

Bob -
Yairce Japs!
Hoy
Kennedy



Long Frank Boy
It's been a pleasure
doing business with
you!
D. Zucker

Thanks, McTigue!
Your room note -
Dingler

THE NAKED GUN II

It's not always
a pleasure
to see
this

A Pleasure
Robert
Leslie Nielsen
I agree
Richard Gould

THE NAKED GUN II
"The Smell of Fear"

Screenplay by
David Zucker and Pat Proft

"Seconded!"
Richard Griffiths

- August 17, 1990
- REVISÉ: September 13, 1990
- REVISÉ: October 4, 1990 (blue)
- REVISÉ: November 1, 1990 (pink)
- REVISÉ: November 14, 1990 (canary)
- REVISÉ: November 21, 1990 (green)
- REVISÉ: December 3, 1990 (goldenrod)
- REVISÉ: December 11, 1990 (cherry)
- REVISÉ: December 18, 1990 (white)
- REVISÉ: January 3, 1990 (blue)
- REVISÉ: January 16, 1991 (pink)
- REVISÉ: January 22, 1991 (canary)
- REVISÉ: January 22, 1991 (green)
- REVISÉ: January 25, 1991 (white)
- REVISÉ: February 6, 1991 (blue)

NO ORIGINAL

1
thru
33

OMITTED

1
thru
33

FADE UP:

34

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

34

35

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

35

The table is set for guests, who mingle and chat. Dignitaries dressed in formal evening wear. An august gathering. A WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL AIDE is stationed at the door. As various dignitaries pass by, they are announced. Four Marine ushers escort the guests to their tables.

*
*

SOCIAL AIDE

The Police Commissioner of the District of Columbia, Captain Annabelle Brumford.

*

A very stern-looking WOMAN in conservative attire steps down into the dining area, as a distinguished-looking BLACK COUPLE appear at the door.

SOCIAL AIDE

(continuing)

Nelson and Winnie Mandela.

*

They pass by. There is a pause.

SOCIAL AIDE

(continuing)

Ladies and gentlemen. The President of the United States and Mrs. Bush.

*

*

"Hail To The Chief" fills the room. CAMERA DOLLIES IN. The guests stand as PRESIDENT BUSH with BARBARA at his side, and two Secret Servicemen are just about to enter the room. They are about to pass by a door marked "Men" when it swings open suddenly, hitting Barbara right in the face. LIEUTENANT FRANK DREBIN, oblivious, falls into step alongside the President, smiling to the guests who stare at him in disbelief.

35 CONTINUED:

35

In the b.g., there is a mad scramble by the security people to get Mrs. Bush on her feet. Frank introduces himself to the other guests. Finally, Mrs. Bush is on her feet and says she is fine. She and George enter the room.

36 RESUME SCENE

36

BUSH

Please be seated.

Frank pulls the chair out for a pretty lady. Unfortunately it is the chair Barbara Bush is about to sit on. She falls backwards, grabbing onto the tablecloth and taking a lot of the dishes, candles, and flowers with her. Frank goes to her aid. But ends up hitting heads with a Secret Service man. Barbara is being helped up by COMMISSIONER BRUMFORD. As she bends forward to get to her feet, Frank picks up two candles which are now unlit. The timing is just right... that is... just real bad for Commissioner Brumford. Frank pokes her in the eyes with the candles. Frank is real sorry. But manages to poke a woman in the rear end with the candle. A Secret Service man wrestles the candles from Frank's hand. Order is now quickly restored. Servants have miraculously straightened the table out. Everyone is seated. Frank is seated between Barbara Bush and Commissioner Brumford.

37 RESUME BUSH

37

BUSH

Welcome. I'm glad you could all come. I'm pleased to see that we're graced with the presence of so many distinguished guests tonight.

Frank has been watching a man closely.

FRANK

Just a second, buddy!

He angrily grabs a cigar out of a man's mouth. He holds it up.

FRANK

(continuing)

Don't you know this is a Cuban cigar?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

With the money you spent on this, you just bought one bullet for Castro!

BUSH

Mr. Drebin...

FRANK

Just a second, Your Eminence. I can handle this. I want you out of my sight, you disgusting low life!

BUSH

Mr. Drebin, he's the Cuban Ambassador to the United Nations.

FRANK

Ah, well.

BUSH

As you all know, this is Law Enforcement Week across the country, and so I'd like to turn the proceedings over to our own Washington, D.C. Police Commissioner, Captain Annabelle Brumford.

She rises to acknowledge a nice applause.

BRUMFORD

Thank you, Mr. President. I'd like now to introduce a most distinguished American. This week, he's being honored for his one thousandth drug dealer killed. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Lieutenant Frank Drebin of Police Squad.

Nice applause. Frank rises to acknowledge applause.

FRANK

(humbly)

I should point out -- the last two I backed over with my car. Luckily, they turned out to be drug dealers.

The guests are not quite sure just what to make of this. Frank sits down, pleased with himself.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

BRUMFORD

Lieutenant Drebin and the Police Squad will be in Washington, D.C. this week on a special mission to assist our local police in new methods of law enforcement.

A smattering of applause for this announcement. Frank spots the name tag of Winnie Mandela, who is seated across from him. He leans over to whisper to her.

FRANK

I caught your show at the Apollo in '68. You were incredible.

She looks at him, blankly. Commissioner Brumford, overhearing this, glares at Frank, appalled. She slowly sinks back into her chair.

WINNIE

I believe you have me confused with the American R and B group, Martha and the Vandellas.

FRANK

(surprised)

You didn't do "He's So Fine"?

WINNIE

That was the Chiffons.

BUSH

Thank you, Commissioner Brumford. And now, I'd like to call on my Chief of Staff, Mr. John Sununu, to introduce some special guests.

ANGLE - SUNUNU

He rises to address the gathering.

SUNUNU

Mr. President, tonight I am extremely proud to welcome our guests from the nation's energy suppliers. First, representing the oil industry, Mr. Terrence Baggett, head of the Society of Petroleum Industry Leaders.

He rises to a smattering of applause.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

He sits back down. In front of him is a place card with the letters: S.P.I.L. *

SUNUNU *

(continuing)

From the coal industry, Mr. Donald Fenzwick, Chairman of the Society for MORE Coal Energy... *

He stands up to applause, sits down. His place card reads: S.M.O.K.E. *

SUNUNU *

(continuing)

... And from the nuclear industry, President of the Key Atomic Benefits Office Of Mankind, Mr. Arthur Dunnwell. *

His placard reads: K.A.B.O.O.M! More applause. The food is served. Lobsters for everyone. Frank is given an enormous lobster... a ten-pounder... he's fitted with a bib. Frank doesn't quite know where to start on this humongous morsel. Frank's having a tough time with the lobster. *

SUNUNU *

(continuing)

As you know, for the past three years this administration has been trying to formulate a National Energy Policy, one that will have a lasting impact on the way we will live for the next decade and beyond. *

Frank tackles the lobster with the nutcracker. The CRACKING noise drowns out Sununu. This guy Drebin is starting to annoy him. *

SUNUNU *

(continuing)

To make sure that we choose the right path, the President has appointed as his top advisor in this area, Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer. *

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

ANGLE - DR. MEINHEIMER

A distinguished, graying scientist in his sixties, seated in a wheelchair, waves to acknowledge applause.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frank is wrestling with pulling the meat out of the claw. Unwittingly, he has maneuvered the second claw into position just below Commissioner Brumford's right breast. When Frank moves one claw, the other one snaps open and closed, with embarrassing results. She tries to avoid the aggressive claw to no avail. *

SUNUNU

As I'm sure you're all aware, his reputation in this field is without peer, and Dr. Meinheimer will present his recommendations at the annual National Press Club Dinner on Tuesday evening. Mr. President?

Sununu sits back down.

38 FRANK

38

dipping pieces of lobster into butter... a lot of butter... at one point the lobster falls into the butter dish, splattering the guests. He has to retrieve it... his hands are becoming soaked in butter. Bush tries to speak.

BUSH

I would like all of you here to be the first to know that I intend to base my entire administration's energy policy on Dr. Meinheimer's recommendations.

Surprised applause from the guests. Sununu is quite surprised by this last statement. Baggett, Fenzwick and Dunnwell look at each other uneasily. Sununu glances at them and shrugs. *

39 FRANK

39

tries to pick up a lemon. It squirts out of his buttery hands.

40 NELSON MANDELA

40

The lemon hits him square in the forehead. He smiles politely.

41 COMMISSIONER BRUMFORD

41

The lemon lands in her soup.

BAGGETT

Mr. President, if I may say so, I do hope that Dr. Meinheimer won't be influenced by all the so-called environmental groups.

With great force, Frank dislodges another piece of meat from the claw. However, as he pulls out the meat, his elbow catches Barbara Bush in the face. Her head snaps back violently. The chair goes over.

BUSH

I think perhaps Dr. Meinheimer is best qualified to explain his research methods. Dr. Meinheimer?

He backs up and swivels to face an easel holding a graph entitled: "Energy Research Methods."

MEINHEIMER

Mr. President, I'd like to call your attention to a graph right here that addresses that very question.

FRANK

looking around. Only Barbara's feet are visible, above the table. Secret Service agents rush to her aid.

41 CONTINUED:

41*

MEINHEIMER

As you'll notice here, our research covered every possible energy source...

In the background, Mrs. Bush comes at Frank with a knife. Several Secret Service men struggle to force the knife out of her hand.

MEINHEIMER

(continuing)

Thousands of man-hours were spent pouring over millions of bits of information. Which, if laid end-to-end...

DISSOLVE TO:

41A BIG MUSIC - "THE NAKED GUN THEME"

41A

"Bond"-like CREDITS.

MAIN TITLE reads:

THE NAKED GUN II½
"The Smell of Fear"

From the Novel
"A Boat Ride For Billy"
by Mary Margaret Penniman

The CREDITS involve UNDERWATER "Bondian" images.

Lots of obese, naked women. Backed by the THEME, sung brassy and macho, Englebert Humperdinck style, repeating the insipid chorus "It's The Naked Gun... II½!"

FADE UP:

42 EXT. MEINHEIMER ENERGY RESEARCH INSTITUTE - NIGHT

42

An impressive complex. A light rain is falling. Across the street a red van is parked at the curb, its ENGINE idling.

43 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 43

JANE SPENCER stares out the window toward the van.

44 JANE'S POV - VAN 44

A swarthy man climbs into the van and drives away. *

45 RESUME JANE 45

But tonight, Jane's thoughts are a thousand miles away. Her apparent sadness ironically only seems to enhance her haunting beauty. Her glance drifts downward to her hands. She's clutching a tattered photograph.

46 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH 46

It's the picture of Frank Drebin lying on top of the Queen, cut out from the newspaper.

47 RESUME JANE 47

A tear creases her eye. She wipes it away gently with a tissue, then wrings it out into a mop bucket. It's almost full. The door behind her opens to reveal...

48 DR. MEINHEIMER 48

kindly, fatherly, enters in a wheelchair. Jane quickly dries her tears.

JANE

Oh! Dr. Meinheimer. You're back early.

MEINHEIMER

And you're here late. Now, surely a lovely young woman like you could find a better way to spend a Saturday night...

She breaks down. Starts to cry. Meinheimer takes her hand.

MEINHEIMER

(continuing)

I'm sorry, my dear. I didn't mean to be so blunt.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(sniffing)

No, no, it's all right.

MEINHEIMER

(comforting)

You're thinking about him again, aren't you? What was his name? Frank?

JANE

(cries again)

Yes.

MEINHEIMER

You just can't forget him, can you?

JANE

Who?

MEINHEIMER

... Frank.

JANE

Oh yes. No, I can't. I try. But... when you've had that much man...

(sighs)

... but then, you wouldn't understand.

Meinheimer gives a look, "maybe he has."

MEINHEIMER

Jane, Jane. Don't be so hard on yourself. You've done a wonderful job here at the Institute. You're the finest public relations director we've ever had...

JANE

Thank you, Doctor, I'm trying my best...

MEINHEIMER

But I see you here night after night past ten. You've got to forget about the past, go out, see new people! Enjoy yourself.

JANE

Well, I have been seeing someone...

49 ANGLE - DOOR

NIGHT JANITOR enters to collect wastebaskets.

JANITOR

'Evening, Miss Spencer,
Dr. Meinheimer.

JANE/MEINHEIMER

Hello, Norm.

Jane suddenly turns back to Meinheimer.

JANE

Oh! I completely forgot! How was
the White House dinner?

50 ANGLE - JANITOR

50

He's emptying wastebaskets into a big hamper.
Something heavy flops out of a basket marked "White
Paper Only."

MEINHEIMER

Extraordinary! The President
promised to implement whatever
recommendations I make.

JANE

That's wonderful!

51 ANGLE - JANITOR

51

He clears the shredded paper away, revealing a TICKING
clock mounted on ten sticks of dynamite. Intrigued, he
picks it up and exits the room.

MEINHEIMER

Unfortunately there was another
guest there that caused such a
ruckus that I'm afraid no one
heard the President.

52 INT. LOBBY - SECURITY DESK

52

A few janitors and SECURITY GUARDS are hanging out,
having coffee. Norm approaches with his "find." He
plunks it down on the countertop.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

NORM (JANITOR)

(serious)

I found this in the wastebasket!

Everyone gathers around to peer at it.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Hey, that's a pretty nice clock.

53 THE CLOCK

53

It continues to TICK loudly. The hands show five minutes to twelve.

54 RESUME SCENE

54

SECURITY GUARD #1

Wonder why they threw it out?

Guard #2 glances at the wall clock showing twelve midnight.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Probably 'cause it's five minutes too slow. Here, lemme fix it.

He takes the bomb from Norm and begins to correct the time.

55 EXT. MEINHEIMER RESEARCH INSTITUTE - NIGHT

55

A nice little pause, then: KABOOM! Fireworks.

56
thru
62

56
thru
62

62A INT. POLICE CAR

62A

Frank is driving through city streets.

FRANK (V.O.)

My name is Lieutenant Frank Drebin, Detective Lieutenant, Police Squad. I was in the middle of getting my car washed...

62B EXT. FRANK'S CAR

62B

Covered with foaming bubbles, rags, spray bottles. Lengths of yellow vacuum hose trail out the doors. A car wash attendant clings to the rear deck, still wiping the back window.

FRANK (V.O.)

... when I heard the call over the police scanner. There had been a bombing in Georgetown and I was on my way to advise the D.C. police as a part of the President's code named "Operation Scum Round-up."

63 EXT. MEINHEIMER RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

63

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

64 INT. LOBBY - DAY

64

Frank enters, walking past a few typical chalk outlines of bodies on the floor, including an Egyptian, then past outlines of scattered limbs, arms, legs, etc. Covered bodies lie in various positions about the room. Photographers are taking photos. One of the pictures they take is of several officers in a group, posing. Other police search for clues. PLAINCLOTHES-MAN NORDBERG sees something on the carpet. He takes out an evidence bag and picks up the lint fiber with a pair of tweezers. An Oriental Policeman next to him uses chopsticks to do the same. Frank approaches.

FRANK

Bloodstains, Nordberg?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

NORDBERG

No, the wife and I are redecorating.
I thought this might look real nice
with beige wallpaper.

CAPTAIN ED HOCKEN is assisting D.C. Police at the busy
scene. He sees Frank.

ED

Frank. I'm glad you're here.

FRANK

I got here as quick as I could.
By the way, I understand Edna's
pregnant again.

ED

Yes, and if I catch the guy who
did it...

Nordberg enters, interrupts Ed, leaving Frank to ponder
that last one.

NORDBERG

Captain, they've finished searching
the building. There's no sign of a
break-in, and no money missing...

Frank casually looks up.

65 OMITTED

65

66 FRANK'S POV - CEILING

66

There's more chalk marks of bodies on the ceiling --
and some more on the walls.

67 RESUME SCENE

67

NORDBERG

... but it sure was one hell of an
explosion. Looks like they were
trying to get into the Pepsi
machine.

Ed is looking on as another body is covered up in front
of him and wheeled away. Frank seems to be a bit
taller than Ed.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

FRANK

Where are the other victims?

ED

You're standing on one right now,
Frank. *

68 OMITTED

68

69 ANGLE

69

Frank is standing on a dead Security Guard's chest.

FRANK

Oh. I see.

