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The Naked Gun 2 and a Half: The Smell of Fear

By Unknown

The honorable Allen D.
and the former Mrs. Eastern.
The honorable
William and Mrs. Breslow.
The honorable Nelson
and Mrs. Winnie Mandela.
Ladies and gentlemen, the President
of the United States and Mrs. Bush.
Here's everybody on the list, Barb.
Everybody's here.
Hi, Peter. They let you
out of the office early today.
Jack, glad you could make it.
Hi. Get rid of the beard.
I don't like that, too liberal.
Hi, Frank. Trudy.
Hi, Peter. Glad you could make it.
I like your suit.
Everybody's here.
Commissioner.
Thank you very much. Dr. Meinheimer,
I'm glad you could make it.
I'm looking forward to
hearing your speech.
I'm sure it's a wonderful,
well thought-out piece of work.
Ah, here she is. Dear.
Have you met Dr. Meinheimer formally?
Thank you.
Great Lady down!
Repeat, Great Lady down!
- What happened?
- Easy, watch the table!
Wait.
- How are you, dear?
- I'm OK, I'm fine.
Good. Please be seated.
Welcome. I'm glad you could all come.
I'm pleased that we have so many
distinguished guests tonight.
This week we are celebrating
Law Enforcement Week
all across the country.
So I'd like to turn the proceedings over

to our own
Washington DC Police Commissioner,
Captain Annabelle Brumford.
I would like to introduce
a most distinguished American.
This week he is being honored
for his 1,000th drug dealer killed.
Please welcome Lieutenant
Frank Drebin of Police Squad.
In all honesty,
the last two I backed over with my car.
Luckily, they were drug dealers.
- Good.
- Excellent!
Thank you, Commissioner Brumford.
Now I'd like to call on my Chief of Staff,
Mr. John Sununu,
to introduce some special guests.
Thank you. Mr. President, tonight I'm
extremely proud to welcome
our guests
from the nation's energy suppliers.
First, representing the oil industry,
head of the Society of Petroleum Industry
Leaders, better known as SPIL,
Mr. Terence Baggett.
From the coal industry, Chairman of
the Society for More Coal Energy,
or SMOKE,
Mr. Donald Fenzwick.
Thank you.
From the nuclear industry,
President of the Key Atomic
Benefits Office Of Mankind, KABOOM,
Mr. Arthur Dunwell.
As you know, for the past three years,
this administration has been trying to
formulate a National Energy Policy
that will have a lasting impact
on the way we live
for the next decade and beyond.
To make sure
that we choose the right path,
the President has appointed

as his top advisor in this area,
Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer.
As I'm sure you're aware,
his reputation in this field is without peer,
and Dr. Meinheimer
will present his recommendations
to the Annual National Press Club
Dinner this Tuesday evening.
Mr. President.

I want all of you here
to be the first to know
that I've decided to base my
administration's entire energy policy
on Dr. Meinheimer's recommendations.
This issue is too important to be left to
politicians or special interests to decide.
We need an independent and informed
source on which to base future actions,
and Dr. Meinheimer
is the recognized expert in this field.
Mr. President, if I may say so,
I do hope that Dr. Meinheimer
won't be influenced...

...influenced by any of the so-called
environmental groups.

Well, we're all aware of
Dr. Meinheimer's reputation.
He is best qualified
to explain his research methods.

- Dr. Meinheimer.

- Great Lady down again.

This happens every fucking time
when I go shopping!

- Jane...

- Dr. Meinheimer.

- You're back early.

- And you're here late.

Surely, a lovely woman like you
can think of something better to do
on a Saturday night?

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

It's all right, Doctor. It's OK.

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

- Frank?

- Yes.

You just can't forget about him?

- Who?

- Frank.

Oh, yes!

No, I can't. I... I try.

It's just that when you've had
that much man...

But then, you wouldn't understand.

Jane, you mustn't be
so hard on yourself.

You've done a wonderful job
here at the Institute.

You're the finest Director of
Public Relations we've ever had.

Thank you, Doctor, I try my best.

But I see you here
night after night past ten.

You must forget about the past.

Go out, see new people, enjoy yourself.

There is someone I'm seeing,
in fact just yesterday.

I was telling him about the speech...

- Good evening.

- Hello, Norm.

I forgot.

How was the White House dinner?

Extraordinary. The President promised
to implement my recommendations.

Wonderful! Then you're going to deliver
the speech you told me about?

Every word of it.

I would've given it tonight,
but a guest there made such a ruckus
that they wouldn't have heard me.

Hey, Al! Ken!

