

"B E V E R L Y   H I L L S   C O P"

Screenplay by  
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

Story by  
Danilo Bach  
&  
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify and/or return to script department.

Don Simpson-Jerry Bruckheimer Prods.  
in association with Eddie Murphy Prods.  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION  
5555 Melrose Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(213) 468-5000

REVISED FINAL DRAFT  
May 14, 1984

w/Revisions dated  
7/26/84

AS SHOT

"B E V E R L Y   H I L L S   C O P"

Screenplay by  
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

Story by  
Danilo Bach  
&  
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify and/or return to script department.

Don Simpson-Jerry Bruckheimer Prods.  
in association with Eddie Murphy Prods.  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION  
5555 Melrose Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(213) 468-5000

REVISED FINAL DRAFT  
May 14, 1984  
w/Revisions dated  
7/26/84

AS SHOT

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

Screenplay by  
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

Story by  
Danilo Bach  
&  
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify and/or return to script department.

Don Simpson-Jerry Bruckheimer Prods.  
in association with Eddie Murphy Prods.  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION  
5555 Melrose Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(213) 468-5000

REVISED FINAL DRAFT  
May 14, 1984

w/Revisions dated  
7/26/84

AS SHOT

"BEVERLY HILLS COP"

1 EXT. THE CITY OF DETROIT -- HELICOPTER SHOT -- DAY 1  
We HEAR a pounding, high energy Soul/Rock song that captures the city heartbeat.

2 EXT. DETROIT STREETS -- VARIOUS ANGLES -- DAY 2  
As the song continues we see quick images of Detroit:

3 A STEEL PLANT 3  
dating from the turn of the century in full swing.

4 BURNED OUT TENEMENTS 4  
in the shadow of new high rise hotels.

5 A BILLBOARD 5  
put up by the United Auto Workers reading: "We don't like your Japanese car. Park it in Tokyo."

6 SEVERAL HOOKERS 6  
in miniskirts wait outside an auto plant for the shift to change.

7 A GROUP 7  
of what politicians call the "hardcore unemployed" watch kids keeping cool at an open fire hydrant.

8 EXT. A DETROIT STREET -- DAY 8  
Decrepit, abandoned factories line the block; there's no sign of life here. Halfway down the block, apparently deserted, is a huge Peterbilt 16-wheel semi. The door of the rear trailer is partially open.

9 INT. THE REAR TRAILER -- DAY 9 \*  
The trailer is packed, almost floor to ceiling, with cases of cigarettes. There's a narrow aisle of sorts between the stacks of cigarettes. Two small time hoods, CARLOTTA and MIRSKY, stand in the center of the aisle, whispering to each other.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9\*

MIRSKY

The truck looks great. There's a fucking fortune here man.

CARLOTTA

(hand gesture lifting shirt up)

I know Carlotta

And a case of cigarettes, dropped from overhead, narrowly misses Carlotta and Mirsky, landing at their feet. AXEL FOLEY, a very good-looking, out-going, totally unselfconscious man of 23, hops down INTO FRAME from the top of the stack of cigarette cases. Axel is dressed very casually in a pair of jeans and a denim shirt.

AXEL

Come on now. Hey what do ya want to do. Tell me something?

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

CARLOTTA

Give me a minute

AXEL

These are Lucky Strikes. Very popular with the children. You got your federal tax stamps on the back of every one. They don't come any cleaner than this. This is the best. Talk to me, gimme' something.

CARLOTTA

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

AXEL

Hey, man I don't know anybody in Detroit that could handle a job this size. You guys are supposed to be connected in this town.

Carlotta and Mirsky look at each other, Carlotta turns the pack of stolen cigarettes over and over in his hands.

AXEL

Listen, you do what you want. You don't like the deal, just walk away. I'm a business man.

Carlotta raises his eyebrows: Mirsky nods.

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 5/14/84 \*  
AS SHOT 5/15/84 \*\*

3

9 CONTINUED:

9\*

CARLOTTA  
(to Mirsky)  
It ain't easy to get rid of this  
shit. Allright warm'er up and let's  
get the fuck outta here.

Mirsky heads to the cab. Carlotta gives Axel a playfully  
affectionate slap on the cheek.

CARLOTTA  
You're a sharp kid.

He hands Axel an envelope and Axel counts the contents.

10 EXT. THE TRUCK - DAY

10\*\*

Mirsky looks up and down the empty street before hopping into  
the cab and cranking the engine.

11 INT. REAR TRAILER - DAY

11\*

AXEL  
Cousin, my man. The deal was five  
thou, there's only two grand  
here.

CARLOTTA  
(feigning innocence)  
Is that right? Lemme see that. Whad'ya  
know. I told my people it was five  
grand, right? But, look at this,  
they stiffed us. Son of a bitch.  
Communication breakdowns and what not.  
I tell you whta, take the fuckin' two  
grand, don't hassle now, and I'll  
make it up to you nice the next score  
you bring me.

AXEL  
Hey, what fuckin' planet did you fall  
from. I'll tell you what, gimme the  
five grand or go jerk somebody else  
off.

CARLOTTA  
Hey, don't get unreasonable. I told you  
I won't take care of you. You're not  
dealing with Johnny Bananas.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11\*

AXEL

Hey, watch my lips, Pogo. Five-  
fucking-grand.

CARLOTTA

(getting angry)

You gonna be an asshole, you can  
fucking smoke the whole truckload yourself,  
I don't smoke. I got people  
I deal with. I can't go around  
fuckin' making up prices in my  
head.

Axel and Carlotta notice a patrol car riding down the alley  
towards them.

CARLOTTA

Fuck this. Nice doin' business  
with ya, kid.

Carlotta yanks the envelope away from Axel and steps out  
of the trailer.

2

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

12\*\*

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

13

THEIR P.O.V.

13\*

A Detroit police car has pulled up right behind them.

14

AXEL'S

14\*\*

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

AS SHOT 5/14/84\*  
AS SHOT 5/15/84\*\*

4.

15 ANGLE ON THE POLICE CAR 15\*

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

FIRST COP  
Hey buddy, whatcha doing here?

16 IN THE CAB 16\*\*

Mirsky has the engine running. He stares out the side view mirror at the cops walking toward the truck. He licks his lips and puts the truck into gear, ready to take off.

17 AXEL 17\*

tries to play it cool.

AXEL  
Hey shit, you know what just happened? The truck just stopped. So -- do you got some jumper cables?

The second cop has been staring at Axel.

SECOND COP  
Don't I know you from someplace?

AXEL  
That's not me. I'm from Buffalo.

FIRST COP  
Both you guys, break out some I.D.

18 CARLOTTA 18\*\*

panics and runs toward a pickup truck parked across the street. The cops draw their guns. But Carlotta keeps running. The first cop chases after him.

19 OMITTED (Covered in Sc. 16) 19\*\*

20 AXEL 20\*\*

is still standing on the bed of the rear trailer of the moving truck. The second cop yells at him.

SECOND COP  
Get down offa there!

(CONTINUED)

- 20 CONTINUED: 20
- but Axel stays right where he is, hanging on as the truck gains speed. The second cop fires a warning shot; Axel braces himself at the side of the trailer to offer a narrow target but now the truck is going about 40 as it takes the next corner and
- 21 THE REAR TRAILER 21
- bounces up over the curb as the truck cuts the corner too close. It looks like the truck is going to jackknife, but instead it comes out of the turn gathering more speed.
- 22 AXEL 22
- is nearly thrown off the rear of the truck, but he hangs on.
- 23 THE DETROIT POLICE CAR 23
- follows, siren screaming. Its revolving red lights provide the only color in the otherwise monochromatic industrial landscape.
- 24 THE TRUCK 24
- hurtles almost out of control down streets and around corners as
- 25 MIRSKY 25
- at the wheel takes increasingly demented chances, trying desperately to get away from
- 26 THE POLICE CARS 26
- and two more cop cars join the chase as we watch.
- 27 THE GIANT TRUCK 27
- pounds over uneven railroad tracks at eighty-seven miles an hour; the fantastic vibration nearly shakes the suspension apart, while back in
- 28 THE REAR TRAILER 28
- the neat stacks of cigarette cases go flying everywhere and



AS SHOT 5/16 \*  
AS SHOT 6/12 \*\*

7.

- 38 THE POLICE CARS 38  
skid to a stop behind the truck. Metal screams and  
crunches; finally the truck comes to a halt.
- 39 MIRSKY 39  
hops out of the cabs and sprints up the street and into  
an alley; the cops can't chase him because the truck is  
blocking the way.
- 40 ANGLE ON THE REAR TRAILER 40 \*\*  
A pile of cigarette cases begins to move; Axel emerges  
from underneath them. He staggers toward the edge of the  
trailer.
- 41 REVERSE ANGLE -- AXEL'S POV 41 \*\* *fm*  
Six uniformed Detroit COPS are pointing their guns right  
at Axel.
- A COP  
Freeze, asshole!
- Axel raises his hands and stands very still. Another of  
the uniformed cops -- a SERGEANT -- lowers his gun.
- SERGEANT  
Shit.
- 42 OMITTED 42 \*
- 43 INT. HALLWAY -- DETROIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 43 \*  
Axel pushes through the doors marked "Investigations  
Operation Division."
- 44 INT. INVESTIGATIONS OPERATION DIVISION -- DAY 44 \*  
Axel walks into a large room filled with desks; it looks  
like the city room of an old fashioned newspaper, with  
over-flowing file baskets, manual typewriters and dial  
telephones. There's been no new equipment or even paint  
in this room since the building was built in the '30's,  
and it sure shows.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

Hey.

FIRST COP

Way to go man.

JEFFREY

I don't understand.

JEFFREY FRIEDMAN, a twenty-eight year old detective, jumps up from his desk and hurries toward Axel. If Jeffrey wasn't a friend, Axel probably would have shot him long ago. He's a classic nudge and he never stops talking.

AXEL

I don't have time for you today, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Todd's been looking for you all day. He's really pissed. Says this is your worst fuck-up yet. But I think he's being unfair.

Axel glances toward a glassed-in office at the far end of the room. It's empty.

JEFFREY

He is not in.

AXEL

Yeah, I can see that, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

I bet if you busted those guys, he wouldn't be so mad. But I heard you got caught up haggling about the price or something.

AXEL

Two grand is too cheap for that stuff. They would have known I was a cop.

JEFFREY

Todd's gonna drill you a new asshole.

AXEL

That'll be the third asshole Todd's drilled.

JEFFREY

I'm not saying you did anything wrong I'm just saying it would have been nice if you had made the bust.

(CONTINUED)

Axel heads for the stairs at the far end of the room.  
Jeffrey comes around the counter and follows after him.

JEFFREY

Hey, Axel! Where're you going?

AXEL

I'm gonna get my shit and get out  
of here before Todd gets back.

JEFFREY

Big mistake. I wouldn't do that, Axel.  
Todd's really ticked off this time.

AXEL

Jeff, get away from me, I'm  
gonna shoot you.

JEFFREY

Can I tell you what I think?

AXEL

No.

Axel exits with Jeffrey behind.

45 OMITTED

INT. LOCKER ROOM DETROIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

\* 46

Jeffrey follows Axel into a big old combination locker room/bathroom, which is filled with half-naked COPS. The cops applaud.

AXEL

I'm not listening to you.

THIRD COP

Hey Axel, you got a cigarette?

AXEL grins and gives them the finger as he walks through the bathroom toward his locker. Jeffrey tagging along.

JEFFREY

(explaining)  
They all heard about you  
and the truck, Axel.

AXEL

Well that would explain it. I'm  
ignoring it Jeffrey

(makes noises holding ears)

JEFFREY

I hate it when you do that.  
It's childish.

INSPECTOR TODD  
(yelling O.S.)  
Is that fuckin' Foley in here?

AXEL  
Oh Shit.

JEFFREY  
That's Todd. He still sounds angry.

INSPECTOR TODD, a no-nonsense black man of forty-five with hints of grey at the temples, strides through the locker room towards Axel.

Jeffrey slides away from Axel.

Todd storms right up to Axel.

AXEL  
Boss I know what you're going to say.

INSPECTOR TODD  
(interrupting)  
Where the hell you come off going undercover without authorization. You wanna play some bullshit cowboy cop, you go do it in somebody else's precinct.

AXEL  
So you don't want to hear my side of the story?

INSPECTOR TODD  
What's your fucking side of the story?

AXEL  
Let's hear what you have first.

INSPECTOR TODD  
Hey, Axel. I'm not gonna take much more of your bullshit. You know how much this little stunt of yours is gonna cost the city?

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

I don't think cost is the issue sir. The issue is my blantant disregard for proper procedure

INSPECTOR TODD

You damn right, wise-ass! The Mayor called the Chief, the Chief called the Deputy Chief, and the Deputy Chief ate my ass out, you see I don't have a fuckin' bit of it left. Now, what the fuck were you doing with that goddamn truck full of cigarettes anyway?

AXEL

Well, that was from the Dearborn hijacking.....

INSPECTOR TODD

From the Dearborn, That bust went down last week. That truck was supposed to be in the goddamn pound.

AXEL

Well, yes sir, but they didn't exactly have room for it down there. It's a pretty long piece of equipment, but I don't have to tell you that.

INSPECTOR TODD

No, you don't. So you figured you might as well run one of your fucking scams.

Inspector Todd suddenly whips around and almost catches Jeffrey in the act of imitating him.

JEFFREY

If you had listened to me in the first place.

INSPECTOR TODD

This is none of your business.

Jeffrey doesn't fool around with Todd. He goes to stand over there, Todd calls out to the other cops

INSPECTOR TODD

You guys got nothing better to do.  
(Todd pulls Axel aside and softens a bit)

You have a fuckin' squad here, Axel why don't you use them. If you had someone stashed down the street

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED

46 \*

INSPECTOR TODD  
with a goddamn radio in their car  
they could've intercepted the scout  
car before it got there and all  
this shit wouldn't have happened.

AS SHOT 5/16/84\*  
AS SHOT 5/17/84\*\*  
AE SHOT 5/23/84\*\*\*

46\*\*

46 CONTINUED (3):

AXEL

Well sir, I'm willing to chalk all this up to a valuable learning experience if you are.

Todd studies Axel for a moment.

INSPECTOR TODD

Alright, Axel, I'm through but no more of these mother-fucking setups. You're a good cop. You got a lot of potential. But you don't know everything. And I'll tell you something else. I'm tired of taking the fucking heat for you. One more time and your ass is out on the street. Do you understand me? Do you understand me?

AXEL

Yes I understand. Hey boss...

Todd starts walking away.

Todd turns.

AXEL

The chief didn't chew on your ass. You still got an ass left.

INSPECTOR TODD

Don't fuck with me now, Axel. Go on, go home.

Axel turns to Jeffrey.

AXEL

(to Jeffrey)

What can I tell you, the guy loves me.

46A EXT. DETROIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

46A\*

Axel comes out of the massive building and gets into his illegally parked Chevy Nova.

47 EXT. AXEL'S STREET - EVENING

47\*\*\*

It's almost dark and there are very few streetlamps on this rundown street, but that doesn't deter the neighborhood KIDS - 90% black, 0% rich - from playing stickball. The kids make way for Axel's car. Axel parks his Nova in front of a hydrant and waves to the kids; the kids are all friendly with Axel and they wave back.

48

INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

48 \*

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

49 INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

49 \*

Axel enters his apartment after finding the door has been left ajar. He cocks his gun and slowly works his way to the kitchen where he finds his old friend MICHAEL TANDINO sitting eating a sandwich.

AXEL  
Hey!

MIKEY  
Mister Officer, please don't shoot me.

AXEL  
How you doin'? You look good. Still breaking into people's houses.

MIKEY  
What do you expect with a lock like that? Why don't you buy yourself a lock?

AXEL  
I don't need a lock. I got my pistol. I can pop a cap in somebody. Yo, but don't leave my refrigerator door open. Roaches come in...

MIKEY  
Six months ago. I got a year off for good time.

AXEL  
You been out six months and you didn't call me!? Where you been?

MIKEY  
California.

AXEL  
I see you darker. Thought you were a Puerto Rican. Where you staying? You gotta stay here, I insist you stay...

MIKEY  
I can't stay that long. I can only stay a couple of hours.

AXEL  
Aw this sucks, Mikey, you been out six months and then you come by for two minutes and then you dash...

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

Hey, I got something to show you.  
Look at this, ten thousand Deutsche  
marks. These are what they call  
bearer bonds. Untraceable.

AXEL

You stole em?

MIKEY

No, I er...

AXEL

I don't care. I don't want to hear.

MIKEY

Mr. Karpinowski's gonna give thirty-  
five thousand dollars for 'em.

