

"AMERICAN GRAFFITI"

Screenplay by

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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. We hear static and a large vertical band of red floats 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 further, we 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 got a
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.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN--DUSK

A neon drive-in casts long shadows across a vast parking lot as the sun drops behind a distant hill. A large neon sign buzzes in the foreground... MEL'S DRIVE-IN, while in the background, "Rock Around The Clock" blares from the radio of a beautiful decked and channeled, white with red trim, tuck-and-rolled '58 Chevy Impala that glides into the drive-in. Main titles appear over action. 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 eighteen, 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 ("The Toad") maneuvers the scooter next to Steve's Chevy but misjudges and ricochets off the trash can before stopping. Terry grins sheepishly. He's seventeen, 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 shiny ducktail and primp his waterfall to a perfect cascade over his forehead. 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. In the background, we hear the Wolfman howling with the music. 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.

Now, a grey, insect-like Citroen deux-chevaux putters 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 seventeen, 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 starts over to his buddies.

TERRY

Hey, whadaya say? Curt? Last night
in town, you guys gonna have a little
bash before you leave?

STEVE

The Moose have been lookin' for you
all day, man.

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

CURT

(sarcastic)
Oh great...

TERRY

Whadaya got, whadaya got? 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
onto it for a while?

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

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 Henderson
pulls into the drive-in and waves to them. She is driving
the family's '58 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! 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--look, I gotta talk
to Laurie.

(he hands the check
back to Curt)

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

Suddenly, there's an ear-splitting roar and they all turn as
a yellow '32 Ford deuce 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, twenty-two, sits in his Ford, tough and
indifferent, puffing on a Camel. He wears a white T-shirt
and a butch haircut molded on the sides into a ducktail. A
cowboy in a deuce coupe--simple, sentimental and cocksure of
himself.

STEVE

You wanna 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

We'll talk later.

Steve walks off toward Laurie's Edsel. Laurie gets out. She's
wearing a letterman's sweater with a large "Class of '62"
emblazoned on the shoulder. Steve goes to her and they hug.

On the radio, the music ends, and the Wolfman's intro tune
comes on.

RADIO

(singing)

"Here comes the Wolfman--Wolfman
Jack!"

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, We're gonna rock and roll
ourselves to death baby. You got the
Wolfman Jack Show!

MEL'S DRIVE-IN--NIGHT

As the radio blares "Sixteen Candles," we see that with the
darkness Burger City has come alive. A continual line of hot
rods pulls into the parking lot to check out the parked cars,
then returns to the maindrag. Carhops glide by on roller
skates. Curt and John are fooling around in front of the
deuce coupe. A horn honks and they turn as a '60 Ford with
three girls in it slows by them. A girl leans out the window
and smiles.

GIRL

Hi John!

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

off.

JOHN

Not too good, huh?

CURT

Why is it every girl that comes around
here is ugly? Or has a boyfriend?
Where is the dazzling beauty I've
been searching for all my life?

John watches the procession of gleaming cars traveling through
the hot night.

JOHN

I know what you mean. The pickin's
are really gettin' slim. The whole
strip is shrinking. Ah, you know, I
remember about five years ago, take
you a couple of hours and a tank
full of gas just to make one circuit.
It was really somethin.'

Suddenly, in the distance, there's a blood-curdling scream
from an incredible high-performance engine. The entire drive-
in stops and listens.

CURT

Hey, John. Someone new in town.

JOHN

Ahhh.

CURT

You gonna go after him?

JOHN

Hey, listen, Professor, if he can't
find me, then he ain't worth racin',
right?

CURT

The big shot!

Across the swarming parking lot, Steve sits in the front
seat of his chevy with Laurie. Budda Macrae, a car hop, 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 and goes off. Steve laughs. Laurie smiles. She's seventeen, 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?

LAURIE

Um, how you thought high school romances were goofy and we started going together just because you thought I was kinda cute and funny, but then you suddenly realized you were in love with me, it was serious... and ah... oh, you were leadin' up to somethin' kinda big.

STEVE

You make it sound like I'm giving dictation. Well, seriously, what I meant was, that ah... since we do care for each other so much, and since we should really consider ourselves as adults. Now, I, ah... could I have a couple of those fries?

Through the windshield of the Chevy, they see Terry run by in front of them, chasing Budda Macrae who's outdistancing him on her roller skates.

TERRY:

Come on, Budda. Come on...

Steve watches them go by, then looks back at Laurie.

STEVE

Ah, where was I?

LAURIE

..."consider ourselves adults"...

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

STEVE

Right... right... anyway, I thought maybe, before I leave, we could ah... agree that... that seeing other people while I'm away can't possibly hurt, you know?

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

LAURIE

You mean dating other people?

STEVE

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

Steve smiles and then looks to her. He 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. I mean, we're not kids anymore, and it's silly to think that when we're three thousand miles apart we shouldn't be able to see other people and go out.

Laurie takes his ring on the chain from around her neck and puts it in her purse.

STEVE

Laurie, now, listen, I didn't ask for that back. I think that...

LAURIE

I know. I just sort of think it's juvenile now. I'll keep it at home. It's less conspicuous there.

STEVE

You don't want to wear it?

LAURIE

I didn't say that. I understand and I'm not upset. I mean, I can't expect you to be a monk or something while you're away.

Steve just looks at her and nods. The Wolfman howls an intro to "Gee" by the Crows. Outside, skooting around the drive-in after Budda, Terry is pleading with the sexy car hop as she delivers a tray to a car.

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 who's getting out of the chevy. Budda leaves, 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

Any time, buddy. I'm your man. Nothing I like better than 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.

STEVE

What's wrong?

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

Curt is standing by the Chevy, talking with his sister Laurie. She's still upset by what Steve said to her.

CURT

Hey, sis--what's wrong?

LAURIE

Nothing.

Meanwhile, they watch Terry as Steve explains to him about the car.

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.)

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

(He circles the car.)

This is a superfine machine. This
may even be better than Daryl
Starbird's superfleck moonbird. It
is better than Daryl 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. Terry sees her and wipes
his eyes. He walks up to her, a strange 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 others.

BUDDA

You've got to be kidding!

TERRY

Would I kid you about a thing like
that? 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. There is general
hysteria as Terry quickly pulls up his pants.

TERRY

Car!! All right, who's the wise--
(He turns and sees
John and changes his
tune.)

Oh, John--verrry funny.
(He tries to laugh
with the others.)

JOHN

Hey, did she do that to you?

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 wanna 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

Yeah, tonight things are going to be different.

JOHN

Hey, wait a minute, you're goin' to the Hop? The Freshman Hop?

CURT

Yeah.

JOHN

Oh, come on, man. That place is for kids. You two just got your ass out of there. Don't go back now.

CURT

You ain't got no emotions?

TERRY

We're gonna remember all of the good times, is what we're gonna do.

JOHN

Yeah, well, go.

CURT

Why don't you come with us?

JOHN

Bullshit, man!

CURT

Come on. For old time's sake.

JOHN

Yeah, yeah... Well, listen. You go. Go ahead, Curtsy, baby. You go on over there and you remember all the good times you won't be having. I ain't goin' off to some goddamned fancy college. I'm stayin' right here. Havin' fun, as usual.

John walks angrily to his coupe, gets in and slams the door. Curt looks at the others and shrugs.

TERRY

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

Curt goes over and stands by the window of the yellow coupe.

CURT

What's the matter John? Did I say
somethin' wrong? I'm sorry.

JOHN

Ah, man, it's nothin'.

CURT

Well, we'll see you later, okay?

JOHN

Right.

CURT

We'll all do somethin' together. You
know, before Steve leaves.

John looks at him suspiciously.

JOHN

Okay, wait a minute. Now, you're not
going?

CURT

I don't know.

John shakes his head. On the radio, Wolfman is taking a call
from a listener--

MAN (V.O.)

Wolfman?

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this?

MAN

This is Joe... in Little Rock, way
down in the Valley.

WOLFMAN

You callin' from Little Rock,
California?

MAN

Long distance.

WOLFMAN

My, my, my... listen, man, what kind
of entertainment you got in that
town?

MAN

All we got is you.

John roars his engine and pulls the yellow deuce coupe into
a screeching take-off out of the drive-in. Terry and Curt
watch him go off.

MAIN STREET, MODESTO-NIGHT

During the day, G street is a line of used car lots, small shops, tacky department stores and greasy spoons. At night, it is transformed into an endless parade of kids in flamed, lowered and customized machines who rumble down the one way street, through the seemingly adultless, heat-drugged little town.

Police cars glide ominously with the flow of traffic. In parked cars, couples neck between flashing headlights. Guys looking cool in a '56 Chevy sit in the slouched position of the true Low Rider--and over it all the music and the Wolfman can be heard. Just now, it's "Runaway" by Del Shannon.

John travels with the flow of traffic, watching some dopey guys shooting squirt guns from a moving car. John drives the deuce coupe effortlessly. He looks over at a car pacing alongside of his own.

JOHN

Hey, Zudo.

A sweaty looking guy turns and nods from the window.

PAZUDO

Hey, Milner.

JOHN

Hey, man, what happened to your flathead?

PAZUDO

Huh?

JOHN

What happened to your flathead?

PAZUDO

Ah, your mother!

JOHN

What?

PAZUDO

Your mother. Hey, we been talkin' about you.

JOHN

Yeah?

PAZUDO

Yeah. There's a very wicked '55 Chevy lookin' for you.

JOHN

Yeah, I know.

PAZUDO

Watch out for the cop that's in Jerry's Cherry.

JOHN
Yeah. All right, thanks.

John nods and the two cars pull apart down the street.

TRAVELING G STREET-STEVE'S WHITE '58 CHEVY

The Rock and Roll blares as Terry the Toad cruises along the main drag, singing along with the music. 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 seventeen long years of being a short loser.

Terry turns a corner and another car pulls alongside. A guy looks out the window.

GUY
Hey, Toad.

Terry looks over and smiles coolly, proud of his new wheels.

