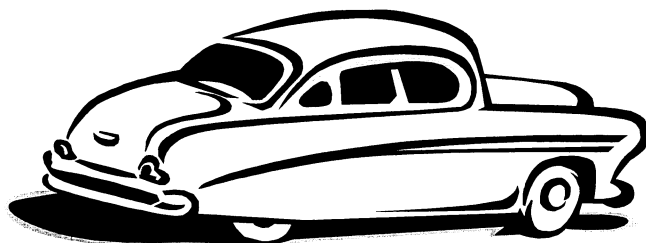


**AMERICAN GRAFFITI**



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by

**George Lucas,  
Gloria Katz  
&  
Willard Huyk**

**SECOND DRAFT  
May 10, 1972**

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FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

1

RADIO

On a dark screen an immense amber light appears and an electric humming begins. The eerie light glows brighter and illuminates a single huge number--11. Now we hear static and a large vertical band of red gloats mysteriously across the screen.

Pulling back slowly, we watch the glowing band traverse back and forth over the amber light and past more numbers appearing-- 70 90 110 130. And we begin to hear voices--strange songs, fading conversations and snatches of music drifting with static.

Pulling back farther, we begin to realize it is a car radio filling the screen and radio stations we're hearing, until the indicator stops. There's a pause ...and suddenly we are hit by a blasting-out-of-the-past, Rocking and Rolling, turn-up-the-volume, pounding Intro to a Vintage 1962 Golden Week-End Radio Show back when things were simpler and the music was better.

And now a wolf howl shatters through time as the legendary Wolfman Jack hits the airwaves, his gravel voice shrieking and growling while the music pumps and grinds....

WOLFMAN

AWWRIGGHT BAAY-HAAY-BAAY! I GOTTA OLDIE FOR  
YA - GONNA KNOCK YA RIGHT ON DE FLOWA -  
BAAY-HAAY-HEE-BAAY!

The Wolfman howls like a soulful banshee as ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK blasts forth.

2

DRIVE-IN - DUSK - STEVE - MERC

A small hamburger stand casts long shadows across a vast parking lot as the sun drops behind a distant hill. A large neon sign buzzes in the foreground... BURGER CITY, while in the background, "Rock Around The Clock" blares from the radio of a beautiful decked and channeled, candy-apple red, tuck and rolled '53 Merc that glides into the drive-in.

START MAIN TITLES

STEVE BOLANDER stops the elegant machine and gets out. He looks around, then walks to the front of the car and leans against the flame covered hood. Steve is 17, good looking in a conservative, button down short-sleeved shirt. Most likely to succeed, president of his graduating class. He looks around the empty drive-in, then hears a funny little horn.

A Vespa scooter bumps into the lot. A young kid waves at him--and suddenly grabs the handlebars again as the scooter nearly topples.

TERRY FIELDS (aka The Toad) manueveurs the scooter next to Steve's Merc but misjudges and ricochets off the wall before stopping. Terry grins sheepishly.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He's 16, short but plenty loud, both vocally and sartorially in his pink and black shirt, levis, and white bucks. He looks slightly ridiculous but always thinks he's projecting an air of supercool.

Steve watches Terry smooth back his shiney ducktail and primp his waterfall to a perfect cascade over his forehead. He uses the shiney hood of the Merc to check his outfit. He unbuttons his shirt one more button and lowers his pants to look tough.

Terry walks over and leans against the flamed car, imitating Steve who pays him no mind.

END MAIN TITLES

In the background, we hear the Wolfman howling with the music.

TERRY

Whata ya say, hey? Last night in town...  
gonna have a little bash before you leave?

STEVE

Have you seen Curt?

TERRY

Haven't seen a speck of him all day. Why don't we all pitch in and get Big John to buy us a keg...We could have a going away party you guys would never forget.

STEVE

That damn Curt...He's hopeless! He gets lost in his own bedroom. Nobody's seen him!

TERRY

I could pitch in four dollars and thirty cents.

Steve ignores him. The record ends and a barrage of humor begins from Wolfman Jack. The Wolfman is an unseen companion to all the kids. Witty and knowledgeable about the trivia that counts, he's their best friend, confidant, and guardian angel.

TERRY

You know, I heard the Wolfman was sixty years old! ... Can you believe that?

Steve is lost in his own thoughts. Terry looks a little hurt.

CONTINUED

## CONTINUED

Now a grey, insect-like Citroen duex-chevaux puttters into the parking lot and stops on the other side of the lot. Steve and Terry watch CURT HENDERSON get out.

Curt stands by his little car. He's 17, a curly, bespectacled scraggly kid with a summer grown moustache and a paperback stuck in his bermuda shorts. Curt thinks of himself as the town cynic... in reality, he's a hopeless romantic. He stands a moment, as if afraid of meeting his buddies. He starts slowly over.

TERRY

Hey, we was just talking about ya. Last night, how about a little bash before you leave?

STEVE

The Moose been looking for you all day... Called your house, spoke to your mom. They got worried. They thought you were trying to avoid them or something.

Steve reaches into his pocket and hands him an envelope without saying anything. Curt opens it slowly and pulls out a check.

CURT

(sarcastic)

Oh great...

TERRY

Whata ya got, whata ya got.

(snooping over his shoulder)

Wow--two thousand dollars. Two thousand doll--!!

Steve looks at Curt suspiciously; Curt seems somehow guilty.

STEVE

Mr. Jennings - couldn't find you - so he gave it to me to give to you. He said he's sorry it's so late, but it's the first scholarship the Moose Lodge has given out. Oh yeah, he says they're all very proud of you.

Curt hands the envelope back to Steve.

CURT

Well...ah.....why don't you hold on to it for a while...

STEVE

Whats with you? It's yours! Take it! I don't want it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TERRY

I'll take it.

CURT

Steve...Ah, I think we'd better have a talk.  
I've gotten....

Suddenly a horn honks and they all turn. Laurie Osborne, a cute little blond, pulls into the drive-in and waves to them. She is driving the family Edsel.

STEVE

Your sister calls... I'll talk to you later.

CURT

Now Steve! Let her wait.

STEVE

Okay, make it short and sweet.

CURT

Yeah, well... Listen....  
(clearing his throat)  
I...I don't think I'm going tomorrow.

STEVE

What! Come on, what are you talking about?

CURT

I don't know. I was thinking I might wait  
for a year...go to city....

Laurie honks the horn a couple of times. Steve ignores her. There is a long moment and Curt looks uncomfortable.

STEVE

You chicken fink.

CURT

Wait, let me explain....

STEVE

You can't back out now! It's too late.  
Christ, after all we went through to get  
accepted. We're finally getting out of this  
turkey town and now you want to crawl back  
into your cell....

Laurie beeps her horn again and calls out to Steve.

STEVE

Just a second!

(he turns to Curt)

Look, I gotta talk to Laurie

(he hands the check back to Curt)

Now take it. We're leaving in the morning.

Okay?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Suddenly, there's an ear splitting roar and they all turn as a '32 Chevy coupe chopped, lowered and sporting a Hemi-V8 bumps into the lot. The low slung classic rumbles and parks at the rear of the drive-in.

BIG JOHN MILNER, 22, sits in his Chevy, tough and indifferent, puffing on a Chesterfield. He wears a white T-shirt and a butch haircut molded on the sides into a ducktail. A cowboy in a duce coupe; simple, sentimental and cocksure of himself.

STEVE (Contd)

You wanta end up like John? You can't stay seventeen forever.

CURT

I just want some time to think. What's the rush. I'll go next year.

Steve starts off toward Laurie

STEVE

We'll talk later.

Curt turns to Terry, who shrugs, and they both approach John like the admiring fans they are.

Curt leans against John's car looking around the drive-in as it fills up under the sunset sky.

CURT

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore-- and coming events cast their shadows before...."

JOHN

I think I'm going to puke.

CURT

Sorry...what's up?

TERRY

John Baby. I was thinking, since it's Steve and Curts last night maybe we could all do something like--I don't know--whata ya think.

John ignores Terry and looks at Curt.

JOHN

Put on a new set of Strombergs today.

TERRY

Oh yeah--that's great. Hey! They look great.

They turn as a '60 Ford with three girls in it slows by them. A girl leans out the window and smiles.

CONTINUED

2

CONTINUED

GIRL

Hi John!

The girls in the car all screech and giggle as they zoom off.

JOHN

They're coming out early tonight.

TERRY

Like I always say, early bird gets the worm.

CURT

John, you got them throwing themselves outta windows to get at ya.

TERRY

I wish some would throw themselves my way.  
Man, what I'd give to have this car.

3

DRIVE-IN - NIGHT - JOHN, CURT, STEVE, TERRY, LAURIE - MERC, COUPE -(Little Darlin

With the darkness Burger City is coming alive. A continual line of hotrods pull into the parking lot to check out the parked cars then return to the main drag. Carhops rush from car to car and since it's early, still seem to enjoy themselves.

BUDDA MACRAE, A CARHOP, leans down to attach a tray to Steve's window, showing off her tight blouse.

BUDDA

A cherry-vanilla coke and a chocolate mountain.

Anything else you want, Steve?

(Steve shakes his head)

If there is you let me know now.

Just honk and I'm yours.

She tucks in her blouse a little tighter, gives him a hot look and goes to get the other tray. Budda takes the other tray around the car, almost shoves it in the window where Laurie is sitting.

BUDDA

One fries -- grab it before I drop it --

She gives LAURIE an antagonistic look, deliberately picks her nose and goes off. Steve laughs. Laurie smiles. She's 16, very pretty, with big doe eyes, and a short bobbed hairdo. She pushes up the sleeves on Steve's letterman sweater, which is sizes too large for her. His class ring glints on a chain around her neck. Laurie is sweet, the image of vulnerability, but with a practical and self-preserving mind beneath.

STEVE

Where was I?

CONTINUED

LAURIE

(as if reciting)

--How you thought high school romances were goofy and we started going together just because I was pretty and sexy but then you suddenly realized you loved me -- it was serious and -- oh yeah you were leading up to something big.

Steve looks at her.

STEVE

You make it sound like I'm giving dictation.

She laughs and leans over and he kisses her. Then, he gets serious again.

STEVE (Contd)

Seriously - what I meant was -- that since we both care so much for each other and we should think of ourselves as adults now --  
(having trouble)  
maybe we should ah--

Laurie pretends to be interested in her french fries, but is obviously expecting something big --

STEVE (Contd)

-- before I leave -- we could -- well, agree that seeing other people while I'm away can't possibly hurt because we both --

Laurie hasn't looked up but her mood has changed like a mask.

LAURIE

Seeing other people...you mean dating other -- people --

STEVE

I think it would strengthen our relationship ...then we'd know for sure that we're in love...not that there's any doubt...

Steve smiles and then looks at her -- stops smiling. They listen to the radio for an awkward moment. Laurie struggles to hold back her tears. With obvious difficulty, she turns to him and smiles. He's expected something different and doesn't know what to do, so he smiles back.

LAURIE

I think you're right. We're not kids and it's stupid to think that when we're three thousand miles apart we shouldn't be able to have friends and go out.

Laurie is slipping off his ring as he watches her.

CONTINUED

STEVE

What're you doing? I didn't ask for it back.

LAURIE

I know, I just thought it's sort of juvenile now. I'll keep it at home. It won't be so -- conspicuous.

STEVE

You don't want to wear it?

LAURIE

Steve, I understand. I'm not upset. I can't expect you to be a monk or something while you're gone. Since we love each other we should trust each other enough that we can have some freedom.

Steve sips his coke, thinking.

LAURIE

You'll meet intelligent girls in your classes and obviously I'll have intercourse with some of the boys here -- Neither of us wants --

Steve chokes on his coke as she goes on.

STEVE

What?! What's you say?

LAURIE

I said I'll have inter--

STEVE

Don't say it! Roll up your window. Have you gone mad? All this time you've been telling me you were saving yourself for....

LAURIE

Steve don't be silly. I mean social intercourse. Talking, meeting people, exchanging ideas.

He looks at her. She looks innocent as she eats her french fries. He starts to look doubtful about the whole thing.

STEVE

(mumbling)

It's all right to talk -- I mean -- right -- it's settled. I just...never mind.

Steve looks out the windshield and sees Budda go by. Following close on her heels, Terry is in pursuit. A timely excuse, Steve starts to open the door.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Listen, I gotta talk to Toad.

LAURIE

Sure, you're free to do whatever you like....

STEVE

I'll be right back.

He gets out of the car just as Curt walks up next to them.

Steve looks at Laurie and goes off, puzzled. In the car, Laurie is sitting motionless. The radio plays and she sings along a moment, then wipes her eyes.

CURT

Hey sis.

She turns, startled and sees Curt leaning against the car.

CURT

What's wrong?

LAURIE

Nothing... Did you tell him yet?

CURT

All right already -- I told him.

LAURIE

What'd he say?

CURT

He called me a chicken fink.

LAURIE

He thinks he's so smart, but I'll bet'chya he doesn't leave, either.

CURT

What? Are you kidding?

She looks at him, a strange determination on her face and turns up the radio.

4 DRIVE-IN - STEVE, TERRY, LAURIE, JOHN, CURT

Steve walks past a car, there's an OHHOGA horn and he smiles and waves to somebody. He approaches Terry who's still following Budda, even carrying a tray for her.

BUDDA

For the last time, flake off.

CONTINUED

4  
CONTINUED

TERRY

...and I have a really sharp record collection. I even have "Pledging My Love" by Johnny Ace. Anyway, how can you love Nelson when he's going out with Marilyn Gator. Since he dumped on you maybe we could --

BUDDA

He didn't dump on me you little dip. Hi, Steve!

Her tone changes immediately. Terry looks sour and turns around to Steve. Budda goes off wiggling her butt for Steve.

TERRY

She's a little conceited -- just playing hard to get.

STEVE

Listen I came over here to talk to you about--

TERRY

Anytime buddy. I'm your man. Nothing I like better than ---

Steve starts walking back toward the car with Terry.

TERRY (Cont'd)

chewing the rug with a pal. You talk, I'll listen. I'm all ears. Shoot.

STEVE

Shut up.

TERRY

Sure.

STEVE

Terry, I'm going to let you take care of my car while we're away -- at least until Christmas. I'm afraid if I leave it with my ---

Steve notices Terry isn't with him any more and turns. Terry is standing frozen to a spot -- a car tries to get around him and starts honking. Steve goes and pulls him aside. Terry looks hypnotized.

STEVE

What's wrong?

Terry tries to talk, much like a shell-shocked war veteran. His mouth moves but only a gurgle comes out. Steve pulls him after him.

They come back to the cars. Big John is talking engines to a greasy character. Curt is reading something to Laurie, who isn't listening. Steve brings Terry up and stops him like a robot.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

STEVE

Now listen, only 30 weight Castrol-R. I've written the tire pressure and stuff on a pad in the glove compartment. Are you listening?

The others are watching now as Terry shakes his head mechanically.

CURT

What's wrong, he's crying?

There is indeed a tear rolling down Terry's cheek.

TERRY

I -- can't -- believe -- it.

He starts toward the car and gently caresses its paint.

TERRY

I don't know what to say. I'll -- love and protect this car until death do us part.

He circles the car, talking on; we catch some of it --

TERRY

This is a superfine machine. This may even be better than Darryl Starbird's superfleck moonbird. It is better than Darryl Starbird's....

Laurie watches Terry, realizing that like the car, she'll be left behind as a fond memory. She turns and looks at Steve, who's been watching her. There's a moment between them --

Budda comes by with an empty tray and Terry sees her. He wipes his eyes and walks up to her, a strange otherworldly look on his face.

TERRY

Budda, how would you like to go to the drive-in movies with me?

The idea is so preposterous that even Budda is speechless. She looks around at the others.

BUDDA

How would I like to what?

TERRY

...I want you to know that something has happened to me tonight that is going to change everything. I've got a new....

John walks up quietly and casually pulls down hard on the back pockets of Terry's low riding levis. Terry's pants drop around his ankles. There is general hysteria as Terry quickly pulls up his pants.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TERRY (Cont'd)

...Car!!...All right, who's the wise --

He turns and sees John and changes his tune.

TERRY (Cont'd)

Oh, John -- verrry funny.

He tries to laugh with the others. Suddenly, in the distance there's a blood-curdling, animal-like scream from an incredible Hi-performance, Hi-power engine. The entire Drive-in stops and listens, as cave dwellers must have when Dinosaurs mated loudly.

STEVE

What in the hell was that? I've never heard a car --

CURT

Somebody new in the village

Everyone looks to Big John who is more aware of it than any of them. He takes a few steps out and looks, preoccupied by the sound, which has faded and is now lost in the normal drive-in din.

STEVE

Let's get going. It seems like we've spent most of our lives in this parking lot.

TERRY

Hey, Curt, let's bomb around, I wanta try out my new wheels!

CURT

I'd like to Toad, but I'm going with Steve and Laurie to the hop. I'd just slow you down anyway.

TERRY

Yeh, tonight things are going to be different.

JOHN

Freshman Hop! That's for kids! Your outa there now, why go back?

CURT

(indicates to John)

I don't know what we're going to do with him, he has no emotions. We're going to remember all the good times we had. Why don't you come with us...for old times sake.

JOHN

Bull shit! You go and remember all the good times you're gonna be missing. I'm not going off to some fancy college. I'm going to stay right here...having fun.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

John gets in his car and slams the door. Curt looks at the others and shrugs.

TERRY

Jesus, Milner, you're in a great mood tonight...

Curt goes over to John and stands by the window.

CURT

What's up...Hey, I'm sorry if I bugged you.

JOHN

Nothing.

CURT

Listen, I'll see you later. We're going to do something before -- before Steve leaves.

JOHN

You aren't going?

CURT

I don't know.

John shakes his head and starts his car. Curt watches him pull out, rumbling slowly past the peasants and out back into the night.

Curt comes over to Steve and Laurie. Laurie's driving her family's Edsel. Curt gets in the back.

TERRY

Maybe I'll pick up come nookie and meet you later.

CURT

Good luck.

They pull out leaving Terry standing alone with his new car.

5 PARKING LOT - JOHN - COUPE

Big John sits alone in his coupe, backed into the parking lot of the ACME FALLOUT SHELTER CO, the prime spot in town for girl watching.

