

BEVERLY HILLS COP IV

Written by

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Based on characters created  
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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

A German swastika features on the right arm of HANS MARTIN (40s), as he dresses into a police uniform.

Dumpy room, neat bed, neat piles of clothes, boots.

As he turns to tuck in a part of the bed not to his standard, Hans flashes the tattoo on his other arm:

A Confederate flag, under it the word, "Freedom."

He zips up his leathers over dark blue, glances over his shoulder to an old TV, turns up the volume.

CLOSE ON TV

CAPTAIN AXEL FOLEY (50s) is addressing the media.

AXEL

Yes, it's true. In order to respond to city and nation-wide protests against lethal police shootings, Detroit PD has been tasked by Mayor Simkins to put our first non-lethally trained class through Metropolitan Police Academy this year.

Sound of cameras, hundreds of camera flashes.

AXEL (CONT'D)

This will not make us weak or soft on crime, just smarter. For those intending harm, thinking it will be easier to do wrong in this city-- think again. We will still be ready for violent emergencies, but with this non-lethal class will begin to implement more friendly, neighborhood foot patrolling by Detroit's bravest and most courteous officers.

Hans turns the volume up, greedily.

AXEL (CONT'D)

(smiling into camera)

Be ready for a safer, more friendly brand of service from DPD.

Axel's big smile is all Hans can stand, so he turns off the TV, continues his final touches to look like a Detroit motorcycle cop.

He unholsters his sidearm, checks it--cocks it, checks it again before re-holstering.

Helmet and shades are last to go on prior to opening the door, heading toward a dingy half-abandoned carport.

EXT. MOTEL -- MORNING

It is clear that the motel is not in business, mostly abandoned, a few scattered GUESTS walking around in an atmosphere resembling a halfway house.

No one notices Hans revving out the parking lot on a white DPD motorcycle.

Hans looks both ways and ventures out into traffic.

EXT. DETROIT BAPTIST CHURCH

KIDS are playing on the street while MEMBERS of the church file out from morning service.

The gospel choir still sings, the band still grooving as the congregation floods toward the sidewalk in fancy, colorful dress.

Hans eyeballs the scene from an intersection not quite a block away.

He waits for the shiniest suit to exit the church, worn by ROGER PETOIT (40s), black community leader and activist for the Black Lives Matter coalition.

Roger shakes some hands, hugs and kisses a GRANDMA on the cheek. He then switches to tend to his own WIFE and two CHILDREN, a boy and a girl.

They walk toward their car, Hans eyeballing still under big motorcycle cop shades.

He revs his engine, watches the light turn green, edging out into traffic again and turns in behind Roger's car--now in motion.

EXT. DETROIT SUBURB STREETS

Roger pauses and rolls through a stop sign very safely, but Hans hits the lights on his bike, motions the car over to the side of the road.

INT. ROGER'S CAR

The mood is tense to contrast with the gay church exit.

ROGER  
Didn't I stop for that stop sign?

WIFE  
I *think* you did...

The kids are playing in the back, then turn around to see the "officer" approaching their car, stop.

HANS  
License and registration, please?

ROGER  
Honey, go get the registration card. It's there in the glove compartment.

As his wife sifts through the glove compartment, Roger goes for his wallet.

Hans draws his weapon.

HANS  
Place your hands where I can see them!

Roger's hands go up while his wife freezes.

The kids cringe, the sister grabbing the brother and moving back to the farthest corner away from the "officer."

HANS (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
You have any weapons in the car?!

ROGER  
(calm as possible)  
Sir, we have just come from church--

HANS  
Step out of the vehicle with your hands up!

The kids begin to cry.

Hans keeps his weapon on Roger, as he opens the car door for him with his free hand.

Roger silently steps out of the car, as his wife tears with concern, puts a hand back to comfort distraught and crying children.

EXT. ROGER'S CAR

Hans holsters his weapon so he can do a thorough and rough frisk of the black activist.

ROGER  
What is this about, sir?

HANS  
Shut your mouth.

Hans turns Roger from back, now face to face.

HANS (CONT'D)  
You spoutin' that black bullshit?  
Did I *hit* you? Did I treat you  
unfairly because you're *black*??

ROGER  
Do you know me?

Hans lets go of Roger, steps back, draws his weapon once more. Points it at Roger's head, the kids visible--watching from the back seat in terror.

Roger's wife screams.

Hans pulls the trigger.

More screams.

HANS  
Black lives don't matter.

Hans holsters his smoking gun, as Roger falls dead, wife and kids screaming through car glass.

Hans hops on his bike and roars off in the direction of the church.

EXT. CHURCH

Some church members, including the pastor, ROBERT BANKS (40s), had heard the gunshot--start running toward the sound.

A couple hands go up to flag down Hans, hoping the "officer" would help.

CREDIT TITLES

INT. AIRPLANE -- LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Captain BILLY ROSEWOOD (50s) of the Beverly Hills Police Department and Non-Lethal Weapons Expert, SERGE (50s), settle into their seats.

SERGE

Billy, I can't believe we are together again.

BILLY

You're here because you do good work, Serge.

SERGE

Billy--when are you going to say my name right? This is why you cannot keep the ladies happy. Use your tongue more, come on say it with me--  
-"S-E-R-G-E!!"

BILLY

Serge.

SERGE

Sayerrrge.

BILLY

Sayerge.

SERGE

So much better, Billy. I have hope for you and Axwell, yet.

INT. PLANE -- LATER

Billy is sleeping while Serge goes over some plans on his laptop.

Serge smiles suddenly and with great energy slams his laptop closed, waking Billy.

SERGE

Perfect!

BILLY

What?

SERGE

Sorry, Billy, it's just we are flying to see Axwell--the three of us together again.

Billy rubs his eyes to stay awake.

SERGE (CONT'D)

And now I know my presentation is ready, our show will be nothing short of *orgasmic*--do you want to look at it?

The combination of "orgasmic" and "look at it" has some other PASSENGERS looking around for "it" and Billy.

Billy waves off the looky-loos and his own embarrassment.

BILLY

Let's wait until we get to the hotel.

Even this comment gets more looks from around the cabin.

A female FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30s) approaches Billy and Serge's aisle.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I get you guys anything?

SERGE

Ma'am, we would like some lotion and a tissue.

Billy is dying with embarrassment.

SERGE (CONT'D)

It is so *dry* in here. And second hand please, we would both like an espresso.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Great would you like it with a lemon twist?

Serge is speechless and can only gleam at her and at Billy.

SERGE  
(nodding)  
We're going to have so much of  
fun!!

He pinches Billy's reddening face, and Billy pretends to be comfortable. Then pretends to get back to sleep while Serge gleams at all the passengers looking back at them.

BILLY  
(remembering)  
Hey, I thought you quit drinking  
espresso. You said it stained your  
teeth?

SERGE  
I'm getting old, Billy--why not  
have some fun, do what you love?  
What did the man tell Mr. Bond,  
"You only live twice?" I still  
think it's one time, Billy.

INT. AXEL'S BEDROOM -- DETROIT -- NIGHT

Axel is undressing with the TV on in the background.

News shows images of the church and various witnesses to the murder of Roger Petois.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)  
Many of the witnesses to this  
tragedy were members of the Detroit  
Baptist Church. Some knew the  
victim, and all were shocked at the  
viciousness of the crime--already  
being labeled by many as an act of  
racial hatred.

CLOSE ON TV

WITNESS #1  
Roger Petois was a good man. Was a  
man of God, loving to his family  
and all who met him.

REPORTER  
Do you have any idea who might have  
done this?

WITNESS #1  
It was a cop. Or someone dressed  
like one.



Axel continues to undress, as his wife, BETHANY (40's) enters the room with their two CHILDREN (girl 8 and boy 6) loud and in tow.

BETHANY

You okay?

Axel shushes his wife to listen to the wrap up of the news update.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)

So that's it for now from Detroit Baptist. Another police shooting, or a more intricate murder? Time will tell.

CLOSE ON TV

Back to the studio with male and female news ANCHORS.

ANCHOR #1

A tragedy, indeed. Thank you, Susan.

ANCHOR #2

More on this story at eleven, a press briefing scheduled tomorrow by Detroit PD, who have declined to comment until more facts come in.

Axel turns to his wife, checks on playing kids behind her in the hallway.

BETHANY

Axel, who would do such a thing?

Axel can just shake his head.

ANCHOR #1

How is Captain Foley going to use non-lethal weapons on that guy?

A deep sigh precedes a big smile for his kids as he goes to them full-hearted to play.

INT. DETROIT METROPOLITAN AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Axel and his two kids are waiting for Billy and Serge as they get off the plane.

SERGE

Achwell!!

Axel waves politely, the kids hide.

AXEL  
Hello, Serge.

BILLY  
Axel, remember it's Say-erge.

Axel laughs, presents his kids.

AXEL  
This is Daisy. And the one behind  
my knee is Robby.

SERGE  
They are sooo cute, Achwell.  
Picture purrfect, wait for me my  
camera is loading, smart phones are  
like the dumbest things since  
slicing bread--look at you Axwell!  
You look incredible.

AXEL  
Thanks. How are you guys? How was  
the flight?

They start walking toward baggage pickup, downstairs.

INT. BAGGAGE AREA

Robby still hides, as Daisy is taking pictures with Serge's  
camera.

AXEL  
(to Billy)  
You guys hear about the shooting?

BILLY  
Which one? No, I know--the  
activist, Roger Petoit.

AXEL  
I can't let this dampen our  
convention, so let's keep it  
together, put on a good show.

BILLY  
Was it a cop?

AXEL

That shot Petoit? Not one of mine.  
Someone saw a bike cop where he  
shouldn't a' been, we're looking  
into some leads.

SERGE

Axwell, Daisy likes to laugh like  
you, and so talented--she should  
take pictures of the show for my  
website!

AXEL

You guys ready?

Billy nods calmly.

SERGE

I am an eruption of excitement, you  
will not believe the explosive  
power of non-lethal weapons to  
display for the world to see,  
Axwell!

AXEL

Sounds good.

They pick up their bags off the conveyor belt.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Robby starts to warm up a bit.

Eyeballs Serge, who makes funny faces at him until the boy  
laughs like his dad.

AXEL

I wish I could get excited about  
this show, hear what you and Serge--  
Say-erge have in store. But this  
latest shooting...

SERGE

(from the back)

Don't you worry, Axwell. The show  
will only help your department  
against sad people like this  
killer, you will see.

AXEL

Serge, what got you into non-lethal  
weapons, anyway? That *Annihilator*  
2000 was such a crowd favorite.

SERGE

Axwell, let me tell you. I had what scientists call a revelation the day my company was sued for negligent *homocide*. Even though we won against this lawsuit, I vowed never to sell killing weapons again. Besides, my non-lethal weapons are so much better, safer and more sexy than the killing weapons--I have no doubts or regrets that I finally find my calling.

AXEL

Hmm.

BILLY

(from front passenger seat)

You'll be amazed, Axel. Serge has some great stuff. Long range, medium, short range with light, sound, gas, smoke--you name it.

SERGE

Billy, stop giving away all my surprises!

AXEL

Here's the hotel. Right next to Cobo Convention Center.

INT. DESERTED MOTEL

Hans is watching the news, washing down his own horror story with a bottle of alcohol sold as drink.

His phone rings.

HANS

(into phone)

Yeah.

He gets up to turn down the TV.

HANS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Only the beginning.

He takes a swig from that horrible juice.

HANS (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
One down, two to go.

He throws off his shirt to flex his tattoos.

HANS (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I know, he's last on the list. Bye.

He eyes the TV image of Captain Axel Foley sharply, grinds his teeth in anticipation of something dark and deadly.

CLOSE ON TV

DEMONSTRATORS protest at DPD Headquarters.

Behind a candle-light vigil, signs reading "Black Lives Matter" and "No More Killer Cops!!" accompany yelled protest themes.

PROTESTORS  
Black Lives Matter! Black Lives  
Matter!

One protestor, MALIK TAYLOR (30s), comes into focus for Hans before he shuts off the TV.

HANS  
(at TV)  
You're next, Malik.

Hans takes another sip, lies down for a nap.

EXT. DETROIT CITY HALL STEPS -- NEXT MORNING

Captain Axel Foley addresses the media again, this time around the murder of activist, Roger Petoit.

AXEL  
We have no suspects in the murder of Roger Petoit but are pursuing various leads.

REPORTER #1  
Captain Foley, will this change plans for graduating a non-lethal class at DPD?