Frank peers under a blanket on a sofa behind Ed. He
winces at the sight.

FRANK

(continuing)

Ooh. This one's really a mess.

Ed turns around to see what Frank is talking about.
His eyes widen.

ED

(calling out)

Hey! Over here! Frank found
another one!

Detectives and photographers converge on the body.

FRANK

Any witnesses, Ed?

ED

(hesitantly)

Well, there was one. A, ah, woman.
She saw a man leaving just before
the explosion. But I think we
should let Nordberg handle this one.

FRANK

No, I better do it while it's still
fresh.

ED

Not now, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Frank walks toward foreground. Ed takes one more stab at it.

ED

She fainted dead away. Took a nasty knock on the head. She looks pretty bad, Frank.

Ed indicates OFF CAMERA.

FRANK

I can handle it. *

He walks over to Quasimodo, who is seated.

FRANK

(continuing)

Ma'am, I just want to ask you a few questions about...

ANGLE

ED

Not that bad, Frank. That's her over there with our sketch artist.

Frank looks up to where Ed has pointed.

70 FRANK'S POV

70

It's Jane, looking ravishing in a seductive outfit. She's talking to the police sketch artist, who's busy sketching. Frank is stunned.

FRANK (V.O.)

I couldn't believe it was her. It was like a dream, but there she was, just like I remembered her.

71 Jane is now shown in SLOW MOTION. Her hair is blowing gently in the wind. 71 *

*

FRANK (V.O.)

That delicately beautiful face, and a body that could melt a cheese sandwich from across the room. And breasts that seem to say... "Hey, look at these!" She was the kind of woman that made you want to drop to your knees and thank God you were a man. Yes... she reminded me of my mother, all right. No doubt about it.

He stares at her, transfixed.

ED

Frank, snap out of it! You're looking at her like she was your mother, for chrissakes.

Jane spots Frank. Frank is quite uncomfortable. The hurt is all coming back. Jane is more adjusted to the breakup. But Frank, though playing it cool, still holds bitterness.

JANE

Frank.

FRANK

Jane... I didn't know you lived here.

JANE

I moved here two years ago.

FRANK

How are the children?

JANE

We didn't have any children.

FRANK

Yes, of course.

JANE

How was your prostate operation?

FRANK

Fine. I'm good as new. In fact, I'm better than ever.

She realizes Frank is tortured.

JANE

Look, Frank. I know this is awkward, but I hope you're not still obsessed with our relationship.

FRANK

Obsessed? Who's obsessed? Just because you backed out of the wedding two years ago? I've forgotten all about it. It's ancient history, like the Democratic Party...

(CONTINUED)

ED

Frank, get a hold of yourself.

FRANK

(about Ed)

This man was in tears. At the church, crying like a baby...

ED

Frank...

FRANK

I had to return thirteen Cuisinarts...

ED

That's enough, Frank... really.

Meinheimer enters in wheelchair. Jane sees him.

JANE

Oh! Dr. Meinheimer! Frank. This is Dr. Albert Meinheimer.

Frank goes to shake his hand.

FRANK

(politely)

Don't get up. Nice to meet you.

MEINHEIMER

Likewise. But I believe we've met before.

Frank looks puzzled.

MEINHEIMER

(continuing)

... At the White House dinner.

JANE

He never forgets a face. He has a photographic memory.

Meinheimer looks around at the destruction.

MEINHEIMER

It's a terrible thing that has happened here, Lieutenant. I do hope you will find the people responsible.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

I'm sorry I can't be more optimistic, Doctor, but we've got a long road ahead of us. It's like having sex. It's a painstaking and arduous task that seems to go on and on forever, and just when you think things are going your way, nothing happens.

ED

Right, Frank. Now, Jane, about this man you saw last night. Anything can help.

JANE

I gave your sketch artist the description.

Frank takes the pad away from the sketch artist. He shows it to Ed.

73 INSERT - SKETCH

73

It's of Jane, standing by the window, with greatly exaggerated breasts. The dress she's wearing is torn in teasingly revealing spots.

*
*

74 RESUME SCENE

74

FRANK

Uh, that'll be all, McTigue. Ed, why don't we have that other artist... you know, the one that never dates... and lives with those two guys.

ED

Right. Patterson!

*

Ed leafs through McTigue's other sketches, which include Jane in a very revealing Brazilian thong bikini, Jane in gladiator clothing locked in combat with another woman, and finally, Jane with a tail and serpent's tongue wielding a whip at a trussed-up McTigue.

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*

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Jane, I think I'd like to have a look around at the Institute now... that is, if it's all right with Dr. Meinheimer.

MEINHEIMER

Why, of course. We should start with the research area.

Jane and Meinheimer exit through some double doors.
Ed takes Frank aside.

ED

Uh, Frank, I think maybe it's time to transfer McTigue to the motor pool.

Frank and Ed exit, following Jane and Meinheimer.

*
*
*
*
*

75 INT. RESEARCH AREA - DAY

75

They come through doors onto a catwalk. A sign says:
"Hard-Hat Area."

FRANK

Now, Jane, what can you tell us about the man you saw last night?

Jane hands hard-hats to everyone, and they resume walking.

JANE

He's Caucasian.

ED

Caucasian?

JANE

Yeah, you know, a white guy. A moustache, about five-foot-ten.

FRANK

That's an awfully big moustache.

They come to a portion of the catwalk overlooking a busy laboratory area. Lots of machinery, men in lab coats and elaborately protective clothing handling dangerous substances with tongs.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

FRANK

What's all this?

JANE

This is our research laboratory. There are hundreds of delicate experiments going on, all temperature controlled by the machinery just below us.

Frank looks over the rail. His hard-hat falls off and into the delicate gears. Lots of SPARKS.

JANE

(continuing)

Many of our scientists have spent years on their experiments and are just now getting close to major breakthroughs.

They start to leave.

MEINHEIMER

Today they're getting ready to join two genetically altered compounds that have never before been combined.

They exit through double doors back to the lab area.

76 FRANK

76

Not sure what to do, a flying loose gear whizzes by him, imbedding itself in the wall. He discreetly exits.

77 INT. LOBBY

77

MEINHEIMER

Thank heavens the bomb didn't damage our research area.

Frank enters and approaches Jane and Meinheimer.

FRANK

Jane, I think you ought to know about something...

Suddenly, they're interrupted by a voice.

(CONTINUED)

HAPSBURG (O.S.)

Jane, darling.

JANE

Quentin!

QUENTIN HAPSBURG enters, handsome, dashing, rich, fingernails glistening, a huge monogrammed handkerchief hanging out of his jacket pocket -- a G.Q. ad if there ever was one.

HAPSBURG

Jane, darling, are you all right?
I was so worried about you.

He kisses her hand. She's buying this.

JANE

I'm really okay. But I'm glad
you're here.

Frank is fuming. Who is this dork?

JANE

(continuing)

Oh, I'm sorry. Frank, this is
Quentin Hapsburg of Hexagon Oil
Company. *

HAPSBURG

Pleased to meet you, Mr....

FRANK

Drebin, Frank Drebin. I believe
I've used some of your restrooms.

Hapsburg is not sure how to take this.

HAPSBURG

I'm... sure you have.

FRANK

Are you connected in some way with
the Institute?

HAPSBURG

Not officially, but as a matter of
fact, Jane and I have been seeing
quite a lot of each other lately.

He puts his arm around her, gives a little tug at her
waist.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

HAPSBURG

How is my little hellcat?

*
*

Frank is shocked but recovers.

FRANK

Well, that's... great. I've been dating, too. Nice girl. An author. She wrote the book on male sexual dysfunction. You've probably read it.

Hapsburg, insulted, scowls at Frank and takes a step forward. Jane quickly intercedes.

HAPSBURG

I beg your pardon?!

*
*

JANE

Frank, please!

*

FRANK

(to Jane)

It's all right. We can handle this situation maturely. Just like the responsible adults we are.

*
*

(to Quentin)

Isn't that right, Mr. Poopy Pants?

HAPSBURG

That does it!

*
*

JANE

Frank! Quentin, maybe you should excuse us.

*
*
*

HAPSBURG

Anything you wish, my darling. Until tonight then?

*
*
*

He kisses her hand and exits. They're interrupted by a HONKING ALARM and a flashing red light over the double doors behind them. The doors burst open and several panic-stricken TECHNICIANS run past.

*

MEINHEIMER

Dennis, what's wrong?

DENNIS

Some asshole dropped his hard-hat into one of the generators.

Dennis runs off, panic-stricken. Frank is anxious to get going.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

FRANK

Well... I think we've got enough information for one day. And I see you're very busy. You... seem to have some sort of problem in your research area.

*
*

Behind them, a scientist tries to shut the door on some horrendous ooze.

JANE

Where's your hat, Frank?

*
*

FRANK

I... hung it up on a hook back there...

A man rushes past them, his head on fire.

FRANK

(continuing)

Well. Let's keep in touch. Dr. Meinheimer.

*

JANE

Frank...

He looks into her eyes for a moment.

FRANK

I won't be bothering you anymore. I... hope you're happy.

Frank exits. Jane looks after him wistfully. A TECHNICIAN rushes past, green ooze attacking his face.

*

TECHNICIAN

My God! It's mutating!

He's gone.

A78 EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

A78

We PAN from the brightly lit Lincoln Memorial to ESTABLISH "The Blue Note Bar." Outside is a government sign with arrows pointing in opposite directions for the Lincoln Memorial and "The Blue Note Bar."

78 INT. BAR - "THE BLUE NOTE"

78

Dimly lit, a torch SINGER wails away to PIANO accompaniment.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

Nine shot glasses sit empty on the piano. The Singer sings into the mike: "Watching Scotty Grow."

CAMERA PANS past lonely people at booths staring down into their drinks. On the walls are pictures of (1) the San Francisco earthquake, (2) the Hindenberg disaster, (3) the Titanic going stern-down into the water, and (4) a smiling Michael Dukakis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA finally COMES TO REST ON Frank, slumped over, staring down at his drink. HENRI, the waiter, approaches.

HENRI

Sir?

FRANK

Gimme the strongest thing you got.

Henri beckons over a big muscleman.

FRANK

(continuing)

On second thought, how about a Black Russian?

HENRI

Very well, sir.

Henri starts to exit, but stops, looks INTO CAMERA and shakes his head "no," then exits.

ANGLE

Ed enters. He looks for and finds Frank.

ED

Frank, I thought I'd find you here.

FRANK

Sit down, Ed. Pull up a memory or two.

ED

You left before I could talk to you...

FRANK

Is it just my imagination, Ed, or is the whole world crazy?

A bartender-type, wearing apron, brings a tall, fruity drink.

ED

It's only a small percentage of the population, Frank.

The bartender heads back to his bar. We see from behind he is totally bare-assed.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I guess you're right, Ed. It's just that I don't know if I fit in anymore.

ED

You're still thinking about Jane, aren't you?

Frank's drink is filled with celery sticks, umbrellas, swizzle sticks, orange slices, lemons, cherries, etc. Two shrimps perch on opposite sides of the glass. Frank can't figure out how to drink from this thing.

FRANK

She's a part of my life, Ed. Always will be. I think about her constantly. When I'm making love to a woman, I see her face. I know it isn't fair to the woman I'm with, so I just think about Orel Hershiser. Needless to say, it doesn't work. But my curve ball is a lot better. But... it's done. The minute I heard her say, "Get out of my life forever," I knew it was over.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

ED

I always thought you two were so good together. Of course, I thought you and Rosalind were great, too. Then Marsha, Lillie, Diane, then of course, Ting Li and Chou Li...

FRANK

The Siamese twins, right... Moonlit nights and we used to walk hand in hand in hand... Ah... Sometimes, I think about you and Edna. That's where I envy you, Ed. You have someone. And you've had that same person every day for over thirty years. You wake up with her...

These are things Ed doesn't necessarily find that wonderful. He mouths, "thirty years," like it's been a prison sentence.

FRANK

(continuing)

... you eat with her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (CONT'D)

You sleep with her. You make love to that same woman. You spend every possible waking moment together... while I'm out with some twenty-year olds...

Ed could scream out with jealousy.

FRANK

(continuing)

... who just want a good time and cheap sex, sex, sex. Girls who can't get enough. Girls who can't say no. More, more, more, now it's your turn with the handcuffs...

(that slipped out; he hurriedly goes on)

I want to love, Ed. Love.

Ed's all but worked up into a lather. Lots of foam.

ED

I'm sure... you'll find love, Frank.

Henri brings over a drink.

FRANK

I've already got one, thanks.

HENRI

It's from the lady.

80 ANGLE

80

Jane is seated at a table. The candlelight casting a warm, romantic glow on her face.

81 RESUME FRANK

81

ED

Go to her, Frank. Go on. I'll see you in the morning.

Frank takes his drink over to her table. Ed, happy to see them together, exits the bar. Frank walks over to her. On the way he gets turned around by several people who are leaving. Frank sits at her table... he looks into his drink and speaks from the heart.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

FRANK

This isn't easy to say. I'm
lonely. I'm lost. I need
someone. I need someone to hold,
to love...

JANE (O.S.)

Frank, over here.

We reveal Frank is at a wrong table. He has been
speaking at a very confused and upset longshoreman
type.

FRANK

Well...

He sits at Jane's table.

FRANK

(continuing)

What are you doing here?

JANE

I called your hotel, got no
answer. Then I tried the station
house. I thought maybe you'd be
here.

82 ANGLE

82

The PIANIST starts playing next to them.

FRANK

'Evening, Sam.

SAM

Mr. Drebin... Jane! Always nice
to see nice people.

JANE

Sam, play our song, just one more
time.

SAM

Of course.

He plays.

SAM

(continuing; singing)

Ding dong, the witch is dead
Which old witch?
The wicked witch...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

That's enough, Sam. Play... play the other one, please.

(to Jane)

You just can't let old hurts die, can you? You walked out of my life. No explanation.

JANE

Didn't you get the letters I sent you?

FRANK

Every one. I never opened any of them. I just tore them up. And threw them into the fire.

JANE

Then you didn't get the check for \$75,000 your uncle left you in his will?

FRANK

Why are you here?

JANE

I remembered something about the crime. As I was looking out the window, I could see a red van parked across the street.

FRANK

A red van. Thank you. It could prove helpful. You've said your piece. Time to go, right?

JANE

That's not my only reason for being here. Frank, I want us to be friends.

FRANK

Sure, friends. I bet if I dusted you for prints right now, they'd be your lover boy Quentin Hapsburg's.

She starts to slap him. He deftly intercepts it with his left hand, holding her wrist in midair.

FRANK

(continuing)

Well, I see a certain kitten still knows how to scratch.

(CONTINUED)

She swings with her other hand. He grabs that one.
WHACK! A third hand gets him. He's puzzled.

JANE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. Frank, we were no good together. All you lived for was your police work.

FRANK

Yeah. And you were always busy trying to save the end zone layer.

JANE

Ozone. You never tried to understand, Frank.

FRANK

How can you say that? I sank every penny I had into buying that thousand acres of Brazilian rain forest. Then I had it slashed and burned just so we could build our dream house!

Jane's expression says it all.

JANE

Oh, Frank! How could you be so insensitive?

FRANK

Insensitive? You think it was easy displacing an entire tribe? You should try it sometime.

She stands up.

JANE

I'd better go. This was a mistake. I don't know why I came. I was hoping you'd be happy. That you'd have someone.

She starts to walk away. Frank stands up, calls after her. *

FRANK

I'm single. I love being single. I haven't had this much sex since I was a Boy Scout leader...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

Everyone in the bar stares at Frank.

FRANK

(continuing)

... I mean... At the time I was dating a lot.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 OMITTED

83

84 EXT. CITY STREETS - FRANK'S LONELY MONTAGE - NIGHT

84

Frank walks down a lonely street, a MATTE SHOT of the Capitol in the b.g. The SONG "Only the Lonely" plays to UNDERSCORE his sadness. As he walks, he passes by loving couples holding hands. One couple, then two, three, ten, then a horde of lovers. Frank makes his way through them and is almost crushed as he does. He can't understand where everyone is coming from. He walks past a statue of Rodin's "The Kiss." There seems to be an endless supply of lovers. In the heat of passion, a woman rips her lover's toupee off and throws it away. Frank passes by two army cots on the sidewalk with lovers under the covers. A couple lies on the hood of a car and necks passionately. Now the sidewalk is littered with couples. Frank has to carefully pick his way through it all. Even a department store window bedroom display has a man and woman in the heat of mad passion. Frank walks forlornly THROUGH FRAME, past the Statue of Liberty.

