CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE

ONCE UPON A TIME IN . . .

NAZI-OCCUPIED FRANCE

CHAPTER TWO

INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS

CHAPTER THREE GERMAN NIGHT IN PARIS

CHAPTER FOUR OPERATION KINO

CHAPTER FIVE

REVENGE OF THE GIANT FACE

EXT. DAIRY FARM - DAY

The modest dairy farm in the countryside of Nancy, France (what the French call cow country).

We read a SUBTITLE in the sky above the farmhouse:

CHAPTER ONE

“ONCE UPON A TIME IN . . . NAZI-OCCUPIED FRANCE”

This SUBTITLE disappears and is replaced by another one:

“1941 One year into the German occupation of France”

The farm consists of a house, a small barn, and twelve cows spread about.

The owner of the property, a bull of a man, FRENCH FARMER, brings an ax up and down on a tree stump, blemishing his property.

However, simply by sight, you’d never know if he’s been beating at this stump for the last year or just started today.

JULIE

one of his three pretty teenage daughters, is hanging laundry on the clothesline. As she hangs up a white bedsheet, she hears a noise. Moving the sheet aside, she sees:

JULIE’S POV

A Nazi town car convertible, with two little Nazi flags attached to the hood, a NAZI SOLDIER behind the wheel, a NAZI OFFICER alone in the backseat, following TWO OTHER NAZI SOLDIERS on motorcycles, coming up over the hill on the country road leading to their farm.

JULIE

Pappa.

The French farmer sinks his ax in the stump, looks over his shoulder, and sees the Germans approaching.

The FARMER’S WIFE, CHARLOTTE, comes to the doorway of their home, followed by her TWO OTHER TEENAGE DAUGHTERS, and sees the Germans approaching.

The farmer yells to his family in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

FARMER

Go back inside and shut the door.

FARMER

to Julie

Julie, get me some water from the pump to wash up with, then get inside with your mother.

The young lady runs to the water pump by the house. She picks up a basin and begins pumping. After a few pumps, water comes out, splashing into the basin.

The French farmer sits down on the stump he was previously chopping away at, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes sweat from his face, and waits for the Nazi convoy to arrive. After living for a year with the sword of Damocles suspended over his head, this may very well be the end.

Julie finishes filling the water basin and places it on the windowsill.

JULIE

Ready, Pappa.

FARMER

Thank you, darling, now go inside and take care of your mother. Don’t run.

Julie walks inside the farmhouse and closes the door behind her.

As her father stands up from the stump and moves over to the windowsill with the water basin...

THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES OF THE TWO MOTORCYCLES AND CAR GET LOUDER.

The farmer SPLASHES water from the basin on his face and down his front. He takes a towel off a nail and wipes the excess water from his face and chest, as he watches the two motorcycles, the one automobile, and the four representatives of the National Socialist Party come to a halt on his property.

We don’t move into them but keep observing them from a distance, like the farmer.

The TWO NAZI MOTORCYCLISTS are off their bikes and standing at attention next to them.

The NAZI DRIVER has walked around the automobile and opened the door for his superior.

The NAZI OFFICER says to the driver in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN:

NAZI OFFICER

This is the property of Perrier LaPadite?

NAZI DRIVER

Yes, Herr Colonel.

The Nazi officer climbs out of the backseat of the vehicle, carrying in his left hand a black leather attaché case.

NAZI OFFICER

Herrman, until I summon you, I am to be left alone.

NAZI DRIVER

As you wish, Herr Colonel.

The S.S. colonel yells to the farmer in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

NAZI OFFICER

Is this the property of Perrier LaPadite?

FARMER

I am Perrier LaPadite.

The S.S. colonel crosses the distance between them with long strides and says, in French, with a smile on his face:

NAZI OFFICER

It is a pleasure to meet you, Monsieur LaPadite. I am Colonel Hans Landa of the S.S.

COL. HANS LANDA offers the French farmer, PERRIER LAPADITE, his hand. The Frenchman takes the German hand in his and shakes it.

PERRIER

How may I help you?

COL. LANDA

I was hoping you could invite me inside your home and we may have a discussion.

INT—LAPADITE FARMHOUSE—DAY

The door to the farmhouse swings open, and the farmer gestures for the S.S. colonel to enter. Removing his gray S.S. cap, the German steps inside the Frenchman’s home.

Col. Landa is immediately greeted with the sight of the farmer’s wife and three pretty daughters standing together in the kitchen, smiling in his direction.

The farmer enters behind him, closing the door.

PERRIER

Colonel Landa, this is my family.

The S.S. colonel clicks his heels together and takes the hand of the French farmer’s wife...

COL. LANDA

Col. Hans Landa of the S.S., Madame, at your service.

He kisses her hand, then continues without letting go of his hostess’s hand...

COL. LANDA

Please excuse my rude intrusion on your routine.

FARMER’S WIFE

Don’t be ridiculous, Herr Colonel.

While still holding the French woman’s hand and looking into her eyes, the S.S. colonel says:

COL. LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, the rumors I have heard in the village about your family are all true. Your wife is a beautiful woman.

His eyes leave the mother and move to the three daughters.

COL. LANDA

And each of your daughters is more lovely than the last.

PERRIER

Merci. Please have a seat.

The farmer offers the S.S. colonel a seat at the family’s wooden dinner table. The Nazi officer accepts the French farmer’s offer and lowers himself into the chair, placing his gray S.S. cap on the table and keeping his black attaché case on the floor by his feet.

The farmer (perfect host) turns to his wife and says:

PERRIER

Charlotte, would you be so good as to get the Colonel some wine?

COL. LANDA

Merci beaucoup, Monsieur LaPadite, but no wine. This being a dairy farm, one would be safe in assuming you have milk?

CHARLOTTE

Oui.

COL. LANDA

Then milk is what I prefer.

CHARLOTTE

Very well.

The mother of three takes a carafe of milk out of the icebox and pours a tall glass of the fresh white liquid for the colonel.

The S.S. colonel takes a long drink from the glass, then puts it down LOUDLY on the wooden table.

COL. LANDA

Monsieur, to both your family and your cows I say: Bravo.

PERRIER

Merci.

COL. LANDA

Please, join me at your table.

PERRIER

Very well.

The French farmer sits at his wooden dinner table across from the Nazi.

The women remain standing.

Col. Landa leans forward and says to the farmer in a low tone of confidentiality:

COL. LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, what we have to discuss would be better discussed in private. You’ll notice, I left my men outdoors. If it wouldn’t offend them, could you ask your lovely ladies to step outside?

PERRIER

You are right.

to his women

Charlotte, would you take the girls outside. The Colonel and I need to have a few words.

The farmer’s wife follows her husband’s orders and gathers her daughters, taking them outside, closing the door behind them.

The two men are alone at the farmer’s dinner table, in the farmer’s humble home.

COL. LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, I regret to inform you I’ve exhausted the extent of my French. To continue to speak it so inadequately would only serve to embarrass me. However, I’ve been led to believe you speak English quite well?

PERRIER

Oui.

COL. LANDA

Well, it just so happens, I do as well. This being your house, I ask your permission to switch to English for the remainder of the conversation.

PERRIER

By all means.

They now speak ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, while I’m very familiar with you and your family, I have no way of knowing if you are familiar with who I am. Are you aware of my existence?

The farmer answers:

PERRIER

Yes.

COL. LANDA

This is good. Are you aware of the job I’ve been ordered to carry out in France?

PERRIER

Yes.

The colonel drinks more milk.

COL. LANDA

Please tell me what you’ve heard?

PERRIER

I’ve heard the Führer has put you in charge of rounding up the Jews left in France who are either hiding or passing for gentile.

The S.S. colonel smiles.

COL. LANDA

The Führer couldn’t have said it better himself.

PERRIER

But the meaning of your visit, pleasant though it is, is mysterious to me. The Germans looked through my house nine months ago for hiding Jews and found nothing.

COL. LANDA

I’m aware of that. I read the report on this area. But like any enterprise, when under new management, there’s always a slight duplication of efforts. Most of it being a complete waste of time, but it needs to be done nevertheless. I just have a few questions, Monsieur LaPadite. If you can assist me with answers, my department can close the file on your family.

Taking his black leather attaché case and placing it on the table, he takes out a folder from inside. He also extracts an expensive black fountain pen from his uniform’s front pocket. Opening the folder and referring to it:

COL. LANDA

Now, before the occupation there were four Jewish families in this area, all dairy farmers like yourself: the Loveitts, the Doleracs, the Rollins, and the Dreyfuses, is that correct?

PERRIER

To my knowledge those were the Jewish families among the dairy farmers. Herr Colonel, would it disturb you if I smoked my pipe?

Looking up from his papers:

COL. LANDA

Please, Monsieur LaPadite, it is your house. Make yourself comfortable.

The farmer gets up from the table, goes to a shelf over the fireplace, and removes from it a WOODEN BOX that contains all the fixings to his pipe. He sits back down at the table with his Nazi guest.

As the farmer loads the bowl of his pipe with tobacco, sets a match to it, and begins slowly puffing, making it red hot, the S.S. colonel studies the papers in front of him.

COL. LANDA

Now, according to these papers, all the Jewish families in this area have been accounted for—except the Dreyfuses. Somewhere in the last year it would appear they have vanished. Which leads me to the conclusion that they’ve either made good their escape or someone is very successful hiding them.

looking up from his papers, across the table at the farmer

What have you heard about the Dreyfuses, Monsieur LaPadite?

PERRIER

Only rumors—

COL. LANDA

—I love rumors! Facts can be so misleading, where rumors, true or false, are often revealing. So, Monsieur LaPadite, what rumors have you heard regarding the Dreyfuses?

The farmer looks at Landa.

COL. LANDA

Speak freely, Monsieur LaPadite, I want to hear what the rumors are, not who told them to you.

The farmer puffs thoroughly on his pipe.

PERRIER

Again, this is just a rumor—but we heard the Dreyfuses had made their way into Spain.

COL. LANDA

So the rumors you’ve heard have been of escape?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL. LANDA

Were the LaPadites and the Dreyfuses friendly?

As the farmer answers this question, the CAMERA LOWERS behind his chair, to the floor, past the floor, to a small area underneath the floorboards, revealing:

FIVE HUMAN BEINGS

lying horizontally underneath the farmer’s floorboards. These human beings are the DREYFUSES, who have lived lying down underneath the dairy farmer’s house for the past year. But one couldn’t call what the Dreyfuses have done for the last year living. This family has done the only thing they could—hide from an occupying army that wishes to exterminate them.

PERRIER

We were families in the same community, in the same business. I wouldn’t say we were friends, but members of the same community. We had common interests.

The S.S. colonel takes in this answer, seems to accept it, then moves to the next question.

COL. LANDA

Having never met the Dreyfuses, would you confirm for me the exact members of the household and their names?

PERRIER

There were five of them. The father, Jacob... wife, Miriam... her brother, Bob...

COL. LANDA

—How old is Bob?

PERRIER

Thirty—thirty-one?

COL. LANDA

Continue.

PERRIER

And the children... Amos... and Shosanna.

COL. LANDA

Ages of the children?

PERRIER

Amos—six—I believe. And Shosanna was fifteen or sixteen, I’m not really sure.

CUT TO

EXT—DAIRY FARM—DAY

The mother and her three daughters finish taking the laundry off the clothesline.

They can’t hear anything going on inside.

The three Nazi soldiers watch the three daughters.

BACK TO LANDA AND PERRIER

COL. LANDA

Well, I guess that should do it.

He begins gathering up his papers and putting them back into his attaché case.

The farmer, cool as a cucumber, puffs on his pipe.

COL. LANDA

However, before I go, could I have another glass of your delicious milk?

PERRIER

But of course.

The farmer stands up, goes over to the icebox, and takes out the carafe of milk. As he walks over and fills the Nazi colonel’s glass, the German officer talks.

COL. LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, are you aware of the nickname the people of France have given me?

PERRIER

I have no interest in such things.

COL. LANDA

But you are aware of what they call me?

PERRIER

I’m aware.

COL. LANDA

What are you aware of?

PERRIER

That they call you “the Jew Hunter.”

COL. LANDA

Precisely! Now I understand your trepidation in repeating it. Before he was assassinated, Heydrich apparently hated the moniker the good people of Prague bestowed on him. Actually, why he would hate the name “the Hangman” is baffling to me. It would appear he did everything in his power to earn it. But I, on the other hand, love my unofficial title, precisely because I’ve earned it.

As “the Jew Hunter” enjoys his fresh milk, he continues to theorize with the French farmer.

COL. LANDA

The feature that makes me such an effective hunter of the Jews is, as opposed to most German soldiers, I can think like a Jew, where they can only think like a German or, more precisely, a German soldier. Now if one were to determine what attribute the German people share with a beast, it would be the cunning and predatory instinct of a hawk.

COL. LANDA

Negroes—gorillas—brain—lips—smell—physical strength—penis size. But if one were to determine what attributes the Jews share with a beast, it would be that of the rat. Now the Führer and Goebbels’s propaganda have said pretty much the same thing. Where our conclusions differ is I don’t consider the comparison an insult. Consider for a moment the world a rat lives in. It’s a hostile world indeed. If a rat were to scamper through your front door right now, would you greet it with hostility?

PERRIER

I suppose I would.

COL. LANDA

Has a rat ever done anything to you to create this animosity you feel toward them?

PERRIER

Rats spread disease, they bite people—

COL. LANDA

Unless some fool is stupid enough to try and handle a live one, rats don’t make it a practice of biting human beings. Rats were the cause of the bubonic plague, but that was some time ago. In all your born days, has a rat ever caused you to be sick a day in your life? I propose to you, any disease a rat could spread a squirrel would equally carry. Yet I assume you don’t share the same animosity with squirrels that you do with rats, do you?

PERRIER

No.

COL. LANDA

Yet they are both rodents, are they not? And except for the fact that one has a big bushy tail, while the other has a long repugnant tail of rodent skin, they even rather look alike, don’t they?

PERRIER

It is an interesting thought, Herr Colonel.

COL. LANDA

However, interesting as the thought may be, it makes not one bit of difference to how you feel. If a rat were to scamper through your door this very minute, would you offer it a saucer of your delicious milk?

PERRIER

Probably not.

COL. LANDA

I didn’t think so. You don’t like them. You don’t really know why you don’t like them. All you know is, you find them repulsive.

lets the metaphor sink in

What a tremendously hostile world a rat must endure. Yet not only does he survive, he thrives. And the reason for this is because our little foe has an instinct for survival and preservation second to none. And that, Monsieur, is what a Jew shares with a rat. Consequently, a German soldier conducts a search of a house suspected of hiding Jews. Where does the hawk look? He looks in the barn, he looks in the attic, he looks in the cellar—he looks everywhere he would hide. But there are many places it would never occur to a hawk to hide. However, the reason the Führer brought me off my Alps in Austria and placed me in French cow country today is because it does occur to me. Because I’m aware what tremendous feats human beings are capable of once they abandon dignity.

changing tone

May I smoke my pipe as well?

The farmer’s cool facade is little by little eroding.

PERRIER

Please, colonel, make yourself at home.

The Jew Hunter removes both a pipe and a bag of tobacco fixings.

The pipe, strangely enough, is a calabash, made from an S-shaped gourd with a yellow skin and made famous by Sherlock Holmes.

As the Nazi colonel busies himself with his smoking, he continues to hold court at the Frenchman’s table.

COL. LANDA

The other mistake the German soldiers make is their severe handling of the citizens who give shelter and aid to the Jews. These citizens are not enemies of the state. They are simply confused people, trying to make some sense out of the madness war creates. These citizens do not need punishing. They simply need to be reminded of their duty in wartime. Let’s use you as a example, Monsieur LaPadite. In this war, you have found yourself in the middle of a conflict that has nothing to do with yourself, your lovely ladies, or your cows—yet here you are. So, Monsieur LaPadite, let me propose a question. In this time of war, what is your number-one duty? Is it to fight the Germans in the name of France to your last breath? Or is it to harass the occupying army to the best of your ability? Or is it to protect the poor, unfortunate victims of warfare who can not protect themselves? Or is your number-one duty in this time of bloodshed to protect those very beautiful women who constitute your family?

The Colonel lets the last statement stand.

COL. LANDA

That was a question, Monsieur LaPadite. In this time of war, what do you consider your number-one duty?

PERRIER

To protect my family.

COL. LANDA

Now, my job dictates that I must have my men enter your home and conduct a thorough search before I can officially cross your family’s name off my list. And if there are any irregularities to be found, rest assured, they will be. That is, unless you have something to tell me that will make the conducting of a search unnecessary.

pause

I might add also that any information that makes the performing of my duty easier will not be met with punishment. Actually quite the contrary, it will be met with reward. And that reward will be your family will cease to be harassed in any way by the German military during the rest of our occupation of your country.

The farmer, pipe in mouth, stares across the table at his German opponent.

COL. LANDA

You are sheltering enemies of the state, are you not?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL. LANDA

You’re sheltering them underneath your floorboards, aren’t you?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL. LANDA

Point out to me the areas where they’re hiding.

The farmer points out the areas on the floor where the Dreyfuses are underneath.

COL. LANDA

Since I haven’t heard any disturbance, I assume that while they’re listening, they don’t speak English?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL. LANDA

I’m going to switch back to French now, and I want you to follow my masquerade—is that clear?

PERRIER

Yes.

Col. Landa stands up from the table and, switching to FRENCH, says, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, I thank you for your milk and your hospitality. I do believe our business here is done.

The Nazi officer opens the front door and silently motions for his men to approach the house.

COL. LANDA

Madame LaPadite, I thank you for your time. We shan’t be bothering your family any longer.

The soldiers enter the doorway. Col. Landa silently points out the area of the floor the Jews are hiding under.

COL. LANDA

So, Monsieur and Madame LaPadite, I bid you adieu.

He motions to the soldiers with his index finger.

They TEAR UP the wooden floor with MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

The little farmhouse is filled with SMOKE, DUST, SPLINTERS, SCREAMS, BULLET CASINGS, and even a little BLOOD.

With a hand motion from the colonel, the soldiers cut off their gunfire. The colonel keeps his finger in the air to indicate silence.

UNDERNEATH THE FLOORBOARDS

The entire Dreyfus family lies dead. Except for sixteen-year-old SHOSANNA, who miraculously escaped being struck by the Nazis’ bullets. With her dead family surrounding her, the young girl goes for freedom (represented by a wire-mesh vent).

COL. LANDA

hears a movement underneath the floor, looks down, and sees a SHAPE moving forward between the planks in the floor.

COL. LANDA

It’s the girl. Nobody move!

VENT

is KICKED open, the girl SPRINGS out.

COL. LANDA

as he crosses the floor, sees the young girl RUNNING toward the cover of the woods. He unlatches the window and opens it. Shosanna is perfectly FRAMED in the windowsill.

SHOSANNA

RUNNING toward the woods. Farmhouse and Colonel in the window in B.G.

FILTHY BARE FEET

SLAPPING against wet grass.

CU SHOSANNA’S FACE

same as an animal being chased by a predator: FLIGHT—PANIC—FEAR.

SHOSANNA’S POV

the safety of trees, getting closer.

COL. LANDA

framed by the window, takes his WALTER, and straight-arm aims at the fleeing Jew, cocking back the hammer with his thumb.

COL. LANDA POV

of the fleeing Shosanna.

CU COL. LANDA

SLOW ZOOM into his eyes as he aims.

PROFILE CU SHOSANNA

mad dash for life.

COL. LANDA

changes his mind. He yells to the rat fleeing the trap, heading for the safety of the woodpile, in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Au revoir, Shosanna!

SHOSANNA

makes it to the woods and is gone.

The S.S. colonel closes the window.

EXT—DAIRY FARM—DAY

The Nazi town car DRIVES away.

EXT—NAZI TOWN CAR (MOVING)—DAY

Col. Hans Landa sits in the backseat of the convertible that’s speeding away from the French farmhouse.

Landa speaks to his driver in GERMAN, SUBTITLE IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Herrman, I sense a question on your lips? Out with it?

DRIVER

Why did you allow an enemy of the state to escape?

COL. LANDA

Oh, I don’t think the state is in too much danger, do you?

DRIVER

I suppose not.

COL. LANDA

I’m glad you see it my way. Besides, not putting a bullet in the back of a fifteen-year-old girl and allowing her to escape are not necessarily the same thing. She’s a young girl, no food, no shelter, no shoes, who’s just witnessed the massacre of her entire family. She may not survive the night. And after word spreads about what happened today, it’s highly unlikely she will find any willing farmers to extend her aid. If I had to guess her fate, I’d say she’ll probably be turned in by some neighbor. Or she’ll be spotted by some German soldier. Or we’ll find her body in the woods, dead from starvation or exposure. Or, perhaps... she’ll survive. She will elude capture. She will escape to America. She will move to New York City, where she will be elected President of the United States.

The S.S. colonel chuckles at his little funny.

FADE UP

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER TWO

“INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS”

FADE UP

EXT—SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—DAY

A bunch of SOLDIERS are lined up at attention.

LIEUTENANT ALDO RAINE, a hillbilly from the mountains of Tennessee, walks down the line. He recruits the men the Germans will later call “The Basterds.” Lt. Aldo has one defining physical characteristic, a ROPE BURN around his neck—as if, once upon a time, he survived a LYNCHING.

The scar will never once be mentioned.

LT. ALDO

My name is Lt. Aldo Raine, and I’m puttin’ together a special team. And I need me eight soldiers. Eight—Jewish—American—soldiers. Now y’all might of heard rumors about the armada happening soon. Well, we’ll be leavin’ a little earlier. We’re gonna be dropped into France, dressed as civilians. And once we’re in enemy territory, as a bushwackin’, guerrilla army, we’re gonna be doin’ one thing, and one thing only—Killin’ Nazis. The members of the National Socialist Party have conquered Europe through murder, torture, intimidation, and terror. And that’s exactly what we’re gonna do to them. Now I don’t know ’bout y’all? But I sure as hell didn’t come down from the goddamn Smoky Mountains, cross five thousand miles of water, fight my way through half Sicily, and then jump out of a fuckin’ air-o-plane to teach the Nazis lessons in humanity. Nazi ain’t got no humanity. They’re the foot soldiers of a Jew-hatin’, mass-murderin’ maniac, and they need to be destroyed. That’s why any and every son-of-a-bitch we find wearin’ a Nazi uniform, they’re gonna die. We will be cruel to the Germans, and through our cruelty, they will know who we are. They will find the evidence of our cruelty in the disemboweled, dismembered, and disfigured bodies of their brothers we leave behind us. And the Germans will not be able to help themselves from imagining the cruelty their brothers endured at our hands, and our bootheels, and the edge of our knives. And the Germans will be sickened by us. And the Germans will talk about us. And the Germans will fear us. And when the Germans close their eyes at night and their subconscious tortures them for the evil they’ve done, it will be thoughts of us that it tortures them with.

He stops pacing and looks at everybody.

LT. ALDO

Sound good?

They all say:

ALL

Yes, sir!

LT. ALDO

That’s what I like to hear. But I got a word of warning to all would-be warriors. When you join my command, you take on debit. A debit you owe me, personally. Every man under my command owes me one hundred Nazi scalps. And I want my scalps. And all y’all will git me one hundred Nazi scalps, taken from the heads of one hundred dead Nazis... or you will die trying.

CUT TO

EXT—MOUNTAIN TOP CHALET—DAY

A huge chalet on a misty mountaintop in Bavaria.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

“BAVARIA

BERCHTESGADEN

(HITLER’S PRIVATE LAIR)”

INT—BERCHTESGADEN—DAY

In a huge room, ADOLF HITLER pounds on a big table with his fist as he rants at TWO GERMAN GENERALS.

They speak GERMAN SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

HITLER

How much more of these Jew swine must I endure? They butcher my men like they were fish bait! This pack of filthy degenerates are doing what the Russian army didn’t and Patton’s army couldn’t—turning soldiers of the Third Reich into superstitious old women!

GERMAN GENERAL

Just the cowards among them, mein Führer.

Hitler pounds furiously on the desk with his fist.

HITLER

No, no, no, no, no, no! I have heard the rumors myself! Soldiers of the Third Reich, who have brought the world to their knees, now pecking and clucking like chickens. Do you know the latest rumor they’ve conjured up, in their fear-induced delirium? The one that beats my boys with a bat. The one they call “the Bear Jew”... is a golem. An avenging Jew angel, conjured up by a vengeful rabbi, to smite the Aryans!

GENERAL

Mein Führer, this is just soldiers’ gossip. No one really believes the Bear Jew is a golem.

HITLER

Why not? They seem to be able to elude capture like an apparition. They seem to be able to appear and disappear at will. You want to prove they’re flesh and blood? Then BRING THEM TO ME! I will hang them naked, by their heels, from the Eiffel Tower! And then throw their bodies in the sewers, for the rats of Paris to feast!

The Führer sits down at the table to compose himself and wipe his greasy black hair out of his face.

HITLER

disgusted

The Bear Jew.

He hits the button on the intercom on his desk.

HITLER

Kliest!

KLIEST’S VOICE comes out of the intercom:

KLIEST’S VOICE (OS)

Yes, mein Führer.

HITLER

I have an order I want relayed to all German soldiers stationed in France. The Jew degenerate known as the Bear Jew henceforth is never to be referred to as the Bear Jew again. We will cease to aid the Americans any longer in their attempt to undermine the German soldier’s psyche. Did you get that, Kliest?

KLIEST’S VOICE (OS)

Yes, mein Führer. Do you still wish to see Private Butz?

HITLER

Who and what is a private Butz?

KLEIST’S VOICE (OS)

He’s the soldier you wanted to see personally. His squad was ambushed by Lt. Raine’s Jews. He was its only survivor.

HITLER

Indeed I do want to see him. Thank you for reminding me. Send him in.

CUT TO

EXT—FRENCH WOODS—DAY

CU FACE OF DEAD GERMAN SOLDIER

His head lies on the ground, horizontal. A HAND reaches into the FRAME, KNOCKS aside the dead German patriot’s helmet, and grabs a handful of the cadaver’s blond hair. A LARGE KNIFE ENTERS THE FRAME and begins SLICING ALONG THE HAIRLINE.

This process is called SCALPING.

After SLICING is complete, the SCALP easily peels off, like a banana skin.

GERMAN PRISONERS PVT. BUTZ AND SGT. RACHTMAN

on their knees, hand behind their heads.

Pvt. Butz NARRATES the scene in GERMAN SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

PVT. BUTZ (VO)

Werner and I were the only ones left alive after the ambush. While one man guarded us, the rest removed the hair. All the Basterds wore German scalps tied to their belts.

CU SCALPS

hanging from belts.

PVT. BUTZ (VO)

They not only took valuables...

WE SEE QUICK CUTS OF

rings, weapons, an iron cross, and somebody digging out a gold tooth with a knife, being removed from dead Germans.

PVT. BUTZ (VO)

... They also took their identification papers...

CU IDENTIFICATION PAPERS

taken from the inside pocket of a dead German’s uniform.

BASTERD PFC. UTIVICH

flips through the I.D. papers till he gets to the page that contains the German soldier’s name, statistics, and photo.

PFC. UTIVICH

Sigfried Muller.

PVT. BUTZ (VO)

... They then removed their boots...

CU GERMAN COMBAT BOOTS

laces untied... boots pulled off...

SOCKS

removed, revealing dead bare feet...

BASTERDS

tossing the boots off a hill.

PVT. BUTZ (VO)

Throwing them away from the bodies...

DEAD GERMANS

scalps removed from their heads, pink bare feet...

PVT. BUTZ (VO)

The Basterds took their lives, their hair, their valuables, their identity, and finally their dignity in death.

True that. The sight of the dead soldiers with bare feet does rob the tableau of a certain dignity that is normally felt in battlefield shots.

BACK TO HITLER

HITLER

The dogs!

He fights his frustration, then...

HITLER

Continue.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS

Aldo screams to the Basterd who’s guarding the two German prisoners.

LT. ALDO

Hey, Hirschberg, send that kraut sarge over.

BASTERD PFC. HIRSCHBERG

KICKS Sgt. Rachtman in the back.

PFC. HIRSCHBERG

You! Go!

Sgt. Rachtman is a little slow to respond. So Hirschberg grabs him by the hair, YANKS him to his feet, and KICKS him in the ass, sending him on his way.

Most of the Basterds sit in a circle, Indian style, with Aldo in the middle.

As Sgt. Rachtman walks toward this circle of Basterds, An OFFSCREEN LITERARY NARRATOR (not Pvt. Butz) speaks over the SOUNDTRACK in ENGLISH:

NARRATOR (VO)

Sergeant Werner Rachtman has seen many interrogations since Germany decided it should rule Europe. But this is the first time he’s ever been on the wrong end of the exchange. It’s always been his belief that only a weakling in mind, body, and spirit complies with the enemy under threat of consequence. As Werner watched men cry like women, pleadingly offer their knowledge, in exchange for their worthless lives, he made a vow to himself. If his role is to die in this conflict, when they put him under the earth, his dignity would be buried with him. For in the other world, the gods only respect the ones they test first. Well, Sergeant, this is your test. And the gods are watching.

The captured German sergeant enters the circle of Basterds, stands straight before the sitting southern lieutenant, and salutes his captor.

SGT. RACHTMAN

ENGLISH

Sgt. Werner Rachtman.

Aldo returns the salute, looking at up him.

LT. ALDO

Lt. Aldo Raine. Pleased to meet cha. You know what sit down means, Werner?

SGT. RACHTMAN

Yes.

LT. ALDO

Then sit down.

The German sergeant does.

LT. ALDO

How’s your English, Werner? Cause if need be, we gotta couple fellas can translate.

Aldo points at one of the Basterds in the circle, CPL. WILHELM WICKI.

LT. ALDO

Wicki there, an Austrian Jew, got the fuck outta Salzberg while the gettin’ was good. Became American, got drafted, and came back to give y’all what for.

Then Aldo points to another Basterd. A big, scary-looking Basterd, in a German sergeant’s uniform, named SGT. HUGO STIGLITZ.

LT. ALDO

And another one over there you might be familiar with, Sgt. Hugo Stiglitz. Heard of ’em?

The two German sergeants look at each other.

SGT. RACHTMAN

Everybody in the German army’s heard of Hugo Stiglitz.

The Basterds laugh, and a couple pat Hugo on the back.

The NARRATOR comes back on the SOUNDTRACK.

NARRATOR (VO)

The reason for Hugo Stiglitz’s celebrity among German soldiers is simple.

WE SEE A PHOTO OF HUGO on the front page of the Nazi version of Stars and Stripes (the military newspaper).

NARRATOR (VO)

As a German enlisted man, he killed thirteen Gestapo officers, mostly majors.

WE SEE THE MILITARY PHOTOS OF ALL THIRTEEN GESTAPO OFFICERS.

NARRATOR (VO)

Instead of putting him up against a wall, the High Command decided to send him back to Berlin, to be made an example of.

Hugo in chains, being put in a lone troop truck, part of a prison convoy, en route to Berlin.

NARRATOR (VO)

Needless to say, once the Basterds heard about him, he never got there.

EXT—FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE—DAY

The Basterds AMBUSH the prison convoy, killing everybody.

They walk to the back of the troop truck. Inside, Hugo, in chains, stares back at them.

LT. ALDO

Sgt. Hugo Stiglitz?

Hugo nods.

LT. ALDO

I’m Lt. Aldo Raine, and these are the Basterds. Ever heard of us?

Hugo nods his head, yes.

LT. ALDO

We just wanna say, we’re a big fan of your work. When it comes to killin’ Nazis, I think you show great talent, and I pride myself on havin’ an eye for that kind of talent. But your status as a Nazi killer is still amateur. We all came here to see if you wanna go pro?

BACK TO THE BASTERD CIRCLE.

LT. ALDO

Now Werner, I’m gonna assume you know who we are?

SGT. RACHTMAN

Aldo the Apache.

The circle of Basterds giggle.

LT. ADLO

Well, Werner, if you heard of us, you probably heard we ain’t in the prisoner-takin’ business. We in the killin’ Nazi business. And cousin, business is boomin’.

The Basterds laugh.

LT. ALDO

Now that leaves two ways we can play this out. Either kill ya or let ya go. Now whether or not you gonna leave this circle alive depends entirely on you.

Aldo takes out a map of the area and lays it out in front of his prisoner.

LT. ALDO

Up the road a piece, there’s a orchard. ’Sides you, we know there’s another kraut patrol fuckin’ around here somewhere. Now if that patrol were to have any crack shots, that orchard would be a goddamn sniper’s delight. Now if you ever wanna eat a sauerkraut sandwich again, you gotta show me on this map where they are, you gotta tell me how many they are, and you gotta tell me what kinda artillery they carrying with ’em.

SGT. RACHTMAN

You can’t expect me to divulge information that would put German lives in danger.

LT. ALDO

Well, Werner, that’s where you’re wrong. Because that’s exactly what I expect. I need to know about Germans hidin’ in trees. And you need to tell me. And you need to tell me, right now. Now take your finger and point out on this map where this party’s bein’ held, how many’s comin’, and what they brought to play with.

Werner sits, head held high, back straight, chin up, every inch the German hero facing death.

SGT. WERNER

I respectfully refuse, sir.

Aldo jerks his thumb behind him.

LT. ALDO

You see that ole boy battin’ rocks?

WE RACK-FOCUS to one of the Basterds not in the circle.

He’s wearing a wife beater and power-hitting stones with a baseball bat.

Werner’s eyes go to the ballplayer.

LT. ALDO

That’s Sgt. Donny Donowitz. But you might know him better by his nickname, the Bear Jew. Now if you heard of Aldo the Apache, you gotta heard about the Bear Jew?

SGT. RACHTMAN

I heard.

LT. ALDO

What did you hear?

SGT. RACHTMAN

He beats German soldiers with a club.

LT. ALDO

He bashes their brains in with a baseball bat, what he does.

SGT. DONOWITZ

back to us, still haven’t seen his face. He Babe Ruths a rock soaring into the atmosphere.

LT. ALDO

Now, Werner, I’m gonna ask you one last goddamn time, and if you still “respectfully refuse,” I’m calling the Bear Jew over here, and he’s gonna take that big bat of his, and he’s gonna beat your ass to death with it. Now take your Wiener-schnitzel-lickin’ finger and point out on this map what I want to know.

SGT. RACHTMAN

Fuck you and your Jew dogs.

Instead of getting mad, the Basterds burst out LAUGHING.

Also says to Werner, with a giggle in his voice:

LT. ALDO

Actually, Werner, we’re all tickled ya said that. Frankly, watchin’ Donny beat Nazis to death is the closest we ever get to goin’ to the movies.

YELLING

DONNY!

SGT. DONOWITZ

He turns to the CAMERA and yells:

SGT. DONOWITZ

Yeah?

LT. ALDO

Got a German here wants to die for his country. Oblige him.

SGT. DONNY DONOWITZ

bat over his shoulder, smiles.

CUT TO

INT—BARBER SHOP (BOSTON)—DAY

Donny, cutting heads, in his pop’s barber shop, in Boston.

DONNY

... ya got the goddamn, fuckin’ Germans, declaring open season on Jews in Europe, and I’m suppose to fly to the fuckin’ Philippines and fight a bunch of fuckin’ Japs—not me, pal. If we just go in this against the Japs, the whole U.S. of fuckin A can go take a running jump at the moon.

HEAD

You know, they got a word for what you’re sayin’ Donny. It’s called treason.

DONNY

Hey, stick your treason up your poop hole. If I’m gonna kill my fellow man in the name of liberty, that fellow man will be German.

INT—SPORTING GOODS STORE—DAY

MR. GOOROWITZ’S sporting goods shop in Donny’s Jewish Boston neighborhood. Donny walks in.

MR. GOOROWITZ

Hello, Donny. How are you?

DONNY

Ah, just dandy, Mr. Goorowitz.

MR. GOOROWITZ

Your mother, your father—everything good there?

DONNY

They’re just fine. I’m shippin’ off next week.

The store proprietor extends his hand to the young man.

MR. GOOROWITZ

Good for you, son. Kill one of those Nazi basterds for me, will ya?

DONNY

That the idea, Mr. Goorowitz.

MR. GOOROWITZ

What can I do you for, Donny?

DONNY

I need a baseball bat.

The store owner leads him to a basket with eight bats in it. Donny starts going through them without saying anything.

Mr. Goorowitz watches.

MR. GOOROWITZ

You gettin’ your little brother a present before you ship out?

Donny, concentrating on the bats, not looking up:

DONNY

No.

Donny’s “no” silences the gabby Goorowitz. He seems to settle on one, feeling its weight in his hands.

DONNY

Can I try this one on for size, outside?

Extending his arm:

MR. GOOROWITZ

Be my guest.

The phone rings.

MR. GOOROWITZ

I’ll get that. You go right ahead.

The proprietor answers the phone and gets into a conversation with his OFFSCREEN mother.

Donny walks outside. WE STAY IN STORE but can see him clearly through the store’s big picture window.

However, Mr. Goorowitz instinctively turns his back to Donny to speak with his mother.

Donny starts swinging the bat. It’s pretty obvious he’s pantomiming beating somebody to death with it. Then

he starts yelling:

DONNY

Take that, ya Nazi basterd! You like fuckin’ with the Jews? Wanna fuck with the Jews? The American Jews are gonna FUCK with you...!

Mr. Goorowitz sees none of this as he speaks to his mother. He hangs up the phone just as Donny walks back into the store. The store owner turns to the store customer.

DONNY

Is this the heaviest ya got?

CUT TO

INT—HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING—DAY

Donny, dressed nice, in an apartment building in his Jewish Boston neighbourhood. He knocks on a door.

A VERY OLD JEWISH WOMAN opens the door, only a little, peering out at the young man.

OLD WOMAN

How can I help you?

DONNY

Mrs. Himmelstein?

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

State your business, young man.

DONNY

Mrs. Himmelstein, I’m Donny Donowitz. My father, Sy Donowitz, owns the barber shop on Greeny Ave. Sy’s Barber Shop.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

I’ve seen it. Do you live in the neighborhood?

DONNY

All my life.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

Again, state your business?

DONNY

May I have a word with you?

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

What about?

DONNY

Our people in Europe.

She thinks for a beat, then holds the door open for the young man.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

Come in. Would you like some tea?

INT—MRS. HIMMELSTEIN’S APARTMENT—DAY

Donny sits on an overstuffed sofa, holding a tea cup and saucer in his hand. Mrs. Himmelstein sits on an overstuffed chair, holding her tea, looking across at her visitor.

DONNY

sipping tea

Very good.

MRS. HIMMSELSTEIN

If you like tea.

Donny chuckles at her little joke. The old woman remains stone. She wasn’t joking. He places his saucer on the coffee table and begins:

DONNY

Mrs. Himmelstein, do you have any loved ones over in Europe who you’re concerned for?

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

What compels you, young man, to ask a stranger such a personal question?

DONNY

Because I’m going to Europe. And I’m gonna make it right.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

And just how do intend to do that, Joshua?

He holds up his bat.

DONNY

With this.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

And what exactly do you intend to do with that toy?

