NAKED GUN 33 1/3

"The Final Insult"

By

Pat Proft

SECOND DRAFT
Eighth Revision
August 13, 1993
GOLDENROD

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

1 OMITTED

2

3 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A long flight of stairs. The place is nearly empty.

3A OMITTED

thru

5

6 ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - HOT DOG STAND

A man in a paper hat peers up from his hot dog wagon. It's NORDBERG of Police Squad -- obviously undercover. He checks inside his windbreaker, pats his revolver. He nods at someone at the top of the stairs.

6A ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS

A guy in a porter's uniform sits on a rack of luggage, eating his lunch. It's ED HOCKEN. He bends down, pulls up his pant leg, revealing a gun in an ankle holster.

6B ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - BENCHES

A man sits reading a newspaper. The headline reads: "DYSLLEXIA FOR CURE FOUND". The paper is lowered, revealing -- FRANK DREBIN, his eyes dart nervously around, scanning the place. He glances from the upstairs door to the big clock on the wall then, back to the door. Something C.O. catches his eye:

7 OMITTED

thru

9

10 ANGLE - FRANK'S POV

A Woman with a baby carriage starts to ascend the stairs, working the carriage gently up, step by step.

11 BACK TO FRANK

Eyes the woman. He'd like to help her, but there's a job to be done.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Train 35 from Chicago will be arriving on platform six at 12 P.M.

Frank looks back up at the clock. It CLICKS to three minutes to Twelve.
12 FRANK'S POV

He looks at the door, then back at the Woman -- she's working awfully hard dragging that baby carriage up those steps.

13 RESUME - FRANK

He has to do something. He rushes toward the Woman, begins hauling the baby carriage up the stairs. He's about halfway up when he spots something O.S.

14 FRANK'S POV

Another NURSE with two baby carriages begins to ascend the stairs.

15 ANGLE - FRANK

He looks helplessly at Nordberg.

16 ANGLE - NORDBERG

Understands Frank's silent plea, rushes to the aid of the Woman with the two carriages.

17 ANGLE - FRANK

Pulling the baby carriage up the stairs, getting closer to the top. He gets a horrified look on his face.

18 FRANK'S POV

A WOMAN at the top of the stairs is coming down with a baby carriage.

19 ANGLE - FRANK

He looks helplessly at Ed.

20 ANGLE - ED

Hurries over to assist the new Woman with her baby carriage. Yes, now all three members of Police Squad are struggling with baby carriages. Ed's about to start easing it down the steps, but stops abruptly when he sees:

20A ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS

Four GOONS, packing heat, approach, take up positions. MR. BIG enters behind them.

20B OMITTED
20C ANGLE - FRANK

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

20D ANGLE - MR. BIG

takes a look around, then he and his Goons start down the stairs.
21 ANGLE - FRANK

Comes abreast of Mr. Big on the stairs. Mr. Big looks over. He recognizes Frank! From this point on, everything goes into SLOW MOTION...

The Goons go for their guns, start blasting away. Frank yanks out his pistol, accidentally lets go of the baby carriage, FIRES back at the Goons.

22 ANGLE - BABY CARRIAGE

as it bounces down the stairs.

23 ANGLE - WOMAN

who mouths the words, "My baby!"

23A OMITTED

24 ANGLE - ED

Lets go of his carriage. It rolls over the top stair. The Mother mouths the words, "My baby!" Ed's struggling to extract his gun from his ankle holster.

24A INSERT - ED'S ANGLE

The gun is all tangled up in his hoisery garter.

24B ANGLE - GOONS

BLASTING away.

25 ANGLE - NORDBERG

starts FIRING, realizes he's let go of both his baby carriages. He runs out of FRAMES chasing them. Right behind Nordberg, a runaway lawnmower careens through FRAMES, followed by a Japanese GARDENER who throws up his hands and mouths the words, "My lawnmower!"

26 ANGLE - FRANK

Guns blazing, diving, FIRES at the Goons.

26A ANGLE - GOONS

One is hit, rolls down the stairs. The other is hit -- he rolls up the stairs.

26B OMITTED
His eyes spot something on the ground. A surprised look crosses his face. Still FIRING, he bends down and picks the object up — it's a bright, shiny quarter. What luck! Happily, Frank pockets the coin, his gun still blazing away.

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

OMITTED

OMITTED & 27

ANGLE - FRANK

FIRING away.

O.S. VOICE

Hey, look, it's the President!

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

RESUME - FRANK

surprised to see the President.

And the Pope!

O.S. VOICE

HIS HOLINESS

is also coming down the stairs with his Security People.

HEBBOLEH FANATIC

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

FANATIC

(screaming)

Yee ah!

OMITTED thru 30

ANGLE - FRANK

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

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

RESUME - FRANK

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

Frank turns to see!
WAYS - TOP OF STAIRS

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

A37A ANGLE - BABY CARRIAGES

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

A37B RESUME - FRANK

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

37B ANGLE - POSTAL WORKERS

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

A37C RESUME - FRANK

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

RESUME - FRANK

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

REAL TIME...
ANGLE - FRANK'S POV - POSTAL WORKER

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

FRANK

He sits up in bed, screaming.
INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

JANE
Frank? Frank? Are you alright?

FRANK
I'm soaking wet.

JANE
I'll get the talcum powder.

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

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

FRANK
Right... retired.

JANE
Now, go to sleep, honey.

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

JANE
(affectionate)
I know how to relax you...

FRANK
I don't feel like being read to.

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

FRANK
(mild panic)
Not tonight. I have a headache.

JANE
(hurt)
Again? (sighs)
Just go to sleep, Frank.

FRANK
Okay, let me get comfortable...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

THE NAKED GUN THEME SONG KICKS IN STRONG.

CREDITS BEGIN

CLOSEUP - FLASHING RED POLICE LIGHT

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

AT A NAVAL YARD

Now taking off from a carrier.

AT A SPORTS ARENA

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

DRIVING THROUGH A RAP CONCERT

RAMMING INTO PLAYERS AT A HOCKEY GAME

scoring the winning goal.

IN THE OCEAN

Shooting a curl.

CITY STREET

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

THEME SONG AND CREDITS END.
EXT. STATESVILLE PRISON - DAY (MATTE SHOT)

A formidable fortress.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

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

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

ANGLE - ROCCO DILLON

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

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

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

ROCCO
About as well as a heterosexual can in prison.

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

ROCCO (cont’d)
Great, Ma, just great.
(softens)
Ma, how’s Tanya?

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

Rocco’s getting a little aroused.

ROCCO
Ma, please... I’ve been in here almost a year. I’m gonna get “guy cramps” if you keep this up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

ROCCO
(bites his knuckles)
Gnhaa... Don't let anyone come near her. They do, I'll rip their heart out with my teeth.

MURIEL
That's Mommy's little boy.

There's a pause.

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

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

Rocco bites his knuckle again.

ROCCO
Gnnhh! Did you take care of him, Ma?

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

ROCCO
(unconditional love)
That's my ma.

A beat.

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

She motions O.S.

50
ROCCO'S POV - PAPSHMIR

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

(continued)
Papshmir?!

PAPSHMIR
My People are very upset.

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

Papshmir shoots her a look.

ROCCO
Ma, please...

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

MURIEL
(proudly)
The devastation in South Florida.

PAPSHMIR
That was Hurricane Andrew.

MURIEL
That's what they told the public.

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

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

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

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

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

Muriel brightens.

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

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

50A ANGLE - ROCCO

a smug smile.

ROCCO
Fail? Who's gonna stop me?

52A INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

MUSIC UP: "MORNING TRAIN"

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

STORE MANAGER
Good morning, Frank.

FRANK
Good morning, Tom.

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

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
(pats pocket)
Got 'em right here.

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

The Store Manager exits.

ANGLE - FRANK

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

ANGLE - FRUIT AND VEGETABLE AISLE

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

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

MOTHER.

Hey!

She grabs the cart away from Frank, exits. Frank looks
after her. Suddenly, his roll of paper towels flies back
into FRANK, smacks Frank in the head.
Frank's in a long line. Sees a CHECKER opening the next register. He pushes his cart over. He never gets there. From out of nowhere, a dozen people with loaded carts rush to beat him in line. Frank ends up where he was before. He looks...

CHECKER is whizzing through the line.

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

It now runs the length of the store.

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

WOMAN
Help! My purse! Someone help!

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

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

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

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

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

Hugs Frank.

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

ED
(sobbing)
Oh, Frank...

RESUME - FRANK

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

STORE MANAGER
(pointing after Thug)
Lieutenant Drebin! Frank! Didn't you see that?

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

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

Frank walks off toward a huge kitty litter display, leaving the Store Manager dumbfounded.
EXT. CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

An impressive structure.

TIGHT ON JANE

JANE

The alimony had been set by the court. Isn't that right, Mr. Clayton?

Looks up.

CLAYTON

Well... yes... but... it was a simple misunderstanding. You see, when my attorney told me that I...

RESUME - JANE

rises from her seat.

WIDEN TO REVEAL;

INT. COURTROOM

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

JANE

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

OMITTED

&

64

ANGLE - FEMALE BAILIFF

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

CLAYTON

(lamely)

I lost her address. She moved twice. I couldn't keep up!
She's walking by the JURY. Notices some of the Women holding Babies.

JANE
(explodes)
Don't lie to me, Mr. Clayton!
You're under oath! Do you know what the penalty for perjury is?
(pause)
Now, I'll ask you again...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.)

Objection!