AXEL

No it will not. That is a foot patrol program we believe in and that will improve our city over time.

REPORTER #2

What about the Non-Lethal Weapon Convention scheduled for the weekend? Are you concerned about security for the event?

AXEL

We will secure the event tightly, while on call to serve the entire Detroit area. The event will secure itself, too. Have you ever been hit with a non-lethal police weapon?

There is a muttering of reaction, some chuckles from the press.

Even the activists quiet down at possible levity.

AXEL (CONT'D)

It hurts.

Flashes and camera sounds capture the captain's ironic look, smiling eyes without teeth.

MALIK TAYLOR

(yelling through crowd)

Hey, Axel, if you find Roger's killer, you gonna use lethal weapons?

AXEL

Thank you, sir, for your question. It is our policy to use lethal weapons as a last resort.

MALIK

What if he comes at you with a gun?

AXEL

(smiling)

I don't advise it. Commander Roberts will take any other questions you have; I have a killer to catch.

Axel waves and walks away from the podium with a couple uniformed ATTENDANTS, one non-uniformed SECRETARY (20s).

Malik Taylor pipes up with fellow protestors, gives the cameras something to shoot as COMMANDER ROBERTS (50s) answers questions quietly.

PROTESTORS

Black Lives Matter! Black Lives  
Matter!

The CRACK of a rifle shot rings out half a moment before Malik Taylor is dropped, the shot pegging him in the chest.

Axel and his attendants stop halfway up the City Hall steps, look back at the fallen Malik while ducking low against any possible continued fire.

Screams from the crowd, cameras still filming, crews ducking-- the protestors scattering, some toward Malik to help, some taking cover.

There is a pause and quiet, enough to assume a second shot might not come.

Axel is the first out of a crouch into the open to interview anyone who could come up with a direction and location of the shooter.

An ambulance sirens in, and police cautiously usher PARAMEDICS into a lane to help the fallen Malik.

AXEL

(to attendants)

If I was the devil, that's where  
I'd be.

He points to an old ten-story building two streets over; one with lots of open windows.

ATTENDANT #1

Has to be the spot, boss.

AXEL

You and Peterson go. Sams!

WILFRED SAMS (30s) comes up from nervous crouch.

SAMS

Yessir?

AXEL

What are you doing crouching down  
there?

SAMS

Hiding, sir.

AXEL  
(irritated beyond belief)  
I'm gonna breathe right now.  
You're gonna breathe right now.  
After that, stand tall and make a  
perimeter around the victim. SEAN!

SEAN HACKS (20s) has his gun drawn, looking up at all the buildings.

SEAN  
Yessir!

AXEL  
Help out Sams. Peterson!!

The yell barely reaches CHARLIE PETERSON (40s), who was on his way to the aforementioned 10-story building.

PETERSON  
Yeah!!

AXEL  
Watch out for bike cops, especially  
a hick-looking white guy with  
tattoos or anything funny!

PETERSON  
Okay, sir!!

AXEL  
(to his secretary)  
Can you have that on the radio?

SECRETARY  
"Look out for bike cops, especially  
white guys with tats?"

AXEL  
Sounds good.

The secretary is Roberta Florence, a looker that challenges Axel's marital status for a moment.

Axel frowns, then approaches the quarantined off victim area.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Good work, Sams. You okay?

SAMS  
Yessir!



AXEL

I'mma check the victim. Sams, keep your head up--I think Roberta likes you.

Sams blushes and looks right at Roberta, who is talking into her phone looking at Axel with her left hand over her ear.

She looks suddenly at Sams who looks away, as Axel approaches the paramedics and the limp body of Malik Taylor.

PARAMEDIC #1

Died instantly, sir.

Paramedic is speechless and a bit emotional.

Axel stares, then looks around, back at that building.

EXT. OLD TEN-STORY BUILDING

Through an open window a high-powered sniper rifle rests on a table in a vacant room.

INT. VACANT ROOM

There is one shell on the floor, a coffee cup, some aspirin, and a cigarette butt just burned out and smoking.

EXT. BUILDING

Peterson and Attendant #1, MIKE RICHARDS (40s), reach the manager's office on the bottom floor.

Peterson waves Mike on while he catches his breath.

INT. BUILDING MANAGER OFFICE

The office is abuzz having heard the gunshot. Some are looking out toward the lobby when Mike, then Charlie Peterson fast-walk up, slightly out of breath.

MIKE

Who's the manager?

VOICE

I am.

CYNTHIA ROBARD (40s) approaches from a back table.

MIKE

Mike Richards, DPD. You heard the shot?

CYNTHIA

It was right above us. We've been trying to get officers over here.

PETERSON

*Right* above us? You have a floor or room in mind?

CYNTHIA

Above us is all maintenance on two. Third floor is being remodeled, the fourth is vacant right now, and five through ten are full-time residents. Seniors, mostly.

MIKE

(thinking)

Seniors. Charlie, first backup to come, take 'em up, start knocking on some doors.

Peterson leaves to wait in lobby for backup officers.

Mike pulls out a notepad.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your name, ma'am?

CYNTHIA

(showing driver's license)

Cynthia Robard.

Mike takes down the name from the ID.

MIKE

Number where you can be reached?

She gives the officer a business card.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thanks. You heard the shot. Anything else happen before today? See anyone running or anything suspicious today before or after the shot was fired?

CYNTHIA

Not that I can think of. Was someone killed? That police captain?

MIKE

No, there was a victim. A  
protestor in the crowd.

Mike's thoughts wander. He sees the backup arrive, around ten  
OFFICERS eager to help.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Cynthia--we'll call you.

Gives her his own card.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And please call us if you or one of  
your employees thinks of or  
remembers something that might help  
us to identify the suspect.

She nods as he hustles out to the lobby.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY

Mike and Charlie stand before the backup officers.

MIKE

Bobby, radio this in as primary  
crime scene. Take Rodriguez and  
Stark--start securing the building.  
The rest with me and Charlie. You  
two--top floor, work your way down--  
we'll meet you in the middle,  
radios on, move!

They break for their posts, some to secure the building, some  
to search it.

Cynthia looks out and is spotted by Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Um, ma'am? You have building  
security?

CYNTHIA

Just the one guard, you passed him  
in the lobby.

Mike is puzzled. He turns around and sees a slunk-down  
nervous SECURITY GUARD (20s) slumped behind his desk.

MIKE

(to guard)

Hey!! Can you come out here?

The guard jumps up and stumbles over to Mike, the rest of the officers swarming elevators and stairways, on their way up to search.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(to guard)  
You're the security guard on duty?

The guard nods nervously.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(facetious)  
*So did you prevent, observe or  
report anything today??*

GUARD  
You mean like that gun shot?

Mike has trouble not tearing out his eyebrows.

MIKE  
Yes. What's your name?

GUARD  
Miguel Brown, sir.

MIKE  
Miguel, do you have any idea who it was? The manager thought the shot came from this building.

MIGUEL  
*I know it did!*

MIKE  
And you were going to report that, get out and help us *when*?

MIGUEL  
When y'all asked me, that's when!  
*I don't even carry a gun!*

Mike's patience for Miguel is ending like a rifle shot itself.

MIKE  
So you didn't see anything strange?

MIGUEL  
Every day's weird around here! This is downtown, Detroit! Homeless dudes wanna use the restroom.  
(MORE)

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Family visits to the top floors,  
they're okay but we have a strict  
policy about our restroom, and--

MIKE

Did you have to deal with some  
homeless people or any problems  
today?

MIGUEL

Nah. Nothing unusual until that  
gunshot. I saw Cynthia call the  
police, so I just sat tight and  
waited for you guys to come.

MIKE

What floor do you think the shot  
came from?

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Mike, we got the room.

MIKE

Excuse me, Miguel.

MIGUEL

Can I come up?

MIKE

(facetious)

No, Miguel, you had better stay  
here, and keep us safe in case the  
shooter comes back.

Miguel thinks hard about that one, then gives Mike a thumbs-up sign to accept the appointment.

EXT. NEARBY SIDEWALK

Just outside police perimeters, a HOMELESS MAN (40s) walks  
head-down and downtrodden, a little swerve.

Every once in a while, he glances behind him.

It is Hans Martin the killer, in disguise.

A cop car speeds by blaring obnoxious self-important sirens.

After a final glance back, feeling safe--Hans straightens up  
and speeds his walk.

INT. VACANT ROOM

Officer Charlie Peterson stands over a bagged and tagged rifle while Officer Mike rolls in, CSI-TYPES behind him.

Cigarette and aspirin bottle are bagged, the fingerprint dusting begun.

Mike answers a cell phone call.

MIKE  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

EXT. VACANT ROOM

Axel is walking up to the door.

AXEL  
(into phone)  
Shit, I'm right behind you.

Hangs up the phone, walks into crime scene.

INT. ROOM

Mike hangs up his phone, holsters it as Axel walks in the door.

AXEL  
(to Mike)  
Whata' we got?

MIKE  
The gun, miscellaneous signs of a stakeout, guy's nowhere to be found.

AXEL  
Talk to building security?

MIKE  
The manager was more on the ball. Security's a scared kid, deals with homeless some, not used to any action.

AXEL  
So they heard the shot, that's about it?

Mike nods, same as other OFFICERS listening.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
*Homeless?* Did security have any  
 extra problems today?

MIKE  
 Maybe go down and interview him  
 again; I got zilch. His name's  
 Miguel.

INT. HOTEL NEAR COBO CONVENTION CENTER -- ROOM 223

Billy and Serge are watching their TV's in shock over latest  
 shooting.

NEWS VOICE  
 Yet another black activist shot  
 dead this morning outside City  
 Hall.

SERGE  
 (turning TV down)  
 Such a waste. Billy, we need to do  
 a good job this weekend, prove to  
 everybody that self-defense with  
 our weapons will lead to less guns  
 on the street.

Billy nods. Turns the TV up manually.

NEWS VOICE  
 Even protestors have gone home, the  
 whole city quiet as we pray for the  
 victims' families, and that the  
 killing spree stops.

Billy studies the images playing under the anchor's voice.

There is shock and awe, panic following the gunshot--caught  
 on one of the cameras.

CLOSE ON TV

Billy gets closer to the screen.

SERGE  
 Billy. Maybe it's better because it  
 is so tragical, but you are  
 blocking the television.

BILLY  
 (waving him off)  
 Hold on.

Billy has spotted a calm face in the crowd. Unmoving, not alarmed, stoic.

The MAN (60's) is a few steps from the protestors in the tape, wearing a suit like the reporters but far from them.

White European.

INT. VACANT HOTEL ROOM/CRIME SCENE

The gloved investigators turn over some carpet, try to be thorough.

AXEL  
You guys checked the table drawers,  
right?

The investigators pause and look at each other, then back at their captain.

Axel walks over as a gloved hand pulls the four drawers out for viewing.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(looking down)  
Shit.

Axel walks away as the investigators pull a piece of paper out of one of the table drawers.

MIKE  
What's up?

One of the investigators places the paper down on the table while another fishes a bag for it.

CLOSE ON PAPER

It reads: "Axel-- you're next."

As Axel walks away, his phone rings.

AXEL  
What's up Billy?  
(beat)  
Meet me at the station.

INT. BILLY/SERGE'S ROOM

Billy hangs up, as Serge looks at him concerned.



BILLY

He wants to meet me at the station.

SERGE

Police Headquarters? I'll go with you, or you will get lost, I've been studying maps all over the night when you were snoring so bad I felt like rain showers were hitting me with thunder and lightning. Wait, did Axwell say "please" or did he order you?

BILLY

(abashed)

He kinda' ordered me.

SERGE

Didn't you talk to him about that?

BILLY

Yeah, but now doesn't seem the time...

SERGE

If you don't speak up for yourself in relationships you will be abused. Take this from me, I dated a quarterback named Harold Williams from the NFL, you may know him this was before he comes out. Anyways, he was abusing me, treating me like we were scoring touchdowns and I was his wide receiver...

Billy motions with his hands that the story was ample.

SERGE (CONT'D)

The point is, Billy: tell Axwell how you feel.

Billy pretends to be moved by Serge's advice, as the two of them get up and ready for a walk to DPD headquarters.

INT. DPD HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Billy, Serge and Axel stand around a table, a large TV screen behind them.

On the table are DVD cases.

AXEL

Thanks for coming down. You guys settle in okay?

BILLY

I thought we'd get two rooms, but they put us in a nice suite instead.

SERGE

The view of the river is nice, but when I ask the hotel if there is swimming there, they tell me it is polluted with used condoms and tampons so I bathed with Billy.

