

Lethal Weapon

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - TEXAS - DAY

On a long stretch of highway on the outskirts of Houston, a car races towards CAMERA. From the car a MAN whistles the theme to *'The Good the Bad and the Ugly.'* As it gets closer and closer we make out the face of the whistler, MARTIN RIGGS (33; rugged good looks.) Then -- *BANG! BANG!*

TWO SHOTS spider the front windshield. Riggs yanks the wheel as his PARTNER (30s) clings to the armrest.

PARTNER

Whoa!

RIGGS

Guess they know we're cops. No point in keeping it a surprise.

Riggs flips on the siren and SWERVES as a hail of bullets come from a CAR OF DRUG DEALERS. (Note: ONE SHOOTER has a tattoo of two crossed AKs on his neck.)

Riggs CELL RINGS. Caller ID says, "*MIRANDA.*" He slips in an ear piece and puts a finger to his lips. *Not a word.*

RIGGS (CONT'D)

(casual; into phone)

Hey, honey.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RIGGS HOUSE - TEXAS

CLOSE ON the beautiful, radiant face of MIRANDA RIGGS (29; nine months pregnant) as she steps out of their suburban home with a picket fence. A slice of the American dream.

MIRANDA

Hi, love. How's your day going?

RIGGS

Oh, you know. Pretty slow. Just doing a little paperwork. You?

BANG! A bullet WHIZZES by.

MIRANDA

Not much. Few errands to run. Was thinking I might attempt a roast--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

That's great, hon. Can I call you--

MIRANDA

But first, I figured I'd swing by the hospital and have this baby.

RIGGS

Wait! What?!

MIRANDA

This boy is coming out! You're gonna be a daddy!!!

WOOHOOO! Riggs SCREAMS as he POUNDS his fist on the roof.

RIGGS

(fumbling)

Um, um, I'll um... What do I do?

MIRANDA

Breathe, honey. I'll meet you at the hospital. I love you.

RIGGS

I love you.

She hangs up. Riggs SLAMS on the brakes. The car SKIDS OUT.

PARTNER

What the hell are you doing?!

RIGGS

I'm about to be a father. Can't go and get myself killed.

Riggs gets out of the car.

PARTNER

We can't just let them get away!

RIGGS

Who said anything about getting away?

Riggs pops open the trunk and grabs his M82 .50 Caliber sniper rifle. An old friend. He stabilizes it on the hood of the car. As the DEALERS get further and further away. Riggs calibrates the distance... slows down his breathing...

PARTNER

Come on! They gotta be a mile out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's actually over a mile before Riggs FIRES! Two tires POP as the car FLIPS -- END OVER END, SKIDDING UPSIDE DOWN. Riggs packs up the rifle and gets back in the car.

RIGGS
You got this?

PARTNER
Go!

Riggs makes a U-turn and speeds away, as a PHALANX OF POLICE CARS race past him...

INT./ EXT. MIRANDA'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Miranda stops at a light. Smiles as she touches her stomach.

MIRANDA
Whoa. You're gonna be a bronco.
Just like your daddy...

She drives as... a SEMI BLOWS THROUGH THE LIGHT AND T-BONES HER CAR...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Riggs pulls up in front of the ER -- dozen roses in one hand, tiny air rifle in the other. He runs into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

THROUGH A SERIES OF DISSOLVES -- we see Riggs learn about Miranda. He drops the roses, his world becomes a blur. Faces, voices, nothing seems real.

DOCTOR
(slightly echoed)
Are you Martin Riggs?
(Riggs nods)
She had these on her. I'm so
sorry.

He hands Riggs dog tags. PUSH in on his face his world destroyed, as we go out in a FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT...

EXT. PARKING LOT - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

CHYRON: 6 MONTHS LATER

A crappy Winnebago trailer sits in an empty parking lot overlooking the Pacific Ocean as the waves crash in...

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Riggs peers out the blinds, shielding his eyes from the sunlight. This is a much different Martin Riggs than the man we saw earlier; unshaven; hung-over; bloodshot eyes. The trailer is a reflection of Riggs' state of mind... a total fucking mess.

On Riggs CRACKED CELL PHONE SCREEN we see - a PHOTO of MIRANDA, smiling, happy, her face splintered.

Riggs arranges some options in a semi-circle like a buffet (weed; shot glass; beer; old cheeseburger). He spins a LOADED GUN on the table. The barrel twirls around and around until it stops, pointing at Riggs.

RIGGS
(whispers)
Bang.

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - DAY

In Calabasas in a very nice house (too nice for a cop's salary) ROGER MURTAUGH (50) lies in bed next to his wife, TRISH (44). He stares up at the ceiling, wide awake. On his wrist, an iWatch monitors his heart-rate. Murtaugh glances at it for the hundreth time...

TRISH
Are you nervous?

MURTAUGH
Please, Sweetie. I've been a cop for 22 years.

TRISH
(re: watch)
You've also been staring at that thing since 4am.

MURTAUGH
Just excited to get back to work.

Trish studies her husband. Knows he's lying.

TRISH
You know, you don't have to go --

MURTAUGH
What's that mean?

TRISH
I'm just saying. We do alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

And the alternative is what?

TRISH

Stay home. Get fat. Play golf.

MURTAUGH

I'm already a little husky, I hate golf and our kids will be home, right?

TRISH

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

I need to get back to work.

She smiles and runs her finger down a long scar on his chest.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Still beating.

TRISH

I know. Was thinking we could get it to go a little faster.

They kiss. His iWatch heart rate gets higher and higher...

MURTAUGH

You know how the doctor told me to avoid stress? Well, a great way to relieve stress is...

They separate. Trish eyes him, confused. Roger puts his hands behind his head and nods down...

TRISH

Really?

MURTAUGH

Honey, it's not for me. I'll receive almost zero pleasure. It's purely for medicinal reasons.

(Trish ain't buying it)

I didn't want to pull this card, but technically it was my fiftieth two weeks ago and in some cultures it's customary --

TRISH

Just stop. This has nothing to do with your stress or your birthday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH (CONT'D)

This is because my husband is going back to work to keep our city safe and he should be rewarded.

MURTAUGH

Yes!

TRISH

Don't fist pump, honey.

MURTAUGH

Sorry. And thank you.

(silently mouths)

Thank you.

Trish starts to comply. Murtaugh is a happy man. That is until -- A BABY'S CRY crackles through the baby monitor.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

Ignore her. It's very healthy to let babies cry --

But Trish is already out of bed and tying her robe.

TRISH

Sorry, hon, we tried.

MURTAUGH

Trish! Wait!... May I have a gift certificate?

Trish shoots him an '*Are you serious look?*' and leaves. Roger collapses back onto the bed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

MURTAUGH AND RIGGS PREPARING FOR THEIR DAYS --

MURTAUGH stares at his reflection in the foggy bathroom mirror. Sucks in his gut a little. Touches his scar on his chest then buttons his shirt, covering it up.

RIGGS stares at his reflection in the mirror, then exhales a cloud of smoke. He chases it with a shot of Jack Daniels. Breakfast of champions.

MURTAUGH eats egg whites while his TEENAGE KIDS, ROGER JR (17) and RIANA (15) scarf down bacon and waffles. The BABY in a high chair. (NANNY in the BG) Trish, in an expensive suit, kisses the top of his head as she heads out to work. The kids leave their food and follow. Murtaugh picks up a piece of bacon and sniffs it... Baby eyes him curiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS stares at a FRAMED PHOTO of MIRANDA. Saying goodbye. He puts it face down on the table. Then, he drapes a polyethylene sheet on a chair and sits down. He loads a Magnum .357 revolver with a single bullet...

MURTAUGHS all head to their cars. Kids in a Jeep, Trish in her Mercedes, Roger in his Dodge Charger. The kids PEEL out. Trish rolls down her window.

TRISH

Hey, Murtaugh. Be careful out there.

MURTAUGH

Always...

Murtaugh winks as she drives off. He looks back at his house. Would it so bad if he just stayed home? As he backs out of the driveway another CAR whizzes past, HONKING. Murtaugh SLAMS on the brakes. Takes a deep breath.

