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# R.I.P.D.

By Phil Hay

You think you've  
had a bad day at work?  
I think I got you beat.  
That's not me.  
Nope, that's my partner.  
Suck it!  
There I am.  
Three or four days ago, I  
didn't know this world existed.  
But three or four days ago,  
I wasn't in the Rest  
In Peace Department.  
Boo!  
I heard you  
coming a mile away.  
Look at this, French girl gets  
the drop on Boston's finest.  
You got the drop on me, huh?  
Mmm-hmm.  
But I feel like  
a genius right now.  
I couldn't have  
planned this better.  
Well, genius, there is an  
orange tree in the backyard.  
How did that get there?  
Oh, yeah, there is an orange  
tree in the backyard.  
How weird.  
Hmm.  
I don't know  
how it got here.  
Me neither.  
You know it's a symbol of  
prosperity, don't you?  
No, I've never  
heard that.  
His, yeah.  
Ask anyone in Florida.  
No, you're crazy.  
This tree is never gonna  
make it through the winter.  
We might not make  
it through the winter

in this freezing  
little house!  
I love our  
freezing little house.  
You do, do you?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Yeah?  
But don't you want more?  
You're always  
worried about money.  
Don't you want  
a real house? A car?  
I don't worry  
about money, you do.  
I have everything  
I need right here.  
My husband, with me.  
Well, you'll  
always have that.  
I gotta go to work.  
I'll tell you when  
you can go to work.  
Oh, really?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Hey!  
Watch that ankle.  
I love you, baby.  
Bye. Love you.  
Got my picture in  
a trophy case, I see.  
Look at that.  
Already immortalized.  
Right place, right time.  
What can I say?  
Hey, Bobby.  
Hey.  
Murphy! Jesus, get a  
robe or something.  
You're asking too  
much of that towel.  
Morning, partner.  
Morning.  
Hey, guys.  
Love to have you at the union

meeting Monday. BOTH: Oh!  
No, no!  
Sweet Jesus, Murphy.  
I will shoot that thing.  
That's pretty  
devastating.  
It's gonna be a while before  
I get that image out.  
Hey,  
what did you do with yours?  
I buried it.  
Really?  
I thought you were joking about that.  
But it's not the worst idea.  
It's gold,  
you bury it. Right?  
Listen, Bobby.  
I'm out.  
You're out?  
Look.  
Nothing has to  
change for you.  
You do whatever you want, but I'm  
putting mine in evidence. It's done.  
Nicky, I said  
I would move it for us.  
I'll take care of everything.  
That's not what I'm  
talking about, Bobby.  
I'm talking about the way she  
looked at me this morning,  
I knew.  
Look, we went in there to make  
a drug bust, which we did.  
We didn't expect this gold  
to fall into our laps.  
We weren't looking  
for it, but it happened.  
The way I see it,  
you do it for Julia.  
For your future together.  
It's simple.  
No, she's happy.  
I'm not gonna risk that.

I'm sorry, buddy.  
You're right.  
I hate it  
when you're right.  
We gotta turn  
the whole thing in.  
There goes the speedboat.  
Look.  
You don't have to worry, I'm  
not wagging my finger at you.  
You do whatever  
you want to do.  
No, it's bothering me, too.  
So, let's grow old  
and poor together.  
Listen up, we got Garza.  
We got an address.  
Wait, you got Garza? You  
got actual eyes on him?  
An informant gave up  
his whole met operation.  
He's there, we got him.  
Okay, we're  
in business, partner.  
Get another picture  
in the trophy case.  
You know how long we've been  
waiting for Garza to slip up.  
This guy's a meth dealer, a cop killer.  
He's got 30 guys with him.  
He's not gonna go easy.  
Now, stand by for inspiring,  
motivating words  
from Detective Bobby Hayes.  
How about we don't  
get shot today?  
That's great advice.  
You're a good cop.  
Detective Hayes advises  
we should avoid getting shot.  
And also, everybody should put  
their charm bracelets on now.  
Hey, that's  
my grandmother's

Saint Christopher  
medal, jackass.  
It's adorable.  
I wear it for protection.  
It's for protection?  
Well, this stops bullets.  
Yours stops you  
from getting dates.  
Let's go!  
Move it! Move it!  
Let's go!  
On my lead. Let's put  
them on their heels.  
Hey. Be safe,  
will you?  
Knock, knock.  
Police officer!  
Take  
the stuff out of here.  
Bag the stuff!  
Bag the stuff!  
I see Garza.  
He's on the catwalk!  
Damn it! Garza's  
out the south window.  
Jesus!  
Whoa. That was close.  
What the hell are you doing?  
You almost got me.  
But,  
I can't let you  
turn that gold in.  
What?  
My husband, with me.  
Tough day.  
It's normal to be a little  
tongue-tied at first.  
I want you to know  
that I'm here to help you.  
I've sat in that chair.  
So take your time.  
Ease into it.  
Ease into what?  
Come on, genius.

