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# The Adventures of Pluto Nash

By Neil Cuthbert

You're going to love this one.  
Listen up, here we go.  
Here you go, Pluto. What did you think?  
I don't know what to think, Tony.  
I mean...  
You've got a dress on...  
This is not a dress, it's a kilt.  
Scottish tradition. Very manly, a kilt.  
It's a manly dress.  
No, a kilt.  
That's how people know who I am.  
People think of Anthony Frankowski,  
they think "Scottish crooning."  
There lies your problem.  
That's not even a thing.  
Did you make that up?  
Yes, I made that up.  
It's a thing if I made it up.  
- It's horrible.  
- It's my hook!  
You know what you need to do  
if you're going to croon? Be Italian.  
Be Anthony Frantucci.  
- You want me to change my name?  
- Yeah, to something that swings.  
- Anthony Frandicci.  
- That doesn't swing.  
Anthony...  
...Francis.  
- Tony Francis.  
- You like that?  
I'm Tony Francis.  
That's a good name.  
You're Tony Francis now.  
Ladies and gentlemen, Tony Francis.  
Absolutely. I like it.  
Lose the dress, change the name.  
- Is your bathroom back there?  
- Through the doors.  
Tony Francis.  
Am I supposed to piss in the kitchen?  
No, it's off to the right.  
Ladies and gentlemen, would you  
please welcome Mr. Tony Francis!

"Oh, my God! It's Tony Francis!"  
How is showbiz?  
Disgusting.  
Take a walk, hotshot.  
Pluto, help me!  
Pluto?  
- Pluto Nash?  
- That's right!  
- When did you get out of the joint?  
- A week ago.  
Congratulations.  
Thanks a lot.  
I'm Gino.  
This is my nephew, Larry.  
Larry, say hello to Pluto Nash.  
What's going on?  
My brother was inside with you.  
Angelo Sotobolo.  
Angelo Cheesecake is your brother?  
We played cards in his cell every weekend.  
He'd have the shit catered.  
- He thinks the world of you.  
- It's mutual.  
Pluto is my best friend.  
What are you guys doing?  
What's going on, Gino?  
We're cleaning out his digestive system.  
He's a little backed up.  
Gino, I can't let you do that, man.  
Pluto.  
Your pal borrowed \$2.5 million from me  
four years ago...  
...to buy this joint.  
- On an easy payment plan.  
Here. I think that will get it off.  
- How much does he owe you now?  
- \$2.5 million.  
- He didn't pay anything back?  
- No.  
Any idiot can make money here.  
This guy has to do  
his cockamamie act each night.  
It's like a damn freak show.  
I seen it. You see where this shit got you?

Gino, listen.  
I'm not a smuggler anymore.  
I'm opening my own club.  
No kidding.  
It's always been a lifelong dream of mine  
to have my own club.  
Life...  
Dinner and dancing and nice atmosphere.  
Good place, hot music.  
Once I get it going, I'll sit back,  
light up a cigar and enjoy the party.  
What could be better?  
Nothing could be better.  
We could be partners.  
You know what?  
What if I pay off his debt,  
take over this place, and we call it square?  
Let's have a drink and talk about it.  
Out of these glasses?  
- Are you crazy? Across the street.  
- All right.  
What will you do about my friend?  
Anthony?  
My gift to you.  
You're a prince.  
I'll go across the street and have  
some beers and work out the logistics.  
Just sit here in your skirt  
and I'll see you in a minute.

**9:**

...now ready for general boarding  
on platform 22.  
Welcome to the Moon.  
While you're here, be sure and visit  
the Lunar Grand Resort and Casino...  
...only two hours away by hover shuttle.  
Remember, Moon Beach is the only place  
in the universe where gambling is legal.  
The Lunar Grand.  
The perfect family vacation.  
Incoming!  
Thanks, Pluto!  
Pace yourselves. It's only 10:00.

This ain't a bachelor party.

Yeah, it is.

Tommy is getting divorced tomorrow.

- Really? Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Drinks are on the house

for the rest of the night.

- You don't have to do that.

- Forget it.

You're the best, Pluto!

Excuse me a second.

Thanks a lot, Pluto.

He's the best!

Crank it up. I'm not running a library  
in here! Crank it up!

All right!

Keep it like that! Keep it pumping!

Hey, Miguel!

- Not bad for a Tuesday night.

- Not bad at all.

It's like the whole city turned out.

We've come a long way, baby.

Long way. All right, partner.

- Look at that ass. I'll be right back.

- Oh, my goodness.

Sorry, I'll get that.

Sorry.

It's all right, it's okay.

Could you help me?

I'm looking for the owner, Pluto Nash.

Why are you looking for that lowlife?

It's personal.

He doesn't even know you.

- Yes, he does.

- No, I don't.

You're him?

Last time I checked. How can I help you?

I just came all the way

from Salt Lake City.

Rough town.

I'm a good singer. I got this gig,

they gave me a one-way ticket up here.

But the guys who owned

the nightclub sold it.

I'm dead broke. I need a job.  
I want to go home. Can you help me out?  
Sorry, I can't help you.  
I'm sure there are clubs that could  
use a singer, but we've got a DJ.  
Take it easy.  
I'm sure they could,  
but my Moon Card expired...  
...and I was told you were the one person  
in town who might overlook that.  
Who told you something foolish like that?  
You know my father, Nicholas Lake?  
Never heard of him.  
Nicky Sticks?  
That's your father?  
Unbelievable. That's something.  
Normally I don't call in favors,  
but my dad did save your life back in '76.  
He didn't save my life, I saved his life.  
And I lost a fine automobile in the process.  
Unless you got a new Plymouth  
with my name on it, I got nothing to say.  
So, good night.  
Thanks, Dad.  
I should have known. I'm sorry.  
Maybe I got something.  
Really? Great! Shall we say  
two shows a night, five nights a week?  
Shall we say six nights a week  
waiting tables?  
You can save up your tips, make  
enough money to get back home. Deal?  
Deal.  
- Is it like this every night?  
- Only the slow ones.  
Somebody is coming in.  
Sorry, fellows, we're closed.  
We're here to see Mr. Nash.  
Is he expecting you?  
\$10 million is more than  
a fair offer, Mr. Nash.  
I don't know. I own  
the most successful club in Little America.  
I own it outright.