DONNY

I’m gonna beat every Nazi I find to death with it.

She takes another sip of tea.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

I thought we were having tea together.

Donny picks up his cup and takes a sip.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

And in this pursuit, how is it that I can be of service?

DONNY

I’m going through the neighborhood. If you have any loved ones in Europe whose safety you fear for, I’d like you to write their name on my bat.

BACK TO BASTERDS

Donna takes a long walk to Werner...

PVT. BUTZ

watches all this...

As WE CUT BACK and FORTH BETWEEN DONNY WALKING and WERNER WAITING, WE ALSO CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN DONNY and

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN...

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

You must be a real basterd, Donny.

DONNY

You bet your sweet ass I am.

MRS. HIMMELSTEIN

Hand me your sword, Gideon. I do believe I will join you on this journey.

She signs the BAT: “MADELEINE.”

Donny steps up to the plate, looking down at the Nazi: He sees the Iron Cross hanging from the German Sgt’s right pocket.

The Jew taps the German’s medal with the end of his bat.

DONNY

You get that for killing jews?

SGT RACHTMAN

Bravery.

Donny gives him a “oh yeah, we’ll see about that,” look.

The Bear Jew raises the bat up high over his shoulder and brings it down hard against the side of Rachtman’s head.

Donny BEATS Werner TO DEATH WITH THE BAT, to the cheers of the Basterds.

PVT. BUTZ

watches. Hirschberg says to him:

PFC. HIRSCHBERG

About now, I’d be shittin’ my pants, if I was you.

Aldo points a finger at Butzs and crooks it toward him.

A crying, visibly shaken Butz sits down in front of Aldo.

LT. ALDO

You wanna live?

PVT. BUTZ

Yes, sir.

LT. ALDO

Point out on this map the German position.

His arm shoots out like a rocket and points out the positions.

PVT. BUTZ

This area here.

LT. ALDO

How many?

PVT. BUTZ

Maybe twelve.

LT. ALDO

What kind of artillery?

PVT BUTZ

They have a machine gun dug in here pointing north.

BACK TO HITLER

HITLER

How did you survive this ordeal?

WE SEE Pvt. Butz in the Führer’s room for the first time.

He wears a Nazi cap, which is unusual in the presence of the Führer, but he seems okay with it.

PVT. BUTZ

They let me go.

FROM HERE ON WE GO BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN ALDO AND HITLER.

LT. ALDO

Now, when you report what happened here, you can’t tell ’em you told us what you told us. They’ll shoot ya. But they’re gonna wanna know, why you so special, we let you live? So tell ’em we let ya live so you could spread the word through the ranks what’s gonna happen to every Nazi we find.

HITLER

You are not to tell anybody anything! Not one word of detail! Your outfit was ambushed, and you got away. Not one more word.

PVT. BUTZ

Yes, mein Führer.

Pause.

HITLER

Did they mark you like they did the other survivors?

PVT. BUTZ

Yes, mein Führer.

HITLER

Remove your hat and show me.

LT. ALDO

Now say we let ya go, and say you survive the war? When you get back home, what ’cha gonna do?

PVT. BUTZ

I will hug my mother like I’ve never hugged her before.

LT. ALDO

Well, ain’t that a real nice boy. Are you going to take off your uniform?

PVT. BUTZ

Not only shall I remove it, but I intend to burn it!

The young German is telling Aldo what he thinks Aldo wants to hear. But the last answer didn’t go down as well as he thought it would, as is evident by the frown on Aldo’s face.

LT. ALDO

Yeah, that’s what we thought. We don’t like that. You see, we like our Nazis in uniforms. That way, you can spot ’em just like that.

snaps his fingers

But you take off that uniform, ain’t nobody gonna know you was a Nazi. And that don’t sit well with us.

Aldo removes a LARGE KNIFE from a sheath on his belt.

LT. ALDO

So I’m gonna give ya a little somethin’ you can’t take off.

BACK TO HITLER

Pvt. Butz removes his combat helmet. Hair hangs in his face. He moves it aside, and WE SEE a SWASTIKA has been HAND-CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD.

BACK TO BASTERDS

BUTZ’S POV

on ground, looking up at them. Aldo has just carved the swastika, and he’s holding the bloody knife. All the Basterds crowd around to admire his handiwork.

SGT. DONOWITZ

You know, Lieutenant, you’re getting pretty good at that.

LT. ALDO

You know how you get to Carnegie Hall, don’t cha? Practice.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER THREE

“GERMAN NIGHT IN PARIS”

INT—CINEMA AUDITORIUM—NIGHT

We’re in the auditorium of a cinema in Paris. However, the CAMERA is pointed in the direction of the audience, not the screen.

We start CLOSE on the projector beam emanating from the little glass window in the back of the theater.

The CAMERA continues to DOLLY back, making the shot wider and wider, bringing in more and more the German-occupied citizens of Paris, who stare at the OFFSCREEN silver screen in the dark.

We can hear the OFFSCREEN SOUNDTRACK of a Goebbels-produced German omm-pa-pa musical movie being projected.

The shot continues to pull farther and farther back, and the German dialogue continues to fill the auditorium...

UNTIL...

The DOLY SHOT LANDS on a CLOSEUP of Shosanna, watching the movie.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

“SHOSANNA DREYFUS

TWO WEEKS AFTER THE MASSACRE OF SHOSANNA’S FAMILY”

We hear the sound of the German musical’s climax.

The lights go up in the auditorium.

Shosanna, dressed in a NURSE’S UNIFORM she swiped from somewhere, remains seated, as the rest of the PATRONS gather their coats and file out.

EXT—LITTLE CINEMA (PARIS)—NIGHT

Patrons exit under the cinema marquee, as someone from inside SHUTS OFF the marquee’s lights.

The MARQUEE READS in French:

“GERMAN NIGHT BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK in MADCAP IN MEXICO.”

EXT—PROJECTION BOOTH (LITTLE CINEMA)

A French black man, who we will learn later is named MARCEL, is the cinema’s projectionist. We see him for a moment, taking the film reels off the projector and placing them on rewinds.

INT—AUDITORIUM

CU SHOSANNA

Still sitting in her seat. Except for her, the auditorium is empty.

The owner of the cinema, an attractive-looking French woman, who we will later know as MADAME MIMIEUX, appears in one of the cinema’s opera-box balconies.

Looking down from her porch at the young girl, sitting in the empty cinema.

The DIALOGUE will be spoken in FRENCH and SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

MADAME MIMIEUX

So, young woman, since it’s beyond obvious we’re closed for the evening, I must assume you want something. What can I do for you?

SHOSANNA

May I sleep here tonight?

MADAME MIMIEUX

So I gather you’re not a nurse?

SHOSANNA

No.

MADAME MIMIEUX

But you’re a bright little thing. That’s a clever disguise. Where is your family?

SHOSANNA

Murdered.

MADAME MIMIEUX

So you’re a war orphan?

SHOSANNA

We were from Nancy. The Boches found us—

MADAME MIMIEUX

—Is this a sad story?

|SHOSANNA.

Oui.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Sad stories bore me. These days everyone in Paris has one. I haven’t bored you with mine. Don’t bore me with yours.

SHOSANNA

You can run the machines?

MADAME MIMIEUX

What machines?

Using her hands to pantomime the rotating film reels on a projector, she says:

SHOSANNA

The machines that show the film.

MADAME MIMIEUX

The projectors? Yes, I own a cinema. Of course I can operate them.

SHOSANNA

I know, I saw you.

FLASH ON:

CU SHOSANNA

eyes creeping up the stairway in the projection booth, watching...

MADAME MIMIEUX

expertly working the projectors...

BACK TO SHOSANNA

SHOSANNA

Teach me. Teach me to run the machines that show the film. It’s only you and the negro. I know you could use some help.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I know at least six people who’ve been put up against a wall and machine-gunned for sheltering enemies of the state. I have no intention of being unlucky number seven. How long have you been in Paris?

SHOSANNA

A week and a few days.

MADAME MIMIEUX

How have you survived the curfew without capture?

SHOSANNA

I sleep on rooftops.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Again, I’m forced to admit, clever girl. How is it?

SHOSANNA

Cold.

MADAME MIMIEUX

laughs

I can imagine.

SHOSANNA

Respectfully, no you can’t.

Pause.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Fair enough.

Thinks...

MADAME MIMIEUX

So you can’t operate a 35mm film projector. You want me to teach you, in order to work here, in order to use my cinema as a hole to hide in. Is that correct?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

MADAME MIMIEUX

What’s your name?

SHOSANNA

Shosanna.

[42]

MADAME MIMIEUX

I’m Madame Mimieux. You may call me Madame. This is a cinema. Not a home for wayward war orphans. Having said that, what you say is true. If you were truly exceptional, I could find use for you. So, Shosanna, are you truly exceptional?

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I will be the judge of that.

DISSOLVE TO

TITLE CARD:

Which shows a lovely PENCIL SKETCH of the CITY OF PARIS, complete with Eiffel Tower.

ABOVE IT READS:

“1944

PARIS”

THEN...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see we’re not looking at a TITLE CARD at all, but a CALENDER stuck on the wall of the little cinema’s projection booth. Before we leave it, WE SEE the month is JUNE...

The CAMERA finds the THREE-YEARS-OLDER SHOSANNA working as the PROJECTIONIST. It would appear that Shosanna passed Madame Mimieux’s exceptional test.

A lyrical, Morricone-like tune PLAYS on the SOUNDTRACK. This will be “Shosanna’s Theme.”

A little bell begins RINGING on one of the projectors, alerting Shosanna its time for a REEL CHANGE.

Shosanna stands at the projector, watching the old German film she’s projecting, waiting for the FIRST REEL CHANGE MARK...

SILVER SCREEN

of the little cinema. Onscreen LENI RIEFENSTAHL lies horizontal as an icicle drips on her head in the old German film “The White Hell of Pitz Palu.”

The FIRST REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the upper-right-hand corner of the FRAME (that tells the projectionist to get ready).

As the FILM REEL on the FIRST PROJECTOR rolls out, Shosanna stands ready, waiting by the SECOND PROJECTOR...

WHEN...

SILVER SCREEN

the SECOND REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the same place (that’s the one).

SHOSANNA

THROWS the lever on the SECOND PROJECTOR, switching the film from projector 1 to projector 2, executing a perfect REEL CHANGE.

As “Shosanna’s Theme” plays on the soundtrack, we watch, via MONTAGE, her go through her daily chores: carry heavy film cans up the stairs, empty the rat traps, etc, etc...

EXT—CINEMA—NIGHT

The MARQUEE READS in French:

“GERMAN NIGHT LENI RIEFENSTAHL in PABST’S WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU”

Shosanna emerges from the cinema carrying two buckets of LETTERS (for the marquee) and a tall ladder. Her chore here, obviously, is to change the show on the marquee.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack in ENGLISH:

NARRATOR (VO)

To operate a cinema in Paris during the occupation, one had two choices. Either you could show new German propaganda films, produced under the watchful eye of Joseph Goebbels. Or... you could have a German night in your weekly schedule and show allowed German classic films. Their German night was Thursday.

Shosanna, by herself, perched up high on the ladder, changing the letters on the marquee.

A YOUNG GERMAN SOLDIER (about the same age as Shosanna) walks out of the cinema. He sees the ladder with the young French girl on top and walks over.

They speak FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

GERMAN SOLDIER

What starts tomorrow?

Shosanna looks down, seeing the young German soldier smiling up at her from below.

SHOSANNA

A Max Linder festival.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Ummm, I always preferred Linder to Chaplin. Except Linder never made a film as good as “The Kid.” The chase climax of “The Kid,” superb.

Shosanna continues working, not adding to the conversation.

GERMAN SOLDIER

I suppose now you could use an M, an A, and an X?

SHOSANNA

No need, I can manage.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Don’t be ridiculous. It’s my pleasure.

He hands the French damsel the letters spelling MAX.

SHOSANNA

Merci.

GERMAN SOLDIER

I adore your cinema very much.

SHOSANNA

Merci.

She busies herself with the marquee letters...

GERMAN SOLDIER

Is it yours?

SHOSANNA

Do I own it?

GERMAN SOLDIER

Oui.

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GERMAN SOLDIER

How does a young girl such as yourself own a cinema?

Due to his uniform and Shosanna’s situation, his efforts at trying to make small talk strike the young Jewess in hiding as a Gestapo interrogation.

SHOSANNA

My aunt left it to me.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Lucky girl.

Shosanna makes no reply back.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Merci for hosting a German night.

SHOSANNA

I don’t have a choice, but you’re welcome.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Do you choose the German films yourself?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Then my merci stands. I love the Riefenstahl mountain films, especially “Pitz Palu.” It’s nice to see a French girl who’s an admirer of Riefenstahl.

SHOSANNA

“Admire” would not be the adjective I would use to describe my feelings toward Fräulein Riefenstahl.

GERMAN SOLDIER

But you do admire the director Pabst, don’t you? That’s why you included his name on the marquee.

She climbs down from the ladder and faces the German private.

SHOSANNA

I’m French. We respect directors in our country.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Apparently even Germans.

SHOSANNA

Even Germans. Merci for your assistance, Private. Adieu.

She turns to go back inside.

GERMAN SOLDIER

You’re not finished?

SHOSANNA

I’ll finish in the morning.

She opens the door to go inside.

GERMAN SOLDIER

May I ask your name?

SHOSANNA

You wish to see my papers?

She hands him her excellently forged papers.

That’s obviously not what he meant, but he takes them anyway to read her name.

COL. LANDA

Emmanuelle Mimieux. That’s a very pretty name.

SHOSANNA

Merci. Are you finished with my papers?

He hands them back.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Mademoiselle. My name is Frederick Zoller.

She gives no response.

GERMAN SOLDIER

It’s been a pleasure chatting with a fellow cinema lover. Sweet dreams, Mademoiselle.

He gives her a little salute and walks into the black of a curfew-imposed night.

She looks after him. She didn’t show it, but he kind of got to her.

After all, for any true cinema lover, it’s hard to hate anybody who, CINEMA MON AMOUR.

EXT—ROOFTOP CINEMA—NIGHT

Shosanna stands on the roof her her cinema, late at night, lighting up a cigarette. As she takes her first big drag, she remembers a voice.

FLASH ON

MADAME MIMIEUX, the younger Shosanna, and the black projectionist, Marcel, in the projection booth. Shosanna

lights up a cigarette, and Madame Mimieux SLAPS her face HARD, knocking the cigarette out of her mouth. Marcel quickly STAMPS it out on the floor.

MADAME MIMIEUX

If I ever see you light up a cigarette in my cinema again, I’ll turn you in to the Nazis, do you understand?

Shosanna is shocked by this statement.

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

And for bringing an open flame into my cinema, you deserve far worse than a Nazi Jewish boxcar. With your thick head, what do you think the highest priority of a cinema manager is? Keeping this fucking place from burning down to the ground, that’s what! In my collection, I have over three hundred and fifty 35mm, nitrate film prints, which are not only immensely flammable but highy unstable. And should they catch fire, they burn three times faster than paper. If that happens... POOF... all gone, cinema no more, everybody burned alive. If I ever see you with an open flame in my cinema again, I won’t turn you into the Nazis. I’ll kill you myself. And the fucking Germans will give me a curfew pass. Do you understand me?

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Do you believe me?

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

You damn well better.

BACK TO ROOF

Shosanna exhales cigarette smoke.

Marcel comes onto the roof.

MARCEL

Are you well?

SHOSANNA

Even on the roof I can’t smoke a cigarette without hearing Madame’s voice yelling at me. That’s why I do it. To hear Madame’s voice again.

MARCEL

We both miss her.

SHOSANNA

I know. I’m fine, darling. I’ll be to bed soon.

Marcel goes back inside. Shosanna smokes.

INT—FRENCH BISTRO—AFTERNOON

Shosanna sits in the back of a French bistro, reading a book, “The Saint in New York,” by Leslie Charteris, drinking wine when the young German soldier from the other day, FREDRICK ZOLLER, walks in. He gets a beer, then notices the French girl sitting in the back. He smiles and heads over to her. “Oh no, not this guy again,” she thinks.

Again they speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

FREDRICK

May I join you?

SHOSANNA

Look, Fredrick—

FREDRICK

smiling

—You remember my name?

SHOSANNA

Yes . . . Look, you seem a pleasant enough fellow—

FREDRICK

—Merci.

SHOSANNA

You’re welcome. Regardless, I want you to stop pestering me.

FREDRICK

I apologize, Mademoiselle. I wasn’t trying to be a pest. I was simply trying to be friendly.

SHOSANNA

I don’t wish to be your friend.

FREDRICK

Why not?

SHOSANNA

Don’t act like an infant. You know why.

FREDRICK

I’m more than just a uniform.

SHOSANNA

Not to me. If you are so desperate for a French girlfriend, I suggest you try Vichy.

Just then TWO OTHER GERMAN SOLDIERS come over, obviously very impressed with Fredrick. They make a fuss over him in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN, which neither Shosanna or the non-German-speaking members of the movie’s audience can understand.

He signs autographs for them and shakes their hands, and they go on their way.

Shosanna’s eyes narrow.

SHOSANNA

Who are you?

FREDRICK

I thought I was just a uniform.

SHOSANNA

You’re not just a German soldier. Are you somebody’s son?

FREDRICK

Most German soldiers are somebody’s son.

SHOSANNA

Yeah, but you’re not just somebody. What are you, Hitler’s nephew?

He leans in across the table. She leans in too, and he says:

FREDRICK

Yes.

SHOSANNA

Really?

FREDRICK

No, not really. I’m just teasing you.

She leans back, annoyed.

SHOSANNA

Then what is it? What are you, a German movie star?

FREDRICK

Not exactly.

SHOSANNA

Pfuit

What does that mean, “not exactly”? I asked if you were a movie star. The answer to that question is yes or no.

Fredrick laughs at that line.

FREDRICK

When you said that just now, you reminded me of my sister.

This catches young Shosanna off guard.

FREDRICK

I come from a home of six sisters. We run a family-operated cinema in Munich. Seeing you run around your cinema reminds me of them. Especially my sister Helga. She raised me, when our father wasn’t up to the job. I admire her very much. You’d like her. She doesn’t wear a German uniform.

SHOSANNA

You were raised by Helga?

FREDRICK

All my sisters. I’m the baby, but Helga was the bossiest.

SHOSANNA

And your mother and father?

FREDRICK

My mother died. And my father was a loser. My father’s motto: “If at first you don’t succeed, quit.” The day he left, good riddance. My sisters are all I need. It’s why I like your cinema. It makes me feel both closer to them and a little homesick at the same time.

SHOSANNA

Is your cinema still operating?

FREDRICK

Oui.

SHOSANNA

What’s it called?

FREDRICK

The Kino Haus.

SHOSANNA

How has it done during the war?

FREDRICK

Actually, in Germany, cinema attendance is up.

SHOSANNA

No doubt. You don’t have to operate under a curfew.

FREDRICK

How often do you fill your house?

SHOSANNA

Pfuit

Not since before the war.

FREDRICK

So if you had one big engagement, that would help you out?

SHOSANNA

Of course, but that’s not likely to happen.

TWO MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS and their TWO FRENCH DATES approach the table. They ask for Fredrick’s autograph, and he signs it for them. One of the French girls says, in FRENCH, how exciting it is to meet a real live German war hero. Shosanna hears it. They leave. So that’s it, she thinks.

SHOSANNA

So you’re a war hero? Why didn’t you tell me?

FREDRICK

Everybody knows that. I liked that you didn’t.

SHOSANNA

What did you do?

He takes a sip of beer.

FREDRICK

I’ve shot the most enemy soldiers in World War Two... so far.

You bet your sweet ass that got her attention.

SHOSANNA

Wow.

FREDRICK

I was alone in a bell tower in a walled-off city in Russia. It was myself and a thousand rounds of ammo in a bird’s nest, against three hundred Soviet soldiers.

SHOSANNA

What’s a bird’s nest?

FREDRICK

A bird’s nest is what a sniper would call a bell tower. It’s a high structure, offering a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree view. Very advantageous for marksmen.

SHOSANNA

How many Russians did you kill?

FREDRICK

Sixty-eight.

beat

The first day. A hundred and fifty the second day. Thirty-two the third day. On the fourth day, they exited the city. Naturally my war story received a lot of attention in Germany. That’s why they all recognize me. They call me the German Sergeant York.

SHOSANNA

Maybe they’ll make a film about your exploits.

FREDRICK

Well, that’s just what Joseph Goebbels thought. So he did. It’s called “Nation’s Pride,” and guess what, they wanted me to play myself, so I did. They have posters for it in kiosks all over Paris. That’s another reason for all the attention.

SHOSANNA

“Nation’s Pride” is about you? “Nation’s Pride” is starring you?

FREDRICK

I know, comical, huh?

SHOSANNA

Not so comical. So what are you doing in Paris, enjoying a rest?

FREDRICK

Hardly. I’ve been doing publicity, having my pictures taken with different German luminaries, visiting troops, that sort of thing. Goebbels wants the film to premiere in Paris, so I’ve been helping them in the planning. Joseph is very keen on this film. He’s telling anybody who will listen that when “Nation’s Pride” is released I’ll be the German Van Johnson.

Shosanna isn’t falling for the young German by any stretch.

However, his exploits, as well as his charming manner, can’t help but impress. But his referring to Goebbels as “Joseph,” like they’re friends, is all she needs to get on the right side of things. This young man is trouble with a capital T, and she needs to stay far fucking away from him.

She abruptly rises and says:

SHOSANNA

Well, good luck with your premiere, Private. I hope all goes well for Joseph and yourself. Au revoir.

And with that, she disappears, leaving the perplexed private alone.

EXT—CINEMA MARQUEE—DAY

It’s the next day.

Shosanna and Marcel are changing the letters on the marquee.

Marcel excuses himself to visit the toilet.

Shosanna is alone outside the little cinema, perched up on her ladder.

WHEN...

...A BLACK NAZI SEDAN PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE LITTLE CINEMA.

A GERMAN MAJOR in a black Gestapo uniform steps out of the back of the sedan.

The DRIVER, a German private, steps out as well.

Yelling to the young girl up high on the ladder:

Both GERMAN and FRENCH will be SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

GESTAPO MAJOR

Mademoiselle Mimieux?

SHOSANNA

Oui?

Telling his driver in German to ask her in French:

GESTAPO MAJOR

Ask her if this is her cinema.

In French the driver asks Shosanna:

DRIVER

Is this your cinema?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GESTAPO MAJOR

Tell her to come down.

DRIVER

Come down, please.

She climbs down the ladder.

The driver opens the back door of the sedan, indicating for her to get in.

SHOSANNA

I don’t understand. What have I done?

DRIVER

to major

She wants to know what she’s done?

GESTAPO MAJOR

Who says she’s done anything?

DRIVER

Who says you’ve done anything?

Then in her best imitation of Mademoiselle Mimeux’s arrogant manner.

SHOSANNA

Then I demand to know what this is about, and where do you propose to take me?

The driver begins to translate when the Gestapo major holds up his hand, telling him not to bother. The major looks at the young French girl and tells her in German:

GESTAPO MAJOR

Get your ass in that car.

No translation necessary. She climbs into the back of the car, followed by the Germans. The sedan takes off.

INT—SEDAN (MOVING)—DAY

The Nazi sedan drives through the early-afternoon Paris streets.

WE HOLD SHOSANNA IN TIGHT CU

the whole ride, never showing her Nazi oppressor sitting beside her. We just hold on her face trying not to reveal anything.

The sedan stops.

The car door opens, and the driver offers Shosanna his hand.

EXT/INT—MAXIM’S (FAMOUS PARIS CAFÉ)—DAY

She steps out of the car and is led into a Paris café by the Gestapo officer. It takes the young Jewess a moment or two before she realizes she’s not being led to a Gestapo interrogation room, a railroad car, or a concentration camp, but to lunch.

The best table at Maxim’s. Three people, and two dogs, sit at it: Germany’s minister of propaganda and the number-two man in Hitler’s Third Reich, JOSEPH GOEBBELS; his female French translator (and mistress), FRANCESCA MONDINO; and young Private Zoller.

TWO BLACK FRENCH POODLES belonging to Mademoiselle Mondino sit together in another chair at the table.

We join the in mid-conversation:

They all speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

GOEBBELS

—it’s only the offspring of slaves that allows America to be competitive athletically. American Olympic gold can be measured in Negro sweat.

Shosanna is led through the French eatery by the Gestapo major.

Private Zoller sees her and stands up, excuses himself, and greets her before she reaches the table.

Fredrick says in French, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

Good you came. I wasn’t sure whether or not you’d accept my invitation.

SHOSANNA

Invitation?

THEN...

...GOEBBELS’S VOICE SAYS OFFSCREEN:

GOEBBELS (OS)

Is that the young lady in question, Fredrick?

Private Zoller turns in his direction, takes Shosanna by the arm, and leads her to him.

FREDRICK

Yes, it is, Herr Goebbels. Emmanuelle, there is somebody I want you to meet.

Joseph Goebbels, remaining seated, looks up at the young French girl, scrutinizing her as he spoons crème brûlée into his mouth.

The excited Fredrick introduces Shosanna to the propaganda minister formally.

FREDRICK

Emmanuelle Mimieux, I’d like to introduce you to the minister of propaganda, the leader of the entire German film industry, and now I’m an actor, my boss, Joseph Goebbels.

Goebbels offers up his long, spiderlike fingers for Shosanna to shake. She does.

GOEBBELS

Your reputation precedes you, Fräulein Mimieux.

He looks to Francesca to translate, but she’s just taken a big bite of tiramisu.

They all laugh.

Frederick jumps in...

FREDRICK

And normally, this is Herr Goebbels’s French interpreter, Mademoiselle Francesca Mondino.

FRANCESCA

looks up at Shosanna.

NARRATOR’S VOICE comes on soundtrack:

NARRATOR (VO)

Francesca Mondino is much more than Goebbels’s French interpreter. She’s also Goebbels’s favorite French actress to appear in his films.....

FLASH ON

FRENCH CLIP

from one of Francesca’s B/W Goebbels produced productions.

Francesca, dressed as a French peasant girl, with a YOUNG GERMAN (MOVIE) SOLDIER.

She speaks in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

FRANCESCA/PEASANT GIRL

I love you, I can’t help it. My country or my heart, which do I betray?

A SUBTITLE APPEARS below naming the film’s title:

“SENTIMENTAL COMBAT” (1943)

FLASH ON

Francesca and Goebbels having sex in her boudoir, on her red velvet bed.

NARRATOR (VO)

And Goebbels’s favorite French mistress, to act in his bed.

WE SEE JUST A SUPER-QUICK SHOT OF Goebbels FUCKING Francesca DOGGY-STYLE.

FRANCESCA

animal-like

Do it! Do it! Fuck me—fill me!

BACK TO FRANCESCA

looking at Shosanna.

FRANCESCA

Bonjour.

SHOSANNA

Bonjour.

FREDRICK

And you’ve met the major.

The Gestapo officer steps up and says to Fredrick in German:

GESTAPO MAJOR

Actually, I didn’t introduce myself.

to Shosanna

Major Dieter Hellstrom of the Gestapo, at your service, Mademoiselle.

he clicks his heels

Please allow me. Have a seat.

The Gestapo officer pulls out a chair for the young lady to sit down. Shosanna takes the hot seat. Seated to her right is Pvt. Zoller. To her left are the two curly, pampered poodles. Major Hellstrom pours Shosanna a glass of red wine from a small carafe on the table.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Try the wine, Mademoiselle. It’s quite good.

Goebbels looks across the table at her.

GOEBBELS

Well, I must say, you’ve made quite an impression on our boy.

Francesca interprets Goebbels’s German for Shosanna.

GOEBBELS

I must say, Fräulein, I should be rather annoyed with you.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

I arrive in France, and I wish to have lunch with my star...

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

Little do I know he’s become the toast of Paris, and now he must find time for me.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

People wait in line hours, days, to see me. For the Führer and Private Zoller, I wait.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

So finally, I’m granted an audience with the young private, and he spends the entire lunch speaking of you and your cinema.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

So Fräulein Mimieux, let’s get down to business.

Private Zoller interrupts—

FREDRICK

Herr Goebbels, I haven’t informed her yet.

GOEBBELS

Unless the girl’s a simpleton, I’m sure she’s figured it out by now. After all, she does operate a cinema. Francesca, tell her.

Francesca tells Shosanna in French:

FRANCESCA

What they’re trying to tell you, Emmanuelle, is Private Zoller has spent the last hour at lunch, trying to convince Monsieur Goebbels to abandon previous plans for Private Zoller’s film premiere and change the venue to your cinema.

Zoller reacts.

FRANCESCA

FRENCH to Zoller

What?

FREDRICK

I wanted to inform her.

FRANCESCA

Shit. I apologize, Private. Of course you did.

GOEBBELS

GERMAN to Francesca

What’s the issue?

FRANCESCA

The young soldier wanted to inform the mademoiselle himself.

GOEBBELS

Nonsense. Until I ask a few questions, he has nothing to inform. Let the record state, I have not agreed to a venue change.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Duly noted.

Goebbels speaks German to Shosanna:

GOEBBELS

You have opera boxes?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GOEBBELS

How many?

SHOSANNA

Three.

GOEBBELS

More would be better. How many seats in your auditorium?

SHOSANNA

Three hundred and fifty.

GOEBBELS

That’s almost four hundred less than The Ritz.

Fredrick jumps in...

FREDRICK

But Herr Goebbels, that’s not such a terrible thing. You said yourself you didn’t want to indulge every two-faced French bourgeois taking up space currying favor. With less seats it makes the event more exclusive. You’re not trying to fill the house, they’re fighting for seats. Besides, to hell with the French. This is a German night, a German event, a German celebration. This night is for you, me, the German military, the High Command, their family and friends. The only people who should be allowed in the room are people who will be moved by the exploits onscreen.

Goebbels listens silently, then after a bit of a pause:

GOEBBELS

I see your public speaking has improved. It appears I’ve created a monster. A strangely persuasive monster. When the war’s over, politics awaits.

Table chuckles.

GOEBBELS

Well, Private, though it is true I’m inclined to indulge you anything, I must watch a film in this young lady’s cinema before I can say yes or no.

to Shosanna

So, young lady, you are to close your cinema tonight and have a private screening for me.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

What German films do you have?

Francesca asks...

SHOSANNA

My cinema, on German night, tends to show older German classics.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

Why not my films?

Francesca asks...?

SHOSANNA

I draw an older German audience in my cinema that appreciates the nostalgia of an earlier time.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

That’s nonsense, Fräulein. We Germans are looking forward, not backward. That era of German cinema is dead. The German cinema I create will not only be the cinema of Europe, but the world’s only alternative to the degenerate Jewish influence of Hollywood.

Fredrick jumps in...

FREDRICK

Along with being a cinema owner, Emmanuelle is quite a formidable film critic.

He chuckles, but alone.

GOEBBELS

So it would appear. Unfortunately for the Fräulein, I’ve outlawed film criticism.

Zoller, thinking fast, says:

FREDRICK

Why don’t you screen “Lucky Kids”? I’m sure Emmanuelle hasn’t seen it. And it’s so funny. I’ve been meaning to recommend it to her, for her German night. That’s a great idea. Let’s watch “Lucky Kids” tonight.

GOEBBELS

Ahhh, “Lucky Kids,” “Lucky Kids,” “Lucky Kids.” When all is said and done, my most purely enjoyable production. Not only that, I wouldn’t be surprised if sixty years from now, it’s “Lucky Kids” that I’m the most remembered for. I know it doesn’t seem like it now, but mark my words. Very well, I’ll have a print sent over to the Fräulein’s cinema. We’ll screen “Lucky Kids” tonight.

As Francesca interprets this for Shosanna...

the empty chair next to the young Jewish girl is suddenly filled with the bottom half of a gray S.S. officer uniform.

GOEBBELS

Ah, Landa, you’re here. This is the young lady in question.

The S.S. officer sits down, and it’s our old friend from the first scene, COL. HANS LANDA.

FREDRICK

Emmanuelle, this is Col. Hans Landa of the S.S. He’ll be running security for the premiere.

CU SHOSANNA

A bomb is dropped and detonated behind her eyes. But if she gives any indication of this, her war story ends here.

The S.S. OFFICER

who murered her family takes her hand and kisses it, saying in perfect French:

COL. LANDA

Charmed, Mademoiselle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Better known as “the Jew Hunter.”

The table laughs.

GOEBBELS

Oh, Francesca, what was that funny thing the Führer said about Hans?

FRANCESCA

What thing?

GOEBBELS

You know, you were there. It was a funny thing the Führer said, about Hans... something about a pig?

Francesca’s memory is jogged.

FRANCESCA

Oh, yes, of course.

She repeats it by whispering it in Goebbels’s ear.

GOEBBELS

Oh, yes, of course, that’s it. So the Führer said he wouldn’t be surprised if Hans weren’t rooting out Jews like a truffle pig from the playpen.

FRANCESCA

That’s what we need, pigs that can root out Jews.

COL. LANDA

Who needs pigs when you have me?

Big, hearty laugh around the table.

GOEBBELS

Do you have an engagement tonight?

COL. LANDA

Well, as a matter of fact, I do—

GOEBBELS

—Break it. We’re all going to the fräulein’s cinema tonight to view “Lucky Kids.”

COL. LANDA

Splendid.

Then the Reich minister’s companion, Mademoiselle Mondino, interrupts:

FRANCESCA

And now I must get Reich Minister Goebbels to his next appointment.

GOEBBELS

Slave driver! French slave driver!

They all chuckle.

Everybody begins to stand up from the table...

Francesca gathers the stupid dogs...

As Col. Landa stands, he says:

COL. LANDA

Actually, in my role as security chief of this joyous German occasion, I’m afraid I must have a word with Mademoiselle Mimieux.

Mademoiselle Mimieux’s eyes go to Private Zoller, who responds.

FREDRICK

What sort of discussion?

COL. LANDA

That sounded suspiciously like a soldier questioning the order of a colonel? Or am I just being sensitive?

FREDRICK

Nothing could be further from the truth, Colonel. Your authority is beyond question. But your reputation precedes you. Should Mademoiselle Mimieux or myself be concerned?

GOEBBELS

Hans, the boy means no harm, he’s simply smitten. And he’s correct. Your reputation does precede you.

Laughter all around. The Reich minister and his Axis entourage make their way to front of the café, with the two dumb dogs on a leash, leading the way.

COL. LANDA

No need for concern, you two. As security chief, I simply need to have a chat with the possible new venue’s property owner.

FREDRICK

I was just hoping to escort Mademoiselle Mimieux back to her cinema.

GOEBBELS

Nonsense! You can eat ice cream and walk along the Seine another time. Right now, allow Col. Landa to do his job.

Everybody says their farewells.

Col. Landa offers the young Jew in hiding a seat at a small table in the outside patio area of Maxim’s.

The fluency and poetic proficiency of the S.S. Jew hunter’s French reveals to the audience that his feigning clumsiness at French with Monsieur LaPadite in the film’s first scene was simply an interrogation technique.

They speak FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Have you tried the strudel here?

SHOSANNA

No.

COL. LANDA

It’s not so terrible. So how is it the young private and yourself came to be acquainted?

She’s about to answer when a WAITER approaches.

COL. LANDA

Yes, two strudels, one for myself and one for the mademoiselle. A cup of espresso, with a container of steamed milk on the side. For the Mademoiselle, a glass of milk.

Considering that Shosanna grew up on a dairy farm, and the last time she was on a dairy farm her strudel companion murdered her entire family, his ordering her milk is, to say the least... disconcerting.

The key to Col. Landa’s power and/or charm, depending on the side one’s on, lies in his ability to convince you he’s privy to your secrets.

The waiter exits.

COL. LANDA

So, Mademoiselle, you were beginning to explain...?

SHOSANNA

anxiously

Up until a couple of days ago, I had no knowledge of Private Zoller or his exploits. To me, the private was simply just a patron of my cinema. We spoke a few times, but—

COL. LANDA

—Mademoiselle, let me interrupt you. This is a simple formality, no reason for you to feel anxious.

The strudel arrives.

The colonel takes one look at it and says to the waiter:

COL. LANDA

I apologize. I forgot to order the crème fraîche.

WAITER

One moment.

He exits.

COL. LANDA

referring to the crème.

Wait for the crème

back to business

So, Emmanuelle—May I call you Emmanuelle?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

COL. LANDA

So, Emmanuelle, explain to me how does it happen that a young lady such as yourself comes to own a cinema?

The waiter returns, applying crème fraîche to the two strudels.

The S.S. colonel looks across the table at his companion. Picking up his fork, he says:

COL. LANDA

After you.

Shosanna takes a whipped-creamy bite of strudel. Landa follows her lead.

COL. LANDA

mouthful of strudel

Success?

Shosanna, mouth full of strudel, indicates she approves.

COL. LANDA

Like I said, not so terrible.

back to business

So you were explaining the origin of your cinema ownership?

SHOSANNA

The cinema originally belonged to my aunt and uncle—

Col. Landa removes a little black book from his pocket.

COL. LANDA

—What are their names?

SHOSANNA

Jean-Pierre and Ada Mimieux.

He records the names in his little book.

COL. LANDA

Where are they now?

SHOSANNA

My uncle was killed during the blitzkrieg.

COL. LANDA

Pity . . . Continue.

SHOSANNA

Aunt Ada passed away from fever last spring.

COL. LANDA

Regrettable.

respectful pause

It’s come to my attention you have a negro in your employ. Is that true?

SHOSANNA

Yes, he’s a Frenchman. His name is Marcel. He worked with my aunt and uncle since they opened the cinema. He’s the only other one who works with me.

COL. LANDA

Doing what?

SHOSANNA

Projectionist.

COL. LANDA

Is he any good?

SHOSANNA

The best.

COL. LANDA

Actually, one could see where that might be a good trade for them. Can you operate the projectors?

SHOSANNA

Of course I can.

COL. LANDA

Knowing the Reich Minister as I do, I’m quite positive he wouldn’t want the success or failure of his illustrious evening dependent on the prowess of a negro. So if it comes to pass that we hold this event at your venue—talented, no doubt, as your negro may be—you will operate the projectors. Is that acceptable?

As if she has any say.

SHOSANNA

Oui.

Col. Landa takes another bite of strudel, and Shosanna follows suit.

COL. LANDA

So it would appear our young hero is quite smitten with you?

SHOSANNA

Private Zoller’s feelings for me aren’t of a romantic nature.

COL. LANDA

Mademoiselle...?

SHOSANNA

Colonel, his feelings are not romantic. I remind him of his sister.

COL. LANDA

That doesn’t mean his feelings aren’t romantic.

SHOSANNA

I remind him of his sister who raised him.

COL. LANDA

It’s sounding more and more romantic by the minute.

Landa takes out a handsome-looking cigarette case, with an S.S.

LOGO on it. Removing one of the fags, he lights it up with a fancy S.S. gold lighter. He offers one to Shosanna.

COL. LANDA

Cigarette?

SHOSANNA

No, thank you.

COL. LANDA

Do you smoke?