I know you can get there.  
This is a joke.  
Hilarious. Ha-ha-ha.  
I'm dead?  
Let's be honest,  
being a dirty cop  
is one of the higher  
shot-in-the-face-percentage jobs.  
That's not who I am.  
Really, pretty boy?  
How did it feel as you were  
headed towards Judgment?  
Comfortable?  
Feel like you  
were bound for glory?  
Or were you a little worried  
that you were going down?  
I thought so.  
You're lucky, Nick.  
You have skills that we want.  
So we're giving you a choice.  
You can take your  
chances with Judgment,  
or,  
you can join the R.I.P.D.  
The R.I.P.D?  
Rest In Peace Department.  
I get it. It's cute.  
Simply put  
we find dead people that have  
managed to escape Judgment.  
We ship them off back down  
to where they belong.  
The tour is 100 years.  
If you say yes, we'll send you back  
down to Boston, your home turf.  
I'll do it.  
That's not gonna work.  
What's not gonna work?  
I said I'm in.  
I know what you're thinking. You got  
rooked, you want your old life back.  
You want Julia.  
No. You asked me to help you,

and I'm here to help.  
You really don't think  
I can read you?  
I know everything there is  
to know about you.  
Don't squander  
this opportunity, Nick.  
I know for a fact  
you can use a good  
recommendation on  
Judgment Day, okay?  
I think you're smelling  
what I'm selling.  
Any more questions?  
What's with  
the Steely Dan?  
Noidea.  
It's always playing.  
t seems to relax people.  
Let's do this.  
Yes, let's.  
This Will tickle a bit.  
What the...  
Clench 'em  
and get over here.  
Hey,  
are you my lawyer?  
Settle down!  
This is holding.  
We call them "Deados. "  
Until they pop, they  
look like regular people,  
so no one except us knows  
they're monsters inside.  
You see, if you  
slip through the cracks  
and stay on Earth  
after you die,  
your soul rots.  
If they rot,  
the world rots.  
Global warming, black plague,  
bad cell reception, get it?  
Without the R.I.P.D.,



the world would  
have been overrun  
by these dead people  
some time in 1954.  
How is staying  
an option?  
A hundred-and-fifty-thousand  
people die every day.  
This system wasn't designed to  
handle that kind of volume.  
Welcome to the big league.  
R.I.P.D. Boston.  
Before you are the greatest law  
officers who ever lived and died.  
We're the third biggest  
precinct in the force.  
What's the first?  
Boca.  
R.I.P.D. Scottsdale  
does a lot of volume, too.  
Trust me, chest hair is  
making a big comeback.  
I'm telling you,  
chicks dig it.  
It's a lot to take in  
on your first day dead.  
But don't worry, your partner  
will explain it all to you.  
No! Get your  
hands off me!  
I said,  
getyourhands  
off  
me!  
Come on, Roy.  
Oh, you come on.  
Just because I'm the only  
one willing to lethal-up.  
Oh, Jesus.  
No, you Jesus!  
Roy!  
What?  
He was going for the door.  
I'll plant a gun on him if it

makes you feel any better.  
Would you like to take this  
up with Eternal Affairs?  
We both know what this is  
about, don't we, honey pot?  
Not the time, Roy.  
Why not have it out now?  
I'm comfortable.  
Roy, meet your new partner,  
Nick Walker.  
We've been over this before.  
I'm a one-man operation.  
Not a choice, Roy.  
No. You gotta earn that.  
Come on, rookie.  
Grab your huevos.  
Please follow  
all posted regulations.  
Department hygiene regulations  
are for your benefit.  
Tuck on in.  
Don't be shy.  
Goin' for a ride.  
You ever think about hiding  
this place a little better?  
When was the last time  
you got a VCR repaired?  
Point taken.  
That's right,  
you're back.  
Don't wet your pants  
over it. Come on.  
Don't wanna be late.  
Proctor likes to  
start you off  
with some closure.  
Get in!  
Disappointing  
turnout, huh?  
Expected more.  
We got a lot to talk about,  
but for now,  
I'm just gonna step back,  
let you soak it in

for a minute.  
This moment is  
not about me.  
This is about you  
letting go.  
Thank you for  
letting me soak it in.  
I'll wait for you.  
All right.  
Do you know  
what my funeral was?  
Watching a bunch of coyotes  
pick my carcass clean  
and drag my bones  
off into a cave.  
A freaking cave, hoss.  
Here it comes.  
Be careful, now!  
Julia? Julia!  
I'm here. I don't  
know how, but I'm here.  
I'm sorry, I don't know you.  
Can we just talk?  
Can we just...  
Please don't touch me.  
... go somewhere?  
Julia? Hey, Julia!  
What's your problem, huh?  
You piece of shit.  
Get out of here.  
Just relax.  
Get back on the meds, buddy.  
Get him out of here!  
Get him out of here!  
Let me go!  
That went well.  
I tried to do  
something nice for you.  
What just happened?  
How could  
she not know it was me?  
To them, you don't look like  
you, you don't sound like you.  
If you try to tell 'em who you

are, it comes out all garbled up.  
The universe,  
in its ultimate wisdom,  
will not let you  
reveal yourself.  
It's smarter than us.  
That's sick.  
Consider it the universe's  
witness protection program.  
So, what do I look like?  
Here.  
These are  
your IDs.  
Some federal. A lot of utilities.  
Whatever gets us access.  
Really?  
An old Chinese guy?  
What about you?  
Well, I guess you win, Roy.  
Let me bring you up to  
speed with what's on my plate.  
When you ride with me,  
you ride with the best.  
The pace is lightning,  
expectations high.  
Things are gonna come at you  
fast, they're gonna come hot,  
and they're gonna come wet.  
Wet?  
Learn to drive, bimbo!  
You've done this before?  
Driving?  
You're gonna get your feet  
wet with a standard pickup.  
Find the suspect  
and then test him.  
See if he's a Deado.  
And then...  
Look at the ankles  
on that girl.  
That's what you're into, ankles?  
That's what does it for you?  
In my day, women, they  
dressed very conservatively.

