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BEVERLY HILLS COP II
First Draft Rev: 9/2/86 FINAL
By Larry Ferguson

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - DAY 1

Dazzling sunshine. The heat is on. Steel and granite lean hard on blistered streets. Motor City's wide awake and pumping hard -- belching and farting smog at a leaden sky.

Out in the river, between Detroit and Canada, the amusement park on Boblo Island is crowded with LAUGHING CHILDREN. Further inland:

2 EXT. 7641 MONROE STREET, DETROIT - DAY 2

A tall BRICK BUILDING presiding over the slaughtered senses and STENTORIAN CLAMOR of big city DOOM. A half a block away, a BUSTED WATERMAIN.

TWO STREET KIDS by a PADLOCKED GARAGE DOOR. A GAME OF STICK-BALL farther up Monroe. The Street Kids are:

HECTOR, 17, well-muscled, thick neck, the brain of a chicken, and LOUIS, 18, skinny as a rail, smart as a whip and shifty-eyed.

Across the street, on the 16th floor of 7641, ROCK MUSIC tumbles through an open window in:

3 INT. AXEL FOLEY'S APARTMENT, DETROIT - DAY 3

Standard issue, middle-class bachelor pad, equipped with steam heat, rusted sink and broken pipes. In a modest living room, surrounded by cracked linoleum and DRIVING MUSIC:

AXEL FOLEY, energetic, intense and quick to smile, is preparing to meet his day, undergoing a stunning transformation.

Dismissing Levi's and sneakers, he opens a grungy closet, removes a starched, pin-strip LAGERFELD, slipping into it. In a battered chest, he finds color-coordinated DIOR, handknit, SILK SOCKS.

MUSIC BOOMS.

Returning to the closet, he puts on a grey NINO CEURITTI suit. Exquisitely tailored. He slips a razor-thin, snakeskin belt with hand-polished buckle around his waist.

MUSIC SIZZLES.

He dons a pair of cushy WALTER NEWBERGER kid leather loafers. They got tassles on 'em. Getting up, he checks himself in the mirror. Not bad.

From his dresser he picks up a BROWNING AUTOMATIC with ivory grips and drops it in a kid glove holster. Clipping it to his belt, SLAPS on a hit of LAGERFELD COLOGNE.

Around his neck, he knots a silk JACARD Japanese tie. The thing's woven to shine differently, depending on the light. Dropping a snakeskin wallet into his pocket, he straps on a PATEK PHILIP WATCH. Once more to the mirror. He likes what he sees.

MUSIC LEAVES THE WORLD.

Axel picks up a BORSALINO FEDORA of woven beaver, setting it on his head, adjusting it to just the right angle. Jesus, he's cool. Turning, he heads for:

4. EXT, MONROE STREET, DETROIT - DAY 4

Leaving the building, Axel zooms across the street like a diamond, all flags flying, approaching Louis and Hector. They're glad to see him. He's their hero.

AXEL
Problems?

LOUIS
You kidding, man. Anybody mess with this garage --
(re:Hector)
Hector'd set his goddam hair on fire.

Hector nods. Yeah, he'd do that. Axel hands a WAD OF BILLS to Louis. Louis grins. He and Hector split. Using a zillion keys, Axel goes to work on the garage door, dragging it open. Inside:

A FIRE-ENGINE RED TESTA ROSSA FERRARI

Top of the goddam line. Radial tubeless, cast alloy rims and special hidden spare wheel. Unlocking the car, he slides into:

5 INT. FERRARI - DAY 5

Jet black interior. A hundred toothless Italian chicks chewed on the leather for about a week to get it just soft enough. It's got air conditioning and electrically powered everything.

Axel turns the ENGINE OVER. It PURRS. DROPS a TAPE in the Kenwood 999. GLITTERING MUSIC. SLAMMING his ride into gear, he POPS the CLUTCH. ROCKETING out of the garage, he hangs a right on Monroe.

6 MONTAGE: AXEL DRIVES THROUGH DETROIT 6

EXT. EAST GRAND - DAY

The Detroit River on his right. To his left, blocks of rubble, all that remains of the Old Uniroyal Plant. SYNCOPATED ROCK ON THE TAPE.

7 EXT. FISHER FREEWAY - DAY 7

passing CONDEMNED BUILDINGS. A MAZY FLOW of LOST SOULS and BROKEN DREAMS. Old MOTOWN BUILDING still stands like a verger at the doors to the past.

8 EXT. MICHIGAN CENTER DEPOT - DAY 8

Scooting by, CROWDED PEOPLE trying to figure out whether they're coming or going. MUSIC PEAKS.

(END CREDITS)

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

9 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 9

Bright sunlight. Windows blaze in the shallow canyons of El Camino, Beverly, and Rodeo Drive. A ROLLS ROYCE parks behind a gun-metal CADILLAC. A CORNICHE jockeys for position in the street directly opposite:

10 EXT. ADRIANO'S - DAY 10

White cotton facade. Huge glass doors. You don't just wander in to Adriano's to shop. You gotta make an appointment. Standing by the front door in a white jacket:

RAUL, mid-20's, dark, curly hair, the well-muscled guardian of Adriano's inner sanctum. It's his job to make sure that Adriano's shoppers aren't harrassed by the great unwashed.

A BLACK LIMO stops at the curb. DRIVER piles out and races to the street side rear door, hauling it open. A dark-complected BRUNETTE slides out. She's wearing reflector glasses and has an attractive beauty mark on her left cheek. She is:

TRISH MURRAY, 22, in clinging silk with tapering legs and perfect breasts. A voluptuous virago, she radiates nothing but pure lickerish heat. Her swelling breasts and clean white smile are better than any kind of ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

Raul can't take his eyes off her. He's used to good looking women but this twist is every man's fantasy. She drops her bag on the sidewalk. Kneeling, Raul helps her with the scattered contents of her purse. Suddenly:

He's looking down the barrel of a SNUB-NOSED .38. It's the biggest, blackest, fucking hole he's ever seen. Trish's VOICE, seductive as the grave.

TRISH
Do exactly as I say, honey. Understand?
(he does)
Good boy. Stand up slowly. Walk ahead of me and open the door,

Spinning, Raul gets to his feet, In front of him, CHATTERING PEDESTRIANS, oblivious to the unfolding drama. He heads for the door.

Concealing the gun in her purse, Trish follows. The driver of the limo piles back in and takes off, leaving SIX FEET of SKIDS behind him.

Raul gets a key into the lock and drags open the door. Trish follows him into:

11 INT. ADRIANO'S, BEVERLY HILLS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 11

THE SHOW ROOM

A cool, chrome and glass tomb. Not a sound from the outside. A STAIRCASE ascends to a spacious MEZZANINE. Above, a leviathan CRYSTAL CHANDELIER.

NANCY, mid-20's, blond, a tailored hostess, seated at a desk, glances at Raul and a sexy brunette by the door. Unexpectedly, the brunette lays the barrel of a .39 against Raul's ear, THUMBING back the HAMMER. TONS of IRON COLLIDE in STILLNESS.

TRISH
(whispering, to Raul)
Lock the door and step away from it, baby.

NANCY
(standing up)
What are you —

TRISH
Shut your mouth.
(to Raul)
Lock the door.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Raul's got the shakes. KEYS RATTLE in his paw. Sweating, he STABS at the lock. SLIDING the BOLT into place.

TRISH
(continuing)
You're a good boy. Mommie loves you.

Roughly, she grabs his collar, dragging him across a Persian carpet to the dumbfounded Nancy.

TRISH
(continuing, to Nancy)
Come here.

Terrified, Nancy inches forward.

TRISH
(continuing)
Eat the floor. Both of you.
(beat)
Do it!

Raul and Nancy go down. A SCOWLING FACE appears over the mezzanine balcony. It belongs to:

FRANCESCO, fey, mid-40's, cashmere sweater and designer jeans. Glaring down at Trish, he WHINES:

FRANCESCO
What do you think you're doing?

Trish raises the .38, laying the sight on Francesco's nose, WHISPERING:

TRISH
Get your ass down here, squirrel-bait.

Francesco doesn't move. Trish's REVOLVER EXPLODES. FLAME leaps from the barrel. A CHUNK of the gold bannister, inches from Francesco, is BLOWN TO SHIT. Trish's VOICE, through the acrid gun smoke -- ruby lips on razor white teeth:

TRISH
(continuing)
Move.

Francesco stumbles down the stairway. Impatient, Trish grabs a fistful of his sweater, hauling him into:

12 CARPETED HALLWAY 12

Past windows displaying back-lit jewelry. Francesco is scared shitless. Burying the gun in his neck, Trish nods at a large back door.

TRISH
Open it.

He UNLOCKS the door, DRAGGING IT OPEN. Eyes stares at it:

TWO HUGE MEN in BLACK JUMPSUITS. They're wearing knee-high nylons over their faces. Super unfriendly.

One is carrying a STAINLESS STEEL .44 AUTO MAG converted to full automatic. He's got it in a holster tied to his shoulder with a leather strap. Francesco moves backward, to the wall.

FRANCESCO
Jesus, Mary.

Like a cat, Trish steps forward and HITS Francesco dead in the CHOPS. Lady's not just sexy. She's strong. Francesco's lights go out. He's all done for today.

12A EXT. SHOWROOM ALLEY 12A

Out in the alley, behind Mask #2 and #3, (MAY), A BROWN VAN, rear doors thrown open, ramp rising to its tail. A GUY IN BLUE OVERALLS at the top of the ramp. Trish, Masks #2 and #3 disappear down the hall.

13 INT. THE SHOWROOM 13

Legs wide, Trish stands over Nancy and Raul, still lying face down on the floor. She PUNCHES a button on a STOP WATCH.

TRISH
Two minutes.

Galvanized, Mask #2 races up the stairs to the mezzanine, Mask #3, still carrying the .44 auto mag, grabs a rack of furs, wheeling it down the hallway.

14 INT. THE MEZZANINE 14

Mask #2 moves down rows of encased jewelry, SMASHING one CASE after ANOTHER with a BASEBALL BAT and dumping SPARKLIES into his gunny sack. He skips the cheap shit.

From below, Trish's VOICE, whisky-hot:

TRISH (O.S.)
One minute.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

Mask #2 DESTROYS another DISPLAY. SHARDS of GLASS SPLATTER the WALLS. Downstairs:

15 INT. THE CARPETED HALLWAY 15

Mask #3 delivers a rack of furs to the guy in blue overalls who drags them toward the waiting van. That done, he races back toward:

16 INT. THE SHOWROOM 16

Trish's still on the clock, watching the second hand. Jesus, she's cool.

TRISH
Thirty seconds.

Up on the mezzanine, more GLASS is MURDERED. Mask #3 reappears nabbing for another rack of furs. Flat on the floor, Nancy starts to CRY.

TRISH
(continuing)
Fifteen seconds.

Nancy's thread's coming unraveled. Raul reaches for her. Trish stops him.

TRISH
(continuing)
One twitch and you're a Twinkie, pal.

Raul freezes. Here comes Mask #3 again. He's got another rack of furs. Trish stares at her watch, SHOUTING.

TRISH
(continuing)
Time!

EVERYTHING STOPS. Mask #3 leaves the furs and pulls the .44 auto mag. Gunny sack over his shoulder, Mask #2 THUNDERS down the stairs and races for the back. Trish doesn't move.

Out back, an ENGINE FIRES. Then things get very froggy. Trish nods at Mask #2. He turns his .44 auto mag LOOSE on EVERYTHING in sight. CHROME EXPLODES.

The glass CHANDELIER is BLASTED FREE of its mooring and CRASHES into a ZILLION PIECES on the floor. It's a terrible CARNAGE. Nancy SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

Mask #3's relentless. He keeps PUMPING LEAD into the WALLS, the CEILINGS, the FIXTURES. CASINGS FALL to the floor at his feet. Finally, he stops. It's DEATHLY STILL.

Leaning down, stockinged face inches from Raul, Mask #3 lays a white envelope on the floor. Printed on the front, a large block letter "A." A bizarre CROAKING fills the air. It's Mask #3. He's LAUGHING:

MASK #3:
When the cops get here, give 'em this.

CACKLING, he backs down the hall and disappears. Trish leaves with him.

Over Nancy's MUFFLED SOBS, a DOOR SLAMS. TIRES SHRIEK. A tiny PIECE of GLASS, hanging precariously from the balcony, falls to the carpet in the awesome stillness.

CUT TO:

17 INT. THE B.H.P.D., SQUAD ROOM - DAY 17

Like no other police department in the world. BHPD don't deal with the dregs of civilazation. It's antiseptic, hi-tech and squeaky clean. Seated at his desk:

DETECTIVE BILLY ROSEWOOD, thin, concerned, interviews Raul. At other desks, DETECTIVES question Nancy and Francesco. Raul shoves a stick of gum in his mouth, Now that it's all over, he's high as a kite.

RAUL
No. You got it wrong. The brunette was on the clock. It was the guy who gave me the letter.

At the back of the squad room:

DETECTIVE SERGEANT TAGGART, Rosewood's partner, chunky, powerful, marches in. He's got a plastic evidence bag. Passing Rosewood's desk, he MUTTERS:

TAGGART
Come on, Billy.

Leaving Raul at the desk, Rosewood and Taggart cross the squad room, disappearing into:

18 CAPTAIN BOGOMIL'S OFFICE - DAY 18

A cramped cubicle overlooking the squad room. Spartan desk and metal chairs. In shirt sleeves behind his desk:

CAPTAIN ANDREW BOGOMIL, 40's, intelligent, lean, by-the-book, hangs up the phone. Taggart drops the evidence bag on the desk. Rosewood leans on a wall.

TAGGART
(re: envelope)
The glue is grade school stuff. You can buy it in any nickel and dime.

Mask #3's envelope with the large "A on the front is in the contains a single sheet of paper filled with a crazy-quilt collage of mix and match printing from various magazines.

ROSEWOOD
(helpful)
L.A. Times got a letter just like that about two hours ago.

TAGGART
(re: Bogomil)
He knows that, Billy.

Rosewood shrugs. He's still the same Rosewood, but changed somehow -- looser, more prone to take chances. Bogomil stares at the single sheet of paper. It reads:

TO THE COPS IN BEVERLY HILLS
ADRIANO'S IS JUST THE BEGINNING. NEXT WILL
BE A "B." THEN A "C." ALL THE WAY TO "Z."
IF YOU WEREN"T SO DUMB YOU COULD CATCH ME
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS A B C.
MY NAME IS --

17-01-19-10-09-05-25-13-01-25-23-17-01-02

Rubbing his eyes, Bogomil drops the letter on his desk, pursing his lips.

TAGGART
(continuing,
re: letter)
Is this guy serious?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

BOGOMIL
He was serious about the way he pulled the job.
(beat)
He knew exactly how much time to spend inside and what to take.
(thinks)
Anything from the witnesses?

ROSEWOOD
Listen, Captain, I got a hunch about this Alphabet thing.

BOGOMIL
(foreceful)
I don't want to hear about it, Rosewood, I've already assigned you and Taggart to the Peterson Extortion case.

Rosewood shrugs. From behing his desk, through a glass partition, Bogimil sees two men arguing. They are:

18A THEODORE EGAN 18A

40's, likeable, the well-dressed Mayor of Beverly Hills, and HAROLD LUTZ, early 50's, dyspeptic, stocky and red-faced. Lutz is Beverly Hills' new Chief of Police.

Egan's really pissed. He stabs Lutz in the chest with his finger about a hundred times and STOMPS OFF. Boiling, Lutz turns in the direction of Bogomil's office, BAWLING:

LUTZ
Bogomil!

18B BOGOMIL 18B

deposits the Alphabet letter in a folder, putting on his jacket.

TAGGART
(mumbling)
Can't keep God waiting.

BOGOMIL
I don't want to hear that kind of talk, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

18B CONTINUED 18B

TAGGART
Come on, Captain. He's fired every cop who worked for the old Chief. The three of us are all that's left.

BOGOMIL
He's the head of this department, Sergeant. And as long as he is, keep your bellyaching to yourself.

Taggart nods. Bogomil

TAGGART
What's the matter with you? Talking to him about your hunches. Are you crazy?

ROSEWOOD
Hunches are a very important part of police work. Vastly underrated. I've had my eye on a shaky operation that could be involved in this caper. If mine is right, we can break this Alphabet case wide open in just a couple of hours.

TAGGART
But we're not even supposed to be working on it.

Rosewood lays his hand gently on Taggart's shoulder.

ROSEWOOD
Come on, Sergeant. Quiet down your busy mind. Mellow out a bit.
(beat)
Trust me.

Rosewood splits. Taggart scowls. Not a happy copper.

CUT TO:

19 EXT, HYMIE'S PAWNSHOP, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 19

THREE BALLS signify pawnshop over the front door. Hymie's got a sign on the front window:

WE BUY SELL AND TRADE ANYTHING
NO REASONABLE DEAL TURNED DOWN

A BLACK -&- WHITE SCREECHES to a stop in front. Rosewood and Taggart get out. Taggart's worried. He follows Rosewood to the front of Hymie's.

Rosewood checks his .38. It's loaded. Watching him, Taggart's eyes are suddenly on stalks.

19 CONTINUED: 19

TAGGART
What're you doing?

ROSEWOOD
Better safe than sorry.

That's it. Taggart's had it. Folding his arms across his chest, stone-faced:

TAGGART
Billy, I'm not going in there with you.

ROSEWOOD
It's cool, Sarge. I can handle it myself.

Dragging his badge from his pocket, Rosewood barges into Hymie's. Taggart leans on the wall, watching a SEXY CHICK in a MERCEDES lick an ice cream cone to death.

Seconds later, Rosewood comes CRASHING out of HYMIE'S FRONT WINDOW landing on his ass. Sitting on his chest:

HYMIE, mid-30's, bearded, arms like telephone poles, eyes like bullet holes. He's got a .357 Magnum and he's trying to clean Rosewood's ear with it.

Taggart tries to pull Hymie off Rosewood. It's like trying to move a tank. Taggart gets PUNCHED in the eye.

CUT TO:

20 INT. FERRARI, DETROIT - DAY 20

Axel's on the Jeffries freeway. Moving through traffic, he follows signs to 96 South, taking the Bagley off-ramp. Hanging a right, he zips into a parking lot at:

21 EXT. D'ALESSIO'S SEAFOOD GRILL, DETROIT - DAY 21

A southwest eatery dedicated to "Family Ties." Parking the Ferrari, Axel piles out and walks into:

22 INT. D'ALESSIO'S SEAFOOD GRILL - DAY 22

A dark and cool Neopolitan monument to red naugahyde. In flourescent tanks, built right into the walls, tropical fish float in silence. In a large corner booth:

JOSEPH D'ALESSIO, owner of the grill, mid-20's, fat flounder face and pomaded hair, waves his diamond pinkie ring in the air, trying like hell to seduce:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

JUDY, a big-titted air-head in tight slacks. They're both a little sozzled, sucking on straws attached to a communal bowl with a teeny umbrella on top.

D'ALESSIO
I tell ya what, Judy. Let me just stick it in --
(holds up fingers)
This far, and if you don't like it, I'll take it right out.

Judy GIGGLES. D'Alessio leers. He'd try'n screw anything if it wiggled. He spots Alex by the door.

D'ALESSIO
(continuing)
Hey, Ace.

D'Alessio waves Axel over. Grabbing her bag, Judy moves to the bar.

D'ALESSIO
(continuing)
What's the matter, Ace? Talk to your Uncle Joe.

AXEL
The guys from Chicago. They just dropped a ton and half of money on me. They want more. They want cases of blanks this time. And they want a couple of presses. I can't get that kind of stuff. I told them I can't handle it. Not possible.

D'ALESSIO
Anything's possible, Ace, if you know the right people. May take me a couple of hours to set it up. Got a number where I can reach you?

Nodding, Axel scribbles on a napkin, handing it to D'Alessio.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CHIEF LUTZ'S OFFICE, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 23

Charged with tension. Seated behind an oversize desk, about to bust a gut, Chief Lutz waves an unlit stogie and restles with his blood pressure.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

Hymie, who chucked Rosewood out the window of the pawnshop, stands by the door. Some distance away, sporting a huge shiner, Taggart tries to strangle Hymie with his eyes.

Rosewood, hand bandaged from his exit through Hymie's window, stares at his shoes and wishes to Christ he were somewhere else. Seated in a chair:

WALTER BIDDLE, mid-30's, a dew-lapped paean to the miracle of polyester, about an inch deep, Lutz's obsequious factotum sits on a couch. Ashen, Bogomil listens to Lutz rip Rosewood's ass:

LUTZ
You barge into an undercover fencing operation it's taken the US Government thousands of dollars and months of work to set up and try to arrest --
(re: Hymie)
a Federal Agent because you had a hunch. Are you nuts or what?

ROSEWOOD
Actually, I resent that. Hunches --

LUTZ
Shut up, Roseweed.

Picking up a copy of the Alphabet letter, Lutz waves it under Bogomil's nose, RAGING:

LUTZ
(continuing)
And you. Without even checking with me, you call a supervising agent of the goddam FBI to help break these Alphabet codes.
(eyes like slits)
You've been a negative element in this department for a long time, Andrew. Now you're superseded the chain of command. *

Rosewood thinks maybe he can help. Not a good idea.

