEANNETTE

Long as I've known him.

AXEL

And this Tyler guy, he's been
there how long? Your hair looks
good like that.

JEANNETTE

Thanks. I think so. It was much
smaller until they got the L.A.X.
account.

AXEL

Wait a minute. This agency has
Airport Security Clearance?

JEANNETTE

Yes, why?

AXEL

They handle all the art and stuff
you have imported? -- Now it's
starting to happen. When's the
next shipment due in?

JEANNETTE

There are several large pieces due
in tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

73.

AXEL
Let's get to your place.

158

159 EXT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Axel and Jeannette pull up to her house and exit the auto.

159

McCabe and Foster pull up across the street... Foster takes up the microphone.

160 INT. JEANNETTE'S HOUSE - DUSK

160

Jeannette and Axel enter the house.

JEANNETTE
Are you hungry?

Axel catches movement out of the corner of his eye...

AXEL
Down!!

Axel pulls Jeannette to the floor as the rear WINDOWS SHATTER, blowing glass across the living room.

McCabe and Foster dash up the steps as the FIRING CONTINUES...

Taggart and Siddons arrive on the scene and carefully move toward the entryway.

161 INT. JEANNETTE'S HOME - NIGHT

161

The FIRING CONTINUES for TWO MORE SHOTGUN BLASTS, then the Hitmen flee... Axel rises to take chase just as McCabe and Foster enter, pistols drawn.

McCABE
Freeze right there!!

AXEL
They're in the back!

FOSTER
He said freeze!

Taggart and Siddons enter, guns drawn.

TAGGERT
What's happenin' here!?

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE
They're out there!

AXEL
Forget it, they're gone.

TAGGERT
C'mon, let's go.

AXEL
Where?

TAGGERT
You'll see. C'mon.

162 INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Taggert and Siddons escort Axel and Jeannette towards
Captain Bogomil's office. They enter.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
What's the report? Any make on
them?

TAGGERT
Got away clean.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Are you the one whose home was
shot up?

JEANNETTE
... Yes.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Do you own it?

JEANNETTE
... Yes.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Do you have any idea who may have
done this?

JEANNETTE
No one I could say for sure.

AXEL
... I do.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
(sharply)
To tell you the truth, I'm not
interested in your guesswork -- If
you've got facts, I'll listen.

(CONTINUED)

Capt. Bogomil moves around his desk.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
(continuing)
What happened to the vacation?

AXEL
I'm trying.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Now, what's the connection between
your brother getting his hands cut
off in Detroit, and the connection
between the warehouse, Paul
Fleming, the hit attempt, and the
rest of this crap!

Axel just looks at Bogomil.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
(continuing)
Well?

AXEL
(seriously)
My brother worked for Fleming:
Fleming had him killed. But no, I
can't prove it. If I could, you'd
be the first to know.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Forget what you can prove. Talk
to me.

AXEL
What do you wanna hear? That this
guy's got the whole system working
for him, not against him? We're
cops, we're supposed to put the
trash away, any way we can.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
We go by the book here. It's not
your place to do anything. Paul
Fleming is a prominent Beverly
Hills businessman and there's not
a scrap of evidence that he's ever
broken the law.

AXEL
But you know --

CAPT. BOGOMIL
-- What I know is my business!
Whatever I do about it is my
business!

(CONTINUED)

Siddons, Foster and McCabe exchange glances. It's clear they think their boss is wrong. Sgt. Taggart's expression is unreadable.

SIDDONS
Sir, can I say something?

CAPT. BOGOMIL
What, Siddons?

SIDDONS
He's not wrong.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Are you on his side?!

SIDDONS
Well, sir, he does seem, I mean,
he just wants...

CAPT. BOGOMIL
No, I don't think you better say
anything.

(to Axel)
You see what happens? Young cops
listen to the likes of you and
they begin to forget about the
rules of investigation.

AXEL
Under your rules they'll be ready
to retire before you start on this
case.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
You don't get the message, do you?!

Siddons looks over at Taggart who nods his approval.

SIDDONS
Sir, I think you should look at
this.

Siddons steps out of the office.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
What's he doin'?

Siddons reenters and hands over the computer readout on
Fleming.

SIDDONS
It's a readout on a positive print
I.D. on Fleming.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (3)

77.

Bogomil opens the folder and slowly raises his eyes to Axel.

162

163 INT. POLICE STATION - OPERATIONS ROOM

163

Axel sits at the computer, Jeannette at his side, flanked by Bogomil, Siddons and Taggart... The Operator punches in the necessary information. Below appears on the computer screen:

ADVANCE SECURITY AGENCY
OPERATIONS OFFICER
WARREN TYLER
AGE 51
FORMER G-3 MILITARY SECURITY CLEARANCE
FOUR YEARS FOREIGN SERVICE
10 YEARS FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
RETIRED
MARITAL STATUS: DIVORCED

JEANNETTE
(to Axel)
... That's how he did it.

AXEL
(to Bogomil)
Yeah. This guy Tyler is the one responsible for building Fleming's new I.D.

Bogomil rises and heads towards his office.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
You think he used former connections to get Fleming cleared by the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission to sit on the board of Governors of a local bank?

AXEL
It's not a bank, it's a laundry mat. Now if you guys just give me a little breathin' room for twenty-four hours I might be able to put the last part together.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
And what's that?

AXEL
... Look, I think you can trust me now. You guys let me play it out.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AXEL (CONT'D)
It if doesn't work, I'll take the
heat and you'll be cleared of any
involvement. Give me twenty-four
hours.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
... Twenty-four hours.

Bogomil nods. As Axel and Jeannette start to exit,
Axel pauses and smiles at Bogomil.

AXEL
... And my piece.

Axel exits with Jeannette and Bogomil mutters to
Taggart.