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*

85 EXT. DOCKS - WATERFRONT - NIGHT

85

A huge warehouse building. A sign says "Warehouse 39."

86 INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

86

Seated around a table are representatives from S.M.O.K.E., S.P.I.L. and K.A.B.O.O.M! The same group we saw at the White House, but now with various aides present. The place is in an uproar.

BAGGETT

I told you the bombing wouldn't work! What do you suppose we're going to do now?!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

DUNNWELL

We had no choice! Take a look at
this!

*
*
*

Dunnwell hands the paper to Fenzwick.

*

FENZWICK

(reading)

President to give Meinheimer "Blank
Check" at Press Club Dinner.

Fenzwick hands the paper to Baggett, who reads it.

*

FENZWICK

(continuing)

So the President's gonna do
whatever this guy says!

*
*
*
*

87 INSERT - NEWSPAPER

87*

*

A smaller headline reads: "Elvis Spotted Buying Home In
Aspen."

88 RESUME SCENE

88

DUNNWELL

That speech is in two days!
Either we come up with something
or we don't have a prayer.

*
*

FENZWICK

Don't you think I know that?

*
*

Pandemonium -- all shout at once.

HAPSBURG (O.S.)

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

The room quiets. Everyone sits down. CAMERA reveals
Hapsburg, standing at the head of the table.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Gentlemen. I know you're all
worried. And I agree, there's
plenty to be worried about.

He steps over to a large picture on the wall. Acres
and acres of rows of parabolic mirrors.

(CONTINUED)

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Like this solar power plant. It's already operational outside Los Angeles. And provides enough electricity to supply a city the size of Denver.

They all gasp. Hapsburg shows them a piece of thin, plastic film. They pass it around, examining it.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Photovoltaic cells. They convert sunlight directly into electricity.

The P.V. cell drops from Dunnwell's hands. His jaw drops in horror. Hapsburg holds up a lightbulb.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Fluorescent. Lasts ten times as long as a conventional lightbulb. Uses only a quarter of the power.

He motions to a superwindow.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Superwindows. They insulate as well as ten sheets of glass and can save twice as much fuel as we get from Alaska. An electric car...

He motions casually to an electric car parked inexplicably near the table.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

This one is partially powered by built-in solar panels. And it's ninety-five percent less polluting than a gasoline engine car.

He stops, puts both hands on the table and leans in to his colleagues. *

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

... But the truth is, gentlemen -- I'm not worried about any of these things. And you know why? *

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

The execs lean forward to better hear.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

...Because the American people are never going to know about them.

A beat. Stunned silence. Baggett breaks it.

BAGGETT

But... what about Meinheimer and his report?

HAPSBURG

Good question. Why don't we just ask him?

Confused looks, then audible gasps from the execs, as HECTOR SAVAGE wheels out a bound and gaged Dr. Meinheimer! A goon puts a Denver boot on the wheelchair.

*
*
*

DUNNWELL

But... but what about Tuesday evening... his speech?!

*
*
*

HAPSBURG

Dr. Meinheimer will deliver his speech... our Dr. Meinheimer.

*
*
*

Hapsburg gestures to OFF SCREEN. Confused looks, then audible gasps as an exact double for Dr. Meinheimer wheels himself into the room.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (3)

88

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

(in accent)

Good evening, gentlemen. It is my view that solar power will be viable fifty years in the future. So for now, we must rely on coal, oil and nuclear power.

He smiles, smugly.

HAPSBURG

Very good, Doctor. Why don't you stand up and take a bow?

Meinheimer rises to his feet. More gasps!

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Gentlemen, meet Earl Hacker, former arts consultant to Jesse Helms.

Everyone is shocked.

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

As I've made clear to Mr. Hapsburg, my fee is five hundred thousand dollars. Half to be paid now, the other half due after my "speech."

As he speaks, he removes his glasses, moustache, and his goatee. *

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

(continuing)

And might I add... I'm worth every penny of it. But -- you gentlemen don't have any choice, do you?

They're all trapped; they're stuck with this guy. (Fake) Meinheimer removes his short gray hair. As he pulls it off, a long mane of black hair cascades down to his shoulders. BIG MUSIC STING. The plot has thickened. *

89 OMITTED
&
90

89
&
90

91 OMITTED
thru
97

91*
thru
97

A98 EXT. D.C. POLICE STATION - DAY

A98

Frank drives up, rear-ending a four-door sedan, revealing a sign: "Police Commissioner Parking Only." The car, in turn, bumps a cement truck. The cement chute dislodges, flopping into the car's open sunroof. The cement starts down the chute, filling up the unoccupied car. Frank, preoccupied, walks toward the station entrance.

FRANK (V.O.)

I was hoping we'd get a break on the mysterious explosion at the Institute.

98 INT. D.C. POLICE STATION - DAY

98

A tense moment. Some drug-crazed MANIAC has broken from his handcuffs. Which we see dangling from one wrist. He has a police revolver pointed at the room. Ed, Nordberg, and the others have their hands in the air.

DRUGGIE

I'm in charge now, aren't I?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRUGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm the one who is going to determine life and death. Not one of you pigs. No... me!... Bobby Herbeck ... Bobby Herbeck... your judge, jury, and...
 (cocks the gun)
 ...executioner. Say your prayers.

At that moment Frank opens the door. It swings open and knocks out the Druggie. Police rush to subdue him. Frank is oblivious to it all.

ED

Nice work, Frank.

FRANK

Huh?

ED

Ted was just about to show us the lab results from the Research Institute, Frank.

*
*
*

FRANK

So what have we got, Ted?

*
*

TED

We weren't able to get any clean fingerprints, Frank, but we did find footprints outside the Research Institute. We made plaster casts out of them.

*

Ted shows Frank and Ed the footprint.

TED

(continuing)

A size 9½ D. We're running a trace on it now.

He produces another much bigger plaster footprint.

TED

(continuing)

But even more interesting, Frank... we also found this single dinosaur footprint. A major find from the Paleolithic period.

Frank is impressed.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Anything else, Ted?

TED

Yes. About twenty feet down from that spot we discovered ancient timbers which we believe may be part of Noah's Ark!

FRANK

That's great, Ted, but...

TED

I'll be departing tomorrow for Boston, where I'll be delivering a major address to the American Archaeological Society. And I'm booked on "Geraldo" next week!

FRANK

You're going on "Geraldo" because of this?!

TED

No. My wife is a transsexual Satan worshipper.

Frank ponders this.

TED

(continuing)

But, meanwhile, we'll be continuing fingerprint analysis, fiber checks, DNA breakdown, hair samples, then using the microscopic dirt particles on this footprint, it's a matter of getting a geological breakdown of the entire city.

ED

Ted, we may not have that kind of time.

TED

Then maybe this will help. We found his wallet on the curb outside the Institute.

He hands it to Frank.

99 INSERT - SOCIAL SECURITY CARD

99

Name: Hector Savage. (Sounds like "barrage.") MUSIC STING. Also a picture of Savage as a boxer in a typical boxing pose.

100 RESUME SCENE

100

FRANK

Hector Savage. From Detroit. Hey, I remember this pug. An ex-boxer. Real name was Joey Chicago.

*

ED

Oh yeah. He fought under the name of Kid Minneapolis.

*

*

Ed takes the wallet, starts to look through it.

NORDBERG

I saw Kid Minneapolis fight once... in Cincinnati.

*

*

FRANK

No, you're thinking of Kid New York. He fought out of Philly.

*

ED

Good fighter. Was killed in the ring in Houston by Tex Colorado. You know... the Arizona Assassin.

*

NORDBERG

Oh, yeah, from Dakota. I can't remember if it was North or South.

*

FRANK

North. South Dakota was his brother from West Virginia.

ED

You certainly know your boxing.

FRANK

Well, all I know is, never bet on the white guy. Is there an address in there?

ED

All I got here is a card, says, "Monique DeCarlo, 210 Bleckman Street."

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

Frank sees the address.

FRANK

That's the Red Light District, Ed.
I wonder why Savage is hanging
around there?

ED

Sex, Frank?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

FRANK
 (leery of Ed's
 intentions)
 Ah, no... not right now, Ed.
 We've got work to do.

MUSIC STING.

100A EXT. D.C. POLICE STATION - DAY

100A

An Auto Road Serviceman JACKHAMMERS the hardened concrete inside the sedan as a steaming mad Police Commissioner Brunford looks on. In the b.g., Frank, Ed, and Nordberg climb into Frank's car and PEEL out.

101 INT. FRANK'S POLICE CAR - DAY

101

Frank is driving. Ed and Nordberg are passengers.

FRANK (V.O.)
 The address we were given for
 Monique DeCarlo was in a part of
 the city known as Little Italy.

In the b.g., we see PROCESS SHOTS OF THE ROMAN
 COLISEUM.

FRANK (V.O.)
 (continuing)
 We hoped that this could be the
 lead that would bring us to Hector
 Savage.

102 EXT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

102

Frank, Ed and Nordberg pull up in front of it.

103 INT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

103

SAVAGE sees Frank pulling up front.

SAVAGE
 That's the cops! You gotta get
 rid of 'em.

MONIQUE
 All right, I'll handle it. Quick!
 Hide in the basement...

She opens a door. Steps lead down to the basement. He
 walks in.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

MONIQUE

(continuing)

... You'll be safe down there.

She closes the door on him, a bit too soon. We hear him YELL as he does a header down the steps, and into GARBAGE CANS.

MONIQUE

She winces. Tiptoes away from the door, a "He's gonna be mad" look on her face.

104 EXT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

104

Frank, Ed and Nordberg exit the car. Frank spots a red van parked in the alley.

FRANK

A red van. Jane said she saw a red van outside the Institute the night of the explosion.

ED

Good. Let's take him down.

FRANK

No. He's not working alone. Let's put a bug on the car. See where he goes.

ED

Good thinkin', Frank. Nordberg?

NORDBERG

No problem.

As Frank and Ed EXIT FRAME, Nordberg takes a bugging device and a mechanic's dolly from the trunk of the car.

105 OMITTED

105

106 INT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

106

Frank and Ed enter. Monique stands behind the counter. She looks at them expectantly, her plunging neckline displaying a monumental cleavage. *

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

FRANK

He flips open his wallet, exposing his badge. The motion was so strong, the badge flies out of the wallet and imbeds in a display case post. He extracts the badge.

FRANK

Frank Drebin of Police Squad.
This is my Captain, Ed Hocken.

MONIQUE

Is this some kind of bust? *

Frank, eyeing her cleavage:

FRANK

Well, it's very impressive, yes...
but we need to ask you a few
questions. *

107 OMITTED
&
108

107
&
108

109 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

109

Nordberg slides under the red van on the mechanic's dolly.

110 UNDER THE RED VAN

110

Nordberg jams his feet under the frame to act as a brake. Using a wrench, he starts to attach the device. A bolt comes off. Oil spills out onto his face. It gets in his mouth, and he is gargling Pennzoil. He attempts to push away from trouble. In doing so, he breaks the exhaust pipe. Soot falls on him. He BANGS his wrench at the pipe to get it out of the way. Major SPARKS erupt as he has ruptured an electrical line. He repairs it as best he can and quickly tries to attach the tracking device, knocking off a lot of mud from under the frame as he hammers away.

110A INT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

110A *

Ed and Frank are inspecting the many sexual devices on display. Dildos and vibrators abound. All kinds. Strange kinds. Ed is amazed by the display. *

(CONTINUED)

110A CONTINUED:

He picks up a book titled "Strokin' the Love Muffin" and puts it in his pocket. Frank flips a switch on something that looks like it has hands, and lips. It kicks in. It sucks and gropes away quite NOISILY. Frank turns it off. But not before it grabs him and sucks his tie a few times.

Ed pulls the cord on what looks like a small jackhammer with a vibrator attached. The ENGINE hums to life. Frank picks up a major-sized contraption with a long hose attached.

FRANK

How do you use this?

MONIQUE

It's a leaf blower. The gardener left it behind. You guys have something special in mind?

FRANK

Yes. We're looking for a woman named Monique DeCarlo.

MONIQUE

All right, but she don't come cheap.

FRANK

No, no, you don't understand. It's her boyfriend we want.

MONIQUE

Oh, I see, it's boys you want. And I suppose you're sleeping with this guy here, eh?

*
*
*

ED

No, no, we're just good friends. We're together some nights, but that's just for work.

FRANK

We did go to Yosemite without the gals once...

ED

But that was just for fishing.

FRANK

We were a bit surprised there was just one bed. And we didn't bring any sleeping bags.

(CONTINUED)

110A CONTINUED: (2)

ED

We slept facing the other way...
with our clothes on.

MONIQUE

All right, all right. So what'll
it be, gentlemen? Maybe you guys
are interested in some of our
discount items.

*
*
*

She points to several odd-looking contraptions.

*

MONIQUE

(continuing)

A Thai Twist. A Japanese Yap Flap.
A Nigerian Hummer. A Belgian
Waffle. A Portuguese Butt
Blaster...

*
*

FRANK

A Portuguese Butt Blaster?

*

ED

I tried one during the war, Frank.
You wouldn't want it. Not with
all the sitting we do.

*
*

FRANK

All right, listen, we're looking
for Hector Savage. Now where is
he?

*

MONIQUE

(nasty)

Why should I tell you, Copper?

FRANK

Because I'm the last line of defense
between sleaze like this and the
decent people of this town!

ANGLE

A STOCK BOY enters from the back room, carrying a stack
of magazines.

STOCK BOY

Oh, hi, Frank! Say, we got that
model D-83 Swedish sure-grip Suck
Machine in that you ordered.

(CONTINUED)

41.

(A)

110A

110A CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK
(to Monique)
It's a gift.

ED (O.S.)
Frank! Come here, quick!

111 OMITTED

111

112 ANGLE

112

Ed is looking out a window to the alley.

ED

It's Savage! He's on the move!

Frank joins Ed at the window, looks out.

FRANK

He's playing right into our hands.
Let's get to the car.

113 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

113

Savage gets into the van.

114 UNDER THE VAN

114

Nordberg hears Savage get into the van. He can't quite finish wedging the bugging device into the frame, and starts to roll out the back. Now his sleeve gets caught on the muffler. He struggles to free it when...

115 RED VAN

115

Savage drives off. From under the van we hear Nordberg's "Nooooo!" He is riding along, under the van.

116 OMITTED

116

117 EXT. LE SEX SHOPPE

117

The van takes off. Frank and Ed jump into the car and PEEL out. *

118 RED VAN

118

speeding down the street.

119 NORDBERG

119

riding along under the van. Oil, soot, SPARKS, and now exhaust making his life miserable.

120 INT. FRANK'S CAR

120

He looks at the readout screen in the car. The white blip is moving.

FRANK

Nordberg's bugging device is right on the money.

121 OMITTED

121

122 RED VAN

122

driving along the street. Speed bumps ahead. The van jostles with the bumps. *

123 NORDBERG

123

underneath. Being bopped around.

124 OMITTED
thru
128

124
thru
128

129 INT. FRANK'S CAR

129

Frank looks intently at the radar screen.

129A NORDBERG

129A

with one last tug, frees his sleeve from the muffler.

129B EXT. VAN

129B

Nordberg slides out from under the van, unfortunately at the top of a steep incline. He starts rolling backward, picking up speed.

129C INT. FRANK'S CAR

129C

Frank looks intently at the radar screen. The blips are converging.

FRANK

He's changing directions now, Ed.

They scan the street in front of them, see nothing. THROUGH the rear window, we see Nordberg hurtling down the street behind them.

129D EXT. FRANK'S CAR

129D

Nordberg slides under the back, feet first.

129E NORDBERG

129E

underneath. His sleeve has snagged on the oil pan.

129F INT. FRANK'S CAR

129F

The screen shows the blips piggybacked.

FRANK

(excited)

Look, Ed! We're really close now!
Step on it!

129G EXT. FRANK'S CAR

129G

It PEELS out down the street, Nordberg's feet sticking out the front like a snowplow.

NORDBERG

Nooooo...

