

**CONEHEADS**

by

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#39

OPEN ON:

1 A VOID - THE SCREEN IS COMPLETELY BLACK 1

The sound of a radar blip fades up.

Slowly the CAMERA PULLS BACK - Out of the void, light filtering in TO REVEAL:

That we are emerging from the centre hole of A CONICAL-SHAPED PEPPER SHAKER.

The sound of radar blips gradually merge with the buzz of a crowd during a quiet stretch of a baseball inning. A lazy commentary drones through the pitch count as the CONTINUOUS SHOT REVEALS:

A plate of half-eaten food on a radar tracking console and moves across the back of a TECHNICIAN whose headset is at rest on his neck. Now we see we are--

INT.U.S. AIR FORCE CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The drone of the baseball game on his little TV and his meal has the technician almost asleep.

SHOT MOVES ACROSS:

To the micro TV. The count is full, the pitcher winds up, the batter squares away and braces for the pitch.

CLOSER INTO SCREEN: The batter swings.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Bat connects perfectly with ball . SFX-explosive CRAACK!

2 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM, SECTION OF CROWD - NIGHT 2

All heads look up.

RUNNER'S LEGS - As he drops the bat heading to first.

SECTION OF CROWD - Rises.

3 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 3

Velvet black with brilliant starfield beyond. The BASEBALL ENTERS IN SLOW MOTION peaking at its apex, spinning and arcing downward out of SHOT.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

GAME ANNOUNCER  
 (V.O. distant, O.S.)  
 It's outta here!!

HOLD ON THE NIGHT SKY/STARFIELD--

Something disturbs the fabric--a tiny glow, slightly reddish, like a HEAT FLARE from an object entering the Earth's upper atmosphere.

4 INT. AIR FORCE CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT 4

CLOSE ON: THE TECHNICIAN now attentive to the TV.

GAME ANNOUNCER  
 ...a massive hit over the left center field bleachers for Lupo Dominga...his twenty-first home run of the season, and the Cubs take the lead two to one...

CAMERA MOVES PAST TECHNICIAN INTO RADAR SCREEN - ECU:

It is in normal circular undulation. Now a LITTLE DOT faintly begins to grow. The blips change to WARNING PINGS which increase in volume fighting the noise of the crowd on TV.

TECHNICIAN--

Turns to the radar. Alarmed he slides his chair closer to the console to put his headphones on, adjust switches on the panel. A yellow phone rings.

TECHNICIAN  
 Roger Tac-com. You got it too?

A Captain comes up behind him.

CAPTAIN  
 What is it?

TECHNICIAN  
 I don't know Captain but sat signals have it at five hundred miles up inbound really fast.

Off their concerned expressions--

CUT TO

5 EXT. MILITARY BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT 5  
A LARGE RADAR DISH IN MOTION - STOCK

6 EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT, ANOTHER RADAR DISH - STOCK 6

7 EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT, AN ARRAY OF HUGE MULTIPLE DISHES - STOCK 7

These cuts are accompanied by multiple, overlapping, filtered chatter.- " We have a confirmed inbound bogey at Angels eleven thousand cleaning Mach Six." Alert 210th Fighter Intercept." "Scramble and pursue undeclared intruder. Scramble and pursue headings--"

8 EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT (STOCK SHOT) 8

As two F-16'S take off from AN airstrip.

9 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - NIGHT 9

CLOSE ON: PILOT

CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Pursuit, verifying your turn left to his heading 260 degrees south southwest.

PILOT

Roger we have visual contact. Man is he moving. Rolling tape.

CLOSE-UP: INFRA-VISION TV SCREEN - PILOT'S HAND ACTIVATES IT.

It depicts high contrast, black and white night camera images of the bright ball of light they are chasing.

PILOT

Unidentified flight you are violating a restricted air corridor. Please squawk 153.89 and identify yourself immediately...

CUT TO

10 INT. ALIEN CRAFT, SPEAKER ON CONSOLE - NIGHT 10

A mass of advanced-looking, glowing lights, switches and indecipherable glyphs.

PILOT (V.O)

...please slow down to Mach One, repeat slow down, descend to three thousand feet and identify your vessel or we will force you down.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ALIEN MALE VOICE

(o.s., arrogant)  
"Enh-henh-henh."

11 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - NIGHT

11

PILOT

Command this is Werewolf Leader,  
undeclared not responding and I'm losing  
him fast. Suggest ANG Base at Franklin  
attempt intercept.

12 INT. A DIFFERENT COCKPIT, ILLINOIS GUARD F-16 - NIGHT

12

ANG PILOT

This is Franklin ANG. OK, I've got a  
lock on, lock on, lock on, request  
permission to fire..wow, look at that  
thing.

13 INT. ALIEN CRAFT, CONSOLE - NIGHT

13

CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Pursuit leader you are authorized to  
fire at your discretion.

A female hand gestures to the speaker.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE

(O.S.)  
Larthag flairnail.

CLOSE-UP: ALIEN MOUTH

Tips of yellow, sharp, pointy, jagged teeth are visible  
through a thin set of purplish lips.

MALE ALIEN

Flarg not. The Earthmens' weapons are  
useless against our--

MASSIVE EXPLOSION

A lot of lights go out.

CLOSE-UP: MALE AND FEMALE ALIENS' FACES

MALE AND FEMALE

ALIEN

Aannnnnh! MEBS! MEBS!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

## THE ALIENS' FEET

Shuffling in panic hitting floor pedals in desperate moves to control the craft.

## ALIENS' FACES

There are warning alarm buzzers and panel blinkers short arcs, sparks dropping on them, wind rushing and an awful moan from their dying power source. The male is BELDAR and the female is PRYMAAT.

PRYMAAT

Not entirely useless Beldar.

BELDAR

If you had read the co-ordinate indices from the star chart correctly--

PRYMAAT

I told you turn right at the pyramids. You should have activated the masking veil.

She pushes a switch on the panel. A low tone is emitted like radar blips in reverse.

BELDAR

Prepare for emergency egress. Bring the farthite crystal, protoid rations and my speech disc with the conquest structure. I have lost control of the craft.

14 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - NIGHT

14

The night vision TV screen is now blank.

ANG PILOT

He disappeared, he just disappeared

CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Roger, he's off our scan we've lost him too.

15 EXT. F-16 - NIGHT (STOCK SHOT)

15

It flies away from camera.

16 EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN SURFACE - NIGHT

16

The darkened alien craft, a damaged, conical-shaped, multi-splined metallic starcruiser plunges into the lake. HOLD as

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

the vessel hisses, bubbles and slides under the water with the lights of Chicago in the b.g.

A CONICAL SHIPPING BUOY - NIGHT

It bobs in the black water, lonely bell clanging.

Then tips first, two glistening CONES appear from below the surface and emerge fully into the moonlight. Now there are three cones in the water.

The buoy, Beldar and Prymaat. They are CONEHEADS.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

17

A trucker drives along through the RAIN listening to country music. He is bleary-eyed and tired.

18 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

18

HIS POV: THE ROAD AHEAD.

The interstate highway in the black of night. Suddenly there is movement on the right of frame and he sees TWO SOAKING WET CONEHEADS shuffle across the highway through his headlights and disappear over the guardrail into the weeds.

19 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

19

THE DRIVER.

Almost without missing a beat from his glazed look, he shakes his head, takes a deep breath, rolls down his window for some air.

20 EXT. LONELY, RUN-DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

20

CAMERA CRANES DOWN THROUGH THE POURING RAIN FROM BROKEN NEON VACANCY SIGN TO REVEAL- Beldar and Prymaat who shuffle towards us and stop to consider this with their intense alien gazes. This is the first really good look we get at these beings in their flight suits.

21 INT. MOTEL DESK - NIGHT

21

A grimy, uncaring clerk is asleep behind the desk with a small television glowing on the counter.

There is a bell on the desk. Beldar enters without waking the guy. Prymaat waits outside peering in through the rainy window.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Beldar sees the clerk's bell on the counter. He studies it closely, figures out what it is and then hits it REALLY HARD.

The guy wakes up.

CLERK'S POV:

Beldar, dripping wet, looking at him from the other side of the desk.

CLERK  
(startled)  
Nnneaaggh!

He shakes his head, rubs the sleep from his eyes and approaches the counter.

CLERK  
Be right with you. Need a room?

BELDAR  
(leaning in too close to the  
clerk's face)  
Correct.

The clerk pushes the registration form across the counter.

CLERK  
Alright fill this out.

He glances past Beldar and sees another Cone move around outside the window. It is Prymaat curiously appraising the vending machies along the wall.

CLERK  
Ahh...Double occupancy?

BELDAR  
Correct. That is my chosen mate.

CLERK  
Yeah, right, I'm sure she is. Will that  
be cash or charge?

22 EXT. MOTEL VENDING MACHINES - NIGHT

22

Prymaat tips her cone at the machines; an ELECTRICAL BLUE ARC jumps from her conetop to the push buttons of a machine and it spews cans of soft drinks and a shower of COINS.

23 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

23

BELDAR - CLOSE

BELDAR

Greetings. People of Earth. I am Beldar  
the Refueling Depot Underlord for your  
miserable planet...

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

He is sitting on the end of the bed, looking into the mirror.

BELDAR

I come from a great race of beings far  
more advanced than you puny  
humans..then..your weapons  
are..no..your world leaders must  
meet...United Nations..times..dates...  
Meb! Meb! I can't believe you lost the  
speech disc--

Prymaat is shaking rapidly. Next to her is a control box  
with coin slot that says--"Magic Fingers. Vibrating Bed."

PRYMAAT

Meb! You said you were going to  
retrieve it from the accessory  
compartment. The truth must be faced  
Beldar. You will never give that speech.  
We are scrabnord! Completely scrabnord!

BELDAR

No, do not relinquish so easily, female!  
Never forget we are Cones. Superior to  
these measly vlailnaars.

Beldar reaches over to the dresser and sorts through the  
objects on it--a corkscrew, ice bucket, glasses in wrappers  
and a couple of bars of motel soap. He tilts his head  
appraisingly and then munches the soap down.

Prymaat reads the Gideon Bible. Laughing, she turns a page  
and laughs even more. Turning another page, she is suddenly  
shocked at what she reads, then saddened. She puts down the  
book, puzzled and concerned.

BELDAR

(through soap foam)

When the hydrogen droplets have ceased,  
we will travel by primitive self-guided  
Earth transportation to address this  
world's leaders.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

TV CLOSE-UP: BOWLING SHOW. There is a strike.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT:

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT  
(wincing)  
Aaaannnngghh!!

This cry blends into--

SFX: Doppler effect on their voices, combined with train horn.

CUT TO::

24 EXT. AMTRAK SPECIAL, WIDE - MORNING

24

It speeds down the midwestern corridor.

Beldar and Prymaat are clinging to the undercarriage between the wheel trucks of the train vocally registering their trepidation with a loud, united -" Nneeeeeaaaaannngh."

It rockets out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. APARTMENT BY THE TRACKS - DAY

25

A family is seated at the table eating dinner. They SEE THE TWO CONEHEADS CLINGING TO THE TRAIN'S UNDERCARRIAGE as it passes by their window.

FATHER  
Pass the salt will you mama.

26 EXT. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA - DAY

26

Beldar and Prymaat stand on the corner across the street looking up at the imposing structure.

Flags fly, and it's never looked better

BELDAR  
This is the structure which houses their world council.

PRYMAAT  
Beldar perhaps would it be wise to wait until we can have a starcruiser shut down all human energy sources in a global demonstration of our total superiority.

(CONTINUED)

BELDAR

Unnecessary. The shock to human society when we reveal our presence will cause them to recognize the futility of any resistance. I expect planetary capitulation within hours.

PRYMAAT

Mmmm. Yes, of course.

27 EXT. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA, OUTER SECURITY BLUE POLICE  
SAWHORSE BARRIERS - DAY

27

There are cops holding back lines of foreign demonstrators tourists, gawkers, panhandlers. There are so many ethnic, foreign and political groups in different clothing and colors that Beldar and Prymaat entering do not stand out that much. They go to a Cop at a break in the barriers. Beldar stands face to face to him, far too close.

BELDAR

Greetings Earthman. Are you guardian to your world council chamber?

POLICEMAN

Yeah, you have to stand over there behind the barricade sir.

BELDAR

I am Beldar, from the planet Remulak, Refueling Depot Underlord for-

POLICEMAN

That's great. Just do it behind the barricade.

BELDAR

You would be wise to assist me in the enslavement of your species and total transformation of life as you know it by allowing me to address your world council.

POLICEMAN

Sir, for the last time, stand over there behind the barricade.

BELDAR

I must gain entrance.

Beldar tries to go past him, the cop grabs him and whistles for back-up.

(CONTINUED)

He is joined by five other cops who forcibly escort Beldar and Prymaat to the area behind the barricade.

BELDAR

Mebbs! Mebs! You have been warned!

Prymaat restrains Beldar and looks around at everyone else around the outside of the barricades--foreign protesters in native costume, mental release homeless carrying signs, beggars, tourists, a guy in a silver foil and coat hanger robot costume with a loud speaker in the chest, claiming to be from outer space.

PRYMAAT

Beldar, Beldar, come. It is of no use. Without a demonstration of power from our starcruiser the humans will remain unconvinced.

The people close around them, pressing to the barricades as Prymaat leads a defeated Beldar out into the street emerge from the back of the crowd.

28 INT. BLARNEY STONE BAR - NIGHT

28

CLOSE UP: BELDAR. He is intent, serious and very threatening.

BELDAR

(with electro-quaver)  
...and People of Earth! Realize that your sacrifice made possible a greater glory than has been known to your species.

PRYMAAT

Beldar you delivered the speech flawlessly. I applaud you.

She leads an unseen audience in applause.

BARFLY

That's some speech.

BELDAR

I wish I could do it like that all the time.

The BARTENDER rings a bell near the cash register. The clock says 3:54 AM.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Alright folks, last call.

Beldar and Prymaat are at the end of the bar and on it in front of them is a mound of coins, twenty empty draft mugs and cocktail glasses plus empty fifths of everything. There are piles of chip and beer nut wrappers everywhere. They have made some friends.

BELDAR

(slightly drunk)

Gus. I will try some nectar from that bottle in the shape of a human with the musical instrument.

GUS

You mean that Elvis Pernod. Are you sure you want a licorice liqueur after you've had a quart of gin and scotch?

BELDAR

Yes please.

PRYMAAT

I will match him.

GUS

Okay. Boy I don't know where you two put it. Bar's closed folks. Drink up. Time to go.

BARFLY

Listen, Gotta split Beldar, but listen I hope you get your starcruiser back and that you DO take over this planet 'cause you'd probably do a hell of a lot better job than what we have right now, I'll tell you that.

BELDAR

Thank-You, I will remember you some humans will have to spared.

(drunkenly to Prymaat)

I like him.

PRYMAAT

Let us just leave.

She drags him out and as he passes the pool table by the door, he picks a striped ball and takes a bite out of it like an apple.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BELDAR

Ah, number eleven. Delicious.

As they exit the barman puts a quarter from the pile in the jukebox and Tom Jones' "What's new Pussycat?" plays.

29 EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT (4:30- AM)

29

Beldar and Prymaat find themselves in a near-deserted Times Square. Beldar is finally coming to terms with the situation.

BELDAR

When the High Master commanded me to enfranchise this planet I accepted with the hope of advancing my career and obtaining a fine home where we could replicate and nourish offspring. I have failed in this. Worse, I have failed you. Your father was right.

PRYMAAT

No Beldar, I will never forget the first time I saw your cone. It seemed to stand out from all the others as you competed in the Festival of the Moons of Meepzor. It was you who tackled the greased Garthok, and the day was yours but I had chosen you already.

BELDAR

I fear that day may have been the zenith of my contribution to the progress of Cone civilization. Here we are, stranded on this measly planet without a torg in our nartat.

PRYMAAT

(looking up at him)

Still there is no place in the ten universes I would rather be but beside you. Together we will overcome this setback and work to improve our fortunes.

They pass an electronic store window with multiple TV sets on.

BELDAR

We must gather primitive Earth components to build communicator with which to contact our superiors on Remulak.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Beldar sees Prymaat is on all the monitors from the camera pointing into the street.

BELDAR

Certainly in one measure I am a  
success...in my choice of geneto-mate.

PRYMAAT

(pulling him away from window)  
Let's hone cones.

BELDAR

Uh..but wait..er..now? ..Here?

PRYMAAT

Let's hone.

She takes him by the sleeve and pulls him into an adjacent alleyway. O.S. we hear the strains of "What's New Pussycat?"