GUY
(leaning out the window)
Is that you in that beautiful car?
(Terry nods modestly)
Geez, what a waste of machinery.

Terry's smile changes to a scowl as the car pulls away from him.. Terry accounts the slight to jealousy. Then he forgets it and enjoys driving the beautiful Chevy again. Another car pulls alongside of him as he cruises along slowly.

GIRL
Hey, kid.

Terry looks over at the car cruising next to him. In the back seat, a guy has dropped his trousers and is pushing his bare buttocks against the side window--a classic BA complete with pressed ham. Terry looks away, wondering why this is still happening to him, even in his new car.

TRAVELING G STREET-LAURIE'S '58 EDSEL

Curt is in the back seat gazing out the window at the dark main street of the small farm community. Steve and Laurie are talking quietly in the front seat. Laurie is sitting near the window and it sounds like Steve is convincing her to move over. Laurie finally does. His arm goes around her and her head rests on his shoulder.

Curt is laughing as the Wolfman harasses someone on the radio. The Wolfman is placing a call.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)
Here we go with another call out of the station. Can you dig it? Answer the phone, dummy.

MAN (V.O.)
Pinkie's Pizza

WOLFMAN

Ah, yeah, listen, you got any more
of those secret agent spy-scopes?

MAN

Hit parade on the stethoscope?

WOLFMAN

No. No, the secret agent spy-scope,
man. That pulls in the moon, the sky
and the planets... and the satellites
and the little bitty space men.

MAN

You must have the wrong number,
partner.

WOLFMAN

'Bye.

Wolfman cuts into "Why Do Fools Fall in Love." Curt is
laughing in the back of the car, as he listens to the ever-
present D.J.

Steve slows the Edsel to a stop at the next light. Curt
glances over at a classic white '56 Thunderbird and sits up.
In the T-bird, a girl watches him. Blonde, beautiful, her
hair, backlit by a used car lot, seems to glow, making her
look almost ethereal. Curt 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 right!

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

I'm telling you, this was the most
perfect, dazzling creature I've ever
seen.

STEVE

She's gone. Forget it.

CURT

She spoke to me. She spoke to me,
right through the window. I think
she said, "I love you."

Curt looks at his sister and Steve in the front seat. They
are bored by his romantic visions.

CURT

That means nothing to you people?
You have no romance, no soul? She--
someone wants me. Someone roaming
the streets wants me! Will you turn
the corner?

Laurie looks around at him and seems to pity his flights of
poetic fantasy. Curt sits back and shakes his head.

PARKING LOT

Big John sits in his deuce coupe, backed into the parking
lot of the Acme Fall-out Shelter Co., the prime spot in town
for girl watching. A guy in wrap-around dark glasses leans
by the car next to John. They watch a group of laughing girls
cruise by in a Studebaker.

JOHN

Oh, oh. Later.

GUY

Alligator.

John turns on his lights and swings the deuce coupe out into
the flow of traffic, after the Studebaker. John accelerates
and pulls alongside the Studebaker. The girl in the front
seat rolls down her window. John grins and yells over at the
carload of cuties.

JOHN

Hey, you're new around here. Where're
you from?

FIRST GIRL

Turlock.

JOHN

Turlock? You know a guy named Frank
Bartlett?

FIRST GIRL

No. Does he go to Turlock High?

JOHN

Well, he used to. He goes to J.C.
now.

FIRST GIRL

Do you go to J.C.?

JOHN

Yeah, sure.

FIRST GIRL

Oh, wow! Do you know Guy Phillips?

JOHN

Yeah, sure. I got him in a class.

FIRST GIRL

He's so boss.

JOHN

How would you like to ride around
with me for awhile?

FIRST GIRL

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

JOHN

Ah, come on!

FIRST GIRL

I just can't.

JOHN

You're just ridin' around with a
bunch of girls. Hey, how about
somebody else in there? Anybody else
want to 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
into hysterical laughter. The girls try to accelerate ahead,
but John stays alongside their car.

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 rises above the chatter.

CAROL

I'll go. I'll go.

FIRST GIRL

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

JOHN

(grinning)

Yeah, sure, Judy--her sister--her mother--anybody. I'll take 'em all. Listen, we'll go up and stop at that light. It'll turn red by the time we get there. All right?

The first girl grins and nods. John winks at her.

JOHN

You ever get tired of going steady with somebody that ain't around--I'm up for grabs.

The cars stop at the light. A girl rushes out from the Studey and runs around the back of John's coupe. She opens the door and climbs in fast as the light changes.

The Studebaker pulls off fast. John pushes through the gears and turns and smiles at his pick-up, as "That'll Be the Day" plays on the Wolfman Jack Show.

JOHN

So, you're Judy's little sister.

Carol Morrison shakes her head. She is thirteen years old, very cute--wearing blue jeans, sneakers and a "Dewey Webber Surf Board" T-shirt which hangs to her knees. John seems slightly panicked.

JOHN

Ah, shit,--how old are you?

CAROL

Old enough. How old are you?

JOHN

I'm too old for you.

CAROL

You can't be that old.

JOHN

Listen, listen. I think you better go back and sit with your sister. Hey, ah... where are they, anyway? They comin' back or somethin'? This is a joke, right? This better be a joke, 'cause I'm not drivin' you around.

CAROL

But you asked me. What's the matter? Am I too ugly?

(on the verge of tears)

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 as
she wipes her eyes.)

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

Suddenly, a car horn honks next to them. John looks over at the car.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey John--you gonna be there tonight?

JOHN

Oh, shit! Hey, get down!

John grabs Carol by the neck and pushes her head down onto his lap so she can't be seen. John casually waves to the friend in the car cruising alongside.

JOHN

Hey, cool...

Carol's head is being held down on his lap. She looks up at him.

CAROL

Hey, 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.

CRUISING G STREET-STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

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. They flip him the bird instead and he lets them pass.

Terry pulls up to a stop light. The car next to him is a '56 Ford--a good opponent and besides, the kid driving looks younger than Terry.

TERRY

What you got in there, kid?

KID

More than you can handle.

Terry revs his engine. So does the Ford. 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 Chevy a couple more times, concentration intently this time on the right light.

Green!... The Ford bolts into the intersection. Terry likewise floors the gas pedal and goes crashing backwards into a large Buick. Terry is stunned for 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 accident.

TERRY

Well, goddamnit, I won't report you this time, but next time just watch it, will ya?

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

USED CAR LOT

Terry pulls up in front of a used car lot and jumps out to inspect the damage to Steve's Chevy. He rubs a small scratch on the back fender, but it won't disappear. As he spits on it, a slick, 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 know 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 quickly as I can. Boss's orders. He doesn't want 'em. I think it's a mistake, but what can I do?

Terry begins to get worried as the salesman begins to fondle his new Chevy. 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.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM--"AT THE HOP"

Herbie and the Heartbeats, wearing their matching red blazers, rock into a raunchy rendition of their masterpiece--

HERBIE AND THE HEARTBEATS

One, two, three, four-- one, two
three, four-- BAH... BAH... BAH...
BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH...
BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH...
BAH... BAH... BAH... At the hop!!

Pulling back from the bandstand, we see the Dewey High School gym--the basketball nets swung back and draped with crepe, the lights half-low, the noise high, and the waxed floor being polished and pounded by stockinged feet as a seething mob of adolescents join in that ancient rite--The Hop.

A hundred of them are dancing and swaying while the band gyrates on a raised platform. Kids on wooden bleachers watch the whirling and spinning mass of ponytails and ducktails, button-down shirts and mid calf skirts, cardigan sweaters with little belts in the back.

THE GIRLS' LAVATORY

Laurie stands in front of a mirror in a line of other girls. She brushes her hair, staring rather despondently at herself in the mirror. The girl next to her is Peg Fuller, a cute cheerleader.

PEG

Hey, why are 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 to the Marines? She had a nervous breakdown and was acting so wacky she got run over by a bus.

LAURIE

I just wish I could go with him or something.

PEG

Laurie, jeez... Come on.

BOY'S LAVATORY

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

Steve stands looking at himself, then glances at Eddie Quentin standing next to him, 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 Eddie's hand up.

STEVE

Hey, zit make-up!

(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 at Eddie.

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.

EDDIE

You and Laurie engaged yet?

STEVE

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

EDDIE

And screw around--I hear college girls really give out.

Suddenly a voice 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 each other.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM

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 and Eddie meet Laurie coming out of the girls' lavatory with Peg. They're watching the dancers as Hervie and his band moan through a slow number--"She's So Fine."

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 was our last night together for 3 months, you might want to dance with me.

LAURIE

How sentimental. You'll be back at Christmas.

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. I wouldn't dance with you if you were the last guy left in this gym.

EDDIE

Uh, Peg, I think we should dance.

PEG

No, this is getting good.

LAURIE

I'll dance with you, Eddie. You don't mind, do you, Peggy?

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.

HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

The Stroll music floats from the gym down the empty hall. Curt walks along with his hands in his pockets. One last trip down the grey, locker-lined corridor. He slows and stops by locker 2127. He smiles a little, then flips the dial of the lock. Once to the right--back to the left--then to the right again. Curt hits the handle. It doesn't open. Changed already. He shrugs and goes off down the hallway.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM

Curt walks in the background, behind the line of kids clapping as one couple Strolls down between them. Then Curt hears somebody call him.

MR. WOLFE (O.S.)

Hey--Curtis!

Curt wanders over toward a young teacher, Mr. Wolfe, who is surrounded by a group of admiring (and grade-seeking) girls. Mr. Wolfe wears ivy league clothes and is about twenty-five, not much older than his students.

MR. WOLFE

Curtis, come here. Help me, will you? I'm surrounded.

GIRL

You won't dance? Come on.

MR. WOLFE

No, really, I'd like to, but I can't.
I mean, if old Mr. Simpson came in
here and saw me dancing with one of
you sexy little--excuse me... one of
you young ladies, he'd have my rear
end.

GIRLS

Aahhh.

