FADE UP:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

SOCIAL AIDE
(continuing)
Nelson and Winnie Mandela.

They pass by. There is a pause.

SOCIAL AIDE
(continuing)
Ladies and gentlemen. The President of the United States and Mrs. Bush.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

RESUME SCENE

BUSH

Please be seated.

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

RESUME BUSH

BUSH

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

Frank has been watching a man closely.

FRANK

Just a second, buddy!

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

FRANK

(continuing)

Don't you know this is a Cuban cigar?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRANK (CONT'D)

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

BUSH

Mr. Drebin...

FRANK

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

BUSH

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

FRANK

Ah, well.

BUSH

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

She rises to acknowledge a nice applause.

BRUMFORD

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

Nice applause. Frank rises to acknowledge applause.

FRANK

(humbly)

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

The guests are not quite sure just what to make of
this. Frank sits down, pleased with himself.
BRUMFORD
Lieutenant Drebin and the Police Squad will be in Washington, D.C. this week on a special mission to assist our local police in new methods of law enforcement.

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

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

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

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

FRANK
(surprised)
You didn't do "He's So Fine"?

WINNIE
That was the Chiffons.

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

ANGLE - SUNUNU
He rises to address the gathering.

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

He rises to a smattering of applause.
CONTINUED: (3)

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

SUNUNU

(continuing)

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

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

SUNUNU

(continuing)

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

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

SUNUNU

(continuing)

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

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

SUNUNU

(continuing)

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

ANGLE - DR. MEINHEIMER

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

SUNUNU

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

Sununu sits back down.

FRANK

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

BUSH

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

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

FRANK

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

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

COMMISSIONER BRUMFORD

The lemon lands in her soup.

BAGGETT

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

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

BUSH

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

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

MEINHEIMER

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

FRANK

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

41A BIG MUSIC - "THE NAKED GUN THEME"
"Bond"-like CREDITS.

MAIN TITLE reads:

THE NAKED GUN II½
"The Smell of Fear"

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

The CREDITS involve UNDERWATER "Bondian" images.

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

FADE UP:

42 EXT. MEINHEIMER ENERGY RESEARCH INSTITUTE - NIGHT
An impressive complex. A light rain is falling. Across the street a red van is parked at the curb, its ENGINE idling.
INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

JANE SPENCER stares out the window toward the van.

JANE'S POV - VAN

A swarthy man climbs into the van and drives away.

RESUME JANE

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

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

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

RESUME JANE

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

DR. MEINHEIMER

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

JANE

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

MEINHEIMER

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

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

MEINHEIMER

(continuing)

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

(CONTINUED)
JANE
(sniffling)
No, no, it's all right.

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

JANE
(cries again)
Yes.

MEINHEIMER
You just can't forget him, can you?

JANE
Who?

MEINHEIMER
... Frank.

JANE
Oh yes. No, I can't. I try. But... when you've had that much man...
(sighs)
... but then, you wouldn't understand.

Meinheimer gives a look, "maybe he has."

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

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

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

JANE
Well, I have been seeing someone...
ANGLE - DOOR

NIGHT JANITOR enters to collect wastebaskets.

JANITOR
'Evening, Miss Spencer,
Dr. Meinheimer.

JANE/MEINHEIMER
Hello, Norm.

Jane suddenly turns back to Meinheimer.

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

ANGLE - JANITOR

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

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

JANE
That's wonderful!

ANGLE - JANITOR

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

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

INT. LOBBY - SECURITY DESK

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NORM (JANITOR)

(severe)

I found this in the wastebasket!

Everyone gathers around to peer at it.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Hey, that's a pretty nice clock.

THE CLOCK

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

RESUME SCENE

SECURITY GUARD #1

Wonder why they threw it out?

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

SECURITY GUARD #2

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

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

EXT. MEINHEIMER RESEARCH INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A nice little pause, then: KABOOM! Fireworks.
Frank is driving through city streets.

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

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

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

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

FRANK
Bloodstains, Nordberg?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

ED
Frank. I'm glad you're here.

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

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

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

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

Frank casually looks up.

OMITTED

FRANK'S POV - CEILING

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

RESUME SCENE

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

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

FRANK
Where are the other victims?

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

OMITTED

ANGLE

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

FRANK
Oh. I see.

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

FRANK
(continuing)
Ooh. This one's really a mess.

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

ED
(calling out)
Hey! Over here! Frank found another one!

Detectives and photographers converge on the body.

FRANK
Any witnesses, Ed?

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

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

ED
Not now, Frank.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

Ed indicates OFF CAMERA.

FRANK
I can handle it.

He walks over to Quasimodo, who is seated.

FRANK
(continuing)
Ma'am, I just want to ask you a few questions about...

ANGLE

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

Frank looks up to where Ed has pointed.

FRANK'S POV

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

FRANK (V.O.)
I couldn't believe it was her. It was like a dream, but there she was, just like I remembered her.

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

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

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

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

JANE
Frank.

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

JANE
I moved here two years ago.

FRANK
How are the children?

JANE
We didn't have any children.

FRANK
Yes, of course.

JANE
How was your prostate operation?

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

She realizes Frank is tortured.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ED
Frank, get a hold of yourself.

FRANK
(about Ed)
This man was in tears. At the church, crying like a baby...

ED
Frank...

FRANK
I had to return thirteen Cuisinarts...

ED
That's enough, Frank... really.

Meinheimer enters in wheelchair. Jane sees him.

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

Frank goes to shake his hand.

FRANK
(politely)
Don't get up. Nice to meet you.

MEINHEIMER
Likewise. But I believe we've met before.

Frank looks puzzled.

MEINHEIMER
(continuing)
... At the White House dinner.

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

Meinheimer looks around at the destruction.

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

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

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

JANE
I gave your sketch artist the description.

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

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

RESUME SCENE

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

ED
Right. Patterson!

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

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

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

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

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

Frank and Ed exit, following Jane and Meinheimer.

75 INT. RESEARCH AREA - DAY

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

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

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

JANE
He's Caucasian.

ED
Caucasian?

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

FRANK
That's an awfully big moustache.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRANK
What's all this?

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

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

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

They start to leave.

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

They exit through double doors back to the lab area.

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

INT. LOBBY

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

Frank enters and approaches Jane and Meinheimer.

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

Suddenly, they're interrupted by a voice.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HAPSBURG (O.S.)

