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Wake Up, Ron Burgundy: The Lost Movie

By Will Ferrell

Narrator:

epic and grand stories
that are forever lost
in the sands of time,
forgotten or changed
by cruel kings
who can hear only the whispers
of these lost legends.
Right there, Scottie.
Take her down.

Narrator:

become too frightening
for future generations
to impart to their young.
But other stories
are lost to us
because they don't test well
with recruited audiences
or because a movie
is too long
and the story
must be cut for time.
This is one of those tales.
This is the chaff
from the wheat,
the skim from the milk...
the pudding from
the all-you-can-eat lobster buffet,
and the surgeon guy
from Prince & the Revolution.
This is the lost movie
'Wake Up, Ron Burgundy.'
Don't worry, San Diego,
Daddy's here.
Hey, Ron Burgundy!
- You're the best!
- Looking good, San Diego.
I just met Ron Burgundy,
and he gave me a cup!
Hey, Ron Burgundy!
You should do story about me.
You're a riot, Mikos.

Hey, Ron. Bottoms up!
Well, hello, booze.
Peace, brother.
I'm where you're at.
Hey, I like that fanny.
Oh, Mr. Burgundy.
I'm Sue, I'm in the book.

Narrator:

was at the peak of his power
as an anchorman.
I got you, old glory.
Walking tall
and sharing a desk
with his beloved
Veronica Corningstone.
Wait a minute,
who's that handsome devil?

Narrator:

now had a king and a queen,
and they ruled with a mighty,
and sometimes sexy hand.
Veronica, however,
had recently been nominated
for a National Excellence
in Broadcasting Award
and was out of town.
For one night only,
it was just Ron and the boys.
So, Champ, did you
get lucky last night?
Oh, no. Last night--
Oh, I stayed home for a while,
drank about six bottles of white wine,
pissed my pants,
so I drove down to Mexico,
and shot some stray dogs.
You know, pretty much
standard Tuesday night.
Hey, you guys...
what is that word?
- ''Because.''
- Bee-cose...

- Because. Because.
- Is that even a word?
All righty, news team, whose drink
needs a freshening up? Anyone?
Helen, I'll have a Beefeater
and tonic, hold the tonic.
Ron, oh...
I know.
I know I'm bad.
I've been a bad boy.
I know, it's silly.
All right, gang, it's almost 6:00.
Let's do what we're paid to do.
Da, da, da.
Unique New York.
Unique New York.
A tarantula enjoys
a fine chewing gum.

Ron:

Chewing gum, chewing gum.
Snoopy was stabbed by a spear.
The Human Torch
was denied a bank loan.
The arsonist has
oddly-shaped feet.
The arsonist. The arsonist.
Cue it.
Ready, Phil.
We're on in five, four...

Announcer:

It's Channel 4 News at 6:00.
Good evening. I'm Ron Burgundy,
and this is what's happening
in your world tonight.
An international coalition
of countries
has banded together
to investigate and solve
the mystery of the Bigfoot
once and for all.
The conference held
in Munich

included some of the top scientists
from the United States...
Ron Burgundy.
Oh, boy.
If I were only
By that I mean
I'd blow him.
...with some interesting new
and shocking statistics
out of Washington,
here's Brian Fantana
with a report
you won't want to miss.
Tonight, I conclude
my five-part series
on the evils of breast-feeding.
So remember, let's leave
those ho-hos to us big kids, moms.
Well, it looks like it's gonna be
another great weekend.
Here to tell us all about it is
Brick Tamland with the weather. Brick?
Now, it got all the way up to 97
in some of the outlying areas today,
and that, my friend,
is really, really hot.
And I always make
the same plea
every year at this time.
If you've got pets
and you're going to leave them
in the car in this kind of heat,
make sure they have
a lot of chew toys,
and be sure to roll up the window,
so that heat doesn't get into the car.
Lots going on
in the world of sports.
Champ Kind is gonna let us know
what's going down. Champ?
Big night tonight for the Padres
finishing up a three-game
series with the Dodgers.
They lost the game 4-2.

Here's the pitch,
it's a curveball,
and what happens?
I'll tell you what happens.
And... whammy!
Dave Winfield takes
Burt Hooten deep.
Box seven,
let's ready three.
From here at Channel 4 News,
I'm Champ Kind. Back to you, Ron.
There was a special addition today
at the San Diego Zoo
as Linda the giraffe gave birth
to a 42 lb. baby boy.
Officials at the zoo
say the baby giraffe
will be named Freedom.
Looks like the Clippers
might have themselves a new center.
- Man, that's hilarious.
- (all laughing)
For all of us here
at News Center 4,
I'm Ron Burgundy.
You stay classy, San Diego.
All clear.

Ed:

Ron Burgundy scores.
You're my boy.
Hey, Ron,
Deacon Charlie, the weatherman
over at Channel 2 News,
is having a pool party.
Every anchor in town
is gonna be there.
Well, I think it's time
to show the fine gals of this city
what a number-one-rated
news team looks like.
News team!

Narrator:

and another broadcast done,
it was time to do one thing--
socialize... hard.
I couldn't do that.
I couldn't do that.
- Woo!
- Hey, Ron,
- do you know what chlamydia is?
- No, but it sounds like fun.
- Hey, Ron.
- Hey, Garth. How's the divorce?
Oh, not so good.
My kids don't even remember me--
Listen, I don't have time.
You done with that?
I think you are now.
Well, hello, Pete.
You look good. So do you.
Konnichiwa.
- Cannonball!

- Champ:

Orgy!
Sorry, I misread the vibe.
Just go back
to what you were doing.

Narrator:

of this supposed bliss,
trouble can step forward and say,
'Hey! Don't forget about me.'
Everybody get down!
This is a robbery!
We are The Alarm Clock!
- It all begins today!
- Heroes get blasted!
Shoot, I'm havin' a good time!
This is a party! Come on!
It's a revolutionary
sure shot.
We're taking it all back.
Y'all better wake up,
'cause The Alarm Clock's ringin'.
Ding-a-ling-a-ding-ding-dong!

You've got a real reason
to be afraid!
Hurry up!
We are liberating this money
so that the truth can be set free,
and the people of this city
can wake up! Dig it!
We are The Alarm Clock!
Oh, that was one crazy party.
I feel awful.
I had about 70 beers.
I mean, literally.
I ate a whole bunch
of fiberglass insulation.
It wasn't cotton candy
like that guy said.
My stomach's itchy.
I woke up this morning,
and I shit a squirrel.
The hell of it is,
the thing was still alive.
So now I got
this shit-covered squirrel
down there in my office,
don't know what to name it.
You should name him Shawn.

Garth:

let's focus up.
Morning, everyone.
Here are the stories
we're gonna be chasing today.
The radical protest group
called The Alarm Clock
robbed their third bank
this morning.
Let's keep on top of this story.
If it gets any bigger,
the network
could need coverage.

Narrator:

from the airport to the newsroom...
- Hello.

- and Ron's heart nearly leapt
out of his chest when he saw
his sweet, sweet lady.
Oh, Ron,
you are a big deal.
Take me. Take me right now
on this conference table.
It's jazz. It's jazz, baby!
Ron, control yourself!
Not-not with the lights on!

Ron:

Let's make a baby!

Veronica:

This feels sexy!

Ron:

I am engorged!
He's like
an unleashed animal, run!
Put it back in!
No, no, he didn't mean that!
Take it out!
- Look at this.

- Brad:

Must be 20 Gs here,
plenty of money
to start the revolution.
We got enough bread
to arm the people, feed the people,
get people riotous
in the streets.
Know what we should
do with this money?
I think we should buy
a big bag of grass.
What about the revolution?
Our mission...
is clearly stated
in the manifesto.
Where the hell is
that manifesto, man?