129H ANGLE - NORDBERG'S POV

129H

THROUGH his legs we see Nordberg is now attracting road trash like a magnet. In rapid succession, discarded shoes, aluminum cans, bright orange road cones, old mufflers, hubcaps, etc., and finally, a few miscellaneous road kills. Finally, a porcupine is bearing down on poor Nordberg.

*
*

129-I INT. FRANK'S CAR

129-I

A call comes in over the RADIO.

RADIO (V.O.)

All units proceed to Third and Carmichael Streets. Red van suspect is cornered and S.W.A.T. teams are responding.

Frank and Ed look at each other blankly, shrug and turn on the SIREN. Ed turns hard left and GUNS the engine.

130 OMITTED

130

131 EXT. DILAPIDATED CRACK HOUSE - DAY 131

The place is surrounded by police cars, in one of those pretentious CRANE SHOTS. A S.W.A.T. van pulls up, and transforms into a catering truck.

131A ANGLE 131A

Frank and Ed drive up and SCREECH to an abrupt halt, whipping Nordberg out from under the car and down the street. He slides under a passing Greyhound bus.

131B NORDBERG 131B

underneath bus, snagged immediately, of course.

131C EXT. BUS 131C

It pulls away, its destination sign reads: "Detroit." Nordberg's feet, sticking out the back, are engulfed in diesel exhaust.

131D EXT. CRACK HOUSE 131D

Frank and Ed approach the cordoned-off area.

132 ANGLE - VARIOUS COPS 132

It's an extremely tense situation. CLOSEUPS on sweating brows, trembling trigger fingers, etc. Frank and Ed walk up to a D.C. POLICE SERGEANT. Frank flashes his badge.

FRANK

Drebin, Police Squad. What have we got here?

They start to walk toward the command post, passing by various S.W.A.T. sharpshooters, guns trained on the house.

SERGEANT

(whispering)

It's a tense situation, Lieutenant. Savage is holed up in that house over there. Says he's got hostages.

*
*

FRANK

Could be bluffing. Anything else?

*

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

The Sergeant hands Frank a computer print-out sheet. *

SERGEANT

Yeah. That red van is registered
to one Quentin Hapsburg. *

INSERT *

Police computer print-out showing motor vehicle
information on Hapsburg's van. *

ANGLE ON RED VAN

FRANK

(smugly)

Well, it looks like the cows have
come home to roost.

They pass by a nervous cop holding a rifle aimed at the
house.

FRANK

(continuing)

How are we doing, Steen?

He slaps him on the back. Steen is startled and
accidentally pulls the trigger. All the other cops
OPEN FIRE. Frank, too. It's a crazed shootout. Ed
yells:

ED

Stop firing! Stop firing! *

FRANK

Give me the bullhorn.

He takes the bullhorn from the Sergeant.

FRANK

(continuing;
through bullhorn)

This is Frank Drebin of Police
Squad. Throw down your guns and
come on out with your hands up. Or
come on out, then throw down your
guns. Whichever way you want to do
it. Just remember, the two key
elements here... One: guns to be
thrown down. Two: come on out.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

SAVAGE (O.S.)

You just try and take me, Drebin.

*
*

A BULLET hits nearby.

ED

Looks like he's holding all the cards, Frank.

*
*
*

FRANK

Not all of 'em.

*
*

133 OMITTED

133*

&

&

134

134*

135 ANGLE

135*

They're next to an urban assault battering ram vehicle. It's an awesome-looking urban assault vehicle, as big as a Sherman tank. Frank starts to climb onto the battering ram. He hands Ed the bullhorn.

*
*
*
*
*

ED

Frank, you can't drive that thing. You're not checked out on it.

Frank is lowering himself down into the hatch.

*

FRANK

Don't worry, Ed. It's okay. You just keep him busy.

*
*

Frank closes the hatch and rumbles off toward the crack house.

136 ANGLE

136*

ED

(through bullhorn)

All right, Savage, what do you want?

*
*
*
*

SAVAGE

Okay, I want a car out front. Something fun... a Porsche...

*

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

ED

Can't do that, Savage. How about a Buick?

*
*
*

SAVAGE (O.S.)

Too big.

ED

They make a nice convertible. Like a Mercedes.

SAVAGE (O.S.)

All right. Then, I want a plane ticket to Jamaica. And not on any DC-10. I want a nice hotel. No touristy place. Something really indicative of the people and their culture.

137 BATTERING RAM

137

approaching the house. Really threatening. The excitement builds...

138 INT. BATTERING RAM

138

Frank at controls, wearing World War II goggles.

139 SAVAGE

139

sees battering ram coming, bolts out of room.

140 OMITTED

140

141 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - MEDIUM SHOT

141

Frank's battering ram rumbles up to the house. It stops at the front door. A mechanical arm comes out of it. At the end is a pointed finger. It rings the DOORBELL.

142 INT. CRACK HOUSE

142

Savage tries to escape through a window. But all the windows are barred, he's trapped.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

ED (O.S.)

All right, Savage, you're trapped.
Come out with your hands on top of
your head.

*
*
*
*

143 EXT. CRACK HOUSE

143

Frank waits a polite beat, then guns the ENGINE and
plows right through the front door.

144 INT. BATTERING RAM

144

Frank's having a lot of trouble seeing out the small
viewing slot.

145 SAVAGE

145

Hands on head, watches dumbfounded as Frank's battering
ram passes right in front of him, rumbling out through
the back wall.

*
*

145A EXT. BACKYARD

145A

The battering ram careens through the backyard, col-
lecting clothes hanging on the line, bicycles, a
barbecue grill, lawn furniture, and skewers through an
old tire swing hanging from a tree.

145B INT. CRACK HOUSE

145B

Savage now has an easy escape. He runs out the hole in
the wall.

*

146 INT. BATTERING RAM

146

Frank's vision is zero, due to a large pair of under-
wear covering the thin viewing slot.

147 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

147

Frank's battering ram weaving dangerously in and out of
traffic, all the backyard paraphernalia draped over it.
A dog house is dragging along behind it.

148 INT. BATTERING RAM

148

Frank frantically trying to work a dozen levers.

149 EXT. CITY ZOO

149

Frank rumbles through a wall, and out of our view. Ed and S.W.A.T.-teamers arrive on the scene. They react as we hear the DEMOLISHING of countless cages and zoo buildings. Caged birds are flying, free at last! Zoo-goers run by, clutching their children, running for their lives. Among them are now loose zoo animals, a gorilla, zebra, and a seal. A final CRASH.

150 ANOTHER ZOO WALL

150

Frank has come to a stop. As he peeks out of the battering ram, he sees a boa constrictor wrapped around the ram arm, monkeys are clutching it for dear life. Guards are FIRING guns -- it's chaos. Frank, a wild bird perched on his head, has a "what the hell happened?" look on his face.

A151 EXT. HAPSBURG'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A151

Guests are arriving, cars wait to be taken by the valets. A giraffe walks PAST CAMERA.

151 OMITTED

151

151A INT. LIBRARY

151A

Hapsburg, seated at his desk, is writing a check. He hands it to a gentleman seated across from him. They both rise.

HAPSBURG

Well, you're the lobbyist. I'll leave the rest up to you.

He walks him to the door.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Just make sure Congress keeps those auto fuel efficiency standards right where they are. Here, let me cash that for you. *

Hapsburg hands him a wad of cash, takes back the check. The lobbyist exits. *

(CONTINUED)

151A CONTINUED:

*

Savage staggers in, clutching his stomach. Hapsburg turns to face him.

HAPSBURG

What are you doing here? I thought I told you to lay low.

SAVAGE

(groaning)

I know. They found me. Big shootout... at the crack house...

Hapsburg rises to help the groaning Savage into a seat.

HAPSBURG

(concerned)

Are you wounded?

SAVAGE

(through clenched teeth)

No. On the way over, I stopped for a burrito...

(CONTINUED)

151A CONTINUED:

151A*

Hapsburg sits on the front of the desk.

HAPSBURG

Well, now you'd better lay low --
you were spotted at the Research
Institute.

SAVAGE

But, Boss, we was in and out of
there, clean!

HAPSBURG

Were in and out of there, clean.

Without ever looking at Savage, Hapsburg places a
newspaper on the table in front of Savage.

152 INSERT - NEWSPAPER

152

On the front page is an artist's sketch of Savage.

153 RESUME SCENE

153

HAPSBURG

Nice likeness, wouldn't you say?

Savage gasps.

SAVAGE

Who coulda saw me?!

HAPSBURG

(corrects him)

Seen me. It was the girl. Jane.

SAVAGE

I shoulda killed her when I had the
chance.

HAPSBURG

Don't worry about her. It's that
cop that's making too much trouble.
But you better stay out of sight
until after the party.

SAVAGE

Right, Boss. Then you and me kill
Drebin?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

HAPSBURG

You and I kill Drebin. Yes. Now
get out of here.

Savage slinks out a side door. Hapsburg goes into the
foyer.

154 OMITTED

154

155 INT. HAPSBURG'S ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

155

Frank enters.

*
*

BUTLER #1

Your coat, sir?

*

FRANK

Yes, it is. And I have the
receipt to prove it.

He eyes the goings-on and hands the Butler his coat.
He spots Commissioner Brumford ascending the staircase.
He follows.

155A ANGLE - STAIRCASE LANDING

155A

BUTLER #2 hands an ornate phone receiver to Brumford.
He pulls an antenna out of it. It's cordless.

BUTLER #2

Phone call, Commissioner.

BRUMFORD

Thank you.

She listens for a beat, red-faced.

BRUMFORD

(continuing)

He did what?

Drebin approaches from behind.

BRUMFORD

(continuing)

How many animals escaped?

(pause)

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

155A CONTINUED:

FRANK

Good evening, Commissioner.
You're looking lovely tonight.

She gives him a look that would level a city block.

BRUMFORD

(livid)

Do you realize that because of you
this city is being overrun by
baboons?

FRANK

Uh, with all due respect,
Commissioner, isn't that the fault
of the voters?

She wants to strangle him. But before she can react,
the combo strikes up a big FANFARE. Frank looks up
toward it. *

156 INT. LARGE BALLROOM

156 *

Hapsburg is making a speech from the bandstand. (Fake) *

Meinheimer and Jane are at his side. *

HAPSBURG

I'd just like to thank you all for
attending this event in honor of
Dr. Albert Meinheimer, who
tomorrow will make his historic
address. *

Guests APPLAUD enthusiastically.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

And along with the President, I
too, pledge to support Dr.
Meinheimer's recommendations --
whatever they may be. *

More enthusiastic APPLAUSE. *

156A ANGLE

156A *

Baggett, Fenzwick and Dunnwell nod to Hapsburg
conspiratorially. *

156B BANDSTAND

156B

(Fake) Meinheimer beams, starts to get out of his chair -- but catches himself just in time. Hapsburg stares him back into the chair.

HAPSBURG

Now please, enjoy the evening!

MUSIC starts up. Couples start dancing.

157 OMITTED

157

158 INT. LARGE ROOM - ANOTHER AREA

158

Frank walks up to Jane, who's dancing with a gentleman. Frank taps him on the back to cut in.

FRANK

May I?

The gentleman nods and withdraws. Jane is surprised to see Frank. They dance.

JANE

Frank, what are you doing here?

159 DANCE FLOOR

159

Jane and Frank share it with several other couples. They're doing the cha-cha. The basic "one... two... cha-cha-cha" steps. Drebin is showing a lot of attitude. Even gets a bit fancy as time goes on. His wrists hang limp as he goes about the dance. After a minute of this, we see how really dumb a counterpoint this is to the serious discussion that now follows.

FRANK

I can sum it up in three words:
 Quentin Hapsburg. I didn't like
 him the minute I laid eyes on him.
 The guy's as dirty as a coal
 miner's underwear.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

JANE

Frank, what's gotten into you? He's a kind, gentle, and concerned man who cares about people. And he's not as suspicious as some people I know.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Well, why don't you ask him what his connection is to the red van you saw the night of the explosion?

JANE

I don't know what you're talking about.

FRANK

Or ask him if he's pals with a goon named Hector Savage. *

JANE

Frank, stop it! You're jealous because another man can bring me the understanding you never could!

FRANK

No, I'm just hoping your precious Quentin sees us. I know he'll be jealous. And a jealous man always makes the wrong move. I'm counting on that.

He takes her in his arms and puts on a marvelous display of the art of the tango. All eyes are on them.

160 HAPSBURG

160

at his table, playing solitaire. Spots the crowd around Frank and Jane. He is not pleased. He summons a GOON and whispers something to him. In the background, Frank spins Jane wildly around his head. *

161 DANCE FLOOR

161

Frank and Jane end up in a flourish, and a final pose that brings APPLAUSE from everyone. They take a few bows. Hapsburg's Goon approaches.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

GOON #1

Mr. Drebin, Mr. Hapsburg would like
you to join him at his table.

Frank smiles smugly. He was right. They follow the
Goon O.S.

162 OMITTED

162

&

&

163

163

164 HAPSBURG'S TABLE

164

Hapsburg is seated at the table, absentmindedly
playing solitaire. He looks up when Frank and Jane
approach. *

HAPSBURG

Do you gamble, Lieutenant?

FRANK

Every time I order out.

Hapsburg stares at Frank intensely. Jane is
uncomfortable. (Fake) Meinheimer wheels up behind
Frank. Clears his throat. Frank turns around. *

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

(testily)

Excuse me. But you happen to be
standing at my place at the table. *

JANE

Oh, Dr. Meinheimer, you remember
Frank. *

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

(confused)

Uh, yes... Mr....

Hapsburg comes to his rescue.

HAPSBURG

Drebin -- from Police Squad. You
met him at the Institute.

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

Oh, yes. Of course. Please sit
down. I'll sit over here. *

165 ANGLE - JANE

165

A bit puzzled. She takes a seat next to Hapsburg.
Frank sits down opposite Hapsburg.

HAPSBURG

Join us for a drink, Lieutenant?
Or perhaps a game of chance? *

FRANK

Chances are for kamikaze pilots. *

HAPSBURG

Que sera, sera. You do speak
French, don't you? *

FRANK

Unfortunately, no. But I do kiss
that way. *

(stands up)

Now let's play another game.
Who's this? *

Shows him the picture of Hector Savage. It's his high
school yearbook picture.

HAPSBURG

I wouldn't know.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

He's been a bad boy -- Blew up a building he shouldn't have. And he's driving a van registered in your name.

HAPSBURG

We own lots of vans. One was stolen not more than three days ago.

(stands up)

Look, Lieutenant, I have nothing to hide.

FRANK

Maybe so. But I'm warning you, Hapsburg. If you so much as sneeze, I'm gonna be there to wipe your nose.

There's a beat; we see Frank and Hapsburg are not completely comfortable with this particular analogy.

166 OMITTED

166

167

167

168 ANGLE - BANDSTAND

168

Big FANFARE. COMMISSIONER BRUMFORD steps to the microphone to make an announcement.

BRUMFORD

Ladies and gentlemen. It's time now for the first door prize of the evening, an all-expense paid trip to the Aleutian Islands!

Audience "Oohs" and "Ahhs."

BRUMFORD

(continuing)

And to draw the first winner, we'd like to ask our guest of honor, Dr. Albert Meinheimer.

Much APPLAUSE.

169 ANGLE - (FAKE) MEINHEIMER

169

Feigns reluctance, but loves the attention. Still unfamiliar with his wheelchair, he awkwardly backs away from the table.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Here, let me help you with that.

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

You're very kind, thank you.

Frank begins to maneuver him between the tables on the way to the podium.

170 ANGLE - JANE AND HAPSBURG

170

JANE

I can't understand what's gotten into Frank.

HAPSBURG

I'm afraid it's merely a case of jealousy, my dear. I would feel the same way if I had lost the love of such a beautiful lady.

171 FRANK

171

pushing the wheelchair, turns to catch a glimpse of:

172 FRANK'S POV

172

Hapsburg kissing Jane.

173 RESUME FRANK

173

He doesn't see the serving cart pass in front of (Fake) Meinheimer. The wheelchair jams hard into the serving cart. (Fake) Meinheimer "yelps" in pain. A coffee urn pitches onto (Fake) Meinheimer's lap. Scalding hot.

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

Eeyarghh! Yeeoww!

Nearby guests are appalled. Frank, overanxious to correct his mistake, reaches down to reverse the control lever.

