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Anchorman 2: The Legend Continues

By Will Ferrell

NARRATOR:

places we could begin
the next chapter of the
legend of Ron Burgundy.
This is one such place.
(SCREAMING)

However, we won't
begin our tale here.
No, our story begins in a
place all newsmen dream of.
In New York City.
(UPBEAT RAP MUSIC PLAYING)

Ron Burgundy!
That lady's got an ass like
the Loch Ness Monster.
Thing is mysterious and
ever sought after.
Ron, aren't you going
to say something to him?
Hey, when you've got an
ass like the North Star,
wise men are going
- to want to follow it.
- (SCOFFS)

NARRATOR:

cell phones and steroids.
And for Ron and his
now-wife Veronica,
life was good.

RON:

breast made the child uncomfortable.
(CLEARS THROAT) The Bishop wore
buttless chaps to the bat mitzvah.
Bat mitzvah.
The garden gnome had
a normal-size penis.
(VERONICA WHOOPING)
Corningstone. Corningstone.
(DOING VOCAL EXERCISES)
(IN SHRILL VOICE)
Oh! Oh, no! Oh, no!

They're coming in through
the back door! Oh, no!
(WBC NEWS THEME MUSIC PLAYING)
- Oh, no!
- (SINGING)
Grab the children!
Save the children!
Five, four...
- Have a great broadcast.
- You, too, darling.
(MOUTHING)
Good evening.
This is the weekend edition of

WBC News at 6:

I'm Ron Burgundy.
And I'm Veronica Corningstone.
Our top story tonight.
The U.N. today announced
sanctions against...
When the broadcast is over,
send these two up to my office.
Time to make a change.
(DINGING)
Rumor has it that after 35
years of manning the helm,
Mack Tannen is thinking
about stepping down.
That's right.
(EXHALES)
Do you...
Do you think we could be...
We could be getting the
Nightly News, Ron?
I think that's exactly
what's about to happen.
Oh, my God. That's what's
happening, isn't it?
- I'm hyperventilating.
- Yes, I see that.
(HYPERVENTILATING)
Look at me. (LAUGHING)
Oh, you... Well.
I'm laughing like a

ventriloquist's dummy.

- You are.

- (LAUGHING)

Let's stop that before
we get in there.

Don't do that in there, darling.

VERONICA:

you are an inspiration, sir.

I've been doing the evening
news now for over 35 years.

- Done a hell of a job.

- Yes, sir.

A hell of a job!

I've gone through four wives.

I have six or seven kids that I haven't
got the time to tell I love them.

To be honest, they
sound a little needy.

And I killed four men in Okinawa.

W.W. Two.

And that was two weeks ago.

The point is, this is
a very demanding job.

Yes.

But I'm close to thinking that
you may have what it takes.

Now, let me look at you.

Oh, my God.

Would it be wrong to say
you smell terrific?

- Ron, please!

- Okay.

What are you?

Finnish?

Oddly enough, I'm 100%
full-blown Mexican.

From the state of Oaxaca.

VERONICA:

Hello, sir.

Oh, my heart is racing.

MACK:

I just have to say, this is
super creepy and unorthodox.
You like-a da merchandise, huh?
Sorry.

All right.

We're about to make
network news history.

- Veronica.

- Yes?

You're going to be the
first female full-time
network news anchor.

- Oh, my goodness!

- Oh! I knew it.

And you, Mr. Burgundy...

I'm going to be the first
lactose intolerant anchor.

- Mr. Burgundy.

- Yes?

You're fired.

Come again?

Fired.

You are the worst anchorman
I have ever seen.

But what did I do wrong?

Name one thing.

(YELLING) Korean soldiers
were fired upon in the DMZ!

Oh. Jeez, I am so sorry.

Someone put the story
in all capital letters,
and I... I thought
I was supposed to yell it.

President Parter...

Ah, shit! (SIGHS)

I mean, President Carter
will speak at the summit Tuesday.

Tony, did I just curse?

Are you kidding me? Shit!

I mean... Shit. Shoot!

The slain Civil Rights leader
was eulogized... (SNEEZES)

VERONICA:

Oh, wow! Did you see that?
Right on the lens!
Folks, I'm sorry.
I hold myself to a high
professional standard
and you shouldn't hear
that language, okay?
I'm having a shitty day.
Oh, fuck-stick!
Now, I know this is tricky,
given your relationship,
so I'm going to give you the
evening to think about it.
I forbid it!
You forbid it? What?
Who are you? Julius Caesar?
Who the hell is Julius Caesar?
You know I don't follow the NBA.
Look, I am so sorry that
this happened, Ron,
but you and I,
we're partners, sweetheart.
And when something good happens
to me, it also happens to you.
That's ridiculous!
It clearly just happened to you!
You... Oh! Be quiet.
- (FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

- **WALTER:**

LUPITA:

I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Burgundy.
He no go to sleep.
Damn it, Lupita, what have
you been doing up there?
Eating nachos?
Mommy? Daddy? Why are you
yelling at each other?
Did Mom touch Dad's hair again?
Walter, honey, why don't you
just go to bed, all right?
Mommy and Daddy are
just having a discussion.

No! He needs to hear this.
He's six years old. He's a man.
Walter, listen to me.
Life isn't a fairy tale.
It's not a bunch of jumping
rope and grabbing ass.
It's complicated. (SIGHS)
What do you want to
do with your life?
What do you want to be
when you grow up?
I want to be an
astronaut or a cowboy!
You're never going to be
any of those, okay?
Ron!
You've got to set the
bar a lot lower.
Service industry.
Fry cook. Prison guard.
Maybe you're a lighting
guy at a porn shoot.
Which basically means you hold up a
flashlight while adults do things.
He is a child, Ron!
Nah, nah, nah!
He's got hair on his nugs.
He's old enough to hear this.
Your father is a wise man.
I will lock you in a closet!
Veronica, here's the bottom line.
It's a very simple decision.
It's either me or the job.
It doesn't have to
be a choice, Ron.
Don't do this.
Don't throw away everything that
we've worked so hard for.
Me...
...or the job.
SEAWORLD ANNOUNCER:
Hello, and welcome

to the 3:

Show at Sea World.
Sponsored by British Petroleum.
B.P. Oil, nature's best friend.
And now, here's your host,
Ron Burgundy.
Good afternoon, everyone.
And welcome to
world-famous Sea World,
here in San Diego, California.
Here's a fun fact, dolphins
aren't fish. They're mammals.
Here's another fun fact,
I haven't felt the loving embrace of
a human being in over three months.
(SOBBING)
I'm so lonely I paid a
hobo to spoon with me.
Let's bring out our
world-class trainers here,
Jesse and Paula.
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
Thank you. Thank you, Ron.
Sometimes I try to kiss 'em.
(BOTH LAUGHING)
Oh, Ron Burgundy, everyone.
- I want to kiss you.
- No.
- Or I'll kiss your friend.
- No.
How about the two
trainers kiss each other?
What do you say, huh?
So, let's say hello to the stars
of the show, Chippy and Roo-roo!

RON:

Chippy was rehabilitated
and Roo-roo is an asshole.
Ooh!
Look, they're swimming
and doing tricks!
Folks, what do you expect?
They're dolphins.
- (CLEARING THROAT)

- (DOLPHIN CLICKING)

What did you say?

Look at you, with
that permanent smile.

You think you're so smart,
with your secret language.

You just fan' out of the
top of your head.

- (IMITATES FARTING)

- (AUDIENCE BOOING)

- You're a punk, Ron Burgundy!

- Boo!

Children and animals hate you,
Ron Burgundy!

I would eat dolphins
if it was legal!

Unhand me, you buffoons! (GRUNTS)

All right, first, you threw
up in the shark tank.

Then you fed the seals
a chicken gyro?

And now this?

You're fired, you washed-up drunk!

Guess what, Trevor?

Every morning I get
here a half hour early
and I sexually assault a starfish!
(GRUNTS)

This is the end of the road.

I'm not turning back.

(BARKING)

Well, I know it's
not a pretty sight.

And you're gonna be
the sole witness.

If you can't handle it,
you leave the room.

(SIGHS) It's too late, Baxter

(BARKING)

I'm going the way of
the ancient samurai
who, when dishonored, would hang
themselves from a fluorescent light.

(BARKING)

Goodbye, my sweet hairy prince.
- Oh!
- (GLASS SHATTERING)
(GROANS)
Oh!
Sweet cream on nipples!
Uh, Mr. Burgundy? Hello, I...
Oh, my God!
What the hell happened?
Um... Urn...
I tried to hang myself?
Because my life's a mess?
And I saw no other option?
I think you're telling the truth, but why
are you saying it like you're lying?
It was a call for help?
But it didn't work because I'm too
heavy and the ceiling lamp broke?
Something like that?
Yeah, I...
I think you're telling the truth.
I am. That's what happened.

RON:

first-rate flapjacks.
I'm telling you, suicide makes you
hungry, I don't care what anyone says.
My name is Freddie Shapp, and I'm
a producer of a new kind of news.
We're starting a
24-hour news channel.
First of its kind!
GNN. The Global News Network.
(LAUGHING)
That is without a doubt the
dumbest thing I've ever heard.
You mean news going 24
hours around the clock?
A channel that's never
off, in other words?
- Yeah. Yeah. Just 24 hours. It's, uh...
- (LAUGHING)
No offense, but you
are a stupid asshole.

Mr. Burgundy, I assure you
we are 100% for real.
We've got state-of-the-art
facilities in Manhattan.
And Kench Allenby, multi-millionaire
and owner of Koala Airlines.
So glad he was acquitted of murder.
I'm a big Kench Allenby guy.
He's funding the whole network.
He believes in it.
I don't think you
understand, Freddie.
My hero, Mack Tannen, told me I was
the worst journalist he'd ever seen.
I'm not good enough.
Here.
This is your first week's salary.
By the hymen of Olivia Newton-John!
What do you say, Ron?
I'll take the job.
And I swear I'll be
number one again.
I'll take back my son,
restore my reputation,
and make everything
right with Veronica.
But more importantly,
I'm going to do what God put Ron
Burgundy on this Earth to do.
Have salon-quality hair
and read the news.
Ron... You've made my day.
I've got the best damn
news team in the world.
- Your call.
- I just have to find them.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING ON RADIO)
San Diego. Looks like we begin
our search right here at home.
Last I heard, Champ Kind was fired for
being drunk on the air and saying,
"The only Olympic sport Filipinos are
good at is eating cats and dogs."
(BAXTER BARKING)

(LAUGHS)

- Who loves chicken? You do!

