

Buckaroo Banzai
Against the World Crime League

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Based on Characters and Situations
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EXT. TEXAS DESERT - DAY

A FOUR YEAR OLD BOY wearing chaps and a cowboy hat twirls his toy six-guns. He aims and fires an imaginary shot into the desert sun. A beautiful DARK-HAIRED WOMAN appears and scoops the boy up into her arms.

SANDRA BANZAI
Buckaroo, it's time. Let's go wish
daddy luck, OK?

The boy smiles and kisses his mother, nodding his head excitedly.

EXT. TEST LAUNCH SITE - DAY

A large TWO-MAN VEHICLE, sort of a rocket with wheels, is being readied for departure by several ENGINEERS.

TWO MEN wearing flight-suits, one Caucasian and one Asian, begin to climb into the vehicle, but the Asian man turns back at the sound of his name:

SANDRA BANZAI
Masado!

Sandra carries Buckaroo over to Masado. He kisses his wife and then takes his son and sets him on the ground. Masado kneels so that he and Buckaroo are at eye level.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
I'm supposed to wish you luck.

MASADO BANZAI
Thank you, son. But when you
believe in what you're doing, you
don't need luck.

He kisses Buckaroo on the forehead and then stands. Father and son bow to one another, and then Masado turns and climbs into the vehicle, strapping in next to his co-pilot.

Sandra takes Buckaroo's hand and leads him to

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

Where a young PROFESSOR TOICHI HIKITA stands at a bank of monitoring equipment. He grins excitedly at Sandra and Buckaroo as they enter.

SUDDENLY a red light begins to flash on the console and they hear a LOUD BOOM on the runway. Sandra and Hikita look to see SMOKE AND FLAMES pouring out of the vehicle's cockpit.

EXT. TEST SITE - DAY

SANDRA BANZAI runs at top speed toward the burning vehicle, where Masado and his co-pilot struggle in vain to escape.

BUCKAROO sprints after his mother, who is braving the flames to try and free the trapped scientists from the cockpit.

PROF. HIKITA catches Buckaroo and throws him to the ground, shielding the young boy with his own body, just as

The experimental Jet Car EXPLODES IN A HUGE BALL OF FLAME, raining shrapnel and debris everywhere.

Buckaroo struggles free of Prof. Hikita's grip and stands, staring blankly at the burning wreckage. The harsh desert wind streaks his tears straight back away from his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

A metallic title tumbles forward, along with the 'BB' logo:

BUCKAROO BANZAI AGAINST THE WORLD CRIME LEAGUE

Buckaroo's Opening Theme slowly fills the soundtrack. It builds, and the prologue scrolls up:

Buckaroo Banzai, born to an American mother and a Japanese father, thus began life as he was destined to live it - going in several directions at once. A brilliant neurosurgeon, he grew quickly dissatisfied with a life devoted solely medicine.

He roamed the planet studying martial arts and particle physics, collecting around him a most eccentric group of friends, those hard-rocking scientists: The Hong Kong Cavaliers...

Now, the eyes of the world are once again upon him, as Dr. Banzai proceeds with a new experiment that could revolutionize transportation and render conventional modes of travel obsolete.

Meanwhile, his arch-nemesis, the evil Hanoi Xan, boss of the World Crime League, is engaged in an experiment of his own that might

(MORE)

MASADO BANZAI (CONT'D)
 have an even more devastating
 effect on the world...

CUT TO:

INT. SABAH, MALAYA - XAN'S FORTRESS - THRONE ROOM - DAY

A dark, cavernous room. Part dungeon, part high-tech crime center. We see the silhouette of a figure sitting on a throne: HANOI XAN.

Standing at attention before him are rows of his personal guard - the BRAVOS. Dressed all in black, these men each brandish a curved scimitar. We notice that all of their right ears have been mutilated.

TWO BRAVOS lead a NEW RECRUIT to the foot of Xan's throne. He is dressed in red for his initiation ceremony.

Looking down at the Recruit, Xan stirs. He speaks in a wicked, gravely voice - like fingernails on a chalkboard.

HANOI XAN
 (reciting)
 All my days have I done evil.

RECRUIT
 For all of my days shall I do so.

HANOI XAN
 Proclaim your allegiance!

RECRUIT
 By the Oath of the Flying Fish, I
 swear to walk in the Hidden Ways,
 and to serve no other but my Master
 Hanoi Xan, Herald of Peace!

HANOI XAN
 Put him on the Tree of Fealty. If
 he screams, he dies.

ANGLE - TREE OF FEALTY

The grim-faced Recruit is to led to a gnarled, leafless TREE to the right of Xan's throne. The tree is covered with small leathery looking things we can't quite make out, until-

The Recruit allows the two Bravos to place his RIGHT EAR against the trunk of the tree. He then remains motionless as one of the Bravos NAILS IT THERE.

The Recruit struggles to remain silent despite the pain. One of the Bravos hands the Recruit an ornate ceremonial knife.

ON HANOI XAN, watching from his Throne with mild interest.

CLOSE on the RECRUIT'S EYES, watering in pain and determination. He reaches up and slices off the top part of his ear with the ceremonial knife, freeing himself from the Tree of Fealty.

Another Bravo steps forward and presents the Recruit with the black uniform worn by the other Bravos, along with a curved Scimitar. Still wincing in agony, the Recruit, now a full fledged BRAVO, bows as he accepts these items.

He then turns and bows humbly to Hanoi Xan.

Hanoi Xan stretches out his long, thin arms and YAWNS.

CUT TO:

EXT. WYER PROVING GROUNDS - DAY

A small private airport in southern New Jersey. Hundreds of REPORTERS are gathered in front of a STAGE that has been erected just outside the main hangar.

TV VANS and NEWS CREWS are scattered like jackstraws around the edge of the runway. The reporters swell forward as the HANGAR DOORS slide open:

A NEW JET CAR (a converted FORD MINI-VAN) is pushed out onto the runway by a ground crew in heat-shielded suits. The crew pushes it onto a large CATAPULT ARRAY on a rotating hydraulic platform. It looks designed to launch the Jet Car into the ground at a forty five degree angle.

We hear a PA being switched on. All eyes and cameras turn to

THE STAGE - where a large panel of military types and scientists are seated. Among them we spot the familiar faces of PENNY PRIDDY, NEW JERSEY, RENO, and PROF. HIKITA.

PECOS, a middle-aged Korean woman steps up to the microphone. She wears a Team Banzai flight jacket.

PECOS

Members of the world press, the Banzai Institute would like to thank you for attending this historic event! We also kindly request that you all remain behind the yellow and orange lines during the experiment. This is for your own safety. Anybody who ignores this suggestion and winds up a crimson stain on the tarmac has no one but themselves to blame.

(beat)

With that out of the way please assist me in welcoming one of our

(MORE)

PECOS (CONT'D)
 project leaders, a native of this
 great state--

Behind her, we see New Jersey lean over to Reno.

NEW JERSEY
 She's not going to use my alias.
 She never uses my alias.

PECOS
 --my esteemed colleague, Dr. Sidney
 Zwiebel.

New Jersey steps up to the podium, shaking her hand.

NEW JERSEY
 Dammit, Pecos! I told you, in front
 of the press, it's "New Jersey."

This echoes across the airfield over the PA. Embarrassed, he covers the microphone with his hand, collects himself, then proceeds.

Pecos smirks and takes the empty seat next to Reno. Reno and Pecos exchange a look that tells us they're madly in love.

PENNY looks at her watch and then scans the horizon.

NEW JERSEY
 Ladies and Gentleman, as you know
 from our press release, today's
 experiment represents the next
 logical step in utilizing the
 matter penetration technology we
 were able to harness in the Banzai
 Institute's recent Jet Car
 experiments. Of course, the unusual
 series of events following that
 experiment delayed our follow up
 research a bit while we ascertained
 the safety of future tests.

PECOS
 (whispering to Reno)
 This will kill some time, but if
 he's late again, it's your turn to
 make excuses for him.

RENO
 Lemme borrow your go-phone. Left
 mine in my other suit.

Pecos hands him a GO-PHONE - a mobile VIDEO PHONE, with a built-in microphone, camera, and two-inch color screen.

Reno presses a series of buttons, and in seconds the face of PERFECT TOMMY appears on the screen.

RENO
 (into go-phone)
 Tommy, what's keepin' the boss?
 We're set to pop here.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME TIME

A Congressional hearing on the current activities of the Banzai Institute. The giant hall is packed.

Perfect Tommy leans against the wall near the doors at the back, talking into his go-phone. His voice is a bit too loud, and his clothing is even louder. The MARINES guarding the doors glance at him disapprovingly.

PERFECT TOMMY
 He's about done, Reno... I think.
 I've got a chopper on roof waiting.
 Give us another 45 minutes. Wait,
 we gotta grab some grub. Make it an
 hour.

RENO
 Tell him to get a move on! The
 world is waiting.

PERFECT TOMMY
 What else is new? Let 'em wait.

Tommy switches off the phone. He spots a MARINE eyeing him.

PERFECT TOMMY
 What are you looking at, jarhead?
 Eyes front!

The marine grits his teeth and turns his eyes front. Tommy turns his gaze to the chamber floor where we see

BUCKAROO BANZAI standing at a podium before a panel of congressmen and senators.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 --and in closing, we at the Banzai
 Institute believe that this
 technology, once developed, will
 revolutionize transportation as we
 know it. Vast distances can be
 covered in the blink of an eye, and
 the applications in the area of
 space exploration is obvious.

SENATOR NUNN
 Dr. Banzai, your attendance at this
 hearing is appreciated, as you are
 (MORE)

SENATOR NUNN (CONT'D)
 a respected member of the
 scientific community. But do you
 expect us to ignore the dangers we
 feel are inherent in these sorts of
 experiments? And your notion of
 just giving extra-dimensional
 travel to the public is ludicrous
 from a national security standpoint-

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 Senator Nunn, scientists throughout
 the world agree that this is the
 most exciting technological
 breakthrough in recent years. We
 both know that the only reason
 there's a congressional hearing on
 this matter is because the oil
 companies that got you elected have
 a vested interest in preventing
 this technology from being used on
 a wide scale.

This causes quite a stir in the spectators' gallery. The
 Chairman bangs his gavel.

CONGRESSMAN FLETCHER
 Dr. Banzai, I don't know where you
 get your information, but--

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 Gentleman, the danger that our
 current reliance on fossil fuels
 poses to the environment are far
 too great to overlook. Alternative
 modes of travel must be sought out
 and implemented. Our recent visit
 from alien Lectroids who utilized
 this same technology to travel vast
 distance should make its potential
 impact clear--

SENATOR NUNN
 Dr. Banzai, there are many here in
 Washington who have long held the
 opinion that you and your Institute
 are not what they seem to be...

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 Nothing is ever what it seems to
 be, but everything is exactly what
 it is.

CONGRESSMAN FLETCHER
 What the hell is that supposed to
 mean?!

Near the back of the hall, Perfect Tommy chuckles loudly.
 Buckaroo covers his microphone and stifles a laugh.

SENATOR NUNN

Dr. Banzai, I'm afraid that the military ramifications of this technology alone make it a matter of national security. We have serious doubts as to whether it should remain in the private hands. And we will not authorize any further funding for the activities of your so-called Institute.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Senator Nunn, The Banzai Institute for Biomedical Engineering and Strategic Information is, and has always been, privately funded. And our patent for the Oscillation Overthruster is on file just down the street...

Buckaroo's watch begins to BEEP. He glances at it, then over his shoulder at Perfect Tommy, who points at his own watch.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Mr. Chairman, you'll have to excuse me. Thanks for the Invitation here today, but I gotta be somewhere.

SENATOR NUNN

Dr. Banzai, with all due respect, we don't consider this a closed matter. Despite what you may read in your comic books, you are not above the laws of the United States Government...

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Senator, as you well, know, I've spent my life in defense of those laws. And you'd do well to read my comic books more closely. Then you'd learn that the new anti-crime bill you've been touting is a waste of time, because it doesn't address the real source of the problem. Excuse me, Mr. Chairman.

(turning)

Ciao.

He jogs to the back doors, which Tommy opens for him.

PERFECT TOMMY

Kinda long-winded, aren't ya?
Chopper is on the roof. You hungry?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Starving. But we don't have time.

PERFECT TOMMY
Just as well. You'd have to wait
for your food to digest before you
could cross into the 8th dimension,
anyway.

As they exit, they're engulfed by reporters.

Back on the panel, we see the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE step up to
shake SENATOR NUNN's hand.

SENATOR NUNN
Mr. Secretary. It's just as you
said.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
I told you, Senator, the man can't
be reasoned with. Who knows what
they're planning to do with that
thing? And the President thinks
they're buddies, for chrissake.

SENATOR NUNN
We should have the Agency take a
look at this man's activities.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
They have been for years, believe
me.

SENATOR NUNN
No, I mean a closer look. I want to
see everything we have on Banzai.
Steps may have to be taken.

The Defense Secretary nods knowingly.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
I'll arrange for a briefing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WYER PROVING GROUNDS - DAY

New Jersey continues with the press conference.

NEW JERSEY
What we discovered during Dr.
Banzai's first assault on the
dimension barrier, is that extra
dimensional travel allows you to
cover a vast distance in a matter
of minutes. When the original Jet
(MORE)

NEW JERSEY (CONT'D)

Car entered that mountain it came out the other side of the mountain range, hundreds of miles away, in a matter of seconds. After analyzing the data, it has become apparent that this technology can allow us to travel to China in thirty minutes, to the moon in a few hours, or to, say, Planet Ten in less than a week--

Seated on the panel behind him, PROFESSOR TOICHI HIKITA shakes his head a bit.

HIKITA

(to himself)

That's IF we get the bugs worked out.

Bedlam in the press. Reporters start to hurl questions.

REPORTER #1

Are you talking about teleportation here?

NEW JERSEY

No, no, no. Teleportation requires that matter be disassembled at the molecular level, transported, and then reassembled. That kind of thing leaves a lot room for mistakes, trust me. You get a fly or something mixed up in there-- Bad news.

(beat)

What we're saying is that through the process of extra-dimensional travel we could revolutionize transportation here on earth, and also open up a whole new realm of possibilities in space travel. The only problem is that traveling through the eighth dimension is a bit of a rough ride. And a tad messy. Oh, and there are still some hostile alien Red Lectroids trapped in there, we think. But once these 'environmental' issues are dealt with, we hope that dimensional travel will someday be commonplace. Today's experiment is our first step in achieving that goal--

CUT TO:

INT. - MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - DAY

An attic that has been converted into a dorm room. Half packed cardboard boxes are scattered everywhere. Team Banzai posters cover the walls, along with images of Einstein, Enrico Fermi, and Carl Sagan.

In the middle of this chaos, at a computer, feet up, keyboard in his lap, is Chris Beaver (22), AKA RAFTERMAN. He wears a cap and gown and drinks from a carton of orange juice. A small TV set displays the press coverage of the Jet Car test.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR we see the BANZAI INSTITUTE WEBSITE. It asks for a Blue Blaze Irregular USERNAME, which he enters as RAFTERMAN. Then he keys in his password.

He clicks his mouse a few times and we see a WORLD MAP dotted with blinking stars, with the heading WORLD CRIME LEAGUE ACTIVITIES.

Chris scans the map, then spins his chair and turns the volume up on the TV, which shows a helicopter landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WYER PROVING GROUNDS - DAY

Buckaroo and Tommy leaping out of the helicopter before it touches down. Buckaroo now wears his black Team Banzai flight suit.

PENNY rushes up and hands Buckaroo his helmet. Tommy spots an attractive FEMALE REPORTER at the press barricade and heads in that direction.

PENNY PRIDDY

Hey, handsome. Running late again?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Yeah. I was busy getting chewed out by Uncle Sam.

PENNY PRIDDY

But he's your favorite uncle, isn't he?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Listen, when I get back from the 8th dimension, whattya say you and I grab some dinner? I'm starving.

PENNY PRIDDY

You mean I get the great man all to myself tonight?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
You wanna invite someone else?

PENNY PRIDDY
No way.
(beat)
Buckaroo, good luck.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Thanks, Penny. But when you believe
in what you're doing, you don't
need luck.

He flashes her a smile and runs toward the Jet Car.

A TALL MAN in a heat-shielded suit jogs up alongside Buckaroo, and hands him his battered briefcase. He then pulls back the hooded visor of his heat suit to reveal RAWHIDE. He's a bit pale, but very much alive.

RAWHIDE
Here's the Overthruster, kemosabe.
Hikita San ran full diagnostics.
We're all set.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Thanks, amigo. Hey, you're lookin'
a bit peakid. You feelin' okay?

RAWHIDE
I'd feel a lot better if you
weren't always asking me that.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Sorry. Tell Control I'm ready.

Rawhide nods and repeats this into his go-phone. Buckaroo puts on his helmet and climbs into the window of the Jet Car, Dukes of Hazzard style.

A technician hands him his briefcase. Buckaroo removes the Overthruster and installs it in the gyroscope over his right shoulder. Then he activates it.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Deja Vu. Control, this is HB88.
Let's power this badboy up.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY

A dozen TECHNICIANS seated at control consoles monitor the Jet Car's various systems. PROF. HIKITA stands in the center of the room, arms folded, looking nervous.

TECHNICIAN #1
 HB88, begin primary systems check.

EXT. PRESS PLATFORM - DAY

New Jersey is wrapping up his presentation.

NEW JERSEY
 The launch will commence in a few minutes. For security reasons, we've been unable to disclose the actual nature of this experiment until now.

(beat)

As you may have guessed, Dr. Banzai will be attempting to break the dimension barrier. However, instead of passing through a mountain, our goal today is far more ambitious. He will penetrate the surface of the earth here in New Jersey and travel through the planet itself, to resurface at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory outside Los Angeles, California. We calculate the entire trip should take about eight minutes.

Pandemonium in the press as they convey this information in a dozen languages to the rest of the world.

PECOS finishes talking into her go-phone and switches it off. She steps up to whisper in New Jersey's ear. He smiles.

NEW JERSEY
 And if all goes well, he's going to turn around and come right back. He's got a dinner date.

CLOSE UP on PENNY smiling to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - MIT - DAY

Rafterman watches the Jet Car test coverage intently, as the reporter repeats Buckaroo's intentions.

RAFTERMAN
 Buckaroo, my man, sometimes I think you've got an Evel Keneval complex.
 (looking at watch)
 Damn!

He digs a videotape out of one of the boxes and fumbles it into the VCR, hits Record, then sprints out of the room to

EXT. MIT GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

About to begin. Rafterman runs across the quad, robe trailing behind him. He drops his cap, goes back for it, turns and continues sprinting.

He pushing his way through a crowd of REPORTERS, making his way to his seat. As he passes one reporter, we overhear:

REPORTER

--and it's a very exciting day for these MIT graduates. President Widmark himself is attending the ceremonies to deliver the farewell address to the graduating class.

Rafterman makes his way to his seat, stepping on and jostling several other grads in the process. He sits, crosses his legs, and we see that under his gown he is wearing shorts and sneakers without socks. The grads sitting on either side inch away in disgust.

Rafterman pulls out a stick of gum, offers some to his neighbors (who decline) then pops it in his mouth and smiles at a CUTE BRUNETTE a few rows away. She does her best to ignore him.

He looks around and spots a GROUP OF MEN in dark suits and sunglasses. They appear to be secret service agents. Rafterman removes his sunglasses, taking a closer look--

Two of the "agents" have PONY TAILS TUCKED INTO THEIR SHIRT COLLARS. Several of them appear to be Asian. Before he gets a good look, they disappear into the crowd.

