

"POLICE ACADEMY"

Screenplay by  
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FIRST DRAFT

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

Stalking down the darkened hallway is a uniformed security guard. This is EUGENE TACKLEBERRY. There's something about him that tells us he's an intense, borderline whacko. One good hint is his eyes. They dart about manically behind thick-lensed glasses, ever on the alert for trouble.

He checks the row of doors, making sure they are locked. He carefully approaches each doorknob as if it could blow up in his face. A dignified-looking MAN in a business suit taps him on the shoulder. Startled, Tackleberry reels around and reaches for his gun, but stops short of getting it out of his holster.

MR. DOUGLAS

Good night, Tackleberry.

Mr. Douglas gets into an elevator and presses his floor.

MR. DOUGLAS

(continuing)

We're going to miss you around here.  
The police academy is getting  
themselves a good recruit.

The doors start to close.

TACKLEBERRY

Thank you, sir. Ten-four.

The doors slam shut. Tackleberry goes back down the hall. He finds a door that isn't locked. He hears a NOISE inside the darkened room. He flattens against the wall and takes his gun out of his holster. He fills with excitement. He waits a beat, then kicks in the door. His eyes glaze over as he gleefully unloads his gun into the dark office. He waits a beat for any signs of life, then he snaps on the lights and surveys the scene, a bit puzzled.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is riddled with bullets. Across the back wall is a banner that reads: "Good Luck Tackleberry!" The frightened well-wishers peer out from their hiding places. A three-tiered cake has taken several direct hits; the water cooler is leaking onto the floor. A MAN peers out from behind the safety of a filing cabinet.

MAN

(timidly)

Surprise.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF A SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Working in a drive-up Fotomat is LESLIE BARBARA, every bully's dream. He's the kind of wimp who gets sand kicked in his face even when he's not at the beach. His short, plump little body is seated inside the Fotomat booth giving change to a customer.

BARBARA

And twenty-five makes three dollars. Thank you.

The customer drives off and a car full of TOUGHS drives up. They hop out of their car and surround the booth.

BULLY

If it isn't Leslie Barbara. How are you doing?

BARBARA

Don't pick on me. I'm working.

BULLY

Not anymore. It's moving day.

BARBARA

Guys, don't be mean.  
(holds up bag  
of Oreos)  
You can have some of my Oreos.

At this point the four Bullies tug on all four corners of the Fotomat booth. Using total brute strength, they yank the booth off its foundation. Barbara is in a state of shock as they carry it to a nearby lagoon at the edge of the parking lot. From a distance they look like four footmen in a medieval procession carrying a protesting prince in a sedan chair.

BARBARA

(continuing)  
I'm warning you. I've been accepted into the police academy. Guys...

The Bullies give the booth the old heave-ho and toss it in the water. They jump in their car and drive off. PUSH IN TO Barbara in the booth. It is half-submerged in the water.

BARBARA

(continuing;  
angry)  
That did it! You'll be sorry.

EXT. THE FACKLER HOME - MORNING

Bursting out of the back door is DOUG FACKLER and his WIFE, who is dressed in her robe and slippers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is a couple who would feel comfortable living in Van Nuys. A fun time for them is bowling and a beer. At the moment they aren't having any fun. They are in the midst of one of their most explosive arguments.

MRS. FACKLER

Get back in this house.

FACKLER

Forget it.

MRS. FACKLER

You are not going to that stupid academy again.

FACKLER

Shut up.

MRS. FACKLER

You shut up. This is the fifth time and I've had it up to here.

FACKLER

I'm going to make it this time.

MRS. FACKLER

The hell you will. You keep getting hurt. You broke an arm. You broke a leg. You busted a rib. You got your goddamned genitals caught in a shower door!

FACKLER

Leave me alone.

He reaches for the car door.

MRS. FACKLER

(warning him)  
If you open that car door, you're in big trouble.

He opens the car door.

MRS. FACKLER

(continuing)  
If you get into that car, you're dead.

He gets into the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. FACKLER  
 (continuing)  
 If you back out of this driveway  
 I'll kill you.

He defiantly backs the car out of the driveway.

MRS. FACKLER  
 (continuing)  
 If that car moves an inch, you're  
 finished.

He puts the car in drive and heads off down the street. Mrs. Fackler swings into immediate action. She runs into the backyard and vaults over the fence. She runs through her neighbor's backyard. She leaps over two people who are sunning themselves, and jumps over the fence. She runs to a corner bus stop. She hops up on the bench and leaps with a high arch onto the hood of Fackler's car.

INT. FACKLER CAR - FACKLER'S POV

Mrs. Fackler is looking right at Fackler through the front windshield.

MRS. FACKLER  
 If you take a right at the next  
 corner, you're history, pal.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A car pulls into the lot. The attendant, CAREY MAHONEY, gives the DRIVER a ticket. He turns on a sign which reads: "LOT FULL." At that instant, a slick MR. MARINA DEL REY-type pulls up in his Jaguar coupe. He immediately leans on his HORN for service. Mahoney does not like this man's attitude, or anybody else who comes on like their excrement has no scent. He's crazy about a good time, practical jokes and any other degeneracy that strikes his fancy. He's the kind of guy who would have "Stayin' Alive" sung at his funeral.

MAHONEY  
 The lot's full.

Mr. Marina isn't buying this at all.

MR. MARINA  
 Don't give me that crap... Park  
 the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

There's no place to put the car.

MR. MARINA

Find a place!

MAHONEY

I'm sorry, I didn't realize. Read my lips.

(slow and deliberate)

The... lot... is... full...

MR. MARINA

Listen, dickhead...

The ramp MANAGER enters.

MANAGER

What's going on?

MR. MARINA

(indicating Mahoney)

Ass wipe here won't park my car.

MAHONEY

I told his holiness there's no place to park it.

MANAGER

(he has no patience with Mahoney)

Mahoney, find a place for the car.

MAHONEY

(a "you'll be sorry" attitude)

Okay.

He gets into the car and peels out at top speed. He makes a screechingly sharp turn so that the car lists dangerously to the right, balanced on two wheels. He then manages to squeeze the car into a very small space between two parked cars. The Jaguar comes to rest on its side. Mahoney crawls out of the passenger side window, which is facing the sky.

Mr. Marina and the Manager are stunned. Mahoney takes off his valet jacket and hands it to the Manager.

MAHONEY

I quit. Now, about a letter of reference...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER

Mahoney, you've had it.

MR. MARINA

Somebody call a cop... Call a cop!

MAHONEY

(to both of them)

Well... Have a nice day.

He turns and starts to walk away. Just then another car pulls up. The DRIVER starts blowing his HORN impatiently.

DRIVER

(annoyed)

C'mon, I'm in a hurry.

MAHONEY

Okay. No problem. Just pull into that next driveway.

The Driver backs up and drives into the next driveway. Unfortunately it's an exit only. All four of his tires are punctured by the tire spikes.

MANAGER (O.S.)

(at the top of  
his lungs)

Mahoney!

EXT. PARKING RAMP - LATER

OFFICER REED is leading Mahoney to his squad car. Reed is a seasoned veteran who's seen it all. Gathered around is the lot Manager, Mr. Marina and the Driver with the punctured tires.

MR. MARINA

Throw the book at the little  
shithead.

Reed cuffs Mahoney's hands behind his back and opens his squad car door.

MAHONEY

Want me to drive?

REED

Get in.

He guides Mahoney into the car and shuts the door.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Reed is driving and Mahoney is in the back seat.

REED

When the hell you gonna  
straighten out, Mahoney?

MAHONEY

What do you mean?

REED

I'm getting a little tired of  
this.

MAHONEY

You think this is going to hurt  
me when I run for the Senate?

REED

Mahoney, you need a job that  
will give you a little discipline.

MAHONEY

Like what... being a cop?

REED

Yeah. Like being a cop.

MAHONEY

(incredulous)  
C'mon...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Reed is leading Mahoney past the BOOKING SERGEANT.

BOOKING SERGEANT

Mr. Mahoney again.

As they pass by other policemen in the station, they all  
greet and call out to Mahoney by name. Reed is leading  
Mahoney out of the room.

MAHONEY

(puzzled)  
Where we going?

INT. HALL IN POLICE STATION

Reed leads Mahoney to a door marked: "Police Recruiter."

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

What's this?

REED

You're joining up.

MAHONEY

What?

REED

Either you go through the police academy training, or I'm tossing your butt in jail.

MAHONEY

What if I promise to be good?

REED

Academy or jail -- your choice.

MAHONEY

You're serious, aren't you?

(pouring on  
the bullshit)

Well, this was obviously fated. Ever since my father, who was a Canadian Mountie, was killed by a crazed Malamut wrangler, I vowed I'd avenge his death.

REED

(has had enough  
of this B.S.)

Mahoney...

MAHONEY

There are female police cadets now, right?

REED

Yup.

MAHONEY

Good. I'll avenge my father's death and get laid at the same time. Dad would have wanted it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REED

I think you're gonna like the Academy, Mahoney. It's like the Marines, only ten times worse.

Reed opens the door. Mahoney gives US a look that tells us he isn't looking forward to this at all.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY - CRANE SHOT - DAY

MAIN TITLES BEGIN. We are LOOKING DOWN ON an area of great urban decay. As we PUSH IN TO the center of this squalor, we MAKE OUT the Police Academy. The Academy is made up of several buildings which are reminiscent of an ivory-covered eastern university. We SETTLE IN ON a sign over an archway entrance. It reads: "POLICE ACADEMY."

MED. SHOT - PARKING LOT - DAY

A bus pulls up to the curb. TOM HARRIS, a cadet class instructor, races over to it. Harris is a muscle-bound animal who, like most beasts, never speaks -- he roars. As soon as the bus has stopped, he pounds his fist on the side of it.

END TITLES.

HARRIS

Cadets... Out. Out... Let's go, maggots!

The frightened cadets come scrambling out of the bus. Most are young and in pretty good shape. The men wear conservative suits; the women, business attire. All have name tags.

Suddenly a short, squatty, rotund black woman, LAVERNE HOOKS, waddles out. Harris can't believe her physical condition.

HARRIS

Jeez... They could show movies on your ass... You're fat, aren't you?

(checks her name tag)

Hooks.

Hooks is scared to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When she talks, every part of her body moves, making her look like a Motown backup singer.

HOOKS

(scared to death)

I've always had a weight problem, sir.

HARRIS

(watches her shake)

That's not the only problem you've got. What are you -- one of the Pointer Sisters? Get going, Tubby.

She comes out of the bus and hustles past him, taking a quick bite of a Snickers bar which she has concealed in her hand. Behind her is Tackleberry. He looks around expectantly, ready for action.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A pickup truck pulls into the parking lot.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Behind the wheel is BRIAN COPELAND. He looks like a little weasel because he is a little weasel. He's a southern bigot who's all talk and no action. Sitting next to him is his friend and idol, CHAD BLANKES. He's an ass-kissing back-stabber with all the charm of a Hitler youth. He's clean-cut and athletic like he just stepped off a baseball card. Through the windshield he sees an older, uniformed OFFICER pass by on the sidewalk.

BLANKES

Copeland, stop the truck. It's Captain Lassard.

Copeland slams on the brakes.

COPELAND

Mention my name.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Blankes goes racing over to the older cop. This is the Academy commandant, Captain Lassard. He's a stuffy, play-it-by-the-book career officer who hasn't had an original thought in over a quarter of a century.

BLANKES

Captain Lassard... I'm Chad Blankes.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLANKES (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how much I've looked forward to being here. Under your command... I hope I can be half the officer you are, sir...

LASSARD

(making a mental note)

Ah, yes, Blankes, welcome aboard, so to speak.

BLANKES

Thank you. That means a lot to me, sir.

He salutes him and turns back to the truck.

COPELAND

Did you mention me?

BLANKES

A lot... Park the truck.

CURB OF PARKING LOT

Copeland pulls up and opens the door. It is immediately hit by another car door.

COPELAND

You asshole... I'm gonna jam my fist down your --

He stops and looks up and suddenly his attitude changes.

COPELAND

(continuing)

Hi... How y'all doin'? I'm Copeland.

REVERSE ANGLE

Stepping out of the car that hit him is MOSES HIGHTOWER. Moses is a sullen, uptight black man. He doesn't speak much. He lets his six-foot-six muscular frame do his talking for him. He glares angrily at Copeland.

TWO SHOT - COPELAND AND HIGHTOWER

COPELAND  
No problem. Y'all have a nice  
day, now, ya hear?

Hightower closes his door and walks away.

COPELAND  
(continuing;  
under his breath)  
Big dumb coon.

Suddenly Fackler's car screeches into the lot, with Mrs. F. still perched on the roof. He gets out, slams the door and walks away.

MRS. FACKLER  
(calling after  
him)  
You'll be sorry, mister. This  
is war!

EXT. GRINDER - DAY

In the middle of the campus is a concrete quadrangular area called the grinder. Cadets are nervously milling about as Harris crosses over to another uniformed OFFICER whose back is to US.

HARRIS  
Jeanette, let's line 'em up.

She turns around and we SEE our other instructor, JEANETTE CALLAHAN. She looks like a dyke, more than a little. Her hair is done in a slicked-down ducktail. This is a tough, no nonsense man/woman who looks like Wayne Newton, right down to the thin mustache that covers her upper lip.

MS. CALLAHAN  
All right... Everyone line up  
on the grinder. Let's go.

All the cadets scramble into a rag-tag line-up of two columns. CAMERA PANS the group. A very pretty blonde, KAREN THOMPSON, stands near the front. The cadet next to her is busy checking out her shapely posterior. Callahan approaches him.

MS. CALLAHAN  
What are you looking at, Mister?  
Eyes front. Ten-shunnnn!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Callahan walks behind them and she too quickly checks out Thompson's ass.

MS. CALLAHAN

(continuing;  
to herself)

Oh, yes...

ANOTHER ANGLE - GRINDER - DAY

Mahoney pulls up in a cab. He climbs out wearing rubber thongs, a torn pair of shorts and a sweatshirt. He pulls a bill from his pocket. He spots Callahan standing nearby.

MAHONEY

Excuse me, sir... Do you have change for a twenty?

MS. CALLAHAN

I am not a sir. I am a ma'am.

MAHONEY

Sorry... I think it was the mustache that threw me.

Mahoney tosses the cabbie the twenty and the cab drives off. Callahan and Harris cross to Mahoney. They can't believe the way he's dressed.

MS. CALLAHAN

What's with this shirt?

WAIST SHOT - MAHONEY

We can SEE his shirt has printed on it: "A BUN IN THE OVEN" with an arrow pointing to his stomach.

MAHONEY

It's my sister's.

HARRIS

You were told to wear a suit and tie.

MAHONEY

True, but all my good clothes were tragically ruined in the Mount St. Helens eruption. If you can tell me how to get lava out of double knits, I'd appreciate it.

CALLAHAN AND HARRIS

close in on Mahoney.

MS. CALLAHAN  
We got you pegged, mister.

HARRIS  
You're in trouble, maggot...  
got it?

MAHONEY  
Yes, ma'am.

HARRIS  
I'm a sir.

MAHONEY  
One of you is going to have to  
wear a pony tail to keep this  
thing straight.

As Harris and Callahan get on his case for this, Mahoney's attention drifts past them -- RACK FOCUS. An older convertible pulls in and parks. It is filled with six pretty girls and RAOUL CASTRO. Castro is a street-wise Latin lover of Cuban descent. He's into nipples and parties and whatever else constitutes a good time. He speaks with a slight accent. He hops out of the car.

CASTRO  
Well, girls, next time I see you,  
you'll be having sex with a cop.