Look at this.

I found this in the waste-basket.

Hey, that's a pretty nice clock!

I wonder why they threw it out.

It's probably because it's
four minutes too slow. Let me fix it.

There.

My name is Sergeant Frank Drebin,
Detective Lieutenant, Police Squad.
I was getting my car washed when
I heard the call come over the scanner.
There had been a bombing and I was
on my way to advise the DC Police
as part of the President's
"Operation Scum Roundup".

- Ready?

- Yeah, got it.

As far as police work is concerned,
once in a while something comes up
that nothing quite prepares you for.
Somehow, a demented madman,
probably full of self-hate,
and possibly a couple of months
behind in his rent, finally snapped.

- I'm glad you could make it.

- I got here as quickly as I could.

Congratulations, I understand
that Edna's pregnant again.

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

- Captain.

They've searched the building.
No sign of a break-in, no money missing.
This was one hell of an explosion.
We're still trying to figure out
what they used.

- Any other victims?

- You're standing on one right now.

- Oh, I see...

- Get him out of here.

- This one's a real mess.

- Over here, Frank found another one.

- Any witnesses, Ed?

- Well, there's one. A woman.

She saw a man leaving
just before the explosion.

- We should let Nordberg handle it.

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

Not now. She fainted dead away.

She took a knock on the head.

She looks pretty bad.

- I'll handle it.

- Sir...

- Miss, I'd like to ask some questions.

- Not that bad.

She's being questioned
by our sketch artist.
I couldn't believe it was her.
It was like a dream.
But there she was,
just like I remembered her.
That delicately beautiful face...
... and a body that could melt a
cheese sandwich from across the room.
And breasts that seem to say,
"Hey, look at these!"
She made you drop to your knees
and thank God
that you were a man. Yeah...
She reminded me of my mother,
all right. No doubt about it.
Snap out of it. You're looking at her
like she was your mother.

- Frank.

- Jane. I didn't know you lived here.
I moved here two years ago.

- How are the children?

- We didn't have any children.
Yes, of course.

- How was your prostate operation?

- Fine. As good as new.
In fact, better than ever.
Look, Frank...
I know it's awkward, but you're not still
obsessed with our relationship, are you?
Obsessed? Who's obsessed?
Because you backed out of the wedding
two years ago? I'd forgotten.
Ancient history,
like the Democratic Party.
He was in tears.
In church, crying like a baby.

- Get a hold of yourself!

- I had to return 13 Cuisinarts.

- That's enough.

- I kept the salad shooter, though.

Jane, there you are. Hello, Jane.
Dr. Meinheimer.
Frank, this is Dr. Albert Meinheimer.
- Don't get up. Nice to meet you.
- Likewise, I'm sure.
I believe we met
at the White House dinner.
He never forgets a face.
He has a photographic memory.
It's a terrible thing that's happened.
I hope you find the people responsible.
I'm sorry I can't be more optimistic,
but we have a long road ahead of us.
It's like sex, a painstaking task
that seems to go on and on forever,
and when you think that things are
going your way, nothing happens.
Jane, about this man
you saw last night... Anything can help.
I gave the sketch artist a description.
Eh... Ed!
That'll be all, McTigue.
We should get that other artist. The one
that never dates and lives with two guys.
Right. Sorenson!
I'd like to see the rest of the Institute,
if you don't mind?
Of course.
We should start with the research area.
That's a good idea. It's right this way.
What can you tell me
about the man you saw last night?
- He's Caucasian.
- Caucasian?
Yeah. You know, white guy.
With a moustache, about 6 foot 3.
An awfully big moustache.
What's this all about?
This is our research laboratory.
Experiments are temperature-controlled
by the machinery below.
Our scientists have spent years on them
and are just now making breakthroughs.
Today, we'll join two compounds...

Oh, my God!

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

Yes, but I can't understand
who'd do such a thing.

Jane, I think you
ought to know something.

- Jane, darling!

- Quentin!

Jane, are you all right?

I was so worried about you.

I'm really OK, but I'm glad you're here.

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

- Pleased to meet you, Mr...

- Drebin. Frank Drebin.

I believe I've used
some of your restrooms.

I'm... sure you have.

- Are you connected with the Institute?

- Not officially.

But Jane and I have seen
quite a lot of each other lately.

How is my little hell-cat?

Well, that's great. I've been dating, too.

Nice girl, an author.

Wrote the book on male sexual
dysfunction. You've probably read it.

- I beg your pardon?

- Please...

I'm sure we can
handle the situation maturely,
just like the responsible adults
that we are.