I am writing the manifesto.
I'm beginning to start
to think you just here for the --.
You wanna know
what our cause is?
Yeah, we wanna know.

Narrator:

The group was at a crucial juncture.
For months, Paul had put off
writing the manifesto
by smoking skunkweed
and jacking banks.
But now it was time
to state ''the message''
or lose his hold on this band
of dropouts and outsiders.
The TV! That's right!
The TV!
This... this propaganda box,
if we don't control
this propaganda box...
the man... will always
control our minds
and the minds--
the minds of the people.
Just look at some
of the lies they're telling.
Oh, hello.
I'm beloved anchor
Ron Burgundy.
You know, lately I'm hearing
all this talk about kids
smoking pot, or marijuana--
reefer.
Hey, what's the deal with that?
What happened to just getting high
on good old clean life?
Maybe enjoying life
looking at a rainbow,
or sitting underneath a waterfall,
enjoying a big glass of Scotch,
or enjoying a pack of cigarettes
on a hot summer day.

What happened to those
simple pleasures?
Did they die with the dinosaurs
and the Tyrannus rex?
In my book, they didn't.
And there's only one book--
that's the Bible.
So, give it a read
when you got a chance.
Hey, last time I checked,
Bibles were in libraries.
Hey, good night.
The following has been
a public service announcement--
Listen to this shit!
That Ron Burgundy is the devil.
We gotta take back
the airwaves!
Yo, I'm telling you, Ron Burgundy
don't even know the hell awaitin' him.
But he sure is handsome.
Frame up two.
Give me a tighter one on two.
Good evening,
I'm Ron Burgundy.
Here's what's going on
in your world tonight, San Diego.
The group
of bank-robbing radicals
who call themselves
The Alarm Clock
have struck yet again.
Let's go to Brian Fantana
who's live on the scene
with a Channel 4 News exclusive.
Brian?
Police are still baffled by this string
of politically-motivated robberies.
They have little evidence,
and few leads.
- All they can do now is sit and wait--
- What is that stench?!
Smells like a biker threw up
on a pile of rotten shrimp.

Hey, jag-off, why don't you
keep it down? I'm on TV.
Back to you, Ron.
Which proves yet again
that even a blind man
and his pet
Japanese devil owl
can find true happiness
in this world we live in.
Let me take a moment here...
just to collect...
A story like that makes this job
hard and great all at the same time.
A lot of emotion right now.
A lot of emotion.
Well...
that's gonna do it
for all of us here at Channel 4 News--
God, I'm still shook up.
Still shook up.
That's gonna do it
for all of us here at Channel 4 News.
I'm Ron Burgundy.
You stay classy, San Diego.
What's that?
Just a little song I heard,
made me think of a special lady
that I happen to be
driving with right now.
Ron, it's making me very nervous
that you're not looking at the road.
Don't worry.
I know these streets
like the back of my hand.
Mr. Burgundy, please,
would you look at the road?

Woman:

'Cause it's really
making me very, very nervous.
This is a Pontiac Catalina,
by the way.
It really handles well
on the open road.

Mr. Burgundy, please,
watch out.
Hold on.
All right.
You have captivating eyes,
like a...
like a unicorn or a princess.
Has anyone ever told you that?
No. Thank you.
I've never crashed...
this month.
And earlier last year--
There's a Spanish family
trying to get across the road--
- No, I know, the Rodriguez family.

- Veronica:

Do you like Thai food?
You should look
at that place over there.
And if you're looking
for a good supermarket...
that place is not bad.
Oh my God.
How do you do that?
It's okay, we're almost there.

Ron:

Let me just parallel park here.
- There you have it.
- Oh...
Oh my...
what a beautiful view,
Mr. Burgundy.
I know.
It always takes my breath away.
Over there is
the San Diego Observatory.
It's on the highest point
of the city.
I've always had a dream
of doing a broadcast from there.
Bouncing a telecast
off the planets and the stars,

through the Milky Way
and onto Jupiter's arrow.
Broadcasting...
with the gods, I like to call it.
Reaching people
for hundreds and millions of miles.
So, is this where
Ron Burgundy goes
when he's tired of being
San Diego's number one anchorman?
You are a firecracker.

Ron:

Good to see you.
So, here it is.
My little sanctuary, Tino's.
- Like I said, it's not much--
- Oh, no, to the contrary,
- it's quite charming and colorful.
- Well, good.
- Mr. Burgundy...
- Yes.
because of the story you did
last year about delinquent landlords,
- we had heat for Christmas.
- That was October 11th,
Tuesday night, I was wearing
a red tie with white speckles...
are you Paula Tran?
You are a national treasure,
Mr. Burgundy.
Well, thank you. We'll try to get you
some air conditioning this summer.
Take care.
Oh, this city really
seems to love you.
Well, it's like having
one million children,
predominantly Asian.

Narrator:

and Veronica's romance blossomed,
the team found themselves
even more alone...

and confused.
I saw the funniest thing
the other day. It was this balloon,
it was just popping around
in this string.
I would hit it with my hand,
it would just keep popping back up.
You guys would have loved it.
Let's do something.
I'm bored.
Hey, I got an idea.
Let's tear up the Channel 9
News teams' lawn, huh?
Whammy? Huh?
Whammy.
Eh, why the hell not?
Hell's bells, not again!
You sons of bitches!
That's the fifth time this month!
I'm getting tired of it.
I was in Korea!
I miss Ron.
You know, I have an admission
to make, Mr. Burgundy.
When we first met, I-- I--
thought that you were just like
every other anchor.
But... you're not.
God, I was
so tongue-tied that night.
I kept wishing there was
a Teleprompter for life.
It's ridiculous
to think about now.
What about you, Veronica?
What are your hopes?
What are your dreams?
- What are your passions?
- Well...
believe it or not,
we share the same dream.
I, too, want to be
a network anchor.
Oh boy!

And I'd like to be
king of Australia.
Seriously, you sound like
an insane person.
No, I'm very serious,
Mr. Burgundy.
You see, I've always been...
cursed with a talent for pursuits usually
dominated by men.
When I was a little girl,
instead of playing house,
I would play drill sergeant
or butcher.
Later on in high school, instead
of trying out for cheerleading,
I was president
of the bow hunting club.
One morning, I read
the announcements over the PA,
just the sound of my voice...
so powerful,
commanding
all of those students,
grabbing their attention,
I just--
I knew I had
but one destiny,
and that was to be
the first female anchor.
Yes, the road has been lonely,
and...
difficult...
and lonely.
You are electric.
Now, Ron,
friend to friend,
sounds to me like you
better just be careful.
Just take some caution
with this, 'cause...
you're really making a lot of us
feel uneasy with this type of talk.
Well, this morning...
when I woke up...

and I saw Veronica
lying there next to me...
for a split second...
I actually cared about someone
more than Ron Burgundy.
That doesn't make any sense!
You're you,
she's a whole different person.
You care about her?
That's just crazy.
Well, if love is a form of madness,
then lock me up
and throw away the key.
(chuckles)

Ron:

Papa's home!
Oh, honey, I am so glad
you're home.
My alabaster doll,
mmm.
Gentlemen,
you look great.
No eye contact!
Oh, darling, oh!
I've spent all day cleaning your Emmys and
preparing dinner in the nude.
Oh, let's make whoopee.
- Oh, yes!
- You are a bad boy!
I'm bad! I need to go
to the principal's office.
I love my life!
You take that back
right now, Ron.
Or you tell me right now that
you're under some kind of spell
or witchcraft or you
got bit by a horrible bug.
- That's crazy!
- So where is Veronma--
Veronamaca now?
She's off to go do
her first story,

The Feline Fashion Show.
I hope she can handle it.
This is big time.
(applause)
Oh, next we have
a popular favorite--
the bride and the pirate.
Yes, it's time for a pirate wedding,
enacted by cats.

