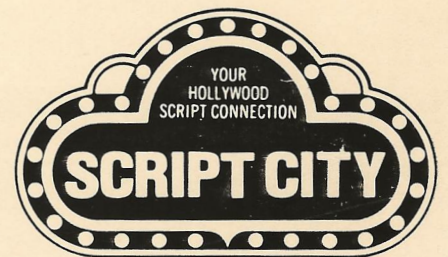


LETHAL WEAPON 2



SCRIPT CITY
8033 SUNSET BLVD., SUITE 1500
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046
(213) 871-0707

Revised: 12/09/88 (Yellow)
12/20/88 (Green)
12/21/88 (Gold)
01/03/89 (Buff)
01/04/89 (Salmon)
01/05/89 (Cherry)
01/06/89 (Tan)
01/11/89 (White)
01/12/89 (Pink)
01/13/89 (Blue)
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01/18/89 (Green)
01/19/89 (Gold)
01/24/89 (Buff)
02/09/89 (Salmon)
02/09/89 PM (Cherry)
04/03/89 (Tan)
03/16/89 (White) 18

LETHAL WEAPON 2

Screenplay by

Jeffrey Boam

REVISED DRAFT

WARNER BROS. INC.
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

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OPENING CHASE

(NOTE: Locations, car models, license plate numbers and character names used in these pages are not always accurate. They should be corrected before shooting.)

TUNNEL SEQUENCE

INT. OLDS

RIGGS

Can't you go any faster!? Floor
this thing!

Riggs puts foot on gas. Murtaugh kicks it away. Riggs
tries again. Murtaugh fights him off.

MURTAUGH

Stop that! I know what I'm doing!

RIGGS

Faster, Roger! C'mon!

MURTAUGH

I can't.

(embarrassed)

I can't go over fifty during the
break-in period.

RIGGS

Oh, Jesus . . .

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

20 William 15, what is your
location?

RIGGS

(into radio)

Eastbound on 4th. In the tunnel.
We have a red, late model B.M.W.
Driver: White. Blond hair.
Plate: Two-George-Queen-David-
Seven-Four-Six. Gimme Wants &
Warrants.

(to Murtaugh)

Go around this guy!

Murtaugh swerves around one car, almost collides with
another.

RIGGS

Damn! That was close!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH
(yelling into radio)
Where's 20-William-12!?

CUT TO:

EXT. "SECOND CHASE"

The Drug Squad Car, (20-William-12) is in pursuit of a blue Buick.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
20-William-12, what is your location, please?

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG SQUAD CAR

DRUG COP
20-William-12, southbound on Hill.

CUT TO:

INT. DISPATCH ROOM

DISPATCHER
20-William-15. Use caution. You are Eastbound, 4th. 20-William-12 is Southbound, Hill. You guys are heading right towards each other. Somebody, back off.

CAVANAUGH (V.O.)
Hear that, Riggs! Back off!

RIGGS (V.O.)
You back off!

CAVANAUGH (V.O.)
No way! Drop back!

RIGGS (V.O.)
Not us, Cavanaugh!

DISPATCHER
Somebody better back off.

EXIT TUNNEL - 2ND CHASE JOINS

INT. BMW

Hans reacts to approach of buddies in blue Car.

INT. BLUE CAR

Buddies react to sight of Hans.

INT. OLDS

As the car spins out.

RIGGS
(to Murtaugh)
Go! Go! Go!
(into radio)
We're sticking with Red!
20-William-12, stick with Blue!

OLDS WINDSHIELD IS SHOT OUT

INT. OLDS

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
20-William-15, what is your
location?

RIGGS
(into radio)
20-William-15, we're Northbound
on --

MURTAUGH
-- Riggs!! He's got a gun!!

Riggs and Murtaugh duck. SHOTS are FIRED. The WIND-
SHIELD EXPLODES.

RIGGS
You okay!?

MURTAUGH
Yeah, yeah!

RIGGS
(into radio)
Suspect armed! Suspect armed!
The sonofabitch is taking shots
at us!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(very calm)
I understand the situation.

Riggs KICKS OUT the WINDSHIELD. Wind rushes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

Look at this car! Trish is gonna
kill me!

RIGGS

Why would you use your own car on
duty in the first place!?

MURTAUGH

Mileage allowance. Thirty cents
per mile. It adds up, you know.
Every little bit helps.

Riggs tucks a bill into Murtaugh's coat pocket.

RIGGS

Here's five bucks! The next
twenty miles are on me!

CUT TO:

EXT. OLDS CHASING BMW

MURTAUGH (V.O.)

Let's see... thirty cents into.
five dollars... no, that's
sixteen miles.

RIGGS (V.O.)

Too bad you can't drive as fast as
you can divide.

INT. BMW

Hans picks up radio, speaks African.

INT. BLUE CAR

Driver picks up radio, speaks African.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Cops listen. Look confused.

MURPHY

What is that? German?

INT. DISPATCH ROOM

Dispatcher turns to co-worker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER
What is that? Swedish?

INT. OLDS

Murtaugh turns to Riggs.

MURTAUGH
What is that? Dutch?

TRAILER EXPLOSION SEQUENCE

INT. POLICE SEDAN

As he rushes to join in the chase.

OFFICER
(into radio)
20-William-20 backing 20-William-15.
Westbound on 3rd. Intercepting
pursuit Hill and 3rd.

Now he sees the trailer in his path.

OFFICER
Oh, shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPLOSION

COP (V.O.)
We need paramedics! Officer
involved T.A. Hill and 3rd! The
goddamn street's on fire!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
I understand the situation.
(beat)
L.A.F.D. This is operator 899.
Need R.A. unit Hill and 3rd.
Officer T.A.

INT. OLDS

As they head toward flames.

RIGGS
Go through! Go through!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see that the BMW goes in one direction, and the blue car goes in another.

MURTAUGH

They're splitting up!

RIGGS

Stick with our guy!

(into radio)

20-William-12, you've still got Blue! Stay with Blue!

HOTEL LOADING ZONE SEQUENCE

INT. BMW

Hans HONKS his HORN. People scatter.

HANS

(in English)

Out of the way! Out of the way!

INT. OLDS

AD LIB REACTIONS from Murtaugh and Riggs as BMW cuts them off and they rear-end vehicle.

RIGGS ON FOOT / CHASES CROSS PATHS

INT. DRUG SQUAD CAR

As they take the down ramp in pursuit of blue car.

DRUG COP

(into radio)

20-William-15, we're going down,
your guy is going up!

(beat)

Hey, Murtaugh . . . your partner's
on foot!

INT. OLDS

Murtaugh drives up the ramp behind Riggs.

MURTAUGH

(into radio)

I see him! I see him!

EXT. CAR

rights itself, all four wheels hit the roadway, and Murtaugh is yelling into radio:

MURTAUGH
(into radio)
20-William-12! Where are you!?
What's your location!?

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER SEQUENCE

INT. DRUG SQUAD CAR

As it corners blue car.

DRUG COP
(into radio)
20-William-12. We have suspect
cornered on 6th Street overpass.
We are leaving the vehicle!

EXT. GUNFIGHT, ETC.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
20-William-12. Come in. Come in.
Come in. Code 1! Code 1!

Drug Cop returns to car. Grabs radio.

DRUG COP
(into radio)
They got a fucking chopper! We're
taking automatic weapons fire!
Get a supervisor out here, Jeanne!
We need back-up! Get me a fucking
air unit!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Oh, shit. I mean, I understand
the situation. Take it easy.
Calm down.
(beat)
Any air unit. Any air unit. Come
in on my frequency.

CHOPPER PILOT (V.O.)
Air Eight. Go ahead.

DRUG COP
They're getting away! West on
Olive! They're in the air!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Suspects picked up in helicopter.
6th and Olive. Heading west.
Use caution. Suspects are armed.
Shots have been fired.

INT. OLDS

Riggs and Murtaugh have heard all of the above over the radio. Murtaugh looks sick.

MURTAUGH

Oh, man -- this thing is getting
out of hand!

RIGGS

These are very heavy bad guys,
Roger. They've got their own air
support.

MURTAUGH

What is this, Los Angeles or
Saigon!? Captain's gonna have a
shit fit for sure! I promised him
a nice, routine bust.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLDS

chases BMW down wet street. Water splashing up.

INT. OLDS

Riggs turns on wipers. They begin to FLAP back and forth.

MURTAUGH

Riggs! There's no windshield!

RIGGS

Oh, yeah.

Riggs reaches to turn them off. He activates the window washer instead. Soapy water sprays into Murtaugh's face.

SCAFFOLDING SEQUENCE

INT. OLDS

Riggs goes up on sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

OLDS GOES DOWN RAMP -- DRIVES AGAINST TRAFFIC

INT. OLDS

Riggs driving down ramp.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
20-William-15. 20-William-12.
You're both in pursuit of Code 37
Vehicles. Repeat: Both vehicles
Code 37.

MURTAUGH
Stolen cars. It figures . . .

Riggs now SQUEALS across several lanes of opposing
traffic. Murtaugh holds on for dear life.

MURTAUGH
You still got that death wish,
don't you?!

RIGGS
That's right... I wish the
bastard in the red Beamer was
dead!

"SPARKING" THE RAILING SEQUENCE

INT. OLDS

MURTAUGH
Riggs, no! There isn't room!
There isn't room!

RIGGS
Sure there is!

MURTAUGH
You can't make it!

RIGGS
Watch me!

They go up on two wheels. Sparks fly.

MURTAUGH
Oh, shit! There goes my wood
trim!

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

Sorry, Roger.

MURTAUGH

T'hell with Trish's car. Go
after the sonofabitch!

BANG! BANG! BANG! As they hit the scaffolding.

MURTAUGH

(into radio)

20-William-15. We are northbound
on Spring!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Spring is southbound only,
20-William-15.

MURTAUGH

(into radio)

No shit!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Watch out for subway construction.

CUT TO:

EXT. END OF LINE

Both cars disappear around the corner.

BLACK SCREEN

1 We hear the sounds of a high-speed CAR CHASE... and the 1
voices of Martin Riggs and Roger Murtaugh.

RIGGS (V.O.)
Go around! Go around! Where did
you learn to drive, anyway!?

MURTAUGH (V.O.)
I know what I'm doing!

RIGGS (V.O.)
Yeah, so do I -- you're losing
this guy!

MURTAUGH (V.O.)
Go spit!

FADE IN:

1A INT. TUNNEL (DOWNTOWN L.A.) - NIGHT 1A

A red BMW (driven by HANS, a bad guy) speeds through the
tunnel. An Oldsmobile station wagon (containing RIGGS
and MURTAUGH) races after it. Followed by two black &
white police cars -- their SIRENS SCREAMING, bubble-
lights flashing.

1B INT. OLDSMOBILE 1B

Riggs wiggles his fingers behind his head and howls like
one of the Three Stooges.

RIGGS
Woo-woo-woo-woooo!!

MURTAUGH
Stop having such a good time!

RIGGS
Can't you go any faster!? Floor
this thing!

MURTAUGH
This is my wife's brand new car!
I can't drive it over fifty during
the break-in period!

RIGGS
Break-in period!?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1B CONTINUED:

1B

RIGGS (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Hell, you used that up five red lights ago! Now floor it!

(into radio)

This is Twenty William Fifteen. We are in hot pursuit of red BMW, heading east on 6th Street.

MURTAUGH

I'm too old for this shit.

The chase VEHICLES THUNDER out of the tunnel into a:

2 DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION

2

The BMW hangs a left. The Oldsmobile and the patrol cars stay with it. A third black & white races past from the opposite direction -- hangs a U-turn and joins the chase.

3 INT. POLICE STATION DISPATCH ROOM

3

TWO OFFICERS monitor the chase on computer terminals that display maps of the city.

FIRST COMPUTER OPERATOR (OFFICER)

I've got you, Twenty William Fifteen. In hot pursuit. East on 6th Street.

4 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

4

A second chase is also in progress. Six drug cops in a pair of unmarked police sedans race after two bad guys in a Buick.

4A INT. UNMARKED POLICE SEDAN

4A

DRUG COP

(into radio)

This is Twenty William Twelve. In hot pursuit of blue Buick sedan. Going north on Figueroa!

5 INT. POLICE DISPATCH ROOM

5

The Second Computer Operator responds to this call.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SECOND COMPUTER OPERATOR (OFFICER)
I've got you, Twenty William
Twelve.

Now the First Operator glances over at the other guy's display monitor... then he glances back at his own. Both monitors are displaying the same downtown location. The two Operators exchange a look that says, "Uh oh!"

6 INT. OLDSMOBILE

6

As the Oldsmobile races toward an intersection, Riggs sees the "second chase" coming towards them from the left.

RIGGS

Look out!

6A EXT. INTERSECTION

6A

TIRES SQUEAL. BRAKES SCREAM. The two chases converge in the middle of the intersection. The BMW makes a hard right -- followed by the Oldsmobile -- followed by the patrol cars. The two chases become one as all eight vehicles speed down the street in the same direction.

A SUB-MACHINE GUN protrudes from the window of the Buick -- EXPLODING into GUNFIRE.

7 INT. OLDSMOBILE

7

The BULLETS tear a path across the Oldsmobile's hood and SHATTER the WINDSHIELD.

MURTAUGH

Oh, no! Trish is gonna kill me!
Look what they did to her car!

Riggs kicks out the shattered windshield.

RIGGS

Why would you take your own car
on duty in the first place!?

MURTAUGH

Mileage allowance. Thirty cents
per mile! It adds up, you know.
Every little bit helps.

Riggs tucks a bill into Murtaugh's coat pocket.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

RIGGS

Here's five bucks! The next
twenty miles are on me!

MURTAUGH

Let's see... thirty cents into
five dollars... no, that's
sixteen miles.

RIGGS

Too bad you can't drive as fast
as you can divide.

8 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

8

CAPTAIN MURPHY and SEVERAL COPS listen to the chase over
their police scanner.

FIRST COP

Who is it?

MURPHY

Riggs and Murtaugh.

SECOND COP

Ten bucks on Riggs and Murtaugh.
Any takers?

THIRD COP

Who's driving?

MURPHY

Murtaugh. In his wife's station
wagon.

Now, everybody pulls out money.

FIVE COPS

(at once)

I'll take a piece of that bet!

9 EXT. STREET

9

A police CAR CRASHES into small trailer. The PROPANE
TANK EXPLODES sending a fire ball into the sky... The
BMW drives directly through the fire, followed by the
Oldsmobile... the Buick swerves around the flames,
followed by the two police sedans.

9A INT. BUICK

9A

The bad guys talk over two-way radios.

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED: 9A

But they're not speaking English. It's hard to say what language they're talking in. It's gruff and guttural.

10 INT. SQUAD ROOM 10

The police RADIO PICKS UP the "CROSS-TALK" from the bad guys. Nobody can make sense of what they hear.

MURPHY

What language is that? German?