The news of the day is being run down on the radio -- furor over the Supreme Court ban on prayers; a pair of Russian Cosmonauts landed; reports of a Kennedy speech and Russia steps up arms aid to Cuba; but mainly, the big news, a local psycho killer struck again near the irrigation canal killing an old wino and leaving his trademark, a dead goat's head near the victim.

A T-Roadster pulls into the lot next to John. John turns and looks at the driver, who wears wraparound dark glasses and has a GIRL with him. The DRIVER gets out of his car and saunters over to Big John.

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

DRIVER

Milner, King of the Highways. What'd ya say? Hey, new Chevy in town tonight. You gonna go after him?

JOHN

No, I'll let him find me. Hey, hey, new engine! What happened to your 325?

DRIVER

I blew that mother up. Now I'm stuck with this turkey. I pulled it out of my brother's Rambler. How does it look tonight? Hey, you been over to Cal Speed and Customs lately? They've got a new shipment of Lakepipes. Triple, chromed, with deep finned plugs, really hairy.

JOHN

I don't really dig pipes. My passions carburettors.

Two blondes drive by and they both size them up.

DRIVER

Those two are a dead end. I was with them last night.

JOHN

Bomb out?

DRIVER

Couldn't even cop a feel.

JOHN

It's all a bluff. But, take my word for it, it's not worth the effort.

(indicating girl in Roadster)

What about her?

DRIVER

No luck, but she ain't much to look at anyway. The pickin's are getting pretty slim....

JOHN

Yeah, the strip's shrinking. I can remember about five years back it took two hours and a whole tank of gas to make one circle.

DRIVER

No shit?

6

## TRAVELING G STREET - DUSK - CURT, STEVE, LAURIE - EDESEL

Curt is in the back seat, gazing out the window at the main street of the small farm community. The one-way street is lined with used car dealers, small shops and an endless parade of kids in flamed, lowered custom machines rumbling through the seemingly adultless, heat-drugged little town. On the radio, the Wolfman is talking to a teenie bopper on the phone.

Curt turns and hears Steve and Laurie talking quietly in the front seat. Laurie is sitting near the window and it sounds like Steve is trying to convince her to move over. Curt smiles through the hushed argument. Laurie finally moves next to Steve. His arm goes around her. Her head goes on his shoulder.

Steve slows the Edsel to a stop at a light. Curt glances over at a classic yellow '56 Thunderbird. Curt sits up. In the T-bird, a GIRL watches him. Blonde, beautiful, her hair seems to glow (backlit by a used car lot) making her look almost ethereal. Curt sits stunned and doesn't move as if afraid of scaring her away. She smiles faintly -- then says something, so softly it's lost.

CURT

What?

Curt struggles to lower his window. She repeats it, but he can't hear. The light changes. She smiles once more and is gone.

CURT

(shouting)

What? --- What?...!''

STEVE

We didn't say anything.

CURT

Quick! Hang a left!

STEVE

What? Why?

CURT

Cut over to G Street, I've just seen a vision...She was a goddess...You've got to catch her!

STEVE

I didn't see anything.

LAURIE

We're not going to spend the night chasing girls for you.

CURT

But she...

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

STEVE

She's gone. Forget it.

CURT

The most beautiful, dazzling girl I've ever seen...She said something to me...

Steve looks over the back and shrugs. Curt sits back, downcast and forlorn, looking out the rear window.

CURT

But ... I think she said I love you.

7 TRAVELING - MAIN STREET - TERRY - MERCURY ("Do You Wanna Dance?")

The Rock and Roll blares as Terry the Toad cruises along the main drag in his newly acquired wheels. Terry is singing along with the music, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Sitting low in his seat, he looks around, his face aglow experiencing a new world from the inside of a really fine car. This is the greatest thing that has happened to Terry in sixteen long years of being a short loser.

Terry passes a police car, in which both the officers are also "riding low" and he turns up the radio and sings with the music.

8 MAIN STREET - TERRY - MERCURY

Terry stops for a red light. A very mean-looking '55 Chevy (blown, scooped and slicked) pulls up next to him. The driver, BOB FALFA, has a girlfriend sitting almost on top of him. Terry challenges the Chevy by revving his engine.

Bob Falfa doesn't even look over. He revs his engine, which sounds like a cross between a Boeing 707 and a SuperChief. Terry can't believe it, he turns down the radio, listening to the monster. But the challenge is on. He sits up, dries his hands on his shirt, grasps the wheel --

9 TRAVELING - DRAG - TERRY, FALFA - MERC &amp; CHEVY

The light changes, and the Chevy bolts into the intersection in a cloud of smoke creating that incredible Hi-powered dinosaur scream heard earlier in the Drive-in. Terry starts off, coughing through the smoke, eating Falfa's dust.

The Chevy distances Terry in Steve's Merc by four car lengths per second. Terry can't believe it. He finally slows and coasts to the next stop light where the Chevy is already waiting for him. Terry looks over into the snotty face of Falfa's girlfriend.

GIRLFRIEND

Isn't he neat?

Terry doesn't say anything and Bob Falfa pulls his girl back from the window and glares at Terry.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

FALFA

My girl asked you a question, dork. Ain't I neat?

TERRY

Ah yes, you are neat.

FALFA

Sir --

TERRY

You are neat, sir.

FALFA

Do you know a dude in a shitty green duce coupe. Supposed to be hot stuff around here.

TERRY

You mean John Milner. Nobody's ever beat him, he's got the fastest duce --

FALFA

Well I ain't nobody! Right, dork.

TERRY

Right. You ain't -- aren't nobody.

FALFA

And you see this Milner, tell him I'm looking for him, and I aim to blow his ass off the road.

GIRLFRIEND

Isn't he neat?

There's another incredible behemoth scream as Falfa roars off leaving Terry to stare through the smoke. He thinks a moment and rolls up his window before he yells.

TERRY

(shouting)

John Milner will shut you down easy, you dumb smart ass!

Terry notices three girls go by in a Dodge and accelerates after them.

10

TRAVELING - TERRY - MERCURY

Terry accelerates next to the three girls but they ignore him...He accelerates past them, the tires squeal as he shifts gears.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

TERRY

Wolfman! Rubber in third! Do you believe it? Roll down that window honey. Hey sweetheart, I'm talking at you.

The girls continue to ignore him. Terry slows, then accelerates again, but misses a gear making a terrible sound. Now the girl rolls down her window.

GIRL

Grind me a pound!

TERRY

Got a problem with second gear.

GIRL

You got more problems than that. My boyfriend's in the back seat.

Terry slows and as the car passes, a kid in the back seat drops his pants and presses his bare butt against the window. The car roars off.

TERRY

Why me? Wolfman, why me?

11 PARKING LOT - JOHN

A '54 Studebaker with seven girls inside passes slowly and John sits up.

JOHN

Later

He hits his engine and roars off. The driver saunters back to his car and gets in. He sits in the car a moment and then looks over at the GIRL who looks angry and is ignoring him.

DRIVER

If I told you I loved you would it make any difference?

GIRL

Yes...do you, Ferber?

DRIVER

No. You got zits.

12 TRAVELING - MAIN STREET - JOHN - COUPE ("Fever")

John pulls alongside the Studebaker and the girl in the front seat rolls down her window.

JOHN

You're new. Where you from?

CONTINUED

GIRL #1

Turlock.

JOHN

Oh yeah. You know Frank Bartlett?

GIRL #1

No, does he go to Turlock High?

JOHN

He did...goes to J.C.

GIRL #1

(impressed)

Do you go to J.C.?

JOHN

Yeah.

GIRL #1

Oh wow! Do you know Guy Phillips?

JOHN

He's in my World Lit class.

GIRL #1

He's so boss. My best friend is dating him.

JOHN

You wanna ride around with me for awhile?

GIRL #1

I'm sorry, I can't. I'm going steady, I just can't.

JOHN

Pretty crowded in there. Anybody else wanna go for a ride?

The girls chatter and giggle among themselves. One of the girls dangles a bra out the back window, and they all break up into hysterical laughter. The girls try to accelerate ahead, but John stays alongside.

JOHN

Aw come on...I got plenty of room. It's dangerous to have that many people in a car. Cops see ya, you're had. You got nothing to fear, I'm as harmless as a baby kitten.

A small voice raises above the chatter.

VOICE

I'll go. I'll go.

GIRL #1

Judy's sister wants to ride with you. Is that all right?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

JOHN

Judy's sister, Judy, her mother, I'll take 'em all. We'll change at the light, OK?

13 MAIN STREET - JOHN - COUPE

John maneuvers over to the other side of the Studey, and stops at the light. A girl rushes from the Studey into John's coupe. The light changes and the Studebaker is off.

STUDEY DRIVER

Bye, bye now.

GIRL #1

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

There are giggles and laughter, the girls wave and go off. John chuckles to himself.

JOHN

Well, well -- so you're Judy's --

He turns and looks at her and suddenly stops --

JOHN

-- little sister.

CAROL MORRISON shakes her head. She is thirteen years old, very cute (in a young sort of way). She is wearing blue jeans, sneakers and a "Dewey Webber Surf Board" T-shirt which hangs to her knees. John seems slightly panicked.

JOHN

How old are you?

CAROL

Old enough. How old are you?

JOHN

Too old for you.

CAROL

You can't be that old.

JOHN

Listen I think you'd better stay with your sister. Where'd they go?  
(he looks around)  
They're coming back right? This is a joke.

He smiles at Carol and she just looks at him.

JOHN

It is a joke, isn't it? Because you can't come with me. You don't really think I'd --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CAROL

(on the verge of tears)

But -- you asked me. What's the matter? Am I too ugly? Judy doesn't want me with her and now you don't want me with you. Nobody wants me...even my mother and father hate me. Everybody hates me.

JOHN

No they don't. I mean I don't know, maybe they do. But I don't. It's just that you're a little young for me.

CAROL

I am not! If you throw me out I'll scream.

JOHN

OK, OK, just stay cool. There's no need to scream. We'll think of something.

He looks at her and she wipes her eyes. He starts the car off slowly.

JOHN

(muttering)

It shouldn't take too long to find your sister again....

A car horn honks, John whirls, sees a girlfriend, grabs Carol by the neck and pushes her head down out of sight. John casually waves to the friend who pulls off. Carol looks at him, her head still held down in her lap.

CAROL

Is this what they call copping a feel?

John jumps, and immediately lets go of her as if burned.

JOHN

NO! Uh uh. N-O. Don't even say that. Jesus....

John is beginning to sweat now.

CAROL

What's your name?

JOHN

Mud if anybody sees you.

CAROL

My name's Carol, Mr. Mud. What's your first name?

JOHN

(weary)

John...John Milner.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

CAROL

Oh yeah. That's better. Carol Mud would sound awful.

John looks at her slowly, a sad defeated expression on his face.

CAROL

Where we going?

JOHN

Oh God. I don't know...Where's your favorite toy store.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - STEVE &amp; LAURIE ("At the Hop")

The Dewey High School gym -- the basketball nets swung back and draped with crepe -- the lights half-low -- the noise high -- and the waxed wood floor being pounded to death by stockinged feet as a seething mob of adolescents join in that now forgotten rite -- THE HOP.

Hundreds of them everywhere dancing and swaying to the half-assed plagiarized renditions of real masterpieces being demolished by THE CONTINENTALS, a local group wearing white cardigan sweaters and white bucks (their trademark).

Moving through the dancing chaos, we follow a girl through a door marked GIRLS.

15 INT. GIRL'S LAVATORY - LAURIE &amp; PEG

Laurie stands in front of a mirror with a line of other girls in front of mirrors. She brushes her hair, staring rather despondently at herself in the mirror. The girl next to her is PEG FULLER, a cute cheer leader type.

PEG

Hey, why you so depressed? You'll forget him in a week. Listen, after you're elected senior queen you'll have so many boys after your bod --

LAURIE

I don't want to go out with anybody else.

PEG

Laurie, I know it's a drag but you can't -- remember what happened to Evelyn Chelnick? When Mike went into the Marines? She had a nervous breakdown and was acting so wacky she got run over by a bus.

LAURIE

He's not leaving!

PEG

Laurie, jeez....

16

INT. BOY'S LAVATORY - STEVE &amp; RICK

We move down a row of sinks at which guys are working as intently on their coiffures as the girls. Ducktails being smoother; glassy waterfalls being primed; the fronts of crew cuts being waxed to stand stiff.

Steve stands looking at himself, then glances at Eddie Quentin, next to him, who's dabbing something on his face.

STEVE

What's that?

Eddie jerks his hand down and hides something.

EDDIE

What's what?

Steve turns and pulls the kid's hand up.

STEVE

What the -- make up! Pimple makeup!

(laughing)

Wait till I tell -- hey, everybody, Eddie --

EDDIE

Come on, Steve -- don't. Just cool it.

He takes his pimple cream back and Steve continues to laugh. He stops slowly and looks at himself again in the mirror. He finds something on his neck, looks around.

STEVE

(quietly)

Let me see some of that stuff --

Eddie gives him the tube and Steve dabs it on his neck.

EDDIE

You leave tomorrow?

(Steve nods)

You and Laurie engaged yet?

STEVE

No, but we got it worked out. We're still going together but we can date and --

EDDIE

Screw around -- I know. I hear college girls really put out.

Suddenly someone shouts ONE-TWO--they turn to see a guy at every toilet hit the flusher on THREE, sending a torrent of water down the pipes. Suddenly, there's a RUMBLING NOISE as the pipes break and water gushes over the floor. Panic! Everybody crashes for the doors, laughing and shoving.

17

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - STEVE & LAURIE, PEG & EDDIE

The guys tumble out the lavatory door and abruptly cool it as a dumb looking, paunchy teacher stops and looks them over, rocking on his heels. They escape quietly. Steve & Eddie walk over and meet Laurie coming out of the GIRLS lavatory with Peg.

Eddie exposes a half pint of liquor in his pocket.

PEG

Eddie, you didn't bring booze did you? I told you --

EDDIE

I'm clean, I swear. Want to go out to the car and search me?

He starts toward her and she shoves him back.

PEG

Big deal. You got nothing to search for.

Laurie is watching the dancing.

STEVE

Come on.

LAURIE

Come on what?

STEVE

Let's dance.

LAURIE

No thanks.

STEVE

Laurie I want to dance.

LAURIE

Who's stopping you?

Eddie and Peg are listening and watching. Steve smiles at them like everything's okay. He glares at Laurie.

STEVE

(under his breath)

Laurie, I thought since this is my last night, you might want to dance with me.

LAURIE

Mr. Mushy. How sentimental. You'll be back at Christmas.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

STEVE

I want to dance now, not at Christmas.

He takes her arm, which she pulls away.

LAURIE

Get your cooties off me --

Eddie and Peg are watching with great interest. Steve smiles at them again. Then, he leans down and whispers something to Laurie.

LAURIE

Go ahead, slug me, scar my face, kill me.  
I'm not going to --

EDDIE

Ah -- Peg I think we should dance....

PEG

No, this is getting good.

LAURIE

I'll dance with you Eddie.

She takes Eddie by the hand and leaves Steve fuming with Peg.

PEG

Joe College strikes out.

Steve gives her a snide look, then watches Laurie and Eddie laughing, as they join in the stroll. The whole gym is strolling in unison, like some strange musical military formation.

18 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CURT

Curt walks alone through the empty hallways of his former life, thinking about his future. Faintly, music from the hop drifts through the corridors, getting louder as Curt approaches the Gym.

19 INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CURT &amp; MR. WOLFE

As Curt enters the gym, he hears a sudden burst of spontaneous giggles and turns. A young teacher, MR. WOLFE, is surrounded by a group of admiring (and grade seeking) girls. He sees Curt watching and waves him over.

Mr. Wolfe wears ivy league clothes and is about twenty-five, not that much older than his students.

MR. WOLFE

Curtis, you've got to help me, I'm surrounded.

GIRL

You won't dance?

CONTINUED

19

CONTINUED

MR. WOLFE

I'd love to really, but I can't. If old Mr. Simpson saw me dancing with one of you sexy little -- I mean one of you young ladies he would be after my -- rear end.

They all giggle. Mr. Wolfe shrugs at Curt and heads for a door. Curt follows him and escapes with him from the girls into the night outside.

20

EXT. GYM - CURT &amp; MR WOLFE

They stand outside the gym in the parking lot. The lot is packed with kid's cars. Mr. Wolfe cups his hands and yells at a couple of guys skulking around the cars.

MR. WOLFE

(yelling)

Hey -- Cliff! Back inside -- come on, gentlemen.

(after a moment)

I thought you'd left.

CURT

No -- not yet.

Mr. Wolfe looks at him, then up at the sky.

MR. WOLFE

How do I get stuck with dance supervision? You're going back east. I remember the day I went off. Got drunk as hell the night before. Barfed all the next day on the train.

CURT

Where'd you go?

MR. WOLFE

Middlebury. Vermont. Got a scholarship -- only stayed a semester, after all that. Came back here.

CURT

Why?

MR. WOLFE

I got my teaching credential at State. Decided I wasn't the competitive type -- I don't know. Maybe I was scared. You going into English.

CURT

Anthropology.

CONTINUED

MR. WOLFE

Really? -- that's good. English only leads to -- ah, hell I'm tired.

CURT

I don't know if I'm that competitive either ...I don't know if I'm going.

Mr. Wolfe looks at him a moment.

MR. WOLFE

Don't be stupid. You don't want to stick around here.

CURT

Why?

Mr. Wolfe sighs and then they hear a bottle break out in the dark parking lot. He yells again --

MR. WOLFE

You got thirty seconds to get in here.  
(to Curt)

Get out and experience life, have some --

VOICE

Bill?

Mr. Wolfe and Curt turn and see a girl standing in the shadows. Mr. Wolfe looks at her and doesn't say anything.

GIRL

I mean, Mr. Wolfe. Can I talk to you a minute.

Curt looks at her.

GIRL

Hi, Curt.

CURT

Jane.

He looks at Mr. Wolfe, who smiles a little strangely. Then, he sticks out his hand.

MR. WOLFE

Good luck.

Curt shakes his hand and goes off.

21 EXT. PARKING LOT - CURT & WENDY

Curt walks out through the parking lot -- then looks back and sees Mr. Wolfe standing in the shadows with the girl.

