BUCKAROO BANZAI

ANCIENT SECRETS & NEW MYSTERIES

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

Episode One
“SUPERSIZE THOSE FRIES”
Reported By
Earl Mac Rauch

THE FOX NETWORK

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

REVISED FIRST DRAFT
December '99
"SUPERSIZE THOSE FRIES"
~Another Buckaroo Banzai Adventure~

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

tearing down a corridor...a hospital and yet...running smack into a backstage mob of DIEHARD FANS, as a gorgeous steel-hard
guitarist named LADY GILLETTE, Hong Kong Cavalier and every adolescent's wet dream, pulls Buckaroo to safety through the fans, helping him into SLEEK ROCK'N'ROLL DUDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...running toward her, but unable to get there, as the room suddenly lengths and her vital signs FLATLINE, setting off WARNING BUZZERS amid chaos, panic...
PERFECT TOMMY
We're losin' her--do something--!

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

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

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

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Seen any around--?

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Ow, Texas titty twister--titillate me--!
It's all good, and it's all yours...!
LADY GILLETTE
Spoken like the true beggar you are, you misogynist pig.

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

PERFECT TOMMY
(answering the phone)
Banzai Institute for Biomedical Research and Strategic Information...Perfect Tommy speaking...

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

BUCKAROO BANAI
Yeah, that must be it, Red. Thanks.
(rubbing his eyes)
Just a dream, except it's real. What time is it—? I need the true time. Something's funny, outta sync.

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

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

JOHNNY CONCHO
Jimmy Oh--? 'The' Jimmy Oh...?

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

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

LADY GILLETTE
Could be an imposter...
REDHEADED BEAUTY (THE WIDOW OH)
(woozy)
Buckaroo, remember me--? I was
married to Jimmy Oh a while back.
I know it's late but I've driven all
night from Chicago. I'll try to keep
it short and sweet...

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

JOHNNY CONCHO
(smitten, softly)
Sweet succulence...wouldn't mind putting
my hand on the small of that back...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(slipping on his boots)
Keep her there--I'm on my way up.

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Not the Widow Oh. Something else.

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Anybody feel that--?

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

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

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

END TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

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

AT PEACE UNTIL DISTURBED
WE WILL FIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Everyone should carry protection.
You used Jimmy's death benefit to open up a travel agency, as I recall.
I seem to recollect a Christmas card.
...as she takes back her purse from Tommy, scrounges through baggies full of old cigarette butts, used chewing gum, finger cymbals, a bottle of cherry vodka...before finding a CREDIT CARD and an AARP card...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WIDOW OH
Doctor's orders--?

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A Quadrunner ATV speeds this way, driven by Buckaroo, while
Tommy reads data from Lizardo's bank card over the vehicle's dashboard computer...

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(shrugging)
How does an elephant get out of a shoebox--?

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

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

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

LADY GILLETTE
It was a simpler time.

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

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

...as the Quadrunner pulls alongside and Buckaroo jumps behind
the wheel of the Jet Car, requiring Red River Daddy to scoot over to the passenger seat...

RED RIVER DADDY
I got shotgun—!

PERFECT TOMMY
I got tailgunner—!

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

PERFECT TOMMY
I got tunes, party people—!

RED RIVER DADDY
You and whose army—?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...indicating the distant lights of a big city...
RED RIVER DADDY
Kids say the darnedest things. That's Chicago, son.
(to Buckaroo)
Chief, about Lizardo...gotta be a wild goose chase, right...? I mean, if the cat were alive, how long would his beard be anyway--? He'd be what, about a hundred and twenty--?

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

PERFECT TOMMY
(recovering)
Chicago...Chi Town, City of Big Shoulders, That Toddlin' Town, the Windy City...

LADY GILLETTE
Don't get much windier.

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

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

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

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

(beat)
Prepare for landing--reading lights off.

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
A group of baggy-dressed, ordinarily-jaded TEENAGERS watching
wide-eyed in amazement on Chicago's South Side...AS THE JET CAR SCREAMS OVERHEAD, takes a wicked U-turn fifty feet in the air and comes in for a perfect landing in front of their dilapidated rooming house...

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

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Knuckleheads--? How many--?

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Lectroids...

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

INT. ROOMING HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT
Tommy locating the name 'LOCARNO' scrawled on one of the beat-up mailboxes and charging up the stairway...

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

...all of them except an INTREPID 8-YEAR OLD GIRL who gets the drop on Tommy with what she pretends to be a pistol but is, on closer examination, actually A HOMEMADE HIGH-TECH SPUD GUN...
INTREPID 8-YEAR OLD
Stick 'em up, Tommy Lee--! Where's your warrant--? This is America, and I'm a Blue Blaze Irregular--!