The all giggle. Mr. Wolfe shrugs at Curt and heads for a
door. Curt follows him and they escape from the girls into
the night.

OUTSIDE THE GYM

Curt and Mr. Wolfe come out of the gym. Mr. Wolfe sees a
couple of guys skulking around in the shadows smoking
cigarettes and laughing. The music has changed to "See You
in September."

MR. WOLFE

Hey, Warren. Come on, gentlemen,
back inside. Put 'em out. Let's go.

CURT

(grinning as he pulls
out a pack of
cigarettes)
Kids... Want one?

MR. WOLFE

(taking one from the
pack)
All right. Hey, I thought you'd left.

CURT

No, not yet.
(looking for matches)
I have no matches.

Mr. Wolfe takes out a pack of matches and lights both their
cigarettes. They walk down a chain-link fence, past dark,
venetian-blinded classrooms.

MR. WOLFE

Brother, how do I get stuck with
dance supervision? Will you tell me
that?... You going back East? Boy, I
remember the day I went off. Got
drunk as hell the night before. Just--

CURT

Blotto.

MR. WOLFE

Blotto. Exactly. Barfed on the train

all the next day.

CURT
(grinning)
Cute. Very cute. Where'd you go again?

MR. WOLFE
Middlebury. Vermont. Got a
scholarship.

CURT
And only stayed a semester.

MR. WOLFE
(smiling and nodding)
One semester. And after all that, I
came back here.

CURT
Why?

MR. WOLFE
(shrugging)
Decided I wasn't the competitive
type. I don't know... maybe I was
scared.

CURT
Well, you know I might find I'm not
the competitive type myself.

MR. WOLFE
What do you mean?

CURT
Well, I'm not really sure that I'm
going.

MR. WOLFE
Hey, now--don't be stupid. Go.
Experience life. Have some fun,
Curtis.

Then a voice calls from the shadows.

JANE (O.S.)
Bill?

They turn and see a girl coming out of a doorway. Mr. Wolfe
looks at Jane, one of his students, but doesn't say anything.

JANE
I mean--Mr. Wolfe. Can I speak with
you a minute.
(She smiles at Curt.)
Hi, Curt.

CURT
Jane...

He looks at Mr. Wolfe, who seems a little embarrassed. Then,

Mr. Wolfe sticks out his hand.

MR. WOLFE
Anyway--good luck, Curtis.

Curt shakes his hand.

CURT
Yeah... I'll see you. Thanks a lot.

Curt walks back toward the gym. Looking around, he sees Mr. Wolfe standing in the shadows with the girl, talking intimately. Curt turns away and goes off. Before going back into the gym, Curt stops. He sees a white T-bird parked among a row of cars in the parking lot. He walks--then starts running toward the car. There's a blonde sitting in the front seat making out with some guy.

Curt leans down to the window and is about to say something to his dream girl. But she turns and he sees it's not her. Her boyfriend glares at him like he's some kind of peeping Tom. Curt backs away awkwardly, trying to smile. He leaves.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--'32 DEUCE COUPE

The yellow Ford coupe is gliding down the street--skimming around corners gracefully as the night lights glide up its lacquered hood. Inside the car, Carol glances at John and smiles. The Wolfman is howling on the radio.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)
A Wolfman exclusive for ya now. The
Beach Boys, baby, a brand new group.
I predict they gonna go a long way.
This is called "Surfin' Safari."

Carol is continuing to jabber on, relating past adventures with her little friends. John is unimpressed.

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,
he thought he was had. He started
the car and couldn't see through the
windshield--and zoomed straight into
the canal--it was a riot.

John smiles sarcastically.

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

She takes a pressurized can of shaving cream and squirts his nose. He swipes the shaving cream on his nose--swerving--A car honks.

JOHN

Hey, watch it will ya! Jesus Christ, thanks a lot.

(looking at her angrily)

Hey, drivin' is a serious business. I ain't havin' no accidents because of you.

Carol sinks into her corner of the car. She sticks her tongue out for a quick moment.

JOHN

(catching her look)

Come on, don't give me any grief. I'm warning ya.

CAROL

Spare me, killer.

He stares at her and she shuts up. "Surfin' Safari" is blaring on the radio and she starts twisting with the music. John turns the radio off.

CAROL

Why'd you do that?

JOHN

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

CAROL

Don't you 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 you.

JOHN

(looking in the rear-view mirror)

Sure--ah, shit, 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.

JOHN

Oh, no--No. Hey--

CAROL

It's past my 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.

John looks at her.

JOHN

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

She 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.

CAROL

Say it--I'll tell him.

JOHN

(quietly)

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

CAROL

Okay--I'll think about it.

"The Great Imposter" can be heard on the passing car radios. John rolls down his window. He looks at the surly cop.

HOLSTEIN

Where you going, Milner?

JOHN

I'm going home--sir.

HOLSTEIN

Where you been, Milner?

JOHN

Ah--at the movies--sir.

HOLSTEIN

Milner, you weren't around the 12th and G streets at about 8:30, were you?

JOHN

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

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

HOLSTEIN

Uh-huh. Milner, the reason I stopped
you was because the light on your
license plate is out.

(opening his ticket
book)

I'm gonna have to cite you for that.
And Milner, the front end of this...
this... this thing you're driving
looks a little low.

JOHN

Oh, no sir. It's twelve and a half
inches. Regulation size. Now, it's
been checked several times. You can
check it if you like, sir.

Holstein just glares at him and then leans in close through
the window.

HOLSTEIN

Look, Milner.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

HOLSTEIN

You can't fool with the law.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

HOLSTEIN

We know that was you tonight. We
have an excellent description of
this car. I could run you in right
now and I could make it stick. But
I'm not gonna do that, Milner, you
know why?

John shakes his head no.

HOLSTEIN

Because I want to catch you in the
act. And when I do, I'm gonna nail
you, but good. Happy Birthday, Milner.

Holstein drops the ticket through the window onto John's
lap. He starts back to his patrol car. When he's out of
earshot John answers.

JOHN

Thank you--asshole.

CAROL

(looking over at him)

You're a regular J.D.

JOHN

Here, file that under C.S. over there.

Carol takes the ticket and opens the glove compartment.

CAROL
C.S.? What's that stand for?

JOHN
Chicken shit--that's what it is.

CAROL
Oh...

She looks amazed as she adds the new ticket to a mess of similar tickets crammed in the glove compartment. The police car pulls by them. John scowls, then roars his engine and pulls back into the stream of traffic.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry is looking and feeling like he's got it made. He downshifts and slows for a red light. A very mean-looking black '55 Chevy--blown, scooped and slicked--pulls up next to him. The driver, Bob Falfa, has a gum-chewing girlfriend sitting almost on top of him. Terry challenges the '55 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 quits revving his engine--feeling deflated.

Terry looks over at the snotty grin on Falfa's girlfriends' face.

GIRLFRIEND
Ain't he neat?

Terry doesn't say anything and Bob Falfa glares over at him.

FALFA
Hey, you know a guy around here with a piss yellow deuce coupe--supposed to be hot stuff?

TERRY
You mean John Milner?

Falfa nods slowly.

TERRY
Hey, nobody can beat him, man. He's got the fastest--

FALFA
I ain't nobody, dork. Right?

TERRY
Right...

FALFA
Hey, you see this Milner, you tell him I'm lookin' for him, huh? Tell him I aim to blow his ass right off

the road.

GIRLFRIEND

(giving another snotty
smile)

Ain't he neat?

Terry doesn't say anything. There's another incredible scream as Falfa roars off, leaving Terry to stare through his smoke. Terry accelerates the '58 Chevy--at a prudent speed.

As the radio blares "Almost Grown," Terry glides past the lighted stores slowly, taking in everything with wide eyes from his beautiful new car.

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, nineteen, with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white spaghetti-strap dress, strolls along the sidewalk.

Terry rolls the powerful engine, but she ignores him. As he passes her, he speeds up.

TERRY

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

Terry tears around the 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. The pass 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.

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 though I looked
like Sandra Dee.

TERRY

Oh yeah--well, you look a lot like
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

Wow--bitchin' tuck and roll. I just
love the feel of tuck and roll
upholstery.

TERRY

You do?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

TERRY

Well, come on in--I'll let you feel
it. I mean, you can touch it if you
want--

(realizing it's coming
out wrong he gets
nervous)

I mean the upholstery, you know.

DEBBIE

Okay.

Terry is elated. He climbs out of the car and she slides in
the driver's side. Terry climbs back in next to her and slams
the door. She's sitting right next to him--like a real date
should. Terry gets 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 shots off, fish-tailing,
nearly hitting a parked car, straightening out... and
disappears down Main Street.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM--THE HOP

On stage, the band is "taking five." They're looking tough
for the girls while the Student Body Secretary is making
announcements at the mike.

GIRL

--a great band and they came all the
way from Stockton. Let's hear it.

There's applause as the girl continues.

GIRL

And we want to thank Darby Langdon,
who did all these neat decorations.

There's more applause. Standing among the crowd, Steve and Laurie both look angry.

LAURIE

I don't care if you leave this second.

GIRL

(into the mike)

Now the next dance is gonna be a
snowball and leading it off is last
year's class president Steven Bolander--
and this year's head cheerleader,
Laurie Henderson.

There's applause, whistles and cheers from the crowd. A blue spotlight floats over the dance floor and then lands on Steve and Laurie, who are in the midst of their argument.

STEVE

What's wrong with you! You're acting
like a snotty--

Laurie squints into the spotlight and realizes everybody's watching them.

LAURIE

Oh God, come on.

STEVE

Come on what?

LAURIE

(pulling him toward
the floor)

Oh, Steven--please, 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 arguing, whispering in each other's ears.

LAURIE

You think I care if you go off. You
think I'm going to crack up or
something. Are you conceited!

STEVE

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, in a bear-hug.

LAURIE

You take me out? When we first met
you didn't have enough sense to take
the garbage out... I asked you out,

remember?

