

NAKED GUN 33 1/3

"The Final Insult"

By

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SECOND DRAFT
Eighth Revision
August 13, 1993
GOLDENROD

Rev. 9/9 - Buff
Rev. 9/10 - Salmon
Rev. 9/13 - Cherry
Rev. 9/15 - Tan
Rev. 9/24 - White
Rev. 9/27 - Blue
Rev. 9/29 - Pink
Rev. 9/30 - Yellow
Rev. 10/5 - Green
Rev. 10/8 - Buff
Rev. 10/15 - Salmon
Rev. 10/25 - Cherry
Rev. 10/26 - Tan
Rev. 10/27 - White
Rev. 11/02 - Blue
Rev. 11/03 - Pink
Rev. 11/03 - Yellow
Rev. 11/04 - Green
Rev. 11/09 - Buff
Rev. 11/16 - Salmon

PARAMOUNT LOGO

1	OMITTED	1
4		6
2		2
3	INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY	3
	A long flight of stairs. The place is nearly empty.	
3A	OMITTED	3A
thru		thru
5		5
6	ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - HOT DOG STAND	6
	A man in a paper hat peers up from his hot dog wagon. It's NORDBERG of Police Squad -- obviously undercover. He checks inside his windbreaker, pats his revolver. He nods at someone at the top of the stairs.	
6A	ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS	6A
	A guy in a porter's uniform sits on a rack of luggage, eating his lunch. It's ED HOCKEN. He bends down, pulls up his pant leg, revealing a gun in an ankle holster.	
6B	ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - BENCHES	6B
	A man sits reading a newspaper. The headline reads: "DYSLEXIA FOR CURE FOUND". The paper is lowered, revealing -- FRANK DREBIN. His eyes dart nervously around, scanning the place. He glances from the upstairs door to the big clock on the wall then, back to the door. Something O.S. catches his eye:	
7	OMITTED	7
thru		thru
9		9
10	ANGLE - FRANK'S POV	10
	A Woman with a baby carriage starts to ascend the stairs, working the carriage gently up, step by step.	
11	BACK TO FRANK	11
	Eyes the Woman. He'd like to help her, but there's a job to be done.	

ANNOUNCER (VO)
 Train 35 from Chicago will be
 arriving on platform six at 12 P.M.

Frank looks back up at the clock. It CLICKS to three minutes to Twelve.



- 12 **FRANK'S POV** 12
 He looks at the door, then back at the Woman -- she's working awfully hard dragging that baby carriage up those steps.
- 13 **RESUME - FRANK** 13
 He has to do something. He rushes toward the Woman, begins hauling the baby carriage up the stairs. He's about halfway up when he spots something O.S.
- 14 **FRANK'S POV** 14
 Another MOTHER with two baby carriages begins to ascend the stairs.
- 15 **ANGLE - FRANK** 15
 He looks helplessly at Nordberg.
- 16 **ANGLE - NORDBERG** 16
 Understands Frank's silent plea, rushes to the aid of the Mother with the two carriages.
- 17 **ANGLE - FRANK** 17
 Pulling the baby carriage up the stairs, getting closer to the top. He gets a horrified look on his face.
- 18 **FRANK'S POV** 18
 A WOMAN at the top of the stairs is coming down with a baby carriage.
- 19 **ANGLE - FRANK** 19
 He looks helplessly at Ed.
- 20 **ANGLE - ED** 20
 hurries over to assist the new Woman with her baby carriage. Yes, now all three members of Police Squad are struggling with baby carriages. Ed's about to start easing it down the steps, but stops abruptly when he sees:
- 20A **ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS** 20A
 FOUR GOONS, packing heat, approach, take up positions. MR. BIG enters behind them.
- 20B **OMITTED** 20B

20C ANGLE - FRANK

20C

Almost to the top of the stairs, shields his face as he eyeballs Mr. Big and his Goons.

20D ANGLE - MR. BIG

20D

takes a look around, then he and his Goons start down the stairs.

21	<p>ANGLE - FRANK</p> <p>Comes abreast of Mr. Big on the stairs. Mr. Big looks over. He recognizes Frank! From this point on, everything goes into SLOW MOTION...</p> <p>The Goons go for their guns, start blasting away. Frank yanks out his pistol, accidentally lets go of the baby carriage, FIRES back at the Goons.</p>	21	
22	<p>ANGLE - BABY CARRIAGE</p> <p>as it bounces down the stairs.</p>	22	
23	<p>ANGLE - WOMAN</p> <p>who mouths the words, "My baby!"</p>	23	
23A	<p>OMITTED</p>	23A	
24	<p>ANGLE - ED</p> <p>Lets go of his carriage. It rolls over the top stair. The Mother mouths the words, "My baby!" Ed's struggling to extract his gun from his ankle holster.</p>	24	
24A	<p>INSERT - ED'S ANKLE</p> <p>The gun is all tangled up in his hosiery garter.</p>	24A	★
24B	<p>ANGLE - GOONS</p> <p>BLASTING away.</p>	24B	★
25	<p>ANGLE - NORDBERG</p> <p>starts FIRING, realizes he's let go of both his baby carriages. He runs out of FRAME chasing them. Right behind Nordberg, a runaway lawnmower careens through FRAME, followed by a Japanese GARDENER who throws up his hands and mouths the words, "My lawnmower!"</p>	25	★
26	<p>ANGLE - FRANK</p> <p>Guns blazing, diving, FIRES at the Goons.</p>	26	★
26A	<p>ANGLE - GOONS</p> <p>One is hit, rolls down the stairs. The other is hit -- he rolls up the stairs.</p>	26A	
26B	<p>OMITTED</p>	26B	

26C OMITTED 26C 4.

26D ANGLE - FRANK 26D

His eyes spot something on the ground. A surprised look crosses his face. Still FIRING, he bends down and picks the object up -- it's a bright, shiny quarter. What luck! Happily, Frank pockets the coin, his gun still blazing away.

26E ANGLE - ED 26E

still struggling to free his gun from his sock. He sits down on the top stair, really goes at it.

26F OMITTED 26F

& 27 & 27

28 ANGLE - FRANK 28

FIRING away.

O.S. VOICE

Hey, look, it's the President!

28A ANOTHER ANGLE 28A

It's BILL CLINTON coming down the stairs with his Secret Service entourage.

28B RESUME - FRANK 28B

surprised to see the President.

O.S. VOICE

And the Pope!

28C ANGLE - HIS HOLINESS 28C

is also coming down the stairs with his Security People.

28D ANGLE - HEBOLLAH FANATIC 28D

his body rigged with grenades and dynamite suddenly comes out of nowhere, rushes toward the President and the Pope.

FANATIC

(screaming)

Yee ah!

28E OMITTED 28E

thru 30 thru 30

31 ANGLE - FRANK 31

can't believe this is happening. He whips his gun up, shoots the Hezbollah.

31A RESUME - HEZBOLLAH

31A

Clothes-lined by Frank's bullet, drops like a rock.



31B RESUME - FRANK

31B

O.S. VOICE
Oh my God! Look! It's
disgruntled Postal Workers!



Frank turns to see!

32 OMITTED

thru
34

32
thru
34

35 ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS

35

It's a human wave attack of Postal Workers, all in uniform, all with automatic weapons, some with mail sacks. They start spraying the place with AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

36 OMITTED

&
37

36
&
37

37A ANOTHER ANGLE

37A

Frank grabs an impressive-looking gun from off the stairs, swings it around... Suddenly looks, horrified, at something O.S.

A37A ANGLE - BABY CARRIAGES

A37A

All four baby carriages reach the bottom of the stairs at the same time. They crash into benches and the babies go flying.

A37B RESUME - FRANK

A37B

Torn between rescuing the babies and his police work... He makes the decision, lets out a BANSHEE SCREAM, opens fire on the Postal Workers, mowing them down left and right. In b.g., we see Wordberg making dramatic catches, snagging the airborne babies as they fall from the sky.

37B ANGLE - POSTAL WORKERS

37B

Falling in clumps. Mail sacks spilling all over the stairs. But, more arriving -- it's an endless supply.

A37C RESUME - FRANK

A37C

blasting away at the onslaught of Postal Workers. In b.g., Wordberg makes an over-the-shoulder catch of the last baby. He does a shuffle, a hip swivel, duck walks around with the baby held high. He's about to spike the infant but its mother stops him just in time.

37C RESUME - FRANK

37C

Suddenly, Frank's gun CLICKS. He has no bullets left -- and Postal Workers keep coming. A worried look on his face, Frank tries desperately to fire his empty gun. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...

REAL TIME...



38 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV - POSTAL WORKER

38

points a gun point-blank at Frank, menacing. He's about
to pull the trigger...

39 FRANK

39

He sits up in bed, screaming.



INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank's in bed, his eyes still wide with horror. It was all a bad dream. JANE wakes up, puts her arms around Frank's trembling shoulders.

JANE

Frank? Frank? Are you alright?

FRANK

I'm soaking wet.

JANE

I'll get the talcum powder.

FRANK

No, no... it's not that. I had a nightmare. Crime was everywhere! I couldn't stop it!

JANE

It was just a dream. You've been retired for six months now.

FRANK

Right... retired.

JANE

Now, go to sleep, honey.

FRANK

No, I can't. I'm wide awake.

JANE

(affectionate)

I know how to relax you...

FRANK

I don't feel like being read to.

JANE

I wasn't thinking about reading. I thought we could...

FRANK

(mild panic)

Not tonight. I have a headache.

JANE

(hurt)

Again?

(sighs)

Just go to sleep, Frank.

FRANK

Okay, let me get comfortable...

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

He picks up the bed control, adjusts their Craftmatic Bed. It snaps up like a clam on them. Then instantly "SPROINGS" back the other way, throwing them into uncontrolled back arches. Frank quickly hits another button. The bed shoots up, catapults Frank and Jane out through an open window.

THE NAKED GUN THEME SONG KICKS IN STRONG.

CREDITS BEGIN

41

CLOSEUP - FLASHING RED POLICE LIGHT

41

Heading down a city street. Takes a right. Now heading straight for a pack of Marathon Runners. They scatter. Several are hit, and lifted up and over the car.

42

AT A NAVAL YARD

42

Now taking off from a carrier.

43

AT A SPORTS ARENA

43

Heading up a ramp. Through a hoop of fire. Over a row of buses.

44

DRIVING THROUGH A RAP CONCERT

44

45

RAMMING INTO PLAYERS AT A HOCKEY GAME

45

scoring the winning goal.

46

IN THE OCEAN

46

Shooting a curl.

46A

CITY STREET

46A

The red light pulls up to a bunch of cops -- getting ready to beat up on a MOTORIST. Suddenly, out of nowhere, CITIZENS with camcorders show up. The Cops instantly act nonchalant, whistling casually, pretending they've drawn their batons to practice their golf swing, perfect their baseball swing, work on their fly casting...

THEME SONG AND CREDITS END.

47 EXT. STATESVILLE PRISON - DAY (MATTE SHOT) 47

A formidable fortress.

48 INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY 48

The Guard escorts in MURIEL DILLON. Clipping along in her late sixties, she's one tough old chick. On their walk, we see Visitors talking to Cons. Then: A Visitor is doing his banking through a bank teller's window. A HOCKEY PLAYER in the penalty box. A DOG visiting a DOG. An aquarium with black and white striped fish.

Muriel passes one last partition, turns to face...

49 ANGLE - ROCCO DILLON 49

MUSIC STING. Lit dramatically. Tough. His face set in resolve. He's the kind of guy who in another life would've been an astronaut -- but the kind that would've bailed out of his spaceship.

Muriel beams a big smile at Rocco as she sits across from him.

MURIEL

How's my little boy? You gettin' along okay, sweetie?

ROCCO

About as well as a heterosexual can in prison.

Muriel's quizzical... she doesn't quite understand.

ROCCO (cont'd)

Great, Ma, just great.

(softens)

Ma, how's Tanya?

MURIEL

Tanya's the same... milky, creamy skin, pouting red lips, firm and exquisite buttocks, ample breasts, earlobes you'd just die to stick your tongue into, and...

Rocco's getting a little aroused.

ROCCO

Ma, please... I've been in here almost a year. I'm gonna get "guy cramps" if you keep this up.

(CONTINUED)

MURIEL

Sorry. Tanya's fine. You should see her on her new Stairmaster.

ROCCO

(bites his knuckles)

Gnhaa... Don't let anyone come near her. They do, I'll rip their heart out with my teeth.

MURIEL

That's Mommy's little boy.

There's a pause.

ROCCO

So, Ma, what happened on our last job? I saw on the news City Hall's still standing.

MURIEL

It was Lou. He couldn't set the timer on the bomb, so he asked a security guard for help.

Rocco bites his knuckle again.

ROCCO

Gnnhh! Did you take care of him, Ma?

MURIEL

Strangled him with my own hands. Ruined my nail polish. I just had a manicure that morning.

ROCCO

(unconditional love)

That's my ma.

A beat.

MURIEL

Rocco, there's someone here to see you...

She motions O.S.

Smarmy international terrorist broker, approaches, sits next to Muriel.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO

Papshmir?!

PAPSEMIR

My People are very upset.

MURIEL

They're always upset. They're Arab terrorists.

Papshmir shoots her a look.

ROCCO

Ma, please...

PAPSEMIR

(to Rocco)

You're supposed to be the foremost terrorist bomber in the world. Train stations, department stores, government buildings...

MURIEL

(proudly)

The devastation in South Florida.

PAPSEMIR

That was Hurricane Andrew.

MURIEL

That's what they told the public.

PAPSEMIR

No matter. We wanted to embarrass the United States. Now you've made the police look like international heroes.

ROCCO

I told you a first class job'd cost five million. Now, if you step up to the price, I got a target that'll make City Hall look like chicken feed.

Rocco writes something on a piece of paper, holds it up to glass, out of CAMERA'S view. Papshmir is visibly impressed.

PAPSEMIR

That's a pretty big target. But, why should I think anything will be different?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

11.

50

ROCCO
'Cause five million dollars buys
me. I'm gonna be there myself.
I'm breakin' outta here.

Muriel brightens.

MURIEL
Oh, honey, that's wonderful!
I'll wash all your guns and
bullets and lysol your holsters.
Everything will be nice and fresh
for you when you get out.

PAPSEKIR
Alright. I'll arrange the
payment. But, fail this time, Mr.
Dillon, and my People won't be so
forgiving.

50A ANGLE - ROCCO
a smug smile.

50A

ROCCO
Fail? Who's gonna stop me?

51 OMITTED
&
52

51
&
52

52A INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

52A

MUSIC UP: "MORNING TRAIN"

Frank tries to separate a line of shopping carts. It's an
endless struggle. The STORE MANAGER goes by, greets him.

STORE MANAGER
Good morning, Frank.

FRANK
Good morning, Tom

STORE MANAGER
Remember, it's double coupon day today.

(CONTINUED)



52A

FRANK
(pats pocket)
Got 'em right here.

STORE MANAGER
Oh, by the way, cornish game hens
are \$2.29 a pound.

The Store Manager exits.

52B **ANGLE - FRANK**

52B

flips down a welding mask, goes at the carts with a
blowtorch.

52C **ANGLE - FRUIT AND VEGETABLE AISLE**

52C

Frank's picking up melons, putting them to his ear,
tapping them, listening. He repeats the process.
Then he accidentally grabs a Woman's breast, taps it.
Suddenly, he realizes what he's done. Too late.
WHAP! Frank's slapped.

52D **ANOTHER ANGLE**

52D

Frank yanks a plastic bag off the roll. The entire roll,
hundreds of them, start to unravel. Frank doesn't notice,
walks away. Bags continue to unwind in B.G. Frank's
absorbed in trying to find the opening of his bag. He's
rolling his fingers over first one end, then the other.
Finally, he finds it. Drops a potato into the bag -- it
falls out the bottom.

52E **ANOTHER ANGLE**

52E

Frank puts a roll of paper towels into his basket.
There's a small baby in his cart. Frank gives a puzzled
look, realizes his error too late. A MOTHER, thinking
Frank is a kidnapper, rushes up.

MOTHER. ♦

Hey!

She grabs the cart away from Frank, exits. Frank looks
after her. Suddenly, his roll of paper towels flies back
into FRAME, smacks Frank in the head.



52F ANGLE - CHECK-OUT COUNTER

52F

Frank's in a long line. Sees a CHECKER opening the next register. He pushes his cart over. He never gets there. From out of nowhere, a dozen people with loaded carts rush to beat him in line. Frank ends up where he was before. He looks...

52G ANGLE - CHECK-OUT COUNTER WHERE HE CAME FROM

52G

Checker is whizzing through the line.

52H ANGLE - FRANK

52H

heads back to other counter. He's first in line! But, the counter is just being closed. Frank turns, heads back to the other counter again. His jaw drops as he sees:

52J ANGLE - LINE HE WAS JUST AT

52J

It now runs the length of the store.

52K OMITTED
thru
52N

52K
thru
52N



52N ANOTHER ANGLE

52N

A THUG runs up to a WOMAN in line, tries to snatch her purse. A tug-of-war ensues.

WOMAN

Help! My purse! Someone help!

Frank instinctively reaches for his police revolver -- which isn't there. He stops, looks up, remembering...

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

53 OMITTED

53



54

FLASHBACK - INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY

54

We see a buffet lunch laid out. We read banners: "Goodbye Frank", "Have A Good Retirement!", "We Love You!", "3000 Dead Bad Guys. 432 Wounded".

Frank is surrounded by Ed, Nordberg, and all the Police Squaders -- singing the final strains of "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow". APPLAUSE all around.

FRANK

Well, we've shot a lot of people together. It's been great, but today I retire... If I do any shooting now, it will have to be in the confines of my own home. Hopefully it will be an intruder. And not an in-law like at my bachelor party. Well, Ed, I officially turn over my badge and my gun. Jane and I would like to keep the handcuffs... souvenir.

Ed is reduced to tears as he takes the gun and badge. Hugs Frank.

FRANK (cont'd)

Cheer up, Ed. This is not goodbye, it's just "I won't ever see you again."

ED

(sobbing)

Oh, Frank...

SMOOTHER DISSOLVE TO:

54A RESUME - FRANK

54A

The Thug is running out the door with the purse, plows into another Shopper, sends him reeling. The Store Manager races up to Frank.



STORE MANAGER

(pointing after Thug)

Lieutenant Drebin! Frank! Didn't you see that?



Frank snaps out of his stupor, looks to where the Store Manager's pointing.

FRANK

Oh, yes! Kitty litter. Two bags for a dollar. Thank you!



Frank walks off toward a huge kitty litter display, leaving the Store Manager dumbfounded.



55
thru
59

OMITTED

55
thru
59

60 EXT. CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY 60
 An impressive structure.

60A TIGHT ON JANE 60A
 JANE
 The alimony had been set by the court. Isn't that right, Mr. Clayton?
 Looks up.