Prymaat and Beldar sensuously begin to touch the tips of their cones together, emitting soft pink crackles of energy. This grows into a rubbing frenzy and they writhe pixilated on the ground in FULL COAN MOAN.

BELDAR

Our cones are zoned for each other.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT

Eeeeeiegh...aaaaaaghhh..woouughh..  
haarb! Aaaarb...aaaarb..aaaarb!!  
Haarb!!

At the entrance to the alleyway a garbage truck pulls up.

GARBAGEMAN picks up a can, and sees the writhing cones, in shock he tips the can upside down completely missing the truck.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. OTTO'S REPAIR SHOP - DAY

30

CLOSE UP: Painted brown paper fills a window declaring--  
OTTO'S INVINCIBLE TV, AUDIO, PC CENTRE  
TV'S/ APPLIANCES NOW REPAIRED WHILE U WAIT

A male customer moves across FRAME.

31 INT. OTTO'S REPAIR SHOP - DAY

31

Ten people stand at the Repair Counter, a couple hold televisions in their laps, four wait for theirs and a few leave with their newly-repaired goods.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

OTTO, the store owner an ex-fullback-type African American man and another black male customer are having a conversation.

OTTO

It'll be ready in about a minute,  
minute and a half.

CUSTOMER

(noticing something over  
Otto's shoulder)  
Whoa, hey Otto this dude's almost as  
fast as you.

He laughs.

OVER OTTO ONTO BELDAR IN THE B.G.

Wearing a leather work apron, the Conehead works at the repair counter with superhuman high-speed, using screwdrivers, soldering guns, probes and his fingers he fixes the broken appliances.

OTTO

Naw, he's the best. Shows up on time,  
gives me an honest day's work. You can't  
find people like that any more.

CUSTOMER

That's right.

OTTO

These young boys, white boys and the  
young brothers too, they show up late,  
loaf around. All they want's a check.

CUSTOMER

That's right. Gimmee, gimmee, gimmee.

OTTO

I heard that.

Beldar finishes up and brings the repaired piece over to the counter.

BELDAR

Here is your Superjuicemaster. For  
future, reference, frequent cleaning of  
the blades will prevent motor wear and  
build-up of Earth bacteria.

Beldar leaves and goes back to repairing another item.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

OTTO

I told you he's good. If I had three of him I could retire.

BELDAR

Excuse me Otto. I believe it is time for my mid-day cessation of activities for protein intake.

OTTO

Yeah sure, take your lunch break.

Beldar marches happily off through the back door.

BELDAR

Lunch. Lunch. Lunch. Lunch. Lunch.  
Lunch.

32 EXT. BACKYARD LOT BEHIND OTTO'S STORE - DAY (NOON)

32

It's main feature is a light-green torn, crumpled and damaged single-wide late-fifties sheetmetal mobile house trailer.

Beldar crosses the littered lot and barges into the trailer.

33 INT. THE TRAILER - DAY

33

BELDAR

Greetings Earthwoman. Henh!..Henh!  
(CONELAUGH)

PRYMAAT

Enh! Henh!

BELDAR

Time for the midday consumption of mass quantities.

Joining her husband at their telephone-cable-spool dinner table with milk-carton chairs she brings their meal:

A mound of American slices, still in the wrappers, unopened wiener packages, chips, beer and sodas in great numbers with Beldar occasionally snacking on nearby peeling wallpaper and exposed pink fibreglass insulation.

Beldar removes a bath towel which covers a tall object on the floor beside him. It is an electronic work in progress. A device of some kind. He slides a computer chip board out of his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

PRYMAAT

Excellent. You have obtained an additional component for the intergalactic communicator. When do you estimate it's completion?

BELDAR

Within three partuls we will be summoning a rescue vessel to take us to Remulak and then we will return with a fleet of battlecruisers to initiate the conquest and re-structuring of Earth civilization. This Atari Space Invaders circuit board serves well as a strogonite uni-arc transducer.

She gets up and goes to an old gas oven.

PRYMAAT

I have re-radiated last night's leftover starch disc.

She hauls out a large steaming pizza and places it on the spool table. He grabs a large slice.

BELDAR

Ah, pizza, I will enjoy it.

PRYMAAT

Warning. Do not sear the top of your neck hole on the molten lactate extract of hooved mammals.

This comes too late as Beldar has already bitten into the slice which sticks to his pallette, sizzling. He reaches for a nearby bottle of Windex and unscrewing the cap, pours the contents into his burning mouth, to cool it down with an audible HISSSS.

They pause for a moment and then resume eating.

PRYMAAT

There is a reason for returning to Remulak that is more important than inter-planetary conquest.

BELDAR

(mouth full)

But..what..could ..be more important than planetary conquest?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

PRYMAAT

Beldar, I am with Cone.

Beldar freezes. Mouth open.

BELDAR

You?..I?...A young one?!

PRYMAAT

Affirmative.

Beldar begins eating superfast even by CONE STANDARDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. OTTO'S REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

34

Otto is taking cash out of the drawer at the register and recording the day's receipts. On the counter there are two piles of money and an automatic handgun.

Beldar is standing next to him, a little close, watching the machine and remembering each item he repaired and his commission.

The machine gives the total.

OTTO

Eight thousand. That's the best week I ever had, and that's twelve hundred for you Beldar.

BELDAR

Thank-You.

OTTO

By the way Beldar, I never got your social security number.

BELDAR

My social security number I...I'm sorry, I...I keep forgetting.

OTTO

I gotta have that number, there's state payroll forms and workmen's comp. You do have one don't you?

BELDAR

Of course I have one, I am a citizen of this planet.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO  
 (getting ready to write)  
 Alright, what is it?

BELDAR  
 (trying to bluff staring at  
 him and sailing in)  
 O256..X...61 point three, dash B..B...  
 SEVE..EN point six--

OTTO  
 Hey, Beldar, my man...there aren't any  
 letters in a social security number.

BELDAR  
 No, of course not.

OTTO  
 So you're telling me you don't have a  
 social security number.

BELDAR  
 Correct.

OTTO  
 Why not?

BELDAR  
 (looking down ashamedly)  
 I am an illegal alien.

OTTO  
 Oh man, I knew you were too good to be  
 true. Where are you from?

BELDAR  
 The planet Remulak. I am refueling depot  
 underlord for this--

OTTO  
 No man, I don't want to know about this  
 shit. Look, we gotta take care of it. I  
 don't want to lose you.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SEEDY DINER - NIGHT

35 .

CLOSE-UP: ITALIAN MAN IN ARMANI SUIT

(CONTINUED)

SUIT

OK, here's the deal...Your name is Donny  
De Cicco...

BELDAR - CLOSE

SUIT

...D-e-Capital C-i-c-c-o. You were born  
August eleventh nineteen fifty-one in  
Brockton Massachusetts.

(to Prymaat) You are Mary  
Margaret  
Reardon...

Prymaat and Beldar are seated opposite the suited man in a  
booth. Otto is there too.

SUIT

...Born June twenty-six nineteen fifty-  
five in Cranston Rhode Island. You two  
were married June fourth nineteen  
seventy-five in Koros, Greece where you  
were on a fellowship following your  
graduation from Hobart College, where  
you majored in modern civilizations.

PRYMAAT

Got it.

BELDAR

Got it.

SUIT

Everything else you need is in here,  
birth certificate, names of brothers and  
sisters, school records, former  
addresses, places of employment  
everything, grandmother's maiden name,  
not that they'll ask but it's in  
there. And most important social  
security numbers. Alright, welcome to  
the United States.

The suit exits.

OTTO

Congratulations.

He shakes their hands.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. CONEHEADS' DECREPIT MOBILE HOME - NIGHT 36  
 The same squalid surroundings behind the TV repair shop.  
 THE TOP OF THE MOBILE TRAILER  
 Beldar adjusts a tall multi-pronged aeriell on the roof.

37 INT. CONEHEADS' BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT 37  
 Prymaat is putting the finishing touches on something with  
 soldering gun and phillips'-head screwdriver.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Prymaat is seated in the living room in front of--

THE COMMUNICATOR. A triangular-shaped screen atop an  
 elaborate electronic cabinet.

PRYMAAT

(as Beldar enters)

The Inter-Galactic Communicator...it is  
 complete?

BELDAR

Unh..but perhaps a final tightening of  
 the spiral dimension fasteners--

PRYMAAT

Beldar! Activate the device. Address the  
 Council. There's is no advantage to  
 delay.

Beldar paces anxiously back and forth, taking a package of  
 cigarettes, he plunges all twenty smokes into his mouth,  
 removing the package, he lights them with a blowtorch.

Smoking furiously he resumes pacing.

Prymaat activates the communicator. The triangular screen  
 springs to life with strange sounds and geometric color  
 patterns.

CLOSE-UP: THE SCREEN

A color slide depicting the Remulak Communications System  
 logo comes up accompanied by easy-listening alien music.

The logo dissolves and then the Chairman of the High Council  
 MARLAX, appears with Councillors arrayed at a semi-circular  
 table behind him. Beldar looks surprise to see Marlax.

(CONTINUED)

BELDAR

Marlax. I wasn't expecting to get you.

MARLAX

Greetings Beldar and Prymaat. We haven't heard from you in ten clarsogs. We are glad to see your life functions are still active.

BELDAR

Greetings Marlax, I see you have attained the position of Ephor in the High Council I always knew you were destined for such a----

MARLAX

Yes, Ploorgrap! Have you succeeded in enslaving your designated planet and constructing the orecruiser protoid re-fueling depot?

BELDAR

(clears his throat)  
Mhmhem..Unanticipated failure of the mentaglione drive and guidance has caused us to abandon our vessel in a fluid mass.

PRYMAAT

The weapons of Earth were not so useless.

MARLAX

Mehs!! Grannclaath!

BELDAR

Enh, anh, at what co-ordinates might we expect the rescue vessel?

MARLAX

Specific time co-ordinates are difficult. Our space program has been cut back. A Tarbvanium orecruiser will enter your solar system in about, oh seven zerls.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT

SEVEN ZERLS!! BUT..BUT..WE..!!!

MARLAX

Flargans..Remulak..Narpail.

The image dissolves and the screen goes blank with an abruptly decreasing electronic sound.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Beldar is disheveled and drenched with sweat, stunned he keeps staring at the empty screen.

Prymaat moves to his side.

BELDAR  
(vacantly)  
Seven zerls.....

PRYMAAT  
Beldar, it seems we have no option but to stay and function among these primitive humans. If we are to endure this, it is essential we acquire a larger dwelling and an internal combustion vehicle.

BELDAR  
Yes. The young one comes. We must prepare.

Prymaat takes Beldar's hand and places it on her naked belly. The shape of a TINY CONE protrudes beneath the skin. Beldar smiles with a look of satisfaction.

CUT TO:

38 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

38

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: COMPUTER FEED AND CARD SORTER

A screen is scrolling numbers at high-speed and immediately below it a flutter of cards is being spat through the system.

The computer freezes and a CARD IS EJECTED.

It displays a social security number and the name DONALD R. DE CICCIO.

A hand with military signet ring selects the card.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

A chubby, brunette male in his mid-thirties wearing light brown, tortoise shell glasses, a white shirt, red tie and gray pinstripe suit. On the wall behind them above the computer terminal is a plaque--

US DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION  
SERVICE MID ATLANTIC DISTRICT

(CONTINUED)

AGENT # 1

Look. Here it is again. Now Mister De Cicco is working as an appliance repairman in Patterson. Pretty good for a guy who died six years ago at a Clam bar in Sheepshead Bay.

He holds the card up to show it to--

ANOTHER AGENT WHO LOOKS ALMOST THE SAME AS HIMSELF.

They are both clones of Attorney General William M. Barr.

AGENT # 2

That's the tenth job he's taken this month. Have we tracked down anyone else using this number?

AGENT # 1

Yeah. Donald De Ciccoc turned out to be a Samoan, a Vietnamese, a Sicilian, and a Sri-Lankan...

AGENT # 2

Somebody's really burning up those deceased SSI numbers again.

AGENT # 1

It's flagged special enforcement section, better send it up to Seedling.

CUT TO

39 INT. SEEDLING'S OFFICE - DAY

39

CLOSE-UP: GORMAN SEEDLING

He is a chiselled, stern-jawed ex-military type in blue suit, red tie, cold steely-eyed in his early thirties. The image is distorted through water, as we are shooting through the top jar of an office cooler. He depresses the tap and there is a large BURBLE!

He approaches a long-haired, blonde, lean Godunov-type artist in blue work-shirt and paint-splattered jeans handcuffed to chair under a spotlight flanked by two uniformed agents. He licks his dry lips thirstily. Seedling gulps down the water, crumples the cup, tosses it into the waste basket and continues his interrogation, dragging on a cigarette and blowing a smoke ring which settles around the guy's neck like a collar. The interrogator sits on his desk next to a little sign: GORMAN SEEDLING

(CONTINUED)

SEEDLING

Mister Van Weesp, we know you've been living in Manhattan for six years under a forged tourist visa.

The subject swallows hard.

SEEDLING

How have you been supporting yourself all this time?

VAN WEESP

(slight Dutch accent)

I live with friends, I had some savings.

SEEDLING

Of course you haven't been selling any paintings?

VAN WEESP

No, of course not. I'm not an artist.

SEEDLING

Well then help me with something--

He hits the remote for a slide projector an image comes up on the wall. It is a Schnabel-like abstract oil painting.

SEEDLING

This painting, entitled Rats Und Der Zee was sold last month at Vydecker Galleries in Soho. It's unsigned.

VAN WEESP

Yeah so, what does that have to with me?

SEEDLING

Doesn't it seem awfully similar to this picture--

He hits the slide remote again and a nearly identical painting comes up on the wall next to the first one.

SEEDLING

--which was sold in Amsterdam in 1981. This one's signed with your name. Jan Van Weesp.

He hits the remote again and the signature on the second painting is enlarged close-up.

(CONTINUED)

SEEDLING

So don't waste any more of our time telling us you haven't been working here OK.

VAN WEESP

(fearful)

Alright, alright. It's my work. Are you going... to deport me?

SEEDLING

Not right away I'm afraid. There's a lot of red tape involved, so for the next four months you'll be residing at an INS detention compound in the Keewalatchie Glades Deportees Holding Centre in Florida. By the way, how's your Spanish? 'Cause your new roommates are some of Castro's ex-mental patients who've been there since '77. I understand some of them are quite artistic. They do a lot of carving. But don't worry, I'm sure the time will fly and before you know it you'll be back home in Belgium.

He nods to the uniformed agents who uncuff him and begin dragging him out.

VAN WEESP

NO! OH GOD NO! PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T SEND ME BACK TO BELGIUM!!

As he is being dragged through the door, kicking and screaming.

SEEDLING

One thing Van Weesp...

His escort stops and holds him to face SEEDLING.

SEEDLING

How could you do it? Knowing you were taking jobs away from hard-working American artists who play by the rules, how could you live with yourself?

VAN WEESP

I don't, I live with a model who wants to act.

(CONTINUED)

SEEDLING

Get this piece of trash out of my sight.

The uniformed agents take out Van Weesp screaming about Belgium. Seedling turns off the interrogation light and puts his coat back on. He and the two agents are all wearing the same types of glasses, shirts, ties, shoes, suits.

SEEDLING

Shoulda zapped that cronk two months ago. What do you guys got?

AGENT # 2

(snaps the punchcard)

That deceased SSI number you flagged. It's turned up again.

SEEDLING

(looking at the punch card)

Thanks. The last illegal who used it skipped back to Somalia before I could get him. This one I want.

LOW ANGLE: Seedling slaps the file on the desk blacking out the scene.

CUT TO:

40 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

40

A LIGHT BOX FLICKS ON revealing an X-Ray of strange, jagged teeth.

The concerned female hygienist studies this and is joined by the dentist, a slick, flashy, gold-chained guy in the traditional smock. he puts his gloves on and examines the X-Ray.

HYGIENIST

Doctor Rudolph, this is Mister De Cicco. He wants them capped...all EIGHTY-NINE of them.

She hands him a clip-board with a dental chart.

DENTIST

Hmm...Wow. Does he have insurance?

HYGIENIST

Cash.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DENTIST

Oh, O.K. Let's check this out.

He enters.

41 INT. DENTAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

41

Beldar is lying in the dentist's chair, the headrest adjusted as high as it will go.

DENTIST

Good afternoon Mister  
(looks at clipboard)  
De Sicco.

BELDAR

De Cicco! The name is De Cicco.

DENTIST

Oh, Mister De Cicco. I'm Doctor  
Rudolph.. ah... have you ever had a  
regular dentist who could send your  
records if you do decide to become my  
patient.