AXEL

You took a bath together?

BILLY

He means we took a dip in the pool.

SERGE

Billy is a great roommate until he snores like gas-powered lawn mower mowing through garbage, he should probably see a doctor if you know anyone, Axwell.

AXEL

Well... sounds nice, let's check out...

SERGE

Axwell, Billy has something to say to you.

Axel looks at Billy, wide-eyed.

BILL

(embarrassed)

It can wait. Let's look at the video.

They play the video of the shooting and aftermath outside City Hall.

BILLY

That's it! Back up.

AXEL

(smiling)

Backup, please?

SERGE

(clapping)

See, Billy, he *does* remember your talk.

Axel laughs while he backs up image frame by frame.

BILLY

There. That guy in the background with the suit. He looks like a reporter, but he stands alone, sort of between the protestors and the media.

Now Axel moves the frames forward one by one.

BILLY (CONT'D)

There! They all react to the gunshot except this guy. Besides that, he looks familiar to me-- someone I've seen in the news, or a magazine.

AXEL

Sort of looks like a cop.

SERGE

I'd say he was a spy or agent, like James Bond. I had an uncle from Paris who called himself the Persian James Bond. I never knew 007 could be so creepy, all my females in the family stayed away. It's a true story.

AXEL

Get the fuck outta here!

SERGE

No I cannot, it's serious, Axwell-- and I think this guy on the screen is as creepy as my Uncle Tomah.

AXEL

He does look a bit off. We'll try to enlarge the image, enhance it and run it in our computers while Billy's brain goes to work.

BILLY

I'll put it together. I worked with a lot of people as DDOJSIOC--

SERGE

(handing Billy a tissue)  
*Gesundheit*, Billy, are you okay?  
 You see, Axwell, what I have to  
 deal with at night.

BILLY

That wasn't a sneeze. My old job  
 in Beverly Hills before I made  
 Captain was DDOJSIOC: Deputy  
 Director of Operations for Joint  
 Systems Interdepartmental  
 Operational Command.

Serge and Axel look at each other.

AXEL

I think we all need a break, let's  
 get some lunch.

(to an ATTENDANT)

Have an image of the guy on the  
 screen enlarged and enhanced. Run  
 the image through our system, see  
 if an ID comes up.

(against looks)

Please.

Before leaving, Axel makes a call.

AXEL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mike. Meet us at the Piggy Bank?

He clicks off and leads Billy and Serge to the hallway and  
 out the back of the building.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS PARKING GARAGE

They slip around traffic, toward a back stairway.

SERGE

If it is true we go to the *piggy*  
*bank*, I do have a roll of quarters  
 in my pants I could use.

AXEL

(laughing)

No, it's a new restaurant in town.  
 It's cool, you Beverly Hills  
 boys'll like it.

BILLY

Strippers?

AXEL  
Not exactly.

INT. THE PIGGY BANK RESTAURANT

Billy, Serge and Axel sit down at a large table with room for more.

The restaurant is broken into two halves: meat-eating and not. A favorite among police, many DPD OFFICERS are there.

SERGE  
There's a lot of *pork* on the menu,  
thank God I'm not Jewish anymore.

AXEL  
No there's salads, vegan,  
vegetarian--anything you need!

Serge peruses the menu handed to him by a lovely WAITRESS (20s), Billy and Axel perusing her.

Serge catches Axel.

SERGE  
Axwell, you are married now--stop  
gawking at her.  
(to Billy)  
Billy, you should gawk her, I know  
you are too lonely.

AXEL  
What about you, Serge? Anyone  
special in your life?

SERGE  
Axwell, if I could write a book,  
the title might be: "If they are  
available they are no good. If  
they are taken try to get them. But  
if you get them, watch out for the  
ex because they will come for  
revenge and make your life a living  
hell!"

AXEL  
Wow, that's a long title. What  
about Donnie from the art gallery?

SERGE  
Donnay!! Oh my goodness, you  
remember, Axwell!  
(MORE)

SERGE (CONT'D)

He is a nice boy, but business is  
business--pleasure is pleasure.  
With Donnay we never let pleasure  
interrupt business; you guys ready  
to order?

Mike and Officer Sams approach the table. Sit down amongst  
the others, Sams double-taking at Serge.

AXEL

Guys, this is Captain Billy  
Rosewood from Beverly Hills Police  
Department.

They rise and shake hands.

AXEL (CONT'D)

And over there is Serge.

Serge frowns.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Sayerge, who is a non-lethal  
weapons expert, here with Billy to  
put on a show at the convention  
this weekend.

Mike shakes hands, then Serge eyeballs Sams--gives him a limp  
hand as if to kiss.

Sams almost faints, shakes Serge's pinky and sits down again.

A MAN in a pig costume ("Pete the Pig") strolls through and  
finds some KIDS to entertain.

Billy and Serge react.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Cops eat here. And: we bring our  
kids.

BILLY

Good family fun.

SERGE

Everybody wins, Axwell!!

Sams finds another level of shock to hear Serge speak.

After Serge remarks, he runs his eyes over Sams.

Sams tries not to notice. Eyes straight.

Makes him miss the entry of Roberta Florence, the lovely secretary.

She squeezes in between Axel and Sams. Bumps into Sams before he notices she is there; Sams still nervous from Serge's staring at him.

ROBERTA

Sorry, Sams.

She sits down and her skirt gets caught on the seat a bit, revealing a lot of legs.

Sams notices.

SAMS

It's okay.

Axel also notices, and smiles that Sams is finally getting with it regarding Roberta.

Pete the Pig dances by, plays with Axel a moment--tries to play with Serge, but Serge is scared.

Billy too is amused, as the pig saunters by on the way to a table with kids.

AXEL

Should we eat?

(to waitress)

Miss?

INT. RESTAURANT -- LATER

Chewing food, the tone finally gets serious.

AXEL

Thanks for coming everybody. Our friends from LA here are truly friends, might even be able to help us while they're visiting. Lord knows I've mingled with them in Beverly Hills, and I think we always did alright together.

Serge blushes. Billy smiles.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Now, the killer blowing away black activists is coming to me next, it would seem.

(to Sams)

You have the note?

Sams pulls out the threatening note from a briefcase, enclosed in a plastic sheet. Passes it around the table on Axel's cue.

Serge is notably worried.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Serge--this is a good thing. While it may be a diversion, I tend to think it is a real threat. I'm vested and protected by all of you. I've got two tails, one in front of me, one behind me. That was an order from the Chief himself. I am being watched by our guys, talented people who know how to hide out and imagine where killers might hide out, pull off this next murder.

Serge gasps.

AXEL (CONT'D)

This guy's not gonna get me.

Pete the Pig dances by again, Axel smiling at him.

At that exact moment, a camera flash goes off, a REPORTER having breached the area.

It's the first of many shots taken, as a slew of REPORTERS with telephoto lenses capture Axel fraternizing with Pete the Pig through a window.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN -- AFTERNOON

A newspaper article reads:

"Top Detroit Cop Dining with Pigs" complete with photo of Axel and Pete the Pig.

"Minutes after latest black activist slain..." the article continues.

INT. DPD HEADQUARTERS

Billy, Serge and Axel peruse the articles already out on the internet.

Billy mans the keyboard, finds Google news of Axel Foley. Ten new articles out, quotes perused next to those photos:



"When will Foley get Serious?"

"Any leads on the mustard? These fries are lonely"

"Killer on the Loose while Foley Dines with Pete the Pig"

Axel gets a phone call. Responds.

AXEL  
(into phone)  
Beth? Hi. Yeah I know.

INT. AXEL'S HOME

Bethany is at her computer while little Robby is watching cartoons on TV behind her.

She is perusing the same images and stories Billy and the guys see at police headquarters.

BETHANY  
(into phone)  
I mean *all* over the internet.  
Google, Twitter, probably that  
insta-pic site too!

INT. DPD HEADQUARTERS

Billy devilishly blows up one of the photos of Axel and Pete the Pig, smiles with Serge.

Axel motions to get rid of it.

AXEL  
Everything's gonna be fine. I was  
having lunch, and the paparazzi  
struck, wanna spin something to  
sell papers and advertising. It's  
okay. Robby do his two minutes of  
homework? Okay, I'll be home soon.  
Bye.

Serge and Billy are playing on the internet.

SERGE  
I am trying to have Billy join the  
internet dating.

BILLY  
I'm not doing it.

SERGE

Exactly my point, Billy. You never do it, and I worry about you. Axwell is doing fine, he does it when he wants, has kids--but what about you?

Billy shakes his head, flushed and embarrassed.

AXEL

Hey, no fighting kids.  
(to Billy)  
Can you move, I gotta check on something.

Axel takes the computer chair, Billy reprimands Serge with a look while Serge pretends not to notice, straightening his hair in the reflection off the screen.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Serge, do you mind?

Serge is hurt now.

SERGE

I'm going for an espresso. The tension in this room is like... I cannot deal with this now, but would you boys like a refreshment, a glass of tea?

AXEL

(smiling)  
Three espressos.

BILLY

With a lemon twist.

Starts to cheer up Serge.

SERGE

Really, you guys aren't just yanking my Rolex?

They shake their heads, and Serge bounds off toward the street.

AXEL

Sams!!

Finds Sams alone in the hallway.

SAMS  
(peeping in)  
Yessir?

AXEL  
Go with Serge to get some coffees.

Billy and Serge eyeball Axel.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Please.

Leads to three smiles. Only Sams is concerned at the prospect of spending solo time with his new "friend," Serge.

EXT. DETROIT SIDEWALK -- AFTERNOON

Serge and Officer Sams pirouette down the boulevard in search of coffee and espressos with lemon twists.

SERGE  
So, Mister Sams--How long you been  
in police forces?

SAMS  
(grumbling)  
Uh, four years.

SERGE  
Do you love it?

SAMS  
Uh, yeah, it's great.

SERGE  
You are with Roberta, the  
secretary?

Sams colors.

SAMS  
Uh. Here it is.

They walk into a coffee house.

INT. DPD HEADQUARTERS

Axel is on the computer undisturbed, Billy perusing behind him.

ON SCREEN

"Gloss Arms" is clicked.

BILLY  
You guys use Gloss Arms too?

AXEL  
Yeah, we use them for most of our  
guns...

BILLY  
That's it!!

AXEL  
What's it?

BILLY  
That guy on the news video. *Claus  
Onsblonger!*

AXEL  
West Coast Gloss sales, I know that  
guy! What's he doing out here? We  
buy direct from a guy named  
Simmons, Midwest Region dude...

They both think a moment.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Come to think, Simmons sent a  
strange email about our non-lethal  
weapons convention.

BILLY  
I got something about that too,  
from Claus.

They both think a little more.

AXEL  
Shit, I gotta get going. Let's keep  
thinking on it. Give it 'til the  
morning 'til we contact anyone at  
Gloss.

Axel starts to get up, pack stuff to go.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
You wanna come?

BILLY  
Where to?

Axel laughs.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
A strip club?

AXEL  
Not exactly.

BILLY  
What about our coffees? Or  
espressos...

AXEL  
Let's go pick up those guys en  
route.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Serge is at the purchase counter. Sams looking around him,  
hoping not to see anyone he knows.

SERGE  
Three espressos.  
(to Sams)  
I don't even know your name.  
Officer Sams, you want an espresso?

SAMS  
It's Will. Uh, sure, why not?

SERGE  
(to ATTENDANT)  
Make that four espressos, please.  
You have lemons?

ATTENDANT  
What?

SERGE  
You have lemons, you know yellow,  
you peel them, they smell like  
sunshine--lemons.

ATTENDANT  
Uh, no I'm sorry.

Serge fishes into his pockets. Pulls out a roll of quarters,  
gives it to Sams with a weird look.

Then finds a packet of lemon-flavored powder.

SERGE

(to Sams)

I bring this in case the places  
don't have it.

ATTENDANT

That'll be 10.25.

SERGE

Ten dollars, my Goodness I feel  
like I'm back in Beverly Hills!!

Serge motions at the sweaty roll of quarters.

SERGE (CONT'D)

Will. Please give him the quarters,  
and do you have two dollars for a  
tip?

ATTENDANT

Thank you.

The attendant looks at a line forming.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

You know what, don't worry about  
the tip.

SERGE

No, don't be stupid. Will, give it  
to him please?

Sams fishes a couple bucks from his own wallet, pays the man  
and they are off to the pickup counter.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Billy and Axel on the short drive to the Cafe.