60B ANGLE - MAN ON WITNESS CHAIR 60B
 CLAYTON
 Well... yes... but... it was a simple misunderstanding. You see, when my attorney told me that I... *

60C RESUME - JANE 60C
 rises from her seat.
 WIDEN TO REVEAL:

61 INT. COURTROOM 61
 Jane is a high profile, big-time attorney. She's dressed in a business suit. She steps from around her table, passes behind her client, LOUISE, who looks confident in Jane's ability to win this case for her. Jane crosses toward the witness stand. Passes the gallery where on-lookers listen intently. A woman holds a baby on her lap.

JANE
 But, not once have you paid the alimony to my client in the past two years! Repeatedly defying the court order. Isn't that right, Mr. Clayton? *

62 OMITTED 62
 &
 63 63

64 ANGLE - FEMALE BAILIFF 64
 An infant carrier on her back. We see Jane responding to the sight of Mother and Baby throughout. She really wants a child. *

CLAYTON
 (lamely)
 I lost her address. She moved twice. I couldn't keep up!

65

ANGLE - JANE

65

She's walking by the JURY. Notices some of the Women holding Babies.

JANE

(explodes)

Don't lie to me, Mr. Clayton!
You're under oath! Do you know
what the penalty for perjury is?

(pause)

Now, I'll ask you again...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.)

Objection!

66

ANGLE - DEFENSE ATTORNEY

66

She's breast feeding.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor, I...ow...ow...ow...!
Geez!...

She removes the baby from her breast.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (cont'd)

Counsel is leading the witness.

JUDGE

Sustained.

O.S. there's the SOUND of the gavel banging.

67

ANGLE - BENCH

67

The POUNDING is from the JUDGE's four year old, who's playing with gavel.

JUDGE

(to kid)

Sweetie. Mommy said no pounding
when she's in session.

(to Stenographer)

Please read the Prosecution's
last statement to the Court.

68

ANGLE - STENOGRAPHER

68

Reads while burping her baby.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

STENOGRAPHER

"Don't lie to me, Mr. Clayton.
You're under oath..."

The BABY burps up a big one.

STENOGRAPHER (cont'd)

(to baby)

That's the boy... yeah.

(to Judge)

"Do you know the penalty for perjury?"

The BABY spits up. She uses the page she's reading to wipe the baby's chin.

STENOGRAPHER (cont'd)

That's all I have, Your Honor.

69

ANGLE - JUDGE

69

JUDGE

You may continue, Ms. Spencer-Drebin.

JANE

(longing for a
child, wistful)

Prosecution rests, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Defense attorney. Ms. Davis-Jacobs-Steiner-Lazlo?

70

ANGLE - DEFENSE ATTORNEY

70

She's changing the diaper of her Baby on her table.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I have no further questions,
Your Honor.

She puts the dirty diaper into her briefcase, snaps it shut.

JUDGE

Court will recess until the
morning feeding.

She POUNDS her gavel. Unbeknownst to her, it's a baby's plastic hammer. It makes a "SQUEAK".

71

ANGLE - JANE

71

At her table, putting away papers. She stares at the Moms and their Kids. She feels a void in her life. Louise smiles at her.

LOUISE

We're going to win this, I can feel it.

Jane is only half listening.

JANE

Yes.

LOUISE

I married the wrong man.

JANE

(to herself)

I never thought that was possible...

LOUISE

I beg your pardon?

JANE

(shakes herself out of it)

Oh, nothing. Louise, there's no such thing as the "wrong man". You just have to work at it.

72

EXT. OFFICE DOOR - DAY

72

A plaque on the door reads: "DR. S. EISENDRATH - FAMILY THERAPIST".

73

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - SAME TIME

73

DR. STUART EISENDRATH sits behind his desk, reading a patient's folder. Jane and Frank sit across from him.

EISENDRATH

Now, you two have been married... six months?

JANE

Yes, we really appreciate you seeing us, Doctor. You were highly recommended by our last therapist.

(CONTINUED)

EISENDRATH

Yes, I was sorry to hear about his suicide.

(pause)

I feel it's important for couples to get off on the right foot and not get caught up in blame. Now, which one of your is impotent?

JANE

That would be him.

Eisendrath looks up at Frank.

EISENDRATH

(caught off guard)

Ah, yes... of course.

FRANK

(miffed)

Why don't you ask who's frigid?

JANE

That would be him also.

EISENDRATH

Oh...

FRANK

(to Jane)

How would you know? You're never home.

JANE

He resents the fact I'm a working woman. In fact, he has no idea what a woman wants or needs.

(to Frank)

You're so insensitive.

FRANK

This isn't that toilet seat thing again, is it?

JANE

Babies, Frank! I want to have a baby. But, every time we start to make love, you get a headache!

FRANK

I'm not a piece of meat, Jane! I'm trying! I've got ointments, creams, lotions, books, things that vibrate...

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Frank!

FRANK

Maybe it's your fault.

EISENDRATH

Have you tried sexy lingerie? Some lacy underwear? A black teddy?

FRANK

I've tried wearing them all. Nothing works.

JANE

Why don't you want to have a child?

FRANK

I tried to adopt that eighteen year old Korean girl, didn't I?

EISENDRATH

Jane, Frank. Here's what I suggest: Make tonight a special night. Dinner. Wine. Romantic music. Put on the twenty-four hour Johnny Mathis station. Just be Jane and Frank...lovers.

JANE

We haven't had a night like that for a long time.

FRANK

Not together.

JANE

Frank...?

FRANK

I'm sorry if I seem so uncaring. I'm just frightened. A baby is a big responsibility. Like being in charge of sanitation at a Haitian jail.

JANE

Let's make tonight really special. Oh, Frank, I just love you so much.

FRANK

My Little Lover Sparrow.

JANE

My puppy wuppy wover.

FRANK

My little love biscuit.

74 ANGLE - EISENDRATH

74

appalled.

RESUME FRANK AND JANE

JANE
Snookie Wookums.

FRANK
Little Lady Cheese-puffy.

EISENDRATH
Mr. and Mrs. Drebin, please!

They turn, look at him.

EISENDRATH (cont'd)
I'm a diabetic. I think you two
should go now.

75 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME DAY 75

Frank, wearing an apron, with a mountain of laundry nearby, is absorbed in a TV Soap Opera as he irons.

76 ANGLE - TV 76

JASON lies in his hospital bed. BOBBI holds his hand.

JASON
I never thought we'd end this way.

BOBBI
How did you think we'd end?

JASON
I don't know... some other way.

BOBBI
Jason, please...

JASON
Please, Bobbi. I've been hurt
before.

77 ANGLE - FRANK 77

wrapped up in the scene on TV.

BOBBI (O.S.)
We have to face this thing
together...

A tear trickles from Frank's eye. It hits the iron, SIZZLES. O.S. the DOORBELL RINGS. Frank turns down the set, answers the door.

78

ANGLE - DOOR

78

It's Ed and Nordberg.

FRANK

Ed. Nordberg. It's been a long time.

ED

Hi, Frank.

NORDBERG

It's good to see you.

ED

You look terrific!

FRANK

Thanks, Ed. I'm taking a Step Class and the little woman got me a Thigh Master for Christmas. Look at me...where's my manners? Come in. Come in.

79

ANOTHER ANGLE

79

Frank leads them into the living room.

FRANK

Excuse the mess. It's my ironing day. Sit, sit, sit.

He ushers them to the couch. All the furniture is covered in plastic.

ED

Great.

He and Nordberg sit. The CRINKLING is deafening. Both friends are noticing the change in Frank.

80

ANGLE - FRANK

80

gestures to a plate of cupcakes. Nearby is a steaming pot of coffee.

FRANK

I just frosted some cupcakes. Would you care for one?

ED

Not just now. Frank, we've been having a problem with a terrorist threat. Police Squad is certain that...

(CONTINUED)

NORDBERG

I'd like a cupcake. And that coffee smells great

FRANK

Fresh this morning. I grind my own beans.

Frank pours coffee, gives each guest a cupcake. Nordberg is looking at the TV.

NORDBERG

"Two Lives Lived As One"...
What's happening?

Ed is exasperated.

FRANK

Jason is dying. Bobbi may have to take the job in her father's department store after all.

NORDBERG

Jason's dying? Poor Bobbi.

FRANK

I know. She's a wreck. Can you blame her though?

Ed feels like he's caught up in some little hell.

ED

Ah... Frank, the reason we're here is that we need your help with something...

Frank is hovering over Ed, staring at him, hopeful. Ed looks down at the cupcake in his hand, realizes Frank wants his opinion on it. He takes a bite.

ED (cont'd)

Great.

FRANK

(huge sigh of relief)

Oh, I hoped you'd like them. I made 'em from scratch. Now, let me get off my feet for a second.

Frank sits, kicks off his fluffy slippers.

ED

Frank, we may have a lead on a suspect in the City Hall bombing attempt. Take a look.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

Nordberg hands Frank a picture.

NORDBERG

This picture was taken by a news
photographer.

81 INSERT - PICTURE

81

A long shot of a woman on the steps of City Hall,
talking to a security guard.

ED (O.S.)

We think this woman was used as a
diversion.

82 ANGLE - FRANK

82

looks at the picture.

NORDBERG

We had it blown up.

Nordberg hands Frank another photo.

83 INSERT - PHOTO

83

A grainy closeup of the Woman's chest, from neck to
waist. A couple of buttons on her blouse are undone
revealing ample cleavage.

FRANK

They look familiar.

ED

No, no, Frank. The pin.

(points at photo)

She's a nurse.

FRANK

Oh, right... Can I keep this?

ED

We traced her to the Karlson
Clinic on Myrtlewood. Her name's
Tanya Peters.

FRANK

(taken aback)

Tanya Peters?

ED

You know her?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

FRANK

Don't you remember? It was
sometime in the 1970's. The big
disco shoot out...

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

83A INT. DISCO - 1970'S

83A

Murder scene. A DISCO TUNE, the infamous "Do The
Hustle", PLAYS through the discotheque's speaker system.
Police are going about their business.

Frank enters, dressed in 1970's style... flared pants,
wide tie, wide collar, floral colors, shoulder
length hair, sideburns. He looks around.

83B ANGLE - TANYA PETERS

83B

The '70's version. Very young and very luscious.
Wearing hip-hugger bell-bottoms and tie-dyed halter top.
She makes big eyes at Frank.

83C ANGLE - FRANK

83C

He'd like to go flirt, but there's a job to be done. He
crosses over to:

FRANK

Ed, what's happenin', my man?

83D ANGLE - ED

83D

Ed's hip in the Sammy Davis Jr./Nehru jacket look
complete with love beads, platform shoes, rings on
almost every finger, and a head full of curly, Mr. Brady
of the Brady Bunch, hair.

Ed and Frank do an elaborate soul handshake.

ED

Frank, we missed you last night at
the fondue party.

FRANK

Couldn't make it. I went to see
Village People. They were a
stone soul gas, man.

ED

Far out. I can dig it.

FRANK

So, what do we have here?

ED

One dead disco dancer.

83E ANGLE - BODY ON FLOOR

83E

Frank kneels, pulls back the sheet. It's a JOHN TRAVOLTA look-alike, dressed in the white "Saturday Night Fever" outfit.

FRANK

Bummer. What a mindbender.

Frank stands up.

ED

We think it was some sort of love triange.

(motioning off)

This is the suspect's girl friend, Tanya Peters...

Frank turns, comes face to face with Tanya. He takes out a pack of cigarettes, offers her one.

FRANK

Cigarette?

TANYA

Yes, I know.

FRANK

Well... we'll need a statement from you down at the station.

(calls)

Nordberg!

NORDBERG (O.S.)

Coming, Lieutenant.

83F ANGLE - NORDBERG

83F

struggling to get through the door. He's Jimi Hendrix funky hip: vest, feathers, headband, platform shoes, and a big afro... truly the largest in history. Huge. Whoa, big time huge. It's like he's wearing a car-wash brush on his head. After a couple of tries, Nordberg jams himself through the door.

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

83G RESUME - FRANK'S HOUSE

83G

ED

I do remember.

(turns to Nordberg)

You were one of the first test cases for minoxidil, weren't you?

(CONTINUED)

83G

CONTINUED:

83G

Frank stands.

FRANK

Well, I'm glad I could be of some help. Now, if you don't mind, I was just about to put a rump of lamb in the oven.

NORDBERG

Frank, we need to ask you a favor.

FRANK

Ah... it's not a big rump roast, Nordberg.

ED

No, not that, Frank... We need you to go undercover today at the clinic...

FRANK

Whoa! Wait a minute. I've given up police work. No, you're whistling up the wrong neck of the woods, Ed.

ED

I wouldn't ask, but we're in a bind, Frank.

FRANK

What about those two new guys, Hedges and O'Malley?

ED

They're in Hawaii... together.

FRANK

I really can't. Jane and I have this very special evening planned.

NORDBERG

It'll only take a couple of hours. You'll be home in plenty of time to make dinner.

FRANK

(doubting)

I don't know... I'd have to make pork chops...

(CONTINUED)

ED

Frank, think of all the crime out there. Nobody's safe. You'd be protecting Jane, and all the Jane's of the world... Besides, you haven't shot anyone for six months.

FRANK

That's true. Funny how you miss the little things.

(ponders a beat)

All right. I'll do it!... It might be good to feel that cold, hard steel against my thigh again: The thrill of the chase. To be a man. I can be ready in ten minutes. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have sweaters soaking in the tub.

84

TIGHT ON FRANK - DAY

84

Frank's driving.

FRANK (V.O.)

Later that day, I set out for the Karlson Clinic. In any police undercover operation, it's important...

Frank SLAMS on the brakes, suddenly panicked.

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)

Did I turn off the iron...?

Ponders a moment, then continues driving.

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)

... It's important to have a fool-proof disguise. And this operation was no different.

85

EXT. CLINIC - LATER SAME DAY

85

A big sign in front of the sprawling building tells us this is "THE KARLSON CLINIC". Frank pulls up, hits a parking meter. Coins fly all over. Bounce on his hood.

86

EXT. FRANK'S CAR

86

Frank steps out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

FRANK (V.O.)

I had no idea if Tanya would still recognize me but I slipped on a pair of fake glasses just in case.

As he walks, he puts his arm in a fake sling, places a pair of glasses on his face.

87

INT. CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

87

Frank enters, heads for the reception desk.

88

ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

88

Frank approaches the NURSE on duty.

FRANK

I'd like to see a doctor, please.

NURSE

Sign in here. Do you have an appointment, Mr...?

FRANK

Uh, Amundson...and no, I don't.

She indicates a take-a-number machine. Frank doesn't see it.

NURSE

Take a number.

FRANK

Ahh...six.

NURSE

What?

FRANK

Is six taken? Does it have to be between one and ten?

The Nurse reaches over, rips a number out of the dispenser, hands it to Frank. It's number "17".

NURSE

You'll be called.

Frank sits down, picks up a magazine, pages through, "Weekly World News" headlines read: "CLINTON HOSTS JFK AT CAMP DAVID."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Mr. Amundson?

Frank looks up. Recognition. It's the gorgeous TANYA PETERS.

TANYA (cont'd)

Sir, we've just had a cancellation.
We can take you now.

(calls O.S.)

Dr. Kohlzak.

DR. KOHLZAK, a middle-aged woman, approaches, motions to Frank.

DR. KOHLZAK

This way.

Frank follows her off. Tanya watches after them with a "maybe he looks familiar" expression. As they disappear, we see the sign: "KARLSON SPERM BANK AND FERTILITY CLINIC".

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frank and Dr. Kohlzak walk along. She glances at her files as they go.

DR. KOHLZAK

When did you first notice the problem?

FRANK

(holding his arm)

In the back yard with my uncle.

DR. KOHLZAK

In the back yard with your uncle?

FRANK

Yes. When he comes over to visit, we like to go in the back yard and throw it around for awhile.

Dr. Kohlzak stops. She's leery of this guy, looks at him for the first time.

DR. KOHLZAK

And, what did you and your uncle find out?

FRANK

I couldn't keep up with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)

Mine hurt. Especially on the long ones. Can't seem to straighten it out. No feeling in it. Kind of numb.

Frank sees a curious sign on the wall which reads:

SPECIMEN EXTRACTION ROOMS 1-10.

Dr. Kohlzak stands by Room 7, motions to the door.

DR. KOHLZAK

If you would.

She hands Frank a cup.

FRANK

For what?

DR. KOHLZAK

A sperm count.

Frank sees the clinic sign for the first time, wonders what he's gotten himself into.

FRANK

(indicating the room)

In here?

DR. KOHLZAK

It's not exactly the back yard, but it'll do.

FRANK

Yes, of course. Well...

He enters the room. A second passes. We hear from inside the room:

FRANK (O.S.)

Ooh, yesssss! Yaaaaesssss! Aw.
Mmmmm! Whew.

Frank exits the room as fast as he entered. He leans up against the door, exhausted, smokes a cigarette. His hair's mussed, glasses crooked, tie askew. He hands her his specimen cup.

DR. KOHLZAK

Follow me and we'll do the necessary paper work.

She walks off. Frank pulls himself together, follows.

90 ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

90

Tanya's talking to a PATIENT. Frank moves closer, trying to eavesdrop. Just then, the "Take A Number" board clicks to "17".

DR. ROBERTS, older, gruff, sees the number on the wall and the number Frank carries...yup, they're the same.

DR. ROBERTS
This way, please.

FRANK
What?

She takes his number.

DR. ROBERTS
Number seventeen.

FRANK
No.

DR. ROBERTS
(irritated)-
This is seventeen. You're next.

91 ANGLE - TANYA

91

The commotion has drawn her attention.

TANYA
A problem?

FRANK
No. Not at all.

He does look familiar.

TANYA
Have we met before?

Not a line of questioning Frank wants to get into...it could blow his cover. He shields his face as he speaks. ★

FRANK
If you'll excuse me, I'm next.

Dr. Roberts hands him a cup as they step away from the desk. ★

DR. ROBERTS
Room four.

FRANK
Seven seems to be lucky for me.

He enters Room 7.

92 ANGLE - WALL CLOCK

92

A half hour passes.

93 ANGLE - ROOM SEVEN

93

Dr. Roberts knocks on the door, calls out to Frank.

★

DR. ROBERTS
Sir? How are we doing?

★

★

Frank peeks out.

FRANK
I've been busy, if that's what you mean.

DR. ROBERTS
Would you like a video tape to assist you?

FRANK
Do you have "Dances With Wolves"?
"Rocketeer"? "Lady And The Tramp"?

DR. ROBERTS
An adult movie.

She hands him a video, "MAJOR HOOTERS".

FRANK
Ah, I see. Well...

Frank disappears back into the room.

94 ANGLE - WALL CLOCK

94

Five minutes have passed.

95 ANGLE - ROOM SEVEN

95

Dr. Roberts waits. Frank exits, hands her six cups.
He's beat.