11 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET 11

The BMW cuts around a bus into the valet parking area outside the lobby of a large hotel. People scream and scatter. Diving for safety. Luggage goes flying. The Oldsmobile swings into the valet park area right behind the BMW. A delivery van looms up ahead -- blocking the path.

The BMW just manages to squeak past it and ROAR back into traffic. But the Oldsmobile isn't so lucky. It's headed right for the van.

12 INT. OLDSMOBILE 12

Riggs sees the accident developing and prepares himself.

RIGGS

See ya, Roger...

Bang! The two vehicles collide -- and Riggs uses the momentum to dive through the missing windshield, over the hood and out onto the street.

MURTAUGH

Hey!...

Riggs runs after the BMW on foot, toward --

12A ANOTHER INTERSECTION 12A

where the BMW is trapped in heavy traffic. It can't get through the intersection. All it can do is drive in circles -- and now it's joined by the Buick. Riggs races into the intersection. The BMW and the Buick circle him. Riggs steadies his gun. The spinning lights and circling cars make him dizzy.

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

GUNFIRE is exchanged. But Riggs must lower his GUN -- there are too many innocent people in the line of fire. The BMW speeds up a ramp. Riggs chases it on foot. He gestures for Murtaugh to join up with him.

RIGGS

Roger! C'mon! Over here!

The Olds races up the ramp. Riggs pushes in behind the wheel without the car ever coming to full stop.

RIGGS

My turn to drive!

The Buick, meanwhile, speeds down the ramp -- with the two unmarked police sedans in pursuit.

The BMW comes down the other side of the ramp -- merging into traffic on the busy thoroughfare below.

Slower traffic blocks the BMW's path -- it swerves and goes into a slide across traffic -- facing the wrong way -- then drives off, down an exit ramp.

The Oldsmobile follows. Fighting through traffic that is coming in the opposite direction. HORNS blare and BRAKES SQUEAL.

12B INT. OLDSMOBILE

12B

Murtaugh can't believe Riggs' daredevil driving.

MURTAUGH

You still got a death wish, don't you!?

RIGGS

Yeah! I wish the guy in the red car was dead!

Riggs pulls hard on the wheel -- avoids a head-on collision with an on-coming car.

12C EXT. THOROUGHFARE

12C

The OLDS makes it to the other side -- ROARS down the exit ramp after the BMW. Meanwhile... the second chase shoots past.

12D EXT. GRAND STREET

12D

The BMW speeds out onto the street, crossing traffic.
A motorcycle cop swerves to avoid a head-on collision.

The motorcycle jumps the curb and lands in a long, narrow fountain in the plaza of a highrise. The motorcycle speeds down the fountain's entire length -- sending up a spray of water that drenches a group of socialites in formal evening wear.

The OLDSMOBILE SKIDS across Grand Street and SCRAPES along the METAL RAILING in the median. Sparks fly as the Olds races OUT OF FRAME. Then... CAMERA PANS DOWN TO the roadway below, and catches sight of the second chase.

12E INT. OLDSMOBILE

12E

RIGGS

(into radio)

We're headed north on Grand!
Where's Twenty William Twelve!?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(over radio)

They just turned east on 9th,
headed toward Hill St.

(beat)

Watch out for construction work on
Flower. And 4th is backed up
between Grand and Olive. Use
Broadway if you're going south!

Riggs looks at Murtaugh in confusion.

RIGGS

Where's Broadway from here!?

MURTAUGH

Let's see... wait a minute... my
kid taught me a poem about this
... 'From Main you Spring to
Broadway, climb a Hill so Grand
and Hope to pick a Flower on
Figueroa.'

(beat)

It's between Spring and Hill!

RIGGS

(deadpan)

You're unbelievable, Roger.

12F EXT. PEDESTRIAN PLAZA

12F

The BMW ROARS into the plaza followed by the Oldsmobile
and several patrol cars.

- 12G ANOTHER ANGLE 12G
- The patrol cars stay behind. But the BMW leads the Oldsmobile on corkscrew path that takes them down a set of steps and directly into an outdoor restaurant. The BMW plows through table and chairs, but they are empty of customers.
- 12H ANOTHER ANGLE 12H
- And now the BMW CRASHES through a PLATE GLASS WINDOW what is obviously some kind shopping mall. The Oldsmobile goes right in behind it.
- 12I EXT. ELEVATED STREET 12I
- The second chase, meanwhile, has come to a dead standstill in grid-locked traffic. The two bad guys inside the Buick jump out and climb onto the roof of their car.
- 12J DRUG COPS 12J
- leap from their cars and run toward the Buick. But now they hear something. A LOW, PULSATING NOISE that GROWS LOUDER and LOUDER until --
- 13 CHOPPER 13
- rises up from below the elevated street and hovers above the Buick. The bad guys climb aboard and the chopper lifts them up into the sky. The drug cops watch helplessly. Bystanders gawk in amazement. And a busload of Japanese tourists snap photographs of the sight.
- 14 INT. SQUAD ROOM 14
- A large crowd has now gathered around the police scanner.
- MURPHY
- Bad guys number two just got away
in an helicopter!
- This is met with a chorus of boos and a furious exchange of money as bets are paid off and new ones are made.
- 15 INT. RETAIL STORE 15
- Headlights can be seen reflected in the window. They belong to the BMW which is fast approaching. CRASH! The red car hurtles through the WINDOW and out into the street. The Oldsmobile is right on its tail.

15A EXT. STREET

15A

As the BMW and the Oldsmobile speed away, two patrol CARS ROAR by going in the opposite direction. They hit their brakes and make SKIDDING U-Turns to join the chase.

15B EXT. ANOTHER STREET

15B

The BMW SQUEALS onto the street -- making a hard right, it fades completely over to the opposite side of the street. The Oldsmobile tries to stay with it, but a truck forces the car onto the sidewalk beneath a long stretch of pedestrian scaffolding.

15C INT. OLDSMOBILE

15C

It speeds down the sidewalk, ripping out the scaffolding's supports one at a time: Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Causing the awning to collapse behind the car.

MURTAUGH

You're driving on the sidewalk!

RIGGS

I know!

MURTAUGH

The sidewalk, Martin!

RIGGS

What's your problem! You didn't say a word when I drove through that shopping mall!

MURTAUGH

That's because I had my eyes closed!

RIGGS

No kidding...
(smiles)
So did I.

15D EXT. SIDE STREET - "T" INTERSECTION

15D

The BMW enters the side street at a high rate of speed. A patrol car swings into its path, trying to block it. The BMW swerves hard -- HITS the police car -- lifts up onto two wheels -- then flips over. It slides down the street on its roof, sending up a shower of sparks... CRASHING through the WINDOW of a mirror and lighting store.

15E INT. MIRROR AND LIGHTING STORE

15E

The upside-down BMW plows into a display of MIRRORS that SHATTER into thousands of reflecting shards.

15EE EXT. SIDE STREET

155E

The OLDSMOBILE SKIDS to a stop in front of the mirror store. Riggs and Murtaugh leap out, guns drawn, and charge into the store.

15F INT. MIRROR STORE

15F

Riggs and Murtaugh cautiously approach the overturned BMW. Riggs puts his hand on the door handle. Murtaugh has his gun aimed.

RIGGS

Ready? One... two...

MURTAUGH

Wait -- hold on. You gonna do it on three, or one-two-three and then we do it?

RIGGS

On three. Ready?

MURTAUGH

Yeah! Go!

RIGGS

One... two... three!

Riggs flings open the door. Murtaugh drops to one knee, gun arm extended. But Hans is gone.

MURTAUGH

Damnit! We lost him!

RIGGS

(sarcastically)

Maybe we should leave a ticket on the windshield.

Murtaugh senses that Riggs' sarcasm is directed at him. And he's right.

MURTAUGH

What's that mean?

RIGGS

We had the guy, Roger, coming out of the tunnel. If I was driving --

(CONTINUED)

15F CONTINUED:

15F

MURTAUGH

-- don't rag on me about my driving!

RIGGS

But it's so damned bad!

Other police officers begin to arrive. Murtaugh takes out his anger and frustration on the BMW by giving it a good hard kick. *

The kick jars the vehicle causing the trunk lid to pop open and hundreds of gold coins spill out. It looks like a dollar slot machine paying off. Riggs bends down and picks one up.

RIGGS

They're Krugerrands, Roger. These things are solid gold!

MURTAUGH

They're also illegal. You can't bring 'em into the country anymore.

A PLAINCLOTHED COP strides up to Murtaugh.

COP

Hey, Murtaugh -- you can't drive worth shit! My grandmother drives better than you!

Riggs spins -- slugs the Cop in the jaw. The Cop goes down on his ass.

RIGGS

Nobody talks to my partner like that! *

COP

Hey, sorry . . .

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh;
smiling)

Except me, of course. *

16 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR

16

Murtaugh strides down the corridor. Captain Murphy falls into step with him.

MURPHY

Murtaugh! All that damage you caused downtown -- it's coming out of the department's budget!

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (A1)

16

MURTAUGH

Fine. Pay it off in Krugerrands.

MURPHY

Don't make jokes, Murtaugh -- make arrests. You came up empty. I want an explanation!

MURTAUGH

Things got a little out of hand.

MURPHY

You siad this was gonna be a routine drug bust. You didn't say anything about helicopters in the middle of the city, automatic weapons... Krugerrands!

MURTAUGH

I know. This is bigger than we thought. But...

Murphy is about to reply when he sees somebody coming towards him who he wants to avoid.

MURPHY

Oh, shit -- I'll talk to you later.

Murphy makes a detour and disappears into the men's room, and escapes... but Murtaugh is caught by a FEMALE COP selling raffle tickets on a live turkey that a second cop displays in a large cage.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

FEMALE COP

Buy a chance on a Thanksgiving turkey, Sarge? It's for a good cause.

Murtaugh grudgingly digs into his pocket.

17

INT. SQUAD ROOM

17

CAMERA PANS to find Riggs. Seated in a chair, struggling to free himself from a straightjacket while the drug cops (TIM CAVANAUGH, MEAGAN SHAPIRO, TOM WYLER, EDDIE ESTEBAN, JERRY COLLINS, MARCELLI, CHAD DOUGHERTY, JOSEPH RAGUCCI and STEPHEN BRINKLEY) look on. *

WYLER

Give it up, Riggs.

Murtaugh arrives.

PRICE

One minute, fifteen seconds.

MURPHY

What's going on?

CAVANAUGH

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

WYLER

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.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

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 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.The POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST watches with an appalled
expression*
*

PSYCHOLOGIST

My door is always open, Sergeant
Riggs. Don't be such a stranger.*
*

RIGGS

Well, if it isn't Mrs. Sigmund 'Fraud.'

*

PSYCHOLOGIST

Why do you do this to yourself?

*

RIGGS

Who else can I do it to? Besides
... I need the money.

*

She walks away, shaking her head as the drug cops toss
their money onto the desk for Riggs to collect. One of
them (we don't see which) drops a Krugerrand. That's
when Murphy shows up.

*

MURPHY

Hey! Where'd that come from!?
That's evidence! You guys can't
just help yourselves to this
stuff!

Murphy picks up the Kruggerand and puts it in his pocket.

MURPHY

And there's too damn much betting
going on in this place!

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (1A)

17

Riggs is about to collect the rest of his winnings when the Female Cop snatches it out of his grasp.

FEMALE COP

You just bought yourself two
chances on live turkey, Riggs.

Murtaugh laughs to himself as he slips on his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs)
She caught me, too.

RIGGS

Let's grab a bite.

MURTAUGH

Can't.
(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 be
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.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

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.

18 INT. POLICE GARAGE

18

Two men walk through the garage. One is a UNIFORMED PATROLMAN. The other is a PLAIN CLOTHED DETECTIVE.

As they enter the police station, they encounter Riggs and Murtaugh on the way out. Murtaugh courteously holds the door open for them, and the two men enter the station.

Riggs and Murtaugh continue on towards Murtaugh's dented auto. A POLICE MECHANIC has installed a new windshield that doesn't quite fit -- it's held in place with tape.

MECHANIC

This'll work until we get the right one.

MURTAUGH

It's gonna stay in?

MECHANIC

Oh, sure. That's hundred mile per hour tape I used.

Riggs smiles and shakes his head.

RIGGS

'Hundred mile per hour tape?'

Murtaugh notices that the hood is completely missing.

MURTAUGH

What about the hood?

MECHANIC

Oh, yeah. That's on order, too.

Murtaugh surveys the car's other damage with an expression of pure misery.

19
thru
22

OMITTED

19 *
thru *
22 *

23

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1ST NIGHT)

23

Murtaugh's Olds 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 and head around to the back of the house.

24 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE

24

A room addition is being added to the Murtaugh house. Murtaugh and Riggs enter the room by walking between two of the framing studs.

25 INT. ROOM ADDITION

25

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! THAWOMP! THAWOMP! THAWOMP! (NOTE: We see NICK take out the trash!)

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs)

My hobby room.

RIGGS

You got a hobby, Rog?

MURTAUGH

Not yet. I'll find something.

(beat)

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

RIGGS

You wanna retire?

MURTAUGH

Been thinking about it... ever since I met you.

RIGGS

Thanks.

MURTAUGH

(to Carpenter)

Hey -- doesn't anybody use hammers anymore?

The Carpenter SILENCES his NAIL GUN, looks up to Murtaugh.

CARPENTER

What's a hammer?

26 INT. LIVING ROOM

26

Thundering feet bounding down the stairs: Twelve-year-old Nick Murtaugh and his eight-year-old sister, CARRIE.

(CONTINUED)

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 knockout.)

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.

RIGGS

Come on, Nick. Show some class.

Murtaugh steps away from the set with an appraising look. Riggs sweeps up Carrie in his arms, lets her sit in his lap.

RIGGS

Perfect picture, Rog.

MURTAUGH

(unconvinced)

Think so?...

(CONTINUED)

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

MURTAUGH

Who's this?!

RIANNE

That's George, Daddy.

GEORGE

Hi... sir.

MURTAUGH

George... do I know you?

GEORGE

Yes, sir. We had a long talk last week. Remember?

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.

MURTAUGH

Okay. You can stay. But move down.

George moves over on the sofa making room for Murtaugh, who picks up a sandwich from the coffee table and is about to take his first bite, when --

NICK

Dad! Wait! What's in the sandwich?!

MURTAUGH

Huh? Oh... tuna fish.

NICK

No, Dad. No!

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

Don't eat Flipper, Daddy! Daddy's eating Flipper!

MURTAUGH

(confused)

What the -- ??

TRISH

We're boycotting tuna, sweetheart, because they kill the dolphins that get caught in the nets.

NICK

Have a ham sandwich, Dad.

RIGGS

That's right, Rog... eat Miss Piggy instead.

Riggs laughs at his own joke. Murtaugh puts the sandwich aside.