173A INSERT - CONTROL LEVER

173A

Some spilled coffee has seeped into the switch. It starts to throw off SPARKS. Frank's hand switches the toggle switch to "Reverse."

173B FRANK

173B

The wheelchair backs into him, Frank pitches forward over (Fake) Meinheimer's back, his head landing in (Fake) Meinheimer's crotch, his legs wrapped around (Fake) Meinheimer's neck. The wheelchair, still in reverse, starts to spin crazily around the room, wreaking general havoc.

173C HAPSBURG AND JANE

173C

look on, dumbfounded.

173D FRANK

173D

desperate to stop the chair, reaches for the control lever.

174 INSERT - CONTROL LEVER

174

Frank's hand jams it forward into the position marked: "Forward - Hi."

175 ANGLE - THE WHEELS

175

burning rubber.

176 BACK TO

176

The chair does a wheelie, pitching (Fake) Meinheimer on his back. Frank can't hang on. The chair takes off across the dance floor, (Fake) Meinheimer's head bouncing crazily along the floor. Guests dive for cover, trying to avoid the hurtling wheelchair.

177 ANGLE - JANE, HAPSBURG, COMMISSIONER BRUMFORD,
OTHER GUESTS

177

looking on, horrified. Jane, in tears, rushes past Frank, and out the door. Frank tries to call after her.

FRANK

Jane!

178 ANGLE - FRENCH DOORS

178 *

(Fake) Meinheimer goes flying through the French doors.

- 179 EXT. HAPSBURG'S ESTATE - POOL AREA PATIO 179
Two society MATRONS are having champagne.
- MATRON #1
... And for a man confined to a
wheelchair, he seems to get around
marvelously.
- Behind them, we see (Fake) Meinheimer in wheelchair
catapulted out of the second floor balcony in a high,
graceful trajectory on his way to God knows where.
- 180 OMITTED 180
- 180A EXT. JANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 180A
A typical eight-story Washington, D.C. brownstone.
- 181 INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 181
Jane is doing a few chores. Still hurt over this
evening's encounter with Frank. Her cat PURRS by her
on the way to the kitchen. Jane waters the plants.
Enters her kitchen.
- 182 INT. KITCHEN 182
Jane feeds the canaries. Feeds the cat. And the dog.
Lays feed out for her chickens. Slops the pigs. An
ELEPHANT'S TRUMPET is heard. A trunk briefly sways
INTO FRAME. *
- JANE
Just a minute, Jumbo.
- She reaches for some peanuts.
- 183 EXT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 183
Frank pulls up. He takes out the world's largest, and
bulkiest bouquet. Half of it is destroyed just getting
it out from his car. He enters the apartment building.
Another third of the bouquet is a goner trying to fit
it in the door.
- 184 ANGLE - ACROSS STREET 184
A car pulls up into the shadows. A man gets out,
follows Frank into the building. It's Savage.

185 INT. LOBBY

185

Frank gets into the elevator -- more flowers gone.

186 INT. JANE'S KITCHEN

186

Jane is about to get something out of the refrigerator. Doorbell RINGS. She goes to open it.

187 INT. LIVING ROOM

187

Jane opens door. Frank is standing there, holding a scraggly bunch of stems.

JANE

(surprised)

Frank.

He hands her the stems.

FRANK

I just want to say I'm sorry about what happened tonight.

JANE

Frank, you humiliated yourself in front of all those people!

FRANK

I was just doing my job...

JANE

Oh, Frank...

FRANK

Jane, I need to talk to you. May I come in?

JANE

Well, okay. But... I was just about to step into the shower.

FRANK

I'll only be a minute.

She lets him in. Frank looks around.

FRANK

(continuing)

This is a nice place.

JANE

I got lucky.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

The family that lived here was bludgeoned to death in their sleep. It only costs a hundred fifty a month.

Frank walks past the French doors, sees a breathtaking view -- twinkling city lights, a bridge off in the distant mountains, a full moon smiling down on a glowing sunset.

FRANK

But still, only a hundred fifty bucks a month. That's almost unbe...

The room starts to shake. We hear a low-level RUMBLE, intensifying into a thunderous ROAR, as the uptown local hurtles past the window, not three feet away. Frank's voice is drowned out.

JANE

(shouting)

I'm sorry, what did you say?

FRANK

Forget it.

The train is gone. Jane stops a row of spinning plates. Jane walks into the kitchen. Frank follows.

JANE

I'm making a protein shake. Do you want some?

FRANK

Uh, no thanks. I just have a few questions I'd like to ask you.

Jane goes to the refrigerator, opens the door and sticks her head in. Starts pulling items out and handing them to Frank. We see only her backside behind the open door.

FRANK

Jane. Do you know what Dr. Meinheimer is going to say at the Press Club Dinner tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

JANE

Yes. He's going to endorse
energy efficiency and renewable
energy, like solar power.

Jane goes further into the refrigerator.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Who else knew that?

JANE

Well, only me and, of course, I mentioned it to Quentin.

By now, Jane's rummaging has taken her ridiculously far into the refrigerator. Only her legs are visible now, sticking out horizontally.

FRANK

And if the President would adopt a national policy of supporting efficiency and solar energy, who would be the biggest losers?

JANE

Well, coal, oil and nuclear. It could put them out of business.

CLICK! The refrigerator door closes shut. A beat.

JANE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Frank! Frank?

She's KNOCKING on the door from the inside. Frank quickly opens it. Jane emerges with an armful of food items.

FRANK

Just one more question. You told me once that Dr. Meinheimer had a photographic memory. Yet tonight he never recalled meeting me.

JANE

That's strange. But he has been under a lot of strain.

Jane starts putting bananas, strawberries, peaches, etc. into a blender as Frank talks.

FRANK

Jane. Does Dr. Meinheimer have any identifiable marks? Like a scar, a mole, a tattoo, webbed toes, an extra eyelid, a third nostril...

Jane ponders this, then drops some potatoes, onions, then some Ritz crackers into the blender.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Well, he has a birthmark in the shape of Whistler's Mother on his right buttock.

FRANK

I see. Well...

The thought, "How the hell does she know that?" is written all over his face. She puts in a T-bone steak, link sausages, and a big Hershey bar. She pours the mixture into two glasses. Hands one to Frank. He's not real anxious to try it.

FRANK

(continuing)

Have you noticed anything different about him?

Frank quickly pours his drink back into the blender.

JANE

Well... only that he's a foot taller... and he seems to be left-handed now.

She sees his glass is empty. She pours his drink back into his glass. He's stuck with it again. He's looking to dump it fast. Jane suddenly realizes what Frank is getting at.

JANE

(continuing)

Frank...

Frank quickly tosses the drink out the window.

JANE

(continuing)

... what are you trying to tell me?

VOICE FROM OUT WINDOW

My eyes... aww! I can't see! I can't see!

*
*

Frank pretends he didn't hear anything.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

That Quentin has somehow found an exact double for Dr. Meinheimer and that tomorrow that double will give a fraudulent report to the President?

Frank is taken aback.

FRANK

Why, that's brilliant! It's a lot better than what I had come up with.

JANE

Frank, stop it! This is preposterous! Is there no end to your jealousy?

She's been gripping his arm tightly as she is worked into a lather.

FRANK

Jane, you're hurting me.

She lets go.

JANE

(anguished)

Oh, what more do you want from me?!

FRANK

Can I use your phone?

JANE

Local call?

FRANK

Yes.

JANE

Okay. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to take my shower.

She kicks off her shoes and holds them in her hands. They're extremely large heels and Jane is now about two feet shorter than Frank.

JANE

(continuing)

The phone's in the other room. You can let yourself out. Goodbye.

She exits.

		69.
189	OMITTED	189
&		&
190		190
191	INT. HALLWAY	191
	Elevator door opens. Ominous MUSIC. We see only the feet of Savage step into the hallway and turn...	
192	INT. BEDROOM	192
	Frank on phone.	
	FRANK	
	Ed Hocken, please.	
	We hear some insipid hold MUSIC.	*
193	INT. LIVING ROOM - FRONT DOOR	193
	We hear the lock being professionally JIMMIED. The CLICK tells us Savage has succeeded. The doorknob slowly starts to turn.	
194	INT. BATHROOM	194
	Jane turns on the shower. Feels the water. Adjusts the hot and cold. Then takes off her dress. We FOLLOW it to the floor. CAMERA is now FOCUSED on her legs. Her slip comes off. Her underwear. A holster and six-gun. Her bra. She gets in the shower. Drawing the shower curtain.	
195	INT. JANE'S FRONT DOOR - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA	195
	Savage through the door. Looks around the living room. Savage walks on. Opens the kitchen door. A pig scurries out. He heads down the hall.	*
196	OMITTED	196*
197	HALLWAY	197
	Savage hears Jane in the bathroom. He slowly opens the bathroom door. Jane, unaware of danger, is taking her shower.	

198 INT. BATHROOM

Jane is singing in the shower.

JANE
(singing)
Memories... All alone in the
moonlight...

199 INT. BEDROOM

199

Frank is still on the phone.

FRANK
That's right, Ed. This is something
big. I'm going to need you and
Nordberg.
(pause)
What's he doing in Detroit?
(pause)
Well, send him plane fare and a new
pair of pants.

200 INT. BATHROOM

200

JANE
(singing)
All alone with my sadness...

Savage is screwing on a silencer. But getting teary-
eyed listening to the song.

JANE (O.S.)
(singing)
Of my days in the sun...

Savage forgets where he is for the moment.

SAVAGE
(singing)
... I'll remember a time when I knew
what happiness was... Look
around, a new day has begun...

They're singing two-part harmony. Then Jane realizes
there's somebody else there with her. She screams.
Savage is jolted out of his reverie.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

201

About to leave, Frank hears Jane's SCREAM from the
bathroom.

202 INT. BATHROOM

202

Savage aims gun at shower curtain. But before he can get off a shot, Frank bursts in and tries to wrestle the gun away from him. Jane opens the curtain to see what's going on.

203 JANE - OVER THE SHOULDER

203

Naked, of course. The two men struggle. She screams. She's naked, remember. Don't forget that. This is a nude woman from the back. When she screams, Savage and Frank turn toward her. Both stop dead in their tracks. Staring at her. Taking her all in. Both enjoying what they see. Then it's back to the struggle. Savage has Frank bent over the sink. He's attempting to do him in with an electric toothbrush. CLOSEUP of Frank's struggle. The brush getting closer to his mouth. Then, as Frank struggles, the toothbrush glides over his teeth. Frank reacts as if this were pure torture. His mouth foaming up with toothpaste. Frank grabs a hair dryer. Turns it ON, blows hot air in Savage's face. Savage holds his face and screams. As Frank recovers from his brushing, Savage throws a towel at him, momentarily blinding Frank, while Savage runs out of the room. Frank, mouth billowing in toothpaste, goes after him.

204 OMITTED

204 *

&

&

205

205

206 INT. HALLWAY

206

Frank catches up to the fleeing Savage with a flying tackle. The elevator doors open, revealing an elderly lady with a poodle. Frank and Savage end up on the ground with their heads between the elevator doors, which keep jamming closed on their heads. The poodle yaps annoyingly at their heads. They both get up, a little woozy. Savage chokes Frank up against the wall with one hand and pulls a gun with the other. In desperation, Frank grabs a nearby fire hose, from a typical wall-mounted box. Frank manages to shove the hose nozzle into his attacker's mouth. Savage keeps up his attack. Frank turns on the water. Holds the nozzle in Savage's mouth. Savage immediately lets go of Frank. His cheeks bulging out with water. They look like two water balloons. Then his stomach begins to fill up. Frank sees the man has had enough. But he's shoved the hose too far down Savage's throat. He can't yank it out. Frank quickly goes to turn the water off. But the handle comes off in his hand, "Oh, oh." Savage continues filling with water.

*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

Frank winces in anticipation of the inevitable. Water pressure builds in Savage. It gushes from his nostrils and ears.

206A FRANK

206A

He's never seen anything like this before. And doesn't especially want to hang around for the outcome. Frank tries Jane's door. It's locked.

FRANK

Uh, Jane. Jane?

He looks back, Savage is now really ballooning. Frank is a bit panicked. Two buttons pop off Savage's jacket, like rivets on a U-boat. (See "Das Boot.")

*
*

FRANK

(continuing)

Jane! Jane!

He pounds on the door.

206B ANGLE - DOOR ACROSS THE HALL

206B

A guy comes out dressed in a towel, his head sudsed to the max, dripping wet.

MAN

(angry)

Hey! What the hell happened to the water pressure?!

His eyes widen as he sees Savage.

206C ANGLE - SAVAGE

206C*

He's sprung a leak up and down his chest. The seam is starting to go.

*
*

207 OMITTED

207

&

&

208

208

209 INT. JANE'S APARTMENT

209

Frank enters and slams the door shut just as we hear a gigantic BANG and SLOSHING of water. Jane rushes to him, clad only in a man's shirt.

JANE

Oh, Frank. I was so frightened.
I'm so glad you're here.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

She collapses into his arms.

JANE

What happened out there?

FRANK

Oh, uh, nothing. It's nothing to worry about. But if I were you I... wouldn't leave until they have a chance to shampoo the carpets.

Water SLOSHES in under the door. Frank bends down to pick something up that's come in with the tide. *

JANE

Who would want to kill you, Frank?

FRANK

Well, before tonight, only the cable company.

Frank reads the dock pass. *

FRANK

(continuing)

But now I'm afraid it was one of Hapsburg's goons. He was carrying this.

Frank hands her the laminated card.

210 INSERT - CARD

210

It's a dock pass. It reads: "HAPSBURG VALDEZ, Warehouse 39."

211 JANE

211

She's shocked. She collapses on the couch, distraught.

JANE

Oh, Frank, I feel like such a fool. I should never have doubted you...

FRANK

(comforting)

There, there. You had no way of knowing that the man you were dating was a vicious, murdering sociopath.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

She breaks down, sobbing.

JANE

Oh, Frank! We've got to help Dr. Meinheimer. He's in danger!

FRANK

Yes. They'll probably torture him, and then kill him.

JANE

(distraught)

Oh, it's all my fault...

FRANK

They'll probably start by pulling all his toenails out...

This is not helping. Jane is beside herself.

FRANK

(continuing)

... Then they'll move on to nose hairs...

JANE

(hysterical)

Oh, what are we going to do!?

FRANK

Well, if my hunch is right, they're holding him hostage in this warehouse.

He's holding the dock pass.

JANE

Oh, Frank, you will be careful, won't you?

FRANK

Yes. Of course I will. Well, I guess I'll be on my way...

Frank rises to leave.

FRANK

(continuing)

... I promised Nordberg we'd bake a raisin-nut bread tonight...

JANE

gazes into his eyes. Overcome by his strong, manly presence, she buries her head in his shoulder. ROMANTIC MUSIC creeps in...

JANE

Oh, I can't fight it anymore! I ran away from you once, I can't do it again! Will you stay with me?

ANGLE - FRANK

His expression leaves no doubt.

- 212 CLOSEUP - JUKEBOX 212
A 45 drops onto the turntable, the MUSIC STARTS. It's The Righteous Brothers' "Unchained Melody."
- 213 ANGLE - JANE 213
clad in Frank's shirt, straddling a potter's wheel. Her fingers manipulate a huge, gooey mound of clay on the way to making who knows what.
- 214 ANGLE - FRANK 214
clad in jeans and bare-chested, approaches Jane from behind and slides his arms around her. She takes his hands in hers and places them on the clay. Together they begin to stroke the clay up and down -- and up and down and, well, you get the picture. This is going to be real obvious. Frank reaches deep into the clay and pulls out a bowling trophy. *
- 215 CLOSEUP - FRANK AND JANE 215
Big kiss.
- 215A ANGLE - POTTER'S WHEEL 215A
spinning faster and faster, gobs of clay start to fly off and SPLAT against the walls.
- 216 OMITTED 216*
- 217 ANGLE - FRANK'S JEANS 217
zipper partly open, a major bulge in this crotch. Jane's hand deftly reaches in -- and pulls out a lump of clay.

218 ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE 218

He deftly places her on the bed. Kissing, they drop
OUT OF FRAME.

218A ANGLE 218A*

Jane's hands grip two vertical rods in the headboard. *
They snap off. *

219 ANGLE - POTTER'S WHEEL 219

Turning ever so slowly, it's a highly detailed, huge
penis, wavering around a bit as it spins.