ROSEWOOD
Sir, Captain Bogomil didn't call the FBI. I did, and my name's not Roseweed. It's --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED (2): 23

LUTZ
(to Rosewood)
You what? You are nuts! You and Taggart are supposed to be working on an extortion case.
(pointing)
I've placed Captain Biddle in charge of the Alphabet investigation.

On the couch Biddle beams. Lutz turns to Bogomil.

LUTZ
(continuing)
Did you order Roseweed to --

ROSEWOOD
(wrong again)
No, sir. Captain Bogomil didn't know anything about it.

LUTZ
(to Rosewood)
I said, shut up.
(to Bogomil)
That cuts it. How can you consider yourself a commanding officer when you can't even maintain a supervisory relationship with your own personnel? As of this moment, you are suspended, Andrew. *

Caverns of silence. Lutz relishes his triumph. Bogomil's blitzed. *

BOGOMIL
On what grounds?

LUTZ
Failure to have any knowledge or control of your troop's activities.

BOGOMIL
(hot)
Goddamit, Harold, I --

LUTZ
(shouting)
Stop shouting! And it's Chief Lutz to you, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

Bogomil stares out the window. Far to the west an angry sun does brilliant pastel murder on the belly of a cloud. Bogomil can feel everything slipping away from him.

LUTZ
(continuing)
Policy requires us to allow you a Board of Review within two working days, but I can't think of anybody in this department who will speak for you.
(re: Rosewood and Taggart)
Except these goofballs. But maybe they'd like to keep their jobs for a little while longer.

On the couch, Biddle enjoys himself. Everyone else feels like warmed over crap. Even Hymie. He's still a cop.

ROSEWOOD
Two days isn't enough--

LUTZ
Get out. All of you.
(to Hymie)
And my sincerest apologies to your agency, officer.

Hymie shrugs. Everybody leaves. Except Biddle. The perfect toady, he gets up and lights Lutz' cigar.

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED 24

24A INT. MORT CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY 24A

Early Sam Spade. Grimy Venetian blinds. Butt sprung couch. Hunched over his desk:

MORT CHARLES, late 50's, care-worn, disheveled, talking on the phone. Bogomil's personnel file is laid out on the desk in front of him.

Watching Mort, Taggart and Rosewood. Taggart's wearing dark glasses to cover his shiner. Rosewood's hand is still bandaged. They are both tired and concerned.

MORT
(re: into phone)
I know 24 hours isn't very much notice, but can we count on you to be here?
(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED: 24A

MORT (CONTINUED)
If somebody doesn't appear as a witness for Bogomil, he's going to lose his pension, everything.

Mort listens for a minute, then hangs up the phone, glancing at Rosewood:

MORT
(continuing)
He's gonna try, but frankly guys I don't know how much good it will do even if he shows up. He was only a sergeant and he and Bogomil never worked together, really.

ROSEWOOD
We gotta do something.

TAGGART
We already did, Billy. That's what got Bogomil jammed up in the first place.

MORT
I don't know what to tell you guys. We've been over this a hundred times.

Gloom and guilt hang heavy in Mort's office. SIGHING, he thumbs through Bogomil's file one more time. Something catches his eye. The official report and some newspaper clippings on the Maitland affair two years ago.

MORT
(continuing)
Wait a minute. What about this guy?

Rosewood and Taggart lean over the desk examining the report and clippings.

TAGGART
Axel Foley?

MORT
(reading the report)
Says here he worked with Bogomil and he's a dynamite cop.

TAGGART
No way.

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED (2): 24A

ROSEWOOD
Why not?

MORT
He'd be a perfect character witness, if he'd do it. Lutz doesn't have any power over him like he does everybody else in the department.

TAGGART
The guy has a criminal mind. Getting involved with him is trouble. Believe me.

ROSEWOOD
(remembering)
He gave me a robe from the Beverly Palms.

TAGGART
He stole that robe, Billy.

MORT
Well, I don't know what to tell you guys. We've been working our asses off and all we got is a possible commitment from an old sergeant, who's half senile and two guys Lutz fired for incompetence. That's just not enough and we're running out of time.

TAGGART
I'm not gonna call him.

ROSEWOOD
I will.

Rosewood reaches for the phone.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DETROIT POLICE DEPARTMENT, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 25

LOCKER ROOM

Rows of battered lockers. In a mini-gym, COPS push weights. Axel wanders in, wearing his multi-million dollar outfit, looking very out of place in the bowels of the Detroit PD.

Striding past a SEA of COPS, he heads for a stairway. Seeing Axel, STEINER, a fat cop with mutton chops:

STEINER
Hey, Foley, only real cops can come in here.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

AXEL
(grinning)
Yeah? And they also got balls that clank when they walk, Steiner. Not shrivelled up little acorns.

Another cop, WILLARD, standing by a bench press, says:

WILLARD
Hey, Foley. Can I touch you? I never touched nothing that cost more than two hundred dollars before.

AXEL
Jeez, Willard, I heard your mother cost three.

JEERS and CAT CALLS in his wake, Axel disappears up the stairs.

26. INT. SQUAD ROOM 26

Far cry fromBeverly Hills. Mug shots and graffiti litter the walls. Dirty desks. RINGING PHONES. SHOUTING DETECTIVES. At one desk:

JEFFREY FRIEDMAN, 28, a classic nudge with a motor mouth, interviews a GUY with a LIMP WRIST and BUCK TEETH. Limp wrist is WHIMPERING on the phone.

LIMP WRIST
(lisping)
Hey, Man, you got to come down here and tell these people, I didn't steal your motherfucking car. You gave it to me, sweetheart. You know you did. You promised me it was mine.

On a battered desk, beside a water cooler:

A BRIGHT RED TELEPHONE

It's a safe phone. Sometimes called a cold phone. A sign tacked to the wall above the phone:

SAFE PHONE
ANSWER ONLY "HELLO"
DO NOT IDENTIFY YOURSELF AS A POLICE OFFICER

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED 26

Listening to LIMP WRIST run his tear-job, Friedman spots Axel entering the squad room in sartorial glory. Friedman races across the room buttonholing Axel. Axel is not glad to see him coming.

AXEL
Jeffrey, I already asked Beverley if I could give you her phone number. She doesn't want to hear from you anymore. Ever!

JEFFREY
Never mind that, Axel. Tood is looking everywhere for you. I just wanted to warn you so he couldn't catch you unaware. What do you mean, she doesn't want to talk to me?

AXEL
You know, Jeffrey, when I get really messed up, I try to imagine what it must be like to be inside your head.

Jeffrey frowns. Across the squad room, a FAT COP on a wall phone HOLLERS:

FAT COP
Phone call for Axel Foley.

AXEL
(turning)
Who is it?

FAT COP
What am I, a fuckin' social secretary?

Fat Cop don't know balls about Emily Post. Unceremoniously, he drops the phone. It dangles on the cord. Pissed, Axel walks over to the phone, Jeffrey sticks to him like glue.

JEFFREY
Whenever Todd asks me about you, I always tell him that you're working twenty-four hours a day. Jesus, is that a Patek Philip watch? Listen, if there's ever any way I can help you out with your undercover work --

AXEL
Jeffrey, don't speak to me. Will you please stop speaking to me.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED (2): 26

JEFFREY
Look, Axel,if Beverley doesn't want you to give me her number, maybe I can give you mine, and you can pass it on to her.

Turning his back on jeffrey, Axel picks up the dangling receiver. Jeffrey does his best to eavesdrop. The BEDLAM in the squad room makes it difficult.

27 OMITTED 27

27A INTERCUT CONVERSATION - ROSEWOOD AND AXEL 27A

Rosewood and Taggart are in Mort's office. Foley is on a wall phone in the middle of the Third World War. He can barely hear who's on the other end of the line.

AXEL
(shouting)
What?

ROSEWOOD
Axel Foley?

AXEL
Who the hell is this?

ROSEWOOD
Billy Rosewood.

Glowering at Jeffrey, Axel jams a finger in his ear to hear better.

AXEL
Who?

ROSEWOOD
You remember. From Beverly Hills. I'm still wearing your robe from the Palm Hotel.

The tension drains from Axel's face. Remembering, he smiles.

AXEL
Billy?

ROSEWOOD
It's me, Axel.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED: 27A

AXEL
Far out. Where are you?

ROSEWOOD
Beverly Hills.

AXEL
What're you doing there?

ROSEWOOD
Actually, I live here.

AXEL
Why would you want to do a crazy thing like that?

In Mort's office, Rosewood smiles. Axel's still the same. In Detroit, Jeffrey keeps trying to eavesdrop.

ROSEWOOD
I need your help, Axel.

AXEL
Name it.

ROSEWOOD
Bogomil's in trouble.

AXEL
What kind of trouble? I thought he did everything by the book.

ROSEWOOD
(guiltily)
He does. He didn't really do anything.
(beat)
Could you come out here?

AXEL
Sure. When?

ROSEWOOD
(tentative)
Tomorrow?

AXEL
Jeez, Billy that's pretty short notice.
(silence on the line)
What kind of trouble is Bogomil in? Can it wait for a week?

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED (2): 27A

ROSEWOOD
(glancing at Taggart)
I guess so ... See Axel ... It was all my fault.

AXEL
Look, Billy, I'm doing undercover work and I'm real close to zooming the bastards. I'm waiting for a call right now. But even if I dropped the iron on them today, I'd be a week getting them arraigned and indicted.

The COLD PHONE starts RINGING. It's a WEIRD RING. It doesn't sound like any other phone. NOISE in the squad room QUIETS DOWN. A POLICE WOMAN moves to the cold phone, picks it up and ANSWERS:

POLICEWOMAN
Hello.
(beat)
Axel Foley? Yeah, he's here. Hang on a minute.

She waves at Foley. Still on the wall phone, Axel says into the receiver:

AXEL
Billy, I gotta go now. Call me later, will you?
(no answer)
And don't worry, I'll be out there next week. Bogomil's gonna be okay.

END INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Hanging up, Axel races to the cold phone and picks it up. Jeffrey follows him.

AXEL
(into receiver)
Yeah.
(beat)
Hey, Uncle Joe.
(listening)
Yeah, I know it. I'll meet you there in twenty minutes.

Hanging up, Axel takes off across the squad room. The ever-present Jeffrey at his side.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED (3): 27A

JEFFREY
Was that a call on your undercover thing? Is there anything I can do to help?
(beat)
Listen, Axel, if there is something about me that Beverley didn't like, I thought her mother was kind of cute.

Axel stops. Turning on Jeffrey, he VENTS SPLEEN:

JEFFREY
Jeffrey, have I ever communicated directly to you what an asshole I think you are?

JEFFREY
Huh?

AXEL
No, I take that back. You are not an asshole, Jeffrey. An asshole is a very efficient thing.
(louder)
It does precisely what it is designed to do. To call you an asshole is an insult to every asshole on the planet.

Scattered APPLAUSE from Detectives and criminals.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SUNSET & BEVERLY, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 28

A GREEN CUTLASS glides through the intersection, heading south on Canon. A RED MUSTANG follows two cars behind.

29 INT. CUTLASS - DAY 29

Behind the wheel, Bogomil listens to the NEWS. It's all about Beverly Hills' new nemesis, the villain reporters are calling the Alphabet Bandit. Detective Biddle is following numerous leads.

Two blocks south of Sunset, the Mustang passes Bogomil and pulls to the curb. An absolutely stunning lady gets out. Bogomil slows down.

The lady's trying to get the hood on the Mustang up. She's a very sexy brunette. She waves at Bogomil. Pulling to the curb behind her, he climbs out to:

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

EXT. 791 CANON DRIVE - DAY

Sumptuous residential area three blocks south of Sunset. Bright morning sunshine. COLOSSAL HOMES preside over ROLLING GREEN SWARDS. A canopy of elms soar above the super wide drive.

The brunette beside the stalled Mustang has the most voluptuous figure Bogomil has ever seen. She's wearing DARK GLASSES and she has a beauty mark on her cheek.

IT'S TRISH

Afternoon sunlight dapples the Mustang with dancing fire dogs. In the trees above, a BIRD CHIRPS.

BOGOMIL
(to Trish)
Trouble?

TRISH
It just stopped.

Opening the hood. he peers at the engine. Wires all in place.

Blocks away, SQUEALING TIRES. Bogomil looks up. The brunette seems excited. Breathing hard, she hands Bogomil an envelope. It's got a big "B" printed on the front.

TRISH
(continuing)
For you, darling.

He glances at it. Christ, it's an Alphabet letter, Before he can react:

A BLACK TRANS AM takes a corner onto Canon on TWO WHEELS, SCREEHING to a STOP. DOOR FLIES OPEN. The DRIVER'S got a nylon stocking on his face and a .357 Magnum in a gloved hand.

DRIVER (MAY)
Goodbye, Andrew.

BOOM! WINDOWS RATTLE for blocks.

Bogomil's HIT in the SHOULDER. He tumbles to his knees. Driver FIRES another ROUND. Mustang's WINDSHIELD DISINTEGRATES, SHOWERING Bogomil with GLASS.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED (2): 29

Ears ringing, Bogomil springs to his feet, grabbing the brunette by the hair. It comes loose in his hand. Her DARK GLASSES SHATTER in the STREET.

She's not a brunette at all. It's a wig. She's got BLOND HAIR and cobalt blue eyes -- sweet enough to be anybody's homecoming queen.

Driver SHOOTS again. The CONCUSSION is DEAFENING. This time, Bogomil's HIT in the CHEST and KNOCKED back into the FENDER. All around him, the world is upside down and spinning.

Retrieving her wig and glasses, Trish races for the Trans Am and piles in. DUMPING half a yard of TIRES on the PAVEMENT, it FISHTAILS away in CLOUDS of BURNING RUBBER.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE AND BAR, DETROIT - DAY 30

One of the Detroit's most famous watering holes dedicated to Motor City's love affair of the automobile. The entire place is constructed from automobile parts.

A BARTENDER polishes glasses, watching the NEWS on a LARGE TELEVISION suspended from the ceiling by hubcaps.

Alone in a booth, made from the back seat of a Cadillac Eldorado, Axel sips a drink and waits. Suddenly, he puts his drink down. Something on TV catches his eye.

ON TELEVISION:

A PHOTO OF BOGOMIL. REPORTER'S VOICE in the middle of an explanation:

REPORTER (V.O.)
An eighteen year police veteran, Bogomil, was gunned down today on a residential street. He's in critical condition at Beverly Hills Hospital. Police sources say that the attempted murder is part of an on-going crime wave being visited on the city by someone who calls himself the Alphabet Bandit. A note was left at the scene of the shooting, similar to the one left yesterday by robbers of a fashionable Beverly Hills boutique.

Reporter moves on to a description of the current situation in the Middle East.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

IN THE BAR:

Axel is flabbergasted. Emotions fly at the speed of light in three trillion directions. The drink in his hand starts to shake. Remembering Rosewood's telephone call, he closes his eyes, struggling to control his feelings.

D'Alessio appears. What a sense of timing. He's got another one of his BROADS with him and is in an ebullient mood. Seeing Axel, he drags his jiggling trim to the booth.

D'ALESSIO
Hey, Ace. Sorry I'm late but I ran into Lila here.
(leering)
She can suck a golf ball through twenty feet of garden hose.

Axel can't get the newscaster's report out of his mind. From someplace deep inside, he finds the power to maintain. Only little pockets of rage remain. Turning to D'Alessio, he releases a TINY HURRICANE:

AXEL
Where the hell have you been, Joe? We're trying to do some business here. I'm a business man. You understand? You want to get laid? Do it on your own time. I gotta do some business and I don't like to be hanging around here all day long waiting for you. So get rid of the broad and we can do some business. I'm a businessman.

Red-faced, D'Alessio turns to Lila, patting her ass, nodding at the bar. Ass pumping like a steam drill, Lila fades. D'Alessio turns to Foley.

D'ALESSIO
Listen, Ace. Don't you ever talk to me like that in front of a chick. Ever!

AXEL
I've been waiting here for an hour. I thought we had an appointment in twenty minutes.

D'ALESSIO
You got the money?

AXEL
Sure I got the money. I had the money an hour ago.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED (2): 30

Removing a card from his pocket, D'Alessio places it on the table in front of Axel.

D'ALESSIO
I'll take Lila home. You bring the money to this address in half an hour.

Axel watches D'Alessio waddle over to the bar and join Lila. Bogomil's shooting has hit him like Thor's hammer. What's he gonna do? Pocketing D'Alessio's card, he heads for the door.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. YUM-YUM PUPPY CHOW - DAY 31

A ramshackle bunker on Atwater Street surrounded by ABANDONED BUILDINGS and broken windows. The Detroit River, old, tired and muddy, LAPS FORLORNLY at the foundations of an ancient loading dock.

The Ferrari CAREENS to a STOP at the curb. Lugging a BLACK DUFFEL BAG, Foley piles out, checks his watch and dashes into:

32 INT. YUM-YUM PUPPY CHOW, WAREHOUSE - DAY 32

DOG FOOD stacked on pallets and along cracked concrete walls. Beside a glass enclosed office, D'Alessio, drink in hand, stands with Axel, listening to:

RICO BANDINI, mid-40's lean, red-webbed eyes, knife-mouth. No romantic Godfather this one. Bandini is sadistic, hard-edged and dangerous. His VOICE, powder on moth's wings:

BANDINI
(to Axel)
So every time the son-of-a-bitch tries to straighten out his legs, he chokes himself.

Anxiously, Axel shifts his weight from one foot to the other. D'Alessio CHORTLES, watching:

PAULY, a block-faced slob with an eighteen inch neck, climb behind the wheel of a forklift and FIRE IT UP. Over the ENGINE'S ROAR, Bandini DRONES:

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

BANDINI
(continuing)
Then he starts to cry. And he says, 'But Rico, I'm your son-in-law'. And he's choking hisself more and more until finally he shits his pants.
(guffaw)
Can you believe it? He shits his pants!

AXEL
Well, Mr. Bandini. some guys'll do anything for a little attention.

Bandini scowls. He's not a million miles deep. Then, somewhere in his reptillian brain, a neuron fires. It must be a joke.

BANDINI
Ha ha! That's funny.
(to D'Alessio)
He's funny, ain't he?

Pauly drives the forklift to the wall, picks up a pallet of dog food and moves it to the side, revealing a concealed FIRE DOOR. Bandini ambles to the door. D'Alessio and Axel follow. Unlocking the door, Bandini turns to Axel, leering like a gargoyle:

BANDINI
Show me the money.

AXEL
Screw you. You show me the stuff. Then I'll show you the money.

Axel and Bandini glower at each other. Unexpectedly, Bandini HOWLS:

BANDINI
Ha! Ha! You're fucking funny.
(to D'Alessio)
He's fucking funny, this kid, ain't he?

He drags open the door. Axel, D'Alessio and Pauly follow him into:

33 INT. HIDDEN VAULT - DAY 33

Bandini's stash. He's got TELEVISIONS, RUGS, COMPUTERS. Picking up a case of dog food, Pauly drops it at Axel's feet, opening it with a switch blade. Inside:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

AMERICAN EXPRESS GOLD CARDS

Picking one up, Axel examines it. No name. No number. It's a blank. CHUCKLING, Bandini pops it into a machine resembling a typewriter. He punches a button. Machine lights up.

BANDINI
All these cards are good for thirty days. Let's make one especially for you. How do you spell your name?
(before Axel can speak)
Never mind. Let's just say your name is Dead Man.

Pauly GIGGLES. BELLS and WHISTLES go off in Axel's head. Right on cue, he can feel the adrenalin coursing. D'Alessio grins hideously. Amused, Bandini types on the machine's keyboard. Within seconds, Dead Man has a brand new American Express Gold Card. Bandini presents it to Axel.

BANDINI
(continuing)
Here's your card, Dead Man. Now show me the fucking money.

The air in the vault sparkles with death. Axel's right where he likes it. On the edge. Pumped and alive.

AXEL
(to D'Alessio)
Hey, Uncle Joe, talk to me. What's happening here?

D'ALESSIO
You stupid cocksucking donkey. You think we're gonna give you anything? We don't give. We take. You're dead meat, Ace.

Pulling a .45, Pauly jams it into Axel's neck. Carefully, he takes the duffel bag, tossing it to Bandini. Axel raises his hands and Pauly starts frisking him.

Bandini rips open the bag. It's FULL OF NEWSPAPER. Before he can say anything, Pauly stops frisking Axel. Freezing, eyes like door knobs, Pauly WHISPERS:

PAULY
Holy shit!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED (2): 33

Terrified, Pauly leaps away from Axel. Bandini BELLOWS:

BANDINI
Pauly, what're you doing?

AXEL
Hey, Pauly, let me show him.

BANDINI
Show me what?

Slowly, Axel lowers his hands, unbuttons his jacket and opens it. Inside, wrapped to his torso:

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DYNAMITE STICKS

Axel shows everybody how many teeth he's got. D'Alessio's drink CRASHES to the FLOOR. Staring at the dynamite, Bandini's eyebrows crawl all over his face. His bottom lip tries to fly away.