FRANK
The tape is very entertaining.

DR. ROBERTS
Follow me...

FRANK
Do you have "Spartacus"?

★

★

They exit.

★

95A ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

95A

Dr. Roberts leaves Frank off and exits. Frank looks around. No one's in sight. He stealthily opens the file cabinet marked "Personnel". He rifles through, looking for Tanya's file.

95B ANGLE - FILES

95B

As Frank paws through them, we see their label tabs: "Amelia Earhardt", "Kennedy Assassination", "Location Of Hoffa's Body", "Missing Eighteen Minutes Of Watergate Tapes", "Photos Of Heidi Fleiss With A Lot Of Celebrities". Finally, he comes across one marked "Tanya Peter's Home Address".

95C RESUME - FRANK

95C

Frank looks around for something to write with. Sees an open purse beneath the counter. Pulls out a handkerchief -- white with a blue border -- and a tube of lipstick. He begins copying down Tanya's address.

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Your attention, please. This is Security.
There is a Mercedes on fire in the doctor's
parking lot.

A herd of white-coated DOCTORS trample by in a rush to get outside. Frank acts casual, then looks down at what he's written.

95D INSERT - HANDKERCHIEF

95D

Scrawled on there in lipstick: "Tanya -- RD2 214093
Honeymoon Bay Road Northeast"

96 ANGLE - TANYA

96

walking toward the desk, sees Frank.

TANYA
What are you doing?

Frank stuffs the hanky into his pocket.

FRANK
Just...freshening up.

He quickly starts applying lipstick to himself. She's not buying this.

FRANK (cont'd)
You know, it's not true what they say about, you know, that you don't have to look your best.

TANYA (O.S.)
Wait a minute... I think I remember you...

Frank spots a specimen cup on the counter, grabs for it.

FRANK (cont'd)
Ah, here it is... Back to work!

He quickly exits, wiping the lipstick off his mouth as he goes. Tanya looks after him, curious about his behavior. ★

96A TRACK WITH FRANK

96A

He has to get away from Tanya, heads down the hall. He looks at the cup...he can't possibly do this again. In b.g., Tanya's still watching him. Frank rips open the first door he comes to.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from inside room)
Get...out...of...here!

Frank slams the door, embarrassed. Now Tanya's heading toward him. Frank quickly jumps into Room 7. Instantly we hear MOANING. Tanya knocks on the door.

TANYA
(concerned)
Are you okay in there?

FRANK (O.S.)
Uh...I could use a little help!

Tanya beckons O.S. A DOMINATRIX enters, dressed in lots of black rubber, carrying a whip. She disappears into Room 7. WE HEAR the CRACK OF A WHIP.

FRANK (O.S.)
Whoa, MOMMA!

97 INT. CLINIC HALL - LATER

97

Frank's sitting in wheelchair. He's jello, limp, a sweaty, wasted heap. He holds his specimen cup with trembling hands. A MALE NURSE is wheeling him to reception.

98 ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

98

The Male Nurse picks up a form.

MALE NURSE

I can't believe you haven't filled out an admittance form. Your name and address, please?

Frank tries but can't speak.

FRANK

Ffffff... Fffran...

The day catches up with him. Frank's head droops. He nods off.

★
★

rev. 10/8 - buff

99 OMIT
&
100

99
&
100

★
★
★

100A EXT. FRANK AND JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

100A ★

Frank's car pulls into the driveway, the headlights go off.

101 INT. FRANK AND JANE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

101

Frank enters, minus glasses and sling. He can barely walk thanks to his afternoon activity. His right wrist is bandaged heavily (and thumb and forefinger). He starts a slow, painful walk into the room. "CHANCES ARE" by Johnny Mathis wafts from the STEREO speakers.

JANE (O.S.)

Frank. I've been thinking about you all afternoon.

Frank's eyes widen.

102 ANGLE - JANE

102

drops the robe she's wearing, revealing her nightgown.

JANE

(sexy)

I'm wearing the nightgown you bought me for our honeymoon.

Rings of tiny lights whirl around her breasts. Lighted arrows twinkle off and on, pointing to the area just below her belt line. She gives Frank a big hug and a sexy kiss. In b.g. we see a candlelight dinner for two has been laid out.

JANE

Tonight is going to be a special night. I'm going to make love to you for hours and hours. Wouldn't Mr. Happy like that?

Frank can imagine the pain.

FRANK

Hours?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Just like we did our first time together. I've put the defribulator beside the bed...just in case.

She nibbles his ear, playfully stretches the earlobe. Frank likes this, but...

FRANK

Jane... Why don't I get ready and soak in a tub for a few days..?

She lets his earlobe go. It snaps back.

JANE

Oh, you're so cute! Let me get the clams/oysters.

Jane exits. Now we see the back of her nightgown: A lighted bull's-eye target flickers on her behind.

Frank takes the champagne out of the ice bucket, pours the ice onto the couch, sits on the ice. He's hoping it will bring on soothing numbness. He pours the chilled champagne down the front of his pants. STEAM rises up.

Jane reenters seductively with a tray of fresh clams/oysters. She sets it down, starts unbuttoning Frank's shirt.

JANE (cont'd)

Here, I'll shave your back like last time...

FRANK

(trying to stop her)

Jane...I'm not ready to...

Too late. His shirt's off. Jane sees his back is covered with red lash marks.

JANE

Frank! What's this?

FRANK

Uh, I fell...on a rake.

JANE

(angry)

You're lying! Now I know why Ed has been calling every half hour. You've been working on a case, haven't you?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

FRANK

No, no! I swear, it's
another woman!

JANE

In your wildest dreams! It isn't
enough you won't have a baby.
But, I warned you what would
happen if you went back to Police
Squad, you... you white Anglo male!

She stomps into bedroom, SLAMS the door.

103 ANGLE - FRANK

103

He crosses to bedroom.

FRANK

Jane, it was nothing. I was just
doing Ed a small favor...

Jane exits the bedroom. In a split second she has
gotten out of the nightgown and into a dress. And,
she's carrying two full suitcases. Frank can't
understand how this could happen.

JANE

I'm leaving, Frank.

FRANK

Aren't you being a little hasty?

JANE

I don't think so.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

JANE (cont'd)

That should be the cab. If you
need to, you can reach me at
Louise's.

Frank is overwhelmed by the speed with which this
happening.

JANE (cont'd)

Oh, Frank... How could you?

She breaks down. Frank pulls a handkerchief from his
pocket -- a white one, with blue borders -- and hands it
to Jane. She dabs at her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

103

CONTINUED:

103

JANE (cont'd)

We need some time apart to think about us.

Frank grabs her, pulls her close.

FRANK

(tough guy)

Well, I'm not going to think. Why should I start now? I love you. Look, Baby, I am what I am and I do what I do. A few guys make shoelaces, others lay sod, some make a good living neutering animals. I'm a cop.

JANE

Pretty speech, Frank. But my mind is made up. I'm leaving.

FRANK

Alright. But take this with you.

He kisses her big time.

104

ANGLE - JANE'S FEET

104

Her toes curl up in her shoes.

105

ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

105

He looks into her eyes.

FRANK

I guess you know how my lips feel about things.

Jane exits, giving her bags to the TAXI DRIVER who has been waiting. Frank watches her go... He's lost the only love of his life.

106

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

106

Louise crosses back and forth, pulling stuff out of the garage, packing it into her convertible. Jane's helping. It's right out of "Thelma and Louise". Jane is tossing down gulps from a bottle.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(bitter)

He promised me he wouldn't go back to police work. But, once a cop, always a cop. He's married to his work, not me.

LOUISE

That's the way it is with them. You'll always come in second. There's a great article in Cosmo this month, "Why All Men Are Pigs". You should read it.

JANE

Frank's just another word for "lizard", as far as I'm concerned. I never want to see him again. I want to get as far away from this town as possible.

LOUISE

We'll head up to my friend's cabin. It's up by the smelting plant. The fresh air will do you good.

(pause)

Jane, go easy. That's your second bottle of Chanel.

JANE

Louise, you're witnessing the beginning of the new Jane Spencer-Drebin. No more little Miss Perky, who devoted her life to one man. I'm out to find the new me. And, you know what?

(an earth shattering statement)

I'm not even going to set my hair tomorrow!

They get into the car.

JANE (cont'd)

Let's burn rubber.

(pause)

I hope I'm not inconveniencing you.

LOUISE

You won my case. This is the least I can do.

Louise hits the taxi meter installed in her car. It starts CLICKING off as Louise backs down the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

JANE

You didn't forget anything, did you?

LOUISE

Hope not.

They drive off.

107 ANGLE - LOUISE'S CAR

107

A washer and dryer, big screen TV, steamer trunk, water skis, and a moose head... placed in or strapped to the car.

108 INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY

108

Usual busy scene. Frank enters. He carries a plate covered with aluminum foil.

108A TRACK WITH FRANK

108A

We hear snippets of phone CONVERSATION from various COPS as Frank passes their desks.

COP #1

... Now calm down, ma'am, how many bodies did you find in your pool?

Frank looks wistfully at the Cop.

COP #2

... No, sir, in this state killing a gang member is only an eighteen dollar fine. Just mail in in.

Frank clenches his fist -- winces with desire.

COP #3

... Just as he was startin' to jaywalk, I let him have it with my .44. Three shots to the midsection.

Frank bites his knuckle. He really misses this action. Ed sees him. Waves him over.

ED

Hey, Frank! Glad you could make it!

Nordberg crosses to Frank, as do all the Police Squaders. Greetings from everyone.

(CONTINUED)

NORDBERG

Welcome!

ED

Frank, did you happen to find that address?

FRANK

I wrote it down on a handkerchief and now I can't remember what I did with it. I guess I'm a little rusty.

Everyone offers placation.

FRANK (cont'd)

Oh, I brought you some of my "Frank's Never Fail Fudge".

He hands the plate to Nordberg.

NORDBERG

Smells great.

FRANK

Go ahead about your business. I'll stay out of your hair.

Takes out a bottle of Pledge. Starts to dust off a desk top. Empties ashtrays. Now he's using a Dustbuster to suck up the old cigarette butts.

109 ANGLE - ED AND NORDBERG

109

Exchange a "poor bastard" look. Ed wants to help his friend.

ED

Frank, we have a little surprise for you.

Ed motions to Nordberg who reaches up, grabs a robe, and gives it a yank. Frank looks up.

109A ANGLE - WALL

109A

A cloth falls away. Hanging just below the ceiling is Frank's green suit, including shirt, tie, and black shoes. An oversized badge is pinned to the lapel. Written on the wall above the suit is the name "DREBIN".

ED (V.O.)

It's in honor of your thirty years on the force.

Applause from the Squaders.

(CONTINUED)

109A CONTINUED:

109A

In b.g., we see other retired uniforms hanging next to Frank's: a trenchcoat labeled "NESS" and a western outfit tagged "EARP". And a frilly pink evening gown marked "HOOVER".

109B OMITTED

109B

109C RESUME - FRANK

109C

A wistful smile.

FRANK

Thanks, guys.

NORDBERG

We thought it might cheer you up.

FRANK

You've heard about Jane and me?

NORDBERG

Only that she left you for good and will never be back.

ED

(chastising)

Nordberg!

FRANK

(sighs)

Jane, Jane...that name will always remind me of her.

ED

(sympathetically)

Frank... I feel really bad about all this. If there's anything you need...

NORDBERG

Like Dr. Kevorkian's home phone number.

Ed holds up a rubber ball.

ED

Nordberg...

He throws the ball. Nordberg goes after it like a puppy. Ted Olsen enters.

FRANK

Hi, Ted.

TED

Nice to see you, Frank.

They cross to Ted's table.

ED

What have you got on the bomb, Ted?

TED

Well, the explosive itself is a very fine powder...

Frank looks at the table. Several piles of powder. Frank dips his finger in one. Tastes it.

FRANK

Tastes like...

TED

That would be fertilizer, Frank. It's for another case. This is what I'm talking about. We detected a high quantity of nitroglycerin.

FRANK

Can you tell us where it came from?

TED

Be glad to...

Turns off lights, turns on a slide projector.

TED (cont'd)

Billions of years ago, the Earth was a molten mass. As it cooled, a colorless, odorless, tasteless gas...

FRANK

Ted, I mean the powder...

TED

Oh! We haven't got a clue about that, Frank.

Ted turns the lights back on. All the furniture has been rearranged. There's a different view out the window.

TED (cont'd)

However, we found a detailed list of the bomber's plans at the scene. On a hunch, we analyzed the paper.

ED

You got something?

(CONTINUED)

TED

Yes. The paper came from Statesville Prison.

Frank and Ed exchange looks.

FRANK

Are you sure?

TED

Positive. We analyzed the wood fibers in the paper and found them to be from the rare Canary Island Pine which grows only in Oregon. Contacting several paper mills in that area lead us to a distribution center in Tacoma. From there, we followed the paper through a chain of stationery supply stores. But, unfortunately, that's where the trail ended.

FRANK

(confused)

So, then how'd you trace it to Statesville Prison?

Ted hands the sheet of paper to Frank.

TED

It's right here on the letterhead, Frank.

Nordberg comes back, bouncing the rubber ball.

TED (cont'd)

After comparing handwriting samples with every known bomber currently doing a stretch in Statesville, we came up with a suspect -- Rocco Dillon.

FRANK

He must be masterminding the bombings from inside the prison.

ED

Well, if that's true, there's only one way to find out where Rocco's going to strike next.

NORDBERG

We'll ask him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

He'll never fall for that one,
Nordberg.

ED

Frank's right. We'll have to send
someone into Statesville Prison.

(thinks to himself)

...Someone smart, crafty and
oblivious to danger. Someone
who's been on the force for a
good twenty years.

NORDBERG

Someone who's just split up
with his wife and has absolutely
nothing to live for...

ED

(chastising)

Nordberg! Go deep.

Nordberg runs O.S. Ed produces a football from
somewhere, throws it after him.

FRANK

No, Ed, Nordberg's right. Jane's
gone. My life is over. I'll do
it.

ED

(shocked)

Frank? I couldn't. I wouldn't
feel right about it. If Rocco finds
out you're a cop, you might end up
dead.

FRANK

"You might end up dead" is my
middle name.

ED

What about Jane?

FRANK

I don't know her middle name. But,
I need the action, Ed. I'm
going inside the big house!

O.S. we hear a CAR ALARM.

TED

Oh, you might want to see this...

(CONTINUED)

109C CONTINUED: (4)

109C

They cross to a window. Ted points outside. Everybody looks.

TED (cont'd)
We're testing out an anti-car jacking device...

110 OMITTED

110

111 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

111

A masked carjacker, gun in hand, is trying to pull a woman out of her Mercedes. Immediately a claw on the end of a metal arm springs up from under the car frame. It clamps smack onto the Carjacker's genitalia. He howls in pain. The Woman drives off, leaving the device attached to the punk.

TED (O.S.)
We call it the Denver Jockstrap.

112 BACK TO - POLICE SQUAD

112

Everybody winces with an "Oooh, that hurts" look.

113 EXT. STATESVILLE PRISON - DAY (MATTE SHOT)

113

FRANK (V.O.)
It wasn't long before I was inside the cold grey walls of Statesville Prison.

114 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

114

Frank and the others are lead through the yard. Cons linger around. We see Black gangs, Chicano gangs, White gangs, and a gang of prison Hassidic Jews.

FRANK (V.O.)
I was surrounded by pimps, rapists, and murderers. It was like sitting in the stands at a Los Angeles Raiders game.

115 thru 117 OMITTED

115 thru 117

118 ANGLE - CONS

118

Weight lifting, shooting baskets, being pushed on swings by other cons, dressed in white and lawn bowling, shot-putting, high jumping, and finally, a Pole Vaultier clearing the prison fence.

Frank's group is led into the prison.

119 INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

119

His Guard escort drags Frank through the corridor on the way to his cell. Tough looking guys all around. A Con lights a match on his own face. A "lifer" scrapes an oil soaked rag torch on his face...it ignites instantly. One of the cells we pass has a lion in it. A white-faced MIME looks out through pretend bars, does all sorts of miming bullshit.

FRANK (V.O.)

Rocco Dillon was the toughest guy in the joint. I figured the best way to make an impression was to be badder and tougher.

119A ANGLE - BIG HAIRY CON

119A

The kind of guy you'd find in a Turkish prison. He's holding a mirror up to his bars, watching Frank being led to his cell. He likes what he sees... a lot.

119B
thru
120

OMITTED

119B
thru
120

121 ANGLE - CELL

121

The guards stop, unlock it. Frank's thrown inside.

122 ANGLE - INSIDE CELL

122

The door SLAMS shut. Frank grabs a tin cup, rushes forward, rakes it across the metal bars, hollers:

FRANK

Ain't a prison yet that can hold
me! Attica! Attica! Power to the
Brothers! Kill Whitey!

A hand spins him around roughly. He's face to face with Rocco. Rocco gives him a look.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

ROCCO

Hey, you're chirpin' awfully loud for a new canary.

FRANK

Oh, yeah? Keep flashin' the big eyes and I'll personally balance and rotate your jaw.

123 ANGLE - TYRONE

123

Rocco's bodyguard, a huge black guy with massive arms, slides off his bunk, approaches Frank, dwarfs him.

TYRONE

You know who you're talking to?

FRANK

Yeah... Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dumber.

TYRONE

The man is Rocco Dillon. He's one tough egg.

FRANK

I've made omelettes out of tougher eggs than him.

A close look by Rocco reveals Frank has no prison number.

ROCCO

Where's your prison number?

FRANK

It's unlisted. Just call me Nick "The Slasher" Magirk... Jr.

Rocco still isn't buying this.

FRANK (cont'd)

The third... I killed the first two.

ROCCO

Look, ham head, I'm the muscle in this pen. Just stay out of MY way. Because if you don't, I'll rip you up and feed you to Tyrone, here. Piece by piece.

FRANK

Well, somebody woke up on the wrong side of the bed today.

(CONTINUED)

123 - CONTINUED:

123

Rocco looks at him, perplexed.

TYRONE

Better watch your step, Magirk.
Take it from me, this place changes
a man.

FRANK

Oh, yeah? In what way?

TYRONE

(aside, confiding)
I used to be white.
(pause)

I was the drummer for The Osmonds.

ROCCO

Screw with me, he'll make you
feel pain like you've never felt
before.

FRANK

I know... I remember The Osmonds.

O.S. the VOICES of the Guards are heard yelling, "Lights
out!" Lights snap off, cell doors CLANG shut.

ROCCO

Better hit the rack, Magirk.

FRANK

In a minute. First, I gotta make
a list of people I'm gonna kill
in the next couple of days.

Rocco and Tyrone give Frank a look, then hit their bunks.
Frank moves over to a roll top desk, snaps on a little
Tiffany lamp, sits down with pen and paper and begins to
write.

