

BEVERLY HILLS



"Pilot"

Written by
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Based on "Beverly Hills Cop"
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BEVERLY HILLS COP

SERIES REGULARS:

AARON FOLEY (25) - Son of legendary Detroit Detective Axel Foley. Smart, resourceful, funny, edgy, playful, rule-breaker.

LEILA MADANI (28) - Beverly Hills Detective who gave up a life of privilege for one of independence. Well-educated, savvy, sexy, refined.

BRAD FULLMER (30s) - Beverly Hills Detective. The whitest guy you know. Strong, loyal, socially awkward, a half-step behind, but a good guy to have on your side.

HELEN CHERNICK (Late 40s/mid-50s) - Captain of the Beverly Hills Police Department. An iron fist in a velvet glove. Uses the carrot and the stick. Wise, political, maternal, nostalgic, selfless.

RODNEY DALOOF (35-50) - In-house lawyer for the Beverly Hills Police Department, he's incredibly risk-averse. A stickler for the rules. A bit of a bully. A loud mouth.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A half-finished building. Machinery and construction equipment litter the area. Dark and spooky. The relative safety of downtown can be seen shining in the distance. But this is the hood. Nothing's ever safe here.

A luxury sedan parks. DANTE, 28, African-American, bourgeois thug -- stylish threads, a Rolex, diamonds -- exits, walks towards his waiting CREW. Six men, all black, similarly dressed. AARON FOLEY, 25, is Dante's main lieutenant. SIX STUFFED DUFFEL BAGS lie next to Aaron.

DANTE
That all of it?

AARON
Eight million. Who we meeting,
Dante? What are we doing here?

DANTE
Future-building.

Aaron indicates a beater MUSTANG about fifty yards away.

DANTE (CONT'D)
You brought Renee. Good. Tell her
to bring that good-luck kiss over
here.

Aaron heads back for the Mustang. As he does, Dante goes to the duffles, unzips one, revealing rolled bands of cash.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

RENEE, 26, African-American, gorgeous, texts on her phone, stops when Aaron gets in on the driver's side.

AARON
Dante wants a good luck kiss.

Aaron and Renee share a loaded look. Their eyes lock.

RENEE
How come Dante doesn't ever look at
me like that?

AARON
I don't mean anything by it.

RENEE
Sure you do.

Renee takes his hand in hers. A charged moment.

RENEE (CONT'D)

We've both been feeling this.

AARON

What we're both gonna be feeling is dead. You're Dante's girl, and Dante's no joke.

RENEE

I'm done with Dante. With this life. The drug deals, the violence. Let's run away.

AARON

Yeah, right.

RENEE

You're not like the rest of them. They don't see it, but I do. You're different. There's good in you.

Aaron shifts uncomfortably.

RENEE (CONT'D)

We'll go someplace Dante can't find us. Tell me you don't want to.

He can't. Looks at her. Then looks back out the windshield. Dante, 50 yards away, looks towards them now, impatiently.

AARON

He's waiting.

She gives his hand one last, hopeful squeeze, exits. As Aaron watches her walk, he pulls out his CELL and quickly dials a number. Leaves the phone below dash level so no one can see it, puts the phone on SPEAKER. It RINGS, then --

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hannigan.

AARON

It's Aaron. It's going down now!

WOMAN'S VOICE

You said it was tomorrow.

AARON

Was tomorrow. Now it's tonight.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who's the deal with?

AARON

Dante's not saying, but he's got eight million in cash here. I need eyes and backup right now.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Where are you?

AARON

Only been in L.A. two weeks and all
I can tell you is I don't see no
Hollywood sign.

Aaron watches from a distance as Dante kisses Renee.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Leave your cell on. I'll track it.

AARON

Hurry up. I don't know when --

Suddenly GUNFIRE from a hidden position in the construction site, it's an ambush on Dante and his crew.

AARON (CONT'D)

Shots fired! Shots fired!

Aaron exits the Mustang, draws a gun as --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Aaron! Are you alright? Aaron!

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Aaron runs towards the chaos. Through machinery, Aaron sees a VAN pull up and ARMED MEN get out.

AARON

Renee!

GUNSHOTS RING OUT from all directions as Aaron looks for Renee. Aaron sees two of DANTE'S SOLDIERS get hit and go down. Aaron sees AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE coming from behind a wall. It takes down another Dante Soldier. Aaron sees Dante trying to lead Renee to safety.

Aaron FIRES multiple shots at the wall, giving them COVER. His firing draws AUTOMATIC FIRE towards him. He FIRES back, drawing even more FIRE. Barely avoiding being shot, Aaron tucks and rolls under a FRONT LOAD TRACTOR.

Not a lot of space under there, Aaron scans, sees the FEET of multiple gunman on both sides of the tractor. The SOUND of GUNSHOTS.

From his limited vantage point, he sees Renee FALL to the ground, shot. Her head tilts, FACES right at Aaron. She's alive, her eyes open. She sees Aaron ten feet away, under the tractor. Looks at him pleadingly.

Aaron sees a pair of COWBOY BOOTS with SNAKE insignias on them walk over to Renee and point a gun at her chest.

Risking revealing himself, Aaron aims his gun at the man's legs and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

CLICK. Out of bullets. Shit.

Cowboy Boot Man SHOOTs Renee in the chest twice, killing her. Aaron watches as her eyes glaze over. Aaron wants to scream, but he's surrounded on all sides by men with automatic rifles. All he can do is stay still, stay quiet.

The SOUND of SIRENS approaching in the far distance.

Aaron watches as the gunmen pick up the duffel bags of cash, toss them into the van, pile in and DRIVE OFF.

Aaron scrambles out from under the tractor. Takes in the carnage. Dante lies dead. His crew all lie dead. And Renee lies dead. As Aaron looks at her, heartbroken --

HELICOPTER SHOT MOVING FROM the crime scene to Beverly Hills. FAST FORWARD TIME LAPSE as NIGHT turns to DAY.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Beverly Hills, 2013. Over the last 25 years the mansions have only gotten bigger, the gates higher, the bling flashier.

Quarter-million-dollar cars zoom past trophy wives on diamond necklace hunting safaris.

PAN UP from MICHIGAN PLATES to find AARON FOLEY driving his beat-up Mustang. Even dirtier and more dinged up in the light of day. Jeans and a "Detroit vs. Everyone" t-shirt.

Aaron is lost. Sees a STREET SIGN that says "Beverly". Consults the map on his phone. Doesn't make sense.

Aaron takes in the opulence. The woman in high heels and a short skirt who walks her pug on a long leash. Aaron shakes his head. Sees two young, beautiful women walking on the sidewalk up ahead. He lowers the passenger window and stops next to them.

AARON

Yo. I'm looking for Beverly Drive and the navigation on my phone's turning me in circles. Can you just tell me which way the police station is?

The women look him over. His car. They turn and walk away.

AARON (CONT'D)

Your loss, ladies. I was gonna put you in a Lil Wayne video.

Aaron looks at his phone again, tosses it down. Aaron CRANKS the RADIO in his car. "Sail" by AWOLNATION. He rolls down his window. Starts to cruise at 10 MPH through the business section of Beverly Hills, taking up both lanes.

Pedestrians on the sidewalk look at him nervously. A BEVERLY HILLS POLICE SQUAD CAR pulls up behind Aaron and hits its lights and siren. Aaron smiles. Like clockwork.

Aaron pulls over. Leaves the MUSIC cranking.

Two UNI COPS get out, walk over to the Mustang. The officer approaching Aaron is BURR, 28. Literally the most handsome cop you've ever seen.

AARON (CONT'D)
(singing along)
"Maybe I'm a different breed..."

BURR
License and --

Aaron ROCKS back and forth to the music, holds his hand up to Burr, indicating for him to wait.

AARON
(singing)
"Maybe I'm not listening... So
blame it on my ADD... baby..."

Aaron turns the music off.

BURR
License and registration, please.

AARON
How 'bout this instead?

Aaron shows him his L.A.P.D. badge.

AARON (CONT'D)
Where the hell's the police station
around here? I'm late for a
meeting.

As Harold Faltemeyer's "AXEL F" begins to play, we --

SMASH TO CREDITS.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION (BHPS) - DAY

Aaron follows Burr and his partner, WICKES, up the sidewalk towards the iconic building. Aaron takes it all in.

INT. BHPS - BULLPEN - DAY

Burr and Wickes lead Aaron in. Looks almost more like a spaceship than a police station. High tech everything. Not a speck of dirt anywhere. Detectives, uni cops, administrators and staff move with purpose and efficiency.

AARON
Where y'all keep the holo-deck in here?

