

**LETHAL WEAPON**

by

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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: He wants me to beat  
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, skeezix. 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  
thru  
4D

2  
thru  
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 hol-  
ster 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: An old-fashioned fighter, wears his past like a  
scar. Piercing eyes; cynical. He is surrounded by his  
family; wife and three children, names and ages as  
follows: TRISH: Roughly thirty-eight. She used to be a  
stunner. NICK: Ten years old. Precocious. CARRIE:  
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: WELCOME TO THE BIG 50

The presents arrive.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SIMI VALLEY - MORNING

9

The scorched landscape stretches out beneath a lattice-work 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 Bellllls ... It's Christmas Time 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. Staring at Riggs, watching him sleep. Tail going thump-thump-thump 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. Inhales.  
Coughs and hacks.

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 business.

(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:

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:

Targets: Human silhouettes with kill zones numbered. 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: a neat third eye. Murtaugh smiles. Holsters his gun. Puts on his coat -- and sings softly to himself:

MURTAUGH  
Happy birthday to me ...

CUT TO:

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. Cars buzz by as the city awakens.

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?

COP #1

No.

DIXIE

Aw, cut me a break. I told you already: she came out on the balcony --

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.

DIXIE

Terrific. Where 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.

MURTAUGH

Fuck you.

He crosses to the two Cops and Dixie.

COP #2

Hey, Sarge.

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 twenty-two, prostitute, one arrest, no convictions. Born Tennessee, parents --

MURTAUGH

What was the name?

COP #2.

Lloyd. Amanda Lloyd. You know her ... ?

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.

MURTAUGH

So look.

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 pause. For a moment, he just looks at it.

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 cash. Seen it a hundred times. He'll come around.

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. He's a tough bastard.

PSYCHOLOGIST

(intense)

He is on the edge. He may be psychotic.

MURPHY

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

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.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Yes, sir. Then 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 color 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.

29 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 which Riggs calls home.

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. He talks 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: I cried in bed, so  
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.

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. Turns to go. Notices Riggs.

34 MURTAUGH'S POV

34

Riggs resembles a bag person. Unshaven, limp dirty hair, grimy leather jacket.

35 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.

MURTAUGH

Shoot.

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.

MURTAUGH

What's B?

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 hol-  
stered 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 twenty-  
one 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 hammer, and CLICK  
Jesus ...  
The hammer 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.

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. You've been  
very helpful.

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!

RIGGS

Roger --

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: A glass structure, like a greenhouse only there's a big swimming pool inside. This is a really great place to have sex.

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

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:

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.

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.

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.

MURTAUGH  
Jesus. Maybe I should call for  
backup.

RIGGS  
What am I, chopped liver?

Murtaugh looks at him. Sighs.

MURTAUGH  
No killing.

RIGGS  
No killing.

He grins cheesily-

56 EXT. SOLARIUM

56

Riggs and Murtaugh approach the frosted glass door. They  
draw their guns.

MURTAUGH  
Nice and easy.

RIGGS  
Nice and easy.

Murtaugh takes a deep breath. Kicks open the door.

MURTAUGH  
Police. 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, clutch-  
ing 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.

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.

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.

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.

RIANNE  
Hello, Father.

MURTAUGH  
Hello, daughter. Nice shoes.

RIANNE  
Oh, Daddy, aren't they great?

MURTAUGH  
Absolutely. How much they cost?

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

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

RIANNE  
Right.

MURTAUGH  
You wear them on your feet.

RIANNE  
Right.

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

RIANNE  
Nope.

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 in-  
spects 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.

MURTAUGH

Do what?

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.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. See you then.

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

64 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: The TUFF N' READY Police Action Playset; Tiny 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 high school year-book; also a videocassette. Takes it, slides it into a VCR machine. Turns on the television.

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 watching TV; he's watching her watching TV.

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

His eyes shift to a photo of his wife. He picks it up and views it sadly.

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.

HOOKER

Come on. Sing me a song.