STEVE

What do you mean, you asked me out!

LAURIE

Backwards Day--remember? If I had waited for you to ask me--even after that you didn't call me for two weeks.

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!

LAURIE

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

He moans.

LAURIE

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

STEVE

Out at the canyon?

LAURIE

Oh boy! 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.

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.

STEVE

What's wrong?

LAURIE

Go to hell.

He holds her tighter and they circle the floor, all alone,
the crowd watching quietly, the gym echoing with "Smoke Gets
in Your Eyes."

THE GYM PARKING LOT

Curt is leaning against a car in the parking lot. He's looking
up at the stars and listening to the music floating out from
the gym.

WENDY

What are you doin', stealing hub
caps?

A pretty, dark-haired girl, Wendy, slides up next to him and
leans against the car. There's an awkward pause like that
which happens often when two people who used to be close
meet after things have changed.

CURT

Well--hey, Wendy.

WENDY

How've you been?

CURT

Fine. Great. How've you been?

A horn honks and Wendy turns to a VW that's idling nearby.

WENDY

I'm coming--wait a sec.
(turning back to Curt)
She's got her car. Hey, I thought
you were going away to school.

CURT

Ah, maybe... maybe.

WENDY

Same old Curt. All the time we were
going together you never knew what
you were doing... well, anyway, I
gotta go.

CURT

Hey, Wendy--where are you going?

WENDY

Nowhere.

CURT

(smiling at her)
Well, you mind if I come along?

WENDY

(affectionately)
Okay.

CURT

Okay.

They go off toward the VW and climb in.

BACK INSIDE THE GYM

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 and pokes Steve 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 "Mr."

STEVE

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.

Kroot is stunned and people have stopped dancing to watch

MR. 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

(to Laurie)

Get your shoes. Let's go before we
get thrown out.

THE GYM PARKING LOT

Steve and Laurie walk toward her Edsel. In the background Wolfman Jack is taking a phone call from someone.

MAN (V.O.)
Hello, Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)
Who's this?

MAN
This is Weird Willard.

WOLFMAN
Hold on a minute, let me get my pants
off... you understand?

Steve opens the door to the car and then turns Laurie and
kisses her.

STEVE
Why don't we go to the canal?

LAURIE
(teasing)
What for?

STEVE
Listen, I can get tough with you
too, you know.

LAURIE
Yeah, hard tough.

She kisses him and they get into the car. As they pull out,
the Wolfman continues his conversation on the radio.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)
I got 'em down around my knees, man.
Wear these tight pants. I can't get
'em... All right, I'm gonna do my
little dance now, man.

And the Wolfman goes into an insane rain-dance rhythm as we
hear "Little Darlin'"

CRUISING MAIN STREET--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry not only looks cool now, but is cool, singing with the
radio, 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.

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 slowly maneuvers his arm around her.

TERRY

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

DEBBIE

(putting her head on 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.

DEBBIE

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

Terry almost does a comic strip "Gulp!"

DEBBIE

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

TERRY
(quietly)
Sure...

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

The endless chrome-flashing parade continues. Among the lines of fine cars, Terry is parked in the '58 Chevy next to an order speaker on a metal pole. Terry leans out the car window and orders into the intercom.

TERRY
A double Chubby Chuck, a Mexicali
Chili Barb, two orders of French
fries--

DEBBIE
And cherry cokes.

The intercom clicks on and a garbled voice squawks back at him.

INTERCOM
Ark, wark, dork.

TERRY
(pushing the button)
Now wait a minute. What? Huh?

INTERCOM
Ark, wark, dork.

TERRY
Yeah, right. Cool.

As they wait for their order, several guys in various passing cars yell sleazy greetings to Debbie. Suddenly, a rough-looking face, belonging 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...

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 wimp
you're hanging out 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)

...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. She lights a match and flicks it
at him. He finally leaves.

TERRY

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

DEBBIE

That sex fiend is not a 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?

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

DEBBIE

Yeah. And I'll bet you're smart enough
to get us some brew.

TERRY

Brew?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

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?

CRUISING MAIN STREET-'57 VOLKSWAGEN

We see the white T-bird ahead for just a moment, before it
accelerates, passes a car and disappears, as we hear
"Peppermint Twist" from the radio.

In the VW, Curt is in the back, shaking the driver's seat,
yelling at Bobbie. Wendy is in front next to 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; Curt falls
back in the seat and Wendy looks at him.

CURT
You lost her!

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
lover, come back here and console
me.

WENDY
Eat your heart out. Who was she

anyway?

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. Finally, Curt breaks.

CURT

Okay, come on, who is she?

BOBBIE

You know Mr. Beeman? He owns Hepcat Jewelers.

CURT

Yeah.

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

(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

(seeing that Wendy is considering it)

Thanks a lot.

CURT

Come on, 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. Bobbie watches in the rear-view mirror, Curt sees her.

CURT

To the Opera, James.

BOBBIE

Drop dead.

CURT

Unless you want to go to Gallo Dam and have an orgy.

WENDY

You wish.

Curt looks at her and turns her head. He kisses her and puts his arm around her. They neck. The radio plays "Barbara Ann."

The little VW flashes by in the stream of traffic. Bobbie drives, glancing in here 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

(from the front seat)

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

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

BOBBIE
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?

KIP
Henderson, long time no see. Whadaya 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 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 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 horns honking and the cars swerving to miss him.

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 slow down and kids rubberneck as they go by him.

CRUISING G STREET--'32 YELLOW DEUCE COUPE

John is driving and the Wolfman is howling on the radio while Carol is having the time of her life.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Went to a dance lookin' for romance.
Found Barbara Ann... baby... Hey,
this one is for all you out there
watchin' the Submarine Races.

And the radio moans into "Who Wrote the Book of Love." Carol sits with her feet up against the dash. John knocks them off and she scowls at him.

CAROL

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

All right, one coke and then home.

Carol is delighted. She slams the door. John takes off.

CAROL

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.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

John cruises around the lot until he finds a space among the
rows of dazzling cars. He pulls in and leans out to hit the
intercom button.

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.

CAROL

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

JOHN

Probably a couple of weeks past their
bedtime.

CAROL

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

JOHN

Oh Shit, Dee Dee!

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. They lean in the window
smiling--John prays they don't see Carol.

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

Sure. 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
Jesus--watch it, will yuh?
(smiling at Al)
Been hittin' me all night. Kids will
be kids, you know.

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

JOHN
Watch out--damn it! Look what--why
don't you grow up!
(looking at Al again)
We don't get along too well. It's
been like this--

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.

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.

CRUISING MAIN STREET-- '32 YELLOW DEUCE 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. He pulls off and she grins at him happily.

CAROL
Hi cousin, how's your bod?

SCENIC LIQUOR STORE--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry pulls into the parking lot and stops. He looks up at the flashing liquor store sign and considers his battle plan. "Maybe Baby" by Buddy Holly is playing on the radio.

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 to enter, then stops and thinks. He sees a man in a business suit approaching, and smiles.

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

(looking at his watch)

Why sure, it's a quarter to twelve.

TERRY

Great. Quarter to twelve. Thanks a lot.

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 I.D. 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.

BUM

Why certainly, I lost my wife, too-- her name wasn't Idy, though, and it wasn't in 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.

As he waits for the bum to come back out, the first man in the suit exits. Terry smiles at him again.

TERRY

Hi. Still quarter to twelve.

MAN

Right-o. Night.

TERRY

Night.

The man gets into the car and backs out. Terry goes over to the window of the liquor store and looks to see how the wino's doing with his booze. Terry sees the liquor store owner setting four bottles of cheap wine on the counter.

TERRY

(gesturing through
the window from
outside)

Hey, no. Not wine. Ssss--hey!

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

INSIDE THE LIQUOR STORE

Terry tries to look very casual as he sidles up to the counter. Country-Western music hums over the liquor in hi-fi.

TERRY

(smiling at the owner)

Hi there--ah, say--was there an old man in here a minute ago?

OWNER

Yeah. He went out the back.

Terry is destroyed.

OWNER

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 ther, a comp, 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 I.D. for the liquor?

TERRY
A what? Oh, sure--
(feeling his pockets)
Oh nuts, 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.

OUTSIDE THE LIQUOR STORE

Terry comes back to the Chevy with the bag full of junk.
Debbie smiles at him excitedly and scoots over to the window.

DEBBIE
Hey, did ya get it? Ya get it, ya
get it?

He hands her the bag.

DEBBIE
You got it. You got it!

She goes through the bag and finds a comb and the batteries.

DEBBIE
You didn't get it. Why didn't you
get it?

TERRY
Ah, well, I needed some things and I
thought as long as I was in there--
look, Debbie, can you loan me a
dollar?

DEBBIE
What? Are you for real? Come on.
Girls don't pay. Guys pay.

TERRY
Yeah, well, see--I've only got a
fifty and he doesn't have change.

DEBBIE

Well, I can't believe this... I really
cannot believe this. Here.

She takes the money from a squeeze-open plastic change purse
and hands it to him. Terry smiles weakly and goes back to
try his luck again at the liquor store.

He stops in front of the door as a young guy with numerous
tattoos on his bulging arms approaches the liquor store.

TERRY

Hi--excuse me. I was wondering--could
you, ah--

GUY

Buy you a bottle of booze. Yeah, I
know. You lost your I.D. What kind
do you want?

TERRY

(amazed)

Gee, that's terrific. Ah, just some
ah--Old Harper.

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 smoking 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 with his pint of Old Harper.

AUTO WRECKING YARD

John's '32 deuce coupe crunches to a gravelly stop in front
of a dark auto-wrecking yard. John and Carol get out and
climb over the fence. They walk through a valley of twisted,
rusting piles of squashed, mashed and crushed automobiles.
John sticks his hand into his pockets moodily and stops and
looks at one of the burnt-out cars.

JOHN

That's Freddy Benson's Vette... 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.

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 watchin! 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

Whadaya mean? I'm the one who's supposed to say that. Whadaya afraid of? I'll keep it above the waist.