AXEL
What do you think, Bandini? Think I'm still funny? You ain't laughing.

He points at a string attached to the dynamite.

AXEL
(continuing)
All I gotta do is pull this cord and everything for miles and miles gets blasted to shit.
(intense)
I'm carrying so much dynamite, half of Detroit will disappear. Nothing left, but a goddam hole. Years from now, people will say it was some monster meteor from outer space done it. Ain't that funny, Bandini?
(stunned silence)
Come on, you guys. Say something. I feel a sneeze coming on.

Axel's stoned out of his gourd on adrenalin. Grabbing his rip-cord, he YELLS:

AXEL
(continuing)
Give me the gun, Pauly.
(more silence)
Give me the gun, dick-wipe. I'm gonna sneeze!

Pauly's petrified. D'Alessio SHRIEKS:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED (3): 33

D'ALESSIO
Give him the gun, for God's sake!

Pauly hands over the .45. Clutching his rip-cord, Axel points the gun at Bandini and D'Alessio:

AXEL
(to Pauly)
Get over there with them.

Pauly don't have to be told twice. Coiled, ready to spring, Axel backs to the door. D'Alessio CROAKS:

D'ALESSIO
You ain't going to leave us here?

AXEL
What are you worried about? You got plenty of dog food to eat.

BANDINI
There ain't no dog food in these boxes. They're full of credit cards.

AXEL
Then, charge it!
(to D'Alessio)
Goodbye, Ace.

Pulling a stick of dynamite from the mass tied to his chest, Axel LIGHTS the FUSE. It SIZZLES. Sparks fall to the floor of the vault. Grinning, Axel tosses it across the room. It lands on the floor by Bandini.

D'Alessio tries to burrow under a TV. Pauly drags crates over his head. Bandini shuts his eyes, crosses himself and MUMBLES FURIOUSLY. Unexpectedly:

THE ROOM IS FLOODED WITH BRIGHT LIGHT

Bandini opens his eyes. How come there wasn't no explosion? Slowly, the truth dawns.

BANDINI
That ain't dynamite. It's a motherfucking road flare!

AXEL
Hey, Bandini. Shit your pants yet?

Axel SLAMS the DOOR on the vault, leaping outside.

CUT TO:

34 INT. DETROIT PD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 34

SQUAD ROOM

BEEHIVE of ACTIVITY. Jeffrey's at his desk, perusing a girlie magazine. Unexpectedly, Axel appears. Jeffrey hides the magazine and starts his mouth running:

JEFFREY
Jesus, Axel, where you been? Todd's been going nuts trying to find you.

AXEL
(conspiratorially)
Never mind about that now, Jeffrey. Listen. I need your help on my undercover job.

Axel places the keys to the Ferrari on the desk.

AXEL
(continuing)
I need you to drive the Ferrari for a while. So I can create a tactical diversion.
(Jeffrey's speechless)
In that car, Jeffrey, you could get any girl in the world you want. Maybe even Beverley. It's all part of my super-undercover thing. I can't tell you any more than that. Until later — when the commendations are forthcoming.
(Jeffery blinks)
But until then, you can't tell a single soul that you're driving the Ferrari. Not even Todd. And there's one more thing you gotta do. You know, as my new partner.

Removing D'Alessio's card for the Yum-Yum Doggie Warehouse, Axel hands it to Jeffrey.

AXEL
(continuing)
Once a day, I want you to go to this dog food warehouse and drop some really cheap dog food and some SparkLettes water down the coal chute in the back of the building.
(Jeffrey frowns)
I'm training some really vicious attack dogs. I'm keeping them chained up down there so they'll get real mean. Can you do that?

JEFFREY
Sure, Axel.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

AXEL
(turning)
Okay. And you be careful with the car, now. It's parked at Ed's garage around the corner.

Jeffrey pockets the keys. Eyes narrowing, he scans the squad room for potential squealers. Axel heads for:

35 INT. CAPTAIN TODD'S OFFICE 35

Big city cop's place. Wife and kids in a frame on the desk, overflowing waste basket, grimy Venetian blinds and monkey-puke walls. Leaning over a filing cabinet, rummaging for a file:

CAPTAIN TODD, careworn, harried and impatient, glances up as Axel appears at the door. Todd's less than thrilled to see his visitor. Axel's got a slip of paper in his hand.

TODD
Where the goddam hell you been, Foley?
(noticing paper)
What the hell is that?

AXEL
A blue slip.

SLAMMING the file cabinet, Todd RIPS the PAPER from Axel's grasp, trying to kill it with his eyes.

TODD
(reading)
What do you need a thousand dollars, for?

AXEL
Flash money. It's right there on the slip.

Todd attacks his desk, DRAGGING OPEN a drawer. Inside, PILES of BLUE SLIPS. Picking them up, he reads one after another, tossing them in front of Axel:

TODD
Two thousand to buy a new suit. Two hundred for a fucking tie. A requisition order for a Ferrari.
(bellowing)
I don't want any more of these blue slips. I got plenty of 'em. When am I going to get some booking slips? Where's the bad guys with the credit cards?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

AXEL
Captain, if you don't feel I'm doing my job adequately, I'll go back to Robbery-Homicide.

TODD
I tell you where to go, Foley. You don't tell me.

AXEL
I just thought --

TODD
Don't think, Foley. It makes my asshole twitch.
(beat)
The department's fronted you a goddam fortune. My ass is on the line. I okay'd all this shit.
(re: blue slips)
I can't pull out 'til I get some kind of a bust or my fucking career is finished. But I promise you, I won't go down alone. I'll give you one week. If I don't see results by then, I'm gonna cover my own ass. I'm going to pull the pin and you'll take the heat. Do you understand?

AXEL
Perfectly.
(beat)
If you would just sign this so I could get my flash money.

Todd'd kill Axel if he could. Grabbing the slip, he signs it, returning to his file cabinet. After a second, he looks up.

TODD
Now what?

AXEL
One other thing. Since you've only given me a week to wrap this thing up, I'll have to go really deep undercover.
(beat)
You won't be able to reach me or page me or anything. And probably I won't be able to call in.
(smiling)
I know how you worry about your men, Captain. So I just wanted to let you know now.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED (2): 35

TODD
You got one week. If you don't have a bust by then, I swear to God, Axel -- you'll wish you were never born.

AXEL
Don't worry, Captain. As of one hour ago, I got the credit card guys right where I want them.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: AXEL GOES TO BEVERLY HILLS

36 EXT. LAX RUNWAY - DAY 36

a 747 falls earthward through layers of sweating smog, GRABBING A HUNK of RUNWAY at L.A.X.

37 INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA

In Levi's and tennis shoes, crushed in a CROWD of BUBBLE-GUMMERS, TOURISTS and WEIRDOES, Axel hauls a battered brown suitcase from a carousel in Baggage Claim.

38 EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY - DAY 38

He gets a good deal on a rental car. Turns out to be a battered, RED CHEVY CONVERTIBLE. Smoke POURS out of its ASS when he STARTS IT.

39 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS - DAY 39

Suitcase behind him, Axel drives the convertible through Beverly Hills, eyeballing cool MANSIONS, romantic PALM TREES, sun-tanned JOGGERS and EXOTIC AUTOMOBILES.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED 40

40A EXT. SOUTH SEAS MOTEL - DAY 40A

Sleaze bag. Purple facade. Catering to rock-and-roll trade, on a run-down street in West Hollywood. Palm trees and starving greenery beside a garishly painted entrance. Axel pulls up in his convertible, nabs his bag and walks into:

41 OMITTED 41

41A INT. SOUTH SEAS MOTEL - DAY 41A

In a lounge, a very strange assortment of UNDERNOURISHED WEIRDOES. Long hair, painted faces and dark glasses, everywhere. Rocker heaven. At the reception desk:

RAT LADY, early 20's, starched hair, purple mascara, T-shirt, at a battered reception desk. On the phone behind, THE MANAGER, dishevelled, laid back. Way, way back.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED 41A

Axel appears, eyeing the strange denizens in the lounge. He approaches Rat Lady. She's got cocktail eyes, hair in her voice.

RAT LADY
Yeah?

AXEL
I want a room.

RAT LADY
Got a reservation?

AXEL
(glancing around)
What are you talking about?

RAT LADY
Gotta have a reservation, man.

Axel glances at the rundown surroundings. A pound of HEAVY METAL grooves through the lobby, Unblinking, Rat Lady stares at Axel. Her mind's on permanent hold. Manager finishes his conversation.

MANAGER
(into phone)
Don't sweat it. Just tell Jagger that the rooms will be ready when he gets here.

Hanging up, the manager moves to Rat Lady's side. Axel grins:

AXEL
Jagger? Was that Mick you were talkin to?

MANAGER
Who are you, man?

Checking out the Rockers in the lounge, Axel finally gets the idea. California is weird. Shooting from the hip:

AXEL
Who am I? Is that what you're asking? Who am I? Who the hell are you? You mean to tell me you never heard of Axel Foley and the Broken Zippers? I'm Axel Foley from London. Two singles in the top ten. When was the last time you looked at the charts? Axel Foley and the Broken Zippers.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED (2): 41A

AXEL (CONTINUED)
A killer in the top 40 with a bullet. Every A & R executive in this town is trying to sign me. I'm making a guest appearance on MTV and I can't get a room here?

MANAGER
MTV?

AXEL
Yeah, MTV. You know what that is, don't you?

RAT LADY
I think I heard of those Broken Zippers.

MANAGER
I'm sorry, Mr. Foley. I didn't recognize you.

AXEL
That's okay. I like to keep a low profile. Fans bothering me all the time. Trying to pull my hair out and stuff. Record company was suppose to call and let you know I was coming. Somebody is going to take some heavy shit for this.

MANAGER
Hey, man. Be cool. We'll find something for you.

Manager finds a key, giving it to Axel. Axel goes to work on a registration card. Manager points at a grungy hallway:

MANAGER
(continuing)
Room 202, down the hall, man.

AXEL
How much is that gonna be?

MANAGER
Well, man. If you'll mention on MTV that you're staying at the South Seas, we'd be glad to give you the room on a complimentary basis.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED (3): 41A

AXEL
Free?

MANAGER
If you mention you're staying here.

Axel stares at the manager. Rat Lady blinks. Couple of centuries crawl by.

AXEL
I'll be sure and do that.

Grabbing his bag, Axel heads for his room. California is definitely weird.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOSPITAL - DAY 42

Verdant grounds. Towering trees. Even rich people get sick. In his clunker convertible, Axel pulls into a large parking lot, finds a space, piles out and heads for the entrance.

43 INT. SURGICAL INTENSIVE CARE, HALLWAY - DAY 43

Sharp contrast with the rest of the hospital. PALPABLE SILENCE. The only SOUND, the steady BEEP of EKG MACHINES. It's creepy. Outside a door, two UNIFORMED COPS sit in chairs reading magazines.

Taggart leans on a wall by a coffee machine, still wearing dark glasses to conceal his shiner. Hand bandaged, Rosewood stares out the window at the grounds below.

Elevator DOOR OPENS. Axel appears. Nodding at the guards, he approaches Rosewood and Taggart, super-grim, usual lightness replaced by blood-hot intensity.

TAGGART
(turning)
What are you doing here? I thought you were undercover in Detroit.

AXEL
Bogomil's shooting made the national news. How bad was he hit?

ROSEWOOD
Don't know yet, Axel.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

AXEL
Christ, Billy. You said he was in trouble and it could wait a week. Why didn't you tell me somebody was trying to waste him?

ROSEWOOD
That wasn't why I called. It was about something else. Bogomil's shooting was a complete surprise.

Silence. MACHINES BEEP. Axel stares out the window at a million miles of green.

AXEL
Who shot him?

ROSEWOOD
This Alphabet Bandit. He left a letter.

AXEL
What kind of bandit hits a cop? Where's the profit? Was he robbed?

ROSEWOOD
(glancing at Taggart)
No. Wallet and everything was still on him.

A DOCTOR comes out of the intensive care ward, starched and white.

DOCTOR
(to Taggart)
Okay. Here's the story. The entrance wound is to the left peritracheal area. The left cartoid artery was severed and --

AXEL
What's the bottom line. Is he gonna make it or not?

DOCTOR
(to Axel)
We've repaired the artery. He's got a good chance. He's strong as a bull. And for a man his age, he's in great shape.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED (2): 43

AXEL
Can he talk?

DOCTOR
No. He's out for a good week anyway. You guys might as well go. There's nothing you can do here, except burn holes in your stomach.

Doctor fades. Glancing at the Uniforms guarding Bogomil's door, Axel makes a decision.

AXEL
Can I look at the letters the guy left?

ROSEWOOD
They're at the station.

AXEL
Okay.

TAGGART
We can't take you there. We're not even supposed to be working on the Alphabet case.

AXEL
Look, Taggart, where I come from, some fender-head tries to rack a cop, he's got to pay. There aren't any other cases.

ROSEWOOD
(to Taggart)
It wouldn't hurt just to let him see the letters.

TAGGART
(reluctantly)
Okay. But you don't have any jurisdiction here, Axel. And Lutz is just looking for a chance to bust our asses.

They enter the elevator. Inside, Axel turns to Taggart.

AXEL
Who's Lutz?

Elevator door closes.

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED 44

45 INT. BHPD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 45

SQUAD ROOM

Most DETECTIVES are out. At a desk, Axel studies two Alphabet letters.

TAGGART
FBI's gonna send somebody over here to crack those codes.

The second letter reads:

B IS FOR BOGOMIL
C & D WILL COME TOGETHER
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS A B C
MY NAME IS --
13-23-05-25-13-19-17-12-13-03-03-01-02

Picking up a pencil, Axel lays the Alphabet letters side-by-side and does some rapid calculations, comparing the results with the coded messages at the bottom.

ROSEWOOD
What are you doing?

AXEL
Giving number values to alphabet letters. It's an old trick numbers runners use. You know, like 01 for "A." 02 for "B" -- 13 for "M." But not that simple. This guy changed the combinations a little.

TAGGART
How do you know that?

AXEL
(calculating)
Hey, Taggart. I wasn't born a cop you know. When I was younger, I fractured an occasional law.

ROSEWOOD
You ran numbers?

AXEL
Right. But I never wrote anything down. Too scared of getting caught. Kept it all in my head. Spent a lot of time inventing different codes to keep track of bettor's names and amounts.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Finishing his calculations, he drops the pencil on the Alphabet letters. He's decoded them. On letter A, the codes read:

SCREW YOU COPS -- CARLOS

On letter B, the codes read:

UP YOURS FUZZ -- CARLOS

AXEL
(continuing)
That's all the FBI's gonna find. Some ice-head named Carlos hates cops.

ROSEWOOD
How'd you do that so fast?

AXEL
It was easy. Ding-a-ling shit. And that bothers me. This is a really simple code. Almost like Carlos wanted it to be broken. Why write a code, sign your name to it, then make it easy to break? Don't make sense.

Noticing the .44 auto mag shell casings in an evidence bag, he picks one up, examining it?

ROSEWOOD
(helpful)
Shell casings left over from the first robbery at Adriano's.

AXEL
.44 auto mag. They don't even make .44 auto mags anymore. Too expensive.
(re: casing)
See, this is a .308 rifle shell casing that's been cut to fit the .44. Whoever put this gun together knew what he was doing.

ROSEWOOD
There's a guy over at the Beverly Hills Shooting Club named Pete Fielding. He's the best gunsmith in Beverly Hills. He knows everybody. Maybe we should talk to him.

AXEL
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (2): 45

TAGGART
Jesus Christ, Billy. We can't go over there. That place is loaded with celebrities. Lutz is a member. You want to get fired?

Axel drops the shell casing in his pocket. Lutz appears. He's got Biddle with him. Spotting Axel with Rosewood and Taggart, he BELLOWS:

LUTZ *
What are you doing?

ROSEWOOD *
(re: Alex)
Chief this is--

LUTZ *
Shut up, Roseweed!

AXEL *
(quickly)
You must be Chief Lutz. Quite an operation you got here. All the latest equipment--

LUTZ *
Who the hell are you?

AXEL *
Axel Foley with the U.S. Marshall's office. Came over to pick up a prisoner at the County jail and transport him to Terminal Island. Always wanted to be a real cop. But I wound up moving bodies. Shit detail. Anyway, I just stopped by to say hello.

Lutz frowns. Axel turns to Rosewood and Taggart:

AXEL *
(continuing)
Nice meeting you guys.
(checks watch)
Gotta go now. Prisoner's ready for transport. See you.

Axel fades. Taggart avoids Rosewood's gaze. Suspiciously, Lutz turns to Biddle:

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (3): 45

LUTZ *
Call the Federal Marshall's office and run a check on that guy.
(to: Rosewood and Taggart)
I want you two to tail him. There's something fishy about him.

TAGGART
But we're working on the Peterson extortion case.

LUTZ *
Listen, Sergeant, you two are living on borrowed time here. Now are you going to follow my goddam orders, or turn in your badges?
(no answer)
That's what I thought. Now, get on that guy's tail and stay there. If he picks up a prisoner at County, okay. If not, I want to know about it.

Taggart frowns. Rosewood blinks. Territory is becoming frighteningly familiar.

CUT TO:

BEVERLY HILLS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS -

45A EXT. CAMDEN DRIVE - DAY 45A

Engine RATTLING, the convertible CHUG-A-LUGS through an intersection, Axel at the wheel, two cars behind, a GREEN PLYMOUTH FURY.

45B EXT. WILSHIRE AND SANTA MONICA 45B

Axel waits for the lights to change. Beside him, a peachy CHICK, in a short skirt, lays out behind the wheel of a red MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE. She eyeballs the Chevy.

Oily smoke rises from the convertible's underbelly. Axel grins. Winding her head, the chick FLOORS the MERCEDES.

45C EXT. OLYMPIC AND ROXBURY 45C

The convertible CREAKS through the intersection, hanging a right on Roxbury. Five cars behind:

45D INT. GREEN PLYMOUTH FURY - DAY 45D

Rosewood's behind the wheel. Taggart's about to bust a gut.

TAGGART
Dammit Billy! You're gonna lose him.

Light changes. The broken-down convertible disappears in traffic. Frazzled, Taggart POUNDS the DASH.

ROSEWOOD
Calm down. You'll have a stroke.

TAGGART
We've lost him.

Seconds later, the light goes green. Anxiously, Rosewood turns onto Roxbury. Half a block ahead, he spots something through the windshield, pointing:

ROSEWOOD
Look!

Taggart squints. Through the dusty glass.

45E AXEL ON THE TRUNK OF HIS CONVERTIBLE 45E

Arms folded, waiting patiently. To his right, CHILDREN LAUGH and FROLIC in Roxbury Park. Rosewood pulls to the curb and rolls down the window. Axel strolls back, leaning on the roof:

AXEL
Listen, I can't keep looking in my rearview mirror for you guys. I could have an accident. Get out of the car, will you? We have to talk.

Rosewood and Taggart get out, joining Axel at:

45F EXT. ROXBURY PARK - DAY 45F

Dying sun far to the west. As they talk, they move through the park.

AXEL
I only have a couple of days before I have to be back in Detroit. I got a suggestion. Instead of playing cat and mouse with each other, let's put our heads together. Pool our resources. See if we can crack this Alphabet case. Lutz and Biddle aren't going to bring down anybody. They're idiots.

(CONTIUNUED)

45F CONTINUED: 45F

TAGGART
Are you crazy? He'll fire our asses. I got a wife and two kids to feed.

AXEL
Hey, Taggart. Quit fooling yourself. I saw the way he treated you guys. Lutz is going to fire you anyway. Whenever he pleases.

They stop to watch a handful of OLD MEN in WHITE play Boccie in the growing shadows, then move on.

ROSEWOOD
He's right, Sarge. Remember what Lutz said. We're on borrowed time.

TAGGART
Dammit Axel.

ROSEWOOD
Come on Sarge. Maybe we can. Axel knew about the shell casings, didn't he? And the code.

AXEL
(to Taggart)
Let's just talk about Bogomil.

They stop by the swings. Axel's eyes are on fire.

AXEL
(continuing)
Two years ago he broke all kinds of rules. Probably for the first time in his life and saved my job. Now he's in a hospital about to lose his pension or maybe even get his ticket cancelled. There's no way I'm going to go back to Detroit without trying to help him.
(to Taggart)
Come on tight-jaw. You got whiskers or what?

Taggart and Axel lock eyes. Down deep, where the gods play, cops are all the same.

TAGGART
Okay. But I want to keep a low profile, dammit. It's got to be covert. And what are we gonna tell Lutz? We're supposed to report back if you went to County and picked up a prisoner?

(CONTINUED)

45F CONTINUED (2): 45F

AXEL
I'll think of something. Trust me.

Taggart's not so sure. Rosewood is pumped.

AXEL
(continuing)
And we are gonna have to work fast because if I'm not back in Detroit in four days we might all three be pounding sand.

They head back for the cars.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SHOOTING CLUB - DAY 46

Sun has set. It's getting dark. No ordinary gun club. A gated, thirty-acre estate. Glittering gardens on parade. Tennis courts. Swimming pool and an outdoor range to the rear.