FRANK (V.O.)

My dearest Snookie Wookums... I'd
hate to let anything come between us.
I love you. I want you so much.
I long for your touch. I'll do anything
you want...

He looks at what he wrote. Decides it will never change
Jane's mind. Crumples it up, tosses it behind him.

124

ANGLE - LETTER

124

bounces through the bars into the corridor. A passing
guard unwittingly kicks it into:

- 125 ANGLE - HAIRY CON'S CELL 125
The letter rolls in, stops at Hairy Con's feet. He unballs it, reads. A smile crosses his face. He holds his mirror up to the bars.
- 126 ANGLE - HAIRY CON'S POV - THROUGH MIRROR 126
A lonely, mopey Frank lying on his bunk.
- 127 RESUME - HAIRY CON 127
can't wait to get together with Frank. He spritzes breath freshener into his mouth, followed by Lysol. Then he gargles cologne and scrubs his teeth with a toilet brush.
- 128 INT. PRISON SHOWER - NEXT MORNING 128
Heavy steam swirls around the shower floor like coastal fog. Cons, including Rocco and Frank, lather up. A soap-on-a-rope hangs on Frank's soap rack. Also, lots of creams and hair products. Frank is humming, "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby". He's having a great time.
- 129 ANGLE - HAIRY CON 129
giving Frank the love eyes. He wants Frank ...and now. He sidles up to him. Rocco, finishing his shower, watches.
- HAIRY CON
Nice legs.
- Frank is Mr. Naivete.
- FRANK
Why, thank you. I try to stay active. Walk, ride a bike.
- HAIRY CON
Beautiful blue eyes.
- FRANK
I think the lighting in here sets them off. They aren't really this deep blue.
- HAIRY CON
Nice, smooth, white skin.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

FRANK

I don't over-do the sun. I use
this new cream.

He grabs a tube from his soap tray.

FRANK (cont'd)

Here, let me rub some all over your
back for you.

He does. The Hairy Con is getting off on Frank's touch.
His back is a gigantic fur ball. In fact, it's
ridiculously hairy.

FRANK (cont'd)

Ooooh. You could use a wax job.

Frank finishes, turns him around.

FRANK (cont'd)

Now, stay out of that nasty old...

(playfully taps

Hairy Con's nose)

...Mr. Sol.

The Hairy Con drops his soap. The room goes silent.
It's E.F. Hutton... even the water stops. All eyes on
Frank.

130 ANGLE - ROCCO

130

watches closely.

HAIRY CON

Pick that up for me, will you,
Lover?

FRANK

No problem.

131 ANGLE - FRANK

131

He bends over. The steam has dispersed, revealing
Frank's wearing what looks like metal diapers, with a
big lock on them. Hairy Con is vastly disappointed.

132 ANGLE - ROCCO

132

Hummm... Magirk is one smart cookie.

INT. MESS HALL - LATER SAME MORNING

Frank carrying his plate of food toward Rocco's table.
He passes a con wearing a jacket that reads on the back:
"HOW AM I BEHAVING? CALL I-800-FAR-OLE".

FRANK (V.O.)

I could tell Rocco thought I was
one smart con. My next step was
to get him to trust me.

He sits down next to Tyrone, across from Rocco who gives
him a look.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

All rise for morning prayer.

The Cons all rise.

ANGLE - CHAPLAIN

steps up to the rostrum.

CHAPLAIN

(reciting)

It's been a hard day's night.

Frank, Rocco, and the rest of the Cons recite in drone
like prayer:

CONS

(in unison)

And I've been working like a dog.

CHAPLAIN

It's been a hard day's night.

CONS

(in unison)

I should be sleeping like a log.

CHAPLAIN

She loves you.

CONS

(in unison)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CHAPLAIN

Hold me. Love me. Hold me. Love me.

CONS

(in unison)

Ain't got nothin' but love, babe.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPLAIN

Obla dee.

CONS

(in unison)

Obla da.

CHAPLAIN

Life goes on.

CONS

(in unison)

Bra.

CHAPLAIN

Amen.

Everyone sits, begins eating.

ANGLE - ROCCO AND TYRONE

Speaking in hushed tones. Frank's eavesdropping.

ROCCO

Tyrone, I got the plans here.
It's just you and me.

TYRONE

And Burnett wants in, too.

ROCCO

(surprised)

Burnett's one of the guards!

TYRONE

I know. But he's unhappy here.

ROCCO

(gritting his teeth,
sotto)

Geez! He's a goddamn guard for
Chrissakes!

TYRONE

Hey, I'm not wild about him
either, but it's too late
now...

ROCCO

Alright, alright... Whatever. I
got it all worked out here...

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED:

135

Rocco pulls a folded paper from his shirt, starts to open it... It's suddenly snatched roughly from his hand.

GUARD (O.S.)
What's this?

136

ANGLE - GUARD

136

bitter, tough. Holding the paper, sneering.

GUARD
Another letter from your mommy?

ROCCO
Hey! That's private, screw!

The Guard starts unfolding the pages. TENSE MUSIC UP.

GUARD
Let's see what we've got here...

The Guard starts unfolding the paper. Frank grabs his arm, stops him. The Guard shakes him off.

FRANK
Why don't you give the man back his letter?

GUARD
Buzz off, Butter Cheeks, what's so special about a little letter?
(looks at paper)
Wait a minute! An escape plan!
(to Rocco)
This is your ticket to another twenty years, Dillon! The Warden gets one look at this...

Frank stands quickly, scoops up a spoonful of gruel, and shouts defiantly.

FRANK
Hey! You call this slop? Real slop has chunks of things. This is more like gruel!

All eyes turn to Frank. He picks up his wine glass, addresses the entire mess hall.

FRANK (cont'd)
And this Chateau LeBlanc '68 should be served slightly chilled!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (CONT'D)
(drinks, spits it
out)

This is room temperature! What do
you think we are -- animals?

All the cons jump up.

CONS
(in unison)

NO!

FRANK
What are we?

CONS
(in unison)
Homo Sapiens!

This throws Frank for a moment.

FRANK
That's right! We are MEH!

The Cons start BANGING their tin plates and cups against
the tables, shouting:

CONS
(in unison)
We are men! We are men!

The Guard starts backing away. Frank grabs the Guard's
hat, flings it away, then snaps the plans out of his hand.
The Guard goes after Frank. Tyrone jumps the Guard. All
hell breaks loose. It's a major free-for-all. Guards
run in from everywhere.

137 ANGLE - TYRONE

137

going at it with the Guard. Rocco's fighting another.
Frank can't get caught with the plans. Begins tearing
the first page into pieces, stuffing it into his mouth.
Frank is shocked to see there are four pages behind the
first.

138 ANGLE - GUARD

138

carrying a stack of prison records. He's punched by a
con. The papers go flying.

139 ANGLE - FRANK

139

Papers rain down on him, knocking the plans from his hand.
Which papers are the plans? He has no choice. He gathers
them all. Then, scampers under a table.

140

ANGLE - ROCCO

56A.

140

Guard swings a frying pan at him. Rocco ducks. Suddenly, Tyrone crashes a fire hydrant down on Guard's head. Guard goes down hard.

141

ANGLE - FRANK

141

looking for a way to make all this paper palatable. He reaches up onto the table, pulls down the salt and pepper shakers, seasons a piece of paper, eats it.

142

ANGLE - ROCCO

142

Has got a guard in a headlock. He twists the guy's head ... a little more... a little more. Suddenly, the guard's head comes off -- his body falls the other way.

143

OMITTED

143

- 144 ANGLE - FRANK 144
pulling condiments down off the table -- ketchup, mustard, A-1 Sauce -- pouring them on the paper. Eating.
- 145 ANGLE - RIOT 145
A guard hits a con with his baton. Instantly, a huge lump rises on the con's head.
- 146 ANGLE - FRANK 146
shreds some of the paper onto a plate like pasta, pours spaghetti sauce on it, starts to eat.
- 147 ANGLE - RIOT 147
A pile of guys look like they're fighting. PUSH IN to reveal they're embroiled in a game of "Twister".
- 147A ANGLE - FRANK 147A
has the fondue pot going, is dunking bits of paper into a thick cheese sauce.
- 148 ANGLE - RIOT 148
Two huge Orientals in prison garb are wrestling. As they grab at each other, their clothes are torn off revealing them to be sumo wrestlers clad in diapers.
- 148A ANGLE - RIOT 148A
CAMERA PANS OVER from two cons holding a guard while a third con thrashes him soundly to two other cons holding a guard while a third con force feeds him Lima beans. The guard is gagging.
- 148B ANGLE - TYRONE 148B
headbutts a guard. Turns, headbutts another guard. He's on a roll. Spins around... accidentally headbutts an I-beam. Huge CLANK! Tyrone drops like a rock.
- 149 ANGLE - FRANK 149
just finishing up the paper. Rocco slides under the table, out of breath. Behind them, we see the legs of the rioting cons.

ROCCO
You saved my bacon, Magirk.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO (CONT'D)

I'd be in solitary right now if ya hadn't done that. But, I think they got Tyrone...

They look out from under the table.

150

ANGLE - TYRONE - POV

150

Two guards have him by the arms, are dragging him through the riot. They pass a gaggle of reporters who thrust a dozen microphones in his face.

TYRONE

(into mics)

Can't... Can't we all just get along?

Guards drag him off.

150A

RESUME - FRANK AND ROCCO

150A

ROCCO

Listen, I've been watchin' you, Magirk. You handle yourself really good.

FRANK

(correcting him)

Really well.

ROCCO

Yeah, whatever. Look, I got something big comin' up on the outside. Somethin' real big. I could use someone like you in my gang.

FRANK

You got a dental plan?

ROCCO

Full coverage.

FRANK

My appetite's all wet. What's the caper?

ROCCO

First, we gotta bust out of this playpen. Thanks to you, we still have our escape plan! Let's have it.

Frank gulps. A BURP. Confetti sprays from his mouth.

ROCCO (cont'd)

It's a good plan!

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Ah, I've had better.
 (small burp)
 Listen, I got a better plan.

151 EXT. HONKY-TONK BAR - NIGHT

151

Just off the main highway. A huge neon sign lights up the place.

152 ANGLE - BAR DOOR

152

MUSIC can be heard through the walls, voices raised in song: "100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall."

Jane pushes through the door, tears in her eyes. A huge billow of smoke follows her out. As she stands there, gagging, Louise leans out the door.

LOUISE

Hey, where are you going? You're not thinking of Frank again, are you?

The VOICES inside have reached "87 Bottles of Beer on the Wall". Jane points back into the bar.

JANE

(emotional)

They're playing our song.

Jane exits. Louise nods to herself.

LOUISE

(total sympathy)

I understand...

Louise ducks back into the bar.

153 ANGLE - JANE

153

heads toward a phone booth near the edge of the highway. In b.g. we see

Louise's convertible sits in the parking lot. All their belongings are there. People are picking through them.

Jane reaches the phone booth, is about to enter. She stops. Suddenly gasps. From around the corner steps...

154 ANGLE - GREASY TRUCKER - JANE'S POV (MUSIC STING)

154

He's right up in her face. Wearing a baseball cap with women's breasts on the crown and dark glasses that have women's legs as ear pieces wrapped around his face.

JANE

Excuse me...

She moves to go around him, he blocks her.

TRUCKER

I'm jacking a load of crowbars down to Big D. What do you say about comin' with me?

JANE

No, thank you.

TRUCKER

Then, how about a kiss?

JANE

No.

TRUCKER

I know when a woman says no she really means yes. Now, how about that kiss?

JANE

(thinks a beat)

...Yes.

TRUCKER

(angry)

What do you mean no?!

He grabs her.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

I know your type. You marry a man because he's perfect. Then you want to change him. The guy sacrifices everything -- his career, his life -- to give you what you want. Then when he slips up, you run out. And you end up with a tattooed, hard-drinking, drugged-out slimeball like me. I've seen it a thousand times.

He angles in for a kiss. Jane fights off his attempts.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

Come on, Baby, we're two of a kind.

Jane reaches into her purse, pulls out a can of mace, sprays the bejesus out of him.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

Awwwww!

154 CONTINUED: (2)

154

Jane pulls a tazer gun out of her purse, gives him a shot.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

Yeaaaaaah!

Jane attaches two of those clip-on clothespins to his nipples.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

Yeeowww!

The Trucker stumbles around, staggers out onto the highway. A big semi's heading toward him. Jane calls out a warning.

JANE

Look out!

Trucker looks up.

155 ANGLE - TRUCKER'S POV

155

The semi's almost on him.

156 ANGLE - JANE

156

O.S. a huge THUNK. Jane does a Tom Landry wince, buries her face in her hands. The Trucker's body (a dummy) goes flying by. She doesn't see it... when she looks back at the road, the Trucker is gone. Louise runs up to her.

LOUISE

You killed him! My God!

JANE

It was...an accident... We have to call the police.

She starts for the phone booth. Louise grabs her shoulder, spins her around, shakes her violently.

LOUISE

Jane, come to your senses! You killed a man! You're a hero to every woman in this country!

She stops shaking Jane. Jane's hair has now changed into another hair-do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

We have to call Frank. Frank will protect us.

Louise shakes her again. Another hair-do.

LOUISE

Frank is a man! He'll see you're locked away for the rest of your life!

She shakes Jane again... another hair-do. One more shake and Jane's hair is back to normal.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Jane, I want to join you. To help you kill as many men as possible!

Jane pulls away from Louise.

JANE

Louise, I think you need professional help.

She turns away, goes into the phone booth begins dialing.

LOUISE

Of course! Why didn't I think of that? We'll hire mercenaries...

Louise exits. CAMERA PUSHES IN to reveal Jane intently listening to the phone RINGING on the other end.

JANE

(to herself)

Be home, Frank. Please. Answer the phone, snuggie pants.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hi.

JANE

Frank!

Her euphoria is short lived. It's the answer machine.

FRANK (V.O.)

This is the home of Jane Spencer-Drebin and her husband. If you want Jane, press one. If you want Frank, press two. If you want Jane and Frank, press three. If you don't want either, press four.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (2)

156

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If this is an obscene call,
press five if it's for Jane, and
six if it's for Frank. Wait for
the...

BEEP sound. During Frank's V.O., we see the Trucker get to his feet in the b.g. He shakes himself out. He's face to face with Louise. He begins to manhandle her. She pounds his shoulders and chest with her fists. But, finally, she succumbs to his manly charms. He scoops her into his arms, and carries her off.

JANE

Frank, it's Jane. I miss you.

FRANK (V.O.)

You didn't press anything. So,
goodbye.

Phone CLICKS OFF. Jane hangs up. She's so sad. She starts to cry, pulls out a handkerchief, goes to blow her nose, stops. She looks at the handkerchief.

157 OMITTED

157

158 INSERT - HANDKERCHIEF

158

White with a blue border -- it's the hanky Frank wrote the address on with lipstick.

159 ANGLE - JANE

159

JANE

(to herself)

Frank was telling the truth... It
was another woman.

(suddenly angry)

Frank! Ooh!

159A EXT. LOUISE'S CAR

159A *

Now minus their belongings, rolls by. The Trucker's behind the wheel. He's got his arm around Louise's shoulder, her head's on his shoulder. A card across the trunk reads: "Vegas or Bust!" They peel out of the parking lot, slinging a ton of gravel into the air. They're obviously ditching Jane.

160 INT. FRANK AND ROCCO'S CELL - DAY

16

Rocco lies on his bunk, reading a book. Frank, wearing a 1957 Milwaukee Braves hat, throws a baseball against the wall, catching it in a glove (a la "The Great Escape").

FRANK (V.O.)

We settled on a plan to dig a tunnel...

A Guard walks by, looks in the cell, walks on. Frank throws down the glove, pushes aside the bunks. A hole has been carved in the wall. Frank grabs a spoon from his pillowcase, hands it to Rocco, and they climb through the hole into:

161 ANGLE - TUNNEL

161

Well underway. The small hole in the wall leads into an old west type mine shaft, with thick wooden support beams.

161A OMITTED
thru
161D

161A
thru
161D

162 EXT. PRISON YARD - BALL FIELD - DAY

162

Frank's wearing a baseball glove. His pants are obviously full of dirt.

FRANK (V.O.)

Disposing of the dirt was a problem I solved early in the construction.

163 ANGLE - HOME PLATE

163

Frank takes a practice cut with his bat.

163 CONTINUED:

163

Reaches into his pocket, pulls a string. Dirt comes out his pants leg (a la "The Great Escape"), pours all over the plate.

The UMPIRE, a guard in a chest protector, sweeps off the plate with his little broom. He turns, heads back behind the CATCHER, suddenly stops, looks quizzically at:

163A INSERT - PLATE

163A

Covered with dirt again.

163B ANGLE - UMPIRE

163B

Baffled, but dutifully bends down and sweeps off the dirty plate again.

164 INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

164

FRANK (V.O.)

We kept digging. At night, dummies gave the screws the impression we were still in our cells.

Two freshly made dummies take the place of Frank and Rocco. The poses on the dummies are reminiscent of department store mannequins... pointing off into the distance, kneeling, always smiling. Frank's dummy has a jacket thrown jauntily over its shoulders.

165 ANGLE - GUARD

165

walks by their cell. Everything's in order...until Frank's dummy loses a leg.

GUARD

You better check into the infirmary tomorrow, Magirk.

Guard walks on.

166 INT. MESS HALL - DAY

166

FRANK (V.O.)

There was more dirt than I anticipated. Disposing of it was becoming tricky business.

(CONTINUED)

- 166 CONTINUED: 166
- Frank's behind the counter. He's spooning dirt into the Con's plates. A Con looks at it puzzled. We see his coffee cup and water glass hold dirt.
- 167 ANGLE - MESS TABLE 167
- Con's eating dirt. One Hard Bitten Con has a mud-caked face. He's sopping up remaining dirt from his plate with bread.
- 168 INT. BEHIND MESS LINE 168
- Frank ladles dirt into a Tupperware bowl. Puts the lid on. Opens the refrigerator. It's filled, even the freezer, with Tupperware crammed with dirt.
- 169 INT. FRANK AND ROCCO'S CELL - DAY 169
- Frank grabs a book from his shelf. Lays on his bunk.
- 170 ANGLE - BUNK 170
- A pile of dirt. But sculpted, pillow and all, like a sand sculpture.
- 171 EXT. PRISON YARD - BALL FIELD - DAY 171
- TIGHT ON Frank -- up to bat.
- WIDEN to reveal dirt pouring out of Frank's pant leg. He's doing his best to casually tamp it down with his foot.
- The area around home plate is now about five feet taller.
- 171A ANGLE - PITCHER 171A
- Fingering the ball, looking in (up) at home plate.
- 171B ANGLE - RUNNER ON THIRD 171B
- Has a huge lead, halfway down the baseline.
- The Pitcher starts to wind. The Runner breaks for home. Frank's waving him in. The Runner slides headlong -- leading with his outstretched arms. He torpedoes into the mound of dirt which is now home plate. Half of him disappears.