Mmm. That makes you  
way less creepy.  
When exactly was your day?  
1800s, buddy.  
I'm what we used  
to call a "lawman. "  
Marshal Roicephus Pulsipher.  
"Roicephus"?  
t was considered a very  
sexy name at the time.  
It sounds like an STD.  
Would you care to drive?  
I didn't get a peek  
at your wife's ankles.  
Not one more word  
about her.  
Listen, rook.  
You better work on getting a little  
distance, because you two are over.  
You just worry  
about yourself, partner.  
Whoa.  
You ain't my partner, rook.  
You're just the ass in the other  
seat until I say contrary.  
I had a partner.  
Greatest man I ever knew.  
Right up until  
he shot me in the back.  
That's what  
"partner" will get you.  
Tell me about it.  
How do you think I got here?  
You got shot with  
a modern bullet.  
I would've loved a modern bullet.  
Sanitary, at least.  
That's exactly how it felt as  
it passed through my face.  
Sanitary.  
The term "partner"  
died when I did.  
You got it, Roicephus.  
"Roicephus. "

Roicephus.  
Just call me "Roy. "  
I was gonna do that.  
Or "Cephus. "  
Now, listen up.  
This is tactical, rook.  
Tactical?  
A bag of Indian food?  
Yeah. I got a tip on a possible  
Deado in this building.  
Now, listen and learn.  
Deados put off  
a bad dead mojo.  
Infect everything  
with their soul stank.  
Infect everything  
for the worse.  
People and things.  
There you go. Broken  
shit is a dead giveaway.  
Ah.  
Soul killers.  
Hit a Deado in the head with one of  
these, and it's got to be the head...  
Personally, I find  
the face most gratifying.  
...he's erased  
from the cosmos.  
Won't hurt live ones,  
will hurt us.  
So, you be extra careful  
where you point that thing.  
I'm pretty solid  
on gun safety.  
I saw that ankle piece  
you're strapping.  
Live-world gun don't  
do diddly-squat here.  
You can keep your eyes off  
my ankles, thank you.  
Watch me sniff this out.  
Even more promising.  
It's always the quiet one.  
You ready? You pumped?

I need you all here. Get  
your snowman on, get frosty.  
Alert, icy-hot.  
Is this you trying  
to sound like a cop?  
Because it throws up  
a lot of red flags for me.  
You gotta learn the lingo,  
hombrito.  
I'm frosty.  
Don't worry about it.  
Senior officer  
gets to knock, rook.  
I've got 15 years  
on the force.  
Knock off  
the "rookie" bullshit.  
Oh, you've done this before?  
You know what's waiting  
for you behind the door?  
You can take your 15 years, you  
can flush it down the toilet,  
because this ain't that.  
I knock, you do the cards.  
Stanley Nawicki.  
We're with  
the Department of Health.  
Is there a problem?  
Well, Mr. Nawicki,  
we suspect that  
you might be dead.  
Is this really  
necessary?  
No offense, but you  
sound kind of crazy.  
None taken.  
Just a routine test and  
we'll be out of your hair.  
I am not dead.  
I mean, that's...  
Check my pulse, go ahead!  
Rook, first question.  
"t's late  
on Ash Wednesday.

"An Asian teenager  
in a slammed-out Acura  
offers you a plate  
of chicken vindaloo.  
"Do you accept?"  
How am I supposed  
to answer that?  
You tell me.  
Okay, the answer is no.  
What's the problem?  
Is it the teenager?  
The ash?  
Is it the Japanese  
performance sedan?  
Maybe it's the Indian food.  
What?  
Maybe you hate Injuns.  
No. That's...  
Card.  
"The teenager is Armenian.  
The day is Rosh Hashanah.  
"The dish is saag paneer. "  
Uhm  
I don't want it.  
Why not?  
Too spicy? Too mushy?  
You...  
You can't eat during an interview.  
I don't want...  
You don't what?  
Card!  
"The car is a lime-green Scion.  
The season is the solstice.  
"The dish is  
chicken tikka masala. "  
No.  
Yes.  
No.  
Yes, it is!  
The dish is chicken tikka!  
The dish is chicken tikka!  
Oh, yeah,  
that's a Deado.  
Big old mouth coming in.



Feller was  
a snitch in life.  
See, Nick?  
Like that. Metaphorical.  
For some reason, Indian  
food seems to do the trick.  
Maybe it's the cumin.  
You can bag this one.  
My treat.  
No. I'm not  
going near that.  
Where's that  
15 years now, frosty?  
You gotta get comfortable with the  
visuals and the smell profile.  
All right.  
Go on!  
Spread 'em.  
Come on, let's go.  
Hurry up, let's  
get this over with.  
Once they pop,  
they know it's over.  
Right, pal?  
Put all your hands  
behind your back.  
Stupid space cuffs.  
Hey!  
No!  
You want it?  
Ah!  
You got it!  
Nick! Grab him!  
Get the rest of him!  
Contain!  
Holy shit.  
Giddyup, pony!  
Whoa! No, no!  
Relax your body!  
What?  
Relax body!  
Give me a reason.  
Doesn't have to be  
a good one.