She's breast feeding.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

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

She removes the baby from her breast.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (cont'd)
Counsel is leading the witness.

JUDGE

Sustained.

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

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

JUDGE
(to kid)
Sweety. Mommy said no pounding when she's in session.
(to Stenographer)
Please read the Prosecution's last statement to the Court.

Reads while burping her baby.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

The BABY burps up a big one.

STENOGRAPHER (cont’d)
(to baby)
That’s the boy... yeah.
(to Judge)
"Do you know the penalty for perjury?"

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

STENOGRAPHER (cont’d)
That’s all I have, Your Honor.

ANGLE - JUDGE

JUDGE
You may continue, Ms. Spencer-Drebin.

JANE
(longing for a child, wistful)
Prosecution rests, Your Honor.

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

ANGLE - DEFENSE ATTORNEY

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

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
I have no further questions, Your Honor.

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

JUDGE
Court will recess until the morning feeding.

She POUNDS her gavel. Unbeknownst to her, it’s a baby’s plastic hammer. It makes a "SQUEAK".
At her table, putting away papers. She stares at the Moms and their Kids. She feels a void in her life. Louise smiles at her.

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

Jane is only half listening.

JANE
Yes.

LOUISE
I married the wrong man.

JANE
(to herself)
I never thought that was possible...

LOUISE
I beg your pardon?

JANE
(shakes herself out of it)
Oh, nothing. Louise, there's no such thing as the "wrong man". You just have to work at it.

EXT. OFFICE DOOR - DAY

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

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - SAME TIME

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
EISENDRATH
Yes, I was sorry to hear about his suicide.
(pause)
I feel it's important for couples to
get off on the right foot and not
catch up in blame. Now,
which one of your is impotent?

JANE
That would be him.

Eisendrath looks up at Frank.

EISENDRATH
(caught off guard)
Ah, yes... of course.

FRANK
(miffed)
Why don't you ask who's frigid?

JANE
That would be him also.

EISENDRATH
Oh...

FRANK
(to Jane)
How would you know? You're never home.

JANE
He resents the fact I'm a working
woman. In fact, he has no idea
what a woman wants or needs.
(to Frank)
You're so insensitive.

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

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

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

(continued)
JANE

Frank!

FRANK

Maybe it's your fault.

EISENDRATH

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

FRANK

I've tried wearing them all. Nothing works.

JANE

Why don't you want to have a child?

FRANK

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

EISENDRATH


JANE

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

FRANK

Not together.

JANE

Frank...?

FRANK

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

JANE

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

FRANK

My Little Lover Sparrow.

JANE

My puppy wuppy wover.

FRANK

My little love biscuit.
appalled.

**RESUME FRANK AND JANE**

**JANE**
Snookie Wookums.

**FRANK**
Little Lady Cheepuffy.

**EISENDRATH**
Mr. and Mrs. Drebin, please!

They turn, look at him.

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

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

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

**ANGLE - TV**

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

**JASON**
I never thought we'd end this way.

**BOBBI**
How did you think we'd end?

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

**BOBBI**
Jason, please...

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

**ANGLE - FRANK**

wrapped up in the scene on TV.

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

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

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

ED
Hi, Frank.

NORDBERG
It's good to see you.

ED
You look terrific!

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frank leads them into the living room.

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

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

ED
Great.

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

ANGLE - FRANK

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NORDBERG
I’d like a cupcake. And that
coffee smells great.

FRANK
Fresh this morning. I grind my
own beans.

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

NORDBERG
“Two Lives Lived As One”...
What’s happening?

Ed is exasperated.

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

NORDBERG
Jason’s dying? Poor Bobbi.

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

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

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

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

ED (cont’d)

Great.

FRANK
(huge sigh of
relief)
Oh, I hoped you’d like them. I
made ‘em from scratch. Now, let
me get off my feet for a second.

Frank sits, kicks off his fluffy slippers.

ED
Frank, we may have a lead on
a suspect in the City Hall
bombing attempt. Take a look.
CONTINUED: (2)

Nordberg hands Frank a picture.

NORDBERG
This picture was taken by a news photographer.

INSERT - PICTURE

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

ED (O.S.)
We think this woman was used as a diversion.

ANGLE - FRANK

looks at the picture.

NORDBERG
We had it blown up.

Nordberg hands Frank another photo.

INSERT - PHOTO

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

FRANK
They look familiar.

ED
No, no, Frank. The pin.
(points at photo)
She's a nurse.

FRANK
Oh, right... Can I keep this?

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

FRANK
(taken aback)
Tanya Peters?

ED
You know her?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DISCO - 1970'S

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

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

ANGLE - TANYA PETERS

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

ANGLE - FRANK

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

FRANK
Ed, what's happenin', my man?

ANGLE - ED

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

Ed and Frank do an elaborate soul handshake.

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

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

ED
Far out. I can dig it.

FRANK
So, what do we have here?

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

FRANK
Bummer. What a mindbender.

Frank stands up.

ED
We think it was some sort of love triangle.
(motioning off)
This is the suspect's girl friend, Tanya Peters...

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

FRANK
Cigarette?

TANYA
Yes, I know.

FRANK
Well... we'll need a statement from you down at the station.
(calls)
Nordberg!

NORDBERG (O.S.)
Coming, Lieutenant.

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

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

RESUME - FRANK'S HOUSE

ED
I do remember.
(turns to Nordberg)
You were one of the first test cases for minoxidil, weren't you?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Frank stands.

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

NORDBERG
Frank, we need to ask you a favor.

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

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

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

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

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

ED
They're in Hawaii... together.

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

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

FRANK
(doubting)
I don't know... I'd have to make pork chops...

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

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

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

TIGHT ON FRANK - DAY
Frank's driving.

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

Frank SLAMS on the brakes, suddenly panicked.

FRANK (V.O.)(cont'd)
Did I turn off the iron...?

Ponders a moment, then continues driving.

FRANK (V.O.)(cont'd)
... It's important to have a fool-proof disguise. And this operation was no different.

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

EXT. FRANK'S CAR
Frank steps out of the car.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Frank enters, heads for the reception desk.

ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

Frank approaches the NURSE on duty.

FRANK
I'd like to see a doctor, please.

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

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

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

NURSE
Take a number.

FRANK
Ahhh...six.

What?

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

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

NURSE
You'll be called.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VOICE

Mr. Amundson?

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

TANYA (cont'd)
Sir, we've just had a cancellation. We can take you now.
(calls O.S.)
Dr. Kohlzhak.

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

This way.

DR. KOHLZAK

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

DR. KOHLZAK
When did you first notice the problem?

FRANK
(holding his arm)
In the back yard with my uncle.

DR. KOHLZAK
In the back yard with your uncle?

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

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

DR. KOHLZAK
And, what did you and your uncle find out?

FRANK
I couldn't keep up with him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRANK (cont’d)
Mine hurt. Especially on the long ones. Can’t seem to straighten it out. No feeling in it. Kind of numb.

Frank sees a curious sign on the wall which reads:

SPECIMEN EXTRACTION ROOMS 1-10.

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

DR. KOHLZAK
If you would.

She hands Frank a cup.

FRANK
For what?

DR. KOHLZAK
A sperm count.

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

FRANK
(indicating the room)
In here?

DR. KOHLZAK
It’s not exactly the back yard, but it’ll do.

FRANK
Yes, of course. Well...

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

FRANK (O.S.)
Oooh, yessssss! Yaaaaassssss! Aw. Mmmm! Whew.

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

DR. KOHLZAK
Follow me and we’ll do the necessary paper work.

She walks off. Frank pulls himself together, follows.
90  ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

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

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

DR. ROBERTS

This way, please.

What?

FRANK

She takes his number.

DR. ROBERTS

Number seventeen.

FRANK

No.

DR. ROBERTS (irritated)

This is seventeen. You're next.

91  ANGLE - TANYA

The commotion has drawn her attention.

TANYA

A problem?

FRANK

No. Not at all.

He does look familiar.

TANYA

Have me met before?

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

FRANK

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

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

DR. ROBERTS

Room four.

FRANK

Seven seems to be lucky for me.

He enters Room 7.
ANGLE - WALL CLOCK
A half hour passes.

ANGLE - ROOM SEVEN
Dr. Roberts knocks on the door, calls out to Frank.

DR. ROBERTS
Sir? How are we doing?

Frank peeks out.

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

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

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

DR. ROBERTS
An adult movie.

She hands him a video, "MAJOR HOOTERS".

FRANK
Ah, I see. Well...

Frank disappears back into the room.

ANGLE - WALL CLOCK
Five minutes have passed.

ANGLE - ROOM SEVEN
Dr. Roberts waits. Frank exits, hands her six cups.
He's beat.

FRANK
The tape is very entertaining.

DR. ROBERTS
Follow me...

FRANK
Do you have "Spartacus"?

They exit.
95A ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

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

95B ANGLE - FILES

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

95C RESUME - FRANK

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

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
Your attention, please. This is Security. There is a Mercedes on fire in the doctor's parking lot.

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

95D INSERT - HANDKERCHIEF

Scrawled on there in lipstick: "Tanya -- RD2 214093 Honeymoon Bay Road Northeast"
walking toward the desk, sees Frank.

TANYA
What are you doing?

Frank stuffs the hanky into his pocket.

FRANK
Just... freshening up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

96A TRACK WITH FRANK
He has to get away from Tanya, heads down the hall. He looks at the cup... he can't possibly do this again. In b.g., Tanya's still watching him. Frank rips open the first door he comes to.