WICKES
We don't have a holo-deck.

HELEN CHERNICK, late 40s-mid 50s, dignified, respected, approaches and offers her hand to Aaron.

HELEN
I'm Captain Helen Chernick. Welcome to Beverly Hills, Detective.

Aaron shakes. Still marvels at the place --

AARON
Call me Aaron.

HELEN
I understand you have a suspect you'd like to talk to who lives and works in Beverly Hills?

AARON
Didn't know that earned this kind of greeting.

HELEN
We've had issues with L.A.P.D. conducting investigations in our city without our knowledge or participation. It's caused some real problems for us and the mayor.

Helen introduces Aaron to LEILA MADANI, 28, sexy and sharp into the room with her partner BRAD FULLMER, mid-30s, usually a step behind Leila, but game for anything.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Detectives Leila Madani and Brad Fullmer.

BRAD

Really pumped to be working with you.

AARON

Okay...

LEILA

So, what's the case?

INT. BHPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A BIG FLAT SCREEN on the wall. A beautiful wood table in the center of the room. A view of the city. An IMAGE of Dante taken from a surveillance camera appears on the flatscreen.

AARON

That's Dante Pierce. Until last night he was the biggest coke dealer in Detroit.

LEILA

What happened last night?

Aaron pushes a button on a laptop bringing up a CRIME SCENE PHOTO from last night. Bodies on the ground.

AARON

Got shot. Got his crew shot. Almost got my ass shot.

Aaron hits a button. A photo of Renee in better times.

AARON (CONT'D)

Got his girl Renee killed too. She wasn't involved in anything illegal. Just along for the ride. Didn't deserve this.

Aaron clicks a button and a photo of her dead body appears now. Leila clocks Aaron's reaction to this.

LEILA

What were you doing with them?

AARON

'bout a year back in Detroit I went undercover in Dante's crew. Worked my way up, built trust. Was a month away from shutting his whole organization down, when Dante announces we're all moving to L.A. for awhile. Says he's got a way to launder his profits, make everything look legit.

HELEN

How?

AARON

Never said. But I get transferred from Detroit Police to L.A.P.D., start setting up my sting when someone kills 'em all, almost smokes me in the process, takes Dante's eight million in cash and ghosts.

Aaron takes a final glance of the photo of Renee lying dead.

HELEN

What's the Beverly Hills connection?

AARON

When we searched Dante's body he had an unused ticket to last night's Laker game.

Aaron pushes a button on the computer and FOOTAGE from the game appears. Players chase into the crowd after a ball. Aaron pauses the image. An empty seat. Next to it a white man in his mid-20s, RICKY FAYLON. Glasses, geeky.

AARON (CONT'D)

That seat's where Dante's supposed to be, belongs to this guy, Ricky Faylon. Ricky grew up in Detroit with Dante, invented some kind of search engine algorithm thing-a-ma-jig. He beds in Beverly Hills now and phone records show Dante called him three times last week.

LEILA

You think Bill Gates Jr. gunned down a coke dealer and his crew?

AARON

I think Ricky's someone who'd know how to launder millions in drug cash.

(beat)

So both y'all are babysitting me, huh?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS (DRIVING) - DAY

Leila drives. Brad sits shotgun. Aaron lounges in the back.

AARON

This is one sweet-ass police-issue vehicle. Only time you see an interior this nice in Detroit is when the funeral's open casket.

(beat, scans)

Plastic surgeons on every block. Five-hundred-dollar haircuts.

LEILA

Just because you've seen The Real Housewives Of, doesn't mean you know Beverly Hills.

AARON

Brad, you're senior dick, why you letting Sweet Thing drive?

LEILA

And don't call me Sweet Thing.

BRAD

Actually, Leila's the senior detective. I got a late start. Played minor league baseball for six years first. Made it to Double-A. Worked at my dad's furniture store. Started a band. Band broke up. Figured being a cop'd be pretty rock and roll.

AARON

And what about you, Detective Madani?
(she just shoots a look)
What kind of name is Madani anyway?
Swedish?

LEILA

It's Persian.

AARON

Like Kardashian.

LEILA

Kardashian's an Armenian name.

AARON

It's all one big sex tape to me.

LEILA

Persian is --

AARON

-- like Iranian, only a little different.

(smiles)

They got schools in Detroit.
Persians too.

LEILA

Those schools ever teach you not to make assumptions about people and places you don't know?

Leila stops at a red light. On the sidewalk next to them, a HUSBAND and WIFE (30s) roll up on his-and-hers Segways.

AARON

What's the gas mileage on those?

SEGWAY HUSBAND

No gas. Converted them both to solar.

AARON

(to Leila)

Yeah, this place is just like anywhere else.

INT. FAYLON TECHNOLOGY - CORNER OFFICE - DAY

A combination of a CEO's office and an adolescent's dream Game Room. Arcade Machines surrounded by crystal glassware on a wooden bar. A small laptop on a large, otherwise empty, glass desk in the back of the room.

NINA, attractive assistant, leads them in. Aaron sees Donkey Kong, immediately goes to it, starts playing.

AARON

Oh, wow.

NINA

Can I get anyone a juice cleanse?

LEILA

No, thank you.

AARON

A what?

NINA

Mr. Faylon has the whole company on a juice cleanse this week. No other foods or beverages allowed. We have Kale Kooler, Red Root Detox, and Vegan Orgasm. May I get you one?

AARON

Sounds tempting, but my clean meter's at max.

Nina leaves as RICKY FAYLON, 28, enters. A nerd who's used his newfound wealth to hire the best stylists to try to appear hip. Instead he's just nouveau-riche smug.

RICKY

I'm slammed, what can I do for you, Detectives?

Leila looks to Aaron to take the lead, but he continues playing his video game, his back to everyone.

LEILA

It's about Dante Pierce.

RICKY
What about him?

AARON
(still playing)
Brother got himself capped last
night.
(turns to Ricky)
You got Donkey Kong right here in
your office, and 33,000's your high
score? Weak, man.

RICKY
Is Dante okay?

AARON
(turning serious)
Dante's dead. Along with his boys.
And Renee. You talk to Dante
recently?

RICKY
No. We went to high school together
but we haven't kept in touch.

AARON
You didn't talk on the phone three
times this week? You didn't save a
seat at the Laker game for him?

RICKY
(emotional)
Okay, I didn't tell you the truth
there, but Dante's really dead? Oh,
man.

LEILA
Ricky... What's a big mogul like
you doing buddying up to a major
drug dealer? Lying about it?

RICKY
It's complicated.

AARON
As complicated as us putting you
under arrest for ordering a hit on
Dante and his crew?

RICKY
I'm practically peeing my pants just
talking to you about this. You
think I'd order a hit on someone?

BRAD
Does look like he peed his pants.

A beat. Ricky takes a deep breath, comes clean --

RICKY

Dante was looking to launder his drug profits. He was making so much cash he was having a hard time hiding it all in Detroit. Told me he met someone here in Beverly Hills who could turn a profit, make it all come back legit.

LEILA

Sounds too good to be true.

RICKY

That's what Dante was worried about too. He asked me to take a look at a prospectus, some corporate documents, run the numbers to see if I thought this person could deliver.

AARON

And what's this person's name?

RICKY

He never told me. But I still have the prospectus.

Ricky goes to a cabinet to retrieve it. Hands it to Aaron.

AARON

(reads)

Cabeza Investments. Alma Pinzon, C.E.O.

(then)

Piece of advice, Ricky? Bangers bang. Shooters shoot. Geeks geek. Stay in your lane from now on.

EXT. FAYLON TECHNOLOGY - DAY

Aaron, Leila and Brad exit. Leila reads from her smartphone.

LEILA

Alma Pinzon, thirty-five. Female. No criminal record. Beverly Hills address.

As the three of them go past camera, Aaron suddenly walks backwards, back into frame and turns his attention to a large VENDING MACHINE against the wall in the walkway.

AARON

Hold your damn selves.

Leila and Brad reappear in frame.

AARON (CONT'D)

This machine sells caviar and escargot.

We see the products inside. Indeed, caviar and escargot.

BRAD

Came out a couple months ago.

AARON

Damn vending machine selling caviar. They got the decimal point wrong though. Should be five-point-oh-oh, this says five hundred dollars.

BRAD

No, I think that's right.

AARON

(Beverly Hills girl voice)
Oh my God, five hundred dollars? That's like only half a Botox treatment.

Aaron gives the machine a playful kick.

AARON (CONT'D)

Where's the 600-dollar frappucino machine to wash it down with?

BRAD

I haven't seen a frappucino machine, but they do have a Sprinkles gourmet cupcake ATM a block over.

