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Lethal Weapon

By Shane Black

FADE IN:

CITY OF ANGELS:

lies spread out beneath us in all its splendor, like a bargain basement Promised Land.

CAMERA SOARS, DIPS, WINDS its way SLOWLY DOWN, DOWN, bringing us IN OVER the city as we:

SUPER MAIN TITLES.

TITLES END, as we -

SPIRAL DOWN TOWARD a lush, high-rise apartment complex. The moon reflected in glass.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN THROUGH billowing curtains, INTO the inner sanctum of a penthouse apartment, and here, boys and girls, is where we lose our breath, because -

spread-eagled on a sumptuous designer sofa lies the single most beautiful GIRL in the city.

Blonde hair. A satin nightgown that positively glows.

Sam Cooke MUSIC, crooning from five hundred dollar SPEAKERS.

PASTEL colors. Window walls. New wave furniture tortured into weird shapes. It looks like robots live here.

On the table next to the sleeping Venus lies an open bottle of pills ... next to that, a mirror dusted with cocaine.

She rouses herself to smear some powder on her gums. As she does, we see from her eyes that she is thoroughly, completely whacked out of her mind...

She stands, stumbles across the room, pausing to glance at a photograph on the wall:

Two men. Soldiers. Young, rough-hewn, arms around each other.

The Girl throws open the glass doors ... steps out onto a balcony, and there, beneath her, lies all of nighttime

L.A. Panoramic splendor. Her hair flies, her expression. rapt, as she stands against this sea of technology. She is beautiful.

On the balcony railing beside her stand three potted plants.

The Girl sees them, picks one up. Looks over the balcony railing ... It is ten stories down to the parking lot. she squints, holds the plant over the edge.

GIRL :

Red car.

Drops the plant. Down it goes, spiralling end over end -- until, finally ... BAM --! SHATTERS. Dirt flies. A red Chevy is now minus a WINDSHIELD. The Girl takes another plant.

GIRL :

Green car.

She drops it. Green Dodge. Ten stories below, BAM Impact city. Scratch one paint job. Grabs the final plant and holds it out, saying:

GIRL :

Blue car.

POW. GLASS SHATTERS. Dirt sprays. A blue BMW this time. The Girl loves this game ... her expression is slightly crazed. She reaches for another plant -There aren't any. Her smile fades -- And for a moment, just a moment, the dullness leaves her eyes and she is suddenly, incredibly sober. And tears fill her eyes as she looks over the edge -

GIRL :

Yellow car.

And jumps the railing. Plummets, head over heels like a rag doll. Hits the yellow car spot on. She lies, dead, like an extinguished dream. Still beautiful.

CUT TO:

1A EXT. BENEATH THE PIER NIGHT 1A

FOUR TOUGH-LOOKING DOCK WORKERS are camped out under the pier, warming themselves around a small bonfire, laughing loudly. Christmas decorations dangle above them from the pier, and empty beer cans litter the sand around them.

CAMERA PUSHES IN to discover an old collie tied to one of the pilings. Then we realize that the dog is being tormented by the dock workers. They flick lighted matches at him. Shake their beers and spray him in the face. These guys are not rocket scientists.

The dog cowers, tugging on the rope. Tries to get away. All to the great amusement of its tormentors.

One of them turns, laughing -
As a shadowy FIGURE strides calmly up to the fire:

Long hair.

Cigarette dangling from-lower lip.

Shirt-tails hanging loose below the waist.

Nothing threatening in his manner as he plops down beside the men, smiling.

They are immediately on their guard.

RIGGS (FIGURE)

Happy holidays. Mind if I join you?

PUNK #1

Yes.

PUNK #2

Fuck off.

Riggs smiles at him innocently. Strokes the collie's fur with one hand.

With the other, he reaches into a paper sack and produces, a spanking new bottle of Jack Daniels, possibly the finest drink mankind has yet produced.

RIGGS :

I need help drinking this. Cool?

The dock workers exchange glances. There seems to be no harm in this. One of them frowns:

PUNK #1

You a homo?

RIGGS :

Do I look like a homo?

PUNK #1

You got long hair. Homos got long hair.

PUNK #3

I hate homos. Arrggh.

Riggs shakes his head, laughs.

RIGGS :

Boy, you guys are terrific. You make me laugh, you just do.

At which point, appropriately enough, Punk #4 shakes a beer and sprays it in the old collie's face.

The DOG pulls away, WHINING.

Riggs leans forward.

RIGGS :

This your dog? Nice dog.

And then, he proceeds to do a peculiar thing:

He starts to talk to the dog -in
what seems to be the dog's own language.

Very weird, folks...

He coos, snuffles, barks softly, then withdraws,
listening, his ear to the dog's muzzle.

Riggs nods. Frowns.

The others look on, puzzled.

Then Riggs looks at each of the four dock workers.

RIGGS :

Huh-You know what? He says he
doesn't want you to spray beer in
his face. He says he just hates
that.

A pause. Uncomfortable. Then -

PUNK #1

Oh, he does ... ?

(beat)

Well, mister, why don't you ask
him what he likes...?

The others snicker. Riggs simply nods.

RIGGS :

Okay.

And once again, begins to confer with the dog. Listens
intently, piecing together what he is hearing.

RIGGS :

What ... ? You want ... oh. Oh,
hell no, I couldn't do that ...
Nossirree bob, you little nut.

He ruffles the dog's hair.

The men are more puzzled than ever as Riggs turns and

says:

RIGGS:

(chuckling)

Get this:

the shit out of you guys.

Everything stops. A cloud passes over the assembled

faces and a pin-dropping silence ensues.

Riggs, completely heedless, once again attends to the dog:

RIGGS :

What's that ... ? The one ... in the middle... 'is a stupid fat duck'...

What ... ?

(listens again)

Oh ... Oh! A 'stupid fat fuck!'

Right.

He looks up, shakes his head.

RIGGS :

Boy, this dog is pissed.

The one in the middle grabs Riggs by the collar.

Hoists him to his feet. Gulp.

Stands, staring down at Riggs, whose eyes are completely neutral, like a snake's.

PUNK #1

Buddy, you're shortening your life span.

He flicks open a mean-looking switchblade.

Riggs is dead meat.

So why then, does he choose this moment to execute a Three Stooges' routine, consisting of nose tweak, eye gouge, and rotating fist that bobs the dock worker on the head... ?

He's nuts or something ...

Riggs steps back and adopts a neutral fighting stance.

The others begin to circle.

The DOG BARKS. Riggs turns to the dog, but his eyes never leave his grinning attackers.

RIGGS:

(to the collie)

What's that ... ? You want me to take the knife away... and break his elbow... ?

Circling ...

Riggs, watching them, his eyes beginning to dance ...

Breathing slow and even...

RIGGS :

But that would be excruciatingly

painful ...

Something inside Riggs is gearing up ... the others can perhaps sense it, their smiles falter a bit, they crouch, combat-ready...

Riggs, eyes blazing ...

RIGGS :

And if I separated the fat one's shoulder... he'd probably scream...

No doubt about it. We know from the look in Riggs' eyes he's nuts. He wants the fight, badly, all four of them at once ...

And then Punk #1 springs...

Big mistake.

Needless to say, mincemeat is made of the four meddlesome dog-torturers.

The beach is littered with their writhing forms as Riggs does, finally, what he set out to do:

Unties the dog.

Starts to go.

As he does, he pats his shirt ...

Pats his jeans ... Realizes his wallet has flown free during the fracas.

Scoops to retrieve it from its resting place on the sand, where it lies open, and as it lies open, yes, folks, that is a badge we see.

Riggs, we realize, is an officer of the law.

He lights a cigarette and notices the collie, seated.

Frowns:

RIGGS :

Okay, skeepix. Go on. Get outta here.

He begins to walk away. The dog remains close at his heels. Following him.

RIGGS :

No, no. Don't follow me. I'm an asshole. Go away.

The dog sits obediently and Riggs walks away.

He can't help it, looks back over his shoulder...

Sees the dog watching him with a beseeching expression.

Pitiful.

RIGGS :

Aw, shit.

He signals the dog.

RIGGS :

Awright. Move it. Let's go.

The COLLIE BARKS happily and dashes toward him through the surf, kicking up sand and water.

As they shuffle off against the palm-lined skyline, we hear, supered, Riggs' voice.

RIGGS (V.O.)

So. You live in the area? What's your major ... ?

And so on as we ...

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED 2

thru thru

4D 4D

5 EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - PRE-DAWN 5

Palm trees cast shadows on the lawn. Toys, lots of them, littered across the lawn. A Big Wheel, a G.I. Joe figure. Christmas lights are strung across the eaves.

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM SAME 6

A real gun, a .38 Police Special, dangling in its holster from the back of a chair. Next to it -- A real badge, gleaming in the light. It identifies its owner as LAPD Robbery/Homicide.

7 ANOTHER ANGLE 7

A birthday cake comes INTO FRAME. A set of matronly hands places it directly in front of -

8 DETECTIVE ROGER MURTAUGH 8

Seated in the bathtub. He groans, throws a towel over himself, and mutters in mock indignation: Roger is

tough:

scar. Piercing eyes; cynical. He is surrounded by his family; wife and three children, names and ages as

follows:

stunner. NICK:

Age seven. Eyes like saucers. Adorable. RIANNE:
Heartbreaker stuff, Seventeen. Takes your breath away
folks. The cake is a real beauty.

CARRIE :

Make a wish, Daddy.

RIANNE :

Go for it, Dad.

MURTAUGH:

(smiles)

Go for it, huh...? Okay, I'll
go for it.

He blows out the candles. Applause. His gaze lingers
on -- the cake. Or rather, the message scrawled atop it

in icing:

The presents arrive.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SIMI VALLEY - MORNING 9

The scorched landscape stretches out beneath a latticework
of high-tension power lines. only scrub grass
grows here. Rusted railroad tracks wander into the distance,
and nestled beside them, like the last stop before
death -- sits a lonely trailer home. Battered TV
antenna. A dirt yard which houses a beat-up pickup
truck. Dead garden sprouting weeds. The ground begins
to tremble ... like an earthquake, RATTLING the POWER
POLES, as, without warning -- An express TRAIN BLASTS
BY CAMEPA and streaks past the trailer at seventy miles
an hour.

10 INT. TRAILER HOME 10

Now we are inside, the RUMBLING FAINTER ... And we are
looking at a tired, chiseled face. Etched with line and
shadow. Eyes closed, as the shadows from the speeding
train strobe across DETECTIVE SERGEANT MARTIN RIGGS.
Morning is not a good time for Riggs. The CLOCK RADIO
suddenly BLARES to life: "Silver Belllls ... It's
Christmas Tiiime in the City..." Riggs snaps awake
instantly. Alert. Tense. Face bathed in sweat.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

He is not alone. In the doorway sits a thoroughly loveable black Labrador. Sitting stock still. Star3.ng at Riggs, watching him sleep. Tail going thump-thumpthump on the carpet.

Riggs sits up. Stares at the dog.

RIGGS :

Sam, today is the first day ...
of the rest of my life.

He lights a cigarette.

Coughs and hacks.

Inhales.

The TRAIN THROBS by outside, rattling his skull ...

CUT TO:

12 INT. MURTAUGH HOME - SAME TIME 12

And it is a typical morning for Detective Roger Murtaugh. Chaos. The TELEVISION BLARES. Young Carrie Murtaugh wails like a banshee. Her brother Nick tells her to shut up. Trish Murtaugh is burning eggs in the kitchen. Roger Murtaugh enters then, fixing his tie. The following dialogue is fast and furious, tossed over the shoulder as Murtaugh scurries to and fro, getting dressed:

MURTAUGH :

Honey, what's this on my tie?

She looks.

TRISH :

An ugly spot?

MURTAUGH :

Thanks. Sharp as a pin.

TRISH :

I'm thinking of going on 'Jeopardy.'

MURTAUGH :

Don't take any questions on cooking.

TRISH :

Thanks. I love you, too.

Carrie is still shrieking. Tears stream down her face.

MURTAUGH :

Hey, kid, turn off the waterworks,
okay?

CARRIE :

(points to Nick)
Daddy, he changed the channel!

MURTAUGH :

NOOOOOO.

NICK :

She's a crybaby, Dad.

MURTAUGH :

Mind your own busines.
(nods toward the TV)
That's illegal.

NICK :

What's illegal?

MURTAUGH :

Can't put a dead body in an
ambulance. This 'Kojak'?

NICK :

'Starsky and Hutch.'

MURTAUGH :

Huh. It's illegal. Never put a
dead body in an ambulance, son,
you got that?

NICK :

Sure, Dad.

MURTAUGH :

Honey, where's the spot remover?
(turns to Carrie)
Young lady, stop crying or I'll
give you something to cry about.
Damn.

He dabs at his tie. Carrie screams. In the kitchen

Trish drops the eggs, swears. The PHONE RINGS. Carrie screams.

MURTAUGH :

That's it. I'm gonna give you something to cry about.

He grabs a copy of Newsweek and hands it to her.

MURTAUGH :

Starving children. See? They haven't eaten, it's very sad. Cry.

He moves away.

CARRIE :

Daddy, you're weird ...

MURTAUGH :

Thank you, Carrie. Hear that, honey, the children think I'm weird.

TRISH :

They're bright children.

(hangs up the telephone)

Honey, you know a man named Dick Lloyd? Don't step in the egg.

MURTAUGH :

Where's my thinking? I should've checked the floor for egg. Dick Lloyd ... ?

(beat)

Jesus, Dick Lloyd. What's he want?

TRISH :

The office called. He's been trying to reach you for three days now.

MURTAUGH :

I haven't talked to him in... shit, twelve years? No, wait a minute,

that would make me fifty years old,
that can't be right.

TRISH:

(smiles)

You're not getting older, you're
getting better.

MURTAUGH :

Inform the children of this.

(kisses her; heads
for the door)

Forget the eggs, I'll eat later.

TRISH :

Whatever.

(beat)

Honey?

(as he stops)

How come I never heard of Dick
Lloyd?

MURTAUGH :

I never talked about him.

TRISH :

Oh.

(beat)

Vietnam buddy?

MURTAUGH :

Yeah. Vietnam buddy.

He exits the kitchen, crosses the entrance hall. Stops,
noticing Rickles the cat, who is happily munching on the
remains of Roger's birthday cake.

MURTAUGH :

Hey.

He swats it aside. Pauses, his gaze lingering on the
silent message which gnaws at his guts.

THE BIG 50 ...

He comes out the front door. Flicks off the Christmas
lights, crosses to the car. Looks up, and sees --his
oldest daughter Rianne. Jogging past. She wears an

adorable pair of dolphin shorts. Walkman headphones.
She waves.

RIANNE :

'Bye, Daddy.
He waves.

MURTAUGH:

(shakes his head)
Goddamn heartbreaker. She's a
heartbreaker.

CUT TO:

13 SERIES OF SHOTS - RIGGS GETTING DRESSED 13

Riggs enters the living room, naked. Scars on his back,
the kind you get from knives. Runs a hand through limp
hair. Turns on the lamp. As he does --the TELEVISION
also springs to life; hooked to the same circuit. Pops
three aspirin from a bottle. Chews them.
Opens a bag of peanuts, throws it to the big Lab, who
gobbles them down.

Eats a sandwich, standing in the middle of his apartment.
'Looking at the floor. What a lonely fucking guy ...
Straps on his gun. .9 millimeter Beretta, if it matters.
Throws on a jacket. Downs a shot of whiskey. Pauses,
looking at a photograph on the wall. Riggs, much younger,
along with a pretty and vivacious woman in a wedding gown:
his wife. Stares at the photograph. His fingers twirl
the whiskey glass with completely unconscious skill.
Tense. Tense ... twirling the glass ... RICHARD DAWSON
DRONES from the TV (our survey says -- !). Riggs slings
the shotglass. Dead center, SHATTERING the TV SCREEN.

CUT TO:

14 INT. POLICE FIRING PANGE - MORNING 14

Targets:

Murtaugh enters. Sheds his coat, unholsters the .38.
Steps to the red line. Shifts. Stretches. Cracks his
neck. This is a ritual for him. He stops to examine his
right hand, holding it steady before his eyes. Except
there is a slight tremble. Tiny, but it's there. He
frowns. Braces himself: Cross-draws with lightning
swiftness. -- BAM! -- The sound is DEAFENING in the

closed room. A neat round hole appears in the target.

Perfect shot:

Holsters his gun. Puts on his coat -- and sings softly

to himself:

MURTAUGH :

Happy birthday to me ...

CUT TO:

15 INT. CAR - DAY 15

Sergeant Martin Riggs is driving. He looks like he hasn't slept. He certainly hasn't shaved. The DISPATCH RADIO SQUAWKS. He turns down the MUSIC from the car

radio and hears:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units in the vicinity and
Fourteen X-ray thirty-one,
shooting in progress at Venice
Beach, Washington and Navy.
Three victims down, PA en route
Fourteen X-ray thirty-one, handle
code three.

Riggs hits the gas pedal and PEELS OUT.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CENTURY CITY PARKING LOT -MORNING 16

The sky threatens rain.
awakens.

Cars buzz by as the city

A section of the parking lot is cordoned off by yellow streamers which read: POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS, and as we watch, a black and white patrol car pulls up, admitting two beat COPS and a young hooker. Her name is DIXIE, and she is not happy.

DIXIE :

Can I stay in the car?

No.

COP #1

DIXIE :

Aw, cut me a break. I

already:

balcony -told

youon the

COP #1

(points)

That balcony ... ?

DIXIE :

-- No, the Chandler fucking
Pavillion, of course that fucking
balcony, and then slie jumped, and
then I puked in a trash can. Can
I go now?

COP #1

Not 'til you talk to the Sarge.

Terrific.

DIXIEWhere the hell is he?

17 INT. MURTAUGH'S CAR 17

The sarge drives up and gets out. A BEAT COP Toes by.

BEAT COP :

Happy 50th, Rog.

Fuck you.

MURTAUGH :

He crosses to the two Cops and Dixie.

Hey,

COP #2Sarge.

MURTAUGH :

'Morning, Phil. Get some rain,
looks like.

(beat)

Hey, Dixie. Nice threads.

DIXIE :

Hey, Murtaugh. Tell these bozos
to lay Off.

MURTAUGH :

You. Bozos. Lay off.

COP #1

Had a jumper last night, Sarge.
Dixie here was walking by, saw
the whole thing.

MURTAUGH :

You got a statement? Send her
home.

DIXIE :

Thanks, Rog. I'm beat, you know
how it is.

MURTAUGH :

Sure.
(points to her
outfit)
All dressed up and no one to blow.

DIXIE :

You're hilarious.
She exits. Cop #2 escorts Murtaugh across the parking
lot.
COP #2
Nice wholesome girl. She got a
new job, you know.

MURTAUGH :

What's that?
COP #2
County ceiling inspector.
(beat)
So. Fifty years old, huh?