Actually, doesn't  
even have to make sense.  
Fun, right?  
You might have noticed  
we're pretty durable.  
It still hurts.  
That's why  
rook's the bottom.  
Bottom.  
Bottom!  
Okay-  
Iguessthafs  
emotionally understandable.  
You're really gonna  
rummage through that?  
Brief after-action report.  
Now, you were below  
average in the room,  
but you did respond well to my  
steering during the airborne portion.  
Your internal organs provided  
me a very soft landing.  
You have a very  
impressive crumple zone.  
With the exception  
of letting yourself  
get attached  
directly to the beastie...  
Stop talking.  
...you were solid.  
C- plus.  
Stop talking.  
Just doing my job.  
Stop it. Stop talking!  
You're the one  
who's talking.  
You ran your mouth  
at my funeral.  
You ran your mouth when you  
pushed me out of a building,  
and used my body  
as a cushion.  
You've run your mouth non-stop  
since the minute we met!

I think I know  
what's going on here.  
No,no,no!Shut up! You  
shut up and let me deal.  
All right, you deal.  
Deal with the upchuck.  
Come to think of it,  
with all this tantrumery,  
I'm beginning to think that I might  
have been a little too generous  
with the "plus" on that C.  
I mightjust have  
to lower your grade.  
Relax body.  
My hat!  
My hat!  
My hat!  
New grade. F!  
The bus, I can forgive.  
My hat? I can't even  
talk about that now.  
Let's go, go, go!  
Time is a factor. Let's go.  
What the hell is this?  
A fire drill?  
Ineverseenit  
this busy.  
Seems like every Deado  
moved to Boston last week.  
What did I say?  
Get back out there.  
No breaks for anyone until  
this surge is under control.  
If I didn't need you  
back on the streets...  
What? You'd have my ass?  
Don't be a clich.  
You let him get out the window.  
Aren't you better than that?  
You're the one who put me  
with training wheels, here.  
But go on, make a show.  
Be the boss.  
You still have a hard time with

the "boss" part, don't you?  
You played the game,  
got what you wanted.  
I don't play the game.  
And my ass is  
mine and mine alone!  
Eagerly noted!  
Come on.  
It's flat, anyway.  
Roy, Nawicki was trying awfully  
hard to protect this gold.  
Don't you think we should try  
to figure out what it is?  
Trust me,  
it's nothing.  
Ninety-nine percent of  
these things are just  
fundraising items  
for various religions.  
Just crap.  
What about  
the one percent?  
That's why we  
lock them up in here.  
Bag it,  
tag it and bury it deep.  
Is that all of it?  
That's it.  
Sign here, please.  
Roy, listen.  
What?  
Nawicki cared an awful  
lot about that gold.  
Yeah.  
He was trying to  
hide it from us. Why?  
So, now  
you're all gung-ho, huh?  
I'm thinking  
we should follow up.  
Let me guess.  
Genius has a plan.  
Genius wants to get out on  
the street and work this.

I think that you  
can help me with that.  
You know why? Because every  
great cop that I've ever known  
has their own informant.  
Big Roy...  
Big Roy,  
he's gotta have one.  
You want an informant?  
Big Roy's got  
the best informant.  
Now batting for the  
Red Sox, number 34, David Ortiz.  
Elliot.  
He's a pain-in-the-ass Deado.  
All he cares about  
is the Sox.  
So, I let him stick around  
in exchange for information.  
Here.  
You're in mourning.  
You got a hole to fill.  
You know, I can't  
taste anything.  
Of course not,  
you're dead.  
R.I.P.D. don't eat,  
we don't sleep.  
You're here to kick Deado  
ass, that's about it.  
Then why would  
you eat this?  
I enjoy the mouth feel.  
How's it going, Elliot?  
We're up.  
But they're hitting like  
crap. We'll blow it.  
Knock yourself out.  
Hello, Elliot.  
One of your buddies was willing  
to get erased for this.  
Why?  
Rook.  
That belongs in evidence.

I thought you were  
some kind of rebel, Roy.  
I fought for the North.  
Would you mind terribly if I  
got back to my investigation?  
Go continue  
your investigation.  
Tell me what  
this is, Elliot.  
That looks like  
a big hunk of gold.  
Uh-huh. That's not gonna  
cut it. Try again.  
Hey! Hey! Get  
your hands off me!  
You behave  
yourself now, Elliot.  
Because of me, you're sitting there  
all cozy and not lying in a pine box.  
Not walking the desert, trying to  
get your femur back from a coyote.  
You cops  
are all the same.  
Always obsessing  
about how you bit it.  
How was your funeral,  
newbie?  
Did you cry when they gave your wife  
that nice folded-up flag?  
Hey-  
That's fun, right?  
I think we both know there's  
no Red Sox on the other side,  
so why don't  
you cooperate?  
I apologize for  
my poor attitude.  
May I take  
a closer look, sir?  
You may.  
Look, I'm sorry to disappoint,  
but this is crap.  
Look, Deados,  
they're sentimental.

A lot of them believe  
in this talismanicjunk.  
If it was something else, there'd  
be some chatter out there.  
I would know.  
All right,  
we're done here.  
These hats are crap.  
Keep your ears  
open for me.  
Yes, sir.  
You gave him the gold?  
Did you see him squirm?  
We got him.  
"Got him"? What do you  
mean, "we got him"?  
What did we get?  
Tell you what he got,  
he got the gold!  
Which you gave him!  
What the hell is  
the matter with you?  
I'm pissed about my hat.  
Well, then.  
Looky, looky.  
I'm gonna treat you to a  
little modern law enforcement.  
This is called  
"giving the dog a bone. "  
Bones?  
What's he doing?  
Okay, that's weird,  
because that looks  
exactly like your ex-partner.  
The one  
who shot you dead.  
Okay, I'm interested.  
Color me interested.  
This must be  
chafing you, huh?  
First, the guy smoked  
you like a knockwurst,  
and now he's got guys  
just handing him gold.