AXEL

You don't think the gun company has  
anything to do with these  
shootings?

BILLY

It's hard to believe. We work with  
these guys all the time. They are  
on the side of the law, right?

AXEL

Well, it depends how far you go  
back.

(MORE)

AXEL (CONT'D)

We all mess around with Moses' law  
when we wear our guns, you know  
that, right?

Billy thinks.

BILLY

They could be pissed about all the  
non-lethal weapon stuff.

AXEL

This convention coming up.

BILL

Your non-lethally trained class  
going through the academy right  
now!

Axel thinks, absorbs the thoughts.

AXEL

Well, that's where we're going, by  
the way. I wanna see how that class  
is comin' along.

BILLY

You sure you don't wanna call Gloss  
Arms, see what's going on?

AXEL

Not just yet. Let's sleep on this,  
gather our thoughts. We're about to  
insinuate something a big rich  
business with a lot of guns lying  
around won't want to hear.

Billy digests.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Serge is now behind the counter, teaching the coffee shop  
EMPLOYEES how to apply the powder to make a lemon twist for  
the espressos.

SERGE

Just like that it's divine.

The employees open up the bar so Serge can exit with his four  
espressos to go.

Serge looks back, looks at the rest of his lemon powder:  
gives it to them.

SERGE (CONT'D)

You people should have the rest of my powder so you can practice.

EMPLOYEE #1

Oh no, we couldn't.

SERGE

Don't be stupid, this is a gift from Beverly Hills to Detroit. Please just come to the non-lethal weapons convention at the Cobo Convention Center. It will be a truly orgasmic display of peaceful ways to protect yourself from attacking assholes. We want to stop them, detain them but not kill them.

EMPLOYEES

Thanks!!

Serge gives two drinks to Sams, carries two out himself, and waves a limp hand at the coffee employees.

EXT. CAFE

Axel rolls up, Billy getting out to corral Sams and Serge.

EXT./INT. AXEL'S CAR

They get in back with drinks, buckle up.

Sams shows some muscle, which impresses Serge.

SERGE

Will, you have the muscles of a superhero, you must live at the gymnasium pumping weights.

Sams has no answer for that, as the group drives off toward the DPD Police Academy.

INT. DPD POLICE ACADEMY -- LATE AFTERNOON

The firing range is firing, as the three men and Serge enter, waved on by the front desk ATTENDANT.

They look over the shoulder at some of the SHOOTERS in action.



SERGE  
Axwell, this doesn't look like non-lethal police work.

Axel laughs.

AXEL  
On we go; they're in the back.

EXT. BACK OF POLICE ACADEMY

A large grass lawn, separated by some grandstands, a basketball court--a gravel track ovaling around the whole thing.

Fifty TRAINEES in blue shorts and white shirts are getting drilled by a large blue-clad, hat-wearing DRILL SERGEANT (40s).

DRILL SERGEANT  
Your mamas aren't here to make your bed, tie your shoes and make your breakfast!! Check that. We even make your breakfast for you! In return you stay focused, listen, learn, move when we say move!!

The sergeant surveys the group, standing at attention.

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
It's time to line-up for the timed mile-and-a-half run. Move!! Move!! Move!!!

The class breaks toward a spot on the track where another TRAINING OFFICER stands ready to click his stopwatch.

As they start their run, Axel leads out ahead of Sams, Serge and Billy to converse with the sergeant.

AXEL  
Good stuff, Stan!

They shake hands.

STAN  
Captain Axel Foley, slummin' it with us today?!

They laugh.

STAN (CONT'D)

Well, from our class some have gone up,

(pointing at Axel)

And some just hang in there, I guess.

AXEL

You're doing better than that.  
How's the class comin' along?

STAN

(looking over at track)

They're all right. Wet behind the ear as usual. Good class, actually. They know why they're here--no meat-heads looking to kill a bunch of people, that's for sure!

AXEL

Good. Good. How's Lieutenant Weller doing?

The sergeant sighs.

STAN

You better go over and ask him.

AXEL

Will do. Stan, meet my friends, Captain Billy Rosewood, from Beverly Hills PD, and Serge Ackbod--non-lethal weapons specialist from LA as well.

They shake hands, but Serge is still more interested in Sams.

AXEL (CONT'D)

You know Will Sams, right?

STAN

Ladies man-Sams. If he only knew!

Sams giggles.

AXEL

Right? The ladies love this guy.  
Always looking down at his notes!  
Ah! We're workin' on him.

Axel pats Sams warmly.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
 Alright I'll go find Weller. Be  
 good!

They shake hands and part.

The foursome overlook the mile-and-a-half run a moment, walk  
 back toward the shooting range.

EXT./INT. OFFICE OF LIEUTENANT JIM WELLER

"Lt. James Weller, Arms Training" placards the door at which  
 Axel knocks.

Shots fired in the background.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Yeah!

Axel clicks the door open, peeps head inside for a quick  
 word.

AXEL  
 Jim?

JIM  
 Captain Foley! Come on in.

Axel opens the door up more to reveal his entourage.

AXEL  
 I've got some friends from Beverly  
 Hills here, Jim, and you know Sams.

JIM  
 Ladies man!

Sams shakes his head with a smile.

AXEL  
 Serge there is a non-lethal weapons  
 guy, and Billy Rosewood same rank  
 as me with BHPD. They're here for  
 that convention this weekend.

JIM  
 Ah yeah! The big non-lethal  
 revolution Axel's cooking up for  
 us.

Said with a hint of sarcasm.

AXEL

You okay with this? The new class giving you any trouble?

JIM

I guess I don't really get it yet, Axel. I mean, if someone comes at me with a gun--I'm gonna kill 'em!

Axel takes a big breath.

AXEL

The old way is the old way, but you are here to be excited about those non-lethal weapons at our disposal, push them out and see what they can do. Remember, Jim: a killer doesn't have to be dead to stop killing.

JIM

(shaking his head)  
I'll do my best with 'em. If they come out of this academy and die in action that first week on our streets, don't come whining to me.

AXEL

(motioning)  
Can you guys wait outside one moment?

Axel's group moves for the door.

BILLY

Nice to meet you, sir.

Billy shakes Jim's hand, leads the three out to the hallway outside the office.

AXEL

I appreciate what you're doing, Jim. This is a first for Detroit, for this department, and a lot of eyes are on us nation-wide.

Axel gets closer and lowers his voice.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Let me tell you why these cops are not going to die out in the field: word will go out that DPD are not a bunch of killers but nice people who intervene with non-lethal weapons on occasion.

Jim still shakes head.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Listen, Jim--hang with me here.  
We're not going soft, we're going  
smart. Let's work on our evading  
and covering, take our psych tests  
seriously. The criminal is a sick  
person; it's time we started  
helping even them.

That makes Jim think a second. No longer shaking his head.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
I'mma email you later. I love you,  
man. Stay up and teach them the  
soul of our job, which is service  
not killing.

Axel eyes Jim for compliance and belief.

Jim smiles, nods.

They shake hands.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Thanks, buddy.

Axel makes for the door, opens to his friends.

JIM  
(yelling out to Sams)  
Keep your head up, Sams! First time  
you do, you'll get laid! Worse  
yet, married!!!

He laughs at his own joke, as all wave and Axel lets the door  
close.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel laughs as if to Jim's joke.

AXEL  
Hey, I'm feeling saucy. Let's call  
up Gloss Arms.

Billy lightens at the idea.

BILLY  
I could find Claus's number. Or  
maybe you wanna call your guy,  
Simmons, first?

Axel thinks. Gives his phone to Billy.

AXEL  
Scroll through my contacts for Todd  
Simmons, Gloss Arms.

Billy tries to figure out Axel's phone.

Sams takes it in the first act of confidence we've seen from him.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(eyeing in rearview  
mirror)  
Sams knows tech, man.

Sams finds the contact, gives Billy back the phone.

BILLY  
Thanks, Will.  
(to Axel)  
You want me to call him?

AXEL  
No. I'll put it on the speaker. Now  
dial him.

The car speaker engages.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Everyone shh.

Serge rolls his eyes. Yawns.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello?

AXEL  
Is this Todd?

SIMMONS (O.S.)  
Axel? You get my email?

Axel looks back at Billy.

AXEL  
Yeah. Hey listen, you don't have  
Claus's number do you? The guy who  
reps the West Coast for Gloss.

SIMMONS (O.S.)  
Uhh, yeah. Hold on a second.

Axel looks at Serge, then back at Billy, smiles.

AXEL  
Did you say please?

The carfull of dudes snicker, try to hold back laughs.

SIMMONS (O.S.)  
What?

AXEL  
Nothing. You find it?

SIMMONS (O.S.)  
There it is. I'll text it to you,  
okay?

AXEL  
Sounds good. Hey Todd, I got some  
non-lethal weapons experts in the  
car, here. Very explosive.

Before Axel can get into a full smile, the line cuts.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Todd? Todder? Toddly?  
(to the car gang)  
I think Todd Simmons of Gloss Arms  
hung up on me.

SERGE  
Why would he do that, how rude!

AXEL  
Sayerge, it's because Todd Simmons  
is a Pistol seller, and I've been  
talking a lot about not buying his  
pistols anymore.

BILLY  
These guys are pissed. Should I  
call Claus?

Axel thinks.

AXEL  
Did he text the number to my phone?

Sams and Billy check. Shake their heads.

SAMS  
No.

BILLY  
Wait! I have that guy's number!

Billy pulls out his own phone, scrolls through his contacts without Sams help.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Here it is! Should we call him?

Axel thinks some more.

AXEL  
Hey, Sams could you hook up Billy's phone to the car system?

Sams gets to work on that.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Billy, you wanna take this one?

BILLY  
Sure.

Sams gets the connections, gives a thumbs-up sign to Axel and Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Here goes.

Billy sends the call.

Three rings.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(heavy German accent)  
Halo?

BILLY  
Claus!

CLAUS (O.S.)  
Who *is* this?!

BILLY  
Billy Rosewood, Beverly Hills Police.

CLAUS (O.S.)  
Hello, Billy. You get my email?

Axel and Billy glance at each other.

BILLY  
Yeah, I'd like to talk to you about it. Could we do some lunch tomorrow?



CLAUS (O.S.)  
Oh, tomorrow is no good, Billy--  
maybe sometime next week?

BILLY  
Next week's no good for me. Maybe  
we can meet in Detroit?

A long pregnant pause on the line.

CLAUS  
Why there?

BILLY  
I'm out here for the non-lethal  
convention, and Simmons says you're  
out here too!

Claus hangs up, the line goes dead.

The guys all look at each other in shock.

AXEL  
There's something fishy going on  
around here.

SERGE  
I love fish.

The guys smile.

AXEL  
Just don't eat 'em from that river!  
We're here.

Axel drops Billy and Serge off at their hotel along the  
river, near the Cobo Convention Center.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(yelling after them)  
Make that convention hot!

EXT. AXEL'S CAR

Billy approaches the car.

BILLY  
(to Axel)  
What are you gonna do about Claus?

AXEL  
I'mma have me a nice dinner, forget  
it 'til the morning.  
(MORE)

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(to Serge)  
Get some fish!!!

They all smile as Axel drives off with Sams.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel and Sams alone.

AXEL  
Back to headquarters, young man?

SAMS  
Sounds good.

AXEL  
Everything all right?

SAMS  
Yeah.

Axel studies the quiet, handsome, tech-savvy Sams.

AXEL  
We have lie detectors. Don't make  
me get weird on you.

SAMS  
(cracking a smile)  
Well, are we talking about police  
"all right" or life "all right?"

AXEL  
For one thing, that's the most  
words I've ever heard you say at  
the same time.

Sams smiles again.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Second, those two things--policing  
and life go together for me. But  
that's just me. If I had to pick  
one, I'd go with Life. So, when  
we're alone and I ask if you are  
"all right," you can assume Axel is  
speaking with his brother, Will,  
not Captain Foley with Officer  
Sams. How's that?

SAMS  
Sounds good. In that case, I'm not  
happy.

Sams pauses. Emotion wells a bit. Axel waits out the feeling, sees if Sams has more to volunteer.

SAMS (CONT'D)  
But I don't know.

AXEL  
You don't know what?

SAMS  
Ahh...

AXEL  
Talk to me, man!!

SAMS  
You ever been unhappy, sir? Axel?

AXEL  
Yes. I drank too much. Then I met Bethany and to keep her, I had to switch from booze to God.

Lets this sink in to Sams.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Girl trouble?

SAM  
Sir, I have to know I can trust you not to make fun of me.

