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Beavis and Butt-Head Do America

By Mike Judge

The movie begins with scenes of people screaming in horror and running down the streets of a big city. The ground shakes from what seems like giant footsteps. There are pieces of building debris falling everywhere, people getting crushed, power lines coming down, etc. - complete pandemonium. It all looks very much like a Japanese animated King-Kong or Godzilla movie. We hear the footsteps getting closer and the ground shaking becomes more intense - more debris falling. Then we see a HUGE BLACK TENNIS SHOE come into frame and smash a National Guard truck. As we pan up, we see the white socks, then the red shorts, the AC/DC T-shirt, then we hear the familiar, "Huh huh huh." - only it's a huge sound...this is a THREE-HUNDRED FOOT TALL BUTT-HEAD. "Butt-Kong" continues his path of destruction - stomping on cars and buildings and saying, "This is cool. Huh huh huh." Airplanes and tanks start firing at Butt-Head (Butt-Kong). He looks irritated and says, "Cut it out butt-munch!" Butt-Head swats at the planes, sending them crashing to the ground and stomps on the tanks. Then, something catches his eye. Butt-Head reaches into a skyscraper and picks up a nice looking woman - a lot like the one from the King Kong movie. He looks down at her in his hand and goes wide-eyed, "Whoa! Huh huh huh." The woman screams in terror as Butt-Head looks down at her and tries a few lame pick up lines. "Uuuuh...Hey baby. I'm like, pretty tall. Huh huh huh." He swats down a helicopter that is circling his head, "Dammit, I'm trying to score!" The helicopter goes down in flames. We CUT TO some guys sitting on a tank firing at him. They notice giant footsteps coming from the other direction and turn the tank around. Through their binoculars we see a THREE-HUNDRED FOOT BEAVIS coming from the horizon. The giant Beavis is even more destructive than Butt-Kong (maybe he could be breathing fire). Beavis starts trying to pick up on Butt-Head's woman. Butt-Head puts the woman down and he and Beavis begin to go at it, leveling the city with one of their stupid juvenile smack-fights. We CROSS-DISSOLVE from three-hundred foot Beavis shaking Butt-Kong to Butt-Head asleep on the couch with Beavis shaking him.

INT. B&B'S HOME - DAY

BEAVIS (O.C.)

Butt-Head! Butt-Head! Hey, Butt-Head!

Butt-Head is dead asleep on the couch. Beavis shakes him.

BEAVIS:

Butt-Head, wake up, wake up!

Butt-Head comes around.

BUTT-HEAD

Dammit, Beavis, I was about to score.

Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, but check it out. It's gone!

BUTT-HEAD

What's gone?

BEAVIS:

The TV.

Beavis is making STRANGE NOISES, in a state of shock.

Butt-Head rubs his eyes and looks at the empty space where the TV was.

BUTT-HEAD

Uuuuuuh, huh huh. Uuh,...

Out the window, we see two YOUNG MEN carrying B&B's TV into their van.

Still on the couch, Butt-Head looks over at the broken window. We see a CROWBAR lying on the floor, and the front door left open.

Butt-Head looks at the BROKEN WINDOW, at the CROWBAR, the OPEN DOOR, then back at the EMPTY SPACE where the TV was. He does this a couple of times - piecing it all together.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

Whoa! I think I just figured something out Beavis.

BEAVIS:

What?

BUTT-HEAD

This sucks.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh.

Beavis is still in shock. They both stare at the empty space where the TV was for a beat, not quite sure what to do.

Beavis is SHAKING AND MAKING WEIRD NOISES. He presses buttons on the remote a few times, as if it might help somehow.

BUTT-HEAD

This sucks more than anything that has ever sucked before. We must find this butt-hole that took the TV.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Bad neighborhood. 70's music blares.

A fast driving car drives right at us and stops. Punks run in fear. Beavis hops out of the driver's seat, wearing bell-bottoms, chain jewelry and a 70's afro. Into a dramatic CLOSE-UP, he takes off his glasses.

FREEZE ON BEAVIS

ANNOUNCER:

Beavis!

FRAME UNFREEZES. Beavis whips out a huge gun.

BEAVIS:

Freeze, butt-wipe!

An attacker comes from one side. Beavis uses Judo. Another tosses a knife. Beavis ducks, then shoots with two hands, police style.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Swinger's pad. Totally 70's. A group of bikini'd girls on a waterbed. Butt-Head approaches them. He wears a leisure suit, collar way open. He plops down in the bed.

FREEZE ON BUTT-HEAD

ANNOUNCER:

Butt-Head!

FRAME UNFREEZES. The girls wrap their arms around him.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. Come to Butt-Head, baby.

ANNOUNCER:

Star in...

MAIN TITLE - FULL FRAME

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY/NIGHT

ACTION MONTAGE BEGINS. Styled like a 70's cop show opening.

OPENING CREDITS to the movie appear just as cop show credits would.

Beavis does a Starsky and Hutch-style roll with a gun.

Butt-Head slaps a pimp.

Beavis drives, chasing a car.

Butt-Head is slapped by a girl.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. That was cool.

Beavis and Butt-Head are in a warehouse shoot-out.

A black police chief rises from a desk to yell at B&B.

B&B dive for cover just before a building explodes.

In CLOSE-UP, Beavis smiles for an ID shot.

Butt-Head does the same.

Beavis, in a rooftop fight, kicks his opponent over the edge.
A beautiful woman, back to us, takes off her dress for Butt-Head.
FINAL OPENING CREDIT APPEARS. Butt-Head and the woman fall into
bed. Suddenly...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY/DOOR TO A.V. ROOM - DAY

From inside, SOUND of equipment crashing.

B&B come out wheeling a TV on one of those carts. There are cables
attached to it still leading back into the A.V. room. As they push
the cart we hear more equipment falling.

BUTT-HEAD

Dammit, it's stuck.

They give it one big push and it finally breaks free. We see that
the cables are tangled with cables from other TVs and VCRs, which
all come crashing to the ground.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

Huh huh huh. That was cool.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. Let's just wheel this
thing back to the house.

INT. SCHOOL/ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

MR. VAN DRIESSEN stops B&B.

VAN DRIESSEN:

Ah, excuse me boys. What's going on
here?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, someone stole our TV.

BEAVIS:

Yeah. We're just gonna use this one.
Get outta the way. Heh heh.

VAN DRIESSEN:

I'm afraid that TV belongs to the school.
Mmmkay? You know, this could be a positive
experience for you guys. There's a
wonderful world out there when we discover
we don't need TV to entertain us.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. He said "anus."

BEAVIS:

(to himself)

Entert-ain...us...an-us...Oh yeah! Heh
heh. Anus. Heh heh.

VAN DRIESSEN:

(frustrated)
Have you guys heard a word I've said?
BUTT-HEAD
Yeah, "anus." Huh huh huh huh.

VAN DRIESSEN:

Look, guys, just take the TV back to the
A.V. room right now. And try to be a little
more open-minded. Mmkay?
Van Driessen leaves. B&B continue to wheel the cart home.
BUTT-HEAD
What a dork. Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. He's a anus. Heh heh.
EXT. SCHOOL/STAIRWAY - DAY
B&B arrive with the cart at the top of a stairway. They lamely
attempt to let it slowly down the steps. The cart is too top-heavy
and goes tumbling to the bottom of the stairs, shattering the TV.
BUTT-HEAD
Huh huh huh. That was cool.

BEAVIS:

No it wasn't!
BUTT-HEAD
Uh,...Oh yeah.
B&B stand at the top of the stairs looking down at the wrreckage.
PRINCIPAL McVICKER shows up by the TV.
McVICKER
Why.... You... You bastards... Ge...
get out! You're suspended. One more
screw up... and you're expelled.
B&B walk off laughing.
EXT. THE ANDERSON'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK
B&B walk up. There's a camper in the driveway.
BUTT-HEAD
Whoa, check it out Beavis. I didn't
know Anderson had a Camper.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. Maybe it has a TV.

Heh heh. TV.

B&B walk up to the camper and start to open the door just as MARCY ANDERSON opens it. (As usual, she doesn't recognize them.)

MARCY:

Oh, hello. Are you guys here to look at the refrigerator?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, no.

BEAVIS:

We're here to look at the TV. Heh heh.

MARCY:

Oh, I didn't realize it was broken.

Come on in.

BUTT-HEAD

Cool. Huh huh huh.

B&B walk into the camper. Marcy stays outside.

EXT. ANDERSON'S CAMPER - SAME TIME

Tom is adjusting the trailer-hitch. Marcy watches.

TOM:

Well that oughtta hold her. Ya know, the most important thing you can have on a camper is a good propane regulator, and this here's the best one they make.

MARCY:

I sure hope we can get the 'fridge fixed before we leave.

TOM:

Now Marcy, we've been savin' for this trip our whole lives and we're gonna go come Hell or high water...

Through the camper walls, we hear the faint sound of B&B AIR/MOUTH-GUITARING "IRON MAN."

TOM (CONT.)

What the hell is that noise?

INT. ANDERSON'S CAMPER - DUSK

B&B watch a "Cops"-type show. Beavis gets up, goes to the refrigerator and grabs a soda. The refrigerator is under the

counter on which the TV is sitting.

Beavis takes a sip and then does a SPIT TAKE, SPRAYING SODA ALL OVER THE TOP OF THE TV.

BEAVIS:

AAAAAAGH!!! This crap is warm!

ANGLE ON TV:

TV. We see smoke and hear SIZZLING AND SHORT CIRCUIT SFX. The TV goes dead.

BUTT-HEAD

Beavis, you butt-hole! You broke it.

EXT. ANDERSON'S CAMPER - DUSK

B&B come out. Tom notices them.

TOM:

Hey, what's goin' on here?

MARCY:

They're here to fix the TV, Tom.

TOM:

The TV ain't broken.

BUTT-HEAD

Yeah it is. Huh huh huh.

Tom adjusts his glasses as he looks at B&B.

TOM'S BLURRY P.O.V.: We see B&B out of focus.

TOM:

Hey wait a minute. You two look kinda familiar. Ain't you them kids that've been whackin' off in my tool shed?

BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh huh huh.

ANGLE ON BEAVIS:

and forth.

B&B walk off, leaving Tom wondering.

EXT. STREET IN A SEEDY PART OF TOWN - JUST BEFORE DAWN

B&B are having TV withdrawal. Butt-Head is bug-eyed. Beavis has the shakes bad, arms folded like Dustin Hoffman in "Midnight Cowboy."

BEAVIS:

Nnnnooo. Oooooh nooooo.

BUTT-HEAD

What's your problem Beavis?

BEAVIS:

I need TV now! Now! NNNNDAMMIT!!!

Butt-Head stops short. He looks up. His face is bathed in a golden, throbbing light.

BUTT-HEAD'S P.O.V.: We see a flashing neon sign that says, "TV". Pull back to show B&B are standing outside the Elite Motel Lodge, featuring "Color TV" and "Air-Cooled Rooms", with "Special Nap Rates."

B&B stare up, as if at a god.

BEAVIS:

(crazed)

Heh heh. TV. Heh Teee Veee.

EXT. MOTEL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Butt-Head tries the first door. It's locked. He tries the second door. It's locked. He tries the third door. It opens.

B&B's eyes bulge. Inside, PRINCIPAL McVICKER is lying across the legs of an obvious prostitute, his pants pulled down. She SPANKS him.

McVICKER

Please mmm... may I have another?!

B&B LAUGH. McVicker hears and looks up.

McVICKER (CONT.)

Beavis and Butt-Head! Y...y...you bastards.

BEAVIS:

Can we watch your TV?

McVICKER

Y... Y... You're expelled! Get out!

Butt-Head closes the door, laughing, and starts to walk towards the next door. The muffled sound of a SPANK can be heard followed by McVicker asking for another.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. That was cool.

BEAVIS:

Dammit! I need a TV now! We're missing everything!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The only light in the room is a flickering TV. Sitting on the bed, talking on the phone is MUDDY. He's a tough, mean looking red-neck - a Jack Ruby type.

On the nightstand next to him is a three-quarter drunk bottle of bourbon and a manila envelope. On his lap is a big gun.

MUDDY:

...Are you sure these guys can pull this off? It's gotta look like an accident...

We hear a knock on the door and muffled B&B laughs.

MUDDY (CONT.)

Hold on a minute. That must be them now.

I'll call you back. (Hangs up phone)...

Come in!

B&B walk in. Muddy turns on the light.

BEAVIS:

(sounding suddenly sedated)

Aaaah. TeeeVeeeee, heh heh.

MUDDY:

Yer late.

BUTT-HEAD

Why? Did we miss American Gladiators?

MUDDY'S P.O.V.:

MUDDY:

Well, Earl said you guys were young, but jeez... Oh well, as long as you can get the job done. So what are your names?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, Butt-Head.

BEAVIS:

Beavis.

MUDDY:

That's alright. I'd rather not know your real names anyways. I'm Muddy. Look, I'm gonna get right to the point. I'll pay you ten grand plus expenses, all payable after you do her...

BUTT-HEAD

(full of innuendo)

Do her? Huh huh.

MUDDY:

That's right. I'm offering you ten grand plus expenses to do my wife. We gotta deal? Butt-Head stares in shock.

