

X. Weisen

RIGGS

At least tell me your name. Look,
I gotta fill out the little piece
of paper. Okay?

MacCLEARY

(swallows)

Len. Len MacCleary.

RIGGS

Thanks. 'Preciate it.

(beat)

That M -- C ... ?

MacCLEARY

M -- A -- C, now get outta here.

Riggs leans out farther, perches on the ledge. Absolutely
calm.

RIGGS

Why are you doing this?

MacCLEARY

None of your goddamn business.

RIGGS

Fair enough.

(pause; then)

I'm coming out. Take it easy.

Riggs stands, steps out onto the narrow ledge. He seems
unconcerned.

MacCLEARY

Don't come near me!

RIGGS

Sshhhh. Easy. I'm just going to
talk.

MacCLEARY

Touch me and I'll jump.

RIGGS

I understand.

45 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

45

On the ground below, Roger Murtaugh reacts with disbelief.
His partner is taking an insane risk. Up above, Riggs
pauses. Around him the WIND BLOWS treacherously.

RIGGS

You're not the first guy to think
of this, you know. Everyone's got
problems.

MacCLEARY
You know shit.

RIGGS
Wrong. You're wrong.
(beat)
I almost tried this once.
Seriously. My wife. Got killed
in a car crash. Only person I
ever cared about. I never had
kids.

MacCLEARY
You're breaking my heart.

Riggs takes out his wallet, flashes it at MacCleary.

RIGGS
This is her picture.

MacCLEARY
Nice. Fuck off.

RIGGS
I'm trying to tell you I understand,
you dope.

He takes a step closer.

MacCLEARY
Don't touch me. I'm not doing
anything wrong.

RIGGS
I know that. Not like you're
murdering anyone.

MacCLEARY
Right. Only one hurt is me.

RIGGS
Same way I look at it. I'm gonna
stand beside you, okay?

MacCLEARY
No!
(beat)
Dammit, keep away.

RIGGS
Please. This is scary stuff.
Just ... let me stand next to you.

MacCLEARY
Don't try nothing.

RIGGS
I try something, we both go.

MacCLEARY

Right.

Riggs slowly steps up to the man. Shudders.

RIGGS

There. Fuckin' cold, up here.

(beat)

Helluva day for both of us, huh?

(looks around at
the sea of traffic
far below)

Here we are.

(beat)

God, this is really scary. I'm
scared.

MacCLEARY

Me, too.

RIGGS

You wanna smoke?

(pulls out
cigarettes)

Let's smoke, okay?

MacCLEARY

Sure.

Riggs offers a smoke. MacCleary reaches for it. And Riggs
snaps a handcuff on his wrist. Snaps the other end onto
his own wrist.

MacCLEARY

Hey ...

RIGGS

Sorry.

(beat)

See this key?

He holds up the key to the cuffs. Flings it out into
space.

RIGGS

We're together on this. You can
go if you want. But you take me
with you. Makes you a murderer.

MacCLEARY

You bastard.

RIGGS

You'll be killing a cop.

Silence.

RIGGS
I'm going inside. What say you
come with me?

He turns, starts to ease along the ledge. MacCleary
swallows hard, says:

MacCLEARY
Fuck you, I'm jumping.

And suddenly Riggs turns on him. Eyes like steel.

RIGGS
You wanna jump ... ? You really
want to ... ?
(long pause;
then)
Fine. Let's do it.

He steps to the edge.

MacCLEARY
Hey, what the fuck ...

RIGGS
You asked for it.

MacCLEARY
Hey, wait a minute ... !

Riggs does something very drastic. He jerks them both
off the ledge. Holy shit. The crowd gasps.

RIGGS
Geronimoooooooo ...

As down they plunge, all ten stories -- Tumbling and
falling -- MacCleary shrieking like a lunatic ... And
suddenly, BAM -- ! They land in a fireman's net. Bounce
a few times. Come to rest, safe and unharmed ... Riggs
rolls over with a sour look on his face. Cops surround
them. MacCleary is a trifle upset.

MacCLEARY
Get him away from me!! Cut me
loose!! Crazy fucker tried to
kill me!! Did you see that?? He
tried to kill me!!!

And so on, screaming and ranting -- As a uniformed cop
cuts Riggs free with a set of clippers. Riggs stands
shakily. Steps away from the net. And there is Roger
Murtaugh. Visibly upset.

Did I say upset? I meant enraged. He grabs Riggs, slams
him against the wall. Tries to grab his collar. Riggs'
hand shoots out. Lightning fast. Stops Murtaugh's hand.
Stops it cold. They stare into each other's eyes.