Emcee:

Felinus Maximus, ready to do battle.
All right, let's just do
my sign-off and get out of here.
Hello, my name is Paul.
Um, this is so cool,
what you do.
Maybe we can get an Orange Julius later
and you can tell me all about it.
Look, sir, I'm about to broadcast,
so if you'll excuse me, please.
I noticed the cables.
They go out into your van.
- (sighs)
- I almost tripped and broke my leg.
If anybody gets a van like that,
can they broadcast their own news?
Sir, we're about to go live
in about 20 seconds.
- You're gonna have to move off-camera.
- Hey, I can dig it.
You've got to let the truth ring out,
wake up all the squares
in this city of lies. How about
that Orange Julius later?
Get the hell away from me
before I kick you!
And we're on in three...
It was quite a show down here
at the Pet Shack.
And just for today,
fashion curiosity did not kill the cat.
It made him look ''purr-fect.''
From the Pet Shack in Fulton,

I'm Veronica Corningstone
for Channel 4 News.
Nice little story.
That, of course,
was Veronica Corningstone.
I'd also like to share with you
that currently we are dating.
And I have to tell you, she's quite
a creative partner in the bedroom.
She did this one thing
on Tuesday night
that involved a hula-hoop
and a lasso...
- and an ice cream scooper.

- Man:

What? Well, that's going to do
it for all of us here at 6:00.
For the Channel 4 News team,
I'm Ron Burgundy.
You stay classy,
San Diego.
Oh, that's good.
That's just good.
You're not eating your food.
Oh, you stupid, stupid man!
I can't believe that you said
that we were dating on the air, Ron!
I thought you would like it!
Don't you get it, Ron?
Well, I doubt anyone heard it,
I said it very fast.
- Besides, I think people--
- Hey, you two.
- Congrats on getting it on.
- Thanks you, it really is remarkable.
I bet you're both
great in the sack.
Let's just say
we get the job done.
And this little lady over here,
she knows how to handle herself.

- Man:

- Okay.
- Are you both athletic?
- You know, I have a bad back.
Bad lower back, so I have
to watch out for that.
But other than that, I will do
some things in the bedroom
- that'll blow your mind.
- Ron!
- Shh!
- Enjoy your meal.
That was very nice.
I'm sorry, Veronica. I--
I truly am!
I don't know what to say,
I just--
I got excited.
Look, I report the news,
that's what I do.
And today's top story...
in Ron Burgundy's world
read something like this--
'I love Veronica Corningstone.'
Oh, Ron!
Are you two about
to get it on?
Oh no, no, no, no.
Not right now, maybe later.
- Okay, stop answering him.
- I'm just trying to be polite.
You know, 'cause getting it on's
a beautiful thing, you know.
Hi, hi!
Geoff Grendon. I didn't
introduce myself, Geoff.
E-O-double F.
- Geoff Grendon.
- If you all need photos.
- If you ever need wedding photography--
- Great.
Or boudoir photography.
I'd love to write that down.
If you have a pen, I don't have a pen--
- You're being very inappropriate.

- Yeah, hey...

Do y'all need more cheese?

I can...

Honey, can I have your napkin
to write down Geoff's name?

- G-E-O-F-F--

- G...

- G-E-O-F-F, Grendon.

- Grendon.

Well, I understand,

Mr. Dawson.

But, he is my son

and I would prefer

if you didn't refer to him

as ''a dirty little animal.''

Well, okay, if that

makes you feel happy.

But let me just say I...

I really feel Chris is at a point

that he's ready to turn

everything around.

What's that?

You don't?

Well, fair enough.

But let me just say--

Let me just--

Let me-- okay.

Well, thanks for listening

to my side of it anyway, sir.

You have a nice day.

Goodbye.

Um... I could come back later,

Mr. Harken.

No, no, it's just

parent stuff.

It seems that

our youngest Chris

was joyriding with a sheet

of acid and a spear gun.

Anywho, what can I

do you for?

Mr. Harken, I wanna investigate

The Alarm Clock.

A source of mine at the FBI

says that they are planning
a citywide disruption.
Take a shot at the meat loaf story,
honey, and we'll see how that goes.
Well, what if I refuse?
Well, then you'll
probably be fired.
Garth, let me handle this!
I'd probably have
to fire you, sweetpants.
Well, then I would sue you, sir,
for sexual harassment.
Ooh, I like
the sound of that.
Sexual Her-ass-ment.
Mr. Harken, you have a lot to learn
about a professional work environment.
'You have a lot to learn about a
professional work environment.'
That is very immature
and counterproductive.
'That is very immature
and counterproductive.'
- Stop it. Stop it!
- 'Stop it. Stop it!'
- Stop it!
- No. 'Stop it.'
Oh my God, nobody has done that
to me since the sixth grade.
'No one has done that to me
since the sixth grade.'
Screw you, Harken!
Wait a minute, are you
coming on to me?
Because if you are,
I am interested!

Narrator:

extremely well as Ron's co-anchor,
some would even say
too well.
Veronica continued to win
awards and garner praise.
Ron's ego finally gave.

He would love Veronica, he would even
share a news desk with her,
but he would not be
outshone by her.
She's got to be stopped.
- This has gone too far.
- I will not be a co-anchor.
Ron Burgundy is a lead anchor.
She's writing
her own stories.
Her own stories, Ron.
Not to mention what this is doing
to your chances of going to network.
It's good to have you back. That female
messed with your head big time.
- I like Ron.
- Thank you, Brick.

Champ:

that limp-wristed fairy
that was supposed to do
the financial reports?
Oh yeah, we were
He was gay, all right. I made out
with him at the Christmas party.
- What?
- Uh, nothing.
I say we run Corningstone out
like we did that girlie-boy.
Well, I'm in.
So, it's settled.
We declare war on Corningstone.
By the way, Brick,
what is that you're eating?
Oh, it's one of those...
delicious falafel hot dogs
with cinnamon and bacon on top.
What do you mean
'one of those'?
Those don't exist.
I mean, that's a used coffee filter
with cigarette butts on it.
Well, I got it out of the food basket
at the end of the lunch line.

- That's the garbage can.

- Mm-hmm.

Although with the cooking at this place,
there's not much difference.

- Whammy.

- (all laughing)

Ron:

I didn't see that coming.

An astute observation
has led to laughter.

We are laughing.

And it is continuing,
and then slowing down a little,

- but there's still a good spirit--

- Brian:

It's getting less.

There's a little chuckle...

and it's done.

You really wreck moments
when you do that, Ron.

Brick, please...

you're really gonna get sick.

The Coast Guard

was unavailable for comment.

- Veronica?

- A North Oregon man has come forward
with an antique sword
he found in his basement.

It turns out the sword belonged
to Christopher Columbus
and may be worth \$200,000.

The man said he would
keep his job as a car wash attendant.

Ron?

The... San Diego Padres...
flew to Cincinnati.

Veronica Corningstone.

- Is this Veronica Corningstone?

- Yes, it is.

Did you order... 10 pizzas?

- No, I did not.

- Well...

you got nice boobies.
Excuse me?
This is pathetic, Ron.