SHOSANNA

Yes.

COL. LANDA

Then I insist, you must take one. They’re not French, they’re German. I hope you’re not nationalist about your tobacco. To me, French cigarettes are a sin against nicotine.

She takes one but makes no move to light it.

He inhales deeply and says:

COL. LANDA

I did have something else I wanted to ask you, but right now, for the life of me, I can’t remember what it is. Oh, well, must not have been important.

Col. Landa stands up, throws some French francs on the table, puts on his gray S.S. cap, touches his finger to his visor, saluting Shosanna, and says:

COL. LANDA

Till tonight.

And with that he’s gone.

Shosanna breaths a sigh of relief.

The CAMERA begins to slowly lower from a MEDIUM CU to her feet and ankles and the floor. We see her shoes are in a puddle of urine.

During her conversation and strudel with the man who exterminated her entire family, Shosanna pissed herself.

She drops the German cigarette into the piss puddle by her feet.

INT—CINEMA AUDITORIUM—NIGHT

The SILVER SCREEN

Onscreen is the German screwball comedy “LUCKY KIDS.” We hear OFFSCREEN laughter at the onscreen Aryan antics.

CU GOEBBELS

watching the screen, basking in his own toxic genius.

CU FRANCESCA

laughing at the comedy, hand covering her mouth.

CU TWO BLACK POODLES

pantingly watching the screen.

CU MAJOR HELLSTROM

smiling, smoking a German cigarette.

CU COL LANDA

smoking a German cigarette, amused.

CU FREDRICK ZOLLER

truly enjoying himself.

CU SHOSANNA

watching the screen.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack.

NARRATOR (VO)

While Shosanna sits there pretending to be amused by the Aryan antics of Goebbel’s Frank Capra copy “Lucky Kids,” a thought suddenly comes to her.

We see her face get slightly distracted behind the eyes.

NARRATOR (VO)

What if tonight, accidently, the cinema burned down? The Third Reich would lose its minister of propaganda, its national hero, and its top Jew hunter, all in one fell swoop.

She chuckles at THAT thought, though it looks like she’s chuckling at the German comedy.

NARRATOR (VO)

But then that thought...... led Shosanna To a crazy idea.

The idea flashes on her face.

Then Shosanna bursts out laughing.

Zoller looks over at her. Happy.

She’s enjoying the movie.

SILVER SCREEN

“The END” card for “Lucky Kids” is projected.

The Nazi rouges’ gallery, and Shosanna, applaud the film.

The lights go up.

Goebbels accepts congratulations, as they stand and begin to file out into the lobby.

NARRATOR (VO)

The screening of “Lucky Kids” was a complete success. And Herr Goebbels conceded to have the venue changed to Shosanna’s cinema. Not only that, in a moment of inspiration, Herr Goebbels had an idea.

Goebbels speaks GERMAN, and Francesca translates:

GOEBBELS

I must say, I appreciate the modesty of this auditorium. Your cinema has real respect, almost churchlike. Not to say we couldn’t spruce the place up a bit. In Versailles there’s a crystal chandelier hanging in the banquet hall that is extraordinary. We’re going to get it and hang it from the very middle of the auditorium roof. Also I want to go to the Louvre, pick up a few Greek nudes, and just scatter them about the lobby.

MONTAGE

We see a quick series of shots that show all that happening.

The chandelier being removed from the ceiling of Versailles.

Greek nude statues being hand-trucked out of the Louvre.

A truck driving through the French countryside with the enormous crystal chandelier in the back.

The lobby of Shosanna’s cinema, pimped out in Nazi iconography.

WORKERS buzz around decorating. The Greek statues are moved into place.

We see workers trying with incredible difficulty to hoist the huge, heavy, and twinkingly fragile chandelier in Shosanna’s auditorium, which now resembles something out of one of Tinto Brass’s Italian B-movie ripoffs of Visconti’s “The Damned.”

SHOSANNA

watches all this from an opera box. She shakes her head in disbelief.

BACK TO SHOSANNA AND THE NAZIS

in the lobby, post screening of “Lucky Kids.” She’s soundlessly escorting them to the door as they make their good-byes.

NARRATOR (VO)

As they left the little French cinema that night, all the Germans were very happy...

We see Pvt. Zoller hanging back, so he can say good-bye.

NARRATOR (VO)

None more so than Fredrick Zoller.

She closes the door on him, watching the Nazis walk into Paris night. Their shadows for a moment on the wall, look like grotesque Nazi caricatures.

The Nazis are gone.

Marcel sits at the top of the staircase of the lobby, looking down at Shosanna.

They speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

MARCEL

What the fuck are we supposed to do?

SHOSANNA

It looks like we’re supposed to have a Nazi premiere.

MARCEL

Like I said, what the fuck are we supposed to do?

SHOSANNA

Well, I need to speak with you about that.

MARCEL

About what?

SHOSANNA

About these Hun swine, commandeering our cinema.

MARCEL

What about it?

She slowly walks up the stairs to Marcel. She makes him part his legs and sits on the lower step, between his legs, her back up against his chest, his arms around her shoulders, Shosanna has only known this type of intimacy with Marcel.

SHOSANNA

Well, when I was watching that Boche

said in English

Capra-corn abomination,

back to French

I got an idea.

MARCEL

I’m confused. What are we talking about?

SHOSANNA

Filling the cinema with Nazis and their whores, and burning it down to the ground.

MARCEL

I’m not talking about that. You’re talking about that.

SHOSANNA

No, we’re talking about that, right now. If we can keep this place from burning down by ourselves, we can burn it down by ourselves.

MARCEL

Shosanna—

SHOSANNA

No, Marcel, just for the sake of argument, if we wanted to burn down the cinema for any number of reasons, you and I could physically accomplish that, no?

MARCEL

Oui, Shosanna, we could do that.

SHOSANNA

And with Madame Mimieux’s three hundred and fifty nitrate film print collection, we wouldn’t even need explosives, would we?

MARCEL

You mean we wouldn’t need any more explosives?

SHOSANNA

Oui, that’s exactly what I mean.

She begins kissing his hands.

SHOSANNA

I am going to burn down the cinema on Nazi night.

One of his fingers probes her mouth.

SHOSANNA

And if I’m going to burn down the cinema, which I am, we both know you’re not going to let me do it by myself.

The back of her head presses up hard against him, as his hand both caresses and grips her lovely neck.

SHOSANNA

Because you love me. And I love you. And you’re the only person on this earth I can trust.

She then TWISTS around so she’s straddling him. They are now face to face.

SHOSANNA

But that’s not all we’re going to do. Does the filmmaking equipment in the attic still work? I know the film camera does. How about the sound recorder?

MARCEL

Quite well, actually. I recorded a new guitarist I met in a café last week. It works superb. Why do we need filmmaking equipment?

SHOSANNA

Because Marcel, my sweet, we’re going to make a film. Just for the Nazis.

She gives him a deep French kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER FOUR

“OPERATION KINO”

FADE OFF

INT—ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE—DAY

A young MILITARY ATTACHÉ opens the sliding double doors that serve as an entrance to the room.

MILITARY ATTACHÉ

Right this way, Lieutenant.

A snappy, handsome British lieutenant in dress brown steps inside the room. This officer, who has been mixing it up with the Gerrys since the late thirties, is LT. ARCHIE HICOX, a young George Sanders type (“The Saint” and “Private Affairs of Bel Ami” years).

Upon entering the room, Lt. Hicox is gobsmacked.

Standing before him is legendary military mastermind GEN. ED FENECH, an older George Sanders type (“Village of the Damned”).

But in the back of the room, sitting behind a piano, smoking his ever-present cigar, is the unmistakable bulk of WINSTON CHURCHILL.

The lieutenant was not expecting him.

Hicox salutes the general.

LT. HICOX

Lieutenant Hicox reporting, sir.

GEN. FENECH

salutes back

General Ed. Fenech. At ease, Hicox. Drink?

Hicox’s eyes go to the formidable bulldog behind the piano, who’s scrutinizing him behind his cigar. However, the man behind the cigar makes no gesture, and the general makes no acknowledgment of the three-hundred-pound gorilla in the room. Which Lt. Hicox knows enough to mean, if Churchill isn’t introduced, he ain’t there.

LT. HICOX

If you offered me a scotch and plain water, I could drink a scotch and plain water.

GEN. FENECH

That a boy, Lieutenant. Make it yourself, like a good chap, will you? Bar’s in the globe.

Hicox heads over to the bar globe.

LT. HICOX

Something for yourself, sir?

GEN. FENECH

Whiskey straight. No junk in it.

The lieutenant moves over to the Columbus-style globe bar and busies himself mixing spirits, playing bartender chappy.

Fenech, eyeing the lieutenant’s file.

GEN. FENECH

It says here you’ve run three undercover commando operations in Germany and German-occupied territories? Frankfurt, Holland, and Norway, to be exact?

Back to them, mixing drinks, he says:

LT. HICOX

Extraordinary people, the Norwegians.

GEN. FENECH

It says here you speak German fluently?

LT. HICOX

Like a Katzenjammer Kid.

GEN. FENECH

And your occupation before the war?

His back still to us, as he bartends...

LT. HICOX

I’m a film critic.

GEN. FENECH

List your accomplishments?

LT. HICOX

Well, sir, such as they are, I write reviews and articles for a publication called “Films and Filmmakers.” As well as our sister publication.

GEN. FENECH

What’s that called?

LT. HICOX

“Flickers Bi-Monthly,” and I’ve had two books published.

GEN. FENECH

Impressive. Don’t be modest, Lieutenant. What are their titles?

LT. HICOX

The first book was called “Art of the Eyes, the Heart, and the Mind: A Study of German Cinema in the Twenties.” And the second one was called...

He turns around with his whiskey and plain water and the general’s whiskey no junk. He finishes what he was saying, as he walks toward the general, handing him his drink.

LT. HICOX

“Twenty-Four Frame Da Vinci.” It’s a subtextual film criticism study of the work of German director G. W. Pabst.

He hands the general his whiskey.

LT. HICOX

What should we drink to, sir?

GEN. FENECH

thinking, for a moment

Down with Hitler.

LT. HICOX

All the way down, sir.

CLINK.

GEN. FENECH

Are you familiar with German cinema under the Third Reich?

LT. HICOX

Yes. Obviously I haven’t seen any of the films made in the last three years, but I am familiar with it.

GEN. FENECH

Explain it to me.

LT. HICOX

Pardon, sir?

GEN. FENECH

This little escapade of ours requires a knowledge of the German film industry under the Third Reich. Explain to me UFA, under Goebbels?

LT. HICOX

Goebbels considers the films he’s making to be the beginning of a new era in German cinema—an alternative to what he considers the Jewish German intellectual cinema of the twenties and the Jewish-controlled dogma of Hollywood.

SUDDENLY... bellowing from the back of the room:

CHURCHILL

How’s he doing?

LT. HICOX

Frightfully sorry, sir, once again?

CHURCHILL

You say he wants to take on the Jews at their own game? Compared to, say,... Louis B. Mayer... how’s he doing?

LT. HICOX

Quite well, actually. Since Goebbels has taken over, film attendance has steadily risen in Germany over the last eight years. But Louis B. Mayer wouldn’t be Goebbels’ proper opposite number. I believe Goebbels sees himself closer to David O. Selznick.

Gen. Fenech looks to the prime minister.

With a puff of cigar smoke, Churchill says:

CHURCHILL

Brief him.

GEN. FENECH

Lt. Hicox, at this point in time I’d like to brief you on Operation Kino. Three days from now, Joseph Goebbels is throwing a gala premiere of one of his new movies in Paris—

LT. HICOX

—What film, sir?

The general has to resort to peeking at his file.

GEN. FENECH

The motion pictures called “Nation’s Pride.”

LT. HICOX

Oh, you mean the film about Private Zoller?

GEN. FENECH

We don’t have any intelligence on exactly what the film that night will be about.

LT. HICOX

But it’s called “Nation’s Pride”?

GEN. FENECH

Yes.

LT. HICOX

I can tell you what it’s about. It’s about Private Fredrick Zoller. He’s the German Sargeant York.

Fenech can’t help suppress a smile. They have the right man.

GEN. FENECH

In attendance at this joyous Germanic occasion will be Goebbels, Goering, Boormann, and most of the German High Command, including all the high-ranking officers of both the S.S. and the Gestapo, as well as luminaries of the Nazi propaganda-film industry.

LT. HICOX

The master race at play, aye?

GEN. FENECH

Basically, we have all our rotten eggs in one basket. The objective of Operation Kino... Blow up the basket.

LT. HICOX

reciting a poem

... and like the snows of yesteryear, gone from this earth. Jolly good, sir.

GEN. FENECH

An American Secret Service outfit that lives deep behind enemy lines will be your assist. The Germans call them “the Basterds.”

LT. HICOX

“The Basterds.” Never heard of them.

GEN. FENECH

Whole point of the Secret Service, old boy, you not hearing of them. But the Gerrys have heard of them, because these Yanks have been them the devil. Their leader is a chap named Lieutenant Aldo Raine. The Germans call him “Aldo the Apache.”

LT. HICOX

Why do they call him that?

GEN. FENECH

Best guess is because he removes the scalps of the Nazi dead.

LT. HICOX

Scalps, sir?

GEN. FENECH

The hair.

He runs his finger along his hairline.

GEN. FENECH

Like a red Injun.

LT. HICOX

Rather gruesome-sounding little dickybird, isn’t he?

GEN. FENECH

No doubt the whole lot, a bunch of nutters. But you’ve heard the expression “It takes a thief.”

LT. HICOX

Indeed.

Gen. Fenech continues on with his exposition, moving over to a military map.

GEN. FENECH

You’ll be dropped into Franch about twenty-four kilometers outside of Paris. The Basterds will be waiting for you. First thing, you go to a little village called Nadine.

He points it out on the map.

Apparently the Gerrys never go there. In Nadine, there’s a tavern called La Louisiane. You’ll rendezvous with our double agent, and she’ll take it from there. She’s the one who’s going to get you into the premiere. It will be you, her, and two German-born members of the Basterds. She’s also made all the other arrangements you’re going to need.

LT. HICOX

How will I know her?

GEN. FENECH

I suspect that won’t be too much trouble for you. Your contract is Bridget von Hammersmark.

LT. HICOX

Bridget von Hammersmark? The German movie star is working for England?

GEN. FENECH

For the last two years now. One could even say Operation Kino was her brainchild.

In the back of the room the bulldog barks:

CHURCHILL

Extraordinary woman.

LT. HICOX

Quite.

GEN. FENECH

You’ll go to the premiere as her escort, lucky devil. She’ll also have the premiere tickets for the other two. Got the gist?

LT. HICOX

I think so, sir. Paris when it sizzles.

The three British bulldogs laugh.

EXT—CINEMA ROOFTOP—DAY

Shosanna and Marcel are on the rooftop of their cinema literally making a movie.

Marcel is behind an old (even then) BOLEX 35MM MOVIE CAMERA, positioned low, looking up.

Shosanna, the camera subject, stands on boxes looking down into it.

A old-timey MICROPHONE is positioned out of frame.

As they always do, and always will, they speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into you know what.

MARCEL

We need a sync mark.

SHOSANNA

What is a sync mark?

MARCEL

An action and noise put together, So we can sync up the picture and sound.

SHOSANNA

How do we do that?

MARCEL

Clap your hands.

She does.

MARCEL

In frame, imbecile.

She claps her hands in front of her face.

MARCEL

Ready?

Shosanna takes a deep breath, then:

SHOSANNA

Ready.

MARCEL

Action.

WE CUT, BEFORE SHE SPEAKS, TO...

THE SCENE EARLIER BETWEEN MARCEL AND SHOSANNA IN THE LOBBY, ON THE STAIRS, TALKING ABOUT BURNING DOWN THE CINEMA.

Big difference. This time, it’s in COLOR.

MARCEL

But how do we get it developed? Only a suicidal idiot like us would develop that footage. How do we get a 35mm print with a soundtrack?

SHOSANNA

Do you know one person who can do both things?

MARCEL

Of course, Gaspar. Very nice man, took care of all the experimental filmmakers. But nobody in their right mind would strike a print of what you’re talking about. If the Nazis found out, their life wouldn’t be worth this.

He snaps his fingers.

SHOSANNA

In a wolf fight, you either eat the wolf or the wolf eats you. If we’re going to obliterate the Nazis, we have to use their tactics.

MARCEL

What does that mean?

SHOSANNA

We find somebody who can develop and process a 35mm print. And we make them do it or we kill them. Once we tell them what we want to do if they refuse, we have to kill them anyway or they’ll turn us in.

MARCEL

Would you do that?

SHOSANNA

Like that.

Snaps her fingers.

INT—SMALL FILM-PROCESSING LAB—LATE NIGHT

A old mom-and-pop film processing lab circa the thirties.

Late late at night.

GASPAR, the fatherly figure of all the experimental French filmmakers in the decade before German rule, takes a SAVAGE BEATING at the hands of his friend Marcel.

Shosanna watches, pitiless.

SHOSANNA

Bring that fucker over here! Put his head down on that table.

Marcel holds Gaspar’s arm behind him as he forces his head flat against the tabletop.

Shosanna brings a HATCHET DOWN DEEP into the table, just by his face.

SHOSANNA

You either do what the fuck we tell you to, or I’ll bury this ax in your collaborating skull.

GASPAR

I’m not a collaborator!

SHOSANNA

Then prove it! Or does your manhood go no deeper than standing to piss? Marcel, do his wife and children know you?

MARCEL

Oui.

SHOSANNA

Then after we kill this dog for Germans, we’ll go and silence them.

She lifts up the hatchet, raises it high...

SHOSANNA

Prepare to die, collaborator fucker!

CUT TO

GASPAR

hands the couple a SMALL SILVER CAN OF 35MM FILM, Outside the shop window, it’s morning.

INT—PROJECTION ROOM

WE SEE the five heavy silver film cans of Fredrick Zoller’s life story, “Nation’s Pride” (clearly marked), on the floor of the projection booth.

The can for REEL 4 is open and empty.

Shosanna’s at the editing bench. REEL 4 is up on the rewinds...

Shosanna SPLICES her and Marcel’s footage into REEL 4 of Fredrick’s film, rewinds it, puts it back in the can, and puts a piece of RED TAPE on the REEL 4 CAN.

She walks out of the booth, turning off the lights behind her, PLUNGING THE SCREEN INTO DARKNESS.

BLACK FRAME

FROM BLACK

DISSOLVE TO

EXT—LA LOUISIANE (TAVERN)—NIGHT

We see a small basement tavern with an old rustic sign out front that reads “La Louisiane.”

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

“The village of

Nadine, France”

TWO SHOT LT. HICOX and LT. ALDO RAINE

Aldo is dressed like a French civilian. Hicox is dressed in a German gray S.S. captain’s uniform. They look out of a window, in an apartment, in the village of Nadine, overlooking the tavern.

LT. ALDO

You didn’t say the goddamn rendezvous was in a fuckin’ basement.

LT. HICOX

I didn’t know.

LT. ALDO

You said it was in a tavern?

LT. HICOX

It is a tavern.

LT. ALDO

Yeah, in a basement. You know, fightin’ in a basement offers a lot of difficulties, number one being you’re fighting in a basement.

Wilhelm Wicki joins the SHOT, dressed in a German S.S. lieutenant’s uniform.

WICKI

What if we go in there and she’s not even there?

LT. HICOX

We wait. Don’t worry. She’s a British spy. She’ll make the rendezvous.

WE SEE that the other Basterds, dressed in French civilian clothes, are in the room as well. They are Donowitz, Hirschberg, and Utivich. And in the back of the room, dressed in the gray uniform of an S.S. lieutenant, Hugo Stiglitz sits off by himself, sharpening his S.S. DAGGER on his leather belt, looped around his boot. Anybody not in the scene from the Basterd’s opening chapter is dead.

Lt. Hicox watches Stiglitz off by himself on the other side of the room SHARPENING his dagger menacingly.

Stiglitz is fucking weird...

Lt. Hicox approaches Stiglitz...

LT. HICOX

Stiglitz, right?

STIGLITZ

That’s right, sir.

He continues bringing the blade’s edge up, then down on the leather strap.

LT. HICOX

I hear you’re pretty good with that?

Meaning the blade.

Stiglitz doesn’t answer.

LT. HICOX

You know, we’re not looking for trouble right now. We’re simply making contact with our agent. Should be uneventful. However, on the off chance I’m wrong and things prove eventful, I need to know we can all remain calm.

The renegade Gerry sergeant stops his blade’s progress and looks up at the limey lieutenant.

STIGLITZ

I don’t look calm to you?

LT. HICOX

Well, now you put it like that, I guess you do.

He turns his attention back to his blade.

Hicox moves over to Aldo and asks him privately:

LT. HICOX

This Gerry of yours, Stiglitz? Not exactly the loquacious type, is he?

Aldo just looks at him.

LT. ALDO

Is that the kinda man you need, the loquacious type?

LT. HICOX

Fair point, Lieutenant.

LT. ALDO

So y’all git in trouble in there, what are we supposed to do? Make bets on how it all comes out?

LT. HICOX

If we get into trouble, we can handle it. But if trouble does happen, we need you to make damn sure no Germans or French, for that matter— escape from that basement. If Fräulein von Hammersmark’s cover is compromised, the mission is kaput.

Donny chimes in:

SGT. DONOWITZ

Speaking of Fräulein von Hammersmark, whose idea was it for the death trap rendezvous?

LT. HICOX

She chose the spot.

SGT. DONOWITZ

Well, isn’t that just dandy?

LT. HICOX

Look, she’s not a military strategist. She’s just an actress.

LT. ALDO

Ya don’t got to be Stonewall Jackson to know you don’t want to fight in a basement.

LT. HICOX

She wasn’t picking a place to fight. She was picking a place isolated and without Germans.

PFC. HIRSCHBERG

Lieutenant, I hate to be contrary, but I got me a Nazi pissin’ on Louisiana two o’clock.

They move to the window, and sure enough, ONE LONE NAZI PRIVATE relieves himself against the side wall.

Lt. Hicox, this was definitely not the plan.

LT. HICOX

Shit.

Sgt. Donowitz chides him:

SGT. DONOWITZ

So what do you think your Fräulein von Hammer—

LT. HICOX

—Obviously, I don’t know, Sergeant.

The British officer watches the German soldier, who’s not supposed to be there. When Hugo Stiglitz joins him at the window, Stiglitz looks down at the urinating Nazi, S.S. dagger in hand.

STIGLITZ

If we’re going, let’s go.

He sheaths the dagger.

EXT—LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN)—NIGHT

The GERMAN PISSING PRIVATE sloppily finishes his task.

Cramming his noodle back in his pants, he descends the stairs that lead him back into the basement tavern. We follow him...

INT—LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN)—NIGHT

Inside the basement tavern La Louisiane. It has a very low-hanging basement ceiling. A old-looking wood bar off to the right. And the only other space in the little tavern is taken

up by two large (at least in here) tables, which take up both halves of the room. And despite rumors to the contrary, one of the two tables is completely filled with drunken, celebrating Nazi enlisted men, of which our urinating friend is one of five.

FIVE NAZIS

ONE GERMAN MASTER SERGEANT, ONE FEMALE GERMAN SERGEANT (a powerfully built, stocky type), and THREE MALE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

The five Nazis are sitting around the table, drinking, and playing a very fun game with none other than the Fräulein of the hour, UFA diva BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK, dressed to the nines in a chic, forties-style woman’s suit, complete with fedora.

The game they’re playing consists of each player having a card with the name of a famous person, real or imaginary, stuck to their forehead. The player doesn’t know what name is on their forehead. So they ask the others questions to figure out who they are.

The five Germans’ five cards read: MASTER SGT #1: (POLA NEGRI); FEMALE SGT #2: (BEETHOVEN); GERMAN PRIVATE #3: (MATA HARI); GERMAN PRIVATE #4: (EDGAR WALLACE); GERMAN PRIVATE #5: (WINNETOU). And Bridget von Hammersmark, who wears her card in the brim of her fedora, has GENGHIS KHAN.

It’s German #5’s (WINNETOU) turn to ask questions.

The DIALOGUE will be in GERMAN and SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

WINNETOU

... okay, I’m not German. Am I American?

The whole table bursts out laughing.

FEMALE SGT. BEETHOVEN

Yes, you are!

EDGAR WALLACE

Well, not really.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

What do you mean, not really? Of course he is.

EDGAR WALLACE

Well, if he’s so American, how come he’s never been translated into English. He’s not American. He’s supposed to be American, but he’s not an American creation. In fact, he’s something very different.

WINNETOU

Okay, I’m a fictional, literary character, from the past. I’m American, and that’s controversial.

BRIDGET/GENGUS

No, it’s not controversial. The nationality of the author has nothing to do with the nationality of the character. The character is the character. Hamlet’s not British, he’s Danish. So, yes, this character was born in America.

WINNETOU

Well, I’m glad that’s settled. If I had a wife, would she be called a squaw?

He’s got it.

The table laughs.

THE TABLE

YES!

WINNETOU

Is my blood brother Old Shatterhand?

THE TABLE

Yes!

WINNETOU

Did Karl May write me?

THE TABLE

Yes!

In the BACKGROUND, WE SEE our three counterfeit German officers—Hicox, Wicki, and Stiglitz—enter the basement tavern. They obviously see the five German soldiers, but they’re too far away for us (the audience) to read their faces. No doubt they’re less than happy. Fräuhlein von Hammersmark sees them as well. Without getting up, she waves to them.

BRIDGET

Hello, my lovelies. I will join you in moments. I’m finishing up a game with my five new friends here.

LT. HICOX

No hurry, Fräulein von Hammersmark. Take your time. Enjoy yourself.

BRIDGET

to Winnetou

So who are you?

WINNETOU

I am WINNETOU, CHIEF of the APACHES!

The table CHEERS and APPLAUDS the Apache chief as he takes the card off his forehead.

The other four German soldiers drink down their beer (part of the game).

Bridget von Hammersmark knocks back her champagne.

MATA HARI

Fräulein von Hammersmark, when your friends came in, did you realize you did a double take, like in the movies?

BRIDGET

Really? No, I wasn’t aware of that at all.

MATA HARI

They must be second nature to you now. Did they teach you how to do a double take in the movies?

BRIDGET

Well, yes, they did, but it’s not really that difficult.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Do one for us.

The table heartily agrees.

Bridget looks directly at the master sergeant and does a perfect, and perfectly funny, double take.

The table loves it.

MATA HARI

My turn, I want to try.

Mata Hari looks directly at Beethoven and does a double take.

EDGAR WALLACE

I want to try.

He does.

Soon the whole table is doing dueling double takes.

HICOX—WICKI—STIGLITZ

watch the table do dueling double takes. Obviously, they don’t understand.

THEN...

Bridget von Hammersmark rises and excuses herself from the table. She removes the card stuck in her fedora, looking at the name for the first time. Genghis Khan.

BRIDGET

Genghis Khan! I would never have gotten that.

She walks over and joins the masquerading Germans’ table. The gentlemen rise. She greets each warmly with a French cheek kiss, as if she knows them well.

They all take a seat. The two basterds and one Brit drink whiskey.

The tavern’s PROPRIETOR, an older, big-bellied Frenchman named EARL, comes over to the table and pours more champagne into Bridget’s champagne glass. He leaves, returning back behind the bar, with the YOUNG FRENCH BARMAID, the only other person in the establishment.

Obviously, they speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

LT. HICOX

I thought this place was supposed to have more French than Germans?

BRIDGET

Normally that’s true. The sergeant over there’s wife just had a baby. His commanding officer gave him and his mates the night off to celebrate.

WICKI

We should leave.

BRIDGET

No, we should stay. For one drink at least. I’ve been waiting for you in a bar. It would look strange if we left before we had a drink.

LT. HICOX

She’s right. Just be calm, and enjoy your booze.

BACK TO THE GERMAN TABLE

The French barmaid has taken Bridget’s place in the rousing, rowdy game. She tells them her person must be French or she won’t know them. Winnetou thinks for a moment, then writes a name on a card. The barmaid puts it on her forehead. It says: NAPOLEON.

The Germans all laugh.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS’ TABLE

BRIDGET

There’s been some new developments. The cinema venue has changed.

LT. HICOX

Why?

BRIDGET

No one knows. But that in itself shouldn’t be a problem. The cinema it’s been changed to is considerably smaller than The Ritz. So whatever materials you brought for The Ritz should be doubly effective here. Now this next piece of information is colossal, try not to overreact. The Führer will be attending tomorrow.

Hugo Stiglitz does a SPIT-TAKE.

Bridget’s eyes bore holes in him.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMANS

They see Hugo do the spit-take and burst out laughing.

Keeping it up, they begin to do dueling spit-takes, like they did dueling double takes earlier. Needless to say, they all get wet.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS

BRIDGET

to Hicox

You’ll be going as Ernst Schuller. You’ll say you’re an associate producer on Riefenstahl’s “Tiefland.” It’s the one German production not under Goebbels’ control, and Leni wouldn’t be caught dead at a Goebbels film affair.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMAN TABLE

Master Sgt. Pola Negri drinks his beer as he looks over, dreamily, at Bridget von Hammersmark at the other table.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS

Bridget continues to brief Hicox on his identity. We see in the B.G. the German master sergeant stand up from his table and head toward Fräulein von Hammersmark.

BRIDGET

... the film’s gone through many delays, and Leni’s health is deteriorating, so if you have to speak...

Hicox, seeing the German master sergeant approach, signals for her to cool it.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Fräulein von Hammersmark, I was just thinking, could you sign an autograph to my son on his birthday?

BRIDGET

I’d love to, Wilhelm.

to the table

This handsome happy sergeant just became a father today.

The pretend officers offer congratulations to the sergeant.

The German master sergeant CLICKS his heels and bows before his superior officers.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Thank you. Heil Hitler.

He raises his hand... as do the seated phony officers: “Heil Hitler.”

As she takes a rather fancy fountain pen from her clutch...

BRIDGET

So, Wilhelm, do you know the name of this progeny yet?

SGT. POLA NEGRI

I most certainly do, Fräulein. His name is Maximilian.

Even the slightly psychotic Stiglitz likes this German sergeant.

STIGLITZ

Wonderful name, Sergeant.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Thank you, Lieutenant. When he’s old enough to ride a bicycle, I will buy him a blue one. And I will paint on the side “The Blue Max.”

He thrusts out his beer stein, for the officers to cheer.

They do.

Bridget finishes signing her autograph, with a big flourish.

BRIDGET

There you go. But wait, I’m not finished yet.

She reaches into her clutch and pulls out some lipstick, applies some ruby-red color to her lips, and then kisses the napkin, leaving a big red lip print. Then she hands the treasured item to the young officer.

BRIDGET

Nothing but the best for little Maximilian.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Thank you, Fräulein, thank you. Max may not know who you are now. But he will. I will show him all of your movies. He will grow up with your films, and this napkin on his wall.

Then, to the whole tavern...

SGT. POLA NEGRI

I propose a toast to the greatest actress in Germany! There is no Dietrich, there is no Riefenstahl, only von Hammersmark!

The whole room toasts.

This would be a good time for the German sergeant to go back to his table and his men. And he almost does... but... since he is drunk, and star struck, he out wears his welcome.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

So, Fräulein von Hammersmark, what brings you to France?

Feeling any good Nazi officer’s patience would have been exhausted long ago, Lt. Hicox butts in.

LT. HICOX

None of your business, Sergeant. You might not have worn out your welcome with the fräulein with your drunken, boorish behavior, but you have worn out your welcome with me.

The table of game-playing soldiers hears this and gets quiet.

LT. HICOX

Might I remind you Sergeant, you’re an enlisted man. This is an officers’ table. I suggest you stop pestering the fräulein and rejoin your table.

The German master sergeant looks quizzically at the officer.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Excuse me, Captain, but your accent is very unusual.

The whole room pauses... for different reasons...

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Where are you from?

A silent moment passes between the two tables, then the two German-born imposters spring into action.

WICKI

Sergeant! You must be either drunk or mad to speak to a superior officer with such impertinence!

Stiglitz, STANDS and YELLS to the other table:

STIGLITZ

I’m making YOU...

pointing at Winnetou

...and YOU...

pointing at Edgar Wallace

... responsible for him.

pointing at Sgt. Pola

I suggest you take hold of your friend, or he’ll spend Max’s first birthday in jail for public drunkenness!

The Germans SPRING UP and take hold of Sgt. Pola...

WHEN...

A GERMAN VOICE rings out:

GERMAN VOICE (OS)

Then might I inquire?

The five known Germans move aside, revealing the unknown German in the room, unseen till now, our old friend from before: MAJOR DIETER HELLSTROM of the GESTAPO. The major stands from the little table he was sitting at.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Like the young, newly christened father, I to have an acute ear for accents. And like him, I too find yours odd. From where do you hail, Captain?

Wicki jumps in:

WICKI

Major, this is highly inappr—

MAJOR HELLSTROM

—I wasn’t speaking to you, Lieutenant Saltzberg,

turning to Stiglitz

or you either, Lieutenant Berlin.

looking at HICOX

I was speaking to Captain I-don’t-know-what.

The Gestapo major is now standing beside Sgt. Pola, before the imposter’s table.

Lt. Hicox calmly explains his origin.

LT. HICOX

I was born in the village that rests in the shadow of Pitz Palu.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

The mountain?

LT. HICOX

Yes. In that village we all speak like this. Have you seen the Riefenstahl film?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes.

LT. HICOX

Then you saw me. You remember the skiing torch scene?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes, I do.

LT. HICOX

In that scene were myself, my father, my sister, and my two brothers. My brother is so handsome, the director, Pabst, gave him a closeup.

As Bridget von Hammersmark places a cigarette in an ivory cigarette holder—which Hicox, as if on cue, lights for her she says:

BRIDGET

Major, if my word means anything, I can vouch for everything the young captain has just said. He does hail from the bottom of Pitz Palu, he was in the film, and his brother is far more handsome than he.

The imposters laugh.

Then... so does the Gestapo major. He turns to the sergeant.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You should rejoin your friends.

Which the young sergeant is more than happy to do. That table begins playing their game again.

Major Hellstrom, the highest-ranking officer in the room, bows graciously to the female German celebrity.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

May I join you?

BRIDGET

By all means, Major.

The Gestapo major sits at the table, opposite Lt. Hicox and Wicki.

The French barmaid brings over the Major’s beer stein.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So that’s the source of your bizarre accent? Extraordinary. So what are you doing here, Captain?

LT. HICOX

Aside from having a drink with the lovely fräulein?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well, that pleasure requires no explanation.

Chuckle... chuckle

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I mean in country. You’re obviously not stationed in France, or I’d know who you are.

LT. HICOX

You know every German in France?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Worth knowing.

LT. HICOX

Well, therein lies the problem. We never claimed to be worth knowing.

Chuckle... chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

chuckling as he asks

All levity aside, what are you doing in France?

LT. HICOX

Attending Goebbels’s film premiere as the fräulein’s escort.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You’re the fräulein’s escort?

LT. HICOX

Somebody has to carry the lighter.

Chuckle... chuckle.

BRIDGET

The captain is my date, but all three are my guests. We’re old friends, Major, who go back a long time. Longer than an actress would care to admit.

Chuckle... chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well, in that case, let me raise a glass to the three luckiest men in the room.

BRIDGET

I’ll drink to that.

They cheers.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMANS’ TABLE

They continue to have a lot of fun playing their game.

BACK TO THE OFFICERS’ TABLE

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I must say, that game they’re playing looks like a good bit of fun. I didn’t join them, because you’re quite right, Captain, officers and enlisted men shouldn’t fraternize. But seeing as we’re all officers here,

bowing to Bridget

... and sophisticated lady friends of officers, what say we play the game?

Lt. Hicox begins to refuse when Bridget (feeling she knows better) interrupts him:

BRIDGET

Okay, one game.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Wunderbar.

The major borrows five cards from the other table and lays them out in front of Bridget and the officers.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So the object of the game is to write the name of a famous person on your card. Real or fictitious, doesn’t matter. For instance, you could write Confucius or Fu Manchu.

He SNAPS his fingers.

Eric! More pens.

back to the players

And they must be famous. No Aunt Ingas. When you finish writing, put the card face down on the table and move it to the person to your left. The person to your right will move their card in front of you. You pick up the card without looking at it, lick the back, and stick it on your forehead, like so.

He demonstrates.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

And in ten yes or no questions, you must guess who you are...

As Maj. Hellstrom finishes explaining the finer points of the game, a CAMERA PANS OFF HIM and BEGINS SLOWLY ZOOMING INTO STIGLITZ. The major’s dialogue begins to FADE AWAY.

Until we’re in a SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK. Which is RED-FILTERED FOOTAGE of Hugo being savagely WHIPPED by somebody wearing a GESTAPO UNIFORM, SUPERIMPOSED over his CLOSEUP.

The flashback disappears. It’s driving Stiglitz crazy, being this close to a Gestapo uniform and not plunging a knife into it.

The major’s voice comes back on the soundtrack.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

... So let’s give it a try, shall we? Everybody write your names.

The five players write their names...

Then move their cards to the left...

Everybody sticks their cards on their forehead...

MAJ. KING KONG

I’ll start, give you the idea. Am I German?

They laugh.

BRIDGET

No.

MAJ. KING KONG

Am I an American?

They laugh—but then Wicki says:

WICKI

Wait a minute, he goes to—

BRIDGET

Don’t be ridiculous. Obviously he wasn’t born in America.

MAJ. KING KONG

So... I visited America, aye?

The table says, “Yes.”

MAJ. KING KONG

Was this visit... fortuitous?

WICKI

Not for you.

MAJ. KING KONG

... Hummm. My native land, is it what one would call exotic?

The table confers and decides, yes, it is exotic.

MAJ. KING KONG

Hummm. That could be either a reference to the jungle or the Orient. I’m going to let my first instinct take over and ask, am I from the jungle?

The table says, “Yes, you are.”

MAJ. KING KONG

Now gentlemen, around this time you could ask whether you’re real or fictitious. I, however, think that’s too easy, so I won’t ask that, yet. Okay, my native land is the jungle. I visited America, but my visit was not fortuitous to me, but the implication is that it was to somebody else. When I went from the jungle to America,... did I go by boat?

“Yes.”

MAJ. KING KONG

Did I go against my will?

“Yes.”

MAJ. KING KONG

On this boat ride... Was I in chains?

“Yes.”

MAJ. KING KONG

When I arrived in America... was I displayed in chains?

“Yes.”

MAJ. KING KONG

Am I the story of the Negro in America?

The table says, “No.”

MAJ. KING KONG

Well, then, I must be King Kong.

He throws the card on the table.

They applaud him.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Now since I answered correctly, you all need to finish your drinks.

The three counterfeit Nazis knock back their whiskeys.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Now, who’s next?

LT. HICOX

Major, I don’t mean to be rude. But the four of us are very good friends. And the four of us haven’t seen each other in quite a while. So... Major, I’m afraid, you are intruding.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I beg to differ, Captain. It’s only if the fräulein considers my presence an intrusion that I become an intruder. How about it, Fräulein? Am I intruding?