RIANNE

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

Everyone's attention is glued to the set. Then, Rianne 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?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4)

26

Then, Rianne and the male model turn toward the camera and intone:

RIANNE & MALE MODEL (V.O.)

We think so!

(NOTE: End of commercial)

27A INT. LIVING ROOM

27A

And that's the end of it. Trish hits the mute button on the remote. The room falls silent. Murtaugh is glaring threateningly 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. I don't want them to see me beat up Uncle Marty.

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?!

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:

27A

Trish comes between them.

TRISH

Don't be upset, honey.

Riggs slips away, leaving Trish to deal with Murtaugh.

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.

During this, Riggs approaches Rianne and George who are standing near the doorway.

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.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED: (2)

27A

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.

Riggs gives George an encouraging slap on the back, then turns to find Murtaugh beside him.

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!

(beat)

I'm going for a walk.

Murtaugh stalks out of the house. Trish comes up behind Riggs.

TRISH

Can I fix you some dinner?

RIGGS

Uh... that's okay. I'll do it myself.

28 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE ON CAN OF CHILI

28

being opened with an ELECTRIC CAN OPENER.

Riggs now pours it into a pot and turns up the flame. Trish is at the table, making up packets of vitamins. One for each day of the week. She uses a gold pen to write out the day.

TRISH

Remember to take these in order, Martin. There's a packet here for each day of the week.

(beat)

Oh, by the way. I think this is yours. I found it in the laundry.

She hands Riggs the gold pen. He takes it with a strange look. It clearly has some meaning for him.

RIGGS

Thanks. I keep losing this thing...

(CONTINUED)

He tucks it away with troubled expression.

TRISH
(very sympathetically)
Something wrong?

Riggs doesn't answer right away.

RIGGS
No. It's just that goddamned pen...

TRISH
What about it?...

RIGGS
(opening the fridge)
You got an onion? A raw onion?

TRISH
Yeah. Look in the bin.

Riggs finds the onion. Cuts it in several pieces.

TRISH
You were saying about the pen...?

RIGGS
Reminds me of something. That's
all.

He throws the onion slices into the chili. Stirs it some more. Trish is really getting curious.

TRISH
Reminds you of what?

RIGGS
(after a long pause)
The night that Vicki was killed.

Trish is taken aback. She wasn't expecting this.

TRISH
Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
press it.

RIGGS
It's okay.
(beat)
We've never talked about this,
have we?

Trish shakes her head, no.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGS

She was meeting me for dinner that night. I was working on a case and forgot all about it. She waited at the restaurant for over an hour, then drove home alone.

(beat)

The phone was ringing when I walked in the door. Must've been eleven or twelve at night. I answered the phone and got the news. She was dead. Killed in a car crash.

Riggs begins to grate some cheese. There's nothing irreverent about this. He does it matter-of-factly, without drawing attention away from his story.

RIGGS

I thought, 'I should've been with her. I should've been driving that car. Then we'd be safe. We'd be okay.'

(beat)

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 gold pen I was looking all over for.

(pause)

And then I heard a voice... like a drill instructor... saying, 'Get up -- now!'

Riggs adds the grated cheese to his chili. Stirs it.

RIGGS

I was hurting, but my muscles still worked... and I stood up.

He samples his chili. Blows on it. Tastes it.

RIGGS

After that, I drove to the morgue. Identified the body. And signed the papers with my gold pen.

Murtaugh enters. He's only heard the last two words.

MURTAUGH

Gold pen? Did you lose a gold pen? Trish found one in the laundry.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (3)

28

TRISH

I already gave it to him, honey.

Riggs and Trish exchange a smile. They now share a secret.

MURTAUGH

That chili smells good.

RIGGS

One final ingredient... This is
Thursday, right?He picks up the vitamin packet labeled "Thursday" and
pours its contents into the chili pot.

29

OMITTED

29

30

EXT. BEACH - RIGGS' TRAILER - NIGHT

30

Riggs enters his trailer.

31

INT. TRAILER

31

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
T.V. 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.

32

OMITTED

32

33

INT. ELEGANT OFFICE - NIGHT

33

Tastefully, and expensively, appointed with antiques and
Oriental rugs. At first glance the office seems empty.
Then we notice him. Seated not at his desk, but at a
small table where he is eating a late dinner. His name
is ARJEN RUDD.

*

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

After a moment, Rudd looks up. Hans is entering the office in the company of a man named PIETER VORSTEDT. *

RUDD

Come and sit down, Hans. Sit 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. Vorstedt stands behind him.

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

RUDD

Are you all right? No broken bones?

HANS

I'm fine. Thank you, Mr. Rudd.

RUDD

Good, good. Just a few bumps and bruises.

HANS

Yes. That's all.

Rudd's concern for Hans is unexpected. Hans seems quite relieved.

RUDD

However, Hans... we did lose over a million dollars in Krugerrands. Not to mention my favorite red car.

HANS

I -- I know. I'm sorry, sir --

Rudd raises his hand, as if to say, "Don't apologize."

RUDD

It wasn't your fault.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

RUDD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Are you hungry? Have you had any dinner? Of course you haven't.

Rudd slides his plate toward Hans.

RUDD

Please. Finish this steak. I've barely touched it.

Hans can't possibly refuse. He positions the plate before him.

RUDD

Vorstedt. A knife, please, for Hans.

*

Vorstedt steps forward and stabs Hans in the neck with his knife. Hans's eyes go wide, and then he falls backwards onto the plastic sheet.

*

VORSTEDT

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

*

Rudd gets up from the table, dabbing at the corners of his mouth with a linen napkin.

RUDD

Certain policemen in this city have become an intolerable nuisance.

VORSTEDT

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

*

Rudd is familiar with Vorstedt's peculiar sense of humor. He proceeds without comment:

*

RUDD

They have obviously picked up the scent.

(beat)

How do you propose to handle this situation?

VORSTEDT

Warn them off. It's been my experience that a scared cop is more useful than a dead one.

*

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

RUDD

A warning? Doesn't that seem a
bit tame?

VORSTEDT

Not the way I do it.

*

Rudd removes a photograph from a folder.

RUDD

In that case, have a look at this.

Vorstedt takes the photo... it's a picture of Murtaugh.

*

VORSTEDT

Who's this?

*

RUDD

He's the cop in charge.

Vorstedt practically licks his lips.

*

VORSTEDT

A kafir, oh this is going to be
lovely.

*

34

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

All is quiet in the house and the neighborhood.

35

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

35

CAMERA MOVING... PROWLING THROUGH the house... UP the
stairs... INTO:

36

BEDROOM

36

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!

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

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 scissors 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 scissors.

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 tapes closed; mouth taped shut; wrists wrapped and secured to the headboard; ankles wrapped and secured to the footboard.

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 closed. 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 Vorstedt.)
Trish sobs, body convulsing. Murtaugh struggles.
Grunting. Groaning. Going crazy.

*

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (2)

36

VORSTEDT (HOODED FIGURE)

*

This has been a warning, Murtaugh. After this, things get bloody. We can get into your homes and we can get into your station house. So 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 parents' eyes and mouths.

TRISH

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.

37

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY #2

37

Riggs, Murtaugh and all nine drug cops are present. A cloud of cigarette smoke hangs over Riggs' head like his own private inversion layer.

RIGGS

Did you see their faces?!

MURTAUGH

I didn't see anybody's face. They all had on hoods.

RIGGS

A voice?

MURTAUGH

Yeah! The one guy who spoke sounded like a psycho. But the accent...

RIGGS

Accent?! What kind?

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

MURTAUGH

Not German. Not English.
Strange...

RIGGS

Like those sonsofbitches we chased
down the other night?

MURTAUGH

Yeah! Maybe...

RAGUCCI

This is weird, heavy shit, man.
They walk into the police station,
kill a cop and break out their
buddy. And now they terrorize
another cop and his family in
their own home!

RIGGS

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.

RIGGS

Good.

(to the others)

We're a team. Let's watch each
other's back.

*
*
*

SHAPIRO

Me, Cavanaugh and Wyler are
practically neighbors.

RIGGS

Then watch each others homes.

Captain Murphy strides past. He stops just long enough
to point a finger at Riggs and Murtaugh.

MURPHY

You and you. In my office.

Murtaugh and Riggs exchange a look, then follow Murphy
into his office.

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

Oh, man...!

RIGGS

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.

RIGGS

Why us?

MURPHY

Because you two are the most qualified men for the job.

MURTAUGH

What a load of bull!

MURPHY

And... you both could use the break.

RIGGS

What are we supposed to do with him?

MURPHY

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

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED:

37A

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

RIGGS

This stinks.

MURPHY

I don't give a fuck.

(beat)

That's why I don't have an ulcer,
Riggs. 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 a sign from his desk that says THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING.

MURPHY

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.

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

39

The elevator opens and a ROOM SERVICE WAITER wheels a serving tray into the corridor. He is immediately approached by a MAN with blue eyes and blond hair.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

BLOND MAN

Excuse me. Is this order for
room 612?

WAITER

Yes...

39A EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - POOL AREA - DAY #2

39A

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 points out a particularly
stunning blonde to Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Lookit that.

MURTAUGH

I'll introduce you. Excuse me,
miss, my buddy's shy but cute --

Embarrassed, Riggs pulls Murtaugh away.

RIGGS

Knock it off!

MURTAUGH

Just trying to help you out of
your shell a little.

40 OMITTED

40

&
41&
41

42 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

42

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 (O.S.)

Who's there?

RIGGS

Police.

VOICE (O.S.)

How do I know you're really the
police?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

RIGGS

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

43 INT. HOTEL ROOM

43

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

Shut up.

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 Sergeant Murtaugh. This is
Sergeant Riggs.

LEO

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

RIGGS

Sergeant Murtaugh and Sergeant
Riggs.

MURTAUGH

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

(CONTINUED)

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 room and watch you all day
and all night. Does that sound
like fun to you, Leo?

LEO

No. Not much.

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.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

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. It's paid for with taxpayer dollars.

LEO

Same thing.

Murtaugh looks through the peephole to be certain it's room service, then opens the door. The waiter rolls in the cart... and we see that it's actually the man with blue eyes and blond hair. He reacts to the sight of Murtaugh and Riggs, but nobody notices except us.

Riggs lifts the silver dome.

RIGGS

Come get your hamburger, Leo.

Now the waiter reaches down into the lower compartment, where he has placed a gun on top of an order of eggs.

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!

Leo grabs the waiter's gun hand. Riggs takes a running, flying leap onto the service cart. Momentum propels the cart forward, across the room -- slamming into Leo and the waiter.

Both men land on top of Riggs. Then the cart CRASHES through the sixth story WINDOW with all three men aboard -- pulling the drapes with them.

44 EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY #2

44

The three men fall from the sky trailing the window curtain like a unopened parachute. Splash! Right into the pool's deep end.

45 UNDERWATER 45

Tangled in the window curtain, and lost within a maelstrom of bubbles, Riggs, Leo and the waiter struggle in a violent underwater ballet.

46 BACK IN HOTEL ROOM 46

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

47 EXT. POOL 47

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. Riggs would have more luck if Leo wasn't clinging to his 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.

48 EXT. HOTEL POOL - MURTAUGH - DAY #2 48

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!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

WAITER

sees Murtaugh coming and runs like hell.

49 FULL SHOT - POOL AREA

49

Murtaugh aims his gun.

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. The waiter escapes. Murtaugh chases after him.

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

RIGGS

(meaning the
bloody nose)

Did I do that?

LEO

Yeah...

RIGGS

Good!

Riggs climbs out of the pool, pulling Leo out behind him. Leo collapses into a deck chair. He tilts his head back to stop the bleeding. Murtaugh returns, very winded.

MURTAUGH

Lost him.

LEO

Somebody get some cotton balls!

RIGGS

(lighting up a
cigarette)

Someone's trying to kill you, Leo.
What the hell'd you do? Witness
a murder or something?

LEO

Oh, heavens no. Nothing like that.

MURTAUGH

Then what?

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

LEO
 (matter-of-factly)
 In the last two years I've
 laundered over half a billion
 dollars in drug money.

Riggs almost swallows his cigarette. Starts to cough.
 Murtaugh pounds him on the back.

50

OMITTED

50

51

INT. OFFICE OF ARJEN RUDD - DAY #2

51

Vorstedt stands by the window, looking out. Rudd is at
 his desk, with the telephone to his ear. He hangs up
 without ever saying a word. *

RUDD
 (to Vorstedt)
 Missed. Leo got away. *

(beat)
 Our best opportunity and he gets
 away! He's slipped right through
 our fingers and into the hands of
 the police!

Vorstedt 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?

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

52

INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY #2

52

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

LEO
 (to Riggs)
 Okay. I'm me, and you're the drug
 dealer. I work in a bank and you
 have cash that needs laundering.

RIGGS
 And I bring it to you.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

LEO

Wrong.

(points to Murtaugh)

He brings it to me.

MURTAUGH

Who am I?

LEO

You're a courier. You work for him --

(points to Riggs)

Then I deposit the cash into the account of a dummy finance company and issue a cashiers check to you --

(points to Murtaugh)

-- made out to him --

(points to Riggs)

-- minus a small commission for myself.

(back to Riggs:)

Then you give it back to me as collateral on a loan that I make to you. But you don't pay back the loan. You just keep the money. It's yours. And it's clean. And to top it off, you take a tax deduction on the interest payments you're not making.

The BUZZER on the clothes dryer sounds. Leo gets up to empty the dryer. Riggs and Murtaugh exchange a look; their heads swimming.

LEO

I tell ya, I was the best. A true innovator.

MURTAUGH

So how come you turned yourself in, Leo?

Leo returns with an armload of laundry.

LEO

Because I've been scamming these drug dealers for months. Holding back on them a little with each transaction.

RIGGS

You??

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED: (2)

52

LEO

Yeah. It was easy. All those cash deposits. Millions of dollars in small bills changing hands. Who's gonna miss ten thousand here or twenty thousand there?

MURTAUGH

The drug dealers.

LEO

You're absolutely right.
(tosses a shirt to
Riggs)
This is yours.

RIGGS

Thanks.

Riggs begins to put on the shirt.

LEO

That's why I've been living out of a suitcase for the last few weeks... they got wise to me.

(to Riggs)

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

RIGGS

Yeah. Great.

But now, as Riggs tries to button the shirt, everyone sees that it has shrunk.

LEO

Ooops. Must've had it on the wrong setting. I'll buy you a new one.

RIGGS

Forget it, Leo. You wanna do something nice for me -- tell me the names of these dealers you were working for.

LEO

Like I explained... I only dealt with couriers.

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

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED: (3)

52

RIGGS

And you never met anybody except couriers?

LEO

Wait a minute. Come to think of it, I did. You might call it a job interview. I was brought to a house in Bel Air to meet a guy named...

(thinks about it)

Hans! Yeah. That was it. I'm sure that was his name.

RIGGS

Can you take us there?