JOHN

Funny...

(he looks at her for
a moment)
Who knows, 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.

JOHN
(quietly)
Carol's not a rabbit, she's a foxy
little tail.

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

CAROL
You say the cutest things.

John gets into the car.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)
Sneakin' around with the Wolfman,
Baby.

The Wolfman's gravelly voice whispers over the airwaves as
John and Carol drive out of the shadowy car grave-yard.

WILSON'S APPLIANCE STORE

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 and Harriet" glow in
the dark showroom. Music from passing cars rises and fades
as they cruise behind Curt. The Wolfman can be heard.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)
Oh, this is gonna strike a raw nerve,
mama. Here's the Platters.

The Wolfman howls and the Platters wail into the "Great
Pretender." Curt sings along, mouthing the words. Then
somebody walks in front of Curt.

Curt pays no attention, then sense the presence of another

guy. 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
Whadaya doin', creep?

CURT
Me?

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

JOE
Hey, where ya goin'?

CURT
(turning)
No place. Not going any place.

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.

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 a 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.
(putting his arm around
Curt)
Go riding with the Pharoahs...

CURT

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

JOE

I know just how ya feel.

Joe leads Curt gently but forcibly toward an incredible maroon '51 Merc that's been lowered and chopped so that the windows are like ominous slits and the whole machine has a submarine quality. Joe opens the door and Curt slides into the white fluffy interior. In the small back window, a metal plaque reads "PHAROAHS."

The third member of the gang is Carlos, a short little kid about fifteen 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 Carlos both go for the front passenger door.

CARLOS

Shotgun!

ANTS

No, I called it!

CARLOS

When?

ANTS

Before we picked you up.

CARLOS

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

Carlos gives Ants a hard look and Ants backs down and climbs in the back with Curt. The Pharoah's Mercury roars out from the curb.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--PHAROAHS' '51 MERCURY

The radio blares "Ain't that a Shame?" as Curt sits in the back seat of the car looking very nervous. He eyes the three hoods cautiously. They are sitting super low, their eyes just visible over the windows.

Then, Curt happens to look around. He does a double take. Through the narrow window he sees the Thunderbird passing in the opposite direction. Curt swivels and watches through the back window as the T-bird disappears around a corner. Then, he shakes his head. Of all the times to be trapped with the Pharoahs.

On the radio the Wolfman is giving a phone operator a bad time and the Pharoahs are chuckling.

As the Wolfman continues on the radio, the cars pass though the night like a metallic ballet. The Pharoahs' Mercury (with Curt aboard) passes Laurie's Edsel...

Inside the Edsel, Steve is driving. He puts his arm around Laurie and she leans her head on his shoulder.

As the Edsel cruises by in one direction, John Milner's '32 Ford coupe rumbles by on the other side of the street.

INSIDE THE DEUCE COUPE

Carol is laughing like mad as the Wolfman continues. Even John has to chuckle at the mad D.J.'s raspy patter.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this on the Wolfman telephone?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello, Collect...

WOLFMAN

Pardon me. Your name is Colette?

OPERATOR

Yes. Collect Call.

WOLFMAN

Your name is Colette Call?

OPERATOR

Sir, this is the Operator.

WOLFMAN

Are you French, Operator?

OPERATOR

This is a collect call for Wolfman Jack.

WOLFMAN

I... I love you, Operator.

OPERATOR

Is this Wolfman Jack?

WOLFMAN

Is Floyd there?

OPERATOR

It's for a Wolfman... Jack...

Carol looks over at John and shakes her head.

CAROL

I just love listening to the Wolfman.
My Mom won't let me at home. Because

he's a Negro, I think... anyway,
he's terrific. Do you know that he
just broadcasts from a plane that
flies around in circles all the time?
Do you think that's true?

INSIDE STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry drives on through the wonderful night--a blonde sitting
next to him, he's feeling very bitchin'. He and Debbie are
also mesmerized by the Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Floyd, I love you, Floyd. Is this
you, Floyd? I cannot look on thee,
love took my hand... and smiling did
reply, who made the eyes but I. Floyd,
reach out and touch my soul.

INSIDE THE PHAROAH'S '51 MERCURY

Even Curt has to laugh at the Wolfman--despite his situation.
Little Carlos sits in the front seat and looks over at Joe
who's driving.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your party's ready, sir.

WOLFMAN

You mean Floyd? Hello, is this Floyd?

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, is this Matilda?

WOLFMAN

No, it ain't honey--bye!

CARLOS

You tell her, Wolfman. He's my man.
When I graduate, I'm gonna be a
Wolfman. Hey, you know he broadcasts
out of Mexico someplace?

JOE

No, he don't. I seen the station
right outside of town.

CARLOS

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

In the back seat, Ants nods in agreement.

ANTS

Ah, man--they'll never catch the
Wolfman.

Then Ants' nose starts twitching and he looks over at Curt
suspiciously.

ANTS

Hey, man, who cut the cheese?

Curt tries to smile but looks pretty guilty. Then Joe looks around from the front seat.

JOE

He who smelt it, dealt it.
(looking at Curt in
the back)
Hey, creep, scoot down. Sitting up
like that, it wrecks the lines of
the car, you know what I mean?

Curt scoots down to a level even with Ants. Ants is staring at him and grinning evilly. Then they hear an incredible roar, and they all turn to see Bob Falfa's black '55 Chevy pass by. Falfa has a new girl with him this time, a lovely redhead.

JOE

There's that badass Chevy again.
Look at he snatch he's got with him.

ANTS

Hey, man, he looks like a whimp.

Curt nods and tries to join in.

CURT

Probably is. Whimps get all the
snatch.

Carlos and Ants look at him. Like nobody asked him to open his mouth.

CARLOS

Milner ain't gonna beat that. His
time has come. He's getting old. He
ain't as fast as he used to be.

INSIDE THE DEUCE COUPE

Milner may not be as fast as he used to be--and having a little teeny-bopper with him isn't helping matters. He looks over at Carol. She's moved closer to him.

JOHN

You got two seconds to get your ass
over in the corner.

CAROL

Don't worry, I won't rape you.

Carol slides back to her side. But as they glide along, Carol watches John. She's moon-eyed and flipped over him. John deftly down-shifts as he approaches a light and then accelerates through the gears with a "race" expertise.

There's a honk and John and Carol look over to see a '60

Cadillac full of girls laughing at them.

GIRL

You got a bitchin' car.

John nods modestly.

GIRL

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.

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 cracks 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

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....

MAIN STREET INTERSECTION

Carol jumps out of the car as John stops the car in the right hand lane next to the Cadillac. As Chuck Berry wails "Johnny B. Goode," they go into action.

The girls in the Cadillac 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 starts around the car with the shaving cream, spraying all their windows with the foamy lather.

Carol is having a great time and John is laughing as they continue their guerrilla attack. They finish and jump back in the coupe. The light turns green and John takes off, leaving the Cadillac stranded at the intersection, covered

with shaving cream. Traffic begins to back up... horns begin to honk.

CANAL BANK--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

The crickets chirp under the full moon. We hear "I Only Have Eyes for You" playing as the Chevy 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

Tootie fruiti all ruti... It's Super Cola!

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

Yeaah, I guess it wasn't mixed.

DEBBIE

Wow, 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 jeep. I also have a jeep pick-up, with four-wheel drive. It's got a gun rack. And I use that for hunting mostly.

DEBBIE

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

TERRY

Oh, well, yeah, I figure with bears, though, it's either me or them... 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 away.

DEBBIE

Wait a second.

Terry immediately lets go of her.

TERRY

Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me--I didn't mean to--maybe it's the booze or something.

She puts her coke on the floor. She unfastens the chain holding her sweater together and takes it off.

DEBBIE

There--now.

Suddenly, she grabs him and pulls him down on top of herself. She kisses him madly. At first he's surprised, but then gets the hang of it. They begin to neck passionately, encountering many obstacles in the cramped front seat.

DEBBIE

Ow--you pinched me.

TERRY

I'm sorry.

DEBBIE

Let me get my head over here--okay, now you get up--

TERRY

Ow--my leg, my leg. Ow, watch it!

DEBBIE

Ummm, I just love tuck 'n roll upholstery.

As they roll around, a couple of guys walk by the car laughing. Terry manages to sit up and watches them go off into the night.

TERRY

Geez, it's like Grand Central Station

around here. Why don't we go someplace else.

Debbie pulls him back down on top of her.

DEBBIE

Nah, come on. They won't come back.

TERRY

Wait a minute. I got a blanket in the back. Why don't we go over into the field?

DEBBIE

All right. Okay.

They both get out of the car. Terry gets the blanket out of the trunk. They walk along a path next to the moonlit canal. Debbie carries their drinks for them. They left the radio on and Wolfman's voice can be heard as he takes another call.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Hello.

GIRL (V.O.)

Yeah!

WOLFMAN

How old are you?

GIRL

I'm thirteen, how old are you?

WOLFMAN

I'm only fourteen.

GIRL

Oh, boy, I love you, Wolfman.

SINGERS

(singing over)

"Wolfman Jack."

WOLFMAN

Oh, now we gonna do the weather for all the valleys and the mountain tops. Gonna be hot... about 200 degrees in Merced, 400 degrees out in Fresno, and I know we're gonna have about 500 degrees up around the valley somewhere. You got the Wolfman Jack Show.

MINIATURE GOLF COURSE AND ARCADE

As the Silhouettes yip-yip-yip into "Get a Job," we see the mysterious white Thunderbirds cruise by and disappear. The Pharoahs' Mercury turns into the parking lot of a 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.

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, except for a couple of ugly girls putting around in the far corner. Under a trellis, Curt and Joe enter as the Pharoahs fool around with the candy machine, pinball games, "Check Your Weight," and "Air Corps Gunner" games, pretending to play with them. Joe looks around, whistling again.

JOE

All right, men.

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

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

MR. GORDON

What're you punks doing?