RIGGS takes a deep breath and puts the gun under his chin. Tightens his finger on the trigger. Closes his eyes. His CELL VIBRATES. He opens one eye. Caller ID, "LAPD." To answer or not to answer... He pulls the trigger. *Click.*

INT. LAPD - ROBBERY HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Murtaugh arrives back at work for the first time in six months. As he walks through the busy police BULLPEN, cops pat him on the shoulder, welcome him back.

At his desk, he finds DETECTIVES MARIA TOREZ (late 20s; kind of hot) and GENIE BABCOCK (30s; tough) waiting.

TOREZ

There he is! Back from the dead --

MURTAUGH

I was never dead.

BABCOCK

Cut her some slack. She got you a belated birthday present.

Torez hands him bag and coffee.

TOREZ

Banana muffin. Your favorite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

That was the old Roger Murtaugh. The man you see before you chooses life over pastry. No sugar, no gluten. Those are the real killers on our streets.

BABCOCK

Great. We've been wasting time on your old cases. All we need is to put a BOLO out for this Gluten guy.

TOREZ

Speaking of old cases, the Captain wants to see you.

MURTAUGH

Do we really have to call him that?

BABCOCK

Oh, yeah. He's very into titles.

TOREZ

Your body wasn't even cold when he got promoted.

MURTAUGH

My body was never cold.

CAPTAIN AVERY (O.S.)

Hey, old man? Got a sec?

Across the hall -- CAPTAIN BROOKS AVERY (35; handsome; put together) stands outside his office. He dresses better than your average cop, pocket-square, skinny tie.

MURTAUGH

For you, Cap', anytime.

INT. CAPTAIN AVERY'S OFFICE - DAY

Avery's office is well-appointed. Not what you'd expect from a cop. Eames chairs. Modern art. If you look carefully, you can see a photo of AVERY and a HANDSOME MAN on a boat.

MURTAUGH

Congratulations. You always wanted a corner office.

CAPTAIN AVERY

It's a work in progress. So, you look good. Death suits you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

I wasn't-- Pocket square come with the promotion?

CAPTAIN AVERY

Bought it with the pay raise. So you ready to be back?

MURTAUGH

Oh, yeah.

CAPTAIN AVERY

Part of me is surprised to see you. Figured with your wife making a killing putting criminals back on the streets --

MURTAUGH

(defensive)

We have separate accounts.

CAPTAIN AVERY

Relax. I can appreciate a dual-income as much as the next guy. I'm just saying, you don't have to be here...

Murtaugh stares at Avery.

CAPTAIN AVERY

But, since you are, I got you a new partner. I'm sure he won't live up to your previous experience. I feel like I set the bar pretty high.

MURTAUGH

Taught me everything I know. Who is it?

CAPTAIN AVERY

You don't know him. It's his first day on the job.

MURTAUGH

No. I'm not dealing with some hotshot rookie with a hard-on--

CAPTAIN AVERY

Not a rookie. He's a transfer from Texas. Worked homicide and vice. Also some kind of war hero. Navy SEAL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

I just got back. I don't want an adrenaline junkie with PTSD--

CAPTAIN AVERY

(tosses Murtaugh a file)
Just show him around. Look, this came from the City Attorney personally. I know you like being out on the street but someday you may want your own corner office. Take it from me. Never hurts to do favors for powerful people.

Murtaugh considers. He sighs and opens the file.

MURTAUGH

Martin Riggs? Where is this guy?

INT. MURTAUGH'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Murtaugh drives, Riggs sits shotgun. We get the sense they've been driving in a silence for a little while. Murtaugh eyes his new partner. The cowboy boots, shiny belt buckle. Riggs bounces his knees up and down, amped up.

MURTAUGH

You have to go the bathroom or something?

RIGGS

I'm fine. Too much coffee, I guess.

MURTAUGH

Better lay off that stuff. Caffeine gives you high blood pressure. Cops have enough stress. Hypertension will kill ya.

RIGGS

That what happened to you?
(off Murtaugh's look)
They said you died.

MURTAUGH

I didn't di--
(calming himself)
I had a triple bypass.

RIGGS

You flat-line?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

Yeah. For like a minute.

RIGGS

Huh. See any white light?

MURTAUGH

Nope. Not a damn thing.

RIGGS

Bummer.

MURTAUGH

Yep....

Riggs puts down the sun visor, shielding his eyes.

RIGGS

It always this damn sunny?

MURTAUGH

Kind of a Southern California thing. Why'd you move out here?

RIGGS

(shrugs)

Why's anyone come out here?

Murtaugh studies him. Smiles, getting it.

MURTAUGH

You came cause of a girl.

RIGGS

Yeah. Something like that...

The CAR RADIO CRACKLES.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We have a 211 in progress. Bank robbery with possible hostages.

RIGGS

That us?

MURTAUGH

Yep.

Riggs reaches into the backseat, his butt in Murtaugh's head, and pulls out a duffel bag. Puts it on his lap and rifles through a huge arsenal of weapons. Starts whistling the theme to '*The Good the Bad and The Ugly*.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS
(holds up a Berreta 92)
Want one?

MURTAUGH
You know, we're not in Iraq, right?

RIGGS
(smiles)
Yeah. Always want to be prepared,
when the moment is right.

MURTAUGH
(freaked out; into radio)
This is Detective Murtaugh
responding.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Murtaugh? Welcome back. I heard
you were dead.

MURTAUGH
(eyes Riggs)
Not yet...

Murtaugh flips on the siren and hangs a u-ey.

EXT. SUNSET AND VINE - BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

Total CHAOS. The area has been cordoned off by POLICE. Huge CROWD of lookie-loos.

Riggs and Murtaugh duck under the police tape. A UNI, brings them up to speed.

UNI
Three armed suspects inside. About
twenty hostages. They beat up a
security guard pretty bad.

MURTAUGH
Anyone talk to them?

UNI
Not yet. They screamed something
about wanting a helicopter.

MURTAUGH
Good luck.

Riggs pulls Murtaugh off to the side. Cocks his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

Hey. I say we move in now. While we have the element of surprise.

MURTAUGH

What?

RIGGS

Come on, man. Doesn't exactly look like 'Ocean's Eleven' in there. Middle of day, no escape routes. It's probably a couple of meth-heads that are jonseing. You bring more cops in, more time, everyone gets twitchy, bam someone ends up dead.

MURTAUGH

Yeah us! I'm not sure how you do things down in Texas, but here we don't go in guns-a-blazing. We wait for SWAT, for the hostage negotiator--

BANG! A BANK ROBBER FIRES from an open window.

BANK ROBBER #1

(screaming)

Get back!!! Where's our chopper?!

Riggs and Murtaugh hit the deck. Crawl behind a police car. Murtaugh checks his iWatch. His HEART-RATE monitor is beeping wildly. Murtaugh looks scared. Riggs looks crazed.

RIGGS

There's our cue. You coming or not?

MURTAUGH

No! Stand down! That's an order.
(to UNI)
Alright! I want all these people back. Set up a perimeter. Mobile command center around the block, and get everyone behind that building! That includes you--

Murtaugh turns to talk to Riggs but his new partner is gone. He scans the crowd until he sees -- RIGGS walking towards the bank, stack of pizza boxes in his hand.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

What the hell...

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Riggs knocks politely on the door. Peeks his head inside.

RIGGS
Hello? Bad guys? Anyone home? I
come bearing gifts.

TWO BANK ROBBERS jam their rifles into Riggs' face.

RIGGS (CONT'D)
Easy. I didn't know what everyone
liked so I got an assortment.

BANK ROBBER #1 slams the boxes down. Points his gun at
Riggs, forcing him to his knees. BANK ROBBER #2 frisks him.

BANK ROBBER #1
We don't want any damn pizza! We
want a chopper!

RIGGS
I'm new in town but looks like you
picked kind of a busy intersection.
Where the hell's it gonna land?

The Bank Robbers exchange a look. They're sweating, panicky.

BANK ROBBER #3
Then passports! A bullet proof SUV--

RIGGS
Do you really think we have
passports ready, labeled, Meth-
heads? We just close our eyes, let
you get on a plane? And then you
fly where? Switzerland. Lay low.
I'm sure you'll blend in fine.
How's your French?

