



BUCKAROO BANZAI

ANCIENT SECRETS & NEW MYSTERIES

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**Revealed For Television
Through The Discoveries Of
Earl Mac Rauch & W.D. Richter**

Episode One

"SUPERSIZE THOSE FRIES"

**Reported By
Earl Mac Rauch**

THE FOX NETWORK

**FROM POLYGRAM TELEVISION AND
THE BANZAI INSTITUTE FOR BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING
AND STRATEGIC INFORMATION**

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"SUPERSIZE THOSE FRIES"
~Another Buckaroo Banzai Adventure~

THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES...GLOWING RED EYEBALLS, equal parts human and demonic, pierce the darkness...hissing a hellish laugh from the backseat that becomes the SCREAM OF AN ENGINE AND SCREECHING TIRES, as we're OFF AND RUNNING IN THE WORLD-FAMOUS JET CAR--! Cold sweat dripping from the driver's brow:

DR. BUCKAROO BANZAI, M.D., Ph.D., amazing Renaissance man of our time and the best-looking, too, in a sleek tuxedo, his right hand working a stick shift with a CADUCEUS on it...ENTWINED SNAKES, medicinal and sinister-looking at the same time...

RED EYEBALLS

Running from your shadow again, Banzai--?
No matter where you go, there I am.
Nothing like a little quality time inside
your head, huh, Doc--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

And the only reason for time is so
everything doesn't happen all at once.

...as the amber digits on his HEADS-UP WINDSHIELD DISPLAY read 600 mph and climbing...BUCKAROO'S CAR PHONE SUDDENLY RINGING...as he jerks the wheel hard, taking his incredible speed machine around a corner and accelerating, dream-like, through city traffic...his speaker phone barking...

SPEAKER PHONE

Dr. Banzai...this is the Trauma Center.
Your surgical team is standing by,
patient's blood pressure is dropping.
What is your ETA?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Right now. Punch in pre-op parameters, lab values, and call the Justice of the Peace--tell Penny to hold her horses till I get there.

...abruptly slamming on the brakes in a 'NO PARKING... AMBULANCE ONLY ZONE' and throwing the shadowy figure in the back seat forward, into the light: Buckaroo's gnarled and hideous bete-noir HANOI XAN, whose FOUR-INCH, CLAW-LIKE FINGERNAILS TAKE A SAVAGE SWIPE AT OUR HERO, RAKING THE BACK OF HIS LEATHER DRIVER'S SEAT, just as Buckaroo jumps out...

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

...tearing down a corridor...a hospital and yet...running smack into a backstage mob of DIEHARD FANS, as a gorgeous steel-hard

guitarist named LADY GILLETTE, Hong Kong Cavalier and every adolescent's wet dream, pulls Buckaroo to safety through the fans, helping him into SLEEK ROCK'N'ROLL DUDS..

LADY GILLETTE

Outta the way...this man's a
doctor--! He's due in surgery--!
(under her breath to Buckaroo)
What kept you--? You're late.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Late for my own funeral if I don't
get to my wedding on time. It's not
every day a fella gets hitched.

LADY GILLETTE

Not if he can help it. Don't worry,
if she loves you, she'll wait.
(wistfully)
What girl wouldn't--?

...her eyes full of unrequited love, handing him a GUITAR and opening another door to THE SOUND OF DEAFENING APPLAUSE...

...as Buckaroo steps into THE GLARE OF HOT SPOTLIGHTS and is met by the ROAR OF A CROWD...yet finding himself not on a concert stage, but in an OPERATING THEATER where the rest of the world-famous HONG KONG CAVALIERS (Buckaroo's most trusted inner circle), PERFECT TOMMY, JOHNNY CONCHO, RENO and RED RIVER DADDY, are sporting full rock 'n' roll regalia and surgical masks, ready to act as backup band and trauma team...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Hey, boys...thought you'd be over
at the Justice of the Peace by now...

RENO

We would, except...the lucky gal's
right here.

...a sob in Reno's voice as Buckaroo yanks on green scrubs over his rock'n'roll outfit and pushes his way through the Cavaliers to his BEAUTIFUL PATIENT, one shapely leg protruding sensuously from her BLOOD-STAINED WEDDING GOWN...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Penny--? Nooooo--! I love you--!

...running toward her, but unable to get there, as the room suddenly lengthens and her vital signs FLATLINE, setting off WARNING BUZZERS amid chaos, panic...

PERFECT TOMMY
We're losin' her--do something--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI
I can't--! Can't get there from here--!

...the devilish laugh of Hanoi Kan echoing in his ears...

HANOI XAN'S VOICE
Banzai, you fraud--! Quack--!
You loser--!

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Deep below the American prairie, in a windowless bunkhouse decorated in a curious mix of the Far East and Old West (signs in Japanese kanji hanging next to mounted steer horns), Buckaroo Banzai sleeps fitfully on a simple straw mat...

...as a few partitions away, the heavenly chiseled Lady Gillette sits up on her bunk...

...and in the next cubicle, Johnny Concho, twenty-something, product of New York's mean streets, with a tattooed teardrop under one eye and a flamboyant 'JOHNNY CONCHO' jailhouse-tattoo across his chest, quickly lays aside his BLUES HARP...

...both of them joining Buckaroo's silk pajama-clad majordomo Perfect Tommy, who slides back the rice-paper door to Buckaroo's spartan sleeping cubicle...along with two other familiar Hong Kong Cavaliers: the Mexican matinee idol Reno Nevada and African-American heartthrob Red River Daddy, both in nightshirts and cowboy boots...as Buckaroo continues to toss and turn on the floor...

RENO
Nightmares again--mumblin' Penny's name...flat-out breaks your heart.

LADY GILLETTE
All that pent-up testosterone--he's gettin' smoky. A man like that needs a woman.

PERFECT TOMMY
Seen any around--?

...prompting Lady G to grab his nipple and pinch it...hard...

PERFECT TOMMY
Ow, Texas titty twister--titillate me--!
It's all good, and it's all yours...!

LADY GILLETTE

Spoken like the true beggar you are,
you misogynist pig.

...AS THE PHONE ON BUCKAROO'S NIGHTSTAND ABRUPTLY RINGS and in one blazing fast motion Buckaroo snaps wide awake and whips a six-shooter from under his pillow, nearly fanning the hammer before recognizing his worried, devoted pals...

PERFECT TOMMY

(answering the phone)

Banzai Institute for Biomedical Research
and Strategic Information...Perfect
Tommy speaking...

RED RIVER DADDY

Musta had a tad too much root beer
last night, Buckaroo.

BUCKAROO BANAI

Yeah, that must be it, Red. Thanks.
(rubbing his eyes)

Just a dream, except it's real. What
time is it--? I need the true time.
Something's funny, outta sync.

...staring intently at the clock on his nightstand and the water level in a glass...

PERFECT TOMMY

(covering the phone)

Well, slap me happy, there's a blast
from the past--some hoochie mama at the
front gate, says she's Jimmy Oh's widow...

JOHNNY CONCHO

Jimmy Oh--? 'The' Jimmy Oh...?

PERFECT TOMMY

(nodding)

Is a hog's ear pork--? AKA the Illinois
Mongoose, Stradivarius of the mouth harp,
died on his honeymoon climbing the Himalayas.

...as Buckaroo pulls back a decorative credenza panel to reveal SECURITY CAM MONITORS...zooming in on the front gate, where the kanji banners blow in the breeze and a duty officer shares the screen with a spiky-hair REDHEADED BEAUTY...

LADY GILLETTE

Could be an imposter...

REDHEADED BEAUTY (THE WIDOW OH)
(woozy)

Buckaroo, remember me--? I was
married to Jimmy Oh a while back.
I know it's late but I've driven all
night from Chicago. I'll try to keep
it short and sweet...

RENO

Speaking of short and sweet, it's
her, all right--the way she wears
that T-shirt, knotted at the waist...

JOHNNY CONCHO

(smitten, softly)

Sweet succulence...wouldn't mind putting
my hand on the small of that back...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(slipping on his boots)

Keep her there--I'm on my way up.

PERFECT TOMMY

Sure you wanna do that--? You said
yourself something smells fishy.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Not the Widow Oh. Something else.

...moving toward the door, but hesitating...as if getting
his bearings...almost wobbly for an instant...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Anybody feel that--?

PERFECT TOMMY

Feel what--? What's wrong, Buck--?

...prompting more looks of concern among the others, as he
goes out, slowly...Lady G almost with tears in her eyes...

RED RIVER DADDY

Poor guy. He ain't himself, or
my name's not Red River Daddy.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Above the front gate of the former ICEM base serving as home to the Banzai Institute, colorful KANJI BANNERS billow in the breeze, translated in SUBTITLES:

AT PEACE UNTIL DISTURBED
WE WILL FIGHT

THE CAMERA SLIDING OFF these graceful words, REVEALING the Widow Oh's junker of a pink Mary Kay Cadillac...as she slumps forward, fingers to her aching temples, but now thrilling to the gentle touch of Buckaroo's healing hands on her forehead...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Relax, Mrs. Mongoose--er, Mrs. Oh.
You're incredibly hot...

THE WIDOW OH
(groggy)
At least you do remember me...

...waving at Tommy, who avoids her gaze...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(frowning at Tommy)
Sure, we do--we're all family here.
Just take it easy...

THE WIDOW OH
I'll take it any way I can get it.
God, my splitting head...

...reaching for her handbag which Tommy intercepts and inspects, pulling out A BIG SIX-SHOOTER--!

PERFECT TOMMY
(indicating gun)
Out-performs aspirin in clinical tests.

THE WIDOW OH
It was my late husband's--for protection.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Everyone should carry protection.
You used Jimmy's death benefit to
open up a travel agency, as I recall.
I seem to recollect a Christmas card.

...as she takes back her purse from Tommy, scrounges through baggies full of old cigarette butts, used chewing gum, finger cymbals, a bottle of cherry vodka...before finding a CREDIT CARD and an AARP card...

THE WIDOW OH

You're welcome...I wish it was a social call, but it's about the planet. Last night, this crazed wacko banged on my door, said he wanted to go to Moscow. When I told him I was closed, he said he had a fruit basket to deliver.

...as Tommy pops on a penlight to reveal both cardholder's photo ID'S: A WILD-EYED, FLAME-HAIRED SENIOR CITIZEN...

PERFECT TOMMY

Looks like a fruit basket himself. 'Emir Locarno'...why's that so dangd familiar--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Because it sounds suspiciously like the artist formerly known as Dr. Lizardo. And looks enough like him to be his older brother...

PERFECT TOMMY

Lizardo--??

