

BUCKAROO BANZAI

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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Becherman/Canton-Richter

BUCKAROO BANZAI

CARD OVER...WHITE LETTERS ON A DARK BACKGROUND:

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT

Classified File #2TC1695

Dept. of Defense

3-1-50 thru 8-31-53

Re: Project Sawtooth

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TEXAS TOWN - DAY 1

Beside a 1950 Ford, a quartet of elite intellectuals poses playfully...dressed in the local custom of boots and cowboy hats, the TOW ORIENTAL MEN, A CAUCASIAN MAN, AND A CAUCASIAN WOMAN squint into the hot sun and then down at the jiggling home movie camera, the operator lopsided...

NARRATOR

The advent of the Soviet nuclear capability ushers in a dangerous phase of the Cold War as the decade of the 1950s looms. Stung by this Soviet challenge and the rapid race to develop ever more sophisticated weapons, the United States resurrects maverick Professor Toichi Hikita's work in electromagnetic particle acceleration...despite the dismal record of failure that has dogged the project.

TOICHI HIKITA, one of the group, walks forward, taking the CAMERA from its present operator, a four-year-old child...A LITTLE BOY IN CHAPS AND COWBOY HAT who now joins the other adults, in particular Caucasian woman and the elder Oriental man who pick him up and hug him...

NARRATOR

Doctor Masado Banzai, preeminent Japanese quantum theorist, declares himself anxious to work for the Allies. Enamored of the great American West, Banzai sires a precocious son and tags the tiny child "Buckaroo." A tribute to his adopted homeland.

EXT. TEST SITE - DAY 2

A strange TWO-MAN SPEED VEHICLE readies for takeoff...the FIRST "PILOT" in the cockpit Dr. Banzai himself:

NARRATOR

And thus given a second chance after his secret pre-war laboratory disaster at Princeton, Doctor Hikita finds new life at the Texas School of Mines, where he assembles a team of crack scientists willing to gamble he's right in his bold assertion that man can indeed pass unharmed through solid matter.

The SECOND "PILOT," a fair-haired Caucasian: 3

NARRATOR

Sir Alan Motley of Cambridge, a brainy, affable limey, co-developer with Whitehead and Lord Russell of the world's most advanced theoretical gravity catapult...

4

The fourth scientist, the female Caucasian, busy with last-minute details, securing the two pilots in their seats, checking their instrument data, writing on a clipboard...

NARRATOR

Dr. Sandra Banzai, Texas-born pioneer in Negative Mass Propulsion ...wife of Dr. Masado Banzai.

...as the four-year-old BUCKAROO BANZAI now approaches the speed machine and gives his father a good-bye kiss...Dr. Banzai saying something to the boy, Buckaroo bowing respectfully, as his father and mother exchange last-minute assurances...

The cockpit canopy comes down, and Sandra Banzai tugs a reluctant little Buckaroo toward a sandbagged shelter...

EXT. SANDBAGS - DAY 5

...where Professor Hikita sits at a bank of monitoring equipment, Sandra Banzai and Buckaroo entering the enclosure as...

...A SUDDEN NOISE causes Sandra Banzai to turn in fear, the bizarre speed machine's motors whining at an astonishing rpm, BLINDING GREEN FLAMES ENGULFING ITS COCKPIT...

EXT. TEST SITE - DAY 6

...Sandra Banzai rushing toward the sheet-metal vehicle through SMOKE AND GREEN FLAME as her husband and Sir Alan both struggle to get out...

7

...Buckaroo running after his mother who attempts to help the scientists free themselves when suddenly the child is thrown to the ground and protected by Professor Hikita's own body...as the experimental car VAPORIZES IN A FLASH OF EMERALD GREEN LIGHT! THE SCREEN GOING WHITE, A LAUNCH COUNTDOWN BEGINNING UNDER A SOMBER CARD:

TODAY

THIRTY YEARS LATER

VOICE OF MISSION CONTROL

T Minus five hundred and counting. Phaser positive. Latch compressor.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 8

CLOSE ON AN OLDER, WISER PROFESSOR HIKITA:

PROF. HIKITA

Power source output, zero-zero-niner. Multi-stage axial compressor latched.

EXT. JET CAR - PROVING GROUNDS - DAY 9

One hundred yards from a concrete blockhouse, a SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS CLOSEUPS of an UNUSUAL STRATEGIC AUTOMOBILE sitting ready to roll, as TECHNICIANS in asbestos suites fill its tanks with HIGHLY FLAMMABLE FUEL.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 10

PROF. HIKITA

Fuel pressure, 1800 torrs. Oxygenation.

...amid television screens, monitoring devices...an elite assortment of GOVERNMENT VIPS, MILITARY MEN, AND NEWS MEDIA REPRESENTATIVES standing by...

11

...one such observer, GENERAL CATBURD, an AIDE approaching, whispering unpleasant news in his ear...

GENERAL CATBURD

You're kidding. Where is he? Still in the hospital?

The aide shrugging, the General leaning over to a nervous man sitting next to him...SECRETARY OF DEFENSE MCKINLEY.

GENERAL CATBURD

Banzai hasn't showed yet, Mr. Secretary. Looks like he's got cold feet.

Another angle. Two of Buckaroo's men, RENO and PERFECT TOMMY, sitting with their boots on a computer console.

PERFECT TOMMY

Better see what's keepin' the boss, Reno.

RENO

Why me?

...an attractive NETWORK TV ANCHORWOMAN headed this way...

PERFECT TOMMY

'Cause I'm busy. And get your clodhoppers off the UNIVAC.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY 13

THE EYES OF DOCTOR BUCKAROO BANZAI, THE REST OF HIS FACE HIDDEN BY A

SURGICAL MASK...such concentration.

INT. SURGICAL SCRUB ROOM - DAY 14

...a phone ringing, a NURSE answering it, then:

NURSE

Rawhide, it's for you.

Jacketless, A SINISTER PISTOL visible in the tooled leather shoulder holster, RAWHIDE takes the receiver.

RAWHIDE

I'll ask him.

(into his Go-Fone)

Buckaroo, I need an estimate. They're getting antsy over at Mission Control.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY 15

Buckaroo Banzai speaks into his GO-FONE:

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Another ten minutes down here, Rawhide.

REVEALING DOCTOR BANZAI, the great surgeon, surrounded by a well-oiled team of physicians and nurses...his steady, miraculously skilled hands working a LASER KNIFE on the brain of a PATIENT sitting clamped in a serious chair.

INT. SURGICAL SCRUB ROOM - DAY 16

RAWHIDE

(into phone)

The chief needs ten more minutes. I got the chopper waiting. Don't start without us.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 17

Perfect Tommy still leaning back in his swivel chair, smiling at the blonde TV anchorwoman, waiting for her CAMERAMAN to set up...

TV ANCHORWOMAN

So where's Buckaroo?

PERFECT TOMMY

(a wry smile)

Whadda you need Buckaroo for?

The anchorwoman catching his drift, smiling, knowing Perfect Tommy perhaps intimately...Perfect Tommy glancing across the crowded room at Reno raising ten fingers...

PERFECT TOMMY

Unscheduled surgery. He'll be waltzing along momentarily. What're you doing tonight?

TV ANCHORWOMAN

(picking up his hat)
Flying to Cambodia.

Perfect Tommy frowning severely as she tried on his Stetson, the anchorwoman promptly getting the message and putting it back down.

PERFECT TOMMY

That's why I wear a fifty dollar hat. Was a two hundred dollar hat, I hadda kill you.

TV ANCHORWOMAN

Bet you say that to all the girls, Perfect Tommy.

PERFECT TOMMY

Bet I do.

INT. SURGICAL SCRUB ROOM - DAY 18

Another STAR SURGEON, scrubbing for an operation next door now peeking at his wrist watch TV:

CLOSE ON THE TINY TV: AN IMAGE OF THE JET CAR... 19

ANGLE ON... 20

STAR SURGEON

Jesus Christ...how does the man find enough hours in the day?

RAWHIDE

We help.

The surgeon curious, studying the big TV monitor, Rawhide sensing an explanation is in order:

RAWHIDE

Dr. Banzai's using a laser to fuse artificial nerve fiber to the original, bypassing massive stroke damage. A subcutaneous microphone's gonna allow the patient to transmit verbal instructions to his own brain.

STAR SURGEON

What, like "raise my left arm"?

RAWHIDE

Or "throw the harpoon," depending on cultural differences. People are gonna come from all over. This guy's an Eskimo.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY 21

Buckaroo winding down the surgery. A BRILLIANT BUT ERRATIC JEWISH PHYSICIAN at his side whispering through a mask...

JEWISH PHYSICIAN

Okay...right...okay, I see...next time I'll be able to...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

There may not be a next time.

JEWISH PHYSICIAN

Look...I'm sorry...calling for help in the middle of an operation...but I just lost my nerve...I panicked...again.

Buckaroo picking a NIKON up off a table, snapping some pictures of his handiwork...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You've got the God-given tools to be a success in any field of endeavor, Dr. Zwibel. Ever thought about joining me full-time?

JEWISH PHYSICIAN (DR. ZWIBEL)

Are you serious? Have you have an opening?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Can you sing?

DR. ZWIBEL

A little. I can dance.

Buckaroo glancing at the clock on the wall...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 22

PROF. HIKITA

Inertial Control positive. T minus seven zero and resume counting.

MISSION CONTROL

All systems righteous. Professor Hikita says we have to go.

General Catburd and other VIPS happy to observe on their TV monitors the sight of a MAN IN BLACK COMMANDO PARACHUTE SUIT, carrying a BATTERED OLD BRIEFCASE, climbing into the cockpit of...THE JET CAR.

INT. JET CAR - DAY

THE DRIVER'S POV, a curious combination of airplane dials and switches and personal touches like a big four-on-the-floor gear shift and a snazzy pearlized Brodi knob with snowflakes and a coochi-coochi girl...

24

ANGLE ON the driver as he removes a strange GRYOSCOPIC DEVICE from his briefcase, plugs it into a cradle near his head...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 25

Professor Hikita standing at a special monitor as a light pops on, indicating "Overthruuster Armed"...he covers it with a hanky...

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 26

...all quiet suddenly, the car poised, waiting...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 27

General Catburd grabbing some coffee and doughnuts...the Secretary of Defense peering out through a viewing slot...

GENERAL CATBURD

I've got a budget meeting on the hill, John. What's this thing supposed to do anyway?

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

Three hundred miles an hour, General.

GENERAL CATBURD

Senator, you are so fulla shit.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

May not...

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 28

The Jet Car undergoing an amazing transformation: TWO STABILIZER FINS AND A JET ENGINE suddenly appearing on its rear deck...

INT. JET CAR - DAY 29

CLOSE ON THE DRIVER TO REVEAL BUCKAROO BANZAI, world famous figure in every field of endeavor as he withdraws a beautiful KAMIKAZE SCARF from his flight suit...wraps it like a warrior's headband around his helmet...

30

ANGLE ON Buckaroo's hand as his fingers flip a row of toggle switches, THE PULSATING POWER OF THE JET ENGINE INCREASING DRAMATICALLY with each successive switch...the vehicle a caged beast, taunting us, as Buckaroo flips the last switch...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Final contact is made.

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 31

No kidding. A TWENTY FOOT SHEET OF FIRE ROCKETING FROM THE BACK OF THE JET CAR...THEN ANOTHER...THEN ANOTHER...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 32

The Cavaliers at their monitors, calm...Hikita making minor adjustments on his instrument bank...the Secretary of Defense and General Catburd both now at viewing slots in the blockhouse wall...

PROF. HIKITA

Point of no return...five, four, three, two...

INT. JET CAR - DAY 33

PROF. HIKITA'S VOICE

...one.

As Buckaroo Banzai twists his steering-wheel mounted TWIN ACCELERATORS, the sudden forward lurch of the Jet Car slamming him back against the headrest...

EXT. PROVING GROUNDS - DAY 34

THE JET CAR BLASTING OFF! MORE FIRE! MORE SMOKE!

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 35

Technicians and VIPS eye their monitors.

36

AND SO DO WE: the rugged JET CAR raising a cloud of dust, viewed from high above us it blasts ahead!

ANGLE ON 37

GENERAL CATBURD

Too bad war ain't Indianapolis. It's fast, I'll give Banzai that.

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

Perhaps an idea whose time has come, General? Scoot over.

Catburd moving aside as Senator Cunningham takes her turn with the viewing device.

GENERAL CATBURD

It'll never work. It's too simple.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 38

HIGH OVERHEAD, manned by a TV NEWS CREW.

39

AN OVER-THE-CAMERAMAN'S SHOULDER POV as the JET CAR'S EXHAUST TRAIL CHOKES THE LANDSCAPE BELOW...

INT. JET CAR - DAY 40

BUCKAROO'S POV as the highway races underneath him...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 41

ALL EYES glued to those TV monitors, Rawhide and Reno watching...Perfect Tommy slapping his hand on the desk.

TV ANCHORWOMAN

Now twenty seconds downrange...Perfect Tommy, how on earth is Buckaroo able to keep that thing on the ground?

PERFECT TOMMY

She's just a damn road hugger, Allison. Plus the man can drive.

EXT. PROVING GROUNDS - DAY 42

Talk about a road hugger...the JET CAR SCREAMS PAST A BANK OF HIGH SPEED CAMERAS...THE EARTH SHAKING...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 43

PROF. HIKITA

Approaching thirty seconds downrange Three zero. Course steady. Speed three one seven nautical-four hundred...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

He's gonna do it! The man is gonna do it!

GENERAL CATBURD

So what? Big deal. Anybody can drive fast in a straight line.

INT. JET CAR - DAY 44

...as if in response to Catburd's comment, Buckaroo does an amazing thing, NOW FLICKING HIS DIRECTIONAL SIGNAL...

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 45

LEAVING THE PAVED SURFACE FOR OPEN TERRAIN! BEGIN INTERCUTTING BLOCKHOUSE AND JET CAR...

INT. JET CAR - DAY 46

A FIRE breaking out on a dashboard gauge, Buckaroo quickly snuffing the SPARKS with his gloved hand...DANGER LIGHTS FLASHING!

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 47

...as AWESOME PHYSICAL PRESSURES take their toll on car and driver...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 48

PROF. HIKITA

Buckaroo, do you read?

MISSION CONTROL

Advise you abort. Over. Repeat: advise abort.

INT. JET CAR - DAY 49

BUCKAROO BANZAI

That's a big "no can do".

INT. BLOCKHOUSE- DAY 50

Buckaroo's voice through STATIC AND CRACKLE. Professor Hikita white-knuckled...determined.

INT. JET CAR - DAY 51

Buckaroo STILL ACCELERATING, struggling with his mighty machine...fierce vibrations, OIL AND SMOKE filling the cockpit...as he wipes hot oil off his goggles...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 52

In the NETWORK HELICOPTER, a NEWSMAN and CAMERMAN catch this shocking turn of events:

53

THEIR POV OF...the JET CAR flaming along across the desert. A SONIC BOOM!

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 54

A TV MONITOR...A HELICOPTER SHOT revealing that the course thus far traveled by Buckaroo is ON FIRE, the ground literally set ablaze by the incredible speed of his JET CAR:

ANGLE ON: 55

TV ANCHORWOMAN

The Jet Car off the road! Radio contact with Mission Control here severed...that firestorm apparently interfering with communications...Buckaroo Banzai in serious trouble.

GENERAL CATBURD

Either that or he's popped his cookies.

Professor Hikita, on pins and needles, face taught, concerned.

MISSION CONTROL

Mach 1. Buckaroo! Do you read? Commence braking procedure! Over!

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

He's heading for the goddamn mountains!

MISSION CONTROL

Eject, Buckaroo! EJECT!

Buckaroo heard faintly in a STORM OF NOISE...SPEAKING JAPANESE...

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

Professor Hikita, what'd he say?

PROF. HIKITA

(quizzical)

He said, "This Bud's for you, Professor." What does that mean?

56

ON THE MONITORS the JET CAR is seen heading directly into a box canyon and TOWARD A WALL OF MOUNTAINS, impact virtually assured.

ANGLE ON: 57

GENERAL CATBURD

Looks like Banzai's finally gonna get more than he bargained for. And take the friends of the Earth with him.

Rawhide and Reno exchanging very concerned glances...

INT. JET CAR - DAY 58

Buckaroo Banzai peers out his thick glass window.

BUCKAROO'S POV: THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN CLOSING FAST... 59

60

ANGLE ON Buckaroo's hand moving to a switch on the dash marked OSCILLATION OVERTHURSTER, remaining there, posed.

REVERSE ON BUCKAROO: eyes on his instruments. 61

ANOTHER ANGLE ON Buckaroo hitting the OVERTHRUSTER... 62

63

**BUCKAROO'S POV...THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN RUSHING UP INTO FRAME!
COLLISION A PICO SECOND AWAY!**

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM - DAY 64

ALL INSTRUMENTS LOSE CONTACT WITH THE JET CAR! Jaws drop in disbelief.

CLOSE ON MONITOR: THE JET CAR SIMPLY GONE, VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...

65

ANGLE ON: 66

MISSION CONTROL

It's off my scope!

GENERAL CATBURD

What the devil? What is going on?!

INT. JET CAR 67

BUCKAROO'S COCKPIT POV... like a roller coaster ride through a meteor shower - THE EIGHTH DIMENSION, AN ORGANIC ASTEROID HURLING RIGHT AT US **EMITTING STRANGE STATIC ELECTRICAL CHARGES...MONSTROUS...RED...GHASTLY!**

68

REVERSE ANGLE. Looking directly at Buckaroo as his face distorts under God-knows-how-many G-forces...where the hell is he?! His plexiglas visor shattering as if hit with a two-by-four.

COCKPIT POV...Buckaroo's windshield CRACKLING AND THE COCKPIT TURNING **RED. 69**

70

CLOSE ON DASHBOARD: wildly spinning dials, Buckaroo punching the OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER again, amid fire and smoke!

INT. HELICOPTER - TEST RANGE - DAY 71

The TV crew in their fancy helicopter first to witness an astounding sight.

72

THEIR POV: the JET CAR EMERGING FROM SOLID ROCK AS THOUGH THE CRAGGY MOUNTAIN WERE MUSH!

CLOSE ON: 73

HELICOPTER NEWSMAN

(in apoplexy)

He's through it! He's gone through the mountain without a scratch!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God in Heaven!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY 74

An overjoyed Professor Hikita, surrounded by chaos and confusion, throws both arms skyward in triumph...

PROF. HIKITA

Banzai!

INT. JET CAR - DOWN RANGE - DAY 75

Fifty miles downrange, Buckaroo tries to slow the speeding, smoke-filled JET CAR.

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 76

A parachute popping out its back, at once ripping off in the high velocity wind...

INT. JET CAR - DAY 77

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Chute negative. I'm gonna try and lay her sideways.

78

ANOTHER ANGLE as he reaches for the hand brake and simultaneously spins his Brodi knob hard to the right!

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY 79

Buckaroo doing the impossible, somehow bringing the racing JET CAR to a spinning, skidding halt in a thicket of dry brush! AS OVERHEAD THAT NETWORK HELICOPTER CIRCLES...

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 80

The battered JET CAR, exhausting smoke, Buckaroo rolling its window down, opening the door and emerging, checking the damage to his vehicle, noting a STRANGE GELATINOUS SUBSTANCE on the cracked windshield, touching it and turning his nose from the smell...his glove

steaming!