BEAVIS:

Actually, we just wanna watch TV...

BUTT-HEAD

Shut up Beavis! Uh, yeah. We'll do your wife.

BEAVIS:

(trembling)

Nnnnaah...We need to watch TV DAMMIT!!!

Butt-Head SMACKS Beavis and pulls him aside.

BUTT-HEAD

Beavis, you butt-munch, this guy wants us to score with his wife. And he's gonna pay us. We can buy a new TV.

BEAVIS:

Oh, heh heh really? Cool. Heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD

(to Muddy)

Uh, huh huh... We'll do it, sir.

MUDDY:

Okay, then let's get down to business.

ANGLE ON THE BED. Muddy slaps down a picture of DALLAS, his wife.

Leather clad, biker, beautiful.

MUDDY (CONT.)

Here she is. Her name's Dallas. She ain't as sweet as she looks. She stole everything from me. Ya gotta watch out, 'cause she'll do you twice as fast as you'd do her.

BUTT-HEAD

Whoa, huh huh. Cool.

Muddy plunks down PLANE TICKETS.

MUDDY:

She's holed up in a hotel room in Las

Veags. Your flight leaves in a couple of hours. Now c'mon, I'll drive you to the airport.

BUTT-HEAD

Holed up. Huh huh huh. Holed.

BEAVIS:

Can we watch some TV first?

Muddy picks up the gun and SHOOTs the TV.

MUDDY:

No.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Muddy driving his loud four-by-four like a maniac, drunk with bloodshot eyes. B&B are in the back seat. He eyes them through the rearview. Meanwhile, a cat bounces off the windshield with a SHRIEK.

MUDDY:

One more thing. Mah wife's got this leather satchel. It's black, about this big. I need ya to bring it back. It's real important. Sentimental value... Any questions so far?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, yeah. Does she have big hooters?

MUDDY:

She sure does.

BUTT-HEAD

This is gonna be cool! Huh huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. Boooooiiiiing!!!

MUDDY:

Just make sure it looks like an accident...

BEAVIS:

(spastic)

Yeah, heh heh. I think I just had an accident. Heh heh hmm heh hmm heh.

MUDDY:

Huh huh. You guys are funny. Let's have a drink on it.

Muddy swigs the last swallow from his bottle of bourbon.

EXT. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

In an overhead view, the four-by-four screeches up to the gate, fishtails to a stop, throwing B&B onto the sidewalk, and peels away.

BUTT-HEAD

We're gonna get paid to score.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh, and then we're gonna get a big-screen TV! Heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD

Beavis, this is the greatest day of our lives. Huh huh huh.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

B&B enter the plane. They sit down in the first two seats on the right - in First Class. A flight attendant, DOLORIS approaches them.

DOLORIS:

Hi. Can I help you find your seats?

BUTT-HEAD

Uuh, nah. These seats are OK.

DOLORIS:

I think your tickets have you seated in row fourteen, coach. So why don't you just go ahead and move back, OK?

BUTT-HEAD

That's OK. Someone else can have those.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, it's not that important to me, really. Those seats are too small anyways.

Doloris yanks them out of their seats and leads them down the aisle.

ANGLE DOWN AISLE in coach. Doloris stops by a row where an elderly woman, MARTHA, sits by the window. Next to her: Two empty seats.

DOLORIS:

Here you are.

She gestures to the seats and leaves. Beavis climbs in the middle, Butt-Head in the aisle - still watching Doloris.

BUTT-HEAD

Hey Beavis. When she was leading us down here, huh huh, she touched my butt. Huh huh huh.

Martha, her senses a bit dimmed from age, turns to B&B.

MARTHA:

Hello there. Are you two heading for Las Vegas?

BEAVIS:

Yeah, we're gonna score.

MARTHA:

I hope to score big there myself. I'm mostly going to be doing the slots.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, I'm hoping to do some sluts too. Heh heh. Do they have lots of sluts in Las Vegas?

MARTHA:

Oh, there are so many slots you won't know where to begin.

BEAVIS:

Whoa! heh heh. Hey Butt-Head, this chick is pretty cool. She says there's gonna be tons of sluts in Las Vegas! Heh heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD

Cool. Huh huh huh.

MARTHA:

It's so nice to meet young men who are so well mannered.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. I'm gonna have money, and a big-screen TV and sluts everywhere!

MARTHA:

Oh, that's nice.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(through P.A.)

Good morning. This is your captain speaking. Welcome aboard flight 151 non-stop to Las Vegas. We ask that you turn your attention to the front of the cabin for pre-flight safety instructions.

B&B see Doloris, stepping nearby to demonstrate the seat belt.

ATTENDANT'S VOICE

To fasten your seat belt, insert the free end into the coupling.

BUTT-HEAD

Insert. Huh huh huh.

Doloris demonstrates. B&B are dumbfounded. It's too complicated.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

Uh...

They struggle to make their seat belts fit, getting each other's parts.

TAMMY (O.C.)

Hi, I'm Tammy? Can I help you with that?

Butt-Head looks up.

From his P.O.V. we see a beautiful woman, TAMMY, smiling, her hands reaching down. FALLING IN LOVE/HARP MUSIC STING plays.

CLOSE on Butt-Head's lap as two female hands reach down and pull one strap from between Butt-Head's legs.

Butt-Head looks down at his lap as Tammy leans over him. A loud CLICKING can be heard. Butt-Head stares blankly.

TAMMY (CONT.)

There you go. You're all set.

BUTT-HEAD

(stunned)

I love you.

Suddenly Martha buckles Beavis' belt. Tammy goes.

BEAVIS:

Wait, I wanted her to do it.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. Soon, she will be mine.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

Flight attendants, please prepare for take-off.

The engines start to hum. The plane is rolling.

Butt-Head struggles to get his seat belt off. He does everything

but pull the handle. Beavis goes white with fear.
The plane starts to shake. The engines rumble. Beavis starts to freak.

BEAVIS:

Hey wait a minute. What's going on?!
Butt-Head bangs away at his seat belt. Beavis looks out the window and realizes they're in the air.
BEAVIS (CONT.)
(screams)
Aaaagh! We're gonna die!!!!
ANGLE ON COUPLE IN FRONT OF B&B:

MAN:

D'ya hear that? Something must be wrong!

WOMAN:

Oh my God!!!!!!!
ANGLE ON CABIN, people start screaming. The plane quakes, lifting up.
ON BUTT-HEAD, furiously pulling:
BUTT-HEAD
Dammit! Huh huh. That chick wants me.

BEAVIS:

Aggghg! We're gonna die! We're all gonna die!
The plane arcs upward. Butt-Head finally gets the belt off as the plane is in full thrust. He rises and goes tumbling backward down the aisle.
ON PEOPLE seeing Butt-Head flying, screaming in panic.

In free fall:

Butt-Head grabs the door to the hangable luggage. It all comes tearing out.
Butt-Head flies up, hitting several overhead luggage racks, which open and spill their contents.
Butt-Head lands in the galley, causing food to go flying and coffee to pour freely.
ON THE CABIN as the plane starts to level out. People stop their screaming.
ON BUTT-HEAD, underneath the rubble, poking his head out. He's directly across from the flight attendant station where Tammy is strapped in.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh... could you, like, do that thing with my belt again?

INT. PLANE - LATER

All's in order. Flight attendants roll the beverage cart up the aisle. People read, relaxed.

ON BEAVIS AND MARTHA. Martha is showing pictures of her grandchildren. Beavis is showing the picture of Dallas that Muddy gave him.

BEAVIS:

I'm probably going to make out with her first before we, you know, get down...

MARTHA:

You'll have to speak up son. I have this ringing in my ears. My doctor says it could be related to my heart palpitations. I've had two operations on my heart.

BEAVIS:

Really? I poop too much.

MARTHA:

Oh, maybe you're lactose intolerant.

BEAVIS:

Uh... No, (louder) I poop too much. Then I get tired.

MARTHA:

Well, if you find yourself getting tired, take a couple of these.

She hands him a box of NoDrowz.

MARTHA (CONT.)

They perk me right up.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh, thanks.

He pours the contents into his hand and chews them like candy.

Then his eyes open wide.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

(strange)

Uh, tastes like crap. Heh heh. Mmmmm.

Beavis starts wolfing them down.

INT. PLANE - A BIT LATER

Tammy passes out meals from a rolling cart. She works with Doloris. Butt-head stands behind Tammy, attempting to hit on her.

BUTT-HEAD

(to Tammy)

So, uh huh huh, are you going to Las Vegas? Huh huh huh.

Tammy ignores him and moves on, leaving Butt-Head there.

ANGLE ON BUTT-HEAD, looking down at something.

PAN DOWN to reveal he's looking at a BEER on a fat guy's tray. The guy's asleep.

Butt-head picks up the beer.

ANGLE ON BEAVIS, nearby. The NoDrowz is starting to take effect.

Beavis starts shaking, babbling, staring cross-eyed at his fist, etc. (pre-Cornholio stuff)

Tammy reaches her next passenger.

TAMMY:

Hi, we're serving dinner. Our selections tonight are chicken piccata or seafood gumbo...

BEAVIS (O.S.)

Piccata? Piccata! Picattatta tatta!

Tammy moves forward, leaving Butt-Head standing there. In the background, we see Beavis starting to quake, on the verge of Cornholio mode.

PASSENGER:

Does the gumbo have corn in it?

ANGLE ON BEAVIS:

head in full Cornholio mode.

BEAVIS:

I am Cornholio! I need picatta for my bunghole!

TAMMY:

You'll have to wait your turn sir.

BEAVIS:

Are you threatening me? My bunghole

will not wait!

Beavis starts to wander down the aisle.

ANGLE ON CURTAIN TO FIRST CLASS CABIN. Beavis enters. From the other side, SOUND of screams. We hear several CALL BUTTONS being pressed.

ON BUTT-HEAD. He approaches Tammy from behind. She ignores him.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, I got a beer. Want some? Huh huh.

ANGLE INSIDE THE COCKPIT.

The PILOTS are relaxed and settled in when the door to the cockpit slams open. Beavis is in the doorway SCREAMING.

BEAVIS:

Bargarajjjaaaaahhh!!! I am Cornholio!!

The pilots SCREAM. The copilot jumps up so fast he causes coffee to spill everywhere, including on the captain's lap. The captain then jumps up, hitting the controls and SENDING THE PLANE INTO A NOSE-DIVE.

ON BUTT-HEAD

In the back of the plane standing next to Tammy. He starts to take a sip of beer. The nose-dive of the plane causes Butt-Head to go FLYING TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE PLANE.

BUTT-HEAD

AAAAAHHH!!! Huh huh. AAAAHHH!!!

Butt-Head bounces all over the plane and then gets tangled up in the curtain that separates first class and coach. It tears off, and he continues to fly forward.

COCKPIT:

The captain is desperately trying to regain control of the plane. Butt-Head slams into the cockpit, landing on the control panel facing the captain.

CAPTAIN:

Get the hell out of the cockpit!

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh, you said...

CAPTAIN:

NOW!!!

The captain throws Butt-Head back behind him and pulls the plane out of the dive.

EXT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - EARLY EVENING

The plane lands.

INT. COCKPIT DOOR - EARLY EVENING

The flight attendants, shaken, smile at a line of people deplaning. The people are white with fear, some covered with flecks of spilled food and other matter.

ATTENDANTS:

Bye-bye. Bye-bye. Bye-bye.

They grow silent and still as B&B pass by. Beavis takes the T-shirt off his head, coming down from Cornholio.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. That was cool.

INT. TERMINAL/ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Arriving passengers are greeted. A family is reunited. Two businessmen walk up to limo drivers holding cards with their names. A reunited couple hugs.

B&B look around in confusion.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh, this is Las Vegas?

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. I thought there'd be casinos and lights and stuff.

People greet and walk away. The place starts to clear out.

One limo driver is left standing. He wears sunglasses and holds a

sign that reads:

B&B look around. Except for the driver, they're alone.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Hey Butt-Head, why's that guy holding a sign?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... maybe he's blind... Huh huh, check this out.

B&B go up to him. Butt-Head turns around, drops his pants and hangs a "B.A." at the guy.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh.

DRIVER:

Ah, excuse me. You wouldn't know where I can find these guys, would ya?

He indicates the sign. Butt-Head turns around and pulls up his pants. They look and try to read:

BUTT-HEAD

(reads)

Uh, B...A...U... No, uh, V...

BEAVIS:

(reads)

Uh... Buuuuut. Boot. Someone named boot.

BUTT-HEAD

(realizes)

Huh huh. This says Beavis.

BEAVIS:

And Boot-Head.

BUTT-HEAD

That's Butt-Head. Don't you get it,

Beavis. These dudes have the same name as

us.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, we should party.

The limo driver rolls his eyes and walks away.

DRIVER:

This way, sirs.

B&B follow the driver away. Beavis looks around.

BEAVIS:

So where's those guys?

EXT. MUDDY'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

HARLAN and ROSS, the two dumb-looking rough-necks that stole B&B's TV are standing outside Muddy's motel room. Harlan knocks on the door.

ROSS:

Where the hell is he?

HARLAN:

You sure this is the right place?

Harlan looks through the window and sees the shattered TV. No one's there.

