

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

Written By  
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second draft

"BEVERLY HILLS COP III"

FADE IN:

The SOUND bleeds through even before the light - the piercing SCREAM OF POLICE SIRENS. A pair. One from a black and white Detroit cop car, the second from an unmarked Plymouth with a portable red bubble affixed to the roof.

From overhead - the two cars peel past the edge of the inner city as traffic parts in front of them.

Follow the cars as they accelerate up on-ramps and onto the highway - moving quickly into the passing lanes as commuters exceeding the limit melt out of their way - being passed at speeds approaching 80 mph.

SMASH CUT TO:

A MASSIVE JUMBO JET ROARING INTO FRAME on final approach to Detroit's metropolitan airport.

EXT. DEPARTURES TERMINAL

The 2 cop cars pull to the curb in the red zone - the sirens cut off - the lights keep flashing. From a distance, we can make out what appears to be 2 plainclothes detectives (one male, one female) exit the lead unmarked, followed by two UNIFORMS from the black and white. Badges are flashed at an airport security COP who acknowledges them and stands by to watch the cars as the group heads inside

THE TERMINAL

where they move at a good clip - the uniforms forming a moving wedge through the bustle of passengers toward the

SECURITY GATE

where once again ID is shown and the 4 are permitted to bypass the metal detectors as they head for the departure gates.

It is at this point that the man in plainclothes goes to the front of the pack and we see for the first time that it is INSPECTOR TODD. A little grayer at the temples, a few more lines near his eyes - still all business. People get out of his way in a hurry.

INT. PAN AM GATE 23B

PASSENGERS press forward in a big knot, clearing out the waiting area - carry-ons and tickets in hand as a female airline SUPERVISOR stands at the desk making another announcement to the assembled throng.

SUPERVISOR  
(over intercom)

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll now continue boarding flight number 45 - Clipper Class service to New York and continuing on to London, England. Will all passengers in coach rows 21 to 30 now begin boarding.

As the crush clears away, we see AXEL FOLEY - hard at work. He's busily tearing the price tags off of a stack of newly purchased t-shirts (I LOVE DETROIT, MOTOR CITY, USA, DETROIT PISTONS) and hurriedly stuffing them into a piece of carry on luggage.

His ticket clutched in his teeth, Axel doesn't notice Todd and the others as they loom up behind him.

TODD

Axel...

The voice is unmistakable - Axel straightens up - and looks back over one shoulder - breaking into a wide smile. He reaches up to take the ticket out of his mouth.

AXEL

Chief...

TODD

Something you forgot to do?

Axel tries to guess what he's referring to and look innocent at the same time. It's not working...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

You don't call to say goodbye?

The woman steps out from behind Todd, framed between the 2 uniforms, a good-looking black woman in her late 50s.

MRS. FOLEY (cont'd.)

How many mothers you got?

AXEL

(surprised)

Mom...

MRS. FOLEY

Don't Mom me - you're goin' overseas and you don't think to pick up a phone?

AXEL

I called - I left a message  
with Aunt Celia...

MRS. FOLEY

I'm your mother - I don't deal  
with messages. You come over to  
my house and give me a hug and  
a kiss and promise me to stay safe.

AXEL

Mama - it's just England for a  
few days - it's not like I'm  
going to Kathmandu with the  
Peace Corps.

MRS. FOLEY

(stern)

I believe I've told you before  
about this attitude of yours, child.

AXEL

Yes ma'am.

The 2 uniforms - both of whom know Axel - are not doing a  
good job of hiding their mirth. Todd is busy eyeing the  
supply of t-shirts and trying to figure out the scam.

Mrs. Foley reaches into her oversized handbag and extracts  
a half dozen pair of laundered and folded underwear which  
she holds out to Axel.

AXEL

What's this?

MRS. FOLEY

Underwear.

AXEL

I packed underwear.

MRS. FOLEY

Clean underwear.

AXEL

I packed clean. You didn't have  
to buy me new stuff.

MRS. FOLEY

It's not new. I got it from  
your apartment.

AXEL  
(takes underwear)  
The super let you in?

MRS. FOLEY  
I let my own self in with the  
spare key you gave me so I  
could tidy up after that last  
mess of a party of yours.

AXEL  
(thinks...)  
You returned that key.

MRS. FOLEY  
I made a copy.

AXEL  
(to Todd)  
That's a warrantless search.  
(to his mother)  
Mama - I've had suspicions for  
quite some time now. There's  
something you never told us kids,  
isn't there. A secret you've kept  
from us all these years...You're  
Jewish, aren't you?

Axel laughs the Foley laugh - his mother joining him -  
her laugh is a carbon of his - as the two hug each other  
in a warm embrace.

MRS. FOLEY  
Axel Foley - Cop of the Year...  
(to the uniforms)  
Makes a pretty sound.

UNIFORM #1  
He got my vote ma'am.

As she rummages through her pocketbook for a tissue to  
dab at her moist eyes, Todd puts a hand on Axel's shoulder  
and takes him aside. Mrs. Foley looks at the second uniform.  
He hesitates.

UNIFORM #2  
Actually Mrs. Foley - I usually  
vote for myself. Old habit.

She gives him a dirty look, while off to one side, Todd  
concentrates on possible damage control.

TODD

Axel - what's with this shit?

AXEL

Gifts for the boys at Scotland  
Yard.

TODD

(a harsh whisper)

If you're thinking about scalping  
those shirts over there - think  
again.

AXEL

I got ya.

TODD

You're going as a representative  
of the Police Department of the  
City of Detroit - not some damned  
rock promoter.

AXEL

Yes sir.

TODD

Cop of the Year. Shit. That's the  
rankest piece of election rigging  
this side of El Salvador.

AXEL

I think it was supposed to be  
a joke...

TODD

(voice rising)

A joke!? I been 30 years on the  
force - nobody ever voted me Cop  
of the Year!

UNIFORM #2

I vote for ya every year Chief.

MRS. FOLEY

Why you little brown-nosing...  
Who you think you fooling?

TODD

And Axel - call your mother  
every few days - will you do that?  
She shows up at my station,  
complaining about how she hasn't  
heard from you - and you're gonna  
pay the price.

Axel grabs his bag, kisses his mother and heads for the plane as Todd notices a bulge under his jacket.

MRS. FOLEY

Don't scrimp on your stomach. Eat good for yourself. Expensive things. The police are paying for it. And do us all proud. Don't go getting yourself into no mischief.

TODD

Foley!

Axel stops and Todd runs to him - lifts his arms to shoulder level and begins to pat him down. He finds Axel's automatic tucked into the waistband at the small of his back.

TODD

Are you crazy?

AXEL

Force of habit.

TODD

No guns in England. You were briefed.

AXEL

I thought they meant the bad guys.

TODD

The police don't carry weapons over there.

AXEL

I figured it was part of the joke.

TODD

If World War three happens to start while you're out of town, I will assume you had a hand in it - and I'll designate your mocha butt M.I.A. - permanently.

AXEL

(laughs)

An entire country full of strangers - what could happen?

INSERT - WIREPHOTO FROM THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

in which Axel Foley, gold shield attached to the belt of his jeans, escorts a WOMAN clad only in a gold g-string.

7.

Her cuffed hands are clasped across her sizeable breasts. The caption reads: "UNDERCOVER STING NETS MASSIVE BUST".

ANGLE - INT. CHIEF INSPECTOR WESTCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

A stunning view of London outside his windows. MALCOLM WESTCOTT, 50, bald pate shining through rapidly thinning hair, an insipid half curl to his narrow lips - sits at his desk reading the "dossier" on Axel Foley. He punches the intercom to his secretary.

WESTCOTT

Send for Detective Sergeant Smythe-Hinton at the double.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD OFFICERS DINING ROOM - DAY

LIONEL SMYTHE-HINTON, 45, ramrod straight 6 foot 3, sits at a table with 4 other members of the Yard.

To the untrained American eye - he appears to be every inch the archetypal British gentleman of aristocratic mien. The others don't seem to think so. They're having a few laughs at Lionel's expense - particularly one ROGER THORNHILL - a murder squad detective - as a plate of fresh fruit is passed in a circle from man to man.

THORNHILL

His home is no longer his castle.

He takes an apple and passes the plate on to LANGSFORD who takes the grapes...

LANGSFORD

The ignominy of it all. Do you do the washing up as well, Lionel?

Lionel attempts a bemused look - playing along with the ribbing. Langsford hands the plate to his partner - DAVIES - who takes the last apple before setting the plate down in front of Lionel.

THORNHILL

Banana?

The others laugh - as Lionel looks to Thornhill - a bit hurt.

DAVIES

Not much you can do, old man.

CULLEN

(peeling his orange)  
Don't take it so hard Lionel.  
The promotions board will get round to you in due time.

THORNHILL

And until this wrong is put  
right - the best man's won...  
(laughter all around)  
Even if it happens to be your wife.

A WAITRESS approaches the table and speaks to Lionel.

WAITRESS

The Chief Inspector's office  
phoned. He'd like to see you at  
once.

LANGSFORD

Mustn't keep the headmaster  
waiting - there's a good lad.

As Lionel starts to walk away - Thornhill waves the  
banana after him.

THORNHILL

Don't forget your banana!

On the chorus of laughter, CUT TO:

INT. WESTCOTT'S OFFICE

Lionel enters. Westcott closes the cover on Axel's file  
and looks at Lionel with a superior smile. Lionel begins  
to sit in a chair near the desk.

WESTCOTT

Don't sit - this won't take a  
moment. As you may have heard,  
the Yard will be entertaining an  
American police officer from  
Detroit, Michigan.

LIONEL

Yes sir.

WESTCOTT

Quite highly thought of in his  
own milieu as I understand...  
Drusilla - is she settled in at  
the Snow Hill station yet?

LIONEL

(a bit thrown by the  
segue)

Yes - two days ago.

WESTCOTT

Brilliant girl your wife. I haven't seen her as often as I'd like since the two of you were married...

LIONEL

She speaks of you often, sir.

WESTCOTT

Yes...So...We'll be billeting the American with you. Show him about - give him the grand tour.

LIONEL

(not pleased)

I'm flattered sir, but I'd rather you honored someone more deserving.

WESTCOTT

What's honor to do with it? You're the only dispensable officer on my staff high enough in rank not to be construed as an insult.

Lionel grows as angry as he deems politically responsible.

LIONEL

Look here Chief Inspector - I don't fancy this person sat on my tail...

WESTCOTT

(sneerily condescending)

Perhaps if you had shown a bit more grace than to arrest His Highness with that masseuse...

LIONEL

(irate)

She was a prostitute, sir - I was doing my job.

WESTCOTT

Finesse Smythe-Hinton. You should have recognized the situation as one which needed a delicate touch.

LIONEL

He was wearing a false moustache. I didn't know who he was.

WESTCOTT

You've done damage to yourself, detective, there's no way round it. Your career is in some jeopardy. Take care that the odor from your latest faux pas doesn't cost your wife her new captaincy.

LIONEL

I shouldn't think one has anything to do with the other.

WESTCOTT

Everything one does reflects upon everything else...

LIONEL

Still in all...

WESTCOTT

(ignoring him)

Detective Axel Foley - arriving Pan American number 45 at Heathrow. Tomorrow. Half eleven. Dismissed.

Lionel turns and heads for the door.

WESTCOTT (cont'd.)

Oh Detective Sergeant - this Foley person comes from a rough and ready city - we should like to send him back in the same condition in which we're given him.

LIONEL

And does he speak any English?

CLOSE-UP ON AXEL

looking down at something and grimacing.

AXEL

Shit.

INT. PAN AM JUMBO JET

parked at the departure gate at JFK - loading passengers and awaiting takeoff to London.

Axel's wedged into a seat in the center section - and as a WOMAN to his left fights to stuff her carry-on under the seat - her 6-month old baby spits up on Axel's sleeve, then begins to coo at him.

MOTHER

She likes you.

AXEL

You don't know the half of it.

MOTHER

(sees the glob)

Oh - I'm so sorry...

She offers Axel a pop-up handi-wipe. He manages to snag most of the spit-up, but it leaves a mark on his sleeve.

MOTHER

You should probably give that a quick rinse before it sets.

ANGLE - AISLE OF PLANE - NEAR RESTROOM

Axel exits the restroom - a large wet spot on his upper sleeve - and starts back toward his seat. A female FLIGHT ATTENDANT is in the aisle ahead.

VANESSA

Seat backs in the upright position please.

Axel stops short and stares at her a moment.

AXEL

V.D.?

She turns to him - a shocked look on her face. (Around her neck, on a thin gold chain, are the initials "VD" in 14k gold. On a separate chain - a small gold crucifix encrusted with tiny pearls. Her enamel nameplate reads: V. DAVIS).

VANESSA

Axel?

AXEL

Vanessa Davis. What's all this?

VANESSA

What's it look like?

AXEL

Some kinda joke, right?

VANESSA

No.

AXEL  
You're bullshitting me? How long's  
this been going on?

VANESSA  
I really can't talk right now  
Axel. You'll have to take your  
seat. We're preparing for takeoff.

With that, she heads quickly up the aisle, leaving Axel  
staring after her.

EXT. RUNWAY

where the 747 blasts up into the dusk - the setting sun  
backlighting it - the thrust of its engines is palpable.

INT. 747 - MAIN CABIN GALLEY

Vanessa is busy with a meal tray as Axel shows up at the  
same moment as a second stewardess (EMILY, her pin reads:  
E. DRAPER).

EMILY  
(to Vanessa)  
23G pre-ordered a kosher meal.

AXEL  
Hi, 16C. Who do I complain to? My  
steak tartare was a bit undercooked.

EMILY  
(smiles)  
There may be some chop ahead. You  
might feel safer if you returned to  
your seat. I'll get to you as  
soon as I can, sir.

The plane rocks a bit as it hits an air pocket.

EMILY (cont'd.)  
For your own safety, sir.

AXEL  
I hate flying. Was that something  
I should be worried about?

Vanessa hands a meal tray to Emily.

VANESSA  
Kosher for 23G.

Emily takes it and leaves. Axel still looks nervous.

AXEL

Seriously - we in trouble? Tell me the truth - it's okay - I've got plenty of clean underwear.

VANESSA

Dammit Axel - I'm trying to be polite - but I do not have time for your shit right now.

AXEL

Hey - I'm just trying to get a handle on this stewardess thing.

VANESSA

The pay's better, the fringe benefits are better, and I don't wake up in a cold sweat five days a week.

AXEL

It's a sharper uniform, I'll give you that much.

VANESSA

You try that street hustle of yours up here - and I'll toss you out.

AXEL

What're you still mad about? I called and your phone was disconnected - I wrote and you never wrote back...

VANESSA

Never wrote back? I never got a single letter from you.

AXEL

You should've told me you'd moved to Chicago.

VANESSA

Bullshit. My mail was forwarded. This is the same kind of cheesy transparent lie you'd tell me that broke us up in the first place.

AXEL

Breaking up was your idea. I was the one who said we should try living together...

VANESSA

Right - you got one look at my crib and offered to move out of Casa de Roach and help out by paying half the utilities. Cute only goes so far Axel.

AXEL

Speaking of which - you still got them red satin shorts?

VANESSA

They wore out.

AXEL

I can believe that.

VANESSA

I try not to hang onto things beyond their useful life span - like our relationship.

That shuts him up momentarily as Emily returns to get a pot of hot coffee.

EMILY

Do we have a problem here?

AXEL

Only if the pilot's dead and you need me to fly the plane.

Emily gets the coffee and gives him the once over before leaving.

VANESSA

Nine months Foley. We were together nine months - and you never once told me you loved me...

AXEL

I was saving it for a special occasion.

VANESSA  
(doesn't see the  
humor)

Lust only cuts the mustard for  
a long weekend - you don't build  
a relationship on it.

AXEL  
Lust? Is that all we were about?

VANESSA  
My red satin shorts and your  
strategically torn sweat pants.

AXEL  
They were standard PD issue -  
which was why I wore 'em to the  
Cop Olympics in the first place.  
And they were in good shape til  
I got tied up with you in that  
three-legged race. Partner...

Vanessa is beginning to feel just a twinge of the old  
Foley magic. She fights it off.

VANESSA  
A big rip and no underwear. A  
little free advertising for  
Foley Hardware.

AXEL  
Brought you in to browse, didn't  
it?

He takes a step toward her - ready to make his move -  
but Vanessa shoves him back with a firm straight-arm.

VANESSA  
Just what the hell are you doing  
on a plane to London anyway?

AXEL  
Free trip - courtesy of the  
Department. They voted me Cop  
of the Year.

She begins to laugh hysterically - much to Axel's chagrin.

AXEL  
It's not that funny. I am Cop  
of the Year.

VANESSA  
Yeah, and pigs fly.

AXEL  
I know. I'm sitting behind two  
of them in coach.

VANESSA  
I have to work Axel. Go on back  
to your seat. You'll miss the movie.

AXEL  
I've already seen it.

ANGLE - JUST OUTSIDE THE GALLEY

where Emily still stands, coffee pot in hand, eavesdropping.  
After a long moment, she walks to the

MAIN CABIN

where the in-flight film begins. "Coming To America".