- WOMEN:

(SINGING) Delicious chicken
Swing on through
Meet the crew, hoo-hoo!
I'm local San Diego legend Champ
Kind, and I believe in two things.
Good chicken,
and that the census is a way for
the U.N. to make your children gay.
So come on by and grab a wing.
'Cause when you do,
you'll say, "Whammy!"
No Catholics or Jews admitted.
All right, there you go.
One Whammy Special
with Whammy slaw.
There's a used Band-Aid
in my coleslaw.
My gosh, let me take care of that.
Get out of here before I smash
your head in, you Commie bastard!
If you're from the census,
you take me off your list!
You never did have much of
a bedside manner, Champ.
Ron? Ron Burgundy?
- Get over here!
- How are you, friend?
God, I have longed for you.
It's good to see you, too.
Oh, this feels like home.
Are you all right?
Yeah, I'm fine. Better now.
Okay, let's break the
huddle here, huh?
- Okay. All right.
- All right.
You get back here!
Don't be weird!

CHAMP:

Harken sat me down, he said,
"Champ, you're a dangerous
alcoholic, a racist,
"and I don't think you
know a lick about sports."
And I said, "Ed, you dirty Polack,

it's 10:

"Let's go have some drinks
"and go to a baseball game where
the Mexicans hit some touchdowns."
Then he fires me!
Fortunately, on the way out the
door, I fake a work injury.
With the settlement,
I bought this place.
Well, I'm glad to see you
landed on your feet, Champ.
Listen, can I ask you a question?
Sure. Anything.
Is... Is this chicken?
Oh, hell, no.
It's really impossible to turn a
profit if you serve real chicken.
Yeah. We use mainly bats.
- What?
- Yeah.
But the good quality kind.
That's the most horrible
thing I've ever heard.
Yeah?
You got to do what you
got to do, right?
So what you got to do
is serve fried bats?
Yep. Do you know
what they call bats?
- Bats.
- "Chicken of the Cave."
No one calls them
Chicken of the Cave.
Who's "they," by the way?
There's a guy I met named Paco,
sells bikers speed at the pier.

So that guy calls them
Chicken of the Cave.
Yeah.
That's not "they."
Why don't you have a bite
and stop judging it?
I'm not going to bite
into a fried bat.
It's delicious.
It's all tendon. Look at it.
(PEOPLE SCREAMING)
Was that a bat?
Chicken of the Cave.
What brings you here, Ron?
My friend, we've got a job.
In New York City.
Whammy! I'm in!
You've got yourself a sportscaster.
Oh, great.
Denny!
Lock up!
Any idea where Brian Fantana is?
You haven't heard?
Fantana hit the big time.
Aw, baby.
Yeah, that's it, play for me.
Just play around.
Roll around and lift
those legs up. Mmm!
You are a hairy little
thing, aren't you?
- (BRIAN GROWLS)
- (CAMERA CLICKING)
Yeah. Oh, I like what's happening!
Oh, that's it. Yeah. Yeah.
Oh, you little fuzzball,
that's... Oh!
- I got it.
- (ALL APPLAUDING)
It's not getting any
better than that.
- That's brilliant!
- Yeah, yeah.
Hey, Brian, you have any

time for the little people?
Well, I'll be a son of a bitch.
(ALL LAUGHING)
- Hey, Brian.
- Champ! How you doing?
Hey!
- Wow. This is a...
- Cool it!
Oh, I can't believe...
Oh, wow. It's great to see you!
Welcome. Welcome to my doj'.
This place is spectacular!
- It's amazing.
- A bit chaotic today.
We got the Cat Fancy
cover coming out.
- You know how that can be.
- Ooh.
I've been living in a tent
for the last two years.
Oh, yeah, this is not that.
We got a sauna in the kitchen.
A lot of people think that's weird,
but I keep wine in it.
I'm not a wine guy,
but I know you got to keep it hot.
Oh, and check this out.
This... This was fun.
We shot this over two
weeks in Prague.

RON:

You know what they call cats?
- Chicken of the rail yard.
- No.
- What?
- Don't indulge him.
- Yeah.

- CHAMP:

But I love it.
(CHUCKLES)
And what's so great about
it is it's so damn true.

I hate Mondays!
I'm not a Monday guy.
Ron hates Mondays.
Hell, I'm not crazy
about them, either.
I also don't like Tuesdays,
Wednesdays or Thursdays.
(ALL LAUGHING)
So why are you guys here, anyway?
Well, Brian, we're getting the
news team back together again.
Really?
And, of course, we want to
know if you'll join us.
Jeez, I don't know.
I kind of got the world
by the tail here.
I don't know if I can.
Christ, I get it.
I mean, you're the Quincy
Jones of cat photographers.
Why would you leave all this?

RON:

know if you heard,
but New York has
all-nude strip clubs.
The question still remains...
Where's Brick Tamland?
Oh.
You guys didn't hear?
No, what happened?
Brick's...
Dead.

BRIAN:

- about a year ago.

- RON:

Thought he saw a bird and
he swam out to pet it.
He never came back.
- (PEOPLE SOBBING)
- We all loved Brick,

even though he never
had a phone number,
or address or Social
Security number.
In six years of working at the
station, he never cashed a paycheck.
That sweet Brick.

ED:

He told me he wanted to donate his
organs to science before he died,
so he could see where
they ended up.

He'll long be remembered
and he'll be sorely missed.

(SIGHS)

Thank you, Reverend.

- Oh.

- Oh, come on!

- BRICK:

- (SCOFFS) Really?

And I will miss him so much.

And I will not rest until
I find his killer.

- What?

- His killer?

It is hard for me to believe
that he is gone. (SOBS)

He's not gone.

(SOBBING) I feel that I
just saw him yesterday.
You were probably talking
to yourself in a mirror.

BRICK:

(CONTINUES SOBBING)

I didn't even know how
to make sense out of it!

None of us understand!

(SHOUTS) Why? Why?

Why did you take him from us?

You're clearly standing
in front of us, Brick.

God damn you!

- Brick!

- Brick is dead!

- **RON:**

- Brick is dead!

- Look at him!

- He's not dead.

He's not dead, Brick.

You're not dead.

- You're Brick!

- Brick, it's you!

He's dead!

No!

You are Brick! Touch yourself.

- I am Brick?

- **ALL:**

- I'm alive?

- **ALL:**

- (LAUGHING JOYFULLY)

- **ED:**

Of course you are.

ED:

You kind of want to slug him.

You want to slug him.

(ANCHORMEN LAUGHING)

RON:

Easter trip to San Francisco?

We got so drunk, we put

Brick in a refrigerator box

and threw him off the

Golden Gate Bridge.

I broke my back!

(ALL LAUGHING)

What about the time

that you dared Champ

to drink that beer

stein full of Woolite?

He drained it faster than you

could say, "No, don't do it.

"That's the equivalent of
drinking poison."

(ALL LAUGHING)

Oh, Lord, I was in

a six-month coma.

And they say from the

neurological damage,

there's no way I live past 55!

(LAUGHING)

You got three years

left, my friend.

You're gonna die!

Hey, hey, remember?

I was by myself and I had that

dream about the orange tree.

But instead of oranges,

it had babies on it.

It was a baby tree! (LAUGHING)

Brick, how could we remember?

It's your dream.

(LAUGHING) I don't know.

It's all the same thing.

It's an interesting dream,

but we're telling stories

involving the entire

news team from the past.

(BRICK LAUGHS)

Or how about the time when I was

born and I came out of the vagina?

(LAUGHING)

I was screaming, "Here I come!

Oh! Here I come, Mom!"

First off, Brick, I highly doubt

you remember your own birth.

And, once again, we weren't there.

(CONTINUES LAUGHING)

Ron, I can't...

I can't stop laughing, Ron!

Put a pencil in his mouth.

RON:

CHAMP:

I'm okay now.

Man, this just feels right!

The news team is back!

Ron, Brian, Brick, me, even Baxter!

- (BARKING)

- (LAUGHING)

That old man is so

little and hairy!

Hey, Ron, who's driving?

Oh, it's okay,

it's on cruise control.

Who wants some chimichangas, huh?

Best thing I ever did was install

this deep fryer in the 'bago.

Ron, why do you have

this bag of bowling balls

and this terrarium

filled with scorpions?

- Oh, it's a long, crazy story!

- BRIAN:

Cruise control just regulates

speed, it doesn't steer.

- Come again?

- CHAMP:

(HONKING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

(SCREAMING)

(SCREAMS)

(SNARLING)

(SCREAMING)

(RON WHIMPERING)

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

RON:

make one hell of a story.

(ALL LAUGHING)

The Big Apple. Ron

Burgundy is back.

CHAMP:

the Big Apple, Ron?

RON:

an apple tree on every street.
Here we are. Welcome to GNN.
I don't know, Ron.
You sure about this place?
Guys, I know it's a bit of a mess,
but trust me,
everything will be ready
for the launch tomorrow.
And we've culled the whole
country for the best newsmen.
There's Curtis
Knightfish from Houston.
Oh, Curtis Knightfish.
They don't get any
better than that.

FREDDIE:

Yahwea from Carson City.
Diane Yahwea. You know
what they call her, right?
"All the Way Yahwea."
She's my aunt.
And the best in the biz.
Jack Lime, out of Chicago.
Rumor is Allenby is giving
him one mil a year.
That's crazy.
Who's worth that kind of money?

RON:

He's absolutely magnificent!
I bet his poop smells
like sandalwood.
Can I help you, guy?
(STAMMERS) What was that?
I said, "Can I help you, guy?"
Uh... (CLEARS THROAT)
What do you mean?
Well, you're staring
at me, hotshot.
Do you want my autograph?

(BOTH LAUGHING)

No, he was just explaining who you
were and I was looking at you.

And then he said something
and I was still looking at you.

(MUMBLES MOCKINGLY)

(ALL LAUGHING)

(IN HIGH-PITCHED VOICE)

Jack Lime is a great man!

(LAUGHING)

Is that what I sound
like when I talk?

(MUMBLES MOCKINGLY)

(ALL LAUGHING)

Is there a problem?

No, no, no, no, no,
no, no. No problem.

Well, you're making a face
like you got a problem.

Um, I'm sorry that I'm
making that face.

I don't mean to make a face that
seems like I have a problem.

I don't like that face!

You need to change it,
and change it quick.

Stop making that face.

Is this face better?

JACK:

Oh, that new face is driving
me crazy! Change it, now!

You're getting him mad.

I only have so many faces.

I'm just grinding your
gears, man. (LAUGHS)

Welcome to the station!

We're going to have
a good time together.

Oh, my God.

That's vintage Jack Lime.

Come on, guys.

Let's go meet the boss.

FREDDIE:

We'll have separate cameras
for you, and then sports
and then weather.
Let me ask you this, Freddie,
how's the new head honcho?
Well, Linda Jackson has
a shelf full of Emmys.
She's as tough as nails.
And Linda loves to win.
Oh, hey, Linda!
I want to introduce
you to Ron Burgundy.
Linda Jackson.
How are you, my friend?

FREDDIE:

This is Linda Jackson.
Hello, Mr. Burgundy.
Oh. Uh...
Black.
- Black.
- Jesus, just stop, Ron.
I'm terribly sorry. I don't
know why I can't stop saying...
Black. The word "black."
Hello, Mr. Burgundy.
- Black.
- Stop.
Black.
Stop saying "black."
- Black. If I don't say it, I'll pass out.
- Stop saying it!
Uh, Donna, can you please
get me a cup of coffee?
- Right away, Ms. Jackson.
- Thank you.
- Please be seated. Everyone.
- Sure.