BANK ROBBER
This funny to you!

RIGGS
No, it's not. I just think you're
in over your head. Look, they're
never gonna take you seriously.
Unless...

BANK ROBBER #3
Unless what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS
 (sighs)
 You're gonna have to off someone.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Murtaugh and the rest of the LAPD listen in through the SWAT TRUCK. TOREZ and BABCOCK have arrived.

TOREZ
 You teach him that, Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH
 I've known him forty-five minutes.
 This kind of crazy takes years to develop.

The LAPD Hostage Negotiator arrives, DR. MAUREEN "MO" CAHILL (30s; attractive but still tough.)

DR. CAHILL
 What's going on in there?

BABCOCK
 Oh hey, doc. Murtaugh's new partner just told them to kill a hostage...

A Uni hands her a headset. As she listens in, horrified...

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

PAN ACROSS a row of TERRIFIED HOSTAGES huddled together on the floor, as BANK ROBBER #3 aims his rifle at them.

RIGGS
 And it can't be just anyone. No one old or unattractive...
 (whispers)
 And frankly, I hate to say it but... white is better. More publicity.

BANK ROBBER #1
 How 'bout we just off you?

RIGGS
 Killing a cop would certainly get their attention. But you guys don't have the sack for that.

The BANK ROBBERS share a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK OUTSIDE:

TOREZ

What the hell is he doing? He's gonna get himself killed!

DR. CAHILL

Seems like that's the idea... Medically speaking, this man is out of his mind.

Off Murtaugh's freaked out look...

BACK INSIDE:

Bank Robber #1 stares down Riggs.

RIGGS

I feel like it's gotten a little awkward in here. I ordered some side salads, let me go see where they are--

BANK ROBBER #1

Sit your ass down!!!

Bank Robber #1 forces Riggs to his knees.

BANK ROBBER #2

Do him!

RIGGS

You really think you're ready for this?

(stares into his eyes)

Fine. Then do me one favor... Don't miss.

Riggs grabs the gun and presses the end against his forehead.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Cause I'm not spending the rest of my life with a tube coming out of my mouth cause you morons can't shoot.

Riggs stares up at Bank Robber #1. Dead serious.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Murtaugh has heard enough. He turns to the SWAT LEADER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

We go by my count. On three.

SWAT

(into radio)

Take positions. We're going in.

INSIDE: Riggs takes a deep breath. Closes his eyes.

ON MURTAUGH, swallows nervously. He wasn't ready for this. SWAT TEAM surrounds the BANK, creeping closer and closer. Murtaugh draws his gun. Signals.

MURTAUGH

One...

INSIDE: BANK ROBBER #1 looks to other BANK ROBBERS. They nod. Bank Robber #1 presses his finger on the trigger.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

Two...

Murtaugh raises his hand, when -- *BANG!! BANG!! BANG!!* Three shots rings out. Murtaugh hits the deck, gun in firing position. SWAT takes the bank. Breaking doors, swinging into WINDOWS.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

SWAT races in to find... THREE DEAD BANK ROBBERS. Riggs grabs a slice of pizza and walks past them and out the door.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Murtaugh still lies on the ground as Riggs approaches. The sun is behind Riggs, partially blinding Murtaugh's view.

RIGGS

Nice work, partner. I think we're gonna make a great team...

Riggs smiles. As Murtaugh's iWatch BEEPs... TITLE UP -- **LETHAL WEAPON.**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DR. MO CAHILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Riggs sits on the proverbial couch (really a chair) across from Dr. Cahill. On the bookcase, PICS of Dr. Cahill SKY-DIVING; SKIING; ROCK CLIMBING. Riggs glances around.

RIGGS

Sky diving, huh? What are you, one of those adrenaline junkies?

DR. CAHILL

Not really. I like the freedom. All the pressures just float away. You ever do it?

RIGGS

Not by choice. Seems a little reckless to me. Your 'chute doesn't open. A bird flies by. El splat-o. Your legs shoot through the top of your head. No way to go.

DR. CAHILL

And getting shot in the head by a bank robber?

RIGGS

Infinitely better. Quick and painless. A pleasure. But that wasn't going to happen.

DR. CAHILL

No? Why's that?

RIGGS

He put too much pressure on the barrel. Also, he closed his eyes before he pulled the trigger. Bit amateurish don't ya think?

DR. CAHILL

I wouldn't know. But I suppose you would.

(holds up his file)

Three tours overseas. I bet you saw some pretty intense stuff.

RIGGS

I can't really say. Classified.
(whispers)
They could be listening in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CAHILL
 (leans in; whispers back)
 I don't think you're paranoid,
 Riggs. I think you're in pain.

Riggs stares at her. Shrugs. No more than the next guy.

DR. CAHILL (CONT'D)
 My dad was a cop. Two of my
 brothers served in the war. One
 made it back. I'm very familiar
 with the *this* game.
 (imitates his shrug)
 What you don't talk about can't
 hurt you, right? But I'm the one
 who IA is going to ask if you're
 field ready. So you're gonna have
 to.

RIGGS
 I'm an open book. What would you
 like to discuss?

DR. CAHILL
 How about your wife?

For the first time, Riggs looks her dead in the eye.

RIGGS
 Next question.

DR. CAHILL
 Okay. But they don't get easier.
 Do you want to die?

RIGGS
 (considers)
 Guess it happens to all of us
 sooner or later. Some are just
 luckier than others.

He smiles cryptically...

MURTAUGH (V.O.)
 The man wants to die!

INT. CAPTAIN AVERY'S OFFICE - DAY

Murtaugh paces in front of Avery's desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

Which is fine. His business. If it were up to me I'd put him in a padded white room. But this is not my area of expertise.

AVERY

You're absolutely right about that.

MURTAUGH

What is my domain is sustaining the life of one Roger Mayfield Murtaugh. And there is no way I'm going out because of that lunatic!

AVERY

Take it easy. Watch your blood pressure. IA is investigating, but he'll probably be cleared since the shots were fired from the assailant's weapon.

MURTAUGH

You're not seriously thinking of putting him back in the field?

AVERY

Word came from upstairs. Someone's protecting this guy.

MURTAUGH

Who?

AVERY

All I know is press thinks he's a hero and we both know, LAPD could use some good press.

MURTAUGH

Great. Send him into a burning building, get him tights and a cape. Just keep him away from me!

There's a KNOCK on the door. Riggs pops his head in eating a bear claw.

RIGGS

Sorry to bother you guys. We just got a DOA on the Pacific Coast Highway. Can you drive? I don't really know my way around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVERY

Sure. Murtaugh can give you a ride.

Murtaugh stares daggers at Avery.

MURTAUGH

Is the DOA dead?

RIGGS

Dead on arrival. Why, does it mean something else here?

MURTAUGH

So there's no one left for you to shoot?

RIGGS

Just you and me. Besides, IA confiscated my weapon until I'm cleared for the bank. We need to kill anyone, it's gonna be up to you.

Off Riggs smile...

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

On a deserted bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean is the body of RAMON ALVAREZ (early 30s). Gunshot wound to the head, weapon by his side. SID and some UNIs are at the scene. Murtaugh and Riggs slip under the police tape and snap on rubber gloves. They walk over to a PATHOLOGIST, SCORSESE (20s).

MURTAUGH

Scorsese, what do we got?

SCORSESE

(to Riggs)

I went to film school. Wrote a script so these geniuses call me Scorsese. Super creative.

MURTAUGH

Walk us through it, Herr Director.

SCORSESE

Name is Ramon Alvarez. Gun shot wound to the right temple. Appears self-inflicted. Residue found on his right hand consistent with the .22 by his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Riggs bends down to examine the body. Notices the victim has dog tags around his neck.

RIGGS
He served?

SCORSESE
Yeah. Tags say SEAL. '06-'11.

This catches Riggs' attention.

RIGGS
That's when I was there.

MURTAUGH
You know him?

Riggs studies the corpse's face. Shakes his head. Lost in thought.

SCORSESE
He also has scarring on his wrists.
Might not have been his first
attempt.

Riggs pulls back his sleeve to reveal a jagged scar. Another on the other wrist. Riggs takes this in...