Curt spots a yellow T-Bird in the lot and rushes over to it. He leans down and smiles into the window -- a guy making out with a darkhaired girl frowns back at him. Curt looks foolish and backs away.

Suddenly, a voice reaches out of the darkness, and Curt jumps.

WENDY

What are you doing, stealing hub caps?

CURT

Wendy?

A pretty girl smiles at him. There's an awkward pause that happens when two people who used to be close meet after things have changed.

WENDY

How've you been?

CURT

Fine. Great. How about you?

A horn honks and Wendy turns to a car idling a row over.

WENDY

I'm coming -- just a sec.  
(to Curt)

Bobbie Tucker. She's got her car. Well --  
Hey, I thought you were going away to school?

CURT

Maybe.

WENDY

Same old Curt. All the time we went together  
you were never sure what you were doing.

The horn honks again and she smiles.

WENDY

Well -- bye bye.

She turns and heads for the car.

CURT

Hey -- Wendy --  
(she stops)  
I thought -- maybe -- Where are you going?

WENDY

Nowhere...

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

CURT

...mind if I came along?

She looks at him for a moment, then smiles casually.

WENDY

Okay.

Curt smiles and follows her to the car. They get in and drive off.

22 TRAVELING - JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE

John maneuvers the deuce coupe coolly through the cruising traffic as Carol jabbars on, relating past adventures --

CAROL

-- so the next night we found out where they parked and went out with ammunition.

JOHN

Don't you have homework or something to do?

CAROL

No sweat -- my mother does it. Anyway, we went out with the shaving cream and they were making out like fiends and we squirted it all over the windows, then started banging on the car. What a fake out -- he thought he was had, started the car, couldn't see through the windshield and zoomed straight in the canal -- it was a riot --

John smiles faintly.

JOHN

Kids.

CAROL

I still got some, so don't try anything.

She opens her purse and takes a pressurized can of shaving cream out of her purse. She laughs and tries to squirt his nose -- he grabs at her hand -- swerving a little, somebody honks.

JOHN

Now wise up!

He's twisting her arm and now lets go of it. He's definitely mad and she looks a little scared.

JOHN

Don't bug me while I'm driving.

CONTINUED

CAROL

(quietly)  
I was just --

JOHN

Just don't. I've never had an accident and ain't starting because of you. Driving is serious business.

Carol makes a serious face and he catches her doing it.

JOHN

Don't give me any grief I'm warning you.

CAROL

Spare me killer.

He stares at her and she shuts up. She turns up the radio. SURFING SAFARI blares out and she starts twisting with the music -- John turns the radio off.

CAROL

Why'd you do --?

JOHN

I don't like that surfing crap. Rock'n'Roll's been going downhill ever since Buddy Holly died.

CAROL

I never even heard of Buddy Holly, but I think the Beach Boys are boss!

JOHN

You would, you grungy little twerp.

CAROL

Grungy? -- you big weenie, if I had a boyfriend he'd pound....

JOHN

Damn! Holstein!

She looks around, and sees a police car following them, bubble lights aglow.

CAROL

Good, a cop -- I'm going to tell him you tried to rape me.

John pulls the car over and stops.

CAROL

It's past curfew. I'm going to tell him how old I am, my parents don't know I'm out and you tried to rape me. Boy, are you up a creek.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

John looks at her with murder in his eyes.

JOHN

Hey -- ah, really -- don't say anything.

She just looks at him.

CAROL

If you say "I was a dirty bird." "Carol's not grungy, she's bitchin."

The cop is tapping at John's window. John wipes his face.

JOHN

(quietly)

I was a dirty bird, Carol's not grungy, she's bitchin.

CAROL

Okay -- I'll think about it.

John rolls down his window.

HOLSTEIN

Where you going, Milner?

JOHN

Home -- sir.

HOLSTEIN

Where you been, Milner?

JOHN

To the movies -- sir.

HOLSTEIN

You weren't around 12th and G streets at about 8:30?

JOHN

No, I was at the movies -- like I said -- sir.

Holstein looks at him, then steps back, looks at the car. Holstein's only a couple of years older than John, but the uniform separates them by light years.

HOLSTEIN

No lights on your license -- have to cite you for that -- front end of this -- thing looks a little low --

JOHN

No sir, 12 and one half inches. It's been checked several times. You can measure it again if --

CONTINUED

HOLSTEIN

Look Milner, you don't fool the law. We know that was you this evening. We have an excellent description of this car. I could run you in right now and make it stick this time. But I'm not -- because I'm going to catch you in the act. And then we're going to nail you good. I'm going to be on your tail every minute -- you look over your shoulder, I'll be there. Sooner or later --

He rips off the ticket and hands it to John.

JOHN

Thanks -- sir.

The cop goes off and in a moment roars past them.

CAROL

You're a regular J.D.

JOHN

Here, put it in the glove compartment.

Carol takes the ticket and opens the glove compartment where, to her amazement she finds a thick wad of similar tickets.

CAROL

Your insurance must be hairy.

JOHN

What insurance?

TRAVELING - JOHN & CAROL - COUPE

John pulls into the flow of traffic. A motorcycle policeman passes in the opposite direction, then hangs a U-turn, coming after John. John makes a sharp right turn onto a side street.

CAROL

Where we going?

JOHN

I don't know, but I got to get off 10th Street for a while. Too much fuzz.

CAROL

Let's go to Burger City. I want a Coke.

JOHN

No way, kid, no way!

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

CAROL

You really think I'm bitchin'.

(John moans)

That was nice, by the way. So you can take me wherever you want -- I'm all yours.

She puts her feet up on the dash and turns on the radio again.

JOHN

(sarcastic)

Great...just great!

24 TRAVELING - TERRY - MERCURY ("Almost Grown")

Terry continues to cruise the main drag, slouched low and looking cool in his newly acquired machine. He adjusts his waterfall curl as the Wolfman dedicates a list of songs. He passes a group of guys bullshitting around the raised hood of a souped up parked car.

Terry cruises alongside two girls in a Ford. He revs the engine to get their attention and once he has it he motions to roll down their window. She flips him the bird instead and he lets them pass.

25 MAINSTREET - TERRY - MERCURY

Terry pulls up to a stop light. The car next to him is a '59 Chevy Bel Air, a good opponent and besides, the kid driving looks younger than Terry.

TERRY

Whata you got in there, kid?

KID

More than you can handle.

Terry revs his engine and so does the Bel Air. The tension mounts. The green arrow for the left turn lane flashes on, the car on Terry's other side moves off, and before he can control his reflexes, Terry, too, has shot into the intersection while the light remains Red! Terry quickly shifts and returns to the starting position. The other driver is grinning, Terry is flustered and embarrassed. Terry revs the Merc a couple more times, concentrating intently this time on the right light.

GREEN! .... the Chevy bolts into the intersection. Terry likewise floors the gas and goes crashing backwards into a large Buick. Terry is stunned a moment, then realizes he forgot to shift into first. He fumbles to get the car into first gear.

A distinguished looking man comes up to his window after inspecting the damage. Terry tries to escape, but in his panic the engine dies. He struggles to start it --

OLDER MAN

Excuse me, but I think we've had an --

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

TERRY

Well, goddammit, I won't report you this time, but I hope you learned that by jumping lights, you don't get home any faster. You just crash into innocent people. Remember, the life you save may be mine!

Terry roars off in a cloud of indignant smoke, leaving the old gentleman standing in the street looking slightly dismayed. The cars behind him begin to honk their horns and shout crudities.

26

USED CAR LOT - TERRY - MERCURY

Terry pulls up in front of a used car lot and jumps out to inspect the damage to Steve's Merc. He rubs a small scratch on the back fender, but it won't disappear. As he spits on it, a slick, thin, mustachioed, baggy suited car salesman ambles up.

SALESMAN

I'll give you \$525 for her on a practically new Corvette...and on top of this, I'm going to knock 10% off the low price of this beautiful Vette. I'm talking about only \$98 down and \$98 a month. Now, how am I able to make you this incredible offer? I'll tell you! I'm forced to move all the sporty cars off the lot as quick as I can. Boss's orders. He doesn't want 'em. I think it's a mistake, but what can I do? I'm forced to make a deal, so what do you --

Terry begins to get worried as the salesman begins to fondle his new Merc. He becomes frightened as the Salesman attempts to drag him over to one of the Vettes. Finally Terry breaks away and jumps back into his car and the salesman continues to rave on as Terry drives away.

27

TRAVELING - TERRY &amp; DEBBIE - MERCURY ("Happy, Happy Birthday Baby")

Terry is out again in the stream of tail lights, flashing through the small town. He passes some kids on the street and waves -- they stop, seeing it's Terry. They shake their heads in amazement.

A car pulls up alongside and the driver yells over --

DRIVER

Toad --? Is that you in that beautiful car?  
(Terry nods casually)  
Jeez, what a waste of machinery...

The car takes off --

TERRY

(shouting)  
Ah suck gas, bozo --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Terry passes a steaming rear-end collision at an intersection where two guys and two girls are all yelling.

Then, suddenly, he spots a girl -- walking -- alone. His mouth drops open in amazement as he slows to a crawl. DEBBIE, 16, with short blonde hair, wearing a yellow spaghetti strap dress, strolls along the sidewalk.

Terry roars the powerful engine, but she ignores him. He's passing her, so he starts to speed up.

TERRY

(to himself)

What a babe...what a bitchin' babe... And Wolfman, Baby she's all mine.

Terry tears around the corner -- flashes down the parallel street in record time, hits another corner and starts his approach once more. He quickly whips out his comb, touches up his hair and settles down into a comfortable slouch.

TERRY

Okay, honey, here I come -- James Dean lives --

He hits the clutch, roars the engine a couple more times and then -- disaster. Debbie passes behind some rough looking dudes on motorcycles, parked along the curb. One especially vicious biker, turns and looks at Terry as he passes --

Terry roars off around the block.

TERRY

Stay cool, honey - don't let those creeps bug you -- Wolfman, please don't let those creeps bug her...please.

As Debbie passes the bikers, they hoot, holler and make barnyard noises. From the cat calls, and Debbie's manner it seems obvious that Debbie is a girl a lot of boys have "known".

She has walked clear of the bikers as Terry screeches around the corner again. He pulls up alongside her and again slows to a crawl. They pace each other for awhile, but she doesn't look over.

TERRY

Hi!

(lowering his voice)

Hello...buenos noches? Need a lift? Nice night for a walk? Do you know John Milner? Curt Henderson? Sure you wouldn't like a ride somewhere? Did anyone ever tell you that you look just like Connie Stevens?

This stops her and she turns -- Terry hits the brakes and the car bounces.

CONTINUED

TERRY

You do! I mean it! Just like Connie Stevens.  
I met her once.

DEBBIE

For real?

TERRY

Yeah. At a Dick Clark road show.

Debbie starts slowly toward the car.

DEBBIE

You really think I look like her?

TERRY

No shit -- excuse me, I mean I'm not just  
feeding you a line. You look like Connie  
Stevens. What's your name?

DEBBIE

Debbie -- I always thought I looked like  
Sandra Dee.

TERRY

Her too.

DEBBIE

This your car?

TERRY

Yeah. I'm Terry the -- they call me Terry  
the Tiger.

DEBBIE

It's really tough looking.

TERRY

What school do you go to?

DEBBIE

Dewey -- can it lay rubber?

TERRY

Oh yeah, it's got a 327 Chevy mill with six  
Strombergs.

DEBBIE

Bitchin tuck and roll. I just love the feel  
of tuck and roll upholstery.

TERRY

Come on in, I'll let you feel it -- I mean  
touch it -- the upholstery.

CONTINUED

27

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

Okay.

Terry gets out and she gets in, scooting over to the middle of the seat so that when Terry gets back in he's sitting right next to her -- which makes him a little nervous.

DEBBIE

Peel out.

TERRY

What?

DEBBIE

Peel out -- I love it when guys peel out.

Terry nods, checks his clutch, revs the engine to a high pitched whine and they're off --

The tires smoke, scream, the car shoots off, fishtailing, nearly hitting a parked car, straightening out -- and disappearing.

28

INT. SCHOOL GYM - STEVE &amp; LAURIE

On stage, the Continentals are taking five, as they say, hanging around, looking tough for the girls. A girl with glasses is at the mike --

GIRL

(into mike)

-- and Darby Langdon who did all the neat decorations.

There's applause, whistles, then hoots as the crowd gets out of hand.

GIRL

(into mike)

Now -- now -- ssshhh -- now the next dance is a snowball and leading it off will be last year's class president Steve Bolander and this year's head cheerleader, Laurie Osborne...

(whispering)

The light -- where's the spot -- Fred?

Somebody finds the spotlight and skims it over the crowd.

The light lands on Steve and Laurie.

LAURIE

I don't care if you leave this second --

STEVE

What's wrong with you? -- you're acting like a snotty bitch who --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LAURIE

What did you call -- ?

Suddenly, they realize the spotlight's on them, and people are applauding --

GIRL

(into mike)

Come on -- don't be shy. Snowball.

LAURIE

Oh God, come on --

STEVE

I thought you didn't want --

LAURIE

Steve, everybody's watching. Smile or something.

Steve gives a sick smile as she drags him out onto the floor. A record needle scratches and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" blares out as Steve and Laurie dance alone in the middle of the floor. The crowd quiets, getting a little misty about this soon-to-be separated teenage couple.

For their part, Steve and Laurie are still arguing, whispering in each other's ears.

LAURIE

(whispering)

Don't -- don't you patronize me. You think I care if you go off. You think I'm going to crack up or something. Are you conceited.

STEVE

(whispering)

Quit -- quit pinching -- I don't know why I ever started taking you out in the first place.

He takes her hand from the tucked under the chin position and puts it around him, into the hug position popular at the time.

LAURIE

(whispering)

You take me out??? When we first met you didn't have enough sense to take the garbage out...I asked you out, remember? I believe it was your first real date with a girl.

STEVE

(whispering)

What do you mean, you asked me out!

LAURIE

(whispering)

Backwards Day -- remember? If I had waited for you to ask me...Even after that you didn't call me for a week.

CONTINUED

STEVE

I was busy.

LAURIE

You were scared. Dave Oboler told me. Then when you did ask me out you didn't kiss me for three dates.

STEVE

Well -- I was --

LAURIE

Scared -- Jim Kaylor told me. I even asked my father why you hadn't kissed me.

STEVE

Your father -- great --

The girl from the bandstand booms out again above the music.

GIRL

(into the mike)

All right -- Snowball!

LAURIE

He said he thought you were bright and you'd probably think of kissing me after a while.

(he moans)

You didn't, of course. I had to. Remember that picnic I made?

STEVE

Out at the canyon?

LAURIE

You can't remember anything -- the first one, up at the lake. That was the first time you kissed me -- I practically had to throw myself at you --

GIRL

(into mike)

All right guys -- break it up. Snowball!

STEVE

(quietly)

I remember....

They continue to dance slowly. Laurie starts to cry, hating herself for it. Steve loosens a minute and looks at her.

LAURIE

Go to hell --

STEVE

Hey --

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED

He holds her tighter and they circle the floor, all alone, the crowd watching quietly.

GIRL

(into mike)

Well -- I think they're ignoring us. How about girl's choice, then? Come on, girl's choice.

They dance alone a moment longer, and then the floor begins to fill slowly with more dancers moving slowly, keeping a respectful distance from Steve and Laurie.

29

TRAVELING - CURT, WENDY, BOBBIE - VW

We see the yellow T-bird ahead for just a moment, before it accelerates, passes a car and disappears.

In the VW, Curt is in the back, shaking the driver's seat, yelling at Bobbie.

CURT

There -- don't you see it? -- Speed up, you're losing her --

BOBBIE

Quit shouting in my ear!

CURT

Cut around him, cut around him --

The little VW swerves and cuts around an old dagoed Dodge, then speeds along the fast lane.

Ahead, we catch a glimpse of the T-bird as it turns a corner.

CURT

There, hang a right -- over there!

Bobbie turns, somebody honks, she hits the curb, shifting madly she mis-clutches, the beetle lugs forward, coughs and gives up. Bobbie starts crying. Curt falls back in the seat and Wendy looks at him.

WENDY

What's wrong with you? You know Bobbie gets nose bleeds when she's upset.

BOBBIE

I do not! You shut up --

CURT

Lost her again. Ah, Wendy, my old love, come back here and console me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WENDY

Eat your heart out. Who was she anyway?

Bobbie manages to revive the VW which reluctantly starts off again.

CURT

She's the personification of truth, beauty and the American way...

WENDY

You mean she's got big boobs.

CURT

To be great is to be misunderstood... She loves me, and I love her! We have a very Victorian relationship.

WENDY

Who is she?

CURT

I don't know...but, I'm going to find out.

BOBBIE

I know her!

There are a few moments of silence as Bobbie lets Curt sweat it out for a few moments. Finally, Curt breaks.

CURT

Okay, come on, who is she?

BOBBIE

You know Mr. Beeman? He owns Hepcat Jewelers.

CURT

I've seen him, I guess.

BOBBIE

Well, she's his wife.

CURT

But she was young and beautiful, and cruising 10th Street. You're thinking of someone else.

WENDY

Mr. Beeman's not so old.

CURT

What cruel fate keeps me from my true love?  
How am I ever going to meet her?

WENDY

(kidding)

If you're only 'maybe' going east tomorrow, maybe you'll see her again. 'Wishy-Washy Henderson...the Boy Wonder of Fantasyland. Tell me, Washy, or may I....?

CONTINUED

CURT

Don't get started with that, it won't work.

WENDY

My goodness, did I touch a nerve? Touchy, touchy?

(to Bobbie)

Did you know that my ex is going to become a presidential aide? It's supposed to be a secret, but his big ambition in life is to shake hands with President Kennedy. How are you going to accomplish that at J.C.?

CURT

Maybe I've grown up. Maybe I've changed my mind?

WENDY

Maybe you don't think you can do it!

CURT

Maybe you should shut up!

WENDY

Maybe I will....and maybe I won't.

CURT

Why don't you move your bod into aft chamber, where we might discuss this in private.

BOBBIE

Thanks a lot.

CURT

Wendy?

She doesn't say anything. They pull up to a stoplight. Wendy looks at the red stoplight and then abruptly gets out of the car and jumps in the back.