Let me think,  
just let me think.  
What's there to think about? The man's  
just schooling you left and right.  
Your own partner.  
And the trifecta.  
Sleeping with your wife.  
Because this is  
your house, isn't it?  
Total humiliation.  
It's just a pants-down  
spanking in the supermarket.  
He's not sleeping with Julia.  
Want to bet?  
Yeah, let's.  
Winner shoots the loser in the  
face as many times as he wants.  
I'm not 100 percent  
confident with my read.  
Some cannolis from Mike's.  
I was thinking  
how Nick used to  
make us stop and  
get them for you.  
Thank you.  
Thank you, Bobby.  
Hey, Julia, did Nick  
seem all right to you?  
I mean, was he  
concerned about anything?  
No.  
Okay. Okay.  
Why?  
I'm sorry I got  
to do this now.  
Nick said  
he buried something.  
If he's not sleeping with her, it's  
kind of funny he's here, isn't it?  
Unless you guys  
have a pact where he  
scrubs the porn off  
your laptop for you.  
I get that.



Classy, actually.  
He gave this to me.  
He knew I wanted it.  
What are you saying, that he just did  
this to hide something under it?  
I don't know.  
But I've got  
to take a look.  
I was hoping I was wrong.  
Really? He stole this?  
Oh, God, I feel sick.  
You crooked son of a bitch. When  
were you gonna tell me about this?  
Put the gun down.  
Shut up.  
Just get it away from me.  
I don't want to see it.  
Don't worry.  
Don't worry about a thing.  
He was my best friend.  
I don't even know  
who he was.  
Get off of me or  
I'll break your legs.  
Explanation, now!  
We took something  
from a bunch of shit-rats  
who would have turned it into  
guns or drugs or who knows what.  
t was a victimless crime.  
End of story.  
Why would  
the Deados want it?  
You think Hayes and I  
knew about this Deado shit?  
t was just money to me. I was  
trying to make our life better.  
Well, you did a good job  
of that, didn't you?  
Why don't you go try  
the Chinaman thing again?  
Explain it to her.  
That went well.  
Try it again

if it makes you...  
Gold's getting away.  
Come on, tighten up.  
My wife sees me  
as a piece of shit.  
Actually, she sees you  
as an old Chinese guy.  
And by the way, Grandpa  
Chen's a pretty solid look.  
Helps with stakeouts.  
The only thing that I ever cared  
about is what she thought of me.  
That's all that matters.  
The only thing.  
What she thinks,  
that's who I am.  
And I blew that.  
Destroyed it.  
Boo-hoe.  
Excuse me?  
You heard me. Boo-de-hoo.  
You might be the worst  
person I've ever met.  
Sadly, you do not get to tell  
her how you did it all for her.  
And where exactly do you  
think your tragedy ranks  
on the scales of  
cosmic injustice?  
Pakistan-earthquake level?  
Killing Fields level?  
For me, it was pretty big.  
You think you're the only one  
who was cut down in his prime?  
You don't think  
I felt unresolved  
as my face was being  
devoured by a buzzard?  
Oh, Christ.  
You are just gonna have to learn  
to sit on your regret and pain  
until it turns into  
a dull, persistent ache.  
The way I do it.

The way a man does it.  
I do music videos.  
Home phone number's  
on the back.  
Excuse me?  
I'm not a piece of meat put on  
this earth for your gratification.  
I'm a woman.  
Respect me, or I will castrate  
you like a three-year-old steer.  
Look sharp.  
We got something.  
Oh, yeah, that's a Deado.  
That has got  
to be Hayes' fence.  
We stay on the gold.  
I got this.  
Hold up.  
Daddy's on point.  
No thanks,  
I've seen you in action.  
You questioning  
my methods?  
You don't have a method.  
Excuse me, sir.  
A quick word?  
Freezer.  
Allow me.  
My bad.  
Let me guess.  
R.I.P.D., huh?  
Great looks, man!  
You, with your Panda  
Express over there.  
Easy with the racial.  
And you,  
with your...  
Watch it!  
...magnificent breasts.  
Hey, sideburns,  
tell us about the gold.  
Look, we're  
all friends here.  
Let's help

each other out.  
You don't want to getpopped, and  
I don't want to pop you.  
Oh, you don't?  
No.  
So you're just gonna give us that  
case, you're gonna start talking,  
and then you get to  
keep roaming around  
with your bitchin'  
ginger sideburns.  
You know what?  
I'm sick of hiding.  
Whoo!  
Thank you.  
Thank you very much.  
That's better!  
Hell, yeah. Let's do this!  
Contain!  
Contain!  
Didn't contain!  
Suck it.  
Oh!  
Straight butt!  
Come on!  
It's rodeo time.  
Pappy's got  
some roping to do!  
How about a little help?  
Okay-  
Are you okay?  
Somebody call 911!  
I'm okay. Nothing to see.  
Got to go!  
Hey!  
The head!  
Aim for the head!  
Still here,  
you son of a bitch!  
Ow! My ass!  
What is that?  
Whoo-hoo!  
Coming through!  
Excuse me, pardon me.