A large parking area is crowded with CADILLACS, BENTLEYS, CORNICHES, etc. On the open gates, a sign:

BEVERLY HILLS SHOOTING CLUB
PRIVATE

TAPPETS RATTLING, Axel's convertible CHUG-A-LUGS through the * gates. Finding a parking space, he piles out.

In the Plymouth, Rosewood and Taggart find a space to the rear of the lot. Glancing at them, Axel walks into:

47 INT. SHOOTING CLUB VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 47

<u>THE LOBBY</u>

It's posh. To the left of the main entrance, in a sunken lounge, RICH PEOPLE talk STOCKS, INTEREST RATES and MONEY.

On the walls OIL PAINTINGS, POSTERS and PHOTOS of various MOVIE STARS. HAND GUNS, KNIVES, and arcane WEAPONRY from the past on display in elegant, hand-carved SHOW CASES. Stylishly dressed EMPLOYEES pamper each member's needs.

A HALLWAY leads to offices, a fully equipped GYM and JACUZZI. A bizarre combination of Beverly Hills glitter and NRA weirdness.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

A UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD at a desk by the front entrance. Entering, Axel approaches him wearing his grin-of-the-week:

GUARD
Help you with something?

AXEL
Yeah. I'd like to talk to Pete Fielding. I'm from out of town. He fixed a rifle for a friend of mine a couple of years ago. My friend said he was the best gunsmith in the world.

Shrugging, the guard points out A GUY standing by one of the display cases. Axel wanders over, leans on the display case, making eye contact with:

PETE FIELDING, mid-30's, paunchy, grimy fingernails, peering at Axel through six inches of eye glasses. Axel places the .44 auto mag casing on the counter. Fielding scowls.

AXEL
(continuing)
Can you tool some of these casings for me?

FIELDING
Didn't know they made these things anymore.

AXEL
They don't. But I got one. I'm out here from Cleveland, see. Traveling around the country with the wife and kids. Never know what kind of trouble you'll run into. Have to protect myself.

FIELDING
(suspiciously)
With a .44 auto mag? Protect yourself from what? Fucking elephants? Can't help you, pal.

Axel stares at Fielding. He gets his motor running.

AXEL
Can't help me or won't help me! You're a gunsmith, aren't you?

Fielding blinks. Axel SHOUTS:

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED (2): 47

AXEL
(continuing)
Is there some particular reason why you won't help me?
(louder still)
Is there a manager or someone in authority I can talk to about this?

Fielding goes the color of paste. Members glance at Axel. A MAN appears in the hallway from the offices. He is:

MAXWELL DENT, good looking, Valentino suit and Italian shoes, managing-owner of the Beverly Hills Shooting Club. There's a blond chick with blue eyes at his side.

IT'S TRISH

She looks like a Hefner wet-dream in open blouse and fawn suede skirt. She and Dent cross the lobby. Dent smiles at Axel. An affable, winning smile.

DENT
Anything wrong?

AXEL
(stoked)
Yeah, there's something wrong. I asked this guy who calls himself a gunsmith if he'd make something for me. And he won't. What kind of a place is this, anyway?

DENT
(to Fielding)
Is that true, Peter?

No answer. Fielding studies his black fingernails.

DENT
(continuing, to Alex)
I'm sorry if you feel you've been mistreated. Perhaps I can help? My name is Dent. Maxwell Dent. I own the Shooting Club.

AXEL
(shaking hands)
Axel Foley. I'm from Cleveland. Traveling across country with the wife and kids.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED (3): 47

DENT
How can I help you, Mr. Foley?

Axel gives the shell casing to Dent.

AXEL
I need a couple of these made up. If I was home, I could do it myself. But this guy says he can't do it for me.

DENT
Unfortunately, Mr. Foley, I'm afraid Mr Fielding is right. We don't do that kind of precision work here. But I know a gunsmith who does. Where are you staying?

AXEL *
South Seas Motel. But I'm in a hurry, see. I need casings, like, yesterday.

DENT
If you'd be kind enough to wait here for a few minutes, I'll make a call and make sure you're properly taken care of.

AXEL
Sure. Anything. I just want to get on about my business. I'll be in Oregon next week and without my gun, I can't protect myself. Know what I mean?

DENT
Perfectly. In the meantime, maybe you'd like to see our facilities here. We're quite proud of them.
(turning)
This is Trish Murray, Mr. Foley.

Trish smiles, shaking Axel's hand firmly. She's diadem cool.

DENT
(continuing)
Trish, would you mind showing Mr. Foley around while I make a call?

TRISH
Not at all.

Taking Axel by the arm, they move across the lobby. Dent disappears.

48 EXT. HALLWAY 48

Dent leaves his office. Passing the GYM and the JACUZZI, he stops at a door. Stencilled on front:

CHIP KEELER
ASSISTANT MANAGER

Opening the door, Dent steps into:

49 INT. KEELER'S OFFICE 49

Bookshelves. Sofa and chairs. Seated at a desk, in front of a mammoth window, overlooking the swimming pool:

CHIP KEELER, chestnut hair, blue eyes, straight teeth. Dent enters. Closing the door behind him, he smiles at Keeler and places his palms on the desk.

DENT
(softly)
Did the people you hired use one of the .44 auto mags on the Adriano's job?

KEELER
(frowning)
I don't know. Maybe.

Dent reaches across the desk, GRABBING Keeler by the SHIRT-FRONT. BUTTONS BREAK. Dent SLAMS him into one of the BOOKSHELVES. BOOKS TUMBLE to the floor. Keeler tries to get up. Dent is all over him.

He SLAMS KEELER SAVAGELY backwards into the WALL. Dent is one scary animal. Despite the violence, his VOICE remains SOFT, almost polite:

DENT *
There's some hot-shot out front asking questions, He's got a .44 shell casing. I smell cop.

Keeler CHOKES. He tries to pry Dent's hands loose. They're like iron. Dent hurls Keeler across the room. A coffee TABLE UPENDS. Terrified, Keeler lands on the sofa. He knows he's gonna die.

DENT *
First you blow the Bogomil hit and now this. What happens if Bogomil recovers and starts talking? Have you thought about that?

Keeler tries to stand up. He's beyond freaked.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

KEELER *
Maybe we could--

DENT *
(savagely)
There's no goddam way we can do anything. They put up a twenty-four hour guard on his hospital door.
(eyes like coals)
I've gone to a great deal of trouble, Chip, to keep myself removed from these Alphabet crimes. The only person, besides Trish, who knows of my involvement is you.

KEELER
(terrified)
All you do is write the letters. Nobody knows you plan the jobs. I swear --

DENT *
And now, when we're ready to make the biggest score of our lives -- you keep screwing it up.

KEELER *
Maybe it's just a coincidence?

DENT *
What?

KEELER *
The guy with the shell casing, maybe it's a coincidence. Maybe he isn't a cop.

Keeler's scared. At the window, Dent looks out. It's growing very DARK. He watches Trish and Foley enter the gun club from the rear, illuminated by the lights on the swimming pool.

DENT *
Maybe. But there's too much at stake and we're running out of time.
(beat)
Kill him.

KEELER *
What?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED (2): 48

DENT *
(turning)
Get one of those jackals you hire and make him go away. Permanently.

He turns to Keeler.

DENT
(continuing)
His name is Foley. He's staying at the South Seas Motel.
(forceful)
Only this time, I want him to wind up in the morgue not the hospital. Do you understand?

Oh, yeah. Keeler understands.

50 OMITTED 50

50A INT. THE LOUNGE 50A

Axel and Trish stand by a black marble bar. A BARTENDER builds drinks. Greenery hangs on the walls. MEMBERS sip cocktails, GOSSIP. Trish smiles at Axel:

TRISH
Would you like something to drink?

Axel shakes his head, studying a large multi-colored BOARD covered with NAMES and NUMBERS.

TRISH
(continuing, re board)
Our fight ladder. Each member has the right to challenge anyone above him to a shooting contest. We believe that competition is the cutting edge that separates men from boys.

AXEL
Really? Where does that leave you?

TRISH
Where I please, Mr. Foley. Wherever I please. With whomever I please.

She leans on the bar. The lady's got cleavage that goes on for days. Dent wanders in, exchanging GREETINGS with members, approaching Axel:

(CONTINUED)

50A CONTINUED: 50A

DENT
I found a gunsmith, Mr. Foley. But he won't be able to get it until tomorrow.

AXEL
Well, I was kind of hoping I'd get all this taken care of today. What's the guy's name? Maybe I can run over there right now.

DENT
I was lucky to catch him in. He was just closing. His name is Kevin Roach. I took the liberty of suggesting that he call you tomorrow morning at your hotel. I hope that wasn't too presumptuous.

AXEL
Well, I guess I'm stuck. I'll hang around another day. Maybe see some movie stars or something.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED 51 *

51A EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT 51A *

Deserted. A BLACK CAMARO, at the curb. A BLUE BUICK pulls up behind. Getting out of the Buick, Keeler walks to the Camaro. Front passenger window rolls down revealing:

JACK MAY, late 20's, built like the missing link with comparable IQ. To his left, behind the wheel:

WILLIE, late 30's, skitterish and noodle-necked. Keeler hands May a wad of bills.

KEELER
Axel Foley. He's at the South Seas.

Pocketing the money, May shoves a cigarette in his mouth. Starts hunting for a match, leering at Keeler.

MAY
So what's the goodam hurry?

KEELER
The man says it has to be tonight. And no screw ups.

(CONTINUED)

51A CONTINUED: 51A

MAY
(sullen)
Yeah, yeah. Got a match?

Keeler lights May's cigarette, handing him the matchbook.

KEELER
Keep 'em. And Jack don't mess this up.

Ignoring him, May rolls up the window.

CUT TO:

51B EXT. SOUTH SEAS MOTEL - NIGHT 51B *

The green Plymouth is parked across from the motel. May leaves the motel, moving down the street, getting into:

52 OMITTED 52 *

53 INT. CAMARO - NIGHT 53 *

Willie is behind the wheel. He tosses down a handful of whites. He's freaked. *

MAY *
I made him.

Opening the glove compartment, May removes an MP 5K MACHINE PISTOL WITH SILENCER, checking the magazine. Willie's got the shakes. This ain't his idea of good duty. *

WILLIE *
I still don't know what I gotta drive.

MAY *
Because I couldn't find anyone else. And the man wants it done tonight. So, you drive the car.

May celebrates his awesome command of Aristotle. Willie just sweats and squirms.

53A INT. GREEN PLYMOUTH - NIGHT 53A

Rosewood's behind the wheel, working the mini cmputer under the dashboard. Information comes up on Kevin Roach. Taggart unwraps a cigar.

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: 53A

TAGGART *
What's taking him so long?

ROSEWOOD *
(reading computer)
I don't know.

ROSEWOOD *
What the hell is he staying in a place like this for anyway? South Seas?
(lighting cigar)
More like South Sleaze, if you ask me.

Rosewood shuts down the computer, glancing at Taggart, disapprovingly.

ROSEWOOD
You know, Sergeant, every time you smoke one of those things, you take 2.6 years off your life.

ROSEWOOD
(puffing)
I don't believe that. Who told you that?

Rosewood rolls down his window.

ROSEWOOD
It's fully documented. I can get you the research, if you're interested.

ROSEWOOD
I'm not.

He puffs in silence. Down the street.

53B INT. CAMARO - NIGHT 53B *

May spots Axel leaving the Motel.

MAY
(pointing)
That's him.

Willie STARTS the ENGINE.

CUT TO:

54 INT. GREEN PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Rosewood and Taggart are still arguing the relevance of cigar smoking to life expectancy.

ROSEWOOD
I know a guy lived to be a hundred years old. He smoked a dozen cigars a day. If each one took 2.6 years off his life, and he never smoked, he would've lived to be about three hundred. How much sense does that make? Got any research on that?

Unexpectedly, Axel OPENS the DOOR and PILES into the back seat. He's got a banana. Taggart jumps out of his socks.

AXEL
(re: banana)
Hi, guys. Look what I found in your tail pipe.

TAGGART *
Jesus, Axel. Why don't you just walk up to the car and get in like a normal person?

AXEL *
(to Rosewood)
Your gunsmith guy, Pete Fielding. Did you run a make on him?

ROSEWOOD *
Yeah. He's clean as a whistle.

AXEL *
What about the other guy?

ROSEWOOD
Kevin Roach?
(Axel nods)
He's just a gunsmith in the Valley. No priors.

AXEL
Well there's not too much more we can do tonight. Let's have a beer. I'll buy.

TAGGART
No.

ROSEWOOD
We can't drink on duty, Axel.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

AXEL
Have club soda. Just like last time.

TAGGART
Like last time? We almost got killed.

Rosewood's loosening up more and more since Axel's arrived.

ROSEWOOD
Come on, Sarge. Let's find a little birdbath to play in. What's it gonna hurt?

TAGGART
Birdbath to play in? What's the matter with you, Billy?
(Re: Axel)
Hanging around with Foley is screwing up your vocabulary.

AXEL
I'm thirsty.

ROSEWOOD
Me too.

TAGGART
(giving up)
Okay. But not sleazy strip-joints like last time. This time, we go to a real classy joint. I know just the place.

Rosewood STARTS the ENGINE.

55 OMITTED 55 *

55A EXT. SOUTH SEAS MOTEL - NIGHT 55A *

Leaving the curb, the Plymouth moves into the FLOW of TRAFFIC. The black Camaro follows, THREE CARS BEHIND.

SERIES OF SHOTS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

56 INT. THE PLYMOUTH - NIGHT 56

Rosewood turns left. Taggart butts his cigar, turning to Axel.

TAGGART
Homicide dick told me about this place. Supposed to have to the most beautiful women in the world.

Leaning forward, Axel eyes the Camaron in the rear view mirror.

57 IN THE CAMARO 57

Willie's hyperventilating. May's eyes look like piss holes in the snow. Turning left, they follow the Plymouth.

58 SANTA MONICA AND LA CIENEGA 59

The Plymouth stops at a red light, then swings right on La Cienega. Seconds later, the Camaro follows.

59 IN THE PLYMOUTH 59

Axel adjusts the rear view so he can see better.

ROSEWOOD
What are you doing?

AXEL
(spotting the Camaro)
Whenever you go anyplace, Billy, always look behind you, cause that's what you're gonna see when you're coming back.

Makes sense. Rosewood nods. Axel watches the Camaro's headlights in the rear view. Taggart points out a large PEACH BUILDING with a TANGERINE FACADE, on the right.

TAGGART
There. That's the place.

Rosewood pulls into a CROWDED PARKING LOT. Craning his neck, Axel stares through the rear window as the black Camaro moves off down La Cienega.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. BLOODY MARY'S - NIGHT 60

Andy Warhol-hip. Colored lights play psychedelic madness. Parking lot's peppered with MERCEDES, BMW'S, CADILLACS.

RED JACKETED ATTENDANTS greet ARRIVING GUESTS and park their CARS. The Plymouth stops at the entrance. Rosewood, Axel and Taggart get out. A GUY in a RED JACKET takes their car. From inside, LOUD MUSIC.

TAGGART
See what I mean? No substitute for quality.

AXEL
Right. Homicide dicks know all the good places.

The three of them enter:

61 INT. BLOODY MARY'S - NIGHT 61

Torquoise and peach motif repeated mindlessly. COIFFED MEN and GLITTERING SNAKES in low-cut dresses sit at candlelit tables surrounding a parquet dance floor.

SCANTILLY-CLAD WAITRESSES cart drinks. Axel, Rosewood and Taggart find a place down front. On stage, A STRIPPER finishes her act. She's got a peachy ass and shows it.

WHISTLES and APPLAUSE. A WAITRESS appears at Rosewood's and in a short skirt and low-cut blouse. Her huge gowangas hang over shimmering candlelight. Rosewood's adam's apple goes nuts.

WAITRESS
What can I get you, gentlemen?

She winks at Rosewood. His order is scribbled all over his face. Taggart CLEARS HIS THROAT.

AXEL
I'll have a scotch and water. These guys are drinking club soda.

ROSEWOOD
(swallowing)
With a twist.

Winking again at Rosewood, the waitress wiggles off. Rosewood watches her go. Axel LAUGHS. On stage, an MC.

MC
And now, ladies and gentlemen, back by popular demand, your Wednesday Night surprise -- Wicked Wanda.

APPLAUSE. Waitress deposits drinks on the table and splits. WICKED WANDA wiggles out on stage. She's gorgeous. Dressed like a SCHOOL TEACHER, hair done up in a bun, in conservartive skirt. She's got a LONG POINTER. Her VOICE, RED-HOT:

WICKED WANDA
Any naughty boys in school tonight?

Taggart WHISTLES. He thinks Wicked Wanda's the cat's pajamas. GRINDING MUSIC. Wicked Wanda struts her stuff. She's got unstoppable curves, huge doorknobs and perfect gams. MUSIC CURDLES.

She strips, slowly -- tossing off each piece of clothing with an OBSCENE JOKE about TEACHER'S PETS, NAUGHTY BABIES and APPLE BITING. Taggart breaks out in a sweat. He's really stoked.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

TAGGART
(to Axel)
She's something, isn't she?

AXEL
She's weird, man. And those jokes are really sick.

In no time, Wicked Wanda's down to her G-string and bra. Taggart's so turned on, he can hardly control himself. WHISTLING, he drags out a TWENTY, waving it in the air.

Wicked Wanda bumps and grinds. Taggart slips the twenty into her G-string. APPLAUSE. Wicked Wanda blows Taggart a kiss. He wants to climb on stage with her. Hell, he wants to climb a climb a lot more than that.

Wicked Wanda's act comes to an end. She slinks to the back of the stage, still in bra and G-string. DRUM ROLL. It's the moment Taggart's been waiting for. Wicked Wanda removes a a wig and her bra.

WICKED WANDA IS A GUY

Taggart's jaw falls off. Rosewood's stunned. Axel LAUGHS.

WICKED WANDA
Surprise!

AXEL
Is there something you've been holding back from Billy and me, Taggart? How close are you to those big dicks in homicide?

Taggart's bug-house.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BLOODY MARY'S, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT 62

AT THE ENTRANCE

A GAGGLE OF PEOPLE, arriving and departing. Rosewood, Axel and Taggart walk out. Taggart's mouth's going a mile a minute.

ROSEWOOD
Goddamit. How the hell was I supposed to know? She -- it -- looked like a woman. Didn't she -- it --look like a woman?

Both Axel and Rosewod are LAUGHING.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

Suddenly, PEELING TIRES. ENGINE SCREAMING, the CAMARO races down a line of cars, SLAMMING to a STOP parallel to the entrance. Axel SCREAMS:

AXEL
GET DOWN!

Charging into a GROUP OF PEOPLE, he KNOCKS them FLAT.

IN THE CAMARO

Through the open window, May TURNS LOOSE the MP 5K. It'll lay out about NINE ROUNDS a SECOND and he's got it WIDE OPEN.

AT THE ENTRANCE

LEAD flies EVERYWHERE. WOMEN SCREAM. PEOPLE dive for cover. CHUNKS of CONCRETE are RIPPED from THE GROUND. Bloody Mary's TANGERINE FACADE is DECIMATED.

Axel DIVES behind a MERCEDES. A TRAIL of LEAD FOLLOWS HIM, missing him by inches. WINDSHIELDS CRASH. TIRES EXPLODE. Abruptly, the FIRESTORM stops.

IN THE CAMARO

Willie's gone bananas. He's got one foot on the CLUTCH, the other on the ACCELERATOR. ENGINE SCREAMS. Working furiously, May yanks an EMPTY CLIP from the MP 5K -- SLAMMING in a NEW ONE.

BEHIND THE MERCEDES

On his feet. Axel leans across the hood, two-handing his Browning 9-mm. It ROARS. FLAME SPITS from the BARREL.

IN THE CAMARO

WINDSHIELD SHATTERS. 9MM SLUGS TEAR into the DOOR PANELLING, SHREDDING LEATHER, TEARING IRON. Willie's losing it.

May gets the MP 5K WORKING AGAIN, HURLING a couple of TONS OF LEAD back at Axel. Totally bonkers, Willie POPS the CLUTCH. The Camaro LEAPS FORWARD, SLAMMING May back into the seat. May SHOUTS:

MAY
Son-of-a-bitch! What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED (2): 62

BY THE MERCEDES

Axel FIRES his BROWNING at the retreating Camaro. REAR WINDOW is BLASTED TO HELL. A TIRE EXPLODES. The Camaro SLAMS into a BENTLEY, JUMPS THE CURB and CAREENS from the parking lot.

It disappears around the corner. Seconds later, a TERRIBLE CRASH.

IN THE PARKING LOT

On his feet, Axel SHOUTS:

AXEL
Taggart! Get a goddamn ambulance!

With a gut twisting for revenge, Axel takes off, racing across the parking lot in the direction of the Camaro.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. STREET AROUND THE CORNER FROM BLOODY MARY'S - NIGHT 63

Twenty minutes after the shooting. The Camaro, doors open, is wrapped around a power pole. Nobody's inside. Scene's iluminated by a squad of BLACK -&- WHITES.