BRIDGET

Of course not, Major.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I didn’t think so. It’s simply the young captain is immune to my charms.

The table’s not sure what to do. Is this a confrontation?

Then the major laughs.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I’m just joking. Of course, I’m intruding. Allow me to refill your glasses, gentlemen, and I will bid you and the fräulein adieu.

leaning in

Eric has a bottle of thirty-three-year-old single-malt scotch whiskey from the Scottish highlands. What do you say, gentlemen?

LT. HICOX

You’re most gracious, sir.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Eric, the thirty-three and new glasses! You don’t want to contaminate the thirty-three with the swill you were drinking.

ERIC

How many glasses?

LT. HICOX

Five glasses.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Not me. I like scotch, scotch doesn’t like me.

BRIDGET

Nor I. I’ll stay with bubbly.

Lt. Hicox holds up three fingers (pinky to middle finger) to Eric, the owner.

LT. HICOX

Three glasses.

Eric brings the three glasses and the old bottle, pouring for the three soldiers.

Major Hellstrom lifts up his beer stein and toasts:

MAJOR HELLSTROM

To a thousand-year Reich!

They all mutter, “a thousand-year reich” and clink glasses.

The Gestapo major puts down his beer stein, and then WE HEAR a CLICK under the table.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Did you hear that? That’s the sound of my WALTER pointed right at your testicles.

LT. HICOX

Why do you have a Luger pointed at my testicles?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Because you’ve just given yourself away, captain. You’re no more German than scotch.

LT. HICOX

Well, Major—

BRIDGET

—Major—

MAJOR HELLSTROM

—Shut up, slut.

to Hicox

You were saying?

LT. HICOX

I was saying that makes two of us. I’ve had a gun pointed at your balls since you sat down.

SGT. STIGLITZ

That makes three of us.

UNDER THE TABLE

We see all three guns pointed at the appropriate crotches, as well as Bridget’s legs, right besides the Nazi major’s. Her pretty gams are sure to be chewed up in the possible crossfire.

SGT. STIGLITZ

And at this range, I’m a real Fredrick Zoller.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Hummm... Looks like we have a bit of a sticky situation here.

LT. HICOX

What’s going to happen, Major, is you’re going to stand up and walk out that door with us.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

No, no, no, no, no, no, I don’t think so. I’m afraid you and I both know, no matter what happens to anybody else in this room, the two of us aren’t going anywhere.

pointing at the table behind him

Too bad about Sgt. Wilhelm and his friends. If any of you expect to live, you’ll have to shoot them too.

pause

Looks like little Max is going to grow up an orphan. How sad.

BRIDGET

Then, Major, I implore you. For the sake of those German troops, will you please leave with us?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Oh, Bridget, your concern for German troops gets me...

pointing at his heart

... right here. You mean for the sake of your whore legs, don’t you? You can’t afford to get any bullet holes in them. You’re not finished spreading them for all the Hollywood Jews.

Lt. Hicox picks up his thirty-three-year-old single-malt scotch and says:

LT. HICOX

ENGLISH

Well, if this is it, old boy, I hope you don’t mind if I go out speaking the king’s?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

ENGLISH

By all means, Captain.

The English film critic commando picks up the thirty-three the Nazi major bought him and says:

LT. HICOX

There’s a special rung in hell reserved for people who waste good scotch. And seeing as I might be rapping on the door momentarily...

He downs the stuff.

LT. HICOX

to the Nazi major

I must say, damn good stuff, sir.

He puts the glass down.

LT. HICOX

Now about this pickle we find ourselves in. It would appear there’s only one thing left for you to do.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

ENGLISH

And what would that be?

LT. HICOX

Stiglitz.

STIGLITZ

Say, “auf Widersehen” to your balls!

STIGLITZ

FIRES into HELLSTROM’S BALLS...

As does HICOX, HITTING not only Hellstrom, but BRIDGET as well.

HELLSTROM

FIRES into HICOX’s BALLS and KNEECAPS.

STIGLITZ

then JUMPS over the table and begins STABBING HELLSTROM with the DAGGER.

HICOX FALLS to the floor... DEAD.

BRIDGET FALLS to the floor... SHOT.

WICKI

brings his weapon out from underneath the table and BEGINS FIRING across at the GERMANS at the table, who, unaware, were still PLAYING THE GAME.

WINNETOU

is SHOT IN THE BACK, before he even knows what is happening.

EDGAR WALLACE is SHOT by WICKI.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

FALLS to the floor in the confusion.

FEMALE SGT. BEETHOVEN and STIGLITZ bring their guns toward each other and FIRE. They BOTH TAKE and GIVE each other so many BULLETS it’s almost romantic when they collapse DEAD on the floor.

WICKI and MATA HARI

both ON THEIR FEET, FIRING WILDLY at each other. MATA HARI is HIT THREE TIMES. WICKI is HIT ONCE.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

comes off the floor with a SUBMACHINE GUN and SPRAYS the whole other side of the room, WIPING OUT WICKI, ERIC, MATA HARI, and THE BARMAID.

The SHOOTING STOPS... THE SMOKE caused by the gunfire...

starts to DISSIPATE... The only one in the room left alive is the young German sergeant with the machine gun.

WE HEAR the feet of the soldiers outside reach the basement entrance.

The door opens...

The German sergeant sends FIFTY BULLETS in the door’s direction...

No one goes through it.

What we have here is a rabbit-hole-like situation. No one inside is getting out. No one outside is getting in.

The young German sergeant YELLS in ENGLISH to the outside:

GERMAN SERGEANT

You outside! Who are you? British, American, what?

Aldo’s voice YELLS down the hole:

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

We’re Americans! What are you?

GERMAN SERGEANT

I’m a German, you idiot!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

You speak English pretty good for a German!

GERMAN SERGEANT

I agree! So let’s talk!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Okay, talk!

GERMAN SERGEANT

I’m a father! My baby was born today in Frankfurt! Five hours ago! His name is Max! We were in here drinking and celebrating! They’re the ones that came in shooting and killing! It’s not my fault!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Okay, okay, it wasn’t your fault! What’s your name, soldier?

GERMAN SERGEANT

Wilhelm!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

That’s the same name as one of the guys you just killed!

WILHELM

They attacked us!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Okay, Wilhelm... is anybody alive on our side?

WILHELM

No!

We hear a VOICE OFFSCREEN yell out:

BRIDGET’S VOICE (OS)

I’m alive!

Wilhelm spins in the direction of the voice.

On the floor, with a bullet in her BLOODY LEG, lies the still-alive Bridget von Hammersmark.

The German sergeant points the muzzle of the machine gun at the German celebrity, with hate in his eyes.

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Who’s that?

WILHELM

to BRIDGET, low

Make a sound, whore, and I spit!

Meaning the muzzle.

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Wilhelm, who is that?

WILHELM

Is the girl on your side?

Pause.

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Which girl?

WILHELM

Who do you think—von Hammersmark!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Yeah, she’s ours!

WILHELM

to Bridget, LOW, in GERMAN

I thought so. So you run with the Americans now, huh? Now times are bad?

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Is she okay?

WILHELM

to Bridget, LOW, in GERMAN

You despicable traitor.

to Aldo

She’s been shot, but she’s alive.

to Bridget, LOW, in GERMAN

For now.

We hear the Basterds curse their luck offscreen.

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Okay, Wilhelm, what’d ya say we make a deal?

WILHELM

What’s your name?

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Aldo. Wilhelm, can I call ya Willi?

WILHELM

Yes.

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

So, Willi, you know we could lob three or four or five or six grenades down there and your little war story ends here. But good fer you, bad fer her. You die, she dies. So what say we make a swap?

WILLI

Keep talking!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Okay, Willi, here’s my deal! You let me and one of my men come down to take the girl away! And we take the girl and leave! That simple, Willi! You go your way, we go ours! And little Max gets to grow up playing catch with his daddy! So what ‘ya say, Willi, we got a deal?

Willi thinks...

Bridget watches Willi think...

WILLI

Aldo?

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

I’m here, Willi!

WILLI

I want to trust you... But how can I?

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

What choice ya got?

WILLI

I could kill the girl!

ALDO’S VOICE (OS)

Well, now, Willi, that’s true enough. But something you need to know, so you don’t get the wrong idea. Ain’t none of us give a fuck ‘bout that girl. But, admittedly, if you kill her, it would fuck up our plans. But you’ll be dead by then anyway, so what’d you care? And let’s not forget that little Katzenjammer Max, growin’ up without a pop. So in the spirit of gettin’ you home to him, we got a deal, Willi?

WILLI

Okay, Aldo. I’m going to trust you! Come down, no guns!

Aldo and Hirschberg come down the stairs, showing open hands.

Willi keeps his machine gun trained on them.

Aldo, with his hands up, says:

ALDO

Hey, Willi, what’s with the machine gun? I thought we had a deal.

WILLI

We do have a deal. Now get the girl and go.

ALDO

Not so fast, Willi. We only have a deal, we trust each other. A Mexican standoff ain’t trust.

WILLI

You need guns on me for it to be a Mexican standoff.

ALDO

You got guns on us, you decide to shoot, we’re dead. Up top, they got grenades, they drop ’em down here, you’re dead. That’s a Mexican standoff, and that wasn’t the deal.

WILLI

Just take that fuckin’ traitor and go! See? Now you’re down here— Now you get tricky—!

ALDO

—No tricks!—Ain’t nobody gittin’ tricky, Willi! I swear to god, I’m too damn dumb to get tricky. But

meaning Hirschberg

him and I lived up to the deal. We came down without guns. Now it’s your turn. No trust, no deal.

Willi pointing the gun at them... thinking...

ALDO

I know you’re scared. I’m scared, he’s scared, we’re all scared. So what’s it gonna be, Willi? Either we got a deal or you might as well just shoot us now.

Willi decides...

He puts the machine gun down on the bar.

WILLI

Fine. Take that fucking traitor and get her out of my sight.

ALDO

Danke, Willi, danke. Okay, Hirschberg, you grab her shoulder—

WHEN...

From behind Aldo and Hirschberg, Bridget lifts up Major Hellstrom’s WALTER and EMPTIES the remaining bullets into

Sgt. Willi, who FALLS to the floor, DEAD.

Aldo and Hirschberg spin around, shocked.

From the floor, the bloody, sweaty, and in excruciating pain (she’ll probably lose that leg} German movie star says to the two American soldiers she’s just meeting for the first time:

BRIDGET

He was an enemy soldier who knew who I was. He couldn’t live.

INT—FRENCH HOUSE IN COUNTRY (BEDROOM)—NIGHT

An OLD MAN lies asleep under the covers of his blankets, in his bed, in his bedroom...

WHEN...

... OFF SCREEN THE SOUND OF A DOOR BEING KICKED OPEN...

... THE SOUND OF WHAT SOUNDS LIKE EIGHT DOGS BARKING...

and the sound of FEET RUNNING TOWARD US...

his bedroom door is THROWN OPEN, and Sgt. Donowitz RUSHES IN, grabbing the old man in his bed and putting a .45 automatic to his head.

SGT. DONOWITZ

ENGLISH

Doctor? Doctor?

OLD MAN

FRENCH

What? What’s happening?

Donny SLAMS the .45 hard against the old man’s head, shocking, scaring, and bringing the old gent to attention.

SGT. DONOWITZ

ENGLISH

Doctor? Are you a fucking doctor?

He nods his head, yes.

SGT. DONOWITZ

Andiamo...

Donny YANKS/DRAGS the old man out of bed, in his almost comical nightshirt (which makes him cuter, thus the brutality against him hurts more) toward the door...

INT—DOCTOR’S EXAMINING ROOM—NIGHT

...INTO A DOCTOR’S EXAMINING ROOM BUILT INTO A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE, WITH AN EXAMINING TABLE AND MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS.

However, it’s obviously the medical examining room of a veterinarian.

Along the walls are different cages with eight BARKING dogs in them.

The soldiers are putting the shot-in-the-leg, bleeding, and in excruciating pain Bridget on the examining table.

Donny, still holding onto the Old Man, points in the girl’s direction...

SGT. DONOWITZ

ENGLISH

She’s been shot. Shot. Bang, bang...

pointing at his leg

... in leg... understand?

OLD MAN

FRENCH

No, no, no, I don’t speak English.

Donny jams the barrel of his .45 into the thigh of the old man.

SGT. DONOWITZ

ENGLISH

BANG, BANG—in the leg, understand!

The old man nods his head, yes.

OLD MAN

FRENCH

But I’m a veterinarian... animals... I take care of animals...

Bridget screams from the table...

BRIDGET

ENGLISH

He’s a fucking veterinarian, you imbecile!

SGT. DONOWITZ

He’s still a doctor. If he can get a bullet out of a cow, he can get a bullet outta you.

LT. ALDO

Right now, we just need morphine.

Donny yells at the old man:

SGT. DONOWITZ

Morphine! We need morphine!

The old man tries to explain in French that he’s not a human doctor...

Donny takes the .45 and SHOOTS one of the DOGS in the cages.

Everybody jumps.

Donny SCREAMS at the old man:

SGT. DONOWITZ

MORPHINE!

BANG

He SHOOTS another dog...

SGT. DONOWITZ

MORPHINE!

The old man begs him to stop and goes to get the morphine.

CUT TO

The BODY of Gestapo Major DIETER HELLSTROM dead on the floor.

INT—LA LOUISIANE—NIGHT

We’re back in the basement tavern. Col. Hans Landa stands over the corpse. He moves over to the next corpse, and a smile breaks out on his face.

He says in GERMAN SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Ahhh, Hugo, you’ve moved up in the world, I see. Lieutenant. And with your record of insubordination. Truly remarkable.

A Nazi soldier named HERRMAN joins the S.S. officer.

COL. LANDA

And that one’s...

pointing at WICKI

... name is Wilhelm Wicki. He’s an Austrian-born Jew who immigrated to the United States when things began turning sour for the Israelites. They are the two German-born members of the Basterds. They’ve been known to don German uniforms to ambush squads.

FLASH ON

three Nazi soldiers walking toward a company of other German soldiers. The three soldiers’ back are to us. Dried, bloody bullet holes cover the backs of the three uniforms.

The SERGEANT of the German company yells to the trio:

SGT. GERMAN COMPANY

What brings you all the way out here?

The TRIO NOW DOWN the GERMAN COMPANY with their machine guns.

BACK TO LANDA

COL. LANDA

But that doesn’t look like this. This is odd.

Looking down he sees something...

Bending down, he examines Fräulein von Hammersmark’s two pretty dress shoes lying on the floor.

One shoe is covered in blood.

The other, while blood-speckled, is fairly clean.

Picking up the clean shoe and holding it in his hand.

COL. LANDA

It would appear somebody’s missing. Somebody fashionable.

AN OFFSCREEN SOLDIER’S VOICE cries out:

SOLDIERS VOICE (OS)

Colonel, this one’s still alive!

We follow Hans to the spot on the floor where Sgt. Willi lies. He’s shot in the chest, but it looks like Max’s daddy is still alive.

INT—EXAMINING ROOM—NIGHT

Bridget on the examining table, post morphine shot.

The other Basterds in the room watch Aldo interrogate the German lady.

LT. ALDO

Now ’fore we yank that slug outta ya, you need to answer a few questions.

BRIDGET

Few questions about what?

LT. ALDO

About I got three men dead back there, and why don’t you try tellin’ us what the fuck happened?

BRIDGET

The British officer blew his German act, and a Gestapo major saw it.

LT. ALDO

’Fore we get into who shot John, Why did you invite my men to a rendezvous in a basement with a bunch of Nazis?

BRIDGET

I can see, since you didn’t see what happened inside, the Nazis being there must look odd.

LT. ALDO

Yeah, we gotta word for that kinda odd in English. It’s called suspicious.

BRIDGET

Don’t let your imagination get the better of you, Lieutenant. You met the sergeant, Willi. He had a baby tonight. His commanding officer gave him and his friends the night off to celebrate. The Germans being there was just a tragic coincidence.

Aldo thinks for a moment...

LT. ALDO

Okay, I’ll buy that. He was either there with his men waiting for us, or he was there celebrating his son’s birthday. He wasn’t doin’ both. How did the shootin’ start?

BRIDGET

The English man gave himself away.

LT. ALDO

How did he do that?

BRIDGET

He ordered three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, middle to pinky.

BRIDGET

He ordered three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, thumb to middle.

BRIDGET

This is the German three. The other is odd. Germans would and did notice it.

LT. ALDO

Okay, let’s pretend there were no Germans, and everything went exactly the way it was supposed to. What would of been the next step?

BRIDGET

Tuxedoes. To get them into the premiere wearing military uniforms, with all the military there, would have been suicide. But going as members of the German film industry, they wear tuxedoes and blend in with everybody else. I arranged a tailor to fit three tuxedoes tonight.

LT. ALDO

How did you intend to get them into the premiere?

BRIDGET

Hand me my purse.

They do. And she opens it and takes out three tickets to the film premiere.

BRIDGET

Lt. Hicox was going as my escort. The other two were going as a German cameraman and his assistant.

LT. ALDO

Can you still get us into that premiere?

BRIDGET

Can you speak German better than your friends? No. Have I been shot? Yes. I don’t see me tripping the light fantastic up the red carpet anytime soon. Least of all by tomorrow night.

pause

However, there’s something you don’t know. There’s been two recent developments regarding Operation Kino. One, the venue has been changed from The Ritz to a much smaller venue.

LT. ALDO

Enormous changes at the last minute? That’s not very Germanic. Why the hell is Goebbels doin’ stuff so damn peculiar?

BRIDGET

It probably has something to do with the second development.

LT. ALDO

Which is?

FLASH ON

IN A PRIVATE DINING ROOM IN GERMANY, the FUHRER, aka Adolf Hitler, aka Adolf Shicklegroover, aka the Bohemian Corporal, having dinner with Goebbels, only a few short days ago.

THE FUHRER

GERMAN

I’ve been rethinking my position in regards to your Paris premiere of “Nation’s Pride.” As the weeks have gone on and the Americans are on the beach, I do find myself thinking more and more about this Private Zoller. This boy has done something tremendous for us. And I’m beginning to think my participation in this event could be meaningful.

BACK TO BRIDGET

BRIDGET

The Führer’s attending the premiere.

Donny breaks the team’s silence:

SGT. DONOWITZ

What?

LT. ALDO

When the hell did this happen?

BRIDGET

The venue change, two weeks ago. The Führer’s attendance, four days ago.

LT. ALDO

And how come London don’t know nothing about that?

BRIDGET

We need to get something straight, once and for all. Everything London knows, it learned from me. If I don’t know, London doesn’t know. So now, this is me, informing you, Hitler’s coming to Paris.

SGT. DONOWITZ

FUCK A DUCK!

Aldo stands up from the chair, pacing as he takes in this new information.

BRIDGET

What are you thinking?

LT. ALDO

I’m thinking getting a wack at plantin’ ole Uncle Adolph makes this a horse of a different color.

BRIDGET

What’s that supposed to mean?

LT. ALDO

It means you’re gettin’ us into that premiere.

BRIDGET

I’m going to probably end up losing this leg, bye bye, acting career, fun while it lasted. How do you expect me to walk up a red carpet?

LT. ALDO

The doggie doc’s gonna dig that slug outta your gam. Then he’s gonna wrap it up in a cast, and you gotta good “how I broke my leg mountain climbing” story. That’s German, ain’t it? Y’all like climbin’ mountains, don’t cha?

BRIDGET

I don’t. I like smoking, drinking, and ordering in restaurants, but I see your point.

LT. ALDO

We fill ya up with morphine, till it’s comin out ya ears. Then just limp your little ass up that rouge car-pet.

BRIDGET

Splendid. When the Nazis put me up against a wall, it won’t hurt so much.

changing tone

I know this is a silly question before I ask it, but can you Americans speak any other language than English?

HIRSCHBERG

Other than Yiddish?

BRIDGET

Preferably.

Donny, referring to Aldo and himself:

SGT. DONOWITZ

We both speak a little Italian.

BRIDGET

With an atrocious accent, no doubt. But that doesn’t exactly kill us in the crib. Germans don’t have a good ear for Italian. So you mumble Italian and brazen through it, is that the plan?

LT. ALDO

That’s about it.

BRIDGET

That sounds good.

LT. ALDO

It sounds like shit, but what else we gonna do, go home?

BRIDGET

No, it’s good. If you don’t blow it with that, I can get you in the building.

changes tone

So, who does what?

LT. ALDO

Well, I speak the most Italian, so I’ll be your escort. Donowitz speaks the second most, so he’ll be your Italian cameraman. And Hirschberg third most, so he’ll be Donny’s assistant.

HIRSCHBERG

I don’t speak Italian.

LT. ALDO

Like I said, third best. Just keep your fuckin’ mouth shut. In fact, why don’t you start practicing right now.

BRIDGET

meaning Utivich

What about the little one?

UTIVICH

Do you mean me?

BRIDGET

I didn’t mean any offense.

UTIVICH

None taken, you German cunt.

LT. ALDO

Utivich is the chauffeur.

UTIVICH

I can’t drive.

Bridget SCREAMS in frustration:

BRIDGET

You Americans are fucking useless!

UTIVICH

Gimmie a break. I’m from Manhattan.

LT. ALDO

No worries, son. We got over fourteen hours before the movie tomorrow. More than enough time for you to learn to drive.

UTIVICH

No, no, no, no, Lieutenant, it’s not!

LT. ALDO

Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, Private, it is. And yes, yes, yes, you will.

changes tone

Look, Utivich, you and I both know, if we went to grade school together, you damn sure ain’t copyin’ off of my test. Well, I lernt to drive in four hours on a Tennessee mountain road. And I’m a shit-for-brains coal miner bootlegger. Hirschberg, you know how to drive, right?

HIRSCHBERG

Yes.

LT. ALDO

Teach ’im.

BRIDGET

But there is a problem. I’m a movie star. This is a movie premiere. I can’t show up looking like I was just in a Nazi gunfight. Now I have a dress for the premiere at my hotel. But sometime tomorrow I have to get my hair done.

All the Basterds, except Donny, burst out laughing.

LT. ALDO

Sister, you must got wunderbar luck. Guess who went to beauty school?

The CAMERA WHIP-PANS to SGT. DONOWITZ.

Bridget rolls her eyes.

BLACK FRAME

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER FIVE

“REVENGE OF THE GIANT FACE”

FADE OFF

INT—SHOSANNA AND MARCEL’S LIVING QUARTERS—NIGHT

We’re in Shosanna and Marcel’s living quarters above the cinema. We’ve never been in here before.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS ONSCREEN:

“NIGHT OF ‘NATION’S PRIDE’ PREMIERE”

Shosanna’s standing before a full-length mirror in a real attractive forties-style dress for the premiere. She’s stunning.

This is the first time in her life she’s had the opportunity or the occasion to wear something like this. Since she knows this is the last night of her life, no time like the present.

SOUNDS of the hubbub of the premiere, not to mention the German brass band that’s blaring Third Reich marches, can be heard coming from below.

Shosanna walks to her apartment window and looks down at the Germanic miasma below.

SHOSANNA’S POV

WE SEE all the pageantry below. Tons of SPECTATORS. Tons of guests dressed in Nazi uniforms, tuxedoes, and female finery, walking up the long red carpet (with a big swastika in the middle, naturally) leading into Shosanna’s cinema. The German brass band omm-pa-pa-ing away. German radio and film crews covering the event for the fatherland back home. And, of course, MANY GERMAN SOLDIERS providing security for this joyous Germanic occasion.

Shosanna COUGHS up a lugi and HOCKS it.

A GERMAN S.S. GENERAL being interviewed by a RADIO COMMENTATOR—the lugi HITS him right on his bald head.

Shosanna goes back to the full-length mirror, places a very fashionable forties-style hat on her head, then lowers the period-style black fishnet veil over her face. She takes out a small GUN and puts it in the pocket of her dress, and it’s on. She exits the apartment door to join the premiere.

From this point on, there’s no turning back. It’s all the way baby, all the fucking way!

INT—CINEMA STAIRWELL—NIGHT

The stairwell in the building that connects the living quarters with the cinema. Shosanna walks down the stairs and goes through a door that puts her next to the projection booth door. She takes out a key and opens it.

INT—PROJECTION BOOTH—NIGHT

Marcel’s prepping the film reels for tonight. The five silver metal film cans that carry one 35mm reel of film each are laid out. The cans for reels one and two are empty. Cans for reel three, our specially marked can for reel four, and the can for reel five (which should never see the light of a projector) lie in wait.

Shosanna, looking like a forties movie star, enters the projection booth.

The scene in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

MARCEL

Ooh la la, Danielle Darrieux, this is so exciting. Pleased to meet you.

SHOSANNA

Shut up, fool.

Marcel lifts up the veil covering her face and their lips meet.

SHOSANNA

Cheeky black bugger. I have to go down and socialize with these Hun pigs. Let’s go over it again?

MARCEL

Reel one is on the first projector. Reel two is on the second. Three and four are ready to go.

SHOSANNA

Okay, the big sniper battle in the film begins around the middle of the third reel. Our film comes on in the fourth reel, so somewhere toward the end of the third reel, go down and lock the doors of the auditorium. Then take your place behind the screen, and wait for my CUE when I give it to you: BURN IT DOWN!

INT—CINEMA LOBBY—NIGHT

The pageantry of the evening is in full swing, as all the German beautiful people enter the cinema. They mingle in the swastika-covered, Greek-nude-statue-peppered lobby. Nazi military commanders, high-ranking party officials, and German celebrities (Emil Jannings, Veit Harlan) hobnob and drink Champagne from passing WAITERS, who carry glasses on silver trays.

We see Shosanna enter from the area at the top of the big staircase in the lobby that overlooks the lobby parlor entrance. She descends the staircase and busies herself with theater stuff.

At the top of the staircase, looking down at the master race in all their finery, is Col. Hans Landa, dressed in his finest S.S. dress uniform.

CAMERA FRAME

directly behind him. On the right side, we see the figure of Col. Landa, from behind, watching the guests entering the cinema. On the left side of the frame is the cinema entrance, from a looking-down perspective of the guests entering the building.

THEN...

A THINK BUBBLE, like in a comic book, appears on the left side of the frame, obscuring the cinema entrance. Inside Landa’s think bubble a little scene plays out.

THINK BUBBLE

A hospital room filled with DOCTORS, NURSES, and a PATIENT in a hospital bed. Then Col. Landa enters the room and screams at everybody:

COL. LANDA

I want everybody out of this room!

They start to leave.

COL. LANDA

That means now, goddamnit!

They RUSH OUT.

He walks over to the patient in the hospital bed. It’s none other than SGT. WILLI, and yes, he’s still alive.

Landa pulls up a chair next to the bed and sits down.

COL. LANDA

Can you speak, Sergeant?

SGT. WILLI

weakly

Yes, Colonel.

COL. LANDA

Tell me everything that happened in there.

The THINK BUBBLE DISSOLVES away, revealing the entrance again, and as if on perfect cue, in walks Bridget von Hammersmark, dressed lovely, leg in a big white cast. The three Basterds in their tuxedos flank her.

CU COL. LANDA

smiles.

He descends the stairs, toward the four saboteurs...

They speak in GERMAN, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Fräulein von Hammersmark, what has befallen Germany’s most elegant swan?

BRIDGET

Col. Landa, it’s been years. Dashing as ever, I see.

COL. LANDA

Flattery will get you everywhere, Fräulein.

They chuckle and air kiss.

COL. LANDA

So what’s happened to your lovely leg? A by-product of kicking ass in the German cinema, no doubt.

BRIDGET

Save your flattery, you old dog. I know too many of your former conquests to fall into that honeypot.

Chuckle... chuckle...

COL. LANDA

Seriously, what happened?

BRIDGET

Well, I tried my hand, foolishly I might add, at mountain climbing. And this was the result.

COL. LANDA

Mountain climbing? That’s how you injured your leg—mountain climbing?

BRIDGET

Believe it or not, yes, it is.

A brief moment passes between the two...

THEN...

The colonel BURSTS OUT with UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. So uproarious, in fact, that it’s quite disconcerting to the four saboteurs.

The colonel begins to regain his composure...

COL. LANDA

Forgive me, Fräulein. I don’t mean to laugh at your misfortune. It’s just... mountain climbing? I’m curious, Fräulein, what could have ever compelled you to undertake such a foolhardy endeavor?

The double meaning is not lost on the German actress.

BRIDGET

Well, I shan’t be doing it again, I can tell you that.

COL. LANDA

That cast looks as fresh as my old Uncle Gustave. When were you climbing this mountain, last night?

BRIDGET

Very good eye, Colonel. It happened yesterday morning.

COL. LANDA

Hummm. And where exactly in Paris is this mountain?

This stops her for a second.

Then Landa laughs it off, taking them off the hook.

COL. LANDA

I’m just teasing you, Fräulein. You know me, I tease rough. So who are your three handsome escorts?

BRIDGET

I’m afraid neither of the three speak a word of German. They’re friends of mine from Italy. This is a wonderful Italian stuntman, Antonio Margheriti.

meaning Aldo

A very talented cameraman, Enzo Gorlomi.

meaning Donny

And Enzo’s camera assistant, Dominick Decocco.

The German Fräulein turns to the three tuxedo-wearing Basterds.

BRIDGET

ITALIAN

Gentlemen, this is an old friend, Colonel Hans Landa of the S.S.

The Basterds know only too well who Landa the Jew Hunter is, but they can’t show it.

Aldo sticks out his hand...

LT. ALDO

Buongiorno.

The German takes his hand...

COL. LANDA

Margheriti...

ITALIAN

Am I saying it correctly?... Margheriti?

LT. ALDO

ITALIAN

Yes. Correct.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

Margheriti... Say it for me once, please...?

LT. ALDO

Margheriti.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

I’m sorry, again...?

LT. ALDO

Margheriti.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

Once more...?

LT. ALDO

Margheriti.

COL. LANDA

Margheriti.

FRENCH

It means daisies, I believe.

Turning his gaze to Donny.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

What’s your name again?

SGT. DONOWITZ

Enzo Gorlomi.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

Again...?

SGT. DONOWITZ

Gorlomi.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

One more time, but let me really hear the music in it.

SGT. DONOWITZ

HAMMY ITALIAN

Gorlomi.

Now to Hirschberg...

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

And you?

Then Hirschberg breaks out the best Italian accent of the group:

HIRSCHBERG

Dominick Decocco.

COL. LANDA

Dominick Decocco?

HIRSCHBERG

Dominic Decocco.

COL. LANDA

Bravo... Bravo.

BRIDGET

GERMAN

Well, my two cameraman friends need to find their seats.

Col. Landa stops a WAITER with a tray of champagne glasses.

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

Not so fast. Let’s enjoy some champagne.

Everyone gets a glass.

COL. LANDA

FRENCH

—Oh, Mademoiselle Mimieux, please join us. I have some friends I’d like you to meet.

Shosanna joins the circle and is handed a champagne glass.

This is the first moment the Basterds are aware of Shosanna.

COL. LANDA

FRENCH

May I say, Mademoiselle, you look divine.

SHOSANNA

FRENCH

Merci.

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

This lovely young lady is Mademoiselle Emmanuelle Mimieux. This is her cinema, and she is our hostess for the evening.

FRENCH

And, Mademoiselle, this battered, broken, and none-worse-for-the-wear German goddess, is Bridget von Hammersmark.

BRIDGET

Bonjour.

SHOSANNA

Bonjour.

BRIDGET

FRENCH

I’m afraid my companions don’t speak any French. They’re Italian. This is Antonio, Enzo, and Dominick.

All three smile goofy, spaghetti-bender smiles.

COL. LANDA

FRENCH

Actually, Fräulein von Hammersmark’s Italian associates need help finding their seats. Perhaps Mademoiselle Mimieux would be so kind as to escort them?

SHOSANNA

FRENCH

It would be my pleasure. Let me see your tickets?

Donny hands her two tickets. She indicates for them to follow her.

Donny and Hirschberg both exchange one last look with Aldo, then follow the young French girl into the auditorium.

INT—AUDITORIUM—NIGHT

The cinema auditorium is filling up quickly with gray and black uniforms.

Shosanna finds the two counterfeit Italians their seats.

After she points out their seats, she turns to leave...

Hirschberg...

reaches out and grabs her wrist...

He looks her in the face and, filled with tremendous guilt, because if he’s successful tonight he’s going to blow this cute French girl to smithereens, he says:

HIRSCHBERG

Grazie.

The cute French girl looks back at the goofy-looking Italian boy with slicked-back hair that makes him look kind of Jewish with tremendous guilt, knowing if she is successful tonight, she’s going to burn him alive, and says:

SHOSANNA

Prego.

BACK TO THE LOBBY

They begin flicking the lights on and off. A GERMAN SOLDIER YELLS IN GERMAN:

GERMAN SOLDIER

Take your seats! The show is about to begin! Everybody take your seats!

Col. Landa, Lt. Aldo, and Bridget are still together.

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

I must call the Führer. He doesn’t want to make his entrance until everybody is seated. Come with me, Frau von Hammersmark. The Führer has heard you’re here, and he wishes to commend you personally.

BRIDGET

GERMAN

Me? Why?

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

Don’t be modest. Everybody is quite taken with your resolve. An accident like you’ve just experienced, and yet you still show up to an important party event. The Führer was quite adamant in his gratitude. We’ll use Mademoiselle Mimieux’s office.

to Aldo in Italian

I’m afraid I must rob you of your companion, but only for a moment.

BRIDGET

ITALIAN

Yes, apparently the Führer wishes to commend me.

COL. LANDA

ITALIAN

Wait here a moment. I promise I won’t detain her long.

What are either of them supposed to do, argue?

Col. Landa goes over to one of the Nazi GUARDS/USHERS and whispers in his ear, guesturing toward Aldo. Like he’s saying, leave the boy alone, till we come back... Or is he?

Col. Landa limps Bridget away toward Shosanna’s office.

As Aldo stands in the lobby, more and more people enter the auditorium, till it’s only Aldo and the six Nazi guards/ushers in the now-vacant lobby.

INT—SHOSANNA’S OFFICE—NIGHT

Shosanna’s cinema manager’s office. It’s small, cluttered, and dominated by a desk.

They both enter.

Col. Landa closes the door behind him and LOCKS IT.

Bridget notices but says nothing.

Now the two Germans are alone.

COL. LANDA

Have a seat, Fräulein.

Pointing at one lone chair in front of the desk.

She lowers herself in the chair.

Instead of moving around to the other side of the desk, opposite her, the S.S. Colonel pulls another little chair over and places it in front of the fräulein.

He sits, their knees almost touching.

The colonel points to the foot not in the cast.

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

Let me see your foot.

BRIDGET

GERMAN

I beg your pardon?

Patting his lap.

COL. LANDA

Put your foot in my lap.

BRIDGET

Colonel, you embarrass me.

COL. LANDA

I assure you, Fräulein, my intention is not to flirt.

Patting his lap more with more aggression.

The nervous fräulein lifts up her strappy dress shoe enclosed foot and places it in the colonel’s lap.

The Colonel very delicately unfastens the thin straps that hold the fräulein’s shoe on her foot...

... HE REMOVES THE SHOE...

... LEAVING ONLY THE FRÄULEIN’S BARE FOOT...

THEN...

He removes from his heavy S.S. coat pocket the pretty dress shoe the fräulein left behind at La Louisiane...

He slips it on her foot...

... IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE.

Bridget knows she’s BUSTED.

Col. Landa smiles and says in ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

What’s that American expression... “If the shoe fits... you must wear it.”

He removes her foot from his lap.

BRIDGET

GERMAN

What now, Colonel?

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

Do you admit your treachery?

She stares defiant daggers into him.

BRIDGET

GERMAN

The only think I will admit to is resisting you...

ENGLISH

Sons-a-bitches...

GERMAN

... to my last breath.

COL. LANDA

“Resist to your last breath”?

SUDDENLY...

Hans LUNGES forward, putting his strong mitts around Bridget von Hammersmark’s lily-white, delicate neck, and with all the violence of a lion in mid-pounce, SQUEEZES with all his MIGHT.

Bridget’s face turns tomato RED, as the VEINS in her face BULGE and her esophagus is CRUSHED in his GRIP.

With a violent YANK, he JERKS her TO THE FLOOR. She TUMBLES out of the chair, Landa never releasing his GRIP around her throat.

Now fully on top of her, he BEARS DOWN, SQUEEZING THE VERY LIFE OUT OF HER. Everything he has, he brings to bear on the elegant lady’s neck.

Then, to finally finish her off, he begins BANGING THE BACK OF HER HEAD, HARD AGAINST THE FLOOR...

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

She’s dead.

He releases the grip around her throat. His hands are TREMBLING...

He rises.

Strangling the very life out of somebody with your bare hands is the most violent act a human being can commit.

Also, only humans strangle, opposable thumbs being a quite important part of the endeavor. As Hans Landa stands, the sheer violence he had to call on to accomplish this task still surges through him. He tries to gain control of the trembling that is rippling through his body. He takes out a silver S.S. FLASK (filled with peach schnapps) and knocks back a couple of swigs. He holds his hand out in front of him. The TREMBLING is beginning to subside. He picks up the telephone.

Into the phone, in German, he says:

COL. LANDA

Inform the Führer the audience has taken their seats, and we’re ready to begin.

Step one in Hans’s master plan, done.

He then dials another number...

INT—LOBBY—NIGHT

Aldo in the lobby...

WHEN...

...HE’S JUMPED BY THE SIX NAZI USHERS...

He’s THROWN ROUGHLY to the ground face first. Like the modern-day Secret Service, within seconds his wrists are handcuffed behind his back and he’s searched. They find the BOMB attached to his ankle. It’s removed, and a BLACK CLOTH BAG is pulled over his head.

Then he’s hoisted up and RUSHED out of the building.

This happens in mere seconds, and quietly too. No one in the auditorium is none the wiser...

INT—AUDITORIUM—NIGHT

... INCLUDING DONOWITZ AND HIRSCHBERG, SITTING AMONG THE MASTER RACE, WAITING FOR SHOWTIME.

EXT—CINEMA—NIGHT

The six Nazi soldiers hustle the hooded Aldo down the red carpet, then into the alley beside the cinema.

Aldo’s put up against a wall.

Inside the black hood, he’s SCREAMING every insulting thing about Germany, Germans, German food, German shepherd... anything.

COL. LANDA’S VOICE (OS)

Shut up!

The faceless black hood does.

Col. Landa, now standing directly in front of his hooded prisoner, says in ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

As Stanley said to Livingstone: Lieutenant Aldo Raine, I presume?

LT. ALDO

Hans Landa?

COL. LANDA

You’ve had a nice long run, Aldo. Alas, you’re now in the hands of the S.S. My hands to be exact. And they’ve been waiting a long time to touch you.

He reaches out with his finger and lightly touches Aldo’s face right in the middle of the hood.

Aldo’s head VIOLENTLY FLINCHES.

COL. LANDA

Caught ya flinching.

In German, he orders the men to put Aldo in the back of a truck.