Muddy's four-by-four SQUEALS into the lot and skids to a stop next to Harlan and Ross' van. Muddy gets out, looking really drunk now.

HARLAN (CONT.)

You Muddy?

MUDDY:

(slurring)

You the cops?

ROSS:

Uh, no. Earl sent us. You know, to take care of your wife...

Muddy grabs Ross by the collar.

MUDDY:

What the hell?!... What about those other...

ROSS:

Huh?

Muddy tosses Ross to the sidewalk and starts back to they four-by-four.

MUDDY:

Dammit!!! She did it to me again!!!

HARLAN:

Hey, I noticed your TV was broken. You wanna buy a new one?

Muddy gets in the four-by-four and starts it.

MUDDY:

I'm gonna go to Vegas and kill all three a' them!

Harlan and Ross seem momentarily confused.

Muddy revs the engine, peels out backwards HITTING THE FRONT OF THE VAN. This causes B&B's TV and some other loot to spill out the back onto the sidewalk.

Ross starts to pick it up.

HARLAN:

Just leave it. Worthless piece o' crap.

ROSS:

Yeah, really. We gotta start stealin' from rich people.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY

MONTAGE SONG BEGINS.

Note:

Chili Peppers) doing their best imitation of a modern Las Vegas lounge act. I think a song like "What Am I Gonna Do With You" by Barry White or something obnoxious like "Bicostal" by Peter Allan would be cool. Or maybe Sinatra's "You Make Me Feel So Young" would be best.

The car passes by major hotels and tourist sights, finally pulling up to a big luxurious hotel and casino.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - DAY

Establishing shots. Excitement. Gambling tables going on forever. ON THE LOUNGE BAND playing the song we've been hearing. They should vaguely resemble the actual band doing the song.

PAN DOWN rows of slot machines.

PAN ACROSS DEALERS handling cards and chips.

DOLLY RIGHT UP TO B&B, staring in utter awe.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS: They're staring at a huge Roman statue of a bare-chested woman.

Their faces are blank. They're seeing God. Finally:

BUTT-HEAD

Beavis. This is what it's all about.

BEAVIS:

(speechless)

Heh heh. Yeah.

EXT. VEGAS - DUSK

Lights are popping on.

Billboards and signs are lighting up.

The whole strip is coming alive. Pure excitement.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - DUSK

ON B&B, still staring at the statue.

B&B

(in awe)

Huh huh huh huh huh.

A security guard comes and drags B&B away.

ON THE LOUNGE BAND, continuing the song we've been hearing.

INT. B&B'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door is opened by a bellboy.

BELLBOY:

I'm so sorry about that little misunderstanding. We didn't know you were registered guests. Here's some playing chips compliments of...

Beavis rushes in and grabs the remote which is attached to the night table. He tries to pull it up and can't.

BEAVIS:

This remote's too heavy!

BELLBOY:

Sir, it's attached to the...

BUTT-HEAD

Here, dumbass! Let me try!

They both struggle to pull it up. Finally, they fall over backwards.

Annoyed, the bellboy leaves.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK/9TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator arrives. B&B get on. There's several sophisticated people. From inside, a computerized FEMALE ELEVATOR VOICE:

ELEVATOR VOICE:

Ninth floor, going down.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

BUTT-HEAD

Going down. Huh huh huh.

The sophisticated people look repulsed. The doors close.

INT. HOTEL/CASINO - NIGHT

MUSIC DIPS DOWN FOR DIALOGUE. B&B step off the elevator and walk among the gambling tables.

Beavis pulls one of the playing chips out of his pocket and bites into it.

BEAVIS:

Ow! These chips suck.

BUTT-HEAD

What a rip-off. Come on. We gotta find that chick.

Beavis tosses the chip on a roulette table.

ANGLE ON THE WHEEL. The ball lands on 13.

At the table, the DEALER...

DEALER:

13. We have a winner. (to Beavis) Sir, your chips?

BEAVIS:

I don't want 'em! Keep 'em.

DEALER:

Let it ride!

BUTT-HEAD

(to dealer)

Uh... could you help us find a chick?

DEALER:

(uneasy)

Sir, the casino does not partake in that kind of activity.

The wheel stops.

DEALER (CONT.)

(amazed)

13! Winner!

People ooh and aaah. More gather to watch.

Through the gathering throng comes CHERYL, a hooker.

CHERYL:

Excuse me, boys. Did I hear you say you're looking for a date?

B&B freeze, shocked.

CHERYL (CONT.)

I'm Cheryl, and I can show you a real fine time.

B&B don't move. The dealer rolls again.

CHERYL (CONT.)

A time you'll remember for the rest of your lives, if you know what I mean.

DEALER:

(to Beavis)

Sir, do you want your chips?

BEAVIS:

No, Dammit! I don't want any chips!

DEALER:

Let it ride.

Cheryl puts her hands on their thighs.

CHERYL:

What say we three go up to your room, take off our clothes and just see what comes up.

B&B's eyes open wide.
BUTT-HEAD
Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Uh... Uh...
The wheel stops.

DEALER:

14. No winners.

CHERYL:

Hmmmm. Oh well.
She leaves. People scatter. B&B are left alone. Staring.
BUTT-HEAD
Huh huh huh. That chick was talking
about doing it.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh. This is the best night of our
lives.
WIDE SHOT. B&B just stand, laughing.
MUSIC FADES BACK UP...
INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT
ANGLE ON THE BAND, continuing the song.
Tourists watch from tables - decidedly not rocking out.
B&B dance alone near the stage, doing the "butt-knocker."
INT. HOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT
A WOMAN ATTENDANT answers the phone.

WOMAN ATTENDANT:

Good evening. Room service. How may
I help you?
From the phone...
B&B
(on phone)
Huh huh huh huh huh.
The woman's disturbed.

WOMAN ATTENDANT:

Hello... Hello...
INT. HOTEL/CASINO - NIGHT
B&B try to climb up and grab the gigantic boobs of the statue.
Butt-Head falls, knocks Beavis off and they both hit the floor

hard.

INT. B&B'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Beavis is on the phone in the main room. Butt-Head sits on the toilet and speaks from the phone in the bathroom.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh, I'd like to be serviced...
in my room.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

B&B keep dancing as the famous BAND plays the MONTAGE SONG which ENDS.

EXT. VEGAS - DAWN

Sunrise.

The song rings out.

INT. B&B'S ROOM - MORNING

BEavis is picking up the night table by the remote attached to it and moving the whole thing.

Butt-Head approaches a door next to the bed.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, I wonder where this door goes to.

Beavis comes over to check it out. Butt-Head opens the door. It's one of those double doors to the next room.

Butt-Head tries to open the second door, jiggling it.

Suddenly, the door opens. Someone reaches out and pulls B&B inside. It's DALLAS, the girl Muddy sent them after.

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She has them pinned against the wall. DALLAS is hot, clad in tight leather, tattooed, pierced, sexy.

BEAVIS:

(excited)

Hey, Butt-Head, it's her! Heh heh.

DALLAS:

All right, who are ya? C.I.A? F.B.I.?

A.T.F.?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... Hey baby. Are we like, doing it?

BEAVIS:

Me first?

DALLAS:

You got two seconds!

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh. Is that gonna be enough time?

Dallas grabs Butt-Head by the shirt.

DALLAS :

Who sent ya?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh, this fat dude. He said we could do you. And he was gonna pay us.

DALLAS :

Muddy! Sonofabitch! Hold it. What's he payin' ya?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, ten uh...

DALLAS :

Ten grand? That cheap-ass... I got a better deal for ya. I'll double it. I'll pay ya twenty if you go back there and do mah husband.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, you want us to do a guy? Huh huh. No way.

BEAVIS :

(considering it)

Umm,... I don't know Butt-Head. That is a lot of money... Maybe if we close our eyes and pretend he's a chick...

Butt-Head SMACKS Beavis, bringing him to his senses.

From outside, SOUND of a police siren. Dallas goes to the window. The place is being surrounded by police and plain black cars.

DALLAS :

(panics)

Damn! You boys, you wait right there.

Dallas goes into the next room and closes the door.

B&B look at each other. They start to take their pants off.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. I'm ready for love.

BEAVIS :

Me first! Me first!

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/OTHER ROOM - DAY

Dallas gets binoculars from her bag and scouts outside.

Her P.O.V. REVEALS dozens of police and A.T.F. cars. The hotel's surrounded.

As Dallas looks around, she spots a tour bus across the street. On

the side:

DALLAS:

(to phone)

Gimme the number for Dream America Tours.

(pause) Right.

Dallas dials again, crossing to the door to peek out at B&B - both standing in their underwear, waiting. Beavis picks his nose.

Dallas closes the door again.

DALLAS (CONT.)

(to phone)

Yeah, you got a bus leaving today? (pause)

Five minutes? Where's it goin'?

(listens) Washington, D.C.?

(mulls it over) Perfect.

(a look back to the other room) Gimme two

tickets.

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/MAIN ROOM - DAY

B&B are in their underwear. Butt-Head sits at the edge of the bed.

Beavis tries to pull the remote off the table.

Dallas enters, sees this sight, and shuts off the TV. She looms

over Butt-Head.

BUTT-HEAD

So, uh, huh huh. Are we gonna score now?

BEAVIS:

Me first!

BUTT-HEAD

Forget it, bung-hole!

B&B start to wrestle. Dallas sees Beavis' pants.

DALLAS:

(realizing)

Score? You boys wanna...?

Butt-Head grabs Beavis' neck.

BEAVIS:

Ow, let go, Butt-Head!

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh.

She picks up the pants, getting an idea.

DALLAS:

You wait here.

She takes the pants into the next room. B&B keep wrestling.

BEAVIS:

Me first.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. No way, dude.

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/OTHER ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON her black satchel. From it she lifts a delicate electronic device, the X-5 unit, about the size of a credit card. An LED light blinks.

Using her switchblade, she cuts a hole in the back seam of Beavis' pants, creating a natural pocket. She carefully slides the unit in.

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/MAIN ROOM - DAY

B&B's fight escalates. Butt-Head picks up a LAMP and throws it at Beavis. It hits the wall and SHATTERS. Beavis charges Butt-Head.

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/OTHER ROOM - DAY

Dallas is licking a piece of thread. She quickly and expertly threads a needle and then starts to sew the electronic device into the inside back of Beavis' pants. She suddenly wrinkles her nose as if she has smelled something.

She holds the pants up to the light. Inside, the shadow of the unit.

INT. DALLAS' SUITE/MAIN ROOM - DAY

B&B fight wildly. Dallas enters and clears her throat. B&B freeze. FULL ON DALLAS, posed sexily, seductive.

DALLAS:

Don't wear yourselves out, boys. Save some energy for me.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

BUTT-HEAD

This is it, Beavis. Huh huh. We're finally gonna score.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh. Thank God.

DALLAS:

I'm gonna do it with both of ya.

B&B

(uncontrollable)

Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh

huh huh huh huh huh.

Dallas clears her throat to get their attention. And again.

DALLAS:

(sexy) Boys... (shouts) Boys!!!

Silence.

DALLAS (CONT.)

But first, you hafta do a little job for me. (touches seductively) Would you like to do a job for me?

Silence. They're in shock.

DALLAS (CONT.)

Here's what it is. I want ya to take a bus ta Washington, D.C. That's all. And when ya get there, I'll be waitin'. You're gonna make a whole lotta money. (In their faces) And I'm gonaa give you everything!

B&B

(near comatose)

Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh.

DALLAS:

Until then... (tosses Beavis' pants in his face) Keep your pants on.

She looks back to the window, now all business.

DALLAS (CONT.)

OK guys, time to move out.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY/FRONT DOOR - DAY

A.T.F. agents enter and spread out. We see several agents go up the stairs.

INT. DALLAS' ROOM/DOORWAY - DAY

DALLAS:

Remember, Washington, D.C. You'll get more money than you ever dreamed of. And you'll get me.

She kisses them both seductively.

DALLAS (CONT.)

(urgent)

Your bus is downstairs. Get going.

She shuts the door, leaving B&B outside. Nearby, a maid with her cart passes by.

B&B stare, frozen for a beat, then go running for the elevator.

ANGLE AROUND THE CORNER, out of B&B's view. Just as the elevator doors shut, dozens of federal agents with guns rush in and kick open Dallas' door.

EXT. HOTEL/CASINO - DAY

More Feds and police enter.

ANGLE ON B&B, walking past, oblivious to all else. As he walks away, Beavis rubs his butt.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh.

BUTT-HEAD

This is gonna be cool. Huh huh.

They walk to the tour bus across the street.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

B&B walk down the aisle, Beavis rubbing his butt. Most seats are taken by senior citizens.

Up ahead, two vacant seats. B&B fight to get in first.

BUTT-HEAD

No way butt-hole! I want the window.

BEAVIS:

Cut it out butt-hole!

A VOICE:

Why don't you take turns?

They turn. It's Martha, the woman from the plane, sitting across the aisle.

BEAVIS:

Hey, Butt-Head, it's that slut from the plane!

MARTHA:

Why it's you two. How'd ya do in Vegas?

BEAVIS:

Uh, we didn't score yet.

MARTHA:

Sorry to hear that. Me, I took a beating.

BUTT-HEAD

Cool, huh huh huh.