BELDAR

Once when I was a young one, I chipped a  
tooth-horn on my rocket sled--

DENTIST

OK.

BELDAR

--and I received attention from my  
mentot but no records that could be sent  
from ...where we...come...from.

DENTIST

Alright. Now I understand you would like  
your front teeth capped.

BELDAR

Correct.

DENTIST

Open up please and we'll just take a  
look.

Beldar opens his mouth.

CLOSE-UP: BELDAR'S MOUTH AND DENTIST'S FACE

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Beldar has double rows of jagged shark-like teeth. The dentist is momentarily shaken.

DENTIST  
...And close please.

Beldar closes his mouth.

The Dentist takes a moment to compose himself, then grabs the appropriate tools and approaches again.

DENTIST  
(takes a deep breath)  
...And open please.

Beldar opens his mouth again and the dentist places a suction device inside next to his gums.

DENTIST  
OK, we'll just start over here Mister De Fasco.

BELDAR  
(trying to talk)  
Deckch cicccech cco!!

CLOSE UP: BELDAR'S MOUTH. His long, irregularly-shaped purplish tongue is in the way.

DENTIST  
(leaning closer)  
Open wider please. If you can.

Beldar's mouth OPENS FRIGHTENINGLY WIDE with double rows of mini-shark teeth clicking back like the Queen Beast in Alien.

DENTIST  
Is the headrest comfortable?

BELDAR  
Fhfiine.

DENTIST  
(puts mask on Beldar)  
I'm going to give you some nitrous oxide. Let me know if you feel any pain and I'll turn--

BELDAR'S POV: The dentist's voice distorts, echoes and his face goes out of focus.

SFX: HSSSSSS

DISSOLVE TO

42 DREAM SEQUENCE - A MURKY LIMBO 42

Out of which images emerge and fade.

A beautiful young cone woman dives into a gelato pool.

Beldar smiling and swimming up to his shoulders.

His view of a cone surfacing in front of him--

It is MARLAX.

MARLAX

(Suit's voice)

Your name is Donald R. De Cicco.

Beldar is now on a podium in limbo making his speech, interrupted by flags of all nations which billow into his face, muffling the sound of his voice.

A river of empty chairs flows off into the distance in front of him. There is one occupant- the cop from the U.N. barricade. He claps in a bored manner.

Beldar walks along with a tray of matches. His Cone is smaller and stumped. A sign in front of the tray pronounces him "BLUNT".

Prymaat's face--"Beldar, Beldar!"

43 INT. CONEHEADS' TRAILER, BEDROOM - NIGHT 43

BELDAR CLOSE-UP: He is sleeping against the mattress which is standing straight up. His mouth is stuffed with cotton from the dentist.

PRYMAAT

BELDAR! BELDAR! MEBS! MEBS!

She shakes him awake points out the window and peeks through the blinds.

44 EXT. OTTO'S BACK YARD - NIGHT 44

THEIR POV: A multi-racial INS SWAT team swarms into the yard.

45 INT. CONEHEADS' TRAILER, BEDROOM - NIGHT 45

PRYMAAT

Human authority figures! We must egress immediately.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

BELDAR  
 (awakening from deep sleep  
 with a Cone snore-snort)  
 Slarg..slarm.. hvhathghth...

Prymaat pulls him off the vertical mattress and goes to the dresser drawer where she picks out a large roll of bills wrapped in elastic bands.

O.S. There are voices and poundings on the trailer door.

Prymaat pushes a groggy Beldar into the hall and grabs the inter-galactic communicator which she shoves into his arms.

PRYMAAT  
 They are at the portal. We are scrabnord.

Beldar, still shaking cobwebs from his head, foggily appraises the situation, clutches the communicator and hunches down, bracing himself.

46 EXT. TRAILER WALL - NIGHT

46

AN INS AGENT is crouching and making his way along behind the outer wall of the trailer. He hears rustling from inside and freezes.

Suddenly with a splintering CRAAASH the agent is flattened by Beldar bursting through the wall, carrying the communicator, followed by Prymaat.

A CHAIN LINK FENCE--Beldar and Prymaat run along beside it as junkyard guard-dogs on the other side keep pace with them barking noisily until they disappear into the night leaving a trail of dollar bills and electronic components.

47 INT. THE TRAILER - NIGHT

47

Otto is handcuffed as Seedling goes through the effects left behind in the bedroom.

SEEDLING  
 Knowingly employing an illegal alien with a false SSI number is a Class Three felony punishable by up to ten years in prison.

OTTO  
 You know I knew there was something strange about them. Something wrong. Couldn't put my finger on it. I'm glad you people showed up.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

## BELDAR'S FUEL UNDERLORD FLIGHT SUIT

With its cape, black velvet and gold brocade, stripes of rank, starcruiser insignia, and SYMBOL OF THE MOON CLUSTER OF MEEPZOR it is not something one could buy in a costume shop.

## AGENT # 1

No foreign passports, letters, correspondence, newspapers. Nothing to indicate their country of origin except these Mardi Gras suits.

## SEEDLING

Let me see that. Maybe they're Brazilian.

He looks at the flight suit and fingers the silver and emerald metallic/jewelled strands which make up its construction.

## SEEDLING

Hm, interesting.

Another agent produces something and hands it to him.

## AGENT # 2

That symbol also appears on this card.

SEEDLING takes

## A LAMINATED CARD - CLOSE-UP

It is in the bad commercial art style of airplane safety cards but instead depicts a side-crossectioned view of the Conehead star-cruiser with EXIT arrows and small silhouette figures of beings escaping with conical dots for heads.

Remulakian script accompanies the Tri-Moon symbol of the MEEPZOR CLUSTER.

## SEEDLING

Possibly Korean...get this text analyzed.

Seedling looks around disgustedly at the star pad, the shiny clutter and detritus that is normal to the consuming Coneheads on Earth.

## SEEDLING

Look at this filth, human beings don't live this way.

He picks up a large milk carton with bite marks out of it.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

## SEEDLING

Find out where they're from. Wherever  
that is, they're going back there.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

Slowly we begin to hear the sounds of sitars and oogs,  
foreign chatter, the sound of childrens laughter. A song  
coming over a radio somewhere.

FADE IN:

48 INT. TAXI - DAY

48

A STREET AS SEEN FROM BEHIND THE WINDSHIELD. On the  
dashboard next to the computer meter is a licence with a bad  
picture of Beldar, cone chopped off by the frame and dark  
glasses. with his name: Conehead, Beldar Singh. He drives to  
park in front of--

49 EXT. EAST ORANGE, A TRIPLEX - DAY

49

A narrow, shingleboard, five family dwelling, on a tree-  
lined street, with dirt yards. A couple of taxis are parked  
in the front apron. SIKH CHILDREN are playing around the  
grounds.

A cab pulls up and parks, the driver has the seat tilted way  
back. The door opens and Beldar gets out with his briefcase,  
lunchbox and a newspaper. He is wearing a real-looking Sikh  
turban.

He greets the children who mimic his stiff walk down the  
lane-way to the side of the house.

SIDE BASEMENT ENTRANCE--it is marked #3&1/2 and has a label  
over the mailbox:

CONEHEAD.

Beldar enters the subterranean doorway.

50 INT. SUB-BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

50

Beldar enters. He and Prymaat touch cones.

BELDAR

Greetings.

PRYMAAT

Greetings. How was your day ferrying  
humans through the grid?

(CONTINUED)

BELDAR

Acceptable. Tips could have been better.

The door buzzer rings. Beldar cautiously looks out.

BELDAR

It's Khoudri, my employer and our landlord.

He opens the door to admit a huge, seven foot tall Sikh with a raven black moustache and beard net, a purple turban, Lee jean jacket and lime green pantaloons. He is KHOUDRI.

KHOUDRI

Ah Beldar, forgive my intrusion. Ravi's sick can you work the midnight shift. Airport. Use my car.

BELDAR

Certainly. However this is the last triple shift. I must now stand at the side of my mate for the impending birth spasm.

KHOUDRI

Ah yes, the child. Congratulations, this is fantastic. Come. Tonight my family celebrates paying off the mortgage on my taxi medallion. Allow them to have joy from your good fortune as well. You must eat with us.

CUT TO

51 INT. KHOUDRI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

51

CLOSE UP: Beldar is vacuuming in several papadum wafers at high speed. Now he pauses, suddenly aware of his behavior, and stops with a self-conscious, quiet crunch.

Meats and dishes are piled high. Twenty people sit in the spanking clean chrome and linoleum room. Kids run around, a Sikh station plays music on the radio as Khoudri toasts Beldar, praising him to his family.

KHOUDRI

Another toast. To Beldar Singh. Never in the history of the Al Qandr Livery Service has there been a driver with such incomparable stamina. This is a man who routinely works an eighty hour stretch, three and four shifts in the row, no need of sleep. Precision driving

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KHOUDRI (cont'd)  
 without so much as ever a hint of  
 denting or scratches. Known throughout  
 my fleet for avoidance of pot holes, and  
 a car that is invariably sweet smelling.

Beldar nods and acknowledges the praise.

BELDAR  
 Thank-You...I use Mr. Clean.

KHOUDRI  
 (pointing to someone across  
 the table)  
 Not like your cab Bhuttha, the backseat  
 of which has rendered it untouchable.

Bhuttha reacts with a surly frown and an argument in their  
 native language begins heating up amongst the men on various  
 sides of the question.

BELDAR  
 (slurring slightly)  
 Please. Frymaat and I thank you for your  
 kindness.

FRYMAAT  
 Yes we are grateful that you embraced us  
 and assisted our ascendancy to the next  
 level on the human wealth chain.

KHOUDRI  
 Let me impart to you the keys of  
 happiness in this country America. Be  
 your own boss, avoid government  
 entanglement, don't get chained to a  
 desk and for your services.. accept cash  
 only.

BELDAR  
 (drinking, nodding and  
 letting this advice sink in)  
 Be own boss, no desk, cash only.

KHOUDRI  
 To Beldar.

They drink and a large Sikh with his hair in a tall,  
 uncovered Veda cone gives Beldar a hug who then stands to  
 offer a toast. He is inebriated.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

BELDAR

Large deep pigmented people of Earth,  
your weapons are useless, your food is  
spicy. I love your blunt skulls.

PRYMAAT

Sit down. Now.

She drags Beldar down then SUDDENLY there is A TREMENDOUS  
POP AND LIQUID WHOOSH.

PRYMAAT

Ah, my pluarb has broken. The birth  
spasm has begun. Come Beldar.

KITCHEN WIDE--She rises and waddles to the door non-  
chalantly as gallons of water splash to the floor.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL BIRTHING ROOM - NIGHT

52

Prymaat is in a sweaty, excruciatingly painful breathing  
mode screaming.

PRYMAAT

I hate you Beldar! I hate you!

As she crushes his hand which she is holding.

This is a birth scene with special effects rivalling Alien  
and The Exorcist, with the doctors and nurses agape and wide-  
eyed throughout.

PRIVACY PARTITION CURTAINS

Billow in and out with every superhuman breath Prymaat sucks  
in and blows out.

TABLE AND SHEETS become awash with horrifying purple and  
pink, foamy, viscous mucosas and fluids.as the BABY RHINO-  
LIKE BLEATINGS of the NEWBORN, emerging infant cone are  
heard.

DOCTOR

Would you like to cut the umbilical  
cord Mister Conehead?

Beldar nods and grins, showing teeth.

CLOSE-UP: NURSE

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

There is a loud chomping sound O.S. as she registers shock.

CUT TO:

53 INT. INCUBATOR ROOM - DAY

53

TRACKING ALONG TRAYS OF INFANTS--There is a Hispanic, Chinese, white and black CAMERA STOPS at-

CONE INFANT--Awake and lying inside the incubation cabinet

THROUGH THE WINDOWS TO THE HALL OUTSIDE:

Beldar and five Sikhs are pressed against the glass. They pat him on the back, he smiles proudly.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: A TOPOGRAPHICAL MODEL

Depicting the US/Mexican border with little HO size figurines running across the Rio Grande River at El Paso.

54 INT. SEEDLING'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Seedling is behind his desk, listening to a departmental engineer give a pitch.

ENGINEER

...essentially sir, it's a wire, buried along the border from El Paso to Laredo forming an invisible fence. You've seen the ads on TV.

SEEDLING

Uh-huh.

ENGINEER

As the Mexican approaches the border, he hears a high pitched buzzing which warns him to turn back. For those who choose to continue across the actual boundary, well they'll receive a jolt they won't soon forget.

SEEDLING

So you're proposing we collar the entire Mexican population.

ENGINEER

No, no sir, not at all. We'd collar just the deportees.

(CONTINUED)

SEEDLING

I like it. If you can get them to bite down in Southwest Region I'll recommend it to the Commissioner.

The engineer exits with "Thank-You, Sir."

Agent # 1 enters.

AGENT # 1

That's the last appointment today. Here's your checklist Gorman. Call Florida and Oklahoma Detention Centres, look into the fire in the Chinese sweatshops, illegal Greek drywall workers toxic exposure report, sign deportation orders, and update on the De Cicco file.

SEEDLING

What about De Cicco? Anything?

AGENT # 1

(holding up the starcruiser egress card)

We have the analysis from lexcom labs on the card found at the subject's dwelling. No known language, no known script, glyph characters or print within the catalogued foreign nationality encodes.

AGENT # 2

Also the lab did a study of the Mardi Gras costumes. They contained fibres with five wholly unknown polymer strands.

SEEDLING

So what does this mean? They're from another planet?

AGENT # 1

That theory has been advanced sir.

AGENT # 2

Should they in fact be creatures from another planet, isn't that Air Force responsibility?

SEEDLING

If they're just visiting, sure, but the moment they try to work here they're mine.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

He turns to a bulletin board featuring a map with colored pins and two police-style, rough and inaccurate composite sketches of Beldar and Prymaat with their skulls only slightly pointed.

## SEEDLING

I want more agents on this case. We know this pattern of sightings centres around the Sikh neighborhood in East Orange. Get on it.

CUT TO:

55 INT. CONEHEADS' BASEMENT APARTMENT - EVENING

55

Prymaat is nursing the tiny cone baby. Beldar enters from work. He puts his double lunch box down and goes to them.

## BELDAR

Ah your gwayle glep fluids flow freely, the young one nourishes. I am next. Henh-henh.

He makes himself a drink, sits in the broken down la-z-boy and smiles at his mate.

Prymaat smiles proudly back, the little cone moves.

Beldar contemplates this scene and then glances around the peeling, grease-stained walls, the shabby furniture, the bare light bulb.

## BELDAR

This dwelling is no longer acceptable. Even by standards of Earth it is not good enough for you and young Connjaab. We must strive to settle her in a clean, crime-free neighborhood with good schools and a local economic matrix which will not tax us to death. We are no better off than we were two zerls ago.

Prymaat hands him a page from a multiple listing real estate book. A photo is circled.

## PRYMAAT

This fifteen year old ranch-style dwelling available at 6,900 down with an assumable 9 per cent fixed mortgage.

(CONTINUED)

BELDAR

It is suitable, but how? Our currency stock is insufficient.

PRYMAAT

Incorrect, you have been working nights and I have been saving.

She produces from her apron a biker wallet on a chain which she brings up to show Beldar. The wallet is stuffed with a roll of elastic bound bills as large as a coil of theatre tickets.

BELDAR

Ah, I praise you Earthwoman.

Prymaat rises and goes to the changing table, she disconnects the infant.

PRYMAAT

Look, she has your cone Beldar. You should learn how to change her.

BELDAR

Aaanngh..weenngh. I feel like one of the ancient... I have finally become what I always.. aangh..never mind what do I do.

PRYMAAT

Peel the tabs back, wipe her and discard the padded effluent collector..

Beldar opens the diaper, leans over and TWIN JETS of PURPLE baby cone urine, hit him in the face nearly knocking him off his feet.

CUT TO:

56 INT. PARKED CAR - DUSK

56

CLOSE-UP: INS AGENT IN DISGUISE.

He wears face paint, turban and sunglasses with a radio earpiece.

AGENT

(into palm mike)  
Subject vehicle coming your way.

57 EXT. BASEMENT STEPS - NIGHT

57

CLOSE ON ANOTHER DISGUISED AGENT - FEMALE.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

FEMALE AGENT  
Copy. I have him in sight.

58 EXT. KHOUDRI'S TRIFLEX, EAST ORANGE - DUSK 58

Beldar's cab pulls up in front and parks.

A team of disguised agents descends on the car.

The agents forcibly haul out the driver and throw him against the car.