MURTAUGH
Okay. I think we have a pretty
clear picture of what happened.
I'll fill out the paperwork.

Murtaugh walks off while Riggs continues studying the body. Can't help but wonder, will this be his fate one day?

RIGGS
(calls after him)
How'd he get here? No car. No
bike. No bus stop.

MURTAUGH
Maybe he walked?

RIGGS
Then how come he has silt on the
bottom of his shoes?

Riggs bends down and points at the bottom of Alvarez's boots. Silt (mixture of clay and sand) is caked into the crevices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS (CONT'D)

None around here. If he had walked it would have come off.

MURTAUGH

He hitch-hiked or took an Uber.

RIGGS

To kill himself? Seems like a pain in ass to me. Don't you just wanna... bang.

MURTAUGH

I wouldn't know.

RIGGS

Lucky you.

Murtaugh eyes his new partner up and down.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

(to Scorsese)

Take him to the morgue and do a full autopsy.

MURTAUGH

What are you doing?

RIGGS

Man served his country, I think he deserves a proper investigation. Maybe it's the hero in me... Speaking of which, these tights are really crawling up my ass.

Riggs yanks the dog tags off of Alvarez's neck and walks off. Murtaugh sighs. Riggs heard everything...

INT. ALVAREZ HOME - DAY

PILAR ALVAREZ (early 30s; attractive) rubs her husband's dog tags. Her eyes red as she sits in their small East LA home.

Her son OSCAR (12) plays X-box. Riggs offers him a piece of gum. The kid ignores him, continues FIRING away. Riggs leaves the pack on the table.

PILAR

This doesn't make sense... it's not possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

We're very sorry for your loss,
Mrs. Alvarez.

PILAR

He didn't do this! Do you
understand me?

RIGGS

We're looking into all the
possibilities, ma'am.

MURTAUGH

We noticed some, um, scarring
around your husband's wrists...

PILAR

That was... a long time ago. He
was a different man then. When he
first got back from the war. I'd
find him in the middle of the night
sitting here, just staring. Then,
one day Oscar was at school. I
came home early from work and found
him in the tub...

Oscar stops playing X-Box. Looks over at his mother, then
quickly looks away.

PILAR (CONT'D)

But then everything changed.

MURTAUGH

How so?

PILAR

He found this new job working
security down at the Port of LA.
He started exercising. Stopped
taking this anti-anxiety medicine,
klonopin. I think he felt like a
soldier again.

On the table are SEVERAL PACKED BOXES. Riggs opens one and
pulls out a FRAMED PHOTO of ALVAREZ holding Baby Oscar in his
arms. Smiling, proud.

RIGGS

You guys going somewhere?

PILAR

Ramon came home the other day and
said he wanted us to move.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILAR (CONT'D)

To start over. This place had too many ghosts. He found us a big house with a pool in Arizona.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange a glance. It's not adding up.

MURTAUGH

When were you leaving?

PILAR

Next week. You do something like this because you have too much pain, because you have nothing left. Ramon had everything to live for...

Riggs stares at Pilar. He understands and believes her.

MURTAUGH

Thank you for your time, Mrs. Alvarez.

On their way out the door Murtaugh picks up a baseball glove (lefty) on a table. He smacks the pocket.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

This your dad's?
(Oscar nods)
You play?

OSCAR

(shrugs)
Not really. We'd have a catch sometimes. Always seemed to make him happy.

Murtaugh nods. Hands the boy his father's mitt and leaves.

EXT. ALVAREZ HOME - DAY

Riggs and Murtaugh walk silently back to their car.

RIGGS

I can certainly understand a guy killing himself once he moved to Arizona but seems a little aggressive to do it the week before.

MURTAUGH

If you were going to kill yourself, how would you? Hypothetically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This catches Riggs off-guard, but he has an answer ready.

RIGGS

Pills sound nice, drift off, but then some idiot pumps your stomach, next thing you know, you wake up in a hospital you gotta show up for work the next day. Everyone knows. It's humiliating. Now, I've heard wonderful things about drowning --

MURTAUGH

If you were to shoot yourself, how would you do it?

RIGGS

May I? I'm not holding. I won't do it here. Promise.

Riggs holds out a hand for Murtaugh's gun. Murtaugh removes the clip and bullet, then hands it over.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Well, first I swing by Home Depot and get a polyethylene plastic sheet. Lay it down so I don't make a mess. Take a last drink of Jonathan Daniels. Leave instructions for my interment and a check for \$6500 for burial costs. Actually feel like it's more expensive here, I should look into that. Then close my eyes and shoot from the bottom, up. Blow my skull off, eliminate all doubt.

Murtaugh stares at this man, holding a gun under his chin. The details too real, too specific... Riggs hands the gun back to Murtaugh.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Hypothetically. Why?

MURTAUGH

My point was, you would use your dominant hand. So why did Alvarez shoot himself with his right hand if he was a lefty?

For the first time since they met, Riggs studies Murtaugh. Thinks there may be a good cop buried somewhere in him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

Maybe he didn't... Guy decides he wants to get out of town in a week, he's either really excited to get somewhere --

MURTAUGH

Or really needs to get away from someone. Come on.

RIGGS

Where we going?

MURTAUGH

Find out how a guy working security at the dock was able to afford a big house in Arizona?

Murtaugh gets into the car. Riggs studies him, a small grin.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

Riggs and Murtaugh are led down to the docks by Alvarez's supervisor, DARYL HENNICKY (30s).

DARYL

Daryl Hennicky. I run the security for the docks.

RIGGS

Isn't that Customs' job?

DARYL

Yeah. We just baby-sit the containers until they process them.

MURTAUGH

And what did Ramon Alvarez do here?

DARYL

Basic foot patrol. Didn't know him very well. Seemed like a good worker. Showed up on time. His patrol was down there. Warehouse belonging to an importer, Levon Tibibian.

Daryl points to the docks where -- LEVON TIBIBIAN (40s; Armenian) steps out of his yellow MacLaren.

RIGGS

Mind if we...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARYL

Go for it.

Daryl BUZZES them in and they walk down to the docks.

MURTAUGH

I didn't even show him a badge,
just let us walk right through.

RIGGS

Rog, you're rockin' a mustache.
There's no version of you not being
police.

INT./ EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

They head down to the WAREHOUSE where shipping containers are unloaded by DOCK WORKERS.

MURTAUGH

Remember, we have nothing, no
warrant and this is government
property. We need to tip toe very
carefully.

RIGGS

You will find no man with a more
delicate touch than me.

LEVON cuts them off before they can enter the warehouse.

LEVON

Can I help you gentleman?

MURTAUGH

Yes. LAPD. We just came to tell
you that a co-worker, Ramon
Alvarez, passed away.

LEVON

He was a rent-a-cop. Not a co-
worker. But I heard he had a young
boy, so yes, it is a tragedy.

A dock worker (call him TITO) walks by. On his neck, a tattoo of two crossed AKs.

FLASHPOP TO-- OPENING SCENE WHERE THE SHOOTER HAS A TATTOO OF TWO CROSSED AKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS
(re: Tito)
Would you consider that man a co-
worker?

LEVON
He's an employee. Why?

RIGGS
Dig his ink. I've seen it in
Texas. Very popular among the
Juarez drug-dealer set. I'm gonna
go say hi. Maybe we know some of
the same people --

Riggs follows Tito disappearing around the corner.

LEVON
Hey! I haven't given police
permission to question my employees--

Murtaugh holds up Levon, blocking his path.

MURTAUGH
Hold on. Look, you don't want us
coming back here with warrants and
searching all your cargo. What is
it you import again?

LEVON
High performance tires. Like those.

Levon points to his MacLaren.

MURTAUGH
(whistles)
Guess I'm in the wrong game.
Expensive cargo. You ever have any
security problems?

Levon pauses. Shakes his head. Something about the response
seems off to Murtaugh.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)
Sure about that?

LEVON
I hire my own security. Make sure
there are no problems.

ANGLE ON -- Riggs walking through a dark corridor of shipping
containers with Tito several paces in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

Hey, Amigo? Slow up. I want to ask you about Ramon Alvarez. Don't worry, I know you didn't kill him. If you did, he wouldn't have a head, right? No habla Ingles?
 (Spanish with subtitles)
What do you know about Ramon Alvarez? Who killed him?