Veronica:

What are you doing, Ron?
She can see us.
Damn these blinds,
I never figured them out.
Lasers are becoming
more and more
a part of our daily lives.
And now here's Champ Kind
with sports.
Boy, you seem
kind of weird tonight, honey.
It must be that time of the month.
Whammy! (chuckles)
Padres looking at
a double header today--
I'm just curious, Champ,
do you even know
what the expression
'that time of the month' means?
Sure I do.
It's when the bones...
in a lady--
lady's boobs, they get sore.
Because of the...
the vaginalistic cells are...
expanding.
Whammy.
Help.
Well, I'll tell you...
You girls, you talk about it
a lot and you--
I know this, I know-- I know...
it's your little friend,
and then, you gotta wear...
- protection.
- Mmm.
And then,
the belly button
is inflamed

and...

and then engorging of the...

- fah-la-cule.

- ''Fallacule.''

Yeah. You might wanna

write that down, honey.

- Oh, I am.

- Little lesson tonight.

You didn't know you were dealing

with the science desk there, huh?

Champ:

nine months later is the miracle

of life. Whammy, huh?

Thank-- thank you, Champ.

That will do it for sports.

Back to you, Ron.

Well, that was Champ Kind

with a very informative sports report.

Okay, it's ringing,

it's ringing.

- It's ringing.

- Here she comes, here she comes.

- Pick it up.

- Pick it up!

Veronica Cor...

Hello, Veronica.

(chuckling)

Oh, Ron.

Really stupid, boys!

Really stupid!

Oh, you got her.

Everybody get down,

this is a robbery!

Paul:

We are The Alarm Clock.

It's time to let

the truth ring out

and wake up

all the squares

in this city of lies!

We got guns,

now fill this sack with cash!

What do your masks mean?
Just fill the sack
with cash!
Just what point
are you trying to make?

- Do you not like Lincoln?
- Yeah, of course we like Lincoln.
- He freed the slaves.
- So you like Lincoln and...

Nixon and...
werewolves?

- What?
- I mean, Nixon, whatever.

He's kind of a creep,
but werewolves?
Werewolves are
the walking undead.
They're bloodthirsty killers.

- Who likes werewolves?
- We don't like werewolves, man!
- We hate werewolves!
- Well, you've got a werewolf mask on,
- so...
- I can see that.

Are you bloodthirsty killers?
No, we are not bloodthirsty killers,
okay? We're pacifists!
That's not a really smart thing to tell
somebody when you're robbing them,
'cause now I know
that you're not gonna kill me.

- Man, somebody shut her up!
- No, no, listen.

You've got it all wrong, okay?
They're just to cover our faces.
No, I'm not gonna give you money,
because you didn't deserve it.
You say you're a political group?
You come in here
with a Nixon mask,
and a werewolf mask
and a Lincoln mask--
I'm gonna make connections.
So, what's your statement?

And this guy's not even
wearing a mask!
'Cause I don't give a shit.
That's scary to me.
That works.
I will give that gentleman
a little bit of money.
But the rest of you, beat it!
What's going on?
Just get the money!
Hey, listen.
Our commitment is to truth,
not consistency.
Now fill the sack with cash!
Fine, your commitment is to truth?
Here's some truth for you.
The Alarm Clock
is a ridiculous name.
- It's not scary.
- Man, she's pissing me off,
- let's shoot her!
- Excuse me, sir,
- could you lower your voice?
- Oh, hell no.
Now you're calling me sir?
I am a ma'am, ma'am.
I'm sorry, I didn't know what sex
the werewolf was.
How many werewolves do you see
around here wearing a skirt...
and a gun? None!
You know what? Get out of here,
you dicks! You're a bunch of dicks!
I told you we should've
worn stocking masks.
All right, let's get out of here!
All right, let's go. Come on.
It's been a pleasure
doing business with you.
I'm coming back for you.
You got a bad attitude.
You've got a bad attitude, sir.
You-- you're a jerk.
(Mouse sighs) I'm sick of this.

I'm gonna move to Tahoe.

Paul:

be cool, baby,
we're gonna get our message
on TV, I promise.
I would like the next person
in line, please.
Everybody get down!
We are The Alarm Clock,
it's time to let the truth ring out
and wake up all the squares
in this city of lies.
We got guns, now fill
this sack with cash!
Turn it off.
This was their sloppiest
robbery yet,
which could mean
they're getting desperate.
- How new is this?
- Forget it.
Channel 9 already aired it
as an exclusive.
- Aw, man nipple!
- ''Man nipple?''
- Is that a curse word?
- I'm pretty sure it is.
It's too bad, Ed.
We could've used a scoop like this.
''Wake up all the squares
in this city of lies.''
God, I've heard that
somewhere before.
Really?
Doesn't ring a bell to me.

Veronica:

Donna? Donna?
- Donna?
- (gasps) Oh!
- I'm sorry. You okay?
- Yes.
Listen, Donna,

I need the unedited tape
of the cat fashion show
that I did a while back.
- Do you have that?
- Sure, Ms. Corningstone.
Oh, wonderful.
(clears throat)
- Here we go.
- Oh, good, thank you.
Can I just say that I think
you're fantastic?
- Oh...
- I see you, and you're just going.
And you're a girl.
It just makes me
want to yell, ''Keep going, girl!''
or ''You go, girl!''
Keep working on that.
''Keep it up, lady.''
I don't know.
- That's probably silly.
- Are we done here?
- Oh, oh yeah.
- Oh good. All right, thank you, Donna,
- very much.
- And you're pretty.
And I'm bisexual.
I'm having a fondue party...
in my pants.
- You're gonna have to move off-camera.
- Hey, I can dig it.
You've got to let the truth ring out,
wake up all the squares
in this city of lies.
Garth, put Harken
on the phone right now,
he's gonna wanna hear this.
Sons of bitches.
Ed?
Can you spell ''award''?
You can't?
You're watching Channel 4 News
with Ron Burgundy,
and introducing our new lead anchor,

Veronica Corningstone.

It's Channel 4 News at 6:00.

- I'm Ron Burgundy.

- And I'm Veronica Corningstone.

Tonight's top story.

A chemical spill outside of Temecula
has closed down all lanes
of Interstate 15.

CHP has evacuated the area,
and has reported

that there are no injuries.

Local officials are concerned
about the long-term
environmental effects
and are looking

where to place the blame.

Yeah, that's nice, Billy.

I've witnessed train wrecks
that weren't this ugly.

Also, in other news today, if you're
planning on taking the city bus,

it's gonna cost you extra.

City officials have raised
bus fares

from 25 a ride to 35,

so you're gonna have to

dig a little deeper.

Fine!

Ed:

real hard for you, Ron.

I'm not gonna lie to you, Ed,
it's been a bear.

- You aren't crying, are you?

- Nope.

I wouldn't think
any less of you if you did.

- I'm not gonna cry, come on.

- All right.

If it's any consolation, Ron,
this girl is good.

She is damn good.

- She is a dynamic anchor.

- Yeah.

What's more, she is a hell
of a journalist in the field.
- I know you don't wanna hear it.
- I get it, I get it.
Now look, I think it's time
that I get out on the streets
and do some real hard-hitting
journalism, you know?
I wanna-- I wanna--
I've really been pondering, and I think
I'd make a hell of a reporter.
Oh, boy, Ron,
I think that is a bad idea.
You know, you don't do well
without a Teleprompter.
Well, that's just a rumor, okay?
Now look, let me put together
a weekly feature
where I rip the lid off
of some big story.
Hey Harken, nice suspenders, dick.
- What was that all about?
- That's my son.
Look, Ron, people seem
to like you. I'm not sure why,
but I'll tell you what. I'll put you
in the field if that's what you want.
- Great.
- But you've got to do this right.
I mean, follow leads,
confirm sources.
I am talking real journalism,
my friend.
Great. Right on.
Now, what's a lead?
Well, Ron, a lead
is when you find information
that ''leads'' you
to larger stories.
- Of course, you know what a source is.
- Easy. Yes.
No, I lied,
I don't know.
Well, a sour-- oh, Jeez. Why don't you

just watch Corningstone?