Yeehaw!  
Here I come!  
Yeah.  
Relax body.  
Whoo-hoo!  
Rook!  
Over here!  
If it's not  
too much trouble.  
Thank you very much.  
I've never seen  
one like that before.  
Never!  
Never before  
has this happened!  
Congratulations, guys, on  
your unprecedented cock-up!  
All right!  
You let an exposed Deado loose on the  
streets in the middle of the day.  
You were supposed to contain.  
That is your most basic job.  
There was no containing that thing. And  
you failed spectacularly to contain.  
He's right, sweetie pie.  
It was different.  
We have evidence.  
You don't investigate, you don't get creative.  
You do as you're told.  
When you don't,  
this happens.  
It was terrifying.  
Whatever rampaged through the streets  
of Boston today was not human.  
Now look where we are.  
You get to deal with them.  
Who in this endless stream  
of freaks is "them"?  
Eternal Affairs.  
The hammer's dropping.  
Well?  
They're pissed.  
Justifiably.  
However, apparently, you stumbled

upon something important.  
Don't act  
so surprised, honey pot.  
The gold that officers Pulsipher  
and Walker brought in  
are part of an incredibly  
dangerous artifact  
known as  
the Staff of Jericho.  
Oh, crap.  
Maybe feather it in for  
the new guy a little bit?  
Remember the tunnel we pulled  
you out of when you died?  
That's the only way to get to the afterlife.  
It's a one-way street.  
This artifact, if built,  
reverses the tunnel.  
The dead rain  
down on the earth.  
That's it for  
the living world.  
Yeah, massive destruction.  
We broke it to pieces 3,000 years ago.  
Now it's back.  
Until we get the rest of the  
gold, we're on red alert.  
Also, apparently, you need  
"the blood of thine enemy. "  
There are more diagrams.  
Why?  
Why would someone  
make something like that?  
Come on!  
Here I am, willing  
the streets into order,  
making headway,  
year after dominant year!  
And now, everything I've  
done is being threatened  
because of some ancient  
totem forged for kicks  
by some asshole  
5,000 years ago?

Why even try? I mean, how  
am I supposed to do it?  
Look at you.  
So proud of yourself.  
"I got an important tube. "  
What?  
Well, what is it?  
Actually,  
it looks like  
you two don't need to  
concern yourselves  
with the red alert.  
t brings me  
no pleasure  
to inform you that because  
of your recent epic failure,  
you've both been suspended,  
you're off the case.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
What?  
Hold on a sec,  
we are the case.  
We're the ones  
who brought it in!  
The feeling is that  
luck was involved.  
There'll be  
a formal hearing tomorrow,  
after which you'll  
most likely be erased.  
"Erased"?  
So in this moment of crisis,  
they're gonna suspend  
and then erase  
their best officer?  
And this other guy?  
Better officers  
are taking over.  
No such thing. Name one.  
Jacobson, DuBow.  
Waterson.  
Come on.  
Carson.  
Jackson.

He's pretty good.  
That guy who works  
at the taco cart.  
Shall I go on?  
Okay, okay!  
Tomorrow is my last day?  
Most likely.  
I'm sorry.  
Well, shit.  
Miss Proctor,  
it's been a delight.  
Roy, thank you very much  
for your mentorship.  
I'm sure  
it meant a lot to you.  
I got somewhere  
more important to be.  
Who are you?  
Why are you following me?  
Stay away from me.  
I haven't left you.  
It's me.  
No.  
So.  
Congratulations.  
You finally did it.  
You get what you wanted?  
I might get erased tomorrow.  
What do you think I'm gonna do?  
You're freaking her out,  
if you haven't noticed.  
I'm not from a time of  
sensitivities and emotionalism.  
And yes, in my day, I  
bought my love by the hour.  
But I do know that what  
you're doing is not helping.  
It's called haunting, hoss.  
You're causing her pain.  
Why do you think  
we're here?  
Why we do what we do?  
It's so that Julia can  
have a world to live in.



And, yeah,  
that means without you.  
She needs to survive you. Meet  
someone new, maybe have a family.  
Because you are  
not coming back.  
Even  
The job is  
all you have now.  
Well, we don't  
have the job anymore.  
Nick.  
Resolve your crap.  
Do like me.  
Like you?  
Yes, emulate my peace.  
Your Zen-like calm?  
It's taken me a very long  
time to achieve this state.  
You could get there, too,  
but for your weakness.  
You know what?  
I've had it.  
I can't listen to one more self-righteous  
chestnut out of your mouth.  
I don't want to live  
in your weird past with you.  
Speaking of which,  
those coyotes...  
You be careful now.  
Those coyotes who ate your bones  
and crapped out your face?  
In that story,  
the coyotes are the heroes.  
Hey-  
You may think the Old West  
was all shits and giggles,  
and sarsaparilla  
and two-cent whores.  
It wasn't!  
It was smelly,  
it was violent.  
t was ridden with dysentery  
and no-account Injuns.