171C ANGLE - UMPIRE

171C

Looks down at the torso and legs sticking out of the mound of dirt.

UMPIRE

Safe!!

Frank picks himself up off the ground, looks around, wonders what the hell just happened.

SFX OVER: The BLAST of a diesel truck's AIR HORN.

175 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

175

A huge semi is flying towards us down the road. MUSIC OVER: "SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD".

176 ANGLE - INSIDE SEMI (MUSIC CONTINUES OVER)

176

It's Jane behind the wheel of this hurtling machine. She looks small in the giant cab. Her upstretched arms clutch the steering wheel. She cranks the suicide knob -- as the wheel goes around, it lifts her into FRAME.

Jane checks out a map. Pulls it up to get a closer look. Then a closer look. Pretty soon, the map's spread out in front of her face, blocking her view of the road.

AB176A EXT. SEMI TRUCK

AB176A

The truck barrels through a Cal-Trans work station, smashing a wooden "ROAD CLOSED" sign to splinters. ROAD WORKERS scatter, dive out of the way.

AB176B INT. SEMI TRUCK

AB176B

The truck lurches, as if hitting a speed bump. Jane looks back out at the road, sees nothing out of the ordinary. In b.g. a bleary-eyed Guy sticks his head out of the sleeper compartment, gives a look at Jane, yawns, then disappears again.

A176A ANGLE - GAS GAUGE

A176A

Dangerously close to "E".

176A EXT. ROAD - ANGLE SEMI

176A

rockets off down the road. We catch a glimpse of the aluminium cut-outs of reclining nude males on the mud flaps.



177 INT. PRISON - OUTSIDE CELLS - DAY

177

Men are lined up for inspection. Guard passes down the line of Cons.

GUARD

There's been a rumour of a possible break-out. Let me remind you, if we suspect anyone of attempting an escape, they will be punished severely.

He comes to Frank and Rocco. They have piles of dirt on top of their heads and shoulders. The Guard doesn't even give it a second thought.

FRANK (VO)

Finally, the day of the break-out arrived. After inspection, we headed for the tunnel.

- 178 -- ANGLE - INSIDE CELL 178
 Frank and Rocco race to their tunnel, don miner caps with lights on the crown, and disappear down the shaft.
- 179 EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY 179
 A patch of sod is removed. Frank pokes his head out. Something is in his face. He can't make it out. Hears a WHISTLE. Then a CHEER. He turns.
- 180 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV 180
 It's the L.A. Coliseum. The Raiders are kicking off. Charging his way.
- 181 ANGLE - FRANK 181
 On his head is a kicking tee with a football standing on it.
- 182 ANGLE - KICKER 182
 coming at Frank.
- 183 ANGLE - FRANK 183
 Terror. He ducks down just in time.
- 184 ANGLE - KICKER 184
 The kickoff proceeds as usual.
- FRANK (V.O.)
 My calculations seemed to be off...
 Fortunately, our tunnel intersected
 with the new city subway system.
- 185 EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - DAY 185
 Open grave. Casket. Mourners with heads bowed. A PRIEST doing the rites.
- PRIEST
 ... May he rest in peace in
 the arms of our loving...
- Frank and Rocco pop their heads up in the grave.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

PRIEST (cont'd)
 (horror)
Jesus Christ!!!

Frank and Rocco quickly duck back out of sight.

MOURNERS
 (in unison)
 Amen.

186 EXT. MANHOLE - CLOSEUP - DAY

186

The lid comes off. Rocco and Frank exit from the hole.
 They look around, confused.

FRANK (V.O.)
 We scurried along a little-
 used fault line and finally
 reached our original destination...

187 ANOTHER ANGLE

187

Street tough, bad-assed seventeen and eighteen-year-old
 BOYS and GIRLS mingle about. Give our guys the mean eye.
 A sign behind them reads: "Shorewood High School".

188 ANGLE - FRANK AND ROCCO

188

Huddled together for safety.

FRANK (V.O.)
 I'd never seen Rocco so frightened.

We hear the COCKING of many guns.

189 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MURIEL'S CAR - SAME TIME

189

Muriel's waving for the guys. Rocco and Frank run to
 the car under a hail of BULLETS.

190 ANGLE - OTHER STUDENTS

190

Walking nonchalantly to class, books under their arms,
 some licking ice cream cones. They see the shootout.
 Suddenly, they're pulling guns out from everywhere --
 purses, book bags, lunch pails -- begin FIRING too.

191 ANGLE - GETAWAY CAR

191

PEELS OUT just in time. Taking big time hits.

192 INT. MURIEL'S CAR

192

Muriel and Rocco in the front seat. Frank in the back.

FRANK

That was close.

Frank spots Muriel behind the wheel.

FRANK (cont'd)

Who's the old hag? Geez! She
take one in the face?

ROCCO

(pissed)

My mother.

Big mistake. Rocco goes for his gun. Frank quickly
covers. Holds his head, moans.

FRANK

Oooh, my head. It's amnesia...
Where am I?

(shakes head)

There. I'm better now.

Looks at Muriel as if seeing her for the first time.

FRANK (cont'd)

Oh! And this lovely lady must
be your mother. Mrs. Dillon,
your son is a ruthless, sadistic,
cold-blooded animal. You must be
very proud of him.

MURIEL

I am.

ROCCO

Ma, I want you to meet a square
egg, Nick "The Slasher" Magirk.

Muriel gives Frank a cold stare. She doesn't trust this
stranger.

MURIEL

There's fresh clothes in the back.

As Frank and Rocco start stripping off their prison
duds:

FRANK (V.O.)

Rocco's Mom was quiet. But, I
had a feeling she didn't care
for me coming along.

193 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

71.

Muriel is giving him the finger.

19:

FRANK (V.O.)
Like a midget at a urinal, I
was going to have to stay on
my toes.

194 EXT. SEMI - DAY

The truck sputters to a stop.

194
✱

194A INT. SEMI - DAY

194A

The gas gauge shows "E". Jane hops out out of the immobile truck, slams the door in disgust. She starts walking away from the truck carrying the handkerchief and map. As she passes the front end, we see there's a Cal Trans Worker, holding a flag and an orange cone, plastered to the grill. Jane breezes by, oblivious. The Cal Trans Worker peels off the front end, tumbles to the ground.

✱

195 OMITTED

&
196

195
&
196

197 EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - LATER SAME DAY

A cabin in the woods feel. Muriel pulls up. All get out of car.

197

198 INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

198

Very lived-in. Muriel's had this place for many years.

ROCCO
(off cabin)
What d'ya think, kid?

FRANK
Sweet set-up.

ROCCO
No phone. Miles from the nearest town. Playboy channel... Perfect!

FRANK
Nice digs. But I'm here for action! What are we going after? A bank? Armored car? The Dodgers' payroll?

198 CONTINUED:

198

MURIEL

You're getting a little bit
too nosy, Magirk.

Muriel pulls out a gun, sticks it in Frank's face.
Rocco, the peacemaker, steps between the two.

ROCCO

Relax, Ma.

(to Frank)

She's been itchin' to try out
her new gun.

FRANK

I know the feeling.

Muriel puts the gun away.

Suddenly, something catches Rocco's eye O.S. He stares
appreciatively at

199 ANGLE - SEXY LEGS

199

They go on forever. SEXY MUSIC UP.

200 ANGLE - FRANK

200

Will they ever end?

201 ANGLE - TANYA

201

Finally they do, revealing a gangster's dream, gorgeous.
She wears the skimpiest, sexiest bikini a PG-13 rating
will allow. She poses in the doorway. SEXY MUSIC OVER.

201A ANGLE - ROCCO

201A

ROCCO (cont'd)

Tanya! Aren't you a sight for
sore thighs!

They stare longingly at each other.

202 ANGLE - FRANK

202

Still staring gap-mouthed at Tanya.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (V.O.)

It was Tanya. That bikini was never happier. I only had a second to admire the view. I had to watch out. If she made me as a cop, I'd be tonight's meat loaf.

Tanya gives Rocco a sultry look.

TANYA

Come here, Sexy.

Frank misunderstands, starts walking toward her.

FRANK

You're all woman. I can tell just by looking at you.

ROCCO

(threat)

She's referring to me!

FRANK

(covering)

I was talkin' about your mother.

Rocco is appalled.

MURIEL

Tanya, that's no way to be walking around. Get some clothes on. And what're ya doin' in my bathing suit!?

Rocco sweeps Tanya into his arms, they share a big kiss. Then, Tanya gives Frank a scrutinizing look.

TANYA

Who's the stud?

ROCCO

Meet the newest member of our gang. Slasher Magirk.

TANYA

Wait a minute... Don't I know you from somewhere?

Rocco tenses. He and Ma pull guns, point them at Frank. Muriel gives Frank the evil eye.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (2)

202

MURIEL

I smelled cop on him the minute
I saw him.

Rocco cocks his gun. Frank's sweating it out.

FRANK

(reassuring)

I get this all the time. The
underwear ads played everywhere.

Nobody's buying it.

FRANK (cont'd)

I ran away as a youth. You
probably saw my picture on a milk
carton.

Tanya shakes her head. She's squinting hard at him.

FRANK (cont'd)

I've been on "Unsolved Mysteries"
five times.

MURIEL

Are you trying to tell us you're not
a cop?

FRANK

Well... yeah.

A beat passes. They put their guns away.

ROCCO

Well, that's good enough for me.

TANYA

Me, too.

MURIEL

I'm fine.

ROCCO

I'm glad that's cleared up. Ma,
what say you two kiss and make up?

MURIEL

(reluctant)

Alright.

Muriel hocks a big clam into a nearby tin bucket. It
CLANGS loudly. She takes her teeth out, hands 'em to
Frank.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (3)

202

Frank is expecting a peck on the cheek. What he gets is a long soul kiss. Kiss is done, Muriel still doesn't like Frank. She looks at him with disdain, pops her teeth back in.

ROCCO

Now that's more like it.

HOLD on Frank's stunned expression. He's not sure what just happened.

203 INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

203

It's dark. Frank is doing something with his hands just OUT OF FRAME.

FRANK (V.O.)

I had to get a message to Police Squad. This thing was turning into more than I could handle by myself. No phone and miles from civilization. Things looked bleaker than the '93 Mets.

Now we see he's been tying a message on the leg of a pigeon. He hears someone coming, quickly tosses the pigeon over his shoulder at the open window. Bad move. The pigeon hits the window fan in the upper pane. Feathers swirl like a blizzard around Frank's incredulous face.

204 ANGLE - TANYA

204

Snaps on a light.

TANYA

Slasher, have you seen my pigeon?

204A ANGLE - FRANK

204A

sitting in front of a chessboard.

TANYA

What are you doing?

FRANK

(Mr. Cool)

Just contemplating my next move.

He picks up a pawn, jumps it around the board like checkers. Tanya crosses to him.

(CONTINUED)

204A CONTINUED:

204A

TANYA

Your Bishop is exposed.

FRANK

It's these pants. I usually wear
a fuller cut.

Tanya rubs Frank's shoulders.

TANYA

Mmmm. You're all man. I like
that in my men.

Frank grabs Tanya's wrist.

FRANK

You're comin' on to me big time,
sister. You're purring like a
kitten with a fresh mouse. But,
we got one problem.

TANYA

You're Jewish?

FRANK

(confused)

No...

(plunges on)

You're Rocco's girl. And in my
book, that chapter is called:
"Look But Don't Touch".

TANYA

I could have two lovers.

FRANK

Kinky. But I like my sex the way
I play basketball...one on one.
And with as little dribbling as
possible.

She throws her arms around Frank. Frank takes her in his.

TANYA

Oooh...you're tense, Slasher.

FRANK

I could relax a lot more if I
knew what was going on tomorrow.

(pause)

You wouldn't know anything about
that, would you?

(CONTINUED)

204A CONTINUED: (2)

204A

TANYA

All I know is it's downtown and big.

FRANK

That's the way I like it. What else?

TANYA

Just this...

She lays a huge kiss on Frank.

204B EXT. FOREST - POV - NIGHT

204B *

Hands parting tree branches, FOOTSTEPS on pine needles. Up ahead, the lighted window of the Dillon Gang hideout. *

204C REVERSE ANGLE - JANE

204C *

approaches the window, looks inside -- sees Frank and Tanya kissing. *

204D INT. CABIN - NIGHT

204D

Frank and Tanya still kissing. We hear the DOOR OPEN. *

JANE (O.S.)

What are you doing?!

Frank and Tanya look up at the doorway, see Jane. And she's angry. Frank pulls away from Tanya. There's a loud suction POP! He's surprised. Tries to cover by shaking Tanya's hand.

FRANK

Well, thank you for the advice, Ms. Peters. I'm anxious to try out that recipe.

JANE

(disgusted)

Oh! How could you?

TANYA

Well, you just shove your tongue as far down his throat as you can...

(CONTINUED)

204D CONTINUED:

204D

JANE

Oh, Fra...

Frank quickly grabs her, gives her a big kiss, stopping her from calling out his name. Jane gags on the kiss, caught unaware.

FRANK

(sotto)

Quiet! You're not supposed to know me.

(outloud)

That's a good-bye kiss, sister.

205 ANGLE - ROCCO, MURIEL

205

Awakened by the noise. Snap on more lights. Run into the room.

ROCCO

What's all this? Who's the skirt?

FRANK

Just some dizzy dame. Probably her car broke down. I'll drive her to the nearest bus depot.

206 ANGLE - TANYA

206

Spies Jane's wedding ring, holds up her hand for all to see.

TANYA

Hey, she's married. What if her husband comes looking for her?

FRANK

He probably will! I bet he's a great guy.

JANE

He breaks promises.

A petty, snippy, marital spat ensues. The others look on.

FRANK

Well, look at you. Traipsing about the country, just to spite a big wonderful guy.

JANE

He left me.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

More like you left him.

JANE

You should talk.

FRANK

Oh, listen to you.

JANE

Listen to you.

FRANK

Listen to you.

JANE

You're so stupid.

FRANK

You're stupid.

ROCCO

Geez, you two, knock it off!
You'd think you were married
or something.

MURIEL

What do we do with her, Rocco?

FRANK

There's no room for her here.
'Cause there's an unwritten law
in gangs...

Everyone turns expectantly to Frank, waits. Frank shrugs.

FRANK (cont'd)

Well, it was never written down.
But, the skirt hits the road.

MURIEL

We bump her off.

Jane realizes the danger she's in.

FRANK

No!

ROCCO

No?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I've been on a job when things went hooey...and I would have given my eye teeth for a hostage. And we all know women make the best hostages. They're smaller. Easy to take along. Eat less. Smell nice.

ROCCO

Slasher's right. We got us an insurance policy. Good thinkin', kid. Now, let's get some shut-eye. We got a big day ahead of us.

(throws a coil
of rope to Frank)

Tie the dame up, Slasher.

The Gang heads off back to their rooms. Frank motions Jane into a chair. Begins winding the rope around her ankles.

JANE

Are you happy, Frank? You see what your police work has done?

FRANK

My police work just saved your life.

He's wrapping the cord around her knees.

JANE

Oh? And what was all that kissing about?

FRANK

Information.

JANE

What were you trying to find out? What her tonsils feel like?

FRANK

Jane...

JANE

Oh, there's no use in talking...

She takes off her ring, throws it at Frank.

JANE

I'm out of here!

Frank is devastated. He looks at the ring.

SAD MUSIC STING.

- 207 INSERT - RING 207
- The inscription reads: "Here. Love, Frank."
- 208 ANGLE - FRANK 208
- Staring at the ring, a tear trickles down his cheek.
- In b.g., Jane stands up. Bad move. She's forgotten she's trussed up. She falls OUT OF FRAME. Frank's oblivious.
- 209 INT. BUNKER - NEXT MORNING 209
- Frank, Jane and the Gang are crowded into a small brick structure. Muriel's handing out goggles. Tanya's giving Frank secret looks. Rocco hands Frank a pair of binoculars, motions him to look out the window.
- ROCCO
- Keep your eyes on the tower,
Slasher. It's what's going
to happen tonight.
- 210 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS 210
- The tower stands alone in the field a long way off.
- FRANK (O.S.)
- Gee, it's awfully far away.
- 211 ANGLE - FRANK 211
- He's looking through the big end of the binoculars. Muriel reaches over, flips them around.
- FRANK
- Ah...
- Frank puts the binoculars back to his eyes.
- FRANK (cont'd)
- Geez! Shouldn't we be farther away?
- 212 ANGLE - TOWER 212
- Two mechanical arms, dressed in formal wear, stick out from the sides. Both the electronic hands wear white gloves, one of the hands holds a large envelope.

213 ANGLE - BUNKER

213

Rocco holds a remote control.

ROCCO

This is a little mixture I've been workin' on. It will revolutionize terrorists' bombs.

MURIEL

(proudly)

Your crowning achievement.

ROCCO

For both of us, Ma. All set?

He pushes a button on the remote.

214 ANGLE - TOWER

214

The electronic arms whirr to life, meet in front of the tower. The envelope is brought up, the other gloved hand reaches inside it, begins to withdraw the contents. Suddenly, there's a huge WHOOSH and a massive EXPLOSION blows the tower to smithereens.

215 STOCK FOOTAGE

215

Nuclear test blasts from the 1950's. Mushroom clouds, waving trees, bright flashes of light.

216 ANGLE - INSIDE BUNKER

216

Paper's swirling around. Everybody's hair is plastered straight back. Frank lowers his binoculars which are starting to melt. His face is tanned except for white circles around his eyes. He looks like a shell-shocked raccoon.

FRANK

Very impressive...

He and Jane exchange worried looks. MUSIC STING. They're up against the biggest challenge of their lives... even bigger than trying to have a baby.

217 EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - HELICOPTER SHOT DOWNTOWN L.A. 217
- LATER SAME DAY

Searchlights scan the horizon. We see half the city of Los Angeles burning. The sound of fire and police SIRENS, and sporadic GUNFIRE. All to "Hooray For Hollywood".

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

From Hollywood! The Entertainment
Capital of the World! The stars
are shining bright tonight for
the sixty-sixth annual Academy
Awards!

218 EXT. PARKING GARAGE ACROSS FROM SHRINE - DAY

218

Rocco's car pulls to a stop.

219 EXT. ROCCO'S CAR

219

Muriel stays behind the wheel. Everyone else gets out.

ROCCO

Slasher, put the dame in the
trunk. I'll meet you and Ma
around back in ten minutes.

Frank hauls Jane toward the trunk. Rocco leans back in
the window toward Muriel.

ROCCO (cont'd)

You got the passes?

Muriel hands them to him. Rocco peeks inside the
envelope.

ROCCO (cont'd)

Not bad, Ma.

MURIEL

Thanks. Those forgery classes at
the community college really paid
off.

ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

Frank pretending to put Jane into trunk.

JANE

Frank, what are you going to do?

FRANK

Sssh... I've got an idea.

Rocco and Tanya walk by them on their way out.

ROCCO

Keep your eye on the dame,
Slasher. We hit trouble, she's
our bullet shield.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED: 219

Frank and Jane look at each other. "Ooooh."

FLIP SCREEN TO:

219A INT. ENGINE BLOCK - DAY 219A

219B TIGHT ANGLE 219B

Distributor cap and spark plug wires being wrenched off by Frank's hand.

219C ANGLE - FRANK 219C

looking at the engine parts in his hand.

FRANK
(to himself)
This ought to do it.

MURIEL (O.S.)
You'll never get away with this!

Frank reaches up, slams the hood of the car, revealing:

219D EXT. CAR 219D

Muriel's arms are stretched out and pinned in the car windows. Her head sticks up through the sunroof, which is closed on her neck, wedging her in tightly.

MURIEL (cont'd)
Rocco's going to kill you, whoever you are!

FRANK
Frank Drebin, Police Squad.

Jane stares incredulously at Muriel wedged in the sunroof.

JANE
Isn't that a little unusual, Frank?

FRANK
Not really. It's happened to me a couple of times.

They turn, walk away. Muriel still confined in b.g.

FRANK (cont'd)
Okay, here's my plan...

(CONTINUED)

219D

CONTINUED

219D

JANE

Plan? You'll never stop Roddo.
Your chances are one in a million.

FRANK

That's still better than any
state lottery. I'm the good
guy. I can't let the bad guys
win. Our kids can't live in
fear.

Jane brightens, did she hear him right? "Our kids"?

FRANK (cont'd)

Don't you see? If we can't stop
'em, they're gonna blow this
place sky high! It'll be a
tragedy! Unless, of course, it
happens during a dance number.

220
thru
231

OMITTED

220
thru
231

232

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE

232

Red carpet leads from the street to the entrance. FANS
stand behind barricades, cheering their favorite stars.
Press, radio, TV, newsprint, are everywhere. Lots of
camera flashes adding to the excitement.

232A

ANGLE - CURB

232A

Limos pulling up. Couples alight. We see the BACKS OF
heads as celebrities arrive. The Crowd cranes their
necks searching for their favorite star.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

... Tom Cruise just arriving with
his lovely wife, Nicole.

A smattering of APPLAUSE from the Crowd.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

And there's Kevin Costner and his
gorgeous wife, Karen.

(CONTINUED)

232A CONTINUED

232A

Polite APPLAUSE from the Crowd. Another line glides up, the couple gets out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And there's "Weird" Al Yankovic
and Vanna White.

HUGE APPLAUSE. Banners reading "We Love You, Al!" and "Vanna Forever!" wave furiously. The Crowd surges forward. Police have to hold them back. One Woman swoons, faints, she's so overcome. WEIRD AL and VANNA wave to the adoring throng.

232B OMITTED

232B

232C ANGLE - CAB

232C

Frank sees it parked curbside. He dashes over, sticks his head in the window.

FRANK

That radio work?

232D ANGLE - CABBIE

232D

A man from another land, glances up from his falafel, gives Frank a quizzical look.

(CONTINUED)

232D CONTINUED:

232D

CABBIE
(puzzled)
Nastuza babutnik sayculla
arflommate?

232E ANGLE - FRANK

232E

Big mistake. He runs over to another cab, thrusts his
head through the window.

FRANK
Call Police Squad! Tell them
Frank Drebin says...

232F ANGLE - CABBIE #2

232F

Another obvious Immigrant.

CABBIE #2
Grizome flacto bexona!

Frank looks over at the man's cab license.

232G INSERT - CABBIE'S DRIVER I.D.

232G

The name is Izob Farcoshbienlocobwa.

232H ANGLE - FRANK

232H

Rolls his eyes. Races to a third cab parked nearby.
This CABBIE is a swarthy, Middle-Eastern-looking guy
with a handlebar mustache wearing a turban and what
looks like tribal ceremonial robes.

FRANK
Forget it.

He leaves. Cabbie looks after him.

CABBIE #3
(perfect Oxford
accent)
I wonder what the devil he
wanted?

232J ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

232J

They run toward the Shrine.

233 OMITTED

233

234 ANGLE - SHRINE ENTRANCE

234

SECURITY stops Frank and Jane before they can enter the theater.

SECURITY

Hold on!

FRANK

I'm Drebin of Police Squad.

SECURITY

Yeah, and I'm Robert De Niro.

FRANK

Mr. De Niro, I have to get inside.

SECURITY

Uh huh. You and ten thousand other people. Move along, move along. Movie stars only.

Frank eyes all the Celebs passing by.

FRANK

C'mon, I've got a better idea.

FLIP SCREEN TO:

235 OMITTED
&
236

235
&
236

236A ANGLE - BUSHES

236A

Two sets of legs, a man's and a woman's -- obviously bound -- can be seen under the shrubs. Frank and Jane, now dressed in formal wear (tux and gown), exit the bushes. Behind them we hear the angry GARBLE OF GAGGED VOICES. Frank turns, speaks back into the bushes, as he tucks two passes into his jacket pocket.

FRANK

I'm very sorry about this, but it's official police business.

Angry GARBLING.

FRANK (cont'd)

(off tux)

Don't worry, we'll have these back to the rental place by six tomorrow.

Angrier GARBLING follows them as they head back toward the Shrine entrance.

237 OMITTED
thru
240

237
thru
240

241 INT. POLICE SQUAD - SAME TIME

241

Ed is half-watching the Academy Awards show with other Police Squad members. In b.g. ALFRED HITCHCOCK's silhouette appears in the frosted glass of a door. Ed looks over at Nordberg who's on the phone.

NORDBERG
(into phone)
Thanks, Sheriff.

He hangs up, walks over to Ed.

NORDBERG (cont'd)
Still no sign of Frank or Rocco
and his gang.

ED
What do we do, Nordberg?

NORDBERG
Well, as I understand it, we're
police detectives.

Ed lets out a little groan as his head nods into his hands. When he looks up, he's staring right at the TV. He reacts to...

241A INSERT - TV

241A

Frank and Jane heading up the red carpet.

Around them, a steady parade of female Celebs go by. Dresses get more outlandish, and absurd. As do the hairdos of both men and women.

A Woman passes wearing a dress made up entirely of whipped cream. Two elbow-length gloves complete her ensemble.

ED (O.S.)
Nordberg! Look! That's Frank!
And Jane! At the Academy Awards!

242 OMITTED
thru
244

242
thru
244

245 RESUME - ED AND NORDBERG

245

NORDBERG

Gee, how'd they get tickets?

ED

Don't you see, Nordberg? That's where Rocco Dillon is gonna strike next! He's planning to blow up the Academy Awards! We have to get there!

NORDBERG

But we weren't invited, Captain. We're cops.

Ed gives an exasperated look into CAMERA. Picks up a phone which has not rung, hands it to Nordberg.

ED

It's for you.

NORDBERG

(into phone)

Hello?

ED

(to Squad)

Men, it's a Code Red alert!

NORDBERG

(into phone)

Hello? Hello?

ED

C'mon! There's not a moment to lose!

Ed grabs his fedora and he and the Squaders run out of the room. Nordberg grabs a fellow officer.

NORDBERG

Henderson, we've got to report this phone. It doesn't seem to be working.

They exit behind everyone else.

246 ANGLE - TV

246

TV HOST

And now here's today's Lucky Lotto Numbers!

Everyone runs back into the squad room. Take out Lotto tickets. Stand hopeful in front of the TV.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

246

TV HOST (cont'd)
Twenty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six.
Eighteen, thirty-three, twenty-four,
and nine.

No one hit the jackpot.

ALL

Awwww!

Everyone throws down their tickets and runs out.

246A ANGLE - SECURITY GUARD

246A

Studying Frank's and Jane's passes while they try to act casual.

SECURITY GUARD

(eyeing Jane)

Let's see...Vanna White..? And...

(looks at Frank)

Weird Al Yankovic..?

(passes back invitations)

Okay... Enjoy the Awards.

He motions them inside. Frank and Jane breathe huge sighs of relief as they head into the Shrine.

246B OMITTED

246B

246C INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - STAGE

246C *

A PRESENTER at the podium.

PRESENTER

This year's Lifetime Achievement Award winner's credits include some of the greatest moments ever captured on celluloid. Films such as: "Sandals And Loincloth", 1958; "Sweaty Boatmen", 1959; "The Leather Clad Centurion", 1960; and his first color feature, "Big Shiny Spears", 1966.

Huge APPLAUSE. CAMERA PANS over to reveal:

246D ANGLE - LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD WINNER

246D*

A very old man, slumped in a wheelchair near the podium, not moving.

(CONTINUED)

247

OMITTED

247

&

248

2

248

249

ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

249

O.S. APPLAUSE continues. A Bryce Porterhouse GUARD is guarding the sealed envelopes. Tanya walks by, gives him a disarming smile. The Guard doesn't even give her a second look. We hear the activities from the stage!

(CONTINUED)

rev. 11/03 - pink

246D CONTINUED:

246D

PRESENTER (O.S.)

He also directed over 200 other movies in his illustrious fifty-five year career, as well as serving as chairman for the Leather Industry Trade Association.

PARAMEDICS rush onstage, work feverishly in an attempt to revive the Old Man, jolting him with electric paddles.

PRESENTER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you this year's Lifetime Achievement Award winner -- Mr. Samuel L. Bronkowitz!

Big APPLAUSE from audience.

The Paramedics stop working on Mr. Bronkowitz, shake their heads sadly. The EKG machine WHINES in a flatline.

247 ANGLE - ROCCO AND TANYA - BACKSTAGE 247 ★

Rocco points O.S. ★

ROCCO ★

Okay, there's the man from Bryce Porterhouse... ★

248 ANGLE - BRYCE PORTERHOUSE MAN - POV 248 ★

just finishing setting out the sealed winner envelopes, snaps his briefcase shut. ★

248A RESUME - ROCCO AND TANYA 248A ★

ROCCO (cont'd) ★

Alright, you know what to do. Distract him so I can get to the envelopes and plant the bomb. ★

Tanya gives a little smile, no problem.

249 ANGLE - BRYCE PORTERHOUSE GUARD 249

guarding the envelope table. Tanya walks by, gives him a disarming smile. The Guard doesn't even give her a second look. We hear the activities from the stage:

PRESENTER (O.S.)

Uh... Accepting the award for Mr. Bronkowitz is Native American, Margaret Spread Eagle.

(CONTINUED)

O.S. APPLAUSE from Crowd. Tanya saunters by the Guard again. To divert his attention, she bends over in front of him, pretends to adjust her stockings, shows off a lot of thigh. Not even a glance.

MARGARET SPREAD EAGLE (O.S.)
I'm sure if Mr. Bronkowitz were alive,
he'd thank each and every one of you
for this great award.

O.S. the Crowd APPLAUDS half-heartedly.

A249A ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - DIRECTOR

A249A

Motioning at monitors.

DIRECTOR
Cue music! Cue stairs! Cue Talent!

249A ANGLE - STAGE

249A

Play on MUSIC. APPLAUSE. A pair of motorized staircases slide out from either side of the wings, join together center stage to form one massive, sweeping staircase.

(CONTINUED)



249A CONTINUED:

249A

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, here to present the award for Best Supporting Actress are Mariel Hemingway and Elliott Gould!

MARIEL HEMINGWAY and ELLIOTT GOULD each come down a different side of this huge set piece, making for grand entrances.

249B ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

249B

Tanya stands right in front of the Guard, her back to CAMERA. She unhooks, takes off her skimpy top, shakes her shoulders enticingly. WE SEE tassels going around. The Guard remains stone-faced. Tanya's incredulous...but determined. Another tack is needed. Suddenly, something O.S. catches her eye.

250 ANGLE - CRATE

250

open, empty. Tanya grabs a bunch of bubble packing out of crate, walks over to the Bryce Porterhouse Guard.

MARIEL (O.S.)

Thank you. Thank you. The nominees for Best Supporting Actress are...

251 ANGLE - TANYA

251

Walks by the Guard, drops the bubble packing, moves on. The Bryce Porterhouse Guard remains still for a moment, then takes a quick look around to see if anyone's watching. He picks up the packing, starts to pop the bubbles. He no longer cares about his job. The guy's hooked.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

Courtney Cox, "Indecent Attraction". One woman's struggle for dignity, set against the background of the Crimean War.

252 OMITTED
thru
255

252
thru
255

256 ANGLE - ROCCO

256

Quickly dons gloves and goggles. Lifts one of the envelopes and, with tweezers, carefully inserts a small explosive apparatus with a little blinking light. That done, he replaces the envelope.

In the b.g., the Bryce Porterhouse Guard is concentrating on popping the bubble wrap, totally oblivious. A SECURITY MAN joins in.

256 CONTINUED:

MARIEL (O.S.)

Mary Lou Retton, "Fatal Affair". One woman's ordeal to overcome the death of her cat, set against the background of the Hindenburg disaster.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

Shannen Doherty, "Basic Analysis". One woman's fight against sexual harrassment, set against the background of the opening of Euro Disneyland.

257 INT. AUDITORIUM AISLE

257

Frank and Jane enter the back of the theater, scan the packed auditorium. On b.g. monitor we see Mariel Hemingway and Elliott Gould onstage.

MARIEL (TV)

Morgan Fairchild, "Final Proposal". One woman's struggle to gain respect as an elevator operator in the St. Louis arch, set against the background of the great floods of 1993.

ELLIOTT (TV)

And, Florence Henderson, "Analysis Of A Proposal". One woman's triumph over a yeast infection, set against the background of the tragic Buffalo Bills season of 1991.

Big APPLAUSE from Audience.

257A ANGLE - MONITOR

257A

We see the Best Supporting Actress Nominees in the split screen boxes. In the middle of the boxes is one occupied by FLORENCE HENDERSON, who smiles, and looks to each box, a la "The Brady Bunch" opening.

257B RESUME - FRANK AND JANE

257B

JANE

Rocco could be anywhere.

FRANK

He's had plenty of time to plant the bomb. Where could it be?

(CONTINUED)

Vertical column of handwritten marks on the right margin, including stars and circles with symbols inside.

257B CONTINUED:

257B

ON MONITOR, Mariel is handed an envelope, starts to open it.

ELLIOTT (TV)

(filling time)

Boy, this is going to be dynamite.

258 OMITTED

258

259 ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

259

Frank pondering the bomb question.

FRANK

Hmmm. Dynamite...

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

259A FLASHBACK - ANGLE - INSIDE BUNKER

259A

The bomb test from the cabin. A huge BLAST, mushroom clouds, waving trees, bright flashes of light. Frank lowers his binoculars, which are starting to melt...

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

259B RESUME - FRANK

259B

FRANK

Jane!

JANE

Frank! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

FRANK

Yes! I left my good pair of binoculars back at the cabin!

JANE

No, the bomb is in one of those envelopes!

She points to the stage.

FRANK

You're right!

MARIEL (TV)

And the winner is...

Presenter #1 starts to pull out the winner card. Frank and Jane wince, plug their ears. No explosion. *

259B CONTINUED:

259B

MARIEL (TV) (cont'd)
Mary Lou Retton for "Fatal Affair"!

(A)
(B)

260 OMITTED

260

&

&

261

261

262 ANGLE - AUDITORIUM

262

Big APPLAUSE. MARY LOU RETTON jumps up, does a whole series of backflips down the aisle. She's so happy! BRIGHT MUSIC UP.

262A ANGLE - SHANNEN DOHERTY

262A

(A)
(B)

A bit miffed at losing. She gives Mary Lou the finger.

262B ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

262B

They look around sheepishly. People are staring at them. Jane smiles apologetically at one particularly sour Woman.

*
*

JANE

Sorry... We were rooting for Florence Henderson.

*
*
*

FRANK

We've got to get to those envelopes before they open any more of them!

They race toward backstage. People look after them.

262C ANGLE - MARY LOU RETTON

262C

leaps up the stairs, cartwheels across the stage. She lands in front of the podium.

*
*
*

MARY LOU

I'm speechless. I just don't know what to say...

*
*
*

She suddenly throws her arms up in her trademark Olympic salute. The Crowd APPLAUDS.

*
*

263 ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

263

The Bryce Porterhouse Guard and the Security Man have been joined by several Ushers and Security People. Everyone's focused on popping bubbles, no one's paying attention to the envelopes. In b.g., we see Mary Lou leaving the stage with Mariel and Elliott.

Jane and Frank enter, look at the table. There are hundreds of envelopes.

263 CONTINUED:

263

FRANK
I didn't realize there would be
this many.

JANE
They added seventy-five new
categories.

Frank picks one up, reads:

FRANK
"Best Actor in a Columbus Movie"?

264 ANGLE - STAGE

264

Empty. Dark. Several spotlights sweep across it. MUSIC UP.
DRUM ROLL.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Ladies and Gentlemen, the Academy
proudly salutes "White Males In
The Movie Industry"!

SPLASHY MUSIC UP.

264A RESUME - FRANK AND JANE

264A

carefully checking each envelope. Above them, on the
monitor, the MUSICAL SALUTE continues (STOCK FOOTAGE).

MALE DANCERS (TV)
(singing)
I'M A WHITE MALE
I GOT THE WORLD BY THE TAIL
I CONTROL THE MONEY
AND THE GRANTS
I MAKE MOVIES ABOUT
GIRLS WITH NO PANTS...

265 OMITTED

265

266 ANGLE - FRANK (MUSICAL NUMBER CONTINUES OVER)

266

★

staring incredulously at an envelope in his hand.

266A INSERT - ENVELOPE

266A

It's a Publishers Clearing House Sweepstakes envelope. Big
letters read: "You may have already won \$10,000!"

267 OMITTED

96.

268 ANGLE - WINGS - HUGE STAIR SET PIECE

268

RAQUEL WELCH stands on the top landing, holds an envelope, waits for her cue. We hear the MUSICAL NUMBER end with a huge flourish. O.S. there's a DRUM ROLL.

268

ANNOUNCER (VO)

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, to present the next award is star of stage and screen, Miss Raquel Welch and popular talk show host, Mr. Phil Donahue!

269 ANGLE - FRANK

269

Spies Raquel Welch on staircase across stage, sees the envelope in her hand. He turns to Jane, points toward Raquel.

FRANK

That might be the envelope with the bomb! You keep looking.

He runs off.

270 ANGLE - STAIR SET PIECE

270

On Frank's side of the stage. PHIL DONAHUE is getting a final touch up on his make-up.

MAKE-UP MAN

Just one more second, Mr. Donahue...

Make-up Man turns away to refill his sponge with pancake. Frank suddenly runs up, knocks Phil out with a hard karate chop, tosses him aside, and takes his place -- just as Make-up Man turns back to give Phil's face one last dab of color. Make-up Man is oblivious to the change. He motions "Phil" up the access stairs.