MARTHA:

That's why I'm bussing it across America. I'm so glad you're here. (to man in next seat) Jim, I want you to meet two nice boys.

JIM, an old guy, wakes up and looks over.

MARTHA (CONT.)

This is Travis and Bob... What's your last name, dear?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... Head? huh huh. My first name's Butt. Huh huh huh.

JIM:

Pleased to meet ya, Mr. Head. All the seniors turn around to meet them.

MARTHA:

Meet Sylvia. And Elloise and Sam. And Ed. And Doreen.

BUTT-HEAD

Are you guys sluts too? Huh huh huh.

EXT. TOUR BUS - DAY

It takes off.

We PAN back to the hotel as Muddy arrives in a cab.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DALLAS' ROOM - DAY

DRAMATIC REVEAL of AGENT RYAN FLEMMING entering the hallway. He's an A.T.F. honcho, powerful, hard-ass. Looks like an Oliver North-type. Sounds something like Fred Thompson. He walks with his assistant, AGENT BORK and another agent.

They find Dallas' room and enter.

INT. DALLAS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dallas sits calmly, confident, as agents tear apart the room.

FLEMMING:

So, are you going to tell us where it is or am I going to have to have Agent Hurley over there give you another cavity search? ANGLE ON AGENT HURLEY, a tough, stocky woman.

DALLAS:

Ooh is that a promise?

FLEMMING:

Look Mrs. Scum, we know who you are. Tell her Bork.

BORK:

Dallas Grimes. Married to Muddy Grimes. You run a mom and pop arms smuggling ring. He tosses her some photos of her and Muddy.

DALLAS:

Oh, you got my bad side. Bork hands Flemming another file. Flemming checks it.

FLEMMING:

Three days ago you pulled a job at the Army Research Facility in Hadley, Nevada - where you stole... (reads) The X-5 unit. Now we happen to know you had the unit with you when you checked in here, so why don't you be a good girl and tell us where it is.

DALLAS:

You gonna charge me with anything? (pause) I didn't think so. You wanna let me go now or wait 'till my lawyer files a wrongful arrest.

BORK:

(aside to Flemming)
We got nothing, Chief. We tore the place apart. We can only legally hold her for another couple of hours.

FLEMMING:

(aside to Bork)
Dammit! (slams fist down) Where's that damn unit??!!

EXT. HOOVER DAM - DAY

The bus parks.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

B&B are excited.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh. We're in Washington!

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. We're gonna score now.

MARTHA:

Actually, we're at the Hoover Dam.

Martha walks on down the aisle.

BUTT-HEAD

Damn, huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. Damn right!

They follow the seniors out of the bus. Beavis rubs his butt.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

Dallas drives by in a slick car.

INT. DALLAS' CAR - DAY

She adjusts her rearview mirror to observe a Fed car following her. She smiles.

INT. HOOVER DAM - DAY

B&B and the seniors are on a tour through the giant basement. B&B talk and approach the HOOVER GUIDE, speaking nearby.

BEAVIS:

So, like, where is she?

BUTT-HEAD

(looks around)

Yeah, really.

HOOVER GUIDE:

Over 40 thousand cubic tons of concrete were used in the construction of the Hoover Dam.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

HOOVER GUIDE:

From top to bottom, this dam is 51 stories.

BEAVIS:

Uh, huh huh, excuse me. Is this a God Damn?

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh.

They follow the tour into the next room.

INT. HOOVER DAM/OBSERVATION ROOM - DUSK

A glass wall separates this from the master control room. There, two technicians are on watch. Banks of monitors show the water and pipes from various angles.

B&B are the last in. Beavis rubs his aching butt. The guide is already speaking.

HOOVER GUIDE:

... Generates over 6000 gigawatts of electricity, all passing through this control room. This way.

The tour moves on.

BUTT-HEAD

This is dumb, let's find that chick.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh, enough'a this crap.

They walk back from where they came.

Through the glass wall, we see the two control room technicians heading out.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Check it out Butt-Head, TV!

BUTT-HEAD

Cool! Huh huh huh.

INT. HOOVER DAM/HALL OUTSIDE CONTROL ROOM DOOR - DUSK

SOUND of air compression as this secure door opens. The two technicians walk out.

They walk away, not seeing that behind them, B&B approach the control room door. They enter just before the door closes. SOUND of air compression locks.

INT. A.T.F. HEADQUARTERS/FLEMMING'S OFFICE - DUSK

Agent Bork knocks and enters.

FLEMMING:

Talk ta me, Bork.

BORK:

Chief, we found a witness that says he saw two teenagers leaving Dallas' room shortly before we arrived.

FLEMMING:

Did you give him a full cavity search?

BORK:

(confused)

Ah, the witness?

FLEMMING:

Yes. You can never be too careful Bork.

BORK:

Well sir, I didn't really think it was necessary. You see we have a picture of them from the elevator security cam. Here, have a look.

TIGHT ON PICTURE. A still of B&B laughing on the elevator.

BORK (CONT.)

They look like a couple of kids chief.

FLEMMING:

Bork, don't you realize what kids today are capable of? Don't you read the papers?

Suddenly the lights blink on and off. All three men look up.

INT. HOOVER DAM/CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

We see a bank of TV monitors, video of water, turbines, etc. Beavis is rubbing his butt against a switch on the console, causing the lights to blink on and off.

BUTT-HEAD

Beavis, huh huh, what'er you doing?

BEAVIS:

My butt's bothering me!

BUTT-HEAD

You should kick your butt's ass. Huh huh huh.

Butt-Head looks at the bank of monitors - all showing water.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

Dammit, all they have is shows about water.

BEAVIS:

That sucks. Heh heh. They need some shows about fire! Change the channel.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh...

Butt-Head starts randomly hitting controls everywhere while Beavis rubs his butt against a computer keypad.

TIGHT ON CONTROL: "Main Water Release Valve". Butt-Head turns it. An alarm sounds.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, turn it up! Louder! Heh heh.

INT. DAM DOORS - DUSK

An alarm sounds. Giant doors open, causing water to start to flood through the gates.

INT. HOOVER DAM/CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

Butt-Head presses more buttons. His hand is near the biggest

switch for:

BUTT-HEAD

(reads sign)

Uh... Mas... Ter... Huh huh. Masturbation, huh huh.

Butt-Head throws the switch. Lights go out. SOUND of generators grinding to a halt.

INT. HOOVER DAM/MACHINE ROOM - DUSK

Machinery stops suddenly and large support beams break. A disaster.

INT. HOOVER DAM/CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

SOUND of twisted, grinding metal, loud alarms.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh...

ON ONE OF THE MONITORS, we see a small electrical fire.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, fire! Fire! FIRE!!!

EXT. HOOVER DAM - DUSK

The lights go out.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - DUSK

In succession, one set of lights after another goes out. The famous strip goes dark.

INT. A.T.F. HEADQUARTERS/FLEMMING'S OFFICE - DUSK

The lights go dead.

FLEMMING:

The hell's going on?

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM/VEGAS - DUSK

A surgeon just makes an incision as the lights go out.

SURGEON:

Whooooooooops.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DUSK

Marcy Anderson hammers the last peg in for their tent. Tom checks the stew on the fire and looks around.

TOM:

I'll tell ya, it doesn't get any better than this. This here is God's country.

Unspoiled and...

A rumbling interrupts him. He and Marcy turn to see:

A wall of water, heading for them.

TOM (CONT.)

Aaaaghhh!!!...

They're smashed by the flood.

EXT. HOOVER DAM - DUSK

Mass chaos. Traffic jams. Honking horns. People shouting.

ANGLE ON B&B AND THE SENIORS, about to get on the bus.

BUTT-HEAD

That was boring. Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, it's just the same thing over and over again.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... We can't leave Washington 'till we find that chick.

MARTHA:

Oh, we're a long ways from Washington Bob.

This is the Hoover Dam.

Martha gets on the bus. HOLD ON B&B.

BEAVIS:

Damn! Heh heh hmm heh.

They get on the bus.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL/CASINO - DUSK

Mayhem. People scream in the dark. Some steal chips and run.

ANGLE TO SIDE, where Muddy has the Concierge by the neck.

CONCIERGE:

I swear, that's all I know! They got on that tour bus. It was probably heading

west. Please...

Muddy slams him against the wall and walks away.

MUDDY:

I'm gonna kill 'em!

EXT. HOOVER DAM - DUSK

The doors close on the tour bus. It pulls out and drives away.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DUSK

At her car, Dallas watches the bus from a distance, then lays down her binoculars, satisfied.

DALLAS:

You boys better show up.

With a look at the Fed car behind her, she gets in her car and drives down a different road.

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

The bus heads off into the desert.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOOVER DAM - MORNING

Police cars everywhere. Fire engines. Reporters. News helicopters. Disaster.

Several A.T.F. cars pull up. Flemming and several of his agents get out and head immediately for the dam.

INT. HOOVER DAM/CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

TIGHT ON A TV MONITOR. It shows B&B at the Hoover Dam controls the eve before, shot on surveillance camera. Frame freezes. B&B looking particularly stupid.

REVEAL Flemming's there with his agents. Flemming leans forward.

FLEMMING:

You see what I see, Bork?

BORK:

I see it. I don't get it.

FLEMMING:

You got half the state looking for ya -
how do you get away?

BORK:

(realizes)

Cut the power!

FLEMMING:

Damn right. Bork, we're dealing with real pros here. My opinion, terrorists... What's the scoop on that stolen unit?

BORK:

Well, sir it's not good. (to an assistant) Roll the tape... The X-5 unit is a new top-secret biological weapon, a manmade virus...

ON MONITOR. The device that was put in back of Beavis' pants.

BORK (CONT.)

The deadliest known to man. It could wipe out five states in five days. It can be activated by simply entering the right code. Here's what happened when it was tested on a group of Army recruits...

ON THE MONITOR. Army recruits coughing up black gunk, rolling around in pain on stretchers, dying. Grotesque (but funny).

FLEMMING:

Jesus Jumped-Up Christ! If this were to fall into the wrong hands...

BORK:

It gets worse. The unit wasn't finished. It has a flaw - the casing. If hit hard enough, it could break open, releasing the virus.

A murmuring through the room. Flemming rises and holds up a picture of B&B.

FLEMMING:

Okay People, as of right now these are the most dangerous men in America. I want these faces in front of every Fed and two-bit sheriff within a thousand miles. The orders are dead or alive. Let's just pray that nothing hits that unit.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

TIGHT ON Beavis' butt, as Butt-head KICKS IT REPEATEDLY.

BEAVIS:

Ow! Cut it out Butt-Head.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. Get out of the way, Beavis, I
wanna sit by the window. Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Ow! I'll kick your butt!

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. You mean like this?

Butt-Head keeps kicking.

ANGLE ON THE DRIVER UP FRONT.

DRIVER:

Okay, people, next stop, Grand Canyon.

He guns it.

EXT. TOUR BUS - DAY

It takes off down the road.

MONTAGE SONG BEGINS. (Maybe White Zombie doing something like,
"Born to Be Wild")

INSERT:

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

Gorgeous. Our seniors and others take pictures and stare in awe.

Some hold hands. One crosses herself.

ANGLE ON B&B, nearby, also staring in awe. REVEAL they're watching
a jackass take a dump.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh.

BEAVIS:

The poop's coming out of the ass of the
ass. Heh heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. It's coming out of the ass, but
it's also coming out of the ass of the
ass.

INT. A.T.F. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

TIGHT ON PHOTO OF B&B, going out on the wire.

INT. A POLICE STATION - DAY

TIGHT ON COP getting the photo off a machine.

INT. A POST OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT ON B&B'S PHOTO as it's pinned to the wall.

INT. DRIVING TOUR BUS - DAY

PAN across seniors showing off pictures of their grandchildren.

Pan stops on B&B showing off the picture of Dallas to a senior.

Butt-Head does the "finger-in-hole" fornication gesture as they LAUGH suggestively.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

Flemming reads a map strewn on his hood. He turns to Bork to give orders. Bork repeats them into his radio. Several cars pull out.

INSERT:

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Martha and the seniors pose in front of a classic Salt Lake City view. A sign nearby reads "Welcome to Salt Lake City."

REVERSE ANGLE shows B&B, taking their picture.

P.O.V. OF CAMERA shows Butt-Head's hand covering half the lens.

Framing is crooked and way off. Click and FREEZE.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY

Middle of nowhere. Confused, Martha is taking a picture.

REVERSE ANGLE shows B&B, posing by the road sign: Baggs, Wyoming.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

P.O.V. OF CAMERA, showing B&B laughing.

INSERT:

CROSS-DISSOLVE BETWEEN THE BUS AND THE SIGHTS IT PASSES:

EXT. FLAMING GORGE, WYOMING - DAY

A classic view of a powerful gorge.

REVERSE SHOWS THE TOUR BUS driving by. Martha and the seniors rush to the windows to stare in awe.

EXT. GRAND TETON, WYOMING - DAY

A classic view of the huge peaks.

REVERSE SHOWS THE TOUR BUS driving by. More seniors rush to the windows to see.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING - DAY

A spectacular view of Yellowstone Lake and the Rockies.

REVERSE SHOWS THE TOUR BUS. Seniors staring in awe.