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - NOON

Touchdown.

INT. 747

As PASSENGERS disembark, and Vanessa and Emily say their  
goodbyes, Axel - carry-on in hand - stops to talk.

AXEL  
Now can we talk?

VANESSA  
No.

AXEL  
When?

VANESSA  
Axel...

AXEL  
We can have a drink - dinner -  
champagne - full Swedish body  
massage...

VANESSA

Let me finish up here and I'll  
meet you at customs.

Emily watches the two of them like a mother hen as Axel  
leaves the plane, smiling broadly.

INT. HEATHROW ARRIVALS AREA / CUSTOMS - DAY

Lionel sits alongside a dour CUSTOMS AGENT outside of  
the baggage claim carousel, holding a hand-lettered sign  
reading: "MR. AXEL FOLEY"

At the carousel, Axel grabs his suitcase, searching the  
crowd for Vanessa as he follows a line of passengers who  
hand their visitors cards to a UNIFORMED MAN at a podium.

Vanessa is nowhere in sight. Nor is anyone else in a  
Pan Am uniform. As Axel eyes the crowd, he's summoned  
over to the table of the dour customs agent.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Passport.

Axel hands his passport over - continuing his search for  
Vanessa. The Agent eyes him suspiciously.

CUSTOMS AGENT

What's the purpose of your visit,  
Mr. Foley?

Lionel overhears the name and approaches Axel as he shows  
his badge to the Agent.

AXEL

Police business.

CUSTOMS AGENT

(eyeing the badge)  
Is that real?

AXEL

It is in Detroit.

LIONEL

Pardon me.

Axel turns to look at Lionel - who holds the name card  
across his chest.

AXEL  
This is amazing. Do you realize  
both of us are named Axel Foley?  
What're the odds on something like  
that?

LIONEL  
(giving him an odd  
stare)  
Then you are Mr. Axel Foley?

AXEL  
I are.

Lionel shows his ID to the customs agent.

LIONEL  
Detective Sergeant Lionel Smythe-  
Hinton. Scotland Yard.

AXEL  
Lionel?

LIONEL  
(to the agent)  
He's with me.

The agent returns Axel's passport as he and Lionel look  
each other over. The epitome of culture shock.

LIONEL  
You're not at all what I expected.

AXEL  
You're pretty much exactly what  
I expected.

LIONEL  
(grabs a suitcase)  
My car's just outside. Shall we?

AXEL  
Actually, I'm supposed to meet  
somebody here. A stewardess from  
my flight.

LIONEL  
Not likely. The flight crew  
deplanes through their own area.  
They don't go through customs.

AXEL  
Yeah...perfect.

LIONEL  
Problem?

AXEL  
Ex-girlfriend. Playing very hard  
to get.

LIONEL  
"The course of true love never  
does run smooth."

AXEL  
Tell me about it.

LIONEL  
Shakespeare. A Midsummer Night's  
Dream. Lysander to Hermia.

AXEL  
No, I didn't mean...Forget it.

He watches as Lionel takes long-legged strides into the  
thick of the crowd. It could be a long trip...

INT. LIONEL'S CAR (A PEUGEOT) - MOVING - DAY

London. Narrow streets. Choking traffic. Throngs of  
people all about. Color. Majesty. It seems that every  
where you look - history. Axel soaks it all in.

AXEL  
So - you married?

LIONEL  
Yes.

AXEL  
(like pulling teeth)  
How's your wife feel about you  
being a cop?

LIONEL  
She's on the force herself.

AXEL  
With Scotland Yard?

LIONEL  
Metropolitan Police. Promoted to  
a captaincy only a fortnight ago.

AXEL  
And you're a Detective Sergeant?

LIONEL  
Yes, that's right.

AXEL  
So you're outranked by your wife.

LIONEL  
As of a fortnight ago. Yes.

AXEL  
Ain't that a bitch.

Lionel punches the gas, sending the car screaming around a large fountain in front of Buckingham Palace. CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - HALLWAY

Axel and Lionel walk past walls lined with the portraits of all the past commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, beginning with the first - Sir Robert Peel. All verrry British - verrry historical - verrry impressive.

INT. WESTCOTT'S OFFICE

Westcott is already coming out from behind his desk to greet Foley. He speaks to Axel as if Lionel's not even in the room.

WESTCOTT  
Detective Foley. A pleasure.  
(shakes his hand)  
Feeling a bit knackered from  
your trip?  
(on Axel's look)  
Worn out?

AXEL  
No. This is great. I can't believe  
I'm in Scotland Yard.

WESTCOTT  
Spot of brandy?

AXEL  
I know about the no guns deal,  
but you can drink on duty?

WESTCOTT  
You're on holiday. And as for  
Lionel here - who would he report  
me to - myself?

He pours 2 glasses of brandy - totally ignoring Lionel who doesn't say a word. Axel notices, not sure what the game is as Westcott sips his brandy.

WESTCOTT

Quite a nice Napoleon.

AXEL

Full bodied and yet - a hint of impudence.

WESTCOTT

Axel - very unusual name.

AXEL

My father was a long haul truck driver. The night I was born he was hauling a load of ice cream. Broke an axle on the interstate and was waiting for a tow when word came over the CB that my mother had given birth.

WESTCOTT

And he called you Axle. Wonderful.

AXEL

Could've been worse - could've called me Rocky Road - or Chocolate Chip.

WESTCOTT

Yes...You do understand that we'll try to involve you as much as possible in the day to day operations - however you'll be confined to strictly an observational capacity.

AXEL

I'm treating it like a vacation. Just look, listen and do nothing. Kind of like being the Vice President.

WESTCOTT

(appreciating the joke)

Yes. Very much so. Good then. I'm sure we'll be seeing quite a lot of one another over the next few days.

Axel looks over at Lionel, who stands stoically at attention. Axel sets down his brandy.

AXEL

I think I feel the jet lag starting to kick in.

WESTCOTT

Get yourself rested. Full day tomorrow. Tour of the Yard, visit to Parliament, go out on a call or two with the Detective Sergeant. Get the full flavor of London. Again, happy you've arrived safe and sound.

EXT. WESTCOTT'S OFFICE

Axel and Lionel exit and head down a hall to the elevator.

AXEL

Ever see an American TV show called "Leave It To Beaver"?

LIONEL

No.

AXEL

Your chief reminds me of a guy named Eddie Haskell.

The elevator arrives and they get on board - joining Thornhill and Cullen.

THORNHILL

Lionel, don't tell me you've finally captured the bloody wanker who's been screwing the video stores in Abbey Lane.

CULLEN

(to Axel)

You're a serious piece of business, aren't you mate?

AXEL

Axel Foley. Detroit Police.

The 2 Yard detectives are taken aback. Lionel says nothing.

THORNHILL

So sorry Detective.

CULLEN

But then it would be just like  
Lionel here to arrest a fellow  
officer.

AXEL

...Or mistake one for a thief.

THORNHILL

Point well taken...Mr. Foley.

AXEL

Now I know why you guys don't  
carry guns - your mouths are  
lethal weapons.

A silence falls over the elevator as Thornhill and Cullen exchange looks with one another. Meanwhile, Lionel, a slight smile curling the corners of his mouth, beams an admiring look at Axel.

INT. LIONEL'S CAR (MOVING) - LATE AFTERNOON

He drives down a tree-lined street on the outskirts of the city proper. A quaint London suburb of single family homes.

LIONEL

This is the road I live in.

They pass a large moving van going in the opposite direction. Lionel pulls into his driveway alongside another car - its doors and trunk are open and it's half-filled with cartons. Lionel eyes it, confused, as he helps Axel with his luggage.

LIONEL

What's all this?

The 2 of them walk through the open front door into the

FOYER

of an empty house. I'm talking literally empty - there isn't a stick of furniture in the place. It's stripped bare right down to the hardwood floors. A few packing cartons are stacked at the foot of the stairs. Lionel drops the suitcase where he stands and looks about -- bewildered.

AXEL

I love what you've done with  
the place.

DRUSILLA, Lionel's wife of 12 years, comes downstairs dressed in her police captain's uniform, carrying a carton of bathtowels. She's very pleasant - acting as if nothing out of the ordinary is going on.

LIONEL

Darling - I'd like you to meet  
Detective Axel Foley.

DRUSILLA

How do you do Detective. Be a  
dear won't you and lend a hand  
with a box.

Axel, a bit confused, sets down his bags and lifts a couple of boxes from the big pile near the stairs.

LIONEL

Drusilla?

DRUSILLA

I'm leaving you Lionel.

She walks out the door. Axel waits a beat - looks at Lionel as if to say "Don't ask me".

AXEL

Have I come at a bad time?

With that, he follows her outside and after another beat, Lionel lifts a box and follows as well.

EXT. HOUSE / DRIVEWAY

The three of them take turns depositing their loads into the car. Lionel addresses his wife.

LIONEL

I'm at a loss my love.

DRUSILLA

I've taken the furniture, my  
clothing, my family albums, my  
hopes and dreams - the lot.

She's headed back toward the house - with Lionel and Axel in her wake.

LIONEL

Yes - well I can see that.  
Shouldn't we talk?

INT. HOUSE / KITCHEN

Axel and Lionel follow her in. She has the refrigerator door open and is busy taking out the last items and placing them in one of two cardboard cartons on the table. All the cupboard doors are open. They're bare as well.

DRUSILLA

To what possible purpose? You are what you are Lionel - a man with no ambition - no sense of adventure. You've given up the struggle. I need to grow - to travel - my horizons need expansion. Life must be lived Lionel - not endured.

LIONEL

(shell-shocked)

I took you to Wales last summer.

She closes the flaps on a box of foodstuffs and hands it to Axel as she loads up the last box with bread, bottled condiments, spices...

DRUSILLA

I've taken all the cabernet and the champagne we'd set aside for New Years...

AXEL

(mostly to himself)

This is cold-blooded...

DRUSILLA

I've left you your gin and bitters and your father's Army cot is in the upstairs bedroom.

LIONEL

Where are you going?

DRUSILLA

I've taken a four room flat in town.

LIONEL

All our furniture in a 4 room flat?

DRUSILLA

What I can't use, Mother will keep until I find a larger place.

LIONEL

But this is absurd.

DRUSILLA

I've given the best years of my life in the fervent hope that you would make more of yourself than someone who goes from day to day - blithely accepting whatever life doles out. Never asking for more. Never railing against the system which has held you back - trod on your spirit - and belittled you with an endless stream of dirty little jobs...

(looks at Axel)

...which are beneath our class.

She makes a regal exit. Axel drops his box on the table.

AXEL

If the bitch is talking about me - let her carry her own fucking box.

INT. SHERLOCK HOLMES PUB - NIGHT

Noisy. Smoke-filled. Holmesian mementoes abound, lining the walls. We work our way through the crowd to find Axel and Lionel at a table - having just finished dinner - and copious amounts of lager.

Lionel wears one of Axel's souvenir t-shirts which reads: "MOTOWN SOUL". It seems a bit incongruous in this place - on this man. A WAITRESS comes to clear the plates.

WAITRESS

Another couple of pints?

LIONEL

Lovely. Fancy a bit of dessert Axel? They serve a fine spotted dick.

AXEL

Spotted what?

LIONEL

Dick. It's a sort of - custard. Care to try some?

AXEL

No - my dick's fine just the way it is. Thanks.

The waitress leaves. Axel and Lionel look at one another.

AXEL

You okay?

LIONEL

Right as rain.

AXEL

This thing with your wife kind of blindsided you.

LIONEL

Just a bit, yes.

AXEL

You still carrying a torch?

LIONEL

A torch?

AXEL

You still in love with her?

LIONEL

She does set my blood to rush.

AXEL

Sounds like love. Or maybe you're gonna have a stroke.

LIONEL

We met on the force - when I was with the Metropolitan Police - before I went to the Yard. Drusilla was quite fetching in her uniform. I'm afraid I was smitten quite instantly.

The waitress returns with two more pints of lager.

AXEL

I've done the horizontal bump with a few ladies in uniform myself.

LIONEL

She was seeing Malcolm Westcott at the time...

AXEL

Your Chief?

LIONEL

The same. But I was determined...  
Winning Drusilla's hand was the  
only time I've beaten that smug  
priggish bastard in the dozen  
years I've known him.

AXEL

And now you think she's going  
back to Westcott?

Lionel stares - until this moment - that thought hadn't  
occurred to him.

LIONEL

Good Lord - you don't think  
that's what this is all about?

AXEL

(damage control)

Hell no. Temporary setback. You  
can win her back. And I'm the man  
to help. You're looking at the  
King of Broken Hearts...

(taps his chest)

It's been stepped on by so many  
women - it says, "Welcome -  
Remove High Heels Before Entering"  
on it.

LIONEL

Had your share of troubles?

AXEL

You kidding? Women - who can  
figure 'em. Can't live with 'em,  
can't hit 'em with a pipe. Perfect  
example - the ex-girlfriend who  
stood me up at customs - we had a  
very serious thing going at one  
time. Actually co-habitated...

(yawns)

I thought she was the one...

LIONEL

Which one is that?

AXEL

Miss Right.

LIONEL

Very pretty name.

AXEL

Vanessa.

LIONEL

Another pretty name. And Vanessa found out you were co-habiting with Miss Right and left you?

Now Axel's confused. He has another slug of lager.

AXEL

Drinking this stuff at room temperature fucks you up worse than normal.

LIONEL

Care for another?

AXEL

Vanessa and I were an item. Serious business. Started living together, but things went south.

LIONEL

At some point, you ceased conversing in English and began to speak American.

AXEL

We had problems. Too much of a good thing. Love overdose. She left Detroit - did to me what Drusilla's doing to you.

LIONEL

Ahhh...

AXEL

Doesn't call - doesn't write. Total news blackout. Fast forward 2 years - and here she is on my plane - a stewardess - which I still can't figure. I'm thinking, here's my big chance to re-ignite the romance...

LIONEL

Carriage rides in Hyde Park - white wine and truffles...

AXEL

More like a cold brew and some spotted dick...

LIONEL

They serve a lovely one here.

AXEL

But she stood me up - has me waiting at customs while she sneaks out the side door...My back teeth are starting to float. Where's the bathroom?

ANGLE -

on Axel as he returns from the bathroom - passing a MAN who is the image of Sherlock Holmes in dress and manner, he even bears a striking resemblance to Basil Rathbone. Axel does a double take.

"HOLMES"

Hallo.

The man moves past him into a pall of cigarette smoke clouding the entrance to the bathrooms. Lionel taps him on the shoulder. Startled, Axel turns.

AXEL

Did you see that guy?

LIONEL

Afraid not. Splendid news. I've located your lady fair.

AXEL

My who?

LIONEL

Miss Vanessa Right.

AXEL

You serious?

LIONEL

Quite. Police powers, old son. I phoned the airline - your entire flight crew is at the Churchill.

AXEL

Lionel - you star!

LIONEL

As the hour's late and you look  
done in from your trip - what  
say we get a bit of sleep and  
then back at the world come morning?

AXEL

You Brits sure love the language.

LIONEL

(emoting)

"My words fly up, my thoughts  
remain below. Words without  
thoughts, never to heaven go."

AXEL

There was a young man from  
Nantucket...

And as they leave the pub, DISSOLVE TO:

C.U. AXEL - SOUND ASLEEP

as the BLARE OF BAGPIPES begins to play over the shot.

INT. LIONEL'S PEUGEOT - MORNING

Lionel waits at a red light - Axel still half asleep in  
the passenger seat - coming abruptly awake and looking  
out his window at a BAGPIPER in full Scottish regalia -  
standing on a nearby corner, playing for coins.

LIONEL

Morning.

AXEL

(hung over)

I'll have to take your word for  
it. How is it your wife splits  
and I get the hangover?

(looks around)

Where are we?

LIONEL

I'm afraid your rendezvous with  
Vanessa will have to wait. A call  
came over the radio while you  
were sleeping.

The light goes from red to yellow to green and Lionel  
drives off.

EXT. PRAED STREET

London's East End. A mist of rain begins to fall as Lionel parks and the two of them get out of the car.

A few ONLOOKERS stand off at a short distance and gawk at a body - covered by a policeman's raincoat - lying half on the sidewalk and half on the cobblestoned street.

A BOBBY outlines the body as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. A WOMAN (in plainclothes) follows a second BOBBY, picking up items he points out and placing them into plastic evidence bags. A POLICE CONSTABLE approaches Lionel.

OSGOOD

Osgood, sir. In charge of the relief.

LIONEL

You found the body?

OSGOOD

No, P.C. 493 - just there.  
(calling out)

493!

P.C. 493

(hustling over)

Sir - I was patrolling the beat at 14 hundred hours when a Mrs. Felicity Kendall - One Acacia Avenue, west 12 - told me that she'd happened across the body whilst walking her yorkie...

Axel looks over to where Mrs. Kendall stands - shielded from the drizzle by a Bobby with an umbrella. She cradles the dog in her arms - owner and pet look vaguely alike.