They all wave and scream approval as they drive off.

ANGLE - HARRIS AND MAHONEY

HARRIS  
(to Mahoney)  
... now get in line.

Mahoney joins Castro as they both walk toward the grinder.

MAHONEY  
Very nice-looking ladies.

CASTRO  
If you think that was good, wait  
till the afternoon shift gets  
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mahoney knows a good thing when he sees it. He puts his arm around Castro's shoulder.

MAHONEY

Hey, let's be pals.

MS. CALLAHAN

(furious)

You two get in line...

They walk into line and stand next to Thompson. They smile at her warmly. She pays no attention to them, fixing her gaze straight ahead.

MAHONEY

(to Thompson)

Hi. You know, I bet if we asked real nice, they'd let us room together -- what do you think?

She looks at him strangely out of the corner of her eye. Blankes, who is standing right behind him with Copeland, leans in.

BLANKES

(to Mahoney)

You're a disgrace...

COPELAND

Yeah.

MAHONEY

Hey, fellas, lighten up.

(to Castro)

Isn't this terrific... two assholes, no waiting.

ANGLE - LASSARD

He stands in front of his new troops.

LASSARD

Gentlemen, over the next twenty-four weeks, you will spend many hours of classroom and practical training. Keep your nose to the grindstone, so to speak, and you'll have no trouble.

There is the SOUND of a DOG BARKING O.S. All eyes turn toward the disturbance.



## PARKING LOT

Our wimp, Leslie Barbara, is followed by his poodle as he hops out of the family station wagon. His mother waves to him.

BARBARA

Get back in the car, Taffy.

The poodle takes off, making a bee-line for Lassard and immediately begins humping his leg. Horrified, Barbara chases after it.

## ANGLE - LASSARD

He is continuing his speech and trying to shake the poodle off his leg without success.

LASSARD

Er... Here at the Academy you will learn... to compete both academically and...

(sotto to Harris)

Could you stop this dog from screwing my leg, Mr. Harris?

Harris reaches for the clinging animal, but it's not going to let go without a fight. Barbara tries to help him, but the dog keeps humping away.

BARBARA

He just likes you, sir.

## ANGLE - CADETS

They're trying hard not to laugh.

## ANGLE - CASTRO AND MAHONEY

MAHONEY

Everybody goes for a guy in uniform.

## HARRIS

He gives a big tug and the dog lands on his arm, which it immediately falls in love with.

ANGLE - CALLAHAN AND THE CADETS

MS. CALLAHAN

Cadets, fall out... Proceed to  
your dorm areas.

As the cadets walk away, we can still SEE in the b.g. the struggle to get rid of the dog, which is now amorously attached to the back of Harris' neck.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Harris leads the way down the hall, giving out room assignments. Following him are Mahoney, Castro, Fackler and Tackleberry.

A cadet comes toward them walking in the opposite direction, carrying a mattress.

HARRIS

Stand clear.

Everyone stands to the side. Unfortunately, Fackler doesn't see behind him is an open door. He falls into the doorway... We HEAR a CRASH. And then the SOUND of a BODY FALLING down a long flight of stairs. After a beat, the group looks out the window.

GROUP'S POV - OUT WINDOW

Fackler comes rolling out of the building onto the lawn.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE GROUP

HARRIS

(calling down  
to Fackler)

Fackler, take it easy. You're  
running out of second chances.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - FACKLER

He gets up and brushes himself off as if nothing happened.

FACKLER

I'm all right.

## HARRIS AND THE GROUP

HARRIS

Okay, this way, ladies.

He leads the rest of them to the next doorway.

HARRIS

(continuing)

Tackleberry and Mahoney, you bunk here.

Mahoney and Tackleberry enter the room. It is a drab and colorless place.

MAHONEY

(to Harris)

You know, with a few minor touches, I could turn this place into a showcase.

## THE HALLWAY

Harris shows Castro to the room next door as Fackler comes racing down the hall to join them.

HARRIS

You two in here.

Castro and Fackler start to enter their room.

CASTRO

So, you married, man?

FACKLER

Five years now.

CASTRO

Great, to me marriage is a beautiful, sacred thing. So tell me, you and your wife ever make it doggie style, or what?

## ANOTHER ANGLE - HALLWAY

Blankes and Copeland are standing at attention in front of their door as Harris passes by.

BLANKES

Room 14 ready for inspection, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS  
That won't be necessary right  
now, Blankes.

COPELAND  
(making sure  
he's noticed)  
And Copeland, sir.

As Harris walks away we WIDEN to INCLUDE Mahoney looking  
at them disdainfully from next door.

INT. MAHONEY'S ROOM

Mahoney comes inside the room.

MAHONEY  
Have you ever seen two bigger  
brown-noses than...

ANGLE - TACKLEBERRY

He is taking off his jacket, revealing that he has neatly  
concealed two shoulder holsters, four small holsters on  
his belt, a Derringer tucked in his shirt pocket, plus  
other small arms shoved into his pants and a knife sticking  
out of his sock.

ANGLE - MAHONEY

He watches him undress with interest.

MAHONEY  
You planning on overthrowing a  
Latin nation before lunch?

TACKLEBERRY  
Face it... This is a violent  
world. There's death everywhere.  
You've got to be prepared.  
There's muggers and rapists...

As he talks he gets more and more worked up.

TACKLEBERRY  
(continuing)  
And robbers and burglars and  
butchers and slashers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY  
And lions, and tigers, and bears  
... oh, my.

Tackleberry looks at him suspiciously.

TACKLEBERRY  
(to himself)  
Weird.

Barbara opens the door. Instantly Tackleberry grabs a gun, whirls around and assumes a firing position.

TACKLEBERRY  
(continuing)  
Identify yourself!

Barbara lets out a panicked yell and cowers in a corner.

MAHONEY  
He's a friend.

BARBARA  
I'm a friend, I'm a friend.

Tackleberry accepts this and goes back to unpacking his bag. Barbara gets himself together.

BARBARA  
(continuing)  
I thought I was going to be  
in this room.

MAHONEY  
No, it's just me and Conan  
here.

Mahoney looks out the window.

MAHONEY'S POV

He spots Lassard leaving his house on the campus. Lassard gives his wife a hug. He exits, and she goes back into the house. Mahoney has an idea.

BACK TO SCENE

MAHONEY  
I'm supposed to show you to  
your quarters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

Oh, great.

MAHONEY

Tackleberry, if you think of it,  
don't kill anyone when I'm gone.

TACKLEBERRY

Affirmative.

EXT. LASSARD'S HOME - DAY

Mahoney is leading Barbara to the house. He stands strategically in front of a sign which reads: "Home of Academy Commander."

MAHONEY

Just go on in. Your roommate  
should be inside.

BARBARA

Yeah, right. Thanks.

He reaches the front door.

MAHONEY

(to himself)  
Let it be open, let it be  
open...

It is, and Barbara walks inside. Mahoney smiles happily.

INT. LASSARD HOME

Barbara is really impressed with the decor. He walks into the master bedroom and puts his suitcases on the bed. He picks up a framed picture of Capt. Lassard on the nightstand. It reads: "With much love, Louis." Barbara thinks this is a gesture of fellowship toward him.

BARBARA

(deeply touched)  
That's so sweet.

He hears the SHOWER WATER running. He enters the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA  
 (continuing; to  
 the unseen figure  
 in the shower)  
 Hello. How you doin'?

The shower is turned off.

BARBARA  
 (continuing)  
 I'm your roomie.

At that moment the shower door opens and out steps a naked Mrs. Lassard. Puzzled, she just stares at Barbara. Barbara stares at her, frozen in shock. Finally he forces some words out of his mouth.

BARBARA  
 (continuing)  
 I'm Leslie Barbara. You're naked...  
 I'm in trouble.

Another uncomfortable beat goes by. Then we go to --

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The cadets, now dressed in their all blue uniforms, are seated at their desks. Harris is standing in front of the multi-tiered classroom at the blackboard. He has the habit of writing almost every word he utters on the board with incredibly squeaky chalk.

HARRIS  
 Police work...  
 (scratches the  
 words on the board)  
 ... That is what you'll learn  
 about here at the Academy.

He writes "Academy" on the board.

HARRIS  
 (continuing)  
 Arrest procedures...  
 (more writing)  
 ... the courts, self-defense,  
 traffic violations, high-speed  
 driving...

He starts to write like crazy, as fast as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

(continuing)  
 And you will have examinations  
 which you must pass...  
 (underlines the  
 word 'pass')  
 ... plus you will endure a very,  
very, very rigorous training  
 program.

CASTRO AND MAHONEY

They're too busy checking out the female cadets to pay attention to Harris. Mahoney spots Thompson nearby, diligently taking notes.

MAHONEY

I gotta have that. She's something.

Castro spots a demur-looking Japanese girl, DIANE YOSHIKA.

CASTRO

No, man, that's the one you  
 want, believe me.

Yoshika looks over at Castro shyly. He gives her an "I want you" look.

HARRIS

He's writing so fast now it is impossible to read a word of the last sentence. He slams the chalk down and turns to Laverne Hooks, who is sitting in the front row.

HARRIS

Do you know what that means,  
 Miss Hooks?

Hooks stands and starts doing her glittery rhythm and blues gyrations.

HOOKS

I'm not sure, sir.

Harris turns to Hightower, who is sitting behind her.

HARRIS

Hightower, would you like to  
 read to Hooks from page twelve  
 of the cadet manual?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Hightower thumbs slowly through the book on his desk.

HARRIS

(continuing)

Let's go, Hightower, read...

Harris turns and starts erasing the board. Hightower finds the page and is about to start reading when Copeland, who sits in the row behind him next to Blankes, leans in to him.

COPELAND

(to Hightower)

What's-a matter? Can't you read?

He starts to laugh idiotically when suddenly Hightower turns around, grabs Copeland's manual and angrily rips the thick book in half. Harris turns to see this happening.

HARRIS

Hightower, sit down. You people don't have any discipline. Does anybody have any prior military training?

Blankes' is the only hand to go up.

BLANKES

I served in the U.S. Army, Airborne 209th Special Forces unit.

Mahoney raises his hand.

HARRIS

You had prior military training, Mahoney?

MAHONEY

Well... Yes. But not in this life, sir.

HARRIS

What?

MAHONEY

In a previous life I served with Her Majesty's forces in India.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Interesting side line here...  
Barry Manilow's previous life  
was spent with the same unit.

Suddenly an eraser bounces off his head, covering him  
with chalk.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Thank you...

EXT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The cadets are streaming out of the classroom. Castro is  
coming on strong to the seemingly shy Yoshika.

CASTRO

I'm into sushi; I like back rubs,  
all kinds of Japanese stuff, my  
car stereo's a Sony... I gotta  
friend, his father died at Pearl  
Harbor, maybe your family had  
something to do with it...

As they walk off, Mahoney catches up with Thompson, who is  
walking with Blankes and Copeland.

MAHONEY

(to Blankes)

'Scuse me...

(to Thompson)

I don't believe in instant love, so  
I think we better fool around first;  
see if we're compatible. Maybe try  
on each other's clothes.

THOMPSON

Look, I have nothing against you,  
but I'm not here to party. I'm  
here to be a policewoman. Blankes  
and I are studying tonight, so...

Blankes spins around so that he is face to face with Mahoney.

BLANKES

Mahoney, you're crude; you're rude;  
you're disgusting; you're slime;  
you have no desire...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

(spacey)

Oh, wow, like it's all coming at me so fast.

Thompson, tries not to let Blankes see the smile on her face. There's something about Mahoney she likes despite herself.

BLANKES

I can't wait to get you on that first run tomorrow. It's five miles, mister; you're gonna die.

COPELAND

Yeah.

MAHONEY

I got news for you; I'm in better shape than you are.

BLANKES

You're dreamin'.

MAHONEY

Oh, yeah? I bet you can't do one situp.

BLANKES

You think so. I do two hundred and fifty a day.

MAHONEY

Yeah, but not the kind I do... Hey, Castro.

Castro crosses over to them.

MAHONEY

(continuing; to Castro)

You know how to do a psychological situp?

Castro's eyes light up. He knows exactly what Mahoney's going to do.

CASTRO

Oh, man, they're supposed to be tough. I'd like to try one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

Okay. Lie down.

Castro lies on the ground. Some other cadets drift over to watch. Mahoney grabs one of their jackets and puts it over Castro's face.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Now, the whole thing about this  
situp is it psyches your mind.

(to Castro)

Can you see anything under there?

CASTRO

No, man.

MAHONEY

Now, when I tell you to, see if  
you can sit up.

Mahoney gets down on all fours and starts pounding the ground around Castro's head like a mad man, playing the bongos.

REACTION SHOT - BLANKES, COPELAND

and some of the other cadets, watching.

MAHONEY AND CASTRO

Mahoney is still pounding away.

MAHONEY

Okay, ready... Try to sit up.

Mahoney pulls the jacket off Castro's face and he feigns straining with all his might. Then he makes like he can barely lift his head off the ground. He struggles some more, then finally sinks back like he's exhausted.

CASTRO

Wow, that really blew my mind. I  
couldn't move.

MAHONEY

(to Blankes)

Want to try it?

BLANKES

Get out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castro gets up and Blankes lies down on the ground. An even bigger crowd has gathered around them.

ANGLE - MAHONEY AND BLANKES ON THE GROUND

Mahoney covers Blankes' face with the jacket.

MAHONEY

Remember, don't sit up until I tell you to.

Mahoney and Castro start pounding next to Blankes' head. After a beat, with Castro still hitting the turf, Mahoney gets up, straddles Blankes' body, facing away from him, and drops his pants so that his ass is inches from Blankes' face.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Okay, ready?

COPELAND

Blankes, don't...

BLANKES

Shut up, Copeland... I'm ready, Mahoney.

MAHONEY

Okay. Try to sit up.

Castro pulls the jacket away and Blankes sits straight up, his face coming into immediate contact with Mahoney's rear end. Blankes sits there for a beat trying to figure out what's happened. Meanwhile the crowd goes berserk, laughing hysterically. Mahoney pulls up his pants and walks off with Castro triumphantly, leaving Blankes to consider how to destroy them.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the building.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

OPEN TIGHT ON Lassard. PULL OUT, REVEALING he is flanked by Harris and Callahan. Blankes is at attention opposite them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASSARD

You have an excellent record, both in the military and the athletic field. But, we understand you had a little problem this afternoon.

BLANKES

Believe me, sir, it wasn't my fault. It was Mahoney, he...

Callahan angrily crushes a can of diet Pepsi she's holding.

MS. CALLAHAN

Mahoney.

LASSARD

We know all about Mahoney. Boy lacks discipline, and a police force without discipline is like a chicken without a head, so to speak.

BLANKES

Very well put, sir.

Callahan and Harris roll their eyes, knowing Blankes is brown-nosing Lassard.

LASSARD

Blankes, in every class the staff chooses a class sergeant to be responsible for discipline among his fellow cadets. We think you have the makings of a great cop, so we're going to make you class sergeant.

BLANKES

(in ass-kisser heaven)

Oh, thank you, sir... I'll carry this honor with pride.

LASSARD

Good. That is all.

Blankes salutes them and strides out of the room.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Copeland is waiting for Blankes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COPELAND

Did you mention my name?

BLANKES

Sure.

INT. LASSARD'S OFFICE

HARRIS

That Blankes is a real little shit.

LASSARD

I know. I like him a lot.