PAN over to another window. B&B press their BARE ASSES against the window.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE/OLD FAITHFUL - DAY

MONTAGE SONG ENDS.

A RANGER/GUIDE stands in front of the seniors talking about the geyser. B&B are towards the front, off to one side.

RANGER:

(a la Carl Sagan)

There are over two hundred active geysers in Yellowstone Park alone. Old Faithful

here is one of the largest. During an eruption the water can reach as high as two hundred feet!...

BUTT-HEAD

So?

RANGER:

(ignoring Butt-Head)

It shoots out over twelve thousand gallons of water in a single eruption...

BEAVIS:

That's not that much.

BUTT-HEAD

Yeah really. Let's get outta here Beavis.

Huh huh huh. This sucks.

B&B walk off as the flustered ranger leads the seniors to some benches where they wait for the geyser to erupt.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE/OLD FAITHFUL - LATER

The geyser erupts. The seniors watch in sheer awe.

MARTHA:

It's...incredible...!

INT. VISITOR CENTER/MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

B&B stare ahead in similar awe.

BUTT-HEAD

It's incredible!... Huh huh huh.

REVEAL they're standing before the urinals. Butt-Head moves to the side, tripping a motion detector which makes the urinal AUTOMATICALLY FLUSH.

BEAVIS:

Whoa! That's amazing! Heh heh heh.

They start moving from urinal to urinal, causing all to flush.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL/PARKING AREA - DAY

The bus idles. The last senior climbs aboard.

The driver looks around impatiently. He checks his watch.

DRIVER:

I can't wait forever.

INT. OLD FAITHFUL/RANGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The ranger/guide enters and checks off a chart on a bulletin board near B&B's "wanted" photo.

Suddenly the guide sees B&B's photo, then, out the window, the bus

closing its door and pulling away.

RANGER:

Oh my God!

The guide picks up the phone.

INT. VISITOR CENTER/MEN'S ROOM - DAY

B&B go back and forth, "playing" the urinals, passing hands, heads, whole bodies in front of the motion detectors.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh.

Finally, Butt-Head pauses.

BUTT-HEAD

This is the coolest thing I have ever seen.

EXT. SIDE OF A ROAD - DAY

Flemming is on the radio. Bork runs up.

BORK:

Chief, we got 'em! They're on a senior citizens tour bus going east on I-40.

EXT. OLD FAITHFUL/PARKING LOT - DAY

B&B get on a bus that looks completely different than the tour bus.

INT. DIFFERENT BUS - DAY

TIGHT ON B&B. Butt-Head looks around.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... Is this the right bus?

BEAVIS:

You mean there's mre than one?

A WIDER SHOT REVEALS it's a bus full of nuns. B&B look around and see this.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. Hey Beavis. We're on a bus with chicks.

BEAVIS:

Heh hmm heh heh.

Butt-Head turns to the nun next to him.

BUTT-HEAD

Hey, baby.

The nun looks disturbed as the bus takes off.

EXT. I-40/SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

The tour bus is stopped. Like P.O.W.'s, the seniors stand with

hands on heads. Agents search the bus.

ANGLE ON LINE OF SENIORS. Flemming walks nearby and is told:

BORK:

They're not on the bus.

Flemming looks the seniors over.

FLEMMING:

(re:

These people know something. I want full cavity searches. Everyone. Go deep on 'em.

Hurley and two agents grab the nearest senior and drag him away.

FLEMMING (CONT.)

I tell you Bork, these guys are smart.

Damn smart. They're probably a hundred miles away by now.

Behind Flemming, an agent waves on traffic including B&B's new bus. As it pulls past, B&B hang B.A.'s. Flemming doesn't see.

MONTAGE SONG BEGINS:

INSERT:

route B&B took north. Down into Utah.

INT. BUS - DAY

A nun strums a guitar and sings. Butt-head head-bangs. The nuns around look uneasy.

Nearby another nun reads the Bible to Beavis.

BEAVIS:

Hey, Butt-Head, this book kicks ass!

There's this talking snake and a naked chick and then this dude puts a leaf on his schlong! Heh heh heh.

The nun next to Beavis is disgusted.

INSERT:

One of the nuns is trying to teach B&B the sign of the cross.

Butt-head moves his hand down, up, left and then swings his hand to the far right SMACKING Beavis.

INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY

Sitting before a long table, the nuns close their eyes and pray, hands clasped together.

PAN THE ROW to B&B who's hands are clasped together and interlocked as they do the incredibly juvenile 'peek at the

vagina' trick.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

INSERT:

Mexico.

EXT. MISSION OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI CHURCH - DAY

A beautiful old adobe-style church. Nuns exit the bus, excited, followed by B&B who look around.

The nuns walk into a visitor center. B&B walk right into the church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

In a WIDE SHOT we see B&B walk in, look around and head for the CONFESSION BOOTHS.

BEAVIS:

Check it out Butt-Head, porta-potties.

BUTT-HEAD

Cool, huh huh.

B&B each enter a confession booth on the priest's side.

INT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - LATER

WIDE EST. SHOT shows that a confessional service has begun.

INT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH/CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

We see a man nervously confessing. This seems difficult for him.

MAN:

(about to cry)

Forgive me Father for I have sinned.

I,...I...I slept with a woman, and...

From the priest's side of the confessional we hear Butt-head. The man can't see him.

BUTT-HEAD (O.S.)

Huh huh huh, really? Was she naked?

MAN:

Well, yes Father. Please forgive me. I...

BUTT-HEAD (O.S.)

Cool, huh huh huh. Could you like, see her boobs?

ANGLE INSIDE ANOTHER CONFESSIONAL

MAN #2

(confused)

How many Hail Marys?

BEAVIS (O.S.)

A thousand! Yeah, heh heh hmm. And I want you to hit yourself. Right now!

MAN #2

Now?!

BEAVIS (O.S.)

Yeah! Heh heh hmm heh. DO IT!

From outside the confession booth, we hear the sound of a SMACK.

BEAVIS (O.S./CONT.)

Harder! Heh heh. Again! Heh heh. You need to straighten up!

EXT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - DAY

As B&B board the bus they are STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

INSERT:

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

This establishes.

INT. PETRIFIED FORESTS VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

B&B stare at an exhibit, riveted. The nuns watch them. A recording plays.

RECORDING (V.O.)

Welcome to the Petrified Forest. The world's largest site of petrified wood.

B&B

Huh huh huh huh wood.

The Mother Superior makes a signal the other nuns were waiting for. They all rush back to the bus, leaving B&B behind.

RECORDING (V.O.)

You may wonder, how can wood get so hard?

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

Through the window, we see the bus drive away.

ANGLE ON AN OLD RANGER behind a counter, looking at B&B. He sees their A.T.F. photo nearby and reaches for a phone.

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

MONTAGE SONG ENDS.

B&B step outside. Nearby, a tourist car pulls up.

BEAVIS:

Hey, where'd those chicks go?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... I think you scared them off.

BEAVIS:

This sucks. What are we doing here?

Weren't we supposed to go to Washington and score or something?

From the car, a tourist couple heads into the building.

BUTT-HEAD

(to couple)

Uh, do you know where Washington is?

TOURIST MAN:

Yeah, 'bout 2000 miles that way.

He points to the desert, then continues into the building.

BUTT-HEAD

Cool. Huh huh huh.

B&B walk off into the desert.

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST TOURIST CENTER - LATER

The place is crawling with A.T.F. Flemming walks out with Bork and the OLD RANGER.

FLEMMING:

Didn't see which way they went. Didn't see their vehicle. I don't suppose you tried to stop them?

OLD RANGER:

The most dangerous guys in America? Not me, Sonny. I make nine dollars an hour.

FLEMMING:

National security is the responsibility of every American. Bork...

BORK:

Cavity search...?

FLEMMING:

Deep and hard.

Agents lead the old Ranger away.

FLEMMING (CONT.)

They're not gonna get away this time. I want roadblocks. Every road outta here for two hundred miles.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

IN MONTAGE SHOTS:

A.T.F. agents put up roadblocks.

Agents load guns.

Agents pile up sandbags and prepare for battle.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

WIDE SHOT. A wasteland. Scorching desert hear. B&B, small in frame, look lost. They're parched, weak.

BEAVIS:

This sucks. It's all hot and stuff.

BUTT-HEAD

This desert is stupid. They need to put a drinking fountain out here.

BEAVIS:

Yeah or like a Seven-Eleven or something... Are we almost there?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, probably like, another five minutes or something.

ANGLE FROM OVERHEAD. Lost, alone, B&B wobble like they haven't long to live. Overhead, vultures circle.

ANGLE ON B&B, exhausted, spent. Staring ahead, Butt-Head suddenly sees something.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

Whoa! Check it out!

Beavis clears his eyes and sees it too.

B&B

Yes! Yes! Huh huh huh.

Excited, saved, they rush weakly forward.

B&B'S P.O.V. REVEALS they rush to: A GIANT BIG SCREEN TV.

BEAVIS:

Turn it on! Turn it on!

As they get closer it disappears - just a mirage.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh...

BEAVIS:

Dammit!!!! Dammit!!!!

ANGLE ON SUN, brightening. The FRAME WHITES OUT.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

Cars are backed up into the horizon.

The car up front is waved on. Up next: Tom and Marcy. An agent steps over and shows the picture of B&B.

TOM:

Something wrong, Officer?

AGENT:

Sir, we're looking for these two fugitives.

ANDERSON SQUINTS to see.

HIS P.O.V. REVEALS the photo out of focus.

ANDERSON:

Why I'll be danged. It's those boys been whackin' off in my camper...

AGENT:

You saw these two?

ANDERSON:

I sure did. They were whackin' off in my tool shed. Then whackin' off in my camper.

I never seen so much whackin' off.

The agent steps back and shouts into his walkie-talkie:

AGENT:

Blue Den this is post nine! I have positive ID!! (to Tom) Sir, I'm gonna have to ask you and your wife to step out of the vehicle.

ANDERSON:

Well you see, me and the missus are on our way to Washington. We got this schedule...

The agent pulls his gun and orders:

AGENT:

Now!!!!

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY/JUST OFF ROADBLOCK - DAY

A BIT LATER. Agents swarm over Tom's camper, turning everything upside, pulling out dishes, trashing everything.

TOM:

(furious)

Now wait right there. You're dealing with a veteran of two foreign wars. They're the ones been whacking off. If I find anything broken in there, you and I are gonna

tangle!

An A.T.F. agent smashes the micro on the ground and sifts through the pieces.

Nearby, Flemming and Hurley watch.

FLEMMING:

(appalled)

Masturbating in a man's camper! We're dealing with two sick individuals. I want that camper torn apart, full cavity searches all around.

SNAP! SFX as Agent Hurley puts on her rubber gloves and leads Tom and Marcy away.

Agent Bork runs up to Flemming.

BORK:

Chief - just came in! Two days ago, Express Airways had a disturbance by someone calling himself - Cornholio. Guess who matches the description?

He holds up a police sketch of Cornholio. Flemming walks to a nearby chopper. SOUND of engine revving. Others follow.

FLEMMING:

Finally, a real break. Get me that flight's point of origin. We're gonna kick some ass.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

B&B walk along in the scorching heat. Ahead of them they see a DUMB GUY and a DUMBER GUY with motorcycles parked. They are trying to start a camp fire, LAUGHING.

DUMB GUY:

(to B&B)

Uh, hey. One of you kids got a match?

BUTT-HEAD

(dehydrated)

Uh, my butt and your...uh, butt.

INT. B&B'S HOME - DAY

Peaceful. Empty. Suddenly dozens of A.T.F. agents break in, guns ready, searching every corner. They tear it apart.

EXT. B&B'S TOWN/STREETS - DAY

Agents rush down the business streets. People are in a panic. It's like an invasion.

ANGLE ON ELITE MOTOR LODGE - ON B&B'S TV SET as agents rush by, knocking it over with a crash.

INT. VAN DRIESSEN'S CLASS - DAY

Guitar in hand, Van Driessen sings:

VAN DRIESSEN:

She flies so gracefully,
over rocks, trees and sand. Soaring over
cliffs and gently
floating down to land.

She proudly lifts her voice
to sound her mating call.
And soon her mate responds
by singing... "Caw, Caw, Caw."

Come with me, Lesbian Seagull.
Settle down and rest with me...

Suddenly dozens of A.T.F. agents crash into the room. The door
bashes in, knocking Van Driessen down hard and crushing his
guitar.

Flemming enters. Behind him, McVicker.

McVICKER

Uh...uh...uh that's him. He's their
teacher.

VAN DRIESSEN:

What's going on here?

FLEMMING:

I'll ask the questions. Are these your
students?

He shows a picture of B&B.

VAN DRIESSEN:

I assume you're a government agent. I
would think you would know there's
something in this country called due
process.

FLEMMING:

That's about the kind of talk I'd expect
from the guy who taught these two. Take
this scum away.

VAN DRIESSEN:

I believe I'm supposed to be read my
Miranda Rights...

An agent interrupts, punching Van Driessen in the gut. He's taken
away. Flemming turns menacingly to McVicker.

McVICKER

I...I...I always knew they were no good.

I... I... I hate them!

FLEMMING:

(to McVicker)

You've been harboring two criminal
masterminds!