I'm my own boss, and I have the hottest...  
I got the best party in town.  
Why would I want to sell this place?  
\$10 million?  
Get your shit off my desk!  
No, boys.  
Please meet my friend  
and bodyguard, Bruno.  
Gentlemen.  
Bruno, the boys.  
Looks like you're about due for a trade-in.  
Hey, Bruno.  
What are you, a '65?  
Model '63 Deluxe.  
'63? Talk about ancient.  
Your sister didn't seem to mind.  
Screw you, robot!  
He can be fixed, you can't.  
We don't mean to cause any problems.  
He's reaching, you know?  
Okay. No reaching.  
Mr. Nash...  
...this is non-negotiable.  
Rex Crater is buying your club.  
I was wondering when you all  
was going to get to me.  
\$10 million.  
Tell Mr. Crater, thanks, but no, thanks.  
I won't sell my club.  
If I have my way,  
no one here will sell their place...  
...because we like this town the way it is.  
So, if you'd be so kind, get out.  
Rex Crater does not like  
to be disappointed.  
I'll just have to send Mr. Crater  
a case of Scotch!  
- Great first night, Dina.  
- Thanks.  
Do me a favor. Run this up to Pluto.  
I need to lock up the back.  
Thank you very much.  
Miguel?  
This isn't some send-up-the-new-girl

kind of a thing, right?

No. Relax. He wouldn't do that.

You're safe, go ahead.

Come on in.

Perfect timing.

Miguel asked me to bring it up.

Perfect.

Should I make it for you?

No, I mix my own martinis.

But thank you, anyway.

I got it down to a pretty good science.

Perfect.

I wanted to thank you again for the job.

- Don't even mention it.

- Well, I am mentioning it. Thank you.

You're very welcome.

Let me get this, okay?

- Hello?

- Hello, Nash.

Don't call me this time of night.

What's wrong with you?

You know Tony Francis?

I knew him when he was

Anthony Frankowski.

We were like brothers.

We grew up together.

Me and Anthony Frankowski,

who would later become...

I'll tell you a real funny story in a second.

Hello?

Just wanted to give you one last chance  
to change your mind.

Look, no now and no tomorrow.

No means no. Leave me alone.

Now, you look...

Clown.

Who was that?

One of Rex Crater's boys,  
trying to buy me out.

Why is he so set on buying your club?

Because they're about to approve  
gambling in this town.

If Crater gets his way,

they'll turn the Moon into a big casino.



You can't sell your club until I make  
enough money to get back home.  
I'll let him know the next time he calls  
that you got to get your money first.  
- You all right? You okay?  
- Yeah.  
- What happened?  
- I don't know!  
Come on.  
Bruno!  
Bomb detonated. Evacuate.  
Evacuate.  
Bomb detonated.  
Evacuate.  
Look at this, Bruno!  
Look what they did to my place!  
Pluto!  
Damn!  
- Let's get them.  
- No. Stay here with her!  
- Bruno, I think that's one of them.  
- I'll intercept the call.  
"Nash is alive. He took off after Jimmy,  
who's headed for the Vac.  
"Be ready for him."  
What's the Vac?  
The Perfect Vacuum, at the corner  
of Glenn Avenue and Fifth. Why?  
Didn't you hear the phone call?  
I'm sorry, I cannot listen and hear  
at the same time.  
You see, I'm a '63.  
Only later models can do that!  
- Pluto's in trouble. Come on.  
- Trouble?  
- Is that as fast as you go?  
- I'm a '63! I'm at top speed!  
Get out of the way!  
Reset. Reset. Reset.  
You try to shake me down,  
then you blow up my club?  
You blew up my wood barstools!  
You know how hard it is  
to get wood on the Moon?

Shit!

You want to play games?

You have to shoot around your boy!

It's easier to shoot through him.

Shit!

- Pluto, it's a trap!

- Yeah, no kidding!

Did you ever shoot a gun before?

Time to go, Bruno!

All clear, boss!

Come on!

Bruno, heel!

- You are really something, you know that?

- Thank you.

You walked right into a trap

any idiot could see from a mile away.

I was walking right out

until you came along.

- Really?

- Yes, really.

You put your neck on the line.

I appreciate that.

In the future, not that there'll be a future,  
if I need your help, I'll ask.

Don't worry about it,

I'm getting out of here.

I saved your life twice. You could at least  
loan me enough money to get home.

I would, but they'll be looking for you  
at every bus station and shuttle launch.

Me? They don't even know  
what I look like.

Every club in this city  
has a biometric camera system.

They took hundreds of pictures of you.

They know what you look like.

The only way you're going home now  
is in a box.

That's just great. Now what?

After you.

Hey, Roy.

Pluto! What are you doing here?

My place is getting redecorated  
and I need a place overnight.

Sure! 3D. The code is 4-5-7.

Thanks, Roy.

So, this is the Garden of Paradise.

My, my.

If this is too glitzy for you...

...tomorrow we can get a room

at the Garden of Eden.

They've got a bathroom on every floor.

I hate the Moon.

Do you know why Mooners

can't stand Earthlings?

You think everything on Earth is better

and can't stop talking about it.

I visited Earth once

and the air smelled funny.

Sneezing all the time, rained every day,

bugs and shit everywhere.

You know the only thing I liked about it?

- You could see the Moon at night?

- Bingo.