EXT. ACADEMY - DAWN

WIDE SHOT of the Academy as the sun comes up. CRANE DOWN and TRUCK PAST the instructors' quarters. THROUGH an open window we SEE Harris in his t-shirt, shaving in a mirror. CAMERA DOLLIES PAST, and in the next window we FIND Callahan. She is wearing a tank top undershirt, shaving her armpit in her mirror. A loud SIREN goes off.

EXT. CAMPUS

We PUSH IN TO another window.

INT. THOMPSON AND YOSHIKA'S ROOM

Thompson sits up in bed. She yawns and remembers where she is. In the next bed, Yoshika sits up rubbing the sleep from her eyes. Thompson is about to dash out of bed when she sees a rummaging under Yoshika's blankets. Popping up from under them is Castro. Thompson looks at him in a state of shock as Yoshika smiles shyly.

CASTRO

I'll get breakfast.

EXT. CAMPUS

We DOLLY PAST a few more windows and PUSH IN as Mahoney sits up in bed.

INT. MAHONEY AND TACKLEBERRY'S ROOM

Mahoney crosses to the bathroom.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - DAWN

Fackler flushes the urinal and exits. Mahoney enters and crosses to the sink. He slaps some cold water on his face. He turns to find Barbara standing there staring at him intensely.

MAHONEY

What is it?

BARBARA

I got to take a grumpy.

MAHONEY

A what?

BARBARA

A grumpy.

MAHONEY

You got to grumpy? What's a grumpy?

BARBARA

(embarrassed)

You know, a grumpy.

MAHONEY

(realizing)

Oh, a grumpy.

BARBARA

And I can't grumpy with anyone else in the room.

MAHONEY

Who can? I'm going now, so you can grumpy to your heart's delight.

He exits. Barbara checks the other stalls to be certain he is alone. Satisfied, he steps into a stall and sits. Mahoney comes tip-toeing back into the room. Quietly he opens the stall next to Barbara. He closes the door and sits. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON their feet beneath the stall doors.

MAHONEY (O.S.)

(piously, as if in  
a confessional)

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Mahoney!



EXT. RUNNING TRACK - WIDE, HIGH ANGLE - DAWN

The cadets are all in P.T. gear (sweatsuits) with their names printed on the back. Blankes is running along the track in gazelle-like strides. Thompson is running an impressive second.

ANGLE - CALLAHAN AND SOME OTHER CADETS

Callahan is running alongside the cadets, yelling at them to keep up the pace. Tackleberry passes her, running an evasive zig-zag pattern.

CALLAHAN  
(to Tackleberry)  
What the hell are you doing?

TACKLEBERRY  
Practicing dodging bullets, ma'am.

CALLAHAN  
Just run like a person.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE RUNNERS

Hightower is running steadily with Copeland right by his side. Copeland is clearly out to beat him... He's breathing heavily and giving it everything he's got. But it's not enough. Hightower moves out past him with little effort.

ANGLE - FACKLER

He runs past. Printed on the back of his shirt, instead of his name, are the words, "Fuck Cops." Harris runs up to him.

HARRIS  
(pointing to his  
shirt)  
What's with this?

FACKLER  
What?

Harris points to his shirt again and Fackler tugs it up so he can see what it says.

FACKLER  
(continuing;  
angry)  
My wife must have done it... She  
hates that I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

That makes two of us.

Harris runs past him, leaving Fackler mumbling furiously to himself.

FACKLER

I'm gonna plant her, I swear...

SIDE ANGLE - MAHONEY AND CASTRO

We DOLLY WITH them. They are running side by side, both of them soaked with sweat. Mahoney dramatically starts humming the theme from "Chariots of Fire." Castro joins in loudly and they start to move like they're running in slow motion.

They run OUT OF FRAME; Barbara ENTERS. He pumps his arms vigorously, his head down, taking deep breaths out of his mouth. He has the look of a man out to beat the four minute mile. However, he's not getting anywhere. It's more like a brisk walking in place... Just behind him, bringing up the rear, is Hooks. Her whole body sways and jiggles. It looks like she's smuggling jello.

FINISH LINE

Blankes is standing next to Thompson near the finish line. They hardly look out of breath. Harris runs in behind them and slaps Blankes on the back.

HARRIS

Good run, Blankes... You, too,  
Thompson.

BLANKES

Thank you, sir.

Thompson is watching the track. She's trying hard not to laugh. Harris turns to see what she's looking at. He sees something out there that displeases him.

ANGLE - MAHONEY

excitedly pulls out in front of Castro.

MAHONEY

(a la sportscaster)  
And here comes Mahoney, the finish  
line in sight, about to break a  
new world's record.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

And listen to that crowd --  
they're all screaming...

(like a crowd  
chanting in  
unison)

Mahoney... Mahoney... Here he comes!

He runs past the finish line, past Harris and Blankes.

HARRIS

(to Blankes)

Well, class sergeant, what are you  
going to do about him?

Blankes gets a determined look and walks toward Mahoney.

BLANKES

Mahoney... You're doing five more  
laps.

MAHONEY

What?... Why?

Harris joins them.

HARRIS

Because he's class sergeant. Get  
going.

MAHONEY

(sportscaster)

The crowd can't believe it. They're  
yelling...

(like a crowd)

Asshole! Asshole!

BLANKES

Make that six.

Mahoney turns and runs back to the track. Harris pats  
Blankes on the back approvingly.

HARRIS

We're gonna break him yet.

INT. GYM

Callahan is addressing the class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CALLAHAN

In subduing a suspect there are several contact holds which you must learn. And ladies, you can be feminine and still be a good cop.

(she points at  
Barbara)

You.

He steps forward. She immediately grabs him in a very rough choke hold. Her massive arms all but mask his face. She then spins him around, picks him up, and slams him to the mat on his back with all her might. Like a muscle-bound wrestler, she rolls him over, cuffs his hands behind his back, spins him around again and plops on top of him. Her face is inches from his.

She gives him a long, intense look. Barbara squirms uncomfortably. She gets up and uncuffs Barbara.

(sotto; to Harris)

Take over the class. I gotta change my Tampax.

HARRIS

Right.

Mahoney overhears. He turns to Castro.

MAHONEY

Her Tampax has got to be industrial strength.

HARRIS

(to Hooks)

Okay. Tell me I'm under arrest.

Hooks starts shaking nervously.

HOOKS

(very high, weak  
voice)

You're under arrest, sir.

HARRIS

What the hell was that? Do you think some perpetrator would take you seriously? You have absolutely no command presence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You are what you look like: a big,  
fat zero.

Copeland laughs. Hooks holds back tears. Hightower would love a piece of Copeland, but controls himself.

HARRIS

(continuing)

Tackleberry, tell me I'm under  
arrest.

Tackleberry steps forward. He's at attention, as usual.

TACKLEBERRY

Come with me or I'll rip your  
goddamn balls off... sir.

HARRIS

Tackleberry, ease up... Okay, pair  
off for hand to hand combat.

The class pairs off. Copeland is facing Barbara. Hightower pushes Barbara aside and he makes sure he's face to face with Copeland. Copeland panics.

COPELAND

(thinking fast)

Sergeant Harris, sir. I've twisted  
my ankle, sir.

HARRIS

Very well. Copeland, step aside.

Hightower is disappointed as he watches Copeland walk away. At first Copeland forgets about his bad ankle; suddenly he remembers to limp.

HARRIS

(continuing)

Move down one.

The line opposite Hightower moves down and this places Barbara against Hightower.

HARRIS

(continuing)

This line will subdue the opposing  
line.

Barbara has to subdue Hightower. He has never been so frightened in his life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

(continuing)

Upon my command, you will start.  
Attack!

Barbara tries to stop Hightower, but he is immediately slammed to the mat. Next to them, Mahoney and Castro fight playfully with each other in the Three Stooges tradition of fingers in the eyes, fake choking, and pulling hair... They also make a lot of noise, just like Moe and Curley. Harris watches this silliness, shaking his head.

Blankes looks over and sees them.

BLANKES

Mahoney, you just got yourself KP  
for the next 20 weeks.

Mahoney hits himself angrily, a la Curley.

TRAINING MONTAGE

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Our cadets are lined up in front of targets that are shaped like the outline of men. They wear mufflers over their ears to block out the sound of GUNSHOTS. Everyone is holding his .38, ready to be given the signal to shoot.

HARRIS

(over PA)

Hold the guns steady, squeeze the  
trigger and fire.

Everyone starts FIRING at once in a deafening burst of smoke.

ANGLE - BLANKES

He's aiming carefully, holding the gun letter perfect. He stops firing for a minute to check out the target. He looks quite satisfied with his performance.

ANGLE - BARBARA

He's firing with his eyes closed. Each time he pulls the trigger, a look of total fear covers his face.

## ANGLE - TACKLEBERRY

He's firing rapidly and with a vengeance. He unloads one clip, then quickly reloads with another. He fires another round and looks disappointed when he realizes he's out of bullets. Without missing a beat, he reaches over to Yoshika, who is standing next to him, grabs the gun out of her hand and goes back to firing at the target with her gun.

## INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Hightower is lifting 350 pounds in the weight room. In the b.g. Barbara is trying to lift his weights off the ground.

## INT. CLASSROOM

Copeland is definitely cheating. He's copying answers from a crib sheet.

## EXT. ACADEMY GROUNDS - NIGHT

Mahoney and Castro are digging a large hole in the middle of the running track. They stop digging to make sure no one sees them, then go back to work.

## INT. LOCKER ROOM

All the cadets are changing out of their P.T. gear. Mahoney reaches into his locker and puts on a shirt that's 8 sizes too big for him. Hightower enters naked from the shower.

HIGHTOWER

(to Mahoney)

That's my shirt.

MAHONEY

You sure?

## EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE

Hooks is trying to make it over a wall, with very little success. Blankes is yelling at her to hurry up. Hightower comes up behind her and gives her a little boost. She jumps over the wall and lands on top of Fackler, who was standing on the other side.

## EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD

On the obstacle course, Blankes is breezing through it as a pleased Lassard looks on. Mahoney is running in and out of the obstacles like a skier through a slalom course. Blankes, Harris and Callahan gang up on him and scream in his ear.

INT. ACADEMY KITCHEN

Mahoney is here doing KP duty. He's scrubbing down pans.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Tackleberry steps out of the shower wearing a gun in a shoulder holster. Nearby, Fackler is just putting on his uniform. Castro and Mahoney, both soaking wet, brush past him, leaving him drenched.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD

Callahan is running through a course in working with police dogs.

MS. CALLAHAN

These dogs are especially trained to sniff out dope concealed on an individual.

We SEE all the dogs are all over Castro, sniffing at his pockets. He stands there with a big shit-eating grin on his face.

INT. CLASSROOM

Harris is instructing Tackleberry in the art of fingerprinting a suspect. Tackleberry rolls the finger of another cadet in the ink, getting the stuff all over his fingers at the same time. We SEE the imprint on the blotter consists of the other cadet's fingers, as well as prints from two of Tackleberry's fingers.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The class is running down a city street. They pass a hot dog stand. Instinctively, Barbara and Hooks break ranks and veer toward it. Callahan yells them back into place.

EXT. ACADEMY GROUNDS

Mahoney and Castro have dug a deep pit and are busy camouflaging the hole with an old rug and some dirt.

INT. MESS HALL

While the cadets eat, in the b.g. Harris and Callahan sit at the staff table engaged in a strenuous arm wrestling match. After a beat Callahan pins Harris easily. Harris sighs and passes her his dessert.



## HOGANS ALLEY - DAY

This is a realistic-looking mock-up of a city street used for exercises. The cadets look on as Blanks goes through the course. He scores big as he makes his way through the fake street, shooting at the cut-outs that pop out of hiding. As the class watches, Castro hustles Yoshika into a nearby building. Tackleberry is up next. He goes through the course like it's the last reel of an old western. He shoots, hits the dirt, rolls over, picks up dirt and tosses it in the face of one of the targets.

Castro and Yoshika reappear; she is disheveled. Harris doesn't think something looks right. Castro gives Harris a sly smile.

Fackler's turn through Hogan's Alley. A target pops out and hits him in the head, knocking him over.

## EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - ANGLE ON MAHONEY - DAY

He's firing casually at the target. We get the sense that he's missing it by a mile.

## MEDIUM SHOT - TARGET

Mahoney's bullets are hitting the ground all around the target, kicking up a cloud of dirt.

## MAHONEY

He takes aim and shoots. His eyes follow the bullets' trail some ninety degrees to his right.

## EXT. PARKING LOT

Lassard is just getting out of his car when suddenly we HEAR the IMPACT of the bullet hitting his tire, followed by a loud HISSING SOUND. Lassard watches silently as his back tire sinks to the ground. This is followed by his front tire being hit. He turns and his hat is shot off his head.

## MAHONEY

He's out of bullets. He looks at the target and shrugs.

EXT. CITY STREET -- PRE-DAWN

The city is just waking up. Off in the distance we SEE many tiny beams of light bouncing, coming TOWARDS US. We HEAR the SOUND of FEET hitting the pavement.

A VOICE barks out a call in cadence. As they get CLOSER, we can MAKE OUT our cadet class running TOWARD US carrying flashlights, led by Callahan and Harris.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER CITY STREET - LATER IN THAT MORNING

As the cadets come running down the street we can SEE the bleakness of the surrounding ghetto area. In several doorways, tough-looking kids watch the cops go by with menacing looks on their faces.

ANGLE - MAHONEY, CASTRO AND FACKLER

MAHONEY

(to Castro)

What's wrong with me? Why aren't I enjoying this?

FACKLER

They always do this... It's supposed to get you used to the street.

ANGLE - THE STREET

Some of the kids standing on the street start to "Boo" the cops... A few yell out some obscenities.

ANGLE - HIGHTOWER

He looks around grimly.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

Some hard-core GANG MEMBERS are taunting the cadets. They spot Hightower.

GANG MEMBER #1

Hey, Hightower... What's happening, pig?

GANG MEMBER #2

Hightower, you're dead, man.

ANGLE - HIGHTOWER

He looks straight ahead, trying not to acknowledge them. The other cadets all look at Hightower. Copeland moves a little closer to Blankes for protection.

ANGLE - HARRIS

HARRIS  
Everyone, eyes front... Double-time.

ANGLE - GANG MEMBERS

They continue to yell at Hightower and move down from the doorway to the street.

WIDE SHOT - THE CADETS

They run quickly down the street, away from their antagonists

ANGLE - HIGHTOWER

Suddenly a large wine bottle comes hurtling at Hightower, missing him by inches. It smashes on the ground right beside him. He looks at the Gang Members, his eyes filled with hatred.

ANGLE - GANG MEMBERS

GANG MEMBER #1  
Hightower, you the enemy now,  
brother.

They cross the street and move OUT OF FRAME.

MEDIUM SHOT - CADETS

MAHONEY  
Were you in a gang? Who are they?  
Did you used to live around here?

Hightower keeps his eyes straight ahead, his thoughts elsewhere.

MAHONEY  
(continuing)  
Well, sure... We'll talk later.  
(to Castro)  
You can never shut this guy up.

WIDE SHOT - THE CADETS, INCLUDING HARRIS

HARRIS

Mahoney, let's move.

He leads the cadets around the corner and OUT OF SIGHT.

INT. ACADEMY - DAY

The exhausted cadets run toward the grinder, coming back from the street. Blankes, as usual, is gung-ho, sounding off to the other cadets.

BLANKES

All right, let's show Mr. Harris how much we want to be police officers... Let's run five more miles.

Everyone looks at Blankes like he's crazy. Blankes takes off and runs out on the track. He runs a few yards and suddenly the ground opens up beneath him and he sinks out of sight. He has fallen into the hole that Mahoney and Castro camouflaged.

TWO SHOT - MAHONEY AND CASTRO

They give each other self-satisfied smiles.