MURTAUGH :

Eat me.
They stop next to the Porsche. Murtaugh grimaces.
COP #2
Name is Amanda Lloyd, age twentytwo,
prostitute, one arrest, no
convictions. Born Tennessee,
parents -MURTAUGH
What was the name?
COP #2.
Lloyd. Amanda Lloyd.

her ... ?

You know

Murtaugh looks stunned. He speaks very slowly:

MURTAUGH :

I knew her dad.

COP #2

Jesus.

(an awkward pause)

Vehicle is registered to her. She
landed right on top of her own car.

MURTAUGH :

Find out who bought it for her.

Her sugar daddy.

COP #2

Take some looking into.

So look.

MURTAUGH :

CUT TO:

18 OMITTED

19 INT. AMANDA LLOYD'S APARTMENT - DAY 19

Murtaugh stares at the photograph we saw earlier. The
two soldiers. One, we can assume, is Dick Lloyd. The
other is Murtaugh. Younger, trimmer. He speaks into
the phone.

MURTAUGH :

Hello, honey ... ? Give me the
number for Dick Lloyd. What ... ?
Yes, the man who called me this
morning. His daughter just took
a dive out a window.

19A EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT -DAY 19A

Martin Riggs and three lot employees are gathered around
the liftgate of a truck bearing a load of Christmas trees.
The truck shields them from the view of customers picking
out trees in the lot.

The lot employees are actually DRUG DEALERS. They look
around nervously in all directions as Riggs tastes a
sample of their wares.

RIGGS :

Good stuff.

DRUG DEALER ONE

You better fuckin' believe it.

RIGGS :

Okay. Let's do it. How much?

DRUG DEALER TWO

How much for how much?

RIGGS :

For all of it.

DRUG DEALER THREE

You want it all?

RIGGS :

Yeah.

(glances at
the trees)

And maybe a nice big six-footer
to put it under.

DRUG DEALER ONE

The tree you can have for nuthin'.

But the shit is gonna run you a
hundred.

Riggs lets out a soft whistle at the amount.

RIGGS :

That much, huh?

(digs into
his pocket)

Okay. Let's see what I got.

He pulls out a roll of money and begins to count it out
in twenties and small bills.

RIGGS :

Twenty, forty, sixty -

The Drug Dealers exchange dumbfounded expressions.

DRUG DEALER ONE

Hey, man. Hey!

RIGGS :

Wait, wait ... shutup. I'm

losin count. Where was I? Oh,

yeah...

(continues to
peel off the
bills)

... Eight, ninety, ninety-five,
ninety-six, ninety-seven...

(digs into his
pocket for
loose change)

... Ninety-seven-fifty. Sixty.
Seventy-five. Okay, there's
ninety-eight dollars and twenty
cents...

He is about to check his other pocket for change when
Drug Dealer One stops him.

DRUG DEALER ONE
Forget it, dumbshit.

RIGGS :

C'mon. I'm almost there. Gimme
a minute to -

DRUG DEALER ONE

One hundred thousand, you stupid
fuck! One hundred thousand!

Riggs is floored. He can't believe his ears.

RIGGS :

Oh, Jesus ... I can't afford that.
Not on my salary.

(beat)

Look... let's do this instead ...

(pulls out his
wallet)

I take your complete stash, okay?

I take it all. For free. And
you assholes go to jail.

As he says this, he flips open his wallet and shows his
badge. The Drug Dealers at first look startled, then
disbelieving.

RIGGS :

I could read you your rights,
but ... nah. You guys know what
your rights are.

DRUG DEALER ONE

Fuck you, man. That badge ain't real. And you ain't real.

DRUG DEALER TWO

But you're sure as hell one crazy fuck!

Riggs' eyes begin to blaze. His nostrils flare. Like a maniac, he lunges at Drug Dealer Two.

RIGGS:

You callin' me crazy!? You think I'm crazy! You, wanna see crazy? I'll show you crazy!

This is crazy!

Riggs then proceeds to slap and pummel the Drug Dealer in the manner of the "Three Stooges"... complete with "WOO-WOO" sound effects.

But he ends the routine by pulling a nine-millimeter Baretta from behind his back and pressing it against the neck of Drug Dealer Two.

RIGGS:

That's a real badge. I'm a real cop. And this is a real gun.

(to the other two Drug Dealers)

Face down on the ground. Arms and legs out. Do it now!

Dealer One and Three begin to follow orders but Riggs sees a flicker in their eyes that him to trouble.

He spins around -- a FOURTH DRUG DEALER is behind him with a shotgun. The SHOTGUN EXPLODES. Riggs ducks, allowing Drug Dealer Two to take the full force of the 'blast in the face.

Riggs rolls in the sawdust FIRING his BERETTA. Dealer Four takes a bullet between the eyes. Dealer Two now has an AUTOMATIC RIFLE in his hand. It CHATTERS in Riggs' direction. Sawdust and pine needles fly in the air -- but Riggs is able to blow him away.

One more Drug Dealer left. Riggs can't find him. His eyes dart in all directions. Where is he?!

Behind Riggs, that's where! He presses a revolver to the back of Riggs' head, taking Riggs' Baretta from

him and tucking it into his belt.

That's when:

19B FIVE NARCOTICS OFFICERS 19B

come running from their stakeout positions around the lot. But they stop short when they see that Riggs is being held with a gun pointed to his head.

The Drug Dealer begins to move with Riggs toward a van parked nearby.

RIGGS :

(to officers)

Shoot him! Shoot him!

DRUG DEALER :

(to Riggs)

Shut up!

RIGGS :

(to Drug Dealer)

Fuck you!

(to officers)

Shoot him! Shoot him!

The narcotics officers don't know what to do. They are frustrated. Helpless. Immobilized.

Riggs sees the van looming up. The van means defeat. The van means disgrace. The van means victory for the bad guys, and we know that Riggs would rather die than be the instrument of the Dealer's escape.

19C CLOSE ON RIGGS AND DRUG DEALER 19C

The veins are popping out in Riggs' neck. The Drug Dealer is getting nervous and panicky. His gun hand is trembling. The barrel of the gun jiggles against the back of Riggs' head.

RIGGS:

(to Drug Dealer)

Do it, asshole. Pull the trigger.

Pull the trigger.

DRUG DEALER :

Shut the fuck up!

They move closer to the van. The narcotics officers have their guns poised for action, but don't dare use

them.

DRUG DEALER :

(to officers)

Guns down! Guns down!

RIGGS :

(to officers)

Shoot him! Kill him!

(to Dealer)

Pull the trigger!

(to officers).

Waste him!

(to Dealer)

Shoot me!

(to officers)

Kill him!!

The Dealer is so freaked now that his grip on Riggs slips momentarily -- and Riggs sees his opening.

He spins. Kicks the Dealer in the groin. Dislocates his arm -- sending the gun flying. Riggs retrieves his Baretta from the Dealer's belt and shoves the barrel into the Dealer's face.

Riggs' entire body quakes with rage. His finger begins to squeeze back on the trigger. He wants to kill the guy so bad he can taste it... and yet, he doesn't do it.

The other officers arrive and step between Riggs and the Dealer.

Riggs turns away. Breatling hard. Adrenalin pumping. He tucks the Baretta into his belt, then notices that his hand is covered with the spilled blood of one of the Drug Dealers.

It gives Riggs
it.

pause. For a moment, he just looks at
HOLD ON Riggs. VERY CLOSE. And the look in his eyes.

20 OMITTED

thru

25

20

thru

25

26 INT. METRO SQUAD ROOM - MORNING 26

Police have seldom looked this busy. Yes, there are

RINGING PHONES. Yes, there are CLATTERING TYPEWRITERS. Yes, it looks like a circus. And here comes Captain of Detectives ED MURPHY, moving like an after-breakfast juggernaut. Behind him, a young woman rushes to keep up. The POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST, no less.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

I want Martin Riggs pulled from duty.

MURPHY :

Um... no.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

No. No??? Captain, he walked into the line of fire.

MURPHY :

Very brave individual, don't you think... ?

PSYCHOLOGIST :

This is utter bullshit.

MURPHY :

Oh, is it? Forgive me.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

Martin Riggs is a cop with a death wish.

Murphy shoots her an incredulous look.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

You can quote me. It happens to be my professional opinion.

MURPHY :

Um... good opinion. See you tomorrow.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

Captain...

MURPHY :

Look, Doc, you're way off. Way off. Know what I think? I think Riggs is pulling for a psycho pension.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

Oh, do you?

MURPHY :

Yeah. I am sure you're aware the department offers a disability stress pension -

PSYCHOLOGIST :

Yes, I'm aware -

MURPHY :

-- Except we don't offer it to everybody, only cops who seem to suffer from

PSYCHOLOGIST :

-- From abnormal stress, yes, I know. Or suicidal tendencies.

MURPHY :

Give the lady a cigar.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

You think Riggs is playing a game?

MURPHY :

Sure. He wants the
it a hundred times.
around.
cash.
He'll
Seencome

PSYCHOLOGIST :

Sir, with all due respect ... I think that's a dangerous attitude to take. May I remind you that his wife of eleven years was

recently killed in a car accident,
and

MURPHY :

I know all about Riggs, Doc.
a tough bastard.
He's

PSYCHOLOGIST :

(intense)
He is on the edge. He may be
psychotic.

MURPHY :

Bunch of psych bullshit-
can I pee now?
Look,

PSYCHOLOGIST :

I think you're making a mistake
by leaving him in the field.
He's suicidal.

MURPHY :

End of discussion. We're gonna
wait. And then, if he offs
himself ... Well, then we'll know
I was wrong.
Yes, sir.
PSYCHOLOGISTThen we'll know.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SIMI VALLEY -NIGHT 27

Rain sweeps in off the desert. Cold. Drenching. Riggs
walks slowly toward his trailer home, head down. The
RAIN BEATS on him. He doesn't notice. Under his arm he
carries a large cardboard box.

28 INT. RIGGS' TRAILER - SAME TIME 28

Riggs enters, soaking wet. Switches on the lamp.
Depressing. Jake appears, tail a-thump. Tongue wagging
doggishly. Riggs reaches atop the refrigerator, grabs
a bag of peanuts.
Opens it, tosses it to the dog.

RIGGS :

Sam, every day ... in every way ...

I'm getting better and better.

Opens the box and removes its contents. Brand new TELEVISION. Plugs it in. Switches it ON. Sits down with a bottle of whiskey. Drinks. On the screen, the Grinch steals Christmas from the residents of Whoville.

color29 ANOTHER ANGLE 29

Riggs opens a drawer beside him, and takes out a bottle of sleeping pills. Picks it up. As he does --the sound of the TELEVISION FADES OUT -- silence, dead silence... As Riggs rolls the bottle in his fingers. Slowly, thoughtfully, unscrews the cap ... dumps them on the table. Runs his fingers through them. CLICK... CLICK... Stares. Mesmerized. RAIN BEATS on the window.

30 EXT. TRAILER 30

The RAIN CONTINUES to hammer the lonely little pit Riggs calls home.
which

CUT TO:

31 L.A.P.D. - MORNING 31

A zoo. A sign reads METRO ROBBERY/HOMICIDE.

Roger Murtaugh sits at his desk, lost in thought.

Behind him, McCASKEY, Class Three Detective.

to Murtaugh:

McCASKEY

See, you're behind the times,
Sarge. Guys in the Eighties
aren't tough. They're sensitive
people. They show emotions around
women and shit like that.

(beat)

I think I'm an Eighties man.

MURTAUGH :

How you figure?

McCASKEY

Last night:

how's that?

MURTAUGH :

Were you with a woman?

McCASKEY

No, I was alone, why the fuck you think I was crying?

MURTAUGH :

Sounds like an Eighties man to me.

He talks

Another detective enters. Rail-thin, nose like a beak. His name is BURKE.

Behind him in the door frame we see a fat cop pass by down the hall, walking backwards; a beat, and then he is followed by four more cops singing the world's shittiest rendition of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." It sounds like pigs mating.

Burke approaches Murtaugh:

BURKE :

Got some news on the Lloyd case, Rog.

MURTAUGH :

That was quick.

BURKE :

So was the autopsy.

(takes a deep
breath)

You ready for this? They're not calling it suicide.

MURTAUGH :

What?

BURKE :

Surprise, surprise. First off, coroner found evidence she took barbiturates.

MURTAUGH :

Brilliant. There was an open bottle on her table.

BURKE :

Right, right. That's not the surprise. Surprise is someone doctored the pills.

(beat)

Every capsule was loaded with drain cleaner.

MURTAUGH :

Jesus ...

BURKE :

If she hadn't jumped, she woulda been dead inside fifteen minutes.

MURTAUGH :

(sighs)

This case blows.

32 ANOTHER ANGLE 32

ACROSS the room, a detective takes off his gun and slings the holster across his chair. As he EXITS FRAME -- PAN to reveal: Martin Riggs as he enters the squad room. Shuffles from foot to foot, looking lost. Lights a smoke.

33 ACROSS ROOM 33

Murtaugh slings on a jacket.

Riggs.

Turns to go. Notices34 MURTAUGH'S POV 34

Riggs resembles a bag person.

hair, grimy leather jacket.

Unshaven, limp dirty35 BACK TO SCENE 35

He frowns, says:

MURTAUGH :

McCaskey, if my wife calls, tell her late dinner.

BURKE :

Ho, Rog-I'm not through yet.

I'm supposed to tell you two more things.

Shoot.

MURTAUGH :

He is still looking at Riggs, who is slowly wandering from desk to desk, smoking -- Stopping near the desk with the holstered gun.

BURKE :

First, condition of the sheets and mattress indicate someone was in bed with Amanda Lloyd just before she died. That's A.
What's B?

MURTAUGH :

BURKE :

B is, I'm supposed to tell you you're breaking in a new partner on this.
Now Murtaugh is eyeballing Riggs. Cautious.

MURTAUGH :

(distracted)
I don't work partners.

BURKE:

You do now. C.I.T. transfer, some burnout they want you to keep on a leash.

MURTAUGH:

Oh, perfect. Can I trade in my life for a new one?
At which point, across the room, Riggs removes the holstered gun and hefts it, curiously. Suddenly all hell

breaks loose:

MURTAUGH :

Gun !!
He bolts like a cheetah.
Cops dive for cover, a secretary shrieks, and Murtaugh goes plowing through the squad room like an express train, blowing people out of the way -- Cops grabbing for their holsters -- Riggs, meanwhile, looking around frantically, he's trying to find the guy with the gun

who is, of course, himself.

Murtaugh takes a flying leap sails across the desk, going for the glory And Riggs, in the blink of an eye, simply ducks and flips Murtaugh neatly over one shoulder. There is a hideous crash of BREAKING GLASS and OVERTURNING FURNITURE. Ouch... McCaskey, meanwhile, screams to Burke:

McCASKEY

What the shit is going on?

Burke sighs, shakes his head:

BURKE :

Roger just met his new partner.

36 INT. OFFICE 36

Darkness. A soft CLICK as a gun is cocked. The barrel gleams faintly in the dim light. A voice:

MAN (O.S.)

There are three guns on you.

VISITOR :

Easy. Take it easy.

(beat)

I'm going to light a match.

He does. Holds it near his face.

MAN (O.S.)

Thank you, Mr. Mendez.

The lights come on. Dazzling. Mendez covers his eyes. Three men. Seated in chairs. Shirt sleeves and shoulder holsters. The LEADER speaks.

LEADER :

If you'll follow me, please.

MENDEZ :

Who the hell are you?

LEADER :

That's hardly important. If you like, you may call me Mr. Joshua.

MENDEZ :

Swell.

They move toward a door in the rear wall.

JOSHUA (LEADER)

I trust you're having a pleasant holiday season?

MENDEZ:

(looks at him)

Yeah. It's a fucking joy, thank you.

37 INT. BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME 37

The door opens into a dimly-lit office. Stained carpet. Rotten wood. A desk.

Behind the desk sits a large, rugged man with eyes like chips of stone. This is the GENERAL.

GENERAL :

Yes, Joshua... ? Ah, Mr. Mendez.

Please, have a seat.

Joshua stands off to one side. Mendez sits.

MENDEZ:

(under his breath)

Where'd you get him? Psychos 'R.'

Us?

GENERAL :

Hardly.

Points to another merc.

MENDEZ :

I like the sunglasses. Very Hollywood.

GENERAL :

Mr. Larch is unfortunately missing an eye. For anonymity's sake, he chooses to forego wearing a patch.

MENDEZ :

Swell. Blind people with guns. This is a class act. Maybe we can run over to the V.A. and pick up a couple amputees. Bargain rates after six.

GENERAL :

I don't find you funny.

MENDEZ :

I don't find this goddamn setup funny.

(beat)

You're using mercenaries, for Chrissake. Tell me I'm wrong.

GENERAL :

No. You're not wrong.

MENDEZ :

And I'm supposed to trust these bozos?

GENERAL :

My people are loyal, Mr. Mendez. They are loyal to me.

MENDEZ :

Bullshit.

GENERAL :

Joshua. Hold out your hand.

Joshua steps up to the General and extends his arm.

GENERAL :

Do you smoke, Mr. Mendez?

MENDEZ :

Yeah.

GENERAL :

Give me your lighter.

Mendez frowns, cautiously hands a silver cigarette lighter to the General.

Who promptly pulls an old G. Gordon Liddy maneuver:

He holds the flame right under Joshua's hand. Searing it. Mendez looks on, a trifle pale.

As for Joshua, he makes no sound at all. Simply stands, trance-like.

GENERAL :

You wish to do business with us,
yes?

MENDEZ :

Jesus ...

GENERAL :

Mr. Joshua is in a great deal of
pain. You wish to make a purchase,
yes?

MENDEZ :

I ... yes. Sure. Jesus.

The General nods, hands the lighter back to Mendez.

GENERAL :

Filthy habit, smoking.

(beat)

The bulk of the heroin will
arrive Friday night. We will
make delivery at that time.
Please have the money ready,
and no tricks. If you try to
cross us, I'll have Joshua cut
out your eyes.

(beat)

Merry Christmas.

38 OMITTED 38

39 39

40 EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -DAY 40

Riggs and Murtaugh cruise through downtown Los Angeles.
Riggs drives, while Murtaugh scowls. There is an awkward
pause.

MURTAUGH :

Turn right.

(beat)

So. They tell me you're a good
cop.

RIGGS :

I try.

MURTAUGH :

Heard about your little stunt
yesterday. Pretty heroic stuff.

(as Riggs does
not reply)

File says you worked for the
Phoenix Project in Vietnam, that
right?

RIGGS :

Yes.

MURTAUGH :

Assassin stuff?

RIGGS :

Maybe.

MURTAUGH :

And they gave you the
Congressional Medal of Honor.

RIGGS :

It was a lean year.

MURTAUGH :

It's over, you know.

RIGGS :

What is?

MURTAUGH :

The war.

RIGGS :

Yes. I know.