OSGOOD

We have constables checking this block of flats for possible eyewitnesses. None thus far. No ID on the victim.

P.C. 493

Looks like a groid tom, Guv - knocked over by her ponce for not pushing hard enough, or a punter for pushing too hard. We get plenty of it 'round here - though we haven't had many where one's been murdered.

A mortuary wagon rolls up the street. Two MEN unload a gurney out of the back.

AXEL

And you criticize me - too bad  
you can't get any cops who  
speak English.

LIONEL

(translating 493)

This area is the prostitute's  
patch. The victim appears to be  
a West Indian whore who's been  
done in by her pimp for not  
producing sufficient monetary  
results - or perhaps by a punter -  
a john - for reasons best known  
to himself.

Axel spies something on the stones near the body. He goes over and kneels down to get a closer look, Lionel joins him.

LIONEL

What is it?

AXEL

Looks like a piece of flower.

He glances around at the expanse of cobblestones and sidewalk.

AXEL (cont'd.)

I don't think it grew here.

LIONEL

Quite right.

Axel motions over the plainclothes woman who hands him an evidence packet and tweezers which he uses to pick up what appears to be the crushed petal from some exotic flower. He places it in the bag, seals it, doubles it over and puts it into his jacket pocket.

Meanwhile, one of the morticians lifts the raincoat and hands it back to P.C. 493 as he and his partner prepare to lift the body onto the gurney. Axel's shocked.

LIONEL

Foley?

Axel crosses the rain-slicked pavement - a look of total disbelief on his face - and kneels down beside the lifeless body of Vanessa Davis.

Her clothing is dirt-caked and dishevelled. The rain beads up across her horribly bruised face - almost giving her the appearance of crying. There are thin bloody lacerations at her throat - and the crucifix and initial necklace we saw earlier are gone. Axel lifts one of her hands in his own as Lionel comes closer.

LIONEL

Axel? Do you know this person?

AXEL

It's Vanessa...

LIONEL

Your Vanessa? From the plane?

AXEL

How the hell can this happen?

LIONEL

Come away from the body, old son.

AXEL

(standing)

Fuck you! Don't be so fucking civilized all the time. What kind of goddam country is this?!

The morticians begin to lift her body onto the gurney. Axel charges at them incensed as the crowd watches.

AXEL

I'll kick the shit outta the first one of you who lays a hand on her!

Lionel rushes to put a restraining arm around Axel - pulling him back. Axel breaks loose and wheels on him.

AXEL

That goes for you too Sherlock.

LIONEL

(calm)

You're a policeman. Try to act like one. Let these gentlemen do their job.

Axel stares daggers at Lionel - while everyone else on the street seems part of some surreal frieze. Axel goes to Vanessa's body, gently taking her hand and holding it before setting it across her chest. He backs away.

The morticians look to Lionel who nods - and they lift the body onto the gurney and roll it toward their wagon. Axel takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

AXEL

I'm sorry.

LIONEL

No need. I'm sorry for your loss.

AXEL

(a long beat)

We partnered together in Detroit.  
Before she transferred out...

LIONEL

I thought she was a stewardess.

AXEL

She was a police officer.

As the added enormity of the situation registers on Lionel's face, WE CUT TO:

INT. WESTCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

where a grim-faced Lionel stands in front of Westcott. Standing well off to one side of the room, peering out of the window - almost not there - is a "suit" smoking an expensive cigar.

LIONEL

And what do you suggest I do  
to keep his mind off the matter  
at hand - show him the changing  
of the bloody guard?!

WESTCOTT

Assume that tone with me again,  
sergeant, and I'll have you  
wheelclamping cars in Hammersmith.  
Or better still - in your wife's  
relief.

(hits intercom)

Send in Mr. Foley, please.

Axel enters. The "suit" turns to size him up, his head enveloped in a haze of ash gray smoke.

WESTCOTT

Foley - this chap is Mr. Decter  
from your Embassy.

AXEL

You in charge?

DECTER

No no. Inspector Westcott calls  
all the shots here detective.

AXEL

You a "company" man?

DECTER

(a slight smile)

Diplomatic corps. Second liason  
officer.

AXEL

Right.

(turns to Westcott)

Just tell me what I can do.

WESTCOTT

Nothing.

AXEL

Nothing? It seems to me I can  
be a lot of help to you on this.

DECTER

How so?

AXEL

The body was stripped of ID.  
For starters, I can describe her  
jewelry and you can put out a  
bulletin.

DECTER

I'm told you're here on some  
sort of an exchange?

AXEL

What is this shit? She's American.  
What's our jurisdiction?

DECTER

You're a visitor in this country,  
Foley. You have no authority.

AXEL

(appeals to Westcott)

If things were reversed and one  
of yours went down in Detroit  
while you were there - we'd use you.

WESTCOTT

Scotland Yard has been functioning rather well this century without the assistance of you colonials.

(to Decter)

Even after 200 years - we still tend to think of you lot as the Colonies...

DECTER

No offense taken.

AXEL

You guys are great at this code of honor crap - neither one of you would say shit if you were standing in it.

DECTER

You get up in my face on this one Foley - and you're gonna be in it up to your chin.

AXEL

How about I just tag along with Lionel on his investigation?

WESTCOTT

Lionel's no longer on the case.

AXEL

He was ranking officer on the scene.

WESTCOTT

He has more pressing duties...  
(checks his watch)

Actually - the two of you are late for your tour of the House of Commons.

AXEL

You want me to go sightseeing?!  
(on Decter's look)

Okay - but I don't want to deprive Lionel of his chance to bust a big case. So why don't you let somebody else play host to me? Or better yet, give me a map of London - and I can take care of myself.

WESTCOTT

We can't have you wandering about, unchaperoned. As for the formal investigation - you needn't be concerned - it's been assigned our very best murder squad detectives.

Enter Thornhill and Cullen. Smug doesn't do them justice. Lionel's crestfallen. Axel can't get angrier than he is.

WESTCOTT

Enjoy Parliament Foley.

DECTER

Keep me apprised Inspector.  
Foley - why don't you walk me out.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Decter's Embassy car waits at the curb. A DRIVER stands by. Decter turns to Lionel.

DECTER

Might I have a moment with  
Detective Foley?

Lionel's about to walk away, but Axel grabs his arm.

AXEL

I hate secrets - it's so --  
junior high school.

DECTER

Unofficially then.

AXEL

See - we wouldn't want you to  
tell the truth and screw up a  
perfect record.

DECTER

Okay wiseass - what is it you  
think is going on?

AXEL

I don't see Vanessa giving up  
her badge and gun to serve cocktails  
and beer nuts at 30,000 feet. She  
was pissed at me about a lotta shit,  
but not enough to act that cold  
when we bump into each other after  
2 years...

Lionel watches - fascinated.

DECTER

So?

AXEL

So she plays ice queen because she can't talk to me. She's working undercover - something heavy - otherwise she doesn't get worked over the way she did.

DECTER

(hesitates)

She was on loan from Chicago P.D. to the Treasury for a joint investigation with the British Office of the Exchequer.

AXEL

Counterfeit money?

DECTER

I don't know. The Yard's being very tight-lipped about it. I got a courtesy call because she was a national. You now know as much as I do.

AXEL

I appreciate that.

DECTER

I meant what I said upstairs. These boys know what they're doing, believe me - they don't need any interference from you.

AXEL

So I stand around with my thumb up my ass and play tourist?

DECTER

Exactly. Because if you stick your beak in this and get nailed, I'm deaf and dumb. You'll go up on charges - or worse - and you've got no friends on this side of the Atlantic.

With that, Decter gets into his car and is gone.

AXEL

Oh yeah? I'm Cop of the Year!  
So fuck you!

C.U. "MISS MARPLE"

or a reasonable facsimile thereof. A middle-aged English-woman named MISS LYTLETON - looking like an overstuffed canary - all in yellow - complete with hat, pearls, a man's hat (probably belonging to her dead husband), an enormous handbag slung over her forearm - as she points at a drawing on an easel.

(Above what looks like a large map are the words: KNIGHTS-BRIDGE WALK - below a geographic area subdivided into a number of smaller sections - each one marked with its own 3-digit number. I.E., parcel #121).

MISS LYTLETON

(fortissimo)

We don't need yet another  
condominium development to blight  
our pristine countryside! Nor  
do we need some blasphemous  
military installation - a repository  
of death and destruction! Preservation  
is the watchword!

ANGLE -

to show we're in a large chamber of the House of Commons. On the floor of the high-ceilinged room - a committee meeting is in session - a large horseshoe-shaped table of 6 men and a woman listen as Miss Lytton chastises them - one and all.

IN THE VISITOR'S GALLERY

above - a bored and p.o.ed Axel Foley stares daggers at Lionel - who seems enthralled by the goings-on below.

AXEL

I'm gonna get you for this  
Sherlock.

MISS LYTLETON

I need not remind you that Britain  
is an island whose boundaries  
are finite. Once we've despoiled  
what we have - we have imperiled  
our very existence.

The committee chairman - the Honourable ARTHUR NIGHTINGALL, 56 - Member of Parliament, House of Commons - calmly addresses Miss Lytleton.

NIGHTINGALL

Thank you Miss Lytleton. Your passion is much appreciated.

MISS LYTLETON

Once we have befoiled our nests, we are forsaken!

NIGHTINGALL

Thank you again.

MISS LYTLETON

You Mr. Nightingall - of all people - should see the enormity in what I say. For want of a single letter in your name - you would be one of God's most beauteous creatures - the nightingale. Would you deny our feathered friends a safe haven in which to loose their wondrous song?

NIGHTINGALL

It is not my purpose, Miss Lytleton. I beseech you - for want of wings - I myself would take flight at this very moment.

MISS LYTLETON

Quite right!

And with that - she removes the lids from 2 large cartons on the floor at her feet - and sets loose a dozen pigeons who take flight throughout the room - creating havoc.

One pigeon alights on Miss Lytleton's bonnet - as she stands her ground - a self-satisfied smile on her face.

Nightingall is on his feet - pounding the heel of his hand against the tabletop.

NIGHTINGALL

I must protest! This behavior is outrageous!

It escalates - as one of the airborne pigeons deposits a load on the lapel of Nightingall's suit jacket.

ANGLE - VISITORS GALLERY

AXEL

I thought I'd seen some wild  
shit in Detroit - but you people  
are crazy over here.

Lionel's attention is drawn to the 3 men sitting a few  
rows in front of them, as they get up and head for the  
exit. Lionel eyes ALISTAIR SHAW as he goes past.

Tall and rugged, Shaw presents a finely polished veneer -  
but there's old dirt under these manicured nails. Two of  
his "associates" - SIMON FILBY and PETER LIVESAY - follow  
at his heel. Their Savile Row suits cover scars and tattoos  
acquired during their formative years in the rough and  
tumble East End docks.

Axel watches Lionel watch them.

AXEL

Friends of yours?

LIONEL

Hardly. Alistair Shaw. Quite  
notorious actually. A fetid  
character underneath the expensive  
clothing. East End dockman's son  
gone posh. Owns a string of gaming  
clubs.

AXEL

As fascinating as this all is -  
if I wanna get bombed by pigeon  
shit - I'd rather go stand next to  
a statue in Trafalgar Square.

LIONEL

Right - Trafalgar it is.

AXEL

No Lionel - that was sarcasm.

LIONEL

Is that what you call it?

A pigeon swoops down and lands on the chair in front of  
the two of them - cooing away.

AXEL

I'm not letting go of this thing  
with Vanessa. You understand?

(MORE)

AXEL (cont'd.)

I can't. She was my partner. My lover. I'm 4,000 miles from home and I gotta figure I'm here for a reason.

LIONEL

We've been told in no uncertain terms...

AXEL

I don't give a damn. I have to do something. I need to do this.

LIONEL

It's not in my nature to abrogate the rules.

AXEL

No kidding. That's why you're getting crapped on by your boss and manhandled by your wife and just sitting back and taking it all without a fight! The biggest break of your career falls into your lap and you let them take it away and leave you to nursemaid me on a goddam Cook's Tour while Thornhill and his pencil-dick partner get assigned to your case!

LIONEL

It is rather an unfortunate set of circumstances.

AXEL

You make your own breaks in this life. Show me something. I'm out of my element here in a big way. I'm asking for a little help. A partner. Help me get the fuck who did this.

LIONEL

That's grammatically incorrect. Fuck is a verb, not a noun.

AXEL

You're kidding me?

LIONEL

No - it derives from a police abbreviation actually. Stemming from the arrest of a prostitute - "for unlawful carnal knowledge".

AXEL

Uh-huh. What about motherfucker?

LIONEL

That is grammatically - if not socially - acceptable.

AXEL

Fine. Then help me get this motherfucker.

Lionel ponders the idea. Nervous beads of perspiration boil up along his scalpline as the committee members continue their attempt to recapture the loose pigeons. Axel reaches into his jacket pocket and extracts the plastic evidence packet containing the bit of flower recovered at the murder scene.

AXEL

Seems I've made off with some of the evidence.

LIONEL

You're mad.

AXEL

This is the kind of break we need to put us a leg up on the murder squad boys.

LIONEL

You must turn it in at once.

AXEL

Nah. Let Thornhill and Cullen check out her hotel and trace her movements and all the SOP while you and I give them a little run for their money. Make a game of it.

LIONEL

Murder's not a game.

AXEL

No - it's not. Especially this one.

LIONEL

By all rights - we should turn  
it over to forensics at the Yard  
at the double.

AXEL

I've got a better idea.

EXT. SNOW HILL POLICE STATION - ESTAB. - DAY

INT. CAPTAIN SMYTHE-HINTON'S OFFICE

Captain Drusilla Smythe-Hinton. Yeah, Lionel's estranged wife.

LIONEL

Drusilla - so kind of you to  
see us. I hope it's not an  
imposition.

DRUSILLA

Not at all.

She gives Lionel a sisterly kiss on the cheek.

DRUSILLA

Detective Foley, isn't it? And  
how are you enjoying your holiday?

AXEL

I spent the night on that cot  
you left behind. Amazing the way  
it survived the Normandie Invasion.

DRUSILLA

It belonged to Lionel's father.  
He served in the SAS.

AXEL

Another night on that thing - and  
my SAS is in a sling. Which puts  
me one up on poor Lionel. He slept  
in the bathtub. He said it aggravated  
his coccyx, but I'm sure I don't  
have to tell you about that.

\* A long beat passes as Drusilla looks at Axel as if he were  
a zoo exhibit.

LIONEL

I wonder if we might borrow  
your forensic department.

DRUSILLA  
Something you can't do at  
Scotland Yard?

AXEL  
We're trying to keep things on  
the QT. A favor to me. Something  
I'm putting together for Inspector  
Westcott.

DRUSILLA  
I see. Well, of course.

Lionel turns to go as Axel walks over to take a closer look  
at an exotic weapon mounted on wall brackets nearby.

AXEL  
Go get things started. I'll  
catch up.

Lionel leaves. Drusilla walks over to where Axel stands,  
admiring the gun.

DRUSILLA  
Seventeenth century blunderbuss.

AXEL  
Kids on my block are more into  
AK-47s and anti-tank rockets...  
(off her look)  
Lionel would kill me if I told  
you this...He's a helluva cop.

DRUSILLA  
I always felt he was possessed  
of a great deal of potential.

AXEL  
Evidently you're not the only  
one. He was hand picked for this  
assignment over some very senior  
officers.

DRUSILLA  
Really?

AXEL  
I can see you're dying to hear  
the details - and believe me -  
I'm dying to tell you - but I  
can't. Not now anyways.

DRUSILLA  
I see.

AXEL  
You understand?

DRUSILLA  
Of course.

AXEL  
I feel better. I've only told you  
this much because Lionel's too  
big a man to tell you himself.  
He's not one to brag.

DRUSILLA  
Far from it.

AXEL  
I think he'd rather have you  
come back to him for who he is,  
not because of some headline  
grabbing exploits.

He nods at her and leaves the office. Drusilla stands frozen  
to the spot - thinking she's been made privy to some intimacy,  
but entirely unsure of what it was.

INT. SNOW HILL FORENSICS LAB

Axel's led in by a Bobby to find Lionel on the telephone -  
writing names on a pad - while a police technician named  
WADLEIGH reads the SUN newspaper. He has it opened to the  
Page Three Girl - young, beautiful, topless - with very  
large breasts.

Axel looks over his shoulder and cuts loose with an  
impressed WHISTLE.

WADLEIGH  
They make a lovely pair, don't  
they?

AXEL  
Personally - I go more for a  
woman's mind. But if she doesn't  
happen to have one - a pair of  
huge titties is a great backup.

Wadleigh sets down the paper as Lionel hangs up the phone.

WADLEIGH  
How do you do. Paul Wadleigh.

AXEL  
Axel Foley. What've we got?

WADLEIGH  
Paphiopedilium hybrid.

AXEL  
(to Lionel)  
See - what'd I tell ya it was.

LIONEL  
Mr. Wadleigh's an orchid enthusiast.

AXEL  
I thought he was a breast man.