Jane, darling.

JANE

Quentin!

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

HAPSBURG

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

He kisses her hand. She's buying this.

JANE

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

Frank is fuming. Who is this dork?

JANE

(continuing)

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

HAPSBURG

Pleased to meet you, Mr....

FRANK

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

Hapsburg is not sure how to take this.

HAPSBURG

I'm... sure you have.

FRANK

Are you connected in some way with the Institute?

HAPSBURG

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HAPSBURG
How is my little hellcat?

Frank is shocked but recovers.

FRANK
Well, that's... great. I've been
She wrote the book on male sexual
dysfunction. You've probably read
it.

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

HAPSBURG
I beg your pardon?!

JANE
Frank, please!

FRANK
(to Jane)
It's all right. We can handle
this situation maturely. Just
like the responsible adults we
are.

(to Quentin)
Isn't that right, Mr. Poopy Pants?

HAPSBURG
That does it!

JANE
Frank! Quentin, maybe you should
excuse us.

HAPSBURG
Anything you wish, my darling.
Until tonight then?

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

MEINHEIMER
Dennis, what's wrong?

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

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

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

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

JANE
Where's your hat, Frank?

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

A man rushes past them, his head on fire.

FRANK
(continuing)
Well. Let's keep in touch.
Dr. Meinheimer.

JANE
Frank...

He looks into her eyes for a moment.

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

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

TECHNICIAN
My God! It's mutating!

He's gone.

A78 EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

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

78 INT. BAR - "THE BLUE NOTE"

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

CAMERA PANS past lonely people at booths staring down into their drinks. On the walls are pictures of (1) the San Francisco earthquake, (2) the Hindenberg disaster, (3) the Titanic going stern-down into the water, and (4) a smiling Michael Dukakis.
CAMERA finally COMES TO REST ON Frank, slumped over, staring down at his drink. HENRI, the waiter, approaches.

HENRI
Sir?

FRANK
Gimme the strongest thing you got.

Henri beckons over a big muscleman.

FRANK
(continuing)
On second thought, how about a Black Russian?

HENRI
Very well, sir.

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

ANGLE

Ed enters. He looks for and finds Frank.

ED
Frank, I thought I'd find you here.

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

ED
You left before I could talk to you...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRANK
(continuing)
... you eat with her.
(MORE)

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

Ed could scream out with jealousy.

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

(that slipped out; he
hurriedly goes on)
I want to love, Ed. Love.

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

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

Henri brings over a drink.

FRANK
I've already got one, thanks.

HENRI
It's from the lady.

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

81 RESUME FRANK

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

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

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

JANE (O.S.)
Frank, over here.

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

FRANK
Well...

He sits at Jane's table.

FRANK
(continuing)
What are you doing here?

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

ANGLE

The PIANIST starts playing next to them.

FRANK
'Evening, Sam.

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

JANE
Sam, play our song, just one more time.

SAM
Of course.

He plays.

SAM
(continuing; singing)
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Which old witch?
The wicked witch...

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
That's enough, Sam. Play... play
the other one, please.
(to Jane)
You just can't let old hurts die,
can you? You walked out of my
life. No explanation.

JANE
Didn't you get the letters I sent
you?

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

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

FRANK
Why are you here?

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

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

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

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

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

FRANK
(continuing)
Well, I see a certain kitten still
knows how to scratch.

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

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

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

JANE
Ozone. You never tried to understand, Frank.

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

Jane's expression says it all.

JANE
Oh, Frank! How could you be so insensitive?

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

She stands up.

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

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

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (3)

Everyone in the bar stares at Frank.

FRANK  
(continuing)  
... I mean... At the time I was dating a lot.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

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

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

EXT. DOCKS - WATERFRONT - NIGHT

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

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DUNSWELL
We had no choice! Take a look at this!

Dunnwell hands the paper to Fenzwick.

FENZWICK
(reading)
President to give Meinheimer "Blank Check" at Press Club Dinner.

Fenzwick hands the paper to Baggett, who reads it.

FENZWICK
(continuing)
So the President's gonna do whatever this guy says!

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

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

RESUME SCENE

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

FENZWICK
Don't you think I know that?

Pandemonium -- all shout at once.

HAPSBURG (O.S.)
Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

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

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

He steps over to a large picture on the wall. Acres and acres of rows of parabolic mirrors.
HAPSBURG  
(continuing)  
Like this solar power plant. It's  
already operational outside Los  
Angeles. And provides enough  
electricity to supply a city the  
size of Denver.

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

HAPSBURG  
(continuing)  
Photovoltaic cells. They convert  
sunlight directly into electricity.

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

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

He motions to a superwindow.

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

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

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

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

HAPSBURG  
(continuing)  
... But the truth is, gentlemen --  
I'm not worried about any of these  
things. And you know why?
The execs lean forward to better hear.

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
...Because the American people are never going to know about them.


BAGGETT
But... what about Meinheimer and his report?

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

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

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

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

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

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

He smiles, smugly.

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

Meinheimer rises to his feet. More gasps!

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
Gentlemen, meet Earl Hacker, former arts consultant to Jesse Helms.

Everyone is shocked.

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

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

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

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

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

FRANK (V.O.)
I was hoping we'd get a break on the mysterious explosion at the Institute.

INT. D.C. POLICE STATION - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
DRUGGIE (CONT'D)

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

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

ED

Nice work, Frank.

FRANK

Huh?

ED

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

FRANK

So what have we got, Ted?

TED

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

Ted shows Frank and Ed the footprint.

TED

(continuing)

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

He produces another much bigger plaster footprint.

TED

(continuing)

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

Frank is impressed.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Anything else, Ted?

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

FRANK
That's great, Ted, but...

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

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

TED
No. My wife is a transsexual Satan worshipper.

Frank ponders this.

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

ED
Ted, we may not have that kind of time.

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

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

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

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

Ed takes the wallet, starts to look through it.

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

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

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

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

FRANK
North. South Dakota was his brother from West Virginia.

ED
You certainly know your boxing.

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

ED
All I got here is a card, says, "Monique DeCarlo, 210 Blackman Street."
Frank sees the address.

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

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

MUSIC STING.

EXT. D.C. POLICE STATION - DAY

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

INT. FRANK'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Frank is driving. Ed and Nordberg are passengers.

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

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

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

EXT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

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

INT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

SAVA GE sees Frank pulling up front.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
MONIQUE
(continuing)
... You'll be safe down there.