CAPT. BOGOMIL
Give him room. But not too much --
Soon as he finds anything, move in.

164 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

• 164

Axel and Jeannette step outside. They are starting to
look the worse for wear... Axel places his pistol into
his waistband... They move to the car.

AXEL
Have a date tonight?

JEANNETTE
Date? I don't even have a house
anymore.

AXEL
... What ya doin' is real stand
up, Jenny.

JEANNETTE
I didn't have a choice.

AXEL
Don't say that because you did,
and you did right. I have this
theory about that.

JEANNETTE
What's that?

AXEL
When you're right, you're right,
but when you're a friend and
you're wrong --

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE
-- you're still right... You used
to say that in high school!

AXEL
... I need some fresh material.

JEANNETTE
Do you?

AXEL
... Yeah.

Axel pauses at his car and kisses her with deep feeling.

JEANNETTE
(softly)
... What do we do now?

AXEL
... Keep movin'.

Axel and Jeanette get into the car... As Axel lowers himself into the driver's seat and, with his trained eye, spots a Mercedes parked in the shadows with a pair of figures outlined against the faint moonlight that filters in through the car's rear windshield.

AXEL
(continuing)
Yeah, just keep moving -- Hold on.

165 EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

165

Axel slams his car into gear and the machine screams down the street before the pair of hitmen knows what is happening.

JEANNETTE
(turning)
Are we being followed?

AXEL
Not for long -- buckle.

Jeanette pulls her seat belt tight and Axel pulls the beast into third gear... swerving through an intersection leaves the trailing car way behind.

AXEL
(continuing)
Like old times.

JEANNETTE
Not really.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL
What do you mean?

JEANNETTE
You've gotten faster in some ways
and slower in others.

Axel catches the double meaning and they exchange smiles.

166 INT. FLEMING'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fleming is in bed with a young lady when the phone rings... He has been staring at the ceiling. She's asleep.

FLEMING
(low)
... Yes?

The girl next to him stirs.

FLEMING
(continuing)
I don't want to know anymore... I
want them out by tomorrow night.

He hangs up.

167 EXT. ADVANCE SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT

Jeannette sits in Axel's car that is parked in the alleyway... She nervously glances at the Security building.

168 INT. ADVANCE SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT

Axel is going through a file on Tyler's desk... With a small pen flashlight he rapidly scans the pages... Coming upon what he is looking for, he quickly closes the files and departs.

169 EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Axel pulls his car to a stop overlooking the lights of the city... He gets out and surveys the tranquil scene... He leans against the car. Jeannette comes up behind him.

JEANNETTE
... It's nice, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

AXEL
... Yeah, it's like your paintings
when you stand back, it looks
good, you can make sense out of
it. But get too close to it, you
got something that doesn't make
any sense.

JEANNETTE
Getting philosophical in your old
age?

AXEL
(smiles)
... We've got to lay low until
tomorrow night. So we'll just
keep moving around.

Jeannette moves closer.

JEANNETTE
Sounds good -- but can we stay
here awhile.

She puts her arms around him.

AXEL
... The car could use a rest.

She kisses him.

AXEL
(continuing)
... A long rest.

170 EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - FREIGHT ARRIVAL - NIGHT

170

A large plane is seen arriving in the darkness.

AXEL (V.O.)
... This plane was due to arrive
three hours ago at L.A.X. Instead
it was rerouted to another
airport. ... Ever hear of
unloading valuable art in the
middle of where we are?

JEANNETTE
The Valley.

AXEL
Right -- the Valley.

(CONTINUED)

170

CONTINUED:

82.

Axel leans against the airport fence observing the plane with binoculars.

170

AXEL
(continuing)
Recognize any of those guys?

Axel hands over the binoculars to Jeannette.

171

EXT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

171

Jeannette sees four men, two of which are in Advance Security uniforms.

JEANNETTE
Two look like regular Advance Security Guards.

A thick set man walks into the light given off by the jet's flood lights.

JEANNETTE
(continuing)
... The big one is Zack.

AXEL
The other one?

JEANNETTE
Tyler, the Security Chief.

Axel takes the binoculars.

AXEL
...Tyler.

Axel sees the shadowy, but severe-looking presence of Tyler.

The large crate with a carved wooden oriental lion inside is being loaded on the truck.

172

EXT. LARGE FREIGHT TRUCK - NIGHT

172

The truck is moving down the San Diego Freeway towards Beverly Hills.

Axel's car is seen following.

173 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

83.

Axel's anticipation mounts with every moment...
Jeannette glances at Axel and senses the renewed fire.

173

Axel flips open his glove compartment which has been
elongated and inside is a police band radio and a radar
detector. Axel flips the switch and the CROSSTALK
BETWEEN POLICE CARS AND DISPATCHERS are heard.

JEANNETTE

... Convenient.

174 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

174

The truck heads down the street where the warehouse is
located... Axel turns off his lights and stays a block
behind as the truck enters the building.

175 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

175

Axel watches as the metal door of the warehouse closes.

AXEL

... Wait here.

JEANNETTE

... I don't think so. That's
all? Just wait?!

AXEL

... No, wait patiently.

Axel exits the car and stealthily moves across the
street.

176 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

176

The door reopens and the truck exits followed by Tyler
and Zack...

Axel, observing their departure, moves to the alarm box
and in a matter of seconds opens the box.

177 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

177

Axel drops in and moving among the crates comes upon
the newly arrived statue that is in the process of
being uncrated by two bulky security guards... Axel
draws his pistol.

AXEL

... Leave it.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

84.

The Guards freeze and face Axel, who moves forward.

177

AXEL
(continuing)

... Get against the wall -- go on!

178 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

178

From her vantage point, Jeannette sees a limo appear, followed by a second dark car...

