

Rev. 7/28/86 (Pink)  
Rev. 7/31/86 (Blue)  
Rev. 9/03/86 (Yellow)

LETHAL WEAPON

by

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REVISED FINAL DRAFT

July 26, 1986

THIS STORY IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO  
THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE LOS ANGELES  
POLICE DEPARTMENT, WHO, FOR A BASE  
SALARY OF \$26,000 A YEAR, STRAP ON A GUN,  
WALK THE STREETS, AND PRAY TO GOD THEY  
DON'T DIE PROTECTING THE REST OF US...

LETHAL WEAPON

FADE IN:

1

CITY OF ANGELS

1

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.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

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:

2

INT. LONG BEACH BAR - NIGHT

2

Full of smoke.

The clink of glasses, the rumble of drunken conversation.

At a corner table sits what appears to be a very lonely man.

In front of him is a bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon and a glass. Both are empty. He is thirty-five, give or take. Scraggly growth of beard. Pouches under the eyes. The eyes? Totally black. Unreadable. Meet MARTIN RIGGS. You wouldn't know by looking at him that he's one of the deadliest men alive. In fact, he looks a little like a bag person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puffs on a cigarette. Glances up as an old black man in a wheelchair approaches the table. Meet JAKE, the bartender. Riggs looks like shit.

JAKE

You okay, Sarge?

RIGGS

Yeah.

(rubs his eyes)

This one's empty, better bring me another.

JAKE

Whatever you say.

RIGGS

Thanks, Jake.

Riggs stands and heads for the restroom. As he does, however -- TWO PUNKS at the bar notice him. Nod to each other and begin making their way across the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riggs comes out of the restroom into a dim corridor lit by a single light bulb. The NOISE from the bar is a background throb. A hand taps Riggs on the shoulder. He turns. It is the two Punks from the bar. Riggs sighs. This is not what he needs.

PUNK #1

Hey, brother.

RIGGS

Hi. Something I can help you with?

PUNK #1

Yeah, brother, you got any money?

RIGGS

(frowns)

Money? Yeah. Thousands of dollars.

(beat)

Oh. You mean on me. Do I have money right now.

PUNK #1

Brother, you one smart motherfucker.

RIGGS

Why, thank you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIGGS (CONT'D)

(takes out his  
wallet)

Two hundred forty dollars. Some  
change. Why do you ask?

PUNK #1

Give it to me.

RIGGS

(frowns)

Why should I do that?

PUNK #1

'Cause you don't wanna piss off  
my friend here.

The other punk snaps open a switchblade. And then, incred-  
ibly, Riggs begins to laugh.

RIGGS

No, no, no. Bad idea.  
(he sighs, runs  
a hand through  
his hair)

Look, have you talked to Jake?

PUNK #1

What?

RIGGS

Tell you what. Go talk to Jake.  
He'll tell you not to fuck with me.  
I'll wait here. Then, if you still  
want to fuck with me, come back and  
we'll do it. Okay? Good plan?

PUNK #1

(pause, then)

Stick him, Calvin.

Riggs sighs, shakes his head. Stands calmly. A moment, then  
-- Calvin comes charging in, low and hard. One minute Riggs  
is standing. The next his foot is flashing out like a steel  
sledge. There is a sick-sounding CRACK. Calvin hits the  
deck. Riggs doesn't miss a beat. He takes off his belt,  
begins to coil it around his fist.

RIGGS

Okay. We through...?

(beat)

Stop now, or...?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

PUNK #1  
Brother, you dead.

Punk #1 charges. Riggs makes mincemeat of him. The BELT flashes out -- CRACKS like a whip. Shatters the Punk's nose. Screaming, the Punk pulls out a gun -- Riggs launches a perfect kung fu kick. An impact they can feel in Peoria.

4 INT. BARROOM

4

The Punk literally flies out of the hallway into the bar. Lands with a crash, splintering a table. Jake is polishing glasses. He shakes his head and mutters. A moment, then -- Riggs re-enters. Belches. The bar is dead silent. Riggs looks at the unconscious Punk and says:

RIGGS  
I'm not your brother.