AXEL

I don't wanna hear this man,  
I don't wanna hear this...

MIKEY

You know man, I'm gonna miss you.

AXEL

I miss you too. Thirty-five  
thousand, what're you gonna do?

MIKEY

This time I've got everything  
planned, no fuck ups. I'm going  
to Mexico.

AXEL

Why Mexico?

MIKEY

Well, after this, where else am  
I gonna go.

AXEL

Let's go to a bar and get something  
to drink.

MIKEY

Wait, I got you a surprise. Close  
your eyes.

AXEL

My eyes are closed.

Mikey pulls out a loud Hawaiian print shirt from his bag.

MIKEY

How do you like it?

AXEL

My eyes are closed.

50

CONTINUED:

50\*

MIKEY

Anyway, this guy who owns the gallery -- the guy she got me the job with -- this guy's got a house worth nine million dollars -- unfurnished. It's a palace.

POOL PLAYER

Eight ball, corner pocket. Two cushion.

MIKEY

Fifty dollars you don't make that shot.

POOL PLAYER

Bullshit.

MIKEY

A hundred.

POOL PLAYER

Bet.

The pool player makes the shot. Mikey shrugs his shoulders.

AXEL

Come on, let's sit down.

Axel and Mikey move to the bar and sit down.

MIKEY

(to the waitress)  
Excuse me, Miss...Miss...  
Two more scotch and sodas.

AXEL

I'm all right.

MIKEY

Two more scotch and sodas. Oh shit, what time you got?

AXEL

Ten thirty.

MIKEY

Listen, I gotta get outta here.

AXEL

You just ordered two drinks.

MIKEY

All right. After this I'm goin'.  
I've got business to do.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED (2):

50\*

AXEL

Look at you. You're in no  
shape to do business.

Mikey gives the waitress a twenty.

MIKEY

What're you talking about?  
(to waitress)  
Keep it.

AXEL

You just gave her a twenty for  
two scotch and sodas. Yeah,  
you're in good shape. Look,  
whatever you got to do tonight,  
it can wait 'til tomorrow. You're  
gonna come back with me and stay  
at my place.

MIKEY

Axel! I gotta great idea. Let's  
steal a car.

AXEL

Get the fuck outta here. I'm a  
police officer, I can't steal a car.

MIKEY

Remember that time we stold that  
Cadillac?

AXEL

I do remember. Yeah, you had to  
go to jail.

MIKEY

That was no jail. That was state  
school...like summer camp.

AXEL

How come you never ratted on me?

MIKEY

You don't know...because I love  
you, man.

AXEL

Come on, let's get outta here.

They get up to leave and Mikey leaves his paper sack behind.

AXEL

Don't forget your Deutsch marks  
stupid.

They move toward the exit and we cut to:

50

INT. DETROIT POOL HALL - NIGHT

50\*

Axel plays pool with a pool player. Mikey sits at the bar watching.

AXEL

So what were you doing out in California?

MIKEY

Working.

AXEL

Working?! Where?

MIKEY

Guess.

AXEL

I don't know. Where are you working at?

MIKEY

Beverly Hills, and are you ready for this? I was a security guard.

AXEL

Who the fuck would hire you as a security guard?

MIKEY

Jenny Summers.

AXEL

Jenny Summers?!

MIKEY

Oh, I forget to tell you. Her brother Frankie told me she was out there so I looked her up when I got out.

AXEL

How is Jenny, anyway?

MIKEY

Oh man, she's doin' great. She manages this art gallery in Beverly Hills. The Hollis Benton Art Gallery. Supposed to be world famous. Ever hear of it?

AXEL

Yeah, I buy all my art there.

(CONTINUED)

51 INT. AXEL'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

51\*

Mikey leans up against the wall as Axel unlocks his apartment door.

MIKEY

I got an idea. You're gonna come to Mexico with me.

AXEL

I'm not spending all my money--

MIKEY

You gotta come. You gotta come.

CASEY, an ugly thug, is coming down the stairs. Axel looks at Mikey who is suddenly sober and very nervous, then turns to look at Casey.

AXEL

Sit here now. You're real fucked up. I'm gonna let go.

With terrifying suddenness, before Axel can turn around, a blackjack slams down on his head. The force of the blow knocks Axel across the narrow hallway; he tumbles down it as Casey throws Mikey into a wall.

The man who hit Axel steps out into the hallway. He is ZACK DANTON, born to be a professional murderer.

ZACK

Hey Mikey, where you been?

MIKEY

What's up zack?

ZACK

What do you got there?

CASEY

What's this, your laundry?

MIKEY

I swear to Christ I was gonna bring it back.

ZACK

Did you get lost?

MIKEY

No man. I came to visit my friend.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51\*

ZACK

What are we gonna do about  
this, Mikey?

MIKEY

There was a whole box. I didn't  
think anyone would miss 'em. Why  
don't you just take 'em back and  
forget about 'em? The whole  
thing. Please Zack..Please...

ZACK

Okay, Mikey, I'm telling you,  
don't ever show your face out  
there again...ever.

Zack puts his arm around Mikey's shoulders and starts  
to walk him down the hallway. Suddenly Zack throws Mikey  
to his hands and knees and puts a silenced .22 to the  
back of his head, and fires twice.

52  
thru  
53

OMITTED

52  
thru  
53

54 EXT. AXEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

54\*\*

A fair sized crowd of silent onlookers, almost all black,  
stand behind the police barricades set up around Axel's  
building. Uniformed policement stand around in front of  
the barricades, bored.

(CONTINUED)

54 AXEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

54\*

A fair sized crowd of silent onlookers, almost all black, stand behind the police barricades set up around Axel's building. Uniformed policemen stand around in front of the barricades, bored.

Seven unmarked and marked Detroit police cars and two wagons from the medical examiner's office are parked out front, their revolving red and amber lights splaying on the buildings on both sides of the street. Axel sits on the stoop of the building, staring straight ahead. His friend Jeffrey, pale and subdued, comes out of the building and sits down beside Axel.

JEFFREY

You gonna be alright?

AXEL

I'm okay.

JEFFREY

You can stay at my place.

SGT LOU RAND, comes out of the building and walks down the steps. He ignores Jeffrey but can't resist a snide comment to Axel.

AXEL

I'm okay.

SGT. RAND

That true about you and the cigarette truck? What a fuck up.

RAND walks away.

JEFFREY

He's an asshole. Don't worry about him.

AXEL

(to Jeffrey)

Heard they were putting on the case.

JEFFREY

Yeah, That's true.

AXEL

This is bullshit.

JEFFREY

They could've done worse.  
Just an expression.

Todd is right behind them talking to some policemen.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Jeffrey, go tell those guys  
doing traffic, we're through here.

(to Axel)

I thought I told you to go  
to the hospital and get that  
bump on your head checked out.

AXEL

My head is okay man.

TODD

It's not a request, Axel.

AXEL walks up to Todd.

AXEL

Boss, can I talk to you for a second?

AXEL and TODD step aside.

AXEL

Boss, I heard a rumor you are going  
to put Lou Rand on this case, The  
guy doesn't know the time of day.

TODD

Don't start with me now, Axel.

AXEL

Tonight's the first time he's left  
his desk in twelve years.

TODD

Hey, at least he's had twelve years  
this is a homicide case and it  
belongs to Rand, Now on to the  
hospital.

AXEL

But you don't mind if I ask  
around, do you?

TODD

This is Rand's case and you're  
not gonna do a damn thing, You're  
ass is skating on this ice as is.

AXEL

We're talking about a friend of mine,  
here.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED (2):

54\*

TODD

Yes, we are, aren't we? And let's take a close look at that. One, we're talking about a hoodlum friend an ex-con, Two, a professional hit. Three, in a cop's apartment. The whole thing stinks to high hell.

AXEL

What makes you think it was a professional hit?

TODD

Because I didn't just walk into town out of the cotton fields. Whoever killed your friend wasn't worried about your little narrow ass. Otherwise you'd be lying next to him in that meat wagon. Now just stay out of this and don't do a damn thing.

AXEL

Boss. I got some vacation time coming, I'd like to take it right now.

TODD

Stay away from this case, Axel.

AXEL

I just think I could use some time off now.

TODD studies Axel for a moment.

TODD

Alright, As soon as theu finish looking at your head at the hospital you're on your vacation.

AXEL

Thanks.

TODD

But, if you decide to butt into the case.... It'll be the longest vacation you've ever heard of.

55  
thru  
59

OMITTED

55  
thru  
59  
59A\*

59A INT. MR. K'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's after closing time. Axel waits in the hallway.  
A BODYGUARD approaches.

BODYGUARD

Mr. Karpinowski will see you now.

59B INT. MR. K'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

59B\*

The staff is cleaning up. Sitting at a small table eating  
an elegant meal is EMIL KARPINOWSKI, a powerful Detroit  
crime figure; this restaurant is his front.

BODYGUARD

He's in there.

MR. KARPINOWSKI

I'm sorry to hear about Mikey.  
You look terrible, You want  
something to eat?

AXEL

No thanks.

MR. KARPINOWSKI

Who'd they put on the case?

AXEL

Rand.

MR. K.

Rand? In two weeks it'll be a  
case of suicide.

AXEL

Look, the reason I came is...

MR. K.

I know the reason you came, and we  
had nothing to do with it. Mikey  
was a sweet kid, wild and crazy  
maybe, but he didn't deserve that.  
He called here yesterday. He said  
he had some stuff he wanted me to  
handle for him. He was gonna come  
by tonight, but we know he's not  
gonna show.

AXEL

Mikey had a job in Beverly Hills.  
You know anything about that?

(CONTINUED)

59B CONTINUED:

59B\*

MR. K.

(reluctantly)

Yeah, I heard he worked for some  
guy out there that moves a lot  
of shit.

AXEL

I need a hand here, man.

MR. K.

Lemme tell you something. These  
guys out on the west coast are  
independents. They go around  
and do their shit and don't ask  
anybody's permission. You gonna  
try and find the guys who killed  
Mikey? Trust me Axel, you're out  
of your league. And that's all I  
can tell you.

Axel studies Mr. K. for a moment.

AXEL

So tell me something. Would I  
be making a mistake if I went  
out to Beverly Hills?

Pause.

MR. K.

Yes you'd be making a mistake,  
but you'd be on the right track.

60  
thru  
61

OMITTED

60  
thru  
61

AS SHOT 5/21/84\*  
AS SHOT 5/23/84\*\*  
AS SHOT 6/11/84\*\*\*  
AS SHOT 6/12/84\*\*\*\*

23.

- 62 INT. AXEL'S APARTMENT-- BEDROOM -- NIGHT 62 \*
- Axel pulls jeans, shirts, shoes and underwear and money from his jumbled drawers and jams them into a large drawstring laundry bag. From the back of the closet AXEL opens the footlocker.
- 63 CLOSER ON THE FOOTLOCKER 63 \*
- He digs around and finds various equipment.
- 64 CLOSE ON THE CASE 64 \*
- Axel opens it and takes out a pistol and two spare magazines. The pistol is a 9mm Browning Hi-Power, a wicked weapon that looks like a high-tech version of the Colt 45; the clips hold 15 rounds each. Axel weighs the weapon in his hand, then puts it and the spare magazines in the cardboard box. He unclips his service revolver and tosses it in as well.
- 65 EXT. AXEL'S BUILDING -- NIGHT 65 \*\*
- Axel puts the cardboard box in trunk of the Nova, tosses the laundry bag into the back seat and slides behind the wheel. The engine roars to life.
- 65A INT. AXEL'S NOVA -- ANGLE ON AXEL 65A \*\*
- His expression is relentlessly purposeful.
- DISSOLVE TO
- 66 EXT. LOS ANGELES -- NEW DAY 66 \*\*
- This is the kind of day-- bright, clear, 72 degrees, smog free-- that lured millions of people over the years in their innocence to come and live in Southern California.

(SC. 65AA)\*\*\*\*

67			
thru	OMITTED		67 *
69			thru
.			69
70	EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS -- VARIOUS ANGLES -- DAY		70 *

We follow Axel past the serene, haughty Presbyterian Church; he turns north and drives up a tree lined street of handsome big homes incongruously packed together on mall lots. Axel turns to look at the Rolls, Mercedes, Clenets that pass by. There are no people on the sidewalks; the occasional gardener is the only sign of life. Axel's Nova crosses Sunset-- we get a great view of the Beverly Hills Hotel--and cruises through the gentle hills north of Sunset. Here the homes are grander the lots bigger, the landscaping even more lavish. Axel turns south again and drives down Rodeo Drive.

70A	EXT. RODEO DRIVE--DAY		70A *
-----	-----------------------	--	-------

After it crosses Santa Monica, Rodeo is no longer a residential street: it's the heart of the Beverly Hills so-called golden triangle. Axel drives down it.

70B	A KNOCKOUT		70B *
-----	------------	--	-------

California blonde woman with surgically enhanced breasts and a dog.

70C	AXEL		70C *
-----	------	--	-------

stares at her, then tromps on his brakes.

70D	OMITTED		70D *
-----	---------	--	-------

70E	THE CARTIER		70E *
-----	-------------	--	-------

security guard walks to the curb, staring suspiciously at right at Axel.

70F	AXEL		70F *
-----	------	--	-------

ignores him; he grins at

70G	THREE TEENAGE GIRLS		70G *
-----	---------------------	--	-------

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

AS SHOT 6/5/84\*  
AS SHOT 6/11/84\*\*

24A

70H AXEL CAN'T BELIEVE

70H\*\*

the silly clothes people are wearing on this street. He can see where they buy them.

70I BALD MANNEQUINS

70I

in boutique windows display trendy, trashy and--to Axel's eye-- really dumb looking clothing.

70J AT THE BASE OF RODEO

70J\*\*

is the landmark outside.

71 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD -- DAY

71 \*

Axel pulls into the driveway of the Beverly Palms ; a Latino kid--his name tag reads MIGUEL--yanks open the door; startling Axel: there isn't much valet parking in Detroit.

MIGUEL

You checking in today, sir?

AXEL

That depends. Is this place real expensive?

MIGUEL

Not for Beverly Hills. May I take your bag?

Axel's never stayed at a hotel where someone takes the bags.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

\* 71

AXEL  
sure, that's it in the front.

Miguel shows as little shock as possible at the sight  
of the laundry bag.

71A

INT. BEVERLY PALMS -- LOBBY -- DAY

\* 71A

AXEL is at the registration desk. He's a little awed  
and uncomfortable in the big lobby.

CLERK

(on the telephone)  
I'm sorry sir we have absolutely  
nothing available tonight. May I  
suggest that next time you want a  
reservation, call and give a weeks  
advance. Thank you.

AXEL

The nerve of some people, huh.

CLERK

May I help you?

AXEL

Yes, do you have a reservation  
for an Axel Foley?

CLERK

Uh, no, I'm sorry I don't have  
a reservation under that name.

AXEL

Are you serious? The reservation  
was made month's ago by Rolling  
Stone.

CLERK

I don't have anything in my book.  
Could it be under another name?

AXEL

Check Rolling Stone Magazine  
Axel Foley. Maybe that's it,  
yes, that's it.

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 6/5/84\*

71A CONTINUED:

CLERK

I'm sorry Mr. Foley, there's nothing here under that.

AXEL

Are you serious. There must be some mistake then with reservations. Why don't you guys just give me a room now. I'll go up and go to sleep. I'm very tired.

CLERK

I'm sorry, but we don't have any rooms available.

AXEL

Miss, don't you think I realize what's going on here. Don't you think I realize that if I was some hotshot from out of town that pulled into this place, you made a reservations mistake, You'd just give me a room right now. But I'm not some hotshot from out of town. I'm a small reporter from Rolling Stone Magazine that's in town to do an exclusive interview with Michael Jackson. A deep in-depth interview that's gonna be picked up by every major magazine in the country. I was gonna call the article "Michael Jackson Is Sitting On Top Of The World." But, now I think I might as well call it "Michael Jackson Can Sit On Top Of The World Just As Long As He Doesn't Sit In The Beverly Palm Hotel Cause There's No Niggers Allowed In There."

Hotel Manager enters

HOTEL MANAGER

Excuse me sir. It seems we have a last minute cancellation. We do have a room. It's a suite but of course I'll only charge you the single room rate. Will that be satisfactory sir?

AXEL

OK. I'm sorry I got angry. It's probably from jetlag or something like that.

HOTEL MANAGER

Yes, I understand sir.

(CONTINUED)

71A CONTINUED:

71A\*

AXEL

So how much is the rate anyway?

HOTEL MANAGER

It's \$235 dollars a night.

AXEL

Fine, thank you.