Aaron shoots an "I told you so" look at Leila as they exit.

AARON

Time to talk to Alma Pinzon.

LEILA

Actually, that's not as easy as it seems here.

INT. BHPS - RODNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Leila and Brad sit across from RODNEY DALOOF -- the department's in-house legal counsel. Not a physically intimidating man, but the power of his job has turned him into a bully in middle age. He roams the carpet behind his desk as Aaron paces behind Leila and Brad.

RODNEY

I can't authorize confronting her at her residence based on a name in a financial prospectus.

AARON

I'm sorry. Are you a cop?

RODNEY

No. I'm the department's attorney.

AARON

Then maybe you should wash some legal briefs or something and leave the police work to pros?

RODNEY

I can't, Detective, because unlike Detroit, Beverly Hills is a very wealthy city. Our citizens are knowledgeable of their rights, and aren't afraid to go to court. Lawsuits against the city are down forty percent since I instituted these policies.

AARON

So if I want to ask a judge for a warrant...

RODNEY

I need to sign off.

AARON

Run a background check on someone...

RODNEY

I need to sign off.

AARON

What if I need to take a leak?

RODNEY

Lift the seat and shake it when it's done. I assume that's how it works in Detroit too?

AARON

Listen, man. A lot of people got killed last night and most of them were in the life and you probably think they had it coming, and maybe in a way, they did. But there was a girl who died, Renee. She was good and kind and she deserves to have her killer found and punished. Not tomorrow. Right now.

Leila clocks Aaron's ferocity about Renee.

RODNEY

I'm sorry. Bring me more evidence and I'll reconsider.

As Aaron turns to go --

RODNEY (CONT'D)

And Detective... we have a dress code in Beverly Hills P.D. Suits and ties for men.

INT. BHPS - HALLWAY - DAY

Leila catches up to a fuming Aaron.

LEILA
Where are you going?

AARON
To run down Alma Pinzon.

LEILA
Look, Daloof's a pain in the ass,
but he's real and he fires people.
And you doing something stupid --

AARON
Stupid? Who's making assumptions
now?

LEILA
You doing something stupid might
only get you kicked back to South
Central, but it could cost me my
job, which I like. So why don't
you, me, and Brad go out, knock the
case around over dinner?
(off him)
I hear the way you talk about this
Renee. Something we should know
about her?

A beat. Aaron considers it, but then --

AARON
Busy tonight. See you tomorrow
though.

Aaron turns and leaves. Leila watches him go.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Not that it's the shittiest part of town, but not living the
Hollywood dream either. \$950 a month, laundry room in the
back. MAILBOXES for twenty different apartments. Aaron
opens up his. Just a couple flyers. Heads up the stairs.

EXT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron approaches his front door. Through the adjacent front
window, in the crack between two blinds, Aaron sees a SHADOW
of a person moving inside. Aaron draws his weapon, puts his
key into the lock and slowly, quietly, opens the front door,
his gun entering before he does.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Aaron creeps inside the dark living room. Unpacked boxes, no
furniture. A NOISE from the kitchen. Aaron enters --

AARON

Freeze!

REVEAL AXEL FOLEY, scouring the cupboards. Axel raises his hands in mock fear --

Axel laughs as Aaron draws down his gun.

AARON (CONT'D)

How'd you get in?

AXEL

You need better locks.

AARON

What are you doing here?

AXEL

Was trying to make a turkey sandwich for my son, but you got no turkey, no mayo, no bread, not even a damn refrigerator.

We see a big space where a fridge should be.

AARON

What are you doing in L.A.?

AXEL

(turns serious)

Heard Dante's boys brought some knives to a gunfight last night.

(off Aaron's nod)

Heard Renee got caught up in it.

(off Aaron)

I'm sorry. I know how you felt about her.

(Aaron nods)

They almost got you too?

AARON

Who told you that?

AXEL

Should've been you telling me.

AARON

I got out okay.

AXEL

Also shoulda been you telling me this move to L.A. wasn't temporary. Sergeant Hill says you transferred out for good.

AARON

Always knew Hill was a snitch.
Figured it was a good time for a
change. Didn't want you talking me
out of it.

AXEL

Why would I talk you out of it?

AARON

For the same reason you're standing
in my kitchen now.

AXEL

Hey, someone tries to shoot my boy,
I'm gonna get involved.

AARON

And they let you just take time off
from work?

(beat, off Axel)

You got suspended again, didn't you?

AXEL

Two weeks without pay.
Insubordination, which is what they
call it when they don't want to
admit you was right the whole time.

This elicits a laugh from Aaron.

AARON

You're never making lieutenant.

AXEL

Of course I'm never making
lieutenant. I was grooming my son
to be captain one day so he could
promote my ass and now you've ruined
that beautiful plan by moving here.

(Aaron smiles)

So, what leads you got?

AARON

I don't need help.

AXEL

I know, but you got it.

AARON

(relents)

Dante was in town to launder his
drug cash. Looking to do it through
a woman named Alma Pinzon. Beverly
Hills address but this clown lawyer
at Beverly Hills P.D. won't let me
move on it without more evidence.

AXEL

Cautious bunch over there.

AARON

I figure there's got to be at least a few ways around him though.

AXEL

More than a few.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Mansions behind gates. Axel and Aaron get out of the Mustang. Axel wears his iconic Detroit Lions jacket.

AARON

Couldn't go a little more subtle in the wardrobe department for this?

AXEL

Hey, this jacket's better than Superman's cape. You know how many bullets this thing's deflected? Pay it some damn respect.

(re: house)

Looks like no one's home. Let's make sure.

Axel RINGS the bell at the gate. Aaron sees a "FOR SALE" SIGN in front of the house next door. Some flyers in a display case. Aaron takes one out, reads.

AARON

Nine million dollars?! And they don't even take it down a buck to 8,999,999 dollars to make it sound cheaper. They're all just "Crib's straight up, nine large. Who's in?"

The RINGING STOPS at the gate. No answer.

AXEL

We're good. Give me a boost.

Aaron gives Axel a boost over the wall, then follows.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

CLOSE on a SMALL VIDEO CAMERA. PAN DOWN to find Aaron and Axel underneath it. Axel takes his wallet out, pulls out a CONDOM. Rips the package open and puts the condom over the camera, rendering it blind. Axel smiles at Aaron.

AXEL

Ribbed. For her pleasure.

AARON

Carrying condoms now?

AXEL
Your momma didn't get everything in
the divorce...
(suggestive dancing)
Lawyers couldn't take away my
groove.

Axel continues dancing as Aaron walks away.

AARON
Any time you're ready.

EXT. MANSION - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Axel and Aaron peer in through the FRENCH DOORS.

AXEL
Alarm on the wall. The main panel's
probably gonna be in that closet
over there. We got maybe thirty
seconds to kill it.

AARON
That alarm goes off, I'm gonna have
to arrest you.

As Axel picks the door lock --

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The door pops open and Aaron and Axel enter. A BEEPING from
the ALARM. Axel hustles to the closet door, opens it...

AXEL
Not here.

The two men search frantically for the Alarm Control Box.
Aaron locates something inside a food pantry.

AARON
This it?

AXEL
That's it.

Axel takes a Swiss Army knife, unscrews the cover, uses the
small scissors to cut one line, then another. The Beeping
from the other Alarm Panels stops, just in time.

Relief. Now they have some time to search.

They both scour the place. Axel comes across some mail on a
side table, rifles through it.

AXEL (CONT'D)
You sure we're in the right house?

AARON

Yeah, why?

AXEL

All the mail here's not for Alma Pinzon. It's addressed to William and Gina Nicholson.

CAR LIGHTS shine through windows. They share a look.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

William and Gina Nicholson, 50s, wealthy, sophisticated.

WILLIAM

The whole purpose was for everyone to provide something legendary. Why are we sharing a bottle of '03 Lafite if all Tad's going to bring is an awful Chilean grenache?

GINA

And with that amazing cellar of his... the Burgundies alone...

They open the front door and enter to find Aaron and Axel pointing guns at them.

AXEL/AARON

Police! Freeze! On the ground now!

William and Gina hit the ground, terrified.

WILLIAM

This is our house!

AARON

I.D.! Now!

William pulls his wallet out, lays it on the floor. Aaron picks it up, pulls out the driver's license.

AARON (CONT'D)

"William Nicholson?" Okay, that checks out. You can both get up.

As they do --

AARON (CONT'D)

My partner and I witnessed two individuals hop your fence and approach the house. We pursued, found the back door broken into.

WILLIAM

Why didn't the alarm go off?

AXEL

They disabled it. Whoever did it was really, really good.