He heads for the door. A HUGE MAN steps in front of him and says:

HUGE MAN  
Hey, that guy's a friend of mine.

And Riggs flicks open his wallet to display a shiny silver badge.

RIGGS  
I'm a cop. Fuck off.

He slaps a hundred dollar bill on the bar in front of Jake. Jake hands him a bottle of Wild Turkey.

RIGGS  
I'll take it to go. Sorry about the mess.

JAKE  
Sarge, you gotta stop comin' round here.

RIGGS  
You kidding? This is better than the gym.

He exits.

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME 6

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

7 ANOTHER ANGLE 7

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

8 DETECTIVE ROGER MURTAUGH 8

Seated in the bathtub. He groans, throws a towel over himself, and mutters in mock indignation: Roger is tough: 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: Seventeen. Takes your breath away. Heartbreaker stuff, 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 CAMERA and streaks past the trailer at seventy miles an hour.

10 INT. TRAILER HOME 10

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

11 ANOTHER ANGLE 11

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:

(CONTINUED)

MURTAUGH

Honey, what's this on my tie?

She looks.

TRISH

An ugly spot?

MURTAUGH

Thanks. Sharp as a pin.

TRISH

I'm thinking of going on 'Jeopardy.'

MURTAUGH

Don't take any questions on cooking.

TRISH

Thanks. I love you, too.

Carrie is still shrieking. Tears stream down her face.

MURTAUGH

Hey, kid, turn off the waterworks,  
okay?

CARRIE

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

MURTAUGH

Noooooo.

NICK

She's a crybaby, Dad.

MURTAUGH

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

NICK

What's illegal?

MURTAUGH

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

NICK

'Starsky and Hutch.'

MURTAUGH

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED: (3)

12

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.

\*

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

RIANNE

'Bye, Daddy.

He waves.

MURTAUGH

(shakes his head)

Goddamn heartbreaker. She's a  
heartbreaker.

CUT TO:

13 SERIES OF SHOTS - RIGGS GETTING DRESSED

13

Riggs enters the living room, naked. Scars on his back, the kind you get from knives. Runs a hand through limp hair. Turns on the lamp. As he does -- the TELEVISION also springs to life; hooked to the same circuit. Pops three aspirin from a bottle. Chews them. Opens a bag of peanuts, throws it to the big Lab, who gobbles them down. Eats a sandwich, standing in the middle of his apartment. Looking at the floor. What a lonely fucking guy... Straps on his gun. .9 millimeter Beretta, if it matters. Throws on a jacket. Downs a shot of whiskey. Pauses, looking at a photograph on the wall. Riggs, much younger, along with a pretty and vivacious woman in a wedding gown: his wife. Stares at the photograph. His fingers twirl the whiskey glass with completely unconscious skill. Tense. Tense... twirling the glass... RICHARD DAWSON DRONES from the TV (our survey says -- !). Riggs slings the shotglass. Dead center, SHATTERING the TV SCREEN.

CUT TO:

14 INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - MORNING

14

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:

15 INT. CAR - DAY

15

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

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units in the vicinity and Fourteen X-ray thirty-one, shooting in progress at Venice Beach, Washington and Navy. Three victims down, RA 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 she jumped, and then I puked in a trash can. Can I go now?

COP #1

Not 'til you talk to the Sarge.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DIXIE  
Terrific. Where the hell is he?

17 INT. MURTAUGH'S CAR

17

The sarge drives up and gets out. A BEAT COP goes 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.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

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

18

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.

20 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

20

Two black-and-white police cars. Flashers spinning. Cops crouched behind the vehicles. On the beach a crowd of children cower behind the playground equipment. This is serious, folks.

21 TENEMENT - ACROSS STREET

21

One open window. Riggs drives up. Gets out of his pickup. He wears a flight jacket, pegged jeans, and an L.A. Dodgers' baseball cap. Approaches three COPS.

RIGGS

'Mornin', Jack.