WENDY

Well, slide over, I'm not sitting on your lap.

She gets in and the car goes off.

In the back seat, Curt and Wendy are talking softly. He puts his arm around her and she makes a face, but doesn't remove it. Bobbié watches in the rearview mirror, Curt sees her.

CURT

To the Opera, George

CONTINUED

BOBBIE

Drop dead.

CURT

Unless you want to go out to Gallo dam  
and have an orgy.

WENDY

You wish.

Curt looks at her and turns her head. He kisses her and puts his  
arms around her. They neck.

The little VW flashes by in the stream of traffic. Bobbie drives,  
glancing in her rear-view mirror occasionally and also watching  
the station wagon ahead, in which two pairs of feet are dancing  
against the back window.

Wendy pulls away from Curt's lips and looks out the window.

WENDY

I've been silly -- I'm glad you're  
going to stay. Maybe we'll have some  
classes together.

CURT

Maybe.

BOBBIE

Look there's Kip Pullman! He's so neat.

Wendy turns and leans forward, laughing. Curt watches her  
seriously, studying her --

WENDY

Do you know Kip?

CURT

Huh? -- yeah, I know him.

BOBBIE

Talk to him when we go by

CURT

What do you want me to say?

BOBBIE

Anything...I just want to meet him.

They pull up next to Kip's car and Curt leans forward and yells  
out Bobbie's window.

CURT

Kip, baby, what's up?

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

KIP

Henderson, long time no see. What'a ya been doing?

CURT

Not much, just wanted to let you know that Bobbie here is hopelessly in love with you and trembles at the sight of your rippling biceps...

Bobbie is incredibly embarrassed and swerves the car away and turns a corner. She stops on a dime at the curb.

BOBBIE

You creep, fink, son-of-a-bitch--

She turns and starts flailing at Curt with her purse.

CURT

Help, wait! Joke--Joke-- Bobbie, remember your nose bleeds!

BOBBIE

Get out--get out of my car--I hate you --

CURT

Excuse me -- ouch-- Wendy -- I got to go-- now--

Wendy is laughing and Curt climbs over her out of the small car. He gets out and closes the door. Wendy changes seats and looks at him seriously.

WENDY

Curt, I hope I see you at registration. Call me if you want. It was nice seeing you again --

CURT

See ya.

The car pulls off and Curt watches it. Suddenly, he sees something -- the yellow T-bird going the other way down the street --

CURT

Oh shit -- there!! Wait!

The VW's gone and Curt starts after the T-bird on foot. He runs down the middle of the street, oblivious to the horn honking swerving consternation he's causing traffic.

CURT (cont.)

Stop!! Wait -- come back. I love you

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

We move with Curt as he moves like a broken field runner through the traffic only to finally lose the girl and the Thunderbird and to slow and finally stop, standing on the white line. Cars watch him and kids rubberneck as they go by.

30

AUTO WRECKING YARD - JOHN & CAROL

(It's Just A Matter Of Time)

John's coupe crunches to a gravelly stop in front of an auto wrecking yard.

CAROL

Why are we stopping here?

JOHN

I wanta look at the cars. It relaxes me.

Carol looks puzzled as he gets out of the car. She shrugs and gets out with him.

John and Carol walk through a valley of twisted, rusting piles of squashed, mashed and crashes automobiles. John sticks his hands in his pockets moodily and stops and looks at one of the burnt-out cars.

JOHN

Freddy Benson's Ford...he got his head on with some drunk. Never had a chance. Damn good driver, too. What a waste when somebody gets it and it ain't even their fault.

CAROL

Needs a paint job that's for sure.

John doesn't hear her and walks on.

JOHN

That Vette over there. Walt Hawkins, a real ding-a-ling. Wrapped it around a fig tree out on Mesa Vista with five kids in it. Draggin' with five kids in the car, how dumb can you get? All the ding-a-lings get it sooner or later. Maybe that's why they invented cars. To get rid of the ding-a-lings. Tough when they take someone with them.

CONTINUED

CAROL

You never had a wreck though - you told me.

JOHN

I come pretty close a couple of times. Almost rolled once. So far I've been quick enough to stay out of here. The quick and the dead.

CAROL

I bet you're the fastest.

JOHN

I've never been beaten -- lot of punks have tried. See that '41 Ford there? Used to be the fastest wheels in the valley. I never got a chance to race old Earl. He got his in '55 in the hairiest crash ever happened around here. He was racing a '54 Chevy bored and loaded, out on the old Oakdale Highway and every damn kid in town was out there. The Chevy lost its front wheel doing about 85. The idiot had torched the spindles to lower the front end and it snapped right off. He slammed bam into the Ford and then they both of them crashed into a row of cars and all those kids watching! Jesus, eight kids killed including both drivers, looked like a battlefield. Board of Education was so impressed they filmed it. Show it now in Drivers Education, maybe you'll see it. Anyway, since then street racing's gone underground. No spectators, I mean. Too bad.

CAROL

I'd love to see you race.

Carol takes his hand and they walk a bit, until John realizes what he's doing, and drops her hand and pulls away.

JOHN

Come on! None of that.

CAROL

What da ya mean? I'm the one who's supposed to say that. Whata ya afraid of? -- I'll keep it above the waist.

CONTINUED

JOHN

Funny..... (he looks at her for a moment)

Who know, in a few years -- but not now, bunny rabbit.

CAROL

Bunny rabbit! Oh brother, you are such a drip.

She stomps off and gets back into the coupe, quickly rolling up all the windows. John saunters up and finds the door locked.

JOHN

Come on, open the door.

CAROL

If you say "Carol's not a bunny, she's a foxy little tail."

John grins and starts to pull his keys out of his pocket. He stops grinning -- Carol grins and dangles his keys inside the car. John leans against the window, closes his eyes, a defeated man again--

JOHN (quietly)

Carol's not a rabbit, she's a foxy little tail--

CAROL

And you promise to buy me a coke...

JOHN (quietly)

And I promise to buy you a coke...

He hears the button click up and slowly opens the door.

CAROL

You say the cutest things.

John just gets into the car.

TRAVELING - TERRY & DEBBIE - MERCURY

Terry not only looks cool now, but is cool, singing with the radio, got a girl beside him. Hot stuff.

Terry ever so slowly tries to put his arm around her, but by the time he manages it, he has to shift.

They drive by some kids having a car to car water pistol war.

CONTINUED

TERRY

I go to Dewey too, ya know.

DEBBIE

I never seen ya.

TERRY

I bug out a lot. When I graduate,  
I'm going to join the Marines.

DEBBIE

They got the best uniforms. But  
what if there's a war?

TERRY

With the bomb, who's going to start  
it? We'd all blow up together.  
Anyway, I'd rather be at the front.  
I'm like that -- rather be where  
the action is, you know. Once I  
got in a fight with --

DEBBIE

I love Eddie Burns.

Terry stops, trying to figure out where their conversation went.

TERRY

Eddie Burns -- oh yeah, Eddie Burns.  
I met him once, too.

DEBBIE

You really think I look like Connie  
Stevens? I like her -- Tuesday  
Weld is too much of a beatnik, don't  
You think?

TERRY

Yeah, beatniks are losers.

DEBBIE

Who do you like? -- I mean, singers  
and stuff.

Terry maneuvers his arm slowly around her --

TERRY

Ah hell -- I like most of the  
people you like.

DEBBIE (putting her head

against his shoulder)  
That's nice -- we got a lot in  
common

Both of them start singing with the radio....suddenly she puts her hand on  
his leg.

CONTINUED

32

DEBBIE

You know what I'd like more than anything in the world right now?

Terry almost does a comic strip "Gulp!"

DEBBIE (cont.)

I'd love a double Chubby Chuck. Isn't that what you'd like more than anything right now?

TERRY (quietly)

Sure...

33

BURGERS DRIVE IN - TERRY & DEBBIE - MERCURY

The Merc is parked in the service area of the restaurant next to an order speaker. Terry leans out the car window and orders into the intercom--

TERRY

A double Chubby Chuck, fries, a mexicali-chili-barb and two cherry cokes.

INTERCOM

Ark. Wak. ark.....

TERRY

What? What?

INTERCOM

Wark. Ark. Dork.....

TERRY

Oh yeah...cool.....

Terry doesn't understand, but nods. As they wait for their order, several guys in various passing cars yell sleezy greetings to Debbie. Suddenly, a rough-looking face, belong to VIC LOZIER, pops in her window.

VIC

Hey, Deb. How's my soft baby?

DEBBIE

Beat it, Vic -- I'm not your baby.

Terry nervously pretends not to hear.

VIC

Oh come on, honey. So I never called you back. I've been, you know, busy.....

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

Three weeks...besides, it only took one night for me to realize that if brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow your nose.

VIC

Look who's talking. Who's the nebbish you're with now, Einstein?

DEBBIE

Tiger happens to be very intelligent. Unlike you. I know every thing your dirty little mind is thinking...

She looks out the window, down at Vic's pants.

DEBBIE (cont.)

....it shows

TERRY

Hey now -- (his voice cracks)  
I mean, hey now -- buddy -- the lady obviously doesn't --

VIC

Look, creep, you want a knuckle sandwich?

TERRY

Ah, no thanks, I'm waiting for a double Chubby....Chuck...

VIC

Then shut your smart ass mouth!  
...I'll call ya Deb, some night when I'm hard up --

DEBBIE

I won't be home

Vic makes a kiss off noise and leaves

TERRY

You seem to, ah -- know a lot of wierd guys.

DEBBIE

That sex fiend is not friend of mine; he's just horny. That's why I like you, you're different.

TERRY

I am? You really think I'm intelligent?

CONTINUED

33 She moves very close to him and whispers in his ear.

DEBBIE

You are very intelligent. And I'll bet you're smart enough to get us some brew.

TERRY

Brew...oh -- yeah...oh, sure...  
(she kisses him)  
Yes! Liquor! This place is too crowded anyway --

Terry backs out and drives off leaving the approaching car hop standing in an empty parking space.

CAR HOP

What about your double Chubby Chuck, mexicali-chili-barb and--  
(looking at the tray)  
--two cherry cokes, sir?

34 INT. SCHOOL GYM - STEVE & LAURIE

The hop is almost over and the lights have been lowered, conservatively. Steve and Laurie hold each other, hardly moving and he kisses her. Still kissing, they continue to circle slowly -- until a short, totally bald teacher comes up and pokes Steve hard in the side--

MR. KROOT

All right, Bolander, break it up. You know the rules. You and your panting girlfriend want to do that you'll have to go someplace else.

He gives them a disgusted look and starts off --

STEVE

Hey, Kroot

The teacher turns, surprised by the omission of the "Mr."

STEVE (cont.)

Why don't you go kiss a duck.

Kroot's beady eyes widen and he comes back.

KROOT

What? What did you say?

STEVE

I said go kiss a duck, marblehead

CONTINUED

Kroot is stunned and people have stopped dancing to watch

KROOT

Bolander--you're suspended.  
You're -- don't even come Monday.  
You are out!

STEVE (smiling broadly)

I graduated last semester.

Suddenly...everything...has...changed. Mr. Kroot is furious, but unable to do anything. He finally storms off in a huff. Steve, Laurie and the people watching all laugh.

STEVE (cont.)

(to Laurie)  
Get your shoes. Let's go before  
we get thrown out.

They leave the gym.

PARKING LOT - STEVE & LAURIE

The music drifts out from the hop as Steve leans back against Laurie's car, with Laurie in his arms leaning against him. They kiss--

STEVE

Let's go out to the canal.

LAURIE

What for?

STEVE

What for? Listen, I can get tough  
with you, too --

LAURIE

Hard guy...

STEVE

For old times sake

LAURIE

For the future's sake

STEVE

What's that supposed to mean?

She kisses him again

CONTINUED

APPLIANCE STORE - CURT

Curt is sitting on the hood of a parked De Soto watching a row of televisions in the window of an appliance store. Twelve, silent images of Ricky Nelson on "Ozzie & Harriet" glow in the dark showroom.

Music from passing cars rises and fades behind Curt until the blasting radio of a '58 Pontiac drowns them out as the car pulls up next to Curt.

Curt pays no attention, then senses the presence of someone. Soon he realizes that he is being surrounded by a group of three hoods. They slink up from all sides wearing car coats with the name "Pharoahs" embroidered across the back.

Curt looks them over -- they all watch the silent tv's. One of them, without turning, talks to Curt --

JOE

Whata ya doin', creep?

CURT

Me?

JOE

No, I'm talking to the other fifty creeps here.

JOE

You know Gil Gonzales?

CURT

Gil Gonzales....no.

JOE

Don't know Gil...you oughta.  
You really should.

CURT

Yeah....why?

JOE

No reason...he's a friend of ours  
...and that's his car you're  
sitting on....

There's silence. Curt looks uneasy and slides quietly off the De Soto. Curt sticks his hands in his pockets and starts slowly down the sidewalk, wishing he were invisible.

JOE

Hey, where ya goin?

CURT (turning)

No place. Not going any place.

CONTINUED

JOE

Ya must be going someplace--I mean ya left here. Bring him over here, Ants, I want to show him something.

ANTS (a tall, ghoulish-looking kid who probably got his name from the scar across his face which has recently been stitched to look like a party of ants marching across his cheek) brings Curt back gently.

Joe is bent over looking across the hood of the De Soto.

JOE

Here--bend down, look here. See that? Right across there -- see?

CURT

I guess so -- yeah

Joe unbends and lightly punches Curt on the shoulder.

JOE

You scratched it, man. Where do you get off sitting on Gil's car, huh, man?

Joe gives him another charming punch on the shoulder. The others have left the tv's and are watching Curt now, looking puzzled and pained at the scratch on the car.

CURT

I'm sorry -- it's not much of a scratch. I don't think he'll even --

JOE

It ain't the size that's in question here. It's the principle. Jeez, this is tough...what should we do with ya?

ANTS

Tie him to the car and drag him.

Curt turns and laughs at Ants' suggestion. He laughs and laughs until he realizes nobody else is; they are pondering the suggestion.

CURT

That's funny (clearing his throat)  
Hey, you guys know Toby Juarez?  
He's a Pharoah, isn't he?

JOE

Toby Juarez. Yeah, sure we know Toby.

CONTINUED

CURT  
He's a friend of mine

They all grin and laugh with Curt who feels better.

JOE  
Sure, good old Toby. He's a  
friend of yours. That's cool...  
we all hate his guts.

Curt stops smiling again.

CURT  
Oh--well, I don't know him that  
much anyway.

JOE  
We killed him last night.

ANTS  
Tied him to the car and dragged  
him.

Curt looks at them both, praying they're kidding. Joe looks at him,  
shaking his head.

JOE  
This is going to take some thinking.  
You better come with us maybe.

JOE (cont.)  
(putting his arm around him)  
Go riding with the Pharoahs --

CURT  
Well, I don't think I can--I gotta--

Joe opens the back door and gently pushes Curt toward it. Ants comes  
up uncoiling a rope and Joe looks at him.

JOE  
Whata ya doin'?

ANTS  
I thought we was goin' to drag  
him around.

JOE  
No, Ants --he's riding inside the  
car for now. Unless you wanta--

He looks at Curt, who quickly gets in the car.

CURT  
Inside's fine

CONTINUED

36

The third member of the gang is BEAN, a short little kid about 14 or 15 years old. He appears tougher than the rest with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Joe heads for the driver's side and Ants and Bean both go for the front passenger door.

BEAN

Shotgun!

ANTS

No, I called it!

BEAN

When?

ANTS

Before we picked you up.

BEAN

You can't call it for the whole night, man. I got it now. Get in the back.

Bean gives Ants a hard look and Ants backs down and climbs in the back with Curt

37

TRAVELING - CURT & HOODS - PONTIAC ("Western Movies")

The radio blares and we see all the hoods sitting super low in the car, their eyes just visible over the windows. The Wolfman is giving the phone operator a bad time as she tries to get him to accept a collect call. All the Pharoahs are amused.

BEAN

You tell her, Wolfman! He's my man. When I graduate I'm going to be a wolfman. You know, he broadcasts out of Mexico someplace...

JOE

No he don't. I seen the station. It's just outside town. XERB right on the building.

BEAN

That's just a clearing station, man, it's empty. So he can fool the cops. He blasts that station all the way around the world... it's against the law, man.

ANTS

They'll never catch Wolfman.

Joe watches Curt in the rear view mirror. Curt tries to look interested in the drive like a sightseer. His eyes twitch a bit in sheer terror, however.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

ANTS

Okay, who cut the cheese?

He gives Curt a very menacing look. Curt returns with a weak smile.

BEAN

He who smelt it, dealt it!

Curt rolls down his window and tries to smile at Ants.

JOE

(to Curt)

Hey, creep, scoot down. Sitting like that, it wrecks the lines of the car, you know what I mean?

CURT

Oh sure, sorry.

Curt scoots down and looks at Joe on an even level. He turns and Ants is staring at him an inch away. Curt chokes a bit on Ants' breath and blinks.

They hear an incredible roar, and everyone turns to see Bob Falfa's '55 Chevy next to them. Riding with him is a new girl, this time a lovely Redhead.

JOE

There's the badass Chevy again. Look at that....

BEAN

Old Milner ain't going to beat him.

CURT

You know John Milner?

ANTS

(menacing)

You know him?

Curt looks at him, considering whether he should or not.

CURT

Ahh, yeah...no...I mean, I don't know, I might have seen him.

BEAN

Well, Milner ain't going to beat that. His time has come...he's gettin' old. He ain't as fast as he once was.

JOE

That's some tail he's got with him.

ANTS

He looks like a whimp.

CONTINUED

CURT

(trying to belong)

He probably is, the whimps get all the snatch....

Bean and Ants eye him suspiciously, as he mumbles on --

CURT

...speaking of snatch, have any of you guys seen a blond in a yellow T-Bird?

JOE

Yeah, I seen her, what about it?

CURT

I was just wondering who she is.

JOE

She's outa your price range man. My brother's been with her and he clued me in.

CURT

Price range? You mean she's a--

JOE

Yeah, Thirty Dollar Sheri. Can you believe that. Thirty dollars.

CURT

We must be thinking of different blondes.

BEAN

Hey man, don't tell Joe what he thinks.