179 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

179

Axel has the two guards against the wall... He eyes the lion wooden sculpture.

AXEL
Where's the switch to open the gate?

TYLER
... We'll show you.

Axel turns and is facing Tyler, Zack, another body-guard...

TYLER
(continuing)
... Take his gun.

Axel is facing a shotgun and two other pistols... A security guard takes Axel's pistol.

TYLER
(continuing; almost formally)
Did we make it easy enough for you?
(into a walkie-talkie)
Bring the truck back.

Out of the darkness steps Fleming... He slowly approaches Axel, calmly taking up a small crate slat. He glares at Axel with undiluted hatred, strikes him across the face.

180 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

180

The truck reenters the building...

181 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 85.
Jeannette observes this. Her anxiety mounts. She
starts to get out but gets back in. 181

182 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT 182
Taggart and Siddons slowly cruise the neighborhood
looking for Axel.

183 INT. BEVERLY HILLS OPERATION CENTER - NIGHT 183
POLICE RADIO
... Cars 16, 17 and 23 go to
District Seven. Suspect's car
believed to be near coded area
over.
Bogamil stands near the dispatcher.

DISPATCHER
... Car 18, report.

184 INT. PATROL CAR 18 - NIGHT 184
Two young cops are cruising Beverly Hills.
COP
No sight of suspects, Car 18,
over.

185 INT. PATROL CAR 20 - NIGHT 185
Another pair of cops patrolling Beverly Hills.
COP
Car 20 -- nothing to report over.

186 INT. PLAIN CAR - NIGHT 186
McCabe and Foster cruise Beverly Hills' shopping dis-
trict.
MCCABE
This is McCabe -- nothing to
report -- over.

187 INT. BEVERLY HILLS OPERATION CENTER - NIGHT 187
Bogamil stands with dispatcher.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

86.

187

BOGAMIL
Have Taggart and Siddons cruise
the art warehouse area again.
Yes, sir.

188 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

188

Fleming stands over Axel who has been brutally beaten
to the ground by the security men and Zack...

FLEMING
... Who are you, punk? You're
nothing. You come here to get
me... You got me. Bad move wasn't
it. Your brother tried to move on
me, but not like you, he was too
fuckin' stupid and petty. But he
tried. Build all this and there's
always the fuckin' small timers
like you, ya brother and that
bitch who try to cut in; and I
guarantee when we find her, and we
will, nobody's gonna know what she
is -- we're gonna open her up that
bad. The way you're going to be
opened up -- Take him apart.

Fleming turns and exits with Tyler... Zack, the body-
guard and two security guards remain.

189 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

189

Jeannette sees the truck exit and from around the side
observes Fleming and Tyler exiting the building and
entering the limo.

190 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

190

The security guards and the bodyguards pull Axel to his
feet and hold him helplessly across a crate with a
thick wooden slat across the neck. From out of the
shadows a METALLIC CLIPPING SOUND is heard. It is a
chilling sound... Zack appears holding a huge pair of
bolt cutters... The grotesque turned blades glint in
the subdued lighting.

191 EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

191

Jeannette can no longer contain herself and hurries out
of the car, running towards the building. POLICE RADIO
CROSS CHATTER is heard.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE RADIO
... Suspected 114 on 3rd and
Robertson, investigate at once,
over.

192 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

192

Axel recoils but is helplessly pinned across a crate.

ZACK
... C'mon, I wanna hear ya say
something... I wanna hear ya beg
like ya brother -- He begged good.

The bolt cutters spread apart.

ZACK
(continuing;
a low hiss)
... C'mon, let's hear ya.

Axel raises his eyes to him and spits in his face.

AXEL
... Scumbag.

Zack's face contorts into a snarl and he lowers the bolt cutters on Axel's wrist... Jeannette enters and takes the scene in an instant. She screams in terror.

Zack hesitates for a split second and wheels Axel, tears one arm free and cracks the back of his hand across one of the security guards' windpipe, fatally crushing it on impact.

Axel grabs his pistol from the downed man's waistband. He rolls and BLOWS the second goon away.

AXEL
(continuing;
to Jeannette)
... Get out of here!!

Jeannette flees as the third security goon pins Axel down with GUN FIRE. Zack drops the bolt cutters and splits out the side door... Axel sees this and tries to cut him off, but again is pinned down by GUNFIRE.

Axel moves purposely to expose himself, the goon falls for the ruse, and FIRES. Axel falls back and returns FIRE and blows the goon away.

Axel takes off in pursuit of Zack.

193 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 88.
Zack tries to pile into his parked car, but Jeannette
sees this and throws Axel's car in gear... SCREECHING
ahead, she cross blocks Zack's car. 193

Zack draws his pistol and is about to blow Jeannette
away when Axel explodes from the warehouse... Zack
FIRES and sprints down a narrow opening leading to
Wilshire Boulevard and fairly heavy walking traffic.
Axel takes off in pursuit.

Jeannette throws Axel's car in reverse and speeds out
of the alleyway.

194 EXT. TAGGERT AND SIDDONS' CAR - NIGHT 194
Taggert and Siddons drive by as Jeannette clears the
mouth of the alley and heads towards Wilshire.

195 INT. TAGGERT AND SIDDONS' CAR - NIGHT 195
Taggert wheels the car around in a smoking U-turn as
Siddons yells into the microphone.

SIDDONS
This is Siddons -- suspect's car
sighted! Backup requested near
Wilshire and Rodeo -- over!
(to Taggert)
He was right.

196 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 196
Passersby on the sidewalk scream as Zack bursts out of
the alley. He doesn't even break stride -- he runs
straight out into the heavy Wilshire Boulevard traffic.

