

POLICE SQUAD!

"Testimony of Terror" or: "A Kitten For Amy"

INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY

The station-house is abuzz. Reporters throng around an unseen person as Drebin enters and goes to Hocken.

SUPERIMPOSE: **ACT I**

DREBIN

What's all the ruckus?

HOCKEN

Chief Ironblock. He finally got the goods on Philip Cochran.

DREBIN

The corrupt City Councilman? How'd he do it?

HOCKEN

Listen for yourself -- the Chief's holding a press conference right now.

DREBIN

Ironblock's holding a press conference? He hates reporters!

ANGLE ON REPORTERS

The camera rapidly TRACKS IN; the reporters magically step out of its way; it ZOOMS IN to the surly, weather-beaten face of CHIEF IRONBLOCK. (NOTE: Throughout the scene, Ironblock is viewed in CLOSE-UP or from behind.)

REPORTER

Chief! Is it true you've got a secret witness who's gonna testify to the Grand Jury about the mob connections of corrupt City Councilman Philip Cochran?

Ironblock smashes the Reporter, who flies OUT OF FRAME.

REPORTER 2

What about the rumor that the witness is Danny Morgan, a small-time numbers runner who works for George Driggett, the well-known gangster?

Ironblock belts him -- Reporter 2 flies over the bannister.

REPORTER 3

We've heard there've been threats on  
Danny's life and you've got him  
hidden away in some hotel!

IRONBLOCK

No comment.

REPORTER 3

Can we quote you on that?

Ironblock smashes him.

ANGLE ON DREBIN AND HOCKEN

DREBIN

Y'know, Danny Morgan's in a pretty  
tight spot. A lot people want him  
dead -- I hope Ironblock's taken  
precautions in case Danny tries to  
get away.

HOCKEN

What do you mean?

DREBIN

You know -- takes off. Bolts for the  
door.

HOCKEN

Yeah, and locks for the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Ironblock is calming down. Reporter 1, a bit bedraggled,  
returns for another question.

REPORTER 1

Chief, Cochran just announced he's  
running for Mayor. Aren't you afraid  
of his influence?

He flinches, waiting to be hit, but the Chief decides to answer.

IRONBLOCK

Listen boys, all I'm gonna say is  
that after my secret witness  
testifies tomorrow, Philip Cochran  
won't be able to get elected dog-  
catcher.

The reporters break up in uncontrollable laughter -- this, to  
them, is the most priceless quip of the century.

ANGLE ON DREBIN AND HOCKEN

DREBIN

The Chief sure has an irascible sense  
of humor, doesn't he?

Hocken smiles and nods.

BACK TO SCENE

IRONBLOCK

I gotta go now. A friend of mine has  
a big day tomorrow and I gotta make  
sure he stays healthy.

Ironblock exits, but the reporters -- still pounding the floor  
and holding their sides -- are too convulsed to notice.

REPORTER 2

Dog catcher!!!

EXT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY

As Ironblock leaves the station, a newsboy hawks -- papers.

NEWSBOY

Extrie! Extrie! Chief Ironblock  
leaves Police Squad to see secret  
witness Danny Morgan! Extrie!

Ironblock rounds a corner and gets into a car.

INT. IRONBLOCK'S CAR - DAY

An over-the-shoulder shot shows the rear-view mirror. Some-  
thing moves in the back seat -- Ironblock turns around just as  
he's smashed over the head with a blunt object.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car pulls out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)

The car speeds down the expressway.

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - DAY

The car drives under a sign: ACME AUTO WRECKING / "Your Car  
Crushed While You Wait"

The car pulls up to a large crane and a figure gets out.

INT. IRONBLOCK'S CAR - DAY

Ironblock regains a woozy consciousness and looks up at the figure running away. SFX: Crane. Ironblock turns around sees the jaws of a giant crane coming down at him.

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - DAY

The crane grabs Ironblock's car, lifts it, then drops it into a crushing machine. SFX: Horrible crunching sounds.

DRAMATIC STING

FADE OUT.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

INT. DREBIN'S CAR - DAY

Drebin drives, facing us, but the REAR SCREEN PROJECTION scenery moves sideways. During the following, Drebin turns the wheel right, then left, then right, etc., with absolutely no effect on the background.

SUPERIMPOSE: **ACT II**

DREBIN

It was 3:41 PM. I was driving around aimlessly when I got the call -- Chief Ironblock was in the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

In the background, a gaggle of doctors and nurses crowd around a bed. In the foreground, Hocken watches them grimly as Drebin enters.

DREBIN (CONT'D)

Ed -- what's happened? Is he okay?

HOCKEN

Frank, I'm afraid you'd better prepare yourself for something sickening.

DREBIN

You're not going to read from Kahlil Gibran again, are you?

HOCKEN

It's Chief Ironblock. Somehow, he got trapped in his car and dropped into a crushing machine.