DISSOLVE TO:

220 LOVEMAKING MONTAGE 220

Various body parts, hands grabbing bed posts, STOCK
FOOTAGE of oil derricks, train speeding through tunnel,
running backwards and forwards. Hot dog going through
a doughnut, elephants spraying water. Then STOCK
FOOTAGE of a Space Shuttle launch, a dam bursting,
terrified people running for their lives.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

221 EXT. HARBOR - MORNING 221

We see the gigantic tanker "Hapsburg Valdez" through
typical BINOCULAR MATTE. A sign says: "WAREHOUSE 39."

222 EXT. POLICE BOAT - MORNING 222

Ed is peering through binoculars. He puts them down.

ED

Frank, I'm telling you, we got no
business doing this.

Frank is putting on a wet suit. He can't get his leg
in the wet suit. He's pulling on it hard. It's taut
and stretched out to the limit.

FRANK

You're wrong, Ed. As long as there
is criminal activity, we have a job
to do.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

The wet suit shoots off his foot like a big rubber band and sails past Ed over the side of the boat. Ed looks over the side.

222A ED'S POV

222A

The wet suit plops onto the water. Ten others float nearby.

222B RESUME SCENE

222B

ED

But, Frank, the Commissioner pulled our credentials and told us to be out of town by sunrise.

Frank looks around, takes a big breath.

FRANK

All the better to catch Hapsburg off guard.

Ed can't believe this.

FRANK

(continuing)

We couldn't have picked a better day. This fog will conceal us all the way over to Hapsburg's warehouse.

ED

That's not fog, Frank. Number two engine is on fire. They're trying to put it out.

223 ANGLE - DECK HATCH

223

Smoke and flames billow out.

224 RESUME SCENE - FRANK AND ED

224

Ed checks his watch.

ED

All right. Let's run through this one more time. At exactly 3:15, Nordberg will cut the power line, knocking out the alarms.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Right.

ED

Nordberg?

224A ANGLE - NORDBERG

224A

is bent over the side of the boat.

ED

(continuing)

Something out there, Nordberg?

NORDBERG

No, I'm just throwing up, sir.

Nordberg joins them.

ED

I'll be in the van waiting for your signal. You're all wired up?

FRANK

Yeah, right. When I say "I love it!" -- then you guys move in.

NORDBERG

Check.

Frank has the mask, tanks, and equipment on. The swim fins are truly over-sized. Sits on the side of the boat. Frank gives him the "thumbs-up." Holds his mask. Falls backwards off the boat and into the water. But instead of the splash, we hear a loud THUD. Ed and Nordberg, who were on the other side of the boat waiting for Frank, run to the sound.

225 FRANK

225

He's lying on the dock, flat on his back. Looking up at Ed and Nordberg.

ED

The water's over there, Frank.

FRANK

Just practicing.

226 INT. WAREHOUSE 39

226

Hapsburg, along with Fenzwick, Baggett and Dunnwell, are seated around a table, intently watching a television monitor.

227 CLOSEUP - TELEVISION SCREEN 227
 FADE UP: TV commercial. *

227A EXT. OCEAN 227A *
 An oil tanker cruises through pristine blue waters. *
 ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
 Here at Argon Oil, we care about *
 the environment. *

227B INT. SCIENCE LAB 227B *
 We see oil-soaked ducks coming down a conveyor belt. *
 ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
 That's why Argon scientists are *
 experimenting with new and more *
 efficient ways to clean crude oil *
 off of wild birds. *

The ducks go in a mini-sized car wash set-up. Through *
 those squiggly rags, sprayed with soap, rinsed off, *
 blow-dried. Then patted down with sponges by car wash *
 attendant types. A blinking sign advertises "Now *
 Applying Hot Carnauba Wax." *

228 REVERSE ANGLE - HAPSBURG AND CRONIES 228
 murmur their approval.

229 EXT. WAREHOUSE 39 - PIER - MORNING 229
 Frank surfaces right in front of a sewer drain, crap
 pouring out of it. He's carrying a utility case. A
 sign reads: "Raw Sewage." Nearby another: "For God's
 Sake, Don't Swim Here!" He climbs onto the pier.
 Takes off his equipment. Frank stealthily looks for a
 way inside the perimeter. He comes face-to-face with
 SNARLING Dobermans. *

FRANK
 (into his mike)
 I'll have to find another way in.
 Do you read me, Ed?

230 EXT. VAN 230
 driving through warehouse district.

231 INT. VAN

Ed is seated at a receiving set with four S.W.A.T. team members.

ED

Loud and clear.

He hits another switch. The van comes to a stop. *

ED

(continuing)

Nordberg, how are we doing?

232 INT. CAB OF THE VAN

232

Nordberg, in a utility company outfit, is wearing a small headset and mike, not unlike utility company operators wear. He backs up the van. *

NORDBERG

We're at our destination.

233 OMITTED

233*

234 INT. WAREHOUSE 39 - ANGLE - TV SCREEN

234

234A EXT. TRAINING SCHOOL

234A

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Here at our Tanker Captain Training School, we're making sure that only the best-qualified men become Argon Captains.

Trainees are trying unsuccessfully to touch their noses, stagger down a straight white line (extra wide), blow on a breathalyzer machine. Others attempt to negotiate an obstacle course in go-carts with boat bodies covering them. When they crash, oil pours out of them.

234B EXT. DESERT TANK WARFARE - STOCK FOOTAGE

234B

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And here in the Argon Desert Testing Grounds, we've developed a special Hot Weather Tank Fuel for future wars in the Middle East.

Over STOCK FOOTAGE appears the Argon logo.

(CONTINUED)

234B CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Because here at Argon, we want to
keep that oil flowing. From
 them... to you... through us.

MUSIC UP. FADE OUT.

235 ANGLE - HAPSBURG AND FRIENDS

235

pleased again.

236 EXT. WAREHOUSE 39

236

Frank is making his way to a darkened section of the
 fence.

FRANK

(whispering into mike)

I'm going to have to get over this
 roof.

Frank takes a grappling hook gun from his utility case.
 He shoots the grappling hook to the roof. It goes up,
 up and over.

237 OTHER SIDE OF BUILDING

237

The hook latches on to the harness of one of the SNARL-
 ING dogs.

238 FRANK

238

He yanks on the rope, satisfied. He starts to climb
 up.

239 DOBERMAN

239 *

being slowly pulled upward. This is an unhappy dog.
 He's acting as a counterweight to Frank.

240 SIDE SHOT OF THE ROOF

240

Drebin making his way up one side. The dog facing for-
 ward, being pulled up the other. Both are equal dis-
 tances from the roof peak.

241

241 FRANK

hearing a GROWLING. Puzzled. But keeps climbing. He reaches the peak and is nose-to-nose with a SNARLING, frothing dog. Big trouble. Big fear.

FRANK

Aww!

He lets go of the rope. The dog chases Frank along the top of the roof. *

242

242 POWER POLE

Nordberg checks his watch. It's almost time to cut the power to the factory.

NORDBERG

(into mike)

Five seconds to cutting the power.

243

243 INT. VAN

ED

Five seconds, check.

(to Nordberg)

Get ready, Nordberg.

244

244 NORDBERG

NORDBERG

Four, three, two, one, zero.

Nordberg cuts what he believes to be the right wire; it's his harness. He ends up hanging upside-down by his cleats, his jacket flung down over his head like a straitjacket. His headset falls off of his head.

NORDBERG

(continuing)

Help!

245

245 INSERT - DANGLING HEADSET

ED (V.O.)

Nordberg, Nordberg!

246

246 EXT. ROOF

Frank is dashing along the roofline, the Doberman in hot pursuit. *

247 OMITTED

247

248 BACK TO HAPSBURG AND SUITS

248

They look up, hearing a POUNDING on the roof.

249 ANGLE - SKYLIGHT

249

Frank comes CRASHING through it and lands on the table, breaking it in two. Thugs surround Frank. All guns are trained on him. Frank stands up, dusts himself off. He runs one hand through his hair and, miraculously, he's completely cleaned up.

HAPSBURG

Well. It's Lieutenant Drebin. You were supposed to have been killed last night.

249A FRANK

249A

gulps, realizing he's in a bad spot now. The thugs close in menacingly.

HAPSBURG

(cruelly)

But now I think I'm going to enjoy doing it myself. It'll be slow. And painful. I'll start with your toes. And work up to your knees. Until you're screaming for mercy ... begging me to kill you. But, of course, I won't. Not until you come crawling to me on your hands and knees to kiss my boots!

FRANK

Why don't I just crawl right over there now and kiss your boots?... We can skip all the stuff in the middle.

Hapsburg, the suits and the goons are sniffing the air (the scent of one foul odor). Hapsburg points out what is beginning to become apparent to everyone.

HAPSBURG

... Do you smell that?

Everyone agrees. They all look around.

(CONTINUED)

249A CONTINUED:

FRANK
 That would be me. I've been
 swimming in raw sewage.
 (trying to speak
 into his chest)
 I love it.

Hapsburg, the suits and the thugs are incredulous.

FRANK
 (louder)
I love it.

250 INT. VAN

250

ED
 That's the signal. Let's go!
 They try to open the van door. It won't budge.

ED
 (continuing)
 It must be stuck. Give me a hand!
 They put their shoulders to the doors. The doors
 aren't opening.

251 EXT. VAN

251

The doors BANGING against the power pole. Yes,
 Nordberg has backed the van right up against the pole!
 Ha! *
 *
 *

252 INT. WAREHOUSE

252

HAPSBURG
 Search him.
 A GOON starts to pat Frank down -- all over.

FRANK
I... love it!
 The Goon gives him the eye.

GOON #2
 (warning)
 Hey... I'm married!

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

He proceeds more tentatively. He feels something on Frank's chest. He opens the wet suit. Revealed, attached to his chest, is a complete home entertainment center. A reel-to-reel recorder, speakers, cassette player, CD, and lots of controls. The Goon hits the stop button. The system turns off.

HAPSBURG

Tie him up!

The goons begin to tie up Frank.

FRANK

You'll never get away with this, Hapsburg. Whatever it is.

HAPSBURG

All right, Mr. Drebin. I'll show you. Let me introduce you to some people. Of course, you know Dr. Meinheimer.

Dr. Meinheimer, bound and gagged, is wheeled out of the shadows into the room. *

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

And you've met Earl Hacker...

(Fake) Meinheimer walks in, bows politely to Frank. He's limping slightly. Frank is shocked.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

... And then, I'd like you to meet the Redmonds...

A typical middle-aged Midwestern tourist COUPLE are brought in. Frank doesn't recognize them.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

Weekend guests from out of town.

MRS. REDMOND

This is our first crime.

Goon #2 is left to guard Frank and Meinheimer.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED: (2)

HAPSBURG

We're going to the Press Club
Dinner. Make sure nothing happens
to Mr. Drebin until I come back.

(to Frank)

Then I want the pleasure of killing
you myself.

FRANK

(tough)

The pleasure's all mine.

He switches ON the TV set.

253 TV SCREEN - EXT. HYATT SMITHSONIAN HOTEL

253

Dignitaries are filing in. Limousines pull up,
disgorge passengers. Press photographers crowd in.
Police control crowds. This is a big deal.

254 RESUME - FRANK AND HAPSBURG

254

HAPSBURG

Enjoy the speech, Mr. Drebin.

Ominous MUSIC. He exits with (Fake) Meinheimer.

255 INT. WAREHOUSE

255

On TV, we're watching a TELEVISION REPORTER. She's
reporting from the hotel. *

REPORTER *

... As the energy profile of the
entire nation, indeed, the entire
world may well be determined by
the speech which will be delivered
today by Dr. Meinheimer. We'll be
back in a moment as our coverage
continues.

255A FRANK AND MEINHEIMER

255A

tied up, hands behind their chairs, seated in front of
an eight-foot-high and nine-foot-long metal shelf unit.
Look at each other, desperate. Look back to TV.

255B ON TV

A commercial. The scene is a typical suburban backyard, a MAN in an apron is flipping burgers on a barbecue grill. He looks INTO CAMERA and addresses us.

MAN #2

Y'know, someday way in the future, the sun may be able to provide all our energy needs -- but right now it gives us a comfortable feeling to know that our home is being supplied by nuclear power.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal a huge nuclear power plant looming in the b.g. He is joined by his pretty wife and a dog with two tails. They smile together.

MAN #2

(continuing)

We kind of think of it as "our friendly neighbor." But remember, nuclear power can't exist without huge government subsidies.

255C FRANK

255C

spots a hacksaw just behind his hands on the shelf.

FRANK

Keep your eye on the gorilla.

255D GOON #2

255D

listening to music through Walkman headphones. He's reading the "World News." Headline to be selected.

255E FRANK

255E

starts to shake the shelf back and forth, hoping to reach the hacksaw.

MAN #2 (V.O.)

So write your congressman and tell him to keep those government dollars rolling in to... Nuclear Power.

255F ANGLE - TOP OF SHELF

255F

Shaking, a bowling ball testers on top, then falls.

(CONTINUED)

255F

255F CONTINUED:

Lands right in Meinheimer's lap. Then a baseball bat,
a half dozen softballs, some horseshoes, and a rack of
billiard balls.

*
*

255G

255G FRANK

still trying to reach the hacksaw.

255H ANGLE - TOP OF SHELF

255H

Two cans of crude oil and a box labeled "PACKING MATERIAL" are teetering.

255I MEINHEIMER

255I

deluged with black goop. Then packing material rains down. Finally an anvil falls and knocks him out cold. Frank gives up with the hacksaw.

FRANK

It's no use, I can't...

He looks over and sees the tarred and feathered Dr. Meinheimer, unconscious. It dawns on him what he's just wrought.

255J ANGLE - DOOR

255J

Just then a very disheveled Ed and Nordberg burst in, their guns are drawn.

ED

Freeze!

Several SWAT-Teamers grab the thug and untie Meinheimer and Frank. Ed gets a good look at the oiled and feathered Meinheimer.

ED

(continuing)

Good Lord! Look what they did to Dr. Meinheimer!

Goon #2 is brought up. Ed gets just one look at this dirtball.

ED

(continuing)

I just can't take this anymore.

He takes off his badge, throws it away.

ED

(continuing)

All right -- I'm just John Q. Public now. It's just you and me.

He starts pulling out guns and knives, from everywhere, coats, boots behind his back, etc. And throws them all down.

ED

(continuing)

Mano a mano. I'll teach you to pick on a helpless invalid!

255K

255K ANGLE - FRANK

A little embarrassed, tries to break in, gently.

FRANK

Uh, Ed. Ed. Ed?

We hear painful GROANS as Frank winces with every vicious punch.

255L

255L ANGLE - NORDBERG

wincing also.

255M

255M FRANK

can't take this any longer.

FRANK

All right, all right! He's had enough!

255N

255N ANGLE - ED

lying flat on his back, completely beaten up. Goon #2 stands over him, fists out, ready for more.

FRANK

Okay, cuff him and take him downtown. And somebody help the Captain, we've got to get to the Press Club Dinner!

256 OMITTED
thru
279

256
thru
279

280 EXT. HYATT SMITHSONIAN HOTEL - NIGHT

280

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

281 INT. HOTEL - MAIN BALLROOM

281

Press crowds around (Fake) Meinheimer and Bush as they pose for photographers. There's a temporary stage set up at one end, facing a multitude of elegantly appointed tables. Television cameras are being set up. Reporters are everywhere.

282 INT. BALLROOM - ANOTHER AREA

282

The Television Reporter is interviewing John Sununu. *

SUNUNU

I don't think there'll be any surprises in Dr. Mainheiner's address. He'll most likely recommend the President stay the course in oil dependency and more dollars for subsidizing nuclear power... as I've often recommended myself.

REPORTER

Thank you, Mr. Sununu.

(to camera)

We'll have more on the Press Club Dinner after this, and also an update on those escaped zoo animals which continue to terrorize the city... *

282A INT. BALLROOM - ANOTHER AREA

282A

Commissioner Brumford is scanning the room. Talks to a couple of D.C. plainclothesmen.

BRUMFORD

I don't need to tell you men this is probably the most important evening of my career. We can't afford any mistakes. And if you see Lieutenant Drebin or any of his Police Squad near these premises, I want them arrested on sight!

282B OMITTED

282B*

283 INT. HOTEL GARAGE

283*

Jane is waiting for Frank. She nervously checks her watch. A chill runs up her spine as she hears a familiar voice.