- Is something wrong with your toaster?

- He's all right. He's just recharging.

Can he hear us?

Not while he's charging.

Shouldn't your bodyguard be able to keep

up with you on the way to a gunfight?

You might want to think

about trading him in.

I can't trade in Bruno.

We got a history together.

I got 20 years of rill-hopping experience

wired into him.

- Rill-hopping?

- Well, that's a...

Smuggling. That's what I went to jail for.

He's not the fastest, but he's gotten me

out of a lot of tight squeezes.

A little smokier than usual.

- He's a fire hazard.

- He's all right.

Where are you going?

I got to go talk to an old friend,

see what I can find out.

What am I supposed to do?

Make sure Bruno  
doesn't burn the place down.  
- You're leaving me alone with him?  
- I left.  
Pluto!  
You're getting kind of old, Rowland.  
You should be so lucky. Every lowlife  
in town is looking to whack you.  
I'm a popular guy. What can I say?  
You want to lose some money?  
No, but you'll lose money.  
We'll play some eight ball, regular stakes.  
- I will kindly empty your wallet for you.  
- You're on.  
How is your mother?  
Still breaking hearts.  
Pizza time.  
She should have married me.  
You should have lost that weight.  
I'd have lost the weight if she married me.  
Otherwise, what's the point?  
I really need your help.  
I got to get to Rex Crater.  
Forget it. Nobody gets to him.  
- Who the hell is this guy?  
- A myth, an enigma.  
He lives in a penthouse  
above the Lunar Grand Hotel.  
Never comes out.  
You was a cop for 20 years.  
You've got to have some idea who he is.  
Some people think he's a clone.  
There was a clone doctor  
named Runa Pedanken.  
Made a big name for herself creating  
a basketball team from one old guy.  
The Air Jordans.  
Right after cloning was outlawed  
back Earth, Pedanken came up here.  
She was the best in her field  
until she got herself murdered.  
That was about eight years ago.  
I'm going to need to hack into police files.  
You mean, you need me

to hack into police files.  
I thought you'd never ask.  
Pedanken, Runa. Initiate global search.  
File deleted.  
Sorry, that's all there is.  
She wasn't doing this by herself.  
Who worked with her?  
She had an assistant.  
We questioned her for days  
about the murder. Got nothing.  
That's because you have no finesse.  
Who is she and where do I find her?  
Mona Zimmer.  
Runs a body alteration shop  
on Microsoft and Sixth.  
That's what I love about you.  
I ask a simple question,  
four hours later, I get a simple answer.  
Boss?  
Where did the boss go?  
I don't know. Out.  
He said to wait for him here.  
Out?  
He never goes anywhere without me.  
And I heard that toaster crack.  
Bruno, give me that old badge you got.  
- Who are we going to arrest?  
- I need your help.  
Sure.  
Where are we going?  
It's just got to be the two of us.  
You go next time. Promise.  
That's gratitude for you.  
We were hoping that for our anniversary  
we could get a brand-new us.  
How romantic.  
You're in luck!  
I just happen to have a cancellation.  
Fantastic!  
Are you all original  
or have you been previously improved?  
All original.  
Really?  
Yes, from top to bottom.

Okay, then.  
Well, what exactly did you have in mind?  
We were thinking we could start  
with some ass-resculpting for her...  
...to get a little more bubblegum...  
I happen to have a great ass!  
I'm not saying your ass isn't great.  
We'd like something...  
Could you do something  
about his big mouth?  
Do you have any catalogues?  
Maybe we could get some ideas.  
Come this way,  
I'll show you exactly what you want.  
Thank you.  
Come on, honey.  
Look at the asses on the wall.  
Yeah. Don't push it.  
Let's start with some  
of the basic body types.  
Here's one I think you'll really like.  
The Amazon.  
I don't like that. That makes me  
look like a big dufus, doesn't it?  
- Where would we buy clothes?  
- I don't want to be the big dufus.  
Good point. Let me try again.  
This one I'm particularly proud of.  
The Venice Beach.  
Wait a minute.  
I think you done found something there.  
Look at that, honey.  
Yeah, look at that. Look at me!  
This is me?  
It could be.  
Honey, I'm looking and I'm thinking...  
...you should rethink the ass enhancement.  
It will work. It will help out.  
What you want is to have a... You know?  
She also needs a little more of this, too,  
up top. Can you fix this?  
If you could spruce these up a little.  
Just a little sprucier.  
I know that she has ample now.

But I'm talking titties galore.  
Let's have the titties really flowing.  
Yeah, like that.  
Look at that.  
Why don't we step into my office  
and discuss the terms?  
Yes, let's go in and sign up! Look at that!  
Before we get started, there's a few things  
I'd like to talk over with you.  
First of all, will you be paying in cash...  
...or would you like to take advantage  
of our flexible financing plan?  
All in cash, all at once.  
- Excellent! Medical records?  
- Right here.  
And police permit?  
Our police permits?  
I think you'll find  
that our police permits are in order.  
Police permits.  
Sorry, no can do. Not without  
a police permit. It's Body Alteration 101.  
You could be fugitives, killers, anybody.  
No, we're just a couple trying  
to put the spark back in our relationship.  
The idea of revealing such personal details  
to the police.  
Please, Dr. Zimmer?  
All right. Come back tonight, 8:00 sharp.  
But it's another \$10,000 upon completion.  
All right. Then, doctor, you are busted.  
Give me a break. What are you guys,  
the Health Department?  
You wish we were.  
Listen, you got one chance.  
You answer some questions for me.  
And I want the truth.  
Okay, what do you want to know?  
- When you worked for Runa Pedanken...  
- I never heard of her.  
You want to play games?  
Put the cuffs on her.  
Come on, cuff her.  
No! Just hold on!

Hold the cuffs.

Tell me everything you know  
and don't play games with me, Mona.