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

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

TANYA
(concerned)
Are you okay in there?

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

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

FRANK (O.S.)
Whoa, MOMMA!
INT. CLINIC HALL - LATER

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

ANGLE - RECEPTION DESK

The Male Nurse picks up a form.

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

Frank tries but can't speak.

FRANK
Fffffff... Fffran...

The day catches up with him. Frank's head droops. He nods off.
rev. 10/8 - buff

99 OMIT
&
100

99
&
100
100A EXT. FRANK AND JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

JANE (O.S.)
Frank. I've been thinking about you all afternoon.

Frank's eyes widen.

102 ANGLE - JANE

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

JANE
(sexy)
I'm wearing the nightgown you bought me for our honeymoon.

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

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

Frank can imagine the pain.

FRANK
Hours?

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

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

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

She lets his earlobe go. It snaps back.

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

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

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

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

JANE (cont'd)
Here, I'll shave your back like
last time...

FRANK
(trying to stop her)
Jane... I'm not ready to...

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

JANE
Frank! What's this?

FRANK
Uh, I fell... on a rake.

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

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
No, no! I swear, it's another woman!

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

She stomps into bedroom, SLAMS the door.

ANGLE - FRANK

He crosses to bedroom.

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

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

JANE
I'm leaving, Frank.

FRANK
Aren't you being a little hasty?

JANE
I don't think so.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

JANE (cont'd)
That should be the cab. If you need to, you can reach me at Louise's.

Frank is overwhelmed by the speed with which this happening.

JANE (cont'd)
Oh, Frank... How could you?

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

(continued)
JANE (cont'd)

We need some time apart to think about us.

Frank grabs her, pulls her close.

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

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

FRANK
Alright. But take this with you.

He kisses her big time.

ANGLE - JANE'S FEET
Her toes curl up in her shoes.

ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE
He looks into her eyes.

FRANK
I guess you know how my lips feel about things.

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

EXIT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(an earth shattering
statement)
I'm not even going to set my hair
tomorrow!

They get into the car.

JANE (cont'd)
Let's burn rubber.

(pause)
I hope I'm not inconveniencing
you.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
JANE
You didn't forget anything, did you?

LOUISE
Hope not.

They drive off.

108
INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY

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

108A
TRACK WITH FRANK

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

COP #1
... Now calm down, ma'am, how many bodies did you find in your pool?

Frank looks wistfully at the Cop.

COP #2
... No, sir, in this state killing a gang member is only an eighteen dollar fine. Just mail in.

Frank clenches his fist -- winces with desire.

COP #3
... Just as he was startin' to jaywalk, I let him have it with my .44. Three shots to the midsection.

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

ED
Hey, Frank! Glad you could make it!

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

(CONTINUED)
Welcome!

ED
Frank, did you happen to find that address?

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

Everyone offers placation.

FRANK (cont'd)
Oh, I brought you some of my "Frank's Never Fail Fudge".

He hands the plate to Nordberg.

NORDBERG
Smells great.

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

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

ANGLE - ED AND NORDBERG

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

ED
Frank, we have a little surprise for you.

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

ANGLE - WALL

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

ED (V.O.)
It's in honor of your thirty years on the force.

Applause from the Squaders.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

109B OMITTED

109C RESUME - FRANK

A wistful smile.

FRANK
Thanks, guys.

NORDBERG
We thought it might cheer you up.

FRANK
You’ve heard about Jane and me?

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

ED
(chastising)
Nordberg!

FRANK
(sighs)
Jane, Jane... that name will always remind me of her.

ED
(sympathetically)
Frank... I feel really bad about all this. If there’s anything you need...

NORDBERG
Like Dr. Kevorkian’s home phone number.

Ed holds up a rubber ball.

ED
Nordberg...

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

FRANK
Hi, Ted.

TED
Nice to see you, Frank.

They cross to Ted’s table.
ED
What have you got on the bomb, Ted?

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

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

FRANK
Tastes like...

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

FRANK
Can you tell us where it came from?

TED
Be glad to...

Turns off lights, turns on a slide projector.

TED (cont’d)
Billions of years ago, the Earth was a molten mass. As it cooled, a colorless, odorless, tasteless gas...

FRANK
Ted, I mean the powder...

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

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

TED (cont’d)
However, we found a detailed list of the bomber's plans at the scene. On a hunch, we analyzed the paper.

ED
You got something?

(CONTINUED)
TED

Yes. The paper came from
Statesville Prison.

Frank and Ed exchange looks.

FRANK

Are you sure?

TED

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

FRANK

(confused)
So, then how’d you trace it to
Statesville Prison?

Ted hands the sheet of paper to Frank.

TED

It’s right here on the letterhead,
Frank.

Nordberg comes back, bouncing the rubber ball.

TED (cont’d)

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

FRANK

He must be masterminding the bombings
from inside the prison.

ED

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

NORDBERG

We’ll ask him.

(continued)
FRANK
He'll never fall for that one, Nordberg.

ED
Frank's right. We'll have to send someone into Statesville Prison.
(thinks to himself)
...Someone smart, crafty and oblivious to danger. Someone who's been on the force for a good twenty years.

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

ED
(chastising)
Nordberg! Go deep.

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

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

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

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

ED
What about Jane?

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

O.S. we hear a CAR ALARM.

TED
Oh, you might want to see this...

(CONTINUED)
They cross to a window. Ted points outside. Everybody looks.

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

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

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

BACK TO - POLICE SQUAD
Everybody winces with an "Oooh, that hurts" look.

EXT. STATESVILLE PRISON - DAY (MATTE SHOT)
FRANK (V.O.)
It wasn’t long before I was inside the cold grey walls of Statesville Prison.

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

FRANK (V.O.)
I was surrounded by pimps, rapists, and murderers. It was like sitting in the stands at a Los Angeles Raiders game.
Weight lifting, shooting baskets, being pushed on swings by other cons, dressed in white and lawn bowling, shot-putting, high jumping, and finally, a Pole Vaulter clearing the prison fence.

Frank's group is led into the prison.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
ROCCO
Hey, you're chirpin' awfully loud for a new canary.

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

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

TYRONE
You know who you're talking to?

FRANK
Yeah... Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dumber.

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

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

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

ROCCO
Where's your prison number?

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

Rocco still isn't buying this.

FRANK (cont'd)
The third... I killed the first two.

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

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

(Continued)
Rocco looks at him, perplexed.

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

FRANK
Oh, yeah? In what way?

TYRONE
(aside, confiding)
I used to be white.
(pause)
I was the drummer for The Osmonds.

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

FRANK
I know... I remember The Osmonds.

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

ROCCO
Better hit the rack, Magirk.

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

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

FRANK (V.O.)
My dearest Snookie Wookums... I’d
hate to let anything come between us.
I love you. I want you so much.
I long for your touch. I’ll do anything
you want...

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

bounces through the bars into the corridor. A passing
guard unwittingly kicks it into:
The letter rolls in, stops at Hairy Con’s feet. He unballs it, reads. A smile crosses his face. He holds his mirror up to the bars.

A lonely, mopey Frank lying on his bunk.

can’t wait to get together with Frank. He spritzes breath freshener into his mouth, followed by Lysol. Then he gargles cologne and scrubs his teeth with a toilet brush.

Heavy steam swirls around the shower floor like coastal fog. Cons, including Rocco and Frank, lather up. A soap-on-a-rope hangs on Frank’s soap rack. Also, lots of creams and hair products. Frank is humming, “You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby”. He’s having a great time.

giving Frank the love eyes. He wants Frank...and now. He sidles up to him. Rocco, finishing his shower, watches.

Hairy Con

Nice legs.

Frank is Mr. Naivete.

Frank

Why, thank you. I try to stay active. Walk, ride a bike.

Hairy Con

Beautiful blue eyes.

Frank

I think the lighting in here sets them off. They aren’t really this deep blue.

Hairy Con

Nice, smooth, white skin.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
I don’t over-do the sun. I use this new cream.

He grabs a tube from his soap tray.

FRANK (cont’d)
Here, let me rub some all over your back for you.

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

FRANK (cont’d)
Ooohh. You could use a wax job.

Frank finishes, turns him around.

FRANK (cont’d)
Now, stay out of that nasty old...
(playfully taps Hairy Con’s nose)
...Mr. Sol.

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

130 ANGLE - ROCCO

watches closely.

HAIRY CON
Pick that up for me, will you, Lover?

FRANK
No problem.

131 ANGLE - FRANK

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

132 ANGLE - ROCCO

Hummm... Magirk is one smart cookie.
INT. KITCHEN - LATER SAME MORNING

Frank carrying his plate of food toward Rocco's table. He passes a man wearing a jacket that reads on the back: "HOW AM I BEHAVING? CALL 1-800-PAR-OLE".

FRANK (V.O.)
I could tell Rocco thought I was one smart son. My next step was to get him to trust me.

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

CHAPELAIN (O.S.)
All rise for morning prayer.

The Cons all rise.

ANGLE - CHAPELAIN
steps up to the rostrum.

CHAPELAIN
(reciting)
It's been a hard day's night.

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

CONS
(in unison)
And I've been working like a dog.

CHAPELAIN
It's been a hard day's night.

CONS
(in unison)
I should be sleeping like a log.

CHAPELAIN
She loves you.

CONS
(in unison)
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

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

CONS
(in unison)
Ain't got nothin' but love, babe.

(CONTINUED)
CHAPlAIN

Obla dee.

CONS
(in unison)
Obla da.