Behind barricades, BYSTANDERS GAWK. Rosewood and Taggart TALK to TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Axel watches a FORENSICS EXPERT dust the car for prints. He is:

PAUL ANDERSON, glasses, hatchet-face, self important. He discovers the spent MP 5K magazine in the back seat, carefully dropping it into an evidence bag.

Something catches Axel's eye. Wedged into the seat on the driver's side, a BOOK of MATCHES. Removing it, he offers it to Anderson.

AXEL
Want to check this for prints?

ANDERSON
(condescending)
Look, pal, will you just back away from the car? You're interfering with my job. Any idiot knows you can't get prints off a matchbook.

AXEL
Whatever you say, Professor Wizard.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

Wrapping the matchbook in a handkerchief, Axel drops it into his pocket, joining Rosewood and Taggart with the two uniformed officers on the sidewalk. To one of the cops:

TAGGART
When we got here, the car was empty. Whoever it was got away clean. It's crazy. Nobody was hurt. They must have fired a hundred rounds. One lady got cut, but that was from flying glass.

AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR SCREECHES to a STOP at the barricades. Lutz piles out. He's got Biddle with him. Spotting Foley, Lutz SHOUTS:

LUTZ
You, Foley. I checked with the Federal Marshall's Office and they never heard of you. I want to know who the hell you are, and what the hell is going on. And I want to know now.

Foley glances at Rosewood and Taggart, pulls his Detroit badge and SIGHS:

AXEL
I'm a cop. I didn't tell you before because I knew it would upset you. And I didn't want to cause you any problems.

LUTZ
(examining badge)
A cop?

Rosewood glances at Taggart. All hell is going to break loose. Axel pockets his badge. Anderson appears, interrupting:

ANDERSON
(to Lutz)
No prints in the car. R&I reported it stolen two hours ago. Whoever was doing the shooting meant business. He was using heavy artillery and emptied at least one magazine.

LUTZ
Never mind that Anderson.
(to Axel)
That's a Detroit badge. What are you doing in Beverly Hills?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED (2): 63

AXEL
(quickly)
I'm attached to a multi-jurisdictional Federal task force on organized crime.

LUTZ
Answer my question, dammit! What are you doing here?

AXEL
Can't tell you that.

Rosewood and Taggart are freaked. Lutz does red.

LUTZ
I'm the goddam Chief of Police. If there's some Federal task force here, I want to know about it.

AXEL
I knew you would be upset. My assignment is top secret. I can't talk to anybody about it.
(beat)
Look, my commanding officer in Detroit is Captain Todd. You can call the Detroit PD and he'll verify the assignment. He'll be in his office in the morning between 9:00 and 10:00 AM, Detroit time. I'm sorry, that's all I can tell you.

LUTZ
(steaming)
You goddam right I'll call him.

Axel walks away. Lutz turns his rage on Rosewood and Taggart.

LUTZ
(continuing)
I don't believe that guy. You stay on his ass. This is my goddam town. I want to know everything he does, everyone he talks to.
(beat)
Move!

Galvanized, Rosewood and Taggart take off after Alex.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. ROSEWOOD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 64

A Westwood apartment complex, surrounded by GURGLING WATERFALLS, man-made PONDS and COLORED LIGHTS. The Plymouth pulls into an underground garage and parks. Rosewood, Axel and Taggart get out.

TAGGART
(to Axel)
You know, Foley, sometimes you live so close to the edge that it's scary. What are you going to do when Lutz calls your Captain?

AXEL
Let me worry about that.
(to Rosewood)
You sure you got super glue in your apartment?

Rosewood's sure. The three of them head across the manicured grounds to Rosewood's apartment. They cross a little FOOT-BRIDGE.

AXEL
(continuing)
Jesus, Billy, where do you live? In a miniature golf course?

CUT TO:

64A INT. ROSEWOOD'S APARTMENT, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT 64A

THE LIVING ROOM

Modest furnishings. Most of the space is eaten up by EXOTIC PLANTS. There's a ZILLION of THEM. MOZART plays SOFTLY on the STEREO. On a desk, by a large picture window, a TERRARIUM. It's got a TURTLE in it and a hand painted sign:

BIG AL

Door opens. Rosewood, Axel and Taggart walk in.

AXEL
You live in a jungle.

Enthusiastically, Rosewood moves from plant to plant, EXPLAINING:

ROSEWOOD
Not a jungle, Axel. These are my friends. This is Charlie. He's a Wandering Jew.
(moving)
Over here is Mona. She's a Shefflaria.
(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: 64A

ROSEWOOD (CONTINUED)
And by the window, here, is Elaine, Bobby and little Max. The Bromeliads
(beat)
They actually like different kinds of music. The Begonias thrive on Beatles. But if you play Beethoven, they wither. The ferns adore Boston Pops. But everybody worships Mozart.

Rosewood TURNS DOWN the STEREO. Axel moves to the terrarium staring in at Big Al. Big Al stares back.

AXEL
Big Al?

ROSEWOOD
Yeah. I've had him about six years. Isn't he something?

Unceremoniously, Axel removes the top of Big Al's terrarium. Reaching in, he pulls Big Al out of his house and sets him down on the foor. Big Al starts crawling around.

ROSEWOOD
What are you doing?

AXEL
Giving Big Al a walk. Where's the super glue?

Picking up Big Al, Rosewood leaves. Axel makes eye contact with Taggart. Taggart nods at the ubiquitous foliage.

TAGGART
Like living on another planet, huh?

Rosewood reappears with super glue. Removing the matchbook from the handkerchief in his pocket, Axel rips the top off the super glue, placing it in the terrarium with the matchbook. He puts the terrarium's lid back on. Turning to Rosewood:

AXEL
Can I use your phone?

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED (2): 64A

ROSEWOOD
(pointing at a hallway)
Sure. It's in the bedroom.

Rosewood holds Big Al. Axel disappears down the hall, walking into:

THE BEDROOM

More plants. King size bed. POSTERS of DIRTY HARRY all over the place. Dirty Harry shooting. Dirty Harry beating up bad guys. Dirty Harry being dirty.

By a window, peaking through the leaves of a huge ficus, a giant sized STUFFED PINK PIG in a policeman's uniform. Axel stares at it.

AXEL
Jesus, Billy.

Moving to the phone, he picks it up and dials. Seconds pass.

AXEL
(continuing; into phone)
Jeffrey? It's Axel.
(beat)
Yeah, I know what time it is.

Axel sits on the bed.

AXEL
(continuing)
How do you like driving the Ferrari?
(listening)
Beverley did that? With the gearshift? In the Ferrari?
(beat)
Jeffrey, stop talking for a minute. You've got to do something for me. You aren't going to want to, but you gotta do it. You have the goddam car because I gave it to you. You got Beverley. And if you want to keep them for a while you're going to have to do something for me in return. Now, listen very carefully.

Cradling the phone, Axel sits on the bed. Meanwhile in:

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED (3): 64A

THE FRONT ROOM

Taggart sits uncomfortably between an enormous spider plant and a grape ivy. Rosewood enters eating yogurt from a carton. Noticing Taggart, he marches to the chair adjusting the spider plant.

ROSEWOOD
You're hurting her.

TAGGART
(confused)
Who?

ROSEWOOD
(re: spider plant)
Marsha. You're sitting on one of her babies.

Startled, Taggart gets up. He's been sitting on a small cluster at the end of a chute from the spider. Rosewood pets it.

TAGGART
Plants don't have babies.

ROSEWOOD
Of course they do.

TAGGART
Yeah, sure. I suppose you have all kinds of research on that too, huh?

Before Rosewood can answer, Axel walks in, moving to the terrarium. Rosewood and Taggart join him. Transfixed, they watch a fingerprint appear on the cover of the matchbook inside.

AXEL
See what happens is, the fumes from the super glue attach to the acid on the finger print. It's an old street cop trick. Hasn't filtered down to pointie-headed intellectuals like Professor Wizard yet.

Opening the roof of Big Al's home, he removes the matchbook and studies the clearly defined fingerprint.

AXEL
(continuing)
Now, if we knew whose print this is, we'd be in business.

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED (4): 64A

ROSEWOOD
We could use the computer.
(checks watch)
There wouldn't be anyone there
at this hour.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BHPD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT 65

PHOTO LAB

Photographic equipment. Developing room. Chemicals. It's late. Place is deserted. Taggart and Axel watch Rosewood take a photograph of the finger print on the matchbook. Within minutes, the photo is developed.

66 INT. COMPUTER ROOM 66

A large room with a single machine. It's a LASER COMPUTER, fingerprint ID SYSTEM. Rosewood feeds the photograph into the machine then sits before a display module. Loading up the program, he types on a keyboard. On the display:

FINGERPRINT MATCH AREA #5

Computer PURRS. Rosewood explains:

ROSEWOOD
This machine has a laser beam which matches up our print with hundreds of thousands of arrested people in our area. It all happens in an instant.

AXEL
Jesus. It'd take a million cops sixty years to do that in Detroit.

Within seconds, the machine's found a match. A rap sheet kicks out into a tray. Axel picks it up.

It's got a Name. Description. Driver's License Number. Prior convictions. Present Address. Place of Employment. There's also a dot-matrix photo of the suspect.

IT'S CHIP KEELER

He has a record of petty larceny. Axel notices that his last known place of employment is the Beverly Hills Shooting Club.

AXEL
(continuing)
I thought there was something weird about that Shooting Club.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

TAGGART
We'll get an APB out on him right now.

AXEL
Are you crazy? All we've got is a goddam fingerprint on a matchbook. We can't even prove he was in the car.

ROSEWOOD
Well, what are we going to do?

There's a strange light in Axel's eyes. Taggart shudders.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SHOOTING CLUB - NIGHT 67

Pitch black. It's goblin time. The place is deserted. Green Plymouth appears in the drive, lights out. Slowly, it moves across the parking lot, stopping beneath a large tree.

67A INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT 67A

Rosewood is behind the wheel. Taggart shotgun. Axel is in the back. Rolling down the back window, he studies the Shooting Club. He takes out a couple of sticks of chewing gum, pops them into his mouth and folds the wrappers together. Tin foil side out, he places them into his pocket.

TAGGART
Look, Foley, I've gone along with you up to now, but I don't care how you look at it. This is breaking and entering.
(turning)
I'm a policeman for Chrissakes.

AXEL
So's Bogomil.

TAGGART
But this is breaking the law. Once we cross over that line there ain't no way back.

ROSEWOOD
I'll go.

Axel and Rosewood open their doors. Taggart feels like a pussy.

TAGGART
Hell with it. We'll all go.

(CONTINUED)

67A CONTINUED: 67A

AXEL
Okay, bring your flashlights.

The three of them step out to:

67B EXT. SHOOTING CLUB - NIGHT 67B

Axel, Taggart and Rosewood approach the front of the club. SUddenly, Axel stops. Something on the roof attracts his attention. It's a MICRO-ELECTRONIC DISH. He points out the dish to Taggart.

TAGGART
What's that?

AXEL
If it means what I think it means, Beverly Hills Shooting Club is a very secure building. No need for guards. You got any of those cigars with you?

TAGGART
Yeah. One.

AXEL
Come on.

He, Rosewood and Taggart move past the front of the club, rounding a corner they move to a side window.

It's a double window with an inside half-moon lock. Electronic alarm tape runs around the edges of both the top and the bottom window. Axel opens a pocket knife.

Careful to avoid the wired alarm tape, he slides the blade through the space between the top and bottom window, TAPPING the HALF-MOON lock into an open position.

TAGGART
How'd you do that?

AXEL
Hey, Taggart. I wasn't born a cop. I fractured an occasional law when I was a kid.

Rosewood grins. This is fun. Half-moon lock open, Axel removes one of the chewing gum wrappers from his pocket, places it on the end of the knife and starts wedging it into the left-hand corner of the window.

(CONTINUED)

67B CONTINUED: 67B

AXEL
(continuing)
This alarm tape is connected inside by two magnets. If we were to open the window now, the magnetic connection would break and the alarm would go off.
(working)
So, what we gotta do is make another connection with this tinfoil and fool the magnets into thinking that they're still connected to each other.

With his knife, he wedges the tinfoil in between the small magnets on each side of the window and, carefully, raises the window just far enough to reach inside. The chewing gum wrappers each hang from one of the magnets.

Leaning, Axel secures them with some of his gum. That done, he pushes the window open all the way. Rosewood starts to crawl in. Axel stops him.

AXEL
(continuing)
Not yet.

Axel stares at the upper corner of the ceiling to his right, spotting a TINY RED DOT. Pointing it out:

AXEL
(continuing)
Just what I thought. There's a whole grid of invisible laser beams bouncing back and forth off mirrors on the floor. Step on one and we trip an alarm. Get out your cigar.

Taggart pulls one from his pocket. Axel lights it for him.

AXEL
(continuing)
Now start puffing. Blow as much smoke into that room as you can.

Taggart puffs like a train, blowing smoke into the darkened room.

Very slowly, the smoke settles to the floor, illuminating:

A GRID OF LASER BEAMS

Dancing PINK in the SWIRLING cigar SMOKE. It's spooky.

ROSEWOOD
Oh, my god.

(CONTINUED)

67B CONTINUED (2): 67B

AXEL
Now we go in. But don't step on any of those beams or we'll be up our tits in trouble.

Carefully, they crawl into:

68 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 68

Taggart puffs smoke. Cautiously, the three of them make their way down the hall, stepping over the shimmering laser beams, to a door. It's locked. It's got Chip Keeler's name on it. Axel gets it open with a credit card.

69 INT. KEELER'S OFFICE _ NIGHT 69

Axel closes the door. Rosewood and Taggart shine their flashlights around.

ROSEWOOD
What exactly are we looking for?

TAGGART
A needle in a haystack, Billy.

They search the room. Opening cabinets, bookshelves. Nobody comes up with anything. Sitting at Keeler's desk, Axel finds a drawer that is locked.

AXEL
Give me some light over here.

Taggart shines his light on the locked drawer. Axel tries to pry it open. No good. It's locked up tight. He tries to jimmy the drawer with his knife. BLADE SNAPS.

Digging into his pocket, Rosewood comes up with a HUGE SWITCHBLADE. SNAPPING it open, he hands it to Axel.

TAGGART
(re: switchblade)
Where the hell did you get that?

ROSEWOOD
I got it. It's mine. I use it for protection.

Axel pries open the drawer. Inside, correspondence and a yellow sheet of paper which is scribbled:

LAT. 118° 21 MIN. 510 WEST
LONG. 34° 3 MIN.
6-12 -- 10:30 hrs.
1 A. CAR -- 1 BRN. VAN 4 -- MIN.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

Rosewood stares at the paper in the light of Taggart's flash.

ROSEWOOD
(continuing)
What is that?

AXEL
Looks like a needle in a hay stack.

Pocketing the piece of paper, he glances at Taggart.

AXEL
(continuing)
Get your cigar going again Taggart.

The three of them head for the door.

CUT TO:

69A EXT. PHONE BOOTH, DETROIT STREET - DAY 69A

7:00 AM. The red Ferrari SCREECHES to the curb by the phone booth. Friedman piles out. Eyes red-webbed. He's got TWO BLONDES in the car with him. He's been up all night.

Walking to the phone, he drops in some change and dials a number. Seconds later, he gets an answer. DISGUISING his VOICE:

FRIEDMAN
(into phone)
Yes, this is Captain Todd of the Detroit Police Department?
(listens)
Sorry to bother you at home, but this is Lionel Hand with the FBI enforcement bulletin. You're familiar with our publication?
(beat)
Well thank you Captain Todd. We're proud of it ourselves. Anyway the Director has asked me to interview a local law enforcement officer. Your name came up on the computer.

Friedman winks at one of the blondes in the car.

(CONTINUED)

69A CONTINUED: 69A

FRIEDMAN
(continuing)
I realize it's short notice, but I was wondering if you might meet me this morning for breakfast in my office, say 9:00 at the Federal Building. You know it?
(listens)
Good. It will only take about an hour or so. Of course there will be photographers. You aren't camera shy are you?
(beat)
Fine. Yes Hand. Lionel Hand. At the Federal Building suite 202. Looking roward to meeting you.

Jeffrey hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

69B INT. DETROIT PD - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 69B

SQUAD ROOM

Busy as ever. In Detroit, crime is a twenty-hour proposition. Sitting at his desk, Jeffrey checks a wall clock. It's five minutes to nine. Getting up he strolls into:

TODD'S OFFICE

Friedman empties ashtrays. Moves paper. Trying to look like he's doing something official.

CUT TO:

69C INT. LUTZ' OFFICE - DAY 69C

Lutz sits at his desk with a pot of coffee. He's got a yellow legal pad with a Detroit phone number written on it. He's had to get up real early and he's cranky.

He checks his watch. It's five minutes after six in the morning. Picking up the phone, he dials the numbers on the pad.

LUTZ
(into phone)
Yeah, Detroit Police Department? I want to speak to Captain Todd.

Lutz waits.

CUT TO:

70 INT. TODD'S OFFICE - DAY 70

PHONE RINGS. Glancing out into the squad room, Jeffrey picks it up.

INTERCUT CONVERSAION FRIEDMAN AND LUTZ

FRIEDMAN
(disguising voice)
This is Todd.

LUTZ
Captain Todd?

FRIEDMAN
That's what I said. Isn't it?

LUTZ
This is Harold Lutz. Chief of Beverly Hills Police Department.

FRIEDMAN
What can I do for you Harold?

LUTZ
Do you have an officer working in your command by the name of Axel Foley?

FRIEDMAN
Yeah, he's in my command. But he's assigned to some goddam multi-jurisdictional Federal task force on organized crime. I never know where the hell he is or what the hell he's doing. It's a real pain in the ass for me, Harold. I can't control the son-of-a-bitch. He reports directly to the Feds. Why?

LUTZ
Well, he's out here in Beverly Hills. And I want to know what he's doing.

FRIEDMAN
In Beverly Hills? I tell you Harold, that bastard is all over the place. But as far as what he's doing is concerned, I can't help you. And there's no way you can get any information out of him. It's all Federal you see. Anything else I can do for you? What's the weather like out there?

Zapped, Lutz hangs up the phone. So does Friedman. Mission accomplished. He leaves Todd's office walking into:

70A SQUAD ROOM 70A

As Friedman heads for his desk, Todd storms in. He's got a hard on for the whole world. Glaring at the detectives, he BELLOWS:

TODD
Alright, what rat hole son-of-a-bitch is pulling my leg.
(silence)
One of you motherless bastards sent me off to the Federal Building to be interviewed by the goddam FBI magazine. Who was it?

Crooks and detectives blink. Friedman busies himself at his desk.

TODD
(continuing)
I'll find out goddamit. It ain't funny.

Furious, He storms into his office.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS LIBRARY - DAY 71

Light morning TRAFFIC. The Plymouth pulls into the library parking lot. Rosewood, Axel and Taggart get out, walking inside.

72 INT. BEVERLY HILLS LIBRARY, READING ROOM - DAY 72

Large table and chairs. Axel lays out a huge map on the table. Beside the map, the sheet of paper he took from Keeler's office with it's longitudinal coordinates, nautical date and time. Rosewood and Taggart look on.

AXEL
Now let's see if we can figure out where these coordinates intersect.

ROSEWOOD
What makes you think they mean anything?

AXEL
Look. The first thing I do when I get to town is, I go out to the Shooting Club. I ask some questions about a shell casing used by the Alphabet Bandit in his first job. And the next thing that happens is, somebody tries to blow my goddam head off. And Keeler's fingerprint matches one found in the car that tried to blow me up. Then I find these coordinates locked up in his desk.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

TAGGART
You think Keeler's the Alphabet Bandit?

AXEL
Maybe. All the evidence points to him. You notice on the information we got off your computer his first name is Charles?

TAGGART
So?

ROSEWOOD
Charles is Carlos in Spanish, Sarge.

Finally, Axel locates the exact intersection of longitude and latitude.

AXEL
341 Gregory Way.

ROSEWOOD
That's Cal Deposit.

AXEL
Cal Deposit?

TAGGART
A Federal Reserve Bank. Where banks take their money.

AXEL
(thinking)
Didn't the second letter left when Bogomil was shot say, the C and D crime would be together? C and D. Cal Deposit. Lay you 100 to 1 it's the Alphabet Bandit's next hit.

TAGGART
Nobody can rob that place. It's impregnable.

Axel checks the nautical times and date, glancing at a clock on the wall.

AXEL
This is the 12th, isn't it?
(Rosewood nods)
If there's going to be a robbery at Cal Deposit, we've got five minutes to stop it.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 73

341 Gregory Way. A single-story, reinforced-concrete building, strategically placed in the middle of a large parking area. Impossible to approach without being seen.

In front, a mammoth double electric door. Opposite the door, a cinder block wall. Impossible to gain entry by ramming. An ARMORED TRUCK drives onto the concourse, approaching the front gate.

74 INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY 74

ROCK MUSIC on a PORTABLE STEREO in the passenger seat. Winking, hi-tech dashboard. Everything inside is digital, computerized and super-cool. Behind the wheel:

MENDOZA, beefy, early 20's, tattooed forearms, punches numbers into a mini-computer on the dash. Through the windshield, he watches the DOUBLE DOORS SWING OPEN. SNAPPING the truck into gear, he wheels into:

75 INT. CAL DEPOSIT, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 75

75A PARKING AREA 75A

Armored TRUCKS in numbered stalls. Beyond the parking area, through a TWO-FOOT WALL of BULLET-PROOF GLASS, a large COUNTING ROOM.