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

MONIQUE

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

104 EXT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

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

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

ED
Good. Let's take him down.

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

ED
Good thinkin', Frank. Nordberg?

NORDBERG
No problem.

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

105 OMITTED

106 INT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

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

(Continued)
FRANK

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

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

MONIQUE
Is this some kind of bust?

Frank, eyeing her cleavage:

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

OMITTED

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

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

UNDER THE RED VAN

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

INT. LE SEX SHOPPE - DAY

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

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

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

FRANK
How do you use this?

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

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

MONIQUE
All right, but she don't come cheap.

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

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

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

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

ED
But that was just for fishing.

FRANK
We were a bit surprised there was just one bed. And we didn't bring any sleeping bags.
ED
We slept facing the other way...
with our clothes on.

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

She points to several odd-looking contraptions.

MONIQUE
(continuing)
A Nigerian Hummer. A Belgian
Waffle. A Portuguese Butt
Blaster...

FRANK
A Portuguese Butt Blaster?

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

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

MONIQUE
(nasty)
Why should I tell you, Copper?

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

ANGLE

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

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

(CONTINUED)
110A CONTINUED: (3)    FRANK
    (to Monique)
   It's a gift.

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

111 OMITTED
Ed is looking out a window to the alley.

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

Frank joins Ed at the window, looks out.

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

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**
Savage gets into the van.

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

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

**OMITTED**

**EXT. LE SEX SHOPPE**
The van takes off. Frank and Ed jump into the car and PEEL out.

**RED VAN**
speeding down the street.

**NORDBERG**
riding along under the van. Oil, soot, SPARKS, and now exhaust making his life miserable.
INT. FRANK'S CAR

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

FRANK
Woldberg's bugging device is right on the money.

OMITTED

RED VAN

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

NORDBERG

underneath. Being bopped around.

OMITTED

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank looks intently at the radar screen.

NORDBERG

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

EXT. VAN

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

INT. FRANK'S CAR

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

FRANK

He's changing directions now, Ed.

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

underneath. His sleeve has snagged on the oil pan.

The screen shows the blips piggybacked.

FRANK
(excited)
Look, Ed! We’re really close now!
Step on it!

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

NORDBERG

NOOOOO...

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

A call comes in over the RADIO.

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

Frank and Ed look at each other blankly, shrug and turn
on the SIREN. Ed turns hard left and GUNS the engine.
EXT. DILAPIDATED CRACK HOUSE - DAY

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

ANGLE

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

NORDBERG

underneath bus, snagged immediately, of course.

EXT. BUS

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

EXT. CRACK HOUSE

Frank and Ed approach the cordoned-off area.

ANGLE - VARIOUS COPS

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

FRANK

Drebin, Police Squad. What have we got here?

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

SERGEANT

(whispering)

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

FRANK

Could be bluffing. Anything else?
The Sergeant hands Frank a computer print-out sheet.

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

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

ANGLE ON RED VAN

FRANK
(smugly)
Well, it looks like the cows have
come home to roost.

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

FRANK
(continuing)
How are we doing, Steen?

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

ED
Stop firing! Stop firing!

FRANK
Give me the bullhorn.

He takes the bullhorn from the Sergeant.

FRANK
(continuing;
through bullhorn)
This is Frank Drebin of Police
Squad. Throw down your guns and
come on out with your hands up. Or
come on out, then throw down your
guns. Whichever way you want to do
it. Just remember, the two key
elements here... One: guns to be
thrown down. Two: come on out.
SAVAGE (O.S.)
You just try and take me, Drebin.

A BULLET hits nearby.

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

FRANK
Not all of 'em.

OMITTED

&

ANGLE

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

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

Frank is lowering himself down into the hatch.

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

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

ANGLE

ED
(through bullhorn)
All right, Savage, what do you want?

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

(CONTINUED)
ED

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

SAVAGE (O.S.)

Too big.

ED

They make a nice convertible. Like a Mercedes.

SAVAGE (O.S.)

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

BATTERING RAM

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

INT. BATTERING RAM

Frank at controls, wearing World War II goggles.

SAVAGE

sees battering ram coming, bolts out of room.

OMITTED

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - MEDIUM SHOT

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

INT. CRACK HOUSE

Savage tries to escape through a window. But all the windows are barred, he's trapped.
ED (O.S.)
All right, Savage, you're trapped.
Come out with your hands on top of your head.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE

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

INT. BATTERING RAM

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

SAVAGE

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

EXT. BACKYARD

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

INT. CRACK HOUSE

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

INT. BATTERING RAM

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

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

INT. BATTERING RAM

Frank frantically trying to work a dozen levers.
EXT. CITY ZOO

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

ANOTHER ZOO WALL

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

EXT. HAPSBURG'S ESTATE - NIGHT

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

OMITTED

INT. LIBRARY

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

HAPSBURG

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

He walks him to the door.

HAPSBURG

(continuing)

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

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

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

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

SAVAGE
(groaning)
I know. They found me. Big shootout... at the crack house...

Hapsburg rises to help the groaning Savage into a seat.

HAPSBURG
(concerned)
Are you wounded?

SAVAGE
(through clenched teeth)
No. On the way over, I stopped for a burrito...
Hapsburg sits on the front of the desk.

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

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

**HAPSBUG**
Were in and out of there, clean.

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

**152 INSERT - NEWSPAPER**
On the front page is an artist's sketch of Savage.

**153 RESUME SCENE**

**HAPSBUG**
Nice likeness, wouldn't you say?

Savage gasps.

**SAVAGE**
Who coulda saw me?!

**HAPSBUG**
*corrects him*
Seen me. It was the girl. Jane.

**SAVAGE**
I shoulda killed her when I had the chance.

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

**SAVAGE**
Right, Boss. Then you and me kill Drebin?

(continued)
CONTINUED:

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

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

OMITTED

INT. HAPSBURG'S ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT
Frank enters.

* BUTLER #1
Your coat, sir?

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

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

ANGLE - STAIRCASE LANDING

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

BUTLER #2
Phone call, Commissioner.

BRUMFORD
Thank you.

She listens for a beat, red-faced.

BRUMFORD
(continuing)
He did what?

Drebin approaches from behind.

BRUMFORD
(continuing)
How many animals escaped?
(pause)
Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Good evening, Commissioner.
You're looking lovely tonight.