Isn't that right, Mr. Poopy Pants?

- That does it!

- Frank!

Quentin, maybe you should excuse us.

Anything you wish, my darling.

Until tonight, then...

I'm feeling blue

Just thinking of you

I get out of bed

Wish I was dead

And I hope you do, too
So I've given up
I've thrown in the towel
I've taken all the pills
The law will allow
And so I'm feeling blue
- Sir?
- Give me the strongest thing you've got.
- On second thoughts, a Black Russian.
- Very well, sir.
I guess Im just
Screwed
Frank. I thought I'd find you here.
Ed, sit down.
Pull up a memory or two.
You left before I could talk to you.
Is it just my imagination
or is the whole world crazy?
No, it's just a small percentage
of the population, Frank.
I hope you're right. It's just that
I don't know if I fit in any more.
You're still thinking about Jane,
aren't you?
She's part of my life, Ed. Always will be.
I think about her constantly.
But it's done.
When she said, "Get out of my life
forever," I knew it was over.
Sometimes I think about you and Edna,
and I envy you,
because you've had the same person
every day for over 30 years.
You wake up with her,
eat with her, sleep with her...
You make love to the same woman.
You spend every possible
waking moment together,
while I'm out with 20-year-olds who
just want to have fun and cheap sex.
Girls who can't say no,
who can't get enough.
"More, more, more! It's your turn now
to wear the handcuffs."

I just want to love, Ed.
I'm sure you'll find love.
- I already have one.
- It's from the lady.
Go to her, Frank. Go on!
I'll see you in the morning.
- Excuse me.
- Pardon me.
Sorry.
This isn't easy to say.
I'm lonely, I'm lost.
I need someone to hold, to love.
Frank!
Over here.
Well...
- What are you doing here?
- I called your hotel, got no answer.
Then I tried the station house.
I thought maybe you'd be here.
- Good evening, Sam.
- Mr. Drebin. Jane.
Always nice to see nice people.
Sam, play our song.
Just one more time.
Of course.
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Which old witch? The wicked witch...
Sam. That's enough.
Play the other one, please.
You can't let old hurts die, can you?
You walk out of my life,
no explanation...
- Didn't you get the letters?
- Every one of them.
I didn't open them.
I tore them up and threw them in the fire.
So you didn't get the cheque for \$75,000
that your uncle left you in his will?
Why are you here?
I remembered something
about the crime.
Outside the window, I saw
a red van parked across the street.
Red van?

Thank you, that'll be very helpful.

You've said your piece,
you can go now, right?

That's not my only reason
for being here.

- I want us to be friends.

- Sure, friends...

I bet if I dusted you for prints,
they'd be your lover Quentin's.

You!

I see a certain kitten
still knows how to scratch.

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that.

We're no good together.

All you ever lived for was police work.

You were always busy
saving the "end zone" layer.

Ozone layer!

Frank, you never tried to understand.

How can you say that,
when I sank every penny into buying
1,000 acres of Brazilian rainforest.

Then I had it slashed
so we could build our dream house.

Frank! How could you be so insensitive?

Insensitive? You think it's easy
displacing an entire tribe?

- You try it sometime.

- I'd better go. This was a mistake.

I don't know why I came here.

I was hoping that you'd have someone.

I'm single. I love being single!

I haven't had this much sex
since I was a boy scout leader!

I mean, at the time,

I was dating a lot.

- I told you the bombing wouldn't work.

- We had no choice.

Look at this headline.

"President to give Meinheimer
blank cheque at Press Club Dinner."

That speech is in two days.

- Don't you think I know that?

- We all know that.

Gentlemen, gentlemen...

I know that you're all worried,
and I agree.

There's plenty to be worried about.
Like this solar power plant, already
operational outside Los Angeles.

Photovoltaic cells.

They convert sunlight
directly into electricity.

Fluorescents. Last ten times as long
as a conventional light-bulb.

Uses only a quarter of the power.

Superwindows. They insulate
as well as ten sheets of glass.

An electric car,
partially powered by solar panels.

But the truth is, gentlemen,
that I'm not worried about
any of these things.

Because no one is ever
going to know about them.

- What about Meinheimer and his report?

- He's going to tell the President.

Good question.

Why don't we just ask him?

- That's kidnapping!

- Good heavens!

- What about his speech on Tuesday?

- Dr. Meinheimer will deliver his speech.

It is my view that we must rely on
coal, oil and nuclear energy.

Our Dr. Meinheimer.

- Oh, my God!

- That's incredible!

Meet Earl Hacker,

former arts consultant to Jesse Helms.