CHAPlAIN

Life goes on.

CONS
(in unison)

Bra.

CHAPlAIN

Amen.

Everyone sits, begins eating.

ANGLE - ROCCO AND TYRONE

Speaking in hushed tones. Frank's eavesdropping.

ROCCO

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

TYRONE

And Burnett wants in, too.

ROCCO

(surprised)
Burnett's one of the guards!

TYRONE

I know. But he's unhappy here.

ROCCO

(grinning his teeth,
sotto)

God! He's a goddamn guard for Chrissakes!

TYRONE

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

ROCCO

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

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

What's this?

bitter, tough. Holding the paper, sneering.

Another letter from your mummy?

Hey! That's private, screw!

The Guard starts unfolding the pages. TENSE MUSIC UP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And this Chateau LeBlanc '69 should be served slightly chilled!

(Continued)
FRANK (CONT'D)
(drinks, spits it out)
This is room temperature! What do you think we are -- animals?

All the cons jump up.

CONS
(in unison)
NO!

FRANK
What are we?

CONS
(in unison)
Homo Sapiens!

This throws Frank for a moment.

FRANK
That's right! We are MEN!

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

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

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

ANGLE - TYRONE

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

ANGLE - GUARD

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

ANGLE - FRANK

Papers rain down on him, knocking the plans from his hand. Which papers are the plans? He has no choice. He gathers them all. Then, scampers under a table.
Guard swings a frying pan at him. Rocco ducks. Suddenly, Tyrone crashes a fire hydrant down on Guard's head. Guard goes down hard.

ANGLE - FRANK

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

ANGLE - Rocco

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

OMITTED
pulling condiments down off the table -- ketchup, mustard, A-1 Sauce -- pouring them on the paper. Eating.

A guard hits a con with his baton. Instantly, a huge lump rises on the con's head.

shreds some of the paper onto a plate like pasta, pours spaghetti sauce on it, starts to eat.

A pile of guys look like they're fighting. PUSH IN to reveal they're embroiled in a game of "Twister".

has the fondue pot going, is dunking bits of paper into a thick cheese sauce.

Two huge Orientals in prison garb are wrestling. As they grab at each other, their clothes are torn off revealing them to be sumo wrestlers clad in diapers.

CAMERA PANS OVER from two cons holding a guard while a third con thrashes him soundly to two other cons holding a guard while a third con force feeds him Lima beans. The guard is gagging.

headbutts a guard. Turns, headbutts another guard. He's on a roll. Spins around... accidentally headbutts an I-beam. Huge CLANK! Tyrone drops like a rock.

just finishing up the paper. Rocco slides under the table, out of breath. Behind them, we see the legs of the rioting cons.

ROCCO

You saved my bacon, Magirk.

(MORE)
ROCCO (CONT'D)
I'd be in solitary right now if ya
hadn't done that. But, I think
they got Tyrone...

They look out from under the table.

ANGLE - TYRONE - POV

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

TYRONE
( into mics)
Can't... Can't we all just get
along?

Guards drag him off.

RESUME - FRANK AND ROCCO

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

FRANK
(correcting him),
Really well.

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

FRANK
You got a dental plan?

ROCCO
Full coverage.

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

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

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

ROCCO (cont'd)
It's a good plan!

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

151
EXT. HONKY-TONK BAR - NIGHT

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

152
ANGLE - BAR DOOR

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

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

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

The VOICES inside have reached "97 Bottles of Beer on the Wall". Jane points back into the bar.

JANE
(emotional)
They're playing our song.

Jane exits. Louise nods to herself.

LOUISE
(total sympathy)
I understand...

Louise ducks back into the bar.

153
ANGLE - JANE

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

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

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

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

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

Excuse me...

She moves to go around him, he blocks her.

TRUCKER

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

JANE

No, thank you.

TRUCKER

Then, how about a kiss?

JANE

No.

TRUCKER

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

JANE

(thinks a beat)

...Yes.

TRUCKER

(angered)

What do you mean no?!

He grabs her.

TRUCKER (cont’d)

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

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

TRUCKER (cont’d)

Come on, Baby, we’re two of a kind.

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

TRUCKER (cont’d)

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

**TRUCKER (cont’d)**

**Yeahaaaah!**

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

**TRUCKER (cont’d)**

**Yeeeoww!**

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

**JANE**

Look out!

Trucker looks up.

**ANGLE - TRUCKER’S POV**

The semi’s almost on him.

**ANGLE - JANE**

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

**LOUISE**

You killed him! My God!

**JANE**

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

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

**LOUISE**

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

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

(CONTINUED)
JANE
We have to call Frank. Frank will protect us.

Louise shakes her again. Another hair-do.

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

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

LOUISE (cont’d)
Jane, I want to join you. To help you kill as many men as possible!

Jane pulls away from Louise.

JANE
Louise, I think you need professional help.

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

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

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

JANE
(to herself)
Be home, Frank. Please. Answer the phone, snuggie pants.

FRANK (V.O.)
Hi.

JANE
Frank!

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

FRANK (V.O.)
This is the home of Jane Spencer-Drebin and her husband. If you want Jane, press one. If you want Frank, press two. If you want Jane and Frank, press three. If you don’t want either, press four.

(MORE)
FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If this is an obscene call, press five if it's for Jane, and six if it's for Frank. Wait for the...

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

JANE
Frank, it's Jane. I miss you.

FRANK (V.O.)
You didn't press anything. So, goodbye.

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

157 OMITTED

158 INSERT - HANDKERCHIEF

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

159 ANGLE - JANE

JANE
(to herself)
Frank was telling the truth... It was another woman.
(suddenly angry)
Frank! Ooh!

159A EXT. LOUISE'S CAR

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

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

FRANK (V.O.)
We settled on a plan to dig a tunnel...

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

ANGLE - TUNNEL

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

EXT. PRISON YARD - BALL FIELD - DAY

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

FRANK (V.O.)
Disposing of the dirt was a problem I solved early in the construction.

ANGLE - HOME PLATE

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

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

**163A** INSERT - PLATE

Covered with dirt again.

**163B** ANGLE - UMPIRE

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

**164** INT. FRANK'S CELL - NIGHT

FRANK (V.O.)

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

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

**165** ANGLE - GUARD

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

GUARD

You better check into the infirmary tomorrow, Magirk.

Guard walks on.

**166** INT. MESS HALL - DAY

FRANK (V.O.)

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

Frank's behind the counter. He's spooning dirt into the Con's plates. A Con looks at it puzzled. We see his coffee cup and water glass hold dirt.

ANGLE - MESS TABLE

Con's eating dirt. One Hard Bitten Con has a mud-caked face. He's sopping up remaining dirt from his plate with bread.

INT. BEHIND MESS LINE

Frank ladles dirt into a Tupperware bowl. Puts the lid on. Opens the refrigerator. It's filled, even the freezer, with Tupperware crammed with dirt.

INT. FRANK AND ROCCO'S CELL - DAY

Frank grabs a book from his shelf. Lays on his bunk.

ANGLE - BUNK

A pile of dirt. But sculpted, pillow and all, like a sand sculpture.

EXT. PRISON YARD - BALL FIELD - DAY

TIGHT ON Frank -- up to bat.

WIDEN to reveal dirt pouring out of Frank's pant leg. He's doing his best to casually tamp it down with his foot.

The area around home plate is now about five feet taller.

ANGLE - PITCHER

Fingering the ball, looking in (up) at home plate.

ANGLE - RUNNER ON THIRD

Has a huge lead, halfway down the baseline.

The Pitcher starts to wind. The Runner breaks for home. Frank's waving him in. The Runner slides headlong -- leading with his outstretched arms. He torpedoes into the mound of dirt which is now home plate. Half of him disappears.
171C ANGLE - UMPIRE

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

UMPIRE

Safe!!

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

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

175 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

176 ANGLE - INSIDE SEMI (MUSIC CONTINUES OVER)

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

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

AB176A EXT. SEMI TRUCK

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

AB176B INT. SEMI TRUCK

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

A176A ANGLE - GAS GAUGE

Dangerously close to "E".

176A EXT. ROAD - ANGLE SEMI

rockets off down the road. We catch a glimpse of the aluminium cut-outs of reclining nude males on the mud flaps.
177 INT. PRISON - OUTSIDE CELLS - DAY

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

GUARD

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

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

FRANK (VO)

Finally, the day of the break-out arrived. After inspection, we headed for the tunnel.
Frank and Rocco race to their tunnel, don miner caps with lights on the crown, and disappear down the shaft.

A patch of sod is removed. Frank pokes his head out. Something is in his face. He can't make it out. Hears a WHISTLE. Then a CHEER. He turns.

It's the L.A. Coliseum. The Raiders are kicking off. Charging his way.

On his head is a kicking tee with a football standing on it.

coming at Frank.

Terror. He ducks down just in time.

The kickoff proceeds as usual.

**FRANK (V.O.)**

My calculations seemed to be off... Fortunately, our tunnel intersected with the new city subway system.


**PRIEST**

... May he rest in peace in the arms of our loving...

Frank and Rocco pop their heads up in the grave.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Frank and Rocco quickly duck back out of sight.

MOURNERS
(in unison)
Amen.

EXT. MANHOLE - CLOSEUP - DAY

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

ANGLE - FRANK AND ROCCO

Huddled together for safety.

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

We hear the COCKING of many guns.

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

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

ANGLE - OTHER STUDENTS

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

ANGLE - GETAWAY CAR

PEELS OUT just in time. Taking big time hits.
INT. MURIEL'S CAR

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

FRANK
That was close.