SEEDLING rips the driver's turban off and spins him around to find--

KHOUDRI.

SEEDLING  
It's not them. What's going on here?

KHOUDRI  
(furious)  
Why do you do this grave insult?!!

An agent has grabbed the keys from the cab's ignition and holds them up.

AGENT  
Look at this, sir.

On the chain is the same Tri-Moon and Cone symbol from the flight suit and starcruiser egress card.

SEEDLING  
(holding up symbol)  
Where did you get this key chain?

KHOUDRI  
It is a gift from one of the finest men I've ever known.

SEEDLING  
Where is he?

KHOUDRI  
I don't know, they moved out one week ago (gestures to a Basement Apt. For Rent sign). And I've received no word from them. All I know is Beldar Singh was the best driver we ever had.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

SEEDLING

(frustrated, looking around)

What about you? Let's see your proof of  
alien registration. Your green card.

Khoudri pulls out a card and holds it up with his picture.

KHOUDRI

Citizen, since 1968.

Seedling takes Tri-Moon and Cone symbol/charm off the chain  
and hands the key to Khoudri and turns away disgusted.

SEEDLING

Find this insignia and we find these  
illegals. Come on. let's get out of  
here.

CUT TO:

59 A REAL ESTATE FOR SALE SIGN - CLOSE UP - DAY

59

As two hands put a SOLD STICKER across it.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Beldar and Prymaat standing proudly on the front lawn of a  
small three bedroom ranch-bungalow on a quiet cul-de-sac  
with a used Buick convertible parked in the driveway and a  
sapling on the front lawn.

Beldar puts his arm around Prymaat. They smile happily and  
walk up the front path to the door. pushing a pram with a  
baby cone visible under the shade.

He puts the key in the door and opens it. They exchange an  
affectionate glance, and push the pram into the house.

PRYMAAT

Home.

BELDAR

Primitive, but ours.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

60

LISA FARBER is watering a potted geranium on the patio.  
LARRY FARBER is attempting to start his lawnmower.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Larry, I told you to take that thing to a professional.

LARRY

We shoulda bought an electric one.

Lisa notices activity on the other side of their hedge and looks over to see a CONE bob up.

LISA

Larry, Larry,..did you see that?

Larry looks as the cone drops out of sight and then another one appears. It then drops out and the other one comes up again. This sequence repeats several times.

In tandem ,as one, they drop what they're doing and sneak down the length of their hedge to see what's on the other side--

Beldar and Prymaat, in automatonical fashion are waxing their new car--a big old GM convertible which has crudely lettered signs on the side:

MEEPZOR DRIVING INSTRUCTION ACADEMY  
B. CONEHEAD - OWNER - PILOT  
\$24.00 AN HOUR  
2 HRS. MINIMUM CASH ONLY

LARRY AND LISA

(emerging into the open)

Hiiiiiiyyyyiiii.

This freezes Beldar and Prymaat in mid-action.

BELDAR

What was that?

PRYMAAT

Neighbors.

They lean into each other and confer.

BELDAR

Neighbors.

PRYMAAT

Human neighbors. Will be in close proximity. Primary contact must be positive. Maintain eye contact, exchange names and benevolent demeanour.

(CONTINUED)

They paste on a smile, stand and rush to Larry and Lisa standing much too close to them. The neighbors react with mild apprehension.

BELDAR

Greetings. I am Beldar Conehead. This is Prymaat my geneto-mate.

PRYMAAT

Greetings. I am Prymaat Conehead. This is Beldar, my geneto-mate.

LARRY

I'm Larry and this is Lisa my...geneto-mate.

LISA

Welcome to the neighborhood.

BELDAR

Yes. We are pleased to have acquired our apportioned dwelling zone within the suburban sprawl of this mid- Atlantic quadrant.

LARRY

You know Laurel Hills used to all be farmland.

BELDAR

(turning to Prymaat)  
Farmland?

PRYMAAT

That territory of an agronomy based system where there is transfer of nutrient minerals to selective photo-synthetic lifeforms which are collected and distributed to the populace. See Contour Plowing.

LARRY

So, where are you guys from?

Beldar and Prymaat pause. They look at each other.

BELDAR

France. We come from France.

PRYMAAT

Yes. That's it. France.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

You know I thought I heard an accent.

LARRY

Well, like they say, we're all pink on the inside.

(LAUGHS)

Heh...heh...

There is an awkward pause as Beldar and Prymaat look at each other with a little negative shake of their heads.

PRYMAAT

Allow me to extend the non-specific obligatory, open-ended invitation for you and your geneto-mate to come nextdoor for alco-beverages and absorption of digestive consummables.

LARRY

Sure, sounds great. Got a neat little country club here. How's your handicap?

BELDAR

Handicap?

LISA

Come on Larry. We gotta get going. I want that lawn mowed this weekend.

LARRY

Damn lawnmower won't start. Gotta take it down to the shop again.

Beldar looks over at the lawnmower and goes to it. Farbers follow.

BELDAR

Ah. internal combustion chlorophyll-stalk slicer. There is fuel in the device?

LARRY

Oh, yeah there's plenty of gas, it just won't start.

Beldar bends over and twists out the SPARK PLUG, which he then pops into his mouth and noisily cleans with a mouthwash-type motion. He picks it off his tongue, holds it up to his lips and dries it by blowing with incredible force which sounds like a high pressure air-hose.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

LARRY

Wow.

Beldar replaces the spark plug and gives one tug on the pull start. The engine roars to life.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CONEHEADS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

61

VACUUM CLEANER BRUSH HEAD - CLOSE-UP

SFX: POWER SUCK

TRAVEL UP WAND AND HOSE TO - PRYMAAT

Sucking in the dirt.

The door BUZZER sounds. Prymaat stops vacuuming

PRYMAAT

Beldar, front portal annunciator.

BELDAR

(O.S.)

I'll get it.

Beldar goes to the door passing a SLAR CRIB WITH BABY CONNIE-vertical, with a cut out Coneshape. The six month-old baby looks content.

FRONT HALL

Beldar opens the door, revealing a matronly woman in her fifties, WITNESS #2, and a conservatively dressed thin, blond blue-eyed male, WITNESS #1, in his late twenties. They carry Bibles.

WITNESS #1

Hello there. We just stopped by to introduce ourselves.

BELDAR

Yes.

WITNESS #2

We attend the Kingdom Hall on Cove Neck Road.

BELDAR

Ah. Next to the dry cleaners across from Seven-Eleven.

(CONTINUED)

WITNESS #2

Exactly.

WITNESS #1

May I ask you a question?

BELDAR

Proceed.

WITNESS #1

Do you agree that the world is headed towards a terrible calamity?

BELDAR

Yes. Most definitely. I have direct personal knowledge that this is so.

WITNESS #2

Oh good. May we come in?

BELDAR

Of course, enter. Assume comfort.

He admits them to the living room.

BELDAR

(as Prymaat enters)

My mate, Prymaat.

PRYMAAT

Greetings. Please sit.

The witnesses sit.

WITNESS #2

You just moved into the neighborhood?

BELDAR

Correct.

WITNESS #2

How nice.

BELDAR

What do you know about the doom awaiting this planet?

WITNESS #2

As Witnesses we believe that the end of the world is approaching and that only 144,000 people will be saved.

(CONTINUED)

PRYMAAT

Enh. I do not think it will be that many.

WITNESS #1

No, the Bible clearly tells us that 144,000 will be saved.

BELDAR

That is a very optimistic estimate. Considering the primitive weapons the Earth people will use for their defense.

PRYMAAT

Some of the Earth weapons are not so useless.

BELDAR

Mehs. Drop it.

WITNESS #2

When that time comes, no weapon of this Earth shall avail mankind.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT

Correct.

WITNESS #1

Would you like to visit our place of worship some time?

BELDAR

Negative. It is time for my geneto-mate and I to return to our basement guz chamber to re-new our slar phase.

WITNESS #1

Okay, it's been nice meeting with you, here's a copy of Watchtower and please feel free to come to Kingdom Hall.

BELDAR

Thank you, you must leave now. Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye.

He and Prymaat herd the Witnesses out bumping them with their chests. Together they chant -- "Thank you, good-bye, thank you, thank you, good-bye, good-bye."

PRYMAAT

Odd humans, but in some ways more advanced than most.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

## BELDAR

Perhaps on the day of our return in a fleet of battlecruisers, as I begin the decimation of the human population with our quovium cannon we will try to cease the slaughter at that figure.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

MUSIC - KODACHROME, PAUL SIMON

HOME MOVIE STYLE MONTAGE - CONNIE GROWING UP

62 EXT. CONEHEADS' BACKYARD - DAY

62

Beldar tosses the Baby Connie high in the air. Very high.

63 EXT. BEACH - DAY

63

Beldar has built an amazing sandcastle which resembles landscape from another planet--Termite-like clusters of dwellings around a central Cone cathedral.

They are dressed as a typical summer family. Visors, sunglasses, loud shirts, shorts. Bulging veins on Beldar's legs. Prymaat applies SPF 40 to Connie's three-year old cone as the child stomps happily on one corner of the construction.

64 EXT. MCDONALD'S TAKE-OUT WINDOW - DAY

64

Beldar receives a massive order consisting of twelve bags.

65 INT. THEIR CAR, BACKSEAT - DAY

65

THREE YEAR OLD CONNIE immediately rips open a Happy Meal to retrieve the small-colored, rubberized Hamburgler figurines which she immediately devours.

CONNIE'S POV: Her parents proudly turn and lean in to look at her. Their cones fit perfectly into the symmetry of the Golden Arches.

66 INT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - DAY

66

SEVEN YEAR-OLD CONNIE, with friends, blows out the birthday candles. Her lung power sends the cake into the wall on the opposite side of the room causing the Farbers to duck.

67 INT SCHOOL AMPHITHEATRE - NIGHT

67

TWELVE YEAR-OLD CONNIE in synch with two other girls as they PAS-DE-BOURREE across the stage in a primary school version of Swan Lake.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. CONEHEADS' STREET - DUSK (IN THE FALL)

68

A HARLEY WITH SIDECAR - SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY

Beldar drives, Frymaat and a TWELVE-year old Connie ride in the sidecar. They all wear conical custom sparkle-painted helmets with long chin straps.

They motor quietly down their block responding to the waves of the neighbors with nods and friendly hand gestures.

They acknowledge a lady filling a bird feeder.

Beldar turns into his driveway.

BIKE'S TOUR TRUNK--A bumper sticker is affixed to it: HELMET LAWS SUCK.

Beldar pulls out his Genie remote control garage opener, points it at the garage and pushes it several times. It doesn't work so he looks around furtively and tips his cone.

The garage door opens with a blue crackle. He drives the bike in and the door closes behind them.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER LEGEND: SEVEN ZERLS LATER

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. THE CONEHEADS' HOUSE, WIDE - EARLY MORNING

69

There are changes. The house has an addition to the second floor above the garage, all in applied cedar shake shingles. There is a new convertible, a second car with a sunroof and the sapling has turned into a tree.

There are flower beds, a mini-windmill and a satellite dish in the backyard. The roof is covered completely by smaller TV aerials and a couple of satellite dishes.

The door opens and Beldar steps out in pajamas, furtively looking to the left and to the right. He has put on a little weight and has grown a moustache. He bends over, picks up the morning newspaper and steps back inside.

70 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

70

CLOSE-UP: TOASTER ON THE COUNTER. It is a six-slice restaurant model. Out of it pops pieces of TOASTED JUNK MAIL, publishers' clearing house etc...

Female hands with wedding rings and pink nail polish pluck the mail out and butter it.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Prymaat is wearing her housecoat and slippers. The buttered, scorched mail is added to a pile on the table which joins mounds of Eggos, Pop Tarts, sausage links and bacon strips. She sits and picks up her part of the newspaper. Beldar reads and eats rapidly.

PRYMAAT

What is a seven letter word for a tomb in ancient Egypt which is a quadrilateral masonry mass having smooth steeply sloping sides meeting at an apex?

BELDAR

A Flindar.

CONNIE, heir young teenage daughter enters the kitchen. She is a nineties teen--smart and sexy. Very attractive, with a nice body. A high school letter jacket is draped around her shoulders.

CONNIE

Morning Mom, Morning Dad.

BELDAR

Dawn greetings young one. What is that cloak you are wearing with the single glyph?

CONNIE

It's Ronnie Guestsetter's letter jacket.

BELDAR

Letter jacket?

PRYMAAT

Letter jacket. A garment blended from cloven-hooved mammals' by-products. leather and wool. Awarded to young humans to recognize athletic excellence.

(CONTINUED)

BELDAR

But if it is Ronnie's, why are you wearing it?

CONNIE

Well it was cold yesterday and he lent it to me.

BELDAR

You have garments of your own which I have purchased at great expense. This increased familiarity with the human Ronnie is ill-advised.

CONNIE

You don't like him because he's a blunt skull.

BELDAR

Maintain low tones with me. Maintain low tones. Now remove the letter jacket.

She reluctantly takes off the coat to reveal a midi-sweater, short-skirt and black stockings.

BELDAR

Meb's! Meb's! Unacceptable!! Return to your guz chamber and change immediately.

CONNIE

What's wrong with what I'm wearing.

BELDAR

You look like a common flathrag on payday.

CONNIE

(looking for support)

Mom!!

PRYMAAT

I think she looks fine.

CONNIE

I'll bet Daddy would like you in this.

BELDAR

Meb's! I would not.

Prymaat smiles, thinks, then the smile drops. Now there is a knock at the back door.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

That's Ronnie. Let him in while I get my books.

She exits as Prymaat opens the kitchen door and admits RONNIE GUESTSETTER.

PRYMAAT

Greetings Ronnie.

RONNIE

Hi.

(to Beldar super-respectfully)  
Hi Mister Conehead.

BELDAR

(deliberately engrossed in paper)

Hmmm.

RONNIE

So...what's in the news?

BELDAR

Incompetence, corruption, the grasp of technology exceeds mankind's responsibility. human folly.

RONNIE

Right.

CUT TO:

71 INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - DAY

71

CLOSE-UP: A SIGN--IMMIGRATION AFFAIRS SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE

SENATOR (O.S.)

...now Deputy Commissioner Seedling before this committee can recommend your appointment to the position of Commissioner, there are still several questions regarding your tenure as Mid-Atlantic Bureau Chief which we'd like answered.

A panel of senators is confronting Seedling and his staff. They are older, some gray, more prosperous and powerful.

SEEDLING

Senator, that was a long time ago. A very busy office. I won't be able to recall everything that came across my desk there.

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR

How about case number 889343-B. The so-called De Cicco file, wherein you authorized the expenditure of two hundred thousand to apprehend what you believed was an illegal alien from another planet...a spaceman.

SEEDLING

(an adviser leans in to remind him)

Yes sir. I do remember that case.

SENATOR

So you're telling us you wasted several hundred thousand dollars unsuccessfully chasing one individual.

Seedling leans over and whispers something to his two staffers which sends them scurrying out of the room.

SEEDLING

Actually there were two individuals Senator and the case is still open. I never said on the record that they were spacemen, but I believe when we make that apprehension, the expense will be well justified.

CUT TO:

A DOOR - CLOSE-UP, WITH A SIGN - DEPUTY COMMISSIONER INS

This is pushed open...

72 INT. SEEDLING'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

72

A larger, better-appointed, wood-panelled suite with red leather upholstery. Seedling storms into the office, furiously throwing his briefcase into the corner. He is followed by quavering aides who carry armloads of files.

SEEDLING

I can't believe my promotion is being held up by that piece of crap De Cicco case. Put the whole file back into the system. Flag it at Red Levels. That guy is out there somewhere and he is going to make a mistake. When he does we'll nail him.

He angrily slaps the contents of the file and they spread over his desk, the composite drawings, surveillance reports

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

and the Tri-Moon Cone symbol charm from Khoudri's key chain.  
From this--

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. BELDAR'S NEW CAR (SATURN) - DRIVER'S DOOR - DAY

73

SIGN ON THE SIDE--The same Tri-Moon and Cone symbol with  
lettering:

MEEPZOR PRECISION DISCOUNT DRIVING SCHOOL  
BECOME AN EXPERT EASILY  
NEW HANDS ON-DUAL CONTROLS  
PILOT PRECISION METHOD  
LOW RATES - CASH ONLY B.CONEHEAD - PROP.

74 INT. SATURN - DAY

74

Beldar is in the passenger seat with his arms folded. His  
client Gladys Johnson is overly cautious and nervous.

GLADYS

Oh Beldar, I just know I'm going to  
fail this test again. Maybe if I have  
one more lesson with you tomorrow...?