LINDA:

Great. So I know that all of you
are aware that the news community
is laughing at what we're trying

to do here at 24-hour news.
But that is why they brought me in.
She's the best!
You see, gentlemen, I don't lose.
Listen, I feel like I
need to clear the air.
Oh, please don't.
I want to say, on behalf
of the entire news team,
we are huge supporters
of all African and Americans.
Veronica got so tan!
I remember the first African
and American I ever saw.
It's African-American.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah.
Absolutely 100% positive?
It isn't like...
Ron... (CHUCKLES)
Fish and chips?
Hey, we're all the same on
the inside, stinky and pink.
When I was in high school,
me and my buddies used to sneak
in the girls' locker room.
We'd peek at the
girls in the shower,
and I'd look at all of them,
no matter what color they were.
So...
Jesus, this is the worst
meeting I've ever been in.
A black man follows me
everywhere when it's sunny.
Actually, I think that's
your shadow, Brick.
I call him Leon.
And if it's a cloudy day,
what happens to Leon?
He goes home.
It's your shadow.
He's talking about his shadow.
Shut your damn mouths! Sit down!

What's he doing?
I think you scared him.
You can't shout at Brick.
Is he all right?
Can you sing him a
soothing siren song?
Just a high melodic...
(VOCALIZING)
I'm not singing along with you.
Oh, come on, Brick. Brick!
Linda has a balloon.
You better get him a balloon.
Is this for real, Freddie?
Linda, I'm sorry.
No, it's okay! It's okay.
So you have a black boss,
and it's freaking you out.
Is it freaking you out?
- A little bit, to be honest.
- You freaked out?
- Is it freaking you out?
- Oh, she's got a knife!
I don't give a shit!
We're not all here to hold
hands and sing Kumbaya.
Black.
So as long as you guys get numbers,
we are gonna get along just fine.
Now, if you don't,
I am gonna be icy.
And unpleasant, you dig?
I dig. We all dig.
I like to dig.
One time I went digging for
treasure and I found a half a body.
Get out of my office!
I'm telling you, you can't give
an inch in those situations,
and I think we held our
ground pretty firmly.
Guys.
Guys, we got you an apartment
on the Upper East Side
and a whole new wardrobe.

That's wonderful! When do
we begin our broadcast?
Well, the big launch is tomorrow

- at 12:

- Okay.

You guys are slotted for the

2:

What? That's the graveyard shift!

"I ain't afraid of no ghost."

Oh, come on,

it's going to be great.

Let's get your keys. Come on!

(PHONE RINGING)

RON:

Is there booze in the apartment?

FREDDIE:

gonna be booze. Of course.

(PHONE CONTINUES RINGING)

BRICK:

Sometimes it stops,

but then it starts again.

What are you doing,

Chani? Answer it!

Hi. Yes, let me transfer you.

Your job is to answer the phones.

I'm getting ready for Secret Santa.

When is that again?

It's at Christmastime.

When else would it be?

(CLEARS THROAT)

I'm Brick. I was dead last week.

I'm Chani.

I like the place between

your head and your body.

I like your hair.

It looks like wet popcorn.

Thank you.

Would you like to see the smile that

I use when I pose for photographs?

Yes, please.

Do you want to see the face I make
when I see a snake made out of candy?

Yes.

That's good.

What's your favorite time of day?

Now.

What's your favorite time of day?

A minute ago.

Urn...

(CHUCKLES)

Surprise! Big daddy's back.

Ron.

What are you doing here?

I'm over at GNN.

I'm living in the city again.

I really wish that you
would have called first.

Look, it doesn't matter whose
fault the break-up was, okay?

I was stubborn.

You were like a mentally ill whore
having PMS from the 1800s.

What's your point, Ron?

The point is (SIGHS)

I'm back home.

And I want to spend the
rest of my life...

MAN:

Hi, Ron. I'm Gary,
Veronica's lover.

So, is that a gift for me, Ron?

No, it's not.

It's for Walter.

Okay.

So when were you going
to tell me about Gary?

Ron. You walked out on me.

What did you expect me to do?

Ron. This is awkward, I know.

I'm sitting here with your wife.

We make love.

I'm this close to shooting

a flare gun at your dick.
Oh, Ron!
So what does this Gary
do for a living, huh?
Have you done a
background check on him?
Gary is actually
one of the most successful psychologists
in all of Manhattan, Ron.
Really sweet.
Are you reading my mind right now?
Ron, do you even know
what a psychologist is?
(QUIETLY) Fuck you.
(GASPS) Ron!

- **GARY:**

- **VERONICA:**

He's externalizing. That's okay.
- No, it's not okay.
- He's mad.
You knew I was going to throw that
punch 'cause you're reading my mind!
(DOOR OPENS)
Morn! I'm home!
- Hey, little guy.
- Hey, darling.
- Hi, Walter.
- Hey, Dad.
I missed you!
Walter, your father
has a gift for you.
I have a gift specifically
for you, Walter.
There you go.
Yes, Gary.
Okay, that's actually
for me, Walter.
No, it's not. It's for Walter.
It's a superhero costume.
What is it?
It's "Lace Man."
It's a brand new superhero.

I'm going to be Lace Man!
Look, Ron. Joint
custody isn't easy.
But what we need to do is rally around
this little guy right now, okay?
That's never gonna happen.
- Oh...
- Excuse me?
Because you, Veronica,
are unfit to be a mother!

VERONICA:

took that child to a cock fight?
- The game of champions!
- I'm Lace Man!
He had the time of his life!
He came home splattered in blood!
He picked eight winning cocks.
It's never been done!
You have never tried
to connect with Walter.
(IMITATES GUN FIRING)
All right, let's keep it civil
in front of the boy.
It's bad enough his mother likes
to go down on rodeo clowns.
- Okay, you know what, out!
- All right. Get your things! Let's go.
Fine. I'm out of here.
- Don't have to tell me twice.
- Get your things.
- We'll see you guys later.
- Yes, you will.
Goodbye, Dad! Thanks
for the present.
Goodbye, Walter, my little man.
You promise to do
good in school, okay?
- Okay.
- And stay away from the he-shes
- Ron!
- down in the Bowery.
Ron, I don't think
that's appropriate.

I'll tell you, those fellas,
they got the looks,
they got the curves,
they got the chi-chi's,
and then at some point
during the evening,
you reach down below the belt
looking to get a little muffellita,
and you get a handful
of the Battle of the Bulge.
You hear what I'm saying, Walter?
Yes, I do.
Ron, it was nice meeting you.
I think it's time for you to go.
Oh, Ron!
You knew!
You anticipated that because
you're reading my mind!
That confirms it!
(SIGHS) There's Lime!
Look at him. He's a goddamn prince!
Man, there's just something
about him, you know?
I'd give anything to
be friends with him.
I don't see what the
big deal is, you know.
He's not that great.
What did you say?
What's that?
I heard you say something.
Oh.
Oh, what did I say?
Oh, nothing.
Oh, no. I heard you say something.
He said you're not that great!
Brick!
Is that what you said about me?
- He's coming over here.
- I know!
I'm gonna rip this guy in half.
No, no, no! Just give me
a little piece of him.
Uh, Jack, look, it's just...

The guys look up to you so much,
and I just was a little jealous.
I just said some junk.
That's funny.
Aren't you the guy who
lost his job to his wife?

ALL:

Shouldn't you be doing her makeup?
(SCREAMING)

- All right, guys, that's enough.
- No, shut up, Freddie!
And you can shut your mouth,
okay, Jack "Lame!"
- Ooh.

- ALL:

Yeah. Mr. Butt-Vagina's
got some fight in him.
You listen to this one,
- big fella.
- Yeah.

I bet you that we beat
your ratings tonight.
(ALL LAUGHING)
I'm sorry. I'm trying
to keep it together.
No, no, no. Don't do this.
Don't do this.

You're on at 2:

Jack has prime time!
Maybe... No. Hey, Freddie, no, no.
Hey.
I'll take that bet.
What are the stakes?
If we lose, I'll leave New York.
And I'll never read the news again.
And if by some snowball's
chance in hell
Mr. Mustache here pulls a
miracle out of his ass?
(SCOFFS)
You change your name

to Jack Lame! Legally.

(CHUCKLES)

I like this! You're on, Stretch.

Everyone heard him?

- Freddie, you heard him?

- Yeah. I heard him.

- This is on like Pong.

- **RON:**

(CROWD WHOOPING)

Why? Why did you

make that bet, Ron?

We've got the graveyard shift!

We don't have a chance!

- Hey, guy!

- Ah!

This ain't local news anymore.

We shit standing up here.

What?

It's a huge mess,

but damn, is it cool!

LINDA:

Ladies and gentlemen,

today wouldn't be possible without

the visionary behind GNN.

Mr. Kench Allenby!

Yeah, yeah!

Thank you.

All right, cheer.

(SPEAKS INCOHERENTLY)

I am jabbered, just jabbered,

full of beans, no doubt.

Does anyone else speak Australian?

I thought they talked like us.

Can I get you to say

with me, haw-ba-ya-ya!

(SCREAMING INDISTINCTLY)

We can't quite understand you.

How's this? I'm Kench Allenby.

- Oh, yes. That's good.

- There we go! Thank you so much.

I'm Kench Allenby and

you all know my story.

I'm a self-made man.
My late, great father, Vadge
Allenby, gave me \$300 million,
and I toiled my whole bloody life
to turn that into \$305 million.
True story. True story.
Wow.
But this is 24-hour news station...
This is history.
This is like Columbus
discovering the New World.
And the captain of this fantastic
voyage is the best newsman in America,
Mr. Jack Lime!
Go get 'em, Jack! Go get 'em!
Thank you. And good luck
to Ron Burgundy, too.
Ooh. (CHUCKLES)
Getting nervous there, compadre?
Let's do this.
Did you see that? How he
spun on that desk? So great.
All right. Quiet on
the floor, please.
All right.
All right. We're up.
Here we go, here we go.
In five, four, three, two...

