

LETHAL WEAPON II

November 1988

FADE IN:

EXT. A REMOTE AREA OF LAX - DAY

A United 747 barrels down the runway. It lifts off and passes overhead with a DEAFENING ROAR. And that's when . . .

MARTIN RIGGS STEPS INTO FRAME

He looks up at the underbelly of the jet. So low that he could count the rivets. Except Riggs doesn't appear to be in any shape to count anything.

Unshaven. Hair matted. A grease-stained baseball cap pulled down low to keep the sun out of his blood-shot eyes. He raises a brown paper bag to his lips. Heaven help us . . . Riggs is back in the bottle.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PART OF THE REMOTE AREA

where a MERCEDES LIMO pulls up to a GULFSTREAM JET. The Gulfstream's engines are REVVING in preparation of take off.

CUT TO:

MARTIN RIGGS

staggering drunkenly through the weeds and tall grass that fringe this remote section of the airport.

RIGGS

(singing softly)

"Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle
bell . . . rock."

Behind him, a Delta 727 touches down. Wheels SLAMMING against the runway; brakes SQUEALING; jet engines SCREAMING in reverse thrust.

CUT TO:

THE MERCEDES AND THE GULFSTREAM

FOUR MEN emerge from the Mercedes. South Africans. HANS, PETER, KARL and ROLF.

Karl pops open the trunk and SEVERAL SUITCASES are quickly unloaded and placed on the tarmac beside the Mercedes

Peter's eyes dart furtively behind his black-out shades. Karl SHUTS the Mercedes trunk lid. Hans picks up two of the suitcases and takes a step toward the Gulfstream -- then stops abruptly.

Why? Because a drunk is weaving towards them.

Riggs rolls his eyes. Takes another hit from the bottle in the brown paper sack. Licks his lips. Stumbles. Regains his balance. Advances toward the men.

The South Africans exchange a look, then Hans moves forward to intercept Riggs.

HANS

Hey, buddy. Where you going?

RIGGS

(speech slurred)

Anybody seen a dog? Lookin' for my dog. Ran off and got lost. Maybe you seen him? A brown dog? Four legs . . . one tail. Face like this --

Riggs contorts his face into a weird expression.

HANS

Come on, pal. No dog around here.

Hans clamps his hand down firmly on Riggs' shoulder. Riggs sways from side to side and gives Hans a bleary-eyed look.

RIGGS

I just gotta find that dog. Know what I mean? He's a good dog.

Hans spins Riggs around, points him in the opposite direction and gives him a shove.

HANS

Go sleep it off somewhere.

Riggs takes several wobbly steps, then stops -- bends at the waist -- appears to PUKE his guts out. Hans grimaces. And that's when . . .

A FORD BRONCO ROARS INTO THE SCENE

Brakes SQUEALING as it skids up to the Gulfstream. The South Africans turn to look -- knowing instantly that something has gone very wrong for them.

HANS

The suitcases! Grab the suitcases!

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON RIGGS' BACK

as Riggs straightens up and spins around . . . eyes clear and alive; wider than hell -- nostrils flaring -- arm extended, gripping a silver NINE MILLIMETER BERETTA that flashes in the midday sun. This is one very dangerous, and very sober cop we have here.

RIGGS

(screaming)

POLICE! FREEZE! HANDS ON THE CAR!
LEGS SPREAD APART! NOW!

AN UNMARKED POLICE SEDAN

SKIDS up from another direction. ROGER MURTAUGH leaps out with his pistol drawn. Riggs regards Murtaugh with an expression that is hardly welcoming.

RIGGS

You're late! I had to do my lost dog routine and my puke routine!

MURTAUGH

You didn't give me the signal!

RIGGS

I gave you the signal! -- Jingle bell rock!

MURTAUGH

The signal was Jingle bell roll!

Riggs sticks a hand under his shirt with a disgusted expression and YANKS out the WIRE he's been wearing.

THREE COPS

have jumped from the Ford Bronco with service revolvers drawn. They wear jeans and distinctive satin jackets that have "L.A.P.D DRUG ENFORCEMENT" lettered on the back. We'll see these guys again. Their names are: TIM CAVANAUGH, GARY PRICE and TOM WYLER.

They rush toward the flummoxed South Africans . . . but here's something they didn't count on:

THE GULFSTREAM PILOT

appears in the cabin doorway brandishing an UZI SUBMACHINE GUN. A rapid BURST OF FIRE scatters the Drug Cops. They dive behind the Bronco for cover.

MURTAUGH

Oh, shit!

Now things happen fast --

Riggs ROLLS beneath the Gulfstream, behind the landing gear.

Murtaugh DROPS down behind his Sedan, FIRING off several ROUNDS.

Hans grabs a suitcase, RUNS up the boarding steps and disappears into the Gulfstream.

The other South Africans produce weapons from beneath their coats and BLAST their way back into the Mercedes.

The Drug Cops are pinned down by UZI GUNFIRE. Murtaugh tries to nail the Pilot -- but only succeeds in drawing his fire. The Pilot SPRAYS THE UZI in Murtaugh's direction. Murtaugh ducks behind his Sedan as bullets RIP THROUGH the car's HOOD and GRILL.

RIGGS

crouches low under the Gulfstream's fuselage, working his way toward the front. The REVVING ENGINES are HOT and NOISEY.

Now Riggs is directly beneath the boarding staircase. The spent shell casings from the Uzi Submachine gun (CHATTERING directly OVERHEAD) dance on the tarmac all around him.

Riggs grabs hold of the staircase and makes his move . . . fast, and with the agility of a cat, he SWINGS out from beneath the airplane -- pulling himself upward -- face to face with the startled Pilot -- BERRETA OUT -- fire EXPLODING from its muzzel at point blank range.

The Pilot is blasted backwards into the Gulfstream, -- the Uzi SPRAYING BULLETS through the roof of the fuselage as he falls.

INT. COCKPIT OF GULFSTREAM

Hans panics. He doesn't know how to fly a plane, but he wants to get the hell away . . . so he PUSHES FORWARD on the THROTTLE just enough to put the plane INTO MOTION.

OUTSIDE THE GULFSTREAM

Riggs is on the staircase when the plane begins to TAXI FORWARD. The staircase TEARS AWAY from the Gulfstream's fuselage SPILLING Riggs to the ground.

Riggs TUMBLES beneath the wing, where -- flat on his back -- he sees the LANDING GEAR ROLLING TOWARDS HIM!

RIGGS
Oooohhhhhh -- !

He rolls out of harm's way -- the landing gear coming within inches of crushing him. But now Riggs must contend with the SEARING HEAT expelled from the Turbofan Jet Engine as it passes over him.

THE LEADING EDGE OF THE GULFSTREAM'S WING

SHEERS off the roof of the Ford Bronco as it passes by. Meanwhile . . .

THE MERCEDES

SQUEALS away in cloud of exhaust smoke. But in their hurry to escape with their lives, the South Africans have forgotten about the TWO SUITCASES resting on the tarmac. The Mercedes PLOWS into them, sending them flying. One of them OPENS . . . and BUNDLES of U.S. CURRENCY spill out.

RIGGS

gets to his feet. Murtaugh rushes up to him.

The Glufstream is rolling off in one direction, and the Mercedes has driven off in the other.

RIGGS
(pointing at Gulfstream)
That one is mine! You take the Benz!

Riggs doesn't even wait for Murtaugh's reply. He just RUNS OFF after the Gulfstream.

Murtaugh and the Drug Cops jump into the DECAPITATED BRONCO and speed away.

THE MERCEDES LIMO

races across the perimeter of the landing field. The Bronco chasing after it.

RIGGS

chases the moving Gulfstream on foot -- running like a gazelle. He catches up to it -- LEAPS onto the wing from behind and holds on tight. He works his way over the wing toward the OPENING IN THE FUSELAGE where the door used to be.

THE BRONCO

overtakes the Mercedes. Now they're side-by-side. GUNFIRE is exchanged out the windows of the two vehicles.

The Mercedes attempts some wild evasive turns, but the Bronco sticks to it like glue.

RIGGS

is on the wing of the Gulfstream. He tries to SWING INTO THE DCORWAY. His foot SLIPS. He almost falls beneath the moving plane. He holds on tight with both hands . . . but LOOSES HIS BERETTA -- it slips from his belt and BOUNCES on the ground.

Riggs PULLS himself up into the airplane.

INT. COCKPIT OF GULSTREAM

Close quarters. Very cramped. Hans swirls to face Riggs, FIRES his gun. Misses. Riggs YANKS him out of the cockpit. The fight is on.

EXT. RUNWAY AND INFIELD

The Mercedes cuts diagonally across the runway, headed toward the TERMINAL AREA. The Bronco right on its tail.

They reach the AIRPORT APRON. This is where the planes dock and there is considerable GROUND SERVICE traffic in the area. Such as . . .

A BAGGAGE TRAIN that crosses the Mercedes' path. No time to avoid it -- CRASH! -- the Mercedes RAMS it! SPLITS it apart! Travels directly through it. Luggage scattered everywhere.

The Bronco follows -- destroying the luggage even further -- dragging articles of clothing from its bumper.

Suddenly . . .

A BOEING 727 that is being BACKED AWAY from the gate looms up in front of the Mercedes. The Mercedes BRAKES -- SKIDS in a pool of oil -- SLEWS sideways out of control towards a FUEL TRUCK.

Ground Service CREW MEMBERS see it all unfolding and leap for safety.

INT. THE MERCEDES

Peter and Rolf are frozen with fear. But KARL, in the back seat, KICKS OPEN the door and BAILS OUT.

EXT. THE MERCEDES

It SMASHES into the Fuel Truck. EXPLOSION! FIRE BALL!
The Bronco swerves to avoid the inferno.

Karl rolls across the pavement, gets to his feet and
RUNS.

CUT TO:

THE GULFSTREAM

rolling -- with no one in control -- toward an ANCHOR
FENCE at the airport's perimeter.

INSIDE THE GULSTREAM

Riggs and Hans beat the shit out of each other. Hans
knows as much about Martial Arts as Riggs does. Both
men are being brutally punished.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE DEPOT

Karl runs in, shouldering his way past several BAGGAGE
HANDLERS who try to stop him, and HOPS ONTO THE CONVEYOR
BELT that carries the luggage into the terminal. Shoving
suitcases and parcels aside, he runs up the belt.

Moments later MURTAUGH ARRIVES.

MURTAUGH

Police officer! Police officer!

He flashes his badge without ever breaking stride.
And when he sees the conveyor belt, he knows this is
where Karl has gone. He leaps onto the belt as well.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - BAGGAGE CLAIM

Karl SLIDES down the chute onto the BAGGAGE CAROUSEL,
upending himself and several pieces of luggage in the
process. Startled PASSENGERS react to the sight.

Karl heads for the Exit Door. But an AIRPORT SECURITY
VEHICLE PULLING UP TO THE CURB outside causes him to
change direction.

MURTAUGH

SLIDES down the chute onto the Carousel, KICKING pieces
of baggage from his path, vaulting to the floor. Passengers
have already become blase at the sight -- they hardly
even look.

Murtaugh spots Karl running ahead and chases him down
a . . .

TERMINAL CORRIDOR

Fatigue begins to set in for Murtaugh. He runs on rubber
legs; PANTING and PUFFING.

Up ahead are several REVOLVING DOORS. Passengers from
arriving flights are using these doors to enter the
Baggage Claim area.

Karl waits for the doors to clear of people, then slips
in. But guess what? These doors only turn in one direction.
When pushed the wrong way they LOCK and an ALARM SOUNDS.
And that's what happens to Karl.

He's trapped. Stuck inside the revolving door. He
can't believe it.

Murtaugh rushes towards him.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON KARL

Does he throw up his hands and surrender? Not on your
life. He PANICS -- he raises his gun and POINTS IT
AT MURTAUGH.

MURTAUGH

swings up his own gun. At the same moment --

THE THREE DRUG COPS

arrive from the opposite direction. All WEAPONS EXPLODE.
Bystanders SCREAM and duck for cover.

The revolving door is SHATTERED and Karl's bullet riddled
body PIROUTTES through the broken glass.

MURTAUGH AND THE DRUG COPS

exchange an exhausted look as they holster their hand
guns.

CUT TO:

EXT. KNOLL ABOVE PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

At the top of the knoll is the ANCHOR FENCE that surrounds
the Airport. The knoll slopes gently downward do the
BUSY HIGHWAY below.

We watch as --

THE GULFSTREAM TEARS THROUGH THE ANCHOR FENCE and SLIDES DOWN the embankment toward the Highway.

INT. THE GULFSTREAM

Riggs and Hans are THROWN FORWARD as the plane drops -- TUMBLING head over heels down the center aisle.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

The Gulfstream trails a giant CLOUD OF DUST as it rolls across the highway. BRAKES SQUEAL. HORNS HONK. Traffic screeches to a halt. A CHAIN-REACTION of REAR-END COLLISIONS results. CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

The Gulfstream continues across the highway toward a BLUFF that overlooks the BEACH and the OCEAN BELOW. A sheer drop that would mean certain death for Riggs and Hans inside the plane.

INT. THE GULFSTREAM

Riggs glances through the windshield -- sees the bluff approaching. The hell with Hans, he's got to stop the plane. And that's just what he does -- PULLING BACK HARD ON THE BRAKE LEVERS.

But during this . . . HANS LEAPS OUT OF THE PLANE onto the highway below.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY

The Gulfstream SKIDS TO A STOP with its NOSE WHEEL DANGLING over the cliff. PHEWH!

HANS

runs along the highway. Traffic has come to a complete stop for miles. People climb from their cars to gawk at the spectacle. So it isn't very hard for Hans to STEAL one of these cars, make a U-TURN and escape.

EXT. THE GULFSTREAM

Riggs appears in the doorway holding Hans' SUITCASE. A CROWD OF SPECTATORS pushes forward to get a look at him.

The Ford Bronco ROARS up followed by TWO HIGHWAY PATROL CARS. SIRENS are SCREAMING. BUBBLE LIGHTS are FLASHING.

Sensing Murtaugh's authority, the crowd parts, clearing a path for him. Riggs hops down from the Gulfstream.

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Murtaugh marches up to him. Riggs looks pretty beaten up and very pissed off.

MURTAUGH

What happened?!

RIGGS

What happened?? I stopped the plane, that's what happened!

MURTAUGH

Where's your guy?

RIGGS

What about your guys? How many collars did you make?

MURTAUGH

No collars. Three bodies. But at least they didn't get away.

RIGGS

Get off my back. I captured a plane and a suitcase full of money . . . and it's still before lunch.

MURTAUGH

(after a pause)

Speaking of lunch, isn't there a hot dog stand a few miles down the beach from here?

CAMERA PULLS UP and AWAY as Riggs and Murtaugh push their way through the crowd.

Someone's CAR RADIO is PLAYING LOUDLY:

RADIO

. . . a KNXT Newsradio traffic tipster informs us that there's a stalled jet plane tying up traffic on the Pacific Coast Highway in the LAX area. That's right! . . . a stalled jet plane. So if you're headed in that direction, look for an alternate route or expect to be stuck in traffic for most of the day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A PRIVATE ELEVATOR

Hans rides up in the elevator. His arm is in a sling. His face bruised and swollen.

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INT. ELEGANT OFFICE - DAY

The private elevator opens directly into the office, which is tastefully, and expensively, appointed with antiques and oriental rugs.

Hans enters the office, which at first glance seems empty. Then we notice him. Seated not at his desk, but at a small table where he is eating his lunch. His name is ARJEN RUDD

RUDD

Hans. Come in. Sit down over here.

Rudd indicates the chair across the table from him. As Hans comes forward, he realizes that he is WALKING ON A SHEET OF PLASTIC that has been laid over the carpet.

RUDD

Don't mind the plastic. I'm having some painting done.

(beat)

Sit down.

Hans sits. Rudd is enjoying a thick steak for lunch. He slices off a piece and slides it into his mouth. Hans sits nervously, waiting for Rudd to speak.

RUDD

So tell me, Hans -- what went wrong? The police were waiting. We lost a considerable amount of money, not to mention the airplane.

HANS

I don't know, Mr. Rudd. I worked out every detail myself. I left nothing to chance.

RUDD

I see.

(beat)

Just bad luck, huh?

Rudd calmly cuts another piece of steak and pops it into his mouth.

HANS

I think it was inevitable. Taking the money out in small shipments is much too slow and much too dangerous. We should do it all at one time, in one enormous shipment.

Rudd doesn't reply to this suggestion. In fact, he changes the subject completely.

RUDD
How's the arm? You all right?
(smiling)
Live to fight another day?

Hans relaxes. Reassured by Rudd's expression of concern.

HANS
Yes, sir. I'm fine. Thank you.

RUDD
Sometimes things simply do not turn
out as we plan them.
(smiles)
This steak, for example. "Cajun" style.
Look, it's all black. Do you like it
that way, Hans?

HANS
Well, I . . . don't know.

RUDD
Here. I want you to taste this
and tell me what you think.

Rudd slices off a piece of steak for Hans, spears it
with his fork and offers it to him.

As Hans leans forward to take the piece of meat in his
mouth, we HEAR: PHHHITT! And Hans is propelled BACKWARDS
in his chair. A BULLET through his FOREHEAD.

MR. BENEDICT

appears, having entered from the bathroom, holding a
SILENCED PISTOL in his hand. He's a wiry, loose-jointed
weasle with madness in his eyes and a perpetual smirk
playing upon his lips.

He looks down at Hans' body. Blood is pumping from
his head wound onto the plastic sheet.

BENEDICT
You give new meaning to the word
"dropcloth," Mr. Rudd.

Benedict removes the ROLEX WATCH from Hans' wrist before
wrapping up the body in the plastic.

RUDD
Certain policemen in this city have
become an intolerable nuisance.

BENEDICT

I was saying the same thing just the other day. Maybe you heard my speech before the Junior League.

Rudd is familiar with Benedict's peculiar sense of humor. He proceeds without reaction:

RUDD

Is your team assembled?

BENEDICT

Ready and waiting.
(meaning the Rolex:)
Say, can I keep this?