WILLIAM

Surveillance cameras must have something.

AXEL

They tampered with the camera outside.

WILLIAM

I mean the house camera. It's on a different system. Should've caught whoever broke in.

William points to a camera up high in the room.

AARON

Oh, yeah. We're definitely going to need that footage.

William goes to a cabinet to retrieve it as Aaron and Axel share a "That was close" look.

GINA

We're lucky you were here.

AARON

Actually, we were stopping by to try to talk to an Alma Pinzon. Our records show she lives here.

GINA

Alma? What for?

AARON

You know her?

GINA

She's one of our housekeepers.

AXEL

One of? How many you got?

GINA

Three. They each do two days on, one day off, so we're always fully staffed.

AARON

And Alma lives here?

Gina exchanges a look with William.

GINA

No. We let her register at our address so her son Pablo could go to school in Beverly Hills next year. She's a single mom. We were just trying to help...

AARON

She may be a witness in a case we're investigating, so I'm going to need her real address.

Gina searches for it on her phone, shows it to Aaron as William hands the surveillance hard drive to Axel.

WILLIAM

Here's the surveillance hard drive.

AXEL

Thanks. That's gonna be a big help... Huge really.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A stark contrast from the Nicholson's neighborhood. Aaron pulls up across from a small house.

AARON

This look like the residence of a criminal mastermind who's laundering drug money through shell corporations?

AXEL

No. And you catch the two men staking out the place in that car back there?

AARON

You mean the two white military-looking dudes just chillin' in a Beemer with no plates in the middle of Gangland? That ain't suspicious.

Aaron looks in the rear view mirror and from his POV we see two shadowy figures in a car a few houses back of them.

AARON (CONT'D)

I could call for backup, but we're off the books...

Axel nods and the two of them get out of the car, walk towards the house, careful not to look in the direction of the suspicious Beemer. Aaron knocks on the door. After a moment, it's opened by 6-year-old PABLO, sweet and adorable.

INT. ALMA PINZON HOUSE - INTERCUT

PABLO

Si?

Aaron shows him his badge.

AARON

Hi. I'm a police officer. And you must be Pablo. Is your mother here?

ALMA PINZON, 32, devotes her life to her son, appears. Sees Aaron's badge, immediately tenses up.

ALMA

(pretty good English)

Yes?

Axel and Aaron step inside, Axel closing the door behind them. Axel takes a peek around the curtain at the Beemer.

AARON

Are you the Alma Pinzon who's CEO of Cabeza Investments?

ALMA

What? I don't understand.

Aaron unfolds the Cabeza prospectus, shows it to her.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I don't know anything about this.

Aaron looks around at all the signs of poverty in the house.

AXEL

Any idea why two men are parked outside watching you?

ALMA

No. Who?

AXEL

BMW. White guys, short hair.

ALMA

I've seen them. You think they're watching us?

AXEL

(looks out window)

And now they got company.

AXEL'S POV -- Another luxury car has pulled up behind the BMW. One of the men locks and loads an automatic rifle.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know what's about to go down here, but I'm pretty sure we don't want to be around for it.

AARON

What's in back of this house?

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Aaron exits the house, walks casually towards the Mustang.

INT. ALMA PINZON HOUSE - INTERCUT

Axel hustles Alma and Pablo towards the bedroom area. Spies a GYM BAG on the floor, picks it up, hands it to Alma.

AXEL

Anything you can put in here in the next fifteen seconds comes with, everything else stays.

RESUME ON AARON as he gets into the Mustang, turns the ignition. Slowly drives off. Checks the mirror. The BMW's lights turn on and starts to follow.

The two passengers in the car behind the BMW exit and move towards Alma's house.

Aaron accelerates now. The Beemer keeps pace. Aaron makes a quick turn, the Beemer turns with him. All pretense is gone. Aaron GUNS IT. A chase ensues.

BACK AT ALMA'S HOUSE the two men look through the front door window to see who's inside. Axel catches a glimpse of them, hustles Alma and Pablo towards the back. The two men rattle the door handle. Locked. They BUST the glass, reach in to unlock it. Axel pushes Alma and Pablo out the back door.

BACK ON AARON as the Beemer is in close pursuit. Aaron SCREAMS around a corner and guns it. He's creating a little space between him and the Beemer.

AARON

Detroit horsepower, motherf--

Aaron BLASTS down a dead end street now, the Beemer a block back. Aaron SLAMS on the brakes, FISHTAILS, facing the oncoming Beemer. Aaron GUNS it. Accelerates towards the car in a dangerous game of chicken.

At the last second, the Beemer spins out into someone's front lawn. Aaron guns it back towards Alma's house. The Beemer spins its wheels, but finally gets back on the road.

BACK on AXEL as he escorts Alma and Pablo out and behind a GARBAGE DUMPSTER. When he looks back he sees the TWO ARMED MEN exit the back of Alma's house.

Axel FIRES in their direction, driving them back inside the house for cover. They FIRE back, the DUMPSTER absorbing the damage. Axel FIRES back again.

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS -- as Aaron powers up the long alley towards them. Aaron sees the GUN BATTLE going on, SCREECHES to a halt on the other side of the dumpster.

AXEL
(to Alma and Pablo)
Get in! Get in!

Aaron opens the passenger door and Alma and Pablo jump in. Axel FIRES the last of his clip at the men and then dives in as well. As Aaron hits the gas...

AXEL (CONT'D)
Next time show up a little faster.

AARON
Next time don't complain.

The Two Shooters rush out to the alley just in time to see the Beemer approach them, but Aaron's Mustang is way ahead and TURNS a corner, disappearing from the bad guys.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Axel at the front desk as Aaron, Alma and Pablo stand behind. Axel plays the character of "Marshawn". HALEY VAN BORNE, 30s, immaculate, approaches.

HALEY

I'm Haley Van Borne, client relations. May I help you?

AXEL

Yes, I'm Marshawn Tibbons. We're ready for our tour of the hotel.

HALEY

I'm sorry, who?

AXEL

Marshawn Tibbons.

AARON

Spoke to someone at the front desk about you giving us a tour of the facilities.

HALEY

You're mistaken. My schedule is booked solid today. I could try to accommodate you tomorrow.

AXEL

That would be fine. And maybe you'll be fine with Jay-Z and Beyonce going on Twitter and Facebook, telling all their friends how the Montage Hotel in Beverly Hills was too busy to host their V.I.P. New Years Eve party.

HALEY

Wait a minute. Who are you?

AXEL

I'm Marshawn Tibbons, party planner for Jay-Z and Beyonce. And if you don't like celebrity clientele frequenting your establishment you could have just told my assistant before we flew the entire team out here from New York.

Aaron looks at his silent phone.

AARON
It's Jay calling.
("answers")
Yes, boss?

AXEL
Let me talk to him.
(grabs the phone)
It's me... Yes, I'm here, but the
woman in charge isn't interested in
hosting our event.

HALEY
I am, I am. Wait, I'm very
interested.

AXEL
(into phone)
Hold on, Mr. Z.

AARON
(to Haley)
We have a couple questions first.
Do you provide ponies?

HALEY
Ponies?

AXEL
(into phone)
I'll ask.
(to Haley)
Mr. Z wants his beautiful daughter
Blue Ivy to ring in the New Year on
top of a Shetland Pony.

HALEY
Of course that could be arranged.

AXEL
He needs the pony to be named
Terrell.
(conspiratorial)
Just tell them the pony's name is
Terrell. A little white lie, that's
all.

HALEY
Understood.

AXEL
Mr. Z is also curious what their
accommodations would be like?

HALEY
Our Presidential Suite is
spectacular.
(beat, re: the others)
I could let you and your team...

AXEL

You've met Aaron. That's Alma. She's Blue Ivy's personal pastry chef. And Pablo? Pablo's just a child, but we have high hopes for him.

HALEY

I could let you and your associates stay in the suite for a few nights, to try it out.

A beautiful beat.

AXEL

That would be lovely.

HALEY

Wonderful. Let me just get the key.

As she jumps to, Aaron whispers to Axel.

AARON

You almost threw me with "Jay-Z's party planner". That's new.

AXEL

Saying I'm in town to interview Michael Jackson doesn't work as well as it used to.

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The suite is, in fact, spectacular. Haley with Axel by the front door. She hands him her card.

HALEY

Everything's comped. If you need anything, please just ask.

AXEL

The time the spa opens?

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL SUITE - INNER ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo plays an X-Box game as Alma looks on, concerned.

AARON

You have an X-Box at home?

PABLO

No. I asked Santa for one last Christmas, but I didn't get it.

AARON

That sucks.

