



Scripts.com

The Cat from Outer Space

By Ted Key

(whirring sound overhead)
(clucking)
(neighing)
(chickens clucking/cows mooing)
What is it?
What is that light?
I don't know.
(banging)
You stay right here, Edna.
Don't leave the house.
I'm gonna take a look at it.
Come on, Dutch.
(whimpers)
Chicken.
Holy mackerel!
(male voice) This is Earth Probe Zunar J5
calling Mother Ship.
Zunar J5 calling Mother Ship.
Come in. Mother Ship.
This is Earth Probe Zunar J5
calling Mother Ship.
(female voice) This is Mother Ship.
Have you completed emergency landing?
Affirmative. Mother.
Request repair party.
Negative. Zunar J5. You'll have to
effect emergency repairs yourself.
and rendezvous with us at grid dissect
8304 at 69 hours minus 17.
- That's an awfully tight squeeze.
- Unavoidable. Zunar.
Next mission to this galaxy due in 115.
- Days?
- Years.
Good luck. Zunar J5.
Over and out.
Yeah. So long. Mother.
(whistles)
I don't see any hammer and sickle,
do you, Colonel?
Maybe it's on the inside, General.
No sign of life, either.
Get me the Pentagon, red priority.
I want to speak to the chiefs, Colonel.

- Captain.
- Sergeant.
Yes, sir.
Sequoia here.
Come in, Rover.
Rover?
Rover?
Rover?
Rover?
(General) Wipe it out of your minds.
You've seen nothing and heard nothing.
- Yes, sir.
- We'll want them later.
Take their names. Colonel.
Captain.
- Sergeant.
- Yes, sir.
- Names?
- Charlie Cooney.
General Stilton!
We're ready when you are, sir.
- Bullhorn.
- Yes, sir.
On to Hopscotch.
All right, men.
Let's move it!
- Let's move out. Colonel.
- Captain.
- Sergeant.
- Yes, sir.
(electronic beeping)
(collar beeps)
(General) When we get to Hopscotch,
I want mark-four priority security.
Armor, personnel, guard dogs, the works.
And not one word to public relations.
Not one word.
You got that, Colonel?
Yes, sir.
You got that, Captain?
- Yes, sir. Sergeant?
- Got it.
Well?
It's a brilliant technological achievement.

Its state of the art.

You trying to tell me something,

Allison?

- Its definitely not one of ours, General.

- How about Russia?

Certainly not Russia.

Its far beyond...

OK, Allison. Lay it on the line.

Whose is it?

I don't know, General.

We'd better find out. I wanna know who made it, flew it and where it came from.

- Colonel?

- Yes, sir.

Contact SigCom on our radio.

Get Hungerford at Air.

Call Steinmetz at Johns Hopkins,

Lasser, Billings, Cranhammer.

- Get them IQs off their tennis courts.

- Yes, sir.

Double pronto!

If we don't find out where that thing came from, this country could be in trouble, big, big trouble.

- Colonel.

- Captain.

- Sergeant.

- Yes, sir.

You say it's not man-made, Allison.

What's that leave us?

Outer space.

With no sign of the pilot.

Big, big trouble.

While you and I are talking

this very minute,

some slimy green-headed 12-legged creep could be crawling into the White House.

Big, big trouble.

We're up against genius.

We'd better come up

with some genius of our own.

(man) I believe, General, you've

already met my assistant, Dr. Corday.

I'd like to introduce

some members of our team.

Dr. Robeson of Caltech,

who's our expert on fossil fuel.

Professor Hurakawa of Johns Hopkins.

Dr. Elizabeth Bartlett, who heads Thermal.

Huh.

Dr. Norman Link, who's been doing

some intriguing work in garbage research.

- So what?

- Dr. Link.

Just a second, Dr. Heffel. I have to relay
some vital information to a colleague.

Oh, yes. This is our hard-water man,

Dr. Leach.

Right, Ernie. The Lakers by a point

and a half for 100 bucks.

When will you have the line

on Philly and the New York Knicks?

(Heffel) I'd like you to meet Mr. Jurist,
who also is involved in Thermal.

And there's Dr. Banford, Professor

Epstein, Doctors Davidson and Barrett.

And, of course, this is Dr. Humphrey,
our head of Nuclear.

Mr. Stallwood, our head of Procurement
and Supplies. What are you doing here?

When the call went out for an

emergency meeting, I naturally assumed...

You assumed wrong. Scientists.

Double-A clearance only. Out.

- But I might have a contribution.

- If we need any pencils, I'll send for you.

- But, Dr. Heffel...

- Out.

Sorry, General. Where was I?

Oh, yes. Professor...

Dr. Heffel, I didn't come for a roll call,

I came to pick brains. Are they all here?

- Yes. These are our top people.

- Then let's get to it!

I understand, General.

Attention, everyone.

(Heffel) Dr. Link.

That's it, Professor.

Ill call tomorrow with more input. Bye.

All right, Sergeant. Open it.

Drapes.

Ladies and gentlemen, what you are about to see is top secret.

The United States government will countenance no leaks.

Now.

What's holding it up?

- Nothing.

- Its amazing.

- Where did you get it?

- What is it?

(man) A propulsion unit of some sort, ladies and gentlemen.

Never mind where we got it.

We have other experts working on that.

What we want to know from you is, what makes it tick?

OK. Let's have your hypothesis.

Uh, the energy source could be atomic.

We've checked on that.

Negative.

Direct conversion, utilizing thermionic...

- Checked out. Negative.

- Oh.

Its not propelled by garbage, I know that.

Jellyfish calling Olympus.

Jellyfish calling Olympus.

Come in, Olympus.

Mr. Olympus?

This is Jellyfish.

I think I'm on to something very big and very...

Jellyfish.

Your man in ERL?

Yes, sir. That Jellyfish.

I think I'm on to something.

No, sir. I think you'll find this...

...a great deal more interesting than my last report.

Right now, Dr. Heffel is in a secret meeting with a four-star general and a whole gaggle of scientists.

What are they meeting about?

I don't know, sir, it's a secret.

Get in there and find out?

Do any of you have a solid evaluation?

Not a guess, a solid premise?

Do you? Well?

(clears throat)

Do you think it might be fruitful to bring
Dr. Wilson into this discussion, Dr. Heffel?

- Wilson?

- Yes.

He might very well come up
with an applicable theory.

Don't be ridiculous.

- Who's Dr. Wilson?

- He's in my carpool. Oh...

That is, we live in the same building.

- That certainly qualifies him.

- Oh.

No.

What I'm trying to say is,
he's a very bright young physicist who's
come here recently on loan from Caltech.
A loan, I might add,
that is bearing absolutely no interest.