Rudd voices no objections as Benedict slips the watch onto his wrist.

RUDD

Hans was an incompetent piece of shit . . . but he had one good idea in his life, and he just gave it to me: One big shipment. That's exactly what we're going to do. Move it all out at once.

BENEDICT

You're going to need something bigger than a suitcase for that.

RUDD

That can be arranged.
(beat)
Now, about these cops . . . how do we handle them?

BENEDICT

Ready to declare war?

RUDD

Not if we don't have to.

BENEDICT

Then let's fire a warning shot across their bow. Hope they get the message.

Rudd removes a PHOTOGRAPH from a folder.

RUDD

Have a look.

Benedict takes the photo . . . it's a PICTURE OF MURTAUGH.

BENEDICT

Who's this?

RUDD

He's the cop in charge.

Benedict practically licks his lips.

BENEDICT

Oh this is going to be lovely.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM

Murtaugh strides across the room. CAPTAIN MURPHY falls into step with him.

MURPHY

Have you heard the grand total?
Five point six million.

Murtaugh WHISTLES; impressed at the amount.

CAMERA PANS to FIND RIGGS. Seated in a chair, struggling to free himself from a STRAIGHT JACKET while the Drug Cops (Wylers, Price and Cavanaugh) look on.

WYLER

Give it up, Riggs.

Murtaugh and Captain Murphy arrive.

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PRICE
One minute, fifteen seconds.

MURPHY
What's going on?

CAVANAUGH
Houdini here's bet us he can free
himself inside of five minutes.

Murtaugh reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll
of bills.

MURTAUGH
I'll cover that bet. How much?

WYLER
Save your money, Sarge. One minute,
Riggs.

Riggs is building up to something. Straining against
the jacket, his face flushes and the veins in his neck
pop out . . .

RIGGS
Don't try this at home, boys and
girls . . .

That's when WE HEAR a LOUD POP! and Riggs winces in
pain. Murtaugh knows exactly what Riggs is up to.

MURTAUGH
(smiling)
It's all over now.

The Drug Cops are startled to see Riggs suddenly wiggling
free of the jacket. Here's one hand -- and there's
another. He unhooks the jacket and slips it off.

The Drug Cops are astounded. They also moan and groan
over having lost the bet.

PRICE
How'd you do that?

RIGGS
Dislocated my shoulder once . . .
I can make it pop out if I want to.

WYLER
Doesn't that hurt?

Riggs has now gotten to his feet.

RIGGS

Oh, yeah. But not as much as when I pop it back in

Which he does -- by SLAMMING his shoulder against the wall, then clenching his jaw against the pain.

MURTAUGH

Why do you do this to yourself?

RIGGS

I can't resist a challenge. Besides --

(as he scoops up his winnings)

-- I need the money.

Murtaugh goes to the coat rack and grabs his sports coat. Riggs follows him over.

RIGGS

Let's you and me try out the new special down at the Chili Palace.

MURTAUGH

(slipping on his jacket)

Can't tonight.

(beat)

What is it?

RIGGS

Chili pizza.

Murtaugh makes a disgusted face at the very sound of it.

MURTAUGH

(softly)

Rianne's commercial is on tonight.

RIGGS

Rianne's in a commercial?!

MURTAUGH

Hey. Not so loud.

RIGGS

What's the matter -- aren't you proud of her?

MURTAUGH

Don't know. Haven't seen it yet.

(hushed)

What if she stinks?

RIGGS

You kidding? She's gonna by dynamite.
(turns to address the
entire Squad Room)
Hey! Listen up. Tonight . . .
(to Murtaugh)
What time?

MURTAUGH

C'mon, man.

RIGGS

What time?!

MURTAUGH

(reluctantly)
Eight-fifteen.

RIGGS

What channel?

MURTAUGH

(still reluctantly)
Five.

Riggs turns back to face the Squad Room again.

RIGGS

Tonight. Channel five at eight-fifteen.
The commercial debut of Rianne
Murtaugh. The Sarge's beautiful
daughter. Don't miss it.

Riggs smiles at Murtaugh, but Murtaugh just gives him
a sour look in return.

MURTAUGH

She better not stink.

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Murtaugh's SEDAN pulls into the driveway next to his
fishing boat on its trailer. Riggs glides up to the
curb in his PICKUP TRUCK. Both men climb out.

MURTAUGH

Follow me. Wanna show you something.

Murtaugh leads Riggs around to the back of the house.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE

A ROOM ADDITION is being added to the Murtaugh house.
The framing is up. Some drywall. The windows are in.
Murtaugh and Riggs enter the room by walking between
two of the framing studs.

INT. THE ROOM ADDITION

A long-haired, 30 year old CARPENTER is down on his knees using a PNEUMATIC NAIL GUN to install the plywood sub-flooring. Each application of the gun generates a loud THAWOMP! sound.

MURTAUGH
Working late tonight.

The Carpenter looks up, didn't even know Riggs and Murtaugh were standing there.

CARPENTER
Yeah. Wanted to get this sub-flooring down today.

THAWOMP! THAWOMP! THAWOMP!

MURTAUGH
Doesn't anybody use hammers anymore?

CARPENTER
What's a hammer?

MURTAUGH
(shaking his head)
That's what I thought.

RIGGS
Whaddaya building here, Rog?

MURTAUGH
Hobby room.

Riggs nods. Silence. Then --

MURTAUGH
I can retire when I'm fifty-two, you know. Get almost full benefits until I'm fifty-five when the whole free ride kicks in.

RIGGS
Fifty-two, huh?

MURTAUGH
Only a couple months away.

RIGGS
You wanna retire?

MURTAUGH
Been thinking about it . . .
(pause)
. . . ever since I met you.

RIGGS

Thanks.

MURTAUGH

Anyway, now that I got me a hobby room, all I gotta do is --

RIGGS

-- find a hobby.

They laugh together while entering the house through a hole in the wall.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

THUNDERING FEET bounding down the stairs: Twelve year-old NICK MURTAUGH and his eight year-old sister, CARRIE.

They run into the living room where Murtaugh, Riggs, TRISH MURTAUGH (Roger's wife) and 19 year-old RIANNE have already gathered to watch the TV. (Rianne, by the way, is a total knock out.)

CARRIE

Almost time! Are we taping this?

TRISH

Yes, honey. We can watch it over and over again.

NICK

Let's watch wrestling instead!

RIANNE

Nick! Don't ruin this for me!

TRISH

Nick! This is important to your sister.

Nick makes a face. Murtaugh, meanwhile, is adjusting the TV picture.

MURTAUGH

Color's not good.

RIANNE

Daddy! . . .

TRISH

Color's fine, honey. Sit down.

MURTAUGH

Want my baby to look good.

NICK

Try unplugging it.

Even Riggs has to stifle a grin at this.

RIANNE

Nick!

Murtaugh steps away from the set with an appraising look.

RIGGS

Perfect picture, Rog.

MURTAUGH

(unconvinced)

Think so? . . .

Murtaugh is about to sit on the sofa when he notices GEORGE for the first time. George is Rianne's boy friend.

MURTAUGH

Who's this?!

RIANNE

That's George, Daddy.

GEORGE

Hi . . . sir.

MURTAUGH

George . . . do I know you?

GEORGE

Yes, sir. Don't you remember?
Last week when I picked up Rianne.
We had a long talk.

Murtaugh clearly has no recollection of this whatsoever.

MURTAUGH

We did? About what?

GEORGE

Your new hobby room, sir.

MURTAUGH

Did we get along, George? I mean,
did you get the sense that I liked
you?

GEORGE

Yes, sir. I did. Very much so.

MURTAUGH

Okay. You can stay. But move down.

George moves over on the sofa making room for Murtaugh. Everyone's attention is glued to the TV.

RIANNE
It's coming on! It's coming on!
I'm so nervous --

Then, she sees herself on TV . . . and SCREAMS!

RIANNE
-- here it is!!

THIS IS RIANNE'S COMMERCIAL:

She smiles into the camera. A big, beautiful smile.
Is this a toothpaste commercial? Then she turns and
runs away from camera. We realize she's on a beach
. . . and she's wearing the SMALLEST BIKINI EVER MADE.

She runs into the arms of a MALE MODEL who is also wearing
a bathing suit.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now, more than ever, love needs all
the protection it can get.

Rianne and the Male Model kiss as a PACKET OF CONDOMS
is supered over them.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Isn't it better . . . when you know it's
safe?

Then, Rianne and the Male Model turn toward the camera
and intone:

RIANNE &
MALE MODEL
We think so!

And that's the end of it. Trish hits the mute button
on the remote. The room falls silent. Murtaugh is
glaring threatenly at Riggs, who squirms in his seat.

Finally, Rianne breaks the silence.

RIANNE
I looked fat.

TRISH
No, you didn't, honey.

GEORGE
I liked it!

MURTAUGH
George . . .

GEORGE

Yes, sir?

MURTAUGH

Go home.

GEORGE

But --

MURTAUGH

-- George, I have a gun.

George leaps up from the sofa and heads for the door. Rianne goes after him.

MURTAUGH

Trish. Take the kids upstairs.

Trish knows that tone of voice. She shoos Nick and Carrie up the stairs. Murtaugh begins to advance on Riggs. Riggs gets to his feet.

RIGGS

Now wait a minute, Roger. She was great. She looked great. What's the matter with you?!

MURTAUGH

Twelve months in acting school!
Four thousand bucks tuition!
For what?! So my kid can run across the beach half naked selling rubbers to teenagers!

RIGGS

She was very good, Roger.

MURTAUGH

Now wait and see -- cops never let up. I'm gonna get rubbers on my desk. Rubbers in the mail. Rubbers in my coffee cup . . . because you told everybody to watch!

Trish now comes between them.

TRISH

Have you two had any dinner?
Let me fix you something to eat.

MURTAUGH

I'm goin' for a walk, but he wants a Chili pizza!

Murtaugh stalks out of the house.

RIGGS
(to Trish)
Sandwich would be fine.

INT. THE KITCHEN

Riggs leans against the kitchen counter, standing up, eating a sandwich as Trish unloads the dishwasher. Riggs watches her as if mesmerized by this simple domestic chore. Perhaps she feels his gaze, because she turns to look at him.

TRISH
You're welcome to sit at the table.

RIGGS
I like to eat standing up.
(hands her his
empty plate)
Thanks.

Trish takes the plate -- looks into Riggs' eyes -- sees his troubled look.

TRISH
(very sympathetically)
Something wrong?

Riggs doesn't answer right away.

RIGGS
Four years ago this week . . . that's when Vicki died . . . can't get it out of my mind.

TRISH
Is it something you want to talk about?

Riggs lights up a cigarette, shakes out the match, takes a pull on it, expells the smoke. Trish takes this as a "no."

TRISH
You don't have to.

But Riggs wants to. He goes right into it.

RIGGS

The phone was ringing when I walked in the door. Must've been ten or eleven at night. I answered the phone and got the news. She was dead. Killed in a car crash. And then I remember going down on my knees, shaking all over and thinking, "Here I go. I'm losing it." So now I'm lying on the floor of the living room . . . seeing under the couch . . . and there's my Cross pen I was looking all over for. And then I heard a voice . . . like a drill instructor . . . saying, "Get up -- now!" But I stay down. And the voice keeps telling me to get up. And then I did something weird. I decided to stop crying, just to see if I could. And I could. And then . . . I stretched my mouth into a smile. I was hurting, but my muscles still worked . . . and I stood up. After that, I drove to the morgue. Identified the body. And signed the papers with my Cross pen.

Trish is moved by the story. But Riggs himself is unfazed . . . almost detached from it.

RIGGS

I can talk about it. It doesn't hurt to talk about it.

TRISH

Then what does? Because you sure as hell have some other demon inside of you .

RIGGS

(after a moment; his expression now filled with emotion)

I was cheating on her, Trish. The night she died . . . I was with somebody else.

Trish doesn't know what to say . . . but now she becomes aware of Murtaugh standing in the kitchen doorway. Riggs turns and sees him, too.

MURTAUGH

You never told me that.

RIGGS

I know.

MURTAUGH

That's what made you crawl into the bottle.

Riggs nods his head.

MURTAUGH

Man should be faithful to his wife. Some men just can't. That's you. But you didn't cause the accident, Martin. What you did didn't make it happen.

Riggs put his hand on Murtaugh's shoulder.

RIGGS

You're right, Cochise.
(beat)
It just makes it harder to live with.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Riggs emerges from the house to find Rianne and George leaning against his car, ⁰⁵⁸stalking.

RIGGS

You were great, Rianne.

Rianne positively lights up.

RIANNE

You mean it, Martin?

RIGGS

I think you've got a big future ahead of you.

She's practically swooning. George is becoming a little jealous. Riggs sees it, and tries to include him.

RIGGS

Don't you agree, George?

George opens his mouth to speak, but doesn't get a word out.

RIANNE

George is going home. He's afraid of daddy.

RIGGS

George, let's have a talk.

Riggs puts his arm around George's shoulder and takes him aside in a fatherly manner.

RIGGS
Stick around. It's a big night for Rianne. Don't let her down.

GEORGE
But, sir . . . Mr. Murtaugh has a gun.

RIGGS
That's true, George.
(beat)
But on the other hand, he isn't a very good shot.

With those comforting words, and an encouraging slap on the back, Riggs takes his leave of George and Rianne.

EXT. BEACH - RIGGS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Riggs enters his trailer.

INT. THE TRAILER

Well, this place hasn't been cleaned up since the last time we saw it.

- 02006

Riggs heads straight for the fridge, where he removes a bottle of beer, angles the neck against the table edge and KNOCKS off the cap with the palm of his hand.

He picks up the Remote Control, turns on the TV and settles back on the sofa to watch.

Riggs' dog, SAM, enters the trailer through a DOGGIE DOOR IN THE FLOOR and jumps onto the sofa next to Riggs.

RIGGS
(to Sam)
I know we usually watch the Three Stooges at this time, but tonight there's a documentary on Public TV about the Coral Divers of the Great Barrier Reef. How's that sound to you?
(pause)
You're right. Screw the divers. Go with the Stooges.

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet in the house and the neighborhood.

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVING . . . PROWLING through the house . . .
UP THE STAIRS . . . into

THE BEDROOM

where Murtaugh and Trish are asleep. Murtaugh turns
over restlessly. Something's bothering him. What is
it?

An open window, cold breeze and BANGING WINDOW SHADE.

Half asleep, Murtaugh gets up to close the window.
The window shade slips from his fingers -- SNAPS up
-- CLATTERS LOUDLY. Moonlight streams in, filling
the room . . .

And that's when Murtaugh sees the most frightening thing
he's ever seen in his entire life -- everybody's most
primitive nightmare:

FIVE HOODED FIGURES STANDING BY THE BED!

Even a cop isn't ready for this.

MURTAUGH
Oh, Jesus Christ . . .

That's all he gets to say before he's grabbed and violently
shoved face-down upon the bed.

Trish awakens -- starts to scream -- a gloved hand SMASHES
over her mouth. Murtaugh struggles -- face pressed
into a pillow -- unable to breathe.

A PAIR OF SISSORS are held up! Trish's eyes go wide.
What are these creeps going to do, anyway?!

And then . . .

A ROLL OF SILVER DUCT TAPE is produced. A three foot
length of tape is RIPPED off the roll and cut with the
sissors.

Another section is RIPPED off and cut. Two more quickly
after that -- RIP, RIP. Never has the sound conveyed
such a sinister or terrifying quality.

The Hooded Figures work with incredible speed and skill.

In QUICK CUTS WE SEE:

Trish's eyes TAPED CLOSED . . . mouth TAPED SHUT . . .
wrists WRAPPED and secured to the headboard . . . ankles
WRAPPED and secured to the footboard.

2

And Murtaugh . . . Arms pulled behind his back -- wrists WRAPPED with tape. Ankles WRAPPED with tape.

More tape is needed -- RIP, RIP, RIP.

Murtaugh flipped over, face up, gasping for air. Eyes TAPED COSED . . . mouth TAPED SHUT.

HOODED FIGURE

(to Murtaugh)

Wondering about your kids, Murtaugh?!

Wondering what we did to them?!

Man, I'd be going fucking nuts right

now if I were you. I'd be going

completely bananas! Wanna know?

Should I tell you?

(beat)

Let your imagination run wild!

(We recognize the Hooded Figure's voice; it's Benedict.)

Trish SOBS, body convulsing. ⁰⁰ Murtaugh struggles. GRUNTING. GROANING. Going crazy. ₀₂

¹ BENEDICT

This has been a warning, Murtaugh.

After this, things get bloody.

Back off. Don't be a fool. Be smart.

Stay alive.

With that, the Hooded Figures depart. It takes Murtaugh a moment to even realize they're gone.

Rianne and Nick appear at the doorway.

RIANNE

Mom! Dad!

NICK

Oh, shit!

They run to the bed and gently pull the tape from their parent's eyes and mouths.

TRISE

Oh, babies! You okay!?

MURTAUGH

Where's Carrie!?

Then Carrie runs in crying. She climbs onto the bed. Murtaugh TEARS FREE one hand and tries to hug and comfort them all .

INT. CAPTAIN MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Riggs, Murtaugh, Captain Murphy and Officers Wyler, Price and Cavanaugh are present.

Riggs is in constant motion. Getting up; sitting down; looking out the window. All the time smoking like a fiend -- despite the sign displayed prominently on Murphy's desk that says, THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING. A cloud of smoke hangs over Riggs' head like his own private inversion layer.

MURTAUGH

I didn't see anybody's face. They all had on hoods. The one guy who spoke sounded like a psycho, that's for sure.

MURPHY

The first thing you better do is move your family out of the house.

MURTAUGH

Already done. This morning. They're staying with Trish's sister in Bellflower. I even told the carpenter to take the week off.

MURPHY

Good.

WYLER

The problem with this drug scum is they don't play by the rules.

RIGGS

We can play as dirty as they can.

CAVANAUGH

Well, you can, Riggs. You'll have to give the rest of us some pointers.

Wyler and Price laugh at the joke. But not Riggs. He takes this very seriously.