MURTAUGH :

Just thought I'd remind you.

(beat)

Check out your piece?

He reaches across the get Riggs' gun. At which point
Riggs' hand shoots out -- and stops him cold.

RIGGS :

Bad manners, man.

Riggs removes the gun himself. Steers with his knees.
Drops the chambered bullet. Slips out the magazine,
Hands the gun to -----

RIGGS :

Don't hurt yourself.

Murtaugh hefts the weapon, turning it over in his hand:
Beretta .9 millimeter. Smooth, well-oiled.
Accurized. Murtaugh frowns.

MURTAUGH :

.9 millimeter Beretta. That's
some serious shit.

RIGGS :

Military switched from Colt to
Beretta in 1985. It's a better
piece. Wide ejection port, no
feed jams, no stovepipes.

MURTAUGH :

What's it take?

RIGGS :

Fifteen in the mag, one up the
pipe. You carry a wheelgun?

MURTAUGH :

.38 Special.

RIGGS :

Lot of old-timers carry that.

Murtaugh shoots him a look. Replaces the gun.

MURTAUGH :

File says you're registered with
Newark P.D. as a lethal weapon.

RIGGS :

File don't lie. Look, friend,
let's cut the shit. We both
know why I was transferred.
Everyone thinks I'm suicidal, in

which case I'm fucked and no one wants to work with me. Or they think I'm faking to draw a psycho pension, in which case I'm fucked and no one wants to work with me. Basically, I'm fucked.

MURTAUGH :

Guess what?

RIGGS :

What?

MURTAUGH :

I don't want to work with you.

RIGGS :

Then don't.

MURTAUGH :

Ain't got no choice. Damn.
We're both fucked.

RIGGS :

Terrific.

As they speak, Riggs has pulled to a stop in front of a large downtown bank building.

MURTAUGH :

(rubs his eyes)

I'm very old ...

(sighs)

... God hates me, that's what it is.

RIGGS :

Hate him back. Works for me.

He lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

41 INT. BANK BUILDING -DAY 41

Dick Lloyd's office: everything about it looks starched and perfect. In the b.g., bank employees shuttle between desks, building and toppling empires. DICK LLOYD paces

back and forth. He is the man we saw earlier in Amanda's photograph, standing next to Murtaugh. Now he looks like shit. He addresses Riggs and Murtaugh, who are seated in the office.

LLOYD :

Murder ... But I thought ...

MURTAUGH:

Poisoned. Even if she hadn't jumped ... she'd still be dead.

LLOYD :

Jesus.

(beat)

Jesus, I can't take -----.

He sits, staring out the window. A broken man.

MURTAUGH:

Dick, why did you call me yesterday?

LLOYD:

(very far away)

Called you...? Yeah. That's right ... I heard you were working out here ... I wanted you to find her for me, Roger. Take her

MURTAUGH :

Out of what?

LLOYD:

She did movies, Roger ... Naked movies ... Saw one of them..... saw my little baby ... smiling..... She did it ... with a woman. She was on top of a woman, Roger-...!

MURTAUGH :

Easy, Dick.

Lloyd turns, facing them. Intense:

LLOYD :

I want a promise.

(beat)

You owe me. You know you do.

MURTAUGH :

Yes. I know that.

LLOYD :

When you find who did it, I want you to kill them. If it's more than one, I want you to kill all of them. Make them squirm first, take your time ... and fucking kill them.

MURTAUGH :

I'm a police officer, Dick.

LLOYD :

Forget the law. It's easy to do.

You owe me.

MURTAUGH :

(pause; then)

We have to go now.

Lloyd does not look up. Riggs and Murtaugh head for the door.

LLOYD :

I know you can, Roger. You kill them. You do that.

The cops exit. The door shuts.

42 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 42

Riggs and Murtaugh head for the car. Riggs takes out a pack of cigarettes.

MURTAUGH :

You gonna smoke in the car?

RIGGS :

Thinking about it.

MURTAUGH :

Terrific.

He puts the top down.

Riggs takes out a cigarette, starts to put it in his mouth. Stops.

RIGGS :

Whoops. Shit.

He replaces it in the pack, takes another. Murtaugh looks at him.

MURTAUGH :

What was wrong with that one?

Riggs points to the tip of the replaced cigarette. We notice two things: a) It looks like it's about fifty years old; and b) there is a tiny red mark, circling the filter.

RIGGS :

This one is the last cigarette I'll ever smoke.

Trick I learned from my dad. I smoke all I want, but when I smoke this one ... I'm through.

MURTAUGH :

Brilliant. Get in the car.

RIGGS :

Want me to drive?

MURTAUGH :

You're suicidal, remember?

RIGGS :

Anyone who drives in Los Angeles is suicidal.

They get in. Murtaugh heaves a sigh, stares bleakly out the window. A moment, then Riggs says:

RIGGS :

He said you owed him. What did he mean?

MURTAUGH :

We served together in '65. He saved my life in the La Drang

Valley. Took a bayonet in the lung.

RIGGS:

That was nice of him.

MURTAUGH :

I thought so.

The RADIO SQUAWKS. Murtaugh TURNS it UP.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units and seven eight twenty-one, possible jumper at the corner of Santa Monica and La Cienega, seven eight twentyone handle code two.

Murtaugh keys the hand mike.

MURTAUGH :

Four King Sixty en route.

RIGGS :

This is great. I love this job.

MURTAUGH :

Stow it.

43 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - DAY 43

A building, ten stories high. On the ledge, a lone man poised high above the street. Beneath him, a crowd has gathered. A police car. A searchlight. A crowd of office workers, rubber-necking to beat the band. One or two kids yell, "Jump, jump."

Murtaugh's car glides to the curb. The doors burst open and the two partners emerge. A PATROL COP approaches.

PATROL COP :

Hey, Sarge, you wanna handle this?

MURTAUGH :

Where's the psychologist?

PATROL COP :

Sitting in traffic.

MURTAUGH :

Swell.

(beat)

Who's the guy?

PATROL COP :

Salesman name of MacCleary. Left the office party. Went upstairs and walked out on the ledge.

MURTAUGH :

Think he'll go?

PATROL COP :

Seems serious enough. Who knows?
Riggs clears his throat. Murtaugh turns.

RIGGS :

I can handle this.

MURTAUGH :

You qualified to talk to jumpers?

RIGGS :

I've done it before.

MURTAUGH :

(reluctant; then)

Okay. You're elected.

(as Riggs

turns to go)

Hey.

(as Riggs stops)

No guns. No kung fu. Just ...
bring him in.

RIGGS :

Sure. Bring him in.

MURTAUGH :

Right.

Riggs moves off toward the building. Murtaugh looks after him. Was this a mistake ... ?

44 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 44

Riggs appears on the roof. There, about five yards away, stands the JUMPER. Agitated. Breathing hard.

Below is ten stories of open space. The wind blows. Riggs nods to the Jumper.

MacCLEARY (JUMPER)

Go away.

RIGGS :

My name is Riggs.

MacCLEARY

Fuck off.

RIGGS :

I can't do that.

(beat)

What's your name?

MacCLEARY

Look, I know all the psychology bullshit, it won't work.

RIGGS :

I'm not a psychologist.

MacCLEARY

Yeah? What are you?

RIGGS :

Homicide cop.

MacCLEARY

You're early. Hang on a couple minutes, you can go to work.

RIGGS :

At least tell me your name. Look, I gotta fill out the little piece of paper. Okay?

MacCLEARY

(swallows)

Len. Len MacCleary.

RIGGS :

Thanks. 'Preciate it.

(beat)

That M -- C ... ?

MacCLEARY

M -- A -- C, now get outta here.

Riggs leans out farther, perches on the ledge. Absolutely calm.

RIGGS :

Why are you doing this?

MacCLEARY

None of your goddamn business.

RIGGS :

Fair enough.

(pause; then)

I'm coming out. Take it easy.

Riggs stands, steps out onto the narrow ledge. He seems unconcerned.

MacCLEARY

Don't come near me!

RIGGS :

Ssshhh. Easy. I'm just going to talk.

MacCLEARY

Touch me and I'll jump.

RIGGS :

I understand.

45 EXT. BUILDING - DAY 45

On the ground below, Roger Murtaugh reacts with disbelief. His partner is taking an insane risk. Up above, Riggs pauses. Around him the WIND BLOWS treacherously.

RIGGS :

You're not the first guy to think of this, you know. Everyone's got problems.

MacCLEARY

You know shit.

RIGGS :

Wrong. You're wrong.

(beat)

I almost tried this once.

Seriously. My wife. Got killed in a car crash. Only person I

ever cared about. I never had kids.

MacCLEARY

You're breaking my heart.

Riggs takes out his wallet, flashes it at MacCleary.

RIGGS :

This is her picture.

MacCLEARY

Nice. Fuck off.

RIGGS :

I'm trying to tell you I understand, you dope.

He takes a step closer.

MacCLEARY

Don't touch me. I'm not doing anything wrong.

RIGGS :

I know that. Not like you're murdering anyone.

MacCLEARY

Right. Only one hurt is me.

RIGGS :

Same way I look at it. I'm gonna stand beside you, okay?

MacCLEARY

No!

(beat)

Dammit, keep away.

RIGGS :

Please. This is scary stuff.

Just ... let me stand next to you.

MacCLEARY

Don't try nothing.

RIGGS :

I try something, we both go.

MacCLEARY

Right.

Riggs slowly steps up to the man. Shudders.

RIGGS :

There. Fuckin' cold, up here.

(beat)

Helluva day for both of us, huh?

(looks around at
the sea of traffic
far below)

Here we are.

(beat)

God, this is really scary. I'm
scared.

MacCLEARY

Me, too.

RIGGS :

You wanna smoke?

(pulls out
cigarettes)

Let's smoke, okay?

MacCLEARY

Sure.

Riggs offers a smoke. MacCleary reaches for it. And Riggs
snaps a handcuff on his wrist. Snaps the other end onto
his own wrist.

MacCLEARY

Hey ...

RIGGS :

Sorry.

(beat)

See this key?

He holds up the key to the cuffs. Flings it out into
space.

RIGGS :

We're together on this. You can
go if you want. But you take me
with you. Makes you a murderer.

MacCLEARY

You bastard.

RIGGS :

You'll be killing a cop.

Silence.

RIGGS :

I'm going inside. What say you
come with me?

He turns, starts to ease along the ledge. MacCleary
swallows hard, says:

MacCLEARY

Fuck you, I'm jumping.

And suddenly Riggs turns on him. Eyes like steel.

RIGGS :

You wanna jump ... ? You really
want to ... ?

(long pause;
then)

Fine. Let's do it.

He steps to the edge.

MacCLEARY

Hey, what the fuck ...

RIGGS :

You asked for it.

MacCLEARY

Hey, wait a minute ... !

Riggs does something very drastic. He jerks them both
off the ledge. Holy shit. The crowd gasps.

RIGGS :

Geronimoooooooo ...

As down they plunge, all ten stories -- Tumbling and
falling -- MacCleary shrieking like a lunatic ... And
suddenly, BAM -- ! They land in a fireman's net. Bounce
a few times. Come to rest, safe and unharmed ... Riggs
rolls over with a sour look on his face. Cops surround
them. MacCleary is a trifle upset.

MacCLEARY

Get him away from me!! Cut me
loose!! Crazy fucker tried to
kill me!! Did you see that?? He
tried to kill me!!!

And so on, screaming and ranting --As a uniformed cop
cuts Riggs free with a set of clippers. Riggs stands
shakily. Steps away from the net. And there is Roger

Murtaugh. Visibly upset.

Did I say upset? I meant enraged. He grabs Riggs, slams him against the wall. Tries to grab his collar. Riggs' hand shoots out. Lightning fast. Stops Murtaugh's hand. Stops it cold. They stare into each other's eyes.

RIGGS :

Don't ... touch me.

Murtaugh will not back down.

MURTAUGH :

What the fuck did you just do???

RIGGS :

I controlled the jump. You wanted him down. He's down.

MURTAUGH :

C'mere.

He yanks Riggs around the corner, away from the other cops.

MURTAUGH :

Okay, turkey, no bullshit. Do you want to kill yourself?

RIGGS :

Aw, for Chrissake ...

MURTAUGH :

Shut up. Just yes or no, do you want to die? Huh? Yes or no?

RIGGS :

I got the job done.

MURTAUGH :

You're not answering the question!!!

RIGGS:

(angry)

What do you wanna hear, man? You wanna hear that I got a bottle of

pills in my room? I do. Every day I wake up, I look for a reason not to take them. Doing the job, that's ... that's the reason.

Murtaugh looks at him. Nods. A moment, then:

MURTAUGH :

You want to die.

RIGGS :

I'm not afraid of it.

MURTAUGH :

Here.

(unholsters
his gun)

Pills are too slow. Use a gun.

Use my gun. Go ahead, pal.

A pause. Riggs looks at the gun.

MURTAUGH :

Be my guest.

He offers the gun to Riggs.

MURTAUGH :

Go ahead. If you're serious.

Riggs smiles, takes the gun without missing a beat. Puts it to his head. CLICK -- ! The hammer is cocked.

Murtaugh and Riggs stare each other down. Tense. Reading each other.

RIGGS :

You shouldn't tempt me, Roger.

MURTAUGH :

Put it in your mouth. Bullet goes in your ear, might not kill you.

Meanwhile, in the b.g., pedestrians are diving for cover. Murtaugh and Riggs are oblivious. Riggs puts the gun under his chin.

RIGGS :

Under the chin's just as good.

They stare at each other. Riggs' finger begins to

tighten on the trigger. Turns white with pressure.
It looks like he's going to do it.
At the last second, Murtaugh jams his thumb in front of
the hainmer, and CLICK
Jesus ...
The hainmer thuds against his thumb.
Murtaugh grabs the gun. Stares at Riggs, wild-eyed.

MURTAUGH :

Jesus. You're not trying to draw
a psycho pension.
(beat)
You're really crazy ...

RIGGS :

(smiles coldly)
So now you know.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah. Now I know.
46 INT. POLICE LINEUP -DAY 46
The Police Psychologist we met earlier is talking on the

telephone:

PSYCHOLOGIST :

You're asking me if he's stable
and I'm telling you no. We're
talking about a man who carves
notches in his gun barrel. Ore
for each kill. He blew a man
to Pieces yesterday. Is this
helping?

INTERCUT:

47 ROGER MURTAUGH 47
Standing at a pay phone, listening. He nods:

MURTAUGH :

Terrific. So you're saying I
should worry.

PSYCHOLOGIST :

Are you kidding? The guy's a time

bomb. When he goes... stand back.

MURTAUGH :

Thank you, Doctor.

very helpful.

You've been

He hangs up. Rubs his eyes tiredly and says:

MURTAUGH :

I'm too old for this shit.

CUT TO:

48 INT. MURTAUGH'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY 48

Silence. Murtaugh fumes. Riggs keeps his mouth shut.

Murtaugh takes his anger out on the road: SLAMMING the BRAKES; SQUEALING around corners, etc.

But he can't hold it 'in. He explodes:

MURTAUGH :

(pounding his fist
against the wheel)

It's my birthday, damnit! Fifty
years old today! Fifty goddamn
years old! Thirty years on the
force! Not a scratch on me! Not
a scar! I got a wife! Kids!
House! Fishing boat! But I can
kiss all that goodbye, 'cause my
new partner's got a death wish!
My fuckin' life is over!
Roger -RIGGS

MURTAUGH:

Shut up! Why you talkin' to me?!
I'm not he're anymore! I'm gone!
I'm dead! You're gonna see to
that! You wanna die -- and you're
gonna take me with you!

Silence again. Murtaugh gnashes his teeth. Riggs looks
at him with a very serious expression.

RIGGS :

I didn't know that.

MURTAUGH :

Know what?!

RIGGS :

That today was your birthday.

(beat)

Happy Birthday, Roger. I mean
that sincerely.

Murtaugh looks taken aback by the genuine sound of affection
in Riggs' voice.

RIGGS:

I just hope we stay alive long
enough for me to buy you a present.

Riggs says this with a straight face -- but there is
a playful glint in his eye that Murtaugh doesn't miss.
And he laughs out loud in spite of himself. It breaks
the tension, and Riggs knows it.

RIGGS :

Where we going?

MURTAUGH :

Beverly Hills.

(beat)

Got an address on Amanda
Hunsecker's meal ticket. But
remember ... this guy isn't a
suspect yet. We're gonna
question him; not damage
him.

Riggs raises his hands -- as if to say, I'll be on my
best behavior. Murtaugh swings the car onto Sunset
Blvd.

49 EXT. POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOME - TWILIGHT 49

The kind of house that I'll buy if this movie is a huge
hit. Chrome. Glass. Carved wood. Plus an outdoor

solarium:

there's a big swimming pool inside. This is a really
great place to have sex.

50 INT. SOLARIUM 50

The swimming pool is covered by a vinyl tarpaulin.
Surrounded by a jungle of plants.

51 AT POOLSIDE TABLE 51

Sits a very rich person. He is wearing an \$800 designer ensemble. Beside him, an elegantly-appointed shotgun leans against the table. He is on the phone.

RICH GUY :

Listens asshole, you gotta tell me these things ... Yeah, we got a problem. My margin is completely fucked up, and we got athletes snorting the shit and pitching over dead, how's that for a problem... ? Yes, I'm holding two keys now. Terrific, call me back.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. WOODEN GATE - SAME TIME 52

Riggs and Murtaugh approach the gate. Riggs tosses out a cigarette. Suddenly -There is an ELECTRIC HUM and the gate glides softly open, admitting a red Honda scooter, a dashing blonde behind the wheel. She ROARS off down the street.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange glances. The GATE CLICKS, starts to glide shut.

The cops enter.

53 EXT. HOUSE WINDOW - SAME TIME 53

Riggs' face comes INTO FRAME, peering cautiously through a plate glass window. He whistles softly.

RIGGS :

Take a look.

Murtaugh steps to the window, looks in.

54 MURTAUGH'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW 54

Enough cocaine to service the third tier at Yankee Stadium.

A BLONDE, BIKINI-CLAD WONDER sits on the couch, happily snorting. She sees Murtaugh and waves hilariously.

Makes come-hither gestures.

Murtaugh scowls, turns to Riggs.

RIGGS :

I'm thinking probable cause.

Jesus.

backup.

MURTAUGH Maybe I should call for

RIGGS :

What am I, chopped liver?

Murtaugh looks at him. Sighs.

MURTAUGH :

No killing.

RIGGS :

No killing.

He grins cheesily

EXT. SOLARIUM 56

Riggs and Murtaugh approach

draw their guns.

the frosted glass door. They

MURTAUGH :

Nice and easy.

RIGGS :

Nice and easy.

Murtaugh takes a deep breath. Kicks open the door.

Police.

MURTAUGH Hold it right there.