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

BRUMFORD
(livid)
Do you realize that because of you
this city is being overrun by
baboons?

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

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

INT. LARGE BALLROOM

Hapsburg is making a speech from the bandstand. (Fake)
Meinheimer and Jane are at his side.

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

Guests APPLAUD enthusiastically.

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
And along with the President, I
too, pledge to support Dr.
Meinheimer's recommendations —
whatever they may be.

More enthusiastic APPLAUSE.

ANGEL

Baggett, Fenzwick and Dunnwell nod to Hapsburg
conspiratorially.
BANDSTAND

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

HAPSBURG
Now please, enjoy the evening!

MUSIC starts up. Couples start dancing.

OMITTED

INT. LARGE ROOM - ANOTHER AREA

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

FRANK
May I?

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

JANE
Frank, what are you doing here?

DANCE FLOOR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAPSBURG

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

DANCE FLOOR

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GOON #1
Mr. Drebin, Mr. Hapsburg would like you to join him at his table.

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

OMITTED
&

HAPSBUG'S TABLE

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

HAPSBUG
Do you gamble, Lieutenant?

FRANK
Every time I order out.

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

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
(testily)
Excuse me. But you happen to be standing at my place at the table.

JANE
Oh, Dr. Meinheimer, you remember Frank.

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
(confused)
Uh, yes... Mr....

Hapsburg comes to his rescue.

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

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
Oh, yes. Of course. Please sit down. I'll sit over here.
A bit puzzled. She takes a seat next to Hapsburg. Frank sits down opposite Hapsburg.

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

FRANK
Chances are for kamikaze pilots.

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

FRANK
Unfortunately, no. But I do kiss that way.
(stands up)
Now let's play another game. Who's this?

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

HAPSBURG
I wouldn't know.
FRANK
He's been a bad boy -- blew up a building he shouldn't have. And
he's driving a van registered in
your name.

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

(stands up)
Look, Lieutenant. I have nothing to
hide.

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

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

OMITTED

ANGLE - BANDSTAND

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

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

Audience "Oohs" and "Ahhs."

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

Much APPLAUSE.

ANGLE - (FAKE) MEINHEIMER

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

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Here, let me help you with that.

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
You're very kind, thank you.

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

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

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

FRANK
pushing the wheelchair, turns to catch a glimpse of:

FRANK'S POV
Hapsburg kissing Jane.

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

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
Eeyarghh! Yeeoww!

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

INSERT - CONTROL LEVER
Some spilled coffee has seeped into the switch. It starts to throw off sparks. Frank's hand switches the toggle switch to "Reverse."
The wheelchair backs into him, Frank pitches forward over (Fake) Meinheimer's back, his head landing in (Fake) Meinheimer's crotch, his legs wrapped around (Fake) Meinheimer's neck. The wheelchair, still in reverse, starts to spin crazily around the room, wreaking general havoc.

look on, dumbfounded.

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

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

burning rubber.

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

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

Jane!

(Fake) Meinheimer goes flying through the French doors.
EXT. HAPSBURG'S ESTATE - POOL AREA PATIO

Two society MATRONS are having champagne.

MATRON #1
... And for a man confined to a wheelchair, he seems to get around marvelously.

Behind them, we see (Fake) Meinheimer in wheelchair catapulted out of the second floor balcony in a high, graceful trajectory on his way to God knows where.

OMITTED

EXT. JANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A typical eight-story Washington, D.C. brownstone.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane is doing a few chores. Still hurt over this evening's encounter with Frank. Her cat PURRS by her on the way to the kitchen. Jane waters the plants. Enters her kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Jane feeds the canaries. Feeds the cat. And the dog. Lays feed out for her chickens. Slops the pigs. An ELEPHANT'S TRUMPET is heard. A trunk briefly sways INTO FRAME.

JANE
Just a minute, Jumbo.

She reaches for some peanuts.

EXT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank pulls up. He takes out the world's largest, and bulkiest bouquet. Half of it is destroyed just getting it out from his car. He enters the apartment building. Another third of the bouquet is a goner trying to fit it in the door.

ANGLE - ACROSS STREET

A car pulls up into the shadows. A man gets out, follows Frank into the building. It's Savage.
INT. LOBBY

Frank gets into the elevator — more flowers gone.

INT. JANE'S KITCHEN

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

INT. LIVING ROOM

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

JANE
(surprised)
Frank.

He hands her the stems.

FRANK

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

JANE

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

FRANK

I was just doing my job...

JANE

Oh, Frank...

FRANK

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

JANE

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

FRANK

I'll only be a minute.

She lets him in. Frank looks around.

FRANK
(continuing)
This is a nice place.

JANE

I got lucky.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)
The family that lived here was bludgeoned to death in their sleep. It only costs a hundred fifty a month.

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

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

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

JANE
(shouting)
I'm sorry, what did you say?

FRANK
Forget it.

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

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

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

188 INT. KITCHEN

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

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

(CONTINUED)
JANE

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

Jane goes further into the refrigerator.
FRANK
Who else knew that?

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

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

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

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

CLICK! The refrigerator door closes shut. A beat.

JANE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Frank! Frank?

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

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

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

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

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

Jane ponders this, then drops some potatoes, onions, then some Ritz crackers into the blender.
JANE
Well, he has a birthmark in the shape of Whistler's Mother on his right buttock.

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

FRANK
(continuing)
Have you noticed anything different about him?

Frank quickly pours his drink back into the blender.

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

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

JANE
(continuing)
Frank...

Frank quickly tosses the drink out the window.

JANE
(continuing)
... what are you trying to tell me?

VOICE FROM OUT WINDOW
My eyes... aww! I can't see! I can't see!

Frank pretends he didn't hear anything.

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

Frank is taken aback.

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

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

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

**FRANK**
Jane, you're hurting me.

She lets go.

**JANE**
(anguished)
Oh, what more do you want from me?!

**FRANK**
Can I use your phone?

**JANE**
Local call?

**FRANK**
Yes.

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

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

**JANE**
(continuing)
The phone's in the other room. You can let yourself out. Goodbye.

She exits.
191 INT. HALLWAY

Elevator door opens. Ominous MUSIC. We see only the feet of Savage step into the hallway and turn...

192 INT. BEDROOM

Frank on phone.

FRANK

Ed Hocken, please.

We hear some insipid hold MUSIC.