THE NEWS COPTER LANDING IN THE DISTANCE. 81

82

ANGLE ON Buckaroo as he lowers himself under the Jet Car, coming face-to-face with one ugly SPHERICAL PARASITE, THE THING SUDDENLY SHOOTING OUT at Buckaroo as he's about to touch it...A MOBILE PHONE starting to BEEP back in the cockpit...the PARASITE coming to rest on the ground...dead?

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 83

Pandemonium, people cheering...General Catburd on the phone...

GENERAL CATBURD

This his frequency? Nobody's home.

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 84

Buckaroo ignoring the phone, taking his lunch bag from the front seat and removing a sandwich, taking a bite of it, and using the foil to pick up the BIZARRE PARASITE from the desert floor...wrapping the weird thing up...now at last reaching for the car phone...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 85

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

(Taking the phone)

Gimme that! You tell me, Buckaroo, what in the hell is this going-through-solid-matter-and rendering-all-conventional-defense-perimeters-useless-over-night bullshit?

But now Professor Hikita snatching the phone from the Secretary, turning his back to the room!

PROF. HIKITA

Buckaroo! Did you seem them? Did you?

EXT. JET CAR - DAY 86

Buckaroo leaning in to check his gauges, talking on his telephone. TWO FIGURES from the news copter approaching, still a hundred yards off...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

See 'em? They about had me and the whole damn car for breakfast. Broke my windshield...

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY 87

PROF. HIKITA

(into phone)

The creatures? They attacked you? They tried to possess you?

GENERAL CATBURD

Creatures?

(grabbing the phone)
Buckaroo, Catburd here. I got egg all over my face, but that's okay.
No room for egos here. We're all Americans and I wanna buy that thing
of yours. What's it gonna run me?

PROF. HIKITA
Not for sale.

GENERAL CATBURD
I wasn't talking to you, Hikita san.

...as the Secretary of Defense picks up a RED PHONE...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
This'll be the President of me?

Perfect Tommy and Reno suddenly stepping forward, intimidating
Catburd...

PERFECT TOMMY
She's not for sale, right, General?

INT. HOME FOR CRIMINALLY INSANCE - DAY 88

CLOSE ON the haunting, unsettling eyes of DOCTOR LIZARDO, AN ORANGE-
HAired OLD MAN watching NETWORK FOOTAGE of the Jet Car Test on his
battered Philco TV set...his eyes practically burning a whole through
the screen...

...PULLING BACK TO REVEAL a room in an insane asylum, a room designed
for several inmates but occupied by only one, this crazy old
fiend...the empty beds piled with books and Italian memorabilia, the
walls covered with mathematical equations...

89

ANGLE ON Dr. Lizardo even now unable to resist scribbling another
formula on the wall with a piece of chalk...

CLOSE ON PHILCO: 90

ANCHORWOMAN ON TV
Here she is, slowed down. Lookit there...slam! Right into the side of
that mountain! Perfect Tommy, Rawhide, Reno, you guys're the Hong Kong
Cavaliers. Buckaroo's most trusted inner circle. So I gotta ask, did
it surprise you fellas as much as the rest of us when the BJV, the
experimental jet vehicle went right off the scope and apparently smack
into a black void?

PERFECT TOMMY ON TV
Nope.

ANCHORWOMAN ON TV
Was Buckaroo acting different this morning, I mean, in terms of other
mornings?

The Cavaliers rolling their eyes, looking at one another...

RAWHIDE ON TV

Well, we partied pretty late last night.

91

BACK TO Dr. Lizardo now hearing footsteps outside in the corridor, and **HIS LEFT HAND, ACTING INDEPENDENTLY OF HIS RIGHT, ERASES THE EQUATION HE'S JUST WRITTEN...**as his right hand reaches under his pillow and picks up a crude **HOMEMADE ELECTROMAGNET...**a piece of metal wrapped in copper wire, one end of which is a small loop that Lizardo now attaches directly to his thumbs...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

(muttering)

The Overthruster! The Overthruster!

Lizardo looking back at his equation, at first puzzled to find it erased, then becoming angry.

92

CLOSE ON HIS HAND NOW STICKING THE OTHER END OF HIS HOME-MADE DEVICE DIRECTLY INTO AN ELECTRICAL SOCKET...

ANGLE ON: 93

DOCTOR LIZARDO

(obsessed)

The Overthruster!

ELECTRICAL CURRENT COURSE THROUGH LIZARDO'S BODY...AN AURA SURROUNDING HIM AS HIS LIPS CURL INTO A HIDEOUS SMILE...BURNING THE SCREEN, TAKING US INTO AN ASTOUNDING FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. STRANGE LABORATORY - NIGHT 94

Forty-six years prior (years before the ill-fated primitive speed car run involving Buckaroo's parents) an unlikely experiment in a strange factory...A **RUNWAY...**a much younger, dark-haired Doctor Lizardo being strapped into a homemade wicker chair/rocket sled by two **LAB ASSISTANTS**, the entire contraption set up like a catapult **AIMED DIRECTLY AT A LOSID BRICK WALL, THROBBING ELECTROMAGNETS AND BANKS OF GLOWING OSCILLATORS...**

95

ANOTHER ANGLE...and peering into an unusual periscope, an equally **JUVENILE PROFESSOR HIKITA** wearing glasses and scraggly goatee...standing in front of a 1938 calendar on the wall, today's eagerly awaited date circled in red...

PROF. HIKITA

Almost ready, Dr. Lizardo...almost...

Doctor Lizardo pulling on a leather helmet, Professor Hikita nodding grimly at the **LAB ASSISTANTS** who tug on a **GIANT LEVER...**the **ELECTROMAGNETS PULSATING...**

DOCTOR LIZARDO

More! More!

PROF. HIKITA

Not so fast...

96

ANGLE ON Doctor Lizardo pulling a switch, UNLEASHING HIS WICKER CHAIR AT A FANTASTIC SPEED down the rails!

97

AT THE END OF THE TRACK...the strange device coming to an abrupt and total stop ten feet from the brick wall, pitching Lizardo forward and...

98

...through the wall, at least partially, the seemingly solid bricks turning out to be more like vertical QUICKSAND...Lizardo half in, half out, physically unhurt but screaming his head off...

99

...the assistants rushing down the runway to help pry him loose, while Professor Hikita observes an astonishing thing through his periscope.

100

PERISCOPE POV: HUGE GROTESQUE RED CREATURES IN AN AURA OF ELECTRICITY TRYING TO PULL DOCTOR LIZARDO TOWARD THEM...ONE CREATURE IN PARTICULAR ENVELOPING LIZARDO!

101

BACK TO...the doctor's assistants frantically tugging on his feet, dragging him back into the room only to find this SUDDENLY ORANGE-HAIRED LIZARDO a fearsome, changed individual...a beast!

102

CLOSE ON LIZARDO! A terrifying scream issues from his mouth as he straightens up, at last wrenching free of the wicker chair, smashing his two assistants' heads together as he jumps over the runway! Hikita watching wild-eyed as Lizardo makes a mad dash into the vast shadowy expanse of the factory...

103

A DISTANT VIEW OF LIZARDO as he rips a door off its hinges, escaping into the night, SILHOUTTED AGAINST A DAZZLING SECURITY LIGHT, THE SCREEN BURNING WHITE...OUR FLASHBACK ENDING.

INT. LIZARDO'S ROOM - NIGHT 104

Nearly half a century later, the elderly Lizardo regards with smoldering evil the turn of the key in his own door and the appearance of a GUARD who comes in and unplugs his TV set.

GUARD

Cheer up, Lizardo, it's Friday. I come for your TV. You been using too damn much juice...ten thousand kilowatts again this month. Beats me how one old homicidal loony could use that much power.

The guard leaving with Lizardo's TV...Lizardo trying to control himself, his eyes rolling up at the ceiling where yet another UNUSUAL EQUATION has been scrawled in an angry hand.

DOCTOR LIZARDO

I want my TV...don't take my TV...I want it. I want the Overthruster. I want it.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 105

Mysterious half-light...CLOSEUPS...plugs and jacks...a portion of an upright base...drums with the BANZAI LOGO writ large...hands and feet putting everything together as an unseen audience stirs restlessly...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 106

Backstage in a small dressing room, the rock band known as the Hong Kong Cavaliers waits to go on...three unidentified GROUPIES in attendance as Rawhide naps and Reno tunes his saxophone while Perfect Tommy answers the questions of a FEMALE REPORTER from the local underground press...

Professor Hikita meantime at a corner table, studying his big notebook, examining a pair of KODAK SLIDES...

...as there is the sound of a commotion in the corridor, EXCITED VOICES and FOOT TRAFFIC coming this way, Rawhide methodically counting down under his Stetson:

RAWHIDE

Five...four...three...two...one.

107

The door to the dressing room opening precisely on the count of one, admitting an out-of-breath and hastily tuxedoed Buckaroo Banzai, A SMALL CROWD OF ASSORTED FEMAL FANS locked outside.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'm starving...somebody, help.

RAWHIDE

Got a half a tuna sandwich.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Same one you had yesterday?

Rawhide taking a half-eaten sandwich out of his hat and tossing it to Buckaroo...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Smells fermented.

(taking a big bite)

Check in with the Institute, Reno, see if everything's kosher.

PROF. HIKITA

Buckaroo, I've done an advanced spectrograph analysis on the specimen you pulled off the Jet Car drive shaft.

RENO

And there's a two-hundred-dollar deductible we have to eat on that crack in her windshield.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Figures. Anybody seen my scope?

PERFECT TOMMY

Coming right up, Buckaroo.

Perfect Tommy producing a highly sophisticated SLIDE VIEWER...Buckaroo slipping in a transparency.

108

HIS POV OF A COLORFUL PRISMATIC GRAPH over the backdrop of A NAKED WOMAN.

109

Buckaroo immediately diagnosing the problem and removing the naked-woman slide from the viewer...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Anybody we know?

PERFECT TOMMY

Who put this dirty picture in Buckaroo's viewer?

Rawhide reclaiming his raunchy slide, Buckaroo looking back into the sleek device...

PROF. HIKITA

I ran it through the centrifuge, but I came up blank. It's definitely dead now, although it still conducts electricity even better than copper does.

PERFECT TOMMY

Super performance organic material.

PROF. HIKITA

Yes, Perfect Tommy, in a way. However...

(slipping in another slide)

...notice...although certain components resist identification, it corresponds very closely to an ordinary praying mantis.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(scrutinizing)

Too closely. Gotta be more than sheer coincidence. Rawhide, you're keen on bugs. What do you think?

Rawhide takes a look as Reno hangs the phone up...

RENO

Everything's copacetic at the Institute, Buckaroo. Sam's with the Jet

Car and she's under lock and key. He's retiming her valves.

Buckaroo nodding, as he's interrupted by Perfect Tommy who's now brought over the female reporter...

PERFECT TOMMY

Buckaroo, you got a minute--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Not really. This is pretty important.

PERFECT TOMMY

She wants a picture.

Perfect Tommy quickly taking a place beside Buckaroo, smiling into the camera, as Reno and Rawhide exchange disgusted looks...

110

...the shutter clicking...another commotion in the hallway...the dressing room door opening to admit the club owner, ARTIE DUNCAN, a fifty-year-old rocker who has to struggle to close the door behind him on a herd of REPORTERS and FANS...

ARTIE DUNCAN

I don't care who you are...when you play my joint, you're just another band. I want some music outta you characters.

RENO

You want it, Artie? You got it.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Everybody ready? How do we look? Do we look okay?

PERFECT TOMMY

I look great. Let's rock 'n' roll.

A pair of no-nonsense BLUE SHIELD IRREGULARS appearing to escort them on-stage...as Rawhide returns the spectroscope to Professor Hikita...

RAWHIDE

No question about it. Something very akin to arachnoid tissue. If I hadda guess? A mutated species.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 111

Buckaroo, the Hong Kong Cavaliers, and their two Blue Shield escorts hustling down a corridor.

INT. NIGHTCLUB STAGE - NIGHT 112

Our boys arriving on stage...SHADOWY FORMS in the dramatically murky light...a FAMILIAR VOICE BOOMING OVER THE P.A. SYSTEM...

ARTIE DUNCAN'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, Artie's Artery is proud to present, for one night only...the one, the only, the amazing Buckaroo Banzai and his Hong Kong

Cavaliers!

LIGHTS UP! AND A WAVE OF GOOD OLD FASHIONED ROCK 'N' ROLL CRASHES OUT ON THE AUDIENCE, Buckaroo on lead guitar, joining the Hong Kong Cavaliers in a number so primal your feet just won't sit still!

113

...while at the rear of the room, seated by herself, we find an ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY...crying, for some reason exempt from the general raucous good will. She pours herself another drink, but booze won't do the job. She's all alone. She needs some help. Her name is PENNY PRIDDY.

114

On-stage Buckaroo Banzai suddenly stops moving, stops singing and waves the Cavaliers to cease as well. EERIE STILLNESS, the only sound Buckaroo's lips on the silver mike.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I heard somebody crying.

(no response)

I said is someone out there crying in the darkness?

Yes, indeed...Penny's voice, weakly: 115

PENNY PRIDDY

Here...here at the back. I'm sorry...

116

Buckaroo squints, spots her. His voice comes mighty over the PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Raise your hand...where?

PENNY PRIDDY

(raising her hand)

This is so embarrassing...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Somebody get her a mike? Can we manage that? And a spotlight. What's your name?

PENNY PRIDDY

Penny. I'd rather not reveal my last name or my age.

For reasons out of their control, Penny's name coming across to Buckaroo and the Cavaliers as "Peggy," said name immediately eliciting a surprised reaction from the Cavaliers...

...Buckaroo amazed as well...a not-too-distant pain deep in his soul momentarily manifesting itself, although he makes a brave attempt at nonchalance...as now Penny is given that microphone.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Did you say..."Peggy"?

PENNY PRIDDY

My name is Penny. Penny Priddy. There I've said it, but it won't mean anything to you. I'm a nobody.

The business of the names settled, Buckaroo and the Cavaliers breathing a bit more easily...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Nobody's a nobody. Why're you crying? What's wrong?

PENNY PRIDDY

(blowing her nose)

Did I say anything was wrong? I just sponged up a little too much Vat 69, okay? I'm down to my last nickel in this lousy town, I can't get my luggage outta hock 'cause I met this jerk who said he was a record producer when all he had was a record. He offered to set me up for life, and like a fool, well, I...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

He offered you money?

PENNY PRIDDY

Do I look like that kinda girl?

(to tell the truth)

I lost my room this morning. I don't know where I'm gonna sleep tonight, but I keep going. What the hell else can I do? I've still got my figure, and like this bozo said, as long as there's a sidewalk, I'll always have a job.

A few snickers...BUCKAROO shooting a disapproving look at those guilty of laughing at another person's misfortune...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Remember it's always darkest just before the dawn. Believe me, I've been there.

Buckaroo moving to a piano...starting to play...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

This song's for Peggy. And all you others out there a little down on your luck.

PENNY PRIDDY

(exasperated)

My name's, Penny! But who cares?

117

Buckaroo and his men start to SING ANOTHER TUNE...slower, sexier.

118

...and Penny opens HER BIG CLEAR PLASTIC PURSE, removes first a dog-earned paperback entitled Beyond the Realm of Atomic Particles and Massless Photons, by Buckaroo Banzai...then a BUCKAROO BANZAI COMIC BOOK, its cover depicting Buckaroo locked in mortal combat with HANOI SHAN, THE MANCHU TERROR! Penny lays both publications on the table,

continues to dig around, revealing next a SHINY SMALL-CALIBER AUTOMATIC PISTOL...

119

ON STAGE...as Buckaroo pours it on, looking in her direction...

120

Penny takes the gun from her purse and lays it in her lap, tears starting to flood her eyes...

121

BUCKAROO CROONING, all the women enraptured by his voice, his sultry glance, his animal presence...a real heart-breaker.

122

Penny takes another drink, wraps her hand around the tiny pearl handle...SLOWLY MOVING THE GUN...

123

ON STAGE, Buckaroo startled...

124

...as in the blink of an eye Penny ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT HERSELF, her arm accidentally deflected by a passing WAITRESS, the SHOT going harmlessly into the ceiling as...

125

...the crack Hong Kong Cavaliers whip out their GUNS, snapping back hammers, forming a human barricade around Buckaroo...

126

...while BLUE SHIELD SECURITY MEN materialize and drag Penny screaming from the room.

PENNY PRIDDY

Let me go, let me go, you creeps...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Everybody okay up here?

ARTIE DUNCAN'S VOICE

Arrest the girl! Let's get this thing on the road, huh?

127

The Cavaliers holstering their weapons, resuming musical postures...Buckaroo too...but his mind still half on Penny Priddy.

INT. CRIMINALLY INSANCE COORIDOR - NIGHT 128

Recreation time. SEVERAL MADMEN playing video games, content.

Doctor Lizardo's Philco TV now sitting on a watch desk, the guard who took it eating dinner, leaning back in his chair, his feet on the set...so he can bash it now and then to improve the picture quality...as a SHADOW falls across him...Doctor Lizardo...pulling a RATTY SUITCASE on tiny travel wheels, wearing an ANCIENT SPORTJACKET.

Out for a stroll?

GUARD

Where do you think you're going, doc? The moon?

129

An amazing thing occurring, as Lizardo's right arm rockets out and catches the astonished guard around the throat, lifting him off the floor, Lizardo's left hand picking up the telephone...

DR. LIZARDO

Operator! I wanna place a person-to-person call to John Bigboote, Yoyodyne Propulsions Systems. Grover's Mill, New Jersey. Tell him it's John Whorfin calling. That's W-H-O-R-F-I-N. Got it, honey? John! J-O-H-N!

Lizardo waiting for the call to go through as he strangles the last breath of air out of the helpless guard, drops him to the linoleum, reaching for the dead man's keys...

DR. LIZARDO

(into phone)

Of course it's me, John Bigboote, you fool! Prepare for my return! The time has come. Haven't you heard? Don't you watch TV? Banzai and Hikita have done it! I'll meet you at the factory. Get that overthruster! And the little Jap! Alive! Banzai's too dangerous.

Lizardo ripping the phone out of the wall, hurling it across the room...

...those inmates playing their video games fleeing like rabbits when they see that...Lizardo obviously no ordinary lunatic, as he proves by simply reaching out and...

130

...touching THE BUCKAROO BANZAI VIDEO GAME, instantly shorting it out on his way to freedom, suitcase in tow.

INT. BEDROOM ON BUS - DAY 131

CLOSE ON a newspaper, a banner front page headline announcing the amazing Jet Car test...

...and down in a lower corner, A PHOTOGRAPH OF "WOULD-BE-ASSASSIN" PENNY PRIDDY being summarily escorted out of Artie's Artery...PULLING BACK TO REVEAL...

132

...a simple steel frame bed, fold-out desk with microscope, scientific books everywhere...Buckaroo trying to tie his bowtie, glancing at the newspaper propped upon his dresser, that picture of Penny Priddy staring back at him...Perfect Tommy and Reno nearby assembling some kind of slide show...THE WHOLE ROOM SWAYING MYSTERIOUSLY...

...the two Cavaliers worrying more about Buckaroo than about what they're doing, as they fumble the slides, several falling to the

floor...

PERFECT TOMMY

Pick those up, Reno.

RENO

I didn't drop 'em.