BELDAR

Mrs. Johnson, I think you and I both  
know I have taught you everything there  
is about guiding this craft.

GLADYS

Yes, I know, it's as if you've  
controlled me completely.

75 EXT. SATURN - DAY

75

It changes lanes. The curb side of the road is under  
construction and is marked with a row of highway cones.

BELDAR

There are infrastructure reparations on  
our right. Proceed with caution.

GLADY

(dreamy)

Anything you say.

She clips a cone with a front bumper.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

BELDAR

Eeengh!!

GLADYS

You know I like it when you watch me drive.

She clips another cone.

BELDAR

Eeeeengh!!

GLADYS

Sometimes I feel as if you've been instructing me all my life.

A trio of cones gets crushed.

BELDAR

Eeeenggh!!!

76 EXT. PARKING LOT, MEEPZOR DRIVING ACADEMY - DAY 76

The Saturn pulls in and parks.

77 INT. SATURN - DAY 77

GLADYS

I just don't think I'm ready for the test yet.

He leans into her eyes at inordinately close range.

BELDAR

Gladys! Look at me!

ON THEM - CLOSE UP

GLADYS

Ooooh, yes.

BELDAR

I am your teacher. You are my student. It is natural that you harbor certain feelings for me as your driving instructor, but you must understand nothing can come of this.

GLADYS

Well, if that's the way you feel I suppose...I understand.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

She gets out of the car with a tear in her eye.

BELDAR

Fifty-eight US dollars, please.

GLADYS

You are one of the finest men I have ever met.

Beldar nods patiently and accepts the money.

BELDAR

(sighs)

When my species comes to rule your planet, your name will be on the protected roles and you will not come to harm.

GLADYS

You're wise. But there's a sadness to your wisdom.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT

78

Ronnie's Camaro pulls up. The engine turns off. The lights go out but no one gets out of the car.

79 INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

79

Ronnie snuggles in, puts his arm around Connie and slowly brings his hand up along her ear to her temple.

CONNIE

Ronnie don't, please don't.

He stops moving hand.

RONNIE

When Connie? You know how I feel. I won't say anything to anyone.

He brings his hand up to the base of her cone and leans in with series of playful nips.

She lets out an involuntary moan.

CONNIE

Stoppp Ronnie. I'm not ready.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

RONNIE

Oh you're ready.

He puts both hands on her cone and starts to lick above her forehead. Connie grabs both his wrists and with supercone force flings his arms back so that he hits the driver's door.

CONNIE

Goodnight Ronnie.

She gets out.

80 INT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT

80

Connie enters and sees her mother reading magazines in the living room.

PRYMAAT

Greetings young one. How was your date?

CONNIE

Dad was right. Earth boys only care about one thing.

PRYMAAT

You mean Ronnie was behaving like a flairndep.

CONNIE

Flairndep.

PRYMAAT

An uninvited grasper of cone, a masher, a hustler.

Beldar is doing bills on his PC at the dining room table and is sitting straight up in his chair wide-eyed having overheard everything.

BELDAR

Flairndep.

81 INT. RONNIE'S CAMARO - NIGHT

81

He is in the process of putting the car in gear and driving off. Pressing the gas pedal he realizes he is not moving. Looking up he sees something in the rearview mirror--

HIS POV: Beldar is holding back the car by its rear bumper, causing the tires to spin and smoke.

82 EXT. RONNIE'S CAMARO - NIGHT

82

Beldar comes around to Ronnie.

RONNIE  
(muffled voice)  
Hi, Mister Conehead.

Beldar grabs the front left corner of the car's roof and peels it back like a sardine can.

BELDAR  
I find you unacceptable!

RONNIE  
Yes sir.

BELDAR  
If I did not fear incarceration by human authority figures I would terminate your life functions by applying sufficient pressure on your blunt to cause collapse.

RONNIE  
Thank-You.

83 INT. CONEHEADS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

83

Beldar re-enters.

BELDAR  
Do not worry about the flairndep Ronnie. You will not see him within the Laurel Hills quadrant again.

CONNIE  
I can't believe you did that. You've ruined my life.

BELDAR  
Young one when we return to Remulak, all this will seem like--

CONNIE  
I don't care about Remulak. That stupid starcruiser is never coming anyway.

She exits upstairs.

BELDAR  
But I...she said...I...thought...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

PRYMAAT

I will attend to the young one.

As she exits Beldar returns to his PC, mumbling and cursing to himself in Remulak looking very confused.

84 INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

84

A typical teenage girl's bedroom. Slightly messy. Among the posters on the wall are Luke Perry, Spin Doctors, One World One Choice, Star Trek: Next Generation. Sugar Loaf Mountain.

Connie is lying on the bed facing the wall. Prymaat knocks politely on the door with a rapid cone knock.

CONNIE

Come in.

CLOSE-UP: CONNIE'S FACE ON THE PILLOW

A few electric GREEN TEARS roll down her cheek onto a wet green stain on the pillow. Prymaat approaches, sits on the bed and gently puts her hand on Connie.

PRYMAAT

You know Connie. I read in a magazine you can talk to me about anything.

CONNIE

Mummy, what does it feel like to hone?

PRYMAAT

Well, for me, the first time, it happened so fast I hardly knew I had honed at all. Oh my young one, your cone is changing and you feel unsure.

CONNIE

Aw, you've been married to Daddy so long, how would you know what it's like?

PRYMAAT

I was a young cone my self once. Before I met Beldar I was very attached to a strong young Thorasian forger and as far as I was concerned there was no other life force in the universe that mattered. But then he got a job working in a volcano complex on some moon in the Butumius Cluster. I never saw him again and it broke my blood-valve chamber. I got over it and it all worked out for the best because I met your father.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

CONNIE

Wow I never...I love you Mom.

PRYMAAT

The currents of chromobonding between  
you and your parental units are infinite.

Prymaat touches her cone tip to Connie's.

CUT TO:

85 INT. SPRINGSTEEN HIGH-SCHOOL, SWIMMING POOL COMPLEX - DAY

85

A big splash as a student diver enters the water. The crowd  
in the bleachers applauds politely. A diving meet is in  
progress.

COACH

(talks quietly to Connie  
psyching her up for a high  
dive)

...so you must visualize it first, while  
concentrating fully, you execute a one  
and a half flip with a twist and have  
the head and the body enter the water  
with as small a splash as possible.

Connie ascends the tower.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT IN THE CROWD

Beldar nods and gives Connie an encouraging look. The school  
principal is in the crowd behind them, she leans to talk.

PRINCIPAL

You must be so proud of Connie She's  
very popular. An outstanding student.  
You must have started her reading at a  
young age?

BELDAR

Correct, We are firm believers in pre-  
natal absorption of great literary works  
(Prymaat looks at him)  
in France.

PRINCIPAL

I don't think I've ever seen you at the  
PTA meetings. I'm sure I would have  
remembered you. Are you on any  
committees yet?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Beldar groans under his breath.

ON THE HIGH DIVING BOARD--

Connie performs the dive perfectly, her cone perpendicular to the water. There is no splash. Huge cheer from the bleachers.

Ronnie watches her admiringly.

COACH AND CONNIE:

She gets out of the pool and the coach puts a towel around her.

COACH

That was terrific. You've got one more dive.

They pass where Ronnie's sitting. He gets up to talk to her.

RONNIE

You were great. I'm sorry about the other night. I was a real jerk. OK?

She ignores him and walks away.

BELDAR, PRYMAAT AND THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL--

PRINCIPAL

Connie's our best hope for the state championship finals.

BELDAR

Correct. We believe this also.

PRINCIPAL

You know we still need parent volunteers for the homecoming committee.

Prymaat and Beldar look at each other.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT

Homecoming..Home..Coming.. Home.. Coming Homecoming.

86 EXT. SEA OFF FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

86

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ELECTRONIC LOUD HAILER/BULLHORN

(CONTINUED)

## AMPLIFIED VOICE

Lay by and put about. Lay by and put about.

WIDEN to reveal: it is Seedling.

## SEEDLING

Attention, return to your port of embarkation.

A rusty, small-size, iron-bottom tramp steamer tosses in the bright azure waters the decks overflowing with Haitian refugees.

## COAST GUARD CUTTER - TOPDECK

This is Seedling's vantage as he stands haranguing the refugees in his blue nylon INS warm-up jacket.

Lettering above his left-hand pocket declares him to be: DEPUTY COMMISSIONER SEEDLING.

He has a different kind of vacuum-puff hairstyle, graying a bit and wears wire eye-glasses now.

## SEEDLING

(through bullhorn)

There is no work for you in the United States! You have no job skills, you'll be a drag on our economy.! We appreciate your situation but we have problems of our own.!

A COAST GUARD COMMANDER comes up.

## CG COMMANDER

Deputy Commissioner Seedling. A FAX on the secure channel for you.

The Coast Guardsman hands him an envelope. Seedling opens it and takes out--

## CLOSEUP - FAX

It is a color laser copy of a sheet from the new Yellow Pages phone directory for East Central New Jersey. It is stamped in red:

US/DOJ/INS/DC SEEDLING ONGOING FILE/GRAPHIC SCAN

SEARCH/COMPARISON/SIMILARITY CONICAL SYMBOL

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

NEW PUBLISHING CENTRAL NJ NYNEX COMMERCIAL DIRECTORY PAGE  
1367 DRIVING SCHOOLS

There is a Yellow Pages -style commercial art picture of  
Beldar's fleet.

"Meepzor Driving School. Now Five Brand New Saturns - Dual  
Control Cars"

"College Educated Instructors"

And the Meepzor Cluster Symbol from the Starcruiser egress  
card.

ON SEEDLING - CLOSE

He looks up, the sea spraying across his glinting deter-  
mined look.

SEEDLING

Take me to the radio room.

CUT TO:

87 INT. BELDAR & PRYMAAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

87

TWO SHOT:

Beldar and Prymaat are in bed. From the looks of things,  
Prymaat has adapted their lives to earth standards. The slar  
pad is now a bed with a head board, which has been cut out  
to accomodate their cones. Beldar is reclined with the  
covers pulled up. Prymaat reads a "Mc Call's" magazine with  
Julia Roberts on the cover.

PRYMAAT

Is the light keeping you awake.

BELDAR

No.

Prymaat flips a page or two. Then...

Prymaat sighs heavily. Beldar says nothing.

Prymaat sighs again.

Beldar rolls his eyes in her direction.

BELDAR

Your breathing has become erratic.  
(beat)

A torg for your thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

PRYMAAT

I am troubled about Connie. I fear that her relationship with Ronnie is unresolved.

BELDAR

It is finished, Prymaat. I am sure. Now, rest well.

PRYMAAT

I sense she still has strong feelings for him.

BELDAR

She will get over those feelings as he will get over his feelings for her. Believe me, all male feelings eventually die or mutate. And when there is another available female, he will go to her. Now. I must rest.

PRYMAAT

So, this is the way with all males.  
(beat)  
Beldar, are you contented with me?

BELDAR

Why should I not be? Please, I would now like to enter my slar phase.

PRYMAAT

Let us suppose for some reason, my life functions ceased. What would you do?

BELDAR

I would incinerate your carcass in the tradition of Ovahdar and put it in a clean dry place.

PRYMAAT

No. I mean, you. What would you do?

BELDAR

Uh...  
(He senses this is a trick question.)

PRYMAAT

Would you find a new geneto-mate? Would your male feelings mutate for the next available female. Would you find a younger mate to bring to our guz chamber and propogate?

(CONTINUED)

BELDAR

(now he has the answer)

Ah, my most precious one. I would collapse. I would draw the shades and live in the dark. I would never get out of my slar pad - or clean myself. My fluids would coagulate, my cone would shrivel, and I would die miserable and lonely. The stench would be great.

PRYMAAT

Oh, Beldar, you've made me very happy.

BELDAR

Yes. I know. Good night.

THE CAMERA pulls back and rotates. We see that the Colonial bed is actually mounted against the wall--a cone slar pad.

88 EXT. GRASS KNOLL - DAY

88

A Cone appears above the horizon, there is a loud THWACK! followed by a spray of SAND.

BELDAR

MEBS!

89 EXT. GOLF COURSE, CLUBHOUSE TURN - DAY

89

Beldar finally blasts his way out of a sand bunker. He walks out and joins Larry on the move.

LARRY

So Conehead if I sink this one I'm four behind you at the turn.

BELDAR

Incorrect, five behind. You lost a stroke when your ball dropped into the fluid mass.

We see Ronnie caddying for a visiting guest.

RONNIE

Hi Mister Conehead. Way to blast out of the bunker huh? It's me Ronnie, I hope you didn't cut yourself when you tore open my car. I'm fine.

BELDAR

Yes, no problem, thank you good-bye.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Beldar ignores him and sinks a putt.

90 EXT. COURSE, NEXT TEE - DAY

90

Beldar tees up.

RONNIE

How's your daughter Connie?

VISITING GUEST

GOLFER

Kid. Get those clubs over here.

RONNIE

Hey Mister Conehead. I'm miserable. I feel so bad for what I did. It's like somebody's ripping my guts out. She won't take my call.

Beldar has his back to Ronnie and laughs to himself enjoying this.

GUEST GOLFER

(approaching them)

Kid, I'm not paying you to yak. Hey you what's with the head? Ha! Ha! Ha!

LARRY

Forget him. He's not a member.

Beldar swings and launches the ball tearing out a divot the size of a turkey platter.

CLOSE-UP: MAGAZINE COVER, REDBOOK--THE SEX DIET, REKINDLING PASSION AFTER FORTY, SEVENTEEN WAYS TO PUT THE MAGIC BACK INTO MARRIAGE--HOW TO KEEP HIM INTERESTED.

A hand reaches in picks this up and tosses it into--

SHOPPING BASKET--Other magazines with similar subject matter are piled atop a mound of Eggos and dental floss.

Prymaat pushes her cart along automatically and turns a corner.

ECU-THRU TELEPHOTO LENS - SFX: MOTOR DRIVE

The Tri-Moon and Cone symbol on the door of the driving school car. This shot moves to capture--

91 EXT. WALMART - DAY 91  
 PRYMAAT GETTING INTO THE CAR

CUT TO:

92 INT. LOCKERS - MEN'S SHOWER ROOM - DAY 92  
 Beldar recognizes other members.

BELDAR  
 Harv...Ron...how are you.

RON  
 Beldar, what's happening.

HARV  
 Hey Conehead how's it going.

BELDAR  
 Fine, I am fine.

He undresses.

93 INT. SHOWER ROOM, WIDE - DAY 93  
 Several men are taking a shower. We see Beldar enter naked from behind.

His rear is a solid, round, rumpulous expanse of smooth, pink, shaved skin with no crease or crack and two spotted giraffe-like knobules above each glute.

As Beldar passes some other men, one looks down at what's in front and his expression betrays that he has just glanced for a second at something unusual.

94 INT. CONEHEADS' KITCHEN - DAY 94  
 CLOSE-UP SIX-SLICE TOASTER, WITH LIT CANDLES ON TOP

Beldar enters with his golf clubs and finds that the whole room is filled with glowing, lit tapers.

He goes to the fridge to find a note on the door.

NOTE--CONSUME ALCO-BEVERAGE, COME GET ME-

Beldar gives out a puzzled "Enh?" and opens the door to discover a fishbowl with bluish liquid, lots of cherries and a mini-parasol.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

BELDAR

Ah, Mai-Tai. I will enjoy it.

He leaves the kitchen and enters-

95 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

95

He follows the path of candles and sees a gallon jar of baby oil.

PRYMAAT- POSED SEDUCTIVELY ON THE SOFA WEARING SEXY LINGERIE AND GARTER BELT ON HER CONE-

PRYMAAT

(twirling a senso-ring)

Greetings Earthman.

BELDAR

Hanhwanhanh?

PRYMAAT

It is good to hone in places other than the guz chamber before slar phase.

BELDAR

Who said?

PRYMAAT

Ladies Home Journal.

She makes her version of a sex kitten sound and it comes out like a roar. Beldar bolts back his drink, his cone exhibits a singular RIPPLE like it swallowed something.

96 INT. SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

96

DOWN THE CONEHEADS' STREET--A couple of INS agents are taking pictures of the house and recording the activities within.

CLOSE-UP: SOUND METERS - SFX: CONE LOVE SOUNDS

The noises from the amorous Coneheads are driving the needles into the red zones.

Agent tears off the headphones.

AGENT

What are they doing in there?

A phone rings, the other agent picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

## OTHER AGENT

Comdec Three, go ahead. Yes sir.. We've got them. Roger. I understand.