The Pharoahs can't think of anything right away. Ants bounces noisily in the "Rocket to the Moon." The Pharoahs are all looking to Joe for guidance. Joe for his part is 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
Hey, you haven't left yet?

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

Mr. Gordon looks puzzled.

CURT
I mean, I'm not leaving until
tomorrow.

MR. GORDON
Tomorrow. Well, listen, Hank
Anderson's inside. Come in and say
goodbye. You know, 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 we can do, let us know.

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

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

JOE
Hey, we're all done out here.

MR. GORDON
All done? What--what's he mean?

CURT

Ah, he means, we're all done having loads of fun out here.

MR. GORDON

Oh, well...

HANK

Wonderful. You can have all the fun you want. This place is for fun.

CURT

Yes. Yes, it is. Thank you. Thank you both.

MR. GORDON

Good luck now.

HANK

Before I say goodbye, Curt, I want to tell you I hope you'll be taking along with you a little piece of this place.

CURT

I think I have.

HANK

Good. Don't forget us.

CURT

No, I won't forget you and you won't forget me.

MR. GORDON

Okay. 'Bye.

HANK

Good-bye and good luck.

CURT

'Bye.

JOE

It was nice to meet yuh.

CURT

Right. What he said goes for me, too.

Curt and Joe go out through the arcade toward the Mercury. They start walking faster, anxious to get away. Joe grins at Curt as they climb into the car.

JOE

Yeah, you just might make it as a Pharoah yet, boy.

Back in the office, Hank and Mr. Gordon watch the car pull out.

HANK

Some day he'll make a fine Moose.

THE CANAL BANK

Steve's Chevy sits near the canal. The door is open and the radio blares, while Terry and Debbie are off somewhere in the weeds making out.

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 silver in the moonlight as a switchblade springs open!

Terry reacts to the sound.

DEBBIE

What's wrong?

TERRY

I thought I heard something.

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

VOICE (O.S.)

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 is gone!

He scrambles to the spot where the Chevy once stood.

TERRY

Oh no!!! OH NO!!!

Debbie comes up and watches Terry look heavenward.

TERRY

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

THE CANAL BANK--LAURIE'S '58 EDSEL

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

Laurie's Edsel is parked by the slow-moving water. In the
front 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

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

STEVE

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

LAURIE

That's what Curt said.

STEVE

Oh, figures.
(smiling)
You must've 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 probably right
for Curt. Not for me though. Laurie,
look at me. Now you know what I want

out of life. And it's just 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
and gently kisses her. They begin to make out, Laurie seeming
a little desperate. Steve pushes her slowly down on the seat.
He moves on top of her and his hand begins to wander.

LAURIE

Steve! Don't.

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 something to remember you by.
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.

STEVE

Not like that.

LAURIE

If you're not going to remember me
for anything 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

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!

She reaches past him and pulls the door handle. The door
swings open and she shoves Steve out. Then she starts the
engine and 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.

THE CANAL ROAD

Terry and Debbie walk slowly along the dark canal. 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

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 him and his
legs on--

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

Wait a second. Did you hear...?

DEBBIE

You think it's the Goat Killer?

TERRY

(whispering)

No! 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
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
Shhh--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. 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 and yells.

STEVE (O.S.)
Terry!

TERRY
Who, me? Why me?

Terry stops yelling, seeing that it's Steve.

STEVE
Terry.

TERRY
Steve!

Debbie comes back through the bushes and Terry looks at her nervously.

TERRY

Where'd you go, anyway?

DEBBIE

Over there.

TERRY

Well, don't go off again. Come on,
let's get out of here.

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

STEVE

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

TERRY

(choking)

Um, oh, did I introduce you? This is
Debbie. Debbie, this is Steve.

DEBBIE

Hello.

STEVE

Hi.

DEBBIE

Hi.

They continue to walk along the dark canal bank.

STEVE

Well, what about my car?

TERRY

Um... I'ts in the garage. I put it
in the garage for safe keeping. I
mean... I don't want to take any
chances with it.

STEVE

Oh, great.

DEBBIE

Yeah. Yeah. It's a good thing too.
'Cause somebody stole our car.

STEVE

Really? That's terrible. What kind
was it?

TERRY

Gee, ah, where's Laurie, anyway?

STEVE

I guess we broke up.

TERRY

You broke up? Bull!

Steve just shrugs. The three of them go off into the darkness.

CRUISING MAIN STREET-'32 YELLOW DEUCE COUPE

The coupe makes an eccentric swerve as it cruises along the main drag. Inside, Carol is looking at the gear-shift knob that she's taken off the shift arm as they listen to "Do You Want to Dance?"

CAROL

It doesn't look like a gear shift knob.

JOHN

Come on, will ya? Give it back to me.

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 put 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

(worried)

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 Ramona, 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.

John sighs, wondering if he'll ever get rid of her. He looks back at something in the rear view mirror. He speeds up and checks the mirror again.

CAROL

What do you keep lookin' at?
(she looks around
behind them)
Who's that? You know him? He's
following awful close.

JOHN

Grab onto something.

Carol looks scared and grabs onto the dash. John suddenly hits the brakes. The deuce coupe noses down and Bob Falfa's Chevy has to swerve abruptly to avoid a crash.

Falfa pulls the Chevy around and alongside the coupe. He has another new girl with him.

FALFA

(shouting over)
Sorry if I scared ya, man.

JOHN

(looking ahead)
Takes more than that to scare me.

FALFA

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

JOHN

Hey, 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--you're driving a
field car.

FALFA

Field car? What's a Field Car?

JOHN

Field Cars drive through the fields,
dropping cow shit all over the place
to make the lettuce grow.

FALFA

(laughing)
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, ain't it?

JOHN

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

FALFA

Well, at least I don't have to move over to let a funeral go by, man.

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

That didn't come out right...

They both stop at a light now. Falfa 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

Hey, that's a tough lookin' girl you got with you, man. What're you doin'? Trying to pick up a few extra bucks babysitting?

(grinning at Carol)

Hey, Doll. Why don't you come on and ride with me--in about ten years?

JOHN

Leave her out of this. This is just between you and me.

Falfa revs his engine again. John thinks a moment, then shifts down into first.

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

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

JOHN

Yeah. But he's stupid.

CRUISING 10TH STREET-PHAROAH'S '51 MERCURY

Curt is still out riding with the Pharoahs. He seems a little easier with them now, after their successful heist at the miniature golf course. The radio is playing "Party Doll."

CURT

Hey--any of you guys know a blonde in a white T-Bird?

JOE

Yeah, I seen her, what about it?

CURT

I was just wondering who she is.

JOE

She's outta 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.

CARLOS

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.

CARLOS

Fuzz ahead, watch it.

JOE

Where?

CARLOS

Fuzz ahead, watch it.

JOE

Where?

CARLOS

At Jerrie's Cherries. You can just

barely see the fender.

ANTS

That's rotten, man. Hiding like that.

CARLOS

That's shitty.

JOE

It's dishonest.

Ants gives him the evil eye. Joe watches the cop car in the used car lot as they pass it.

JOE

We oughta do something. I got an idea. I got a good idea.

MAIN STREET

Steve, Terry and Debbie have made it back into town from the canal. They walk past the closed stores and stop on a busy corner.

STEVE

I think I'm gonna go over to Burger City.

TERRY

Yeah. Yeah. Laurie's probably over there.

STEVE

You really think she's got me worried about where she is, don't you?

TERRY

Well...

STEVE

Let me tell you something. I couldn't care less. Want to come along?

DEBBIE

Yeah, I do. I do.

TERRY

No.

STEVE

Make up your minds.

TERRY

No, thanks. U'mm. You know we got to report the car missing.

STEVE

All right. See yuh.

TERRY

Yeah. See yuh.

Steve goes off and Debbie looks at Terry.

DEBBIE

Why can't we go to Burger City?

TERRY

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

She looks hurt and starts off.

ALLEY BEHIND JERRY'S CHERRIES USED-CAR LOT

Curt is getting out of the low-slung Merc and Joe saunters around from the driver's side. He smiles, friendly like--

JOE

Listen, ah--Carl, I--

CURT

Curt.

JOE

Curt.

He nods at Curt, looking cautiously around the dark lot.

JOE

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 town, you got the same secret dream, right?

Curt nods.

JOE

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.

JOE

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

Curt hasn't the slightest idea what Joe is talking about. Joe puts his arm around Curt's shoulders and leads him away, explaining what he has to do, while Ants and Carlos grin.

In the middle of the used car lot, a patrol car hides among the autos for sale. Inside the car, Holstein sits with another officer who's dozing. Across Holstein's dark glasses, reflections of the kids' cars cruising by can be seen, as Holstein waits to nab somebody.

Joe approaches the patrol car through the lot. He ducks,

carrying a length of metal cable in his hand. Curt wanders behind him. Joe sees him and motions for him to get down.

JOE

Get down!

Curt ducks down near Joe.

JOE

Okay. Now you got it? I'm stayin' here. You're on your own.

CURT

Wait a minute, wait a minute, Joe. What if he hears me?

JOE

Shhh. Listen. Look at it this way: Now you got three choices. One, you chicken out. In that case, I let Ants tie you to the car and drag you around a little bit. And you don't want that, right?

CURT

No.

JOE

Two, you foul up and Holstein hears you and well, ah... you don't want that, right?

CURT

No, I don't.

JOE

Three, you are successful and you join the Pharoahs with a carcoat, and the blood initiation and all that, huh?

CURT

(seeing Joe walk away)

Wait--wait a minute. Wait a minute! What blood initiation?

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, here we go baby! Here's "Come Go With Me."

The policeman waits for a victim. In the background, we see Curt dodging from behind one car to another. Taking cover, Curt makes another break toward a car--and trips and falls.

In the cop car, Holstein thinks he hears something. He opens the door and gets out. Adjusting his billy club, he paces around the used car lot officiously, while Curt hides behind a Falcon and peeks out from behind a fender. He sees Holstein walking back toward the squad car. The cop opens the door again and climbs in. The echoing sound of the calls coming over the police radio blend with the Wolfman's howling as

cars pass with their radios blaring.