Talk to me. What do you know?

Right now.

All right, all right.

Towards the end, Runa was dealing  
with some pretty heavy characters...

...but she didn't tell me who.

And she didn't keep any records.

But one day I walked into her office  
as she was showing one of the guys out...

...and he left his briefcase behind.

The initials WZW were embossed on it...

...in gold.

It was made out of genuine alligator skin.

Are you with me?

Alligator skin. Earth goods.

That's all I know. I swear it.

Just for the record, I have never had  
one complaint about my ass.

I was just playing. I said that for the lady.

It was part of the scam.

Ma, what are you doing here?

Seeing that you're all right.

Ma, this is Dina. Dina, my mother.

You're his mother?

Why, you got a problem with that?

I'm surprised.

You could easily pass for his sister.

Thank you.

Why are you gallivanting around?

You'll wind up dead.

I got to take care of those guys  
that blew up my club.

- You got to get your ass off the Moon!

- I don't think so.

You think you're a hot-shit, ex-rill-hopping,  
burned-down-club-owning guy...

...but once in a while,

listen to your mother.

All right, I'll get off the Moon!

But can I get something to eat first?

God!



Bruno, get some beer and sandwiches.  
And you ought to be a little nicer  
to your robot.  
Be nicer to my robot?  
You been in here bitching to my moms?  
Gentlemen.  
Suite with a hot tub?  
Which room is Nash in?  
Lie to me and I will blow your head off.  
3D.  
You take the stairs.  
You two, take the elevator.  
Let the robots take the stairs.  
You stay here.  
Pluto, this is Roy. You got company.  
We got to move out of here.  
Come on, this way!  
Bruno, check and see  
if we can get out the window!  
Model DRL '84.  
Very nice.  
Bruno!  
Excuse me.  
Too high to jump!  
Bruno, see what you can do  
with these bolts.  
Okay. Ready?  
Go!  
Freeze!  
Raise your hands!  
Excuse me. Can I get through here?  
Go back to your room, lady.  
- Nice shooting, Ma!  
- Thanks, baby.  
I'll call you back.  
Stay here!  
Bruno, enough!  
Rowland, it's Pluto.  
I got to get to the Far Side.  
I need you to get me a spacesuit.  
Make that two spacesuits.  
One for a female about 5'7".  
I'll tell you when I get there.  
- This is Dina.

- Nice to meet you.

Hi. Thanks.

I'm getting ready to leave town.

How will you get to the Far Side?

Walk there?

I got that covered.

I'm arranging for some transportation.

That's it.

- Code generator serial number?

- 8-7-4-3-5-0-8.

Check.

It's not my business, but why don't we just rent a car instead of stealing one?

Because you can't rent these.

- What's so special about it?

- It's a Chrysler DeSoto S-5000.

It cruises on a 14-inch cushion of air, hikes up to 64 inches in rough terrain.

It's heat and meteor resistant, with a torque compressor power thrust...

...and a kick-ass sound system.

Trust me on this one.

Bruno, I need an ignition chip.

This might do the trick.

It will work perfect.

I love a place where your bodyguard and car have interchangeable parts.

Smart-ass. After you.

Good evening, Mr. Vandervoort.

James here. Aren't you early, sir?

We're surprising Mrs. Vandervoort with some jam and scones...

...and picking her up

at a spa on the Far Side.

You're not Mr. Vandervoort at all.

You're some hooligan

trying to steal his motorcar.

I won't have it!

Shut up and drive. Head for the Far Side.

I'll give you to the count of three

before I alert the authorities. One.

Sorry, James. You're too late.

I have disconnected your alarm relay.

So get moving, Jimmy boy,

or you'll have a speech impediment.  
Good God, I'm being stolen!  
Take over for a while, James.  
I will not be an accomplice in this.  
You're not an accomplice,  
you're a hostage. Do it.  
- I won't be intimidated.  
- Do it!  
All right.  
Thank you.  
Nice work, James.  
Yeah, James. You little asshole.  
I heard that.  
- How are you holding up?  
- Fine.  
Listen, I won't let anything happen to you.  
I promise.  
All right.  
How long does the night last up here?  
Two weeks.  
- That's so depressing.  
- No, it's not. It's nice. Look at this.  
When I was a little boy,  
I used to come out here with Rowland...  
...look up and count the stars,  
and dream about what was out there.  
I never heard such drivel in my life!  
What kind of refreshments  
you got back here?  
Dreadfully sorry, sir.  
We weren't expecting anyone.  
I know you got something.  
You going to make me house it?  
Champagne and caviar!  
Don't touch those, they're for guests!  
James, we are guests.  
He'll get her drunk  
and have his way with her.  
You know something?  
Bad luck, old boy!  
We were ambushed?  
- Ambushed?  
- Yes, sir.  
Really? They're just not playing fair.

Any other excuses?  
Problems at home, cold coming on...  
...work too stressful? What?  
- Nothing, sir.  
- Good.  
Because the next time I talk to Rex Crater,  
I need to say Nash is dead.  
- That's all he wants to hear.  
- It's as good as done.  
Or else you are.  
Get out of here.  
We'll get right on it, sir.  
Where are we?  
Safe. It's an old prospecting dome.  
We found it years back.  
Nobody knows about it but me and Bruno.  
What's the temperature out here?  
It's about 200 below.  
Balmy.  
Play's over. Get down here.  
Okay.  
That was fun.  
Memories.  
I've had a lot of memories in here.  
Look at all this junk.  
What do you mean "junk"?  
This is called inventory.  
Show a little respect.  
This is what's left of my life's work.  
Very interesting help  
you have around here.  
That's an old program I forgot to delete.  
Left it on "Oops!"  
I forgot that was in there.  
Miss me?  
Guess not.  
She's an excellent piece  
of multi-functional software.  
Initiate search.  
Convicted organized crime,  
Earthling, initials WZW.  
WZW.  
No WZW.  
Nothing. Thank you.