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs)

Hold on. We're just supposed to sit on this guy.

LEO

Anyway... it was night. And the windows on the car were completely blacked out.

Riggs looks disappointed.

LEO

But I remember the address.

Riggs brightens again. He grabs his shoulder holster and slips it on.

RIGGS

Let's go, Rog.

MURTAUGH

We shouldn't be doing this.

RIGGS

Don't be a killjoy.

(beat)

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.

MURTAUGH

Thin... very thin.

53

INT. MURTAUGH'S OLDS - TRAVELING - DAY #2

53

Murtaugh driving. Riggs next to him. Leo in back.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED: (A1)

53

RIGGS

Okay, Leo. What's the address.

LEO

Well, I don't remember the exact
addresss... but the numbers added
up to 28.

MURTAUGH

What!?

Riggs spins around to look at Leo.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

I was 28 years old when I became certified as a public accountant, so that number stuck with me.

RIGGS

I thought you knew the address?!

LEO

Take it easy. Maybe we can work this out.

Leo takes out his pocket calculator.

LEO

The address had four numbers, I remember that. And the first number was nine.

(beat)

Nine's my lucky number. I was born on the ninth day of the ninth month.

MURTAUGH

This is ridiculous!

RIGGS

Maybe not, Roger. Maybe not.

Riggs opens a Thomas Guide to the Bel Air page.

RIGGS

There's not that many streets in Bel Air where the addresses have four numbers and begin with nine.

MURTAUGH

How many is not many?

RIGGS

Oh... about --

(mumbles it)

-- ten or twelve.

Leo is busily working his calculator.

LEO

This is nothing more than a problem of finite mathematical possibilities. Nine plus X plus Y plus Z equals 28. Or, to simplify the equation a little... the sum of the last three numbers equals nineteen. Examples: 7, 3, and 9; or 6, 5 and 8.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

MURTAUGH

Oh, this is thin, Riggs. Very
thin.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

Keep driving.

(to Leo)

You keep calculating.

54 EXT. NARROW CANYON ROAD/STILT HOUSE - DAY #2

54

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 Olds can be seen approaching.

55 INT. OLDS

55

Leo leans forward from the back seat, points out an address.

LEO

There!... 9856. That's another
possibility.

Murtaugh parks the car behind the Tow Truck.

MURTAUGH

(losing patience)

This is our ninth possibility,
Leo.

LEO

Hey! My lucky number.

The house itself cannot be seen from the road -- hedges and trees block the view. But there is an ornate marble fountain that is visible.

MURTAUGH

(to Leo)

Does that fountain look familiar?

LEO

Hmmm. I'm not sure.

MURTAUGH

You remember what the numbers add up to, but five pissing cherubs you can't recall!

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

LEO
I'm an accountant, not an
architect! Gimme a break.

Riggs begins to climb from the car.

RIGGS
(to Leo)
Stay here.

56

EXT. ROAD

56

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.

57

EXT. FRONT YARD OF HOUSE

57

The house is sixties modern with plenty of glass and an
arched roof.

MURTAUGH
Very thin...

Riggs peeks into one of the street-level windows.

MURTAUGH
Hey. What're you doing?

RIGGS
I'm a peeping Tom, Roger. It
comes with the badge.

Riggs sees something suspicious within the house. He
steps back, glances around. There's a pool man's truck
parked nearby. Riggs runs towards it without explanation.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

MURTAUGH

Riggs!?

Riggs returns with a vacuum hose draped over his shoulder, a bottle of chlorine in one hand and a long-handled leaf skimmer in the other.

RIGGS

Give me a couple of minutes, then come down from other side.

MURTAUGH

Do you know what you're doing?!

RIGGS

Yeah. Up to a point.

With that, Riggs goes down the steps.

58
&
59

OMITTED

58
&
59

59A

EXT. REAR DECK OF HOUSE

59A

The house, which is propped up on stilts, precariously overhangs the canyon -- but offers a commanding view of Los Angeles.

Riggs strolls across the deck with his pool man equipment.

59B

INT. HOUSE

59B

Two men (LARS and JOHAN) are working a high speed money counter. They see Riggs and do a double take.

JOHAN

Lars, do we have a swimming pool?

59C

EXT. DECK

59C

Lars and Johan charge out onto the deck to confront Riggs.

RIGGS

Hey, where's the pool?

JOHAN

There is no pool.

(CONTINUED)

59C

CONTINUED:

59C

LARS

This house is built on stilts,
you idiot.

RIGGS

I'm just filling in for my buddy.
Maybe I got the wrong address.

Riggs begins to search in pockets.

RIGGS

Where'd that slip of paper go?

LARS

I think you'd better go now.

RIGGS

Just a minute. Let's get to the
bottom of this.

Riggs continues to search his pockets as Lars and Johan move toward him in a threatening manner. That's when Riggs "accidentally" swings the long-handled leaf skimmer through the air. It hits Lars in the face.

RIGGS

Oh, sorry.

The coiled vacuum hose slides from his shoulder and lands on the deck. Johan steps toward Riggs.

RIGGS

Watch your step.

Riggs gives the hose a good hard yank. It wraps around Johan's ankle -- his feet fly out from under him. He crashes to the deck on his ass.

RIGGS

Oh, did I do that?

Bending down to offer Johan his hand, the leaf skimmer net goes over Lars's head. He struggles to remove it.

RIGGS

Sorry. Let me help you with that.

Instead, Riggs pitches the chlorine into his face and all over his suit. Lars howls and rubs his eyes.

RIGGS

I'm all thumbs today.

Johan -- who is still on the ground -- pulls a gun.

(CONTINUED)

59C CONTINUED: (2)

59C

But Murtaugh arrives just in time to kick it out of his hand.

MURTAUGH
Police! Hold it right there.

Riggs cuffs Lars and Johan to the railing.

MURTAUGH
(to Riggs; impressed)
Now that was good police work.
Nobody gets hurt, and no guns
are fired.

That's when a SUB-MACHINE GUN EXPLODES from within the house. Plate-glass WINDOWS SHATTER. Riggs and Murtaugh dive for safety and RETURN FIRE.

The gunfight only lasts a minute before the hitman inside the house exhausts his clip, throws down the gun, grabs two duffle bags of money, and escapes. But Riggs has caught a glimpse of his face.

RIGGS
It's the guy from the hotel!

MURTAUGH
The waiter?

RIGGS
Yeah!

60 EXT. DRIVEWAY

60

The hitman runs from the house carrying two duffle bags filled with cash. He's about to leap into the 450SL when he realizes that the tow truck is blocking him.

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)
Take him alive!

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

Murtaugh makes a dash for his own vehicle, but collides with Leo.

MURTAUGH

I told you to stay in the car!

LEO

I heard gunshots! This was the right house, wasn't it!?

*
*

MURTAUGH

Get in the car!

61

INT. OLDS

61

Murtaugh jumps in behind the wheel and FIRES UP the MOTOR. Leo slides into the front seat next to him.

MURTAUGH

What're you doing?!

LEO

See better up here!

No time to argue. Murtaugh speeds away.

And the chase is on:

62

TOW TRUCK

62

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.

63

OLDS

63

ROARS up behind the speeding tow truck. Murtaugh can see what Riggs is up to.

64

CLOSE ON RIGGS

64

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.

- 65 HITMAN 65
reaches down with his left hand -- pulls a small AUTO-MATIC PISTOL from an ankle holster -- and FIRES it over his right shoulder THROUGH the cab's REAR WINDOW!
- 66 RIGGS 66
pulls away as the WINDOW EXPLODES in his face. FOUR MORE SHOTS follow through the back of the Cab's wall. Riggs leaps onto the truck's roof to escape the volley. *
- 67 OMITTED 67 *
- 68 INSIDE CAB OF TOW TRUCK 68
The hitman hears Riggs on the roof and... slams down hard on the brakes. SQUEALING and SKIDDING.
- 69 RIGGS 69
is propelled forward -- bounces on the hood then rolls off the front of the truck, directly into its path! However...
- 70 REVERSE ANGLE ON TRUCK 70
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.
- 71 OMITTED 71 *
thru thru *
78 78 *
- 79 HUGE MOVING VAN 79
looms up ahead, traveling in the same direction as the truck... but at half the speed.
- 80 HITMAN 80
decides to pass it. He stomps down on the gas pedal, kicking the truck's speed up to 80. At the same moment...

81 OMITTED 81 *

&

82 82 *

83 LAND ROVER 83

with a surf board attached to the roof speeds towards us *

from the opposite direction. *

84 RIGGS 84

sees this horror-show unfolding from a front row seat. *

85 HITMAN 85

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:

86 TOW TRUCK WHEELS LOCK 86

SCREAMING and SQUEALING across the pavement in a cloud

of blue smoke.

87 RIGGS 87

is thrown off the winch platform into the road.

88 MURTAUGH 88

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

time.

89 OLDS 89

CRASHES into the Honda being towed by the truck.

90 HONDA 90

is propelled over the top of the tow truck -- shearing

off everything that extends above the level of the

truck's cab.

91 RIGGS 91

looks up to see the underside of the Honda as it passes

over his head.

- 92 LAND ROVER 92
- sees the airborne Honda flying towards him -- BRAKES HARD!
- 93 HONDA 93
- SMASHES down upon the roadway directly in front of the the Land Rover.
- 94 LAND ROVER 94
- SKIDS and SMASHES into the unoccupied Honda.
- 95 SURF BOARD ATOP LAND ROVER 95
- is launched like a rocket. It slices fifteen feet through the air toward the tow truck.
- 96 HITMAN 96
- 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.
- 97 FULL SHOT - MULHOLLAND DRIVE 97
- This is the scene after all the dust has settled:
- The front end of Murtaugh's Olds has been slightly crushed. 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.
- Leo approaches the tow truck and sees what Riggs is looking at.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

LEO
(softly)
Wipe out.

Murtaugh, meanwhile, checks the damage to his Olds.

MURTAUGH
This car is less than a week old!

As he says this, black & whites begin to arrive on the scene with bubble lights flashing. Uniformed policemen jump out.

98

CLOSE ON RIGGS

98

He opens the tow truck door . . . and paper money pours out of the torn duffle bags.

CUT TO:

99

OMITTED

99

100

EXT. REAR DECK OF STILT HOUSE - DAY

100

Riggs, Murtaugh and the drug cops return to arrest Lars and Johan who are still cuffed to the railing.

And that's when Rudd emerges from the house.

RUDD
What's going on out here?

Riggs presses his Beretta against the side of Rudd's head.

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.

101

INT. HOUSE ON STILTS

101

Riggs enters with Rudd only to discover Vorstedt and four bodyguards waiting for him with their guns drawn.

(CONTINUED)

101

CONTINUED:

101

Murtaugh and the drug cops appear behind Riggs, and they've got their guns out, too. It's very tense. A Mexican stand-off.

RUDD

(to his men)

Put down your guns! It's all right!

Vorstedt and the bodyguards hesitate.

RUDD

Do as I say!

MURTAUGH

Nice and easy. On the floor in front of you.

Vorstedt and the bodyguards put their weapons down. Some of the drug cops quickly collect them.

RUDD

(to the cops)

You have no idea what you're doing.

RIGGS

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

RUDD

My name is Arjen Rudd. I am the Minister of Diplomatic Affairs for the South African consulate.

Murtaugh and Riggs exchange a look.

RIGGS

South Africa, Rog. Home of the Krugerrand.

MURTAUGH

Among other things.

RUDD

These other gentlemen are also with the consulate. Would you like to see our diplomatic credentials and passports?

Rudd, Vorstedt and the bodyguards reach into their jacket pockets. The drug cops swing up their guns.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

RIGGS

Hold it! Hands in the air!

MURTAUGH

(to the drug cops)

Get their passports!

The drug cops collect the credentials and hand them to Murtaugh.

MURTAUGH

Everybody stay cool for a minute.
Especially, you, Riggs.

Vorstedt reacts to the mention of Riggs' name. He looks at Riggs closely, with an intrigued smile.

VORSTEDT

Riggs? Martin Riggs?

Riggs shifts his glance to Vorstedt, but makes no reply. Murtaugh comes up beside Riggs with the credentials in his hand.

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs)

These look official.

RUDD

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

MURTAUGH

(under his breath)

Shit.

RUDD

We have a serious diplomatic situation here that I'll be taking up with your State Department in the morning!

RIGGS

I'm still gonna shut you down, Rudd.

RUDD

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

And that's when Leo wanders in.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

LEO

Hey, did everybody forget about me?

RIGGS

Oh, Jesus. Get back in the car!

Vorstedt sees Leo and smiles.

VORSTEDT

Why it's Leo Getz. Hello, Leo.
We've missed you. Running with a
new crowd, I see.

Leo isn't sure who Vorstedt is, but Vorstedt's snake-eyed smile scares him to death.

RUDD

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

101A EXT. STILT HOUSE - DAY

101A

Riggs, Murtaugh, Leo and the drug cop stream out of the house.

Officer Shapiro approaches with a young woman in custody.

SHAPIRO

I found this one hiding in the car.

Her name is RIKA VAN DEN HAAS. She's in her twenties; dressed in a business suit, her beauty down-played. She even carries a briefcase.

RIKA

I wasn't hiding. I was waiting.

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

RIGGS

I'll take that.

Rudd has come out of the house behind the cops.

RUDD

Don't open that! That's a
diplomatic pouch! Protected under
Article 27 of the Vienna Convention!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101A CONTINUED:

101A

RUDD (CONT'D)

(to Rika)

These are police officers, Miss
Van den Haas. They were just leaving.

(to Riggs)

She's only a Consulate secretary.
Give her back the briefcase!

Riggs looks to Murtaugh for instructions.

MURTAUGH

(in defeat)

Give it to her.

Riggs returns the briefcase. Rika regards him with a
sympathetic expression.

RIKA

(softly)

It's only paper work. Honest.

Riggs looks taken aback. Could he possibly have an
ally in this woman?

RUDD

(to Rika)

Don't talk to them, damnit! Take
the briefcase and step away!

Riggs gives her a private, conspiratorial smile.

RIGGS

Nice guy.

102 INT. POLICE SQUADROOM - NIGHT

102

Captain Murphy has Riggs, Murtaugh and the drug cops
assembled before him. Seated nearby is Leo Getz.

MURTAUGH

It's the Triangle Trade all over
again!

MURPHY

The what?

RIGGS

Didn't you take American History in
school, Captain? The Triangle Trade.
Molasses to rum to slaves.

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED: (A1)

102

MURTAUGH

Only this time it's drugs to dollars
to Krugerrands.

*
*

MURPHY

All I know is there's a guy in the
morgue . . . he's got a surf board
where his face should be . . . and by
tomorrow morning we'll have the State
Department down our throats! I'll
probably have to make some kind of
formal apology to the South African
Consulate!

*
*
*
*

RIGGS

What!? This guy is dirty!