...Perfect Tommy getting up and peeking at the newspaper over Buckaroo's shoulder...then returning to Reno...their voices low...

PERFECT TOMMY

It's a spittin' image.

RENO

Doesn't look anything like her to me.

PERFECT TOMMY

Pictures don't lie.

RENO

Hell they don't. I met my first wife that way.

PERFECT TOMMY

It's Peggy to these eyes. Same nose, same hair. Plus Buckaroo thinks so too or else he wouldn't be ready to go make a fool of himself, right?

133

Buckaroo overhearing all of this, of course, as the door opens, Rawhide appearing, offering a COMPUTER PRINT-OUT...

RAWHIDE

Hot off the World Watch Wire, Buckaroo. Thought you'd wanna be notified. That old pal of the professor's, Dr. Emilio Lizardo? The one you did the brain scan on--? He killed a guard last night, broke outta the Trenton Home for the Criminally Insane, stole a Masarati, totaled it a block away.

Buckaroo's expression changing at the mention of the name Lizardo...taking the print-out.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Then what?

RAWHIDE

Vanished. Thin air.

PERFECT TOMMY

Doctor Lizardo. Wasn't he on TV once?

RENO

You're thinking of Mr. Wizard. This guy's an eccentric genius.

PERFECT TOMMY

Hey, so was Mr. Wizard.

RAWHIDE

Dr. Lizardo's a raving lunatic, Perfect Tommy, a vicious psychopath with crazy eyes and flaming orange hair that once upon a time was mousy brown like yours.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Have you warned Professor Hikita?

RAWHIDE

First thing I did.

PERFECT TOMMY

(in the dark)

Why? What's going on? Anything I oughta know? C'mon, Rawhide, spill it.

Buckaroo nodding his permission...

RAWHIDE

The professor and Dr. Emilio Lizardo were actually the first to discover the Eighth Dimension. Almost fifty years ago. Before Buckaroo's parents even knew each other. But there was trouble, a rocket catapult failed and Dr. Lizardo got sucked half in, half out...when they hauled him back ,he wasn't the same guy. His hair was orange...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

And his soul black as the Ace of Spades.

RAWHIDE

He went on a senseless crime spree, killed a cop during a bank robbery, got caught and judged insane. The professor told us they threw away the key.

PERFECT TOMMY

Hey, any lock can be picked. So what's he up to?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'm sure we'll find out soon enough.

Buckaroo heading for the door...Rawhide drawing a receipt book from his pocket.

RAWHIDE

And another thing. Somebody took five bucks outta petty cash without signing.

Buckaroo and Reno automatically turning to Perfect Tommy...

PERFECT TOMMY

Wasn't me. I'd take a hundred, right?

...the guys following Buckaroo into an amazing ELECTRONIC NERVE CENTER, like the rugged interior of an AWACS, dimly lighted instrument panels manned by two BLUE SHIELD TECHNICAL EXPERTS.

RADAR SHEILD ONE

Lookit this, Buckaroo. Grossly abnormal high-altitude electrostatic disturbance over Connecticut. Fallout from the Jet Car, you think?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Doubt it. Check NORAD command. Could be a volcanic ash cloud. Work her up statistically, check it for the next twenty-four hours, then shovel the data over to Reno.

INT. PASSENGER SECTION/BUS - DAY 135

Buckaroo coming through another heavy steel door, and for the first time we realize that we just might be on a MOVING BUS...

EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY 136

BUCKAROO'S BUS pulling up...BUCKAROO BANZAI AND THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS emblazoned along its side.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 137

Waiting near the watch desk, Buckaroo's Jewish surgeon buddy, Dr. Zwibel...in a thousand-dollars worth of drugstore cowboy gear, a Hoppalong Cassidy hat, red alligator boots, listening to the local COUNTRY STATION on a suitcase size stereo...

...looking up as Buckaroo, Reno, and Perfect Tommy approach...

DR. ZWIBEL

Howdy, Buckaroo. Got your message about rendezvousing here. Barely had time to pack my saddlebags.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Sid, welcome aboard.

(shaking hands)

Fellas, meet a medical colleague, Sid Zwibel. He'll be riding with us from now on, so get acquainted while I snoop around.

Buckaroo heading over to the DESK SERGEANT on duty...

RENO

The name's Reno. This here's Perfect Tommy.

PERFECT TOMMY

Where do you hail from, Doc?

DR. ZWIBEL

(catching on)

New Jersey!

RENO NEVADA

Where's your spurs at?

DR. ZWIBEL

You making fun of me?

PERFECT TOMMY

Reno, how's about you take New Jersey's gear, mosey on over to the bus and introduce him to the rest of the hands.

RENO

Why me?

PERFECT TOMMY

Cause Buckaroo needs me here.

Reno picking up Doctor Zwibel's huge stereo and suitcase...

RENO

Follow me, pard'ner.

INT. CELL - DAY 138

Penny sitting on her bunk, a disheveled mess...depressed, her head buried in her hands as Buckaroo arrives. She sees his reflection in the pitiful mirror above her toilet...

PENNY PRIDDY

What're you doing here? Why're you looking at me like that?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I guess 'cause you remind me of someone I once knew, long ago before any of this craziness.

PENNY PRIDDY

Go away. Let me rot?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Who were you really trying to kill last night?

PENNY PRIDDY

You. Like the papers all say.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Pretty terrible shot.

Silence. Penny realizing you don't fool this man with the sloppy bowtie...coming over to the bars...

PENNY PRIDDY

Was she pretty?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Who?

PENNY PRIDDY

The girl I remind you of.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

She was the Queen of the Netherlands.

PENNY PRIDDY

It's kinda hard this way.

Meaning fixing his tie...which she's trying to do...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'd turn around, but I'm afraid you'd strangle me.

PENNY PRIDDY

The Netherlands. Whew, that's a long way from Wyoming.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Wyoming? Not Cody, by any chance?

PENNY PRIDDY

No. Laramie. Except I was born in Cody. How did you know that? Oh, right, sure, I forgot: you know everything.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

No, I don't.

Penny taking too long to retie Buckaroo's tie...an excuse to be near him...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Having a little trouble with that knot, aren't you?

PENNY PRIDDY

Which? The one in my throat.

Things really heating up between these two...Buckaroo changing the subject...blocking Perfect Tommy's view.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Did you have family there--? A sister? In Cody?

PENNY PRIDDY

I don't know. I always felt like I did, like there was another me...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Another 'you'?

PENNY PRIDDY

Somewhere. See I was taken away by the Priddies when I was a baby. I was adopted.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Adopted. I should have know. Of course. If it was a snake, it'd bit me!

PENNY PRIDDY

What? I don't understand you. I don't understand anything anymore.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Who does? It's a crazy mixed-up world. Just do the best you can with what you have...

Buckaroo touching her moist cheek, wiping away a tear. Perfect Tommy and the Desk Sergeant exchanging looks...

PERFECT TOMMY

Running a little late, Buckaroo.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Let her out. In my custody.

PERFECT TOMMY

Let her out? She's a killer.

Buckaroo and Penny unable to look away from each other.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

No she's not.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - AFTERNOON 139

REPORTERS, cameras, microphones, and a small audience of VIPS, civilian and military, in a large hotel conference room...eyes on the ticking clock...examining charts and MODELS OF SUBATOMIC PARTICLES...on the dais, Professor Hikita, Secretary of Defense McKinley and Senator Cunningham, waiting for Buckaroo.

140

Over the refreshment table set up for reporters, TWO REDHEADED MEN WEARING GLASSES practically FILL THEIR CUPS WITH CUBES OF SUGAR...one of their arms ELONGATING (1) for more sugar...THE STRANGE MOVE UNNOTICED...

141

...as the crowd breaks into SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE and Buckaroo Banzai enter, Penny Priddy beside him...the glamorous couple surrounded by the Hong Kong Cavaliers.

142

JOHN O'CONNOR, and JOHN GOMEZ, those two nearsighted REDHEADS with the sweet coffee applauding only politely.

143

Buckaroo taking Penny onto the dais with him, the Cavaliers assuming positions of security as...

...Buckaroo sits next to Professor Hikita who shields his remarks from what must be easily FIFTY MICROPHONES...

PROF. HIKITA

Rawhide tells me Dr. Lizardo escaped...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(nodding)

I'm assigning a couple Blue Shields to protect you around the clock, just in case.

Professor Hikita removing the OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER from his battered briefcase and laying it on the table. Buckaroo taking a sip of water...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Thank you for coming. Before I answer any questions, I think Buckaroo owes us all a few explanations for yesterday's antics.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Mr. Secretary...Senator Cunningham, ladies and gentlemen...thirty years ago, nearly to this day, my mother and father and Sir Alan Motley, all former colleagues of Professor Toichi Hikita at the Texas School of Mines, gave their lives for what was considered at the time an insane notion: the possibility of contacting alien life... not on another planet, but on a simultaneous plane of existence within solid matter...life which, before the war, Professor Hikita had actually glimpsed while pioneering a highly primitive gravity catapult with Doctor Emilio Lizardo.

1st REPORTER

The same Doctor Lizardo that just...?

PROF. HIKITA

One and the same.

144

SOMEONE ELSE'S NEARSIGHTED POV, PEERING AT THE BACK OF PROFESSOR HIKITA'S HEAD THROUGH A CRACK IN THE CURTAINS BEHIND THE DAIS...

145

John O'Connor and John Gomez at the refreshment table now adding several packs of 'Sweet 'n' Low' to their thick coffee as...

ON THE DAIS: 146

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I don't wanna go get too technical here, ladies and gentlemen, but I'm talking twister physics. Quantum Mechanics. Now you see, now you don't. This table I'm sitting behind? It appears to be solid matter, right?

Buckaroo demonstrating by picking up his plastic water glass, dropping it, splashing water left and right as the container naturally bounces off the table...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

But in point of fact, the solid parts of this table... the protons, quarks, your neutrons and electrons...they comprise only about one quadrillionth of its total volume.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Which is not a helluva lot to sink your teeth into.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Exactly. So the professor here, way back in 1937, figured that if solid matter is mostly empty space, a person oughta be able to discover a to travel inside things like tables. And mountains.

PROF. HIKITA

We at the Banzai Institute have at last found that way: an alternating gradient synchronizer that softens solid matter by attenuating its electroweak forces!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Which we all know are the forces that tend to pull objects part, right, professor?

2nd REPORTER

What about the Pentagon? The possibility of war in the Eighth Dimension, Mr. Secretary?

PENNY PRIDDY

Hey, better there than here, huh?

SOME APPLAUSE, the Secretary of Defense eyeing Penny critically as the lights dim...as RADAR SHIELD ONE slips into the room, approaches the dais, and the FIRST SLIDE is projected onto the screen...

147

...the image a murky one...but the outline of a WARSHIP WITH U.S. SAILORS ABOARD nonetheless unmistakable...

CLOSE ON: 148

RADAR SHIELD ONE

(a whisper)

The President's calling you, Buckaroo.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The president of what?

RADAR SHIELD ONE

The President of the United States.

149

ANOTHER SLIDE, even more graphic, the number on the bow of the ship plainly visible...7541.

EVERYONE CAPTIVATED. 150

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Is he still delirious?

RADAR SHIELD ONE

(shrugging)

Can't tell. It's real fuzzy. I patched him through to a pay phone down the hall.

PROF. HIKITA

In 1942, a U.S. Navy frigate, number 7541, disappeared on a clear day in the North Atlantic. Long thought to have been torpedoed, these pictures of 7541 were taken yesterday in the Eighth Dimension.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Now wait a minute here...

PROF. HIKITA

Next transparency, please.

A loud murmur from the audience as the next slide in the projector proves to be a remarkable image...

...of AN UPSIDE DOWN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PIRATE VESSEL. 151

...Buckaroo starting from the table only to be reminded by Penny: 152

PENNY PRIDDY

Buckaroo, don't forget your thruster.

...handing him the OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER...Buckaroo declining it...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You keep an eye on it.

PENNY PRIDDY

Any time.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - AFTERNOON 153

Meanwhile, several thousand miles overhead, a HUGE SPIKEY SPACECRAFT APPROACHES EARTH...

INT. SPIKEY SPACECRAFT (FATHER SHIP) - AFTERNOON 154

A mysterious cloud room where BLACK BRRODING CREATURES perch upside down and sideways at controls in a smoky, vaporous environment, the only illumination EERIE YELLOW LIGHT...THE WALLS BREATHING.

BUCKAROO BANZAI'S VOICE

Mr. President--? You there?

MORE NOISES, THE SOUND OF TELEPHONE SWITCHING EQUIPMENT...

INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON 155

Back at a pay phone in the corridor, Buckaroo trying to figure out why the President doesn't answer.

RADAR SHIELD ONE

Seemed like a bad connection even back on the bus. But they used the code.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Mr. President--? Some kind of interference...I can't...

Nothing from the other end except ODD SOUNDING COMPUTER BEEPS and the STATIC-LADEN VOICES of several operators...

RAWHIDE

Maybe it's just a prankster. Some computer whiz kid.

RENO

Whoever it was they used the Blue Code, Alpha Clearance.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(to Radar Shield One)

Go back to the bus and reroute the call.

RAWHIDE

And try the President's private number at the hospital. Make sure this is on the level. We're busy people here.

156

...when suddenly eerie, inexplicable things begin to occur...ALL HAVING TO DO WITH ELECTRICITY...the telephone book scooting closer to Buckaroo's fingers as if drawn by a magnet, the pages then turning, faster and faster...

157

...Buckaroo amazed...now the glass phone booth door abruptly slamming shut, the phone simultaneously emitting a BIZARRE BUZZ...

158

...and then Buckaroo gets literally the shock of his life...A MIGHTY ELECTRICAL CURRENT PASSING THROUGH THE TELEPHONE...

...AND HURLING HIM OUT INTO THE COORIDOR! 159

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Pencil! Quick! Pen! Anything!

Reno complying, the lights returning to normal, Buckaroo dazed, his hand moving automatically, writing on any surface available.

A SPARK flying when he touches the metal-tipped pen to metal!160

Buckaroo finally settling for his hand, SCRIBBLING NUMBERS ON HIS PALM.

161

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON 162

PROF. HIKITA

Let me ask you to imagine the Oscillation Overthruster as a sophisticated rifle accelerator firing a steady stream of protons at a target-in this case a mountain-and the Jet Car as a giant super-conducting magnet.

The Secretary of Defense fascinated. 163

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Sure, sure, but what about the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh

Dimensions?

PENNY PRIDDY

(thumbing through her paperback)
I don't guess they matter. It's like cheesecloth, I think. Minkowski space...

...as all eyes turn to see a still woozy Buckaroo Banzai returning, pointing dramatically at John Gomez and John O'Connor in the audience...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

There! Those two! Don't panic...

The Cavaliers haven't a clue what he's talking about...

RENO

Whadda you mean, Buckaroo? Where? What?

164

BUCKAROO'S POV...SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY...ACROSS THE ROOM, TWO GHASTLY ALIENS, GIANT RED ARACHTOIDS WEARING SUITS AND TIES, HOLDING COFFEE CUPS...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Evil...pure and simple, from the eighth dimension! Grab 'em!

165

RENO'S POV...NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY...neither Reno nor anyone else in the room seeing what Buckaroo does, seeing instead only those two redheaded gents who like their coffee sweet, John O'Connor and John Gomez...COULD THEY POSSIBLY BE THE CRIMSON CREATURES BUCKAROO THINKS ARE:

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Arachtoids! Stop 'em!

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

Arachtoids?

166

Buckaroo breaking into a dead run across the room, those two astonished RED ALIENS racing for the nearest exit!

167

The Hong Kong Cavaliers rushing to help Buckaroo when suddenly the PIERCING SCREAM of Penny Priddy causes them to stop in their tracks and look toward the dais...

...where yet NOTHER REDHEAD called JOHN BIGBOOTÉ, in glasses and dark suit, a bandanna over his face, has just stepped from behind the curtain and seized Professor Hikita, pointing a revolver at the old man's head...the Cavaliers instinctively stepping toward the dais, outraged...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Okay, wise guys!

...the masked John Bigbooté FIRING once, wounding Reno in the shoulder...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Let those gun belts hit the floor! And nobody follows, or the prof is history!

The pistol stuck in Professor Hikita's ear convincing the Cavaliers to obey, to watch helplessly as the kidnapper backs his victim through the curtain and out of sight...as new Jersey administers first aid to Reno and Penny strokes the fallen Cavalier's hair, berating the idle bystanders around them:

PENNY PRIDDY

Is this the kind of society you want? A society of weak-kneed jellyfish wallowing in self-pity, prey to ruthless hoodlums who pick us off like flies?

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

Or a society where we stand strong, take charge of our own destiny, with the cry "So far and no farther will we be pushed!"

INT. HOTEL BOWELS - MOVING - AFTERNOON 168

Buckaroo in the meantime running down a flight of stairs...catching sight of his prey...THOSE TWO MONSTROUS RED ALIENS running through a swinging door...

...Buckaroo accelerating, hitting the door with every ounce of strength in him...

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 169

...Buckaroo flying through the door, taking a fall down concrete steps, finding himself in the hotel parking garage where a MOTORCYCLE SHOW is unloading equipment...

...Buckaroo spotting THREE SHADOWY FORMS halfway across the lot loading A LARGE CRATE into a van...

Buckaroo wasting no time going after the van, as it starts up...commandeering A FANCY NEW MOTORCYCLE, charging after the van despite an EXHIBITOR'S warning:

EXHIBITOR

Hey, you can't ride that!

INT. CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON 170

The Cavaliers coming from two directions, colliding at an intersection...

PERFECT TOMMY

Any sign of Buckaroo?

RENO

No! Ditto the professor-

RAWHIDE

Shit!

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON 171

The van speeds by...the motorcycle pursues!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON 172

The chase continues, leaving the city behind...

EXT. WOODED ROAD - LATER AFTERNOON 173

...the van coming straight toward us, thundering past...as Buckaroo and his motorcycle next roar INTO CAMERA in hot pursuit, and over his shoulder an AWESOME SIGHT...

...A DARK, UNNERVINGLY PREHISTORIC CREATURE FLYING DIRECTLY AT US, GROWING LARGER AND LARGER ON THE SCREEN, BUCKAROO UNAWARE OF ITS EXISTENCE...

EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON 174

Twilight enveloping a New Jersey meadow as a pair of DUCK HUNTERS and their DOG takes advantage of the last half hour of fading daylight as...

...that BLACK CREATURE wings overhead!175

176

The duck hunters confused, frightened, FIRING, as a reflex reaction to this sudden threat from above!

177

CLOSE ON the AWFUL BLACK CREATURE HIT, swooping low with a horrible shudder!

The hunters transfixed... 178

DUCK HUNTERS

My God! What the hell...

The FRIGHTFUL sound of the CREATURE'S FAILING LUNGS...a terrific noise as the duck hunters hurry to where their unnatural kill hangs obscured in a gigantic tree...their dog running ahead, intent on retrieving this unusual "BIRD"...

EXT. TREE - LATE AFTERNOON 179

The heavy-footed hunters SLOSHING THROUGH WATER, the first hunter to arrive on the scene using a sharp stick to poke at a BULGING BLADDER on the bottom of the strange creature, the sac bursting and drenching the

hunter with a hideous viscous fluid...SPARKS! AND A STRANGE BLUE
DUST...