Tito stops and turns. His hand reaching around the corner for a crow bar. He shakes his head.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

No, se? Never heard of him? Okay? Well, best of luck in all your trafficking endeavors.

Riggs turns to leave when WHAM! Tito SWINGS the crowbar at Riggs' head. In a FLASH, Riggs ducks and disarms him!

GUARD #1

Drop it!

Riggs turns to find TWO PRIVATE GUARDS (ie THUGS in suits) pointing automatic weapons at him.

RIGGS

Take it easy, buddy. I'm a cop.

The GUARDS don't move. Stare blankly, their guns trained.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Huh. Usually that gets a stronger reaction. Okay.

Riggs drops the crow bar. It lands with a CLANG as, BAM! He head-butts Guard #1, who drops his gun. Riggs catches it mid-air. Using Guard #1 as a shield, he aims the gun at Guard #2.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Drop it! Trust me, it's taking all my restraint not to shoot you.

Guard #2 drops his weapon. Riggs turns and checks for Tito, but he's gone.

BACK TO MURTAUGH -- Still questioning Levon.

MURTAUGH

Anyone around here ever have an issue with Ramon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVON

(shrugs)

Like I said, he didn't work for me.

Suddenly -- TITO races past. A BEAT LATER, Riggs races by chasing him. Murtaugh watches, totally confused.

RIGGS

(calling back)

Whenever you're ready, Rog! Bad guy is getting away...

INT./ EXT. FREEWAY - MOVING - DAY

Murtaugh drives. Riggs sits impatiently, knees bouncing. They race down the road chasing TITO in the MacLaren.

MURTAUGH

What did he do?

RIGGS

I asked him about Alvarez and he took a swing at me.

MURTAUGH

Hardly incriminating. I've wanted to take a swing at you.

RIGGS

Juarez Cartel doesn't do fake suicides but he does know something. Come on. You gotta go faster!

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. Murtaugh's iWatch starts beeping wildly, his heart-rate climbing. He wipes a bead of sweat off his forehead and grips the wheel tightly.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

You okay? You need me to drive?

MURTAUGH

No! I'm fine!

RIGGS

Use the shoulder.

MURTAUGH

There's not enough room--

RIGGS

Sure there is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Riggs YANKS THE WHEEL and pulls the car onto the left hand shoulder. SPARKS FLY as the car rubs against the railing.

MURTAUGH

Get your hand off the wheel! Are you insane?!

RIGGS

Just need to get a little closer!

BEEP, BEEP BEEP. They pull up along side the MacLaren when -- TITO points a gun at them through his open window.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Gun!

Instinctively, Murtaugh ducks and Riggs reaches for his weapon. It's not there. Just as Tito is about to fire -- Riggs flings open the door, smashing Tito's hand. As the cars collide together, the door BREAKS OFF. Wind pours in.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Faster! Pull up next to him.

MURTAUGH

I can't! We're not gonna make it!

AHEAD -- THE SHOULDER ENDS, their car racing closer and closer to a CONCRETE EMBANKMENT! *Beep, beep, beep.* Murtaugh grips the wheel tightly. Is he ready for this?

RIGGS

Almost there --

But Murtaugh's had enough... He SLAMS on the BRAKES. Riggs, who was leaning out the open door is THROWN INTO THE AIR by the inertia from the sudden stop and... LANDS ON the driver's side window of the MacLaren!

Riggs wrestles with Tito for control of the wheel. WHAM! The car CRASHES. Riggs falls off the car and rolls along the ground. CARS SLAM INTO ONE ANOTHER avoiding the crash.

MURTAUGH

Oh, no. No, no, no!

Murtaugh runs between the traffic jam of unmoving cars and over to Riggs who slowly regains consciousness.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

I think so. He's getting away.

Tito climbs out of the MacLaren. Starts to hobble away.
Murtaugh races over, slightly winded, gun trained on Tito.

MURTAUGH

Freeze!

But Tito can tell by the look in his eyes that Murtaugh won't shoot and so he hops the center divider onto the other side of the Freeway, and WHAM! Gets nailed by a MINIVAN.

Riggs and Murtaugh race over and take in Tito's broken body, the damage and destruction of the freeway. Murtaugh stares at Riggs and shakes his head.

RIGGS

What? I didn't kill him...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAPTAIN AVERY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Riggs and Murtaugh stand side by side as Avery rips them a new one. They stare at their feet, like two kids in the principal's office. Avery wears a tuxedo.

AVERY

I'm trying to piece this together because I have to answer to the mayor and chief of police, both of whom I'll be seeing at a fundraiser in about 10 minutes. I've got a freeway that's a disaster zone, thousands of dollars in damages and a soccer mom in holding I may have to charge with manslaughter! What the hell did this guy do?

Riggs and Murtaugh share a look.

MURTAUGH

He had a tattoo... Do you want to?

RIGGS

Two crossed AKs on his neck that I associated with a cartel in Texas -

MURTAUGH

We tried to talk to him. He fled. We pursued him at a safe distance --

RIGGS

Then he tried to shoot us.

MURTAUGH

Right! That's true! He had a gun!

AVERY

Stop! Go back. Why were you two at the Port in the first place?

RIGGS

It's where Ramon Alvarez worked. The DOA from the bluff...

AVERY

I thought that was a suicide?

Riggs and Murtaugh talk over one another fumbling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS
He fired the weapon from his
non-dominant hand.

MURTAUGH
There was dirt, or silt on
his shoe... And he was moving
to Arizona.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Stop. Enough. He was found with
the gun by his side?

RIGGS
Well yes, but --

AVERY
(holds up a hand)
Which SID said he fired. He had a
history of mental illness and tried
suicide before. Am I correct in
all of this?

MURTAUGH
Yes.

AVERY
You're fifty years old Murtaugh and
still only a detective --

MURTAUGH
Whoa! I'm *only* a detective, by
choice. I didn't want your job. I
like solving cases, not kissing
ass!

RIGGS
Maybe I should step out? This
seems kinda personal.

Yes!

MURTAUGH

Stay!

AVERY

AVERY
Dirt on his shoe, non-dominant hand
and Arizona? That's what we have?
Fair enough. I'll put someone else
on this. Per your request Murtaugh,
starting tomorrow both of you will
be re-assigned.

Avery grabs his jacket and leaves.

RIGGS
I think you look great for fifty.

INT. LAPD - ROBBERY HOMICIDE DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

They walk out of Avery's office and into the empty bullpen.

RIGGS
Maybe it's all for the best.

MURTAUGH
How's that?

RIGGS
We would have made a terrible team.

MURTAUGH
Nothing personal, I'm just at a
place in my life where I'm not
looking to be the hero --

RIGGS
(laughs)
Yeah, okay. Whatever gets you
through the night, right?

MURTAUGH
What's that mean?

RIGGS
We were both there. I saw you.
Need me to say it? Okay. You were
scared. You don't want to die.

MURTAUGH
Yeah, I don't! Unlike you who
feels the need to try and
accomplish that every single day.

RIGGS
It's more than that. I'm not
judging you, ya understand. I get
it. There's no white light, right?

MURTAUGH
Something happened to you, man, and
you broke! You wanna die? Go home
and put your little sheet down and
get it done. But don't judge me
for wanting to stay alive!

RIGGS
Okay, Rog. But I still think you
shouldn't be out there. Plenty of
people in this world aren't cops.
Go be one of them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Riggs leaves. Murtaugh stands in the empty bullpen, stung...

EXT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - NIGHT

Murtaugh sits in his idling car parked in the driveway. Through the front window he can see his wife and kids setting up dinner. Riggs is right. He doesn't want to lose this... The door opens and Trish pops her head out.

TRISH

Babe, you okay?

MURTAUGH

Yeah. Just happy to be home...

INT./ EXT. RIGGS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Outside the waves crash in. Inside, Riggs sits at the table with his loaded .357, nearly empty bottle of Jack and the file on RAMON ALVAREZ. He picks up a framed photo of MIRANDA. Stares at her picture.