As the commencement ceremony begins, DEAN ANDERSON steps up to the podium.

DEAN ANDERSON (O.S.)

Graduates, Alumni, Ladies and Gentleman, we welcome you--

Rafterman hands his gum to the grad next to him and makes his way to the end of the row, jostling more of his peers.

RAFTERMAN

Excuse me. Pardon me. Excuse me.

He makes his way out and walks up to the nearest Secret Service Agent he can find.

RAFTERMAN

Excuse me, sir? Can I trouble you for a moment?

AGENT #1
How can I help you?

RAFTERMAN
I saw some men dressed as Secret Service, armed, down near the platform there. Two of them had ponytails tucked into their collars.

AGENT #1
So?

RAFTERMAN
Well, you G-men don't have ponytails, do you? So there's a bunch of armed men dressed like Secret Service agents down there, and the President is getting on stage in a second. Do the math.

AGENT #1
I'm sure you're mistaken, son. Please take your seat. We've got the area covered, trust me. Enjoy your graduation ceremony.

RAFTERMAN
Did you hear me, Brainiac? Okay, I'm going to reach for my ID.

The Secret Service agent eyes him as he pulls out his wallet and flips it open to display a picture ID. It reads:

BLUE BLAZE IRREGULAR IDENTIFICATION
NAME: RAFTERMAN
BBI#: 32972
BETA SECURITY CLEARANCE

The agent glances at it, then looks up at Rafterman.

AGENT #1
Did you get that out of a box of Honeycombs?

RAFTERMAN
Its real, I assure you.

AGENT #1
That's wonderful. I watch the Blaze Blue Regular cartoon all the time. You guys are great.

RAFTERMAN
Blue Blaze Irregular...

AGENT #1

Sir, please take your seat. I have a job to do.

RAFTERMAN

Then why don't you do it?

Rafterman spins on his heel and heads after the group of "agents." He scans the area and doesn't spot them. Over his shoulder he hears a strange tongue (Burmese) being spoken. He turns slightly and sees one of the pseudo-Agents talking into a microphone at his wrist.

Rafterman watches closely as the pseudo-agent walk away - PART OF HIS RIGHT EAR IS MISSING - scarred as though it were sliced off long ago.

RAFTERMAN

Oh my god.

He forces his way to the edge of the crowd and then sprints off across the quad.

He runs to one the science department buildings, leaps down a flight of steps, and runs through a basement entrance.

INT. BLUE BLAZE IRREGULAR HQ - MIT CHAPTER - DAY

A mess. There's lab and radio equipment strewn everywhere. Banzai posters and Hong Kong Cavalier albums cover the walls. It looks more like a clubhouse than anything else. A BUCKAROO BANZAI ARCADE GAME and a coke machine stand against one wall.

Sitting in a lazy boy, reading a Buckaroo Banzai Comic book (Issue #23 - The Strange Case of Mister Cigars) is PINBACK, a disheveled young fellow in a leather Team Banzai jacket. He's half-reading and half-watching the Jet Car coverage on TV.

REPORTER

(on TV)

--the preliminary flight checks are finished and that the launch will commence any moment now.

The door to the room, which bears the Blue Blaze Irregular Crest, bursts inward and Rafterman runs in, out of breath.

PINBACK

(around a mouthful of Doritos)

Hey Rafterman. Shouldn't you be graduating right now? I coulda taped the Jet Car run for you--

Ignoring him, Rafterman sprints over to a small BLUE PHONE-BOX mounted on the wall. It bears the BB symbol. Rafterman

runs his ID card through a slot and the phone-box doors fly open, revealing a BLUE PHONE within, with a keypad and video screen above it (sort of a large go-phone.)

PINBACK

What the hell are you doing?! Are you nuts? Have you lost it? That's for dire emergencies only! We'll lose our charter! Just because you're graduating-

Rafterman picks up the blue phone and hits the call button on it. He gives Pinback a serious look.

RAFTERMAN

Pinback, get on the phone and call in whoever you can. I think Hanoi Xan's Bravos are here to assassinate the president.

PINBACK

The deuce you say!!

PINBACK leaps out of the lazy boy, and runs over to the Coke machine. He hits the drink selection buttons in a rapid sequence and the front of the machine OPENS UP, revealing a hidden GUN CABINET inside.

He grabs a pump shotgun, chambers a round, and then starts digging through the junk food debris on the floor looking for the phone.

ON THE BLUE PHONE - RAWHIDE appears on the video screen.

RAFTERMAN

Uh--

RAWHIDE

(filtered over phone)

This had better be important. We're busy people here.

RAFTERMAN

Blue Blaze Irregular #32972, Rafterman. I have a possible CODE ONYX to report, sir.

Rawhide's expression changes drastically.

RAWHIDE

What's your Clearance Code Word?

RAFTERMAN

Chaka-khan.

RAWHIDE

Give me your report, Irregular.

RAFTERMAN

I'm at MIT. President Widmark is here giving a farewell address at our graduation ceremony. I spotted several men dressed as secret service agents, but two of them had ponytails. I overheard one of them speaking in Burmese. The top part of his right ear was cut off.

RAWHIDE

(tensing)

Have you notified the Secret Service?

RAFTERMAN

I tried to, but they ignored me. Sir, the president is in danger, I give you my word. What should we do?

RAWHIDE

Stand fast for a moment, Irregular.

RAFTERMAN

Yes, sir.

Pinback finishes explaining the situation to another BBI on the phone, then hangs up and runs over.

PINBACK

Are you serious about this?

RAFTERMAN

What do you think?

PINBACK

Holy shit! Was that really Rawhide?

RAFTERMAN

Yeah. He didn't look sick at all, did he?

PINBACK

No. Not really. Hey, you think we can get an autograph?

CUT TO:

EXT. WYER AIRFIELD - DAY

Rawhide, Perfect Tommy, Reno, and New Jersey sprint across the runway to the Jet Car. Buckaroo climbs out of it, jumps down, and runs to meet them.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 What's going on, fellas? Why did
 Hikita-san stop the countdown?

RAWHIDE
 Some BBI's at MIT just called in on
 the Blue Phone, Buckaroo. With a
 CODE ONYX.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 The president is at MIT today,
 isn't he?

RENO
 Giving the graduating class their
 farewell address.

RAWHIDE
 B.B.I. by the name of Rafterman
 says he spotted an Asian fella
 dressed like a secret service agent
 who had part of his right ear
 missing. He was speaking Burmese.

PERFECT TOMMY
 We figure it's gotta be--

BUCKAROO
 Xan's Bravos. After the President.

RAWHIDE
 Told the BBIs to do what they could
 and that we'd send back-up.

PERFECT TOMMY
 This definitely calls for a Blue
 Blaze Strike Team.

BUCKAROO
 No strike teams, Tommy. There's no
 time. When does the President begin
 his address?

RAWHIDE
 Any minute now.

Buckaroo thinks for a moment, then slowly looks over his
 shoulder at the Jet Car behind him.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 Rawhide, tell Hikita-san to alter
 the Jet Car's trajectory and plot a
 course for re-entry at the
 Massachusetts Institute of
 Technology. Tell him I need it done
 five minutes ago. You guys, grab
 (MORE)

BUCKAROO BANZAI (CONT'D)
your guns and pile into the Jet Car
with me.

RENO
Its gonna be close-quarters in
there. We didn't design it as a
passenger vehicle.

NEW JERSEY
Do what? Get in there? In the Jet
Car?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Yeah. We're taking a short-cut
through the eighth-dimension to MIT
to avert an attempt on the
President's life by the viscous,
bloodthirsty minions of Hanoi Xan.

NEW JERSEY
Oh. Of course. Silly me.

PERFECT TOMMY
(to New Jersey)
Let's go, Doc.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Reno, radio Pecos and tell her to
handle the press, would ya?

RENO
Sure thing, boss.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD WATCH ONE - DAY

Team Banzai's mobile HQ. A converted double-deck Greyhound
Sceni-cruiser. A sleeker, blacker, cooler model than we
remember.

Reno, New Jersey, and Perfect Tommy grab weapons and bullet-
proof vests from the luggage compartments under the bus.

PERFECT TOMMY
I swear, one time, ONE TIME I call
out a strike team when it's not
really necessary, and I get branded
as reactionary for life.

RENO
It was a bunch of 12-year-olds with
plastic squirt-guns, Tommy.

PERFECT TOMMY
The description said "small and
heavily armed." I thought they
(MORE)

PERFECT TOMMY (CONT'D)
 mighta been Death Dwarves. Better
 safe than sorry, right?

Rawhide grabs a shotgun and vest and then runs inside the bus. The others watch him go.

NEW JERSEY
 Where's he going?

Reno makes a drinking motion. New Jersey is embarrassed that he didn't realize this before asking.

NEW JERSEY
 Horrible thing to live with.

RENO
 Just bad luck.

PERFECT TOMMY
 Not as unlucky as some. At least
 the boys in the lab were able to
 learn enough from Sam to save him.

The others nod solemnly.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - GALLEY - DAY

Rawhide runs into the bus's galley and opens the fridge. He moves aside a few bottles of Karakoumiss (fermented mare's milk) and grabs a YELLOW VIAL from a whole rack of them. He looks at it for a moment sadly, then downs the contents with a wince of distaste. Then he dashes outside.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

PROF. HIKITA is hunched over a computer terminal - it displays a detailed graphic of the earth. A trajectory strait through the earth's mantle is plotted from New Jersey to Cambridge, Massachusetts on the screen.

Prof. Hikita re-aligns the catapult array that the Jet Car is mounted on. We watch through the Control Tower windows as the Jet Car swings around 90 degrees and adjusts it's forward angle, still aimed straight at the ground.

PROF. HIKITA
 (into microphone)
 Course plotted, Buckaroo. All
 systems righteous. Good luck.

INT. JET CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Reno, Rawhide, New Jersey, and Perfect Tommy are crammed in the back of the Jet Car like freshman in a phone booth, surrounded by lots diagnostic equipment.

Buckaroo is at the wheel, adjusting controls. They all wear jerry-rigged safety harnesses.

BUCKAROO
(into radio)
Thanks, Hikita-san.

NEW JERSEY
Didn't think I'd be doing this when
I got up this morning.

PERFECT TOMMY
I know! Don't you love this job?

RENO
Beats pushing pencils.

RAWHIDE
Any idea where we're gonna re-
surface?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Sorta. Haven't been to Cambridge in
awhile. You boys ready to rock?

Nods all around, followed by the sounds of shotguns and pistols being chambered.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Should take just a minute or two.

EXT. WYER AIRFIELD - DAY

Pecos has just finished explaining to Penny.

PENNY
Great. Another evening, shot to
hell.

PECOS
Don't sweat it, honey. You gotta
think of it like being married to a
doctor.

PENNY PRIDDY
He IS a doctor.

PECOS
Oh yeah.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

In the center of the crowd of confused reporters is a solemn ASIAN GENTLEMAN, wearing a dark suit and sunglasses. He lifts a cellular phone to his right ear, half of which is missing.

He begins to speak in Burmese. Then, realizing he can't hear too well, he switches the phone to his left, undamaged ear.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY

The technicians prepare for the launch. Prof. Hikita begins the countdown from ten.

INT. JET CAR - DAY

The engines roar to life. The Oscillation Overthruster BEEPS. The blue VECTOR BOSON COLLIDING BEAM shoots out of the Jet Car's array and hits the tarmac at a 45 degree angle.

PROF. HIKITA
(on radio)
Five... Four... Three... Two...
One... Ignition.

Buckaroo throws the throttle open wide and thumbs the catapult release. The Jet Car launches straight into the tarmac, where it disappears.

All is quiet, and then the sound of the crowd of reporters and spectators CHEERING is heard in the distance.

INT. JET CAR - 8TH DIMENSION

A strange otherworldly voice. Lightning. Thunder claps. The Hong Kong Cavaliers bounce around in the back of the jet car.

PERFECT TOMMY
This how it was on the first run,
Buckaroo?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Pretty much. The shielding we
installed is working great. Those
stabilizers are softening the ride
considerably.

NEW JERSEY
(pale)
They are?

RENO
Holy frijoles, this place is weird.

RAWHIDE
Uh... fellas? Check this out-

They all peer out the right side of the jet car and see:

An upside down 17th century PIRATE VESSEL, perfectly intact.

RENO
What the hell was that? Was that--?

NEW JERSEY
Buckaroo, look out!!

Their attention is directed straight ahead to a huge AIRCRAFT CARRIER floating in the formless void straight ahead.

It's too late for Buckaroo to turn and the Jet Car continues STRAIGHT THROUGH it, coming out the other side.

NEW JERSEY
Never mind.

RAWHIDE
That was the SS ARGILE naval aircraft carrier. Disappeared off the coast of Bermuda in 1941.

NEW JERSEY
Where is Leonard Nimoy when you need him?

They continue to scan their strange surroundings as we:

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE BLAZE IRREGULAR HQ - MIT CHAPTER - DAY

Pinback and Rafterman watch the coverage of the Jet Car launch on the TV. Standing next to them is a new arrival, a young brunette woman by the name of OZMA.

OZMA
What did they do? Change course?

RAFTERMAN
I think they're on their way here!
Let's go!

The three of them dash for the door.

EXT. GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

One of the pseudo-agents Rafterman spotted earlier lifts a cell phone to his mutilated ear.

VOICE ON PHONE
(subtitled)
Banzai and his men are coming.
They'll be there in minutes. Be aware, but proceed as ordered.

He pockets the phone and fades back into the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIT - SOUTH QUAD- DAY

The Jet Car explodes up from the lawn like a bat out of hell. It continues upwards about twenty feet and then comes down with a hard bounce, followed by several more hard bounces. Several students watch, mouths agape at this spectacle.

INT. JET CAR - DAY

The boys are jostled fiercely. The Jet Car rolls to a halt in the middle of the grassy quad. The HKC's collect themselves and climb out of the vehicle.

PERFECT TOMMY

Nice driving, boss.

BUCKAROO

Let's go. No time to waste.

Buckaroo points his key chain back at the Jet Car and we hear a CAR ALARM ACTIVATE.

RENO

(rubbing neck)

Remind me to put some heavy-duty shocks on that thing.

EXT. MIT - SOUTH QUAD - DAY

Pinback, Ozma, and Rafterman come sprinting across the quad to the smoking Jet Car. They're all wearing Blue Blaze Uniform jackets. They stare slack-jawed at their heroes.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Irregulars, good work. Where is the President and where are Xan's men?

RAFTERMAN

Follow me.

They all run off in the direction of the Graduation Ceremony.

As they approach the crowd we hear President Widmark's voice over the PA system.

EXT. MIT GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

President Widmark stands at the podium wearing commencement robes.

PRESIDENT WIDMARK
 --sometimes life hits you with
 tough choices. You think answers
 come easy when you find out you've
 got aliens in your backyard? They
 don't. But that's the nature of
 politics and of life...

Buckaroo and company arrive on the scene, near the back of
 the crowd.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 (to Rafterman)
 See any of those guys?

RAFTERMAN
 No. But the last I saw of them,
 they were heading back behind the
 stage there. I think-

Suddenly GUNSHOTS RING OUT and echo across the field. The
 crowd PANICS and begins to scatter in all directions.

ON THE STAGE the President is immediately engulfed by a crowd
 of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS who whisk him toward a limousine
 waiting nearby.

The President seems unharmed, but very shaken as they
 practically carry him toward the limo.

PRESIDENT
 I'm fine boys, it's all right. I
 took shrapnel in Korea. I'm not a
 sissy. Set me down!

Buckaroo and company stand amid the chaos, holding weapons,
 scanning the crowd. They're suddenly surrounded on all sides
 by secret service agents pointing handguns at them.

AGENT #1
 Freeze! Hands on your head and get
 down! Hey, it's Buckaroo Banzai!
 Dr. Banzai?!

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 Gentleman, we're here to help. I
 need to see the president--

AGENT #2
 He's already miles from here, I
 assure you.

Perfect Tommy pushes an agent's gun out of his face.

PERFECT TOMMY

Watch where you're pointing that thing, Tex.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Gentleman, we have reason to believe that mercenaries from Sabah, under orders fro Hanoi Xan are present in this crowd and are responsible for the attempt on the President's life. I suggest you start checking the I.D.s of your own agents.

AGENT #1

With all due respect, it's OUR job to protect the president. And we can handle it.

RENO

You've been doing a bang up job so far today.

NEW JERSEY

Yeah, any idea where he is, Agent Orange?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

We have to find the president! He may still be in danger.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOSINE - DAY

The President is surrounded by several AGENTS. We see now that these agents are the same group that Rafterman spotted earlier, Hanoi Xan's BRAVOS. Outside we hear sirens and chaos.

The Bravos remove their sunglasses, and two of them shake out ponytails. All, except the driver, are Asian, and have mutilated right ears.

The limo's DRIVER appears to be a Caucasian male, but there seems to be something very strange about him.

PRESIDENT

Wait a second. Who are you men? I don't recognize any of you.

One of the Bravos leans forward, pulling a NEEDLE GUN out of a briefcase. One of his eyes is blind and a milky-white color. This is LO PEP. He speaks with a heavy Asian accent.

LO PEP
 Relax, President Widmark. We're
 just here to help you take your
 mind off things.

He presses a needle gun into the President's thigh,
 administering a shot of RED LIQUID. The President goes down
 for the count.

Lo Pep and the others say several things in that same
 dialect. Two of the Bravos lean the President forward,
 lifting his head so that the back of his neck is exposed. Lo
 Pep pulls a SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE from his briefcase.

He places it on the back of the President's neck and hits a
 series of switches on it. We watch in horror as it attaches
 itself, and then implants a nickel-sized device right into
 the base of the president's skull.

Lo Pep removes the device, and sprays the president's tiny
 wound with some sort of disinfectant. The Bravos lean him
 back up in his seat, and Lo Pep nails him in the thigh again
 with the needle gun. This time with a shot of some GREEN
 LIQUID.

The President comes to immediately and looks at the men
 around him. He calmly gets out of the limo and is engulfed by
 the crowd. The Bravos don't stop him. The limo drives away.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

The President pushes his way through the crowd.

The Secret Service, Buckaroo, and the Cavaliers spot him and
 run to his aid. Rawhide and Tommy take off in separate
 directions looking for the gunman.

BUCKAROO
 Mr. President, are you all right?
 Where did you disappear to?

PRESIDENT WIDMARK
 Buckaroo?! What are you doing here?
 Come to hear my speech, eh?

Buckaroo notices that the President seems unusually calm for
 someone who has just been shot at.

More Secret Service Agents explode from the crowd and tackle
 the President, brandishing weapons and pushing everyone back.
 The Cavaliers again find themselves at gunpoint.

NEW JERSEY
 Whoa! Hey, we're the good guys!

PRESIDENT WIDMARK
Lower your weapons, these men are
all right!

Several agents grab the President and start carrying him
away.

AGENT #3
Uh, sorry we lost you there, Mr.
President. Are you all right?

PRESIDENT
I'm fine, boys. I took shrapnel in
Korea. I'm not a sissy. Put me
down!

Several Secret Service Agents jam him into the back of
another limo and he is spirited away.

AGENT #4
(into walkie-talkie)
Seal the whole campus. Seal it! No
one gets in or out!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Limo carrying Lo Pep and his men pulls into a deserted
campus parking lot, avoiding several police cars and
roadblocks by doing so.

TWO STONERS sit under some dorm steps sharing a joint. They
watch as the limo pulls up in front of them.