180

...as suddenly AN ENORMOUS SPHERE drops out of the tree and begins
rolling toward the hunter who poked that sac...

DUCK HUNTERS

Jesus Christ--! What is it?

The other hunter following the ODD SPERE as it backs his buddy into a
shallow swamp...the thing coming to a stop and...

181

...A BLACK MAN with dreadlocks emerging from the top of the weird
vessel, trying to balance himself when he slips and crashes to the
ground, his neck breaking...a beam from his dropped 'flashlight'
revealing him in death to be not a black man, but a BLACK ALIEN WITH A
THREE-FINGERED HAND...

182

...the hunters terrified as their dog starts snarling at the tree where
now a second BLACK MAN has emerged, running for the road, jumping the
fence like a gazelle...

183

...the hunters not seeing this second individual, obsessed instead with
a BUCKAROO BANZAI COMIC BOOK they've discovered in the dead alien's
fingers.

1ST HUNTER

It's the latest issue!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - TWILIGHT 184

Buckaroo still on his MOTORCYCLE in pursuit of the van, taking a daring
shortcut down a treacherous hillside...

INT. VAN - TWILIGHT 185

Alien John Bigbooté at the wheel, alien John Gomez riding shotgun, in
high spirits, cradling a DRY CELL BATTERY, his strange tongue upon it,
getting high...his teeth glowing.

Bigbooté turning in his seat, overhearing alien John O'Connor operating
a RADIO in the rear of the speeding van...

JOHN O'CONNOR

What? A black ship? Where?

(listening)

A black thermopod's been shot down ten miles back.

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

A black thermopod here? On Earth?! Why, John Gomez? Why?

John Bigbooté looking at John Gomez for any possible explanation.

JOHN GOMEZ

John Whorfin...maybe they know he's escaped!

JOHN O'CONNOR

How? How could they possibly know? They're more than three trillion six hundred sixty million miles away.

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

(jerking the wheel)

They know everything! I told Whorfin to sit tight. This could be the end of us all! We gotta get Banzai's Overthruster and get off this rock!

EXT. VAN - TWILIGHT 186

The van making a 180(turn!

INT. VAN - TWILIGHT 187

John Bigbooté yelling back to John O'Connor:

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Where was it, John O'Connor? How far back?

JOHN O'CONNOR

I have a radio fix...

John Gomez opening the glove compartment, taking out a pistol:

JOHN GOMEZ

Death to the enemy!

JOHN O'CONNOR

Death to the enemy--! Kill or die!

John Bigbooté just driving...his strange eyes set.

EXT. ROAD - TWILIGHT 188

Buckaroo rounding a curve on his motorcycle when that van is suddenly upon him, coming head on!

Buckaroo just having a split-second to catch the logo 'Yoyodyne' on the front of the van as he swerves into a ditch to avoid certain death...

189

...Buckaroo quickly restarting the motorcycle and taking out A SWISS ARMY LIGHTER/MINIATURE TWO-WAY RADIO, making a call to:

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Rawhide. Come in. Over.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - TWILIGHT190

Back in the press conference room, the anxious Cavaliers try to help

several LAW ENFORCEMENT TYPES reconstruct the professor's kidnapping. A TINY BUZZER going off in Rawhide's pocket: his SWISS ARMY CIGARETTE LIGHTER. Rawhide turns his Back on everyone, taking out a pack of Luckies, lighting up as he talks quietly into the FLAME:

RAWHIDE

Over, Buckaroo. What's up? Where in Hades are you? I'm getting a lotta static.

EXT. ROAD - TWILIGHT 191

Buckaroo pushing and shoving his motorcycle onto a woodland path...IT IS GETTING QUITE DARK...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

That's me. I've been ionized, but I'm okay. I'm, switching on the homing beacon, mark two minute intervals.

RAWHIDE

Buckaroo, somebody shanghaied the Professor!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The deuce you say.
(realizing)
That crate!

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - TWILIGHT192

Elsewhere in the room, nervous and concerned, Penny Priddy sits apart from the others, thumping the keys of a piano...

RAWHIDE

What crate?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I think I'm on to something. You and the guys go back to the house and dig up everything you can on an outfit called Yoyodyne.

RAWHIDE

(into flame)
Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems? You think they're mixed up in this?

...Reno sitting down next to Penny at the piano, his wounded arm in a sling but his fingers nimble as ever...

PENNY PRIDDY

How long you been riding with Buckaroo, Reno?

RENO

Nigh on ten years. Been through a lotta scrapes together.

PENNY PRIDDY

What'd you do before? Can I ask?

RENO

Government work. Had my own think tank. Got tired of thinking-wanted

some action. Seen plenty of it too. So will you if you stick around.

PENNY PRIDDY

Where's Buckaroo? Is he alive?

RENO

Course he's alive. He's Buckaroo Banzai.

Rawhide calling from across the room...

RAWHIDE

All right. Let's go! We got our work cut out for us tonight!

Reno getting up, Penny unsure at that moment whether she's being included, as those steely eyes of Rawhide zero in on her...

RAWHIDE

You, too, Miss Penny.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 193

Darkness as Buckaroo races on, the taillights of the van far ahead...

INT. VAN - NIGHT 194

John Gomez now sharing his DRY CELL BATTERY with John O'Connor, the two of them singing a SONG from their home planet...

...John Bigbooté at the wheel, preoccupied, refusing their offer of a toke on the battery with:

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

No thanks, I'm driving.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 195

The Yoyodyne van approaching the scene of the downed spacecraft, the headlights of the single HIGHWAY PATROL CAR illuminating the CORPSE OF THE DEAD CREATURE in the water...the HIGHWAY PATROLMAN pulling the figure out of the water, the hunters standing by...

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Hand me that tarp. Let's cover this guy...

2ND HUNTER

What guy? He's got paws.

The other hunter tossing a plastic tarp over the body as they all turn to regard the headlights of the Yoyodyne van...the cop heading that way...

196

BUCKAROO ARRIVING now too, scraping to a stop on his motorcycle in heavy brush, creeping closer to the crash site for a better look...

197

BUCKAROO'S POV: The ungainly SPHERICAL SPACECRAFT and that amazing DEAD CREATURE on the ground, covered now with a sheet of semi-transparent plastic...observing John Bigbooté and John Gomez producing official I.D.s and appearing to BUCKAROO AS CRIMSON ALIENS...TO THE COPS AS...

ORDINARY CITIZENS: 198

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

John Bigbooté, Officer. Executive Vice President, Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems.

JOHN GOMEZ

(of the spacecraft)
One of our birds.

The highway patrolman returning Bigbooté's I.D., still a little skeptical about the whole thing, pointing to THE DEAD CREATURE UNDER PLASTIC.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

That fella over there-that one of yours, too, is it?

John Bigbooté having a ready answer...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

The droid, you mean?

199

Buckaroo moving quickly to the back of the van, starting to open the rear door with a locksmith's pick attached to his special SWISS ARMY LIGHTER.

ELECTRICITY JUMPING FROM HIS FINGERS. 200

Buckaroo dropping the two-way radio homing device on the bumper...

201

INT. VAN - CRASH SITE - NIGHT 202

The sound of the Swiss Army lighter jolting red alien John O'Connor...O'Connor thinking the noise has come from the crate itself...

JOHN O'CONNOR

Button up in there, Professor, if you know what's good for you.

John O'Connor stepping out for a smoke.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT 203

Buckaroo watching the alien John O'Connor move off in the direction of the hunters, retrieving his dropped Swiss Army lighter, not noticing that the once blinking L.E.D. on the homing device has gone out! Buckaroo again picking the lock...

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 204

...ordinary citizen John O'Connor meanwhile observing the hunters still hanging around, one of them engrossed in the Buckaroo comic, his pal trying to figure out how to operate the dead alien's unusual flashlight...

JOHN O'CONNOR

Nice night, huh?

INT. VAN - NIGHT 205

...as Buckaroo stealthily enters, working the lock on the crate now with his all-purpose lighter.

CLOSE ON HIS FINGERS EMITTING THE OCCASIONAL SPARK... 206

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT 207

John Bigbooté, John Gomez, and the cop looming above the dead creature...

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Looks like nothing I ever seen. I seen droids in space movies, but they're nothing like this-

JOHN GOMEZ

It's a three-man thermopod...

John Bigbooté shooting John Gomez a hard stare...

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Thermopod? What's a...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Very T.S. Top Secret, right John Gomez?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Yeah, well, I was gonna call Buckaroo Banzai out here to have a look. Right up his alley, I think.

John Bigbooté's mood suddenly changing...tensing...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

You called Buckaroo Banzai?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Not yet. I said I was gonna.

The three of them looking up at another pair of headlights arriving, A SEDAN, the cop yelling at them:

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Go on! Keep it moving!

JOHN GOMEZ

We got a truck on the way to mop things up for you. Else this place

could become a zoo, not to mention a haven for gawkers.

The highway patrolman moving off to deal with the sedan...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

We'll just go ahead and start breaking it down.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Don't touch it! I got my own help on the way! That's an order!

John Bigbooté frowning, telling John Gomez:

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

There's a crowbar in the truck.

John Gomez nodding, heading back to the van...

INT. VAN - NIGHT 208

...as Buckaroo pries his way into the crate, extracting the shaken Professor Hikita.

A SPARK dancing between them as they touch! 209

210

PROF. HIKITA

Buckaroo! What the Sam Hill!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Careful...don't make noise and don't touch me. I'm hotter than flapjacks.

PROF. HIKITA

What?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'm a giant semi-conductor, and there's alien creatures all around us. Form the Eighth Dimension, I think. Look...

Buckaroo trying to show Professor Hikita the MATHEMATICAL FORMULA written on his hand.

PROF. HIKITA

You can see them?

Buckaroo holding a finger to his lips...whispering...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Ever since that phony phone call from the President. Look at this. What is it?

PROF. HIKITA

It's your hand, Buckaroo.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

It's an antidote. A formula. Whoever it was on the phone made me

scribble this and gave me the ability to penetrate their disguises.

Buckaroo opening the door to the van.

BUCKAROO SEES the red alien John Gomez coming closer... 211

212

PROF. HIKITA

Antidote to what? Whose disguises?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Arachtoids. From Planet Ten.

PROF. HIKITA

Planet 10?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(pointing quickly)

There's a Harley behind those bushes. Get back to the laboratory and start working on the formula. We don't have time to ask questions. Just synthesize it-

The professor still without the crucial information, however...John Gomez approaching...

PROF. HIKITA

Buckaroo, the formula--

Thinking fast, Buckaroo presses the palm of his hand to Professor Hikita's forehead, the ball-point ink transferring...**THE IMPORTANT FORMULA IMPRINTED IN REVERSE ON THE PROFESSOR'S SHINY PATE...**

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Hurry! Please.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 213

The highway patrolman talking to the sedan...**TWO SHADOWY FIGURES INSIDE...**

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

If you're gonna stay, you're gonna be under arrest. It's your choice.

INT. WOLD WATCH ONE/BUS - NIGHT 214

Meanwhile back on Buckaroo's bus, in the nerve center, Rawhide and Perfect Tommy look at a BLANK OSCILLOSCOPE operated by a Blue Shield Technician...

PERFECT TOMMY

Twelve minutes since the last signal. Long time.

RAWHIDE

Too long. We better get somebody over there. Put up the grid, last known location--

215

CLOSE ON OSCILLOSCOPE...AN ELECTRONIC GRID FIELD coming up, noting Buckaroo's last location.

216

RAWHIDE

Hop on the Marconi, see if we got any Blue Shields within a ten-minute radius.

PERFECT TOMMY

Done.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 217

Buckaroo moving dangerously closer to the thermopod as the alien John Gomez returns with the crowbar...his other-worldly comrade demanding:

JOHN BIGBOOTE

Open it!

218

...the highway patrolman meanwhile at his squad car, on his radio...**THE SEDAN SITTING TIGHT.**

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 219

Inside an all-night gas station somewhere in New Jersey, a young black kid named SCOOTER LINDLEY at his SPECIAL HAM RADIO SET, hearing:

PERFECT TOMMY'S VOICE

Repeat: Intrastate Outward Band 5...Coded...calling all Blue Shield Irregulars in the Clam State. Bucakroo in trouble...will repeat coordinates...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

This is Scooter Lindley, Future Knight of the Blue Shield 411/2. Hang on!

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 220

Scooter racing outside toward his father, CASPER LINDLEY, the station owner, an everyday no-nonsense guy in grungy overalls, presently trying to sell a crushed velvet sofa from the top of a three-tier display rack to a PAIR OF DISCRIMINATING CUSTOMERS...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Dad! Dad! Buckaroo's in trouble!

CASPER LINDLEY

Say what?!

INT. PASSENGER SECTION/BUS - NIGHT 221

A weary, worried Rawhide comes back into the front of the bus and takes a seat near Penny and Reno...

NEW JERSEY

Trouble?

RAWHIDE

Nah-Damn sophisticated equipment always breaking down.

Reno wondering if there's more to it than Rawhide's saying...Rawhide losing himself in a copy of American Horseman.

Penny leaning forward, thinking, picking at a guitar left on the seat in front of her, watching the mysterious Hong Kong Cavaliers.

222

Perfect Tommy arriving, whispering something in Rawhide's ear, Rawhide nodding...

Penny looking over at Perfect Tommy across the aisle, Perfect Tommy confiscating the guitar...his guitar.

PENNY PRIDDY

What's his problem?

RENO

Perfect Tommy's just threatened by smart women. Can you play that thing?

PENNY PRIDDY

Better than him.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 223

Buckaroo jockeying for an improved position, as the alien John Gomez prepares to strike the pod-TWO MEN getting out of the sedan now...ARACHTOIDS in baggy suits...

...THE CROWBAR HITTING THE POD for the first time!

224

The cop turning, shouting at John Gomez from his squad car:

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Whadda you think you're doing? Hey!

The cop in a jam, heading back toward the pod, as the two newly arrived redheads follow him despite his instructions:

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

I said back off! I mean it. Now get in your car and get the hell outta here!

...the two goons halting...but as soon as the cop turns, they follow him again...

EXT. FRONT GATES/BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT 225

A modest estate, several unique buildings on several acres of rolling

Midlothian grassland, home of Buckaroo Banzai and the Hong Kong Cavaliers...that famous Double B logo festooning a large front gate...a sign: THE BANZAI INSTITUTE FOR BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING AND STRATEGIC INFORMATION.

226

...A NUMBER OF BUCKAROO'S DEVOTED FANS perpetually outside with sleeping bags and cameras...a wave of excitement rippling through the crowd as BUCKAROO'S DOUBLE BUS approaches and THREE BLUE SHIELDS on guard begin opening the gate.

INT. FOYER/BUCKAROO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 227

A combination Japanese ryokan-American ranch house, an elegant reflection of Buckaroo's dual lineage...a teenage girl heading for the door to answer an insistent buzzer...she MRS. JOHNSON...

228

...Penny and the Hong Kong Cavaliers standing outside...Mrs. Johnson reacting as if she's seen a ghost...

MRS. JOHNSON

Peggy--!? Oh, wow...no...

RENO

She's not Peggy, Mrs. Johnson--

MRS. JOHNSON

Not Peggy--! Of course not. How could she be, huh? Whew.

RAWHIDE

Any word from Buckaroo?

MRS. JOHNSON

No...I thought he was with you guys...

The Cavaliers quickly dispersing...Penny left alone under Mrs. Johnson's curious eyes...

INT. STUDIO-COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT 229

...the Cavaliers stepping into a home studio, a tangle of wires and microphones, mixing consoles and data banks tended by a skeleton crew of BLUE SHIELD TECHNICIANS...one a brainy, wiry kid in his late teens.

BRAINY KID

Hi, fellas...gonna lay down some background vocals tonight?

RAWHIDE

Wish life was so simple, Billy. Remember that outfit the Justice Department checked into last year-Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems?

BRAINY KID (BILLY)

The big space and weapons high tech consortium way behind on their delivery of the controversial new Truncheon Bomber?

PERFECT TOMMY

You got her. Buckaroo's orders: access their data bank. Attack their systems. Up to it?

BILLY

I'm a little short-handed tonight. My phone phreaks went into town for the big ice cream social...

NEW JERSEY

So we'll help. Let's get crackin'!

BILLY

Who're you?

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 230

Buckaroo watches the alien John Gomez deliver ANOTHER BLOW to the black space pod, as inside...

INT. BLACK THERMOPOD - NIGHT 231

...sits a single BLACK ARACHTOID CREWMAN named JOHN GANT, stoically at this communications console, trying to focus on a DISTORTED PICTURE FROM DEEP SPACE even as his enemy pounds and cuts through the hull...

CLOSE ON CONSOLE 232

...the picture of his video console coming into focus: a HIGHER-RANKING BLACK ARACHTOID WING COMMANDER ON TV:

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

Destroy yourself, John Gant. Set detonator.

INT. FATHER SHIP - NIGHT 233

...the BLACK ARACHTOID WING COMMANDER standing at his radio-video console, receiving a picture of "John Gant"...

ON TV 234

JOHN GANT

Detonator set. My most profuse apologies to my homeland and loved ones. John Valuk is dead. He fell on his head, but perhaps John Parker will get through!

The screen going dark.

235

THE ARACHTOID WING COMMANDER exchanging words with his second-in-command...

SECOND-IN-COMMAND

But what if John Parker too is dead? Then we must send another thermopod at once to contact Buckaroo Banzai!

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

There's no time. We have our order from John Emdall.

INT. VAN - NIGHT 236

The alien John O'Connor looking in on the crate...finding it empty...lid off...

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 237

Ordinary citizen John Gomez HITTING the little thermopod again, the cop exasperated, pushed to the brink, surrounded...

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

That's it, gentlemen, you're all under...

The cop reaches for his pistol when suddenly John Bigbooté whirls and lunges out with HIS TELESCOPING ARM, chopping the cop's Adam's apple, knocking him to the ground...

...the hunters stunned, one of them reaching for a shotgun when the two newly-arrived Yoyodyne goons attack, easily knocking the hunters to the ground, beating them!

238

Buckaroo starting forward, but A THREE-DIGIT HAND suddenly on his shoulder! Spinning him around!

VOICE

Easy, friend-

Buckaroo face-to-face with RED ARACHTOID John O'Connor, the latter surprised to discover it's...

JOHN O'CONNOR

Buckaroo Banzai--!

Buckaroo taking advantage of this creature's momentary amazement to kick O'Connor below the belt...dropping him to the turf...now spying yet another set of headlights coming down the road...

JOHN O'CONNOR

(in pain)

It's Buckaroo Banzai! Get him! He let the professor outta the box!

239

The goons pursuing Buckaroo onto the road, the HEADLIGHTS OF A TRUCK bearing down on them...Buckaroo waving back at the truck, his only chance, when suddenly, instead of slowing, the truck speeds up, trying to run him over...YOYODYNE!

...Buckaroo lunging to safety at the last minute, getting up and running into a field...the Yoyodyne truck making a 180(turn and coming after him, across the meadow.

240

...Buckaroo pursued by the truck and the goons when suddenly THE BLACK

THERMOPOD EXPLODES, Buckaroo and the goons flying to the ground, Buckaroo quickly up and running, the truck gaining on him...gaining...still gaining when out of nowhere, A ROPE LADDER falls from the sky, entangling Buckaroo and pulling him up to a hovering HELICOPTER...