Bork rushes up to Flemming with a paper.

BORK:

Chief, you know that guy whose camper they
were whacking off in?

FLEMMING:

(appalled)

Bork! You are a federal agent. You
represent the United States Government...

Never end a sentence with a preposition.

Try again.

BORK:

Oh, ah... You know that guy in whose
camper they... I mean that guy off in
whose camper they were whacking?

FLEMMING:

That's better. Yes?

BORK:

We've run a sample through the National
Criminal Sperm Bank and come up with two
possible genetic matches for a father.

(holds up photos)

TIGHT ON PHOTO. It's the DUMB GUY and DUMBER GUY from the desert.

BORK (O.S./CONT.)

Former Motley Crue members turned
drifters.

Flemming takes the paper and marches off. Others follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

B&B and the Dumn abd Dumber Guys are sitting around a campfire. The Dumb Guy looks like an older, more stupid, version of Butt-Head. The Dumber Guy is a couple of evolutionary scales down from Beavis. Their relationship is an exaggerated version of B&B's. Butt-Head is staring at the Dumb Guy in admiration. Beavis, like the Dumber Guy, appears to be just staring at the fire, hypnotized. Dumb Guy is eating spaghetti out of a can.

BUTT-HEAD

You were a roadie for Motley Crue?

DUMB GUY:

(mouth full)

Yup. Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Fire.

DUMB GUY:

Here's another true story. About fifteen years ago, we stopped in this, uh, toilet, called Highland...

BUTT-HEAD

Really? That's where we're from.

DUMB GUY:

Well, then you know what I'm talking about. Anyway, here's the story. I scored with these two chicks. True story.

BUTT-HEAD

You scored with two chicks?!

DUMB GUY:

(spaghetti dribbling from mouth)

Yeah, they were sluts. Huh huh huh.

DUMBER GUY:

Ih hih hih hih hih hih.

Dumb Guy punches Dumber Guy in the head with a closed fist.

DUMB GUY:

Shut up, dumb-ass! You didn't score. I scored with both of them...

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, do you think these two sluts still live in Highland? That would be cool.

DUMB GUY:

(after taking another big bite)

Hey, you wanna see something really cool?

Huh huh huh.

Dumb Guy gets up, turns his butt towards the fire and starts to drop his pants.

EXT. DESERT/LONG SHOT - CONTINUOUS

The campfire is in the distance, middle of nowhere. A flatulent sound is heard. Suddenly, a big beautiful purple and orange fireball erupts, lighting up the sky.

B&B/DUMB GUY/DUMBER GUY (O.S.)

Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh.

BEAVIS (O.S.)

Fire.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

B&B wake up. The Dumb Guy and Dumber Guy are gone. The sun is scorching.

B&B inch forward - spent, dehydrated, near death.

ANGLE ON GROUND as B&B collapse into frame. Butt-Head looks up at the sun, squinting.

BUTT-HEAD

(barely alive)

The sun sucks.

A vulture picks at Beavis' shirt. Beavis SMACKS the vulture.

BEAVIS:

(to the vulture)

Cut it out butt-hole!

The vulture moves revealing a PEYOTE CACTUS. Beavis looks at it.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Hey Butt-Head, isn't there supposed to be like, water in cactuses?

BUTT-HEAD

(semiconscious)

Uh...

Beavis takes a bite of the cactus, chews and then coughs.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

(sees something)

Hey Beavis, check it out.

IN FRONT OF B&B: Two vultures start humping.

B&B

(struggling to laugh)

Huh huh huh (cough) huh huh (cough).

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

START ON SUN - over B&B?

REVEAL it's over Muddy who looks at a picture of B&B held by an A.T.F. agent.

MUDDY:

No, I can't say I've seen 'em. I sure hope it's safe to drive around here.

COP:

Don't worry, sir. Just stick to the main roads. If they're around, they're probably hiding out in the desert.

MUDDY:

That's good to know, Officer.

Muddy takes off with a smile and turns off onto a side road.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

B&B barely crawling forward. Butt-Head stops, then Beavis. They're barely able to talk.

BEAVIS:

Hey Butt-Head, are we gonna die?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, probably, huh huh...Whoa, I think my life is like, flashing in front of my eyes!

BUTT-HEAD'S VISION. Through time-lapse dissolves we see him sitting on his couch with Beavis, laughing like an idiot in the exact same positions at age 2, 5, 7, 10, 13.

BUTT-HEAD

Whoa, my life is cool!

TIGHT ON BEAVIS:

BEAVIS:

Uh... I think I'm seeing something too.

It's like a really long time ago...

BEAVIS' VISION:

It's a sperm cell with the face of Beavis on it.

BEAVIS/SPERM

Yeah, heh heh. This is gonna be cool.

Beavis/Sperm swims over to the egg.

With its own tail the Beavis/Sperm starts picking its nose.

BEAVIS/SPERM (CONT.)

Hey, how's it goin'? Heh heh heh.

Several other sperm charge in, knocking Beavis into the egg. His conception looks like a dumb accident.

BACK ON BEAVIS:

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh I scored.

Animated bubbles appear around Beavis' head.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Hey Butt-Head, I'm starting to feel weird.

I think I'm freaking out.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh? Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Whoa, this is cool! Heh heh. It's like, everything looks all weird and...

BEAVIS' P.O.V. OF BUTT-HEAD: His face starts to warp and colors start shifting.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

...and... Whoa!...and it's like there's all these weird shapes and it's sort of like,...it's like...like a MUSIC VIDEO!!!

Tight on Beavis' face staring in wonder.

THIS IS WHERE THE MUSIC VIDEO/HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE BEGINS. It could even be so shameless as to actually have a chyron in the lower left hand corner.

I would like to have a band (White Zombie?) do a version of something like, "Fire," by The Crazy World of Arthur Brown. This is the song that begins, "I am God of Hellfire and I bring you... fire!"

The concept of this will depend somewhat on which band we get, but I would like to see it get pretty wild and surreal. (If it's White Zombie, we could incorporate some of Rob Zombie's artwork.)

BEAVIS' P.O.V.:

We see the sun above the horizon turn into a giant ball of fire. The ball of fire develops a face and speaks.

FIRE:

I am God of Hellfire and I bring
you...(music begins) Fire...

BEAVIS:

Whoa!!! This kicks ass!!!

THIS IS THE GREATEST VIDEO BEAVIS HAS EVER SEEN. Out of the ball
of fire steps a beautiful woman in a bikini.

At first the video is mostly the God of Hellfire, chicks in
bikinis and various images of B&B's TV in all its glory.

As the video/hallucination continues, it becomes a psychotic mass
of naked people, fire, TVs, vultures, B&B head-banging, weird
stuff from my high school notebooks, etc.

At one point we see the God of Hellfire in a Burger World uniform.
As the song winds down, we incorporate Muddy's car into the
surreal imagery. (We should also incorporate their TV, as well as
maybe some of the characters from the show that aren't in the
movie.)

Then, we REVEAL Muddy's car actually pulling up to B&B's near-dead
bodies.

The SONG ENDS as Muddy tosses water on B&B. REVEAL they were not
far from the side of a road all along.

B&B

Ahhhhghhhhhgh!

B&B snap out of it. They rise and find Muddy hovering over them
with a shotgun.

BEAVIS:

Aagh! I'm all wet!...(realizing) Oh, cool.

Heh heh heh. Water.

Muddy aims his shotgun at B&B.

MUDDY:

Ah'm gonna enjoy this. Any last words
b'fore ah kill ya?

B&B think.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... Huh huh. I have a couple. Butt
cheeks, huh huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah! Boobs. Heh heh. I just wanna say
that again. Boobs. Heh heh.

MUDDY:

Ah'm gonna blow you both to hell!

BUTT-HEAD

Cool, huh huh. (realizing) Hey Beavis that's that dude that's paying us to do his wife.

BEAVIS:

Oh yeah. Can you just take us to Washington? We're gonna meet her there and, you know, heh heh hmmm...

MUDDY:

Washington! That's where she was gonna meet up with ya? (realizes) Damn, she's goin' all the way!

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh.

Muddy lowers the gun a bit.

MUDDY:

You know, I just might need you after all.

Aw right, in the trunk. You're gonna help me get mah unit back.

Muddy pops it open. B&B climb in. Muddy closes the trunk on them and walks to the front of the car. HOLD ON THE TRUNK.

BUTT-HEAD (O.S.)

Boy, it sure is hard to score. Huh huh huh.

Muddy peels out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A MONTAGE SONG BEGINS.

Muddy drives by.

INSERT:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Muddy's car drives by. Muddy hears B&B laugh from inside the trunk and turns up the radio to drown it out.

INSERT:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Muddy pumps gas. From inside the trunk:

BEAVIS (O.C.)

Hey Butt-Head, look. A jack. Heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD (O.C.)

Huh huh. Jack. Huh huh.

INSERT:

and into Virginia up Rt. 81.

EXT. MUDDY'S CAR DRIVING ON HIGHWAY - DAY

ANGLE OUTSIDE MUDDY'S TRUNK. From within we hear:

BUTT-HEAD (O.C.)

Hey, Beavis, check it out. I'm jacking off!

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

Pumping up the jack, they cause the lid of the trunk to start to bend.

Suddenly, it pops open. B&B are a sweaty mess. They gasp.

BUTT-HEAD

This sucks. Let's get outta here.

They look out. The road behind them races past at 80 mph. Beavis stares dumbly.

BEAVIS:

Uh, you first.

BUTT-HEAD

C'mon, Beavis, just start running really fast when you hit the ground. It'll work.

BEAVIS:

Okay. I'll go right after you.

Butt-Head shoves Beavis out of the car.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Ahhhhghghghghghgh!

Beavis tries to run, but hits the road and flips over and over - and smashes his butt.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Owwwwww, my butt!!!!!!

His body stops in the middle of the road. A huge truck, about to hit him, swerves and jackknifes over the side.

Behind the truck, several cars screech to a halt, one smashing into the other.

ANGLE ON MUDDY'S TRUNK

Butt-Head looks at the road.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh huh huh. That was cool.

ANGLE ON MUDDY'S TIRE. It hits a pothole.

ANGLE ON BUTT-HEAD, shooting out of the trunk, he grabs onto the lid. He bounces against the road again and again.

Finally, he loses his grip as the lid to the trunk closes.

ANGLE ON BUTT-HEAD, rolling along the highway.

A car, about to hit Butt-Head, screeches to a halt. Other cars behind it smash and pile up.

ANGLE ON ROAD SOME WAYS BACK. On Tom and Marcy in their car.

TOM:

Boy, what I wouldn't give for five minutes alone with them two little bastards...

The car ahead of Tom crashes into the car ahead of that. Tom crashes into it. And the car behind crashes into Tom.

OVERHEAD ANGLE shows cars and trucks behind, crashing, piling up. A massive pile-up.

INT. MUDDY'S CAR - DAY

Muddy doesn't notice the mess behind him. He drives on.

MONTAGE SONG ENDS

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

LATER.

ON MEDIVAC helicopters; one landing, another taking off.

MOVE TO WOMAN TV REPORTER, talking to camera:

REPORTER:

Authorities are calling this the worst highway disaster in the nation's history...

INT. A.T.F. HEADQUARTERS/FLEMMING'S OFFICE - DAY

Flemming, Bork, and about six other agents look at a map. Behind them, a TV is on with the reporter continuing. Behind the reporter, B&B poke their heads into frame at 45 degree angles, looking like deer in the headlights.

REPORTER (CONT.)

... Behind me, over 400 vehicles lay wrecked or stuck. No one knows what caused it, but police have not ruled out the possibility of terrorists.

Bork notices B&B on TV and taps Fleming on the shoulder. Fleming looks.

FLEMMING:

Well, I'll be a blue-nosed gopher.

BORK:

(despairing)

Where did these guys come from?

Flemming looks at the big map which traces sightings of B&B across America.

FLEMMING:

The question is, where are they going.

He looks again at the TV. On the news, a story about...

REPORTER 2

...set for 5:

representatives from around the world will meet in Washington for the first such peace conference...

Flemming looks back at the map, and then back at the TV.

FLEMMING:

What the hell...? Bork! That bus we picked up. Where was it headin'?

BORK:

(checks papers)

D.C., Chief.

FLEMMING:

(realizing)

Jesus jumped-up... Bork, can you imagine what would happen if they set that thing off in our nation's capital, or even worse, if they sold it to some damned foreigner at that conference. (rises and puts his fist down) Well, it's not gonna happen!

EXT. HIGHWAY/CRASH SITE - DAY

B&B walk along looking at the wreckage.

BUTT-HEAD

Whoa, this kicks ass! Huh huh huh.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo! Travis and Bob Head. Whoo-hoo!

The tour bus stands nearby. Martha calls from the window.

BEAVIS:

Hey Butt-Head it's that chick!

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, oh yeah. Cool. They can take us to Washington and we can finally score.

B&B head into the bus.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, heh heh. Umm, isn't Seattle in Washington? Heh heh... 'cuz I was thinking maybe we could go see Hole.

BUTT-HEAD

Yeah. We can go see Hole and then we can get some hole. Huh huh huh huh.