JAY
Holy shit, Check it out! It's the
president's ride! Noonch.

Silent Bob reacts. They both watch as the limousine rolls to
a stop in the center of the empty parking lot.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Lo Pep checks some strange graphs on a computer monitor. The
other men fasten their seat belts. Lo Pep looks up at the
driver, who glances back at him in the rear view mirror.

In the mirror we see that he's a RED LECTROID in disguise.

LO PEP
John Howling Mouse, engage all
systems, overthruster enabled.
Disable facade.

John Howling Mouse nods, then presses several switches on the
elaborate dashboard console.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The stoners watch as the Limo MORPHS into a seashell shaped THERMO-POD. It zips fifty yards STRAIGHT UP into the air, tips its nose downward, and then fires a green vector boson colliding BEAM into the asphalt of the parking lot.

The THERMO-POD rockets straight down into the parking lot surface, disappearing into the eighth dimension.

SILENT BOB
Holy Toledo!

JAY
(looking at the contraband
in his hand)
Man, this is some wicked shit!

CUT TO:

INT. SABAH, MALAYA - XAN'S FORTRESS - THRONE ROOM - DAY

The other side of the world, deep in Hanoi Xan's jungle fortress. Xan sits on his throne reading a Buckaroo Banzai comic book (the same issue as Pinback).

XAN
(off Comic Book)
This looks nothing like me.

There's a beeping sound, and then we see the face of LO PEP appear on a large viewscreen in front of Xan.

LO PEP
Master Xan, who I am not worthy to serve, our operation is complete. The implant should be transmitting now. We await your further instructions.

HANOI XAN
Did Banzai interfere?

LO PEP
One of his little mousketeers spotted us and alerted him. But it is of no consequence. He learned nothing of our operation.

HANOI XAN
Banzai's presence is always of consequence. We cannot have him interfering this time.

LO PEP
What is your bidding, Mighty Xan?

HANOI XAN

Go to Banzai's little clubhouse.
I'll give you further instructions
once you arrive.

LO PEP

Say the word, Master Xan, and I
will bring you Banzai's head, and
the hearts of his men, all in
little boxes.

HANOI XAN

No, Lo Pep. The joy of driving a
dagger through Banzai's heart shall
be mine. I will send him to the
grave with his parents. We will
bring him here, into my lair, and
here he will suffer as no man in a
century has suffered!

LO PEP

Yes, Master Xan.

The viewscreen goes dark and then retracts.

Slowly, Xan leans forward from the shadows, and his
surprisingly handsome face becomes partially illuminated. He
reaches up to touch a LONG SCAR that runs the length of the
right side of his face.

HANOI XAN

Banzai.

EXT. MIT QUAD - DAY

The quad is crawling with police and FBI agents. Beyond the
barricade, a TV REPORTER does a live broadcast.

TV REPORTER

-an incredible series of events at
MIT today. Shots rang out during
the President's farewell speech to
the MIT graduates, but the
President escaped uninjured. He
has, however, been taken to Walter
Reed Hospital for observation. The
source of the gunshots has not yet
been determined. And to add to the
chaos, Buckaroo Banzai and the Hong
Kong Cavaliers arrived on the scene
via the 8th dimension just moments
before the shooting after receiving
word from local Blue Blaze

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Irregulars that the President's
 life may be in danger...

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE BLAZE IRREGULAR HQ - MIT CHAPTER - DAY

Pinback, Ozma, and Rafterman enter, followed by Buckaroo, New Jersey, Rawhide, Reno, Perfect Tommy, and several members of the Secret Service.

The press floods the hallway outside, as Rawhide forces the door closed on them.

PINBACK

Excuse the mess, Buckaroo. We've been busy with finals and all-

BUCKAROO

I understand. Rawhide, hop on the Marconi and contact the Bus, let them know where we are, and then get me on the horn with the President as soon as you can.

RAWHIDE

Will do.

AGENT MULDOON

Dr. Banzai, we're going to need to ask you some questions before we can let you go.

(beat)

Tell me again how it is that you knew there was going to be an attempt on the President's life?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

My associate Rafterman here notified us on that emergency phone. He spotted several men dressed as secret service agents who seemed out of place.

RAFTERMAN

And I tried to notify one of your agents and was ignored.

AGENT GARRISON

Yes, I know. And that's entirely understandable. You're just a college student, not a law enforcement officer. It doesn't matter how many fan clubs you belong to.

Buckaroo is about to reply, but Rafterman beats him to it.

RAFTERMAN

The Blue Blaze Irregulars are not a "fan club." We're a highly trained paramilitary organization comprised of patriotic men and women devoted to battling man's inhumanity in every corner of the globe. On call 24-7-365, to do the jobs no one else can do.

OZMA

(nods toward Buckaroo)
Helping him to help us.

PINBACK

Treat us good, we'll treat you better. Treat us bad, we'll treat you worse.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Couldn't have said it better myself.

The agents flip their notebooks closed and shake their heads.

RENO

Gentleman, if you don't have any further questions, we've got a lot of work to do. If you need anything else, you know where to contact us.

Reno opens the door for them, and the Agents exit.

Perfect Tommy has discovered the Buckaroo Banzai video game and is already working toward the high score. New Jersey studies a poster of himself on the wall.

NEW JERSEY

Hey! That's a poster of me! I didn't even know they made posters of me!

OZMA

That's mine. Just bought it. My name is Ozma. I loved your interview in this month's GQ.

NEW JERSEY

Gee. Thanks.

Perfect Tommy rolls his eyes and then focuses back on the game. Pinback has moved over to watch Perfect Tommy play, concerned about his high score being beaten.

PERFECT TOMMY

I used to go to school here, too,
ya know.

PINBACK

I know. Not that the school goes
out of it's way to advertise that
fact. What did you major in?
Misogyny?

PERFECT TOMMY

Nah, I was coordinating material
testing in cryogenic propellants to
determine the compatibility of
various chemical gasses and fluids
associated with rocket propulsion
and laser systems.

PINBACK

I'm majoring in hotel and
restaurant management myself. Did
you get your degree?

PERFECT TOMMY

No. Got caught in a compromising
position with the Dean's daughter.

PINBACK

Eww. Dean Anderson's daughter?
She's a cow!

PERFECT TOMMY

Different Dean back then. Different
daughter.

Buckaroo walks over Rawhide, who is on the phone. Rafterman
follows.

RAWHIDE

President's been taken to Walter
Reed Hospital for a physical, but
all sources say he doesn't have a
scratch on him. He's not taking any
calls, even from us. Pecos and
Penny are on the bus with the
Professor and Big Norse. They're
headed back to the Institute.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Tell them to have Billy find out
what Xan's Bravos were doing here
today. And find out if there have
been any other Bravo sightings.
Tell them we'll get back there as
soon as we can. I don't like the
fact that the President was missing

(MORE)

BUCKAROO BANZAI (CONT'D)
for about five minutes today, with
Xan's men in the vicinity.

Rawhide repeats Buckaroo's instructions into the blue phone.
Buckaroo turns to Rafterman, who, it seems, is having the
time of his life.

BUCKAROO
You handled yourself well today, in
all respects, Mr. Beaver- I mean,
Rafterman.

RAFTERMAN
Thank you, Dr. Banzai. That means a
lot coming from you. I wish I could
have notified you sooner. I
would've loved to mix it up with
Xan's Bravos.

BUCKAROO
So, you graduated today, eh? What
is your field of study?

RAFTERMAN
Well, my degree is in theoretical
Quantum mechanics. I did my thesis
on the theory your grandfather and
mother's developed - "Negative Mass
Propulsion Theory and it's Relation
to Gravity" by Edward McKay
Willoughby and Dr. Sandra
Willoughby-Banzai. Got an B.

BUCKAROO
Did you deserve a B?

RAFTERMAN
I deserved a D. I wrote the paper
the night before it was due. I love
physics, but my passion is
conventional and chemical weapons
design and disarmament. It eats up
a lot of my homework time.

BUCKAROO
What are your plans after
graduation?

RAFTERMAN
I was thinking about working for
the FBI's bomb squad, but I doubt
my grades are good enough.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Why haven't you applied for an
internship at the Institute?

RAFTERMAN

I have. Twenty-two times since I was 15. All denied.

BUCKAROO

Well, our admissions department isn't perfect. Do you play an instrument?

RAFTERMAN

Electric guitar.

BUCKAROO

Are you any good?

RAFTERMAN

Is the atomic weight of Radon two-hundred and twenty-two?

PERFECT TOMMY

Isn't Radon one of Godzilla's enemies?

NEW JERSEY

You're thinking of Rodan.

BUCKAROO

Rafterman, what would you say to a trial Internship? The pay isn't much. \$700 a month, plus lodging and meals. But you'll learn to fight, shoot, and handle a lasso. And if you make it to resident, you'll have the full resources of the Institute at your disposal. You can study in depth whatever topic you choose, alongside some of the finest minds in the world. Whaddya say?

RAFTERMAN

I'd say I've been waiting for this opportunity my whole life.

BUCKAROO

Then congratulations! We're heading back to the Institute right now. Why don't you pack your things and meet us there first thing in the morning? Rawhide, give him an extra key, wouldya? Mrs. Johnson will give you the tour. Fellas, let's get a move on.

RENO
Remember, we got that thing at the
radio station--

Rawhide hands Rafterman a key to the Institute. Rafterman turns it over in his hands like it's the Holy Grail. It's engraved with the BB logo.

Perfect Tommy hands the video game controls over to Pinback.

BUCKAROO
Pinback, Ozma, thanks for your help
today. I want to see applications
from you two once you have your
degrees.

PINBACK
You know it!

Buckaroo and the Hong Kong Cavaliers exit, leaving Rafterman, Pinback, and Ozma in stunned silence.

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - DAY

PROF. HIKITA sits at a computer terminal analyzing data and ignoring his surroundings. Penny is feeding ENTROPY, a pet ferret they keep on the bus. Pecos is at the command console studying a computer display.

Seated next to her is BIG NORSE, a gold-haired Viking female from Denmark. She's talking to Rawhide via his go-phone. She obviously has a crush on him, and vice versa.

RAWHIDE
(on screen)
We're leaving now. We'll take the
Jet Car and rendezvous with you at
the Institute.

Penny reaches for her purse on the console and Rawhide's image gets snowy and static-filled until Penny steps away. No one seems to notice this.

BIG NORSE
Are you returning through the
eighth dimension?

RAWHIDE
No, some circuits are damaged.
We'll be driving on the interstate.
Besides, we gotta stop off at WECO
to promo tomorrow night's show.
We'll be back in an hour or so.

BIG NORSE
 Good, you've got to give me my
 piano lesson tonight.

We hear the other Cavaliers wolf-whistling and giving Rawhide a hard time. Perfect Tommy grabs the go-phone and we see his face on the screen.

PERFECT TOMMY
 (on go-phone)
 Hey, Big Norse, you sure you don't
 wanna learn to play the guitar
 instead, gorgeous?

There's a struggle and then Rawhide is on-screen again, red faced.

RAWHIDE
 (on go-phone)
 See you in a few hours. Rawhide
 out.

Big Norse sighs, a dreamy look in her eyes. She spots Pecos and Penny grinning at her.

BIG NORSE
 What? What?!

CUT TO:

INT. SABAH, MALAYA - XAN'S FORTRESS - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Xan sits on his throne, methodically clipping his yellowed fingernails. He's really getting into it.

On the viewscreen in front of him we see the inside of WORLD WATCH ONE from PENNY's point of view. The viewscreen displays what she sees, as if we're looking through her eyes.

PECOS
 (on view screen)
 Nothing. Nothing at all. We're
 almost at the Institute. You feel
 like a little practice on the
 firing range?

BIG NORSE (O.S.)
 I can always use practice. My
 residents test is coming up next
 week.

PECOS (O.S.)
 Penny? Feel like squeezing off a
 few rounds?

PENNY (O.S.)
 Pecos, you know I'm no good with
 guns.

Xan watches the screen distractedly, as he finishes his fingernails and goes to work clipping his toe nails. The sound of the nail-clippers echoes eerily in the large hall.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATES - BANZAI INSTITUTE - EVENING

The gates swing open as World Watch One pulls up. Dozens of fans camped out in front of the Institute rush to get a look inside the bus. It passes through the gates and they close.

Two little boys, CHRIS and SCOTT, run up and begin shaking the bars of the gates. Their mother, wearing a Hong Kong Cavaliers T-shirt, yells for them to come back.

PINKY CARRUTHERS appears on the other side of the gate and kneels down.

PINKY
 You trying to break in, amigos?

CHRIS
 No. We just want to see Buckaroo!

SCOTT
 Yeah!

PINKY
 Well, he and the Cavaliers will be driving the Jet Car through here in a little while, so hold your horses.

CHRIS
 Wow! Really?!

Pinky hands them some Banzai comic books through the gates.

PINKY
 Here. Take these to read while you wait. And stay back away from the gates, OK?

SCOTT AND CHRIS
 Wow! Gee! Thanks! You're the best!!!

PINKY
 Hey, by the way - isn't this a school night?

SCOTT
It's summer, Mr. Carruthers.

PINKY
Oh yeah.

The boys scamper away with their comics, and Pinky wanders back to the guard house.

PINKY
Man, I hate working the gate. Why do I always get this duty? It's like working at Graceland.

EXT. WECO - RADIO STATION - EVENING

Hundreds of Hong Kong Cavalier FANS and dozen of REPORTERS have turned out for the HKC's new album signing.

Buckaroo, Reno, Perfect Tommy, New Jersey, and Rawhide are all surrounded by fans shoving all sorts of items at them to be autographed, and also by reporters jamming microphones in their faces.

Buckaroo signs a copy of Future History for a little girl as reporters hurl questions at him.

REPORTER #1
Buckaroo, can you tell us what happened at MIT today?

REPORTER #2
Did you save the president's life?

REPORTER #3
Who do you think is responsible?

BUCKAROO
This isn't a press conference, ladies and gentleman. We'll cover all this in the radio address on Saturday, as usual.
(to little girl)
Here you go, Michelle.

REPORTER #1
Buckaroo, today you traveled through the eighth dimension, helped avert a presidential assassination, and now you're promoting your chart-topping album. Where do you find the time?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

The only reason for time is so that everything doesn't happen all at once.

Perfect Tommy is being mobbed by a pack of teenage girls and loving it. Some of them spot New Jersey, and he is mobbed also, much to his shock and surprise.

The more responsible RAWHIDE and RENO are signing autographs together, fielding questions from reporters as they do so:

REPORTER #4

Is it true that you're all sharpshooters?

RAWHIDE

Yes.

(grinning at Reno)

Some of us are better than others.

REPORTER #5

Would you liken yourselves to the FBI? Or the CIA.

RENO

Neither. We're not crime fighters in the main...

REPORTER #4

Then what are you?

RENO

If you read the Institute's Mission Statement, it clearly lays out our aims, philosophy, and sources of funding. We have no special constitutional powers, unless you consider the extraordinary rights accorded every U.S. citizen by law, in which case we are amply empowered to go about our business.

REPORTER #5

And exactly what is your business?

RENO

Adventure.

RAWHIDE

Boys, we best get going. We got a heap of work waiting for us.

Buckaroo and the others nod, and make their way to the Jet Car, which has been roped off from the fans.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A large oval conference table around which are seated various OPERATIVES, GENERALS, SENATORS, and intelligence personnel.

Among them are Senator Nunn and the Secretary of Defense. A young CIA agent by the name of ROTH steps up to a podium.

AGENT ROTH

Gentleman, I believe we're ready to begin. After today's events, the importance of this meeting should be obvious. I've been head of what we call Project Watchdog for over two years now, although the project itself has been in existence since the mid-1970s. Essentially our purpose is to keep a close eye on the activities of the Banzai Institute, and especially it's founder, Dr. Buckaroo Banzai. The Pentagon has long considered this man a security risk, although he hasn't been without his uses in the past. Could I have the lights, please? You can follow along in the handouts in front of you.

The lights go down, and a slide show begins: the first black and white slide is of Buckaroo's father, MASADO BANZAI.

AGENT ROTH

We'll start with his parents. Masado Banzai, born 1918, Nagasaki, Japan...

SENATOR NUNN

(under his breath)

Christ, Nagasaki?! We should definitely question this man's loyalties--

AGENT ROTH

A pioneer in theoretical quantum mechanics, his matrix and wave mechanics theories were said to have rattled even Einstein. Today, Roger Penros and Stephen Hawking cite this man's work as genius. Our sources say he was actually partially descended from the Mongolian Khans in China. He came

(MORE)

AGENT ROTH (CONT'D)
to America in 1937 at the request
of the eccentric Scottish-born
mathematician, Edward McKay
Willoughby, to do research.

A slide of Buckaroo's wild-haired GRANDFATHER appears, with
his arm around his young daughter, Sandra.

AGENT ROTH
Masado meets and falls in love with
Willoughby's daughter, the negative
mass propulsion theorist Dr. Sandra
Willoughby. They marry and return
to Japan.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
I didn't come here to hear any damn
love story, boy.

AGENT ROTH
Yes, sir.
(clears throat)
I'm just trying to give a thorough
ideological and psychological
background here, Mr. Secretary.
Banzai's parents stayed in Nagasaki
until 1941, when they fled due to
World War II. Banzai publicly
disagreed with his nation's
politics. We have them back in the
states in 1946 doing research on
this matter penetration business
for several years. They were both
killed during one of these
experiments in Texas on August 31,
1955 along with British scientist
Sir Alan Motley. Their four-year
old son witnesses their deaths.
(beat)
The information we have indicates
sabotage, possibly ordered by Hanoi
Xan.

This is met with dead silence. Everyone in the room is either
skeptical or uneasy about the mere mention of this name.

AGENT ROTH
However, information on this man is
classified even to this department.
Unless you read Banzai's comic
books, which are full of classified
information. The CIA is pretty
pissed about that, actually, but--

SENATOR NUNN
We're not here to discuss fairy
tales, either, Agent Roth.

Agent Roth nods, and proceeds, bringing up a slide of Buckaroo as a small boy, wearing six-guns and a cowboy hat.

AGENT ROTH

This is Dr. Buckaroo Banzai, M.D., Ph.D. Born Dec.26th, 1950 in London, England with dual-American and British citizen ship. After the death of his parents, he was raised by his father's best friend and colleague, Professor Toichi Hikita.

A slide of Prof. Hikita at Princeton, circa 1938.

AGENT ROTH

Also from Nagasaki, he defected during the war and did some work for the Pentagon at Princeton. Some of his experiments we believe contributed to this business with the aliens and Yoyodyne and the whole Yoyo-gate scandal. But we can't prove it and he was never indicted.

The SECRETARY OF DEFENSE starts rubbing his temples at the mention of the 'yoyo-gate scandal.' The bad press from it haunts him still. ANOTHER SLIDE of Buckaroo, here in a cap and gown, with his aging grandfather.

AGENT ROTH

Banzai was also raised by his grandfather, the mathematician I mentioned earlier, who died in 1966, leaving his entire multi-million dollar estate to his grandson. He was Banzai's last living relative, so we can't put any pressure on him from that area.

SENATOR NUNN

Damn.

AGENT ROTH

Banzai attends public and private schools in Denver, Colorado and in Tempe, Arizona. He obtains his medical degree from Harvard, does some post graduate work at Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. Studies abroad for a time at Merton College, in Oxford, England where he meets Peggy Simpson of Cody, Wyoming.

A slide of Peggy in her wedding dress. She looks, of course, just like PENNY.