WIDE SHOT - THE CADETS

They run past Blankes, who is totally dazed, sitting in the bottom of the hole.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER

CAMERA PANS the locker room. It's very cramped. Five cadets share a locker. Cadets are showering, trying to get dressed ... it's total pandemonium. Not helping matters is Blankes, who keeps yelling at them to hustle it up. His clone, Copeland, keeps repeating the orders.

MEDIUM SHOT - MAHONEY

He is standing at his locker next to Castro. Castro looks O.S.

CASTRO

All right; look at that.

Mahoney looks where he's pointing.

THEIR POV

THROUGH a glass door that leads into the sauna area they see a robed Mrs. Lassard get into the sauna.

ANGLE - BARBARA

He comes out of the toilet stall, covered head to toe in towels as if he's ashamed for anyone to see his body.

CASTRO AND MAHONEY

They watch him and smile, getting the same idea at once.

MAHONEY

Should we?

CASTRO

Let's go for it.

Castro quickly walks to the door and removes the "Staff Only" sign. Mahoney gets up and crosses to Barbara, putting his arm around him.

MAHONEY

Barbara, what's the matter? You look down.

BARBARA

There's no privacy in here. I can't grumpy.

MAHONEY

Poor guy. C'mon, what you need is a nice, soothing sauna.

We DOLLY WITH them as they walk to the sauna room.

BARBARA

I don't know...

MAHONEY

Could help you relax. That means grumpies.

BARBARA

Yeah... okay.

Castro stands in front of the door, smiling as Barbara opens it and enters the sauna.

INT. SAUNA

The steam is thick. Barbara can't see an inch in front of his face.

MAHONEY

He's turning down the steam.

INT. SAUNA

Barbara is sitting, totally relaxed. But the steam is dissipating. Barbara turns, and now he is face to face again with the naked Mrs. Lassard. Barbara is panicked. They stare at each other for a few beats. Finally she speaks up.

MRS. LASSARD

(calmly puzzled)

What's your deal?

INT. GYM - DAY

OPEN TIGHT ON Mahoney. He is standing uncomfortably at attention. We PAN and FIND Castro, Fackler, Tackleberry and Barbara standing next to him. WIDEN to REVEAL Harris, Callahan and Blankes facing them. They look upset.

HARRIS

You maggots have the distinction of being at the bottom of your class. You are the worst cadets I've ever seen.

MS. CALLAHAN

And you, Mr. Blankes, are responsible for them. You have let us down.

BLANKES

I've tried my best, ma'am.

MS. CALLAHAN

(screaming)

Well, try harder.

HARRIS

You're all hanging by a thread. Coming up is the criminal arrest examination... fail that and you're all out of here. By the way, I'm sure that you'll all fail, so let me be the first to say goodbye, gentlemen.

MAHONEY

Gee, that's very negative thinking, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

(yells)

Blankes, get them out of there.

BLANKES

Left face, double time. March.

The cadets run out of the room.

EXT. GYM

Blankes is running next to Mahoney, toward the dorm.

BLANKES

You got my ass in trouble... I'll never forget it, either.

Blankes runs away from the group.

MAHONEY

(calling after him)

You're still coming to my birthday party, I hope.

BARBARA

We'll never pass.

CASTRO

Not to worry. I've already got this under control.

MAHONEY

That's very comforting, coming from a man who's parents met at the Bay of Pigs.

They all charge off into the dorm entrance.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE

The cadets are firing away at the targets. Mahoney looks over at Castro. Something doesn't look right. Castro is wearing stereo headphones instead of sound mufflers. He nudges Castro, who pulls the headphones off his ears. We can HEAR LOUD MUSIC coming out of them.

MAHONEY

What are you so relaxed about?

CASTRO

Mahoney, I got the answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

To the exam? How?

CASTRO

Grease the right palm, you get what you want.

MAHONEY

Here we are, policemen, cheating on a test... makes you proud to be an American.

FACKLER

He's shooting away at his target. A BUZZER GOES OFF.

ANGLE ON THE TARGETS

They spin around so that the cadets can get their scores. Behind Fackler's target is Mrs. Fackler. She looks very distraught.

MRS. FACKLER

(screaming)

Kill me. Go ahead, Doug. Shoot me... get it over with...

FACKLER

He can't believe it. The other cadets stare at him.

FACKLER

What are you doin'?! I really need this aggravation. Get out of here!

They yell and scream at each other as the other cadets look on in astonishment.

INT. CASTRO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Our cadets are jammed into the room. Castro is busy collecting money from them. Everyone has a pad of paper and a pen.

CASTRO

(holding a handful of bills)

Okay. Thank you, gentlemen... I will now read you the answers to the exam...

Barbara reaches for some potato chips on the table.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CASTRO

(continuing)

Hold it. Potato chips are fifty cents.

The rest of the guys boo him.

CASTRO

(continuing)

Okay, okay, just trying to make a buck. Now, the answer to question number one is...

(reads from  
the paper)

... Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The guys write this down, but they sense something is not right.

CASTRO

(continuing)

Number two is 'Continental Congress ...' Number three is 'The Monroe Doctrine...'

The guys look at each other, confused.

MAHONEY

Excuse me, Professor, I'm no scholar, but these answers don't sound like they have anything to do with criminal arrest.

TACKLEBERRY

Who's this guy, Monroe Doctrine?

The other cadets mumble agreement. Castro realizes they're right.

CASTRO

I don't believe it. I was screwed. They sold me some bad stuff.

Everyone screams at Castro.

BARBARA

(whining)

You told us we wouldn't have to study. I want a refund.

FACKLER

My wife was right, I'm never gonna make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TACKLEBERRY

If I don't become a cop I'm  
gonna kill somebody.

The guys all look at Castro angrily as they grab their money  
back from him.

CASTRO

(defensive)

Hey, the hell with you guys. I  
don't have to take this.

He turns quickly and storms out of the room. Mahoney goes  
after him.

INT. DORM HALLWAY

Castro is sitting by the stairs, sulking.

MAHONEY

What's the matter with you?

CASTRO

Look, man, I gotta be a cop... I  
need the bucks. I'm supporting  
my whole family.

Mahoney looks at Castro sympathetically and decides desperate  
measures must be taken. He goes back toward the room.

INT. DORM ROOM

Mahoney stands in the doorway.

MAHONEY

C'mon, guys. Let's go.

He starts to exit, the others following him.

BARBARA

Don't follow him. You'll end up  
seeing Captain Lassard's wife  
naked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all leave the room. It's empty for a beat; then Copeland comes slithering inside. This is a man on a mission. He surveys the room quickly, and spots the test "answers" lying on the bed. His face lights up deviously as he grabs it and runs out of the room.

INT. THOMPSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson is burning the midnight oil, studying at her desk. Yoshika comes out of the bathroom, her hair all wet, wearing a loose-fitting robe. She crosses to her bed and begins brushing her hair. There's a KNOCK at the DOOR. Thompson gets up and opens the door a crack. She is surprised to find Mahoney standing there.

THOMPSON

Are you crazy? What are you doing in the women's dorm.

MAHONEY

(dramatic)

You got to help me.

THOMPSON:

Help you do what?

MAHONEY

Help me study.

THOMPSON

You're kidding. You want to study?

MAHONEY

(begging)

More than life itself... Please, please, please don't let me fail...

THOMPSON

All right, but you really have to study.

MAHONEY

Don't worry... we will.

She opens the door all the way, revealing all the guys from Castro's room standing there. They march past her into the room. Yoshika is thrilled to see them and makes room for a couple of them on her bed.

THOMPSON

Mahoney, what is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

This is a way you can help your city. These men are willing to risk their lives to save others; they want to give everything they've got to protect and serve mankind. Can you deny them that right?

Thompson looks at them. They stare back at her with almost Mongoloid-like blankness. Barbara raises his hand.

BARBARA

Excuse me, do you have any cookies?

Thompson rolls her eyes, knowing she's got quite a job on her hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

THOMPSON'S ROOM - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

We PAN the room. Tackleberry and Fackler are sacked out on the floor. On one of the beds we FIND Yoshika fast asleep on Castro's shoulder. On Castro's other shoulder, dreaming blissfully, is Barbara. Sitting next to the desk are Thompson and Mahoney. Both are exhausted, but they're still hard at work.

THOMPSON

What section of the Penal Code covers brandishing of firearms in the presence of a police officer?

MAHONEY

(groggy)  
Section 417-B.

THOMPSON

Now you ask me one.

MAHONEY

If you could end all war by having sex with me, would you?

THOMPSON

Mahoney...

He goes to put his arm around her, but she backs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

(continuing)

I gotta ask you a question. Why do you hang out with Blankes so much?

THOMPSON

I don't hang out with anybody. I'm here to be a cop, not to meet men.

MAHONEY

Really, you don't like Blankes?

THOMPSON

No, actually I think he's a sleazy, pompous jerk.

MAHONEY

Then you must be resisting me because I'm of royal blood.

She starts to giggle. Just then there's a LOUD KNOCK on the DOOR.

INT. HALLWAY

MS. CALLAHAN

Five minutes... Everybody on the grinder.

INT. THOMPSON'S ROOM

MAHONEY

All right. All right.

INT. HALLWAY

MS. CALLAHAN

(confused)

Thompson?

INT. ROOM

Mahoney realizes he's made a mistake.

MAHONEY

(in a high,  
girlish voice)

Be right there... We're coming.

INT. HALL

Callahan shakes her head curiously, then decides to move on and EXITS OUT OF FRAME.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES FROM the rear of the classroom. Everyone is busy taking the exam. In the front of the room Harris is marking papers as Callahan strolls the aisles looking for cheaters.

ANGLE - MAHONEY

He is trying to remember an answer. Next to him, Thompson looks up from her paper and is concerned to see him stuck. He remembers the answer and starts writing. She looks relieved. Barbara and Tackleberry are confidently writing. Fackler finishes his exam and takes it up to Harris, who is surprised that he finished so quickly. Copeland sits behind Blankes. He takes a quick peek at the test "answers" (that he stole from Castro's room), which are sitting on his lap.

EXT. GRINDER

All the cadets are standing at attention, nervously waiting for Harris to read their grades. Callahan and Lassard stand nearby.

HARRIS

Johnson, passed... Burrows, passed...  
Blankes, passed... Thompson, passed;  
Yoshika, passed; Mahoney, Tackleberry,  
Fackler and Barbara...

He pauses as the boys await the verdict.

HARRIS

(continuing;  
disappointed)  
... All passed.

Thompson and the guys are thrilled.

HARRIS

(continuing)  
Now, Mr. Copeland...

COPELAND

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

Question number one was, "What three Supreme Court decisions were instrumental in determining a suspect's rights?" And your answer was the Niña, the Pinta and the Santa Maria.

All the cadets laugh.

HARRIS

(continuing)

What the hell's wrong with you, Copeland? You fail.

Copeland is shocked by this. He looks over at Mahoney and Castro, who are doing everything they can to stop from busting a gut.

LASSARD

Cadets, this is your first weekend liberty, and I want to remind you to stay out of trouble. Keep your noses clean, so to speak. All right, dismissed.

Everyone rushes toward the parking lot. Castro and Yoshika walk with Mahoney.

CASTRO

You know what's scary about this, man? We actually could become cops. Holy shit!... What a mind blower!

Mahoney sees Thompson heading for her car in the parking lot.

MAHONEY

I'll catch up to you guys later.

CASTRO

(still in a daze)

Officer Castro... Shit!

Mahoney runs after Thompson, catching up with her before she gets to her car.

MAHONEY

Look, I've got six bucks and change burning a hole in my pocket. Let me take you out tonight.

THOMPSON

I've really got to study...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

No problem. I'll get you home early.

THOMPSON

(suspicious)

Really?

MAHONEY

Look, how much can we do on six bucks? Pick you up around seven...  
Ta-ta.

He runs off. There's a look on Thompson's face that lets us know the ice is obviously melting.

ANGLE - GRINDER

Harris is talking to Blankes. Copeland, as usual, is right behind him. They are watching Mahoney and the others drive off.

HARRIS

Mahoney and that other scum are really getting on my nerves. I wouldn't be displeased if those assholes had a bit of trouble this weekend... understood?

BLANKES

(beaming  
deviously)

Yes, sir.

As Harris walks away, it is clear that Blankes and Copeland are both very happy about this.

INT. THOMPSON'S PARENTS' HOME - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS. The Thompsons are obviously well off; in fact, well, well off. The house is gorgeous. Thompson heads for the front door as the DOORBELL RINGS again. She opens the door, revealing Mahoney. He's dressed in a silk robe, P.J.'s and slippers. He carries a book.

THOMPSON

What are you doing?

MAHONEY

I thought it'd be better if we just stayed home and studied.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She takes the book out of his hand and looks at it.

THOMPSON  
(reading the cover)  
"The Joy Of Sex"?

She throws it at him and storms into the living room.

MAHONEY  
I thought we'd take breaks.

He follows her.

THOMPSON  
Why are you such a jerk-off?

MAHONEY  
I'm a delightful scamp, what can  
I tell ya?

They sit on the couch.

MAHONEY  
(continuing)  
This is really a great place. You  
got some bucks. What is your  
family in, oil, drug trafficking,  
you own a Pac Man arcade?

THOMPSON  
A lot of things.

MAHONEY  
Why the hell do you want to become  
a cop? You got the bucks.

THOMPSON  
I like to help people. This is  
the way I want to help...  
(abruptly)  
Kiss me.

MAHONEY  
(caught by  
surprise)  
What?

She kisses him hard.

MAHONEY  
(continuing; coming  
up for air)  
Just a second. I know your kind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens his wallet and pulls out a condom. He puts it to his lips and blows it up like a balloon, then he makes a balloon animal poodle.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

There. Now I feel better.

She laughs, and they embrace, rolling off the couch, OUT OF FRAME.

MAHONEY (O.S.)

(continuing)

Let's play a game. I'll hide my tongue somewhere on your body and you have to find it.

She giggles.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

OPEN TIGHT ON Martin Milner on "Adam 12." PULL BACK to REVEAL Tackleberry sitting at the bar reverently mouthing every word Milner speaks.

DOLLY BACK FURTHER to REVEAL lots of people, mostly cadets and cops, having a raucus time.

ANGLE - CALLAHAN'S TABLE

She is sitting having a "meaningful conversation" in a dark corner with a tough-looking PUNKER LADY with blue hair. Passing by their table is Yoshika. She's a little high, dancing very sensuously around the room. Lots of the guys are clapping, enjoying the show. Castro jumps up from his table and dances like a wild man with her, spinning her around, pulling her through his legs, etc.

Hooks pulls a very bombed Barbara out of his seat and tries to make a dancer out of him.

ANGLE - BLANKES AND COPELAND

They are sitting in a corner watching the proceedings soberly. They have menace written all over their faces.

## BACK TO SCENE

The number ends and everyone applauds. The LEADER of the BAND approaches the mike.

BAND LEADER

We're gonna take a short break.

## ANGLE - THE CROWD

Everyone is disappointed. Tackleberry gets up from the bar and crosses to the stage. He sits at the piano and starts playing a fast-tempoed rock tune. To everyone's astonishment, he's very good. He starts to sing in a raspy voice reminiscent of Joe Cocker. People start dancing again. Hooks crosses over to Hightower, who is sitting alone sipping a beer.

HOOKS

Wanta dance?

Hightower shyly shakes his head.

HOOKS

(continuing)

All right. I'll join you.

She sits down next to him. He smiles uncomfortably, glad she took the initiative.

## EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Barbara, Tackleberry, Castro and Yoshika exit the bar. We can see they're pretty bombed. They cross to the curb. Mahoney and Thompson are waiting for them in Thompson's car. They all stagger inside and Mahoney drives off.

PUSH IN ON the bar window. Copeland and Blankes watch them like a couple of snakes, ready to strike.

## INT. FACKLER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fackler is sitting in his cramped, cluttered kitchen, waiting for dinner. THROUGH the door to the hall we can SEE Mrs. F. pass by carrying an armload of Fackler's clothes. After a beat she enters the kitchen and dumps a can of Chef Boyardee spaghetti into a pot on the stove. She exits and Fackler gets up and turns the flame on under the pot and fishes the can lid out of the spaghetti.

In the b.g. we SEE Mrs. F. carrying another pile of shirts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fackler notices her.

FACKLER

Where are you going with my clothes,  
honey?

Mrs. F. gives him a dirty look and moves OUT OF SIGHT down the hall. Then we HEAR a DOOR SLAM.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Fackler as he moves down the hall and opens the front door.

EXT. FACKLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT ON Fackler's face. There's a look of shock as he stands there, frozen for a beat.

ANGLE WIDENS as he comes bursting out of the house in a panic. In the b.g. we HEAR a CAR ENGINE REVVING.

FACKLER

Noooo!

ANGLE - DRIVEWAY

Many articles of Fackler's clothing are spread out all over the driveway. They have tire marks over them. At the end of the driveway we FIND a defiant-looking Mrs. Fackler in her car. She steps on the accelerator and the car lurches forward, running over the pants, shirts and jackets in its path.

Fackler makes a mad-dash effort to retrieve some of his battered clothes, but he barely has time to pick up a pair of underwear before Mrs. Fackler throws the car in reverse and backs over the clothes again.

FACKLER

(screaming)

Stop it!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mahoney's car comes rolling up to the front of Fackler's house. Everyone looks out in amazement at the proceedings.

MAHONEY

What a gal! She's really figured  
out a way to make ironing a breeze.

## WIDE SHOT - THE DRIVEWAY

Mrs. Fackler gets ready for another run on the clothes. Mahoney hops out of the car and helps Fackler grab a few pairs of pants just as Mrs. Fackler passes within inches of them. Mahoney grabs Fackler and leads him to the car.

## INT. MRS. FACKLER'S CAR

She looks over her shoulder and sees Fackler getting into Thompson's car.

MRS. FACKLER

No mercy. This is war, mister.

She snaps the car into reverse and heads for Thompson's car with the tunnelvision of a kamakaze pilot.

## EXT. THE DRIVEWAY

Mahoney squeals out just in time, Mrs. Fackler missing him by inches. Fackler screams back at her through the window as the car pulls away:

FACKLER

You're crazy. You should be locked up.

## INT. MAHONEY'S CAR

Mahoney hands Fackler a beer.

MAHONEY

C'mon, Fackler, why eat your heart out when you can destroy your brain cells and prematurely damage your kidneys?

Fackler takes the beer tentatively.

THOMPSON

Mahoney, no drinking in the car.

MAHONEY

C'mon, man's got some troubles.

(to Fackler)

Drink till you puke... Enjoy life.

Fackler chug-a-lugs the can of beer.

## EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Copeland's pickup truck pulls up behind Thompson's car. Inside we can SEE Copeland driving, with Blankes sitting next to him.

## INT. COPELAND'S TRUCK

COPELAND

There they are.

BLANKES

(surprised)

Is that Thompson in there?... I don't believe it.

Copeland smiles deviously and steps on the accelerator.

## INT. THOMPSON'S CAR

Mahoney, Tackleberry, Barbara and Fackler are singing along with the RADIO at the top of their lungs. Mahoney encourages Thompson to join in.

THOMPSON

(concerned)

Guys, stop the drinking. You shouldn't be drunk when we get back to the --

Just then the car gets a jolt from the rear. Fackler smashes his head into the seat.

BARBARA

(frightened)

What the hell was that?

## EXT. THE ROAD

Copeland's truck pulls alongside Thompson's car. Copeland leans out of the window.

COPELAND

Hey, Mahoney -- don't you know how to drive?

## ANGLE INSIDE THOMPSON'S CAR

THOMPSON

Forget them. Let's get back to the Academy.

EXT. ROAD

Copeland's truck smashes into the side of Thompson's car.

ANGLE - COPELAND

COPELAND

C'mon, Mahoney, let's see how you  
can handle that machine.

He laughs moronically.

ANGLE - THE TWO VEHICLES

Copeland side-swipes Thompson's car, almost running it off  
the road.

INT. THOMPSON'S CAR

Mahoney turns the wheel quickly. He looks over at Thompson.

MAHONEY

Don't worry, we're on the side of  
truth and justice.

THOMPSON

Mahoney, don't...

TACKLEBERRY

(excited)

Hit him hard.

EXT. ROAD

Mahoney slams into the truck, causing it to skid and almost  
jackknife into a tree.

INT. THOMPSON'S CAR

CASTRO

(to Mahoney)

Good hit, Captain.

Just then, Copeland smashes them again from the rear.  
Mahoney turns the wheel violently.

EXT. THE TWO CARS

Mahoney smashes the front end of the car into the side of  
Copeland's truck, denting the door.

ANGLE - COPELAND

COPELAND  
(furious)  
All right, jerk-off... You're dead.

EXT. THE ROAD

Copeland smacks into the side of Thompson's car repeatedly.

LOW ANGLE BETWEEN THE TWO VEHICLES

Copeland's truck is smashing away at Thompson's car.

HIGH SHOT - THE ROAD

We can SEE that the road narrows up ahead and there is a steep embankment.

INT. THOMPSON'S CAR

Mahoney is doing everything he can to keep the car on the road.

THOMPSON  
Oh, my God, look out.

EXT. THE TWO CARS

Copeland is about to ram Thompson's car over the embankment. Just then a small hand gun is shoved through the window into Copeland's face.

ANGLE - TACKLEBERRY

He's hanging out the window of Thompson's car and is leaning into Copeland's window, straddling the road with his body. In a panic, Copeland veers away from Thompson's car, almost sending Tackleberry to the pavement. He hangs on for dear life between the two moving vehicles.

EXT. THE ROAD

Copeland's truck speeds up ahead, with Tackleberry hanging on.



INT. COPELAND'S TRUCK - OVER THE SHOULDER

BLANKES

Copeland... Sheriff's deputies.

THROUGH the windshield we can SEE a donut stand ahead. Out front police cars are parked, with officers sitting inside them.

WIDE SHOT - THE ROAD PAST THE DONUT STAND

The two cars go by with a man straddling them. Sensing a violation, the cops in two of the patrol cars immediately turn on their SIRENS and flashing lights and take off in pursuit.

INT. COPELAND'S TRUCK

He pushes his door open. Tackleberry loses his grip.

EXT. ROAD

Fackler and Castro pull Tackleberry into the car by his legs as Copeland takes off ahead, with one patrol car in pursuit. They signal for Copeland to pull over.

INT. THE CAR

Thompson looks over her shoulder.

FACKLER

Shit. We've got open alcohol containers in here.

MAHONEY

Quick. Empty the booze. They can't cite us for having empty bottles.

TACKLEBERRY

Right.

MAHONEY

And put that gun away.

Tackleberry dumps the bottles' contents on the floor. Everyone in the back seat follows suit, dumping booze on the floor like crazy, until they're ankle deep in alcoholic beverages.

EXT. THE ROAD

The patrol car pulls up right behind them.

COP  
(over LOUDSPEAKER)  
All right, pull over... Now.

Mahoney turns sharply off the road. He turns so sharply that he smashes into a roadside bus bench. The police car pulls up right behind them.

The two Cops exit the patrol car and approach Thompson's car.

CLOSER ANGLE - THOMPSON'S CAR

The Cops open the car doors. A tidal wave of liquor and beer comes roaring out, thoroughly soaking the cops' shoes. They stand there glaring at everyone in the car for a beat.

EXT. ACADEMY - DAWN

The patrol car has dropped off our cadets. Harris is saying goodbye to the two officers.

HARRIS  
Thanks, Pat, Neal... I appreciate  
it.

PAT  
That's okay, Tom... Cadets today,  
what are you gonna do?

They drive off. Harris stands in front of the cadets scowling.

HARRIS  
I want all of you out of my sight...  
I'm recommending to Capt. Lassard no  
more liberties. From now on you're  
all grounded. Now get to your dorms  
on the double.

Mahoney walks next to Thompson.

MAHONEY  
Think he means it?

THOMPSON  
Will you shut up? I should never  
have gone out with you in the first  
place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

C'mon, we had some laughs, met some new people...

It's clear she's not amused. She storms off past him.

ANGLE - HARRIS, COPELAND AND BLANKES

BLANKES

We got 'em in trouble. Why didn't you throw 'em out?

HARRIS

Because you two idiots would have been thrown out with them.

BLANKES

We still have a lot of time here, sir. We'll get 'em.

COPELAND

Yeah.

EXT. DORM

Mahoney's about to go inside when he spots Mrs. Fackler running quickly toward him. She looks more than a little crazed.

MRS. FACKLER

This'll fix him. Let's see how my little cop likes this... Do you know why I did it?

MAHONEY

(humoring her)

I can't wait to hear.

MRS. FACKLER

Because this is war, mister... No mercy.

She goes running off toward the parking lot. Mahoney shakes his head and enters the building.

INT. DORM - OUTSIDE FACKLER'S ROOM - DAY

Fackler comes running down the hall to Mahoney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is having a shit-fit.

MAHONEY

Just saw your better half. She  
seemed a bit --

FACKLER

I can't believe what she did to me.  
I can't believe it... She put a  
hooker in my room.

MAHONEY

A what?

FACKLER

A hooker... A prostitute... Can  
you believe she did this?

MAHONEY

Don't be too hard on your wife.  
Remember, it's not the gift, it's  
the thought that counts.

FACKLER

She wants to get me thrown out.

MAHONEY

Look, why don't you just put the  
hooker in another room.

FACKLER

I did... I put her in yours.

MAHONEY

You what?

Just then Castro moves toward them.

CASTRO

Hey, guys, they just called room  
inspection in two minutes.

He moves past them. Mahoney grabs Fackler and they cross  
to Mahoney's room.

INT. MAHONEY'S ROOM

Mahoney and Fackler come bursting through the door. There,  
sprawled out on Mahoney's bed, we SEE one of the sleaziest  
WOMEN to ever charge for sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She strikes a seductive pose and smiles at them through crooked teeth.

HOOKER

Hi. Who's first?

MAHONEY

Nobody... We're gonna have to cancel.

He pulls her up off the bed and looks around desperately for a place to hide her. He moves her towards the bathroom. He opens the door and sees a familiar pair of legs under the stall.

BARBARA

(indignant)

Hey, can't a guy get any privacy?  
I'm trying to make a grumpy.

MAHONEY

Sorry.

He slams the door and grabs the Hooker by the hand. He looks furtively out into the hall, decides the coast is clear, and exits with her.

INT. ANOTHER BUILDING HALLWAY

Mahoney, with the Hooker in tow, comes running down the hall.

HOOKER

I bet you're kinky, aren't you?

MAHONEY

No time for shop talk.

They come to a door. Mahoney looks inside. Suddenly he hears VOICES somewhere behind him. He pulls the Hooker into the room and slams the door.

INT. MEETING ROOM

The room is some sort of meeting room, with a dais and podium. In front of it are a few rows of chairs. Mahoney and the Hooker duck under the podium. Just then the door swings open. Captain Lassard is leading a small group of visitors. They are reporters, political types, and some visiting policemen. Lassard steps up to the podium, and some of the other policemen sit at the dais.

## ANGLE UNDER THE PODIUM

Mahoney and the Hooker sit on the floor, huddled under the podium. Lassard's feet ENTER FRAME and almost step on the Hooker's hand. Mahoney grabs her hand away just in time. She gives Mahoney a seductive smile.

## ANGLE ON LASSARD AND THE DAIS

LASSARD

First of all I'd like to welcome you all to our Academy. Today I'm particularly proud to welcome a distinguished law enforcement officer who is on a fact-finding tour of our country, Captain Augustine Sukarno of the Indonesian Highway Patrol.

A brown-skinned MAN wearing a plumed cap and heavily decorated uniform (like the kind a High School Marching Band leader would wear) gets up and takes a bow to hearty applause. He smiles gratefully, revealing many gold-capped teeth.

## ANGLE UNDER PODIUM

The Hooker is getting bored. She tries to unzip Mahoney's pants. He grabs her arm and pulls it away from him.

## ANGLE ON LASSARD

LASSARD

Before we go on our tour, can I answer any questions?

## MEDIUM SHOT - THE AUDIENCE

REPORTER #1

Yessir, Captain Lassard, how many cadets do you have here at the Academy?

LASSARD

We can handle one hundred and fifty cadets. Our current class has one hundred and twelve. We have additional dormitories being built, so that...

## UNDER THE PODIUM

As Lassard drones on in the background, Mahoney has found a hole in the podium and is looking out, with his back to the Hooker. She, meanwhile, is fascinated with the bulge in Lassard's pants, proving the old adage that "Hell hath no fury like a Hooker with time on her hands." She decides to investigate. Almost mechanically, she reaches out and starts to zip down Lassard's fly.

## MEDIUM SHOT - LASSARD

He is in mid-boring-sentence when he stops suddenly, sensing that something is not quite right. Then we HEAR the loud SOUND of a ZIPPER OPENING.

LASSARD

I... uh... over 32,000, I'd guess.

He continues looking uncomfortable as we HEAR the next Reporter's question.

REPORTER #2

What do you look for in a cadet?

LASSARD

Well, we want good physical ability.

Suddenly Lassard looks like a man who's being sucked through a flavor straw. His expression changes quickly from shock to joy to confusion, then back to shock.

## REACTION SHOTS - AUDIENCE

They are staring at him curiously.

## BACK TO LASSARD

realizing his mouth is open and no words are coming out of it. He makes an attempt to go on talking.

LASSARD

We... also want... good... Um...  
 Ooh! Ah, great... academic grades  
 ... and things... like oh, boy, oh  
 boy, oh boy...  
 (realizing)  
 ... and of course, leadership...  
 Oh yes... oh yes, leadership... oh,  
 yes... Oh, yes.

## ANGLE ON INDONESIAN VISITOR

He is watching Lassard with interest.

## AUDIENCE REACTION SHOT

They can't figure out what's happening.

## LASSARD

He's speaking.

## LASSARD

Also, we like... I like it... I  
like it... Oh yes... Oh yes...  
Don't tease... That's it, yes, yes,  
YES!!!! Oh, my God...

Lassard closes his eyes for a beat. When he looks up, he realizes where he is.

## REACTION - AUDIENCE

They are staring at him in disbelief.

## LASSARD

## LASSARD

Was it good for you?  
(realizing)  
I mean, did that answer your  
questions?

There is a beat of uncomfortable silence, broken by the SOUND of a ZIPPER going up.

## UNDER THE PODIUM

Mahoney turns around in time to see the Hooker closing Lassard's pants. Mahoney grabs her and pulls her back toward the front of the podium.

## LASSARD AND THE DAIS

## LASSARD

Now, if there are no further  
questions, let's begin our tour.



## WIDE SHOT - THE ROOM

Everyone starts to get up and exit toward the door. When no one is looking, Lassard sneaks a peek under the podium.

## LASSARD'S POV

He sees only Mahoney, who smiles a timid smile and waves meekly at Lassard.

## MAHONEY'S POV - LASSARD

He looks down at Mahoney, shocked.