As I explained to Mr. Hapsburg,

my fee is one million dollars,

and, might I add,

I'm worth every penny of it.

But you gentlemen

don't have any choice.

Do you?

After a good night's sleep,

I headed back to police headquarters.
I figured that if I buried myself
in police work,
I could forget about Jane
and maybe in the process
catch a vicious killer
before he struck again.
So far we had few clues
and no real leads.

I was hoping that the lab boys
had come up with something.

Shut it off!

- Take it easy.
- Say your prayers.
- Nice work.
- What?

Can you show us the results
from the Research Institute?

We weren't able to get
any clean fingerprints,
but we did find footprints
outside the Institute.

We made plaster casts of them.

A size 9 1/2 D.

We're running a trace on it.

But more interesting...

We also found this dinosaur footprint.

- A major find from the Paleolithic era.
- Anything else?

Yes, 20 feet down we discovered
ancient timbers from Noah's Ark.

About the case...

I'll be leaving for Boston tomorrow
where I'll deliver a major address
to the American Archaeological Society.
And I'm booked on Geraldo next week.

You're going on Geraldo
because of this?

No, my wife is a transsexual
Satan worshipper.

Meanwhile, we'll be continuing
fingerprint analysis,
fiber checks,
DNA breakdown and hair samples.

Then, using the microscopic dirt particles
on this footprint,
we'll get a geological breakdown
of the entire city.

- We may not have that kind of time.
- Then maybe this will help.

We found this wallet
on the curb outside the Institute.
We haven't examined it thoroughly.
It just came down from the lab.

"Hector Savage". From Detroit.

I remember this pug.

Ex-boxer.

His real name was Joey Chicago.

Yeah. He fought

under the name of Kid Minneapolis.

I saw Kid Minneapolis fight once,
in Cincinnati.

No, that's Kid New York.

He fought out of Philly.

He was killed in the ring in Houston
by Tex Colorado.

- The Arizona Assassin.
- Yeah, from Dakota.
- Was it North or South?
- North.

South Dakota was his brother.

From West Virginia.

You sure know your boxing.

All I know is:

never bet on the white guy.

- You've got an address?
- The card says, "Monique De Carlo".
"210 Bleckman Street."

That's the red-light district. I wonder
why Savage is hanging out down there.

Sex, Frank?

No, not right now, Ed.

We've got work to do.

The address we had for De Carlo
was in the city's Little Italy.
We went there, hoping it would
lead us to Hector Savage

and lead us to a clue
that would break the case wide open.

That's the cops.

You've got to get rid of them.

All right, I'll handle it.

Quick, hide in the basement.

You'll be safe down there.

- Ed.

- Frank.

- Red van.

- Yes, I know.

Jane said that she saw a red van
outside the Institute before the explosion.

- Let's take him down.

- No, he's not working alone.

- Bug the van. See where it goes.

- Good thinking.

- Nordberg!

- No problem.

Lieutenant Frank Drebin, Police Squad.

This is my Captain, Ed Hocken.

- Is this some kind of bust?

- It's very impressive, yes...

But we need to ask you
a few questions.

Listen. We're looking for
Hector Savage. Where is he?

Why should I tell you?

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

Hi, Frank. We got that D-83 Swedish
Sure-Grip Suck Machine you ordered.

It's a gift.

Frank, come here. Quick!

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

What? Hey!

Hey! Stop, stop! I'm a police officer!

Let's go. But remember,
we can't let him spot us.

Pull over!

Nordberg's bugging device
is right on the money.

I'm not kidding! Stop!

Shit!

He's changing direction. Stop the car.

Oh, no!

- He's getting closer.

- We should see him any minute.

Keep your eyes peeled.

Oh, no!

Look, he's real close now.

Step on it!

Help! Stop, stop!

Frank, stop!

Stop right now! I've had it!

I said stop!

Help!

Drebin, Police Squad.

What do we have?

It's a tense situation.

Savage is holed up in that house.

- Says he's got hostages.

- He could be bluffing. Anything else?

Yeah. That red van is registered

to one Quentin Hapsburg.

Well, it looks like the cows

have come home to roost.

How are you doing, trooper?

Hey, stop firing!

Hold it! Stop firing!

Stop firing! Stop firing!

All right, give me the bullhorn.

This is Frank Drebin, Police Squad.

Throw down your guns

and come out with your hands up,

or come on out, then throw down

your guns, whichever you want.

Remember the two key elements:

One, guns to be thrown down.

Two, come on out.

You just try and take me, Drebin!

I've got more if you want them, copper!