Thanks for nothing. Worthless computer.  
How's it going?  
It's not going at all.  
Babette made lunch.  
Thank you. Thank you so much.  
Can I help?  
Computer's got no information  
on our mystery man.  
I'm starting to think  
that that Zimmer conned us.  
Here's your problem.  
Zimmer said WZW, not MZM.  
You're just looking at it upside...  
Wait a minute.  
You did it! Look at you! You're a genius!  
Look what you did.  
She saw it upside down.  
Watch this.  
Initiate search. Convicted,  
organized crime, Earthlings, initials MZM.  
Okay. You see? Now we have something.  
Open file 10-17 MM.  
How do you feel about your acquittal,  
Mr. Marucci?  
Makes me proud to live in this great  
country where justice is still served.  
With gambling to be outlawed on Earth,  
will the Giovanetto syndicate...  
...engender a consortium to perpetuate  
a new gambling coalition on the Moon?  
Will the what do what to the what?  
Speak English, sweetheart.  
Will you and the other major  
organized crime figures on Earth...  
Organized crime?  
I don't know nobody in organized crime.  
Listen, darling...  
...you want to ask me a question,  
let's sit down somewhere.  
We'll open a bottle of wine,  
get to know each other better.  
Get a new dress, a nice pair of shoes.  
Be at my hotel around 7:00.  
What are you waiting for, a dance?

I forgot the stairs was there.  
Back it up.  
Let me take it in a little closer here.  
And closer still.  
What do you see?  
So Mike Marucci is Rex Crater?  
One way to find out.  
That's pretty far-fetched, Pluto.  
But I buy it.  
Marucci had the bucks, he had the balls.  
He had the background  
to build Moon Beach.  
Not to mention he wouldn't mind  
whacking anybody who got in his way.  
So I noticed.  
Pluto, when you make an enemy,  
you don't mess around.  
Yeah, you know me.  
I'm gonna see an old buddy at the FBI,  
I'll get back to you.  
Right.  
Listen to that! That's Connecticut.  
Listen how clear.  
What's this?  
No, don't do that! Stop!  
That's a cryogenic Chihuahua!  
It's a real dog?  
Yes, it's very delicate.  
It's illegal to bring pets here.  
I've got a friend back in Jurez who  
knows how to freeze-dry these things.  
Look at that. It's a girl.  
Pop that little bitch in the particle wave  
for two minutes on defrost...  
...she'll be running around the room.  
I used to get \$5,000 a pop for these things.  
Where'd you do your singing back Earth?  
Weddings, bar mitzvahs,  
reincarnation rituals.  
The usual gigs. I hit a rut...  
...so I sent my tape to a club I heard about  
up here. Figured, what the hell?  
They sent me a one-way ticket.  
But when I got here,

the place had been sold.  
I checked the water tanks.  
We have enough to stay here for months.  
What about food?  
Plenty.  
Let's have a dinner party.  
Let's change the mood in this place.  
All right.  
He seems a little... Does he get angry?  
No. He has a happiness chip  
I had installed. That's why he's always...  
- Does he mind when you make fun of him?  
- No, the happiness chip.  
I wish I had a happiness chip  
in my ass so I'd always be happy.  
Has one-sixth gravity been giving you  
chronic back pain?  
We at the Lunar Lumbar Clinic specialize  
in replacing the lumbar vertebrae...  
...with our patented  
epoxy spinal substitute.  
You see,  
once Dr. Pedanken was murdered...  
...there's no link  
to prove a Marucci clone ever existed!  
- Please, after we eat, okay?  
- Now I got to buy you dinner, too?  
I'll tell you, Jack...  
...detective work was a lot easier  
before they invented cloning.  
At least you knew who your friends were.  
Who is that?  
Nobody even has this number.  
- Ma!  
- Pluto!  
Get off this line.  
What if somebody is tracing this call?  
Pluto, Rowland is dead!  
They found him murdered.  
How could they do this?  
I can't believe this.  
Pluto, please get off the Moon!  
They're going to kill you, too.  
Did you hear me?

I got some unfinished business  
to take care of. I'll be back in touch.

Pluto.

Bruno!

- Come on!

- Yes, boss!

They killed Rowland!

We came too close to the truth.

It's time to confront Marucci!

- We'd better wear protection.

- You'll be safe here.

You're leaving me behind?

- What is that?

- Service recreational vehicle approaching.

Let's get it right this time, okay?

Registered to Lunar Grand Hotel.

- What the hell is that?

- I'd put on my spacesuit if I were you.

I count five of them.

Four with 43-K Magnums

and one Scorpion rocket launcher.

- Initiate countermeasures!

- There are no countermeasures.

- Break out all the assault weapons!

- We sold them, remember?

Where's that big-ass street sweeper  
with the supercharger?

It's at your mom's.

Great! What are we going to do?

Bathroom!

- Bathroom?

- Yeah, come on!

Babette, secure yourself!

Bruno, hold us down!

Johnson, stay with me.

You three, go in

and make sure we got him.

Where are you going?

Get back!

Come here!

- What are you doing?

- Saving your ass!

Shit!

Johnson, behind you!



Goddamn it!  
Stay with me!  
James, open up!  
Bruno!  
Bruno!  
Let's go!  
- How did they find us?  
- Obviously you did something stupid.  
That's good.  
Hold it.  
Engage power thrust, now!  
Why don't you just give yourself up?  
- Engage the power thrust right now!  
- Power thrust engaged.  
We lost them. We're good to go now.  
Who's going to pay for  
the damage to the vehicle...  
...not to mention the caviar  
and champagne?  
I'll send you a check.  
Shit!  
- Ram them.  
- What?  
Ram them!  
Stay on them.  
Okay!  
Go, go, go!  
Die, die, Pluto Nash.  
Yes!  
- I'm hit!  
- Quiet!  
I'm hit!  
Bruno, you see that rill right there?  
No rills, please!  
It's a clear approach and a perfect lip!  
- What's a rill?  
- That's a rill!  
Pluto.  
- Are you crazy?  
- Hold on!  
Say when, Bruno!  
Three, two, one...  
...go!  
Stop, stop!

