

EDDIE MURPHY JUDGE REINHOLD JOHN ASHTON

BEVERLY HILLS COPS

screenplay by
Eric Dickson

based on characters
created by

Daniel Petrie, Jr.
and
Danilo Bach

FADE IN:

EXT. SHIPPING DOCK/PIER 13 - DUSK

SUPER: LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

A HEAVY CARGO FREIGHTER is moments from docking - and it's the most beautiful scene ever as the sun's BRIGHT ORANGE RAYS beam through the center of the ship, across the smooth water.

POV - BINOCULARS

Someone is watching the ship closely as these private eyes cover one end of the vessel to the other. The BUSY CREW prepare their eminent dock.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The binoculars lower to reveal HARRY PHAN (50s), Chinese, three thousand dollar suit and million dollar smile. Harry stands by his custom Mercedes limousine.

Out of the limo's backseat steps EDDIE STONE (50s), gray, bald, hard as a rock. He speed dials a number on his cell.

EDDIE
(into cell)
Move it in.

EXT. FRONT GATE/PIER 13 - DUSK

A small security cubicle sits next to a sliding chain-link gate aligned with barb wire. A heavy set GUARD pokes his head out a window as a PRIMO'S PIZZA DELIVERY VAN approaches.

GUARD
Can I get your name, please?

DRIVER
I got an order for twelve large
pepperonis.

The guard checks his clipboard. The driver plays it cool.

GUARD

I don't see you on the list.

DRIVER

Look, man. I don't know anything about who ordered what or none of that. I just deliver the pies. I was told to be here at exactly five forty five, on the dot.

The guard checks a wall clock which reads 5:45PM and spots the cargo ship approaching the docks. He gives the driver a heads up, opens the gate. The van enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HOLDING AREA - DUSK

Several DOCK WORKERS and WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEES use forklifts to load and unload heavy crates and pallets into various corners.

Enter the PIZZA VAN. It parks in one of the busier areas. The driver steps out as he's instantly approached by an un-amused WAREHOUSE MANAGER.

MANAGER

The hell you think you're doing?
This is a restricted area.

The driver is really TERREL "T-BONE" STIGGS (20s), thin, black, the creepiest red eyes you've ever seen. He pulls a forty five -- presses it against the man's head.

STIGGS

To the back of the van. Make a sound and I blow your brains all over your shoes.

Stiggs walks his hostage to the rear of the van.

STIGGS (CONT'D)

Open it.

The manager opens the rear two doors of the van. Several ARMED MEN dressed as dock workers jump from the vehicle and charge the room. All branding HIGH TECH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

The men split in pairs of two, covering every corner. They are quick and concise - professional.

SERIES OF SHOTS

One by one

-- DOCK WORKERS are pulled from forklifts at gunpoint.

-- TWO ARMED GUNMEN pass a large window and see an OFFICE WORKER behind his desk. They riddle the window with GUNFIRE as the clerk dives for cover.

E./I. FRONT GATE/PIER 13 - DUSK

Stiggs slowly walks up on the rear door of the security cubicle as he charges in, draws down on the guard.

STIGGS

Shut your eyes.

The guard squeezes them shut, like a scared child. Stiggs strikes him over the head.

EXT. FRONT GATE/PIER 13 - DUSK

A large K-9 unit truck marked U.S. CUSTOMS SERVICE stops at the security window. Stiggs, now dressed as a security guard, pokes his head through the open hole.

The CUSTOMS AGENT greets him.

CUSTOMS AGENT

How're you doin' today?

STIGGS

Better than you.

Stiggs points an MP5 ASSUALT WEAPON in the driver's window and unloads on the customs agent - blows pieces of him on the dash. Stiggs cracks a toothy grin.

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - DUSK

A long STICK CRANE removes a steel shipping container from the ship, slowly lowers it to the pier. Watching from the ground is Harry Phan, Eddie Stone, and several of Harry's men.

Harry is ear to ear smiles as he slowly puffs away at a cigarette.

Just as the ship container touches the docks, Eddie gives a heads up to four of the men. All armed and toting heavy backpacks.

The men hump it up the gangway and into the vessel.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HOLDING AREA - DUSK

A flat nosed TOWING RIG hauls in the steel shipping container taken from the ship. It parks with the rear end facing Harry and his gunmen.

INT. CARGO SHIP/ENGINE ROOM - DUSK

Harry's men strategically place their backpacks on the oil and scum ridden floor. Fuel gauges, switches and meters cover the room from ground to ceiling.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HOLDING AREA - DUSK

Harry, Eddie and the others watch as one of the gunmen unhooks the locking mechanism from the rear of the container -- swings open the doors.

Harry watches as two of his men use tire irons to pry open a wooden crate. Dozens of boxes marked in Chinese writing are stacked one on top of the other.

Harry opens one of the boxes and pulls out a cylinder shaped can of dry cereal. He pops off the lid and pours the cereal over the other cases. Small plastic baggies of CRYSTAL METH drop from the can.

EXT. WAREHOUSE/RECEIVING DECK - DUSK

A large semi truck and trailer backs into the open dock.

INT. WAREHOUSE/RECEIVING DECK - DUSK

A forklift finishes loading the last of the wooden crates into the back of the trailer.

Harry watches as his men hook and lock the back of the semi's trailer. They are fast, precise.

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - DUSK

Eddie, standing by the limo, gives the go ahead.

EDDIE
(into walkie)
It's time.

INT. CARGO SHIP/ENGINE ROOM - DUSK

One of Harry's men responds to Eddie's call through a two-way walkie.

HARRY'S MAN #1
Roger.

He throws up a hand signal to the other three men. In unison, the other men reach into their bags and start a digital timer: 10:59, 10:58, 10:57...

All four men quickly retreat.

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - DUSK

Harry joins Eddie in the back of the limo as the Mercedes pulls away, leaving the pizza delivery van on the dock.

INT. CARGO SHIP/MID DECK - DUSK

The hostages are lined up like ducks in a row. All with their hands on their heads. Five gunmen draw down on them with automatic weapons, watching them like hawks.

Stiggs unhooks an empty shipping container as the hostages are forced inside, one at a time.

STIGGS
Let's go! Move it!

Stiggs shoves the last of the hostages inside and quickly locks them up. Stiggs and the rest of Harry's team retreat.

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - NIGHT

Stiggs and his team load into the back of the pizza delivery van as it speeds from the docks and out the front gate.

The CARGO SHIP ERUPTS IN A GIANT BLAZE OF FIRE.

The force of the explosion is so strong it shoots the flames two hundred feet into the air.

EXT. HARRY PHAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A black Hummer twists its way up a steep and winding driveway. The surrounding foliage is green and full of life. A beautiful sight.

Harry's posh mansion hides behind some shrubbery.

The Hummer circles a giant water fountain. A culdesac leads them to the front of the home. Out steps --

Eddie Stone and two more men. From the front seat steps DIEGO RIVIERA (30s), Cuban-American, sharply dressed, trim beard.

From the back steps his partner HAL BENSON (40s), aged, world weary, dark, tired eyes, sloppy.

And these men are two of LAPD's not-so-finest.

Benson and Diego stare at the grounds in a state of awe. They are both reluctant to follow Stone's lead.

EXT. TERRACE/HARRY'S GAME ROOM - DAY

Harry, Benson and Diego hover over the balcony rail, stare down at a hopping pool party with several twenty-somethings, young men and women, swimming, sunbathing, drinking.

HARRY

They were street urchins when I found them. Lost, angry souls. No family, no job. Nothing to live for. Disposed of by society. You find someone like this. Feed them. Cloth them. Give them shelter. Provide them with means beyond their wildest imagination. Along with a steady supply of whatever poison they're polluting their bodies with...and they become loyal as lapdogs.

Diego observes the crowd - unimpressed.

DIEGO

I don't know. They don't look so dangerous to me.

Harry smiles.

HARRY

Come. I have something to show you.

Harry leads the men back inside - as they pass a heated game of pool between two hot bikinis, one of which is smoking meth from a glass pipe.

EXT. HARRY'S SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

About a dozen of Harry's strays are firing pistols and automatic weapons at paper targets. Young men and women.

Harry walks Diego and Benson down the line.

HARRY

As you can see, it's not all fun and games. There's a small price to pay for sitting in the lap of luxury. I keep my soldiers sharp. All highly trained, highly skilled in whatever mission I see fit.

Benson peeks through some venetian blinds at a whole couch full of YOUNG WOMEN in thousand dollar gowns, lined up in a row, taking turns going down on one of Harry's goons. A special kind of training.

Harry leads the two men onto an outside deck with a full bar and a stone fire pit, leather chairs, swank couches.

He pours the men a shot of scotch.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm building an empire. Soldiers loyal to me. Ready to carry out my vision. To follow orders... without question.

He hands Benson and Diego their drinks, as the partners share a quick look.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Tell me where you can find that kind of loyalty in your police department.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's where you gentlemen come in. As I said, I've been spoiling them far too much. The problem with kids...you spoil them...they get greedy. And they get sloppy. Go into business for themselves. And then they get caught. I can't have my name mentioned every time one of my people get busted slinging dime bags to school kids.

BENSON

What do you want from us?

Harry grabs two manila files from the bar's surface, hands them to Diego and Benson.

HARRY

I need certain people off the street. Mister Stone tells me you're the men for the job.

Diego peeks into a rear window and watches as one of the ladies of the evening drops her evening gown to the carpet and unbuttons her bra.

Harry steps closer to Diego, grabs his attention.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've compiled some lists for you men. The names on these lists have become a serious problem for me. I need you to dig up their records. Find any means necessary to make the charges stick.

Diego opens his file and takes a look.

DIEGO

You want us to frame up every name on this list?

HARRY

You don't understand, Detective. I'm not asking you to arrest them.

Diego checks with his partner, who is just as unsure.

EXT. STORE FRONT/VENICE BOULEVARD - DAY

A young thug in black tank-top, wild swim trunks and jailhouse tats, wanders back and forth at a corner stop sign. This is ANTHONY (22)

Anthony uses an ipod to pass the time. Just a few feet from him, parked at a curb, is his black PORSCHE BOXSTER.

He greets another young SURFER TYPE and his GIRL with a quick hand shake and a hug. A dope deal.

Anthony plays an air drum solo just as Harry's limousine creeps up from behind. Anthony spots it, books it up the sidewalk.

Eddie Stone and Stiggs step from the backseat. They chase after Anthony, who is caught by two more of Harry's soldiers.

SOLDIER #1 forces him to the ground and pulls CAR KEYS from his pants pocket, throws them to Stone.

Stone and SOLDIER #2 head for Anthony's PORSCHE while Stiggs and SOLDIER #1 escort Anthony to the limo, toss him in the back.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Stiggs and Harry's Soldier on each side of Anthony, watching him like a hawk. Anthony scared for his life as he spots the barely visible face of Harry Phan across from him.

Harry leans in closer, holds a cigar in one hand, a scotch in the other.

HARRY

Hello, Anthony. How's business?

Anthony stalls, sweats guilt like a stuck pig.

ANTHONY

Great, Mister Phan. I've just been out here, generating some business for you. You know how it is.

HARRY

So... on top of stealing from me, you're insulting my intelligence.

ANTHONY

(begs)

It's not like that. Harry, please.

Stiggs flips open a switchblade, rubs it up and down Anthony's neck.

HARRY

We had a deal, Anthony. I gave you everything. A roof, money, pleasures well beyond your means. All I've asked for in return is your loyalty. When I trust you with my business, I trust you with my life.

ANTHONY

Please, Harry. You can trust me. I just lost my head for a minute. I'm sorry.

HARRY

I'm afraid your word isn't good enough. If I'm to trust you with my life...I'll need reassurance.

Stiggs cracks an evil grin. Anthony notices.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I hear you and Lisa are quite the item these days.

ANTHONY

Hey, man. Don't hurt her. Please.

HARRY

Your associate Mister Degrassi has refused a sit down. On top of this, you've been using my product to help your goomba friends bankroll their filth. Your involvement with this man has all but painted a target on my back for the police.

(dead serious)

I told you what would happen if you crossed me. Didn't I?

Anthony's chest heaves, sweats like crazy, beyond scared.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You took what was most important to me.
The way I see it, Anthony, there's only
one way to make things right between us.

ANTHONY

I'll do whatever you want me to do.

INT. CASTING COUCH PRODUCTIONS - DAY

NICK DEGRASSI (30s), a real grease ball with slicked back hair and a silk shirt with palm trees, leans in his swivel chair, feet kicked up on his desk, balances a pencil on his nose.

In walks his busty secretary TIFFANY (20s)

TIFFANY

Excuse me, Nick. A Lisa Huber is here
for you.

Nick doesn't budge from his relaxed position.

NICK

Tell her I'm busy.

TIFFANY

She says she's a friend of Tony's.
That you're expecting her.

Nick quickly sits up, the pencil spills to the floor.

NICK

She's one of Tony's girls, huh?
Send her in.

Nick squirts some breath spray as Tiffany steps out and shuts the door behind her.

In walks LISA HUBER (20s), thin, malnutrition-ed, pale, but all dolled up for her audition. She's the girl next door type with a pair of legs that go all the way up.

Nick sizes her up. He cracks a small grin.

NICK (CONT'D)

So. Tony tells me you're very
talented.

Lisa awkwardly crosses her arms, covering her exposed cleavage.

NICK (CONT'D)

So tell me something, Teresa. Just how talented are you?

LISA

Actually, it's Lisa. And I'm not real sure I know what you mean.

NICK

Yeah, I just bet you don't. But I'm hip. You like to play the clueless schoolgirl routine, twirling your little hair, acting all lost and helpless.

Nick bounces in his chair, nodding, biting his bottom lip with a look of pure lust across his face.

NICK (CONT'D)

I bet you do that to all the boys, don't you?

Lisa looks increasingly uncomfortable as Nick's creepy stare burns a hole in her chest.

LISA

Isn't there a script or something?

Nick smiles as he pushes away from his desk, wheels his chair into the open and unbuttons his fly.

NICK

Nah. Consider this more of an oral interview.

Lisa's eyes twitch, lips quiver with hate. She clumsily pulls a silenced TWENTY-TWO from her purse and FIRES THREE SHOTS into Nick's chest.

I./E. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa quickly exits, anxious, sweating. The outside waiting area is wall to wall with nubile young women, all dressed to kill, putting on makeup and doing their hair.

INT. STAIRWELL/CASTING COUCH PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Lisa storms into the staircase with her purse dangling from her arm, breathing hard, running for her life. She almost runs over TWO HOTTIES coming up the steps.

She pushes straight through them. They turn and stare, pissed off, ready to scrap.

HOTTIE #1
Check the fucking yield sign!

EXT. CASTING COUCH PRODUCTIONS/OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lisa runs into the street, cell phone in hand, still breathing hard, staring in both directions.

LISA
Tony, where the hell are you?!

Lisa spots Tony's familiar PORSCHE BOXSTER creeping around a corner as she smiles in relief.

And all of a sudden...

The Porsche SQUEALS ITS TIRES, barrels toward Lisa at a crazy speed as her smile turns to sheer panic.

POW!

The force of the collision sends Lisa tumbling over the roof of the car, crashing onto the asphalt.

The Porsche speeds off.

EXT. LOA CHEN'S ASIAN FUSION - DAY

The Porsche Boxster rushes into the busy parking lot of this posh, high class eatery, stops near a young VALET.

Out of the Porsche steps Eddie Stone and one of Harry's men, back from their mission.

Stone hands the CAR KEYS to the VALET, who quickly parks the Porsche in an empty spot near the front.

INT. LOA CHEN'S ASIAN FUSION - DAY

Anthony hovers over Harry as he sits in a private, reserved spot near the kitchen, finishes his meal with a swig of Saki.

Stiggs and some of Harry's crew have joined him for lunch as they sip beers and watch a sniveling Anthony beg, grovel for forgiveness.

ANTHONY

So, that's it? We're square?

Harry wipes his mouth with a linen napkin.

HARRY

For now.