57 INT. SOLARIUM 57

The rich guy does not hold it right there. In fact, he has already snatched up the SHOTGUN. He triggers a BLAST, BLOWS OUT GLASS next to Murtaugh. Murtaugh dives, rolls, comes up in a combat crouch. BAM --- The rich guy takes it in the shoulder. Spins around. The gun clatters to the ground. Riggs and Murtaugh approach, guns drawn. The rich guy writhes on the ground, clutching his shoulder. Murtaugh says to Riggs:

MURTAUGH :

See how easy that was? Boom.

Still alive. Now we take the gun
away ...

(he does)

... And we question him. Know
why we can question him? Because
I got him in the shoulder. I

didn't blow him up or jump off a building with him.

RIGGS :

No fair, the building guy lived.

MURTAUGH :

Whatever. The point is, no killing.

RIGGS :

No killing.

MURTAUGH :

Right. Piece of cake. I'm very happy. Read the man his rights, I'll be over here being happy.

Unfortunately ... as Murtaugh speaks, he does not see the man on the ground has a hideaway gun tucked into his waistband. As Murtaugh talks, oblivious ... The guy takes out the gun with his good arm -- and aims dead center-at Murtaugh's back. Riggs, however, notices. And springs into action. Before the rich guy can fire ... Riggs' foot flashes out like a pile driver. CRACK! The guy flies backward. Lands on top of the pool tarpaulin. Oops. It promptly surrounds him in a sucking, vice-like grip. Murtaugh dives forward and extends his hand. Too late. The vinyl surrounds the screaming rich guy, sucks him below the surface. Smothers him.

Drags him to the bottom. Murtaugh looks on, wild-eyed. On the bottom of the pool is a vinyl tomb. Murtaugh dives in. Swims to the bottom. Yanks, and strains, but we all know it's no fucking use. The vinyl stops moving. Murtaugh stares... and then he gives up. Surfaces at the side of the pool, gasping and wheezing. Riggs kneels down beside him.

RIGGS :

Oops.

Murtaugh stares daggers at him.

MURTAUGH :

Have you ... ever... met someone you didn't kill... ?

RIGGS :

Haven't killed you yet.

MURTAUGH :

Terrific, you want a little gold star?

(lie pulls out
a soaked pack
of cigarettes)

Shit.

58 EXT. POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOME - LATER 58

Behind Riggs and Murtaugh, crime scene cops scurry back and forth. Flashing lights. Cameras. Murtaugh makes his way to the car. Riggs beside him. As they reach the car, Murtaugh stops:

MURTAUGH :

Look, I' m sorry I said that shit back there.

(beat)

You saved my life. Thank you.

RIGGS :

I bet that hurt to say.

MURTAUGH :

You have no idea.

59 INT. MURTAUGH HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT 59

The two detectives come through the front door, shedding their jackets. Young Carrie appears, nursing a Popsicle.

CARRIE :

Hi, Daddy. Is that a crook?

MURTAUGH :

No, honey, this is Martin, my partner.

(scoops her up;
hugs her)

Tell Martin what you think of crooks.

CARRIE :

Buttheads.
(giggles)
They're buttheads.

RIGGS :

Kid's no dummy.

CARRIE :

Daddy, Mommy says you hate her
cooking.

MURTAUGH :

Tell Mommy hate is a mild word.
60 INT. KITCHEN 60
Trish is cooking as the two cops enter.

MURTAUGH :

Hi, honey.
(he looks in
the oven)
We're having something brown... A
largish brown object ...

TRISH :

It's roast.

MURTAUGH :

Dammit, I wanted to guess. Honeny,
this is Martin, my new partner.
He'll be joining us tonight, okay?

TRISH :

Sure. Roast okay with you, Martin?

RIGGS :

Fine.

MURTAUGH :

How about brown, roast-like
substance?

TRISH :

Roger, you're being an asshole.
(kisses his ear)

Don't forget to compliment Rianne
on her shoes.

MURTAUGH :

Got it. Drink, Martin?

RIGGS :

Bourbon, if you have it.

Murtaugh exits. Riggs stands awkwardly as Trish removes
the roast from the oven.

RIGGS :

My wife could burn water.

TRISH :

You're married?

RIGGS :

I was. She's dead now.

TRISH :

Oh. I'm sorry.

RIGGS :

No problem.

He reaches for a stray piece of roast. Trish slaps his
hand.

TRISH :

Don't pick.Riggs

smiles. A genuine smile, the first we've seen.

60A INT. LIVING ROOM -SAME 60A

Murtaugh is fixing drinks as RIANNE enters. We all
heave a sigh. She is strictly to perish for.

Hello,

RIANNEFather.

MURTAUGH :

Hello, daughter. Nice shoes.

RIANNE :

Oh, Daddy, aren't they great?

MURTAUGH :

Absolutely. How much they cost?

RIANNE :

A hundred and ten dollars.
you really like them?
Do

MURTAUGH :

A hundred and -(
frowns)
-- They're shoes.
Right.

RIANNE :

MURTAUGH :

You wear them on your feet.
Right.

RIANNE :

MURTAUGH :

And that's all they do ... ?
not, like a TV inside?
There's
Nope.

RIANNE :

MURTAUGH :

(shakes his head)
I'm very old.

CUT TO:

61 INT. MURTAUGH'S DEN 61

Young Nick Murtaugh is sitting in front of the TELEVISION,
watching a "Charley Brown Christmas" and coloring
a picture with a big box of crayons. He stops.
Frowns. Looks up -- At Martin Riggs, who is peeking
his head around the corner, watching with rapt fascination.
Riggs chuckles, points to the screen:

RIGGS :

This is good. I like this.

Nick looks at him very strangely. Okay, so the guy likes cartoons ...

62 INT. DINING ROOM - MEALTIME 62

Everyone is gathered, eating. Incredibly homey and domestic-looking. For Riggs, who eats ravenously, it is the first taste of warmth in many a long year.

62A ACROSS THE TABLE 62A

We notice something kind of neat: Rianne simply cannot take her eyes off Riggs. She stares at him, in a trance. Her brother NICK nudges her in the ribs. She pulls a face.

62B MURTAUGH 62B

Has also noticed his daughter's attentions, and you can bet he's not all that happy about it.

63. EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOIJSE - DRIVEWAY - BOAT - NIGHT 63
Tirsh Murtaugh wheeling garbage pail to curbside.

TRISH:

(sarcastically)

That's okay, honey. I'll take out the garbage.

Boat. Murtaugh's head appears sheepishly from within.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah. Thanks, honey.

On board boat, Murtaugh is working on the engine. Riggs sitting on driver's seat.

MURTAUGH :

Whaddaya think?

RIGGS :

You know anything about boats, Roger?

MURTAUGH :

Know how much they cost.

RIGGS :

I mean, can you sail this thing?

MURTAUGH :

What's wrong with you? This ain't

a sail boat.

RIGGS :

(smiling)

That's what I thought.

MURTAUGH :

No trick to it. That's the front.
That's the back. Water all around.
Why you gotta make things so
complicated?

RIGGS :

I don't. That's just how they are.

Murtaugh opens an ice chest, takes a beer for himself
and tosses one to Riggs.

MURTAUGH :

Oh, yeah. You mean Amanda
Hunsacker's murder?

RIGGS :

Now, did I mention that?

MURTAUGH :

You don't have to. I can read
your mind.

Riggs makes no reply. He just looks at Murtaugh over
the rim of his beer can.

MURTAUGH :

I don't get you, Riggs. What's the
problem? We got one dead girl and
one dead guy. Dead guy killed the
dead girl and we killed the dead
guy 'cause he wanted us to be dead
guys. Seems pretty easy to me.

Riggs has wandered over to the instrument panel. He inspects
the switches and gauges.

MURTAUGH :

Look, her sugar daddy was dealin'
drugs. She said somethin'... or
did somethin'... or saw somethin'

she shouldn't have, and he pitched her off the balcony into the sweet by-an'-by.

(beat)

That's why he came at us today with a shotgun.

RIGGS :

I don't know. Sounds a little too neat to me.

MURTAUGH :

Of course it's neat. And what's wrong with neat? I like neat.

Riggs flips a switch and the MOTOR ROARS to life. Murtaugh leaps up.

MURTAUGH :

Hey! Watch what you're doin'!

Murtaugh fumbles with the switches in a futile effort to turn off the engine. But Riggs knows exactly which switch to flip.

RIGGS :

Lookin' for this?

He silences the engine. Murtaugh glares at him.

MURTAUGH :

You asshole.

RIANNE :

Hi, Dad...

Murtaugh jumps, startled by his daughter's arrival. Rianne and Riggs exchange a glance.

MURTAUGH :

What is it, Rianne?

RIANNE :

Mark wants to take me out to a club tomorrow night.

MURTAUGH :

You're grounded -- you know that.

RIANNE :

Please, Daddy ...

MURTAUGH :

Which one is Mark, anyway?

RIANNE :

The blond one.

MURTAUGH :

Oh, yeah. The one with pits in his face.

RIANNE :

Those are dimples.

MURTAUGH :

Those are pits. When he smiles, I can see through his head.

(beat)

The answer is no. End of story.

RIGGS :

C'mon, Rog. Have a heart.

Murtaugh looks at Riggs -- not appreciative of his intervention.

MURTAUGH :

The girl was smoking pot in the house. She's grounded!

RIANNE :

Next time I'll just take a beer instead. Why can I have a beer and not a joint? It's not coke, you know, Dad.

Murtaugh looks down sheepishly at the can of beer in his hand. Riggs grins to himself.

MURTAUGH :

'Cause right now, beer's legal and grass ain't. Right or wrong.

RIANNE :

Wrong.

RIGGS :

Right.

She stalks off. After a moment, Murtaugh looks over to Riggs.

MURTAUGH :

I've lost track... did we resolve anything here tonight?

Riggs shakes his head, smiles and starts to climb off the boat.

RIGGS :

Yeah. We resolved that your wife takes out the garbage. Your daughter smokes pot, which is illegal but shouldn't be -- that you don't know from boats, and you got one hell of a family, guy.

Walking towards truck together.

MURTAUGH :

Thanks.

RIGGS :

Enjoyed the meal.

MURTAUGH :

Bullshit, but thanks anyway.

A pause. Riggs stands there. Then:

RIGGS :

You don't trust me at all, do you?

MURTAUGH :

Tell you what. Make it through tomorrow without killing anybody. Especially me. Or yourself. Then I'll start trusting you.

RIGGS :

Fair enough.

He walks toward his truck. Stops.

RIGGS :

I do it real good, you know.
Do what?

MURTAUGH :

RIGGS :

Kill people ... Only thing I ever
did good. When I was nineteen, I
did a guy in Laos from a thousand
yards out.

Rifle shot in high wind.

(beat)

Ten guys in the world coulda made
that shot. Huh. Only thing I was
ever good at.

(pause; then)

Well, see you tomorrow.

Yeah.

MURTAUGHSee you then.

Riggs drives away. Murtaugh watches him. Turns.
way back inside, he flicks on the Christmas lights.

On the64 OMITTED 64

65 EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT 65

Martin Riggs cruises along in his battered pickup truck
past all-night dives and porno houses. The streets are
nearly deserted. Except for a young HOOKER on the corner.
Real young, maybe seventeen. Riggs sees her and
pulls over to the curb. The Hooker approaches.

HOOKER :

Hi, handsome. Looking for
something?

RIGGS :

Aren't we all?

HOOKER:

(nods)

Are you affiliated with any law
enforcement organization?

RIGGS :

(pause; then)

No. Get in the car.

She does. Closes the door.

RIGGS :

How old are you?

HOOKER :

Twenty-two.

RIGGS :

Bullshit.

HOOKER :

Why, you like 'em young?

RIGGS :

Younger the better. How old are you?

HOOKER :

(almost shyly)

Sixteen.

Riggs nods. Takes out a hundred-dollar bill and sets it in her lap.

HOOKER :

Wow.

(beat)

So, what do you want?

RIGGS :

I want you to come home and watch television with me.

He drives away from the curb.

66 INT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT 66

The house is dark and quiet at this hour. Roger Murtaugh fixes a sandwich in the kitchen. Rickles the CAT PURRS, rubs against his leg.

MURTAUGH :

Hey.

He kicks it aside. Notices a package on the counter,

together with a scribbled crayon note:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SERGEANT MURTAUGH

The gift is a 99c special, right off the rack at Pic N'

Save:

plastic gun, made in Taiwan. Tiny plastic badge. Murtaugh smiles. Notices another package next to it. Frowns. Its label reads: ROGER MURTAUGH: POLICE EVIDENCE.

67 INT. LIVING ROOM 67

He opens the package. Two things: a book; also a videocassette. Takes it, VCR machine. Turns on the television. high school year-slides it into a

TIME CUT TO:

67A INT./EXT. RIGGS' TRAILER - NIGHT 67A

The Hooker watches TV -- really enjoying the Three Stooges. Riggs stands apart from her. He's not ing TV; he's watching her watching TV.

watchHe

wears a melancholy expression. The world is full happy families like Murtaugh's, but he has to get by like this.

of

His eyes shift to a photo of his wife.

and views it sadly.

He picks it up

HOOKER :

(turning to him)

You're not having a very good time, are you?

Riggs puts down the photo.

RIGGS :

(sweetly)

You don't know that. Maybe this is how I look when I'm having a good time. Maybe I'm having the best time of my life.

HOOKER :

(after a beat)

Are you?

Riggs doesn't answer.

HOOKER :

I know... sing me something.

RIGGS :

I don't sing.

Come on.

HOOKER Sing me a song.

RIGGS :

I don't know any songs.

HOOKER :

Not even a Christmas song?

Everybody knows a Christmas song.

Riggs shrugs and makes a half-hearted attempt:

RIGGS :

Something through the snow,
in a one-horse open sleigh ...

HOOKER :

Good. That's good.

(helps him out)

Over the hills we go,
laughing all the way.

RIGGS :

Something something ring,
making something bright ...

HOOKER :

Oh, what fun it is to ride ...

RIGGS :

To grandma's house tonight!

They know they got it wrong, but they're pleased with themselves just the same. The Hooker hugs Riggs impulsively. Riggs looks uncomfortable. He'd like to show her some platonic affection, but he knows that's impossible.

He gently unwraps her arms from around his neck.

RIGGS :

I better take you back now.

68 SAME PLACE - LITTLE BIT LATER 68

Murtaugh is in front of the TV. On his lap is a high school yearbook. Open to the middle. He glances down, sees -- a photograph of Amanda Lloyd. Senior picture. Smiling. Young. The girl most likely to. He looks up up at the television. On the screen Amanda Lloyd is writhing in ecstasy. Smiling. Murtaugh continues to watch. Lights another cigarette. There is a sad, faraway look on his face.

CUT TO:

69 INT. HALLWAY 69

Very late now. Murtaugh walks down the hall to a door. Opens it a fraction. Inside -- His daughter Rianne is asleep.

bedroom

A shaft of moonlight falls across the bed.

beautiful than we've ever seen her.

She is more

Murtaugh crosses to the bed, leans down, and kisses her forehead. She stirs in her sleep, smiles like a cat,

and whispers:

RIANNIE :

... Mark ...

Murtaugh recoils. Stands up. We realize that up until this moment, see, he thought she was maybe a virgin ...

70 INT. MURTAUGH'S BEDROOM 70

He takes off his robe, drapes it on a chair. Gets into bed silently next to his sleeping wife. Lies awake, staring up at the ceiling. The RAIN BEATS on the window, throwing odd shadows across his face. He drifts toward sleep. As he does, we ever so slowly ...

CROSS FADE TO:

71 INT. MURTAUGH BEDROOM 71

Sunlight streams through the windows, Murtaugh stirs groggily, forces open his eyes. Staring him in the face is Martin Riggs' scruffy, early morning face. Murtaugh

frowns.

MURTAUGH :

... Martin... ?

RIGGS :

Good morning, Roger. I've been doing a little thinking. Murtaugh just stares at him.

RIGGS :

About the night Amanda Hunsaker died. Murtaugh grimaces.

MURTAUGH :

Do you know what time it is ... ?

RIGGS :

Day time?

MURTAUGH :

I'll get dressed.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MURTAUGH KITCHEN 72

In the kitchen Trish is singing something bluesy, fixing coffee. At the table Nick is drinking milk. Murtaugh sits. Riggs takes off his shoulder holster, and with meticulous care drapes it delicately over the back of his chair. Sits opposite Murtaugh.

RIGGS :

You're seriously using ketchup?

MURTAUGH :

Yeah.

RIGGS :

On eggs.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah.

(beat)

Who made the ketchup?

RIGGS :

Heinz.

MURTAUGH :

Who made the eggs?

Riggs looks to Trish.

TRISH:

(across the room)

You two are so hilarious I could bust.

Riggs leans forward.

RIGGS :

Roger.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah.

RIGGS :

That hooker who witnessed the jump the other night. What was her name?

MURTAUGH :

Dixie.

CARRIE :

What's a hooker?

MURTAUGH :

Shh, quiet, I'm combatting crime.

NICK :

A hooker is a ...

RIGGS:

(interrupts)

Right, and she's in Century City witnessing Amanda Hunsaker's suicide

MURTAUGH :

or murder -

RIGGS :

right, or murder, and my question is... what is she doing there? I called Wilshire Vice, that's not her usual turf.

MURTAUGH :

Wow.

(beat)

Wow. That's really reaching.

RIGGS :

Cut me a break, it's a hunch, Roger. I'm having a hunch.

MURTAUGH :

You couldn't have it at home, you had to come here at 7:30 A.M. and have it.

RIGGS :

7:

excited.

MURTAUGH :

I'm thrilled.

(pause)

Okay.

RIGGS :

Okay, what?

MURTAUGH :

Okay, go for it. I'm listening.

CUT TO:

73 INT. OUTDOOR FIRING RANGE - DAY 73

Riggs and Murtaugh stand on line at the range. Around them the echoing BOOM of gunshots fills the morning air. They struggle to be heard over the tumult:

MURTAUGH :

We know someone was in bed with
Amanda Lloyd the night she died.

RIGGS :

Right. 'Til now we assumed it was
a man.

MURTAUGH :

Okay. Let's say it was Dixie.

RIGGS :

Okay. Disgusting, but okay: Let's
say Dixie slipped the drain cleaner
into the pills.

MURTAUGH :

Say someone paid her to do it.

RIGGS :

Sure. She thinks, terrific, Amanda
swallows a couple downers and boom,
she's dead. Then Dixie -

MURTAUGH :

If it was her -

RIGGS :

Right, right, then Dixie has
plenty of time to spritz the place
up, get out, whatever.

MURTAUGH :

Except Amanda jumps out the window.

RIGGS :

Or Dixie pushes her. Either way

MURTAUGH :

Either way, she's gotta make a
fast getaway, 'cause now the
body's public. She hauls ass
downstairs.

RIGGS :

People are coming out to see what happened.

MURTAUGH :

Someone spots her. She says 'shit.'