193 INT. LIVING ROOM - FRONT DOOR

We hear the lock being professionally JIMMIED. The CLICK tells us Savage has succeeded. The doorknob slowly starts to turn.

194 INT. BATHROOM

Jane turns on the shower. Feels the water. Adjusts the hot and cold. Then takes off her dress. We FOLLOW it to the floor. CAMERA is now FOCUSED on her legs. Her slip comes off. Her underwear. A holster and six-gun. Her bra. She gets in the shower. Drawing the shower curtain.

195 INT. JANE'S FRONT DOOR - SUBJECTIVE CAMERA

Savage through the door. Looks around the living room. Savage walks on. Opens the kitchen door. A pig scurries out. He heads down the hall.

196 OMITTED

197 HALLWAY

Savage hears Jane in the bathroom. He slowly opens the bathroom door. Jane, unaware of danger, is taking her shower.
INT. BATHROOM

Jane is singing in the shower.

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

INT. BEDROOM

Frank is still on the phone.

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

INT. BATHROOM

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

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

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

Savage forgets where he is for the moment.

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

JANE - OVER THE SHOULD ER

Naked, of course. The two men struggle. She screams. She's naked, remember. Don't forget that. This is a nude woman from the back. When she screams, Savage and Frank turn toward her. Both stop dead in their tracks. Staring at her. Taking her all in. Both enjoying what they see. Then it's back to the struggle. Savage has Frank bent over the sink. He's attempting to do him in with an electric toothbrush. CLOSEUP of Frank's struggle. The brush getting closer to his mouth.

Then, as Frank struggles, the toothbrush glides over his teeth. Frank reacts as if this were pure torture. His mouth foaming up with toothpaste. Frank grabs a hair dryer. Turns it ON, blows hot air in Savage's face. Savage holds his face and screams. As Frank recovers from his brushing, Savage throws a towel at him, momentarily blinding Frank, while Savage runs out of the room. Frank, mouth billowing in toothpaste, goes after him.

OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY

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

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

FRANK

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

FRANK

Uh, Jane. Jane?

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

FRANK

(continuing)

Jane! Jane!

He pounds on the door.

ANGLE - DOOR ACROSS THE HALL

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

MAN

(angered)

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

His eyes widen as he sees Savage.

ANGLE - SAVAGE

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

OMITTED

&

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT

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

JANE

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She collapses into his arms.

JANE
What happened out there?

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

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

JANE
Who would want to kill you, Frank?

FRANK
Well, before tonight, only the cable company.

Frank reads the dock pass.

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

Frank hands her the laminated card.

INSERT - CARD

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

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

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

FRANK
(comforting)
There, there. You had no way of knowing that the man you were dating was a vicious, murdering sociopath.
CONTINUED:

She breaks down, sobbing.

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

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

JANE
(distraught)
Oh, it's all my fault...

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

This is not helping. Jane is beside herself.

FRANK
(continuing)
... Then they'll move on to nose hairs...

JANE
(hysterical)
Oh, what are we going to do?

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

He's holding the dock pass.

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

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

Frank rises to leave.

FRANK
(continuing)
... I promised Nordberg we'd bake a raisin-nut bread tonight...
gazes into his eyes. Overcome by his strong, manly presence, she buries her head in his shoulder. ROMANTIC MUSIC creeps in...

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

ANGLE - FRANK
His expression leaves no doubt.

CLOSEUP - JUKEBOX
A 45 drops onto the turntable, the MUSIC STARTS. It's The Righteous Brothers' "Unchained Melody."

ANGLE - JANE
clad in Frank's shirt, straddling a potter's wheel. Her fingers manipulate a huge, gooey mound of clay on the way to making who knows what.

ANGLE - FRANK
clad in jeans and bare-chested, approaches Jane from behind and slides his arms around her. She takes his hands in hers and places them on the clay. Together they begin to stroke the clay up and down -- and up and down and, well, you get the picture. This is going to be real obvious. Frank reaches deep into the clay and pulls out a bowling trophy.

CLOSEUP - FRANK AND JANE
Big kiss.

ANGLE - POTTER'S WHEEL
spinning faster and faster, gobs of clay start to fly off and SPLAT against the walls.

OMITTED

ANGLE - FRANK'S JEANS
zipper partly open, a major bulge in this crotch. Jane's hand deftly reaches in -- and pulls out a lump of clay.
He deftly places her on the bed. Kissing, they drop out of frame.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

FADE OUT.

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

Ed is peering through binoculars. He puts them down.

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

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

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

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

ED'S POV

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

RESUME SCENE

ED

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

Frank looks around, takes a big breath.

FRANK

All the better to catch Hapsburg
off guard.

Ed can't believe this.

FRANK

(continuing)

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

ED

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

ANGLE - DECK HATCH

Smoke and flames billow out.

RESUME SCENE - FRANK AND ED

Ed checks his watch.

ED

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

(CONTINUED)
Right.

ED

Nordberg?

FRANK

is bent over the side of the boat.

ED (continuing)

Something out there, Nordberg?

NORDBERG

No, I'm just throwing up, sir.

Nordberg joins them.

ED

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

FRANK

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

NORDBERG

Check.

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

FRANK

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

ED

The water's over there, Frank.

FRANK

Just practicing.

Hapsburg, along with Penzwick, Baggett and Dunnwell, are seated around a table, intently watching a television monitor.
FADE UP: TV commercial.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Here at Argon Oil, we care about the environment.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
That's why Argon scientists are experimenting with new and more efficient ways to clean crude oil off of wild birds.

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

murmur their approval.

Frank surfaces right in front of a sewer drain, crap pouring out of it. He's carrying a utility case. A sign reads: "Raw Sewage." Nearby another: "For God's Sake, Don't Swim Here!" He climbs onto the pier.

Takes off his equipment. Frank stealthily looks for a way inside the perimeter. He comes face-to-face with SNARLING Dobermans.

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

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

ED
Loud and clear.

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

ED
(continuing)
Nordberg, how are we doing?

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

NORDBERG
We're at our destination.

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

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

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

Over STOCK FOOTAGE appears the Argon logo.

(Continued)
ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(continuing)
Because here at Argon, we want to
keep that oil flowing. From
them... to you... through us.

MUSIC UP. PADE OUT.