JACK:

Thank you for joining us on what we
believe to be a whole new era of news.
I'm Jack Lime,
your guide for this journey of
events we humbly call 24-hour news.
Today's top story,
Mount St. Helene.
Oh, this is just a gimmick.
It's a flash in the pan.
We better hope so.
Residents are being asked
to evacuate the area...
Twenty-four hours of news.
How are they gonna keep

coming up with this stuff?
My guess is they'll probably be
scraping the bottom of the barrel.
No, I have a feeling they'll
stick with their integrity
and only report the news
that needs to be reported.
Let's see here.
"Global temperatures rise half a degree,
alarm climate scientists." Boring.
"China could dominate the world
economy in the next decade."
(SINGING) Dun-dun-dun
dun-dun-dun, dun-dun
Nope.
Anyone else?
What if we show a porno
instead of the news?
Freddie?
No. Absolutely not.
I know. What if we get one
of those wildlife handlers?
We have him bring in,
oh, big game cats.
You know, wild, dangerous tigers and
lions and leopards and the such.
We let them loose inside the studio
with about a dozen chickens.
We play rock music. And we
just call it Let Her Rip.
I'd watch that. I'd watch that.
Let Her Rip?
You're describing the end of
civilization. That's not news!
If that's the end of times, I'm...
I got a front-row seat with a
big tub of buttered popcorn
and a greasy half-live chicken leg.
Okay, so obviously this is
a waste of time. I'm done.
Freddie! Come on!
We're just brainstorming here.
We're trying to figure out how
to make the news less boring,

and you act like we
peed in your milkshake.
The news is supposed
to be boring, Ron!
This is serious stuff.
You're the one that
made this stupid bet!
I just don't know why we
have to tell the people
what they need to hear.
Why can't we just tell them
what they want to hear?
Wait, wait, wait.
Say that again.
I said, why do we have
to tell the people
what they need to hear?
Why can't we just tell them
what they want to hear?
And what do they
want to hear, Ron?
That we live in the greatest
country God ever created.
- Damn straight!
- Made him happy.
And we should do
stories on patriots.
Cute, funny little animals, huh?
Or diets.
Why blondes have more fun.
And serious investigative pieces,
about how much ejaculate
is on hotel duvets.
And only the best
sports highlights.
Home runs, slam dunks,
touchdowns and no soccer.
I like the wind!
Brick's right.
People love hurricanes.
Tornadoes, earthquakes, floods,
we'll throw Brick right
in the middle of it.
You'd do that?

People'll go nuts. I'd watch that!
No, this goes against every rule
of broadcast journalism I know.
Freddie, as the wise man once said,
"So?"

We got 10 hours till we go on.

We'll only need eight!

(SIGNING) Lady

I'm your knight in shining armor

And I love you

You have made me what I am

And I am yours

(IMITATES SLURPING COFFEE)

My love...

- Is that candy?

- I don't know.

(COUGHS)

It is candy.

- I like you.

- I like you.

Tell me something about you.

Well, I'm 19 years old.

My middle name is Courtney.

I can always guess how many jelly
beans are in a jelly bean jar,
even if it's not right.

What about you?

My name is Chani Lastnam.

I'm a real go-getter

and a person people.

I can type 50 words a minute
with only 300 errors.

I'm trained and certified...

BOTH:

missile launcher.

Me, too.

Chani, I just got these phone
messages from last week.

You mailed them to me?

How else was I gonna
get them to you?

You hand them to me.

Oh.

You are the dumbest person
I've met in my entire life,
and that's not an exaggeration.
That makes me feel bad.
Well, it's the truth, Chani.
(GROWLING) You!
- Leave her alone!

- **BOSS:**

Get your filthy hands off of her!

- (SCREAMS)

- Help, help!

Excuse me, sir!

- Leave me alone, lady!

- Excuse me!

She is a goddess among women!

(SHOUTING INCOHERENTLY)

- Glen!

- (ROARS)

My phone messages!

Leave him alone!

Not today!

- She has butterflies in her heart!

- Chani!

I can see you behind that
desk, and you're fired!

Why?

(HISSES)

Are you okay?

You saved my life.

She was trying to set me on fire.

I didn't ask for these powers.

I was given them.

Last night a bird chased me,
and I wished it was you.

Can we go to a date?

(CLEARS THROAT) Yes.

(BOTH WHIMPER)

Dear God, please help
me pull this off.

I swear, if you help me,

I will become a monk.

I will shave my head

and become a monk...

Ah, who are we kidding?
I'm not going to do that.
Oh, did you hear?
Evan said there's some strange
copy in the prompter.

(SIGHS) It's 2:

It's Freddie Shapp's ass,
not mine. Let's go.

NARRATOR:

rarely aware of it while doing so.
Ron and his news team simply thought
they were making the news more fun.
Little did they know they were changing
the course of broadcast history forever.
Hello, America. It's 2:00 a.m.
Eastern time.
I'm Ron Burgundy,
and tonight's top story is
America.
She's the greatest
country in the world.
Heck, the history of the world!
You're damn right!
(ALL WHOOPING)
Too much of the news is about
what's wrong with America.
Amen, brother!
Well, tonight, our top story
is what's right with America.
Someone's finally talking
sense on the TV.
For starters, we kick butt.
Nazi butt. Russian butt.
What the hell is he doing?
He's talking about America.
Why, do you have a
problem with that?
Tonight I begin part one
of my 11-part series
on the power and mystery
of the human vagina.
This series will be a tasteful look

at just what makes a vagina tick,
as well as a look at the
50 greatest vaginae
of the 20th century.
Son of a bitch!
(GLASS SHATTERS)

RON:

and I'll let you go.
Who tops the list of the
top 50 greatest vaginae?
Well, I don't want to
give anything away.
- (BOTH LAUGHING)
- I thought I had you.
I will give you number two.
- Please.
- Madame Curie.
Of course. Of course.
Whammy! Whammy!
Whammy! Whammy! Whammy!
(REPEATING) Whammy!
Whammy!
Back to you, Ron.
The wind is really windy.
Brick? Brick, can you hear me?
I can't hear you, Ron!
Okay, but you're
answering the question,
so I think you can hear me.
No, I can!
Brick, do you think
there is any danger
to the average person out there?
I'm afraid for the animals
of New York, Ron.
I saw a woman, and her dog
never touched the ground.
You're saying wind gusts as
fast as a supersonic jet?
It looked like she was
walking a dog balloon.
And go... Switch.
And for our eighth and final

animal story of the night,
it looks like residents
of North Yulk, Montana,
have found the cutest
little patriot
on God's green earth.

(RON LAUGHING)

Look at that little guy!
Oh, wow, he was having some fun.
Well, for all of us here at GNN,
I'm Ron Burgundy.
And don't just have a great night,
have an American night.

FREDDIE:

Wow! (LAUGHS)

I couldn't take my eyes
- off the screen!
- Yes.

You were electric, Ron! Whammy!
That just felt right!
That felt right!
I was outside!
You sure were, Brick.
Wonderful job.

BRIAN:

What the hell was that?
What the hell was that?
Hey, hey, hey.
Take it easy, Linda.
We were just trying something new.
You changed the format
of the entire show
without consulting me?
That's unacceptable!
Damn straight, sister. We just
done went and brought it!
And here's the truth.
You can't handle it, little mama!
Get out! You are all
terminated immediately.
If you were a man,
I'd knock you out.

Oh. Oh, really? Well, go ahead!
Take a swing! Take your best shot!
I have five brothers,
and two of them are defensive
backs in the NFL, so come on!
- You want me to do it?
- Yeah.
This thing's not gonna feel good.
Do it, Ron. Just do it.
Are you scared? What's the problem?
Is he a chicken? Are you a chicken?
- (LINDA CLUCKING)
- (LAUGHING)
I'm not a chicken at all.
I'm going to make that
mustache of yours all bloody.
(CHUCKLES)
Well...
Seems like you're buying time, Ron.
I'm not buying time.
Ron! Just do what men have been
doing for thousands of years,
and punch the woman.
- Punch her!
- You're stalling.
Punch the woman!
Here comes the Toledo
Express. All aboard!
(GRUNTING)
Ron! No!
(GRUNTING)
I didn't do it!
(SQUEALING)
Mama, your baby's hurt.
Your baby.
(HIGH-PITCHED WHIMPERING)
What is that sound you're
making? Good Lord!
(CONTINUES WHIMPERING)

BRIAN:

Pull yourself together, man.
Security!
They saw my pee-pee.

The eighth grade
boys saw my pee-pee!
Did you say they saw your pee-pee?

RON:

they saw my pee-pee.
You just knocked him
back into fifth grade.
Get him out of here!

KENCH:

We knew we'd struggle to start,
but these ratings are lower
than I'd even imagined.

AD SALES GUY:

Thank God for the 2:00 a.m. spike.
It really saved our whole launch.
Spike? What are you talking about?
What spike?
Burgundy. Who's Ron Burgundy?
No, no, no, this can't be right.
His team start at a .2,
and then they finish at a 5.6?
That's unbelievable!
They tripled Jack Lime's numbers!
How is that even possible?
(LAUGHS) Who are these guys?
They're a local team
out of San Diego.
You little beauty!
Well, they no longer work for us.
I fired them.
Well, guys, it goes without saying
I owe you gentlemen an apology.
I dragged you out here and this thing
was a disaster from the word "go."
No, Ron, don't you
beat yourself up.
Yeah, it's all right, Ron.
Gin.
Brian, any idea what
you might do next?

BRIAN:

I got a good group of
buddies out there.
O.J. Simpson.
Phil Spector. Robert Blake.
Sounds like a fun crew.
We go out cruising chicks.
Call ourselves the "Ladykillers."
I love that name. You should get it
on the back of matching jackets.
(LAUGHS) That's not a bad idea.
(BARKING)
Uh, guys?
Hey.
I got some news.
Freddie, we don't exactly want to
hear the word "news" right now.
(SCOFFS) Yeah.
You're right. Forget it.
Forget I was even here.
Forget that GNN wants you back.
For a prime time slot
and a raise in pay.
Quit yanking our penises, Freddie!
What's the deal?
Yeah! Quit yanking our anuses.
No. I'm not yanking your...
Your ratings went through the roof.
People love what you did.
You're a success!
Get it? You're a great,
big, fat success!
By the bed pan of Gene Rayburn!
It's total crap and they
can't stop watching!
(ALL CHEERING)

NARRATOR:

had been famous in San Diego,
but that was small time
compared to New York.
This fame was a rocket ship.
A rocket ship that had free drinks
and topless stewardesses.

That'll do it for all
of us here at GNN.
Thank God for the events,
thank me for the news.
I'm Jack...
...Lame.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!
More graphics, all right?
But there's already a lot.
Hey, you heard the man.
More graphics.
Let a citizen ask a question here,
for God's sake!
Can Father Ron please shut
his mouth for half a second?
(ALL ARGUING)
This is against everything
that I have worked
for my entire life.
Oh, honey, come on.
(DISCO MUSIC PLAYING)
If you're like me,
you need an underwear
that fits your active lifestyle.

ANNOUNCER:

and department stores.
I'm weatherman Brick Tamland,
and I like butter.
Butter is nutritious
and it tastes great.
(YELLING) Butter!
There's something new on
the New York social scene.
It's fun, relatively benign
and costs about as much
as a soda pop at the
local drugstore.
Here's Brian Fantana
on why everyone who is someone
is lighting up to smoke crack.
Now, Brian, I understand
we have some crack
and we're going to smoke it

right here in the studio.
I don't know if we can
get a shot of that.
What is that? Did you know
they were gonna have that?
No.
Now, what you're gonna do is, you're
gonna put your rock in the pipe.
Is that where the phrase "Put it in
your pipe and smoke it" comes from?
I don't care.
- I love it when you do cooking segments.
- Mmm.
Oh! Oh, whoa!
You feel that right away.
Wow, that's good. That's good.
That's an immediate state of euphoria.
You'll be surprised.
The effect, it happens very... Ohh!
It's just refreshing.
They're actually enjoying it.
Of course they're enjoying it.
It's crack.