(hanging up phone)

That was Seedling. His plane lands at Teterboro in ten minutes. He says send in special analysis unit now.

97 INT. CONEHEADS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

97

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT LYING ON THE FLOOR AGAINST THE SOFA

Their cones still glow red and pulse faintly. Beldar is smoking an entire pack of cigarettes.

BELDAR

That was very acceptable.

SFX: THE DOOR BUZZER.

PRYMAAT

The portal annunciator, you get it.

Beldar pulls on his robe and Prymaat whirls once very rapidly to blow out the candles.

98 INT. CONEHEADS' FRONT HALL, DOORWAY - DAY

98

An African American-woman, Agent DELGLESSE and a man Agent TURNBULL are on the front step. They are both wearing black suits.

BELDAR

Greetings!

DELGLESSE

Are you Mister Connhead?

BELDAR

Conehead. Yes. I am Beldar. Who are you? Identify yourselves.

TURNBULL

(producing credentials)

I'm Eli Turnbull and this is Agent Sylvia Delglesse. We're with the Internal Revenue Service and we'd like to ask you a few questions if you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

BELDAR  
Very well, enter.

99 INT. CONEHEADS' LIVING ROOM - DAY 99

Prymaat has changed clothes.

BELDAR  
My wife Prymaat.

He laughs nervously at his own small talk.

PRYMAAT  
Sit. I will prepare the customary host edibles for strangers invited into the domicile.

TURNBULL  
No thanks, The reason we're here is that we have some tax questions.

BELDAR  
Proceed.

DELGLESSE  
(refers to clipboard)  
It says here you are currently "self-employed" with your own driving school business.

BELDAR  
Correct.

TURNBULL  
And last year you had a net income of seventy-five thousand dollars all cash. On which after personal and business deductions you paid twenty thousand dollars tax.

BELDAR  
Correct. Twenty thousand too much. Henh, henh...aangh.

Prymaat enters with a metal table on castor wheels bearing, five packs of potato chips, packs of beer, candy bars, Tang foil pack juice pouches, peanuts, pretzels, snack items of every description.

PRYMAAT  
Enjoy strangers as we provide you with the customary offering. We invite you to consume the apportioned quantities.

(CONTINUED)

Beldar starts in eating a whole bag of chips and drinking a six-pack.

DELGLESSE

I just had lunch, thanks.

TURNBULL

No thanks.

The two investigators exchange a look of trepidation.

Prymaat picks up a couple of Tang jars and pops the lids off, pouring the powder into her gaping mouth.

TURNBULL

(fishing)

You like that Tang. The breakfast drink the astronauts took to the Moon.

CONNIE, BELDAR

AND PRYMAAT

Astronauts to the Moon..heh..heh heh...

TURNBULL

Ok, back to taxes. Now according to our records you only began filing income taxes in 1985. Where were you beforethat...where did you come from?

PRYMAAT

France. We come from France.

BELDAR

Yes. France.

TURNBULL

I take it your daughter was born here.

BELDAR

Yes. She is native to your plan--uh--uh--country.

TURNBULL

Eh vous parlez encore ici en Amerique?  
Le francais?

BELDAR

Oui. Absolument. Mais c'est difficile a practiquer dans cette ville. Ils ne sont pas beaucoup des Francais continentales a New Jersey.

(CONTINUED)

TURNBULL  
Eh vous aussis?

PRYMAAT  
Oui. Voulez-vous consommez d'autre  
quantities en masse.

Connie enters the the front door into the living room.

CONNIE  
Bonjour Mummy, Daddy.

BELDAR  
Bonjour. Jeune fille.

Connie exits upstairs

100 INT. CONEHEADS' UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 100

Connie is walking to her room she passes a door behind which  
is loud electronic beeping and waveband shrieks.

She opens the door to--

101 INT. CONEHEADS' EXTRA BEDROOM - DAY 101

A room not in use, storage only. Piled high with paper,  
boxes of stocking caps , magazines, and a shape under a dust-  
covered sheet which is winking and pulsing with chasing  
lights.

THE COMMUNICATOR  
SCARLAB..MODTRUBIUM ..BELDAR

Prymaat takes the sheet off and sees fleeting multi-colored  
hash waves. Connie drops her books and runs down stairs.

CONNIE  
Ennhh...

102 INT. CONEHEADS' LIVING ROOM - DAY 102

The investigators are asking questions.

TURNBULL  
What's this thirty ounces of titanium  
powder you ordered?

Connie enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Dad, phone call for you.

BELDAR

Please inform the caller, I am in mid-conversation with two human authority figures and will return his call at my next convenience.

CONNIE

The big phone, Daddy. Upstairs. The one you never use.

BELDAR

Anh.. big..phone? There is no such devi--  
Big Pho-ohne...aaannggh!!

He gets up and lifts Turnbull out of his chair.

BELDAR

Thank-You, I hope you humans enjoyed your visit, you must come again sometime, now you are leaving.

TURNBULL

Actually we're not finished with our questioning. You see there's the matter of the social security number you've been using. It doesn't exist.

BELDAR

I think you are done with your questioning.

Turnbull pulls out IRS ID badge and credentials.

TURNBULL

No, I don't think so Mister Conehead. I'm a federal agent.

Beldar gets superclose to him.

BELDAR

Am I under arrest?

TURNBULL

No. Not yet. But you will be if you don't cooperate...

Beldar grabs, takes a bite out of, chews and eats a piece of the agent's credentials, hands him back the remnants, picks him up by the collar and seat of the pants for a classic bum's rush out the front door. Prymaat escorts the lady agent out the same way. They slam the door on the intruders.

103 INT. CONEHEADS' EXTRA BEDROOM - DAY

103

Beldar, Prymaat and Connie are in front of the communicator. The Remulak Communications System logo and alien easy-listening music comes up then the image depicts--

ON THE COMMUNICATOR--

A chair on a platform with orecruiser interior in the B.G. (BLUE SCREEN). A Captain sits robed in the control seat. (He is the real Captain Hazelwood of Exxon Valdez, now in cone).

CAPTAIN

Greetings... (consults clipboard) Beldar..I am Captain Haazellwaalgh speaking to you from on board the Remulakian Crogolium Freighter Tzymonn Klairnst. Have just entered your solar system and should be over your orbital coordinates within one sixth of your planet's di-urnal rotation.

PRYMAAT

Four hours.

BELDAR

Mébs! Mébs! Urgent warning! Human authority figures have discovered our identity, and it will become increasingly difficult to avoid capture Do not delay.

104 INT. SURVEILLANCE TRUCK, DAY - THE AGENTS

104

They are recording everything.

105 INT. CONEHEADS' BEDROOM - DAY

105

CLOSE-UP: COMMUNICATOR SCREEN

CAPTAIN

Keep your farthite crystal on tracking pulse and we will retrieve you from your location.

The device shuts off.

BELDAR

At last our rescue vessel is coming My young one you will finally see the joys of your home planet.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Ronnie. I've got to tell Ronnie.

BELDAR

Irrational, unacceptable, impossible.  
You will tell no one. We must not be  
separated. It is essential we all be  
near the tracking crystal when the  
moment arrives.

PRYMAAT

It is urgent we continue with our social  
obligations so as not arouse suspicion.  
In this matter we must defer to  
father's judgement. The balthark is  
about to hit the spinning krynor.

CUT TO:

106 INT. SURVEILLANCE TRUCK DOWN THE STREET FROM THE CONEHEADS'  
HOUSE - DAY

106

TURNBULL

He ate my badge.

SEEDLING looks at the chewed-up piece of ID Turnbull hands  
him and then back at him.

He and a couple of other agents in SWAT gear have maps of  
Jersey, the county, town, street and house lot marked off  
and surrounded in a cluster of red yellow and black pins, all  
spread out on the hood of the truck and blown up,  
surveillance photos of Beldar and his family along with  
blueprinted anatomical cross-sections of what they might  
look like dissected.

AGENT

Well what do you think? Are they from  
another planet?

TURNBULL

If they're not we should nuke France  
right away.

SEEDLING

We just heard they're planning an  
escape in four hours with the assistance  
of others. We'll be there to catch the  
lot of them.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

DELGLESSE

Sir, this might be bigger than us..  
Shouldn't we alert the Pentagon.

SEEDLING

No. This is the greatest bag in the  
history of the Service. I want to handle  
it personally.

107 INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

107

She is lying on the bed, crying into her pillow. A picture  
of Ronnie on the night table beside her.

Beldar enters.

BELDAR

May I enter.

CONNIE

No, go away.

He quietly pulls up a chair, sits next to her. and gently  
strokes her cone.

BELDAR

Oh, my precious young cone, my  
infinitely valuable incarnation of a  
being greater than all others to me who  
shares your molecular fibres and  
waveforms., you believe I am unaware of  
your feelings about our eminent return  
to Remulak. It is not true. My pain has  
been grievous watching you grow up on  
this savage planet your young optic  
receptacles never having absorbed the  
sacred peaks of Aardsnaap, the Crater of  
Culdroth, the Margziod Labyrinthe. Never  
having chewed the gelato spheres at the  
Festival of Butumius, tasted a garthok  
nor touched the mane of a brazen keeper  
of the Glairb.

CONNIE

I know Daddy I would like to see all  
those things with you, but I know you  
don't believe me but I'm in love with  
Ronnie.

Beldar emits a primal, painful cone groan, like a lowing cow  
being squeezed in a vise.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

If you really do care and understand and you want me to return with you, you must realize I have to say good- by to Ronnie.

BELDAR

If this is important to you I accept it. But be sure Ronnie understands the need for secrecy because our life threads hang in the brathnalcs.

CONNIE

(picks up phone)

Thanks Daddy. I love you. I will be back here at the pre- designated hour.

They touch cones.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: BLUE AND GOLD JERSEY - BSH - SPRINGSTEEN HIGH

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

It is one in a line of eight. They are kicking and thrashing pom-poms.

108 EXT. SPRINGSTEEN HIGH, FIELD - SUNSET

108

The stands are filled for an autumn game. Pan along the line of cheerleaders SILHOUETTED against the setting sun. The last one in the line is Connie Conehead.

CHEERLEADERS

SPRING STEEN HIGH! SET READY OH! LET'S  
GO! BORN TO RUN! BORN TO RUN! OUR  
RECEIVERS ARE BORN TO RUN! PUSH EM BACK!  
SHOVE EM BACK! CADILLAC! RAAANCH!

They all break and run in a circle finally assembling into a pyramid with Connie at the apex. The crowd cheerleaders are yelling: BORN IN THE USA! BORN IN THE USA!

THE FIELD WIDE - DUSK. MUSIC: MARCHING BANDS - DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS.

ANNOUNCER ON PA

Ladies and Gentlemen. Springsteen's  
Homecoming Queen and Her Court.

The Queen dances in a blue mini-dress. The crowd applauds.

(CONTINUED)

## ANNOUNCER

Now for your half-time entertainment.  
the Springsteen High Volunteer  
Homecoming Gala Committee headed by  
Mister Beldar Conehead presents a a  
display of amateur fireworks.

SECTION OF THE CROWD--They are less than enthusiastic.

BELDAR AND THE FIRE MARSHALL--Beldar smokes a large cigar  
which he touches to the fuse of a single rocket.

## FIRE MARSHALL

Careful there Conehead.

The fuse burns down and the rocket leaves its tube with a  
glowing hisss.

109 EXT. FIELD, WIDE - NIGHT

109

The rocket trail reaches its zenith and here is a small POP  
of red white and blue sparkles and smoke. Then there is  
another mini-fizzle and nothing.

There is a BEAT OF THREE SECONDS.

BELDAR AND FIRE MARSHALL

## FIRE MARSHALL

Pretty cheap Conehead.

Beldar puts on a pair of black opaque goggles.

110 EXT. FIELD, CROWD AND SKY, WIDE - NIGHT (MATTE)

110

Suddenly the sky above and all around a two square mile area  
is split vertically and horizontally by a ear splitting  
explosive CLAAAAPPP accompanied by a pink and white triple-  
tiered fission-fusion type blast which bends the both  
goalposts.

THE CROWD--

As they feel the effects of the reverse concussive draft and  
their hair is sucked forward, hats and gloves taken off and  
then suffer the second heat wind which fills the air with  
debris blows everything back and gives everyone a reddish  
instant tan. They all now sit stunned and silent under a  
rain of blackened carbonous flakes and then...

They applaud wildly. "Yeeeeeeaaaay!!!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

BELDAR AND FIRE MARSHALL--

BELDAR  
(smoking & offering)  
Cigar.

ECU: BELDAR - THRU TELEPHOTO LENS. SFX: MOTOR DRIVE.

111 INT. SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - NIGHT

111

SEEDLING  
(looking through binocs.)  
He's armed.

CUT TO:

PRYMAAT AND LISA - IN COCKTAIL DRESSES.

LISA  
You're moving tonight!?

112 INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM/BAR - NIGHT

112

Beldar and Larry are in white dinner jackets.

LARRY  
I guess when you get the call to be  
driver for the President of France, you  
gotta go.

BELDAR  
You may keep my Toro Multi-Ride  
Lawnmaster with snow-plow attachment.

LARRY  
Sorry I never got your boat back to you,  
I still have to repair that leak.

BELDAR  
Forget it. Keep it.

LARRY  
At least let me give you a couple of  
hundred dollars.

BELDAR  
No, your money is no good in France.

LISA  
Can we drive you to the airport or pick  
up your car?

(CONTINUED)

PRYMAAT

Do not worry, it will be picked up.

LARRY

And don't you worry about your house.  
I'll keep the lawn cut, the garden  
weeded and those raspberry canes trimmed  
back.

CONNIE AND RONNIE

They are on the dance floor. A Pearl Jam cut is playing and  
Ronnie is a great dancer.

Beldar gets her attention, points to his watch and mouths  
time to go.

The song ends, Connie comes over to him.

CONNIE

Ronnie'll drive me home Daddy. I'll meet  
you there.

BELDAR

No, he's not young lady!

She bolts with Ronnie, Beldar gets up from the bar and  
follows.

BELDAR

You come back here.

While trying to cut his way through the crowd to catch her  
he gets caught by-

ANNOUNCER ON PA

Now our Homecoming Queen's Spotlight  
Dance.

BELDAR - FROZEN IN SPOTLIGHT

He tries to shield himself from the glare like an escaped  
prisoner. The Homecoming Queen takes him by the hands as a  
rockin' metal dance cut by Megadeath comes up.

QUEEN

Come on Mister Conehead.

LISA AND PRYMAAT

Watches as Beldar launches into a hyperautoanimatronic cone  
twirling dance.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

LISA

I don't believe I've ever seen Beldar dance before.

PRYMAAT

It doesn't happen often. He dissects a mean floorpiece.

CONNIE - EMBARRASSED BY HER FATHER'S HYPERGYRATIONS, SHE EXITS WITH RONNIE.

Beldar is now enjoying himself and must be dragged off the floor by his wife.

113 EXT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT

113

Ronnie's Camaro is parked out front at the curb. The glow of multiple candles emanates from inside the living room curtains.

ECU: A TONGUE ON SKIN.

It stays there moving down, down, down, for far too long until it discovers a nose.

RONNIE AND CONNIE--

A sensuous scene occurs Their clothes are slightly unbuttoned.

CONNIE

Ronnie, it's true, my cone is zoned for you.

114 INT. SATURN - NIGHT

114

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT--

They see a couple of gray trucks following them. The purple homing crystal begins to glow and pulse in Prymaat's hands.

115 INT. GRAY TRUCK - NIGHT

115

SEEDLING

Keep a neutral distance. Seal off the block.

116 INT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT

116

CONNIE AND RONNIE--

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

She produces and ceremoniously hands him a Senso-Ring, he kisses it tenderly and lowers it onto her cone.

117 EXT. CONEHEADS' STREET - NIGHT

117

THE SATURN SCREECHES INTO THE DRIVEWAY- GARAGE DOOR OPENS- CAR ENTERS- DOOR CLOSES BEHIND-

118 INT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT

118

CONNIE AND RONNIE--

TWO Senso-Rings have now been placed on her cone. and one on Ronnie's head. He is drenched in sweat. A Guns N 'Roses ballad plays. Suddenly the lights come on revealing her parental units standing in the doorway to the living room.

Connie's blouse is open but she covers her cone.

BELDAR

AAANNGGH! SENSO-RINGS! WHERE DID YOU FIND THOSE!!

CONNIE

Under your bed

BELDAR

UNACCEPTABLE!! YOUR CONE IS TOO YOUNG!! GET UP, YOU'RE COMING TO REMULAK RIGHT NOW!