Frank spots Muriel behind the wheel.

FRANK (cont’d)
Who's the old hag? Geez! She take one in the face?

ROCCO
(pissed)
My mother.

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

FRANK
Oooh, my head. It's amnesia...
Where am I?
(shakes head)
There. I'm better now.

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

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

MURIEL
I am.

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

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

MURIEL
There's fresh clothes in the back.

As Frank and Rocco start stripping off their prison duds:

FRANK (V.O.)
Rocco's Mom was quiet. But, I had a feeling she didn't care for me coming along.
ANGEL - FRANK'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Muriel is giving him the finger.

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

EXT. SEMI - DAY

The truck sputters to a stop.

INT. SEMI - DAY

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

OMITTED

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - LATER SAME DAY

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

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

FRANK
Sweet set-up.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
MURIEL
You're getting a little bit
too nosy, Magirk.

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

ROCCO
Relax, Ma.
(to Frank)
She's been itchin' to try out
her new gun.

FRANK
I know the feeling.

Muriel puts the gun away.

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

199
ANGLE - SEXY LEGS
They go on forever. SEXY MUSIC UP.

200
ANGLE - FRANK
Will they ever end?

201
ANGLE - TANYA
Finally they do, revealing a gangster's dream, gorgeous.
She wears the skimpiest, sexiest bikini a PG-13 rating
will allow. She poses in the doorway. SEXY MUSIC OVER.

201A
ANGLE - ROCCO

ROCCO (cont'd)
Tanya! Aren't you a sight for
sore thighs!

They stare longingly at each other.

202
ANGLE - FRANK
Still staring gap-mouthed at Tanya.

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

Tanya gives Rocco a sultry look.

TANYA
Come here, Sexy.

Frank misunderstands, starts walking toward her.

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

ROCCO
(threat)
She's referring to me!

FRANK
(covering)
I was talkin' about your mother.

Rocco is appalled.

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

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

TANYA
Who's the stud?

ROCCO
Meet the newest member of our gang. Slasher Magirk.

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

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

(continued)
MURIEL
I smelled cop on him the minute
I saw him.

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

FRANK
(reassuring)
I get this all the time. The
underwear ads played everywhere.

Nobody's buying it.

FRANK (cont'd)
I ran away as a youth. You
probably saw my picture on a milk
carton.

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

FRANK (cont'd)
I've been on "Unsolved Mysteries"
five times.

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

FRANK
Well... yeah.

A beat passes. They put their guns away.

ROCCO
Well, that's good enough for me.

TANYA
Me, too.

MURIEL
I'm fine.

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

MURIEL
(reluctant)
Alright.

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

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

ROCCO
Now that's more like it.

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

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

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

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

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

ANGLE - TANYA

Snaps on a light.

TANYA
Slasher, have you seen my pigeon?

ANGLE - FRANK

sitting in front of a chessboard.

TANYA
What are you doing?

FRANK
(Mr. Cool)
Just contemplating my next move.

He picks up a pawn, jumps it around the board like checkers. Tanya crosses to him.
TANYA
Your Bishop is exposed.

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

Tanya rubs Frank's shoulders.

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

Frank grabs Tanya's wrist.

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

TANYA
You're Jewish?

FRANK
(confused)
No...
(plunges on)
You're Rocco's girl. And in my book, that chapter is called: "Look But Don't Touch".

TANYA
I could have two lovers.

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

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

TANYA
Oooh...you're tense, Slasher.

FRANK
I could relax a lot more if I knew what was going on tomorrow. (pause)
You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

(CONTINUED)
TANYA
All I know is it's downtown and big.

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

TANYA
Just this...

She lays a huge kiss on Frank.

EXT. FOREST - POV - NIGHT
Hands parting tree branches, FOOTSTEPS on pine needles. Up ahead, the lighted window of the Dillon Gang hideout.

REVERSE ANGLE - JANE
approaches the window, looks inside -- sees Frank and Tanya kissing.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
Frank and Tanya still kissing. We hear the DOOR OPEN.

JANE (O.S.)
What are you doing?!

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

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

JANE
(disgusted)
Oh! How could you?

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

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

FRANK
(sotto)
Quiet! You're not supposed to know me.
(outloud)
That's a good-bye kiss, sister.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JANE
He breaks promises.

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

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

JANE
He left me.
FRANK
More like you left him.

JANE
You should talk.

FRANK
Oh, listen to you.

JANE
Listen to you.

FRANK
Listen to you.

JANE
You're so stupid.

FRANK
You're stupid.

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

MURIEL
What do we do with her, Rocco?

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

Everyone turns expectantly to Frank, waits. Frank shrugs.

FRANK (cont'd)
Well, it was never written down.
But, the skirt hits the road.

MURIEL
We bump her off.

Jane realizes the danger she's in.

FRANK
No!

ROCCO
No?

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

ROCCO
Slasher's right. We got us an insurance policy. Good thinkin', kid. Now, let's get some shut-eye. We got a big day ahead of us.
(throws a coil of rope to Frank)
Tie the dame up, Slasher.

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

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

FRANK
My police work just saved your life.

He's wrapping the cord around her knees.

JANE
Oh? And what was all that kissing about?

FRANK
Information.

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

FRANK
Jane...

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

She takes off her ring, throws it at Frank.

JANE
I'm out of here!

Frank is devastated. He looks at the ring.

SAD MUSIC STING.
The inscription reads: "Here. Love, Frank."

Staring at the ring, a tear trickles down his cheek.

In b.g., Jane stands up. Bad move. She's forgotten she's trussed up. She falls OUT OF FRAME. Frank's oblivious.

Frank, Jane and the Gang are crowded into a small brick structure. Muriel's handing out goggles. Tanya's giving Frank secret looks. Rocco hands Frank a pair of binoculars, motions him to look out the window.

ROCCO
Keep your eyes on the tower,
Slasher. It's what's going
to happen tonight.

The tower stands alone in the field a long way off.

FRANK (O.S.)
Gee, it's awfully far away.

He's looking through the big end of the binoculars.
Muriel reaches over, flips them around.

FRANK
Ah...

Frank puts the binoculars back to his eyes.

FRANK (cont'd)
Geez! Shouldn't we be farther away?

Two mechanical arms, dressed in formal wear, stick out from the sides. Both the electronic hands wear white gloves, one of the hands holds a large envelope.
ANGLE - BUNKER

Rocco holds a remote control.

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

MURIEL
(proudly)
Your crowning achievement.

ROCCO
For both of us, Ma. All set?

He pushes a button on the remote.

ANGLE - TOWER

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

STOCK FOOTAGE

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

ANGLE - INSIDE BUNKER

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

FRANK
Very impressive... 

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
From Hollywood! The Entertainment Capital of the World! The stars are shining bright tonight for the sixty-sixth annual Academy Awards!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ACROSS FROM SHRINE - DAY
Rocco's car pulls to a stop.

EXT. ROCCO'S CAR
Muriel stays behind the wheel. Everyone else gets out.

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

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

ROCCO (cont'd)
You got the passes?

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

ROCCO (cont'd)
Not bad, Ma.

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

ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE
Frank pretending to put Jane into trunk.

JANE
Frank, what are you going to do?

FRANK
Sshh... I've got an idea.

Rocco and Tanya walk by them on their way out.

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

(continued)
CONTINUED:

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

FLIP SCREEN TO:

INT. ENGINE BLOCK - DAY

TIGHT ANGLE

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

ANGLE - FRANK

looking at the engine parts in his hand.

FRANK
(to himself)
This ought to do it.

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

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

EXT. CAR

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

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

FRANK
Frank Drebin, Police Squad.

Jane stares incredulously at Muriel wedged in the sunroof.

JANE
Isn't that a little unusual, Frank?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
JANE

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

FRANK

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

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

FRANK (cont'd)

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

230 thru 231

OMITTED

232

EXT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE

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

232A ANGLE - CUMB

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

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Tom Cruise just arriving with his lovely wife, Nicole.

A smattering of APPLAUSE from the Crowd.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

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

(CONTINUED)
Polite APPLAUSE from the Crowd. Another line slides up, the couple gets out.

ANNOUNCED (V.O.)

And there's WEIRD AL Yankovic and Vanna White.

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

OMITTED

ANGLE - CAR

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

FRANK

That radio work?

ANGLE - CAB

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

(CONTINUED)
CABBIE
(puzzled)
Nastuza babutnik sayculla
arflommiate?

ANGLE - FRANK

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

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

ANGLE - CABBIE #2

Another obvious Immigrant.

CABBIE #2
Grizome flacto bexona!

Frank looks over at the man's cab license.

INSERT - CABBIE'S DRIVER I.D.

The name is Izob Farooshbienlocobwa.

ANGLE - FRANK

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

FRANK
Forget it.

He leaves. Cabbie looks after him.

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

ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

They run toward the Shrine.

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

SECURITY

Hold on!

FRANK

I'm Drebin of Police Squad.

SECURITY

Yeah, and I'm Robert De Niro.

FRANK

Mr. De Niro, I have to get inside.

SECURITY

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

Frank eyes all the Celebs passing by.

FRANK

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

FLIP SCREEN TO:

OMITTED

&

235

&

236

236A ANGLE - BUSHES

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

FRANK

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

Angry GARBLING.

FRANK (cont'd)

(off tux)

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

Angrier GARBLING follows them as they head back toward the Shrine entrance.
INT. POLICE SQUAD - SAME TIME

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

NORDBERG
(into phone)
Thanks, Sheriff.