Curt is inching forward with the cable, toward the squad car. In the background, a slow freight train can be heard starting to move across the valley. Curt ties the cable to a post and then, looking scared, crawls under the police car with the cable.

Underneath the car, Curt inches on his back and then reaches up and attaches the cable to the rear axle of the car.

MAIN STREET

Terry and Debbie are walking across the street, Terry looks miserable and disconsolate about the loss of the Chevy he possessed for three short hours. Debbie tries to be more positive about the situation.

DEBBIE

Hey, why don't we go get your jeep?

TERRY

What? What are you talking about?

DEBBIE

You know, your jeep. The one you sold the hunting ponies for. The one with the four-wheel drive.

Terry just stares at her morosely. He stops by a parking meter and sinks down on top of it.

DEBBIE

Come on, Terry--Terry?

ALLEY BEHIND JERRY'S CHERRIES USED CAR LOT

Curt and Joe are on the run toward the Merc. Ants and Carlos jump in as they start their getaway.

JOE

Hey, you sure you got enough slack?

CURT

Yeah, yeah. No sweat. Let's get out of here.

MAIN STREET

Joe shifts into high gear and is flying down the main drag. Terry and Debbie look startled as they see the Pharoah's Mercury roaring by--and Curt leaning out the door, shouting insanely.

CURT

Stand by for Justice!

Terry and Debbie watch the Merc speed suicidally past Jerry's Cherries Used-Car Lot.

Holstein spots them and the driver starts up the engine of

the squad car. The red lights start flashing 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 back. 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 twenty degree angle, while its engine whines impotently at top speed.

On the radio, the all-seeing Wolfman gives an evil laugh--

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, I can't believe it. Feels so
good 'cause you're sweet sixteen.

And Johnny Burnette takes his cue and croons into "You're Sixteen."

A DARK ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN--DEUCE COUPE

John has glided off the main drag and into a residential area. Everything is dark and quiet as the adult population sleeps through the night. John pulls the coupe to the curb and turns off the engine. He turns out the lights.

Inside the car, there's silence. Only the clock ticking. Carol looks over at John a little nervously.

CAROL

Why are we stopping here?

John looks at her and his arm slides along the back of the seat above her. She notices his arm and the fact that he's moving slowly toward her.

JOHN

(in a husky voice)

Carol...

CAROL

What?

JOHN

I--I don't think that I can control
myself any longer.

CAROL

You can't?

JOHN

No... Carol, I've got to have you.

CAROL

Me?

He touches her hair and she slouches back into her corner

fearfully.

JOHN

All night you've been sitting there
and you've been so sexy and it's
been so hot--and I can't wait any
more...

CAROL

Well--well, a lot of that's an act,
you know. Like... like my crying. It
was just an act.

JOHN

Well, it's been building up inside
of me like a volcano, all night.
Maybe if I knew where you lived I
could fight it--I could take you
home--but since you won't tell me,
and since here we are--I've got to
have you. It's too late--

CAROL

It's not too late! It's never too
late! 231 Ramona--two three one--

JOHN

(smiling)

Two three one--

CAROL

I'll show you! It's easy to find.

John starts the car engine. Carol looks very relieved. The
yellow deuce coupe roars off down the dark street.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

Steve sits 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 for herself.

Steve looks up as she comes over on her roller skates.

BUDDA

Hi. You mind if I sit down?

STEVE

Hi Budda. No, have a seat.

BUDDA

I got five minutes outa 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.

BUDDA

Where's Laurie?

STEVE

I don't know.

BUDDA

I thought the two of you'd be going strong, this being your last night and everything--

STEVE

We broke up.

Budda looks surprised.

STEVE

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. Hers is "Never surrender," me I lay down my arms at the drop of a hat--

VOICE (O.S.)

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 girlfriend's away for the weekend.

STEVE

I don't know...

Laurie walks up the drive-in and is about to enter when she

stops and watches Steve and Budda. She thinks about going in, then hesitates, watching them.

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 and leaves before Steven sees her.

BUDDA

I'll see ya later then.

She gets up and goes back to the counter on her skates. Steve thinks a moment and gets up also.

STEVE

Budda, Budda wait.

She turns and he comes over to her as she puts back on her little cap.

STEVE

I gotta get up early and--I just don't think it'd work out.

BUDDA

She's got you so brainwashed--well, hell. Some day I'm gonna win. Don't ya think?

STEVE

Sure.

She smiles briefly, then turns and leaves. Steve watches her go.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

The drive-in remains a raucous roar: Cars coming in from the hop, from the movies, other cars going out to the canal or back out to cruise. Only the car hops, who have developed a late-hour, harried look, suggest it's nearly closing time.

The Pharoahs arrive. The Mercury swings imperiously into the lot. The radio can be heard as the rumbling engine dies. The Clovers are singing "Love Potion #9."

Curt jumps out of the Mercury elated. The Pharoahs all climb out and circle him, punching him playfully. Joe holds him while Carlos tickles him and they all laugh.

JOE

Oh mother, it's been a glorious night.

CARLOS

That was the bitchinest thing I ever seen in my whole life.

ANTS

I seen a little kid attacked by pigs
once, but this was even better.

JOE

Oh boy, I'll tell you something,
that car must've jumped five feet in
the air!

Curt nods, 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 nods, thinking about it. Then he shrugs. He looks at
the three Pharoahs as they climb back into their maroon
chariot.

CURT

Hey--I'll see you guys.

JOE

Sure--listen, remember, Rome wasn't
buried in a night.

Joe laughs and Curt nods. He watches the Mercury pull out
and then he wanders back across the drive-in toward his little
Citroen.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

My, my, my. You only got five minutes
left, if you want to talk to the
Wolfman. Gonna make all your dreams
come true, baby.

Curt gets into the little car and sits listening to the radio.
The neon

MEL'S DRIVE-IN is reflected across the windshield.

VOICE (V.O.)

Wolfman...

WOLFMAN

Yeah.

VOICE

Would you dedicate a record to keep
me and my girlfriend together?

WOLFMAN

Are you separated?

VOICE

Well, see, we're havin' a little
problem.

WOLFMAN

I'll bring you right together. Hold
on a minute, man. Hi ya, hi ya, hi,
hi, hi. Everything's gonna be all
right now, man, you understand? Now,
let me play the record for you.

As the Wolfman talks on, Curt glances toward the street. He sees the white Thunderbird gliding by. He sits up quickly and tries to start the Citroen--but the machine barely turns over. He keeps trying desperately, but the engine won't catch.

CRUISING G STREET--'58 EDESEL

Laurie drives slowly, alone in the Edsel. On the radio, the Skyliners are lamenting the sad state of things--"Since I Don't Have You." Laurie wipes her eyes, crying with the music. A horn honks. She looks over to see Bob Falfa's car pacing her. He's alone now and grinning at her. Laurie ignores him. They drive along further. Falfa roars his engine, but she still doesn't give him any attention. He gives up and pulls off.

Laurie thinks a while, pouting. She pulls alongside Falfa at the next 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, baby, what do you say?

LAURIE

Just don't say anything and we'll
get along fine.

Falfa is puzzled by the frigidity in the air. He glances at her then back at the road, wondering about this strange chick.

RESIDENTIAL STREET--DEUCE COUPE

The coupe slows in front of a modest California ranch-style home. John stops the car and turns off the engine. He looks over at Carol, who seems lost in thought.

JOHN

This the first time you've been quiet
all night.

CAROL

I had fun. Goodbye.

She sits for a moment, about to say something.

CAROL

Do you like me?

JOHN

Yeah. I like you. You're all right.

CAROL

But I mean, do you like me?

JOHN

I, ah... I like you. Okay?

CAROL

Couldn't I have something to remember
you by?

John gives in to her sweet gaze. He takes off the gearshift 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.

JOHN

Yeah.

CAROL

It's like we were going steady.
Wait'll I tell Marcia.

JOHN

Wait a minute, now.

CAROL

Wait'll I tell everybody.

JOHN

Don't go overboard with this thing.

CAROL

Well, I'll see you around.

She jumps out of the car and runs up the walk to the house.

He watches her stop at the screen door and turn. She gives him a little wave, then goes inside.

John looks over at the empty seat next to him and seems a little sad. He starts the engine and drives off slowly.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

I haven't cried so much. And the tears and everything, man... I leaned down towards the microphone and I almost shorted myself out.

OUTSIDE MEL'S DRIVE-IN

Curt has the front hood up on the beetle-like Citroen and is fooling with the recalcitrant engine. Steve is standing beside him.

CURT

Hold that up.

STEVE

(taking the hood from him)

I've been thinking--maybe you're right. Why should I leave home to find a new home. Why should I leave friends that I love to find new friends?

CURT

Wait a minute, wait a minute. I've heard this already. Aren't you the one who for eight weeks has been telling me you have to leave the nest sometime?

STEVE

I realize that. I realize--

CURT

No--no realizing. You've been telling me all summer that it's time to pull your head out of the sand and take a look at the big, beautiful world out there. Gimme this thing.

STEVE

(letting him close the hood)

I don't know--I--

CURT

(banging the Citroen hood shut)

I feel like a mid-wife.

STEVE

I guess I was wrong. I may have been wrong.

CURT

Wrong nothing. You've been talking about getting out of this town for eight weeks. And now--goddamnit!--you're just--you're just mentally playing with yourself. If you can just relax, we'll talk about it at the airport.

Curt walks around the side of the car and opens the door.

STEVE

Where are you going? It's awfully early in the morning.

CURT

I have a dental appointment.

STEVE

Come on, Curt...

CURT

Just relax, wil ya? I'll see you at the airport.

Curt gets into the car and starts the engine. Steve watches him pull out of the drive-in, then walks off.

ALLEY BEHIND THE "COME ON INN" BAR

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.

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 drink. He told me.

An old man looks at his watch and then up at the stars.