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 241

Piloting the small chopper, Casper Lindley, gas station proprietor, along with his eager son, Scooter...both father and son dressed in Blue Shield outfits now...Casper giving Buckaroo a helping hand into the swift-flying craft and getting a MILD ELECTRICAL SHOCK, COMING THIS CLOSE TO DROPPING BUCKAROO!

CASPER LINDLEY

Forgive the butterfingers, Buckaroo. Casper Lindley, Knight of the Blue Shield, at your disposal. And my son, Scooter.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Nothing to apologize for, Casper. You've gone beyond the call of duty tonight. Mind if I get on the horn and radio the Cavaliers--? They'll be worried.

Buckaroo reaching for the mike, relieved to feel only a SLIGHT ELECTRICAL CHARGE on touching it...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Not the famous Scooter....?

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Wow. You know it.

EXT. FRONT GATES/BUCKAROO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 242

Professor Hikita on motorcycle, being waved through the front gate by a BLUE SHIELD GUARD while a second Shield, PINKY CARRUTHERS (on HORSEBACK), telephones ahead...

PINKY CARRUTHERS

The prof just rolled in. Says he's on his way to the lab and "Do not disturb."

INT. STUDIO COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT 243

Reno on the phone, getting the word on Hikita while the other Cavaliers watch Billy call up a strange senseless MAZE OF LETTERS AND NUMBERS on his monitor...

RAWHIDE

Try a new cipher. Try G.

BILLY

G cipher. There! More like it!

NEW JERSEY

Nice work, kid.

244

CLOSE UP SCREEN: the letters having at least turned into something coherent...a batch of names and dates, vital statistics...headed "YOYODYNE."

245

BILLY

Looks like we've accessed their Read Only Memory...a personnel file. Could be highly revealing.

RENO

(rejoining the group)
The professor just pulled in, jabbering something about space monsters, locked himself in his lab.

PERFECT TOMMY

"Space monsters"...my ass.

INT. HALLWAY/BUCKAROO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 246

Mrs. Johnson leading Penny down a richly paneled corridor past pictures and mementoes of Buckaroo and the Cavaliers, past and present...

MRS. JOHNSON

I'm sure the boys like you. They just don't wanna get attached...and then see what happened to Buckaroo's last sweetheart happen to you.

PENNY PRIDDY

What happened to her?

Mrs. Johnson biting her tongue...

MRS. JOHNSON

You know any judo?

PENNY PRIDDY

Any what?

MRS. JOHNSON

Don't worry, I won't hurt you.

Penny staring at this strange young girl, not knowing what to say...

PENNY PRIDDY

What's up those stairs?

MRS. JOHNSON

Bunkhouse. Off limits. You'll be bedding down in here.

...Mrs. Johnson opening a guest room door...Penny eyeing those forbidden stairs...

INT. STUDIO COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT 247

BILLY

This is queer...look...

Billy staring intently at the monitor...the others leaning in...

248

CLOSE ON MONITOR: a list of IDENTICAL DATES AND PLACES NEXT TO A RAFT OF NAMES.

249

BILLY

All these people applied for drivers' licenses in the same town in New Jersey on the exact same date.

NEW JERSEY

New Jersey?

BILLY

Forty-six Yoyodyne employees. Grover's Mill, New Jersey, 11/1/38.

RAWHIDE

Grover's Mills, Grovers' Mills...1938. Why's that so darn familiar?

RENO

Looks like none of these guys ever lived anywhere else. No places of birth. And all of them with the same first name: John.

New Jersey studying the screen...

NEW JERSEY

November 1, thirty days have September, April, June, and November...when short February's done, all the rest have thirty-one. October 31st! Halloween! Don't you get it?
(obviously not)
Orson Welles!

BILLY

You mean the guy from the old wine commercials?

NEW JERSEY

Halloween. 1938..."War of the Worlds"...that fake radio news broadcast that got everybody scared, thinking that real live Martians were landing in Grover's Mill, New Jersey! But then it all just turned out to be a hoax.

BILLY

Then that's it!

RENO

What's it?

NEW JERSEY

Right! Hoax my eye!

RENO

You mean--? No!

BILLY

Yes! Martians! Right across the river in Grover's Mills!

EXT. FRONT GATES/BUCKAROO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 250

Pinky Carruthers aboard his palomino as JOHN PARKER (the only alien to escape the black thermopod) rides up outside the gate on a bicycle...holding a STRANGE YELLOW RECORD in his grasp...

PINKY CARRUTHERS

Hi, buddy, what can I do for ya?

JOHN PARKER

Buckaroo Banzai?

PINKY CARRUTHERS

You a messenger? What've you got here?

Pinky Carruthers snatching the ODD YELLOW RECORD through the gate...

JOHN PARKER

I need see Buckaroo Banzai in person. My name is John Parker. Identify yourself.

PINKY CARRUTHERS

Knight Commander, Pinky Carruthers. Sorry, John, all these people "need see" Buckaroo in person.

And with that Pinky Carruthers is gone, trotting up toward the mansion on his palomino...

...as a frustrated John Parker suddenly sticks his nose in the air, getting a whiff of something, causing him to get on his bike and pedal...

EXT. OUTSIDE SECURITY WALL - NIGHT 251

...around the corner of Buckaroo's estate where he notices a PARKED VAN and THREE SHADOWY FIGURES lowering themselves into the ground near the high security wall...disappearing...

...John Parker approaching, beholding...that familiar "Yoyodyne" van...and a FRESHLY DUG HOLE, crawling into the hold himself.

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE GROUNDS - NIGHT 252

...surfacing WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE ESTATE and again catching sight of THE SHADOWY FIGURES moving toward the buildings, John Parker following...quickly ducking behind a tree, trying to get himself a good view of the three intruders...

SUDDEN VOICE

That's as far as you go, pal.

John Parker jerking his head around, finding himself confronting the FRIGHTENING SILHOUETTE of a Blue Shield in camouflage commando gear...

253

...John Parker instinctively raising a hand to protect himself when without warning, a second BLUE SHIELD drops on his head from the tree above, knocking him down...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 254

Closed...SAM, the mechanic, next to Buckaroo's precious JET CAR, tinkering with that damaged Harley Davidson...the garage door suddenly sliding open, startling Sam...no one there.

SAM

Okay, who's the funny guy?

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT 255

In the buses, CLOSE ON SOMETHING WEIRD EMERGING SLOWLY FROM TEH ALIEN JOHN BIGBOOTÉ'S MOUTH...SHARP...

Sam stepping forward...A FIVE-PRONGED ORGANIC STINGER THE SIZE OF A WALNUT FLYING OUT OF THE NIGHT! A scream dying in Sam's throat as he clutches his heart, John Bigbooté dragging him back into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 256

...while the red alien John Gomez remains outside as a lookout, the alien John O'Connor quickly peering into the locked Jet Car and smashing the window, searching in vain for the OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER...

JOHN O'CONNOR

Not here! No Overthruster!

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

John Whorfin will kill us!

JOHN O'CONNOR

You look! It's not here!

JOHN GOMEZ

Professor Hikita!

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT 257

Outside, John Gomez making a startling discovery: the figure of Professor Hikita near an upstairs window of the research building only yards away...when suddenly overhead...

258

GOMEZ'S POV...CASPER LINDLEY'S CHOPPER...landing behind a stand of trees as the alien intruders scatter for cover.

INT. DEN - NIGHT 259

Mrs. Johnson sitting near a crackling fire, at a small desk stacked

high with books and papers, her nose in an advanced chemical engineering text.

...looking up as the front door opens, admitting Buckaroo Banzai, Casper and Scooter bringing up the rear...

MRS. JOHNSON

Buckaroo!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Is the professor here? Where's Penny?

MRS. JOHNSON

Both of 'em safe and sound. What's going on? Everybody's freakin' out.

A shaken Rawhide, Reno, Perfect Tommy appearing on the stairway...

RENO

They're arachtoids, Buckaroo, from Planet 10!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

What? How do you know that?

RAWHIDE

It's all on the record. Come on-

Buckaroo heading up the stairs...

260

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY...BUCKAROO MOVING QUICKLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR with his men, being debriefed on the run:

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Planet 10? The same Planet 10 you postulated beyond Pluto, Perfect Tommy? The invisible body?

PERFECT TOMMY

Yeah, but most of 'em blasted in through the Eighth Dimension in 1938 at Grover's Mills, New Jersey...

RENO

...where there was some kinda giant crash landing, a huge explosion and they fooled Orson Welles into covering it up! And then they founded Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems and hid there for...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Orson Wells? What about Doctor Lizardo?

PERFECT TOMMY

Lizardo caused it all. Because he was already here on earth, screwing around with his own stupid Overthruster.

RAWHIDE

Faulty design. It sucked.

RENO

...but he wasn't the real Doctor Lizardo...just this arachtoid creep that stole the good doc's body the year before in the Eighth Dimension when Prof. Hikita's lab exploded...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Stole his body? When Doctor Lizardo's hair turned red and his mind snapped? Of course! What else?

PERFECT TOMMY

It wouldn't tell us the whole story until you got here. It wasn't to talk to the head honcho.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

It? Who does?

INT. INSTITUTE LABORATORY - NIGHT 261

Professor Hikita and his assistant toil away, starting at...

262

...an elaborate electron-tube apparatus that just now beings to produce **TINY GLOWING GREEN PARTICLES...**

263

...the professor excited, confused...rechecking Buckaroo's **EQUATION ON HIS FOREHEAD** by looking into a mirror.

INT. BUCKAROO'S STUDY - NIGHT 264

...while Billy places John Parker's **UNUSUAL YELLOW RECORD** on a turntable in Buckaroo's cluttered office...Casper and Scooter and the Cavaliers seeking protection behind a **PLEXIGLAS 'BLACKBOARD'**, their faces seen through a maze of mathematical symbols and equations...

265

...Buckaroo at his messy desk with a can of beer, **FASCINATED TO SEE HE STILL POSSESSES ENOUGH STATIC ELECTRICITY IN HIS HAND TO DRAW A SHEET OF PAPER UP FROM THE BLOTTER LIKE A MAGNET!**

RENO

Stand back, man...

266

...as the needle now comes down on the yellow disc, and amid a flurry of **SMOKE AND SPARKS**, A **GORGEOUS BLACK HUMAN FEMAL** sizzles up from the grooves of the record and hovers in mid-air...A **HOLOGRAM!**

HOLOGRAM

Salutations, great Buckaroo Banzai. I am John Emdall from Planet 10. A common grave danger confronts both our worlds.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 267

Meanwhile out in the corridor, Mrs. Johnson advances with a load of cold beers and Birdseye burritos...passing by a figure frozen in the shadows...OUR POV: THE ALIEN JOHN O'CONNOR. Mrs. Johnson gone, none

the wiser.

INT. BUCKAROO'S STUDY - NIGHT 268

Mrs. Johnson entering, dropping some of her load in shock at the sight of beautiful John Emdall floating free in the center of the room...

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh, wow...

Reno picking her things up, as Mrs. Johnson backs away from the HOLOGRAM and sticks the burritos in a portable microwave oven in the corner of Buckaroo's desk...

269

JOHN EMDALL

After a bloody reign of terror, the hated leader of our military caste, the self-proclaimed "Lord" Whorfin, a bloodthirsty butcher as evil as your Hitler was overthrown by freedom-loving forces, tried, and condemned, along with several hundred of his followers, to spend eternity in the formless void of the Eighth Dimension. Death was deemed too good for their ilk.

270

RENO

Did you tell Penny Buckaroo wanted to see her?

MRS. JOHNSON

She's not in her room...I looked.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Will everybody please shut up so I can hear this thing?

271

JOHN EMDALL

Were it not for the experiments of your father and Professor Hikita and the real Doctor Lizardo, then John Whorfin would still be locked safely away on another plane of existence.

272

Rawhide and Pinky Carruthers holding a whispered conversation elsewhere in the room...

PINKY CARRUTHERS

"John Parker" I think he called himself, this Rasta man on a bike dressed up in aluminum foil. With a weird album...how the hell was I supposed to know he came from outer space?

Buckaroo moving dangerously close to the HOLOGRAM...

John Emdall suddenly pointing right at the great man... 273

JOHN EMDALL

And now, you, Buckaroo Banzai, have unintentionally helped John Whorfin further with your Oscillation Overthruster! For our intelligence warns us that John Whorfin is about to make good his escape from Earth back

through the Eighth Dimension...and on to Planet 10! If he should attempt this we will have no choice but to disrupt worldwide electronic communications and fire a particle beam weapon from your airspace to Smolensk, in the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics.

PERFECT TOMMY

An action the Kremlin will most certainly misinterpret as an American first strike!

JOHN EMDALL

Exactly, Perfect Tommy. The Soviets will retaliate. Your President Widmark will launch a massive counterforce strike...and within twenty minutes the danger to Planet 10 will be removed...

RENO

God, if it's not one thing it's another.

JOHN EMDALL

But...because we're good guys, we're giving you a chance to save your planet. Stop John Whorfin before sunrise! If you fail we will be forced to help you destroy yourselves. End of discussion.

274

There's an awful pause...and then a SCREECH as John Emdall spirals downward into the grooves of the record again.

275

CASPER LINDLEY

She gotta be kiddin', right? Vaporize the whole damn planet--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You wanna take the chance, Casper?

CASPER LINDLEY

Not me. No way.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Rawhide, go find out how Professor Hikita's coming with that formula. Mrs. Johnson, take Casper and Scooter, gas up the Jet Car.

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Wow, you know it!

Buckaroo heading for the door...

RENO

Where're you goin'?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

To get my guns.

PERFECT TOMMY

His guns? Holy shit.

...Professor Hikita and his assistant leaning over the electron tube apparatus, removing a rubber stopper from one of the receptacles, in the process GETTING AN ACCIDENTAL WHIFF of that BIZARRE GLOWING GREEN COMPOUND...Professor Hikita and assistant letting out gasps, seeing a sight that nearly stops their hearts...

THEIR POV 277

AT THE WINDOW...JOHN BIGBOOTÉ...AND A RED ARACHTOID!

278

Professor Hikita, petrified, stepping back, grabbing the OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER and knocking over a chair, as THE ALIEN CREATURE smashes the window!

INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 279

Rawhide, hearing screams from the Professor's laboratory, races down the corridor, gun drawn...

INT. BUCKAROO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 280

Buckaroo coming into his bedroom, opening a dresser drawer when suddenly...A NOISE BEHIND HIM! Buckaroo whirling instinctively with twin EBONY HANDLED COLTS a fraction of a second from firing...at PENNY!

...the latter poking her head out of Buckaroo's closet just long enough to see him aim his silver pistols, jumping back into the closet, slamming the door...an exasperated Buckaroo stepping over to the closet, finding it locked...knocking...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Open up or I'll shoot it off.

PENNY PRIDDY

I'll shoot yours off if I had a gun, you double-dealing Casanova! I thought you liked me for myself. But why should you, huh? A jerk like me.

Buckaroo understanding at last the reason for Penny's odd behavior, seeing THE PHOTOGRAPH on his bedstand of a younger, possibly not-yet-so-world-famous Buckaroo Banzai in tuxedo...his pretty companion A DEAD RINGER FOR PENNY.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Penny, look-

PENNY'S VOICE

You look. Who is she?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

That's kinda complicated to get into right now because the world's maybe coming to an end and I can't stand here and talk to a closet door.

PENNY'S VOICE

Yeah, whose world is coming to an end? You only wanted me because I remind you of her.

Buckaroo fidgeting, precious seconds ticking away...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Penny, I was going to get into that, but I haven't had time...with arachtoids and all...but briefly she was your long lost twin sister, we got married, and that's about all I can say. Right now.

(no response)

Penny?

A silence from the other side, the closet door unlocking...slowly opening, revealing Penny standing in the middle of a pile of female clothing...

PENNY PRIDDY

Married--? So that's it! Buckaroo Banzai, a married man. Where is she? With the kids some place?

Buckaroo turning...Penny eyeing him, penetrating his soul...

PENNY PRIDDY

She must've been a bigger fool than me if she ran out on a guy like you...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

She was killed, Penny.

PENNY PRIDDY

Oh, my.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Don't go to pieces. I haven't got time tonight.

A pregnant pause, the pain evident on Buckaroo's face as he turns back to the job at hand, picking up his holster and rummaging through the dresser drawer, fighting back the painful memories...

PENNY PRIDDY

Looks like you're the one might go to pieces.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Where's my damn ammo? Nothing is ever where it's supposed to be around here!

PENNY PRIDDY

How did she die? I wanna know.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You don't wanna know.

PENNY PRIDDY

Yes, I do. Gimme a chance. I'm stronger than you think.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

She was murdered by Hanoi Shan on our wedding night.

PENNY PRIDDY

Hanoi Shan--? The guy in your comic books. Boss of the World Crime League? Supreme Commander of the Legion of Death? The Pivot of Mystery himself? You're putting me on. He's a cartoon character.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I wish he was. He's real enough.

Penny having to sit down and think about this as Buckaroo straps on his guns...changes his torn and shredded jacket...Penny looking at a BUCKAROO BANZAI COMIC BOOK on the night stand...then at the framed photograph of Peggy...

PENNY PRIDDY

God, she's so young and beautiful. I don't remember her at all. Which I guess is good, under the circumstances. I bet you'll never forget her though.

One look at Buckaroo says it all...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Never.

PENNY PRIDDY

I gotta be honest with myself and not repress these feelings-I've got mixed emotions-I don't know if I can handle this. Oh, boy...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I gotta go. We're on borrowed time.

PENNY PRIDDY

Go where? Where're you going?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(squatting close to her)

Please, Penny. You just gotta trust me now. Okay? And don't panic. Because it's gonna be all right.

PENNY PRIDDY

What? If we just believe in Buckaroo Banzai?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Yeah...and maybe more important, if you believe in yourself.

PENNY PRIDDY

Believe in Penny Priddy?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Absolutely.

Penny looks into his eyes...

PENNY PRIDDY

You've got your six guns strapped on. You're ridding off on another

adventure? Oh, my God, it's all real...it really is real. I should go with you. Please...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

It's too dangerous.

PENNY PRIDDY

That's just what you would say. This is so unreal. I'm dreaming...

Starry-eyed, she leans forward to kiss him, Buckaroo about to oblige when their fingers touch, Penny getting a MILD ELECTRICAL SHOCK...

...the door suddenly opens and Perfect Tommy sticks his head in...

281

PERFECT TOMMY

(breathless)

Buckaroo--! Sorry--

BUCKAROO BANZAI

What is it, Tommy?

PERFECT TOMMY

Sam's dead! Someone broke into the Jet Car! And things are going haywire over at the lab...

Buckaroo running for the door, calling over his shoulder to Penny:

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Stay here, I'll be back.

PENNY PRIDDY

Sure. I won't hold my breath.

EXT. BUCKAROO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 282

Buckaroo, the Cavaliers, and the Lindleys race out of the house toward the research building...

INT. BUCKAROO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 283

Penny hurriedly changes clothes...puts on Peggy's clothes...when suddenly THE SIGHT OF JOHN O'CONNOR standing in the hallway door, leering at her...

PENNY PRIDDY

Whadda you want?

John O'Connor, remembering her from the press conference...

JOHN O'CONNOR

Nothing right now, Penny Priddy.

John O'Connor vanishing...Penny again at a loss...

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT 284

Buckaroo and the Cavaliers running inside, racing up a bright yellow staircase to the second floor...