- She has a handle on what's going on.

- Okay.

She's always on the phone,

she's viewing tapes.

She's probably got

dozens of juicy leads.

- I'll watch her like a hawk.

- You do that. I have confidence in you.

- Now, I'm gonna go grab some steam.

- Great.

Ron, ''I'm'' gonna go grab

some steam.

- Right. See you, Ed.

- See you back at the office.

I won't let you down.

Helen?

Helen, has anyone

been at my desk?

Because I am missing some

very important papers that I need

- for a story that I'm working on.

- Yes, Ron came by,

he said there were

some naked pictures of him

he wanted to get them

back from you, so...

What? He did what?

Oh, that... man!

I hope that crazy gypsies

castrate him

and feed it to the dogs!

- May I have some tea?

- Yes, of course.

You have such passion.

All right, team, I've got

a hot lead right here.

Really? Where'd you get it?

- Stole it from Corningstone.

- Oh cool, what is it?

It says Paul Hauser,

a tropical fish clerk at Pet Shack,

is head of the radical political group

known as The Alarm Clock.

Has his home address
and everything. Oh my golly.
- This is great.
- Wow.
This is a big story.
You could win the Wurlitzer for this.
Hey, look, a camera.
Hey, if I win the Wurlitzer,
you guys are all coming to the dinner.
- What do you say we do it, gang?
- Sweet sugar brown.
Step on it, Brian. We're about
to rip the lid off of this thing.
I'm Ron Burgundy, San Diego,
and it's time to rip
the lid off of it!
I'm Ron Burgundy, reporting to you
from the mean streets of San Diego.
So mean, in fact,
I feel frightened for my life.
Guess what, citizens?
A political radical
who's been eluding authorities
for months is living here, among you.
But I'm now going to--
rip the lid off of it!

Ron:

Let's go. Hurry up.
Be swift. Be swift.
Stay close, guys.
Let's go, guys,
stay sharp.
Well, if it isn't Mr. Hauser.
How are you today, devil?
- What?
- You heard what I said.
You are the devil incarnate.
What is that, a devil sandwich
made of lies and hubris?
I think you must have
the wrong house.
- Do I have the wrong house?
- Yeah, Hauser lives across the street.

Oh, that's a deceptive ploy,
isn't it?

I ought to knock you in the hip.

My name is Anthony Caltran.

Why don't you shut your mouth,
you filthy piece of trash?

Go to back to prison where every pervert
can pass you around for cigarettes.

I don't understand.

What's happening?

Would you like to tell the fine people of San
Diego what you've been up to?

Lies, corruption, deceit?

- Thuggery, buffoonery.

- Me?

I don't like the way
you're looking at me.

You should avert your gaze,
because you are a low-life scum
who doesn't pay taxes and, as far
as I'm concerned, is a Communist.

- No, not I.

- What would you say
if I boxed you in the ears
for San Diego?

This-- this ring right here
that says RB.

I'd knock and break both of those--
the pair of spectacles you have on.

I got problems already with my ears.

I don't need anymore.

I'll give you more problems.

I'll give you problems in your kidneys.

I'm gonna batter your kidneys.

Champ, hold on to the microphone here.

- I'm going to town.

- **Champ:**

- This is gonna be good.

- **Champ:**

The mailbox, it says Caltran.

We got the wrong house.

My apologies. Sorry,

you have a great day. Wrong house.
We make mistakes, that's okay.
That's what happens in the news biz.
All right, let's try over here.
Stay focused, guys.
Stay focused,
pick up the pace!
On behalf of Channel 4 News
and the ''Rip the Lid Off of It'' gang,
I'd just like to say thank you
for letting us interview you
on such short notice.
I don't know why you guys
wanna talk to me,
- I just sell tropical fish.
- Duly noted.
As a real journalist,
I have to start with one question...
Are you the leader of a radical group
known as The Alarm Clock?
- No.
- Sorry to have bothered you.
All right, let's get that cable up
and shove out of here.
I think we should...
Oh, yes.
Then how do you respond
to these security photos of you
outside the bank five minutes
before it was robbed
by four members of the group?
You're touching his face,
Brick. Look alive.
Well, that happens
to be my bank.
Just because I go there doesn't
make me a dangerous radical.
By that logic, you could arrest anybody
who's ever been to a bank.

Paul:

You know, like I just-- like I said,
I just-- I work in a pet store,
you know?

Pet Shack, you know?

- I sell tropical birds.

- Right.

I'm not even--

I'm not much for politics.

Once again, I am sorry.

Big hearty handshake there.

All right, let's bring the van
around the front,

- and maybe get lunch at Lancer's.

- (clearing throat)

I'll have a veal chop.

Would you stop coughing, Brian?

- Look at these.

- Do you need a lozenge?

Oh, right.

How could I forget?

Then how do you explain

this clear voice match

between you and the man

in the security cam footage?

A lot of guys talk like I do.

- Maybe it's my brother.

- Your brother?

- Hadn't thought of that.

- Paul:

Or maybe The Alarm Clock
is going off!

You're gonna pay for this,
Ron Burgundy!

Let the truth ring out!

Follow him with the camera!

Ron:

Oh boy, he's fast.

Boy, we really ripped
the lid off of that!

He took the van.

Oh my God.

He is a member of The Alarm Clock.

Ron's voice:

This is fun!

All right,
what do we do now?
Since this report was filed,
Paul Hauser has disappeared.
Unfortunately, police were
just days away from arresting him,
but now must start
from scratch.
Well, that was
quite a story, Ron.
Well, I appreciate that,
it sure was.
I really kind of found myself
as a reporter, as journalist.
But, that's my job.
I'm a journalist,
I'm a very good journalist.
I'm a damn fine journalist.
And right now,
I'm sensing some jealousy.
But, that's part of the game.
And sometimes some people
are better, and other people aren't.
So, coming up
after the commercial break,
Brick Tamland, he's gonna
have a little weather report for you.
We have a hot one in store
over here in Fallbrook.
It's 100, and you can expect
on Tuesday--
Not yet, Brick.
- We'll be right back.
- We'll be right back.
Huh? That's
how you do it...
- by the way, P.S.
- Unbelievable.
Unbelievably good.

Champ:

that came off really well.
Thank you, I couldn't
have done it without you guys.

Narrator:

Impeding a federal investigation,
stealing another reporter's lead
and not to mention
losing an \$80,000 news van,
Ron was fired that night
by Ed Harken.
And once again,
he hit bottom... fast.

Driver:

You bastard, we trusted you.

Narrator:

as fast as just about anyone.
He sometimes bottomed out
when he couldn't find a parking place
or if the sports section
was missing from the paper.
Anyway, I feel like
I'm explaining this too much.

Narrator:

Sharon! Damn it, Sharon,
I'm recording narration,
turn that phone off.
Sorry about that.
So anyway, he hit bottom.
? You got me going in circles. ?

Announcer:

It's Channel 4 News at 6:00.
Good evening, San Diego.
I'm lead anchor, Veronica Corningstone.
This just in.
The group The Alarm Clock,
using the Channel 4 News van,
- ran an armored car off the road today

- Ron:

and stole nearly \$50,000.
- Oh, for crying out loud!
- The group has been using the van

ever since they stole it
from former anchor, Ron Burgundy.
I hope you're happy.
I'm trying to just enjoy my ribs.
From all of us here
at Channel 4 News,
I'm Veronica Corningstone
and you stay classy, San Di--
(clears throat)
Thanks for stopping by,
San Diego.