AGENT ROTH

The two are engaged and later married in New York, but she is found dead after the ceremony.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Tough break.

AGENT ROTH

This may also have been the work of Hanoi Xan, but again, there is no physical evidence to support this. She was buried with Banzai's parents on the family plot near Austin, Texas.

A slide of The Banzai Institute.

AGENT ROTH

In 1972, at the age of 22, using his grandfather's fortune, Banzai founds the Banzai Institute for Biomedical Engineering and Strategic Information in Holland Township, New Jersey to, and I quote "fulfill a need of the scholarly community for greater continuity of research." In reality, it's a 112-acre fortress where he and his men carry out all sorts of unsanctioned experiments and covert activities without so much as a by-your-leave from the United States Government.

A slide of the Blue Blaze Irregular Logo, framed by the latin phrase "Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum" (If you wish for peace, prepare for war.)

AGENT ROTH

Soon afterward, Banzai formed what is pretty much considered to be his own private army, called the Blue Blaze Irregulars. We estimate their number at roughly 25,000. Scattered all over the world, their devotion borders on fanaticism. They attend survival camps and engage in other paramilitary activities associated with the Banzai Institute under the guise of public service. They have been known to help out the red cross during natural disasters, but we believe that this is just showboating for the press.

A slide of the Hong Kong Cavalier's latest album "Overthruster," showing Perfect Tommy, Reno, Pecos, New Jersey, Rawhide, Pinky Carruthers, Billy Travers, and Buckaroo all striking somber poses.

AGENT ROTH

Then there are the Hong Kong Cavaliers. These men and women are his most trusted inner circle, his advisors, his entourage, and his rock band. Their new album OVERTHRUSTER debuted at number one on the Billboard charts. Banzai could fund his Institute's activities on the album royalties alone. The members of this group seem to change constantly, and we're not sure about any of their real names, except for Dr. Zwiebel. The others go by aliases, and their backgrounds are shrouded in secrecy. But here is what we do know... uh, most of this information came from their fan newsletters and their albums' liner notes-

A slide of Rawhide, smiling and tipping his hat.

AGENT ROTH

Rawhide. Real name unknown. Banzai's most trusted friend. He might be from Texas or maybe Wyoming. We're not sure. He holds several degrees in psychology, entomology, and anthropology. Plays the piano. Quite well, actually. He went into a coma and almost died during that Yoyodyne incident after being poisoned by one of the aliens, but at the last minute the Institute's virologists came up with some sort of temporary antidote that he has to take once every twenty-four hours, or he'll slip back into a coma and die.

SENATOR NUNN

Finally, something useful...

AGENT ROTH

Otherwise he's perfectly healthy, and a deadly marksman.

A slide of Perfect Tommy, with his shirt open.

AGENT ROTH

Perfect Tommy. My apologies. We couldn't find any pictures of this guy with his shirt on. We believe he was at MIT for while, but was thrown out because of a scandal involving the Dean's daughter.

SENATOR GRIBBS

Dean Anderson's daughter? She's a cow.

SENATOR NUNN

Different Dean back then. Different daughter.

AGENT ROTH

He was involved in an opium bust in Egypt for which he received a prison term. He escaped and, posing as a Belgian, joined the Foreign Legion and served in Africa. Banzai has nicknamed him the "Knight of the Lesser Boulevards," whatever the hell that means. Plays lead guitar.

A slide of NEW JERSEY in his red shirt and furry chaps, goofy smile.

AGENT ROTH

This is the one we know the most about. They call him NEW JERSEY, real name Dr. Sidney Zweibel, a medical colleague of Banzai's from Columbia P and S. He's a neurologist, but also has an in-depth background in the sciences, which is probably why Banzai recruited him back in '84. His mother is dead, but his father still lives in Fort Lee, New Jersey, and we can put the finger on him if it is ever deemed necessary.

Most of the room nods it's approval at this. A slide of RENO appears on the screen.

AGENT ROTH

Reno. Real name unknown. Of Latin extraction. He handles a lot of Banzai's merchandising. The paperbacks, the comic books, Saturday morning cartoons, action figures. All that. Sources say he may have had his own think tank

(MORE)

AGENT ROTH (CONT'D)
before joining Banzai. He plays the saxophone.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Do we really need to know what goddamn instrument each one of them plays?

AGENT ROTH
You asked for a full briefing, sir, I--

Roth clears his throat and pulls up a slide of PECOS.

AGENT ROTH
Another foreigner, they call her PECOS. Real name may be Kim Lo, or Kim Yee. These may also be aliases. Police records under those names show her being arrested for gang crimes in San Francisco. She attended the University of Washington on something called the "Buckaroo Banzai Minority Scholarship." She's also a percussionist.

(beat)

And that, getleman, pretty much covers all the data we have. Banzai's estimated yearly income from his entertainment industry alone approaches 500 million. As far as we know he hasn't made a dime off this Oscillation Overthruster of his because he refuses to sell, or even license the patent for military or industrial use.

SENATOR GRIBBS
He thinks he's Einstein, James Bond, and Batman all rolled into one.

AGENT ROTH
He is.

SENATOR NUNN
So what we have here is a private citizen with unlimited resources of funds and men, who also possesses what could be the most important technological discovery of the latter half of this century, and he's a loose cannon.

AGENT ROTH

A loose cannon with overwhelming public support. Our studies show that if this man ran for president he would win by a huge landslide, even if Jesus Christ himself came down from heaven and ran against him.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Is that based on hard data?

AGENT ROTH

Hard as granite, Mr. Secretary. Any public move against Banzai would be political suicide for whoever was involved.

SENATOR NUNN

Well, the man is not ntouchable for god's sake. His parents and wife were killed.

A voice from the back of the room, a GENERAL BARRINGER, from Texas:

GENERAL BARRINGER

Maybe you could dig them up and kill them again, and cause this great man some more grief.

(beat)

You men sicken me. This man has devoted his life to helping others, and you sit here plotting against him. Why? Because he won't give you his invention and make the same mistake that Oppenheimer did? Give unspeakable power to men who will do unspeakable things with it... ?

SENATOR NUNN

General, surely you must see the danger Banzai represents--

GENERAL BARRINGER

No, I don't. Myself, I sleep better at night knowing those boys are out there-- I won't be a party to this. And you all know that he has a far more dangerous enemy in Hanoi Xan than you piss-ants represent. That monster wants exactly what you want, to be rid of Dr. Banzai. What does that tell you about the morality of your intentions? To hell with the lot of you!

Barringer gets up from his chair, grabs his cowboy hat, and strides out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. XAN'S THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Xan has been watching this entire briefing through the eyes of someone present there. A POV shot of the briefing room fills his viewscreen.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
(on viewscreen)
Who the hell invited Mr. Goody-Two-Shoes?

AGENT ROTH
(on viewscreen)
Well, Mr. Secretary, he actually has a point. If anyone can get at Banzai, it would be Hanoi Xan.

SENATOR NUNN
(V.O. on viewscreen)
Gentleman, this meeting is over. I'd like to thank you all for coming. We'll keep you updated.

Xan cackles with delight.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

The camera swings around 180 degrees behind Senator NUNN, and zeroes in on the back of his neck, where we see a VERTICAL SCAR just like Penny's.

INT. XAN'S THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Xan, smiling to himself.

XAN
Yes. Please keep me updated.

CUT TO:

EXT. JET CAR - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Jet Car has broken down. Buckaroo, Reno, New Jersey and Rawhide are pushing it along the highway toward a service station. Perfect Tommy sits behind the wheel, drinking a can of Mountain Dew.

PERFECT TOMMY
(yelling back to the others pushing)
Fellas, I think it's the alternator
(MORE)

PERFECT TOMMY (CONT'D)
again. The flux dispersal upon re-
entry screwed it up on the first
run, too. We can get this fixed, no
problem.

NEW JERSEY
How much further to the service
station?

RAWHIDE
'bout another quarter-mile.

NEW JERSEY
Why does Tommy get to ride while we
push?

BUCKAROO
Because he's perfect.

NEW JERSEY
Oh, yeah. I keep forgetting.

RENO
Rear quarter-panel has a dent in it
from that battleship, I think. And
we're gonna have to eat the \$500
deductible because it happened in
the eighth dimension.

RAWHIDE
I told ya we shoulda gotten full
coverage.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - EVENING

The Cavaliers push the Jet Car up to the station, and an attendant comes out, wiping his hands on a rag. Perfect Tommy hops out once the ride has come to a complete stop.

A large SEMI TRUCK is parked nearby, with no trailer attached. The door is painted with a logo that reads "The Porkchop Express." The station attendant walks up to the Cavaliers and eyes the Jet Car.

ATTENDENT
Whoah, that's quite a rig you boys
got there. Is she outta gas?

PERFECT TOMMY
Naw. Think it's the alternator.

ATTENDENT
Well, if ya leave it I can probably
take a look at it tomorrow
afternoon.

BUCKAROO

Thanks, compadre, but I don't think you'd have the right kind of tools. We need to get a tow, and fast.

ATTENDENT

Well, you can call, but you'll have at least an hour wait. You guys got Triple-A?

(looking at Buckaroo)

Say, do I know you?

BUCKAROO

Don't think so.

ATTENDENT

Yeah, I do! You're that rock star! Adam Ant!!! That's it! Adam Ant, right?!

BUCKAROO

Sorry, you've got the wrong guy.

A TRUCKER, wearing a ball cap and sunglasses, walks out of the station eating a huge submarine sandwich. He's got saddlebags slung over his shoulder.

He glances at the Jet Car, and Buckaroo motions to him.

BUCKAROO

Excuse me, sir? Do you know who that truck over there belongs to?

TRUCKER

Jack Burton... Me.

BUCKAROO

Well, Mr. Burton, we need to get this car towed to Holland Township, New Jersey as quickly as possible. If you'd be willing to tow us with your rig, we'd be happy to compensate you.

JACK BURTON

That won't be necessary, Dr. Banzai.

Jack turns sideways so that they can all see the Blue Blaze Irregular patch on the shoulder of his jacket.

JACK BURTON

You pay for the speeding tickets and I'll have you back at the Institute in an hour, tops.

BUCKAROO
Thank you, Mr. Burton.

JACK BURTON
Call me Jack.

BUCKAROO
Buckaroo.
(shakes his hand)
Say Jack, mind if I have half your sandwich there? I'm starving. Skipped breakfast.

JACK
(handing him the sub)
Knock yourself out, Buckaroo.
(to the others)
Reno, Rawhide, Sid-- if you fellas push her around in back of the 'ole Porkchop Express there, I'll hitch you on.

They are all a bit stunned that he knows their names. They start pushing, and Tommy smiles and hops back behind the wheel to steer.

Buckaroo lays into the sandwich like he hasn't eaten all day (which he hasn't) and his taste buds are immediately on fire. He drops the sandwich and begins fanning his mouth.

JACK
Chinese pepper-steak. Packs a wallop, don't it?

New Jersey hands Buckaroo a canteen, which he empties. New Jersey motions to the saddlebags slung over Burton's shoulders.

NEW JERSEY
Like your saddlebags.

JACK
Thanks. Real leather.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The President enters, followed by his CHIEF OF STAFF, a few of his ADVISORS, and the Secretary of Defense.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Mr. President, the press has been informed that you've been given a clean bill of health by the physicians at Walter Reed. Still no
(MORE)

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)
 word on who fired the shot, or
 where it came from. Our boys
 haven't learned much of anything
 yet.

The President takes a seat behind his desk. He's looking
 around a bit like this is his first time in the oval office.
 AMBER, the president's attractive aid, is talking as they
 enter:

AMBER
 --gotten word that similar attempts
 have been made on the lives of
 Chinese Leader Wang Chung, as well
 as the British Prime Minister. Both
 unsuccessful. It seems to be some
 sort of poorly executed conspiracy.
 Neither of them were armed either--

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
 Now, Mr. President, I know of your
 friendship with Buckaroo Banzai,
 but we can't overlook his presence
 at the shooting today. He needs to
 be brought in for more questioning.

SECURITY ADVISOR SMIRNOFF
 Oh, come on! He canceled a huge
 experiment and drove under half of
 New England to come to the
 president's aid! It was only on
 every TV station in the world, for
 god's sake.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
 Listen, Russkie, I don't know who
 you blew to get this job, or who
 you think you're talking to, but
 I'll knock you on your vodka-
 swilling ass--

PRESIDENT WIDMARK
 Buckaroo Banzai is my friend and
 advisor. The two presidents before
 me have asked for his counsel on
 more than one occasion. The man
 removed my appendix last year. He's
 not part of any plot to kill me,
 and he is not to be bothered.

(beat)
 I need some time alone, if all of
 you could please excuse me?

Everyone gives him a confused look, and then they slowly file
 out of the room as we

CUT TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - XAN'S FORTRESS - DAY

The President's POINT OF VIEW from inside the Oval Office fills the viewscreen: Xan watches as the President's eyes roam the office. He walks over to a cabinet and opens it to reveal a COMPUTER WITH A HAND SCANNER AND CODEPAD. This is obviously THE BUTTON. The President closes the cabinet, and then his gaze lowers to the presidential seal on the carpet.

Xan's wicked laughter echoes throughout the hall. We see a clawed hand raise a REMOTE CONTROL. He points it toward the huge view screen.

We watch as the image on the view screen changes from the President's point of view to that of other WORLD LEADERS, from one brain implant to the next:

THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER in a meeting of Parliament.

CHINESE LEADER WANG CHUNG playing golf.

RUSSIAN PREMIERE RODENKO drinking vodka and playing chess with a friend.

Xan's laughter dies as SEVERAL FIGURES file into the room. As they kneel at the foot of the steps leading up to Xan's throne, we see that they are all RED LECTROIDS, but they wear the black uniform of Xan's Bravos.

XAN

Rise, my Bravos. What news, John Stark Naked?

One of the Lectroids speaks.

JOHN STARK-NAKED

The last of my brethren have been freed from the formless void of the 8th dimension, where we were left to rot for all time by the Black, John Emdall.

(beat)

We owe our freedom and our allegiance to you, Lord Xan! We shall live and die by your word!

XAN

Of course you will. Have you completed the construction of the thermo-pods?

JOHN STARK-NAKED

Yes, Lord Xan. Ten more of them, all outfitted with your overthrusters, as ordered. They've been moved to the launch bay.

XAN

Excellent. We move on to phase two.

(beat)

I have the leaders of this world under my complete control. Once I am rid of Banzai, nothing will stand in my way. Death to Banzai!

Both the Lectroids and the Bravos in the throne room, begin to chant "Death to Banzai!" over and over again.

Xan grins wickedly. He clicks the remote at the viewscreen and we see:

A POV shot of PENNY PRIDDY looking in a mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Penny is doing her make-up and singing "Sea of Love" to herself. She takes a good look at her reflection, smiles her approval and walks out to:

INT. BUCKAROO'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Where Penny has set up a candle-light dinner for her and Buckaroo. She lights the candles on the table and then strolls around the room, still humming to herself.

She happens upon a shelf full of pictures of Buckaroo with various Cavaliers and celebrities. Among them is the picture of Buckaroo and PEGGY, Buckaroo's ex-wife and Penny's twin sister. She stares at the picture, looking confused and sad, and then puts it back in its place.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE GATES - NIGHT

Fans swarm around the Porkchop Express as it rolls up to the Gates, towing the Jet Car. Jack Burton, Buckaroo, and Reno are in the truck's cab, and Tommy, New Jersey, and Rawhide are riding in the Jet Car.

Jack sees all the nearly rabid fans swarming around his truck and honks the horn.

JACK BURTON

Hey! Watch the paint!

(beat)

God, is it always like this?!!

RENO
Usually. Dies off a little in the
winter.

JACK BURTON
(honking horn again)
Watch out! Don't you have homes?
Let's go! Make a hole, people!

The truck reaches the gate, and Pinky Carruthers appears in the watchtower above. Buckaroo waves to him, and Pinky opens the gates.

The Porkchop Express rolls in and the gates close behind it, leaving a horde of disappointed fans waving autograph books.

PINKY
Solenoid blow out again, fellas?

RENO
Maybe the alternator. We'll have to
a have a look. Seth still in the
Garage?

PINKY
Isn't he always? He's been waiting
for you guys.

BUCKAROO
Hey, have Nine-Ball relieve you and
meet us up in the bunkhouse in ten
for a debriefing, would ya?

PINKY
Sure thing. By the way, tomorrow
night's Newark show sold out in
fifteen minutes!

All of the Cavaliers are very pleased to hear this.

RAWHIDE
(into go phone)
-and pull the files on Xan and Lo
Pep immediately. . .

JACK BURTON
Did you say Lo Pan?

RAWHIDE
No. Lo Pep. Why?

JACK BURTON
(pale)
Listen, this is as far as I go,
fellas. I've got a delivery to make
in St. Louis, and I don't want to
(MORE)

JACK BURTON (CONT'D)
 get sidetracked with any more of
 this ancient-Chinese-secret stuff.
 I've had my fill, thank you. Good
 luck, gang.

Jack drives back out the way he came, honking his horn as the
 perplexed Cavaliers wave goodbye.

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - FRONT GATES - SAME

The Limo/Thermo-pod passes the Porkchop Express on it's way
 out. It pulls over and parks near the fans camped outside.
 The two little boys, Chris and Scott, eye the vehicle warily.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Buckaroo and the Cavaliers burst in the front door. MRS.
 JOHNSON drops a stack of fan mail she's been sorting and runs
 to greet them. Buckaroo takes the lollipop out of her mouth
 and puts it in his own. Everyone starts talking at once.

MRS. JOHNSON
 Its about time? What took you guys
 so long?

NEW JERSEY
 Car trouble.

RENO
 Where's Pecos?

RAWHIDE
 You seen Big Norse?

BUCKAROO BANZAI
 Where's Penny?

MRS. JOHNSON
 Seth's waiting to do the shakedown
 on the Jet Car, wants it ASAFP.
 Pecos and Big Norse are on the
 firing range. Penny fixed a dinner
 for you that's probably cold by
 now. Billy is in operations, ready
 for your debriefing, the Professor
 is in the lab analyzing the data
 from today's test, and tomorrow
 night's show at the Newark
 Amphitheater sold out in 15
 minutes...

RAWHIDE
 Yeah, that's what Pinky said.
 Should be the perfect crowd for
 recording our live album.

RENO
Car is already at the garage.

BUCKAROO
Fellas, snag the others and meet me
in Operations.

Buckaroo heads to his quarters, and everyone else heads off
in different directions. Tommy follows Mrs. Johnson over to
the stack of fan mail.

PERFECT TOMMY
Today's batch of fan-mail, eh?

Mrs. Johnson grabs a huge pile of letters and packages and
shoves them at Tommy, smiling.

MRS. JOHNSON
Here's you go, Tommy. Get your
adulation fix.

PERFECT TOMMY
Whose pile is bigger?

She rolls her eyes.

MRS. JOHNSON
Buckaroo's is always bigger, you
know that.

PERFECT TOMMY
I mean besides his?

MRS. JOHNSON
New Jersey's is bigger, too. But
I'm sure it's only because of his
GQ cover last week.

PERFECT TOMMY
Damn. New Jersey?! What is the
world coming to?

MRS. JOHNSON
I don't know what you're
complaining about. I've been here
four years and I've gotten ONE fan
letter in all that time!

PERFECT TOMMY
Hey, did PlayGirl ever call back?

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKAROO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Buckaroo opens the door quietly, as if he's expecting to have a plate thrown at him. But he finds Penny quietly reading an advanced physics text. She looks up at him and smiles as he walks over to her.