I've had a lot of anger  
to get past, okay?  
And you...  
You, Nick, are  
bringing a lot of shit out  
that I've been suppressing  
for a very long time!  
One of them coyotes,  
he made love to my skull.  
Do you know what that  
practice is commonly called?  
I do.  
And I certainly hope  
he got both eyes, Roy.  
Words,  
like daggers stab our heart  
Boys  
Gotta be the better man  
The song is  
called Better Man.  
Yeah, I got that.  
People,  
they can break your heart  
Boys  
Like no coyote ever can  
Maybe I took things  
a little too far.  
UMaybeur?  
I'm sorry.  
You ought to take up  
an instrument, Nick.  
It might be  
a tuneful way for you  
to spend what may  
be your last moments.  
You were right  
about the job, Roy.  
We gotta get back out there.  
"Sus-pen-dato. "  
If they want me back,  
they're gonna have to beg.  
I'm not gonna take  
this lying down. You?  
Are you gonna

sit there and mope?  
Or do you want to help me  
stop an apocalypse?  
When you put it  
that way, hell,  
you kind of  
paint me into a corner.  
I know Hayes is sitting  
on some of that gold.  
There's no way  
he's just a bagman.  
Let me ask you something.  
Did he like Indian food?  
He was not a fan.  
But something's  
bugging me.  
I rode with this guy for five  
years, I never noticed any kind of  
"soul stank. "  
I heard talk of a rare kind of  
artifact that could mask it.  
Like a spiritual deodorant.  
t would be something he  
carried with him all the time.  
Like Grandma's  
Saint Christopher medal.  
That'd do her.  
Let's go pop  
the son of a bitch.  
Do you know what to do?  
Oh, yeah. I've been  
waiting a long time for this.  
You've been  
waiting a long time?  
Do you know how many years Deados  
have been trying to pull this off?  
Three thousand.  
Not one of those jag-offs could  
get all that gold together,  
until me.  
R.I.P.D. is not  
gonna know what hit them.  
Now, go find  
yourself some trouble.

My pleasure.  
BOBBY". Hey, Julia.  
Hey. I need to talk to you.  
Something really  
strange happened to me.  
What's going on?  
I was at the track  
last night,  
and do you remember  
that guy at the funeral?  
The little Chinese guy?  
The one who was yelling?  
Slow down, slow down.  
Take a deep breath.  
I don't know.  
Somehow, I feel like  
it's Nick who's  
trying to talk to me.  
Okay-  
I know it sounds crazy.  
know you miss him.  
I miss him, too.  
I don't think you  
should be alone right now.  
I'm gonna come pick you up, and  
I'm gonna take you to lunch  
and we could talk  
about everything.  
All right?  
Okay-  
All right.  
Thank you for this.  
Absolutely.  
I'll see you later.  
Take the front.  
I'll go around back.  
Works for me.  
Bobby Hayes?  
Yeah?  
I need to ask you  
a few questions  
involving  
a tandoori clay oven.  
Sweetheart, you can ask

me anything you want.  
Make yourself comfortable.  
How about  
a little drinky-poo?  
Sure. I'll wet my beak.  
Coming right up.  
Are you looking for this?  
Nice moves,  
Nick.  
Hey, tough look  
to pull off.  
I'm getting used to it.  
You know,  
it was just business.  
Make a move, please.  
Easy, Nick.  
"t's late on Ash Wednesday. "  
We can skip  
that part, Roy.  
Take off the Saint  
Christopher's medal.  
Now.  
Okay-  
Powerful stank.  
Where's the gold,  
dead man?  
Check the water heater.  
Freaking super cop, here.  
All right, saddle up.  
We're gonna ride you in.  
I know it's wrong,  
but the whole cowboy-talk thing,  
it's kind of working for me.  
What do you got  
to smile about?  
Hey, how do you like  
working with this guy?  
He hangs on a little  
tight to stuff, huh?  
What we got together is  
none of your damn business.  
Where's the rest  
of the gold, Hayes?  
See what I mean?

He won't let it die.  
Hey, Nick,  
remember when I got shot?  
I got that medal, and you couldn't  
believe I pulled through?  
Wild guess,  
you didn't pull through?  
Get killed by some  
junkie and go to hell  
because I took a little on the  
side to pay for lap dances?  
No. I don't think so.  
Who gets to make that call?  
I don't accept it.  
Hey, let me  
ask you something.  
What do you think eternal  
punishment is gonna be like, Hayes?  
Hell can kiss my ass.  
I'm staying right here.  
"Lap dancing. "  
That's a nice look you got.  
That's nice, with the face and the hair.  
All right, sit down.  
Hey. You might  
want to book that gold  
before your partner  
gets his hands on it.  
What's this?  
That's personal.  
Then it gets booked,  
along with this gold  
that I brought in.  
That's right, doll face. Despite  
my chicken-shit suspension.  
I'm available for  
a tutorial-type thing,  
if you or the guys  
want a few tips.  
Maybe get yourselves  
up near my level.  
Why did I have  
to love you?  
We had a beautiful

moment in time.  
Catastrophic mistake.  
Run it down, but you  
felt what you felt.  
Take a seat.  
This is good,  
it's gonna help me  
getover the  
shot-in-the-face thing.  
Whatever is waiting for you on  
the other side is gonna be bad.  
Don't worry,  
it's only forever.  
Stash this gold  
with the rest of it.  
And here.  
Hey, we just booked  
something just like this.  
It's in the basket  
over there.  
You're gonna need to  
fill out another form.  
I'd love to. I've got  
nothing else better to do.  
There's one decent thing  
about being a Deado, right?  
Mmm-hmm.  
We can't hear certain  
frequencies so well.  
Roy!  
Come on, Nicky.  
You thought I'd  
let you bring me here  
if I didn't want to  
be here all along?  
Isn't this thing sweet?  
t freezes you guys up,  
does nothing to us.  
They got one of these  
artifacts for everything.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah!  
Go, go, go!  
Come on!  
Get the gold.