235 ANGLE - HAPSBURG AND FRIENDS
pleased again.

236 EXT. WAREHOUSE 39
Frank is making his way to a darkened section of the
fence.

FRANK
(whispering into mike)
I'm going to have to get over this
roof.

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

237 OTHER SIDE OF BUILDING
The hook latches on to the harness of one of the SMARL-
LING dogs.

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

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

240 SIDE SHOT OF THE ROOF
Drebin making his way up one side. The dog facing for-
ward, being pulled up the other. Both are equal dis-
tances from the roof peak.
hearing a GROWLING. Puzzled. But keeps climbing. He reaches the peak and is nose-to-nose with a SNARLING, frothing dog. Big trouble. Big fear.

FRANK

Awww!

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

POWER POLE

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

NORDBERG

(into mike)

Five seconds to cutting the power.

INT. VAN

ED

Five seconds, check.

(to Nordberg)
Get ready, Nordberg.

NORDBERG

Four, three, two, one, zero.

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

NORDBERG

(continuing)

Help!

INSERT - DANGLING HEADSET

ED (V.O.)

Nordberg, Nordberg!

EXT. ROOF

Frank is dashing along the roofline, the Doberman in hot pursuit.
BACK TO HAPSBURG AND SUITS

They look up, hearing a POUNDING on the roof.

ANGLE - SKYLIGHT

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

HAPSBURG

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

FRANK

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

HAPSBURG

(cruelly)

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

FRANK

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

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

HAPSBURG

... Do you smell that?

Everyone agrees. They all look around.

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

Hapsburg, the suits and the thugs are incredulous.

FRANK
(louder)
I love it.

ED
That's the signal. Let's go!

They try to open the van door. It won't budge.

ED
(continuing)
It must be stuck. Give me a hand!

They put their shoulders to the doors. The doors aren't opening.

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

INT. WAREHOUSE

HAPSBURG
Search him.

A GOON starts to pat Frank down -- all over.

FRANK
I... love it!

The Goon gives him the eye.

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

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

HAPSBURG
Tie him up!

The goons begin to tie up Frank.

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

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

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

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
And you've met Earl Hacker...

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

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
... And then, I'd like you to meet the Redmonds...

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

HAPSBURG
(continuing)
Weekend guests from out of town.

MRS. REDMOND
This is our first crime.

Goon #2 is left to guard Frank and Meinheimer.

(continued)
HAPSBURG
We're going to the Press Club
Dinner. Make sure nothing happens
to Mr. Drebin until I come back.
(to Frank)
Then I want the pleasure of killing
you myself.

FRANK
(tough)
The pleasure's all mine.

He switches ON the TV set.

TV SCREEN - EXT. HYATT SMITHSONIAN HOTEL
Dignitaries are filing in. Limousines pull up,
disgorge passengers. Press photographers crowd in.
Police control crowds. This is a big deal.

RESUME - FRANK AND HAPSBURG
HAPSBURG
Enjoy the speech, Mr. Drebin.

Ominous MUSIC. He exits with (Fake) Meinheimer.

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

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

tied up, hands behind their chairs, seated in front of
an eight-foot-high and nine-foot-long metal shelf unit.
Look at each other, desperate. Look back to TV.
A commercial. The scene is a typical suburban backyard, a MAN in an apron is flipping burgers on a barbecue grill. He looks INTO CAMERA and addresses us.

MAN #2
Y'know, someday way in the future, the sun may be able to provide all our energy needs -- but right now it gives us a comfortable feeling to know that our home is being supplied by nuclear power.

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

MAN #2
(continuing)
We kind of think of it as "our friendly neighbor." But remember, nuclear power can't exist without huge government subsidies.

255C FRANK
spots a hacksaw just behind his hands on the shelf.

FRANK
Keep your eye on the gorilla.

255D GOON #2
listening to music through Walkman headphones. He's reading the "World News." Headline to be selected.

255E FRANK
starts to shake the shelf back and forth, hoping to reach the hacksaw.

MAN #2 (V.O.)
So write your congressman and tell him to keep those government dollars rolling in to... Nuclear Power.

255F ANGLE - TOP OF SHELF
Shaking, a bowling ball teeters on top, then falls.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

FRANK

still trying to reach the hacksaw.
255H ANGLE - TOP OF SHELF

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

255I MEINHEIMER

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

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

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

255J ANGLE - DOOR

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

ED

Freeze!

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

ED
(continuing)
Good Lord! Look what they did to Dr. Meinheimer!

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

ED
(continuing)
I just can't take this anymore.

He takes off his badge, throws it away.

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

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

ED
(continuing)
Mano a mano. I'll teach you to pick on a helpless invalid!
A little embarrassed, tries to break in, gently.

FRANK
Uh, Ed. Ed. Ed?

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

Wincing also.

FRANK
can't take this any longer.

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

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

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

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

The Television Reporter is interviewing John Sununu.

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

REPORTER
Thank you, Mr. Sununu.
(to camera)
We'll have more on the Press Club Dinner after this, and also an update on those escaped zoo animals which continue to terrorize the city...

282A INT. BALLROOM – ANOTHER AREA

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

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

282B OMITTED

283 INT. HOTEL GARAGE

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

HAPSBURG
Why, Jane!

She whirls around to see Hapsburg.

(CONTINUED)
HAPSBURG
(continuing)
What are you doing out here? The party's inside.

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

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

JANE
(continuing; recovering)
I grew up on Lake Erie. There's... nothing quite like it.

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

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

283A EXT. HOTEL REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

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

They all check their watches.

ED
What about Hapsburg, Frank?

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

284 EXT. REAR ENTRANCE

Our guys arrive. Frank knocks on the door.
FRANK

Jane... Jane...

No response. He pounds the door again. Nothing.

FRANK
(continuing)
Something must have happened to
Jane.

ED
What are we gonna do, Frank?

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

EXT. HOTEL LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

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

FRANK
Police Squad! May I see your union cards?

BAND MEMBERS
(in unison)
Si.

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

INT. HALLWAY - TWENTIETH FLOOR

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

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

Frank is interrupted by an OFFICIAL from the hotel.

MANAGER
Where the hell have you guys been?

FRANK
Uh, big traffic jam at the border.

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

MANAGER
And what's with him?

FRANK
Uh, that's Pedro. Running of the bulls.
(shakes his head)
He tripped.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

FRANK
Uh... Comprèndo. Luego. Lasagna ... El Dorado.