Hits Axel hard.

SAM (CONT'D)  
People make fun, so I keep my head down and stay good at my job, especially the tech stuff.

Axel nods, starts to get Sams.

Sams gets up some courage.

SAMS  
So can I trust you?

Axel pulls the car over to a quiet, safe spot.

AXEL  
I trust you, Sams. You are a great police officer. I want you to be happy not just in your job but in your life.  
(MORE)

AXEL (CONT'D)

I promise to do what I can to help you, listen to you or give advice if I think it will help you. I'm not a priest, but I am your friend and I love you. That's all I got. Share away, the only thing being I do share almost everything with Beth because that's my other half. That's not another person, she's a big part of me. In fact, she's a great person to talk to about anything, as well.

SAMS

(nodding)

You guys doin' dinner at home tonight?

Axel doesn't answer and drives off toward his home.

INT. AXEL'S HOME -- EVENING

Sams trails Axel gratefully into the house.

Axel's kids tackle him with all their hearts, Bethany pausing from the kitchen to survey.

AXEL

I brought Sams with me!

Axel eyes Sams.

AXEL (CONT'D)

We have enough for Will?

Bethany enters the hallway.

BETH

Always.

She hugs Sams, and gives Axel a kiss.

The kids get jealous, pout and pop at Dad's legs.

AXEL

(to kids)

Hello!! I feel fish at my knees. I was swimming around in the lake-- then there's fish, I felt fish.

They pop him again.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
There it was again!  
(to Sams)  
Will, you're lucky you don't have  
any fish around you biting at your  
knees.

Axel motions for his kids to pop at Sams' knees.

They do.

SAMS  
(to Axel)  
Whoops. I felt one.

The kids die laughing, and the whole gang moves toward the den.

INT. THE DEN

All take seats, minus Bethany, who heads back toward the kitchen.

AXEL  
(yelling to her)  
Can I help?!

BETHANY (O.S.)  
No!! Thank you!!

The kids follow Axel, Robby jumping onto his lap, Daisy standing close.

Sams sits opposite, observing family life with interest and pleasure.

AXEL  
(to kids)  
You guys do your homework?

ROBBY  
What homework?

AXEL  
What homework? What about you,  
Daisy-maze?

DAISY  
(nodding)  
I did it already.

AXEL  
(back to Robby, tickling)  
What?? What homework, huh!? I'll  
teach you about homework!!!

Axel tickles his son, Sams just taking it all in still.

BETHANY (O.S.)  
Ready!!

AXEL  
Let's go.

Axel leads the group from the den to the dining room, Bethany having put dinner on the table.

INT. DINING ROOM

Each approaches a place at the table, Sams hovering back waiting for orders.

AXEL  
That's okay over there, Sams.

They sit.

DAISY  
Is Sams gonna lead the prayer?

Sams looks very scared.

AXEL  
You wanna lead us, Sams?

SAMS  
I can try.

They all bow their heads.

SAMS (CONT'D)  
God, we don't talk much, but thank  
you for this food, and that my  
friend Axel invited me to dinner  
with his nice family tonight. Amen.

ALL  
Amen.

Sams has some emotion, which effects Bethany the most.

BETH  
That was very nice, Sams.

Sams smiles. All start eating, drinking the water or milk--no alcohol.

AXEL  
Water all right, Sams? Maybe milk  
or juice?

SAMS  
Water is fine, thanks.

They all chow down in silence a moment. Finally:

BETH  
So, Sams, what's new?

SAMS  
(chewing)  
Nothing much. Just this crazy  
killer we're trying to catch.

BETH  
Unbelievable. Makes me scared to go  
out, targeting black activists.

They all sit in silence another moment.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Makes you wonder who they're gonna  
go after next!

Sams and Axel eye each other, Axel signaling for total quiet on the matter.

BETH (CONT'D)  
I saw that. What was that?

AXEL  
Huh? What? Nothing, dear.

She squints her eyes at her husband. Eyes him, then back to Sams--almost a warning.

BETH  
No secrets at the dinner table.  
Right kids?

KIDS  
Right!

Robby takes the interaction as a cue it's okay to visit his dad, so he slithers out his chair.

BETH  
Where you goin', mister?

ROBBY  
(abashed)  
Can I be excused?

BETH  
You wanna hug your dad?

Robby shyly nods.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Okay, a quick one, then come back  
and finish your dinner.

Robby runs over to hug his dad for the umpteenth time since Axel's entrance.

Sams watches while he eats, impressed with Axel's set-up.

EXT. AXEL'S BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Just Sams and Axel, out by a swing set and a small fenced off lawn.

AXEL  
All right, Sams, you ready to  
spill?

Axel pats his friend's shoulder.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Do I have to take you into the  
interrogation room, young man?

SAMS  
(smiling)  
You've got a great family, Axel.

AXEL  
Damn right.

They smile, Axel letting Sams finally come out with it.

SAMS  
I'd like one too someday, but...

AXEL  
But...

SAMS  
Boss, can you keep a secret?



AXEL  
(impatient)  
Sams!

SAMS  
Okay I've never had a girlfriend!

Axel processes.

AXEL  
That's okay, you're a young man.

SAMS  
You don't get it.

Sams looks around to make sure they're alone.

SAMS (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I'm a virgin.

Axel's eyes get big in surprise. Collects himself.

AXEL  
Sams, it's gonna be all right.  
You've had a fucked up past to get  
you here, but it's gonna be all  
right.

SAMS  
It is?

AXEL  
Damn right.  
(yelling into house)  
Honey!! Kids!!

SAMS  
No, Axel, don't tell her--please!

Axel puts up a hand to calm Sams.

The family all walk out.

AXEL  
I'mma take Sams back, now. Before  
we go, we're gonna show him how we  
do it here, right?

KIDS  
Right!

AXEL  
Group hug on three?

KIDS

Right!

AXEL

One, two, three!!

They all practically tackle poor Sams, resistant at first, but finally succumbing to the love of Axel's family.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Now a prayer. Beth?

BETH

God, thank you for bringing us our brother, Will Sams, tonight. Watch over him and help him to have the courage to be what You want him to be. Amen.

ALL

Amen!

EXT. AXEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Hans Martin sits low in a dark sedan.

Watches the dinner party at Axel's break up with final good-byes to Sams, Axel and Sams getting into Axel's car.

As soon as Axel's car is out of sight, Hans opens his car door, emerges as a DPD patrolmen in full cop outfit.

He walks toward Axel's home, knocks on the door.

INT./EXT. AXEL'S HOME

Bethany opens the door right away, assuming it was her husband and/or Sams forgetting something.

BETHANY

What you forget?

The kids run up behind their mom, expecting Dad and Sams, all of them surprised to see an unknown police officer.

HANS

Hello, ma'am. I was sent to look after Captain Foley's residence. There was, I'm sure you know, a threat made on his life earlier today.

BETH  
No, I didn't know. Who are you?

HANS  
Officer Miller, ma'am. The watch commander sent me out to check on the house.

BETH  
Was that Robertson on duty tonight?

Hans blinks.

HANS  
I'm new to the precinct. Just go where I'm told.

BETH  
Well, thanks for coming, we're fine here.

She waves, ushers the kids back, and closes the front door on the smiling, waving imposter.

HANS  
Good night, ma'am!

Hans turns around, heads back to his car.

He looks back to see if anyone is watching from the house, gets in his car and starts it.

Just when you think he wants to sneak away, he honks the car horn several times in a mock-friendly way, waves out the window at a fluttering curtain in the house.

INT. AXEL'S HOME

Bethany is peeping out at the car driving away, not a police car. A threat has been made.

She gets back to calling her husband, phone already in her hand and turned on.

BETH  
(into phone)  
Were you threatened today?  
(beat)  
Uh-huh, well we were just threatened by a fake cop. Get your ass back here.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel pulls over on the way to headquarters.

AXEL  
Sams. I need you to walk the rest  
of the way.

SAMS  
You sure?

AXEL  
Yeah. You get a chance, just call  
it in.

Sams moves fast, now taking orders from his captain.

Before ripping a u-turn, Axel rolls window down to holler at Sams.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Sams! Remember: it's gonna be all  
right, man!

Sams gives a thumbs-up sign, as Axel hits his sirens, rips a u-turn, speeds back toward his home.

EXT. AXEL'S HOME

Axel speeds up, screeches to a stop.

Runs out to cut through two COPS, then the door.

INT. AXEL'S HOME

Beth is talking with two more COPS, the kids close by, when Axel runs in to give her a hug.

BETH  
What the hell is going on?

AXEL  
(hugging)  
Nothing we can't handle.

They stop embracing, look at each other.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Trust me.

They look at each other some more.

BETH  
So what's next?

AXEL  
(to kids)  
You guys wanna visit with Aunt Kate  
for a while?

KIDS  
Yeah!

Beth eyes Axel, studies the move.

BETH  
Does Aunt Kate know we're coming?

INT. MARTIN'S MOTEL ROOM

Martin walks in, undresses everything "cop" until his  
horrible tattoos show again.

He looks at his phone. Sends a call.

MARTIN  
(into phone)  
It's ready.

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lush in comparison with Martin's humble digs.

There is a single MAN (50s) inhaling and blowing cigar smoke.

Only his mouth is visible.

MAN  
(German accent)  
Do it tomorrow.

The TV is audible in the background, as the man clicks off  
the phone call.

CLOSE ON TV

A news story about the recent black activist killings plays.

NEWSCASTER  
(over images)  
(MORE)

## NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Chief Terrance of the Detroit Police Department issued a written statement, saying that "DPD is diligently working on solving the recent murders, ones apparently targeting black activists. Captain Axel Foley was caught having lunch today, which shows only that he is responsible about his health while on the job. The Piggy Bank is popular with cops and families, so there is nothing to be concerned with as far as DPD's commitment to finding this killer or killers.

The man walks toward the television, turns the volume up a bit. His face is still obscured.

## NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This statement came after a general comment was issued by Chief Terrance's office, saying that there would be no press conference until the perpetrator was caught.

An arm reaches out from the business-suit clad man, clicks off the TV.

## MAN (O.S.)

Good luck.

INT. SERGE AND BILLY'S SUITE --SERGE'S BEDROOM -- NEXT MORNING

Serge wakes up, stretches out, dressed in fancy silk pajamas.

Billy knocks.

## SERGE

Come.

## BILLY

(peeping in)

You ready?

Billy is dressed to the nines in suit, ready for a business outing already.

## SERGE

Billy, do I look ready? You look like a king, and me I am one of those characters who fall down and make the king laugh.

Billy laughs, closes the door.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Am I *ready*? Says the king to the  
jester.  
(yelling)  
No, I'm not ready. Get pretty  
first, *then* ready!!

INT. DEN OF SUITE

Billy listens to Serge's rant, smiles as he reads the paper,  
sips orange juice, bites at toast.

He flips on the news, finds "The Morning Show" on CBS-  
Detroit.

CLOSE ON TV

HOST #1  
Are you ready for the big non-  
lethal weapon convention this  
weekend?

HOST #2  
The question is: does the Detroit  
Police Department have time to  
secure that event with the Black  
Lives Don't Matter killer on the  
loose?

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Billy gets excited, looks back toward Serge.

BILLY  
(yelling)  
They're talking about the  
convention!

Serge races out in thong underwear.

SERGE  
Free promotion! Perfect!!

Billy shields his eyes.

BILLY  
Serge!!

SERGE  
 Sayerge, Sayerge. It's not that  
 hard, Billy!!

Serge plays with Billy, knowing Billy is shy around his  
 exposed package.

EXT./INT. COBO CONVENTION CENTER -- MORNING

A big sign reads "First Annual Non-Lethal Weapons Convention"  
 with a long list of sponsors.

STAFF and SECURITY are present, as Billy and a fully-dressed  
 Serge enter into the main building of the complex.

SECURITY #1  
 You have your passes?

SERGE  
 They are supposed to be here.

BILLY  
 We didn't get them yet. We're  
 presenting from Los Angeles.

SECURITY #1  
 Names, please?

Serge lightens a little to hear the word "please." Billy  
 tries to ignore the playfulness.

BILLY  
 Serge Ackbod and Billy Rosewood  
 from BHPD.

The guard checks a clipboard for the names.

SECURITY #1  
 The DDOJSIOC from BHPD in LA?

Serge shakes his head.

BILLY  
 Just, "Captain," now. Captain  
 Billy Rosewood.

Security guard is not very impressed.

SECURITY #1  
 You bring your gear?

BILLY  
 It's coming in later today.