RIGGS

Be happy to.

There's a tone of gravity in his voice that chills the air.

MURTAUGH

(to all)

We got more arrests between the six of us than the rest of the department combined. If the drug dealers are gonna make war on cops, they're gonna start with us.

(beat)

How do you all feel about that?

CAVANAUGH

Fuck 'em.

PRICE

Goes for me.

WYLER

I played quaterback in college. I got practice being a target.

MURTAUGH

Okay. That's what I needed to hear.

(beat)

Riggs?

00
02

Riggs give Murtaugh a look that says, "You mean you really have to ask?"

MURTAUGH

Then it's business as usual.

RIGGS

What about you, Roger? We're all bachelors. You got a family.

Murtaugh flashes him a look.

MURTAUGH

Meaning what?

RIGGS

That maybe you should sit this one out.

We think Murtaugh's going to bite Riggs' head off at the suggestion . . . but then he surprises us with a very wide smile.

MURTAUGH

Shit, Riggs . . . you just wanna drive.

RIGGS

Huh? . . .

MURTAUGH

That's right. You just wanna sit behind the wheel . . . which you know you will never do as long as we're partners because I have seniority, meaning I get to choose who drives, and I always choose me.

RIGGS

Well, now that you mention it --

MURTAUGH

-- see! I knew it.

RIGGS

You brought it up. And you're not not even a safe driver!

MURTAUGH

-- not safe?! --

RIGGS

-- hot dog in one hand, large Coke between your thighs --

MURTAUGH

-- while you stick your head out the window like a sheep dog --

Captain Murphy gets to his feet.

MURPHY

Okay! Settle this on your own time.

Riggs and Murtaugh glare at each other. The others begin to file out. Riggs and Murtaugh are about to exit as well.

MURPHY

Wait a minute, you two.

Riggs and Murtaugh stop in the doorway.

MURPHY

I got something special for you boys. Guy by the name of --

(checks the file in front of him)

-- Getz. Leo Getz. Has being placed in protective custody. You two are gonna babysit this guy until the Federal Marshals show up from Washington.

Riggs and Murtaugh don't like this one bit.

MURTAUGH
(pointing at
Riggs)
You agree with him, don't you!?
You want me sidelined!

MURPHY
I never agree with Riggs.

RIGGS
(to Murphy)
How long?

MURPHY
Soon as all the red tape is processed.
Couple, three days.
(beat)
Look . . . this guy's gonna testify
before a Commission of Inquiry.
This is not a shit assignment.

RIGGS
Yes it is.

MURPHY
No, it's not! I've guaranteed this
guy's safety. You two are the most
qualified men for the job.

MURTAUGH
What a load of bull!

RIGGS
What are we supposed to do with him?

MURPHY
How the hell should I know! Take him
to Disneyland.

Murtaugh fumes. Riggs angrily lights up his third cigarette,
fills the air with smoke.

MURPHY
If I ran this department by the book,
you guys would be relieved of duty
for seven days after what happened out
at the airport. Plus . . . three hours
each of consultation with the Department
Shrink. But I know you guys wouldn't
take a suspension, and the shrink
refuses to see you, Riggs, so consider
yourselves lucky.

RIGGS
Still stinks.

MURPHY

I don't give a fuck.
(beat)

That's why I don't have an ulcer . . .
because I know when to say, "I don't
give a fuck."

Murphy rips a piece of paper from a pad and hands it
to Murtaugh.

MURPHY

This is where he's staying.

Murtaugh glances at the address.

MURPHY

Nice hotel. All expenses are being
picked up by the Justice Department,
so enjoy yourselves.

Murtaugh and Riggs head for the door.

MURPHY

Oh, Riggs . . . ~~one~~ more thing.

Murphy picks up the sign on his desk, the one that says
THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING.

MURPHY

(continuing)

Do you know what this says?

Riggs looks at it, takes a hit from his cigarette and
smiles.

RIGGS

Yeah . . . but I don't give a fuck.

And the two partners are out the door.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

Riggs is sitting in the passenger seat with a bemused
expression on his face. CAMERA PANS along his line
of sight to --

MURTAUGH

behind the wheel. Hot dog in one hand, large Coke between
his thighs. Murtaugh feels Riggs' gaze, but doesn't
look over.

MURTAUGH

Screw you.

RIGGS

Don't you even wonder what it would be like to eat a hot dog with two hands?

MURTAUGH

Nope.

Riggs can only shake his head in defeat.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - POOL AREA - DAY

Riggs and Murtaugh stride across the crowded pool deck. As usual, everyone is sunning themselves and virtually nobody is in the water.

Riggs smokes and grins and enjoys the flirtatious glances of several gorgeous women. He even pauses to help one STUNNING BLONDE apply some suntan oil to her back.

BLONDE

Thanks.

RIGGS

(gallantly)

To serve and protect.

BLONDE

Coming back?

RIGGS

Count on it.

Murtaugh smiles tolerantly at his partner's behavior, and the two men continue on.

MURTAUGH

Glad to see you're coming out of your shell a little.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN

Swirling with activity. Our attention is directed toward a ROOM SERVICE WAITER. As he wheels the cart away, CAMERA FOLLOWS him down a corridor and into a --

SERVICE ELEVATOR

The Waiter lifts the the silver dome from a dish and places an AUTOMATIC PISTOL onto a plate of ham & eggs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Riggs and Murtaugh arrive at the door they're looking for.

MURTAUGH

This is it. Room 612.

Riggs KNOCKS. A VOICE is HEARD from within.

VOICE

Who's there?

RIGGS

Police.

VOICE

How do I know you're really the police?

RIGGS

After I shoot you through the door you can examine the bullet. Now open up!

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM²

LEO GETZ immediately opens the door allowing Riggs and Murtaugh to enter. It's a large suite -- two bedrooms and a living room.

LEO

(with a chuckle)

I get it. Good cop, bad cop.

MURTAUGH

Shutup.

LEO

Oh. Bad cop, bad cop.

Leo Getz is an affable little guy in his mid-thirties, with a ready smile, slicked back hair and an expensive (though conservative) wardrobe.

Riggs and Murtaugh walk right past him -- scoping out the room -- glancing out the window -- into the bedrooms and bathroom.

MURTAUGH

You Leo Getz?

LEO

Leo Getz. That's my name.

(beat)

Whatever you need . . . Leo gets.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange a look, but don't laugh.

MURTAUGH
I'm Sgt. Murtaugh. This is Sgt. Riggs.

LEO
Great. Nice to meet ya. What should I call you guys?

RIGGS
Sgt. Murtaugh and Sgt. Riggs.

MURTAUGH
We're gonna be your shadow for a few days, Leo.

LEO
Wow. Okay. Fine with me. Two big, strong shadows --

RIGGS
(pointing)
-- this bedroom over here. That's gonna be ours.

LEO
My stuff's already in --
(as Riggs fixes him with a withering look)
-- it's yours. My stuff is gone. I'm in the small bedroom.

MURTAUGH
(to Leo)
Let's get something straight right away. Okay?

LEO
Sure. What?

MURTAUGH
We don't like you.

LEO
You don't? Why not?

RIGGS
Because we have to sit in this hotel and watch you all day and all night. Does that sound like fun to you, Leo?

LEO
Not much. No.

RIGGS

See what I mean?

Now, another KNOCK at the door. Riggs and Murtaugh react.

LEO

Can I get that?

RIGGS &
MURTAUGH

No!

LEO

Just room service.

Murtaugh heads for the door.

LEO

By the way, you guys hungry? I could call down for more. It's free.

MURTAUGH

No it's not, Leo. ⁰⁰⁰It's paid for with taxpayer dollars.

LEO

Same thing. ^{1 02}

Murtaugh looks through the peephole to be certain it's Room Service, then opens the door. The Waiter rolls in the cart and parks it in front of the window. He reacts to the sight of Murtaugh and Riggs, but nobody notices except us.

Riggs lifts the silver dome. We expect him to find Ham & Eggs & A Gun . . . but he doesn't. There is an order of Hamburger and Fries instead.

RIGGS

Come get your hamburger, Leo.

Now the Waiter reaches down into the LOWER COMPARTMENT, where he has moved the plate containing the gun.

LEO

Hey, I didn't order a hamburger. I ordered eggs.

This causes Riggs to turn back in the Waiter's direction -- just in time to see THE GUN COMING UP FROM BEHIND THE SERVING CART.

RIGGS

GUN!

Riggs and Leo throw themselves at the Waiter. They BUMP HEADS LOUDLY in the process, but Riggs is able to grab the Waiter's hand, and the gun DISCHARGES into the ceiling.

Murtaugh draws his gun, but can't get a clear shot because Riggs and Leo are struggling with the Waiter. Leo is only getting in the way . . . and now he throws everybody OFF BALANCE.

Riggs, Leo, the Waiter and the Serving Cart CRASH through the sixth story window -- pulling the DRAPES with them.

EXT. HOTEL POOL

Hearing the SHATTERING of GLASS from above, the Blonde who Riggs talked to earlier looks up to see THREE MEN and a Serving Cart falling from the sky trailing a window curtain like a unopened parachute.

SPLASH! Right into the pool's deep end.

UNDERWATER

Tangled in the window curtain and lost within a malestrom of bubbles, Riggs, Leo and the Waiter struggle in a violent underwater battle.

BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM

Murtaugh looks out the broken window to the pool below. Then he races out the door.

EXT. THE POOL

The Waiter EXPLODES OUT OF THE WATER and starts to climb from the pool. But Riggs GRABS him by the belt and tries to pull him back. He'd have more luck if Leo wasn't CLINGING to Riggs' neck.

RIGGS

Let go!

All three FALL BACK UNDER THE WATER. Sunbathers look on with horrified expressions; frozen in place; incapable of lending assistance.

Then Riggs POPS UP again. He's got a grip on the Waiter, who now has the window curtain WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD.

Riggs PUNCHES him HARD in the face several times until a BLOOD STAIN appears on the curtain. Riggs feels the Waiter go limp in his arms. He unwraps the curtain and discovers that HE'S BEEN BEATING UP LEO!

Leo's nose is bleeding and he wears a dazed expression.

RIGGS

Shit!

Turning, he sees the Waiter escaping on the opposite side of the pool. Riggs drops Leo, who immediately begins to sink . . . and Riggs GOES BACK to save him.

MURTAUGH

runs from the building toward the pool with his gun drawn. People see it and SCREAM. Some scatter. Others just get in his way.

MURTAUGH

Freeze! Police! Hold it right there!

THE WAITER

sees Murtaugh coming and runs like hell.

FULL SHOT - THE POOL AREA

Murtaugh aims his gun.

1-02-006

MURTAUGH

Everybody down!

Some people get down -- others don't. They just YELL and run. Bumping into each other, obstructing Murtaugh's line of fire, forcing him to lower his gun.

And the Waiter escapes.

Riggs swims to the edge of the pool, dragging Leo. Murtaugh gives them a hand out. Leo looks bewildered, and he's swallowed a lot of water, and his nose is bleeding all over the place.

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs, meaning Leo's bloody nose)

Did you do that?!

RIGGS

I think so . . .

MURTAUGH

Good!

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DRIVING

Leo in back with his luggage, his nose stuffed with cotton. Murtaugh driving. Riggs in the passenger seat, smoking up a storm and soaking wet.

MURTAUGH
Somebody's trying to kill you, Leo.

RIGGS
(between puffs)
What the hell'd you do?
Witness a murder or something?

LEO
Oh, heavens no. Nothing like that.

MURTAUGH
Then what?

LEO
(matter-of-factly)
For the last five years I've been
laundering money for the biggest
narcotics trafficking ring on the
West Coast.

Riggs almost swallows his cigarette. Starts to COUGH.
Murtaugh POUNDS him on the back

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF ARJEM RUDD - DAY

Benedict stands by the window, looking out. He lights
up a THIN CIGAR.

Rudd is at his desk, with the telephone to his ear.
He hangs up without ever saying a word.

RUDD
(to Benedict)
Missed. He got away.

Benedict winces at the news. But when he turns to face
Rudd, he's smirking as usual -- and looking down at
the floor, as if checking the carpet around his feet.

RUDD
What are you doing?

BENEDICT
Just checking to see if I'm standing
on plastic.

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - DAY

Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo sit at the kitchen table. Riggs
is wearing one of Murtaugh's bath robes.

LEO

It took me ten years to work my way up from teller to assistant manager. But I was bored -- know what I mean? Where was all the adventure and excitement they promised us at Business School? So I start preparing tax returns on the side, you know, to pick up the slack. And that's all going fine except . . . still way too tame.

The BUZZER on the clothes dryer sounds. Leo gets up. Empties the dryer. Brings Riggs his clothes.

RIGGS

Thanks.

Riggs takes off his robe and begins to get dressed.

LEO

Anyway, I'm doing tax returns now for some pretty strange people. They're giving out signals. I'm giving out signals . . .

MURTAUGH

What kind of signals?

LEO

Action! Action! Action!

MURTAUGH

Right . . .

Riggs is buttoning up the front of his shirt.

LEO

How's that shirt feel? Nice? I used one of those frabic softening strips. They really work, don't they?

RIGGS

(smiling)

It's great, Leo.

LEO

And I'll tell you something else. Even if the label says Dry Clean Only, you can hand wash it in cold water and save yourself a fortune.

(slaps his forehead)

Wow! It just hit me! What a weird thing. I'm good at laundry . . . and I also launder mcney.

RIGGS

How'd you do it?

LEO

Okay. They bring the cash into the bank and deposit it into the account of a dummy Finance Company licensed out of the Bahamas.

(beat)

Sometimes this takes all day, because we can't do it all in one deposit.

MURTAUGH

Why not?

LEO

The Bank Secrecy Act.

(beat)

All cash deposits or withdrawals of ten thousand dollars or more generate a CTR . . . "Currency Transaction Record" . . . which goes to the IRS.

MURTAUGH

That's good.

LEO

No. That's bad. ⁰⁰⁶ Made my job a lot harder.

RIGGS

That's what's good about it, Leo.

LEO

Anyway . . . after all the deposits have been made, I turn around and issue them a cashier's check for the amount of the total deposits minus a commission.

(beat)

Cashiers checks are wonderful instruments. As good as cash, but they don't generate a report to the IRS.

MURTAUGH

So now the money is washed, right?

LEO

Yeah. But there's more . . .

(beat)

The Cashiers Check is treated as a loan. The "Lender" is the dummy Finance Company. There's loan documents to support it. They can even take a tax deduction on the interest payments they're not making.

MURTAUGH

Leo . . . you're a crook.

LEO

It gets even better. Ready for this?

(beat)

I been scamming these guys for months now, the Drug Lords. I been holding back on them.

MURTAUGH

What?!

LEO

Yeah. It was easy. All those cash transactions. Millions of dollars changing hands. Who's gonna miss ten thousand here, or twenty thousand there? 1

RIGGS

The bad guys.

LEO

Good answer. And that's why I'm in such deep shit right now. I've been living out of a suitcase for weeks. Moving from hotel to hotel.

RIGGS

How much did you get away with, Leo?

LEO

None of your business. Besides, I took it from drug dealers. Is that really a crime?!

MURTAUGH

I don't believe this guy.

RIGGS

(to Leo)

Who were the dealers you were working for?

LEO

I can't tell you everything. I gotta save some of this stuff for the Commission of Inquiry.

(proudly)

I'm suppose to be the "star witness."

RIGGS

I saved your life today, Leo. Doesn't that stand for anything?

Murtaugh rolls his eyes at Riggs' transparent tactics.

LEO

Well . . . I really shouldn't be telling you this . . .

Riggs is hanging onto every word.

RIGGS

Yeah, yeah . . .

LEO

. . . the same guys you busted at the airport.

RIGGS

The South Africans

LEO

That's why they had all that cash on them. They're not washing it locally anymore.

MURTAUGH

Thanks to you.

LEO

One man can make a difference.

Leo reaches forward with CUPPED HANDS to catch the ash falling from Riggs' cigarette. Then he deposits it into the sink.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

I think we struck oil here, Roger!

(to Leo)

Tell us about their operation.

LEO

I only delt with one guy. Named "Hans." Never used last names.

MURTAUGH
He'd bring the cash to you?

LEO
Always. Right to the bank. That's
the only place I ever saw him . . .
(beat)
Oh. Except once. At a party in
Bel Air.

RIGGS
Where in Bel Air?

LEO
Somebody's house. In the canyon.

MURTAUGH
Which canyon?

LEO
Above Sunset.

RIGGS
All they canyons are above Sunset, Leo.
Give us the name.

Leo thinks about this for a moment.

LEO
Nah. Can't come up with it.

Riggs looks disappointed.

LEO
(continuing)
But I could take you there.

Riggs brightens. He slides on his shoulder holster.

MURTAUGH
(to Riggs)
Hold on. We're just supposed to
sit on this guy.

RIGGS
Don't be a killjoy, Rog. C'mon.
We're back. We're bad. You're
black. I'm mad. This is gonna be great!

Murtaugh gets up from the table with a very dubious
expression on his face.

EXT. NARROW CANYON ROAD - DAY

It's so lush and overgrown with bushes and trees that it's hard to believe we're only ten minutes away from Beverly Hills.

A TOW TRUCK blocks most of the narrow road while the OPERATOR connects the towing bar to the undercarriage of a stalled HONDA.

Murtaugh's Police Sedan can be seen approaching.

INT. POLICE SEDAN

Leo leans forward from the back seat, points out the window.

LEO
This is it. Right here. This is the place.

MURTAUGH
You sure this time?

LEO
Yeah, yeah. I remember the fountain.

The house itself cannot be seen from the road -- hedges and trees block the view. But there is a marble fountain visible, and this is what Leo recognizes.

Murtaugh pulls up BEHIND the Tow Truck. Riggs jumps out. Leo tries to follow him.

RIGGS
(to Leo)
Stay here.

EXT. THE ROAD

The Tow Truck is blocking the driveway. Riggs and Murtaugh walk around it.

MURTAUGH
(to Tow Truck Operator)
Anybody home here?

OPERATOR
How the hell should I know?