Anthony checks with Stiggs, who is ear to ear smiles. He's a bit unsure as he slowly backs toward the door.

ANTHONY

Thank you. Like I said, I'll make it up to you. Whatever you need, I'm yours.

HARRY

Of course. Because without trust, what do we have? Wouldn't you agree?

ANTHONY

Of course.

Anthony finally turns, hurries for the front door.

Harry, Stiggs and the other men share a smile. They know a little something Anthony doesn't.

EXT. LAO CHEN'S ASIAN FUSION - DAY

Anthony waits by the door as the VALET pulls his Porsche to the front.

The Valet jumps out as an anxious Anthony crawls in and shuts the door.

INT. PORSCHE BOXSTER - DAY

Anthony notices his glove box is open and a LOADED GUN rests inside.

ANTHONY
What the hell...?

Anthony grabs the weapon, gives it a once over.

Before he knows what's going on --

BENSON and DIEGO draw down on him with TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUNS.

BENSON
Police! Turn off the engine and step
out of the car!

ANTHONY
Oh, shit.

Diego covers the passenger side as Benson moves for the driver's window.

DIEGO
Drop it!

Anthony panics and fires through the passenger window.

BAM! BAM!

The shots miss Diego by a mile as he and Benson unload round after round from their SHOTGUNS.

Benson and Diego empty their weapons into the Porsche, BLOWING SHARDS OF GLASS ALL OVER THE PAVEMENT.

They observe Anthony's body, and then each other. There's a look of shame and regret on their faces as a THICK SMOKE still looms in the air.

And then --

The METALLIC HUM of a familiar SONG begins to build in the b.g. as the two cops observe their handy work.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEXTER AVENUE/HIGHLAND PARK, MI - NIGHT

"THE HEAT IS ON" bursts onto the screen along with a red 1967 PONTIAC GTO CONVERTIBLE.

Behind the wheel is none other than AXEL FOLEY (50s), black pimp suit with white stripes, matching hat and dark shades.

Axel rests an arm on the side of his door as he cruises the run down district of Highland Park.

TITLE CARD: "BEVERLY HILLS COPS"

ROLL CREDITS as we observe --

-- A DRUNK on the street.

-- KIDS on a basketball court. One body checks the other and a fight ensues.

-- A HOOKER at the point, making a date. She pulls out a tight wedgie from her mini-skirt, pokes her head in a car window.

EXT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

Axel's GTO pulls a quick u-turn, parks against a curb outside of this dingy, sketchy looking joint. Out steps Axel in his slick but flashy pimp get-up.

As he struts his way to the door George Jefferson style, a crew of hooligans swarm around his ride, one with a basketball under his arm, fresh off the court.

HOOLIGAN #1 uses a tape measure on his front left RIM.

INT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

In walks Axel, as the unimpressed, dressed down crowd turn and stare at the clown suit by the door. "Ohio Players" blasts on the juke. A thick SMOKE lingers in the air.

Axel twirls a tooth pick in his mouth, observes the smoke filled room of thugs, low-lives and hookers. The girls, gathered at the bar, painted up, weaves and wigs, texting, chewing gum, bored.

Other locals shoot stick, play cards, swill beers.

Axel feels their contempt as he makes his way through the tables and to a corner booth where he meets with --

RUDY VALENTINE (40s), wannabe thug, hooded jump suit, smoking a philly blunt, a chubby heart attack waiting to happen.

Rudy nearly jumps from his seat as Axel approaches, clumsy, too anxious. He shakes his hand, throws him a hug.

RUDY

Yo, Boogie Ray, what's up, brother?
Lookin' good.

Axel jerks away.

AXEL

First of all...don't touch the suit!
Second, never mind that shit! Third,
where the girls at?!

RUDY

Be cool, brother. They just runnin' a
little late, that's all. Have a seat
and relax.

AXEL

I ain't got time to relax. I'll relax
when I get home. Right now, I'm workin'.
I'm doin' business, and from where I'm
standin', you ain't ready for business,
and you're wastin' my fuckin' time. So
fuck you and good night.

Axel turns to leave. Rudy chases him down.

RUDY

I can get em here in five minutes. They
just a phone call away.

AXEL

Hey, man. I know bullshit when I smell
it, okay? You said ten o'clock and the
girls would be here. I see bitches at
the bar, bitches playin' pool, and you
in the corner like you sittin' in the
no pussy section. Time is money and you
costin' me money. I'm outta here.

Once again, Axel races for the door and Rudy grabs his arm.

RUDY

Look, I said they'll be here, okay,
now settle down and have a seat. I
got you a Hennessey and coke.

Axel stares down at Rudy's hand on his arm. Rudy backs off.

AXEL

Don't have me standin' around...like
an asshole! I got business to take
care of! You don't want my business,
I'll take my big ass bag of money
elsewhere!

The crowd all take notice, turn and stare at Axel and Rudy as
Rudy grows nervous.

RUDY

I won't man. Now sit down and shut
up for a second. Alright?

Axel heads to the booth. Rudy takes a seat across from him.

RUDY

I can get her here in five minutes.
Just cool out.

AXEL

What's this her, bullshit? I said
girls! As in two very specific girls!
A redhead and a mulatto! The word on
the street was you were the man to
talk to! You better not be goin' back
on our deal! Like you fuckin' with
Johnny the banana man here!

RUDY

Okay, it's like this. The redhead's
down. She's a pro, been workin' the
street for five years, ready for
business. But her friend, she's new
to the life. She's a little unsure,
but said if the money's right, she's
ready to talk.

Axel gives him an unsure look. A slight grin.

AXEL

Cut the bullshit. What do you want?

RUDY

So it's like this, brother. Money talks and bullshit walks. You show me the green and I'll make the call. I can get em here in ten minutes.

AXEL

Ten minutes? What happened to five?

RUDY

Look, you wanna do business or not?

Axel pulls a brown envelope from his suit pocket, hands it under the table to Rudy, who fans it out, gives it a look.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Sit tight. I'll be back.

Rudy jumps for the table, heads for the door as Axel makes for the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM/TITO BROWN'S - NIGHT

Axel locks himself in a stall, speed dials a number on his droid as he nervously peeks through the cracks.

AXEL

(into phone)

Hey, it's me. Are you sitting down?

INT. KENAN MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Axel's client KENAN MARCUS (50s), black, ex con, a strikingly large, but tired looking man slowly takes a seat on his couch. A very worried look shoots across his face.

KENAN

I am now. What is it?

AXEL (O.S.)

I found her.

Kenan shuts his eyes in peaceful relief.

KENAN

Don't mess with me, Axel. Not now.

Kenan grips an old family photo of him, his blonde wife and gorgeous daughter LOLA MARCUS (14), big green eyes, perfect smile, mulatto.

INT. MEN'S ROOM/TITO BROWN'S - NIGHT

Axel still in the bathroom stall as he peeks through the thin cracks of the door.

AXEL

I'm not. My guy on the street says she's cribbing with a girlfriend at this guy Rudy Valentine's house. Rudy just confirmed it about two minutes ago. She's on her way.

KENAN (O.S.)

She's meeting you there?

AXEL

Now, look. I don't want you coming down here and scaring them off. You can see her soon enough, but I'm gonna need at least a couple hours.

KENAN (O.S.)

She's in trouble, isn't she? Forget it. I'm comin' down there.

AXEL

Look. Didn't I say you need to trust me on this? Trust me. You comin' down here is a real bad idea. Sit tight and you guys will be together soon enough. Right now, I need a couple hours to get this deal done. Alright?

INT. KENAN MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenan, still staring at the photo, wanders back and forth on his living room carpet, a tear in his eye.

KENAN

Yeah, alright. But nothing...I mean nothing better happen to her, Foley.

INT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

Axel comes back from his trip to the men's room and spots LOLA MARCUS (21), all grown up, beautiful, and friend REENA O'BRIEN (20s), redhead, big hair, covered in freckles and tats.

The two friends remove their coats and take a seat at the same table where Rudy and Axel were sitting. Rudy is nowhere to be found.

Axel surveys the room. He checks the front door and spots Rudy quickly making his way out just as --

TWO MASKED MEN

-- enter and pull two silenced UZIS from their trench coats and aim straight for Axel.

Axel runs, leaps behind the bar, just as the Masked Men unload round after round in his direction.

The bottles behind the bar EXPLODE as bullets rip them to shreds and patrons dive for cover.

MASKED MAN #1 hurries over to LOLA and REENA, cowering in their seats, hands over their heads.

The shooter removes his mask. It's none other than TERREL T BONE STIGGS. Lola stares up at him just as Stiggs drops and reloads a magazine.

MASKED MAN #2
Come on, man! Hurry up!

Lola and Reena make a run for the door.

Axel pops up from behind the bar and takes a few shots at Stiggs as he tips over a table, uses it as cover.

Masked Man #2 returns Axel's fire as he cowers behind the bar.

Stiggs spots Lola and Reena making for the door. He cocks his weapon, riddles them both with bullets.

The two girls fall to the floor. A bloody mess. Stiggs and his partner retreat out the door. Axel's head pops up from behind the bar, gets a closer look at Stiggs.

Axel leaps over the railing, runs to the two girls on the floor, bleeding, dying. Lola's dead eyes stare back at him.

EXT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

Axel leans against his GTO, holds a rag against his bloody head as he watches the CORONER load Lola into a meat wagon.

UNIFORM COPS question several patrons looming around outside as the lead investigator, DETECTIVE MORRIS (40s) curly hair, short and pudgy, takes a statement from a HOOKER with orange hair and a leopard dress.

He obnoxiously snaps at his gum as he approaches Axel.

MORRIS

You know, Foley, I thought we were all done with you for good. Guess I should know better by now.

AXEL

Yeah, I guess you should.

MORRIS

So who were those two girls? No, wait. Let me guess. New business associates of yours?

AXEL

My head's fine. Thanks for asking.

MORRIS

Oh, yeah? Well I got some news for you, smartass. We got two workin' girls here. And whoever hit em went after you first. Judging by the way you're dressed, one might get the wrong idea.

AXEL

The black girl's Lola Marcus. Her old man just finished a ten year stint at Jackson for armed robbery. After a few hundred phone calls and letters to his daughter go unanswered, he hired me to find her.

Morris shakes his head with disgust.

MORRIS

This Lola finds out her old man is getting out of the joint and goes into hiding. Next thing you know someone tries to burn all three of you. Pretty wild coincidence don't you think?

Axel gives him a dirty look and takes a stroll up the sidewalk.

AXEL

I know what you're thinking and you're wrong.

MORRIS

Am I? He was an ex con, right?

AXEL

I know this guy. There's no way he had anything to do with it. All he wanted for the last ten years was a chance to see his baby girl again.

Axel watches with sincere sadness and regret as the coroner's van pulls away from the curb.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Now he gets to identify her at the morgue.

MORRIS

Okay, smart guy, so who was it then?

Axel faces him.

AXEL

Rudy Valentine.

(beat)

A couple weeks back, Lola hooks up with the redhead and the two of them move in with redhead's sister at her boyfriend's house. That's Rudy. I put the word out I was lookin' for a couple of girls and cut a deal with him.

MORRIS

Is that it?

AXEL

What do you mean... 'is that it'? What else do you need? It's obvious whoever wanted Lola dead knew I was lookin' for her. They pay Rudy to turn the other cheek and set all three of us up.

MORRIS

That's great, but it doesn't answer the million dollar question. Why did they want you?

AXEL

Who knows? I've been doin' some asking around about Lola. Maybe they fingered me as a cop.

MORRIS

Yeah? Well I got news for you, Foley. You're not a cop anymore. So do us all a favor and stay out of this one.

Axel just smiles and walks off. Morris follows behind.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

If you're thinking about goin' after Valentine, you can forget it.

ALEX

Oh, yeah? Why's that?

MORRIS

Cos he's dead.

Axel stops in his tracks, faces Morris.

AXEL

What?

MORRIS

Cops just found him at a stoplight with his engine running and his throat slit. This Lola girl sounds like she was running with a real nice crowd, huh?

AXEL

Look, this girl's father is a friend of mine. Whatever she was into, he needs to hear it from me first.

Morris observes Axel's face. An unsure look.

MORRIS

Stay out of this case.

AXEL

Look, he trusted me to find out what was goin on with his daughter and to bring her home. I don't know if you noticed, but she died on my watch.

Morris stalls. He finally cracks.

MORRIS

Okay, Foley. Fine. It's not like we have much to go on.

Morris opens up a file on Lola Marcus.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(reads)

Lola Marcus, twenty-one. Last known address, 426 Lincoln Avenue, Detroit. It looks like the last six months are clean. September of last year, she's busted on a possession charge in L.A. It appears your girl spent some time out there. Between April and September, she racked up over four thousand bucks in parking and traffic citations. Like I said, after September she went off the grid. We got nothing on her.

Morris shuts the file.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

There. Now you know as much as we do.

Axel nods and heads to his car.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Hey, Foley! Stay outta this one!

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The surrounding palm trees stand tall and proud as they ruffle in the cool, midday breeze. OFFICERS and CITY WORKERS file in and out of the building as a lone figure is seen racing up the tall front steps. This is --

LT. WILLIAM "BILLY" ROSEWOOD, I.A.D. (55), tuxedo, unbuttoned collar and loose bow tie. He's toting a heavy stack of files as he rushes inside.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

A visibly annoyed Detective BENSON sits before a small Internal Affairs review board committee, headed by ROSEWOOD and followed by --

LT. WEINBERG (40s), a short, elfish man, with black wire-rimmed glasses too large for his thin face, and --

SGT. VAUGHN (40s), an intense looking woman in a black business suit and jet black hair pulled in a tight bun.

WEINBERG

According to your report, Detective, you first noticed the suspect reach for his weapon upon entering the parking lot of Lao Chen's restaurant.

(beat)

But your partner maintains that your suspect didn't make a move for his gun until after you approached the vehicle.

BENSON

Yeah, well, that's what I meant. As we were pulling in, I saw what looked like him popping the glove box, and when my partner and I stepped out... that's when he went for his piece.

Weinberg checks with Vaughn who nods with approval.

WEINBERG

Thank you, Detective. That'll be all for now.

Weinberg offers an insincere smile as Rosewood looks ready to jump out of his seat with impatience.

ROSEWOOD

That's not all.

WEINBERG

You have something else for Detective Benson?

ROSEWOOD

I was just curious about something, Benson.

BENSON

Shoot.

Lt. Vaughn is put off by Benson's flippant attitude.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Sorry. Poor choice of words.

ROSEWOOD

Well, I was wondering whether it was you or Riveira who decided on that particular parking lot to detain your suspect.

BENSON

What're you getting at?

ROSEWOOD

It's a simple question.

BENSON

Neither. We ran the tag and hit the lights. The suspect pulled into the lot and we followed.

ROSEWOOD

That's interesting. I guess you didn't know that Anthony LaRussa worked at Lao Chen's as a full time waiter?

BENSON

No, I guess I didn't. It's my first time hearing of it. Is there a point to any of this?

Weinberg looks increasingly annoyed by this line of questions. He huffs under his breath.

WEINBERG

If there aren't any more questions for the Detective, I think this would be a good place to end.

ROSEWOOD

Just one more question.

Weinberg and Vaughn roll their eyes.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of Phan Enterprises?

This catches Benson's attention. He stays strangely quiet as he avoids eye contact.

WEINBERG

Okay. I think that's enough for today. Thanks for coming in, Detective.

Benson just smiles at Rosewood as he slowly stands.

BENSON

Yeah. No problem. Let's do it again sometime.

Benson heads out. Rosewood shakes his head with contempt for the officer as he watches him leave.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION/HALLWAY - DAY

Rosewood and Weinberg walk side by side toward an elevator as neither look very happy with one another.

WEINBERG

That was great, Rosewood. Very subtle. Bill Rosewood, caped crusader of all things corrupt. Vice cops running a ring of homeless dealers and prostitutes?

Weinberg chuckles.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

I thought I heard it all before.

ROSEWOOD
The eyes never lie.