That's why they call us rill-hoppers.  
I think I'm going to be sick.  
Evacuate! Evacuate!  
Put your helmet on!  
- Why?  
- Hurry, get it on!  
Where are you going?  
- Overboard, brother.  
- It's been real, James.  
Great, so I'll just sit here  
and blow up, shall I?  
- Can we go home now?  
- No!  
Get us to the other side.  
All right.  
Even if they escaped  
before the explosion...  
...there would be no way  
for them to survive out here, right?  
Let's go.  
Excuse me, could you give me a lift?  
I have some information  
about the people that you're looking for.  
Come back here!  
I can help you find them, you bastards!  
What do we do now?  
We start walking.  
We don't have any food or water.  
We'll run out of air long before  
we need food and water. Trust me.  
- I can't breathe.  
- Come on, Dina, hang in there.  
Hang in there.  
Dina.  
Dina.  
Boss.  
Boss...  
...battery...  
...low.  
Shit!  
- Stay down or you'll pass out again.  
- Okay.  
You on a nature walk or something?  
No, the thrusters on my vehicle blew out.

What's going on? Where are we?  
It's okay. I just rescued you.  
My name is Felix Laranga.  
Felix, I'm Pluto and that's Dina.  
Pluto?  
- Pluto Nash?  
- Yeah.  
The Pluto Nash?  
Yeah.  
Get out of here, I'm your number one fan!  
You're the reason  
I got into the smuggling business.  
Let me tell you something.  
This man is the Tito Puente of rill-hopping.  
Right here, this is the guy.  
Could you bring my robot inside?  
He needs to be recharged.  
Look, I had a really bad  
robot experience once.  
I had this fine robot mamita  
and I rented her out...  
...took her back to my place,  
we started getting busy.  
All of a sudden, there's a malfunction,  
and bam! She does a Terminator on me.  
Busted a couple of my ribs,  
dislocated my shoulder.  
I'm lucky I'm still alive.  
Don't worry about Bruno.  
He's not going to hurt you.  
As long as you don't  
try to get busy with him.  
Ordinarily, I'd say no.  
But for Pluto Nash, I'll do anything.  
I appreciate it.  
Do you think you could  
give us a ride to Moon Beach?  
I'll take you to Miami Beach  
if that's where you got to go.  
I'll be right back.  
Check it out.  
Lunar Grand Casino dice,  
loaded and 100 percent undetectable.  
You want a set,

as a personal gift from me?  
Thanks, but I'm not really a big gambler.  
With those dice, you ain't gambling.  
We're not going to gamble.  
Thanks, but no, thanks.  
If you're not a gambler,  
why are you going to Moon Beach?  
- I'm going to see an old friend of mine.  
- Who's that?  
Rex Crater.  
Rex Crater is a friend of yours?  
Yeah, sure.  
Can you comp me a suite  
with a sunken living room bathtub...  
...and a waterbed  
with a mirror on the ceiling?  
Yeah, probably.  
Damn!  
Pluto Nash is down with Rex Crater.  
You know what, Felix?  
Take these Hillarys.  
We appreciate your helping us out.  
No, you my man. You don't got to do that.  
Take this, you helped us out.  
I appreciate it.  
I'm all right. I'll tell you what.  
- Would you sign my helmet for me?  
- Get out of here.  
- Come on, give me an autograph.  
- Are you serious?  
It's not every day I get to hang out  
with Pluto Nash.  
- Please.  
- Okay, I'll sign it.  
This is my first autograph.  
What do you want me to sign?  
"To Felix...  
"...my buddy, who stuck with me through  
thick and thin, who I'll never forget."  
- I just saved your life. Right?  
- That's true.  
"My buddy, who stuck with me  
through thick and thin, and saved my ass.  
"Peace and love, Pluto Nash."

What's all that stuff you got  
on the rack back there?  
That's a new shipment of stuff  
I just smuggled in from Puerto Rico.  
Is that right?  
Top of the line, designer labels.  
Why, you need something?  
Yeah, we could use some clothes.  
Welcome to Moon Beach  
and the Lunar Grand Hotel...  
...where luck is always on your side.  
Welcome to Moon Beach  
and the Lunar Grand Hotel...  
...where luck is always on your side.  
Bruno, lay low for a minute.  
Go get a magazine or something.  
Meet us over by the elevators.  
Hey, good-looking,  
how about slipping up to your room...  
...and playing with me for awhile? Wait!  
Don't you want to do  
something exciting tonight?  
- No!  
- No?  
Afraid you might get lucky?  
Hello.  
Good evening. Checking in?  
Actually, we're here to see Tony Francis.  
The early show or the late show?  
We're old friends. We come to see him  
in person. Where's his dressing room?  
I can't tell you that, sir.  
Really?  
Just give us a room  
and two tickets to the early show.  
All set. Just give me a thumb print  
for the charges.  
I'll pay in cash.  
Cash is always easier.  
Mr. Francis' show is black tie.  
We have rentals available  
from the concierge.  
All prettied up for Tony? Absolutely.  
Peekaboo, I found you.