(laughter)

He's a little unorthodox,
but a brilliant theorist.

- General Stilton isn't interested in...

- Get him.

- What?

- Get him.

His output couldn't be any less
than what we've gotten so far.

Yes, General.

He really has an unusual mind.

- Well, Dr. Wilson?

- It's beautiful.

Don't you have any other observation?

- Only that it looks like an artichoke.

- We know it looks like an artichoke.

What makes it tick?

Mayonnaise?

Negative.

No, I was only joking, sir.
I do have a theory, sir, actually,
in line with the work I've been doing.
I have a hunch it's tapping
the primal mainstream.
The primal mainstream?
It's everywhere,
only on different frequencies.
The whole electromagnetic spectrum -
Cosmic, gamma, x-rays, ultraviolet,
visible light, infrared, radio waves.
Do you know how much we finite human
beings can tune into with our senses?
Less than five percent.
The universe makes its own energy.
We even make it ourselves.
Yes, take biofeedback, for instance.
If I taped terminals to your head, General,
your brain could run an electric train.
- Electric train?
- (Heffel) I'm sorry, General.
Perhaps electric train
wasn't the most apt example.
(Heffel) Thank you very much.
- Let me have that for a couple of months...
- Thank you.
A couple of months?
Dr. Heffel?
- Yes, General?
- I want action.
(bell rings)
You know, Drexel, I've seen
the most amazing thing. Amazing.
But don't ask me to tell you about it.
It's classified.
(bell rings)
Thank you, Drexel.
Well.
How did you get in here? Huh?
Now look, you're asking for trouble.
Dr. Heffel isn't too crazy
about animals in the building.
Fact is, he isn't too crazy about
people in the building either.

What's your name, huh?
Charlie? Cuddles? Jake?
Yes, yes. You look like Jake.
That, Jake,
is the Van Allen belt.
Oil and coal is not
going to do it, you know.
And, one of these days, that sun of ours
is going to turn into a big black hole.
You know where it's really at, Jake?
Electromagnetism.
We're loaded with it.
You know, it's crazy, but you almost
look like you know what I'm talking about.
All right, give me a hand with this,
Sergeant. Easy, easy. That's it.
Stallwood, administration emergency!
That's some fancy collar you got there.
Maybe I'll take you home with me.
My neighbor Liz has a cat
named Lucybelle. She's really cute.
And the cat's not bad either.
Liz! Hi.
Ouch! I've...
- We were just talking about you.
- Were you?
This is Jake.
I'm going to take him home with us.
You won't have to drive Professor Link
and myself home tonight.
- Heffel's called a late meeting.
- I can wait.
That won't be necessary.
- How about a coffee?
- No.
- Chocolate chip cookie?
- No.
- Are you sore or something?
- Sore? Sore?
- Whatever gave you that idea?
- What is it? What did I do?
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.
Mayonnaise?
Electric trains?

Well, now, look, really, all that...

that was just a joke, Doctor.

Well, nobody laughed,
especially the general.

Has he had water?

- The general?

- The cat.

Oh. Water?

Cats do get thirsty, you know.

Do you have a bowl?

A bowl? Right here, yes. Here.

- Water?

- Yes, right, water.

Look, Liz... Dr. Bartlett.

Just because some general lacks
a sense of humor, that's no reason...

- All I was trying to convey...

- I'm really not interested, Doctor.

Besides, I wasn't trying to be funny.

It's just that the magnitude of what the
general showed us just bowled me over.

- It did?

- Oh, completely.

- Black.

- What?

- Didn't you offer me a cup of coffee?

- Right. Check. Coming right up.

I really don't understand,
that's all.

The man who wrote the article you did
for The Scientific Quarterly...

- You read it?

- Well, of course. It was brilliant.

I've been wanting to tell you.

We don't get much chance to talk in the car
pool, but I've been following your work.

- You have?

- Closely.

It's very impressive, very innovative,
very attractive.

I mean, it's bound to attract attention.

Oh, well, um,

I am writing an article at the moment
and I would love to have your criticism.

Oh. Maybe at lunch or,
even better, at dinner sometime?

- Yeah, Id like that. When?

- Tonight?

No, that's right,

you've got that late meeting.

That may not go all that late.

I should be out by seven. Is that too late?

- Seven's beautiful.

- Good.

Well...

Oh, thanks for the coffee.

it was delicious.

- I think she digs you.

- I sure hope so.

- Who said that?

- I did.

Frank, we'd better get down to business.

Sit down. We've gotta talk.

Im running out of time, and you're

the only one I can depend on to help me.

- Its you?

- Its not the mouse. Now, sit down.

But your lips aren't moving.

You're not speaking.

Thought transference. Nothing exceptional

where I come from. Now, sit.

My name is Zunar J5/9 Doric 4-7.

Zunar...?

Why don't we just stay with Jake, OK?

Frank, last night at 03 hours plus 13,

I made an emergency landing

in a spaceship from another galaxy.

That so-called artichoke...

it's from my craft.

But... you're a cat.

Granted. But you see, in our civilization,

that's as far as we needed to evolve.

We developed our brain to a fine point.

Now, man rose off his four legs and

developed tools, machinery, agriculture

and a chronic pain in his lower back.

We developed tools for the mind. This

collar here, it amplifies brain power.

- it does what?
- Well, it provides energy by which we...
Look, let me give you a demonstration.
(cello music)
- (flute plays)
- Not a bad little tune.
(humming along)
Mm-mmm.
Frank, this is really delicious.
What is it?
Oh, it's chopped kidney.
Its all they had at the deli.
it really hits the spot. Im gonna take
a couple of cases for my trip back.
Sure beats the blah Ive been eating.
Well, now back to my problem.
Frank, l need an answer.
- What do you say?
- Say about what?
Can l count on you
to help me repair my spaceship?
- Why me?
- Because l like the way you think.
Your equations
rather interest me.
In fact, they're really not
bad at all... for a human.
- Really? Im on the right track?
- Quite definitely,
but years away from a solution.
Frank, on my planet,
we have an expression -
you rub my fur, Ill rub yours.
How would you like
to make a quantum jump?
You help me, and Ill give you
a push in the right direction.
- You're serious?
- Im serious.
- You really are from outer space?
- l am from outer space.
- Even though you're a cat?
- Frank! Is it a deal?
Its a deal. Oh, that's...

We better move. I've got to make repairs

to my ship by 5:

or I'll miss the rendezvous
with the mother ship.

Right. I'll get my sweater.

Uh, do you think that you can find your way
back to that airport?

No problem.

I made a memory imprint.