QUICK FLASHPOP --

MIRANDA driving. The SEMI T-BONES her car. GLASS SHATTERS. AIRBAG EJECTS. THE WORLD SLOWS DOWN. HER HEAD SNAPS FORWARD.

BACK TO SCENE --

Riggs lays on the floor of his trailer. Looking at Miranda's picture. His hand reaches for his gun. Puts it under his chin. Takes a deep breath. Then... He sees on the floor, the open file folder of Ramon Alvarez. The picture of Ramon's lifeless face stares back at him. Bullet wound in the side of his head. Riggs takes out the picture and studies it. An idea forming...

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Murtaugh makes a salad, while Trish opens a bottle of wine. His daughter, RIANA sits at the table, ear buds in, texting furiously on her phone.

MURTAUGH

I've seen guys that are a little nuts before. First ones through the door. Out to prove something. But this guy is in a class by himself. It's like he's not alive unless he pushes himself to the edge of death. And then has the temerity to judge me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

Baby, baby. Who cares what he thinks? You're the bravest man I know. Calm down. I hope this isn't a ploy to revisit our earlier conversation...

(off his confusion)

About your belated birthday present.

MURTAUGH

The barbecue smoker?

TRISH

No, honey. The stress relieving *gift* you really wanted...

MURTAUGH

Oh, yes! Yes. I'm very interested.

TRISH

Get enough wine in me tonight, and we'll see --

RIANA

Uck! You had the kid. Didn't that satisfy your geriatric sexual urge?

TRISH

Thought you were listening to music?

RIANA

The idea of you two naked is so disturbing it pierces through any sound.

DING DONG!

TRISH

(to Riana)

Would you get the door?

But suddenly, Riana can't hear again. Murtaugh rolls his eyes and goes to answer it.

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Murtaugh answers the door to find -- RIGGS standing there.

MURTAUGH

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

Hey. So uh... I was home and thinking about bullet entry wounds.

MURTAUGH

Sounds like a pleasant night.

RIGGS

We all have our hobbies. Anyway, on Alvarez's temple there were traces of gun powder. Which means--

MURTAUGH

He didn't have the gun against his head.

RIGGS

Seems a weird way to kill yourself. Anyway, I don't have authorization so I was wondering if wanted to swing by the morgue with me?

MURTAUGH

Sure you don't want a cop for that?

RIGGS

Look, I may have been a little out of line. If I was your age and on death's door, I'd probably be more cautious too.

TRISH (O.S.)

Baby, who is it? Come sit down.

Trish approaches the door to see RIGGS.

MURTAUGH

This is uh...

RIGGS

Martin Riggs. Crazy guy who almost got your husband killed. I'm sure he told you about me.

TRISH

Not a word. We're about to have dinner, do you want to come in Martin Riggs?

MURTAUGH

He can't --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

No. No. I ate... like a few weeks ago. Smells good though...

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone sits around the table. Riana and ROGER JR. watch as Riggs shovels food into his mouth.

RJ

So my dad said you were in the war?

(Riggs nods)

You see any action?

RIANA

Such a nerd.

RIGGS

Yeah, a bit.

RJ

I'm thinking about enlisting--

MURTAUGH

No, you're not.

RJ

I want real life experience. To live. What am I going to learn at Princeton that I couldn't from the internet?

RIANA

What it feels like to touch a live girl?

RIGGS

You should enlist. Hell, I think they should have a draft.

(Murtaugh eyes Trish)

But I suppose it depends on the life experience you're after. You want to watch your best friend get his head shot off, it's ideal. But if you just want to piss off your parents, probably a lot better ways to do that. Hitchhike through Thailand, or go work on a whaling boat, if that's even still done.

MURTAUGH

Not for like a hundred years. Sorry, you're going to college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

I don't know, I've been thinking. If he doesn't want to go maybe he defers for a year? Didn't Einstein say, 'The true source of knowledge is experience.'

RIANA

See? That's what I'm talking about, mom. Experience.

TRISH

We can discuss that later.

MURTAUGH

What? I don't like being out of the loop--

TRISH

(to Riana; shrugs)
Your funeral.

RIANA

I had a teeny bit of weed and mom is losing her sh-- Stuff. Losing her stuff.

RIGGS

I can't believe the quality of the marijuana out here. It's incredible. As far as I can tell, it's the only perk of living in California.

(off Trish's glare)

But I have massive psychological issues. Suicidal tendencies; PTSD; insomnia. You're way too young for any of that. I was suggesting it for your father. Medicinally. Might loosen him up a bit.

Trish and the kids can't help but laugh. Murtaugh does not.

MURTAUGH

I enjoy being tight. It's what keeps me alive.

TRISH

So do you have kids, Martin?

RIGGS

No. Not really in the cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH
(re: ring)
But you're married?

RIGGS
Oh. Yeah. Not anymore...

MURTAUGH
Imagine that. Let me guess, you
had an affair with your gun?

RIGGS
No. She uh... passed.

Silence falls over the table. Everyone looks at Roger. He
feels like a dick.

TRISH
I am so sorry, Martin.

RIGGS
Hey that's life, right? Never
ceases to surprise.

Upstairs a baby CRIES.

TRISH
Your turn to change her. *Honey.*

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - BABY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roger sits in a rocking chair feeding the BABY a bottle.
Riggs pops his head in, standing in the dark doorway.

RIGGS
Nice family, ya got.

MURTAUGH
They keep us on our toes... And up
at night.

RIGGS
Yeah. Noticed the slight...

MURTAUGH
Age difference? Wasn't exactly
part of the plan. Trish was 42,
kids were out, seemed safe enough
to pull the goalie and, nine months
later she came out and I had a
heart attack in the delivery room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

You were in the right place for it.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. Anywhere else they say I wouldn't have made it.

(beat; then)

I'm sorry about your wife. I didn't know--

RIGGS

I know. I wanted to embarrass you a little.

MURTAUGH

For future reference, I do a pretty good job of that on my own.

RIGGS

(smiles)

She was a good one. I was in a real bad place when I got back from the war. She saved my life. Gave me something to live for.

MURTAUGH

That why you need to solve this Alvarez case?

RIGGS

I don't know. Maybe I just don't want to think he gave up.

Murtaugh studies Riggs. Beneath the crazy facade is a guy in a lot of pain...

MURTAUGH

(re: baby)

Ever hold one of these before?

RIGGS

Not really. It's cool. I haven't washed my hands --

Murtaugh hands the baby to Riggs.

MURTAUGH

Be right back.

RIGGS

Wait! Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

Get my keys. Case isn't being
reassigned til tomorrow. We got
one night to solve it.

Murtaugh leaves Riggs alone with the baby. He stares into
the kid's eyes wondering, *What might have been?*

INT. LOS ANGELES MORGUE - NIGHT

The body of RAMON ALVAREZ is pulled out of a refrigerated
drawer. Y-incision on his autopsied chest.

MURTAUGH

Thanks for meeting us here.

SCORSESE

I was happy to. Writing sucks.

RIGGS

Find anything unusual?

SCORSESE

Few things. See that? Notes of
stippling or gun powder around the
entry wound. Suggests the gun
wasn't directly against his head
when it was fired.

Murtaugh and Riggs exchange a look.

MURTAUGH

You ever see a suicide like that?

SCORSESE

Nope. Also tox report says he had
about 20 mgs of benzodiazepines in
his system. Most likely klonopin.
Enough to kill him if the bullet
didn't get there first.

MURTAUGH

Didn't his wife say he was off that
drug?

RIGGS

Guy was a SEAL, he's not gonna just
let you shoot him in the head --

MURTAUGH

Unless he's drugged and couldn't
fight back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

But you'd need the right meds so it didn't seem like you doped him. Someone had to know what he was on. I'll go talk to the wife.

MURTAUGH

I'll check his medical records.

They head for the door and split off in opposite directions.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

Hey, Riggs.

(Riggs turns)

We would have made a terrible team.

RIGGS

The worst...

EXT. ALAVAREZ HOME - NIGHT

Riggs KNOCKS on the Alvarez front door. No answer. He peeks into the window. The door opens a crack. It's Alvarez's wife, Pilar. She leaves the chain on.

PILAR

Yes?