LASSARD

(sotto)

You still don't get any liberty,  
mister.

## INT. MAHONEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mahoney lies face-down on his bed. He slowly rolls over and, half asleep, senses a huge shadow covering his face. He sits up with a start.

MAHONEY

What the... Hightower?

## REVERSE SHOT - HIGHTOWER

He is standing over Mahoney, looking at him glumly.

MAHONEY

(scared)

What did I do? Just tell me.  
Should I expect pain?

Hightower walks towards the bed and sits down next to Mahoney.

HIGHTOWER

I need to talk.

MAHONEY

That's terrific... But it's three-  
thirty in the morning... Not that  
I'm complaining.

HIGHTOWER

Mahoney, I'm in trouble. The  
driving course is tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

So?

HIGHTOWER

I can't drive.

MAHONEY

You're kidding.

HIGHTOWER

I never learned. If I don't pass this driving course, they're gonna throw my ass out of here.

Slowly, painfully, Mahoney gets out of bed and puts on his shoes.

MAHONEY

(exhausted)

C'mon... Let's go... Sleep's for sissies.

DRIVING COURSE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

The course is a mile of twisting asphalt representing every kind of road condition. We SEE a patrol car make a sharp turn, then pull off and park on a shoulder.

INT. PATROL CAR

Mahoney shuts off the engine and pulls up the emergency brake. He then pulls the seat way back.

MAHONEY

So that's about it. Now, come over here and you can give it a shot.

Hightower gets out of the car as Mahoney moves over to the passenger seat. Hightower gets behind the wheel and stares with awe at the dashboard. He sits there, immobile, unsure of what to do next.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Okay, now the first thing is to turn the car on, or would you be more comfortable if I hot-wired it?

Hightower smiles nervously, and turns the key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mahoney indicates to pull the gear lever. The car starts off with a lurch. Then it stalls. Hightower looks at Mahoney, confused.

MAHONEY  
(continuing)  
Emergency brake. Could happen to anyone.

EXT. THE CAR

It takes off again, a bit shakey at first, but steadily it moves over the track.

MAHONEY (V.O.)  
Very nice. Turn signal... Good...  
Left turn. No, the other way. You  
know left... the hand you punch  
with... Right... No, not right,  
left... Good...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TRACK - NIGHT

A few hours have passed. The car is zooming over the track with ease at a very high speed.

HIGHTOWER (V.O.)  
So then my daddy got put away for  
ten to twenty on the armed robbery  
count. Mama and Grandpa was already  
in the same joint serving time, so  
it was like a big reunion. Mahoney,  
how'm I doin'?

MAHONEY (V.O.)  
(drowsy)  
Huh? Wha? Great, Hightower, like  
you were born with a silver Mazda  
in your mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRIVING TRACK - THE NEXT MORNING

The glare of the morning sun is refracted off the hood of a car as it rounds the track toward the skid pan (a slippery part of the track, sprayed with oil and water).

LOW ANGLE

as car comes right AT CAMERA, does a complete 360 degree spin. The driver gains control in mid-skid and pulls out of the next turn.

INT. CAR

Hightower is driving. He is sweating a lot as he puts the car through its paces. WIDEN to REVEAL Harris sitting next to him. He is taking notes.

HARRIS

Good recovery, Hightower.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE TRACK

Mahoney, Castro, Yoshika and Barbara are watching the track as Thompson drives up in a patrol car with Callahan. The door opens and she runs toward them.

THOMPSON

(excited)

I made it.

(looking out over  
the track)

What's happening with Hightower?

MAHONEY

The guy's a regular Andy Granatelli.

CASTRO

He's looking good.

THOMPSON

Mahoney, I heard what you did for Hightower... I'm really impressed.

MAHONEY

It's the same thing that any incredible human being would have done.

Thompson smiles at him -- they're clearly friends again. Callahan rolls down her window.

CALLAHAN

Let's go... Barbara... You're next.

Barbara sighs and walks slowly to the car.

RACK FOCUS TO car backing up through plastic cylindrical cones which have been placed in a zig-zag pattern on the asphalt. THROUGH the windshield we can SEE two small eyes peer over the dashboard.

INT. CAR

Hooks is doing everything she can to see over her shoulder, but she's too short to get a good view.

INT. ANOTHER CAR

Copeland is driving confidently over the track. Suddenly something up ahead disturbs him. He slams on his brakes.

EXT. TRACK

We can SEE Hooks' car backing up, right toward Copeland. In order to get out of the way, Copeland swings to his right and then runs over all the cones. In a fury, Copeland jumps out of his car and races over to Hooks, who gets out of her car.

COPELAND

How stupid can you be... I'm gonna fail this test because of you, Aunt Jemima. You shouldn't be a cop; you should be a window washer somewhere.

Hooks is very upset. Tears start to well up in her eyes.

INT. HIGHTOWER'S CAR

Through his windshield he sees Copeland yelling at Hooks. He immediately sees red and jumps out of the car.

HARRIS

(calling after him)  
Hightower! Get back here...

He gets out of the car and runs after him. Callahan comes running right behind him.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Hightower comes charging up to Copeland like a crazed bull. He picks him up off the ground. Harris tries to separate them, but Hightower pushes him aside with ease. Hightower cocks his arm back.

ANGLE - MAHONEY

He's running toward Hightower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

Hightower, don't...

Hightower connects with a roundhouse punch and Copeland goes flying. He hits the ground, sliding down the oil slick for several yards. He stops sliding when his head lands in one of the cones.

ANGLE - CALLAHAN

She has joined the fray and tries to grab Hightower's arm. Hightower turns and instinctively swings at her with a sharp left. She catches this punch under her chin and collapses on the ground, knocked out cold.

INT. HIGHTOWER'S ROOM - LATE MORNING

Hightower has his suitcase on the bed and is filling it with clothes. Castro, Barbara and Mahoney sit on the other bed watching him pack. There's a KNOCK on the DOOR and Hooks comes into the room. She is visibly upset.

HOOKS

I'll walk you to your car.

Hightower puts his arm around her and starts out the door. He stops and turns to Mahoney.

HIGHTOWER

I really wanted to be a cop.

He exits with Hooks. Mahoney indicates for Castro to follow him.

EXT. HOGANS ALLEY - NIGHT

Mahoney and Castro's flashlights shine through the eerie atmosphere of Hogan's Alley. Mahoney leads Castro to a storage shack.

CASTRO

Where're we going?

MAHONEY

Ever since they gave me K.P.,  
I've been stashing something.

CASTRO

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

Garbage.

He unlocks the door and shines his flashlight inside.

THEIR POV - INSIDE THE SHACK

It's floor to ceiling garbage -- tons and tons of it -- everything from egg shells to rusty cans and old bottles.

CASTRO

Man, it stinks.

MAHONEY

That's how you know it's been aged to perfection. C'mon, give me a hand.

They hold their noses and head into the debris.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Blankes and Copeland come down the hall to their room. Copeland puts his key in the lock and turns the doorknob. He pulls on it, but it won't open. He strains as he pulls on it harder. All of a sudden the door gives and springs open.

TIGHT SHOT - BLANKES AND COPELAND

They look up in horror.

COPELAND

Uh-oh...

WIDE SHOT - INCLUDING THE ROOM

They are hit with a huge wall of garbage which covers them. They try to get up and walk. This is next to impossible as there is garbage everywhere. Finally their heads emerge. Mahoney comes walking by eating a banana. He tosses the peel onto the pile.

MAHONEY

You guys really ought to tidy up a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They watch angrily as he walks off.

BLANKES  
(to Copeland)  
We got to get him.

EXT. GRINDER - DAY

A row of patrol cars lines the curb. There are uniformed cops standing in front of each car. Next to them are our cadets. They are in regular police uniforms for the first time. Standing with them are seasoned police officers.

ANGLE - LASSARD

He passes in front of the men like Eisenhower addressing his troops.

LASSARD  
... And so this will be your first experience in a patrol car... out on the streets. This is not a classroom simulation. You will be engaged in the actual work of a law enforcement officer... Now this is a hot summer night. All hell could break loose on a night like this, so listen to your partners. They are experienced officers. Out on the street they are the only family you've got, so to speak. Good luck.

CUT TO:

TACKLEBERRY

He looks over at his solemn-faced partner. He gives him a conspiratorial wink and gently pats the gun in his holster.

WIDE SHOT

The cadets get into the patrol cars with their various partners and start to drive off.

EXT. CITY STREET

A patrol car moves down the street.



INT. CAR

Callahan is driving. Barbara sits next to her. She casually rests her arm behind Barbara's seat.

EXT. LOVERS LANE

There's a full moon and the stars are twinkling brightly. The patrol car pulls in to a wooded lovers lane and parks.

INT. CAR

Callahan takes off her jacket. Beneath her short-sleeved shirt we SEE for the first time a tattoo on her well-defined bicep. It's the face of a little caricature of Satan with the words "BORN TO RAISE HELL" beneath it. Barbara isn't sure what to do, but somehow he knows this isn't quite right.

BARBARA

Officer Callahan, ma'am. What are we...

Callahan grabs her and pulls her down beneath her on the seat. She throws off his hat and loosens his shirt.

MS. CALLAHAN

Leslie, I think you're turning me into a woman.

Barbara has the look of a man facing death. As Callahan sinks out of sight on top of her --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

INT. PATROL CAR

Copeland is sitting in the passenger seat with a tough-faced, older COP. He seems a little bored as he looks out the window.

COPELAND

This is kind of a slow night, isn't it?

The older Cop nods. THROUGH the windshield we can SEE some black couples crossing the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COPELAND  
(continuing;  
eager)

Blacks... Let's arrest 'em.

The older Cop looks at Copeland like there's something seriously wrong with him.

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE BEACH - NIGHT

A patrol car pulls into a beach parking lot. On the beach we can SEE a campfire burning, and hear LOUD ROCK MUSIC.

INT. CAR

Castro is inside with his partner, a middle-aged MAN with a large pot belly.

CASTRO'S PARTNER  
All right. It's right over there.  
Can you handle it?

CASTRO  
Sure, man, I'm cool.

EXT. BEACH

Castro walks, flashlight in hand, down the beach toward the campfire. When he gets there, a look of happy surprise crosses his face. Six very good looking teenage girls are in bikinis. They are dancing to the music on a portable cassette machine. They stop dancing when Castro approaches. A great-looking REDHEAD comes up to him.

REDHEAD  
Gee, officer, I'm sorry. Are we making too much noise?

CASTRO  
No... Turn it up... This is my favorite tune.

Castro checks out the girls... He's in Nirvana.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Blankes is standing with his ticket book out. He's giving a hard time to a MOTORIST who sits behind the wheel of his car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTORIST

What seems to be the problem,  
officer?

BLANKES

(as if memorized;  
by rote)

Your license plate is loose. Also  
your windshield wiper is bent...  
your tires are a little low, your  
rearview mirror is obscured and  
your parking light has a bulb  
missing.

MOTORIST

(facetious)

What do you think of my haircut?"

BLANKES

You could use a little trim around  
the ears, sir.

The Motorist strikes his head, disgusted.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT

Castro's Partner is still sitting in his car. He sips a cup  
of coffee from a thermos. He looks at his watch and  
scratches his head, trying to figure out what's taking Castro  
so long.

THE BEACH

Castro is having the time of his life, dancing with the girls.  
A couple of them have their tops off. He is wearing one of  
their tops around his neck. One of them is wearing his hat.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Copeland and his partner are still patrolling a quiet neigh-  
borhood. They stop for a light.

INT. PATROL CAR

THROUGH the windshield we can SEE some Latin-looking kids in  
suits pull up in a car next to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COPELAND

Cubans! Let's arrest 'em..

The older Cop rolls his eyes skyward and makes a right turn.

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING - NIGHT

A crowd has gathered in front of a tall hotel building.  
CAMERA TILTS UP, REVEALING a disheveled MAN standing on a ledge, ready to jump.

A patrol car pulls up. Thompson and her PARTNER, a black cop in his early forties, jump out and race inside the building.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Thompson and her Partner come running down a long hallway.

THOMPSON'S PARTNER

I'll go up to the roof. You try  
and grab him from here.

He runs off. Thompson runs up to a door and knocks it open with one hard kick of her boot.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

A shocked COUPLE sit up in bed.

THOMPSON

(embarrassed)  
Oh, Christ... Don't get up... Police.

She crosses to the window and opens it.

THOMPSON

(continuing;  
calling out to  
Man on ledge)  
You don't want to do that... Please,  
sir, come inside... I want to help.

The Woman in bed turns on the light. She looks at Thompson.

WOMAN

Karen? Karen Thompson?

Thompson turns to her, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

It's me, Maureen Barker... How have you been?

THOMPSON

(surprised)

Maureen... I'm just fine.

Karen suddenly remembers why she's there.

THOMPSON

(continuing)

Excuse me, Maureen.

She sticks her head back out the window.

THOMPSON

(continuing)

Please, sir. Come inside.

ANGLE - THE LEDGE

The Man starts inching his way toward the window.

INT. ROOM

THOMPSON

(comforting)

That's it. Come on inside.

Maureen is oblivious to all this and points to her companion.

MAUREEN

Karen, this is Carl Wormser. Carl, Karen and I went to junior college together... So, Kar, what are you doing now?

THOMPSON

(to Man on ledge)

Give me your hand.

ANGLE - MAN ON LEDGE

He reaches for Thompson's hand and comes inside.

THOMPSON

(to Man)

How do you feel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

I wanted to die... Why didn't you  
let me die?

MAUREEN

(oblivious; to  
Man)

Hi. I'm Maureen Barker... This is  
Carl Wormser.

MAN

(confused)

Hi.

MAUREEN

You two hungry? Why don't we go  
out and get something to eat.

Both the Man from the ledge and Thompson give each other an  
"Is she crazy?" look.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Patrol car stops at a crosswalk. Several bearded Hassidic  
Jews in dark overcoats pass by.

INT. CAR

COPELAND

Jews! Let's arrest 'em.

OLDER COP

Tell me something. Don't you like  
anybody?

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS OFF a broken traffic signal TO a very busy inter-  
section. In the middle of it, timidly directing traffic, is  
Hooks, who is almost impossible to see in the thick of all  
the traffic. She is signaling like crazy for one row of cars  
to make a left turn when she looks up and sees a large oil  
tanker coming one way and a trailer carrying a small house  
that's being moved coming the other. Fearing a head-on  
collision, she abruptly puts up her hands, causing all the  
traffic to come to a sudden halt.

## WIDE SHOT

At the end of the row of traffic, a car pulling a horse trailer with a horse in it stops short. A MAN on a motorcycle smashes into the back end of the trailer and winds up with his head up the business end of the horse. Hooks comes running over in a panic. She sees the Man with his head in the horse's butt and calls to him.

HOOKS

Are you all right?

MAN

(echoed)

I'm okay, but I think my cigarette went out.

## EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Castro's Partner is still in his car. He's fast asleep and snoring slightly.

## EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The campfire has gone out. Silence is broken by the excited SOUNDS of a woman in the throes of ecstasy.

REDHEAD

Oh, Jesus... Oh, Joseph... Oh, Mary... Oh, God...

CASTRO

Oh, Larry... Oh, Curley... whoop, whoop, whoop.

## EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Tackleberry comes stalking up a path to a doorway with his gun drawn. He charges inside like he's making a bust.

## INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Inside we find a brightly-lit coffee shop. The customers are too busy talking and eating to notice Tackleberry looking at them suspiciously. Tackleberry's Partner, a very straight cop with a crew-cut, comes inside..

CREW-CUT COP

We're just getting coffee. Would you ease up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TACKLEBERRY

Ten-four.