The PHONE RINGS. Price grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

MURPHY

(to Riggs)

It doesn't matter if he's dirty.
 He's a diplomat. He's got
 immunity. He's beyond the law.
 We can't touch him. Can't arrest
 him. Can't prosecute him. Is
 that clear? Does that spell it
 out for you?

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.

Until 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 to a bust?! A
 civilian you're supposed to be
 protecting!?

LEO

Don't worry. I signed a 'waiver
 of liability.'

(gives Riggs and
 Murtaugh a wink)

Besides, I usually stay in the car.

*
*
*
*
*

MURPHY

'Usually'?!'

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED: (2)

102

LEO

Sergeant Riggs and Sergeant 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.

CAVANAUGH

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.

RIGGS

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

103

EXT. RIKA'S APARTMENT/INT. RUDD'S MERCEDES - NIGHT #2

103 *

Vorstedt drives. Rudd is in the back seat with Rika. She points out the window, indicating her apartment building.

*

(CONTINUED)

103

CONTINUED:

103

RIKA

This one right here.

*

Vorstedt pulls over.

*

RIKA

Thank you, Mr. Rudd.

*

She's about to get out, but Rudd stops her.

RUDD

Just a moment, Miss Townsend. I hope you understand what was going on tonight.

RIKA

I'd rather not draw any wrong conclusions. Why don't you explain it to me.

*

RUDD

The policies of our country are not popular here in America, as you know. And the police department of this city is overrun with blacks. They have badges, and guns, and they hate us. Our consulate, its staff, and particularly myself will always be targets for their harassment.

RIKA

That's what I thought --

*

He puts his hand on her knee. He moves towards her. Everything about him is unpleasant to her.

RUDD

Why don't you invite me in. You won't regret it. I promise you.

RIKA

I'm sorry. It's late. Good night.

*

She quickly gets out of the car. Rudd watches her hurry up the walkway toward her apartment. Then Vorstedt pulls away from the curb. They drive in silence for a moment.

*

RUDD

Things are getting out of hand. We're suffering too many loses. We'll have to move the cash in one large shipment.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

VORSTEDT

You'll need something a lot bigger
than a suitcase for that.

*

RUDD

I'll worry about that. You worry
about these cops.

(beat)

Your warning didn't work.

104 EXT. SUBWAY SANDWICH STAND - NIGHT

104

Murtaugh's Oldsmobile pulls away from the drive-thru
window.

104A INT. OLDSMOBILE - DRIVING - NIGHT

104A

Riggs has a bag of fast food in his lap. He's passing
stuff back to Leo and across to Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Super combo?

MURTAUGH

Right here.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

Who gets Leo for the night?

LEO

Where's my steak sandwich?

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

LEO

What about my chips?

RIGGS

Did you order chips?

LEO

Yes, I ordered chips!

RIGGS

You ordered a side of pickles.

LEO

Why would I order pickles?! I
ordered chips!

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED:

104A

MURTAUGH

I ordered pickles.

RIGGS

We're still missing one chip.

LEO

Also, I have no Pepsi back here.

Riggs passes out the drinks.

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs; answering
his question)You get him.

RIGGS

Me!?

LEO

(waving away Riggs'
cigarette smoke)Jesus, do you have to smoke when
I'm trying to eat?

(then:)

Hey! This isn't my sandwich.
This is a Barbeque Beef.

RIGGS

That must be mine.

Leo rewraps the sandwich 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 Murgough)

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 tuna
sandwich I've got back here! I
hate tuna! I will not be stuck
with a tuna sandwich.*
*
*
*
*
**
*
*

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED: (2)

104A

MURTAUGH

He, Leo. Don't eat that tuna sandwich.

LEO

That's what I've been saying! Weren't you listneing?! I said, I refuse to eat this tuna sandwich.

RIGGS

Good.

LEO

(exasperated)

Why is that good!?

RIGGS

Because the tuna fishermen get dolphins caught in their nets.

MURTAUGH

Yeah.

LEO

(after a pause)

You know what? I think somebody should throw a net over the two of you.

(beat)

Let's go back.

MURTAUGH

We're not going back. So just shut up.

LEO

Can I give you guys a friendly piece of advice? Never use the drive-thru window. Always walk up to the counter. They fuck you at the drive-thru 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.

RIGGS

(to Murtaugh)

We'll flip for him.

MURTAUGH

Fine with me.

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED: (A2A)

104A

RIGGS

You call it.

Riggs takes out a coin and flips it in the air.

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED: (2A)

104A

MURTAUGH

Tails.

Riggs looks at the coin after he catches it.

MURTAUGH

Which is it?

RIGGS

Well . . . it looks like an antelope,
so I guess it must be tails.

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED: (3)

104A

MURTAUGH

Antelope?

He looks at the coin and sees that it's a KRUGERRAND.

MURTAUGH

What are you doing with that!?

RIGGS

I picked it up in the squad room.
I thought it was a chocolate.

MURTAUGH

My ass you did!

RIGGS

Your ass is chocolate.

Leo is in the back seat, laughing to himself over this.
Riggs starts to laugh as well.

MURTAUGH

(to Riggs)

What are you laughing about?
You get Leo for the night.

Riggs' smile fades.

105 EXT. PARKING AREA (SPORTS CLUB) - DAY

105

Rudd, dressed in expensive sweats and carrying a tennis racket, climbs into his Mercedes and fires up the engine.

He starts to back out, then brakes abruptly because Riggs' pickup truck has come out of nowhere to block his path.

Rudd is startled to see Riggs behind the wheel of the truck.

106 RIGGS

106

gives Rudd a penetrating stare from within the cab of his truck -- then moves out of his way.

107 RUDD'S MERCEDES

107

SQUEALS out of the parking spot and speeds away.

108 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

108

Rudd's Mercedes travels down the street.

109

INT. MERCEDES

109

Rudd glances into his rearview mirror, sees Riggs' pickup TRUCK ROARING up behind him. Tailgating him. Only inches from his rear bumper.

110

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS INTERSECTION

110

Rudds' Mercedes stops for a red light. Riggs swings his pickup truck into the next lane and pulls up right beside Rudd.

Rudd is growing edgy. This is getting on his nerves. He's like a volcano ready to erupt. He stomps down on the gas pedal and SQUEALS through the intersection against the red light.

Cars traveling with the light HONK and BRAKE. One CAR REAR-ENDS another. A woman and her two children walking in the intersection are nearly run down.

111

EXT. CONSULATE BUILDING

111

The building has a secured parking lot. A UNIFORMED GUARD opens and closes a gate that prevents unauthorized people from gaining access to the parking area.

Rudd's Mercedes turns into the Consulate 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 out!

Then Rudd SCREECHES his MERCEDES into the parking garage. The Guard approaches Riggs.

GUARD

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

RIGGS

(flashing his badge)

Piss off -- L.A. Police.

The Guard backs down. Riggs strolls away, toward the front entrance of the building. He notices that a surveillance camera is mounted above the door. He steps forward for a closer look.

112 INT. RUDD'S OFFICE 112

Rudd storms into his office and turns on the security monitor next to his desk. He sees Riggs (in grainy, wide-angle black & white) peering directly into the camera lens.

Rika now enters the office. *

RIKA *

Mr. Rudd, here are the morning telexes.

Then she sees Riggs on the monitor and reacts. Riggs crushes out his cigarette and disappears from view. Rudd turns toward Rika -- catches her watching the monitor. Her interest in Riggs is not lost on him. *

113 OMITTED 113
thru thru
121 121

122 EXT. BEACH - DAY 122

Riggs pulls up in his pickup truck. Hops out. Enters the trailer.

122A INT. TRAILER 122A

Leo is at the sink cleaning dishes. Riggs enters and stops in his tracks. Leo has cleaned up the trailer! It's immaculate.

RIGGS

Leo! What have you done?!

LEO

I cleaned up the mess. Nobody should have to live like this. When's the last time you emptied the pan under the refrigerator?

RIGGS

There's a pan under there?

The PHONE RINGS. Riggs grabs it.

RIGGS

(to Leo)
Don't do anything else. Put those dishes down.

(into phone)
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

122A CONTINUED:

122A

PHONE (V.O.)

Riggs, it's Collins. Has Murtaugh checked in with you today? Because we haven't heard from him. And he doesn't answer his phone.

RIGGS

Okay. I'm on my way.

PHONE (V.O.)

You need the address?

RIGGS

No. I've been there before.

PHONE (V.O.)

Not for dinner, I hope.

RIGGS

Yeah. A few times...

PHONE (V.O.)

Sorry.

123 EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

123

Riggs drives up. There is no indication of trouble. Murtaugh's battered Oldsmobile is parked in the driveway. Riggs hops out of his truck.

RIGGS

(to Leo)

Stay here.

Leo ignores Riggs completely.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Jumps right out behind him.

RIGGS
Why do I even try?

They go the door and find it locked. Riggs rings the bell, then pounds on the door with his fist.

RIGGS
Hey, Roger! Open up!

MURTAUGH (O.S.)
(from within)
Riggs! That you, Riggs?!

RIGGS
Yeah, it's me!

MURTAUGH (O.S.)
(from within)
Get in here -- quick! I need help!

Riggs kicks open the door.

124 INT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE

124

Riggs charges in, holding his gun in a two handed grip. Leo stays behind him.

RIGGS
Roger! Where are you!?

MURTAUGH
Upstairs! In the bathroom!

RIGGS
(to Leo)
Stay here!

Riggs runs up the staircase and arrives at the bathroom door. Leo sneaks up behind him.

RIGGS
You in there!?

MURTAUGH
Yes! Get in here!

125 INT. BATHROOM

125

Riggs kicks open this door, too. And comes in ready for trouble, gun aimed, finger on the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

MURTAUGH

Jesus! Put that gun away!

Riggs lowers the gun. Murtaugh is seated innocently on the toilet holding a magazine.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Close the door!

Riggs turns. Sees Leo peeking in.

RIGGS

Go away, Leo!

Riggs closes the door in Leo's face.

RIGGS

You okay, Roger?

MURTAUGH

For the first time in twenty years -- twenty years -- I've got the bathroom all to myself. No kids banging on the door. No wife asking me to hurry up. Just me and my new sports magazine --

RIGGS

Oh, is that the issue with the special section on deep sea fishing? --

MURTAUGH

-- Would you let me finish!?

(beat)

And the answer is, yes. 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.

(CONTINUED)

MURTAUGH

After that, I just stayed put.

RIGGS

For how long?

MURTAUGH

Since last night! My legs are so goddamned numb I'm not even sure they're attached anymore!

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

MURTAUGH

Tell me I'm not fucked.

RIGGS

Okay. But I'd be lying.

Murtaugh makes a face.

RIGGS

Listen, 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 serious! 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:

126 CONTINUED: 126

Five patrol cars with flashing bubble lights. Two ambulances. Three fire trucks. Dozens of uniformed cops. A crowd of spectators.

127 OMITTED 127

128 INT. BATHROOM 128

It looks like a padded cell because the bomb squad has draped the room with leaded blankets. Twenty cops are squeezed into this small space. Murtaugh sits on the toilet, wrapped in blankets. He glares at Riggs.

Another COP shoulders his way into the room.

COP

Sergeant. Someone here to see you.

MURTAUGH

What!? Who?!

COP

The shrink. Says she can help you through this.

MURTAUGH

Hey -- no -- wait!

Too late. Here she comes. The FEMALE POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST. Murtaugh burries his face in his hands. The Psychologist just stares at him -- face ashen -- frozen in place with mortification.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I was wrong.

She turns and exits.

129 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - STAGE 129

The Psychologist pushes past everybody and runs into Leo.

LEO

Hey, I hear you're a shrink. I've been having some strange dreams lately I'd like to run by ya. You got a minute for this?

Leo takes her aside.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

I want the room cleared.

(to Murtaugh)

You're going to dive into the bathtub, Sergeant. And when you do it, pull the blanket up over your head like this.

(demonstrates)

That's a good, old-fashioned cast iron tub, and it'll withstand a pretty good blast.

MURTAUGH

Can't do it.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

Why not?

RIGGS

His legs are numb. He can't even stand up, let alone jump across the room.

Everyone looks momentarily stumped.

RIGGS

I'll help him. I'll pull him to his feet.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

(to Riggs; after
a pause)

Then you better put this on.

He hands Riggs a protective outfit. Riggs begins to put it on. The Bomb Squad Leader sprays something on the bomb.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

This freon will delay detonation by several seconds. Good luck.

Everyone leaves. Riggs and Murtaugh are left alone.

RIGGS

Alone at last.

Murtaugh laughs. It helps break the tension. They almost get the giggles:

MURTAUGH

Why didn't they plant the bomb in Trish's stove?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

RIGGS

Think of all the innocent lives
that'd be saved if it blew up!

They both laugh. But then it dies down. Time to get
serious again.

MURTAUGH

I'm gonna die on a toilet, aren't I?

RIGGS

Not if I can help it.

Riggs says this with determination, and it gives Murtaugh
hope.

RIGGS

Ready?

MURTAUGH

Let's do it.

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

Ready.

Riggs grabs both of Murtaugh's hands with his own. They
make sure they have a good, solid grip.

RIGGS

One... two... three!

Riggs yanks hard on Murtaugh's arm. Murtaugh goes flying
off the toilet seat -- diving into the tub along with Riggs.
The CHARGE DETONATES -- a LOUD, FLAT BAM! that blows out
the wall and launches the toilet through the hole.

131 OMITTED
thru
136

131
thru
136

137 TOILET

137

sails across the sky in a high, arcing path. And now it's
coming down... building speed and velocity until CRASHING
through the new WINDSHIELD of Murtaugh's Oldsmobile.

138 OMITTED 138
& &
139 139

140 INT. BATHROOM - STAGE 140

Riggs and Murtaugh stumble out of the bathtub. Broken pipes spray water in all directions. They go to the crater in the wall and peer down.

140A EXT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - P.O.V. - DAY #3 140A

Murtaugh reacts to the sight of his car. He wears a dazed expression as water from the broken pipes pours over him.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 INT. SOUTH AFRICAN CONSULATE - DAY #3 141

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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. The Envoy's jaw drops as Murtaugh joins Leo.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (2)

141

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
Louder. Didn't get it.

ENVOY
(louder)
I said: You're black.

MURTAUGH
Of course, I'm black. That's why
I want to go to South Africa. To
join with my oppressed brothers.
To take up their fight against
the tyranny of a fascist white
minority.

(beat)
To free South Africa, you dumb
sonofabitch!

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.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (3)

141

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.

142 EXT. CONSULATE BUILDING

142

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.

143 INT. PARKING GARAGE

143

Riggs enters, heading directly towards the consulate building entrance.

144 INT. CONSULATE

144

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...

145 INT. CONSULATE - MURTAUGH - DAY #3

145

is standing on a desk top. The security guard tries to pull Murtaugh down, but Murtaugh jumps to the next desk top. Things crash to the floor. Secretaries scream. Murtaugh grabs a South African flag and begins to wave it over his head.

MURTAUGH

Free South Africa!

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

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

RUDD

What the hell is going on here!?
Stop him! Get him down from
there! Take that flag away from
him!

146 INT. RUDD'S PRIVATE OFFICE

146

Riggs enters the office. 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 without even seeing Riggs and picks up his telephone. He's followed by Vorstedt and four of his hitmen. Riggs steps forward.

*

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.

RUDD

(to the hitmen)
Show Officer Riggs to the street.

(CONTINUED)

146

CONTINUED:

146

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. 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, Vorstedt... 'Boom. You're
dead!'

Riggs FIRES his BERETTA past Vorstedt's ear into Rudd's enormous aquarium. The GLASS SHATTERS. Water pours out. Rare and expensive fish flip-fop across the Oriental carpet.

Riggs backs up toward the door as Rudd drops to the floor in a desperate effort to rescue the most valuable fish.

RUDD

The Angelfish first! The Angelfish
first!

VORSTEDT

Sergeant Riggs!...

Riggs pauses.

VORSTEDT

Remind me someday to tell you
about the time I met your wife.

Riggs looks thrown by this remark. Doesn't know what to make of it. Then he shakes it off as one of Vorstedt's mind-games, and exits the office.

Vorstedt just stands there grinning after him.

RUDD

(to Vorstedt)

Help me!

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2)

146

VORSTEDT

Do it yourself. *

Rudd continues to gather up his fish. Vorstedt looks down. Sees an Angelfish next to his foot. He gently kicks it under a piece of furniture where it will never be found. *

147 INT. CONSULATE LOBBY

147

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

RIKA

(hesitant; tentative) *

Hello. Officer...?

RIGGS

Riggs. Martin Riggs.

(beat)

Miss... Townsend. Right?

RIKA *

Yes. You remembered. What are you doing --

RIGGS

-- Just making a social call on your boss.

Riggs continues on toward the door. Rika watches him go. *

148 INT. MURTAUGH'S OLDSMOBILE/EXT. CONSULATE - DAY #3

148

Murtaugh behind the wheel. Riggs next to him. Leo in back. They drive away from the consulate.

MURTAUGH

Hell! Rudd didn't even recognize me. I guess he thinks all black people look alike.

RIGGS

Don't they?

Riggs smirks. Murtaugh's smiles back in reply.

(CONTINUED)

148

CONTINUED:

148

MURTAUGH

What did you come up with? Did you get inside Rudd's office?

RIGGS

Yeah. But I didn't have much time before Vorstedt and his brownshirts showed up.

(beat)

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

'Alba Varden. Thursday.'

RIGGS

Whaddaya think?

Leo leans forward from the back seat.

LEO

Hey, wasn't that the name of Hitler's girlfriend?

MURTAUGH

That was Eva Braun.

RIGGS

(to Leo)

Yeah. This is some other Nazi. And he's got a date with her on Thursday.

MURTAUGH

Name sounds familiar, though...

RIGGS

You know who she is?

MURTAUGH

Didn't say that. Familiar, that's all. It'll come to me.

LEO

There's a deli! Pull over. Let's eat.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

MURTAUGH

Sounds good to me.

Murtaugh pulls over to the curb on busy Wilshire Blvd.
Leo begins to exit the car on the traffic side.

MURTAUGH

Leo, no! Go out the other side!

LEO

Hey, it's fine.

Leo swings open the door and -- bang! It's ripped off
by a car that speeds by. Leo is left holding the door
handle in his hand. Murtuagh begins to boil. Leo hands
him the door handle.

149 INT. RUDD'S OFFICE

149

Vorstedt's hitmen are soaking up the aquarium water
with towels. Most of 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

Vorstedt! *

149A INT. SUPERMARKET - LATE DAY #3

149A

Rika 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. *

RIKA

Officer Riggs... we meet again. *

RIGGS

I followed you here from the
consulate.

RIKA

You followed me? *

RIGGS

I wanted to apologize for the other
night. If we frightened you, or
anything.

(CONTINUED)

149A CONTINUED:

149A

RIKA

I was a little startled by all those guns.

*

RIGGS

And to thank you...

RIKA

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?

RIKA

There are a lot of things I don't like about my boss... and my country... but I like my job very much. It keeps me here in Los Angeles.

*

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

RIGGS

I didn't get your first name.

RIKA

Rika.

*

*

RIGGS

(pointing to her basket)

Dinner?

RIKA

Yes.

*

RIGGS

Shop a day at a time, huh?

RIKA

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

*

RIGGS

Why not?

RIKA

(smiling)

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

*

(CONTINUED)

149A CONTINUED: (2)

149A

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.

Rika is intrigued by him, but she makes no reply. *

RIGGS

I have a place at the beach. Right on the sand. I 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.

150 INT. OFFICER TOM WYLER'S HOUSE -

150

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.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Tommy, how's it hanging?

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

First we get:

150A WYLER'S UPSIDE DOWN POV OF MAN

150A

standing in the kitchen doorway. Then the CAMERA RIGHTS ITSELF... and we see that the man is Vorstedt. 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.

VORSTEDT *

Hold it, Tommy!

Vorstedt FIRES his GUN. The BULLET PINGS off the chrome bar, and Wyler's hand jumps away. *

(CONTINUED)

150A CONTINUED:

150A

VORSTEDT
Hands away from the bar.

*

WYLER
Who are you?! What do you want!?
I'm a cop you sonofabitch!

Vorstedt steps behind Wyler

VORSTEDT
You were a cop, Tommy.

Vorstedt places the barrel of his GUN against the back of Wyler's head and FIRES.

151 EXT. OFFICER MEAGAN SHAPIRO'S BACKYARD - LATE DAY #3

151

Shapiro comes out to her heated backyard pool. Steam rises from the surface. She steps onto the diving board and walks out to the very tip. Then, bending her legs, she springs straight up into the air... then comes down hard on the BOARD -- which BLOWS TO SMITHEREENS.

152 OMITTED

152

&

&

153

153

154 SHATTERING EXPLOSION

154

that rocks the morning stillness -- sprays water high into the air -- and BLOWS OUT every WINDOW in the house. A fireball climbs toward the sky.

Her five-year-old DAUGHTER, watching from inside, begins to scream:

DAUGHTER
Mommy! Mommy!

155 OMITTED

155

156 EXT. OFFICER CAVANAUGH'S HOUSE - LATE DAY #3

156

It's poker night. Seated around the table are Cavanaugh, and THREE OTHER DRUG COPS (names to be determined).

CAVANAUGH
You in, or you out?

(CONTINUED)

156

CONTINUED:

156

The Drug Cop takes a moment to study his hand, then folds his cards.

DRUG COP

I'm out.

BOOM! The place is obliterated by a tremendous EXPLOSION and fire ball.

156A
thru
159

OMITTED

156A
thru
159

160

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER AT BEACH - SUNSET

160

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

*

RIKA

*

You must be an honest cop, Martin Riggs.

RIGGS

Disappointed?

(CONTINUED)

160

CONTINUED:

160

RIKA

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 fiery shade of orange.

Riggs comes up behind her.

RIGGS

I did exaggerate one thing, though.
I'm not a gourmet cook. In fact,
chili's the only thing I know how
to make.

(beat)

Do you like it with or without
crushed Oreo cookies?

Rika replies with a completely straight face:

*

RIKA

With, of course.

*

RIGGS

A woman after my own heart.

Just then, Sam appears through the floor doggie-door.
He comes right up to Rika, who bends down to meet him.

*

RIKA

Who's this?

*

RIGGS

That's my brother, Sam. Handsome
devil, isn't he? He got all the
looks in the family.

Rika stands up. Looks at Riggs.

*

RIKA

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

*

RIGGS

(after a pause)

Can I get you something to drink?
I think I've got a bottle of wine
around here someplace . . .

He checks the refrigerator.

(CONTINUED)

160

CONTINUED: (2)

160

RIGGS
Plenty of beer, I see.

RIKA
That's fine.

RIGGS
Beer?

RIKA
Uh huh.

RIGGS
Coming up.

He twists the cap off the bottle, pours it into a glass and hands it to her with his left hand.

She has a troubled expression on her face as she takes the glass.

RIGGS
Something wrong? Is that a dirty glass? Is there something in the glass?

RIKA
No. There's something on your finger.

She means Riggs's wedding ring. Riggs gives it a look.

RIGGS
Oh, yeah. Well... I used to be married.

RIKA
But not anymore...

RIGGS
No. Not anymore.

She sees the emotion that Riggs tries to conceal, and doesn't press.

RIKA
You know what I think? I think you've brought me here for a reason.

Riggs makes a face.

RIKA
That's a very sheepish look I see.

(CONTINUED)

160

CONTINUED: (3)

160

RIGGS

You found me out. I'm not very good at this, am I?

RIKA

Good at what? *

RIGGS

Using people.

RIKA

(after a pause) *

That's nothing to be ashamed of.

Riggs goes over to a table and picks up a small black object.

RIKA

What's that? *

RIGGS

The reason that I brought you here.

(beat)

It's a METS tracking device. I was gonna have you help me stick it onto Rudd's car. That way I could follow him around wherever he went.

(dismissing it)

You know, police work. It's not your problem...

RIKA

Rudd's hiding behind his diplomatic credentials, isn't he? *

RIGGS

He's not a good guy, your boss.

RIKA

Then whatever he's doing... *

(she takes the device from Riggs)

... he shouldn't get away with it.

Riggs realizes that she's going to help him.

RIGGS

You don't have to do this.

RIKA

That's what makes it worth doing. *

They share a long, lingering look. Riggs takes the METS device out of her hand and puts it aside.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (4)

160

Then they kiss.

Still kissing, they lower themselves onto the bed. But Sam is curled up there and he gets in their way. Riggs slaps Sam on the rump.

RIGGS

Beat it. No Stooges tonight.

Sam hops off the bed and exits the trailer through the floor Doggie-Door.

Riggs turns his attention back to Rika. They kiss with increasing passion. *

161 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT #3

161

PANDEMONIUM! News of the killings has reached the Police Station, and the place is going nuts.

MURPHY

Who's not accounted for!?

BRINKLEY

Riggs and Murtaugh!

MURPHY

Naturally!

DOUGHERTY

Murtaugh is taking the Protected Witness to a new location, but he hasn't checked in yet.

MURPHY

What about Riggs?

DOUGHERTY

Hasn't checked in yet.

MURPHY

Get on the phone, or the radio, and find him!

Dougherty turns in the direction of Officer Eddie Esteban who is seated at his desk with his back turned.

DOUGHERTY

Eddie, gimme Riggs' home phone number!

No reply from Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

DOUGHERTY

Yo, Eddie! --

Dougherty spins Eddie's chair around to discover that Eddie is dead... a bullet through his forehead.

162 INT. RIGGS's TRAILER 162

CAMERA is LOW -- floor level -- as Sam pops up from the doggie-door to view Riggs and Rika thrashing around under the sheets. *

The PHONE RINGS, and Rika rolls over and unplugs it. SAM meanwhile, begins to BAY and HOWL. *

RIGGS

Hey!

A SHOE COMES FLYING toward Sam, who ducks down through the door.

163 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT #3 163

Murtaugh is working a NCR terminal. Leo comes up behind him.

LEO

What're you doing?

MURTAUGH

Ordering a new door for my car.

LEO

Why don't you just order a new car. Yours is a wreck.

MURTAUGH

No thanks to you.

LEO

I'll make it up to you.

(dangles a Room Key)

For starters, I had us upgraded to the Presidential Suite at no extra charge.

They begin to walk away from the NCR terminal.

MURTAUGH

How'd you do that?

LEO

I tipped the desk clerk a Kruggerand.

164

INT. RIGGS'S TRAILER

164

Sam pokes his head up through the doggie-door. Numerous objects (shoes, books, an ashtray) litter the floor around the opening.

Riggs and Rika are still in bed. Riggs rolls away from her. Spent. Exhausted. Covered in sweat.

*

RIGGS

I think it's time for the seventh
inning stretch.

Rika just gives him a puzzled look.

*

RIGGS

That's a baseball expression.

RIKA

I know.

(beat)

But we're only up to the fourth
inning.

*

And then she initiates another "inning" of love-making.

RIGGS

Oh, well. Batter up...

He rolls towards her.

165

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT #3

165

Murtaugh and Leo are sitting on the sofa. 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 isn't listening. He's preoccupied with a piece
of paper in his hand.

LEO

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

165

CONTINUED: (A1)

165

MURTAUGH

The bill of sale for my fishing
boat...

(beat)

My fishing boat! That's it!

LEO

Huh?

Murtaugh gets to his feet.

MURTAUGH

Let's go.

LEO

Where?

MURTAUGH

Back to my house.

(CONTINUED)

165

CONTINUED:

165

RIANNE'S COMMERCIAL comes on the TV.

LEO

Okay, okay. Wait a minute, wait a minute. This is my favorite commercial. Watch this. Check this out. You won't believe the body on this cutie-pie.

Murtaugh realizes that Leo is talking about his daughter and immediately turns OFF the TV.

MURTAUGH

I'm gonna make believe you never said that.

Murtaugh shoves Leo toward the door.

LEO

What are you in such a bad mood about?

MURTAUGH

Thanks to you, I missed my poker night. And I feel lucky, too.

166 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT #3 166

TWO CHOPPERS far in the distance. Just specks on the horizon. Coming TOWARDS us. Low over the ocean. The WOMP-WOMP-WOMP of the THROBBING ROTORS is only FAINTLY heard.

167 INT. THE TRAILER 167

Riggs gets up from bed to find his cigarettes. He has a towel wrapped around his waist. He lights one and puffs it to life.

Rika props herself up in bed on one elbow. *

RIKA *

Where's that tracking device? I'm going to attach it to you. That way I'll know where you are at all times.

RIGGS

Sure. I'll wear it around my neck like a cow bell.

RIKA *

That's not where I was going to put it.

And then, she reaches out for the towel and pulls it off with a wicked smile. Riggs nonchalantly crushes out the cigarette and returns to bed.

168 EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT 168

The CHOPPERS come in low over the surf. So low that sea spray wets the cockpit domes. ROTORS THUNDERING now -- louder than hell.

The barrels of machine guns can be seen protruding from the chopper's doorways.

169 INT. TRAILER - STAGE - NIGHT #3 169

Riggs hears the CHOPPERS and sits up in bed, startling Rika. And then... an ERUPTION of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. The sliding GLASS DOOR EXPLODES, blowing a thousand sharp projectiles through the trailer. Riggs pulls Rika to the floor. *

RIGGS *

DOWN!

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

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

MACHINE GUN FIRE tears through the trailer's metal sides. The noise is DEAFENING.

170 EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT #3 170

The CHOPPERS circle the trailer. FIRING down on it. Two searchlights constantly criss-crossing each other, creating a strobbing effect.