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

INT. BALLROOM

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

MANAGER
What the hell are you waiting for? Circulate!

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

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

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

ANGLE - ANOTHER TABLE

Frank is really getting into it.

FRANK
(singing)
So I started walking her way,
She belonged to that man, Jose,
And I knew, yes I knew,
I should leave,
Then I heard her say... Yay... ay!
Hapsburg, Jane, the oil, coal and nuclear suits. The mariachi band enters.

FRANK
(really selling it, singing)
Come a little bit closer,
You're my kind of man,
So big and so strong...

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

FRANK
(continuing; singing)
Come a little bit closer,
I'm all alone,
And the night is so long!

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

ED
Frank, we better make our move.

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

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

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


TIP O'NEILL appears onstage and addresses the audience.

(CONTINUED)
O'NEILL
I am pleased and honored this
evening to be called upon to
introduce our featured speaker. A
man who...

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

INT. HALLWAY

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

FRANK
Dr. Meinheimer?

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
Yes?

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

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

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER
Drebin!

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

WOMAN
We better get this man to some
first aid.

MAN #3
Right. You sit tight, Mister,
we'll take care of you.

They disappear out of sight, around a corner.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed exits men's room with Meinheimer now in dark suit.
They turn a corner and are shocked at what they see.
draped over a railing, semi-conscious. His tight pants are ripped, not suited to this type of action. Ed rushes to him.

**ED**

Frank! What happened?

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

**FRANK**

Uhhnhuh...

**ED**

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

(to Meinheimer)

I'll be right back.

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

**FRANK**

You sniveling fraud!

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

**294 ANGLE - BYSTANDERS**

including a few football player-types.

**Bystander #1**

Hey, look! He's at it again!

**Bystander #2**

(pounding fist into palm)

Guess he needs another lesson.

They all move in toward Frank.

**295 INT. BALLROOM**

Tip O'Neill is heading home.

**O'NEILL**

... and, as we face important decisions affecting our environment and, hence, our lives going into the 21st Century...
staring ahead, slack-jawed. Some eyes are beginning to glaze.

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

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

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

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

ED
(continuing)
Frank! Frank! Wake up!

The hotel Manager rushes up.

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

Ed hands the glass of water to the hotel Manager.

ED
Here. Stay with him!

Ed rushes off with Meinheimer.
Hapsburg looking smugly confident, as are his cronies, the energy suits. Jane is getting nervous.

O'NEILL
... a man unparalleled in standing in the scientific community...

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

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

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

Ed is now turning purple.

still ovating.

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

(Fake) Meinheimer's hand throws it into the "Forward" position.
305D ANGLE

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

306 INT. BALLROOM

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

307 AUDIENCE

horrified.

308 FRONT ROW

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

309 HAPSBURG

horrified. Baggett, Dunnwell and Penzwick scowl at him.

310 BACK TO (FAKE) MEINHEIMER

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

311 NORDBERG

amazed at the sight, rushes forward.

NORDBERG

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

311A AUDIENCE

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

311B BACK TO NORDBERG

He gives (Fake) Meinheimer a big hug.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

(FAKE) MEINHEIMER

Get offa me, you moron!

He shoves Nordberg aside and bolts offstage.

BACKSTAGE

Ed sees this, gives chase.

TIP O'NEILL

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

O'NEILL

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

INT. HALLWAY

Frank is coming to.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer!

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

OMITTED

&

ANGLE

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

INT. HALLWAY

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

OMITTED

thru

321
JANE

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

ON STAGE

Frank rushes out onto the stage.

FRANK

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

MEINHEIMER

What do you think you're doing?

FRANK

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

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

AUDIENCE

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

BRUMFORD

(incredulous)

Drebin!

FRANK

Obviously a forgery! We'll see about this!

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

BACKSTAGE

Ed appears with (Fake) Meinheimer in handcuffs, sees the disaster on stage. Slaps his forehead in disbelief.
322C ON STAGE

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

322D ANGLE - ED

burgs on to the stage.

ED

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

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

ED

(continuing)

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

He points to the audience.

322E AUDIENCE

All turn to look.

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

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

322EB ANGLE - ED

perplexed. Waves them off.

ED

No, no. That man. Quentin Hapsburg!

322EC ANGLE - MEN

sheepishly put away their guns and sit back down.

322F HAPSBURG'S TABLE

Two empty chairs. Hapsburg and Jane are gone!
INT. HALLWAY

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

FRANK/ED/NORDBERG

Yeeesarrghhh!!!

INT. BALLROOM

Meinheimer is ready to speak.

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

BAGGOTT, FENZWICK AND DUNNWELL

dismayed beyond belief.

OMITTED

&

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

ED

Frank! Over there!

Frank looks to where Ed is indicating.
Hapsburg forcing Jane at gunpoint into the control room.

FRANK

He's got Jane!

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

NORDBERG

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

THUG

FIRING away, takes cover behind a garbage can.

FRANK

SHOOTING away.

GOON

SHOOTING.

Frank and the goon are only three feet apart.

NORDBERG

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

The goon's gun is out of bullets. He throws his gun at Frank. Frank throws his gun at the goon. They continue to throw guns at each other.
FRANK
Cover me! I'm goin' in!

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

CONTROL ROOM DOOR

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

OMITTED

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

FRANK
runs to gaping hole in control room wall.

OMITTED

INT. CONTROL ROOM

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

FRANK
Where's Hapsburg?

The Goon screams out in pain.

FRANK
(continuing)
Where are you hit?

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

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

(CONTINUED)
GOON #4
You're too late. Hapsburg...
has... Plan "B"

He coughs and dies. Frank looks around.

FRANK
Who else is almost dead?

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

FRANK
(continuing)
All right, talk!

THUG #2
You're too late, Drebin...

FRANK
He already said that.

THUG #2
Where did he leave off?

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

THUG #2
Oh yeah... Hapsburg has Plan "B" in... control room...

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

THUG #2
Gee, if that's your attitude, forget it.

He dies.

VOICE (O.S.)
This control room, Drebin. Drop your gun.

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

HAPSBURG
I believe you were inquiring about Plan "B".

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

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

Frank is shocked. He's thinking fast.

FRANK
I... see.

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

He punches in a bunch of numbers on the computer.

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

INSERT - COMPUTER DISPLAY

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

INT. BALLROOM

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

HAPSBURG
He punches another button and it starts sequencing backwards.