RIGGS
(to Murtaugh; under his breath)
Helpful citizen.

The Partners walk up the driveway where a MERCEDES 450SL is parked.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF HOUSE

The house comes into view. An ultra-modern glass palace.

MURTAUGH

Keep your shooter under wraps.
Don't wanna give some innocent taxpayer a coronary.

RIGGS

Nobody who lives in a house like this can be completely innocent.

They carefully circle the house until a COMMANDING VIEW OF LOS ANGELES -- from the Wilshire District to Marina Del Rey -- presents itself.

A REVERSE ANGLE

reveals the house to be PROPPED UP ON STILTS. Most of the house and the entire back deck precariously overhang the canyon.

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RIGGS AND MURTAUGH

walk across the deck.

RIGGS
Nice view, huh?

They pass a large SLIDING GLASS DOOR. They see a MAN inside the house lifting weights.

MURTAUGH
What've we got here?

RIGGS
The body beautiful.

INT. THE HOUSE

The man is tall, well built and blonde -- like the Hitmen from the opening scene. He lifts a HEAVY BARBELL over his head as he faces a MIRRORED WALL.

His back is to the sliding glass door, but he can see Riggs and Murtaugh in the mirror.

Suddenly, he SPINS . . . and HURLS THE BARBELL THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW. 02

EXT. THE DECK 1

The window EXPLODES. The barbell sails through the air, SLAMMING into Riggs and Murtaugh. Knocking them backwards.

Riggs' gun is drawn even before he crashes down onto the deck. And it's a good thing, because the weightlifting Hitman has grabbed up an UZI.

Riggs gets off several rapid SHOTS. The Hitman's UZI SPRAYS WILDLY. Potted plants on the deck rail explode and shatter into small bits.

Murtaugh and Riggs PUMP LEAD right back at him, until the Hitman FLEES out the back door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The Hitman runs from the house. He's about to leap into the 450SL parked there when he realizes that the Tow Truck is BLOCKING the driveway.

His only choice? Absolutely. He runs down the driveway and JUMPS INTO THE TOW TRUCK. The Tow Truck Operator has just finished hooking up the disabled Honda when he hears his Truck's MOTOR ROAR TO LIFE.

OPERATOR

Hey!

Riggs and Murtaugh arrive just as the Truck SQUEALS AWAY . . . pulling the Honda behind it. Riggs LEAPS onto the back of the Tow Truck.

MURTAUGH
(yelling to Riggs)
Don't kill him!

Murtaugh makes a dash for his own vehicle.

INT. POLICE SEDAN

Murtaugh jumps in behind the wheel and FIRES UP the motor. Leo begins to climb over from the back seat.

MURTAUGH
What're you doing?!

LEO
See better up here!

Murtaugh shoves Leo backwards into the rear seat.

THE TOW TRUCK

SPEEDS down the narrow canyon road. Riggs is working his way up toward the Truck's Cab, holding onto the TOWING BOOM for support -- taking care not to be seen in the rearview mirror.

The Truck is taking the curves at dangerous speeds causing the Honda it's towing to FISHTAIL in all directions.

THE POLICE SEDAN

ROARS up behind the speeding Tow Truck. Murtaugh can see what Riggs is up to.

CLOSE ON RIGGS

as he TAPS the barrel of his pistol against the cab's rear window to get the Hitman's attention. The Hitman glances over his shoulder. Riggs smiles, as if to say "Surprise, asshole!"

But instead of slowing down . . . the Hitman ACCELERATES, and the Truck surges forward. Riggs looks dismayed.

THE HITMAN

reaches down with his left hand -- pulls a small AUTOMATIC PISTOL from an ankle holster -- and FIRES it over his right shoulder THROUGH THE CAB'S REAR WINDOW!

RIGGS

pulls away as the window EXPLODES in his face, and the bullet GRAZES his cheek. FOUR MORE SHOTS follow through the back of the Cab's wall. Riggs LEAPS onto the TRUCK'S ROOF to escape the volley.

INT. THE POLICE SEDAN

Murtaugh stays close on the Truck's tail . . . and is startled to see that Riggs is now clinging to the roof.

INT. CAB OF TOW TRUCK

The Hitman hears Riggs on the roof and . . . SLAMS DOWN HARD ON THE BRAKES. SQUEALING and SKIDDING.

RIGGS

is propelled forward -- BOUNCES on the hood, then ROLLS off the front of the Truck, directly into its PATH!

Well, this would seem to be the end of Riggs, because he would certainly be crushed beneath the Truck. But of course we know it isn't . . .

A REVERSE ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

finds Riggs CLINGING to a small triangular PLATFORM protruding from the Truck's front bumper. (This platform holds a WINCH & CABLE RIG used to pull cars out of mud or soft sand.)

Riggs straddles the Winch, his legs out in front of him, the HEELS of shoes SCRAPING on the pavement as it speeds beneath him.

THE HITMAN

checks his side mirrors -- sees that Murtaugh is still behind him.

FULL SHOT - WINDING CANYON ROAD

The Tow Truck THUNDERS around the hairpin turns, crossing the center line -- the Honda it's towing WHIPS back and forth. Murtaugh's Sedan matches the Tow Truck's every move.

RIGGS' POV

Imagine being strapped to the bumper of a speeding vehicle -- that's the perspective Riggs has on the world right now, and it isn't very comforting.

The pavement is whizzing by only inches below him. He's totally unprotected -- a head-on collision would smash him like a bug.

And this is exactly the thought that occurs to Riggs as the Truck crosses the center line directly into the path of an ONCOMING STATION WAGON.

Riggs shuts his eyes -- and the two vehicles SWERVE APART at the last possible second to avoid a direct hit. But the Station Wagon SCRAPES against the Tow Truck's side sending a SHOWER OF SPARKS into the air. Riggs exhales an enormous breath of relief.

INT. POLICE SEDAN

Murtaugh also reacts to the near-miss as the Station Wagon speeds by with HORN BLARING. Leo takes this moment to FASTEN his seat belt.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE

The Tow Truck runs a stop sign and SQUEALS onto Mulholland Drive. Murtaugh's Sedan clings to the Truck like glue. Both vehicles race full bore down Mulholland, against the backdrop of the sprawling San Fernando Valley.

CLOSE ON THE TRUCK'S SPEEDOMETER

As the needle edges up to 70 mph.

CLOSE ON MURTAUGH'S SPEEDOMETER

Also creeping up to seventy.

RIGGS' POV:

Speeding FAST and LOW down Mulholland -- BLOWING past oncoming traffic -- SWERVING around slower moving vehicles -- DARTING back into the proper driving lane with only inches of daylight to spare.

Riggs has his gun in hand. What's he going to do with it? Shoot the Truck's driver? Shoot out a tire? But first . . .

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A HUGE MOVING VAN

looms up ahead, traveling in the same direction as the the Truck . . . but at half the speed.

THE HITMAN

decides to pass it. He STOMPS down on the gas pedal, kicking the Truck's speed up to 80. At the same moment . . .

RIGGS

FIRES his gun into the Truck's engine compartment, hoping to hit something vital that will bring this mad chase to a halt. And guess what? It works.

THE HITMAN

is stunned to feel the Truck loosing power. The speedometer needle begins to drop rapidly . . . 70 mph, 50 mph.

See if you can spot Riggs' mistake. One of the worst times to lose power is when you're recklessly passing a big truck on a winding road.

THE TOW TRUCK

is side-by-side with the Moving Van. It doesn't have enough power to get around it -- and it can't get back into its own lane because the Moving Van is already there.

And to make matters worse, a LAND ROVER with a SURF BOARD ATTACHED TO THE ROOF is speeding towards it from the opposite direction.

RIGGS

sees this horror-show unfolding from a front row seat. The Moving Van looms up beside him like a sheet-metal canyon wall. Its big tires spitting gravel and dust into his face. Its noisy Diesel engine belching smoke and heat.

And the Land Rover . . . headed directly for him.

THE HITMAN

has only one option: He SLAMS his foot down on the BRAKE so hard, he practically sends it through the floorboard. The resulting action happens fast:

THE TOW TRUCK WHEELS

LOCK -- SCREAMING and SQUEALING across the pavement in a cloud of blue smoke.

RIGGS

is THROWN OFF the Winch Platform into the road.

MURTAUGH

reacts -- hitting his own brakes. But there just isn't time.

THE POLICE SEDAN

CRASHES into the Honda being towed by the Truck.

THE HONDA

is PROPELLED over the top of the Tow Truck -- SHEARING OFF everything that extends above the level of the Truck's cab.

RIGGS

looks up to see the underside of the Honda as it passes over his head.

THE LAND ROVER DRIVER

sees the airborne Honda flying towards him -- BRAKES HARD!

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THE HONDA

SMASHES down upon the roadway directly in front of the the Land Rover.

THE LAND ROVER

SKIDS and SMASHES into the unoccupied Honda.

THE SURF BOARD

atop the Land Rover is LAUNCHED like a rocket. It slices fifteen feet through the air toward the Tow Truck.

THE HITMAN

can't believe his eyes. A goddamned Surf Board is hurtling towards him like a guided missile. It EXPLODES through the windshield -- SHATTERING GLASS in all directions.

FULL SHOT - MULHOLLAND DRIVE

This is the scene after all the dust has settled:

The front end of Murtaugh's Police Sedan has been destroyed. Murtaugh and Leo climb out -- shaken but not hurt.

The Honda has been totaled by the Land Rover, which has also sustained considerable front end damage. But the Driver is uninjured.

Riggs climbs to his feet. Battered and bruised and madder than hell. He charges back toward the Tow Truck with his gun out, but stops short. This is what he sees:

The Surf Board protrudes from the Tow Truck's windshield on the driver's side. It's not hard to imagine the fate of the Hitman inside.

Murtaugh and Leo approach the Tow Truck and see what Riggs is looking at.

LEO
(softly)
Wipe out.

BLACK & WHITES arrive on the scene with BUBBLE LIGHTS FLASHING. Uniformed POLICEMAN jump out. Murtuagh approaches them, displaying his badge.

CLOSE ON RIGGS

He catches his breath. His blood begins to boil.

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CUT TO:

EXT. THE "HOUSE ON STILTS" - NIGHT

A BLACK MERCEDES pulls into the driveway. It parks, and two men get out: Rudd and Benedict. Once they have gone inside . . . Riggs, Murtaugh and the Drug Cops close in on the house.

EXT. REAR DECK - NIGHT

Rudd appears on the deck. He sees the barbell and the shattered glass door.

RUDD
(calling off)
Benedict! Come out here right away!

Suddenly . . . a BERETTA is pressed to the side of Rudd's head. It's Riggs, and he's smiling that mirthless smile of his.

RIGGS
Freeze, dickhead. Police.

RUDD
(calmly)
Take it easy, officer. I'm not
armed. I won't resist.

RIGGS
Oh, pleeeeeease. . . just a little.
(shoves him)
Inside.

INT. HOUSE ON STILTS

Riggs enters through the sliding glass doors with Rudd.

Once inside, we see that the Drug Cops have been doing their work. Benedict leans against the wall with his arms spread apart as Miguel and Price pat him down, handing his WALLET to Murtaugh.

Wyler and Cavanaugh come down the stairs.

WYLER
Nobody upstairs.

RUDD
(to the cops)
You have no idea what you're doing.

MURTAUGH
I wouldn't worry about that. We're professional police officers. We do this for a living,

RUDD
My name is Arjen Rudd. This other gentlemen is Villem Benedict. We are with the South African Consulate here in Los Angeles. Our diplomatic credentials and passports are in the desk.

Murtaugh and Riggs exchange a look.

RUDD
Go see for yourself!

MURTAUGH
Everybody stand still for a moment!

55.

Murtaugh goes to the desk to retrieve them. At the same moment . . .

A WOMAN ENTERS THE ROOM. She's in her twenties; dressed in a business suit, her beauty down-played. She even carries a briefcase. Her name is JILL TOWNSEND.

Her arrival startles the police officers who instinctively TURN THEIR GUNS ON HER. She GASPS in horror.

RUDD

(to the cops)

She's only a Consulate secretary, for God's sake!

(to Jill)

These are police officers, Miss Townsend.

JILL

The door was open. So I just --

Riggs and Jill make eye contact. He steps forward and takes the briefcase from her hand.

RIGGS

-- I'll take that.

RUDD

Don't open that! That's a a Diplomatic pouch! Protected under Article 27 of the Vienna Convention --

RIGGS

-- would you shut up!

(to the other cops)

Put the cuffs on 'em!

The Drug Cops start to follow Riggs' orders.

MURTAUGH

Wait a minute . . .

Murtaugh has the passports and credentials in his hand.

MURTAUGH

These look official, Martin.

RUDD

They are official! Under the Diplomatic Relations Act, no diplomatic agent can be detained or arrested once his identity has been established!

MURTAUGH

Cavanaugh, get the Captain on the radio.

CAVANAUGH

Right.

Cavanaugh runs out. Riggs and Murtaugh look frustrated as hell.

MURTAUGH
(under his breath)

Shit.

WYLER
I don't believe this! Can't we
arrest anybody?!
(points to Jill)
What about her?!

RUDD
Courier Status. Protected under
Article 27.

Riggs gets right into Esteban's face.

RIGGS
You're a criminal, Rudd, and
you're hiding behind your fucking
credentials!

RUDD
(indignantly)
I am a Diplomat!

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RIGGS
You're a drug dealer! And I'm gonna
shut you down!

RUDD
Why, you can't even give me a traffic
ticket.

Riggs clenches his jaw; his nostrils flare.

RUDD
(smiling arrogantly)
Who's a "dickhead" now, officer?

Riggs positively quakes with rage.

RIGGS
Roger, hold me back. I think I'm
gonna hurt this sonofabitch.

MURTAUGH
All right. Cool off.
(beat)
Give the lady back her briefcase.

Jill moves toward Riggs to collect the briefcase. She regards him with a sympathetic expression.

JILL
(in a soft voice)
It's only paper work. Honest.

Riggs looks taken aback.

RUDD
(to Jill)
Don't talk to them, damnit! Get the briefcase and step away!

Riggs give her a private, conspiratorial smile.

RIGGS
Nice guy.

She returns the smile as she steps away with the briefcase.

RUDD
This house is leased to my government.
It's inviolable! Now get out!

INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - NIGHT 006

Captain Murphy has Riggs, Murtagh and the Drug Cops assembled before him. Seated nearby is Leo Getz.

MURPHY
Now we're gonna have the State Department down our throats! Probably have to make some kind of formal apology!

RIGGS
What!? This guy is dirty!

MURPHY
You don't know that! You can't say that for sure!

RIGGS
When you've lived in the sewer as long as I have, you begin to recognize the rats.

The PHONE RINGS. Price grabs it.

MURPHY

(to Riggs)

You wanna nail a diplomatic, Riggs? Catch him red-handed. Catch him in the act. Catch him in possession of something! At least do me that one favor, because these guys are beyond the law.

Price hands the phone to Murtaugh.

PRICE

Your wife.

MURTAUGH

(into phone)

Hi, honey.

(pause)

No. Pretty quiet. Listen, babe, lemme take this call at my desk.

Murtaugh puts the call on hold and steps over to his own desk.

Up till now, Murphy hasn't noticed Leo sitting there. But now he regards him with a puzzled expression that is almost comical.

MURPHY

(meaning Leo)

Who the hell is this? . . .

Leo gets up, extends his hand to Murphy.

LEO

Leo Getz. Nice to meet ya.

MURPHY

Jesus Christ! I forgot all about this guy!

(to Riggs)

You took a civilian on a bust?! A civilian you're supposed to be protecting!?

LEO

Don't worry. Everything's fine. I always stay in the car.

MURPHY

"Always"?!

LEO

Sgt. Riggs and Sgt. Murtaugh are very adamant about that.

Murphy is trying not to blow his top.

MURPHY

(under his breath)

I don't give a fuck . . I don't give a fuck . . .

(walks away)

I don't give a fuck . . .

Leo looks perplexed.

LEO

What'd he say?

WYLER, CAVANAUGH
& PRICE

"I don't give a fuck!"

RIGGS

That's his mantra.

MURTAUGH

says goodbye to his wife and hangs up the telephone. That's when he notices that somebody has placed a SMALL POTTED BUSH on his desk. The leaves have all been plucked off, and in their place CONDOMS have been draped over the branches. Must be about two hundred of them.

Riggs smiles. Murtaugh does a slow burn. He glances in the direction of Price, Wyler and Cavanaugh who can barely contain their laughter.

CONNERS

It's a rubber plant, Sarge.

That's it. They can't hold it in any longer. The Drug Cops convulse with LAUGHTER. Eventually, Murtaugh cracks a smile in spite of himself.

MURTAUGH

Looks to be about a week's supply, too.

INT. POLICE SEDAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Murtaugh driving. Riggs next to him. Leo in back. Riggs has a BAG OF FAST FOOD in his lap. He's passing stuff back to Leo and across to Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Double cheeseburger?

MURGAUGH

Right here.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

Who gets Leo for the night?

LEO

Where's my burger with extra onions and pickles?

Riggs rummages through the bag for Leo's order. Hands him a burger.

LEO

What about my fries?

RIGGS

Did you order fries?

LEO

Yes, I ordered fries!

RIGGS

You ordered rings.

LEO

Why would I order rings?! I've got extra onions on my burger! I would never order rings! I ordered fries!

MURTAUGH

I ordered rings.

RIGGS

We're still missing one fry.

LEO

Also, I have no drink back here.

Riggs passes out the drinks.

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs; answering his question)

You get him.

RIGGS

Me!?

LEO

Hey! This isn't my burger. There's chili on this burger.

RIGGS

That must be mine.

Leo rewraps the burger and hands it back to Riggs with an annoyed expression.

LEO

Where's mine?

RIGGS

This must be yours.

Riggs hands Leo something else.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

I'm not taking him. My place is too small. You've got that big empty house -- you take him!

LEO

Oh, great! This is a Filet of Fish sandwich I've got back here! I hate fish! I will not be stuck with a Filet of Fish sandwich. I refuse to eat this. Somebody has to trade.