(scoffing)

'American Association of Retired Persons.' You retired him, all right--shot that stink bug outta the sky over New Jersey. His ship crashed and burned along with his whole ragtag space-alien crew. Every school kid knows that, Buck. Something doesn't add up.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

A lot of 'somethings' don't add up. After Lizardo's ship crashed, but before we could identify any of the charred remains, the Feds cordoned off the site and took the dead--we don't even know how many--to Area 51, the twilight zone, where they were supposedly autopsied and deep-sixed cryogenically ever since.

PERFECT TOMMY

'Supposedly.' Geez Louise...somebody oughtta do something.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You're somebody--do something. Run
his card, blow the dust off this guy.
(out of the widow's earshot)
Who's Wagon Boss this week--? Red--?
Tell him to gas the Jet Car, prep it.

...as Tommy whispers back, protesting...

PERFECT TOMMY

Tonight--? For all we know, she could
be takin' us for a ride, Buck.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You willing to bet the ranch--? 'Cause
if it's really Lizardo, it's nut-up time.

...as Tommy nods, reluctantly takes the bank card over to the
guard house, and Buckaroo turns back to the widow, trying
to open her mouth for a peek at her tonsils...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I want you to stay here in the women's
shelter, get some rest, maybe get some
of Mrs. Johnson's famous sonofagun soup
concoction down you.

THE WIDOW OH

Doctor's orders--?

...mischievously sucking on one of his fingers...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(uneasy)

Yeah...we'll do a full workup when
I get back. That fever's bad news,
you're on fire.

THE WIDOW OH

This I can believe. I'd say I'm
getting hotter by the minute.
(staring into his eyes)
Be careful--Lizardo's dangerous.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

So am I. I'm the most dangerous man
on the planet.

...reluctantly withdrawing his finger and pulling away...

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A Quadrunner ATV speeds this way, driven by Buckaroo, while

Tommy reads data from Lizardo's bank card over the vehicle's dashboard computer...

PERFECT TOMMY.

'Emir Locarno, 493 West Robinson,
#36, Chicago, Illinois'...social
security number doesn't jibe, but no
arrests, no rap sheet. According to
this, dude hasn't even broken a nail...

(beat)

I'd just like to know how a dead
man busts out of Area 51, tightest
pokey in the whole dang U.S. of A..

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(shrugging)

How does an elephant get out of
a shoebox--?

...giving Tommy ample food for thought...

...as up ahead on the tarmac, A HUGE ELEVATOR raises the
amazing JET CAR from its underground garage with Red River
Daddy in the driver's seat...along with Reno and Lady G, both
packing Uzi's and six-shooters, and Johnny Concho, who's
perusing A COMIC BOOK with a crazed Lizardo on the cover...

JOHNNY CONCHO

I remember this one--I used to have 'em all.
This fiendish alien dictator John Whorfin
and his posse of no-count Lectroids get
exiled from their home planet into the
living hall of parallel dimension #8,
until Whorfin busts out in the 1930's
by commandeering the body of the famous
Italian physicist Dr. Emilio Lizardo.
Then a few months later he springs his
pals free through a portal somewhere in
New Jersey.

LADY GILLETTE

It was a simpler time.

RENO

So simple that Americans still believed
what they were told: Orson Welles,
Halloween, 1937. Martians, my foot.

...drowned out by Red River Daddy starting up the big motor,
revving it and TESTING THE JET CAR'S MACHINE GUNS, blasting
away at a bale of hay...

...as the Quadrunner pulls alongside and Buckaroo jumps behind

the wheel of the Jet Car, requiring Red River Daddy to scoot over to the passenger seat...

RED RIVER DADDY
I got shotgun--!

PERFECT TOMMY
I got tailgunner--!

...but Johnny Concho beating Tommy to the tailgunner position, leaving a frustrated Tommy with no choice but to squeeze into the back seat next to a bemused Lady G and Reno...

PERFECT TOMMY
I got tunes, party people--!

RED RIVER DADDY
You and whose army--?

...turning on the dashboard radio, scanning for stations, as Buckaroo slams the stick shift with that hot Caduceus on it into gear and manipulates a number of other slick controls, causing the plexiglass cockpit canopy to close and GULL WINGS AND A HIDDEN TAIL ASSEMBLY to swing into flight position...

...as THE AMAZING JET CAR SNARLS FIRE, LIFTS OFF...CLIMBING...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(tapping the compass)
Be sure this gyro's looked at, Red.
Looks like it's off a hair...

RED RIVER DADDY
You sure--? I checked it out myself.

PERFECT TOMMY
Red's still a little green, Buck.
Want me to help him with the gyro--?

RED RIVER DADDY
(to Tommy)
Help your mama, huckleberry. Ma and Pa bought a roll of toilet paper and can't find the directions...

PERFECT TOMMY
Who you callin' huckleberry--? You calling me a hickory nut--?
(pointing suddenly)
We in Moscow--?

...indicating the distant lights of a big city...

RED RIVER DADDY

Kids say the darnedest things. That's Chicago, son.

(to Buckaroo)

Chief, about Lizardo...gotta be a wild goose chase, right...? I mean, if the cat were alive, how long would his beard be anyway--? He'd be what, about a hundred and twenty--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

In human years, but, remember, this is not the real Dr. Lizardo that people used to call 'Ninestein' because he was nine times smarter than Einstein. This is the demon-possessed Lizardo, with alien-commingled DNA, so he only passes for human.

PERFECT TOMMY

(recovering)

Chicago...Chi Town, City of Big Shoulders, That Toddlin' Town, the Windy City...

LADY GILLETTE

Don't get much windier.

PERFECT TOMMY

Didn't I see a report placing some kind of World Crime League meeting--one of their myriad front organizations--in Chicago a few weeks back--?

LADY GILLETTE

Did you check sources, follow it up--?
Offer your coworkers an informed opinion--?

...a straightforward question that makes Tommy squirm...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Push 'pause', Tommy. I think you need a timeout...

(beat)

Prepare for landing--reading lights off.

...as a Tommy sinks back in his seat, idly spinning one of his silver spurs and noting with bored curiosity a SET OF SCRATCHES ON THE BACK OF BUCKAROO'S SEAT!!...just like in Buckaroo's opening dream...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A group of baggy-dressed, ordinarily-jaded TEENAGERS watching

wide-eyed in amazement on Chicago's South Side...AS THE JET CAR SCREAMS OVERHEAD, takes a wicked U-turn fifty feet in the air and comes in for a perfect landing in front of their dilapidated rooming house...

TEENAGERS

Damn...the Jet Car--! Buckaroo
Banzai and the Hong Kong Cavaliers--!

...as Buckaroo parallel-parks the jet buggy and, along with the Cavaliers, piles out...flashing the photo ID...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Looking for a friend of mine, fellas.
Ever see this old buzzard--?

#1 TEEN

Yo, that's Shifty, all right. Him
and his knuckleheads skipped out this
morning...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Knuckleheads--? How many--?

...trading knowing looks with Tommy and the others...as Reno takes out a sketchbook...

#2 TEEN

We call 'em Siegfried and Roy, but
it seemed like more, know what I'm sayin'--?
Nasty mothers, always broke, stunk bad,
lazy, incoherent...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Lectroids...

...as Tommy, having heard enough, heads inside the building...

INT. ROOMING HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

Tommy locating the name 'LOCARNO' scrawled on one of the beat-up mailboxes and charging up the stairway...

...to a room on the second landing...poising one hand quick-draw style on his holster and kicking the door open TO REVEAL a large IMMIGRANT FAMILY squeezed together in a tiny apartment like sardines, all of them ducking in terror, as Tommy quick-draws his pistols...

...all of them except an INTREPID 8-YEAR OLD GIRL who gets the drop on Tommy with what she pretends to be a pistol but is, on closer examination, actually A HOMEMADE HIGH-TECH SPUD GUN...

INTREPID 8-YEAR OLD

Stick 'em up, Tommy Lee--! Where's
your warrant--? This is America, and
I'm a Blue Blaze Irregular--!

...holding up her very own Blue Blaze Irregular fan club card,
as the rest of her family members suddenly buzz in their
native tongue, terror replaced by keen excitement because it's
Buckaroo Banzai stepping in through their kicked-in door...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

She's got a point, 'Tommy Lee'--hands
up, handsome.

PERFECT TOMMY

(sheepish)

Just lookin' for stink bugs, Chief.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(to 8 year-old)

And as a Blue Blaze, you know never
to point a gun, even at Tommy Lee,
unless you're trained to use it.

...gingerly coaxing the spud gun away from her, handing it off
to Tommy, and showing her Lizardo's credit card...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Ever see this face--?

...as the little girl and her immigrant MOTHER and FATHER
study Lizardo's picture with no hint of recognition...

IMMIGRANT MOTHER

Eez the President, no--? George...
...Washington--? We so proud.

PERFECT TOMMY

They don't know anything, Buck.
They're just thrilled to be here.

...as Buckaroo steps past everyone into the bedroom, where the
immigrants' belongings vie for space with the previous tenants'
debris...large garbage bags full of aluminum cans, beer bottles,
McDonald's wrappers, rotting potatoes...

...along with crazed scribbings and calculations in a language
not of this planet covering the filthy walls...next to a poster
of WILLIE NELSON (a dead-ringer for Lizardo), drawings of
potatoes and A STRANGE TOWER OOZING ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY...

PERFECT TOMMY

What's all this--? A stink-bug cookbook--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

A half-baked recipe for disaster any way you slice it...that little tower looks like a seismic resonator, a kind of giant gopher repulser...but why potatoes...?

PERFECT TOMMY

You mean one of those things you stick in your lawn like a big-ass vibrator--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Or vice versa. What would I do without you, Tommy--?

...spoken too soon, as Tommy, fingering the spud gun's various exotic controls, causes it to fire a MINI-LIGHTNING BOLT through the wall, blowing a hole big enough to reveal the terrified neighbors next door...

INTREPID 8-YEAR OLD

God bless America--!

...Buckaroo's amazed sentiments exactly...as Lady G, Red River Daddy and Reno appear in the doorway, all breathless...

RENO

Jumpin' Jesus, you guys all right--?!
(breathing easier)
Chief, somethin' you gotta see--!
Neighbors say Lizardo had a live-in hottie--and not just anybody. Her name's 'Princess'...

...showing Tommy his latest sketch, an eerie likeness of the Widow Oh...along with two blockhead-types, plainly Lectroids...

PERFECT TOMMY

Holy crap on a stick...that looks like...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Looks like we got our work cut out for us. 'Princess'...