RIGGS :

Right. She actually stops and says, 'Shit.'

MURTAUGH :

Or, 'Damn.'

RIGGS :

Or 'Golly, I've been spotted.'
The point being -

MURTAUGH :

The point being, now she has to cover her ass.

RIGGS :

Right. So she says, 'Officer, officer, I saw the whole thing.'

MURTAUGH :

Right.

RIGGS :

Right.

MURTAUGH :

(sighs)
That's pretty fucking thin.

RIGGS :

Very thin.

MURTAUGH:

(smiles)
Hell with it. Thin's my middle name.

RIGGS :

Your wife's cooking, I'm not surprised.

MURTAUGH :

Would you lay off the cooking?

RIGGS :

Tell her that.

Riggs steps to the line. Draws the Beretta, fires off a full clip. Three-shot rhythms, two in the chest, one in the head, two in the chest, one in the head. Removes the magazines lovingly snaps in a new one.

MURTAUGH :

You sleep with that thing under your pillow?

RIGGS :

I would if I slept.

MURTAUGH :

Here, stand back.

Murtaugh steps to the red line. Stretches. Cracks his neck. Shifts from foot to foot. Finally steadies himself.

A moment then:

swiftness. -- BANG -- ! The REPORT is DEAFENING. The target grows a neat third eye. Perfect shot. Dead center. Murtaugh grins, holsters his gun.

MURTAUGH :

Hey-hey. Would'ja look at that?

Pretty good for an old man.

Riggs shrugs. Draws. FIRES. He isn't even looking. Nonetheless. -- He puts a magnum round right through the hole made by Murtaugh's .38. The hole gets .60 inches wider. Murtaugh scowls.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah, yeah. Eat me.

He stalks away, pissed off.

74 OMITTED 74

75 EXT. WEST L.A. STREET - MORNING 75

Murtaugh's car glides up to the curb. In front of a row of neat frame houses. Old neighborhood. Late model cars. A LITTLE black KID playing on the sidewalk.

The two cops get out, stride toward a cottage set back from the street. They pass the Little Kid who is playing with a plastic bucket and a headless Star Wars figure.

RIGGS :

Hey, kid. What'cha doing?

The Kid grins, obviously pleased with himself.

LITTLE KID :

I put this on top and it fall down.

He demonstrates. He puts it on top. It falls down. He grins happily. Riggs shakes his head.

RIGGS :

Good thinking.

They keep walking. Toward the cottage.

MURTAUGH :

Very thin.

RIGGS :

Probably nothing.

They mount the steps to the walk. As they do -- The HOUSE suddenly EXPLODES. It BLOWS APART concussively. There is a flash of light, a loud, flat BANG --! And the thing tears to pieces. Glass blows out. Wood sprays. Flying shrapnel. A wall of flame. Riggs hits the dirt, smothering the Little black Kid. Murtaugh dives for cover behind a telephone pole. A piece of shrapnel imbeds itself; right next to his head. Carnage. Noise. The tumult slowly begins to fade. Echoes. Flames rage to the sky. Smoke rolls. Beams collapse. The cottage is no more. Murtaugh climbs to his feet, dazed; stares at the rubble. Looks over toward Riggs, who is getting up off the Kid. The Kid is shaken, but unhurt.

MURTAUGH :

Hey.

Riggs turns.

MURTAUGH :

You're on fire.

Riggs looks. The back of his coat is completely ablaze.

RIGGS :

Shit.

He takes it off, flings it aside.

Goes up to Murtaugh-Lights a cigarette.

RIGGS :

Probably nothing.

MURTAUGH :

Thin. Very thin.

76 EXT. BURNED-OUT COTTAGE - LATER 76

Cops prowl through the gutted remains. Charred and black. Nothing left. A body goes by on a stretcher.

MURTAUGH stops it.

MURTAUGH :

Ho.

(he looks under
the sheet)

Jesus.

ATTENDANT:

We're hoping to find some teeth.

in there. Otherwise, could be
anybody. Black, white ... Could
be a fuckin' bowl of soup, for
all we -

MURTAUGH :

Okay, okay.

The stretcher continues toward the waiting truck.

Murtaugh looks off, whispers:

MURTAUGH :

Bye-bye, Dixie.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE 77

Martin Riggs is examining a twisted hunk of metal as
Murtaugh walks up beside him.

MURTAUGH :

What'cha got?

RIGGS :

Part of the device.

(beat)

Holy cow.

MURTAUGH :

What?

RIGGS :

Artwork. This is goddamn artwork.

MURTAUGH :

Swell. I'm glad you liked it.

RIGGS :

You don't understand. This is real pro stuff. Haven't seen this since ... well, since the war.

MURTAUGH :

Come again?

RIGGS:

C.I.A. used to hire mercs who used this same setup. Mercury switches. Murtaugh frowns. A PATROL COP taps him on the shoulder.

PATROL COP :

Sir, I think you'd better come with me.

Riggs-and Murtaugh exchange glances. They move off, across the street.

78 EXT. STREET - BACK OF FIRE TRUCK 78

Riggs and Murtaugh stand by the rear of the truck. A CONSTRUCTION CREW watches from behind, heavy equipment idling softly. Next to them sits the little blackkid from earlier, coloring with crayons. His mother hovers ...

COP :

Okay, here it is. The little kid says he saw someone working on

the meter this morning.

MURTAUGH :

Where?

COP :

Across the street at Dixie's. He was playin' some kind of game, hidin' under the stairs. Says he saw the guy pretty good.

MURTAUGH :

Jesus. This could be a break.

RIGGS :

You kidding? The kid's six years old.

COP :

If that.

MURTAUGH :

You call the gas company?

COP :

Sure did. No one supposed to check that meter for at least another month.

MURTAUGH :

(nods)

Let me handle this.

COP :

Be my guest.

RIGGS :

Wanna wear the chicken suit? I got some clown makeup.

MURTAUGH :

Stow it.

He crosses to the boy.

MURTAUGH :

Hi. I'm Detective Murtaugh. What's your name?

ALFRED (LITTLE KID)

Alfred.

He stares at Murtaugh with eyes like saucers.

MURTAUGH :

How old are you, Alfred?

ALFRED :

Six.

MURTAUGH :

Wow. Six.

(beat)

Bet you like the Gobots, huh?

Alfred nods.

MURTAUGH :

Me, I'm a G.I. Joe man.

ALFRED :

(points)

Is that a real gun?

MURTAUGH :

Yes, it is.

ALFRED :

Do you kill people?

MURTAUGH :

No. If a guy is hurting someone, I try to shoot him in the arm or something. Just to stop him.

ALFRED :

Momma says policeman shoot black people.

Murtaugh grimaces. Alfred's mother looks away quickly.

MURTAUGH :

Alfred, this man you saw. The meter

man ... ?

(beat)

You get a good look at him?

ALFRED :

I saw him.

MURTAUGH :

Great. Listen, you ever watch
'Starsky and Hutch'? 'Cause the
police, sometimes they need help.
They need police helpers.
Detectives.

(he takes out
a plastic badge,
puts it on
Alfred's chest)

If you want, you can be a junior
detective. If you want.

The kid looks at him. Distrust.

MURTAUGH :

Keep it, it's yours. Official
detective.

Alfred nods, grins.

MURTAUGH :

The man at the meter. Can you ...
picture him in your head? Think
about what he looked like. Got
it ?

Alfred nods. Murtaugh picks up Alfred's box of crayons.
Hands it to the little boy.

MURTAUGH :

I want you to draw him for me.

ALFRED :

I'm a good drawer.

MURTAUGH :

Try to draw the man.

Riggs clears his throat. Rolls his eyes.

RIGGS :

Oh, brother. This is good. I like this.

MURTAUGH :

Can it, Martin.

RIGGS :

We're gonna put out an A.P.B. on Big Bird.

MURTAUGH :

Very funny.

RIGGS:

(laughs)

Attention all units. Large yellow bird. Silly voice.

MURTAUGH :

You're hilarious. Alfred, draw the man, okay?

Alfred nods, takes the crayons, and carefully selects a bunch of colors. Lays them out like Da Vinci fixing his palette. Riggs shakes his head.

RIGGS :

Brilliant police work? I think so.

TIME CUT:

79 ANOTHER ANGLE 79

Minutes have passed.

MURTAUGH :

Martin, have a look at this.

Riggs crosses. Alfred has finished his drawing, and guess what? It's hilariously bad. Like a six-year-old drew it or something. Riggs rubs his eyes.

RIGGS :

Oh, my ...

(begins to laugh)

... Oh, my...

He laughs even harder now. Murtaugh scowls, snatches the picture away.

MURTAUGH :

Terrific. Very professional.

Riggs is hooting. Murtaugh shows the picture to Alfred.

ALFRED :

He laugh at my picture.

MURTAUGH :

Shhh. Don't mind him. He's crazy.

ALFRED :

I'm a good drawer.

MURTAUGH :

You bet.

(points)

Alfred. This is ... the man's arm, right?

ALFRED :

Yeah.

MURTAUGH :

Okay. Now this mark. Is this ...
What is this?

ALFRED :

He had it on his arm.

Riggs stops laughing. Moves in closer.

RIGGS :

Whoa. What was on his arm?

MURTAUGH :

Was it a birthmark?

(points to
his arm)

Was it like this?

ALFRED :

No. It was pained.

MURTAUGH :

Pained.

RIGGS :

Pained, pained. What's he saying?

MURTAUGH :

Sssshh.

(beat)

It was ... painted?

ALFRED :

Yeah.

MURTAUGH :

Like a tattoo?

(beat)

Do you watch Popeye?

tattoo like Popeye has?

Was it a

Riggs rolls up his sleeve, exposes his Marine tattoo.

You've seen the type: A Tweety Bird with a machine gun,
or some such.

RIGGS :

This is a tattoo.

The boy's eyes go wide once again. He points at Riggs' arm.

ALFRED :

It was that.

The cops stop, puzzled.

MURTAUGH :

It was that? You

like that...?

mean... just

Yeah.

ALFREDMan had the same thing.

RIGGS :

You're sure?

Alfred nods. The cops exchange glances:

RIGGS :

Special Forces tattoo ... ?
Martin.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah.

RIGGS :

MURTAUGH :

What the hell are we into here ... ?

80 EXT. CLIFFSIDE HOUSE - DAY 80

A sprawling, expensive villa nestled on the side of a bluff overlooking the ocean. Terraces, verandahs, gazebos. Architecture that merits three syllables. The ocean looks cheap by comparison. A memorial service is in progress. A group of people, mostly young, friends of Amanda Lloyd; all are dressed in funeral black.

81 NEARBY --81

Martin Riggs is collapsed in a lawn chair, smoking and looking thoroughly out of place. Seeing the girl, he frowns ... puffs on his cigarette, and rolls a quarter over his knuckles like a stage magician. Nimble, trained fingers. A thoroughly unconscious habit.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE 82

Dick Lloyd looks worse than ever. He stands, staring out over the ocean -- as a hand comes out of nowhere ... grabs his shoulder, and spins him roughly around: Facetoface with Roger Murtaugh. Eyes burning like cold fire.

MURTAUGH :

Hi, guy.

LLOYD :

Roger... What ... What's up, buddy?

MURTAUGH :

Not much.

(beat)

Wanna tell me about it?

LLOYD :

Tell you about what?

MURTAUGH :

Don't bullshit me. That's over.

(beat)

Your daughter wasn't killed
because of something she was into.
She was killed because of something
you're into. Stop me if I'm wrong.

LLOYD :

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

MURTAUGH :

Keep your hands in front.

LLOYD :

(stops;
startled)

Hey. Take it easy, man.

MURTAUGH :

Fuck easy.

(beat)

When you called me the other day,
you were gonna blow the whistle,
weren't you?

LLOYD :

Blow the whistle on what?

MURTAUGH :

You tell me. You were gonna spill
your guts. So they killed your
daughter. Tell me I'm wrong.

Lloyd swallows hard, flustered. He can't meet Murtaugh's
eyes.

MURTAUGH :

Talk to me.

LLOYD :

Can't ... can't do that ...

MURTAUGH :

They killed your daughter.

LLOYD :

I...

MURTAUGH :

They paid off a hooker to poison your daughter. Talk to me!

Lloyd shoots a desperate glance across the lawn. At his other daughter, Amanda's twin.

LLOYD :

Dammit, Roger, I've... ve o another daughter!

MURTAUH :

She'll be protected.

(beat)

It's over, pal.

LLOYD :

Protected. That's a laugh... You don't know these people.

MURTAUGH :

Acquaint me.

TIME CUT:

83 INT. LLOYD'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 83

The two men are inside now. The sunlight filters in through a large picture window from the lawn.

Lloyd is pacing back and forth. He touches his stomach in the classic gesture of ulcer-carriers everywhere. Opens the fridge, removes a carton of milk. There must be three cases of the stuff. Drinks, turns to Murtaugh. A man at the end of his rope:

LLOYD :

It goes all the way back to the war.

MURTAUGH :

I'm listening.

LLOYD :

I ended up working for a group called Air America. C.I.A. front, secretly ran the entire war out of Laos. I was part of a special unit called Shadow Company. Mercs. Trained killers. When Charley was bringing in heroin to finance the V.C. government, Shadow Company went in and burned it all down. We killed everybody. But we also ... formed a plan.

MURTAUGH :

Keep talking.

LLOYD :

Couple of years ago, Shadow Company got together again. The war was over, but we still had a list of sources. In Asia.

MURTAUGH :

And ... ?

LLOYD :

And we've been bringing it in ever since.

MURTAUGH :

Bringing what in?

LLOYD :

Think real hard.

MURTAUGH :

Heroin.

LLOYD:

(nods)

Two shipments a year. Run by ex-C.I.A. Soldiers, mercs. No one knows.

MURTAUGH :

You son of a bitch.

Lloyd does not reply. A pause, then:

MURTAUGH :

If you were getting cold feet,
why'd they kill Amanda? Why not
just kill you?

LLOYD :

They can't. They need me.

MURTAUGH :

Why?

LLOYD :

My bank. It's the front. Makes
everything look good on the tax
report.

MURTAUGH :

The tax report ... ?

LLOYD :

This is big business, Roger.

MURTAUGH:

(ice cold)

Not any more. I'm gonna burn
it down.

LLOYD :

You can't. It's too big. These
guys are trained killers.

MURTAUGH :

Tell me about the next shipment.

LLOYD :

No. No way.

Murtaugh grabs a framed picture of Amanda, slams it
down on a wooden bul--cher block. The GLASS SHATTERS.
Lloyd stares.

MURTAUGH :

Tell me!!!

Lloyd flinches. Leans back, a dreamy look in his eyes.
Speaks from very far away ...

LLOYD:

(softly)

Nothing ... wrong with the kids,
Roger. We're all fucked up. Us
old bastards ... We're killing them.

And suddenly there is a gun in his hand. Aimed at Murtaugh.

LLOYD :

Back off.

MURTAUGH :

Oh, swell. Good move.

LLOYD :

I'm not kidding. I'm in too far
now.

Murtaugh does not budge. Lloyd cocks the hammer.

LLOYD :

The gun is silenced, Roger.

Murtaugh stares him down. Eyes like fire.

MURTAUGH:

What's it gonna be, buddy ... ?
You gonna save my life, just so
you can snuff me twenty years
later...?

LLOYD :

Things are different now.

MURTAUGH :

I guess.

A moment. Lloyd stares intently. Finger sweating on the
trigger.

MURTAUGH:

If you can do it, do it. I don't

fucking care anymore.

Lloyd blinks. Swallows. Another moment. Finally --He lowers the gun. Sighs.

LLOYD :

... What do you want to know... ?

Murtaugh relaxes visibly. And that's when two things happen. The picture WINDOW GLASS suddenly COLLAPSES. Falls TINKLING into a million shards. And the carton of milk in Lloyd's hand pops, spurting milk all over the front of his black suit. He frowns. Stares at the dribbling milk. Blinks. And his eyes snap open wide, as blood seeps out of his shirt, splattering the floor.

LLOYD :

Roger -- !

With his dying breath, he leaps in front of Murtaugh. Takes the SECOND BULLET. The one meant for Murtaugh. It blows him into Roger, takes them both to the floor in a breath-crushing impact. More BULLETS CHOP the kitchen. China PLATES BURST into a glassy spray. Food spatters and gushes, staining the walls. Murtaugh rolls free, then, a man possessed: Screams out the window:

MURTAUGH :

Riggs!!!

84 EXT. LAWN 84

Murtaugh's voice is far away. Riggs looks up from his lawn chair. Notices two things: One: Everything seems normal. Nobody has heard the shots. Two: The glass in the kitchen window... something strange, what the hell is it ... oh, yeah, it's broken, someone broke the glass ... And Riggs is on his feet in the blink of an eye.

85 BACK INSIDE 85

Murtaugh is at the window. Gun pointed.

Riggs!!!

MURTAUGH86 MURTAUGH'S POV 86

reveals a crowd of people, milling back and forth, he has no idea where the sniper is, and suddenly BAM -- The wood blows out not two inches from his head and ducks, and meanwhile -- back outside ...

!

he87 MARTIN RIGGS 87

He's on the move. He jogs ... trots ... runs ... Noticing

lone man in black, striding quickly across the lawn,
striding into the crowd ... toward the edge of the bluff
Things happen fast now, pay attention, as -- The man
turns, sees Riggs ... Riggs sees him... and the man is
none other than Mr. Joshua. Crew cut. Sunglasses.
Moving fast.

a...

88 MURTAUGH 88

diving out the window. Hits.

ing, waving at Riggs ...

Rolls, comes up. Scream89

RIGGS 89

Gun out ... moving fast, shoving through the crowd, people
screaming now, "Jesus, he's got a gun -- !" Running
across the lawn, Murtaugh thirty yards behind, moving,
hard and fast, both guns drawn, pushing/shoving, knocking
people ass over teacups and meanwhile let us not
forget -90

JOSHUA 90

moving at a dead run, now, gun out ... at the edge of the
cliff. People all around him, confused, I mean Jesus,
what the hell is all this shooting about, and Riggs can't
get a clear shot ... He's sweeping the gun, back and forth,
bodies crossing in front of him... all the wrong bodies,
Goddammit...! Moving forward, shouting:

RIGGS :

Lie down!!! Down!!!

Murtaugh, springing hell bent for leather --

grab your hats ... because just then, a BELL

COPTER crests the edge of the bluff.

and

COBPA :

folks,

HELIAN

explosion of sound...

As it rises like an avenging angel ...

Hovers, shattering the air with turbo-throb, sandblasting

the hillside with a roto-wash of loose dirt, tables,

chairs, everything that's not nailed down ...

Screaming, chaos, frenzy.

Three words that apply to this scene.

And in the midst of all this -- Joshua steps onto the

chopper and is hauled inside.

No expression.

The total professional.

And then, my friends, it's bye-bye time. The CHOPPER
ROARS like a behemoth, tilts -slips
over the side and plummets away ...