- Looks like he's holding all the cards.

- Not all the cards.

How about it?

You can't drive that tank!

You're not checked-out on it!

Don't worry, Ed!
Just keep him busy.
All right, what do you want?
I want a car out front.
Something fun. A Porsche.
Then I want a plane ticket to Jamaica.
And I want a nice hotel.
No touristy place.
Something indicative of
the people and their culture.
We can't do that.
We're calling your bluff.
Now put your hands on top of your head
and come out.
We've got you surrounded
front and... hey!
Frank, what are you doing?
Where are you going? Frank!
Frank! Help!
- Your coat, sir?
- Yes, it is.
And I have a receipt to prove it.
- Telephone call, Commissioner.
- Thank you.
Excuse me.
Yes?
He did what?
How many animals escaped?
Oh, my God!
Good evening, Commissioner.
You're looking lovely tonight.
Do you realize that because of you
this city is being overrun by baboons?
Well, isn't that the fault of the voters?
Excuse me.
Thank you all for attending this
event in honor of Dr. Meinheimer,
who tomorrow
will make his historic address.
Along with the President, I pledge
to support his recommendations,
whatever they may be.
And now, please enjoy the evening.
I'll see you later.

May I cut in?

- What are you doing here?

- I enjoy a good party.

- Why are you really here?

- I can sum that up in three words:

"Quentin Hapsburg." I never liked him
from the moment I laid eyes on him.

The man is as dirty

as a coalminer's underwear in January.

What's gotten into you?

He's a kind, gentle, concerned man,

who cares about people and is not

as suspicious as some people I know.

Ask him what his connection is with the
van you saw the night of the explosion.

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

Ask him if he's pals with

a two-bit goon named Hector Savage.

Stop it! You're just jealous

because another man can give me

the understanding that you never could.

I just hope Quentin is watching

right now, because he'll be jealous.

And a jealous man

always makes the wrong move.

I'm counting on that!

Mr. Drebin, Mr. Hapsburg

would like you to join him at his table.

- Solitaire is a lonely man's game.

- Lieutenant!

I don't recall seeing your name

on the guest list.

Nothing to be embarrassed about.

I sometimes go by my maiden name.

Nice party.

I see a lot of familiar face-lifts.

- Do you gamble, Lieutenant?

- Every time I order out.

Que sera, sera...

- You do speak French, don't you?

- Unfortunately, no.

But I do kiss that way.

Excuse me!

You happen to be standing in my place.

Dr. Meinheimer, you remember Frank?

- Uh... Mister...

- Drebin, from Police Squad.

- You met him at the Institute.

- Yes, of course! Do sit down.

Thank you, I don't intend to stay.

Let's play another game. Who's this?

- I wouldn't know.

- He's been a bad boy.

He blew up a building and
is driving a van registered in your name.
We own lots of vans.

One of them was stolen three days ago.

Look, Lieutenant, I have nothing to hide.
Maybe, but I'm warning you.

If you so much as sneeze,
I'll be there to wipe your nose.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for
the first door prize of the evening:
an all-expense-paid trip
to the Gilligan Islands.

And to draw the first winner,
we would like to ask our guest of honor:
Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer.

- Let me help you.

- That won't be necessary.

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

I'm afraid it's merely
a case of jealousy, my dear.

You're going to wear all my gears down.
We shouldn't push it like this.

- He gets around marvelously.

- He does.

- Frank?

- Jane.

I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry
about what happened tonight.

- Oh, Frank.

- I need to talk to you. May I come in?

OK, but the place is kind of a mess.

I was about to make a protein shake.

Do you want some?

No, thank you.

Are you sure?

I'm trying out a new recipe tonight.

Do you know what Dr. Meinheimer
will say at the dinner tomorrow?

Yes, he'll endorse energy efficiency
and renewable energy like solar power.

- Who else knew that?

- Only me. And I told Quentin.

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

Coal, oil and nuclear.

- Frank! Frank!

- Just one more question.

You told me that Dr. Meinheimer
had a photographic memory,
yet tonight

he never recalled meeting me.

That's strange, but he has been
under a lot of stress lately.

Does he have any identifying marks?

A scar, a mole, a tattoo,
webbed toes or a third nostril?

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

I see... Have you noticed
anything different about him?

Only that he is a foot taller
and seems to be left-handed now.

Frank! What are you trying to tell me?

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

That's brilliant. That's a lot better
than what I had come up with.

Stop it, this is preposterous!

Is there no end to your jealousy?

Jane, you're hurting me.

- What more do you want from me?

- Can I use your phone?

- Local call?

- Yes.

If you'll excuse me,

I have to take my shower.
The phone is in the other room.
You can let yourself out. Goodbye.
Give me Captain Ed Hocken, please.
Ed, I'm onto something big.
I'll need you and Nordberg tomorrow.
What is he doing in Detroit?
Send him the plane fare
and a new pair of pants.
Of the way we were
Memories
Like the colors of my mind
Misty water-colored memories
Of the way we were
Scattered pictures
Of the smiles we left behind
Smiles we gave to one another
Of the way we were
Can it be that it was all so simple then
Or has time rewritten...
Frank!
Just as I suspected.
Come on, on your feet.
Jane...
What happened to the water pressure?
Jane!
Frank!
I was so frightened!
- What happened out there?
- It's nothing to worry about.
But if I were you, I wouldn't leave
until they shampoo the carpets.
- Who would want to kill you?
- Before tonight, only the cable company.
Now I'm afraid it's one of
Hapsburg's goons. He was carrying this.
Oh, Frank! I feel like such a fool.
- I should never have doubted you.
- There, there...
You couldn't know that the man you
were dating was a murdering sociopath.
Oh, Frank!
We have to help Dr. Meinheimer.
- He's in danger.

- Yes.
They'll probably torture him,
then kill him.
It's all my fault!
They'll start by tearing out his toenails
and then move on to the nosehairs.
Oh, no! What are we going to do?
If my hunch is right,
they're holding him hostage here.
- At the Home Club?
- What? No!
At this warehouse.
I've got to get going to rescue him.
- You'll be careful?
- Of course I will.
I will...
I guess I'd better be on my way.
I promised Nordberg
we'd bake a raisin nutbread tonight.
I can't fight it any more!
I ran away from you once. I can't do it
again. Will you stay with me? Please?
Frank, we've got
no business doing this.
We've only got a dock pass
and your hunch.
Hapsburg is up to something right up
to his pretty, imported shirt collar.
It's a perfect day. This fog'll keep us
concealed to Hapsburg's warehouse.
That's not fog. The number two
engine's on fire. They're putting it out.
Let's run through this one more time.

At 3:

the power lines, knocking out the alarms.
Yeah. Right.
- Nordberg.
- Got it.
I'll be in the van waiting for your signal.
Are you wired-up?
Yeah. Right.
When you hear me say,
"I love it", you guys move in.

- Check.

- Ready, Frank?

The water's over there.

Hexagon oil commercial
number one.

Piloting today's giant oil tankers
is a big responsibility.

That's why here at Hexagon's
Tanker Captain Training School,
future captains go through
a rigorous instruction programme.

Through a complicated
elimination process,
we weed out those less qualified
for the day-to-day operation
of a 500,000-tonne
single hull super tanker.

Only the best will take command
of what is essentially
a floating ecological time bomb.
Commercial two.

Just the way I like it!

Some day, way into the future,
the sun may be able to
provide for all our energy needs.

But right now,
it gives us a comfortable feeling
to know that our home
is being supplied by nuclear power.

I know what you're thinking,
but we're not worried.

We know that nuclear energy is safe.

In fact, we think of it as
our friendly neighbor.

But remember, our friend can't exist
without huge government subsidies.

So tell your congressman
to keep those government dollars
rolling into nuclear power.

I'll have to find another way in, Ed.

They've got killer guard dogs here.

Do you read me?

Loud and clear.

Nordberg, how are we doing?

We're at our destination.
Ed, I'm going to try the roof.
I'm going to try it again.
- Cut the power line.
- Right.
Help!
Come in, Nordberg.
Frank, hold on. We have a problem.
Well... It's Lieutenant Drebin.
You were supposed to
have been killed last night.
But now I think I'm going to
enjoy doing it myself.
It'll be slow and painful.
- What's that smell?
- That would be me.
I have been swimming in raw sewage.
I love it.
I love it!
That's the signal, let's go.
It's stuck. Give me a hand.
Ed, help me! Ed!
Search him.
I love it!
He's wired!
Tie him up!
You'll never get away
with this, Hapsburg.
- Whatever it is...
- All right, I'll show you.
Let me introduce you to some people.
Of course, you know Dr. Meinheimer.
And you've met Earl Hacker.
Why you son of a...
And then I'd like you
to meet the Redmans.
Weekend guests from out of town.
We're going to the Press Club Dinner.
Make sure nothing happens to Drebin
until I come back.
Then I want the pleasure
of killing you myself.
The pleasure is all mine.
See you after the speech, Lieutenant.

- Freeze!
- That's it. Freeze!
Don't move!
Good Lord!
Look at what they did to Dr. Meinheimer.
Are you OK, Dr. Meinheimer?
That's OK. Don't try to talk.
I just can't take this any more.
Garbage like you just makes me sick!
- Ed...
- OK?
I'm just John Q. Public now.
It's just you and me.
- Mano a mano.
- Ed...
I'll teach you to pick on
a helpless invalid!
All right, he's had enough!
Somebody help the Captain.
We've got to get to that dinner.
Any predictions, Mr. Sununu?
There won't be any surprises
in Dr. Meinheimer's address.
He'll recommend that the President
continues our policy of oil dependency,
and more dollars for subsidizing nuclear
power, as I've recommended myself.
We'll have more on the dinner later and
an update on the escaped zoo animals.
This is the most important evening
of my career. We can't afford mistakes.
If you see Drebin or
any Police Squad near these premises,
I want them arrested on sight.
I told Jane to meet us
at the hotel's rear entrance.
- Where's that?
- In the back.
She'll unlock the doors at 7:30.
- What about Hapsburg?
- Hopefully, she can stay clear of him.
Let's go.
Why, Jane!
What are you doing out here?

The party's inside.
Quentin! I was just getting
a breath of fresh air.
I grew up on Lake Erie.
There's nothing quite like it.
Well, I'm quite sure...
But how fortunate to have found you.
Now you can join me at my table.
Jane! Something
must have happened to Jane.
Bernardo, you've got the keys?
I have a better idea. Follow me!
Your attention, please.
Ladies and gentlemen.
Thousand points of... light.
Light, a thousand points of light.
Recession... bad. Recovery... good.
Yeah, I think I've got that.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the President of the United States.
Bsame
Bsame mucho...
Each time I cling to your kiss
I hear music divine
Bsame mucho
Hold me, my darling,
and say that you'll always be mine
We'd better make our move.
Yeah, I'm thinking about something
more up-tempo, like Guantanamera.
No, I mean Hacker!
He's getting ready to make a speech.
Right! I'll intercept Hacker. You get
the doctor prepared for his speech.
Bravo! Encore!
Ladies and gentlemen...
- Dr. Meinheimer.
- Yes?
- Or should I say Hacker?
- Drebin!
Look what he's doing
to that man in the wheelchair!
- Can't someone help?
- Come on, guys. Let's get him!

- Give me a shot at him!
- Beating a guy in a wheelchair, huh?
- We'd better get this man first aid.
- Sit tight, mister.

Thank you.

I'm pleased and honored to be with you tonight on this historic occasion.

Tonight, Dr. Meinheimer, as he looks up to the future, no doubt realizes

how our dependence on foreign oil has put a stranglehold on the budget.

A lot of cuts will have to be made and some people will be hit hard.

But we'll just keep cutting until we have an impact.

That's the only way we'll be able to move forward.

Now I present to you

Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer.

Oh, my God! He can walk!

He can walk! It's a miracle!

I can walk!

Get off me, you moron!

Hey, come back here!

Everything seems to be OK now, so without further ado,

I present to you, once again,

the man who needs no introduction,

the esteemed Dr. Albert S. Meinheimer.

Hold it! Hold everything!

- Don't listen to him. He's a fraud!

- No!

- I can prove it!

- What are you doing?

The real doctor has a birthmark in the shape of Whistler's Mother right here!

Obviously a forgery.

We'll see about this!

Drebin!

Hold it! Frank is right.

There is a fraud in this room, but it's this man!

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

No, no, no...

That man - Quentin Hapsburg.

- They're gone!

- Let's go!

- Let me go!

- The roof.

Come on, Frank, hurry!

Come on!

Tonight, I intend to share with you my report

on our need for a national policy based on energy efficiency and clean, renewable energy sources.

Over there!

Frank!

Take cover!

Nordberg! Cover me, I'm going in!

All right. Where's Hapsburg?

- Where are you hit?

- It's not that.

- You're on my groin.

- Oh, sorry.

- Where is he?

- You're too late.

Hapsburg has Plan B in...

...in... in...

Where, where? All right.

Who else is almost dead?

OK, now...

- Talk!

- You're too late, Drebin.

- He already said that.

- Where did he leave off?

"Hapsburg has Plan B in..."

Oh, yeah. Hapsburg has Plan B in...

...in...

- Where?

Where? Talk, you low-life scum!

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

I'm right here, Drebin.

Drop your gun, Lieutenant.

I believe you're inquiring about Plan B.

That's where we detonate
a small nuclear device.
Your Dr. Meinheimer
can talk all he wants.
No one will be left alive to hear it.
Detonation sequence activated.
I'm the only one
who knows the abort code.
In ten minutes,
this building and everyone in it
will be reduced to a pile of rubble.
I'll be safely on my helicopter.
By this time tomorrow,
I'll be hunting rhino in Botswana.
What do you think of that?
You certainly seem to be
in touch with your anger.
I don't care what you think.
You won't talk your way out of this.
Go ahead! Threaten me like you have
the American people for so long.
But it won't work this time.
You're part of a dying breed,
like people who can name all 50 states.
The truth hurts, doesn't it?
Maybe not as much as jumping on
a bicycle with the seat missing,
but it hurts.
That's as far as you go, Drebin.
Any final requests, Lieutenant?
Yes. Can I have the gun?
Oh, no. I'm not going to fall for that one.
Not so fast!
Six minutes to detonation.
- All right, talk! Give me that abort code.
- OK, I'll talk.
- Six numbers - 2, 1, 7...
- I'm coming, Frank!
Thanks a lot.
- Are you all right?
- I'm fine. Are you OK?
Yes, but unless we can disarm
this computer, the building will blow.
We must warn everyone.

- Jane, you'd better go.
- No, Frank. I'm staying here with you.
But Jane...
If you're going to be blown to bits,
I want to be here with you.
Jane, I promise you
that if we ever come out of this alive,
I'll never let my police work
interfere with our love again.
Frank. Frank!
The bomb.
Let's go, Nordberg.
Four minutes to detonation.
- What are we going to do?
- See what you can find in the manual.
Let me see here..."To reset
detonation code, press pound sign."
Per your command, the speed
of this sequence has been increased.
Detonation now in two minutes.
So instead of spending
2.5 billion dollars
on research
into nuclear waste disposal,
the Federal Government,
for only 500 million dollars,
or the cost of one B-1 bomber,
could reduce the price
of solar panels by 90%.
As Albert Einstein once said...
Wake up, wake up!
Wake up, the place is going to blow!
I'll get the lights.
To elaborate on point 102...
Here, read this. It's an emergency.
"His strong, manly hands
"probed every crevice
of her silken femininity,
"their undulating bodies
writhing in a sensual rhythm
"as he thrust his purple-headed warrior
"into her quivering mound
of love pudding."
Listen up, everyone. I want you

to calmly file towards the exits.
That's it. Nobody run.
Just walk, single file.
That's it. If we'll just stay calm,
no one will be harmed by the huge bomb
that's going to explode.
It's a cookbook, it's a cookbook!
Twenty seconds to detonation.
- What are you going to do?
- 15 seconds.
- It's got my sleeve!
- Oh, no!
10, 9, 8...
- I can't get it.
- Jane, my jacket!
5, 4, 3...
- ... 2, 1...
- Let's get out!
Frank, look!
You did it!
Thank you,
Mr. President, for those kind words,
but it's all part of the job.
Frank, I'd like you to consider filling
a special post I'm going to create.
It may mean long hours,
dangerous nights,
and being surrounded by some of
the scummiest elements in our society.
You want me to be in your cabinet?
No... No!
I want you to head up
a new Federal Bureau of Police Squad.
- That's a great honor.
- It's what you've always wanted.
Congratulations.
Nice going!
- Get in here.
- Thank you, Mr. President.
Thank you. I'm very honored.
This is something I've always dreamt of,
but I'll have to turn down your offer.
You see, I've learnt something
this past week

about the Earth and about love.
I guess love is like the ozone layer.
You never miss it until it's gone.
Blowing away a fleeing suspect
with my .44 Magnum
used to be everything to me.
I enjoyed it. Who wouldn't?
But now I want to be known as
"The Environmental Police Lieutenant".
I want a world where Frank Junior,
and all the Frank Juniors,
can sit under a shade tree,
breathe the air, swim in the ocean,
and go into a 7-Eleven
without an interpreter.
I want a world where I can eat
a sea otter without getting sick.
I want a world where the Democrats
have a candidate worth voting for.
I may not get there with you,
but most of all,
I want a world
where I can wake up each morning
with this woman, whom I love!
Yikes!
- Frank!
- Jane!
- Jane, will you marry me?
- Yes, of course I'll marry you!
We love Frank! We love Frank!
One more picture.
Turn around, over here!
Smile!
Help, George!
All right, let's see
if I got this straight, now.
Energy efficiency... good.
Drilling in
Arctic national wildlife refuge... bad.
Mr. President,
is everything OK in there?
I'm fine, thanks.