HOTEL MANAGER

Yes, sir, that will be suite ten  
thirty-five.

AXEL

Thank you very much.

HOTEL MANAGER

Yes sir.

AXEL

Right. If Michael calls for me  
tell him what room I'm in.

72 thru

OMITTED

80 thru

80A

EXT. WILSHIRE NEAR RODEO -- DAY

80A \*

A couple of WELL DRESSED SHOPPERS and a LADY WITH A DOG are admiring a highly abstract painting in the window of the Hollis Coyne gallery. Axel looks at them, looks at the painting, shakes his head and goes on in the door.

81

INT. THE HOLLIS COYNE GALLERY -- DAY

81 \*

Axel enters and wanders through the gallery, not knowing quite what to make of it. He saunters to a large sculpture of mannikins sitting at a table. One of the young salesmen, Serge, glides up to him.

SERGE

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

AXEL

I'm looking for Jenny Summers.

SERGE

I'm afraid she's very busy right now. May I have your name.

AXEL

My name is Axel Foley.

SERGE

And what is pertaining?

AXEL

I'm an old acquaintance.

Serge regards that with some suspicion. He calls to his assistant, Donny.

SERGE

Donny, can you tell Miss Summers that an old acquaintance, a Mr. Foley ( ) is here to see her.

Axel smiles. Then his attention drifts back to the absurdist sculpture. He exchanges confused glances with a statue of a leering butler that is chained to the table.

SERGE

While you're waiting, may I offer you some wine or espresso?

CONTINUED:

81 CONTINUED

81 \*

AXEL

No, but thank you so very much.  
(pointing to sculpture)  
How much would something like  
this cost.

SERGE

I believe this piece is priced at one  
hundred thirty thousand dollars.

AXEL

Get the fuck outta here.

SERGE

No I cannot. I sold it yesterday.  
A collector purchased it yesterday.

AXEL

I can see why you guys give  
away the free wine. Get a person  
fucked up and then sell them shit  
like this.

Jeannette's smiling face suddenly pops out from the  
balcony overhead.

JEANNETTE

Axel! I don't believe it. What in the  
world are you doing here? I'll be right  
down.

AXEL

No I'm coming over there. Take  
it easy Serge - that's a good name.

AS SHOT 7/17/84 \*

81 CONTINUED

81 \* .

JEANNETTE

Where are you. What are you  
doin' here?

AXEL

How are you doin'?

Axel saunters toward the staircase. Jeannette comes down  
to meet him.

JEANNETTE

Oh god. It's good to see you.  
You look good.

AXEL

So do you.

JEANNETTE

You like?

AXEL

Yeah. You look old.

JEANNETTE

Fuck you. What's this stuff.

AXEL

Man stuff. Can we go somewhere and  
talk.

JEANNETTE

Well yeah sure.

AXEL

You've filled out. Sit down.

JEANNETTE

Yeah I've filled out. Oh  
god, I've got an important  
customer upstairs, but it'll  
only take ten minutes. You want  
something to drink?

AXEL

No thanks, Serge already offered  
me something to drink.

JEANNETTE

What did Serge offer you.

AXEL

Can you talk for two seconds.

JEANNETTE

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 7/17/84 \*

81 CONTINUED:

81 \*

AXEL

I wanna talk to you about  
Mikey.

JEANNETTE

Oh no. Is he in some sort of  
trouble again?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED (3):

81 \* -

AXEL

Mikeys dead.

JEANNETTE

What?

AXEL

He came to Detroit and somebody  
killed him.

Axel and Jeannette look at each other for a moment.

JEANNETTE

Who killed him?

AXEL

I don't know.

Jeannette's phone buzzes. She ignores it.

JEANNETTE

I can't believe it.

The phone buzzes again. Jeannette finally picks it up.

JEANNETTE

(into phone)

I can't right now. Tell him I'll  
be up in a few minutes.

She hangs up.

JEANNETTE

I can't believe this.

AXEL

He told me you got him a job.

JEANNETTE

The man who owns the gallery hired  
him as a favor to me.

AXEL

Who's that?

JEANNETTE

His name's Victor Maitland.

AXEL

Mikey said something about being  
a security guard.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED (4):

81 \*

JEANNETTE  
(finding irony in her shock)  
Yeah...can you image that. He  
worked at the gallery's warehouse.

The PHONE BUZZES again. Jeannette answers it.

JEANNETTE  
(into phone)  
All right. All right.

She hangs up.

JEANNETTE  
(continued)  
Damn!  
(composes herself)  
Axel, I'm sorry. I have to go  
upstairs for a few minutes.

AXEL  
I'll call you later on. We'll  
get together. Can I use your  
phone?

JEANNETTE  
Sure.

Jeannette exits. Axel begins to look through her rolodex.

82 OMITTED

83 OMITTED

~~84~~

82

83

83A \*

INT. MAITLAND CO. OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 84 \*

The RECEPTIONIST sits at the base of a stairway leading to offices above. Axel approaches her. He is carrying a plant with a bow tied around the pot.

AXEL

I've got a delivery for Victor Maitland.

RECEPTIONIST

Leave it here. I'll take it upstairs.

AXEL

No problem, I'll do it myself.

Axel starts up the stairs.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait a minute! Deliveries are to be left at this desk.

AXEL

I'm leavin'.

He continues up the stairs.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait! You just can't go up there.

85 INT. MAITLAND'S SECRETARY'S AREA - CONTINUOUS 85 \*

Axel shoves the plant on the Secretary's desk. As he blows past her:

AXEL

This is for you.

Axel continues towards Maitland's office.

SECRETARY

Hey, you can't go in there.

Axel exits into Maitland's office.

86

~~INT. MAITLAND'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY~~

86 \*

Axel enters office. Maitland sits at his desk with Zack standing next to him. Zack stiffens at the sight of Axel.

MAITLAND

Who let you in here?

AXEL

How are ya doing, I let myself in.  
I'd like to ask you some questions about Mikey Tandino.

Maitland and Zack exchange looks. Maitland studies Axel for a moment.

MAITLAND

And what, may I ask, is your interest in Mr. Tandino?

AXEL

He was my best friend. He showed up out of nowhere to visit me in Detroit, and a few hours later somebody killed him.

MAITLAND

Oh my god. That's terrible. What do you wish to know?

AXEL

Yeah. He worked for you, didn't he?

MAITLAND

Yes he did. My goodness, I'm so sorry to hear this. Would you like to sit down? Can I get you something?

AXEL

No thanks.

MAITLAND

How did it happen? Detroit is a rather violent town, isn't it.

AXEL

Yeah.

CONTINUED:

Maitland looks at Zack and then Axel.

MAITLAND

I hope the police have gotten some good leads.

AXEL

Could you tell me exactly what kind of work Mikey did for you?

Maitland studies Axel for a long moment.

MAITLAND

I'm sorry. I didn't get your name.

AXEL

Foley.

Maitland pushes a button on his desk.

MAITLAND

Mr. Foley. Excuse me for being a bit rude during what must be a very difficult time for you, but this sounds like a matter for the Detroit authorities. So if you'll forgive me, I really must get back to work now.

AXEL

What kind of work did he do for you?

Four security guards enter the room.

MAITLAND

(to guards)

Gentlemen, could you please show Mr. Foley the way out.

The guards move in on Axel.

AXEL

Get the fuck off me.

GUARD

Take it easy fella.

The guard takes Axel by the arm.

AXEL

I said get the fuck off me.

A scuffle ensues and the guards pounce on Axel. Maitland and Zack exchange looks.

86A INT. BUILDING GROUND FLOOR - DAY

86A \*

Zack and the seven huge goons carry Axel, still struggling violently, toward the entrance to the building. Axel gets a foot free and kicks a goon, who crashes to the floor, but two others grab the free foot before Axel can do any more damage with it.

AXEL

Get the fuck off me man.  
What the fuck do you  
guys think your doing.

SHOCK CUT TO:

87 EXT. MAITLAND'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

87 \*

There's a sense of calmness and serenity until suddenly a lobby window EXPLODES and Axel comes flying out. Axel is shaken up but unhurt; slowly, he gets to his feet.

AXEL  
(yelling to the building)  
Hey, fuck you!

A black-and-white Beverly Hills Police car bounces up on the sidewalk and the two officers, COPELAND and GRANT, run toward Axel.

AXEL  
Did you see what they did.  
I can describe them.  
Copeland and Grand draw their guns.

COPELAND  
Please put your hands on the roof  
of the car.

AXEL  
Why? What's with you guys?

GRANT  
You heard him, sir. Do it right  
now, please.

Axel puts his hands on the roof of the car. Officer Grant, who looks like an Eagle Scout, frisks Axel quickly but thoroughly, removes Axel's gun, then cuffs Axel's hands behind his back.

AXEL  
You're arresting me? I'm the  
one that just got thrown out the  
fucking window. You can't be  
arresting me. What're you doing?

Copeland is very formal and polite.

COPELAND  
Sir, you are under arrest. You  
have the right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will be  
used against you in a court of law.  
You have the right to have an  
attorney present during questioning.  
If you desire an attorney and cannot  
afford one, an attorney will be  
provided for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87 \* -

AXEL

Sure.

GRANT

Please get into the car, sir.

AXEL

What's the charge?

COPELAND

Disturbing the peace and  
possession of a concealed  
\_ weapon.

AXEL

Fair enough. I suppose if  
someone threw me out of a  
moving car, you'd give me a  
ticket for jaywalking, too.

Copeland and Grand put him in the car and it takes off.

88 OMITTED

88

88 OMITTED

88 \*

89 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS CITY HALL -- DAY

89 \*

The police car with Axel inside drives up Crescent in front of the imposing Beverly Hills City Hall. The ornate building with its carefully tended lawn and swaying palm trees is a living symbol of the traditional Beverly Hills.

The car swings right then right again to come up behind the building. A lighted green sign points to the POLICE DEPARTMENT, which has the south wing of city hall.

90 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPT. -- ENTRANCE

90 \*

91 INT. B. H. POLICE DEPT. -- HOLDING CELLS --

91 \*

An OFFICER unlocks the door of the spotless holding cell and beckons wordlessly to Axel.

AXEL

It's about fuckin' time, I thought  
you forgot me down here.

92 INT. B. H. POLICE DEPT. -- OPERATIONS ROOM

92 \*\*

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

Axel looks around at the kind of police department God would buy if He had the money.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92 \*

Not that there are any luxuries — no Gucci uniforms — it's just that here in this room is best and the latest police equipment, some that Axel didn't know was invented yet. The officer takes his elbow to lead him across the room.

This isn't anything like the squadroom back in Detroit. There are fourteen detective desks; each has a computer terminal. Behind a glass partition is the main frame computer. A twenty foot long electronic map of Beverly Hills dominates the far wall; a pair of dispatchers, seated at a computer console six feet in front of it, can see in glowing red, green and blue lights the precise location of every police car, fire truck and ambulance in town. The officer guides Axel to a detective's desk; the detective nods to the officer, and he leaves.

**DETECTIVE**

I'm Sgt. Taggart, and this is my partner, Detective Rosewood.

SGT. TAGGART, at 45 a senior detective, is unusually short for a cop but wiry and compact; he looks very tough and has a hair-trigger temper. ROSEWOOD, his partner, is young, California blond, six-foot-three, very skinny and awkward in movement. They come around their desks to stand in front of Axel. Taggart has a computer printout in his hand. Axel's gun is on the desk beside him.

**AXEL**

You guys always treat people from out of town like this?

**TAGGART**

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

**AXEL**

Because I was minding my own business. Where the fuck do you guys get off arresting somebody for being thrown out a window?

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

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92 \*

SGT. TAGGART

We have six witnesses that say you broke in and started tearing up the place, then jumped out the window.

AXEL

And you believe that? You don't fucking investigate? You guys cops or doormen, here?

SGT. TAGGART

(enraged)

We're more likely to believe an important local businessman than a foul mouthed jerk from out of town.

AXEL

Foul mouth - Fuck you.

SGT. TAGGART

(standing up)

You watch your mouth.

AXEL

I aint watchin shit. You watch your mouth.

And Taggart punches Axel in the gut. Axel doubles over, but isn't really hurt. A voice — sharp but not loud — brings Taggart and Siddons to attention.

LT. BOGOMIL (O.S.)

Taggart!

SGT. TAGGART

Yes, Lieutenant.

LT. BOGOMIL

Come here.

All the detectives in the room wear quiet, well-pressed suits, conservative shirts, ties knotted all the way up, highly polished shoes; their hair is short and combed at all times. Now we see the man who sets the example for them: LIEUTENANT ANDREW BOGOMIL, Chief of Detectives for the Beverly Hills Police department. Bogomil speaks to Taggart in a low voice; Taggart, pale, walks back over to Axel. Bogomil follows a step behind.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

92 \*

SGT. TAGGART

(to Axel)

Sir, I apologize for striking you.  
I have no excuse.

Everything up to now, including the punch, has seemed to Axel to be a normal cop-prisoner exchange. This apology, though, is outside Axel's experience.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINGED: (4)

92 \*

AXEL

LT. BOGOMIL

Detective Foley, I am Lieutenant Bogomil of the Beverly Hills Police Department. Do you wish to prefer charges against Sgt. Taggart?

AXEL

This is a joke right?

LT. BOGOMIL

Do you wish to charge this officer with assault?

AXEL

Hey, where I come from you don't press charges on another cop.

LT. BOGOMIL

In Beverly Hills we go strictly by the book. Why didn't you check in with us when you came to town?

AXEL

I'm on vacation.

LT. BOGOMIL

If you're on vacation, what business did you have at Victor Maitland's office?

AXEL

I went in to use the men's room. Next thing I know those jokers jump all over me.

LT. BOGOMIL

You always take your gun on vacation?

AXEL

I never took a vacation before. And we are required to carry a firearm at all times in Detroit.

LT. BOGOMIL

Then if you want to carry a gun I suggest you go back there.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (4)

92 \*

AXEL

I can't fuckin' wait to get back to Detroit.

LT. BOGOMIL

Is that so? I just got off the phone with an Inspector Todd, that name ring a bell?

Axel winces slightly hearing the name.

AXEL

He's my boss.

LT. BOGOMIL

He tells me you might not be very welcome back there. He says that you're an outstanding young detective, which I find hard to believe. He also says that you are a hot dogger and a loner and that he nearly had to fire you for insubordination. I find that very easy to believe. Now what are you doing in Beverly Hills?

AXEL

I told you. Vacation. I went to the bathroom next thing someone throws me out a window.

LT. BOGOMIL

Inspector Todd gave me a message for you. Want to hear it?

AXEL

Not really.

LT. BOGOMIL

He says that if you've come out here to investigate the Tandino murder, then you shouldn't bother coming back. He tells me that if we inform him that you are investigating the case he'll have you brought up on charges and fired.

AXEL

I'm here on vacation.

LT. BOGOMIL

And the gun?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (6)

92 \*

AXEL

I'm a police officer, remember, a fellow police officer and I'm entitled to carry a gun.

LT. BOGOMIL

Not in Beverly Hills. Now one last time. What are you doing here?

AXEL

I'm on —

LT. BOGOMIL

(finishing for him)

— vacation. You're going to stick to this story?

AXEL

Yeah.

LT. BOGOMIL

Rosewood, take Mr. Foley over to the Courthouse and let him arrange for bail.

ROSEWOOD

(to Axel)

This way please sir.

AXEL

You're a polite bunch of I'll give you that much.

Bogomil ignores this comment. He motions Taggart over and speaks with him privately as Rosewood leads Axel across the operations room toward the door.

LT. BOGOMIL

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

SGT. TAGGART

You want us to question the people he sees?

LT. BOGOMIL

No. Look, if you see him commit a felony, then pick him up. Otherwise keep your distance.

92A EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MUNICIPAL COURT - NIGHT

92A \*

Axel and Jeannette come out of the building and walk across to the parking lot.

AXEL

Thanks for bailing me out, Jen.

JEANNETTE

If I had known what you were arrested for I wouldn't have come down.

AXEL

You don't mean that.

JEANNETTE

No I don't. If it wasn't for Victor Maitland I'd still be waiting tables. Besides I'm mad at you. You lied to me to find out his address.

AXEL

What are you talking about?

JEANNETTE

Oh come on, you were going to use my phone but the rolodex was left open to his address.

AXEL

Hey, Jen the detective  
Way to go.

They continue walking

(CONTINUED)

92A CONTINUED:

92A \* -

AXEL

(continued)

Look, the night Mikey was killed he showed up at my apartment with a whole stack of German bearer bonds. It's possible that he stole them from whoever had him killed. As soon as I mentioned his name, Maitland had me thrown out the window.