Mendoza parks by the translucent wall. Double doors close silently. KILLING the ENGINE, he piles out, walking to the rear of the truck. CLUBBING the back DOOR.

BOBBY MORGAN, fuzzy blond hair, febrile almond eyes, thin attenuated arms, crawls out of the truck like an insect.

Mendoza strolls to the bullet-proof wall, punches more numbers into a digital lock. DOOR slides OPEN. Morgan grabs a sack of money, lugging it into:

76 COUNTING ROOM 76

ARMED GUARDS supervise CREWS sorting money. On the concrete walls, huge BAYS stuffed with oversized PLASTIC BAGS. The bags got money in 'em. Lots of money. Each bay sports a name:

SECURITY PACIFIC, 1ST INTERSTATE, BANK OF AMERICA, WELLS FARGO, etc. Morgan dumps his bag on a metal table. Two CHICKS in leather aprons open it. Stacks of 20's, 50's and 100's tumble out.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 77

Another ARMORED TRUCK stops parallel to Cal Deposit's south wall. Two doors on the side of the wall, hidden from the street, open.

Inside, in black jumpsuit, a .357 holstered on her hip, Trish. She pulls a ski mask over her face and jumps to the ground between Cal Deposit's cinder block wall and the armored truck.

A BIG GUY, also in black jumpsuit and ski mask, climbs down beside her. Together, they carry a large piece of metal shaped like a HULA HOOP to the cinder block wall.

They're joined by a THIRD JUMPSUITED SKI MASK, who climbs out of the cab of the armored car. Together, the three of them tape the hula hoop device to the cinder block wall.

CUT TO:

78 INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - DAY 78

ENGINE SCREAMING, the Plymouth HURTLES up Wilshire. Rosewood takes the Doheny intersection at DIZZYING SPEED. Axel SLAMS around in the back seat. Riding shotgun, clutching the microphone, Taggart ROARS:

TAGGART
(into the mike)
Unit 21 handle. Unit 22 assist. Possible 211. Silent. At Cal Deposit. 341 Gregory!

Rosewood POUNDS the HORN, narrowly avoiding a collision.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 79

Face hidden behind her ski mask, Trish runs detonating wires back to the door of the armored truck. Working furiously, she attaches the wires to a charger-box. Mask #2 and Mask #3 wait beside her. To their right:

A BROWN VAN glides into position behind the armored truck. Another SKI MASK behind the wheel. With the brown van in position, the entire corner of the south wall is hidden from the street.

CUT TO:

80 INT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 80

GRUMBLING, Bobby Morgan lugs a third bag of money through the door in the bullet-proof wall. Watching him, Mendoza LAUGHS:

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

MENDOZA
You better hurry up, man, or the Alphabet Bandit's gonna getcha.

Bobby dumps the money on the table. His VOICE, thin, unpleasant:

BOBBY
How's he gonna do that, Mendoza?
(pointing)
He gonna come through three fucking feet of concrete wall?

Amused by his own wit, Morgan's ugly face puckers.

81 EXT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 81

Trish, Masks #2 and #3 stuff plugs into their ears. Trish TURNS a SWITCH on the DETONATOR BOX. The hula hoop shaped object is a hi-tech entry device that can cut a hole through solid steel. It IMPLODES with a DULL THUD.

82 INT. CAL DEPOSIT'S COUNTING ROOM - DAY 82

PEALING THUNDER. A white-hot hole is TORN from the WALL. Morgan's caught in the middle of his joke. PANDEMONIUM in the counting room. CHUNKS of CONCRETE, PIECES of DEBRIS, CHOKING DUSK everywhere.

COUGHING, guards and money-counters STUMBLE into each other, SHOUTING and YELLING. On the floor, Mendoza stares through the dust. White light pours through the hole. Thunderstruck, he sees:

THREE FIGURES COMING THROUGH THE HOLE IN SKI MASKS. They look like alien beings in the blinding light. One of them hurls an M-180 CONCUSSION GRENADE into the room. It spins on the floor and EXPLODES. EARDRUMS SPLIT.

Stunned, people drop like flies. Guys WEEP. Women WHIMPER and GAG in the choking dust. Trish punches her stopwatch, HOLLERING:

TRISH
Four minutes!

Masks #2 and #3 race for the bays on the wall — grabbing plastic bags of money.

CUT TO:

82A INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - DAY 82A

Rosewood BLITZES the corner onto Gregory on TWO WHEELS. Suddenly, he STANDS on the BRAKES. Rubber BURNS. Ahead,

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: 82A

there's a TRAFFIC JAM. CARS piled up for blocks. Rosewood cranes his neck.

ROSEWOOD
Some kind of construction.

AXEL
How far is it?

TAGGART
Twenty or thirty blocks.

Another CAR pulls in behind them. They're stuck. Abandoning the Plymouth, all three throw open their doors, leaping out to:

82B EXT. GREGORY STREET - DAY 82B

Charging up the street, Axel and Rosewood soon leave Taggart behind. He can't keep up.

CUT TO:

82C INT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 82C

The concussion grenade has put everybody in cloud cuckoo land. Dazed, Mendoza tries to get to his feet. Trish KICKS him VISCIOUSLY in the HEAD. Watching the clock:

TRISH
Three minutes.

She drags AN ENVELOPE from her jumpsuit. Mask #2's got an armload of bags stuffed with money. Racing for the hole in the wall, he steps through it to:

83 EXT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 83

Side door of the van's wide open. A small mountain of money bags lie on the floor. Mask #2 tosses his bag onto the pile, spins around and charges back inside.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. GREGORY STREET - DAY 84

Rosewood and Axel are GETTING WINDED. Still, they RACE FORWARD. Finally, glancing at his watch, Axel BELLOWS:

AXEL
(out of breath)
We'll never make it. We need to find some goddam wheels.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

ROSEWOOD
(puffing)
You go that way. See what you can find. I'll meet you in the middle of the next block.

Rosewood peels off to the right. Moving down the street, Axel tries one door after another on parked cars. They're all locked.

CUT TO:

85 INT. BROWN VAN - DAY 85

Drumming his fingers on the dash, Ski Mask behind the wheel watches the concourse for any sign of trouble. Behind him, Masks #2 and #3 keep TOSSING in BAGS of MONEY. From inside Cal Deposit:

TRISH
(O.S.)
Two minutes.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. GREGORY STREET - DAY 86

Axel's still trying to find an unlocked car. Suddenly:

A GARGANTUAN HORN HONKS

Startled, Axel stares into the street at an ENORMOUS CEMENT TRUCK. The dome is still turning. CEMENT LEAKS out the CHUTE in the back. Rosewood's behind the wheel. Like lightning, Axel leaps into:

87 INT. CEMENT TRUCK - DAY 87

All cracked green leather. Nude women leer down from the visor.

AXEL
For Chrissakes, Billy. A cement truck?

ROSEWOOD
It's all I could find. Don't worry. Nobody saw me take it.

GEARS GRIND. Rosewood finds FIRST and STOMPS on the GAS. Everest on wheels, HORN BLARING, the cement truck LUMBERS FORWARD.

CUT TO:

88 INT. BROWN VAN - DAY 88

Ski Mask behind the wheel is still watching for signs of trouble. Suddenly, he spots the cement truck round the corner and head onto the concourse. Ski Mask POUNDS his HORN.

89 INT. CAL DEPOSIT - DAY 89

Both Masks #2 and #3 got their arms full of money bags. Hearing the HORN from the VAN, Trish pockets her envelope, BAWLING:

TRISH
Abort!

Masks #3 and #2 drop what they're carrying and race for the exit. Trish rabbits after them, leaving people and debris scattered on the counting room floor.

90 INT. BROWN VAN - DAY 90

Masks #2 and #3 pile HEADLONG into the van. Trish is right behind. CURSING, she SLAMS the DOOR. Ski Mask at the wheel GUNS the ENGINE.

Trish spots the cement truck ROARING across the concourse, bearing down on them. Driver POPS the CLUTCH. TIRES SCREAM. The van surges forward.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

91 THE CEMENT TRUCK 91

Rosewood spins the wheel following the van. There's a crazed look in his eye. Axel hangs on.

92 IN THE BROWN VAN 92

GEARS GRINDING, Ski Mask races for the north end of the parking lot, jumping the curb to the street. Trish's head SLAMS into the CEILING. Money bags break. There's big bucks everywhere.

93 IN THE CEMENT TRUCK 93

Eyes riveted on the van, Rosewood goes for second. Ahead, the six inch curb. Axel SHOUTS:

AXEL
Watch out for the goddam curb, Billy!

ROSEWOOD
I see it. I see it.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

Balls to the wind, Rosewood FLOORS IT.

94 ON EL CAMINO DRIVE 94

ENGINE HOWLING, dirt and mud FLYING from the CHUTE, the cement truck leaves the curb and is airborne. Sailing over the concrete, it SLAMS into the STREET.

SPARKS pour from the UNDER CARRIAGE. Teetering on two wheels, the truck FISHTAILS WILDLY and ROCKETS OFF.

95 ON A STREET CORNER 95

Swerving to avoid the cement mixer, a CADILLAC CRASHES into a MASERATI. As the cement truck thunders past, the DRIVER of the Maserati is BLASTED in the face with a pile of foul smelling cement.

96 IN A SQUAD CAR 96

Waiting at a light, TWO COPS in UNIFORM watch the van take the intersection at 80. Cop behind the wheel STOMPS on the ACCELERATOR. HITTING the SIREN, the Cop riding shotgun grabs the mike, SCREAMING:

COP
92 Boy. Advise. We are in pursuit of a brown 1984 Ford van. No plates. Heading north on Coldwater from Canon at approximately 80 MPH.

CRACKLING STATIC. A soft FEMALE VOICE replies:

FEMALE VOICE
(on radio)
104. 92 Boy.

97 IN THE INTERSECTION 97

From nowhere, the cement truck BROADSIDES the POLICE CAR, carrying it across Sunset and depositing it in a row of hedges. HORN BLASTING, CEMENT FLYING EVERYWHERE, the truck ROCKETS up Coldwater.

98 IN THE SQUAD CAR 98

The cop behind the wheel will never be the same. His mouth works. Nothing comes out. He stares straight ahead. His partner watches the cement truck disappear up Coldwater at Mach One.

99 IN THE CEMENT TRUCK 99

Wild-eyed, Rosewood white-knuckles the wheel. ENGINE SHRIEKS. The CAB is STARTING TO SHAKE. The fucking truck can't keep up with the van. It's pulling away by the second. Over the BLARING HORN, Axel SHOUTS:

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

AXEL
We're losing them, Billy. We'll never catch 'em in this thing.

Up ahead, parked at the curb, Axel sees TWO BRIGHTLY COIFFED MEN in a RED MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE. Turning to Rosewood, he HOLLERS:

AXEL
Stop!

ROSEWOOD
What?

AXEL
Stop the goddam truck!

Rosewood STANDS on the BRAKES. A COUPLE of HUNDRED TONS of steel SLAM to a STOP in the middle of Coldwater. Opening the door, Axel turns to Rosewood.

AXEL
Get rid of this screw-ball truck. Hide it somewhere so nobody can find it. And don't let anyone see you do it or you won't be a cop tomorrow.

Rosewood nods. Axel piles out to:

100 EXT. COLDWATER CANYON BLVD. - DAY 100

GEARS GRINDING the cement truck LUMBERS AWAY. Axel races to the red Mercedes. Staring up at him are:

CECIL, 19, bright ORANGE HAIR, diamond earring, in tank top and shorts. And EDWARD, 23, wildly-dishevelled RED AND GREEN HAIR, blue eyes, white sweater and designer jeans.

Edward's wearing pink lipstick. Both Cecil and Edward are very young, very gay, and very much in love. Without ceremony, Axel opens the door of the Mercedes, deposits Cecil onto Edward's lap and leaps in behind the wheel.

CECIL
(to Edward)
Tell me this isn't happening. Tell me this is not happening!

FIRING up the ENGINE, Axel takes off leaving a trail of SMOKING RUBBER in his wake.

101 MONTAGE: THE MERCEDES CHASES THE VAN (SCENES 101-105) 101

Axel driving. Cecil and Edward hanging on. Up and down, over

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

and around all the twisting warren of roads, streets and avenues in the northern part of Beverly Hills.

As the chase continues, both Cecil and Edward intoduce themselves and begin to enjoy the ride, offering Axel helpful tips and unsolicited advice.

Finally, they lose the van completely on:

105 END MONTAGE 105

106 EXT. TOWER ROAD - DAY 106

Middle of fucking nowhere. The Mercedes SCREECHES to a STOP. Axel backs up, staring down a narrow tree lined road. Concealed in a copse of trees, the brown van. Axel gets out of the Mercedes. Cecil smiles:

CECIL
Listen, would you like to come to a party at our house tonight?

EDWARD
Nothing big. Just a small group. Come any way you want.

AXEL
(smiling)
Some other time, maybe. You guys have fun. I gotta go to work now.

Pulling his Browning, Axel checks the magazine. Spotting the gun, Cecil leaps behind the wheel, hangs a U and the Mercedes ROARS back down Tower.

107 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 107

Axel moves stealthily from tree to tree. Arriving at the van, adrenalin surging, he two-hands the Browning, ready for anything.

Van's empty. On the ground nearby, Axel spots a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL. Picking it up, he notices a fresh SET OF TIRE TRACKS and footprints. Curious, he follows the tire tracks back up the dirt road to:

108 EXT. TOWER ROAD - DAY 108

Tire tracks turn to the right. Axel steps out onto the road. A hundred yards to the right, it dead-ends. Only one place the tracks lead. He stares at a large sign hanging over an open gate. It reads:

BEVERLY HILLS POLO CLUB
MEMBERS ONLY

(CONTINUED)

108 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 108

Standing by a row of hedges, Axel drags a WALLET from beneath his shirt. Rosewood stares at it. The driver's license in the wallet belongs to Maxwell Dent.

TAGGART
You picked his pocket?

AXEL
Hey, Taggart, I wasn't born a cop.

TAGGART
I know. I know you fractured an occasional law when you were a kid.

In the wallet, there's MONEY. Gobs of it. Credit cards galore. Some business cards. Checking them, Axel finds one that reads:

STANLEY BERKOWITZ
ATTORNEY AT LAW

AXEL
Bingo. Once in a while a long shot pays off.

He drops Berkowitz's card into his pocket. Removing the money, Axel tosses the wallet into the bushes.

Axel heads for his car. Rosewood and Taggart follow. At the curb, Elroy's still hard at work, eyes riveted on the Chevy.

AXEL
Anybody try and mess with my car?

ELROY
(hiccup)
Not yet.

AXEL
Okay. You keep watching it. I'm going to go for a ride with these guys.

SLAMMING Dent's MONEY into Elroy's hand, Axel drags Rosewood and Taggart across the street toward the Plymouth.

ROSEWOOD
Where are we going?

Elroy studies his hand. It's got HUNDREDS of BUCKS in it. HOWLING, he rolls hooded eyes skyward. Somewhere, crouched in that sprawling, cobalt vastness, there is a God, even for Elroy.

CUT TO:

108 CONTINUED: 108

Sprawling green. White rail fence. Stables. Spacious club house, Patio peppered with umbrellaed tables. Holstering his 9mm, Axel takes off for:

109 BEVERLY HILLS POLO CLUB, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 109

110 GRAND BALLROOM 110

Brightly lit. Along one wall, windows open onto the polo field where FOUR MEN on HORSE BACK practice different shots. Inside:

A "coming out" party is going down. TWENTY-FIVE DEBUTANTES in long gowns and white elbow gloves stand loosely in a circle, arm and arm with their fathers. On a stage to the rear, a SOCIETY ORCHESTRA.

To the side, the girls ESCORTS and STAGS wait in white gloves and formal attire. Listening to THE GRAND MARSHAL, in mourning clothes present each debutante to the company. *

In the THRONG, dressed to the nines, Maxwell Dent stands with his daughter:

PATTI JEAN, thin as a rail, blond hair, long neck and pouting mouth. To Dent's right:

NIKOS THOMOPOLIS, mid thirties, Greek, powerfully built. Thomopolis has in attendance HALF a DOZEN BODYGUARDS, uncomfortable in formal dress. Dent speaks to Thomopolis in hushed tones: *

DENT
I'm afraid we've suffered a slight delay with our plans.

*

THOMOPOLIS
I don't like delays, Max. It's bad business. I have other partners. They don't like to be kept waiting.

DENT *
It's only a slight setback.

THOMOPOLIS *
I hope so. For your sake. When my other partners get impatient, they look for other sources. It would be a shame if all your efforts were to amount to nothing.

Tense, Dent watches a DEBUTANTE and FATHER move to the center of the dance floor. The Grand Marshal presents: *

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED 110

GRAND MARSHAL
Ladies and Gentleman. I would like to present Miss Katherine Smythe.

Katherine and her father move to the center of the group. Katherine curtsies all the way to the floor. APPLAUSE.

111 OUTER LOBBY 111

At the entrance to the Grand Ballroom an UPTIGHT MANAGER in white tie WHISPERS on the phone. Behind him the Grand Marshal continues to present Debs.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

Axel enters. Spotting him in jeans and tennis shoes, the manager hangs up the phone and steps in his path.

MANAGER
May I help you with something?

AXEL
Yeah, There's a brown van parked down the road. It was dumb of me, but I was riding my bike and I hit it. I'd like to talk to the owner— *

Breaking off, Axel sees:

112 IN THE GRAND BALLROOM 112 *

The Grand Marshal introducing:

GRAND MARSHAL
Ladies and Gentleman I would like to present Miss Patti Jean Dent.

Arm and arm with his daughter, Dent moves to the center of the circle. Patti Jean curtsies to APPLAUSE.

112A IN THE LOBBY 112A

MANAGER
I'm afraid I have no idea who— *

Axel shoves the manager aside, walking into:

112B GRAND BALLROOM 112B

Escorting Patti Jean back to her place in line, Dent spots Foley moving through the crowd, manager hot on his tail. People avoid Axel like the plague.

AXEL
Hey Maxwell. How you doing? Jeez, you look great.

Dent is stunned, Foley's supposed to be dead. *

AXEL
(continuing)
All dressed up and everything. Hey, you know what? _ keep bumping into you everytime I'm in trouble and your always so helpful. Hey, that gunsmith never called me. Maybe you gave him the wrong number.

(CONTINUED)

112B CONTINUED 112B

DENT
You're the one with the wrong number, Foley, or whatever your name is. Take a look around you. You're way out of your league.

Trish appears, in formal gown. Not a hair our of place. Surprised, Foley grins at her:

AXEL
I'll be dammed. Here you are again, too. Now this really is a coincidence.
(Trish is stone)
Did you just get here? So did I. Only I don't think Maxwell is all that thrilled to see me.
(to Dent)
Hey, I almost got killed the other night. A lot of unsavory elements here in Beverly Hills. Don't you think?

Unexpectantly, Foley turns to a STARTLED LADY with a corsage.

AXEL
Is that an orchid?
(She blinks)
Did you know the word orchid comes from the Greek word for testicle because of the shape of of their roots? They got one erect stem and a petal they call lips.

Angry, Dent turns to Thomopolis.

DENT
Get rid of this trash.

Thomopolis nods to the bodyguards. They manhandle Axel to the door. Not an easy task. Axel dings a few bells on the way out.

CUT TO:

113 INT. BHPD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 113

LUTZ' OFFICE

Rosewood and Axel by the door. Rosewood's got a wooden match dangling at the corner of his mouth. Taggart's near the window. Biddle's on the couch. Mayor Egan facing Lutz, behind his desk.

AXEL
(to Lutz)
I told you who I was and you set--
(re: Rosewood
and Taggart)
These blood hounds on me. You're interfering with a Federal Investigation. Everywhere I go, these guys follow me. I'm standing on the street corner and I confront them about it, and some little weirdo runs up and gives Rosewood a tip that the Alphabet Bandit is about to commit a robbery.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

LUTZ
Who was the informant, Roseweed?

ROSEWOOD
(forcefully)
It's wood. Rosewood, Chief. You keep getting it wrong.

Lutz frowns. Axel grins. Taggart's stomach growls.

ROSEWOOD
(continuing)
I never saw the informant before. But he could probably tell by my manner and bearing that I was a cop. He tells me about this suspect Keeler and —

AXEL
And then these guys kidnap me.

ROSEWOOD
We didn't actually kidnap the man, Chief.

AXEL
Tossing somebody in the back seat of a police car against his will, sounds like kidnapping to me.

Taggart can't believe it. Rosewood and Axel are a regular dog-and-pony act.

ROSEWOOD
Upon receiving the tip, Chief, Sergeant Taggart and I were presented with the dilemma of either abandoning Foley or pursuing the anonymous tip.

He chews on the match, improvising like a wild man.

ROSEWOOD
(continuing)
And we both know how concerned you are with Foley's surveillance. So, we took him into temporary custody and tried to make it to Cal Deposit on time.