JACK (COP)

Well, look who's here. Come to play hero?

RIGGS

Gotta keep the fan club happy.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

What fan club? Everyone thinks you're a psycho asshole.

RIGGS

The way he talks to me. And he never calls.

(beat)

What do we have here?

ANOTHER COP

Sniper, sir.

RIGGS

Duh. What's he doing?

JACK

Shooting at kids, what's it look like?

RIGGS

You try gas?

OTHER COP

Sure did. Guy's a nightmare. Wearing a gas mask. Steel siding on the walls. We're talking Fort Knox, I'll bet he planned this a year ago.

RIGGS

You using SWAT team?

OTHER COP

Five minutes away.

RIGGS

Terrific. See you around.

He turns to go. As he does, a body goes by, covered with a raincoat. Riggs hears one of the cops mutter under his breath --

COP

Nine years old.

-- And stops dead. Turns, his eyes suddenly ice-cold.

RIGGS

Nine.

OTHER COP

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

Riggs nods.  
Looks to the window.  
Looks down.  
Walks to the edge of the police line, and sees --

22 RIGGS' POV 22

Children, cowering. More terrified than anyone deserves to be, ever.

23 BACK TO SCENE 23

He clears his throat.

RIGGS

Jimmy, c'mere.

The Other Cop approaches.

OTHER COP

You still here?

Riggs does not reply. Instead, he asks:

RIGGS

How good a shot is he?

As he says this, he throws away his cigarette.  
Rolls up his sleeves.  
We are reminded of a technician.

OTHER COP

Sir... ?

RIGGS

Did he go for specific kids?  
Or did he shoot random?

OTHER COP

(confused)

Um, he... shot random.

RIGGS

How about the weapon? Anybody  
make the weapon?

OTHER COP

No, sir.

Riggs loosens his holster.

RIGGS

You see a scope?

(CONTINUED)

OTHER COP

Couldn't tell. But I don't think  
it was scoped. What are you -- ?

Riggs suddenly walks away. Calmly.  
Keeps walking, past the cops... past the police cars...  
and right, smack-dab into the middle of the beach... into  
the line of fire.

The other cops go nuts. Waving their arms, shouting, get  
the hell out of there...

JACK

Hey, get back here!! What the  
hell do you think you're doing???

Riggs walks.

And we're talking serious here, because the sniper  
appears at the window and throws off a THREE-SHOT BURST  
which kicks up a cloud of sand at Riggs' feet... ! Ducks  
back inside.

Riggs walks.  
Doesn't even flinch.

Stops in the exact center of the beach.  
He is alone on this one, boys and girls...

Clears his throat. Calls up to the window:

RIGGS

Hello...?

(pause)

Mister Sniper, sir...?

The expression "shitting bricks" springs to mind.

Still standing there. Tries again.

RIGGS

I'm still here, turkey.

(beat)

Or do you only do kids...?

His eyes are steel.  
A pause: Riggs slowly pops a cigarette in his mouth.  
Gun held loosely at his side.  
Clicks his cigarette lighter, one eye glued to the  
window...

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

It happens:

The sniper appears again -- and unleashes THREE-SHOT BURSTS from a SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE...  
the STUTTERING CHATTER of the GUN is DEAFENING...

\*

And a storm of sand positively erupts around Riggs, and someone better remind this guy he's supposed to be scared, because he's a goddamn rock, he simply raises his BERETTA and starts FIRING, it looks like an extension of his arm, belching flame.

For your information, gentle reader: The Beretta Belle .9 millimeter handgun offers fifteen bullets in its magazine, and one in its chamber.  
For you math majors, that's sixteen.

Riggs EMPTIES ALL OF THEM, SHOT after blazing SHOT, long after the sniper has been blown fully and completely away...

Stands there in the middle of the sand, cigarette dangling from his lips...

Arm held rock steady, FIRING SHOT after SHOT, on some of them he isn't even looking, and when the coroner finally examines the sniper's body he will discover a total of nine bullet wounds, all of them fatal.

BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM.

Click.

Riggs dumps the empty magazine.

Snaps in a new one.

Stuffs the gun in his waistband.

Tosses away his cigarette, and walks back across the sand toward his car.

Walks past the cops.

Walks right through the ranks of the newly-arrived SWAT team.

All of them stare, incredulous...

And a BEAT COP spits and says:

BEAT COP

Crazy son of a bitch. Fucking  
disgrace to cops.

\*

Riggs gets in his car and drives away without a word.

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...!

(CONTINUED)

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'm 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.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

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.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (A1)

31

MURTAUGH

That was quick.

BURKE

So was the autopsy.  
(takes a deep  
breath)

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

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

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:

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

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 holstered gun and hefts it, curiously. Suddenly all hell breaks loose:

MURTAUGH

!! Gun !!

He bolts like a cheetah.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (1A)

35

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.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

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?

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

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.

\*

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

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.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (2)

37

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  
&  
39

OMITTED

38  
&  
39

\*  
\*  
\*

40

EXT. ND 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.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

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?

(CONTINUED)

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, works the slide, KA-CHIK -- ! Hands the gun to Murtaugh.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIGGS (CONT'D)

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:

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 this.

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 out.

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.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (2)

41

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

RIGGS (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

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?

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (6)

45

RIGGS  
(smiles coldly)  
So now you know.

MURTAUGH  
Yeah. Now I know.

46 INT. POLICE LINEUP - DAY

46

The Police Psychologist we met earlier is talking on the telephone:

PSYCHOLOGIST  
You're asking me if he's stable and I'm telling you no. We're talking about a man who carves notches in his gun barrel. One 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. ND DETECTIVE CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

48

Murtaugh is driving. Beside him, Riggs stares out the window, impassive. A strained silence. Then:

RIGGS  
Could you at least tell me where we're going?

(CONTINUED)

MURTAUGH

Beverly Hills. We got an address on Amanda Lloyd's sugar daddy.

RIGGS

The guy who paid for the apartment and the car.

MURTAUGH

Right. I think he deserves a visit.

RIGGS

Sounds like fun.

MURTAUGH

I'll bet.

(sighs)

Okay, Tarzan, now hear this: we're going to question this man, yes?

RIGGS

Yes.

MURTAUGH

Question. As in talk. As in don't kill anybody.

RIGGS

Don't kill him.

MURTAUGH

Please. If you do, I'm gonna get really pissed at you.

RIGGS

I thought you already were.

MURTAUGH

Beside the point. No killing: Ix-nay on the illing-kay.

RIGGS

Es-yay.

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.

50 INT. SOLARIUM 50  
 The swimming pool is covered by a vinyl tarpaulin.  
 Surrounded by a jungle of plants.

51 AT POOLSIDE TABLE 51  
 Sits a very rich person. He is wearing an \$800 designer  
 ensemble. Beside him, an elegantly-appointed shotgun  
 leans against the table. He is on the phone.

RICH GUY

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

CUT TO:

52 EXT. WOODEN GATE - SAME TIME 52  
 Riggs and Murtaugh approach the gate. Riggs tosses out  
 a cigarette. Suddenly --  
 There is an ELECTRIC HUM and the gate glides softly open,  
 admitting a red Honda scooter, a dashing blonde behind \*  
 the wheel. She ROARS off down the street.

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

The cops enter.

53 EXT. HOUSE WINDOW - SAME TIME 53  
 Riggs' face comes INTO FRAME, peering cautiously through  
 a plate glass window. He whistles softly.

RIGGS

Take a look.

Murtaugh steps to the window, looks in.

54 MURTAUGH'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW 54 \*  
 Enough cocaine to service the third tier at Yankee \*  
 Stadium. \*  
 A BLONDE, BIKINI-CLAD WONDER sits on the couch, happily \*  
 snorting. She sees Murtaugh and waves hilariously. \*  
 Makes come-hither gestures. \*

55

BACK TO SCENE

55

Murtaugh scowls, turns to Riggs.