PENNY

Rough day at the office, dear?

BUCKAROO

Not particularly. Penny, I'm sorry I'm late. And you fixed this amazing dinner.

PENNY

That's all right. Rescuing the leader of the free world is an acceptable excuse. I'll just heat things up, and we'll have a little carpet picnic? Whaddya say?

BUCKAROO

(wincing)

Well, actually, I've got a debriefing in a few minutes. We think Xan had something to do with the shooting at MIT today, but we don't know what. Whatever he's planning, it's big. I may have to burn the midnight oil on this one--

PENNY

I understand. You take care of business, Buckaroo. I'll take a rain check. We'll have dinner tomorrow after the show.

Penny gives him an understanding smile and gets up out of her chair. She begins digging in her purse for something.

BUCKAROO

I mean this as a compliment, Penny: Sometimes you remind me so much of your sister--

Penny produces a snub-nose .38 revolver from her purse and levels it at Buckaroo's face.

PENNY

Do I?

BUCKAROO

Penny, I know you worked hard on the dinner, but--

Penny's eyes have glazed over, and her voice has taken on a strange robotic tone.

PENNY

Banzai, she is under my command. I see what she sees. I know what she knows. Move, and you will die, and then she will die after you.

BUCKAROO

Penny?

PENNY

No, bastard half-breed. Not "Penny." It is the one whose face fills your nightmares.

BUCKAROO

Xan?!

PENNY

Her life is mine to take, as I took that of your wife, your mother, your father. Do as I say. Head for the front door--

Buckaroo moves as if to obey.

BUCKAROO

If I listen to you, she's already dead--

Buckaroo executes a spin kick and knocks the gun from Penny's hand. He spins again, sweeping her legs out from under her. She falls flat on her face. Buckaroo jumps on her-- then he spots a thin vertical scar on the back of her neck, at the base of her skull.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

What the devil--?

Penny explodes up from beneath him with an amazing amount of force. Buckaroo is thrown up almost to the ceiling and comes down on the glass dinner table, shattering it and scattering glass and food everywhere.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Johnson and Perfect Tommy stare at the ceiling, hearing the sound of breaking glass in Buckaroo's quarters.

MRS. JOHNSON

I warned him she'd be pissed. You can only stand a girl up so many times before she goes ballistic...

PERFECT TOMMY
Don't I know it.

INT. BUCKAROO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Buckaroo struggles to get up. Penny grabs him by his necktie and hurls him across the room, into a wall. He hits it with a thud and falls to the floor unconscious. Penny stands motionless for a moment. Then she grabs her purse and runs from the room.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Penny sprints past Mrs. Johnson and Perfect Tommy on her way out the front door.

MRS. JOHNSON
Penny, you all right?

No answer. Tommy heads up the stairs to Buckaroo's quarters.

EXT. GATES - NIGHT

Penny exits through an access door beside the gates. Several teenage boys run up to her, holding out magazines and autograph books for her to sign.

TEENAGE BOY
Gee, Ms. Penny, I mean, what an honor! I collect all your magazine covers and--

Without slowing her pace, Penny strikes the boy open handed in the chest, knocking him a dozen feet back through the air. The others watch in awe.

Penny walks across to the LIMO is parked and gets in. The car drives quickly away. The boy's friends help him up, as he tries to catch his breath.

TEENAGE BOY (CONT'D)
She touched me. Did you see her touch me?

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Speeding away from the Institute. Penny stares vacantly straight ahead. Lo Pep leans forward, lifting her eyelids to examine her pupils. He then turns to a video monitor mounted where the bar would be. The face of Hanoi Xan appears there.

LO PEP
Master Xan, Banzai is not with her.

XAN

I know. But he will follow, and he will do it because it is what I wish him to do. Lo Pep, return here with the girl, immediately. Then everything will be in place.

LO PEP

Master Xan, our success is assured.

XAN

It is not enough to succeed. Banzai must fail. And suffer.

LO PEP

Yes, Master Xan.

(to driver)

John Howling Mouse, return to the Fortress.

John Howling Mouse nods, and flips some controls on the dashboard.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We watch as the Limousine's tires rise off the road. In one fluid motion, it starts to rotate onto its side, transforming into a THERMO-POD as it does so. It fires a green colliding beam into the surface of the road seconds before the pod rockets down into the asphalt and disappears.

INT. BUCKAROO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Perfect Tommy tiptoes into the room, knocking on the door frame.

PERFECT TOMMY

Boss? Penny just tore outta here like her hair was on fire. Everything okay?

He spots Buckaroo in a heap against the wall, scratched and bloodied. Tommy lifts him up. Buckaroo slowly comes to.

PERFECT TOMMY (CONT'D)

Christ, what the hell did you say to her?

Buckaroo looks at him blankly, then struggles to his feet.

BUCKAROO

Xan has taken control of her mind through some kind of brain implant. He's been watching us through her eyes for months. He must know everything.

Buckaroo presses a series of buttons on his watch.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

Pinky?

PINKY CARRUTHERS (V.O.)

Yeah, I'll be there in a second, boss.

BUCKAROO

Stop Penny from leaving! Be careful, she's--

PINKY CARRUTHERS (V.O.)

Sorry, boss, but she got into a black limo and drove off a few minutes ago--

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Meet us in operations! She's been kidnapped!

PINKY CARRUTHERS (V.O.)

Kidnapped?

PERFECT TOMMY

Kidnapped?

BUCKAROO

Kidnapped! Operations. Let's go.

Buckaroo and Tommy exit. Buckaroo brushes the food and glass from his suit and hair as he goes.

INT. OPERATIONS - NIGHT

A large room scattered with computers, sound recording equipment, and musical instruments, including a piano. A large viewscreen covers one wall.

Seated at one of the computers is BILLY TRAVERS, the Institute's resident computer whiz. New Jersey and Big Norse look over his shoulder. Pecos and Reno study a large map of the world marked with colored pins.

NEW JERSEY

What are you working on, Billy?

BILLY TRAVERS

I was just reading Tommy's personal e-mail. Wanna see? I'm about to post it all to the internet. Payback for him stealing my clothes when I was in the shower last week.

Buckaroo and Perfect Tommy enter, followed closely by Pinky Carruthers, and Prof. Hikita. Everyone notices Buckaroo's condition and expresses concern, then curiosity. They all begin talking over each other again:

RENO
Geez, Louise! What happened?

PERFECT TOMMY
Penny tried to kill him.

BUCKAROO
It wasn't Penny... well it was sort of Penny.

BIG NORSE
Where is she?

NEW JERSEY
She tried ot kill you because you were late for dinner?

PECOS
She was acting kinda funny.

PINKY
She split with some guys in a limo who were parked out front.

Mrs. Johnson dumps a huge stack of files from the Institute Archives on the conference table.

MRS. JOHNSON
(entering)
What did you do to Penny?

BILLY
Should I lower her security clearance?

BUCKAROO
Will everyone shut up and let me answer?!

The room goes silent. Pecos hands Buckaroo an ice-pack and he presses it to his bruised forehead.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)
Penny attacked me out of the blue. I think Hanoi Xan has taken control her mind with a brain implant.

RAWHIDE
That's exactly what happened to Captain Happen.

Buckaroo nods.

NEW JERSEY

What?!

RAWHIDE

That's what happened to Captain
Happen.

PERFECT TOMMY

You're confusing him, Rawhide.

NEW JERSEY

Who's Captain Happen?

PECOS

Before your time, Doc.

RAWHIDE

(to Buckaroo)

Should we go after her?

BUCKAROO

No. If my guess is correct, she's
probably halfway to Burma by now.
If Xan's been in control of Penny's
mind this whole time, then he's
probably used her to find out
everything he needs to know to
build his own overthruster.

PECOS

That's not good.

BILLY TRAVERS

Uh, that reminds me. Some stoners
at MIT reported seeing a limousine
change into a space-ship, fly
straight up into the air, and then
straight into the ground. The
regular press isn't reporting it
because the eye witnesses were
using a "controlled substance." But
do you think--

BUCKAROO

Did you say a spaceship? Where
would Xan's men get a limo that
turns into a spaceship?

NEW JERSEY

If Xan has built his own
overthruster, then he's been to the
eighth dimension. That could
explain why we didn't see any Red

(MORE)

NEW JERSEY (CONT'D)
Lectroids when we were in there
today.

RENO
Because Xan has recruited all of
them!

PINKY CARRUTHERS
And gotten their technology in the
bargain! He's probably had the Reds
construct a Thermo pod for him!

BUCKAROO
Or an entire fleet of them...

RAWHIDE
Great. Now we get to tangle with
more of the spider-spitters, too.

PECOS
This is getting worse by the
second.

BIG NORSE
Am I the only one who doesn't know
what the hell is going on?

Several people around the room say "NO" simultaneously.

BUCKAROO
Let me bring everyone up to speed,
and maybe we can put all the pieces
together.

INT. THERMO-POD - EIGHTH DIMENSION - SAME

The thermo-pod carrying Lo Pep, Penny, and the Bravos rockets
through the eighth dimension.

In the driver seat, John Howling Mouse peeks in the rearview
mirror to see if anyone is watching him. Then he ducks down
and puts his tongue on the bare wires of a large Lamp
Battery. This seems to affect him much like cocaine affects a
human. Lo Pep sees what he's doing and shakes his head.

INT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - OPERATIONS - NIGHT

Buckaroo begins prepares to give his chalk talk to the
Cavaliers.

MRS. JOHNSON
Here's the stuff from the Archives
you requested.

She gives him a stack of photos and files. Buckaroo opens a
large file marked XAN. He removes a blurry photo of the

anigent wild-haired Asian man. He wears dark silk robes and holds a staff.

Buckaroo holds it up for the others to see.

BUCKAROO

I've been tracking this man my entire life. This is all I have to show for it. Hanoi Xan killed my parents. He planted a bomb in their Jet Car back in 1955. I watched them die. If Hikita-san hadn't tackled me and shielded me from the explosion, I'd probably be dead, too.

Hikita's eyes are on his shoes. The memory of that day still sickens him.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

I grew up hearing stories about Xan, for a time unable believe he was real. I went on with my life. I got married.

His voice catches, and Rawhide puts a hand on his shoulder.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

I loved Peggy. I know that many of you loved Peggy. They found her dead in the changing room, just off the sacristy, right after our wedding ceremony. Pecos believes she saw this man-

He holds up a picture of Lo Pep, an INTERPOL file photo.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

-at the ceremony. This is Lo Pep. Xan's lieutenant. Wanted by the CIA, FBI, and Interpol for various international terrorist crimes committed in Hong Kong, Singapore, and New York.

RAWHIDE

I wish I'd killed the little weasel when I had the chance.

NEW JERSEY

Why does this Hanoi Xan hate you so much? Why has he singled you out? I've never understood that.

BUCKAROO

See this scar on his face? My father Masado gave that to him

(MORE)

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)
 during a duel in Bangkok in 1943.
 Xan tried to kill him when he
 refused to divulge the details of
 his work.

PROF. HIKITA
 The roots of Hanoi Xan's unending
 hatred for you and your family go
 back much further, Buckaroo. Both
 he and your father are descended
 from the Mongolian Khans. Xan
 still clings to some ancient blood
 feud, the origin of which even he
 has probably long forgotten.
 (beat)
 I saw Xan's face many years ago. It
 was the face of pure evil.

BUCKAROO
 Billy, give us the hard facts we
 have on Xan.

Billy's fingers dance across the keyboard, bringing up Xan's
 dossier.

BILLY
 Well, we never did any serious
 digging until after Peggy-- Um,
 well, here's what we know for sure.
 His name is Xan. Hanoi Xan is the
 name given him by the CIA and
 Interpol, because that's where the
 rumors of his existence began to
 surface in the international drug
 market. These rumors festered into
 fact after Xan's Bravos took out
 eleven of the twelve South American
 drug lords. The twelfth was never
 found, so they probably got him,
 too.

PERFECT TOMMY
 You figure that out all by
 yourself, Billy?

BILLY
 At that point, Xan pretty much took
 over the world drug trade. But he
 also has his hand in illegal arms
 sales, espionage, you name it. He
 calls his organization the World
 Crime League.

RAWHIDE
 A global network of organized crime
 and terrorism. When a school kid
 buys a hit of crack on the streets
 (MORE)

RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
of New York, Xan gets a piece of
the profits.

BILLY TRAVERS
The world press has never reported
any of this due to the lack of any
physical evidence of his existence.
Xan has a global web of operatives
and spies that handle his affairs.
Lo Pep runs it for him. Xan never
leaves his fortress, which we know
is located--

Billy walks over to the map, and points to a skull mark.

BILLY TRAVERS (CONT'D)
In Sabah, Malaysia. Buckaroo has
been there, so maybe he should tell
you the rest.

BUCKAROO
After Peggy died, you guys know
that I kinda lost my head. I went
after Xan alone.

RAWHIDE
Which was damn foolish.

BUCKAROO
After months, I managed to
infiltrate his Fortress. I barely
made it out alive, and I never
found Xan.
(beat)
His fortress is a relic city of
caves, hacked out of the
mountainous Malaysian Jungle. Every
niche is filled with devices of
torture. Their security and
defenses are state of the art.

RAWHIDE
Getting Xan outta there would be
like trying to pull the incisors
out of a wildcat.

BUCKAROO
Mercenaries and thieves from around
the world travel there to join
Xan's Bravos. His elite guard.

PECOS
The same scum that was at MIT this
morning--

NEW JERSEY

Why do all these Bravo-guys have an ear missing? Is it some sort of weird Vincent Van Gogh cult--

BUCKAROO BANZAI

After months of training and tests, the Bravos final initiation is to be nailed to a tree by their ear and then handed a knife to free themselves.

NEW JERSEY

They cut off their own ears to get loose?!! These guys have some serious issues.

BUCKAROO

Self-mutilation is just one of their hobbies. Each of them is a master of jujitsu and torture. They wear that scar as a badge of honor, but it also makes them easy to spot. It's been years since any Bravos have been sighted on this continent. Until this morning--
(beat)

The Bravos have taken more than one friend from us...

RENO

Sluggo, the Seminole Kid. Tenspeed and Brownshoe.

PECOS

The Swede, Flyboy--

At the mention of her ex-husband's name, Mrs. Johnson breaks down and runs from the room. Pecos runs after her.

NEW JERSEY

What was that all about?

PERFECT TOMMY

Mrs. Johnson is Flyboy's widow. They were married about a month before they killed him.

BUCKAROO

And they'll do the same to Penny. If they've really put a mind-control device in her head--

RAWHIDE

Then Xan has been spying on us through Penny since we met her.

BUCKAROO

In which case he knows every move we've made since then--

(beat)

But how would Xan know that Peggy had a twin-sister? Peggy didn't even know that. Unless-

RAWHIDE

Unless what?

BUCKAROO

Unless Penny isn't Peggy's twin-sister.

RAWHIDE

Then who the hell is she? A clone?

Buckaroo pauses, deep in thought. Suddenly his eyes light up.

BUCKAROO

Penny, the President-- my god! He must've put one of those brain implants in the president today! And god knows who else he's done this to. My god, he could do anything- Control anyone. And if he's got his own overthruster.

RENO

He'd be unstoppable.

RAWHIDE

Think again, compadre. We'll stop him.

PINKY

If the President is under some sort of mind control, shouldn't we notify Washington?

BUCKAROO

They'd never believe us. And if the President finds out, then Xan will know that WE know about his plans.

PERFECT TOMMY

What about contacting John Emdall and the black Lectroids on Planet Ten for help?

BUCKAROO

No. No, if they knew there were Red Lectroids even near an overthruster they'd probably just destroy our planet to solve the problem.

PERFECT TOMMY

Good point.

Buckaroo's mind is racing.

BUCKAROO

Tommy, go down to the garage and tell Seth I need the Jet Car working five minutes ago.

RAWHIDE

Where are we taking it?

BUCKAROO

I'm taking it to Xan's fortress.

RAWHIDE

That's exactly what he wants.

BUCKAROO

I know.

RAWHIDE

Then I'm going with you. Try and stop me.

Buckaroo looks at his best friend and sees that there's no point in arguing with him.

PERFECT TOMMY

This is crazy. Go rushing into the lion's den, straight into the jaws of hell? It's a suicide mission.

BUCKAROO

Right up your alley, isn't it Tommy?

PERFECT TOMMY

Yeah, now that you mention it.

BUCKAROO

We've gotta hurry. I have to make a quick stop in Texas along the way.

PERFECT TOMMY

What's in Texas?

BUCKAROO

That's what I need to find out.

RENO

And the rest of us? If we take the Learjet, we won't make it there in less than fifteen hours.

Buckaroo thinks for a minute.

BUCKAROO

Rawhide, did Penny know about the original overthruster? The prototype?

RAWHIDE

No reason she should. We put it in storage once the final model was completed. Been there ever since. Hell, even I forgot about it. Why?

BUCKAROO

Because if Penny didn't know about it, then Xan doesn't know about it.
(beat)

The second we leave, you guys help Seth rig the prototype overthruster up to World Watch One. If we can get it to work, you'll all be able to get to there in half an hour.

NEW JERSEY

Get where?

BUCKAROO

To to Xan's Fortress. I'm gonna need backup. But at least we'll have the element of surprise.

(beat)

Anyone wants to bow out on this one, I understand.

The room is silent. Each face in the room shows only determination.

NEW JERSEY

We're burning daylight.

BUCKAROO

Hikita-san, can you get to work on the nav calculations?

Prof. Hikita nods and scurries off to engineering.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

Tommy, find out who we've got within five hours of Xan's fortress. We'll need everyone.

Tommy's eyes light up.

PERFECT TOMMY

Strike Teams?

BUCKAROO

All the Strike Teams you can
muster. Knock yourself out.

PERFECT TOMMY

Billy! Get the Kolodney Brothers
and the Rugsuckers over here,
pronto. They can ride along on the
bus with us!

Tommy runs over and fires up the World Watch Wire, a large
radio console. Buckaroo heads out of the room at a run.

NEW JERSEY

Where are you going?

BUCKAROO BANZAI

To get my guns.

And he's gone down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKAROO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Buckaroo digs through his closet and comes out with a long
ORNATE WOODEN CASE. He sets it on the floor.

The name Masado Banzai is carved into the lid of the case.
Buckaroo opens it. Inside are TWO SILVER NAVY COLT REVOLVERS
with pearl handles, and a LEATHER GUN BELT with intricate
Japanese characters carved into it.

Buckaroo puts on the gun belt, then twirls and holsters the
pistols. He then removes a SAMURAI SWORD from the case. He
pulls the blade half out of the scabbard, seeing the
reflection of his half-Japanese eyes in the metal.

He sheaths it, then walks to his desk and opens a small
wooden jewelry box. He takes out a WEDDING RING, looks at it
for a moment, and then puts it on his ring-finger.

Someone open the door. Buckaroo turns to Professor Hikita.
Hikita sees the guns and the sword and his face darkens.

PROF. HIKITA

Buckaroo, do you know what you're
doing? Do you know who you will be
facing?

BUCKAROO

I do, Hikita-san. And I don't have
a choice this time.

PROF. HIKITA

There is always a choice. Your father was my best friend. And I loved your mother like a sister. When Xan took them from us, taking care of you became my purpose. I see so much of them in you. I don't want to lose you, too.

(beat)

Do what you must, Buckaroo. Follow your heart. But be careful.

BUCKAROO

I will, Hikita-san.

Buckaroo and Professor Hikita exchange bows, then Buckaroo sprints out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS - NIGHT

Billy pulls up a world map on his monitor showing the location Team Banzai members all over the world. He highlights southeast Asia.