WEINBERG
What?

ROSEWOOD
His eyes. You see how he reacted
when I mentioned Phan's name?

WEINBERG
Probably because he didn't know what
the hell you were talking about. For
weeks you been after this Harry Phan
character, and for what? All you got
is the word of one cracked up hooker
lookin' to get over on a cop.

ROSEWOOD
A hooker who happened to disappear.

The two men enter an elevator. The doors shut behind them.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Rosewood, now super annoyed, stares straight ahead, ignoring his
pestering co-worker.

WEINBERG
So what now? You gonna take on the
whole force every time a bust goes
sideways and some delinquent
turns up dead?

ROSEWOOD
If I have to.

WEINBERG
Yeah, right.
(beat)
Do yourself a favor and give it up.
Give it up before you lose what
little credibility you have left.

The doors open, off steps Weinberg, leaving a pitiful looking
Rosewood to ponder it all.

INT. CHURCH/WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

A big crowd is making their way in as a couple of GROOMSMEN in tuxes stand at the doors and greet friends and family. A large picture frame rests on an easel.

The names JOHN TAGGERT and JORDAN TAYLOR are featured elegantly behind the glass.

INT. CHOIR ROOM - DAY

The groom stands before a sliding mirror door, fixes his tie and runs a couple fingers through his hair.

This is JOHN TAGGERT, JR. (20s), shaggy, strawberry blonde hair, handsome, and strikes a similar resemblance to his old man, if not for a neatly trimmed goatee.

TAGGERT (O.S.)

If only your mother could see you.

This voice belongs to none other than JOHN TAGGERT, SR. (60s), aged, tired eyes, and a bit grayer than we've seen before.

JOHNNY

You're not gonna make me start crying, are you, pop? That's the bride's job.

TAGGERT

You know that was her one regret. Not being able to see this day. And to think...I almost missed it.

Johnny isn't happy with his tie, starts over, a bit nervous to say the least.

JOHNNY

Well, you're here now. Nothing else matters.

TAGGERT

It does matter. I was supposed to be the strong one. The one that held us all together.

Taggert intervenes, helps tie Johnny's knot.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

I guess after your Mom passed...I wasn't sure how to handle things. It had been so long since I had to be a father. It made me realize something.

JOHNNY

What's that?

TAGGERT

I wasn't such a great father to you growing up. I let your mother handle things at home while I was running around the streets like a kid.

Taggert shakes his head with regret, misty eyed.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

I know you still resent me for that. And I'm sorry. But I just want you to know that I'm back. And I'm not going anywhere. If it's okay with you...I wanna start over.

Taggert finishes the knot. Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY

Sure, pop.

Johnny gives his old man a long, overdue hug. In walks Rosewood with a concerned look on his face. Taggert and Johnny both turn quickly wiping their tears.

ROSEWOOD

Hey. We got less than ten minutes and we're still missing a best man.

TAGGERT

Well go find him, Billy.

ROSEWOOD

I know where he is. In the bathroom. I think he's sick or something. He went in there ten minutes ago and won't come out.

This scares Johnny as he races for the door.

INT. CHURCH MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Behind a bathroom stall, smoking crystal meth from a glass pipe, is RICKY JARVIS (20s), sweaty, anxious, a real mess. His face, forehead and unbuttoned shirt are soaked.

Ricky takes another monster hit and COUGHS out loud. He leans his head against the stall door, squeezes his eyes shut.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

In runs a worried Johnny as he pushes in each of the stall doors in search of Ricky.

He finds him - pulls him from the stall by his shirt collar and throws him against the door.

JOHNNY

What the hell are you doing? You can't stop for a few hours?

Johnny feels a strange bulge behind Ricky's tux jacket and yanks out a thirty eight special.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You're packing? What's the matter with you? Bringing a gun to my wedding?

RICKY

They know, man! They know! That broad at The Pit Stop! The one I told you about! She knew it was me!

JOHNNY

You're being paranoid. It's all that shit you're smokin'.

RICKY

Nah, man! It's that guy! It's that fuckin' guy with the eyes! He's been following me! I seen him all week! They know! They know, man!

Johnny clasps his hand over Ricky's mouth, keeps him quiet as he keeps a close eye on the door.

JOHNNY

You're gonna pull yourself together and get through the next couple of hours without embarrassing me. You got it?

Johnny lets go of his mouth, opens the chamber on the thirty eight and empties the shells.

Johnny observes what a mess his buddy is. His tie loose, shirt undone and soaked with sweat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up, man. Everyone's waiting.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

Johnny and his bride to be stand side by side before a MINISTER, while Ricky, Rosewood and the other GROOMSMEN watch on.

Taggert sits in the first row and exchanges a cordial smile with JORDAN'S MOTHER AND FATHER across the aisle.

MINISTER

Dearly Beloved: We are gathered here, in the presence of God and of this company, that John Taggert and Jordan Taylor may be united in holy matrimony. We are here to celebrate and share in the glorious act that God is about to perform - the act by which He converts their love for one another into the holy and sacred estate of marriage...

And through the rear two doors struts AXEL in a leather jacket, jeans and sloppy sweatshirt.

Rosewood catches a glimpse of Axel out of the corner of his eye and does a double-take.

ROSEWOOD

Fuck me!

MINISTER

You disagree?

The entire congregation, including Taggert, turn and stare back at Axel looming at the double doors.

Taggert shuts his tired eyes and rubs the bridge of his nose as he slumps in defeat.

Axel just smiles back at the curious crowd.

AXEL

How ya doin'?! Carry on!

Axel laughs.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

Jordan's arm around husband Johnny as she swipes a handful of wedding cake frosting and smears his face. The crowd erupts with laughter. Taggert, Axel and Rosewood sip some punch in the corner.

TAGGERT

You still know how to make an entrance, Foley.

AXEL

Yeah, well, sorry I was late, but my invitation must've got lost in the mail.

TAGGERT

Hey. Even I didn't know about this wedding until a week ago.

AXEL

How's that?

TAGGERT

I guess you could say I've been MIA for awhile. It's a long story.

ROSEWOOD

(to Axel)

Speaking of...where the hell have you been? I tried to call you at least a dozen times the last couple years. No one down at the station even knew who you were.

AXEL

I've been MIA for awhile.

Taggert and Rosewood share a not so surprised smile.

AXEL (CONT'D)

It's a long story.

Axel's trademark laugh.

TAGGERT

So what're you doing out here?

AXEL

Actually, I'm working a case.

ROSEWOOD

Why am I not surprised? The answer's no, Axel.

AXEL

You ain't even heard what I gotta say.

ROSEWOOD

That's right. And I wanna keep it that way while I can still hold on to my job.

Axel rests his hand on Rosewood's forehead, playfully checks his temperature.

AXEL

Who are you? What have you done with Rosewood?

TAGGERT

Billy's IAD now, Axel.

Axel is taken aback. He hides a grin.

ROSEWOOD

That's right. It means I can't start World War III in the street every time you're in town. I'm happy to see you and all, but do me the favor of keeping me out of it.

Rosewood walks off. Axel is confused while Taggert shakes his head.

AXEL
Is he serious?

TAGGERT
I'm afraid so.

The banging of a knife on a champagne flute grabs everyone's attention. Axel and Taggert watch as Ricky grabs a mic and steps to the center of the floor.

RICKY
It's about that time. Time for me to say something nice about the bride and groom. As both John and Jordan already know...I've never been very good in front of crowds. But because of them... and their love and support...I'm alive today and blessed to still have the opportunity talk to big crowds like you. To share my story to people who are struggling every day with drug and alcohol abuse.

(to John and Jordan)
People in dying need of that same love and support you've given me. I feel grateful to be alive today to pay those same blessings forward.

Ricky is obviously high as John and Jordan can barely watch his toast. They sport a fake smile for the crowd.

AXEL
(whispers)
What was he doin' in that bathroom anyways?

An embarrassed Taggert shooshes him.

RICKY
I don't wanna take up too much time away from you guys. After all, this is your show. But I just wanna say one more thing.

Ricky is distracted by STIGGS standing at the front door.

Axel follows his look to the door, but Stiggs is now gone. The crowd observes Ricky's unusual behavior.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I just wanna say that...

Ricky checks the other side of the room for Stiggs. His face moves through a crowd gathered near the punch table.

Axel and Taggert follow his look toward the punch table as Axel recognizes the evil, familiar face of Stiggs smiling at Ricky.

AXEL
Oh, shit.

Taggert squints in confusion.

TAGGERT
What?

RICKY
(to crowd)
Excuse me.

Ricky drops the mic to the floor and books it for the front door as the crowd erupts with chatter.

Johnny quickly stands - surveys the room for Stiggs.

Axel watches on as Stiggs races out the opposite door in pursuit of Ricky.

AXEL
(to Taggert)
Excuse me.

Axel takes off after him.

TAGGERT
What the hell's going on?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH/WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Ricky bursts through the front doors of this massive church as he charges down the steps with a purpose. He stops dead in his tracks as he spots --

A green BOSS 302 screaming around the corner with a MACHINE GUN dangling from the passenger window.

Ricky leaps behind some bushes to avoid being shot by the gunman just as Axel runs out a side door.

The BOSS 302 brakes in front of the church steps.

The GUNMAN open fires in Ricky's direction as a bullet passes through the shrubs and strikes him in the left arm.

Both Johnny and Jordan run out the front door as Jordan almost trips on her dress. A stray bullet tears through her sleeve as Johnny tackles her to the ground.

Axel charges down a glassy slope and stops on a sidewalk just behind the car's rear windshield. He takes aim:

POW-POW-POW!

The three shots SHATTER THE REAR WINDSHIELD as the flashy car speeds off.

Axel runs up the church steps just as Stiggs hovers over Ricky, still hiding behind the shrubbery.

Stiggs smiles and takes aim. Ricky squeezes his eyes shut and curls up like a baby.

Axel takes aim.

AXEL

Hey!

Stiggs aims and fires just as Axel dives for cover behind the cement wall. Stiggs turns back to Ricky - but he's long gone.

Axel peeks around the corner of the wall - notices both Stiggs and Ricky are gone.

CHURCH STEPS - LATER

The FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS of SQUAD CARS are parked at the base of the steps as Rosewood gives his statement to an on-scene DETECTIVE.

Axel and Taggart rest on the top step as they watch the hopping mad bride pace back and forth, give Johnny crap.

JORDAN

What did I say about him being in the wedding?!

Johnny rolls his eyes and rubs his sore temples.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's because of this shit! Once a junky always a junky! He's supposed to be your friend and he can't give you just one day?!

JOHNNY

Look, there's more to it than that, okay? You don't know the whole story.

Taggert quickly turns, faces his son.

JORDAN

There's always a story with Ricky! I don't wanna hear it! Not today!

(beat)

This wasn't supposed to be like this! We're supposed to look back on today as the greatest day of our life! Now every time we look at our wedding pictures, they'll say 'hey...that's a real beautiful dress! Besides that huge fucking bullet hole ripped in the sleeve!

JOHNNY

This wasn't his fault!

Taggert quickly stands - interrupts their shouting match.

TAGGERT

What're you talking about?

Johnny hugs his hips and turns his back on his dad.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

You know something about this? If you know something, you better tell me.

JOHNNY

It's complicated. It wasn't supposed to go down like this.

JORDAN

What wasn't supposed to go down like this?

Axel joins them.

AXEL

If you know who those guys are, you need to say so.

JOHNNY

I don't know who they are. I just heard stories. Ricky won't tell me. He's scared to death of him.

TAGGERT

Him? Who's him?

Rosewood joins the conversation.

JOHNNY

Before Ricky got clean, he used to sling dope for this guy. He found him trying to boost his car, and instead of turning him in to the cops, he offers him a briefcase full of cash to go work for him.

(beat)

At least that's the story he gave me.

ROSEWOOD

What's his name?

Johnny gives Rosewood a dirty look.

JOHNNY

I told you, I don't know!

TAGGERT

More importantly...what's this got to do with you?

Johnny remains strangely quiet as he paces back and forth.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

Well...?

JORDAN

Answer him!

JOHNNY

The Super Bowl, Dad. It cleaned me out. Jordan and my nest egg. Our down payment on the house, our honey moon. Everything. Gone.

Jordan's jaw drops. Taggert gives his son a look of true and utter disappointment.

JORDAN

Come again?! You're kidding, right?

TAGGERT

I thought you were done with that.

JORDAN

Yeah, so did I!

JOHNNY

Ricky came up with this idea to get it all back. I told him I wasn't interested, but you know when Ricky gets an idea in his head, you can't stop him --

TAGGERT

(interrupts)

It's too late for all that now. The damage is done.

JOHNNY

He said he was gonna hit this place they call 'The Pit Stop'.

ROSEWOOD

That gas station on Mulholland?

JOHNNY

Right. This guy he worked for. He uses it as a front to run drugs and whores. Takes in anywhere from ten to twenty grand a night. In cash.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's the kind of money nobody reports stolen.

TAGGERT

(angry)

Yeah, well, somebody noticed it was missing, didn't they?

Johnny hangs his head in shame. Axel and Rosewood watch Taggert burn with anger and disappointment.

EXT. LAX - FLIGHT DEPARTURES - DAY

A stretch limo with "Just Married" painted on the rear window is parked at the curb while --

Taggert bids farewell to Johnny and his new bride, luggage and other personals by their side.

JOHNNY

Look, Dad. I don't know when I can pay you back.

TAGGERT

It's okay. I never really got you a real wedding present. And remember what I said. Don't come back until I tell you it's safe.

JOHNNY

What're you gonna do?

TAGGERT

We're gonna find Ricky and the rest of that money and straighten this thing out. But I don't want you two to worry about it. I know too many cops in this town. I'm not gonna let anything happen to any of you.

Johnny cracks a half-hearted smile.

JOHNNY

Thanks, pop.

TAGGERT

Now give me a hug.

Johnny throws an arm around Taggert while Jordan watches and smiles.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - DAY

Rosewood and Axel watch Taggert and son from the backseat of the limo. The two sit across from one another. Rosewood having a nice scotch while Axel sips a can of soda.

ROSEWOOD

You know, I've heard of Moms crying at weddings but never cos the bride got shot in the arm.

AXEL

Look at the bright side. They could have killed her and not the dress. One day they're gonna look back on this and laugh their asses off. Trust me.

Rosewood isn't convinced.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Well, maybe not, but check this out.

Axel reaches in his coat, grabs a wrinkled photograph of LOLA MARCUS and hands it to Rosewood.

ROSEWOOD

Who's this?

AXEL

Lola Marcus.

ROSEWOOD

And who's Lola Marcus?

AXEL

Her father hired me to track her down after she disappeared a few months back. She was staying in LA for the better part of last year until she got busted on a drug possession.

ROSEWOOD

I never saw her.

AXEL

She came back to Detroit and somebody killed her.

ROSEWOOD

You got any leads?

AXEL

Not until today. The guy that popped her just so happens to be the same asshole that shot up a wedding this afternoon.

ROSEWOOD

You saw this guy?

AXEL

I was there. He took her out, along with her girlfriend. Tried to take me out along with them. I don't know about Lola, but I'm pretty sure her friend was a pro.

Rosewood thinks it all over.

ROSEWOOD

Johnny mentioned this guy was running prostitutes.

AXEL

Bingo. The only problem is, other than a possession charge, I got nothin' on her. Ever since her bust last year, her record's clean.

Rosewood's eyes dance, in deep thought.

ROSEWOOD

Just like she was protected.

Axel squints. He's not following.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

I got a feeling I know who Ricky was working for.

Axel smiles. In steps Taggart who pops a long cubano in his mouth and lights up.

ROSEWOOD
(to Taggert)
How'd it go?

TAGGERT
Okay. So now what?

The LIMO DRIVER reaches over his seat, stares back at the three friends in the back.

LIMO DRIVER
Where to, gentlemen?

Taggert, Axel and Rosewood share a silly grin. The AXEL F theme begins in the b.g.

Axel laughs.

ROSEWOOD
Shhhhit.