RIGGS  
I don't know any songs.

HOOGER  
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 ...

HOOGER  
Good. That's good.  
(helps him out)  
Over the hills we go,  
laughing all the way.

RIGGS  
Something something ring,  
making something bright ...

HOOGER  
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 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 bedroom door. Opens it a fraction. Inside -- His daughter Rianne is asleep.

A shaft of moonlight falls across the bed. She is more beautiful than we've ever seen her.

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  
7:35, and yes, I thought you'd be  
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 him-  
self. A moment then: He cross-draws with lightning  
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? Was it a  
tattoo like Popeye has?

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 mean... just  
like that...?

ALFRED

Yeah. Man had the same thing.

RIGGS

You're sure?

Alfred nods. The cops exchange glances:

RIGGS

Special Forces tattoo ... ?

MURTAUGH

Martin.

RIGGS

Yeah.

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: Face-to-face 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!

MURTAUGH

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 butcher 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, spattering 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.

MURTAUGH

Riggs!!!

86 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 he ducks, and meanwhile -- back outside ...

87 MARTIN RIGGS 87

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

88 MURTAUGH 88

diving out the window. Hits. Rolls, comes up. Screaming, waving at Riggs ...

89 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 -- and folks, grab your hats ... because just then, a BELL COBPA HELICOPTER crests the edge of the bluff.

An 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 break-neck 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.

GENERAL

Define.

JOSHUA

Lloyd spoke to the cops, sir.

GENERAL

Are the cops dead?

JOSHUA

No, sir. I missed.

There is a significant pause. Joshua licks his lips.  
Then:

GENERAL

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

JOSHUA

Yes. Awaiting 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 side of the road. The  
city twinkles beyond.

94 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. Some-  
thing. He runs a hand inside her sweater. She starts to  
resist. Gives in.

RIANNE

Wait.

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 window. Crewcut. \*  
Shirt and tie. No less than Mr. Joshua 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 pros-  
titutes 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 cig-  
arette. 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 WIND-  
SHIELD 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: Guy who shot me?

MURTAUGH  
Yeah.

RIGGS  
Same guy who shot Lloyd.

MURTAUGH  
Jesus ... You sure?

RIGGS  
I never forget an asshole.

MURTAUGH  
(sighs)  
So okay, ace: What do we do now?

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, con-  
ferring 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: in, out ... in, out...

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.

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 ... ?

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.

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.

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, combat-  
crouched, hunkers off at a dead heat. He is clad in  
his desert fatigues. Magnum sniper rifle slung over  
one shoulder.

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.

MR. JOSHUA

No. 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. The General studies him thoughtfully.

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.

MURTAUGH  
Go spit.

Joshua slams him in the head with a karate blow. He falls.

135 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 eruption of sand and dirt, and it's one of two things, it's either aliens from space, descending -- or it's a Bell Cobra helicopter.

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 over the HIGH, CHURNING WHINE as we

FADE 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. I believe you'll need it.

Riggs stops moving. Scowls at Joshua and says nothing. Joshua smiles.

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 be-  
cause 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 help-  
less. 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 ...

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 ...

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 wholesome-looking 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.

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.

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.

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

MURTAUGH

Get her out of here.

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 out 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. Broad-sides 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:

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.

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

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

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: Star Wars posters. Stuffed animals. Stereo. Empties an entire clip of .9 millimeter slugs. Except the bed is empty. There is no one there. Joshua snarls. Turns.

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: he relaxes his grip on the gun --  
And 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: Fuck you.

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...

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

MURTAUGH

No guns. Let it go! Goddammit,  
let it go!!

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

MURTAUGH

Martin.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

The motherfucker.

A moment ... and then, my friends, Riggs does a peculiar thing: He smiles then. Damned if he doesn't. And rises 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.

RIGGS

Fine. Die.

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.

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 ...

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?

MURTAUGH

Sorry.

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 pain-

RIGGS

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

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

CUT TO:

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: 1953

DIED: 1984

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