- With the collar?

- Right.

Fantastic.

How developed does your brain
have to be to use that collar?

Not very.

In fact, you could handle it.

You wanna try?

Do we have time?

Why not?

Look, just grab hold of it.

Easy. Don't take it off.

Without it, I'm just an average cat.

Right.

- Right. OK?

- OK.

- Now just concentrate.

- Concentrate.

Think levitation.

Levitation.

You're as light as a feather.

Look at me. I'm floating!

It's just plain incredible!

- Look, one hand.

- You're losing your concentration.

Yeah.

Hi, Frank. Gotta use your set.

(commentator) The ball goes
crosscourt to Brown. He brings it...

- What were you doing up in the air?

- Uh...

- Astronaut exercises.

- Oh.

- Link, I'm busy.

- Yeah. Well, just forget Im here.
The last minute of the game, and Francine
throws me out of the apartment.
Why does she throw me out?
For one lousy cigar burn on the chair.
- When did you get a cat?
- Jake's not my cat. He's just visiting.
- Hi, Jake.
- Im gonna have to ask you to leave.
Do you mind, Frank?
Remember. the score's tied at 108. Atlanta
has the ball and a basket could win it.
Win it? Oh, man! And I gave a point
and a half. There goes my 100 bucks.
Come on, defense. Come on, guys.
Man to man, we'll...
The crowd is really on its feet now.
The guy in the corner.
He's alone and closely guarded by King.
King steals the ball. What a play.
Here come the Lakers.
Five seconds left.
Puts up a shot.
But a prayer. there's no chance.
Wait...
Wait a minute.
Wait a minute!
I don't believe it. He scores!
He made it in the last second.
and the Lakers will win it by two.
Unbelievable!
Frank, did you see that?
Yeah.
Im really gonna have to ask you to leave.
- I could use another beer.
- Im out of beer, Im sorry.
- How about a ginger ale?
- Im out of that, too.
- Could I at least finish my cigar?
- Link, please.
Id like to have a little celebration.
Ill see you later.
The basketball game?
You did that?

Any friend of yours
is a friend of mine.
it was the fastest way
to get rid of that flake.
Let's go.
Its less than 36 hours to liftoff.
Right. Oh...
Do you think
I ought to carry you,
so people don't suspect
you're not an ordinary cat?
Good thinking, Frank. Besides,
my left paw's been acting up again.
- An old football injury?
- Actually, no. Polo.
Now let's go.
What about getting into Hopscotch?
It'll be guarded.
- I'll handle that, too.
- Its fantastic.
Hi. Hi, this is Lucybelle.
What'd you say you call him?
- Jake.
- Jake, right.
Jake, this is Lucybelle.
I thought...
...they could get acquainted
while we're at dinner.
- At dinner?
- Yeah.
it was tonight, wasn't it?
Right. Right, yes.
I was just about to call you.
Something came up. Im afraid you're
going to have to give me a rain check.
Oh.
Oh, well, of course.
it really doesn't matter.
But it does.
it matters a lot, Liz. Dr. Bartlett.
You see, what happened was...
(Jake sneezing)
Its Jake. He took sick.
Suddenly. Out of the blue.

Really? What is it?

I think it's, uh, Tasmanian Croup.

(sneezing)

You poor thing.

You know, he sounds terrible.

You'd better not let her get too close.

Stop milking it.

- What? - I said I was about to
rush him to the vet's.

The vet. That's a good idea, Frank.

D'you know there's a very good vet
who lives in the building? A Dr. Wenger.

He specializes in cats.

Im sure he'd be glad to take a look at him.

Jake prefers

a general practitioner.

Im sorry about dinner.

Ill make it up to you.

- How about a picnic?

- Tomorrow?

- You handled that very well.

- I didn't enjoy lying to Liz.

She's a very unusual person.

- Her kitty-cat's not too bad either.

- There's plenty of time for that.

That's all right

for you to say.

But Ive been confined to

a spaceship for five months.

Ohh...

(vehicle approaches)

- (Jake) The ship's in that big hangar.

- Oh.

There's got to be a way in.

- Its locked.

- No problem.

- Come on, come on.

- Right, right.

The coast is clear. Let's go!

There she is.

Somebody's coming.

- Somebody's coming, Frank!

- I know, I know.

What's happening?

Its all clear.

- Let's go!

- Its this way.

(dog growls)

(barks)

Forget it. it wears off in 20 minutes.

He won't remember a thing.

Come on, let's go.

Incredible.

An older model, but in pretty good shape
for a rig with nearly a trillion miles on it.

Now let's see about getting it operational
again. We've only got 34 hours left.

Right. Through here?

Hm-hm. Put me down.

Oh, it's just incredible.

The artichoke.

I was right.

- What's this... control panel?

- Uh-huh. Sort of.

- And this?

- Uh, computer.

- Then this must be the readout.

- Frank, later.

I'll explain it all later, I promise.

- First, disengage the transducer system.

- How?

Take that neo-mag intercog, and you'll find
the transducer switch on top of the ship.

Just coordinate with me.

Well, how do I get up there?

- Fly.

- Fly? You mean use your collar?

Don't be ridiculous.

We carry a spare.

Concentrate, and when you get on top,
engage the switch with the intercog
and thought-project ''seven max triad.''

- Seven max triad.

- Right. The computer will do the rest.

Seven max triad. Right.

Hey!

Whoa!

Whoa!

Hey, Frank, what are you doing up there?

What about the intercog?

Frank?

Jake, Im ready to plug it in.

Right. Go ahead.

- Its in.

- OK. Thought-project.

Seven max triad.

OK, Frank. Come on down.

Amazing.

I was afraid of that. The focal terminal on the microtransformer's vaporized.

- You're sure?

- Positive. But Ill double-check.

- Just what I thought.

- That's where the focal terminal goes?

Acts as a catalyzer.

Ill need a small amount of org 12.

- What's org 12?

- What the focal terminal's made of.

About six cubits ought to be enough.

You don't have org 12 on this planet?

Never heard of it.

Is it like mayonnaise?

You probably call it by a different name.

Stand back. Ill run it through the computer.

(horn honks)

Hey, Tom! You all right?

Tom!

Org 12...

ductile yellow metallic element.

Melting point - 1.063.

Tensile strength - 19.000.

- Tensile strength what?

- 19.000.

Atomic weight - 196.967.

Wait a minute.

That's the atomic weight of gold.

Wow!

(alarm blaring. bell ringing)

(soldier) Out! Out!

Everybody out!

What is that?

Come on, let's go.