Rosewood massages his sore temples in anticipation of things to come.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - NIGHT

It's after hours and most of the office lights are off. A small spotlight burns over Rosewood's desk as he sits at his computer and searches an IAD database.

Axel and Taggert hover over him.

TAGGERT
So this is what IAD looks like?
Guess it's familiar territory
to you, huh, Axel?

AXEL
Blow yourself.

TAGGERT
It's a very nice office, Billy, but
what're we doing here again?

ROSEWOOD
I'll show you in a second.

A full page report appears on Rosewood's computer, along with a color photograph of a familiar redhead REENA O'BRIEN -- Lola's friend.

AXEL

That's her! That's the redhead who got hit with Lola! The pro!

ROSEWOOD

You're kidding?

TAGGERT

(confused)

Who's Lola?

AXEL

What do you got on the redhead?

ROSEWOOD

A few weeks back, this Reena comes in to file an official complaint about a vice officer named Eddie Stone.

TAGGERT

Yeah, I remember Stone. Crazy bastard. Spent more time in IAD than any cop I ever knew.

ROSEWOOD

According to her, Stone busts her one night, but instead of taking her to county they go see this guy. This rich Chinaman up in the Hills they call 'The Maestro'. That ring a bell to you?

TAGGERT

Maestro? Never heard of him.

ROSEWOOD

Anyways, he gives her an envelope full of cash and says "you work for me now". That same night, they go to her place, pack her things and move her into this mansion.

(beat)

Now this Reena said she wasn't the only one. There's at least thirty to forty other girls living in this house.

TAGGERT

Picking them up off the street. Just like they did Ricky.

ROSEWOOD

Right.

AXEL

So who is he? The Chinaman?

ROSEWOOD

That's just it. Before she can finish giving her statement she flips out and splits. I guess she decided against at the last minute. Never gave his name.

TAGGERT

(impatient)

So what you're saying is...you still have no idea who this guy is?

Rosewood cracks a knowing smile.

ROSEWOOD

I didn't say that.

AXEL

So you do know him?

ROSEWOOD

I ran the name 'Maestro' as an alias through Interpol. I got a match with a guy named Harry Phan. He's been linked to everything from smuggling in drugs from China to trafficking young women. It also turns out he's been buying up real estate all over Los Angeles.

(beat)

Hotels, restaurants, a Chinese grocery, a whole foods distributor. You name it, he's got it.

Axel and Rosewood wave away the nasty cigar smoke.

TAGGERT

Bought and paid for with drug money.

ROSEWOOD

That's what it looks like.

AXEL

So Reena wanted out, came to IAD to rat out some cops and got cold feet. Decides it was easier just to split town and come back to Detroit. But what's this gotta do with Lola?

TAGGERT

I don't know. It would help if I knew who the hell Lola was.

Axel laughs. He smacks Taggert in the belly on his way to the door.

AXEL

Come on. I'll tell you all about it in the car.

Taggert follows him out as Rosewood shuts off his computer and then the desk light.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Time to make a pit stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. "THE PIT STOP" GAS AND SUSHI - NIGHT

Axel, Taggert and Rosewood drive up in Rosewood's Lexus as the three curious friends observe this spectacular joint.

This is no ordinary service station, from the structure's post modernistic design to the glowing NEON LIGHTS streamlining the building, and the gorgeous female VALET, with fake breasts and a form fitting mini-skirt, parking cars for dinner.

At every gas pump is a drop dead gorgeous woman filling tanks and taking orders for a full car detail.

Axel laughs as he stares through the car wash's large window, watches a crew of silver bikinis detail a FERRARI. A wild STROBE LIGHT illuminates the room as LOUD MUSIC blares.

It's a regular dance party.

INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR - MORNING

TAGGERT

I gotta say, I've seen some strange things in my time but I've never had sushi from a gas station.

Rosewood seems surprised.

ROSEWOOD

Really?

AXEL

That's why it's perfect. Makes for a good front. No one would ever think to eat here.

ROSEWOOD

I don't know. I hear they make a mean dragon roll.

AXEL

Tell you what. I might be in here awhile. Why don't you guys go get us some food. I don't know about you guys, but my belly's growlin'. It's gonna be a long night and even longer on an empty stomach.

TAGGERT

In other words, you're goin' at this alone and you don't want us messing up the works?

AXEL

No offense, but with you guys walkin' in there, they gonna smell the cops comin' a mile away. And let's face it. You guys were never cut out for undercover work.

TAGGERT

So we're supposed to just sit here and wait?

ROSEWOOD

Just like old times.

TAGGERT
That's what I'm afraid of.

AXEL
You got the money?

TAGGERT
Ten thousand smacks.

Taggert hands a thick envelope to Axel.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)
This better work, Axel. This is John's
life you're carrying around.

AXEL
It's a good thing my shit always works
then, isn't it?

Taggert and Rosewood share a look and roll their eyes in unison.

AXEL (CONT'D)
An hour.

Axel steps out, heads for the door. Rosewood squints, confused.

ROSEWOOD
A long night? What does he mean long
night?

INT. THE PIT STOP - NIGHT

Axel steps inside and takes it in. A full grocery center with
a fine wine and liquors section and cigar shop on one side and
a posh SUSHI BAR and restaurant on the other.

A shifty looking character in a flash vest and goofy bow tie is
standing behind a mahogany desk marked "Reservations".

Axel watches as the young DESK CLERK sniffs from a small nasal
spray bottle. His eyes wide and dancing.

Axel laughs as he approaches the desk.

The Desk Clerk spots him coming and fumbles with his tie.

Axel plays nervous as he puts on a pair of shades and carefully watches his back.

AXEL
(thug voice)
Hey, my man. Someone call a plumber?
Cos I'm here to snake the drain.

DESK CLERK
Snake the drain?

AXEL
You know? Unclog the pipes?

The Desk Clerk is still clueless.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Okay, this still ain't sinkin' in.
How about this.

Axel plays nervous as he watches his back and leans on the desk.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Let's say I gotta use the bathroom,
okay? But the shit's busted. There's
a sign on the door sayin' I can only
go number one. Number one's cool. I
gotta go number one real bad.

The Desk Clerk just shakes his head in confusion, not following along.

AXEL (CONT'D)
But let's say I'm in there awhile.
All the sudden, I decide I wanna sit
down and stay for awhile. Maybe go
number two. Now, do I gotta decide
before I go in there if I'm doin' a
number one or number two?...Or can
I wait and see if the mood hits?

Axel nervously rubs the back of his neck as the Desk Clerk slowly cracks a smile.

AXEL (CONT'D)
You see what I'm sayin' to you now?

The Desk Clerk finally nods with understanding.

DESK CLERK

Yes, sir. I believe so.

INT. PIT STOP/1ST FLOOR/VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Axel makes it past the front desk and heads for an elevator but spots a slew of YOUNG LADIES in evening gowns and well-dressed BUSINESSMEN bellied up at a bar, drinking martinis.

Axel swipes a GOLD CARD into a slit near the elevator doors as the shiny gold doors open. He steps inside.

INT. PIT STOP/2ND FLOOR/VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Axel steps off the elevator and is greeted by a long couch full of beautiful YOUNG LADIES in slinky lingerie. They all stand in unison, greet him with a foney smile.

AXEL

Yes. This could definitely be a long night.

INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR - NIGHT

Rosewood and Taggart watch the building, bored, same old shit as they wait for Axel.

Taggart sips a black coffee.

TAGGERT

I can't believe I'm doin' this shit again.

ROSEWOOD

Come on, Sarge. You're having fun. Admit it.

TAGGERT

Oh, yeah. Sitting out here, waiting on Axel. Not knowing what the hell's going on. This is great.

Rosewood grows visibly irritated.

ROSEWOOD

It wouldn't kill you to say that you miss me. Just a little.

Taggert rolls his eyes, talks to himself.

TAGGERT
I'm sorry, Billy. I'm not happy about
being here. But if I have to be here
...then I'm glad it's with you.

Rosewood hides his goofy smile.

ROSEWOOD
Me too, Sarge. I feel the same way.

TAGGERT
You're not gonna slip me the tongue,
are you?

Rosewood loses his chipper smile. He huffs under his breath.

ROSEWOOD
That's not funny, Sarge.

Taggert watches Rosewood closely.

TAGGERT
Hell you talkin' about?

ROSEWOOD
Nothing. Just be careful with the gay
jokes around me. That's all.

Taggert scans his old partner up and down as he puffs on his cigar. He gives up and plops down in his seat, keeps an eye on Rosewood.

INT. VIP ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Axel is escorted into a perfectly lit, ultra high-tech bedroom with king sized bed, silk sheets and mirrored ceiling.

A video camera is set up on a tripod while a FLATSCREEN TV hangs on the wall.

Axel's paid escort SKYLER (20), great build, but a foney product of too much plastic surgery, sprawls out on the bed, poses on it seductively as Axel watches.

Axel holds the envelope of money behind his back.

SKYLER

Are you gonna stand there all night?
Or are you gonna get comfortable?

AXEL

I'm comfortable, thanks.

SKYLER

So what's your name?

AXEL

Does it really matter?

SKYLER

So you're one of those guys who likes
to get right to it. That's cool.

She pats the bedsheets, invites him over.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Why don't you get a little closer?

Axel tosses the envelope of money onto the sheets in front of
his date. She flips through the cash.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Wow. I've got my work cut out for
me, don't I?

AXEL

That money's not for you. It's for
your boss. I got a message for him.
Inside the envelope he'll find the
name and address of where I want the
money delivered. Then I want him to
send a message along with it. Ten
grand, compliments of John Taggert.
His debt's officially paid off.

SKYLER

I don't understand.

AXEL

You don't need to understand. You
just need to send the message. And
tell your boss if he doesn't do it
...there's some cops who might be
interested in his little operation.

SKYLER

So you're just gonna leave me this money?

AXEL

I figured you would ask me that, so let's be clear. I'm gonna be calling to see if he got that money. If he doesn't have it come morning...and if I think you ran off with it, stole it or whatever...I'm gonna let your boss know all about it. And then I'm gonna drop his name, along with you and all your girlfriends names to the cops.

Skyler gazes down at the envelope, sick to her stomach.

AXEL (CONT'D)

That's it. Have a good night.

Axel heads for the door.

AXEL (CONT'D)

You're doing a very good job here.

Skyler stares at his pants, smiles.

SKYLER

Yeah, I can see that.

Axel bashfully covers himself on his way out.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Come back and see me when you have some time!

CUT TO:

INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR - MORNING

Axel, Taggart and Rosewood watch the front door closely, waiting patiently as Taggart rubs his sore eyes and Rosewood struggles to keep his head up.

TAGGERT

Okay, now what?

The sound of Taggert's voice startles Rosewood out of his sleep.

AXEL

Be cool, man. Now all we gotta do is follow the money.

TAGGERT

I still don't get it.

AXEL

What's there to get? It's very simple. We're giving Johnny's share of the money back, and still paying off his football debt. Meanwhile we can get this Eddie Stone by the ass all at the same time when we catch him with the money.

Rosewood rubs his temples, a nervous habit.

ROSEWOOD

Blackmailing cops? This...this is not good. At all.

AXEL

What're you getting all worked up about? I thought you wanted to bust this guy?

ROSEWOOD

By handing him a bag of stolen cash? It's not exactly what I had in mind. I'm Internal Affairs now, Axel. I could lose my job.

TAGGERT

(furious)

Your job? What about John? He's got a little more than his job on the line.

ROSEWOOD

Sorry. I'm just saying.

AXEL

Would you guys relax? You're not gonna lose your job and nothing's gonna happen to John. We got this.

Rosewood spots the familiar face of Eddie Stone heading out the front door with the envelope of cash.

ROSEWOOD

Hey. It's him.

Taggart quickly sits up. Axel uses binoculars to watch Stone as he heads to his Mercedes.

AXEL

Where did he come from?

ROSEWOOD

He's leaving. He must've been in there the whole time.

AXEL

He took the bait.

ROSEWOOD

Now what?

He lowers the binoculars, smiles at the others.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Now we go to breakfast. Fuck do you think? Now we tail him and follow the money.

Rosewood waits until Stone pulls out of the lot and slowly follows behind, staying safely out of view.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - MORNING

As Rosewood's Lexus enters Mulholland Drive, a whole swarm of black and white patrol cruisers, lights flashing, box them in, forcing them to the curb.

TWO OFFICERS leap from the car in front of them, guns drawn and moving in.

INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR - MORNING

ROSEWOOD

What the hell is this?

AXEL

Looks like your boy Stone made us.

ROSEWOOD

They're stalling us.

TAGGERT

(sarcastic)

Ya think?

ROSEWOOD

It's okay.

Rosewood turns to the others.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

You guys are with me. Just keep quiet
and let me do the talking.

OFFICER #1 draws down on Rosewood from the driver's side.

OFFICER #1

Out of the car! Keep your hands where
I can see them!

ROSEWOOD

(to Officer)

It's okay! I'm a cop! I'm just gonna
reach for my badge!

Rosewood reaches in his coat as the Officer breaks his pistol
through the window, shards flying onto Rosewood's lap.

OFFICER #1

Hands...on the dash!

TAGGERT

(to Rosewood)

I feel safer already.

With a goofy expression, Rosewood slowly raises his hands up as
Taggart does likewise. Axel places his hands on the dash.

AXEL

(frustrated)

Fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - DAY

Axel and Taggert rest on a steel slab bench as Rosewood paces on the dirty floor, shakes his head, mumbles. There's a DRAG QUEEN in skirt and pumps sitting next to Axel and watching Rosewood's nervous fit.

TAGGERT

Quit it, would ya?

ROSEWOOD

Quit what?

TAGGERT

That thing you're doing.

ROSEWOOD

What thing?

TAGGERT

Pacing and mumbling. I hate it when you do that. You don't have to whisper, ya know? It's no secret you're pissed off.

ROSEWOOD

When I get nervous I talk to myself.

TAGGERT

You're nervous? You're making me nervous.

ROSEWOOD

You're not the one about to lose your job.

TAGGERT

Your job? What about losing the money? We don't even know where it is.

DRAG QUEEN

(to Axel)

What're you in for?

AXEL

I'm about to be in here for killin' a couple cops.

DRAG QUEEN

You too?

Axel nonchalantly shifts in his seat, faces away from the drag queen and watches Taggert and Rosewood.

AXEL

How much longer we gotta be in here?

ROSEWOOD

I don't know. They impounded my car so I got us a ride. She'll be here in an hour, maybe less.

AXEL

She?

TAGGERT

I got an idea, Billy. Why don't you flash your badge. That'll scare their pants off.

Axel laughs. Rosewood hangs his head in shame. A CORRECTIONS OFFICER opens up their cell. Axel, Taggert, and the drag queen stand. He fixes his skirt.

C.O.

You got a visitor.

Axel, Taggert, Rosewood head out. The C.O. points at Rosewood.

C.O. (CONT'D)

Just you, Lieutenant.

The three friends share a befuddled look.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Rosewood is escorted inside by the Corrections Officer where he is greeted by IAD Inspector Weinberg.

Rosewood huffs with exhaustion and frustration. He shakes his head at Weinberg who is ear to ear smiles.

ROSEWOOD

They send you to give me my walking papers, Weinberg?

WEINBERG

I should be so lucky.
(nods to a chair)
Sit down, Lieutenant.

Rosewood sits down in protest. Weinberg stands.

ROSEWOOD

So you wanna know about the money?
Where it came from?

WEINBERG

That won't be necessary.

Rosewood is visibly confused.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

I know all about your friend Taggart
and his kid. I also know that your
friend Foley is in town and is
helping you break open this Harry Phan
investigation. I'm here to tell you
to stop.

ROSEWOOD

Who sent you?

WEINBERG

I've been working in conjunction with
federal agents who've been tracking
Phan's activities for the last seven
months. Including his involvement with
several officers in this police
department.

ROSEWOOD

You knew about Phan this whole time?