HAPSBURG

Why, Jane!

She whirls around to see Hapsburg.

(CONTINUED)

283 CONTINUED:

283

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

What are you doing out here? The party's inside.

JANE

Oh! Quentin! I... was just getting a breath of fresh air.

Hapsburg looks around. Sniffs the air. The place is piled high with crates of fish. Jane thinks fast.

JANE

(continuing;
recovering)

I grew up on Lake Erie. There's... nothing quite like it.

HAPSBURG

Well, I'm quite sure. But how fortunate to have found you here. Now you can join me at my table.

He takes her arm and begins to lead her back to the ballroom. She looks helplessly back at the garage entrance.

*
*

283A EXT. HOTEL REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

283A*

The Power Company van pulls up. Frank, Ed, Nordberg, and Meinheimer exit the van.

FRANK

I told Jane to meet us at the hotel rear entrance. She's going to unlock the door at 7:30 sharp.

They all check their watches.

ED

What about Hapsburg, Frank?

FRANK

We just have to hope she can steer clear of him.

284 EXT. REAR ENTRANCE

284*

Our guys arrive. Frank knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Jane... Jane...

No response. He pounds the door again. Nothing.

FRANK

(continuing)

Something must have happened to
Jane.

ED

What are we gonna do, Frank?

Frank looks around. A MARIACHI BAND is off-loading
equipment at an adjacent loading dock.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

284

FRANK

Follow me.

285 EXT. HOTEL LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

285

Frank, Ed, and Nordberg approach four ornately costumed Band Members. Frank flashes his badge.

FRANK

Police Squad! May I see your union cards?

BAND MEMBERS

(in unison)

Si.

They reach inside their jackets, looking down. Our four guys deck 'em.

286 INT. HALLWAY - TWENTIETH FLOOR

286

Frank, Ed, Nordberg and Meinheimer step out of the elevator. They're all dressed in ridiculous-looking mariachi outfits; tight pants, short bolero jackets with sequins, huge sombreros and monster-sized guitars. They all sport drawn-on, pencil-thin moustaches.

FRANK

Ed, you take the south wing.
Nordberg, check for...

Frank is interrupted by an OFFICIAL from the hotel.

MANAGER

Where the hell have you guys been?

FRANK

Uh, big traffic jam at the border.

The Manager looks at him ("What border?"), then spots Meinheimer in wheelchair.

MANAGER

And what's with him?

FRANK

Uh, that's Pedro. Running of the bulls.

(shakes his head)

He tripped.

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED:

286

MANAGER

Well, we got a room full of guests with no entertainment. You better get in there pronto. Comprende?

FRANK

Uh... Comprendo. Luego. Lasagna ... El Dorado.

They slowly back away from the hotel Manager and into the ballroom.

287 INT. BALLROOM

287

Frank and the Squad are face-to-face with hundreds of expectant dinner guests. They freeze. The Manager comes up behind them.

MANAGER

What the hell are you waiting for? Circulate!

Frank and the guys come up to a group of tables. Meinheimer looks especially awkward in the wheelchair. Frank strums a few chords, the others follow.

FRANK

(singing)

In a little cafe
Just the other side of the border,
She was a-sitting there,
Giving me looks that made my
mouth water.

It's actually not too bad -- almost listenable.

288 ANGLE - ANOTHER TABLE

288

Frank is really getting into it.

FRANK

(singing)

So I started walking her way,
She belonged to that man, Jose,
And I knew, yes I knew,
I should leave,
Then I heard her say... Yay... ay!

289 ANGLE - HAPSBURG'S TABLE

289

Hapsburg, Jane, the oil, coal and nuclear suits. The mariachi band enters.

FRANK

(really selling it,
singing)

Come a little bit closer,
You're my kind of man,
So big and so strong...

He's right in Hapsburg's face. Jane is appalled.

FRANK

(continuing; singing)

Come a little bit closer,
I'm all alone,
And the night is so long!

Nordberg and Meinheimer step forward and do the horn break -- right in Hapsburg's ear. (Fake) Meinheimer excuses himself and heads for the dais. Ed takes Frank aside. In the background, Nordberg and Meinheimer are doing coordinated dance steps. When Nordberg spins around, Meinheimer (mounted on an unseen turntable) also spins.

ED

Frank, we better make our move.

FRANK

Right, Ed. I'm thinking something more up-tempo -- like "Tie a Yellow Ribbon..."

ED

No, no. I mean the imposter.
He's about to go on!

FRANK

Right. You get the Doctor changed
-- I'll intercept Hacker.

Ed wheels Meinheimer away. Frank follows Hacker. Nordberg finishes his solo with a big flourish. Nice applause.

290 ON STAGE

290

TIP O'NEILL appears onstage and addresses the audience.

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED:

290

O'NEILL

I am pleased and honored this evening to be called upon to introduce our featured speaker. A man who...

The entire room shifts in their seats. This could be a long evening.

291 INT. HALLWAY

291

Frank confronts (Fake) Meinheimer, wheeling himself down the hallway.

FRANK

Dr. Meinheimer?

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

Yes?

Frank removes his sombrero and moustache and a few other prostheses we didn't know about. Fake chin, nose, ears, hand extensions, etc.

FRANK

... or should I say, "Hacker?"

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

Drebin!

Frank grabs him by the lapels and hoists him out of the wheelchair. Some WOMEN come out of the ladies' room and start to watch, as it appears like a Mexican is beating the crap out of a guy in a wheelchair. They scream. This attracts other PASSERSBY who intervene and proceed to beat the crap out of Frank. Others help wheel the disheveled and groaning (Fake) Meinheimer away.

WOMAN

We better get this man to some first aid.

MAN #3

Right. You sit tight, Mister, we'll take care of you.

They disappear out of sight, around a corner.

292 INT. HALLWAY

292

Ed exits men's room with Meinheimer now in dark suit. They turn a corner and are shocked at what they see.

293 ANGLE - FRANK

293

draped over a railing, semi-conscious. His tight pants are ripped, not suited to this type of action. Ed rushes to him.

ED

Frank! What happened?

He takes Frank off the railing and props him up against the wall.

FRANK

Uhhnnhuh...

ED

Stay here. Don't move. I'll get you some water!

(to Meinheimer)

I'll be right back.

Ed exits. Frank starts to come to. He opens his eyes. The first thing he sees is Meinheimer staring down at him from his wheelchair. Frank springs to his feet.

FRANK

You sniveling fraud!

Frank yanks the helpless Meinheimer out of his wheelchair and starts pummeling him.

294 ANGLE - BYSTANDERS

294

including a few football player-types.

BYSTANDER #1

Hey, look! He's at it again!

BYSTANDER #2

(pounding fist into palm)

Guess he needs another lesson.

They all move in toward Frank.

295 INT. BALLROOM

295

Tip O'Neill is heading home.

O'NEILL

... and, as we face important decisions affecting our environment and, hence, our lives going into the 21st Century...

296 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

296

staring ahead, slack-jawed. Some eyes are beginning to glaze.

297 OMITTED

297

&

&

298

298

299 INT. HALLWAY

299

Ed, coming around the corner with a glass of water, is shocked at what he sees. *

300 FRANK

300

Bystanders are beating the crap out of him. Ed rushes up to break it up, flashes his badge.

ED

Hey! Break it up. This man is a policeman!

The Bystanders let Frank go. Ed tries to revive Frank, but he's still too groggy.

ED

(continuing)

Frank! Frank! Wake up!

The hotel Manager rushes up.

MANAGER

Dr. Meinheimer! They're going to introduce you in thirty seconds!

Ed hands the glass of water to the hotel Manager.

ED

Here. Stay with him!

Ed rushes off with Meinheimer.

301 OMITTED

301

302 INT. BALLROOM

302

O'NEILL

And now, I am proud to present to you, a man who needs no introduction...

302A ANGLE - HAPSBURG'S TABLE

302A

Hapsburg looking smugly confident, as are his cronies, the energy suits. Jane is getting nervous.

O'NEILL

... a man unparalleled in standing in the scientific community...

303 BACKSTAGE

303

Ed appears with Meinheimer, ready to go on. They proceed down a narrow corridor. Both really pleased, when suddenly, from out of nowhere, two thick arms grab Ed in a chokehold around his neck. It's (Fake) Meinheimer! Ed turns bright red from the stranglehold.

*

*

303A ANGLE - MEINHEIMER

303A *

blocked from entering stage by the struggling Ed and (Fake) Meinheimer.

*

*

304 INT. BALLROOM

304

O'NEILL

The esteemed Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer!

The audience rises to their feet and gives a standing OVATION, the kind usually reserved for Haile Selassie.

305 BACKSTAGE

305

Ed is now turning purple.

305A AUDIENCE

305A

still ovating.

305B BACKSTAGE

305B

Ed is now bright green. With one desperate rush, he throws a wicked elbow to (Fake) Meinheimer's ribs. Ed follows with a devastating right cross, knocking (Fake) Meinheimer back into his wheelchair, his right hand knocking against the control lever.

305C INSERT - CONTROL LEVER

305C

(Fake) Meinheimer's hand throws it into the "Forward" position.

305D ANGLE

305D

(Fake) Meinheimer in the wheelchair heads straight for the stage past a kneeling and gasping Ed.

306 INT. BALLROOM

306

Audience is still on their feet, APPLAUDING. The electric wheelchair with (Fake) Meinheimer goes across the stage, veers left and plunges off the stage into the front row.

307 AUDIENCE

307

horrified.

308 FRONT ROW

308

(Fake) Meinheimer has landed in a heap, his head jammed up the crotch of a Society Matron.

309 HAPSBURG

309

horrified. Baggett, Dunnwell and Penzwick scowl at him.

310 BACK TO (FAKE) MEINHEIMER

310

Groggy, he gets up and starts to stagger around awkwardly.

311 NORDBERG

311

amazed at the sight, rushes forward.

NORDBERG

My God! He can walk! It's a
miracle! He can walk!

*
*

311A AUDIENCE

311A

starts to APPLAUD. A woman crosses herself. Other people are saying things like "It's a miracle" and "Glory be!" Some are in tears.

311B BACK TO NORDBERG

311B

He gives (Fake) Meinheimer a big hug.

(CONTINUED)

311B CONTINUED:

311B

(FAKE) MEINHNEIMER

Get offa me, you moron!

He shoves Nordberg aside and bolts offstage.

312 BACKSTAGE

312

Ed sees this, gives chase.

312A TIP O'NEILL

312A

looks offstage, sees Meinheimer giving him the "thumbs-up." He's a little confused, but pleased.

O'NEILL

Ah, yes. I see everything seems to be okay now, and without further ado, I present to you, once again....

312B INT. HALLWAY

312B

Frank is coming to.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer!

As the APPLAUSE starts to build, Frank bolts for the stage.

313 OMITTED

313

&
314

&
314

315 ANGLE

315

The real Dr. Meinheimer wheels himself onstage. The audience APPLAUDS, hoping he'll make it this time.

315A INT. HALLWAY

315A *

(Fake) Meinheimer rushes past, being chased by Ed. Frank rushes up, missing them by seconds, and charges on toward the stage.

*
*
*

316 OMITTED
thru
321

316 *
thru
321 *

322

322 JANE

relieved. But, suddenly, her expression changes to one of alarm.

322A

322A ON STAGE

Frank rushes out onto the stage.

FRANK

Hold it! Hold everything! Stop!
This man is a fraud and I can prove
it!

MEINHEIMER

What do you think you're doing?

FRANK

... because the real Dr. Meinheimer
has a birthmark right here!

Frank rips Meinheimer's pants down. Is surprised to
see the Whistler's Mother birthmark. *

*

322B

322B AUDIENCE

A collective gasp. An appalling sight. Various
REACTION SHOTS, including Jane, Commissioner Brumford,
President and Mrs. Bush, and Tip O'Neill.

BRUMFORD

(incredulous)

Drebin!!

FRANK

FRANK

Obviously a forgery! We'll see
about this!

He takes out a brillo pad from the box and begins to
scrub Meinheimer's ass. *

*

*

*

*

*

*

322BA

322BA BACKSTAGE

Ed appears with (Fake) Meinheimer in handcuffs, sees
the disaster on stage. Slaps his forehead in
disbelief.

322C ON STAGE

322C

Plainclothes police rush on stage to grab Frank, who is now trying vainly to remove Whistler's Mother from Meinheimer's ass with a drill sander.

322D ANGLE - ED

322D

bursts on to the stage.

ED

Hold it! Frank is right! There is a fraud here tonight -- but it's this man!

Nordberg drags out a reluctant (Fake) Meinheimer in handcuffs. Ed produces a piece of paper.

ED

(continuing)

And he's just given us this signed confession implicating that man!

He points to the audience.

322E AUDIENCE

322E

All turn to look.

322EA ANGLE - VARIOUS TABLES (INCLUDING HAPSBURG'S)

322EA

About eight male guests rise to their feet, pull guns and take female hostages.

322EB ANGLE - ED

322EB

perplexed. Waves them off.

ED

No, no. That man. Quentin Hapsburg!

322EC ANGLE - MEN

322EC

sheepishly put away their guns and sit back down.

322F HAPSBURG'S TABLE

322F

Two empty chairs. Hapsburg and Jane are gone!

323 OMITTED
thru
325

323
thru
325

326 INT. HALLWAY

326

Hapsburg runs INTO FRAME with Jane in tow. They make an abrupt one-foot slide in front of the open elevator door and rush in. As the doors close, a janitor enters and wet mops the floor, continuing out toward foreground. The old-fashioned indicator over the elevator shows it going up to the highest level. In the b.g., we see Frank, Ed and Nordberg run INTO FRAME, trying to stop in front of the open elevator doors. But nooooo. They all slide OUT OF FRAME.

FRANK/ED/NORDBERG

Yeeearrghhh!!!

327 INT. BALLROOM

327

Meinheimer is ready to speak.

MEINHEIMER

Tonight, I intend to share with you my report on our need for a national policy based on efficient use of energy, and clean, renewable energy sources.

327A BAGGETT, FENZWICK AND DUNNWELL

327A

dismayed beyond belief.

327B OMITTED

327B

&
328

&
328

329 EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

329

Lots of machinery, air conditioners, pumps, giant fans, etc. Elevator doors open and Frank, Ed and Nordberg step out. On the far side of the roof, a helicopter is waiting to take off.

ED

Frank! Over there!

Frank looks to where Ed is indicating.

329A ANGLE

329A

Hapsburg forcing Jane at gunpoint into the control room.

330 FRANK

330

FRANK

He's got Jane!

BLAM! A bullet ricochets off a girder just inches from Frank's head. He ducks behind a garbage can and FIRES back. Ed does likewise.

*

330A NORDBERG

330A*

(old sc. 337)

BULLETS ZING around him. He jams a clip into his 9mm pistol. Clips on infrared scope. Then a longer barrel...

331 THUG

331

FIRING away, takes cover behind a garbage can.

332 FRANK

332

SHOOTING away.

333 GOON

333

SHOOTING.

334 ANGLE

334

Frank and the goon are only three feet apart.

*

334A NORDBERG

334A*

attaching more stuff to the pistol. It now resembles an M-60 with an ammo belt threaded through. He's starting to mount it on a huge turret.

334B GOON

334B*

The goon's gun is out of bullets. He throws his gun at Frank. Frank throws his gun at the goon. They continue to throw guns at each other.

334C FRANK
(old sc. 345)

334C *

FRANK
Cover me! I'm goin' in!

Frank charges in, FIRING two guns simultaneously a la Butch Cassidy.

334D CONTROL ROOM DOOR

334D*

The door is BLOWN AWAY. Frank stops, looks behind him.

*
*

335 OMITTED
thru
342

335*
thru*
342*

343 FRANK'S POV

343*

Nordberg, in World War II helmet, is mounted on what now looks like a World War II cannon with crank-style turret and spider's web sight.

*
*

343A FRANK

343A*

runs to gaping hole in control room wall.

*

344 OMITTED
&
345

344*
&
345*

346 INT. CONTROL ROOM

346

Frank bursts in FIRING, leaps over a rail, landing ten feet below. He kneels by a wounded GOON. The room is quite smoky.

FRANK
Where's Hapsburg?

The Goon screams out in pain.

FRANK
(continuing)
Where are you hit?

GOON #4
It's not that. You're on my groin.

FRANK
Oh, I see.
(takes his knee off)
Okay, now where is he?!

(CONTINUED)

346 CONTINUED:

346

GOON #4

You're too late. Hapsburg...
has... Plan "B"...

He coughs and dies. Frank looks around.

FRANK

Who else is almost dead?

A THUG raises his hand. Frank grabs him by the lapels.

FRANK

(continuing)

All right, talk!

THUG #2

You're too late, Drebin...

FRANK

He already said that.

THUG #2

Where did he leave off?

FRANK

Hapsburg... has... Plan "B"...

THUG #2

Oh yeah... Hapsburg has Plan "B"
in... control room...

FRANK

Which control room -- where?!
Talk, you lowlife scum!

THUG #2

Gee, if that's your attitude,
forget it.

He dies.

VOICE (O.S.)

This control room, Drebin. Drop
your gun.

Frank looks up. It's Hapsburg. Pointing a gun at him.
In his other hand he's holding Jane. Her hands are
tied behind her. Frank drops his gun.

HAPSBURG

I believe you were inquiring about
Plan "B".

Hapsburg steps over to an immense computer bank. Lots
of blinking lights, switches and a big digital clock
are visible.

(CONTINUED)

346 CONTINUED:

346

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
That's where we detonate this
small nuclear device.

*
*

Frank is shocked. He's thinking fast.

FRANK

I... see.

HAPSBURG
Your Dr. Meinheimer can talk all
he wants to.

He punches in a bunch of numbers on the computer.

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
No one's going to be left alive in
this building to hear it.

347 INSERT - COMPUTER DISPLAY

347

The digital screen comes to life and "10:00" shows
on the top display.

347A INT. BALLROOM

347A

MEINHEIMER
Simply improving the fuel
efficiency of the average American
car by three miles per gallon
would eliminate all oil imports
from Iraq and Kuwait.

348 HAPSBURG

He punches another button and it starts sequencing
backwards.

HAPSBURG
The sequence is now set. I'm the
only one who knows the abort code.
In exactly ten minutes, this
building and everyone in it will
be reduced to a pile of rubble.
I'll be safely on my helicopter.
By this time tomorrow I'll be
hunting rhino in Botswana. What
do you think of that, Drebin?

*

(CONTINUED)

348 CONTINUED:

348

FRANK

Well... you certainly seem to be
in touch with your anger.

Hapsburg, enraged, points the gun at Frank,
threateningly.

HAPSBURG

(losing it)

I don't care what you think,
Drebin. You're not gonna talk
your way out of this one!

(CONTINUED)

348 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Go ahead, threaten me like you have the American people for so long. But it's not gonna work anymore. You're part of a dying breed, Hapsburg, like people who can name all fifty states!

Hapsburg COCKS the gun loudly.

HAPSBURG

Why you...

FRANK

The truth hurts, doesn't it, Hapsburg? Oh, sure, maybe not as much as jumping on a bicycle with the seat missing, but it hurts.

*
*

Frank takes a step toward Hapsburg.

HAPSBURG

That's as far as you go, Drebin. Now stand over there.

Frank has a trick up his sleeve.

FRANK

Where?

HAPSBURG

fell for it. He gestures with the gun. The barrel now pointing away from Frank.

HAPSBURG

There.

Frank grabs the gun. They struggle. Frank comes away with the gun.

FRANK

How does it feel now, tough guy? Now get over to that control panel.

HAPSBURG

Which one?

FRANK

... That one.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

fell for it. Gestures with the gun. Hapsburg jumps him. He comes away with the gun. He COCKS it loudly -- again.

HAPSBURG

Any final requests, Lieutenant? *

FRANK

Yes. Can I have the gun back? *

HAPSBURG

Oh, no, I'm not falling for that one, Drebin. *

Hapsburg aims the gun at Drebin. *

349 ANGLE - NORDBERG

349

in overhead grid, holding on to rigging rope, poised to swing down.

NORDBERG

Not so fast! Yawww!

Good idea. But a bad aim. Nordberg swoops Tarzan-style right between Frank and Hapsburg. There is a resounding THUD as he slams into the back wall. He sticks there for a beat. Then slowly slides down the wall. The diversion works. Frank knocks the gun out of Hapsburg's hand and a fight ensues. Exciting FIGHT MUSIC underscores this knock-down and dragged-out punch-out.

COMPUTER VOICE

Detonation will commence in six minutes.

During the fight, Frank uses the groggy Nordberg to deflect punches and a bottle thrown at him. Frank throws Nordberg, a floppy dummy, at Hapsburg. Hapsburg throws him back.

JANE

in corner, bound and gagged, looks on, wide-eyed in terror.

ANGLE

We see what's scaring her. A little white mouse is wrinkling his nose at her from a nearby shelf.

HAPSBURG

charges Frank. Frank gets in a good punch and has Hapsburg on his back, out a window.

349A EXT. HOTEL WINDOW LEDGE

349A

Looking down on busy street below. It's Times Square. Frank's hands are choking Hapsburg.

FRANK

All right, now talk! Gimme that abort code!

HAPSBURG

(beaten)

All right, all right. There are six numbers; seven... three...

350 ANGLE - DOOR

350

Ed bursts in, sees Frank struggling with Hapsburg. He rushes over, grabs his legs and upends him over the sill.

HAPSBURG

Awww!

FRANK

(sarcastically)

Thanks a lot!

ED

I'd do the same for you, Frank.

351 EXT. HOTEL

351

Hapsburg takes a ten-story plunge, but lands in the hotel awning and rolls off, landing on the sidewalk, unhurt. He can't believe his luck. He turns to go, but is horrified at what he sees.

352 OMITTED

352

352A HAPSBURG'S POV

352A

He's face-to-face with a SNARLING lion. One big leap and he's all over Hapsburg.

352B BYSTANDERS

352B

turn away in Tom Landry-style wincos. A patrol car passes by, the cops wince. CAMERA PANS bystanders; a vulture is perched on the back of a bench.

353 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NEAR WINDOW 353

Frank's just witnessed Hapsburg's mauling. He shakes his head. *

FRANK *

A million-to-one shot. *

Now we hear all sorts of SIRENS and KLAXON HORNS triggered by the computer countdown. Frank rushes over to Jane, unties her. Ed helps Nordberg to his feet. *

FRANK

Jane, are you all right?

JANE

Yes, are you okay?

FRANK

Yeah.

(to Ed)

But unless this computer can be disarmed in less than five minutes, this whole building's gonna blow.

ED

Oh my God! We've got to warn everyone. Come on!

FRANK

Right!

He starts to follow Ed out the door, while the computer continues its countdown.

ED

Uh, Frank. You're supposed to disarm the bomb.

FRANK

Oh, yes. Right.

(to Jane, bravely)

Jane, you better go with them.

353 CONTINUED:

353

JANE

No, Frank. I'm staying here --
with you.

There is a moment -- they gaze at each other. FRANK
AND JANE LOVE THEME plays.

FRANK

But, Jane...

JANE

Frank. If you're going to be blown
to bits, I want to be here with you.

354 FRANK

354

Not entirely sure he wants to be here. Ed and Nordberg
bolt out of there. Frank turns to the complicated
machinery and pours over it. The screen now reads:
"Four minutes."

JANE

Frank, is there anything I can do?

FRANK

Well, if we get out of this alive,
you can give me a nice loofah
bath...

She pulls a paper booklet out of the side of the
machine.

JANE

Here, I found the instruction
booklet.

FRANK

Good. What does it say?

Frank presses buttons. Turns switches. The number
sequence continues on screen. Nothing is working.

JANE

(reading)

Congratulations on your purchase of
the ACM-500 DX Bomb Detonation
System.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

354 CONTINUED:

354

JANE (CONT'D)

You've joined thousands of others who have had the confidence in this product, the result of years of extensive research...

FRANK

Uh, Jane, we're running out of time here.

JANE

Okay, okay. I'm trying, I'm trying. All right, lemme see here...

(reading)

Uh... tactical nuclear device... twenty square blocks vaporized... bla bla bla, nuclear winter... crater a mile deep...

FRANK

Jane! Is there anything there that can help us?!

COMPUTER VOICE

The bomb will detonate in three minutes.

JANE

Oh. Here it is.

(reading)

To reset Detonation Code, first press pound sign.

Frank does so. A loud honking alarm starts. *

COMPUTER VOICE

Per your commands, the speed of the sequence has been greatly increased. Detonation now in two minutes. I'd hurry up if I were you. I can't stand this noise either. *

Frank shoots Jane a look -- "Nice going." *

355 OMITTED

355

356 INT. BALLROOM

356

Dr. Meinheimer is just finishing up his speech.

(CONTINUED)

REVISED: 1/25/91

(A)

356 CONTINUED:

356

MEINHEIMER

... Thus, for the price of one B-1 bomber, we could lower the cost of solar panels by ninety percent.

357 ANGLE - THE AUDIENCE

357

Sound asleep. Delegates are slouched over, draped over other people's laps, hanging off the backs of chairs, drooling unconsciously, etc. Some have been using those airplane blow-up pillow collars, others have rolled themselves up in blankets, wearing airline sleeping blindfolds.

358 ANGLE - DOOR

358

Ed and Nordberg barge in. They're stunned to find everyone asleep. They desperately try to wake them up.

ED

For God's sake, wake up. This place is gonna blow...

It's no use. These people are comatose. Ed spots the source of the anesthetic.

359 ANGLE - MEINHEIMER

359

MEINHEIMER

... And so I say to all of you, each and every one, if we simply follow these one hundred and six points, not only will the earth be a better place to live in, but we will also finally break the chains that bind us to the slavery of fossil fuels and nuclear nightmare.

360 Ed leaps on stage. He snatches Dr. Meinheimer's text from him. He reaches into his pocket and digs out the paperback he snatched from Le Sex Shoppe. 360

361 INSERT - BOOK COVER

361

"STROKIN' THE LOVE MUFFIN."

362 RESUME - ED AND MEINHEIMER

362

ED

(to Meinheimer)

Here, read this. It's an emergency!

Meinheimer is puzzled, but obeys.

MEINHEIMER

(reading)

His strong, manly hands probed every crevice of her silken femininity, their undulating bodies writhing in a sensual rhythm as he thrust his purple-headed warrior into her quivering mound of love pudding.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

363 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

363

The dozing masses spring to life.

364 ANGLE - NORDBERG

364

NORDBERG

All right, now listen everyone. I want you to calmly file towards the exits.

365 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

365

Everyone is doing nicely as they exit.

365A ANGLE - MEINHEIMER

365A

reading on to himself, voraciously, eyes bulging.

366 ANGLE - NORDBERG

366

NORDBERG

If we just stay calm, no one will be harmed by the huge bomb that's going to explode any minute.

367 ED

367

slaps his forehead in disbelief.

368 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

368

Complete mayhem. Mass panic ensues.

369 INT. CONTROL ROOM

369*

An NBA twenty-four second clock mounted on the back of the detonator starts the countdown.

369A FRANK

369A*

pries open the entire control panel. A mass of whirling gears and wires. He pulls at the wires. SPARKS everywhere. His sleeve gets caught in the gears.

COMPUTER VOICE

Ten seconds. It looks bad now.
Nine... oh-oh... eight... seven...

(CONTINUED)

369A CONTINUED:

369A

Besides the sleeve, Frank's tie and entire jacket are jammed in the gears. And being pulled off his body, consumed by the jaw-like gears of the machine.

FRANK

Quick, Jane! Throw it something!

Jane picks up a side of beef and tosses it into the ravenous beast. It makes a sucking, slurping SOUND, then BURPS.

COMPUTER VOICE

... six and a half... six and a quarter... six and an eighth... come on... hurry... I may be a machine, but I have feelings too... five...

Frank's jacket is ripped from his body and wrapped around the gears. Time is running out. Frank braces his foot against the rotating gears. Now his pants are being ripped off him.

COMPUTER VOICE

(continuing)

Okay, so... four... three... help!... two... one...

Frank grabs Jane.

FRANK

Let's get out of here!

They head for the door. On the way, Frank trips over an electrical cord, pulling the plug out of the wall. The huge machine shuts down.

JANE

Frank, you did it!

FRANK

Well...

They embrace. Wind blows her hair.

370 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

370

The Television Reporter is reporting from the scene.

(CONTINUED)

370 CONTINUED:

370

REPORTER

... According to security officials, the danger to the President is now over and the building has been secured.

In the background, we see the bomb being gingerly carried out of the building by the bomb squad on a special stretcher.

REPORTER

(continuing)

... evidently due to the heroic efforts of a visiting Police Lieutenant from Los Angeles...

The bomb accidentally falls off the side of the stretcher. The bomb squad guys scatter, leaving the Reporter droning on.

REPORTER

(continuing)

I've just been informed that the President is ready with a statement and so we'll go back inside to the Press Club Dinner.

371 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

371

On the podium, Frank, Jane, Ed and Nordberg acknowledge a standing ovation. Next to him are the President and Mrs. Bush and Dr. Meinheimer.

FRANK

Thank you, Mr. President, for those kind words, but it's all part of the job.

More applause.

BUSH

And, Frank, I'd like you to consider filling a special post I'm going to create. I want you to head up a new Federal Bureau of Police Squad.

Frank is taken aback.

ED

It's a great honor, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

371 CONTINUED:

JANE
(apprehensive)
It's what you've always wanted...
Congratulations.

FRANK
No... No... I'm afraid I'll have
to turn down your offer, Mr.
President.

Jane is surprised. We hear LOVE THEME creep in...
Frank now addresses the whole audience.

FRANK
(continuing)
You see, I learned something this
week. About the earth and about
love. I guess love is like the
ozone layer...

He looks at Jane.

FRANK
(continuing)
... You never miss it 'til it's
gone.

He turns back to the audience. Jane listens in tears.

FRANK
(continuing)
Blowing away a fleeing suspect
with a forty-four Magnum used to
be everything to me. And I
enjoyed it -- who wouldn't? But
now I want to be known as... the
Environmental Police Lieutenant.

The audience applauds heartily. Jane can't believe
what she's hearing. Triumphant MUSIC begins under
Frank's speech.

FRANK
(continuing)
I want a world where Frank Jr. --
and all the Frank Juniors, can sit
under a shade tree, breathe the
air, swim in the oceans, and go
into a 7-Eleven without an
interpreter. I want a world where
we don't need Ed Asner and Valerie
Harper. A world where I can eat a
sea otter without getting sick!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

371 CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I want the Democrats to put someone up there I can vote for! And I want people to stop naming their kids Jason and Tiffany! And most of all, I want to wake up each morning with this woman who I love!

He puts his arm around Barbara Bush... He realizes his mistake too late.

FRANK

(continuing)

Uh... I'm sorry, Mr. President.

He turns the other way to Jane, shouting above the cheering crowd.

FRANK

(continuing)

Jane! Will you marry me?!

JANE

Of course I'll marry you!

They embrace. The audience is now in an uproar of thunderous APPLAUSE. Balloons are released, the BAND strikes up "Happy Days Are Here Again." High school cheerleaders with those convention straw hats and batons come on. In the audience, huge pictures appear of Frank along with signs on sticks with state names on them. Frank and Jane hold up their hands together as in a party convention finale. Bush is not completely sure what he has just allied himself with, but he goes with it anyway. Lots of confetti is thrown to facilitate this next cut, reminiscent of the young Bunuel. *

372 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

372

Frank and Jane exit the church. They are immediately pelted by confetti and rice cakes, thrown by the joyous throng, including Ed and other Police Squaders. They make their way to the waiting electric car, a "Just Married" sign on the trunk. *

373 NORDBERG

373

Meanwhile, Nordberg mischievously tiptoes to the back of the car with the usual string of shoes and cans, etc. He stoops down to tie them to the bumper just as Frank puts his right arm over the seat and looks back through the now clear rear window. and backs up.

373A NORDBERG

373A

The car rolls over Nordberg.

373B INT. CAR

373B

Frank gives Jane a kiss and a wink.

373C EXT. CAR

373C

It peels out, BIG END MUSIC. Nordberg's legs are trailing out the back. As the happy car pulls away, CAMERA CRANES UP and comes to rest on a road sign saying: "Caution: Potholes Next Twenty Miles."

NORDBERG (V.O.)

Noooooo!

374 OMITTED

374

THE END