Follow me!
Holy cow.
- Give my collar room.
- You can't zap the whole base.
Let's get out of here.
Over here! Follow me!
Move out!
Watch it!
Come back here!
(Jake) Where are you going?
Come out of there.
You're under arrest!
Look out!
- (meowing)
- What is it?
Get it off of me!
Get it off!
(soldier) Was anybody in there?
Back it out. Look out. Who's driving?
Corporal of the guard!
Corporal of the guard!
- Yes, sir?
- Who sounded that alarm?
I did, sir.
We have an intruder, and his cat.
Cat? Cat? Cat?
Yes, sir. Here's his collar.
Jake!
Excuse me.
- Jake, are you all right?
- Frank, shut up and move this thing.
- That's him, sir!
- Halt!
Get that thing out of here!
Get it out!
Move it out!
Whoa!
- Now what do we do?
- Now you hang on.
(Frank) 17 times...
Um, five of...
Now cosine of...
Yeah. Uh...
This is even better than the stuff

I had last night. What's it called?

- Tuna.

- Tuna? Love it.

- it doesn't make any sense.

- What doesn't?

According to your figures, we're going to need \$120,000 worth of gold.

- So?

- So?

Jake, forgetting the money, which I can't forget, you know how much gold that is?

It's that much.

And you want to put it in a space that big?

You folks are still operating on the bulk system.

I'll reduce it to the size I need and still retain all its properties.

- How?

- I'll get into that later. First buy the gold.

Buy it? Jake, in order to buy \$120,000's worth of gold, you need \$120,000.

- So? Is that a problem?

- A prob...?

My entire capital is tied up in my next paycheck.

- Then what's the alternative?

- I don't know what...

Hi.

- Traditionally known in horse racing...

- Oh, boy.

- What are you doing?

- Borrowing your TV.

Just bring me a beer and forget I'm here.

Hi, Jake.

Link...

Wife's worked out an equitable TV schedule.

The Peachtree Derby and the football game's on your set, and the opera on mine.

- Can't you see I'm busy?

- Doing what... playing with your pussycat?

- Link...

- Franklin, please.

I've got a bundle bet on the Peachtree.

(softly) We've got problems to solve,
things to do.

What?

- Link, Im gonna have to ask you...

- Sshh!

They're at the post.

You want a peanut?

No.

- Come on, Sweet Jake. Let's go.

- Sweet Jake?

Yeah. Its a hunch bet.

100 on the nose at 15 to 1.

I tell you, if she comes in, tiger,
and Im gonna be 1500 in front,
and you'll be licking mackerel fillet.

Did you forget my beer or did I drink it
already? Never mind, Ill get it.

- Ill try to get rid of him.

- (softly) Wait a minute.

Did you hear what he said? If Sweet Jake
finishes first, he wins \$1500.

- So?

- So if Link can win \$1500,
why can't we win 120,000?

No. Wait a minute. He just made a bet.

He could win 1500. it doesn't mean he will.

With me on his side, he will.

- Did you say something?

- Hmm? No, nothing.

OK, OK. Let's pipe down.

I got 100 big ones riding on this nag.

And they're off.

It's Denny's Doll breaking on top.

Attaboy Star.

Daddy's Poppa on the outside.

- Booky Baby on the rail and...

- Where's Sweet Jake?

Sweet Jake is still in the gate.

At the clubhouse turn. it's Denny's Doll
by half a length. Attaboy Star.

Sweet Jake is finally out of the gate.

Sweet Jake is moving.

He's way behind. but he's moving.

Uh-oh. I think he stopped to have lunch.

I don't believe this.
Eat on your own time!
See what I mean?
Sweet Jake! I should have bet
on the Metropolitan Opera.
It's Attaboy Star by a length.
Booky Baby. Denny's Doll and Seabottom.
Sweet Jake's finished eating
and started running.
And, ladies and gentlemen, is he running.
But not even Silky Sullivan
could come from this far behind.
It's Booky Baby taking the lead. Daddy's
Poppa moving into second. Attaboy Star.
And making up incredible ground
is Sweet Jake.
I have never seen anything like this.
But can he catch the pack?
At the top of the stretch, it's Booky Baby
in the lead. Daddy's Poppa.
And turning for home, it's Sweet Jake.
Come on, Jake. Come on.
Give him the whip, dummy.
Attaboy. Here we go.
Come on. Come on. Come on, Jake.
Attaway. Come on, Jake.
Come on. Come on, boy! That's it! Hot dog!
We got it! Yahoo!
Yeeha!
The story here today.
ladies and gentlemen, is Sweet Jake.
1500 smackeroos!
That calls for another beer.
- How about you? I'm buying.
- No, thanks.
Oh, incidentally, Frank,
you could use another six-pack.
I got a feeling I'm gonna murder them
on the football games.
Frank, that's the solution to the money.
- No, no. It's ridiculous. It won't work.
- Why won't it?
I don't know anything about placing a bet.
I wouldn't know where to go, what to do.

I gotta call Ernie with my football bets. The Rams-Patriot game starts in 25 minutes.

- We'll have to take in another partner.

- Who?

- Him.

- Did you say something, Frank?

- Link? Do you think that's wise?

- What's wise? Who are you talking to?

Ask how many football games we can bet on.

- Who are you talking to?

- Ask him!

- It's crazy.

- Buddy?

- Who?

- How many football games on TV today?

Three pro games.

East, Midwest, Far West. Who?

- Brief him.

- Have you got a tape machine going?

I don't think it's a good idea, but OK.

You know, I'd say you were talking to the cat.

I was.

Right.

Look, Frank, this can happen to anybody in government service.

That's why they have staff psychiatrists.

- Link. Take a deep breath.

- OK.

- Remember that artichoke?

- Uh-huh.

Well, it all started when this spaceship...

- Spaceship?

- ...from another galaxy landed in a field.

Frank, let me get this straight, OK?

Now, you're trying to tell me that your little pussycat came from another planet from another galaxy in a spacecraft and landed on Earth?

- Is that it?

- That's right.

- You're squeezing.

- See? You heard him talk.

Uh-huh. Look.

I mean, I don't know how you're doing your little trick, you know.

But I gotta tell you something, it's dumb. Very dumb. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna drink your last beer, watch three football games on your television set, and then I'm going home, because this is dumb, Frank. Real dumb. Now, that's dumb.

Aw, Link, look.

Listen to me for one minute.

I don't want to hear it, Frank.

I don't want to hear it, Frank!

- OK?

- OK.

Thank you.

That does it, Frank! I'm going home and watch the Metropolitan Opera.

Oh, now, Link. We need your help.

Jake needs your help!

I don't want to hear about it!

You're the only person I know who knows how to place a bet. I don't know anything about...