CONNIE

Can Ronnie come!

RONNIE

Yeah! I'll go too!

BELDAR

Impossible, undesirable, inadvisable!

119 EXT. CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT

119

The Agents are arriving and parking out front.

120 INT. GRAY TRUCK - NIGHT

120

DELGLESSE

They'll see us for sure now. What about the others in the ring?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

SEEDLING

Forget the others Can't risk loosing  
these three. Take em now.

SEEDLING, LEAPING OUT TO LEAN ACROSS A TRUCK HOOD WITH HIS  
BULLHORN--

SEEDLING

IT'S OVER CONEHEAD!! COME OUT WITH YOUR  
HAND UP!! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!

There is a long pause accompanied by silence and darkness  
from within the house.

Suddenly there is a sound of blown mufflers as--

CUT TO:

121 EXT. CONEHEADS' GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

121

The Harley with side car and three helmeted cones splinters  
and smashes through the door.

SEEDLING

THEY'RE GOING FOR IT!! GET THEM!!

Two trucks chase the Harley.

122 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

122

The Harley speeds along, a gray surveillance truck pulls out  
in front of the bike to block the street. The bike attempts  
to turn and jump the curb but instead tips and dumps causing  
what looks like the sidecar occupant's helmeted head to  
roll into the road

THE HELMETED HEAD - IT IS A LONG GOURD FROM BELDAR'S GARDEN  
WITH A HELMET ON IT.

RONNIE--

Gets up, recovers and two agents grab him.

AGENT

(into radio)

We've been suckered it's the boyfriend.

123 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

123

SEEDLING - HEARS THIS, SLAMS ON THE BRAKES AND TURNS TO GO  
BACK TO:

124 EXT. THE CONEHEADS' HOUSE - NIGHT 124

SATURN BURSTS OUT THROUGH THE REST OF THE GARAGE DOOR--  
INTO THE STREET--

125 EXT. OPENING OF CONEHEADS' CUL DE SAC - NIGHT 125

As the Saturn reaches this point, three gray trucks, one of which is Seedling's block their exit causing Beldar to execute a tire-screeching 180. Beldar's car speeds away towards the dead end and finding himself trapped again, he pulls another 180, whipping the car around to face--

SEEDLING.

SEEDLING

I've got you now Conehead.

He starts to walk towards the Saturn.

At this moment everyone's attention is immediately halted and diverted by--

A HUGE CIRCULAR BEAM OF PURPLE, PARTICULATE-FILLED LIGHT which hits the Coneheads' car and engulfs it completely.

THE AGENTS/RONNIE--

All look up to see--

THE ORECRUISER--

Source of the light, a massive dark shape the size of the Queen Mary hovers a couple of hundred feet above the whole neighborhood. It hums quietly but with immense throbs of power.

The Saturn now is being levitated, its' wheels now inches off the ground.

126 EXT. SKY/THE ORECRUISER - NIGHT 126

It is a knobbled, rusted black vanadium saucer-shaped ore tanker. The Exxon Valdez of Remulak with chasers, strobes, aerials, CONICAL HOUSINGS for LIQUID FUEL CARRYING. Pulsers, blinkers, chasers and a HATCH which is opening up to fill the ground below and elevating Beldar's car with an irridescent light.

127 INT. SATURN - NIGHT

127

CONNIE - SEES RONNIE BEING APPREHENDED BY INS AGENTS-

CONNIE  
(yelling)  
I love you Ronnie.

Under the immense pulsing hums from the ship he doesn't hear.

BELDAR'S CAR--

Four feet off the ground and slowly pivoting in the grip of the TRACTOR BEAM.

SEEDLING--

Runs up and GRASPS THE BUMPER.

THE SATURN--

TRAVELS UP the inside of the intertwining purple and green tractor beam with SEEDLING hanging on.

THE AGENTS--

See the Saturn and SEEDLING being SUCKED UP above them, hanging from the car bumper, legs dangling.

SEEDLING  
(angry and cursing)  
You're not getting away! I won't let you. You're not leaving before I--

128 EXT. SKY/ORECRUISER - NIGHT

128

The BEAM RETRACTS INSTANTLY with its passengers and the vessel banks up into the night sky and is gone upward out of sight in an instant.

129 EXT. PLANET EARTH - NIGHT (STOCK)

129

CAMERA slowly pulls away.

130 INT. ORECRUISER BRIDGE - NIGHT

130

CONNIE- WATCHING EARTH DISAPPEARING BELOW HER AND LOOKING REALLY DEJECTED-

BELDAR  
I was wrong about the human Ronnie. He was not a Flairndep.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

THE CAPTAIN-

CAPTAIN  
HAZELWAALGH

(into microphone)

This is the ship's captain. We are almost ready to go to mentaglion surge.

The Conehead family take their seats. Seedling can be seen in the b.g. inside a specimen jar in his shorts, socks and Oxfords, his chin resting on his hand. He is up to his neck in green brine.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Secure your formchair fasteners. We'll initiate surge as soon as we get past the only Moon of this planet.

There is a huge CRUUNNCH and a SHUDDER.

THE CONEHEADS - REACT WITH CONCERN

131 EXT. MOON WITH EARTH IN B.G. - NIGHT

131

The orecruiser has taken a chunk from the side of the Moon, knocking massive asteroid-size chunks of rock into new lunar orbits.

132 INT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

132

CAPTAIN

(in denial)

No problem. We've successfully passed their Moon and are preparing now for mentaglion drive.

From the Conehead family's uncertain looks, CAMERA moves across to the instrument panel into a spinning vortex screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP: CONNIE'S FACE, LATER

She is asleep. A steaming towel roll on the end of a set of prongs is thrust in front of her nose, awakening her. She takes the towel and dabs her face with it. Behind the CAPTAIN'S MATE, a Cone Bruiser, thru the ship's viewing screen can be seen formations of pink clouds.

THE CONEHEAD FAMILY--

Beldar finishes eating his towel. They all react wide-eyed as the clouds clear and we approach-

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

MUSIC SWELLS

133 EXT.REMULA, PLANET SURFACE AT A THOUSAND FEET, AS SEEN THROUGH THE ORECRUISER'S WINDOWS - DAY 133

The Orecruiser travels above a seething civilization, highly-industrialized, dominated by one massive hive-like conical structure.

There are occasional purple, pink, azure and aqua pools of a glistening substances.

134 INT. PORT AUTHORITY OF REMULAK- DAY- 134

A LONG, LOW, PINK FLUORESCENT- LIT CEMENT RAMPWAY-

It is filled with every kind of Conehead traveller. Black, white, Oriental, all colors and races, some in brocaded robes, some in rags. All carrying bags and luggage.

Homeless Cones harass people. Buskers play music. Jets of steam come out at random places along the tunnel.

THE CONEHEAD FAMILY-

Beldar, Prymaat and Connie walk amongst the flow. A muscular porter pushes a cart with SEEDLING encased in a clear plastic "evidence" bag with a Remulakian label.

They look tired from their journey.

At an intersecting tunnel they see various other Cones waiting with illegible signs. Standing there for awhile looking around, they realize no one has come to meet them.

BELDAR

Were they not supposed to pick us up?

PRYMAAT

I sent the deep space gram. Perhaps they did not receive it. Don't bite my cone off. I will call them.

CONNIE

This is my home planet? Get me out of here Dad.

BELDAR

Mehs! Mehbs! This is only the landing port, it is not the most beautiful place here You'll see.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

PRYMAAT-

Inserts her forehead, eyes, nose, mouth and chin into one of a row of full visu-sim face holders with a finger hole beside each one.

135 INT. HER PARENTS' ALIEN LIVING ROOM - DAY

135

A seating arrangement with a window behind it through which can be seen the stark angular cement housing development outside. The phone rings. The parents enter (Rard and Laarta) and push a button. Prymaat's face appears but only the outline from the ears forward.

RARD

Prymaat, my daughter. Greetings, you have arrived safely.

PRYMAAT

Correct we are at the landing port. Were you not supposed to pick us up? Did you not get my deep space gram.

LAARTA

Yes we did. Did you not get our deep space-gram saying we couldn't pick you up?

PRYMAAT

No.

136 EXT. HOVERING CAB LINE - DAY

136

The Conehead family comes out and gets into one. The driver and porter tie the wide-eyed, mouth-agape, cryonically suspended SEEDLING onto the back rack of the cab.

The graphic on the side of the taxi depicts indecipherable Cone writing. The porter sticks out a device into which Prymaat inserts her finger. He thanks her for tip: "Flaarpail." The cab pulls out and exits.

137 INT. RARD AND LAARTA'S DINING ROOM - DAY

137

Prymaat, Beldar and Connie are having dinner with the parents.

A spherical white flame emanates from a pipe in the centre of the table. They each have a poker onto which they skewer and roast variously shaped, unidentifiable pieces of vegetable and animal matter.

(CONTINUED)

RARD

Favor me again Beldar, how is it possible to lose a fully-ignited starcruiser in a hydrogen mass?

BELDAR

(turning to him)

Yes, my mate's progenitor, there were irrithium particles in the vunglion drive.

RARD

Ohhh. NOW I see. Particles in the magno-chamber. Uh-huh. Pass the twelder flesh.

LAARTA

Tomorrow is the first festival day of Meepzor. We would do well to remember Beldar's time of triumph exactly fourteen zerls ago. Tackling the greased garthok and saving the Mologium sisters from sacrifice.

RARD

Ah yes, an accomplishment truly recognized by all Cones. Since then there's been Marlax, Screblon, who else..there've been several. As one looks at that list one can see it's not always the most intelligent cone who tackles the greased garthok.

PRYMAAT

You never did it.

LAARTA

Connie, you will be pleased to know that, as is the custom, your granprogenitor and I have selected your chosen life-geneto-mate.

PRYMAAT

What?!

RARD

Affirmative Prymaat. We have fulfilled our decreed responsibilities as granprogenitors and spared nothing to obtain a fine young cone from a very good family. Connie and he are to be one of the first couples among the marriage throngs at the festival cauldron.

(CONTINUED)

LAARTA

If he realizes his full work potential at Butumius Premium Limited you are assured a fine Guz chamber on the edge of the Sethane Sea.

CONNIE

Marriage? You freaks! What am I some kind of hamster?! Thanks a lot! I really appreciate the help!

She gets up from the table and runs out of the chamber.

LAARTA

What was that tone she was using at the conclusion of her statement? It seemed to make the words mean the opposite of what she was saying.

PRYMAAT

It's a form of earthspeech called sarcasm.

LAARTA

Sarcasm? Was he not a Charkusian Minister?

BELDAR

Permit me to absent myself from the flame table, I must return tomorrow to Protoid Sectioning for resumption of my former chamber assignment. Guz is necessary. May your cones all find the black dream vortex.

RARD

Until our two suns rise then.

PRYMAAT

Goodnight Beldar.

He stops and they exchange a look. He responds in kind to her Earth salutation.

BELDAR

Goodnight.

They touch cones.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 EXT. PROTOID FUEL HEADQUARTERS - DAY 138

A large HIVE-LIKE conical structure dominating the skyline of the city. The two suns rise. A SIREN moans atop a speaker column in the foreground.

CUT TO:

139 BELDAR CLOSE-UP - MORNING 139

There are other Cones behind and on either side of him.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

He is standing shoulder to shoulder with several hundred Cone office workers on a post-Orwellian negative-Utopia beltway carrying a hundred of the beings into a massive maw. Everyone is talking at once in Cone and there are loud, obnoxious, unintelligible announcements coming from speakers

140 INT. BELDAR'S WORK CUBICLE - DAY 140

There is no window. It is small antiseptic and grayish-white in color. He sits behind a cramped desk, slack-jawed with stultifying boredom.

A harsh BUZZER sounds inches from his ear and an item pops up into the pneumatic receptor tube in front of him. He takes it, opens it, compares it with a chart on his desk, signs off on it and puts it into another tube.

He waits fifteen seconds in a slack-jawed stupor and then the cycle begins again.

His secretary enters. She is a really elderly, sun-wizened Cone woman.

SECRETARY

Your supervisor Marlax wishes to see you now.

Marlax enters.

MARLAX

Greetings Beldar. It's me your old friend and now supervisor Marlax.

BELDAR

Greetings Marlax. How are you?

(CONTINUED)

MARLAX

I am fine, I control this entire sub-complex now. The new mate and I have a nice Guz chamber on the Sethane Sea. Like to have you and, what was her name?

BELDAR

Prymaat.

MARLAX

Correct, Prymaat. Still with her eh? She had a good-looking cone on her.

BELDAR

Affirmative. We are still lifemates.

MARLAX

You know once you had seriously blundered and allowed your starcruiser to be disabled I have to admire the way you survived on that primitive planet, which was it? ..Earth...with the single Moon..I mean how does a stranded Fuel Underlord get along in such a place. Must have been tough.

BELDAR

Affirmative supervisor Marlax, tough. Anything else?

MARLAX

Just one more thing so that you and I have a perfect understanding. You had your chance. If it had been me as the originally designated fuel underlord for Earth, that planet would have been enslaved seven zerls ago. You used the influence of your mate's father to alter the appointment and put yourself in my place. So now just remember whose cone you have to kiss.

He exits. The buzzer sounds again in Beldar's ear and another item pops up into the tube on his desk. The secretary hands him a laboratory beaker with black liquid inside it and an unappetizing cone-shaped sweet roll.

SECRETARY

Your cone swirl and bean pulp.

He shudders with disgust at his situation.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

BELDAR  
I had forgotten about these.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. CONE BACK YARD - DAY

141

THE SATURN CAR FROM THE ORECRUISER

Beldar is cleaning out the trunk. He finds his golf clubs.  
He pulls out his seven iron and takes a few swings with it.

CONNIE ENTERS

CONNIE  
Hi, Daddy.

BELDAR  
Hi, Connie.

CONNIE  
Daddy, are you happy now that we're  
back?

BELDAR  
Yes, we belong here..

CONNIE  
I don't feel like we belong here.

BELDAR  
Our ways are different. Be patient.  
Tomorrow is the Festival of Meepzor.  
When you see the moons align, you will  
understand.

CONNIE  
I hope so.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. FESTIVAL ARENA - NIGHT

142

WIDE SHOT: THE STAGE AND THRONE PLATFORM.

A huge steep natural rock amphitheatre surrounds a stage  
with a throne positioned above a sunken pool full of a  
purple bubbling gelatinous substance.

There is a large crowd of Cones in attendance. A chorus of  
ten bare-breasted, young, beautiful female Cone singers  
combine their angelic voices into a beautiful chorus. All  
the Cones now look skyward.

143 EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE FESTIVAL ARENA - NIGHT

143

Three crescent Moons align themselves almost directly overhead in an impressive display of natural celestial mechanics.

144 EXT. THE FESTIVAL ARENA - NIGHT

144

THREE CONE DIVERS - LEAP FROM A PLATFORM INTO THE COLORED GELATO POOL BELOW

BELDAR, PRYMAAT, CONNIE, RARD AND LAARTA--

Are in seats, halfway up the tiers on the side. Not great seats.

BELDAR'S POV:

He sees Marlax many rows down below, sitting with his family much nearer to the throne platform. Marlax sees Beldar, he turns and waves.

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT-

As they try to smile.

LAARTA

Connie. We wish to present you now your mate for the mass marriage throng so you may know him at the time of joining.

Rard brings forward a tall young handsome cone male. In brocaded robes. Very refined, hunky.

RARD

Connie, this is your pre-designated lifetime geneto-mate Lerbscrab Clorhone.

CONNIE

I..uh..oh.. I ..hello, uh, greetings. I mean I'm against this, but wow, he DOES have a cone on him doesn't he?

Prymaat nods in agreement.

PRYMAAT

He comes from one of the best families.

LERBSCRAB

Greetings Connie. I hope our offspring will make great contributions to our race.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Thank-You.

Lights in the arena dip down.

THE STAGE--

A colored spotlight hits the-

HIGH MASTER AND HIS WIFE--

They are in ceremonial robes and proceed to his throne platform, where they both take a seat and he is handed a thick black book, which he places on a stand and reads from. His opening three words are interrupted by a loud shrieking audio feedback. He must start over after an adjustment and as he does, a rapt silence grips the crowd.

HIGH MASTER

(very solemn)

Korbsti...Naart Vlannpat...Vandaziama  
Ancient Ones, let their knurls be  
hardened, those who would behold the  
great Cone of Meepzor and Her  
Moons...and thank the screps that we all  
have our own cone to hone. From Sethane  
Sea to the garthok's crystalline  
lair...to the...