PABLO

It's okay. Santa can't always get everything that every kid wants. Mom says we have each other and that's more than most people have.

Aaron musses his hair. Feels for the kid. Aaron approaches Alma, out of earshot of Pablo.

ALMA

Why did those men try to hurt us?

AARON

Anything unusual happen in your life lately? Anything at the Nicholson's?

ALMA

No. Nothing there.

(beat)

There was... there was a lawyer who came to my house last week. He said I had a great aunt who passed away in Mexico. She had left me some money. Fifty-thousand dollars. I signed some papers. He said Pablo and I would have to fly to Mexico with him next week to sign the rest of them and pick up the money.

(beat)

I knew it sounded strange, but things have been so tough for Pablo and me...

AARON

What was the lawyer's name?

ALMA

Mr. Barnwell. Is he involved in this?

Aaron looks at Pablo, excitedly playing X-Box.

AARON

I'm gonna find out.

INT. BHPS - BULLPEN - DAY

Aaron spots Brad at his desk strumming a guitar, singing some '90s rock at half-volume. Aaron approaches. When Brad sees him he stops singing.

AARON

Don't stop for me, Smashing Pumpkins.

BRAD

Yeah, I wish I sounded that good. Just keeping the fingers loose.

Leila approaches now.

LEILA
Eventful night?

AARON
(beat; lies)
No. Why?

LEILA
Because while you were sleeping I found something. Alma Pinzon's no C.E.O., and her real address isn't in Beverly Hills, it's east of the 110. There was gunfire there last night, Alma and her kid haven't been seen since.

AARON
Really?

LEILA
That's not all. I got to thinking. Whoever took out Dante and his crew was taking a pretty big risk.

AARON
Eight million in cash gives folks courage.

LEILA
If there's an even bigger incentive than money, though, it's survival. You were working undercover, you were about to take everyone down.

AARON
But nobody knew I was undercover.

LEILA
No one was supposed to. But I had a friend in L.A.P.D. check out the files on your case.

AARON
They're classified.

LEILA
They're supposed to be. But someone accessed them two days ago. They don't identify you specifically, but it showed that a cop was working in Dante's crew.

AARON
So whoever was going to launder Dante's money finds out there's an undercover, but he's not sure who.

LEILA
Easiest way to solve the problem --

AARON

Take the whole bunch out.
(beat, bothered)
They all got killed because of me?
(beat, anger rising)
Tell me who accessed the file and
I'll go talk with him.

LEILA

By yourself? No way.

AARON

Don't want to get the two of you
into any more trouble in case I got
to get my Detroit on.

LEILA

Does "getting your Detroit on" involve
sending anyone to the hospital?

AARON

No.

BRAD

Sounds good to me then.

AARON

Doesn't mean your in-house lawyer
would approve of it all.

LEILA

We'll take our chances. He's a
civilian clerk named Keith Trumain.
Works Hollywood Division.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DAY

A young man, mid-30s, KEITH TRUMAIN, exits the front door.
Aaron, leans against a wall eating a hot dog as Keith passes.
Aaron holds out another hot dog for Keith.

AARON

Hot dog?

KEITH

No thanks.

Strange. He keeps walking. Aaron follows.

AARON

You sure? Awful good. A lot better
than what they serve in prison.

Leila and Brad appear in front of Keith now. He stops.

KEITH

What's happening here?

AARON

What's happening, Keith, is the big house. Real time for real men.

LEILA

You accessed confidential police files and shared them with someone who used them to kill six people the other night, tried to kill a cop.

The reality sinks in for Keith.

KEITH

Oh God. Look. I don't know anything about that. I just didn't want to lose my house.

BRAD

Lose your house?

KEITH

My wife and I were about to default on our mortgage. We've got three kids. The man told me if I gave him an occasional piece of police intel, I could keep my house.

AARON

What man?

KEITH

The man who owned the bank. Trevor Sinden.

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A cell phone RINGS as Axel inspects a room service delivery. It's a veritable feast. He acts displeased though.

AXEL

The last meal they brought up, they spelled my name in cocktail sauce. This time nothing.

WAITER

I'm very sorry, sir. I'll take care of it.

AXEL

That's Marshawn with one "w", one "n". Don't go butchering it. And don't think I don't see how y'all are slipping.

The waiter retreats as Axel answers his RINGING cell.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Yeah?

EXT. PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

Leila and Brad sit impatiently in their car as Aaron paces ten yards away, indicating to them to just wait a minute.

AARON
(into cell)
I just texted you a picture. See if
Alma recognizes him.

A PHOTO of TREVOR SINDEN, white, 40s, imperial-looking appears on Axel's phone. Axel takes some of the room service food and gives it to Pablo. He shows the photo to Alma.

AXEL
Know this guy?

ALMA
That's Mr. Barnwell. The lawyer who
had me sign the papers.

AXEL
(into phone)
She says that's Barnwell, the lawyer.

AARON
His real name's Trevor Sinden. He
owns an investment bank. We're
going to check him out. I'll stop
by when I'm done.

AXEL
Let me know when, I'll order you the
Panzanella Caprese.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Leila drives, Brad rides shotgun. Aaron in the back. Brad reads from his phone.

BRAD
"As rumors swirl that Sinden
Financial might be ripe for a
takeover, founder and C.E.O. Trevor
Sinden insists his institution is on
solid ground and will actually be
looking to expand in the future."
(re: article)
That was last month.

LEILA
Who were you on the phone with back
there?

AARON
Chatting with my pops back in
Detroit. Family stuff.
(to Brad)
(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

Now, didn't that feel good, Brad,
going and talking to a suspect without
clearing it with a suit first?

BRAD

It felt pretty good.

AARON

That's step one of "going Detroit".

BRAD

Wouldn't want to make a habit of it.

AARON

What you don't want to make a habit
of is letting criminals get away
because Dalooof's too gun-shy to let
you mix it up.

(beat)

This Sinden guy launders drug money,
kills six people so he can make
twenty million a year rather than
ten million? Only in Beverly Hills.

LEILA

You know, there are a lot of good
people here. Most of them worked their
asses off to get here. Being rich
doesn't make them a-holes. So while
we're together, park the attitude.

A beat as Aaron looks at her.

AARON

This is home for you, isn't it?

LEILA

What?

AARON

Beverly Hills. You grew up in one
of these mansions around here.
Credit card when you were twelve,
new Mercedes when you got your
license.... Tell me I'm wrong.

LEILA

You don't know me.

AARON

I know some things never scrub off.
Yeah, you can hide behind that
badge, but I see you.

LEILA

Hey, look, if you think --

AARON

Pull over. I need something.

LEILA

What?

AARON

Real quick. Pull over.

Leila pulls over. Aaron jumps out and enters a DRUG STORE.

LEILA

You believe this?

BRAD

You are from Beverly Hills.

Leila turns off the car, follows Aaron into the drug store.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey, get me some gum.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Aaron browses the TOY SECTION as Leila appears. Aaron finds a THREE PACK of PLAY-DOH. Heads for the register.

AARON

This is the nicest drugstore I've ever seen. They got operating rooms in Detroit ain't this spotless.

LEILA

You made me stop for Play-Doh?

AARON

Birthday gift.

LEILA

Look, I don't know what is with you --

AARON

What's with me is I almost got killed the other night, I got some lawyer telling me what suspects I can and can't talk to. I got one partner who probably had her own episode of "Sweet Sixteen" on MTV, the other one'd rather be the next John Mayer than a detective and I'm trying to figure out who killed Renee and why, in a town where you get caviar and cupcakes out of vending machines.

LEILA

You're right. I am from Beverly Hills. My parents worked hard, they got rich and they moved here before I was born.

(MORE)

LEILA (CONT'D)

But I turned my back on their money ten years ago because I didn't like the strings it came attached with -- a traditional life, traditional husband that they approved of. So being a cop isn't some game I'm playing. It's freedom for me. I need it. And Brad... you may not think much of him, but people like to talk to him. He gets confessions without bad guys realizing they're confessing. He's the best shot in the department and the most loyal man I've ever met. He likes you, which means that even though you mock him, he'd still run through a wall for you.

(beat, Aaron's chastised)

All I've been doing since we met is try to solve this case for you. All you've done is keep secrets from me. About how much you cared about Renee. About what you were talking about on the phone back there. I'm not stupid. But you are for not trusting me.

Beat. Aaron's impressed. Opens up.

AARON

We found Alma Pinzon last night. Some guys were watching her, tried to shoot her up, we got her and her kid away. Trevor Sinden's using her for something. My Pops and I are hiding her and her boy out at the Montage.

LEILA

Your Dad?

AARON

He's Detroit P.D. too. And now you know everything.

LEILA

Good.

A CLERK arrives to ring up Aaron's Play-Doh purchase. Leila throws a pack of gum on top.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Brad's gum is on you.

EXT. SINDEN FINANCIAL - DAY

Leila and Brad parked across the street from the bank. Aaron in the back seat. All with eyes on the building. A WHITE BENTLEY exits the parking garage, onto the street.

BRAD

White Bentley. That our boy?

AARON
That's Sinden.

Leila pulls the car off the curb, follows the Bentley.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY

Leila follows the Bentley. Aaron leans forward.

AARON
Let's run him.

LEILA
Told you. We look, we don't touch.

BRAD
Not without Dalooof signing off.

Aaron leans forward, FLIPS the SIREN. As the Bentley pulls over --

AARON
Oops.

Leila shoots Aaron a look and pulls in behind the Bentley.

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR SINDEN, 40s, a slick shark in a slick town talks on his phone through the car's SPEAKERS.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hello?

SINDEN
It's me. The cops just pulled me over. Roxbury, just north of Sunset.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I'm on my way.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - CONTINUOUS

Aaron and Leila approach the driver's side door, badges held up. Brad takes cover position on the passenger side.

AARON
License and registration please.

SINDEN
Can I ask why?

AARON
No. You can't.

Sinden retrieves the documents, hands them over.

AARON (CONT'D)

How are you today, Mr. Sinden?

SINDEN

I'd be better if you told me why you're harassing me.

AARON

Hand me your keys and step out of the vehicle, sir.

SINDEN

Excuse me?

AARON

You rather I pull you out of there?

A beat. Sinden hands Aaron his KEY RING with five keys on it. Steps out of the car.

AARON (CONT'D)

Hands on the roof.

Sinden complies. Aaron frisks him.

SINDEN

I'd like to talk to your supervisor.

AARON

(to Leila)

I'll run the license.

Aaron leaves Sinden in Leila and Brad's custody and heads back to the police vehicle. Gets into the car.

SINDEN

One of you want to tell me what this is about?

Leila exchanges a look with Brad. What's there to say?

BRAD

Keep quiet, sir.

INT. POLICE CAR - TIME CUT - DAY

Aaron throws the drug store bag into the back seat and gets out of the car, approaches an agitated Sinden.

AARON

Turn around, Mr. Sinden.

Sinden does. Face to face with Aaron. Aaron hands him his license and registration back.

AARON (CONT'D)

You got a couple unpaid parking tickets, Trev.

SINDEN
(fuck you)
How kind of you to remind me.

A beat. Fuck you right back.

AARON
Where were you two nights ago?
Around eight o'clock?

SINDEN
I was at a fundraiser in Westwood.
Some kind of cancer. You always
take this kind of interest in the
activities of strangers?

AARON
Aw, you're no stranger.

SINDEN
We meet somewhere before?

AARON
You've never met me, but I've met
you plenty.

SINDEN
How's that?

AARON
You're the guy who thinks the rules
don't apply to him. The guy who
wants what he wants, doesn't care
who gets hurt getting it. The guy
who knows he'll never get caught.
And you know who I am?

SINDEN
Who?

AARON
The guy who proves you wrong.

An eye fuck between Aaron and Sinden. Then a car pulls up
and parks in front of Sinden's car. LYLE HAWES, 30s, more
spook-type than soldier-type, steps out of the car. Khakis
and a windbreaker over a collared shirt.

SINDEN
I believe this conversation is about
to come to an end.

HAWES
I'm Lyle Hawes, Mr. Sinden's
attorney. What's going on here?

AARON
You're his lawyer? Then why are you
packing?

Aaron brushes Hawes' windbreaker to the side to reveal a HOLSTERED GUN. Hawes very slowly reaches into another pocket and pulls out a document.

HAWES

"Right to carry" permit.

AARON

I'm confused. You this man's lawyer or his security?

HAWES

That's right.

Aaron's eyes move down and the CAMERA FOLLOWS to REVEAL Hawes wearing COWBOY BOOTS WITH SNAKE INSIGNIAS. The same boots as Renee's killer.

AARON

Nice boots.

HAWES

Unless there's an objection, Mr. Sinden and I will both be leaving now.

Aaron stares at Hawes. Leila and Brad scan the tension.

LEILA

We apologize for the inconvenience.

Sinden gets into his car. Hawes returns to his car. Aaron approaches Sinden's window. Dangles his keys.

AARON

Forgot your keys.

Sinden takes the keys. Starts the car. Hawes and Sinden drive off. Aaron, Leila and Brad stand next to each other, watching them disappear.

AARON (CONT'D)

They killed Renee.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BHPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron, Leila and Brad finish updating Helen and Rodney.

RODNEY

I won't authorize a warrant request based on a cowboy boot I.D.

LEILA

Sir, if Trevor Sinden's using his bank to launder drug money, he could be doing it for a number of criminal organizations. That's only going to empower all of them. It's going to make them more dangerous, harder to break.

BRAD

Six people were killed the other night to cover this up. Do you want us to just give this a pass or are you gonna let us go a little Detroit and close this?

Aaron enjoys seeing Leila and Brad fight for this.

RODNEY

What? Detroit? No. Look, I'm not saying stop investigating. I'm saying take your time, be more thorough.

AARON

How much time you wanna give them to kill more folks?

RODNEY

Hey, you don't like how we do things in Beverly Hills, you know where the door is.

AARON

Yeah, it's always covering your fat ass.

Aaron heads out of the room into --

INT. BHPS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Helen chases him down.

HELEN

Aaron. Stop.

AARON

Look, I've never seen a police station with the bells and whistles you got here. It's like magic. Might as well call this place Hogwarts. But it's all useless if that man doesn't let cops be cops.

HELEN

I don't like a lawyer wielding veto power either, but... that's the way it's set up. When I first moved to Beverly Hills, a lot of things here seemed strange, excessive.

(beat)

I've got two boys, both a little younger than you. Their dad died when they were twelve and eight. Killed in the line of duty in Phoenix.

AARON

I'm sorry.

HELEN

Thank you. The point is I always knew they had good hearts, but it didn't stop them from getting into real trouble occasionally. I had to learn how to give them enough leash to learn how to become men, but not too much they'd do something bad they'd regret, that they couldn't ever take back.

(beat)

I can tell you've got a good heart. But I've also seen your personnel file from Detroit. I know you can go off the reservation from time to time. I'm asking you... Don't embarrass this house, don't embarrass me. Hear me?

A beat. As he walks off --

AARON

I hear you.

INT. BHPS - BULLPEN - DAY

Aaron spies Brad at his desk, packing up for the night.

AARON

Hey, Brad... do me a favor?

BRAD

Sure. Anything, pal. What?

AARON

Told my father I'd take him out for dinner tonight. You mind watching Alma and Pablo for a few hours? Free room service.

BRAD

Sure. Let me grab my guitar.

INT. LOCKSMITH STORE - NIGHT

Aaron hands a CLAIM TICKET to a clerk, SMITTY, 60s.

SMITTY

One moment, sir. Let me see if the keys are finished.

He retreats to the back. Axel and Aaron alone.

AXEL

How's your mom?

AARON

Good.
(beat, laughs)
Actually she's great.

AXEL

Leaving Axel Foley'll do that for a woman.
(off Aaron)
I don't blame her for leaving.

AARON

I know.

AXEL

Just like I don't blame you for leaving. I know I pushed you to be a cop. Couldn't been easy.

AARON

Which part? You constantly checking with my bosses about me? Or pulling my reports to make sure I wrote 'em up right?

AXEL

You know about that, huh?
(beat)
Whatever I did, you didn't turn out so bad.
(off Aaron)
But okay, I'm sorry. For always telling you the way it should be done.

AARON

I never listened to you anyway.
Detroit was always your town. It
was never gonna be mine. I can
prove something out here.

AXEL

Don't need to prove anything to me.

AARON

Maybe I want to anyway.
(beat)
Do appreciate your help on this one,
though. I do.

Axel nods. Sees his son's truly a man. Smitty enters with
five keys on a key ring.

SMITTY

Here are your keys. You want the
molds back?

Smitty holds up the PLAY-DOH molds.

AXEL

Ha! The Play-Doh gag. You were
listening all those years!

AARON

(to Smitty)
No thanks.
(leaving, to Axel)
Half listening.

AXEL

Your first problem is I taught you
everything you know. Your second
problem is I didn't teach you
everything I know.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Aaron's parked across from a dark, and mostly empty Sinden
Financial. Axel in the passenger seat. They watch from a
distance as an overweight GUARD passes by inside.

AXEL

You want me to go in alone, keep you
clean, I'm happy to.

AARON

I don't got bail money for you
anyways, so it might as well be both
of us.

KNOCK KNOCK.

They're both startled by a knock on Aaron's window. It's
Leila holding a tray with three coffees.

LEILA
Coffee?

AARON
What are you doing here?

LEILA
I knew you'd come after Sinden. I wanted to see what it'd be like to go full Detroit.

AXEL
Who's this?

AARON
Leila Madani. Beverly Hills P.D.

AXEL
(flirty)
Axel Foley. Real pleasure to meet you.

Leila shakes Axel's hand, Aaron stuck in the middle.

LEILA
You too. You're Aaron's father?

AXEL
Don't hold it against me.

LEILA
I won't.

AXEL
Decaf latte?

She hands Axel a cup.

AARON
Look, you got a little bad girl in you, I get it. Threw your parents' money in their face, now you'd like to walk on the wild side and stick it to Dalooof. But we ain't gaming here.

LEILA
No, we're breaking and entering and engaging in police misconduct, and we won't be able to use anything we find as evidence against Sinden, but he's up to some bad stuff and if we know what exactly, maybe we can save a few lives. And since your actions are my actions as far as Dalooof is concerned, I'm not going to let you screw up.

(MORE)

LEILA (CONT'D)

Now, that guard comes back around to this spot in another ten minutes, so we really should get going.

A beat.

AXEL

I like her.

LEILA

Aw, I like you too.

AARON

I don't like either of y'all right now.

EXT. SINDEN FINANCIAL - NIGHT

Aaron, Axel and Leila at an employees side door to the bank. Aaron tries one of the keys. Doesn't fit. Tries another. The lock turns. Aaron smiles.

AXEL

(to Leila)

That's my boy.

INT. SINDEN FINANCIAL - NIGHT

Aaron peeks around a corner, sees the NIGHT GUARD sit down at his desk, open a magazine. Aaron nods to Axel and Leila. They scoot down a hallway, enter a STAIRWELL, head up.

INT. SINDEN FINANCIAL - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - NIGHT

Aaron, Axel and Leila emerge from the stairwell, walk through the hallway towards a CORNER OFFICE. A nameplate that reads "Trevor Sinden". As Aaron tries different keys on the lock --

AXEL

Tell you what. We get this all finished, let me take you to dinner, I'll give you some tips on how to handle my son.

LEILA

Sounds intriguing.

AARON

(to Axel)

You're not seriously hitting on my partner.

(to Leila)

And you're not seriously considering it.

LEILA

He's charming.

Axel shrugs his shoulders. "What can I do?"

AARON
And what am I?

LEILA
Slow. Pick it up

Aaron tries the last key. The door unlocks. They enter --

INT. TREVOR SINDEN'S OFFICE - TIME CUT - NIGHT

Aaron, Axel and Leila looking through drawers, papers, etc.,

AARON
Anything?

LEILA
No.

Axel gives up on the credenza he's been searching, is about to turn away when he gets a feeling about the painting on the wall. He starts to lift it off its hooks.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Be careful. That's a hundred-thousand-dollar Todd White.

Axel pulls it off the wall gently, revealing a WALL SAFE.

AXEL
Hey, bring those keys over.

Aaron comes over, tries the smallest key on the safe. It opens it up. FIVE BIG MANILA FOLDERS inside. Aaron passes them around. Leila's reads --

LEILA
Cabeza Investments.

AARON
What's it say? Mine's a bunch of numbers and legal mumbo jumbo.

LEILA
"Alma Pinzon, C.E.O. Pablo Pinzon, Vice President." ... Articles of incorporation.

AXEL
I got another company here. Veluza Solutions. Maria Esteves, C.E.O.

LEILA
Wait a second. Look at this. The other officers listed here... Ricardo Gomez, Daniel Washington, Paul Canning.

(MORE)

LEILA (CONT'D)

Who's-who of the FBI's Most Wanted
on the West Coast.

(reads more)

Dante Pierce.

AXEL

I got the same names here.

AARON

What does this mean?

LEILA

It's like a reverse pyramid scheme.
Rather than a lot of patsies making one
person rich, this is one patsy at the
top. Alma Pinzon or Maria Esteves.
They take their drug money, put it into
these women's names and then it gets
redistributed down in Mexico.

AARON

How?

LEILA

According to this, the company gets
dissolved in the event of the deaths
of Alma and Pablo Pinzon.

AARON

They're going to kill Alma and Pablo
as a bank dodge?

LEILA

As soon as they get them to sign the
final papers in Mexico.

AXEL

Damn. And you thought Detroit was
cold.

Aaron's cell RINGS. He answers it.

AARON

Aaron.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - INTERCUT

Keith on his cell, looking around nervously.

KEITH

Detective? It's Keith Trumain.

AARON

Yeah. What's up?

KEITH

You wanted me to tell you if I got
another request from Trevor Sinden?

(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)

He just called, asked me to find out if there were any D.U.I checkpoints or police roadblocks between North Canon Drive and Santa Monica Airport.

AARON

(to Axel and Leila)

Sinden knows where Alma and Pablo are. He's gonna grab them, put 'em on a plane out of the country.

LEILA

Who's with them now?

AARON

Brad.

Leila reaches for her phone --

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Brad helps Pablo play guitar. "MR. JONES" by Counting Crows. Brad sings the final lyrics, stops.

BRAD

Now you're getting it. You keep practicing, pretty soon you'll get all sorts of babes.

PABLO

Ew. I don't want any babes.

BRAD

That'll help too, strangely enough.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Brad rises. Then his CELL RINGS. Decides to go for the door first --

BRAD (CONT'D)

Try it on your own now.

Pablo plucks at the guitar as Brad goes to the door, his gun at his side. He looks through the PEEPHOLE, sees --

FOUR ARMED MEN with bandanas covering their faces halfway down the hallway.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Get back! Get in --

BOOM! A C-4 EXPLOSIVE CHARGE blows the door in, knocking Brad ten feet back and unconscious. As the masked men enter, grab a SCREAMING Alma and Pablo and carry them out --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MUSTANG (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Aaron drives like a bat out of hell.

LEILA
Brad's not answering.

Aaron SWERVES around a slow moving car, heads the wrong way. The lights of a fast moving car come for them --

AXEL
(calmly)
Aaron...

Aaron swerves just in time back into his lane.

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

START CLOSE on Hawes' COWBOY BOOTS as he leads his thugs and Alma and Pablo down the stairs.

INT. MUSTANG (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Aaron passes the side entrance of the Montage.

AXEL
There!

SEE Hawes and his men streaming out a back exit of the hotel dragging Alma and Pablo.

Aaron FISHTAILS the Mustang, comes to a stop. The three of them JUMP out of the car, run into --

EXT. MONTAGE HOTEL - GARDENS - NIGHT

The back patio and gardens of the Montage. Cafe tables, hedges, walkways, all situated between the hotel and a ROW OF STORES and RESTAURANTS.

Hawes sees Aaron, Axel and Leila arrive. He FIRES on them. They duck behind a small wall. PATRONS and PEDESTRIANS freak out. Scream and flee for their lives. CHAOS. GUNFIRE between our heroes and the bad guys.

AARON
(to Leila)
Guns sound the same as Detroit.

Hawes grabs Alma from one of his guys, uses her as a shield to make his way to the row of stores.

Aaron sees this. Gives chase. Axel sees one of the THUGS carry Pablo in a different direction, he gives chase. A bullet WHIZZES close past him. His lucky jacket works again.

Leila pins down a couple of the other THUGS with COVER FIRE.

CLOSE on one of the thugs as he tracks Aaron moving through the maze of shrubs. He lies in ambush, waits for Aaron to emerge. Aaron's unaware of him. As Aaron comes into a clearing he sees the THUG's GUN pointing at him. Oh shit!

BAM! The Thug falls down dead. Aaron looks around, confused. Follows the sound up to see --

BRAD on the BALCONY of the suite, eight stories up and 50 yards away, his gun still smoking. Aaron acknowledges Brad with a nod and continues his chase of Hawes and Alma.

ON ANOTHER THUG as he works his way around the gardens, gun at the ready. He makes a turn when suddenly --

CLICK. A gun to the back of his temple.

LEILA

Drop it.

He drops his gun. She SWEEPS his feet, gets him on the ground and cuffs him lightning quick.

ON AARON as he enters --

INT. HIGH END CLOTHING STORE - INTERCUT

Where he saw Hawes drag Alma in. Bam! Hawes takes a shot from the back of the store, barely missing Aaron. He tucks and rolls for some cover. Hawes uses Alma as a shield. Aaron doesn't have a clear shot. He intentionally FIRES over Hawes head to force him to cover.