INSERT:

INT/EXT. TOUR BUS - DAY

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE BUS AND THE SIGHTS IT PASSES:

ANGLE ON THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

ANGLE ON BUS WINDOW. Several seniors press their faces to see.

ANGLE ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

ANGLE ON BUS WINDOW. More seniors rush to the window to see.

ANGLE ON THE CAPITOL BUILDING.

ANGLE ON BUS WINDOW. B&B press their bare asses.

EXT. CAPITOL - DAY

The seniors and B&B get off the bus.

As soon as they're out of sight, Dallas drives up and sees the Tour Bus. She smiles to herself.

INT. CAPITOL UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Dark. Isolated.

Dallas pulls up and gets out of her car. Suddenly, a voice:

VOICE/MUDDY

'Spectin' someone?

Dallas wheels around. Muddy's got a gun on her.

MUDDY (CONT.)

Well, well. Look at this. The love of my life. Where have you been?

Muddy moves towards Dallas. She steps back.

DALLAS:

Honey, I was gonna split it with you after I sold it, right down the middle. I swear.

I just...

MUDDY:

Sure you were. But now you don't have to go through all that bother.
Dallas moves seductively towards Muddy.

DALLAS:

Come on Muddy. Whatd'ya say we just forget about it and go get a room like old times...
Muddy cocks his gun.

MUDDY:

I don't think so. Where is it?

INT. CAPITOL - DAY

B&B walk up to the information booth where a HOST makes an announcement.

HOST:

(announces)

All Senators are requested for a vote. All Senators are requested for a vote.
A bell accompanies this announcement.

HOST (CONT.)

(to B&B)

Can I help you?

BEAVIS:

Yeah, we're looking for Washington.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh. We're gonna meet this chick with really big hooters.

HOST:

Sirs, you are in Washington.

BEAVIS:

Well where is she?!

BUTT-HEAD

Could you, like, tell her we're ready to score?

HOST:

No! Just a moment...

She turns to the side to answer the phone.

INT. CAPITOL/PRIVATE PANEL ROOM - DAY

Six Senators sit behind a panel. BOB PACKWOOD testifies across from them.

SENATOR:

Thank you for returning, Senator Packwood, to help us understand how sexual harassment happens in this sacred institution.

Suddenly, SOUND OF BUTT-HEAD over the PA.

BUTT-HEAD (V.O.)

Uh... Attention, attention! We're looking for that chick with the big boobs.

BEAVIS (V.O.)

Heh heh. We wanna do her now!

HOST (V.O.)

Hey! Gimme tha...

B&B (V.O.)

Huh huh huh huh huh.

ANGLE ON PACKWOOD - smiles.

PACKWOOD:

Huh huh huh huh huh.

INT. CAPITOL/SENATE - DAY

Classic wide, overhead shot. SOUND of all Senators.

SENATORS:

Huh huh huh huh huh.

INT. CAPITOL UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Muddy finishes tying Dallas' hands behind her back. He crosses to his trunk.

MUDDY:

You forgot who yer dealin' with, Honey. Ya see, I got your mules right here in my trunk and...

Muddy pops the trunk. It's empty.

MUDDY (CONT.)

Say what?... I'm gonna kill 'em!!!

DALLAS:

No honey we're gonna kill 'em.

Dallas, still tied up, starts kissing Muddy. He gives in.

EXT. CAPITOL - DAY

ANGLE ON B&B getting on the bus last.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Butt-Head sits. Beavis pauses, still standing.

BEAVIS:

Hey wait a minute. What's going on? Why are we getting back on the bus?

OLD GUY:

It's time to go son.

BEAVIS:

We can't leave! We never met that chick!

Dammit!!! We were supposed to get some!

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. Settle down Beavis.

BEAVIS:

Oh yeah,...I mean no. NO! I won't settle down! Not this time!...

Beavis is shaking, fed up. He delivers the speech of his life.

BEAVIS (CONT.)

Dammit, this always happens! I think I'm gonna score and then I never score! It's not fair! We've traveled a hundred miles 'cause we thought we were gonna score, but now it's not gonna happen!

BUS DRIVER:

(yelling from his seat)

Hey buddy, sit down! Now!

BEAVIS:

SHUT UP! (continuing) I'm sick and tired of this! We're never gonna score! It's just not gonna happen! We're just gonna get old like these people, but they've probably scored!

BUS DRIVER:

(standing)

Hey! I'm warning you! Sit down!

BEAVIS:

It's like this chick's a slut (motioning to Martha)... and look at this guy!... He's old but he's probably scored a million times!

OLD GUY:

(nods in agreement)
Ohh yeah.

BEAVIS:

But not us! We're never gonna score! WE'RE NEVER GONNA SCORE!!! AAGGHHHH!!!
The bus driver tackles Beavis.

INT. CAPITOL/PARKING GARAGE/MUDDY'S CAR - DAY

In a tight shot, we see Muddy and Dallas humping away in the back seat (in a PG-13 kind of way).

We hear the sound of a door opening.

ANGLE ON FLEMMING, BORK AND SEVERAL AGENTS LOOKING DOWN.

FLEMMING:

Well look what we have here. You two make me sick... Book 'em Bork.

DALLAS:

You don't have anything on us and you know it.

FLEMMING:

Oh I don't huh? How about lewd conduct? Maybe indecent exposure?... Here's what's gonna happen. One of you's gonna make a deal and get me the unit. The other can spend the next sixty years in jail.

MUDDY:

There you're wrong, boy. Me and mah wife are back together and you'll never...

DALLAS:

He stole the unit. Said he put it in some kid's pants.

MUDDY:

Why you damn little...

He's cuffed and dragged away.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

The driver sits down and drives on.

Beavis is slightly beat up. Martha reaches into her purse, filled with prescription medications.

MARTHA:

Now Travis, it doesn't do a body good to get all worked up. Here. This should help you relax.

She holds up a box of NoDrowz and squints at the label.

MARTHA:

Does that say Xanax?

BEAVIS:

Um, um, yeah, probably. Heh heh.

Beavis takes a couple, then starts wolfing down the whole box.

INT. FLEMMING'S CAR - DAY

Flemming's on the radio. Bork checks a tour guide.

FLEMMING:

(to radio)

Okay, boys and girls, our suspects are on a tour bus we believe to be headed for...

(checks papers) the White House! Jumpin' Jesus! I want everyone there. Our people. Locals. Orders are shoot to kill. Repeat! Shoot to kill!

BORK:

Chief, I swear, we tore that bus apart.

They couldn't have...

FLEMMING:

Bork, when this is all over, remind me to make you an appointment with Agent Hurley.

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON - DAY

All manner of police, A.T.F., F.B.I. cars speed along.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE/TOURIST PARKING LOT - DAY

B&B and the seniors walk from the bus to the White House. Beavis

is starting to shake as he finishes off the NoDrowz.

NEARBY, Anderson's camper pulls up.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The seniors and B&B are being led on a tour. B&B in back. Beavis is starting to SHAKE AND MAKE STRANGE NOISES.

As the tour moves on, Beavis stays behind. He goes over to a coffee-serving cart sitting outside a meeting room. He starts WOLFING DOWN SUGAR CUBES.

BACK ON THE TOUR:

The tour is led by a smiling guide, SANDY.

SANDY:

Welcome to the White House. My name is Sandy, and I'll be your tour guide. In case you don't know it, you've come on a very special day. Today...

She points to the camera crews outside the window.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

ON A NEWS REPORTER, facing camera. Behind her, a large gathering before a stage.

REPORTER:

Today, representatives from around the world are gathered at the White House for an historic global conference called: Give Peace A Chance - or G-PAC.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

A.T.F., Police and F.B.I. cars arrive.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TOUR - DAY

The tour stands in the East Room.

SANDY:

This is the East Room. Many of the portraits you see were saved from the fire set by the British in 1814...

Beavis is shaking, babbling, staring at his fist, etc.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh. Fire. Heh heh Aaaeeehhhhg!!!

BUTT-HEAD

What's your problem Beavis?

SANDY:

...The site for the White House was chosen

by President Washington and Pierre

L'Enfant...

Beavis now has his T-shirt pulled over his head and is pacing around and babbling. He's too loud now for Sandy to ignore.

BEAVIS:

L'enfentatta tiitatta for my bunghole!

SANDY:

Sir, are you okay?

BEAVIS:

Are you threatening me?! I am Cornholio!

SANDY:

Sir, maybe you should wait out in the lobby.

Beavis/Cornholio wanders off, muttering.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

In thees lobby, wheel there be T.P.?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

ON FLEMMING AND THE HEAD SECRET SERVICE GUY - arguing.

FLEMMING:

You don't understand. National security is at stake here. We must evacuate.

SECRET SERVICE GUY

Not without proper authorization.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A group of foreign dignitaries is being led through the hallway on a tour. Two of them chat in Spanish.

We see Beavis coming down the hall in the opposite direction.

DIGNITARY #1

El Presidente es un gringo muy gordo, no?

DIGNITARY #2

Si.

They pass Beavis babbling - riffing off their Spanish.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Gr-r-ringo! Burrito! R-r-anddatattta!!

Beavis turns around and stops.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO (CONT.)

I am Cornholio! I need T.P. for my bunghole! Heh heh heh.

The group continues down the hall, ignoring Beavis.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO (CONT.)

(humble)

Would you like to see my bunghole?

Beavis leaves.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/CORRIDOR OF PRESIDENTS - DAY

Tom and Marcy Anderson gaze at a portrait of Eisenhower.

TOM:

(sotto)

Where are ya when we need ya Ike... (to Marcy) I tell ya what, Honey, with all we been through, it don't change a thing. I said it before and I'll say it again. This is the greatest country on earth...

Beavis/Cornholio wanders by behind them. Tom turns to look.

TOM'S BLURRY P.O.V.: We see Beavis/Cornholio wander down the hall
BABBLING.

TOM:

(adjusting his glasses)

Say, that looks like... Nah, it couldn't be.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/ANOTHER PART OF THE HALLWAY - DAY

Beavis comes around a corner and stops at a portrait of Nixon.

ANGLE ON PORTRAIT. Nixon doing classic victory pose - peace signs with both hands up.

ANGLE ON BEAVIS. His hands also up in the Cornholio pose. He stares for a beat, then:

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Are you threatening me?!... I am Cornholio!

Beavis wanders off.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

The press secretary is giving a conference. The room is packed with reporters.

PRESS SECRETARY:

Yes, the president does plan to speak today at the G-PAC conference.

REPORTERS:

(raising hands)

Mr. Secretary! Mr. Secretary! What about the rumors that a biological weapon has

been stolen and smuggled out of the country at this conference. Mr. Secretary!

SECRETARY:

Those rumors are entirely unfounded...

While this goes on: Through a doorway in the back of the room, we see Beavis wander out of frame and then come back in.

He starts WOLFING DOWN MORE SUGAR CUBES from a coffee serving cart.

BEAVIS:

I am the great Cornholio. I am a gringo...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

IN MONTAGE SHOTS:

A.T.F. and Secret Service agents argue.

Several S.W.A.T. trucks pull up.

S.W.A.T. team guys jump out of trucks and load guns.

INT. WHITE HOUSE TOUR - DAY

The tour stands in a giant, elegant dining room.

SANDY:

This is the State Dining Room where the most powerful world leaders are entertained.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, where's the TV? Huh huh huh. Hey

Beavis,... Beavis?

Butt-Head wanders off.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

This house sucks.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF OVAL OFFICE - DAY

A Secret Service guard is talking on radio/phone.

GUARD:

Evacuation?... Probably just another bomb threat or something... OK.

The guard walks off down the hallway, leaving his post.

From the other end of the hallway we see Beavis/Cornholio enter, still babbling.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Beavis wanders in and finds no one around. He shouts in frustration.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

I am the great Cornholio! Heh heh. You

will cooperate with my bunghole!

He picks up the red phone and presses the button again and again.

INT. STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND - DAY

The war room. A LIEUTENANT picks up the red phone.

A TITLE COMES UP: STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND.

LIEUTENANT:

Yes, Mr. President.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

(on phone)

I am Meester President! I have no
bunghole! I am Cornholio!

LIEUTENANT:

Mr. President, I can't make out what
you're saying.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

(on phone)

Bungholio! Presidente! I need teepee!
A GENERAL comes by.

LIEUTENANT:

(to general)

Sir, the President sounds strange.

Something's going on. I don't think it's a
drill.

GENERAL:

Washington may be under attack. Go to
Defcon 4.

ANGLE ON LIEUTENANT'S HAND, moving to push a button. Alarms sound.

ANGLE ON BIG MAP. A sign flashes: DEFCON 4. Soldiers run through
frame.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The seniors, along with other tourists and dignitaries are
escorted out of the building.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

A.T.F. agents rush by. We HOLD here after they go. Butt-Head walks
by, unaware.

Butt-Head walks around and opens a door. The door to CHELSEA
CLINTON'S room.

Inside, she's folding clothes. (NOTE: If Clinton is not reelected,
the shot will be wider, revealing she's packing a suitcase)

BUTT-HEAD

(excited)

Whoa! Huh huh uh,... (suave) Hey, baby.

Huh huh, I noticed you have braces. So do

I, huh huh.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

We HOLD ON A WIDE SHOT of the back of the White House for a beat.