ANTS

Thirty dollars ain't much. I saw ten thousand once. My old man had it in a suitcase. They caught him the next morning though...

BEAN

Fuzz ahead, watch it.

JOE

Where?

BEAN

In the bank parking lot, you can just barely see the fender.

ANTS

That's rotten, man.

BEAN

That's shitty.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

CURT

It's dishonest.

Ants gives him the evil eye.

JOE

We ought to do something...

CURT

Maybe a big sign warning everyone.

BEAN

Man, that's dumb, they'd just spot it and take it away.

ANTS

Yeah, man, that's dumb.

JOE

Wait a sec, I got a good idea.

Suddenly, Curt sees the yellow T-bird going by the other way and sits up longingly watching it pass from view.

38

BANK BUILDING - CURT &amp; HOODS - PONTIAC

Joe pulls the Pontiac around the back of the bank and they all get out quietly.

JOE

Ants, get the rope and chain --

ANTS

Oh bitchin! Oh bitchin!

Ants goes off happily and Curt looks like a condemned man.

CURT

No, wait, you're not going to -- Joe -- I'm sorry, I'll do anything you like.

JOE

Shut up -- they'll hear us.

Ants comes back and starts to tie the chain around Curt's waist.

JOE

Tie it to that billboard post over there.

Ants takes the chains and looks puzzled. Joe puts his arm around Curt who is getting very nervous.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

JOE

Curt, despite you scratching Gil's car, I like you. And I know what you'd like more than anything right now -- like every guy in this town, you got the same secret dream, right?

(Curt nods)

Ya want to join the Pharoahs. Huh? You can admit it -- you'd like to -- but you never dreamed it could be possible, did you?

(Curt shakes his head slowly)

Well, tonight, I'm goin' to give you your chance.

He hands Curt the other end of the chain and puts his arm around him leading him off.

39

BANK PARKING LOT - POLICE CARS - COPS

The patrol car sits quietly in its place. Inside Holstein sits with another officer who's asleep. Across Holstein's dark glasses, we see the reflections of the kids' cars cruising by as Holstein waits....

40

BACK OF BANK - CURT &amp; JOE

Curt and Joe low crawl across the parking lot and then Joe taps Curt. Curt stops crawling, his face near the pavement. Joe lies beside him.

JOE

Sssshhhh...now ya got it? I'm staying here -- you're on your own now.

CURT

Ahh - Joe -- what if they hear me? I mean, what if --

JOE

Sshh...listen, look at it this way. You got three choices -- one you chicken out -- in that case, I let Ants tie ya to the car and drag ya around a little. You don't want that?

(Curt shakes his head)

Two, you foul up and Holstein hears ya, and well -- you don't want that?

(Curt shakes his head)

Three, you are successful and you join the Pharoahs with the carcoat and the blood initiation and all that....

CURT

Blood initiation...?

CONTINUED

40

CONTINUED

Joe slides backwards leaving Curt lying alone with the chain over his shoulder. Curt makes a little whiney noise and starts crawling.

Curt crawls across the lot slowly toward the police car. The chain rattles as he drags it, adding to his anxiety. Finally, he reaches the car.

Sliding under the car, Curt lays the chain quietly over the axle and starts to fasten it. He is beginning to enjoy his little adventure, and he chuckles to himself.

POLICE RADIO

321, investigate a 6247 at 3rd and G. Code 3.

Suddenly, the engine explodes, the siren screams, Curt's eyes go wide and he covers his head — The patrol car whooshes off, leaving Curt exposed, his hands over his head, frozen in terror in the now empty parking lot.

CURT

(quietly)

Shit!

41

TRAVELING - JOHN & CAROL ("Why Do Fools Fall In Love")

JEFF PAZZUTO in a lowered '57 Ford pulls up alongside John's deuce coupe. They both slow to a crawl as they yell back and forth.

JEFF

There's a very wicked '55 Chevy looking for for you.

JOHN

Yeah, I know.

JEFF

He's got about 18 inches of rubber. You think there'll be a go tonight?

JOHN

No, just another punk showing off.

JEFF

Yeah -- well, see ya. Oh wait, watch out for the Holstein hiding in the Valley Bank lot.

John waves and the Ford cruises off.

CAROL

You promised me a cherry coke.

He looks over at her; she rests her head against the door watching him drive. He doesn't say anything.

CONTINUED

41

CONTINUED

CAROL (cont.)

I'm so thirsty, I could die. Just a little  
10 cent coke to wet my whistle. It won't  
take a minute, I can drink it in the --

John suddenly hits the brakes and Carol almost hits the floor. John reaches over and opens the door.

JOHN

Why don't you just get out and get one then!  
So long, goodbye, hasta lumbago.

She stares at him, shaken, looking sweet and helpless. He turns and looks at her. A tear rolls down her cheek slowly. John can't take it.

JOHN (cont.)

All right, one coke and then home.

Carol is delighted. She slams the door. John takes off and she moves over close to him and squeezes his arm.

JOHN (cont.)

(quietly)

You've got two seconds to get back into  
your corner. One --

She slides back by the door, a little hurt.

CAROL

Don't worry, I won't rape you! Isn't it  
great, the way I can cry whenever I want.  
A lot of people can't do that but Vicki  
showed me how. I bet you can't cry.

JOHN

Don't count on it. I may surprise you any  
minute now...

42

BURGERS DRIVE IN- JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE ("In The Still of The Night")

John cruises around the lot until he finds a space among the rows of  
dazzling cars.

JOHN

(into intercom)

One ten cent coke...Is ice extra? All  
right, ice.....

CAROL

Thanks for nothing.

She looks around, sitting up so maybe some of her friends will see her in  
John's neat car.

CONTINUED

CAROL

Oh rats, I thought some of my friends might be here.

JOHN

It's probably past their bedtime.

CAROL

Wait, there's Dee Dee. I hope she sees me.

JOHN

I hope she doesn't.

A long line of cars coast past. Occasionally, someone yells a greeting to John. The car hop brings the coke. Then a couple, AL and LINDA come over.

AL

Hiya, John. Say, do you think if I brought my Mopar by the shop Monday you could spot weld the bumper bracket?

JOHN

Have to be before noon.

AL

Hey, have you met Linda?

JOHN

No. Hi -- ahh, this is my, ahh, cousin, Carol. I'm kinda babysitting tonight.

CAROL

Babysitting!!

She slugs John on the arm. John grabs her arm as she starts to swing again.

JOHN

Now come on...act your age.

(to Al)

Children will be children.

She struggles to hit him and spills her coke all over the car. He pushes her rather roughly against the door.

JOHN (cont.)

Watch out -- damn it! Look what -- why don't you grow up!

CAROL

You spastic creep.

She is about to really cry this time. She jumps out of the car and runs off down the street. John wipes his car out as Al and Linda watch in amazement.

CONTINUED.

42 CONTINUED

JOHN

We don't get along too well. You know what cousins are like.

AL

Yeah...well, I'll see ya on Monday before noon.

John mutters profanities to himself, but his anger subsides after a few moments. He looks back in the direction Carol went. All he can see are two Hell's Angels on choppers rolling in the same direction.

He looks a little concerned and starts the coupe.

43 MAIN STREET - JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE

John roars along looking for her until he sees her walking angrily along the sidewalk -- being followed by a Ford full of guys.

John passes Carol and the Ford and pulls over and stops just ahead of them. Carol stops when she sees John. The Ford also stops and the guys call out to her. She considers the situation a moment, then runs and gets in with John.

CAROL

Hi cousin, how's your bod?

44 EXT. SCENIC LIQUOR STORE - TERRY &amp; DEBBIE - MERCURY ("Teenager in Love")

Terry pulls into the parking lot and stops. He looks up at the flashing liquor store sign and considers his battle plan.

DEBBIE

Do you have an ID?

TERRY

No.....hey, but no sweat. What'll it be?  
Beer, little wine?

DEBBIE

If you could get some Old Harper, I'd give you a french kiss.

TERRY

Old Harper, rrrright!

He gives her an OK sign with his fingers and goes over to the store. He starts in, then stops and thinks. He sees a man in a business suit approaching, and smiles.

CONTINUED

TERRY

Excuse me, sir, while you're in there -- I mean, since you're going in anyway, I wonder if --

MAN

Yes son?

TERRY

Could you -- sir -- could you give me the time?

MAN

Why sure, it's a quarter to twelve.

TERRY

Great.....thanks.

The man regards him, Terry pretends to start off until the man goes in. Terry pulls himself together as another man approaches, or rather stumbles up, being older, scruffy and, essentially, a bum.

TERRY

Pardon me, sir, but I lost my ID in -- in a flood and I'd like to get some Old Harper, hard stuff. Would you mind buying a bottle for me?

The bum is still trying to focus on Terry and smiles.

OLD MAN

Why certainly, I lost my wife, too -- her name wasn't Idy, though, and it wasn't a flood -- but I know what ya --

TERRY

Thanks, here's enough for a pint.

The old man takes the money and falls into the store. Terry watches and then waves to Debbie in the car that everything is cool. The old man staggers over to the counter with four bottles of wine. Terry watches worried --

TERRY

(quietly)

Hey, no -- sss -- not wine, I don't want wine...no --

The owner turns and sees Terry waving. Terry quickly ducks out of sight. The owner waves back and shrugs. When Terry looks again, the old bum is gone! Terry can't believe it. He finally enters the store.

Terry tries to look Very Casual as he sidles up to the counter.

TERRY

Hi there -- was there an old man in here a moment ago?

45 CONTINUED

CLERK

Yeah. He went out the back.  
 (Terry is destroyed)  
 You want something?

Terry looks at the man and the endless rows of liquor behind him.

TERRY

Yeah -- ah -- let me have a Three Musketeers,  
 ah, and a ball point pen there, a comb, a  
 pint of Old Harper, couple of flashlight  
 batteries and some of this beef jerky.

The owner puts everything into a bag and starts to ring it up.

OWNER

Okay, got an ID for the liquor?

TERRY

A what? Oh, sure --  
 (feeling his pockets)  
 Oh hell, I left it -- I left it in the car --

OWNER

Sorry, you'll have to get it before --

TERRY

Well, I can't -- I also ah, forgot the car --

The owner takes the liquor out of the bag and puts it back on the shelf.  
 Terry stands there -- the owner takes the money from him and gives him his  
 change.

46 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - TERRY &amp; DEBBIE - MERCURY

Terry hands the bag to Debbie through the window and she looks in it  
 excitedly. She lifts out the batteries.

DEBBIE

You didn't get it?

TERRY

Not yet -- I just needed some things and --  
 I'll get it don't worry. Listen could you  
 loan me a dollar to ah --

DEBBIE

What!!! You want me to pay? Girls don't pay!  
 Are you for real????!

TERRY

A loan, I'll pay you back -- I only got a  
 fifty and he doesn't have change.

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

I can't believe this, I can't believe it --

She gives him the money and he returns to the liquor store entrance. A cool-looking guy in his mid-twenties with numerous tatooes advances.

TERRY

(heavenward)

Please God.

(to the man)

Hi, hey, ah -- I wonder if --

MAN

You want me to buy your booze -- sure thing.  
Whata you want?

TERRY

(amazed)

Oh gee, this is terrific -- just a pint of  
Old Harper would be --

He takes Terry's money and enters the store. The clerk hands the man a bottle of Old Harper. Terry waves excitedly to Debbie, lowering his pants a bit. Suddenly, there's a GUNSHOT! Terry whirls to see the young man stuffing cash from the register into his pockets, backing away with a smcking gun. He rushes out of the store, tossing the bottle to Terry and running off into the night. Suddenly, the owner emerges from behind the counter, shooting wildly. Terry ducks and heads for the car.

He jumps in, Debbie gives him a big kiss and he peels out as a crowd begins to form.

47

CANAL BANK - STEVE &amp; LAURIE - EDESEL

Cars are seen here and there in the moonlight along the irrigation canal outside of town. Radios are playing in the cars, laughter can be heard in some, whispering in others.

Laurie's Edsel is parked by the slow-moving water. In the back seat of the car, Steve and Laurie are making out. Laurie leans back against Steve, his arms around her, and they look out the window at the stars.....

LAURIE

I'm not going to the airport with you.

STEVE

Okay.

She thinks a moment.

LAURIE

Did you see that? -- it was a shooting star.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Uh huh...

He kisses her and she closes her eyes.

LAURIE

You know, it doesn't make sense to leave home to look for a home -- to give up a life to find life -- to say goodbye to friends you love just to find new friends.

STEVE

(stops kissing her)

What? Say that again, I didn't --

LAURIE

That's what Curt said.

STEVE

Oh...figures...

(smiling)

You must of talked his ear off trying to get him to stay.

LAURIE

That's not true. I didn't say anything. Curt just said at dinner tonight he realized there was no big hurry. He thought he should take it easy for a while, go to J.C. and try to figure out what he wants to do with his life.

STEVE

That sounds logical.

Laurie's expression changes.

LAURIE

You think so?

STEVE

Sure. I think Curt's right -- for Curt. Not for me. I know what I want out of life...and it's not in this town.

LAURIE

I'm not going to the airport tomorrow.

She looks sullen and he smiles a little. He turns her around gently and kisses her. They begin to make out, Laurie seeming a little desperate. Curt pushes her slowly down on the seat. He moves on top of her and his hand begins to wander.

LAURIE

Steve! Don't --

CONTINUED

STEVE

(quietly)

It's our last night together for three months...  
come on --

LAURIE

We've been through this before.

STEVE

I'm going to miss you so much...I need some-  
thing to remember -- you don't want me to  
forget you...

She closes her eyes, trying not to cry.

LAURIE

(softly)

No.....

He starts to move on top of her, kissing her neck. She struggles for a few  
moments, then goes limp; not responding. He pulls away angrily.

STEVE

What's wrong? You're just lying there --

LAURIE

Well go ahead, you want to do it --

STEVE

Not like that --

LAURIE

If you're not going to remember me for any-  
thing else, why don't you go ahead --

STEVE

You want it and you know it. Don't be so  
damn self-righteous with me -- after those  
things you told me about watching your brother --

Laurie pulls herself up and away from him.

LAURIE

You're disgusting! Get out of my car -- I  
told you never --

STEVE

I'm sorry.

LAURIE

Get out! It's not worth it. I don't care  
if you're leaving -- now get out!

47

CONTINUED

She reaches past him and pulls the door handle. The door swings open and she shoves Steve out. Then she gets out, gets back in the front seat, starts the engine and throws something at him.

LAURIE

And here's your dumb ring! I'm glad I'll never see you again!

Laurie is beginning to cry as she drives away leaving Steve standing there in the darkness. In the distance, he hears the laughter of other couples and the drifting music from their radios.

48

BENNIES 'HOLE 'N ONE' - CURT &amp; HOODS - PONTIAC

The Pontiac coasts to a stop in the parking lot of a miniature golf course. The doors open and the Pharoahs exit. There's a pause, then Ants reaches into the car and pulls Curt out also. The Pharoahs saunter into the miniature golf compound.

Joe stands with Curt, whistling, as the blonde in the T-Bird passes by outside. No one sees her.

CURT

Hey, terrific, I love miniature golf.

JOE

I hate it.

CURT

Well, I don't play that often really. Ah -- what're we doing here then?

JOE

We're outta gas.

CURT

They don't sell gas here.

JOE

No...but we're outta money, too. Come on, Carl.

CURT

Curt.

Joe gives Curt a gentle push and they go inside. The golf course is empty, save a couple of ugly girls putting around in the far corner. Under a trellis affair, Curt and Joe walk in as the Pharoahs are going around to the candy machines, pinball games, Check Your Weight, and Air Corps Gunner games, pretending to play with them.

Joe looks around, whistling again --

JOE

All right, men --

48

CONTINUED

Quickly the Pharoahs go into action, jimmying locks, pounding coin returns, pulling out plugs, prying open change boxes and stuffing loose coins into their grubby pockets.

Joe smiles at Curt, who looks sick again, involved now in robbery.

Ants is sitting in a Rocket To the Moon ride, pounding on it unsuccessfully when suddenly it starts. Ants starts bouncing up and down looking dumber than usual. He swears at the Rocket To The Moon under his breath -- suddenly a screen door SLAMS. The Pharoahs turn --

A man in an undershirt stands by the GET YOUR BALLS HERE booth, regarding them warily.

MAN

What're you punks doing?

The Pharoahs can't think of anything right off. Ants bounces noisily in the Rocket To The Moon. The Pharoahs are all looking to Joe for guidance. Joe for his part is just mumbling --

CURT

Hey, hi! Mr. Gordon -- what's up?

The man looks at Curt, surprised --

MR. GORDON

Henderson -- Curt Henderson? You with these punks?

The Pharoahs don't know what's happening yet. Curt walks over to Mr. Gordon.

CURT

These are my friends. We were just --

Mr. Gordon looks skeptical, then Curt smiles at him. Then Mr. Gordon smiles.

MR. GORDON

Jeez, you guys had me scared.

He laughs nervously. The Pharoahs laugh. Everybody's happy.

MR. GORDON (cont.)

Hey, you haven't left yet?

CURT

Oh ah -- no -- no, I'm not --

(Mr. Gordon looks puzzled)

I mean, I'm not leaving until tomorrow.

MR. GORDON

Tomorrow. Well, listen, Hank Anderson's inside. Come in and say goodbye. You know

CONTINUED

L8

CONTINUED

MR. GORDON (cont.)

Hank's the one that brought your name up on the floor of the Moose Hall. You got the check didn't you?

He leads Curt toward the screen door. Curt looks around at the Pharoahs, who are slowly starting to work again pilfering the machines.

Inside the small office, Curt shakes hands with HANK ANDERSON, who pats him on the shoulder.

HANK

We are all proud of you, Curt. The Moose Scholarship couldn't have gone to a better boy. And if there's anything else we can do, let us know.

MR. GORDON

Yeah, you'll stay in touch by letter, won't you?

(Curt nods)

I assume you're coming back after you graduate. This town needs more college graduates. After growing up here, I doubt if you could live any place else.

He laughs.

CURT

That's right, Mr. Gordon. My ah -- my father wants me to work for....

There's a knock at the screen and they turn to see Joe.

JOE

Hey, we're all done out here.

MR. GORDON

All done? What's he mean?