JEANNETTE

Axel, you look like a hoodlum, you barge in there without an appointment and you were carrying a gun. If I didn't know you, I'd have had you thrown out too.

Jeannette opens the passenger door of her Mercedes 450 SLC for Axel.

AXEL

Is this your car?

JEANNETTE

No. In Beverly Hills we just take whichever car is closest.

Axel gets in. Jenny walks around and gets in.

93  
thru  
96  
OMITTED

93  
thru  
96

96A INT. JEANNETTE'S CAR - NIGHT

96A \*\*

As they drive:

AXEL

Well congratulations. I know you always wanted one of these. I remember when you used to drive around in that Volkswagen bug.

JEANNETTE

(smiles)

Yeah. And you used to have that crappy light blue Chevy Nova. What are you driving now?

AXEL

An even crappier light blue Chevy Nova. Is it too late for me to study art?

JEANNETTE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

96A CONTINUED:

96A \*\*\*

Jéannette pauses for a second.

JEANNETTE

(continued)

Axel...why were you bothering Victor? You don't think he had anything to do with Mikey getting killed, do you?

AXEL

No, no. I'm just poking around.

Axel fiddles with the rear view mirror.

JEANNETTE

What are you looking at back there?

AXEL

The cops are following us.

JEANNETTE

What? Where!

AXEL

It's the beige ford way back in the left hand lane.

JEANNETTE

(looks)

Why are they following us?

AXEL

What can I say? I'm a popular guy.

96B EXT. BEVERLY PALMS HOTEL - NIGHT

96B \*

Jeannette and Axel leave the 450 SL with the valet and go into the hotel; seconds later, Taggart and Rosewood's unmarked car pulls into a parking spot on Wilshire right in front of the hotel entrance.

97 INT. AXEL'S SUITE - NIGHT

97 \*\*

Axel and Jeannette enter.

AXEL

Can you believe it?

JEANNETTE

How can you afford this?

AXEL

They're charging me a single room rate.

JEANNETTE

How can you afford that?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97 \*

AXEL

Look, my room has a forty page wine list.

Axel picks up the room service menu and dials the phone.

AXEL

(con't; into phone)

Hello, room service? This is Axel Foley in suite 1035. I'd like to order something from your supper menu but I want it delivered to a car parked on Wilshire just outside the hotel; a beige Ford with two guys in it... very conservative fellows. Sure you can. It's not far and I'll give you a nice tip.

(looking at menu)

Okay, one bay shrimp salad sandwich... Is the cold poached salmon with dill sauce tasty? Okay, one of those, too. Also send 'em a couple of beers. And something nice for dessert. Great thanks a lot.

JEANNETTE

You're quite a sport. How long you staying?

AXEL

Hey, I earn a good salary. I live alone. I have low overhead. I could go on like this for three days.

JEANNETTE

Why don't you save yourself a bundle and go back to Detroit in the morning?

AXEL

I'm gonna be in town until I find out who killed Mikey. I'll do a little poking around. I'm thinking about the warehouse where he worked.

JEANNETTE

Oh really. How are you going to get in?

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 6/5/84\*  
AS SHOT 6/6/84\*\*  
AS SHOT 6/8/84\*\*\*

41A thru

97 CONTINUED:

97 \*\*\*

AXEL

I was hoping you'd let me in.  
You can do that, can't you?

JEANNETTE

You're not going to find anything  
there. And besides I could lose  
my job for doing something like  
that.

AXEL

Well I understand I don't have  
much to go on. It seems like a  
reasonable place to start. And  
if you won't help me I'll just  
have to break in.

JEANNETTE

You wouldn't do it.

98 EXT. BEVERLY PALMS HOTEL - NIGHT

98 \*\*

The room service waiter, carrying a fully loaded tray, raps  
on the window of the brown Plymouth.

SGT. TAGGART

What the hell is this?

WAITER

It's late supper. Compliments  
of Mr. Foley.

ROSEWOOD

Foley? How did he know we were  
here?

TAGGART

Because I let you drive.

98A INT. BEVERLY PALMS HOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

98A \*

Axel hurries in, and looks around.

AXEL

Excuse me, how much are those  
bananas?

KITCHEN WORKER

The buffet plate is 12.50. You  
get oranges, plums and bananas.

AXEL

I just want some bananas.

KITCHEN WORKER

(handing Axel bananas)  
Shhh. Don't tell anyone.

98B CONTINUED:

98B \*

A valet has delivered the 450 SLC to the driveway.

TAGGART

There's the mercedes. Get that  
stuff out of here.

Rosewood scarfs down a last bite and reluctantly hands the  
plates back to the waiter.

99 REVERSE ANGLE - THE COPS POV

99 \*

Jeannette waits beside the 450 SLC. After a second Axel  
arrives, and for the cops' benefit, makes a show of getting  
into the convertable

100 INT. JEANNETTE'S 450 SLC - NIGHT

100 \*

Jeannette drives slowly down Wilshire, while Axel looks  
in the side rear view mirror.

JEANNETTE

I hope you realize that doing this  
is crazy enough without the police  
following us.

AXEL

I got it covered.

- 101 EXT. TAGGART AND ROSEWOOD'S CAR -- NIGHT 101 \*  
The police car's engine chokes on its own exhaust and dies.
- 102 INT. TAGGART AND ROSEWOOD'S CAR -- NIGHT 102 \*  
Taggart cranks the starter but the engine won't turn over.
- SGT. TAGGART  
God Damn it.
- ROSEWOOD  
Oh No!
- 103 OMITTED 103
- 104 EXT. RODEO DRIVE -- NIGHT 104 \*\*\*  
The 450 SLC goes across the alley and down a ways to the Gallery warehouse. Jeannette parks the car and they get out.
- AXEL  
Is this the place?
- JEANNETTE  
I'm still not sure I should be doing this.
- AXEL  
You don't have to do anything. But when you hear glass break that's just me kicking the window in.
- 104A EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE DRIVEWAY AREA -- NIGHT 104A \*\*  
Axel and Jeannette walk down a ramp past the loading dock toward a small iron staircase that leads up to the door.
- 104B EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE DOOR -- NIGHT 104B \*\*  
Jeannette  
uses her key on the door. She and Axel enter.
- 104C INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT 104C \*\*\*  
Axel and Jeanette walk down a narrow corridor; at the end of it is a solid steel door. Axel plays his flashlight over it.

(CONTINUED)

5/5/84

46A. thru 48

104C CONTINUED: 104C

Jeannette flips the switch on a grey metal and glass box on the wall. The box glows green. She places her palm on the ground glass plate and the device scans her palm print. The great steel door glides silently open.

105 thru 107 OMITTED 105 thru 107

108 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE — NIGHT 108

Axel and Jeannette leave the steel door open behind them. The warehouse is pitch dark. Axel shines a flashlight around, revealing a big collection of weird modern sculpture, including some gigantic pieces by Zoltan Corongolini, the famous conceptual sculptor. Many more pieces are packed in crates of various sizes. At the far end of the warehouse are big garage doors.

(PAGES 47 & 48 ARE OMITTED)\*\*

109 INT. THE GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- VAULT -- NIGHT 109 \*

Now Axel and Jeannette are in the warehouse. Axel scoops up some of the substance that is underfoot. Jeannette can tell that Axel is excited by his discovery.

AXEL  
What's up babe?

JEANNETTE  
Oh Axel, grow up. Did you find something?

AXEL  
Coffee grounds! Do you know what these are used for?

JEANNETTE  
Yes, people filter hot water thru it to make coffee. Are times that bad?

AXEL  
Yea, times are that bad.  
Oh Shit!!

But suddenly there's a loud GRINDING NOISE and a bright overhead light comes on. Jeannette makes a move to go see what's going on -- it's her warehouse, after all-- but Axel pulls her down, out of sight behind a big crate; he pockets a sample of the substance from the floor. The grinding noise turns out to be the automatic garage doors opening.

JEANNETTE  
Axel. I'm allowed to be here.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE 110\*\*

A dark blue van backs up into the warehouse.

111 AXEL'S POV 111\*\*

Jeannette and Axel watch as THE FIRST VAN GUARD, a tough-looking California bodybuilder wearing a security company uniform, gets out of the van's passenger side to guide the driver in backing up the van toward the vault. The garage door GRINDS shut.

112 WIDER ANGLE

112 \*

The van is parked quite close to the crate Axel and Jeannette are hiding behind. The rear door that Axel and Jeannette came in is quite a distance away.

113 AXEL'S POV -- THE SECOND VAN GUARD

113 \*\*

another huge bodybuilder type, gets out and opens the van's sliding door

The van contains a large crate; various labels and markings on the crate make it readily identifiable. They each take an end of the crate and set it on the floor.

LAST MINUTE AD-LIB LINES

Axel stirs with excitement when he sees what they remove from this compartment: From this distance they look awfully like the German bearer bonds that Mikey had.

The second van guard smooths out the crumpled stack of bearer bonds and loads them into a Louis Vuitton case, while his cohort repacks the crate so that it looks like it was never opened.

Axel gestures to Jeannette to follow his lead. He begins to quietly back away on hands and knees; Jeannette follows.

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 7/12/84 \* 7/13/84 \*\*

51A.

113B EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT 113B \*

Axel and Jeannette come out onto the iron staircase just as

113C REVERSE ANGLE -- THEIR POV 113C \*

The van reaches the top of the ramp and turns right.

113D AXEL AND JEANNETTE 113D \*

run up the ramp toward the Mercedes.

JEANNETTE

What the hell is going on?

AXEL

I'll tell you later, come on.

They reach the car.

114 INT. THE 450 SLC -- NIGHT 114 \*\*

Axel jumps behind the wheel.

AXEL

Mind if I drive?

JEANNETTE

Have you ever driven a Mercedes before.

AXEL

A car is a car. I drive my car every day.

JEANNETTE

I've seen your car, I'm driving.

AXEL

That's bullshit

Axel speeds down the block and blasts through an intersection. As he crosses it he just gets a glimpse in the corner of his eye --

115 OMITTED

115

115A INT. B.H. POLICE DEPT. - LT. BOGOMIL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

115A

Taggart and Rosewood are standing before Bogomil.

LT. BOGOMIL  
A banana in your tailpipe.  
How could you not  
notice a man sticking a  
banana in your tailpipe.

ROSEWOOD  
He distracted us, sir.

LT. BOGOMIL  
And how did he do that?

ROSEWOOD  
He gave us a late supper, sir.  
See this waiter comes across ---  
TAGGART  
He gets the idea Billy.

BOGOMIL  
Late supper? And what did you  
have Rosewood

ROSEWOOD  
I think it was a shrimp salad  
sandwich.

BOGOMIL  
I want a shrimp salad sandwich to.  
You two go back to the hotel and  
wait for Foley. Don't bother calling in.

TAGGART  
A late supper.

MCCABE  
We got something for you William-  
An anti-banana disguise. It may  
come in handy.

FOSTER  
It's a jungle out there Billy.

TAGGART  
Very funny.

115B COVERED  
115C COVERED  
115D COVERED  
116 OMITTED  
116A COVERED

115B \*  
115C \*  
115D \*  
116  
116A \*

117 INT. JEANNETTE'S CAR - NIGHT

117 \*\*

As Axel and Jeannette drive.

AXEL

Who are those two guys?

JEANNETTE

Some of Victor's security guards.

AXEL

Is that what Mikey did?

JEANNETTE

Yeah.

AXEL

You ever see those things they were unpacking before?

JEANNETTE

No. What was that stuff?

AXEL

Those were the same bearer bonds that Mikey had when he got killed.

Axel looks knowingly to Jeannette.

AXEL

(continued)

I think your friend Victor's got some other business ventures going beside art.

Jeannette ponders the seriousness of Axel's suggestion.

118  
thru  
122

OMITTED

118  
thru  
122

124

EXT. L.A. AIRPORT - CARGO AREA - NIGHT

124 \*

This is the industrial area of LAX, far from the passenger terminals. Cargo airlines, freight forwarders and warehouses line the street. Axel and Jeannette watch the van turn into the parking lot of one such airport warehouse. Axel pulls to the curb.

125 INT. THE 450SLC -- NIGHT 125 \*\*

Axel turns off the ignition and opens the door.

AXEL

Okay. Why don't you take the car  
and go home.

JEANETTE

What about you?

AXEL

I want to find out what this  
place is.

JEANETTE

I can't tell you that. It's a  
bonded warehouse. Our foreign  
shipments are held here till they  
clear customs.

AXEL

Well, I'm gonna check it out  
for myself.

JEANETTE

I'm starting to get a bad  
feeling about all this.

AXEL

I'll call you tomorrow. Take  
the car and go home.

JEANETTE

Damn it Axel, I'm not going  
to bail you out again.

AXEL

Go home, go home.

126 EXT. AIRPORT CARGO WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT 126 \*\*

Axel ambles casually across the parking lot. While there's not  
a vast amount of activity this late at night, the warehouse  
is still very much open for business. Axel watches as

126A THE DARK BLUE VAN 126A \*\*

backs up to the loading dock at the far end of the parking  
lot.

126B AXEL 126B \*

judges his moment and suddenly breaks to his right, he  
hops up on the loading dock platform nearest him.

AS SHOT 5/31/84\* 57.  
AS SHOT 6/7/84 \*\*

126C INT. AIRPORT CARGO WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT 126C \*

Just inside the loading dock is a tall chain link fence designed to keep the public out of the warehouse proper. Axel hits the fence and goes over it, schoolyard style. in a flash.

127 OMITTED 127

128 INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE -- ANOTHER ANGLE -- NIGHT 128 \*

On the other side of the chain link fence Axel ducks behind a pile of crates and looks around.

128A OMITTED 128A

128B INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT 128B \*

128BB A FORKLIFT 128BB\*

is parked on the loading dock near the dark blue van; the OPERATOR is talking with the two Van Guards as he loads the big crate from the van onto the lift. All three men ignore Axel as he drives by on the floor polisher.

129 thru 130 OMITTED 129 thru 130

130A EXT. BEVERLY PALMS -- NIGHT 130A \*\*

Taggart come out of the hotel and walks over to Rosewood, who is leaning up against their unmarked car.

SGT. TAGGART  
He's still not back.

ROSEWOOD  
So what do we do?

SGT. TAGGART  
We wait.

130B INT. THE CARGO WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT 130B \*

The cart picks up the crate from the van and starts with it toward the front of the warehouse: meanwhile --

130C AXEL 130C \*

stands unloading a man unloading a crate. But turns to look at something off camera.

130D VAN GUARDS 130D \*

jump down off the loading dock.

130E

A SECURITY GUARD

130E \*

rounds the corner. As he and Axel spot each other.

AXEL

Excuse me, can you come over here for a second? Got a match?

SECURITY GUARD

No smoking in here.

AXEL

Oh, I'm gonna smoke outside.

SECURITY GUARD

Here.

AXEL

Your supervisor around?

SECURITY GUARD

In the office.

AXEL

Will you get him for me?

SECURITY GUARD

What's the problem?

AXEL

Are the security person down here?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah.

AXEL

You're the fuckin' problem. Get your supervisor right now. Thank you, thank you very much.

130F

INT. THE WAREHOUSE -- INTERNATIONAL AREA -- NIGHT

130F \*

The NIGHT SUPERVISOR storms out of his office.

SUPERVISOR

Yes, can I help you?

AXEL

Are you the Supervisor?

SUPERVISOR

Yes, who are you?

AXEL

Kent Cassidy, United States Customs Service. Has this stuff passed through customs yet?

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 5/31/84\*  
AS SHOT 6/7/84 \*\*  
130F CONTINUED

58A. & 59.

130F \*

SUPERVISOR  
No. This is the bonded area.

AXEL  
Then would you mind telling me how  
a black man dressed like me can  
just walk into this warehouse, march  
right up to your bonded area and start  
snooping around without anybody  
asking questions.

SUPERVISOR  
I don't ...uh....know...

AXEL  
That's the answer I was looking for.  
Thank you very much. Thank you very,  
very much. Can you give me your  
i.d. numbers because I think  
someone's gonna lose their job  
around here. This guy, gane me a match  
for Christ's sake.

SUPERVISOR  
(to Security Guard)  
You gave him a match?

AXEL  
I've been doing security checks  
all over the nation and with the  
exception of Cleveland, this place  
has the worst security in the  
country. I suggest both you gentle-  
men call your wives cause we're gonna  
be here very, very late. We're gonna  
check the backgrounds on every crate  
in this area. Starting with this one  
right here.