Aldo, bound and bagged, is put in the truck. Also in the truck is Utivich, wearing a makeshift chauffeur’s uniform, bound and bagged like the lieutenant.

The truck drives off.

Col. Landa turns around and SEES FROM A DISTANCE Hitler’s motorcade pull up to the cinema. Then the Führer, Goebbels, Francesca, and the rest of the entourage make their way down

the red carpet into the cinema.

Landa smiles.

EXT TRUCK (MOVING)—NIGHT

We see the truck leaving the city of Paris, under the veil of night.

We also seem to be leaving the drama of Operation Kino.

INT—TRUCK (MOVING)—NIGHT

The two hooded prisoners bounce along in the back of the truck.

Utivich is crying inside his hood.

LT. ALDO

Utivich?

UTIVICH

Is that you, Lieutenant?

LT. ALDO

Yep.

UTIVICH

Do you know what happened to Donny? Hirschberg? The woman? Do you know what happened to Donny? Hirschberg? The woman?

LT. ALDO

No, I do not.

UTIVICH

Lieutenant, sorry I’m crying.

LT. ALDO

Nothin’ to be sorry about, son. This bag get to anyone.

UTIVICH

Not exactly John Wayne, am I?

LT. ALDO

John Wayne’s a pampered movie star. He bursts into tears if his cook busts his yoke at breakfast. Just try puttin’ a bag over his head and hear what kinda sounds he makes.

Utivich giggles through the tears.

LT. ALDO

I just want you to know, son, I was real proud of you tonight. Learnin’ how to drive overnight. Driving in that limo line. You was in the hot seat, son, and you stood up real good.

Utivich cries LOUDER.

Aldo takes his foot, finds Utivich’s foot, and places his foot on top.

The TOUCH has a slightly calming effect on Utivich.

In the darkness, Utivich has reclaimed his dignity.

EXT—COUNTRY TAVERN—NIGHT

The truck pulls up to a small tavern outside of Paris (not La Louisaiane).

The two hooded prisoners are walked inside the establishment.

INT—COUNTRY TAVERN—NIGHT

The hooded men are led into the closed for business, but open for something else rustic tavern.

The Nazi guards unlock the handcuffs, then sit them down in chairs.

Then, simultaneously, the hoods are YANKED OFF.

The two prisoners are seated at a table, in what they can now see is a rustic tavern. On the table is one telephone, one bottle of Chianti, and three glasses. And on the opposite end of the table sits Col. Hans Landa.

A NAZI SOLDIER sits posted at an impressive-looking two-way radio set up in the tavern.

Col. Landa starts in right away at the two baffled, discombobulated American soldiers.

They will only speak ENGLISH in the scene.

COL. LANDA

Italian? Really?

BEAT

What could you have possibly been thinking?

LT. ALDO

Well, I speak a little Italian—

COL. LANDA

I speak a little Tagalog, but I wouldn’t begin to presume I could pass for Filipino. Don’t get me wrong, I understand you were in a pickle, what with you losing your Germans. And I have nothing but admiration for improvisation. Still . . . Chico Marx is more convincing. If the three of you had shown up at the premiere dressed in woman’s attire, it would have been more convincing.

Landa’s eyes go to the two Nazi guards behind the prisoners.

COL. LANDA

GERMAN

You may leave us. But stay alert outside.

They exit, leaving the colonel, the lieutenant, the private, and a German radio man in the corner.

COL. LANDA

So you’re Aldo the Apache?

LT. ALDO

So you’re the Jew Hunter?

COL. LANDA

Jew Hunter

pfuit

I’m a detective. A damn good detective. Finding people is my specialty. So naturally I worked for the Nazis finding people. And yes, some of them were Jews. But Jew Hunter? Just the name that stuck.

UTIVICH

Well, you do hafta admit, it is catchy.

COL. LANDA

Do you control the nicknames your enemies bestow on you? Aldo the Apache and the Little Man?

UTIVICH

What do you mean, the Little Man?

COL. LANDA

The German’s nickname for you.

UTIVICH

The German’s nickname for me is the Little Man?

COL. LANDA

Or the “Little One”, either one means you. And as if to make my point, I’m a little surprised how tall you are in real life. I mean, you’re a little fellow. But not circus-midget little, as your reputation would suggest.

LT. ALDO

Where are my men? Where is Bridget von Hammersmark?

COL. LANDA

Bridget von Hammersmark. Oh, I’m sure she’s in whatever, big bubbling cesspool in hell the devil reserves for traitors of her ilk. Well, let’s just say she got what she deserved. And when you purchase friends like Bridget von Hammersmark, you get what you pay for. Now as far as your paisanos Sergeant Donowitz and Private Hirschberg—

LT. ALDO

How do you know our names?

COL. LANDA

Lt. Aldo, if you don’t think I wouldn’t interrogate every single one of your swastika-marked survivors...? We simply aren’t operating on the level of mutual respect I assumed. Now, back to the whereabouts of your two Italian saboteurs. At this moment, both Hirschberg and Donowitz should be sitting in the very seats we left them in. Seats 0023 and 0024, if my memory serves. Explosives, still around their ankles, still ready to explode. And your mission, some would call it a terrorist plot, as of this moment is still a go.

The two basterds don’t believe this. It can’t be true.

LT. ALDO

That’s a pretty exciting story. What’s next, Eliza on the ice?

COL. LANDA

However, all I have to do is pick up that phone right there, inform the cinema, and your plans kaput.

LT. ALDO

IF they’re still there, and IF they’re still alive, and that’s one big IF, there ain’t no way you gonna take them boys without settin’ off them bombs.

COL. LANDA

I have no doubt, and yes, some Germans will die, and yes, it will ruin the evening, and yes, Goebbels will be very very very mad at you for what you’ve done to his big night. But you won’t get Hitler, you won’t get Goebbels, you won’t get Goering, and you won’t get Boormann. And you need all four to end the war.

pause

But if I don’t pick up that phone right there, you may very well get all four. And if you get all four, you end the war... tonight.

The Nazi colonel lifts up the bottle of Chianti and fills three glasses. As he pours, he says:

COL. LANDA

So, gentlemen, let’s discuss the prospect of ending the war... tonight.

All three have their Chianti filled glasses.

COL. LANDA

So the way I see it, since Hitler’s death, or possible rescue, rests solely on my reaction... If I do nothing... It’s as if I’m causing his death, even more than yourselves. Would you agree?

LT. ALDO

I guess so.

COL. LANDA

How about you, Utivich?

UTIVICH

I guess so too.

COL. LANDA

Good, we more or less all agree. Gentlemen, I have no intention of killing Hitler, and killing Goebbels, and killing Goering, and killing Boormann, not to mention winning the war single-handedly for the Allies, only later to find myself standing before a Jewish tribunal.

Now they get it.

COL. LANDA

If you want to win the war, tonight, we have to make a deal.

LT. ALDO

What kinda deal?

COL. LANDA

The kind you wouldn’t have the authority to make. However, I’m sure this mission of yours has a commanding officer? A general, I’m betting. For...

thinking

... O.S.S. would be my guess.

Aldo’s eyebrows reveal that was a good guess.

COL. LANDA

Oooh, that’s a bingo. Is that the way you say it, that’s a bingo?

LT. ALDO

You just say, bingo.

COL. LANDA

Bingo! How fun. But I digress, where were we? Oh, yes, make a deal. Over there is a very capable two-way radio. And sitting behind it is a more than capable radio operator named Herrman. Get me somebody on the other end of that radio with the power of the pen to authorize my— let’s call it, the terms of my conditional surrender, if that tastes better going down.

BACK TO THE PREMIER

Shosanna is in the booth. She brings down the lights.

In the packed, excited auditorium, the house lights go down.

CU CURTAIN SWITCH. She flips it.

In the auditorium, the RED VELVET CURTAINS part.

Shosanna throws the lever on the first projector.

The PROJECTOR BULB goes HOT WHITE, PROJECTING A BEAM...

FILM REELS rotate...

35mm FILM moves through the projector’s film gate...

The opening seal of a film by the THIRD REICH flickers on the SCREEN...

Goebbels and Francesca watch...

Hitler watches...

Fredrick watches...

Donowitz and Hirschberg watch...

Shosanna, in the booth, watches through the little window...

The CAMERA PANS OFF of Shosanna to the clearly marked film can, REEL 4. The SURPRISE REEL.

BACK TO LANDA AND THE BASTERDS

Landa, with radio headphones over his ears and a microphone in his hand, talks to the UNSEEN/UNHEARD American brass on the other end.

COL. LANDA

... So, when the military history of this night is written, it will be recorded that I was part of Operation Kino from the very beginning, as a double agent. Anything I’ve done in my guise as an S.S. colonel was sanctioned by the O.S.S., as a necessary evil to establish my cover with the Germans. And it was my placement of Lieutenant Raine’s dynamite in Hitler and Goebbels’s opera box that assured their demise. By the way, that last part is actually true.

FLASH ON

Landa placing bomb in Hitler and Goebbels’s opera box.

BACK TO LANDA

COL. LANDA

I want my full military pension and benefits under my proper rank. I want to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor for my invaluable assistance in the toppling of the Third Reich.

He looks over and sees Aldo and Utivich watching the one-sided conversation.

COL. LANDA

In fact, I want all the members of “Operation Kino” to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor. Full citizenship for myself—but that goes without saying. And I would like the United States of America to purchase property for me on Nantucket island, as a reward for all the countless lives I’ve saved by bringing the tyranny of the National Socialist Party to a swifter than imagined end. Do you have all that, sir?

pause

I look forward to seeing you face to face as well, sir.

pause

He’s right here.

The colonel hands the headphones and microphone to Aldo.

LT. ALDO

Yes, sir?

We HEAR the VOICE on the other end of the radio give Aldo his orders:

RADIO VOICE (OS)

Colonel Landa will put you and Private Utivich in a truck as prisoners. Then he and his radio operator will get in the truck, drive to our lines. Upon crossing our lines, Colonel Landa and his man will surrender to you. You will then take over driving of the truck and bring them straight to me for debriefing. Is that clear, Lieutenant?

LT. ALDO

Yes, sir.

The conversation is over. He puts the radio down.

The three men look at one another.

Landa picks up his wine.

COL. LANDA

So I suppose the only thing left to do is lift a glass and toast to Donowitz and Hirschberg’s success. You too, Herrman, come over here.

The four men, Col. Hans Landa, Lt. Aldo Raine, Pfc. Smithson Utivich, and Herrman, lift up four glasses of wine.

COL. LANDA

Gentlemen, to history, and its witnesses.

CHEERS.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

WE CUT TO THE B/W FILM ON SCREEN.

Fredrick Zoller, playing himself, is in an ornamental tower in a Russian village, picking off RUSSIAN SOLDIERS below.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

peering at the German private through binoculars. He lowers the long-range glasses and confers with one of his OFFICERS.

GEN. KCHOVLANSKEY

RUSSIAN

What’s the death toll?

OFFICER

RUSSIAN

47, so far.

WE HEAR A SHOT.

OFFICER

RUSSIAN

General, I implore you, we must destroy that tower!

GEN. KCHOVLANSKEY

RUSSIAN

That tower is one of the oldest and most beautiful structures in Russia. I won’t be responsible for turning a thousand years of history into dust!

A BRAVE RUSSIAN SOLDIER tries to run between two buildings.

Zoller gets him.

Then proceeds to pick him apart, one bullet at a time.

SHOSANNA IN THE PROJECTION BOOTH

She removes “REEL 4” (the Special Shosanna Reel) and prepares it on the second projector. Reel 3, on the first projector, playing now, is halfway through. In a few short minutes, it’s going to be show time.

Marcel says to Shosanna in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

MARCEL

It’s time. I should go lock the auditorium and take my place behind the screen.

This is the last time they will ever see each other—too much to say. He holds her in his arms and lays a one kiss before I die wet one on her.

DONOWITZ AND HIRSCHBERG

sit in their seats watching the movie, surrounded by DRESS-UNIFORM NAZIS. They’ve developed a dopey way of communicating with each other in this hostile environment.

Basically, speaking English as if it were gibberish Italian they say English words, only adding an “I” or “A” or “O” to the end of it. And saying it in an exaggerated Italian accent, complete with pantomimes.

Donowitz leans into Hirschberg and says in a whisper:

They speak in ITALIAN-ISH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

SGT. DONOWITZ

ITALIAN-ISH

I-a go-a toilet-a, set-ta Boom-a.

I go to the toilet and set the bomb.

When-a I-a go-a, you-a set-ta Boom-a.

When I go, you set your bomb.

Hirschberg indicates/pantomimes that he can’t set his bomb surrounded by all these Nazis.

Donowitz pantomimes crossing his legs and setting the bomb on his ankle in his seat. Then getting up and dropping it in the back of the auditorium in the dark.

Hirschberg doesn’t get it.

HIRSCHBER

What-a?

What?

Donny pantomimes again, more exaggerated, and with less patience.

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato

Affirmative, affirmative.

SGT. DONOWITZ

They-o look-o screen-a, not-o you-a.

They’re looking at the screen, not you.

HIRSCHBERG

Fantastic-o.

Fantastic.

SGT. DONOWITZ

After-teri, set-ta, five-o moment-o

(pointing to

WATCH)

You-a, pphisst.

After you set the bomb, wait five minutes, and get out of here.

HIRSCHBERG

What-o?

What?

SGT. DONOWITZ

Confussi-i, confuss-i, confuss-i.

Confused, confused, confused.

What-a, and-o what-o, same-o?

I thought “What-a” meant “What.” Does “What-o” mean “What,” as well?

HIRSCHBERG

Oh-o, sorr-o, I-o meant-a “What-a.”

Oh, sorry, I meant what.

SGT. DONOWITZ

After-teri, you-a set-ta bom-a, five-o moment-o, you-a, fuck-o pphisst.

After you set the bomb, wait five minutes and get the fuck out of here.

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.

Affirmative, affirmative.

SGT. DONOWITZ

Good-a, luck-a.

Good luck.

Donowitz stands up from his seat and walks out of the dark auditorium into the lobby. The Nazi guards/ushers are gone, and the lobby is completely empty. Seeing the STAIRS leading down to the WATER CLOSET/BATHROOM, he descends them to plant the Boom-a—I mean, the bomb.

DESCENDING THE STAIRS

leading to the water closet. Like a lot of old cinemas, not only was the water closet located under the auditorium, you had to pass through a rather large SMOKING LOUNGE to get to it. In the smoking lounge are TEN NAZI ENLISTED MEN, the guards/ushers for the event, smoking and indulging in soldiers’ gossip. They’re all in dress uniforms, and all are armed.

Donowitz, in his tuxedo, acts cool and walks right through them.

They look up but don’t disturb their time-off vibe.

Donny enters the big water closet. Except for ONE LONE NAZI ENLISTED MAN at the urinal, it would appear as if Donny has the whole washroom to himself.

He enters the privacy of a toilet stall and locks the door.

MARCEL IN LOBBY

He descends the stairs leading down from the projection booth into the empty lobby. He goes to one of the auditorium doors and peers inside.

WE SEE THE SCREEN AND THE AUDIENCE FROM MARCEL’S POV

in the back of the room. The audience seems riveted to Fredrick’s exploits onscreen.

Marcel closes the door and, with a KEY, DEADBOLTS it SHUT.

INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

WE PAN OFF THE SCREEN to Marcel, who locks the two doors on either side of the screen... Due to curtains placed there, no one notices Marcel’s actions.

Marcel then goes BEHIND THE SCREEN. WE SEE THE IMAGE (backward) of Fredrick’s sniper battle HUGE, COVERING THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE ROOM . . . A PILE of over 300 nitrate FILM PRINTS lies like a junk pile, right behind the screen.

Sitting down in a wooden chair facing the screen and pile-o-film, he lights up a cigarette, an absolute no-no in a cinema of this era, but tonight, what does it matter?

He smokes and waits for his cue to... BURN IT DOWN!

FREDRICK IN OPERA BOX

alongside Hitler, Goebbels, Francesca, and Boormann. Onscreen the battle rages. He leans over and whispers something in Goebbel’s ear we can’t hear. Goebbels makes a very sympathetic face (at least sympathetic for Goebbels) and says in German:

GOEBBELS

Perfectly understandable, dear boy. You go now, and we’ll see you after the show.

He exits the opera box and walks to the projection booth door. He raps on the door in a trying to be amusing way.

The door opens, just a little bit. Shosanna, not friendly, stares at him.

He, as usual, is all smiles and charm.

They speak in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

FREDRICK

Are you the manager of this cinema? I want my money back. That actor in the movie stinks.

He laughs.

She doesn’t even smile. She says, all serious business:

SHOSANNA

What are you doing here?

FREDRICK

I came to visit you.

SHOSANNA

Can’t you see how busy I am?

FREDRICK

Then allow me to lend an assist.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, it’s not funny. You can’t be here. This is your premiere. You need to be out there with them.

As Fredrick prepares to tell his little tale with all the charm at his command, Shosanna listens, knowing the third reel is just about over and her big reel change is coming up.

FREDRICK

Normally, you would be right. And for all the other films I do, I intend to endure evenings like tonight in the proper spirit. However, the fact remains, this film is based on my military exploits. And in this case, my exploits consisted of me killing many men. Consequently, the part of the film that’s playing now,... I don’t like watching this part.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, I am sorry, but—

FREDRICK

—So, I thought I’d come up here and do what I do best, annoy you. And from the look on your face, it would appear I haven’t lost my touch.

DONNY IN TOILET

Sgt. Donowitz, with BOMB in his lap, sets the timer for six minutes from now. He then places the bomb in the back of the toilet tank.

CAMERA ON FLOOR OF WATER CLOSET

We see the tile of the floor stretch out before us. We see Donny’s feet in the closed toilet stall. We HEAR the OFFSCREEN Nazi enlisted man finish his piss. Then HIS SHOES WALK THROUGH FRAME.. WE FOLLOW THEM TO... the SINK... WE STAY ON the shoes... as WE HEAR the Soldier WASH HIS HANDS... THEN... THE CAMERA RISES UP HIS PANT LEG... till... WE’RE EYE LEVEL with the German soldier, with an ARMY CAP on his head, who’s done washing his hands... THEN... the soldier removes his cap, brushes some bangs out of his face, and WE SEE THE SWASTIKA HAND-CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD, THE UNDENIABLE MARK OF THE BASTERDS. He SPLASHES some WATER ON HIS FACE, puts his cap back on his head, and joins his comrades in the smoking lounge.

As he exits THE FRAME, he says to somebody OFFSCREEN;

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

GERMAN

Hey, Fritz, you owe me three cigarettes. Now pay up.

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK

Fredrick still outside the doorway, and Shosanna still baring the way.

SHOSANNA

I have to get prepared for the reel change.

FREDRICK

Let me do it?

SHOSANNA

No.

FREDRICK

Oh, please, it’s been two years since I’ve done a reel change.

SHOSANNA

I said, no.

FREDRICK

cute whine

Come on, it’s my premiere.

SHOSANNA

Are you so used to the Nazis kissing your ass, you’ve forgotten what the word “no” means? No, Fredrick, you can’t come in here. Now go away!

No subtitles for Fredrick needed this time. He gets it.

He does a one-armed PILE-DRIVE PUSH on the door, knocking both it OPEN and Shosanna back into the room.

Fredrick, a different cat than we’ve seen up till now, enters the booth, closing the door behind him and LOCKING it.

The quite startled Shosanna says to Fredrick:

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, you hurt me.

FREDRICK

Well, it’s nice to know you can feel something. Even if it’s just physical pain.

Fredrick steps forward...

Shosanna steps backward...

FREDRICK

I’m not a man you say “Go away” to. There’s over three hundred dead bodies in Russia that, if they could, would testify to that. After what I’ve done for you, you disrespect me at your peril.

BACK TO WASHROOM

The Swastika forehead soldier gets a light for his cigarette.

He takes a big drag.

SOLDIER’S POV

He faces the washroom, and down that long row, he sees Donny emerge from the toilet stall. His tuxedo jacket is off and draped over his right hand. Sporting the white dress shirt and black tuxedo vest, he’s quite far away, so now he just looks like some guy in a tux who just finished taking a shit. Donny walks toward us...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him get closer...

SOLDIER POV

Donny gets closer...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him closer still...

SOLDIER POV

Donny gets closer...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

begins to notice...

SOLDIER POV

Donny getting closer, begins to notice the German soldier notice him...

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

Now Donny is close enough for the soldier to recognize. His face SCREAMS:

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

The Bear Jew!!!

The soldier’s GUN is out of its holster and rising toward Donny’s chest...

WHEN...

Donny raises his right arm, with the tuxedo jacket on it, and FIRES a GUN concealed under it.

HITTING Swastika Forehead in the chest... who finishes raising his GUN, FIRING, HITTING Donny in the chest...

The two soldiers FIRE INTO each other... till their weapons are empty, and the two men lie dead on the floor.

The ten other NAZIS in the room stand shocked at what just happened in front of them.

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

Fredrick hears the gunshots below them and turns toward the door.

FREDRICK

What the hell was that?

While Fredrick’s back is turned, Shosanna takes a GUN out of her pocket and SHOOTS Fredrick THREE TIMES in the back...

...HE CRASHES HARD INTO THE DOOR, THEN FALLS FACE FIRST TO THE FLOOR...

Shosanna, gun in hand, looks out the projection booth window into the audience...

The ONSCREEN BATTLE rages so LOUDLY with GUNFIRE that her weapon didn’t stand a chance of being heard.

Her eyes go from the audience...

... UP TO THE BIG SCREEN...

...WHICH HOLDS FREDRICK ZOLLER IN A TIGHT, HANDSOME CLOSEUP.

The face on the silver screen breaks the young girl’s heart...

SHE LOOKS TO HIS BODY, LYING FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR, BLOOD FLOWING FROM THE HOLES SHE PUT IN HIS BACK...

HIS BODY MOVES A LITTLE, AND HE LETS OUT A PAINFUL MOAN...

DYING THOUGH HE IS, AT THIS MOMENT FREDRICK IS STILL ALIVE...

Shosanna moves to him...

SHE TOUCHES HIM, AND HE LETS OUT ANOTHER MOAN...

SHE TURNS HIS BODY OVER ON ITS BACK..

HE’S HOLDING A LUGER IN HIS HAND...

HE FIRES TWICE...

BANG BANG

Two bullets HIT HER POINT BLANK IN THE CHEST...

THROWING HER against the wall, then FALLING FORWARD on her knees to the floor...

FREDRICK, LUGER STILL IN HAND, TAKES AIM FROM THE FLOOR...

FIRES...

HITTING the bloody girl on the floor, in the thigh...

SPINNING HER BODY AROUND IN AGONY...

Like he did to the Russian onscreen, he picks her apart, one bullet at a time...

FIRES...

A BULLET BLOWS OFF THE HEEL OF HER FOOT...

The Luger drops to floor. Fredrick DIES.

Our young French Jewish heroine lies on the projection booth floor in a pool of her own blood, her body RIDDLED with bullets, her nerve endings wracked with pain, CRIPPLED and DYING...

WHEN...

THE LITTLE BELL ON THE 1ST PROJECTOR STARTS TO RING, INFORMING THE PROJECTIONIST IT’S TIME FOR THE REEL CHANGE.

Dying or not, if Shosanna intends to get her revenge, she’s going to have to lift her ass off the floor and execute this fucking reel change.

CINEMA AUDITORIUM

The battle onscreen continues. The audience is riveted.

The FUHRER

watches, completely caught up in the dramatic spectacle.

He says to Goebbels in German:

HITLER

Extraordinary, Joseph, simply extraordinary. This is your finest film yet.

Goebbels is beyond proud. He smiles to Francesca, who proudly pats his hand.

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna, bloody, crippled, and fucked, with great and painful effort, PULLS HERSELF OFF THE FLOOR...

AUDITORIUM

Hirschberg, sitting in his seat, SETS the BOMB on his ankle, then stands up and begins scooting past everybody in his row’s knees.

PROJECTION BOOTH

Like the German heroine in one of Riefenstahl’s mountain films, Shosanna CLIMBS UP the 35mm film projector, like it was Pitz Palu...

FILM ONSCREEN

Private Zoller FIRING away from his perch. In the top far-right corner of the FRAME, WE SEE the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK...

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna hanging onto the projector, waiting for the 2nd reel change mark. It’s an agonizing effort...

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Marcel, smoking, waiting for his cue...

HIRSCHBERG

gets out of his row and begins walking up the aisle in the middle of the cinema toward the exit.

ONSCREEN

SERGIO LEONE CU FREDRICK. He SCREAMS to the Russians below:

MOVIE ZOLLER

Who wants to send a message to Germany?

In the top right of THE FRAME, the 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON...

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna TOSSES herself to the floor, as she THROWS THE CHANGE-OVER SWITCH on the 2nd projector...

EX CU PROJECTOR BULB

BLASTING WHITE in our face.

SLOW MOTION SHOSANNA FALLING...

EX CU 35MM FILM MOVING...

SHOSANNA

HITS the DUSTY ground HARD, NOT in slow motion...

PROJECTOR BEAM

SHOOTS OUT OF THE LITTLE PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW hits screen.

CU SHOSANNA

on the floor, eyes closed, last breath blown into the dusty projection booth floor. Like her family before here, dead from Nazi bullets.

AUDITORIUM ON THE SILVER SCREEN FREDRICK’S EX CU

CUT TO

ON SILVER SCREEN MATCHING SHOSANNA EX CU

CAMERA in the exact same placement, same background (B/W sky), SLIGHT LOW ANGLE LOOKING UP, so onscreen Shosanna is looking down on the Nazis, the way Fredrick was looking down on the Russians. The way this HUGE IMAGE OF SHOSANNA’S GIANT FACE stares down the auditorium of Nazis brings to mind Orwells “1984” Big Brother.

HITLER and GOEBBELS

React.

HIRSCHBERG

standing in the middle of the aisle, turns toward the screen. When he sees Shosanna’s GIANT FACE, he’s gobsmacked.

BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel sitting in the chair, with his cigarette, before the EVEN MORE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA

SHOSANNA’S GIANT FACE ONSCREEN

She stares down the packed house of Nazis and says in FRENCH:

SHOSANNA’S GIANT FACE

I have a message for Germany. I’m interrupting your Nazi propaganda horseshit to inform you dispicable German swine that you’re all going to die.

HITLER and GOEBBELS

react.

HIRSCHBERG

reacts.

MARCEL

smiles.

SHOSANNA’S GIANT FACE

And I want you to look deep in the face of the Jew who’s going to do it.

AUDITORIUM AUDIENCE

While the shocked German audience is transfixed to the screen, behind the heads of most of them...

The BOMB Landa set in Hitler and Goebbels’s opera box...

EXPLODES.

BLOWING TO SMITHEREENS HITLER, FRANCESA, and BOORMANN, and propelling GOEBBELS, still in his theater seat, across the auditorium, into the opposite wall and taking out a portion of the ceiling as well.

The crowd reacts...

The explosion causes the huge chandelier from Versailles to topple from its jury-rigged placement and CRASH onto the audience below...

ONSCREEN THE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA finishes her WAR CRY.

SHOSANNA’S GIANT FACE

My name is Shosanna Dreyfus, and this is the face of Jewish vengeance! Marcel, BURN IT DOWN!

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Marcel takes his cigarette and FLICKS IT into the pile of nitrate film.

ONSCREEN SHOSANNA’S GIANT FACE LAUGHS MANIACALLY at the scrambling little Nazis, running in a panic, as FLAMES LIKE OUT OF A GIANT BLAST FURNACE BURST THROUGH SHOSANNA’S FACE and CLIMB UP THE WALLS of the cinema.

The AUDIENCE

STAMPEDES toward the exits...

HIRSCHBERG

with bomb set on ankle, is caught in a massive “Day of the Locust” SWARM OF BODIES...

People frantically pound on locked doors, trapping them to their grizzly fate.

The FLAMES and FIRE spread through the auditorium...

Hirschberg, caught in the people crunch, knows this is it.

HIS ANKLE BOMB GOES OFF

right underneath everybody in the room.

The effect this has on the people in the room is very similar to that of the effect an M-80 blowing up in an ant hill would have on the ants. The auditorium is a literal red rain of legs, arms, heads, torsos, and asses.

THEN...

DONOWITZ’S TOILET BOMB

BLOWS UP UNDERNEATH the auditorium.

COLLAPSING THE CINEMA AND BLOWING OUT THE FRONT OF THE THEATER.

As MADAME MIMEUX’S CINEMA BURNS...

These SUBTITLES APPEAR ONSCREEN as if on a military teletype:

“OPERATION KINO A COMPLETE SUCCESS.”

FADE OUT

FADE UP

“HITLER DEAD. GOEBBELS DEAD. BOORMANN DEAD.

GOERING DEAD. ZOLLER DEAD. MOST OF HIGH COMMAND DEAD.”

FADE OUT

FADE IN

“FOUR DAYS LATER, GERMANY SURRENDERS.”

FADE OUT

FADE IN

“ONCE UPON A TIME IN NAZI... OCCUPIED FRANCE.”

CUT TO

EXT—WOODS—MORNING

It’s a misty early morning in a woodsy area. The German truck, with Aldo and Utivich in the back, and Landa and Herrman in the front, comes to a stop.

LANDA and HERRMAN IN THE TRUCK CAB

Herrman, behind the wheel, tells Landa in German:

HERRMAN

These are the American lines, sir.

In the back of the truck sit the two last remaining members of the Basterds, Lt. Aldo Raine and Pfc. Smithson Utivich, both with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

Landa and Herrman appear at the truck rear. Landa says in ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA

Okay, gentlemen, you can climb down.

Aldo and Utivich climb down from the truck.

Col. Landa indicates for Herrman to remove the handcuffs from the two prisoners.

He does.

COL. LANDA

Herrman, hand them your weapon.

He does.

Col. Landa hands over his LUGER and his very-cool-looking S.S. DAGGER.

COL. LANDA

I am officially surrendering myself over to you, Lieutenant Raine. We are your prisoners.

LT. ALDO

Thank you very much, Colonel. Utivich, cuff the colonel’s hands behind his back.

COL. LANDA

Is that really necessary?

As Utivich cuffs the Colonel’s hands behind his back, Aldo says:

LT. ALDO

I’m a slave to appearances.

Then Aldo takes the Luger and SHOOTS HERRMAN DEAD.

The bound Col. Landa is appalled.

COL. LANDA

Are you mad? What have you done? I made a deal with your general for that man’s life!

LT. ALDO

Yeah, they made that deal, but they don’t give a fuck about him, they need you.

COL. LANDA

You’ll be shot for this.

LT. ALDO

Naw, I don’t think so, more like I’ll be chewed out. I’ve been chewed out before. You know, Utivich and myself heard that deal you made with the brass. End the war tonight? I’d make that deal. How ’bout you, Utivich, you make that deal?

UTIVICH

I’d make that deal.

LT. ALDO

I don’t blame ya. Damn good deal. And that pretty little nest ya feathered for yourself. Well, if you’re willing to barbecue the whole high command, I suppose that’s worth certain considerations. Now I don’t care about you gettin’ pensions, merit badges, ticker-tape parades, who gives a damn, let’s all go home. But I do have one question. When you go to your little place on Nantucket island, I imagine you gonna take off that handsome-looking S.S. uniform of yours, ain’t ya?

For the first time in the movie, Col. Landa doesn’t respond.

LT. ALDO

That’s what I thought. Now that... I can’t abide. How bout you, Utivich, can you abide it?

UTIVICH

Not one damn bit, sir.

LT. ALDO

I mean if I had my way, you’d wear that goddamn uniform for the rest of our pecker-suckin’ life. But I’m aware that ain’t practical. I mean at some point ya gotta hafta take it off.

He opens Landa’s S.S. DAGGER and holds the blade in front of Hans’s face.

LT. ALDO

So I’m gonna give you a little somethin you can’t take off.

CU COL. LANDA

The dagger has just completed carving a swastika deep into his forehead.

COL. LANDA’S POV

On the ground, looking up at Aldo, bloody knife in hand, who straddles him. And Utivich, who’s next to him. The two Basterds admire Aldo’s handiwork.

Aldo turns to Uitivich and says:

LT. ALDO

You know somethin’, Utivich? I think this just might be my masterpiece.

They ghoulishly giggle.

CUT TO

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY QUENTIN TARANTINO

Tomoya Imai

imai@narra.jp

Production Designer

For the last 15 years, Tomo has been a production designer, being responsible for the look and feel of the films, music videos, and commercial clips, etc. He's worked on more than 1,000 projects both in Japan and in the US.

Being the head of the art department requires him not only the comprehensive understanding of the design and storytelling, but also the managing skills of the whole, sometimes with 200+, uniquely talented, art department crew. Tomo has the personality with great collaborative skills, having worked with many, and often times very needy, directors, producers, cinematographers, costume designers, and commercial clients! Working on many short-term projects such as music videos and commercials always requires him and his team to work in a light-speed.

When working for other production designers as a supervising art director or an art department coordinator, his focus is more on the team management, work efficiency, and budget control.

A Moment in June

Winner of the Thai Academy Award (Suphanahong) 2011 for Best Production Design

Mary and Witch's Flower

Nominated to Annie Award 2018 for Outstanding Achievement for Production Design

Million Dollar Man (Morocco Part)

Giri Haji (Netflix)

Mozart in The Jungle (Amazon)

Commercial Clients which he designed/art directed includes NIKE, Marriot Bonvoy, Shiseido, Lexus, UNIQLO, Apple, Toyota, Samsung, and many more.

F9: The Fast Saga

Tomo is a filmmaker, and a system engineer.

He does illustration, he does 3D modeling, he manages the team, and he dose coding.

He is currently a CEO of Narra no ki Inc.

3D Modeler, Set Designer

When designing a set for himself, or being a set designer for other production designers, he designs the set with 3D softwares such as Rhinoceros 3D and Auto CAD. When playing more with polygons instead of NURBS, he uses MAYA and ZBrush.

For his scene making, and with his recent XR related works, he use Unreal Engine.

Illustrator, Graphic Designer

System Engineer

Tomo started his career as a software engineer at a company in Shibuya, 17 years ago, pre-iPhone era. Since then, he has been an active freelance computer programmer.

Music Video artists he designed include Tong Vfang Xien Qi, AKB48, Kumi Koda, PUFFY, SMAP, Dreams Come True, and many more.

Social Work

Drawing Workshop at Isivivana 2019, Cape Town

Recently his focus is more about giving opportunity for the young talents. "Borderless education for kids without money, and for kids with trauma" is one of his motto.

Justified (FX)

Mary and Witch's Flower

Madonna's

'Ghost Town'

Koichi Domoto's music video

Concept Art for a short film

Along with the 3D softwares, he often draws his design by hand, both on paper and with Photoshop. Some of the sample work on the right shows how he develops his idea from scribbling on the paper, to completing it to the 3D rendered presentation, and to the physical film set.

Filmography

Sample Artworks

Metaverse

Other Works

With his extensive background in designing, team managing, and engineering, he's looking for the creative opportunity that can help these kids.

CITY OF ANGELS

lies spread out beneath us in all its splendor, like a bargain basement Promised Land.

CAMERA SOARS, DIPS, WINDS its way SLOWLY DOWN, DOWN, bringing us IN OVER the city as we:

SUPER MAIN TITLES.

TITLES END, as we -­

SPIRAL DOWN TOWARD a lush, high-rise apartment complex.

The moon reflected in glass.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN THROUGH billowing curtains, INTO the inner sanctum of a penthouse apartment, and here, boys and girls, is where we lose our breath, because -­ spread-eagled on a sumptuous designer sofa lies the single most beautiful GIRL in the city.

Blonde hair. A satin nightgown that positively glows.

Sam Cooke MUSIC, crooning from five hundred dollar SPEAKERS.

PASTEL colors. Window walls. New wave furniture tor­tured into weird shapes. It looks like robots live here.

On the table next to the sleeping Venus lies an open bottle of pills... next to that, a mirror dusted with cocaine.

She rouses herself to smear some powder on her gums.

As she does, we see from her eyes that she is thoroughly, completely whacked out of her mind...

She stands, stumbles across the room, pausing to glance at a photograph on the wall:

Two men. Soldiers. Young, rough-hewn, arms around each other.

The Girl throws open the glass doors... steps out onto a balcony, and there, beneath her, lies all of nighttime L.A. Panoramic splendor. Her hair flies, her expression rapt, as she stands against this sea of technology. She is beautiful.

On the balcony railing beside her stand three potted plants.

The Girl sees them, picks one up. Looks over the balcony railing... It is ten stories down to the parking lot.

She squints, holds the plant over the edge.

GIRL

Red car.

Drops the plant. Down it goes, spiraling end over end -- until, finally... BAM -- ! SHATTERS. Dirt flies. A red Chevy is now minus a WINDSHIELD. The Girl takes another plant.

GIRL

Green car.

She drops it. Green Dodge. Ten stories below, BAM Impact city. Scratch one paint job. Grabs the final plant and holds it out, saying:

GIRL

Blue car.

POW. GLASS SHATTERS. Dirt sprays. A blue BMW this time. The Girl loves this game... her expression is slightly crazed. She reaches for another plant --

There aren't any. Her smile fades -- And for a moment, | just a moment, the dullness leaves her eyes and she is suddenly, incredibly sober. And tears fill her eyes as she looks over the edge -­

GIRL

Yellow car.

And jumps the railing. Plummets, head over heels like a rag doll. Hits the yellow car spot on. She lies, dead, like an extinguished dream. Still beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG BEACH BAR - NIGHT

Full of smoke.

The clink of glasses, the rumble of drunken conversation.

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

In front of him is a bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon and a glass. Both are empty. He is thirty-five, give or take.

Scraggly growth of beard. Pouches under the eyes. The eyes?

Totally black. Unreadable. Meet MARTIN RIGGS. You wouldn’t know by looking at him that he's one of the deadliest men alive. In fact, he looks a little like a bag person.

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

JAKE

You okay, Sarge?

RIGGS

Yeah.

rubs his eyes

This one’s empty, better bring me another.

JAKE

Whatever you say.

RIGGS

Thanks, Jake.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MEN’S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

PUNK #1

Hey, brother.

RIGGS

Hi. Something I can help you with?

PUNK #1

Yeah, brother, you got any money?

RIGGS

frowns

Money? Yeah. Thousands of dollars.

beat

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

PUNK #1

Brother, you one smart motherfucker.

RIGGS

Why, thank you.

RIGGS

takes out his wallet

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

PUNK #1

Give it to me.

RIGGS

frowns

Why should I do that?

PUNK #1

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

The other punk snaps open a switchblade. And then, incredibly, Riggs begins to laugh.

RIGGS

No, no, no. Bad idea.

he sighs, runs a hand through his hair

Look, have you talked to Jake?

PUNK #1

What ?

RIGGS

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

PUNK #1

pause, then

Stick him, Calvin.

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

RIGGS

Okay. We through...?

beat

Stop now, or...?

PUNK #1

Brother, you dead.

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

INT. BARROOM

The Punk literally flies out of the hallway into the bar.

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

RIGGS

I’m not your brother.

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

HUGE MAN

Hey, that guy's a friend of mine.