The guard goes to a table behind him, fishes out a couple presenter passes, comes back to distribute them.

SECURITY #1

Good luck!

Serge eyes the guard, disarming his enthusiasm.

BILLY

Thanks.

They walk past, head toward the main presenting room.

INT. COBO CENTER

They find the room, enter a brightly lit space half-filled with non-lethal weapon displays, half-empty.

A bustle of activity comes and goes by them, as they seek out their booth number.

SERGE

Are you ready to change the world,  
Billy?

They find their spot. As soon as they do, Serge gets on his phone, sends a call.

SERGE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes, Donnay? Yes, we are ready,  
our booth is here. Yes, in addition  
to the weapons of mass distraction,  
bring for me seven scented candles  
and a yoga mat.

(beat)

Well, tell the buyer that the  
Annihilator 2000 is a dead product  
and cannot compare with the  
Forgiver 2010. I give him a special  
price if he remembers to brush his  
teeth or use some mouthwash--  
something for the cigar smell.

(beat)

No, Donnay, don't tell him that.  
Bye, Donnay.

Serge hangs up the phone, smiles and looks around the huge room.

BILLY

Axel texted me. He said to meet him  
for lunch at the same place as  
yesterday.

SERGE

The pig bank, yes. Did he say  
'please," Billy?

Billy smiles and shakes his head.

INT. THE PIGGY BANK RESTAURANT -- DAY

Billy and Serge find Axel sitting with CHIEF TERRANCE (60s),  
the head of all DPD operations.

Sams joins from a restroom, and Roberta hustles in last.

CHIEF

(to Axel)

These your LA friends?

AXEL

Yes, sir, about to present at the  
non-lethal weapons convention.

BILLY

Captain Rosewood, sir--BHPD.

They shake hands.

Serge is looking off to a corner, trying to look fetching.

The chief eyeballs him, looks at Axel. Axel smiles.

AXEL

Serge, this is Chief Terrance.

SERGE

(putting out limp hand)

Nice to meet you, I'm sure.

Everyone present tries to shake off the awkwardness of the  
moment, carry-on toward lunch.

Pete the Pig is in the background, doing his thing with kids  
at the family tables.

CHIEF

Can we order before that pig comes  
by, I'd rather not have a another  
photo opp.

The WAITRESS is called, and hustles over.

EXT. THE RESTAURANT

There's a DPD SNIPER on the opposite building, hat backwards scoping the perimeter with binoculars, his rifle strapped to his shoulder.

On the ground across the restaurant are undercover COPS reading a newspaper, feeding the birds.

All have listening/communication devices, giving them away to the astute.

They see the waitress leave after getting everybody's order inside.

INT. RESTAURANT

Menus closed, conversations begin while Pete the Pig lingers, playing with kids in the background.

CHIEF

I doubled the guard on your friend,  
Axel, but everyone be careful. I'm  
going to take my food to go to  
avoid any press problems.

The chief bolts, leaving the lunch a more casual feel.

Sams looks down to see if Roberta's wearing a skirt again.  
Check.

Axel spots Sams' glance, smirks.

Pete the Pig saunters over like the day before, Axel keeping his head down to avoid any provocation for playtime.

Pete dances around Axel a bit, seemingly disappointed that his police captain friend is not playing today.

BILLY

I think Pete the Pig misses you,  
Axel.

Axel looks up, a PHOTOGRAPHER's flash pops, blinding him a second.

In that second, Pete the Pig ditches his gloves, pulls a Gloss pistol out.

Billy is on it, lunges to tackle Pete--knocks the Gloss gun to the floor.

Serge pulls out some mace, holds it the wrong way, sprays himself in the face--reacts.

Pete the Pig slithers out of Billy's tackle, runs for the door, knocks over two PATRONS on his way to the street.

Sams gets up, sprints after him.

EXT. THE RESTAURANT

Sams sprints after a sprinting pig, while the sniper across the street unstraps his rifle.

The two undercover officers jump off their bench, join the race.

Pete the Pig knocks over all BYSTANDERS in the way, producing a fast enough pace to keep a little distance between himself and Sams, maybe thirty feet.

The undercovers now behind Sams some fifty feet.

They travel northwest on Grand River Drive. Tiger Stadium and Interstate Highway 75 in the backdrop to the left of the runners.

Pete the Pig shows "free running" skills, even with his costume. Though Sams is fast, the pig's acrobatics keep him out in front.

EXT. ROSA PARKS AND GRAND RIVER

The pig turns north on Rosa Parks Boulevard, heading in the direction of Motown Records.

EXT. MOTOWN RECORDS -- DAY

Hans busts out of his pig costume as he turns a corner away from Sams and police pursuit.

He hucks the costume in some bushes, totally out of sight.

Reveals his cop uniform--everything but the hat.

He straightens his hair, and hops into Motown Museum before the pursuit catches up to see him.

Sams is first to the corner where the museum is located, looks around, sees nothing.

The two undercover officers catch him, finally--out of breath.

INT. MOTOWN MUSEUM

Hans plays the cop-in-pursuit part, has the immediate attention of a lobby ATTENDANT.

HANS

Did anyone come in here with a pig suit? Anyone suspicious?

ATTENDANT

(shaking head)

No, sir.

HANS

You mind if I look around?

ATTENDANT

No, sir.

Hans pulls out his phone.

HANS

Is there a back exit?

ATTENDANT

Yes, all the way in back.

Hans heads back, sends a call on his phone.

HANS

(into phone)

Pick me up.

(beat)

Right now. I'm at the Motown Museum on Rosa Parks. Back exit.

After confirming the person on the phone heard and was compliant, Hans wanders around the museum, pretending to be an interested cop.

A MANAGER approaches Hans.

MANAGER

Is everything all right, sir?

HANS

(in low voice)

Yeah, there was an attempted murder downtown, and we chased the suspect to this area. We thought he might have slipped in your door, maybe wanted to hide out here until his friends came and picked him up.

MANAGER

Hmm. We haven't seen anything out of the ordinary until you came, sir.

Hans eyes the manager suspiciously a moment.

HANS

I'm sure he's moved on by now. We're just being thorough.

MANAGER

Of course, sir.

HANS

I'll snoop around another ten minutes or so and then be on my way. Nice museum! I had never been before.

MANAGER

Thank you, sir. Please alert me or someone in the lobby if you need our help.

They break up, as other VISITORS occupy the hall, check out the museum displays.

EXT. THE MUSEUM

Sams, the undercover officers and two PATROLMEN search the area, having lost the trail of Pete the Pig.

VOICE (O.S.)

I got something!

One of the patrolmen spots the pig suit dumped in the bushes by Hans before entering the museum.

He lifts it up so Sams and the others can see.

Sams looks around, and seems to notice the Motown Museum for the first time.

SAMS

You guys ever been there?

They start to fan around the museum, Sams heading toward the front door.

He mutters something into a communication device, just as Axel's car roars up, carrying Serge, Billy and Roberta.

Two more squad cars drive into the area, park.

A lone helicopter begins to circle the museum.

Everything slows down when Sams reaches the front door, Axel exiting his vehicle, officers converging on the museum.

Axel looks up at the black helicopter, looks behind and up to see a blue police chopper. Is puzzled.

Boom, rat-tat-tat, pow. The black chopper opens fire on the scene, laying waste to cars and officers diving for cover.

The attacking chopper dives low, then pulls up for a quick landing in the back of the museum property.

Hans bolts out the back door, squints against the wind created by the helicopter, recognizes markings to know this was his pickup vehicle, jumps in right as it takes off again.

The chopper lays down more destructive machine gun fire, has all DPD officers running for cover, then takes aim at the police chopper.

Having nothing to counter, the police chopper evades fire with some fancy flying.

DPD officers including Axel, Sams and Billy gather to watch the black chopper fly southeast and out of sight.

AXEL

What the hell was that?

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER

Hans gets comfortable in the passenger seat while a blue-eyed masked PILOT full-throttles southeast over Lake Erie.

TODD SIMMONS (40s) surveys the horizon behind his machine gun, ready to pull the trigger again if needed.

EXT. LAKE ERIE MANSION DISTRICT

A GARDENER looks up from one of the mansions to see the black chopper powering by, but the helicopter is too high to be noticed by most of the lake's RESIDENTS.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER

The lake disappears behind them, as they charge for the Allegheny National Forest.

PILOT

(German accent)

If I wasn't covering you, you'd be caught.

HANS

Wasn't that why we had you cover?

MACHINE GUNNER

Quit arguing, let's just get back to the mansion!

Over a big patch of trees the chopper dives into a small clearing, sets down softly.

EXT. LANDING SPOT -- ALLEGHENY NATIONAL FOREST

An off-road vehicle awaits the three criminals, after they finish covering the chopper in full camouflage--tree branches on top of the cover to be sure.

They jump in the vehicle, turn the key and off they go, northwest back toward Lake Erie.

EXT. MOTOWN MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

Axel surveys the destruction made by the black helicopter. All the surrounding streets are blocked off, and a cleanup has begun with ambulances and PARAMEDICS caring for the wounded.

An SUV rolls up, the Chief inside.

Terrance gets out with AIDES, approaches Axel, Billy and Serge behind him.

The Chief looks around in shock, like Axel.



CHIEF  
(to Axel)  
What the hell happened?

AXEL  
Been trying to figure that out  
myself. We have some leads that  
point to a couple Gloss Arms guys,  
bitter at our non-lethal movement.  
When we're done here, I just need  
some quiet time at headquarters,  
make some calls--get into this.

Chief nods.

CHIEF  
The Mayor and some others are  
talking state of emergency and  
National Guard.

AXEL  
I'll go along with anything, as  
long as I have some room to do my  
thing, investigate this.

Chief nods again.

Axel glances back to his friends, Sams and Roberta huddled  
close-by as well.

CHIEF  
Is it time to shut-down all this  
non-lethal stuff, nail these guys  
the old-fashioned way?

AXEL  
Just give me some time, Chief.  
(glancing back to Serge)  
Please.

A smile almost starts to emerge from Axel, Serge and Billy.  
Roberta and Sams are waiting for orders.

CHIEF  
Well, we've got two days 'til the  
convention. You get these guys  
before that, fine. If not, we're  
cancelling the convention, turning  
this whole matter over to the Feds.

Axel eyes the Chief, considering.

AXEL  
Forty-eight hours, huh? I'll take  
it. Thanks, Chief.  
(to his crew)  
Let's go!

CHIEF  
Good luck, Axel.

Axel salutes, gets into his own SUV that has two bullet holes  
in it, grayed from smoke.

Serge, Billy, Sams and Roberta jump in as well, and off they  
go--leaving the Chief behind to survey, get on his phone and  
do some politics.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel is the most agitated we've seen, tries to shake off  
stress.

AXEL  
(to Billy)  
Billy, let's try to get those Gloss  
Arms dudes on the phone again.

Billy gets out his phone, sends a call.

BILLY  
I'm ringing Claus now.

AXEL  
He probably won't answer.

BILLY  
You're right. Should I try your  
guy, Simmons?

AXEL  
Fuck that, I have a feeling they're  
hiding out. Let's put in a call to  
their headquarters in Vienna.

BILLY  
Don't they have a training facility  
out here?

Freezes Axel.

AXEL  
Yeah, well the big Gloss boss has a  
villa on Lake Erie.

BILLY

I think he has one in every region.

Axel thinks a bit, puts some ideas together.

AXEL

I bet these Gloss guys are hiding  
out on Lake Erie. They may even  
have used the National Forest land  
to launch that helicopter.

Billy and Axel think a while, as Serge checks his hair in the  
mirror.

Roberta and Sams steal looks at each other, smile demurely.

SERGE

If you guys are going to some lake,  
please drop me at the convention  
center, I need to start setting up  
my installation.

Gives Axel another idea.

AXEL

Yeah, Serge, we'll help you.

Axel raises his eyebrows as Serge eyes him with a smile.

INT. COBO CONVENTION CENTER

DONNIE (40s), the non-lethal weapon stash and displays are  
all awaiting as Serge and company arrive.

Serge starts inventorying immediately, very serious and  
business-like.

SERGE

(looking down at papers  
and inventory)  
Donnay, where are the light bombs?  
Axwell might need a few.

Axel and Billy pore over the contents of Donnie's boxes.

They find things they like and set them aside.

Tear gas guns, high-powered bean-bag rifles, sound canons,  
then Serge presents the light bombs.