\*

RIGGS

I'm thinking probable cause.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

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, clutching his shoulder. Murtaugh says to Riggs:

MURTAUGH

See how easy that was? Boom.  
Still alive. Now we take the gun  
away...

(he does)

... And we question him. Know  
why we can question him? Because  
I got him in the shoulder. I  
didn't blow him up or jump off a  
building with him.

(CONTINUED)

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?

(he pulls out  
a soaked pack  
of cigarettes)

Shit.

58 EXT. POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOME - LATER

58

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

\*

MURTAUGH

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

(beat)

You saved my life. Thank you.

RIGGS

I bet that hurt to say.

MURTAUGH

You have no idea.

59 INT. MURTAUGH HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

59

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

CARRIE

Hi, Daddy. Is that a crook?

MURTAUGH

No, honey, this is Martin, my partner.

(scoops her up;  
hugs her)

Tell Martin what you think of crooks.

CARRIE

Buttheads.

(giggles)

They're buttheads.

RIGGS

Kid's no dummy.

CARRIE

Daddy, Mommy says you hate her cooking.

MURTAUGH

Tell Mommy hate is a mild word.

60 INT. KITCHEN

60

Trish is cooking as the two cops enter.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

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. Honey,  
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.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED: (2)

60

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. BOAT ON TRAILER - DRIVEWAY 63

Dinner is over, and Riggs and Murtaugh sip drinks. They are alone. Riggs lights a smoke, carefully avoiding the "last cigarette."

MURTAUGH

Looks open and shut. Rich guy's dealing drugs, banging Amanda Lloyd on the side. She finds out a little too much. Boom. He kills her.

RIGGS

Little too neat for me.

MURTAUGH

Give it up. You watch too much television.

RIGGS

I do, but that's beside the point.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED: (A1)

63

MURTAUGH

What is the point?

RIGGS

The point is, I'm not sure he put the drain cleaner in Amanda Lloyd's pills.

MURTAUGH

Are you kidding? He tried to kill us with a shotgun.

RIGGS

Well, sure. I mean, we knew he was a butthead. But I'm still not sure he did the girl.

MURTAUGH

Fair enough. So who did the girl?

RIGGS

Tell you tomorrow.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Rianne suddenly appears.

RIANNE

Daddy...?

MURTAUGH

Yes, daughter.

RIANNE

I was wondering, um... Mark asked me to a club tomorrow night...

MURTAUGH

Absolutely not. When you smoke marijuana in the house, darling, you get grounded. That's the way that works.

(CONTINUED)

RIANNE

Please, Daddy?

MURTAUGH

Who's Mark?

RIANNE

The blond one.

MURTAUGH

The one with the pits in his face?

RIANNE

Those are dimples, Daddy.

MURTAUGH

Are you kidding? When he smiles I can see through his head. The answer is no. End of story.

RIANNE

I hate you.

MURTAUGH

That's been made clear. Go. Smoke some weed. Do something.

Riggs exits, wearing his coat. Murtaugh stands on the porch.

RIGGS

Nice family.

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 acing anybody. Or yourself. Then I'll start trusting you.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

RIGGS

Fair enough.

He walks toward his car. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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 99¢ 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 yearbook; also a videocassette. Takes it, slides it into a VCR machine. Turns on the television.

TIME CUT TO:

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:

RIANNE

... 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. \*

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

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?

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

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.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED: (2)

72

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 --

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (A1)

73

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.'

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

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 magazine, lovingly snaps in a new one.

\*

MURTAUGH

You sleep with that thing under your pillow?

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (2)

73

RIGGS

I would if I slept.

MURTAUGH

Here, stand back.

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

\*

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED: (2)

75

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

EXT. STREET - BACK OF FIRE TRUCK

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

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.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGS

Oh, my...

(begins to  
laugh)

... Oh, my...

He laughs even harder now. Giggling. 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?

(CONTINUED)

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...?

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (3)

79

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?

(CONTINUED)

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!