CREW-CUT COP

Get a couple of seats at the counter. I'm going to the men's room.

Tackleberry sits down on a stool at the counter. The Waitress brings him a cup of coffee. He finds a newspaper on the stool next to him and starts to read it. CAMERA WIDENS to REVEAL a hardened criminal type walk over to the cash register and take all the money out of the cash drawer. Tackleberry is oblivious to this and just goes on reading his paper. The gunman runs out. After a beat, Mahoney and Castro come in with their PARTNERS. Mahoney slaps Tackleberry on the back.

MAHONEY

Hi, Tackleberry, kill anyone yet?

TACKLEBERRY

(disappointed)

No. My partner wouldn't let me.

MAHONEY

You're really a candidate for shock treatment, you know that?

Just then Fackler comes charging in. He runs up to the boys.

FACKLER

She finally did it! They just booked her downtown.

CASTRO

Who you talking about, man?

FACKLER

My wife. They got her for armed robbery. She held up a seven-eleven. She finally figured out a way to get me thrown out.

Mahoney gets up and starts for the door.

FACKLER

(continuing)

Where are you going? Mahoney, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

C'mon, let's go.

Fackler chases after him, followed by Castro.

FACKLER

Mahoney, stop...

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mahoney, followed by Castro and Fackler, runs down a row of parked patrol cars. Mahoney jumps into one and starts the engine. Castro gets in next to him.

FACKLER

Mahoney, you can't just take a patrol car.

Mahoney starts to pull away. Fackler quickly opens the back door and hops in, as Mahoney turns on the flashing red light and heads down the road.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Mrs. Fackler is standing handcuffed before the BOOKING SERGEANT. A police woman is by her side.

SERGEANT

Put her in cell block B.

The police woman starts to lead her down the hall when Mahoney, Castro and Fackler come charging in.

MAHONEY

Wait! Stop! We need to talk to you, Sergeant.

MRS. FACKLER

No, go away. Don't talk to them.

FACKLER

Shut up or I'll kill ya.

Mrs. F. starts beating him on the chest.

SERGEANT

(to Mahoney)

Officer, what's going on here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

Sergeant, we're with the special task force assigned to the Governor's office. This woman has been working under cover and of course the department has to keep its covert operations top secret.

(sotto; taking  
him into his  
confidence)

She's been giving us very strong evidence on the mob. We can't afford to have her cover blown.

SERGEANT

I see... Of course... Get her out of here.

MRS. FACKLER

But I'm guilty... Lock me up.  
Throw him out of the Academy.  
I did it. I really did it.

Mahoney grabs her and all but carries her out the door.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Blankes stands close to one of the patrol cars, nervously looking around. WIDEN to REVEAL two legs protruding from under the car.

BLANKES

(sotto)

Will you hurry up?

Copeland slides out and wipes the grease off his face. He quickly gets up and slides a pair of pliers into his pocket.

COPELAND

It's all taken care of... trust me.  
The brakes won't work another half  
hour.

Suddenly a patrol car pulls into the lot. Blankes and Copeland quickly duck behind the building.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mahoney, Castro and Fackler hop out of the patrol car. A moment later, Harris exits the coffee shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS  
Mahoney, I've been looking for  
you. Break's over. Let's go.

He leads Mahoney to the car Copeland just tampered with.

MAHONEY  
(to Harris)  
Dad, can I have the car Saturday  
night?

HARRIS  
(disgusted)  
Get in there.

Mahoney gets behind the wheel and they drive off.

BLANKES AND COPELAND

They're watching the car pull away.

BLANKES  
We forgot about Harris.

Copeland panics and throws the pliers into the bushes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Barbara sits nervously at a table. He still looks a little  
disheveled. His tie is half off and his hair is all mussed.

ANGLE - THE BATHROOM DOOR

The door swings open. Callahan comes out. There is some-  
thing different about her... she is wearing lipstick. But  
she doesn't look any less manly, mainly because she still  
has a mustache. She sits next to Barbara and strokes his  
hair. Her friend, the Punker with the blue hair, is seated  
at the bar. She spots them and approaches their table  
angrily. She picks a startled Barbara up by the lapels.

PUNKER  
You stay away from her.

She slams him back into his chair.

MS. CALLAHAN  
(impressed)  
Why, Margo! I didn't think you  
cared.

EXT. STEEP HILL - NIGHT

Harris and Mahoney pull up behind an abandoned car.

INT. PATROL CAR

Mahoney is still driving.

HARRIS

Go see what's wrong with it.

Mahoney pulls up the emergency brake and gets out of the car.

EXT. STEEP HILL - NIGHT

As he walks toward the abandoned car we can SEE the patrol car slowly roll backwards behind him. Harris looks up and realizes what is happening. He steps on the brake, but the car keeps rolling.

He pounds on the windshield, but Mahoney is too busy looking under the hood of the abandoned vehicle to hear him.

The patrol car rolls down over the hill and falls out of sight, toward a river bed below.

ANGLE - MAHONEY

looks up from behind the hood at where the patrol car used to be.

MAHONEY

Officer Harris... could you give me  
a hand with --

Just then he hears a gigantic SPLASH and CRASH. He looks over the side of the hill.

MAHONEY

(continuing)  
Never mind. I'll handle it myself.

EXT. ACADEMY - GRINDER - DAY

The cadets and their Partners are pulling up and getting out of their cars. Everyone is excitedly comparing notes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a beat, a tow truck drives up pulling a totalled patrol car. Everyone stops what they're doing to watch it. The tow truck door opens and Mahoney jumps out. He sees all eyes are on him.

MAHONEY

We had a little accident.

Harris comes out of the truck. He has bandages all over his body.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Don't worry... I'll get three estimates. It'll be fine.

INT. LASSARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mahoney stands stiffly at attention. Lassard, Harris and Callahan stand behind the desk.

LASSARD

We went out on a limb for you, but this is the goddamn straw that broke the goddamn camel's back, as it were. Here are your resignation papers. Fill them out and drop them off when you leave. I want you gone by 0-700, mister.

Mahoney stands there looking at him.

LASSARD

(continuing)

Well, get going...

Mahoney opens the door, then turns back to them.

MAHONEY

Hey, no hard feelings, so to speak... okay?

They stare at him. He exits, slamming the door behind him.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - LASSARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mahoney exits into the bright morning sunlight. Copeland and Blankes are right behind the door, where they have obviously been listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLANKES

You finally did yourself in, huh,  
wise guy?

MAHONEY

(sarcastic)

You guys didn't have anything to do  
with this, did you?

BLANKES

I got news for you, Mahoney. If we  
ever see you anywhere near us when  
we're on duty, we're gonna run your  
ass right in.

MAHONEY

Thanks for the tip. If there's  
ever anything I can do to screw up  
your lives, be sure and let me know.

He walks past them.

INT. MAHONEY'S ROOM

Mahoney has his bags all packed. He takes out the resigna-  
tion papers and lays them on his desk. He shrugs and is  
about to sign them when an announcement comes over the P.A.

HARRIS (V.O.)

Everyone listen up. This is an  
emergency. Get into full riot gear  
and meet out on the grinder in five  
minutes.

EXT. CAMPUS

Cadets are running towards the dorms.

HARRIS (V.O.)

This is not an exercise. Repeat.  
This is not an exercise. Everyone  
in riot gear, on the double.

EXT. GRINDER - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES PAST several rows of cadets standing ominously  
at attention in full riot gear. They are wearing helmets with  
dark visors so it is hard to make out anyone's face. Everyone  
is loaded down with automatic rifles and other anti-riot  
devices.

Lassard and STEVENSON, the Chief of Police, a silver-haired,  
distinguished-looking cop in a very decorated uniform, step  
up to the front of the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVENSON

I'm Bob Stevenson, Chief of Police. A demonstration on the south side of town has grown out of control into a full-fledged riot. We have every available man in the force down there, but it's gotten too big... we need your help.

LASSARD

You're all close enough to graduation to handle this. When you get down there you'll be assigned various jobs. Listen carefully and don't take any unnecessary risks. Let's move out... And good luck.

HARRIS

Double time... Hah.

WIDE SHOT

The cadets all move quickly toward waiting police department buses.

EXT. BUS

Harris stands at one of the bus doors hustling the cadets inside.

HARRIS

Let's go, move it... quickly.

A cadet moves past and starts to go up the bus stairs. Harris does a take and calls after him.

HARRIS

Mahoney?

Mahoney lifts his visor and winks at Harris.

HARRIS

(continuing)  
Get back here.

Just then Chief Stevenson comes up to him.

STEVENSON

Quickly, Harris, move 'em out.

Mahoney ducks into the bus, followed by the others.

## EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The bus carrying the cadets, Harris, Callahan and Lassard drives through a police blockade and enters the riot zone. There is debris everywhere. Smoke rises from several distant fires. They pass a car that has been overturned and set on fire. Store fronts have been broken and we SEE a couple of looters carrying a TV set. Some teenagers appear and begin pelting the bus with bricks and yelling, "Pigs!"

## INT. THE BUS

The cadets flinch as the bus is hit by bricks. THROUGH a window we SEE a squad car racing to apprehend the rock throwers. The bus comes to a stop in an area that is filled with looters. Squad cars and out-numbered riot police watch from a safe distance.

HARRIS

Let's go!

BLANKES

(brown-nosing)

You heard him. Move out!

Tackleberry jumps to his feet and yells out as if he's on the Notre Dame football team bus.

TACKLEBERRY

Let's beat 'em!

He runs out the door followed by the rest of the cadets.

## EXT. BUS

The cadets gather around Harris, Callahan and Lassard. They look to the lawlessness in front of them. Barbara is really scared as the menacing looters run with their booty.

BARBARA

(to Mahoney)

I just grumped in my pants.

MAHONEY

Gee, that's good news.

CASTRO

What do you think, man?

MAHONEY

Maybe it's just a great sale.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

The cadets head for the looters. Fackler flips down his riot helmet visor. However, it comes down too hard and hits him in the face.

ANGLE - TACKLEBERRY

He's chasing after one of the looters who runs into a Baskin-Robbins. Tackleberry runs at full speed and leaps with all the gusto of Superman taking off. He dives through the plate glass window and looters come pouring out, all of them exiting the Baskin-Robbins eating ice cream cones.

The cadets, plus Harris and Callahan, reach the action. They grab at the looters Tackleberry has roused out.

WIDE SHOT

The cadets are taking people into custody. Copeland has his gun on a looter who is holding an ice cream cone.

COPELAND

Drop that jamoca almond fudge,  
mister.

The looter raises his hands and drops the cone.

COPELAND

(continuing)  
Now kick it over here.

The looter does as he's told.

ANGLE

Tackleberry is wresting a cone from a looter's hand as if it were a gun. Barbara is timidly helping load looters into a police van. He's obviously been dipping into the ice cream himself. We see his mouth is covered with chocolate.

In the midst of all the action, Castro is leaning up against the side of a building, calmly talking to the female looter he caught.

CASTRO

So, you live around here?

Down the street a mob heads for more stores to loot. Breaking off from the main body are several obese looters who smash into a Big Man's store.

EXT. APPLIANCE STORE - ANGLE ON THOMPSON

She is putting a prisoner into a police van. Just before she closes the door we HEAR MAHONEY.

MAHONEY (O.S.)

Hold it.

He and Castro enter carrying a color TV.

MAHONEY  
(continuing; to  
looter)

Don't forget your television.

He puts the TV into the van and closes the door, and it drives off. Castro and Mahoney wave to the van as if it's a car full of relatives.

MAHONEY  
(continuing)

'Bye.

Castro puts his arm around Mahoney.

CASTRO  
Your mother and I love when you visit.

Mahoney turns and spots Barbara leaving his post and quickly moving into the men's room of a gas station. Mahoney points this out to Castro.

MAHONEY  
Uh-oh, must be grumpy time.

A nearby mini-cam news team is filming the action. Mahoney's eyes light up.

MAHONEY  
(continuing)  
This is too good to be true. I'm  
getting a boner just thinking about  
it. Castro, stay with me.

They cross to the news team.

MAHONEY  
(continuing)  
You guys want an exclusive...  
follow us.

Mahoney and Castro lead the news team to the gas station restroom door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY  
(continuing; to  
news team;  
cautiously)

Quiet now.

Mahoney quickly pulls open the door. The cameraman races in as Mahoney swings open the stall door. Barbara sits on the pot, blinded by the glare of the TV lights.

BARBARA  
(screaming)  
What's going on?!

INT. LASSARD'S BEDROOM

No one is in the room, but the TV set is on. A well-dressed ANCHORMAN is talking INTO CAMERA.

ANCHORMAN  
And now we switch you to our  
reporter on the scene, live  
from the riot.

Mrs. Lassard comes out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her. She looks at the TV and drops her towel in shock.

CLOSEUP - TV SCREEN

Barbara is sitting on the pot, screaming angrily.

MRS. LASSARD

can't believe what she's seeing.

MRS. LASSARD  
What the hell is his story?

EXT. STORE FRONT - ANGLE ON HOOKS

She is standing outside a store when a large man knocks her over and runs down the street. She instinctively jumps to her feet and yells out to him.

HOOKS  
Hold it, sucker!

Her voice, for the first time, rings out with authority. The man stops dead in his tracks and immediately puts up his hands. Hooks is as surprised as anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOKS  
 (to herself)  
 Shit.  
 (to Looter)  
 Get over here, turkey!

The Man comes over to her and she grabs him roughly by the shirt and leads him to the police van. Harris is standing by the van and is in the way.

HOOKS  
 (continuing)  
 Get your ass out of the way, sir!

Stunned, Harris steps aside. Hooks tosses her looter into the van and slams the door shut behind him. Harris spots Barbara going by.

HARRIS  
 Barbara!

Barbara runs to his side.

BARBARA  
 Yes, sir?

HARRIS  
 Come with me.

EXT. STREET CORNER

It's a quiet neighborhood. It seems far removed from the riot action. Harris and Barbara pull up in a squad car and get out.

HARRIS  
 You stay here.

He hands Barbara a walkie-talkie.

BARBARA  
 Me?

HARRIS  
 Use that walkie-talkie if any activity breaks loose.

He gets in the squad car and drives off, leaving Barbara alone.

EXT. CITY STREET - RIOTERS

They form on a city street. Suddenly a squad of police cars, with lights flashing and SIRENS blaring, come around the corner. They drive into the crowd, breaking them up.

Inside one of the cars are Mahoney at the wheel and Castro at his side.

INT. SQUAD CAR

MAHONEY

This is easy.

Castro hits the SIREN a few times.

CASTRO

(pleased)

All right.

STREET

Another group of rioters is forming. The police cars take off after them.

INT. SQUAD CAR

MAHONEY

Here we go again!

CASTRO

Yee-haaa!

He hits the SIREN.

STREET

The mob breaks into two bodies. All the squad cars go after one mob, except Mahoney, who goes after the other. This was a bad move. They are now in the midst of a street filled with rioters. Mahoney hits the brakes. The rioters quickly surround the car. They begin to pound on the car and tear at it, ripping off a bumper and a light.

INT. SQUAD CAR

MAHONEY

(to Castro)

Gimme your gut feeling. You think we're in trouble now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rioters climb all over the car. Mahoney hits the windshield wiper, trying to slap the people away. Seeing this isn't helping, he hits the window cleaning button which spritzes water on the windshield.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

So much for sophisticated weaponry.  
Only one thing left to do...

He hands Castro a bullhorn.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

You go out and talk to them.

CASTRO

Up your grand hallway, Mahoney.

He gives him back the bullhorn.

MAHONEY

Okay. But I really think you're  
going to wish you were doing this.