There are murmurs in the crowd now as he begins to lose them. Some people get up to go for drinks.

HIGH MASTER

and in the name of Krathnor the  
Insistent and the Seven Grelln. I hereby  
ignite the Striaz Pole commencing the  
festival of the melded Moons.

THRONE PLATFORM--

Various cones are in line in front of the Highmaster and his wife, bringing forth gifts, presents, sacrifices in the form of fruits, vegetables, flesh hunks, crystals, gems, strange weapons and machines.

BELDAR AND SEEDLING--

They are in line to see the throne. The Deputy INS Commissioner is still in his, underwear, socks and Oxfords but is now chromium/electronically manaced by collar, cuffs, waist-chain and ankle fasteners.

(CONTINUED)

The line moves. Beldar leads him along with a remote leash, he tries to resist but Beldar turns a knob on the remote and tightens the electronic grip around the captive's throat who involuntarily stiffens and marches smartly.

HIGH MASTER'S POV:

As Beldar bows, drops to one knee and offers the remote control leash box to the HighMaster.

HIGHMASTER'S  
MENTOT

Beldar, former fuel underlord for Earth with the gift of a slave from that planet.

The High Master accepts the control box. He manipulates a couple of dials causing SEEDLING to march quickly in a small circle, bend over, touch his toes twice, pirouette and come to complete attention.

BELDAR

I present to you a human authority figure.

SEEDLING

You can do what you want with me. I'm not going to apologize for doing my job. The United States can no longer solve the unemployment problems of the rest of the universe.

There is a buzzing from Beldar's remote and SEEDLING gags at the electronic restraint.

HIGHMASTER

(pleased)

Silence Earth Creature. He's perfect for the blood sacrifice to Krathnor.

BELDAR

At your insistence highness, may you preside at many such future meldings of the Moons of Meepzor.

He stands and bows backing out hastily.

HIGHMASTER

Beldar..Beldar...are you not the protoid refueling emissary that failed to enslave the planet Earth. Surely you must have thousands more slaves where this one came from.

(CONTINUED)

MENTOT

(into Highmaster's ear)  
Blundered...vessel destroyed.rescue  
mission necessitated..extremely costly  
to Mining Ministry.

HIGHMASTER

Now I recall.

(grabs microphone)

Hear me all citizens of Remulak. Before  
me stands an example of why every  
individual cone must realize his place  
as contributor to the glory of our  
civilization and not fail like you  
Beldar. May you live long enough to  
repay a fraction of what you have cost  
our people.

CONNIE AND PRYMAAT--

React to this with shared feelings of embarrassment.  
Lerbscrab looks around and at Connie, in a puzzled manner--  
"Wha-?"

HIGHMASTER

(over speaker)

Next.

BELDAR--

He exits, publicly humiliated.

145 EXT. THE CONEHEADS' SEATS, HALF-WAY UP THE TIERS - NIGHT

145

Connie, Prymaat, Rard, Laarta and Lerbscrab are having  
refreshments from tubes coming out of the armrests of the  
seats. One is smoke, one is red fluid, one is green fluid.

LERBSCRAB

I did not know that your male parental  
unit was one of those who tackled the  
greased garthok way back in Condrell  
Farmat.

CONNIE

Oh yes, but he doesn't talk about it  
very much.

PRYMAAT

(looking for him)

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

A tone and announcement comes over the loudspeakers.

## ANNOUNCE VOICE

REMDREB GARTHOK, REMDREB GARTHOK REMDREB  
GARTHOK.

## LERBSCRAB

Perhaps I will be skilled enough as  
your father once was to succeed in  
tackling the beast some day. And if  
this is done, it will be in your honor.

He exits.

146 EXT. GARTHOK CAGE - NIGHT

146

Dozens of male cones have converged around a cage containing  
a huge, black, long-tusked, snarling, vicious-looking alien  
boar-like creature.

As the younger cones strip down to their loincloths and move  
to a line in the arena floor, the older cones throw buckets  
of viscous fluid through the bars onto the animal.

Now the older males move to the line of stripped-down young,  
lithe, pumped-up and superbly-built males and similarly  
douse them with buckets of the same fluid used on the  
garthok.

## IN THE STANDS - CONNIE AND PRYMAAT

They watch as the older male cones leave the arena  
separating from the line of young cones. Connie is suddenly  
shocked that one of the stripped and greased contestants is  
not a young cone but in fact her very middle-aged, Earth-  
paunched father.

## CONNIE

Mummy, is that the garthok??!! Daddy's  
going after that??!!

## PRYMAAT

Beldar!!

## BELDAR AND THE YOUNG CONTESTANTS--

He is the only out of shape one in the bunch.

An announcement comes over the loudspeakers.

(CONTINUED)

## ANNOUNCE VOICE

Immereliamp..con gorso..trelbus Beldar  
garthok farmat condrell.

Beldar steps out from the line and acknowledges the crowd which goes wild.

## A GROUP OF OLDER CONES--

They go crazy clearly favoring this long-shot, overage underdog. Prymaat is pushing her way through the crowd to the edge of the arena hysterically calling for her mate.

## EDGE OF ARENA/CONTESTANTS--

They are strapping mean-looking razor-hooks on the end of long staffs which they wrap around their forearms. Prymaat pushes past the crowd to get near the line.

## PRYMAAT

Beldar! I summon you!

He comes over sticking the hook in his belt.

## PRYMAAT

Has your cone lost its senses? It is no longer young. You will be killed in there. Why are you doing such a thing?

## BELDAR

My mate, returning to Remulak has not been as joyous as I had anticipated. Tackling the greased garthok is the means to ensure that we return to Earth as conquerors. It is the only feat which can restore us to our former status in a single stroke. A long shot perhaps but the last one we possess.

## PRYMAAT

But you will perish.

## BELDAR

My wife, there is no alternative I would rather perish than be the object of scorn.

## PRYMAAT

I fear for you.

(CONTINUED)

## BELDAR

What I lack in physical prowess I  
balance with the knowledge and wisdom of  
my years. You shall observe.

He goes back to the line of younger contestants as the  
ushers pull her away and send her to the seats.

THE HIGHMASTER--

He signals for the--

RELEASE OF THE GARTHOK--

The cage is opened up by older cone ushers, the greased  
beast leaps out and is chased by the fifty or so young cones  
and Beldar through a narrow, low rock archway in the side of  
the arena wall.

147 INT. GARTHOK MAZE - NIGHT

147

It is a small closed box-canyon with obstacles, holes,  
burrows, boulders and cactus-like plants with a flaming  
MAGMAPIT at its centre. The garthok enters chased by the  
throng of loin-girded, greased cones.

148 EXT. THE BENCH TIERS - NIGHT

148

The crowd is closely watching the event on the huge  
telescreens.

CONNIE AND PRYMAAT--

Watch as Beldar lumbers in through the archway behind all  
other contestants.

149 INT. THE MAZE - NIGHT

149

Many young cones grapple and try to tackle the beast, only  
to be snapped away by its tusks, or thrown off its quilled,  
razor-back onto rocks.

A YOUNG MUSCULAR CONE--

Manages to jump on and ram his hook into the shoulder of the  
garthok. Maddened with pain the be-tusked head whips up so  
violently that it easily tosses the male cone into the  
magmapit, tearing off his arm, leaving it to dangle under  
the cinched leash, the hook still embedded in the bloody  
black shoulder.

CROWD AND TELEScreens--

(CONTINUED)

They react with a multiple thousand-throated roaring wince of empathy for the lost cone.

TELESCREEN - BELDAR - WIDE

Paying no attention whatsoever to the animal and the chaos nearby. He is appraising an obelisk-like rock formation near the magmapit, paces distances and makes calculations for no apparent reason.

THE GARTHOK

The red-rimmed, black-pupilled eyes glow as he prepares to kill the hapless youth.

TELESCREEN

The crowd watches this. In one corner of the giant screen, only the tip of Beldar's cone is visible, the rest is obscured from telescreen view by a rock.

CLOSE-UP: BELDAR BEHIND THE ROCK

He is hunched over out of sight, his face contorted as he emits strange sounds and bleatings.

GARTHOK--

Is about to gore the youth further, when it stops suddenly and cocks its head quizzically, hearing the sounds coming from behind the nearby rock.

GARTHOK

GGGrrrrreeennkk...??

BELDAR--

He continues making the sounds.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

He draws the hook and shaft back over his shoulder, shuffles his feet into position. Takes his stance.

He is mid way through a backswing with the hook and staff.

The befuddled slack-jawed garthok stares at him. approaches c

GARTHOK

Kkrrnnnhhhh...?

BELDAR AND THE GARTHOK--

(CONTINUED)

He executes a perfect swing and connects with--

CLOSE-UP: GOLF BALL

It is fired out of FRAME.

CLOSE-UP: GARTHOK

As the golf ball travels deep into its throat, the beast is stunned, wide-eyed and with a series of hacking gags slowly turns purple, finally keeling over on its back, legs up in the air.

CROWD AND TELESCREENS--

They leap to their feet in a frenzy of emotion having witnessed the conquest. Beldar uses the staff to push the corpse into the deep fry magma pit, hauling out some of the instantly charred and crackling remains of the garthok. He then twists off its head and exits the maze.

THRONE PLATFORM - HIGHMASTER AND SEEDLING

SEEDLING is sitting on his SACRIFICIAL ALTAR flanked by two female Cone priestesses each one holding at rest a sharp scimitar.

He sits with his legs crossed, smoking a cigarette, marvelling at the spectacle.

SEEDLING

(to one of the priestesses)

This is a first for me.

BELDAR--

Steps forward to the throne and ceremoniously hands the garthok head to the Highmaster who holds the head up for the crowd's approval and then bites into the flesh with abandon to the howling delight of all attendant except for--

MARLAX--

He is jealous and bummed out.

THE ARENA STAGE--

All the young loin-clothed Cones begin eating the garthok and drinking from silver, crystal and gold flagons.

THRONE PLATFORM--

(CONTINUED)

The HighMaster motions Beldar to ascend and approach him tearing off an ear and handing it to the victor.

HIGHMASTER

(nodding, impressed)

The day is yours Beldar. You are the only Cone to have twice tackled the greased garthok. So two requests may be granted.

BELDAR

And I have two such wishes. One that I, my family and your slave Seedling be permitted to spearhead an attack on the planet Earth.

HIGHMASTER

Granted.

(he swills wine from his  
flagon)

Next.

BELDAR

That my young one Connie be granted the right to refuse her designated geneto-mate.

HIGHMASTER

Mebbs! It is contrary to the writings of Laarglath the Lawgiver.

Beldar seizes the head of the garthok from the lap of the Highmaster and holds it aloft for the crowd's approval. They go wild.

PRYMAAT AND CONNIE--

Proud of him. Rard and Laarta are humbled.

THE HIGHMASTER--

He accedes.

HIGHMASTER

Very well, very well, granted.

The crowd is still cheering.

150 EXT. SPACE, APPROACHING EARTH ORBIT, A FLEET OF BLACK  
GUNCRUISERS - NIGHT

150

Twenty ominous-looking Cone battle saucers bristling with laser cannon.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

THE LEAD STARCRUISER--

It strobes magnificently.

Three conical silhouettes can be seen through the glowing red viewing panels in the ship's top cone.

151 INT. LEAD STARCRUISER - NIGHT

151

Beldar, Prymaat and Connie are dressed in the robes of a Fuel Underlord's family. SEEDLING wears a Cone uniform but is still connected to the electronic lead with the remote. They are stern-faced. Menacing as in the first time they came to Earth in the opening segment. Conquerors. Serious.

BELDAR

(cold and in command)

Attention all battle unit commanders.  
Entering outer atmospheres of target planet. Hold your global ranging positions and array mesoton cannon.  
Stand ready for my attack order.

152 EXT. THE FLEET - NIGHT

152

All the battlesaucers stop and hold as Beldar's vessel streaks Earthward.

VARIOUS BATTLESAUCERS--

Guns swivel. Lights focus. A phalanx array joins up and hovers menacingly ready to fly down in formation and strike.

153 INT. CONEHEAD FAMILY STARCRUISER - NIGHT

153

BELDAR

Co-ordinates please.

PRYMAAT

Execute a larcslat and then take a left at the Jersey Turnpike.

She is concentrating on the map, they exchange a look, this time it's going to be different.

154 EXT. NEW JERSEY REFINERY STACKS, WIDE - NIGHT

154

Winking aircraft warning strobes, red and white lights of all kinds blink from atop the stacks and flaming towers.

Planes come and go, landing and taking off in the b.g. at Newark airport.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

A shape comes into the top of FRAME:

It is the strobing, winking starcruiser but amidst all of the moving objects and blinking structures of the refinery and nearby airport, it doesn't look out of place.

155 EXT. A MARSH AREA BEHIND A REFINERY - NIGHT

155

The starcruiser sets down in the swamp grass and bullrushes.

156 INT. STARCRUISER - NIGHT

156

BELDAR  
(to fleet)  
Landing enabled. Arm cannon. Verify  
global targets. Hold fire until my order.

He looks at Connie then at Prymaat, who returns his serious committed look. Connie looks very sad. Now he addresses the fleet again.

BELDAR  
Warning! Warning! Danger to battlefleet!  
Presence of enemy laser gun emplacements  
in satellites detected. Abort attack.  
Abort attack. Have abandoned command  
ship. Am programming vessel to return to  
your flight grid. Proceed to secondary  
target in Pulsumium chain. Warning!  
Abort! Abort!

Connie and Prymaat are shocked. Beldar puts his arm around Connie.

BELDAR  
Your happiness and positive perception  
of me is vital to my existence. Besides,  
it is not often a father can give the  
world to his child.

CONNIE  
I love you Daddy.

157 EXT. BATTLEFLEET - NIGHT

157

The saucers break off and peel away like frightened water spiders.

158 INT. THE COMMAND STARCRUISER - NIGHT

158

He programs the ship and the engines begin to hum with re-enacted life.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

BELDAR

Quickly my family!! Egress!! Seedling!  
Run!

He pushes a button on the remote and SEEDLING runs stiffly after Connie and Prymaat.

Beldar makes several more adjustments and follows.

159 EXT. THE STARCRUISER DOOR - NIGHT

159

The Coneheads exit with SEEDLING, the saucer door closes, it lifts off as they flee from underneath the powerblast.

BELDAR

(to SEEDLING)

I make this proposal to you Earth creature. Your life in return for a green card.

SEEDLING

Agreed. Provided, that you can demonstrate a special job skill that a US citizen does not possess.

BELDAR

That should represent no challenge to me.

SEEDLING

Then I have no objection.

BELDAR

Good. Move. Enh-heh-heh-heh.

Beldar tightens the electronic collar and marches SEEDLING off.

RONNIE GUESTSETTER--

He is waiting on a dirt road next to the swamp with their old convertible running. The Coneheads join him.

RONNIE

Hi Connie.

He hugs her and kisses her cone.

CONNIE

Oh Ronnie, I thought I'd never see you again.

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE

Hi Mister and Mrs. Conehead. Welcome home.

BELDAR

Thank-you for coming to pick us up,  
Ronnie.

RONNIE

No problem. I got your deepspacegram a  
couple of days ago. Everybody in?

PRYMAAT

Home James..heh..heh...heh.

They drive off.

160 EXT. CONEHEADS' STREET - NIGHT

160

The convertible travels past the Brocks' and the Farbers' as  
we--

PAN WITH CAR TO REVEAL: THE CONEHEADS' HOUSE

As Ronnie turns into the driveway, the headlights illuminate  
a completely overgrown yard, broken garage door, dried up  
gardens, unpainted walls, worn roof. Weeds poke through  
cracks in the driveway. Clearly the Farbers have paid no  
attention to the maintenance promises they made. Ronnie  
pulls into the driveway. Beldar and Prymaat get out.

BELDAR

Look at this, no one's done anything  
since we've been gone!!

PRYMAAT

Oh, my flowers beds, they are completely  
dead, my delphiniums my phlox!! I worked  
so hard on those!

BELDAR AND PRYMAAT

Mebbs! Mebs!

CONNIE AND RONNIE--

Kiss, as in the b.g. Beldar stomps towards the Farbers'  
house with SEEDLING following on the leash.

BELDAR

Larry! Larry! I summon you! Mebs! Mebs!

CAMERA PANS UP INTO THE CLEAR NIGHT SKY--

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

PUSH SLOWLY IN ON:

THE FULL MOON.

Seen for the first since the ore cruiser bumped <sup>39</sup> it with the ore cruiser. It now has permanent chunk and debris-filled Saturn-like rings all around it.

BORP MIB

(THE END)