LIONEL  
I phoned the Royal Horticultural Society in Penzance. Outside of Kew Gardens - only three registered hobbyists in the whole of Britain grow this particualr species.

EXT. SMALL BRICK UNATTACHED HOUSE - DAY

in Golders Green. North London. Lionel and Axel climb the steps to the front door. A brass plaque fastened to the wall reads: HIRAM COBB, ACCOUNTANCY

LIONEL  
This chap's the obvious choice. The 2 others are so far out of the way as to be logically not possible to be shipping their orchids to town.

He rings the bell and waits as Axel goes back down the steps and around the side of the house. Lionel RINGS again.

INT. COBB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cobb's MOTHER - 80 and partly deaf - doesn't hear the bell over the sound of her teakettle WHISTLING at a boil. She takes it from the burner to pour a cup of tea.

EXT. THE SIDE OF COBB'S HOUSE

Lionel wanders along the six foot high brick wall at the rear of the house.

LIONEL  
Axel - where have you gone off to?

A door is unbolted from inside the wall and opens. Axel stands smiling on the other side.

AXEL

Come on in - see how my garden  
grows.

Lionel enters the

BACK YARD

of Cobb's house. An immense greenhouse takes up almost all of the available space - attached at one end to the two story main house. The greenhouse sports opaque plastic panels - difficult to see through - hard as Axel tries.

LIONEL

We can't go crashing about on  
people's private property.

Axel picks up a pair of hedge clippers and uses them to pop the latch on the greenhouse door.

LIONEL (cont'd.)

It's trespassing!

AXEL

Relax. I'm an enthusiast.

INT. GREENHOUSE

They both walk inside where they're surrounded by a breathtaking display of orchids - row after row - white, green, yellow and violet - with spots.

AXEL

This seems to be the place.

LIONEL

My God - they're exquisite.

AXEL

It's hot as hell in here...

As Lionel goes to look at them close up, Axel looks around.

INSERT - THERMOMETER

mounted on the wall alongside the open door. Almost visibly, the mercury level in the tube begins to fall as the cool air outside enters the greenhouse through the open door.

ANGLE

Axel finds a thermostat and begins to reach for it...

LIONEL  
 The aroma is intoxicating...  
 (sees Axel)  
 Axel - for God's sake! .'

He bolts toward him - grabbing him before he can touch the thermostat.

AXEL  
 What's the problem? I'm sweating like a pig.

LIONEL  
 You mustn't touch the temperature. Orchids are very delicate - any sudden change...  
 (thinks...)  
 Oh my God...

This time, he runs for the open greenhouse door, which he pulls shut. He looks at the thermometer - then to Axel - then smiles...

The cacophony startles them both - lights begin to flash on and off - an ALARM CLANGS. It sounds like a fire station. Suddenly, the noise and light show stop - and they turn to see Mrs. Cobb standing in the open doorway from the main house - at the business end of a double-barrelled WWI vintage shotgun.

MRS. COBB  
 I hunted rabbits with me old Dad when I was a schoolgirl - and believe me - I was a fair shot.

LIONEL  
 You have us convinced madame.

She adjusts the sound level on the hearing aid clipped to the lace collar of her housedress.

MRS. COBB  
 What?!

LIONEL  
 You have us at a disadvantage.

MRS. COBB  
 And I mean to keep it that way. Come inside and be smart about it. One false move and I'll separate you from your vitals.

INT. COBB HOUSE / KITCHEN

Axel and Lionel - hands raised - sit at the table as Mrs. Cobb - gun in hand - stands near the stove - dipping her pinkie into her teacup. A macaw dances about on a perch in a corner of the room.

MRS. COBB  
There it is - my tea's gone cold.  
I'll have to start again...Would  
you care for a cup?

LIONEL  
Lovely.

Axel nods at her. She puts the teapot back on a burner, then stares off into space, lost in thought.

MRS. COBB  
Ah - there it is - I must call  
the police.

AXEL  
(w/ British accent)  
Excuse me...

She wheels on him with the shotgun. Axel whips out his detective's gold shield and flashes it at her.

AXEL (cont'd.)  
We're with the Bureau of Farms  
and Hatcheries. I'm Inspector  
Rosewood - this is Inspector  
Taggart. We didn't know that  
anyone was at home.

MRS. COBB  
So you go prowling about?

AXEL  
It's not normal procedure. I grant  
you - but we have a bit of an  
emergency. Seems the brand of  
organic mulch your husband uses on  
his orchids was found to be infested  
with oleander weevil larvae.

MRS. COBB  
My husband Wilf's been in the  
ground 16 years come April. The  
orchids belong to my son Hiram.  
And he's off at the casino...Oh  
pish...

The teakettle begins to WHISTLE. She props the shotgun against the door of the refrigerator and goes to pour the three cups of tea. Axel and Lionel put down their hands. Lionel gives Axel a look.

LIONEL

Happy?

AXEL

That orchid sure as hell didn't belong where we found it. It came from someplace.

LIONEL

So you think she was killed here then - by old Mother Cobb and son Hiram?

AXEL

It's England - anything's possible.

LIONEL

Pish.

MRS. COBB

Milk?

LIONEL

Please.

She tugs open the refrigerator door - sending the shotgun heading for the floor. It strikes barrel first and discharges with a LOUD BANG.

Axel and Lionel dive for cover under the table as the shell blasts a hole in the baseboard a few feet from their heads, dislodging a dartboard from the wall and sending the macaw flying onto the refrigerator. Mrs. Cobb, oblivious to it all, turns, milk in hand.

MRS. COBB

Sugar or honey?

Axel and Lionel - on the floor - look at one another.

INT. COBB LIVING ROOM

Quaint. We could have time travelled back to 1944 and wouldn't know the difference. The macaw is perched on Mrs. Cobb's chair and watches her and Lionel sip their tea.

INT. BATHROOM

Axel flushes the toilet by pulling on an overhead chain. Follow him out into

THE HALLWAY where he heads toward the living room, but hesitates outside a closed door. He tries it and goes inside.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE

Mrs. Cobb shows them the way out. Lionel carries her shotgun.

AXEL

Hiram needn't worry about his orchids. Better still - don't even say we were here. It'll be our secret.

MRS. COBB

I love a good secret. Do you know any?

LIONEL

Thank you for the tea Mrs. Cobb.

She waves and closes the door behind herself. They walk to the Peugeot and Lionel puts the gun in the trunk.

LIONEL

Dotty old bird. She'd have blown seven bells of shit out of that wonderful old house if I hadn't confiscated this old relic.

AXEL

What do you know about the Club Orchid?

LIONEL

It's one of Alistair Shaw's. Why?

AXEL

The orchids connect to Hiram and Hiram keeps the books.

LIONEL

How do you know that?

AXEL

I peeked in his office.

LIONEL

Bloody hell.

EXT. COVENT GARDEN - DUSK

Axel and Lionel mingle with the tourists as street musicians and actors play to the assembled crowds.

AXEL

I don't want to watch mimes!  
I'm gonna have a look around that  
casino.

LIONEL

We've done quite enough as it  
is. I've my career to think  
about.

AXEL

I'm thinking of your career.

LIONEL

The hell you are. Your motives  
are quite selfish in actual fact.  
Alistair Shaw's held the law at  
arm's length for some time. He's  
a bad bit of business - and at  
present he's not my concern - nor  
yours.

AXEL

So that's it? You're gonna roll  
over and play dead for Westcott  
til it's time to collect your  
pension?

On Lionel's look of angry indecision, and the intrusion  
of a particularly obnoxious street MIME, CUT TO:

EXT. THE BUNCH OF GRAPES PUB - 2:00 AM

A Bentley pulls to a stop in front. The driver and a second  
man get out and go inside.

INT. BUNCH OF GRAPES

The proprietor, a man named MARSH, counts out the nights  
receipts on top of the bar. He's an intimidating piece of  
work. A twice broken nose and the tattoo of a dagger just  
below his Adam's apple.

He looks up as the 2 men enter. They are Filby and Livesay,  
Shaw's enforcers. We saw them follow him out of the committee  
meeting at the House of Commons.

MARSH

You lads are a day early.

LIVESAY

And you've been a few quid light.

Marsh looks at the money spread out across the bar.

FILBY  
Word is you've been running a  
game in your back parlor.

MARSH  
That so?

FILBY  
It is.

MARSH  
Come to hear my side? Or is it  
to be a bit of fists and pick-ax  
handles straightaway?

Stepping out of the shadows near the entrance - a large  
satchel in one hand - is Alistair Shaw.

SHAW  
We had an arrangement Marsh.  
You don't seem able to live up  
to the terms.

MARSH  
Bugger your terms. You running  
about in your fancy club - the  
country squire with your polo  
ponies and charitable events.  
You forget where you come from mate.

SHAW  
A moment with you - and I  
remember exactly where I come from.

MARSH  
Well it's me down here dealing with  
the dirty lot you left behind - so  
I guess I deserve some extra.

SHAW  
Tell me Marsh - are you as tough  
as you fancy yourself?

Marsh comes up from behind the bar with a truncheon. He  
swings it across the bar, Livesay blocking it with his  
forearm. Marsh doesn't get the chance to swing a second  
time.

Filby and Livesay wrestle him in a headlock, hauling him  
up onto the bar where they pound at his head with liquor  
bottles, fists and eventually - his own club - knocking  
him senseless.

The 2 thugs back away to catch their breath as Marsh lies semi-conscious atop the bar - the money scattered across the floor.

Shaw tosses the satchel. It lands at Filby's feet with a loud metallic clank. Tools inside.

SHAW

Nail his fucking hands to the bar...No - better still - nail his legs to the dance floor. Go through his knees.

EXT. HEATHROW - TARMAC - MORNING

A jet sits parked in a cargo area - its hull glistening in the early sun. A large cargo bay door is open and 2 MEN in airline jumpsuits stand in the hatch - looking down at the tarmac.

A solemn Axel waits motionless beside Lionel at the foot of a conveyor belt/ramp which has been rolled up to the cargo door. A uniformed BOBBY stands nearby.

We hear the rumble of a baggage truck as it backs up to the conveyor - a blinding flash of sunlight arcing off of the polished aluminum casket which contains the body of Vanessa Davis.

The driver hops down and pushes the casket back onto the conveyor's moving rubber mat. It makes its slow journey up into the belly of the plane. The Bobby salutes. Axel reaches out a hand and lets the coffin gently brush his fingertips as it slides past. A moment later, he turns and walks away. Lionel follows.

INT. OFFICER'S DINING ROOM - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Lunch. Axel and Lionel sit with Thornhill, Cullen, Davies and Langsford. A plate of fresh fruit is being passed around like before. Axel seems lost in thought.

LANGSFORD

You really must take in some of our theatre while you're here Foley.

AXEL

(snaps out of it)

Lunch with you guys is all the drama I can handle.

CULLEN

I should think we'd be tame  
compared to the jungles of Detroit.

AXEL

It's funny - I had to come all  
the way to civilized London to  
see my first cop beaten to death.

The silence is quite loud. The plate of fruit - which  
started out with Lionel who took some grapes - is now  
frozen in mid-air - being passed from Cullen to Thornhill.

THORNHILL

Tell me Foley, did Vanessa own  
a cat?

AXEL

Not when I was with her. Why?

THORNHILL

There was the presence of cat  
hair on her clothing. Abyssinian.

AXEL

What else have you got?

THORNHILL

(maddeningly slow)  
Beaten to death...Cause - internal  
hemorrhaging due to a ruptured  
spleen...And her body had been  
moved to where it was found.

AXEL

(waiting)

I could've told you that before  
the autopsy. What else?

Thornhill takes an orange - offering Axel the last piece  
of fruit - as he'd done earlier with Lionel.

THORNHILL

Banana?

Absentmindedly, Axel takes it from the plate - never  
taking his eyes off of Thornhill.

AXEL

What else have you got beside  
cat hair?

THORNHILL

Nothing out of the ordinary.

AXEL

Like what?

(no response)

We're all cops here. I can keep a secret if that's what you're worried about.

THORNHILL

We understand your interest in this, Foley --

AXEL

I don't think so. We were in love at one time. There was a chance we could've been again. Someone took that away from me.

THORNHILL

Surely you understand the delicate nature of our investigation.

AXEL

No. What I see is an arrogant, self-important, starched asshole who doesn't have the decency to show a little compassion.

Axel stands up so suddenly that his chair tips over behind him. He leaves the dining room.

THORNHILL

Got a bit browned off, didn't he?

He provokes some mild laughter from all but Lionel, who stands and gives Thornhill a long look.

LIONEL

You're a bastard.

He leaves.

CULLEN

All a bunch of bleedin' Rambos they are. Don't understand good police work. Used to getting their results at the point of a gun.

EXT. YARD PARKING LOT - DAY

Axel paces in a tight circle by the Peugeot - parked in Lionel's space (his name is on the wall, as is Thornhill's on the adjoining space). He still carries the banana as Lionel approaches.

AXEL

I've got this really sick feeling in my gut...I did this to her.

LIONEL

That's absurd.

AXEL

You think so? She's on an undercover - bumps into me on her flight - she doesn't want to talk, and I assume it's about us - old business. So I wouldn't take no for an answer. I start talking some shit - I don't even remember what I said. I was so jazzed to see her...but I must've said something wrong - something that gave her away - something that someone else overheard.

LIONEL

It's folly to torture yourself this way. If you made some inadvertant remark - you certainly can't be held responsible for that.

AXEL

She's dead isn't she?

LIONEL

Not at your hand. And the fact is - she was a police officer - and she knew the risk of what she did. Come on. Let's take a ride.

Before joining Lionel in the car, Axel walks around behind Thornhill's Golf Sierra - and shoves the banana into the tailpipe.

EXT. BAYSWATER ROAD - DAY

Axel and Lionel walk past the open air art show lining the fence around Hyde Park. They enter a gate and go inside the Park.

## HYDE PARK

away from most of the maddening crowd - near a fountain -  
the two cops share a bench.

AXEL

Don't take this the wrong way,  
but you ain't like any cop I've  
ever met.

LIONEL

My Mum wanted me to be a barrister.  
Drusilla too now that I think  
about it...

AXEL

So what made you join the force?

LIONEL

My father in actual fact. I  
barely knew him in any real sense.  
He was more of a mythic figure in  
my life...Served with the Special  
Air Services...On my 16th birthday  
he let me join him and his mates  
for a brandy while they toasted  
their exploits in Oman...Seems  
on one tour they lost one of their  
squad in a raid - my Dad and 4  
others escaped - doubled back  
after dark to get the other man -  
and found his head impaled on a  
pike...

Axel watches Lionel intently as mothers and their children  
frolic near the fountain - feeding the birds - pitching  
coins - making wishes - oblivious to the dark aspects of  
the world they inhabit.

LIONEL (cont'd.)

The following night - the 5 went  
back to the village - and ran  
skewers through the ears of 25  
sleeping Arab men..."One of ours  
was worth 25 of theirs" I heard  
my Dad say...Shook me rather badly  
...I went to my Mum, near tears,  
and told her what I'd heard..."My  
Dad couldn't do something like  
that", I said. "You're not quite  
a man yet," she told me, "And you  
have no idea what he's capable  
of..."

Lionel's gone deep within himself for this memory - and his face is a mask of many emotions - none of which are easy for Axel to decipher.

AXEL

Your old man sounds like the kind of guy I'd want backing me up in a fight.

LIONEL

(nods)

I think I'm quite like him sometimes...The point being - no one - not Westcott, nor Thornhill nor Drusilla for that matter - knows what I'm capable of.

He looks Axel in the eye. The look alone tells Axel that something's changed. There's steel here in this man. Axel smiles.

AXEL

Lionel - you're a badass after all.

LIONEL

And if I can be of assistance - I'd like to help you get your - motherfucker.

AXEL

(the Foley laugh)

Let's go shoot some crap.

INT. CLUB ORCHID - NIGHT

A sumptuous entryway. Cameras hidden in opaque black spheres set into the ceiling (as they are throughout the club).

A stunning BLONDE in a tuxedo registers 2 Arab gamblers at the sign-in desk while 2 other MEN block the doorway to the casino beyond. Lionel displays his ID for the Blonde.

LIONEL

Clubs Division. Have a look inside. Glance at your signing-in book on the way out.

She nods as Lionel keeps walking. TUX #1 stops Axel.

TUX #1  
Excuse me sir - but you'll need  
a tie to go inside.

TUX #2 comes out from behind the desk with an array of  
a half dozen to choose from. Axel goes for the red silk.

AXEL  
Do I get to keep this?

TUX #2  
Only if you lose.

INT. CASINO

It's like being in the playroom of a millionaire. Nothing  
like Atlantic City. Subdued, almost romantic lighting. No  
crap tables. Only 2 slot machines. Roulette, blackjack and  
baccarrat. All the dealers are female - all attractive -  
all with serious décolletage.

It's crowded and a good deal of wagering is in progress -  
but it's quiet. Axel seems bewildered.

AXEL  
I've heard more noise in a  
Christian Science Reading Room.

LIONEL  
A bit more subdued than your  
Las Vegas I expect...  
(looks around)  
There they are.