RIGGS

Detective Riggs. I wanted to ask who would have known the drugs your husband was on--

PILAR

You have to leave.

RIGGS

Sorry it's late. I can come back in the morning--

PILAR

Just go! Please.

She SLAMS the door. Locks it. Riggs studies the house for a beat. Something is off to him. He glances around then gets back in his car and drives off.

INT. ALAVAREZ HOME - NIGHT

The lights are out. Moonlight trickles in the window as Pilar searches frantically around her house; opening drawers, checking closets, etc. She rounds a corner, when suddenly -- A HAND COVERS HER MOUTH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

You're being watched, aren't you?

She nods. The hand lets go. Pilar turns, tears in her eyes, as she finds herself face to face with... Riggs.

RIGGS

What happened?

PILAR

(voice quivering)

They took my son...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ALAVAREZ HOME - NIGHT

Riggs hands Pilar a glass of water. Her hand shaking as she sips it. Riggs sits beside her on the couch.

PILAR

Oscar never came home from school today. I thought he must have gone to a friend's. Then I got a call. They said they had him and...

RIGGS

What?

PILAR

They said if I ever wanted to see him alive again, I needed to give back what Ramon stole.

RIGGS

What did he take?

(she looks away)

Mrs. Alvarez, whoever has your son is going to kill him no matter what. Your only chance is if I know what the hell is going on.

PILAR

They said drugs, heroin. But I've never seen drugs in this house! Ramon never got high. I don't even drink! I searched everywhere! I don't know where it is!

RIGGS

Did they say anything else?

PILAR

Yes. They said, no police or they would kill him.

RIGGS

Well, they're right about that. They'll screw it up. Last thing you want to do right now is involve the police...

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Weapons are spread out across the table; Berettas, Glocks; assault rifles; sniper rifles, a fucking arsenal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Footsteps approach from outside. Door creaks open... RIGGS
DRAWS. Murtaugh steps in, hands raised.

MURTAUGH

Easy, cowboy. I come in peace.
Wow. Charming place. You realize
you're parked illegally?

RIGGS

So write me a ticket.

MURTAUGH

(re: guns)
What's going on?

RIGGS

Weapons Spring cleaning.

MURTAUGH

I see. We're back to the bit where
we don't tell each other things?
Well, I was raised that when you
show up at someone's house, no
matter how disgusting it may be,
you bring something.

Murtaugh tosses a file onto the table. Riggs opens it. Sees
the picture of DARYL HENNICKY.

RIGGS

A file? Really ties the room
together.

MURTAUGH

Was going through Alvarez's medical
records and found this guy in his
military file. Daryl Hennicky.

RIGGS

Alvarez's boss at the port?

MURTAUGH

Yep. He was also his CO in Iraq.

RIGGS

They served together? He told us
he barely knew him.

MURTAUGH

Guess he lied. Now, you wanna tell
me what the hell is going on?

Riggs eyes Murtaugh. Considers whether he can come clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS

Someone kidnapped Alvarez's son.
Told his wife if she doesn't return
the heroin he stole, kid's dead.

MURTAUGH

Heroin? That explains why he
wanted to get the hell out of town.
The wife have the drugs?

RIGGS

Says she doesn't know anything.
I'm inclined to believe her.

MURTAUGH

So who does?

The men eye one another. Thinking the same thing...

RIGGS

Hennicky knows they're smuggling
drugs down at the port.

MURTAUGH

Uh huh... So he hires his boy,
Alvarez. Knows he's fallen on hard
times, could use the dough, so
convinces him to steal the drugs --

RIGGS

Then Hennicky offs Alvarez. Makes
it look a suicide--

MURTAUGH

Hennicky must've known he tried it
before, probably even knew the meds
he was on.

RIGGS

Dealers think Alvarez has their
drugs, cops think Alvarez off-ed
himself. Perfect crime.

MURTAUGH

I don't like to hyperbolize, but
it's a damn good one. So, what's
the plan?

RIGGS

I'm gonna talk to them. Ask 'em to
let the kid go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURTAUGH

Just when I think I have a handle
on your insanity, you say something
even crazier.

RIGGS

(loads clip into gun)
I can be very persuasive.

Murtaugh knows there's no way he's talking Riggs out of this.
Also knows he can't let him go alone.

MURTAUGH

Well, I'm coming with you.

RIGGS

I'm better alone on this kind of
stuff. I may not be coming back.
Ya understand?

Murtaugh holds his ground.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Okay. You're the boss. Can you
hand me that clip over there?

As Murtaugh reaches for the clip on the table, Riggs leans
over and.. CUFFS MURTAUGH'S ARM TO THE RAILING!

MURTAUGH

Sonofabitch! Uncuff me! Now!!!

RIGGS

Sorry. There's beer in the fridge
if you can reach it.

Riggs heads for the door. That's when he hears... *CLICK*.
Riggs freezes. Doesn't turn around but knows Murtaugh, has
his gun trained on him. He raises his arms slightly.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

If you're not going to do it, I
have to go...
(Murtaugh doesn't budge)
You're a good cop and a good man,
Roger. Take care of that family...

Without looking back, Riggs heads out into the night...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. DOCKS - PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Riggs walks through the desolate docks, passing SEVERAL PRIVATE SECURITY, all wearing ear wigs, barely concealing their weapons. Riggs literally WHISTLES the theme to *'The Good the Bad and the Ugly'* while he walks...

INT. RIGGS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Murtaugh sits on the floor, his arm still cuffed. He dials his cell.

MURTAUGH
(into phone)
I just wanted to say I love you.

INTERCUT WITH:

TRISH is in bed on the phone, half-asleep and groggy.

TRISH
Love you too. When are you coming home?

MURTAUGH
Later. I want you to know, you and the kids, more than any man would want.

TRISH
(sits up)
Roger, what's wrong?

MURTAUGH
Nothing. Go back to sleep.

Murtaugh hangs up the phone. He takes off his iWatch and leaves it on the table. Then cocks his gun and turning his head, shoots off the chain...

INT./ EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Riggs stands in the middle of the empty warehouse. A beat later, LEVON steps out.

LEVON
Can I help you, officer?

RIGGS
I'm here for the kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVON

What kid?

RIGGS

Ramon Alvarez's son. Unless you have other kidnapped children here. You took him because you thought his father stole your heroin, which he did, but then got double crossed by someone he trusted, who most likely killed him and now has your drugs. All of this I don't really care about. What I do care about is the twelve year old boy behind that crate.

Riggs points to GUM wrappers on the floor next to a crate.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

If I leave with him, this never happened. Or, we can explore option two.

LEVON

Which is?

RIGGS

I kill as many of you as I can before you take me out. You've upped your profile from small-time dealer to cop killer. You spend the rest of your life in jail, or on the run, or most likely dead. I'm not saying it's a great option, but people do like choices.

Levon eyes his MEN. Considering.

LEVON

It's just you? No other cops?

RIGGS

Yep. To be honest, I'm not even sure I'm still a policeman.

Levon nods and a THUG pulls Oscar out from behind the crate. He looks scared but unharmed. Riggs puts his hands in the air and walks towards the boy.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

You okay, buddy? We're gonna get you home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVON

Hold it! If you know where my product is, then go get it and then we can switch for the kid.

RIGGS

That wasn't our deal. A head nod is legally binding.

LEVON

This is the deal! Or, we can always explore option two.

The THUGS all train their guns on Riggs. It's a tense stand-off. Riggs slowly reaches back for his gun. Thugs' fingers on their triggers. This is about to get ugly, when --

BAM!!! The warehouse door BREAKS OPEN as Riggs' CRAPPY WINNEBAGO BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL! Roger Mayfield Murtaugh is at the wheel.

MURTAUGH

Freeze! Police!

There's a brief pause as everyone takes in Murtaugh holding one of Riggs' assault riffles. Then all hell breaks loose... THUGS OPEN FIRE. Riggs drops to the ground. BANG! BANG! Two quick shots take out the THUGS guarding Oscar.

RIGGS

(to Oscar)

Get down!

Bullets rip through the Winnebago. Murtaugh FIRES at LEVON, taking him down. A few THUGS run out the door. BANG! BANG! Riggs takes them out.