Man:

All clear.
Charlie, I needed
that research last week.
Well, get it to me
as soon as possible. Thank you.
- Miss Corningstone?
- Yes?
I tried calling the mayor's office,
but they won't call me back.
Well, try again.
Tell them that it's me
and that he owes me something.
He knows that.
Why do you have to keep
typing this in Chinese, Lloyd?
Helen, would you put Ron
on the phone?
You know what? Forget it.
It's all right, no.
I'll call him later.
The Vs aren't working
on my typewriter.
It's 'Veronica Corningstone.'
That's horrible, they can't say that.
My name's not Eronica.
What did I do wrong?

Ron's voice:

? I'm not home right now ?
? I am not home ?
? I am out, so leave a message ?

? When the machine goes beep. ?

Ron, this is your mentor,

Jess Moondragon.

I thought maybe

you'd like to talk.

Jess...

help me.

Ron:

You've done well for yourself, Jess.

Yeah, I dreaded

retirement forever,

until I found this piece

of land.

- It's God's country.

- Magnificent.

Mother Nature sure got up

on the right side of bed today, huh?

She's a giving lady,

Mother Nature, she is.

She didn't even bother

to put on makeup.

You know, I'd deeply like

to take her and...

- make love to her.

- Mmm.

She's an elusive goddess,

Mother Nature.

Yeah.

Still, to...

feel her succulent breasts

pressed against me...

- Mmm.

- and my breath,

whispering hot in her ear...

' 'Yeah, baby... ' '

while I fumble

with my belt.

You get my drift, friend?

Yeah, yeah I do.

I do, but therein

lies the rub,

for she turns away

all suitors.

I'd like to take Mother Nature
to a sleazy motel,
get in the shower and...
wash each other all over,
then go in the bedroom and do things
you can only do in Bangkok.
All right, I'm gonna
have to stop you there.
You're making me
very uncomfortable.
Sorry, Ron Burgundy, I--
Mother Nature
does that to me.
So I guess you heard
what happened to me.
I did indeed, old friend.
Everyone hates me, Jess.
I can't work anywhere.
My dream of going network
is all but dead.
Now you listen to me,
the world always needs
a good anchor,
and Ron Burgundy
is a damn fine one,
so you just hang in there.
That's your advice?
'Hang in there'?'
Look, I don't know why
you ever looked up to me
so much in the first place.
I'm not all that great a guy.
Well then, I guess
I'll be going.
You know, it's funny.
I always wanted to do a broadcast
from the observatory.
I bet you could reach
a million homes from up there.
Now I'd be happy
to reach just one.
Why don't you take
a naked nature walk with me?
- It'd cheer you up.

- Yeah, I'm not gonna do that.
I tell you, you get out there
and everything's just hanging free...
- Kind of weird.
- The deer come up, sniff you...
- Not my style.
- It's neat. Bend over to pick a flower
- and that cold nose--
- Okay. Now I'm getting uncomfortable.
I got extra sandals.
- I bet you do.
- No, really, I mean, come on--
- Nope. Nope.
- You'd like it. It'd make me happy.
- Nope.
- Make an old man happy.
- Not gonna do it.
- Come on.
Well, hello,
Miss Anchor-liar.
Guess what? Now you're gonna
read the real news.
I hope you don't mind,
I ate some of your cottage cheese.
Hey, what're you doing?
Give me the whistle.
Let's go.
Come on, come on.
- Move!
- Move it.
Chris, how many times
have we had this conversation?
- About a million times.
- I guess it'll be a million and one,
so listen up. You cannot
hang around people's houses at night
- wearing a ski mask.
- I'm not hanging out, I'm doing stuff.
- Well, it makes them nervous.
- Sorry, Dad. God.
If you have to be back there,
take a look,
see what you gotta see
and then leave like a gentleman.

- Bitch.
- And if they start to scream,
- don't try to ''shut them up.''
- Is it cool if I smoke a joint?
Now what do you think?
Oh, sweet. Thanks, dude.
Will you put that thing out?
Shut up! You're not
the boss of me anymore, I'm 14!
See the hair on my chest?
It means I'm a man now.
I'm sorry I didn't see it.
You think you're tough?
Take a swing.
I'll hit you so hard
you'll be wearing a catheter
as a charm bracelet.
I'm right here!
I'm gonna kill myself!
Oh, promises, promises!
- Ed! I'm sorry to interrupt.
- It's all right. We were
just having a little
father and son chat.
Veronica's MIA. The police found
this note in her apartment.
''Dig it, at long last,
Miss News Witch
will read the truth.''
Signed The Alarm Clock.
See, Dad? I told you I wasn't
part of that group.
Okay, it looks like
I owe your mother \$10.
Always accusing me.
Hey, don't ''boge'' on my jay!
What's up?
Oh... never mind!
I'll hold that as evidence.
You take this down to fingerprinting.
We don't have fingerprinting,
do we? Just file it.
You'd do well
to emulate that young man.

He's pulled himself up
by his bootstraps.
'Garth, take this down
and put it in the files.'
- 'Garth, do everything I say.'
- Oh, that's a nice mouth.
I suppose you wanna
be like your friend
who's so proud of himself
'cause he's considered a model prisoner.
Spider at least
has a good heart.
In local news...
Dr. Jim Bavelick
grew the world's largest tomato.
Hey, fella,
you need to take a bath.
You're starting to stink.
You don't talk to me like that,
I'm an anchorman.
You take care of that stink,
or I'm gonna call the police.
- You hear me, Ace?
- Yeah, I hear you, Ace!
I'll crush your balls
in these two cups here.
- What did you say?
- I said I'll crush--
This is Wes Mantooth reporting
live from the residence
of rival anchorperson
Veronica Corningstone,
where last night she was
apparently kidnapped by The Alarm Clock.
Veronica.
Police believe that the group
is trying to get Miss Corningstone
to anchor a pirate broadcast
from an unknown location
of their sick, twisted message.
And while it is not my job
to speculate,
odds are...
she's probably already dead.

Bartender:

I wonder where those hippies took her.
It must be somewhere
with a big enough broadcast radius--
Eli Whitney's nose!
I know where they are!
The San Diego Observatory.
- It's the highest point in the area.
- You need to call the cops,
- there's a phone right by the door.
- No.
If they go up there
with their sirens blaring,
those crazies could panic.
I did this.
Now I have to make it right.
Good evening, I'm Ron Burgundy.
Son of a man nipple.
Mother-flippin'
Ron Burgundy is back.
If I'm gonna do this, I'm gonna need
my news team at my side.

Ron:

News team...
assemble!
I'm sorry we turned
our backs on you, Ron.

Champ:

I'm sorry, Ron. That was horrible.
Hey, all is forgiven, all right?
I'm just glad we're
back together as a team.
- We love you, Ron.
- Thanks, man.
I love you, Ron.
I said I love you, Ron.
Why is everyone ignoring me?
I love you, Ron.
And I think we should
adopt a child together in Vermont.
Answer me!

So...

the car's running great.

- Oh, yeah, yeah.

- Take it in for a tune-up?

- Yeah. Changed the oil and...

- Good.

Answer me! Ron!

Ron...

I know you heard me.

I love you.

And I wanna be with you...

like men.

I wanna be inside you.

I want you inside me.

- Brian:

- I would love to hear the radio.

No radio!

I have something to say to Ron!

You know I've had feelings

for you for a long time.

We'd be good together, Ron,

I-- I--

I'm a good cook.

Do you like

your feet rubbed? I bet you do.

I'll rub 'em,

and maybe we could...

get married in a ceremony

presided over by Roger Staubach.

I already called him last week,

I hope that's okay.

Mexican food on me?

- Brian:

- Brick:

Say it!

Say, ''Champ Burgundy.''