SERGE (CONT'D)

These, Axwell, are not a toy. You can shoot these from the tear gas guns you have there. They will fly up to 100 yards accurately, igniting four seconds after contact with the target. They will not kill anyone, but will set off the most blinding light you ever see, a bigger version of the key chain I gave to you and Billy twenty years ago in Beverly Hills--you used one against that asshole security guard and it saved your life?

AXEL

Yes, I remember, Serge. Do you have long-range tasers?

SERGE

Electrical non-lethal are crazy to use and too easily kill the victims. You want to end your enemy's chance to defeat you, take away their senses. Vision with the light bombs, hearing with the sound bombs--both shot with that launcher. Tear gas is harmful to breathing. Those three together are difficult to defeat even with masks.

Serge lifts up the high-powered rifles.

SERGE (CONT'D)

These are a final blow when close enough. They take scatter rubber bullets that act like a regular shotgun without killing, just immobilization.

(pointing)

Of course they take these little bean bags. Ours are smaller than most, and can travel longer than most bean-bag rifles. You can try the range out on the targets set up already in back of the room. Up to 100 meters, accurate.

Serge raises his eyebrows at Axel. Axel returns the look, takes a rifle, loads it with bean bags, heads toward the shooting range behind their booth.

## INT. CONVENTION CENTER SHOOTING RANGE

Axel checks the rifle, aims at a target along the back wall of the convention center room, fires.

The bean bag explodes on contact, looks anything but non-lethal.

AXEL

I don't think he lived.

Serge is irate.

SERGE

Donnay!

Serge grabs the rifle from Axel.

SERGE (CONT'D)

This line was supposed to be discontinued.

Donnie Rushes to service.

SERGE (CONT'D)

(to Donnie)

Donnay, take this horrible weapon.  
I don't know how it got in the  
presentation box. Destroy it, melt  
it down, get rid of it now, please,  
and get us the right model, please.

Donnie throws the bad rifle in a box, seeks and finds a proper bean bag rifle, runs back--gives it to Axel.

Axel checks the new rifle, aims at target, fires.

Thud in the center of the target.

SERGE (CONT'D)

You hit an enemy in the torso from  
up to 100 yards, and he will stop  
breathing, fall down, out of  
commission for at least five  
minutes.

Serge and Donnie pass out rifles to Axel, Billy and Sams--offers one to Roberta, but she passes.

Serge and Billy check and double-check the bag of tear gas-launchers, light bombs, sound bombs, mystery grenades, rubber bullet ammo and bean bag ammo, get another bag for the rifles.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Good luck at the lake.  
(to Billy)  
And Billy, don't forget your  
sunblock, you know how you burn too  
much.

Billy nods with embarrassment, gives Sams the second bag of non-lethal weapons, tries to lead the party out.

AXEL  
Thanks, Serge. You and Donnie get  
ready for Saturday. It should be a  
great show.

SERGE  
It should be orgasmic, but not if  
you screw the pooches at the Lake.  
Go now, please.

Serge smiles, waves the warriors away.

Sams and Billy march out with big bags of weapons, Axel leading with Roberta next to him.

AXEL  
Roberta I'm gonna need you to go  
back to headquarters, study-up on  
the Gloss Arms property at Lake  
Erie.

ROBERTA  
Yes, sir.

AXEL  
I'mma look after Sams for you.

ROBERTA  
(blushing)  
Sir!

Axel giggles to put her at ease.

EXT. DPD HEADQUARTERS

Axel drops off Roberta.

AXEL  
(to Roberta)  
Call me when you have some facts on  
the Gloss property.

Axel catches Billy's stare.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Please!

They smile, as Roberta climbs the steps to headquarters.

Axel, rolls up window and drives off for highway 75 to Lake Erie.

BILLY

Should we pick up some backup?

AXEL

Is Taggart available?

Billy smirks.

AXEL (CONT'D)

We'll alert Ohio State Troopers if we need to, but for now let's just take a trip out to the lake.

BILLY

We're "on vacation," right?

AXEL

(smiling)

Exactly.

Sams ponders.

SAMS

You guys have a joke you wanna let me in on?

AXEL

We're good, Sams. More important, you and Billy know what you're doing with all that gear we just picked up?

SAMS

Got it, sir.

BILLY

Axel, I know non-lethal is the way of the future, but...

AXEL

No butts now, Billy. We're gonna put some theories to the test right now. A killer doesn't need to be dead to stop killing.

SAMS

You don't think the killer of those  
activists deserves to die?

AXEL

Maybe. But I'd rather drop him and  
cuff him, let the courts decide.

BILLY

The world is changing.

AXEL

The Wild West is getting tame.

A call comes into Axel's radio.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Florence 102.

AXEL

Go ahead, Roberta.

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Okay, the Gloss property is in Bay  
Village, Ohio--a big spread on Lake  
Erie. It does have a helicopter  
pad, but no witnesses have reported  
any recent landings. A gardener  
and a few lake residents reported a  
black helicopter flying overhead in  
the direction of Allegheny National  
Forest.

AXEL

Cool. Hey, could you text Sams the  
address?

ROBERTA (O.S.)

(shy)

I don't have his number.

Axel eyes Sams.

AXEL

What? Let's take care of *that*  
problem immediately!

Axel switches off the car speaker, continues the call on his  
cell phone. Tosses the cell phone back to Sams.

AXEL (CONT'D)

(to Sams)

Give her yer digits, man.



A smile begins to crack on Axel's face.

INT. THE GLOSS MANSION -- EVENING

Hans, Claus and Todd Simmons turn the key and enter into a huge palace that is the Gloss Mansion on Lake Erie.

They tote major firearms, Todd with a bag over his shoulder carrying explosives.

CLAUS

Now what?! They're onto us!

SIMMONS

Why, 'cause they called us?

HANS

This was a stupid plan.

CLAUS

(angry)

You have a better one? If Detroit goes to non-lethal weapons, you don't think other cities will follow?

SIMMONS

(taking in vast hallway)

And all this crumbles. No more Gloss Arms.

Hans raises bags of weapons and explosives.

HANS

Well, we've got these. Let them try and take 'em from us!

INT. AXEL'S CAR -- NIGHT

AXEL

(whiny voice)

*Sams, when do we get there?*

Sams smiles, checks the map on his phone.

SAMS

Twenty minutes, sir.

BILLY

You gonna call the state troopers?

Axel thinks a moment.

AXEL  
(shaking head)  
Thinking not. I *was* thinking of  
recruiting a couple locals.

BILLY  
Bay Village PD?

AXEL  
Why not? Give 'em a little  
excitement.

INT. BAY VILLAGE POLICE HEADQUARTERS

A front desk phone RINGS.

After a couple rings, a sleepy Bay Village PD SERGEANT (40s)  
answers.

SERGEANT  
(into phone)  
Bay Village Police, this is  
Sergeant Moore.

Sergeant Moore listens, takes in some info, smiles.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
Sure. Me and a deputy enough  
firepower?

He nods, smiles, shakes his head, and puts on his hat and  
jacket to leave.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

BILLY  
Are you following protocol?

There is a pregnant pause while Axel stirs the pot.

AXEL  
Did we ever before?

They all chuckle, Sams in on an old inside joke now.

EXT. GLOSS ARMS MANSION -- BAY VILLAGE -- NIGHT

Axel turns his car lights off, cruises to a spot a hundred  
feet from the gated Gloss property.

A Bay Village patrol car is there in the dark, flashes its headlights twice to alert Axel to their presence.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

AXEL  
There they are.

All get out of their cars quietly, meet in the center of the dark road along the coast of Lake Erie, Ohio.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(shaking hands)  
Axel Foley, Detroit Police.

Sams, Billy and Axel shake hands with Sergeant Moore and DEPUTY ROBINSON (30s).

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(to Moore)  
You bring it?

EXT. GLOSS ARMS FRONT GATE -- A MOMENT LATER

Axel is now dressed sloppily, sporting a red pizza delivery man cap and red shirt.

Billy, Sams and Robinson hide behind with bags of non-lethal weapons--ready to spring.

Axel glances back at his backup, takes a deep breath, and gets into character.

Buzzes the gate intercom.

GERMAN VOICE (O.S.)  
(after a couple of beats)  
Halo?

AXEL  
Pizza man!

VOICE (O.S.)  
Wot?

AXEL  
Pizza man! Yeah, I got your pizza!!

VOICE (O.S.)  
We didn't order no pizza.

CLICK. The intercom line goes dead.

Axel looks back, urges his guys a bit forward.

Buzzes the gate intercom again.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
WOT?!?!?!?

AXEL  
Yo, man, the pizza's gettin' cold!

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hold on.

Axel looks back at his men.

AXEL  
(to his guys, whispering)  
He said to 'Hold on.'

BILLY  
(whispering)  
Did he say 'Please?'

Axel and Billy crack smiles, then the gate begins to open, ending the fun.

The non-lethally armed backup take good cover, as Axel stands strong with his pizza box, acting perturbed.

An ARMED GUARD pokes out of the gate, training his automatic rifle on Axel.

GUARD  
No pizza was ordered. Vacate the premises now.

AXEL  
(smiling, defensive, non-pizza hand up)  
Hey, hey, hey. Take it easy, Rambo!

Axel backs up, feigning fear, then throws the pizza box inside the gate line before the gate closes.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
We'll bill you!!

GUARD  
(picking up the pizza box, opening)  
Huh?!

Inside the box is one of Serge's mystery non-lethal grenades.

The box being opened triggers the grenade, which warns before detonating.

VOICE FROM GRENADE  
(Serge's voice)  
*It's orgasmic!!*

The guard frowns, throws the box, but not before the grenade explodes into blinding light, rubber pellets and tear gas.

The guard is pelted, shaking with each pellet pop--looking like he just got hit by lightning.

After a few violent shakes, the guard falls on the ground unconscious.

Billy, Sams and the two Bay Village officers follow Axel in past the fallen guard, just ahead of the gate sealing.

AXEL  
(looking back, whispering)  
Somebody check that guy for a pulse. Please.

Billy gets down, checks, nods.

BILLY  
He's alive.

AXEL  
Did we invite the governor to  
Serge's non-lethal show yet?

The men crouch to assemble their non-lethal weapons, load them with ammo.

A second GUARD pops out from a balcony, shining a flashlight--reaching for his own automatic rifle.

Axel turns and fires an automatic bean bag rifle, making the guard dance like Rerun from "What's Happening" before he falls down, out of commission--writhing in pain.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
I can hear him; he's not dead.

The Bay Village PD guys handcuff the two fallen guards, the first sleeping off his injuries, the second groaning in pain from being pelted by bean bags.

They hit the dust when machine gun fire breaks out, security lights spotting the intruders to the Gloss mansion.

Todd Simmons is manning the machine gun from behind a second story balcony wall.

INT. GLOSS MANSION SECURITY ROOM

Claus and Hans watch the action on several video surveillance feeds.

CLAUS  
Detroit PD.

HANS  
Axel Foley.

CLAUS  
Yah, not as dead as he should be  
because of you.

Hans is mad, reacts by gritting his teeth and cocking back his gloss pistol.

CLAUS (CONT'D)  
Maybe you get him this time, yah?

EXT. FRONT OF MANSION

Simmons is still blasting from his perch.

Sams, Axel, Billy and the BVPD guys have all grabbed cover behind potted plants, benches, the walls that lead to the front door.

Sams motions to Axel that he plans to flank the shooter. Axel puts up a finger for Sams to wait a moment.

Then Axel rises quick to shoot a teargas cannister up to Simmons' balcony.

It misses, but Billy follows with a shot of his own. The cannister blows with a bolt of light, followed by smoke.

Simmons keeps shooting, as Axel waves Sams to flank him.

Sams approaches the side of the house, climbs a tree then onto an adjacent balcony to Simmons.

Simmons coughs from smoke inhalation, keeps shooting at Axel, Billy and BVPD guys below him.

When Simmons rises to cough and shoot again, Sams empties an automatic bean bag rifle into him.

Simmons does a Michael Jackson dance, coughing and writhing in pain before he falls off the balcony, onto a grass landing for his sleep.

The BVPD guys check Simmons' pulse, then use spare handcuffs to cuff *him*.

Axel's phone rings suddenly.

AXEL  
(into phone)  
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Is this Axel Foley?

AXEL  
Claus?

CLAUS (O.S.)  
You should've responded to our emails. Our business together could have continued to flourish.

AXEL  
Gosh, Claus--lots of weird reception over here. Or maybe it's your creepy voice.

INT. GLOSS MANSION SECURITY ROOM

Claus is talking to Axel on a speaker, while packing up supplies for an escape.