AXEL
Temporary custody for what? I'm a police officer.
(to Lutz)
Did you call Captain Todd in Detroit?

LUTZ
I called. Your Captain doesn't like you very much.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113 *

AXEL
Sorry to hear that. If I wanted to be loved I'd have been a fireman.

ROSEWOOD
When we hit the traffic jam and were unable to proceed, we abandoned our vehicle and tried to make the scene of the crime on foot.

LUTZ
So, what happened to Foley?

AXEL
Once I understoood the gravity of the situation, I offered my assistance. I'm a cop aren't I?

ROSEWOOD
Unfortunately, none of us was able to make the scene of the crime on time.

Lutz glances at Taggart. Taggart can't believe what's going down.

LUTZ
Sergeant Taggart?

TAGGART
I got winded. My lungs aren't what they used to be. That's all I know.

ROSEWOOD
Too many cigars.

LUTZ
What about the goddam cement truck?

BIDDLE
I have a theory on that, Chief. I think the cement truck was a tactical device.

LUTZ
Device?

BIDDLE
Yes, a diversion to protect the criminals' getaway. That's why it rammed the police car.

LUTZ
(sighing)
Biddle, whoever was in the cement truck foiled the actual crime.

BIDDLE
Now, that is a point.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED (3): 113

LUTZ
(to Rosewood)
And you have no idea where the cement truck came from?

ROSEWOOD
I do have one idea. Some outstanding citizen, behind the wheel of his cement truck, perceiving the robbery in progress, heroically did his best to stop the crime.

LUTZ
Then why hasn't the citizen come forward? And why was the cement truck last seen on the flatbed of a railroad car bound for Santa Fe?

Rosewood shrugs. Axel glances at Taggart. Taggart's eyes are like coals.

EGAN
(to Lutz)
Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the robbery was foiled and millions of dollars of Cal Deposit's money were saved. This fellow Keeler's a possible suspect and it's the first real break in this Alphabet Bandit case.
(to Rosewood and Taggart)
Keep up the good work, gentlemen.

He leaves. SILENCE.

BIDDLE
Maybe if we went public, the heroic citizen who drove the cement truck might —

AXEL
I'm leaving. But I want to tell you something Lutz.
(re: Rosewood and Taggart)
You keep these guys off my back. If you don't, I'm gonna make a few phone calls and the skies gonna fall on you.

Axel leaves. Lutz is fit to be tied.

LUTZ
(to Rosewood and Taggart)
I want you to stay on Foley's tail. Maybe I can't control the bastard. But this is still my city. I don't care who he reports to in Washington.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED 113

Rosewood and Taggart leave.

114 IN A HALLWAY 114

Rosewood, Axel and Taggart move down the hall, away from Lutz' office. Taggart is sorely pissed.

AXEL
Jesus, Billy. On a flat bed headed for Santa Fe?

ROSEWOOD
Wasn't easy.

TAGGART
I want both of you guys to know, right now, that I will never go through anything like that again.
(turning)
You're in serious trouble, Billy. I think you need to see a head-shrinker. Foley's having a real bad influence on you.

115 & 116 OMITTED 115 & 1

116A EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT 116

A bombers moon. Whitecaps flutter in the bloodless night. A black Mercedes moves up the highway.

117 OMITTED 117
117A INT. BLACK MERCEDES - NIGHT 117

Dent's behind the wheel. Trish in the passenger seat. She looks pistol-hot in a white leather jumpsuit, unzipped to the max. Her beauty dances in dashboard light.

TRISH
What are we going to do about him? *

DENT
Foley? *
(Trish nods)
We aren't going to do anything. We need to concentrate on recouping our loss.

TRISH *
I think that's a mistake. Foley's dangerous.

DENT *
(savagely)
He's a fly speck. A nothing.

They ride in silence.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED· 117A

DENT
(continuing)
Listen. Thomopolis gave me twelve hours to come up with the money we need or the entire deal is off. We lose everything. I can't afford to spend one minute on scum like Foley. There's no way he can hurt us.

He stops the car. They get out to:

118 OMITTED 118

118A EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 118A

Redwood and glass overlook the Pacific. SURF POUNDS. Dent and Trish move to the front door, unlock it and walk inside.

119 OMITTED 119

119A INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 119A

In a large front room, by a CRACKLING FIRE, Keeler munches potato chips and stares at the television. Dent and Trish walk in. Keeler's on his feet:

KEELER
Max, I swear to god, it wasn't my fault. I only kept the note in my drawer so I could make all the arrangements.

DENT
Calm down, Chip. It's all right. Everybody makes mistakes.
(Keeler's scared)
I have to admit, I was angry at first. But it's going to be all right. I'm going to give you one more chance.

KEELER
I'll do anything. Anything.

DENT
When you messed up Cal Deposit, we lost about 10 million dollars that we needed to finance our goal. Because of that, the Alphabet Bandit has to do one more crime. Only this time, I want you to go along personally to make absolutely certain nothing goes wrong.

KEELER
That's not my kind of action.

DENT
Do you want to make this up to me?

KEELER
Of course. But Max, I —.

(CONTINUED)

119A CONTINUED: 119A

DENT
Then you go on the job. I need you. You'll walk away with a lot of money.
In the meantime, you have to stay right here while I put it all together. Cops are looking everywhere for you.

KEELER *
How long?

DENT
It won't be long, I promise. My sources at the hospital say Bogomil is recovering. Fortunately for us, he's still heavily sedated and unable to talk. But that could change at any time. So we'll have to work fast. Now are you in?

KEELER *
Okay, Max, whatever you want.

CUT TO:

EDENFIELD RACE TRACK, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

120 IN THE STANDS 120

Eighth race's about to start. NOISY CROWD watches JOCKEYS and GROOMS struggle to control their mounts behind the starting gate.

121 IN THE VIP OBSERVATION LOUNGE 121

OWNERS and CELEBRITIES sit at tables, drink and watch the track through a glass window. At one table, Maxwell Dent with Thomopolis, his ever-present goons nearby. Dent and Thomopolis sit at a table for three. Facing the empty chair, a scotch and soda.

122 SECURITY ROOM 122

TWO UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARDS before a bank of twelve TELEVISION MONITORS revealing all high-security areas at the race track. On one of the monitors:

123 THE COUNTING ROOM 123

EMPLOYEES sit at desks with tally sheets, work sheets and money. GOBS and GOBS of MONEY. Meanwhile:

124 IN A HALLWAY 124

A JANITOR in OVERALLS pulls a large trash collector. Picking up debris, he drops it into the trash collector. Stopping at an elevator, he presses a button. Elevator door OPENS. Janitor steps in.

125 IN THE VIP LOUNGE 125

Dent and Thomopolis watch horses and riders being positioned in the starting gate. They got binoculars.

126 IN THE BETTING AREA 126

PLAYERS struggle to get down last-minute bets. THREE UNIFORMED GUARDS appear. They're wearing peaked caps, heavy-duty dark glasses. The three guards are:

KEELER, MAY AND TRISH

Trish's blonde hair is concealed beneath the peaked hat. Her luscious figure strapped down tightly beneath the security guard uniform. She looks like a guy. She's got a big money bag.

127 IN THE ELEVATOR 127

Janitor in overalls pushes the EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON. Tapes the button down. Working like crazy, he opens the ESCAPE HATCH at the top of the elevator and crawls up into:

128 AN ELEVATOR SHAFT 128

Cables hang from the ceiling above. Janitor examines cables in front of him. Pulling a pair of pliers from his pocket, he goes to work on one cable, carefully removing layers of insulation.

129 ON THE TRACK 129

STARTING BELL. Jockeys and horses CHARGE from the GATES. CROWD ROARS. The race is on.

130 IN THE BETTING AREA 130

CASHIERS SLAM DOWN TICKET WINDOWS. A security door in front of Trish, May and Keeler opens.

JACK STILES, mid-20's, lean, .38 holstered on his hip, clipboard in hand, takes plastic I.D. cards from Trish, May and Keeler, checking the names against his clipboard.

Identification verified, Trish, May and Keeler follow Stiles through the door into:

131 A HALLWAY 131

Carrying her money bag, Trish follows May, Keeler and Stiles down the hallway, heading for another door on which is stenciled:

COUNTING ROOM

Stopping at the door, Stiles FUMBLES with KEYS.

132 IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT 132

Janitor's removed the insulation from the cable. From his pocket, he removes a six-inch-by-six-inch SONY RECORDING UNIT. It's got four minutes of pre-recorded tape in it.

He attaches the recording unit to the cable, checks his watch and presses the unit's START BUTTON.

133 IN THE SECURITY ROOM 133

One of the GUARDS notices a SLIGHT BLIP on the TV screen monitoring the counting room. It's okay. Still shows guys counting money. The guard don't know the picture on his monitor is now coming from the Sony attached to the cable.

134 IN THE ELEVATOR 134

Pulling the hatch closed above him, the janitor removes the tape from the emergency stop and hits the ground floor button.

135 IN THE COUNTING ROOM 135

Trish, May and Keeler enter, followed by Stiles. Setting her money bag on the floor, Trish opens it, removing THREE SMALL BREATHING MASKS. Five minutes of oxygen in a cannister attached to the side. She tosses a mask each to Keeler and May.

STILES
What the --

May CLUBS STILES, knocking him unconscious. Simultaneously, Trish removes what looks like a sapper-charge from her bag and pulls a cord on it.

Instantly, the counting room is FILLED with KNOCK-OUT GAS. Money counters CHOKE and GAG, losing consciousness. Wearing breathing masks, Trish, May and Keeler start loading up on money, dumping it into the bag.

136 ON THE TRACK 136

HOOVES POUNDING, turf FLYING, horses round the first turn. An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE SHOUTS OUT NUMBERS and POSITIONS.

137 IN THE VIP LOUNGE 137

Dent glances at his watch. The second hand moves inexorably.

138 IN THE SECURITY ROOM 138

The two guards scan their monitors. Everything looks okay to them.

139 IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT 139

WHIRRING like MOTH'S WINGS, the Sony unwinds its pre-recorded tape.

140 IN THE COUNTING ROOM 140

Everybody's out cold except Trish, May and Keeler. The money bag is full. Moving to the unconscious Stiles, Trish draws his .38, turns and points it at Keeler.

Startled, Keeler gapes at her. She thumbs back the hammer. VOICE DISTORTED behind her mask:

TRISH *
Goodbye, Chip.

BOOM.

Keeler's dead before he hits the ground. FREAKING, May CHARGES across the room at Trish. He never makes it. She BLOWS him to ETERNITY.

Checking her watch, she leans down, places STILES' gun in his hand, forces his finger onto the trigger and FIRES ANOTHER ROUND. That done, she moves to Keeler's body, finds an Alpahbet envelope in her pocket and shoves it into his.

She starts stripping the tight fitting security guard uniform. Her luscious figure tumbles out. Underneath, she's wearing a black silk cocktail dress.

Climbing out of the security guard uniform, she removes her hat. Blond hair cascades to her shoulders. She gets a string of white pearls from a purse inside the money bag and places them around her neck.

Cool as ice, she deposits her uniform in the money bag, dragging it to a REAR EXIT. Taking a DEEP BREATH, she removes the breathing mask, drops it into the money bag, opening the door to:

141 A REAR HALLWAY 141

Here comes the janitor, pushing his trash-bag, at precisely the

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 141

moment Trish steps out of the counting room, She tosses the bag full of money into the janitor's trash.

He doesn't stop. Don't even look at her. He just keeps on going. Trish moves off in the other direction. Black silk on perfect thighs.

142 ON THE TRACK 142

Rounding the final turn, HORSES RACE down the home stretch. The track announcer BLARES their PROGRESS.

143 AT THE REAR OF THE TRACK 143

Janitor leaves the building, shoves his trash-bag into a GARBAGE COLLECTOR, PILES in and ROARS OFF.

144 IN THE VIP LOUNGE 144

Dent and Thomopolis watch the finish. Seconds later, they're joined by Trish who eases into the empty chair. She picks up her scotch and soda, making eye contact with Dent. She's burning.

DENT
I'm afraid our horse didn't come in.

TRISH
Keeler's did.

Thomopolis CHUCKLES.

145 IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT 145

The film on the Sony runs out. It CLICKS OFF.

146 IN THE SECURITY ROOM

The guards stare DUMBFOUNDED at the monitor. Carnage appears in the counting room. One of them PRESSES an ALARM.

147 IN THE VIP LOUNGE 147

ALARMS GO OFF. PEOPLE MURMUR. What's going on? Dent smiles. Trish, Thomopolis and Dent toast one another.

DENT
(to Thomopolis)
Well, my friend, we are in business.

CUT TO:

148 EXT. CITY HALL STEPS, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 148

Mayor Egan, Lutz, Biddle and Stiles stand on top of the steps

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 148

dealing with A BLIZZARD OF QUESTIONS from DOZENS of REPORTERS. Some distance away, Rosewood, Taggart and Axel watch Lutz.

LUTZ
Calm down. One question at a time, please. All I can say to you now is, we have identified the Alphabet Bandit. He is Charles Keeler, a convicted criminal. There will be no "F" crime. Keeler was shot at the scene of his latest robbery attempt by —
(turning)
Security Guard Jack Stiles.

REPORTER #1
(to Stiles)
How did the shooting happen, Mr. Stiles?

STILES
Well, I'm kinda hazy about it. But I do remember —

REPORTER #2
(to Lutz)
How do you know Keeler's the Alphabet Bandit?

LUTZ
Very early on in this case, I personally called in the FBI and they cracked the Alphabet Bandit's code. The letters were signed Carlos. Which, as you all know, is Charles in Spanish. Also, using modern and innovative forensics techniques, one of my men was able to lift a fingerprint from a matchbook in a related crime. It matched Keeler's.

REPORTER #2 *
What about the Alphabet Bandit's accomplices? The brunette in the Adriano's job?

LUTZ *
We are following numerous leads. It's only a matter of time before all the criminals are apprehended.

Lutz drones on. Disgusted, Axel turns away. Rosewood and Taggart follow him across the lawn. Taggart drags out a cigar and chews on it.

AXEL
What a load of crap. It's the same everywhere. Rosewood calls the FBI. Bogomil gets fired for it. Lutz takes the credit. And now, Keeler bites the dust and the Alphabet Bandit case is closed.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 148

TAGGART
You don't think Keeler was the Alphabet Bandit?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

AXEL *
It's too neat.

TAGGART *
What do you mean?

AXEL *
Look, Keeler was a small time booster. But he's dead. He can't answer any questions. And Stiles can't even remember wasting him.
(thinking)
On top of that, one of the fake security guards gets away with all the money. Smells like a frame to me.

TAGGART *
Kinda flimsy.

AXEL *
Okay, let me ask you this. How come Keeler tried to smoke Bogomil as the B crime? What's the profit?

ROSEWOOD *
What do you think?

AXEL *
I think Bogomil was on to something. Getting close to the some answers about the Alphabet thing and whoever's behind it. He was shot to keep his mouth shut.
(beat)
Are Bogomil's files still in his office?

CUT TO:

148A INT. BOGOMIL'S OFFICE - DAY 148A

Rosewood, Axel and Taggart go through Bogomil's files. They're strewn all over the place. Taggart chews on an unlit cigar.

ROSEWOOD
Notice you're not lighting those any more.

TAGGART
Trying to quit.
(quickly)
But it hasn't got anything to do with your 2.6 years crap. I'm just trying to get my wind back.

Taggart notices a HUGE BULGE under Rosewood's coat.

(CONTINUED)

48A CONTINUED: 148A

TAGGART
(continuing)
What've you got under your jacket?
A lunch pail?

Beaming, Rosewood opens his coat. Holstered to his side, A GIGANTOID .44 MAGNUM with a SUPER-LONG BARREL. Taggart's eyes are like saucers.

ROSEWOOD
After that shoot-out at Bloody Mary's the other night, I figured I needed more fire power.

TAGGART
Jesus, Billy. Who do you think you are? Dirty Harry? We gotta talk. I mean, seriously.

Sitting at the desk, Axel opens up a folder marked:

CONFIDENTIAL

(CONTINUED)

148A CONTINUED: 148A

Inside, a newspaper clipping from a Beverly Hills' society column. It describes a social event attended by various celebrities. In the middle of a group of people is Maxwell Dent with his arm around a man identified as:

NIKOS THOMOPOLIS.

AXEL
Got it.

ROSEWOOD
What?

AXEL
(pointing)
This is the guy I saw with Dent at the polo club. He had a small army of bodyguards with him.

ROSEWOOD
That's Thomopolis. He's in the news all the time. Scam on him is he's a facilitator of arms deals.

On the back of the article, Bogomil's stapled something. It's an arrest report.

AXEL
(re: report)
Look at this. Charles Keeler got stopped for a red light. Arresting officer found two M-16's in his trunk. Keeler made bail. This is starting to add up.

TAGGART
What do you mean?

AXEL
My hunch is Dent and Thomopolis are in business together. Bogomil finds out and they try and waste him.

ROSEWOOD
And the Alphabet crimes—

AXEL
A scam to raise money. Frame Keeler as the Alphabet Bandit. Waste him. Case closed. Smooth.

TAGGART
What can we do? Lutz says the Alphabet case is officially closed.

(CONTINUED)

148A CONTINUED: 148A

ROSEWOOD
When do you have to be back in Detroit?

AXEL
Today.

ROSEWOOD
What happens if you don't make it?

TAGGART
That's a dumb question Billy. He'll get fired.

AXEL
(staring at Dent's photo)
Just like you guys are gonna be when Lutz gets around to it.

Axel can't take his eyes off Dent's smiling face.

AXEL
(continuing)
Look at that rat-hole-son-of-a-bitch. He's got the whole world on a string.
(making a decision)
Hell with it. We started this thing together. Let's finish it together.
(re: Dent's photo)
He put Bogomil out of business and tried to smoke me. Let's zoom the bastard.

CUT TO:

149 OMITTED 149

150 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 150

On the street, in dazzling sunlight, miles of LUXURY CARS. Standing on the sidewalk, forlorn, definitely out of his element:

ELROY, ageless transient, dishelvelled, destitute, sucks Sneaky Pete from a bagged bottle and wonders where the fuck he is.

ENGINE GROWLING, Axel's convertible squeezes into a spot between a BENTLEY and MERCEDES. Elroy frowns. He's really hammered. Across the street, Rosewood and Taggart leave the Plymouth. Climbing out of his Chevy, Axel studies Elroy.

AXEL
Gonna be here a while?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

ELROY
(weaving)
Could be.

AXEL
I don't want anybody messing with my car. Watch it for me, will you?

Shrugging, Elroy eyeballs the battered convertible. Axel heads for the hotel. Rosewood and Taggart join him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

151 GRAND BALLROOM 151

Huge space. Flashbulbs. Maxwell Dent has brought together SCIONS of BEVERLY HILLS, PRESS and HANGERS-ON for an auction of exotic automobiles. The proceeds to benefit a charity.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

Around the room, under hot lights in roped off areas, EXOTIC CARS. Wine in hand, PEOPLE examine the cars, GOSSIP in GROUPS. The PLACE is PACKED. Dent and Trish move from GROUP to GROUP, joining Thomopolis and his apes.

152 IN THE LOBBY 152

Rosewood, Axel and Taggart cross the lobby.

TAGGART
But what are we doing here, anyway?

AXEL
I'm gonna get right in Dent's chest and twist him. Maybe he'll do something goofy. *

TAGGART
What do you want us to do? *

AXEL
When we get inside, I want you guys to mingle. See if you can find out who handles Dent's business for him. *

ROSEWOOD
Business?

AXEL
Yeah. Attorney, accountant or whatever.

ROSEWOOD
How're we gonna do that?

AXEL
Come on guys, you're detectives, aren't you?

153 THE GRAND BALLROOM 15:

Rosewood and Taggart watch Axel disappear into the CROWD. Rosewood takes his assignment seriously. Spotting a GUY IN A TUXEDO standing by a far wall, he turns to Taggart:

ROSEWOOD
I'll handle this, Sarge.

Pushing through the crowd, he makes for the dude in the tux. Taggart follows. Approaching Mr. Tuxedo, Rosewood pulls his badge.

ROSEWOOD
(continuing)
I'd like to ask you a few questions.

Immediately, Tuxedo throws his hands up in the air, SQUEAKING:

(CONTINUED)

153

153 CONTINUED:

MR. TUXEDO
I didn't do anything. I'm just the caterer.

Angrily, Taggart drags Rosewood away.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

TAGGART
Are you crazy, Billy? You don't get information by flashing your badge like that. You gotta be surreptitious.

Rosewood blushes. Taggart scans the crowd spotting a CURVY CHICKEN alone by the bar with a wine glass

TAGGART
(continuing)
Watch me. I'll show you how to do it.

Pushing through the crowd, he approaches the dish by the bar. After a moment, he leans toward her. Says something. Red-faced, she SLAPS him, storming off. Grinning, Rosewood appears at Taggart's side.

ROSEWOOD
That's how you do it, huh, Sarge?

In another part of the ballroom:

BESIDE A 1913 ROLLS ROYCE SILVER GHOST

Axel stands by the ropes examining the ancient automobile. It's really, really old. It's got big nickel HEAD-LAMPS. A brass KLAXON HORN on the fender. Noticing Axel's interest, an AUCTIONEER appears.