Come on, big boy...  
...right here in the lobby! Oh, baby!  
You sick bastard!  
Security!  
All set.  
Enjoy your stay.  
Crazy-ass Tony!  
All right. So far, so good.  
Come with us.  
- What's the problem?  
- Is he with you?  
He's my old friend from West Virginia.  
What's going on?  
Nice try.  
After you've paid for the damages  
to this slot machine, we'll give Earl back.  
- Wait a second...  
- Here's your claim check.  
Pick your robot up when you leave.  
Let's go.  
Sorry, boss.  
You're not a robot, you're an animal!  
Line it up!  
Yo, baby, you love me?  
'Cause I love me, too!  
Come here, baby!  
I want bottles of champagne  
for those people over there...  
You ready? Blow!  
Yo, Pluto! My man, Pluto Nash!  
Pluto Nash, come on!  
Come here, Pluto.  
I want to show you how to win big time!  
Pluto, where are you going? Come on!  
They're giving away \$1,000 chips!  
Come here!  
Mr. Belcher, Nash just walked in the lobby.  
Nash is alive.  
You idiots!  
All day, all day!  
Watch this, honey!  
Want a sip of champagne?  
Let's go.  
Give me those back.

Get your hands off me  
or I'll have you fired.  
- You know who I am? Felix Laranga!  
- Who?  
You never heard of me  
because you're stupid.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
the undisputed master of the universe...  
...Mr. Tony Francis!  
What an amazing act.  
He's so different, so original.  
Yeah.  
What makes you so sure he'll help us out?  
He'll help us.  
He couldn't sing a note if it weren't for me.  
You taught Tony Francis how to sing?  
No, I convinced a bookie  
not to pour some acid down his throat.  
Pack your bags,  
I'm taking you home with me!  
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.  
Please welcome the master  
of musical disaster...  
...Ted Jefferies  
and the Ted Jefferies Orchestra.  
Hit it, maestro!  
There's a guy over there checking faces.  
Turn towards me.  
Okay, I think that worked.  
It worked for me.  
You were so wonderful, Tony.  
What a great show!  
It was a magnificent evening, wasn't it?  
Is this the refund window?  
Pluto Nash! My goodness, it's marvelous  
to see you! How have you been?  
I'll tell you about it. This is Dina.  
- I loved your show.  
- Tony loves you for loving his show.  
I want you to meet my wives,  
Gina and Filomena.  
A pleasure to meet you, Pluto and Dina.  
My man, Anthony Frankowski!  
- It's Francis, not Frankowski.

- Your wives don't know you're Polish?

- Nobody knows. You'll blow my cover.

- All right, it's our little secret.

You want to stay for dinner?

We made osso buco and pork and gnocchi,  
all Tony's mother's recipes.

No, thanks, we ate already.

- You're a freak.

- You have no idea.

Can I talk to you in private?

Absolutely.

Would you excuse us for a minute?

Sure!

You married twins?

They're not twins. I met a perfect woman  
and I had her cloned.

- Which one is which?

- Who cares?

Me and your boss, Rex Crater,  
we had a little misunderstanding.

What kind of misunderstanding?

He tried to have me killed  
and blew up my club.

- How do you know it was Crater?

- I know.

He offered to buy my club  
and I wouldn't sell it, so they blew it up.  
Shit.

You got to help me get to Crater.

I'm fond of breathing, you dig?

Just tell me how to get to him.

I've never met him! He watches  
my show from up in his penthouse.

He sends down messages:

"Your jokes suck.

Sing 'Feelings' for me."

You wouldn't be singing

if it wasn't for me, right?

Come on, man.

I might know a way for you  
to get up into his penthouse.

- After that you're on your own, Pluto.

- Thanks.

Pick up Bruno and pay the damages



on that slot machine.  
Rent a car and wait outside  
the front of the hotel.  
I might have to make a fast getaway.  
- What if you don't get away?  
- I always get away.  
Come on, we'll go this way.  
Rex Crater's private penthouse elevator  
is right next to mine.  
There's a way for you  
to get from my elevator into his.  
How you doing?  
Trust me, you'll love this.  
All right, here we go.  
I'll stop this so nobody bothers us.  
- I gotta get that later.  
- Shit!  
That's Rex's elevator down there. See?  
It only stops at the subbasement  
and his penthouse.  
My elevator only goes as low as this floor.  
How do I get from one elevator  
to the other one?  
That's what Tony is here to help you with.  
I'll tell you the whole thing.  
Back up as far as you can go,  
get a good running start, jump out across.  
- Jump across to what?  
- The ledge! See that ledge down there?  
Grab onto these wires  
and swing down onto the ledge.  
- You want me to grab hot wires?  
- How do you know they're hot?  
It's hot!  
Grab the ones that aren't hot.  
Swing down, get down to the ledge.  
Then you wait until  
they bring Rex's late supper up to him.  
When the elevator goes by,  
before it passes you, you jump on top.  
Use this casino chip to unscrew  
the trapdoor on top of the elevator.  
Jump down inside.  
Take out the two robot guards.

You're alone in the elevator,  
you've got a meeting with Rex.  
What's plan B?  
This is Plan B.  
I'm here to accept Mr. Crater's offer.  
- Is that right?  
- It's all settled. \$10 million.  
- We'll get back to you on that.  
- I've got to get ready for my next show.  
Get them out of here.  
Sorry, your robot remains property  
of this casino...  
...until the damages are taken care of.  
I'm here to pay you.  
Repairs hasn't sent down a bill yet.  
You would be a real peach  
if you could get me that bill.  
Harry, I got a Bruno '63 Deluxe.  
Wrecked a slot machine.  
Owner wants to pick him up.  
How much do they owe?  
I haven't even looked  
at the damn thing yet.  
Have him check with us  
tomorrow morning.  
What are they saying?  
You'll be spending the night.  
It's been fun.  
Excuse me.  
- I've got to take a leak.  
- Robots don't take leaks.  
You're absolutely right.  
Come on.  
We need to get a car.  
Why are you in such a hurry?  
You wanted to talk to Mr. Crater?  
Here you are.  
I finally get to meet the great Rex Crater?  
Or is it Mike Marucci?  
Yeah, Mike Marucci.  
Thought you were so smart,  
I figured you out.  
I should come over there  
and put my foot in your fat grease-ball ass.