CURT

Oh -- he means they're all done -- having a good time. And -- good to talk with you, Mr. Gordon. So long.

MR. GORDON

Good luck, son.

Hank shakes his hand warmly. Joe is stuffing the last change into his pockets.

HANK

I hope you're taking a little of this place with you.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

CURT

Yes sir, we are -- I mean, I am.

The Pharoahs are in the car already as Curt and Joe jump in. Joe looks at Curt and shakes his head.

JOE

You know, you might make it as a Pharoah yet.

HANK

Some day he'll make a fine Moose.

Mr. Gordon nods and they watch the Pharoah's car screech out of the lot.

49

TRAVELING - JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE

As John glides the coupe along, Carol watches him, moon-eyed and obviously flipped about him. He deftly down-shifts approaching a light, and accelerates through the gears with a "race" expertise. John finally notices her watching him.

JOHN

Whata you looking at?

CAROL

You.....

JOHN

Well don't, it makes me nervous

CAROL

I think you're the greatest. Is there any crime in that?

JOHN

As a matter of fact there could be unless you control yourself.

There's a honk and John and Carol look over to see a car full of girls laughing at them.

GIRL

You got a bitchin' car.

(John nods modestly)

In fact, we're gonna give you our special prize for having the neatest car around. You want me to give it to you?

JOHN

If the prize is you honey, I'm a ready Teddy --

GIRL

Yeah, well get bent turkey.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

The girl suddenly launches a water balloon, which John ducks deftly, the tumescent missile catching Carol full in the face. The girls roar off. John is cracking up as Carol blinks away the water, not believing what's happened. She wipes her face.

CAROL

All right, very funny. What a chop. Ha ha.  
Quit laughing!!

John tries to control himself, but can't.

CAROL (cont.)

Let's catch 'em at the light. Then you jump  
out and flatten their tires.

JOHN

Hey, wait a—

CAROL

Just do what I say!

JOHN

Yezz bozz.....

50

MAIN STREET - JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE

Carol jumps out of the car as John stops the car in the right hand lane next to the Buick.

The girls in the Buick recognize John as one of their victims and quickly roll up all windows and lock their doors. John starts pulling the stems from the front tires, sinking the car. Carol opens her purse and starts around the car with the shaving cream.

Carol is having a great time and John is laughing as they continue their guerilla attack. They finish and jump back in the coupe. The light turns green and John takes off, leaving the Buick stranded at the intersection, covered with shaving cream. Traffic begins to back up...horns begin to honk.

51

CANAL BANK - TERRY &amp; DEBBIE - MERCURY ("I Only Have Eyes For You")

The crickets chirp under the full moon. We hear soft romantic music playing as the Merc slowly comes to a stop in an isolated spot along the irrigation canal.

Terry gets out of the car, pops the top off two cokes and pours half of them into the canal. He hums, refilling them with bourbon. He goes back to the car.

TERRY

Tut-fruit all ruti...It's SUPER COLA!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He hands her one of the bottles and takes a long drink out of the other. He grabs the steering wheel for support and his eyes begin to water.

TERRY

It's a....a little....strong I think....

DEBBIE

(drinking)

It's the living end.

Terry takes a smaller sip this time.

TERRY

Yeah, I guess it wasn't mixed.

DEBBIE

It's pretty tonight...It's a perfect night to go horseback riding -- I was going with a guy once who had a horse.

Terry chokes.

TERRY

Oh yeah? I used to have a couple of horses myself.

DEBBIE

Really?

TERRY

I used them for hunting. I do a lot of hunting. Deer mostly, although I got a couple of bear last year. Yep, they were good ponies -- hunting ponies. I had to train 'em special you know.

DEBBIE

Do you still have 'em? We could go for a ride --

TERRY

No -- I had to sell 'em. To get these wheels... and a pick-up. I also have a pick-up, with four wheel drive. It's got a gun rack.

DEBBIE

Why do you kill little animals? I think that's terrible.

TERRY

Ah, with bears, it's me or them. I don't hunt much anymore anyway...You know, I think you're really neat.

He suddenly grabs at her, putting his arms around her. She's caught off-guard and tries to move --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

Wait a second.

Terry immediately thinks he's blown it and lets go.

TERRY

Oh jeez, I'm sorry. I don't know what got into -- I didn't mean it.

She puts her coke on the floor. She loosens her blouse a bit, takes something out of her hair, takes off her shoes --

DEBBIE

There -- now.

Suddenly, she grabs him and pulls him toward her. She kisses him madly. At first he's surprised, but then gets the hang of it. They begin to neck more passionately, encountering many obstacles in the cramped front seat. They continually keep moving into new positions to get comfortable. Suddenly, they freeze --

A group of boys pass by talking and laughing. Terry manages to sit up and watches them go off into the night.

TERRY

It's like Grand Central Station -- maybe we ought to go someplace else.

DEBBIE

No, its OK here, they won't come back.

She grabs at him and he holds her off a moment --

TERRY

I got a blanket in the back, why don't we go over to the field.

DEBBIE

Why that's a peachy idea.

He follows her out of the car. Terry gets the blanket out of the trunk. Neither of them have their shoes on at this point and both are a little mussed up.

They walk into the tall alfalfa field, hand in hand in the moonlight. Music from the car radio drifts over as Terry spreads the blanket and takes a drink from his coke and bourbon.

TERRY

Want a swig?

DEBBIE

No, you're going to get sick.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TERRY

Me? Me? I love to drink -- never get sick.

She takes the cup and puts it down for him. She pulls him on top of her and they begin necking again. She protests a little whenever his hands get into indiscreet places, but eventually (with her help) he gets her blouse undone.

Steve's abandoned Merc is an eerie sight in the night, the door still open, the radio blaring.

Suddenly, a beam from a flashlight plays across the trunk. Feet approach the car as the light beam moves across the interior and stops on the vacated shoes on the front seat.

The light beam continues past the empty bourbon bottle and starts in the direction of the field where Terry and Debbie are lost in the throes of passionate love. As we follow the light into the field we hear footsteps.

As the darkened figure approaches the couple, we see the light go out and catch a gleam of sliver in the moonlight as a switchblade springs open!

Terry reacts to the sound.

DEBBIE

What's wrong, honey?

TERRY

I thought I heard something.

She kisses him and he forgets about the noise. The figure retreats back to the Merc, where another indistinct figure waits.

FIGURE # 1

They're porking in the weeds. No sweat.

Terry and Debbie are resting in the field, listening to the radio in the distance. A car engine is heard starting up and disappearing down the canal bank.

The countryside is very quiet. Only crickets and frogs are heard as Terry begins to drop off asleep. He suddenly jumps with a start --

TERRY

Wait a minute....

DEBBIE

What?

TERRY

The radio is gone....that means -- the car!

He scrambles to the spot where the Merc once stood.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

TERRY

Oh no!!! OH NO!!!

Debbie comes up and watches Terry look heavenward.

TERRY (cont.)

Oh God -- I'm sorry. But, why the car? You could have struck us with lightning or something -- anything -- but not the car!

52

CANAL ROAD - TERRY &amp; DEBBIE

Terry and Debbie walk slowly along the dark canal, both in socks, their shoes having been purloined with their wheels. Terry takes a large slug of his bourbon and coke.

DEBBIE

Anyway, the Goat Killer --

TERRY

Let's talk about something else.

DEBBIE

-- Whenever he strikes, he leaves a bloody goat's head near the victim. Isn't that creepy?

Terry thinks about it and indeed it is. He looks around into the darkness and then takes Debbie's hand.

DEBBIE (cont.)

They thought he went up to Stockton, but two nights ago they found Carlie Johnson and Don White right here by the canal all hacked to pieces and --

TERRY

Who do you think'll take the regionals this --?

DEBBIE

-- not only were there bloody goats' heads, but he had switched all the parts of their bodies around. You know putting her arms on his --

Terry is slowing and he stops her. He motions for her to shut up and they listen. The wind whines across the flat valley. Ahead there is only darkness, then footsteps!

TERRY

Did you hear -- ?

DEBBIE

You think it's the Goat Killer?

CONTINUED.

TERRY

NO!

(whispering)

I mean, no. Listen, I'll go for help, you stay here --

Terry has turned and is starting off when she grabs him by his shirt tail.

DEBBIE

Come on, we'll hide in the field --

She takes Terry's hand and they go off behind some bushes, away from the black water.

Debbie looks through the bushes, squinting.

DEBBIE (cont.)

Maybe if it's the Goat Killer he'll get somebody and we'll see the whole thing --

Terry stands with his eyes closed.

TERRY

I don't want to see the whole thing. Especially if it's us he -- oh, why me? I'm going to look lousy with your legs and a goat's head and --

DEBBIE

Ssshhh -- he's stopped. I can't see him very -- I think he's coming this way --

She edges off to get a better view.

TERRY

Well, as long as he's not -- Debbie! Debbie?

She's gone. Terry starts off, taking one step, turns, takes another, turns, takes another.

CANAL BANK - STEVE, TERRY & DEBBIE

Suddenly Terry hears something behind him. He turns very slowly and looks --

A figure is standing right behind him, silhouetted by the moon, its face obscured. Terry jumps about three feet.

VOICE

Terry!

TERRY

Who me? Why me?

93 CONTINUED

Terry stops, seeing Debbie come up beside — Steve! Steve stands looking at him.

STEVE

What're you doing out here?....Hey, where's my rod?

Terry and Debbie start to walk with Steve back toward town. Terry keeps taking pulls from the bottle. He chokes.

TERRY

Your rod...hey, did I introduce you. This is Debbie -- Debbie, Steve. Your rod...in the garage that's where it is. For safe keeping. Don't wanna take any chances.

DEBBIE

Good thing, too, somebody just stole our car.

STEVE

Stole your car? Gee, that's terrible...What kind was it?

TERRY

Ahhh, where's Laurie?

DEBBIE

Who's Laurie?

STEVE

I guess we broke up....

TERRY

Bull, I don't believe it...you're putting me on.

STEVE

Well, I'm afraid it's true, I just decided the time had come...told her to get out.

Terry takes the last swig of cola and throws the empty bottle into the canal. He wipes his mouth, the effect of the liquor beginning to show.

TERRY

We is outta booze.....

DEBBIE

Wait a second.

They stop and she runs off into the night. Distant music filters through the darkness.

TERRY

Hey, where'd she go?

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

Steve puts his arm around Terry and they start off.

STEVE

Come on, you're a little loaded.

TERRY

But I can't leave her -- I love her.

Debbie comes running and giggling out of the darkness with an armload of beer. They both look at her --

STEVE

Now that's what I call a real lady.

DEBBIE

I ran into some guys I knew....

She distributes the cans and sticks one in her purse.

STEVE

Who's got a church key?

TERRY

You sure know a lot of guys....

Debbie hands Steve an opener and takes Terry's arm, leading him off. Together, the three go into the darkness, singing along with the music from the parked cars.

54

TRAVELING - JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE

John and Carol travel down G Street, Carol laughing at the Wolfman talking to a kid on the phone. John is watching something now and then in the rear-view mirror.

CAROL

I just love to listen to Wolfman; my mom won't let me at home...because he's a negro. But I think he's terrific. You know, he broadcasts from an airplane that just flies around in circles all the time? Pam Parker told me. Do you think that's really true?

John doesn't answer. He is looking in the rear-view mirror.

CAROL (cont.)

What're you keep looking --

She turns and looks over the seat out the back window.

CAROL (cont.)

Who's that? You know him? He's following awful close..

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JOHN

He's just trying to bug me -- see how far he  
can push it. Hold on to something --

Carol looks at him puzzled and grabs the door. John hits the brakes.

The deuce coupe noses down and the car behind has to swerve abruptly to  
avoid a crash.

Inside the car, Carol looks over as the car that's been tailing them pulls  
alongside. John doesn't look over.

They come to a light and both cars stop. The other car races its engine --  
and again we hear that incredible monster roar that Bob Falfa can rev out.  
John doesn't respond. The light changes and Falfa's car screams through the  
intersection and, seeing that John isn't taking it, slows again.

CAROL

Wow! He's really fast, isn't he?

John doesn't say anything. Falfa lets John catch up again and looks over  
at him.

FALFA

(shouting over)

Sorry if I scared ya, man.

JOHN

(looking ahead)

Takes more than that to scare me, punk.

FALFA

Where ya been hiding? Didn't anyone tell  
ya I been looking for ya?

JOHN

I can't keep tracka all the punks lookin' for  
me.

FALFA

They say you're the fastest thing in the  
Valley. But that can't be your car, man.  
That must be your mama's car. Hell, I feel  
embarrassed just getting near ya.

JOHN

Ya should, man -- your car looks like a Field  
Car to me.

FALFA

Yeah, what's a Field Car?

JOHN

Field Car drives through the fields, dropping  
cow shit to make lettuce grow.

CONTINUED

FALFA

That's pretty good. Hey, I like that paint job you got. What they call that -- sorta a cross between Piss Yellow and Puke Green isn't it?

JOHN

Yeah, well, your car's so ugly you must have to sneak up on the pumps to get a tank a gas.

FALFA

At least I don't have to move to the slow lane to let a funeral by.

JOHN

You know, your car reminds me of my daddy?

FALFA

Reminds you of your daddy?

JOHN

Yeah, reminds me of the noise my daddy made when he ate too many beans.

Through all the insults, Carol has been cracking up.

CAROL

(shouting)

Your car's uglier than I am.

John and Falfa both look at her and she sits back.

CAROL (cont.)

That didn't come out right.....

They both stop at a light now. Falfa again roars his engine.

FALFA

Come on, boy, prove it....Let's go!

JOHN

Look kid, why don't you go out and win a few races, then come back and see me.

CAROL

Oh, race him, you can beat him.

John gives Carol a very fierce look and she sinks back into her corner.

FALFA

(mocking)

That's a tough girl you got with you, man. Hey, doll, why don't you come and ride with me?....in about ten years?!

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CONTINUED

He laughs. John glances over to Carol, and she gives him a weak little smile.

JOHN

(very angry)

Leave her out of this!

The light changes, and John and Falfa take off, tires screaming. The two cars, perfectly in sync, rocket down the block toward the next red light. John starts to slow for the light, Falfa looks over, laughs, and runs the red light. John stops.

CAROL

He's fast.

JOHN

But, he's stupid.

55

MAIN STREET - TERRY, DEBBIE &amp; STEVE ("Donna")

The trio is standing on a busy street corner.

STEVE

I'm going over to Burger City.

TERRY

You think Laurie's there?

STEVE

I'm not looking for Laurie! I don't care where she is...you wanta come?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

TERRY

No.

STEVE

Well, make up your minds.

TERRY

No thanks, we gotta -- report the car missing.

Steve looks at him, then at Debbie.

STEVE

You better watch him, I think that last foamy did him in.

Steve goes off and Debbie looks at him.

DEBBIE

Why can't we go to Burger City?

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

TERRY

Burger City? Burger City!!? How can you think of hamburgers when somebody stole my car.

She looks hurt and starts off.

DEBBIE

If that's the way you want it. I was going to tell you about my friend who knows all about stolen cars, but if --

TERRY

You got a friend who knows about hot cars?  
(she shrugs)  
Well, come on.

He takes her arm and she pulls him the other way.

TERRY (cont.)

You sure know a lot of guys.....

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USED CAR LOT - TERRY &amp; DEBBIE

A big greasy guy is pulling an engine out of a car with a wrench when he hears somebody coming. He ducks out of sight quickly --

Terry and Debbie come up.

DEBBIE

Chuck? Chuckie? It's me --

The big burly guy peeks around the car and then wanders over.

CHUCK

Hey, you gave me a start, pussy cat. What's up?

DEBBIE

Chuck, this is Terry.

Terry sticks out his hand and Chuck puts his greasy meat hook in it. Terry wipes his hand off on his pants.

CHUCK

Little short, ain't he?

DEBBIE

Listen, Terry had his cherry Merc copped. And since you know about every stolen car in the Valley --

CHUCK

Merc, huh? Got a Plymouth in tonight, but no Mercs.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

TERRY

Do you know where we might look for it. I gotta find it. That car's my whole life.

Chuck takes out a flask, takes a big pull on it and hands it to Terry.

CHUCK

Well, Terry, you sure stepped in it sounds like. Hopeful it'll be just a couple of joy-riders and you'll find it somewhere in the morning. Now if it's a strip job...well... also, some nut been taking 'em and burning them....Yeah, I'll keep my eyes open -- but I'm sure you'll find it -- one way or t'other.

TERRY

One way or the other?!

He takes his flask from Terry, who looks off in the night hopelessly.

DEBBIE

Thanks, Chuck.

CHUCK

Sure thing. Hey, give me a little one.

Debbie kisses him and his arm goes around her, his big hand covering her fanny. Terry looks around and sees this. He looks away sadly --

TERRY

Come on, Debbie....Debbie?

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INT. DRIVE-IN - STEVE

Steve sits in a booth in the almost empty cafe section of Burger City. He stirs a coffee and mulls over the night's events in his mind. A door opens and Budda Macrae comes in. She watches him a moment, then takes off her little Bell Boy Cap and gets a cup of coffee herself.

Steve looks up as she comes over.

BUDDA

Hi. You mind if I sit down?

STEVE

Hi Budda. No, have a seat.

BUDDA

I got five minutes outta the rat race, and I saw you all alone. For a change.

She drinks her coffee and he looks out the window thinking about something else.

CONTINUED

BUDDA

Where's Laurie?

STEVE

I don't know.

BUDDA

I thought the two of you'd be going strong,  
you leaving and everything --

STEVE

We broke up.  
(Budda looks surprised)  
No big deal.

BUDDA

Wow....what happened?

STEVE

Nothing. We were out at the canal and --  
we had a fight.

Budda smiles and he looks at her strangely.

STEVE

What's so funny?

BUDDA

Nothing. Just thinking. A girl like Laurie  
-- I mean, she goes to school and is cute and  
popular and all, but we're not so different.  
We know what we want. I've seen her after you  
for two years now.

STEVE

She's not like that.

BUDDA

Maybe not. She does have a different approach.  
Her's is never surrender -- me I lay down my  
arms at the drop of a hat --

VOICE (OS)

Budda, you got an hour left, let's get on it!