Slick. Very slick.

Except Martin Riggs it not impressed.

He's still running, you see ...

Dives flat at the edge of the cliff, nearly flings
himself over the damn edge ...

GUN extended like it's part of his arm...

Finger flat on the trigger ...

Blowing SHOT after SHOT at the retreating chopper ...

BAM-BAM-BAM His face contorted in a rictus of
animal concentration...

And he wings the chopper, even. POP
spray of fiberglass, but nossir, no cigar...
cause the damn chopper flies away.

And Riggs dumps his magazine, stuffs in a new one ...
and Jesus Christ he keeps FIRING.

As Murtaugh walks up beside him. Stares down.
Gun held loose at his side.

Riggs still FIRES, BAM-BAM-BAM
doesn't know it yet ...

Until his MAGAZINE CLICKS empty.

He lies flat.

Stares.

People screaming, running away.

Murtaugh standing over him, staring down at this animal
with a gun, who even now refuses to look away from the
retreating chopper, whose gun even now continues to
follow its course out over the sea.

Hands, clutching the barrel.

Finally, they relax.

Riggs shuts his eyes.

Murtaugh stares.

MURTAUGH :

You through?

Riggs looks up at him. His eyes look like a demon's.

RIGGS :

I haven't even started.

CUT TO:

91 INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME 91

Joshua and his pilot are cruising over the surf at breakneck speed, the rotor stirring tiny geysers of water.

Joshua speaks into a radio microphone.

JOSHUA :

Yes, sir ... Yes, sir, Mr. Lloyd is dead. I'm afraid, however, that another problem exists.

92 INTERCUT - THE GENERAL 92

In his van, speaking on mobile phone.

Define.

GENERAL :

JOSHUA :

Lloyd spoke to the cops, sir.

GENERAL :

Are the cops dead?

No, sir.

JOSHUAI missed.

There is a significant pause.

Then:

Joshua licks his lips.

GENERAL :

That's very disappointing. The police may know everything. The whole operation, yes?

Yes.

JOSHUAAwaiting orders, sir.

GENERAL :

Joshua, I think it's time to turn up the heat.

93 EXT. VIEWSITE - NIGHT 93

A black Camaro is parked at the city twinkles beyond.

side of the road. The94 INT. CAR - SAME 94

Two teenagers, engaged in a first-rate makeout session.

One of them is Roger Murtaugh's daughter Rianne. The other is MARK, he of the hilarious dimples. They are kissing when Rianne suddenly pulls away:

RIANNE :

Mark, I gotta get home.

MARK :

Would you quit worrying? Your mom thinks you're asleep and your dad's busy shooting crooks.

RIANNE :

He said he'll shoot you if we have sex.

MARK :

Some things are worth dying for. He leans in and kisses her. Passion, horniness. Something. He runs a hand inside her sweater. She starts resist. Gives in. to Wait.

RIANNE :

She takes out her gum and sticks it to the steering wheel. Leans over to kiss him again

*

*

94A FACE 94A *

comes INTO FRAME. Right outside the Shirt and tie. No less than Mr. Joshua window. Crewcut. himself, as we --

*

*

CUT TO:

95 EXT. THIRD STREET - NIGHT 95

Martin Riggs walks slowly down the boulevard. In one hand he carries a snapshot of Amanda Lloyd. Male prostitutes take one look at him and flee.

He stops to light a cigarette. As he does -- He notices a reflection in the silver lighter.

Two pinpoints of light. Moving. He throws away the cigarette. Spins, drawing his gun. HEADLIGHTS, as a car comes barreling out of the darkness. Bearing down on Riggs at fifty miles an hour. Riggs FIRES. The WINDSHIELD SPLINTERS. No dice. The car keeps coming. Riggs FIRES again, sprints for cover -- As a mercenary leans out of the car window with a pump SHOTGUN. Triggers THREE BLASTS at Riggs. The first two blow out chunks of scenery. The third takes Riggs in the chest. Blows him backward through a store window. GLASS SHATTERS. He hits the ground in a heap. The CAR SHRIEKS off into the night, LAYING RUBBER. The ECHO of gunfire slowly FADES on the wind...

96 INSIDE DARKENED STORE 96

Riggs lies crumpled in a pool of broken glass. Murtaugh charges from across the street. He throws himself down beside the dead Riggs. Rips open Riggs' shirt revealing -A bulletproof vest. Riggs opens his eyes.

RIGGS :

I'm pissed, Roger. Now I'm pissed.

96A EXT. STORE 96A

The cops exit and cross the street toward their car.

RIGGS :

Roger. Quit looking so damn worried. I'm fine.

MURTAUGH :

Two inches higher, they would've got your head.

RIGGS :

Fuck that. Two inches to the left, they would've got my smokes.
He takes out a pack, lights one up.

RIGGS :

Oh, by the way:

MURTAUGH :

Yeah.

RIGGS :

Same guy who shot Lloyd.

MURTAUGH :

Jesus ... You sure?

RIGGS :

I never forget an asshole.

MURTAUGH :

(sighs)

So okay, ace:

RIGGS :

Give up? Flee? Go far away?

MURTAUGH :

Hilarious. What do we really do?

RIGGS :

What else? We bury the fuckers.
You know, we solve this, we could
get famous, do shaving ads and shit.

MURTAUGH :

Do goddamn Forest Lawn ads, we're
not careful.

RIGGS :

Heh. Don't be a killjoy. It's
Friday night. Let's go kick ass.

MURTAUGH :

You just got shot, man.

RIGGS :

Exactly.

MURTAUGH :

What do you mean, exactly?

RIGGS :

Gives us the edge, Cochise.

(smiles)

They think I'm dead, Roger. I'm
a corpse. And aren't they just
gonna shit when I nail their
butts ... ?

They look at each other. Suddenly the police
RADIO SQUAWKS. Murtaugh answers it.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Four King sixty, meet four king
ninety on tach two.

MURTAUGH :

King sixty, roger.

He adjusts the frequency on the radio.

PATROL COP (V.O.)

Four king ninety, four king sixty.
Got a homicide, Mulholland Drive.

MURTAUGH :

Four king sixty, negative.

(beat)

Give it to Burke.

PATROL COP (V.O.)

Sorry, sixty. Captain says give
it to you. Male Caucasian, age
seventeen.

MURTAUGH:

Swell. Did he have blond hair and
big dimples?

There is a long pause. Then:

PATROL COP (V.O.)

How'd you know... ?

Suddenly, Murtaugh goes completely pale. So does Riggs.
Murtaugh hits the gas ...

97 EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT

Murtaugh's CAR SCREECHES to the curb. Hops the sidewalk,
jolts to a stop. The two cops are out and running in a
dead heat toward the front door. Murtaugh flings open
the door. Stops. On the carpet beneath the mail slot
is a tiny envelope with SEASONS GREETINGS emblazoned
across the front. A note is attached with a paper clip.
One side reads DETECTIVE ROGER MURTAUGH. On the other
side is a message in block capitals.

YOUR DAUGHTER LOOKS REALLY PRETTY NAKED

Murtaugh tears open the envelope, afraid to breathe. Inside is a Polaroid snapshot. The audience may get a glimpse of it, or they may not. Either way, the effect it has on Murtaugh is devastating. He drops the snapshot like a live snake. Backs away, stumbles into the wall. Shakes his head.

MURTAUGH :

Bastards ... bastards ...

Riggs looks on, stunned. The TELEPHONE RINGS. RINGS again.

RIGGS :

Roger.

Murtaugh looks up. Snaps out of it. Down the hall, his wife Trish moves to answer the phone.

MURTAUGH :

Don't answer that!!

He rushes down the hall, scoops up the receiver:

MURTAUGH :

Murtaugh.

He listens intently, a look of pure dread on his face. Hangs up slowly, stares straight ahead. On the table, a stuffed bear stares back impassively. Trish Murtaugh looks on, terrified.

MURTAUGH:

They took my kid... Bastards took my kid ...

Beside him, Riggs' face contorts into a look of sheer, brutal hatred ... Get ready for World War Three.

98 INT. MIDTOWN HOMICIDE - NIGHT 98

McCaskey is seated next to a bank of telephones, smoking and reading a comic book. Behind him the fat cop we saw earlier is conducting his choir in a thoroughly hideous version of "Deck the Halls." The PHONE RINGS.

SINGING COPS :

'Don we now our gay apparel...'

McCASKEY

McCaskey, Homicide -- just a

moment, please -- Hey, will you
guys for Chrissakes shut up?? ...

Yes, can I help you?

99 INTERCUT - McCASKEY AND MR. JOSHUA 99

Joshua is on the other end. Beside him the General
looks on intently.

JOSHUA :

Hello, I'm calling from the
K.T.L.A. News department. We
heard that Sergeant ... um, Riggs,
is it ... ? had some trouble tonight,
and ...

McCASKEY

(interrupting)

Yes, Sergeant Riggs has been
killed. Shot through the chest
by unknown assailants.

JOSHUA :

My God. I'm sorry.

McCASKEY

It's a bad day for all of us. And
what is your name, sir?

JOSHUA :

Goodbye.

He hangs up. Turns to the General.

JOSHUA :

Bingo. Riggs is out of the
picture.

GENERAL :

(nods)

I want Murtaugh taken alive.

JOSHUA :

He may not talk.

GENERAL :

We have his little girl. He'll
talk.

100 OMITTED 100 *

101 INT. RIANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 101 *

Trish Murtaugh looks like she could come apart at any *
moment.

She walks around the bedroom, slowly.

Touching things.

Touching her daughter's possessions.

Murtaugh enters. They look at each other.

He hands her the .22.

MURTAUGH :

Take this. Until it's over, I
don't want you to let it out of
your sight.

His wife nods. Runs a hand through her hair. Shifts
from one foot to the other.

MURTAUGH :

They're not going to hurt her.
If I do exactly what they say...
they'll let her go.

(beat)

She's coming home.

A moment. Then:

TRISH :

What about you ... ?

Murtaugh says nothing.

102 INT. LIVING ROOM -SAME TIME 102

Riggs has his shirt off, and is carefully removing
slivers of glass from his shoulder. Cigarette dangling
from his lips.

He hears a noise

And spins, startled.

103 RIGGS' POV - SIX-YEAR-OLD CARRIE MURTAUGH 103

Adorable in a blue nightgown, Rickles the cat cradled
lovingly in her arms.

Riggs relaxes.

Smiles.

Carrie walks over to him.

RIGGS :

Hey, Missy.

CARRIE :

I can't sleep.

RIGGS :

Uh-oh. Not good.

He scoops her up.

RIGGS :

Who's your friend?

CARRIE :

Rickles the cat.

RIGGS :

Huh. He is a cutie.

Carrie looks at him then.

And she does a peculiar thing.

Slowly, she reaches out ...

Riggs looking on...

And touches his back. Runs her tiny hand over the knife scar beneath his shoulder.

Fascinated by it.

CARRIE :

Ouch.

Riggs looks at her. Smiles, and whispers softly:

RIGGS :

Yeah.

(beat)

Ouch...

And he suddenly hugs the little girl for all he's worth. Closes his eyes tight.

In that moment, every single year catches up to Riggs, and he looks, for a moment, incredibly old, and so very, very tired ...

104 INT. LIVING ROOM -LATER 104

Carrie is asleep on the couch, snuggled beneath a knitted afghan. Riggs and Murtaugh stand across the room, conferring in hushed tones.

RIGGS :

You know they're going to kill her.

MURTAUGH :

Yes.

RIGGS :

You want her back, you've got to take her away from them.

MURTAUGH :

I know.

RIGGS :

Good. We do this my way.

(beat)

You shoot, you shoot to kill. Get as many as you can. Don't miss.

MURTAUGH :

I won't miss.

A pause. Riggs studies Murtaugh. Then:

RIGGS :

We're gonna get bloody on this one.

(beat)

You're going to have to trust me.

Murtaugh stares at him for a moment. Then, he finally speaks ...

MURTAUGH :

... How... good are you... ?

RIGGS :

What?

MURTAUGH :

Are you... only crazy ... or are you... as good as you say you are... ?

There is a pause. Then:

RIGGS :

No one can touch me.

MURTAUGH :

Good. Kill every fucking one of them. Okay ... ?

At which point, my friends, a light flickers on behind Riggs' eyes.

We see grim determination, sure ...
But we also sense something else, oddly enough:
Anticipation.

Riggs is a machine ... and the machine is, well ...
revving up. He looks at Murtaugh:

RIGGS :

Get half. I'll kill the other half.

A moment passes between them. This will be the most devastating night of their lives. They will probably die.

A RINGING PHONE shatters the stillness.

RIGGS :

Here we go.

105 OMITTED 105

106 INT. MARTIN RIGGS' TRAILER - DAY 106

The apartment is dark, illuminated only by a tiny lamp. Riggs crosses to the window, peers out through slatted blinds. On TELEVISION a group of carolers sings "TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY." Riggs looks at the wall calendar: December 22. The CLOCK TICKS. The REFRIGERATOR HUMS.

He goes to the closet. Opens it. A cloud of dust billows out. Reaches in, removes a weathered cardboard box. Sits in the center of the room, takes a shot of bourbon.

Opens the box. Inside is a set of desert fatigues. He takes them out. Underneath a wicked-looking hunting knife. He takes that, too. Holds it up near his face, and it positively sparkles in the dim light ...

TIME CUT:

107 ANOTHER ANGLE 107

Riggs stands, fully dressed. Colt .22 in an ankle holster. Combat webbing. Desert boots.

Beretta .9 millimeter, riding the right-hand thigh. Scans his appearance in the mirror.

Breathes:

Glances at the photograph of his wife on the wall.
Wedding gown. White lace-and-satin ruffles. Beautiful.
His face is craggy. Weathered. Covered with desert
paint. Surely he was never married ... not this demon...

RIGGS :

Forgive me.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Riggs spins. Lightning
quick. Gun in hand.

VOICE (O.S.)

Me. Murtaugh.

RIGGS :

Come in slow.

The door opens and Roger Murtaugh enters, carrying a
briefcase. He looks briefly at Riggs' combat get-up.
Shrugs. Sets the briefcase on the bed, opens it. It
is filled with round upon round of ammunition.

MURTAUGH :

Hollow points. Armor piercing.

RIGGS :

(nods)

You weren't followed?

MURTAUGH :

No.

Riggs begins scooping up handfuls of ammo.

108 INT. RIGGS' TRAILER - FEW MINUTES LATER 108

Murtaugh is hooking a wire in place under his collar.

MURTAUGH :

Testing, one, two, three...

RIGGS :

Fine.

He straps on his hunting knife.

RIGGS :

It's twelve-thirty. Let's move.

MURTAUGH:

Don't get too close. They'll

spot you.

Riggs hoists a long-range sniper rifle. Infra-red scope.

RIGGS :

Thousand yards okay ... ?

109 EXT. LOW DESERT - DAY 109

The desert floor shimmers with stored heat, bathed in relentless sunlight.

A lone car, plowing along toward the horizon. Looking lost and utterly alone beneath the clear December sky.

110 INT. CAR - ROGER MURTAUGH 110

Driving. Relentlessly onward, his face locked in a mask of contained fury. Dust billows past the windows. Wind. He keeps driving, straining his eyes ahead, focusing through the hundred-degree shimmer... Noticing, finally a series of shapes ... dim mirages... silhouettes maybe, possibly men... possibly the men... The mirage resolves.

Mercs. Standing next to a black sedan. Murtaugh stiffens. Leans forward, punches the cigarette lighter, and as he does -- he whispers into his hidden microphone.

MURTAUGH :

Split.

111 EXT. CAR - DAY

It happens in the blink of an eye: The trunk pops open, and out rolls Martin Riggs. Yanks a rope. The trunk slams shut. Riggs hits. Rolls. Comes up, combatcrouched, hunkers off at a dead heat. He is clad 3'.n his desert fatigues. Magnum sniper rifle slung over one shoulder.

112 EXT. MURTAUGH - DESERT 112

Murtaugh rolls to a halt and steps from his car.

Facing three armed mercs. Murtaugh simply stands there, reading the odds. Scanning ...

MERC #1

Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH :

Yes.

(beat)

I'm alone.

MERC #1

Hands up. Come with us.

MURTAUGH :

Show me the girl.

MERC #1

She's not here.

MURTAUGH :

Bullshit. Let me see her. Then

I come quietly.

The Merc nods.

113 VAN 113

comes AT US from across the desert.

114 INT. VAN 114

Inside, Rianne is gagged, helpless. She looks terrified.
Next to her, Mr. Joshua holds a cocked pistol. Merc #1

leans in:

MERC #1

He wants to see the girl.

115 BACK OUTSIDE 115

Murtaugh waits. Sweating. Hands in pockets. And out comes Rianne, followed by the vicious Merc. He holds a knife squarely at her throat. Murtaugh's eyes fill with tears. Relief that she's alive..

MERC #1

Simple exchange. You come with us, the girl takes a walk.

MURTAUGH :

Let her go now.

MERC #1

No. Take your hands out of your pockets.

MURTAUGH :

(shrugs)

Sure thing, pal...

He slowly raises his hands. In his left hand, he clutches a shiny metal sphere. A grenade. Murtaugh's grip is the only thing keeping it dead. The Merc swears violently.

MURTAUGH :

This fucker's alive.

(beat)

Let her go or we all die.

And that's when Mr. Joshua steps out of the car. Deadly calm. All heads turn. Crewcut-Mirrored sunglasses.

MR. JOSHUA

Take him.

MERC #1

But sir ...

MR. JOSHUA

He's bluffing, it's a dud. He wouldn't risk killing his daughter.

MURTAUGH :

Don't push me.

MR. JOSHUA

Take him.

116 EXT. HILLTOP - MEANWHILE 116

Far away. The car and the surrounding figures are tiny. A lone soldier crouches. Riggs. The rifle is on his shoulder. His eye is glued to the scope.

117 INFRA-RED IMAGE SHOWS RIANNE AND HER CAPTOR 117

Riggs' concentration is absolutely perfect. Like a statue. He licks a finger. Raises it, testing the wind.

RIGGS :

Come on... Come on...

118 BACK WITH MURTAUGH 118

As he and Joshua stare each other down. Tense. Tense. His hand clutches the grenade. Merc #1 pushes the knife into Rianne's throat.

MERC #1

Put the pin back in. Do it.

Murtaugh sweats. Mr. Joshua begins to walk forward, gun extended. Cool as ice. Another step. Smiling ...

119 ON HILLTOP 119

Riggs sits dead still, focusing through the sniper scope.

RIGGS :

Come on... Move away from the girl ...

120 MURTAUGH 120

Joshua stops in front of Murtaugh. Cocks the gun.

MR. JOSHUA

Drop the fucking grenade.

MURTAUGH :

I do and we die.

No.

MR. JOSHUA I don't think so.