131	OMITTED	131
131A	EXT. BEVERLY PALMS HOTEL -- NIGHT	131A **
	Now Wilshire is quiet and there is little activity in front of the hotel, where Taggart and Rosewood are still parked.	
131B	INT. TAGGART AND RESEWOOD'S CAR -- NIGHT	131B **
	Rock music is playing on the car radio which Rosewood enjoys but Taggart hates. Suddenly Taggart hits a button and the music shifts to classical.	

132 INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN OFFICE --- NIGHT

132 \*

Axel stands in the center of the big main office with the night supervisor, whis is doing Axel's work for him.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

Now the inspector needs all the information on those air waybill numbers

AXEL

And all the manifests too.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

That's right and he needs the record of any shipments due in to the same destination.

CLERK #1

What's this all about?

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

Just do it.

The clerks are all shocked.

CLERK #1

(a wise guy)

You got some kind of warrant for this?

AXEL

(rounding on clerk)

You know you've got a very big mouth. sir, I bet you got something to hide. Is that your Porsche parked outside? You want to have a talk with the I.R.S. about how some clerk can afford a Porsche?

(to Night Supervisor)

Let me tell you something pal, let me tell all you guys something, I can have twenty five agents here in fifteen minutes. We can put you people out of business. We can pull your bond and I'll do just that if I don't get some co-operation here.

The supervisor and the clerks are thouroughly intinated.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

Now don't get upset, Inspector, we'll get you everything you need, right guys?

(CONTINUED)

AS SHOT 6/1/84\*  
AS SHOT 6/7/84\*\*

132 CONTINUED

132 \*

GUARD #2  
Anything you need.

CLERK #1  
That's not my Porsche, no sir, I don't  
know who's it is.

AXEL  
Then file, and stop fucking  
around with me.

132A INT. TAGGART AND ROSEWOOD'S CAR -- NIGHT

132A\*\*

Now Rosewood can't stand the classical music any more; he hits the radio button and it goes back to rock. Taggart gives him one quick look; Rosewood sighs and switches it back to classical.

133  
thru  
153

OMITTED

133  
thru  
153

154

EXT. BEVERLY PALMS HOTEL - NIGHT

154 \*

A cab pulls up behind Taggart and Rosewood's unmarked car. Axel gets out, pays the driver, then walks up to the unmarked car.

154A

INT. TAGGART AND ROSEWOOD'S CAR - NIGHT

154A \*

Taggart and Rosewood don't see Axel until he yanks open the back door and hops in the car, scaring the crap out of the two cops.

ROSEWOOD

Jesus Christ, you almost gave me a heart attack.

AXEL

What you guys doin' here so late?

TAGGART

You're a cocky son of a bitch, aren't you?

AXEL

Hey listen, I'm sorry about that banana business guys. I just needed a little time to myself. But I sure wish I could have seen your faces when your carconked out.

Axel expects that by now they will have seen the humor in his banana gag, but the Beverly Hills cops don't smile.

TAGGART

Yeah. Very funny. The lieutenant docked us two days' pay.

Now it's not so funny to Axel, either.

AXEL

You're kidding. Get outta here.  
(to Rosewood)  
He's not kidding?

CONTINUED

154A CONTINUED:

154A

ROSEWOOD

No, he's not kidding. By the way,  
thanks for the sandwich.

TAGGART

He meant it as a joke, Billy, like  
the bananas.

AXEL

Hey wait a minute, I sent you guys  
dinner because I'm a fellow cop  
and I know how it is to be on a  
stakeout. That was from the heart.

TAGGART

Bullshit.

AXEL

Look, all three of us are cops.  
Why are we always arguing.  
We should be working together. I  
tell you what. It's been a rough  
day for all of us. Why don't we go  
out and get a couple of drinks and  
make up.

TAGGART

Forget it.

Okay fuck it.  
Well, I'm gonna go get a couple of  
drinks. You guys can try and tail  
me if you like, but you know it won't  
be too hard for me to loose your ass  
if I want. So what do you say? C'mon  
now, let's be friends.

Taggart is torn.

TAGGART

We don't drink on duty.

AXEL

Look, I know you have an image to  
protect. Keeping that in mind, I  
know just the place. I passed it  
on the way into town. Looked  
pretty good. You'll love it.

CUT TO:

154B INT. SUNSET STRIP JOINT -- NIGHT

154B\*

Axel, Taggart and Rosewood are sitting at a table right by the stripper's runway. Taggart sits stonefaced with his back to the runway. For Billy Rosewood, on the other hand, this is like a Penthouse letter come to life. he can't take his eyes off the STRIPPER. The stripper snaps the back of Taggart's head with a feather boa. He does his best to ignore it, A waitress approaches.

WAITRESS

Hi, can I get you anything?

AXEL

Lemme have a scotch and soda.  
Lite beer for you guys?

SGT. TAGGART

Two club sodas.

AXEL

You guys crack me up with  
this on duty shit.

(seeing Billy squirming)

You don't have to be embarassed  
if your dick gets hard Billy, that's  
the whole idea. See all these  
guys - their dicks are hard,  
Taggart's dick is hard but he  
can't admit it cause he's the  
boss.

(leaning toward Taggart)

Look what I found at Maitland's  
art warehouse. The stuff was all  
over the floor.

He hands a smaple of the coffee grounds to Taggart, who  
exmanines it. Meanwhile Axel hands a dollar to Billy.

AXEL

Here, hold it out like this.

The stripper dances up to Rosewood's dollar bill and  
motions for him to stuff it in her G-string. Rosewood's  
too shy.

AXEL

Stuff that inside her thing.

Rosewood stuffs the bill in; Taggart turns around to see  
what his partner is doing practically puts his nose  
in the stripper's crotch. He turns back, blushing all  
the way to his bald spot.

ROSEWOOD

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. TAGGART

Billy!

AXEL

(to Taggart, re the substance)  
What do you think?

SGT. TAGGART

Coffee grounds?

AXEL

Yeah.

SGT. TAGGART

So?

AXEL

You guys don't know nothing  
about nothing, do you? You all  
just got guns and badges. You  
don't know nothing.

(to waitress)

Make sure we get the right  
drinks cause if I get club  
soda I'll vomit.

Two men in long leather coats enter the strip joint. They exchange a glance, then, pretending not to know each other the FIRST LEATHER COAT walks to the bar and orders a drink, while the OTHER moves to the far end of the room. They both look around furtively, checking out the joint. Only Axel notices this.

The waitress brings Axel, Taggart and Rosewood their drinks. The stripper who has been pulling her feather boa between her legs begins to seductively wrap it around Rosewood's head.

AXEL

(to Rosewood)

I think she likes you.

ROSEWOOD

You think so?

AXEL

No doubt in my mind.

(to Taggart, quietly referring  
to the 2nd LEATHER COAT)

Check out that guy over there  
in the black leather coat.

Taggart does so and turns back to Axel.

AXEL

(continuing)

It's June - don't you think  
its a little warm for a leather  
coat?

(CONTINUED)

154B CONTINUED (2)

154B\*

TAGGART

Yeah. A bit.

AXEL

That's his buddy at the end of the bar having a drink. They came in together.

Taggart's eyes head to the first Leather Coat and then lock with Axel's.

AXEL

Something's gonna come down. I'm gonna make a move.  
(referring to 2nd Leather Coat)  
Why don't you slide on over there and cover that guy.

ROSEWOOD

What's going on?

Axel and Taggart ignore him.

AXEL

(to Taggart)

I'm gonna check out this asshole at the bar.

Taggart is torn between good police instincts and a suspicion of Axel.

ROSEWOOD

Would somebody tell me what's going on?

AXEL

(to Taggart, dead serious)

Billy here'll make sure I behave. No bullshit this time.

Taggart decides to take the chance and gets up.

TAGGART

Just sit tight, Billy.

Taggart heads towards the Second Leather Coat. Axel picks up his drink and begins to stagger toward the First Leather Coat. Axel feigns drunkenness.

AXEL

(feigning drunkenness to  
First Leather Coat)

Phil, Phil, what's happening? They said you wasn't coming down. How you been?

(to Rosewood)

I told you it was Philip, you liar.

(CONTINUED)

154B CONTINUED (3)

154B\*

FIRST LEATHER COAT

Get the hell out of here.

Rosewood watches with confusion. The First Leather Coast pushes Axel to the ground and then rips the arm of the D.J.'s turntable. The place goes silent and both Leather Coats pull out sawed-off shotguns.

FIRST LEATHER COAT

Everybody freeze. Put your hands on the table.

There is panic in the bar until everyone settles down. Axel gets up and still deigning drunkenness staggers toward First Leather Coat.

AXEL

Phil, what's all the hostility?  
I love you, you're supposed to  
be cool.

FIRST LEATHER COAT

Back off or I'm gonna blow  
your head off.

Axel, now within striking range, disables First Leather Coat with some karate moves. Simultaneously, Taggart now in position, puts his service revolver to Second Leather Coat's head.

TAGGART

Police. Move and I'll kill you.

Rosewood jumps up and pulls a gun on the First Leather Coat, who is now lying on his back.

ROSEWOOD

Don't move.

AXEL

Very good Rosewood. You're really some  
kinda cop, You know that?

TAGGART

Police! Sorry for the disturbance.  
Everything's under control.

The CROWD APPLAUDS. The Stripper plants a big kiss on Rosewood's cheek. Axel gooses the Stripper. The Stripper slaps Rosewood.

154H

INT. B.H. POLICE DEPT. -- NIGHT

154H \*

Axel, Taggart and Rosewood arrive.

BOGOMIL

(to Taggart and  
Rosewood)

Taggart, would you mind telling me what you and Rosewood were doing in a porno bar outside of your jurisdiction while you were on duty?

AXEL

Before you chastise these officers I want you to know something- the only reason they were at a strip bar is because they were tailing me. They apprehended the subject. I freaked out, these guys are super cops. The only thing missing are capes.

BOGOMIL

(studies Taggart and  
Rosewood for a few seconds)  
(To Taggart and Rosewood)

Is that how it happened?

TAGGART AND ROSEWOOD

No, sir.

BOGOMIL

Would you mind telling me how it happened?

CONTINUED:

154H

CONTINUED

154H \*

TAGGART

We were inside the bar with Foley. He observed the two suspects casing the establishment and before we knew what was going on, he had already disarmed one. Foley deserves all the credit for the arrests.

BOGOMIL

Axel Foley we appreciate your assistance. But in the future if you want to practice law enforcement I prefer you do it back in Detroit.

AXEL

I'm going back to the hotel. I had a very long day.

(to Taggart and Rosewood)

I'll see you guys back at the hotel.

Axel exits. Bogomil stand at his door and calls to Foster and McCabe.

BOGOMIL

Foster, McCabe. It's your turn. Don't lose him.

FOSTER

Not a chance sir.

McCabe smirkingly winks to Taggart and Rosewood, who feel like shit.

BOGOMIL

You guys are off this case.

154I

OMITTED

154I

AS SHOT 6/7/84\*  
AS SHOT 6/8/84\*\*

155 EXT. BEVERLY PALMS --THE NEXT MORNING 155\*

Foster and McCabe are parked in front of the hotel, waiting for Axel.

156 INT. BEVERLY PALMS -- AXEL'S ROOM -- DAY

Just out of the shower, Axel holds the phone in one hand while toweling himself with the other. 156\*\*

AXEL

Hello, room service?

(pleased)

Hey, that's right, how'd you know it was me?

(a beat)

Yeah. Some breakfast. What do you figure they eat?

157 EXT. BEVERLY PALMS --DAY 157\*

A group of well-dressed SHOPPERS stop and stare as our room service waiters take a tray out to Foster and McCabe.

WAITER

Good morning, gentlemen. Some coffee and donuts.

McCABE

What? There he is.

158 EXT. BEVERLY PALMS -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY 158\*

Miguel pulls up in Axel's Nova. Axel hops behind the wheel. Foster and McCabe follow.

159 OMITTED 159

160 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS -- DAY 160

Axel turns on Sunset, nearly getting tangled up with four stretch limos floating toward the Beverly Hills Hotel. Axel turns right--heading north-- a block or so past the hotel. Foster and McCabe follow.

161 EXT. STREET -- DAY 161 \*

Axel drives up a long, curving stretch of road, then pulls to the side of the road and stops. Foster and McCabe pull over about one hundred feet back. On the right hand side of the street, running the whole length of the block, is a twelve foot tall hedge concealing a fence.

162 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- FRONT GATE -- DAY 162 \*

Axel stops in front of a very solid looking remote controlled electric gate.

163 AXEL'S POV 163 \*

All Axel can see are trees, a stretch of lawn, flower beds, and the corner of a big, Spanish-style home.

164 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- DAY 164 \*

AXEL

Good morning officers. You guys the second team?

McCABE

(cocky)

We're the first team.

FOSTER

Yeah, we're not gonna fall for a banana in the tailpipe.

AXEL

Banana in the tailpipe? You been hanging around with this guy to long. Watch this brother, banana in the tailpipe - be natural - let it out - So you think you can keep up with me?

FOSTER

No problem.

McCABE

What are you doing up there?

AXEL

Nothing. Seeing what nine million dollars buys in the way of a house.

165

EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- AXEL'S POV

165 \*

From up here Axel can see the magnificent grounds leading up to the mansion, a grand, rambling two story hacienda with a red tile roof; this estate is the epitome of Beverly Hills luxury.

AXEL

It's nice

McCABE

Isn't this Victor Maitland's house?

\* AXEL

Yeah, I think so. This guy really knows how to live.

FOSTER

You're not thinking of breaking in?

AXEL

No I'm not thinking of breaking in.  
I'm sorry I'm just checking it out.  
This guy really knows how to live.  
Well, I've seen enough. You guys want a beer? Excuse me.

Axel pops the trunk of the Nova and, among piles of junk, there's a cooler with a six-pack and some sandwiches.

McCABE

For a man who claims to be on vacation, you look a lot like you're on a stakeout.

AXEL

Me? A stakeout? No, I'm picknicking.  
This looks like a picnic area.

The big iron gates to the estate start to swing open. Axel slams his trunk. A huge black Mercedes sedan with dark tinted windows turns out of the gates.

AXEL

Well, it's been nice shooting the shit with you guys but I gotta get moving, I got heavy vacationing today.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

Axel slides behind the wheel of his Nova and takes off.

FOSTER

Let's go!

And he and McCabe take off after Axel.

166 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS -- VARIOUS ANGLES -- DAY 166

Axel follows the Mercedes down Palm Canyon, across Sunset and south on various streets to Pico. Foster and McCabe stick close to Axel all the way; they tail him more obviously than Axel tails the Mercedes.

166A EXT. OLYMPIC BLVD. INTERSECTION -- DAY 166A \*\*

Axel stops behind the Mercedes at the light; the unmarked car crowds in behind Axel's Nova. The light turns green and the Mercedes takes off; the Nova lurches forward a few feet and stalls. Foster and McCabe's car nearly smashes into Axel and the cars behind nearly ram into the cops. HORNS BLARE. Foster yells out at Axel:

FOSTER

Get it moving!

AXEL

I can't, it's flooded.

Axel grinds the starter again without success. Of course, Axel is faking this car trouble: he waits until the light just goes from amber to red and ZOOMS ACROSS the intersection. The intersection fills with cars before the two stunned cops can react. They hit their HORN then blast their SIREN to get across against the traffic, but when they do Axel's Nova is nowhere in sight.

166B EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREETS -- DAY 166B

Meanwhile the Nova has caught up to the Mercedes. Mercedes turns left then left again into a private drive marked "The Sportsman's Club."

167 EXT. "THE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB" -- DAY 167

The Mercedes is waved through the security gate. Axel's Nova pulls up to the gate a second later. The SECURITY GUARD sneers at the Nova, probably the first American car he's seen that week.

CLUB GUARD

Members only, buddy, drive that piece of shit out of here.

AXEL

I'm trying to catch Mr. Maitland, he left his false teeth at the house. You want me to leave them with you?

The guard can't open the gate fast enough.

CLUB GUARD

You hurry you'll catch him at the clubhouse.

AXEL

Thanks, pal.

168 INT. CLUBHOUSE -- DAY 168 \*

Axel pauses at the entrance to the Sportsman's Club dining room.

AXEL

I have to speak to Victor Maitland.

CLUB MAITRE D'

This is a members only club; He's here.

AXEL

I have to speak to Victor Maitland. It's very important.

CLUB MAITRE D'

Are you sure it's Victor Maitland you're looking for?

(CONTINUED)

168

CLUB MAITRE D'  
Give me the message. I'll  
see that it get's to Mr.  
Maitland.

168 \*

AXEL  
Tell Victor that Ramon, the  
man we met last week...well  
I went to the clinic this morning  
and I found out I have herpes  
simplex 10. I think Victor should  
see his doctor before things start  
falling off.

CLUB MAITRE D'  
You better tell him yourself.

AXEL  
I think that would be best.

CLUB MAITRE D'  
I think so.

169

INT. MEN'S CLUB DINING ROOM - DAY

169 \*

Axel strides past a long buffet table and snags a  
shrimp as he goes by. He walks up to Maitland's  
table. Zack gets up but Axel ignores him.

AXEL  
Hi Victor. I'm back.

Zack moves to Axel.

AXEL  
Don't even try it.

ZACK  
Why don't you get the hell  
out of here.

A scuffle ensues and Axel flips Zack headlong into a  
large buffet table. Zack gets up, ready for action,  
but Maitland gently raises his hand to halt him.

AXEL  
Can you make him roll over too?

MAITLAND  
What do you want?

AXEL  
I want to talk. We didn't have  
much of a chance the last time  
we met.

(CONTINUED)

169

MAITLAND

169\*

I have nothing to say to you.

AXEL

That's OK. I'll do all the  
talking.

Axel sits at the table. Maitland icily stares at him. Axel  
returns it unblinkingly.

AXEL

\*\*

I know you're into a lot of vile  
shit and I also got a pretty good  
idea that you had Mikey killed.  
And when I prove that, I'm gonna  
fuck you up real bad.

MAITLAND

Is that so? Now let me tell you  
something, my tough little friend.  
I don't know from under what stone  
you crawled, but it's obvious that  
you don't have the slightest  
fucking idea of who you're dealing  
with here.

The Maitre d' is hurrying toward the table with a pair of  
UNIFORMED BEVERLY HILLS COPS. Axel leans close to Maitland.

OFFICER #1

Step away from that table, please,  
sir.

AXEL

Gotta go now, Vic.

169 REVISED

169

170  
thru  
186

OMITTED

170  
thru  
186

186A

INT. B.H. POLICE DEPT. -- BOGOMIL'S OFFICE -- DAY

186A \*

Axel sits in front of Bogomil. Foster and McCabe, looking sheepish, and Taggart and Rosewood, gloating, stand around the small room.

LT. BOGOMIL

This is getting very irritating.  
None of us are getting any sleep  
because of you.

AXEL

Hey, I'm willing to work with you  
guys; all you keep doing is  
arresting me.

LT. BOGOMIL

Why are you bothering Victor  
Maitland?

AXEL

My friend Mikey  
worked for Maitland: Maitland had  
him killed, But no, I can't prove  
it. If I could you'd be the first  
to know.

LT. BOGOMIL

Forget what you can prove. Talk  
to me.

CONTINUED:

186A

CONTINUED: (2)

186A \*

AXEL

Well, as you probably know, this guy Maitland is a big shot art dealer. He's always getting shipments in from all over the world. Well, I've been doing a little investigating and it turns out some of these shipments ain't exactly art. When I was at his warehouse I saw some of his guys unloading a crate of German bearer bonds, which as you may or may not know is a kind of untraceable international currency, which coincidentally my friend Mikey happened to have on him when he was killed in Detroit.

BOGOMIL

Just because Maitland chooses to invest in the same kind of bonds that your friend had, doesn't exactly make him a killer.

AXEL

This guy's no inventor, he's a smuggler. Sometimes, it's bonds, sometimes it's drugs. That crate never passed through customs. Maitland pays somebody off so his guys can get the shipments out of customs before they're inspected.

BOGOMIL

And what happens when customs finds these crates are missing?

AXEL

They never do. After Maitland's people get their hands on them they take out the bonds or drugs or whatever, fill the crates up with newspapers and get them back before customs gets a chance to inspect them, all they find is the newspapers.

BOGOMIL

You've witnessed all this?

AXEL

Everything except for the drugs. But I found coffee grounds all over the place at Maitland's warehouse.

CONTINUED:

186A CONTINUED: (3)

186A \*

TAGGART

You've said that before. What do coffee grounds mean?

BOGOMIL

Shipments of drugs are often packed in coffee grounds. The scent throws off the dogs.

AXEL

Very good Lieutenant.

LT. BOGOMIL

Well, I'm sorry Detective Foley. I'd like to help you. If you found drugs that would be one thing, but if your only evidence is coffee grounds we don't have enough to get a search warrant.

AXEL

C'mon you guys, I know how we can get around that--

LT. BOGOMIL

We don't "get around" search warrants in Beverly Hills.

CONTINUED:

186A

CONTINUED: (4)

186A \*

LT. BOGOMIL (Cont'd)  
(to Taggart)

Taggart, start checking this out. Start with the L.A.P.D., the FBI and the Customs service.

AXEL

Wait a minute -- you go sniffing around like that this guy will just shut down, he'll work out another way to make the shipments.

LT. BOGOMIL

Really? Is that your experience?

AXEL

Look, I haven't been a cop as long as you but I know what I'm talking about: you won't be able to touch this guy unless--

FOSTER

Sir!

The Beverly Hills cops straighten up as CHIEF HUBBARD opens the door to Bogomil's office. The Chief is 55, stiff backed, eye-glasses glinting, a cold professional. He wears a perfectly pressed uniform with stars on the epaulets. Lieutenant Bogomil is crisp as ever in a dark suit, but next to his Chief he looks almost casual.

CHIEF HUBBARD

Is that him?

LT. BOGOMIL

Yes, sir.

CHIEF HUBBARD

The man who crashed through Victor Maitland's window? The man who disabled an unmarked unit with a banana?

LT. BOGOMIL

Yes, sir.

CHIEF HUBBARD

The man who lured Taggart and Rosewood into a gross dereliction of duty at a striptease establishment? The man who ruined the buffet at the Harrow Club this morning?

(CONTINUED)

186A

CONTINUED: (5)

LT. BOGOMIL

186A \*

Yes, sir.

CHIEF HUBBARD (to AXEL)

I'll just bet you're the pride of your department back in Detroit.

(to Bogomil):

Could I see you in your office for a moment.

LT. BOGOMIL

Yes, sir.

Bogomil hurries out. Axel looks at the three other Beverly Hills cops.

AXEL

Jesus I thought it had been bad in Detroit. These guys are like a cartoon.

SGT. TAGGART

Lower your voice for Christ's sake.

AXEL

He can't hear through walls, can he?

SGT. TAGGART

Yes he can.

Bogomil walks back into the office.

LT. BOGOMIL

Rosewood, take Detective Foley back to his hotel, watch him pack, and escort him to the city limits. When you get there you can give him his gun back.

(to Axel)

The two charges of disturbing the peace against you have just been dropped by order of the Chief. But he says if you come back into the city of Beverly Hills the charges will be reinstated and you will be prosecuted to the limit of the law.

ROSEWOOD

Sir, can I say something?

LT. BOGOMIL

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

186A CONTINUED (6)

186A \*

ROSEWOOD

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

LT. BOGOMIL

You want to tell it to the Chief?

ROSEWOOD

(meekly)

No sir.

LT. BOGOMIL

Then, I'd advise you to get moving.

ROSEWOOD

Let's go Axel.

AXEL

Lemme' get this straight. You're  
running me out of town like some  
western?

LT. BOGOMIL

I'm afraid so.

AXEL

I don't understand you guys.

LT. BOGOMIL

You're a new experience for us, too.

187  
thru OMITTED  
190

187  
thru  
190

190A EXT. HOLLIS BENTON GALLERY --DAY

190A

Maitland's black Mercedes pulls up and heard Zack  
get out. They head into the gallery.

190B INT. HOLLIS BENTON GALLERY - DAY

190B\*

Maitland and Zack approach Jeannette who is at her desk on the phone. Maitland hardly ever visits the gallery and his presence, along with Zack's, is cause for some alarm on Jeannette's part.

JEANNETTE

(on phone)

Yes... Well, we'll check on it and I'll get back to you tomorrow. Yes... Thank you.

She hangs up.

JEANNETTE

Hello Victor.

MAITLAND

I hope I'm not interrupting you.

JEANNETTE

Don't be silly.

MAITLAND

Jenny, there's this gentleman in town from Detroit who says he's a friend of Michael Tandino's. He came by my office yesterday to ask me some questions about him. I believe his name is Foley. Seeing as how Michael was a mutual friend, I was wondering if you were familiar with this fellow.

Jeannette conceals her nervousness well.

JEANNETTE

Uh... Yeah. We grew up in the same neighborhood.

Maitland quietly studies her for a moment.

MAITLAND

Have you seen him lately?

JEANNETTE

Well... He was in yesterday.

MAITLAND

He came by here?

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

MAITLAND  
We should have dinner soon.

JEANNETTE  
No problem at all.

MAITLAND  
Well, I'm sorry to disturb  
you, darling.

JEANNETTE  
(continuing)  
He may even have gone back to  
Detroit. I don't know.

Maitland's eyes search her face.

JEANNETTE  
No I don't.

MAITLAND  
Jenny, darling, you wouldn't  
know by any chance where Mr.  
Foley is staying. I might  
have some helpful information  
for him.

Jeannette can't tell if Maitland knows she's lying.

JEANNETTE  
And that's it. He left and I  
haven't seen him since.

MAITLAND  
Yes...

Maitland waits for more information.

JEANNETTE  
And he told me that Mikey  
was killed.

MAITLAND  
And...

Maitland nods expectantly.

JEANNETTE  
Yes.

AS SHOT 7/16/84 \*

80A.

190B CONTINUED (3)

190B \*

JEANNETTE

That would be lovely.

They exchange subtext-ridden polite smiles. Jeannette watches as Maitland and Zack leave.

191 ALREADY SHOT

191

192 ALREADY SHOT

192

(PAGES 81-86 ARE OMITTED)

193 EXT. HOLLIS COYNE GALLERY - DAY 193 \*

Rosewood's car pulls into the loading zone in front of the gallery.

194 INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR - DAY 194 \*

Axel and Rosewood.

ROSEWOOD

I'm not taking you to the art gallery, Axel.

AXEL

Billy. It'll just take a few minutes. My friend Jenny'll let me into Maitland's warehouse and as soon as they bring in the shipment, we can nail them.

ROSEWOOD

But how can you be sure it'll be drugs or something.

AXEL

It's called a hunch, Rosewood. It's a technique by which many crimes outside of Beverly Hills are solved.

ROSEWOOD

Why didn't you tell Bogomil about this shipment.

AXEL

Because Bogomil does everything by the book. I'm beginning to think everyone in this town is a god damn robot.

ROSEWOOD

Damn. All they asked me to do was drive you out of town, and I'm going to screw that up.

195  
thru  
196 OMITTED

195  
thru  
196

197 INT. HOLLIS BEATON GALLERY -- DAY

197 \* -

Through the window we see Axel and Rosewood pull up and enter. They walk past Serge as they approach Jeannette.

AXEL

Jenny, this is my good buddy  
Billy Rosewood. He's a Beverly  
Hills cop. She's the manager of this place.  
(to Serge)  
Serge, can you get my friend  
some espresso?

SERGE

(to Rosewood)  
Would you like a lemon twist?

ROSEWOOD

Uh...yeah, please. If it's no bother.

JEANNETTE

Axel, Victor Maitland was just here  
-asking about you.

AXEL

Oh, yeah? What did he want to know?

JEANNETTE

He asked where you were staying.  
He said he had some helpful  
information for you.

AXEL

Yeah, I'll bet.

JEANNETTE

I think your paranoia is rubbing  
off on me. I'll tell you, he was acting  
real strange.

AXEL

Jenny, I got to get into the  
warehouse again. There's a shipment  
coming in today and I want to be  
waiting there when it comes.

JEANNETTE

We're not expecting any shipment  
today.

Axel and Rosewood exchange glances.

AXEL

You may not be, but there's one  
coming in. I saw the manifest.  
Can you give me the keys and  
the combination to the warehouse?

CONTI NUED:

197 CONTINUED:

197 \*\*

JEANNETTE  
How bout I go with you?

AXEL  
Jenny. you work with Serge,  
you're not a cop.

JEANNETTE  
Axel.  
If any of this has to do with  
him getting killed, I want to  
check it out for myself.

AXEL  
I don't have time to stand here  
and argue with you.

Jeannette gets her keys.

JEANNETTE  
Then we'll argue on the way there.

AXEL  
(sighs)  
C'mon Rosewood.

198 OMITTED

198

198A EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- DAY

198A \*

Rosewood's car pulls up opposite the warehouse.

198B INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR -- DAY

198B \*

AXEL  
O.K. Billy, your job is to sit  
here and observe. Don't do  
anything, don't make a move until  
I come out and get you.

ROSEWOOD  
I don't see why I can't come in.

AXEL  
Because you're a cop in this town  
and if you go in right now without  
probable cause they'll call it an  
illegal search. Didn't they teach  
you that in cop school? When I  
find some evidence I'll invite you  
in.

CONTINUED:

198B CONTINUED

198B \*

ROSEWOOD

But...

AXEL

But nothing. Just sit tight. And don't do anything until I come out and get you, you understand?

(to Jeannette)

Are you sure you just won't give me the key and wait here?

JEANNETTE

No chance.

Axel sighs.

AXEL

C'mon.

199 EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - DAY

199 \* \*

Axel and Jeannette head to the warehouse door. She opens it and they go in.

200 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR DAY

200 \*\*

Axel and Jeannette head through the maze of corridors. They come to the security door. Jeannette punches up the combination.

AXEL

For the last time, Jenny, please. You'd be safer in the car.

JEANNETTE

That's very sweet of you. I'm glad you feel safer-- But I'm not going to do it.

Axel and Jeannette head in through the security door.

---

201 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE --DAY

201 \*

The warehouse appears to be deserted. Axel walks to a crate on the packing table and reads the customs notice.

AXEL

It looks like they've been here already.

JEANNETTE

What exactly are you looking for?

AXEL

This. A crate from overseas that hasn't cleared customs yet. I wonder why it's still here.

201A ANGLE ON THE CRATE

201A \*

Axel takes off the lid. Underneath is a layer of wax with a length of wire buried in it. Axel pulls on the wire which cuts a large square in the wax. Now Axel can get his fingers in to take out that wax square; underneath the wax is a layer of coffee grounds.

JEANNETTE

Coffee?

AXEL

There's coffee on the top.

He reaches through the two inch thick layer of coffee grounds and pulls out a black plastic bag. He takes a razor knife off the packing table and slits the bag open to reveal a white powder inside.

202 CLOSE ON AXEL AND JEANNETTE

202 \*

Axel takes a taste of the powder and looks to Jeannette.

AXEL

That's it. Let's get Rosewood. This aint sugar.

Suddenly from behind them comes the click of pistol being cocked. It's Casey and one of Maitland's guards.

CASEY

Welcome to the party. Long time no see. Remember me.

Casey and the guard wave their guns drawn on Axel and Jeannette.

CONTINUED:

202 CONTINUED:

202 \*

JEANNETTE  
 (to Casey, bluffing)  
 Hey wait a minute. I work for  
 Victor Maitland. You're going to  
 be in big trouble when he  
 hears about this.

CASEY  
 You can tell him yourself, he'll  
 be here any second.

203  
thru OMITTED  
204

203  
thru  
204

204A CONSIDERED COVERED

204A \*

204B CONSIDERED COVERED

204B \*

204C CONSIDERED COVERED

204C \*

204D INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

204D \*

Maitland leads his entourage down the twisting hallway leading to the warehouse's inner steel door:

204E INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- DAY

204E \*

Even Casey gets a little nervous when Maitland comes in. He levels his pistol at Axel.

MAITLAND

Seems we have guests.

Maitland walks over to Axel and Jeannette. He looks back and forth from one to the other. He keeps his voice and manner quiet and calm, but anger radiates from him like heat waves in the desert.

MAITLAND

What do we have here? How nice.

Maitland studies Jeannette for a moment.

CONTINUED:

204E CONTINUED:

204E \*

MAITLAND

(continuing)

I just can't tell you how much it  
disappoints me to find you here,  
Jeannette, I thought you were  
much smarter than that.

(to Axel)

I knew you weren't.

JEANNETTE

Victor, let me.....

MAITLAND

(suddenly overtly vicious)

Shut up! I don't want to hear it now.

AXEL

Hey, Vicky-I know you don't think I  
came down here without calling someone.  
Let's call it a day.

Maitland eyes Axel curiously.

MAITLAND

(to guards regarding Jeannette)

Take her to my car and wait for me.

JEANNETTE

What are you going to do with him?

MAITLAND

I think you should be more worried  
about what we're going to do with you.  
Get her out of here.

AXEL

I'm okay- We've got coffee, we've  
got cocaine, we're gonna have a  
blast.

The guard escorts Jeannette out.