WEINBERG

I've got a number of undercover officers
in the field trying to get on Phan's
payroll. Eddie Stone included. You and
your friends almost blew his cover with
that little stunt you pulled. If Phan or
any of his associates find out a police
officer is blackmailing Stone, he'll have
him killed just to be on the safe side.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

You know, the feds want your job for compromising their guy. Thanks to me, I made them a better offer.

ROSEWOOD

What?

WEINBERG

I told them I'd make you a deal. We use that money to take care of your friend Taggert's football debt and you walk away. Leave Harry Phan alone.

Rosewood halfheartedly scoffs under his breath.

ROSEWOOD

Why didn't you tell me? I mean...this whole time?

WEINBERG

Because I knew you wouldn't let it go. You'd insist on getting involved in the investigation. I'm here to tell you that if you don't let this go, word will leak about Taggert's kid and that money, and your involvement in attempting to bribe an undercover officer.

ROSEWOOD

Don't beat around the bush, Weinberg. Tell me how you really feel.

Weinberg sits on the edge of the desk, stares Rosewood down with a dead serious look.

WEINBERG

It's up to you, Rosewood. What's it gonna be?

INT. WAITING ROOM/COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Axel, Rosewood and Taggert drag ass as they wait behind a white iron gate. A BUZZER sounds and the door opens as a CORRECTIONS OFFICER escorts the three buddies out.

Axel smiles and laughs as he spots --

JENNY SUMMERS (50s), now a red head, still beautiful, awaiting them all in chairs. She stands, gives a coy smile as she folds her arms and observes this motley crew.

JENNY

I knew this day was coming soon
enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA HORSE MOTEL/VENICE, CA - DAY

This modest motel was once a beautiful beachfront inn, but has been beaten down by its hard partying guests as LOUD RAP MUSIC blares from the parking lot and SCANTILY CLAD HOOKERS walk in and out of the many rooms.

Thugged out cars and low-rider trucks sit parked in front of the several motel room doors with their engines running and stereos blasting.

One HOOKER counts her money as she is getting picked up by her ride, waiting in the lot.

INT. SEA HORSE MOTEL/FRONT DESK - DAY

Detectives BENSON and DIEGO await in a back room near the front desk as the motel's owner --

CARL (40s), three day beard, stressed out and tired, frantically searches for his smokes under a stack of unpaid bills. He finds one and sparks up.

CARL

You guys think you're walking out of
here with thirty percent of my take
for the month, then you're wrong!

BENSON

Is that right? Officer Stone's gonna
be real disappointed.

CARL

These fuckin' kids are savages! Drug
deals, hookers, guns! Your little
operation's destroyed my business!
They're supposed to keep things nice
and quiet! That was the deal!

DIEGO

Hey. You're making money. What's the problem?

Carl gets in his face.

CARL

Every couple hours, I got vice in here threatening to shut me down if I don't start cleaning house!

(beat)

You tell Stone this wasn't part of the deal! I was supposed to get protection!

BENSON

Is that all?

CARL

No! It's not all! You tell him if he doesn't start beefing up security around here, I'll be the first one to drop a dime to the cops! And if he still wants his cut, he knows what to do! You tell him that! Now go screw! Both of you!

DIEGO

I'll be sure he gets the message.

Diego and Benson head out as Carl watches them leave and gulps down his double shot of crown royal.

EXT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE/POOL DECK - DUSK

Benson and Diego follow Stone, in his swim trunks and an open robe, out a sliding glass door and onto a pool deck as he sips a gin and tonic.

Stone heads for a wet bar near the deep end to get a refresh on his glass.

DIEGO

Your boy at the motel's ready to crack. I think he's ready for a sit down.

STONE

You collect the money?

BENSON

No. Not yet.

STONE

Good. Don't. Let him think he's in charge. We got him right where we want him.

Stone grabs a pitcher of gin and tonic, pours another glass.

STONE (CONT'D)

Now onto other business. This shit stick cop Rosewood is starting to really irritate me.

(beat)

Someone's been doing some talking.

Stone pours an extra glass. Diego and Benson turn and stare at one another.

DIEGO

Whadd'ya mean?

STONE

Rosewood's IAD. Him and his buddy Foley got a lead on our operation at The Pit Stop. One plus one equals a rat.

DIEGO

You got any leads on who it is?

STONE

Oh. I have a pretty good idea.

Stone reaches under a magazine and grabs a silenced TWENTY-TWO pistol, swiftly turns, fires at Diego's head.

POW!

-- as the bullet blows Diego's face apart and his body is FLUNG INTO THE DEEP END.

Benson is in shock as he watches his dead partner's body fill up the pool with blood.

Stone isn't phased in the least as he removes the silencer.

STONE

I figure Rosewood got to one of you.
If I was wrong about him, that means
you're the rat.

Stone nods to Diego.

STONE (CONT'D)

Take a good look. If you don't want
that to happen to you, then you're
gonna take care of this Rosewood.
Once and for all. Show me that I
didn't make a mistake by bringing you
in on this.

BENSON

What about Taggart and Foley?

STONE

You're a real smart cop, Benson. You
figure it out.

Stone sips his drink and heads for the door. Benson just stands
in awe of this shocking turn of events.

STONE (CONT'D)

Get this cleaned up. I have company
coming over.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DUSK

It's the eighteenth floor of this half-way constructed five star
hotel in the making. No walls or windows, just brick, cement
and foundation.

A cool breeze blows a swift wind through the hollow passages of
this unfinished building.

Harry Phan, Stiggs, a few of Harry's goons, and NIKOS THOMOPOLIS
(50s), balding, spiked hair, arms dealer, stroll the floor.

HARRY

We're still months away from a completion
date and now they're threatening to shut
down construction until I can cover the
remaining costs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I can only move so much money before the IRS starts asking too many questions.

THOMOPOLIS

And that's where I come in, right? That's why you invited me up here. And here I thought it was for the pretty view.

Thomopolis smiles as he steps closer to the edge and stares out into the bright orange sunset. The Santa Monica pier ferris wheel lights glowing in the distance.

HARRY

I'm your most loyal customer, Nick. As you are mine. What I'm proposing is taking our partnership a step further.

Thomopolis turns, bored with the conversation.

THOMOPOLIS

Don't jerk me off, Phan. I jerked off enough in prison. What do you want?

HARRY

You put up the rest of the money and I'll guarantee major purchases on your next five shipments.

Thomopolis laughs.

THOMOPOLIS

From the sounds of things, you'll be in jail long before that. Besides. I don't believe in guarantees. I believe in money.

HARRY

My empire is continuing to grow at an unprecedented rate. And...

(beat)

...I have protection. The kind of protection a man in your position can only dream of.

Thomopolis can feel Stiggs watching him like a creep in the corner. An evil scowl on his face.

THOMOPOLIS

Yeah, your men are making me feel warm all over. I got butterflies.

Harry cracks a smile.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Carl, our nervous manager from the Sea Horse Motel, drags from a cigarette and runs his hand across the pier's railing, waits not so patiently as he checks his watch every few seconds.

He turns, stunned to see Harry Phan waiting some ten feet away and puffing his own cigarette.

A couple of his delinquent SOLDIERS cover Carl from both ends of the pier, boxing him in.

CARL

Shit, man. You scared me.

HARRY

Please excuse the time. I hope we haven't kept you waiting.

Carl watches the two soldiers on either side of him, making him nervous and unsure.

CARL

I said I wanted to meet alone. No guns and no goons. Just us.

HARRY

Now that wouldn't be very safe this time of night. Carrying around all this money myself.

Carl notices that one of the soldiers is carrying a backpack of some sort on his shoulder.

CARL

Money? What're you talking about?

HARRY

I hear you're not happy with your current role. Officer Stone tells me the police have caught wind of our operation and made life difficult for you. Because of this you're being pressured to come forward.

Carl grows even more nervous as the two soldiers step closer to him, looking very angry.

CARL

Yeah, well, they're not leaving me much choice. They're gonna shut me down if I don't do something.

(beat)

Stone gave me a guarantee this wouldn't be a problem. Now, all of a sudden, I got cops all over my ass.

HARRY

I understand. The police can be very stubborn in their pursuits. They get wind of something...they just don't let up until they get their man. It's the cost of doing this kind of business, Mister Dunn. A business that you just aren't cut out for. Unfortunately, your involvement in this has made the officers in my charge uncomfortable to say the least.

Soldier #1 with the backpack steps forward, causes Carl stress as he steps back.

CARL

What's he doing?

HARRY

This is your early retirement, Mister Dunn. All you have to do now is hand over control of the motel to me. You let me and Mister Stone worry about keeping the police in check.

Soldier #1 unzips the bag and throws it on the pavement in front of Carl.

CARL

I see what this is. Whadd'ya think, I'm stupid, Phan? You and your hoods running me out of my own motel. I bet those same cops are in your pocket too. Well forget it. I want back in. Fifty percent.

HARRY

I'm afraid that's not an option. Our offer is more than sufficient, Mister Dunn. If I were you I'd take it and not utter one more fucking word about it.

Carl notices Soldier #2 going for a gun and pulls his own piece from inside his coat. He draws down on Harry.

CARL

Back off!

Harry motions to Soldier #2 to lay off his gun. He slowly pulls his hand out of his pocket.

HARRY

That won't be necessary. You will take this money and we will not speak of this again.

(beat)

This is a war you cannot win. Don't be foolish.

CARL

Yeah, well, I'm gonna have to think this over. In the meantime, you're gonna sweeten the deal. I want another hundred. Payable by the week's end. If you don't have it by then, I'm going to the police. We'll see how loyal your cop friends are after they're brought in for questioning.

Harry thinks it over. An insincere smile.

HARRY

I'll have to take it to my people. You're a very shrewd businessman, Mister Dunn. And also very stubborn. We'll be in touch.

Carl grabs the bag of cash, makes his way off the pier.

EXT. PARKING LOT/BEACH - NIGHT

Carl carries his bag of cash over his shoulder as he leaves the beach and cuts across a small parking lot. He spots a shaggy looking SURFER GIRL leaning on his car and smoking a joint.

She stumbles toward him, playing the role.

SURFER GIRL

Say, buddy. You wanna buy some shit?

CARL

No, I don't. Get the hell away from my car.

The Surfer Girl almost trips on her own feet as she steps even closer.

SURFER GIRL

Come on, man. Just a bag. You should mellow out. Maybe we can go somewhere, make you feel good.

She reaches for his face, strokes the side of his cheek with her fingers.

CARL

Get out of my way you dirty bitch.

SURFER GIRL

What's your problem, man? We should take a little walk on the beach and chill. I'll hook you up, ya know? Come on, man. Show me some money.

Carl gets fed up, drops his bag of money and pulls his gun as he sticks it in her face.

CARL

I said get out of here!

Before he knows what's happening, Carl is grabbed from behind as an arm is wrapped around his throat and he drops his weapon.

The Surfer Girl takes off, into the night as a couple more THUGS appear and take turns throwing Carl a beating.

THUG #1 knees him in the crotch as Carl falls to his knees. The man behind him releases his throat as THUG #2 kicks him in the chest and knocks him to the asphalt.

All three men, all dressed like pot-head beach bums, take turns kicking and beating Carl to a pulp.

THUG #1 wraps a long wire around Carl's throat and finishes the job as the other two watch.

Carl finally gives as Thug #1 releases him, lets him fall to the ground. Dead.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jenny's BMW convertible parks in a guests spot in front of the high-priced complex. Several palm trees and a colorful flower garden circle a sign that reads "BEVERLY TERRACE"

INT. JENNY'S BMW - NIGHT

Jenny behind the wheel, Axel shotgun and Rosewood and Taggert in the back seat, looking whipped.

JENNY

Okay. I thought we were going for a nice after dinner drink. Does anyone wanna tell me what's going on?

ROSEWOOD

Look at this place. Hard to believe Ricky living in a place like this.

TAGGERT

And they say crime doesn't pay.

JENNY

Who's Ricky?

AXEL

I guess it would be asking too much if you waited in the car.

Jenny watches Rosewood and Taggert in the rear view mirror being suspiciously quiet.

JENNY

Oh, no. No, no, no.

AXEL

I'll just be a minute or two, tops.
Rosewood here will keep you company.

JENNY

You're unbelievable. You said you
weren't working. You promised me.

AXEL

I did? I don't remember saying that
shit.

Axel turns to the fellas in the back.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Do you guys remember me sayin' that?

Rosewood and Taggert shake their heads in unison.

AXEL (CONT'D)

(to Jenny)

They don't remember you sayin' that.
I don't think you heard me right.
You should probably have your ears
checked or somethin' like that. Maybe
cut your hair.

(redirects)

Which is looking very nice, by the way.
Very beautiful.

JENNY

Cut the shit, Axel. I remember you very
specifically saying that you were in town
on vacation and wanted to catch up. Next
thing I know, I see you with Heckel and
Jeckel here coming out of a jail cell.

Rosewood and a cigar chomping Taggert share a look.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Then you lied to me again when you said
it was all just a big mix-up. I guess I
didn't hear you right.

AXEL

No, you didn't. But it's okay. I forgive you.

Jenny huffs in exhaustion.

AXEL (CONT'D)

And I'd love for us all to catch up and have a drink. Tell you what. When we're done here, we can all go back to your place and relax, okay? Have a few drinks and who knows.

(beat)

We can all spend the whole night together if you want. Have like a big sleepover. But right now, I gotta go upstairs with Taggert. Let you and Rosewood have a chance to get reacquainted.

Rosewood doesn't seem keen on the idea as he shuts his eyes and mumbles under his breath. Taggert watches him, curious.

Jenny stares at Rosewood in the rear view mirror, and she's just as enthused for this plan.

JENNY

Wonderful.

(stares at Rosewood)

Be still my beating heart.

AXEL

Billy, you don't mind stayin' with Jenny and keeping her company, right?

Rosewood rolls his eyes.

ROSEWOOD

Wonderful.

Axel notices Jenny and Rosewood giving each other a dirty look and shares an exchange with Taggert, who also senses some hostility in the air.

AXEL

Wonderful.

(to Taggert)

You hear that, Taggert? Wonderful.

Taggert watches Rosewood rub his sore eyes.

TAGGERT
Wonderful.

Taggert and Axel step out, leaving a frustrated Jenny and Rosewood alone.

JENNY
A sleepover? What is he talking
about, sleepover?

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Axel and Taggert push open the already busted open door as Axel does a quick sweep of the front room, gun drawn.

The place is a disaster. The cushions of the couch flipped, and the back of a leather recliner ripped to shreds as white foam stuffing covers the carpet.

Taggert checks the messy kitchen.

KITCHEN

Every cabinet door and drawer have been flung open or dropped on the floor, leaving a mess of kitchen utensils, tools and other silverware.

Also on the ground are various pots and pans and other cookware. A round kitchen table rests in the corner with a full can of coffee dumped onto the surface.

Several bags of potato chips and crackers have also been poured onto the table.

TAGGERT
Call me obvious...but I think someone
was having a hard time finding that
money.

LIVING ROOM

On the carpet, Axel picks up a busted picture frame as he avoids being cut by the glass. It's a picture of Ricky having a drink at a club with a hot waitress on his shoulder, both smiling.

A look of surprise on Axel as he slowly figures out that the girl is SKYLER, his paid escort at The Pit Stop.

AXEL
Hey, Taggert.

Taggert slowly shuffles his way into the living room.

TAGGERT
What is it?

AXEL
This girl with Ricky. It's the same chick I saw at The Pit Stop.

Taggert grabs the photo, takes a look for himself.

TAGGERT
What was she? A waitress?

AXEL
This girl does a whole lot more than bussing tables.

TAGGERT
I wonder if Ricky's aware of that.

AXEL
My guess is he is.

Taggert squints, confused.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Those girls are charging two grand a head and the place was crawlin' with suits. They take in a whole helluva lot more than twenty k a night.

TAGGERT
What're you saying? That Johnny was lying about the twenty grand?

AXEL
I'm saying if Ricky ripped this place off, he took a lot more than twenty thousand, whether John's aware of it or not.

