

LETHAL WEAPON

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LETHAL WEAPON

FADE IN:

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CITY OF ANGELS

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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 reader is now aware that they may be taking a trip into some rich community.

We now know drugs are also involved.

establishes her impairment and a mystery about these men. How are they related to this messed up woman?

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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.

a little suspense... not knowing if she fall by accident being that she's so impaired.

GIRL

Red car.

Drops the plant. Down it goes, spiralling 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:

A little twist. The reader now knows it's about a suicide. The hook is why did she commit suicide and why was she so distraught?