RON:

you can't smoke crack
on live television.
(ALL CHEERING)
Hey, gang.
You know what would make
this great day even better?
What?
Perms for everyone!

ALL:

(CLEARS THROAT)
Please come in and shut the door.
If this is about sweeps, um,
I think Brian Fantana found
an outstanding story.
It's about airplane parts
that are falling off of airplanes out of
the sky and hitting the ground, people.
We're calling it "Death From

Above." We might do some...
You. Come here.
I've been watching you.
You have?
(CHUCKLES)
I've been watching you a lot.
And you just do whatever you want.
(CHUCKLES) Well, I'm a bit
of a maverick, I guess.
You don't follow the format.
You pretty much walk around like...
Like you're king of the world.
I'm just a worker bee.
That's all I am.
- You know what?
- What?
Oh!
I find it hot as shit!
Are you going to hurt me?
Here's the thing, Mr. Burgundy.
You're a shooting star and
I want to go for a ride.
God, I'm so afraid right now.
Now, I want to hear
you meow like a cat.
(MEOWS)
(SNARLING)
(MEOWS WEAKLY)
Now, I want you to bark like a dog.
- Bark. Bark. Bark!
- (BARKING)
Like a puppy. Like a puppy.
(BARKS SOFTLY)
- (BARKING)
- (MEOWING)
(BOTH GROWLING)
Yeah. Come on! Do it!
- (SOBBING)
- Mmm.
Aw.
Don't cry.
(BARKING)
It's sexual and yet frightening.
- It's an odd mixture.

- (KNOCK ON DOOR)

Come in.

Uh, Linda.

Excuse me, Linda.

Ron, Jack wants to know
if he can go back to calling himself
Jack Lime instead of Jack Lime.

He's really struggling with it.

No. Can't. It's a bet.

Oh, Jesus!

If you want to change it, you can.

Like what?

Art Areola.

No! No, that's worse!

You know it's worse!

How about this one?

You can call yourself Dick Fuck.

Spell it P-H-U-C.

You'll be huge in the
Vietnamese community.

Freddie, I can't.

Listen to me, Burgundy. This is
far from over, do you hear me?
I'll see you on the playground.
Well.

This, uh, meeting has
been very productive.

You can pick me up at 8:00.

Okay, I'm very confused
by what's going on here.

Get out!

(ALL LAUGHING)

Oh, Ron.

Ron, you are missing some real
high-quality Garfield laughs over here!

I think our boss just raped me.

What?

I don't know what happened.

All a bit of a blur.

There was hands and hair,
and breath, and lips.

There might have been
other people, I don't know.

Sounds like she wants you.

Hey, man.

Women have been all over me
since we got crazy famous.
Not to brag or anything, but I just
gave Florence Henderson crabs.
That is in no way a brag, Brian.
That's horrible.
Hey, it's just doing something
beautiful, that two people do.
Except one of them has
microscopic dust mites
- all over his penis and testicles.

- RON:

the mom of The Brady Bunch
had a fun time with you,
and then woke up the next day
and realized she had crabs.
I gave her a whole
Brady Bunch of crabs.
(LAUGHS)
Sounds to me like it's her fault
for being a randy gal.
I have a date!
Brick has a date?
Good for Brick!
What's a date?
A date is simply when two
people get together,
do something social,
have a few drinks,
yadda-yadda-yadda...
Take their shirts off...
(GROWLS)
- Oh, it's okay.

- RON:

It's fun. It's all right.
Look. Don't worry, Brick,
we got your back, okay?
First things first, we need to
get you a little protection.

RON:

There it is.
Brian Fantana's glorious
cabinet of condoms.
Oh, Brian, I know. How
about The Hooded Guest?
I like the cut of your jib.

RON:

It's like you're wearing an
armadillo shell on your privates.
It takes two hours to get on.
It's hooded. She'll
never see you coming.
Oh, oh. Wait, wait, wait.
You thinking what I'm thinking?
"Lou Dobin's Good
Time Weiner Pouch."
That's a good one.
Dobin. Just a drifter who loves
to watch people have sex.
They're made of denim,
so they look better
after each washing.
Talk about a great ride.

BRIAN:

Po' Boy Condom.
It's a terrific condom.
Although it does burn a bit because
it's covered in Cajun spices.
It'll put a blister
on your po' boy.
Brian, what's the nickname for your
penis whenever you wear a Po' Boy?
Fat Tuesday.
Wait a minute. I've got it.
- "The Rigid Ghost."

- RON:

Ah, it's the best damn
rubber on the market.
Hah, I got four of my seven illegitimate
children using this condom.
Uh, but, Brian, isn't that the

whole point of wearing a condom?
To not impregnate the woman?
Well, you know the old expression.
"Nope."

(THEME MUSIC PLAYING)

Thank you, Ron,
and happy St. Patrick's Day
to all of our Native
American friends.
On the big map...
Where's my map?
There's no map, it's just green.
No, there's a map there.

Look at the monitor.

Right. Oh. (WHIMPERS)

Ron, where's my legs?

- Where are my legs?

- Your legs are there.

I don't have any legs, Ron.

I don't even know how

I'm standing up.

Brick, your legs are fine.

The color of your

pants just matches...

Ron, I don't have any legs!

(SOBBING)

The Chroma-Key behind you.

Ninety-three?

Ninety-three?

(CONTINUES SOBBING)

Relax.

(SCREAMING)

And after I received my Masters
in Journalism from Columbia,
I got a job with the London
bureau for ABC News.

Wow, London.

You're so impressive, and I've only
been out of the United States twice.

A handful of times in Mexico,
and then the second time I left the
country, we went to Salem, Oregon.

Mr. Burgundy, are you nervous?

God, yes.

Did I scare you by
coming on so strong?
A little bit, sure.
- Look, it's not that you're not attractive...
- Mmm-hmm?
It's just I'm a
little old-fashioned.
- Well, I am a modern woman.
- Mmm.
And let me tell you, when I see
something that I want, I go for it.
Can I ask you a question?
Mmm-hmm.
Is that your foot between my legs?
No.
Oh. I'm sorry.
It was my hand.
So...
We're going to do this, aren't we?
We most definitely
are gonna do this.
I feel a little awkward,
because I'm...
(LOUDLY) I'm about to have
sex with a black lady!
(IN NORMAL VOICE)
I'm sorry! I'm sorry.
- Mmm.
- That's not the way
I like to handle my business.
When I get nervous, I sometimes lose
control of the volume of my voice.
Well, I don't mind, because
I am going to have you tonight.
Then let's leave (LOUDLY)
and go have interracial sex!
(WHISPERING) Sorry.
(R&B MUSIC PLAYING)
This is the nicest soda machine
anyone's ever taken me to.
The beauty of this soda machine
pales in comparison to your beauty.
Can I ask you a personal question?
I'm not sure what that is, but yes.

Have you ever kissed anyone?
Do faces on the TV screen and Planet
of the Apes action figures count?
Of course.
Then, yes.
I have kissed Angie
Dickinson and Dr. Zaius.
I've only kissed
people in my dreams.
So, I've only kissed a tiny dragon
and a woman with her hair on fire.
I don't have a lot of experience with
kissing, but I do know one thing...
Always get your teeth involved.
I think I'm ready to maybe
try that kiss thing now.
Hello, Ms. Jackson.
I didn't mean to scare you.
Mr. Allenby, I wasn't
expecting you to...
Yeah, no, I know. Neither was I.
But then I heard about
this little story
that Ron Burgundy and Brian
Fantana are running.
You see, some of the
planes from my airline
have had parts falling
off them lately.
Is it a problem? Yeah.
Is it being fixed?
I don't know, probably.
But if that story runs,
then Koala stock will plummet.
We can't just pull the story.
That would be unethical.
We own the news.
We can do whatever we want.
That's one of the perks.
It's called "synergy." One
company working with another.
To synergy.
You seem a little
quiet, I must say.

Just so you know, I'm absolutely fine
with going to this family dinner.
They're going to love you.
Mmm. This is delicious!
So...
How long have you and
Linda been dating?
- Mother.
- (CHUCKLING)
Oh.
No, it's all right. It's
a logical question.
Urn...
Ours is a new love,
but it burns very brightly.
And it gets hot and
sweaty and stanky.
There's some stank on that love.
What... What are
you talking about?
Let's put it this way,
I be busting nuts like a squirrel.
Oh, now, we don't have conversations
like that over dinner.
(WHISPERING) What are you doing?
I'm addressing the white
elephant in the room.
I'm breaking down the barriers
of race by assimilation.
- That's all I'm doing.
- Well, you're coming off like a jerk.
I think it's going well.

LINDA'S FATHER:

If you haven't noticed,
we don't converse like that.
Okay, okay.
Look at big papa down here.
He's saying to himself,
"Shit! Look at this honky.
"Sittin' at my table, eatin' my food.
In my house? Touching my daughter?"
I have.
- I have touched your daughter.

- LINDA:

We have done things, Papa.
You ain't gonna like.
You ain't gonna like it none!
Oh, my goodness!
I mean, I'm just a guy
from Terre Haute, Indiana
with a big ol' dick and a fat wallet
and a spleef the size of a baby arm.
Just looking for someone
who wants to smoke it.
Let's get some smoke going
in this place, right?
This ain't no Super Fly.
What is your problem, man?
Linda, I don't understand
what you are doing with him.
Oh, you know what
I'm comin' at you with,
you big black mother of Linda.
Mix it up in a pot!
- Makin' it spicy!
- Oh, my Lord.
- Hey.
- In the back, cooking up chitlins.
Big ol' titties. Big ol' titties.
Excuse me?
- That's my mama, man.

- RON:

Wave your hands in the air.
Wave your hands in the air
like you just don't care.
Please, don't do this.
Now, which one of you
pipe-hittin' bitches
- can pass me the mashed potatoes?
- (ALL GASPING)

RON:

could've gone any better.

LINDA:

No, I'm not! I had a
wonderful evening!
My dad was kicking you in the head!
I thought it was like
being jumped into a gang.
Only with dinner guests!
You called my family
"pipe-hittin' bitches"!
I hate to pin it on you, but
you did invite me to dinner.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
- No, I'm sorry.
- I just...
I'm just under a lot of
stress because Allenby,
he doesn't want you to do the story
that you're doing for sweeps.
"Death From Above."
It's an excellent story.
Wonderful expose.
Listen, Ron.
Have you ever heard of synergy?
So your morn thought
we should get together,
spend a little time.
She doesn't think I connect
with you as a child.
Can you believe that bullshit?
(SCOFFS)
Oh! This is hard.
Things you say to a 6-year-old...
Oh! Guess what?
I slept with a black woman.
- What?
- Nothing.
Dad, do you like Spider-Man?
Nope. Don't care for him.
Never have.
Don't like the mask, the costume,
the get-up, the webs. Uh-uh.
He comes off like a real dickhead.
Real poser.
What's a poser?
A poser is Gary.