Say it!

Tostada.

- Tostadas would be great.

- Brian:

I am in love
with Ron Burgundy!
I'm always thinking
about you, Ron.
I have dream journals
about you.
Filled pages.
When I make love to women,
I close my eyes
and think of you
when I finish.
? Ron Burgundy... ?
? Is in love with me ?
? Ron Burgundy ?
? And Champion Kind ?
? Oh, let's be
so beautiful together ?
? Running in the grass ?
? In the summer and the fall ?
? And wintertime, too. ?
- How much longer do you think, Brian?
- It's gotta be another five minutes.
- The problem is the altitude.
- Right.

Champ:

I know you can hear me.
I wanna...
I wanna kiss you
on the mouth.
I wanna...
Ron...
Ron.
Ron...
- It's good to get my parking spot back.

- Brian:

I love you!
Don't ignore me!
I am in love with Ron Burgundy!

Paul:

Hey, girl.
Man, the transmitter's

all set up.
From this altitude,
we can overlap into every channel,
every station, every frequency.
Dig it. It's time
to light this bad boy up.
I'm gonna tell you.
Hello, gentlemen.
Everything is ready for you.
Thank you, Jess Moondragon.
Boy, you should really
put some pants on.
It's all right. Now remember,
the observatory
is directly over that mountain pass.
- Right.
- That's some rough country,
- How're we gonna get up there?
- As I said...
everything is ready for you.
God be with you,
Channel 4 News Team!
God be with you!
This is serious, this is not a--
No, don't do that to him.

Ron:

Let's go, fellas. Give 110/.
Come on! We've almost got it!

Ron:

Stay close, gang.
This is treacherous country.
My ankle.
Gentlemen...
bad news.
I believe we're lost.
Ron, what're we gonna do?
We don't have any food or water.
Take it easy!
Just everyone relax!
If we panic, we die!
Okay? Easy!
Now...

Okay, let's check
the wind direction.
And f--
No, no, shut up!
Everyone shut up!
We've got...
some very tough decisions
to make in the next couple of hours...
or maybe even months.
Or even years, I don't know.
Just spit it out, RB.
You're talking about cannibalism.
Am I? Is that
what I'm talking about?
I guess I am.
I'm talking about cannibalism.
Developed by the Japanese
in the 1800s,
and now we're
going to use it
in present day time.
The eating of flesh
for the sustention of life.
What do you think of that?
It's about to happen!

Champ:

It'll have to be the weakest one.
Sweet Lord, I don't know
if I can eat a friend.
I once ate
an entire bowl of Legos.
I don't care, Brick!
I just don't care!
How's that twisted ankle
of yours doing, Brian?
It's fine. I barely
even feel it anymore.
Please, Brian, please.
- Don't struggle.
- What are you guys doing?
Come on.
It's for the good of the group.
Just lay down

so we can eat you.

- Oh no.

- **Ron:**

- than it has to be.

- Stay away from me, you bastards!

Let me do it, Ron. Don't need you
being implicated in this murder.

? Hush little baby,

Daddy's coming to eat you ?

? Mamma's gonna buy you...

a back of your calf. ?

Wait, don't eat me, don't eat me.

Eat Brick, he won't care.

No, that's fine.

- You're a lot leaner.

- **Brian:**

Please relax.

Think of something

relaxing, like a stream

- or a meadow.

- Stay away from me!

- Stay away from me!

- Okay, yeah.

- Back, back, back!

- Let me do it.

I've wanted to do this

for a long time.

Dreamt of it.

Dreams of Fantana!

- Stay away!

- I'm gonna eat your face

off your bones, Fantana!

Let me do it, Ron!

You say it,

and I'll kill this man!

- Do it, Champ. Drop the rock.

- No, guys, come on!

Drop the rock.

Drop the rock.

- It was an accident, that's all.

- Pretend I'm a wolverine.

- We had to eat him! We had to!

- Don't struggle. It's for the group.

Brian:

I've never even slept with a lady!

Hey, you guys.

Look at the big white bubbly building!

Ron:

All right, team. Let's move out.

Ron:

Keep a tight perimeter.

Nice job.

All right, gang,

it's real simple.

Just like when we were

back together in 'Nam in '64.

I'll take the point...

Stand down,

Corporal Burgundy.

I'm running this show now.

- Affirmative, a-ffir-ma-tive?

- Affirmative.

I'll take point.

Champ, right flank.

Gator Dirty Teacup.

We will fan out,

to a cobra

double-helix formation.

If we encounter

any hostiles,

silent throat cuts only.

On my... mark.

Looks like the captain's back.

Any word yet from the police?

Nothing. No sign of her.

No one's heard from the rest

of the news team either.

Well, I hope they find them soon.

These weekend anchors

we have to fill in are...

just not cutting it.

- One of our own is missing.

- Ready two.

Miss Corningstone
of this station, this very station,
is missing. We are looking for...
any information
we have on the lady.
And you can call--
you can call this number.
- Where's the friggin' number?

- **Man:**

I do have a message
for one of our viewers.
Mommy, if you're watching,
don't be scared.
I didn't know I was coming to work
today, they called last minute.
I left spaghetti on the stove,
and I swear to God,
I will cut your hair tomorrow.
I want them off the air now!
Why don't you think
about losing the beard?
Her name-- I can't-- Ian!
I can't find the number!
You see, Mamma?
You see, I told you I was for real.
When that anchor witch
reads our manifesto,
this city's gonna go crazy
with the truth.
- Have you finished the manifesto?
- Yeah, it's almost done.
I gotta get a new typewriter ribbon.
It's all up here.
Ron! Ron, be careful.
Blink and you're dead,
'cause we're in Rome now.
Well, if it isn't
Whitey McWhittington.
Oh Ron, I can't believe
you came for me.
I've been thinking
about you every second.
Part of the time wanting to kill you,

because of my hatred.
Another time,
wanting to make love to you
in a 24-hour endless cycle.
Ron, there's something
that you should know.
Shh, shh. You needn't
say a word.
But Ron, I wasn't myself.
I was angry, I was consumed
with ambition and I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, my little chinchilla.
If it wasn't
for my stupid pride,
we wouldn't be here right now.
Okay, here's what's gonna happen,
Miss Corningstone.
In 10 minutes,
we're going live.
At that point, you will read
our statement.
The hell I will.
Then we kill you.
Go ahead. I am an anchor
and I would rather die
than lose my credibility.
I'll do it.
I've just been informed
by law enforcement
that this is the largest
search-and-rescue operation
ever to be conducted
in the San Diego metropolitan area.
Is this worth our tax dollars?
Maybe it is. You decide that.
One thing here today
is for sure, though,
this is a frightening
and confusing story.
But I'm here for you, San Diego.
Go on, pull up a chair.
Put your hand on the TV set.
We'll get through
this thing together.

I am Wes Mantooth,
journalist, friend...
human being.

Brad:

live on the air in two minutes.

Ron:

I'm ready to go here.
But I have to be honest with you--
this copy you've handed me,
it's not your best work.
It's awful. But I can't possibly
read this on the air.
Besides, it needs to be typed
and preferably double-spaced.
Courier, Helvetica, Monaco,
I don't know.
Okay, all right, enough.
I'm-- I'm almost finished.
I'm almost done.
I've just got to...
- do this one part here.
- Man! What the hell, Paul?
You been writing that manifesto
for three months, man.
- Read it before I kick your ass.
- Yeah, you jive turkey, read it.
You wanna hear the manifesto?
Okay, fine, here it is!
Here is how The Alarm Clock
will change the world forever!
All right, you know how
when we...
drink beer or soda,
and then we throw out
the bottles and cans?
Well, how about we start saving
those bottles and cans?
Reuse them.
You are a lunatic.
Yeah, you'd need a whole 'nother
garbage can for the bottles.
- People would never do that.