RED RIVER DADDY

I already called the Institute.
Mrs. Johnson says our girl upchucked the woodchuck and passed out, running a fever of nearly two hundred degrees. I also ran a check on Miss Slick's license plate--it's registered to one Emir Locarno, this address.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(exhaling a breath)

Reno, hightail it on to Moscow, check our local contacts and see what you can dig up on Lizardo's gang, even if it's just a red herring--! But first jet us us back to the Institute...a couple of little things I need to ask our pretty informant, as soon as she comes to.

PERFECT TOMMY

Little humongo things, like what species is she--? And why'd she lap-dance into Jimmy's life--?

INT. UNDERGROUND - DAY

Bathed in the eerie half-light of flickering torches and the reddish glow of hell itself through cracks in its dirt floor, this subterranean amphitheater is ID'ed by a SUBTITLE:

**THE TEMPLE OF DECEPTION IN THE VALLEY OF THE NAIVE
SOMEWHERE IN MYANMAR**

DOUBLE-DEATHHEAD STORM TROOPERS (HEAVY-METAL BADASSES PIGGY-BACKING ON EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS) provide security, as a frightened, elderly ROGUE CHEMIST stands on a naked "hot spot" in front of a bullet-riddled wall, addressing several rows of unnerving RED-COWLED DELEGATES, like something out of the Spanish Inquisition...a huge, roughly-lettered banner behind them: WELCOME SPRING PLENARY MEETING, WORLD CAPITAL LENDING...

ROGUE CHEMIST

In summation, as overseer of the working group, I am happy to report that with the promising new crop of ex-Soviet physicists willing to work for food, we are this close to being under budget in our unceasing search to isolate the long-rumored heavy metal element Nazium, discovered by top Third-Reich scientists working under a blanket of secrecy late in the war...

...interrupted by a chorus of odd, HAIR-RAISING CATCALLS from the delegates...braying noises like donkeys...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

More red, A SEA OF BLOOD CHURNING IN A JACUZZI lined with HOT RED COALS and occupied by LEECHES THE SIZE OF SNAKES and HANOI XAN, the same withered monstrous being out of Buckaroo's nightmare, relaxing in his special bubble bloodbath, sipping

eau de vipere and watching the trembling Rogue Chemist on
A CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV MONITOR...

ROGUE CHEMIST (OVER MONITOR)

...man-made heavy Nazium could
bring low-cost atomic fission into
the affordable arena for mid-sized
companies, even small groups with a
home lab...if you could push back the
deadline only a little and extend
our funding...

(trembling, looking into camera)

If it please the great Hanoi Xan,
spawn of hell and beloved chairman,
if we don't succeed in three more
months, I'll gladly resign my seat
at your right hand. Thank you.

...bowing pathetically, sweating profusely...as Hanoi Xan
squeezes a big 'NO THANK YOU' button on his remote control...

HANOI XAN

(softly)

I see dead people.

INT. DUNGEON - DAY

Waiting in the wings with his two LECTROID KNUCKLEHEADS
(big muscular redheads), DR. LIZARDO, in a filthy thrift-shop
overcoat, wild eyes gleaming through cascades of unruly red
hair while he listens, with only a hint of nervous concern,
TO THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE, A SCREAM, A CREAKY TRAPDOOR
OPENING AND SHUTTING AMID DONKEY-BRAYING...

...as the hot spot -- now empty and still open to reveal a
BLAZING FURNANCE below -- rotates back this way...and a hugely-
grotesque RED-CLAD FAT MODERATOR behind a nameplate, 'THE
ARCHBISHOP DEREK WARLOCK,' flanked by Double Deathheads,
takes the vacated podium to announce:

ARCHBISHOP WARLOCK

Next petitioner, referred from our recent
Chicago seminar...John Whorfin, appearing
on this planet in the body of Emilio Lizardo.

...smirking amid much donkey braying as Lizardo takes the
podium and his two redheaded thugs begin passing out
CHOCOLATE-COVERED STRAWBERRIES to the leery delegates...

DR. LIZARDO

(Italian accent)

That'd be me. I'm next. Chocolate
strawberries on the house...

...stepping over the unfortunate Rogue Chemist's empty shoes and seizing the microphone, lighting a cigarette butt with a glowing tongue and yelling directly into the closed-circuit camera in a combination inner city/ Italian accent...

DR. LIZARDO

Xan--! The Great Xan--! You the man--!
Spawn of Hell, the Scourge of Burma,
the Face That Is No Face, the Pivot of
Mystery, Black Goat-son of Baphomet...truly
a cosmic power in your own right, my brothah--!
You are a piece of work and I kiss your toe!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Speaking of toes, a YOUTHFUL MALE LEG steps out of Xan's bubbling bloodbath...HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?...as LizarDO extends his closed hand directly at the camera...

DR. LIZARDO (OVER MONITOR)

Feel the love--! Heaven must be sad
right now, 'cause they missing an angel.
For all you do, this is for you, brothah--!

...uncurling his fingers to reveal a gooey melted chocolate-covered strawberry...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DUNGEON - DAY

Surrounded by the most fiendish criminals on earth, Lizardo nonetheless managing to project a crazy cockiness...

DR. LIZARDO

Nice joint...nice hell hole. Distinguished members of World Capital Lending...heh, heh...World Crime League, the Black Parliament, the Hundred Devils Who Come Out at Midnight--I'm touched, truly stupefied by your welcome. Keep your feet on the ground, keep reaching for the stars...like me.

(puffing on cigarette)

Only thing I gonna miss about this rock: cancer, and my pockets full of moolah. Yeah, right. Yo, where my dogs at--?

...whistling, as his two massive bodyguards stop passing out chocolates long enough to hiss in unison...

LECTROID BODYGUARDS

Huza--! Here comes with power John Whorfin, who rules by his strong arm--! Huza the Violent Red, Trumpet of War and the Fist of God, Master of Untold Worlds and Various Star Pools...! His name above all names--! Huza--!

...greeted by donkey braying, a hail of chocolate strawberries...

HECKLERS

Grind 'em--! Kill 'em--! Burn his ass--!

DR. LIZARDO

(screaming)

Monkey boys, gonna throw down with me--?! A Red Lectroid of 350 years--?! Stronger than you, faster than you, smarter than you--! You so far behind my power curve, snot pigs--!

(raising his leg, dog-style)

Smell my man-smell--!

...only serving to provoke more general ridicule, with the whole room now becoming highly agitated...weapons coming out, Deathhead guards with fingers on their triggers...

DR. LIZARDO

Can we talk--?! Can we talk--?!

(beginning to sing)

'We are the world...we are the children'--!

C'mon, sing it with me--!

...truly a ludicrous moment, Lizardo's lone voice for peace warbling like a flickering candle in the wind...

...when suddenly a 2ND VOICE joins in singing...a YOUNG MAN with an uncanny resemblance to Hanoi Kan appearing in the back of the room, sporting serious nugget jewelry (his name 'HENRY' in big gold cursive) and a jogging suit..his mere presence causing delegates to stop their hooting and start harmonizing...

WORLD CRIME LEAGUE DELEGATES

'We are the world...we are the children.

We are the ones to make a brighter day,

so let's start giving...'

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

(to Lizardo)

My name is Henry Shannon, Mr. Kan's personal secretary. What is it you wish to communicate to The Face That Is No Face--? What is your proposal--?

DR. LIZARDO

Tell the mighty Kan I have come to bend his ear, a little tit for tat...

...taking from his bulky thrift-shop overcoat an odd array of items...POTATOES, A COAT HANGER, BATTERY CLIPS, A SLINKY...and beginning to assemble the whole mess into a semi-coherent whole while unbuttoning his shirt...spearing the potatoes with the hanger and running alligator clips from this homemade shish-kebab to his chest...making the contraption GLOW and CRACKLE...

DR. LIZARDO

...holding in my man-mitt the holy flower of my beautiful world. You humans call it a potato, a spud. For the mighty Face That Is No Face, Hanoi Kan...

HENRY SHANNON

You brought the great Kan a potato--?

DR. LIZARDO

How about world domination--?! That turn you on--?! That rock your world, baby--?! The crime of all time--!
HIJACK THE PLANET, JACK...!

HENRY SHANNON

A children's tale--but I'm listening.
Recreate the scene for me.

...as Lizardo gives one of his bodyguards a small Kodak envelope, which the Lectroid hands to Shannon...who opens it to reveal several pictures of a nondescript radio station, KSPD, somewhere on the lonesome prairie with a HUGE HALF-FINISHED TRANSMITTER TOWER NEXT TO IT, DRIBBLING SPARKS...

DR. LIZARDO

I make a visual presentation.

(pause)

Right now she's itty-bitty, kinda with training wheels--I only fire her up a couple times, but with a small financial contribution--I mean, investment--I build a big-ass seismic resonator, run 'bout a zillion volts of 'lectron-spewin' juice through several hundred hectares full of barbecued potato. It's like sendin' a smoke signal on the secret frequency to my boyz, an' soon as they see I'm alive and AOK, they gonna come runnin' to watch my back--!

HENRY SHANNON

That takes care of you. What about us--?

DR. LIZARDO

For every reaction there's a counter reaction. Like a giant vibrator, the tower, she start to massage your Earth Mother Ship...shake, shake, shake, shifta the magma in the liquid center, make it slosh...shake, shake, like hellcat, Mama! HAVIN' A NIC-FIT!, Alter her electro-magnetismus till she begin a jiggle and a wiggle, lose her balance, her pissant little orbit--! An' who's the only one can save this punk rock then, can steer this bad boy with his pinkie, can name his own freakin' prize: the whole world--?! Mr. Hanoi Xan--!

HENRY SHANNON

God, what a storyteller. You claim to be an alien...

...provoking Lizardo, whose entire body now begins to glow, as bright as an acetylene torch, REVEALING HIS LECTROID

CARCASS IN HIS HUMAN BODY...as his proud bodyguards do the same...obviously making an impression on Shannon, outwardly unflappable but churning on the inside...

HENRY SHANNON

Thank you. Upstairs, you'll find a luxury motor coach for your return trip to Rangoon. Please await Mr. Xan's decision at your motel.

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Back at the ranch...A JOVIAL COWBOY MASTER OF CEREMONIES IN A SHINY RHINESTONE SUIT, talking into a TV camera...

COWBOY M.C.

Howdy, folks...time for another weekly episode of Buckaroo Banzai's Radio Ranch, live on TV and the worldwide web, with the Hong Kong Cavaliers, the whole bunkhouse gang and yours truly Tumblin' Tumbleweed--! Now to kick the festivities off, ticklin' the ivories and lookin' downright temptin' in somethin' frilly, Little Miss Lady Gillette--!

...moving the mike closer to Lady Gillette, who sits alone at a piano in her Sunday best and wastes no time launching into a melodic intro of 'To Know You Is To Love You'...