He hangs up, walks over to Ed.

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

ED
What do we do, Nordberg?

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

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

INSERT - TV

Frank and Jane heading up the red carpet.

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

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

ED (O.S.)
Nordberg! Look! That's Frank!
And Jane! At the Academy Awards!
NORDBERG
Gee, how'd they get tickets?

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

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

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

ED
It's for you.

NORDBERG
(into phone)
Hello?

ED
(to Squad)
Men, it's a Code Red alert!

NORDBERG
(into phone)
Hello? Hello?

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

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

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

They exit behind everyone else.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
246 CONTINUED:

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

No one hit the jackpot.

ALL

Awwww!

Everyone throws down their tickets and runs out.

246A ANGLE - SECURITY GUARD

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

SECURITY GUARD
(eyeing Jane)
Let's see...Vanna White...? And...
(looks at Frank)
Weird Al Yankovic...?
(passes back invitations)
Okay... Enjoy the Awards.

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

246B OMITTED

246C INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - STAGE

A PRESENTER at the podium.

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

Huge APPLAUSE. CAMERA PANS over to reveal:

246D ANGLE - LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD WINNER

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

(CONTINUED)
O.S. APPLAUSE continues. A Belize Post office GUARD is guarding the sealed envelopes. CAncly walks by, gives him a disarming smile: the guard doesn't even give her a second look. We hear the activities from the stage.

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

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

PRESENTER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you this year's Lifetime Achievement Award winner -- Mr. Samuel L. Bronkowitz!

Big APPLAUSE from audience.

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

247 ANGLE - ROCCO AND TANYA - BACKSTAGE
Rocco points O.S.

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

248 ANGLE - BRYCE PORTERHOUSE MAN - POV
just finishing setting out the sealed winner envelopes, snaps his briefcase shut.

248A RESUME - ROCCO AND TANYA

ROCCO (cont'd)
Alright, you know what to do. Distract him so I can get to the envelopes and plant the bomb.

Tanya gives a little smile, no problem.

249 ANGLE - BRYCE PORTERHOUSE GUARD

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

PRESENTER (O.S.)
Uh... Accepting the award for Mr. Bronkowitz is Native American, Margaret Spread Eagle.

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

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

O.S: the Crowd APPLAUDS half-heartedly.

A249A ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - DIRECTOR
Motioning at monitors.

DIRECTOR
Cue music! Cue stairs! Cue Talent!

249A ANGLE - STAGE
Play on MUSIC. APPLAUSE. A pair of motorized staircases slide out from either side of the wings, join together center stage to form one massive, sweeping staircase.

(CONTINUED)
ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now, here to present the award
for Best Supporting Actress are
Mariel Hemingway and Elliott Gould!

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

249B ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

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

250 ANGLE - CRATE

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

MARIEL (O.S.)
Thank you. Thank you. The nominees
for Best Supporting Actress are...

251 ANGLE - TANYA

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

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

252 OMITTED

thru

255

256 ANGLE - ROCCO

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

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

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

ELLIOTT (O.S.)
Shannen Doherty, "Basic Analysis". One woman's fight against sexual harassment, set against the background of the opening of Euro Disneyland.

257 INT. AUDITORIUM AISLE

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

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

ELLIOTT (TV)

Big APPLAUSE from Audience.

257A ANGLE - MONITOR

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

257B RESUME - FRANK AND JANE

JANE
Rocco could be anywhere.

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

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

ELLIOTT (TV)

(filling time)

Boy, this is going to be dynamite.

258 OMITTED

259 ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

Frank pondering the bomb question.

FRANK

Hmmm. Dynamite...

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

259A FLASHBACK - ANGLE - INSIDE BUNKER

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

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

259B RESUME - FRANK

FRANK

Jane!

JANE

Frank! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

FRANK

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

JANE

No, the bomb is in one of those envelopes!

She points to the stage.

FRANK

You're right!

MARIEL (TV)

And the winner is...

Presenter #1 starts to pull out the winner card. Frank and Jane wince, plug their ears. No explosion.
MARY LOU Retton for "Fatal Affair"!

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

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

They look around sheepishly. People are staring at them.

Jane smiles apologetically at one particularly sour Woman.

JANE

Sorry... We were rooting for Florence Henderson.

FRANK

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

They race toward backstage. People look after them.

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

MARY LOU

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

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

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

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

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

JANE
They added seventy-five new categories.

Frank picks one up, reads:

FRANK
"Best Actor in a Columbus Movie"?

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

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

SPLASHY MUSIC UP.

RESUME - FRANK AND JANE

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

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

OMITTED

ANGLE - FRANK (MUSICAL NUMBER CONTINUES OVER)
staring incredulously at an envelope in his hand.

INSERT - ENVELOPE

It's a Publishers Clearing House Sweepstakes envelope. Big letters read: "You may have already won $10,000!"
ANGLE - WINGS - HUGE STAIR SET PIECE

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

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

ANGLE - FRANK

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

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

He runs off.

ANGLE - STAIR SET PIECE

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

MAKE-UP MAN
Just one more second, Mr. Donahue...

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

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

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

ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

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

(CONTINUED)
DIRECTOR
Oh, my God! Look at Donahue!
His Underlings stare incredulously at the monitor.

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

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

OMITTED

ANGLE - RAQUEL
Already at the microphone.

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

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

RAQUEL (cont'd)

...Hooophhhh.

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

RAQUEL (cont'd)

...Garrrrchhh.

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

RAQUEL (cont'd)

...Pufffff! Jesus!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

EXT. ROCCO'S GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

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

ROCCO
Ma, what happened?

MURIEL
Slasher is Frank Drebin of Police Squad!

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

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

TANYA
He might find the bomb!

ROCCO
Not if I find him first.

He pulls out an ominous looking gun.

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

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

INT. SHRINE - STAGE

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

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

Frank, unaware how this thing works... continues to read.

Raquel opens her mouth but:
FRANK (cont'd)
I'm used to being out of breath, working out to my video day and night! Hold for laughter and applause. To Phil. Gets me out of breath just watching you. To Raquel. Oh, Phil.
RAQUEL
(sotto)
I'm supposed to read that!

FRANK
(at a loss, goes back to reading)
But, let's get to the subject at hand. Pick up the envelope.

Raquel forces her way in.

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

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

277A OMITTED thru 279

280 ANGLE - JANE - FRANK'S POV

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

281 RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

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

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

Audience APPLAUDS.

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

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

Audience APPLAUDS.
281B ANGLE - JANE

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

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

Audience APPLAUDS.

281C ANGLE - FRANK AND RAQUEL

Raquel plows on.

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

Audience APPLAUDS.

A281C OMITTED

thru

285

286 ANGLE - JANE - FRANK'S POV

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

286A RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

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

Audience APPLAUDS.

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

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

Huge APPLAUSE.

286C ANGLE - JANE

Motioning for Frank to "stretch it".

287 ANGLE - FRANK AND RAQUEL

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

(continued)
RAQUEL
And, the winner is...
This could be the bomb. Frank can't let Raquel open it.

FRANK
Just a second, Raquel.

Raquel stops, looks at Frank.

Now what?  RAQUEL
FRANK (stalling)
I just had a thought...

A287A ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - DIRECTOR.

This is just what he needs.

DIRECTOR
Oh, Christ!

A287B RESUME - FRANK AND RAQUEL

FRANK
This show is being seen all over the world. I was thinking... If we could all just send good thoughts. Transmit them through these cameras. To men like the leader of China...
(has no idea who that is)
Wing Woo Wa Tong, so that they might finally be nice. I thank you.

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

RAQUEL
And, the winner is...

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

Raquel is stunned by the statement.

287A ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

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

DIRECTOR
What the hell is he talkin' about?
RAQUEL
Uh... And the winner...

FRANK
And so many are cold. Shivering in the night. So I say take those cats. Skin them. And use their fur to keep hundreds warm.
288 ANGLE - AUDIENCE
Jaws open. This is appalling.

289 ANGLE - RAQUEL AND FRANK

RAQUEL
(aside)
Jesus, Phil!
(shift)
As I was saying, the winner...

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

290 ANGLE - AUDIENCE
Heads going back and forth like they're watching a tennis match.

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

292 ANGLE - AUDIENCE
Can't believe they're seeing this.

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

MURIEL
Not one move.

JANE
Ah. That barrel is cold.

MURIEL
Oh, sorry.

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

JANE
That's better.

MURIEL
Let's go.
Raquel's got him on the floor, banging his head on the ground.
RAQUEL
What the hell happened to you?
You used to be so nice!

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

FRANK
(breathless)
It's okay...

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

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

ANGLE - ENVELOPE TABLE - FRANK'S POV
No Jane!

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

ANGLE - BACKSTAGE
Frank's searching the bubble popping crowd for Jane.

FRANK
Jane! Jane!

ANGLE - AL YANKOVIC / VANNA WHITE
in their underwear, talking to Security.

AL YANKOVIC
Silver hair...

VANNA WHITE
About 6'2"...

AL YANKOVIC
Kind of looked like Phil Donahue...

VANNA WHITE
Yeah, yeah...

They suddenly see Frank, point accusingly at him.

AL / VANNA
(in unison)
That's the guy! (CONTINUED)
Security rushes Frank. Frank turns over several garbage cans, rolls them at Security who go out of their way to fall over them. A can rolls over a Security Guy who screams as if the thing weighs a thousand pounds. Frank races away.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Ladies and Gentlemen, Pia Zadora!