Then:

We see Butt-Head come CRASHING out of a second-story window -
thrown by Chelsea. He lands deep in the bushes below.

ANGLE ON the bushes.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. That was cool.

We see Butt-Head slowly emerge from the bushes. He looks up,

suddenly seeing:

DOZENS OF A.T.F. AGENTS surround him, rifles trained.

BUTT-HEAD

(awestruck)

This is the coolest thing I have ever
seen.

Flemming steps up.

FLEMMING:

Alright, where's the unit?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, in my pants?

Bork and others quickly frisk Butt-head.

BORK:

Not on him, Chief.

FLEMMING:

Agent Hurley...

Hurley steps forward.

FLEMMING (CONT.)

... I want you to give this scumbag a
cavity search. I'm talking Roto-Rooter.

Don't stop 'till you reach the back of his
teeth.

Butt-Head is led away.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Beavis is on the red phone. He goes through the President's
drawers.

LIEUTENANT:

(on phone)

Mr. President, the bombers are scrambled.

Sir, we're awaiting your final orders.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

I order you to surrender your T.P.!

INT. STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND - DAY

The General grabs the phone from the Lieutenant.

GENERAL:

Gimme that! (to phone) Mr. President, in the name of all that is holy, I must have those launch codes!

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

(on phone)

Are you threatening me? Bungholio!

Click. Beavis hangs up.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Beavis walks out of the Oval Office.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Presidente Bungholio! You will cooperate with my bunghole!

INT. A.T.F. VAN - DAY

Hurley steps out of a van to speak with Flemming and Bork. She pulls off a LONG GLOVE that goes almost to her shoulder.

Butt-Head sits, disheveled.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh, did I just score?

HURLEY:

He's clean, chief.

FLEMMING:

The other guy must have it. He's gotta be in here somewhere. (re: Butt-Head) Bring him.

Flemming, Bork and the other agents take off.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

In the main reception area, Beavis is surrounded by a few FOREIGN DIGNITARIES who try to make sense of what he is saying.

DIGNITARY #1

Que es un "bunghole"? Que lengua es?

Arabigo?

DIGNITARY #2

De donde eres tu?

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Arabigo? I am the Great Cornholio. I have no bunghole. Where I come from there is no T.P.

A White House representative comes up. He assumes Beavis is with the dignitaries.

REPRESENTATIVE:

I'm terribly sorry for the inconvenience gentlemen, but we're going to have outside for a moment. Follow me please.

He leads them out, including Beavis who continues to babble.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

You can run but you cannot hide from the Almighty Bunghole! Heh heh hmm.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Beavis/Cornholio and the dignitaries are escorted out. Beavis, unnoticed, keeps walking.

Beavis, walking along stops. He sees something.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Aaaaahh...

ON BEAVIS' P.O.V. across the street, we see what Beavis is looking

at:

ANDERSON'S CAMPER.

ANGLE ON BEAVIS. He takes the picture of Dallas out of his pocket.

TIGHT ON the picture of Dallas.

TIGHT ON Anderson's camper.

TIGHT ON Beavis.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO (CONT.)

Aaaahh, heh heh...

Beavis looks alternately at the camper and the picture a couple of times, and then walks across the street.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO (CONT.)

Booiing! Ptang ptang! Wagh-hah!!!

Beavis goes into Anderson's camper and shuts the door.

A Secret Service agent walks by, just missing Beavis.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/CORRIDOR OF PRESIDENTS - DAY

Tom and Marcy enjoying a moment.

TOM:

Boy I tell ya what, it really makes ya

proud. I could stay here all day.
An A.T.F. agent comes up and interrupts Tom.

AGENT:

Sir, I'm gonna have to ask you to leave...

TOM:

Now wait just a minute...

AGENT:

Now!

NEARBY, Flemming and Bork are showing the police sketch of Cornholio to Sandy and questioning her.
Bork sees Anderson walk by from a distance.

BORK:

Say chief, isn't that guy whose
camper,...I mean, off in whose...

FLEMMING:

(irritated)

Not now Bork.

EXT. ANDERSON'S CAMPER - DAY

From inside the camper we hear THE STRANGEST CORNHOLIO SOUNDS YET.
ANGLE ON the front of the camper. Tom and Marcy walk up.

TOM:

I tell ya what honey, this country's goin'
to Hell in a handbasket.

They get in the front. Tom adjusts the side-view mirror.

TOM (CONT.)

I'm gonna go over right now and talk to my
Congressman about this...

TOM'S P.O.V.:

and hear Beavis/Cornholio.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO (O.S.)

Oooooaaaaghhh!!! Whack-awhack-aaaaghhh!!!

TOM:

What the hell?...Wait here a minute...

Tom gets out and goes into the camper.

HOLD ON THE CAMPER DOOR.

Tom throws Beavis/Cornholio out the door. Beavis is in his

underwear with his T-shirt still pulled over his head.

TOM (CONT.)

And if I ever catch ya whackin' in here again I'm gonna hog-tie ya! (to himself)

Now I gotta straighten up in here.

Tom goes back in the camper.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

You have offended my bunghole!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Bork reports to Flemming. Butt-Head is held by two agents.

BORK:

We just cleared all four floors. No sign of him.

FLEMMING:

Damn! Where the hell is he? We should've found him by now.

Bork sees something. It's Beavis, about a hundred yards away.

BORK:

Chief, look!

FLEMMING:

(picks up radio)

Attention all units. We've got him. He's in front of a camper in the visitor's lot.

EXT. OUTSIDE ANDERSON'S CAMPER - DAY

Beavis stands, T-shirt still over his head. Suddenly, dozens of agents surround him, pointing guns at him. Beavis seems oblivious to the danger.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

I am the great Cornholio! I will lay waste to your bunghole! Heh heh.

BEHIND THE AGENTS, Flemming approaches and gives orders.

FLEMMING:

OK, nobody shoot. He could still have the unit on him. Keep your distance. We don't wanna take a chance on hitting it.

BORK:

Where are his pants?

FLEMMING:

Who knows?

Beavis reaches to scratch his butt. Agents step back, cautious.

Flemming picks up a bullhorn and addresses Beavis.

FLEMMING (CONT.)

This is Agent Flemming, A.T.F.. We won't hurt you. We just want the unit. Tell us where the unit is.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Do you have T.P.? T.P. for my bunghole?

FLEMMING:

We'll get you whatever you want. (to agents) Get that other kid. We might need him.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Do you have any oleo? Heh heh.

BORK:

(on a radio)

This is Bork. We need some T.P. and some...(to Flemming) What's he say?

ANGLE BEHIND AGENTS. Butt-Head is brought in by two agents.

BUTT-HEAD

Whoa, this rules! Can I have a gun too?

Huh huh huh.

ON BEAVIS. He continues to babble, making the agents nervous.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

You must bow down to the Almighty

Bunghole. (Beavis) Heh heh, this is cool.

(Cornholio, chanting) Bungholio-o-o-o-o-o!

FLEMMING:

(to Bork)

He's jerkin' us off. I think we're gonna have to take him out. Get ready to fire on my orders... (on bullhorn) This is your last chance. Give us the unit now...

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

(Beavis) Why does everyone wanna see my schlong? (Cornholio, chanting) I am the one-and-only-almighty-bungholiooo!

FLEMMING:

(to agents)

OK boys. Get ready to fire on the count of three. (on bullhorn) I'm gonna give you three seconds...

ANGLE ON AGENTS taking aim, cocking their guns.

FLEMMING (CONT.)

(on bullhorn)

One...

ANGLE ON BEAVIS, chanting.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

Cornholio-o-o-o-o...

ANGLE ON BUTT-HEAD.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, huh huh huh.

FLEMMING:

(on bullhorn)

...Two...

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO

...o-o-o-eieeee-ooooooooooooo...

FLEMMING:

(on bullhorn)

Thrr...

Suddenly Tom Anderson throws open his camper door, holding Beavis' pants.

TOM:

And take yer damn pants with ya...!

(noticing) What in the hell...?

BORK:

(pointing)

THE PANTS!!! He's got the unit!

Suddenly all guns are on Anderson.

FLEMMING:

(through bullhorn)

Drop the pants! Now!

TOM:

Wait a minute. I ain't the one...

IN SLOW MOTION:

A S.W.A.T. TEAM GUY lunges at Tom, grabbing the pants.
Tom pulls away, causing the pants to RIP. THE UNIT GOES FLYING.
A FROZEN MOMENT. SLOW MOTION.
TIGHT ON THE UNIT.
TIGHT ON FACES IN THE CROWD.
TIGHT ON THE UNIT.
TIGHT ON FLEMMING.
TIGHT ON BUTT-HEAD, LAUGHING IN SLOW MOTION - OBLIVIOUS.
TIGHT ON THE UNIT, FALLING, FALLING.
IT HITS BUTT-HEAD'S HEAD, BOUNCES AND FALLS INTO HIS HANDS.
The agents all stare at Butt-Head - quiet, not sure what to do.
Butt-Head hands it to Flemming, nonchalant.
BUTT-HEAD
Uh, here ya go. Huh huh huh.
The crowd CHEERS.
ON ANDERSON'S CAMPER.
Tom is handcuffed roughly.

TOM:

Now wait just a minute...
An agent comes out of the camper with the picture of Dallas. Bork
grabs it and shows it to Tom.

BORK:

How do you explain this?
Flemming approaches Tom.

FLEMMING:

Sooo, using two innocent teenagers as
pawns in your sick game, huh?

TOM:

I don't know what the hell...

FLEMMING:

(disgusted)
Take him away.
Anderson is dragged away past a group of young, boy-scout types
who shake their heads in shame.
ANGLE ON Beavis and Butt-head being interviewed by a reporter.
Beavis is in his underwear. Tom is being dragged away in the
background.

BEAVIS:

I always thought there was something wrong with him. Heh heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD

Yeah, he had a lot of problems. Huh huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah, and um, he used to hit me too.

BUTT-HEAD

(leaning towards camera)

Uh hey, does anyone wanna see my unit?

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Later. Establish. Most A.T.F. cars are pulling out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - DAY

B&B sit as Flemming paces in front of them. Beavis is no longer Cornholio.

FLEMMING:

I gotta admit, I didn't believe it. I thought you were scum. But you saved more lives today than you'll ever know. You led us to one of the sickest criminals in our history. This country owes you a debt.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, does that mean, like, we're gonna get money and stuff?

BEAVIS:

Yeah, and chicks! We were supposed to score.

FLEMMING:

For security reasons, your actions will have to remain top secret. But someone very special wants to give his thanks. Flemming motions to the big chair. The PRESIDENT swivels around and rises to shake hands with B&B.

PRESIDENT:

Beavis and Butt-Head. On behalf of all

your fellow Americans, I extend my deepest thanks. You exemplify a fine new crop of young Americans who will grow into the leaders of this great country.

BUTT-HEAD

Huh huh huh. He said crap. Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh. This guy's cool.

PRESIDENT:

In recognition for your great service, I'm appointing you honorary agents in the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

BUTT-HEAD

Whoa, huh huh!!!

The President hands them citations.

BUTT-HEAD (CONT.)

You hear that, Beavis! We're gonna get alcohol, tobacco and guns!

BEAVIS:

Yeah, maybe some chicks too. Heh heh.

B&B leave the office, muttering.

BUTT-HEAD

Cigarettes and beer rule! Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Yeah! We're with the bureau of cigarettes and chicks! We're gonna score!

B&B

Huh huh huh huh huh.

EXT. AIRPORT NEAR B&B'S HOMETOWN - DAY

A plane lands.

INT. PLANE/DOOR - DAY

As before, the flight crew stares in horror and silence as B&B deplane.

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... bye-bye.

BEAVIS:

Heh heh. Bye bye. Heh heh.

EXT. ELITE MOTEL LODGE BAR - DAY

Walking home, B&B pass the motel. They notice the sign for big

screen TV. They stop and look at it.

BUTT-HEAD

You know what else sucks? We never even got a TV.

ON BEAVIS, seeing something, amazed, ecstatic.

BEAVIS:

Heh mmm, hey mmm Butt-Head! Look!

Heavenly MUSIC. B&B stare at the wonder before them.

ANGLE ON THEIR TV, mangled, partly-crushed junk.

B&B

Yes! Yes! Yes! Huh huh huh.

B&B run up to the set like it was their lost and found dog.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

B&B walk off into the distance with the TV.

BEAVIS:

Hey Butt-Head, do you think we're ever gonna score?

BUTT-HEAD

Uh, I probably will, but not you. You're too much of a butt-monkey. Huh huh.

BEAVIS:

Shut up, dill-hole.

BUTT-HEAD

Butt-dumpling...

BEAVIS:

Turd-burglar...

BUTT-HEAD

Dill-wad...

BEAVIS:

Bunghole...

BUTT-HEAD

Butt-snatch...

BEAVIS:

Um, uh, butt... um, hole. Butt-hole...

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... dill, um, face...

BEAVIS:

Um... ass... head...

BUTT-HEAD

Uh... butt-snatch...

BEAVIS:

You already said that, Butt-Head.

BUTT-HEAD

Oh, uh, I mean, uh, ass-goblin...

B&B

Huh huh huh...

B&B head off into the sunset, trading lame insults as we FADE OUT.

END: