

# **THE NAKED GUN: WHAT 4?**

## **THE RHYTHM OF EVIL**

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(After Obama)

THE NAKED GUN: WHAT 4?

FADE IN:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING - DAY

A FEMALE REPORTER stands in a hallway crammed with spectators.

FEMALE REPORTER

(to camera)

This is Arianna Maybelline, live  
from Los Angeles... where the city's  
latest high profile murder trial has  
just reached a verdict.

\*  
\*  
\*

In the background, people SMILE and WAVE.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Despite the seriousness of the crime,  
there's almost a carnival  
atmosphere...

\*  
\*

A man eating cotton candy walks by. A clown makes balloon  
animals. A guy in a leotard swallows a sword.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

... adding to what's already being  
called a media circus.

(listens to headset)

All right, we'll now take you live  
inside the court.

\*  
\*

A teenage boy creeps up from behind, SQUEEZES the Reporter's  
BREASTS. She doesn't flinch, stares into camera.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Tense. TIGHT CLOSE-UPS. A JUDGE addresses the jury.

\*

JUDGE

Has the jury reached a verdict?

The LEAD JUROR stands.

LEAD JUROR

We have. We find the defendant...  
(dramatic pause)  
... not guilty.

O.S. GASPS. The Judge POUNDS his gavel.

\*

JUDGE

(to courtroom)

Order! This jury has made its  
decision and we will respect it.

(to someone off camera)

Mr. Bin Laden, you're free to go.

\*  
\*

The defendant OSAMA BIN LADEN hugs his defense team, all shorter than him -- knocks knuckles with GLORIA ALLRED.

\*

INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The CIRCUS SCENE has escalated. A vendor hawks bags of peanuts. A juggler on a unicycle pedals by.

FEMALE REPORTER

(into camera)

Well, this comes as a shock... since Wesley Snipes was sentenced to death for mailing his tax returns late.

A man on a trapeze SWINGS THROUGH FRAME.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Things are getting out of hand, so I'll turn it back to the studio.

An elephant's trunk SNIFFS the reporter's microphone.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON TELEVISION SET

Tuned to the broadcast. An ANCHORMAN takes over.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

Stay with Court TV as we discuss the verdict with our panel of experts... Robert Blake, Phil Spector and King Henry VIII.

\*

We're inside a stately office belonging to POLICE COMMISSIONER ROY MCGLADE (60s), a tough veteran that learned to read off tattoos. He stares at the TV, displeased.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

More after this.

A campaign commercial. SUPERIMPOSED OVER an American flag is a well coiffured politician, SENATOR KEN MULCHING (40s).

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Senator Ken Mulching is running for President. If you'd like to find out what he stands for... elect him.

SENATOR MULCHING (V.O.)

My name is Ken Mulching and I may or may not approve this message.

The intercom on McGlade's desk BUZZES. He crosses over.

\*

MCGLADE

(into intercom)

Yes?

In the background, a photo of Governor Schwarzenegger wearing a suit, tie and Conan helmet.

FEMALE VOICE  
(from intercom)  
Lieutenant Litvak... here to see  
you.

\*  
\*

MCGLADE  
Send her in.

\*

FEMALE VOICE  
It's me, Commissioner. I'm right  
outside.

\*  
\*

MCGLADE  
Then send yourself in.

\*

McGlade uses a remote to "mute" the TV. The Anchorman tries to speak... can't. The on screen display reads MUTE.

LT. ERICA LITVAK (30s) enters, a no nonsense professional. Her smartly chosen attire suggests a killer body. A tight skirt gift wraps perfect legs. They salute.

\*

MCGLADE (CONT'D)  
Morning, Lieutenant. I'd compliment  
you on your appearance, particularly  
your lovely cheekbones and pouty,  
succulent lips... but I can't risk a  
sex harassment suit.

\*  
\*

On TV, a physician inspects the Anchorman's throat.

ERICA  
You wanted to see me?

\*

MCGLADE  
Yes.

McGlade stares at her, undressing her with his eyes.

ERICA  
Did you also wish to speak with me?

\*

MCGLADE  
That too.  
(paces)  
The public has lost confidence in  
law enforcement. Crime is everywhere.

McGlade passes a wall covered with GRAFFITI. A TAGGER stands in the corner, SPRAY PAINTS. McGlade gazes out a window.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)  
And corruption within our ranks has  
reached epidemic proportions.

MCGLADE' POV - CITY STREET - DAY

Chaos. A policeman snatches a woman's purse. Another cop walks hand in hand with a prostitute. A CHP officer, instead of writing a speeding ticket, accepts a Rolex.

MCGLADE (O.C.)

It's ugly out there... like a boil on the buttock of a Sumo wrestler suffering from excema.

McGlade notices a bus stop where seventh graders watch a STRIPPER pole dancing from the sign.

MCGLADE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And another school has opened across from a strip club. Disgraceful.

SCENE AS BEFORE

McGlade turns away from the window.

MCGLADE

(re: window)

I barely recognize this city.

The view outside shows the "Leaning Tower of Pisa."

ERICA

News isn't all bad. Thanks to the high price of gas, drive by shootings are down.

MCGLADE

But ride by bicycle shootings are up.

The SOUND of a BICYCLE BELL outside followed by a GUNSHOT.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

Anyway, reason I made this duty call... I'm placing you in charge of Internal Affairs.

ERICA

And why do you feel I'm the most qualified?

MCGLADE

Your spotless record. Plus you're the only cop I'm sure isn't on the take. You're also easy on the eyes, but I can't say that. I also can't say you've got apricot tender skin, well toned thighs and silken hair I'd love running my fingers through while taking hits off a hookah pipe.

ERICA

You've always treated me with respect,  
Commissioner. Thank you.

MCGLADE

Your mission is to weed out every  
bad apple until this department smells  
fresher than Whole Foods.

ERICA

I'll do my best.

McGlade picks up a bottle with a police car inside instead  
of a ship, fondles it.

MCGLADE

(wistfully)

I'll tell yah about best. I used to  
serve with men that were like the  
finest vegetables in a hearty stew.  
Hand-picked, ready to serve...

He turns to a framed photo of himself from years ago, flanked  
by a group of detectives raising paper cups at a "Dunkin'  
Donuts," a scrappier version of "The Untouchables."

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

... and none of 'em went bad.

Erica stands at his side.

ERICA

You talking about Police Squad?

MCGLADE

No, I'm talking about Police Squad.  
(fondly)

We were a team. We ate together, we  
drank together and when we  
accidentally shot one of our own...  
we covered it up together.

(resolute)

I want Police Squad reactivated.

ERICA

But aren't the members long gone?  
And we all know what happened to  
Nordberg in Vegas.

McGlade picks up a newspaper, there's a picture of O.J.  
being arraigned. The headline: "GUILTY!"

MCGLADE

(re: newspaper)

Yes... that sports memorabilia sting  
that went belly up. I still believe  
he's innocent.

He tosses it aside. On TV in the background, the Anchorman presses his face against the screen. \*

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN on the man McGlade sits beside, FRANK DREBIN in his prime. \*

MCGLADE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
And there's one man proving this is  
a country for old men... Frank Drebin.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE GOLF COURSE - DAY

FRANK DREBIN, older, wiser, more out of touch with reality, stands in a sand trap, diligently chips a golf ball, a cell phone pressed to his ear. \*

DREBIN  
(into phone)  
Glad to hear from you, Roy... but  
speak up. I wear a solar powered  
hearing aid and there's cloud cover.

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY

McGlade holds a receiver. Erica checks her Blackberry. Behind her, the Anchorman gestures in vain. \*

MCGLADE  
(into phone)  
How you enjoying retirement?

CROSS CUTTING BETWEEN THE TWO SCENES:

DREBIN  
(into phone)  
Well, according to my wife, I still  
interrogate people in my sleep.  
We're talking about opening a bed  
and breakfast for ex-cons... but  
worry the showers won't hold six or  
more.  
(swings)  
Why not come visit? I'm playing in  
the Guantanamo Bay Invitational. \*

We see Drebin's caddie: A DETAINEE in an orange jumpsuit wearing shackles. \*

MCGLADE  
(into phone)  
What's your handicap?

DREBIN  
(into phone)  
Same as always. Rheumatoid arthritis.

MCGLADE

(into phone)

Frank, I'm gonna' cut to the low speed chase. I'm restarting Police Squad.

A flash of excitement in Drebin's eyes.

DREBIN

(into phone)

I'd love to. I can still do everything I did fifty years ago, just slower and with more mistakes.

MCGLADE

(into phone)

No, Frank... I'm talking about fresh blood. Can you think of someone to be your successor? I know there's only one you.

\*  
\*

The detainee stealthily picks the lock on his leg irons.

DREBIN

(into phone)

Actually, there's three due to identity theft. Hold on while I make this shot.

\*

The detainee grabs a golf club, prepares to bludgeon Drebin who SWINGS, inadvertently CLOBBERS him -- HITS the ball.

\*  
\*

DREBIN (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got a name for you.

\*

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY

McGlade hurriedly scribbles.

MCGLADE

(into phone)

Thanks, Frank. We'll do our best to locate him.

\*

McGlade hangs up. He and Erica react to THUMPING.

\*

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

What's that?

The Anchorman has grabbed a chair, BANGS it against the TV screen from inside. The television falls over -- EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE (MOSTLY STOCK FOOTAGE)

The CAR SIREN from every "Naked Gun" movie. The 50's big band THEME has been updated to ELECTRONICA.



The siren careens down a city block, swerves through In-N-Out Burger, thwarts an ATM robbery by mowing down the thief.

The siren competes in a NASCAR RACE, joins racehorses at the KENTUCKY DERBY, participates in the RUNNING OF THE BULLS.

The siren sails a choppy sea, FIRES a TORPEDO... detours into a scene from "Grand Theft Auto IV."

\*

Strapped to the back of a SPACE SHUTTLE, the siren is LAUNCHED.

\*

\*

The FINAL SHOT shows the siren entering a BLOCKBUSTER video store. It chases customers, passes the other "Naked Gun" movies on shelves, parks before a section filled with "Naked Gun 4." FADE TO BLACK.

\*

\*

\*

\*

FADE IN:

\*

EXT. CITY - STOCK SHOT - DAY

THE CAMERA PANS a cityscape. A Scorsese style vista. COOL JAZZ as our main character SPEAKS in VOICE OVER.

VINCE (V.O.)

It was a hot, sweaty day in Chicago  
1957... which is why I was thrilled  
to be in Los Angeles present day.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Uniformed cops come and go. A Starbucks truck delivers coffee in five-gallon jugs usually reserved for Sparkletts.

A squad car cruises by with "K-9 Unit" on it. We see a German Shepherd behind the wheel, driving.

A DARK BLUE MUSTANG

Rumbles INTO FRAME, topples a meter, parks. The driver wears sunglasses, jeans, a sports coat and five o'clock shadow on pacific time: DETECTIVE VINCE CONKLIN (30s).

\*

\*

VINCE (V.O.)

This is a story of redemption, not  
store coupons... personal.

Vince unfolds a sun visor showing Steve McQueen from "Bullitt" gripping the wheel, puts it on the dashboard, climbs out.

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

We all make mistakes. Who hasn't  
dialed a wrong number, left a family  
of six locked in a hot station wagon  
or rented a Cuba Gooding Jr. movie?

\*

Vince stares at the building.

VINCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But cops can't make mistakes. I  
 did, but I've been given a second  
 chance. Who knows if I'll get a  
 second second chance. Or a third  
 second chance. Or a fourth...

A MAILMAN hurries down the sidewalk, speaks in VOICE OVER.

MAILMAN (V.O.)  
 (checks his watch)  
 I can't miss my kid's play. He thinks  
 I don't love him. So what if I don't?  
 I'm still his dad.

A redheaded COED jogs by. WE HEAR her thoughts.

JOGGING COED (V.O.)  
 It's our third date so I guess I'll  
 sleep with him... but he's not my  
 type. For starters, he's white.

An ELDERLY MAN uses a walker.

ELDERLY MAN (V.O.)  
 I can't believe they took my license  
 away. It's easy to mistake the gas  
 for the brake. Besides, I only hit  
 a Scientologist tying his shoe.

More VOICES... construction workers, trash collectors,  
 telephone repair men -- ALL OVERLAPPING. Vince can't get a  
 word in edgewise.

VINCE (V.O.)  
 I forgot. Today was National Voice  
 Over Day.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS BUREAU - ERICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Erica sits behind a desk, dresses someone down.

ERICA  
 (to man in chair)  
 Officer Fitzgerald, you were heard  
 using the "N" word... and this city's  
 still healing from the Michael  
 Richards riot. You're on suspension.

The man rises -- wears a badge and a KLU KLUX KLAN outfit.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
 And stay out of the hood.

The Klansman EXITS, passes Vince. Erica lowers her head,  
 notices someone standing before her... Vince. HER EYES savor  
 the BULGE in his pants that's twitching. She's attracted to  
 him -- keeps it professional.

ERICA (CONT'D) \*

Can I help you?

VINCE \*

I'm looking for Erica Litvak.

ERICA \*

She.

VINCE \*

I assumed so. Erica is commonly a woman's name.

She points to her nameplate, stands.

ERICA \*

I'm Lieutenant Litvak.

VINCE \*

Oh, Detective Vince Conklin. I've been assigned to reboot Police Squad.  
(hands her envelope)  
I was told to give you this.

Erica opens the envelope, turns away. Drebin reads the letter in VOICE OVER. \*

DREBIN (V.O.)

To whom it may concern, the young man you're meeting is a diamond in the rough. Take him under your wing, feather his nest and feed him worms. See to it the system doesn't chew him up and spit him out like some under-cooked hamburger from a carwash vending machine. Nursemaid him from your ample breasts of integrity. Suckle him with your mother's milk of experience. Lactate...

Erica folds the letter, stuffs it back in the envelope. Drebin's VOICE keeps babbling, MUFFLED. \*

She DROPS the letter in a PAPER SHREDDER. Drebin's voice SCREAMS as it's torn apart.

Vince examines a framed picture on Erica's desk. \*

VINCE

This you?

ERICA \*

No, my sister... she's in medical school. \*

Erica turns the photo back: An x-ray of a woman's head. \*

ERICA (CONT'D)  
Make yourself comfortable.

Vince sits, reclines the chair, puts his feet on her desk.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
Not that comfortable.

He straightens.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
You come highly recommended.

VINCE  
So do you. Commissioner McGlade  
said you'd help me find candidates  
for Police Squad 2.0.

ERICA  
What kind of people you looking for?

VINCE  
The chosen ones should believe the  
law is gospel... and not fear  
persecution for sticking to it.

ERICA  
So... you only want Jews?

VINCE  
No, I'm open to people of all races,  
creeds and massive guilt complexes.

A KNOCK. A DESK SERGEANT sticks his head in.

DESK SERGEANT  
Lieutenant, you seen the hostage  
negotiator?

ERICA  
He's off today.

The Sergeant turns, addresses a SKI MASKED MAN with a BOMB  
strapped to his chest.

DESK SERGEANT  
(to suicide bomber)  
Mind coming back tomorrow?

The door CLOSSES. We HEAR the "Law & Order" THEME: "Dum Dum."  
It REPEATS. Vince whips out his cell.

VINCE  
(re: cell)  
Sorry.

Vince shuts off the phone, tucks it back in his shirt. It  
FALLS OUT. He reaches down, gets a glimpse of Erica's legs...

sees a MIDGET POLICE OFFICER under the desk, ogling them too.

Vince rises, says nothing.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Anyway, what sort of screening process  
will you use to filter out bad cops?

ERICA  
Psychological tests. The subconscious  
doesn't lie.

VINCE  
Mind giving me one?

ERICA  
A test? Why?

VINCE  
I want you to trust me.

There's a bowl of fruit on Erica's desk. She places three  
apples and one banana in a row.

ERICA  
(re: fruit)  
Which one of these does not belong?

Vince studies the fruit... selects an apple.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, that's incorrect.

VINCE  
Sorry, that incorrect is incorrect.  
(re: apple)  
This was grown by an Arizona farmer  
suffering from dyslexia.

He tosses her the apple. A tiny sticker reads:  
"IN GROWN ARINOZA." She raises an eyebrow.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You know, I'd love to grab something  
to eat... as long as it's not a live  
turkey eluding capture.

Another KNOCK. The Desk Sergeant again.

DESK SERGEANT  
Lieutenant, sorry. You got a  
personal call... some guy sayin'  
he's your ex.

The Sergeant steps out. Vince gets up.

ERICA

(waves him back)

It's all right. I broke up with a  
guy last year, but we're still  
friends. He's a little nervous about  
some surgery coming up. Sit.

(into phone)

Carl? When you going in?

(listens)

Tomorrow? Did the doctor walk you  
through it?

Vince tries not to listen, picks up a banana.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Really? So you've already begun  
hormone treatments. Yes, your voice  
does sound higher. How long 'til  
you grow breasts?

Disinterested, Vince peels the banana.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(listens, into phone)

Uh huh. And how many hours will you  
go under the knife?

(listens)

I see, first they cut off the penis.

Vince BITES, chews slowly.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(listens, into phone)

And the testicles.

He crosses his legs.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Uh huh... then they carve out the  
scrotum. Wow.

Vince SQUIRMS, tightens his sphincter.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

And they use all that to make an  
artificial vagina. Gotcha'.

Vince loses his appetite... looks for somewhere to throw  
away the banana. The Midget REACHES from under the desk.  
Vince hands it to him.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(listens)

How long will you take off work?

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

Uh huh... you're lucky the Navy Seals  
are so understanding.

(listens)

Well, you're welcome to try on any  
of my old outfits... but I'm pretty  
sure your hips are wider than mine.  
Hang tough now.

She hangs up. Vince is QUEASY. Erica checks her watch.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Still hungry?

EXT. BAR & GRILL - LATER

A cop bar. TIGHT ON a neon sign: "The Third Degree."

INT. BAR & GRILL

The walls are covered with framed mugshots of celebrities:  
Hugh Grant, Nick Nolte, Mel Gibson, Lindsay Lohan... all  
autographed.

Policemen huddle around a VIDEO GAME called "Squad Car Hero."  
They use JOYSTICKS. On the SCREEN is the Rodney King beating  
with SCORE NUMBERS.

A couple of uniformed officers play billiards. The pool  
table has a chalk outline of a body on it.

Vince and Erica share a booth. She drinks diet soda. He  
sips green tea. Cops GLARE at them.

VINCE

We're getting nasty looks.

ERICA

Not we... me. I'm Internal Affairs.  
Cops don't like cops that bust other  
cops.

(sips drink)

My job's not about loyalty. It's  
about fundamental choices... between  
right or wrong. Good or evil.

VINCE

Ginger or Mary Ann.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Some men in blue would like to buy  
you a drink...

(to Vince)

... but only you.

Erica takes it in stride.

VINCE  
 (to cocktail waitress)  
 Tell 'em I don't drink when I'm on  
 duty... and they shouldn't either.

The Waitress shrugs, implies "no dice" to "The Blue Man Group"  
 sitting at a table -- offended.

ERICA  
 Where'd you come from, Conklin? I'm  
 guessing you were a boy scout.

VINCE  
 Yeah... and the first to testify  
 against a scoutmaster, but he had no  
 business stripping us down every  
 half hour for poison ivy inspections.

ERICA  
 Did that teach you what separates  
 the men from the boys?

VINCE  
 (nods)  
 A restraining order. Happily, the  
 scoutmaster got reformed... became a  
 Catholic priest.  
 (raises glass)  
 Ever since... I've never been afraid  
 to do the right thing.

They CLINK glasses. By mistake, Vince picks up the CANDLE  
 on the table, sips HOT WAX, speaks with a GLOB on his face.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 (gooey lips)  
 That's not just lip service.

He wipes his mouth. She's smitten... stays professional.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 What about you? Even from here, I  
 can tell the fragrance you're  
 wearing... loneliness.

ERICA  
 It's that obvious?  
 (wry smile)  
 I have trouble trusting most men I  
 meet... like crooks and the movers  
 that stole my favorite leather jacket.  
 (sips drink)  
 So, I stay focused on career. There's  
 nothing worse than waking up next to  
 someone who doesn't love you.

VINCE  
 How about not waking up?



She nods -- good point.

ERICA

Anyway, enough about me. What's  
your story, Vince... or at least  
your significant character arc?

Vince hesitates -- notices something on a TV tuned to ESPN:  
A replay of a pro basketball player collapsing on the court.

VINCE

(re: TV)

Whoa, what's the story there?

ERICA

Deacon Dixon of the 76ers died last  
night during a game. I saw it happen  
live, from the stands.

VINCE

What a tragic loss.

ERICA

I know, three point difference.

Vince stands, CROSSES to the TV.

VINCE

(in general)

Hey, where's the remote?

The BARTENDER can't locate it. Vince reaches into his pocket,  
pulls out his own, RAISES the VOLUME.

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Repeating our top story, famed NBA  
player Deacon Dixon was pronounced  
dead after collapsing at the Staples  
Center. Cause of death has yet to  
be determined, although the Dixon  
family has a past history of dying.  
Now, back to the opening ceremonies  
of the Baghdad Olympics.

The "Shock & Awe" bombing of Iraq. Olympic MUSIC PLAYS.

Vince PAUSES the Tivo -- REWINDS Dixon collapsing, studies  
it.

VINCE

(to himself)

Back... and to the left.

Erica joins him.

ERICA

What's the matter?

VINCE

(re: TV)

A little voice in my head's telling  
me something's not right. I trust  
this voice... it told me not to rent  
"The Love Guru."

(points to TV)

Police Squad 2.0 has its first case.

Vince heads for the door. Erica follows, gets blocked by  
two imposing cops: MULLAVEY & JURGENS.

OFFICER MULLAVEY

Hold on, we got a score to settle.

OFFICER JURGENS

Yeah, you kicked Birkmeyer off the  
force. He has a wife and kids.

ERICA

Wrong. He has three wives and six  
kids. He failed his polygraph test  
and is a serial polygamist.

Vince steps in between.

VINCE

You know, I've never liked watching  
two guys gang up on one girl... even  
on the Spice Channel.

OFFICER JURGENS

Think you're a badass, don't yah?

VINCE

No, a goodass. And you guys are a  
disgrace to your uniforms. Even if  
you were wearing uniforms for Jamba  
Juice... you'd be a disgrace to those  
too.

OFFICER MULLAVEY

You as good at talking with your  
fist?

Vince reveals a "Señor Wences" puppet drawn onto his hand,  
wearing a little wig.

VINCE

(puppet voice)

I think so... and the first rule of  
Fight Club is you do not talk about  
Fight Club.

Vince PUNCHES Mullavey.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 (puppet voice)  
 S'Awright?

Mullavey SWINGS at Vince -- who DUCKS. Mullavey misses,  
 DECKS the Cocktail Waitress. Her tray FLIES. \*

Jurgens grabs Vince from behind. Vince FLIPS Jurgens,  
 ballroom DANCES with him -- dislocates the guy's shoulder.

Mullavey RUSHES Vince. Jurgens joins the fray. They SPIN  
 into a BLUR like "Looney Tunes."

The spinning STOPS. Vince has HANDCUFFED both cops to each  
 other, BACK to BACK.

Erica is amazed. Vince dangles the key. \*

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 Apologize and I'll let you go.

OFFICER JURGENS  
 Stick it up your ass.

Vince reaches into his jeans, clenches his teeth... STICKS  
 the key all the way UP HIS ASS. The cops are mortified. \*

VINCE  
 Didn't think I would, didja'?

He walks out the door, BOW LEGGED. Erica follows. The  
 handcuffed cops struggle. \*

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE - HALF AN HOUR LATER - DAY

The building reads: "Morgue." Underneath: "No Pets Allowed...  
 Unless Dead." There's a "Play Super Lotto Here" sign. \*

INT. COUNTY MORGUE \*

Vince and Erica follow a pretty pathologist, CHARLOTTE  
 HEATHERCAMP (20s). Despite working as a coroner, Charlotte  
 is an upbeat California girl with a sunny disposition. \*

CHARLOTTE  
 We rarely get celebrities here.  
 They usually send 'em to the Beverly  
 Hills morgue so their publicists can  
 I.D. 'em. \*

They pass bodies of a DEAD WOMAN in a BIKINI on a TANNING  
 BED. Two stiffs, under sheets, stacked like bunk beds. A  
 body bag in the shape of a deceased TELETUBBY. \*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 I wish George Clooney would get in  
 an accident. I'd love to meet him.

A young couple, shopping for a bed, inspect a mattress with a body on it, check the big red toe tag showing the price.

Charlotte leads them to steel drawers, SLIDES OUT the cadaver of a nondescript man.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Oops, wrong body. This is a John Doe. We don't know who shot him, but he probably knew his assailant.

The dead man GRINS, has a BULLET in his FOREHEAD, waves "hi."

ERICA

(re: John Doe)

Dental records couldn't find a match?

CHARLOTTE

They did...

Charlotte SLIDES OUT another drawer with a dead woman in it.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

... he's perfect for this Jane Doe.

Vince looks O.S.

VINCE

(points)

Hey, that our guy?

A dead basketball player's SNEAKERS, LEGS and TORSO stick half out of a drawer. Charlotte pulls the corpse out. It has a tight 'fro, apple red cheeks and traces of eyeliner.

ERICA

(re: body)

What's wrong with his face?

CHARLOTTE

I always touch up the deceased.

(earnest)

They deserve respect.

A man at a Lotto booth in the corner waves a ticket, SHOUTS "Fuckin' A! I won!" -- dances a jig.

VINCE

(re: body)

Guy was in great shape.

CHARLOTTE

Yes. And he even remembered to fill out his organ donor card. Made a special request his ass be sent to Detroit so the Pistons can kiss it.

VINCE

We know cause of death?

\*

CHARLOTTE

We don't, but I do. He was shot.

\*

ERICA

\*

Shot? I was at that game. There weren't gunshots. Only airballs.

Behind Erica, we see MEAT PACKERS wheel in sides of BEEF.

\*

CHARLOTTE

Surprised me too. Took forever to dig out the bullet. He used super strong hair spray.

\*

\*

(holds up bent tools)

Broke two scalpels.

Charlotte, using tweezers, offers the bullet to Vince. He slips on a rubber glove, takes the bullet with his un-gloved hand -- inspects it.

ERICA

\*

What are the odds of a stray bullet hitting an NBA player in the middle of a game?

In the distance, Rocky Balboa PUNCHES the BEEF.

VINCE

Something tells me this wasn't random.

Vince hands the bullet to Erica: The name "Deacon Dixon" engraved on it.

\*

\*

ERICA

\*

(re: bullet)

\*

Ballistics better look at this.

\*

VINCE

No... best way to keep corruption out of Police Squad is to use people from the outside. Rank amateurs.

\*

(to Charlotte)

You're my first draft pick.

CHARLOTTE

Sweet.

A GUSH of WIND blows through Charlotte's hair. WIND CHIMES behind her TINGLE. Erica is jealous.

\*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(puts on iPod)

Anyway, I've got lots of autopsies to do... and my roommate hates when I bring work home.

\*

An intercom on the wall BUZZES.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Excuse-moi.

Charlotte ANSWERS. An aquarium with dead fish is nearby.  
There's a bulletin board featuring "Bucket Lists."

\*  
\*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(into intercom)

Morgue.

DELIVERY GUY (O.C.)

(on speaker)

Pizza man.

CHARLOTTE

Oh.

(buzzes him in)

You guys hungry?

\*

VINCE

Gotta' run... but thanks.

Erica and Vince EXIT. A morgue attendant rolls in a dead  
Domino's delivery guy, clutching a PIZZA BOX to his chest.

\*

CHARLOTTE

(touches box)

Wow. Still warm.

\*

EXT. MUSTANG - DAY

Vince and Erica ride through LA's slums.

\*

VINCE (V.O.)

South Central's changed. It's now a  
friendlier, safer place to visit.

\*

A bottle SMASHES the windshield. Two men land on the hood,  
brawling, roll off.

\*

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - POV FROM MUSTANG - DAY

\*

Through a window, a black man STOMPS on another's back.

\*

VINCE (V.O.)

There's lots of new businesses...

\*

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, shows "CHIROPRACTOR" on the glass.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

A "Magic Johnson" cinema. The marquee reads: INDIANA JONES  
& THE ALL WHITE CAST

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

A building riddled with bullet holes: "Triggerman's Badass Firing Range." A sign proclaims: "Shotguns Sawed Off While You Wait"

VINCE (V.O.)

But I'd come looking for the city's  
largest gun shop... and answers about  
a bullet.

\*  
\*

A GANG BANGER drops a pistol in the rental return chute.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE

TRACKING SHOT of people shooting at targets. A guy in a t-shirt blasts a human outline. A trucker fires at a poster of Michael Moore. A Legionnaire aims a bayonet at a blindfolded prisoner tied to a post. A cowboy squares off with another cowboy... waiting for each other to draw.

\*

THE CAMERA SETTLES on Vince and Erica talking to an ultra cool black guy, TRAVIS "TRIGGERMAN" REDMOND (40s), the owner of this joint. He examines the bullet.

\*  
\*

TRAVIS

(re: bullet)

I've owned guns since kindergarten...  
but I ain't never seen a bullet like  
this. It's got little circuits and  
transmitters. We're talkin' digital.

\*  
\*

ERICA

But why would someone apply computer  
technology to a bullet?

\*  
\*

VINCE

A gun and a computer mouse are  
similar. They both point and click.

An employee SWEEPS up empty shells, deposits them in a recycle bin.

ERICA

So does Radio Shack make bullets?

\*  
\*

TRAVIS

Wouldn't be surprised. Everyone's  
gettin' into the action.

\*  
\*  
\*

(picks up ammo boxes)

Costco, Martha Stewart, Estee  
Lauter... scented. When the economy's  
bad, people stock up on ammo to fire  
their accountants with.

A longhaired dude carrying a rifle ENTERS, wears a tanktop.

\*

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, man... dress code. You don't  
have the right to bare arms.

Travis points to the exit. The disgruntled man leaves,  
passing a "Senator Mulching For President" poster. It shows  
the politician as a smiling black man.

ERICA

(re: poster)

Excuse me? Isn't Senator Mulching a  
white guy?

TRAVIS

He is, but he's running as black in  
this district. Covering all bases.

Travis COUGHS.

VINCE

You all right?

TRAVIS

Yeah, just some secondhand gun smoke.  
Look, sorry I can't help you more.  
(hands them keychains  
with tiny guns)  
Here, take some tchokies. Fires a  
little 1/2 caliber bullet. Kids use  
'em to shoot mosquitoes with.

Erica notices Vince contemplate the toy gun, pocket it.

VINCE

One last thing.

(re: bullet)

Is it possible to tell who made this?

CUT TO:

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - CHECKOUT STAND

Like a supermarket, a cashier rings up guns bought by tough  
customers, including mercenaries. A sign reads "*Ten Weapons  
Or Less.*" She SCANS the purchases with a barcode gun. Travis  
takes it, runs the scanner over the bullet.

TRAVIS

(re: barcode readout)

Came from Texas.

He pulls out a jeweler's eyepiece, looks closer.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(re: bullet)

Yup, there's the manufacturer's logo.



INSERT - MAGNIFIED BULLET

Etched into the casing is an American eagle wearing shades -- an ammo belt strapped across its chest.

TRAVIS (O.C.)

Armed Eagle.

\*

DISSOLVE TO:

\*

A MAP

\*

Of the U.S. showing red and blue states, gray for undecided. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN on TEXAS. A branding iron ENTERS FRAME, sears an "X" onto Texas, sets the map ABLAZE. Fire extinguishers DOUSE it as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARMED EAGLE DEFENSE FACILITY - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

TIGHT ON a sign with the Armed Eagle logo and slogan: "An Eye For An Eye... Or Your Money Back."

WIDER: A defense contractor's headquarters in the desert, surrounded by fences and barbed wire. A warning is posted: "Trespassers Will Be Politely Shot."

INT. ARMED EAGLE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

\*

Vince and Erica in the lobby. There's an art reproduction of "American Gothic" showing the couple wearing ammo belts, holding AK-47s. Mannequins sport designer camouflage gear.

\*

MARSHA WAGNER (30s), in a sleeveless sweater, stylish glasses and short skirt, greets them.

MARSHA

Good morning. I'm Marsha Wagner, personal assistant to our CEO, Mr. Flintlock. We normally don't allow visitors to drop by unannounced... even by parachute.

Two businessmen wearing gas masks walk by, chatting.

\*

ERICA

\*

(flashes badge)

You can make an exception in our case since we're on a case. I'm Lieutenant Litvak and this is...

VINCE

Vince Conklin, Police Squad.

MARSHA

Police Squad? Never heard of it.

VINCE  
Ever hear of the boy band NSYNC?

MARSHA  
Yes.

VINCE  
We're like them, except we don't  
sing and can arrest you.

A nattily dressed bureaucrat, NATHAN A. FLINTLOCK (50s),  
approaches. He's a mix of old school Southern gentleman,  
new age entrepreneur and asshole.

FLINTLOCK  
Show a little hospitality, Miss  
Wagner. Oh say can you see... these  
folks are allies.  
(cuts Erica off)  
No need to reintroduce yourself.  
(points)  
I've got listening devices in every  
corner. Also hidden cameras. You're  
standing on one.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Erica steps back, notices a PEEPHOLE in the floor with an  
eye peering up her skirt.

\*  
\*

ERICA  
(pissed)  
Ever been accused of voyeurism?

\*  
\*

FLINTLOCK  
By my ex-wife. I caught her on video  
having sex with the pool man. I  
knew something was wrong when he  
came three times a week... and we  
don't own a pool.

Flintlock takes out his pen, waves it.

VINCE  
What's that?

FLINTLOCK  
(re: pen)  
Our latest innovation, world's  
smallest metal detector. You're not  
carrying a gun, Detective?

\*

VINCE  
I don't need one.  
(touches forehead)  
A mind is the greatest weapon.

\*

FLINTLOCK  
True, that's why liberals are unarmed.  
(MORE)

\*  
\*

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
(waves it near Erica)  
You're also without one, little lady.

ERICA  
(opens jacket, shows  
"Dirty Harry" size  
Magnum in holster)  
You missed a spot.

FLINTLOCK  
Huh. Electromagnetic sweep must be  
on the fritz.

Flintlock adjusts the pen. It FLIES out of his hand, STICKS  
to Marsha's teeth. She looks like a dog with a bone.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
There yah go. Hopefully, Miss  
Wagner's fillings don't pose a threat.

INT. TESTING AREA - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Flintlock gives Vince and Erica an impromptu tour of a  
warehouse. They pass a photo on the wall of a blindfolded  
American hostage with "Employee Of The Month" underneath.

FLINTLOCK  
As long as there's war, the defense  
industry will never need a bailout.  
It's a stable business.

An EXPLOSION rocks the building, KNOCKS them off balance.  
Dust trickles down.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
And we at Armed Eagle are committed  
to winning the war on terror. That's  
not a 9/11 to 5 job. I sleep with  
this on.

Flintlock holds out his wrist. He wears an electronic  
bracelet with Homeland Security Threat Levels.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
(re: bracelet)  
If Kim Jong-il farts, I wanna' know.  
We're always ready for a fight.

VINCE  
I prefer what John Lennon said: "Give  
peace a chance."

FLINTLOCK  
And if he'd been packing a piece,  
he'd still have a chance to say it.

VINCE  
We agree to disagree.

FLINTLOCK  
We don't agree to disagree. We  
disagree.

VINCE  
Agreed.

FLINTLOCK  
I'm not agreeing with your agreement  
to disagree. I disagree we agree to  
disagree and say we just disagree.

VINCE  
I don't agree.

FLINTLOCK  
Then we agree.

A little machine VACUUMS the floor.

ERICA  
(re: gadget)  
Oh, how cute. I want one of those.

FLINTLOCK  
(re: gadget)  
It's not what you think. That's a  
mobile landmine that vacuums before  
blowing up.  
(proudly)  
We call it a "Boomba."

ANOTHER ANGLE

Flintlock ushers them behind safety glass. They gaze at  
mannequins garbed as Islamic terrorists sitting around a  
table. A room deodorizer with an American flag is visible.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
Now, Al Qaeda has infiltrated our  
major cities, even have their own  
flavor at Ben & Jerry's... Raspberry  
Jihad. Solution is to kill 'em where  
they nest. See that room deodorizer?  
Whenever it hears the word "bomb" in  
a foreign tongue, it emits a toxic  
nerve gas...

GAS spews from the deodorizer, ENGULFS the mannequins.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
... which also has a refreshing pine  
scent.

VINCE

But... what if they're talking about  
a different kind of "bomb," like a  
Sharon Stone movie?

A pause.

FLINTLOCK

It's still in the testing phase.

A DIFFERENT AREA

A tailor measures the inseam of an "Iron Man" suit. A  
medieval blacksmith forges a sword. Flintlock leads Vince  
and Erica to a technician tricking out a laptop. \*

FLINTLOCK

And here's where we develop domestic  
products. I was raised in a  
conservative household. We'd shower  
with our clothes on... so protecting  
the family is important to me. \*

(to technician)

Google the term "twelve year olds  
with a vinyl fetish." \*

The technician complies. The laptop SPRAYS his eyes. He  
SCREAMS. \*

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

See? Sexual predators surfing the  
net get pepper sprayed. \*

The technician CLAWS at his face, falls OUT OF FRAME. \*

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

We hope to have it ready for  
Christmas, along with a children's  
taser for kids with abusive parents. \*

Vince holds up the bullet for Flintlock to see.

VINCE

(re: bullet)

This is the only product we're  
interested in.

Flintlock's eyes grow wide.

FLINTLOCK

Let's talk in my office. \*

They EXIT, stepping over the SOBBING technician on the floor. \*

INT. FLINTLOCK'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Portraits of Presidents on the wall: Clinton smiles too  
broadly. Bush looks confused. Obama holds a basketball. \*

There's also taxidermy, but the animals aren't fierce. The heads mounted belong to squirrels, gerbils and a koala bear.

Most prominent: Civil war memorabilia, like a Confederate flag and an autographed photo of "The Dukes of Hazzard" cast. \*

Vince and Erica are seated. Flintlock mixes himself a drink from a missile shaped decanter. \*

FLINTLOCK  
That bullet represents the greatest  
weapon breakthrough of the 21st  
century: Project Longshot.

ERICA  
Why's it called that? \*

FLINTLOCK  
I'll let Billy Bullet explain.

Flintlock puts in a DVD. A plasma screen shows an animated bullet that sounds like Billy Crystal. \*

BILLY BULLET (ON TV)  
Hi. I'm Billy Bullet... shooting  
off my mouth about an exciting new  
concept from Armed Eagle.

A painting of the American revolution. Billy Bullet APPEARS.

BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)  
Firearms are part of American  
heritage. \*

Animation of an American Indian offering a blanket to a Pilgrim, who accepts it with a smile.

BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)  
They helped close the deal for this  
great land of ours. \*

The Pilgrim draws a musket, BLASTS the Indian who flies OUT OF FRAME, leaves a trail of feathers.

BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)  
Yet, despite the gun's permanent  
place in popular culture...

Famous figures hold guns: Annie Oakley, Davey Crockett, a gorilla from "Planet of the Apes," 50 Cent, Angelina Jolie, Sarah Palin. \*

BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)  
... one problem remained: Human error.

Animation of a redneck loading a shotgun.

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

Also known as projectile dysfunction.

The redneck pulls the trigger, the barrel DROOPS... SHOOTs himself in the foot. Billy BOUNCES back on screen.

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

But what if the same technology that keeps guided missiles on track was packed into me?

(puts on graduation cap)

Why, I'd go from a dum dum... to a smart bullet!

We see a police officer holding a wanted poster up to Billy Bullet. Billy sniffs the image of a BANK ROBBER like a bloodhound, takes a FLASH PICTURE.

\*  
\*  
\*

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

Using facial recognition software.

\*  
\*

Billy gets loaded into a handgun -- is shot out the window. The bullet soars across state lines.

\*  
\*

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

Able to travel long distances...

The Bank Robber from the poster flees down a sidewalk, pursued by the bullet. He ROUNDS a corner. So does the bullet.

\*

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

And the best thing is...

The bullet ZIGZAGS around bystanders.

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

... innocent people won't get hurt. Collateral damage will be a thing of the past, like analog TV and Madonna.

The robber hops a subway train. The doors CLOSE. The bullet makes a RIGHT, keeps pace.

\*

The train arrives at its destination. The bullet waits in mid-air. The doors open, the robber steps out -- gets hit. Money rains down.

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

And while crime doesn't pay, we'll rake in profits hand over fist...

The space shuttle orbiting earth. An astronaut floats outside, holds a gun.

## BILLY BULLET (CONT'D)

... while keeping an eye on the future.

The astronaut SHOOTs. A bullet travels to a planet where an alien, loading a laser rifle, gets SHOT -- keels over.

The Armed Eagle logo FILLS THE SCREEN.

BILLY BULLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Armed Eagle. An American company.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(quickly)  
Animation produced in Korea.

Flintlock shuts off the screen. Munch's "The Scream" painting is behind him, the figure captured by soldiers.

FLINTLOCK  
We were about to have our first demonstration for the government, catered by Wolfgang Puck, when the prototype went missing. Even worse, the blueprints got wiped from every hard drive.  
(shudders)  
I shit so many bricks, I broke two toilets.

Marsha ENTERS, brings lunch, sets it on her boss' desk.

ERICA  
Any idea who stole the gun?

Flintlock hands them a snapshot of a scientist.

FLINTLOCK  
Its inventor, Dr. Andre Forlot. Damn Frenchie was here on a visa... got turned down for a green card.

VINCE  
What about a gold card?

Behind Flintlock, Marsha tries to get Vince's attention -- mouths "We need to talk." Vince doesn't pick up on it.

ERICA  
Why was a basketball star the victim?

FLINTLOCK  
I'm guessing to demonstrate Longshot's power... before offering it to some camel humpin', sand suckin', falafel chewin' arms dealer. Or maybe Forlot just hated the Sixers.

Marsha puts a coaster on the table before Vince, "We need to talk" written on it. She points. Vince doesn't look at it.



VINCE  
Spring water's fine. Thank you.

ERICA  
(to Marsha)  
Nothing for me.

Marsha offers Vince a glass of water with a napkin saying  
"We need to talk." He takes the glass, sets it on the  
coaster, ignores the napkin.

FLINTLOCK  
Serves me right for outsourcing.  
U.S. stands for us, not them.

Marsha holds out the napkin, imploringly. Vince takes it...  
places it under the coaster, doesn't read it. Marsha closes  
her eyes, frustrated.

ERICA  
Care to elaborate?

FLINTLOCK  
Forlot's arrogant... refused to shake  
my hand. Instead, he'd try to kiss  
me.

VINCE  
Isn't that how people greet each  
other in France?

FLINTLOCK  
With his tongue.  
(shakes head)  
I'm sick of rude foreigners in our  
country. They're guests, damn it.  
Whenever I order Chinese food, I  
make 'em deliver it on their knees.

Marsha crosses to a painting, a reproduction of the Mona  
Lisa wearing a gas mask, runs an ultraviolet light across  
it... reveals the words: "We Need To Talk."

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)  
Miss Wagner, what are you doing?

MARSHA  
Seeing if you need anything.

FLINTLOCK  
I do... a younger assistant.  
(to Vince and Erica)  
Women are like guns. Sometimes you  
gotta' trade a 44 for a 22.

MARSHA  
I'm only 33.

FLINTLOCK

In horse years, that's a glue stick.

VINCE

Excuse me, maybe if you treated your  
employees with more equality --

A KLAXON on the wall SOUNDS.

FLINTLOCK

See what you done, boy? You set off  
my socialism alarm.

ERICA

(to Vince)

Okay, time to go.

Erica and Vince stand. Flintlock offers a greasy bucket.

FLINTLOCK

What's your hurry? Care for some  
Rush Limbaugh Fried Chicken?

(Limbaugh's face on  
bucket)

All white meat, right wings.

VINCE

No thanks, I'm a vegan.

FLINTLOCK

What made you become a lefty?

VINCE

Tore a tendon in my right shoulder  
during an Olympic kayak race. Russian  
team torpedoed our chances. They  
cheated... used a submarine.

EXT. ARMED EAGLE DEFENSE FACILITY - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Vince and Erica leave, walk through the parking lot.

ERICA

He's hiding something.

VINCE

I know. Guy colors his hair.

ERICA

Something else. And why are you  
walking around unarmed? Suppose you  
had a gun pointed to your head.

VINCE

I wouldn't pull the trigger.

ERICA

I meant, if someone else pointed it.

They reach the car, stand alongside.

VINCE

That's a hypothetical question,  
meaning you're talking about a  
hypothetical gun loaded with  
hypothetical bullets... and since  
hypothetical bullets could never  
hypothetically kill me, then  
hypothetically speaking your  
hypothesis is...

The SOUND of AIRCRAFT grows LOUDER, drowns out Vince. They  
glance up at a SMALL PLANE skywriting: WE NEED TO TALK...

\*

VINCE (CONT'D)

(re: skywriting)

That meant for us?

ERICA

Look behind that other cloud... it's  
addressed to you.

\*

EXT. FULL MOON - HOURS LATER - NIGHT

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Vince stands in a vacant lot. Film noirish. David Fincher  
style desaturated colors. Vince checks his watch. A SHADOW  
approaches. THE CAMERA WHIPS TO REVEAL... Marsha.

VINCE

You.

MARSHA

No, me.

(nervous)

I'm taking a big risk. My boss claims  
he can eavesdrop through my IUD.  
It's why I give off mixed signals.

(reacts to sound)

Hear that?

\*

Vince notices a SHADOW on the wall... a CAT.

VINCE

Just a cat.

\*

The SHADOW stands on its hind legs -- a RODENT.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Correction, rat... with an "R". So,  
why'd you contact me?

MARSHA

I don't agree with what was said  
about Dr. Forlot.

VINCE

There's always two sides to every story... except on Fox News. Your boss painted an unflattering portrait.

MARSHA

I know...

Marsha steps over to a painting of Forlot on an easel.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

(re: painting)

Nose is too big. Chin's not weak enough.

(reacts to sound)

What was that?

Vince looks at the SHADOW again.

VINCE

Okay, that's a cat.

(the shadow changes)

No... a squirrel.

(turns into a bird)

Wait... maybe a pheasant.

(back to Marsha)

Anyway, why did Forlot steal the weapon?

In the distance, a HOUSEWIFE pushes a supermarket cart towards a station wagon, puts groceries in.

MARSHA

He said he didn't want to be the next Oppenheimer.

VINCE

Oppenheimer?

The housewife SHOUTS.

HOUSEWIFE

The father of the freakin' atomic bomb!

VINCE

Thanks.

Vince glances at the latest hand shadow... a VELOCIRAPTOR.

VINCE (CONT'D)

So Forlot absconded with his invention out of conscience? The question is... where'd he abscond to?

MARSHA

I believe he and his wife fled back to France.

VINCE  
Be more specific.

MARSHA  
In Europe.

VINCE  
Thank you.

MARSHA  
Bad people want that gun. You've  
got to find Forlot before they do.

A CAR ALARM goes off -- STARTLES her.

VINCE  
False alarm.

\*

The SHADOW alongside Vince is Alfred Hitchcock's silhouette.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
How come you care about Forlot?

MARSHA  
He's a gentlemen. He'd never stare  
at my breasts or check out my ass...  
or throw his voice and pretend his  
penis was asking for a spit shine.  
(forlorn)  
You seem like a gentleman too.

VINCE  
And I suck at ventriloquism, but  
again... thank you.

The ALARM gets LOUDER.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
And on behalf of Police Squad, thank  
you again... again.

MARSHA  
Would you mind giving me a ride?

VINCE  
How'd you get here?

MARSHA  
I drove.

VINCE  
Then why do you need a ride?

A Honda Civic, its ALARM BLARING, cruises by with a car thief  
behind the wheel.

MARSHA  
Because that's my car being stolen.

Behind her, A BLACK SEDAN barrels towards Marsha. Vince  
 PUSHES her out of the way -- lies on top of the shaken woman.  
 The sedan retreats.

VINCE

You all right?

MARSHA

I think so.

(he starts to get up)

No, wait...

Marsha kisses Vince. In the background, a station wagon  
 approaches -- the Housewife behind the wheel. Not seeing  
 them, she RUNS OVER Vince and Marsha like speed bumps.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - THE FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

A SWAT truck pulls up, parks in a handicapped space. The  
 rear doors open -- a SWAT team in wheelchairs rolls out.

A "Geek Squad" Volkswagon sits in a space reserved for "Tech  
 Support."

INT. ERICA'S OFFICE - MORNING - DAY

A sixteen year old in a Geek Squad shirt meets with Erica:  
 RANDY VERTSMITH. He clutches a laptop.

RANDY

I found something using the French  
 search engine Le Google'. Dr. Forlot  
 owns a vineyard in an obscure little  
 town called Cognito. The deed isn't  
 in his name, making it safe for him  
 to hide there.

ERICA

So Forlot is in Cognito?

(off Randy's nod)

You're a genius, Randy. You must  
 get all A's.

RANDY

Ever since I cracked the school's  
 password.

ERICA

Well, I just hope my old yearbook  
 photo isn't floating around cyberspace  
 for you to embarrass me with.

RANDY

It's not... but I did find a spring  
 break picture.

Randy turns his laptop for her to see -- shows a photo of young Erica standing on a balcony, baring her breasts. Her smile vanishes. \*

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME - DAY

Vince arrives, his Mustang topples a trash can. A Krispy Kreme truck is nearby. A worker wheels out a DONUT the SIZE of a MANHOLE COVER. Vince follows as it's rolled inside. \*

Vince WALKS STIFFLY, TIRE TRACKS on the back of his jacket. \*

INT. ERICA'S OFFICE - DAY \*

Randy packs up his computer.

ERICA \*

Hey there, ever run that background check on a detective named Conklin? \*

RANDY

Couldn't find anything. I even hacked a few government sites. \*

ERICA \*

I never asked you to break the law. \*

RANDY

Laws are made to be broken, for you.

The kid has a major crush on her. \*

ERICA \*

Randy, isn't there someone at your school you like... who likes you?

RANDY

(shyly)

Yes. I kissed her once... between classes. \*

ERICA \*

Well, what are you waiting for? Ask her out. \*

RANDY

I wanna' see what grade she gives me in Trigonometry first.

He pulls out his iPhone, shows a snapshot of a thirtysomething blonde in a teddy. \*

RANDY (CONT'D)

And shouldn't I wait until her husband gets deployed to the Persian Gulf?

Erica is poker-faced. \*

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN AREA

Cops have strung a suspect to the ceiling, dressed him like a pinata, hit him with sticks. The man FLAILS.

PINATA MAN

(flailing)

Hey, lemme' down! I want a lawyer!

(drops spare change)

Look... you broke me. Prizes! Candy!

Game over!

Vince, steeping tea in a cup, APPEARS. Outraged, he breaks up the mob... including a few Spartans from "300."

VINCE

(shoving cops aside)

Okay, that's enough! I want all your numbers!

A cop writes on a matchbook -- hands it to Vince, winks.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(re: matchbook)

Your badge numbers!

Vince unties the line holding the Pinata dude... who CRASHES down. Mullavey, a cop that tangled with Vince earlier, HURLS him against a wall filled with wanted posters.

OFFICER MULLAVEY

Hey, pretty boy, you know what they call someone who doesn't play ball?

VINCE

An umpire.

Vince SHOVES Mullavey, who PUSHES HIM BACK against another wall. Behind Vince now, "Not Wanted" posters of Dane Cook, Hillary Clinton, Hulk Hogan, Joan Rivers.

OFFICER MULLAVEY

A snitch. Man oh man, would I love to get you alone.

VINCE

To do what?

OFFICER MULLAVEY

(at a loss)

Ahhh... kick your ass!

VINCE

Where's this anger coming from?  
Ever try meditation? I close my eyes and let my thoughts drift for at least an hour a day... usually while I'm driving.



OFFICER MULLAVEY

I think you're chicken. Know what I  
do with chicken? I dice it, then  
combine it with minced garlic and  
melted butter while in another bowl  
I prepare bread crumbs, parsley,  
Parmesan...

VINCE

Okay, that's it! Nobody tells me  
how to prepare Chicken Parmesan!  
(ready to fight)  
Let's go, right now.

OFFICER MULLAVEY

(checks his watch)  
I can't. I gotta' be downtown in  
twenty minutes to lie under oath.

VINCE

Okay, in an hour.

OFFICER MULLAVEY

(consults Blackberry)  
No, that's when I'm supposed to dangle  
a drug dealer off a bridge. After  
that, I'm performing an illegal search  
and seizure and later, I'm  
accidentally shooting my daughter's  
boyfriend. Loser's in a garage band  
and got her hooked on cough syrup...  
(points finger)  
... but you and I are gonna' rumble,  
so watch your back, my friend.

VINCE

Watch yours, my antagonist.

Mullavey walks away... reveals Officer Jurgens still  
handcuffed to him. Erica approaches.

ERICA

I've got a bead on Forlot's  
whereabouts. Ever been abroad?

VINCE

No, I've been a man all my life...  
but I respect the tough choice  
transsexuals make.

ERICA

No... do you speak French?

VINCE

(fluently)  
Je n'a pas d'idée que je dis, mais  
peut continuer la parole il  
interminablement si vous aimeriez.

ERICA

Perfect.

VINCE

Except, I have no idea what I said.  
I suffer from Toulouse Tourette  
syndrome. I blurt out random phrases.

COPS with batons in RIOT GEAR, wearing MOUSE EARS, rush by.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(re: riot team)

Hey, where are they going?

ERICA

There's a riot at Disneyland. They're  
leaving early to beat the crowds.

(takes his arm)

C'mon, we've got a flight montage to  
catch.

She whisks him out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

STOCK SHOT of an airliner. A MAP is SUPERIMPOSED with a RED  
LINE charting the plane's progress. The RED LINE crosses  
the ocean, becomes blurry, runs out of ink. A FLOCK of GEESE  
is SUPERED as the RED LINE gets a refill. Next, a TRAIN and  
the STARSHIP ENTERPRISE are shown travelling. FRANCE finally  
APPEARS on the MAP. THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON a small village  
called "Cognito" where the RED LINE stops.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRENCH SKYLINE (STOCK SHOT) - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: **FRANCE - FORMER FRIEND OF AMERICA**

INT. L'HÔTEL D'AUBERGE DE VACANCES HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A lavish hotel. The RED LINE from the map runs THROUGH THE  
LOBBY. Vince and Erica follow it to the front desk.

ERICA

Wonder if things I've heard about  
the French are true?

VINCE

No, I'm sure they shower.

ERICA

I mean about tensions with America.

VINCE

That's exaggerated. I've never met  
a French person I didn't like. Did  
I mention I've never met one?

They reach a FRONT DESK CLERK. He smiles.

FRONT DESK CLERK

SUBTITLES:

Puex-je vous aider,  
monsieur?

May I help you, sir?

VINCE

We're from America and would like a  
room.

The Clerk THROWS a SHOE. Vince DUCKS. A second shoe HITS  
Erica. She pulls off her own -- prepares to hurl it. Vince  
spins her around.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Calm down. To that angry man behind  
the counter... we represent the United  
States. Use diplomacy, just like  
you would at a 7/11.

Erica nods. Vince faces the Clerk, hands him a dollar.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What's the current rate of exchange  
for the American dollar?

The Clerk runs the dollar through a currency machine that  
SHREDS it, hands the pile back to Vince.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We need more cash... fast.

ERICA

Why don't we try another hotel?  
Like the Paris Hilton?

VINCE

I hear that Paris Hilton's dirty.

ERICA

Yeah, I heard that too. I'll contact  
the Commissioner.

ANGLE ON PHONE BANK

Video conference phones. A MOTHER holds a baby up for the  
person on the other end. A BUSINESSMAN talks to someone,  
SOBS.

Erica SWIPES her credit card, HEARS a prerecorded voice with  
a GALLIC ACCENT: "Bonjour, accueillir à A et T."

ANGLE ON FRONT DESK

Vince shows the Clerk a photograph of Dr. Forlot.

VINCE  
(re: picture)  
Seen this guy?

FRONT DESK CLERK  
Qui, monsieur. That is Dr. Forlot.  
He and his wife just returned from  
your wretched country. He said the  
people were rude.

\*

VINCE  
We were probably just trying to make  
him feel at home.  
(re: something out  
window)  
That the Statue of Liberty?

\*

FRONT DESK CLERK  
(nods)  
We asked for it back.

ANGLE ON PHONE BANK

Erica converses with McGlade, back in America, his FACE on a  
TINY SCREEN, moving in "herky-jerky" manner.

\*

MCGLADE  
(on video screen)  
I'll wire over the money, Lieutenant.  
Some unmarried officers got killed  
yesterday, so the Widows and Orphans  
Fund has a surplus.

\*

\*

\*

The baby next to Erica cries. The mother OPENS her BLOUSE,  
breast feeds it. On the little screen, McGlade GRIMACES.

\*

ERICA  
(into phone)  
Catch you at a bad time?

\*

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY

\*

McGlade lies face down on a table, naked under a sheet.

MCGLADE  
(into conference phone)  
Just having my annual colonoscopy.  
Everyone over fifty with an anus  
should get one.

A NURSE uncoils a GARDEN HOSE, sends it up McGlade's ass.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

They're actually painless. In fact...  
no, I won't go there.

The Nurse turns on the water. McGlade arches his back.

ANGLE ON FRONT DESK

Vince querying the Clerk.

VINCE

Look, I represent the new America.  
The average person on the street was  
desperate for change... like pennies,  
nickles, dimes. Show some détente.  
I'd like to talk to Forlot. Where  
do I find him?

The Clerk is swayed by Vince's sincerity.

FRONT DESK CLERK

He lives on a private villa and does  
not see visitors.

VINCE

Is he blind?

FRONT DESK CLERK

No, reclusive. Still, I know where  
he'll be this evening. Play your  
cards right... and I might tell you.

Vince pulls out a deck of cards, performs sleight of hand.  
The Clerk seems impressed.

ANGLE ON PHONE BANK

Erica continues teleconferencing. The Businessman has traded  
places with the baby... breast feeds from the Mother.

ERICA

(into phone)

Conklin accompanied me here. I'm  
wondering... what's his background  
in law enforcement?

STATIC. The video BREAKS UP.

MCGLADE

(on video screen)

I didn't get that.

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY

The Nurse grips a JACKHAMMER, climbs on top of McGlade, aims  
for his rectum.

ERICA

(on phone)

I said... what's Conklin's history?

The Nurse turns it on, PILE DRIVES his ass... causes FEEDBACK.

BACK AT THE PHONE BANK

McGlade's face CONTORTS. The IMAGE turns to SNOW. We HEAR a garbled SCREAM.

MEDIUM SHOT

Erica turns around, finds Vince standing there.

ERICA

Commissioner's sending the money.

VINCE

We're gonna' need it. Forlot and his wife are attending a ten thousand dollar a plate fund raiser tonight. Fifteen thousand if you want food on the plate. It's at this hotel, for married couples. Could be our only chance to get close... to him.

(subdued)

We'll need to pretend we're married.

ERICA

Okay, but if our pretend marriage has children, the names Chelsea and Suri are taken.

Vince snaps his fingers. Damn!

EXT. FRENCH STREET - A FEW HOURS LATER - DUSK

Art direction overly "sells" France. The extras wear berets. A few eat Dijon mustard out of the jar. A crossing guard, holding a sign reading "Arrêt," escorts a line of children singing "Frère Jacques."

Vince stands outside a bakery window, admires a wedding cake. The little plastic groom wears a tuxedo. The miniskirted bride stands under a streetlight. He's marrying a prostitute.

ERICA (O.S.)

Well?

Vince turns around. Erica emerges from a dress shop in a cute taffeta number, pirouettes.

VINCE

Look at you. You're the most beautiful woman I've seen that hasn't been heavily photo-shopped.

ERICA

Thanks. I mean, merci.

(re: dress)

I could never afford this on my salary. I can't remember the last time I bought a new dress for myself.

VINCE

Neither can I.

They stroll, pass a "Le Subway" shop with a sign: "Now Serving White American Bread." A red balloon drifts by.

ERICA

Growing up... I was into torn jeans and tees. And I had my lips, tongue and belly pierced... after I swallowed a box of nails by mistake.

A team of bicyclists race by. The last member sits on a stationary bike that isn't moving, can't catch up.

VINCE

How'd you get into law enforcement?

ERICA

My dad. Everyday, he'd go to work in his uniform and beat the ladies off with a stick. He was a guard at a women's prison.

VINCE

And your mom?

ERICA

(sadly)

She worked at a peanut butter factory. One day, she fell in a vat and drowned. At the funeral, she stuck to the roof of the coffin.

(earnest)

I'll let you in on something. I get offered bribes... and I'm tempted. Not for me, but to be able to buy my old man things he can't afford, like an aircraft carrier or a mountaintop observatory. I hate thinking about him living in that little one room flat overlooking the Milwaukee Department of Sanitation.

(contemplative)

But I'm not one of those people who'll do anything for money. There's a word for them... begins with a "W."

VINCE

Waiters?

ERICA  
Ahhh... whores.  
(shakes off doldrums)  
What about you? You an only child?

VINCE  
No, an only adult.

They pass a "Punch & Judy" puppet show with Napoleon whacking Uncle Sam.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You know, the anti-American sentiment  
over here... I'm just not feeling  
it.

A blind beggar SNIFFS as they pass, gives the finger. Erica stops Vince.

ERICA  
Conklin... Vince, you don't like  
talking about yourself. Why?

VINCE  
Because I'd rather talk about you.

Passersby emit an approving "awwwww."

ERICA  
Are there any women immune to your  
charms?

VINCE  
The ones in quarantine for bird flu.

She yearns to kiss him, resists.

ERICA  
Romantic involvement with another  
officer, whether it be man, woman or  
a member of the canine unit, is  
against the rules.

VINCE  
But we're posing as a married couple  
in the most romantic place in the  
world, second only to Laughlin Nevada.  
Couldn't we... hold hands?

He reaches out his. She takes it.

ERICA  
All in the line of duty.

VINCE  
For sure.

Vince and Erica stroll, drawn to each other like magnets.



SLOW DISSOLVE. In the distance, a Universal tram drives by.  
We HEAR the TOUR GUIDE as the scene FADES AWAY...

TOUR GUIDE'S VOICE

And here's our famous French street  
where some of your favorite movies  
and TV shows...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. L'HÔTEL D'AUBERGE DE VACANCES - BANQUET ROOM - DAY

An elegant ballroom. Formally attired couples, in their  
sixties, seventies and eighties, sit at tables. Vince and  
Erica stand out amongst the octogenarians. \*

VINCE

This looks like a reunion of the  
class of 1708. \*

ERICA

Must be nice to have someone to grow  
old with... unless they're in a coma.  
(re: something O.S.)  
Look... isn't that sweet? \*

She indicates an old man on the ground, shirt open, given  
CPR by his wife. \*

VINCE

(re: another table)  
Hey, there's Forlot. \*

DR. ANDRE FORLOT (60s) talks to other guests at his table.  
Beside him is his withered, rotund wife: SALINE (60s). When  
she was younger, she still wasn't pretty.

VINCE (CONT'D)

And that's either his wife... or  
Mickey Rourke's got a twin sister. \*

On the dais, a MATRON addresses the group. Behind her a  
banner: "Hors d'oeuvres For Humanity."

MATRON

(into mike)  
Thank you all for coming... as well  
as your commitment to solving the  
global palate crisis. \*

A SLIDE shows a waiter serving truffles to Biafran tribesmen. \*

MATRON (CONT'D)

This year, some of the world's finest  
restaurants served gourmet appetizers  
to impoverished countries. And  
elitism is spreading. \*

More slides show Zimbabwe refugees offered trays of Brie --  
destitute Burmese people dipping crackers into pate.

MATRON (CONT'D)

A Nairobi tribe recently refused  
Care packages... instead demanding  
foie gras, bouillabaisse and  
crème brûlée.

(raises glass)

So, let us toast the real reason for  
any charitable endeavor... an excuse  
to overindulge in extravagant food,  
as well as wines from our benefactor,  
Dr. Andre Forlot.

APPLAUSE for Forlot. He blows a kiss to the crowd.

MATRON (CONT'D)

And before I forget, the winner of  
tonight's raffle for a new kidney is  
Monsieur Francois Dinoire.

She holds up a kidney, points to a table where a feeble old  
man sits under an oxygen tent -- gives a thumb's up.

A SERVER fills glasses at Vince and Erica's table.

ERICA

I can't drink this.

VINCE

I know, we're on duty.

ERICA

Even off duty. I'm a terrible drunk.

VINCE

Maybe with practice you can improve.

ERICA

No, I'm in Cops Alcoholics  
Anonymous... CAA. I was only able  
to beat the addiction by replacing  
it with gambling.

VINCE

Neither of us has to drink tonight.

ERICA

And risk offending the man we've  
come all this way to meet?

Erica points to the label on a wine bottle... a sketch of  
Forlot touching his nose, taking a DUI test. Other guests  
are well into their second glasses.

VINCE

Hold the fort.

Vince takes both glasses, looks for somewhere to dump the wine. Crossing to a corner, he pretends to be interested in art hanging there, EMPTIES the wine into a POTTED PLANT.

Guests notice Vince, his back to them, LEGS APART -- looking like he's PISSING on the plant. Erica acts casual, SMILES. \*

Vince POURS out the second glass, sits back at the table. The entire ballroom stares at them. Forlot seems irked. The Server refills both glasses. Vince smiles, sheepish.

Finally, Erica picks up her glass -- GUZZLES it. \*

VINCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ERICA \*

Taking one for the team.

The other guests return attention to their tables. Erica downs Vince's glass too. \*

ERICA (CONT'D) \*

You're gonna' be sober, so make sure \*

I don't get into trouble tonight. \*

(to server) \*

Dude, refill! \*

The Server complies. Erica SNATCHES the bottle... DRINKS straight from it. \*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANQUET ROOM - AN HOUR LATER - NIGHT

Guests mingle, some DANCE. An eighty year old DJ spins 78s on a Victrola, makes unintentional scratch tracks. \*

Erica STUMBLES, inebriated, leans against other guests... including a man with a cane that BREAKS -- runs into Dr. Forlot, SMASHES caviar onto him. \*

ERICA \*

Sorry.

DR. FORLOT

Not to worry. I was planning on burning this shirt.

ERICA \*

Dr. Forlot? I think you're a brilliant...

(slurring)

... aerophysicist... and I'd love to talk to you, but not in front of all these people.

DR. FORLOT  
Why? Most are deaf.

ERICA  
Is there somewhere we can go?

DR. FORLOT  
I have a room. I'll tell my wife.

Forlot walks away, converses with his spouse. Vince ambles over.

VINCE  
You made contact.

ERICA  
(still loopy)  
Forlot invited me to his room. And  
before you get any funny ideas...  
he's telling his wife.

VINCE  
I'm not surprised. This is a swingers  
group... as in wife swapping.

ERICA  
(aghast)  
Wife swap... Oh God. It's bad enough  
to imagine your parents having sex...  
but your grandparents? That's  
disgusting.

A server walks by with a tray of Viagra pills. Elderly men  
grab handfuls. Activia yogurt is offered.

VINCE  
Shame on you. Ageism is one of the  
worst forms of prejudice.

Dr. Forlot points in their direction. His repulsive spouse  
ogles Vince, licks her lips.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
On second thought... it's totally  
fuckin' disgusting.

ERICA  
What do we do?

VINCE  
Suicide's not an option... so we'll  
have to play along.

Couples adjourn to rooms. An old man takes a leak on the  
same plant Vince used.

ERICA  
I'm not ready for that kind of senior  
moment.

\*  
\*

VINCE  
Suppose he has the gun on him?

\*

ERICA  
Yes, but what if I have to fight him  
off? I'm wasted.

\*  
\*

VINCE  
Text me the room number once you get  
there. I'll make sure this deviant  
never lays a hand on you. Unless...  
you're into deviants. Then, I'll  
give you ten minutes, no more.

\*  
\*

She objects. Vince takes her face in his hands.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Erica, remember what I said from day  
one... I want you to trust me.

\*  
\*

She relents. Forlot returns.

DR. FORLOT  
(to Vince, re: Saline)  
Monsieur, this woman is my wife.

VINCE  
Oh, so it's not a same sex marriage.

\*

DR. FORLOT  
Saline may be large, but she'll get  
you into interesting positions.

VINCE  
I look forward to Saline's solutions.

Forlot offers his arm to Erica. She takes it. Forlot leads  
Erica away. Saline sidles up to Vince.

\*  
\*

SALINE  
I like to play rough.

VINCE  
I can see the aftereffects.

INT. DR. FORLOT'S HOTEL ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Forlot guides an unsteady Erica into a suite. She pats him  
down.

\*

DR. FORLOT  
American women are so aggressive. I  
will enjoy this.

ERICA  
That makes one of us.

Forlot pushes Erica onto the bed, gives a "one moment" finger,  
steps into the bathroom.

Erica tries to sober up, slaps her face, sees Forlot's shadow  
stepping out of 4" lifts, removing a truss, toupee, teeth.  
He's flabby, resembles whitefish from Art's Deli.

DR. FORLOT (O.C.)  
Viagra is a Godsend. One time, I  
had an erection that lasted six  
hours... and the shadow looked like  
the Virgin Mary.

Forlot pops a Viagra from a Hugh Hefner Pez Dispenser.

INT. MRS. FORLOT'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS - NIGHT

Vince and Forlot's wife ENTER a separate room.

VINCE  
Listen, I don't want to offend you...  
but I find you repugnant. Some women  
are cougars, but you're a woolly  
mammoth.

Saline ignores him, opens a suitcase.

SALINE  
Did you bring protection?

VINCE  
No, a blindfold won't fit in a wallet.

Vince turns to leave. Saline has strapped on BOXING GLOVES  
and headgear -- sucker PUNCHES him. Vince falls to his knees.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Hey, I thought this was a wife swap!

SALINE  
It is. I beat my husband.

She HOPS around, goading him to spar.

INT. DR. FORLOT'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS - NIGHT

Erica STAGGERS to the door, opens it. Her vision is blurry.  
She tries to FEEL the numbers. They FALL OFF.

Erica gets down on all fours, gropes the carpet. Forlot,  
wearing a robe, is excited.

VINCE

I love doggie style, but my back is weak. Come, I prefer the karma sutra position known in senior circles as force majeure.

He tries to lift her.

ERICA

Help!

DR. FORLOT

I can do it myself. I have my pride.

INT. MRS. FORLOT'S HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS - NIGHT

Saline brutally KNOCKS Vince around. She delivers left HOOKS, crunching BODY BLOWS. He won't defend himself.

VINCE

Look, it's against my beliefs to hit a woman... or you.

Saline KICKBOXES Vince's crotch. He SMASHES into a nightstand, PISSED.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Okay, bitch... you've challenged my beliefs.

Vince yanks off Saline's headgear, SLUGS her, backs her into a corner, RABBIT PUNCHES her. She falls OUT OF FRAME behind a bed. Vince STOMPS her, picks up a lamp, SMASHES it down, rushes out.

SALINE (O.C.)

(weak, but satisfied)

Oh God. You're the best.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vince kicks open doors. We HEAR SOUNDS of seniors having sex... moaning, wheezing, groaning, aching. Vince is repulsed, keeps searching for Erica.

INT. DR. FORLOT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Forlot chases Erica, wearing only a teddy -- BOUNCES across the bed like a trampoline, stops to inhale oxygen from a tank. Vince BURSTS in, flashes his badge.

VINCE

Time for American coitis interruptus.

Forlot tries to flee. Vince pushes him back. Forlot flops on the bed, panting. Erica flashes her badge too.

DR. FORLOT

Please, I was only wife swapping to  
raise money for charity.

ERICA

We could care less about the lack of  
fiber in your moral diet. Why'd you  
flee the country?

DR. FORLOT

I don't want to be remembered as the  
maker of the world's greatest killing  
machine. I'd rather my legacy be as  
a decent, brilliant but dirty old  
man.

VINCE

Au contraire. That gun you invented  
killed Deacon Dixon, long distance...  
person to person.

DR. FORLOT

I haven't shot anyone...  
(eyes widen)  
... but I know who did.

ERICA

Tell us.

Forlot CLUTCHES his chest -- appears to have a heart attack.

DR. FORLOT

A... glass... of... water... quickly.

Erica DARTS into the bathroom, emerges with a glass.

DR. FORLOT (CONT'D)

Not tap, or flat... carbonated. In  
the hall.

She RACES out. Vince loosens Forlot's collar, guides him to  
the BALCONY, SLIDES OPEN THE DOOR.

VINCE

Okay, fresh air.  
(pointedly)  
Who's got the gun?

Forlot opens his mouth -- his head jerks. He COLLAPSES.  
Erica returns with Perrier.

ERICA

What happened?

Vince locates a chest wound.

VINCE

He's been shot.



Forlot's lips move. They crouch over him.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I can't read lips without closed captioning.

\*  
\*

Forlot pantomimes.

ERICA

He wants to write something.

(looks around)

Damn it! There's no pen or paper in this friggin' room!

(to Forlot)

Mind writing in blood on the floor?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Forlot, losing consciousness, shakes his head.

ERICA (CONT'D)

I know, it's a lot to ask.

(to Vince)

We're losing him.

\*

Vince sprints out the door.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A family approaches. Their little girl plays with an "Etch-A-Sketch." Vince SNATCHES it, leaves the girl SOBBING.

INT. DR. FORLOT'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vince gives Forlot the Etch-A-Sketch. He STRUGGLES with the KNOBS, spells the name, passes it to Vince.

VINCE

I've got the name. It's...

An EARTHQUAKE SHAKES the hotel, ERASES the SCREEN. Forlot dies. Erica closes Forlot's eyes. One stays open. She tries again. The other is open. She gives up.

\*

EXT. FRENCH MORGUE (STOCK) - ONE HOUR LATER - NIGHT

\*

A morgue with a windmill and neon sign: "Le Morgue Rouge"

INT. FRENCH MORGUE (RE-DRESS) - NIGHT

The European morgue is identical to the American, save for the Eiffel tower out the window, a Café au lait machine and complimentary croissants.

\*  
\*

The coroner, COLETTE, is a Frenchwoman who is Charlotte's twin, with different hairstyle and French accent. She leads Vince and Erica past a line of dead CanCan dancers on slabs.

\*

COLETTE

The last time we had an earthquake  
that magnitude was 1909.

She slides out Forlot's body. Behind her, there's a French  
barber pole. A flamboyant stylist cuts dead people's hair,  
uses a blow dryer.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

(re: Forlot)

Est très étrange... this man was  
struck down by a designer bullet.

Colette hands Vince a baggie containing a bullet with Forlot's  
name on it. A timer RINGS. Colette opens another drawer,  
pulls out a fresh baked baguette.

ERICA

(staring at Colette)

Pardon me, but you're a dead ringer  
for a coroner in America.

COLETTE

My sister. I just received a postcard  
from her... which is why you look  
familiar too.

Colette hands Erica the card. It shows Vince, Erica and  
Charlotte in the morgue from the previous scene.

VINCE

(re: body)

Okay, bag him.

COLETTE

Paper or plastic?

VINCE

Paper.

Colette pulls a large French bread wrapper over the body.

INT. AIRLINER - A FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT

THE CAMERA TRACKS by passengers: A dentist inspecting a  
patient's crowns. The Zodiac killer reading a newspaper. A  
man punching an iPhone so hard, he pokes his finger through.

A MEDIUM SHOT of Erica and Vince, ensconced in first class.

ERICA

Vince, thanks for having my back.  
One time after I had too much to  
drink... I woke up in Alaska and had  
somehow joined an Eskimo tribe.  
Only clues how I got there were a  
hang glider and a Thomas Guide.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.C.)

(over intercom)

Ladies and gentleman, this is the captain. Thanks for helping us subdue the passenger who was waving a gun. Turns out, he was an Air Marshall that forgot to take his medication.

Vince shrugs, turns back to her.

VINCE

Erica, you seem more together than an Ikea table. Why were you hitting the bottle?

ERICA

Because it's not enough for a woman to have an IQ of 140, a weight of 105 and a fico score of 850. She's supposed to have a relationship too.  
(pained)

I've had lots of men hurt me over the years... deeply.

VINCE

Shame they never used lubricant.

ERICA

And just last week I went out with a guy and we got along great until he brought me back to his place. He whipped it out... waved it right in my face. It was tiny, I could hardly see it, and he expected me to suck it. I refused, so he did it himself.  
(off Vince's look)

I'm talking about a joint.

(Vince mouths "ahhh")

I charged him with possession. Turns out, he was a glaucoma patient... but it doesn't really matter. Being a cop always trumps being a woman.

VINCE

Listen, you know why it's important we play by the rules? Because the rest of the world doesn't. People cheat on their taxes, spouses, diets. It's why there's so many overweight adulterers with extra cash.

ERICA

Vince, look... you're trying hard to be the ultimate good guy. But heroes are like facelifts, sooner or later... they fall.

VINCE

Baby, I'm not perfect. I've got  
cellulite on my soul. All I'm trying  
to do is stand on my own two left  
feet... do what's expected of me.

She touches his arm.

ERICA

You think it's possible to get close  
without having your heart ripped  
out?

VINCE

You talking about to a Bengal tiger  
or another human being?

ERICA

I'm like Ann Coulter, I don't know  
what I'm talking about.  
(yawns)  
Mind holding me?

VINCE

As long as it's without bail.

She nods off. He cuddles her. The seats vibrate. Vince  
thinks it's turbulence, realizes it's a COUPLE behind him  
having sex, SLAMMING against the back of his seat.

For no reason, a PRO BOWLER steps into the aisle -- prepares  
to roll a ball.

INT. LA AIRPORT TERMINAL - HOURS LATER - DAY

A long line of international terrorists, wearing dark glasses  
and headbands, pass through airport security without trouble.

Marsha, wearing sunglasses, holds a cardboard sign: "NEED 2  
TALK." Vince and Erica approach.

VINCE

(to Marsha)

What are you doing here?

MARSHA

Holding up a sign.

In the background, the Tin Woodsman from "The Wizard of Oz"  
sets off a metal detector. He surrenders his axe to a guard,  
passes through again, sets off the ALARM once more.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Mr. Flintlock needs to speak to you.

ERICA

Why?

MARSHA

If I tell you, what he says will be  
redundant. He sent his private jet.

Vince and Erica follow. Meanwhile, the Tin Woodsman gets  
handcuffed, led away. Dorothy, the Scarecrow and the Cowardly  
Lion plead for his release. \*

INT. FLINTLOCK'S OFFICE - THREE HOURS LATER - DAY

A tense Flintlock addresses Vince and Erica. \*

FLINTLOCK

My office doubles as a bomb shelter.  
For security reasons, I'll lower us. \*

Flintlock pulls a lever. The room DESCENDS. The Presidential  
portraits "stretch" like "The Haunted Mansion" at Disneyland.  
Clinton is revealed getting a blowjob from an intern. Bush  
Jr. sits on a nuclear warhead. Obama wears basketball trunks. \*

Flintlock crosses to a desktop computer.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

(re: computer)

This came by voice mail last night.

A SYNTHESIZED VOICE from the computer speakers.

DISTORTED VOICE

(from computer)

We have the Longshot gun. There  
have been two victims so far. There  
will be more if our demands are not  
met. \*

(pause)

To hear this message again, press  
one. To hear it in Spanish, press  
two. To hear showtimes for --

Flintlock can't shut it off, struggles. \*

FLINTLOCK

Damn computer always freezes.

ERICA \*

What operating system you use?

FLINTLOCK

Windows Crap. \*

ERICA \*

But which version?

FLINTLOCK

Windows Crap. \*

On the screen is the Microsoft logo with "Windows Crap."

VINCE

Either that voice was digitally  
altered... or they made Penny Marshall  
read it. What are their demands?

FLINTLOCK

Haven't gotten 'em. Terrorists are  
the new showbiz. They leave you  
wanting more.

VINCE

And like writers and actors... you  
never know when they're gonna' strike.

Flintlock opens a gold cigarette case.

ERICA

Any idea who has the gun now?

The case is filled with hayseeds. Flintlock chews one.

FLINTLOCK

With Forlot dead... I'm clueless.

VINCE

This sounds like your worst nightmare.

FLINTLOCK

No, that would be being stuck in a  
buffet line behind Kirstie Alley.

Marsha ENTERS, still wears dark glasses, brings refreshments.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

Working in the defense biz has always  
been my dream, ever since I was a  
kid and went to a 4th of July  
fireworks show. A rocket landed in  
the stands, burned a group of  
illegals. That's when I knew what I  
wanted to do in life.

Flintlock crosses to an authentic civil war cannon in the  
corner, lovingly strokes it.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

I still dream about lighting up the  
sky... for the whole country to see.

Erica notices something, removes Marsha's shades... sees a  
BLACK EYE. There's a BRUISE on her shoulder.

ERICA

(to Flintlock)

Why you pork bellied heathen. You're  
under arrest.

Erica SPINS Flintlock around, pulls out handcuffs.

FLINTLOCK

What have I --

ERICA

Assaulting a woman is against the  
law! Put both hands on the table!

Flintlock resists. Erica SLAMS his HANDS onto the desk.  
One gets IMPALED on a letter spindle. The other is THRUST  
into an electric pencil sharpener. Flintlock HOLLERS.

MARSHA

Stop, he never laid a hand on me!

VINCE

Erica, take it easy!

ERICA

(to Marsha)

You don't have to lie for this pig!

MARSHA

(re: bruises)

I got these falling down stairs.

ERICA

Puh-leeze! You've never shown a  
lack of coordination!

Erica returns to cuffing Flintlock. Vince pulls her away,  
inadvertently ELBOWS Marsha. She STAGGERS backwards, GRABS  
a lamp, receives a SHOCK, gets propelled into a potted cactus.

EXT. ARMED EAGLE PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Vince and Erica stand by their car. Marsha addresses them,  
sporting fresh bandages, her face dotted by cactus needles.

MARSHA

Just wanted to say thanks for sticking  
up for me. I get kicked in the teeth  
everyday at this job.

ERICA

Why do you stay?

MARSHA

Good dental plan.

She shakes Erica's hand, moves to Vince. Marsha hugs him,  
won't let go, rubs against him, gets turned on.

Erica checks her watch. Marsha wraps a leg around Vince,  
MOANS. He glances at Erica... now doing macramé.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DAY

A gardener wields an EARSPLITTING leaf blower. An officer casually approaches, KNOCKS the gardener out with a billy club, KICKS the blower into the street.

INT. ERICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Randy, laptop in lap, reports. Erica sits behind her desk. Vince leans against a half open window.

RANDY

I ran the disguised voice through filters, then cross referenced it against all the criminal voices in your database. I came up with a match... Maurice "Outlaw" Williams.

VINCE

Isn't he that gangsta rapper who declared bankruptcy?

ERICA

Same. All his crack houses are facing foreclosure.

VINCE

His motive feels like beef jerky, cut and dried.

Vince closes the window, pinning pigeons on the sill. They SQUAWK, feathers fly. He approaches Randy.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Fine work, young man.

RANDY

(re: laptop)

It's not me. It's this dual core notebook with sixty gigabytes of ram and a new touch screen.

On the screen are female breasts. Randy touches the nipples, shuts it down, stands.

VINCE

I disagree. A clarinet in the hands of Benny Goodman is an amazing instrument. In the hands of Kenny G, it's a piece of shit. The talent's inside you, son... not that computer.

RANDY

You keystroking me?



VINCE  
 (hand on lad's shoulder)  
 You're no longer Geek Squad. You're  
 Police Geek Squad.

Randy's acne riddled face smiles, reveals acne riddled teeth.

RANDY  
 I can't wait to tell my mom after  
 she gets off work at "Hooters".  
 (checks watch)  
 Gotta' go. Wanna' hit the Apple  
 Store before the Genius Bar closes.

Randy heads for the door, gives Erica a tender look, EXITS.

VINCE  
 Kid's got a crush on you.

ERICA  
 You never get over your first love.

VINCE  
 Yeah, especially after you've bragged  
 to all your friends and written her  
 number on restroom walls.

ERICA  
 Okay, I say we bring Maurice "Outlaw"  
 Williams in for questioning.

VINCE  
 I'd say it too... but you just did.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DAY

Low lighting, SMOKE in the air. MAURICE "OUTLAW" WILLIAMS  
 (30s), a black rap artist wearing a topcoat, dark glasses  
 and derby, sits beside his straitlaced white ATTORNEY.

Erica's demeanor is tough as nails.

ERICA  
 It's best to cooperate. We're  
 prepared to do some intense grilling  
 in here.

SIZZLING. Vince is REVEALED by a barbeque, wearing an apron,  
 squirting lighter fluid on coals. He looks intimidating.

Erica plays a snippet of the camouflaged VOICE.

DISTORTED VOICE  
 There have been two victims so far.  
 There will be more if our demands  
 are not met.

She clicks off the player.

ERICA  
We believe that's your voice.

\*  
\*

Williams speaks -- sounds EXACTLY like the DISTORTED VOICE.

"OUTLAW" WILLIAMS  
(distorted)  
That's bullshit. That Goddamn voice  
don't sound nuthin' like me. That's  
shit. Know what I'm saying?

The Attorney SPEAKS in the same ALTERED VOICE.

ATTORNEY  
(distorted)  
You people are trying to frame my  
client. I'm prepared to sue this  
city for profiling. Don't try me.

The Desk Sergeant pokes his head in, SPEAKS in the VOICE.

DESK SERGEANT  
(distorted)  
Excuse me, there's something on TV  
you need to see.

Erica steps out. Vince sets shish kabobs on the grill.  
FLAMES shoot up. He takes off his apron, tosses it at  
Williams and his lawyer, heads for the door.

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - BULLPEN AREA

Cops and detectives huddle around a TV, watch a news bulletin.

FEMALE REPORTER (ON TV)  
A sleeper cell calling itself  
Rekbah Chanbeh, which means Revenge  
Casserole, has claimed responsibility  
for the shooting of basketball great  
Deacon Dixon. The group promises to  
eliminate other prominent figures  
unless their demands are met.

\*

A web page is shown with photos that resemble Mel Gibson,  
Jon Bon Jovi, Giselle Bundchen, David Beckham, etc... Senator  
Mulching too. Dixon's picture has an "X" through it.

\*  
\*

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)  
The terrorist network, the first to  
use a My Spacebook page, has ordered  
the celebrities, listed as top  
friends, to pay four hundred thousand  
dollars each in exchange for their  
lives.

\*  
\*  
\*

ERICA  
I don't see a connection. Do you?

\*  
\*

VINCE

They're all rich... with famous faces.

ERICA

No, gotta' be something else.

VINCE

They're all two legged Homo sapiens?

She keeps thinking.

FEMALE REPORTER (ON TV)

The group claims to be in possession  
of a "long range weapon" stolen from  
defense contractor Armed Eagle...

Video of Flintlock hurrying to his car, hounded by reporters.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

... whose CEO declined comment.

Flintlock wears a BLACK CARDBOARD STRIP over his eyes, fumbles  
for his keys, hops in a car.

The Desk Sergeant addresses Vince and Erica. Behind them, a  
HANDYMAN climbs a LADDER to change a light bulb.

DESK SERGEANT

The Commissioner would like to see  
you both... right away.

Vince and Erica DEPART. The handyman KICKS the ladder out  
from under him. His feet DANGLE, having hung himself.

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY

McGlade walks by a wheat field. A WIDER ANGLE shows he's in  
his office, standing still, as MOVERS carry out a PAINTING  
of a wheat field. Vince and Erica stand off to the side.

MCGLADE

One thing I know. You never give  
into the demands of terrorists, even  
if all they're asking for is to stop  
tickling them during water torture.

ERICA

Your tough stance is well known.  
You tried to pass that bill allowing  
us to arrest unborn criminals.

MCGLADE

(waves finger)

Which the ACLU fought me on. Just  
like my "Scared Straight" program,  
where we sent heterosexual cops to  
talk to gay eighth graders.

Someone CLEARS their THROAT: An artist in the corner tries to paint a portrait of McGlade, chides him not to move. McGlade motions Vince to come closer.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

Conklin... you're here on the word of a man who saved my life many times in the line of duty, and once during dinner when pita bread got stuck in my windpipe. I want a simple yes or no. Can Police Squad protect the VIPs being targeted?

Vince considers. Erica studies him. TENSE MUSIC segues into the "FINAL ROUND" TUNE from "Jeopardy."

VINCE

Yes.

The artist tries to see around Vince and Erica in the way.

MCGLADE

All right, we're drawing a line in the sand, using a big stick and adding an exclamation point. Don't let me down, because if you do... I'll be put out to pasture. That would be tragic. I'm allergic to dairy.

Vince and Erica turn to go.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

Conklin... that a gun in your pocket?

VINCE

No, I don't carry one.

MCGLADE

Oh... then I guess you're just glad to see me.

EXT. CITY STREET - (STOCK) - NIGHT

A stretch limo cruises.

INT. LIMOUSINE - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Vince and Erica sit across from an airhead pop star, JEJUNE CLARKSON (20s), dressed like a cross between Barbie and a dominatrix. She chugs energy drinks, a cell phone pressed to her ear, one eye on a TV showing the NASDAQ.

ERICA

Ms. Clarkson, there's a threat on your life. Don't you have reservations about going out?

JEJUNE

I don't need reservations, they know me at all the clubs. And if I stay home there's nothing to do except play tennis, ride horses, swim, get deep tissue massages and make hi def sex videos. That gets old fast.

(guzzles can)

Hey, heard my new single? They replaced my voice with someone that sounds more like me than me.

The car hits a BUMP in the road.

JEJUNE (CONT'D)

(to driver, irritated)

Ramon, we almost had a spill!

Jejune indicates a lobster tank beside her.

JEJUNE (CONT'D)

I love Ramon. He's like a chauffeur to me.

VINCE

Jejune... out in public, someone's likely to take a shot at you.

Jejune reaches into her purse, pulls out an electric razor, shaves off her hair.

JEJUNE

(while shaving)

I'm used to people taking shots. The tabloids say I'm bi. No way! Other women aren't as hot as me so why would I be attracted to them? I'm happily self-involved.

(to Erica, points)

Hand me that.

Erica notices wigs on Styrofoam heads, passes a blonde one to Jejune.

JEJUNE (CONT'D)

(putting on wig)

The press sucks. The last interview I did, the reporter crossed the line and got me pregnant. Baby's due in spring, along with my new album.

Another BUMP. A live lobster flies out of the tank, lands in Erica's lap. She's pissed.

JEJUNE (CONT'D)

Don't like lobsters? I've got crabs.

INT. CROWDED NIGHTCLUB - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

A cramped dance floor with wall to wall tweens partying.  
Vince and Erica watch Jejune boogie with three guys as a  
tattoo artist attempts to draw on her arm.

ERICA

(over music)

This seems too small for a nightclub!

VINCE

(shouts)

It's not, we're still in the elevator.  
Fire Marshall won't let anyone else  
through!

This rave is happening inside a large freight elevator.  
Jejune gets lost in the crowd.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Our girl's out of sight!

ERICA

That expression's outdated!

VINCE

Statement of fact, no hipness implied!

Vince and Erica fight their way through the mob, unhook a  
velvet rope attached to a dancer's navel, push past a kid  
making a model airplane and inhaling glue. They reach Jejune,  
dance near her. Vince appreciates Erica's deft moves.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Hey, where'd you learn to dance?

ERICA

Eleven members of my family were  
Rockettes. I come from a long line  
of dancers. What about you?

VINCE

Dance was part of my martial arts  
training. It's important to show  
style and grace as you kick people's  
asses.

Vince and Erica move into each other's arms, slow dance while  
the rest of the crowd crazily stomps. Abruptly, Jejune pulls  
Vince away from Erica, grinds into him. He seems to enjoy  
it. Erica is hurt, retreats into the crowd.

Vince looks for Erica. Jejune rips open his shirt... buttons  
fly off. A sweatshop worker on the dance floor with a sewing  
machine picks up the buttons -- offers repairs.

Jejune dances wildly, hair flying. Her head violently jerks, she CRUMPLES to the floor. People keep dancing. Vince kneels over her. Erica pushes her way back INTO FRAME.

ERICA  
(to Vince, over din)  
What happened?

Jejune's temple is grazed. Vince finds a bullet nearby -- her name on it.

VINCE  
She's been shot!

Erica whips out her gun.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
(re: gun)  
No, you can't fire that in here!

ERICA  
(over noise)  
I can't what in here?!

VINCE  
(top of his lungs)  
FIRE!!!

SCREAMS. The crowd STAMPEDES. Erica gets swept away. Vince throws himself on Jejune to prevent her from being trampled. She tries to push him off, looks like he's dry humping her. Legs belonging to joggers, lifeguards and an ostrich race THROUGH FRAME.

TIGHT ON TELEVISION SET

A "TMZ" style show with cell phone footage of Vince atop Jejune during the melee. A SLEAZY VOICE narrates.

SLEAZY VOICE (V.O.)  
Here's pop star Jejune Clarkson getting down and dirty with a member of Police Squad. Looks like she can't fight the feeling... errr, feeling up she's getting. That cop on top is copping quite a handful. Let's hope he eventually got off!  
(seedy cackle)  
Next on Celebrity Sleaze Rag, a soap star picks her nose while shopping for wrinkle cream.

The ANGLE WIDENS, REVEALING we're in...

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING - DAY

McGlade disgustedly shuts off the TV, tosses the remote in the trash.

Vince is present, Erica at his side.

MCGLADE

Jejune Clarkson survived the shooting,  
but she'll never sing again... which  
won't affect her concert tour as she  
lip synched the whole time, including  
the in between banter.

McGlade crosses from behind his desk, passes his finished  
portrait. Vince and Erica's backs are in the painting,  
blocking him.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

This is an embarrassment for the  
entire department, worse than that  
weekend we ran out of bullets.

VINCE

Commissioner, you gave me a chance,  
I took a swing and struck out.  
(teeth gritted)  
I deserved to be shot, not that girl.

MCGLADE

Conklin, you're like a man with a  
six foot penis that keeps hitting  
himself with his erection. He's too  
hard on himself.

VINCE

No, I'm more like a guy who tried to  
carve a pot roast with a Q-Tip. He  
couldn't cut it... and neither can  
I. I quit.

Vince heads for the door. McGlade's voice stops him.

MCGLADE

Nobody likes a quitter.

VINCE

(over his shoulder)  
But what if someone quits drinking  
or doing drugs... or abusing pets?

A pause.

MCGLADE

With the exception of those quitters.

Vince walks out. McGlade and Erica watch him go. From  
outside, A CLAP OF THUNDER. It starts to RAIN... INSIDE the  
office. McGlade and Erica are DRENCHED, don't budge.



EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AN HOUR LATER - DAY

Vince has gathered his belongings in a box, carries them out. He says good-bye to a Beefeater on the sidewalk.

\*

VINCE  
(to Beefeater)  
Be seeing you, Marty.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Vince approaches his car. Mullavey and Jurgens lean against it.

OFFICER JURGENS  
We were gonna' plant drugs in your car... but since you're off the force, we'll sell 'em to traffic school students at low Canadian prices.

\*

\*

Vince tries to get by. The cops block his path.

VINCE  
I'm a private citizen now, all right?  
I can't fight back.

\*

OFFICER MULLAVEY  
We know.

Mullavey PUNCHES Vince. He drops the box filled with glassware. It SMASHES.

OFFICER MULLAVEY (CONT'D)  
I made room in my schedule. My next ass kicking isn't until noon.

\*

\*

\*

Jurgens delivers an UPPERCUT, knocks Vince against the car. He offers no resistance. They work him over. Mullavey catches his breath. Jurgens offers his partner a water bottle, rubs his shoulders. We hear a BLACK MAN'S VOICE.

\*

\*

\*

\*

BLACK MAN (O.C.)  
Hey, pigs... leave that poor white boy alone!

\*

\*

\*

OFFICER JURGENS  
Mind your own business or you're next, spearchucker!

\*

\*

REVEAL the voice belongs to a WHITE JAVELIN THROWER wearing an Olympics uniform, holding a spear. He walks away as the SOUNDS of the SMACKDOWN intensifies, including a dental drill.

\*

\*

\*

DISSOLVE TO:

\*

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vince examines his face in the mirror. He's got a black eye, blacked out teeth and a swollen nose. A KNOCK at the door. Vince walks away, reveals the black eye, blacked out teeth and swollen nose are painted on the mirror. His face is fine. \*

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - LIVING ROOM

Vince opens the top half of a Dutch door. Erica, from the waist up, can be seen in the hallway. \*

VINCE

Who is it?

ERICA

Erica. \*

He opens the bottom half, lets her in. \*

ERICA (CONT'D) \*

Catch you at a bad time?

VINCE

I tivo'd Chuck Norris on "Inside The Actor's Studio"... just sitting down to watch it.

She marches to the center of the room.

ERICA

Jejune Clarkson's agreed to pay the money. She's been instructed to wire it into a foreign account using PayPal. The other celebrities are following suit because it's trendy. And Mariah Carey's people called... insisting she be threatened too. \*

VINCE

No foreskin off my nose. I'm not on this case. \*

ERICA

But I'm on yours. The only thing on record about you is this address. Everything's wiped cleaner than an obsessive compulsive's kitchen counter. Who are you, Conklin? \*

VINCE

Conklin's not my real name. You can probably guess what it is.

ERICA

John Doe? \*

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

(he shakes his head)

Samuel Clemens?

(he shakes his head)

Jason Bourne?

(he shakes his head)

Hymie Kelly?

(he shakes his head)

Spartacus?

VINCE

Drebin. I'm Frank Drebin's son.

She takes a moment, it sinks in.

ERICA

How'd that happen?

VINCE

I assume he got her in the mood,  
bought his favorite wine that comes  
in a carton, lit a few candles...

ERICA

But Drebin doesn't have children.

VINCE

(sly smile)

By his wife. I'm the result of a  
one night stand before he got married.  
The pregnancy was like the Iraq war,  
unplanned... and he didn't pull out  
in time.

ERICA

So... who's your mother?

VINCE

Dad wouldn't tell me, but it's rumored  
to be a foreign dignitary he was  
assigned to protect. I bear a slight  
resemblance to the Princess of Monaco.

ERICA

You know, I kept thinking that.

(paces)

This is unbelievable. Frank Drebin  
is like a God to most people.

VINCE

Tell me about it.

Vince points to an altar. Drebin is depicted in stain glass,  
blessing officers kneeling before him.

VINCE (CONT'D)

He's got a perfect arrest record.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, he took me to a shooting gallery, missed a shot... and still managed to wing some guy robbing the boardwalk.

ERICA

I can't imagine what it's like living in the shadow of such a great man.

VINCE

It's hard. Not everyone can attain the heights of George W. Bush.

(pensive)

But my father thought it best I be raised by two parents... so I was adopted by a couple that couldn't have children of their own. Two nice ladies. One's a daytime talk show host and the other... an Oscar winning actress. But being a cop was in my DNA, so I tried to follow in the old man's fingerprints.

(recollects)

And when the moment of truth came...

OIL DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUNICIPAL BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY

A B&W FLASHBACK. Policemen, crouched behind cars, in a gun battle -- exchanging shots with heavily armed BANK ROBBERS. (Reminiscent of the "North Hollywood" shootout.)

The cops are no match for the criminal's automatic weapons. A uniformed Vince hides behind a squad car.

VINCE

(to himself)

Where the hell's our sharpshooters?

A hot dog VENDOR, cowering behind a cart, reaches into his ice chest, pulls out a SUBMACHINE GUN, BLASTS at the crooks.

Vince glances over, sees a cop lying on the pavement -- crawls to him.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(to cop on ground)

Rodriguez, you hit?

(no response)

Rodriguez!

The cop opens his eyes, pulls out EARPLUGS.

COP ON GROUND

Sorry, man... fell asleep.

The robbers, still FIRING, put money in a Salvation Army  
kettle. The volunteer nods, keeps RINGING the bell.

VINCE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Swat... we're pinned down. You in  
position yet?

SWAT COMMANDER (O.C.)  
Yeah. I'm on a roof across the  
street. Got one of the bastards in  
my sights. He's hiding behind a  
car, holding a walkie-talkie.

Vince CRANES his neck.

VINCE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
That's me!

SWAT COMMANDER (O.C.)  
Sorry. My bad... I ain't got the  
shot.

The GUNFIRE STOPS. Vince and the other policemen peek up...  
see the robbers are gone -- left a "Will Return" sign with  
the clock saying ten minutes.

VINCE  
They faked us out!

Vince and the cops pursue on foot, split up.

STEADICAM SHOT

One of the robbers sprints down an alley. Vince STOPS --  
assumes a FIRING STANCE.

VINCE  
Freeze, mother--

A CAR HORN obscures the rest. The lawbreaker keeps running.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
What's the matter? Don't understand  
English? I'll say it in Portugese!  
Batente ou I' tiro do ll!

The masked man halts, turns around, sees Vince sweating. He  
approaches, savoring the tentativeness in Vince's eyes.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Don't come any closer... or I'll  
blow a hole in you big enough for an  
air conditioning unit.

Vince's hands tremble. He grits his teeth, chips a tooth. The robber CHORTLES, keeps coming, trains his gun on Vince's chest, SQUEEZES the TRIGGER: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! \*

Vince FEELS his CHEST. He's unharmed. The masked man FALLS, but Vince didn't shoot. He looks over, sees a ten-year-old GIRL SCOUT on a fire escape, holding a 44 Magnum. She blows smoke off the barrel.

GIRL SCOUT  
(holds up box)  
You've got to buy some cookies now!!! \*

THE FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

VINCE  
I got branded a coward.

Vince lifts his shirt, shows "coward" branded on his stomach.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Making matters worse, the incident  
aired on "Cops" and drew the highest  
ratings of the season. Do you have  
any idea what it's like to be at a  
sushi bar, hear someone order  
yellowtail and think they're talking  
about you? Do you know what it's  
like to be called a scaredy-cat? \*

ERICA  
No, but I've never been a pussy. \*

He makes a face, presses on.

VINCE  
Anyway, I quit... hid my face. My  
record was erased to avoid further  
embarrassment.

ERICA  
And this phobia is why you don't  
carry a gun? \*

VINCE  
Oh, I can defend myself. I know  
jujitsu, origami, as well as a form  
of acupuncture combined with knitting.  
It leaves the person healed and with  
a sweater... but I cannot shoot  
another human being.  
(devout)  
I'm a Buddhist first, a cop second...  
a certified yoga instructor third.

ERICA

There's plenty of cops who've gone  
their entire careers without shooting  
someone. They've all been gunned  
down, but that's beside the point...

(delicately)

Do you suffer performance anxiety in  
other areas?

VINCE

What do you mean?

ERICA

Me.

VINCE

I don't think I could shoot you  
either.

ERICA

That's not what I meant.

Erica embraces Vince.

VINCE

(realizes)

Oh.

She SQUEEZES his ass. It makes a CUSHION SOUND.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Ohhh.

She sashays into the bedroom.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Ohhh. Ohhh. Ohhh.

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vince and Erica stand on opposite sides of the bed, shedding  
clothes like Clooney and Lopez in "Out of Sight." They admire  
each other's bodies, WHISTLING and PUNCHING the AIR, until  
they're both standing in their underwear.

Erica unlatches her bra. The moment her breasts start to  
spill out... EVERYTHING turns into a KALEIDOSCOPE.

SUPERIMPOSED ACROSS BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN:

**PUT ON 3-D GLASSES NOW**

We HEAR the most erotic love scene of all time: MOANS,  
BEDSPRINGS, a TRAIN whistle, CANNONS... but all we're able  
to see are DISTORTED images of arms, legs, lips, elbows --  
accompanied by A-HA's 80's bouncy hit "Take On Me."

Finally, Vince and Erica achieve orgasm and HOLLER, their voices joined by a celestial CHOIR. \*

FADE OUT.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER BLACK:

**REMOVE 3-D GLASSES**

FADE IN:

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The SCENE returns to NORMAL. Vince and Erica are under the covers. She's ASLEEP. He's awake, wears 3-D glasses. He removes them, STARES at the CEILING... admiring Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel painting up above. \*

The phone RINGS. His arm is under Erica's neck. Vince grabs the receiver, pulls it over, stretching the cord behind her. \*

VINCE  
(whisper, into phone)  
Hello?

TRAVIS (O.C.)  
(on phone)  
It's Travis, you know, "Triggerman."

VINCE  
You have any idea what time it is?

TRAVIS (O.C.)  
It's only seven thirty. \*

VINCE  
(checks watch)  
Well... it feels later.

TRAVIS (O.C.)  
We need to talk and not over the phone. It's urgent.

The SOUND of GUNFIRE on the other end.

VINCE  
I hear shots. You at the firing range?

TRAVIS (O.C.)  
No, the post office. I'll meet you at the firing range in ten minutes.

Vince hangs up... unaware he's wrapped the cord around her neck. Vince climbs out of bed, reveals he's fully dressed.



INT. SHOOTING RANGE - ONE HOUR LATER - NIGHT

Travis holds the three previous "smart bullets" in his hand.  
Vince can't believe what he hears.

TRAVIS

These are just standard bullets.  
The electronics don't do a damn thing.

VINCE

You're saying... this is all a hoax?

TRAVIS

(nods, re: bullets)

These got about as much guidance as  
Lindsay Lohan. A Christmas ornament  
from a ninety nine cent store has  
more trajectory. It's all bullshit. \*

Vince turns away, HEARS Erica's VOICE in his head saying: \*  
"I've been offered bribes... and I get tempted."

VINCE

So every bullet had to be fired at  
close range. Erica was at the \*  
basketball game. She was there when  
Forlot got offed. She was in the \*  
nightclub elevator. She's been \*  
everywhere except a grassy knoll.  
(heartbroken)

I thought she was a straight shooter.

TRAVIS

Maybe she is. Personally, I never \*  
trusted the bitch. She seemed cheap \*  
and tawdry. The sort of ho only a  
loser would go to bed with and leave  
a tip after.

Vince whirls around, threatens Travis with his fist.

VINCE

(ready to punch)

Watch your mouth or... \*

TRAVIS

Hey, man... I had no idea she was  
your old lady. No idea...

(Vince lowers his  
fist)

... especially when she kept squeezing  
my ass when you weren't looking.

Vince raises his fist again. Travis WHIPS out a snub-nosed  
revolver -- holds it under Vince's chin.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(with gun)

I told you to chill out, all right?  
Don't make me use this... 'cuz I'll  
have to sell it as used.

Vince calms down. Travis puts the gun away.

VINCE

Keep this between us, all right?

TRAVIS

Of course, bro. At times like this,  
I try to remember something a wise  
man said to me... but he spoke too  
softly and I couldn't hear it.

VINCE

Thanks, appreciate it.

Vince leaves. A guy who just got off work at Target ENTERS  
carrying a rifle, wears headphones and goggles, walks past  
the shooting range where people are firing guns.

TRAVIS

Hey man, you shouldn't be wearing  
your work clothes in here.

The guy has a "Target" CIRCLE on this BACK, turns around,  
mouths the word "What?" as all the shooters aim -- FIRE.

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER - NIGHT

Vince tiptoes in. The sound of LOUD CRICKETS. He wipes the  
crickets off the bed, climbs under the covers -- gazes at  
Erica. She isn't asleep, her eyes open, thinking.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - THE NEXT MORNING - DAY

Vince is out of bed. Erica stirs, checks the time, sits up --  
GETS CHOKED by the phone cord around her neck.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

Vince sits at a coffee table, sips tea, reads the morning  
paper. The front page shows Senator Mulching with the  
headline: SENATOR VETOES EXTORTION!

Erica ENTERS, wears a towel, gives Vince a kiss.

ERICA

Morning. I slept like a baby...  
drooled over everything.

(re: newspaper)

You subscribe to the LA Times?

VINCE  
No, my neighbor does.

ERICA  
Anything interesting?

She goes to a window, gazes at the morning sun.

VINCE  
All the celebrities have agreed to  
pay, except one... Senator Mulching.

ERICA  
Guess he grew a pair. Good for him.

VINCE  
Yeah, fresh fruit is better than  
canned.

ERICA  
No, he's publicly showing balls.  
Anybody running for President can't  
cooperate with criminals until after  
they're elected.

VINCE  
The Senator will need extra  
protection.

ERICA  
And I'll make sure he gets it.

Vince reacts to the way she says "gets it."

ERICA (CONT'D)  
What else is in the paper?

VINCE  
There's a solar eclipse today.

Erica shields her eyes, STAGGERS away from the window.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Erica is fully dressed, stands in the doorway with Vince.

ERICA  
You were amazing last night. I had  
six orgasms. And my cousin in  
Pittsburgh text messaged. She had  
six too.  
(chides)  
We got kinda' caught up in the heat  
of the moment. Hope you're not  
worried we had unprotected sex?

VINCE

No, I've done it before without a pre-nup.

ERICA

Will I see you later?

VINCE

Depends. I signed up for the Big Brother program. Not the one with kids. The one where you spy on your neighbor and go through their mail.

ERICA

So is this your way of saying you're one of those guys that after he gets close to a woman... pretends to have Hepatitis C to avoid them?

VINCE

No... I'm not afraid of intimacy. I walk into liquor stores in my underwear. I know the guys behind the counter and feel comfortable.

ERICA

But... something's wrong. Tell me.

Vince stares at her, thinks to himself.

VINCE (V.O.)

I can't.

ERICA

Why?

He clams up. Erica regards Vince, kisses him... EXITS.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY

From the window, Vince watches Erica drive off. The TV is on. Senator Mulching holds a news conference. All the REPORTERS are OFF CAMERA.

SENATOR MULCHING (ON TV)

The answer's no. Would you put money in the mouths of filthy, slimy sewer rats?

(points O.C.)

A question from MSNBC.

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)

Senator, this is tough talk. Will the terrorists get the message?

SENATOR MULCHING (ON TV)  
 I'm like an air traffic controller  
 saying... I will not bend, over.  
 (point)  
 The trollop from Fox News.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)  
 If the sleeper cell is caught, what  
 should be done to them?

\*  
 \*

Vince ENTERS the kitchen where orange trees are planted,  
 climbs a step ladder, picks a few.

\*  
 \*

SENATOR MULCHING (ON TV)  
 They need to lie down and take what's  
 coming to them, because they deserve  
 the pounding they're gonna' get.  
 (point)  
 The reporter in the back, the one  
 bussing tables, from Telemudo.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

Vince cuts the oranges in half, throws them in a tub -- stomps  
 them like grapes.

\*

HISPANIC JOURNALIST (O.S.)  
 Senor, are you nervous about being  
 out in the open on the campaign trail?

\*

Vince pours the tub into a glass, drinks juice, looks at TV.

\*

SENATOR MULCHING (ON TV)  
 No, because I enjoy touching as many  
 people as I can without protection.  
 I love seeing women holding out their  
 babies to me.  
 (point)  
 The reporter from Animal Planet.

\*  
 \*

Vince pours batter into a waffle iron, lowers the lid. It's  
 revealed as a "Mike Tyson Grill" with Tyson's SNARLING FACE  
 and JAGGED TEETH on top. The EYES GLOW RED.

\*  
 \*

PARROT VOICE (O.S.)  
 (squawk)  
 Any thoughts about a possible running  
 mate?

\*  
 \*  
 \*

SENATOR MULCHING  
 Look, the truth is... I haven't found  
 the right guy yet.  
 (waves)  
 Anyway, gotta' run. I'm scheduled  
 to be a no show on "Meet The Press."

\*  
 \*

The Senator leaves, accompanied by security and handlers.  
 Vince walks over to the television.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Despite the threat on his life, the  
Senator won't change his schedule.  
He'll arrive in Los Angeles for a  
stopover, then fly to Washington to  
vote on a bill allowing banks to  
repossess cars still on the assembly  
lines.

Vince decides a plan of action, whips out his cell...

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DAY

Charlotte, Travis and Randy are seated. Vince stands.

VINCE

I picked this location because I  
don't want to be overheard by a single  
living soul.

Travis and Randy glance at bodies behind them, under white  
sheets... save for one with a PICNIC TABLECLOTH, a BEE HIVE  
stuck to the victim's head. Bees BUZZ around it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I plan to impersonate the Senator,  
act as a decoy, prove the Longshot  
gun isn't real... and draw out the  
shooter.

Everyone exchanges glances.

TRAVIS

Hold on, you could get killed. I  
don't wanna' see anything happen to  
you. I need to borrow money.

VINCE

I appreciate your concern, but I've  
been dodging bullets for too long.  
It's time I quit quitting and see  
the finish line. Besides, I believe  
in reincarnation... so maybe I'll  
come back as a thoroughbred and win  
the Breeders' Cup. Then again, if I  
break my leg, I'll just get shot  
again.

(to Charlotte)

Anyway, you're good with makeup.  
Can you make me resemble the Senator  
from a distance?

CHARLOTTE

Sure. It helps that most Californians  
have had Lasek surgery.

TRAVIS

But what about the dude's voice?

Randy raises a hand.

VINCE  
(to Randy)  
Jerry.

RANDY  
Randy.

VINCE  
Sorry, our relationship's still new.

RANDY  
There's recordings of the Senator's  
voice on the net. I can download  
them onto this...  
(re: laptop)  
... transmit 'em via Bluetooth to a  
speaker you'll wear. As long as  
talking's kept to a minimum, it should  
work.  
(looks around)  
Wait, where's Erica?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Vince and Travis share a look.

VINCE  
She works for Internal Affairs and  
is Gentile, so she can't get involved  
in anything unorthodox.

\*  
\*

Off to the side, one of the dead bodies SITS UP.

TRAVIS  
Everyone's got a role... 'cept me.  
What do you want me to do?

\*

VINCE  
You, my friend, are gonna' take the  
good Senator for a ride.

The body is a ZOMBIE. It hops off the table, lumbers out.

\*

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

Travis is dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, stands beside a  
stretch limo. Senator Mulching, flanked by two Secret  
Service, approaches. Travis hands his I.D. to the agents.

1ST SECRET SERVICE  
What happened to our usual driver,  
Faheem?

TRAVIS  
He joined the military.

1ST SECRET SERVICE  
Commendable.

TRAVIS

Not ours.

The Senator steps forward. Travis offers his hand.

SENATOR MULCHING

(to Travis)

Forgive me, I'm not ready to commit  
to a handshake yet.

TRAVIS

I understand. You don't know where  
my hand's been... and neither do I.

Travis opens the door, ushers the Senator into the back.

2ND SECRET SERVICE

(to Travis)

We'll keep pace behind you.

TRAVIS

Can you run that fast? \*

2ND SECRET SERVICE

In a car.

TRAVIS

Makes all the difference. \*

INT. LIMOUSINE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

They cruise. Senator Mulching studies a speech.

TRAVIS

Senator, would you enjoy a tour of  
the city? The LaBrea tar pits are  
extra bubbly this time of year.

SENATOR MULCHING

No thanks, I'm on a tight schedule.

Travis eyes the Secret Service in his rearview, then notices  
a Michael Jackson bobblehead on the dashboard, wearing a hat  
and sunglasses, the face swathed in bandages. \*

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A morgue wagon parked across the street. Charlotte sits  
behind the wheel applying a prosthetic nose and chin to Vince  
beside her. He wears a WIG to impersonate the Senator. \*

Randy sits in back. Pedestrians walk by, GAWK. \*

VINCE

(to Charlotte)

When you offered to drive... I thought  
you meant your own car.



CHARLOTTE

This is mine. It gets good mileage  
and the air conditioning is extreme.

Charlotte applies finishing touches. The disguise is  
convincing. Vince's chest is WIRED for SOUND. He ACTIVATES  
the transmitter taped to his ribs, buttons up his shirt. \*

VINCE

Testing.  
(to Randy)  
You hear me? \*

RANDY

Yup, I'm right behind you. \*

Vince checks himself in the mirror.

VINCE

What the... I look embalmed.

CHARLOTTE

Sorry, this makeup isn't meant for  
people with normal circulation.

Vince spies hotel SECURITY GUYS waiting by the valet area.

VINCE

Whatever, color me ready.

Vince gets out, hails a taxi, hops in. The cab makes a U-  
TURN, drops Vince in front of the hotel. \*

CROSS CUTTING

Randy, a listening piece in his ear, monitors the microphone  
Vince wears.

SECURITY GUY (O.C.)

Senator, how was your flight?

Randy calls up a sound file on his laptop, TRANSMITS.

Vince moves his mouth as the Senator's ACTUAL VOICE comes  
from the speaker under his shirt.

VINCE

(Senator's voice)  
Fine, thank you. And remember to  
get out to vote.

Randy is ecstatic.

RANDY

This rocks harder than XBox.

Flanked by security, Vince enters the hotel. Seconds later, a NASA vehicle pulls up. An ASTRONAUT climbs out. The valet hands him a ticket.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - SAME TIME - DAY

The limo cruises the barrio. Locals give the car nasty looks.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Travis SLOWS, points to something out the window.

TRAVIS

Senator, see that taco stand? Caesar Chavez got food poisoning there.

(face brightens)

Hey, look... a cockfight.

On a street corner, two Mexicans hit each other with dildoes.

SENATOR MULCHING

I need to be at my hotel in ten minutes.

\*

TRAVIS

Better step on it.

\*

Travis STOMPS the gas pedal, THRUSTS the politician back into his seat. His speech pages SCATTER.

\*

\*

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

The Secret Service are perplexed.

\*

2ND SECRET SERVICE

What's the Senator doing?

1ST SECRET SERVICE

He's in a competitive mood. Looks like he's street racing.

\*

\*

INT. FOUR SEASONS SUITE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Vince roams the suite filled with gift baskets, finds thousand dollar bills in an envelope with Uncle Sam "shushing."

\*

\*

VINCE

(re: envelope)

Hush money, nice.

There's a cake in the shape of the White House.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What flavor's this?

(licks frosting)

Hmmm... mint. No... peach. Hmmm  
peach mint.

Vince saunters out onto...

EXT. FOUR SEASONS SUITE - BALCONY - DAY

Vince stretches his arms, inhales bad California air.

\*

VINCE

(into microphone)

Randy, let me know if you see anything  
suspicious... like the Yeti or an  
assassin trying to kill me.

\*

\*

\*

On the ground, unbeknownst to Vince... ERICA HIDES BEHIND A  
TREE. She checks the gun in her holster, studies the figure  
overhead. She's tense, on edge.

\*

\*

\*

INT. MORGUE WAGON - DAY

Charlotte gazes outside the car.

CHARLOTTE

Wow, that's sad.

Ed McMahon stands on the sidewalk, holds a cardboard sign:  
WILL HOST 4 FOOD

\*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Sorry, don't mean to distract you.

\*

RANDY

It's okay. I'm good at multitasking.

\*

On Randy's laptop, his sexy teacher sits on a desk in her  
classroom, strips on streaming video.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I'm taking a home study course at  
the moment.

\*

\*

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Senator Mulching is tossed about.

TRAVIS

Senator, wanna' hear some music?

Travis turns on the RADIO -- a news report.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

... a limousine is driving at  
dangerously high speeds through  
downtown LA.

TRAVIS

Shit, better watch out for it.

The Michael Jackson bobblehead nods furiously, the bandages  
coming off.

\*

\*

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

The Secret Service remain calm.

2ND SECRET SERVICE  
(into cell)  
We need backup. Someone's trying to  
hijack an election... again.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

Vince stands on the balcony, doing yoga.

POV THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

Vince is in the CROSSHAIRS of a high powered rifle. Due to  
his contortions, whoever's holding the gun can't get a clear  
shot. Vince hears a KNOCK, leaves view.

INT. FOUR SEASONS SUITE - DAY

Vince returns, finds a CAMPAIGN AIDE in the hall.

CAMPAIGN AIDE  
Senator, you lose track of time?

The Aide notices Vince's odd appearance. Vince yawns as an  
excuse to cover his face, waves "forget it."

CAMPAIGN AIDE (CONT'D)  
You'll be late, sir.

Vince MUTTERS something, accompanies the Aide out the door.  
The astronaut walks by in SLOW MOTION.

INT. MORGUE WAGON - DAY

Randy, hearing Vince being escorted away, PANICS.

RANDY  
This isn't part of the plan.

CHARLOTTE  
Actors tend to lose themselves in  
the part. Russell Crowe's still  
fighting and "Gladiator" is so done.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Travis drives like a maniac. The Senator CLAWS at the doors.  
The SOUND of POLICE CARS pursuing.

TRAVIS  
Keep your hands and feet inside the  
vehicle! Relax and enjoy the ride!

The bandages are off, the face on the Michael Jackson  
bobblehead is revealed as Amy Winehouse.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The SOUND of an excited AUDIENCE. The STAGE is decorated with patriotic red, white and blue. There are TV CAMERAS and PODIUMS with presidential candidates behind them. MODERATORS sit along a table. A female sign language interpreter stands off to the side.

Vince is led onstage by the Aide to APPLAUSE -- stepping into a live, nationally televised DEBATE.

CAMPAIGN AIDE

Good luck, Senator. It's a good thing you over-prepared with all those practice debates.

The DIRECTOR in the booth counts down...

DIRECTOR'S VOICE (O.C.)

We go live in five, four, three...

INT. MORGUE WAGON - DAY

Randy clutches his laptop, frantically calls up sound files.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Erica ENTERS, notes the location of the "Senator" onstage, works her way towards the rear of the auditorium.

The broadcast is underway.

MODERATOR

The first question is for Senator Mulching. Senator, most of us still don't know where you stand on key issues. The other candidates accuse you of being faceless.

Vince, at the podium, hides his face.

CROSS CUTTING

Randy calls up statements we've heard the Senator make.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

For example, gay marriage. What's your position?

Randy locates a sound file, transmits it.

VINCE

(Senator's voice)  
I'm not going to bend... over.

GASPS, then LAUGHS. The other candidates look surprised.

MODERATOR

All right... let me ask the same  
question of Senator Huxtable.

SENATOR HUXTABLE (40s), a black politician, responds in Denzel  
Washingtonian tones.

SENATOR HUXTABLE

There was a time when interracial  
matrimony was illegal, so gay marriage  
deserves serious consideration.  
What surprises me is to hear Senator  
Mulching make a joke about it.

Randy finds another sound file.

VINCE

(Senator's voice)

Look, the truth is... I haven't found  
the right guy yet.

The other candidates are SHOCKED. The crowd MURMURS.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Travis continues his high-speed chase, CHANGES the RADIO to  
the debate.

MODERATOR (O.C.)

(on radio)

Senator Mulching, as far as federal  
spending... would you support more  
funds to help survivors of Katrina?

The REAL SENATOR listens, incredulous.

SENATOR MULCHING'S VOICE (O.C.)

(on radio)

Would you put money in the mouths of  
filthy, slimy sewer rats?

SENATOR MULCHING

That's my voice! The left and right  
are conspiring to ruin me!

The Senator LUNGES at Travis... who rolls up the partition.  
The Senator POUNDS on the GLASS.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A female candidate, SENATOR SOPHIA MEDEA (50s), is joined  
mid-response.

SENATOR MEDEA

Gender shouldn't be an issue. And  
to answer your question, no... I  
don't think a president's menstrual  
cycle could cause nuclear war.

APPLAUSE -- FEMALE VOICES CHEER.

MODERATOR

Senator Mulching, what do you feel  
are women's rights... in regards to  
their bodies?

VINCE

(Senator's voice)

They need to lie down and take what's  
coming to them, because they deserve  
the pounding they're gonna' get.

The moderators are AGHAST. The candidates INFLAMED. The  
spectators ROILED. A few women are on their feet, shaking  
FISTS. The interpreter angrily SIGNS in Vince's direction.

SUBTITLES: "You're a asshole."

Vince's MAKEUP has begun MELTING under the lights.

HIGH ANGLE

Erica disappears out a side door, wends her way up a  
stairwell, heads into position.

ANGLE ON STAGE

The other candidates enjoy watching political suicide.

MODERATOR

Well, to prevent unwanted pregnancy,  
do you support the use of condoms?

VINCE

(Senator's voice)

No, because I enjoy touching as many  
people as I can without protection.  
I love seeing women holding out their  
babies to me.

An UPROAR. One of the candidates FAINTS.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

A skateboarder rides up. The valet hands the skater a  
ticket... hops on the board and rolls away.

The limo carrying the Senator SCREECHES to a halt. Senator  
Mulching stumbles out. The Secret Service bring up the rear,  
followed by police cruisers. Guns drawn, they PULL Travis  
out of the limo, THROW him to the ground, handcuff him.

INT. MORGUE WAGON - DAY

Charlotte and Randy watch Travis being BRUTALIZED by cops.

RANDY

Wow. Only fights I've seen up close  
were in chat rooms.

CHARLOTTE

Shouldn't we do something?

RANDY

I didn't bring a camcorder.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

In the spotlight booth, FEMALE HANDS assemble a HIGH POWERED  
RIFLE, AFFIX A SCOPE. The IMAGE DIVIDES INTO A "24" STYLE...

SPLIT SCREEN

One side shows a BULLET with the name "Senator Mulching"  
loaded into a chamber. The other half shows Vince onstage,  
his prosthetic nose DROOPING. The screen SPLITS AGAIN, shows  
a maid making a bed.

ANGLE ON STAGE

The genuine Senator APPEARS, confronts Vince.

SENATOR MULCHING

This is an impostor!

VINCE

(his own voice)

Senator, you're placing yourself in  
harm's way... and I'm trying to find  
out who harm is! Get off the stage!

Vince PUSHES the Senator aside -- who SHOVES back. The other  
candidates are bewildered. Audience and moderators too.

MODERATOR

Excuse me, neither Senator Mulching  
has answered the question.

The Senator and Vince wrestle one another. The CROWD goes  
WILD. A microphone descends and a Moderator grabs it.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

(into mike, ala Michael  
Buffer)

*LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!*

INT. SPOTLIGHT BOOTH

The rifle SEEKS its target. Through the CROSSHAIRS, Senator  
Mulching chokes Vince. Security bounds onstage. The jostling  
spills over to the other candidates. FISTFIGHTS break out.

Senator Medea SNARLS, reveals VAMPIRE FANGS. She CHOMPS on  
Senator Huxtable's neck, sucks his blood.



The rifle's SCOPE WHIPS WILDLY... finally locks in on the  
real Senator. TIGHT SHOT of the TRIGGER being squeezed.

The door KICKS open. Erica holds a gun... isn't the shooter.  
She ENTERS, aiming at someone O.C.

ERICA

Drop it!

THE CAMERA PANS along the barrel, reveals Marsha holding the  
rifle.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

Marsha, Marsha, Marsha.

MARSHA

You don't look surprised.

ERICA

I knew you were the shooter.

MARSHA

When'd you figure it out?

ERICA

When I saw your face and said drop  
it. I also ran a background check...  
discovered you're a former Marine  
sharpshooter.

Marsha pulls off a wig, reveals her military crew cut.

MARSHA

(defiant)

Semper Fi, Cameltoe division.

Erica moves closer.

ERICA

It didn't add up when you met us at  
the airport. We'd caught an earlier  
flight, last minute, so I figured  
you musta' followed us.

(smug)

Then I remembered an airline passenger  
hiding behind a copy of "Fun Things  
To Do In Salt Lake City" and  
thinking... how long can she stare  
at blank pages? That was you, wasn't  
it?

MARSHA

No, I didn't take a plane back. I  
returned by water ski.

FLASH CUT TO:

STOCK SHOT - EXT. OCEAN - DAY

QUICK FLASHBACK: A speed boat with a water skier in tow.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE AS BEFORE

Erica, addled, presses on.

ERICA

Anyway... we led you to Forlot. You  
killed him before he could admit  
Longshot was a failure.

MARSHA

We paid him to keep his mouth shut,  
but he wanted more. So I terminated  
him... with extreme jubilation.

FLASH CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT

A "CSI" style FLASHBACK of Marsha, on the ground below,  
shooting up at Forlot through the hotel's balcony doors.  
The recoil SLAMS the scope into her eye, injures her shoulder.  
She falls OUT OF FRAME -- yells "shit!"

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE AS BEFORE

Marsha's embarrassed about her black eye and bruised shoulder.

ERICA

How much did the government sink  
into your project?

MARSHA

More than the experiment to breed  
salamanders that could talk.

ERICA

Why'd the government want salamanders  
that talked?

MARSHA

To hear their opinions.  
(sinister)

The Department of Defense demanded a  
demonstration... so this scheme was  
our exit strategy.

Erica keeps approaching.

ERICA

Our?

MARSHA  
 Flintlock and I. We met at a state  
 fair... fell in love bungee jumping.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BUNGEE JUMP - (STOCK) - DAY

A quick shot of two people plunging.

CUT BACK TO:

MARSHA  
 He left his wife for me... and I  
 left my girlfriend.

Erica readies to grab the weapon. Marsha's finger stays on  
 the trigger.

ERICA  
 Still doesn't explain your choice of  
 celebrity targets.

MARSHA  
 They're all investors, silent partners  
 sharing the same accountant... my  
 second cousin, Joel Wolinsky.

FLASH CUT TO:

A TV COMMERCIAL

A smarmy accountant with hair plugs, JOEL WOLINSKY, sits  
 behind his desk. SUPERIMPOSED UNDERNEATH: 1-800-TAX-DODGE

JOEL WOLINSKY  
 Are you spending too much time  
 pinching pennies and not enough dating  
 strippers? Are you only claiming  
 write-offs that are real... as opposed  
 to property loss in Narnia? I can  
 help, I'm Joel Wolin --

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE AS BEFORE

Erica's nostrils flare.

ERICA  
 You bitch! It's not enough to kill  
 people! You just tried for some  
 free advertising!

Marsha aims her rifle at Erica who GRABS the barrel -- tilts  
 it up. Marsha KICKS her between the legs. Erica doubles  
 over, head butts Marsha who drops the gun.

They slug each other, but their fists SOUND OUT OF SYNCH. They pass a FOLEY ARTIST trying to get a clear view. Erica backhands Marsha. The Foley Artist gets it right. Marsha grabs a bottle, SMASHES it over Erica's head. The Foley Artist breaks glass in perfect time, pleased.

The catfight escalates. They hit each other with PILLOWS, feathers flying -- tear off each other's clothes, occasionally checking themselves in a mirror. Now in bras and panties, they wrestle erotically, taking turns being on top.

Erica gains the upper thigh, puts Marsha in a CHOKEHOLD until she passes out. Erica grabs the rifle... stands.

#### CROSS CUTTING

In the auditorium, Vince is pulled aside by security, sees Erica with the rifle in the booth -- thinks she's about to shoot. He GRABS a GUN from an agent, POINTS it at her.

Vince is tormented, UNABLE to PULL the TRIGGER... makes EYE CONTACT with Erica. They gaze at each other from across the divide. James Horner style MUSIC SWELLS.

Vince can tell Erica isn't the shooter. He LOWERS the gun, SMILES. She SMILES back. The security team, also SMILING, grab Vince, take away the gun.

In the booth, Marsha leaps up, SNATCHES the rifle, FIRES a SHOT at the real Senator. A BULLET travels in SLOW MOTION.

Vince, moving in regular motion, SHOVES the security men aside, shields the Senator -- PLUCKS the bullet from mid-air. The auditorium EXHALES.

#### MODERATOR

We officially declare this debate a draw between both Senator Mulchings.

The audience APPLAUDS. Vince and the Senator shake hands.

Senator Huxtable is on the ground, his blood nearly sucked dry by Senator Medea. She looks up, wipes her mouth, resumes.

Charlotte and Randy are in the house. So is Travis, wearing LEG RESTRAINTS. Everybody CHEERS. Balloons are released. One POPS. Secret Servicemen DOGPILE onto the Senator.

In the corner -- cops have their guns drawn on Marsha, backing towards an exit, using Erica as a shield.

Vince RUSHES OVER, pushes past the lawmen.

#### VINCE

Give it up, Marsha... there's no way out.

Marsha points to the exit sign over the door.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Okay, one way.

(to Erica)

You all right?

The barrel of Marsha's rifle is stuck in Erica's mouth.

ERICA

(mouthful)

*Fine.*

Vince waves for the cops to lower their weapons.

VINCE

Marsha... I'm not gonna' let you  
harm that woman.

MARSHA

(sneering, re: Erica)

Because you love her?

VINCE

No, at the moment, we're cops with  
benefits, but all I'm asking is...

MUSIC CUES UP. Vince SINGS a trite "High School Musical"  
style love song.

VINCE (CONT'D)

*JUST GIVE ME ONE CHANGE*

*TO SEE HOW I FEEL*

*JUST GIVE ME ONE CHANCE*

*TO SEE IF IT'S REAL*

Erica SERENADES him in return, the gun barrel in her mouth.

ERICA

(garbled)

*JUST GIVE HIM ONE CHANGE*

*TO SEE HOW...*

Disgusted, Marsha shoves Erica aside, tries the door --  
LOCKED! Like a trapped animal, Marsha points her rifle to  
and fro. Erica rushes to Vince's side.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(to Vince)

She's only got one bullet left.

VINCE

(to Marsha)

And only one way to use it. Go ahead!

You're trapped! Take the shot!

Marsha puts the barrel in her mouth. Stunned reactions from  
Vince, Erica and company as Marsha SHOOTS HERSELF OFF CAMERA.

ERICA  
How'd you know she'd kill herself?

VINCE  
(dismayed)  
I didn't. I just thought she'd shoot  
the lock off the door. *Jesus...*

A hotel security man steps over Marsha's OFF CAMERA body,  
PUSHES the door OPEN.

SECURITY GUY  
(re: door)  
Sometimes it sticks.

Erica wraps her arms around Vince.

ERICA  
For a second, you thought I was the  
shooter.

VINCE  
Not for a second. For forty eight  
hours... but Marsha was a lousy shot.  
She missed me.

ERICA  
I would have missed you too.

Everybody lets out a "ahhhh," including an O.S. Marsha --  
still alive. Erica starts to kiss Vince who glances around.

VINCE  
Hold on, should we be doing this in  
front of all these cops?

ERICA  
I don't think they mind.

The cops around them are all making out.

VINCE  
Sorry, case isn't closed yet.

He hustles OUT OF FRAME. A CLOSE-UP of Erica watching him  
go in obvious SOFT FOCUS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARMED EAGLE DEFENSE FACILITY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vince CREEPS UP to the electric gate, TOSSES a ROCK. It  
SPARKS. Vince looks around, locates an AC outlet... UNPLUGS  
the gate, hops the fence.

INT. FLINTLOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Flintlock, dressed as a Confederate General, stares at his plasma screen, plays the harmonica, an eerie glow on his face. Over his shoulder, Vince fills the doorway, backlit.

VINCE

I suggest you act like a porn star  
with laryngitis... and come quietly.

Flintlock whirls around.

FLINTLOCK

What the hell are you doing here?

Vince steps into the light.

VINCE

Creating an image for the poster.

FLINTLOCK

Where's Marsha?

VINCE

She bought the farm.

FLINTLOCK

Why'd she buy farmland in this  
unstable economy?

VINCE

She didn't. She shot herself...  
but survived. Bullet's lodged in  
her brain. As long as she doesn't  
move, eat, drink, speak or blink...  
she'll lead a normal life.

(holds out cuffs)

C'mon, you're gonna' do time.

FLINTLOCK

I prefer Newsweek.

Vince approaches. Flintlock wards him off, holds a remote control. On the screen behind him are surveillance videos of public parks... where civil war CANNONS reside.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

Hold your position.

(re: plasma screen)

See that? Those are closed circuit  
feeds from parks in all the blue  
states. I donated antique cannons  
to each and every one... secretly  
armed with nukler warheads.

VINCE

Nuclear!

FLINTLOCK

(re: remote)

The civil war's about to get a rematch! One click of this button and the United States goes south! Slavery's gonna make a comeback.

VINCE

It never went away. Try working in retail.

(tense)

And I'm not gonna' stand here and watch you kill millions of innocent men, women and children.

FLINTLOCK

They're not all innocent. I'll be blowing up the ones in prisons too.

(checks watch)

I'm just waiting till dawn's early light. So don't come any closer... or I'll fire 'em off right now.

Vince can't bum rush Flintlock, the distance is too great.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

(chortles)

Teach you not to carry a weapon, won't it? You weak kneed, low fat, violence adverse donkey heinie.

Flintlock is moments from detonating the cannons. Vince remembers, reaches in his pocket... fishes out the keychain Travis gave him. He points the teeny gun, holds it with two fingers, struggles to overcome his neurosis... FIRES. The tiny bullet hits Flintlock's hand, pricks him like a bee sting. He shouts "Owww!"

Flintlock drops the device. Vince slides across the room, snatches the remote, scrambles to his feet -- hurls it against the wall as Flintlock SCREAMS "NO!"

All the cannons shown on TV FIRE!

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

You idiot! Destroying the remote launches the warheads... and sends 'em in this direction!

VINCE

Why'd you design it to do that?!

FLINTLOCK

It was an over the top plan to begin with and you expect it to make sense now?!



VINCE

But this is a bomb shelter, right?!  
We can survive the blast?!

FLINTLOCK

I'm not waiting around to find out!

Flintlock presses a button on his desk. Vince DROPS OUT OF SIGHT. We think he fell through a trap door... until we see Vince crouched on the floor, in a "duck and cover" position.

FLINTLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Vince, re: button)

What are you doing?! I was just  
calling my private jet!

Flintlock sprints out, locks the door behind him, trapping Vince inside the office. He tries to kick open the door. No luck! An ALARM SOUNDS. The room is bathed in RED LIGHT. Incoming missiles are shown on the screen. Vince frantically looks for something to seek cover under... notices a 1950's refrigerator. He smiles, casually strolls towards it.

STOCK SHOT - EXPLOSION

A mushroom cloud.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

The Female Reporter we've seen throughout.

FEMALE REPORTER

The fallout from the Armed Eagle scandal continues to cloud Texas, where nuclear bombs obliterated the facility. Thankfully, local citizens survived the blast by hiding inside their refrigerators, as seen in the last Indiana Jones movie.

A shot of a wasteland, filled with nothing but refrigerators.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

And the only reported casualty was defense contractor Nathan A. Flintlock, whose private jet was attacked by overgrown prairie dogs, mutated by the explosion.

An image of a giant PRAIRIE DOG, the size of Godzilla, nibbling on a jet in its paws.

A NEWSPAPER

The headline: POLICE SQUAD SAVES AMERICA! A fish gets slapped in the center. A deli worker wraps the paper around it.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Commissioner McGlade stands on a podium. Vince and his reboot of Police Squad sit beside him. The audience is comprised of every imaginable law enforcement branch.

The congregation shields their eyes from the GLARE coming from McGlade's mouth.

MCGLADE

Sorry... just had my teeth whitened.

(reads)

Today, it's my pleasure to present the medal of distinguished service to the members of Police Squad 2.0.

(to nearby cop)

Sergeant Partridge, would you do the honors?

McGlade passes the box of medals to SERGEANT PARTRIDGE (30s), a one handed officer. His other hand is a metal hook. Partridge struggles to place the medals on Randy, Charlotte, Travis and Erica -- SCRATCHES them, tears away bits of clothing.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

The award to Detective Conklin, I'll present myself, but give to him anyway.

Vince bows his head as the medal is draped over his shoulders. The other members of Police Squad react with pride. APPLAUSE & CHEERS! An O.S. Wookiee HOWLS approval.

MCGLADE (CONT'D)

You've earned our respect, Conklin... just like you earned our disgust. Respect is like luggage. Try not to lose it.

VINCE

Thank you, but I'd appreciate if you'd call me by my full name... Detective Vince Conklin Drebin.

Vince smiles. McGlade does too. Vince SQUINTS at the GLARE.

WIDE ANGLE

A battalion of policemen offer a twenty-one gun salute, AIM their weapons at the sky, FIRE, pause... as FLOCKS of wounded pigeons LAND on the AUDIENCE.

FIN