DREBIN

My God...

The doctors and nurses move away and we see Ironblock.

Or rather, we see his face (the eyes closed), which is now in the center of a three-by-five-foot box, surrounded by various automobile parts: steering wheel, bent tires, axles, tail-pipe, headlights, etc.

The box is in the bed, leaning against a pillow, with various tubes and wires coming out of it, attached to various intravenous units and electronic machines with the usual complement of flashing lights and display panels.

HOCKEN

Chief Ironblock is now a one-and-a-half ton block of iron.

DREBIN

(wincing as he looks)  
How ironic. Who's treating him?

HOCKEN

We brought in the best -- the United States Surgeon-General.

A man wearing a General's hat and a white doctor's uniform over an Army uniform bristling with medals walks INTO FRAME.

HOCKEN (CONT'D)

Doctor-General Hargiss -- Detective-Lieutenant Drebin.

DREBIN

(indicates Ironblock)  
What are his chances?

HARGISS

Well, Ironblock is a very sick cop. Being squished into the frame of an automobile is extremely serious. Although we can treat it, there's no cure.

Drebin and Hocken shake their heads sadly as Hargiss takes out a clipboard.

HARGISS (CONT'D)

I'm going to need some information.

HOCKEN

Anything we can do to help.

HARGISS

Tell me what type of car and what year it is.

DREBIN

You don't know what year it is?

Ironblock emits a strange rumbling sound, like an engine turning over.

HARGISS

He's waking up!

He rushes to Ironblock, followed by Drebin and Hocken. We see that the other doctors and nurses all have Army uniforms under their white coats.

HARGISS (CONT'D)

Move aside, Corporal-Nurse.

(to Doctor)

What are his vitals?

The DOCTOR pulls a dipstick out of Ironblock's back and looks at it.

DOCTOR

Down a quart.

HARGISS

(to Ironblock)

Can you move your left arm?

Ironblock emits a HONK!

HARGISS (CONT'D)

Your right arm?

The voice of an excited EVANGELIST comes out of Ironblock.

EVANGELIST (V.O.)

(filtered)

--- and the FIRES OF DAMNATION will lick at your soul and THE DEVIL will TORTURE you until you SCREAM for mercy! But it'll be TOO LATE, because ---

The voice continues beneath the following dialogue.

DREBIN

Was there somebody else in the car?

HARGISS

It's the radio. Seems to turn itself  
on and off.

He BANGS on Ironblock's side. The evangelist stops and we hear  
a COUNTRY SINGER.

COUNTRY (V.O.)

(filtered)

--- and I know that the pain of  
losin' you / is worse than the pain  
of losin' me ---

DREBIN

(wincing)

Horrible.

HOCKEN

Yeah. He always hated country-  
western.

Hargiss BANGS on Ironblock again and the music stops.

DREBIN

(to Ironblock)

Chief -- who did this?

IRONBLOCK

(weak)

I didn't get a good look, but he only  
had one... unnhh...

He faints (i.e., his eyes close again).

HARGISS

No more questions, you'll have to  
leave now. Captain-Doctor, prepare  
for an emergency oil-change.  
Sergeant-Nurse, get me a wrench and  
three spark plugs...

Drebin and Hocken move away as the medics spring into action.

HOCKEN

So we're looking for a vicious  
criminal who only has one of  
something.

DREBIN

Ed, can I be frank?

HOCKEN

Frank, go ahead.

DREBIN

I'm wondering if being squished may have affected Ironblock's mind.

HOCKEN

Fair question. I'm gonna stay here for awhile. Why don't you see if Olson at the lab can help you out?

INT. LAB - DAY

Olson is talking to Drebin.

OLSON

I think I can.

DREBIN

Can what?

OLSON

Help you out. Give me a moment, though -- I was just helping Katie understand nuclear power.

He turns to KATIE, an eight-year-bld who is standing next to a table on which sits a model of a nuclear power plant. There are small model trees and grazing model cows next to it.

OLSON (CONT'D)

So you see, Katie, even though it uses plutonium, which stays radioactive for 250,000 years, nuclear power is a safe and efficient way to keep your electric blanket toasty and warm.

During the above speech, flames begin leaping out of the model plant, which then starts pulsing with a glowing green light.

KATIE

Wow! Thanks a lot, Mr. Olson!

She scampers away while Drebin smiles indulgently. As Olson leads him to another part of the room, the little trees next to the model collapse and the little cows keel over then grow extra heads.

OLSON

When I heard that the Chief had been squished, I ordered a short film which I think you'll find interesting. Could you turn off the lights?



Olson goes to a movie projector, which he flips on as Drebin switches off the lights.

SFX: Typical ragged music soundtrack of a cheap high school educational film. We see a spotty, slightly out-of-focus movie projected on the wall.

It begins with a title card: IRON BLOCKS FROM MANY LANDS.

A series of Iron Blocks are shown, each wearing an accoutrement appropriate to its country: a thin paper parasol above the Japanese Iron Block, a fur cap on top of the Eskimo Iron Block, a lei around the "neck" of the Hawaiian Iron Block, a red-and-white neckerchief around the neck and a jaunty red beret on the head of the French Iron Block, etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Although everyone's heard of Iron Blocks, not many of us have talked to or dated one. For that reason, we may be afraid of them, or even a little resentful. But there's no need to be. In every country of the world, Iron Blocks -- those unfortunate people who have been crushed into cars by their enemies -- have learned to live normal, happy, productive lives. Some, like Nelson and Nellie, the Siamese Iron Blocks of Cleveland, have even gone into show business!

We see twin Iron Blocks singing, each with white canes leaning against their sides.

NELSON/NELLIE

Way down upon the Swanee River...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yes, their courage, their contributions to society, and their good old-fashioned get-up-and-go make it clear that we can all learn quite a lot from... Iron Blocks From Many Lands!

The music wheezes to a climax as the film flickers and ends. Drebin flips on the lights.

DREBIN

Fascinating. But the Chief was acting kind of strange. Could being squished have affected his mind?

Olson, considering, takes off his glasses and immediately bumps into a table, then talks at a spot next to Drebin.

OLSON

It's possible. We've found that the psychological effects of squishing are often the most devastating.

The phone rings; Olson grasps for the receiver, finally getting it.

OLSON (CONT'D)

Lab.

(to Drebin)

It's for you.

He holds the receiver out far away from Drebin, who reaches out and takes it.

DREBIN

... What?! ... I can't believe it!  
... But that's incredible!

HOCKEN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Get ahold of yourself, Frank, I haven't said anything yet.

INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

Hocken is sitting at his desk.

HOCKEN

Right after I dropped the Chief off at the Rehabilitation Center, I got word that Danny Morgan has escaped.

CROSS-CUT between LAB and POLICE SQUAD.

DREBIN

The secret witness! Without him, there's no case against Cochran!

HOCKEN

I put out an APB, but there's only one man who really knows Danny, who might know where he's gone. We've got to hope that the Chief can still think straight.

DREBIN

I'm on my way.

HOCKEN  
 (surprised)  
 You are?

DREBIN  
 Well, I will be in a moment.

HOCKEN  
 Right.

EXT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Drebin rushes out of the building, passing the newsboy.

NEWSBOY  
 Extrie! Extrie! Lieutenant Drebin  
 to visit Ironblock to learn details  
 of Danny Morgan case! Extrie!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Drebin's car races down the street, past policemen who are on their knees, hitting their fists onto the sidewalk.

DREBIN (V.O.)  
 It was 1:16. Every cop in the city  
 was out on the street, pounding the  
 pavement, looking for Danny Morgan.  
 Meanwhile, I went to see the man who  
 was technically still in charge of  
 the case, Chief Ironblock.

EXT. REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

A woman is pushing a man in a wheelchair. Another man passes by them -- the woman recognizes him and they start talking just as Drebin's car pulls up, knocking the unattended wheelchair so that it goes rolling away. Drebin, not noticing, gets out and heads into the Center.

INT. REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

A nurse opens the door.

NURSE  
 Yes?

DREBIN  
 I'm here to see Chief Ironblock.

NURSE  
 He's in group therapy right now.  
 Could you wait over there?

Drebin nods and takes a seat by the wall. Nearby, we see Ironblock on a small table which is part of a circle of patients in the therapy group. The THERAPIST, intense, almost hostile, listens to Ironblock.

IRONBLOCK

--- and I'm having a lot of trouble adjusting. I've got some sexual problems. And, well, I just can't seem to find my identity.

THERAPIST

That's understandable in a man of your age.

IRONBLOCK

But I get depressed a lot and sometimes, well, I just don't want to get out of bed in the morning.

THERAPIST

Damn it, Ironblock, stop feeling sorry for yourself! You're not really handicapped -- you only think you're handicapped!

(looks at watch)

All right, our time's up. See you next Wednesday ---

(turns suddenly to Ironblock)

--- but damn it, there are a lot worse things in the world than being a 2500-pound block of iron and I don't want to hear any more of your self-indulgent whining!

Ironblock looks miserable as everyone leaves. Drebin comes over.

DREBIN

How's it going, Chief?

(nothing)

I think that guy was coming on a bit strong.

IRONBLOCK

No, he's right. I am whining. I'm a whining, simpering wreck and I can never be a cop again.

He cries helplessly.

DREBIN

You'll always be a cop. But you're going to have to change your methods.

IRONBLOCK

It's no use!

His windshield wipers turn on.

DREBIN

Chief! You gotta hang on -- we need you. Danny Morgan has disappeared.

DRAMATIC MUSIC. Ironblock's wipers turn off.

IRONBLOCK

I was afraid of that. He must've heard what happened to me and figured he was next.

DREBIN

Any idea where he might be?

IRONBLOCK

I don't know... I can't think... Drebin, I can't handle this case now. Take over for me.

DREBIN

Have you remembered who did the... uh...

IRONBLOCK

Squishing. You can say it.

TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - DAY - IRONBLOCK'S POV

A shadowy, one-legged figure hops away from the car.

IRONBLOCK (V.O.)

No. I can't really remember. But I can just see this man... a one-legged man... hopping... hopping...

TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

IRONBLOCK

... hopping... NO! NOOOO!!!!!!

DREBIN  
 (calls)  
 Doctor! Doctor!

The Therapist comes running up.

THERAPIST  
 Stop it, damn you!

IRONBLOCK  
 I'm sorry. I just can't take it.

THERAPIST  
 Yeah, things are tough all over.

IRONBLOCK  
 I think my battery's low ...

Drebin pulls the Therapist aside.

DREBIN  
 Doctor, will he be all right?

THERAPIST  
 I can't tell yet. I'm gonna have to  
 see him every three months or seven  
 hundred miles.

Drebin nods grimly and turns to Ironblock.

DREBIN  
 All right, Chief -- I'll take over  
 the case. But as soon as you're  
 ready, you're in charge again.

Ironblock snuffles pitifully. Drebin bites his lip and walks  
 away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An ordinary living room. SFX: Doorbell.

DREBIN (V .0.)  
 Danny's mother lived on the East  
 Side. I decided to pay her a visit  
 to see if she knew anything.

DANNY'S MOTHER, clearly upset, on the verge of tears, walks to  
 and opens the door. Drebin is there.

DREBIN (CONT'D)  
 Mrs. Morgan, I'm from the police.

MOTHER

Please go away.

DREBIN

All right.

He leaves and she shuts the door.

INT. DREBIN'S CAR - DAY

Drebin drives. REAR SCREEN PROJECTION of ocean. During the following, a ship passes by in the background.

DREBIN (V.O.)

My next stop was across the lake, at the campaign headquarters of corrupt City Councilman Philip Cochran. He had the most to lose if Danny Morgan testified. And the most to gain if someone put Danny on ice.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE-UP of a campaign poster -- a large photo of a sneering Cochran and the motto: "All The Integrity Money can Buy".

CUT to COCHRAN, a sleazy politico, sitting at his desk counting out wads of money as a voice comes through his intercom.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(filtered)

There's a Lieutenant Drebin to see you.

COCHRAN

Send him in.

He stuffs the money inside his jacket as Drebin enters.

DREBIN

Are you corrupt City Councilman Philip Cochran?

COCHRAN

Whaddya want?

DREBIN

I'm interested in your connection with a man named George Driggett.

COCHRAN

Never heard of him.

The secretary speaks through the intercom.

SECRETARY (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 George Driggett is here to see you  
 again.

DRIGGETT, a large thug, enters.

DRIGGETT  
 Hi, boss.

Cochran stands, nervously lighting a cigarette.

COCHRAN  
 (to Drebin)  
 Okay, so we met once, so what?

DREBIN  
 So Driggett's on your payroll. So  
 you want to kill Danny Morgan. So  
 you had Ironblock squished.

Cochran takes a long drag on the Cigarette.

COCHRAN  
 (cocky)  
 Listen, Lieutenant...

As he continues speaking, smoke comes out of his mouth, as  
 smoke so often does after being inhaled. However, clouds of  
 cigarette smoke CONTINUE coming out of Cochran's mouth when-  
 ever he speaks through the end of the scene.

COCHRAN (CONT'D)  
 ... I'm so clean you could wipe  
 dishes with me.

DREBIN  
 I'm gonna wipe the floor with you.

COCHRAN  
 It's not polite to go around  
 threatening people. George, teach  
 him some manners.

DRIGGETT  
 Okay, boss.

He takes a napkin from his pocket and moves towards Drebin  
 threateningly.

DRIGGETT (CONT'D)  
 First -- usin' a napkin...



Drebin smashes him in the jaw and Driggett falls against the wall, unconscious. The napkin lands perfectly positioned under his neck. Cochran is unfazed.

COCHRAN

You know how to use your fists, Lieutenant. Now use your brains. You guys have been trying to pin something on me for years. You never have and you never will. I'm gonna be Mayor of this city, so you better get off this case -- or you're gonna be off the force.

DRAMATIC STING as Drebin's eyes flash fire at Cochran, who is now almost obscured by cigarette smoke.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY - A WEEK LATER

SUPERIMPOSE: **ACT IV**

After a beat, ADD:

**I mean III (sorry)**

Drebin walks into the building.

DREBIN (V. O. )

After being stonewalled by Cochran, my luck only got worse. We could prove he knew Driggett, but without Danny Morgan, there was no evidence of collusion.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Drebin and Hocken are riding in the elevator.

DREBIN (V.O.)

I stopped off at Police Squad to give my boss the bad news.

DREBIN (CONT'D)

What time is it?

HOCKEN

10:14.

DREBIN

It was 10:14.

HOCKEN

So what've you come up with, Frank?

DREBIN

After a week of investigating, a big fat zero.

HOCKEN

Can I see it?

Drebin shrugs and pulls a large, white zero from his pocket.

HOCKEN (CONT'D)

Nice, but it won't convict Cochran.

The doors of the elevator open, revealing a SPORTING GOODS STORE. A PARACHUTIST, fully outfitted, gets into the elevator and the doors close.

DREBIN

How's the Ironblock investigation going? Did you get any fingerprints at the scene of the squishing?

HOCKEN

Yeah, but they're not back from the lab yet. Olson's kind of slow.

DREBIN

Don't worry -- some day, your prints will come.

The doors open, revealing SKY. The parachutist jumps through the door. Just as the doors are closing, a small bird flies into the elevator.

HOCKEN

You know, Ironblock's coming back today.

DREBIN

So soon? Just last week he was in terrible shape.

HOCKEN

He thinks he's ready now. But maybe we'd better prepare everyone for the shock of seeing him.

INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

As Drebin and Hocken enter, the room is abuzz -- typing, phones ringing, people walking around.

HOCKEN

Can I have your attention, please?

Instantly, all activity stops.

HOCKEN (CONT'D)

Thanks. Chief Ironblock'll be here in a few minutes. As you've all heard, he's had a little accident and he looks a bit different.

We hear SOBBING. Hocken and Drebin look around for its source -- Drebin LOOKS up and sees the giant AL, head above frame, water gushing down his jacket, presumably from his crying.

DREBIN

Control yourself, Al.

More crying.

DREBIN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Al.

The water is now coming down in buckets. Drebin reaches high up to grab Al's shoulders and shakes him.

DREBIN (CONT'D)

Snap out of it, man!

Drebin jumps in the air to slap Al's face. The crying stops.

AL

I'm sorry, Lieutenant.

DREBIN

(eyes him warily)

Better go get some Kleenex.

Al exits.

HOCKEN

The Chief may still be a little sensitive about the accident, so try to be positive and upbeat, and don't mention anything about his condition.

The doors open and Ironblock enters, pushed by NORBERG in a large industrial hand-cart. Everyone greets Ironblock and gathers around him.

COP 1  
How ya doin', Chief?

COP 2  
Hey, tell us the one about Cochran  
being elected dog-catcher!

Everyone chuckles appreciatively.

COP 3  
You look good!  
(pats Ironblock's middle)  
Put on a little weight...

IRONBLOCK  
(uncomfortable)  
All right, all right.

NORBERG  
Yeah, we're gonna have to do  
something about that tummy, Chief.  
Maybe you and I can play a little  
squash.

Ironblock looks unhappy.

HOCKEN  
(to Norberg)  
Shhh...

NORBERG  
(snaps his fingers)  
Oh, I can't do it tonight -- I have  
to go to a block party.

Ironblock now looks stricken.

BOCKEN/DREBIN  
Shhh!!!...

NORBERG  
And, of course, I have to be home in  
time for "MASH".

EVERYONE  
Shhh!!!

NORBERG  
We'll iron out the details later.

Drebin grabs Norberg.

DREBIN  
Norberg, don't you think you should  
let the Chief alone?

NORBERG

Yeah, you're right.  
 (to Ironblock)  
 Hey, I know -- I'll get you your  
 favorite drink... an orange crush!

He exits happily as everyone looks embarrassed.

IRONBLOCK

I just want to get back to work. Any  
 leads on the Morgan case?

HOCKEN

Nothing concrete.

He realizes his mistake as Ironblock looks stricken again. A  
 shapely female cop bends over Ironblock, holding something.

FEMALE COP

Chief, I knitted you a sweater.

She holds out a block-shaped sweater.

IRONBLOCK

Yeah, thanks a lot. Just put it on  
 top.

She does and walks away, exhibiting a pronounced swaying mot-  
 ion as she goes. SFX: Typical hack "sexy" saxophone riff.  
 Ironblock's eyes follow her as she leaves and an antenna rises  
 from in back.

HOCKEN

(to Drebin)  
 I think he's gonna be all right.

DREBIN

r don't know, Ed. I sense a lot of  
 pain behind that gruff exterior.  
 It's almost as if he's built a  
 concrete wall around that iron block.

The crowd has broken up.

IRONBLOCK

Ed, Frank -- Let's get going.

DREBIN

Chief, are you sure you're ready for  
 active duty?

IRONBLOCK

What the hell are you talking about?

DREBIN

I'm just not sure you really understand the limitations of being encased in a 2500-pound block of iron.

IRONBLOCK

What limitations?! I can breathe, I can think, I can feel. If you tickle me, I laugh! If you kick me, I clank!

A lovely young woman enters the room.

HOCKEN

Frank, Suzy's here.

IRONBLOCK

Who's that?

DREBIN

Danny Morgan's girlfriend. She works as a Guide at the Museum of Good Art.

IRONBLOCK

I'll talk to her.

HOCKEN

Chief, maybe you should let Drebin grill her. Your appearance might... uh ...

IRONBLOCK

Intimidate her?

HOCKEN

(thinks)

Yeah. Basically. Anyway, when Frank grills someone, it's rarely not well-done.

IRONBLOCK

All right. Put her in the Interrogation Room and I'll watch from behind the one-way mirror.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A white room with a file cabinet, a chair, a small table with a phone on it, and a large mirror on one wall. Drebin, Norberg and Suzy enter.

DREBIN

Now Suzy, I want you to tell us where  
Danny is. It's for his own  
protection.

SUZY

(nervous)  
I can't say anything.

DREBIN

What do you mean, can't?

NORBERG

(helpfully, to Drebin)  
Maybe she's a mute.

SUZY

Last night someone threatened me.

DREBIN

Suzy, you've got to tell us who it  
was.  
(to Norberg)  
Get the mug file.

Norberg opens a cabinet drawer and pulls out a wooden box with  
open cubbyholes: different drinking mugs are in each.

SUZY

No, he didn't look like any of those.  
But he told me his name -- would that  
help?

DREBIN

Might.

The camera CLOSES IN, focusing past Suzy on the large mirror.

SUZY

George Driggett. He said that if I  
talked to anyone...

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

A dark room, where Hocken and Ironblock watch the interroga-  
tion.

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

(filtered)  
... Danny would get killed.

She breaks down crying.

HOCKEN

What do you think?

IRONBLOCK

I think she's telling the truth. You can tell by her face.

CUT to a shot from behind Hocken and Ironblock. We see Drebin, Norberg and Suzy in the Interrogation Room, their bodies weirdly and funnily distorted as in a carnival funhouse mirror.

DREBIN

(filtered)

Suzy, you've got to help us -- for Danny's sake.

SUZY

(filtered)

I can't, don't you see?! I... I don't know where he is!

DREBIN

(filtered)

Do you think we're stupid enough to believe that?

NORBERG

(filtered)

I believe it.

The phone rings inside the Viewing Room; Hocken answers.

HOCKEN

... What?!

He presses a button on the phone and the Interrogation Room phone buzzes.

CROSS-CUT between the Viewing and Interrogation Rooms.

HOCKEN (CONT'D)

Frank, get in here -- Danny's on the phone.

Drebin hangs up.

DREBIN

(under his breath, to Norberg)

Get rid of Suzy. Make up some excuse.

NORBERG

No problem.



Drebin exits.

NORBERG (CONT'D)

(to Suzy)  
You'll have to go.  
(thinks)  
I'm on fire.

INT. VIEWING ROOM

Drebin enters and picks up a phone.

HOCKEN

Put this call over the speakers.

DANNY (V.O.)

(filtered)  
Hello?

DREBIN

Danny, this is Lieutenant Drebin of  
Police Squad. Where are you?

DANNY (V.O.)

(filtered)  
That's not important. I need some  
scratch to get out of town.

DREBIN

We can't give you any money, but  
we'll give you protection.

DANNY (V.O.)

(filtered)  
Yeah, like you gave Ironblock.

Ironblock winces as Danny HANGS UP. Norberg enters and Drebin turns the lights up.

HOCKEN

That didn't help much.

IRONBLOCK

Maybe it did. I gotta think.  
Norberg...

Norberg goes to him and starts pushing the handcart back and forth, as if Ironblock were pacing.

IRONBLOCK (CONT'D)

We know Danny needs money and if he  
called us he must be desperate.  
There's only one other person he can  
get it from -- Cochran!

DREBIN

You think they'll arrange a meeting?

IRONBLOCK

Yes ... but where?

DREBIN

I know someone who might have the answer.

EXT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Drebin comes out pushing Ironblock in his hand-cart. The newsboy is there, hawking papers.

NEWSBOY

Extrie! Extrie! Police baffled on meeting place of Morgan and Cochran! Extrie!

Drebin stops, gives the newsboy some money, takes a paper, and rushes off with Ironblock.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHOESHINE STAND - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSEUP of Drebin on the stand; JOHNNY finishes shining his shoes then moves over -- the camera PULLS BACK to show him shining Ironblock's block. Drebin hands Johnny a bill.

DREBIN

What do you know about Danny Morgan?

JOHNNY

(takes it)

Not much. Just that he's meeting corrupt City Councilman Philip Cochran later this afternoon.

IRONBLOCK

Where?!

Juhnny stops shining his block.

JOHNNY

(offended)

Hey, take it easy.

DREBIN

You gotta ask Johnny in just the right way.

(hands him another bill)

Where?

JOHNNY

The Museum of Good Art. Suzy's  
keeping look-out to make sure  
Cochran's alone.

IRONBLOCK

They know Cochran would never risk  
making a hit himself.

JOHNNY

Right. But word on the street is  
that Driggett will be there with the  
heat.

IRONBLOCK

(to Drebin)

We'll stake out the museum and  
they'll all walk right into my hands,  
nice and neat.

DREBIN

(hands Johnny bill)

Johnny, give your ears a rest.

JOHNNY

This'll buy me a nice pair of ear-  
muffs.

He leaves.

DREBIN

(to Ironblock)

Chief, I wish you'd think again about  
being part of this operation. You're  
not ready yet.

IRONBLOCK

I'm every bit the cop I ever was, and  
twice the cop you'll ever be. This  
is my case, Drebin, and I'm getting  
the collar. If you wanta watch, fine  
-- if not, get out of my way!

He sets what is more or less his jaw in determination.

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: MUSEUM - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

SUPERIMPOSE: MUSEUM OF GOOD ART

EXT. MUSEUM ROOM - DAY

Drebin, Hocken, and Norberg talk in the corner. There are paintings on the walls and a few pieces of avant-garde sculpture. Various people mill around.

HOCKEN

You take care of the Chief?

DREBIN

I convinced him to go undercover with a hidden mike in a Private Exhibit room. No one ever goes there -- he'll be okay.

HOCKEN

Right. I've got twenty plainclothesmen covering the place...

We see that in amongst the milling crowd are a number of policemen; they're in full uniform but "disguised" by wearing civilian hats identical to Hocken's.

HOCKEN

As soon as Danny shows up, we'll grab him.

NORBERG

What are you going to do about the Chief?

DREBIN

How about we do this...

He puts out his finger for emphasis; Hocken and Norberg look at each other, shrug, and stick out their fingers the same way. Drebin doesn't notice.

DREBIN (CONT'D)

Ed, you and Norberg supervise the plainclothesmen -- I'll stay in contact with Ironblock and help him if anything comes up.

HOCKEN

Right.

He and Norberg walk away, each with their fingers still out. Drebin takes out a walkie-talkie.

DREBIN

(to himself)

I just hope to god nothing comes up.

INT. PRIVATE EXHIBIT ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A sign on the wall says: PRIVATE EXHIBIT / "A World of Celery".

PAN across the wall to see paintings of celery, in all its wond'rous variety: celery in stalks, celery alone, celery by the sea. Below the paintings are pretentious titles: "Image: Celery 66" / by Marguerite Claggell; "Prometheus Lament" / by Donald Snidderman; "In No Man?" / by Robert Noortz.

LOOSEN shot to show Ironblock atop a pedestal in the middle of the room, a stalk of celery on his top. A sign announces him to be: "Put Up Your Hands" / by I. Block.

He looks around attentively.

IRONBLOCK

(under breath)

Ironblock calling Drebin... Ironblock calling Drebin...

INT. MUSEUM ROOM - DAY

Drebin pretends to look at a painting; a MAN is next to him as Ironblock's voice comes out of the walkie-talkie.

IRONBLOCK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Just making sure the bug works.

MAN

(to Drebin)

What?

IRONBLOCK (V.O.)

(filtered)

No one has seen me.

MAN

(to Drebin)

I can see you.

IRONBLOCK (V.O.)

(filtered)

I am having no problems -- repeat, having no problems.

MAN

(to Drebin)

I wouldn't be too sure of that, fruitcake.

He walks away.

INT. PRIVATE EXHIBIT ROOM - DAY

Ironblock settles in. Moments later, Suzy, in her Guide uniform, sticks her head into the room, then turns behind her.

SUZY

It's okay. Come on in, Mr. Cochran.

She enters, followed by Cochran, who looks around anxiously.

COCHRAN

Where is he? I don't wanta stay more than a few minutes.

Danny, dressed as a Guide, enters. He's thin, young and very nervous.

DANNY

I'm in a hurry myself.

IRONBLOCK

(whispers)  
Drebin!

INT. MUSEUM ROOM - DAY

Drebin looks at the walkie-talkie. Hocken is nearby.

HOCKEN

What is it?

DREBIN

I'm not sure. I'll check in with Ironblock -- you keep an eye on things here.

HOCKEN

Right.

INT. PRIVATE EXHIBIT ROOM - DAY

Cochran hands Danny a wad of bills.

COCHRAN

There's your money, Danny. I don't expect to see you again.

DANNY

You won't, Mr. Cochran.

They all start to leave.

IRONBLOCK

Hold it!

DANNY

Who's there?

They look around the room, then Cochran spots him.

COCHRAN

Ironblock! So you were squished!

IRONBLOCK

Don't play games, Cochran -- you had it done.

COCHRAN

No, but I wish I had. You can't do anything to me now.

IRONBLOCK

I'm putting you under arrest.

COCHRAN

And what if I say no? What're you gonna do -- think bad thoughts at me?

He starts to walk out; Danny and Suzy follow.

IRONBLOCK

Danny, don't do it -- if you walk out of here, Driggett will kill you. You've got to testify against Cochran.

DANNY

Why should I?

IRONBLOCK

Don't you see? You keep selling out for nickles and dimes, buying your clothes at the 5-and-10, and your two-bit life won't be worth a red cent.

SUZY

Don't listen to him!

They're about to walk out when Drebin steps into the doorway, gun pulled.

DREBIN

That's far enough, Danny.

COCHRAN

Drebin! I warned you...

IRONBLOCK

All right, you're all under arrest.

Everyone ignores him.

DREBIN  
 (to Cochran)  
 I decided not to take your advice.

IRONBLOCK  
 You have the right to remain  
 silent...

SUZY  
 Lieutenant, please don't do anything  
 to Danny.

DREBIN  
 I'm sorry, Suzy.

DRIGGETT  
I'm not, copper.

Driggett appears behind Drebin, holding a gun in his back.

IRONBLOCK  
 You! You're under arrest too!

DRIGGETT  
 (ignores Ironblock; to  
 Drebin)  
 Drop your piece.

Drebin does.

IRONBLOCK  
 You have the right to an attorney.

DRIGGETT  
 (pushes Drebin into room)  
 Shut up, blockhead.

Ironblock is abashed.

COCHRAN  
 (to Drigget)  
 They've seen too much, George -- kill  
 them. All.

DRIGGETT  
 With pleasure. Starting with smart-  
 boy...

He aims at Drebin. Ironblock thinks furiously.

IRONBLOCK  
 Hey, start with me!



DRIGGETT  
Pipe down, metal-mouth.

IRONBLOCK  
C'mon, stinky-nose -- shoot me first!  
What're you afraid of?

Driggett turns to him.

DRIGGETT  
I ain't afraid of nothing.

IRONBLOCK  
Eyuu -- what's that horrible growth  
on the top of your neck? It's so  
ugly!

Driggett moves towards Ironblock menacingly.

DRIGGETT  
Don't push me.

IRONBLOCK  
Ugh! Now it's talking!

DRIGGETT  
You wanta die? Okay -- you die.

He aims his gun and FIRES -- but the bullet bounces right off, back at Driggett; he clutches his hand and drops the gun. Cochran goes for the gun but Drebin grabs him and smashes him in the jaw.

Cochran goes flying right into Ironblock, smashing his head and collapsing, unconscious. But the impact makes the pedestal rock back and forth.

IRONBLOCK  
Wo-o-o-o-h!...

Ironblock falls, clunking onto the floor on his side. Drebin rushes to him as Hocken and other cops run in.

DREBIN  
Chief! You okay?!

IRONBLOCK  
(weakly)  
I think I broke my arm...

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

END OF ACT TWO

## COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

TWO-SHOT of Hocken and Drebin at Drebin's desk.

SUPERIMPOSE: **Epilogue**

Hocken hangs up the phone.

HOCKEN

Well, that's it. Danny's testimony got Cochran and Driggett indicted.

DREBIN

From now on, they can peddle their corruption up at Statesville Prison, along with Martin, Dutch, Lana, Thames, Sally Decker and Veronica Rivers.

HOCKEN

Good news, eh, Ironblock?

WIDEN to show Ironblock, sitting on a shiny new handcart. There's a sling hanging on his left side.

DREBIN

Chief, I'm sorry we couldn't get Cochran or Driggett to confess to the squishing. They had air-tight alibis.

IRONBLOCK

What was Driggett's alibi?

HOCKEN

He was killing his wife at the time.

CLOSEUP of Ironblock.

TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - DAY - IRONBLOCK'S POV

The same shot as earlier of a shadowy, one-legged figure hopping away from Ironblock's car.

IRONBLOCK (V.O.)  
So the Squisher is still out there  
somewhere, laughing... and hopping...

TIME-DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD - DAY

Ironblock is getting upset.

IRONBLOCK  
... laughing, and hopping...

DREBIN  
But Chief, the important thing is  
that you proved yourself in the  
field. Sure, you're gonna have to  
work differently now. But you can  
use your brains and be as great a cop  
as ever.

IRONBLOCK  
(cheering up)  
This new mechanical hand-cart's gonna  
help.

HOCKEN  
Pretty spiffy, Chief.

It begins moving.

IRONBLOCK  
Yeah. I figure now I don't have to  
worry about sending criminals to jail  
-- I can just run them over.

Everyone laughs at Ironblock's witticism.

FREEZE. CREDIT ROLL.

Ironblock's hand-cart runs amuck through the station, plowing  
through chairs, desks, the railing, and finally through a wall  
of the squad-room.

FADE OUT.

THE END