BILLY TRAVERS

Tommy, we've got two groups of Irregulars in the vicinity of Xan's Fortress. Savage Strike Group is in Somalia doing watermelon drops. And I have the Sobriquet Team on board the Leviathan in the Andaman Sea.

PERFECT TOMMY

Sobriquet Team? Isn't that--?

BILLY TRAVERS

Yeah, it's IQ's team. They're on leave for a couple of days.

Tommy offers the World Watch Wire handset to Billy.

PERFECT TOMMY

Billy, you call her.

BILLY TRAVERS

No way, Jose. YOU call her.

NEW JERSEY

Who the hell is "IQ?"

BILLY TRAVERS

IQ stands for Ice Queen. The only woman ever to shut Perfect Tommy down. Repeatedly.

NEW JERSEY
You're kidding me? Such a woman
exists?

PERFECT TOMMY
Hey, hey, hey - I wouldn't say she
"shut me down."

Everyone in the room busts up into suppressed fits of
laughter. Tommy gives them the evil eye, and they scatter to
go about their assigned tasks.

PECOS
Let's go people, we've got a lot to
do and no time to do it in.

Billy is still snickering at Tommy's expense.

PERFECT TOMMY
You wanna quit playing around and
tell me what this month's Wire
codephrase is?

BILLY TRAVERS
"Chaka-kahn."

Tommy enters some numbers on the world watch wire code-pad.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK OF THE S.S. LEVIATHAN - ANDAMAN SEA - MORNING

The other side of the world. A glorious morning in Southeast
Asia. Floating on the calm waters is the LEVIATHAN, Team
Banzai's version of the Calypso. An armored half-yacht half
land rover. The Leviathan is to the water what World Watch
One is to the land.

Sitting on deck chairs playing cards is the all-female
Sobriquet Team: ICE QUEEN, ABACUS, ILLINOIS KATE, CATNIP, and
SILVER FOX. Each wears a name patch on their Team Banzai
jumpsuits. These aren't the kind of women you mess with.
They're all heavily armed with a wide variety of weapons.

The short-wave radio at their feet crackles with static.

PERFECT TOMMY (O.S.)
This is HQ, coded outward Asian
band, calling Sobriquet Team. Come
in, over. Priority Alert.

Ice Queen grabs the receiver.

ICE QUEEN
Sobriquet Team, acknowledge.
Authenticate with codephrase.

PERFECT TOMMY
HQ authenticates "Chaka-kahn."

ICE QUEEN
(smiling to the others)
Tommy is that you? Jesus, Tommy,
we're on leave. Could you stop
stalking me?

PERFECT TOMMY
IQ, this is serious. We're moving
against Scarface - today. He's
taken Penny and may have
brainwashed the President.

ICE QUEEN
The President of what?

PERFECT TOMMY
The president of the United States.

ICE QUEEN
Damn. What do you need from us?

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAWN

Seth and a few other TECHNICIANS roll the Jet Car out of the Institute Garage into the driveway, where Buckaroo, Rawhide, and the other Cavaliers stand waiting.

SETH
Here it is. Be careful. The whole
electrical system is jerry-rigged.
And the stereo still doesn't work.
Sorry about that. But we've got
bigger problems to deal with.

BUCKAROO
Like what?

SETH
The prototype Overthruster's
colliding beam accelerator is
barely big enough to allow
penetration for a vehicle the size
of the bus. We're doing our best to
recalibrate it now.

Just then a battered VW Microbus comes rolling up the Institute driveway. It sputters to a stop and the driver hops out - it's RAFTERMAN. He walks up and starts shaking everyone's hand, beginning with Buckaroo.

RAFTERMAN

Good morning, Dr. Banzai! I'm here bright and early, just like you asked--

BUCKAROO

And a good thing, too. Fellas, this is our newest intern, Rafterman.

Greetings and handshakes all around.

RAFTERMAN

Taking the Jet car for another run?

BUCKAROO

Actually, we're planning an assault on Hanoi Xan's fortress via the Eighth Dimension.

RAFTERMAN

(without missing a beat)
Awesome! When do we leave?!

Seth grabs the keys out of Rafterman's hand and climbs behind the wheel of his VW microbus.

SETH

I'll get this carburetor of yours fixed later. I've got bigger fish to fry right now.

(listening to the engine start)

Christ, do you ever change the oil in this thing?

PERFECT TOMMY

That reminds me Seth, my Lambordighni is making this weird clicking sound--

Seth ignores him and drives back into the garage.

RENO

Don't mind Seth, Rafterman. He's kind of a stickler when it comes to automobile maintenance.

RAFTERMAN

Where is he taking my VW? All my stuff is in there--

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Don't worry. He's just putting it in the garage. Go on inside and find Mrs. Johnson. She'll debrief you, have you sign some papers.

New Jersey puts his hand on Rafterman's shoulder, glad there is finally somebody around that's greener than him.

NEW JERSEY

You're about to have a very interesting first day at the Institute, my man. Maybe even more interesting than mine.

RAFTERMAN

What did he mean, "sign some papers."

NEW JERSEY

Oh, just some waivers and stuff, incase, you know, something happens to you. For insurance purposes. No big deal.

Rawhide and Big Norse say goodbye to each other. Buckaroo looks at them, then looks down at his wedding ring. His expression darkens.

Rawhide and Buckaroo climb into the Jet Car. Buckaroo fires up the engine. Tommy walks up to the driver's side window.

PERFECT TOMMY

What should we expect when we get there?

BUCKAROO

Expect the unexpected. I do.

Rawhide and Tommy both smile, obviously having heard this many times before.

PERFECT TOMMY

Keep your saddles oiled and your guns greased. We'll follow you as soon as we can.

BUCKAROO

Hikita-San has the rough coordinates. When we get, there I'll activate my homing beacon.

(points to his watch)

You'll be able to track it from the bus and show up at our exact location. I'll see you there.

RAWHIDE

Don't leave us with our britches hanging out in the wind, goldylocks.

PERFECT TOMMY

Hey, it's me you're talking to
here, remember?

Perfect Tommy slaps the hood, and everyone steps back a good distance from the jet car.

Buckaroo activates the Oscillation Overthruster, firing the colliding beam into a nearby stone wall against an embankment. Rawhide buckles his seat belt. Buckaroo fires the rocket boosters. The Jet Car rockets into the stone wall and disappears into the earth. All is suddenly quiet.

RENO

Let's go. The clock is ticking.

RAFTERMAN

Geez, never a dull moment around
here, huh?

NEW JERSEY

You don't know the half of it.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNCH BAY - XAN'S FORTRESS - DAY

This large cavernous room looks like an aircraft hanger, except there are no exits larger than a doorway.

Ten crudely constructed THERMO-PODS are lined up, floating a few inches off the floor.

HANOI XAN stands nearby - he's well over six feet tall. His black silk robes swirl around him. He carries a staff, but does not lean on it. He carries himself more like a man of forty than one in his seventies.

An entire battalion of BRAVOS stands behind him.

A beautiful, menacing black female stands at Xan's side. This is PASHA OF THE THREE-TAILS. The braids of her hair hang nearly to her waist. From her belt hangs a long black LEATHER WHIP with three tails, each ending in spiked razor blades.

A large circle, resembling a helicopter landing pad, is painted on the launch bay's concrete floor. It suddenly glows blue and the LIMO/THERMO-POD carrying LO PEP and PEGGY explodes up from it, whirring to a halt in the hanger.

Xan watches with satisfaction as it lowers to the floor. A hatch opens, and Lo Pep and Peggy walk out, followed by John Howling Mouse and the rest of the Bravos. They all step forward and kneel before Xan. After a moment, Xan motions for them to rise.

LO PEP
Master Xan, what is your bidding?

XAN
Take Banzai's woman to the
Catacombs. I'll kill her in front
of the bastard half-breed myself.

LO PEP
Yes, mighty Xan.

Lo Pep leads the vacant-eyed Penny away. Xan motions to
Pasha, who steps forward and turns her good ear toward Xan.

XAN
Banzai will be here soon. And his
men will follow, attacking by land
and sea. They will not be easy to
defeat. Assemble all your men in my
throne room. Launch the Nautiloids
to cover the sea entrance. And
prepare the Death Dwarves.

Pasha steps back, salutes, and hurries to carry out his
orders. Xan motions to John Howling Mouse, who steps forward.

XAN (CONT'D)
John Howling Mouse! Your hour is at
hand. You and your brethren will
launch your thermo-pods to counter
Banzai's air assault. You will have
your vengeance on the men who
murdered your leader, Lord Whorfin.

JOHN HOWLING MOUSE
And then? Your promise?

XAN
And then the Thermo-pods and
Overthrusters are yours. Use them
to return to your beloved Planet
Ten, along with a battalion of my
best troops, so that you may
reclaim your stolen glory!

JOHN HOWLING MOUSE
(bowing low)
You are noblest of monkey boys,
mighty Xan.

On hearing this insult, several of Xan's Bravos unsheathe
their daggers and move to kill John Howling Mouse. Xan waves
them away, his lips pulling back in a wicked grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The Banzai family plot in eastern Texas. The Jet Car is parked a few dozen yards away, thin trails of smoke still coming off it after its re-entry from the eighth dimension.

Buckaroo and Rawhide watch as a GROUNDSKEEPER operating a back-hoe exhumes a casket, using a winch to lift it out. The headstone reads: PEGGY SIMPSON-BANZAI (1955-1982) - Beloved Wife and Friend

The Groundskeeper shuts off the back-hoe and wipes his brow with a handkerchief.

GROUNDSKEEPER

If it were anyone but you, Dr. Banzai, I'd think you were crazy and call the sheriff.

RAWHIDE

He is crazy. Why are you doing this?

Buckaroo doesn't answer. Instead he draws one of his guns and blows a hole through the casket's lock. The casket's seal is broken, and there is a hiss as stale air escapes.

As Buckaroo reaches down to open the casket lid Rawhide removes his hat and looks away.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Well, I'll be god damned! I'm gonna have to report this, Dr. Banzai.

The Groundskeeper heads off toward the service building. Buckaroo reaches inside the open casket.

BUCKAROO

Peggy.

Rawhide finally looks - he's stunned. The casket contains TWO LARGE SANDBAGS and nothing else.

RAWHIDE

What in tarnation?!

BUCKAROO

Peggy never died. Xan put one of those implants in her brain, he didn't kill her.

RAWHIDE

But we saw her body! You saw her yourself! She was poisoned!

BUCKAROO

He must have used the implant to slow down body functions and simulate death. We've been mourning these sandbags for five years.

RAWHIDE

Then Penny isn't Peggy's twin-sister--

BUCKAROO

No. Penny IS Peggy. My wife. My wife is alive.

RAWHIDE

Not for long, if we don't get movin'.

Buckaroo kicks the casket lid closed and walks over to a large headstone a few yards away.

Rawhide sees where he is going and heads for the Jet Car. He grabs the radio and contacts the Institute, hurriedly explaining the news about Penny/Peggy.

Buckaroo kneels in front of a double tombstone, which reads:

MASADO BANZAI SANDRA WILLOUGHBY-BANZAI
(1918-1955) (1921-1955)

Buckaroo is silent for a moment. Then he speaks in a whisper:

BUCKAROO

Mother... Father. I go to find Xan. Not for vengeance. I know how you would feel about that. But I have to stop him. Before he takes Peggy away from me a second time.

(beat)

I hope you're both proud of me. I've tried to live up to your names.

Buckaroo walks back to the Jet Car where Rawhide stands waiting. Rawhide looks him straight in the eye.

RAWHIDE

You can have Xan, but Lo Pep is mine.

BUCKAROO

Can't argue with that.

They both climb back in the Jet Car, and proceed to drive straight into a nearby hillside as we

CUT TO:

EXT. SKIES ABOVE SOMALIA - DAY

A squadron of five black F-16's roar through the clouds over the impoverished country. This is SAVAGE STRIKE TEAM: Doc, Monk, Ham, Renny, and Long Tom. Their names are emblazoned on the sides of their jets underneath the BB symbol.

INT. DOC'S COCKPIT - DAY

Doc, the squadron leader, gives commands over his radio:

DOC
All right, fellas, we're coming up on another village. About fifty clicks ahead.
(beat)
Monk, Ham, you two form up on my right wing. Renny, you and Long Tom, take the left.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE ETHIOPIA - DAY

The other four aircraft move in to position, as we see a small village loom ahead.

RENNY (V.O.)
Boys, we've got some hungry people down there. Lock and load.

CLOSE UP on the underside of one of the F-16's wings, where a specially designed firing mechanism opens up to reveal: ROWS OF WATERMELONS, ready to be dropped like bombs. (The F-16's are also armed with conventional AMRAM missiles.)

LONG TOM
(on radio)
High-impact watermelons loaded and ready for deployment, Doc.

INT. DOC'S COCKPIT - DAY

As the squadron passes over the village, Doc pulls the firing trigger on his flight-stick.

DOC
All craft, deploy melons!!

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Melons fall from the sky like Manna from heaven.

The villagers below wait in their huts until the Watermelons have finished raining down. Once it's safe, the swarm outside, waving to the departing F-16's above.

They then begin to gather the unbroken melons, which they seem have no trouble slicing open.

EXT. SKIES OVERHEAD - DAY

The squadron zooms away, another job well done.

INT. DOC'S COCKPIT - SAME

Doc gives the thumbs up to his companions.

DOC
Mission accomplished. That's the last of this load. Project Manna is a success!

A light on his console begins to flash, and he flips a switch below it. We hear Reno's voice over the radio, along with a bit of static.

RENO (V.O.)
(on radio)
Savage Strike Group, this is HQ on coded outward Asian Band Seven, do you read, over?

DOC
Savage Group here. Please authenticate.

RENO (O.S.)
HQ authenticates "Chaka-kahn."

DOC
Go ahead, Reno. This is Doc.

RENO (O.S.)
Boys, we're moving on the Black Sun, over.

A look of shock on Doc's face.

RENO (CONT'D)
You'll be handling the air assault. We need you to provide cover for the Leviathan, and deal with any enemy aircraft. Please be advised of the presence of Irregulars inside the site, over.

DOC

Roger that, HQ. We're a man short. Little John caught something nasty in a brothel in Bangkok. He's liad up. But we can handle it.

RENO (O.S.)

Get there as soon as you can. Sending encoded coordinates now. Good luck. HQ out.

INT. MONK'S COCKPIT - DAY

Monk is a huge fellow who barely fits in his cockpit.

MONK

Finally, some action! I'm sick of being the green grocer of the skies.

EXT. SKIES OVER ETHIOPIA - DAY

The five F-16's change course, and kick in their afterburners, as we

CUT TO:

EXT. BANZAI INSTITUTE - GARAGE - DAY

The massive garage doors raise and World Watch One rolls out, now outfitted with all the matter-penetration gear that's on the jet car. There's duct-tape visible at various locations in the gear.

The Hong Kong Cavaliers and several members of Team Banzai are gathered outside, all geared up and ready for combat.

Seth and his team of MECHANICS follow the bus out. They're covered in grease and sweat.

Professor Hikita does some final diagnostics on the colliding beam array.

SETH

Well, there she is. No time for a test run.

RENO

That's okay, Seth. We trust ya.

PERFECT TOMMY

We do? Remember, we're driving this thing straight into solid matter.

PECOS

Relax, Tommy.

NEW JERSEY

Can the bus handle a trip through
the eighth dimension?

SETH

The exterior is covered in a bullet-
proof air-tight kevlar shell that
can withstand 50,000 PSI. Should do
the trick.

Just then a BLACK VAN with the RUGSUCKERS written on the side
comes barreling up the drive, followed by TWO MEN on
motorcycles. All three vehicles screech to a halt in front of
the group.

RAFTERMAN

Whoa. Is that who I think it is?

Three men climb out of the van, all dressed in combat gear,
all wearing the Team Banzai logo, all carrying pump shotguns.
Perfect Tommy walks up to greet and introduce them.

PERFECT TOMMY

For those of you who don't know,
these are the Rugsuckers. Figment,
Relayer, and Arc Light. And those
guys...

He motions to the two men on motorcycles, who remove their
helmets and dismount their bikes.

PERFECT TOMMY (CONT'D)

Are Ignacio and Dooley Kolodney.
The Kolodney brothers. NOW we're
ready to rumble with Xan.

The Kolodney Brothers each grab a weapon off their bike.
Ignacio hefts an M-60 with a huge ammo belt he wraps around
his arm, and Dooley holds what appears to be a six-round RPG
launcher. Everyone stares at them as they walk onto the bus.

RENO

Come on, people, let's go. The boss
is counting on us!

The rest of Team Banzai climbs onto World Watch One, filling
it to capacity.

CLOSE UP on Seth and his mechanics - crossing their fingers
behind theirs backs.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - DAY

SALAD BOY - the Blue Blaze Irregular at the wheel - fires up
the bus's Jerry rigged booster rockets. The Hong Kong

Cavaliers stand at the command console. Reno activates the colliding beam accelerator, then glances around him.

World Watch One is filled with nervous faces.

EXT. INSTITUTE - DAY

The bus rockets forward, launched straight into the same hillside the Jet Car passed through earlier. It PENETRATES, but not all that smoothly. Seth and his men sigh with relief.

SETH
Come on, boys. It's Miller Time.

PROF. HIKITA
They're in the lap of the gods now.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - EIGHT DIMENSION - DAY

The bus's occupants pick themselves up off the floor, upstairs and down. Everyone moves to the windows to get a look at the bizarre void of the Eighth Dimension.

PERFECT TOMMY
That wasn't so bad.

EXT. WORLD WATCH ONE - EIGHTH DIMENSION - DAY

The bus rocketing through the Eighth Dimension, surrounded by huge rock formations, thunderclaps, and lightning. We see what appears to be AMELIA EARHART's PLANE drift by.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - EIGHTH DIMENSION - DAY

Pinky Carruthers and Big Norse look out the window at the shrinking plane.

PINKY CARRUTHERS
Was that Amelia Earhart's plane?!

BIG NORSE
Poor woman. She was very brave.

Perfect Tommy leans over Billy Traver's shoulder. Billy is analyzing data on the World Watch One computer console.

PERFECT TOMMY
About how much further?

BILLY TRAVERS
What do you mean? Actual distance, or in theoretical terms? Extra-dimensional mechanics dictate--

PERFECT TOMMY
How much longer?

BILLY TRAVERS
About 22 minutes, I think.

PERFECT TOMMY
Are you getting Buckaroo's homing
Beacon yet?

BILLY TRAVERS
Buckaroo is in a different
dimension, Tommy. We'll have to
resurface in our own dimension to
get his exact coordinates.

PERFECT TOMMY
I knew that.

EXT. JUNGLE - SABAH, MALAYSIA - DAY

The smoking Jet Car explodes up out of the jungle floor and
comes down with a soft thud on the dense foliage.

INT. JET CAR - DAY

Buckaroo and Rawhide unbuckle themselves, both a bit shaken
from the trip.

BUCKAROO
Well, at least we lived through
that part.

RAWHIDE
Lucky us.

Rawhide notices that the greenery around them appears to be
growing taller.

RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Are we sinking?

BUCKAROO
Quicksand! Grab the gear!

Buckaroo grabs the overthrunder out of its gyroscope and
pockets it. Rawhide grabs two backpacks out of the back seat,
then tries to open his door - it won't budge. The quicksand
is already up to the windows. Buckaroo has the same problem.

RAWHIDE
This isn't good.