HER POV - a spacious one-time aircraft hangar filled with a curious mix of SPECTATORS, a collection of shiny custom cars, exhibit and food booths and a large banner:

WELCOME INTERNATIONAL ESPERANTO CONFERENCE
AND CLASSY CHASSIS CAR SHOW

...as elsewhere in the hall...Perfect Tommy, in a tight leather outfit, awards prize ribbons in a Southwestern art competition featuring cactuses grown in gaily-painted toilet bowls...

...but distracted by the sensuous voice of Lady Gillette, who he fancies is singing just for him...

LADY GILLETTE

'To know, know, know you...is to love, love, love you...'

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

...the music piped in down here as well, in a 'clean' room deep in the bowels of the Institute...

...where a blue-haired matron, ID'ed by the 'MRS. JOHNSON'

stitched on her anti-bioterrorism spacesuit, sits knitting at the bedside of the feverish and unconscious Widow Oh, who squirms and contorts her writhing body into pretzel-like positions despite being strapped down...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Lady G's amplified voice faintly audible way out here as well, out on the high chaparral, where Buckaroo dismounts from his horse and kneels beside a pond so calm that the stars and full moon shimmer in it...drawing Buckaroo's close scrutiny...

...before he erases everything by scooping up some water with his hat and offering it to his horse, who whinnies...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Easy, Old Dan...you feel it, too,
don't you--? But what...?

...suddenly hearing a faint cry for help and jumping on his horse...riding after a dust cloud on the horizon that comes into focus as a groggy DUST-CAKED TEENAGER in black Goth, topped off by an amazing INFLATABLE SOMBRERO...

...as Buckaroo grabs the reins of the runaway pony...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You all right, kid--? Looks like
your pony got a whiff of water and...

...only to be surprised by the kid DRAWING TWO SIX-GUNS LIGHTNING-FAST AND FIRING at the ground...causing Old Dan to rear up on hind quarters...as a visibly angry Buckaroo reins him and the kid in, immediately seizing the kid's guns...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Kid, you crazy--? After I just...!

...interrupting himself, seeing a headless rattlesnake lying sprawled on the ground...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'll be a...nice plinking, kid...

DUST-CAKED TEENAGER

Might say I got a nose for 'em. Six
days I've been a-wanderin', tryin'
to find this place. Hope I never eat
another rattlesnake as long as I live.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Six days--? Get yourself lost--?

DUST-CAKED TEENAGER

I didn't get myself lost, no sir.
The North Star's outta position...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(studying the sky)
If I didn't know better, I'd swear
you were right.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Lady Gillette continuing her sultry vocal...causing an aroused Tommy to award the first-place ribbon to an especially phallic-looking cactus...now feeling a tap on the shoulder and turning to see a young FRECKLED INTERN...

APPALOOSA (FRECKLED INTERN)

Tommy, I need you in Control.

PERFECT TOMMY

I'm always in control, Appaloosa.

APPALOOSA

If you say so. It's Reno on a pay phone from Russia, and he insists on talking to you. Sounded kinda important but I'll just tell him you've got better things to do, like sticking ribbons on johnnies...

...leaving him with his mouth open...as he decides to follow her toward an elevator, only to be intercepted by a PICKLE VENDOR in a BIG GREEN PICKLE disguise...

BIG GREEN PICKLE

Tommy, an autograph--? Please, for my baby daughter...

PERFECT TOMMY

Sorry, bud, I'm in kind of a pickle.
(changing his mind)
Awright, geez. I must be the greatest guy alive.

...welcoming the big pickle into the elevator...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors opening, discharging Appaloosa and Tommy, who calls back to the big pickle...

PERFECT TOMMY

Take the elevator right back up.
This is a private area--you're not
supposed to be down here.

BIG GREEN PICKLE

Gotcha.

...but secretly crumpling Tommy's autograph, mashing it...

INT. WORLDWATCH ONE - NIGHT

Perfect Tommy following Appaloosa into the cramped confines of the Institute's busy electronic nerve center--a maniacal maze of snaking cables, monitors and homegrown technological innovations--all operated by INTERNS and supervised by a living legend known worldwide as simply PROFESSOR HIKITA...

PERFECT TOMMY

What's going on, Professor Hikita--?

PROF. HIKITA

Nothing till now. How many cows had to die so you can wear them breeches--?

PERFECT TOMMY

They're leatherette, Pops. Get some help.

...as a saucy intern named HIGH SIERRA hands him a phone, which Tommy takes and turns his back on Hikita...

PERFECT TOMMY (INTO PHONE)

Reno, what's up, skunk-head--?

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

Thousands of miles away, a downcast, bedraggled-looking Reno hangs his head at a pay phone outside a decrepit gas station in the middle of nowhere...ignoring the entreaties of a LOCAL CHEAP BLOND HOOKER...

LOCAL HOOKER

Hey, you G.I.--?

RENO (INTO PHONE)

Look, you overgrown orangutan...

(softening)

Tommy, I don't have time for this.
I need a favor--like the time I saved
your skinny haunches from the Diablo
Brothers, remember--? Only you gotta
swear not to blow the whistle on me,
you gotta swear to secrecy...

PERFECT TOMMY

Sure, man--Oath of the Flying Fish.
You got it.

RENO

(gulping)

No, I lost it, Tommy. I lost the Jet Car.

PERFECT TOMMY

Unh-unh, dude, that's impossible.
That baby cost a nipple. People
died so you could drive that rod.
Where are you--?

RENO

Who knows--? Some mudhole down by Odessa.

PERFECT TOMMY

Texas--? No wonder. I thought...

RENO

(losing patience)

They got an Odessa in Russia, you
brainless slug--just like there's a
Moscow in Idaho. This crazy Moldavian
smacked me with her fake leg and...

PERFECT TOMMY

So that's what you're doin' over
there: layin' pipe in Moldavians...

RENO

I'm not laying pipe, man--!

(fighting his temper)

Tommy--! I'm not too far away to kick
your lame butt. Let's talk about some
adult issues--the Jet Car's got Lo-Jack,
right--? All you gotta do is activate
it, bounce it off the satellite and tell
me where it is--without anybody being
the wiser--and I'll give you my Webelo
badge and a fishing lure of your choice.

PERFECT TOMMY

I'm blown away, man.

...interrupted by Johnny and Red River Daddy...Red pointing at
his watch and Johnny chomping on a big juicy pickle..

PERFECT TOMMY

(indicating pickle)

Hey, where'd you get that--?

JOHNNY CONCHO
Pickle vendor out in the hall.
Time to boot-scoot, bro...we got a
show to put on.

...as suddenly the whole room goes dark: lights, computer
monitors, everything...

PERFECT TOMMY
What the...??

PROF. HIKITA
Emergency power...go to generators--!

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Lights returning in the exhibition hall, where Buckaroo and his
new pal, the Dust-Caked Teenager in the Inflatable Sombrero are
surrounded by AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS...the teenager signing his name
with embarrassment, although the recipients seem satisfied...

AUTOGRAPH SEEKER
(reading)
Hap...py...Wie...ner. Happy Wiener--?
Hey, I got a Happy Wiener--!

...as Buckaroo quickly punches on his communicator...

INT. WORLDWATCH CONTROL - NIGHT

Hikita already on top of the situation...staring at several
ELECTRICAL GRID MAPS on monitors...

PROF. HIKITA (INTO PHONE)
Apparently some kind of massive outage
on the whole western grid...an electro-
magnetic pulse event of some kind,
centered in the Pacific Northwest...
(pause)
I've activated backup generators, but
I can't gurantee they'll support the
band's amplification equipment. Perhaps
you should call off the show, Buckaroo...

INTERCUT HIKITA AND BUCKAROO...

BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO PHONE)
Strong words, Hikita-san, but if we
lose our sponsors, who's gonna pay the
electric bill anyhow--? Just kill the
lights, we're gonna let 'er rip.

TUMLIN' TUMBLEWEED (INTO MIKE)
Folks, it's time--! Get those medic
alert bracelets on, 'cause the one,
the only, Buckaroo Banzai and the
Hong Kong Cavaliers are back in town--!

...as the lights go out and Buckaroo makes his way to the stage,
illuminated by people holding BIC lighters, joined by others,
until gradually the whole room is a sea of flickering flames...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Down in the Widow Oh's hospital room, the first husky tones
of the world's most popular singer waft from the loudspeaker
on the wall...causing the comatose, but highly agitated Widow Oh
to calm down suddenly...as if listening to his voice...

...a development noticed by her sitter, the spacesuited Mrs.
Johnson, who notes the odd behavior and punches the intercom...

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

In the middle of the soul-stirring tune, Buckaroo getting a
message over his headset...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Yes, Mrs. Johnson--? I'm here...
(to audience)
The man who puts the show into
show biz: Mr. Perfect Tommy...!

...signalling Tommy forward to take a solo, and heading off-
stage, toward the elevators...followed or stalked by an
ominous-looking shadow...WITH A BIG SOMBRERO!...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

With only a small penlight to show the way, Buckaroo exiting
the elevator...coming down a dark hallway...

...at one point thinking he hears footsteps behind him...but
seeing nothing...as he turns a corner, steps through an airlock
marked 'BIOSAFETY HAZARD LEVEL 4'...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Lit by nightlights, Mrs. Johnson standing over the Widow Oh,
who shows signs of coming around...as Buckaroo hurries in...

MRS. JOHNSON
As soon as you started to sing,
something happened. Like magic...a
miracle...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(feeling the widow)
Fever's down. Do you have anything
smelly, Mrs. Johnson--?

MRS. JOHNSON
You mean on my person--? I have a
protein shake in my purse, chock full
of good nutritious wheat grass.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
That might do the trick.
(stroking the widow)
Mrs. Oh...Princess...do you feel
that--? Can you hear me--?

...the widow seeming to stir, as Mrs. Johnson turns momentarily
to open her purse for the protein shake, only to turn back and
scream, swinging her handbag...

...AT A HARD-CHARGING BIG GREEN PICKLE, WHICH BUCKAROO ATTACKS
WITH A FURY...BUT THE PICKLE TOSSING HIM OUT OF THE WAY AND
GRABBING MRS. JOHNSON'S PURSE, TWIRLING HER LIKE A WHIRLYBIRD...

...NOW LETTING GO, SENDING HER FLYING THROUGH THE PLATE-GLASS
WINDOW BEFORE SEIZING BUCKAROO IN A RELENTLESS DEATH GRIP...

BIG GREEN PICKLE
Wanna wrassle, huh--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(being choked)
So far, so good. Look out, I think
your mom's here...

...getting just the diversion he needs to ram Mrs. Johnson's
protein shake through the pickle man's mouth hole, causing the
pickle man to scream in agony and lift Buckaroo by the throat...