Play on MUSIC kicks on. APPLAUSE from Audience.

OMITTED

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

FRANK
Excuse me, is that snot on your shoe?

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

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

This is such a special night for all of us.

(to someone in crowd)
Hi, how are you?

(to whole audience)
You know, I wish every one of you could walk out of here a winner... But, that's not gonna happen. So just remember what a famous man once said, "Winners are just losers who won".
Band kicks into "This Could Be The Start Of Something Big". The Dancers sidestep onto stage, begin dancing. Pia launches into song.

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

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

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

304 ANGLE - HUGE "APPLAUSE" SIGN

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

Setting up a dragnet in the wings.

ANGLE - FRANK

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. SHRINE

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

INT. SHRINE - STAGE

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

INT. CONTROL ROOM

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

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

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

The Director motions to the monitors.

DIRECTOR
(sadly)
You're too late for that.

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

310 ANGLE - MONITOR

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

ED
Hey, it's Frank!

They stare incredulously at the monitor.

311 ANGLE - PIA

adjusting her wig as she sings.

PIA
(singing)
THERE'S NO CONTROLLING
THE UNROLLING OF YOUR FATE,
MY FRIEND...

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

312 ANGLE - DANCERS

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

PIA
Ohhhhhhhhh...

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

314 ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

Everybody winces.
CONTINUED:

NORDBERG

How does she do that without getting hurt?

ANGLE - STAGE

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

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

ANGLE - FRANK

Still in the tiller line, looks O.S.

ANGLE - WINGS - FRANK'S POV

Security is ready to make a move to grab Frank.

RESUME - FRANK

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

PIA

(singing)

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

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

PIA (cont'd)

(singing, descending)

...SOMETHING BIG...AHHHHH!

ANGLE - PIA

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

ANGLE - SECURITY

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

ANGLE - FRANK

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

He comes out of a perfect roll and, plowing through what's left of the Dancers, escapes off the stage.
315G ANGLE - SECURITY

315G

turn just in time to see Frank disappearing behind a curtain. They give chase.

315H ANGLE - STAGE

315H

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

316 ANGLE - AUDITORIUM

316

A standing ovation for Pia. What a finish!

316A OMITTED

&

317

318 ANGLE - INSIDE DRESSING ROOM

318

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

318A FRANK'S POV - TANYA

318A

coming out of the restroom. Before she can react, Frank grabs her, pins her against the wall.

FRANK

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

TANYA

I love you.

FRANK

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

TANYA

Gesundheit.

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

TANYA
I swear, I don't know.

FRANK
Alright, then where's the bomb?

TANYA.
It's in the "Best Picture" envelope.

FRANK
Liar, liar, pants on fire...

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

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

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

319 OMITTED

320 ANGLE - ED AND NORDBERG

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

SECURITY GUARD
That's the guy!

ED

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

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

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

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS
(aside)
Good Lord, what's that?

JAMES EARL JONES
(aside)
Looks like Phil Donahue throwing up in a tuba.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS
(aside, sympathetic)
Poor Marlo...

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

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

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

JAMES EARL JONES (O.S.)
(to audience)
Thank you. Thank you. Good evening. It's a privilege for us to present the final award of tonight's ceremony.
Nordberg leads Frank back stage.

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

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

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

He sits Frank in a chair.

Olympia Dukakis and James Earl Jones presenting.

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

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

328 ANGLE - FRANK

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

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS (O.S.)
And now, the moment we've all been
waiting for...

FRANK
What's that, Nordberg?

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

FRANK
Oh my God! That's the one!

JAMES EARL JONES (O.S.)
Olympia, would you do the honors,
please?

Frank struggles to his feet, groggy.

OLYMPIA DUKAKIS (O.S.)
Why, thank you, James...

Frank bolts past Ed and Nordberg, dashes onto stage.

329 ANGLE - STAGE

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

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

Suddenly, Frank runs up.

FRANK
Wait! Let me open that!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He snatches the envelope out of Olympia's hand.

FRANK (cont'd)
Sorry about this...
(to James Earl)
Loved you in "Coneheads"
(to Olympia)
You, too.

He peeks inside envelope.

FRANK (cont'd)
It's the bomb!

Audience APPLAUDS.
ANGLE - AUDITORIUM

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

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

ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - MONITOR

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

ANGLE - STAGE

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

ROCCO
Freeze, and nobody gets hurt!

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

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

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

ANGLE - JAMES EARL JONES AND OLYMPIA DUKAKIS

Quietly back their way off stage, unnoticed.

ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH - DIRECTOR

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

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

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
Better move back, Two.

ANGLE - STAGE

Frank's looking around for a way to dispose of the loaded envelope. Rocco waves his gun at the crowd.

ROCCO
I said nobody move!
MURIEL
(to audience)
Sit down!

A couple people in the audience sit back down in their seats. Rocco turns his gun on Ed, Nordberg and Security.

ROCCO (cont'd)
Alright, drop your guns and kick 'em over here! NOW!

Ed, Nordberg, and Security do just that. Dozens of guns, many more than we expect, slide toward Rocco.
ANGLE - CONTROL BOOTH

The Director turns to his staff.

DIRECTOR

We're getting a shine off the old lady. Come on, people, help me here.

ANGLE - ROCCO

ROCCO

I believe that bomb belongs to me. Now hand it over, Drebin.
(turns slightly toward Muriel)

You want to do the honors of killin' him, Ma?

Frank sees Rocco's momentarily diverted. He rushes him. They tussle. Muriel swings her gun around, covering everybody else, making sure nobody moves.

MURIEL

Blink, and I start shooting!

ANGLE - FRANK

Wrestling with Rocco's wrist. Rocco easily switches the gun to his other hand. Frank goes for that wrist with both hands. Again the switch. Again. The gun goes off.

ANGLE - APPLAUSE SIGN

The bullet severs its brace. It falls toward the stage.

ANGLE - FRANK AND ROCCO

They watch the sign fall, following it with their eyes.

ANGLE - MURIEL AND JANE

Jane looks up, wide-eyed.

JANE

Oh, my God!

She takes a step backwards.

(CONTINUED)
339 CONTINUED:

MURIEL
I ain't fallin' for that one, sister.

WHUMP! The huge sign lands right on Muriel's head. Jane winces. Muriel staggers around, arms flailing, the sign lodged on her neck making her look something like a hammerhead shark. The sign flashes "Applause! Applause! Applause!"

340 ANGLE - AUDIENCE

Clapping dutifully in sync with the flashing sign.
RESUME - MURIEL

Pounds on the sign in desperation, jarring it. The sign switches to "Standing Ovation!" The Audience obediently rises to its feet, CLAPPING. Muriel takes a dive into the orchestra pit.

ANGLE - ROCCO

Staring after Muriel, horror-stricken.

ROCCO

Ma!

FRANK

She's a goner, Rocco.

ROCCO

Dead? Then, that's it. I'm comin' with you, Ma.

(levels gun at Frank)

Pull out the bomb. If you don't, I'll shoot the dame.

He swings his gun around, aims at Jane.

FRANK

Alright, Rocco. I'll do what you say.

JANE

Frank...

FRANK

Just don't harm her.

Frank starts to open the envelope. Jane's waving to get his attention.

JANE

Frank! If you pull out the bomb you'll kill me anyway. And everyone else in this theater.

FRANK

(sees the logic)

Hmmm. No dice, Rocco.

ROCCO

Then, I'm gonna plug her.

FRANK

You shoot her, I'll empty this envelope.

(CONTINUED)
JANE
Frank, think about it.

FRANK
It's alright. You'll be dead.

JANE
Then you'll kill yourself and everyone here.

FRANK
(not good)
Yes.

ROCCO
I'll shoot you, Drebin, if you don't do as I say.

FRANK
(how does it sound to you)
Jane?

JANE
I'd be safe. So would everyone else. But you'd be dead.

FRANK
This is getting complicated, Rocco. Let's go about this logically. Look, you're the psychotic. You should have the envelope. I should have the gun.

JANE
Frank...

FRANK
I know what I'm doing.

343 ANGLE - ED AND NORDBERG
Stare gap-mouthed. The switch is actually made.

344 ANGLE - AUDIENCE
Incredulous. Everyone slaps their forehead in unison, "Oh, no!"
ROCCO grabs Jane as a shield, his arms around her, one hand inside the envelope, ready to pull out the bomb.

ROCCO

(manically)

This is it, Drebin! Here’s your best picture. Before a world-wide audience, this whole place is going up!

ED

If I’m going out, I’m going out happy.

Tosses his hat away, bends over a nearby HOSTESS, gives her a huge kiss.

FRANK

Wait a minute, Rocco. Before we’re all blown to bits, do you mind if I pull the underwear from my crack?

Frank reaches back, starts to root around, then suddenly whips his hand up, knocks the envelope away from Rocco. It skitters under the mobile stair unit. Rocco watches it go. Frank now has the drop on Rocco.

FRANK

Give it up, Rocco. You’re a mini-series.

Suddenly, Rocco points O.S.

ROCCO

Oh, look, it’s George Hamilton.

Everyone turns to look. Rocco snatches the gun away from Frank, grabs Jane again, puts the gun to her head.

ROCCO (cont’d)

Come and take me, Drebin!

Rocco drags Jane back toward the wings, keeping Ed and the other unarmed Squaders at bay as he goes.
A347A ANGLE - FRANK

Nordberg grabs a gun off the floor, tosses it to Frank. Frank points to where the envelope disappeared.