INT. INSTITUTE LABORATORY - NIGHT 285

Buckaroo and the Cavaliers entering, finding the motionless lab assistant in Professor Hikita's wrecked laboratory...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Dead. Damnit!

PERFECT TOMMY

Where's the professor?

RENO

Where's Rawhide?

CASPER

Who'd do a thing like this?

NEW JERSEY

Arachtoids.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Spread out. They can't be far.

INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDORS - NIGHT 286

SHOTS of Cavaliers in empty hallways, guns drawn, discovering evidence of intruders...OFFICES RANSACKED, FURNITURE UPSET...EXPERIMENTS FOULED UP...

287

...Buckaroo turning a corner, finding a SMALL AMOUNT OF SMOKE in the hallway...turning the corner...

INT. DRAFTING ROOM - NIGHT 288

...stepping into a LARGE ROOM clouded with SMOKE from a burning file cabinet, Rawhide and a HULDING FORM struggling in the gloom...

...Buckaroo unable to get a clear shot at the beast when suddenly Rawhide succeeds in knocking his adversary to the floor, the "man" **HISSING!**

RAWHIDE

Look out, Buckaroo!

Rawhide putting himself in the line of fire, suddenly clutching his lower back...Buckaroo starting toward Rawhide but...

RAWHIDE

Behind you!

Buckaroo turning as THE SHADOW OF THE ALIEN JOHN O'CONNOR falls on his

back!

...Buckaroo firing his guns, wounding the creature, the disoriented FIGURE retreating out into the corridor as Buckaroo turns in time to see Rawhide's assailant dive into a hole in the floor! A hole in the floor?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You okay?

RAWHIDE

Yeah. Just grazed me. The Professor's under the floor too...with the Overthruster...

Buckaroo edging toward that strange orifice in the linoleum, going into it himself...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 289

As Penny rushes in, her ears picking up weird noises...THE SOUND OF PEOPLE in the acoustical tiles overhead...Penny trying to follow the racket down the first-floor hallway...

INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT 290

Buckaroo in the dim light of the crawl space, making his way past air-conditioning ducts toward the sound of someone or something crawling up ahead...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Professor--!?

PROF. HIKITA'S VOICE

Here, Buckaroo!

SOUNDS IN THE DARKNESS, Buckaroo holding his pistol still at the ready but useless in these cramped quarters...Buckaroo finding a worklight, flicking it on...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT 291

Penny meanwhile following the NOISES AND VOICES OVERHEAD into an empty office, grabbing a ladder and knocking out a ceiling panel...

PENNY PRIDDY

Buckaroo! Rawhide! Reno? Anybody?

292

ANOTHER POV...unfortunately someone else is watching Penny from inside that very office...the wounded John O'Connor sitting in a swivel desk chair behind the door, oozing blood of a strange color and consistency, staring ferociously at Penny...MORE CLATTER OVERHEAD...as Penny elevates herself partially into the hole...

INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT 293

PENNY'S POV...Professor Hikita only yards away, on his belly, able to come no further, unable to wedge himself beneath a large duct...the arachtoid John Bigbooté closing in behind the professor...Buckaroo closing in behind Bigbooté.

PROF. HIKITA

Take it, young lady! Grab it!

294

Unseen by John Bigbooté, the OVERTHRUSTER skittering across the crawl space and into Penny's hands!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT 295

Penny stepping down off the chair and onto the desk top, her back still to the wounded John O'Connor as she quickly stuffs the OVERTHRUSTER into her purse...an action unseen by the ghastly, bleeding thug who...

296

...EXTENDS HIS ARM UP AND ACROSS THE ROOM...HIS HUMAN HAND TIGHTENING AROUND HER MOUTH...

INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT 297

Buckaroo advancing toward the professor...

PROF. HIKITA'S VOICE

Go back, Buckaroo!

The arachtoid John Bigbooté whirling, firing a STINGER that whizzes past Buckaroo's head, missing by inches...as Buckaroo FIRES twice...John Bigbooté screaming...kicking at a small fresh air vent, somehow squeezing his huge body out the tiny opening like a rat.

INT. DRAFTING ROOM - NIGHT 298

Buckaroo helping Professor Hikita up out of the floor...Rawhide lying very still now, surrounded by Reno, Perfect Tommy and New Jersey...

...one look between New Jersey and Buckaroo sufficient to tell us that Rawhide hasn't got a chance...Buckaroo kneeling beside his old pal, Rawhide forcing a smile...

RAWHIDE

You're a welcome sight...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Just 'grazed' you, huh?

New Jersey extracting a strange MANY-PRONGED STINGER from Rawhide's back. Buckaroo looking at it...Rawhide maintaining a sense of humor...

RAWHIDE

Apache?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Arachtoid.

RAWHIDE

So I was right. That's nice to know...

Across the room, Pinky Carruthers comes in with Casper and Scooter Lindley, and that black man from Planet 10, John Parker...

PINKY CARRUTHERS

We found the guy, Rawhide, sucker dug a hole and tried to...

Pinky's words catching in his throat as he sees Rawhide's condition.

299

Buckaroo turning, seeing not a 'guy' but A GIANT ARACHTOID standing there...

300

Rawhide fading fast, Buckaroo lobbing the STINGER to "John Parker"...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Any antidote for these things?

John Parker holding the stinger in his palm...

JOHN PARKER

No, none.

...as it suddenly comes alive! He drops it to the floor, stomps it to death...

PERFECT TOMMY

That mean you're on our side?

RAWHIDE

(sinking)

We gotta stop 'em, Buckaroo.

Buckaroo turning from the BLACK ARACHTOID to his dying buddy...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

We will, old fried, we will.

RAWHIDE

Sure do pack a mean wallop...let's go...

BUT RAWHIDE CLOSING HIS EYES FOR THE FINAL TIME, as Buckaroo feels for a pulse...the look in the great man's eyes saying it all...sadness mixed with anger...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

There's another one we owe 'em.

...THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER STARTING UP...

CASPER LINDLEY

They're stealing my chopper!

The Cavaliers racing for the window...

RENO

And they got Penny! Look!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Don't shoot!

PROF. HIKITA

She has the Overthruster!

JOHN PARKER

Then your planet is doomed.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

No!

(calmer)

We'll get it back.

Buckaroo shoving Perfect Tommy aside, at the window himself now.

301

BUCKAROO'S POV...a fleeting glimpse of THE STOLEN LINDLEY CHOPPER...

INT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

302

CLOSE ON the familiar face of the Secretary of Defense seen from an unusual angle...PULLING BACK TO REVEAL PRESIDENT WIDMARK lying on his belly, surrounded by the electronics of his temporary set of government, staring down at a special mirror that reflects his Secretary of Defense, the Secretary pressing a point further an igniting a Camel with a lighter from the President's nightstand.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

It's not Buckaroo Banzai per se, Mr. President. It's his men...some of them foreigners...Asiatics, their names changed, their true backgrounds shrouded in secrecy! I mean, when you come right up against it, what do we really know about any of 'em?

A NURSE appears with two little pills...

NURSE

These'll make you a tenny bit drowsy, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

That's okay, Bonnie, I won't be operating any heavy machinery today.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

(desperate)

We've never had a weapon like the Jet Car in the past, Mr. President. Light-weight, highly mobile, stick on some anti-tank missiles, a couple grenade launchers, hell, we could buy ourselves two hundred Jet Cars for the price of ten tanks, send 'em swarming all over Ivan like bumble bees, sir, right clear through their precious little Iron Curtain like

it was Swiss cheese! They gotta be just scared shitless!

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

As are all sane men today.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Hey, and me too. That's why I'm saying until Buckaroo Banzai agrees to submit his boys to at least a routine government security check, that Jet Car should be in the hands of Defense, and if they won't sell us the technology, then Mr. President, by God, sir, we have got to take it! In the national interest.

The lighter in the Secretary's hand suddenly BEEPING, startling him and prompting the President to claim the gizmo and point it at...

303

...an astounding TV-telephone where the FACE OF BUCKAROO BANZAI APPEARS...

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

World Watch One. Direct incoming transmission.

BUCKAROO BANZAI ON TV

Hello, Mr. President. How's my favorite patient? Any tenderness?

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

That which does not kill us makes us stronger, Buckaroo. What's it like out there in the real world?

Secretary of Defense McKinley stepping around behind the bed, coming into Buckaroo's field of vision...

BUCKAROO BANZAI ON TV

Not too terrific, sir. I apologize for the interruption but something very unusual has reared its ugly head in outer space, and it looks like the Earth's caught in a crossfire.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

You're gonna have to repeat that, I think, Buckaroo.

EXT. BUCKAROO'S BUS - NIGHT 304

On a highway somewhere near the Eastern seaboard, Buckaroo's bus speeds toward Yoyodyne...

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE/BUS - NIGHT 305

Buckaroo standing at a TV-telephone in his MOBILE ELECTRONIC NERVE CENTER, the arachtoidal John Parker right at his side amid a flurry of activity... technicians accumulating INFO on THE ALIEN FATHER SHIP FROM PLANET 10...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

To cut right to the bottom line on this, sir, we have reason to believe that there are moving freely among us, vicious red aliens disguised as the owners and operators of Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems.

...Perfect Tommy, Reno, even Casper Lindley, coming in and out of the picture, transforming themselves into a crack commando unit donning assault/chemical-warfare uniforms...little Scooter Lindley among them, too, doing like his dad.

306

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE ON TV

Yoyodyne Propulsion? The people working on our Truncheon bomber? Under control of alien nationals? Reds? Commies, you say?

307

...New Jersey studying an initial computer enhancement of THE AWESOME BLACK ARACHTOID SHIP HEADED TOWARD EARTH...

308

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Not exactly, Mr. Secretary, no. Real aliens. Giant red arachtoids camouflaged as human beings...and what they're really building, forget your Truncheon bomber, Mr. Secretary, is this enormous rocketship to escape back through the Eighth Dimension and then on to Planet 10.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE ON TV

Now wait one second...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The gentleman standing here with me is called John Parker, and he can corroborate everything I've said because he's from Planet 10 too.

INT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 309

The President dumbfounded...John Parker on TV appearing as nothing more than a wild and wooly Rastafarian...

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Buckaroo...you and I, we go back a long, long way together...but...

JOHN PARKER ON TV

(interrupting)

Time is short, Mr. President. To prevent John Whorfin's escape, my comrades are at this moment taking up a geostationary position over New Jersey. This situation is explosive!

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Explosive? What are you saying, man? Some kind of race war in New Jersey--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

No, sir. This 'man' as you call him, is not a human being, Mr. President. He's a black arachtoid.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

That's some kind of spider, isn't it?

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE/BUS - NIGHT 310

New Jersey joins Professor Hikita at a microscope, analyzing a slide smeared with that weird alien 'blood'...

PRESIDENT WIDMARK ON TV

Buckaroo, my good friend...I'd like to help you...but don't you think I would've heard from my SAC radar by now if...

INT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 311

BUCKAROO BANZAI ON TV

SAC wouldn't know what to look for, sir. Because these black arachtoids are cleverly hidden inside a huge thundercloud.

The Secretary of Defense takes action, picks up a phone...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Get me John Bigboote at Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems, Inc. Then...

(to the President)

...the FBI. Let's see if this spade's wanted. What the hell's his name again? Jackson?

JOHN PARKER ON TV

Parker. I have delivered a hologram from my president, John Emdall, who has made it clear that unless John Whorfin is destroyed at once, she intends to fire an atomic beam from your American airspace...

BUCKAROO BANZAI ON TV

...hit Smolensk and precipitate a thermonuclear war, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

A what?

BUCKAROO BANZAI ON TV

A thermonuclear holocaust, sir. These creatures from Planet 10 are ready to exploit Soviet-American tensions and get us to blow each other off the face of the earth, sir, if necessary.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

You're quite serious about this, aren't you, Buckaroo. We know each other pretty well, I think.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

John...? John Bigboote? Right, Bigbooté, sorry. Anyway, hey, guy, how's everything over there at Yoyodyne? How's my big bomber coming? Nothing out of the, you know, ordinary? Spiders? I know you're busy...lunch? Sounds good...when's good for you? Next Tuesday? I'm writing it down in my book. See you then...Uncle Sam's treat.

The Secretary writes nothing down, hangs up, looking unsatisfied with the conversation just concluded.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE/BUS - NIGHT 312

Buckaroo glancing over at Professor Hikita and New Jersey, the latter squinting into the microscope...

PRESIDENT WIDMARK ON TV

Well. I don't know what to say, Buckaroo...aliens from Planet 10, nuclear extortion, spiders in thunder clouds, a girl named "John"...

NEW JERSEY

There's your answer! Electromagnetic bacterial crap!

PROF. HIKITA

Programmable!

NEW JERSEY

We inhale the bacteria. It swims to our cerebral cortex and reprograms our consciousness. Diabolical. We only see what they want us to see.

PROF. HIKITA

Electric brainwashing.

John Parker nearby, helping Reno synthesize more of Professor Hikita's ARACHTOIDAL ANTIDOTE and pour the liquid into GAS MASK FILTERS...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE MCKINLEY STEPPING CLOSER INTO THE PICTURE...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE ON TV

Just curious, Buckaroo, but where's the Jet Car at these days?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I've got it, Mr. Secretary. But unfortunately the Oscillation Overthrunder is in Penny Priddy's possession and she's been kidnapped and taken to Yoyodyne, further exacerbating the situation. We're on our way there right now.

INT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 313

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Who the hell's Penny Priddy?

The Secretary of Defense giving the President a sly 'I told you so' look...

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE/BUS - NIGHT 314

Perfect Tommy coming over, interrupting...

PERFECT TOMMY

Buckaroo, John Parker has the arachtoid cloud on line 2!

INT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 315

BUCKAROO BANZAI ON TV

Excuse me a moment, Mr. President. We're talking to the cloud right now.

And his image fades.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Good God...

The President picks up the phone...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Well, if it wasn't Buckaroo Banzai, I'd say commit the man.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Get me SAC HQ: Omaha, NORAD, and the Strategic Space Command. I want some hard data on that cloud. We got any killer satellites over Jersey--?

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE/BUS - DAY 316

Everyone studying a much MORE DETAILED COMPUTER ENHANCEMENT of the alien cloud...

The Alien John Parker on the phone, whispering... 317

RENO

They're armed for bear, Buckaroo. Check out those radiation levels.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

(to John Parker)

John Parker, tell them we're doing our best. Stall.

JOHN PARKER

(into phone)

Buckaroo Banzai says patience is a virtue, Wing Commander, sir.

Perfect Tommy interrupting again, holding yet another telephone...

PERFECT TOMMY

It's Whorfin, Buckaroo. Line 3.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Whorfin? Does he know we're coming?

INT. SPEED OPERATOR'S PULPIT (YOYODYNE) - NIGHT 318

Meanwhile in a grimy narrow control booth high above the factory floor, a terrified Penny Priddy sits BOUND and GAGGED, John O'Connor SPREADING THE CONTENTS FROM A HONEY-BEAR SQUEEZE BOTTLE over her naked arms while long trails of ORDINARY PICNIC ANTS make their way up her legs...John Bigbooté looking on...

Penny's UNOPENED big clear plastic purse on Doctor Lizardo's desk, the OVERTHRUSTER right under his nose and he doesn't even know it as he speaks into the phone handed to him by an ASSISTANT. BEGIN INTERCUTTING.

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Well, well...Dr. Banzai. Perhaps you don't remember me? Ah, I'm flattered. We know the same people. In fact, one of them is here with me now...your associate, Doctor Penny Priddy.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

"Doctor"--?

320

DOCTOR LIZARDO

May I pass along my congratulations for your great achievement. In the miserable annals of the Earth, you will be duly enshrined! However...

(a pause)

...Miss Priddy claims to be unable to solve my problem. And provide the crucial missing circuit for my Overthruster. Perhaps you can convince her to try.

Lizardo holding the phone toward Penny, ripping her gag off...

PENNY PRIDDY

I'm not worth it, Buckaroo! Forget me!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Penny--?! Are you all right?

Doctor Lizardo yanking the phone from Penny, remaining silent for a second to torture Buckaroo's soul...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

She knows nothing, Lizardo.

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Then shall we say "A Penny for your thoughts?" You can come in her place. Yoyodyne, Dr. Banzai. Come alone, with your Overthruster!

(hanging up)

He'll bring it. I know his type.

Penny glancing surreptitiously at her large transparent purse, **THE OVERTHRUSTER IN A JUMBLE OF COSMETICS!**

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Take her to the pit! Use more honey. Find out what she knows.

Smiling smugly, Lizardo heads for the door, Penny squirming in her seat as the TINY ANTS dig in...

PENNY PRIDDY

Who are you? Hanoi Shan? The Scourge of Burma! The Pivot of Mystery? Well, you're not destroying me like you did my sister!

Lizardo simply sneering at her as he goes out the door...

INT. PASSENGER SECTION/BUS - NIGHT 321

A flurry of well-ordered activity taking place...Hong Kong Cavaliers and Blue Shield Irregulars along with Pinky Carruthers. Casper and Scooter...sitting up front like paratroopers, cleaning their back-pack FLAMETHROWERS...SAWED-OFF SHOTGUNS...Buckaroo giving them a chalk talk, an aerial photograph of Yoyodyne on the clear plexiglas 'blackboard'...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

These antidote filters the Professor's whipped up will let you to see them like I have since yesterday, as arachtoidal creatures. They won't be pretty, nothing personal, John Parker. But just remember...if we fail tonight, there's no tomorrow.

JOHN PARKER

They will never surrender. They will fight to the end.

Buckaroo nodding...THE CAVALIERS BREATHING THEIR ANTIDOTE FILTERS, **SEEING NOW "THE ALIEN" JOHN PARKER WITH A MIXTURE OF DISBELIEF AND HORROR...**Casper and Scooter Lindley especially unsettled...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

I'm working under the assumption that Penny still has the Overthruster. That'll be my job: get it back in one piece. Here's the main gate. I'll pass through first, alone. The rest of you divide into two strike groups-Apache Team...that's you, Reno...and Chaparral Team, Perfect Tommy. John Parker'll ride with Chaparral.

Perfect Tommy not too thrilled about that.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Top priority is the Overthruster. Whorfin can't escape without it. The built-in tracking device should make it relatively simple to locate...maybe hard to get.

INT. BOWELS OF YOYODYNE - NIGHT 322

Penny being dragged by John O'Connor through a slimy underground corridor, past a strange piece of machinery.

INT. WALTER REED HOSPITAL - NIGHT 323

The President of the United States talks into a cigarette lighter and peeks up a nurse's skirt by means of his floor mirror...

324

MIRRORED POV: The nurse's reflection replaced by that of his **NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR...**

325

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Buckaroo, come in...over. How does this damn thing work? Can anybody figure this lighter out?

NATIONAL SECURITY MAN

No, sir. I think the flint...

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

What's happening with my call to SAC?

NATIONAL SECURITY MAN

Still no confirmation either from SAC or Strategic Space Command. They report all surveillance satellite communication jammed.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Jammed--? By who? Whom by?

NATIONAL SECURITY MAN

Possible atmospheric condition, sir...solar. It's unusual, but no cause for alarm. Intelligence reports the Soviets are having the same problem.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Should we be on Code Red?

GENERAL CATBURD

We go to Code Red, the Russians go to Code Red...no sense jumping off half-cocked, Mr. President.