Mahoney opens his car door.

EXT. POLICE CAR

Much to the surprise of the rioters, Mahoney gets out of his car. Stunned, they watch as he climbs onto the hood of the car. Seeing things have calmed down a little, Castro gets out of the car also.

MAHONEY

(into bullhorn)

I must order you to disperse.

The crowd yells angrily.

MAHONEY

(continuing;  
thinking quickly)

... At your leisure.

The crowd surges forward.

CASTRO

(frightened)

Talk to them, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

Hold it! Anyone here from out of town?

Mahoney plays the rioters like they were customers in a small lounge in Las Vegas.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Any birthdays out there? Anniversaries? Are ya having fun? Here's a song I've had many requests for time and time again...

The crowd comes at them with kill in their eyes. Mahoney drops the bullhorn and climbs over the roof of the car and jumps off the trunk, followed by Castro, and closely by the rioters.

BARBARA

He hears something. Reluctantly he turns to the sound. It's a gang of rioters coming up a hill. Barbara is frozen with fear. The rioters spot him. They run a few steps up the hill, then stop dead in their tracks. Barbara is bewildered. They seem to be as frightened as he is. He looks behind him. We REVEAL he is standing in front of a glass shop. In the window is a display of mirrors. Each mirror catches Barbara's reflection so that there now are 30 of him. Pumped with confidence, Barbara stands unafraid. He takes out his night stick and taps it menacingly into his palm. His 30 reflections, of course, do the same. He gets a bit cocky. He paces and makes menacing moves. At one point he paces too far; he goes right past the mirror display and all his reinforcements disappear. Noticing his mistake, Barbara quickly runs back and regains his comrades.

The rioters become suspicious. They slowly walk up the hill. Now their reflections are in the mirror. Barbara looks behind and sees their images and he knows they've caught on. Wisely he runs as they charge after him.

BLANKES AND COPELAND

They are harassing a group of people on the other side of a chain link fence. They are walking down the length of the fence rapping their nightsticks on it. The crowd on the toher side follows them.

COPELAND

You chicken-shit assholes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BLANKES  
(goading them on)

C'mon... C'mon.

They pull their guns on the mob. The mob cowers for a second. Copeland thinks this is funny and he laughs his head off as he threatens them with his gun. The crowd is getting angrier and angrier. Unfortunately for Copeland and Blankes the chain link fence ends. They are now face to face with an angry mob. They back away and point their guns at the crowd. The crowd charges and, panicked, they throw down their guns and run.

A MAN in the crowd picks up the guns and savors his find as the crowd, minus him, chases after Blankes and Copeland.

MAHONEY AND CASTRO

They are being chased by the mob. They round a corner and duck into a doorway. After a beat, the mob rounds the same corner and runs by them.

MAHONEY

We lost them.

They peek around the corner of the building. Simultaneously peeking around the same corner from the other side is the other half of the mob. Both sides are startled. Mahoney and Castro run and the mob joins up again and gives chase.

BARBARA

He is running and talking into the walkie-talkie. His pursuers are close behind.

BARBARA

Sergeant Harris. I'm being chased  
by 30 rioters!

HARRIS

speaking into his walkie-talkie.

HARRIS

All right, Barbara. Where are  
you now?

Barbara runs by Harris. He's still talking into his walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

Just passing by you, sir.

Surprised, Harris watches Barbara pass by. He looks in the direction of the mob.

HARRIS

Oh, shit!

They are on him before he can react. Several subdue him, while the others give chase. Fackler sees what has happened and he runs to assist Harris. He takes two strides and falls from sight as he steps into an open manhole. He crawls out of the manhole. Bad timing on his part. He is right in the middle of the mob chasing Barbara. They don't seem to know he's running with them. He tries to make himself invisible so he hunches down as he runs. Finally someone notices he's a cop.

RIOTER

A cop!

Before anyone can react, Fackler turns on the speed and runs past everyone, catching up with Barbara.

MAHONEY AND CASTRO

They are running down the street, still being chased by their mob. They see Fackler and Barbara round a corner a few yards ahead of them.

MAHONEY

Aha! Are we glad to see you guys.

Their elation is short-lived, however, when they see that Fackler and Barbara are also being chased. To add to their woes, coming straight at them are Blankes and Copeland who are running for their lives, chased by people who want to kill them.

All parties meet in the middle of the street in a massive human collision. Cop bumps into cop and rioter smashes into rioter.

Finally all parties untangle and each mob finds the cops they were chasing before, picking up the pursuit where they left off.

MAHONEY AND CASTRO

They run into an alley. Unfortunately it's a dead end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHONEY

Oops, my fault.

The mob sees they have them cornered. They fill the alley. Mahoney grabs a beer bottle out of a trash can. He breaks it off and brandishes the jagged edge at the crowd.

A huge hulk of a man in the crowd picks up an empty Sparkettes bottle. He breaks it off and brandishes it at our guys.

Suddenly GUNSHOTS ring out. Everyone scatters in a frightened stampede.

CASTRO

(acting tough)

... And stay out!

The GUNSHOTS continue. Mahoney and Castro peek around a corner and see a sniper on top of a nearby building. He's the same Man who picked up Blankes' and Copeland's guns earlier. He has police pinned down behind their squad cars. The police don't dare fire back, and we quickly see why. The sniper is using Harris as cover. Lying face down in the street with no cover is Thompson. A police officer is also trapped and lies beside her. Bullets kick up around them.

ANGLE - CASTRO AND MAHONEY

CASTRO

(to Mahoney)

I'm going to wish you luck.

MAHONEY

Why?

CASTRO

You're thinking about going after the sniper.

MAHONEY

(surprised he is thinking about it)

I know. Wierd, isn't it?

Mahoney waits for his moment and runs to the building where the sniper is. The sniper catches a glimpse of Mahoney and he FIRES a shot, just missing him. Before he can get off another shot, Mahoney is at the fire escape, out of his view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mahoney runs up the fire escape. It's a long, exhausting climb. Halfway up he has to take a moment to catch his breath. After firing a volley at Thompson, the sniper starts to search for Mahoney. Castro springs into action. He jumps out from behind the corner of the building he's hiding behind. He waves his arms and yells, attracting the sniper's attention.

CASTRO

Hey... Over here, punk!

The sniper FIRES three quick shots at Castro, who just makes it to cover.

CASTRO

(continuing; to  
himself)

I don't think I'll do that again.

MAHONEY

He makes his way to the top of the fire escape. He ducks down just below the rooftop level. He draws his gun and gathers himself.

THOMPSON

She is watching intently.

THOMPSON

Careful, Mahoney.

The Cop next to her looks up. It's Reed, the cop who put him in the Academy.

REED

Mahoney? I'll be damned.

MAHONEY

He peers over the roof. The sniper isn't alone. He has three pals, and they were waiting for him. One of them wields a baseball bat and knocks the gun out of Mahoney's hand. The sniper keeps Harris as a shield and comes after Mahoney. Mahoney races away from him, down the fire escape. The sniper's BULLETS kick up all around him.

MAHONEY

(with each step)

Oh shit, shit, shit, shit, shit,  
shit.

ANGLE - LASSARD AND CALLAHAN

They are crouched behind a squad car on the street.

LASSARD

There's no call for language like that.

ANGLE - ROOF

The sniper leaves Harris for a second. Thompson sees an opportunity and she FIRES at him. The sniper grabs Harris again and returns FIRE at Thompson. Mahoney is halfway down the fire escape. He sees the sniper is back shooting at Thompson. He runs up the fire escape again.

MAHONEY

(exhausted)

Oh, shait.

He's winded, but he makes it to the top. He takes out his nightstick and surprises the Man with the bat, who is standing near the fire escape. He raps him hard on the balls. The two others come at him and he hits them in the balls. One by one they recover and each time he gives them another shot to the family jewels. The sniper can't get a good shot at Mahoney because one of his friends is always in the way.

Finally he pushes Harris at Mahoney. Mahoney sees another person coming at him, and instinctively he raps him in the nuts. Unfortunately it's Harris, who is now one of those caught in Mahoney's nightstick to the balls rotation.

Finally the sniper rushes Mahoney, who is busy rapping a pair of nuts. He smashes him hard on the back with his gun. Mahoney falls. He lands hard on his back, almost unconscious. The sniper stands over him.

SNIPER

You're going to die

He raises his gun to shoot. Just then a large, black hand grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around. We REVEAL it is Hightower.

SNIPER

(surprised)

I thought you were on our side.

HIGHTOWER

No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gives the Sniper a series of punches, sending him sprawling. The man with the bat recovers and comes at Hightower. Hightower spins, picks him up and slams him to the roof. In quick succession, he punches out the other rioters.

Mahoney staggers to his feet and picks up the Sniper's guns. He looks at the handles.

INSERT - GUNS

On the gun handles we can SEE the names "C. Blankes," and "B. Copeland" clearly engraved.

ANGLE - MAHONEY

He smiles and waves to the police below.

MAHONEY

It's over. Oh, Copeland, Blankes.

(he holds up  
their weapons)

I got your guns. Guess what?

(smiles broadly)

The sniper had them.

BLANKES AND COPELAND

They know they're in big trouble.

LASSARD AND CALLAHAN

They can't believe it.

CADETS

They come out from behind their squad cars, cheering Mahoney.

THOMPSON

She helps Reed to his feet. Both are proud of Mahoney.

REED

That son of a bitch.

CASTRO AND HOOKS

They jump for joy.

ANGLE - BLANKES AND COPELAND

They can't stand it.

MAHONEY

He and Hightower exchange hugs.

EXT. ACADEMY TRACK

A stage has been set up and some spectator stands, which are filled with friends and relatives. The cadets are in full police uniform, sitting proudly off to one side. Chief Stevenson and the other instructors sit behind Captain Lassard, who is in mid-speech.

LASSARD

Fools rush in where wise men fear  
to tread, so to speak, and this  
Academy class, I believe, will make  
the best law enforcement officers  
this city has ever seen.

WIDE SHOT - THE SPECTATORS

They applaud wildly.

PAN THE CADETS

Tackleberry, Fackler, Barbara, sit there proudly. Behind them Castro sits contentedly holding Yoshika's hand.

MEDIUM SHOT - LASSARD

LASSARD

At this time I'd like to make a  
special presentation.

(picks up a small  
brass plaque)

I have in my hand an award for  
meritorious conduct -- the first  
time, to my knowledge, that it has  
ever been awarded to a cadet. A  
man who saved many lives as a result  
of his courage... Officer Carey  
Mahoney.

MAHONEY AND THOMPSON

She hugs him proudly. He gets up and crosses to Lassard at the microphone.

## REACTION SHOT - THE OTHER CADETS

They are cheering and applauding wildly.

## MAHONEY

Thank you Captain Lassard. Chief Stevenson, Mr. Mayor, Mr. President, his Holiness the Pope, the king of Norway, and our other honored guests ... Penis envy! Just wanted to make sure you were paying attention. Seriously, as we, the cadet class, go out into the world to join our brothers and sisters in law enforcement, it is appropriate to ask ourselves the question: what is a cop? Is he or she the "law," the fuzz, the man, a copper, a pig, a bobbie, gendarme, a cossack, KGB, a reptile, vermin, dork brain or mole-face? Is he the man in blue or tan or white or pretty shade of salmon, the hero who saved your drowning sister, grabbed the guy who stole your stereo, found your sister lost in the woods, helped your Aunt Lucille with her groceries, told you how to get to Elm Street, chased the man who scared your sister when she was babysitting and stayed with her till she fell asleep? Or maybe he's the bum who busted your brother for one lousy joint, gave you a ticket for parking in a loading zone, flashed a light in your face for being naked with your sister in your dad's car. What is a cop? Friend or foe, superman or bozo? Republican or Communist? Well, he's all these things and many more... But most of all, when you put it all together, cops are just people trying to do their jobs... Thank you, you're beautiful.

He blows kisses at the crowd.

## SPECTATORS

applaud enthusiastically.

## THE CADETS

give him a standing ovation.



EXT. GRINDER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

It's right after the ceremonies. Cadets are walking to their cars carrying their suitcases, saying goodbye to each other.

Harris and Callahan are shaking cadets' hands, congratulating them.

Reed comes up to Mahoney, his arm in a sling, but he is smiling broadly.

REED

Congratulations, Mahoney. I knew you'd make it.

MAHONEY

How'd you know?

REED

Before I got squared away I was the same kind of asshole you are.

MAHONEY

Beautiful words from a beautiful guy.

ANGLE - CALLAHAN

She spots Barbara. He holds out his hand and she grabs him, planting a big, wet kiss on his lips.

CALLAHAN

Leslie, you've changed my life.

BARBARA

(uncomfortable)

Really? Well, gotta go now, 'bye.

He races past her. She looks after him with stars in her eyes. He walks to his parents' car. His mother gets out and hugs him. His dog takes this opportunity to hop out of the car and race to Lassard. The dog immediately jumps on him and reacquaints himself with Lassard's leg, pumping away like there's no tomorrow.

Tackleberry moves through the crowd of parents and friends, now a proud cop doing his duty.

TACKLEBERRY

Okay, break it up. Nothing to see here. Move along.

## EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD

The new cadet class, dressed in their civvies, is lining up. A bus is unloading the frightened new recruits nearby as Harris encourages them to move quickly.

HARRIS

Let's go, maggots...

## ANOTHER ANGLE - GRINDER

Mahoney, Thompson, Castro, Yoshika, Hooks and Fackler are watching nearby.

CASTRO

Man, it's great they're giving Hightower another shot.

## ANGLE - HIGHTOWER

He is standing in the front of the line. Harris comes up to him.

HARRIS

All right, class sergeant, get these people moving out.

HIGHTOWER

Yes, sir. Right face, hah...  
Forward, march...

The cadets start to march in very sloppy formation.

RACK FOCUS TO our cops.

HOOKS

(proudly)

That's my man.

MAHONEY

I'm thrilled about Hightower, but  
I'm even happier about Copeland  
and Blankes.

## ANGLE - COPELAND AND BLANKES

They are marching along with the other new cadets, not looking too happy about it. Hightower moves up to them.

HIGHTOWER

Let's go, scum, pick it up.

They obediently move quickly with the others.

## ANGLE - OUR GROUP

Everyone is smiling broadly with the thought of what Hightower has in store for Copeland and Blankes. Fackler's smile fades quickly, however, as he watches the cadets come toward them.

FACKLER

Jesus Christ...

## ANGLE - THE CADETS

As they pass our group we SEE Mrs. Fackler marching in formation with the other cadets. Fackler goes running up alongside her.

FACKLER

What the hell are you doing?

MRS. FACKLER

I joined up.

FACKLER

Are you trying to drive me crazy? Huh? What do you want from me? If you don't get out of that line you're gonna be sorry. If you take another step, we're through... All right, if you keep marching, it's over.

Mrs. F. pays no attention to him as Fackler follows the cadets off into the distance.

## PARKING LOT

Thompson, Mahoney, Castro and Yoshika make their way toward their cars.

CASTRO

You two love birds coming to the party later?

MAHONEY

Does the pope grumpy in the woods? I can't wait. We'll drink, take drugs, make noise, and then we can take turns arresting ourselves.

Mahoney and Thompson get into Thompson's car. It's all decked out like a car after a wedding with balloons and crepe paper decorations.

EXT. CAR

Mahoney and Thompson kiss, and as the car drives off, we can READ the sign on the back: "NOT MARRIED JUST HAVING SEX."

CAMERA CRANES UP as the car drives off. We can SEE the new cadets marching with Harris and Callahan screaming at them.

FADE OUT.

THE END