FRANK
Nordberg, get rid of that bomb!

He races for the wings. Nordberg looks helplessly at the huge stair unit.

347A ANGLE - WINGS

Rocco hauls Jane to the fly rigging, grabs hold of a rope.

ROCCO
(to Jane)
Hold on, sweetheart.

Jane, frightened, latches onto the rope. Rocco points his gun into the air, FIRES.

348 INSERT - FLY RIGGING

A large counterweight drops toward stage.
RESUME - ROCCO AND JANE

shoot up into the air on the rope, land on a catwalk. Rocco pushes Jane along the wooden treads.

ROCCO
Move it, sister. I don't want you hitting anything between here and the floor.

OMITTED

ANGLE - WINGS

Frank enters, looks up into the rafters. Ed approaches.

ED
Frank...

FRANK
Don't worry, Ed. I know what I'm doing.

He steps inside a coil of rope, grabs the lead strand, points the pistol into the air. He's going to try the same trick Rocco pulled. Ed sees his precarious foot position.

ED
Ah, Frank...

Too late. Frank FIRES. Bad move. Frank's suddenly thrown onto his back -- the rope's coiled around his ankle. He rockets into the rafters, WHISTLING like a mortar shell.

ANGLE - CATWALK

Jane's at the railing. Rocco clears a coil of wire away with his foot, gets in behind her, holding a gun to her head. He hollers down at the stage where he thinks Frank still is.

ROCCO
Alright, Copper! You killed my Ma! I'm taking the dame away from you!

Suddenly, Frank drops INTO FRAME behind them, upside down, dangling from the rope. Neither Rocco nor Jane notice. Frank flops around, struggling to extricate himself from his tether.

ROCCO (cont'd)
You hear me, Copper? One push and Mrs. Drebin here becomes linoleum!
In b.g., Frank's swinging wildly, desperately trying to grab hold of anything that'll stop him. It's Cirque du Soleil time. Body at 90 degree angle. Trying to unwrap the rope from around his ankle.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROCCO (cont’d)
Any last words, Sweetheart, before
I throw you off this catwalk?

JANE
Yes. Don’t do it.

ROCCO
Anything else?

Jane shouts down at the stage far below.

JANE
Frank, I love you! Yes, I want
the world to know that you are
the perfect man.

Behind her, Frank’s still hanging by his ankle from the
rope. He looks down. The people are pin spots on the
stage below.

ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM - DIRECTOR

Watching the monitor, a long shot of Jane, Rocco and
Frank.

JANE (TV)
Frank, I hope you can hear me...

DIRECTOR
(into headset)
... Screw the commercials, we’re
sticking with this! Get a camera
up there! I don’t care how! This
could be my best work!

Pause. He smiles at monitor.

DIRECTOR (cont’d)
And they told me I couldn’t do
drama...!

ANGLE - CATWALK

GUYS with cameras, lights and microphones are climbing
around, trying to get position. Jane’s still pouring her
heart out.

(CONTINUED)
353 CONTINUED:

JANE
Frak, I was wrong. Taking you away from Police Squad was a mistake. I know now that's why you couldn't perform decent sex with me...

354 ANGLE - FRANK

Hanging by his teeth from the rope in an impossible position. He rolls his eyes, wishes the whole world wasn't hearing this.

355 ANGLE - NORDBERG

Just pulling on the huge thick gloves that are part of the bomb disposal suit he's now wearing. It makes him look a little like the Michelin Man. He and Ed exchange looks -- this is news to them.

356 ANGLE - JANE AND ROCCE

JANE
Yes, I realize that now, Frank, and a lot of other things -- like the big three auto makers conspiring to kill electric cars and subvert the California Clean Air Law.

Rocco lays the gun a little closer to Jane's ear.

ROCCO
Say your good-byes, sweetheart, and hurry it up. I'm parked in a handicapped space. Now, c'mon!

Jane ignores him, continues her pledge to Frank who's now swinging by his arms in the b.g. Twirling, twirling, twirling...

JANE
Yes, Frank. I want you to go back to Police Squad. I learned my lesson. And, even though it may be too late for me, I want all you ladies out there to remember something: Don't ever take your man for granted. Because good men don't just fall out of the sky.

FRANK (O.S.)
Yahhhhhhhhhh!!!

(CONTINUED)
Jane and Rocco look up.

Frank has let go of the rope, is plummeting straight down at them.
ANGLE - ROCCO

Frank lands right on him. FLUMP! Rocco stagers backwards, trips over a coil of wire, loses his balance. Frank grabs for him... misses. Rocco plunges over the railing.

Rocco's falling toward the stage, flailing wildly. We see the electrical cord has looped around his foot.

ANGLE - STAGE

Ed looks up. Everyone on stage looks up. Everyone, except Nordberg. He's busy retrieving the bomb envelope with a large pair of tongs. He yells to the auditorium audience.

NORDBERG

Nobody move! Any vibration could set this off!

He makes his way toward a bomb disposal receptacle, the bulky suit making it a slow process. Around him, people staring up in abject horror as Rocco plunges straight toward the stage begin a panicked scatter, screaming. Nordberg misunderstands their fear, thinks they're worried about the bomb.

NORDBERG (cont'd)

It's alright! Everything's under control! I'm not gonna drop it!

OMITTED

ANGLE - ROCCO

Whizzing toward the floor, groping for anything to break his fall.

ANGLE - FRANK

The coil of cable attached to Rocco is whipping by him. He stomps his heel down hard on it.

ANGLE - ROCCO

The cord reaches its apex, stretched to its full length -- right above Nordberg. Rocco reaches out, desperately tries to grab hold of Nordberg -- accidently grabs the bomb out of the tongs.

(CONTINUED)
Just then, the elasticity of the cord kicks in and, like a bungee jumper, Rocco SPROINGS back upward, jetting into the rafters with a SHRIEK. He crashes through the roof of the Shrine (MATTE SHOT).

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

Above the huge sign that reads: "SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS" the bomb EXPLODES in the night sky. Fireworks over the Shrine.

ANGLE - OLDER COUPLE

Passing on the street below, see the pyrotechnic display, shake their heads.

OLDER MAN
(dissusted)
Hollywood!

The Older Woman snorts in agreement.

INT. SHRINE - CATWALK

Jane throws her arms around Frank. They kiss big time.

ANGLE - AUDITORIUM

Big APPLAUSE from everyone in theater.

RESUME - FRANK AND JANE

Slide down the last few feet to stage on a rope.
CONTINUED:

She hangs onto his neck, showering him with kisses. Frank’s hair blowing in the breeze -- the perfect hero. They touchdown.

Nordberg, Crew, Celebs, Cops, all crowd around. Frank and Jane don’t notice, they’re too busy staring lovingly into each other’s eyes.

FRANK
Jane, I never want us to be apart again.

Frank puts her ring back on her finger.

JANE
Oh, Frank. You like me...
You really like me!

Another big kiss.

ANGLE - AUDIENCE

Cuts to our Celebs. Not a dry eye in the house. Everyone APPLAUDS. Conspicuously in the middle of the audience is WALDO, wearing his stripped sweater, holding his little weiner dog.

ANGLE - BACKSTAGE

Ed wrapping up loose ends, looking for his hat. A uniformed OFFICER leads Tanya over. Tanya’s dressed in a short kimono, holding Ed’s fedora over her crotch. She gives Ed the big eyes.

OFFICER
What do I do with this one?

ED
Book her.

The Officer pulls Tanya’s hands behind her, slaps on the cuffs. Ed looks. His hat’s still hanging on Tanya’s crotch. We realize now something else is holding it up. The Officer starts to lead Tanya away. Ed calls after them.

ED (cont’d)
Keep the hat...

ANGLE - FRANK AND JANE

Finally break. Ed joins them and, along with Nordberg, all wave to audience. MUSIC swells.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank and Nordberg burst through the door wearing hospital greens. They barrel down the hallway.

ANGLE - INSIDE DELIVERY ROOM

A pair of woman's FEET in the stirrups, a DOCTOR between the knees.

DOCTOR
Push! Bear down now and push!

The door suddenly flies open. Frank and Nordberg slam into the room. Frank has a camcorder to his eye.

FRANK
Jane! I made it! Frank's here now!

ANGLE - FRANK'S POV THROUGH CAMCORDER

A sheet hung for modesty's sake cloaks the identity of the Woman on the bed. There's a loud WAIL as another contraction wreaks through her.

WOMAN
Ahhhh faaaaaaaaa!

RESUME - FRANK

Moves in closer to the Doctor.

FRANK
Breath, honey! Breath, Jane!

ANGLE - FRANK'S POV THROUGH CAMCORDER - THE DOCTOR

SCREAMS of pain over.

DOCTOR
He's almost out! I can't see the head!

FRANK (O.S.)
Hear that, Jane? It's a boy!

DOCTOR
One more push... That's it! I have him!

A SLAP. A BABY CRIES OUT. The Doctor hoists the infant into view... The child is obviously African-American.
Surprised. He pulls the camcorder away from his face, can't believe his eyes. He turns to Nordberg, stunned, does a double-take. His eyes narrow.

F R A N K
(accusing)
NORDBERG!

Nordberg puts up his hands.

NORDBERG
No...Frank...I never...YOW!

Frank has pulled out his gun. Nordberg bolts for the door, rushes into the hall.

F R A N K
Frank! It's a boy!

A n g r y beyond reason.

F R A N K
I KNOW!

Continues his pursuit of Nordberg, FIRING his gun wildly.