An idea hits Buckaroo. He refastens his seat belt. The
quicksand is halfway up the windows and the front of the Jet
Car is starting to tip downward.

BUCKAROO
Seat belt! Fasten your seat belt!!

Rawhide does as he's told and Buckaroo presses a button on the dash marked CANOPY. The roof of the Jet Car flies off.

Buckaroo pulls an ejection lever where the emergency break should be, and both of their seats shoot straight up and away from the Jet Car. Parachutes deploy just as they both hit the ground.

They make it to their feet in time to see the Jet Car's radio antennae disappear beneath the quicksand.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

No way our insurance is gonna cover that.

Buckaroo examines the backpacks Rawhide was able to grab. His father's sword is strapped to one of the packs, and he shoulders it. Buckaroo suddenly looks concerned.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)

Hey, uh, your "insulin" wasn't in the Jet Car, was it?

Rawhide pats his vest pocket.

RAWHIDE

Relax. Got it right here. And I already took it today, anyway--

In mid-sentence Rawhide hears something and DRAWS HIS 9MM BERETTA, unloading half of its clip into the jungle.

Buckaroo draws his pistols, looking for a target. TWO DEATH DWARVES fall forward from the greenery that Rawhide just riddled with bullets. They're short, pale, sexless, hideously fanged creatures with red eyes and no hair.

BUCKAROO

Death Dwarves! Take cover!

Just as he and Rawhide dive for cover, the lifeless bodies of the two slain Death Dwarves DETONATE with the force of grenades, shaking the ground, throwing chunks of dirt and dwarf everywhere.

Buckaroo scrambles into a clearing and Rawhide rushes to follow.

RAWHIDE

I heard more than two. I think-

He's interrupted by the sound of Buckaroo unloading his six guns on THREE MORE Death Dwarves that have appeared in the clearing. Rawhide empties the rest of his clip in their direction, his eyes scanning the area behind them.

The three Death Dwarves die and detonate in the space of a few seconds, knocking both Rawhide and Buckaroo back to the ground. Rawhide grabs another clip from his belt and loads it. Buckaroo grabs a speed-loader from his belt.

RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Quicksand and killer Hobbits. I
tell ya, if it ain't one thing it's
another.

Buckaroo and Rawhide suddenly realize that they're SURROUNDED by a dozen black-robed BRAVOS, who emerge from the jungle in a circle around them, all pointing automatic rifles at them.

Buckaroo and Rawhide both reluctantly drop their weapons.

RAWHIDE (CONT'D)
Was this part of your plan?

BUCKAROO
It is now.

Two of the Bravos lift Blow-guns to their lips and fire them. Buckaroo and Rawhide both clutch their necks, where poison darts now protrude. They both fall to the ground unconscious.

The Bravos lower their weapons and close in on the heroes lifeless forms. One of them speaks into a communicator on his wrist, in Burmese.

OUR POV pulls up and away from them, until in the distance we can see the partial ruins of a Temple protruding from the jungle mountainside. It's Xan's Fortress. And just beyond it is the Andaman Sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDAMAN SEA - DAY

The LEVIATHAN is headed toward Xan's fortress at full throttle, leaving a massive wake.

EXT. LEVIATHAN - DECK - SAME

The members of SOBRIQUET TEAM are busy manning (womanning?) the guidance and weapon systems of the vessel. Ice Queen is at the helm. Silver Fox is loading an M-60 mounted on the deck. Illinois Kate and Catnip operate the aft-guns mounted on the stern.

SILVER FOX
Weren't we supposed to wait to hear
back from Perfect Tommy?

ICE QUEEN
Were we? I forget.

Xan's Fortress looms in the distance. As the Leviathan comes within a mile of the shore, A DOZEN SMALL CRAFT SPRING UP OUT OF THE WATER in front of them, causing Ice Queen to bring the Leviathan hard to port.

ABACUS, who stands at the bow, looks back with a pair of high-powered binoculars. We see that the craft are small, hovercraft-like ROBOTS with twin carbines mounted on them. They each bear Xan's symbol on their dark green metallic surface. Abacus turns to yell at Ice Queen and Silver Fox.

ABACUS
Crap! Nautiloids!

Just then a hail of gunfire from the Nautiloids ricochets off the Leviathans bulletproof hull.

Ice Queen takes evasive maneuvers, yelling back to Abacus:

ICE QUEEN
Nautiloids? Really? Ya think,
Abacus?!

Ice Queen thumbs a series of switches, then pulls a large red lever. BULLET-PROOF PLEXIGLASS SHIELDING swings up and locks into place over all of the Leviathan's portholes and around it's railing. Panels slide open on either side of the bow to reveal missile launchers.

Catnip and Illinois Kate unload their machine guns at the Nautiloids in the Leviathan's wake, nailing two of them - they explode in HUGE FIREBALLS.

CATNIP
Suck on that!

ILLINOIS KATE
Three more, Catnip! Starboard!!

Their jaws drop as FORTY MORE NAUTILOIDS spring up from beneath the surface of the water, surrounding the boat.

ICE QUEEN
I haven't even had breakfast yet.

Ice Queen swings the Leviathan around, guns blazing, as we

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - EIGHTH DIMENSION

The bus rockets through the void on its course through the center of the Earth. Most of the bus's occupants have their faces plastered to the windows, staring at the bizarre wreckage floating around them. It looks as if half of the

stuff that disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle wound up here inside the eighth dimension.

Perfect Tommy is in the galley making a sandwich. He carries it to the command console and, with a mouthful, asks Billy:

PERFECT TOMMY

Are we there yet, dad? I have to use the bathroom.

BILLY TRAVERS

We're gonna resurface long enough to get Buckaroo's coordinates from his homing beacon. Just for a few seconds.

BIG NORSE

We can do that?

BILLY TRAVERS

Well, in theory, yeah.

(to Pecos)

Five minutes, Pecos.

Pecos grabs an intercom handset off the wall, and makes an announcement to the bus's occupants.

PECOS

(over intercom)

Everyone, brace for re-entry in about five minutes.

RAFTERMAN

What if Buckaroo and Rawhide haven't made it to Xan's fortress yet?

NEW JERSEY

If I know Buckaroo and Rawhide, they've probably already rescued Penny, uh-- Peggy-- by now and have Xan on his knees begging for mercy.

CUT TO:

INT. XAN'S FORTRESS - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Xan sits on his throne, with Lo Pep and Pasha on either side of him. TWO HUNDRED BRAVOS stand at attention in the hall before him. We also see a few battalions of Death Dwarves, and a few dozen RED LECTROIDS in flight suits. Everyone is armed to the teeth with everything from Uzis to scimitars.

Xan stands to address his minions. His wicked voice echoes through the hall:

XAN

My faithful Bravos. Our time of triumph is finally at hand. Our empire has grown such that now our presence is felt in every nation in the world! The sun never sets on our glory!

His troops echo this sentiment, raising their weapons skyward.

ALL

The sun never sets on our glory!!!

XAN

The ignorant masses exist to serve us! They sit like vegetables in front of their televisions watching vapid sitcoms, while I take control of their politicians and their governments! I alone now control the minds of their leaders! At last, we obey no law but our own!

ALL

We obey no law but our own!

XAN

All this time, only one thing has stood in our way! One man, and his pathetic band of mindless do-gooders. A fly in the ointment who has foiled our plans, killed our comrades, and dishonored our standard! At last, we have brought this fool to his knees!

The double doors at the he back of the hall slide open, and two pairs of Bravos drag the semi-conscious bodies of BUCKAROO and RAWHIDE forward, up the aisle between the seemingly endless rows of Bravos. They both have their hands bound together in front of them.

The Bravos drop them to the floor at the foot of Xan's throne. Buckaroo and Rawhide shake the dizziness from their heads, and struggle to their feet, but are quickly forced back to their knees by the Bravos.

A Bravo approaches Xan and presents him with Buckaroo's pistols and sword. Xan rises from his throne, taking the gun belt in his left hand and the sword in his right.

He slowly descends the steps toward Rawhide and Buckaroo. Buckaroo lifts his eyes to meet Xan's. The anger and hatred between them is apparent, and decades old. Lo Pep moves to stand at Xan's right shoulder.

BUCKAROO
I've come for my wife, Xan--

Lo Pep nods, and the Bravo next to Buckaroo silences him with a rifle-butt to the head. Buckaroo winces in pain.

LO PEP
Silence, bastard half-breed! You are in the presence of his excellency Hanoi Xan! The supreme commander of the Legion of Death! The Pivot of Mystery! The Spawn of Hell! The Manchu Terror! The Scourge of Burma! The Face that is No Face! The Renegade, The Blackguard, The Hinge of Fate of all the Asias! His Sublimity, the Boss of the World Crime League!

RAWHIDE
(to Xan)
Damn, you got more names for yourself than a pasture has cow-patties, donchya?

Rawhide is also quickly silenced with a rifle-butt to the head. Xan moves to stand in front of Buckaroo.

XAN
At last, the son of Masado, the last of the Banzai clan, has come to die at my feet!

Xan holds the gun belt in front of Buckaroo's face tauntingly, then tosses it aside. He then unsheathes Buckaroo's sword and tosses away the scabbard.

Xan lifts his other hand to his face, his fingers tracing the scar running down his right cheek.

XAN (CONT'D)
Your father was nothing. His death brought only joy to my heart. As will yours.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Where is my wife? Where's Peggy?!

XAN
Anxious to watch her die, also?
(to Bravo at his left)
Bring the woman.

The Bravo does not hear this command due to his mutilated ear. Annoyed, Xan repeats the order to the Bravo on his

RIGHT, who rushes off to retrieve Peggy. A BRAVO COMMANDER rushes to Xan's side to report. He kneels:

BRAVO

Mighty Xan, forgive me for interrupting. But a vessel is attacking the sea entrance and the Nautiloids have been dispatched as you commanded. We're also tracking a squadron of F-16 fighters approaching from the west.

XAN

(to Buckaroo)
The best you could do, half-breed?
(to Bravo Commander)
Send the Lectroids. Launch the Thermo pods. Destroy them. And his little tug boat.

CLOSE UP on Buckaroo's bound hands. As Xan gives orders, Buckaroo activates the HOMING BEACON on his wrist.

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - EIGHTH DIMENSION

Everyone holds onto something as the bus prepares to re-enter our dimension long enough to get Buckaroo's coordinates.

Billy Travers scans the coordinates and calculations on his computer console.

The driver, Salad Boy, braces himself for the jolt as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS VALLEY - DAY

A YAK HERDER tends his small flock in a valley between two lush mountains. He and his yaks hear something and look in the direction of the sound, the mountainside as--

WORLD WATCH ONE explodes from one mountainside, like a salmon leaping upstream, its blue collision beam still firing straight ahead into the neighboring mountainside.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - MID-AIR - DAY

Looks of frightened disbelief as the passengers look out the windows. NEW JERSEY spots the YAK HERDER and waves.

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS VALLEY - DAY

The Yak Herder waves back, his jaw open wide. The bus continues across the expanse and then disappears into the neighboring mountainside.

Silence descends upon the valley. The Yak Herder shakes his head in disbelief. He looks at one of his yaks.

YAK HERDER
(subtitled)
Did you see that?

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - EIGHTH DIMENSION

Everyone regains their balance and composure after re-entry. Reno walks unsteadily over to Billy Travers, who is, as ever, hunched over his computer console.

RENO
Did we get the coordinates?

BILLY TRAVERS
Oh yeah. We got 'em. Recalibrating our trajectory right now.

PECOS
Be careful how close you make our re-entry.

BILLY TRAVERS
Relax. I got it. Tell everybody about two minutes.

Pecos grabs the intercom handset.

PECOS
(on intercom)
Everyone! Two minutes! Two minutes to dispersal!!

Perfect Tommy reaches for the handset. Pecos gives it to him.

PERFECT TOMMY
Irregulars, this is it. In a few minutes we're going toe to toe with the most lethal bunch of thieves and assassins on the planet. We'll be out numbered and we'll be on their turf. All we have going for us is the element of surprise, which ain't much.
(beat)
I don't know what Buckaroo would say if he were here--

NEW JERSEY
I do. He'd say "I'm not much for speeches. Things could get rough out there. Come along for the ride,
(MORE)

NEW JERSEY (CONT'D)
 but don't drag your feet." Or
 something like that.

PERFECT TOMMY
 (nodding solemnly)
 Let's rock and roll!

The bus is filled with the sounds of clips being loaded, weapons being chambered, knuckles being cracked, deep breaths being taken.

The Irregulars form a line facing the rear of the bus, which, we see, opens up like the rear of a personnel carrier.

EXT. XAN'S FORTRESS - DAY

ELEVEN THERMO-PODS rip out of the rocky mountainside in a tight attack pattern.

They zoom westward over the water at an alarming speed to intercept the approaching Savage Strike Team.

OUR POV swings down to the sea below, where the battle between the LEVIATHAN and the NAUTILOIDS still rages.

EXT. LEVIATHAN - DECK

Silver Fox takes a bullet in the thigh, but still mans her M-60, taking out one of the Nautiloids, which explodes. Another Nautiloid plows into the wreckage and goes up, too.

The Nautiloids continue to spray bullets at the Leviathan, most of which ricochet off the hull.

Catnip and Illinois Kate wax three more Nautiloids with their machine guns on the stern, but run out of ammo. They both unholster their handguns and begin to unload them at the deadly aquatic robots, taking out two more!

Abacus runs up from below deck.

ABACUS
 The heat seekers are ready! Why
 aren't you firing them?

ICE QUEEN
 Heat seeking what?

ABACUS
 Torpedoes!!

ICE QUEEN
 We've got torpedoes on this thing?

SILVER FOX
 Didn't you read the technical
 updates?!

Ice Queen swings the bow of the Leviathan around so that it's pointed toward the remaining Nautiloids. Abacus and Silver Fox argue over a set of controls on the console, but manage to arm and launch two torpedoes, which quickly find and destroy their targets. BOOM! Two more robots explode.

Three Nautiloids remain. Ice Queen dispatches two of them with missiles launched from the bow, then she throws the Leviathan's throttle wide open and RUNS OVER the last remaining Nautiloid.

Catnip grabs a first aid kit and proceeds to bandage Silver Fox's wound.

ILLINOIS KATE

That wasn't such a chore, was it?

ICE QUEEN

Homing beacon says Buckaroo is inside. This is where the real fun begins!

The boat flies toward the WROUGHT IRON GATES of the sea entrance of Xan's fortress.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKIES - DOGFIGHT - SAME

Savage Strike Groups' F-16's and the Lectroid Thermo-pods zoom all over the sky like angry hornets, locked in a nightmare dog-fight.

The thermo-pods are fire red laser bursts, but aren't having any luck hitting the F-16s so far.

INT. DOC'S FIGHTER - SAME

Doc handling his F-16's controls with practiced ease.

DOC

You guys remember Reno saying anything about spaceships?

LONG TOM (V.O.)

(filtered over radio)

Now that you mention it, Doc, no. I don't. These things are fast, whatever they are.

INT. HAM'S FIGHTER - SAME

Ham targets a thermo-pod in his Head's Up Display (HUD).

HAM
Yeah, but these guys can't fly for
nothing.

Ham fires a Sidewinder and nails the thermo-pod - it explodes
in a fiery ball.

HAM (CONT'D)
Boom-shaka-laka!

INT. RENNY'S FIGHTER - SAME

Renny banks to avoid a volley of laser fire.

RENNY
Good shot, Ham-bone. He must've
flown into it. Watch this!

He fires a Sidewinder of his own.

EXT. BLUE SKIES - SAME

Another explosion as Renny's sidewinder hits a thermo-pod.
Another thermo-pod flies through the fireball, narrowly
missing Monk's fighter.

MONK (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hey! You wanna watch where you're
going?!

INT. MONK'S COCKPIT - SAME

Monk pulls back on his flight-stick, doing a loop. He swings
in behind two of the thermo-pods and sprays them with machine
gun fire. Two more explosions as they both EXPLDOE.

INT. LONG TOM'S COCKPUT - SAME

Long Tom, smiling at how easy this is.

LONG TOM
Man, these guys suck! Do you think
they even-

He's cut off by his death and the explosion of his F-16 as a
Thermo-pod zips in behind him and unloads a laser blast right
into his engines.

INT. THERMO-POD - SAME

John Howling Mouse is at the controls.

JOHN HOWLING MOUSE
Chew on that for long periods of
time, Monkey Boy!

INT. DOC'S FIGHTER - SAME

Doc's face reflects his anger at the loss of his friend.

DOC
 Monk, Renny, Ham--
 (beat)
 Try not to hold a steady altitude.
 These things can change direction
 way too fast!

INT. MONK'S FIGHTER - SAME

Monk clutches his flight-stick, vengeance in his eyes.

MONK
 Sons-a-bitches. Eat this!!

EXT. SKIES - SAME

Monk launches a volley of THREE missiles into a group of thermo-pods on Renny's tail, two of which actually hit their marks. The explosion from those two engulfs the third, destroying it also.

MONK
 (filtered)
 Banzai!!

One of the remaining five thermo-pods swings down in front of Monk's fighter, heading downward at a sharp angle.

Monk banks his fighter and follows, trying to get a missile lock on it in his HUD.

The thermo-pod he's pursuing fires its matter penetration colliding beam into the mountain straight ahead of it, which Monk doesn't see until the thermo-pod DISAPPEARS INTO IT.

DOC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Monk! Pull up! Pull up!!!

But it's too late, and Monk's F-16 crashes straight into the mountainside, exploding.

The thermo-pod emerges from the other side of the mountain and zooms upward, rejoining the battle that rages above.

CUT TO:

INT. XAN'S FORTRESS - THRONE ROOM- DAY

A zombie-like Peggy is led before Xan by two Bravos, her hands bound in front of her. Buckaroo looks at her as if he hasn't seen her in a hundred years.

XAN

And here she is. Your lovely wife.
My unknowing spy this entire time.
We kept her here over a year after
you thought she'd died, my doctors
reworking her memories, creating
the perfect mole into your life. A
twin sister. And now, just when you
realize who she is, you get to
watch her die... again!

(beat)

How that must anger you, Banzai. I
think I'll enjoy killing her even
more this second time around.

Xan pulls out his remote control and aims it at Peggy.

XAN (CONT'D)

We can't have her in this state,
can we? She's must be fully aware
of what is happening to her...

He presses a button and Peggy's eyes come to life. She
glances around, taking in her surroundings. Then she sees
Buckaroo and lunges toward him, but is restrained by the
Bravos.

PEGGY

Oh, Buckaroo! I'm so sorry! So
sorry! He was using me this whole
time. I really believed I was my
sister!

BUCKAROO

I know, Peggy. It's all right. I
love you. I've missed you.

PEGGY

I love you, Buckaroo.

Rawhide glances around the huge throne room expectantly.

XAN

If you're waiting for your friends
on the little sail-boat, my
Nautiloids have been dispatched to
deal with them.

(to Buckaroo)

And my thermo-pods are dealing with
your friends in the sky. They'll
all be dead soon, as will the three
of you.

Xan leans forward, sneering in Buckaroo's face, raising the
blade of Buckaroo's sword to Peggy's throat.

XAN (CONT'D)

Where are your friends now, bastard
half breed?

Buckaroo hears AN APPROACHING HUM and smiles. Rawhide hears it, too, and lets out a sigh of relief.

BUCKAROO

My name isn't half-breed. It's
Banzai. Buckaroo Banzai. And my
friends are never very far away.