That's what a poser is.
By the way, how is that shitheel?
What's a shitheel?
A shitheel is a real fun term
that you should call Gary
every time you see him.
When he wakes you up for breakfast,
say, "Good morning, shitheel."
He'll probably give
you \$5 or some candy.
- Does that sound good?
- Yeah.
You're a shitheel, Dad.
(LAUGHS) Good.
You should just call Gary that.
'Cause it makes him really happy.
It makes me sort of happy,
but it makes him really happy.
- Dad.
- Huh?
Sometimes I hear sounds at night
and I get scared.
I think there's a
ghost in my closet.
Now, you listen to me, son.
There is no such thing as ghosts.
Case closed.
So what's real that's scary?
You really want to know the one
thing you should be afraid of?
Yes, I really do.
Voodoo.
- Voodoo?
- Yes, voodoo.
That shit will mess you up.
And it is 100% real.
Promise me that you'll
never go to Haiti.
I promise, Dad.
This was good. I enjoyed
spending time with you.
Me, too, Dad.
And hey. Do you want to
go to Haiti sometime?

- No.
- Good. Good.
(YELLING) What did you tell him
I didn't tell him anything.
He hasn't slept for four days, Ron!
Everywhere we go, he asks
me if we're going to Haiti!
What does that even mean?
I am so sick and tired that you've
sheltered him from the evils of voodoo.
You need to learn to connect
with him in a healthy way!
Let me ask you something, and I'm
not trying to be funny here.
Are you sure he's not a midget
with a learning disability?
He is seven years old, Ron.
- All right.
- Now listen to me.
He has a science fair tomorrow, at

8:

I will be there. All right?
Now, who do you have
for sweeps week?
I'm not discussing work
with you, Ron, okay?
Just be there at the
science fair tomorrow.
Fine!
Well, they're calling it the
interview of the decade.
Veronica Corningstone will
sit down with Yasser Arafat.
Yasser who?
The head of the PLO and some say the
key to peace in the Middle East.
Of course, Ms. Corningstone
is the ex-wife of Ron Burgundy,
so you know that's got to be
a little stinger for Ronny.
Tony Danza's scrotum!
Well, that'll do it for
all of us here at GNN.

Thank God for the events,
thank me for the news.
I'm Dick Phuk.
We're going to get crushed
in ratings. Just crushed.
I really thought we had
a chance this time.
What about my "Death
From Above" story?
You better ask Ron about that.
We're pulling that story, Brian.
What? Why?
I worked hard on that story.
It was my call, all right, Brian?
Just let it go. It's synergy.
What does that mean?
Take it easy, Ron.
We got further than
anybody thought we would.
We'll get 'em next time.
You take it easy!
I'm not in this to finish second!
I think Champ is just saying...
I know what he was trying
to say, Brian, okay?
And it doesn't surprise me
that you guys don't care.
Let's face it, I'm the
one who gets the ratings.
I'm starting to wonder what
you clowns actually do.
Chani likes clowns.
Except for the scary ones.
Shut up, Brick!
Just shut up for once!
(VOICE BREAKING) Ron yelled at me.
You're damn right I yelled at you!
You don't yell at Brick.
Are you still smoking crack?
No.
I only smoked crack that one time.
That's a lie. I've done
it six more times.
You made Brick cry.

(SOBBING)

You've gone ratings crazy, Ron.

But seriously, do you have
any more of that crack left?

You know what, Ron?

We're a news team,
and that's a bond for life.

But I don't like the
man you've become.

You know, we were happy
when you found us.

Right?

I was taking pictures of pussies,
Champ was serving bats to people,
and Brick was dead.

We took a gamble. Took a
gamble to follow you here.

But I'm starting to realize,
this was all about you,
and beating Veronica at all costs.

Had nothing to do with the news,
nothing to do with the team.

Brian, don't.

You know, I might not
be the smartest guy,
but I know a thing or two
about a thing or two.

I know that if you're pleasuring
a woman down south,
you use your tongue to
spell out the alphabet.

Around the bubble.

Around her bubble.

- The vulva!

- The Volvo.

I know that "synergy" is a
completely made-up word.

I know that washing your
hands is for nerds.

Especially if you
don't mind pinkeye.

And I know that, no matter what,
you always stand by your friends.
You'll have to excuse me, Brian.

I've got a sore back
from carrying your ass around
for the last 15 years.
You know what, Burgundy?
I think your mouth is writing
checks that your body isn't...
Can't even... Do anything with.
(GROANS)
Fine, go! I don't need you!
I'll do the news by myself!
Tonight I interview
Yasser Arafat...
- This is terrible.
- ...the secretive head of the PLO.
- We're on in 20, Ron, 20.
- All right.
You ready?
What's that?
Oh, that's nothing.
It's just a car chase on the
satellite feed from Milwaukee.
You know what?
Give it to me live to
start the broadcast.
No. That's not news, Ron.
Give it to me live, okay?
And don't question me again.
Bill!

NARRATOR:

- the modern viewer...
- Here we go.
...reporting on a car chase
may seem commonplace...
- Three, two...
- ...but in 1980, it was unheard of.
Good evening. I'm Ron Burgundy,
reporting live from New York.
We have breaking news developing
in our nation's heartland.
A high-speed car chase
is in progress...
Keep the "Breaking News" logo.
Keep up the graphics.

Reaching speeds of
100 miles per hour.
And for the first time in news
history, we will stay with it live
until it resolves in either a huge
accident or a massive shootout.

WOMAN:

Hurry. Get in here!
There's a car chase on the news!

WALTER:

GARY:

Are you a little upset?
Do you want to do that thing where
we sort of talk about our feelings?
- Oh, God, no.
- Okay.

RON:

going on in our country right now.
Freddie, what's going on?
Why is there a local
car chase on the TV?
It's Burgundy. He insisted!
Can't you see what the
son of a bitch is doing?
We didn't have a story,
so he made one.
You can't do that!
Tell Ron to speculate
who's driving the car.
Ron, speculate on who's
driving the car.
Uh, we believe the
driver may be on drugs.
He's probably 6'7 ", 6'8".
But a skinny 6'7 ", 6'8".
About 160.
He may have a hostage or two.
Uh, we don't know. He could have...
The phone lines are lighting up.
It's about the chase!

I've never seen anything like it!
Mr. Arafat, is there any scenario
by which peace could be
reached with Israel?

ARAFAT:

in my heart. I am committed to...
What was... Excuse me.
What happened to the...
The network cut to another
developing story.
Some kind of crazy car chase.
Who covers a car chase?
I am sitting here with the most important
interview of my entire career,
and they're cutting to a car chase?
I would like to watch
the car chase.
You need to shut your mouth.

RON:

Oh! Oh! He just hit a car!
He just hit a car!
He hit a car! Did you see that?
- He hit a car!

- RON:

- He hit the car!
- He hit the car!
- When did the news get awesome?
- (ALL WHOOPING)

RON:

That's exactly what we needed.
It was getting a little boring...
Hey. You did a great job.
Thanks, Gary.
I don't think your dad's coming.
I'm sorry, honey,
but I think we need to go.
Stop reading my mind!
All right.
(SIGHS)
I mean, this is what I worry about.

WALTER:

Did you do that with your mind?

GARY:

WALTER:

We're just getting word that police
have finally apprehended the suspect.

It turns out that he is an elderly
gentleman, he's 80 years old,

- and he was simply confused.

- Unbelievable.

I'm Ron Burgundy.

Don't just have a great night,
have an American night.

And we are clear!

Yes!

RON:

All right!

I don't believe it!

You did it, Ron!

Oh, my goodness. Thanks, Freddie.

RON:

It was a team effort.

It really was.

KENCH:

we all know there's one reason
that GNN has gotten to the top.

And that reason is the greatest
bloody newsman in the world.

Long may he reign!

- Mr. Ron Burgundy!

- (CROWD CHEERING)

Yeah, Ron! Yeah!

(PLAYING LIVELY TUNE)

LINDA:

(BAND PLAYING DISCO MUSIC)

(CROWD CHEERING)

Let's blaze.

Yeah. To hell with Ron Burgundy.
We did it, my onyx hellion.
You're magic.
Ron, you should see
what you're doing!
(CONTINUE PLAYING DISCO MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

Icarus, full of the folly that
comes with pride, flew too high
and the sun melted his wings.
Burgundy's fame was bigger
than he ever imagined.
And the fall was dizzying.
(ALL GASPING)
(SCREAMS)

LINDA:

Ron!
Open the bloody gate.

WOMAN:

Will somebody call an ambulance?
- Do not die in front of us!
- (PEOPLE CLAMORING)
Do not die in front of us!
Stay classy, Ron Burgundy.

MAN:

Damn it, Milton, what is it?

BRANGLEY:

I, um...
it looks as if both optic nerves
are separated from their
respective corneas.
- What?
- No other way to put this, but...
You're blind.
Milton, I'm an anchorman.
I read the news off the
teleprompter. It's what I do!
How will I live?
I'm no career counselor, but there

are many things you can do.
Be an oracle, or a mystic.
Clearly, there must be something
in this new-fangled office
of yours that can help me!
- Settle down.
- There's got to be something in here!
- Settle down!
- (SHOUTING)
Zombies! Zombies!
Ahh!
If you get my hands
on me, I'll kill you.

NARRATOR:

The world of the blind.
Ron Burgundy, a man who had
flourished in a visual medium,
had forever entered
this realm of darkness.
(SINGING) Always lonely
Always looking
To get even with the
men who did him wrong
That was Billy
- (BARKING)
- (KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Who is it?
Ron, it's us!

RON:

famished from your travels.
I hope you like Triscuits
and some pimento loaf.
Still hot off the griddle!
There we go.
Well, everyone at the station
really misses you, Ron.
Jack Lime's been filling in for
you since you've been gone.
You know, he's really not
such a bad guy after all.
Ha-ha.
He goes by Jack Lam now.

Well, he shouldn't be doing that.
He should be going by Jack Lame.
Brick!
Brick.
That's checkers and caulk.
Don't eat that.
What about Linda?
She hasn't called.
Linda's pretty busy.
Ron, I'm going to need your recipe.
So, Ron, what do you do
with yourself all day?
You're just out here pretty
much away from everything.
Well, every day begins
about the same.
I wake up screaming in terror
because of the blackness
and I think I'm dead.
Every day?
Yes! Every day!
And then I begin what's
called The Great Adventure.
Making breakfast.
I've eaten everything from
nails to drink coasters.
One time I bit hard
into a marble ashtray,
thinking it was a savory waffle.
I wanted that waffle so bad!
Completely shattered my teeth.
Couldn't you tell the ashtray
wasn't hot like a waffle?
No! I couldn't! Because I'm blind!
I'm not blind 23 hours
a day or 22 hours a day,
I'm blind the whole goddamn time!
Do you have any idea what it's like
to drink a half a bottle of ketchup
thinking it was a bottle of
1946 Chateaufort-du-Pape?
I even decanted it!
If you drank half a bottle
of that, that's like...