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED: (2)

82

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

LLOYD

Dammit, Roger, I've... I've got 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.

(CONTINUED)

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...?

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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!!!

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.



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 is 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 -- ! and a silent  
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 -- ! It's over, but he  
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.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

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. Something. 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 prostitutes take one look at him and flee.

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

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

95

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

96

INSIDE DARKENED STORE

96

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

RIGGS

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

96A

EXT. STORE

96A

The cops exit and cross the street toward their car.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

Fuck that. Two inches to the left, they would've got my smokes.

He takes out a pack, lights one up.

RIGGS

Oh, by the way: Guy who shot me?

MURTAUGH

Yeah.

RIGGS

Same guy who shot Lloyd.

MURTAUGH

Jesus...! You sure?

(CONTINUED)

96A

CONTINUED:

96A

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

Feh. 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...?

A pause. 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.

(CONTINUED)

96A CONTINUED: (2)

96A \*

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

97

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.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

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 --

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED: (A1)

99

McCASKEY

(interrupting)

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

JOSHUA

My God. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED:

99

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:

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

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's 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.

(CONTINUED)

103

CONTINUED:

103

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

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.

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED:

107

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Me. Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Come in slow.

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

MURTAUGH

Hollow points. Armor piercing.

RIGGS

(nods)

You weren't followed?

MURTAUGH

No.

Riggs begins scooping up handfuls of ammo.

108

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER - FEW MINUTES LATER

108

Murtaugh is hooking a wire in place under his collar.

MURTAUGH

Testing, one, two, three...

RIGGS

Fine.

He straps on his hunting knife.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Don't get too close. They'll spot you.

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

RIGGS

Thousand yards okay...?

109

EXT. LOW DESERT - DAY

109

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

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109  
 A lone car, plowing along toward the horizon. Looking lost and utterly alone beneath the clear December sky.

110 INT. CAR - ROGER MURTAUGH 110  
 Driving. Relentlessly onward, his face locked in a mask of contained fury. Dust billows past the windows. Wind. He keeps driving, straining his eyes ahead, focusing through the hundred-degree shimmer... Noticing, finally a series of shapes... dim mirages... silhouettes maybe, possibly men... possibly the men... The mirage resolves. Mercs. Standing next to a black sedan. Murtaugh stiffens. Leans forward, punches the cigarette lighter, and as he does -- he whispers into his hidden microphone.

MURTAUGH

Split.

111 EXT. CAR - DAY 111  
 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.

112 EXT. MURTAUGH - DESERT 112  
 Murtaugh rolls to a halt and steps from his car. Facing three armed mercs. Murtaugh simply stands there, reading the odds. Scanning...

MERC #1

Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH

Yes.

(beat)

I'm alone.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

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.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

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.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

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.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

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 armed 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.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

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 demon 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.

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED:

136

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.

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED: (2)

136

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 will 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.

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED: (3)

136

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.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

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 collapses 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 helpless. Snarls with rage:

MURTAUGH

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

GENERAL

Precisely why we would never think of untying you.

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

GENERAL

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

141

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

141

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

RIGGS

(slurred)

No... Please...

(CONTINUED)

141

CONTINUED:

141

KENDO

You die now, Sergeant Riggs.  
Very slow.

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

142

INT. DINGY BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

142

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

GENERAL

Good Lord. Very 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

No!!

(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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED:

143

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. Around another corner. Moving, moving.

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

144

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

144

Joshua skids to a halt next to a sedan.

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

145

ANOTHER ANGLE

145

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

MURTAUGH

Get her out of here.

146

ANOTHER ANGLE - MURTAUGH AND RIGGS

146

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

(CONTINUED)

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...

Joshua's CAR comes SCREAMING through the underpass, doing eighty. Riggs unleashes the GUN. It BLAZES with cruel FIRE. STRAFES the back of the car. Sure enough, BLOWS out both TIRES -- Throwing the VEHICLE into a deadly 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.

Big chunks of the freeway SIGN BLOW OUT next to Riggs' head. He is showered with wooden debris.