He sights down the gun and pulls the trigger: All hell breaks loose. Here's what happens: BAM --! The bullet catches Murtaugh in the shoulder. He drops the grenade. It rolls, and Mercs dive for cover. The Merc holding Rianne takes a step back. Bingo.

121 ON HILL 121

Riggs grunts. FIRES.

122 BELOW 122

The Merc drops. Joshua's head snaps around. He stares off at the distance and hisses:

JOSHUA :

Riggs ... !

Meanwhile, Murtaugh rolls, comes up, gun in hand. FIRES,

BAM :

MURTAUGH :

Rianne, the car!

Rianne bolts. Meanwhile -123

ON HILLTOP 123

Riggs swivels the barrel, half an inch. Grunts. FIRES.

124 DOWN BELOW 124

The black sedan's WINDSHIELD SPLINTERS. The car rocks with the impact as the driver is killed instantly.

125 GRENADE 125

chooses that moment to EXPLODE, poof ... into a cloud of orange smoke. A shower of confetti.

JOSHUA :

Dud! It's a dud!

126 RIANNE 126

is running for the car as Joshua swivels in her direction, lining up the UZI, FIRING a BURST --Until a bullet from Riggs parts his hair, sends him diving to the sand, the Uzi sprouting flame -- As Rianne flings open the car door, screams -- at the blood-spattered corpse which rolls off the steering wheel. BULLETS BLAST the car. METAL POPS

and BURSTS. She jumps in.

127 MURTAUGH 127

is flat on the sand, FIRING like crazy, shot after shot -As Rianne floors the gas, the CAR PEELING out in a' storm of flying sand and dirt. Door open. One leg hanging out. Plows into an atmed merc. He flies up onto the hood, spins, still conscious, and takes aim through the windshield, right at her ...

128 ON HILL 128

Riggs swivels, lightning quick.

RIGGS :

No.

Grunts. FIRES.

129 MERC ON HOOD 129

is blown off the car.

130 RIANNE 130

screams, the dead driver sprawled against one shoulder, her foot nailed to the gas pedal ... as the car leaps like a kicked dog and careens off into the desert.

131 ON HILLTOP 131

Riggs lines up for another shot -- And there is a soft CLICK -- ! He whirls. The General has arrived. Standing at the top of the hill. His M-16 is cocked and locked.

GENERAL :

You're not that fast, son.

(beat)

Drop the rifle.

He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

GENERAL :

I got Riggs.

132 ON DESERT FLOOR 132

Murtaugh makes a break for it, FIRING blind -- Until the ground before him literally EXPLODES with GUNFIRE. The earth is chopped to tatters. Dirt flies. He stops. Puffing for breath. Raises his hands. As the smoke clears, Mr. Joshua approaches like a deinon through fog. He is flanked by two mercs with Uzis JOSHUA

A very nice try.

(speaks into
walkie-talkie)

Kendo. Get the girl.
133 ON HILLTOP 133
Riggs stands, hands over head.
thoughtfully.
The General studies him

GENERAL :

Martin Riggs. Your combat record
is the stuff of legend.

RIGGS :

So is yours. General Peter
McAllister, commander of Shadow
Company.

GENERAL :

I see we've heard of each other.

RIGGS :

Yeah. It'll almost be a shame
when I kill you.

GENERAL :

(laughs)
I don't think so, son.
134 DESERT FLOOR 134
Mr. Joshua says to Murtaugh:
MR. JOSHUA
You're about to have a fun evening.
Go spit.

MURTAUGH:

Joshua slams him in the head with a karate blow.
falls.
Hel35 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY 135
Rianne is driving to save her life. Screaming at the
top of her lungs, the needle touching 90 as she struggles
to shove the merc's dead body into the corner.
Swerving. Screaming. At which point
The sand explodes in front of her.
She shrieks. A HOWL of noise, a veritable
sand and dirt, and it's one of two things,
aliens from space, descending -- or it's a
helicopter.

eruption of it's either Bell Cobra
Rianne swerves to a halt to avoid the DRONING CHOPPER,
which hovers like a behemoth, ROTORS THROBBING, as
Rianne stumbles from the car and collapses in a heap
on the sand.

Lost, alone, her tears inaudible
ING WHINE as we over the HIGH, CHURNFADE
OUT.

FADE IN:

136 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT 136

Riggs is naked. He is manacled hand and foot. Chained
in a bathtub full of water. Around him is a dingy concrete
basement. Joshua steps forward. Behind him is
KENDO, an Oriental mercenary. He is working on a mechanical
device of some kind. Connecting wires. Riggs
grunts.

JOSHUA :

Well, well. Look who's back from
the dead.

Riggs struggles against the manacles, slopping water.

JOSHUA :

Please save your strength.
believe you'll need it.

I :

Riggs stops moving.

Joshua smiles.

Scowls at Joshua and says nothing.

JOSHUA :

You're just in time for a lot of
pain.

RIGGS :

I'm thrilled.

JOSHUA :

Oh, you will be. I daresay
you'll be ... shocked.

Kendo snickers in the corner.

RIGGS :

Who's the chin?

JOSHUA :

Shhh. Don't make him mad.

RIGGS :

My mistake. Who's the pleasant Oriental psychopath?

JOSHUA :

His name is Kendo, and he has forgotten more about dispensing pain than you will ever know.

RIGGS :

Terrific. Listen, guys, can we get some Mister Bubble in here ...

JOSHUA :

Please shut up.

(studies Riggs)

My, my, look at all those scars.

(beat)

See, Martin, we have a problem.

Since we have Murtaugh, we really don't even need you. But I believe in being thorough.

Across the room, Kendo throws a switch. A mechanical HUMMING fills the room.

JOSHUA :

Our problem -- and yours, too is that we have some merchandise to deliver. A rather large shipment, we're all very excited. It would be unfortunate, however, if we showed up with the goods and found ourselves surrounded by fifty cops.

RIGGS :

That would be a shame.

JOSHUA :

Indeed. So you see, Martin, it is essential that we find out how much the police know.

RIGGS :

We don't know shit. You killed Lloyd before he could talk.

JOSHUA :

I wish I could believe you. Unfortunately, I don't. So, if you'll be kind enough to tell us all you know, I will kill you quickly.

RIGGS :

Such a deal, I should worry.

JOSHUA :

Oh, indeed you should. See, Martin, you ----- talk to us ...

He gestures to Kendo, who approaches. He is carrying a very ominous device: a sponge, attached to a portable dry-cell battery casing ... Joshua frowns at Riggs.

JOSHUA :

Do you vomit?

RIGGS :

Sometimes.

Joshua nods. Sighs.

JOSHUA :

Back before prison reform, the staff at Sing Sing invented a rather unusual form of punishment. It's know as the hummingbird treatment. Are you familiar?

RIGGS :

Please, no tickling. I hate tickling.

JOSHUA :

The 'patient' is chained naked in a bathtub full of water. A bath is then administered using a battery powered sponge. The pain is said to be so excruciating that after twenty minutes most men are either insane or dead. Riggs is silent.

JOSHUA :

I thought you'd like it. I can of course, kill you now. Simply tell me what you know.

RIGGS :

Guess we're in for a long night. 'Cause I don't know scratch.

JOSHUA :

We'll find out. Kendo ... ?

The Oriental moves forward. He brandishes the sponge/battery hookup. Dips it into a bucket of water. Riggs is sweating.

JOSHUA :

Feel free to scream.

RIGGS:

Haven't you guys... heard of yuletide cheer... ?

Kendo hits Riggs with the sponge. Riggs screams. A high, lunatic scream.

Thrashes in the water, splashing Kendo, whipping from side to side as the room spirals back and forth out of focus. Kids, don't try this at home. Kendo removes the device. Riggs falls backward. Thumps against the tub. Sucking air. Moaning.

JOSHUA:

My goodness. Now that was fun, wasn't it? Riggs looks at him. Dripping hate.

RIGGS :

I'm going to kill both of you.

JOSHUA :

(laughs)

That's very funny.

(beat)

About the shipment ... ?

RIGGS :

Fuck yourself.

Kendo dunks the battery.. Run it down Riggs' stomach.
He screams again, as we mercifully ...

CUT TO:

137 OMITTED 137

138 INT. DINGY BACK ROOM - SAME 138

No windows. Hardwood floors. A single chair in the center of the room. Roger Murtaugh is strapped tightly to the chair. His face looks like something his wife makes for dinner. Black eyes. Swollen jaw. His shirt is off, exposing the gunshot wound in his arm. The General stands facing him, flanked by three mercs. They all wear holstered sidearms.

GENERAL :

The shipment, Mr. Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH :

Go spit.

GENERAL:

(sighs)

I hope you enjoy saying that as much as Mr. Larch enjoys punishing you for it.

MR. LARCH, a big redneck with no discernible compassion, steps forward. Pours a big handful of baking salt from a container. Packs it into Roger Murtaugh's gunshot wound. Murtaugh groans. Shouts. Struggles.

The General looks on without blinking.

MURTAUGH :

That's it ... if you guys think

I'm sending you a Christmas card
you're nuts.

Larch cuffs him, hard.

GENERAL :

(shakes his
head)

This is going nowhere. Mr.

Larch ... ?

Larch grins, leaves the room. A pause. Murtaugh sweats,
glaring out from swollen eyelids. The General nods,
smiles.

139 INT. BASEMENT -BACK WITH RIGGS 139

as he groans and collapse back into the tub. Splash.
Moans feebly. Blood drips from his nose. Saliva drools
from his limp mouth. He looks half-dead, probably because
he is just that. Kendo pulls away the battery
sponge, says to Joshua:

KENDO :

He knows shit. We're safe.

JOSHUA :

You're sure?

KENDO :

Believe me, he'd have told us.

JOSHUA :

Fine.

(clucks in
disgust)

Big, bad soldier ... my ass.

(beat)

I'm going upstairs. Deal with
him.

KENDO :

Deal with him?

JOSHUA :

Yeah.

(stops at
the door)

Fry his nuts.

He exits.

CUT TO:

140 INT. DINGY BACK ROOM - SAME TIME 140

The General leans over Murtaugh. Murtaugh sweats.

GENERAL :

Anytime, Roger. Anytime.

(beat)

See, the thing of it is ... We know where you live.

(frowns)

In fact, Mr. Joshua has been known to exterminate entire families, when he gets in... one of his moods. Oh, speaking of that - Larch re-enters the dingy back room. This time he's got Murtaugh's daughter Rianne. She is clad only in a T-shirt and bikini briefs.

RIANNE :

Daddy ... please don't let them hurt me ... !

Murtaugh goes nuts. Struggles, wrenches, bangs the chair up and down against the floor. No use. He is completely helpless. Snarls with rage:

MURTAUGH :

Bastards ... Untie me and I'll kill every one of you.

GENERAL :

Precisely why we would never think of untying you.

Larch shoves Rianne into the corner. She lands in a heap. Murtaugh is sweating buckets. Eyes desperate. The General leans in close:

GENEPAL :

If you know something, son, you better play ball, 'cause the stakes just went up ...

141 INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME 141

Kendo switches on the battery again. In the tub, Riggs' head lolls back and forth. Listless. Dead. His eyes refuse to focus. Kendo shows him the sponge.

RIGGS :

(slurred)

No ... Please ...

KENDO :

You die now, Sergeant Riggs.

Very slow.

Riggs does not respond. Stares into space. Kendo leans over the tub, reaches in --And that's when we find out Riggs has been faking. His eyes focus. No longer hazed. He snaps his hand forward to the end of the chain. Grabs Kendo by the hair. In the blink of an eye, he slams the man's head down against the porcelain tub. Kendo's nose shatters. The Oriental topples over into the tub. The battery drops to the floor. Riggs is a fucking machine: he flips the chain around Kendo's neck and wrenches. Hard. He goes limp. Riggs is not through yet. He begins to heave and thrash, thrusting against the chains -- Maneuvering the corpse on top of him. Shifting it. Moving Kendo's pants pocket within reach. He reaches in. Slowly, carefully, brings out a shiny silver key ...

142 INT. DINGY BACK ROOM --SAME TIME 142

A length of rope is pulled taut. RIANNE's bound hands are stretched over her head. Larch hooks the rope around a peg set into the wall. She is helpless. Murtaugh is out of his mind. Struggling to break free.

GENERAL :

Good Lord. Very wholesomelooking girl. Yessirreee.

MURTAUGH :

Goddammit, I've told you everything!!!!

GENERAL :

We'll soon know, won't we?

Larch approaches Rianne. She squirms.

MURTAUGH :

(beat)

You touch her, you're dead.

GENERAL :

Oh, son, spare me.

(beat)

It's over, Sergeant. No heroes
around to save you ...

He picks up a baseball bat. Tosses it to Larch.

GENERAL :

Mr. Larch... She's yours.

Rianne screams. Murtaugh shouts. Strains. The chair thumps up and down, creating an insane, staccato rhythm. The General laughs. Rianne shrieks. Harrowing. Terrible. A scene out of Hell. And then the Devil comes in and kicks the door off its hinges. Okay. Okay. Let's stop for a moment. First off, to describe fully the mayhem which Riggs now creates would not do it justice. Here, however, are a few pointers: He is not flashy. He is not Chuck Norris. Rather, he is like a sledgehammer hitting an egg. He does not knock people down. He does not injure them.

He simply kills them. The whole room. Everyone standing. Except for --the General, who ducks out a side door and escapes ... Riggs' chain moves like a live thing. Snapping here. Striking there. Mercs try to draw their guns -- And suddenly their hands are shattered wrecks. One merc draws a bead on Rianne, almost gets off a shot, because Riggs is across the room. Without missing a beat -- Riggs throws the chain. It wraps the guy's neck and kills him instantly. Ouch ... He goes down, FIRING useless ROUNDS into the ceiling. Plaster rains. Riggs spins, dives. Scoops up the baseball bat. Comes up beside an armed merc -- Swings the bat with hurricane force. A sickening impact. The bat breaks in half. Riggs spins, combat-ready. Scans the room. No one left to kill. Using only the element of surprise, he has taken out an entire room in hand-to-hand combat. He steps in front of Murtaugh without missing a beat. Cuts him loose with a borrowed knife.

RIGGS :

Work your circulation.

Crosses to Rianne, cuts her free. She collapses sobbing into his arms.

RIGGS :

Ssshhh-No time. Come on.

He scoops up handguns, throws them to Murtaugh. Takes for himself a pump shotgun, possibly the same one used against him earlier. Murtaugh stares dumbfounded at the body count.

RIGGS :

They're all dead. Let's get out of here.

143 EXT. HALLWAY -SAME TIME 143

The three of them.

On the run, moving hard and fast. They scramble down the hallway, Riggs in the lead, as -- a merc ducks around the corner, sees them. Ducks back. Riggs FIRES through the wall, BLAM -- ! A corpse falls into view. They keep moving. Downstairs. A-round another corner. Moving, moving.

The three of them keep moving. Rushing headlong toward a sign marked EXIT. They may actually make it ... Or not. For at that moment, Mr. Joshua looms up behind them and tosses something in their direction. Ducks back out of sight. It's a live grenade. The grenade hits the floor. Clatters. Riggs stops instantly. He knows the sound. Spins. Dives. Scoops up the GRENADE and chucks it with all his might. It bounces downstairs and EXPLODES at the foot of the steps.

144 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT 144

Joshua skids to a halt next to a sedan.

He slams the door and ROARS off down Hollywood Boulevard. The crowd parts like the Red Sea. People are screaming. And suddenly, the doors burst open -- As Riggs, Murtaugh and Rianne come skidding out onto the sidewalk in hot pursuit. Murtaugh shoves his daughter back as Joshua FIRES out the window of the car. BULLETS lash the pavement. The crowd shrieks. The CAR SCREECHES away.

145 ANOTHER ANGLE 145

A beat cop comes running up, and Murtaugh shoves Rianne in his direction. Flashes his badge.

MURTAUGH :

Get her out of here.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE - MURTAUGH AND RIGGS 146

go running after the car. Side by side. Beaten. Bloody. Naked from the waist up. Murtaugh FIRING his PISTOL. Shot after blazing shot.

Riggs unloading with the M-16 on three-shot mode, the muzzle flash blinding, the noise DEAFENING -- Until pedestrians swarm suddenly into the line of fire. Blocking them. Except Murtaugh won't give up. He runs after the car, shouting:

MURTAUGH :

Out of the way. Move.

His GUN CLICKS empty. He tosses it aside. Pulls another from his waistband. The car. Far away. FIRES FOUR more SHOTS. Collapses in the street. Nearly' unconscious.

Crawls forward after the car, blood streaming from his broken nose ... Going on sheer guts. Finally gives out. Slumps in a heap. Riggs kneels beside him as a police CAR ROARS up to them, flashers spinning. Riggs is a man possessed. We PANA-GLIDE with him as he runs forward. M-16 in one hand. Badge in the other.

RIGGS :

Get an ambulance!!

He takes off after the Joshua's car. On foot. Someone better tell this guy to lighten up. The car is far ahead, racing onto a freeway on-ramp. Riggs runs. Sweat pours off him. Seeing the car on the ramp, he changes direction. Starts running an intercept course. Leaps out into the street -- Spins, as a TRUCK BLARES ut of nowhere, BRAKES SQUEALING, HORN SHRIEKING. Somersaults over the hood. Lands. Keeps moving. Barrels across the street. Faster now. Even faster than before. Feet pounding. Gun swinging. Dashing out onto the freeway overpass. Where, without stopping, he promptly jumps the guardrail. Drops through space ... And lands, thump -- ! Atop the big green freeway sign. Swings like an acrobat. Dangles from the sign, twenty feet above the ground. Levels the M-16 one-handed, switches it to full auto. Waits ...

147 BENEATH HIM 147

Joshua's CAR comes SCREAMING through the underpass, doing eighty. Riggs unleashes the GUN. It BLAZES with cruel FIRE. STPAFES the back of the car. Sure enough, BLOWS

out both TIRES -- Throwing the EHICLE into eadly SKID
-- Slewing across the freeway --STRIKING the GUARDRAIL
at sixty-plus. It slides for a full hundred yards, sending
up a shower of sparks. The back tires disintegrate
in a trail of burning rubber. The CAR GRINDS to a halt.
The door opens and Joshua rolls out. Riggs FIRES. Kicks
up a cloud of cement near the merc. Joshua RETURNS FIRE.
148 ANOTHER ANGLE 148

Big chunks of the.freeway SIGN BLOW OUT next to Riggs'
.head. He is showered with wooden debris.
Riggs lowers the gun. Lets go and drops twenty feet to
the pavement. Lands, rolls, comes up. A CAR swerves
around him. CRASHES into the guardrail. Riggs doesn't
even look. Instead, he begins to walk. He is a fucking
juggernaut.

149 UP AHEAD 149

Joshua turns, sees Riggs -- and stops.

JOSHUA :

Okay, you bastard, let's see
who's better.

They are separated by perhaps two hundred yards. Joshua
snaps his rifle to his shoulder. Eyes glued to the scope.
Riggs swings his own rifle into position -- and we've got
the showdown at the O.K. Corral. A battle of wits. Each
one scanning through the scope.

Looking for a clear shot, as CARS SWERVE around and
between them. The crosshairs sweep the freeway. Perfect
concentration. Riggs. Joshua. Two soldiers. And
suddenly, the shot is there: Joshua sights in on Riggs'
position. Only problem is, Riggs' rifle is pointed right
at the CAMERA. He is sighted in on Joshua. Simultaneous.
They FIRE at the exact same moment. TWO SHOTS. Two
distinct RIFLE CRACKS. Riggs takes it in the shoulder.
Blown backward. Joshua goes down, winged. Riggs.
Joshua. Each looks like shit. They struggle to their
feet ... And that's when a car backs up into Riggs at
thirty miles an hour. Broadships him. Sends him flying.
150 UP AHEAD 150

Joshua rushes up to a stalled car. Throws open the door.
Yanks out the driver, hops behind the wheel. ROARS away.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. BUILDING - SAME TIME 151

An ambulance shudders to a halt and two ORDERLIES hop out. Uniformed COPS are struggling to hold back the crowd. One of the Orderlies rushes up.

ORDERLY :

Where is he, Officer?

COP :

Right over there.

He points -- and suddenly frowns: There is no one there. Murtaugh is gone. Nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME 152

A sleek black VAN careens around the corner.

152A INT. VAN 152A

A MERC is driving, foot glued to the pedal. THE GENERAL sits sweating in the back seat.

152B ANOTHER ANGLE 152B

The headlights flash wildly as the car roars down the alley.

The General stares ahead, and suddenly ----- ...

'Cause wouldn't you know it, there's ROGER MURTAUGH. Fifty yards away. Standing in the middle of the street.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE 153

There is no reason for Murtaugh to be standing. He is a walking testament to man's ability to bloody himself. And he's pissed... The Merc sees him, snarls --punches the gas. Murtaugh holds his ground. He can barely stand. And then he does a peculiar thing: He examines his hand. No question. A definite tremble. Scowls. Stretches. Cracks his neck.

Shifts from foot to foot, steadying himself. He has one shot. The numbers are falling, it's all coming down -And he's ready. The van comes barreling in. Doing fifty. Now or never...

MURTAUGH :

No way you live. No way.

He cross-draws with lightning swiftness. BAM. The REPORT is DEAFENING. The WINDSHIELD promptly SHATTERS. And the Merc sprouts a neat third eye. Perfect shot. Dead center. The van swerves. Murtaugh steps out of the way. Deadly calm. As the van careens past -- He salutes

the General. Watches, expressionless ... The CAR SLAMS into a telephone pole and rolls over. GRINDING METAL. An ERUPTION of GLASS. It continues to roll like some great beast, crumpling and folding like an accordion... Comes to rest, upside down in a sea of glass ...

153A INT. VAN 153A

The General is pinned beneath a crumpled door-frame, struggling to break free, as FLAMES lick upward from the ruptured gas tank...

And then the General sees something which ruins his whole day.

The Merc's corpse, sprawled over the steering column... * with a shiny metal GRENADE attached to his belt. * Flames dance around the grenade. *

153C ANOTHER ANGLE 153C *

The General squirms, strains, yanks for all he's worth... * Fingers reaching out for the grenade..... * Flames burning his outstretched hand..... *

And it is, as they say, all she wrote. *

154 EXT. ROADWAY 154

Murtaugh is walking like a zombie. Away from the VAN. Gun held loosely at his side. Suddenly --It BLOWS sky high. A tower of fire. Blows Murtaugh flat. Knocks him ass over teacups. ECHOES down the street. Turns night into day for one brief instant. And then --Then something truly incredible happens. For the first time in nearly a century -- it begins to snow in Hollywood. Murtaugh looks up, a "What the hell ... ?" expression on his face. Sure enough -

155 HEROIN 155

is sifting down on the night air, ten million dollars' worth... A cloud over the entire' street. Swirling in the breeze.

156 MURTAUGH 156

gets slowly to his feet, checking for broken bones. If it wasn't busted already, apparently it's okay now. Time passes. A hand rests on his shoulder.

157 MARTIN RIGGS 157

Stands next to him. Cops swarm behind them. The heroin snow continues to fall. The wreck burns. Riggs looks at Murtaugh. Murtaugh looks at Riggs. The two most physically abused men in film history.

MURTAUGH :

Well, shit.

RIGGS:

Try not to breathe, you'll see
pink elephants.

MURTAUGH :

Joshua?

RIGGS :

Got away.

MURTAUGH :

We ... gotta find him.

RIGGS:

No dice. First thing we gotta do
is get you to a hospital.

MURTAUGH:

Uh-huh First thing we gotta do
is check on my house.

(beat)

I got a bad feeling...

He moves away. Riggs starts to follow. Goes to toss his
cigarette in the gutter, and stops: There is a tiny, red
mark at the tip of the filter: It is the cigarette. The
very last one ... He stares at it, a sudden glimmer in his
eye.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT 158

The Christmas lights shed a happy glow. The lawn is
still littered with toys. Two uniformed COPS are watching
over the house, sitting in a police car across the
street. One of them munches on a sandwich. The other
is doing a crossword puzzle. A car pulls up next to
them. The door opens -- out steps Mr. Joshua.

POLICE OFFICER:

Excuse me, sir, may I see some
ID?

Joshua takes an UZI from beneath his coat. No hesitation.
BLOWS them apart. Walks forward, gun smoking.

Crosses the lawn to the front door. Kicks it to splinters.

159 EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME 159

A police CAR PEELS around the corner. Takes out a Salvation Army BUCKET, which POPS like a clay duck. Coins shower every which way.

160 INT. CAR 160

Murtaugh is driving like a lunatic. Beside him, Riggs holds a handkerchief to his gunshot wound.

161 INT. MURTAUGH HOME'- SAME TIME 161

Joshua stalks down the hallway of Murtaugh's house. Stops in front of the bedroom door. Holy Jesus ... He kicks it open. SPPAYS the interior with GUNFIRE. Shreds the mattress, dices the pillows. Trashes everything in

sight:

Empties an entire clip of .9 millimeter slugs. Except the bed is empty. There is no one there. Joshua snarls. Turns.

162 SERIES OF SHOTS 162

Kicks open another door. TRIGGERS DESTRUCTION. Plaster and wood fill the air in a cloud. Room to room. Searching. Growing more and more enraged --because there is no one here to kill. He is blowing the shit out of an empty Santa Monica bungalow. He bursts into the only room he hasn't visited. Living room. It too, is empty. There is a note, however. Taped to the Christmas tree: Big letters.

DEAR BADGUYS:

NO ONE HERE BUT US COPS.
SORRY.

-- THE GOODGUYS

Joshua swears. Runs for the door. And a police CAR drives through the front of the house. PLOWS into the living room, shearing boards in half, BURSTING WINDOWS, GRINDING to a hal-. in a sea of glass. Joshua spins, triggering the UZI.-STRAFES the car. A withering FIRE.

Empties an entire clip at the front WINDSHIELD, dicing it to SMITHEREENS. Waves the gun like a WAND, STRAFING X patterns, FIRING all the while, completely EXTINGUISHING the car and all life within. Stops. Silence.

Floating debris. Joshua lowers the gun. Breathing hard.

Crosses the room, his boots crunching through broken

glass. Yanks on the driver's door. It falls loose with a metal clang.

163 ANOTHER ANGLE 163

A cop's nightstick has been jammed against the accelerator pedal. The car is empty.

Joshua spins, startled
Stares across the room

At MARTIN RIGGS, who sits calmly on the windowsill.

RIGGS :

Ho, ho, ho.

He raises his gun and fires without blinking.
Blows the gun out of Joshua's hands.
Smiles a big shit-eating grin.

Joshua turns and dives through the hole in the wall
Lands outside, comes up running, but sorry, no dice
because there stands Roger Murtaugh. Drawing a bead on
Joshua's running figure.

MURTAUGH :

Freeze, Joshua.

Joshua stops dead. Turns, growling low in his throat.
A fire hydrant, sheared off by the runaway car, sprays
water high into the nighttime air. The wind blows.
Martin Riggs steps out of the house. Pointing the .38
Special like a finger of doom. Strolls toward Mr.
Joshua... the gun is rock steady. Riggs' eyes meet
Murtaugh's, and he speaks with deadly purpose:

RIGGS :

I'll handle it.

He steps up to Joshua. Smiles. And then he does something

very strange:

throws it away. Faces Joshua. Raises his arms, and
carefully places them behind his head. When he speaks,
his voice drips menace:

RIGGS :

Come on, ace.

(beat)

Try me.

A moment. Then Joshua calmly plants himself in front of
Riggs. Around them, water showers down in a gentle cloud.

SIRENS APPROACH in the near distance. Joshua and Riggs. Two soldiers. Their eyes lock. And you better hang onto your popcorn, boys and girls, because it's about to get ugly.

JOSHUA :

Don't mind if I do.

And so it begins. They start to circle.

Riggs and Joshua, perfect concentration, round and round and never, never once does their focus break, because, baby, these guys are pros -- And here's something funny: they aren't looking at each other's eyes at all. Rather -- They're watching each other's hands.

164 RIGGS 164

His fingers twitch. Flex. Wrist making slow, laborious circles.

165 JOSHUA 165

Shifting from leg to leg, floating his balance.

166 MURTAUGH 166

looks on, sweating it out. He's not happy, he wants to end it ... And yet he waits.

167 RIGGS AND JOSHUA 167

All we see is their eyes, straining, focusing, scanning for an opening.

JOSHUA:

Concentrate, Martin... Don't give me an opening... Wouldn't want to do that ...

Riggs shifts. Blinks. And:

168 JOSHUA 168

springs ... Foot coming out like a shot, Riggs jerking back, inches -- meanwhile, Riggs countermove, spins, tries a back kick, no dice ... Joshua no longer there, where is he ... ? Shit -- ! Comes up, darts a punch.

CRACK! The sound of Riggs' rib breaking carries clearly. He grunts. Thrusts, inviting a countermove ... Joshua counters -- And Riggs snags his hand, picture-fucking perfect. Breaks one of Joshua's fingers. Ouch. Backs off. Joshua backs off. The two of them. Wounded, they circle. Round two ...

169 MURTAUGH 169

Meanwhile, is raising his gun, pointing it at Joshua. Riggs' voice cuts like a knife:

RIGGS :

No. Roger.

(beat)

No way.

Murtaugh lowers the gun. Stares, fascinated, at this contest between two consummate professionals. In for the kill. It is a dance of the forces. Riggs is on fire. Leaps, avoiding a shot to the knee, spins, slams the knuckles of his hand into Joshua's nose. Busts it. Joshua snarls, drops -- Catches Riggs' arm over one shoulder. And, ladies and gentlemen... Riggs has just fucked up. CRACK -- ! His arm breaks. He screams with pain. Screams with anger. Tosses three shots at Joshua. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP. RIBS, SPLINTERING. Joshua hissing with pain. Lets go. Back off (Riggs). Back off (Joshua). In pain, they circle. Round three ...

JOSHUA:

That's it, Martin... your body wants to go into shock... but you won't let it, will you ... ?

RIGGS:

... Give it up ... Your breathing's shot ...

JOSHUA :

so's your left arm...

RIGGS:

Life's tough that way ... Oh, by

the way:

He launches himself at Joshua. Joshua strikes, scores a minor point, breaking Riggs' collarbone, except Riggs doesn't care, nosirree Bob... 'Cause he just hit paydirt: Joshua's knee. Boot-strikes, BAM -- ! Shearing the knee, maybe bursting the cap ... Joshua shrieks, but then again, so would you. And he promptly jack-knives his fist right into Riggs' broken arm. Three times. Riggs bellows. Refuses to quit.

Slams his head into Joshua's busted nose. Pop ... Does it again. Joshua, hammering the broken arm. Pow. (Scream) Pow. (Scream) ... Until, son of a bitch... The

pain is simply too intense... nothing human can withstand it, they fall away, staggering, wrenching to a shaky halt, facing one another, standoff ... Exhausted, limping, hardly able to speak...

170 POLICE CARS 170

Pulling up now, cops stumbling out, guns clearing holsters as Murtaugh waves frantically, screams:
their

MURTAUGH :

No guns. Let it go!

let it go!!

Goddammit,

171 RIGGS 171

spits, gazes straight at Joshua. Joshua stares back. Two soldiers. This close to collapsing. Until, breaking the silence -- comes Murtaugh's voice:
Martin.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah.

RIGGS :

MURTAUGH :

The motherfucker.

A moment ... and then, my friends, Riggs does a peculiar

thing:

up ... Standing. Standing straight. There is no way he should be able to do this. And then he speaks, and it's like the voice of doom, and all of a sudden we know that this guy is a fucking legend, we know why the V.C. enforcers whispered his name at night in the foxholes ...

He is Riggs. And no one can touch him. No one.

RIGGS :

Last chance. Walk away.

JOSHUA :

Fuck yourself.

Fine.

RIGGSDie.

He steps forward. Stands. Joshua springs -- thunders

his foot into Riggs' hip, separating the bone at the joint ... And Riggs doesn't blink. His hand comes out. Lightning quick.

There is a sick-sounding CRACK -- And Joshua is dead before he hits the ground. Riggs hovers over the corpse... breathing spastic, saliva dripping from his lips... takes a handkerchief, wipes his hand, and says:

RIGGS :

You lose.

At which point, he collapses like a sack of grain.

172 MURTAUGH 172

is running forward, tears in his eyes by this time, falls to his knees, cradling Riggs in his arms, while the assembled cops look on in thoroughly stunned silence, what they have just seen is beyond their wildest imagining ...

173 ON GROUND 173

Riggs looks at Murtaugh. Murtaugh looks at Riggs.

MURTAUGH :

Take it easy, Martin...

RIGGS :

... Right. Easy. You bet ...

MURTAUGH :

Does it hurt ... ?

Riggs throws him a look.

RIGGS :

What are you, an idiot?

Sorry.

MURTAUGH :

RIGGS :

S'all right.

(beat)

I got good news and bad news.

MURTAUGH :

What's the good news?

RIGGS :

... Good news is, I'm not dead...

MURTAUGH :

What's the bad news?

Riggs grimaces in painRIGGS

... Bad news is, I'm still alive ...

He chuckles. Groans. Passes out. The water RAINS steadily down. The night wears on...

CUT TO:

174 EXT. LONG BEACH BAR - DAY 174

Christmas carolers sing outside at roadside. A big banner screams MERRY CHRISTMAS to passing cars. Christmas lights. Tinsel. Murtaugh and Riggs stand on the sidewalk, huddled against the chill. Riggs stands, braced on one crutch. Arm in a sling. Their breath plumes out in front of them.

MURTAUGH :

So.

RIGGS :

So.

MURTAUGH :

There are worse things than a psych pension.

RIGGS :

(shrugs)

Probably.

MURTAUGH :

Guess I won't be seeing you around.

RIGGS :

Guess not.

(beat)

The Department thinks I'm wild. I don't belong anymore. Not here.

MURTAUGH :

Where do you belong?

RIGGS :

Who knows ... ? Maybe I can get
a job on a remake of Cobra.

MURTAUGH :

My son would come see you.

RIGGS :

He'd be the only one.

MURTAUGH :

(a pause;
then)
Riggs.

RIGGS :

Yeah.

MURTAUGH :

This ... is a bad old world,
isn't it?

RIGGS :

(sighs)
Yeah. Sometimes it really is.

MURTAUGH :

Hell.
(beat)
I'm thinking of quitting.

RIGGS :

Don't you dare.
Murtaugh looks at him.

RIGGS :

You're too old to change now,
Colchise.

MURTAUGH :

Me? Old... ?

RIGGS :

You just hang in there.

MURTAUGH :

Yeah. You, too.

RIGGS :

Guess I'll say goodbye.

MURTAUGH :

Sure. Come over for dinner
sometime.

RIGGS :

No, thanks.

MURTAUGH :

Don't blame you. I'm thinking
of arresting my wife for cruelty
to bacon.

(beat)

Merry Christmas, Martin.

RIGGS :

Merry Christmas.

He walks off down the street. Murtaugh watches him go.
Pause. Turns up his collar against the chill, takes a
few steps ... And a man steps in front of him. The same
Punk who Riggs beat the shit out of at the very beginning
of the film.

PUNK :

Hey, old man, got any money?

Murtaugh stops. Stares. Blinks. And proceeds to kick
the shit out of him. A kick. A punch. The Punk lies
on the sidewalk, semi-conscious. Murtaugh scowls and

says:

MURTAUGH:

I'm fifty. That's not old,
dickless.

175 EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK (SAME DAY) 175

RAIN pours down. Martin Riggs stands over a lone grave. There are dark hollows under his eyes. The wind tugs at his hair. The tombstone reads:

VICTORIA LYNN RIGGS

BORN:

DIED:

He reaches beneath his overcoat and removes a bright green Christmas wreath, which he places atop the grave. Kisses his fingertips. Presses them to the moist earth.

RIGGS :

Merry Christmas.

(beat)

I love you.

The rains starts to fall. Riggs is oblivious.

176 EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT 176

Carpenters are at work, patching and repairing. The Christmas lights still shine defiantly. A car pulls up.

CUT TO:

177 FRONT DOOR 177

As a hand knocks softly: The door opens -- and there stands young Rianne. Adorable. She looks up at the visitor... It is Martin Riggs.

RIANNE :

Hi.

RIGGS :

Hi.

He hands something to her. She takes it. The bottle of pills. It has a red ribbon tied around it.

RIGGS:

Give that to your dad. It's a present. Tell him I won't be needing them anymore.

Rianne nods.

RIANNE:

Okay. You wanna come in? We're building.

Riggs thinks it over. Shakes his head:

RIGGS :

No, that's okay.

(beat)

You have a Merry Christmas,
Missy.

RIANNE :

Okay.

Riggs turns to go. Rianne stops him:

RIANNE :

They say you're the best.

Beat. He stops. Turns and looks at her.

RIANNE :

Are you?

RIGGS :

(big smile; wild wink)

No one can touch me.

Rianne blushes.

Riggs begins to walk away, into the rain...

Until Roger Murtaugh appears from inside the boat on the
trailer hitch.

He stands on deck and looks down at Riggs.

Riggs stops. They stand there in the rain for a moment.

Then Murtaugh looks him square in the eye and says:

MURTAUGH :

Sucker, if you think I'm gonna cat
the world's lousiest Christmas
turkey all by my lonesome, you're
nuts.

Riggs nods. A moment passes. Then:

RIGGS :

I think your daughter kinda likes
me.

MURTAUGH :

You touch her, I'll kill you.

RIGGS :

You'll try.

He smiles.

Murtaugh smiles.

The rain falls, as they enter the house together, and
we

FADE OUT.

THE END: