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. HIGWyAY - 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 KahIil 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 intra-
venous units and electronic machines with the usual comple-
ment 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
TORMENT 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-old 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 sniffs pitifully. Drebin bites his lip and walks away.

Dissolve to:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An ordinary living room. SFX: Doorbell.

DREBIN (V.O.)
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.

Chochran 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 whenever 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

I don't know, Ed. I sense a lot of
pain behind that gruff exterior.
It's almost as if he's built a
crude 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 interrogation.

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!
You think they'll arrange a meeting?

Yes ... but where?

I know someone who might have the answer.

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

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:

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.

What do you know about Danny Morgan?

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

Where?!

Johnny stops shining his block.

Hey, take it easy.

You gotta ask Johnny in just the right way. (hands him another bill) Where?
JOHNNY

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 earmuffs.

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.
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