204EE CONSIDERED COVERED

204EE \*

204F CONSIDERED COVERED

204F \*

205  
thru OMITTED  
207

AS SHOT 7/11/84 \*

208 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- DAY

208 \*

Axel glares at Maitland

AXEL

You know Victor, If something happens to Miss Summers

MAITLAND

I'm all ears

AXEL

I'll Kill you.

MAITLAND

That'll be a neat little trick.

Zack steps up to Axel.

AXEL

Are you still pissed at me?

ZACK

I should have taken care of you when we popped your little buddy in Detroit.

Zack smiles to Axel who is covered with anger. Zack suddenly lets out a powerful blow to Axel's midsection. As Axel bends over, Zack's smile sharply turns to a furious glare as he slaps Axel twice.

With a knowing look to Casey:

MAITLAND

Casey clean up this mess, and don't be afraid to take your time.

CASEY

Yes sir.

MAITLAND

(to Axel)

Good-bye Mr. Foley.

AXEL

Take it easy Vic.

MAITLAND

Have a nice day.

AXEL

I'll try.

209 OMITTED  
209A CONSIDERED COVERED  
209B CONSIDERED COVERED

209  
209A\*  
209B\*

(CONTINUED)

210 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- DAY

210 \*

Axel is held by two guards. He glares at Casey. Casey studies Axel for a moment and then cuddles the back of Axels head.

210 CONTINUED: 210 \*  
PARTIALLY COVERED ON ORIGINAL PAGES

211 PARTIALLY COVERED ON ORIGINAL PAGES 211 \*

212 INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE --DAY 212 \*  
Casey draws his pistol from his shoulder holster and starts firing at Rosewood.

212A INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR -- DAY 212A \*  
Rosewood downs Casey with one shot.

212B INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- DAY 212B \*  
Axel breaks free of the two guards and kicks the shit out of them.

ROSEWOOD  
Jesus Christ!!

AXEL  
Come on, Lets go.

Axel and Rosewood run down the corridor.

AXEL  
Thanks

ROSEWOOD  
I think I'm gonna throw up.

AXEL  
Let's do it together later.

212C OMITTED 212C  
213 OMITTED 213  
213A OMITTED 213A

5/14/84 7/15/89

96.

213B EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE -- DAY 213B \*\*

Axel and Rosewood jump down off the loading dock and sprint up the alley and across the street to Rosewood's car.

214 thru 240 OMITTED 214 thru 240

240A INT. ROSEWOOD'S CAR -- DAY 240A \*\*

Rosewood is on the radio.

ROSEWOOD

Tell Taggart to check out the warehouse at that address and act on whatever he finds. I'll explain it to him later.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

DD 9, Sgt. Taggart is here now and he wants to talk to you.

SGT. TAGGART'S VOICE

Billy! What the hell is going on?

241 INT. B. H. POLICE DEPT. -- OPERATIONS ROOM -- DAY 241 \*\*

The two dispatchers have their desks in front of the big electronic map of Beverly Hills. Sgt. Taggart is leaning over them to talk into one of the microphones.

ROSEWOOD'S VOICE

Sorry, Sarge, I can't talk now.

SGT. TAGGART

What do you mean you can't talk now? Where are you?

ROSEWOOD'S VOICE

Just check out the warehouse, and don't say anything to Bogomil, please.

Taggart looks over at Bogomil's office. He can see Bogomil through the glass walls; Bogomil is hard at work, oblivious to the little scene in front of the dispatchers desk.

SGT. TAGGART

What the hell are you doing? Billy? Answer me, Goddamn it!

DISPATCHER

Sorry sir, he's not transmitting anymore.

(CONTINUED)

241

CONTINUED:

241 \*

Foster and McCabe, who have been watching this from their desks, come up.

FOSTER

What's the matter?

SGT. TAGGART

It's Billy, he's doing something stupid but I don't know what.

(to dispatcher)

Was he calling from the hotel?

DISPATCHER

No, sir.

(pointing to map)

Right now his car is headed north on Palm Canyon Road.

MCCABE

Funny, we were there this morning.

SGT. TAGGART

What?

FOSTER

Yeah. Axel was looking over Victor Maitland's house.

Taggart punches the desk.

SGT. TAGGART

That stupid kid! I gotta go stop him. Don't say anything about this to anyone.

Taggart turns away to go, then turns back to the dispatcher.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED: (2)

241 \*\*

SGT. TAGGART  
You got the address of that  
warehouse?

The dispatcher hands Taggart a slip of paper; Taggart hands  
it to Foster.

SGT. TAGGART  
You two go check this out, then find  
me and report. Don't talk to anyone  
but me.

Taggart runs for the door.

243 EXT. PALM CANYON ROAD — DAY

243 \*

Rosewood's car is parked at the curb in front of the huge  
hedge bordering the Maitland estate. Axel and Rosewood  
are looking at the main gates. 6/14

AXEL  
This is too out in the open  
There's a side gate up the street.

Axel and Rosewood arrive up alongside  
the hedge until they reach a smaller side gate to the  
estate.

ROSEWOOD  
I guess I'd better give you  
this now.

Rosewood hands Axel the 9mm Browning Axel brought from  
Detroit, together with Axel's spare clips. Axel shoves  
the gun in his waistband and the clips in his pocket.

AXEL  
Come on.  
(pointing to the gate)

Axel takes out a pair of thin lockpicks from his wallet.

AS SHOT 6/27/84 \*

98.

244  
thru  
246

OMITTED

244  
thru  
246

247

EXT. PALM CANYON ROAD -- CRANE SHOT -- DAY

247

We PULL UP from Axel and Rosewood until we can see OVER the hedge to the Maitland mansion beyond. We MOVE CLOSER to the mansion until we are CLOSE on an UPSTAIRS BALCONY AREA.

248

INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- UPSTAIRS STUDY -- DAY

248 \*

Jeannette is sitting on the sofa. Maitland's aide Zack is with him.

Maitland gets up and walks over to her.

MAITLAND

Darling, tell me how far has this gone-you can tell me.

Maitland LASHES OUT with the most vicious open handed slap ever seen. Jeannette topples off the couch, unconscious. Maitland pokes her lightly with his toe.

MAITLAND

I didn't kill her, did I? I hope I haven't broken my watch.

ZACK

(kneeling beside her)

No, but she'll be out for a while.

MAITLAND

We have time.

249  
thru  
253

OMITTED

249  
thru  
253

Taggart's unmarked car smokes up to the curb and Taggart gets out in a fury. Rosewood looks a little pale.

TAGGART

Hold it right there, Foley.  
You're under arrest. Billy  
what the hell are you going here?

Axel ignores Taggart and continues to work on the lock.

AXEL

I stole my gun back and forced  
him to bring me here.

ROSEWOOD

No he didn't Sarge. Look,  
everything Axel said about Maitland  
was right, and he's kidnapped a woman  
and is holding her in that  
house.

SGT. TAGGART

Then let's go in there and get her.

AXEL

What the fuck do you think I'm doing?

SGT. TAGGART

You're not going to doing anything.  
We'll handle  
this. We can have a search warrant  
here in twenty minutes.

AXEL

She could be dead in twenty minutes.

SGT. TAGGART

Stop working on that  
lock. You're coming with us.

AXEL

Look man, I'm opening this door. I'm  
going inside. You want to stop me shoot  
me.

ROSEWOOD

Me too, Sarge.

SGT. TAGGART

Billy!

(CONTINUED)

254

CONTINUED:

254 \*

ROSEWOOD

Really, Sarge. You can do whatever you want, but I'm going with Axel.

SGT. TAGGART

God damn it. This is really serious trouble, Billy if you're lucky you'll get fired.

AXEL

Got it!

The lock clicks open.

SGT. TAGGART

This is my last warning.

But Axel goes in. Rosewood moves to follow.

SGT. TAGGART

Billy!

ROSEWOOD

I'm sorry, Sarge, I've got to.

It's against his every instinct, but Taggart just can't let his young partner go it alone.

SGT. TAGGART

Shit. Wait a minute.

Taggart opens the trunk of his car and comes back with his riot shotgun. He follows Axel and Rosewood through the gate.

SGT. TAGGART

Billy, I'm gonna make you pay for this.

255  
thru  
267

OMITTED

255  
thru  
267

267A

INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- SECURITY ROOM -- DAY

267A \*

Two of Maitland's men, uniformed as GUARDS, sit at a console filled with security systems, TV monitors, and electronic diagrams of the estate. There's a red light blinking on one of these.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
(to phone)

He hangs up the phone and starts working on the TV monitors.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(PAGES 102-110 OMITTED)

268 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- BELOW THE POOL -- DAY 268

Axel, Rosewood and Taggart are creeping up toward the pool. Taggart starts forward; Axel holds him back, pointing to a small TV camera sweeping back and forth.

AXEL

There are cameras all over this fucking place. Billy, you go first. Wait until it gets to the far point of the sweep. Then run like hell right for the camera and stand right under it. Wait for it... Go!

Rosewood sprints toward the camera.

269 INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- SECURITY ROOM -- DAY 269 \*

The guards punch up various views on the dozen TV monitors that cover the extensive grounds, but none of them show Axel, Rosewood and Taggart.

269A EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- POOL AREA -- DAY 269A \*

Axel approaches a guard at poolside and starts to hit him when another guard hits Axel and Axel downs both of them.

GUARD

Who the hell are you?

But then Axel slams into the guard from behind, knocking him out.

270 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- POOL HOUSE -- DAY 270 \*

Taggart and Rosewood help Axel bundle the unconscious guard into one of the little dressing rooms off the poolhouse.

270A INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- SECURITY ROOM -- DAY 270A \*\*

Suddenly one of the TV monitors shows Axel --- Rosewood and Taggart are in shadow.

GUARD #1

Freeze that.

(to the phone)

You better get the boss down here.

270B EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- DAY 270B \*\*

Taggart goes to the right, while

270C AXEL AND ROSEWOOD 270C \*\*

go around to the left.

271 thru 275 OMITTED 271 thru 275

275A INT. B. H. POLICE DEPT. -- OPERATIONS ROOM -- DAY 275A \*\*

Lt. Bogomil comes out of his office and looks around.

LT. BOGOMIL

Where is everybody? Is Rosewood back? Owenby, have you seen Taggart?

DET. OWENBY

He left with Foster and McCabe about 20 minutes ago.

LT. BOGOMIL

Thanks.

Bogomil walks over to the dispatcher's console.

275B INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- SECURITY ROOM -- DAY 275B \*\*

Maitland and Zack are looking at the frozen image of Axel on one of the TV monitors.

MAITLAND

Kill him quickly.

276 INT. B. H. POLICE DEPT. -- OPERATIONS ROOM -- DAY 276

Bogomil is pacing nervously behind the dispatchers' console, watching the status board which shows the locations of all the emergency vehicles in Beverly Hills.

(CONTINUED)

276

CONTINUED:

276

LT. BOGOMIL  
Try Taggart and Rosewood again.  
Try Foster and McCabe too.

DISPATCHER #1  
(to radio)  
DD 13, come in please. DD 9, come  
in please.

DISPATCHER #2  
They must be away from their cars,  
sir.

LT. BOGOMIL  
(impatiently)  
Yes, I can see that. Keep trying.  
Wait a minute. Who lives at that  
address on Palm Canyon? \*

DISPATCHER #1  
(punching up on  
computer)  
A Victor Maitland, sir. \*

277

ANGLE ON BOGOMIL

277

He's not real happy to hear this. He walks over to  
Detective Ownby's desk. \*

LT. BOGOMIL  
(quietly)  
Owenby, I want you and Hopkins to  
draw rifles and wait for me out in  
your car. Have the engine running.

Owenby knows better than to ask questions.

DET. OWENBY  
Draw rifles. Yes, sir, right away.

Bogomil turns back to the status board, reading the glowing  
symbols of the moving cars.

278  
thru  
279

OMITTED

278  
thru  
279

279A

EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- DAY

279A

Six of Maitland's GOONS, heavily armed, run out of the  
house and down the steps of the terrace. One of them spots  
Rosewood. \*

(CONTINUED)

279A

CONTINUED:

279A

GOON #1

There they are!

He opens fire.

279B

A ROW OF BULLETS

279B

splinter into the railing and smash the flower pots in front of Axel and Rosewood. Rosewood does as he's been trained. He holds up his badge and shouts:

ROSEWOOD

Beverly Hills Police! You're all under arrest!

Axel yanks Rosewood's arm back down just in time as the rest of the goons open fire at the two cops. Axel squeezes off a few shots with his Browning. \*

AXEL

(to Rosewood)

You open your mouth like that again and I'll shoot you myself. \*

279C

EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- ANGLE ON TAGGART -- DAY

279C

\*\*

Now Taggart has come up against a wall; he's trying to haul himself up when a line of bullets nearly graze his fingers. He drops back down.

SGT. TAGGART

What the hell am I doing here?

279D

ANGLE ON AXEL AND ROSEWOOD

279D

\*\*

They are pinned down by Maitland's goons. As Axel speaks he swiftly ejects the Browning's spent clip and smacks in a new one.

AXEL

On the count of three, you break right and try and meet up with Taggart. I'm gonna try to make it to the house. Ready? One. Two. Three. \*

And Axel pops up for a second to draw fire, then Rosewood goes off to his right and the fire switches to him, then Axel jumps up again and fires, hitting one of the goons who topples off the terrace. The other goons take cover and when they do

5/13/84

115 thru 117.

280  
thru  
290

OMITTED

280  
thru  
290

291

INT. B. H. POLICE DEPT. -- OPERATIONS ROOM -- DAY

291

Bogomil is still hovering right behind the dispatchers' console. One of the dispatchers turns to him.

DISPATCHER

We have a report of shots fired that address, 1901 Palm Canyon Road. \*

LT. BOGOMIL

Put it out as a 10-13, officer needs assistance, shots fired. Undercovers' on scene.

DISPATCHER

Sir?

LT. BOGOMIL

\_ Shut up and do it.

292

INT. A BEVERLY HILLS POLICE CAR -- DAY

292

The MDT 800 terminal BEEPS loudly, the screen is wiped clean and replaced by the following message:

10-13 ASSIST OFFICER  
LOC 1901 PALM CANYON RD. BE/LOS GATOS  
SHOTS FIRED  
CAUTION PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS ON SCENE

The second status button on the MDT 800 is labeled "en route." The OFFICER in the passenger seat hits this button while the DRIVER hits the switch for the siren and lights.

293

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- DAY

293

Two Beverly Hills police cars cross Sunset in a flash, sirens howling.

294

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPT. -- DAY

294

Lt. Bogomil sprints out of the department's "officer only" entrance toward an unmarked car; in it, Detectives Ownby and Hopkins are waiting with engine running, rear door open. The detectives are carrying rifles as ordered. Bogomil jumps in the back seat.

295

THE UNMARKED CAR

295

rockets out onto Rexford, siren screaming -- it's halfway across Santa Monica Boulevard before Bogomil gets the back door shut.

- 296 INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- DAY 296  
Axel, pistol ready, walks quietly through an empty upstairs \*  
bedroom.
- 297 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -- HELICOPTER SHOT -- DAY 297  
A birds-eye view of Beverly Hills shows dozens of police  
cars converging on the Maitland estate.
- 298 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- FRONT GATES -- DAY 298  
The first six Beverly Hills cars are already here.
- 299 EXT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- DAY 299  
The two guards from the security monitor room are now on  
the grounds searching for the intruders. The SOUND of \*  
nearby police SIRENS has shaken them up.
- SECURITY GUARD #1  
You want to stick around?
- SECURITY GUARD #2  
Hell no.
- They run toward the garage area.
- 300 thru 301 OMITTED 300 thru 301
- 302 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- FRONT GATES -- DAY 302  
A pair of officers are trying to climb around the huge  
hedge while a SERGEANT backs his car up and rams it into  
the gates. The gates buckle but don't give.
- 302A EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- ANGLE ON ROSEWOOD -- DAY 302A \*\*  
Rosewood is retreating from the goons using the shelter  
of the lower terrace. He hears a noise behind him and  
spins around: it's Taggart, retreating from the other  
direction.