What kind of a spaceship?

You're beautiful.

(phone rings)

You're down 200, sucker.

Would you like to double it?

Earnest Ernie's Sporting Club.

Weasel speaking. What's your pleasure?

Yeah. Give me four balls.

I'll double it.

- What do you say, Sarasota Slim?

- I say give him five.

The man says give him five.

You got it. Honest Harry holds.

Link, can you make it fast?

We got a hot one on the rotisserie.

- Can I trust him?

- Would a crook be named Honest Harry?

You wanna bet what?

Hold on.

- Hey, Ernie. Ernie, come here.

- Yeah.

Link wants to take his winnings from Sweet Jake and parlay the three football games. You're kidding?

A three-game parlay?

Yeah. It'll come to 120 G's if he makes it. It's like taking candy from a baby, Weasel.

- He's down.

- You're down.

(man) Hold it right there.

General? General?

Fingerprints, sir. They found fingerprints.

On top of the hull, inside the cabin.

And they are the prints of a human being.

So whatever power brought this ship here was aided by some disloyal American.

Gentlemen, we are dealing with a collaborator.

I want the face that matches these prints.

Use the computer.

- Double pronto, sir.

- General!

General!

- Look at this. They found more.

- What in blazes is that?

Fine hair, sir.

The pilot was wearing a fur coat.

Even more important, we found tiny prints in a claw-like pattern, like a pussycat's.

Pussycat? Why aren't I hearing some tickety-tacks? What about the fingerprints?

- There's a printout about to come through.

- Sir.

What do you want me to do with this?

- Get it checked, sir.

- Coming through, sir.

(Stilton) ''ID - Wilson, Frank. Doctor.

Social Security, 631-07-0829.''

''1951 to '55. US Navy.

'55 to '62 Caltech.''

''Current employment, theoretician.''

ERL?!

- That's my Dr. Wilson!

- The scoundrel.

We'll have him in the slammer

within the hour.

And blow the whole ball game?

Gentlemen, we're after Mr. Big,
and this double-crossing fink is gonna
lead us to him. To find the rat, tail the cat.

- Cat?

- Its just an expression.

(football commentary on TV)

- Want a peanut, Jake?

- No, thanks. Ill wait till Frank gets back.

- The Rams still ahead?

- Ahead? The Rams won the game.

And without Jake's help.

Without your help, buddy.

Let's open the six-pack.

What will you have, Jake?

- Did you get some more of that tuna?

- Yeah, yeah. Coming right up.

(TV) There's the two-minute warning.

Oilers leading 21- 19. Houston driving.

- Another one in the bag.

- (knocking)

- Come in.

- Frank?

Uh-huh?

Hi. Lucybelle insisted on coming, too.

- Coming?

- Yeah, the picnic.

Oh, the picnic.

- Beer, Liz?

- No, thanks.

- Is something wrong?

- Uh...

(sneezes)

- Is his croup worse?

- Whose?

- Jake's.

- Oh.

Yeah. Right.

l was up all night.

- Really?

- Its gone into hyperzemia.

What's hyperzemia?

- Its what Jake's got.

- What did your doctor do for him?
- Gave him two aspirin.
- Two aspirin?
- What's that? What's happening, Frank?
- I don't know.

Two aspirin.

No wonder you're feeling worse.

- How did he get the ball?
- Interception.
- What this cat needs is some expert help.
- Get him.
- Dr. Wenger.
- Get him.

OK. I'll go get him.

I'll be right back.

(Frank) Get him.

Somebody tackle him.

- Hi, sweetie. Can I get you anything?
- (Link) OK. Out of bounds on the 30.

Jake, why didn't you do something?

And spoil everybody's fun?

Look, guys, there's plenty of time.

You've got terrific whiskers.

Jake, will you pay attention? They're within field-goal range. If they make it, we're sunk.

No problem. Believe me.

A little tuna, sweetheart?

Oh, Jake, concentrate, please.

The next few seconds could be crucial.

- Time out.
 - (Liz) I appreciate it, Doctor.
- At least you could have waited till the game was over. I have \$10 on Chicago.

- You've got it on. What's happening?
- Time out.

This is Dr. Wenger.

Dr. Wenger, here's the patient.

I definitely think he needs your attention.

All right.

- How did they get to the 30?
- (Link) Interception.
- Happened while we were in the elevator.
- (TV) ...or a field goal?

(Liz) What do you think?

- I think they should try for a field goal.

- About the cat.

Hmm? Oh, he's tense, he's very tense.

The shoulder muscles are all bunched up.

- Where do you want to examine him?

- Right here will be fine.

OK. Let me get this out of the way.

Also, let's, first thing, get this collar off.

Hey!

Good thinking, Chicago.

(TV) This year. he's never missed inside the 35-yard line.

- Get through that line now.

- That guy can't kick a ball 60 yards.

- Block that kick. Block that kick.

- (meowing)

Will you calm down now?

Hold the cat, please.

Jake, you better do something.

- Where's his collar?

- Block that...

- Its right here, Frank.

- Huh?

- Give it to me, Liz. Give it to me.

- Frank, I'm just gonna hold the...

- I'm gonna give him a sedative.

- No, don't do that!

Frank, let go of the cat.

There's the snap. It's down.

The kick is up.

It's long enough.

It's straight enough. It's...

It's...

It's flat!

I've never seen anything like it. The ball flattened out in midair. There's the gun.

- Jake?

- The Oilers have won it 21- 19.

I told you not to do that!

I only came here as a favor to a neighbor.

As a rule, I do not make house calls.

You sure picked a dumb time

to break your rule.

Dr. Link!

Look, Dr. Wenger, please forgive him.
He's a new cat-owner.
Jake. Jake, it's me, Jake.
Oh, Frank, we're finished.
He's blotto.
Well, look on the bright side.
San Diego could still win.
Yeah, and San Diego could still lose. And
where does that leave this poor little guy?
He's blown his rendezvous
and my 1500 clams.
That was very rude, Frank.
- Liz, butt out.
- What?
- Cancel the bet. Call Ernie.
- He'll never buy it.
- Look, what's going on here?
- Jake, we got problems. Speak to me.
Is everybody crazy?
The line is busy.
We'll never get through. He's taking bets.
- We'd better get down there.
- Like yesterday.
Just a minute, Frank.
I would like... No, I demand an explanation.
What's going on?
- Later, Liz.
- No. Now.
We have got exactly six minutes
before that game starts.
- Watch it, Link. I'm a black belt.
- OK. We'll tell you in the elevator.
Remember that meeting we had with
Dr. Heffel and General Stilton at the ERL?
(Liz) Outer space?
- Frank Wilson, are you putting me on?
- No, no. Remember that artichoke?
Dydee One calling Hopscotch.
Come in, Big Cheese.
This is Big Cheese. Go ahead, Dydee One.
Do you still have contact with the subject?
Yes, sir. Also that garbage expert
and the dame from the car pool.
And they're all going into Earnest Ernie's

pool hall. Looks like a Mafia tie-in.