TAGGERT

A place like that, you can't just run in with a ski mask and stick up the place.

AXEL

Exactly. Ricky says he worked for this guy Phan. Maybe he was the bag man. He gets the money from point A to point B, only --

TAGGERT

-- It never gets to point B.

Axel ponders it all. A moment of realization hits him like a sack of bricks.

AXEL

I'm gonna check the bedroom.

Axel hurries to a corner bedroom as Taggert follows behind.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Axel flips on the lights and notices a perfectly made bed in the center of the room. The drawers of a large oak armoire have been pulled and dumped to the carpet, only they are empty.

Axel bites his lip, in deep thought. He opens up a closet door and finds it completely empty. No clothes, hangers, nothing.

AXEL

Yo, Taggert!

INT. RICKY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Taggert notices the sink is spotless with an empty toothbrush stand on top. He opens up a medicine cabinet and finds it is also empty.

TAGGERT

Yeah?

Axel enters.

AXEL

You notice anything strange?

TAGGERT

Yeah. Doesn't look like anyone lives here.

AXEL

Ricky didn't come runnin' back here after the wedding. It would be the first place they'd look for that cash. He packed his shit long before that.

TAGGERT

Ready to skip town.

AXEL

No wonder he was so nervous at the wedding. He knew they were lookin' for him. Which probably means he worked for them as a courier. It's the same thing that got my friend Mikey killed. When the shit turns up missing, they don't exactly have to narrow down the list to find out who did it.

TAGGERT

If they know he's the last one to touch the cash, why risk taking it? It doesn't make sense.

AXEL

A kid like Ricky grew up with nothing and spent half his life living on the streets. He probably got sick at starin' at all that cash and lost his head.

TAGGERT

Okay, so where is he?

Axel stares down at the broken photo of Ricky and Skyler.

AXEL

I don't know. Maybe we should ask Skyler and find out.

INT. JENNY'S BMW - NIGHT

Rosewood now in the front seat with Jenny. They are strangely quiet, avoiding each other as Rosewood sneaks a few peeks here and there.

ROSEWOOD

I never thanked you for coming to get us.

JENNY

(angry)

Yeah, well, if I knew why, I wouldn't have.

Rosewood obviously bites his tongue and fights hard to restrain from responding.

He takes another look at Jenny, not so mad this time, but more a look of nostalgia, secretly fond of this woman.

ROSEWOOD

You know, I haven't told him.

JENNY

Told who what?

ROSEWOOD

About us. Whadd'ya think I meant?

JENNY

As far as I'm concerned, there's not much to tell.

Rosewood seems sad, almost offended.

ROSEWOOD

I didn't think it was that bad.

Jenny scoffs at him, shakes her head.

JENNY

Yeah, Billy, it was the best month of my life.

ROSEWOOD

You don't have to be so cruel about it.

Jenny sees Rosewood sulking, feels bad.

JENNY

That's not what I meant.

ROSEWOOD

What did you mean?

JENNY

We were an unnatural act. A case of mistaking wild coincidence as fate.

ROSEWOOD

What the hell are you talking about?

JENNY

We were single, lonely and depressed. We just happened to be in the same supermarket at the exact same time waiting in the exact same line.

ROSEWOOD

(reflects)

Lane three.

JENNY

We just let things move way too fast because you thought it was meant to be.

ROSEWOOD

Maybe it was. But I guess we'll never know because you were too scared to find out.

Rosewood starts to boil. He tries to bite his tongue but can't quite do it.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

And I never said it was fate. I just thought that since...

(thinks it over)

...well...never mind.

Jenny won't let it go.

JENNY

Since what?

ROSEWOOD

Well, I was gonna say I may've got the wrong impression when you came onto me at the art gallery.

Jenny bursts out laughing.

JENNY

Are you on drugs?

ROSEWOOD

You gotta admit, you were definitely throwing a sexual vibe my direction.

Jenny neurotically begins rubbing her sore temples as she shuts her eyes.

JENNY

I have a headache all over my body.
Please stop speaking, okay?

Rosewood spots Axel and Taggart heading for the car.

ROSEWOOD

Here they come.
(beat)
We'll talk about this later.

JENNY

I'll try to keep my hands to myself until then.

Axel and Taggart jump in. Axel carries an ANSWERING MACHINE on his lap. Ricky's answering machine.

ROSEWOOD

Well? How'd it go?

AXEL

It's coming together.

Axel notices how upset Jenny is.

AXEL (CONT'D)

How'd it go here?

JENNY

Wonderful.

Axel smiles, checks with Rosewood.

ROSEWOOD
Wonderful.

Axel laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the front door walks Jenny, Axel, Taggart, and Rosewood as Axel marvels at the high-priced digs before him. Jenny has moved up in the world since we saw her last.

An entire collection of eclectic artwork hangs from the wall, relics of the now closed Hollis-Benton Gallery.

A pricey crystal chandelier dangles from the ceiling above the spiral staircase.

AXEL
Yo, man. It's lifestyles of the rich
and famous.
(stunned)
Is this your house?

Jenny scoffs.

JENNY
Stop acting so surprised.

Rosewood rolls his eyes as he strolls the living room with his hands in his pocket, disinterested and unimpressed.

ROSEWOOD
(smug)
It's her boyfriend's. The doctor.

Jenny bumps Rosewood out of the way as she follows Taggart and Axel into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

AXEL
Thought maybe you stole it or somethin'.

TAGGERT

You'd know about stealing houses,
wouldn't you, Foley?

AXEL

Touche.

Taggert grabs a plastic barbecue lighter from a drawer, sparks
up a cigar.

Jenny yanks it right out of his mouth.

JENNY

Don't even think of lighting that
tobacco asshole in this house.

AXEL

Yeah, we wouldn't wanna ruin the smell
of new money.

Axel laughs.

TAGGERT

No kidding.

JENNY

Paul is bronchial. The faintest smell
of cigar smoke and he'll kill me.

ROSEWOOD

We wouldn't wanna upset Paul, now would
we?

AXEL

Ya know, I haven't been a cop for awhile
but I'm sensing some tension in the air.
(to Taggert)
Whatta you think, Taggert?

TAGGERT

The air is a bit thick.

ROSEWOOD

Let's just say Jenny got a better offer.
A bigger wall to hang all her pretty
artwork.

Jenny gives up and heads to a liquor cabinet, pours all of them a nice double shot.

Taggert gets a very upset, almost confused look on his face.

TAGGERT

You and Jenny were an item?

AXEL

Get the fuck outta here.

ROSEWOOD

Yes, it was a very brief affair to say the least.

Jenny hands everyone a drink except Rosewood.

JENNY

Yes, and Billy hasn't been able to let it go.

Rosewood steps uncomfortably close to Jenny.

ROSEWOOD

That's because Jen has been unable to accept the fact that she still has feelings for me.

JENNY

Where do you get this stuff?

Jenny turns her back on him, gulps down her drink as if he's hit a sensitive nerve.

ROSEWOOD

The eyes, Jen. The eyes never lie.

TAGGERT

I taught him that.

AXEL

Hold up. I just thought of something. Billy and me shared a woman.

JENNY

(embarrassed)

Axel!

ROSEWOOD
(surprised)
Really? That's news to me.

JENNY
That's cos it was a one time thing and we were kids. And we were drunk at the time.

AXEL
Well you don't have to make it sound so cheap.

JENNY
Gee, I'm sorry, Axel. What girl doesn't dream of getting it in the back of a Chevy Nova?

Axel laughs. Taggert still looks confused as he rolls a cigar in his mouth.

TAGGERT
So...you and Billy...and Axel? I don't suppose you could...

JENNY
No, I don't suppose I could!

ROSEWOOD
John. Take it easy. Show some respect.

Jenny seems flattered by his goofy gesture, but tries to hide a smile.

TAGGERT
(to Jenny)
Sorry.

AXEL
Yeah, Taggert, show some respect.
(to Jenny)
So who's better? Me or Rosewood?

Jenny goes for an instant refill on her vodka rocks.

JENNY
Oh my God.

Rosewood shakes his head with disgust at Axel and Taggert's rude comments.

ROSEWOOD

Come on, guys.

AXEL

Hey, Jen. I'm sorry really. I'm being bad again. Didn't mean to put you on the spot like that. My bad.

Rosewood makes a desperate gesture for Axel to lay off. Taggert laughs under his breath.

Axel pauses. He can't hold it any longer.

AXEL

So who's bigger? Me or Rosewood.

JENNY

On that note, I'm taking a shower.

Rosewood seems to like that idea.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(to Rosewood)

Alone.

Jenny storms off, out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

AXEL

Damn, man, what did you do to her?

ROSEWOOD

I guess...maybe it's possible I came on too strong.

TAGGERT

Noooo.

Rosewood slumps down at a kitchen table. Depressed and tired.

ROSEWOOD

Women. Can't live with em. Someone fix me a drink.

Axel laughs. Taggert heads for the liquor cabinet.

INT. JENNY'S SPARE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Axel splashes some cold water in his face, freshens up a bit as Jenny leans on the open door frame, watches him with a smile. Axel is caught by surprise.

JENNY

Just making sure you're not stealing a bathrobe or something.

Axel laughs. Jenny gives him an overdue hug.

JENNY (CONT'D)

So, what's this I hear about you not being a cop?

AXEL

Well, I figured there's only so many times you can be passed over for promotion before you realize it's never gonna happen. Plus, I thought I could make better money on my own.

Axel hops up on the sink as he pulls a business card from his wallet, hands it to Jenny.

JENNY

(reads card)

Axel Foley Investigations.

AXEL

I guess you could say my past finally caught up with me.

JENNY

Yeah, no offense, but I don't really see you as Captain material.

AXEL

What, you can't see me in a suit and tie behind the desk with Rosewood?

JENNY

No, I can't.

AXEL

Yeah, me either. But it's okay though. Business is good. I'm happy.

AXEL (CONT'D)

How bout you? I hear you're a nurse.

JENNY

Yeah, an RN. That's how I met Paul.
He's a surgeon.

AXEL

Oh, obviously.
(smiles)
And?

JENNY

And what?

AXEL

Do you like him?

Jenny cracks a goofy grin.

JENNY

Of course I like him. What kind of
question is that?

AXEL

So what about Rosewood? What happened
there?

JENNY

Nothing. It happened. Now it's over.
Don't worry about it.

Jenny playfully shoves Axel as she steps out. Axel laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE/SWIMMING POOL DECK - NIGHT

Taggart's pants are rolled up as he soaks his sore feet in a hot
tub and puffs his cigar.

Rosewood sits at a laptop doing some research. Jenny sips on a
gin and tonic as Axel appears through a sliding glass door. An
answering machine in his hand.

He goes to Rosewood, checks over his shoulder, reviews the open
web page.

AXEL

Rosewood. What're you reading?

ROSEWOOD

It's an IA database. With my password,
I can access it from any computer.
This is everything I have on Harry Phan.

Rosewood scans through a digital file of crime scene photos, all unsolved homicides, stabbings, shootings, overdoses, all younger men and women in their teens and twenties.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

There's been over two dozen juvenile deaths in the greater Los Angeles area in the last month. All of the victims have one thing in common. All John and Jane Does. No ID, no history, no next of kin. And all unsolved.

Axel takes the mouse and scans through a few more images of the unsolved homicide cases.

IMAGES

-- a young HOMELESS MAN is found dead under a bridge, surrounded by newspapers and other garbage.

-- a TEEN GIRL is face down in an alley. An overdose. A large line of people waiting to get into a club is seen in the near distance.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)

These are just a few of em. Stabbings, shootings, overdoses.

TAGGERT

This is LA, Billy. It's not really that uncommon.

ROSEWOOD

I showed some photos around at the local homeless shelters. They identified over a third of the deceased.

Taggert and Axel share an intrigued look. Jenny hears the doorbell, heads out.

AXEL

This guy Phan is recruiting them straight out of the shelters.

ROSEWOOD

Makes them an offer they can't refuse. A place to stay, a free supply of junk. More money than they've ever seen.

AXEL

And when the cops get too close...

ROSEWOOD

Or they become too big a problem to handle, he bumps them off.

Through the sliding glass walks Jenny and her surprise guest JAN BOGOMIL (48) short blonde hair, professional look with matching business suit, successful.

Axel, Taggert and Rosewood light up as she enters the pool deck. A big smile on all their faces.

AXEL

Look at this!

JAN

Hey, trouble maker.

Axel and Jan share a big hug. Jenny twirls her ice cubes as she throws Rosewood a dirty stare.

AXEL

What the hell're you doing here?

JAN

Nice to see you too, Axel.

Axel laughs. Jan waves at Taggert.

JAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Uncle John.

TAGGERT

Hey, sweetie.

Jan leans in and gives Rosewood a hug around his neck, gives him a big wet kiss on the neck and mouth.

Jenny shakes her head in disgust. Axel and Taggert share a big confused smile.

Axel points at Rosewood, and then Jan, pieces it all together as he turns to Jenny. She rolls her eyes.

JAN

Hey, babe.

ROSEWOOD

How was your day?

JAN

A lot better now.

Jan gives him another wet one on the mouth. Jenny sticks her finger down her neck as Taggert laughs.

TAGGERT

(to Rosewood)

You and Bogomil's daughter?

JAN

Thanks, Uncle John. I almost forgot my real name.

Axel laughs.

AXEL

When did this happen?

JAN

Oh. I guess you could say it was an accident. There I was waiting in line at the supermarket...

Jenny and Axel share a funny look. Taggert can't help but smile as Rosewood bashfully looks away.

JAN (CONT'D)

And out of nowhere comes Billy. We hadn't talked in almost two years, and just like that. There he was. I guess you could call it fate.

JENNY

Yeah. Fate. It's a funny thing.

Jenny takes another huge belt of her gin and tonic.

Rosewood quickly changes the subject.

ROSEWOOD

So anyways. What did you find out today?

JAN

So much for memory lane.

Jan hands Rosewood a manila file full of paperwork. He takes a look at the thick set of papers.

JAN (CONT'D)

Your friend Harry Phan's been a busy boy. He's being investigated in at least eight counts of insurance and tax fraud. He owes something in excess of four to five million in back taxes.

Taggart is now intrigued as he crawls out of the hot tub, joins the others.

JAN (CONT'D)

And that's just what we were able to find. God knows what else this guy's into.

ROSEWOOD

Anything else?

JAN

My guy in the IRS says Phan's big thing now is targeting failing businesses that are struggling financially, offers a third of what the property is worth while the owner takes the money and runs.

Taggart hangs on every word as he slowly takes a seat next to Jenny. She waves away his nasty cigar smoke.

JAN (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, the seller keeps his name on the books while Phan stays in the clear. When the IRS gets wind of what's going on, Phan moves on to his next target. This guy's making millions under the table.

Axel seems focused. He hurries back to the laptop.

AXEL

Rosewood. Go back a few photos. I
wanna check something.

Rosewood grabs the mouse, moves through the still images until
he stops on the YOUNG GIRL in the back alley. A nightclub in
the back ground.

Axel points at the long line of people in the distance. There's
some chinese writing on the wall in bright glowing NEON LETTERS.

AXEL (CONT'D)

There. That club across the street.
Where is this?

ROSEWOOD

It's this club on Pico. The Dragon Room.
Why?

AXEL

Listen to this.

Axel sets down the answering machine, presses play.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Me and Taggart grabbed this from Ricky's
apartment. See if you recognize this
voice.

BENSON (V.O.)

Times up, Ricky. The way I see it, me
and you got a problem. Stone wants you
and your friends dead and I want that
money. So I'll make you a deal. If you
ever wanna see that sweet young thing of
yours again, you'll bring me the full
ninety thousand.

ROSEWOOD

Benson.

BENSON (V.O.)

I'll tell Stone your dead, and we can
all go our separate ways. Like this
never happened.

(beat)

Dragon Room. Midnight. If you're one
second late, the girl's dead.

BENSON (V.O.)

Don't worry, Ricky. I'm on your side.
I hope you're not stupid.