A long legged cigarette girl - like something out of a '30s  
gangster film - passes by carrying a tray of cigarettes -  
and the familiar orchids. Looking closer - an orchid is  
pinned to the lapel of all the croupiers - and the tables  
in the adjoining restaurant all sport elaborate orchid  
centerpieces. The cops move into the room.

INT. HIGH TECH OFFICE

Private. An entire wall is mirrored. Another sports a  
bank of small video monitors - each carrying a picture  
of some area of the club as well as every table in the  
casino.

Seated behind the elaborate marble and chrome desk is  
Alistair Shaw. Simon Filby stands in a corner, pouring  
himself a scotch while Arthur Nightingall, the chairman  
from the House of Commons land debate, paces, seeming to  
suffer a chronic shortness of breath.

SHAW

My father said a conscience is just a small voice giving you the odds. It's rather late in the game for you to be growing one Arthur.

NIGHTINGALL

I can't do it. My opinion on this is a matter of public record. To change it at this late date...

SHAW

This isn't your Eton and Trinity debate squad...

Shaw rises from his chair and moves toward Nightingall as if he were a spider - and Nightingall was a fly trapped in his web.

NIGHTINGALL

I agreed thinking I'd be part of the majority - not the swing vote...

SHAW

You've made a pact with the Devil Arthur...And now there's hell to pay.

INT. CASINO

Axel and Lionel still work their way amongst the tables as they're approached by the casino manager - RAY MCGUINNESS.

MCGUINNESS

Gentlemen. Raymond McGuinness. I manage the casino. I understand you're from the Clubs Division. Can I render some assistance?

AXEL

(feigning a West  
Indian accent)

The orchids are breath-taking.  
Who is your supplier may I ask?

MCGUINNESS

Interestingly enough - they're grown by our accountant - Hiram Cobb. He sells to us on an exclusive basis.

AXEL

He's here - your Mr. Cobb?

MCGUINESS

I don't believe he is - no. Is there some problem with the accounting?

AXEL

We'd prefer to take that up with Mr. Cobb.

MCGUINESS

The licensee - Mr. Shaw, is in his office. Perhaps he might speak to you.

LIONEL

Splendid.

MCGUINESS

Only be a moment.

As he leaves, Axel sees something O.S. which gets his undivided attention. He heads for a roulette table as Lionel watches McGuiness and where he goes. The manager goes up a rear staircase as Nightingall comes down - and moves rapidly toward the exit, seeming flushed. Lionel takes note before looking for Axel, finding him at the

#### ROULETTE WHEEL

where he's stopped to watch a woman who gambles stacks of \$100 chips - betting half a dozen numbers at a time - losing fearlessly - as if she prints the money herself. On the next spin - one of her numbers - 27 - is a winner. It pays off 35-1. Over \$60,000 U.S.

WOMAN

Let it ride.

The croupier looks to her Pit Boss - gets a nod - places a marker on 27 as the woman scatters her remaining stacks of chips around the board. Lionel looks enthralled.

LIONEL

Perhaps she's an heiress.

AXEL

She was on my flight over. She's a stewardess.

On Lionel's take - we see that indeed she is - Emily - the stewardess who kept asking Vanessa if Axel was bothering her.

The ball slots out in #3 and Emily doesn't make a sound as all her remaining chips are swept aside by the croupier. She reaches into her handbag for more cash - bundles of American bills held together by rubber bands - which she tosses across the table toward the pit boss.

EMILY

Convert that to pounds and  
bring me more chips, would you?  
I'll be right back.

ANGLE - LADIES RESTROOM

Emily exits - nearly walking into a waiting Axel. She recognizes him - and takes a surprised step backwards.

AXEL

Fasten your seatbelt - we're in  
for a little chop.

INT. BAR OFF OF THE CASINO AREA

Axel roughly deposits Emily into a wingback chair - grabbing the armrests and hovering over her.

AXEL

Why don't we start with whose  
money it was you were pissing  
away on the roulette wheel.

EMILY

Why don't you get your goddammed  
hands offa me.

She tries to get up, but Axel shoves her back into the chair violently enough to concern Lionel.

LIONEL

Axel...

AXEL

My name's Axel Foley.

EMILY

Yeah, I know who you are.  
Vanessa's cop friend.

AXEL  
How do you know I'm a cop?

EMILY  
I heard you say so on the plane.

AXEL  
(the light dawns)  
Who did you tell?  
(she stares)  
Who did you tell?! Vanessa's  
dead.

The shock in her eyes seems quite genuine. Shaw and a phalanx of his men - Filby, McGuinness and two other knucklebreakers sweep into the bar out of the casino.

SHAW  
You seem to be upsetting my clientele.

AXEL  
Personal business.

SHAW  
Not here. Show her to a taxi.

McGuinness makes a grab for Emily's arm. As Axel gets in his way, the goons quick step him up against the nearest wall - pinning him to it like a Van Gogh. As McGuinness leads a frightened Emily from the room, Lionel tries to step to her aid and Filby puts a restraining hand on his chest. Lionel slugs it away.

LIONEL  
Don't do that again.

AXEL  
(to Shaw)  
Besides the thousand dollar suit,  
just who the fuck are you supposed  
to be?

SHAW  
You're American.

AXEL  
You're pretty sharp. Now see if  
you can guess my weight.

SHAW  
You told my people you were from  
the Clubs Division.

AXEL

I lied.

SHAW

Ah. Well my name's Shaw and this is my club. Besides being a sootie in cheap clothes and a borrowed tie - just who the fuck are you?

AXEL

A friend of the lady you just waltzed out of here.

SHAW

A close friend I'm sure.

AXEL

That was my fucking money she was gambling with.

SHAW

(reacts)

Was it indeed?

AXEL

The bitch has ripped me off for the last time.

SHAW

Let him go.

The goons release Axel. Shaw turns to Lionel.

SHAW

And who are you?

AXEL

He's with me.

LIONEL

(his best Americanese)

Yeah - what's it to ya?

SHAW

I have no intention of returning any money which was lost at my tables. Bad policy. So if you expect to be reimbursed - I suggest you take it up with your lady friend.

AXEL

Count on it.

The cops leave - the 2 goons making sure they find their way out. Shaw, grim-faced, storms back into the casino.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE ORCHID CLUB - NIGHT

Axel and Lionel head for the Peugeot.

LIONEL

That was all quite lovely. What happened?

AXEL

How'd you like to be the cop who finally wraps a ribbon around Alistair Shaw?

LIONEL

You think he was involved in Vanessa's murder?

AXEL

Nothing personal Sherlock - but that limey bastard's dirtier than a rat's ass.

INT. SHAW'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Shaw storms back in to find Livesay pouring himself a drink.

SHAW

Put it fucking down!

He does as he's told.

SHAW (cont'd.)

When you did that woman - I thought I told you to remove any identification from her body before you dumped it.

LIVESAY

I did - you have it all...

SHAW

(like a caged animal)  
It's all too close. I can't take the risk - not with Gideon due in tomorrow...

INT. HOTEL ROOM / CHURCHILL HOTEL - NIGHT

Emily, visibly upset, stands with the phone in her hand. We can hear the incessant ring - but there's no answer.

She slams the phone into its receiver, grabs an overnight bag off the bed and heads for the door. As she opens it - SHE SCREAMS. She steps back inside as Axel steps in.

AXEL

We didn't finish our conversation.

EMILY

Is she really dead? Oh my God, it's my fault.

AXEL

Your fault?

EMILY

I was doing a favor for some people - something sort of illegal. I got Vanessa involved and I thought she told you and you were there to arrest me. I got scared so I told somebody.

AXEL

Who?

EMILY

I don't know his name. A guy from the casino.

AXEL

What is it you were smuggling past customs?

EMILY

Money. Lots of cash.

AXEL

Like the stuff you were losing tonight at the Orchid?

(she nods)

We gotta get outta here. If I can find you, so can someone else.

INT. ELEVATOR (MOVING)

Axel stares at the floor numbers lighting up overhead, willing the elevator to go faster. Emily is a ball of raw nerve ends next to him.

EMILY

Why would someone else want to find me?

AXEL  
Because they're playing for big  
stakes. Amateurs don't kill cops.

EMILY  
What cops?

AXEL  
Vanessa was an undercover cop.

INT. LOBBY

Axel leads a shocked Emily off the elevator - through the lobby and out into the street - toward Lionel who waits by the park across from the hotel - standing by the open trunk of the Peugeot - getting a jacket to put on.

EMILY  
Who's he?

AXEL  
Scotland Yard. Keep walking.

The two of them run to beat an oncoming double deck bus. Axel opens the back door of the car for her as the bus thunders past. Behind it - a sedan slows.

AXEL  
Let's haul ass.

Peter Livesay, at the wheel of the sedan, pulls a black hood down over his face, and FIRES A SINGLE SHOT from his revolver - the bullet striking Emily in the throat.

She slams against the car and falls to the pavement as the sedan accelerates. Axel jumps to the open trunk - grabs Mrs. Cobb's confiscated shotgun - and takes off on the dead run into the park - cracking open the gun as he goes - seeing a single shell in one chamber. He pops out on the other side through an opening in the wrought iron fence just as the sedan speeds past - and FIRES - BLASTING out the rear windshield of the car.

The sedan fishtails slightly before Livesay regains control and takes a hard left - going out of sight.

Before Axel can regain his breath - Lionel runs up. Agitated would be a severe understatement of his condition.

LIONEL  
I'm finished! I've thrown in  
with a lunatic! Are you mad?!  
Is that it?!

A BOBBY walks calmly up the street toward Axel, he speaks quietly into his shoulder-mounted walkie talkie.

LIONEL (cont'd.)

You know - a good solicitor might be able to make something of that strain of insanity on my mother's side of the family.

BOBBY (to Axel)

You sir - are pinched. The weapon if you please. Barrel first, there's a good lad. Thank you, sir.

AXEL

This is the most polite city I have ever been in in my entire life.

INT. SNOW HILL POLICE STATION - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Axel sits alone, shackled to a bench as a SERGEANT speaks to a wiry, nattily-dressed man of 50. MARTIN.

SERGEANT

Take a seat if you would Martin. Just there - by that gentleman.

Martin walks over and sits on the bench next to Axel.

AXEL

Hi Martin. Axel Foley.

MARTIN

How do you do yank. What's the charge?

AXEL

Tried to shoot someone.

MARTIN

(cocks an eyebrow)  
Serious business.

AXEL

How about yourself?

MARTIN

Screwed an appliance shop.  
Nicked meself a right nice telly.  
Sony. 27 inch...  
(tugs at his belt)  
Should've used a hand cart. I  
aggravated me hernia...

(MORE)

MARTIN (cont'd.)

(whispers)

I'm wearing a truss. Binds on me  
a wee bit.

AXEL

They'll do that. It's tough trying  
to run with those big sets.  
That how you got caught?

MARTIN

Videotape...

(points at ceiling)

High crime area, so they tell  
me. Police went and put cameras  
on the roof. Took me picture  
coming out of the shop.

AXEL

Had it staked out.

MARTIN

No. Just a camera. Got me  
summons in the mail - with me  
picture attached. 72 hours to give  
meself up. So here I am.

AXEL

(staring)

You got arrested by mail?

(Martin nods)

Get the fuck outta here.

MARTIN

True enough yank. Here I sit -  
all trussed up and ready to be  
charged.

AXEL

I've heard of honor among  
thieves - but this is crazy.

MARTIN

That it is.

AXEL

They get this sorta shit going  
in Detroit and I'm out of a job.

A door opens and Lionel comes out of an office along with  
Drusilla. It seems Axel was busted in her precinct. Lionel  
bends to unlock the cuffs from Axel's wrist - whispering  
to him as he does so.

LIONEL

Very peculiar. Drusilla's become uncharacteristically humane. You're to be let go without charges.

He straightens up and hands the cuffs and key back to Drusilla.

DRUSILLA

Lionel - might I have a brief word with Detective Foley?

LIONEL

Of course.

DRUSILLA

And Lionel...

She goes to him and gets up on tiptoe to plant a kiss on his cheek. Startled, he touches the kissed spot with his fingertips. Now thoroughly confused, Lionel turns - making an aside to Axel as he walks past him.

LIONEL

Something hormonal I should think.

He leaves and Drusilla addresses Axel.

DRUSILLA

You failed to give me a very clear picture of the danger involved with this situation.

AXEL

You understand the need for secrecy.

DRUSILLA

Yes, but there's only so much I can do with open warfare in my streets.

AXEL

And it's appreciated. We'll be in touch.

He leaves before she's able to get any more information out of him. She looks unsatisfied. Martin smiles up at her from the bench.

DRUSILLA

Hallo Martin.

MARTIN

Madame.

## CLOSE-UP - NECKLACES

lying atop a desk blotter - 2 of them. The initials "VD" in gold and a small pearl-encrusted crucifix. Vanessa's. A gloved hand reaches into frame and scoops them up.

## ANGLE - SHAW'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Shaw drops the necklaces into his pocket as Peter Livesay knocks and enters.

LIVESAY

It's done.

SHAW

Any problems?

LIVESAY

The bleedin' wog she was with almost took me head off.

SHAW

You didn't use a casino car?

LIVESAY

No. Pinched one from 'round the corner. Left it by Marble Arch.

SHAW

A good nights work then.

## INT. SHAW'S BENTLEY (MOVING) - NIGHT

As Livesay drives, Shaw, in the back seat, reaches for the cellular carphone and dials a number.

SHAW

(into phone)

Alvin Tosh.

## INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT

off the Portobello Road. In a back room - filled with chairs and tables. A West Indian WOMAN enters the room, where ALVIN TOSH, a 27-year-old Jamaican with a gold tooth and thickly muscled upper torso, is "antiquing" a chair - by slapping at the arms and legs with a piece of chain wrapped in a soft cloth.

WOMAN

Alvin - telephone.

He looks up from his work. It should be scary just to look at this man.

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING)

Shaw presses a button - raising an opaque sound shield between the front and rear seats...

SHAW

It's Shaw. I have a job for you.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD / MURDER SQUAD OFFICES - NIGHT

As Lionel works feverishly at a computer terminal on Cullen's desk, Axel rifles Thornhill's desk - pulling out folders and leafing through them.

LIONEL

...No access to their files.  
Cullen's blocked it with an "Eyes  
Only" code. Entry through Westcott,  
Jeffries - Office of the Exchequer,  
Decter - FBI...

AXEL

Hold it. What was that last name?

INT. LOBBY - U.S. EMBASSY - GROSVENOR SQUARE - NIGHT

Axel waits in the vast, ornate lobby - eyeing a MARINE in full dress uniform who stands at ease beside Lionel.

AXEL

(to Marine)

I know some ladies who are  
looking for a few good men. You  
interested?

MARINE

In a New York minute, sir.

Decter enters the room, dressed in a tuxedo, accompanied by a second Marine.

AXEL

You threw a party and didn't  
invite us?

DECTER

What's the big noise Foley?

AXEL

Another stewardess from my flight  
got herself capped. But I don't think  
she was one of yours.

DECTER  
 Jesus Christ! Don't tell me  
 you've been on this case!

AXEL  
 We just happened to be sight-  
 seeing in the neighborhood where  
 she was killed.

Decter looks at Lionel.

LIONEL  
 True.

AXEL  
 And he doesn't lie. The Brits  
 have a much more highly developed  
 sense of honor than we do.

DECTER  
 Let's go somewhere and talk,  
 shall we?

INT. TOWER OF RAMSGATE PUB - NIGHT

Peter Livesay, surrounded by admirers, male and female,  
 regales them with a story of his prowess as a thief.

LIVESAY  
 We'd nick all sorts of mixed gear.  
 Fur coats, jewelry, sterling silver  
 tea sets...

A lone figure making his way through the pub sidles up  
 alongside Livesay - surreptitiously dropping something  
 into the pocket of his sportscoat before bumping his arm  
 and spilling his drink down the front of his shirt.

LIVESAY  
 Stupid bastard!

Alvin Tosh, the gold-toothed Jamaican, smiles apologetically.

TOSH  
 Sorry Guv-nor.

LIVESAY  
 Sorry won't do the trick, you  
 bloody wog!

TOSH  
 Go and shag yourself then.

Livesay grabs Tosh by his lapels and gets in his face.

LIVESAY .

Before you go and put me off my drink altogether - why don't you hand over a couple of quid for me liquor and the price of a fresh shirt - or I'll be forced to do you a regrettable injury.

TOSH

Get stuffed.

Livesay gives Tosh a wicked smile - Tosh returns it in kind. They hold this way for a long moment as others watch the stand-off.

Then slowly, the smile evaporates from Livesay's lips and the color drains out of his face. He turns loose Tosh's lapels - takes a single unsteady step back - sinks to his knees - a large red splotch spreading out like a deadly inkblot across his stomach - and pitches face first to the floor.