The President twisting around to glower at Catburd eating an orange, sitting near a table of flowers and fruit baskets.

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

I don't know...Buckaroo Banzai's never been wrong before.

Senator Cunningham pacing nervously...

GENERAL CATBURD

The man went through solid matter, for crying out loud. Who knows what it did to his brain...maybe scrambled his molecules. All I'm saying is, let's not panic here! I'm sure there's a rational explanation...

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

(turning from a strange phone)

Russian radar is down, sir. They've just gone to Code Red.

Silence. And then calmly and quietly:

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

We've got no choice then. Call my wife.

The National Security Advisor turning back to his telephone:

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Code Red. "Butch says we're crimson."

GENERAL CATBURD

Mr. President, none of us here are lunatics or irrational men...

(looking at Cunningham)

...or persons. I'm a soldier and I'm a damn good one, enough decorations to snap a Christmas tree, but I don't mind telling you, I'm sure I speak for everyone in this room when I say I am scared. I'm barely holding my fudge right now.

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

Stop acting like a goddamn schoolgirl, General, and pull yourself together.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

I'm glad someone has the balls to face facts!

(pause)

Forget we're the good guys and we'd never attack first. They think we're godless monsters just like them. Put yourself in their samovars...sitting in the dark without radar, bells ringing all over the damn Kremlin, little men in fedora hats getting out of Zils, coming into the Great Hall of the People. Now, do you think they're gonna listen to reason? I'll give Buckaroo his Planet 10 space cloud, but do you think they will?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

(being handed a dispatch)

Soviet radar is down, sir, and so is ours. We're both totally defenseless. More or less.

GENERAL CATBURD

Hail Mary.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

So what's our counter option, General Catburd? Earn your salary.

GENERAL CATBURD

I guess we have to prick this boil and take the heat, sir. Hit 'em primero...blast 'em off the face of the Earth before they lose their heads and do it to us first.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Larry, where's my Football?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Out in the hall, sir.

INT. WALTER REED HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 326

An apple-cheeked Marine Lieutenant sits watching a television soap opera, only the sinister BLACK BRIEFCASE chained to his wrist setting him apart from missions of other viewers...General Catburd sticking his head out of the President's room...

GENERAL CATBURD

What're you waiting for, boy? Get in here with that thing.

...as an out-of-breath Mrs. Johnson rounds the corner on rollerskates, out-foxing SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and the rest of the President's entourage, cutting through, clutching the YELLOW RECORD...

MRS. JOHNSON

For the President! From Buckaroo Banzai!

EXT. RENDEZVOUS POINT - NIGHT 327

A dimly lighted parking lot not far from Yoyodyne. A KOLODNY BROS. PLUMBING VAN arrives, disgorging several BLUE SHIELDS as Buckaroo and Professor Hikita confer...the alien John Parker doing some highly unusual warm-up exercises on the tarmac...Reno telling the arriving Blue Shields:

RENO

We're waiting for the Jet Car. Billy's bringing it.

PERFECT TOMMY

Asshole probably got lost.

NEW JERSEY

Or nailed for speeding.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Can I have everyone's attention? I'm not a rah-rah kinda guy, and I'm not much for speeches, but things could get rough out there tonight. It's a fight we didn't ask for, but it's a fight we're stuck with and we all saw what happened to Rawhide. So if for any reason this is good-bye, I want you all to know that...well...that...you crazy lugs...

Buckaroo finding it difficult to put into words what they all mean to him, the Cavaliers smiling, needling him...

RENO

What, Buckaroo? You trying to tell us something?

The JET CAR racing up, skidding to a stop, Billy jumping out, the big engine still running.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Let's just fry those arachtoids.

Buckaroo embracing Professor Hikita, turning back to his men, pulling on his helmet:

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Give me thirty minutes. Then come in and mop up.

Buckaroo tossing a quick Blue Shield salute, shutting himself into his speed machine.

328

PROF. HIKITA'S POV as Buckaroo blasts off...an exhaust trail of white smoke as he rockets up the highway!

INT. YOYODYNE - NIGHT 329

Penny Priddy, more bedraggled and filthy than ever, being dragged by John O'Connor deeper into the bowels of Yoyodyne, down a flooded subterranean corridor...

INT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 330

CLOSE ON THE PRESIDENT'S FACE...JOHN EMDALL'S VOICE OVER...talking thermonuclear war...wrapping her speech up...WHOOSH!

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

Well... that's certainly food for thought.

331

Mrs. Johnson lifting the needle off the SMOKING RECORD...as the

President's National Security Advisor places a call on that ominous STRANGE PHONE, a palpable tension rising, urgency bordering on panic...

...General Catburd and the young Marine lieutenant rummaging through a confusion of envelopes in the BLACK BRIEFCASE.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

No answer at the Kremlin, sir. Just dead silence.

GENERAL CATBURD

Here you go, Mr. President...the Sealed Authenticators. The Plan D Documents for your eyes only...John-Hancock these, and we got ourselves a knockout little force posture...

SENATOR CUNNINGHAM

You know, on second thought, maybe we should think this through a bit more so that future generations of...

THE LIGHTS IN THE ROOM START TO BLINK ON AND OFF...silencing the Senator...Catburd handing the President a writing implement...pulling out a special writing tray from the bed...

PRESIDENT WIDMARK

"Name of the enemy"? What, Planet 10? My hand's shaking. How on earth can I even...have to stay awake, alert...that's my job. That's what the people put me here for.

INT. FATHER SHIP - NIGHT 332

Meanwhile inside the strange vaporous entity...BLACK CREATURES scuttle about their jobs in semi-darkness, monitoring the Earth below...

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

Where is Buckaroo Banzai?

BLACK ARACHTOID AT SCOPE

John Parker tells us he's approaching Yoyodyne, Wing Commander, sir.

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

Keep me posted.

EXT. MAIN GATE/YOYODYNE - NIGHT 333

...as Buckaroo arrives in his JET CAR...RED ARACHTOID GUARDS unlocking the chain link barrier, swinging it open...

INT. SPEED OPERATOR'S PULPIT (YOYODYNE) - NIGHT 334

In the nerve center of Yoyodyne, a nervous John Bigbooté watches Dr. Lizardo addressing his ragtag followers on the floor below...Bigbooté with his hands on Lizardo's mike cord, trying to get up enough nerve to pull the plug on his boss...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Blacks are on this planet! Here in New Jersey! Coming to destroy us! We must move! Escape or die!

335

OVER LIZARDO'S SHOULDER: A view down below on the littered floor of a huge aircraft factory that houses a GIANT SPOACESHIP OF BIZARRE DESIGN, a customized 747, wingless, jagged, the entire vehicle suspended twenty feet off the floor on movable cranes, work ladders stretching up to its several doors...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

You must work faster to finish the Great Vehicle. So that we can enter the Eighth Dimension and free our trapped comrades! So we can return to our homeland and seize power once again!

...Lizardo's followers extending their three-fingered hands in fascist salutes as he whips them into a feverish state:

BACK TO: 336

DR. LIZARDO

Where are we going? Tell me!

RED ARACHTOIDS

To Planet 10!

DR. LIZARDO

When?

RED ARACHTOIDS

Real soon!

Dr. Lizardo peers down at the hangar floor.

337

HIS POV of the JET CAR locked in the iron jaws of a GIGANTIC ROLLING MACHINE...

INT. JET CAR/LAUNCH HANGAR - NIGHT 338

The Jet Car's engine shut down, Buckaroo CHECKING HIS OVERTHRUSTER HOMING DEVICE as he's trundled toward John Gomez, in a graveyard of HUGE YELLOW SPIKES, his eyes taking in everything, from the last-minute preparation of the GIANT SPACECRAFT to:

339

BUCKAROO'S POV...the evil figures of Dr. Lizardo and John Bigbooté standing high in the speed operator's pulpit...

340

Buckaroo yanked out of the cockpit...John Gomez poking at the JET CAR'S dashboard, ripping out its cassette deck, finding the crucial Overthruuster missing and shaking his head in Lizardo's direction.

JOHN GOMEZ

Not here!

THEIR POV 341

An angry John Bigbooté racing down the stairs toward the Jet Car...as over the PUBLIC ADDRESS BOOMS:

DOCTOR LIZARDO
WHERE IS THE OVERTHRUSTER!

BACK TO: 342

BUCKAROO BANZAI
I thought you had it!

For that seemingly flippant but honest answer, Buckaroo gets punched by John Bigbooté...doubling him over...

DR. LIZARDO'S VOICE
Take him to the Shock Tower!

INT. YOYODYNE SHOCK TOWER - NIGHT 343

Murky, dank, an insect paradise...Buckaroo standing trapped inside an ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD...John Bigbooté looking on...

...Dr. Lizardo flashing two separate, incredibly complex ELECTRICAL DIAGRAMS on A MONITOR SCREEN in rapid-fire order.

DOCTOR LIZARDO
Solve them! The shock tower is a lie detector. Any untruth triggers a brutal charge to your auditory meatus...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
You're not getting a damn thing outta me until Penny's safe.

DR. LIZARDO
Curse you, Banzai! Don't you realize what you're saying? Your planet's about to be destroyed, and you're wasting time like this...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
I've got nothing but time.

CLOSE ON THE POLYGRAPH NEEDLE SUDDENLY JUMPING! 344

345
THE TOWER ZAPPING BUCKAROO, A FIERCE ELECTRIC SHOCK TOSSING HIM BACK AND FORTH LIKE A RAG DOLL...

DOCTOR LIZARDO
Sealed with a curse as sharp as a knife...doomed is your soul, and damned is your life!

Lizardo pressing a button, administering a second SHOCK to Buckaroo, while an aide turns a dial, INCREASING THE VOLTAGE

DOCTOR LIZARDO
I want my missing circuit now!

INT/EXT. PRESIDENT'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT 346

A VIEW OVER THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE'S SHOULDER as the chopper descends, lands in a parking lot where Buckaroo's bus sits guarded by Cavaliers and Blue Shields...THE CAMERA FOLLOWING the Secretary right out into it all...A CARPET CLEANING VAN ARRIVING, THREE MORE TOUGH BLUE SHIELD IRREGULARS REPORTING FOR WORK..."THE RUG SUCKERS".

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Who the hell are those guys? Where's Buckaroo?

INT. YOYODYNE SHOCK TOWER - NIGHT 347

Buckaroo still held in his electric straitjacket...Lizardo nodding to the ARACHTOID in charge of a bank of glowing closed circuit TV sets...the same picture popping onto every set: PENNY HANGING IN "THE PIT".

BUCKAROO BANZAI

You bloody--!

DOCTOR LIZARDO

She'll live...for a while, and she won't enjoy it.

Lizardo indicates his favorite monitor...the INCOMPLETE OVERTHRUSTER equation flashing across its face.

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Only you can save her from the fate of your friend, Mr. Rawhide! Solve this equation. I must have the crucial missing circuit.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR...a riot of circuits and junctions... 348

BACK TO: 349

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The missing circuit's in your head, Whorfin.

DR. LIZARDO

Whorfin? How do you know that's my real name?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

John Emdall told me.

Buckaroo smiles at Lizardo's surprise, Lizardo signaling John Bigbooté who turns on the voltage, ZAPPING Buckaroo!

INT. BUCKAROO'S BUS (PARKED) - NIGHT 350

The Secretary of Defense pacing the aisle of the bus, looking at his watch while the Cavaliers and newly arrived Blue Shields conceal their eagerness for battle...checking watches, cleaning weapons.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Anybody got a report-anybody got anything? Or are we still blacked out?

Perfect Tommy looking back into World Watch One...

PERFECT TOMMY

Light precipitation. Partly cloudy tomorrow.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

This bus should be in the hands of Defense.

...Scooter Lindley, wearing a gas mask, approaches the alien John Parker with a BLUE SHIELD BALLPOINT PEN and a piece of paper...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Could I have your autograph, Mr. Parker?

John Parker at first not understanding the nature of the request...looking at the ball-point pen, Scooter flipping the point for him...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Say, "To my best friend Scooter..."

JOHN PARKER

You got it.

...the Secretary of Defense, NERVOUSLY CRACKING HIS KNUCKLES...moving up the aisle, suddenly screaming:

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

What the hell are we doing?! I don't believe this...what're we waiting for? Christmas?

PROF. HIKITA

(checking his watch)
Ten minutes more. Buckaroo's orders.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Damn Buckaroo! I'm the eyes and ears of the President of these United States of America! In loco presidentis! Which means I'm in charge here!

PERFECT TOMMY

Not on this bus, you're not.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Who the hell do you think you are?

PERFECT TOMMY

Perfect Tommy.

That answer alone enough to drive the Secretary up the wall...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Well let me tell you something, Mr. Perfect Tommy: I don't need this shit. I could be on Easy Street with a cushy job in the private sector. But instead, I got me a nine-hundred-million-dollar way-the-

hell-behind-schedule top-secret bomber being built down there by Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems and I don't intend to set twiddling thumbs in a bus while Buckaroo Banzai goes crashing around my airplane looking for his damn girlfriend, driving a car that itself is probably worth more to this country than all the tea in China! I'm talking National Security risk and we are going in there like gentlemen and straighten this thing out before somebody gets hurt! You got that?

...the Secretary suddenly grabbing a weapon from a surprised Blue Shield and turning it toward the driver...

REVERSE ANGLE...THE SECRETARY CRACKING A SHOT OFF AT THE WINDSHIELD!
351

352
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Hit it, soldier boy! Move this buggy! That's a goddamn executive order!

With his weapon trained on the driver, who's to stop him?

PERFECT TOMMY
Go ahead, Louie, do like the man says.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR YOYODYNE - NIGHT 353

The double bus leaping forward, heading down the long approach road to Yoyodyne...past a BILLBOARD touting the aerospace achievements of...YOYODYNE-AN EXCITING, GROWING COMPANY...JUST ONE MILE AHEAD...PATROLLED BY AIRCRAFT.

INT. BUCKAROO'S BUS - NIGHT 354

The Cavaliers letting the Secretary of Defense call the shots for the moment, talking among themselves, Perfect Tommy squelching any notion of knocking off their hysterical hijacker:

PERFECT TOMMY
(whispering)
Hey, so we get into action quicker this way. We tell Buckaroo our watches were fast.

Ordinary citizen John Parker taking a step toward the Secretary, offering him a gas mask...the Secretary turning on him...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
That's far enough, black boy...

A mystified John Parker stepping back.

355
ANGLE TOWARD WINDSHIELD...the Secretary peering through the windshield at the chain link gates coming into view...YOYODYNE-AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER.

REVERSE ON 356

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I'll handle the negotiations here...
(to the driver)
Slow her down.

EXT. GUARD GATE/YOYODYNE - NIGHT 357

The Secretary getting out, coming around to the REDHEADED YOYODYNE GUARDS who try to peer in through the bus' tinted windows...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

You fellas got a phone? Ring ahead and get me John Bigboote. Tell him...

GUARD

It's Bigbooté.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

What? Hell, I'll do it yourself if I want it done right, huh?

The Secretary pushing the astonished guards aside and picking up the telephone, the guards trying to stop him and in the process turning their backs on the bus as it SILENTLY CRUISES PAST THE GATE INTO YOYODYNE...

EXT. DESERTED AREAS (YOYODYNE) - NIGHT 358

...the bus coming to a stop in a scrap metal dump inside the big compound, Cavaliers and Blue Shields piling out, going with their assigned groups...Perfect Tommy's Chaparral Team following John Parker toward a normal looking building...

JOHN PARKER

Under here, I think.

PERFECT TOMMY

Under where? Hold on...

But John Parker entering a crawl space beneath the huge building...Chaparral Team having no choice, following.

EXT. YOYODYNE GATE - NIGHT 359

The Secretary of Defense struggling with the guards for possession of the phone, drawing his stolen weapon...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Now you get this straight...you're up to your ass in alligators, and I'm here to drain the swamp. So I'm gonna use this phone...because it is all over for you, Baby Blue...

(picking up the phone)

This is the Secretary of Defense at the poorly guarded west gate. I wanna speak to John Bigbooté, person to person. Okay, okay...Bigbooté.

EXT. UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE/YOYODYNE - NIGHT 360

Reno's Apache Team (Casper and Scooter on board), finds yet ANOTHER UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE to the main building, slips in...

INT. UNDERGROUND BUILDING - NIGHT 361

Chaparral Team (the alien, John Parker, Perfect Tommy) in the strange labyrinth of dark, low-ceilinged passageways, making their way cautiously...

PERFECT TOMMY

Hope you know where you're going, John Parker. Because my nose is starting to whistle...

A FORM suddenly dropping from the ceiling, landing on Perfect Tommy, a fierce struggle in the darkness...John Parker to the rescue, garroting a RED ARACHTOID, Perfect Tommy helping himself up...

PERFECT TOMMY

Thanks.

JOHN PARKER

Don't mention it.

PERFECT TOMMY

Then I won't.

INT. BIVOUAC ROOM - NIGHT 362

...John Parker leading the way again, up some unusual stairs...into the MAIN BIVOUAC ROOM, RED ARACHTOIDS apparently asleep in bizarre tents, others hanging from the ceiling like sloths, A STRANGE HEAVY HUMMING NOISE starting to fill the room...

JOHN PARKER

They sense us. Hurry.

John Parker breaking into a run for the far end of the room, Perfect Tommy and the others following, John Parker hitting the door...and AN ALARM GOES OFF...Perfect Tommy opening fire at a HUGE GENERATOR...THE POWER DROPPING EVERYWHERE!

INT. YOYODYNE SHOCK TOWER - NIGHT 363

LIGHTS PULSING...ELECTIRICITY FAILING in the murky torture chamber giving Buckaroo just the change he needs to break free of the shock tower.

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Stop him! Get him!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 364

Buckaroo ducking into a recessed doorway, taking cover against a wall wet with strange algae as various ARACHTOID GUARDS scramble past, ALARM BELLS AND SIRENS GROANING...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

(to Bigbooté)
Kill the girl!

...Buckaroo losing sight of the swift arachtoid John Bigbooté,
resorting instead to his ELECTRONIC TRACKING DEVICE while...

INT. FLOODED CORRIDOR - NIGHT 365

...Reno, New Jersey and Pinky Carruthers bring Apache Team down a
flooded corridor, meeting some opposition.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT 366

Buckaroo spotting New Jersey in the confusion, the two of them tracking
Penny electronically, descending concrete steps, moving down a dark
corridor that we recognize...

INT. LAUNCH HANGER - NIGHT 367

The Secretary of Defense meanwhile reaching the big hangar, confused,
alarmed, chaos everywhere, shouting over the din:

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Bigboote!

...spotting John Bigbooté across the hangar floor, going after him,
staring bug-eyed at the MONSTROUS-LOOKING SPACECRAFT suspended above
the hangar floor...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

What the hell...that ain't no Truncheon bomber, my friend. I never
approved that!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 368

The Secretary following the speedy John Bigbooté around a bend, unable
to keep up...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Bigboote!

Bigbooté giving no indication of seeing him, rounding a corner ducking
into his office...

...the Secretary rounding the corner too but seeing no sign of
Bigbooté...instead just an office door, a nameplate reading JOHN
BIGBOOTÉ, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT...the Secretary of Defense opening
the door...

INT. BIGBOOTÉ'S OFFICE - NIGHT 369

...moving past a vacant receptionist's desk to John Bigbooté's
cavernous, strangely furnished chamber...EMPTY.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Bigboote?! You can run, but you can't hide. I want some facts!

...but no sign of John Bigbooté.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 370

Buckaroo and New Jersey still tracking Penny, moving through another flooded, slimy corridor we remember...

INT. BIGBOOTÉ'S OFFICE - NIGHT 371

...the Secretary spying a phone on the receptionist's desk amid scattered Oreo cookies, picking the phone up, clicking it a couple of times to get a dial tone...totally ignoring AN AMAZING FRAMED PICTURE OF A RED ARACHTOID MOTHER AND CHILD ON THE DESK RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Operator...operator...how the hell does a person get an outside line around here?

...his gaze now focusing squarely on that cheap framed photograph of the RED ARACHTOIDS...Secretary McKinley losing his bearings...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Oh, Lord. Never mind...forget it...

...his mind reeling, refusing to accept the obvious, the oddly designed furniture and chairs in the room, somehow insect-like...a sudden sound...a WOMAN'S SCREAM that seems to come from...underneath the floor?

...the Secretary cocking his weapon and stepping around the desk as an amazing thing occurs...A TRAPDOOR IN THE OFFICE FLOOR opening, the Secretary going to investigate, able to observe...

372

HIS POV of...John O'Connor coming up a ladder and, in the room below, a barely conscious Penny still in her private hell, trussed and taped, ANTS CRAWLING ON HER ARMS...the lurid specter of John Bigbooté staring at her...

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT 373

PENNY'S CLEAR PLASTIC PURSE UNOPENED ON THE DESK BESIDE HER, as the Secretary of Defense suddenly knocks John O'Connor down the ladder and jumps into the room, injuring his ankle...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

What the hell's is going on here, Bigboote? Where's my bomber?

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

That's 'Bigbooté'.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I don't give a flying handshake what it is! Where's my bomber?

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Let's just climb upstairs to my office and discuss this like two reasonable...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Your private life's your own concern, pal. Where the hell is my bomber? Look at this place...where's your pride? It's like a pigsty down here!

374

THE TELESCOPING ARM of John Bigbooté suddenly shooting out and lifting the Secretary off the floor, banging him into the wall...

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

It's not my goddamn planet! Understand, monkey boy!?

...BIZARRE LAMPS SWAYING as GUNFIRE upstairs prompts Bigbooté to release the Secretary, to urge O'Connor to head for a door off the hallway...

JOHN O'CONNOR

But John Whorfin said kill her.

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Damn John Whorfin--!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 375

Bigbooté and O'Connor emerging in the hallway...seen by Buckaroo Banzai and New Jersey as RED ARACHTOIDS...

JOHN PARKER

Look out, Buckaroo Banzai!

Buckaroo turning and just in time, the alien JOHN GOMEZ right behind him...and behind Gomez, John Parker and Perfect Tommy with flame throwers...

...Buckaroo and New Jersey hitting the deck as the RED ARACHTOID gets smoked, the aliens John Bigbooté and John O'Connor escaping in the confusion...

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT 376

The Secretary of Defense still on the floor, spotting the OVERTHRUSTER in Penny's purse, taking it just as Buckaroo and New Jersey rush into the room...lights swaying...shadows dancing...

...the Secretary struggling to his feet as Buckaroo cuts Penny down...spraying her with a white insecticide, New Jersey checking her vital signs, Buckaroo shocking New Jersey accidentally with a jolt of STATIC ELECTRICITY, as the Secretary slips the OVERTHRUSTER under his coat...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

(to no one in particular)

It's not over yet...I'll bounce back...always have. I'll come through this thing smelling like a goddamn rose-just watch me.

The Secretary limping out of the room...New Jersey trying to get penny's pulse while Buckaroo peels back her eyelids...

NEW JERSEY

Leave her to me. You take care of business.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Thanks.

Buckaroo looking at New Jersey, knowing he can trust him, rummaging through Penny's purse...no Overthruster...

INT. YOYODYNE SHOCK TOWER - NIGHT 377

Dr. Lizardo and the alien John O'Connor and the alien John Bigbooté seeing their deteriorating position OVER A CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV...VIDEO IMAGES OF THE INVADING FORCES...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Sound the call to board ship!

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

Without the crucial missing circuit? We'll never make it!

JOHN O'CONNOR

They are only monkey boys! We can still crush them here--!

Lizardo picking up a primitive INCOMPLETE OVERTHRUSTER THE SIZE OF AN APPLE CRATE...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

You heard my orders! Activate the Special Horns!

INT. FLOODED CORRIDOR - NIGHT 378

Buckaroo joining the alien John Parker, the two of them tearing down one of the flooded passages...suddenly covering their ears from those PAINFUL, EAR-SPLITTING HORNS!

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT 379

Secretary of Defense McKinley makes his way through several RED ARACHTOIDS running in blind panic...SIRENS WAILING...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Coming through! Clear it!

INT. LAUNCH HANGAR - DAWN 380

...the light of a new day starting to glow through grimy windows...as down on the floor, Dr. Lizardo is about to scale a spindly ladder into

his BIG SUSPENDED SPACESHIP...Lizardo spotting Buckaroo, John Parker and Hong Kong Cavaliers entering this sacred space...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Massacre them! Without quarter!

Dr. Lizardo pushing his own soldiers aside, scurrying into his SPACESHIP with John Bigbooté and John O'CONNOR.

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 381

no sooner inside than a cowardly order is issued to John O'Connor:

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Close the doors!

INT. LAUNCH HANGAR - DAWN 382

Meanwhile, the floor of the hangar...the alien John Parker using strange judo, the amazing Blue Shields fighting like Samurai, ducking STINGERS, FIREING into the enemy at point blank range...

383

BUCKAROO SEEING Dr. Lizardo's engine start up, CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE pouring from the exhaust pipes...

384

John Parker fighting his way toward the ship...

385

WHILE OVER YONDER the Secretary of Defense spots the JET CAR unattended amid that field of weird yellow totems...

ANOTHER ANGLE 386

John Parker reaching the BIG SPACESHIP to find Buckaroo already there, Buckaroo taking the lead up a tall ladder that seems to reach to a REAR ENTRANCE.

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 387

Buckaroo settling into a weird little chair, John Parker at his side, facing the opposite direction in a love-seat arrangement...at a wall cluttered with confusing instruments and a framed photo of LIZARDO...NO WAY INTO THE BIG SHIP FROM HERE...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

What is this thing? A fighter?

JOHN PARKER

Don't look at me, Buckaroo Banzai. I failed flight school.

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 388

John Bigbooté in the co-pilot's seat, as Doctor Lizardo attempts to connect his clumsy overthruster.

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Overthruuster in place.

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

It won't work! It won't!

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Shut up, John Bigboote, you coward!

John O'Connor pushing John Bigbooté aside as Lizardo hits another switch and for a fraction of a second ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE, A BLINDING GREEN LIGHT!

INT. LAUNCH HANGAR - DAWN 389

The spacecraft lurches forward twelve feet! Stops.

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 390

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Again, John O'Connor! Again!

INT. LAUNCH HANGAR - DAWN 391

...AS WITHOUT WARNING LIZARDO'S BIG SHIP LURCHES AGAIN LIKE A TETHERED BEAST!

ANGLE ON THE WALL PULSING! 392

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 393

BUCKAROO BANZAI

They haven't got enough power. They'll never penetrate!

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 394

Dr. Lizardo, a raging madman in the cockpit, using a RADIO MIKE:

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Almost! Almost! Lower my vehicle onto the runway!

JOHN BIGBOOTÉ

No! Please!

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 395

THE DOOR SLAMMING SHUT, TRAPPING THEM...

JOHN PARKER

We're going down! Onto the runway!

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The door's locked.

INT. JET CAR/LAUNCH HANGAR - DAWN 396

Meanwhile, unnoticed, Secretary of Defense John McKinley reaches the JET CAR, starts to climb in...

SMALL VOICE

Another step, I'll drink your blood--!

The Secretary turning, not seeing anyone at first...then little Scooter Lindley with an M-14 trained on him...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Get 'em up!

Scooter means business...as he suddenly demonstrates, blowing away an oncoming ARACHTOID before turning the gun back on the Secretary, who raises his hands...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

What's that?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Can opener...just a...

Scooter taking the CURIOUS OBJECT from his prisoner, not fooled for a second.

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 397

AWFUL THUMPING VIBRARIONS as John O'Connor hits the Overthruuster switch again!

INT. LAUNCH HANGER - DAWN 398

THE HANGER WALL BEGINNING TO OOZE...GLOWING.

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 399

Dr. Lizardo and John O'Connor ecstatic...John Bigbooté terrified...

INT. THEMPOD - DAWN 400

Buckaroo and John Parker rattling in their seats! No escape...

INT. HANGER WALL - DAWN 401

The sudden "expulsion" by the wall of a TWEEDY, FLESHY OBJECT RESEMBLING A LUMP OF CLAY which rapidly begins to define itself as the real, 1938-MODEL BLACK-HAIRED DOCTOR LIZARDO, standing in total bewilderment, SEVERAL 15th CENTURY BUCCANEERS spit out next, equally disoriented...

INT. LIZARDO'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 402

The "other Lizardo" (Whorfin) meanwhile undergoing a painful reverse transformation: FROM OLD MAN BACK TO RED ARACHTOID! HIS EYES GLOWING...LIGHT ENERGY GLOWING INSIDE HIS MOUTH!

JOHN WHORFIN (LIZARDO)

Full speed ahead!

JOHN BIGTOOTE

We haven't a chance. Your Overthruster's for shit! We'll all just...

JOHN WHORFIN

One more word out of you, Bigboote...

JOHN BIGTOOTE

Bigbooté.

WHORFIN'S ARM ELONGATING, FLASHING OUT, breaking John Bigbooté's neck!
John O'Connor moving up a notch at Yoyodyne.

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 403

Buckaroo and John Parker picking up all of Whorfin's intraship communications...

WHORFIN'S VOICE

Full speed ahead! Battle stations!

404

THEIR POV OF THE HANGER AREA: nightmarish excitement down below! The floor rushing up as...

INT. LAUNCH HANGAR - DAWN 405

The BIG SPACESHIP makes violent contact with its runway, rocketing ahead!

406

THE COCKPIT POV AS THE SHIP RUSHES TOWARD THE WALL...the real Doctor Emillio Lizardo barely ducking out of the way! Buccaneers scattering!

EXT. HANGAR WALL/YOYODYNE - DAWN 407

THE BIG SPACESHIP CRASHING THROUGH THE HANGAR WALL, clumsy, heavy...

408

REVERSE ANGLE...WHORFIN'S BIG SPACESHIP lifting off into the dark morning sky, taking Buckaroo and John Parker with it on its WOBBLY, UNCERTAIN FLIGHT...BANKING VIOLENTLY...

INT. FATHER SHIP - DAWN 409

The crew of BLACK ARACHTOIDS aboard the ethereal father ship also at their battle stations...

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

Banzai has failed! John Whorfin is airborne!

BLACK ARACHTOID OFFICER

but not in the Eighth Dimension. Shouldn't we wait? Maybe John

Parker-

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

I have my order from John Emdall! 8000 miles. Mark. Activate particle beam. Lock on Smolensk.

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 410

John Parker fiddling with a RADIO, homing in on the black ship's frequency, overhearing:

BLACK ARACHTOID CHATTER

Particle beam activated...lock on Smolensk...one minute to rapid rupture...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Tell them to stop. They're your friends!

JOHN PARKER

I lack the authority, Buckaroo Banzai.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

At least tell them I'm trying! Tell 'em something--!

John Parker talking to the father ship as Buckaroo struggles to unlock the strange little saucer from Whorfin's big vehicle.

411

BUCKAROO'S POV (SIDE OF SHIP)...THE PROBLEM. A SERIES OF ODD SUCTION DEVICES outside holding the thermopod in place.

412

CLOSE ON DASHBOARD. Buckaroo finally finding the proper release switch!

EXT. WHORFIN'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 413

CLOSE ON the SUCTION BOLTS disengaging! Freeing the small craft!

EXT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 414

His vehicle falling sideways, John Parker trying to ignite its ENGINES!

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 415

In a free fall, the engines finally igniting and the thermopod rocketing upward!

INT. FATHER SHIP - DAWN 416

BLACK ARACHTOID OFFICER

Sir, a thermopod has peeled off from Whorfin's ship!

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

So what? Big deal. Stand by to incinerate Smolensk.

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 417

Buckaroo struggling to master the strange craft...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Does this thing have guns, John Parker?

JOHN PARKER

Boy, I hope so, Buckaroo Banzai.

John Parker trying a likely button.

418

**ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD...ACTIVATING THE OVERTHRUSTER BEAM WHICH
BLASTS OUT HARMLESSLY INTO THE MORNING SKY RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM.**

EXT. SUBURBAN SKIES - DAWN 419

SPACESHIPS THUNDER over the lights of the awakening city below...

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 420

BLACK ARACHTOID CHATTER

(over radio)

Twenty seconds to rapid rupture. Two zero. Prepare the heat shields!

Time running out...Buckaroo receiving fire from Whorfin's big spaceship, THE SMALL VEHICLE LURCHING...THE TWO VEHICLES ON A COLLISION COURSE!

EXT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 421

The little ship dropping like a stone, barely avoiding a head-on with Whorfin and company!

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 422

Buckaroo unhappy with John Parker's marksmanship...their "love seat" rotating, reversing their functions...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Take the throttle, John Parker!

INT. WHORFIN'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 423

John Whorfin and John O'Connor scrambling into evasive action, but it's too late.

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 424

Buckaroo Banzai and John Parker diving toward them, their OVERTHRUSTER **FIRING! FIRING!**

INT. WHORFIN'S BIG SPACESHIP - DAWN 425

Whorfin shaking his RED FIST in defiance...

JOHN WHORFIN

Banzai! I'll see you in hell!

INT. THERMOPOD - DAWN 426

FLYING ON A COLLISION COURSE once again, THE OVERTHRUSTER BEAM FINALLY HITTING HOME AND THE BIG SPACESHIP DISINTEGRATING, VAPORIZING...John Whorfin and his ilk history...

427

REVERSE ANGLE ON John Parker...still on a collision course with the **GIANT BALL OF HOT VAPOR THAT WAS LORD WHORFIN...**

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Pull up! We did it! Holy shit, we did it! Pull up!

JOHN PARKER

Now, Buckaroo Banzai?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Now!

EXT. YOYODYNE - DAWN 428

As the Cavaliers and Blue Shields anxiously watch, THE SKY CRACKLES AND THE CLOUDS GLOW!

INT. FATHER SHIP - DAWN 429

BLACK ARACHTOID RADAR

John Whorfin destroyed!

BLACK ARACHTOID COMMANDER

Deactivate particle beam! Tracking zero zero zero!

EXT. SKY - DAWN 430

The sun coming up...and as we wonder what terrible fate has befallen Buckaroo Banzai and John Parker...A TINY FIGURE APPEARS high in the clouds! A BIZARRE PARACHUTE catching the wind, floating lazily to earth.

431

CLOSER SHOT: Buckaroo! Safe and sound, looking up and SALUTING John Parker as the little THERMOPOD flip-flops, tumbles heavenward AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE OF SPEED...heading home.

EXT. YOYODYNE - DAWN 432

Buckaroo touching down...Professor Hikita among the victorious Blue Shields scarcely able to believe his eyes as he spots...no, it can't be...rising from the debris...

PROF. HIKITA

Emilio!

Now it's the young Doctor Lizardo's turn to stare incredulously...

DOCTOR LIZARDO

Toichi--? I'll be damned.

The two scientists approaching one another...afraid to touch as if the other might prove a mirage...

433

RENO FINDING A CUTLASS ON THE GROUND...as Buckaroo, face blackened with soot, his clothing torn, hurries toward several Blue Shields (gas masks off) herding a half-dozen "HUMAN" PRISONERS while other Shields and Cavaliers share congratulatory handshakes...RED STINGERS still stuck in their bullet-proof vests...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

All accounted for? Where's Penny?

PERFECT TOMMY

New Jersey brought her back to the bus through heavy fire. Quite a guy if you want my opinion.

Perfect Tommy and Reno pacing Buckaroo...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Got a casualty list?

RENO

Just their side. What're we gonna do with these people? They're illegal aliens, the way I figure, been here forty years, you could throw the book at 'em...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

And ask the American taxpayer to foot the bill? No way. Send 'em back to the Eighth Dimension as soon as we find the Overthruster. It wasn't in Penny's purse...so if we have to run this joint upside down and inside out...

Perfect Tommy whistling...

PERFECT TOMMY

Hey, Scooter Lindley, fall in!

Scooter's eyes lighting up as he runs over...

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Is this what you're looking for, Buckaroo?

The Oscillation Overthruster, safe and sound. Buckaroo amazed, receiving the precious object, giving Scooter a Blue Shield salute...the Secretary of Defense watching jealously from a short distance, his clothing disheveled...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Looks like one Junior Shield is in line for a ride in The Jet Car.

SCOOTER LINDLEY

Wow, you know it!
(suddenly crestfallen)
I'll have to ask my dad.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Well, go ahead, what're you waiting for?

Scooter running off.

434

A dour-faced, shaken New Jersey appears in the doorway of the big bus, Buckaroo's smile immediately vanishing...

NEW JERSEY

I did all I could. I did my best...

Buckaroo racing past new Jersey and into the bus...

INT. PASSENGER SECTION/BUT - DAWN 435

Buckaroo hurrying through the front section.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE/BUS - DAWN 436

Buckaroo hurrying through the COMMUNICATIONS NERVE CENTER...

RADAR SHIELD ONE

Buckaroo, Reno said check with you - something about "pirates"? He mean the baseball team?

No response.

RADAR SHIELD TWO

Buckaroo, the President's on line on. Calling about is everything okay with the alien space cloud and Planet Ten...or should he just go ahead and destroy Russia...?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Tell him yes on "1" and no on "2".

Buckaroo going into his PRIVATE REAR SECTION of the bus...

RADAR SHIELD TWO

Which was "yes"? Destroy Russia? Or "2"...?

INT. BEDROOM/BUS - DAWN 437

Buckaroo reaching his private quarters, finding Penny on his cot, a sheet pulled over her face...ethereal morning light caressing her still body...

...Buckaroo distraught, pulling the sheet back to reveal Penny in final repose, speckled with dead ants, honey and powdery white insecticide... Buckaroo leaning toward her in wordless anguish.

438

His lips moving toward hers...when suddenly a SPARK LEAPS OUT, ARCING FROM THE TIP OF BUCKAROO'S NOSE TO THE TIP OF PENNY'S!

439

And she stirs...a faint nerve response, Buckaroo seizing her with both hands...SPARKS...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Penny!

...shaking her, exhorting her...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Open your eyes! Look at me! Penny!

...but nothing, no more signs of life...

440

...Buckaroo kissing her in despair, pressing his lips against her lips...the kiss of the century, A POWERFUL ELECTRIC JOLT!

441

...the fire of life as Penny opens her eyes, sees her haggard hero before her.

PENNY PRIDDY

Buckaroo...you look awful.

442

And indeed they both do, but who cares? ANOTHER GALVANIC KISS, CRACKLING GOOD as the tiny bedroom heats up and we do the decent thing...IRIS OUT...as CREDITS ROLL and the FANTASTIC VOICE OF Dr. Buckaroo Banzai serenades us home...

...the Hong Kong Cavaliers harmonizing like honey, the world once again a safe, snug harbor.

THE END