Mafia?

What kind of an operation
you running down there, Heffel?

Lucky! (laughs)

Really lucky.

Ernie? Ernie?

Excuse me. Ernie?

- Hi, Ernie.

- Well, look who's here. Hiya, Doc.

Uh, Ernie,

I wanna cancel my Chargers bet.

- You wanna cancel your Chargers bet?

- Yeah, cancel my Chargers bet.

Really? Why?

Oh, I don't know.

Just a hunch, sort of.

Hey, not a bad hunch.

The Chargers are ten points behind.

- Already?

- (cheering)

16, boss, 16.

Steelers just scored another one.

Sorry, Doc.

Is he taking a nap?

- Yeah.

- Is that TV picture still out?

Well, there goes 120,000.

1500 of which is mine.

- Isn't there anything you can do?

- Not while Jake is out. Jake, wake up.

- Is he breathing?

- He's snoring.

OK. OK. Isn't there anything else
we can bet on?

Yeah. Maybe we could get lucky.

Another football game?

- Next Sunday.

- Basketball?

- Tuesday night.

- Hockey?

- Hockey?

- Hockey.

Ernie, is there a hockey game today

that we could put a few bucks on?

Sorry.

Horse race?

Boxing?

- Demolition derby? Anything to get even.

- No.

But if you want a little action, there's always my good friend Sarasota Slim.

- Sarasota Slim?

- Yes.

He indulges occasionally in a friendly pool game with a slight wager on the side.

- Nothing doing.

- Why not?

- He's a hustler.

- Who isn't?

OK. Its a bet.

What are the odds?

You against Sarasota Slim?

- Right.

- Frank.

Because I want to give you a chance to break even and because I like your style, let's say 8 to 1.

That's all?

What about him?

- Me?

- Link?

Well, considering the shape he's in, I'd say maybe 10 to 1.

- Ohh. What about the lady?

- Me?

- Liz? - Considering the shape she's in, 20 to 1.

- OK. You got a bet.

- Frank!

Arch, set 'em up.

Another sucker just swam into the net.

Frank, I don't know anything about this game.

Are you bananas? That guy can make a pool ball sit up and do the boogaloo. I know, but I've got the equalizer... the collar.

- How are you gonna do that? Jake's out.
- Ive used it, to repair the spaceship.
- You?
- Yes. Ive flown.

Charlie, give me the special,
and heavy on the onions.

- Taking a nap?
- Yeah.

Throw in a few chili peppers, huh?

- Frank, I don't want to take the risk...
- Liz, you've got to do it.

Im desperate. No money, no gold.

No gold, no liftoff. But... (clears throat)

But if we deliver,
look what we get in return...
the solution to half the problems
on this planet.

- Just show me how to hold the pole.
- Good girl.

We need a stake. Ive got about 12 bucks.

Its in my hip pocket. Will you get it for me?

- OK, that's 12. How much do you have?
- Me? I think I got 20.
- 20? Liz?
- Uh...
- I just have my mad money.
- Give it to us. Please?

Come on.

Boy, when this dame gets mad,
she gets mad.

I was going to buy
a whole spring wardrobe, Link.

- OK. Ernie.
- Boss, here's the bankroll.
- Ernie, we bet 300 at 20 to 1.
- Check.

Not in your lifetime, Ernie.

Honest Harry holds.

All right, you want Honest Harry,
you got Honest Harry.

300 at 20 to 1.

That's 6,000 clams.

And here's our 300.

Earnest Ernie, 6,000.

The mark, 300.
And may the best man win.
Or woman, as the case may be.
Young lady, it's your break.
Come on, don't be so stingy
with the onions.
Here, take the collar, Liz.
OK, here.
Link, keep your eye on him.
If he blinks just once...
Miss? Do you mind?
We're waiting.
- Now, that's a sandwich. Right?
- (sniffs)
Right.
- Taking a nap.
- Naturally.
Nice break, young lady. Very nice.
Unfortunately, you didn't sink anything,
- but there's always tomorrow.
- (laughter)
Show her how to do it.
OK, Slim, go get her.
Ooh, I can't watch this. (laughs)
- Frank, I'm sorry.
- No, it's not your fault.
(ball pockets. applause)
(ball pockets. applause)
(man) Attaway, Slim.
Attaway, baby.
I guess we are licked.
If only Jake hadn't got knocked out...
(whispers) Frank! Frank, look.
Jake!
Jake?
Frank, he must have just woke up.
- Jake, are you all right?
- Yeah. Where am I? What happened?
I'm Liz Bartlett.
I'm responsible for your being...
- Liz, Liz, sshh.
- Oh, well.
Jake, we have got to win this pool game.
That's money in the bank.

Look at it!
Honest Harry, guess who's here?
Ernie?
Here's our last 60 bucks.
What are the odds now?
Im sorry. I can't do it.
- No bet.
- No bet?
Its part of my code of ethics.
Always leave the sucker rent money.
That's not fair!
Honest Harry?
If the mark wants to go complete top city,
he's got a constitutional right.
And I stand on it.
The odds, Ernie?
Its ridiculous. But if I didn't have
no principles, I'd say 100 to 1.
Suppose... Suppose she gives
Sarasota Slim 12 balls?
What a sense of humor!
300 to 1.
- And the break.
- The break?
500 to 1.
And blindfolded.
- What?
- Blindfolded!
- 2,000 to 1.
- You're on.
\$60 at 2,000 to 1.
Wait a minute. Wait a minute!
Are you seriously serious?
- You're not thinking of welching, are you?
- But I thought you was putting me on.
Earnest Ernie, it would not do
your reputation any credit
if word was to circulate that you reneged
on a wager duly offered and accepted.
- Get the big bundle, Weasel.
- But, boss...
Get it!
All right.
Let me understand this.

Slim gets 12 balls and the break?
- And she shoots blindfolded.
- (laughs)
She'll never get to the table.
120 Gs, boss.
Don't put it away, Honest Harry,
you ain't gonna hold it long.
All right, Slim.
Show 'em no mercy.
Nice. Nice break, Slim.
Unfortunately, you didn't sink nothing,
but there's always tomorrow.
- I believe I'm up.
- Hold it. Blindfolded.
Oh.
Could you back off?
(applause)
You did it, Jake.
You did it.
- Thank you, sir.
- Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.
it was really nothing.
Thank you.
Frank, we won! Thank you. Thank you.
Thanks, all of you. Thank you.
I'm sorry about things being upside down,
but I took these pictures
at risk of life and limb.
There's the cat, sir.
Notice his collar?
Well, well.
What did you think of it, Mr. Olympus?
It's just mind-boggling, isn't it?
I mean, it boggled my mind.
Did it boggle yours, sir?
Thank you, Omar.
Yes, Mr. Stallwood, you are quite correct.
it is 'mind-boggling,'
as you so graphically put it.
The possibilities are infinite.
A revolution in transportation, space
exploration, colonizing the planets.
The man who owns the secret
of this device could control...

The world, sir?

The universe.

Oh, my!

Well, then, sir, I don't suppose it would be out of place to suggest a bonus.

- A bonus?

- A small bonus.

Mr. Stallwood, if I gain the secret of that device, you may well become a very rich man.

I may?

Oh, sir, I... really may?

Omar, prepare the copter.

We leave at once.

I must have that collar.

I will have that collar.

OK. All set, General.

- Is it programmed?

- All the pertinent information fed in.

- Everything we know.

- Question number one, sir.

Question number one.

Who is the pilot?

It is a pussycat!

This machine is having a nervous breakdown.

Get on the ball, young man. Feed that information through again. Reassess.

Yes, sir.

- General Stilton, sir.

- What is it, Sergeant?

That purchase Dr. Link made... we checked it out. It's a large quantity of gold.

- Gold?

- Yes, sir.

It's a Machiavellian conspiracy.

Radio.

This is Big Cheese calling Dydee One. Where are you, Dydee One?

Outside the suspect's apartment.

Don't let them out of your sight.

Another printout, General.

Of all the...

Wait a minute. Radio.

- Dydee One.
- Yes, sir.
- Didn't they carry a cat into that pool hall?
- Yes, sir, they did.

Gentlemen, it's time to move in.

- Colonel.
- Captain.

\$120,000 in one lump sum.

Jake, how'd you like to hang around and watch me parlay this into a fortune?

- I wish I could hang around.
- I'm sorry, Jake. The time?

Huh? Oh, yeah.

Sorry, Lucy.

- I guess I'd better reduce the gold.
- Reduce it?
- What are you talking about?
- It's a new concept in calculating mass.

On Jake's planet, they use a system based on content, rather than on the quantitative...

Frank! You've got a whole lifetime to explain that. I've got less than an hour.

Now, stand back, everybody.

- All right, don't move! All hands in the air!
- What are you doing?
- Dr. Frank Wilson?
- You can't butt in here!
- Dr. Frank Wilson, you are under arrest.
- And the pussycat, General.

And the pussycat.

- Read them their rights, Colonel.
- Captain?
- Sergeant?
- Never mind.

You have the right to remain silent.

Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law. You have the right...

- Good heavens.
- Frank...
- What happened?
- (Frank) They're frozen.

Holy mackerel!

Now they're on to us, how are we to get into Hopscotch? You can't zap the whole base.

- Yeah, well, I'll think of something.

- They'll probably be on alert.

First things first.

Let's get this gold reduced, then we'll worry about getting on the base. Now stand back.

OK. Here goes.

Ohh.

That is unbelievable.

Oh, Jake.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah. Yeah.

(Link) Yeah, come on.

Let's get out of here.

No. Wait a minute. Wait, wait. I think I've got the perfect way to get us onto the base.

Maybe we ought to give 'em a buzz.

Think we ought to give 'em a buzz?

Yeah, give 'em a buzz.

Dydee One calling Big Cheese.

Dydee One calling Big Cheese.

Come in. Big Cheese.

Come in.

Dydee One calling Big Cheese.

- What's the military doing here?

- This could be complicated, sir.

What isn't?

- Get that door closed!

- Uh-oh.

What does it all mean?

it means it's exceptionally complicated.

Dydee One calling Big Cheese.

Come in, Big Cheese. Come in.

Dydee One calling Big Cheese.

Ah, here comes General Cheese.

I mean, Stilton.

- (Frank) Wait. Hold Jake for a minute.

- Yes.

- How do I look?

- Could you hold Lucy for a minute?

- Do I look like a general?

- Oh, well...

Frank, you look very commanding.

- That'll have to do. Let's go.

- OK.

He got the cat.

That's the cat!

Where's the general going with those two?

That's the general?

Its not?

Open your door!

Open the doors!

Open the doors!

Halt! Halt in the name of the US...

Fantastic.

- Listen, good luck, huh?

- Yeah. Be careful.

- Bye, Lucybelle. Thanks for everything.

- Yeah, yeah. Let's go.

Bye.

- They've escaped?

- Yes.

But, fortunately for us,
they left something very valuable behind.

(car door opens)

- General Stilton?

- Of course!

Of course.

Ill sign you in, sir.

General Stilton and cat.

Is the cat cleared, sir?

- What do you think?

- Sorry, sir.

I want the hangar open. All personnel out.

We're moving the ship.

But sir, if we order 'em out of the hangar,
how are you gonna...

- Soldier!

- Out of the hangar, sir. Yes, sir.

Get the hangar doors open. All personnel
out of the hangar on the double.

- First, let's get the ship out of the hangar.

- Check.

..to talk to a lawyer and have him present
while you're being...

(sniggering)

- Colonel?

- Yes, sir.

Hold it right here, Frank.

130 to countdown.

Hurry. Insert the gold
in the microtransformer.

Right, right.

- Got it.

- Good.

Now let's see if we have contact.

Zunar J5 calling Mother Ship.

Come in, Mother.

- Where's the microphone?

- Frank!

OK, OK.

Zunar J5 calling Mother Ship.

Come in, Mother.

Hi there. fella.

See you made it with nothing to spare.

- We had problems.

- We are 105 to liftoff.

Coming in on ray 0392.

Adjust transmuter.

- Adjustment made.

- Countdown starts at 20. Set clinometers.

- Clinometers set. Give me a printout.

- Coming your way without delay.

- That's another cat?

- Oh, yeah. A real mother.

- I gotta get to that spaceship right away.

- Who are you?

A friend of Frank Wil...

I mean General Stilton.

A very good friend.

Let's go.

Open the gate.

My car!

- Them, too.

- Never mind. Let's get down to Hopscotch.

- Sergeant.

- Captain.

Colonel.

- General.

- Oh, get in!

- (Mother Ship) Counting down.

- Hey, Frank!

Hold it, sir, right there.

General, this man says...

Hey!