It's a confused moment before any of the other patrons realize what's happened, before someone goes to Livesay's aid. And as they do, Tosh calmly turns, knife in hand, and walks out. By the time anyone thinks to look for him, he's gone. And Livesay's dead.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

A large oil painting of Washington crossing the Delaware takes up most of one wall. Lionel stands beneath it - giving the Father of Our Country a dirty look.

DECTER

Goddammit!! This isn't your case!  
(to Lionel)

What're you just standing there for?!

LIONEL

I've come to know Mr. Foley as an irresistible force - and I for one - have chosen to throw in with him - and ride the whirlwind.

AXEL

These boys can talk some shit, can't they. So - educated guess - it's a money laundering scam.

Decter begins to pace.

AXEL

You show me yours - and I'll  
show you mine.

DECTER

DEA busted a pilot doing a  
weekly milk run with 2 kilos of  
coke. He cut a deal - gave them  
the name of a stew who had a  
similar junket going - muling hot  
money out of Chicago on international  
flights. They gave it to Treasury.

AXEL

Who borrowed Vanessa from Chicago  
vice and made a flight attendant  
out of her.

DECTER

(nods)

After 3 months on the job -  
crying the blues over her lack  
of disposable income - our target,  
Emily Draper...

AXEL

The second stewardess.

DECTER

...drops a few hints about how  
she knows of a way maybe Vanessa  
can pick up a little extra folding  
money once or twice a month.

AXEL

Smuggling mob money to England.

DECTER

But we never got to where it  
went or how it got washed. It was  
her first run - and she got made.

AXEL

Thanks.

(he turns to go)

DECTER

Wait a minute! I showed you mine.

AXEL

I'm not really on the case, remember? And it's certainly not your jurisdiction. It's just a game - and you play it better than I do.

He and Lionel head out, Decter shouting after them.

DECTER

When you get your sphincter in a vise you sonofabitch - don't come running to me! I don't know you!

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT

Theatre and movie marquees light the early a.m. hour in garish neon displays. London's version of Times Square. The two cops walk through the milling crowds.

LIONEL

I'm still a bit muddled.

AXEL

In the States - cocaine, hookers, whatever - generate huge profits. Instead of re-investing the dirty money into other illegal shit, the Mob would rather clean it up - go legit - buy real estate - construction companies - but they can't do that without explaining to the tax people where the dough came from in the first place...

LIONEL

(catching on)

So they give this illegal gain to airline personnel who smuggle it past customs...

AXEL

They did it right under our noses. It's perfect. The stewardesses take the cash - convert it into chips at Shaw's casino and lose it on the tables.

LIONEL

And if they win?

AXEL

That's the beauty of it - they can't win - because they'd just keep on gambling til they've lost. That's why Emily let that 60 thou ride after her number hit. That's how it's done. Then the house declares it as winnings - Hiram Cobb makes sure the taxes get paid and boom - clean money.

LIONEL

The question remains - who's Shaw's American partner? Where does the money go next? And can you prove any of it?

EXT. TOWER OF RAMSGATE PUB - 1:30 A.M.

An unmarked car pulls up with its blue bubble lights flashing. A tired Thornhill and Cullen get out and go inside

THE PUB

where the crowd from earlier has dispersed, with the exception of a few eyewitnesses to the stabbing, the bartender, 2 Bobbies and a forensic team.

Thornhill approaches the body of Peter Livesay - now on his back. His shirt front is blood-soaked.

BOBBY

Name's Peter Livesay.

THORNHILL

What's he to do with us?

BOBBY

Your names were on the contact sheet, sir. The bulletin? When we inspected the body - these fell out of the deceased's pocket.

He holds up Vanessa's necklaces - as they glint in the light from the police photographer's flash - CUT TO:

INT. WESTCOTT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Axel and Lionel enter to find Thornhill and Cullen lighting their victory cigars - given them by Westcott - who already smokes one of his own.

The Chief Inspector holds the necklaces up in one hand - displaying them to Axel.

WESTCOTT

We have our murderer, Foley.

AXEL

You made an arrest?

WESTCOTT

Justice has already been meted out after a fashion. The murderer was himself murdered - last night. Altercation in a pub in the East End.

LIONEL

Who was it?

WESTCOTT

Chap called Livesay.

THORNHILL

Peter Livesay. Well known hooligan. Had a record for this sort of business.

CULLEN

Driver for Alistair Shaw.

Axel and Lionel exchange looks.

WESTCOTT

I'd give buggar-all to lay my hands on that slag...

LIONEL

That's the end of it then?

WESTCOTT

Short of chatting up Mr. Shaw to let him know we're on the job.

THORNHILL

We'll get onto that straightaway. He's riding at the Queen's Club. See if we can't muck it up a bit, let his new crowd see who they're playing with.

Thornhill and Cullen exit, trailing great clouds of smoke which Lionel endeavors to wave away.

WESTCOTT

Take a bow, Foley - job well done giving us descriptions of her jewelry. That and a sharp eyed constable broke this case. After all the intrigue, it appears to have been a street robbery gone very wrong.

AXEL

Based on those necklaces on his body?

WESTCOTT

And 200 American dollars in the glovebox of his car along with a pair of hand-stitched Italian driving gloves. Her post mortem told us she'd been beaten by an assailant wearing gloves. We were able to photograph the stitch pattern from Vanessa's skin... It was a perfect match.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Lionel's Peugeot comes screeching out of the parking lot.

LONDON STREET

The car speeds past Cleopatra's Needle.

INT. PEUGEOT (MOVING) - DAY

AXEL

Livesay might've done the actual killing - but Shaw's in it up to his fucking eyebrows.

EXT. QUEEN'S POLO CLUB - WINDSOR - DAY

The final chukker of the charity match is being played in front of bleachers filled with well-dressed FANS.

Shaw, riding at near full gallop, scores to the delight of the assembled crowd.

POLO CLUB PARKING AREA

The Peugeot pulls in near the paddock area and the 2 cops move toward the playing field. As they get closer, they can see Shaw dismount his horse and begin to shake hands all around as Thornhill and Cullen push their way toward him. Thornhill questions Shaw, but we can't hear what's said.

CLOSER TO THE GROUP - Shaw's smile fades as Thornhill badgers him and Cullen begins to take pictures of those closest to Shaw. One man looks decidedly camera shy.

THORNHILL

Then you've nothing to say?

SHAW

Livesay always was ham-fisted.  
Enough pictures, all right?...  
It was only a matter of time  
til he got himself done in...  
(to Cullen)

Enough fuckin' photos mate!

Shaw walks away from them and leans in close to whisper to the camera shy man, whose style of dress seems to set him apart from the rest of the crowd.

ANGLE - ON AXEL AND LIONEL

Axel paying very close attention to the man with whom Shaw is so suddenly chummy - blocking him from camera view.

AXEL

Carl Gideon.

LIONEL

Who?

AXEL

The guy with Shaw. He's a rackets guy out of Detroit. Heavy "family" connections.

LIONEL

The American partner?

AXEL

Does the pond ripple when a duck farts?

LIONEL

I never thought about it actually.

AXEL

(heads for car)  
Time to talk to our accountant.

LIONEL

(following)  
The business about the duck and the pond - was that meant to be rhetorical?

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

HIRAM COBB, a Roddy McDowell type, dressed in a suit and tie even now, just puttering with his orchids, whistles.

INT. COBB HOUSE

Mrs. Cobb leads Axel and Lionel toward the back stairs.

MRS. COBB

I'll bring some tea and biscuits.

LIONEL

Lovely. We'll show ourselves the way - no sense troubling yourself with the stairs.

She turns back as they head downstairs.

AXEL

That American accent you invented in the casino - can you do it again?

LIONEL

After 48 hours with you I suspect I can turn a phrase.

AXEL

Follow my lead.

INT. GREENHOUSE

The cops enter. Cobb never looks up from his orchids.

HIRAM

Mind the door Mother.

AXEL

We're here to have a look at the books Hiram.

HIRAM

(looks up)

Do I know you gentlemen?

AXEL

We work for Carl Gideon.

HIRAM

I see. Perhaps I should telephone Mr. Shaw.

AXEL

Perhaps you should just show us - because Mr. G. thinks he's getting fucked on the accounting.

HIRAM

Absolutely untrue. I'm rather scrupulous with my numbers.

AXEL

Show me.

HIRAM

Quite impossible.

Lionel steps forward to loom over the much shorter Cobb.

LIONEL

Show us your fuckin' books or I'll shove that green thumb of yours so far up your ass you'll be shittin' outta yer ears.

Axel's impressed. SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COBB'S HOME OFFICE

Hiram sits quietly in a corner - watching nervously as Axel goes through his ledgers. Mrs. Cobb comes in with a plate of homemade cookies which she offers to Lionel.

MRS. COBB

Biscuit?

He takes one as she offers the plate to her son, who takes one as well. Axel and Lionel huddle together - Axel with 2 ledgers open on the desk - leafing through each - checking columns of numbers, initials, profit and loss...

INSERT

as Axel's finger runs along a column of initials - mostly "AS" and "CG", with occasional "MP".

AXEL (V.O.)

Alistair Shaw - Carl Gideon...

ANGLE - OFFICE

AXEL

(flips pages)

Every other Thursday is your big day Hiram - the casino's take always goes up close to half a million.

LIONEL

That's remarkable.

Lionel's so impressed that he forgets he's supposed to play "American". Hiram notices, but says nothing.

AXEL

I ran numbers in my formative years.

He grabs the second ledger - thumbs through it - each page has the heading "KW" - while underneath are three columns - dates - amounts and parcel numbers - i.e., "2/22 - PARCEL #237 - £12,700."

AXEL (V.O.)

You tend the flowers and pay the taxes, right Hiram?

ANGLE - OFFICE

AXEL (cont'd.)

...and then pretty much anything goes - Rolls Royce dealerships, restaurants, land?

(looks at ledger)

Parcel 146 - parcel 232...That what this is Hiram? A real estate deal? Who's KW?

(The following comes quickly - with all the talk overlapping.)

MRS. COBB

Hiram - will your friends be staying to dinner?

HIRAM

I'm at a loss, dear...

LIONEL

KW? It's not a who - it's a what. Knightsbridge Walk...

(Hiram reacts)

Shaw was in the committee meeting at the House of Commons...

MRS. COBB

(to Lionel)

Steak and kidney pie - potatoes - and a wonderful claret...

LIONEL

...when that dotty woman set  
loose the pigeons.

AXEL

Lots of acreage here Hiram -  
whole lotta money changing hands.  
Give me a ballpark figure.

HIRAM

I'd rather not.

Lionel takes a step toward him...

HIRAM

Four and one half million  
pounds. Give or take.

AXEL

(figuring)

Close to 8 million American?

HIRAM

Give or take.

AXEL

Hiram - I'd hate to blow a lot  
of cold air on those beautiful  
orchids of yours...

HIRAM

No...

AXEL

I think we can do some business.

HIRAM

Yes?

AXEL

And all you have to do - is  
nothing. Keep your mouth shut -  
say nothing about our little visit  
and just go on playing with your  
paphiopedelium.

HIRAM

You don't really work for Mr.  
Gideon - do you?

AXEL

No. We lied to you Hiram. The truth is - Mr. Smythe-Hinton here is with Scotland Yard and I'm with the F.B.I. My name's Decter.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY

Lionel stands very still - arms outstretched - covered with pigeons. Axel sits on the edge of a nearby fountain - holding a newspaper full of "chips" which he alternately eats and throws at the birds - not really feeding them - more like he's trying to knock them from their human perch.

LIONEL

You've shown me aspects of police work I didn't know existed.

AXEL

They don't. I make 'em up as I go...Shaw's got a shitload of Gideon's money tied up in this Knightsbridge deal...

LIONEL

But it's public property.

AXEL

He knows something - he's got a fix in somewhere - inside information. That pigeon lady was yelling about condominiums and Army bases...

LIONEL

What do you suspect it is?

AXEL

Shaw's buying the property because he knows the government needs that land for a new Army base...The entries in Cobb's ledger - "AS" - Alistair Shaw. "CG" - Carl Gideon. "MP", MP... MP's not a person - it's a thing. Military Police...

LIONEL

Wait a moment - it's not military police. "MP"'s a British abbreviation. It stands for Member of Parliament. ...Nightingall...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOCKLANDS / EAST END - DAY

A picturesque area of new building - old wharves converted into upmarket shops and housing - fronting the river. The Docklands Light Rail - red, white and blue 3-car trains - pass nearby on an elevated platform.

LIONEL (V.O.)

...He chairs the Knightsbridge Land Committee and Shaw was there at the meeting. And later - when we were at the casino - the MP was there as well - coming from Shaw's private office.

Lionel and Axel walk along the waterfront as a small helicopter approaches. Lionel takes deep lung-filling breaths as they reach a cobblestoned area.

LIONEL

Smell the spice? These were the old meat and drink wharves. Now it's all condominiums - appealing to your upwardly mobile yuppie wankers.

AXEL

They're all scum.

LIONEL

Some of these lot sell for a million pounds.

AXEL

Rich scum.

LIONEL

Alistair Shaw grew up here. He may have moved to a posh mansion in the country - but this is where his money lives.

The helicopter draws closer - its rotors hacking at the scented air with a soft whoosh, settling gently to the cobblestoned area. Axel and Lionel shout above the din.

AXEL

Any dirt on this Nightingall guy?

LIONEL

The tabloids claim his wife likes to live beyond their means - and he tends to drink to excess.

Nightingall climbs out of the helicopter, walking to them as the chopper rises up and takes off again, going back out across the water.

NIGHTINGALL

Detective Smythe-Hinton, is it?

LIONEL

How do you do, sir. Detective Axel Foley - from the States.

NIGHTINGALL

Forgive my dramatic arrival. I was doing an aerial surveillance of some property. Big vote in chambers tomorrow. So - you were somewhat oblique on the telephone.

AXEL

What's your relationship with Alistair Shaw?

Nightingall has clearly been caught up short by Axel's full frontal assault.

NIGHTINGALL

You're an American police officer, are you not?

AXEL

Yeah - where we call that answering a question with a question.

LIONEL

Mr. Shaw is a suspect in a murder case.

NIGHTINGALL

His reputation has been called to task on occasion. Still in all, what has this to do with me?

AXEL

Spend much time at the Orchid Club?

NIGHTINGALL

It's an occasional diversion.

AXEL

Lose much?

NIGHTINGALL

In point of fact, I've won enough at baccarrat to buy myself a Ferrari.

AXEL

Nice wheels - I've driven one myself. How about your wife? She gambles - she loses - you drink?

NIGHTINGALL

Apparently the tale of the ugly American is not apochryphal.

AXEL

I only know what I read in the newspaper.

LIONEL

Unlike my friend here, I really have had occasion to peruse the scandals...

(hesitates...)

...Might there be some truth to the rumours as to certain sexual peccadilloes?

AXEL

Peccadilloes?

LIONEL

And might Mr. Shaw be in possession of proof of such?

NIGHTINGALL

(clearly upset)

Excuse me won't you.

He starts to walk away from them, but Lionel calls out.

LIONEL

You're in the game Nightingall. Blackmail, isn't it?

Nightingall stops and slowly turns back - his look says it all. Axel is impressed.

AXEL

Damn Sherlock - I think you  
just hit yourself a tater.

NIGHTINGALL

As much as I'd relish seeing  
Alistair Shaw drawn and quartered,  
my particular problem is beyond  
the realm of police authority.

AXEL

Hey - my whole career's beyond  
the realm.

NIGHTINGALL

(considering)

There's a videotape in his casino  
safe.

AXEL

You getting your windows squeegeed  
by someone other than Lady Nightingall?

NIGHTINGALL

There is an indiscretion involved,  
yes. And with the Knightsbridge  
vote close - he's using it to  
coerce me into being the tiebreaker.  
If the property's zoned for  
commercial use - it will quite  
literally treble in value overnight.

AXEL

(impressed)

Making it worth close to 25  
million dollars.

NIGHTINGALL

That's the figure he's used.

AXEL

But if we can get the tape -  
return it to you - and you changed  
your vote - Shaw gets fucked -  
his partners are out a fortune -  
and very unhappy.

LIONEL

That's tantamount to murder.

AXEL

If I were Shaw - and had the choice between dealing with an angry Carl Gideon - or going to Scotland Yard and pleading guilty to murder in exchange for protective custody - I think I'd play it safe.

NIGHTINGALL

You'd intercede on my behalf?

AXEL

I have a very personal interest in this.

NIGHTINGALL

That tape is worth the price of my vote - which means it's quite literally worth millions. I don't know how you expect him to give it to you.

LIONEL

(deadpan)

Don't ask. You don't really want to know. I know I don't.

EXT. ORCHID CLUB - NIGHT

As gamblers enter, Axel and Lionel - decked out in their best suits - watch from up the street. Axel watches as 2 stretch limousines stop in front of the club and the uniformed DOORMEN hustle to open the passenger doors.

A white robed ARAB in flowing gown and checked kaffiyeh steps out along with his entourage of suited, male bodyguard types.

AXEL

Let's go.

Axel hustles along - Lionel falling in step - going to hold the doors to the club for the Arab and his people to flow inside - Axel and Lionel flowing right in along with them - hovering inconspicuously at the back of the pack.