MURTAUGH

Not me.

RIGGS

Not me.

LEO

Fine. Then we have to go back.

MURTAUGH

We're not going back, Leo. Be happy with what you've got.

LEO

(sulking)

That's impossible.

Riggs starts to chuckle at the idea of Leo becoming roommates with Murtaugh.

MURTAUGH

(annoyed)

What's so funny?

RIGGS

Nothing.

LEO

Can I give you guys a friendly piece of advice? Never use the Drive-Through Window. Always walk up to the counter. They fuck you at the Drive-Through because they know you're miles away before you find out they fucked you, and they know you're not gonna turn around and come back. And you know what?

RIGGS & MURTAUGH

What?

LEO

They're right!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. . SUNSET STRIP RESTAURANT - DAY

A BLACK MERCEDES SEDAN SQUEALS up to the curb, right into the camera so that its DIPLOMATIC LICENSE PLATE FILLS THE SCREEN.

A valet parking ATTENDANT jumps from the car and hands the keys to Rudd who has just finished lunching at the restaurant.

Rudd slides in behind the wheel, and that's when he sees:

RIGGS

standing across the street. Leaning against his Pickup Truck, glaring at Rudd with a sullen, threatening expression . . . puffing intently on a cigarette.

INT. RUDD'S MERCEDES

Rudd looks momentarily shaken, then recovers: His arrogant expression returning quickly. He floors the Mercedes and ROARS away from the restaurant without giving Riggs a second look.

RIGGS

follows the car with his eyes.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS INTERSECTION - DAY

Rudd's Mercedes travels down Wilshire Blvd. It stops for a red light at the corner of Wilshire and Santa Monica Blvd.

No sooner has Rudd come to a full stop, then Riggs' PICKUP TRUCK pulls up beside him.

PUDD

casually glances over -- then does a double take upon seeing Riggs behind the wheel of the Pickup.

RIGGS

gives Rudd a penetrating stare.

RUDD

is growing edgy. This is getting on his nerves. He's like a volcano ready to erupt . . . and that's exactly what he does. He STOMPS DOWN ON THE GAS PEDAL . . .

FULL SHOT - THE INTERSECTION

The Mercedes SQUEALS through the intersection AGAINST THE RED LIGHT, leaving a long patch of rubber and a cloud of smoke in its wake.

Cars traveling on Santa Monica Blvd. HONK and BRAKE. One car REAR-ENDS another.

A WOMEN and her TWO CHILDREN walking in the cross walk are nearly run over by Rudd's speeding Mercedes, hurtling recklessly through the intersection.

RIGGS

is helpless to do anything but watch as Rudd flaunts his immunity by endangering the lives of innocent pedestrians

EXT. CONSULATE BUILDING - WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

The building has a SECURED UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT. A UNIFORMED GUARD opens and closes a ROLLING METAL GATE that prevents unauthorized people or vehicles from gaining access to the parking area.

Rudd's Mercedes turns off of Wilshire Blvd. into the Consulate Building driveway. As Rudd waits for the Guard to open the gate, he is STARTLED TO SEE:

RIGGS

standing on the sidewalk -- pulling on a cigarette -- glowering at him.

RUDD

is completely unnerved by Riggs' amazing ubiquity.

RUDD
(to Guard)
Keep him cut!

Then Rudd SCREECHES his Mercedes into the underground parking garage.

RIGGS

watches Rudd disappear into the garage, and the big metal gate roll down behind him.

The Guard swaggers up to Riggs.

GUARD
Hey, bud . . . let's go. Move along.

RIGGS
(flashing his badge)
Piss off, shithead -- L.A. Police!

The Guard looks taken aback.

RIGGS
That's right. A cop.

The Guard slowly retreats.

RIGGS
(taunting him)
C'mon. Throw me off the sidewalk!

The Guard just glares at him.

RIGGS
No? Change your mind?
(beat)
Asshole.

Riggs strolls away from the Guard, toward the front entrance to the building. He notices that a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA is mounted above the door.

He steps forward for a closer look.

INT. RUDD'S OFFICE

Rudd looks into the SECURITY MONITOR beside his desk, sees Riggs (in grainy, wide-angle black and white) peering directly into the camera lense.

Benedict is standing behind Rudd.

BENEDICT

That sonofabitch is going to wind up with his dick in a mouse trap.

RUDD

Maybe we should "file a protest" with the Police Department.

BENEDICT

Already taken care of.

Rudd looks surprised to hear this.

RUDD

What are you talking about?
I didn't give you any instructions to --

BENEDICT

(snapping at him)

-- don't tell me how to do my job, Arjen!

Rudd draws back, intimidated by Benedict.

INT. ANOTHER CONSULATE OFFICE

Jill Townsend crosses the room with an arm-load of envelopes. Other SECRETARIES are busy working at computer terminals. The atmosphere is hushed, business-like, and dignified.

We follow Jill into --

THE CONSULATE LOBBY

where she deposits the envelopes into the MAIL BAG. Then, glancing up, she CATCHES SIGHT OF RIGGS in the Security Monitor.

She is obviously taken with him; fascinated by his scruffy appearance and coiled, hair-trigger temperament.

She continues to stare into the monitor until Riggs crushes out his cigarette and disappears from view on the monitor.

INT. RIGGS' TRUCK - DAY

As Riggs drives, his RADIO comes alive.

DISPATCHER

Four King Sixty . . .

Riggs grabs the radio.

RIGGS
King sixty, roger.

DISPATCHER
Sgt. Riggs . . . Sgt. Murtaugh requests
that you proceed to his residence
on the double.

RIGGS
What's up?

DISPATCHER
That's the message in full. Need the
address?

RIGGS
No thanks. I've been there before.

DISPATCHER
Not for dinner, I hope.

RIGGS
Yeah . . .

DISPATCHER
Sorry.

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Riggs drives up. Leo rushes out to meet him.

LEO
Sgt. Riggs, I'm glad you're here.

RIGGS
What's wrong?

LEO
Come inside.

They enter the house.

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

RIGGS
What's going on, Leo? Where's
Roger?

LEO
In the bathroom. He's been in there
all morning.

RIGGS
Is he sick?

LEO

I don't think so. He sounds okay.
He was talking to me through the
door . . .

Riggs heads up the STAIRCASE. Leo tags along behind
him.

LEO

. . . he told me to call the station
and have the dispatcher find you . . .

Riggs arrives at the bathroom door. He KNOCKS.

RIGGS

Roger. It's me. You okay?

MURTAUGH

Riggs, get in here!

INT. THE BATHROOM

Riggs opens the door and steps in. Leo peeks in behind
him.

MURTAUGH

Not you, Leo! Go away!

RIGGS

Go downstairs, Leo.

Riggs closes the door on Leo, then turns to Murtaugh
who is seated on the toilet.

RIGGS

This is weird, Roger. What in hell
is going on?

MURTAUGH

Last night, I come home late. Leo's
with me. We come in the house. I
pick up the mail. I see that my new
Sport Magazine has arrived, with articles
on the baseball play-offs, a preview
of the new college football season,
and a special section on Deep Sea
fishing --

RIGGS

-- Roger, I don't understand --

MURTAUGH

-- let me finish!

(beat)

So I think to myself, it's been a long day, I'll go up to bed and read my magazine. But Leo won't let me alone. He follows me around like a puppy. He wants to talk about "investment strategies for the Eighties," and "deferred annuities," and I don't know the fuck what all, and all I wanna do is go upstairs and read my new Sports Magazine --

RIGGS

-- what are you talking about --

MURTAUGH

-- shutup, would ya, and listen!

(beat)

So finally I do what I do when the kids are driving me crazy and I want some peace and quiet . . .

(beat)

I come into the bathroom and shut the door behind me. I don't really need to use the bathroom, I just wanna read my fucking Sports Magazine!

RIGGS

Okay. So what?!

MURTAUGH

So I'm sitting here reading about marlin fishing in the Gulf of Mexico when I glance over and see this --

Murtaugh indicates the TOILET PAPER ROLL where the following message has been written:

"BOOM. YOU'RE DEAD."

Riggs reads the message and reacts.

RIGGS

Uh-oh.

MURTAUGH

And after that, I just stayed put.

RIGGS

You've been sitting here all night?

MURTAUGH

Hell, yes, I've been sitting here all night!

RIGGS

Well, at least you got to read your magazine.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. Five fucking times!

Riggs gets down on his hands and knees to investigate the situation.

MURTAUGH

Tell me I'm not fucked.

RIGGS

Class Four plastic explosives. Weight-compression activated detonator.

MURTAUGH

I'm fucked.

RIGGS

As long as you don't stand up, you're okay.

MURTAUGH

Oh, that's a relief. What was I so worried about?

RIGGS

I'm gonna need help.

MURTAUGH

No way! I'm sitting on a toilet, here! Gimme a break!

RIGGS

Dammit, Roger! This is sericus! We need the Bomb Squad.

MURTAUGH

Okay. Call them. But don't use an open frequency. Let's try to keep this quiet.

RIGGS

Trust me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

A real circus. FIVE PATROL CARS with flashing BUBBLE LIGHTS. TWO AMBULANCES. THREE FIRE TRUCKS. SIX TV Station NEWS VANS. DOZENS of UNIFORMED COPS. A CROWD of SPECTATORS. And a POLICE CHOPPER circling overhead.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

. . . we're standing on the lawn of the home of Detective Sergeant Roger Murtaugh, a twenty year veteran of the Los Angeles Police Department. Details are sketchy at this point, but apparently a bomb of some kind has been discovered inside the house . . .

(beat)

And here comes the Bomb Squad now!

The BOMB SQUAD TRUCK roars up to the curb and FOUR BOMB SQUAD COPS jump out wearing PROTECTIVE GEAR, looking a little like spacemen. They each carry heavy leaded BOMB BLANKETS.

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

The Bomb Squad rushes in. The place is wall-to-wall Cops.

COP

Bomb Squad! Clear a path! Clear a path!

The Bomb Squad charges up the CROWDED STAIRCASE.

INT. THE BATHROOM

TWENTY COPS are squeezed into this small space. Murtuagh sits on the toilet, embarrassed as hell. He glares at Riggs.

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

The media circus continues.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

. . . it's been almost an hour now since the Bomb Squad entered the house behind me. No word yet on the exact type of device discovered, although we have learned that the location of the bomb is being described as "extremely sensitive."

Now Leo steps up to the Reporter, wearing DARK GLASSES.

FEMALE NEWS
REPORTER

With me now is a man who was in the house at the time the bomb was discovered.

LEO

That's right, Sally. I was the one who actually called the police.

FEMALE NEWS
REPORTER

That was you . . .

LEO

Yes.

(modestly)

Does make me some kind of hero?
I don't think so. But if the
word sticks . . . so be it.

INT. THE BATHROOM

The room looks like a padded cell because the Bomb Squad has DRAPED the room with LEADED BLANKETS. Murtaugh is also WRAPPED in the these blankets.

The Bomb Squad Members are finally prepared to suggest a course of action:

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

I say we flush it.

MURTAUGH

Flush it?! That's your "expert" opinion!? Flush it!

RIGGS

Sounds like good advise to me.

Murtaugh shoots Riggs a nasty look.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

I want the room cleared.

(to Murtaugh)

Those blankets will offer you some good solid protection, Sgt. Murtaugh. Now here's the drill: When the toilet gets flushed, you dive like hell into the bathtub. Pull the blanket up over your head like this.

(he demonstrates)

That's a good, old-fashioned cast iron tub, and it'll withstand a pretty good blast . . . uh, just in case we get detonation, that is.

MURTAUGH

Who's gonna do the flushing?

RIGGS

I will.

MURTAUGH

Thanks.

RIGGS

My pleasure.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

(to Riggs)

Better put this on.

They provide Riggs with a PROTECTIVE OUTFIT.

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

Everyone has been moved back away from the house. The Female News Reporter is now standing in the MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

. . . we've all been moved back away from the house. Apparently they are now ready to de-activate the bomb. As you can tell, things have gotten very quiet here, as everyone holds their breath, waiting for this situation to be over . . .

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

The Bomb Squad Members have gathered on the staircase. They are frozen, like statues. Everyone else has been evacuated from the house.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP THE STAIRCASE toward the BATHROOM DOOR.

INT. THE BATHROOM

Riggs and Murtaugh, all alone. Riggs wears the Protective Suit. Murtaugh is wrapped in the Bomb Blankets. Riggs has his hand on the Flush Lever.

RIGGS

Okay. Here we go. One, two --

MURTAUGH

-- wait, wait. We do it on three, or: One, two, three and then we do it?

RIGGS

On three. On three. Ready?

MURTAUGH

Do it, for Chrissakes!

RIGGS

One . . . two . . . three!

Riggs FLUSHES! Murtaugh LEAPS⁰⁶ off the toilet. They both DIVE into the tub -- ducking and covering as they land with a heavy THUD. ⁰²

INT. THE STAIRCASE ↘

The Bomb Squad Members shield their faces under their protective outfits.

INT. THE BATHROOM

Riggs and Murtuagh lift their heads up from the tub and peek out from behind the protective clothing.

No explosion. It worked. They smile in relief.

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

It's nearly a celebration. Everyone is smiling and laughing. Riggs, Murtaugh and the Bomb Squad get a big CHEER as they appear in the front yard.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

It's all over now. The Bomb Squad has emerged from the house. The crisis over. A disaster clearly averted. And everyone -- including this reporter -- can breathe a deep sigh of relief.

And then . . . BOOM! An EXPLOSION in the SEWERS under the street. A MANHOLE COVER is propelled high into the air. WATER, FLAME and SMOKE SPEW from the GAPING CRATER left in the road.

The Female News Reporter nearly jumps out of her skin.

FEMALE NEWS
REPORTER

Holy fuck!

INT. SOUTH AFRICAN CONSULATE - DAY

Leo approaches the desk of a DIPLOMATIC ENVOY, who rises to greet him.

ENVOY

Mr. Jones?

LEO

That's right.

ENVOY

Sit down, please.

LEO 2

Thank you.

Leo takes a seat across the desk from the Envoy.

ENVOY

What can I do for you today?

LEO

I need your help. You're the only one who can help me.

ENVOY

I'll certainly try. What seems to be the problem?

LEO

It's a rather delicate matter, actually.

(beat)

My friend wants to emigrate to your country.

ENVOY

Yes, of course. Well, I can help him do that.

LEO

No, no. I don't want you to help him. I want you to talk him out of it.

ENVOY

Talk him out of it? Whatever for?

LEO

I just don't think South Africa is the place for him to be right now.

ENVOY

Look. Why don't you ask your friend to come around some time later in the week, and we can --

LEO

-- he's here now. He came with me.

ENVOY

Here now? Where?

LEO

They told him to wait in the lobby.

ENVOY

There must have been some confusion. (presses intercom button) Your friend's name . . .

LEO

Jones.

ENVOY

Wait a minute. I thought you were Jones?

LEO

I am. We're both Jones. That's a pretty common name here in America, you know.

ENVOY

(into intercom)

Send in Mr. Jones, please. Right away. Thank you very much.

And then . . . MURTAUGH MAKES AN APPEARANCE. He walks through the office toward the Envoy's desk. Clerks and Secretaries look up and GASP.

Murtuagh wears a flowered Hawaiian shirt, bright red sweat pants, a Dodger cap and black-out sunglasses.

The Envoy's jaw drops as Murtaugh joins Leo.

MURTAUGH
(to the Envoy)
How ya doin'?

ENVOY
There must be some mistake.

Murtaugh leans forward in a threatening manner.

MURTAUGH
Say what?

ENVOY
Sir . . . listen to your friend here.
He knows what he's talking about.
I don't think you really want to go
to South Africa.

MURTAUGH
Why not?

The Envoy is silent for a moment. He's never encountered
a situation like this before.

ENVOY
(softly)
Because you're black.

MURTAUGH
I'm what?

ENVOY
(softly)
You're black.

MURTAUGH
I'm black? You're telling me I'm
black?

ENVOY
Well, I . . .

MURTAUGH
(to Leo)
Hear that? He thinks I'm black.
(to the Envoy)
Do I look like a black man to you?

ENVOY
Yes you do. You are a black man,
Mr. Jones.

LEO
 (to Murtaugh)
 See? What did I tell you? What
 does everyone tell you!

MURTAUGH
 (to Leo)
 Shutup! I'm as white as you are!
 (to the Envoy)
 You, too!

ENVOY
 You certainly are not.

MURTAUGH
 Am to!

ENVOY
 I've heard enough of this.
 I'm going to ask both of you
 to leave this building immediately.

Murtaugh jumps up from his chair.

MURTAUGH
 I don't wanna leave! I wanna go to
 South Africa!

TWO MALE CLERKS rush over to assist the Envoy. They
 grab Murtaugh under each arm, attempting to whisk him
 off.

FIRST CLERK
 Let's go! Come on. Out we go!

Murtaugh easily throws them off, SENDING THEM FLYING
 in two different directions, CRASHING into lamps and
 furniture.

The Envoy presses the PANIC BUTTON under his desk.

EXT. THE CONSULATE BUILDING

The panic button RINGS A BELL at the Guard's Station
 next to the parking garage. The Guard hears it and
 RUSHES INSIDE.

Once the Guard has disappeared, Riggs shows up. He
 presses the button that controls the Gate. It ROLLS
 UP . . . and Riggs enters the Parking Garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Riggs enters, heading directly towards the Consulate
 building entrance.

INT. THE CONSULATE

Riggs quietly slips into the Consulate. No one sees him. Everyone's attention is on the commotion created by Murtaugh. Riggs sneaks in for a closer look, a big smile playing on his lips because . . .

MURTAUGH

is standing on a desk top, peeling off his Hawaiian shirt.

MURTAUGH

Does this look like black skin!?
This is white skin! I am a white man!

The Security Guard tries to pull Murtaugh down, but Murtaugh JUMPS to the next desk top. Things CRASH to the floor. Secretaries SCREAM.

Murtaugh, who is now naked from the waist up, grabs a South African FLAG that's part of a display, and begins to WAVE it over his head.