You're not General Stilton.

- Frank.

- What are you doing here?

Frank, it's a nightmare.

Liz has been captured by Stallwood.

Have you been hitting the beer?

Stallwood of Supplies?

He's an agent for some guy named

Olympus, a power-crazed creep who's...

- He's holding her for ransom.

- Lucybelle, too?

Yeah, he wants that collar, Jake.

Its the collar or Liz.

- Where is she?

- Im going with you, Frank.

No, no, you don't want to get stuck here on Earth. You're responsible to your mission.

- But Im the reason for the mess they're in.

- Do you know where they're taking her?

- Place called Dailey's Airport.

- Do you know where it is? Let's go.

- Frank...

- Jake, you're going home.

Now, get in there.

So long, buddy.

Yeah.

Let's go.

5. 4

3. 2.

ignite.

Bye, Jake.

Drop us a card.

OK, you clowns.

Let's move it. Let's go.

Jake!

Jake, this is insane.

You're here forever, on Earth.

You're wasting time.

The airport!

General, look!

(General) Good heavens!

That's my car.

Get the police on the radio.

- Hello, Sequoia?

- Turn around!

Here comes a car.

Its Wilson.

Yeah, and Link.

And the cat!

They're here. They've come.

Naturally.

You knew they would.

You knew it. We've won.

Now they will have turn over the cat
and we will turn over the girl.

We will?

We won't?

it may be difficult to explain your part in this
after the young lady's gone to the police.

Oh, dear.

You wouldn't dare?

Frank, that must be the chopper.

(sirens wailing)

Its the police, sir.

Its a trap.

The fools!

Get us airborne.

(Jake) Watch it!

- They're getting away!

- Yeah.

But look who's arriving -
the army and the police.

We have to follow that copter. What kind of
an airport is this? Where are the planes?

Follow me.

Oh, you can't fly this, Jake. Its a wreck.

Look at that propeller - it's half gone.

- Are you coming or staying?

- Im coming.

Im staying.

OK, tovarisch.

Ponimayete po-russki?

- Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

- Parlez-vous Francis?

- What?

- All right, Dr. Garbage Expert.

Who's your accomplice?

Who's flying that plane?

Uh...

General, you're not gonna believe this.

There they are.

- Its Wilson and the cat.

- How did they get that wreck in the air?

The power that cat possesses is awesome.

You betcha, Charlie, and if you know what's good for you, you'll land...

- Quiet!

- OK.

Faster, Omar, faster.

Get close.

Use the collar to force them to land.

No chance. Its taking all I got just to keep this crate flying.

Don't panic.

We'll think of something.

What's happening?

Why aren't they doing something?

Of course!

They're afraid of harming the girl.

Turn on them, Omar.

The advantage is ours.

What's happening?

Why are they turning around?

Straight at them, Omar.

Drive them down.

Frank!

Jake!

(Frank screams)

Jake. Jake.

Jake! Jake.

Jake.

Turn this thing over.

Jake.

Jake.

Jake. Jake!

Jake. Jake!

Frank, are you OK?

- What are they trying to do?

- Force us down.

They probably figured out

that we've got a problem.
Hold on.
Here they come.
- They're still on our tail.
- Don't panic.
On top of them, Omar.
Smash them down!
Whoa!
(Jake) I see 'em.
I see 'em.
Look out. Jake! Jake!
- Here they come again. Jake.
- Yeah, yeah.
Fruitcake. Frank, watch out!
Jake, Jake.
(Jake yowls)
Uh-oh.
Oh, boy.
Jake.
Oh, dear.
Jake.
Break off!
(gasps)
Buzz them again, Omar,
and this time, everybody open fire.
(gunshot)
(coughing)
- What happened?
- You happened, you imbecile!
- How bad is it, Omar?
- He got the controls. They're locked.
When the fuel runs out, we're through.
Shall we bail out?
We have no choice.
Bail out?
Where are you going?
I haven't got a parachute, either.
- Then you have a problem.
- I haven't got a parachute either.
Then you have the same problem.
Wait! No, wait!
Wait a minute!
I d... I don't want to die!
Oh, swell.

Frank!

Frank!

(groans)

Yes, Mr. President.

Absolutely, Mr. President.

We're just waiting for them to land
and we'll pass that on.

- Yes, sir.

- What'd he say?

Jake is to be treated as
the representative of a friendly power,
with generous borrowing credit.

In exchange for bases, of course.

Look, sir, chutes.

They bailed out.

Holy mackerel!

Who's flying the chopper?

Frank!

Easy, Liz. Don't panic.

- What are you gonna do, Frank?

- I don't know, but I have to do something.

Hand me Lucybelle!

- Careful, Frank!

- I got her.

- Just hold on, honey, and we'll get Liz.

- Get us up closer to the copter.

Right.

Liz, when we get close enough,
grab my hand.

Frank, you're too far away!

(Frank) Closer, Jake. Closer!

Grab my hand, Liz.

Grab it!

Grab it! Liz, careful.

- OK.

- Now grab my hand. Grab my hand.

All right.

- Yeah.

- Good. That's good. That's good.

- Now grab my hand and step off.

- Step off?

- Liz!

- Huh? Ohh...

- Frank, I don't think this is gonna work.

- All right. We'll try it again.

Never mind.

We'll try something else.

- All right, put your feet on my shoulders.

- What?

Put your feet right there,
on my shoulders.

No!

Liz, do it!

OK. OK.

- Oh... Oh... Ohh!

- Whoa!

You see? Everything's gonna be OK,
Lucybelle. Just relax.

Jake!

Jake, what are you doing?

You know, when I saw you up
in that chopper, I just... Huh?

Well, honey, looks like
you're stuck with me.

(explosion)

Don't just hang there.

Get me out of this.

- Don't worry. I'll get you loose.

- What are you doing with that?

Fortunately, I never go anywhere
without my Swiss Army knife.

Idiot!

(man) All rise.

Hear ye.

The United States District Court, the
Honorable Judge Alvin Horsham presiding.

Please be seated.

You have made application for citizenship
of the United States of America.

It is a signal honor, which implies not only
rights, but duties and obligations -
bearing arms, serving on juries, voting.

Who is sponsoring this applicant?

Oh. I am, Your Honor.

- Does the cat have a name?

- Yes, sir. Zunar J5/...

Oh!

Jake, Your Honor.

Please stand, Jake.

Repeat after me.

- 1, Jake...

- 1, Jake...

...pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America...

...pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America...

...and to the republic for which it stands...

...and to the republic for which it stands...

...one nation, under God, indivisible...

...one nation, under God, indivisible...

(both) ...with liberty and justice for all!