- Well, wait, what about--
you didn't let me get to the part
about electric cars
so we don't have to be
dependent on foreign oil!
Electric cars?
Man, are you high right now?
You are, aren't you?
I know you took some of my weed!
- Oh, oh, oh!
- Some of my weed is missing
out of my purse.
It was you!
I would just shoot him
right now.
We gotta-- we gotta
let the people know
that meat is good for you,
and potatoes make you fat!
Oh, man.
You know what? I cannot believe
I did you in the hammock.
I gave you all my Juicy Fruit,
and then you treat me like this.
- I have had it!
- We can't read this crap on the air.
We should all have computers
in our houses, every one of us,
so that we could talk to each other
- with the computers.
- Mm-hmm. That's gonna happen.
Huh-uh, now you're talkin' crazy.
Man, did you eat lunch today?
Man, you'll make us look like
we some kind of joke.
Man, this guy's a fake.
Hey you, anchorman.
Get on the TV
and make us sound good.
Matter of fact, get on there
and do some of that Newspeak
so we can have the people
hear about truth and freedom.
They'll believe you.

Get on there, man.
It's just not that simple.
I need a Teleprompter
and I need proper copy.
- Then the pretty lady dies.
- Ron.
Man, look, make us
sound good or the lady dies.
We're on live in 10, nine,
- eight, seven, six...
- I need a Teleprompter, I can't!
- Ron...
- five, four,
three, two, and we're live.
three, two, and we're live.
What's happening, Daddy?
What happened to the TV?

Ed:

what's going on?
It's on all three channels,
there's not a thing I can do.
They're breaking our signal.
What the hell's
wrong with him?
Good lord!
He's got no Teleprompter.

Tino:

He... has no words.
W-wash-- washcloth.
Damn it.
My name is Ron...

Ron:

I can't think of a word.
Think of any word, just say it.
Camel...
Process the informa--
It's just a blank slate.
When I close my eyes,
it's a blank slate.
Man, this guy's a fool, man!
Smoke that chick!

Happy birthday to me.
Ron, say something.
My name is Kyle--
My name is Big Mark.
It's too loud. It's too loud.
My name is Big...
Too loud.
I'm Ron Channely...
I'm Mark A-As-Aspen.
Aspen, Colorado. Mark.
Florida, pancake.
Astronauts are on the moon.
There's astronauts everywhere.
Watch out for the astronauts.
Ron.
There's no Teleprompter,
I can't do it.
Ron, it's jazz.
It's jazz, baby.
Let it flow. Let it flow.
I can feel it.
I can feel it.
Good evening.
I'm Ron Burgundy,
reporting from life.
I'd first like to apologize
for my past
and hateful transgressions.
I am sorry, dear San Diego.
First of all, I'd like you to know
that I'm safe.
However, I'm under
the careful scrutiny
of a group of young upstarts
who call themselves The Alarm Clock.
And I have to say, although
their methods may be questionable,
they are on the road
to righteous truth.
That's it, that's it.
Use them anchorman tricks.
Have all them people follow us.
A road that if you follow it
with your heart,

it will lead you, oddly enough,
by the old Mobil station
- near the old pickle stand...
- Wait a minute.
He's giving directions
to where they are.
- Take this down.

- **Ron:**

A group that outshines
- many of the radicals...

- **Brad:**

we come across today.
In fact, they are bright,
pearly, shining stars,
that needn't be observed
by, say, a telescope
in an observatory.
- Hey, he's narking on us!
- He's telling the cops where we are!
News team! Commence
Delta, Charlie, Charlie!
Yo, yo, yo!
We've been burned!
What in the name of Solomon?
What the shit?
Ooh, I'm gonna kill these punks.
- News team!
- Let's rock.
- Good work, team.
- Garbanzo!
It's just a new catch phrase
I was trying out instead of whammy.
No, I'd stick
with whammy, Champ.
Whammy works.
I like whammy better.
Stick with whammy.
I'm not a fake!
Let the revolution begin!
Veronica!
Ron!
Ah! Spiderman's balls,

that hurt!
Oh, Mr. Burgundy,
you took a bullet for me.
And I would not do that again.
Let's be clear on that.
I care for you deeply, but...
that-- it hurts!
Oh, it hurts like a bitchy-bitch.
Mr. Burgundy, there are
literally thousands of men
that I should
be with instead, but...
I love you.
- Baby, cuff me. Cuff me back up.
- Yes.
- You're gonna get cuffed.
- Cuff me back up, yes!
- Oh, yeah. Oh.
- Yeah. Oh, now we're doing this.
Oh, yeah.

Ron:

to my hindquarters.
- It's hypnotic...

- Ron:

- ...yet disgusting.

- Ron:

- That feels good, baby.
- That feels good.

Ron:

Ah, that's nice, mmm.
Now it's gonna get good.
Now it's gonna get good.

Veronica:

Get it off, get it off.

Ron:

Get that off, get that off.
- Punch me in the arm. Ooh, again!
- Did it hurt, baby?

- Yes.
- Did it hurt?

Ron:

Wake up the black lady.

Veronica:

Cuff me, cuff me, cuff me.

Oh, yes, yes, yes!

- Slap it, slap me, slap me.

- Ron:

Slap my ass, Daddy!

Yes! Yes! Yes!

- I'm gonna punch it now.
- Oh mommy likes those tomatoes!

- Ron:

- I like those tomatoes!

- I'm hungry.

- Yeah.

We don't need to see this anymore.

Let's go to Charlie Lancer's

- and get you a candle.

- Candle!

- A nice red one.

- (both laugh)

Narrator:

As for the news team,

Brian Fantana is still

a successful reality TV host.

And recently

he married Paula Abdul.

The ceremony took place at Shutters

and Lorenzo Lamas was the best man.

Champ Kind

has fallen on hard times

since being fired

as an NFL commentator.

He now sells those big crayon balloons

in the parking lot of the Ice Capades.

And will say ''Whammy!''

at birthday parties for \$20

and a 12-pack of Stroh's.
After serving as Bush's
top political advisor for three years,
Brick went in
to the private sector,
where he is now
the CEO of Halliburton.

Mr. Burgundy, Chad Reynolds,
I'm with the network.
We're doing a when-the-newsman-
becomes-the-news angle.

How would you like to report
your own story?

Network, huh?

I'm Ron Burgundy. If you're looking
for the best coverage of this story,
you need the best journalist.

And that would be
this little lady right behind me.

- Oh no, Ron, I can't.

- Yes, you can.

You're the best I've ever seen,

- and that's a fact.

- Oh, Ron.

Can you feel it?

This is a very, very special
and emotional moment.

I've learned to accept you
for who you are
and I'm a much better man
because of it.

- Ron.

- It's so special.

- And it's happening right now.

- Honey, you're wrecking it.

Right.

Have at it, my little wild flower.

I'm Veronica Corningstone
reporting for Channel 4 News.

Today could have been
a very dark day
if not for the quick thinking
of one brave man:

- Veronica:

- Ron Burgundy, I hate you.
But damn it, I respect you.

Narrator:

in San Diego and still number two.
And he still hates Ron Burgundy
with an unnatural burning intensity.
The Alarm Clock was jailed
for five years
but, upon being released,
started a little company
called Macintosh.
They are now worth
six billion dollars
and own the San Jose Sharks
hockey team.
All photos and tapes
of Ron Burgundy
have long since been
thrown away or erased.
He's but a memory now
for a select few.
But talk to one
of those old timers
and they'll lean in
and say one thing--
Ron Burgundy
was the truth.