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

RIGGS

I’m a cop. Fuck off.

He slaps a hundred dollar bill on the bar in front of Jake.

Jake hands him a bottle of Wild Turkey.

RIGGS

I’ll take it to go. Sorry about the mess.

JAKE

Sarge, you gotta stop cornin’ round here.

RIGGS

You kidding? This is better than the gym.

He exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURTAUGH'S HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

DETECTIVE ROGER MURTAUGH

Seated in the bathtub. He groans, throws a towel over himself, and mutters in mock indignation: Roger is tough: An old-fashioned fighter, wears his past like a scar. Piercing eyes; cynical. He is surrounded by his family; wife and three children, names and ages as follows: TRISH: Roughly thirty-eight. She used to be a stunner. NICK: Ten years old. Precocious. CARRIE: Age seven. Eyes like saucers. Adorable. RIANNE: Seventeen. Takes your breath away. Heartbreaker stuff, folks. The cake is a real beauty.

CARRIE

Make a wish, Daddy.

RIANNE

Go for it, Dad.

MURTAUGH

smiles

Go for it, huh...? Okay, I'll go for it.

He blows out the candles. Applause. His gaze lingers on -- the cake. Or rather, the message scrawled atop it in icing:

WELCOME TO THE BIG 50

The presents arrive.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMI VALLEY - MORNING

The scorched landscape stretches out beneath a lattice­ work of high-tension power lines. Only scrub grass grows here. Rusted railroad tracks wander into the dis­tance, and nestled beside them, like the last stop be­ fore death -- sits a lonely trailer home. Battered TV antenna. A dirt yard which houses a beat-up pickup truck. Dead garden sprouting weeds. The ground begins to tremble... like an earthquake, RATTLING the POWER POLES, as, without warning --An express TRAIN BLASTS BY CAMERA and streaks past the trailer at seventy miles an hour.

INT. TRAILER HOME

Now we are inside, the RUMBLING FAINTER... And we are looking at a tired, chiseled face. Etched with line and shadow. Eyes closed, as the shadows from the speeding train strobe across DETECTIVE SERGEANT MARTIN RIGGS.

Morning is not a good time for Riggs. The CLOCK RADIO suddenly BLARES to life: "Silver Belllls... It's Christmas Tiiime in the City..." Riggs snaps awake instantly. Alert. Tense. Face bathed in sweat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He is not alone. In the doorway sits a thoroughly loveable black Labrador. Sitting stock still. Staring at Riggs, watching him sleep. Tail going thump-thump-thump on the carpet.

Riggs sits up. Stares at the dog.

RIGGS

Sam, today is the first day... of the rest of my life.

He lights a cigarette. Inhales.

Coughs and hacks.

The TRAIN THROBS by outside, rattling his skull...

CUT TO:

INT. MURTAUGH HOME - SAME TIME

And it is a typical morning for Detective Roger Murtaugh.

Chaos. The TELEVISION BLARES. Young Carrie Murtaugh wails like a banshee. Her brother Nick tells her to shut up. Trish Murtaugh is burning eggs in the kitchen.

Roger Murtaugh enters then, fixing his tie. The follow­ing dialogue is fast and furious, tossed over the shoul der as Murtaugh scurries to and from, getting dressed:

MURTAUGH

Honey, what’s this on my tie?

She looks.

TRISH

An ugly spot?

MURTAUGH

Thanks. Sharp as a pin.

TRISH

I’m thinking of going on ’Jeopardy.’

MURTAUGH

Don’t take any questions on cooking.

TRISH

Thanks. I love you, too.

Carrie is still shrieking. Tears stream down her face.

MURTAUGH

Hey, kid, turn off the waterworks, okay?

CARRIE

points to Nick

Daddy, he changed the channel!

MURTAUGH

Noooooo.

NICK

She's a crybaby, Dad.

MURTAUGH

Mind your own business.

nods toward the TV

That’s illegal.

NICK

What’s illegal?

MURTAUGH

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

NICK

’Starsky and Hutch.’

MURTAUGH

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

NICK

Sure, Dad.

MURTAUGH

Honey, where's the spot remover?

turns to Carrie

Young lady, stop crying or I’ll give you something to cry about. Damn.

He dabs at his tie. Carrie screams. In the kitchen Trish drops the eggs, swears. The PHONE RINGS. Carrie screams.

MURTAUGH

That's it. I’m gonna give you something to cry about.

He grabs a copy of Newsweek and hands it to her.

MURTAUGH

Starving children. See? They haven't eaten, it's very sad. Cry.

He moves away.

CARRIE

Daddy, you’re weird...

MURTAUGH

Thank you, Carrie. Hear that, honey, the children think I’m weird.

TRISH

They’re bright children.

hangs up the telephone

Honey, you know a man named "Dick Lloyd? Don’t step in the egg.

MURTAUGH

Where’s my thinking? I should’ve checked the floor for egg. Dick Lloyd...?

beat

Jesus, Dick Lloyd. What’s he want?

TRISH

The office called. He's been trying to reach you for three days now.

MURTAUGH

I haven’t talked to him in... shit, twelve years? No, wait a minute, that would make me fifty years old, that can’t be right.

TRISH

smiles

You’re not getting older, you’re getting better.

MURTAUGH

Inform the children of this,

kisses her; heads for the door

Forget the eggs, I’ll eat later.

TRISH

Whatever.

beat

Honey?

as he stops

How come I never heard of Dick Lloyd?

MURTAUGH

I never talked about him.

TRISH

Oh.

beat

Vietnam buddy?

MURTAUGH

Yeah. Vietnam buddy.

He exits the kitchen, crosses the entrance hall. Stops, noticing Rickies the cat, who is happily munching on the remains of Roger’s birthday cake.

MURTAUGH

Hey.

He swats it aside. Pauses, his gaze lingering on the silent message which gnaws at his guts.

THE BIG 50...

He comes out the front door. Flicks off the Christmas lights, crosses to the car. Looks up, and sees -- his oldest daughter Rianne. Jogging past. She wears an adorable pair of dolphin shorts. Walkman headphones.

She waves.

RIANNE

’Bye, Daddy.

He waves.

MURTAUGH

shakes his head

Goddamn heartbreaker. She’s a heartbreaker.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - RIGGS GETTING DRESSED

Riggs enters the living room, naked. Scars on his back, the kind you get from knives. Runs a hand through limp hair. Turns on the lamp. As he does -- the TELEVISION also springs to life; hooked to the same circuit. Pops three aspirin from a bottle. Chews them.

Opens a bag of peanuts, throws it to the big Lab, who gobbles them down.

Eats a sandwich, standing in the middle of his apartment.

Looking at the floor. What a lonely fucking guy... Straps on his gun. .9 millimeter Beretta, if it matters.

Throws on a jacket. Downs a shot of whiskey. Pauses, looking at a photograph on the wall. Riggs, much younger, along with a pretty and vivacious woman in a wedding gown: his wife. Stares at the photograph. His fingers twirl the whiskey glass with completely unconscious skill.

Tense. Tense... twirling the glass... RICHARD DAWSON DRONES from the TV (our survey savs -- ). Riggs slings the shotglass. Dead center, SHATTERING the TV SCREEN.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - MORNING

Targets: Human silhouettes with kill zones numbered.

Murtaugh enters. Sheds his coat, upholsters the .38.

Steps to the red line. Shifts. Stretches. Cracks his neck. This is a ritual for him. He stops to examine his right hand, holding it steady before his eyes. Except there is a slight tremble. Tiny, but it’s there. He frowns. Braces himself: Cross-draws with lightning swiftness. -- BAM! -- The sound is DEAFENING in the closed room. A neat round hole appears in the target.

Perfect shot: a neat third eye. Murtaugh smiles.

Holsters his gun. Puts on his coat -- and sings softly to himself:

MURTAUGH

Happy birthday to me...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

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

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units in the vicinity and Fourteen X-ray thirty-one, shooting in progress at Venice Beach, Washington and Navy. Three victims down, RA en route Fourteen X-ray thirty-one, handle code three.

Riggs hits the gas pedal and PEELS OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTURY CITY PARKING LOT - MORNING

The sky threatens rain. Cars buzz by as the city awakens.

A section of the parking lot is cordoned off by yellow streamers which read: POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS, and as we watch, a black and white patrol car pulls up, admitting two beat COPS and a young hooker. Her name is DIXIE, and she is not happy.

DIXIE

Can I stay in the car?

COP #1

No.

DIXIE

Aw, cut me a break. I told you already: she came out on the balcony --

COP #1

points

That balcony... ?

DIXIE

-- No, the Chandler fucking Pavillion, of course that fucking balcony, and then she jumped, and then I puked in a trash can. Can I go now?

COP #1

Not 'til you talk to the Sarge.

DIXIE

Terrific. Where the hell is he?

INT. MURTAUGH’S CAR

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

BEAT COP

Happy 50th, Rog.

MURTAUGH

Fuck you.

He crosses to the two Cops and Dixie.

COP #2

Hey, Sarge.

MURTAUGH

Morning, Phil. Get some rain, looks like.

beat

Hey, Dixie. Nice threads.

DIXIE

Hey, Murtaugh. Tell these bozos to lay off.

MURTAUGH

You. Bozos. Lay off.

COP #1

Had a jumper last night, Sarge. Dixie here was walking by, saw the whole thing.

MURTAUGH

You got a statement? Send her home.

DIXIE

Thanks, Rog. I’m beat, you know how it is.

MURTAUGH

Sure.

points to her outfit

All dressed up and no one to blow.

DIXIE

You’re hilarious.

She exits. Cop #2 escorts Murtaugh across the parking lot.

COP #2

Nice wholesome girl. She got a new job, you know.

MURTAUGH

What’s that?

COP #2

County ceiling inspector,

beat

So. Fifty years old, huh?

MURTAUGH

Eat me.

They stop next to the Porsche. Murtaugh grimaces.

COP #2

Name is Amanda Lloyd, age twenty-two, prostitute, one arrest, no convictions. Born Tennessee, parents -­

MURTAUGH

What was the name?

COP #2

Lloyd. Amanda Lloyd. You know her...?

Murtaugh looks stunned. He speaks very slowly:

MURTAUGH

I knew her dad.

COP #2

Jesus.

an awkward pause

Vehicle is registered to her. She landed right on top of her own car.

MURTAUGH

Find out who bought it for her. Her sugar daddy.

COP #2

Take some looking into.

MURTAUGH

So look.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA LLOYD’S APARTMENT - DAY

Murtaugh stares at the photograph we saw earlier. The two soldiers. One, we can assume, is Dick Lloyd. The other is Murtaugh. Younger, trimmer. He speaks into the phone.

MURTAUGH

Hello, honey...? Give me the number for Dick Lloyd. What...? Yes, the man who called me this morning. His daughter just took a dive out a window.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Two black-and-white police cars. Flashers spinning.

Cops crouched behind the vehicles.

On the beach a crowd of children cower behind the play­ ground equipment. This is serious, folks.

TENEMENT - ACROSS STREET

One open window.

Riggs drives up. Gets out of his pickup. He wears a flight jacket, pegged jeans, and an L.A. Dodgers’ base­ ball cap.

Approaches three COPS.

RIGGS

’Mornin’, Jack.

JACK (COP)

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

RIGGS

Gotta keep the fan club happy.

JACK

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

RIGGS

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

beat

What do we have here?

ANOTHER COP

Sniper, sir.

RIGGS

Duh. What’s he doing?

JACK

Shooting at kids, what’s it look like?

RIGGS

You try gas?

OTHER COP

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

RIGGS

You using SWAT team?

OTHER COP

Five minutes away.

RIGGS

Terrific. See you around.

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

COP

Nine years old.

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

RIGGS

Nine.

OTHER COP

Yes, sir.

Riggs nods.

Looks to the window.

Looks down.

Walks to the edge of the police line, and sees -­

RIGGS’ POV

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

BACK TO SCENE

He clears his throat.

RIGGS

Jimmy, c’mere.

The Other Cop approaches.

OTHER COP

You still here?

Riggs does not reply. Instead, he asks:

RIGGS

How good a shot is he?

As he says this, he throws away his cigarette.

Rolls up his sleeves.

We are reminded of a technician.

OTHER COP

Sir... ?

RIGGS

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

OTHER COP

confused

Um, he... shot random.

RIGGS

How about the weapon? Anybody make the weapon?

OTHER COP

No, sir.

Riggs loosens his holster.

RIGGS

You see a scope?

OTHER COP

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

Riggs suddenly walks away. Calmly.

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

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

JACK

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

Riggs walks.

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

Riggs walks.

Doesn’t even flinch.

Stops in the exact center of the beach.

He is alone on this one, boys and girls...

Clears his throat.. Calls up to the window:

RIGGS

Hello...?

pause

Mister Sniper, sir...?

OTHER COPS

The expression "shitting bricks" springs to mind.

RIGGS

Still standing there. Tries again.

RIGGS

I’m still here, turkey.

beat

Or do you only do kids...?

His eyes are steel.

A pause: Riggs slowly pops a cigarette in his mouth.

Gun held loosely at his side.

Clicks his cigarette lighter, one eye glued to the window...

It happens:

The sniper appears again -- and unleashes THREE-SHOT BURSTS from a SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE...

the STUTTERING CHATTER of the GUN is DEAFENING...

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

For your information, gentle reader: The Beretta Belle .9 millimeter handgun offers fifteen bullets in its mag­ azine, and one in its chamber.

For you math majors, that's sixteen.

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

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

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

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

Click.

Riggs dumps the empty magazine.

Snaps in a new one.

Stuffs the gun in his waistband.

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

Walks past the cops.

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

All of them stare, incredulous...

And a BEAT COP spits and says:

BEAT COP

Crazy son of a bitch. Fucking disgrace to cops.

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

INT. METRO SQUAD ROOM -MORNING

Police have seldom looked this busy. Yes, there are RINGING PHONES. Yes, there are CLATTERING TYPEWRITERS.

Yes, it looks like a circus. And here comes Captain of Detectives ED MURPHY, moving like an after-breakfast juggernaut. Behind him, a young woman rushes to keep up.

The POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST, no less.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I want Martin Riggs pulled from duty.

MURPHY

Um... no.

PSYCHOLOGIST

No. No??? Captain, he walked into the line of fire.

MURPHY

Very brave individual, don’t you think...?

PSYCHOLOGIST

This is utter bullshit.

MURPHY

Oh, is it? Forgive me.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Martin Riggs is a cop with a death wish.

Murphy shoots her an incredulous look.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You can quote me. It happens to be my professional opinion.

MURPHY

Um... good opinion. See you tomorrow.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Captain...!

MURPHY

Look, Doc, you’re way off. Wav off. Know what I think? I think Riggs is pulling for a psycho pension.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Oh, do you?

MURPHY

Yeah. I’m sure you’re aware the department offers a disability stress pension -­

PSYCHOLOGIST

Yes, I’m aware -­

MURPHY

-- Except we don’t offer it to everybody. only cops who seem to suffer from -­

PSYCHOLOGIST

-- From abnormal stress, yes, I know. Or suicidal tendencies...

MURPHY

Give the lady a cigar.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You think Riggs is playing a game?

MURPHY

Sure. He wants the cash. Seen it a hundred times. He’ll come around.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Sir, with all due respect... I think that’s a dangerous attitude to take. May I remind you that his wife of eleven years was recently killed in a car accident, and - -

MURPHY

I know all about Riggs, Doc. He’s a tough bastard.

PSYCHOLOGIST

intense

He is on the edge. He may be psychotic.

MURPHY

Bunch of psych bullshit. Look, can I pee now?

PSYCHOLOGIST

I think you’re making a mistake by leaving him in the field. He's suicidal.

MURPHY

End of discussion. We're gonna wait. And then, if he offs himself... Well, then we'll know I was wrong.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Yes, sir. Then we'll know.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMI VALLEY - NIGHT

Rain sweeps in off the desert. Cold. Drenching. Riggs walks slowly toward his trailer home, head down. The RAIN BEATS on him. He doesn’t notice. Under his arm he carries a large cardboard box.

INT. RIGGS’ TRAILER - SAME TIME

Riggs enters, soaking wet. Switches on the lamp.

Depressing. Jake appears, tail a-thump. Tongue wagging doggishly. Riggs reaches atop the refrigerator, grabs a bag of peanuts.

Opens it, tosses it to the dog.

RIGGS

Sam, every day... in every way... I'm getting better and better.

Opens the box and removes its contents. Brand new color TELEVISION. Plugs it in. Switches it ON. Sits down with a bottle of whiskey. Drinks. On the screen, the Grinch steals Christmas from the residents of Whoville.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Riggs opens a drawer beside him, and takes out a bottle of sleeping pills. Picks it up. As he does -- the sound of the TELEVISION FADES OUT -- silence, dead silence... As Riggs rolls the bottle in his fingers. Slowly, thoughtfully, unscrews the cap... dumps them on the table.

Runs his fingers through them. CLICK... CLICK... Stares.

Mesmerized. RAIN BEATS on the window.

EXT. TRAILER

The RAIN CONTINUES to hammer the lonely little pit which Riggs calls home.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A.P.D. - MORNING

A zoo. A sign reads METRO ROBBERY/HOMICIDE.

Roger Murtaugh sits at his desk, lost in thought.

Behind him, McCASKEY, Class Three Detective. He talks to Murtaugh:

MCCASKEY

See, you’re behind the times, Sarge. Guys in the Eighties aren't tough. They’re sensitive people. They show emotions around women and shit like that.

beat

I think I’m an Eighties man.

MURTAUGH

How you figure?

MCCASKEY

Last night: I cried in bed, so how’s that?

MURTAUGH

Were you with a woman?

MCCASKEY

No, I was alone, why the fuck you think I was crying?

MURTAUGH

Sounds like an Eighties man to me.

Another detective enters. Rail-thin, nose like a beak.

His name is BURKE.

Behind him in the door frame we see a fat cop pass by down the hall, walking backwards: a beat, and then he is followed by four more cops singing the world’s shiftiest rendition of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." It sounds like pigs mating.

Burke approaches Murtaugh:

BURKE

Got some news on the Lloyd case, Rog.

MURTAUGH

That was quick.

BURKE

So was the autopsy.

takes a deep breath

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

MURTAUGH

What?

BURKE

Surprise, surprise. First off, coroner found evidence she took barbiturates.

MURTAUGH

Brilliant. There was an open bottle on her table.

BURKE

Right, right. That’s not the surprise. Surprise is someone doctored the pills.

beat

Every capsule was loaded with drain cleaner.

MURTAUGH

Jesus...

BURKE

If she hadn’t jumped, she woulda been dead inside fifteen minutes.

MURTAUGH

sighs

This case blows.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ACROSS the room, a detective takes off his gun and slings the holster across his chair. As he EXITS FRAME — PAN to reveal: Martin Riggs as he enters the squad room. Shuffles from foot to foot, looking lost. Lights a smoke.

ACROSS ROOM

Murtaugh slings on a jacket. Turns to go. Notices Riggs.

MURTAUGH’S POV

Riggs resembles a bag person. Unshaven, limp dirty hair, grimy leather jacket.

BACK TO SCENE

He frowns, says:

MURTAUGH

McCaskey, if my wife calls, tell her late dinner.

BURKE

Ho, Rog. I'm not through yet. I'm supposed to tell you two more - things.

MURTAUGH

Shoot.

He is still looking at Riggs, who is slowly wandering from desk to desk, smoking -- Stopping near the desk with the bolstered gun.

BURKE

First, condition of the sheets and mattress indicate someone was in bed with Amanda Lloyd just before she died. That's A.

MURTAUGH

What’s B?

BURKE

B is, I’m supposed to tell you you’re breaking in a new partner on this.

Now Murtaugh is eyeballing Riggs. Cautious.

MURTAUGH

distracted

I don’t work partners.

BURKE

You do now. C.I.T. transfer, some burnout they want you to keep on a leash.

MURTAUGH

Oh, perfect. Can I trade in my life for a new one?

At which point, across the room, Riggs removes the bol­stered gun and hefts it, curiously. Suddenly all hell breaks loose:

MURTAUGH

!! Gun !!

He bolts like a cheetah.

Cops dive for cover, a secretary shrieks, and Murtaugh goes plowing through the squad room like an express train, blowing people out of the way -- Cops grabbing for their holsters -- Riggs, meanwhile, looking around frantically, he’s trying to find the guy with the gun who is, of course, himself.

Murtaugh takes a flying leap -- sails across the desk, going for the glory -- And Riggs, in the blink of an eye, simply ducks -- and flips Murtaugh neatly over one shoulder. There is a hideous crash of BREAKING GLASS and OVERTURNING FURNITURE. Ouch... McCaskey, meanwhile, screams to Burke:

MCCASKEY

What the shit is going on?

Burke sighs, shakes his head:

BURKE

Roger Just met his new partner.

INT. OFFICE

Darkness. A soft CLICK as a gun is cocked. The barrel gleams faintly in the dim light. A voice:

MAN (O.S.)

There are three guns on you.

VISITOR

Easy. Take it easy,

beat

I'm going to light a match.

He does. Holds it near his face.

MAN (O.S.)

Thank you, Mr. Mendez.

The lights come on. Dazzling. Mendez covers his eyes.

Three men. Seated in chairs. Shirt sleeves and shoulder holsters. The LEADER speaks.

LEADER

If you'll follow me, please.

MENDEZ

Who the hell are you?

LEADER

That’s hardly important. If you like, you may call me Mr. Joshua.

MENDEZ

Swell.

They move toward a door in the rear wall.

JOSHUA (LEADER)

I trust you're having a pleasant holiday season?

MENDEZ

looks at him

Yeah. It’s a fucking joy, thank you.

INT. BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME

The door opens into a dimly-lit office. Stained carpet.

Rotten wood. A desk.

Behind the desk sits a large, rugged man with eyes like chips of stone. This is the GENERAL.

GENERAL

Yes, Joshua...? Ah, Mr. Mendez. Please, have a seat.

Joshua stands off to one side. Mendez sits.

MENDEZ

under his breath

Where’d you get him? Psychos ’R’ Us?

GENERAL

Hardly.

Points to another mere.

MENDEZ

I like the sunglasses. Very Hollywood.

GENERAL

Mr. Larch is unfortunately missing an eye. For anonymity’s sake, he chooses to forego wearing a patch.

MENDEZ

Swell. Blind people with guns. This is a class act. Maybe we can run over to the V.A. and pick up a couple amputees. Bargain rates after six.

GENERAL

I don’t find you funny.

MENDEZ

I don’t find this goddamn setup funny.

beat

You’re using mercenaries, for Chrissake. Tell me I’m wrong.

GENERAL

No. You’re not wrong.

MENDEZ

And I’m supposed to trust these bozos?

GENERAL

My people are loyal, Mr. Mendez. They are loyal to me.

MENDEZ

Bullshit.

GENERAL

Joshua. Hold out your hand.

Joshua steps up to the General and extends his arm.

GENERAL

Do you smoke, Mr. Mendez?

MENDEZ

Yeah.

GENERAL

Give me your lighter.

Mendez frowns, cautiously hands a silver cigarette lighter to the General.

Who promptly pulls an old G. Gordon Liddy maneuver:

He holds the flame right under Joshua's hand. Searing it. Mendez looks on, a trifle pale.

As for Joshua, he makes no sound at all. Simply stands, trance-like.

GENERAL

You wish to do business with us, yes?

MENDEZ

Jesus...

GENERAL

Mr. Joshua is in a great deal of pain. You wish to make a purchase, yes?

MENDEZ

I... yes. Sure. Jesus.

The General nods, hands the lighter back to Mendez.

GENERAL

Flthy habit, smoking,

beat

The bulk of the heroin will arrive Friday night. We will make delivery at that time. Please have the money ready, and no tricks. If you try to cross us, I’ll have Joshua cut out your eyes.

beat

Merry Christmas.

EXT. ND POLICE CAR - DAY

Riggs and Murtaugh cruise through downtown Los Angeles.

Riggs drives, while Murtaugh scowls. There is an awk­ward pause.

MURTAUGH

Turn right.

beat

So. They tell me you’re a good cop.

RIGGS

I try.

MURTAUGH

Heard about your little stunt yesterday. Pretty heroic stuff,

as Riggs does not reply

File says you worked for the Phoenix Project in Vietnam, that right?

RIGGS

Yes.

MURTAUGH

Assassin stuff?

RIGGS

Maybe.

MURTAUGH

And they gave you the Congressional Medal of Honor.

RIGGS

It was a lean year.

MURTAUGH

It’s over, you know.

RIGGS

What is?

MURTAUGH

The war.

RIGGS

Yes. I know.

MURTAUGH

Just thought I’d remind you.

beat

Check out your piece?

He reaches across the get Riggs’ gun. At which point 'Riggs’ hand shoots out — and stops him cold.

RIGGS

Bad manners, man.

Riggs removes the gun himself. Steers with his knees.

Drops the chambered bullet. Slips out the magazine, works the slide, KA-CHIK -- ! Hands the gun to Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Don’t hurt yourself.

Murtaugh hefts the weapon, turning it over in his hand: Beretta .9 millimeter. Smooth, well-oiled.

Accurized. Murtaugh frowns.

MURTAUGH

.9 millimeter Beretta. That’s some serious shit.

RIGGS

Military switched from Colt to Beretta in 1985. It's a better piece. Wide ejection port, no feed jams, no stovepipes.

MURTAUGH

What’s it take?

RIGGS

Fifteen in the mag, one up the pipe. You carry a wheelgun?

MURTAUGH

.38 Special.

RIGGS

Lot of old-timers carry that.

Murtaugh shoots him a look. Replaces the gun.

MURTAUGH

File says you’re registered with Newark P.D. as a lethal weapon.

RIGGS

File don’t lie. Look, friend, let’s cut the shit. We both know why I was transferred.

RIGGS

Everyone thinks I'm suicidal, in which case I’m fucked and no one wants to work with me. Or they think I’m faking to draw a psycho pension, in which case I'm fucked and no one wants to work with me. Basically, I’m fucked.

MURTAUGH

Guess what?

RIGGS

What?

MURTAUGH

I don’t want to work with you.

RIGGS

Then don’t.

MURTAUGH

Ain't got no choice. Damn. We’re both fucked.

RIGGS

Terrific.

As they speak, Riggs has pulled to a stop in front of a large downtown bank building.

MURTAUGH

rubs his eyes

I’m very old...

sighs

... God hates me, that’s what it is.

RIGGS

Hate him back. Works for me.

He lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK BUILDING - DAY

Dick Lloyd’s office: everything about it looks starched and perfect. In the b.g., bank employees shuttle between desks, building and toppling empires. DICK LLOYD paces back and forth. He is the man we saw earlier in Amanda’s photograph, standing next to Murtaugh. Now he looks like shit. He addresses Riggs and Murtaugh, who are seated in the office.

LLOYD

Murder...! But I thought...

MURTAUGH

Poisoned. Even if she hadn’t jumped... she'd still be dead.

LLOYD

Jesus.

beat

Jesus, I can’t take this.

He sits, staring out the window. A broken man.

MURTAUGH

Dick, why did you call me yesterday?

LLOYD

very far away

... Called you...? Yeah. That’s right... I heard you were working out here... I wanted you to find her for me, Roger. Take her out.

MURTAUGH

Out of what?

LLOYD

She did movies, Roger... Naked movies... Saw one of them... saw my little baby... smiling... She did it... with a woman. She was on top of a woman, Roger...!

MURTAUGH

Easy, Dick.

Lloyd turns, facing them. Intense:

LLOYD

I want a promise.

beat

You owe me. You know you do.

MURTAUGH

Yes. I know that.

LLOYD

When you find who did it, I want you to kill them. If it’s more than one, I want you to kill all of them. Make them squirm first, take your time... and fucking kill them.

MURTAUGH

I’m a police officer, Dick.

LLOYD

Forget the law. It’s easy to do. You owe me.

MURTAUGH

pause; then

We have to go now.

Lloyd does not look up. Riggs and Murtaugh head for the door.

LLOYD

I know you can, Roger. You kill them. You do that.

The cops exit. The door shuts.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Riggs and Murtaugh head for the car. Riggs takes out a pack of cigarettes.

MURTAUGH

You gonna smoke in the car?

RIGGS

Thinking about it.

MURTAUGH

Terrific.

He puts the top down.

Riggs takes out a cigarette, starts to put it in his mouth. Stops.

RIGGS

Whoops. Shit.

He replaces it in the pack, takes another. Murtaugh looks at him.

MURTAUGH

What was wrong with that one?

Riggs points to the tip of the replaced cigarette. We notice two things: a) It looks like it’s about fifty years old; and b) there is a tiny red mark, circling the filter.

RIGGS

This one is the last cigarette I'll ever smoke.

RIGGS

Trick I learned from my dad. I smoke all I want, but when I smoke this one... I'm through.

MURTAUGH

Brilliant. Get in the car.

RIGGS

Want me to drive?

MURTAUGH

You’re suicidal, remember?

RIGGS

Anyone who drives in Los Angeles is suicidal.

They get in. Murtaugh heaves a sigh, stares bleakly out the window. A moment, then Riggs says:

RIGGS

He said you owed him. What did he mean?

MURTAUGH

We served together in ’65. He saved my life in the La Drang Valley. Took a bayonet in the lung.

RIGGS

That was nice of him.

MURTAUGH

I thought- so

The RADIO SQUAWKS. Murtaugh TURNS it UP.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units and seven eight twenty-one, possible jumper at the corner of Santa Monica and La Cienega, seven eight twenty-one handle code two.

Murtaugh keys the hand mike.

MURTAUGH

Four King Sixty en route.

RIGGS

This is great.

I love this job.

MURTAUGH

Stow it.

EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - DAY

A building, ten stories high. On the ledge, a lone man poised high above the street. Beneath him, a crowd has gathered. A police car. A searchlight. A crowd of office workers, rubber-necking to beat the band. One or two kids yell, "Jump, jump.”

Murtaugh’s car glides to the curb. The doors burst open and the two partners emerge. A PATROL COP approaches.

PATROL COP

Hey, Sarge, you wanna handle this?

MURTAUGH

Where’s the psychologist?

PATROL COP

Sitting in traffic.

MURTAUGH

Swell.

beat

Who’s the guy ?

PATROL COP

Salesman name of MacCleary. Left the office party. Went upstairs and walked out on the ledge.

MURTAUGH

Think he’ll go?

PATROL COP

Seems serious enough. Who knows?

Riggs clears his throat. Murtaugh turns.

RIGGS

I can handle this.

MURTAUGH

You qualified to talk to jumpers?

RIGGS

I’ve done it before.

MURTAUGH

reluctant; then

Okay. You’re elected,

as Riggs turns to go

Hey.

as Riggs stops

No guns. No kung fu. Just... bring him in.

RIGGS

Sure. Bring him in.

MURTAUGH

Right.

Riggs moves off toward the building. Murtaugh looks after him. Was this a mistake...?

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Riggs appears on the roof. There, about five yards away, stands the JUMPER. Agitated. Breathing hard.

Below is ten stories of open space. The wind blows.

Riggs nods to the Jumper.

MACCLEARY (JUMPER)

Go away.

RIGGS

My name is Riggs.

MACCLEARY

Fuck off.

RIGGS

I can’t do that,

beat

What’s your name?

MACCLEARY

Look, I know all the psychology bullshit, it won’t work.

RIGGS

I’m not a psychologist.

MACCLEARY

Yeah? What are you?

RIGGS

Homicide cop.

MACCLEARY

You’re early. Hang on a couple minutes, you can go to work.

RIGGS

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

MACCLEARY

swallows

Len. Len MacCleary.

RIGGS

Thanks. ’Predate it.

beat

That M - - C... ?

MACCLEARY

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

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

RIGGS

Why are you doing this?

MACCLEARY

None of your goddamn business.

RIGGS

Fair enough.

pause; then

I’m coming out. Take it easy.

Riggs stands, steps out onto the narrow ledge.

He seems unconcerned.

MACCLEARY

Don’t come near me!

RIGGS

Ssshhh. Easy. I’m just going to talk.

MACCLEARY

Touch me and I’ll jump.

RIGGS

I understand.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

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

... Geronimoooooo...

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.

RIGGS

Don’t... touch me.

Murtaugh will not back down.

MURTAUGH

What the fuck did you just do???

RIGGS

I controlled the jump. You wanted him down. He's down.

MURTAUGH

C’mere.

He yanks Riggs around the corner, away from the other cops.

MURTAUGH

Okay, turkey, no bullshit. Do you want to kill yourself?

RIGGS

Aw, for Chrissake...

MURTAUGH

Shut up. Just yes or no, do you want to die? Huh? Yes or no?

RIGGS

I got the job done.

MURTAUGH

You’re not answering the question!!!

RIGGS

angry

What do you wanna hear, man? You wanna hear that I got a bottle of pills in my room? I do. Every day I wake up, I look for a reason not to take them. Doing the job, that's... that’s the reason.

Murtaugh looks at him. Nods. A moment, then:

MURTAUGH

You want to die.

RIGGS

I'm not afraid of it.

MURTAUGH

Here.

upholsters his gun

Pills are too slow. Use a gun. Use my gun. Go ahead, pal.

A pause. Riggs looks at the gun.

MURTAUGH

Be my guest.

He offers the gun to Riggs.

MURTAUGH

Go ahead. If you're serious.

Riggs smiles, takes the gun without missing a beat. Puts it to his head. CLICK -- ! The hammer is cocked.

Murtaugh and Riggs stare each other down. Tense. Reading each other.

RIGGS

You shouldn't tempt me, Roger.

MURTAUGH

Put it in your mouth. Bullet goes in your ear, might not kill you.

Meanwhile, in the b.g., pedestrians are diving for cover.

Murtaugh and Riggs are oblivious. Riggs puts the gun under his chin.

RIGGS

Under the chin's just as good.

They stare at each other. Riggs’ finger begins to tighten on the trigger. Turns white with pressure.

It looks like he's going to do it.

At the last second, Murtaugh jams his thumb in front of the hammer, and CLICK -- !

Jesus...

The hammer thuds against his thumb.

Murtaugh grabs the gun. Stares at Riggs, wild-eyed.

MURTAUGH

Jesus. You're not trying to draw a psycho pension.

beat

You're really crazy...

RIGGS

smiles coldly

So now you know.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. Now I know.

INT. POLICE LINEUP - DAY

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

PSYCHOLOGIST

You're asking me if he's stable and I'm telling you no. We’re talking about a man who carves notches in his gun barrel. One for each kill. He blew a man to pieces yesterday. Is this helping?

INTERCUT:

ROGER MURTAUGH

STANDING AT A PAY PHONE, LISTENING. HE NODS:

MURTAUGH

Terrific. So you're saying I should worry.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Are you kidding? The guy's a time bomb. When he goes... stand back.

MURTAUGH

Thank you, Doctor. You've been very helpful.

He hangs up. Rubs his eyes tiredly and says:

MURTAUGH

I'm too old for this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ND DETECTIVE CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

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

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

The guy who paid for the apartment and the car.

MURTAUGH

Right. I think he deserves a visit.

RIGGS

Sounds like fun.

MURTAUGH

I’ll bet.

sighs

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

RIGGS

Yes.

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

Don’t kill him.

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

I thought you already were.

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

Es-yay.

EXT. POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOME - TWILIGHT

The kind of house that I’ll buy if this movie is a huge hit. Chrome. Glass. Carved wood. Plus an outdoor solarium: A glass structure, like a greenhouse only there's a big swimming pool inside. This is a really great place to have sex.

INT. SOLARIUM

The swimming pool is covered by a vinyl tarpaulin.

Surrounded by a jungle of plants.

AT POOLSIDE TABLE

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

RICH GUY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODEN GATE - SAME TIME

Riggs and Murtaugh approach the gate. Riggs tosses out a cigarette. Suddenly -­

There is an ELECTRIC HUM and the gate glides softly open, admitting a red Honda scooter, a dashing blonde behind the wheel. She ROARS off down the street.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange glances.

The GATE CLICKS, starts to glide shut.

The cops enter.

EXT. HOUSE WINDOW - SAME TIME

Riggs’ face comes INTO FRAME, peering cautiously through a plate glass window. He whistles softly.

RIGGS

Take a look.

Murtaugh steps to the window, looks in.

MURTAUGH'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

Enough cocaine to service the third tier at Yankee Stadium.

A BLONDE, BIKINI-CLAD WONDER sits on the couch, happily snorting. She sees Murtaugh and waves hilariously.

Makes come-hither gestures.

BACK TO SCENE

Murtaugh scowls, turns to Riggs.

RIGGS

I'm thinking probable cause.

MURTAUGH

Jesus. Maybe I should call for backup.

RIGGS

What am I, chopped liver?

Murtaugh looks at him. Sighs.

MURTAUGH

No killing.

RIGGS

No killing.

He grins cheesily.

EXT. SOLARIUM

Riggs and Murtaugh approach the frosted glass door. They draw their guns.

MURTAUGH

Nice and easy.

RIGGS

Nice and easy.

Murtaugh takes a deep breath. Kicks open the door.

MURTAUGH

Police. Hold it right there.

INT. SOLARIUM

The rich guy does not hold it right there. In fact, he has already snatched up the SHOTGUN. He triggers a BLAST, BLOWS OUT GLASS next to Murtaugh. Murtaugh dives, rolls, comes up in a combat crouch. BAM -- ! The rich guy takes it in the shoulder. Spins around. The gun clatters to the ground. Riggs and Murtaugh approach, guns drawn. The rich guy writhes on the ground, clutch­ing his shoulder. Murtaugh says to Riggs:

MURTAUGH

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

he does

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

RIGGS

No fair, the building guy lived.

MURTAUGH

Whatever. The point is, no killing.

RIGGS

No killing.

MURTAUGH

Right. Piece of cake. I’m very happy. Read the man his rights, I'll be over here being happy.

Unfortunately... as Murtaugh speaks, he does not see the man on the ground has a hideaway gun tucked into his waistband. As Murtaugh talks, oblivious... The guy takes out the gun with his good arm -- and aims dead center at Murtaugh’s back. Riggs, however, notices. And springs into action. Before the rich guy can fire... Riggs’ foot flashes out like a pile driver. CRACK! The guy flies backward. Lands on top of the pool tarpaulin. Oops. It promptly surrounds him in a sucking, vice-like grip.

Murtaugh dives forward and extends his hand. Too late.

The vinyl surrounds the screaming rich guy, sucks him below the surface. Smothers him.

Drags him to the bottom. Murtaugh looks on, wild-eyed.

On the bottom of the pool is a vinyl tomb. Murtaugh dives in. Swims to the bottom. Yanks, and strains, but we all know it’s no fucking use. The vinyl stops moving.

Murtaugh stares... and then he gives up. Surfaces at the side of the pool, gasping and wheezing. Riggs kneels down beside him.

RIGGS

Oops.

Murtaugh stares daggers at him.

MURTAUGH

Have you... ever... met someone you didn’t kill...?

RIGGS

Haven’t killed you yet.

MURTAUGH

Terrific, you want a little gold star?

he pulls out a soaked pack of cigarettes

Shit.