BUDDA

(yelling back)

All right, relax...old fart. Listen, I'm off  
in an hour. If you wanta come over, my girl-  
friend's gone away for the weekend.

STEVE

I don't know....

CONTINUED

Laurie walks up to the drive-in and is about to enter when she stops and watches Steve and Budda. She thinks about going in, then hesitates, watching

BUDDA

Why don't you? I never got a chance to talk to you. You're leaving tomorrow. Listen, I gave up a long time ago, so it'd be just for fun. No problems.

She smiles at him and he smiles back a little. At the door, Laurie turns away and leaves before Steve sees her.

BUDDA

I'll see ya later then.

She gets up and goes back to the counter. Steve thinks a moment and gets up also.

STEVE

Budda, Budda wait.

She turns and he comes up as she puts back on her little cap.

STEVE (cont.)

I gotta get up early and -- I just don't think it'd work out.

BUDDA

She got you so brainwashed -- well, hell. At least I can --

She pulls him toward her and kisses him. She holds it a long moment and then sadly, her arms let him go.

BUDDA

Some day I'm gonna win. Don't ya think?

STEVE

Sure.

She smiles briefly then turns and leaves. Steve stands watching her go.

BANK BUILDING - CURT AND HOODS - PONTIAC

They are parked behind the bank again, getting the chain ready.

BEAN

Hey Joe, you think this is such a good idea? The first time didn't work so hot and maybe --

JOE

What's the matter, ya scared? Give me that.

CONTINUED

JOE (cont.)

(taking the chain to Curt)

Hey Curt, you think this is such a good idea?  
The first time didn't work so hot and maybe --

CURT

Yeah, but this time we move fast. Ants, you tie the one end to the billboard. Joe, you come with me. Bean keep the car running.

Ants looks at Bean.

BEAN

I hope we don't end up like the Bolsheviks, getting new leaders every two days.

ANTS

Where the Bolsheviks from? They from Modesto?

JOE

Listen, Curt, you pull it off this time, we'll go down to Haddad's Department store and steal ya a car coat. We can get Ants' mother to sew Pharoahs on it.

ANTS

Hey my mother's tired of sewing jackets for nothing.

JOE

So we'll get her a six pack of Lucky.

ANTS

Make it two and she'll do it.

Holstein still watches the stream of cars going by, waiting to catch one of them little bastards. He cracks his knuckles slowly. His partner sleeps.

Under the car, Curt and Joe are securing the chain to the trans-axle without making any noise. Upon completion, they crawl out and creep back to the others.

JOE

We got enough slack?

CURT

Oh yeah, plenty. They'll fly good. Let's get outta here.

They all jump in the car and take off.

## TRAVELING - JOHN &amp; CAROL - COUPE

The deuce coupe makes an eccentric swerve as it cruises along the main drag.

JOHN

Now give it back.

CAROL

Well go ahead cream me. What's wrong, you're a tough guy. Break my arm, see if I care.

JOHN

Forget it.

He ignores her, and finally his silence makes her take a small round knob out of her pocket and puts it back on the shifter where it belongs.

CAROL

I was just going to keep it for a little while. You're an ogre, just like my father. He won't let me play records, or stay out late, or anything.

JOHN

He ah -- doesn't like you to stay out late?

CAROL

No -- he's terrible. Once I was at a party that didn't end till late and he called the cops. Can you imagine? - it was only a little after midnight and he had the whole police force --

JOHN

Say, where do you live anyway?

CAROL

Over on Romona, why?

(she suddenly smiles)

Oh no. Uh uh. You thought I'd tell you where -- not me, not old Carol. The night is young and I'm not hitting the rack until I get a little action.

She smiles and puts her hands behind her head. John turns slowly off the main drag.

The car turns down a dark, tree-shrouded road and stops. John turns out the lights. There's silence, only the clock ticking.

CAROL

What are we -- ah?

John looks at her, his arm sliding along the back of the seat above her. She notices his arm. He moves slowly near her.

JOHN

(in a husky voice)

Carol....

CAROL

What....?

JOHN

I don't think I can control myself any longer.

CAROL

You....don't?

JOHN

No....Carol, I've got to have you....

He touches her hair with his fingers and she slouches away from him.

CAROL

Have....me?

JOHN

It's so hot tonight...and you've been so sexy and now --

CAROL

Well, a lot of that's an act you know...like my crying I just --

He moves even closer to her and she freezes.

JOHN

You won't let me take you home -- and it's been building up inside of me like a volcano -- maybe if I knew where you lived I could fight it but I'm afraid it's too late now -- I'm going to explode, it's too --

CAROL

IT'S NOT TOO LATE! IT'S NEVER TOO LATE!  
631 ROMONA! SIX-THREE-ONE! THE PINK HOUSE!  
IT'S EASY TO FIND! I'LL SHOW YOU!

John smiles and moves over quickly and starts the car. They roar off.

ROMONA WAY - JOHN & CAROL - COUPE

They stop at 631 Romona Way, a modest suburban house. John looks over at Carol, who's looking down and thinking.

JOHN

This is the first time you've been quiet all night.

CAROL

I had fun...Goodbye.

She sits for a moment about to say something.

CAROL (cont.)

Do you like me?

JOHN

You're all right.

CAROL

But, I mean do you like me?

JOHN

We're friends. I like you, ok.

CAROL

Couldn't I have something to remember you by?

John gives in to her sweet gaze. He takes off the gear shift knob, gives it to her, and leans over and gives her a kiss.

JOHN

Bye kid.

CAROL

Gee thanks...it's just like a ring or something -- it's like we're going steady!

JOHN

Ah Carol -- wait a--

CAROL

Wait'll I tell Marsha. Wait'll I tell --

She jumps out of the car and starts up the walk.

CAROL (cont.)

See ya around.

She runs into the house. He looks over at the empty seat next to him and looks a little sad. He quietly drives off.

MAIN STREET - TERRY & DEBBIE

Debbie walks a couple of steps behind Terry who's at the end of his rope and mumbling to himself.

TERRY

I'll kill myself -- I'll step in front of a drag race --

DEBBIE

My feet hurt -- hey, Terry my feet hurt --

TERRY

That car cost -- let's see if I gave him

TERRY (cont.)

my allowance for -- about a million years!  
Oh rats....

DEBBIE

We've walked all up and down all these streets  
-- why don't we -- hey why don't we get your  
jeep?

TERRY

My what? What're you --

DEBBIE

Your jeep, with the four wheel drive. That  
you sold your hunting ponies for --

Terry stops and looks around about to cry.

TERRY

I'm too young to die...I need a drink.

He watches the cars go by as he sinks to the curb. Curt and the Hoods fly  
by at high speed.

CURT & HOODS - PONTIAC

Joe shifts into high gear and is flying down the main drag. They pass John  
and Curt yells to him.

CURT

Stand by for JUSTICE!

John watches the Pharoahs go roaring past the Bank and the hidden patrol car.  
The cops spot them, their engine comes to life, the red lights start flash-  
ing and the siren wails.

The patrol car shifts into gear and leaps forward -- suddenly, there's a  
horrendous metallic screech, the patrol car hurtles up and out, airborne  
for a moment -- then noses down and bounces along the pavement, sending out  
sparks as it slides to a stop.

The driver is stunned and frozen to the wheel. Holstein manages to remove  
his dark glasses and looks behind them. There, sitting quietly in the  
middle of the parking lot, is their trans-axle and two rear wheels.

The patrol car sits on the ground at a 20 degree angle, while its engine  
whines impotently at top speed.

DRIVE-IN - CURT & HOODS - PONTIAC

The drive-in remains a raucous roar; cars coming from the dance, from  
the movies; cars going to the canal or back out to cruise. Only the car

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hops, who have developed a late-hour harried look suggest it's nearly closing time.

Then, the Pharoahs arrive -- the Pontiac swings imperiously into the lot. Bean is very heavy on the clutch, performing incredible power displays, making conversation or even thinking impossible.

Joe pulls into two open spaces, parking the car on top of the line. Curt exits the machine.

JOE

Oh Mother, it's been a glorious night.

BEAN

It was the bitchiest thing I ever seen in my whole life.

ANTS

I seen a little kid attacked by pigs once, but this was even better.

Curt laughs with them, feeling pretty good.

JOE

You sure you got to go? The night's young.

CURT

Yeah, there's some things I got to do. I still want to find that blonde.

JOE

I think she was an optical delusion, man. Psychology-wise it ain't good to dwell on it. You'll alter your ego or something. Anyway, catch ya tomorrow night.

CURT

Yeah, I guess so.

JOE

Guess so? Man, we don't admit a lot of guys to the Pharoahs. You understand we're going to have to swipe your jacket and all -- you gotta make up your mind.

Curt doesn't say anything, then looks at them all.

CURT

Joe, Bean, Ants.

JOE

Remember, Rome wasn't burned in a night.

Curt nods and the Pharoahs ceremoniously return to their machine. Curt watches them go off, then heads for his little car.

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Curt climbs into the Citroen and turns on the radio. Wolfman is intimidating a little girl who wants to dedicate a song to her boyfriend.

WOLFMAN (radio)

You don't know where he went? How can you dedicate a song if you don't know where he went?

You got a problem, but Wolfman got a solution. Wolfman'll send out his special howl you understand Guaranteed to bring back lovers and find lost souls, you understand.

Wolfman howls, and Curt jumps out of the car and hurries into a phone booth, flips through the phone book, and dials.

CURT

Wolfman, come on, I gotta get through, don't be busy!

He hangs up, thinks for a second, then gets back into his car and tries to start it...It dies. After a couple of more tries, he looks up and sees Steve watching him.

STEVE

What's up?

CURT

Damn foreigner won't start.

Curt gets out and raises the hood.

STEVE

I've been thinking, and you know, you may be right.

CURT

Of course I'm right....about what?

STEVE

You know, about staying.

Curt studies him for a second.

CURT

Where's Laurie?

STEVE

Home, I guess....She threw the ring at me, and went off.

CURT

Well, you wanted freedom. Frankly I didn't think you were going to be able to do it. Now you can get out of here with no strings....

CONTINUED

STEVE

I don't know. Why leave home to find a new home, why leave friends you love to find....

CURT

All right already, I heard it. But, you can't back out now. There comes a time when you gotta leave the nest...pull your head out of the sand, look around the real world is waiting out there...somewhere.

STEVE

Who says this isn't the real world.

Curt finishes working on the engine and lowers the hood.

CURT

Who said it? You said it. You've been saying it all summer goddammit. Hey, give me a little push will yah?

Curt gets in the car. Steve pushes the car a short distance and it sputters belches blue smoke and starts.

CURT (cont.)

Look, there's only a few hours left, don't chicken out now!

Steve looks at him and waves, as Curt drives off.

TRAVELING - LAURIE - EDSSEL

Laurie drives slowly, listening to a sad song on the radio. She wipes her eyes. A horn honks and she sees Bob Falfa, alone now, grinning at her. She looks away. They drive along further. Falfa's engine roars, but she ignores him. He gives up and pulls ahead.

Laurie thinks a while, pouting. She pulls up alongside Falfa at a light. He isn't looking at her. She toots her horn, and he turns. Laurie motions him to pull over.

Falfa looks surprised. The light changes, and he follows her to the curb. Laurie takes a deep breath and with a determined look, gets out and walks back to his car. She gets in and closes the door. They start off. He looks over and smiles.

FALFA

Hey Hey Hey, honey, what do you say?

LAURIE

Just don't say anything and we'll get along fine.

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CONTINUED

Falfa's a little puzzled by the frigidity in the air. He glances at her then back at the road, pondering this strange chick.

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THE "COME ON IN" BAR - TERRY & DEBBIE - MERCURY ("Poison Ivy")

A half dozen people are standing around in the parking lot behind the bar. Debbie is sitting on the hood of a car, swinging her legs and chewing gum. The people all seem to be watching something on the ground behind the car. Coughing is heard, then gagging, and the unmistakable sounds of someone being sick.

GIRL

(to Debbie)

He's in a bad way, is he with you?

DEBBIE

Yeah, he's pretty sick all right.

At the back door of the bar even the cooks are looking and pointing. We hear more coughing and vomiting. A guy slides up on the hood next to Debbie.

GUY

I never seen a guy lose so much. He mustn't have been used to drinking.

DEBBIE

Oh no, he really likes to get drunk. He told me.

An OLD MAN looks at his watch and then up at the stars.

OLD MAN

Getten late...I knew a man once who got this sick. Billy Weber. That was ten years ago. What do you think that was there, that he had for dinner?

More groaning and gagging is heard. An OLD WOMAN moves close to the old man and he puts his arm around her sentimentally.

OLD MAN

You cold, Lottie? We'll go in a minute.

OLD WOMAN

Maybe we should move him. Staying on his hands and knees like that...

(she grins)

He looks like a dog, doesn't he? Looks like old Ginger.

OLD MAN

Sicker than a dog, that's for sure.

CONTINUED

The people drift off leaving Debbie alone. Now, Terry slowly emerges, pulling himself up the hood of the car. His face is white; he lies across the hood trying to catch his breath. He slowly becomes aware of something and looks at the hood of the car.

TERRY

ohh -- rats -- I feel like --  
 (looking at the car)  
 Wait a second...hey!

He pushes himself back from the car and swaying, looks at it.

TERRY (cont.)

It's -- oh my god -- this looks like Steve's car. Look, right here under our -- it's my car. MY car. We found it! Look! Look!

Terry staggers around and looks for the keys. He searches under the front seat and over the visor.

TERRY (cont.)

Musta taken the keys with them.

DEBBIE

Maybe we oughta call the police.

TERRY

Never get here in time. I got a better idea. We'll just steal it back. See if you can find some wire around -- we only need a foot to hot --

Terry is fiddling around under the dashboard when somebody taps him.

TERRY (cont.)

You find the --

He looks up and sees one large Badass looking at him. He sits up slowly, and sees another standing close by. The first badass reaches in, gets Terry by the shirt and pulls him out of the car. Terry looks at him and smiles weakly.

TERRY (cont.)

This is my car...you...ah there musta been a mixup --

The first badass shoves him toward the other badass.

TERRY (cont.)

I mean -- thanks for finding it. Somebody stole it and --

The second badass shoves him back to the first.

TERRY (cont.)

Listen guys, Ibeen sick recently and this kind of activity --

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CONTINUED

The first badass shoves him back to the second.

BADASS

You was trying to kipe my car.

TERRY

No I wasn't really -- you see it's -- it's my car.

They quit tossing him and close in on him.

TERRY (cont.)

Oh damn....

66

GAS STATION - JOHN - COUPE

The deuce coupe lowers on the lube rack and hits bottom. An attendant stands wiping his hands on a rag, watching in admiration as John slams down the hood and makes a final check of the tires.

ATTENDANT

Man, you know more about cars than I'll ever learn. Took the header plugs off, got some action tonight?

JOHN

Might be...Another young punk come down.

ATTENDANT

Why do they even try...Hell, you've been number one longer than I can remember...

JOHN

Yep it's been a long time. Thanks.

John gets in and roars out of the station.

67

TRAVELING - JOHN - COUPE

John drives along, then turns down the radio. He roars the engine and listens to it -- satisfied, he turns the radio up.

John accelerates and then does a double take passing the "Come On Inn" He first notices the crowd -- then Steve's car -- then Debbie screaming -- then the fight. He punches it and wheels around the corner.

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"COME ON INN" BAR - TERRY, DEBBIE, JOHN - MERC &amp; COUPE

The hoods have quit playing tennis with Terry and are punching him out. Terry's still on his feet, mostly because he's still drunk and staggering away from a lot of the blows, also because Debbie is screaming and pelting the assailants with her purse.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

John strides up to one of the punks and smashes him in the face. The other badass notices the new blood in the game and comes at John. A good fighter, John quickly has them both on their cans. They crawl off.

Terry is walking in circles, drunk, sick and bloody. Debbie and John help him into the car.

JOHN

You okay, ol' buddy?

TERRY

Yeah -- I'll die soon and it'll be all over  
-- don't worry bout me --

He slumps into Debbie's lap.

DEBBIE

Gee you're just like the Lone Ranger.

JOHN

Are you with Toad, or are you with them?

Terry manages to raise his head.

TERRY

You're talking to the woman I love --

He falls back again and moans. John leaves them.

69

EXT. RADIO STATION - CURT &amp; DJ - CITROEN

The little Citroen bumps along a lonely dirt road, winding its way through dark peach orchards and wizened grape vineyards. Curt watches the deserted landscape then suddenly, the radio increases in volume and he turns it down. Then it begins to roar and distort eerily as the signal becomes more powerful. Then Curt sees it.

He stops the car and gets out. He stands looking at an isolated white frame house sitting in the moonlight. Curt looks up at a spidery radio antenna that rises toward the stars, its black wires humming in the stillness.

Curt starts up the gravel walk to the door. Under the glare of a naked spotlight, he sees a small intercom which plays soft Rock and Roll. He hesitates, then pushes a buzzer. He pushes it again and finally a voice comes over the intercome.

VOICE

Yeah, who is it?

CURT

It's ah -- I want to talk to the Wolfman.

VOICE

Wolfman ain't here.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

CURT

I know, but I got to get in touch with him.  
I got something to give him before --

VOICE

We don't take no deliveries after eight.  
Come back tomorrow.

CURT

No, I can't. I want to ask him something  
that --

VOICE

Dedications by phone is Diamond 75044. Wolf-  
man Top 40 is Box 13, Chula Vista. Wolfman  
SweatShirts is Wolf Enterprises, Bakersfield.  
Bye.

CURT

Listen, I got a right to talk to him. I  
listened to him every night for as long --  
for twelve years almost. I know him and  
it's personal and it'll only take a minute  
and I bet Wolfman would be upset if he knew  
a friend couldn't get in touch with --

A buzzer interrupts him and the door opens an inch. Curt pushes it open slowly -- no one is there. A little scared, he goes inside and closes the door.

70

INT. RADIO STATION - CURT &amp; STATION MANAGER

Curt walks slowly down a dark eerie corridor, passing strangely lit rooms with electronic generators, humming dynamos and glassed-off booths filled with flashing electronic apparatus.