INT. ORCHID CLUB / MAIN ENTRANCE

A different BLONDE from earlier is behind the desk as The Arab signs the registry.

SHEIK

I have a dozen or so this evening.  
Mr. Alistair - is he in residence?

BLONDE

Expected shortly, Your Highness.  
Good luck.

The Sheik leads the way past the 2 tuxedoed GUARDS who do a rough head count, but little else, as the party enters the casino, Axel and Lionel bringing up the rear.

CASINO

A big crowd. Gamblers line the rails at all the tables. McGuinness, the manager, quickly spots the Sheik and hurries over.

MCGUINNESS

Sheik Faoud - how wonderful to see you. Will you be needing the salle privé ?

SHEIK

Perhaps later. For now I'll try my hand amongst the great unwashed.

McGuinness forces a smile as the Sheik goes to the nearest baccarat table - his entourage following - less Axel and Lionel - who've stolen off in another direction.

ANGLE - CASINO

They make their way to a rear corner of the casino proper and head up a short flight of stairs to a

HALLWAY

leading to the private offices. Axel spots the camera mounted in the ceiling near the door to Shaw's office and puts a restraining hand on Lionel's arm - pulling him back to the

STAIRS

AXEL

Camera. Wait here.

CASINO

Axel re-enters and looks around. Meanwhile...

## INT. SHAW'S PRIVATE OFFICE

where Filby - Shaw's other leg-breaker - is in a clinch with a BRUNETTE in evening wear. Very steamy goings on. While they roll around on the couch - on one of the monitors overhead - we see Axel in the

## CASINO BAR

where he watches as some gamblers take a respite from losing to drink. Near the elbow of one man - deep in his gin and tonic - is a large sterling silver lighter and a pack of cigarettes.

Axel sidles up to him, palms the lighter and smokes, and slips them into his pocket before leaving.

## INT. SHAW'S BENTLEY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Shaw rides in back, stone-faced, replacing the receiver of his cellular phone in its cradle. His new driver - a bit tidier looking than we've seen him previously - but just as menacing - is Alvin Tosh.

## CASINO

Axel rejoins Lionel on the stairs. He hands him a cigarette. Lionel eyes it.

LIONEL

I don't smoke.

AXEL

You do now.

## SHAW'S OFFICE

where Filby and his lady have begun to shed clothing. She heads, giggling, for the private bathroom - with Filby in hot pursuit.

## INT. CASINO SECURITY ROOM

where a GUARD studies a bank of video monitors - his attention drawn to the one showing the hallway outside of Shaw's office. He watches Axel and Lionel walking up the hall. They stop outside the door - Lionel - cigarette in mouth - feigns a search for matches - before turning to Axel.

They speak - but we HEAR NO SOUND.

## HALLWAY

Axel fishes the silver lighter from his pocket as if to give Lionel a light - but instead - he angles it in such a way that it catches the light from the overhead fixture and reflects it toward the bubble which conceals the video camera.

## CASINO SECURITY ROOM

where the hallway monitor begins to darken - slowly going to black as the light causes the lens to overcorrect and shut down. The guard taps at his monitor - adjusts a knob - then another...

## HALLWAY

where Lionel now holds the lighter, angling the beam as Axel KNOCKS on the office door.

## SHAW'S OFFICE

Empty. Filby and the brunette having adjourned to the bathroom - its door nearly closed - the sound of a running shower is audible.

## HALLWAY

where Axel jimmyes the lock open with a credit card and opens the door slowly --

## SHAW'S OFFICE

where the draft of air coming through tugs the bathroom door closed as Axel steps inside, followed by Lionel. Axel closes and locks the door from inside.

## SECURITY ROOM

The guard continues to fidget with the monitor - then watches as the screen slowly returns to normal - showing the now empty hallway. He shrugs.

## SHAW'S OFFICE

Axel and Lionel move quickly - searching for the safe - looking inside cabinets - behind pictures on the wall...

Lionel approaches a mirrored panel set into the mirrored wall and is about to touch it when he sees blinking red lights set into the framework at each corner.

He motions Axel over - pointing it out - along with a small keypad set into the wall alongside of the panel. It looks like a small hand-held calculator.

AXEL

Infra-red...We need the combination...Let's try to find something with his date of birth.

LIONEL

A bit simplistic, don't you think?

AXEL

I've seen it a hundred times - a guy buys the best safe he can afford - and then he's afraid he's gonna forget his combination.

He goes to Shaw's desk and rifles through his papers - Rolodex - drawers...

LIONEL

This is Britain. We're a touch more sophisticated here...

With that, he walks into the bathroom - looking around the steam-filled room. It takes a moment for the scene to register...

BRUNETTE

Oooh Simon...

Lionel looks to the opaque shower door where the brunette's bare ass is pressed up against the inside of the door. He raises an eyebrow - then backs slowly out into the office, softly closing the bathroom door as he goes.

As calmly as he can - Lionel turns to Axel.

LIONEL

We are not alone.

Axel - busy rifling the desk - looks up.

EXT. ORCHID CLUB

Shaw's Bentley slides to the curb and a doorman opens the door for Shaw to get out and enter the casino.

SHAW'S OFFICE

Axel continues the search as Lionel stands guard near the bathroom door - holding an antique vase overhead - ready to thunk whoever exits.

The shower water is still running - and intermittent yelps of sexual pleasure can be heard.

CASINO

where Shaw works his way through the crowd - stopping at various tables to greet the gamblers.

SHAW'S OFFICE - ON AXEL

in a desk drawer, as he snaps open the lid on a fancy box to find a Patek Philippe wristwatch. He snaps the lid closed - stops - opens it again - lifts the watch out - turns it over --

Engraved into the back of the watch is the following inscription: "Happy Birthday Darling 5-23-89 Love, P."

Axel smiles.

AXEL

Gemini. Figures. Hey Sherlock -  
How old you think Shaw is?

LIONEL

(sweating)

I don't know - 40s?

AXEL

Let's give it a try.

As Axel turns his attention to the safe - Lionel's gaze zooms in on one of the casino monitors - where he sees Shaw standing by the Sheik's side.

LIONEL

You might want to ask him  
yourself - he's in the bloody casino.

Axel, cool and efficient, punches combinations into the keypad.

AXEL

5, 23, 42 -- 5, 23, 43 --

Lionel's a wreck - trying to divide his attention between the monitor and his guard post outside the bathroom door - he takes quick steps in one direction - then back again - like a target in a shooting gallery.

LIONEL

(a loud whisper)

I told you - it lacks sophistication.  
Let's stop mucking about and  
get out of here.

AXEL

Five, 23, 44...

There's an audible CLICK, a WHIR, and the panel pops  
back and slides away to reveal the safe inside.

AXEL

Sophistication my ass.

Axel shoves aside packets of pound notes and ledgers to  
get at the videocassette in back. He pulls it out and  
displays it to Lionel. He puts down the vase and heads  
for the door.

LIONEL

God Save the Queen. Now what say  
we get the fuck out of here.

This time it's Axel who sees the monitor - the one showing  
the hall outside the office - and a fast approaching Shaw.

AXEL

(a harsh whisper)

Don't move.

Lionel freezes - his hand reaching for the doorknob. The  
sound of shower water stops - replaced by the sound of  
Shaw's key in the lock.

ANGLE - ON DOOR

as Shaw unlocks it and enters the empty office. He comes  
to an abrupt stop, the office door still open behind him.  
He looks at the clothing strewn on the floor.

FILBY (O.C.)

That's lovely...

Shaw moves to the bathroom door and throws it open to  
reveal Filby standing naked in front of the brunette -  
who's seated on the commode - similarly undressed.

NEAR THE OFFICE DOOR - Axel and Lionel steal out from  
behind a large hand-painted Chinese screen and duck out  
into the hall. A beat later, Axel doubles back in and  
grabs Filby's pants off the floor before exiting again.

SHAW  
Would you mind Simon - taking  
your shortcomings out of my  
office.

Filby hustles to wrap a towel around himself and squeeze past his boss - who stands looking at the brunette. She seems nonplussed.

FILBY  
My trousers...

SHAW  
Get out.

He does as he's told - in the towel. The brunette smiles at Shaw. He starts for his liquor bar - stopping - looks toward the safe - walks to it - punches in the code - watches the panel slide open. He looks inside - first calmly - then reaches in and pushes things around - he turns as McGuinness enters the office.

SHAW  
Good work Raymond.

As he responds, McGuinness' attention is drawn to the naked woman seated beyond the open bathroom door.

MCGUINNESS  
I assumed they were up to no  
good - the way they stole into  
the casino - I thought I should  
phone you.

SHAW  
You did the right thing. By  
the way - what is it they got  
away with?

PARAMOUNT LOGO

followed by the opening of the movie "Top Gun".

ANGLE - AXEL AND LIONEL

hunched over a VCR/TV hookup at Scotland Yard. These are not happy campers.

AXEL  
We've been fucked.

LIONEL  
Nightingall?

AXEL

We're on his side - he has no reason to double cross us. We must've been seen - somebody made a switch.

LIONEL

That's it then.

AXEL

Not yet it's not.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

A single desk lamp lights the room. Nightingall is on the phone with Lionel. (INTERCUT WITH HIM AT SCOTLAND YARD)

NIGHTINGALL

Splendid. But I shouldn't like it delivered here at my home.

As Lionel speaks, Axel is on an extension, one hand covering his mouthpiece, listening in.

LIONEL

No - we'll get it to you first thing in the morning - before you vote. And sir - might I suggest you take no other calls between now and then - no sense letting Shaw get through with any more threats.

NIGHTINGALL

I understand - mustn't tip our upper hand, eh?

LIONEL

Exactly sir. You'll be safe. We've posted a car to keep a watch on your home. Right. Sleep well.

(hangs up)

It's not going to work.

AXEL

We're the police. He trusts us. He's expecting a cassette - we'll give him a cassette.

LIONEL

But we don't have the right one.

AXEL

But he doesn't know that.

BIG BEN

Standing tall in a sunny London morning - chiming 10 o'clock.

CROWDED LONDON STREET - DAY

Lionel's Peugeot - with Axel leaning out the passenger window - is parked at a small traffic island. Lionel talks to one of four motorcycle MESSENGERS who've congregated here. He hands a large envelope to one of them along with some money. The man puts on his helmet and rides off.

M-4 MOTORWAY

The Peugeot travels along at high speed.

EXT. PARLIAMENT

The motorcycle messenger rides up - dismounts - and runs up the steps to the House of Commons.

INT. SNOW HILL POLICE STATION - DRUSILLA'S OFFICE

She's on the phone. Alone.

DRUSILLA

I'm to phone Thornhill straightaway and tell him that Shaw's meeting at his Rossway estate with a Carl Gideon from Chicago - and that it's something to do with the murdered policewoman...

(INTERCUT W/ AXEL ON THE MOBILEPHONE IN THE PEUGEOT)

AXEL

The information comes from you direct. Say you got it from one of your snitches.

DRUSILLA

You haven't put Lionel in any danger have you?

AXEL

No - he's right here - say hi.

He hands the receiver to Lionel.

LIONEL

All part of the game. Get straight on to Thornhill. Most urgent.

(he hangs up)

Bringing them in is the right thing to do. We mustn't take credit for this.

AXEL

Your career's on the ropes and you're in the doghouse with your Chief - the best thing you can do is crack this case and take credit.

LIONEL

Ultimately it would reflect badly on Westcott's judgment.

AXEL

His judgment's not what I'm worried about. We should've had your wife warn Thornhill to break out some weapons.

LIONEL

Not necessary. This is England, old son.

AXEL

I still think I'd feel better with Drusilla's blunderbuss in my hands.

On Lionel's "look", the Peugeot moves off the motorway and into the countryside outside of London.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS

Committee chambers. Members review their papers as a PAGE delivers the envelope to a nervous Nightingall. He opens the clasp - looks inside at the enclosed videocassette - places the envelope into his briefcase - wipes the sweat from his top lip and pours himself a glass of water.

ANGLE -

from a sparsely occupied Visitors Gallery where McGuinness, the casino manager, watches Nightingall bang his gavel to bring the meeting to order.

NIGHTINGALL

Final dispensation of Knightsbridge Walk. Any last bedate?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

where the Peugeot is parked off to one side as if it were disabled.

## DIRT ROAD

through a forested area. Wild quail pop out of their cover and run across the road as Axel and Lionel make their way.

AXEL

Hey Toto - I don't think we're  
in Kansas anymore.

They follow the road through the trees - slowing as they reach a clearing - careful to stay under cover as they peer through to the

## SHAW ESTATE

beyond - where we see Shaw's sprawling 18th century house. The dirt drive extends in front - where the Bentley and a Land Rover are parked. Beyond the main house stands a greenhouse, stables and an immense redwood barn.

To their left is an expanse of open lawn where sheep graze. It's the size of 2 football fields - complete with a large pond - and bordered in the distance by a stand of tall trees.

To their right is a fenced pasture where Shaw and Gideon thunder around on 3-wheel ATVs - mallets in hand - playing a spirited game of one-on-one motorized polo as Shaw's 3 polo ponies gallop playfully nearby.

LIONEL

Ah - the life of the idle rich.

AXEL

Your boys don't show soon to  
make some arrests and this whole  
thing's gonna go south.

LIONEL

Patience - Rome wasn't burned in  
a day.

## INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS / VISITORS GALLERY

The committee meeting has just adjourned - and as the members break into small groups to exchange handshakes - McGuinness gets up and makes a hurried exit.

## INT. SHAW'S MANSION - KITCHEN

Filby sits at a table, playing cards with Tosh - the Jamaican who knifed Livesay. The PHONE RINGS.

## IN THE TREES

where Axel and Lionel continue to watch Shaw and Gideon as they motor around like 2 overgrown kids.

AXEL

Five bucks says they've got guns.

A PIERCING WHISTLE gets everyones attention. They turn to see Filby emerge from the house.

FILBY

(shouting)

Raymond on the telephone!

Shaw and Gideon race their ATVs to a narrow gate in the fence and on through almost up to the front door. They dismount, shut off their bikes and go inside the house.

AXEL

Here's where it hits the fan.  
I don't wanna miss this. C'mon.

The two of them run toward the house - keeping low to the ground. The ponies run to the fence line to watch them. Crouching against the wall - the 2 cops pause to peek through the ground level windows as they go.

## INT. SHAW'S DEN

Gideon goes to the bar to pour himself a Johnny Walker as Shaw picks up the phone - mopping his brow with a hanky.

Two well-tended cats lie on the desktop - one jumping off to try for Gideon's attention while the other watches Shaw.

SHAW

Raymond...

The sharp features of Shaw's face seem to go doughy.

## OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

where the cops peer surreptitiously through the den window. Axel whispers to Lionel --

AXEL

Is that an Abyssinian?

He nods toward the cat on the desk. Lionel spies a look - turns back to Axel - nods in affirmation. They duck down out of sight.

LIONEL  
Hoover this place and I'll  
wager we find it was where  
Vanessa was murdered.

A LOUD CRASH from inside the house regains their attention.

INT. DEN

where Shaw has ripped the phone from the wall and sent it flying against the opposite wall - the cats scatter for cover. Gideon sets his drink down.

GIDEON  
Problem?

SHAW  
They voted to preserve Knights-  
bridge as a fucking sanctuary  
for birds!

GIDEON  
(livid)  
You stupid son-of-a-bitch!  
You said that fucking politician  
was bought and paid for!

The cats run out of the room, past Filby and Tosh who have appeared in the doorway. Tosh finds it all amusing, grinning and showing his gold tooth.

GIDEON (cont'd.)  
I've got a hot flash for you  
pal - my seven mil wasn't supposed  
to be risk capital.

SHAW  
I was betrayed.

GIDEON  
Hey - you got me confused with  
somebody who gives a fuck. I  
want my money.

SHAW  
(slumps into a chair)  
I'm sure we can work something  
out.

GIDEON

I'm listening - otherwise - I'll start with the deed to this house and your casino.

SHAW

I can give you a million now, I'll need some time to raise the rest. Will you take a check.

GIDEON

Hey - if it bounces - I'll come back and feed ya yer balls.

Shaw slides open a desk drawer - and comes out with a .45 automatic in his hand. The FIRST SHOT EXPLODES into Gideon's belly - rocking him back into a bookcase - blood splattering across a shelf of Dickens.

He wobbles to his right - the second and third SHOTS SMASHING into his chest - driving him backwards until he CRASHES through a window and lands on the

GROUND OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

right between Axel and Lionel. They look at the 3 gunshot wounds oozing all over Gideon's shirt.

LIONEL

They do have guns.

AXEL

No shit Sherlock.

DEN

Shaw walks calmly toward his two associates, gun in hand.

SHAW

(to Tosh)

Top off the tanks. We're leaving.

EXT. HOUSE

LIONEL

That's it then - from here on - Detroit rules.

AXEL

I hope you're ready for that shit.

They run for the rear of the house.