Aaron moves to another position. Finds himself staring at a MANNEQUIN with clearly African-American features, but it's plaster painted lily-white. (This is very real and odd.)

AARON

(to himself)

Damn. Even the black dudes are white around here.

RESUME ON the THUG with Pablo, who tries unsuccessfully to fight his way free. The Thug heads for a VAN. Uses his remote key to unlock it. So close to the vehicle when --

SLAM! A FIST connects with the Thug's jaw, sending him down for the count. It's Axel. He grabs Pablo and checks on him.

AXEL

You okay?

PABLO
Where's my Mom?

RESUME on Aaron as Hawes FIRES on Aaron's position behind a rack of clothes. Another VOLLEY sends Aaron to the ground on his side (the same body position he was hiding in during the construction site massacre).

From this position, Aaron sees under the clothes racks. Sees Hawes' COWBOY BOOTS. From his side, Aaron FIRES a SHOT right through one of the boots. Hawes falls to the ground in pain. Now he sees Aaron. Hawes AIMS his gun to shoot, but --

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Aaron puts three quick shots through Hawes' chest. Alma quivers and shakes, grateful to be alive.

EXT. MONTAGE HOTEL - GARDENS - NIGHT

AFTERMATH. A few minutes later. The surviving thugs are rounded up. UNIS work the scene. Axel comforts Alma and Pablo as Helen talks to Aaron, Leila, and Brad.

HELEN
Is everyone alright?

BRAD
Yes, ma'am.

HELEN
Was this all of them?

AARON
No. We got Renee's shooter and his guys, but their boss Trevor Sinden's still out there.

HELEN
Any idea where?

AARON
He was trying to take Alma and Pablo to Santa Monica Airport and now that it's blown he's probably gonna skip the country without them. We got to grab him now.

BRAD
Uh-oh. Here comes Daloof.

They all see Daloof, taking in the scene shell-shocked.

AARON
(to Helen)
One time... Let cops be cops.

A beat, as Helen considers. Then --

HELEN

I never saw you. Go.

AARON

Thank you.

Aaron, Leila and Brad quickly take off. Rodney barely misses seeing them, approaches Helen. He's stunned, apoplectic.

RODNEY

What the hell happened here?

HELEN

Trying to figure that out myself.

ON AXEL with Alma and Pablo as a HORRIFIED Haley sees them.

HALEY

Mr. Tibbins... I didn't realize you were here. Are you all okay?

AXEL

(in character as Marshawn)

Okay? We almost got shot. When I checked in, you never said one of the amenities of your hotel was crossfire. What's for dessert around here? Baked Alaska with grenades on the side?

HALEY

This never happens here. I'm so sorry. Please, I'm such a big Jay-Z and Beyonce fan. This is the best hotel in Beverly Hills. Let me prove it to you.

AXEL

I don't even feel safe going to my spa appointment tomorrow.

HALEY

Please.

A beat. Axel milks it.

AXEL

It better be one hell of a relaxation massage and facial scrub. Is Helga working? Because I really like the hands on that girl.

HALEY

I'll have her come in special.

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Sinden LOADS the last of the duffel bags of cash his men took off Dante into a PRIVATE PLANE. Closes the plane door.

PILOT
Where to, Boss?

SINDEN
Just get us in the air now.

The pilot starts TAXIING the plane. Sinden sits in one of the leather chairs, rubs his face. How'd it come to this?

Suddenly the plane STOPS. Sinden heads for the cockpit.

SINDEN (CONT'D)
Why the hell are you stopping?

Then he sees, thru the cockpit window --

AARON, LEILA AND BRAD in a line, guns drawn, aimed.

OFF Sinden, fucked --

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Another day in paradise.

AARON (PRELAP)
You weren't the only immigrant
Sinden was luring into his trap.

INT. BHPS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Aaron with Leila and Brad as they talk to Alma.

AARON
He tells you and other single moms
that you've inherited money.

LEILA
He put over eighty million dollars
of drug profits into an account
under your name. When he takes you
and Pablo to Mexico to sign the
closing papers, they kill you both
and all the money gets redistributed
to his criminal clients through a
Mexican probate loophole. It's
pretty ingenious, actually.

ALMA
Thank you so much.

AARON

Actually there's one last thing. Since you and Pablo helped us with the investigation, you qualify under the Whistleblower Law to recover some of the money Sinden deposited in your name.

ALMA

How much?

AARON

Twenty-five percent.

ALMA

I don't understand.

BRAD

Twenty million dollars.

AARON

And change.

Alma looks stunned. She begins to cry. It's overwhelming. She springs up and HUGS Aaron. He hugs her back.

AARON (CONT'D)

Got to warn you. Now that you're rich, I'm gonna hit you up to pay for a demo for my boy Brad's solo album. It's sort of Hootie and the Blowfish meets Tom Brady.

BRAD

Actually, it's more Counting Crows.

AARON

Same thing, really.

Alma just squeezes him tighter. Over her shoulder, Aaron exchanges a smile with Leila.

INT. BHPS - BULLPEN - DAY

Aaron, Leila and Brad enter the Bullpen.

AARON

Listen, thanks for all your help on this one... I mean it.

BRAD

Any time, man.

LEILA

Is that your way of saying Beverly Hills might not be so bad?

AARON

You know they take brother mannequins and turn them into white dudes in this town? You two crack detectives should get on that right away.

Helen approaches now.

HELEN

Detective Foley. Your desk is ready and I've got paperwork for you to sign.

AARON

Paperwork for what?

HELEN

Didn't your captain call you?

AARON

No.

HELEN

You're L.A.P.D.'s new liaison detective working out of Beverly Hills. You'll help with their cases here, help with our cases there. Your father's friend, the mayor, arranged for it.

AARON

What Mayor? Mayor McCheese? Who we talking about?

Helen sees someone behind Aaron --

HELEN

Mr. Mayor, hello.

Aaron turns around and sees Axel with MAYOR BILLY ROSEWOOD (Axel's partner in crime from the movies).

BILLY

This is him?

AXEL

That's my son.
(to Aaron)
Aaron, this is my pal, Billy Rosewood.

BILLY

That's Mayor Rosewood to you, Axel.

AXEL

Sorry. Mayor Rosewood.

BILLY

Pleasure to meet you, Aaron. Really appreciate you helping us out here. I need someone I can trust to make things run smoother with L.A.P.D. Your dad says you're a chip off the ol' block.

AARON

Guess so.

AXEL

Listen, I'm taking Billy out to lunch.

(sotto, to Aaron)

Strip club.

(to all)

Billy doesn't fall in love, I should have him back to city hall by three.

(to Aaron)

After that I'm off to the airport.

AARON

You're going back to Detroit?

AXEL

You're doing fine without me.

Axel hugs his son goodbye.

AXEL (CONT'D)

You stay safe now.

AARON

I will.

AXEL

About that: left a present for you on your desk. Take care of it.

Axel and Billy head off. Aaron watches them go --

ON AARON'S NEW DESK

A wrapped present. Aaron opens it. It's Axel's DETROIT LIONS jacket. Aaron holds it up. Leila and Brad approach.

BRAD

Little ratty, isn't it?

AARON

Hey, this thing deflects bullets.

Aaron puts it on. Likes how it fits. Smiles.

MUSIC STARTS AS --

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

William and Gina Nicholson stand at the end of their driveway as a MOVING VAN unloads furniture. A SOLD sticker on the For Sale sign. Alma and Pablo appear from behind the moving van. Alma sees her former employers. Smiles excitedly and waves. They confusingly wave back at their new neighbors as Alma and Pablo enter their new mansion.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

The scoreboard reads "Lakers 81 Pistons 72, End 3rd".

The Lakers Girls dance to "I Love L.A.". We PAN past them to five FLOOR SEATS. Alma and Pablo standing, dancing and singing along to the music. A seat away, Leila and Brad dance and sing along enthusiastically. In between them and Alma, Aaron sits, refusing to partake in the L.A. celebration. Leila waves to Aaron to rise and sing along.

AARON
I don't love L.A.

LEILA
You don't love L.A. yet. Come on.

She pulls him to his feet. Stuck between his old city and his new one, he starts to sing along, changing the lyrics to:

AARON
"I love Detroit".

Everyone else shouts "L.A." over him. Leila gives him a playful slap to the arm. He responds with an unenthusiastic:

AARON (CONT'D)
"I love L.A."

EVERYONE ELSE
"We Love It!"

Aaron's not there yet. But the journey has just begun...

THE END