171 INT. TRAILER 171

The FUSSILADE seems never ending.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

Riggs and Rika have flattened themselves against the trailer's floor. Riggs opens a closet. Inside is his sniper rifle. He grabs it. Then he begins to move across the floor on his stomach, pulling Rika with him... inching their way toward the floor doggie-door. *

172 UNDERNEATH TRAILER 172

Riggs and Rika emerge from the doggie-dog. Above, the DEAFENING BARRAGE of GUNFIRE continues without let up. Rika struggles into her dress. Riggs digs into his pants pockets for his truck keys. He gives them to Rika and gestures for her to get moving. *

She crawls out from under the trailer on the side opposite the attack. Riggs crawls out in the other direction. He sees:

173 FIRST CHOPPER 173

land on the beach. Four South African hitmen hop out carrying automatic weapons. They walk up to the trailer with WEAPONS BLAZING.

174 RIGGS 174

Moves rapidly on his stomach across a sand dune like the trained special forces commando that he once was. He comes up behind the hitmen, 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-GUNE 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.

175 RIGGS'S PICKUP TRUCK 175

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.

176 INT. TRUCK'S CAB 176

Rika 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. He's caught in the beam of the airborne chopper's searchlight. MACHINE GUN FIRE kicks up sand all around him.

177 RIGGS 177

swipes himself out of the truck's cab -- aims his sniper RIFLE into the air and FIRES. The chopper's SEARCHLIGHT EXPLODES and everything goes dark.

The truck slows down just enough, allowing Sam to leap onto the tailgate and climb into the cargo bed.

178 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT #3 178

Riggs' PICKUP ROARS onto the highway and gets lost amid the traffic. The CHOPPER circles, then gives up. The sound of its ROTORS RECEDES into the distance.

179 EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT #3 179

The Oldsmobile parks at the curb.

180 INT. OLDSMOBILE 180

Murtaugh turns OFF the IGNITION. Leo is seated next to him in the front seat.

MURTAUGH
This'll only take a minute. I
want you to wait in the car.

LEO
It's cold.

MURTAUGH
Okay. I'll leave the engine
running.

181 INT. MURTAUGH'S LIVING ROOM 181

Murtaugh goes to a shelf where video tapes are stored and takes one down.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

He puts the tape into the VCR and presses play. We see: the Murtaugh family out on the boat.

Murtaugh presses fast forward and advances the tape; searching.

MURTAUGH

Where is it? Where is it?...

182 INT. OLDSMOBILE 182

Leo is trying to find a RADIO STATION he likes. Suddenly, both front doors are thrown open. Two South Africans push into the front seat, sandwiching Leo between them. One of them grabs the steering wheel, puts the car into gear, floors the gas pedal and the OLDS SQUEALS away.

183 INT. LIVING ROOM 183

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

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: ALBA VARDEN.

MURTAUGH

(smiling)

Alba Varden. Ain't a woman. It's a boat.

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.

Murtaugh draws his gun, but the hitman kicks it into the air. Then, he overwhelms Murtaugh with a series of martial arts kicks and jabs that fairly whistle through the air, beating him back into the:

184 HOBBY ROOM 184

Where he crashes to the floor within inches of the carpenter's tools.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

The hitman advances. Murtaugh swings up his arm, the PNEUMATIC NAIL GUN in his grasp. BAM! He FIRES a nail. Thunk! Right behind the hitman's eyes. He sinks to his knees and keels over onto his face.

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

185 LIVING ROOM

185

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.

186 EXT. FRONT YARD

186

Murtaugh runs from the house.

MURTAUGH

Leo!

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

He stops short when he sees that both Leo and the Olds are gone.

MURTAUGH

My car!

187 EXT. SOUTH AFRICAN CONSULATE - NIGHT #3 187

Riggs and Rika stand across Wilshire Blvd. from the Consulate. *

RIGGS

What about the video camera over the door?

RIKA *

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

RIGGS

You know the code?

RIKA *

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

188 INT. CONSULATE LOBBY - NIGHT 188

We hear the KEY IN THE LOCK. The door opens and Riggs and Rika enter. Rika 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.

RIKA *

This way.

189 She leads him down a series of corridors until reaching the parking garage door. The door requires another key. She opens it for him. 189

190 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE 190

They enter the garage. Rudd's Mercedes is the only car there. Riggs reaches down, attaches the METS Device to the undercarriage of the car.

191 INT. RUDD'S APARTMENT (WITHIN CONSULATE) 191

Rudd lives in the building's top floor. He's at the bar, pouring a drink. Vorstedt is there with him. (We notice that there is another key pad on the apartment wall, and the green light is glowing.) *

Vorstedt indicates the glowing green light on the key pad. *

VORSTEDT *

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.

VORSTEDT *

Turn on the camera!

192 EXT. CONSULATE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 192

Riggs and Rika 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 Rika don't notice this. *

193 INT. APARTMENT 193

Vorstedt and Rudd look into the monitor. Riggs and Rika can be seen turning away from the front door and going down the steps toward the street. *

RUDD *

Rika Townsend.

VORSTEDT *

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.

194 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE COURTYARD - NIGHT 194

A 30s style stucco apartment building. Like the ones off Olympic Blvd. in Beverly Hills. Riggs walks Rika toward her apartment door. *

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED:

194

RIGGS

Well, home before eleven. Just like I promised.

RIKA

This is the most incredible first date I've ever been on.

RIGGS

Wait'll you see what happens on our second date.

RIKA

No more helicopters. Please.

RIGGS

Okay. If you insist.

RIKA

(serious)

Your life is very dangerous. I'm going to worry about you now.

RIGGS

Nah. Don't do that.

(then, glancing around)

You know, I really like this building. Are there any vacancies? I'm between homes at the moment.

RIKA

You can stay right here. You can stay with me.

RIGGS

Tonight?...

RIKA

And tomorrow night. And the night after that.

RIGGS

What about the night after that?

RIKA

Hey, slow down. Don't rush me.

Riggs cracks a wide smile -- enjoying her sense of humor.

RIGGS

In America, it's usually the man who makes the jokes.

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED: (2)

194

RIKA

Sorry. I guess I have a lot to learn.

*

And then she wraps her arms around his neck and gives him a kiss that leaves him reeling. She unlocks her door and swings it open for him.

RIGGS

I've got to go.

RIKA

But --

*

RIGGS

Stay inside and keep your door locked.
(starts to go; then returns)

And you're not going back to work tomorrow, either. You're quitting that job. There are other ways to stay in L.A.

RIKA

All right. I've just quit.

*

RIGGS

Good.

Now... he grabs her and kisses her. Then he backs away from her door, as giddy as a high school boy in love for the first time.

RIGGS

I'll be back. I promise. I'll move in my things...

(beat)

No, wait... forget that. I don't have any 'things' anymore.

RIKA

(laughing)

Just bring yourself.

*

RIGGS

Right.

Then he turns and walks off with a spring in his step. If this were a musical, he'd break into song.

195

EXT. STREET

195

Riggs hurries back to his truck.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

But he never makes it... Vorstedt 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's head. Riggs goes down hard. *

Two hitmen appear. Vorstedt directs them toward Rika's apartment with the wave of his hand. *

196 INT. DARK PLACE - NIGHT

196

We don't know where we are. In the distance we hear a FOG HORN and CRASHING WAVES.

Riggs is bound up in a chain vest with lead weights attached to it. Vorstedt is there, as well. He pours himself a glass of Scotch. *

VORSTEDT *

I'd offer you a drink, Riggs, but I understand you're on the wagon now.

RIGGS

You know so much about me... who the hell are you, anyway?!

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED:

196

VORSTEDT

I'm the guy who changed your life.

RIGGS

Stop playing games!

VORSTEDT

Okay. You're right. The game is over, and you lost.

(after a long pause)

Four years ago, Riggs, when you were working as a narc in Long Beach, there was a contract out on you and I handled it. I ran your fucking car right off the road.

Riggs reacts -- but it's all in his eyes.

VORSTEDT

That's right. You remember. Only you weren't driving it, were you?

(beat)

Imagine my surprise when I pulled back this matted mop of blood-soaked hair and saw a woman's face. She didn't die right away, either, you know. She took awhile.

(beat)

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

Riggs doesn't say a word. Or move a muscle. But his eyes are wide and filled with anguish.

VORSTEDT

(with a weary sigh)

But then you snapped back. And now I have to kill you all over again.

Two hitmen enter, grab Riggs by his chains and pull him to his feet.

197

EXT. A PIER - NIGHT

197

Riggs, Vorstedt and the Hitmen emerge on the pier. Vorstedt pauses before climbing into his car.

VORSTEDT

You don't have much luck with women, do you, Riggs?

(CONTINUED)

197

CONTINUED:

197

Riggs isn't sure what Vorstedt means. But he'll soon find out. Vorstedt drives away as the Hitmen wrestle Riggs to the end of the pier, slugging him a few times in the face in the process.

*
*

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?

They lift Riggs off his feet and toss him into the drink.

198
thru
200

OMITTED

198
thru
200

201

UNDERWATER

201

Riggs' weighted vest pulls him straight down, fifteen feet, to a sand bar below. The water's cold and dark. He hits bottom, raising a cloud of sand in the water.

A dimly seen object sways lazily in the current. As the cloud of dust begins to settle, and the light from the pier above filters down, the "Dimly Seen Object" is now revealed...

It's Rika! Still beautiful, even in death. Her hands are cuffed together; her body is weighted down.

*

Riggs can't believe his eyes. Horror and pain fill his expression... and he begins to fight back.

Thrusting against the chain vest, he pulls it tight across his back. POP! He dislocates his shoulder. A silent scream of agony as the chains slip and loosen.

He propels himself toward the surface.

202

OMITTED

202

202A ABOVE WATER 202A

Riggs surfaces several yards away from where he was thrown. He grabs hold of a ladder.

203 OMITTED 203

203A EXT. PIER 203A

The South African Hitmen are looking down into the water. They have their backs TO the CAMERA. The CAMERA RUSHES UP BEHIND them -- they turn -- react -- because they're looking right into the crazed eyes of a Lethal Weapon named Martin Riggs.

HITMAN

Oh, shit!

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 pain as he JAMS his SHOULDER back into its socket by slamming it against one of the pilings.

DISSOLVE TO:

203B RIGGS 203B

kneeling on the pier with an anguished expression, Rika's dead body in his arm. Sam comes up to him, licks Riggs' face. *

204 OMITTED 204

204A INT. RIGGS' TRUCK 204A

Riggs driving. On the radio.

INTERCUT BETWEEN Riggs and Murtaugh:

MURTAUGH

Slow down! Who are you talking about!

RIGGS

They killed them both!

(CONTINUED)

204A CONTINUED:

204A

MURTAUGH

Take it easy, Riggs. Calm down.
We'll take care of it.

RIGGS

It's personal now, Roger. I'm not
a cop tonight!

MURTAUGH

Riggs, listen to me. You don't
know what's happened --

RIGGS

-- I'm gonna get those bastards,
Roger! I'm going there now!

MURTAUGH

Riggs -- take it easy. We can't go
to the stilt house. That's an order.

RIGGS

Then the fucking stilt house will
come to us!

Riggs slams down the radio.

MURTAUGH

Riggs! Riggs!

Murtaugh realizes he's holding a dead phone.

MURTAUGH

Shit . . .

He thinks a moment, then takes off his badge and puts it
into his desk drawer.

205 INT. HOUSE OF STILTS - CLOSE ON HAND - NIGHT #3

205

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 in suds.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Vorstedt.

*

VORSTEDT

What's the deal, Leo?
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

205

CONTINUED:

205

VORSTEDT (CONT'D) *

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

Leo is taped to a chair. He blows beer out of his nose and tries to clear his throat. Vorstedt grabs another beer and shakes it up. *

VORSTEDT *

We trusted you, Leo. And you betrayed us. You took our money and now we want it back.

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.

206 OMITTED

206

206A EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

206A

Riggs' Pickup skids around a hair-pin curve at top speed. Murtaugh's Police Sedan squeals across the road from another direction, blocking Riggs' path.

Both vehicles come to a screeching stop in a cloud of dust that billows up in the headlight beams.

Riggs and Murtaugh leap out and charge toward each other.

MURTAUGH

Riggs!

RIGGS

Don't try to stop me, Roger! Just don't get in my way!

There is madness in Riggs' expression and Murtaugh sees it.

MURTAUGH

I've seen that look in your eyes before. What're you gonna do?!

RIGGS

Finish the job, that's all.

MURTAUGH

We've got orders, Riggs!

RIGGS

They declared war on the police, Roger!

MURTAUGH

You know about that?

RIGGS

Heard it over the radio.

(beat)

We're a couple old soldiers, Roger. If it's a war they want, let's give it to them.

MURTAUGH

We can't. We don't have the authority.

RIGGS

Cavanaugh. Shapiro. Wyler. Collins.

(CONTINUED)

206A CONTINUED:

206A

The muscles in Murtaugh's jaw begin to tighten.

RIGGS

Rika. Vicki. How much more
fucking authority do you want!?

Murtaugh gives in. He pulls out his revolver and gives
the cylinder a spin.

MURTAUGH

Okay, Riggs. Let's get the job done.
(beat)
You got a plan?

RIGGS

Drive your car up the hill to the
front of the house. On my signal,
go in shooting. Oh . . . and be
careful where you aim, they've
probably got Leo.

MURTAUGH

Wait . . . what's your signal?

RIGGS

Don't worry. You'll know it when
it happens.

MURTAUGH

Somehow, I think I will.

Now they exchange a silent look that communicates the
gravity of the action they're about to take.

MURTAUGH

After this, we both could be looking
for new jobs in the morning.

RIGGS

See you on the unemployment line,
Cochise.

They slap each other on the shoulder, then Murtaugh
hops into his car and drives off.

Riggs goes to work. He pulls some heavy chain from
the back of his truck.

206B EXT. BELOW DECK OF STILT HOUSE - NIGHT

206B

Riggs wraps the chain around one of the stilts.

207 EXT. CANYON ROAD - STILT HOUSE - NIGHT 207

Murtaugh parks across from the house. He climbs out quietly. Crouched low, he works his way toward the front of the house.

208 INT. RIGGS'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 208

Riggs turns on the ignition and floors the gas pedal. The back tires spin madly in the soft dirt... the MOTOR ROARING.

209 OMITTED 209
thru thru
212 212

212A INT. STILT HOUSE - NIGHT 212A

BANG! The house shakes as if it were hit by a giant sledge hammer.

HITMAN ONE

What the hell?...

HITMAN TWO

Earthquake!

BANG! Another blow. The house trembles.

HITMAN THREE

The big one!

LEO

Stand in a doorway! Stay away
from large windows!

All Leo gets for his advise is a slap in the face from Vorstedt. *

VORSTEDT *

Shut your mouth!