## KITCHEN

The 2 cops enter through an open screen door - moving quietly past the table with the unfinished poker hands - Axel points to one side and Lionel splits off and goes through a separate door as Axel goes straight into the

## FRONT ENTRYWAY

Expansive. High ceilinged. He inches his way toward a carpeted staircase leading upstairs - craning his neck along the bannister.

Suddenly - the barrel of a Walther PPK is pressed against the back of his neck - forcing AXEL's face against the bannister.

FILBY

You seem to be caught up a touch short, mate...

LIONEL (O.C.)

Freeze motherfucker.

He says it calmly - but with a strong dose of macho authority. Filby turns to face Lionel - levelling the gun at his gut.

Lionel closes the distance between them quickly - swatting the barrel of the gun aside - and rocking Filby with two crisp jabs to the jaw and a sharp right hook. Lights out.

Filby goes glassy-eyed - his knees get rubbery - and he crumples to the floor in sections - like a pop-up clown in a music box.

Axel looks at Filby - then at Lionel - he's astounded.

LIONEL

Boxing squad. Cambridge. '67.

AXEL

You were great. It was like looking in a mirror.

Lionel smiles. Outside a nearby window, Axel spots Tosh running across open ground - heading for the barn. He scoops up the gun.

AXEL

I'll see what Gold Tooth's up  
to - you find Shaw.  
(hands him the gun)

LIONEL

What's this?

AXEL

Detroit rules remember? Fuck  
the Marquis of Queensbury. Shaw's  
armed - he draws down on you -  
dump him.

Axel goes back out through the front door - Lionel looks  
around - and heads into the formal dining room.

UPSTAIRS - MASTER BEDROOM

where Shaw throws an aluminum briefcase onto the bed -  
dials the combination on the twin latches - pops them -  
and throws back the lid - revealing a million dollars  
worth of neatly bundled ten pound notes.

EXT. HOUSE

Axel watches Tosh go through a side door into the barn.  
A moment later - Tosh opens one of the huge wooden doors  
outward - doubles back inside and pushes open its twin -  
flooding the inside of the barn with sunlight - and  
revealing the Cessna aircraft tucked safely inside -  
single propellor aimed out - ready to go. As Tosh goes  
back into the barn -

Axel leaves his cover to break across the open ground to  
the side of the barn - shielding himself against the  
front wall - peeking around and inside

THE BARN

where Tosh stands by a petrol pump at the rear corner -  
feeding the gas nozzle into the plane's auxiliary tank  
and setting it on automatic.

AXEL

Going someplace?

Tosh steps around the wing to get a good look at Axel.  
He doesn't look impressed.

AXEL (cont'd.)

I hear Paris is lovely this  
time of year.

Tosh grins - the gold tooth prominent. He walks over to a wooden work table and picks up a four foot length of chain with a metal hook at one end - and begins to whip it in slow circles - walking straight at Axel.

He swings it viciously - Axel leaping to one side as the hook embeds itself in the wall - knocking a bunch of gardening tools to the dirt floor.

Tosh rips the hook free with one tug - and swings it again - Axel ducking it. He grabs for a long-handled rake which he waves at Tosh - who swings again - his chain snapping Axel's handle in two. Axel looks at the pieces in his hands before dropping them and retreating.

Tosh keeps stalking. Axel picks up a hoe - with a thick handle. He makes a few feeble chopping motions at Tosh who swings the hook once more. Axel deflects the shot - the hook glancing off the hoe - dislodging the fuel nozzle from the plane - a slow river of fuel snaking across the floor and puddling against the back wall of the barn.

Tosh whips the hook again - but this time - Axel catches the chain just right - and it snakes around the handle like a tetherball and holds tight. Axel chops down - burying the head of the hoe in the dirt - the motion pulling Tosh down with it - to where Axel can plant a knee into his face.

The blow drives the Jamaican back into the work table - his nose broken. He smears a palm across his face - looks at the blood - grins.

Axel uncoils the chain from the hoe - and now he starts to twirl the hook.

AXEL

C'mon asshole - I'll knock your  
dick through your socks.

Tosh contemplates the hook a moment - then backs up...

AXEL

Not so tough now, are ya?

Tosh turns to a large steel barrel - two-thirds filled with water. Resting inside the barrel is an outboard motor for a small boat.

Tosh tugs the start chain - firing up the engine - which he proceeds to lift out of the barnel with one powerful heft. He aims the spinning blade at Axel's face.

AXEL

Fuck this.

Axel swings the chain at Tosh - the propellor catching the hook - and ripping it out of Axel's grasp - flinging it against the side of the plane.

Axel steps back from Tosh's relentless onslaught - and trips over the hoe - going down. Tosh plunges the spinning blade at his eyes - Axel rolls away - the blade eating a hole in the dirt floor.

Axel takes cover near the work table - but Tosh attacks again - the propellor chewing through one leg of the table - collapsing it over Axel like a cover - spilling tools across the floor.

Next, the blade splinters through the table top - exiting on the other side only inches from Axel's face.

He rolls to one side - grabbing the table leg as he goes - swinging it like a baseball bat against Tosh's shins. Tosh screams out but stays on his feet - Axel rolls the opposite way - grabs the hoe again and hacks at Tosh - this time - the metal head embeds itself in the side of the outboard which flies out of Tosh's hands in a shower of sparks.

Axel body blocks Tosh into the side of the plane and both of them go down in a heap as the sparks arc up in a shower - coming ever closer to the pool of fuel at the back wall...

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM

Shaw re-enters the room carrying a handful of expensive jewelry which he adds to that already lying on top of the money in the briefcase. He slams the lid closed, re-latches the locks picks it up and walks out of the room to

THE UPSTAIRS LANDING

where waiting for him at the top of the stairs - is Lionel.

LIONEL

Alistair Shaw - you are under  
arrest for murder and conspiracy  
to pervert the course of Justice.

SHAW

Sod off.

Shaw pulls the .45 from his waistband - Lionel raises the Walther PPK - FIRING ONCE - the bullet thudding into the briefcase - the impact rocking Shaw back on his heels - causing his SINGLE SHOT to go off-line - splintering the bannister near Lionel's hand.

The wood shatters - Lionel loses his grip - stumbles back - misteps on the stairs - and goes crashing head over heels back on down to the hardwood floor below. Limp.

Shaw recovers - gallops down the steps - stopping at the foot of the staircase - standing over Lionel's body - aiming the gun at his face...The EXPLOSION outside the house gets his attention.

EXT. HOUSE

Shaw comes running out to find the back of his barn in flames. He runs full steam for the

BARN

where the fuel - ignited by a spark - has blown away the rear of the barn - a sheet of flame covers the ground outside - a section of the Cessna's tail is on fire.

Tosh and Axel - hurled forward by the concussion from the blast - lay on the ground under a wing - barely moving - their clothing smouldering.

Shaw pulls open the door on the pilot's side of the plane - tosses in the briefcase - grabs a fire extinguisher from under a seat -

Races to the rear of the plane and quickly extinguishes the flames on the tail. Then he climbs into the cockpit and fires up the engine.

INT. COCKPIT

The propellor catches immediately and begins to spin. Shaw throws switches - turns dials - and starts to taxi out of the barn.

## BARN

Tosh has raised himself up on one knee. Axel - still groggy - moves a bit. Tosh looks back at the fire behind him - the heat growing more intense - he rises shakily to his feet - and stumbles after the Cessna as it moves away from the barn.

INSIDE THE HOUSE, Lionel stirs and comes to.

OUTSIDE - Axel crawls away from the barn which is going up in flames all around him - and picks himself up as Tosh - jogging - leaps up onto the wing of the taxiing Cessna.

## INT. COCKPIT

Shaw steers the plane in a semi-circle across the dirt driveway - aiming it at the field for take-off. The side door pops open - and Tosh appears - about to climb inside. They look at one another for a second before Shaw shoots him between the eyes.

## OUTSIDE THE PLANE

Axel watches as Tosh's body tumbles back off of the wing. Shaw guns the engine - gathering speed as the plane taxis toward the open field.

Axel jumps onto one of the ATVs and takes off in pursuit of the plane.

A moment later - a dizzy Lionel stumbles out the front door - looks at the burning barn - to the taxiing Cessna - to Axel closing ground on the ATV.

## LIONEL

Bloody hell...

Gathering speed across the open field, the Cessna roars along - scattering sheep from its path - beginning to lift off - the wheels slipping up above the grass.

Axel guns the ATV up underneath the plane - its throttle wide open. He stands up on the seat and hooks an arm over the cross bar connecting the landing gear wheels - and kicks loose the ATV which flips over on its side.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT Shaw feels the added weight - struggling with the stick - trying to keep the plane's nose up.

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING)

Lionel at the wheel - ripping across the field in hot pursuit - as he watches Axel dangling from the Cessna's landing gear.

INT. COP CAR (MOVING)

Thornhill and Cullen finally arrive. Thornhill points out the road leading to Shaw's estate to Cullen who drives.

THORNHILL

There it is.

INT. COCKPIT

Shaw can't get the proper lift - he fights to keep the craft level - the left wing dipping suddenly as

OUTSIDE THE PLANE - Axel slides to his left, trying to hang on - 30 feet above the ground - as the plane heads straight at the trees...

AXEL

I hate flying!

IN THE COCKPIT - Shaw revs the engine - pulling back on the wheel with both hands - feverishly working the pedals at his feet - his eyes going wide as the trees loom dead ahead...

Outside - Axel looks down between his feet to see the sheep running beneath him - and gives up - lets go - and plummets - pinwheeling his arms - and splashing into the pond.

IN THE COCKPIT - the sudden lift comes too late - and Shaw throws his arms in front of his eyes as the plane hits the trees - huge branches smashing through the glass into his face.

IN THE BENTLEY - Lionel stares wide-eyed as the Cessna slams into the treetops - shearing off both wings - the fuselage plummeting down to the ground - its full tanks EXPLODING IN A WHOOSH - showering the trees with burning fuel.

Straight ahead, Axel treads water - watching the inferno - as a distracted Lionel slams on the brakes - sending the front end of the Bentley into the pond - a sheet of water washing over Axel from behind.

Near the main house, Thornhill's car exits the trees into the driveway just as a SECOND EXPLOSION rocks the downed plane, drawing Thornhill and Cullen's attention away from the burning barn.

Both men leap from their car and run toward the Cessna.

By the time Thornhill and Cullen reach the pond - breathless and wide-eyed - Lionel and Axel are sitting on the roof of the half-submerged Bentley - watching the trees burn.

AXEL

We waited for you guys as long as we could, then we decided to go ahead and take the test drive anyway.

LIONEL

The Bentley's a nice car - but we prefer the Jaguar.

They start to laugh as Thornhill and Cullen stare at them.

INT. WESTCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Westcott, bursting with pride, stands with Thornhill and Cullen, handing each of them a Cuban cigar. The murder squad detectives finger their respective cigars - looking ill at ease.

WESTCOTT

Splendid piece of work, gents.  
Splendid. Kudos all around. Tell me - how did you connect Gideon to Shaw?

Cullen responds - but there's something vaguely rehearsed about his answer.

CULLEN

I'd taken a number of pictures of Shaw at the polo match. We ran them through the INTERPOL photo ID computer and they gave us Gideon.

WESTCOTT

And the Jamaican - Tosh?

THORNHILL

One of Shaw's enforcers. We've established that he killed Livesay in the Tower of Ramsgate.

WESTCOTT

(aglow)  
Brilliant work.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

WESTCOTT (cont'd.)

Come.

Lionel and Axel enter the office.

WESTCOTT (cont'd.)

Ah Foley - I promised you results and here we are.

AXEL

I've heard all about it. It's all over the building. Congratulations. Accept my thanks on Vanessa's behalf.

Thornhill and Cullen stare at the floor. Westcott lights his own cigar, then goes to Thornhill with a lighter.

THORNHILL

Thank you sir, but I think I'll save it for later.

He puts the cigar in his pocket. Cullen does the same.

WESTCOTT

We Brits have our methods Foley. But they're tried and true, wouldn't you say?

AXEL

You've proven your point.

WESTCOTT

These men have not only solved your policewoman's murder, but crushed a multi-million dollar money laundering operation in the bargain. The assets of the late Mr. Shaw will be seized and sold at auction - the proceeds going to supplement our mutual law enforcement agencies.

(MORE)

WESTCOTT (cont'd.)  
 Magnificent gentlemen - really.  
 I can't tell you how proud I am.  
 The legend of Scotland Yard lives  
 on.

Thornhill looks to his partner - to Foley - but especially  
 to Lionel - it's in his eyes - he's going to spill it...

THORNHILL  
 Chief Inspector - there's  
 something else...

Lionel steps forward to shake Thornhill's hand - cutting  
 him off - wordlessly asking him to keep the secret the  
 four of them worked out in the field near Shaw's house.

LIONEL  
 To a job well done, Roger...  
 (looks at Cullen)  
 Tony. Inspector, excuse us.

Lionel and Axel leave the office.

WESTCOTT  
 Strange bird, that one.

Thornhill and Cullen look at one another.

INT. OFFICERS DINING ROOM / SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Axel and Lionel finish a light lunch as a WAITRESS  
 approaches with a beautiful plate of fresh fruit - pears,  
 apples, strawberries, grapes - and a bottle of champagne.  
 She sets it down on the table between them.

WAITRESS  
 Compliments of Inspector Thornhill.

As she walks off - Thornhill, Cullen, Davies and Langsford  
 all walk over and crowd around the table. For a long  
 moment - no one speaks.

THORNHILL  
 After you left Lionel - I'm  
 afraid we went ahead - and asked  
 Westcott to have you re-assigned  
 to our squad...

There's a long beat - while Lionel waits for the punchline.

THORNHILL (cont'd.)  
Soon as Foley here's done  
turning you into Dirty Bloody Harry.

Axel laughs.

CULLEN  
Westcott thought it was all  
some sort of joke - but we  
convinced him we were in earnest.

THORNHILL  
Whatever your reasons for keeping  
it from the C.I. - we all know  
where the credit belongs...

CULLEN  
Drusilla called to check on her  
"tip"...We told her what you did.  
I hope it doesn't violate your  
code of honour, old son, but she  
was really quite proud. Rightfully  
so.

Lionel, on the verge of getting choked up - lifts the  
plate of fruit and holds it out to them.

LIONEL  
Join us won't you?

THORNHILL  
Thanks - but we've brought our  
own.

And with that - all four murder squad detectives reach  
inside their jackets and extract bananas - which they  
peel in unison and begin to eat.

Lionel, teary-eyed at this salute from his comrades, fishes  
around in his pockets for a hanky. Axel comes to his rescue.

AXEL  
Enjoy the potassium boys. We  
gotta run. Lionel promised me the  
Tower of London for a look at the  
family jewels, then a run to Madame  
Tussaud's - I hear they had to  
shave 3 pounds of wax off of  
Michael Jackson's old nose.

Axel takes Lionel by the arm, grabs the champagne, and  
heads for the door. The 4 others watch them go - bananas  
in hand.

THORNHILL

Actually - Foley there's not a  
bad chap himself.

OVERLAP THE LOUD POP OF A CHAMPAGNE CORK.

INT. LIONEL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The DOORBELL CHIMES. Lionel comes from the kitchen to the  
foyer - carrying the open champagne bottle and 2 paper  
cups. The house is still devoid of furniture.

He opens the front door to find Drusilla - cardboard box  
in hand - flanked by Thornhill and Cullen - wide, toothy  
grins - arms full with packing crates - while in the  
street beyond sits a moving truck.

DRUSILLA

Hello hero...

Lionel's quite speechless.

DRUSILLA (cont'd.)

Lionel...Darling...I've come  
back to you.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Axel, in jeans and sneakers, pulls on a clean Mumford High  
t-shirt and turns to a forlorn Lionel who steps into the  
room - stopping to pour Axel a cup of champagne before  
taking a long belt directly from the bottle.

LIONEL

Drusilla's come back to me.

AXEL

She bring back the fucking beds?

LIONEL

(nods - drinks)  
Everything.

AXEL

So how come you look like that?

LIONEL

You've given me a small taste of  
adventure. You've shown me the  
man I can be - and that man is  
not at all sure that he wants  
Drusilla back.

AXEL  
You're shitting me.

LIONEL  
No - I shit you not.

AXEL  
You can always come back to  
Detroit with me.

LIONEL  
(perks up)  
Honestly?

AXEL  
The women back there ain't never  
seen nothing like you - I guarantee  
it.

LIONEL  
(enthusiastic)  
Really?

AXEL  
You'll have 'em cookin' you up  
some spotted dick in no time.

LIONEL  
What about a job?

AXEL  
I'll talk to Inspector Todd.  
He'd get a kick outta you. And  
you can always pick up some pocket  
change from the boys at the precinct.  
You can teach 'em English as a  
second language.

LIONEL  
You'd do all this for me?

AXEL  
You're a friend. I owe you one.

LIONEL  
(beaming)  
Now the question is - how do we  
get past Drusilla downstairs?

AXEL  
You have a back door out of here?

No. LIONEL

AXEL  
Where do you want one?

Lionel gets the joke. He smiles. Axel laughs the Foley laugh.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END.