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
(sheepish)
Just lookin' for stink bugs, Chief.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(to 8 year-old)
And as a Blue Blaze, you know never to point a gun, even at Tommy Lee, unless you're trained to use it.

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Ever see this face--?

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

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

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
What's all this--? A stink-bug cookbook--?
BUCKAROO BANZAI
A half-baked recipe for disaster any way you slice it...that little tower looks like a seisnamic resonator, a kind of giant gopher repulser...but why potatoes...?

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

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

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

INTREPID 8-YEAR OLD
God bless America--!

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

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

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

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

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

RED RIVER DADDY
I already called the Institute.
Mrs. Johnson says our girl upchucked the woodchuck and passed out, running a fever of nearly two hundred degrees. I also ran a check on Miss Slick's license plate--it's registered to one Emir Locarno, this address.
BUCKAROO BANZAI
(exhaling a breath)
Reno, hightail it on to Moscow, check our local contacts and see what you can dig up on Lizardo’s gang, even if it’s just a red herring—! But first jet us back to the Institute...a couple of little things I need to ask our pretty informant, as soon as she comes to.

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

INT. UNDERGROUND - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

More red, A SEA OF BLOOD CHURNING IN A JACUZZI lined with HOT RED COALS and occupied by LEECHES THE SIZE OF SNAKES and HANOI XAN, the same withered monstrous being out of Buckaroo’s nightmare, relaxing in his special bubble bloodbath, sipping
eau de vipere and watching the trembling Rogue Chemist on
A CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV MONITOR...

ROGUE CHEMIST (OVER MONITOR)
...man-made heavy Nazium could
bring low-cost atomic fission into
the affordable arena for mid-sized
companies, even small groups with a
home lab...if you could push back the
deadline only a little and extend
our funding...
(trembling, looking into camera)
If it please the great Hanoi Xan,
spawn of hell and beloved chairman,
if we don't succeed in three more
months, I'll gladly resign my seat
at your right hand. Thank you.

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

HANOI XAN
(softly)
I see dead people.

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

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

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

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

DR. LIZARDO
(Italian accent)
That'd be me. I'm next. Chocolate
strawberries on the house...
...stepping over the unfortunate Rogue Chemist's empty shoes and seizing the microphone, lighting a cigarette butt with a glowing tongue and yelling directly into the closed-circuit camera in a combination inner city/Italian accent...

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

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

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

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DUNGEON - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(raising his leg, dog-style)
Smell my man-smell--!

...only serving to provoke more general ridicule, with the whole room now becoming highly agitated...weapons coming out, Deathhead guards with fingers on their triggers...
DR. LIZARDO
Can we talk--?! Can we talk--?!
(beginning to sing)
'We are the world...we are the children'--!
C'mon, sing it with me--!

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

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

WORLD CRIME LEAGUE DELEGATES
'We are the world...we are the children.
We are the ones to make a brighter day,
so let's start giving...'

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN
(to Lizardo)
My name is Henry Shannon, Mr. Xan's
personal secretary. What is it you
wish to communicate to The Face That
Is No Face--? What is your proposal--?

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

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

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

HENRY SHANNON
You brought the great Xan a potato--?

DR. LIZARDO
How about world domination--?! That
turn you on--?! That rock your world,
baby--?! The crime of all time--!
HIJACK THE PLANET, JACK...!
HENRY SHANNON
A children's tale--but I'm listening.
Recreate the scene for me.

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

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

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

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

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

...provoking Lizardo, whose entire body now begins to glow, as bright as an acetylene torch, REVEALING HIS LECTROID
CARCASS IN HIS HUMAN BODY...as his proud bodyguards
do the same...obviously making an impression on Shannon,
outwardly unflappable but churning on the inside...

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

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

WELCOME INTERNATIONAL ESPERANTO CONFERENCE
AND CLASSY CHASSIS CAR SHOW

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

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

...where a blue-haired matron, ID'ed by the 'MRS. JOHNSON'
stitched on her anti-bioterrorism spacesuit, sits knitting at the bedside of the feverish and unconscious Widow Oh, who squirms and contorts her writhing body into pretzel-like positions despite being strapped down...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Six days--? Get yourself lost--?
DUST-CAKED TEENAGER
I didn't get myself lost, no sir.
The North Star's outta position...

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

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

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

APPALOOSA (FRECKLED INTERN)
Tommy, I need you in Control.

PERFECT TOMMY
I'm always in control, Appaloosa.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors opening, discharging Appaloosa and Tommy,
who calls back to the big pickle...
PERFECT TOMMY
Take the elevator right back up.
This is a private area--you're not supposed to be down here.

BIG GREEN PICKLE
Gotcha.

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
What's going on, Professor Hikita--?

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

PERFECT TOMMY
They're leatherette, Pops. Get some help.

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

PERFECT TOMMY (INTO PHONE)
Reno, what's up, skunk-head--?

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

LOCAL HOOKER
Hey, you G.I.--?

RENO (INTO PHONE)
Look, you overgrown orangutan...
(softening)
Tommy, I don't have time for this. I need a favor--like the time I saved your skinny haunches from the Diablo Brothers, remember--? Only you gotta swear not to blow the whistle on me, you gotta swear to secrecy...
PERFECT TOMMY
Sure, man--Oath of the Flying Fish.
You got it.

RENO
(gulping)
No, I lost it, Tommy. I lost the Jet Car.

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

RENO
Who knows--? Some mudhole down by Odessa.

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

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
I'm blown away, man.

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

PERFECT TOMMY
(indicating pickle)
Hey, where'd you get that--?
JOHNNY CONCHO
Pickle vendor out in the hall.
Time to boot-scoot, bro...we got a
show to put on.

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

PERFECT TOMMY
What the...??

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

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

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

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

INT. WORLDWATCH CONTROL - NIGHT
Hikita already on top of the situation...staring at several
ELECTRICAL GRID MAPS on monitors...

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

INTERCUT HIKITA AND BUCKAROO...

BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO PHONE)
Strong words, Hikita-san, but if we
lose our sponsors, who's gonna pay the
electric bill anyhow--? Just kill the
lights, we're gonna let 'er rip.
TUMBLIN' TUMBLEWEED (INTO MIKE)
Folks, it's time--! Get those medic alert bracelets on, 'cause the one, the only, Buckaroo Banzai and the Hong Kong Cavaliers are back in town--!

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BIG GREEN PICKLE
Wanna wrassle, huh--?

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

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

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

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

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

HAPPY WIENER
Oh my God...Is he...? I never shot a man before...
BUCKAROO BANZAI
You still haven't, kid--don't worry.
I thought I took your guns away from you...

HAPPY WIENER
I always keep a spare pair under my hat.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Good thing, too.
(realizing)
Mrs. Johnson--!

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

MRS. JOHNSON
A Lectroid--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Yes, ma'am. But it wasn't us he was after.
(stepping to the widow)
Mrs. Oh... 'Princess'... can you hear me--?
(pinching her)
Feel that--? How about when I do this--?
You should feel a tiny prick...

THE WIDOW OH
(opening her arms)
Oh, yes...!

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Taking a smoke break, kid—?
Nice shootin'.

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Just call me Tommy. A little Okie swill, kid, er...?
(taking a gulp)
We brew it from toner right here at the Institute. Love makes it special.

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

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

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

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

HAPPY WIENER
(wiping his lips)
Lady Gillette...thanks. That's mighty good swill...

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

RED RIVER DADDY
Red River Daddy outta Atlanta, Joe-ja.
(tipping his hat)
To you and yours, kid. And that bad dude all in black is...
HAPPY WIENER
Johnny Concho...!

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

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

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

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
How're you feeling--?

THE WIDOW OH
Better. Thanks for asking.

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

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

PROF. HIKITA (OVER INTERCOM)
Buckaroo, we're flying by the seat of our pants. All systems down, we cannot get squat...
BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO INTERCOM)
Another pulse over the Northwest—?

INT. WORLDWATCH ONE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Buckaroo, unfazed, used to such messages...

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

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Interesting meniscus...
THE WIDOW OH
What's wrong with my meniscus--?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Just a little off-level...the curved
surface of a liquid in a tube...its curvage...
(looking her over)
You come in here all smooth-skinned
and weepy-eyed and send us off on a
crusade to find John Whorfin-Lizardo,
as if this guy just crawled out from
under a rock somewhere deep beneath
the permafrost, when the truth is, all
along you've been sharing the same bed,
the same food cycle for adult Lectroids...

THE WIDOW OH
No--! How dare you--!

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

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

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

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

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

THE WIDOW OH
(distressed)
Even Buckaroo Banzai doesn't know
everything...please, I just need
time...a little time.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Like the time you gave Jimmy--?
What'd you use, an egg-timer...?
THE WIDOW OH
I didn't kill him and didn't know anything about it. Whorfin thought Jim might know something about your invention, the Oscillation Overthruster, that could help us escape this rock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Offer her a piece of fruit.

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

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
That's no Christmas ornament. More like an IUD, some kind of electronic gerbil...or pacemaker...
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Put ‘her’ at risk—? She’s a goll-danged Lectroid—! What about Mother Earth—?

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

INT. WORLDWATCH ONE - NIGHT

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

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

...looking over urgently at Tommy, who is more interested in
sliding in next to Appaloosa and High Sierra...

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
She's hot.
(to High Sierra)
Didn't you give me a report the other day from Idaho--? Some Blue Blaze Irregular with a weird meat name...'Steakroast' or 'Rumpsteak', something like that...

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI (INTO PHONE)
Right--it could easily set off widespread panic in the markets and you don't want that. I'll call back, as soon as I know more...
(hanging up, urgently to Hikita)
Roshi, get the Very Large Array people next door in New Mexico. I need our exact coordinates, vis-a-vis 7000, 2237, 2264, 4755 and 5139 in the New General Catalog...

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
To calculate our angle on our axis and our exact angle to the galactic plane. Also, I need you to set up a conference call with Sam Singh at Max Planck and Calico Cohen at Mensa HQ.
...stepping to a computer... joined by Tommy, as Buckaroo begins urgently feeding in data with his one good arm...

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

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Sonny Bono.

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
(his mind racing)
I hope not, but things are pretty twisted... Moscow... Idaho... Lizardo...
... these weird atmospherics...

PERFECT TOMMY
Helluva coincidence... now that you mention it...
BUCKAROO BANZAI
...now the World Crime League ultimatum.
If Lizardo somehow hooked up with
Hanoi Xan and the World Crime League—a
match made in hell—Lizardo's mad genius
and Xan's deep pockets...
(his voice tailing off)
Tell Red to gas the bus. Assemble
a Go-team.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ASIAN BEAUTY
You must be Lord Whorfin. My name is
Hen, Your Highness: Hen Xan. My father
sent me to observe this history you're
making. Call me a hopeless romantic,
but I'm kind of swept up by it...
DR. LIZARDO
That's good. We gonna fire her up
tonight...a 125 percent, maybe more.
Make your nuts vibrate.
(pointing)
This way, I got my chopper...

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

DR. LIZARDO
Get him--!

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

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

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

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

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

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

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

MRS. JOHNSON
My God, she's having an organism--!

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

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

...as Lady Gilette waves them both through...

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

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

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

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

...holding aloft THE KEY TO THE JET CAR and wrapping him in a
blanket while one of them picks up his beeper, holding it cautiously and dropping it like a hot potato when it vibrates...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

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

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

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

DR. LIZARDO
Strength--!

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

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

DR. LIZARDO
I got a pet. It's cool.

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

HEN
Oh, you've got an imaginary pet.

DR. LIZARDO
I like to watch him die.
(caressing her hand)
He's dying now...no food, no water. Pretty soon he'll be nothing but skeletal remains.

HEN
What a neat moment.

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

...drawing a rebuke from the bald portly Archbishop Warlock,
who moves one hand gingerly toward a bulge in his cowl...

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

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

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

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

'WELCOME SEASONAL WORKERS'

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

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT
A LECTROID DJ sitting at a turntable and microphone, chatting like a local...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. JOHNSON
Yes, doctor.

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
I thought I heard Buckaroo chirping. Sounds like all's right with the world.
JOHNNY CONCHO
Not quite. KSPD in Moscow...remember a few years back, we stopped in as a courtesy, Buckaroo cut a promo. Of course they were only a 2,000 watt little podunk radio station then. (puzzled, checking an FCC journal) Matter of fact, they still are.

PERFECT TOMMY
Must be those weird atmospherics.

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

PERFECT TOMMY
Anything from Reno--?

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

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

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

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

LADY GILLETTE
Your next of kin is Jack Blank--?

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

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

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

LADY GILLETTE
(stunned)
Penny's killer--?! Does Buckaroo know--?

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Mrs. Johnson, get me a glass of water.

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

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

MRS. JOHNSON
(astounded)
It's a...child--?

...nearly fainting, caught at the last second by Buckaroo, who
eases her into a chair and puts the glass holding the sac into the refrigerator...simultaneously gazing out the window as the bus pulls up in front of a farmhouse surrounded by a crowd of giddy friends and neighbors...

EXT. WELDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Blue Blaze Weldon Rumproast--?

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
How about the choo-choo tracks--?

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

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

(pointing)
Mr. Rumproast, does that combine work--?
...indicating a MONSTER THRESHING MACHINE in the next field...

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

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

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

HAPPY WIENER
What about me, Buckaroo--?

PERFECT TOMMY
You, Felix--?

HAPPY WIENER
'Felix'--? I'm...

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

HAPPY WIENER
(amazed)
How'd you know--?

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Not without a parental consent form, kid. We could all get in a lot of trouble.
INT. KSPD - NIGHT

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

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

DR. LIZARDO
You feel that--?? The earth, she lurch a little--! The earth, she tremble like a little punk--!
I gonna punk the earth--!
(to Hen)
We relay the potato signal from the stinkin' Mir, then bounce off the Moon. From there reach the far corners of the quadrant.
(indicating steering wheel)
When we reach a-maximum power, the seisnamic resonator kick ass like a Trans-Am. We use this Trans-Am wheel to steer your planet. After I'm gone, you can drive...

HEN
(licking her lips)
I share your joy, Lord Whorfin. The world is ours...!

DR. LIZARDO
(leering)
You can thank me later.
(to technicians)
Begin the final countdown to total power.

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

LECTROID CHORUS
Whooooooooooooooworrfin--!

DR. LIZARDO
(grimacing)
I feel the presence of another...a little maggot, in a little suit...he's here...

HEN
Banzai...??
DR. LIZARDO
My spawn...

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

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

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

INT. BUS - NIGHT

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

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

LADY GILLETTE
I thought it was Joni Mitchell.

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

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

LADY GILLETTE
Excuse me--maybe you're wearing your thong a little tight tonight.
(taking a bite)
I'll still hurt you, but now I've got a reason.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

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

...as the Full Bird Colonel next to him grips his Uzi a little tighter with one hand and squeezes Pinsky's knee...
FULL BIRD COLONEL
It's okay to be scared. If you know
any prayers, now's the time. A warrior
on the eve of battle...first real taste
of blood and guts...might do a body good.

EXT. COMBINE - NIGHT

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
The Mir...!

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

JOHNNY CONCHO
The man in the moon—! Let's get him—!

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

INT. BUS - NIGHT

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

POET LAUREATE PINSKY
There's a poem by Rudyard Kipling I'd like to share, called 'The Thousandth Man'...

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

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

POET LAUREATE PINSKY
'Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you..'
EXT./INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

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

POET LAUREATE PINSKY (V.O.)

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

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

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

DR. LIZARDO
Banzai--I knew it--! Where's my spawn--?!
(to Hen)
Take the chopper. I don't need it where I'm goin'--!
(to his Lectroids)
Stand and fight--! Huza--! Our historic hour is near--!

HEN
Good luck. Hope it all works out.

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

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

INT. BUS - NIGHT

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

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

...as OUT OF NOWHERE THE JET CAR SHRIEKS OUT OF THE SKY AND AND BLOWS APART THE SECOND DOA VEHICLE, sending it careening...
...suddenly screaming, as up ahead, caught like a dazed deer in the middle of the railroad tracks, the FIERCE BURNING EYES OF LIZARDO, WHO LEAPS LIKE A FIEND ONTO THE GRILL OF THE BUS...

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

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

DR. LIZARDO
Is he better than me--?

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

DR. LIZARDO
My boy...

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

DR. LIZARDO
Human bitch--!

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

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
I’ll cover you. He can’t get far.

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

DR. LIZARDO
I’ll kill you, Banzai--!

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Is that an implied threat--?

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Tommy--!!

INT. JET CAR - NIGHT

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI
You don’t shoot.

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

END ACT FOUR
EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

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

TUMBLIN' TUMBLEWEED

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI

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

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

BUCKAROO BANZAI

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

WELDON'S DAD

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

... a sentiment not shared in Hanoi Xan's sumptuous bathroom, where the DELICATE, MANICURED MIDDLE FINGERS OF HEN, now ANCIENT AND GNARLED, rise from a jacuzzi of blood in a big double-barreled 'Fuck You' salute...
BUCKAROO BANZAI
But with the help of everyone on this planet, for once pulling together, we can achieve that goal. In thirty seconds, I want everyone in the world to take the hand of your neighbor and jump into the air at the same time. Those of you who can't jump, I want you to flush your toilet...thereby lightening our mother's load, while my cohort Professor Hikita fires a powerful electron burst to correct her orbit. On my signal now...

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

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

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

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

PERFECT TOMMY
(fading fast)
Tom Horn...just one thing I don't get: the elephant...how's it get out of the box--?

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

PERFECT TOMMY
(barely audible)
Should've known...

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

END EPISODE ONE