That's like nine or ten gulps.
I mean, you couldn't tell
that was ketchup?
Did I stutter?
I'm ba-lind!
You're having a tough
time, Ron, I know.
You know what the
biggest indignity is?
I can't even masturbate!
Why?
Heck, one morning,
I spent 20 minutes
aggressively rubbing my shin,
wondering, "Where's the sensation?
"Where's the pleasure coming?"
You rubbed your shin
thinking it was a penis?
I know you think I'm
stupid, don't you?
The weirdo who lives
in the weird lighthouse
in the middle of nowhere.
Ron, it was your choice to
live in a "weird lighthouse."
You know why I live here?
Let me say it real
slow and real loud.
I'm
blind!
I guess we should get out of here.
Maybe you should go. Yes.
Why don't you guys get out of here!
Despite my complete
and utter isolation,
your gentlemen's visit has
actually made it worse!
Goodbye, Ron.
What?
- No, don't go!
- (DOOR CLOSSES)
Please! Wait! I'm all alone!
Come back!
Wait! Come back!

Come back!
(SOBBING)
I'm alone!
Why have you done this
to me, God? Why?
Couldn't you have cured a sick
child or created a new animal?
But, no, you had to make
Ron Burgundy blind!
(SOBBING)

VERONICA:

thought that I would see
the Ron Burgundy full
of so much self-pity.
Who is it? What is that noise?
Take my hand.
I can't see it!
Reach for it, Ron!
You have to learn to
do for yourself now.
All right. This... Okay.
Here we go.
Get up. There we go.
Cher, is that you?
You can't recognize me by my voice?
Jan-Michael Vincent?
Really?
Every news station is
copying what you did, Ron.
All the stories are about animals,
or car chases or strip clubs.
The genie has been let
out of the bottle,
and old Ron Burgundy
popped the cork.
- That's why I quit WBC News.
- What?
There's no real news
being reported out there.
It's just all about ratings.
Veronica.
Why are you here?
I'm here for our son, Ron.

Walter needs you.
I need you to start taking
responsibility for him and for yourself.
Do you realize you're
talking to a man
who just this morning tried to brush
his teeth with a live lobster?
What?
You would've known the second
that you touched it...
I'm just saying it's not
going to be a cakewalk.
Well, then we best get to it.
Now, drink your tea.
- Oh!
- (CUP SHATTERS)
Let me get a sponge. I'll get it.
All right. No, no, just stay there.
I'll have it cleaned up in a jiffy.
Let's try this again.
- Did you throw it?
- Yes, I threw it.
Just remember the curves.
The curves.
- The green eyes.
- Green eyes.
You have to use your
other senses now!
I can't do it!
- (BAXTER BARKING)
- Baxter found something on the beach!
Ron, be careful!
- (BARKING)

- **RON:**
- Walter, what is it?
- It's some kind of fish!
Oh, my goodness!
If he stays tangled in this net,
he's not going to survive.
Walter, sweetheart, it's a shark.
Son.
Don't you worry,
we won't let this fellow die.

We'll do it together, Dad.

RON:

there until he's strong enough
to swim out to the deep ocean.
Can I name him?
Of course you can, son.
What about Crackers?
Give me a goddamned break.
Seriously, you've got one of the
most vicious predators in the ocean,
you're gonna name him "Crackers"?
In the future when you say I can name
something, don't be a dick about it.
Why don't we do this?
Let's name him Doby.
You talk all that smack and that's
the best name you come up with?
Well, we're not gonna get
any better than that.
I mean, you obviously can't name
him anything that sounds good.
How about we forget about this whole
name thing and you go straight to hell?
Well, I don't know what to do.
We might as well poison the
water and let him die.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Let's just go with Doby.
Fine, then it's settled. It's Doby.
We'll call him Doby even
though no one likes it.
All right, I can live with that.
- (BARKING)
- (RON LAUGHS)
Don't worry, Baxter. We won't
feed him your dog food.
(BOTH LAUGHING)

NARRATOR:

Burgundy had lost his sight,
he had never seen so clearly.
(GASPS) You did it!

NARRATOR:

Doby grew, so did Ron's heart.
It's just a bunch of
crazy lines, isn't it?
No. It's beautiful.
It's beautiful.
What about Gary?
We split up two weeks ago.
He was too emotionally stable.
It was so annoying!

NARRATOR:

the passing of the seasons,
it came time for Doby to return
to the deep waters he
was meant to call home.
I hear his tail splashing!
He's actually swimming away!
Is he looking back for
us over his shoulder?
Sharks don't have shoulders, Ron.
No, he just swam away,
and he's instantly
looking for fish to eat.
He was my best friend.
You
Swam with strength
You
Loved with grace
You touched us all
With your expressionless
Face
Doby, oh, Doby
May you find many treasures
Both emotional and monetary
You were wise and loving
and never contrary
Doby
Oh, Doby
I'll never forget thee

CHORUS:

Oh, Doby
I'll never forget thee

Promise you'll always
be there for me, Dad?
I promise.
If I say I'll be there for you,
there's nothing on God's
earth that will stop me.
I love you, Dad.
Let's get back up to the
lighthouse, all right?
- Come on.
- Okay.
Let's go.
I hope you eat lots of fish
and people, Doby.
Oh, there you are.
I found the most beautiful
clams down by the estuary.
I thought we could
steam them up tonight
with a nice butter sauce
and some wine.
(SIGHS)
Veronica.
Yes, Ron?
Can you explain this?
(BEEPS)
Ron, this is Dr. Brangley.
I've left dozens of messages.
Somehow, they must
be getting erased.
But there is a procedure that
can possibly return your sight.
Please get back to me
if you're interested. (BEEPS)
Well? Have you been
erasing these messages?
Yes. Ron, just let me explain.
How could you?
We've never been this happy,
and I just thought that...
Thought that if I could see again,
that somehow I couldn't
love you and Walter anymore?
- Yes!

- (GROWLS)

Damn you, woman! (YELLING)

(SCREAMS) You lied to me!

I gave you everything!

I gave you my heart, my smile,
my seed.

And you lied to me.

- **WALTER:**

- Sweetheart.

No! Dad!

Don't leave, Dad!

- Dad!

- Walter, just...

Sweetheart, we have to let him go.

(CAR ENGINE STARTS)

He needs to go free.

Just like Doby.

He'll be back. He promised.

(CAR CRASHING)

RON:

a damn cab? I'm blind!

Of course!

BRANGLEY:

Ron, the operation was a success.

But we won't know for sure

until we remove the bandages.

Well?

Yes.

I can see.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

Oh, God, oh, God.

It's Ron Burgundy, everyone!

You are my inspiration.

Oh, well, thank you.

Welcome back, Ron.

Thanks. Thanks, Bri-man.

Good luck in Vietnam.

Brick.

Brick and I are having a baby!

We're gonna name him

Tortilla Jackson.

- All right.
- I'm 22 months pregnant.

KENCH:

Well, get over here, you bastard.
Got you a drink, Ron. Come on.
Uh, hold on to that drink.
I just want to grab some air.
(SIGHS)
(DOOR OPENING)
(EXHALES)
How you doing there?
Oh.
I'm fine. Just, uh...
(CHUCKLES)
Just a lot of people in there.
Listen, Ron, I'm sorry that
I never called or visited.
There's no need to explain.
But, listen, I mean, you're back.

VERONICA:

What are you doing here?
I had to come tell you
something very important.
You must be Linda Jackson.
You must be Veronica.
Yes, I am. It's a pleasure.
This is a touching moment for me.
Please, don't take
this the wrong way,
but if you touch Ron again,
I will shoot you in the
cooch with a B.B. gun.
Oh! You can talk big all you want,
but guess what, this
kitten's got claws, bitch.
- (RON CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)
- Don't mess with me, Linda,
because this "White Thunder"
rolls deep and it rolls nasty.
I was feeling a little bit down,
but this is definitely
picking up my mood.

Well, I guess I'll
leave you two alone.
And it's been an absolute
pleasure, Ms. Corningstone.
This has been great.
Do you guys want to
kiss real quick?
Ron. Read the room.
I'll take that as a no.
Bye, Linda.
I know why you haven't been
returning my messages.
I wasn't calling for me, I was calling
because Walter has a piano recital
in half an hour at the Tishman
School on 65th Street.
And he wrote a piece for you, Ron.
Aw, Walter.
It would mean the absolute
world to him to have you there.
Ron, I just got a call
from the control room! Oh, big fan.
Actress Sheila Blackledge,
the mom from the hit sitcom
Four's a Family, Five's a Crowd,
she just found out her
husband cheated on her
and she severed his
penis while he slept!
Oh, my goodness.
The police arrived.
She fled in her white Bronco,
and now they're engaged
in a high-speed car chase!
We've got an exclusive
on the live feed,
but we've got to go, right now!
Ron, this can be your comeback.
- Veronica, I...
- No, Ron. No.
That will get sky-high ratings.
- Walter will understand.
- Walter will understand.
Go.

FREDDIE:

- **RON:**

- Come on!

- **LINDA:**

- Yes, yes.

You're coming in loud and clear.

You're back and you get this story.

- This is gonna be huge.

- Right.

So, is it good to be back home?

Um, yeah, I feel good.

- God, look at him.

- (LAUGHING)

Like a beacon in the night!

My golden goose.

LINDA:

So I'm just gonna be
giving you the details.

- **RON:**

- Five, four,
three, two...

(THEME MUSIC PLAYING)

Good evening, America.

After some time off,

it's good to be back with you.

I'm Ron Burgundy.

We have a story tonight

involving an affair,

a cut-off penis, a TV

star and a car chase.

And throw it to the feed.

The only problem is...

- What's he doing?

- Ron, are you okay?

- It's not news.

- What?

Turn off the prompter.

Ron, this is Kench.

What the hell do you

think you're doing, mate?
Just read what's in front of you,
or I will ruin you! Don't!
Don't! You leave Kench
inside your head!
- God damn it!
- He took out his earpiece.
You see, folks, I've read
a lot of news in my day,
but it's... It's taken me until now
to realize what real news is.
Real news is supposed
to let people know
what the powerful are up to, so that
that power doesn't become corrupt.
But what happens when the
powerful own the news?
Ugh! You piece of shit!
Shit. He's blowing
the whole thing up.
Recently, I've been on a
bit of a personal journey.
I made love to a proud,
intelligent black woman.
I became blind.
I bottle-fed and raised a shark.
And I smoked a fair
amount of crack.
But the most important thing I've learned
is that there was an emptiness left
after turning my back on three of the
best friends anyone could ever ask for.
Hi, Ron!
So, if you'll excuse me,
I'm going to see my child's recital
and tell the woman I love
that I still love her.
Good night, America,
and never forget,
you deserve the truth.
Good. He's dead, done.
Linda, get the skirt in,
the blonde. Anyone!
He's coming back!