The stair unit starts gliding toward the middle of the stage.

Frank hurries up the access stairs, takes an incredible running leap, flies through the air, spread-eagle, flailing. He hits the top landing with his hands. WHACK! Hangs there precariously, legs lashing wildly, as the staircase continues its inexorable journey to meet its mate.

271 ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

271

The show's DIRECTOR frowns at a monitor showing Frank hanging from the landing, his feet bicycling in the air.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

97.

DIRECTOR
Oh, my God! Look at Donahue!

His Underlings stare incredulously at the monitor.

272 ANGLE - RAQUEL

Starts down her side of the stairs, making her grand entrance alone.

272

273 ANGLE - FRANK

Struggling to pull himself up. He gets to his feet. The stair unit lurches to a stop, causing Frank to lose his balance. He goes tumbling down the stairs.

273

274 OMITTED

275 ANGLE - RAQUEL

Already at the microphone.

274

275

RAQUEL
Thank you. Thank you. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to present the award for Best Director. There are...

★
★
★
★
★

THUNK! Frank rolls off the stairs, rear ends her. The mic goes into her mouth.

RAQUEL (cont'd)
...Hooophhhh.

She pulls her head back. The microphone comes out with a POP!...but the windscreen remains lodged in her teeth.

RAQUEL (cont'd)
...Garrichhh.

She's staggering, trying to pull the windscreen out of her mouth. Frank sees her choking, applies the Heimlich Maneuver.

RAQUEL (cont'd)
...Ptufff! Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

275

There it goes. Into the orchestra pit. It hits the CONDUCTOR square in the forehead, stuns him. He waves his arms groggily. The ORCHESTRA starts to play, trying to follow his erratic baton.

276 EXT. ROCCO'S GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

276

Rocco and Tanya approach the car, see Muriel's head sticking through the sunroof. They race to release her.

ROCCO

Ma, what happened?

MURIEL

Slasher is Frank Drebin of Police Squad!

ROCCO

Lousy two-bit copper punk! I treated him like my own brother... the one I didn't kill.

★
★
★
★

MURIEL

Didn't I say he was no good? I know people. Remember what I said about Conan O'Brien?

★
★
★
★

TANYA

He might find the bomb!

ROCCO

Not if I find him first.

He pulls out an ominous looking gun.

MURIEL

Aren't you glad I bought you that for Christmas?

★
★
★

Rocco cocks the hammer. The three of them dash back toward the Shrine. ★

277 INT. SHRINE - STAGE

277

Raquel is fine now. She composes herself. In f.g. the STAGE MANAGER is pointing frantically to the teleprompter. Aha! Frank understands. Starts reading his lines off the teleprompter.

FRANK

Well, Raquel, this certainly is a special evening. Whew! I can barely catch my breath. Turn it over to Raquel.

Frank, unaware how this thing works...continues to read. Raquel opens her mouth but:

277 CONTINUED:

277

FRANK (cont'd)

I'm used to being out of breath,
working out to my video day and
night! Hold for laughter and applause.
To Phil. Gets me out of breath just
watching you. To Raquel. Oh, Phil.

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

RAQUEL
(sotto)

I'm supposed to read that!

FRANK

(at a loss, goes
back to reading)

But, let's get to the subject
at hand. Pick up the envelope.

Raquel forces her way in.

RAQUEL

The nominees for Best Director
are: Penny Marshall for her
futuristic look at underwater
baseball -- "20,000 Leagues Of
Their Own"

Frank's looking behind Raquel, staring O.S. APPLAUSE
from Audience.

277A OMITTED
thru
279

277A
thru
279

280 ANGLE - JANE - FRANK'S POV

280

Dozens of envelopes still to search. She's trying to peek
inside their sealed flaps, holding them up to the light.

281 RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

281

Frank's still riveted O.S. Raquel tries to carry on the
best she can.

RAQUEL

Sir Richard Attenborough for his
musical based on the life of Mother
Theresa -- "Mother!"

Audience APPLAUDS.

281A ANGLE - MONITOR - FLIM CLIP OF "MOTHER!"

281A

A ball's out musical. Mother Theresa dances around
a group of poverty-stricken CHILDREN carrying a hoagie
sandwich.

Audience APPLAUDS.

281B ANGLE - JANE

281B

Has a teapot WHISTLING on a hot plate, is steaming open the envelopes one by one.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

Wolfgang Petersen for his thriller depicting the alternative lifestyle of a Secret Service man -- "In The Line Of Fire Island".

Audience APPLAUDS.

281C ANGLE - FRANK AND RAQUEL

281C

Raquel plows on.

RAQUEL

Rennie Harlin for his action adventure epic set against the backdrop of the garment industry -- "Coathanger".

Audience APPLAUDS.

A281C OMITTED
thru
285

A281C
thru
285

286 ANGLE - JANE - FRANK'S POV

286

Checking the inner workings of the envelopes by holding them up to a dental x-ray light.

286A RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

286A

RAQUEL

And, Steven Spielberg for his tale of genetics gone haywire in a retirement community -- "Geriatric Park".

Audience APPLAUDS.

286B ANGLE MONITOR - FILM CLIP FOR "GERIATRIC PARK"

286B

People screaming, running for safety. We see they are being chased by 20-foot-high OLD PEOPLE. One Person is crushed under a massive walker.

Huge APPLAUSE.

286C ANGLE - JANE

286C

Motioning for Frank to "stretch it".

287 ANGLE - FRANK AND RAQUEL

287

Frank snaps out of it, there's a job to be done. Raquel begins opening the envelope.

RAQUEL

And, the winner is...

This could be the bomb. Frank can't let Raquel open it.

FRANK

Just a second, Raquel.

Raquel stops, looks at Frank.

RAQUEL

Now what?

287 CONTINUED:

101

287

FRANK
(stalling)
I just had a thought...

A287A ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - DIRECTOR.

A287A

This is just what he needs.

DIRECTOR
Oh, Christ!

A287B RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

A287B

FRANK
This show is being seen all over the world. I was thinking... If we could all just send good thoughts. Transmit them through these cameras. To men like the leader of China...
(has no idea who that is)

Wing Woo Wa Tong, so that they might finally be nice. I thank you.

Some APPLAUSE. Raquel has no idea what the hell Frank is talking about.

RAQUEL
And, the winner is...

FRANK
Raquel, so many go to bed hungry in this nation. And, yet, cat food is full of tuna. I can't help but think each time I go to the zoo, and see those porpoises crammed into those tiny tanks. What a waste that is. I say, butcher half of them now. That's hundreds of pounds of dolphin meat that can be fed to our cats. Freeing up that tuna for our nation's hungry.

Raquel is stunned by the statement.

287A ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

287A

The Director is rapidly looking through the pages of the script.

DIRECTOR
What the hell is he talkin' about?

287B RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

287B

RAQUEL

Uh... And the winner....

FRANK

And so many are cold. Shivering
in the night. So I say take those
cats. Skin them. And use their
fur to keep hundreds warm.

288 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

288

Jaws open. This is appalling.

289 ANGLE - RAQUEL AND FRANK

289

RAQUEL

(aside)

Jesus, Phil!

(shift)

As I was saying, the winner...

★

She moves to pull out the winner card. Frank yanks the envelope away. Raquel takes it back. He takes it. She takes it. He takes it.

290 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

290

Heads going back and forth like they're watching a tennis match.

291 ANGLE - RAQUEL

291

Has the envelope. Walks away, her back to Frank. She's about to pull out the card. Frank dives on top of her. Now there's a horrible tussle.

292 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

292

Can't believe they're seeing this.

293 ANGLE - JANE

293

In one of the envelopes she finds a half piece of Matza, wrapped in a cloth with Hebrew writing on it. Jane gives it a look. Suddenly she jumps as Muriel sticks a gun in her bare back.

★
★
★

MURIEL

Not one move.

★
★

JANE

Ah. That barrel is cold.

MURIEL

Oh, sorry.

★
★

Muriel blows on the barrel to warm it, sticks it on Jane's back again.

JANE

That's better.

MURIEL

Let's go.

★
★

294 ANGLE - FRANK

294

Raquel's got him on the floor, banging his head on the ground.

294 CONTINUED:

294

RAQUEL

What the hell happened to you?
You used to be so nice!

Frank peeks into the envelope. It's not wired.

FRANK

(breathless)

It's okay...

Raquel yanks the envelope away from him. She staggers to her feet, trips, and flips headfirst over the stair railing.

Frank, still on the ground, is looking O.S.

295 ANGLE - ENVELOPE TABLE - FRANK'S POV

295

No Jane!

296 RESUME - FRANK

296

Worried. Jumps up, dashes off. In b.g., Raquel stumbles to her feet, loses her balance, plunges into the orchestra pit.

297 ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

297

Frank's searching the bubble popping crowd for Jane.

FRANK

Jane! Jane!

298 ANGLE - AL YANKOVIC / VANNA WHITE

298

in their underwear, talking to Security.

AL YANKOVIC

Silver hair...

VANNA WHITE

About 6'2"...

AL YANKOVIC

Kind of looked like Phil Donahue...

VANNA WHITE

Yeah, yeah...

They suddenly see Frank, point accusingly at him.

AL / VANNA

(in unison)

That's the guy!

(CONTINUED)

★
★
★
★
★
★
★
★
★

ME

298 CONTINUED:

298

Security rushes Frank. Frank turns over several garbage cans, rolls them at Security who go out of their way to fall over them. A can rolls over a Security Guy who screams as if the thing weighs a thousand pounds. Frank races away.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Ladies and Gentlemen, Pia Zadora!

Play on MUSIC kicks on. APPLAUSE from Audience.

299
thru
301

OMITTED

299
thru
301

302 ANGLE - FRANK

302

Running from Security, stumbles onto a chorus of MALE DANCERS, waiting to make their entrance to stage. They're dressed in top hats and tuxes, carrying canes. Frank taps the last Guy in line on the shoulder. The Guy turns.

FRANK

Excuse me, is that snot on your shoe?

The Dancer bends to look. Frank karate chops the guy, taking his top hat and cane as he drops.

303 ANGLE - PIA

303

flows onto the stage, waving at the applauding crowd. The Orchestra plays a slow introduction. Pia smiles out over the crowd.

PIA

This is such a special night for all of us.

(to someone in crowd)

Hi, how are you?

(to whole audience)

You know, I wish every one of you could walk out of here a winner...

But, that's not gonna happen. So just remember what a famous man once said, "Winners are just losers who won".



303 CONTINUED:

303

Band kicks into "This Could Be The Start Of Something Big".
The Dancers sidestep onto stage, begin dancing. Pia launches
into song.

PIA (cont'd)
(singing)
YOU'RE WALKING ALONG THE STREET,
OR YOU'RE AT A PARTY,
OR ELSE YOU'RE ALONE AND THEN
YOU SUDDENLY DIG...

Frank joins the Dancers, trying to blend in, doing the same
fey steps they do, bumping butts, posing.

PIA (cont'd)
(singing)
YOU'RE LOOKIN' IN SOMEONE'S EYES,
YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE
THAT THIS COULD BE THE START OF
SOMETHING BIG!

304 ANGLE - HUGE "APPLAUSE" SIGN

304

Above the stage, flashing on and off. The Crowd clapping.

305 ANGLE - SECURITY

Setting up a dragnet in the wings.

305

306 ANGLE - FRANK

Trying to shuffle off the other side of the stage. More Security appears there. Step, ball, change -- Frank pirouettes away as uniformed arms reach out to grab him.

306

PIA

(singing)

YOU'RE LUNCHING AT "TWENTY-ONE"
AND WATCHING YOUR DIET,
DECLINING A CHARLOTTE RUSSE,
ACCEPTING A FIG...

The Dancers do some arm waving steps, coupled with intricate cane work.

Frank's swinging his cane around, unwittingly poking Guys in the eye, smacking them in the face, hooking them around the neck.

Frank runs, slides on his knees through a tunnel of legs. His cane hits each one in the male fun zone.

All the Dancers are doubled over, holding their crotches. Frank thinks this is part of the routine. He grabs his crotch too, staggers around.

307 EXT. SHRINE

307

Ed and Nordberg SCREECH up in their unmarked car, SIREN blaring. Two cop cars pull up right next to them. Cops jump out, establish a perimeter. They're totally engrossed in being cops, don't notice that Ed and Nordberg can't get out of their car -- the others have parked too close. Nordberg tries to back up. Another car skids in behind them. Now, they're completely hemmed in. Ed lays his head in his hands, shakes it sadly. Once again he's in his own private little hell.

308 INT. SHRINE - STAGE

308

Frank's still caught up in the dance number. He's tossing Pia into the air, spinning her all around his body. He slides her through his legs, accidentally lets go, ends up with her wig tangled in his fingers.

309 INT. CONTROL ROOM

309

The horror-stricken Director and his Underlings stare in disbelief at the monitors, viewing the chaos on stage.

(CONTINUED)

Ed, wearing his fedora, bursts in with Nordberg. They flash their badges.

ED

I'm Ed Hocken. This is Officer Nordberg. From Police Squad. We're here to prevent a disaster.

The Director motions to the monitors.

DIRECTOR

(sadly)

You're too late for that.

He's handed a bottle of Maalox, takes a deep drink, leaves a little white ring around his lips.

310 ANGLE - MONITOR

310

without her wig to hide it, we see Pia's hair's bobby pinned up in unattractive ringlets. She grabs her wig from Frank, yanks it back down on her head.

ED

Hey, it's Frank!

They stare incredulously at the monitor.

311 ANGLE - PIA

311

adjusting her wig as she sings.

PIA

(singing)

THERE'S NO CONTROLLING
THE UNROLLING OF YOUR FATE,
MY FRIEND...

She turns, moves quickly across the stage, gaining speed in order to take a flying leap.

312 ANGLE - DANCERS

312

Two Guys have set up to catch Pia. Suddenly, Frank goes by doing some kind of Russian Cossack/crazy legs dance. He accidentally kicks one of the Guys in the stomach. The other Guy bends over to help his friend -- just as Pia launches herself into the air...

313 ANGLE - PIA

313

flies right by her two distracted Dancers.

PIA
Ohhhhhhhh...

She lands face first on the stage. "FLUMP!"

314 ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

314

Everybody winces.

314 CONTINUED:

314

NORDBERG
How does she do that without
getting hurt?

315 ANGLE - STAGE

315

The Dancers form a tiller line. Pia staggers over to join them, spitting out a mouthful of floor planking.

From the middle of the stage, a huge hydraulic lift starts to rise. Pia mounts it.

315A ANGLE - FRANK

315A

Still in the tiller line, looks O.S.

315B ANGLE - WINGS - FRANK'S POV

315B

Security is ready to make a move to grab Frank.

315C RESUME - FRANK

315C

leaps onto the lift with Pia, sweeps her up onto his shoulder.

PIA
(singing)
YOU SUDDENLY HEAR A BELL
AND RIGHT AWAY YOU CAN TELL
THAT THIS COULD BE THE START OF...

Frank's trying desperately, but can't hold Pia up anymore. He drops her. Pia plummets off the lift and out of FRAME.

PIA (cont'd)
(singing, descending)
...SOMETHING BIG...AHHHHH!

315D ANGLE - PIA

315D

crashes into the orchestra pit, lands head first in a tuba.

315E ANGLE - SECURITY

315E

All are watching Pia, horrified. They momentarily take their eyes off Frank.

315F ANGLE - FRANK

315F

Sees his opportunity to get away. He does a spectacular leap off the back of the lift, dives onto stage.

He comes out of a perfect roll and, plowing through what's left of the Dancers, escapes off the stage.

315G ANGLE - SECURITY 315G
 turn just in time to see Frank disappearing behind a curtain.
 They give chase.

315H ANGLE - STAGE 315H
 The play off MUSIC kicks in. The battered Dancers take
 their bows. Pia wobbles onstage, the tuba still wedged
 tightly down over her head. As she struggles to pull it off,
 we hear sounds from the tuba. "HONK. SKREE. UGHH".

316 ANGLE - AUDITORIUM 316
 A standing ovation for Pia. What a finish!

316A OMITTED 316A
 & &
 317 317

318 ANGLE - INSIDE DRESSING ROOM 318
 Frank gives a quick look to make sure he hasn't been
 followed, then slams the door behind him. He turns into the
 room. His eyes get wide...

318A FRANK'S POV - TANYA 318A
 coming out of the restroom. Before she can react, Frank
 grabs her, pins her against the wall.

FRANK

Ah, I knew I'd find you around here
 somewhere. Now, I want answers,
 cherry cakes.

TANYA

I love you.

FRANK

Wrong answer. I dropped out of
 The Sap Of The Month Club a long
 time ago. I want Jane. Now,
 where is she?! Where is she?!

TANYA

Gesundheit.

(CONTINUED)

318A CONTINUED:

318A

FRANK

Thank you... Now, listen, angel drawers, this is your last chance. And I don't mean one of those major league baseball Steve Howe type of last chances. Now, where is Jane?

TANYA

I swear, I don't know.

FRANK

Alright, then where's the bomb?

TANYA

It's in the "Best Picture" envelope.

FRANK

Liar, liar, pants on fire...

TANYA

No, it's true! Oh, Mr. Drebin, I want to go straight. I'm tired of the lies. Oh, kiss me. Please, kiss me. I've never kissed lips so innocent. So pure.

Tanya gives Frank one hell of a kiss, gently turns him around, seats him on a dressing table. Her back to CAMERA, Tanya starts to disrobe, putting on a show for Frank. Frank watches her dress slide down her body... off the shoulders, down the chest, the torso, the hips, the... YIPES!

In b.g. her shadow on the wall leaves no doubt. It's "Crying Game" time. Frank gives an incredulous look at CAMERA. Bolts out of the room.

319 OMITTED

319

320 ANGLE - ED AND NORDBERG

320

Being filled in on the situation by a Security Guard. Suddenly Frank dashes by them.

SECURITY GUARD

That's the guy!

ED

Frank?

321 ANGLE - STAGE

321

FANFARE. DRUM ROLL. The staircases begin their glide toward center stage.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, here to present Best Picture are two of America's most distinguished actors: Olympia Dukakis and James Earl Jones!

Big applause. OLYMPIA DUKAKIS and JAMES EARL JONES come down the stairs, head for the podium. In b.g., Frank suddenly rushes onstage, drops to his knees by the orchestra pit, sticks his head into a tuba...upchucks big time.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS

(aside)

Good Lord, what's that?

JAMES EARL JONES

(aside)

Looks like Phil Donahue throwing up in a tuba.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS

(aside, sympathetic)

Poor Marlo...

Orchestra continues play on MUSIC -- bad notes from the tuba.

322 OMITTED

322

&

&

323

323

324 ANGLE - TUBA PLAYER

324

Having trouble now. Can only get gurgling sounds out of his instrument.

325 ANGLE - FRANK

325

Nordberg comes out on stage to help him. As Frank staggers off, the audience stares in disbelief at him.

JAMES EARL JONES (O.S.)

(to audience)

Thank you. Thank you. Good evening. It's a privilege for us to present the final award of tonight's ceremony.

326 ANGLE - WINGS

326

Nordberg leads Frank back stage.

NORDBERG
Frank, we've been worried about
you. Where's Rocco? Where's
Tanya?

Frank reacts to the mention of Tanya, looks like he's
going to be sick again.

NORDBERG (cont'd)
Take it easy. Sit down. Take it easy.

He sits Frank in a chair.

327 ANGLE - STAGE

327

Olympia Dukakis and James Earl Jones presenting.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS

The nominees for Best Picture are:
"Basic Attraction", "Unlawful Affair",
"Fatal Analysis", "Indecent Instincts",
and "Sawdust And Mildew".

JAMES EARL JONES

Interestingly enough, Olympia,
every one of these movies was a
box office hit, except for one.

328 ANGLE - FRANK

328

Trying to gather himself. O.S. the Presenters continue.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS (O.S.)

And now, the moment we've all been
waiting for...

FRANK

What's that, Nordberg?

NORDBERG

The Best Picture. My money's on
"Sawdust And Mildew".

FRANK

Oh my God! That's the one!

JAMES EARL JONES (O.S.)

Olympia, would you do the honors,
please?

Frank struggles to his feet, groggy.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS (O.S.)

Why, thank you, James...

Frank bolts past Ed and Nordberg, dashes onto stage.

329 ANGLE - STAGE

329

James Earl Jones looks on as Olympia Dukakis opens the
envelope.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS

The award for this year's Best Picture
goes to...

Suddenly, Frank runs up.

FRANK

Wait! Let me open that!

329 CONTINUED:

110A.

3

He snatches the envelope out of Olympia's hand.

FRANK (cont'd)

Sorry about this...

(to James Earl)

Loved you in "Coneheads"

(to Olympia)

You, too.

He peeks inside envelope.

FRANK (cont'd)

It's the bomb!

Audience APPLAUDS.

330 ANGLE - AUDITORIUM

33

The three PRODUCERS of "Sawdust And Mildew" leap to their feet in exuberance. They run toward the stage, joyously kissing everyone.

The Orchestra kicks in with the movie's sappy, romantic love theme.

331 ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - MONITOR

331

The graphics pop on over the joyous Producers: "Best Picture -- Sawdust And Mildew".

332 ANGLE - STAGE

332

Rocco and Muriel come out, holding Jane at gun point. All goes silent. The MUSIC stops. Rocco raises his gun, FIRES into the air, SHOUTS to the crowd:

ROCCO
Freeze, and nobody gets hurt!

A Technician with a headset (dummy) falls out of the rafters, crashes to the floor. The audience gasps. Rocco gives the body a look.

ROCCO (cont'd)
Well...from now on.

The happy Producers, about to mount the steps to receive their award, stop dead in their tracks, watch as the Technician is carried off by co-workers.

332A ANGLE - JAMES EARL JONES AND OLYMPIA DUKAKIS

332A

Quietly back their way off stage, unnoticed.

333 ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - DIRECTOR

333

DIRECTOR
What's that? Stay with it.
Camera Two, move in on the old lady.

MONITOR: Camera pushes in. Muriel points her gun straight into the lens, menacingly.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
Better move back, Two.

334 ANGLE - STAGE

334

Frank's looking around for a way to dispose of the loaded envelope. Rocco waves his gun at the crowd.

ROCCO
I said nobody move!

★
★

334 CONTINUED:

334

MURIEL
(to audience)
Sit down!

A couple people in the audience sit back down in their seats. Rocco turns his gun on Ed, Nordberg and Security.

ROCCO (cont'd)
Alright, drop your guns and kick
'em over here! Now!

Ed, Nordberg, and Security do just that. Dozens of guns, many more than we expect, slide toward Rocco.

rev. 10/8-buff

112.

335 ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

33

The Director turns to his staff.

DIRECTOR

We're getting a shine off the old lady. Come on, people, help me here.

336 ANGLE - ROCCO

336

ROCCO

I believe that bomb belongs to me. Now hand it over, Drebin.

(turns slightly toward Muriel)

You want to do the honors of killin' him, Ma?

Frank sees Rocco's momentarily diverted. He rushes him. They tussle. Muriel swings her gun around, covering everybody else, making sure nobody moves.

MURIEL

Blink, and I start shooting!

337 ANGLE - FRANK

337

Wrestling with Rocco's wrist. Rocco easily switches the gun to his other hand. Frank goes for that wrist with both hands. Again the switch. Again. The gun GOES OFF.

338 ANGLE - APPLAUSE SIGN

338

The bullet severs its brace. It falls toward the stage.

338A ANGLE - FRANK AND ROCCO

338A

They watch the sign fall, following it with their eyes.

339 ANGLE - MURIEL AND JANE

339

Jane looks up, wide-eyed.

JANE

Oh, my God!

She takes a step backwards.

(CONTINUED)

rev. 10/8 - buff

112A

339 CONTINUED:

339

MURIEL
I ain't fallin' for that one, sister.

WHUMP! The huge sign lands right on Muriel's head. Jane winces. Muriel staggers around, arms flailing, the sign lodged on her neck making her look something like a hammerhead shark. The sign flashes "Applause! Applause! Applause!"

★
★
★
★

340 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

340

Clapping dutifully in sync with the flashing sign.

rev. 10/8- buff

113.

341 RESUME - MURIEL

341

Pounds on the sign in desperation, jarring it. The sign switches to "Standing Ovation!" The Audience obediently rises to its feet, CLAPPING. Muriel takes a dive into the orchestra pit.

342 ANGLE - ROCCO

342

Staring after Muriel, horror-stricken.

ROCCO

Ma!

FRANK

She's a goner, Rocco.

ROCCO

Dead? Then, that's it. I'm comin' with you, Ma.

(levels gun at Frank)

Pull out the bomb. If you don't, I'll shoot the dame.

He swings his gun around, aims at Jane.

FRANK

Alright, Rocco. I'll do what you say.

JANE

Frank...

FRANK

Just don't harm her.

Frank starts to open the envelope. Jane's waving to get his attention.

JANE

Frank! If you pull out the bomb you'll kill me anyway. And everyone else in this theater.

FRANK

(sees the logic)

Hmmm. No dice, Rocco.

ROCCO

Then, I'm gonna plug her.

FRANK

You shoot her, I'll empty this envelope.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Frank, think about it.

FRANK
It's alright. You'll be dead.

JANE
Then you'll kill yourself and everyone here.

FRANK
(not good)
Yes.

ROCCO
I'll shoot you, Drebin, if you don't do as I say.

FRANK
(how does it sound to you)
Jane?

JANE
I'd be safe. So would everyone else. But you'd be dead.

FRANK
This is getting complicated, Rocco. Let's go about this logically. Look, you're the psychotic. You should have the envelope. I should have the gun.

JANE
Frank...

FRANK
I know what I'm doing.

343 ANGLE - ED AND NORDBERG

Stare gap-mouthed. The switch is actually made.

343

344 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

Incredulous. Everyone slaps their forehead in unison, "Oh, no!"

344

345 ANGLE - STAGE

34

Rocco grabs Jane as a shield, his arms around her, one hand inside the envelope, ready to pull out the bomb.

ROCCO

(maniacally)
This is it, Drebin! Here's your best picture. Before a world-wide audience, this whole place is going up!

346 ANGLE - ED

346

ED

If I'm going out, I'm going out happy.

Tosses his hat away, bends over a nearby HOSTESS, gives her a huge kiss.

347 ANGLE - FRANK

347

FRANK

Wait a minute, Rocco. Before we're all blown to bits, do you mind if I pull the underwear from my crack?

Rocco gives him a look.

FRANK (cont'd)

A man's gotta go out comfortable.

ROCCO

(impatient)

Alright. But that's it.

Frank reaches back, starts to root around, then suddenly whips his hand up, knocks the envelope away from Rocco. It skitters under the mobile stair unit. Rocco watches it go. Frank now has the drop on Rocco.

FRANK

Give it up, Rocco. You're a mini-series.

Suddenly, Rocco points O.S.

ROCCO

Oh, look, it's George Hamilton.

Everyone turns to look. Rocco snatches the gun away from Frank, grabs Jane again, puts the gun to her head.

ROCCO (cont'd)

Come and take me, Drebin!

Rocco drags Jane back toward the wings, keeping Ed and the other unarmed Squaders at bay as he goes.

A347A ANGLE - FRANK

A347A

Nordberg grabs a gun off the floor, tosses it to Frank.
Frank points to where the envelope disappeared.

FRANK

Nordberg, get rid of that bomb!

He races for the wings. Nordberg looks helplessly
at the huge stair unit.

347A ANGLE - WINGS

347A

Rocco hauls Jane to the fly rigging, grabs hold of a rope.

ROCCO

(to Jane)

Hold on, sweetheart.

Jane, frightened, latches onto the rope. Rocco points his
gun into the air, FIRES.

348 INSERT - FLY RIGGING

348

A large counterweight drops toward stage.

349 RESUME - ROCCO AND JANE

349

shoot up into the air on the rope, land on a catwalk.
Rocco pushes Jane along the wooden treads.



ROCCO

Move it, sister. I don't want you
hitting anything between here and
the floor.



350 OMITTED

350

350A ANGLE - WINGS

350A

Frank enters, looks up into the rafters. Ed approaches.

ED

Frank..!

FRANK

Don't worry, Ed. I know what I'm
doing.

He steps inside a coil of rope, grabs the lead strand, points
the pistol into the air. He's going to try the same trick
Rocco pulled. Ed sees his precarious foot position.

ED

Ah, Frank..

Too late. Frank FIRES. Bad move. Frank's suddenly thrown
onto his back -- the rope's coiled around his ankle. He
rockets into the rafters, WHISTLING like a mortar shell.

351 ANGLE - CATWALK

351

Jane's at the railing. Rocco clears a coil of wire away with
his foot, gets in behind her, holding a gun to her head. He
hollers down at the stage where he thinks Frank still is.

ROCCO

Alright, Copper! You killed my
Ma! I'm taking the dame away
from you!

Suddenly, Frank drops INTO FRAME behind them, upside down,
dangling from the rope. Neither Rocco nor Jane notice.
Frank flops around, struggling to extricate himself from
his tether.



ROCCO (cont'd)

You hear me, Copper? One push
and Mrs. Drebin here becomes
linoleum!

rev 11/03 -pink
351 ANGLE - CONTINUED:

116 A.

351

In b.g., Frank's swinging wildly, desperately trying to grab hold of anything that'll stop him. It's Cirque du Soleil time. Body at 90 degree angle. Trying to unwrap the rope from around his ankle. 7

(CONTINUED)

351 CONTINUED:

351

ROCCO (cont'd)

Any last words, Sweetheart, before
I throw you off this catwalk?

JANE

Yes. Don't do it.

ROCCO

Anything else?

Jane shouts down at the stage far below.

JANE

Frank, I love you! Yes, I want
the world to know that you are
the perfect man.

Behind her, Frank's still hanging by his ankle from the
rope. He looks down. The people are pin spots on the
stage below.

352 ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM - DIRECTOR

352

Watching the monitor, a long shot of Jane, Rocco and
Frank.

JANE (TV)

Frank, I hope you can hear me...

DIRECTOR

(into headset)

... Screw the commercials, we're
sticking with this! Get a camera
up there! I don't care how! This
could be my best work!

Pause. He smiles at monitor.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

And they told me I couldn't do
drama...!

353 ANGLE - CATWALK

353

GUYS with cameras, lights and microphones are climbing
around, trying to get position. Jane's still pouring her
heart out.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Frank, I was wrong. Taking you away from Police Squad was a mistake. I know now that's why you couldn't perform decent sex with me...

354 ANGLE - FRANK

Hanging by his teeth from the rope in an impossible position. He rolls his eyes, wishes the whole world wasn't hearing this.

354



355 ANGLE - NORDBERG

Just pulling on the huge thick gloves that are part of the bomb disposal suit he's now wearing. It makes him look a little like the Michelin Man. He and Ed exchange looks -- this is news to them.

355

356 ANGLE - JANE AND ROCCO

JANE
Yes, I realize that now, Frank, and a lot of other things -- like the big three auto makers conspiring to kill electric cars and subvert the California Clean Air Law.

356



Rocco lays the gun a little closer to Jane's ear.

ROCCO
Say your good-byes, sweetheart, and hurry it up. I'm parked in a handicapped space. Now, c'mon!



Jane ignores him, continues her pledge to Frank who's now swinging by his arms in the b.g. Twirling, twirling, twirling...



JANE
Yes, Frank, I want you to go back to Police Squad. I learned my lesson. And, even though it may be too late for me, I want all you ladies out there to remember something: Don't ever take your man for granted. Because good men don't just fall out of the sky.

FRANK (O.S.)
Yahhhhhhhhh!!!

(CONTINUED)

Jane and Rocco look up.

357 POV

Frank has let go of the rope, is plummeting straight
down at them.

357

358 ANGLE - ROCCO

119.

358

Frank lands right on him. FLUMP! Rocco staggers backwards, trips over a coil of wire, loses his balance. Frank grabs for him... misses. Rocco plunges over the railing.

Rocco's falling toward the stage, flailing wildly. We see the electrical cord has looped around his foot.

359 ANGLE - STAGE

359

Ed looks up. Everyone on stage looks up. Everyone, except Nordberg. He's busy retrieving the bomb envelope with a large pair of tongs. He yells to the auditorium audience.

NORDBERG

Nobody move! Any vibration could set this off!

He makes his way toward a bomb disposal receptacle, the bulky suit making it a slow process. Around him, people staring up in abject horror as Rocco plunges straight toward the stage begin a panicked scatter, screaming. Nordberg misunderstands their fear, thinks they're worried about the bomb.

NORDBERG (cont'd)

It's alright! Everything's under control! I'm not gonna drop it!

360 OMITTED

360

361 ANGLE - ROCCO

361

Whizzing toward the floor, groping for anything to break his fall.

362 ANGLE - FRANK

362 *

The coil of cable attached to Rocco is whipping by him. He stomps his heel down hard on it.

363 ANGLE - ROCCO

363 *

The cord reaches its apex, stretched to its full length -- right above Nordberg. Rocco reaches out, desperately tries to grab hold of Nordberg -- accidentally grabs the bomb out of the tongs.

(CONTINUED)

363 CONTINUED:

120.

363

Just then, the elasticity of the cord kicks in and, like a *
 bungee jumper, Rocco SPROINGS back upward, jetting into the
 rafters with a SHRIEK. He crashes through the roof of the
 Shrine (MATTE SHOT).

364 EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

364

Above the huge sign that reads: "SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL
 ACADEMY AWARDS" the bomb EXPLODES in the night sky.
 Fireworks over the Shrine.

364A ANGLE - OLDER COUPLE

364A

Passing on the street below, see the pyrotechnic display,
 shake their heads.

OLDER MAN
 (disgusted)
 Hollywood!

The Older Woman snorts in agreement.

365 INT. SHRINE - CATWALK

365

Jane throws her arms around Frank. They kiss big time. ★
 ★

366 ANGLE - AUDITORIUM

366

Big APPLAUSE from everyone in theater.

367 RESUME - FRANK AND JANE

367

Slide down the last few feet to stage on a rope.

(CONTINUED)

367 CONTINUED:

367

She hangs onto his neck, showering him with kisses. Frank's hair blowing in the breeze -- the perfect hero. They touchdown.

Nordberg, Crew, Celebs, Cops, all crowd around. Frank and Jane don't notice, they're too busy staring lovingly into each other's eyes.

FRANK

Jane, I never want us to be apart again.

★
★
★

Frank puts her ring back on her finger.

JANE

Oh, Frank. You like me...
You really like me!

Another big kiss.

368 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

368

Cuts to our Celebs. Not a dry eye in the house. Everyone APPLAUDS. Conspicuously in the middle of the audience is WALDO, wearing his stripped sweater, holding his little weiner dog.

368A ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

368A

Ed wrapping up loose ends, looking for his hat. A uniformed OFFICER leads Tanya over. Tanya's dressed in a short kimono, holding Ed's fedora over her crotch. She gives Ed the big eyes.

OFFICER

What do I do with this one?

ED

Book her.

The Officer pulls Tanya's hands behind her, slaps on the cuffs. Ed looks. His hat's still hanging on Tanya's crotch. We realize now something else is holding it up. The Officer starts to lead Tanya away. Ed calls after them.

ED (cont'd)

Keep the hat...

369 ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

369

Finally break. Ed joins them and, along with Nordberg, all wave to audience. MUSIC swells.

DISSOLVE TO:

370 OMITTED
thru
373

370
thru
373



374 INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

374



Frank and Nordberg burst through the door wearing hospital greens. They barrel down the hallway.

375 ANGLE - INSIDE DELIVERY ROOM

375



A pair of woman's FEET in the stirrups, a DOCTOR between the knees.

DOCTOR

Push! Bear down now and push!

The door suddenly flies open. Frank and Nordberg slam into the room. Frank has a camcorder to his eye.

FRANK

Jane! I made it! Frank's here now!

376 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV THROUGH CAMCORDER

376



A sheet hung for modesty's sake cloaks the identity of the Woman on the bed. There's a loud WAIL as another contraction wracks through her.

WOMAN

Ahhhhh faaaaaaaaaa!

377 RESUME - FRANK

377



Moves in closer to the Doctor.

FRANK

Breath, honey! Breath, Jane!

378 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV THROUGH CAMCORDER - THE DOCTOR

378



SCREAMS of pain over.

DOCTOR

He's almost out! I can see the head!

FRANK (O.S.)

Hear that, Jane? It's a boy!

DOCTOR

One more push... That's it! I have him!

A SLAP. A BABY CRIES OUT. The Doctor hoists the infant into view... The child is obviously African-American.

379 ANGLE - FRANK

379 *

Surprised. He pulls the camcorder away from his face, can't believe his eyes. He turns to Nordberg, stunned, does a double-take. His eyes narrow.

FRANK
(accusing)
NORDBERG!

Nordberg puts up his hands.

NORDBERG
No...Frank...I never...YEOW!

Frank has pulled out his gun. Nordberg bolts for the door, rushes into the hall.

380 ANGLE - HALLWAY

380 *

Frank, brandishing the gun, exits the room in hot pursuit of Nordberg. As he passes another room, Ed comes out, pushing Jane in a wheelchair. Jane tenderly cradles Frank's real son. Ed calls after Frank.

ED
Frank! It's a boy!

381 ANGLE - FRANK

381 *

Angry beyond reason.

FRANK
I KNOW!

Continues his pursuit of Nordberg, FIRING his gun wildly.

NAKED GUN THEME KICKS IN STRONG, END TITLES.