- 303 INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY 303  
It's very quiet here in contrast to the bedlam outside. Axel kicks open a door, but the room's empty. He walks on down the hall, but then spins around as he hears \*
- 303A A DOBERMAN GUARD DOG 303A \*\*  
growling. Axel and the dog look at each other for a moment, then the dog charges and Axel sprints into the empty bedroom he'd just kicked in the door of.
- 303B AXEL SPRINTS ACROSS 303B \*\*  
the bedroom and just beats the dog into the bathroom; Axel slams the door and takes a deep breath of relief which lasts only an instant because
- 303C THE DOG CHARGES IN 303C \*\*  
through a connecting bathroom door that Axel didn't see behind him.
- AXEL  
Shit!
- Axel jumps up on the sink and from there gains a perch precariously on top of the sliding shower stall doors. The dog leaps insanely at Axel.
- 304 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- FRONT TERRACE -- DAY 304  
Taggart and Rosewood are still pinned down by Maitland's goons. They can hear many sirens, but no reinforcements have arrived. Rosewood is reloading his revolver.
- ROSEWOOD  
You know what I keep thinking about?  
Do you remember the end of "Butch Cassidy" when Redford and Newman are almost out of ammunition and the whole Bolivian army is outside this little hut...
- SGT. TAGGART  
Billy!
- 304A INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- BATHROOM -- DAY 304A \*\*  
The Doberman is still trying to leap up at Axel. Carefully Axel slides open the door of the shower stall, then dangles his foot down inside the shower. The crazed dog jumps into the shower to get Axel's foot; Axel slams the shower door shut and hops down on the outside, leaving the dog harmlessly locked inside the shower.

- 304B EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- DAY 304B \*\*  
A couple of POLICE OFFICERS are trying without success to disable the automatic front gate.
- 304C INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- CENTRAL AREA -- DAY 304C \*\*  
Axel stalks through one of the main rooms. Without any warning a bullet hits him high on the right shoulder and spins him around.
- 304D MAITLAND 304D \*\*  
stands laughing across the room. He waits before firing again, enjoying Axel's pain. But Axel jumps out of the way, into an alcove.
- 304E AXEL'S GUN HAND 304E \*\*  
can't grip anymore. He tries to transfer the gun to his left hand.
- 304F MAITLAND 304F \*\*  
walks calmly over to the alcove. He smiles, cocks his gun, then spins around into the alcove, blasting away.
- 304G ANGLE ON THE ALCOVE 304G \*\*  
But Axel isn't there. Maitland is shooting into an empty alcove. The only sign that Axel ever was there are a few spots of blood on the floor.
- 304H MAITLAND 304H \*\*  
hurries over to the stairs.
- 305 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- FRONT GATE -- DAY 305  
Now a big police Chevy has backed up across the street: it accelerates and gets up a good speed before ramming the gate. The gate bends, it buckles, then with a tremendous CRASH it's torn loose and carried away.
- 306 INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- STUDY -- DAY 306 \*\*  
Maitland rushes into his study, opens his safe, and starts filling a suitcase with cash and bearer bonds. He ignores Jeannette, who is still lying where she fell when he hit her.

5/14/84

119B.

306A

CLOSE ON JEANNETTE

306A \*\*

She's not unconscious anymore; she's eyeing Maitland covertly. She gets up very quietly, picks up a table lamp and creeps up behind Maitland. She'd love to bash his head in. But suddenly

306B

MAITLAND

306B

alerted by a shadow, whips around and drives his fist into her gut.

5/14/84 120.

307 thru 308 OMITTED 307 thru 308

309 EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY 309

The two security guards hop in the van parked near the front door and gun it down the drive. They meet half a dozen Beverly Hills Police cars speeding up it. The van turns off the narrow drive and crashes into a fountain, \* smashing it; a great plume of water shoots up.

309A THE POLICE CARS 309A \*\*

smash first into the van and then into each other, a five car accident in this narrow driveway. Steam pours from the radiators.

309B EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE -- FRONT GATE -- DAY 309B

Owenby and Hopkins' car, carrying Bogomil, flashes through the wreckage of the main gate and halts just before hitting \* the pile-up of police cars.

309C INT. OWENBY AND HOPKINS' CAR -- DAY 309C

Bogomil looks at the chaotic scene.

LT. BOGOMIL

Oh, shit. Come on. \*

He hops out of the car and leads them, sprinting, for the \* house.

309D INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION -- STAIRWAY -- DAY 309D \*\*

Axel is walking up the stairway, hugging close to the wall; his shoulder wound leaves a smear of blood on the white paint. Alerted by a noise he drops down; a spray of bullets slam into the wall over his head.

309E ZACK 309E \*\*

is on the balcony opposite, holding an automatic weapon.

309F AXEL 309F \*\*

braces his gun between two railings of the banister and fires back.

309G ZACK 309G \*\*

catches the bullets in the chest. He topples over the balcony.

310

EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE — TERRACE — DAY

310

Taggart and Rosewood are now joined by shotgun bearing uniformed OFFICERS. Two of Maitland's thugs are wounded; the others look around, ready to run, but where can they go?

ROSEWOOD

Can I do it? Please? \*

SGT. TAGGART

Sure, Billy, go ahead. \*

Rosewood pokes his head up, more cautiously this time.

ROSEWOOD

Beverly Hills Police! You're under arrest! Lay your weapons down in front of you and take two steps back with your hands up!

The goons look at each other, then lay down their guns and surrender. Billy Rosewood grins at Taggart. \*

311  
thru  
313

OMITTED

311  
thru  
313

313A

INT. THE MAITLAND MANSION — UPSTAIRS HALLWAY — DAY 313A \*

Axel's halfway down the hall, about to kick in another bedroom door; he suddenly spins around as he hears Jeannette shout a warning behind him. Maitland fires, but Axel drops to the floor; Maitland's shot misses. Axel can't fire back because Maitland is using Jeannette as a shield.

MAITLAND

Careful old boy you might  
hit me.

Maitland, keeping a very tight grip around Jeannette's throat, backs down the hall toward the spiral staircase. He has a gun to her head.

313B

AXEL

313B \*

is on the floor halfway down the hallway; he is trying to line up a shot with his left hand but the chance of hitting Jeannette is much too great. Suddenly

313C

FROM BEHIND AXEL

313C \*

Bogomil shouts:

LT. BOGOMIL

Freeze!

Bogomil, with is at the other end of the hall; Axel is between them and Maitland and Axel can't tell if Bogomil's command was meant for him or Maitland.

313D

MAITLAND HOLDS JEANNETTE

313D \*

even more tightly

Maitland is at the staircase now; in a second he'll be out of the line of fire. But Maitland cannot resist bringing his gun away from her head to take a shot at Axel. This gives Jeannette a chance to jam her elbow into Maitland's stomach and break free.

313E ANGLE DOWN THE HALLWAY 313E \*

Axel and, beyond him, Bogomil both fire.

313F MAITLAND 313F \*

hit twice, staggers backward. He fires and the bullet tears a chunk out of the wall in front of Axel's face. Then

313G ANGLE ON THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE 313G \*

Maitland tumbles over the banister and down the center of the stairwell.

313H IN THE HALLWAY 313H \*

Bogomil has come down the hall to stand beside Axel; they exchange a look: Bogomil's expression is unreadable.

DISSOLVE TO:

AS SHOT 6/21/84 \*

123.

314  
thru  
327

OMITTED

314  
thru  
327

328

EXT. MAITLAND ESTATE - LATER - DAY

328

Now ambulances and fire trucks, paddy wagons and tow trucks have joined the confusion in front of the mansion.

328A

FOSTER AND MCCABE'S CAR

328A

pulls up. The two young detectives look around at the action they've missed before running off to find Taggart.

329

TWO PARAMEDIC AMBULANCES

329

are just inside the gate. A PARAMEDIC is bandaging Axel's wound. Rosewood and Jeannette are near him. Jeannette has an icebag on her head where Maitland hit her.

329A

ANGLE ON THE TERRACE - AXEL'S POV

329A \*

Axel watches as Foster and McCabe run up to Taggart. Axel surmises they're reporting on what they found at the gallery warehouse. As Axel watches, Bogomil comes down the terrace steps and Taggart hurries up to report to him. Bogomil looks startled, then his eyes sweep around until they lock with Axel's. Bogomil looks speculatively at Axel.

329B

ANGLE ON AXEL

329B \*

He winks at Bogomil. Then he turns to Jeannette.

AXEL

Are you sure you're all right?

JEANNETTE

Yes.

Axel starts to look under the ice bag. She stops him.

AXEL

Let me take a look.

JEANNETTE

You've already seen it four times. I appreciate your concern and I know you feel guilty but I--

AXEL

I don't feel guilty.

(CONTINUED)

329B CONTINUED

329B \*

JEANETTE  
Well, you should.

AXEL

I do. I'm glad I was shot.  
Otherwise you'd really be  
pissed at me. Want to see  
my wound again?

He starts to uncover his wound. He sees.

329C CHIEF'S HUBBARD'S CAR

329C \*

Pull in.

AXEL

Oh shit.

Hubbard walks toward the house past the steaming radiators  
of his police cars and past the smashed fountain still  
spouting water. Hubbard looks like the wrath of God.  
Hubbard is so angry at so many things, he hardly knows where  
to begin. But them suddenly he barks out:

CHIEF HUBBARD

(pointing to Axel)

What is this man doing here?

330 ANOTHER ANGLE

330 \*

AXEL

Bleeding sir.

CHIEF HUBBARD

Rosewood! How come he isn't  
wearing handcuffs?

Rosewood starts to stammer.

ROSEWOOD

Ah, well, he's in  
custody, sir.

CHIEF HUBBARD

Well, place him in custody. Or would  
you like me to?

LT. BOGOMIL

(hurrying up)

Don't you want to hear my report,  
first?

CONTINUED

330 CONTINUED

CHIEF HUBBARD

I'm standing in the middle of what looks like a battlefield. We have police on private property without warrants. Mr. Maitland and four other civilians are dead. We have a detective from Detroit who was supposed to be escorted out of town by now and you have a report that can explain all of this.

LT. BOGOMIL

Yes, sir.

CHIEF HUBBARD

I'd very much like to hear it.

LT. BOGOMIL

Well, sir, Miss Jeanette Summers, the manager of Mr. Maitland's art gallery, accidentally discovered large quantities of a substance she suspected was cocaine in the Art Gallery's warehouse. She immediately communicated her discovery to Detective Axel Foley of the Detroit Police force. (he takes a breath) Detective Foley was at the time cooperating in a joint Beverly Hills/Detroit investigation of narcotics trafficking.

Hubbard's eyebrows shoot up, but he doesn't say anything.

LT. BOGOMIL

(continuing)

Detectives Foley and Rosewood responding to Miss Summer's report proceeded to the warehouse where Rosewood did in fact discover approximately eighty kilos of cocaine.

Hubbard's eyes shoot to Rosewood who is nervous and has no idea where this wild tale is going.

LT. BOGOMIL

(continuing)

At that point Maitland arrived and a gunfight ensued, during which Miss Summers was abducted by Maitland. Rosewood immediately called for backup and I dispatched our officers to this location. Sgt. Taggart here was first to arrive at the scene.

(CONTINUED)

Hubbard's eyes now land on a confused Taggart.

LT. BOGOMIL

(continuing)

Believing that Miss Summers was in danger and having probable cause to believe a felony was in progress, Sergeant Taggart joined Rosewood with Detective Foley present as an observer and proceeded to enter the grounds. At this point a person or persons on the property assaulted and attempted to kill the officers by firing on them. The officers returned fire and in the course of lawfully defending themselves the officers shot several suspects, including Mr. Maitland.

CHIEF HUBBARD

You expect me to believe that report?

LT. BOGOMIL

That's the report I'm filing, sir.

Hubbard looks at Bogomil. Bogomil's eyes hold Chief Hubbard's for a long moment. Chief Hubbard's expression isn't readable. He turns to Taggart.

CHIEF HUBBARD

Sgt. Taggart! Why don't you tell me what happened here?

Rosewood's eyes widen with nervous anticipation.

SGT. TAGGART

It happened just like the lieutenant said, Chief.

Chief Hubbard's expression isn't readable. He walks over to Axel.

CHIEF HUBBARD

And you! Do you go along with this, this so-called report?

AXEL

Yes, sir. That's exactly the way it happened.

Rosewood, Taggart, and Bogomil all hold their breath. Then:

CONTINUED

330 CONTINUED (3)

330 \*

CHIEF HUBBARD

(accepting)

Well, I guess congratulations are  
in order, gentlemen.

(turning to Bogomil)

Have your report on my desk  
tomorrow morning.

Hubbard walks away. Axel and the Beverly Hills cops can't  
help grinning in relief.

AXEL

You were lyin' your ass  
off.

BOGOMIL

Why don't you go to the hospital  
and get your shoulder looked at.

AXEL

Yes, sir.

Bogomil walks away, after a moment Axel follows.

AXEL

Uh...excuse me, Lt. Bogomil?  
I was wondering if you could  
do me a favor?

BOGOMIL

I think your favors are all used up.

AXEL

(disappointed)

I understand. Oh. I was hoping  
you'd speak to my boss  
Inspector Todd back in Detroit.  
But that's okay, I understand. It's  
cool I guess i'm out of a job now.  
I'm starting to like Beverly Hills.  
And I'm thinking of starting my own  
private investigation.

BOGOMIL

I will call Inspector Todd first  
thing tomorrow.

AXEL

Thank you, sir.

Axel walks back to Jeannette and smiles.

330

CONSIDERED COVERED

330 \*

331

INT. BEVERLY PALM HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

331 \* \*\*

Axel exits the elevator and heads toward the reception desk. His wounded arm is in a light sling, and he holds his laundry bag with the other.

AXEL

(to clerk)

I'm Axel Foley, checking out of suite ten thirty five.

CLERK

One moment sir, I'll get your bill.

Taggart and Rosewood approach Axel.

AXEL

Fellas, I'm touched. You didn't have to come see me off like this. I'm very moved. This is a very nice gesture.

ROSEWOOD

Bogomil ordered us to make sure you got out of town.

AXEL

All that matters is I'm very touched. And Taggart, you look a little misty.

The clerk returns with the bill.

CLERK

Here you are, sir.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED:

331 \* \*\*

TAGGART

Excuse me. Beverly Hills Police  
are taking care of that.

AXEL

No.

Taggart nods.

AXEL

That's the last straw. You  
guys are to nice.

(to the clerk)

You sell those hotel robes  
down here right.

CLERK

Yes, sir. They are ninety-five  
dollars a piece.

AXEL

That's alright. Money's no  
object. Put two of them on  
my tab.

CLERK

Here you go.

AXEL

Billy, you saved my life. I  
don't know how to repay you, but  
as a token of my appreciation,  
I got you this robe. Each time you get out  
of the shower you think of Axel Foley.

Axel hands Rosewood a robe.

ROSEWOOD

Thanks

Rosewood goes to pay the bill. R'wood starts toward the door.  
Axel follows him.

TAGGART

(referring to Axel's bag)  
Lemme take that. You should  
rest that arm. Billy take care of  
that.

AXEL

I kind of enjoy playing cops with  
you. I think I'm going to miss you.  
If your ever in Detroit...

TAGGART

I know - look you up.

Taggart nods. Axel hands him the other robe.

AXEL

Here...this is for you. \

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED (2):

331 \* \*\*

TAGGART  
That's all right. You keep it.

AXEL  
Hell, I got four of them in my bag.

Taggart takes the robe.

TAGGART  
Maybe my wife will like it.

Axel and Taggart exit.

332 EXT. BEVERLY PALMS HOTEL - NIGHT

332 \* \*\*

Taggart and Rosewood's car is parked in the hotel driveway. Axel and Taggart exit from the hotel and are waiting for Axel's car.

TAGGART  
Let me ask you something about this precinct of yours in Detroit. Are all the cops like you?

AXEL  
Nah. They think I'm a pain in the ass, too.  
(BEAT)  
But they love me.

TAGGART  
Huh. You really grow on people.

There's a hint of a smile on Taggart's lips. Rosewood exits from the hotel. Axel's car arrives. The attendant gets out.

Axel gets in the car.

ROSEWOOD  
Aren't you going to say goodbye?

AXEL  
Why? You guys are going to tail me to the city limits, aren't you?

TAGGART  
Yes, we are.

AXEL  
Well, I may stop for a drink or something.

(CONTINUED)

332 CONTINUED:

332 \*

TAGGART

That's okay. We figured you would.

AXEL

Does that mean you're going to join me?

ROSEWOOD

I don't think we can. We're still on duty.

Taggart looks to Rosewood and smiles.

TAGGART

It wouldn't kill us to have one beer, Billy.

AXEL

Yeah, Billy, listen to Taggart. Lighten up.

Taggart and Rosewood get in their car. Axel sticks his head out of his car window.

AXEL

(calling back to them)  
If I get too far ahead of you, don't be embarrassed to honk.

As they drive off...

TAGGART

Where are we going anyway?

\*\*

AXEL

Trust me I know the perfect place.

FADE OUT

THE END