EXT. POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOME - LATER

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

MURTAUGH

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

beat

You saved my life. Thank you.

RIGGS

I bet that hurt to say.

MURTAUGH

You have no idea.

INT. MURTAUGH HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

CARRIE

Hi, Daddy. Is that a crook?

MURTAUGH

No, honey, this is Martin, my partner.

scoops her up; hugs her

Tell Martin what you think of crooks.

CARRIE

Buttheads.

giggles

They’re buttheads.

RIGGS

Kid’s no dummy.

CARRIE

Daddy, Mommy says you hate her cooking.

MURTAUGH

Tell Mommy hate is a mild word.

INT. KITCHEN

Trish is cooking as the two cops enter.

MURTAUGH

Hi, honey,

he looks in the oven

We’re having something brown... A largish brown object...

TRISH

It’s roast.

MURTAUGH

Dammit, I wanted to guess. Honey, this is Martin, my new partner. He’ll be joining us tonight, okay?

TRISH

Sure. Roast okay with you, Martin?

RIGGS

Fine.

MURTAUGH

How about brown, roast-like substance?

TRISH

Roger, you’re being an asshole,

kisses his ear

Don’t forget to compliment Rianne. on her shoes.

MURTAUGH

Got it. Drink, Martin?

RIGGS

Bourbon, if you have it.

Murtaugh exits. Riggs stands awkwardly as Trish removes the roast from the oven.

RIGGS

My wife could bum water.

TRISH

You’re married?

RIGGS

I was. She’s dead now.

TRISH

Oh. I'm sorry.

RIGGS

No problem.

He reaches for a stray piece of roast. Trish slaps his hand.

TRISH

Don’t pick.

Riggs smiles. A genuine smile, the first we've seen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Murtaugh is fixing drinks as RIANNE enters.

We all hear a sigh. She is strictly to perish for.

RIANNE

Hello, Father.

MURTAUGH

Hello, daughter. Nice shoes.

RIANNE

.

Oh, Daddy, aren’t they great?

MURTAUGH

Absolutely. How much they cost?

RIANNE

A hundred and ten dollars. Do you really like them?

MURTAUGH

A hundred and -­

frowns

--They’re shoes.

RIANNE

Right.

MURTAUGH

You wear them on your feet.

RIANNE

Right.

MURTAUGH

And that's all they do...? There's not, like a TV inside?

RIANNE

Nope.

MURTAUGH

shakes his head

I’m very old.

CUT TO:

INT. MURTAUGH’S DEN

Young Nick Murtaugh is sitting in front of the TELE­ VISION, watching a "Charley Brown Christmas” and color­ing a picture with a big box of crayons. He stops.

Frowns. Looks up -- At Martin Riggs, who is peeking his head around the corner, watching with rapt fascina­tion. Riggs chuckles, points to the screen:

RIGGS

This is good. I like this.

Nick looks at him very strangely. Okay, so the guy likes cartoons...

INT. DINING ROOM - MEALTIME

Everyone is gathered, eating.

Incredibly homey and domestic-looking.

For Riggs, who eats ravenously, it is the first taste of warmth in many a long year.

ACROSS THE TABLE

We notice something kind of neat:

Rianne simply cannot take her eyes off Riggs.

She stares at him, in a trance. Her brother NICK nudges her in the ribs. She pulls a face.

MURTAUGH

Has also noticed his daughter's attentions, and you can bet he's not all that happy about it.

EXT. BOAT ON TRAILER - DRIVEWAY

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

Little too neat for me.

MURTAUGH

Give it up. You watch too much television.

RIGGS

I do, but that's beside the point.

MURTAUGH

What is the point?

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Fair enough. So who did the girl?

RIGGS

Tell you tomorrow.

Rianne suddenly appears.

RIANNE

Daddy...?

MURTAUGH

Yes, daughter.

RIANNE

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIANNE

Please, Daddy?

MURTAUGH

Who’s Mark?

RIANNE

The blond one.

MURTAUGH

The one with the pits in his face?

RIANNE

Those are dimples, Daddy.

MURTAUGH

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

RIANNE

I hate you.

MURTAUGH

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

EXT. MURTAUGH HOUSE - NIGHT

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

RIGGS

Nice family.

MURTAUGH

Thanks.

RIGGS

Enjoyed the meal.

MURTAUGH

Bullshit, but thanks anyway.

A pause. Riggs stands there. Then:

RIGGS

You don't trust me at all, do you?

MURTAUGH

Tell you what. Make it through tomorrow without acing anybody. Or yourself. Then I’ll start trusting you.

RIGGS

Fair enough.

He walks toward his car. Stops.

RIGGS

I do it real good, you know.

MURTAUGH

Do what?

RIGGS

Kill people... Only thing I ever did good. When I was nineteen, I did a guy in Laos from a thousand yards out. Rifle shot in high wind.

beat

Ten guys in the world coulda made that shot. Huh. Only thing I was ever good at.

pause; then

Well, see you tomorrow.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. See you then.

Riggs drives away. Murtaugh watches him. Turns. On the way back inside, he flicks on the Christmas lights.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Martin Riggs cruises along in his battered pickup truck past all-night dives and porno houses. The streets are nearly deserted. Except for a young HOOKER on the cor­ner. Real young, maybe seventeen. Riggs sees her and pulls over to the curb. The Hooker approaches.

HOOKER

Hi, handsome. Looking for something?

RIGGS

Aren’t we all?

HOOKER

nods

Are you affiliated with any law enforcement organization?

RIGGS

pause; then

No. Get in the car.

She does. Closes the door.

RIGGS

How old are you?

HOOKER

Twenty-two.

RIGGS

Bullshit.

HOOKER

Why, you like ’em young?

RIGGS

Younger the better. How old are you?

HOOKER

almost shyly

Sixteen.

Riggs nods. Takes out a hundred-dollar bill and sets it in her lap.

HOOKER

Wow.

beat

So, what do you want?

RIGGS

I want you to come home and watch television with me.

He drives away from the curb.

INT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT

The house is dark and quiet at this hour. Roger Murtaugh fixes a sandwich in the kitchen. Rickies the CAT PURRS, rubs against his leg.

MURTAUGH

Hey.

He kicks it aside. Notices a package on the counter, together with a scribbled crayon note:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SERGEANT MURTAUGH

The gift is a 99 special, right off the rack at Pic N' Save: The TUFF N’ READY Police Action Playset; Tiny plastic gun. made in Taiwan. Tiny plastic badge.

Murtaugh smiles. Notices another package next to it.

Frowns. Its label reads: ROGER MURTAUGH: POLICE EVIDENCE.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He opens the package. Two things: a high school year­ book; also a videocassette. Takes it, slides it into a VCR machine. Turns on the television.

TIME CUT TO:

SAME PLACE - LITTLE BIT LATER

Murtaugh is in front of the TV. On his lap is a high school yearbook. Open to the middle. He glances down, sees -- a photograph of Amanda Lloyd. Senior picture.

Smiling. Young. The girl most likely to. He looks up up at the television. On the screen Amanda Lloyd is writhing in ecstasy. Smiling. Murtaugh continues to watch. Lights another cigarette. There is a sad, faraway look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Very late now. Murtaugh walks down the hall to a bedroom door. Opens it a fraction. Inside -- His daughter Rianne is asleep.

A shaft of moonlight falls across the bed. She is more beautiful than we’ve ever seen her. Murtaugh crosses to the bed, leans down, and kisses her forehead. She stirs in her sleep, smiles like a cat, and whispers:

RIANNE

... Mark...

Murtaugh recoils. Stands up. We realize that up until this moment, see, he thought she was maybe a virgin...

INT. MURTAUGH’S BEDROOM

He takes off his robe, drapes it on a chair. Gets into bed silently next to his sleeping wife. Lies awake, staring up at the ceiling. The RAIN BEATS on the window, throwing odd shadows across his face. He drifts toward sleep. As he does, we ever so slowly...

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. MURTAUGH BEDROOM

Sunlight streams through the windows, Murtaugh stirs groggily, forces open his eyes. Staring him in the face is Martin Riggs’ scruffy, early morning face. Murtaugh frowns.

MURTAUGH

... Martin...?

RIGGS

Good morning, Roger. I’ve been doing a little thinking.

Murtaugh Just stares at him.

RIGGS

About the night Amanda Hunsaker died.

Murtaugh grimaces.

MURTAUGH

Do you know what time it is...?

RIGGS

Day time?

MURTAUGH

I'll get dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. MURTAUGH KITCHEN

In the kitchen Trish is singing something bluesy, fixing coffee. At the table Nick is drinking milk. Murtaugh sits. Riggs takes off his shoulder holster, and with meticulous care drapes it delicately over the back of his chair. Sits opposite Murtaugh.

RIGGS

You're seriously using ketchup?

MURTAUGH

Yeah.

RIGGS

On eggs.

MURTAUGH

Yeah.

beat

Who made the ketchup?

RIGGS

Heinz.

MURTAUGH

Who made the eggs?

Riggs looks to Trish.

TRISH

across the room

You two are so hilarious I could bust.

Riggs leans forward.

RIGGS

Roger.

MURTAUGH

Yeah.

RIGGS

That hooker who witnessed the jump the other night. What was her name?

MURTAUGH

Dixie.

CARRIE

What’s a hooker?

MURTAUGH

Shh, quiet, I'm combatting crime.

NICK

A hooker is a...

RIGGS

interrupts

Right, and she’s in Century City Witnessing Amanda Hunsaker's suicide -­

MURTAUGH

or murder -­

RIGGS

-- right, or murder, and my question is... what is she doing there? I called Wilshire Vice, that’s not her usual turf.

MURTAUGH

Wow.

beat

Wow. That's really reaching.

RIGGS

Cut me a break, it’s a hunch. Roger. I’m having a hunch.

MURTAUGH

You couldn’t have it at home, you had to come here at 7:30 A.M. and have it.

RIGGS

7:35, and yes, I thought you’d be excited.

MURTAUGH

I’m thrilled.

pause

Okay.

RIGGS

Okay, what?

MURTAUGH

Okay, go for it. I’m listening.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTDOOR FIRING RANGE - DAY

Riggs and Murtaugh stand on line at the range. Around them the echoing BOOM of gunshots fills the morning air.

They struggle to be heard over the tumult:

MURTAUGH

We know someone was in bed with Amanda Lloyd the night she died.

RIGGS

Right. ’Til now we assumed it was a man.

MURTAUGH

Okay. Let’s say it was Dixie.

RIGGS

Okay. Disgusting, but okay: Let’s say Dixie slipped the drain cleaner into the pills.

MURTAUGH

Say someone paid her to do it.

RIGGS

Sure. She thinks, terrific, Amanda swallows a couple downers and boom, she’s dead. Then Dixie -­

MURTAUGH

If it was her --

Al

RIGGS

-- Right, right, then Dixie has plenty of time to spritz the place up, get out, whatever.

MURTAUGH

Except Amanda Jumps out the window.

RIGGS

Or Dixie pushes her. Either way --

MURTAUGH

Either way, she's gotta make a fast getaway, ’cause now the body's public. She hauls ass downstairs.

RIGGS

People are coming out to see what happened.

MURTAUGH

Someone spots her. She says 'shit.'

RIGGS

Right. She actually stops and says, ’Shit.'

MURTAUGH

Or, 'Damn.'

RIGGS

Or 'Golly, I've been spotted.' The point being -­

MURTAUGH

The point being, now she has to cover her ass.

RIGGS

Right. So she says, 'Officer, officer, I saw the whole thing.'

MURTAUGH

Right.

RIGGS

Right.

MURTAUGH

sighs

That's pretty fucking thin.

RIGGS

Very thin.

MURTAUGH

smiles

Hell with it. Thin's my middle name.

RIGGS

Your wife's cooking, I'm not surprised.

MURTAUGH

Would you lay off the cooking?

RIGGS

Tell her that.

Riggs steps to the line. Draws the Beretta, fires off a full clip. Three-shot rhythms, two in the chest, one in the head, two in the chest, one in the head.

Removes the magazine, lovingly snaps in a new one.

MURTAUGH

You sleep with that thing under your pillow?

RIGGS

I would if I slept.

MURTAUGH

Here, stand back.

Murtaugh steps to the red line. Stretches. Cracks his neck. Shifts from foot to foot. Finally steadies him­ self. A moment then: He cross-draws with lightning swiftness. — BANG -- . The REPORT is DEAFENING. The target grows a neat third eye. Perfect shot. Dead center. Murtaugh grins, holsters his gun.

MURTAUGH

Hey-hey. Would’ja look at that? Pretty good for an old man.

Riggs shrugs. Draws. FIRES. He isn't even looking.

Nonetheless. --He puts a magnum round right through the hole made by Murtaugh’s .38. The hole gets .60 inches wider. Murtaugh scowls.

MURTAUGH

Yeah, yeah. Eat me.

He stalks away, pissed off.

EXT. WEST L.A. STREET - MORNING

Murtaugh's car glides up to the curb. In front of a row of neat frame houses. Old neighborhood. Late model cars. A LITTLE black KID playing on the sidewalk.

The two cops get out, stride toward a cottage set back from the street. They pass the Little Kid who is playing with a plastic bucket and a headless Star Wars figure.

RIGGS

Hey, kid. What’cha doing?

The Kid grins, obviously pleased with himself.

LITTLE KID

I put this on top and it fall down.

He demonstrates. He puts it on top. It falls down. He grins happily. Riggs shakes his head.

RIGGS

Good thinking.

They keep walking. Toward the cottage.

MURTAUGH

Very thin.

RIGGS

Probably nothing.

They mount the steps to the walk. As they do -- The HOUSE suddenly EXPLODES. It BLOWS APART concussively.

There is a flash of light, a loud, flat BANG And the thing tears to pieces. Glass blows out. Wood sprays.

Flying shrapnel. A wall of flame. Riggs hits the dirt, smothering the Little black Kid. Murtaugh dives for cover behind a telephone pole. A piece of shrapnel imbeds it­ self; right next to his head. Carnage. Noise. The tumult slowly begins to fade. Echoes. Flames rage to the sky. Smoke rolls. Beams collapse. The cottage is no more. Murtaugh climbs to his feet, dazed; stares at the rubble. Looks over toward Riggs, who is getting up off the Kid. The Kid is shaken, but unhurt.

MURTAUGH

Hey.

Riggs turns.

MURTAUGH

You’re on fire.

Riggs looks. The back of his coat is completely ablaze.

RIGGS

Shit.

He takes it off, flings it aside.

Goes up to Murtaugh. Lights a cigarette.

RIGGS

Probably nothing.

MURTAUGH

Thin. Very thin.

EXT. BURNED-OUT COTTAGE - LATER

Cops prowl through the gutted remains. Charred and black. Nothing left. A body goes by on a stretcher.

MURTAUGH stops it.

MURTAUGH

Ho.

he looks under the sheet

Jesus.

ATTENDANT

We’re hoping to find some teeth in there. Otherwise, could be anybody. Black, white... Could be a fuckin’ bowl of soup, for all we -­

MURTAUGH

Okay, okay.

The stretcher continues toward the waiting truck.

Murtaugh looks off, whispers:

MURTAUGH

Bye-bye, Dixie.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Martin Riggs is examining a twisted hunk of metal as Murtaugh walks up beside him.

MURTAUGH

What’cha got?

RIGGS

Part of the device.

beat

Holy cow.

MURTAUGH

What?

RIGGS

Artwork. This is goddamn artwork.

MURTAUGH

Swell. I’m glad you liked it.

RIGGS

You don’t understand. This is real pro stuff. Haven’t seen this since... well, since the war.

MURTAUGH

Come again?

RIGGS

C.I.A. used to hire meres who used this same setup. Mercury switches.

Murtaugh frowns. A PATROL COP taps him on the shoulder.

PATROL COP

Sir, I think you’d better come with me.

Riggs and Murtaugh exchange glances. They move off, across the street.

EXT. STREET - BACK OF FIRE TRUCK

Riggs and Murtaugh stand by the rear of the truck. A CONSTRUCTION CREW watches from behind, heavy equipment idling softly. Next to them sits the little blackkid from earlier, coloring with crayons. His mother hovers...

COP

Okay, here it is. The little kid says he saw someone working on the meter this morning.

MURTAUGH

Where ?

COP

Across the street at Dixie’s. He was playin’ some kind of game, hidin’ under the stairs. Says he saw the guy pretty good.

MURTAUGH

Jesus. This could be a break.

RIGGS

You kidding? The kid’s six years old.

COP

If that.

MURTAUGH

You call the gas company?

COP

Sure did. No one supposed to check that meter for at least another month.

MURTAUGH

nods

Let me handle this.

COP

Be my guest.

RIGGS

Wanna wear the chicken suit? I got some clown makeup.

MURTAUGH

Stow it.

He crosses to the boy.

MURTAUGH

Hi. I’m Detective Murtaugh. What’s your name?

ALFRED (LITTLE KID)

Alfred.

He stares at Murtaugh with eyes like saucers.

MURTAUGH

How old are you, Alfred?

ALFRED

Six.

MURTAUGH

Wow. Six.

beat

Bet you like the Gobots, huh?

Alfred nods.

MURTAUGH

Me, I’m a G.I. Joe man.

ALFRED

points

Is that a real gun?

MURTAUGH

Yes, it is.

ALFRED

Do you kill people?

MURTAUGH

No. If a guy is hurting someone, I try to shoot him in the arm or something. Just to stop him.

ALFRED

Momma says policeman shoot black people.

Murtaugh grimaces. Alfred’s mother looks away quickly.

MURTAUGH

Alfred, this man you saw. The meter man...?

beat

... You get a good look at him?

ALFRED

I saw him.

MURTAUGH

Great. Listen, you ever watch ’Starsky and Hutch'? 'Cause the police, sometimes they need help. They need police helpers. Detectives.

he takes out a plastic badge, puts it on Alfred's chest

If you want, you can be a junior detective. If you want.

The kid looks at him. Distrust.

MURTAUGH

Keep it, it’s yours. Official detective.

Alfred nods, grins.

MURTAUGH

The man at the meter. Can you... picture him in your head? Think about what he looked like. Got it?

Alfred nods. Murtaugh picks up Alfred’s box of crayons.

Hands it to the little boy.

MURTAUGH

I want you to draw him for me.

ALFRED

I’m a good drawer.

MURTAUGH

Try to draw the man.

Riggs clears his throat. Rolls his eyes.

RIGGS

Oh, brother. This is good. I like this.

MURTAUGH

Can it, Martin.

RIGGS

We’re gonna put out an A.P.B. on Big Bird.

MURTAUGH

Very funny.

RIGGS

laughs

Attention all units. Large yellow bird. Silly voice.

MURTAUGH

You’re hilarious. Alfred, draw the man, okay ?

Alfred nods, takes the crayons, and carefully selects a bunch of colors. Lays them out like Da Vinci fixing his palette. Riggs shakes his head.

RIGGS

Brilliant police work? I think so.

TIME CUT:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Minutes have passed.

MURTAUGH

Martin, have a look at this.

Riggs crosses. Alfred has finished his drawing, and guess what? It's hilariously bad. Like a six-year-old drew it or something. Riggs rubs his eyes.

RIGGS

Oh, my...

begins to laugh

... Oh, mv...

He laughs even harder now. Giggling. Murtaugh scowls, snatches the picture away.

MURTAUGH

Terrific. Very professional.

Riggs is hooting. Murtaugh shows the picture to Alfred.

ALFRED

He laugh at my picture.

MURTAUGH

Shhh. Don’t mind him. He’s crazy.

ALFRED

I'm a good drawer.

MURTAUGH

You bet.

point s

Alfred. This is... the man’s arm, right?

ALFRED

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

Okay. Now this mark. Is this... What is this?

ALFRED

He had it on his arm.

Riggs stops laughing. Moves in closer.

RIGGS

Whoa. What was on his arm?

MURTAUGH

Was it a birthmark?

points to his arm

Was it like this?

ALFRED

No. It was pained.

|. MURTAUGH

Pained.

RIGGS

Pained, pained. What’s he saying?

MURTAUGH

Sssshh.

beat

It was... painted?

ALFRED

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

Like a tattoo?

beat

Do you watch Popeye? Was it a tattoo like Popeye has?

Riggs rolls up his sleeve, exposes his Marine tattoo.

You’ve seen the type: A Tweety Bird with a machine gun, or some such.

RIGGS

This is a tattoo.

The boy’s eyes go wide once again. He points at Riggs’ arm.

ALFRED

It was that.

The cops stop, puzzled.

MURTAUGH

It was that? You mean... just like that...?

ALFRED

Yeah. Man had the same thing.

RIGGS

You’re sure?

Alfred nods. The cops exchange glances:

RIGGS

Special Forces tattoo...?

MURTAUGH

Martin.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

What the hell are we into here...?

EXT. CLIFFSIDE HOUSE - DAY

A sprawling, expensive villa nestled on the side of a bluff overlooking the ocean. Terraces, verandahs, gazebos. Architecture that merits three syllables. The ocean looks cheap by comparison. A memorial service is in progress. A group of people, mostly young, friends of Amanda Lloyd; all are dressed in funeral black.

NEARBY --

Martin Riggs is collapsed in a lawn chair, smoking and looking thoroughly out of place. Seeing the girl, he frowns... puffs on his cigarette, and rolls a quarter over his knuckles like a stage magician. Nimble, trained fingers. A thoroughly unconscious habit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick Lloyd looks worse than ever. He stands, staring out over the ocean — as a hand comes out of nowhere... grabs his shoulder, and spins him roughly around: Face-to-face with Roger Murtaugh. Eyes burning like cold fire.

MURTAUGH

Hi, guy.

LLOYD

Roger... What... What’s up, buddy?

MURTAUGH

Not much.

beat

Wanna tell me about it?

LLOYD

Tell you about what?

MURTAUGH

Don’t bullshit me. That’s over.

beat

Your daughter wasn’t killed because of something she was into. She was killed because of something you’re into. Stop me if I’m wrong.

LLOYD

I don't know what you're talking about. Roger, I —

MURTAUGH

Keep your hands in front.

LLOYD

stops; startled

Hey. Take it easy, man.

MURTAUGH

Fuck easy.

beat

When you called me the other day, you were gonna blow the whistle, weren’t you?

LLOYD

Blow the whistle on what?

MURTAUGH

You tell me. You were gonna spill your guts. So they killed your daughter. Tell me I'm wrong.

Lloyd swallows hard, flustered. He can't meet Murtaugh's eyes.

MURTAUGH

Talk to me.

LLOYD

... Can’t... can't do that...

MURTAUGH

They killed your daughter.

LLOYD

I...

MURTAUGH

They paid off a hooker to poison your daughter. Talk to me!

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

LLOYD

Dammit, Roger, I've... I’ve got another daughter!

MURTAUGH

She’ll be protected.

beat

It’s over, pal.

LLOYD

Protected. That’s a laugh... You don’t know these people.

MURTAUGH

Acquaint me.

TIME CUT:

INT. LLOYD’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The two men are inside now. The sunlight filters in through a large picture window from the lawn.

Lloyd is pacing back and forth. He touches his stomach in the classic gesture of ulcer-carriers everywhere.

Opens the fridge, removes a carton of milk. There must be three cases of the stuff. Drinks, turns to Murtaugh.

A man at the end of his rope:

LLOYD

It goes all the way back to the war.

MURTAUGH

I’m listening.

LLOYD

I ended up working for a group called Air America. C.I.A. front, secretly ran the entire war out of Laos. I was part of a special unit called Shadow Company. Mercs. Trained killers. When Charley was bringing in heroin to finance the V.C. government, Shadow Company went in and burned it all down. We killed everybody. But we also... formed a plan.

MURTAUGH

Keep talking.

LLOYD

Couple of years ago, Shadow Company got together again. The war was over, but we still had a list of sources. In Asia.

MURTAUGH

And...?

LLOYD

And we’ve been bringing it in ever since.

MURTAUGH

Bringing what in?

LLOYD

Think real hard.

MURTAUGH

Heroin.

LLOYD

nods

Two shipments a year. Run by ex-C.I.A. Soldiers, meres. No one knows.

MURTAUGH

You son of a bitch.

Lloyd does not reply. A pause, then:

MURTAUGH

If you were getting cold feet, why’d they kill Amanda? Why not just kill you?

LLOYD

They can't. They need me.

MURTAUGH

Why?

LLOYD

My bank. It’s the front. Makes everything look good on the tax report.

MURTAUGH

The tax report...?

LLOYD

This is big business, Roger.

MURTAUGH

ice cold

Not any more. I'm gonna burn it down.

LLOYD

You can’t. It’s too big. These guys are trained killers.

MURTAUGH

Tell me about the next shipment.

LLOYD

No. No way.

Murtaugh grabs a framed picture of Amanda, slams it down on a wooden butcher block. The GLASS SHATTERS.

Lloyd stares.

MURTAUGH

Tell me!!!

Lloyd flinches. Leans back, a dreamy look in his eyes.

Speaks from very far away...

LLOYD

softly

Nothing... wrong with the kids, Roger. We're all fucked up. Us old bastards... We’re killing them.

And suddenly there is a gun in his hand. Aimed at Murtaugh.

LLOYD

Back off.

MURTAUGH

Oh, swell. Good move.

LLOYD

I’m not kidding. I’m in too far now.

Murtaugh does not budge. Lloyd cocks the hammer.

LLOYD

The gun is silenced, Roger.

Murtaugh stares him down. Eyes like fire.

MURTAUGH

What’s it gonna be, buddy...? You gonna save my life, just so you can snuff me twenty years later...?

LLOYD

Things are different now.

MURTAUGH

I guess.

A moment. Lloyd stares intently. Finger sweating on the trigger.

MURTAUGH

If you can do it, do it. I don’t fucking care anymore.

LLoyd blinks. Swallows. Another moment. Finally --He lowers the gun. Sighs.

LLOYD

... What do you want to know...?

Murtaugh relaxes visibly. And that’s when two things happen. The picture WINDOW GLASS suddenly COLLAPSES.

Falls TINKLING into a million shards. And the carton of milk in Lloyd's hand pops, spurting milk all over the front of his black suit. He frowns. Stares at the dribbling milk. Blinks. And his eyes snap open wide, as blood seeps out of his shirt, spattering the floor.

LLOYD

Eagar -- !

With his dying breath, he leaps in front of Murtaugh.

Takes the SECOND BULLET. The one meant for Murtaugh.

It blows him into Roger, takes them both to the floor in a breath-crushing impact. More BULLETS CHOP the kitchen.

China PLATES BURST into a glassy spray. Food spatters and gushes, staining the walls. Murtaugh rolls free, then, a man possessed: Screams out the window:

MURTAUGH

Riggs!!!

EXT. LAWN

Murtaugh’s voice is far away. Riggs looks up from his lawn chair. Notices two things: One: Everything seems normal. Nobody has heard the shots. Two: The glass in the kitchen window... something Strange, what the hell is it... oh, yeah, it's broken, someone broke the glass... And Riggs is on his feet in the blink of an eye.

BACK INSIDE

Murtaugh is at the window. Gun pointed.

MURTAUGH

Riggs!!!

MURTAUGH’S POV

reveals a crowd of people, milling back and forth, he has no idea where the sniper is, and suddenly BAM -- !

The wood blows out not two inches from his head and he ducks, and meanwhile -- back outside...

MARTIN RIGGS

is on the move. He jogs... trots... runs... Noticing a lone man in black, striding quickly across the lawn, striding into the crowd... toward the edge of the bluff... Things happen fast now, pay attention, as -- The man turns, sees Riggs... Riggs sees him... and the man is none other than Mr. Joshua. Crew cut. Sunglasses.

Moving fast.

MURTAUGH

diving out the window. Hits. Rolls, comes up. Scream­ing, waving at Riggs...

RIGGS

Gun out... moving fast, shoving through the crowd, people screaming now, "Jesus, he’s got a gun -- !" Running across the lawn, Murtaugh thirty yards behind, moving, hard and fast, both guns drawn, pushing/shoving, knock­ing people ass over teacups and meanwhile let us not forget -­

JOSHUA

moving at a dead run, now, gun out... at the edge of the cliff. People all around him, confused, I mean Jesus, what the hell is all this shooting about. and Riggs can’t get a clear shot... He’s sweeping the gun, back and forth, bodies crossing in front of him... all the wrong bodies, Goddammit...! Moving forward, shouting:

RIGGS

Lie down!!! Down!!!

Murtaugh, springing hell bent for leather -- and folks, grab your hats... because just then, a BELL COBRA HELI­ COPTER crests the edge of the bluff.

An explosion of sound...

As it rises like an avenging angel...

Hovers, shattering the air with turbo-throb, sandblasting the hillside with a roto-wash of loose dirt, tables, chairs, everything that’s not nailed down...

Screaming, chaos, frenzy.

Three words that apply to this scene.

And in the midst of all this -- Joshua steps onto the chopper and is hauled inside.

No expression.

The total professional.

And then, my friends, it’s bye-bye time. The CHOPPER ROARS like a behemoth, tilts -­

slips over the side and plummets away...

Slick. Very slick.

Except Martin Riggs is not impressed.

He’s still running, you see...

Dives flat at the edge of the cliff, nearly flings himself over the damn edge...

GUN extended like it’s part of his arm...

Finger flat on the trigger...

Blowing SHOT after SHOT at the retreating chopper... BAM-BAM-BAM -- ! His face contorted in a rictus of animal concentration...

And he wings the chopper, even. POP -- ! and a silent spray of fiberglass, but nossir, no cigar... ’cause the damn chopper flies away.

And Riggs dumps his magazine, stuffs in a new one... and Jesus Christ he keeps FIRING.

As Murtaugh walks up beside him. Stares down.

Gun held loose at his side.

Riggs still FIRES, BAM-BAM-BAM! It’s over, but he doesn’t know it yet...

Until his MAGAZINE CLICKS empty.

He lies flat.

Stares.

People screaming, running away.

Murtaugh standing over him, staring down at this animal with a gun, who even now refuses to look away from the retreating chopper, whose gun even now continues to follow its course out over the sea.

Hands, clutching the barrel.

Finally, they relax.

Riggs shuts his eyes.

Murtaugh stares.

MURTAUGH

You through?

Riggs looks up at him. His eyes look like a demon’s.

RIGGS

I haven’t even started.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Joshua and his pilot are cruising over the surf at break­ neck speed, the rotor stirring tiny geysers of water.

Joshua speaks into a radio microphone.

JOSHUA

Yes, sir... Yes, sir, Mr. Lloyd is dead. I’m afraid, however, that another problem exists.

INTERCUT - THE GENERAL

In his van, speaking on mobile phone.

GENERAL

Define.

JOSHUA

Lloyd spoke to the cops, sir.

GENERAL

Are the cops dead?

JOSHUA

No, sir. I missed.

There is a significant pause. Joshua licks his lips.

Then:

GENERAL

That’s very disappointing. The police may know everything. The whole operation, yes?

JOSHUA

Yes. Awaiting orders, sir.

GENERAL

Joshua, I think it’s time to turn up the heat.

EXT. VIEWSITE - NIGHT

A black Camaro is parked at the side of the road. The city twinkles beyond.

INT. CAR - SAME

Two teenagers, engaged in a first-rate makeout session.

One of them is Roger Murtaugh’s daughter Rianne. The other is MARK, he of the hilarious dimples. They are kissing when Rianne suddenly pulls away:

RIANNE

Mark, I gotta get home.

MARK

Would you quit worrying? Your mom thinks you're asleep and your dad's busy shooting crooks.

RIANNE

He said he’ll shoot you if we have sex.

MARK

Some things are worth dying for.

He leans in and kisses her. Passion, horniness. Some­ thing. He runs a hand inside her sweater. She starts to resist. Gives in.

RIANNE

Wait.

She takes out her gum and sticks it to the steering wheel.

Leans over to kiss him again --

FACE comes INTO FRAME. Right outside the window. Crewcut.

Shirt and tie. No less than Mr. Joshua himself, as we -­

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD STREET - NIGHT

Martin Riggs walks slowly down the boulevard. In one hand he carries a snapshot of Amanda Lloyd. Male pros­ titutes take one look at him and flee.

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

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

INSIDE DARKENED STORE

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

RIGGS

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

EXT. STORE

The cops exit and cross the street toward their car.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

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

He takes out a pack, lights one up.

RIGGS

Oh, by the way: Guy who shot me?

MURTAUGH

Yeah.

RIGGS

Same guy who shot Lloyd.

MURTAUGH

Jesus...! You sure?

RIGGS

I never forget an asshole.

MURTAUGH

sighs

So okay, ace: What do we do now?

RIGGS

Give up? Flee? Go far away?

MURTAUGH

Hilarious. What do we really do?

RIGGS

What else? We bury the fuckers. You know, we solve this, we could get famous, do shaving ads and shit.

MURTAUGH

Do goddamn Forest Lawn ads, we're not careful.

RIGGS

Feh. Don’t be a killjoy. It’s Friday night. Let's go kick ass.

MURTAUGH

You just got shot, man.

RIGGS

Exactly.

MURTAUGH

What do you mean, exactly?

RIGGS

Gives us the edge, Cochise.

smiles

They think I'm dead, Roger. I'm a corpse. And aren't they just gonna shit when I nail their butts... ?

A pause. They look at each other. Suddenly the police RADIO SQUAWKS. Murtaugh answers it.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Four King sixty, meet four king ninety on tach two.

MURTAUGH

King sixty, roger.

He adjusts the frequency on the radio.

PATROL COP (V.O.)

Four king ninety, four king sixty. Got a homicide, Mulholland Drive.

MURTAUGH

Four king sixty, negative.

beat

Give it to Burke.

PATROL COP (V.O.)

Sorry, sixty. Captain says give it to you. Male Caucasian, age seventeen.

MURTAUGH

Swell. Did he have blond hair and big dimples?

There is a long pause. Then:

PATROL COP (V.O.)

How’d you know...?

Suddenly, Murtaugh goes completely pale. So does Riggs.

Murtaugh hits the gas...

EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT

Murtaugh's CAR SCREECHES to the curb. Hops the sidewalk, Jolts to a stop. The two cops are out and running in a dead heat toward the front door. Murtaugh flings open the door. Stops. On the carpet beneath the mail slot is a tiny envelope with SEASONS GREETINGS emblazoned across the front. A note is attached with a paper clip.

One side reads DETECTIVE ROGER MURTAUGH. On the other side is a message in block capitals.

YOUR DAUGHTER LOOKS REALLY PRETTY NAKED

Murtaugh tears open the envelope, afraid to breathe.

Inside is a Polaroid snapshot. The audience may get a glimpse of it, or they may not. Either way, the effect it has on Murtaugh is devastating. He drops the snapshot like a live snake. Backs away, stumbles into the wall.

Shakes his head.

MURTAUGH

Bastards... bastards...

Riggs looks on, stunned. The TELEPHONE RINGS. RINGS again.

RIGGS

Roger.

Murtaugh looks up. Snaps out of it. Down the hall, his wife Trish moves to answer the phone.

MURTAUGH

Don't answer that!!

He rushes down the hall, scoops up the receiver:

MURTAUGH

Murtaugh.

He listens intently, a look of pure dread on his face.

Hangs up slowly, stares straight ahead. On the table, a stuffed bear stares back impassively. Trish Murtaugh looks on, terrified.

MURTAUGH

They took my kid... Bastards took my kid...

Beside him, Riggs' face contorts into a look of sheer, brutal hatred... Get ready for World War Three.

INT. MIDTOWN HOMICIDE - NIGHT

McCaskey is seated next to a bank of telephones, smoking and reading a comic book. Behind him the fat cop we saw earlier is conducting his choir in a thoroughly hideous version of "Deck the Halls." The PHONE RINGS.

SINGING COPS

'Don we now our gay apparel...'

MCCASKEY

McCaskey, Homicide -- just a moment, please --Hey, will you guys for Chrissakes shut up??... Yes, can I help you?

INTERCUT - McCASKEY AND MR. JOSHUA

Joshua is on the other end. Beside him the General looks on intently.

JOSHUA

Hello, I'm calling from the K.T.L.A. News department. We heard that Sergeant... urn, Riggs, is it...? had some trouble tonight, and --

MCCASKEY

interrupting

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

JOSHUA

My God. I’m sorry.

MCCASKEY

It's a bad day for all of us. And what is your name, sir?

JOSHUA

Goodbye.

He hangs up. Turns to the General.

JOSHUA

Bingo. Riggs is out of the picture.

GENERAL

nods

I want Murtaugh taken alive.

JOSHUA

He may not talk.

GENERAL

We have his little girl. He'll talk.

INT. RIANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trish Murtaugh looks like she could come apart at any moment.

She walks around the bedroom, slowly.

Touching things.

Touching her daughter's possessions.

Murtaugh enters. They look at each other.

He hands her the .22...

MURTAUGH

Take this. Until it's over, I don't want you to let it out of your sight.

His wife nods. Runs a hand through her hair. Shifts from one foot to the other.

MURTAUGH

They're not going to hurt her. If I do exactly what they say... they'll let her go.

beat

She’s coming home.

A moment. Then:

TRISH

What about you. . . ?

Murtaugh says nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Riggs has his shirt off, and is carefully removing slivers of glass from his shoulder. Cigarette dangling from his lips.

He hears a noise -­

And spins, startled.

RIGGS’ POV - SIX-YEAR-OLD CARRIE MURTAUGH

Adorable in a blue nightgown, Rickies the cat cradled lovingly in her arms.

Riggs relaxes.

Smiles.

Carrie walks over to him.

RIGGS

Hey, Missy.

CARRIE

I can’t sleep.

RIGGS

Uh-oh. Not good.

He scoops her up.

RIGGS

Who’s your friend?

CARRIE

Rickies the cat.

RIGGS

Huh. He’s a cutie.

Carrie looks at him then.

And she does a peculiar thing.

Slowly, she reaches out...

Riggs looking on...

And touches his back. Runs her tiny hand over the knife scar beneath his shoulder.

Fascinated by it.

CARRIE

Ouch.

Riggs looks at her. Smiles, and whispers softly:

RIGGS

Yeah.

beat

Ouch...

And he suddenly hugs the little girl for all he's worth.

Closes his eyes tight.

In that moment, every single year catches up to Riggs, and he looks, for a moment, incredibly old, and so very, very tired...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Carrie is asleep on the couch, snuggled beneath a knitted afghan. Riggs and Murtaugh stand across the room, con­ferring in hushed tones.

RIGGS

You know they're going to kill her.

MURTAUGH

Yes.

RIGGS

You want her back, you've got to take her away from them.

MURTAUGH

I know.

RIGGS

Good. We do this my way.

beat

You shoot, you shoot to kill. Get as many as you can. Don't miss.

MURTAUGH

I won't miss.

A pause. Riggs studies Murtaugh. Then:

RIGGS

We're gonna get bloody on this one.

beat

You're going to have to trust me.

Murtaugh stares at him for a moment. Then, he finally speaks...

MURTAUGH

... How... good are you...?

RIGGS

What?

MURTAUGH

Are you... only crazy... or are you... as good as you say you are...?

There is a pause. Then:

RIGGS

No one can touch me.