Curt goes through this other-worldly maze until he comes to a small, dimly-lit control booth. A figure inside is barely visible through the reflections in the double glass windows. The figure turns and walks up to the window -- Curt backs off a bit. A face stares at him -- long hair greased in a ducktail, a short chin-beard -- the man looks him over. Then he speaks, his voice filtering strangely through a speaker somewhere.

MANAGER

What do you want?

Through the window, Curt can be seen but no sound is heard.

MANAGER

Pull the red switch.

CURT

I'm looking for a girl.

CONTINUED

MANAGER

Aren't we all. She ain't here...Come on back to the booth.

Curt walks around through a few more glass doors and ends up in the booth with the manager.

The manager sits down and leans back, turning a fan to blow on his large chest. He's a large, friendly looking man; he wears bermudas and a Hawaiian shirt. He sucks on a popcicle, Curt stands awkwardly --

MANAGER

You want a popcicle? Ice-box broke down, they're melting all over the place.

CURT

Ahh...no, no thanks. Where's Wolfman?

MANAGER

Jeez, it's hot...Why do you want him?

CURT

I'm looking for a girl. I think Wolfman can find her for me.

The manager leans forward and picks up a spool of tape. He holds it up as a magician would for audience inspection, then puts it on a machine. A record is about to end as it does the manager punches some buttons and the record segues into -- a Wolfman howl and then the distinctive Wolfman voice takes over. The manager turns the monitor volume down and sucks his cicle.

MANAGER

There he is. That's the Wolfman.

CURT

He's on tape. Where does he work? I mean, where is he now?

MANAGER

The Wolfman is everywhere.

CURT

But I got to give him this note.

MANAGER

(taking it)

What is it? Hell, a dedication. You can call it in. I replay it. Wolfman will get it tomorrow, Tuesday.

CURT

But I'm -- I might leave town tomorrow and I got to find that girl before I do.

CONTINUED

MANAGER

You might leave? Don't you know?

CURT

That's the other thing -- I wanted to talk to the Wolfman about something.

MANAGER

About what?

CURT

Nothing....I'm just supposed to leave for college back east tomorrow -- and I'm not so sure I want to go. I don't know.

MANAGER

Sure you don't want a cicle?

The Manager studies Curt a moment. Curt looks depressed and starts to get up --

MANAGER (cont.)

Sit down a minute. Listen -- I can't talk for the Wolfman, but I think he'd tell you to get your ass in gear. Now no offense to your home town here, but this place ain't exactly the hub of the universe if you know what I mean. And well -- I'll tell you this much -- the Wolfman does come in here now and then, with tapes, to check up on me you know -- and when I hear the stories he got about the places he goes. Hell, here I sit while there's a whole big beautiful world out there don't ya know. Wolfman comes in last time talking about some exotic jungle country, handing me cigars he says was rolled on the naked thighs of brown beauties. The Wolfman been everywhere and he seen everything. He got so many stories, so many memories. And here I sit sucking popcicles.

Curt looks at him a moment.

CURT

Why don't you leave?

MANAGER

(quietly)

Well -- I'm no kid anymore. I been here a long time. And the Wolfman -- well the Wolfman gave me my start and he's sorta become my life. I can't leave him now. Gotta be loyal to the Wolfman, you understand.

CONTINUED

70

CONTINUED

Curt nods and stands. The manager swivels around and punches some buttons, getting a commercial on. He turns back.

MANAGER (cont.)

I'll see what I can do about the request. If I can get through to the Wolfman quick enough, we may be able to run some kind of relay or something. I won't bore ya with the technicalities.

CURT

That'd be great. Thanks.

He shakes the manager's hand, then wipes it on his pants.

MANAGER

Sorry, sticky little mothers ain't they? Bye.

CURT

Bye.

Curt goes out the door. He starts back out through the maze of windows and electronic machines. Echoing throughout the rooms, the Wolfman's raucous voice follows Curt. The Wolfman howls and Curt turns.

Through the maze of glass, shifting like prisms, he sees the station manager sitting by the mike -- howling! Then, he laughs and howls again, starting to sing an insane song called "Bluebirds on My Dingaling" pounding out the rhythm on the console.

CURT

Wolfman....

He backs away, leaving the Wolfman who's on his feet now screaming out the end of the song, dancing by himself in the little glass room from which his voice radiates out through the night and around the world....

71

DRIVE-IN - STEVE, TERRY, DEBBIE, JOHN, ET AL - CARS

The drive-in is thinning out finally as the midnight hour approaches and passes. The die-hards, and hard-ups are still wheeling through Burger City looking for remains of any action. A horn honks and Steve looks over at a car where some girls are motioning him over.

STEVE

(coming up to the car)

Hi Karen -- Judy.

JUDY

Hi Steve. Have you seen Laurie lately?

(Steve shakes his head)

We have.

CONTINUED

71

CONTINUED

STEVE

(already annoyed)

Oh yeah. So what?

JUDY

So nothing. She was just with a really cute  
guy in a boss car. We wondered who he was.

STEVE

I wouldn't know.

JUDY

We do. His name's Bob Falfa.

The name registers with Steve.

72

DRIVE-IN - TERRY, DEBBIE, STEVE

Terry and Debbie pull into the drive-in in the Merc and park. Terry, his  
face swelling groans as he leans toward the intercom --

TERRY

Help-....I mean I want two cherry cokes with  
lots of ice...nevermind, forget the cokes,  
just bring the ice pronto.

The intercom repeats his order in some different language and suddenly Steve  
arrives and opens the door.

STEVE

Out! OUT!

TERRY

What??

STEVE

I need the car -- now.

Terry gets out and Debbie gets out her side. Steve gets in.

TERRY

What's going on?

STEVE

I'm about to find out

Steve roars out of the drive-in, leaving Terry and Debbie standing in an  
empty space.

DEBBIE

I don't believe it! You practically get  
killed trying to get your car back, then you  
let him have it.

CONTINUED

72

CONTINUED

Terry looks at her, his eye swollen, his lip ballooning. Finally, he gives up -- it's not worth the trouble any longer.

TERRY

It's not my car...

DEBBIE

What?

TERRY

IT IS NOT MY CAR!

DEBBIE

Well, where's your car?

Terry is upset now.

TERRY

I DON'T HAVE A CAR!

DEBBIE

You don't -- no car at all. What about your Jeep?

(Terry shakes his head)

No car....well, how am I going to get home?

Just then the car hop approaches with the two cokes on two trays.

CAR HOP

Where's your car? I gotta hook 'em to your car.

Terry starts crying, standing in the empty stall, the carhop with the trays and Debbie watching. There's a low rumbling sound and the girls turn as John's deuce coupe glides into the stall next to them. Terry shuffles toward John's car, a defeated man.

Terry leans against John's car and John looks out the window at him.

JOHN

What's wrong, Toad? You lose the car again?

TERRY

(softly, like a little kid)

No....Steve took it. I want to go to sleep.

John smiles and gets out of the car. He goes and opens his hood, making a last minute check on something. Terry sits down gently on a curb by John. Debbie has been talking with some other boys. Eventually she wanders up slowly and looks at Terry. He looks up at her, then away, disgraced and embarrassed. She sits down by him and they're silent.

DEBBIE

You know I had a pretty good time tonight

CONTINUED

TERRY

Come on -- why don't you just --

DEBBIE

No, really. I mean wow -- you picked me up, we got some hardstuff, saw a hold-up, went to the canal, chased a stolen car, watched you bein' sick, you got in a bitchin fight -- I mean it was really fun.

Terry looks at her, starting to regain a little cool.

TERRY

You think so? Yeah -- well I guess I have pretty much fun every night.

DEBBIE

Anyway if I'm not doing anything tomorrow night, why don't you come over.

TERRY

Yeah -- well, I might be busy, you know. But we could ah - well, I got a little Vespa I just play around with --

DEBBIE

Really? Why that's almost a motorcycle. I love motorcycles.

TERRY

You do? Well, why didn't you tell me. We wouldn't have had to go through all that -- fun.

He feels his swollen lip and she touches it. Then she leans over and kisses him.

TERRY

Ow.

She smiles and gets up. She walks off, swinging her purse. She looks over her shoulder and smiles. He smiles back. He feels his lip -- then the earthshaking Falfa engine is heard. Terry stands up slowly. John is working under his hood and doesn't look, although he is quite aware of Falfa's entrance.

Falfa slows down in front of John's car and again revs his engine. John slowly raises -- he looks at Falfa. Then, he slams his hood down. The race is on.

TERRY

Hey let me go with you.

JOHN

Not when I ride up against somebody.

CONTINUED

72

CONTINUED

TERRY

Well, just take me out there so I can watch.  
Or, I'll flag you, okay? Come on -- I had  
a lousy night John.

John motions him to get in. He looks at Falfa once more.

JOHN

Paradise Road.

Falfa nods and peels out.

Inside Falfa's car he looks at Laurie

FALFA

Where's Paradise Road?

LAURIE

Just outside of town. If you're going to  
race John Milner you can let me out right  
here. Hey, I said --

FALFA

Now you shut up doll. You said nothing all  
night. You're going to appreciate me soon.  
You going to be holding on to me for mercy  
when I get this baby rolling.

He turns a corner deftly and Laurie starts to look afraid.

73

TRAVELING - STEVE - MERCURY

Steve is cruising along the almost deserted streets looking for Laurie.  
A T-rodster pulls up alongside and a guy shouts at Steve.

DALE

You heading out to Paradise Road?

STEVE

Paradise Road, I'm not --

DALE

Some guy named Falfa going up against Milner.

STEVE

He's racing John?

DALE

Yeah. Figured something was up, saw them going  
out of town real cautious and then --

But Steve is gone. Dale looks surprised as Steve stands on it heading out  
through town.

74

## DRIVE-IN - CURT - CITROEN

Curt pulls into the parking lot just as the neon-sign goes out. The last cars are leaving as the drive-in shutters up for the night. Curt stops next to the lighted phone booth and sits in his car, listening to the Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (radio)

I got a dedication here that's for a friend of the Wolfman -- a special friend of the Wolfman who's leaving town tomorrow and wants me to play the next song for a blonde young lady in a Thunderbird. A yellow T-Bird, you understand? Now my friend's named Curt and he wants to talk to you out there baby. So you meet him at Burger City, or phone Diamond 31325. Now he's a friend of mine, you hear, and little girl you better call him, or the Wolfman gonna get you.

The Wolfman howls and Curt smiles, leaning his chin on his hand, looking around the dark drive-in, wondering about tomorrow.

75

## PARADISE ROAD - JOHN TERRY - COUPE

John's deuce coupe and Bob's '55 Chevy are waiting side by side on a long, straight country road, their front wheels resting on an old weatherbeaten starting line.

There are about six to eight other cars parked off the road to watch the race. Everything is quiet now, only the crickets ignoring the solemnity of the scene, and still singing. Terry jumps out of John's car, John hands him the flashlight and he takes up a position in front of the two cars.

John looks over at Falfa, who's arguing with Laurie.

JOHN

Hey -- she going with you?

LAURIE

Mind your own business, John.

FALFA

Yeah, she's with me. You worry about yourself man.

TERRY

Everybody ready?

John settles back in the driver's seat and positions his hand on the gear shift, which we see is wrapped with rags because of the missing knob.

Both drivers start revving their engines, the tension builds. Terry looks nervous, the engines start to scream and Terry his hands shaking on the flashlight, manages to get it on

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Both cars roar off the starting line, tires smoking and screaming. Terry has his hands over his head and is coughing in a cloud of smoke as they pass. John beats Falfa off the line.

Out on the road, as they hit third gear, the cars are almost neck and neck. Inside, Falfa's car, Laurie looks honestly scared to death. Falfa looks insane as he tromps it.

John hits fourth at about 85. Falfa does likewise -- but starts to fish-tail. Laurie closes her eyes almost crying -- Falfa regains control nervously.

Falfa's engine is winding out incredibly and he begins to get the edge on John. The cars rocket through the dawn light along the flashing white line until suddenly Falfa's car hits the shoulder, his front wheel slips off and the car shoots off into a tomato field, hits an irrigation ditch and begins flipping over wildly in a horrifying cloud of dust and smoke --

John sees the Chevy leaving the road and screams to a halt, swimming through an unbelievable U-turn and high tailing it back to the crash site. He is out of the car like a bullet, running across the dirty cloddy field. The crash car is beginning to burn in the engine compartment and John looks panicked.

Meanwhile, the spectators have arrived, including Steve who jumps from his car and is likewise running across the field.

Steve and John arrive at the fire at approximately the same time. They stop, the flames are getting higher, burning up into the trees now. Steve looks around wildly -- he sees John and goes at him.

STEVE

You stupid sonofabitch, she was in that car --  
why did you have --

He takes a couple of swings at John, who finally manages to tackle him around the waist -- they both get up looking scared as hell at the flaming wreckage -- then John moves around the side, crouching, trying to see past the flames -- suddenly, he stands and motions to Steve to come over -- they both circle the wreck.

Around behind the flaming car Falfa is standing in a state of shock watching the car go up in smoke, while Laurie is circling him, screaming and beating him with her purse.

LAURIE

I said I didn't -- you lousy greasy jerk.  
You coulda killed me -- what's wrong with  
you. You clubfoot...

She beats at him, crying hysterically. Steve runs over and grabs her, pulling her away. She fights at Steve too, not knowing what's going on any longer.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LAURIE (cont.)

Let go of me. If it hadn't been for you.  
Go feel up Budda Macrae I don't care --

They go off in the darkness. John looks at Falfa who's just shaking his head, watching the car dissolve.

JOHN

Come on, before she blows.

He pulls him off by the neck of the shirt and when they're a few yards off, Falfa's '55 Chevy does blow -- exploding like a small A-bomb blowing it to smithereens and into Modesto history.

Back on the road, John is heading toward his car, its engine still running, its door open. Terry runs up, trotting alongside John like a puppy.

TERRY

Jeez did you show him -- he'll probably never  
get in a car again in --

JOHN

He was faster.

TERRY

He might as well get a wheelchair and -- what?

John gets in his car and closes the door. Terry gets in the other side. They sit, John thinking.

JOHN

He woulda won. He had the edge on me. Maybe  
I'm getting too old.

TERRY

Whata ya talking about? You creamed him. You  
got the fastest car in the valley. You'll  
always be number 1.

John looks at Terry who looks so earnest he has to smile.

JOHN

OK, you say so.

TERRY

You woulda wiped him all the way to --  
(he yawns)  
Jesus what a night.....

John starts off.

76

EXT. FIELD - STEVE &amp; LAURIE

Back in the field, Laurie is shaking, walking around a tree. Steve tries to follow.

LAURIE

Stay away -- I think I'm going to be --

He goes up to her and turns her around, holding her. She closes her eyes.

LAURIE (cont.)

It's your fault, damn it -- if you hadn't --  
hadn't a gone and left me.

STEVE

Me? -- You threw me outa your --

LAURIE

Steve -- why did you leave me?

STEVE

I didn't --

LAURIE

Don't leave me again Steve -- please -- I  
don't know what -- you won't leave me again.

STEVE

No -- I won't leave you again.

There are sirens now and Steve holds her, watching the sky turn light across the fields.

77

DRIVE-IN - CURT - CITROEN

Curt sleeps in the little beetle car; the sky is getting lighter over the empty parking lot. The phone is ringing in the booth. It continues to ring -- finally Curt becomes aware of the noise and opens his eyes. It takes him a moment to remember -- then panicked, he jumps from the car and rushes to the booth.

CURT

Hello, hello, hello --

A soft sexy female voice is on the other end of the line.

VOICE

Curt?

CURT

Yeah...this is Curt, who is this?

VOICE

Who were you expecting?

CONTINUED

CURT

Do you drive a yellow T-Bird?

VOICE

A yellow "56" ... I saw you on 3rd Street.

CURT

You know me?

VOICE

Of course!

CURT

Who are you? How do you know me?

VOICE

It's not important.

CURT

It's important to me. You're the most perfect beautiful creature I've ever seen and I don't know anything about you. Could we meet someplace?

VOICE

I cruise 3rd Street every night. Maybe I'll see you again tonight.

CURT

I don't think so.

VOICE

Why?

CURT

I'm leaving...in a couple of hours. Where are you from?

VOICE

Curt...

CURT

What's your name? At least tell me your name?

VOICE

Goodbye, Curt.

She hangs up. Curt stands there a few moments, listening to the dial tone. He replaces the receiver.

78 EXT. AIRLINE TERMINAL - MORNING - STEVE, CURT, TERRY, JOHN - MERCURY, COUPE

An old prop airliner is taxing up to the small country airport. There aren't too many people around. Curt looks at a kindly looking couple in their fifties. Then, he goes over and hugs them. His father shakes his hand.

Curt moves over and shakes hands with Steve and hugs Laurie.

STEVE

Good luck.

CURT

Yeah, same to you both. And I better see you there next year.

STEVE

Sure.

Curt goes over to Terry and John.

CURT

So long guys.

TERRY

Stay cool and ah -- don't do anything I wouldn't, man.

Curt smiles at Terry, who has a bandage over his eye. Curt looks at John and they don't seem to know what to say. Finally, John hauls off and punches Curt in the shoulder -- a little harder than a friendly tap. Curt falls back a step --

CURT

Hey --

JOHN

You think you're a big shot going off. I say you're still a punk.

Curt looks at John and smiles.

CURT

Okay. So long, John.

He looks at them all again, then turns and walks to the plane, carrying a small bag and a portable radio.

He disappears up the steps, then reappears at the window. The plane moves off and the group waves.

## INT. PLANE - CURT

Curt listens to the radio as the plane takes off. As it climbs and banks out over the valley, the music fades and the station drifts between static and other stations and then it's gone. Curt turns off the radio and looks out the window.

As the plane banks, the wing tips down and through the window Curt sees the yellow Thunderbird crossing beneath on the small grey ribbon of highway. Curt leans up, watching it -- the plane shadow ripples over the car and then it's gone.

## TITLE

## POSTSCRIPT

JOHN MILNER WAS KILLED BY A  
DRUNK DRIVER IN JUNE 1962

TERRY FIELDS WAS KILLED BY A  
VIET-CONG BOOBIE TRAP IN DEC-  
EMBER 1964

STEVE BOLANDER IS AN INSURANCE  
AGENT IN MODESTO CALIFORNIA

CURT HENDERSON IS A WRITER  
LIVING IN CANADA

END