ANGLE ON the huge WORLD CRIME LEAGUE SYMBOL painted a hundred feet up on the back wall of the throne room. WORLD WATCH ONE bursts right out it, re-surfacing from the 8th dimension.

The bus comes down for a hard landing RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE of the SEA OF BRAVOS, still standing at attention. It kills over fifty of them in one shot.

The bus slides sideways, screeching to a halt, taking out another twenty-five or so Bravos in the process, none of them ever knowing what hit them.

The back of the bus drops to the floor, making a ramp, and roughly fifty Blue Blaze Irregulars, Rugsuckers, Kolodney Brothers, and Honk Kong Cavaliers run down it, discharging weapons as they come.

A colossal melee with the remaining Bravos ensues.

ON RAFTERMAN - he scans the area, his handgun pointed straight up. New Jersey taps him on the shoulder.

NEW JERSEY

Point the gun in front of you, man.

Rafterman nods and follows his advice, as the two mighty forces clash all around him.

ANGLE - XAN - THRONE PLATFORM

Xan watches all of this in horror, as Buckaroo rolls backward onto his feet and then kicks the sword from Xan's hand.

Buckaroo knocks Xan backward with another kick. Xan scrambles up the steps toward his throne, as Pasha and several Bravos move between Xan and Buckaroo.

BUCKAROO

Peggy, run!

But she's restrained by two Bravos. She struggles against them with all her strength.

LO PEP draws a long curved dagger and moves to cut Buckaroo's throat, but suffers a head-butt from Rawhide that knocks him to the floor.

Rawhide turns around and spots Reno, Pecos, Perfect Tommy, New Jersey, and Big Norse battling their way through the war zone below.

Rawhide raises his bound hands over his head and lets out a shrill whistle.

RAWHIDE

Hey! Reno!
 (to Buckaroo)
 Boss! Reach for the sky!

Buckaroo glances over his shoulder at Rawhide, who motions to Reno. Buckaroo raises his hands over his head, too.

Reno sees them, stops running, and takes aim with his pistol, calm as can be amidst the chaos around him.

New Jersey and Perfect Tommy stop to cover him, dispatching Bravo after Bravo with their pump shotguns.

CLOSE UP on Reno's eye, taking aim. He fires twice.

CLOSE UP on Rawhide's shackles as Reno's bullet splits them in two, setting him free.

CLOSE UP on Buckaroo's shackles. Same story. He's free.

Pasha spots the Cavaliers, unravels her three-tailed whip, and heads toward them.

Buckaroo grabs his gun belt from the floor and has it around his waist in the blink of an eye.

Reno blows the smoke from his gun barrel and continues battling his way through the Bravos, with Perfect Tommy and New Jersey at his side.

The second Rawhide's hands are free, he pulls a large Bowie knife from his cowboy boot and takes a step toward Lo Pep, who is just now getting to his feet.

RAWHIDE (CONT'D)

All right, Lo Pep-to-bismol, I'm gonna do something I should have down in Bangkok four years ago.

Lo Pep grins and flips his dagger from one hand to the other, as he and Rawhide begin to circle each other, blades poised to strike.

The entire throne room is a bedlam of gunfire and hand-to-hand combat.

ANGLE - RUGSUCKERS AND KOLODNEY BROTHERS

These guys are cutting through Bravos like a red-hot knife through butter. Dooley Kolodney unloads his RPG into groups of Bravos, taking out ten at a time.

His brother Ignacio is going berserk with his M-60, mowing down Death Dwarves, and laughing as they detonate and take out any Bravos who happen to be nearby.

The three ambidextrous Rugsuckers have already emptied their pump shotguns and are using two nine-millimeter Berettas each, like a John Woo wet dream.

Relayer and Figment have both been wounded, but neither seem to have noticed.

ANGLE ON BUCKAROO, PEGGY, and XAN

Buckaroo draws his father's silver Navy Colts and in a heartbeat he SHOTS AND KILLS TWELVE BRAVOS - including the two restraining Peggy, the seven that stand between he and Xan, and three others that just happen to get in his line of sight. Buckaroo spins his empty six-guns and reholsters them.

Xan stands by his throne, watching in rage and disgust. He holds up his REMOTE CONTROL for Buckaroo to see, and then presses a series of buttons.

ON THE REMOTE - its LED readout now display a countdown from ten minutes.

Peggy falls to her knees, clutching her skull as if it's about to explode. She falls unconscious.

Buckaroo runs to her side.

Xan picks up his staff, which leans against his throne, and unsheathes a hidden sword from within.

He motions Buckaroo forward with it.

XAN

Come, Banzai. Let us end it, now.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

What are you doing to her?

XAN

Killing her. The implant in her brain will explode in ten minutes. Just like those in your president, Premiere Rodenko, Wang Chung, the

(MORE)

XAN (CONT'D)
 British Prime Minister-- and there
 is no way you can stop it. They
 will die. She will die. You are a
 failure, Banzai. Like your father.
 I win.

Buckaroo slowly lowers Peggy's to the floor. He picks up his father's sword and, taking it in both hands, he ascends the steps.

ANGLE - THE THRONE ROOM ENTRANCE

The giant doors explode inward from a GRENADE BLAST, and all five members of SOBRIQUET TEAM run in, all heavily armed. They quickly scan the scene and, without hesitation, dive into the fray, giving the Rugsuckers some much needed assistance with a volley of suppressing fire.

ANGLE - BRAVOS AND IRREGULARS

The Bus took out seventy or so of the two-hundred Bravos right off the bat, and the Rugsuckers and Kolodney Brothers have easily matched that number - now it's an even up fight.

And with Sobriquet Team joining the Irregular's forces, the tide of the battle quickly turns against the Bravos.

RAFTERMAN ducks behind a stone pillar for cover to avoid some Bravo machine gun fire and backs into Ice Queen. They both spin and level their guns at each other. Then they lower their weapons, realizing they're on the same side.

Ice Queen smirks at Rafterman, ejects the clip from her Beretta, and replaces it with one she takes from his belt.

ANGLE ON RAWHIDE AND LO PEP

This is a old fashioned knife fight between two masters. They circle one another like dancers, blades flashing.

LO PEP
 You cannot win, round-eye. You are
 big and slow.

Rawhide flips his Bowie knife over and grabs it by the blade. In one swift, deft motion, he throws it at Lo Pep's left foot, pinning it to the floor. As Lo Pep stares down at it in horror, Rawhide steps in, puts him in a head lock, and breaks his neck. He lets the body fall to the floor.

RAWHIDE
 (with a Kurgan-like laugh)
 And you're short and stupid.

Rawhide retrieves his knife and scans the room:

ANGLE ON THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS

New Jersey, Reno, and Perfect Tommy break away from the melee and approach Xan's throne. Pasha steps forward, blocking their way. She is flanked on either side by Death Dwarves. She cracks her razor whip off the stone floor around her, sparks flying.

NEW JERSEY

Who wants to handle this?

RENO

She looks like your type, Tommy.

Tommy sighs, smirks at Pasha, and then draws and fires both of his pistols lightning quick. He fires three shots: One cuts Pasha's whip in half just above the handle. The other two kill the Death Dwarves on either side of her.

Tommy turns and dives for cover. New Jersey and Reno follow suit, just as the slain Death Dwarves DETONATE. The explosion blows the surprised Pasha into a million pieces.

NEW JERSEY

Those oompa-loopas sure do pack a wallop!

The Cavaliers scramble to their feet and sprint to over to Rawhide, who is kneeling next to Peggy.

RAWHIDE

Sid, Xan said that she's got a bomb in her brain set to detonate any minute! Is there any way you can remove it?

NEW JERSEY

Get her to the bus. Hurry!

Rawhide cradles Peggy in his arms. The other Cavaliers provide cover fire as they run like hell for the bus. Reno grabs Rafterman and drags him along.

RENO

You know how to defuse bombs, right?

RAFTERMAN

Uh, yeah--? Why?

He follows Reno through the dying battle to World Watch One.

INT. THRONE ROOM - XAN'S FORTRESS - SAME

The Bravos fight down to the last man. Big Norse and Pinky Carruthers defeat the last two Bravos in hand to hand combat.

Once the last enemy is dispatched, the surviving Irregulars turn their eyes to the throne platform, where we see:

HANOI XAN AND BUCKAROO BANZAI

Locked in a blindingly fast sword duel. The ring of their clashing blades echoes through the massive hall.

They're both master swordsmen, and their blades thrust and parry almost too fast to see. Xan is much taller and stronger, but Buckaroo is younger and faster. It's almost an even match, an amazing display of swordsmanship.

Buckaroo fakes with his eyes, Xan buys it, and Buckaroo sneaks his blade in and cuts a deep gash along Xan's left cheek. The wound matches the scar on Xan's right cheek almost exactly.

BUCKAROO
(in Burmese, subtitled)
That was for my mother, Xan.

Xan is enraged, and makes a series of clumsy attacks, all of which Buckaroo parries effortlessly. He sees his chance:

Buckaroo steps back and lowers his sword, leaving himself wide open. Xan looks him in the eye, sword poised.

BUCKAROO BANZAI
Your move, creep.

As Xan strikes, Buckaroo brings his sword up, disarming Xan. Then he spins so that he's facing away from his opponent, and thrusts his blade backward, piercing his heart.

Xan falls to the floor. Buckaroo drops his sword and looks around for Xan's Remote Control. He spots it near Xan's throne. Xan reaches for Buckaroo's pant-leg, motioning for him to come close so that he can whisper something to Buckaroo with his dying breath. Buckaroo kicks his hand away.

BUCKAROO
Save it.

Hanoi Xan DIES.

Buckaroo picks up the Remote Control - the counter reads one-minute and seven seconds, still counting down. Buckaroo tries every button on the thing, but none of them affect the countdown. Then an idea hits him. He drops the remote to the floor and activates his wrist com link.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)
Savage Group, this is HB88. Doc,
Renny? Please tell me you guys are
still up there.

EXT. SKIES OVER XAN'S FORTRESS - DAY

Only two F-16's remain. Doc and Ham are circling the mountain.

BUCKAROO (V.O.)
(filtered)
Doc, this is an emergency!!

INT. DOC'S COCKPIT - SAME

Doc pulls his flight-mask close to his mouth.

DOC
HB88, this is Doc. Me and Ham are
the only ones who made it. But all
the bandits have been waxed, over.

INT. HAM'S COCKPIT - SAME

Ham also listens intently to Buckaroo.

BUCKAROO (V.O.)
(filtered)
Look for a transmitter, Doc!
Somewhere on this mountain! You've
got forty-five seconds to find it
and destroy it or the president
dies! It'll be some sort of
satellite uplink--

Ham looks below, scanning the mountainside around Xan's fortress.

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - SAME

New Jersey and Rafterman huddle over Peggy. She's been sedated and lies face-down on a makeshift operating table.

New Jersey is about to remove a circular disc from an incision he's made in the back of Peggy's neck, right under her scar. The disc looks just like the one we saw implanted on the President.

NEW JERSEY
It's attached here, right at the
base of her brain-stem.
(to Rafterman)
Whattya think?

Rafterman takes a look at the device with a magnifying glass and spots something.

RAFTERMAN

Wait, wait! You can't remove it! It has a sensor! A bio-electric sensor! Like a mini EKG.

RENO

You've seen one before?

RAFTERMAN

No, but I've read about these things. They sense the neurotransmitters in the brain. It'll detonate in seconds without constant physical contact to the cerebral cortex! Remove it and it'll blow us and her medulla oblongata sky-high. There's no way to disarm it. The best you could do is remove it from her and immediately implant it in someone else's head.

NEW JERSEY

Give me a few seconds. I'll think of something--

RENO

We don't have a few seconds--

Rawhide pushes his way forward and kneels next to Peggy.

RAWHIDE

Doc, take it out of her and implant it in me. It's the only way...

NEW JERSEY

No. No way.

RAWHIDE

Dammit, city boy, listen to me--

New Jersey looks frantically around the room, and then his eyes narrow and we see that he is looking straight at

ENTROPY, the ferret, who watches all of this serenely from within his habi-trail. New Jersey reaches in and grabs him, picking up a scalpel with his other hand.

NEW JERSEY

Reno, administer a local anesthetic! And I'll need something to hold the device in place--

(to Rafterman)

Find me some Duct Tape - NOW! Or we all die!

(MORE)

NEW JERSEY (CONT'D)
 (to Entropy)
 Sorry, little fella...

EXT. XAN'S FORTRESS - SAME

Doc and Ham's fighters zoom in low over the fortress.

INT. HAM'S COCKPIT - SAME

Ham spots something:

CLOSE UP on a stone DRAGON STATUE on the mountainside. Its head is lifted up, its open jaws pointing skyward.

Inside the statue's mouth Ham sees a SATELLITE DISH.

HAM
 Doc, the Dragon. Take out the dragon!

Both F-16 fire all their remaining AMRAAM and sidewinder missiles at the stone dragon - it, and the transmitter inside, are destroyed in the blast.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - SAME

New Jersey tosses Entropy (who now has the small metallic disc duct taped to his furry head) back into his habi-trail. Then he closes the lid (as if this will somehow lessen the bomb blast) and winces, covering his ears in expectation of the explosion. Rawhide looks at him as if he's lost his mind.

INT. XAN'S FORTRESS - THRONE ROOM - SAME

Buckaroo watches as the counter on the remote reaches zero. He closes his eyes, but nothing happens.

He opens his eyes and sprints toward the bus.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - SAME

Buckaroo enters to find everyone staring pensively at Entropy, instead of Peggy. Rawhide and Reno raise their guns, then lower them when they see it's Buckaroo.

Buckaroo pushes past them to Peggy's side.

BUCKAROO
 It didn't go off? It didn't go off, did it?! She's all right!

NEW JERSEY
 (proudly)
 She's fine. I duct-taped the bomb to the ferret.

Buckaroo looks at Entropy, and sighs with relief. Then turns his gaze back to Peggy.

BUCKAROO

It's okay. Doc and Ham must've destroyed Xan's transmitter.

(beat)

Is she all right?

NEW JERSEY

She's fine, she's just under sedation.

(beat)

I wasn't about to let you lose her a second time.

Buckaroo looks happy enough to cry. He gives New Jersey a big hug. All the Cavaliers get teary. Reno embraces Pecos. Big Norse embraces Rawhide. Perfect Tommy rolls his eyes.

BUCKAROO

Rawhide, hop on the Marconi and let the FBI know that those devices have been implanted in President Widmark, as well as the leaders of China, Russia, and Great Britain. And tell them they probably want to have them removed.

RAWHIDE

Did that seven minutes ago.

BUCKAROO BANZAI

Good man.

Rafterman wipes the sweat from his brow and exits the bus. Perfect Tommy and Pinky Carruthers follow him.

RAFTERMAN

Grad school can't be this stressful, can it?

PINKY CARRUTHERS

Couldn't tell ya. I'm a musician.

INT. THRONE ROOM - SAME

In the background, we see that Xan's viewscreen is displays a POV shot of ENTROPY making his way through his habi-trail, chewing newspaper, etc.

The Rugsuckers, Kolodney Brothers, Sobriquet Team, and other Blue Blaze Irregulars are gathering up their fallen comrades and loading them onto the bus.

Perfect Tommy walks up to Ice Queen.

PERFECT TOMMY
 Hey, IQ. Good to see ya.
 (beat)
 Who did we lose?

ICE QUEEN
 Mustang Sally, Deputy Dan,
 Evermore, Salad Boy-- A few others
 are hurt bad, but they'll pull
 through.

INT. WORLD WATCH ONE - SAME

Buckaroo talks to Doc on his wrist comlink.

BUCKAROO
 Doc, Ham, you and your team saved a
 lot of lives today. Maybe even the
 world.

DOC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 That's how Renny, Long Tom, and
 Monk would have wanted to go out,
 boss.
 (beat)
 Me and Ham are way low on fuel. We
 gotta take off. See you back home.

Buckaroo shuts off his comlink and looks at the faces of his Cavaliers. He walks over and gives a bear hug to Reno and then Rawhide.

The emergency Blue Phone on the World Watch console rings. Buckaroo answers it.

BUCKAROO
 Yes, operator. This is Buckaroo
 Banzai. What? Alpha clearance? Yes,
 I'll accept the charges. Put him
 through.

The other Cavaliers look at Buckaroo with concern. Buckaroo presses a button and puts the call on speakerphone. They hear the voice of their concert promoter:

ARTIE DUNCAN
 (filtered through phone)
 Listen, where the hell have you
 jerks been all day, huh? Forget it,
 I don't care! I've got a sold out
 crowd here at the Newark
 Amphitheater, but I got no
 musicians! You jokers are supposed
 to be recording a live album and an
 in-concert video tonight, remember?
 (MORE)

ARTIE DUNCAN (CONT'D)
I want you characters here in a
half an hour, tops! Got me?

Reno looks at Buckaroo, who grins and then nods.

RENO
(into phone)
You want it, Artie, you got it.

A drumbeat fill the soundtrack as we

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NEWARK AMPITHEATRE - NIGHT

World Watch One, battered and battle-worn and still smoking from its trans-dimensional re-entry, screeches to a halt in front of the Amphitheater.

The doors open, and Buckaroo, Peggy, the Hong Kong Cavaliers, the Rugsuckers, the Kolodney Brothers, Sobriquet Team, and the Blue Blaze Irregulars all pour out, now carrying musical instruments instead of weapons.

RAWHIDE
Let's go people. You're all still
on the clock. Saddle-up!

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE - NEWARK AMPITHEATRE - NIGHT

The crowd goes wild as Team Banzai make their entrance. They've got more people on stage than the London Philharmonic, but the crowd loves it!

Billy Travers and Professor Hikita sit up in the sound and light booth, running the show.

Pecos is on drums. Reno, the Rugsuckers and the Kolodney Brothers are on horns, Pinky Carruthers is on bass, Rawhide on piano, New Jersey on synthesizers. Perfect Tommy and Rafterman on guitar. Sobriquet Team and Mrs. Johnson serve as back-up singers.

Just offstage, Buckaroo plants a lightning bolt kiss on Peggy, then produces a wedding ring from his pocket.

Peggy gasps.

PEGGY
Oh, Buckaroo! It's just like the
one I lost. You're wonderful!

BUCKAROO
It's the least I could do for the
Queen of the Netherlands.

He slides the ring onto her empty finger, lays another lightning bolt kiss on her, and then he TAKES CENTER STAGE: On lead guitar and vocals, Buckaroo Banzai!!

Buckaroo grabs the microphone. The roar of the crowd dies a bit as they wait to hear his words.

BUCKAROO (CONT'D)
Hello, Newark!! Thank you for
comin' out tonight!
(beat)
Remember, no matter where you go,
there you are.

PERFECT TOMMY
One...Two... One-Two-Three-Four!

The Hong Cavaliers launch into their hit-single "No Matter Where You Go." Good old-fashioned rock and roll fills the soundtrack.

OUR POV drifts up and away from the stage, soaring over the rapturous sold-out crowd. We PAN UP until only the starry night sky fills the frame.

The music segues into Buckaroo's End Theme, as a title tumbles forward from the darkness:

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE
OF BUCKAROO BANZAI
BUCKAROO BANZAI AND THE LEPERS FROM
SATURN!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEPULVEDA DAM - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - DAY

The final Team Banzai March you all knew was coming.

THE END CREDITS ROLL as a rope comes flying over the dam wall. Buckaroo Banzai appears at the top and rappels down.

He strides forward, marching to the beat, and is joined by each of his Cavaliers, one by one. Then by Peggy, Mrs. Johnson, and so on, until all our heroes march side by side.

FADE OUT.