So you got it all figured out, huh?  
It is a pleasure to meet me.  
I'm pretty feisty, huh?  
What's this, a rented tuxedo?  
You know, you're old enough  
to own your own tuxedo.  
Sit down! You know,  
you should be honored.  
Only person besides yourself  
to ever come up here is Belcher.  
What's going on here?  
Remember when they cut your appendix  
out eight years ago in prison?  
Gambling had just been outlawed  
on Earth, so my old boss...  
...Mike Marucci, commissioned  
Dr. Runa Pedanken to create a clone...  
...of someone who knew  
their way around the Moon.  
For what?  
He was starting a gambling operation  
and needed someone to front for him.  
Someone intelligent, that he could control.  
A puppet.  
That didn't jive with my career plan,  
so I sent Marucci and Pedanken into orbit.  
Then, for sentimental reasons,  
or because I'm a nice guy, I let you live.  
Until you got in my way.  
Let's face it,  
why should I keep you around?  
For what? I got your good looks,  
your charm and your wit.  
I even got your memories.  
- You got my memories?  
- Yeah.  
Never wondered how my people knew  
to look for you in your hideout?  
Or the Paradise Motel,  
which is a disgusting establishment.  
I'm surprised you didn't get  
a rash after staying there.  
Next time I'll find better accommodations.  
Mr. Mogan and Mr. Kelp have arrived, sir.

Yes. By all means, send them in.

Mr. Mogan and Mr. Kelp.

I've been waiting for those two gentlemen.

- Boss?

- Quiet.

Hey, everybody!

Nash.

- What's Nash doing here?

- No, I'm Rex Crater.

No, you're Pluto Nash.

No, I beg to differ. I'm Rex Crater.

This is Pluto Nash.

Oh, my God.

Isn't it something? But enough about him.

Mr. Mogan, I want to personally thank you for the outstanding job you've done.

Thank you, sir.

It was a pleasure and an honor.

You see, when you have the experience me and my men have, it's quite easy...

Oh, shit.

Incompetent jackasses.

Get them out of here.

I'd love to let you hang around so you can entertain me...

...but we might have a conflict of interest.

But there's something I want you to see before I say bye-bye to you.

Look at that.

An excellent piece of real estate, but you never took advantage of its potential.

This...

This is wrong.

That should say Rex's, because this is Rex's.

Little America's most exclusive new casino!

Tell me, what do you think?

Little America is not a gambling town and Pluto's isn't a casino.

I think you're a clown and you should take all this stupid casino shit out.

If you get your dumb-ass name off the front...

...maybe you'll be in business  
for more than a week.

- Sorry, it's not wood, is it?

- Yes, and it's hand-carved!

Sorry! I'm sorry!

Pick that shit up!

Shit.

Hold it, right there, robot.

Which one's Pluto?

Which one's Rex?

Belcher!

- Shoot him, Belcher!

- Shoot him, Belcher!

Damn it!

What are you waiting for? Shoot him!

Don't aim at me, he's Nash! Shoot him!

He's not me, I'm me!

He's him! Shoot him!

Boss, which one is you?

Pluto?

He's the one in the rented tuxedo!

Rex!

Boss?

- It's him!

- This piece of shit belongs to him!

Now shoot him!

No!

- What's the matter with you guys?

- It was hairy there for a minute.

Hairy for you?

Get the hell out of here! Get out!

Hairy, my ass.

You sing, don't you?

You're a singer, right? I got a job for you.

Just kill me and get it over with.

You're going to work, but not singing.

Waiting tables, six nights a week.

If you're lucky and save your tips,  
maybe you'll get back to Utah.

Pluto.

I didn't scare you, did I? You all right?

Boss!

I was hoping it was you.

Never leave home

without an undershirt, right?  
Isn't that what you always say?  
Never leave home without an undershirt.  
That's rule number one.  
- I agree!  
- Boss!  
Craps, you lose!  
For the grand reopening of Club Pluto...  
...please welcome Miss Dina Lake!  
Pluto!  
Pluto, baby!  
Fantastic club! Great joint, baby.  
Thanks a lot. Let me say  
that the Mrs. Francis'...  
...are looking lovely tonight.  
- Thank you, Pluto.  
- Have a good time.  
- All right, baby.  
Did I tell you ladies how I got Pluto  
started in the business?  
Tell us, Tony.  
What about a ham sandwich  
without the cheese?  
- How much would that be?  
- Free!  
Felix Laranga's money is no good here.  
Knock yourself out, whatever you want.  
Thanks, Pluto!  
Pluto Nash, I love that man!  
Honey, I tell you what: Eight steaks,  
a crate of lobsters, shrimp cocktail...  
...onion rings, fries, a doggy bag to go...  
How is it going with you and Babette?  
Me and Babette?  
I don't think it's gonna happen.  
I found out that I'm 110 volts  
and she's a 220.  
Go to the hardware store  
and get an adapter.  
No. That just ruins it for me.  
I guess it wasn't meant to be, huh?  
Bruno, you see my new bodyguard  
running around here?  
- New bodyguard?

- I bought a '78, fully loaded, out the door.

- Shall I begin disassembling myself?

- Don't do that.

If you do that, how will you manage  
my club in 500 pieces?

Manage? But no robot  
has ever been in management.

- You want the job or not?

- Boss!

Oh, thank you, boss!

You're the best boss on the whole Moon!

You almost broke my ribs.

Pull up a chair. Let's sit back  
and celebrate and enjoy the party.

Sorry, no can do. We've got a pile of bills,  
the payroll is tomorrow.

We need a new doorman  
and we're low on shrimp.

I'm swamped!