Axel hits stop on the machine.

ROSEWOOD

What girl?

Axel pulls the photo of Skylar and Ricky from his pants pocket.

AXEL

This girl. It's the same girl I saw
at The Pit Stop. My guess...her and
Ricky were both involved in stealing
that money.

TAGGERT

He said the full ninety. That means
her and Ricky took over a hundred gees.
No wonder they're so pissed off.

Axel stares at the still image of the dead young woman laying in
the back alley.

AXEL

The bigger question is...who's this
dead girl in the alley?

ROSEWOOD

She's an overdose. Her friends called
in a 911 emergency. Supposedly, she
just collapsed right there in the alley.

AXEL

What was the name of the girl who called
this in?

ROSEWOOD

Lisa, Linda, Layla. Something.

AXEL

Lola?

Rosewood suddenly realizes who it is. He slumps in his chair
with a surprised look on his face.

Axel seems annoyed as he quickly digs up Lola's photo.

He shoves it in Rosewood's face.

AXEL

Is this her?

ROSEWOOD

I never talked to her. She disappeared before I could question her.

AXEL

Man, you guys still need me, don't you? Lola was killed because she knew something. She was either involved in this girl's death or tried to blow the whistle. Either way, they killed her for it.

Another realization hits Rosewood.

ROSEWOOD

The redhead. Reena!

AXEL

Lola was too scared to come forward about Stone, so she sends her friend Reena instead. It's all coming together now.

TAGGERT

Okay. I'm lost.

AXEL

Rosewood took a statement from a girl about a bad cop. That was Reena. My guess is she was either there that night with Lola or decided to come forward to keep her friend in the clear.

Rosewood checks his watch.

ROSEWOOD

It's after nine. We got less than three hours before Ricky meets with Benson.

AXEL

That is, of course, if Ricky got the message. But it looks like Ricky's long gone.

ROSEWOOD

We're talking ninety thousand dollars here. We should assume that Benson got in touch with him by now. If not at home, then on his cell.

AXEL

In the meantime, we got three hours to come up with a game plan. Otherwise, Ricky's a dead man.

ROSEWOOD

We're gonna need a car.

JAN

Mine's a two seater.

Axel smiles. They all turn to Jenny.

JENNY

No way.

AXEL

So did he fly to that medical conference or drive?

Jenny laughs.

JENNY

No. Way.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRAGON ROOM/PICO BLVD - NIGHT

A spotless, shined up Cadillac Escalade parks in a red zone near the front door and out steps Axel, Rosewood and Taggart.

Axel is wearing a dark hoodie, a black leather racing jacket and shades as he pretends to be incognito. Rosewood and Taggart act as bodyguards as they stare down the crowd waiting in line.

The crowd turn and whisper to one another, point at Axel as they wonder who he is.

The three men skip to the front of the line as a buff DOOR MAN is choosing who enters the club.

AXEL

Say, my man. Sorry I'm late. Traffic was a bitch. Excuse us.

Axel snaps his fingers at Rosewood and Taggert and they follow him toward the door like lapdogs.

The Door Man lays his hand on Axel's chest, stops him.

DOOR MAN

Hold it right there, flash. The line is that way.

Points his beefy finger down the street.

AXEL

Line? Ain't no line, cousin. I'm the entertainment. Mister Phan requested I be here no later than eleven thirty. It's eleven thirty five. We're supposed to be set up, ready to turn this mufucka out by midnight. So do me a favor and get your big monkey ass out my way before I gotta call Mister Phan and handle this, see?

DOOR MAN

You know what I think? I think you and The Oakridge Boys here ain't on the list. I think you're full of shit. So how bout you beat it before this big monkey turns you all into banana pudding.

AXEL

Alright. You wanna do it the hard way? Fine.

Axel removes his shades, drops his hoodie, and quickly flashes his identification.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Axel Foley. Fire Marshall.
(to Taggert)
Would you frisk this man, please?

DOOR MAN

What is this?

Taggart approaches. The Door Man shoves him back.

Rosewood flashes his holstered gun.

ROSEWOOD

Sir, I suggest you cooperate or there's gonna be trouble.

The Door Man slowly raises his arms as Taggart does a pat down and discovers a small automatic pistol.

DOOR MAN

What's this about?

AXEL

I'll tell you what this is about!
This property just happens to be
in violation of section PL90X and
867-5309 of the fire safety code!

The Door Man squints with confusion.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Don't even get me started about the
inside of this place! But you got
people lined up down the streets
blocking not one, not two, but three
fuckin exits and a fire escape!

The Door Man plays like he's checking down the street. He's not following along as he shakes his head with frustration.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Now I was gonna be a gentleman and
come inside and give Mister Phan the
opportunity to fix this! Instead,
you chose to insult me and assault
one of my marshalls! On top of this,
you're carrying an unlicensed firearm!

(to Rosewood)

Mister Rosewood! Cuff this man!

DOOR MAN

Now hold on a second. I don't want any
trouble. I'm just the door man.

The crowd in line start to get ugly as they shout obscenities at all four of the men.

AXEL

Yeah, well. I'm afraid you had your chance to cooperate, sir.

(to Rosewood)

Are you gonna cuff this man or do I have to do it?

Rosewood continues toward him. The Door Man steps back.

DOOR MAN

Hey, look. You wanna talk with Mister Phan, then go on. Alright? I just do what I'm told.

AXEL

Rosewood. Back off.

Rosewood backs away from him.

DOOR MAN

Can I go now?

AXEL

Yeah, you can go. Get the hell outta here. Don't let me see you again.

The Door Man jets as the rowdy crowd erupts. Axel and the others head inside before they're trampled by the incoming clubbers.

INT. THE DRAGON ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

Axel, Taggert and Rosewood move through a busy crowd, walk in on a Chinese Dragon Dance already in progress. The dragon zig zags its way through an array of glass table tops where clubbers are seated.

At each table, a torch is lit.

The dancers move to the beat of the DRUMS as they glide across the floor.

INT. PHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry Phan and Stone watch Axel, Taggert and Rosewood from his two-way office window.

HARRY

And here they are. Right on time.

STONE

Yeah. I wouldn't start celebrating just yet. It's quarter to and still no sign of the kid.

Harry turns to him. A growing smile.

HARRY

Don't worry. He'll be here.

INT. THE DRAGON ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

Axel, Taggart and Rosewood take a seat at one of the glass table tops. Axel scans the floor for any signs of Ricky or Skylar as he spots --

SKYLAR picking up a drink order at the bar. She turns and spots Axel. A smile.

ROSEWOOD

Axel. Isn't that her?

AXEL

I see her. You guys hang back.

Axel pats Rosewood on the chest as he heads for the bar.

BAR

Axel hurries to catch up with Skylar, who carries her tray to a corner booth. He grabs her by the arm as she turns to him.

A smile.

SKYLAR

Look who it is. I guess you changed your mind.

Axel flashes the photo of her and Ricky together.

AXEL

You wanna explain this?

Skylar checks the photo. She doesn't follow.

SKYLAR

He's a friend. So what?

AXEL

So we need to find a place to talk.
Like, right now.

Axel grabs her by the arm and drags her into a corner.

SKYLAR

Hey, you don't need to do that. You
wanna talk, we'll talk.

Skylar turns her attention to a long, mirrored wall in the far corner of the room. She sets down her tray of drinks, grabs Axel by the arm and walks him toward the wall.

There's a small slit in the glass as Skylar uses an ID CARD that is chained to her skirt to open up the private room.

The mirrored wall opens up as Skylar and Axel head inside.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Skylar shoves Axel into a leather chair as she hops on his lap and starts an erotic lap dance.

SKYLAR

There. Now isn't that better?

AXEL

We don't have much time. He'll be here
any second.

SKYLAR

Look man. There's cameras all over this
place. If you don't want me to get in
trouble, then act like you're enjoying
this.

AXEL

Tell me what happened at The Pit Stop.

SKYLAR

I don't know what you're talking about.

Axel grabs her, makes her stop.

AXEL

Then that must've been some other girl
Benson was talkin' about killing if
Ricky don't show with that money by
midnight.

Skylar sits in shock.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Oh, do I have your attention now?

Skylar huffs in frustration. She comes around.

SKYLAR

Look, I let him crib at my place, but
I'm not involved in any of this. I
even told him and Ginny they were nuts
for going through with it.

AXEL

Ginny. Who's Ginny?

An exit door in the far corner opens and in walks --

RICKY

with a back pack full of money. Ninety grand. He and Axel catch
eyes, both surprised to see each other.

A sudden realization hits Axel like a sack of bricks.

EXT. MIRRORED WALL - NIGHT

Two GUNMEN lock and load their machine guns and take aim at the
glass wall. One of them is Benson.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Axel shoves Skylar and himself to the floor.

AXEL

(to Ricky)

Get down!

The glass wall is RIDDLED WITH AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE as Ricky is hit
with several shots. He falls to the ground. Dead.

The bag of money also falls limp to the floor.

As the glass wall explodes and breaks into large shards on the carpet, Axel raises his gun and FIRES MULTIPLE SHOTS.

One of the men is struck in the shoulder and chest and falls to the floor. Benson escapes down the hall.

Axel checks on Skylar.

AXEL

You okay?

SKYLAR

No, are you crazy?

Axel checks on Ricky. Now dead.

In runs Taggert and Rosewood, guns drawn.

ROSEWOOD

Axel!

TAGGERT

What the hell happened?

AXEL

Never mind that! Take the girl and get her outta here! Fast!

Axel chases down the hall after Benson.

INT. DRAGON ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Axel fights his way through a busy crowd as they gather near a back room bar and congregate on a tall staircase overlooking a dance floor.

Axel spots Benson at the top of the steps, making his way toward the roof.

STAIRCASE

Axel pushes and shoves his way up the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAGON ROOM/ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Benson pushes a circle of friends having some wine out of his way - runs to a steel railing at the edge of the roof.

A full view of the street. He's run out of places to hide.

Axel makes his way onto the roof as Benson spots him. Benson raises his gun in the air and FIRES A FEW SHOTS.

The panicked crowd almost runs over Axel as they head for the stairs. They knock his gun to the ground.

One of the clubbers plays hero and attempts to grab Benson's gun from his raised arm.

During the scuffle, Benson drops his gun and punches the man in the mouth.

Axel jumps him as the two almost fall over the railing. Benson grabs Axel's throat, chokes him as Axel digs his thumb into his throat.

Benson releases him as the two men gasp for air. Axel throws a hard right hook and knocks Benson --

OFF THE ROOF

and

THROUGH A CHINESE ENGRAVED SKYLIGHT

INT. DRAGON ROOM/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Benson falls through the glass and onto a lighted DANCE FLOOR where clubbers SCREAM and run for cover.

SKYLIGHT

Axel's face appears over the railing as he stares down at the dead cop on the dance floor. His BLOOD spills out in gushes.

EXT. DRAGON ROOM/ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Axel is out of gas, drops to his knees.

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Skylar sits on a couch, shaking. Her nerves are shot. Axel and the others hover over her, pump her for questions.

Jenny enters with a cup of coffee. She hands it to Skylar and takes a seat.

SKYLAR

Thank you.

AXEL

You're awful lucky you didn't get all of us killed back there.

SKYLAR

They were gonna kill me! What would you do?

ROSEWOOD

They were gonna kill you anyways. You set us up.

AXEL

You said Ricky and Ginny took that money. Who's Ginny?

Axel grabs a photo of the dead girl in the alley from Rosewood. Shoves it in Skylar's face.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Is this Ginny?

Skylar is quiet at first, but comes around.

SKYLAR

Ginny worked at The Dragon Room as a waitress.

AXEL

A waitress? You mean an escort.

SKYLAR

Congratulations, cop.

AXEL

I'm not a cop.

This is news to Taggart and Rosewood as they share a confused look. Axel shows Skylar a photo of Lola Marcus.

AXEL (CONT'D)

I was hired to find this girl by her father.

ROSEWOOD

You know her, don't you?

SKYLAR

Yes. She also worked at the club as a dancer. Her name's Lola. I don't know what happened to her. I haven't seen her in weeks.

AXEL

Tell me what happened to Ginny. She didn't die of natural causes. Phan had her killed and I wanna know why. Did they find out her and Ricky stole that money?

SKYLAR

A few weeks back, Ricky tells me this cop Eddie Stone was working for Phan. He said this other cop found out he was on Phan's payroll and opened an investigation on him.

ROSEWOOD

What was his name? This cop?

SKYLAR

I don't know. All I know is Stone supposedly sent Ginny to get her hooks into this cop. Get him all hot and bothered and bring him back to The Pit Stop for a quick roll.

ROSEWOOD

Why?

Skylar is shocked by his stupidity.

SKYLAR

Whatta you mean why? They wanted to catch him on tape. Use it as blackmail.

TAGGERT

So they killed her to cover their tracks?

SKYLAR

No. Ginny got greedy. Her and Ricky came up with this plan. They burned a copy of the blackmail video of her and this cop, then played both sides. Taking money from Stone and the other cop at the same time.

ROSEWOOD

Weinberg.

Taggert and Axel turn to him.

TAGGERT

Who?

ROSEWOOD

Weinberg. He's IA. No wonder he's been putting up so much resistance. He's been working under the table for Stone this whole time.

Rosewood paces the floor. Flustered. He's been played for a fool by Weinberg.

AXEL

(to Skylar)

How was Lola involved in all this?

SKYLAR

They sent Lola to spike Ginny's drink. She didn't know they were gonna kill her. She was supposed to just walk her to her car and drive her home. When she collapsed in the alley, Lola freaked out and called the cops.

AXEL

So that's why she split town. She was afraid the cops would find out she killed her.

SKYLAR

What's gonna happen to me now?

AXEL

Nothing. You're gonna stay here for a couple days until we can figure this thing out.

This is news to Jenny.

JENNY

She is?

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY PHAN'S ESTATE/BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

STIGGS is busy kickboxing a punching bag in Phan's high tech gym and the room is dark. A simple light illuminates this corner of the room.

A dark presence enters the gym and waits by the door. Stiggs is stopped by the sound of a door creaking open, turns.

HARRY

We have a problem.

The almost black silhouette of Harry Phan steps closer into the light as his face is fully revealed.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Officer Benson is dead and our police friends have the girl.

Stiggs ignores Harry, hits and kicks the bag as he moves in a tight circle.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It seems our involvement with Detective Stone has become more trouble than it's worth. I'm counting on you to take care of it.

Stiggs finally stops, faces Harry, who offers nothing more but a smile as he exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Stone stares down at the back pack filled with ninety thousand dollars in cash sitting on a pricey glass dining table.

He is locked in on this money - focused. Stone rubs the stubble on his face in a nervous fit, paces the floor. Several pieces of luggage are packed and ready as they rest on the tile.

Stone is shocked to see --

WEINBERG

standing in a door frame, his gun aimed and ready to shoot.

WEINBERG

Going somewhere, Stone?

STONE

What the hell're you doing in my house?

WEINBERG

If you think I'm going down alone, you're crazier than I thought.

STONE

You have one other option. You can kill the girl, along with Rosewood and Foley.

WEINBERG

So, paint an even bigger target on my back while you're sitting on a beach with ninety grand? I don't think so.

STONE

So you came here to take the money?

WEINBERG

No. I came here to kill you and take the money.

STONE

Not very smart. Killing a cop. You're in enough trouble as it is. The way I see it...you need me.

WEINBERG

I need you? How?

STONE

To get Rosewood and Foley out of the picture. For good. Tonight.

Stone cautiously steps closer to Weinberg, who gets nervous and backs out of the dining room, into the living room.

STONE (CONT'D)

Your only other option is to run. And you won't get far. Not as long as they're alive. You know this.

WEINBERG

Stay back.

Stone forces him further into the living room.

STONE

We're running out of time. If we're gonna do this, I need you to focus. No more games.

LIVING ROOM

Weinberg pulls back the hammer on his pistol.

WEINBERG

I said get back.

STONE

Don't be stupid. Without me, you're dead. Drop the gun.