BIG GREEN PICKLE
The devil take you, Banzai--!

...opening his green-goey mouth to reveal a GLOWING STINGER...

...when suddenly SHOTS RING OUT...BUT WHO? HOW?...IT'S HAPPY
WIENER, IN HIS BIG SOMBRERO, BLAZING AWAY WITH TWIN SMOKING
SIX-GUNS!...BLOWING HOLES IN THE PICKLE, TOPPLING HIM...at last
giving Buckaroo a chance to catch a breath...

HAPPY WIENER
Oh my God...is he...? I never shot
a man before...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You still haven't, kid--don't worry.
I thought I took your guns away from you...

HAPPY WIENER

I always keep a spare pair under my hat.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Good thing, too.

(realizing)

Mrs. Johnson--!

...no need to worry, as Mrs. Johnson steps back in...screaming suddenly as Buckaroo rips the costume off the deceased...

MRS. JOHNSON

A Lectroid--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Yes, ma'am. But it wasn't us he was after.
(stepping to the widow)

Mrs. Oh...'Princess'...can you hear me--?

(pinching her)

Feel that--? How about when I do this--?
You should feel a tiny prick...

THE WIDOW OH

(opening her arms)

Oh, yes...!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An emotionally-spent Happy Wiener sitting on the hallway floor, becoming aware of various cowboy boots surrounding him...

...causing him to look up, squarely into the face of one of his all-time heroes, who toasts him with a box of wine...

PERFECT TOMMY

Taking a smoke break, kid--?
Nice shootin'.

HAPPY WIENER

Perfect Tommy...er, Mr. Tommy--!

PERFECT TOMMY

Just call me Tommy. A little Okie swill, kid, er...?

(taking a gulp)

We brew it from toner right here at the Institute. Love makes it special.

...passing the box to a hesitant, albeit starstruck Happy...

HAPPY WIENER

Thanks...Wiener's the name...Happy Wiener, outta Wyoming Territory.

PERFECT TOMMY

Mighty fine country. Wiener's the name, huh--? Don't think I ever met a Wiener I didn't like.

...as Happy takes a sip, hands the box to the next person...

HAPPY WIENER

(wiping his lips)

Lady Gillette...thanks. That's mighty good swill...

LADY GILLETTE

Thank 'you', Happy, after what I'm hearing. Same goes for this swarthy gent next to me...

RED RIVER DADDY

Red River Daddy outta Atlanta, Joe-ja.

(tipping his hat)

To you and yours, kid. And that bad dude all in black is...

HAPPY WIENER
Johnny Concho...!

...watching Johnny Concho do his best to drag the dead
Lectroid out of the widow's room...

JOHNNY CONCHO
Hey, how about giving me a hand
with this chiseled hunk--? The Chief
wants us to take him to MRI.

PERFECT TOMMY
MRI--? A little late for that. You
mean the lobster tank, don't you--?
(winking at Happy)
Extend the hand of fellowship, Wiener.

...pumping Happy's hand, as Lady Gillette gives the newcomer
a friendly warning...

LADY GILLETTE
Don't let that blond mane fool you,
Happy--better count your fingers.
Let's go, boys.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Widow Oh, awake but still in the grip of the strange
condition that causes her to contort and thrash...

...as Mrs. Johnson helps Buckaroo hold her...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
How're you feeling--?

THE WIDOW OH
Better. Thanks for asking.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
It's my job--we aim to please. You
had me beginning to believe in
spontaneous combustion there for a
while. I've seen high fevers, but you
basically had the temperature of a hair
dryer. The question is how, and why.

...interrupted by HIKITA'S VOICE over the intercom...

PROF. HIKITA (OVER INTERCOM)
Buckaroo, we're flying by the seat of
our pants. All systems down, we
cannot get squat...

BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO INTERCOM)
Another pulse over the Northwest--?

INT. WORLDWATCH ONE - NIGHT

The Institute's nerve center cut off from the world, creepy-silent with blank computers, TV screens...as High Sierra and Appaloosa troubleshoot and Hikita checks his wristwatch...

PROF. HIKITA
With each one getting stronger and
coinciding with deep quake activity.
If it holds true to form, the spike
should last fifteen or twenty seconds...

...interrupted by a mysterious ringing telephone somewhere in the room, its location not readily apparent...as High Sierra follows the sound, moves a pair of filing cabinets to reveal an old-fashioned rotary-dial phone labeled NORAD...

HIGH SIERRA (INTO PHONE)
Hello--?...Yes--?...Who--?
(to Hikita)
It's the President on the old North
America Air Defense hotline, for Buckaroo.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Buckaroo, unfazed, used to such messages...

BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO INTERCOM)
Tell him I'll be right there.
('hanging up')
Mrs. J...I need the widow's Botox.

THE WIDOW OH
(anxious)
My 'buttocks'--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
'Botox'--a commercial brand of botulism
toxin, actually one of the most serious
forms of food poisoning, used commonly
as a muscle relaxer. Should help with
those involuntary spasms you're having.

...taking a filled syringe from Mrs. Johnson and holding it up to the light, noting something peculiar...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Interesting meniscus...

THE WIDOW OH

What's wrong with my meniscus--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Just a little off-level...the curved surface of a liquid in a tube...its curvage...

(looking her over)

You come in here all smooth-skinned and weepy-eyed and send us off on a crusade to find John Whorfin-Lizardo, as if this guy just crawled out from under a rock somewhere deep beneath the permafrost, when the truth is, all along you've been sharing the same bed, the same food cycle for adult Lectroids...

THE WIDOW OH

No--! How dare you--!

...struggling against her straps in an effort to both whack him and avoid the needle he's trying to jab her with...as the needle hits her INVISIBLE TOUGH HIDE and snaps in two...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Trying to raise my ire--?! I'll need another syringe, Mrs. Johnson...

...as Mrs. Johnson hurries out...and Buckaroo takes on the defiant widow in a staring match, pinning her beneath him...

THE WIDOW OH

You're not afraid you'll catch something, like Mrs. Johnson--?!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Only if I try. I like a patient with a little fire in her eyes. Must make you swell with pride to be chosen by your great leader Lord Vermin--I mean, Whorfin--to party with him, to be his little--you pick the word--'concubine.' You're one lucky Lectroid, Princess, even if he is a freak on a leash.

THE WIDOW OH

(distressed)

Even Buckaroo Banzai doesn't know everything...please, I just need time...a little time.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Like the time you gave Jimmy--? What'd you use, an egg-timer...?

THE WIDOW OH

I didn't kill him and didn't know anything about it. Whorfin thought Jim might know something about your invention, the Oscillation Overthruster, that could help us escape this rock.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The only thing Jimmy ever invented was a new sex position. So why pick on him--?

THE WIDOW OH

Because he was as close to you as I could get--! Whorfin thought if anybody could help us get home, it was you, the mighty Buckaroo Banzai--! Poor Jimmy...

...crying, choked up...but Buckaroo not buying it...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

No more tears. They're only a mental construct anyway...

...but suddenly disconcerted by an amazing occurrence: the widow letting go of her telepathic human camouflage and REVEALING HER TRUE LECTROID SELF...a lithe attractive creature with reddish hair and moist eyes...crying eyes...

THE WIDOW OH

That's right--nothing but a construct--? I'm only mental, all in your imagination. Or maybe your nightmares...I must repulse you.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Why--? I'm a physician. All bodies are made by the same Creator, except maybe Lizardo-slash-Whorfin.

...feeling her exotic skin but having to look away, both aroused and disgusted by her...as she pulls his hand back, putting Buckaroo momentarily out of commission...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

How many are with him--? Lectroids...

THE WIDOW OH

On your world--? Maybe forty, give or take--plus a few more up on the Mir.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The Mir--?! The abandoned Russian space station--? That why he's in Moscow...?

THE WIDOW OH

If it's true...who knows--? Brag, brag, brag--he has feelings of inadequacy because he's a blend of two cultures. But I told the truth: I did run away, but he came after me, trailed me to the travel agency, took all my blank tickets. If he somehow notifies his exiled followers in this quadrant of the galaxy that he's back in the saddle...time grows short...

...as Buckaroo turns, just as the lights flicker again and Mrs. Johnson accidentally jabs the fresh syringe into his arm...

MRS. JOHNSON

Buckaroo...I'm so sorry--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(stoic)

Don't worry, Mrs. Johnson--it's just a muscle relaxer. I have to talk to the President. Don't untie the widow.

MRS. JOHNSON

You don't have to worry about that. What if she gets hungry--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Offer her a piece of fruit.

INT. MRI ROOM - NIGHT

The dead Lectroid's bullet-riddled body traveling slowly through a state-of-the-art MRI machine...

...as Happy Wiener and the Cavaliers watch the resulting scan of the creature's innards on a nearby monitor...

LADY GILLETTE

Jesus...the hell is that stuff--?

RED RIVER DADDY

A buttload of bad juju...looks like he's been to the all-you-can-eat bottom feeder's buffet...cigarette butts, styro-foam coffee cups...a Christmas ornament...

PERFECT TOMMY

That's no Christmas ornament. More like an IUD, some kind of electronic gerbil...or pacemaker...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Waving the MRI report, an excited Tommy catching up to Buckaroo, whose right arm hangs useless and limp, thanks to Mrs. Johnson's little accident, as they move down the hall...

PERFECT TOMMY

Buck, here's the thing: what if this Lectroid swallowed a homing device, a radio transmitter installed by Lizardo...? See, that's how he knew where the widow was--because she's got one, too. And I was thinking--you know, doing a little free association--if you cut 'em both open and got the transmitters, using the principle of triangulation, we could pinpoint Lizardo's exact location...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

No can do, Tommy. I'm not performing unnecessary surgery on the widow, anything that might put her at risk.

PERFECT TOMMY

Put 'her' at risk--? She's a goll-danged Lectroid--! What about Mother Earth--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Ever hear of the Hippocratic oath--? They call it an oath for a reason. Anyway, look at my arm...
(indicating his limp right one)
I couldn't operate on a dog right now.

INT. WORLDWATCH ONE - NIGHT

The two of them stepping into the control room...all systems back up...as Buckaroo takes a quick look at the satellite image of intense lightning over the Northwest and makes a beeline for the phone...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Hello, Mr. President...same to you. We're not sure...we were just talking about that. I'm looking at the board right now: some sort of freak electrical storms in a clear sky, playing havoc with satellite communications...
(suddenly frowning)
Ultimatum--? The World Crime League--?!
What kind of ultimatum--?

...looking over urgently at Tommy, who is more interested in

sliding in next to Appaloosa and High Sierra...

PERFECT TOMMY

What's the story, morning glory--?
You must be tired, 'cause you've
both been running through my mind.

...picking up a remote to raise the volume on the Weather
Channel, where a nice-looking WEATHERWOMAN cheers Tommy up...

WEATHERWOMAN

...in addition, business travelers may
expect major delays due to severe lightning
storms over the Pacific Northwest...

PERFECT TOMMY

She's hot.

(to High Sierra)

Didn't you give me a report the other day
from Idaho--? Some Blue Blaze Irregular
with a weird meat name... 'Steakroast' or
'Rumpsteak', something like that...

HIGH SIERRA

You made some dumb joke, asked me
how I liked my meat, remember--?
(noting Tommy's blank look)
You wrote his number on your hand and
said you'd take care of it...

...prompting Tommy to turn his hands over, revealing
palms full of scribbling, half-visible messages, numbers...

BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO PHONE)

Right--it could easily set off widespread
panic in the markets and you don't want that.
I'll call back, as soon as I know more...

(hanging up, urgently to Hikita)

Roshi, get the Very Large Array people
next door in New Mexico. I need our exact
coordinates, vis-a-vis 7000, 2237, 2264,
4755 and 5139 in the New General Catalog...

PROF. HIKITA

...7000 is North America, 5139 is Omega
Centauri...any special reason, Buckaroo--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

To calculate our angle on our axis and
our exact angle to the galactic plane.
Also, I need you to set up a conference
call with Sam Singh at Max Planck and
Calico Cohen at Mensa HQ.

...stepping to a computer...joined by Tommy, as Buckaroo begins urgently feeding in data with his one good arm...

PERFECT TOMMY

Mensa HQ...? What's going on, Buck--?
Wanna put our gray matter together--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Take a number, Tommy. The World Crime League's threatening to somehow roil the Earth's liquid core and shift its magnetic fields, altering our orbit...

PERFECT TOMMY

(scoffing)

I was born at night, but not last night.
(suddenly not so sure)
They can't do that...can they--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Remember how things have seemed out of balance to me lately--? Off-center--? And I'm not the only one...

PERFECT TOMMY

Sonny Bono.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Among others. Give yourself a high five, Tommy. And as if that weren't enough, there's Lizardo's mere presence here, a red flag to his mortal enemies back on Planet 10. They get wind of his whereabouts and it's Katy bar the door--Earth is smack in their crosshairs...

PERFECT TOMMY

Wanna hear something really creepy--?
There's a Moscow in Idaho. You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(his mind racing)

I hope not, but things are pretty twisted...Moscow...Idaho...Lizardo...
...these weird atmospherics...

PERFECT TOMMY

Helluva coincidence...now that you mention it...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

...now the World Crime League ultimatum.
If Lizardo somehow hooked up with
Hanoi Xan and the World Crime League--a
match made in hell--Lizardo's mad genius
and Xan's deep pockets...

(his voice trailing off)

Tell Red to gas the bus. Assemble
a Go-team.

...as Tommy scribbles a note on his hand...

PERFECT TOMMY

I'm on it. I'll press-gang a
posse, get a road advisory and take
care of food prep.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

And we'll need the Jet Car. Call Brother
Reno, tell him to haul ass for Moscow...Idaho.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

A TITLE READING: NEAR MOSCOW, IDAHO...as a Lear jet screeches
in for a landing on a private airstrip in the middle of
potato growing country...

...coming to a stop on a portion of tarmac where a radio-
station helicopter is parked and Dr. Lizardo and an honor
guard of TEN HARD-ASS LECTROIDS form a reception party,
raising arms in an outer-space Mussolini salute...

..as fifty yards away, hidden by a bush, an eleven year-old kid
named WELDON RUMPROAST aims his camera...watching the Lear jet's
door open to reveal a pair of World Crime League Deathheads
(riding piggyback), followed by the Archbishop Derek Warlock
and a leggy ASIAN BEAUTY with an unsettling resemblance to both
Hanoi Xan and his personal secretary Henry Shannon...

...her appearance inspiring some obvious disgust in Lizardo,
who feels slighted by Xan's no-show, but also sexual desire,
as the young beauty squeezes his hand...

ASIAN BEAUTY

You must be Lord Whorfin. My name is
Hen, Your Highness: Hen Xan. My father
sent me to observe this history you're
making. Call me a hopeless romantic,
but I'm kind of swept up by it...

DR. LIZARDO

That's good. We gonna fire her up tonight...a 125 percent, maybe more. Make your nuts vibrate.

(pointing)

This way, I got my chopper...

...starting toward the helicopter when he suddenly spots the fleeing figure of Weldon Rumproast on a bike...

DR. LIZARDO

Get him--!

...as one of his Lectroids take off running...FAST, THESE THINGS ARE FAST!!...gaining on poor Weldon, who looks back, pedaling like crazy across the tarmac...

...toward a barbed-wire fence, where he has set up a plywood ramp and where an old pickup truck awaits on the other side...

...Weldon pedaling furiously, for his life...the big lumbering Lectroid still gaining AND NOW TAKING A SWIPE AT THE BICYCLE JUST AS WELDON HITS THE RAMP, FLIES OVER THE FENCE AND INTO THE BED OF HIS FATHER'S PICKUP, which speeds away in the nick of time, hurling mud at the pursuing Lectroid...

...as Weldon breathes easier at last, cradling his precious camera and exchanging thumbs-up signals wih his FATHER through the cab rear window...

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Lady Gillette and Johnny Concho back on stage in the exhibit hall, interrupting the festivities...

LADY GILLETTE (INTO MICROPHONE)

Folks, sorry to short-circuit the fun and games, but something's come up. The future of our world's at stake, meaning we'll have to call off the chili cookoff and fish fry...

...generating a buzz in the room...English, Spanish and Esperanto all being spoken...as heads turn her way...

LADY GILLETTE

Kinda chaps my ass, too--that's why we're organizing a posse, to make sure it doesn't happen again. I won't lie to you: there's a significant chance we'll run into real trouble, so I'm asking for volunteers...to affirm something in yourselves, your humanity.

INT. WORLDWATCH ONE - NIGHT

Buckaroo and Professor Hikita huddling over a conference call and computer screens filled with astronomical charts and data...a COLLEAGUE'S VOICE coming over a speaker phone...

COLLEAGUE'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
I'm getting the same orbital discrepancy,
Buckaroo...inexplicable by mere statistical
error. Something has definitely gone awry...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
And when we cross paths with Pluto, we'll
know what.

...interrupted by a frantic Mrs. Johnson over a speaker...

MRS. JOHNSON'S VOICE
Buckaroo, something's happening--!
The widow--! Aaaaaaagh--! She's
starting to rip open--! She's squirting--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Try to hang in there, Mrs. Johnson.
I'll be right there.

...somehow managing to keep his cool, patting Hikita on the back with his one useful arm and heading for the door, but not before spotting Tommy across the room, phone tucked under one ear...

BUCKAROO BANAI
Tommy...you working on that road advisory--?

PERFECT TOMMY
(short-tempered)
I'm on it--hell, I can't do everything.
Why don't you take care of it--? I've
only got two hands...
(back to his phone call)
C'mon, man...answer, Reno. Why doesn't
he answer--?

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

A heart-rending sight...the body of Reno, practically nude, lying in a ditch by a Russian road, dead or unconscious, obviously the victim of a highway robbery...his VIBRATING BEEPER GOING OFF inches from his outstretched arm...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Buckaroo racing into the widow's room, unprepared for the scene that greets him...a grossed-out Mrs. Johnson watching as the widow Lectroid's head splitting open like a coconut, little by little...releasing a viscous stream of liquid that spurts over the wall...as the widow shimmies, shakes, pants and screams...

MRS. JOHNSON

My God, she's having an organism--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

That's about the thrust of it--find some blankets, we'll get her on the bus.

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

The magnificent 'BUCKAROO BANZAI & THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS' giant tour bus, piloted by Red River Daddy, rolling out of its hangar toward a huge crowd of VOLUNTEERS...who first have to get past the gatekeeper Lady Gillette...

RANDOM VOLUNTEER

I'm a retired full-bird colonel.
I might come in handy...

#2 RANDOM VOLUNTEER

My name's Robert Pinsky, poet laureate of the United States, but I'm no girly man--I know what's up.

...as Lady Gillette waves them both through...

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

RENO'S POV - through blurry eyes, A SCARRED FACE coming into focus, joined by OTHER GYPSIES speaking their ancient tongue, except certain words spoken excitedly, reverently: 'RENO'... 'BUCKAROO BANZAI'... 'HONG KONG CAVALIERS'... 'JET CAR'...

...as the nearly-naked Reno stirs...throat parched and barely breathing but at least alive...squinting at the gnarled peasant faces that give him water and lift him up...

SCARRED FACE

Reno...is okay, podner. We amigo,
good gypsies.

...holding aloft THE KEY TO THE JET CAR and wrapping him in a

blanket while one of them picks up his beeper, holding it cautiously and dropping it like a hot potato when it vibrates...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Back in Idaho, what seems to be a law-enforcement roadblock turns out instead to be LECTROIDS in DOA (sic) windbreakers, their hands thrust skyward at the sight of Whorfin's chopper...

LECTROIDS

Here comes with power John Whorfin,
who rules by his strong arm--! Huza--!

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Lizardo sticking his head out, returning the salute...

DR. LIZARDO

Strength--!

...settling back in his seat, leering at Hen, who sits directly opposite him, smiling coyly...

HEN

So tell me, is there a softer side
to John Whorfin, or are you always
just this freaking juggernaut--?

DR. LIZARDO

I got a pet. It's cool.

...taking from his pocket a small Digimon electronic pet...

HEN

Oh, you've got an imaginary pet.

DR. LIZARDO

I like to watch him die.

(caressing her hand)

He's dying now...no food, no water.
Pretty soon he'll be nothing but
skeletal remains.

HEN

What a neat moment.

DR. LIZARDO

Maybe you like to come hang in my
world sometime. I show you things
like you never dream, baby girl...things
that'll send you into orbit...

...drawing a rebuke from the bald portly Archbishop Warlock,

who moves one hand gingerly toward a bulge in his cowl...

ARCHBISHOP WARLOCK

Watch it, Romeo--remember who you're
talking to. If Mr. Kan ever got wind...

...counteracted by Lizardo's Lectroids, both of whom open their
mouths to reveal stingers poised and ready...as Hen defuses
the escalating tension by pointing out the window at A GIANT
TRANSMITTER TOWER BUBBLING SPARKS DOWN BELOW, ALONG WITH WEIRD
GLOWING CABLES/TRIBUTARIES BRANCHING OUT FOR ACRES ALL AROUND...

DR. LIZARDO

Yessir, that's my baby. Right now
she still in arousal phase, but pretty
soon she get tumescent and shoot the
works...thanks to your papa Mr. Kan.

EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Not far from the tower, a low-slung radio station converted into
a bunker...surrounded by a small impromptu camp of trailers and
tents, and a large banner hung for p.r. purposes:

'WELCOME SEASONAL WORKERS'

...translated: LECTROIDS!...a group of them in DOA windbreakers,
saluting the incoming chopper with their exotic POTATO GUNS...

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

A LECTROID DJ sitting at a turntable and microphone, chatting
like a local...

LECTROID DJ

(folksy)

I know it's a pain sometimes and some
of you good neighbors have called in
complaining of everything from insomnia
to skittish livestock and spontaneous
abortions, but just you remember,
Mr. and Mrs. Citizen: these powerful
transmission tests help us reach our
boys in the field. Likewise, the DOA
checkpoints: a little inconvenience is
a small price to pay to protect our
precious freedom against the sinister
drug lords who would seek to weaken us.

...at once jumping to attention as Lizardo comes in with Hen...

LECTROID DJ

Huza, Lord Whorfin--!

...suddenly remembering he forgot to turn off his mike, quickly flipping it off and putting on a station promo...none other than the VOICE OF BUCKAROO BANZAI:

VOICE OF BUCKAROO BANZAI
Hi, this is Buckaroo Banzai. When I'm in the Moscow area, I listen to KSPD 'Golden Oldies'...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The man himself, right arm hanging limp and face taut with tension, going about the impossible...operating inside the Lectroid skull of the Widow Oh using only his left hand...

...as Mrs. Johnson assists, wiping sweat from Buckaroo's brow...

MRS. JOHNSON
Watch out for booby traps. How do you even know what you're looking for--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(exhausted)
Good point: I don't...kind of a cross between a sugar ant and a cricket, maybe in these yolk sacs or this squirting flower, or this vibrating bladder, all connected by sentient vaso-congested tendrils to a crab-like organ...brain or vagina?...I've no idea...but I think she's already coming around from the last dose. Check the veterinarian kit, Mrs. Johnson, and get me a horse syringe.

MRS. JOHNSON
Yes, doctor.

INT. WORLDWATCH MOBILE - NIGHT

In a tiny cubicle packed with enough high-tech gear to stock an AWACS, Johnny Concho listens over his headset, monitoring a wide area...getting mostly static, along with a powerful signal ironically blaring one of the band's ALL-TIME HITS...

...turning it up as Tommy sticks his head into the room...

PERFECT TOMMY
I thought I heard Buckaroo chirping.
Sounds like all's right with the world.

JOHNNY CONCHO

Not quite. KSPD in Moscow...remember a few years back, we stopped in as a courtesy, Buckaroo cut a promo. Of course they were only a 2,000 watt little podunk radio station then.
(puzzled, checking an FCC journal)
Matter of fact, they still are.

PERFECT TOMMY

Must be those weird atmospheric.

...helping himself to a chair in front of a computer, bringing up a file labeled 'INTERNATIONAL BLUE BLAZE DIRECTORY'...a catalog featuring pictures and thumbnail bios of extraordinary ordinary people of all ages, nationalities and walks of life...

PERFECT TOMMY

Anything from Reno--?

JOHNNY CONCHO

Not exactly...nothing in the way of communication, but I've been getting beeper contacts out the veritable wazoo--you don't suppose he's in trouble, do you--?

...as Perfect Tommy feeds into the computer the partial faded phone numbers on his hand, finding a match...

PERFECT TOMMY

'Rumproast, Weldon...Blue Blaze 6539...Moscow, Idaho...enjoys photography and playing the banjo'...

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

THE MIGHTY BUS THUNDERING ON THROUGH THE NIGHT, as Happy Wiener stares at one of various pieces of paper he's having trouble filling out...'IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH'...looking over at those around him...the Poet Laureate, the retired Full Bird Colonel, Tumblin' Tumbleweed, others...

...as Lady Gillette makes her way up the aisle...

LADY GILLETTE

The letter to your loved ones and any special funeral instructions are optional. But the release must be signed...

...pausing at Happy's seat, as Happy hands back only the signed release, wadding up the personal stuff...as Lady

Gillette looks at the legal document...

LADY GILLETTE

Your next of kin is Jack Blank--?

HAPPY WIENER

I don't have anyone--I'm an orphan.

...as Lady Gillette is drawn aside by an excitable Tommy, who comes up the aisle with a cell phone, gushing the news...

PERFECT TOMMY

(low voice)

Young friend of mine's been tailing Lizardo all over town, says there's about thirty Lectroids with him and they've been laying electrical cable in potato fields for miles around. Not only that, he swears he's seen Henrietta Xan not more'n a few hours ago, with fat-ass Monk Daddy himself, the Archbishop...Xan's personal assassin.

LADY GILLETTE

(stunned)

Penny's killer--?! Does Buckaroo know--?

PERFECT TOMMY

He will soon enough--the kid's got pictures...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Close and frequent lightning bursts lending the scene an even more surreal tone, as an exhausted Buckaroo reaches deep into the widow's skull, pulling and tugging on things...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Mrs. Johnson, get me a glass of water.

...as Mrs. Johnson scurries to the sink and returns with a glass of water, thinking he's thirsty...but quickly crossing herself instead, watching Buckaroo drop a 'bloody' aqua-colored mass into the liquid, a tumor-like sac with A DIM OUTLINE OF SOMETHING MOVING INSIDE...which he hands back to her...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Put the widow's young 'un in the fridge.

MRS. JOHNSON

(astounded)

It's a...child--?

...nearly fainting, caught at the last second by Buckaroo, who

eases her into a chair and puts the glass holding the sac into the refrigerator...simultaneously gazing out the window as the bus pulls up in front of a farmhouse surrounded by a crowd of giddy friends and neighbors...

EXT. WELDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Volunteers from the bus mixing with the locals, milling around in front of Weldon's house...THE EARTH TREMBLING UNDERFOOT AND LIGHTNING RIPPLING OVERHEAD...as Red River Daddy, Lady Gillette and Johnny Concho look at Weldon's photos of Dr. Lizardo, taken at the airstrip with Hen and the Archbishop...

...as Buckaroo steps off the bus, eyes THE HUGE SPARKING TOWER in the distance and approaches the awestruck Rumproast clan...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Blue Blaze Weldon Rumproast--?

WELDON RUMPROAST, JR.

I'm not a Blue Blaze, I'm a big Blue Nut--!
Where you been, Buckaroo--?! We gotta stop the Lectroids and the World Crime League from hijacking the world--!! We gotta be about it--!

WELDON'S DAD

I'm his dad, Weldon Rumproast Senior.
'Course I don't save the world or anything...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

If you raise your kids right, you're saving the world, Mr. Rumproast.
I understand the roads are patrolled by Lizardo's boys. Any other way to that tower--?

PERFECT TOMMY

How about the choo-choo tracks--?

...eliciting skepticism, even ridicule, but not from Buckaroo...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Good idea, Tommy. You and Lady Gillette'll lead the main force on the bus straight down the choo-choo tracks. Radio the Jet Car to cover you...if and when it shows up. The way things look, we can't afford to wait. I'll take Red and Johnny around the back...

(pointing)

Mr. Rumproast, does that combine work--?

...indicating a MONSTER THRESHING MACHINE in the next field...

WELDON'S DAD

Yes, sir...runs like a deer, too.
I've got a big keychain...better
show you which one it is...

...heading for the combine, as Buckaroo follows, but not
before noticing one of young Weldon's photographs...

...taking the picture from Tommy and staring at it, particularly
the image of the rotund Archbishop...as Happy walks up...

HAPPY WIENER

What about me, Buckaroo--?

PERFECT TOMMY

You, Felix--?

HAPPY WIENER

'Felix'--? I'm...

PERFECT TOMMY

'Happy Wiener'...'Felix Frankfurter.'
Your name's not Felix Frankfurter, IV,
Blue Blaze Irregular 8539, great-grandson
of the Supreme Court justice--? Your
uncle's not Dean of the Orthodox
Rabbinite of Denver--? Your hobbies
aren't ropin' and trick ridin'--? You're
not 17 years old, a likely runaway--?

HAPPY WIENER

(amazed)

How'd you know--?

PERFECT TOMMY

I'm Perfect Tommy--that's what they
pay me for. It's hammer time.

...flashing that million-dollar smile and heading for the
bus, even drawing applause from the crowd...as Buckaroo looks
after him, greatly amused...

HAPPY WIENER

C'mon, Buckaroo--you said yourself
I saved your life. I can wipe a
hummingbird's nose at fifty yards...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Not without a parental consent form, kid.
We could all get in a lot of trouble.

INT. KSPD - NIGHT

An unholy sight...the erstwhile small-town radio station control room filled with tons of homemade alien-looking equipment and a Lectroid sitting at a steering wheel...

...watched eagerly by Lizardo, Hen Xan, the Archbishop and a CHORUS of a dozen Lectroids...as the gauges move steadily upward and THE FLOOR CRACKS beneath their feet...

DR. LIZARDO

You feel that--?? The earth, she lurch a little--! The earth, she tremble like a little punk--! I gonna punk the earth--!

(to Hen)

We relay the potato signal from the stinkin' Mir, then bounce off the Moon. From there reach the far corners of the quadrant.

(indicating steering wheel)

When we reach a-maximum power, the seismic resonator kick ass like a Trans-Am. We use this Trans-Am wheel to steer your planet. After I'm gone, you can drive...

HEN

(licking her lips)

I share your joy, Lord Whorfin. The world is ours...!

DR. LIZARDO

(leering)

You can thank me later.

(to technicians)

Begin the final countdown to total power.

...BUT SUDDENLY SEEMING TO REEL...SQUEEZING HIS TEMPLES, AS THE LECTROID MEN'S CHORUS BOOMS OUT IN UNISON...

LECTROID CHORUS

Whooooooooooooooooooooorrrrrfin--!

DR. LIZARDO

(grimacing)

I feel the presence of another...a little maggot, in a little suit...he's here...

HEN

Banzai...??

DR. LIZARDO

My spawn...

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

The magic bus speeding down the railroad tracks into the heart of darkness, toward the HUGE TOWER THAT'S SPITTING OFF EVER-BIGGER LIGHTNING BOLTS BY THE SECOND...

...as a lone figure clings tight to the back of the bus: never-say-die HAPPY WIENER, along for the duration...

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Tommy at the wheel with his game face on, a killer gleam in his eye, pulling on something special for the occasion: STUDED GAUNTLETS...as Lady Gillette nervously opens her sack lunch in the next seat...

PERFECT TOMMY

'We ride all night...to hell and back.'
Jimmy Page gave me these...

LADY GILLETTE

I thought it was Joni Mitchell.

...unwrapping her sandwich and nearly getting a finger lopped off, as Tommy pulls a Bowie knife out of nowhere and starts cutting the crust off her bread, highly agitated...

PERFECT TOMMY

You call that a sandwich--? Gotta cut the crust off. Your mama never taught you that...?? You probably don't know how to slice radishes to look like little flowers, either--!

LADY GILLETTE

Excuse me--maybe you're wearing your thong a little tight tonight.

(taking a bite)

I'll still hurt you, but now I've got a reason.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Poet Laureate Robert Pinsky clutching an Uzi and staring out the window at THE INCREDIBLE LIGHTNING AND BOOMING THUNDER...

...as the Full Bird Colonel next to him grips his Uzi a little tighter with one hand and squeezes Pinsky's knee...

FULL BIRD COLONEL

It's okay to be scared. If you know
any prayers, now's the time. A warrior
on the eve of battle...first real taste
of blood and guts...might do a body good.

EXT. COMBINE - NIGHT

With the other prong of the attack, Buckaroo piloting the giant
combine overland, easily rolling over fences...

...as suddenly up ahead, the pulsating transmission tower
shoots a MIGHTY BEAM upward through the atmosphere, into outer
space where it hits an orbiting platform...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The Mir...!

...causing the strange beam to take a hard right turn and
continue on to the moon, where, incredibly, it projects the
Lectroid face of JOHN WHORFIN across the lunar surface...

JOHNNY CONCHO

The man in the moon--! Let's get him--!

...as Buckaroo accelerates, drawing the first GUNFIRE from the
radio station and ducking low in the seat, tying the combine
controls with a piece of baling wire and scrambling, along with
Red River Daddy and Johnny Concho, over the top of the huge
mechanical monster to find cover in the rear...

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The Poet Laureate on his feet, looking over the frightened
faces of ordinary folks about to go into battle...

POET LAUREATE PINSKY

There's a poem by Rudyard Kipling I'd
like to share, called 'The Thousandth Man'...
(pause)

'One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother,
And it's worthwhile seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other...'

...as BULLETS SUDDENLY WHIZ BY, BURSTING WINDOWS...glass and
people flying...but not Pinsky, who stands like a stone wall...

POET LAUREATE PINSKY

'Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you..'

EXT./INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Buckaroo, Red River Daddy and Johnny braving a blistering shower of lead, riding the combine straight at the station...

POET LAUREATE PINSKY (V.O.)

'Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.
But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water...'

...SMASHING IT INTO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING AT FULL SPEED, CAVING THE WALL IN AND TOPPLING THE CHORUS MEMBERS INTO A FLAILING MASS OF LECTROIDS SCREAMING FOR THEIR MOTHERS IN THE FACE OF THE COMBINE'S RELENTLESS CHURNING BLADES...

...as Lizardo catches a glimpse of Buckaroo amid the melee and takes an errant shot with his potato gun...

DR. LIZARDO

Banzai--I knew it--! Where's my spawn--?!

(to Hen)

Take the chopper. I don't need it
where I'm goin'--!

(to his Lectroids)

Stand and fight--! Huza--! Our
historic hour is near--!

HEN

Good luck. Hope it all works out.

...but not waiting around to find out, as Buckaroo, Red and Johnny attack with smoking Uzis and six-guns, charging hard even when they run out of ammo...fighting with anything handy...

...in Buckaroo's case, with his one good fist (literally with one hand behind his back)...as he knocks out the last Lectroid technician and TURNS OFF THE JUICE TO THE TOWER...

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Tommy at the wheel, pinned in by a pair 'DOA' cars full of Lectroids racing along on either side of the bus, firing away...

...as Happy Wiener pulls off some nifty shooting of his own from a bus window, shooting the tires on one of the DOA cars...

...as OUT OF NOWHERE THE JET CAR SHRIEKS OUT OF THE SKY AND AND BLOWS APART THE SECOND DOA VEHICLE, sending it careening...

LADY GILLETTE

Yeah--! Reno--! Grab 'em by the
ouch hairs, boys--! Knock their
hats in the creek--!

...suddenly screaming, as up ahead, caught like a dazed deer
in the middle of the railroad tracks, the FIERCE BURNING EYES
OF LIZARDO, WHO LEAPS LIKE A FIEND ONTO THE GRILL OF THE BUS...

...as Tommy and Lady G both draw, FIRING...but too late, as
Lizardo scrambles onto the top of the bus and Lady G dashes
out of the cab, heading up the aisle after him...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Her mouth forming a frozen scream, the Widow Oh squirming
in terror as LIZARDO SMASHES IN THROUGH A WINDOW...AIMS HIS
POTATO GUN AT HER, but only smiles...

DR. LIZARDO

Is he better than me--?

...turning his attention instead to their offspring, by some
instinct opening the refrigerator door...pointing his potato
pistol at the glass of water with the sac in it, and snarling...

DR. LIZARDO

My boy...

...squeezing the trigger, just as MRS. JOHNSON APPEARS OUT OF
NOWHERE, SLAMMING THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR ON LIZARDO'S HAND...

DR. LIZARDO

Human bitch--!

...grabbing her by the throat...about to blow her head off when
a sight over her shoulder changes his mind: LADY GILLETTE WITH
TWIN SIX-GUNS!!, thrown suddenly off balance by the bus lurching
to a stop...allowing Lizardo to dive out the window...

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Lady Gillette and Tommy exhorting the volunteers off the bus
like paratroopers...with Pinsky's help, grabbing the scaredy-
cat Full Bird Colonel by the seat of the pants...

LADY GILLETTE

C'mon, Colonel Full Bird, your
diaper ain't full yet--! Move it--!

...as Tommy spots his quarry, A LONG-HAIRED FIGURE WITH A
TRIO OF LECTROIDS MAKING A RUN FOR THE SPARK TOWER...

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

Lizardo in first position, amazingly nimble for a man his age, scrambling up the tower with three bodyguards in tow...

...as Tommy and Buckaroo reach the bottom of the tower at the same time...Buckaroo at a disadvantage, having one useful arm...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'll cover you. He can't get far.

...trading shots with Lizardo's bodyguards, shooting two of them in the ass...sending them swan-diving to the ground below...

DR. LIZARDO

I'll kill you, Banzai--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Is that an implied threat--?

...shooting the third bodyguard, as Tommy scampers up the tower and Lizardo, reaching the space needle at the top, runs out of real estate and pulls his own potato weapon, which Buckaroo promptly shoots out of his hand...allowing Tommy to latch on to Lizardo's ankle...but instead of seeming panicked, Lizardo laughs...jubilant...

...for good reason, as suddenly an ODD-LOOKING HOMEMADE SPACESHIP, UTILIZING RUSSIAN SPARE PARTS, SWOOPS DOWN FROM ABOVE AND HOVERS ABOVE THE TOWER, LIFTING LIZARDO OFF BY A ROPE...AND TOMMY, TOO, SINCE HE'S HOLDING ON...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Tommy--!!

INT. JET CAR - NIGHT

Reno suddenly zooming in, finger on the trigger, but helplessly watching Lizardo's Lectroids reel their leader in, as Tommy, facing almost certain death if he lets go, has no choice but to let himself get pulled into the Lectroid craft, too...

RENO

I've got 'em dead to rights,
Buckaroo--! What do I do--?!
What do I do, Chief--?!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You don't shoot.

...as the Lectroid craft zooms straight up, toward the Mir...

END ACT FOUR

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Dawn has barely broken, the battle barely ended...the carcasses of Lectroids still litter the premises...as Tumblin' Tumbleweed, working with a jury-rigged worldwide hook-up, finishes playing a Buckaroo record and intros a special broadcast:

TUMBLIN' TUMBLEWEED

Folks, it's time for another episode of Buckaroo Banzai's Radio Ranch, comin' at you at an unusual time today. Now, to tell you more, here's Buckaroo...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Citizens of the world, and friends--because the world is full of friends we haven't met yet--our Mother Earth has been pulled out of its normal orbit by an unholy alliance of the World Crime League and certain extraterrestrial beings...

MONTAGE - the whole world tuned in, as BUCKAROO'S VOICE cuts into every TV, radio and loudspeaker on the planet...commanding the same respect everywhere...here in the WORLD'S GREAT CAPITALS...here in AN OUTDOOR MARKET IN PAKISTAN...here in THE IMMIGRANT FAMILY'S CROWDED APARTMENT in Chicago...here in THE STILL-GROGGY WIDOW OH'S ROOM on the bus...and here in WELDON RUMPROAST'S HOUSE, where young Weldon and his parents watch the grainy image of Buckaroo on their TV...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Worst of all, you might not even be aware of our drift from our true and natural course. But it's insidious, it creeps up on you, until there is a feeling in each of us that, without being able to put our finger on it, something is wrong, things are out of balance in our lives, and a course correction is required.

WELDON'S DAD

This is a great man...cool as a cucumber.

...a sentiment not shared in Hanoi Xan's sumptuous bathroom, where the DELICATE, MANICURED MIDDLE FINGERS OF HEN, now ANCIENT AND GNARLED, rise from a jacuzzi of blood in a big double-barreled 'Fuck You' salute...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

But with the help of everyone on this planet, for once pulling together, we can achieve that goal. In thirty seconds, I want everyone in the world to take the hand of your neighbor and jump into the air at the same time. Those of you who can't jump, I want you to flush your toilet...thereby lightening our mother's load, while my cohort Professor Hikita fires a powerful electron burst to correct her orbit. On my signal now...

...looking over at Prof. Hikita, now on the scene, who pulls a lever and the GIANT TRANSMISSION TOWER THROBS, SHOOTING A PLASMA BLAST...as Buckaroo joins the Cavaliers and billions of others worldwide who JUMP, FLUSH TOILETS...

...but suddenly TRAGEDY: TOMMY CRASHES THROUGH THE ROOF!!, HIS SWOLLEN, BRUISED BODY LANDING IN THE RUBBLE OF THE BATTLE...as Buckaroo rushes to his side, checking his vitals...

PERFECT TOMMY

(straining to speak)

They gave me the mother of all beat-downs, Buck...put a hurtin' on me...but I did a good job actin' dumb...bet you a cold one I don't make it.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You're on--a dollar to a doughnut you'll be be good as new, in no time. Who trapped Geronimo--?

PERFECT TOMMY

(fading fast)

Tom Horn...just one thing I don't get: the elephant...how's it get out of the box--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

How do any of us get out of a box--?
We change, Tommy...

PERFECT TOMMY

(barely audible)

Should've known...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Get him to the O.R.--! Now--!

END EPISODE ONE