Oh, also, one other thing.
Koala Airlines is a
really shitty airline.
You son of a bitch!
You son of a bitch!
Guys, I'm sorry.
For a while there, I don't know
what became of Ron Burgundy.
Brick, I'm sorry I yelled at you.
Brian, I...
No reason why I killed
that story of yours.
It was excellent reporting.
And, Champ, I'm sorry
I said no to all those
offers for late-night
deep-tissue rubdowns.

BRICK:

But you have fallen victim to
your own ego and your own hubris.
And before others can forgive you,
you must learn to forgive yourself.
What was that, Brick?
I'm wearing two pairs of pants.
Thank you.
So that's it, huh?
You're sorry?
You know what, Burgundy?
Apologies are like assholes.
Everyone's got one
and everyone's got a shoebox full
of Polaroids of them under the bed.

CHAMP:

We need you.
Let him go, Champ.
(SOBBING)
Ron!
Long live Ron Burgundy!
I'm Brick Tamland for GNN News.
The itsy bitsy spider
went up the water spout.
You little hack!

Huh? Who the hell do
you think you are?
After everything I've done for you,
this is how you repay me?
Well, I will crush you!
(GRUNTS)
Once again, Mr. Burgundy,
you are the ballsiest white
man I've ever known.
What the hell?
One more for old times' sake.
Thank you.
Is Dad going to come?
No, sweetheart, Daddy has to work.
He's going to come. I know it.
Taxi!
Taxi! Taxi!
Damn it!
It's so hard for a proud Mexican
to get a taxi in this city!
I need to see my son!
And now, to play an original composition
that he wrote for his father,
here is seven-year-old
Walter Burgundy.
(APPLAUSE)
I made a promise!
I made a promise to my son!
What the hell?
Well, hello, Ron.
You out for a jog?
Jack Lime!
Where's everyone going?
Please. I don't have time to talk, okay?
I have to be somewhere.
Well, that's funny.
'Cause I got nowhere to be
because you pretty much
destroyed my career.
Do you realize what it did to me,
by making me call myself Jack Lime?
It was a living hell!
(PANTING)
I'm telling you,

you have to let me go!
Oh, don't worry. Four against one.
This will be over fast.
Maybe not so fast!
My news team. Thank God!
Ain't a day that will be or has been
that we don't have Ron Burgundy's back.
Not a problem. When I'm
done with these mutts,
I'm gonna wipe my
shoes on the curb.
Oh, yeah, Jack Lime?
When I'm done with you,
my mom's going to pick
me up and take me home.

BBC NEWS ANCHOR:

Here's a headline for you.
"Moronic Yank Wankerman
"Gets a Bloody Good Hiding
From News Reader
"From a Superior Country."
For we are the BBC News Service.
(ALL YELLING)
No. Not now.
Fall back, fall back.
If y'all are gonna get down,
then Wesley Jackson and
the MTV News crew want in.
What's MTV?
I think it's a venereal disease.
The most requested
video of the day?
A new band called Burgundy's
Sucking Chest Wound.
(ALL YELLING)
It wouldn't be a battle
without Jill Janson.
And Wendy Van Peele
from Entertainment News.
Entertainment news
is an abomination!
Who are you wearing today?
Oh, look, it's your own blood!

Today's celebrity birthdays...

None.

Today's celebrity deaths...

All you dick-licks.

I like the way they're
put together.

I like fighting girls.

I like to cunt punt cowboys.

- You eat pussy?

- You're gonna.

Hey!

There's not gonna be any
fight without Scott Riles
and the incredibly polite
Canadian News team.

(ALL YELLING)

What about the French-speaking
Quebec News?

The real voice of Canada!

Give it a rest, eh?

Give me a break!

They can't have news.

Nothing happens in Canada!

We're gonna mop the floor with you!

- We're gonna put the boots to you! Sorry.

- Sorry.

We're gonna gouge your eyes out!

And kick your head in!

BOTH:

I like your ginger ale!

Jeff Bullington, ESPN, all sports.

Tonight's play of the day is me,
extracting your spine
from your dead body.

Holy shit, there's a lot of news!

It's true, the market
is becoming saturated.

Hey. The History Network wants
in on this. We're news, too.

Only news told much, much later.

(ALL YELLING)

Wait a minute. Is that the ghost
of Stonewall Jackson with you?

Yes, it is. And the
mighty Minotaur.

(GROWLS)

I don't know about this, man.
The Minotaur isn't even history!
He's mythology!

(ROARING)

Let's not downplay the fact
that that's the ghost
of Stonewall Jackson!

(ECHOING) May the Lord anoint
this hallowed field of battle.

You guys got room in this
battle for an old war horse?

Mack Tannen! What
are you doing here?

You're too old for this.

Well, you see, there's the thing.

When there's an early moon,
I almost feel like a stallion again!
He's on our side, right, Ron?

(GROWLING)

He's a were-hyena!

I'm-a call Michael Jackson.

I got a video idea.

All right, everyone, listen up!

By virtue of being on this
battlefield, there is no return.

People will die.

I'm so horny right now.

RON:

In some cases, lasting
friendships will be made.

And as usual, no touching
of the hair and face.

Come on. What do we
look like, rookies?

- Sorry.

- Sorry.

When El Troustias,
maiden of the clouds,
blows the battle horn,
let the battle begin!

I am El Troustias!
Hear my siren song!
- (PLAYING)
- El Troustias...
The Juicies'. Hmm.
That means you can start.
Brick, what the hell is that?
It's a gun from the future.
No fair! He's got a
gun from the future!
Where did you get it from?
(LAUGHING)
(PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC)
In the name of the King,
the Queen and St. George.
Huzzah!
(ALL YELLING)
(ALL GRUNTING)
(YELLS)
Guess you didn't see that coming.
Twenty degrees right.
Fill that gap!
Fall upon your swords!
Life has no meaning! (LAUGHS)
There will be a mint julep
waiting on the other side, son.
Release your soul to me.
(CONTINUES PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC)
(CANNON FIRING)
(ROARING)
Sorry!
CANADIAN ANCHORS: Sorry! Sorry!

BRIAN:

(GRUNTS)
(ROARS)
(ALL COUGHING)
(LAUGHING)
(ALL SCREAMING)
It's the ghost of
Stonewall Jackson!
Everyone, it's the ghost
of Stonewall Jackson!
Why do we have to fight?

There's so much
I could learn from you.
(GRUNTING)
In the name of Margaret Thatcher...
- No!
- I sentence you to death!

RON:

Oh!
What in the name of Dan Issel?
Gary!
Yes, Ron.
You and I never got along.
But using the power of my mind,
I was able to see in the future
that you would do good.
- Now, go.

- RON:

Go to your son's recital.
I knew you had mind powers!
And make it the greatest
day of your life!
Almighty, Almighty,
light the fuse on my call.
Thirty-niner-niner-14,
cook these fools.
I repeat, cook these fools.
We've got to get out of here.
There's too much news!
Man, what a rush!
The monster's my friend!
Ron, we can still make
your kid's recital!
(LAUGHS) Hey, Ronny.
Jack Lime, please, I just want
to get to my son's recital.
No! That is out of the question!
We're outnumbered, Ron.
Foam the runway, I'm coming in hot!
(TIRES SCREECHING)
(SINGING) Old MacDonald had a farm
And then four guys
on bikes showed up.

Wes Mantooth and the
Channel Nine news team!
Hey, what the hell are
you guys doing here?
This is a national news fight.
You made one mistake today.
You messed with somebody
from San Diego.
It's actually pronounced San Diago.
Hell, Ron and I may not
agree on everything,
but we share the bond of being
from the greatest city in
the history of this Earth.
(LAUGHING)
Well, ain't that cute?
But you're outnumbered
three-to-one.
Why don't you go back to your mama?
Don't you use my
mom's name in vain.
Dorothy Mantooth was a
hard-working single woman
who raised seven
children on her own,
and she remained sexually
active till the day she died.
She brought pole dancing
into the mainstream.
Now here's the thing.
While I've been talking,
my news team has emptied
their gas tanks at your feet.
I drop this smoke and every
one of you goes "poof."
Well, you forgot one
thing, leatherman.
You drop that smoke, you die, too.
(LAUGHING)
With the things I've
done in my life,
oh, I know I'm going
to burn in hell.
So I sure as shit ain't afraid

to burn here on Earth.
Oh, my goodness!
That's the most badass
thing I have ever heard.
All right!
Looks like this fight's over.
(SIGHS)
Let's go, boys.
Yay! We won! Let's celebrate!
Sparklers!
- No, no, no, Brick!

- ALL:

(CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYING)
(MUSIC ENDS)
(ALL APPLAUDING)
- Bravo! Bravo.
- Yeah. Whoo!
Dad!
Son, I fought a
Minotaur to be here.
And I'd do it again.
Dad! Together we can defeat voodoo!

NARRATOR:

learned how to love his son
and his wife more than his career.
And as it turned out,
his walking off the news
was the highest-rated
TV event of the year.
He and his news team,
along with Veronica,
could have any job they wanted.
But before that, they had one
little thing to take care of.
And now, before I join this
couple in holy matrimony,
Brick and Chani ask us to join them
as they exchange their vows.
My dearest Brick.
Everything I have is yours.
My four lawnmowers. My sister.
My 35 ferrets. My massive student

loan and real estate debt.
It's all yours.
Oh, Chani.
I will never forget the
exact moment I saw you.
My pee-pee got all uncomfortable
in my pants, and I thought,
"Here comes the warm milkshake
out of the tip of my belly stick."
Wait! Look!
Walter, Walter, honey, shh!
Look in the water!
It's Doby!
Oh, my God.
It's Doby! Doby!

VERONICA:

He's not your friend!
Doby!

CHAMP:

VERONICA:

(SINGING) Old friends
Old friends
Doby!
Sat on their park
bench like bookends
Oh, my God!
The shark actually recognizes him!
(SCREAMING)

BRIAN:

He's viciously attacking him.
Doby! Doby, it's me! Ron!

NARRATOR:

with love in his heart,
does he truly die?
Absolutely!
But on this day, Ron Burgundy's grapple
with this denizen from the deep
was halted by 28 pounds
of furry providence.

(BARKING)
(ALL SHOUTING)

RON:

(SCREAMS)
Baxter!
(GASPING)
(BARKING)
Baxter!
Baxter! Ah, yes!
- (LAUGHING)
- (BARKING)
I know, I know, I love you, too.
(PANTING)
Oh. Come on.
(CROWD APPLAUDS)
(CROWD CHEERING)
All right, let's do it.
You guys think...
I don't know how to use a computer.

RON:

I just saw Jack Lime out there.
He's a goddamn iceman.
Scared the crap out of me.