Take everything!  
MALE DEAD01 It's all there?  
Uh-huh.  
Catch!  
Fill up all these hands.  
Come on!  
Let's go! Let's go!  
What's up?  
Peace.  
MALE DEAD0 21 Flush it.  
No! The gold!  
Here, boss.  
I got it all.  
I'm on it.  
Daddy's got gold!  
Let's build it, boys!  
Yeah!  
Oh. yeah!  
Damn it!  
It's jammed up.  
Just like Main Street,  
Dodge City.  
Them dudes,  
they picked the wrong venue  
to make a stand.  
I invented this shit.  
Hot!  
I fixed it! Yeah! Phew!  
Go time!  
Let's learn you a few things  
about Old West fighting.  
First,  
only a novice hides  
in a church steeple.  
It's the first place  
I'm gonna look.  
Second place,  
hotel window, every time.  
Hmm.  
I guess there's only  
one novice in their crew.  
Sometimes, the window  
guy is on the roof.  
I haven't seen that before.



Must be the massive destruction  
Proctor was talking about.  
Saddle up!  
Hey, Julia.  
Hayes sent us to  
give you a lift.  
Guys, I can still drive.  
It's pretty hairy  
out there.  
He's just worried  
about you.  
Close it up.  
All right. Lock it up.  
Nobody gets through  
to the Commonwealth building.  
Nobody!  
Looks like the big one is ghtover  
the Commonwealth building.  
That's where  
he'll be headed.  
Yeah. Good read.  
You're agreeing with me?  
That's weird.  
Yeah. Feels strange.  
Kind of tingly.  
Deados on wheels.  
That's disappointing.  
I was hoping to get  
a little break here.  
Make it go away, Nick!  
I got it.  
Holy shit!  
That actually scared  
the shit out of me.  
Get the gold up top.  
I gotta wait for  
the final piece.  
Hey. Are you okay?  
What the hell is going on?  
Lots going on. I'm glad  
you're here with me.  
We need to get inside.  
Listen. There's something  
I should tell you.

It's something  
I've been hiding.  
Bobby, I think it can wait.  
And it might  
seem a little weird.  
But I think you should just  
try to keep an open mind,  
and not judge  
right away, okay?  
Oh-ho!  
Eh?  
Skycam 4 is on the  
scene with continuing coverage.  
We are looking  
down on the Commonwealth building  
which is swarming with, there's  
really no other way to say this,  
monsters.  
I urge everyone to stay inside  
until this situation...  
Dave!  
Wicked.  
Looks like they  
built a barricade.  
And there's Fat Elvis.  
Hit him in the jiggly.  
Whoa!  
Hi! Whoa!  
Not 'oath.!  
MY door!  
Can't shake me!  
Still here, dicks!  
Oh.  
Relax body.  
Death.  
I hope they have  
an elevator.  
Oh, shit.  
Reverse the tunnel,  
the dead come pouring back.  
We stay here forever.  
Kind of  
a high-five moment.  
All we gotta do is

fire up this bad boy.  
Yeah!  
Okay-  
This is where it gets  
a little uncomfortable.  
There's no great way to say  
this, so I'll just say it.  
These ancient things, they  
often involve an element of,  
I don't want to say  
"human sacrifice,"  
but human sacrifice.  
I'll jump before  
you can even touch me.  
Julia, come on. Be cool.  
This is an honor. I'm trusting  
you with the heavy shit.  
Julia!  
Oh-ho! Just in time.  
Bobby! Don't!  
No!  
Move!  
Nice shot.  
I'm gonna go get Julia.  
You take care of the Staff.  
That golden pecker  
is coming down.  
You frosty?  
Icy hot, partner.  
What now, Nick?  
You know, it didn't  
have to be Julia,  
but I just couldn't resist  
bringing it full circle.  
Come on.  
It's good, right?  
Ow!  
Get over here!  
How's it coming, Roy?  
It's harder than it looks!  
Killing you never  
gets old, Nicky.  
Any time now!  
I hear you!

Come on, Roy!  
Do some cowboy stuff!  
Please!  
Roy!  
There it is.  
No.  
Well, partner.  
I have a new partner.  
I missed you.  
I missed you so much.  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.  
It's okay,  
you're back with me now.  
That's all I wanted.  
But not like this.  
Julia,  
you gotta live your life,  
without me.  
I don't want to say goodbye.  
You can't stay here.  
It's okay.  
Go.  
I will always love you.  
Goodbye.  
She's gonna be okay.  
Thank you.  
You owe me for that.  
Let's settle up.  
Sure.  
I would like to be allowed  
to design my own medal.  
Not so fast.  
The Eternals  
went ahead and had  
your disciplinary  
hearing without you.  
While we were  
saving the world?  
Nick, as a new recruit, you've  
been let off with a warning.  
Reasonable.  
Roy, as punishment...  
"Punishment"?  
Yes. Fifty-three more years

have been added to your term.  
Fifty-three years?  
That's a lot.  
This is  
honky-tonk bullshit.  
You just like having me  
around, don't you, Mildred?  
My hat.  
You went off  
and found it?  
I guess I could've bought  
you flowers once or twice.  
I like violets.  
She "billy goat-ed" me.  
It's something  
we used to do.  
Why she covers up them ankles  
with them damn white boots  
I'll never understand.  
Fifty-three more years, huh?  
Well, I still got  
some things to work on.  
Hell, this is the third time  
I've been extended.  
Oh, say, I got you something.  
What's this?  
I knew you weren't happy  
with Grandpa Chen,  
so I pulled a few strings,  
got you some new ID.  
Thank you. Thank you, Roy.  
I mean that.  
This is great.  
Oh, you gotta be  
shitting me.  
I did what I could.  
Inventory is what it is.  
You thought this was an improvement?