197 AXEL 197
sprints out onto Wilshire right after Zack and...

198 CARS SMASH 198
into each other to avoid Zack and Axel as they chase
across Wilshire. Zack FIRES at Axel, who tries to run
low; he can't fire back for fear of hitting the pedes-
trians across the street.

199 CLOSE ON JEANNETTE

89.

as she tries to position the car closer to the fleeing men.

199

200 ZACK

FIRES to scatter the shoppers on the sidewalk in front of him. People scream.

200

201 AXEL

FIRES a single shot, but it just misses Zack as he ducks around the corner.

201

202 EXT. A WILSHIRE INTERSECTION - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

202

Axel is gaining on Zack, who has to shove pedestrians out of his way. Suddenly Zack dodges out into traffic and a ROLLS ROYCE SKIDS TO A STOP in front of him. Zack goes around, yanks open the door of the Rolls, drags an elderly woman from behind the wheel and dumps her into the street. Zack gets in the Rolls and guns it toward Wilshire.

203 AXEL

203

is right in the middle of the street as the Rolls speeds toward him. Axel stands his ground and FIRES at the Rolls. Just as it looks like the Rolls is going to plow into Axel...

204 THE ROLLS'

204

left front TIRE EXPLODES and the Rolls skids past Axel all the way across Wilshire where it bounces up onto the opposite curb, and SMASHES into the massive display WINDOWS of Neiman-Marcus' Department Store. Zack, stunned, staggers out of the Rolls and into the store.

205 AXEL

205

runs back across Wilshire. Now he can hear what SOUNDS like a thousand SIRENS descending on the scene, but they don't distract him, anymore than the snarled HONK-ING traffic on Wilshire does.

206 INT. NEIMAN-MARCUS DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT 90.
Terrified shoppers scream as Zack sprints past the
perfume counter, heading for the big glass doors lead- 206
ing to the parking lot entrance. He turns and FIRES
back and hits Axel's left forearm.

207 AXEL 207
slides on his knees to the small shelter of the perfume
counter. Axel braces his gun on the display case,
leaving a big smear of blood from his left sleeve.

208 AXEL'S 208
BULLETS SMASH through the tall display case of
Waterford crystal in front of the hitman, and the whole
delicately balanced display topples over and smashes to
the floor. Covered with glass shards, Zack backs away
toward the parking lot doors but --

209 ANGLE ON THE REAR ENTRANCE 209
Siddons and Taggert smoke to a stop just outside the
Neiman-Marcus rear entrance. That avenue of escape cut
off, Zack jumps on the escalator and sprints.

210 AXEL 210
breaks out of his concealment and jumps aboard the
first "up" escalator; he flattens himself on the moving
steps to give as little a target as possible for Zack.

211 SIDDONS AND TAGGERT 211
see Zack ascending the escalators and run towards the
elevators at the back of the store.

TAGGERT
The elevator!

212 ZACK 212
hops off the escalator on the third level just as Axel
makes it to the second level; they exchange SHOTS and
both men dive for the scant cover of the escalators.
Now Axel is on the "up" escalator between level two and
three, while Zack is riding the next escalator up be-
tween three and four.

213 WIDE ANGLE

91.

213

The escalators at Neiman-Marcus rise up through a huge open center atrium. Hanging down from the ceiling far above is one of the largest metal sculptures in the world. The sculpture -- a non-moving mobile, if you will -- is composed of a series of metal rods each festooned with several identical metal twists; these twists might be abstract representations of birds in flight. This design is repeated with variations in each of the rods so that the whole has the effect of a great showy earring dangling from the earlobe of God.

214 ZACK

214

pokes his head up as the escalator brings him to...

215 LEVEL THREE

215

where Taggart and Siddons are emerging from the elevator across the way. The hitman FIRES from above, wounding Taggart and Siddons gets out and runs near Axel. SHOPPERS SCREAM. Zack turns back to the escalator as...

216 SIDDONS

216

rushes near Axel as Axel leaps onto the escalator.

AXEL

... Get back, Siddons.

SIDDONS

You were right. You go up and I'll draw his fire.

Axel looks at the kid who for the first time really being the kind of cop he had always imagined... He rises and FIRES at Zack.

217 ZACK

217

ducks back and counter FIRES.

218 AXEL

218

is getting closer to Zack.

219 SIDDONS

219

notes Axel's progress and FIRES again at Zack.

220 ZACK 92.
 rises quickly and FIRES catching Siddons square in the
 upper chest... 220

221 ZACK FIRES
 at Axel as he rounds the corner to the foot of the
 escalator leading to the fourth level. Axel ignores
 the bullet whining past him and takes careful aim. 221

222 CLOSE ON .45 CALIBER
 It FIRES -- BAM/BAM/BAM -- 222

223 CLOSE ON ZACK 223
 Three BULLETS SLAM in a perfect line across Zack's
 chest. His body leans against the railing of the esca-
 lator, then slowly topples over it. The body flips
 feet first into the giant, delicate metal sculpture,
 tearing out some of the metal rods. The hitman's flesh
 and clothing catch on the sharp metal twists of the
 sculpture, and for a second we think the body is going
 to take down the whole structure with it, but the thin
 metal rods hold: Zack's body dangles in the middle of
 the atrium.

224 AXEL 224
 runs down to Siddons who lays dying.

AXEL
 ... I'm sorry.

SIDDONS
 We got him?

AXEL
 Yeah.

SIDDONS
 We got him.

Siddons dies and a look of rage comes over Axel's
 face --

225 EXT. NEIMAN-MARCUS - NIGHT 225
 Axel comes bursting out of the store, angling past the
 crowd that has gathered... The SOUND OF SCREAMS nearly
 drown Jeannette's yelling. She has the car idling on
 the opposite side of the street.

(CONTINUED)

JEANNETTE
... Axel! Over here!! Axel!

Axel sprints across the street.

JEANNETTE
(continuing)
Look at your arm!

AXEL
Get in!

Jeannette slides over as Axel leaps behind the wheel.

JEANNETTE
Where're we going?!

AXEL
To take him out!!

JEANNETTE
Let's wait for the police.

As Axel burns away from the scene, three police cars approach from the opposite direction.

Two of the POLICE CARS PEEL around and take off in pursuit.

226 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

226

sharply veering off Wilshire, he is deep within himself.

AXEL
... Me and him.

227 EXT. FLEMING MANSION - NIGHT

227

A valet service is handling the line of arriving guests as the party goes pull in front of the brightly lighted home.

Many of the guests mingle on the expansive terrace... It is definitely a Hollywood gala affair in every sense of the word. Posters of the guest of honor abound: WARREN HENDERSON FOR SENATOR.

228 FRONT GATES

228

Three bodyguards stand watch as each approaching vehicle approaches and presents their invitation to a fourth bodyguard.

229 EAST FENCE

94.

A bodyguard patrols the area every few steps flicking
on a long handled flashlight.

229

230 GARAGE AREA

Another bodyguard patrols along the side of the house.
Behind him is an enviable collection of exotic sports-
cars that line the huge garage.

230

231 INT. FLEMING MANSION - NIGHT

The party is in full swing with the wealthy socialites
enter, mingling among themselves... Fleming is seen
talking with the guest of honor, Senator Warren
Henderson.

231

232 EXT. FLEMING MANSION - NIGHT

232

A bodyguard in a tuxedo passes by a circle of people
who stand above him on the terrace.

... the grounds and the house itself are illuminated by
shafts of lights coming from the floodlights located
high above... Though elegant, it does give the house an
institutional appearance.

233 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

233

Axel is expressionless as he downshifts.

POLICE RADIO

All available cars to Wilshire --
Neiman-Marcus building, over.

JEANNETTE

Axel, don't do this -- So you
bring him down, but ruin yourself.
You'll look as bad as him.

234 EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

234

running a light, Axel nearly flies across Sunset Boule-
vard...

The police try to do the same and are caught in cross
traffic.

235 EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 95.
 Axel's machine speeds up Palm Canyon Road. 235

236 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 236
 Jeannette's eyes reflect her mounting anxiety as she is chilled by Axel's grim expression.

JEANNETTE
 Axel -- Axel! Talk to me!
 What're you going to do?!

AXEL
 ... Tighten the belt.

At a loss, Jeannette removes her eyes from Axel, and tightens seat belt.

237 INT. BEVERLY HILLS OPERATION CENTER 237
 Bogamil stands near the dispatcher as the reports of Axel's progress keeps filtering in.

McCABE (V.O.)
 Suspect's car heading down
 Palm Canyon Drive.

BOGAMIL
 Stay with him --

McCABE (V.O.)
 It's not so easy, sir -- over.

238 INT. McCABE AND FOSTER'S CAR - NIGHT 238
 McCabe and Foster are just clearing Sunset Blvd...
 Foster is behind the wheel. He has never been tested like this and his demeanor shows it.

MCCABE
 (to Foster; very
 uptight)
 Christ, what's in that car -- Sir,
 the only way to stop him is a road
 block, over.

239 INT. BEVERLY HILLS OPERATION CENTER - NIGHT 239
 Bogamil leans over the dispatcher.

(CONTINUED)

239

CONTINUED:

239

BOGAMIL
 Dammit. Just stay with him as
 best you can.
 (to dispatcher)
 I want every available car to the
 Fleming residence.

Bogamil moves away.

240

EXT. FLEMING MANSION - NIGHT

240

The gate guards are checking invitations as a limousine
 passes through... The gates close behind the limo...
 The SOUND of Axel's APPROACHING CAR catches the guards'
 attention.

241

INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

241

Axel steers the car straight at the gate.

AXEL

(dryly)

... Hold on.

JEANNETTE

Axel!

AXEL

Get low!

JEANNETTE

... Oh shit!

Axel downshifts and pushes the pedal to the floor.

242

EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

242

The car leaps ahead as if fired from a cannon, a head
 on collision is definite.

GUARDS

Move! Move!

243

ON GUARDS

243

The men lunge to the side of the driveway. The gate is
 slowly closing.

244 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 97.
At this gut-turning speed, Axel suddenly slams on the
brakes and yanks the wheel hard to the left. 244

245 EXT. AXEL CAR - NIGHT 245
The car spins around in a perfect 180 degree turn and
tears through the halfway closed gate rear end first.
The ornamented gate smashes open.

246 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 246
Jeannette is mesmerized as the car proceeds
backwards... Axel again hits the brakes and jerks the
wheel.

247 EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 247
The car once again spins around and is now heading
front end first towards the front of the mansion.
The car comes to a smoking power slide against the
front steps. Appearing nearly crazed, Axel runs into
the house.

248 INT. FLEMING'S MANSION (ENTRYWAY) - NIGHT 248
The front door bursts open as Axel charges in... a
tuxedoed bodyguard stationed at the door attempts to
intercede but is dropped by a forearm smash across the
jaw... the encounter barely slows Axel's progress.

249 BALLROOM 249
Several guests back up in panic... as Axel rushes in.
Another bodyguard tries to intercede and Axel cracks
him across the face with his pistol. The man goes down
in curled agony...

AXEL
(bellowing)
Fleming!!

The room gets loud with fearful voices as people back
away from the enraged cop... Fleming turns and locks
eyes with Axel.

AXEL
(continuing)
Police! Nobody move!!

(CONTINUED)

Fleming is still standing with Senator Henderson...
There is a large publicity photo of the Senator raised
high in the room. 249

The large wooden statue seen at the airport and ware-
house is now situated on a grand pedestal on the first
level of the staircase.

Tyler stands nearby the statue... Fleming starts to
move away.

AXEL

(continuing)

Move and I'll blow your heart out!

Axel squares off with Fleming, slowly advancing with
each movement.

FLEMING

This man's crazy -- What the hell
do you want?!

AXEL

I couldn't bring you down their
way, ya comin' down my way, Clark.

FLEMING

Somebody call the authorities.

SENATOR HENDERSON

Do you know what you're doing?
Who's Clark?

AXEL

Johnny Watson Clark is a pimp
who's bought an ex-Fed, who bought
him a new I.D. And as long as he
waved the big money, you bought
his bullshit.

The SOUND OF MANY SIRENS are heard outside the mansion.

FLEMING

The man's lost his mind.

AXEL

(pointing to Tyler)
The ex-Fed buys the new I.D. with
pull in Washington. He buys into
a security agency that has airport
clearance, buys an art gallery to
transport it in, and part of a
bank to launder the money.

(CONTINUED)

Bogamil and several policemen enter, guns drawn.
Jeannette follows them.

249

BOGAMIL
Drop the gun, Cobretti!

JEANNETTE
Cobra, don't do it.

AXEL
It's all here -- under your nose.
Hide in plain sight.

Axel keeps his gun trained on Fleming.

SENATOR HENDERSON
What is?!

AXEL
This!

Axel turns and takes aim at the wooden sculpture and begins to riddle it with GUNFIRE. PEOPLE SCREAM and lunge away.

The large sculpture EXPLODES as chunks of its form are being blasted away. The neck portion of the sculpture is blown away and a massive amount of white powder flows to the floor. Axel BLOWS away a very large vase: in the bottom is several pounds of powder. He BLOWS another statue in half: it is empty. He SHOOTS the matching statue next to it and sure enough it is loaded with drugs.

Bogamil looks at Fleming and yells to his men.

BOGAMIL
Take him.

Fleming turns and springs from the room, which is now in pandemonium. Axel takes up the chase.

Fleming sprints down the hallway with Axel twenty yards behind.

Two of Fleming's bodyguards jump on Axel, and he fights like a hellcat to break free.

251 BOGAMIL

251

He moves towards Tyler who is ascending the stairs.

BOGAMIL
 Right there, Tyler!
 (to Foster)
 Lock him up.
 (to several cops)
 Take the front!
 (to the crowd)
 No one is to leave the house!
 No one!

Bogamil starts towards Axel.

Axel has busted loose and kicks one bodyguard unconscious. The other one grabs Axel around the throat.

Jeannette claws at the bodyguard's eyes. He frees Axel just enough for Axel to level him with an elbow to the face.

Bogamil arrives as Axel is freed.

AXEL
 He's this way --

They take off in pursuit.

252 EXT. FLEMING MANSION - NIGHT

252

Axel hits the rear door as the EXPLOSIVE SOUND of a HIGH WHINING ENGINE is heard. Axel, followed by Bogamil and Jeannette, heads toward the garage.

Before Axel can enter the garage, a red Lamborghini rockets from the garage like an angry red flame.

Bogamil levels his pistol at the fleeing car, but Axel hits his hand.

AXEL
 He's mine!

Fleming weaves past the other police cars so quickly, they have little or no time to take in the situation.

BOGAMIL
 (to nearby cops)
 Get after him!

Axel is sprinting for his car, followed by Jeannette.

Axel reaches the car and leaps behind the wheel...
Jeannette tries to get in the other side.

Get out! AXEL

Forget it -- I'm not walking home
again! JEANNETTE

Jeannette gets into the car as Axel floors it.

254 EXT. G.T.X. - NIGHT

254

Axel's progress is encumbered by the three police cars already ahead of him as he tries to maneuver to the gate... Axel frantically BLOWS HIS HORN for the cops to speed up... Behind him are three more police cars with their lights spinning and SIRENS BLARING... The scene is absolute chaos.

 AXEL
Move! Dammit! Move!!

Behind him is Bogamil who is also trying to take a closer position to the head of the chase as the cars peel out of the main gate.

255 THE LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH - NIGHT

255

The sports car comes SCREECHING around the corner followed by six police cars and Axel who is still sandwiched in the middle.

Axel manages to power shift past one police car before the Lamborghini disappears around a turn.

256 INT. LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

256

Fleming down shifts, checks his side mirrors and with the cop cars fading in the background, whips the car onto Coldwater Canyon Road.

257 EXT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT

257

Axel drafts one of the police cars and at the precise moment, he whips around the cops then in a daring move, whips around the lead police car on the right hand side.

258 INT. BOGAMIL'S CAR - NIGHT

102.

Bogamil watches Axel's maneuver and turns sharply to his DRIVER. 258

BOGAMIL
C'mon, try to stay with him.

DRIVER
Are you kidding, sir?

259 EXT. TOP OF COLDWATER - NIGHT

259

From this vantage point near the fire station, we see the Lamborghini blast up the Beverly Hills side, nearly airborne.

Axel is a hundred yards behind with the fading whirling lights of the pursuing police cars fading in the distance.

Axel's car also leaves the roadway at the top of the hill.

260 EXT. LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

260

The machine whines like an insane serpent down the Canyon Road and whipping in and out of traffic heads towards the freeway.

261 AXEL

261

The Detroit cop does his best to stay with the sports car, but the winding turns are certainly not to his car's advantage.

262 BOGAMIL

262

The detective is several hundred yards back but still in pursuit... He takes the microphone.

BOGAMIL
Central Headquarters, this is Lt.
Bogamil. Requesting emergency
assistance at the Coldwater
freeway ramp entrance.

263 LAMBORGHINI

263

comes around the last curve and hits the straightway with unexpected torque, leaving everybody far behind.

264 AXEL

264

Damn -- AXEL

Axel also hits the straightway but encumbers a civilian in a Datsun turning into his path.

Cobra! JEANNETTE

Axel downshifts into second, stomps the pedal to the floor. The twin Harley carburetors kick in and the G.T.X. slingshots around the Datsun with amazing dexterity.

JEANNETTE
(continuing)
... You're incredible.

AXEL
... It's all in the wrists.

265 INT. FOSTER AND McCABE CAR - NIGHT 265

Foster driving. Sees Axel's great move then looks down at his speedometer: it reads 100 miles per hour.

266 THE LAMBORGHINI 266

rips right through the heavy traffic at the Coldwater-Ventura intersection.

Fleming glances confidently in his rearview mirror, but his face turns grim:

The grill of the G.T.X. looms in his mirror.

267 INT. BOGAMIL'S CAR 267

He is on the radio.

BOGAMIL
We're losing him -- Where's the
L.A.P.D.?!

268 THE LAMBORGHINI 268

Blows up the freeway entrance at numbing speed.

269 JEANNETTE 269
Swallows hard and turns frantically to Axel.

JEANNETTE
Thanks for the lift -- This'll be
fine.

270 AXEL 270
Flashes up the ramp in hot pursuit.

271 EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - NIGHT 271
Is not very crowded as the cars climb in speed.

272 LAMBORGHINI 272
Waits for an opening and power turns across the freeway
and heads in the opposite direction.

273 HIGHWAY PATROL CAR 273
On the opposite side observes this instantly and takes
up the chase... Within seconds, Axel's car ROARS past
the Highway Patrol car.

274 A POLICE CHOPPER 274
Now comes INTO VIEW with spotlight glaring down on to
Axel's car then on to Fleming's car.

275 THE LAMBORGHINI 275
Now begins to truly do what it was created to do and
the speed now ascends to one hundred and fifty.

276 AXEL'S CAR 276
is vibrating, but the horsepower keeps Axel right on
Fleming's tail.

277 FLEMING 277
sees Axel in his rearview and pushes the Lamborghini
even harder... The glare from the chopper is nearly
blinding.

- 278 THE SPEEDOMETER 278
reads one hundred and sixty-five.
- 279 HIGHWAY PATROL CAR 279
is trying desperately to keep in the thick of things
but at this speed the machine's ENGINE JUST BLOWS,
sending metal rods through the hood.
The car manages a safe but jarring stop.
- 280 INT. AXEL'S CAR - NIGHT 280
Jeannette is completely white knuckled. She fearfully
glances at the speedometer.
JEANNETTE
... Oh God.
RADIO VOICE
This is C.H.P. 27. Request
emergency assistance. Cars
heading east. Request roadblock
at --
Axel flips a switch on the dash and the microwave comes
on and the signal is jammed.
- 281 SPEEDOMETER 281
reads one hundred and seventy and climbing.
- 282 AXEL'S CAR 282
is screaming in pain but is actually gaining on the
state-of-the-art sports car.
- 283 EXT. LAMBORGHINI AND G.T.X. 283
The two machines stay so close to one another that it
almost appears to be a scene from a Formula One race.
- 284 THE CHOPPER 284
cruises closer to the raging machines. A voice booms
over a loud speaker.
VOICE
... You're being ordered to stop.
Pull over to the side of the
highway.

285 INT. LAMBORGHINI 285

VOICE
You're being ordered to stop!

Fleming is enraged and pushes the sports car even faster. The speedometer reads nearly one hundred eighty-five.

286 AXEL 286

appears in a different world. His entire self, physical and spiritual, is into this death race.

287 AXEL'S FOOT 287

presses even harder on the accelerator.

288 TACHOMETER 288

winds towards 6000 R.P.M.'s.

289 THE SPEEDOMETER 289

only reads one hundred and sixty. Having been straining against the maximum, the speedometer cable snaps. The reading is now zero.

290 LAMBORGHINI AND G.T.X. 290

ripping holes through the night.

291 EXTREME CLOSEUP 291

of the Lamborghini's highly polished wheels that are nothing more than chrome buzz saws.

292 INT. G.T.O 292

Axel struggles to hold the wheel that vibrates wildly and Jeannette's hands are braced against the dashboard.

293 G.T.X. 293

The engine is now smoking.

- 294 INT. LAMBORGHINI 294
The speedometer now reads 195.
- 295 EXT. LAMBORGHINI AND G.T.X. - NIGHT 295
The Lamborghini is pulling away. It violently weaves past a tractor trailer truck.
- 296 AXEL 296
frantically pounds the steering wheel as if imploring his car to produce just a little more speed.
- 297 INT. LAMBORGHINI 297
Fleming's eyes nearly bulge from their sockets.
- 298 SPEEDOMETER 298
reads an even, ear-shattering 200 miles per hour.
- 299 EXT. BOGAMIL AND EIGHT POLICE CARS 299
The men are several miles behind the action, but their lights are still flashing and SIRENS WAILING.
- 300 EXT. LAMBORGHINI 300
The car now begins to approach a row of flares.
- 301 INT. LAMBORGHINI 301
Fleming's watery eyes narrow as he spots a line of flashing lights across the freeway at least a half mile ahead.
- 302 EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT 302
Ten empty police cars form a barricade across the highway... Fifty flares give the scene a hellish red tone. Off to the side is a squad of highway patrolmen.
- 303 EXT. LAMBORGHINI 303
Fleming starts to brake.

108.

304 FLEMING 304
 downshifting and veering over.

305 LAMBORGHINI 305
 cuts to the right and smokes down an off ramp.
 Axel's smoking G.T.X. follows.

306 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 306
 The Lamborghini peels around the corner.

307 FLEMING 307
 frantically looks for an escape route. Over his
 shoulder he sees Axel coming down the ramp.

308 HIGHWAY PATROL 308
 The cars are starting to move out and take up the pur-
 suit.

309 AXEL 309
 His expression tightens as he senses the end is near.

310 EXT. LAMBORGHINI AND G.T.X. 310
 With incredible dexterity, the cars wind around the
 curved road. The Lamborghini begins to pull away
 again.
 Fleming wheels the car on to San Fernando Road and
 burns toward a railroad track that runs parallel to
 the road.

311 EXT. EXPRESS TRAIN - NIGHT 311
 Rapidly approaching is an awesome-looking single-eyed
 mass of mechanical muscle... It blows its AIR
 WHISTLE.

312 INT. EXPRESS TRAIN - NIGHT 312
 The conductor recoils as the Lamborghini is directly in
 the path of the train's powerful headlight.

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED: 312

The shearing light kicking off the highly-shined
Lamborghini is nearly blinding.

The conductor hits the floor.

313 INT. G.T.X. 313

Axel and Jeannette continue to speed toward the ramp.

JEANNETTE

Oh God!!

314 EXT. LAMBORGHINI 314

The machine is caught dead center by the express train
and the EXPLOSIVE METALLIC GRINDING gives way to near
absolute disintegration, as it goes nearly through the
front windshield of the train. The car remains
suspended on the front of the train.

315 INT. G.T.X. 315

Having witnessed this, Axel frantically tries to slow
his machine down.

316 EXT. G.T.X. 316

The brakes catch hold and billow with white smoke, but
still the car speeds towards a broadside collision with
the train.

317 INT. G.T.X. 317

Axel jams on the emergency brake. Nothing.

AXEL

Get down!!

They bend low, their fate in the hands of destiny.

318 EXT. G.T.X. 318

The machine still speeds toward the side of the train.

319 AXEL 319

At the last second, he closes his eyes and covers his
face. He tries to lean himself over Jeannette.

320 EXT. EXPRESS TRAIN

320

The G.T.X. smokes right up to the side of the train and at the very last second, when death appears certain, the last car of the express train clears and the G.T.X. skids across the tracks into emptiness.

321 AXEL

321

opens his eyes. The silence is deafening. He looks as though he just returned from the twilight zone.

322 JEANNETTE

322

lifts herself up and almost sheepishly peeks above the dashboard.

323 EXT. EXPRESS TRAIN

323

The train has moved well down the track, but is slowing.

324 INT. G.T.X.

324

Jeannette turns to Axel.

JEANNETTE

... We're alive.

AXEL

Yeah. You alright?

JEANNETTE

Fine, thanks. God, look at that.

Axel looks at the Fleming Lamborghini falling from the front of the train and laying crushed and flaming on the side of the track. The SOUND OF SIRENS are very near. The hovering helicopter searchlight brightly illuminates the area.

JEANNETTE

(continuing)

What're we going to do now?

AXEL

Good question... Ask him.

Jeannette turns around and sees many police and highway patrol cars arriving. They spy Bogamil, who drives over to Axel's machine.

Bogamil gets out of his car without removing his eyes from Axel.

325 AXEL

325

stands and prepares for the worst.

326 JEANNETTE

326

gets out of the car and looks apprehensive.

327 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

327

BOGAMIL

... You were right all along.

Axel nods.

BOGAMIL

(continuing)

But how you handled this broke every rule of police procedure ever written.

Axel nods and glances at Jeannette.

BOGAMIL

(continuing)

Now it's over and there's more than enough evidence. I want you to leave before you try any other clean-up campaign, understand? Do you understand?

AXEL

(nods)

I know when I'm not wanted.

BOGAMIL

(coldly)

We'll notify your department when we have the inquiry... Now get going before the press gets here.

Axel nods and turns away.

BOGAMIL

(continuing)

... And don't forget this.

Bogamil hands him what appears to be a small, folded piece of paper. Axel reads it and laughs.

AXEL

... A speeding ticket?

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

327

BOGAMIL
(nearly smiling)
... Pay it.

Axel nods and turns to Jeannette.

AXEL
I guess that's it.

JEANNETTE
You have to leave?

AXEL
You heard the man. Thanks for
everything, Jeannette...
(awkwardly)
I gotta go before the press comes.

JEANNETTE
I understand. Hurry up.

328 ANGLE

328

Axel STARTS UP THE CAR. It is difficult to remove his
eyes from Jeannette.

AXEL
... See you, Jenny.

He slips the machine into gear and starts to ease away.
He pauses and looks at Bogamil, who is talking with a
cluster of cops.

AXEL
(continuing)
Bogamil --

329 BOGAMIL

329

The police captain turns around.

BOGAMIL
What is it?

AXEL
Y'know, I'm startin' to kinda like
the weather out here.

BOGAMIL
Don't even think about it,
Cobretti.

Axel smiles and turns to Jeannette, who stands about
ten yards away.

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED:

329

AXEL

Listen, would you like to go some
place and have a drink?

Jeannette immediately brightens and starts forward.

JEANNETTE

... Only if you go slow.

Axel nods and Jeannette moves to the car and gets in.

330 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS/STREET - NIGHT

330

The car pulls away from all the mass confusion and
slides past an array of television mini-cams that are
arriving at the surreal scene.

Slipping his super car into second gear, Axel and
Jeannette fade into the distance until all that is
heard is the FADING GROWL OF HIS ENGINE.

THE END

The logo for Barbara's Place is enclosed in a rounded rectangular border. The text "Barbara's" is on the top line and "Place" is on the bottom line, both in a decorative, calligraphic script font.

Barbara's
Place

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