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

(continued)
FRANK

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

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

HAPSBURG

(losing it) I don't care what you think, Drebin. You're not gonna talk your way out of this one!
FRANK
Go ahead, threaten me like you have the American people for so long. But it's not gonna work anymore. You're part of a dying breed, Hapsburg, like people who can name all fifty states!

Hapsburg COCKS the gun loudly.

HAPSBURG
Why you...

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

Frank takes a step toward Hapsburg.

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

Frank has a trick up his sleeve.

FRANK
Where?

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

HAPSBURG
There.

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

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

HAPSBURG
Which one?

FRANK
... That one.

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

HAPSBURG
Any final requests, Lieutenant?

FRANK
Yes. Can I have the gun back?

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

Hapsburg aims the gun at Drebin.

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

NORDBERG
Not so fast! Yawww!

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

COMPUTER VOICE
Detonation will commence in six minutes.

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

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

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

HAPSBURG
charges Frank. Frank gets in a good punch and has Hapsburg on his back, out a window.
Looking down on busy street below... It's Times Square. Frank's hands are choking Hapsburg.

FRANK
All right, now call... clime that abort code!

HAPSBERG
(beaten)
All right, all right. There are six numbers: seven... three.

HAPSBERG
Awww!

FRANK
(sarcastically)
Thanks a lot!

ED
I'd do the same for you, Frank.

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

OMITTED

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

Bystanders
turn away in Tom Landry-style winces. A patrol car passes by, the cops wince. (CAMERA PANS bystanders; a vulture is perched on the back of a bench.)
INT. CONTROL ROOM - NEAR WINDOW

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

FRANK
A million-to-one shot.

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

FRANK
Jane, are you all right?

JANE
Yes, are you okay?

FRANK
Yeah. (to Ed)
But unless this computer can be disarmed in less than five minutes, this whole building's gonna blow.

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

FRANK
Right!

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

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

FRANK
Oh, yes. Right.
(to Jane, bravely)
Jane, you better go with them.
JANE
No, Frank. I'm staying here -- with you.

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

FRANK
But, Jane...

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

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

JANE
Frank, is there anything I can do?

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

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

JANE
Here, I found the instruction booklet.

FRANK
Good. What does it say?

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

JANE
(reading)
Congratulations on your purchase of the ACM-500 DX Bomb Detonation System.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

COMPUTER VOICE
The bomb will detonate in three minutes.

JANE
Oh. Here it is.

(reading)
To reset Detonation Code, first press pound sign.

Frank does so. A loud honking alarm starts.

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

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

OMITTED

INT. BALLROOM

Dr. Meinheimer is just finishing up his speech.

(CONTINUED)
MEINHEIMER

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

ANGLE - THE AUDIENCE

Sound asleep. Delegates are slouched over, draped over other people's laps, hanging off the backs of chairs, drooling unconsciously, etc. Some have been using those airplane blow-up pillow collars, others have rolled themselves up in blankets, wearing airline sleeping blindfolds.
Ed and Nordberg barge in. They're stunned to find everyone asleep. They desperately try to wake them up.

**ED**

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

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

**MEINHEIMER**

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

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

**"STROKIN' THE LOVE MUFFIN."**

**MEINHEIMER**

(to Meinheimer)

Here, read this. It's an emergency!

Meinheimer is puzzled, but obeys.

**MEINHEIMER**

(reading)

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

The dozing masses spring to life.
NORDBERG

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

Everyone is doing nicely as they exit.

reading on to himself, voraciously, eyes bulging.

NORDBERG

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

ED

slaps his forehead in disbelief.

Complete mayhem. Mass panic ensues.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

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

FRANK

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

COMPUTER VOICE

Ten seconds. It looks bad now.
Nine... oh-oh... eight... seven...
Besides the sleeve, Frank's tie and entire jacket are jammed in the gears. And being pulled off his body, consumed by the jaw-like gears of the machine.

FRANK
Quick, Jane! Throw it something!

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

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

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

COMPUTER VOICE
(continuing)
Okay, so... four... three...
help!... two... one...

Frank grabs Jane.

FRANK
Let's get out of here!

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

JANE
Frank, you did it!

FRANK
Well...

They embrace. Wind blows her hair.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The Television Reporter is reporting from the scene.
... According to security officials, the danger to the President is now over and the building has been secured.

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

(Continuing)

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

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

(Continuing)

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

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

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

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

More applause.

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

Frank is taken aback.

ED
It's a great honor, Frank.

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

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

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

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

He looks at Jane.

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRANK (CONT'D)
I want the Democrats to put someone up there I can vote for! And I want people to stop naming their kids Jason and Tiffany! And most of all, I want to wake up each morning with this woman who I love!

He puts his arm around Barbara Bush... He realizes his mistake too late.

FRANK
(continuing)
Uh... I'm sorry, Mr. President.

He turns the other way to Jane, shouting above the cheering crowd.

FRANK
(continuing)
Jane! Will you marry me?!

JANE
Of course I'll marry you!

They embrace. The audience is now in an uproar of thunderous APPLAUSE. Balloons are released, the BAND strikes up "Happy Days Are Here Again." High school cheerleaders with those convention straw hats and batons come on. In the audience, huge pictures appear of Frank along with signs on sticks with state names on them. Frank and Jane hold up their hands together as in a party convention finale. Bush is not completely sure what he has just allied himself with, but he goes with it anyway. Lots of confetti is thrown to facilitate this next cut, reminiscent of the young Bunuel.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Frank and Jane exit the church. They are immediately pelted by confetti and rice cakes, thrown by the joyous throng, including Ed and other Police Squaders. They make their way to the waiting electric car, a "Just Married" sign on the trunk.
Meanwhile, Nordberg mischievously tippets to the back
of the car with the usual string of shoes and cans,
etc. He stoops down to tie them to the bumper just as
Frank puts his right arm over the seat and looks back
through the not-clear rear window and backs up.

373A NORDBERG

The car rolls over Nordberg.

373B INT. CAR

Frank gives Jane a kiss and a wink.

373C EXT. CAR

It peels out, BIG END MUSIC. Nordberg's legs are
trailing out the back. As the happy car pulls away,
CAMERA CRANES UP and comes to rest on a road sign
saying: "Caution: Potholes Next Twenty Miles."

Noooooo! NORDBERG (V.O.)

374 OMITTED

THE END