MURTAUGH

Good. Kill every fucking one of them. Okay...?

At which point, my friends, a light flickers on behind Riggs' eyes.

We see grim determination, sure...

But we also sense something else, oddly enough: Anticipation.

Riggs is a machine... and the machine is, well... revving up. He looks at Murtaugh:

RIGGS

Get half. I’ll kill the other half.

A moment passes between them. This will be the most devastating night of their lives. They will probably die.

A RINGING PHONE shatters the stillness.

RIGGS

. Here we go.

INT. MARTIN RIGGS’ TRAILER - DAY

The apartment is dark, illuminated only by a tiny lamp.

Riggs crosses to the window, peers out through slatted blinds. On TELEVISION a group of carolers sings "TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY." Riggs looks at the wall calendar: December 22. The CLOCK TICKS. The REFRIGERATOR HUMS.

He goes to the closet. Opens it. A cloud of dust billows out. Reaches in, removes a weathered cardboard box. Sits in the center of the room, takes a shot of bourbon.

Opens the box. Inside is a set of desert fatigues. He takes them out. Underneath a wicked-looking hunting knife. He takes that, too. Holds it up near his face, and it positively sparkles in the dim light...

TIME CUT:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Riggs stands, fully dressed. Colt .22 in an ankle holster. Combat webbing. Desert boots.

Beretta .9 millimeter, riding the right-hand thigh.

Scans his appearance in the mirror.

Breathes: in, out... in, out...

Glances at the photograph of his wife on the wall.

Wedding gown. White lace-and-satin ruffles. Beautiful.

His face is craggy. Weathered. Covered with desert paint. Surely he was never married... not this demon...

RIGGS

Forgive me.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Riggs spins. Lightning quick. Gun in hand.

VOICE (O.S.)

Me. Murtaugh.

RIGGS

Come in slow.

The door opens and Roger Murtaugh enters, carrying a briefcase. He looks briefly at Riggs' combat get-up.

Shrugs. Sets the briefcase on the bed, opens it. It is filled with round upon round of ammunition.

MURTAUGH

Hollow points. Armor piercing.

RIGGS

nods

You weren't followed?

MURTAUGH

No.

Riggs begins scooping up handfuls of ammo.

INT. RIGGS’ TRAILER - FEW MINUTES LATER

Murtaugh is hooking a wire in place under his collar.

MURTAUGH

Testing, one, two, three...

RIGGS

Fine.

He straps on his hunting knife.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

Riggs hoists a long-range sniper rifle.

Infra-red scope.

RIGGS

Thousand yards okay...?

EXT. LOW DESERT - DAY

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

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

INT. CAR - ROGER MURTAUGH

Driving. Relentlessly onward, his face locked in a mask of contained fury. Dust billows past the windows. Wind.

He keeps driving, straining his eyes ahead, focusing through the hundred-degree shimmer... Noticing, finally a series of shapes... dim mirages... silhouettes maybe, possibly men... possibly the men... The mirage resolves.

Mercs. Standing next to a black sedan. Murtaugh stiffens. Leans forward, punches the cigarette lighter, and as he does --he whispers into his hidden microphone.

MURTAUGH

Split.

EXT. CAR - DAY

It happens in the blink of an eye: The trunk pops open, and out rolls Martin Riggs. Yanks a rope. The trunk slams shut. Riggs hits. Rolls. Comes up, combat-crouched, hunkers off at a dead heat. He is clad in his desert fatigues. Magnum sniper rifle slung over one shoulder.

EXT. MURTAUGH - DESERT

Murtaugh rolls to a halt and steps from his car.

Facing three armed meres. Murtaugh simply stands there, reading the odds. Scanning...

MERC #1

Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH

Yes.

beat

I'm alone.

MERC #1

Hands up. Come with us.

MURTAUGH

Show me the girl.

MERC #1

She's not here.

MURTAUGH

Bullshit. Let me see her. Then I come quietly.

The Merc nods.

VAN

comes AT US from across the desert.

INT. VAN

Inside, Rianne is gagged, helpless. She looks terrified.

Next to her, Mr. Joshua holds a cocked pistol. Merc #1 leans in:

MERC #1

He wants to see the girl.

BACK OUTSIDE

Murtaugh waits. Sweating. Hands in pockets. And out comes Rianne, followed by the vicious Merc. He holds a knife squarely at her throat. Murtaugh’s eyes fill with tears. Relief that she's alive.

MERC #1

Simple exchange. You come with us, the girl takes a walk.

MURTAUGH

Let her go now.

MERC #1

No. Take your hands out of your pockets.

MURTAUGH

shrugs

Sure thing, pal...

He slowly raises his hands. In his left hand, he clutches a shiny metal sphere. A grenade. Murtaugh’s grip is the only thing keeping it dead. The Merc swears violently.

MURTAUGH

This fucker’s alive.

beat

Let her go or we all die.

And that's when Mr. Joshua steps out of the car. Deadly calm. All heads turn. Crewcut. Mirrored sunglasses.

MR. JOSHUA

Take him.

MERC #1

But sir.. .

MR. JOSHUA

He’s bluffing, it's a dud. He wouldn't risk killing his daughter.

MURTAUGH

Don’t push me.

MR. JOSHUA

Take him.

EXT. HILLTOP - MEANWHILE

Far away. The car and the surrounding figures are tiny.

A lone soldier crouches. Riggs. The rifle is on his shoulder. His eye is glued to the scope.

INFRA-RED IMAGE SHOWS RIANNE AND HER CAPTOR

Riggs' concentration is absolutely perfect. Like a statue. He licks a finger. Raises it, testing the wind.

RIGGS

Come on... Come on...

BACK WITH MURTAUGH

As he and Joshua stare each other down. Tense. Tense.

His hand clutches the grenade. Merc #1 pushes the knife into Rianne's throat.

MERC #1

Put the pin back in. Do it.

Murtaugh sweats. Mr. Joshua begins to walk forward, gun extended. Cool as ice. Another step. Smiling...

ON HILLTOP

Riggs sits dead still, focusing through the sniper scope.

RIGGS

Come on... Move away from the girl...

MURTAUGH

Joshua stops in front of Murtaugh. Cocks the gun.

MR. JOSHUA

Drop the fucking grenade.

MURTAUGH

I do and we die.

MR. JOSHUA

No. I don’t think so.

He sights down the gun and pulls the trigger: All hell breaks loose. Here's what happens: BAM -- ! The bullet catches Murtaugh in the shoulder. He drops the grenade.

It rolls, and Mercs dive for cover. The Merc holding Rianne takes a step back. Bingo.

ON HILL

Riggs grunts. FIRES.

BELOW

The Merc drops. Joshua's head snaps around. He stares off at the distance and hisses:

JOSHUA

Riggs...!

Meanwhile, Murtaugh rolls, comes up, gun in hand.

BAM -- !

FIRES.

MURTAUGH

Rianne, the car!

Rianne bolts. Meanwhile -­

ON HILLTOP

Riggs swivels the barrel, half an inch. Grunts. FIRES.

DOWN BELOW

The black sedan’s WINDSHIELD SPLINTERS. The car rocks with the impact as the driver is killed instantly.

GRENADE

chooses that moment to EXPLODE, poof...! into a cloud of orange smoke. A shower of confetti.

JOSHUA

Dud! It’s a dud!

RIANNE

is running for the car as Joshua swivels in her direction, lining up the UZI, FIRING a BURST -- Until a bullet from Riggs parts his hair, sends him diving to the sand, the Uzi sprouting flame --As Rianne flings open the car door, screams -- at the blood-spattered corpse which rolls off the steering wheel. BULLETS BLAST the car. METAL POPS and BURSTS. She jumps in.

MURTAUGH

is flat on the sand, FIRING like crazy, shot after shot -­ As Rianne floors the gas, the CAR PEELING out in a storm of flying sand and dirt. Door open. One leg hanging out. Plows into an armed mere. He flies up onto the hood, spins, still conscious, and takes aim through the windshield, right at her...!

ON HILL

Riggs swivels, lightning quick.

RIGGS

No.

Grunts. FIRES.

MERC ON HOOD

is blown off the car.

RIANNE

screams, the dead driver sprawled against one shoulder, her foot nailed to the gas pedal... as the car leaps like a kicked dog and careens off into the desert.

ON HILLTOP

Riggs lines up for another shot -- And there is a soft CLICK -- ! He whirls. The General has arrived. Stand­ing at the top of the hill. His M-16 is cocked and locked.

GENERAL

You're not that fast, son.

beat

Drop the rifle.

He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

GENERAL

I got Riggs.

ON DESERT FLOOR

Murtaugh makes a break for it, FIRING blind -- Until the ground before him literally EXPLODES with GUNFIRE. The earth is chopped to tatters. Dirt flies. He stops.

Puffing for breath. Raises his hands. As the smoke clears, Mr. Joshua approaches like a demon through fog.

He is flanked by two meres with Uzis.

JOSHUA

A very nice try.

speaks into walkie-talkie

Kendo. Get the girl.

ON HILLTOP

Riggs stands, hands over head. The General studies him thoughtfully.

GENERAL

Martin Riggs. Your combat record is the stuff of legend.

RIGGS

So is yours. General Peter McAllister, commander of Shadow Company.

GENERAL

I see we’ve heard of each other.

RIGGS

Yeah. It’ll almost be a shame when I kill you.

GENERAL

laughs

I don’t think so, son.

DESERT FLOOR

Mr. Joshua says to Murtaugh:

MR. JOSHUA

You're about to have a fun evening.

MURTAUGH

Go spit.

Joshua slams him in the head with a karate blow. He falls.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Rianne is driving to save her life. Screaming at the top of her lungs, the needle touching 90 as she strug­gles to shove the mere’s dead body into the corner.

Swerving. Screaming. At which point -­

The sand explodes in front of her.

She shrieks. A HOWL of noise, a veritable eruption of sand and dirt, and it’s one of two things, it's either aliens from space, descending -- or it's a Bell Cobra helicopter.

Rianne swerves to a halt to avoid the DRONING CHOPPER, which hovers like a behemoth, ROTORS THROBBING, as Rianne stumbles from the car and collapses in a heap on the sand.

Lost, alone, her tears inaudible over the HIGH, CHURN­ ING WHINE as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Riggs is naked. He is manacled hand and foot. Chained in a bathtub full of waterAround him is a dingy con­ crete basement. Joshua steps forward. Behind him is KENDO, an Oriental mercenary. He is working on a mechan­ ical device of some kind. Connecting wires. Riggs grunts.

JOSHUA

Well, well. Look who’s back from the dead.

Riggs struggles against the manacles, slopping water.

JOSHUA

Please save your strength. I believe you'll need it.

Riggs stops moving. Scowls at Joshua and says nothing.

Joshua smiles.

JOSHUA

You're just in time for a lot of pain.

RIGGS

I’m thrilled.

JOSHUA

Oh, you will be. I daresay you'll be... shocked.

Kendo snickers in the corner.

RIGGS

Who’s the chin?

JOSHUA

Shhh. Don't make him mad.

RIGGS

My mistake. Who's the pleasant Oriental psychopath?

JOSHUA

His name is Kendo, and he has forgotten more about dispensing pain than you will ever know.

RIGGS

Terrific. Listen, guys, can we get some Mister Bubble in here...?

JOSHUA

Please shut up.

studies Riggs

My, my, look at all those scars.

beat

See, Martin, we have a problem. Since we have Murtaugh, we really don’t even need you. But I believe in being thorough.

Across the room, Kendo throws a switch. A mechanical HUMMING fills the room.

JOSHUA

Our problem -- and yours, too -- is that we have some merchandise to deliver. A rather large shipment, we’re all very excited. It would be unfortunate, however, if we showed up with the goods and found ourselves surrounded by fifty cops.

RIGGS

That would be a shame.

JOSHUA

Indeed. So you see, Martin, it Is essential that we find out how much the police know.

RIGGS

We don’t know shit. You killed Lloyd before he could talk.

JOSHUA

I wish I could believe you. Unfortunately, I don’t. So, if you’ll be kind enough to tell us all you know, I will kill you quickly.

RIGGS

Such a deal, I should worry.

JOSHUA

Oh, indeed you should. See, Martin, you will talk to us...

He gestures to Kendo, who approaches. He is carrying a very ominous device: a sponge, attached to a portable dry-cell battery casing... Joshua frowns at Riggs.

JOSHUA

Do you vomit?

RIGGS

Sometimes.

Joshua nods. Sighs.

JOSHUA

Back before prison reform, the staff at Sing Sing invented a rather unusual form of punishment. It’s know as the hummingbird treatment. Are you familiar?

RIGGS

Please, no tickling. I hate tickling.

JOSHUA

The ’patient' is chained naked in a bathtub full of water. A bath is then administered using a battery powered sponge. The pain is said to be so excruciating that after twenty minutes most men are either insane or dead.

Riggs is silent.

JOSHUA

I thought you’d like it. I can, of course, kill you now. Simply tell me what you know.

RIGGS

Guess we’re in for a long night. ’Cause I don’t know scratch.

JOSHUA

We'll find out. Kendo...?

The Oriental moves forward. He brandishes the sponge/ battery hookup. Dips it into a bucket of water. Riggs is sweating.

JOSHUA

Feel free to scream.

RIGGS

Haven't you guys... heard of yuletide cheer...?

Kendo hits Riggs with the sponge. Riggs screams. A high, lunatic scream.

Thrashes in the water, splashing Kendo, whipping from side to side as the room spirals back and forth out of focus. Kids, don't try this at home. Kendo removes the device. Riggs falls backward. Thumps against the tub.

Sucking air. Moaning.

JOSHUA

My goodness. Now that was fun, wasn’t it?

Riggs looks at him. Dripping hate.

RIGGS

I’m going to kill both of you.

JOSHUA

laughs

That's very funny.

beat

About the shipment...?

RIGGS

Fuck yourself.

Kendo dunks the battery. Run it down Riggs' stomach.

He screams again, as we mercifully...

CUT TO:

INT. DINGY BACK ROOM - SAME

No windows. Hardwood floors. A single chair in the center of the room. Roger Murtaugh is strapped tightly to the chair. His face looks like something his wife makes for dinner. Black eyes. Swollen jaw. His shirt is off, exposing the gunshot wound in his arm. The General stands facing him, flanked by three meres. They all wear bolstered sidearms.

GENERAL

The shipment, Mr. Murtaugh?

MURTAUGH

Go spit.

GENERAL

sighs

I hope you enjoy saying that as much as Mr. Larch enjoys punishing you for it.

MR. LARCH, a big redneck with no discernible compassion, steps forward. Pours a big handful of baking salt from a container. Packs it into Roger Murtaugh's gunshot wound.

Murtaugh groans. Shouts. Struggles.

The General looks on without blinking.

MURTAUGH

That’s it... if you guys think I'm sending you a Christmas card you’re nuts.

Larch cuffs him, hard.

GENERAL

shakes his head

This is going nowhere. Mr. Larch...?

Larch grins, leaves the room. A pause. Murtaugh sweats, glaring out from swollen eyelids. The General nods, smiles.

INT. BASEMENT - BACK WITH RIGGS

as he groans and collapses back into the tub. Splash.

Moans feebly. Blood drips from his nose. Saliva drools from his limp mouth. He looks half-dead, probably be­ cause he is just that. Kendo pulls away the battery sponge, says to Joshua:

KENDO

He knows shit. We’re safe.

JOSHUA

You’re sure?

KENDO

Believe me, he'd have told us.

JOSHUA

Fine.

clucks in disgust

Big, bad soldier... my ass.

beat

I'm going upstairs. Deal with him.

KENDO

Deal with him?

JOSHUA

Yeah.

stops at the door

Fry his nuts.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. DINGY BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

The General leans over Murtaugh. Murtaugh sweats.

GENERAL

Anytime, Roger. Anytime.

beat

See, the thing of it is... We know where you live.

frowns

In fact, Mr. Joshua has been known to exterminate entire families, when he gets in... one of his moods. Oh, speaking of that -­

Larch re-enters the dingy back room. This time he’s got Murtaugh’s daughter Rianne. She is clad only in a T-shirt and bikini briefs.

RIANNE

Daddy... please don't let them hurt me...!

Murtaugh goes nuts. Struggles, wrenches, bangs the chair up and down against the floor. No use. He is completely help­ less. Snarls with rage:

MURTAUGH

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

GENERAL

Precisely why we would never think of untying you.

Larch shoves Rianne into the corner. She lands in a heap.

Murtaugh is sweating buckets. Eyes desperate. The General leans in close:

GENERAL

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

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

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

RIGGS

slurred

No... Please...

KENDO

You die now, Sergeant Riggs. Very slow.

Riggs does not respond. Stares into space. Kendo leans over the tub, reaches in -- And that’s when we find out Riggs has been faking. His eyes focus. No longer hazed.

He snaps his hand forward to the end of the chain. Grabs Kendo by the hair. In the blink of an eye, he slams the man's head down against the porcelain tub. Kendo's nose shatters. The Oriental topples over into the tub. The battery drops to the floor. Riggs is a fucking machine: he flips the chain around Kendo's neck and wrenches.

Hard. He goes limp. Riggs is not through yet. He begins to heave and thrash, thrusting against the chains -- Maneuvering the corpse on top of him. Shifting it.

Moving Kendo's pants pocket within reach. He reaches in.

Slowly, carefully, brings out a shiny silver key...

INT. DINGY BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

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

GENERAL

Good Lord. Very wholesome-looking girl. Yessirreee.

MURTAUGH

Goddammit, I've told you everything! !!!

GENERAL

We'll soon know, won't we?

Larch approaches Rianne. She squirms.

MURTAUGH

No! !

beat

You touch her, you're dead.

GENERAL

Oh, son, spare me.

beat

It's over. Sergeant. No heroes around to save you...

He picks up a baseball bat. Tosses it to Larch.

GENERAL

Mr. Larch... She’s yours.

Rianne screams. Murtaugh shouts. Strains. The chair thumps up and down, creating an insane, staccato rhythm.

The General laughs. Rianne shrieks. Harrowing. Terrible. A scene out of Hell. And then the Devil comes in and kicks the door off its hinges. Okay. Okay. Let's stop for a moment. First off, to describe fully the mayhem which Riggs now creates would not do it justice.

Here, however, are a few pointers: He is not flashy.

He is not Chuck Norris. Rather, he is like a sledge­ hammer hitting an egg. He does not knock people down.

He does not injure them.

He simply kills them. The whole room. Everyone standing. Except for -- the General, who ducks out a side door and escapes... Riggs’ chain moves like a live thing.

Snapping here. Striking there. Mercs try to draw their guns -- And suddenly their hands are shattered wrecks.

One mere draws a bead on Rianne, almost gets off a shot, because Riggs is across the room. Without missing a beat -- Riggs throws the chain. It wraps the guy’s neck and kills him instantly. Ouch... He goes down, FIRING use­ less ROUNDS into the ceiling. Plaster rains. Riggs spins, dives. Scoops up the baseball bat. Comes up beside an armed mere -- Swings the bat with hurricane force. A sickening impact. The bat breaks in half.

Riggs spins, combat-ready. Scans the room. No one left to kill. Using only the element of surprise, he has taken out an entire room in hand-to-hand combat. He steps in front of Murtaugh without missing a beat. Cuts him loose with a borrowed knife.

RIGGS

Work your circulation.

Crosses to Rianne, cuts her free. She collapses sobbing into his arms.

RIGGS

Ssshhh. No time. Come on.

He scoops up handguns, throws them to Murtaugh. Takes for himself a pump shotgun, possibly the same one used against him earlier. Murtaugh stares dumbfounded at the body count.

RIGGS

They’re all dead. Let’s get out of here.

EXT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The three of them.

On the run, moving hard and fast. They scramble down the hallway, Riggs in the lead, as -- a mere ducks around the corner, sees them. Ducks back. Riggs FIRES through the wall, BLAH -- ! A corpse falls into view. They keep moving. Downstairs. Around another corner. Moving, moving.

The three of them keep moving. Rushing headlong toward a sign marked EXIT. They may actually make it... Or not.

For at that moment, Mr. Joshua looms up behind them and tosses something in their direction. Ducks back out of sight. It's a live grenade. The grenade hits the floor.

Clatters. Riggs stops instantly. He knows the sound.

Spins. Dives. Scoops up the GRENDADE and chucks it with all his might. It bounces downstairs and EXPLODES at the foot of the steps.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Joshua skids to a halt next to a sedan.

He slams the door and ROARS off down Hollywood Boulevard.

The crowd parts like the Red Sea. People are screaming.

And suddenly, the doors burst open --As Riggs, Murtaugh and Rianne come skidding out onto the sidewalk in hot pursuit. Murtaugh shoves his daughter back as Joshua FIRES out the window of the car. BULLETS lash the pave­ment. The crowd shrieks. The CAR SCREECHES away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

MURTAUGH

Get her out of here.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MURTAUGH AND RIGGS

go running after the car. Side by side. Beaten. Bloody.

Naked from the waist up. Murtaugh FIRING his PISTOL. Shot after blazing shot.

Riggs unloading with the M-16 on three-shot mode, the muzzle flash blinding, the noise DEAFENING -- Until pedestrians swarm suddenly into the line of fire.

Blocking them. Except Murtaugh won’t give up. He runs after the car, shouting:

MURTAUGH

Out of the wav. Move.

His GUN CLICKS empty. He tosses it aside. Pulls another from his waistband. The car. Far away. FIRES FOUR more SHOTS. Collapses in the street. Nearly unconscious.

Crawls forward after the car, blood streaming from his broken nose... Going on sheer guts. Finally gives out.

Slumps in a heap. Riggs kneels beside him as a police CAR ROARS up to them, flashers spinning. Riggs is a man pos­sessed. We PANA-GLIDE with him as he runs forward. M-16 in one hand. Badge in the other.

RIGGS

Get an ambulance!!

He takes off after the Joshua’s car. On foot. Someone better tell this guy to lighten up. The car is far ahead, racing onto a freeway on-ramp. Riggs runs. Sweat pours off him. Seeing the car on the ramp, he changes direction.

Starts running an intercept course. Leaps out into the street -- Spins, as a TRUCK BLARES out of nowhere, BRAKES SQUEALING, HORN SHRIEKING. Somersaults over the hood.

Lands. Keeps moving. Barrels across the street. Faster now. Even faster than before. Feet pounding. Gun swinging. Dashing out onto the freeway overpass. Where, without stopping, he promptly jumps the guardrail. Drops through space... And lands, thump -- ! Atop the big green freeway sign. Swings like an acrobat. Dangles from the sign, twenty feet above the ground. Levels the M-16 one-handed, switches it to full auto. Waits...

BENEATH HIM

Joshua’s CAR comes SCREAMING through the underpass, doing eighty. Riggs unleashes the GUN. It BLAZES with cruel FIRE. STRAFES the back of the car. Sure enough, BLOWS out both TIRES -- Throwing the VEHICLE into a deadly SKID -- Slewing across the freeway -- STRIKING the GUARDRAIL, at sixty-plus. It Slides for a full hundred yards, send­ing up a shower of sparks. The back tires disintegrate, in a trail of burning rubber. The CAR GRINDS to a halt.

The door opens and Joshua rolls out. Riggs FIRES. Kicks up a cloud of cement near the mere. Joshua RETURNS FIRE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

RIGGS LOWERS THE GUN. LETS GO AND DROPS TWENTY FEET TO the pavement. Lands, rolls, comes up. A CAR swerves around him. CRASHES into the guardrail. Riggs doesn't even look. Instead, he begins to walk. He is a fucking juggernaut.

UP AHEAD

Joshua turns, sees Riggs -- and stops.

JOSHUA

Okay, you bastard, let's see who’s better.

They are separated by perhaps two hundred yards. Joshua snaps his rifle to his shoulder. Eyes glued to the scope.

Riggs swings his own rifle into position -- and we've got the showdown at the O.K. Corral. A battle of wits. Each one scanning through the scope.

Looking for a clear shot, as CARS SWERVE around and between them. The crosshairs sweep the freeway. Perfect concentration. Riggs. Joshua. Two soldiers. And suddenly, the shot is there: Joshua sights in on Riggs’ position. Only problem is, Riggs' rifle is pointed right at the CAMERA. He is sighted in on Joshua. Simultaneous.

They FIRE at the exact same moment. TWO SHOTS. Two distinct RIFLE CRACKS. Riggs takes it in the shoulder.

Blown backward. Joshua goes down, winged. Riggs.

Joshua. Each looks like shit. They struggle to their feet... And that's when a car backs up into Riggs at thirty miles an hour. Broadsides him. Sends him flying.

UP AHEAD

Joshua rushes up to a stalled car. Throws open the door.

Yanks out the driver, hops behind the wheel. ROARS away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - SAME TIME

An ambulance shudders to a halt and two ORDERLIES hop out. Uniformed COPS are struggling to hold back the crowd. One of the Orderlies rushes up.

ORDERLY

Where is he, Officer?

COP

Right over there.

He points -- and suddenly frowns: There is no one there.

Murtaugh is gone. Nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME

A sleek black VAN careens around the corner.

INT. VAN

A MERC is driving, foot glued to the pedal. THE GENERAL sits sweating in the back seat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The headlights flash wildly as the car roars down the alley.

The General stares ahead, and suddenly gasps... ’Cause wouldn’t you know it, there’s ROGER MURTAUGH.

Fifty yards away. Standing in the middle of the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE

There is no reason for Murtaugh to be standing. He is a walking testament to man’s ability to bloody himself.

And he’s pissed... The Merc sees him, snarls -- punches the gas. Murtaugh holds his ground. He can barely stand.

And then he does a peculiar thing: He examines his hand.

No question. A definite tremble. Scowls. Stretches.

Cracks his neck.

Shifts from foot to foot, steadying himself. He has one shot. The numbers are falling, it's all coming down -­ And he’s ready. The van comes barreling in. Doing fifty.

Now or never...

MURTAUGH

No way you live. No way.

He cross-draws with lightning swiftness. BAM -- ! The REPORT is DEAFENING. The WINDSHIELD promptly SHATTERS.

And the Merc sprouts a neat third eye. Perfect shot.

Dead center. The van swerves. Murtaugh steps out of the way. Deadly calm. As the van careens past --He salutes the General. Watches, expressionless... The CAR SLAMS into a telephone pole and rolls over. GRINDING METAL.

An ERUPTION of GLASS. It continues to roll like some great beast, crumpling and folding like an accordion...

Comes to rest, upside down in a sea of glass...

INT. VAN

The General is pinned beneath a crumpled door-frame, struggling to break free, as FLAMES lick upward from the ruptured gas tank...

And then the General sees something which ruins his whole day.

GENERAL’S POV

The Merc’s corpse, sprawled over the steering column... with a shiny metal GRENADE attached to his belt.

Flames dance around the grenade.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The General squirms, strains, yanks for all he’s worth... Fingers reaching out for the grenade...

Flames burning his outstretched hand...

And it is, as they say, all she wrote.

EXT. ROADWAY

Murtaugh is walking like a zombie. Away from the VAN.

Gun held loosely at his side. Suddenly -- It BLOWS sky high. A tower of fire. Blows Murtaugh flat. Knocks him ass over teacups. ECHOES down the street. Turns.

night into day for one brief instant. And then -- Then something truly incredible happens. For the first time in nearly a century -- it begins to snow in Hollywood.

Murtaugh looks up, a "What the hell...?" expression on his face. Sure enough -­

HEROIN is sifting down on the night air, ten million dollars' worth... A cloud over the entire street. Swirling in the breeze.

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

MARTIN RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Well, shit.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Joshua?

RIGGS

Got away.

MURTAUGH

We... gotta find him.

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

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

beat

I got a bad feeling...

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT

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

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, sir, may I see some ID?

Joshua takes an UZI from beneath his coat. No hesi­tation. BLOWS them apart. Walks forward, gun smoking.

Crosses the lawn to the front door. Kicks it to splinters.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

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

Coins shower every which way.

INT. CAR

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

INT. MURTAUGH HOME - SAME TIME

Joshua stalks down the hallway of Murtaugh’s house.

Stops in front of the bedroom door. Holy Jesus... He kicks it open. SPRAYS the interior with GUNFIRE. Shreds the mattress, dices the pillows. Trashes everything in sight: Star Wars posters. Stuffed animals. Stereo.

Empties an entire clip of .9 millimeter slugs. Except the bed is empty. There is no one there. Joshua snarls.

Turns.

SERIES OF SHOTS

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

There is a note, however. Taped to the Christmas tree: Big letters.

DEAR BADGUYS

NO ONE HERE BUT US COPS. SORRY.

-- THE GOODGUYS

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

Empties an entire clip at the front WINDSHIELD, dicing it to SMITHEREENS. Waves the gun like a WAND, STRAFING X patterns, FIRING all the while, completely EXTINGUISH­ ING the car and all life within. Stops. Silence.

Floating debris. Joshua lowers the gun. Breathing hard.

Crosses the room, his boots crunching through broken glass. Yanks on the driver’s door. It falls loose with a metal clang.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A cop’s nightstick has been jammed against the accelerator pedal. The car is empty.

Joshua spins, startled -­

Stares across the room -­

At MARTIN RIGGS, who sits calmly on the windowsill.

RIGGS

Ho, ho, ho.

He raises his gun and fires without blinking.

Blows the gun out of Joshua’s hands.

Smiles a big shit-eating grin.

Joshua turns and dives through the hole in the wall -­ Lands outside, comes up running, but sorry, no dice -­ because there stands Roger Murtaugh. Drawing a bead on Joshua’s running figure.

MURTAUGH

Freeze, Joshua.

Joshua stops dead. Turns, growling low in his throat.

A fire hydrant, sheared off by the runaway car, sprays water high into the nighttime air. The wind blows.

Martin Riggs steps out of the house. Pointing the .38 Special like a finger of doom. Strolls toward Mr. Joshua... the gun is rock steady. Riggs’ eyes meet Murtaugh’s, and he speaks with deadly purpose:

RIGGS

I’ll handle it.

He steps up to Joshua. Smiles. And then he does some­ thing very strange: he relaxes his grip on the gun -­ And throws it away. Faces Joshua. Raises his arms, and carefully places them behind his head. When he speaks, his voice drips menace:

RIGGS

Come on, ace.

beat

Try me.

A moment. Then Joshua calmly plants himself in front of Riggs. Around them, water showers down in a gentle cloud.

SIRENS APPROACH in the near distance. Joshua and Riggs.

Two soldiers. Their eyes lock. And you better hang onto your popcorn, boys and girls, because it’s about to get ugly.

JOSHUA

Don’t mind if I do.

And so it begins. They start to circle.

Riggs and Joshua, perfect concentration, round and round and never, never once does their focus break, because, baby, these guys are pros -- And here’s something funny: they aren’t looking at each other’s eyes at all. Rather -- They’re watching each other’s hands.

RIGGS

His fingers twitch. Flex. Wrist making slow, laborious circles.

JOSHUA

Shifting from leg to leg, floating his balance.

MURTAUGH

looks on, sweating it out. He’s not happy, he wants to end it... And yet he waits.

RIGGS AND JOSHUA

All we see is their eyes, straining, focusing, scanning for an opening.

JOSHUA

Concentrate, Martin... Don’t give me an opening... Wouldn’t want to do that...

Riggs shifts. Blinks. And:

JOSHUA

springs...! Foot coming out like a shot, Riggs jerking back, inches -- meanwhile, Riggs -- countermove, spins, tries a back kick, no dice... Joshua no longer there, where is he...? Shit -- ! Comes up, darts a punch to Riggs’ neck -- Riggs fields it, snap -- ! Doesn’t see the lee. It comes out of nowhere.

CRACK! The sound of Riggs\* rib breaking carries clearly.

He grunts. Thrusts, inviting a countermove... Joshua counters -- And Riggs snags his hand, picture-fucking-perfect. Breaks one of Joshua's fingers. Ouch. Backs off. Joshua backs off. The two of them. Wounded, they circle. Round two...

MURTAUGH

Meanwhile, is raising his gun, pointing it at Joshua.

Riggs' voice cuts like a knife:

RIGGS

No, Roger.

beat

No way.

Murtaugh lowers the gun. Stares, fascinated, at this contest between two consummate professionals. In for the kill. It is a dance of the forces. Riggs is on fire.

Leaps, avoiding a shot to the knee, spins, slams the knuckles of his hand into Joshua's nose. Busts it.

Joshua snarls, drops --Catches Riggs' arm over one shoulder. And, ladies and gentlemen... Riggs has just fucked up. CRACK -- ! His arm breaks. He screams with pain. Screams with anger. Tosses three shots at Joshua.

SNAP. SNAP. SNAP. RIBS, SPLINTERING. Joshua hissing with pain. Lets go. Back off (Riggs). Back off (Joshua).

In pain, they circle. Round three...

JOSHUA

That's it, Martin... your body wants to go into shock... but you won't let it, will you...?

RIGGS

... Give it up... Your breathing’s shot...

JOSHUA

... So's your left arm...

RIGGS

Life's tough that way... Oh, by the way: Fuck you.

He launches himself at Joshua. Joshua strikes, scores a minor point, breaking Riggs’ collarbone, except Riggs doesn’t care, nosirree Bob... 'Cause he just hit paydirt: Joshua's knee. Boot-strikes, BAM -- ! Shearing the knee, maybe bursting the cap... Joshua shrieks, but then again, so would you. And he promptly jack-knives his fist right into Riggs' broken arm. Three times. Riggs bellows. Refuses to quit.

Slams his head into Joshua’s busted nose. POP... !

Does it again. Joshua, hammering the broken arm. Pow.

(Scream) Pow. (Scream)... Until, son of a bitch... The pain is simply too intense... nothing human can withstand it, they fall away, staggering, wrenching to a shaky halt, facing one another, standoff... Exhausted, limping, hardly able to speak...

POLICE CARS

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

MURTAUGH

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

RIGGS

spits, gazes straight at Joshua. Joshua stares back.

Two soldiers. This close to collapsing. Until, breaking the silence -- comes Murtaugh's voice:

MURTAUGH

Martin.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

Ba the motherfucker.

A moment... and then, my friends, Riggs does a peculiar thing: He smiles then. Damned if he doesn't. And rises up... Standing. Standing straight. There is no way he should be able to do this. And then he speaks, and it's like the voice of doom, and all of a sudden we know that this guy is a fucking legend, we know why the V.C. en forcers whispered his name at night in the foxholes... He is Riggs. And no one can touch him. No one.

RIGGS

Last chance. Walk away.

JOSHUA

Fuck yourself.

RIGGS

Fine. Die.

He steps forward. Stands. Joshua springs -- thunders his foot into Riggs' hip, separating the bone at the Joint... And Riggs doesn't blink. His hand comes out.

Lightning quick.

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

RIGGS

You lose.

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

MURTAUGH

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

ON GROUND

Riggs looks at Murtaugh. Murtaugh looks at Riggs.

MURTAUGH

Take it easy, Martin...

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

Does it hurt. .. ?

Riggs throws him a look.

RIGGS

What are you, an idiot?

MURTAUGH

Sorry.

RIGGS

S’all right,

beat

I got good news and bad news.

MURTAUGH

What's the good news ?

RIGGS

... Good news is, I'm not dead...

MURTAUGH

What’s the bad news?

Riggs grimaces in pain.

RIGGS

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH BAR - DAY

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

MURTAUGH

So.

RIGGS

So.

MURTAUGH

There are worse things than a psych pension.

RIGGS

shrugs

Probably.

MURTAUGH

Guess I won't be seeing you around.

RIGGS

Guess not.

beat

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

MURTAUGH

Where do you belong?

RIGGS

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

MURTAUGH

My son would come see you.

RIGGS

He’d be the only one.

MURTAUGH

a pause; then

Riggs.

RIGGS

Yeah.

MURTAUGH

This... is a bad old world, isn’t it?

RIGGS

sighs

Yeah. Sometimes it really is.

MURTAUGH

Hell.

beat

I’m thinking of quitting.

RIGGS

Don’t you dare.

Murtaugh looks at him.

RIGGS

You’re too old to change now, Colchise.

MURTAUGH

Me? Old...?

RIGGS

You just hang in there.

MURTAUGH

Yeah. You, too.

RIGGS

Guess I’ll say goodbye.

MURTAUGH

Sure. Come over for dinner sometime.

RIGGS

No, thanks.

MURTAUGH

Don’t blame you. I’m thinking of arresting my wife for cruelty to bacon.

beat

Merry Christmas, Martin.

RIGGS

Merry Christmas.

He walks off down the street. Murtaugh watches him go.

Pause. Turns up his collar against the chill, takes a few steps... And a man steps in front of him. The same Punk who Riggs beat the shit out of at the very beginning of the film.

PUNK

Hey, old man, got any money?

Murtaugh stops. Stares. Blinks. And proceeds to kick the shit out of him. A kick. A punch. The Punk lies on the sidewalk, semi-conscious. Murtaugh scowls and says:

MURTAUGH

I'm fifty. That's not old, dickless.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK - SAME DAY

RAIN pours down. Martin Riggs stands over a lone grave.

There are dark hollows under his eyes. The wind tugs at his hair. The tombstone reads:

VICTORIA LYNN RIGGS

BORN: 1953 DIED: 1984

He reaches beneath his overcoat and removes a bright green Christmas wreath, which he places atop the grave.

Kisses his fingertips. Presses them to the moist earth.

RIGGS

Merry Christmas.

beat

I love you.

The rains starts to fall. Riggs is oblivious.

EXT. MURTAUGH HOME - NIGHT

Carpenters are at work, patching and repairing. The Christmas lights still shine defiantly. A car pulls up.

CUT TO:

FRONT DOOR

As a hand knocks softly: The door opens -- and there stands young Rianne. Adorable. She looks up at the visitor... It is Martin Riggs.

RIANNE

Hi.

RIGGS

Hi.

He hands something to her. She takes it. The bottle of pills. It has a red ribbon tied around it.

RIGGS

Give that to your dad. It’s a present. Tell him I won’t be needing them anymore.

Rianne nods.

RIANNE

Okay. You wanna come in? We’re building.

Riggs thinks it over. Shakes his head:

RIGGS

No, that’s okay.

beat

You have a Merry Christmas, Missy.

RIANNE

Okay.

Riggs turns to go. Rianne stops him:

RIANNE

They say you’re the best.

Beat. He stops. Turns and looks at her.

RIANNE

Are you?

RIGGS

big smile; wild wink

No one can touch me.

Rianne blushes.

Riggs begins to walk away, into the rain...

Until Roger Murtaugh appears from inside the boat on the trailer hitch.

He stands on deck and looks down at Riggs.

Riggs stops. They stand there in the rain for a moment.

Then Murtaugh looks him square in the eye and says:

MURTAUGH

Sucker, if you think I’m gonna eat the world’s lousiest Christmas turkey all by my lonesome, you’re nuts.

Riggs nods. A moment passes. Then:

RIGGS

I think your daughter kinda likes me.

MURTAUGH

You touch her, I'll kill you.

RIGGS

You’ll try.

He smiles.

Murtaugh smiles.

The rain falls, as they enter the house together, and we -­

FADE OUT.

THE END