When the smoke clears, all that remains standing are Riggs and Murtaugh. Riggs checks on Oscar, huddled in a corner.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

You okay?

OSCAR

Yeah. I think so.

RIGGS

Better than a video game, right?

Oscar smiles. Yeah.

MURTAUGH

Hey! You wanna uncuff me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Murtaugh steps out of the Winnebago, a handcuff still on his wrist.

RIGGS

Hey, Rog. What are you doing here?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As they step out of the warehouse.

RIGGS

Put a BOLO out on Hennicky.

MURTAUGH

How do I even explain this?

RIGGS

We could call it in anonymously and run?

That's when -- BANG!!! Riggs goes down. Shot in the shoulder. Ducking under the hail of BULLETS, Riggs and Murtaugh take cover behind a shipping crate. Oscar is behind another crate. A SPOTLIGHT SHINES down, blinding their view.

Riggs winces as he examines his bloody shoulder.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

It's Hennicky. You can cancel that BOLO.

MURTAUGH

Where the hell is he?

Riggs peeks his head around. BANG! BANG! Gunshots explode just above his head.

RIGGS

Somewhere up there, I'd say.

ANGLE ON -- Hennicky. Hidden in a tall crane, sniper rifle trained on where Murtaugh and Riggs are hiding. Then he moves the SCOPE over to Oscar. BANG! Hennicky fires a warning shot just above Oscar's head.

HENNICKY

Come out and I let the kid live!

Oscar cowers, hands over his head on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS
 (checks his gun)
 Roger, I'm out. He's gonna kill
 him!

Murtaugh checks his weapon. Only two bullets left. He shows them to Riggs. What the hell are they gonna do?

HENNICKY
 No more warnings! Now!

RIGGS
 Hey! Give us a second!!!
 (to Murtaugh)
 Okay, here's what we do...
 (Murtaugh nods)
 I walk out. When I do, he shoots
 me. That gives up his position.
 Then you take him out. Okay?

Riggs is about to stand. Murtaugh pulls him back down.

MURTAUGH
 Wait! Are you insane?! He will
 kill you!

RIGGS
 Right. Then, you shoot him.

MURTAUGH
 Stop! Listen to me. Don't do
 this...

Murtaugh looks into Riggs' eyes. In that moment he realizes this isn't a game. It's not a ruse. Riggs is ready to die.

RIGGS
 Roger, it's okay... Just don't
 miss.

Riggs gets to his feet. Comes out with his hands raised.

RIGGS (CONT'D)
 I'm coming out. But you need to
 let the boy go.

HENNICKY
 Uh huh...

HENNICKY -- aims the SCOPE at Riggs' head.

MURTAUGH -- Panicked. What the hell is he supposed to do???
 He cocks his gun and gets ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS -- closes his eyes. Ready for what's to come...

HENNICKY -- tightens his finger on the trigger...

BANG! Riggs goes down! Except not by Hennicky. Murtaugh SHOOTS RIGGS IN THE FOOT, forcing him to drop. Hennicky FIRES, but misses. Riggs grabs a weapon (off one of the dead Thugs), and FIRES. A beat later, Hennicky falls...

He lands with a THUD inches away from Riggs, their eyes locked. Murtaugh runs over to check on Riggs.

MURTAUGH

You okay?

RIGGS

I can't believe you shot me!

MURTAUGH

Can't believe it took me this long.

For the first time in a long while, both men laugh as POLICE CHOPPERS circle overhead and SIRENS approach...

INT. DR. MO CAHILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Cahill sits in her chair, thumbing through her pad.

DR. CAHILL

I know you've already told this to IA, but we have to meet in all officer-involved shootings. And to be honest, I'm not really buying your story...

REVEAL -- Murtaugh shifts uncomfortably in a chair across from the skeptical gaze of Dr. Cahill.

DR. CAHILL (CONT'D)

Why did you shoot Riggs?

MURTAUGH

Oh, um... well, it was a diversion. To allow us to pin-point the shooter's location.

DR. CAHILL

Yeah. I read the report. What I still don't get is what if he had just shot Riggs dead?

MURTAUGH

Yeah... That was a possibility.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CAHILL
And still he just walked out there?

MURTAUGH
Hm hm.

DR. CAHILL
Detective, this is your life we're talking about. I need you to be honest. Do you think Riggs is mentally stable enough to be in the field?

When Murtaugh pauses, she presses on.

DR. CAHILL (CONT'D)
What I'm asking is, do you think he's dangerous?

Murtaugh considers. Then with a wry smile...

MURTAUGH
Yes. Very...

INT. OFFICE - CITY ATTORNEY OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

Riggs sits in the office of the City Attorney of Los Angeles, RONNIE DELGADO (60s; distinguished grey.) Riggs has one foot in a cast, his arm in a sling. They each have a scotch.

RONNIE
Well, Martin. Didn't take you long to make yourself at home in LA.

RIGGS
You can keep the sun. This isn't home.

RONNIE
I know...

With some effort, Riggs makes it to his feet and with a cane hobbles to the door.

RIGGS
I should get going. Thanks for smoothing things out with the IA panel.

RONNIE
Of course. Martin...
(serious)
Thank you for bringing her home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Riggs pauses. He looks over at a framed picture of MIRANDA (his wife) on their wedding day and we realize Ronnie is Riggs' father-in-law.

RIGGS

Didn't have a choice. She was an LA girl. Always hated Texas. Couldn't make her stay there for eternity.

RONNIE

No, Martin... She would have gone anywhere with you...

Riggs eyes the picture...

EXT. CEMETETY - DUSK

Riggs brushes a leaf off a headstone that reads '*Miranda Riggs; 1986-2016.*' Laying down his cane, he spreads a blanket on the ground. Takes a seat and gets out some food from a basket. Date night...

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's go-time in the Murtaugh house. Candles, Luther V on the iPhone. Trish is in bed, glasses on, reading. Murtaugh exits the bathroom in a robe. He stretches, cracks his neck.

TRISH

You have five seconds to get your ass into bed.

Murtaugh leaps into bed. Trish puts down the book.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Happy belated birthday present...

They kiss. She kisses his neck, his chest, lower, lower... Roger Mayfield Murtaugh is a happy man. That's when -- DING, DONG. Doorbell rings.

INT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Tightening his robe, Murtaugh opens the door to find, Riggs holding a bottle of bourbon in his un-sling-ed hand.

MURTAUGH

What?

RIGGS

I never really thanked you for saving my life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Though I'm not sure you meant to shoot me in the foot--

MURTAUGH

Yeah, well hopefully I'll get another chance. See ya tomorrow.

Confused, Riggs shrugs and hobbles away. Murtaugh starts to close the door, then stops and watches Riggs leave.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

Hey.

Riggs stops. Turns.

MURTAUGH (CONT'D)

I will see you tomorrow, right? You're not gonna go home and...

RIGGS

Nah. Not tonight.

MURTAUGH

But you want to? For real?

Riggs considers the question and inches forward a few steps. A small but subtle gesture towards trusting this man...

RIGGS

We all have a breaking point, Rog. Some button that if you push it makes you not want to go on. I hope you never find it. But that doesn't mean it's not there.

Riggs turns to leave then stops himself.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Ya know why I haven't done it?
(Murtaugh shakes his head)
Cause she would be ashamed of me.
Crazy, right?

MURTAUGH

Probably the only thing about you that isn't crazy. Hard to say what I would do if I lost all this...

A beat, as the two men eye one another. In that look it's clear they're both in this partnership for the long haul. Trish appears in the doorway in her robe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISH

Martin, what are you doing out here?

MURTAUGH

(re: bottle)

Oh, he just dropped this off and was leaving.

TRISH

Did you invite him in?

RIGGS

Not really. It was a bit rude actually.

MURTAUGH

(reluctant)

Do you want to... come in?

RIGGS

Well thanks, Rog. That'd be great. Hope I'm not interrupting anything.

TRISH

Not at all...

(to Murtaugh)

Don't worry honey, sixty is right around the corner...

CAMERA STAYS OUTSIDE as Riggs hobbles into the house, smiling as he passes Murtaugh. Murtaugh sighs and shuts the door...

END OF PILOT