MURTAUGH

I wanna go to South Africa!
I wanna go to South Africa!

This is when Rudd appears -- and he can't believe his eyes.

RUDD

What the hell!? Stop him! Get him down from there! Take that flag away from him!

INT. RUDD'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Riggs enters the office from the elevator. It's immaculate. There is no indication that any work is done here. No files. No paperwork. Nothing for Riggs to snoop through.

Maybe this is why the note pad on Rudd's desk calls so much attention to itself. As Riggs moves toward the desk, he HEARS SOMEONE COMING.

He quickly RIPS THE TOP PAGE FROM THE NOTE PAD then steps back against the wall.

Rudd charges into the office from the elevator without even seeing Riggs and picks up his telephone. Riggs steps forward. He's followed by Benedict and FOUR of his HITMEN.

RIGGS

Calling the police? Don't bother.
I'm already here.

Rudd slowly hangs up the phone.

RUDD

I should have known.

Riggs glances at the Hitmen: Each one has blonder hair and bluer eyes than the next. And each one towers over Riggs.

They stand there, poised for action . . . like Dobermans, waiting for the attack command.

RIGGS

Well, look at this . . . Hitler's wet dream.

RUDD

I hope you realize how much trouble you're in right now.

RIGGS

As usual, you got everything all turned around. ⁰⁰⁶₀₂

RUDD

(to the Hitmen)

Show Officer Riggs to the street.

One of the Hitmen advances on Riggs . . . and Riggs puts a move on him that would make your head spin. He grabs the guy's arm and SLAMS him to the floor, pinning him there with his foot.

The other Hitmen make a gesture to attack and Riggs DRAWS HIS GUN stopping them in their tracks.

RIGGS

Haven't you guys heard about me?
I got a bad reputation. Sometimes I just go nuts! Like now. I'm right on the edge. Just give me a little push . . . just a little nudge.

Silence. Nobody makes a move. Mexican stand-off. Riggs begins to back toward the door.

RIGGS

Whatever it takes, Rudd. Whatever it takes. That's what I'll do to bring you down.

(beat)

Hey, Benedict . . . "Boom. You're dead!"

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Riggs FIRES his Beretta past Benedict's ear into Rudd's enormous AQUARIUM. The glass SHATTERS. Water POURS out. Rare and expensive fish flip-fop across the Oriental carpet.

Riggs exits. Rudd, Benedict and the Hitmen drop to the floor in a desperate effort to rescue the most valuable fish.

RUDD

The angelfish first! The angelfish first!

INT. CONSULATE LOBBY

As Riggs marches across the lobby toward the front doors, he sees a familiar face walking towards him: Jill Townsend. She locks eyes with him, surprised to see him inside the building. In less than a moment, they have reached each other.

JILL

(hesitant; tentative)

Hello. Officer . . . ?

RIGGS

Riggs. Martin Riggs.
(beat)

Miss . . . Townsend. Right?

JILL

Yes. You remembered. What are you doing --

RIGGS

-- just making a social call on your boss.

Riggs continues on toward the door. Jill watches him go.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo walk toward their parked Police Sedan.

MURTAUGH

(laughing)

Did you see their faces when I took my shirt off and waved their flag! Man, that was fun! I enjoyed myself. I had a good time. I felt young again.

(to Riggs)

What about you?

RIGGS

Yeah. Great.

MURTAUGH

No. I mean, what did you come up with? Did you get inside Rudd's office?

RIGGS

Yeah. But I didn't have much time before Benedict and his Hitler Youth showed up.

They arrive at the car. Murtaugh notices that Leo has a cigar in his hand. He passes it under his nose, drinking in its pleasant smell.

MURTAUGH

Where'd you get that?

LEO

I took it off the Envoy's desk. This is a ten dollar cigar. I didn't know South Africa had such a good relationship with Cuba.

Leo climbs into the back seat, but Riggs and Murtaugh remain on the sidewalk for a moment.

RIGGS

Roger, take a look at this.

Riggs unfolds the page he tore from Rudd's note pad.

RIGGS

I took this from Rudd's desk.

Murtaugh takes it. Reads it out loud.

MURTAUGH

"Nora Dane. San Pedro."

RIGGS

Whaddaya think?

MURTAUGH

Name's familiar.

RIGGS

Nora Dane? You know who she is?

MURTAUGH

Didn't say that. Familiar, that's all. Rings a bell.

RIGGS
Somebody you busted once?

MURTAUGH
It'll come to me.

Suddenly, the CAR'S SIREN BEGINS TO WAIL -- an awful, ear-piercing SCREAM that startles Riggs and Murtaugh.

Murtaugh throws open the car door, sees Leo leaning over from the back seat with his hand on the dashboard.

MURTAUGH
What the hell are you doing?!

LEO
I thought it was the lighter!

MURTAUGH
Never play with buttons, Leo!

Riggs is amused to see all the traffic on Wilshire Blvd. pulling over to the right.

INT. RUDD'S OFFICE

Benedict's Hitmen are soaking up the aquarium water with towels. The angelfish swim in small bowls and coffee cups filled with water.

Rudd sits down behind his desk. In a moment, he will notice that a page is missing from his pad. And that moment is now.

RUDD
Benedict!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICER TOM WYLER'S HOUSE

Wyler wears only a pair of gym shorts. He's in great physical condition. He straps on a pair of GRAVITY INVERSION BOOTS, then reaches up to a chrome-plated bar suspended from the ceiling, swings his legs high into the air and HOOKS the boots over the bar. Now, suspended upside down, he begins his morning routine of inverted sit-ups.

OFF SCREEN VOICE
Morning, Tommy. How's it hanging?

Wyler is startled by the unexpected greeting. Who the hell is this?

8

First we get WYLER'S UPSIDE DOWN POV of a MAN is standing in the kitchen doorway. Then . . .

THE CAMERA RIGHTS ITSELF

And we see that the man is Benedict. He holds a pistol with a silencer attached to the barrel.

WYLER

Jesus Christ!

Alarmed, Wyler makes a reach for the bar to unhook himself.

BENEDICT

Hold it, Tommy!

Benedict FIRES his gun. The bullet PINGS off the chrome bar, and Wyler's hand jumps away.

BENEDICT

Hands away from the bar.

WYLER

Who are you?! What do you want!?

Benedict puts a THIN CIGAR into his mouth and lights up.

BENEDICT

Shhh, Tommy. Take it easy.
Listen.

1.02.006

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICER GARY PRICE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Price comes out to his backyard pool with a towel around his neck. The house is a small stucco bungalow and the pool takes up nearly the entire yard.

Price discards the towel, steps onto the DIVING BOARD and walks out to the very tip. Then, bending his legs, he springs straight up into the air . . . CUT TO:

THE UNDERSIDE OF THE DIVING BOARD

Something is stuck there. Something LUMPY and GRAY, like a big slab of Play-Doh.

PRICE'S FEET

come down HARD on the board -- which BLOWS TO SMITHEREENS..

A SHATTERING EXPLOSION

that rocks the morning stillness -- SPRAYS water high into the air -- and BLOWS OUT every window in the house. A FIRE BALL climbs toward the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. WYLER'S HOUSE

Benedict hears the DISTANT EXPLOSION.

BENEDICT

Hear that, Tommy? Sounds like a neighbor just fell victim to a serious household accident.

(beat)

They can be killers.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICER CAVANAUGH'S HOUSE

Cavanaugh comes out the front door and TRIPS over a tiny silver WIRE stretched a foot above the ground . . . and the front of the house detonates -- a SHATTERING EXPLOSION that rends it to pieces.

Cavanaugh STAGGERS out of the flames . . . dazed . . . bloody . . . STUMBLING toward his car . . . groping blindly . . . reaching out for the door handle . . . pulling it open . . . BAM! Another EXPLOSION. More powerful than the first.

Cavanaugh and his auto are blown to kingdom come.

CUT TO:

INT. WYLER'S HOUSE

As Benedict and Wyler hear these additional explosions.

BENEDICT

Can you believe it, Tommy?
I think it just happened again.
People oughta be more careful
around the home.

WYLER

You sonofabitch! What are you doing?!
I'm a cop!

Benedict steps BEHIND Wyler.

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BENEDICT

You were a cop, Tommy . . .

Benedict places the barrel of his gun AGAINST THE BACK OF WYLER'S HEAD AND FIRES. He tosses away his cigar butt and exits.

EXT. WYLER'S HOUSE

Benedict emerges from the house and strolls casually away, hands in pockets.

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

CAMERA PULLS UP, UP, UP . . . until we see the entire neighborhood . . . and TWO LARGE PLUMES OF SMOKE rising into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WYLER'S HOUSE

CLOSE ON RIGGS. And there's a look of great anguish in his eyes because Wyler's body is being taken down from the Gravity Inversion Bar by UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS. The house is CRAWLING with COPS.

Then, Riggs sees something on the floor. He bends down and picks up Benedict's discarded cigar stub

EXT. WYLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyler's covered body is being placed into the Coroner's Van. Riggs comes out of the house with the cigar stub in his hand. Captain Murphy comes up to him, sees what he's holding.

RIGGS

Found this on the carpet.

(beat)

Wyler didn't smoke. Wouldn't even allow it in the house.

MURPHY

My kinda guy.

Murphy signals for a HOMICIDE DETECTIVE to place the cigar stub into a plastic evidence bag.

MURPHY

There wasn't enough left of Price and Cavanaugh to fill a shoe box. Jesus Christ, Riggs, what kind of psychos are we dealing with here?

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RIGGS

I think you know exactly who we're dealing with, Captain.

So saying, Riggs turns on his heels and heads for his truck parked at the curb. Murphy regards him with a troubled expression.

INT. SUPERMARKET - EARLY EVENING

Jill Townsend is at the produce bins, hand selecting vegetables that she places in the small plastic basket hooked over her arm. She becomes aware of somebody standing behind her. She turns . . . it's Riggs.

JILL

Officer Riggs . . . we meet again.

RIGGS

I followed you here from the Consulate.

JILL

You followed me?

RIGGS

I wanted to apologize for frightening you that first night . . .

JILL

I wasn't scared. Just surprised.

RIGGS

And to thank you . . .

JILL

Thank me for what?

Riggs doesn't answer directly. He just gives her a sly smile.

RIGGS

You don't like your boss much, do you?

JILL

There are a lot of things I don't like about my boss . . . and my country . . . but I like my job very much.

She moves to the next bin. Riggs moves with her.

RIGGS

I didn't get your first name.

8

Jill. JILL

RIGGS
(pointing to her
basket)
Dinner?

Yes. JILL

RIGGS
Shop a day at a time, huh?

JILL
That's right. No point shopping
for the entire week.

RIGGS
Why not?

JILL
(smiling)
I never know what I'll be hungry for
from one day to the next.

Riggs takes the basket from her hand. His expression
is intense. He's not charming and he's not flirtatious.
He's just direct.

RIGGS
Have dinner with me.

Jill is intrigued by him, but she makes no reply.

1-02-006

RIGGS
I have a place at the beach.
Right on the sand. A view of the
ocean from all windows, and a
beautiful sunset every night. I'll
even make the dinner.
(beat)
I'm a gourmet cook.

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER AT THE BEACH - SUNSET

Riggs and Jill enter the cramped trailer through the
sliding glass door. The expression on Jill's face
acknowledges the disparity between her expectations
and what she now sees.

JILL
You must be an honest cop, Martin
Riggs.

RIGGS
Disappointed?

JILL

Not in you.

RIGGS

It's everything I said. Check out the view.

She looks at the sunset through the sliding glass door. The sky is a firey shade of orange.

JILL

What are those lights? Ships?

Riggs comes up behind her.

RIGGS

Oil drilling platforms.

(beat)

Sometimes at night, it gets so dark you can't see your own hand in front of your face. The sky and the ocean are completely black, and the only things you can see are those drilling platforms ten miles out to sea. Twinkling like Christmas trees.

During this, Riggs has placed his hand on her shoulder. Jill turns, tilts her head up toward Riggs and gives him a knowing smile.

JILL

This is a seduction, isn't it?

RIGGS

What do you mean? . . . why do you say that?

JILL

You're trying to sweep me off my feet . . .

RIGGS

Maybe.

JILL

Make my head spin . . .

RIGGS

Yeah.

JILL

Wrap me around your finger . . .

RIGGS

Okay.

JILL

I'm not stupid, you know.

RIGGS

Not a bit.

JILL

I know what's going on. You can't get to Rudd. He's hiding behind his diplomatic credentials. You think I can help you in some way. Right?

RIGGS

Uh-huh.

JILL

Well . . . Maybe I can. And maybe I will. We can talk about that later.

RIGGS

Later?

JILL

Yes. Afterwards . . . 006

She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him on the mouth. Riggs responds, sliding his hands up her back. Jill breaks off the kiss, pushes away from him and pulls closed the curtains on the sliding glass door.

JILL

And you're not a gourmet cook, are you?

RIGGS

Sure I am. Says so right on the frozen food container.

She begins to unbutton her dress. Riggs turns toward the bed -- sees SAM curled up asleep -- SLAPS him on the rump.

RIGGS

Beat it! No Stooges tonight.

Sam hops off the bed and exits the trailer through the floor Doggie-Door. Riggs throws back the blankets, exposing the sheets.

When he turns back toward Jill, she is moving towards him, her dress loose and opened, falling off her shoulders. Riggs slides his hands under her clothing and pulls her down to the bed.

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

A GRUMMAN ALBATROSS comes in low over the ocean. The pilot kills the engines and it glides in, smooth and silent.

It slides into the water on its belly, trailing behind it a wake of rippling moonlight.

CLOSE ON THE ALBATROSS

as FOUR SOUTH AFRICAN HITMEN hop out wearing wet-suits and carrying automatic weapons. They wade through the surf toward shore.

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER

Jill is under the sheets. Riggs is sitting on the bed, naked -- cigarette in one hand, a COMPUTER CHIP in the other.

RIGGS

. . . it goes into the car's alarm system. It sends out a signal that the police can follow. In case the car gets stolen.

JILL

You want to put that into Rudd's car. Yes?

RIGGS

Yes. Tonight. Can you get me in?

JILL

All you had to do was ask. But I'm glad you didn't.

EXT. THE TRAILER - NIGHT

The Hitmen walk up to Riggs' trailer and form a line parallel to it. They hold their weapons in position.

INT. THE TRAILER

The silence of the night is suddenly shattered by an ERUPTION OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. The sliding glass door EXPLODES, blowing a thousand sharp projectiles through the trailer.

Riggs pulls Jill to the floor.

RIGGS

DOWN!

Both are naked. Riggs grabs his jeans, wiggles into them. Jill clutches her dress.

MACHINE GUN FIRE TEARS through the trailer's metal sides. The NOISE is deafening . . . Wood cabinets are CHEWED into SPLINTERS . . . Windows DISINTEGRATE like bursting soap bubbles . . . Appliances are PULVERIZED. Everything is being DESTROYED; DEMOLISHED; CONSUMED in a hail of blazing weapon's fire.

EXT. THE TRAILER

The Hitmen SPRAY the trailer with gunfire. As one clip is exhausted, they calmly and methodically slap in another.

INT. THE TRAILER

The FUSSILADE seems never ending. The trailer is literally being TORN and SHREDED apart. The ceiling begins to COLLAPSE as the metal sides BUCKLE and BEND under the punishing attack.

Riggs and Jill have flattened themselves against the trailer's floor. Automatic weapons fire WHIZZES only inches above their heads.

Riggs' hand reaches up for his Beretta and shoulder holster. GRABS IT. Pulls it towards him. Now, he begins to move across the floor on his stomach, pulling Jill with him . . . inching their way toward the floor Doggie-Door.

UNDERNEATH THE TRAILER

Riggs and Jill emerge from the Doggie-Dog. The area under the trailer is less than three feet high. Above, the DEFEATING BARRAGE of GUNFIRE continues without let up.

Jill struggles into her dress. Riggs digs into his pants pockets for his truck keys. He gives them to Jill and gestures for her to get moving.

JILL

crawls out from under the trailer on the side opposite the attack.

RIGGS

crawls out in the other direction. Moving rapidly on his stomach across a sand dune like the trained Special Forces Commando that he once was.

He COMES UP BEHIND THE Hitmen. He takes a deep breath, then RISES UP into a shooting position. BAM. BAM. BAM.

Three Hitmen drop like marionettes with their strings cut. But the Fourth Hitman TURNS and SPRAYS a VOLLEY of MACHINE-GUN FIRE in Riggs' direction.

Riggs leaps and rolls to the side. The Hitman advances, machine-gun CHATTERING. Then . . . the ROAR OF A TRUCK ENGINE. The BLINDING GLARE of headlights.

RIGGS'S PICKUP TRUCK

HURTLES out of the darkness, fishtailing through the sand. A fender SLAMS the Hitman from behind, throwing him twenty feet in the air. He comes down hard on his shoulder.

Riggs scrambles to his feet. The Pickup ROARS down on him. The passenger door flies open. The truck doesn't slow down. Riggs GRABS the open door SWINGS his body into the cab.

The Hitman climbs to his knees. He FIRES at the departing truck.

INT. TRUCK'S CAB

Jill is behind the wheel. Riggs SEES SOMETHING in the SIDE MIRROR.

RIGGS

Slow down! Slow down!

SAM IS RUNNING after the truck as fast as his four short legs will carry him. Machine-gun fire KICKS UP SAND all around him. The truck slows down just enough, allowing Sam to LEAP ONTO THE TAILGATE and climb into the cargo bed.

EXT. THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSULATE - NIGHT

Riggs and Jill stand across Wilshire Blvd. from the Consulate.

RIGGS

What about the video camera over the door?

JILL
It's only on during business hours. But there's an alarm system with a 45 second delay.

RIGGS
You know the code?

JILL
(smiling)
Who do you think turns it off every morning?

INT. CONSULATE LOBBY - NIGHT

We HEAR the KEY IN THE LOCK. The door opens and Riggs and Jill enter.

Jill goes immediately to the KEY PAD on the wall and punches in the code. The RED LIGHT turns OFF . . . and the GREEN LIGHT comes ON . . . indicating that the system has been disarmed.

JILL
This way.

She leads him down a SERIES OF CORRIDORS until reaching the Parking Garage Door. The door requires another key. She opens it for him.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

They enter the garage. Rudd's Mercedes is the only car there. Riggs slides in, POPS the HOOD LATCH.

INT. RUDD'S APARTMENT WITHIN THE CONSULATE

Rudd lives in the building's top floor. He's at the bar, pouring a drink. Benedict is there with him.

(We NOTICE that there is another KEY PAD on the apartment wall, and the GREEN LIGHT is glowing.)

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

Riggs is done. He closes the hood of the Mercedes.

INT. RUDD'S APARTMENT

Benedict crosses the room. He sees something that troubles him.

RUDD
What's the matter?

Benedict indicates the GLOWING GREEN LIGHT on the key pad.

BENEDICT
Someone's shut off the alarm.

For a moment, they just stare at each other. Then, the RED LIGHT COMES ON AGAIN.

RUDD
Now it's on again.

BENEDICT
Turn on the camera!

EXT. CONSULATE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Riggs and Jill emerge quietly from the Consulate's front door. As she closes it behind her, the RED LIGHT on the VIDEO CAMERA comes on, indicating that the camera is now in use.

Riggs and Jill don't notice this.

INT. THE APARTMENT

Benedict and Rudd look into the MONITOR. Riggs and Jill can be seen turning away from the front door and going down the steps toward the street.

RUDD
Jill Townsend. ↴

BENEDICT
She's with Riggs! I can't believe this guy -- he's got more fucking lives than a cat!

RUDD
Take care of this immediately.

EXT. AN APARTMENT HOUSE COURTYARD - NIGHT

A 30's Style stucco apartment building. Like the ones off Olympic Blvd. in Beverly Hills.

Riggs walks Jill to her apartment door.

RIGGS
Thank you.

He gives her a kiss.

RIGGS

I've got to go.

JILL

Did we start something tonight, or just end it?

Riggs sighs to himself.

RIGGS

I'm not good relationship material. I don't think I have much of a future.

JILL

Just plenty of past.

RIGGS

More than I need.

EXT. THE STREET

Riggs hurries back to his Truck. But he never makes it . . .

BENEDICT EMERGES from the shadows of the bushes, looming up behind Riggs with an automatic rifle in his hands. He SLAMS the butt end against the BACK OF RIGGS' HEAD. IMPACT. Riggs goes down hard. SOUND FADES in and out. The stars above, the yard, the trees, the streetlamps, SWIRLING and SPINNING.

TWO HITMEN appear. Benedict directs them toward Jill's apartment with the wave of his hand.

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Murtaugh and Leo are sitting on the sofa. The TV is playing, but nobody is watching . . . because Leo is reviewing Murtaugh's TAX RETURNS.

LEO

What I see here are nice conservative returns. Everything by the book. Everything black and white. What you gotta do is play around in the gray areas a little more. This is where you can really save some bucks. Granted, on your salary we don't have much to work with. What you really need are more deductions.

MURTAUGH

More deductions, huh? . . .

LEO

Right. Let's say you pay off an informant. Get a receipt and take a deduction.

(beat)

If you buy yourself some food during a stake-out . . . get a receipt and take a deduction.

(beat)

You use your own credit card to buy gas after a high-speed chase . . . get a receipt and take a deduction.

MURTAUGH

Thanks, Leo. I'll remember that.

Murtaugh begins to collect his returns, putting everything back in a large envelope. Leo brings up a subject that has clearly been haunting him:

LEO

I guess . . . after I cooperate with the Feds . . . tell them all I know . . . I go free. Right? No jail time?

MURTAUGH

Could be, Leo. Could be.

LEO

That's good. Because I've learned my lesson. From now on, it's the straight and narrow for me.

MURTAUGH

Of course, the government's gonna confiscate everything you own. Your home. Your car. All your possessions. And they're gonna seize all your assets: Bank accounts, CD's, stocks. Whatever they can find.

LEO

They are?!

MURTAUGH

That's how it is, Leo. You don't get to keep what you don't get legal.

LEO

Fuck.

As he gathers up his tax records, Murtaugh comes across a piece of paper that gives him pause. He's so preoccupied with it, that Leo notices.

LEO

What's that?

MURTAUGH

The Bill of Sale for my fishing boat . . .

Murtaugh remains distracted by the Bill of Sale in his hand. Something is going on with him, the wheels are turning in his head.

LEO

Well, guess I'll turn in.

MURTAUGH

(without looking up)

Okay, Leo. Good night.

Once Leo is gone, Murtaugh goes to a shelf where VIDEO TAPES are stored and takes one down.

He puts the tape into the VCR and presses PLAY. This is what we see:

THE MURTAUGH FAMILY OUT ON THE BOAT.

There's Nick clowning around on deck. And Rianne posing in her bikini. There's Murtaugh wearing a Captain's Hat and waving at the camera.

Murtaugh presses FAST FORWARD and advances the tape; searching.

MURTAUGH

Where is it? Where is it? . . .

INT. THE BATHROOM

Leo enters. The shower curtain is drawn across the tub. Leo pays no attention to this, but he is curious about the OPEN BATHROOM WINDOW.

As he approaches to take a closer look, the SHOWER CURTAIN is quietly pulled back and a South African HITMAN STEPS OUT OF THE TUB.

Leo turns . . . but all he gets to see is the SHOWER CURTAIN being LOWERED over his head -- wrapped around his neck -- and pulled tight, shutting out the air.

Leo's being ASPHYXIATED by the Hitman. He flails his arms and kicks his feet, but he's no match for the Hitman's superior strength.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Murtaugh continues to Fast Forward through the tape. Then he stops . . . rewinds a little . . . plays it forward.

We see what looks like more of the same; the Murtaughs at play on the family boat. But Murtaugh sees something that we don't. He rewinds. Plays it again. Bends in close. Rewinds. Plays it again. Slow motion. Very close to the screen. Looking hard. Rewinds. Plays it again. One frame at a time.

MURTAUGH

(hushed)

I knew it.

What's he looking at? In the background of one shot is a FREIGHTER. A great big ocean-going cargo ship. And the name painted on the Freighter's bow is: NCRA DANE.

Murtaugh actually touches his finger to the screen right where the name appears.

MURTAUGH

(smiling)

Nora Dane.

006

Then: Murtaugh sees a REFLECTION IN THE TV SCREEN. Someone behind him! He whirls around -- finds himself face to face with the SOUTH AFRICAN HITMAN.

He doesn't think -- he just reacts. He THROWS A PUNCH against the Hitman's jaw.

The Hitman is propelled backwards against the wall, but BOUNCES BACK WITH A VENGEANCE. He overwhelms Murtaugh with a series of Martial Arts KICKS and JABS that fairly WHISTLE through the air.

Murtaugh is beaten back into the:

HOBBY ROOM

Where he CRASHES to the floor within inches of the the CARPENTER'S TOOLS.

The Hitman advances. Murtaugh SWINGS UP his arm, the PNEUMATIC NAIL GUN in his grasp. BAM! He fires a nail. THUNK! Right between the Hitman's eyes. The expression of surprise on his face is almost comical. He sinks to his knees and keals over onto his face.

Murtaugh staggers to his feet, head reeling. Holding his side, he stumbles back into:

THE LIVING ROOM

Only to see a SECOND HITMAN approaching from across the room with a KNIFE in his hand. It takes Murtaugh a moment to bring him into focus.

The Hitman comes forward slowly, like a predatory animal stalking wounded prey. Murtaugh rocks back and forth on his heels, still unsteady from the beating he just took. He raises the Nail Gun -- points it at the approaching Hitman and fires -- BAM!

The Hitman grabs a small END TABLE by the legs and uses its top as a shield. THUNK. The nail sinks into the wood.

The Hitman keeps coming. Holding the table in front of him. Murtaugh AIMS LOWER -- BAM! . . . The Hitman lowers the table -- THUNK . . . Murtaugh AIMS HIGHER -- BAM! . . . The Hitman raises the table -- THUNK.

And that's the last nail Murtaugh gets to fire, because the Hitman is now right on top of ~~him~~ -- SWINGING the table through the air -- SMASHING it against Murtaugh's skull.

Murtaugh's knees buckle, but he doesn't go down. The Hitman RUSHES HIM, his knife pointed toward Murtaugh's gut.

They struggle. We HEAR the nail gun discharge: BAM! And the Hitman staggers backwards and falls . . . a NAIL THROUGH HIS HEART.

MURTAUGH

(amazed)

Sonofabitch . . . I nailed 'em both.

INT. THE BATHROOM

Murtaugh charges in.

MURTAUGH

Leo!

But all he finds is the torn shower curtain and the open window.

INT. THE HOUSE ON STILTS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A HAND as it sweeps up a BEER CAN. Shakes it. Shoves it under the nose of . . . LEO GETZ. The hand SNAPS THE TAB. Beer EXPLODES out of the can, SPRAYING up Leo's nose with great force.

Leo rears his head back in distress. CHOKES. SPITS. GAGS. GASPS for air. Beer pours from his nose and mouth. He's drowning on suds.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include BENEDICT. Smoking one of his thin cigars.

BENEDICT

Where's the money, Leo? How much did you take? We want it back, Leo! Where is it?!

Leo is TAPED to a chair, like Trish and Murtaugh were taped to their bed. Leo doesn't answer. He blows beer out of his nose and tries to clear his throat. Benedict grabs another beer and shakes it up.

BENEDICT

What's the deal, Leo? You'll talk to the Feds but not to me?! That's not fair. That hurts my feelings!

He shoves the second beer under Leo's nose. Leo tries to turn his head away, but a South African Hitman forces it back around. Benedict POPS THE TAB with the same results as before.

Leo chokes, spits and nearly dies.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include RIGGS. Seated next to Leo. Also taped to his chair, but with his mouth taped shut as well. And Riggs is SCREAMING IN ANGER behind the tape.

Benedict RIPS it off.

BENEDICT

You got something to say!?

RIGGS

You bastard! You're dead! You're dead!

BENEDICT

No, Riggs -- you're the one who's dead!

RIGGS

You killed Tom Wyler, you sonofabitch!
You killed him while he was hanging
upside down, completely
helpless! I found your fucking cigar
butt on the floor!

BENEDICT

Yeah. I did Tommy. I killed him.
So what? I enjoyed it. It was fun.

Riggs SPITS in Benedict's face. Benedict SLAPS Riggs
hard.

BENEDICT

All right, you little shit. Now
I'm gonna tell you something that's
gonna blow your fucking mind! You
ready for this, because this is gonna
make you come unglued!

(beat)

Four years ago when you were working
as a Narc in Long Beach, there was
a contract out on you and I handled
it. That's right, I ran your fucking
car off the road. Only you weren't
in it!

(beat)

Imagine my surprise when I pulled
back this matted mop of blood-soaked
hair and saw a woman's face.

(beat)

She didn't die right away, either.
She took awhile.

Benedict was right . . . Riggs is coming unglued. His
face flushes. The veins in his neck pop out. He struggles
against the tape that holds him down.

BENEDICT

Where the hell were you, Riggs?!
You were supposed to be driving that car,
not your damned wife!

RIGGS

You fucking sonofabitch!

BENEDICT

The funny part was, by killing her,
we killed you, too. Because after
that, you crawled into a bottle and
died.

RIGGS

But now I'm back!

BENEDICT

Hell, you ain't nowhere, Riggs.
And I'll tell you something else
. . . this is gonna be the worst
night of your life.

EXT. A FISHING BOAT - THE OCEAN - NIGHT

The boat bobs in the water. Riggs is on deck, wearing a VEST made of METAL CHAIN with LEAD WEIGHTS attached to it.

The two South African Hitman wrestle Riggs to the boat's gunwale. Riggs struggles and kicks. The Hitmen POUND him a few times in the face.

HITMAN ONE

Any last words?

Riggs coughs and spits blood through now swollen lips.

RIGGS

You're under arrest. You
have the right to remain silent.

HITMAN ONE

Smart mouth, huh?

The South Africans CLOBBER Riggs in the face some more, then DUMP HIM OVER THE SIDE.

UNDERWATER

Riggs' weighted vest PULLS HIM STRAIGHT DOWN, fifteen feet, to a sand bar below. The water's cold and dark. We can barely make out Riggs. He HITS BOTTOM, raising a cloud of sand in the water. DIMLY SEEN OBJECTS sway lazily in the current.

ABOVE WATER - IN THE BOAT

One of the South Africans angles a SEARCHLIGHT down toward the water.

HITMAN TWO

Let's give him a show.

UNDERWATER

Suddenly flooded with LIGHT. Jesus Christ! We get the shock of our lives . . . those "dimly seen objects" turn out to be CORPSES! And Riggs is right in the middle of them.

All in various stages of decomposition and wrapped in chains. Rolling and shifting with the ocean current. Staring up from dead, fish-eaten faces. Clothes rotted away in tatters. Some little more than skeletons.

Except one . . . JILL! . . . still beautiful, even in death. Her naked body white as marble.

Riggs can't believe his eyes. Horror and pain fill his expression. But now he fights back harder than ever.

ABOVE WATER - IN THE BOAT

The Two South Africans peer into the water, see the TURBULENCE below, the signs of struggle.

HITMAN TWO

How long?

HITMAN ONE

Minute ten. And still kickin'.

UNDERWATER

Riggs thrusts against the chain vest, pulling it tight across his back -- POP! -- dislocates his shoulder. A silent scream of agony as the chains slip and loosen.

ABOVE WATER - IN THE BOAT

The South Africans look over the port side of the boat when Riggs EXPLODES OUT OF THE WATER on the starboard side. He leaps into the boat like a mad demon, one arm hanging limp.

The South Africans turn, but don't have a chance. Riggs is upon them before they know it. And he kills them both . . . TWISTING THE NECK of one . . . SNAPPING the other's BACKBONE over his knee.

And then, Riggs releases a PRIMAL SCREAM of anguish and pain as he JAMS his SHOULDER back into its socket by SLAMMING it against the wheel-house wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CANYON - NIGHT

We don't know exactly what's going on here.

Riggs is wrapping a HEAVY CHAIN around something that resembles a telephone POLE.

MLURTAUGH IS WITH HIM. The two men exchange a look that is GRIM and DETERMINED.

RIGGS

Let's do it.

Murtaugh drives away in his Police Sedan.

Riggs watches him depart, then climbs into the cab of his truck. He turns on the ignition and FLOORS THE GAS PEDAL.

The BACK TIRES SPIN MADLY in the soft dirt . . . the motor ROARING.

EXT. DECK OF "STILT" HOUSE - NIGHT

Benedict hears the ROARING TRUCK MOTOR from the canyon below and comes out onto the deck. He peers down into the darkness.

Riggs has wrapped the chain around the CORNER STILT that supports the house. The other end of the chain is attached to the Truck . . . and Riggs is pulling the house down!

Benedict has only a moment to register a look of alarm before a LOUD CRACK echoes across the canyon, and the deck begins to LIST and SWAY beneath his feet.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

All hell has broken loose. The house has begun to SHIFT! The SOUNDS of timbers CRACKING; nails CREAKING as they bend and pull free; plaster BREAKING; windows SHATTERING; water pipes BURSTING; gas lines RUPTURING.

MURTAUGH RUSHES IN from the front door.

TWO SOUTH AFRICAN GUNMEN enter from the hallway. EVERYONE FIRES AT ONCE -- BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! When the smoke clears, only Murtaugh is left standing.

BENEDICT

sees Murtaugh inside the house. He RAISES HIS GUN and FIRES . . . but the shot goes wild because Benedict has literally DROPPED FROM VIEW as . . .

THE HOUSE SNAPS IN TWO!

The half supported by stilts (the half that Benedict is standing on) SLIDES DOWN THE CANYON. The rest of the house, the portion built on solid ground at the top of the canyon, remains behind. (This is where Murtaugh is.)

The SLIDING PORTION OF THE HOUSE plows a wide swath through the trees and underbrush as it CRASHES down into the canyon in a cloud of DUST and DEBRIS.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Benedict clings to a doorway with both hands as FURNITURE FLIES past him. Then he sees something out the opening where the deck's sliding glass doors used to be:

The house is on a collision course with the TRUNK OF A DEAD OAK TREE. It protrudes from the ground at a 45 degree angle. Benedict SCREAMS as the house RUSHES toward the tree trunk. SMASH! The tree trunk RIPS THROUGH THE HOUSE with tremendous force, halting its forward progress down the canyon.

RIGGS HOPS FROM HIS TRUCK

He is triumphant. The only man in the history of the L.A.P.D. ever to have brought down a house.

INT. THE "DESTROYED" PORTION OF THE HOUSE

Riggs enters with his Beretta leveled. He chokes on the dust. It's so thick he can hardly see. The place has been DEMOLISHED. It doesn't even resemble a house anymore. Especially with this ENORMOUS TREE TRUNK taking up so much room.

Riggs picks his way through the debris. And then he SEES BENEDICT: PINNED between the tree trunk and the wall. Only his his upper body is visible . . . and he's in agony. Riggs approaches him cautiously.

Benedict stares down at Riggs. His eyes glassy, but filled with hate.

BENEDICT

(barely gets the words out)

. . . you just won't die, will you?
. . .

Riggs regards him with loathing. Benedict struggles to bring up his arm. He's still holding his pistol. He tries to aim it at Riggs, but doesn't have the strength to pull the trigger.

The gun slips from his hand, and he dies with his eyes wide open.

INT. THE "INTACT" PORTION OF THE HOUSE

Leo (still taped to a chair) sits in the GAPING HOLE where the house split apart -- his chair practically TEETERING on the edge. He'd be enjoying a PANORAMIC VIEW of the canyon and beyond, except for the fact that his eyes have been taped shut.

Murtaugh rushes to his rescue. He pulls Leo's chair away from the brink of disaster, then gently removes the tape from his mouth and eyes.

MURTAUGH

Hi, Leo.

LEO

Sgt. Murtaugh! God, am I glad to see you! I didn't know what was going on! Sounded like somebody was pulling the house down.

MURTAUGH

Somebody was.

Murtaugh indicates the gaping hole in the house. Leo turns to see it . . . and jumps to a very logical conclusion:

LEO

Sgt. Riggs is alive!

As if on cue, Riggs STRIDES IN.

RIGGS

You bet I am.

MURTAUGH

What about Benedict?

Riggs shakes his head, no.

MURTAUGH

Shoot him?

RIGGS

No. You might say he went out on a limb.

LEO

You want Rudd next?

RIGGS

Do you have to ask?

Murtaugh pulls off the tape from Leo's ankles and wrists. Leo stands up. Wiggles his fingers to bring back the circulation.

LEO

Then you better hurry.
I heard him talking to Benedict.
They taped up everything but my ears.
He's leaving the country. Today.
And he's taking his cash with him.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange a look.

RIGGS

I'm in the mood to spoil that
bastard's travel plans. What about
you?

MURTAUGH

Sure . . . any ideas how to find him?

Riggs just smiles.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Riggs' Pickup Truck speeds across the high, arching
bridge that crosses the L.A. Channel near the mouth
of the Harbor.

INT. THE PICKUP - NIGHT

Riggs is behind the wheel. Murtaugh and Leo are squeezed
into the seat next to him.

A FLASHING, BEEPING RED LIGHT on a RECEIVING UNIT attached
to the dashboard is directing Riggs toward Rudd's Mercedes.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The letters "N - O - R - A - D - A - N - E" come INTO
FRAME one at a time as the CAMERA PANS across the bow
of the ship.

The ship is docked beside a LOADING PIER. We see Riggs'
Pickup Truck traveling slowly down the pier.

INT. THE PICKUP

As they drive down the pier, the BEEPING SOUND grows
LOUDER and LOUDER.

MURTAUGH

I don't see it.

RIGGS

It's here someplace.
(meaning the beeper)
This thing is going crazy.

MURTAUGH

Pull over and park.

EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT

Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo climb out of the Pickup. They have parked beside an area where GIANT STORAGE CONTAINERS rest on FLAT-BED TRUCKS awaiting loading onto cargo ships. (Note: These Containers are enormous. They're as large as the trailers of the biggest eighteen wheelers.)

Riggs carries the Receiving Unit in his hand. The BEEPING LIGHT is going wild.

RIGGS

It's coming from that container.

As they move toward the Container, Murtaugh notices that Leo is tagging along.

MURTAUGH

Didn't I tell you to wait in the truck?

LEO

No.

MURTAUGH

Well, I meant to.

LEO

Too late now.

During this exchange, Riggs has climbed onto the bed of the truck on which the Container is resting.

RIGGS

Roger! Look at this.

Murtaugh forgets about Leo, and hurries onto the flatbed truck to join Riggs. Leo is right behind him.

Riggs indicates a STICKER attached to the CONTAINER DOORS.

MURTAUGH

(reading what it says)

"Official Diplomatic Seal of the Nation of South Africa."

RIGGS

Know what that means, Rog?
This Container is a Diplomatic Pouch.

MURTAUGH

Right. Protected under Article 27
of the Vienna Convention.

RIGGS

Right.
(beat)
Screw Article 27.

MURTAUGH

Right.

Riggs FIRES TWO SHOTS into the lock. Then they swing
open the doors.

INT. THE CONTAINER

Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo are confronted with a STACK
OF BUNDLES. These bundles -- which are perfectly square
and wrapped in brown paper -- rise to ceiling of the
Container.

MURTAUGH

Close the doors.

Leo SHUTS the doors behind them. Now they're in the
DARK.

MURTAUGH

Shit. Can't see a thing.

RIGGS

I can fix that.

Riggs WALKS AROUND the large stack of bundles and finds
what he knew would be there: RUDD'S MERCEDES.

He opens the door and turns on the HEADLIGHTS. Now
the Container is filled with a HARSH LIGHT that casts
EERIE SHADOWS against the Container's walls and ceiling.

MURTAUGH

That's great. Help us with this.

Riggs returns to help Murtaugh and Leo RIP AWAY the
brown paper wrapping. And this is what they discover
underneath:

MONEY! BUNDLES and BUNDLES of it. STACKS and STACKS
of it. ROWS and ROWS of it. TWO THOUSAND CUBIC FEET
of U.S. Currency in 20, 50, 100 and 1000 Dollar demoninations.

MURTAUGH

Holy shit.

RIGGS

Holy shit is right.

(beat)

Do you know what we're looking at here?

MURTAUGH

Yeah. From here to here -- that's a house in Beverly Hills. This section over here -- that's a Rolls Royce and two Ferraris. This part here -- this is a lifetime of comfort and ease.

RIGGS

This is drug money, Roger. Probably just a month's worth of profits.

LEO

Let's see . . . 27 cubic feet of twenty dollar bills equals five million dollars . . .

(pulls out a pocket calculator)

This container is about ten feet tall by eight feet wide . . . stack's about six feet deep . . .

(taps in the numbers)

Jesus! All I stole was a few hundred thousand. These guys are getting away with hundreds of millions!

Murtaugh holds a WRAPPED BUNDLE in his hand.

MURTUAGH

Look at this. These are thousand dollar bills! What I'm holding in my hand could put all three of my kids through college!

(beat)

And I could fit it in my pocket.

Silence. Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo all share a look.

RIGGS

When I turn my back, Roger, you can do anything you want.

Riggs moves off, leaving Murtaugh to battle the demons of his conscience. Murtaugh glances at the money, then at Leo, then tosses the money back.

Leo is impressed by Murtaugh's honesty.

EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT

Rudd and TWO SOUTH AFRICAN HIT MEN walk down the pier toward the container. Rudd looks upset. He glances at this watch.

RUDD
Where the hell is Benedict?!
Did you call his house?

HIT MAN
Yeah, I --

RUDD
-- was he there?

HIT MAN
I don't know --

RUDD
-- did he answer!? Was the line
busy?!

HIT MAN
Nobody answered. The phone was out
of order.

This news makes Rudd grow visibly nervous.

RUDD
We can't wait any longer! Load
the container!

INT. THE CONTAINER

RIGGS
We've got to make sure this Container
doesn't go anywhere.

Suddenly, they feel something.

RIGGS
What's that?

MURTAUGH
Shit. We're moving.

EXT. THE CONTAINER

The Container is being driven down the pier on the Flat-Bed Truck toward the loading area.

Rudd and the Two Hit Men walk along beside it.

INT. THE CONTAINER

Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo peek out the crack where the doors meet. They can't see anything except the pier passing beneath them.

MURTAUGH
See anybody?

RIGGS
No.

MURTAUGH
Okay. Now what?

RIGGS
Stay with the container.

MURTAUGH
I say we jump.

RIGGS
Go ahead.

MURTAUGH
By myself?

RIGGS
Why not?

MURTAUGH
We're partners.

RIGGS
Then stay with me.

Then, they come to a stop.

RIGGS
We've stopped.

MURTAUGH
Now what?

RIGGS
We jump out.

MURTAUGH
You keep changing your mind.

RIGGS
To fit the situation, yes!

Murtaugh pushes on the doors, but they DON'T MOVE.

MURTAUGH

They're stuck. They won't open.

EXT. THE CONTAINER

It's now parked beneath the LOADING CRANE. (This is a huge four-legged crane that's as tall as a five-story building. It straddles the entire width of the pier.)

A Traveling Carriage, called a CRAB, is lowered from above. It GRABS HOLD of the Container, preparing to hoist it up.

INT. THE CONTAINER

Riggs and Murtaugh hear the NOISE OVERHEAD as the Crab CLAMPS onto the Container.

LEO

(looking up)

What the hell was that?

Now they feel a very strange sensation as the Container is LIFTED UPWARD.

MURTAUGH

We're going up!

LEO

I've been on this ride before. It's called "Free Fall."

RIGGS

You better hope not.

Murtaugh puts his shoulder into the doors and they SWING OPEN. But now they're FORTY FEET IN THE AIR.

EXT. THE PIER

One of the Hit Men LOOKS UP . . . SEES Murtaugh in the open Container doorway.

INT. THE CONTAINER

Murtaugh jumps back from the opening.

MURTAUGH

They saw me.

RIGGS

Maybe they didn't.

This is followed by the SOUND OF MACHINE GUN FIRE as bullets RIP UP through the bottom of the Container.

LEO
No. Sgt. Murtaugh was right.

EXT. THE PIER

The two Hit Men aim their weapons in the air, SHOOTING UP into the Container.

Rudd SHOUTS up to the OPERATOR'S CAGE to have the Container lowered.

RUDD
Bring it down! Bring it down!

INT. THE CONTAINER

GUNFIRE TEARS THROUGH the bottom of the Container. Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo manage to dodge the bullets, but they know the odds are against them.

MURTAUGH
We're going back down! They're taking us down.

Inspiration strikes Martin Riggs:

RIGGS
Get in the Mercedes!

INT. THE MERCEDES

Riggs climbs in behind the wheel. Next to him is Murtaugh. Leo in back, as usual.

RIGGS
This time -- I get to drive!

Riggs pulls a cluster of wires from under the dashboard, crosses the right ones and the MOTOR FIRES UP.

All Riggs and Murtaugh can see out the windshield is a WALL OF MONEY . . . but they know there's a pair of cargo doors on the other side.

MURTAUGH
What about all that cash?

RIGGS
Blast right through it.

EXT. THE PIER

Rudd and the Hit Men watch as the Container is lowered.

RUDD

Don't let them get away this time!
Kill those sonsofbitches!!

EXT. THE CONTAINER

It's coming down. Thirty-five feet high . . . thirty feet . . . twenty-five feet . . .

INT. THE MERCEDES (INSIDE THE CONTAINER)

Riggs has the gear in neutral and the pedal pushed to the floor. The Mercedes' motor is literally SCREAMING at 5,000 RPM's -- the NOISE RESONATING within the metal Container.

RIGGS

Fasten your seat belts.

Suddenly, they feel the Container jerk to a stop.

RIGGS

That's it. We've hit bottom.

With the MOTOR RACING . . . Riggs jams the gear shift lever into Drive . . . and the Mercedes ROCKETS FORWARD.

EXT. THE CONTAINER

The Cargo Doors EXPLODE OPEN and the Mercedes FLIES OUT . . . PUSHING 2,000 Cubic Feet of MONEY ahead of it.

One little problem . . . the Container hasn't reached the pier yet. Something got stuck. It's still SUSPENDED FIFTEEN FEET IN THE AIR.

INT. THE MERCEDES

As the cloud of money clears, Riggs, Murtaugh and Leo realize that the pier is well below them.

RIGGS, LEO
& MURTAUGH

Oh, shhhhhitttt!!!

EXT. THE PIER

Rudd and the Hit Men look up to see an AIRBORNE MERCEDES emerging through a FLURRY OF CURRENCY . . . and it's coming right at them.

Rudd STUMBLES BACKWARDS. The Hit Men DIVE for safety.

The Mercedes CRASHES DOWN onto the pier. The SOUND OF IMPACT is tremendous, but a Mercedes is built like a tank, and the car remains intact.

The Hit Men scramble to their feet.

RIGGS AND MURTAUGH

leap from the car with GUNS BLAZING. The Hit Men don't get off a shot -- both of them are BLOWN AWAY.

RUDD

looks dazed as MONEY FALLS FROM THE SKY and lands all around him. Some of it is caught by the wind, and sent swirling down the pier.

Riggs marches up to him.

RIGGS
You're finished, Rudd. It's all over.

Rudd stares at Riggs with a pathetically bewildered expression. Riggs turns his back on him, SNATCHING A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL out of the air.

RIGGS
(smiling)
Hey, Rog . . . money from heaven.

Murtaugh smiles . . . and then his expression changes to one of horror because Rudd has PULLED A KNIFE and he's rushing up behind Riggs with it.

MURTAUGH
Riggs -- !!

The warning is too late. Rudd STICKS the knife into Riggs' back right above his hip bone -- then pulls it out again.

Riggs' eyes go wide as a SHOOTING PAIN, like a thousand volts of electricity, courses through his body. He STAGGERS toward Murtaugh and Leo with an alarmed, uncomprehending expression on his face.

RIGGS
Roger? . . . Roger!!

He falls into Leo's arms. Leo holds him up, keeps him from falling.

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Murtaugh SWINGS UP HIS PISTOL in a two-handed grip. He is seething -- quaking -- with a blind fury as he points the gun at Rudd.

Rudd holds up his DIPLOMATIC CREDENTIALS like a shield in front of his face.

RUDD
Diplomatic immunity!!

MURTAUGH
Just been revoked!

Murtaugh FIRES! The bullet TEARS A HOLE through Rudd's credentials . . . then tears a hole through Rudd's head, the impact propelling him backwards.

Leo cradles Riggs in his arms. Murtaugh bends down to him.

RIGGS
Oh, Jesus, Roger . . . it hurts like hell.

MURTAUGH
Take it easy, buddy. You been stuck before. You been stuck before.

Murtaugh and Leo exchange a worried expression as SIRENS of APPROACHING POLICE CARS are heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - MINUTES LATER

The pier is SWARMING WITH COPS now. Riggs is being placed inside an AMBULANCE. Murtaugh hops in with him. The doors close. The Ambulance SPEEDS OFF.

LEO IS LEFT BEHIND

He watches the Ambulance depart. In all the confusion, nobody pays any attention to him. He SLIPS AWAY . . .

DISAPPEARING into the crowd.

INT. THE AMBULANCE

A PARAMEDIC attends to Riggs who lies on his side, grimacing in pain. Murtaugh comforts him.

RIGGS
I don't wanna die, Roger . . .

MURTAUGH
You won't. Say it again.

RIGGS

Don't . . . wanna . . . die . . .

MURTAUGH

Say it again! Keep sayin' --

Murtaugh stops in mid-sentence. Riggs' eyes have fluttered shut.

MURTAUGH

No . . . no way! You're breathin'!
You're alive! You're not dead!

Riggs sure looks dead. The Paramedic urgently checks for signs of life.

MURTAUGH

No! Don't die. You're not dead until I tell you! Got that!

RIGGS

(weakly)

Go spit . . .

Murtaugh has never looked more relieved in his life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A BANK VAULT

This is where the SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES are kept. A MAN enters. We can't see his face. His collar is turned up. He wears dark glasses and a hat with the brim pulled down.

He proceeds to empty the contents of two large boxes into a suitcase. Of course, we're talking about money. SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS in large demonination bills.

INT. BANK LOBBY

The Man emerges from the vault area with his heavy suitcase. He only takes a few steps before he's GRABBED BY BOTH ARMS.

It's Riggs and Murtaugh. Riggs has him by one arm; Murtaugh by the other. Riggs removes the man's hat. Murtaugh removes his sunglasses.

It's Leo. And he looks surprised.

LEO

Sgt. Riggs. Sgt. Murtaugh . . .

MURTAUGH

Hi, Leo. How ya been?

RIGGS

Yeah. What's up, Leo? What's in the suitcase?

Leo is very uncomfortable. He looks around in all directions.

LEO

Is there someplace we can talk in private?

MURTAUGH

Sure. What about my car? It's parked right outside.

That's when they SNAP THE CUFFS on him.

LEO

Oh, no. C'mon, guys. Gimme a break. After all we been through. Don't do this to me.

RIGGS

Let's go, Leo.

They take him out.

EXT. THE BANK - DAY

They guide Leo into the back of the Police Sedan parked at the curb.

INT. THE POLICE SEDAN

Murtaugh drives. Riggs next to him. Leo in back. The car pulls away from the curb.

LEO

Guys, please. Have a heart. Don't take me in. I'm no use to the Feds anymore. Everybody who I was gonna testify against is dead. You guys should know that -- you're the ones who killed 'em!

MURTAUGH

Shut up, Leo.

LEO

Why did I ever give myself up in the first place!? That was my big mistake!

RIGGS

No, Leo. You did the right thing.

LEO

Some comfort that is to me now.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - DAY

The Police Sedan races South on the Freeway.

INT. THE POLICE SEDAN

Leo looks out the window with an alarmed expression.

LEO

Hey! Where we going? You missed the turn-off!

RIGGS &
MURTAUGH

Shut up, Leo.

EXT. CALIFORNIA-MEXICO BORDER CROSSING - DAY

Traffic is backed up for miles in both directions as autos crawl through the CUSTOMS STATIONS.

Murtaugh's Police Sedan, however, slides into a special lane for Official Vehicles. Murtaugh flashes his badge and he is waved through.

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD - DAY

The Police Sedan pulls off the road and parks. The car's front doors fly open and Riggs and Murtaugh jump out.

Now they remove Leo from the back seat, along with his suitcase. Leo regards them expectantly . . . and a little apprehensively.

Riggs REMOVES THE CUFFS from Leo's wrists.

LEO

Hey . . . what is this? . . .

RIGGS

You're free, Leo.

LEO

But . . . why?

MURTAUGH

Because we like you. Okay?

Riggs turns, puts two fingers into his mouth and WHISTLES.

RIGGS

Pepe! Over here!

Twelve year-old PEPE comes over leading a BURRO on a rope. The Burro is pulling a two-wheeled CART. Riggs loads the suitcase into the cart.

RIGGS

(to Leo)

See? We thought of everything.

Leo looks overwhelmed. Murtaugh reaches out to shake his hand.

MURTAUGH

Adios, Leo.

But instead of shaking hands, Leo gives Murtaugh a hug. Murtaugh looks embarrassed.

MURTAUGH

Okay, okay.

Now Leo turns to Riggs.

LEO

I'll never forget you guys.

RIGGS

You could if you tried.

Leo gives Riggs a hug. Riggs WINCES in pain.

RIGGS

Careful, Leo. That's where the knife went in.

Leo steps back.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

Come on. Let's get out of here before we change our minds.

Riggs and Murtaugh climb into the car. Murtaugh starts up the motor. Riggs leans out the window.

RIGGS

Hey, Leo . . . will you do something for Roger and me?

LEO

Sure. You name it.

RIGGS

Live like a king.

And then, the Police Sedan peels away in a thick cloud of Mexican dust as Leo watches, silently waving his hand.

END