BANG! The place is rocked again. Lamps topple over. Plaster falls from the ceiling. Vorstedt rushes outside... *

212B ONTO DECK 212B

where he looks down and sees that Riggs is attempting to pull down the house. Vorstedt aims his GUN and FIRES. *

(CONTINUED)

212B CONTINUED: 212B

It doesn't do much good. Riggs continues to yank on the stilt... BANG! A LOUD CRACK echoes across the canyon, and the deck begins to list and sway beneath Vorstedt's feet, nearly throwing him off balance. *

He charges back...

213 OMITTED 213

213A INTO HOUSE 213A

VORSTEDT
(meaning Leo)
Kill him! *

Then Vorstedt escapes out the door, runs up the steps and disappears. *

The other South Africans cover their heads. Some have been thrown to their knees. One of them attempts to carry out Vorstedt's order... he aims his gun at Leo's head... *

And that's when Murtaugh rushes in from a side door, a GUN in each hand. Both of them BLAZING.

He takes out a couple of Hitmen, but the others RETURN FIRE. Murtaugh does a roll across the floor, grabbing Leo in the process, pulling him down, out of the line of fire.

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS are EXPLODING from several directions. Murtaugh FIRES BACK. But he's out-numbered and pinned down.

Then... CRASH! The PLATE GLASS WINDOWS fall inwards, covering the Hitmen in glass. A roof RAFTER is dislodged. It DROPS HEAVILY to the floor below.

Murtaugh and Leo dive to safety through a shattered window as...

214 HOUSE SNAPS IN TWO 214

The half supported by stilts slides down the canyon. The rest of the house remains behind.

SLIDING PORTION OF HOUSE

plows a wide swath through the trees and underbrush as it CRASHES down into the canyon in a cloud of dust and debris.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

214

We can hear the SCREAMS of the Hitman trapped inside as the house disintegrates.

214A RIGGS

214A

leans out the cab of his truck and watches the house come down. Then, glancing up to the top of the hill, he sees Murtaugh and Leo standing in what remains of the house.

CUT TO:

215 OMITTED
thru
218215
thru
218

218A EXT. FRONT OF STILT HOUSE - NIGHT

218A

Riggs ROARS up in his truck. Murtaugh and Leo are waiting for him. Riggs jumps down from the truck's cab.

RIGGS
(to Murtaugh)
Where's Vorstedt?!

MURTAUGH
Got away.

RIGGS
Shit!
(to Murtaugh)
I think I can find him.

MURTAUGH
What about Leo?

LEO
Yeah. What about me?

RIGGS
You're on your own, Leo.

LEO
Whattaya mean I'm on my own?!

Murtaugh tosses Leo his car keys.

MURTAUGH
Take my car. Drive yourself back
to the police station. Wait there
for the Federal Marshals.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

218A CONTINUED:

218A

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)
(he shakes Leo's hand)
It's been an experience knowing you, Leo.

He gives Murtaugh a big hug. Murtaugh looks a bit uncomfortable.

Now Leo approaches Riggs.

LEO
I'm gonna miss all the fun we had.

RIGGS
(backing away)
I don't want a hug.

MURTAUGH
Aw, give the little guy a hug.
You'll probably never see him again.

Leo gives Riggs a quick hug. Riggs suffers in silence until Leo steps back.

RIGGS
You're one of the good guys now,
Leo. Go to Washington and testify.
Do your duty. Spill your guts.
Make us proud of you.

Leo clicks his heels and salutes.

LEO
Yes, sir!

Riggs and Murtaugh climb into the truck's cab. Riggs gives Leo one final glance.

RIGGS
See ya, Leo.

Riggs is about to speed off.

LEO
Hey, hey, wait, wait!
(gesturing toward
the police sedan)
Can I sound the siren?

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange a look. Then Riggs turns back to Leo.

RIGGS
As loud as you want.

Then, Riggs' Pickup Truck ROARS off in a cloud of smoke leaving Leo behind.

- 219 EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT 219
Riggs's pickup truck speeds across the high, arching bridge that connects San Pedro with Terminal Island.
- 220 OMITTED 220
- 221 INT. PICKUP - NIGHT 221
A flashing, BEEPING red light on a RECEIVING UNIT attached to the dashboard is directing Riggs toward Rudd's Mercedes.
- 222 EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 222
The letters "A - L - B - A - V - A - R - D - E - N" come INTO FRAME one at a time as the CAMERA PANS ACROSS the bow of the cargo ship.
The ship is docked beside a loading pier. We see Riggs's pickup truck traveling slowly down the pier.
- 223 INT. PICKUP 223
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.
- 224 EXT. PIER - NIGHT 224
Riggs and Murtaugh 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.

224A RIGGS AND MURTAUGH

224A

weave their way through the canyons of containers until coming upon a container that is guarded by three South African Hhitmen carrying machine guns.

They duck back out of sight.

MURTAUGH

That must be the one.

224B CLOSE ON GUARD #1

224B

Riggs's hand comes around and cups itself over the Guard's nose and mouth. Riggs chokes the Guard unconscious, then claims the Guard's machine gun.

224C CLOSE ON GUARD #2

224C

Murtaugh comes up behind him. Bangs the Guard's head against the side of the container. The Guard drops to the ground.

224D CLOSE ON GUARD #3

224D

Alerted by the sound, Guard #3 spins around. But all he finds is Riggs standing right next to him. Riggs slugs him, then drags him out of sight.

224E EXT. CONTAINER DOORS

224E

Riggs and Murtaugh use a pry bar to break the lock. They open the doors and squeeze inside the container, then close the doors behind them.

225 INT. CONTAINER

225

In the darkness, they 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

Damn, can't see a thing in here.
Light a match or something.

RIGGS

I can do better than 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.

(CONTINUED)

225

CONTINUED:

225

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 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 it.

MURTAUGH

Holy shit.

RIGGS

Drug money, Roger.

Murtaugh holds a wrapped bundle in his hand.

MURTAUGH

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 and Murtaugh share a look. Then Murtaugh tosses the money back.

Then... from outside... the sound of the container DOORS BEING BOLTED CLOSED. Riggs and Murtaugh are startled by the sound.

226

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

226

The Container is now surrounded by South African Hitmen. Rudd is there with them.

RUDD

Load the container!

HITMAN

They'll die in there, Mr. Rudd.

RUDD

I said... load the container!

227

INT. CONTAINER

227

Riggs and Murtaugh feel the container jerk forward.

RIGGS

We're moving.

228 OMITTED 228
&
229 229

230 EXT. CONTAINER 230

It's moved into position 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.

231 INT. CONTAINER 231

Riggs and Murtaugh hear the NOISE OVERHEAD as the crab
clamps onto the container.

MURTAUGH

Only one thing to do, Riggs...
shoot our way out.

Now they feel a very strange sensation as the container
is lifted upward.

RIGGS

That's one way. But there's
another...

232 OMITTED 232

232A EXT. DECK OF CARGO SHIP - NIGHT 232A

The container is hoisted over the ship's deck. A South
African dock worker uses a hand-held remote control unit
to guide the container over the gaping opening to the
ship's three-story deep hold.

232B RUDD 232B

works his way up the staircase leading to the ship's
bridge.

232C ON DECK 232C

Six or seven hitmen observe the loading. Their machine
guns held at the ready.

Now, they hear a strange noise coming from the Container.
A LOUD, WHINING ROAR.

233
thru
240

OMITTED

233
thru
240

240A

CLOSE ON CONTAINER

240A

Suddenly, the cargo DOORS EXPLODE OPEN and the Mercedes flies out... pushing 2,000 cubic feet of money ahead of it.

The Mercedes sails over the heads of the startled Hitmen and splashes into the harbor.

The Hitmen spin around, point their machine guns into the water and FIRE at the sinking car.

241
&
242

OMITTED

241
&
242

242A

RIGGS AND MURTAUGH

242A

are not in the car, however. And now they're standing in the container's doorway FIRING down on the Hitmen below them.

The Hitmen turn, FIRE back and scatter.

The dock worker drops the remote control unit and runs for his life. The REMOTE UNIT CLATTERS across the deck and falls into the ship's hold.

Riggs and Murtaugh jump down from the container to the deck below -- a distance of ten feet. MACHINE GUN FIRE PINGS all around them -- RICOCHETTING off various metal surfaces on deck.

242B

RUDD

242B

watches from the bridge. He can't believe his eyes. His Mercedes is in the water and his money -- caught by a strong breeze -- is swirling in the air.

RUDD

Kill them!

242C

RIGGS AND MURTAUGH

242C

split up. Murtaugh going one way; Riggs going another. Riggs takes out a pair of Hitmen before GUNFIRE drives him into --

242D THE SHIP'S HOLD

242D

He leaps from container to container as BULLETS WHISTLE over his head. He finds someplace that offers shelter and SHOOTS back, killing another Hitman.

Meanwhile . . .

242E MURTAUGH

242E

has stopped Rudd on the bridge, and he's working his way up to him.

A Hitman appears at the top of the staircase. Murtaugh FIRES first -- BAM-BAM! And the Hitman tumbles down the steps toward Murtaugh.

242F INSIDE SHIP'S HOLD

242F

Riggs is engaged in a gun battle with one of the Hitmen. A BULLET PUNCHES a hole in a pipe next to him. hot steam sprays out. Riggs leaps away. Continues to FIRE at the Hitman. Kills him.

And now there is silence.

Riggs cautiously steps out from his hiding place, and ... BANG! A GUNSHOT from behind. The bullet enters the back of Rigg's thigh and plows out the front, taking a handful of bone, muscle and flesh with it.

RIGGS

Agh, shit!

Riggs drops his gun and falls from the container roof and crashes down to the bottom of the ship's hold.

242G VORSTEDT

242G *

emerges from the shadows with a smoking gun. He looks down, sees Riggs sprawled at the bottom of the ship's hold in a pool of light.

242H RIGGS

242H

holds his leg. Blood is pouring out. He can't stand. And he doesn't have a weapon.

Vorstedt approaches.

*

(CONTINUED)

242H CONTINUED:

242H

VORSTEDT *

That's a bad wound, Riggs. A man
could bleed to death from a wound
like that.

Riggs begins to push himself backwards, across the floor,
away from Vorstedt, leaving a trail of blood behind him. *

RIGGS

Come on, you fucking Nazi! Finish
the job!

VORSTEDT *

Oh, don't worry. I won't let you
die like that. It would take too
long and my calendar is filled with
appointments.

Vorstedt raises his gun. *

RIGGS

(taunting him)

Do it right this time, Vorstedt!
One clean shot between the eyes!
Execution style! C'mon! Don't
blow it again. Get it right for
once in your life! *

Vorstedt advances angrily toward Riggs -- his gun held
out before him. *

VORSTEDT *

Save me a place in hell, sonny
boy.

And that's when we see what Riggs has in his hand: The
remote control unit. He rolls away and presses the
button.

Vorstedt hears something and looks up. *

He sees the bottom of the giant container speeding down
upon him. He screams.

WHOOSH! The Container CRASHES DOWN, occupying the same
place that Vorstedt had been standing only seconds
before. *

Riggs rolls clear of the container, but only by inches.
In fact, his shirt tail is caught beneath it.

Riggs yanks his shirt tail free and struggles to his
feet. He sees Murtaugh on an upper deck and signals to
him that he's okay.

242I MURTAUGH

242I

returns the signal. Then a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

242J RIGGS

242J

is spun around by a bullet that enters his upper body just below the shoulder.

His eyes go wide as a shooting pain, like a thousand volts of electricity, courses through his body. He looks toward Murtaugh with an alarmed, uncomprehending expression on his face.

RIGGS

Roger? . . . Roger!!

Then he collapses to the floor.

242K MURTAUGH

242K

swings up his pistol in a two-handed grip. He is seething -- quaking -- with a blind fury as he points the gun at:

242L RUDD

242L

Who is positioned on the deck above him. Behind Rudd is the ship's smokestack that bares the seal of South Africa ten feet tall.

Rudd drops his rifle and 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.

Murtaugh holsters his gun.

CUT TO:

242M EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

242M

A caravan of POLICE CARS speeds across the bridge with SIRENS WAILING and bubble lights flashing.

CAMERA PANS DOWN, INTO:

242N THE SHIP'S HOLD

242N

where Murtaugh cradles Riggs in arms. At the bottom of the hold. In a pool of light.

RIGGS

Oh, Jesus, Roger . . . it hurts like hell.

MURTAUGH

Take it easy, Martin. You been hit before. You been hit before.

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.

MURTAUGH

No! Don't die. You're not dead until I tell you! Got that!

He holds Riggs tight. Rocks him in his arms.

MURTAUGH

Got that?! Got that, Riggs!? You don't die until I tell you to!

RIGGS

(weakly)

Roger . . .

MURTAUGH

(leaning in close)

I'm here. I'm right here.

RIGGS

(very softly)

My pocket . . .

MURTAUGH

Huh? What? . . .

RIGGS

My pocket . . . cigarettes . . .

MURTAUGH

Yeah, yeah . . . sure.

(shakes one out of the pack)

Here you go . . .

(CONTINUED)

242N CONTINUED:

242N

RIGGS

No. Throw 'em away. Get rid of 'em.
Those things'll kill ya.

Murtaugh looks taken aback. Riggs laughs weakly at his little joke. Murtaugh looks pissed.

MURTAUGH

You sonofabitch!

RIGGS

Hey, I love you, too.

MURTAUGH

I thought you were dying right here
in my arms!

RIGGS

I didn't die on your toilet, and
I'm not gonna die in your arms.

MURTAUGH

You sonofabitch.

RIGGS

Relax, Roger. All the bad guys
are dead. It's Miller time.

MURTAUGH

You scared the hell outta me!

RIGGS

You know what, Rog. You're too old
for this shit.

MURTAUGH

Don't tell me I'm too old. I'm the
only one that tells me I'm too old!

RIGGS

Okay, okay . . . help me up, would ya?

MURTAUGH

No way! You ain't moving. Stay still.

RIGGS

C'mon, Rog. I gotta be on my feet
when they get here. Help me stand up.

MURTAUGH

Not a good idea, Riggs . . .

(CONTINUED)

242N CONTINUED: (2)

242N

RIGGS

Let's do it. Okay? Ready . . .
One . . . two . . .

MURTAUGH

Wait, wait. We do it on three, or
one-two-three and then we do it?

RIGGS

(irritated)

Let's just do it on two. I'm not
gonna live until three.

MURTAUGH

Man . . . givin' up smoking has
really put you in a bad mood,
hasn't it?

RIGGS

Go spit.

Murtaugh laughs. So does Riggs. Then he grimaces in
pain.

RIGGS

Hey, Rog . . . whattaya say we take
the rest of the day off?

242-0 CAMERA PULLS UP... UP... OUT OF HOLD...

242-0

until the ship's entire deck is visible... UP, UP until
the entire pier is visible... police cars and ambulances
speeding up to the ship...

243 OMITTED
thru
246

243
thru
246

FADE OUT.

THE END