And from behind a wall jumps STIGGS with a hypodermic needle as he jams it in Stone's neck. Stone collapses to the tile floor as Weinberg lowers his weapon.

WEINBERG

There. You got him. Now give me the money.

Stiggs cracks an evil smile as he nods toward the dining room, gives Weinberg the signal to grab the cash.

Weinberg hurries back into --

THE DINING ROOM

and snags the bag of money from the glass table. He checks to see if Stiggs is watching him and bolts for the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Weinberg rushes to his car, jumps in with the bag of money.

INT. WEINBERG'S CAR - MORNING

Weinberg sticks in his key. Not a click. Nothing. The car is completely dead.

WEINBERG

Start, you sonofabitch!

Weinberg spots Stiggs standing in front of his car. A MACHINE GUN aimed, locked and ready.

THE WINDSHIELD IS RIDDLED WITH AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE

- as Weinberg is quickly killed.

Stiggs cracks a toothy grin as he heads for the passenger side door, grabs the money from the empty seat.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Stone's unconscious body sits limp in an expensive recliner as Stiggs places a FORTY FIVE in his lifeless hand.

Stiggs is now wearing goggles and covered in a black trash bag material from head to toe. He holds the forty five to Stone's temple, pulls the trigger.

POW!

A bright CRIMSON RED sprays across a white leather couch and a marble coffee table.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS/GRASSY BLUFF - DAY

Harry Phan's Mercedes limo sits in an empty field overlooking a very scenic downtown Los Angeles.

Harry leans on the hood, smokes a cigarette as Stiggs arrives in his car and parks some few feet away.

Stiggs steps out with the bag full of ninety thousand in cash as he slowly approaches.

HARRY

May I presume that Mister Stone is no longer?

Stiggs nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Good. But Foley and Rosewood have become a bigger problem than I had first anticipated.

One of Harry's soldiers steps out of the limo with another bag of cash. Harry takes it, unzips and flashes it to Stiggs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

One hundred thousand.

Harry zips it up, tosses it in the dirt in front of Stiggs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

If Foley and Rosewood aren't dead by day's end...I'll have no choice but to assume you split with my money. And then I will kill you. Is this understood?

Stiggs smiles, heads back to his car, throws the bag inside as he steps in. Harry smiles as Stiggs drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS/TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

Stiggs exits a dirt road and enters the thin, two lane blacktop. He picks up speed as he ventures off on his mission.

CUT TO:

INT. STIGGS CAR - DAY

Stiggs uses a free hand to unzip the bag of money, peeks inside and spots a stack of cash. He hears a slight TICKING under the pile of money.

He pushes away what turns out to be a short stack of bills and discovers a BOMB just three seconds from detonation.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS/TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

As Stiggs car careens out of control --

BOOM! It explodes into a hundred pieces of flame and rubble. A BLAZING TIRE bounces over a bluff and down a hill.

Phan's LIMO passes and a rear window lowers. And Harry sneaks a quick look at his handy work.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. UTOPIA HOTEL AND SPA/BANQUET ROOM - DAY

The room sits half in the hotel, half on a sand dune overlooking the beach, no walls or windows, just an open deck with Greek-like pillars holding it all up.

Every table in the room is filled with eager faces, all dressed to the nines, sipping momosas or having coffee.

Harry Phan sits at a stretched table under a giant banner that reads UTOPIA HOTEL AND SPA GRAND OPENING.

Nick Thomopolis sits at a table up front, flashy suit and tie.

The gorgeous HOSTESS takes to the podium to welcome everyone for coming. A tall, Chinese-American goddess in a thousand dollar gown with fake, oversized breasts.

HOSTESS

Welcome. And thank you for coming
to the grand opening of the Utopia
Hotel And Spa.

The crowd erupts with applause and cheers.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

As a token of our appreciation for your support, you will find at your tables a one week complimentary pass for you and a guest. All expenses paid.

The crowd all reach for a stack of cards at the center of their respective tables as the room fills with excited chatter.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Of course...none of this would be possible if it weren't for one man. A man with a true vision. Please put your hands together for my husband...Mister Harry Phan.

The room fills with deafening applause as Harry takes to the podium, kisses his wife.

Before he can utter his first word --

AXEL struts his way to the front, microphone in hand.

AXEL

That's right! The man of the hour!
Mister Harry Phan! Give it up!
I said give it up for Harry!

Axel claps his palms together, causing some REVERB on the hot mic in his hand.

The crowd all cover their ears.

AXEL (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you, nobody's as excited to be here as I am. To be here...side by side with my friend Harry Phan. To celebrate this special day. I can tell he's just as excited to see me here.

Harry shoots him the look of death.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Look at the look on his face. Priceless.

AXEL (CONT'D)

As many of you already know...Harry has sacrificed a lot to be here. And faced just as many challenges along the way.

Thomopolis shifts in his seat, covers up his face from view as Axel pats him on the shoulder.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Nick Thomopolis, ladies and gentlemen. From guns and drugs to hotels. Good to see you, Nick.

Thomopolis gives a quick wave hello to the crowd as he buries his face in his hands.

Axel paces the floor under the podium as Harry gives him the thousand yard stare.

AXEL (CONT'D)

But one thing you need to know about Harry...is when he sets his mind to doing something, he don't let anything or anyone get in his way. Not the FBI, the IRS, not even a federal indictment can stop Harry from opening his hotel.

The crowd all turn and stare, whisper to one another.

AXEL (CONT'D)

And it's not just him that deserves the credit. As I look out here into this crowd...I see the many faces that have also sacrificed themselves and their time to fulfill Harry's dream.

There are several tables up front filled with Harry's young men and ladies. His "soldiers".

AXEL (CONT'D)

Most people would say fuck it. I can do this on my own, but not Harry. He says I don't care how we raise the money. Stand on the corner, sling drugs, prostitute yourself, it don't matter.

(beat)

All that matters is the vision.

A couple of Harry's Soldiers, dressed in white tuxedos, begin to the front of the room, eyes on Axel.

AXEL (CONT'D)

And I see many faces here today, that have not only given themselves, but have sold their own bodies for this man, Mister Harry Phan.

As the two soldiers draw closer, Harry warns them off with a nod and a simple wave of the hand.

The two soldiers reluctantly back off but hold their ground and stare back at Axel with a look that could kill.

AXEL (CONT'D)

You might know them. They may be sitting next to you right now. They may be your neighbors. They may even be your sons or daughters. You never know.

Thomopolis quietly sneaks for the exit.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Nick Thomopolis! He says congrats on the hotel, Harry, but kiss my ass and have a nice day. I'm out.

Thomopolis jets for the beach, never looking back. Axel gives him a nice round of applause as he pats his two palms together and causes another wicked REVERB.

The crowd all cover their ears.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Now I don't wanna steal the show. After all, this is Harry's special day. To tell you the truth, he don't have that much longer to truly appreciate the fruits of his labor with his upcoming trial, so I'm gonna leave and let him enjoy this little bit of time he has left in peace. So thank you, Harry. Enjoy your brunch. It's Miller time. Thank you.

Axel drops the mic on the floor as the REVERB sends the room in an uproar. He heads for the exit.

EXT. BEVERLY DRIVE - DAY

Harry's limo casually cruises the palm tree dotted strip - back to the mansion.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Harry sits in the back with a sour scowl on his face, sips on a scotch rocks as he reflects on his ruined grand opening.

He peeks through the front windshield as the limo creeps over a steep hill and is surprised to see a POLICE ROADBLOCK sitting dead center of the posh street.

HARRY
Mother-fucker.
(to driver)
Get us out of here!

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY PHAN'S ESTATE - DAY

Along with a couple dozen SQUAD CARS, marked and unmarked, stand several UNIFORMED COPS, DETECTIVES, and Axel and Rosewood.

Rosewood smiles as he spots the limo creeping to a stop. Axel also smiles as he struts down the street toward them.

The limo cuts down a side street at high speed, SCREECHING THE TIRES on the asphalt.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET/BEVERLY DRIVE - DAY

Harry's limo tries its best to evade authorities but SCREECHES to a halt as FOUR SQUAD CARS block the street from both sides.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Harry pulls his gun as he spots several UNIFORM COPS jumping out of their cars. He turns around, spots several more cars pulling up from behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET/BEVERLY DRIVE - DAY

Harry's limo is quickly surrounded with ARMED OFFICERS as they draw down on the rear windshield and back passenger windows.

One officer forces out the DRIVER at gunpoint.

Rosewood's Lexus arrives on the scene as Axel and Rosewood step out with beaming smiles.

AXEL
I'll be back.

ROSEWOOD
Axel. It's done. Let them handle it.

Axel walks to the limousine and signals the officers to back off as he jumps in the back seat.

ROSEWOOD (CONT'D)
Okay. Never mind. Fuck me.

Rosewood shakes his head, gives up.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Axel sits across from a very upset Harry. The two are silent at first as Axel sports a big, wide grin.

AXEL
So. Here we are. I never really had a chance to introduce myself. My name is Axel Foley.

Axel pulls the photo of Lola from his coat pocket. Hands it to Harry.

AXEL (CONT'D)
And that is Lola. She's the reason I got into this mess.

Harry looks at the photo.

HARRY
Pretty girl.

AXEL

She was. She got killed.

HARRY

That's too bad.

AXEL

Yeah, I can tell you're real broken up about it.

HARRY

Lola was special. Fresh. Not yet bruised by the ugliness of the world and so full of life and promise. I had high hopes for her. But, like so many others, she chose to throw it away. And for what? Peace of mind?

Harry scoffs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Your police department pretends to care, yet thousands of young women just like her are still on the street and they do nothing.

Harry leans in closer to Axel.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How long do you think the Lola's of this world can last on their own? I gave her a home. I made a place for her. And for many like her. And your friends in the police chose to get her killed.

Harry laughs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

For what? So they can get the bad guy. No matter who dies in the process.

(beat)

You think I'm the problem? My friend, you're the problem.

Axel plays interested as he slumps forward in his seat and rests his face in his hands in a mocking fashion.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You're the problem because you and all like you refuse to face your own greed. You see it as a cancer. Something dark and unholy. Lola knew who she was and what she wanted, and she went after it. And now she's dead for what?

(laughs)

Because she chose to do the right thing? Now don't you think if she had the chance to do it over again, she'd do things a bit differently?

(serious)

The hypocrisy of the police department is almost absurd.

Axel takes a moment to soak it all up.

AXEL

You know, I was a cop for twenty five years and I've come up against some real nasty bastards, but you...

(beat)

You're something special.

Harry smiles and nods.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Anyways, I just wanted you to get a good look at my face. You know, so you can think of it every night when you're cryin' yourself to sleep in your prison cell and masturbating with your own tears and shit like that.

Harry is seconds from pulling his gun on Axel as he grips his pistol tighter and tighter.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Do me a favor though. Just when you're gettin' ready to finish, think 'Axel Foley'. Every day you're gonna be saying to yourself 'I'm in here playin' with my own shit and never gonna get pussy again cos of Axel Foley'. That's what I want you to do.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Anyways, I don't know if you noticed or not, but there's some cops outside waiting, so I'll let them to it. Take care of yourself.

Axel steps out, but stops half way.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. One more thing.

Harry waits for it.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

Axel spits dead in his face. A smug smile on Harry's face as he slowly wipes it away.

AXEL (CONT'D)

That's for Lola.

Axel goes on his way, leaves Harry to himself as the officers quickly place him in custody.

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE/POOL DECK - DUSK

The BRIGHT ORANGE SUNSET that started our story is back and it's slowly falling over the ocean's still horizon.

Axel works the grill as he cooks up some dogs and burgers while Jan sits in Rosewood's lap, feeds him fresh strawberries.

They giggle like schoolkids while --

Jenny watches them, jelly faced, from a deck chair, a drink in hand. She rolls her eyes.

Johnny and Jordan soak their feet in the hot tub while Taggert and retired Police Chief ANDREW BOGOMIL appear from inside with a bottle of champagne.

Taggert blows the cork. POP!

TAGGERT

Okay. I never got the chance to properly toast my son and his beautiful bride.

Johnny and Jordan smile, share a tight hug.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

Johnny. That means you. Get your ass over here.

They all share a laugh. Johnny and Jordan join the others as Bogomil helps pour and hand everyone a glass of champagne.

BOGOMIL

Don't spill. This is the good stuff. I hear we have Axel to thank.

JENNY

(curious)

Hey. Where did you get that? Did you find that in the wine cellar?

AXEL

It doesn't matter where we found it. The man's tryin' to give a toast. Let him have his moment.

TAGGERT

(to Johnny and Jordan)

Here's to your never ending happiness and to new beginnings.

Rosewood and Jan share a smile as she wipes some strawberry off his cheek.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

(to Rosewood)

To seeing old friends. And remembering what's really important.

Rosewood tips his glass to Taggert, and then Axel. He also tips his glass to Jenny who cracks a grin.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)

I know none of us are promised forever. So I just wanted to be sure to say, just in case I never get the chance, that I love you. All of you.

AXEL

Here here.

They all chug their glass in unison. Rosewood stands, joins hands with Jan as they join the group.

ROSEWOOD

I guess this would be as good a time as ever to share our news.

Axel and the others brace themselves.

AXEL

You're pregnant?

BOGOMIL

Axel, please.

(to Jan)

You're not, are you?

Jan smacks Axel on the chest as Rosewood laughs.

JAN

No. I think I'll stick with three, Dad, thank you.

ROSEWOOD

So anyways. Where was I?

AXEL

Oh, sorry. You were about to tell your Dad you guys were getting married. My fault.

JAN

Axel! Shit!

Bogomil is overjoyed as he gives Rosewood a giant hug, and then his daughter.

BOGOMIL

That's wonderful.

Jenny joins them, gives Rosewood a quick hug and a kiss on his cheek. She gives him an "it's okay" look before hugging Jan.

JENNY

Congratulations. You have yourself a good man. Take care of him.

Jan wipes her tears as her and Rosewood embrace.

Jordan is jelly faced as she shoots the remainder of her champagne.

Johnny notices she's upset.

JOHNNY

What's your problem?

JORDAN

Nothing. It's just that this was our moment. They're stealing our thunder.

JOHNNY

You're being silly. Stop it.

JORDAN

I'm not being silly.

Axel sets his glass down and pulls Rosewood and Johnny away from the crowd, throws an arm around each of them.

AXEL

Man, this is just too much. All of us together. Two of my favorite guys getting married. Tell you what. Today is your lucky day, cos yours truly is throwing his hat into the ring and unselfishly volunteering himself to throw the bomb bacherlor party to end all bachelor parties.

ROSEWOOD

(whispers)

Axel. Not now.

Jenny smiles, crosses her arms.

JENNY

Axel...?

AXEL

No, no, no. I know what you guys are thinking. It's not gonna be like that. We're talking a very boring, very straight-laced bachelor party with just the guys. Nothing but us guys.

Jan points her boney finger at Axel.

JAN
No funny business.

Johnny winks at Axel. Jordan shoots Johnny a nasty stare.

AXEL
Are you kidding? Nah. I'm just talkin'
about a small get together with just the
guys, that's all.

Taggart and Bogomil share a smile.

BOGOMIL
Why do I get the feeling there's more to
this story.

AXEL
It just so happens that on the way over
here I found the perfect place for you
guys. It's nice and quiet. Absolutely
no women around. No alcohol. Very dull
and conservative. You're gonna love it.

Taggart, Bogomil, Jenny, Jan and Jordan all give him an unsure
look. He's full of it.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Trust me.

Axel turns and stares INTO THE CAMERA as WE FREEZE FRAME on his
face and trademark smile.

FADE OUT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Axel Foley	EDDIE MURPHY
Billy Rosewood	JUDGE REINHOLD
John Taggart	JOHN ASHTON
Eddie Stone	PETER WELLER
Harry Phan	CARY-HIROYUKI TAGAWA
Lt. Weinberg	SAUL RUBINEK
Jenny Summers	LISA EILBACHER