AXEL
How much does something like this go for?

AUCTIONEER
One hundred and seventy five thousand dollars.

AXEL
Get out of here.

AUCTIONEER
No, really. It's been part of the Melton collection. Many famous people have owned it. It's like sitting in a Victorian parlor with rugs and heaters to keep your little tootsies warm.

AXEL
Get out of here.

AUCTIONEER
Really. We have three people interested in it already. Would you like to make a bid?

Axel spots Dent, Thomopolis and Trish in a GROUP of PEOPLE. Grinning, he shoves his way through the crowd. Unexpectedly, he POUNDS Dent on the back. Dent spills his drink.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED) 153

AXEL
Maxwell! How're you doing? I think it's great. Look at all you're doing for charity and everything.

Everyone's startled by Axel's sudden presence. Axel pushes, turning to a BATTLE-AX in a GREEN DRESS:

AXEL
(continuing)
Did you know this guy tries to kill cops?
(turning)
I'm gonna get you Max. Remember me tonight when you go to pay the tab on all this. Okay?

Thomopolis' goons go on red alert. Retreating Axel grins at them:

AXEL
(continuing)
It's okay guys. I don't need any help or anything. I'll find my own way out.

Axel's gone. Eyes blazing, Trish pulls Dent and Thomopolis aside, watching Axel leave.

TRISH
I want him.

DENT
No. He's insulted me publicly twice. I think he wants us to come after him. If we do, there'll be too many questions. And this afternoon, we'll be gone. What can he possibly find out before then?

154 IN THE LOBBY 15

Rosewood and Taggart follow Axel out into the lobby.

TAGGART *
That was a bust.

AXEL
Maybe. Maybe not. *

Exchanging glances, Rosewood and Taggart follow Axel out to:

155 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 15

Confused, Rosewood and Taggart follow Axel out. At the curb, Elroy's still hard at work, eyes riveted on the Chevy.

AXEL
Anybody try and mess with my car?

ELROY
(hiccup)
Not yet.

AXEL
Okay. You keep watching it. I'm going to go for a ride with these guys.

Removing a wallet from beneath his shirt, Axel examines it's contents. Inside, there's MONEY. Gobs of it. Slamming the money into Elroy's hand, Axel drags Rosewood and Taggart across the street getting into:

155A INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY 15

Rosewood's behind the wheel. Taggart's in back. In the passenger seat, Axel examines the wallet. Rosewood stares at it. The drivers license belongs to Maxwell Dent.

TAGGART
You picked his pocket?

AXEL
Hey Taggart. I wasn't—

TAGGART
(finishing)
I know. I know. You fractured an occasional law when you were a kid

Axel finds some business cards in Dent's wallet. One of them reads:

STANLEY BERKOWITZ
ATTORNEY AT LAW

AXEL
Once in a while a long shot pays off. Whatever Dent's into, his lawyer is gonna have a record of it.
(to Rosewood)
Let's go.

Rosewood starts the Plymouth, it pulls into traffic. Behind:

155B EXT. HOTEL DAY 155B

Elroy studies his hand. It's got HUNDREDS of BUCKS in it. HOWLING, he rolls hooded eyes skyward. Somewhere, crouched in that sprawling, cobalt vastness, there is a God, even for Elroy.

CUT TO:

156 INT. GREEN PLYMOUTH - DAY 156

Rosewood behind the wheel. The cannon he's wearing makes him uncomfortable in a sitting position. Taggart in the back, Axel in front, studying Berkowitz's card.

TAGGART
But we can't just walk in and search his office without a warrant.

AXEL
Warrant? You guys are the strangest cops I ever met.

Opening the glove compartment, he finds a book of parking tickets. Eyeing the computer on the dashboard:

AXEL
(continuing)
Find out if Mr. Stanley Berkowitz owns a car.

Rosewood works the computer. Data on Berkowitz appears.

ROSEWOOD
(reading)
'86 Mercedes. License number CRL 507.

AXEL
(to Taggart)
Give me your pen.

TAGGART
Axel —

AXEL
Gimme the goddam pen.

Taggart does. Axel starts scribbling furiously in the ticket book.

CUT TO:

157 INT. BERKOWITZ' LAW OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY 157

Dynamite SECRETARY. Panelled walls. Thick carpet. Century City power. Axel, Taggart and Rosewood stroll in. Axel's lugging a shit-load of phoney tickets. Pulling a badge, he waves it at the secretary.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

AXEL
Foley. BHPD. Berkowitz in?
(she blinks)
Never mind.

Marching past her, he barges into:

158 INT. BERKOWITZ' OFFICE - DAY 158

More thick carpet. Couches and chairs. A picture window overlooks the monolithic grandure of Century City. Behind a huge polished desk:

STANLEY BERKOWITZ, 40's, smooth financial wizard to the stars. Berkowitz hangs up his phone. Axel's got his badge working again. Rosewood and Taggart are right behind him.

AXEL
Stanley Berkowitz?

BERKOWITZ
How did you get in here?

AXLE
Beverly Hills Police Department. Special warrant detail.
(re: Rosewood and Taggart)
My partners. We got a warrant for your arrest. You've got twenty-five parking tickets, Berkowitz. They're six months old.

BERKOWITZ
That's absurd. I never received any parking tickets.

Axel shows him a handful.

AXEL
Own a Mercedes with this license number?

BERKOWITZ
Yes. But there's been a mistake. If I'd received a parking ticket, I'd have paid it.

AXEL
Happens sometimes. Wind blows them off. Whatever. We gotta take you in.

He turns to Rosewood.

AXEL
(continuing)
Give me your cuffs.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: •158

Taggart COUGHS. Rosewood hauls out his cuffs. Berkowitz is smooth as silk and ready to do business.

BERKOWITZ
Isn't there some way we can avoid this unpleasantness, gentlemen?

Suddenly, Axel's eyes are slits. He oozes corruption.

AXEL
Sometimes we can make a special arrangement.

BERKOWITZ
I thought so. How much.

AXEL
(thumbing tickets)
Twenty-five tickets. Two hundred'll do it.

Berkowitz's got two hundred. Two hundred's a drop in the bucket. Pocketing the money, Axel glides to Berkowitz' polished desk.

AXEL
(continuing)
One thing. We gotta wipe out the records in the computer. If we don't, this little transaction might come back to haunt us all. Use your phone?

Berkowitz nods. Axel grabs the phone, dials two numbers and stops, eyes even narrower. Jesus, is he ever corrupt.

AXEL
Mr. Berkowitz, I'm sure a man with your sophistication understands that what we're doing isn't strictly legal. My contact in the computer room wouldn't want anyone to know his name.

BERKOWITZ
I understand completely.

AXEL
Would you mind waiting outside with my partners? Just a second, while I talk to him.

BERKOWITZ
Of course.

They leave. Rosewood closes the door. Axel drops the phone. Moving to the filing cabinets, he finds one marked:

MAXWELL DENT

Opening the file, he studies it. Contracts. One of them is a

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED 158

shipping order for Naval salvage. Anchor chains. Five thousand gallons of O.D. paint. The stuff is going to be shipped from:

1121 POTERO ROAD, HIDDEN VALLEY

Making a note of the address, he returns the file. Moving to the door, he steps out to:

159 INT. LAW OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY 159

Berkowitz is CHATTING with Rosewood and Taggart. Axel joins them.

AXEL
Everything's in order, Mr. Berkowitz. I'll just tear these up, if you don't mind.

Berkowitz smiles. He doesn't mind. Rosewood, Taggart and Axel head for the door.

160-165 OMITTED 160-

CUT TO:

166 EXT. 1121 POTERO ROAD, HIDDEN VALLEY - DAY 166

Narrow tree-lined lane. Afternoon shadows lean on green fields. The Plymouth appears.

167 INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY 167

Rosewood's driving. Axel beside him in the front seat. Taggart's in back.

TAGGART *
So, what was in the files?

AXEL
Contracts saying that Dent's shipping thousands of gallons of paint and Naval salvage. But I think that's just a ruse. *

ROSEWOOD
Ruse?

AXEL *
Yeah. My hunch is that we won't find any paint or Naval salvage.

ROSEWOOD
What if your hunch is wrong?

AXEL
Then I'm afraid we're all in very deep shit.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED 167

TAGGART
(glancing at Rosewood)
It was a goddam hunch that got us into this mess in the first place.

Ignoring the barb, Rosewood points out a large, open GATE. Hanging over the gate:

1121 POTERO ROAD

Mailbox says DENT. A quarter mile down the road, through the gate, a SPRAWLING RANCH STYLE HOUSE. Behind the house, DOZENS of OUT BUILDINGS and a STABLE.

Surrounding the house, EXPENSIVE HORSES graze. Acres of WHITE RAIL FENCE.

AXEL
Keep driving. *

Rosewood steps on the gas. They drive down the road, looking at the house from all angles. A dirt road, lined with trees, turns to the right at the far end of Dent's estate. Rosewood takes the road.

Viewed from this angle, Dent's horse ranch is even more impressive. Stables are enormous. One of the out buildings attracts Axel's attention. It's a SQUARE CINDER BLOCK BUILDING. A GUY with a SHOTGUN stands by the doorway. Turning to Rosewood:

AXEL
(continuing)
Stop.

Rosewood pulls the car behind a large tree. It's invisible to the house or the guard with a shotgun. Opening the doors, the three of them step out to:

DENT'S ESTATE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

168 BEHIND A ROW OF HEDGES 168

Axel eyes the cinder block building and guard. Taggart and Rosewood crouch beside him.

AXEL
I wanna see what's in there.

He, Rosewood and Taggart take off across:

169 GREEN FIELDS 169

Zig-zagging, using irrigation ditches for cover, approaching the

169 CONTINUED: 169

cinder block building from the rear.

170 AT THE CIDER BLOCK BUILDING 170

Axel inches his way along one wall toward the front. Rosewood and Taggart go the other way. Stepping around the corner, Axel faces the STUNNED GUARD. Taggart rounds the corner at the guard's back.

AXEL
Hi.

Before the guard can react, Taggart SLAMS him over the head, knocking him unconscious. A small leather bag materializes in Axel's hand. Inside, an array of lock picking instruments.

Like a pro, he works a tenser bar and striker into the keyhole of the locked door. The lock GIVES. Rosewood, Axel and Taggart walk into the:

171 CINDER BLOCK BUILDING 171

Rows and rows of stacked wooden crates. Moving to a crate, Axel studies the Bill of Lading.

AXEL
Okay. This one says it's got anchor chains inside. The shipping date is tomorrow. Let's see if I'm right.

Spotting a crowbar by the door, Axel grabs it and pries open the crate. Anxiously, Rosewood and Taggart look on. Inside:

M-79 GRENADE LAUNCHERS

AXEL
(continuing)
Bingo. If these are anchor chains, I'm a waltzing mouse.

ROSEWOOD
What do you think of hunches now, Sarge?

No answer needed. The three of them pry open other crates. R-P RUSSIAN HAND-HELD ROCKETS. MORTAR ROUNDS. TRACER AMMUNITION. PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES. HAND GRENADES.

Carefully, Axel removes one of the Bills of Lading. Dropping a grenade into his pocket, heads for the outside of:

171A CINDER BLOCK BUILDING 171A

Rosewood and Taggart follow Axel out. Stepping over the

(CONTINUED)

171A CONTINUED 171A

unconscious guard, Axel picks up his shotgun.

AXEL
Billy, I want you to go back the way we came. Get on the phone and put out a call -- officer down. Shots fired. After that, get your ass back here as fast as you can. We're gonna need your help.

Rosewood takes off for the car. Axel turns to Taggart.

AXEL
(continuing)
Let me see your pen again.

Taggart reaches for his pen. Taking it, Axel starts writing on the back of the Bill of Lading.

172 ON A TERRACE 172

In the front of Dent's house. Thomopolis' bodyguards lounge in chairs and lean against the wall. Dent, Trish and Thomopolis enjoying cocktails.

They got the world on a string. Trish is gorgeous as ever in sweater and jeans. Picking up his cocktail, Dent TOASTS Thomopolis.

DENT
To a satisfactory and profitable transaction, Nikos. The next time we meet we will be considerably richer.

Thomopolis is pleased.

THOMOPOLIS
What time does your plane leave?

DENT
(checking watch)
In a couple of hours. There's no rush. You and your men can handle the shipping arrangements tomorrow?

Thomopolis nods.

173 IN A STABLE 173

A YOUNG HISPANIC GROOM brushes down a thick-chested MORGAN. In other stalls, a million HORSES MUNCH hay and wait their turn. Suddenly, Axel appears. Startled, the groom turns. Axel hands him a folded piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED 173

AXEL
For Maxwell Dent. Very important.

Axel's gone. Dropping his brush, the groom takes off.

174 ON THE TERRACE 174

Dent, Trish and Thomopolis enjoy themselves. Suddenly, out of breath, the young groom appears. He hands Dent Axel's note. Irritated, Dent unfolds the note, staring dumbfounded at what Axel has written:

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS A B C
MY NAME IS:
01-16-13-24-10

Ashen, turning to the groom:

DENT
Who gave you this?

TRISH
Whats it say?

Frowning, Dent deciphers the code:

DENT
(slowly)
F ... O ... L ... E ... Y
(beat)
That son-of-a-bitch!

He and Trish race into the house. Thomopolis barks orders to his muscle men in rapid Greek. *

174A 174A

IN A BEDROOM

Furious, Dent grabs a machine-pistol from a drawer. Trish checks a .357 mag. It's loaded. Dropping half a dozen shells in her pocket, she and Dent take off.

174B 174B

AT THE DOOR OF THE MAGAZINE

Axel pulls the pin on his grenade, tossing it into the magazine. He takes off, running like hell for Rosewood and Taggart, crouched behind .n:

174C AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCKS 174C

Axel dives behind the rocks. He Rosewood and Taggart cover their heads. *

174D AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE 174D

Thomopolis, his bodyguards, Dent and Trish leave the house in time to see:

174E THE CINDER BLOCK BUILDING 174E

EXPLODE. A FOUNTAIN of fire MUSHROOMS hundreds of feet in the air. PLASTICS, GRENADES, AMMUNITION ERUPT in endless CONFLAGRATION.

Startled, grazing horses bolt STAMPEDE in all directions.

174F AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE 174F

Thomopolis spots Axel, Rosewood and Taggart behind the rocks. The guards START SHOOTING. LEAD flies EVERYWHERE. All over the ranch, TERRORIZED HORSES. Axel, Rosewood and Taggart are pinned down behind:

175-178 OMITTED 175-

179 THE OUTCROPPING OF ROCKS 179*

SHELLS RIP into the ROCKS. A huge MARE races by. Axel spots Dent and Trish leave Thomopolis and his men, racing for the stables. He shouts at Taggart:

AXEL
Cover me!

Zig-zagging at speed, using horses for cover, Axel takes off after Dent and Trish.

180-181 OMITTED 180-18

182 BEHIND THE ROCKS 182

Taggart FIRES at Thomopolis and his men. Suddenly, Rosewood stands up. The huge .44 THUNDERS in his HAND. He hits a guy. Turning, he grins at Taggart crouched behind the rocks.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

ROSEWOOD
I got one. Did you see that?

LEAD RIPS ROCKS. Angrily, Taggart drags Rosewood back down behind the cover.

TAGGART
I'll never smoke another cigar if you won't do that again. Promise me, Billy.

Grinning, Rosewood thumbs the hammer back on his cannon. SIRENS in the distance. Hundreds of 'em. Meanwhile:

183-186 OMITTED 18
18

187 IN THE STABLES 18

Horses are spooked. Carrying the shotgun, Axel slips inside, diving for cover by the door. Silence. Cautiously, he gets up and checks the first stall. A wild-eyed horse KICKS the WALL.

Suddenly the wall beside his face EXPLODES. Turning he sees Trish standing in front of an empty stall, FIRING the MAGNUM. It ROARS in her hand.

Instinctively, Axel ducks. The WALL behind him is BLOWN to SHIT. Reflexively, he pulls both BARRELS of the SHOTGUN.

Direct Hit. The IMPACT SLAMS Trish backwards into the empty stall. Before Foley can react, Dent appears riding the Morgan, bearing down on him, SPRAYING LEAD everywhere.

Axel rolls behind bales of hay. SLUGS SHATTER into ROTTING BOARDS all around him as Dent THUNDERS by on his mount.

188 OUTSIDE THE STABLES 18

The Morgan BLASTS through the stable DOORS, racing for the far end of the ranch. Axel leaves the stables, watching Dent ROCKET AWAY on the Morgan.

SIRENS SCREAM. The front of the house is filling up with POLICE CARS. Thomopolis and his henchmen surrender.

Taking a deep breath, Axel draws a bead on Dent's rapidly retreating form. Exhaling slowly, he pulls the trigger. FLAMES LEAP from the BROWNING.

Seconds later, Dent topples from his horse into a ditch. It's one hell of a shot. At least sixty yards and a moving target. Axel takes off like a gazelle in Dent's direction.

189-190 OMITTED 1
1

191 IN THE DITCH

Wounded in the back, Dent finds his machine pistol. It's covered with grime. BREATHING HARD, Axel looms over him, Browning in hand. Dent tries to get his pistol working. He never makes it.

AXEL BLOWS HIM AWAY

CUT TO:

192 INT. BHPD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 19

A HALLWAY

Rosewood, Taggart and Axel move down the hall. Taggart turns to Axel.

TAGGART
Thomopolis is singing his guts out. You were right about everything, Axel. Egan's been on the phone with the Mayor of Detroit all morning trying to get your job back. Your old pal, Lutz, got fired. But we got a new Chief.

AXEL
Already?

ROSEWOOD
Yeah. He wants to talk to you.

Arriving at a doorway, they walk into:

192A CHIEF'S OFFICE 19

Behind Lutz' desk, Bogomil. In a wheelchair. He's looking good. Mayor Egan's on the phone. Seeing Axel, he waves. Axel smiles at Bogomil:

AXEL
Am I talking to Beverly Hills' new Chief of Police?

BOGOMIL
You are. Be careful what you say.

Everybody LAUGHS. Bogomil takes Axel's hand.

BOGOMIL
(continuing)
I'll never be able to tell you how grateful I am.

Axel's a little embarrassed. On the phone:

EGAN
(into receiver)
Well, Captain, as I told your Mayor I want you to know how grateful we are in your allowing Foley the time to help us with this case. He's quite a detective. According to him, all of his skills have been acquired under your expert tutelage.

Smileng at Axel, Egan listens.

(CONTINUED)

192A CONTINUED: 19

EGAN
(continuing)
Certainly. He's just arrive.

Egan hands the phone to Axel.

193 INTERCUT CONVERSATION CAPTAIN TODD AND AXEL 19

Todd's in his Detroit office at his cluttered desk.

TODD
'Expert tutelage?' What the fuck is that?

AXEL
They talk funny in California, Captain.

TODD
I don't know how you do it, Foley. Yesterday I fired your ass. But today, the Mayor of Detroit wants to give me a special commendation for lending your services to the Beverly Hills Police Department. And this Mayor Egan I just talked to, wants Detroit and Beverly Hills to become sister cities.

Grinning, Axel looks at Egan. Egan does thumbs-up.

TODD
(continuing)
One more thing, Foley.

In Detroit, Todd glances up from his desk. THREE ghashtly looking CHARACTERS glower at each other outside his door. Unshaven, gaunt, hollow-eyed, they are:

BANDINI, D'ALESSIO & PAULY

They're covered with dog food and have been in each other's company too long. They're super-cranky. In a chair, Jeffrey Friedman. He's got a cast on his leg. A crutch by his chair.

TODD
(continuing)
Your secret undercover partner, Friedman, wrecked the Ferrari. He had a bunch of broads with him. He told me about the attack-dogs you were training. We found 'em two hours ago in a warehouse with a ton of swag and millions of credit cards. They're all squealing on each other. I assume the credit card case is closed? No more undercover? No more blue slips?

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 194

AXEL
A fair assumption, Captain.

TODD
Well, get your ass back here on the first plane. You got a job to do. I want to get these meatballs indicted and put away.

Todd hangs up. So does Axel.

END INTERCUT CONVERSATION

CUT TO:

194 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY 194

Axel, Rosewood and Taggart leave the BHPD. Moving across the parking lot, they stop by the Chevy. Axel's got a parking ticket. Ripping it off the windshield, he shows it to Taggart.

AXEL
What the hell's this?

ROSEWOOD
Looks like a parking ticket.

AXEL
I was inside five minutes.
(to Taggart)
Take care of this, will you?

TAGGART
That's against the law, Foley.

AXEL
I don't believe you guys.

ROSEWOOD
(reaching for wallet)
Maybe I can help. How much is it for?

Furious, Axel rips it open. There's no ticket inside, just a note:

THANKS

Signed, Rosewood and Taggart. Axel puts the note in his pocket.

ROSEWOOD
(continuing)
Got time for a beer?

AXEL
I'll make time.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

TAGGART
Where do you want to go?

AXEL
I know a place. Big dick in homicide told me about it.

Remembering, they smile. What goes around, comes around.

THE END