(CONTINUED)

148

CONTINUED:

148

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. Broadsides 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 gasps...  
'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.

- 153B GENERAL'S POV 153B \*
- The Merc's corpse, sprawled over the steering column... \*
- with a shiny metal GRENADE attached to his belt. \*
- Flames dance around the grenade. \*
- 153C ANOTHER ANGLE 153C \*
- The General squirms, strains, yanks for all he's worth... \*
- Fingers reaching out for the grenade... \*
- Flames burning his outstretched hand... \*
- And it is, as they say, all she wrote. \*
- 154 EXT. ROADWAY 154
- Murtaugh is walking like a zombie. Away from the VAN.
- Gun held loosely at his side. Suddenly -- It BLOWS sky
- high. A tower of fire. Blows Murtaugh flat. Knocks
- him ass over teacups. ECHOES down the street. Turns
- night into day for one brief instant. And then -- Then
- something truly incredible happens. For the first time
- in nearly a century -- it begins to snow in Hollywood.
- Murtaugh looks up, a "What the hell...?" expression on
- his face. Sure enough --
- 155 HEROIN 155
- is sifting down on the night air, ten million dollars'
- worth... A cloud over the entire street. Swirling in
- the breeze.

156 MURTAUGH

156

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

157 MARTIN RIGGS

157

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

MURTAUGH

Well, shit.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Joshua?

RIGGS

Got away.

MURTAUGH

We... gotta find him.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

(beat)

I got a bad feeling...

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

CUT TO:

158 EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT

158

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

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

## POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, sir, may I see some  
ID?

Joshua takes an UZI from beneath his coat. No hesitation. BLOWS them apart. Walks forward, gun smoking. Crosses the lawn to the front door. Kicks it to splinters.

159 EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

159

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

160 INT. CAR

160

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

161 INT. MURTAUGH HOME - SAME TIME

161

Joshua stalks down the hallway of Murtaugh's house. Stops in front of the bedroom door. Holy Jesus... He kicks it open. SPRAYS 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.

162 SERIES OF SHOTS

162

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

DEAR BADGUYS

NO ONE HERE BUT US COPS.  
SORRY.

-- THE GOODGUYS

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

(CONTINUED)

162

CONTINUED:

162

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.

(CONTINUED)

163

CONTINUED:

163

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 to Riggs' neck -- Riggs fields it, snap -- ! Doesn't see the leg. It comes out of nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

168

CONTINUED:

168

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.

(CONTINUED)

169

CONTINUED:

169

Slams his head into Joshua's busted nose. POP... !  
 Does it again. Joshua, hammering the broken arm. Pow.  
 (Scream) Pow. (Scream)... Until, son of a bitch... The  
 pain is simply too intense... nothing human can withstand  
 it, they fall away, staggering, wrenching to a shaky halt,  
 facing one another, standoff... Exhausted, limping, hardly  
 able to speak...

\*

\*

170

POLICE CARS

170

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

MURTAUGH

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

171

RIGGS

171

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

\*

MURTAUGH

Martin.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

Do 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. en-  
 forcers 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.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

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

\*  
\*

RIGGS

You lose.

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

172 MURTAUGH 172

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

173 ON GROUND 173

Riggs looks at Murtaugh. Murtaugh looks at Riggs.

\*

MURTAUGH

Take it easy, Martin...

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Does it hurt...?

Riggs throws him a look.

RIGGS

What are you, an idiot?

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.

(CONTINUED)

173

CONTINUED:

173

RIGGS

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

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

CUT TO:

174

EXT. LONG BEACH BAR - DAY

174

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

MURTAUGH

So.

RIGGS

So.

MURTAUGH

There are worse things than a psych pension. \*

RIGGS

(shrugs)

Probably. \*

MURTAUGH

Guess I won't be seeing you around.

RIGGS

Guess not.

(beat)

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

MURTAUGH

Where do you belong?

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

My son would come see you.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

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...

\*

(CONTINUED)

177

CONTINUED:

177

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 eat 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