He looks at one of his video monitors long enough to see Hans surprise Sams at that adjacent balcony.

CLAUS  
(into phone)  
I think it's not too creepy to say,  
"We have captured one of your men."  
Such a handsome catch!

EXT. FRONT OF GLOSS MANSION

Axel frowns, looks toward Sams' balcony, sees him getting held up by an armed Hans Miller.

AXEL  
(into phone)  
No, that was really creepy. Catch you later.

CLAUS (O.S.)  
I doubt it.

Axel hangs up, signals Billy and the BVPD guys to look after Sams.

BILLY  
Axel, you get Sams, I'll look for  
Claus.

AXEL  
He might want an email first.

They smile briefly as they split up--Billy for the front door with some non-lethal gear over his shoulder, Axel and the BVPD guys toward that balcony.

Axel motions the local guys to the tree access taken by Sams while he runs quietly around the back, armed with an auto-bean bag rifle and two of Serge's mystery grenades clipped to his belt.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Billy searches his bag frantically for some explosive device to blow the door, frowns, turns all the stuff upside down before he puts his hand on the door handle.

It opens, as he shakes his head--then ducks fast to avoid pistol fire.

BILLY  
(taking cover)  
Claus! Come out with your hands up!

Four bullets fire as Claus' answer.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SECURITY ROOM

Claus fires a few more rounds from his Gloss handgun.

CLAUS  
Sorry, Billy!!

Two more shots, then Claus makes a run for the back, down some stairs toward the garage.

EXT. GLOSS MANSION BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Axel gets there just as Hans and Sams are coming out, Hans with his pistol to Sams' head.



AXEL

Freeze!

HANS

I've got your boy, Axel. You freeze.

Hans flexes his tattoos, stares Axel down--gun to Sams' head.

Axel freezes and surveys.

HANS (CONT'D)

This is no time for bean bag rifles, Axel. There's never a time for soft girly weapons in this world of pain.

Axel frowns, lowers his bean bag automatic rifle.

HANS (CONT'D)

That's it. Now throw all your other weapons to the ground while I take your friend with me.

Behind Axel Claus comes into view, jumping into the Gloss off-road vehicle, Billy hustling cautiously behind him.

HANS (CONT'D)

You should never have crossed Gloss Arms, Axel. Typical, small nigger mind.

Axel stumbles on this, wakes up his adrenaline.

HANS (CONT'D)

(pointing gun at Axel now)  
My ancestors had it right chaining you guys up to work the fields.  
(cocks the pistol)  
Or maybe this would have been better.

As Hans is about to fire, Sams elbows him hard, creating some separation. Hans turns on Sams, is about to plug him when he's hit hard with two stun guns from behind.

The BVPD guys zap Hans so hard his tattoos start smoking.

Body jiggling, Hans losing all control of muscles, drops his gun.

Axel picks up his automatic bean bag rifle and drills him a few times.

Hans drops like a dead fish, tattoos still smoking into a burn until the Confederate and Nazi flags are no more.

Sergeant Moore of BVPD checks Hans' pulse, shakes his head.

MOORE  
This guy's dead.

AXEL  
Whoops.

Sams is on the ground, having dived away from the barrage of non-lethal weapons on Hans.

He props himself up and smirks at Axel's remark.

SAMS  
Can't win 'em all.

No time to celebrate, though, as Claus peels out with Billy shooting his real gun at tires.

Billy misses.

The cops all come together, gather any needed items and weapons.

MOORE  
(to his deputy)  
Stay here and call in the State Troopers, Ron.

Ron nods, as everybody else heads for the front of the property.

AXEL  
(to Moore, running)  
Do you ever say "please" when you make orders?

Moore looks like Axel like he's crazy.

EXT. FRONT OF MANSION

The cops book out the gate before it closes again, dodge a couple bullets from Claus, and dive into Axel's car.

Off Axel goes, right behind Claus, who heads back toward Allegheny Forest.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel switches on a communication speaker.

AXEL

He's heading for Allegheny Forest  
and his chopper.

(into speaker)

Roberta. Hey, could you call up  
Ohio State Troopers, have them seal  
off all roads into the Allegheny?

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Sure.

AXEL

Thank you, ma'am.

ROBERTA (O.S.)

You guys all right?

Axel looks around to check.

AXEL

Yes, ma'am, we're all right. Want  
to talk to Sams?

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Um. Sir?

Sams squirms in the back seat.

AXEL

Maybe after all this is over.

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

Up ahead, Claus makes an unexpected turn.

AXEL

Where is he going?

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Sir?

AXEL

We'll check in later. Good luck  
with the Troopers.

Axel clicks off with Roberta.

BILLY

Maybe they've got more than one  
helicopter.

AXEL

Or a jet!

Suddenly a small airfield is in view, a few covered planes,  
no people.

The sun is starting to rise.

EXT. AIRFIELD -- DAWN

Claus' SUV busts through a chain-link fence, Axel still  
following a half a mile behind him.

He skids into a spot by an old hangar, hustles out--shooting  
at Axel's approaching car.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel is half-ducking, half driving while he gets his  
connection with Roberta programmed again.

AXEL

(into speaker)

Roberta!

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Divert that Trooper call to exit 25  
off Highway 90. There's an old  
airfield out here, the guy's trying  
to get away. They'll alert air  
support and aviation.

ROBERTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A lot of noise for seven in the  
morning.

AXEL

(smiling)

We got this.

Axel clicks off with Roberta, ducks a final shot from Claus  
before he dives fully into the hangar.

Axel, Billy, Sams and Sergeant Moore come out cautiously and  
armed.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
(to Billy)  
Serge have anything in there for  
planes?

BILLY  
There's one contraption we haven't  
tried yet.

Billy pulls out a strange rocket launcher, labeled "Electro-Bang" bearing Serge's logo.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
It says "Heat-Seeking" on top.

Just then, Claus blows out of the hangar in a beautiful white jet, with "Gloss Arms" logo on the side.

He is flipping the cops off through the cockpit window, as Billy assembles the weapon.

Axel smiles at Claus, waves, thumbs toward Billy to alert Claus that something bad was about to happen to him.

Claus frowns as Billy points a scary rocket launcher at him.

AXEL  
That thing loaded?

BILLY  
Yeah, I checked. It's got a weird  
looking missile in it.

AXEL  
(smiling at Claus)  
Then light that bitch--

FOOMP. Billy jerks with the weapon's kick, a missile thumps toward the plane, penetrates the jet's skin like an arrow its target.

The cops all look at each other like nothing happened.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Maybe it was a dud.

Claus looks down at where the missile thudded into his plane, and throttles forward for his takeoff, laughing at the cops' failed attempt.

A final middle finger is raised, as the jet lifts off the ground.

State troopers begin to file into the area, lights and no sirens to be considerate of the hour.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT

Clause is giddy with his expert getaway abilities. Laughing to himself, checking some features on his plane to make sure all is well.

Then all power goes out, just a flicker. He stops giggling.

The power comes back on, sputters.

He looks out at the little missile. It is glowing bright yellow, then blue then orange.

Suddenly his wheel gets hot, as does the throttle. He darts back from them as if they were hot stoves.

EXT. THE PLANE -- CLOSE ON MISSILE

As with the first mystery grenade packed into the pizza, the weapon has audio installed in the voice of its creator.

SERGE'S VOICE  
(from out of the missile)  
Get ready to pop!

INT. COCKPIT

All the electrical gadgets blowout at the same time, Claus covering his face.

The lights go out. The jet engines stop, and Claus prepares for ground impact from 1000 feet.

EXT. HANGAR

Axel, his cops and now the TROOPERS gather to watch the descent of the plane.

AXEL  
Serge's bomb stopped his  
electrical.

BILLY  
Think he'll bailout, parachute  
down?

SAMS  
It's too low.

INT. COCKPIT

Claus takes off his shirt and grips the steering wheel, is able to pull back the yoke to raise the nose of the plane a bit before landing.

EXT. THE HANGAR

All watching see Claus pull off a decent crash landing, no explosion--in an adjacent field.

Everybody gets in their vehicles and chases down the landing site, smoke leading them better than anything else.

A helicopter flies above the cop cars.

INT. AXEL'S CAR

Axel rings Roberta again.

AXEL  
(into speaker)  
Roberta, call off that chopper. I  
told you we got this. People are  
trying to sleep around here!

ROBERTA (O.S.)  
I'll do my best sir.

Axel clicks off, races ahead of other cops, skids to within 100 feet of downed plane.

No Claus in sight.

Axel and the cops get out of their cars, now can see Claus moving in the cockpit, although it is smoky inside.

AXEL  
(to Billy and his group)  
I guess he's okay. Chalk another  
one up for Serge's non-lethal  
collars!

BOOM.

The airplane blows up, Claus included.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Check that.

He starts to giggle.

BILLY  
Well, they did kill two black  
activists, Axel.

SAMS  
Maybe they got what they deserved?

MOORE  
You guys are crazy. When did we  
start caring about the bad guys?

Axel takes a moment on that one to think.

AXEL  
Because, Moore: there are no bad  
guys. Just confused folks having  
bad days.

Axel turns to notice the arrival of Chief Terrance.

AXEL (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

Axel walks over to talk with his boss, gesticulates  
explanations.

INT. COBO CONVENTION CENTER MAIN ROOM -- NEXT DAY

Darkness, then a drum roll, then smoke and lights introduce  
Serge with his fantastic line of non-lethal street  
peacemakers.

SERGE  
Ladies and gentlemen, I am here  
today to present the very best in  
non-lethal peacemaking devices,  
most recently used to bring down  
the murderers who for a moment  
stole Detroit's spirit.

With a wave of a hand, four MODELS bring out four weapons.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Let's steal back the spirit, as I  
present my line of orgasmic  
weapons. They will knock your rocks  
off, but not so much that your  
heart will stop beating. Ladies?



The models fire their weapons at nearby targets, then a fifth model comes out and throws a non-lethal grenade toward Donnie, wearing a protective suit with helmet and goggles.

Donnie does a dance as we saw the Gloss security guys do, getting pelted with light, smoke, gas, rubber bullets and little bean bags.

He falls down and all laugh.

The crowd is concerned for one moment.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Donnay? Are you okay?

Donnie is still, then finally manages to put his hand up to signal he is okay--even a thumbs-up sign.

Serge returns the thumbs-up sign, smiling big in his success.

The audience claps, and in the audience are Axel and family (Daisy up taking pictures), Billy with building manager Cynthia Robard, Sams next to Roberta--*holding hands*, Sergeant Moore, Drill Sergeant Stan with his whole non-lethal Police Academy class, Lieutenant Jim Weller, Miguel the security guard, some of Serge's Coffee Shop friends, Chief Terrance, Mike Richards, Charlie Peterson, MAYOR SIMKINS (50s) next to GOVERNOR RONALD WADE (50s).

AXEL  
(whispering)  
What do you think, Mayor?

MAYOR  
I think we're ready. Governor?

GOVERNOR  
I think some new state law enforcement laws are about to get passed.

Axel smiles.

BILLY  
(to Axel)  
It doesn't get any better than this.

AXEL  
You sure?

BILLY  
You did good, Axel.

AXEL  
You and Serge did, too, but...

BILLY  
But?

AXEL  
Something's missing.

Music starts up subtly. There's gotta be a better way, James Ingram, but...

EXT. MAIN BEVERLY HILLS DRAG -- BRIGHT BLUE DAY

Palm trees, fancy shops, "Beverly Hills" sign.

Big convertible top-down holds smiling Axel, Billy, and Serge. It seems to be just the three as Axel is about to scope out a hot rich LADY (30s) walking her dog on the sidewalk.

Then Axel gets a tap on his shoulder from Beth, his wife, and we open up to see Axel's kids, Billy's new girlfriend Cynthia, and Donnie as well.

Axel laughs at the reminder of his age and changed status since first coming to Beverly Hills.

His kids climb over him, so Billy slows his drive down--finds an ice cream store, pulls over for a bite.

Sams and Roberta follow out of their own convertible, Taggart and Bogomil from theirs if available, Jenny Summers too.

FADE OUT:

OVER CREDITS:

--Axel addresses BHPD Commission about non-lethal policing.

--German-accented guy in fancy Detroit hotel:

GUY  
(into phone)  
Yes, of course, Governor Wade--we  
at Gloss Arms were in the dark  
about the doings of Claus  
Onsblonger and Todd Simmons.  
(beat)  
Yes, we look forward to helping  
Detroit and other cities embrace  
non-lethal policing.