OLD MAN

Gettin' late... I knew a man once who got this sick. Billy Webber. 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 an arm around her sentimentally.

OLD WOMAN

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.

The people drift off, leaving Debbie sitting alone on the
car. 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.

TERRY

Ohh rats, I feel like--
(he notices a car
nearby and pushes
himself up)
Wait a second... hey!

He staggers across the lot toward Steve's Chevy! Debbie slides
off the car and follows him.

TERRY

It's--oh my god--it looks like Steve's
car. Look, right here under our--
it's my car. My car. We found it.
Look!

Terry staggers around and looks for the keys. He searches
under the front seat and over the visor.

Must've 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-wire it...
okay?

GAS STATION--DEUCE COUPE

John pulls the coupe out of the garage and wheels up to the
pumps of the gas station. An attendant nods, looking at the
roaring engine.

ATTENDANT

Took the header plugs off. Expectin'
some action?

John looks at him from inside the coupe and nods slowly.

JOHN

Yeah. Think so. There's some punk
lookin' for me.

ATTENDANT

Why the hell do they bother? You've been number one as long as I can remember.

JOHN

Yeah... it's been a long time, ain't it? I'll see ya. Thanks.

John drives the car out of the station and screeches down the street.

ALLEY BEHIND THE "COME ON INN" BAR--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry is fiddling around under the dashboard, trying to hot-wire the Chevy. As the wires connect, the radio comes to life and the Wolfman growls.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this on the Wolfman telephone?

There's the sound of a phone ringing, then the unmistakable voice of the Big Bopper answering.

BIG BOPPER (V.O.)

Hellooo, baaaby--

Just then, Terry looks up and sees one large badass looking at him. Terry gets up slowly and sees another big guy standing nearby. The first badass reaches in and grabs Terry by the shirt. He pulls him from the car. Terry is smiling weakly.

TERRY

Ah, hi--this is my car. What I mean is, somebody stole my car--I mean I lost my car and I want to thank you two guys for--

The first badass shoves Terry toward the other badass.

TERRY

--for returning--I mean finding it. I mean, listen now, listen guys-- I've been sick recently, and this kind of activity can really be hard on a guy. Now, easy will you? Easy!

They throw him back and forth and start to rough him up seriously. Debbie is running around helplessly while they pummel Terry. Then, she sees the yellow deuce coupe passing.

John glances out his window and notices the fight behind the Come On Inn. He punches it and wheels into a fast U-turn.

The hoods have quit playing with Terry and are punching him. Terry's still on his feet, mostly because he's drunk and staggering away from a lot of the blows; also, Debbie is screaming and pelting the assailants with her purse.

DEBBIE

Stop it, stop it, stop it! Help!
Police! You creeps!

John jumps out of the coupe and runs into the parking lot. He grabs one of the punks and turns him--smashing him in the face. The punk lands on his ass. John starts circling the other.

TERRY
Go, John!

DEBBIE
Hit him!

A good fighter, John lands a couple of blows to the gut and lands him on his can. Both of them crawl off. Terry is lying nearby, drunk, sick and bloodied. Debbie holds his head in her lap. John goes over and kneels by them.

JOHN
Hey, man, you all right?

TERRY
Yeah. I'll die soon and it'll all be over.

DEBBIE
(looking at John)
Wow--you're just like the Lone Ranger.

JOHN
(eyeing Debbie)
Yeah. Listen, are you with the Toad, or were you with them?

Terry manages to raise his head.

TERRY
You're talking to the woman I love...

His head falls back again.

JOHN
What happened, man?

Terry opens his mouth to start to explain, but it's too hard. He can only moan.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

The drive-in is emptying out finally as the midnight hour approaches and passes. The die-hards and the hard-ups are still wheeling through Mel's looking for remains of any action.

Steve sits inside in a booth. Two gossipy looking girls come in smiling and slide into the booth across from him.

STEVE
Hi, Karen, Judy.

JUDY
Hi, Steve. Have you seen Laurie
lately?

Steve shakes his head no.

JUDY
Well, we have.

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.

Terry and Debbie pull into the drive-in 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. Never mind,
forget the cokes, just bring the
ice, pronto.

The intercom repeats his order in a foreign 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.

Terry looks at her, his eye swollen, his lip ballooning, his glasses broken. Finally, he gives up--it's not worth the trouble any longer.

TERRY

It's not my car.

DEBBIE

What?

TERRY

What?

TERRY

IT IS NOT MY CAR!

DEBBIE

Well, where is 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.

DEBBIE

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 shrugs, 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)

No... Steve took it.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

It's a shame, Baby. I'll tell yuh...
Got to take it easy when you're
drivin' that car of yours. You got
to cruise easy, baby. Don't be doin'
any accidents or anything on me.

And the radio plays "Cryin' in the Chapel."

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.

TERRY

Oh come on, you're just--

DEBBIE

No, no, really. I really had a good
time. I mean, you picked me up and
we got some hard stuff and saw a
hold-up, and then we went to the
Canal, you got your car stolen, and
then I got to watch you gettin' sick,
and then you got in this really
bitchin' fight... I really had a
good time.

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 you're not doing anything
tomorrow night, why don't you come
over?

TERRY

Yeah--well, I might be busy, you
know. But we could--well, I got a
little Vespa I just play around with.

DEBBIE

Really? Why that's almost a
motorcycle. And I just love
motorcycles.

He feels his swollen lip and she touches it. Then she leans
over and kisses him.

DEBBIE

I got to go.

TERRY

Ow.

DEBBIE

Goodnight.

TERRY

See ya.

She smiles, walks off, swinging her purse. She looks over her shoulder and smiles. He smiles back.

OUTSIDE RADIO STATION--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 when 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 hitting 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 intercom.

VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah, who is it?

CURT

It's--I want to talk to the Wolfman.

VOICE

The Wolfman ain't here.

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.
Wolfman 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.

INSIDE RADIO STATION

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 chinbeard. Then he speaks, his voice filtering
strangely through a hidden speaker.

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.

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 a Hawaiian shirt. He sucks on a popsicle. Curt stands
awkwardly.

MANAGER

Hey, have a popsicle. The ice box
just broke down and they're meltin'
all over the place. You want one?

CURT

No. Thanks. Listen, ah...

MANAGER

Have a popsicle.

CURT

Are you the Wolfman?

MANAGER

No, man. I'm not the Wolfman.

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 adjusts the monitor volume down and sucks his popsicle.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this on the Wolfman's
telephone?

DIANE (V.O.)

Diane.

WOLFMAN

How're you doin', Diane?

DIANE

All right.

The station manager smiles at Curt, who is watching the tape and blinking lights of the large console.

MANAGER

That's the Wolfman.

CURT

He's on tape. The man is on tape.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Do you love me? Say you love me,
Diane.

CURT

Well, ah--where does he work? I mean,
where is the Wolfman now?

MANAGER

The Wolfman is everywhere.

CURT

But I got to give him this note.

MANAGER

(taking it from Curt)

Here, let me see the note.

(he reads it)

Hell, that's just a dedication. All
I gotta do is relay it. And it'll be
on the air tomorrow, or Tuesday at
the latest.

CURT

No, no. See, this is very important.
I may be leaving town tomorrow, and
it's very important that I--damn it,

that I reach this girl right now.

MANAGER

You don't know whether you're gonna leave town or not?

CURT

Well, I'm supposed to go to college back East tomorrow. And I don't know if I'm gonna go.

MANAGER

Wait a minute. Have a popsicle.

CURT

No, thank you.

MANAGER

Sit down a minute.

Curt sits down, undecided about leaving and upset about not being able to get in touch with the lovely creature he saw earlier that night.

MANAGER

Listen, it's early in the morning. Now, I can't really talk for the Wolfman. But I think if he was here 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 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 on popsicles.

Curt looks at him a moment.

CURT

Why don't you leave?

MANAGER

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.

Curt nods and stands. The manager swivels around and punches some buttons, putting on a commercial.

He turns back.

MANAGER

I tell you what. If I can possibly do it tonight, I'll try to relay this dedication and get it on the air for you later on.

CURT

That'd be great. Thanks. Really.

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 a 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...

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

John is working under the hood of the deuce coupe when Falfa's Chevy drives into the parking lot. The radio is now blasting "Heart and Soul." Terry moves over toward John's car. John doesn't look up, although he is quite aware of Falfa's entrance.

Falfa slows down in front of John's car and revs his engine again. John looks up--Laurie is in the car with Falfa. She looks determined not to seem as scared as she really is.

TERRY

Hey, John, let me go with you. Come on.

JOHN

Naw, man. I can't take you when I'm racin' somebody.

TERRY

Ah, come on. Just let me go. So I
can watch. Or, I'll flag you, okay?

JOHN

All right. Go ahead.

Terry starts to climb into the car. John looks over at Falfa
in the rumbling Chevy.

JOHN

Paradise Road.

Falfa grins and gooses the Chevy, peeling out of Mel's Drive-
in.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--FALFA'S '55 CHEVY

Falfa looks over at Laurie, who is watching the road
nervously.

FALFA

All right now, where's this Paradise
Road?

LAURIE

You just follow this street straight
out of town... Listen, if you're
gonna race John Milner, you can let
me out right when we get there.

FALFA

Why don't you shut up, baby? You
ain't said one word all night long.
What a weird broad. But you're gonna
appreciate me soon. You're gonna be
hangin' on for mercy, when I get
this sucker rollin'.

He accelerates the Chevy, shifting up deftly. Laurie looks
scared now.

CRUISING 10TH STREET--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Steve is cruising along the almost deserted streets looking
for Laurie. A T-Roadster 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

John's racing Falfa?

DALE

Yeah. Figured something was up, saw
them going out of town real cautious
and then--

But Steve is gone. Dale looks surprised as the Chevy roars
off toward Paradise Road.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN--PRE-DAWN

Curt pulls into the parking lot just as the neon sign goes
out. The last cars are leaving as the drive-in shuts up
for the night. Curt stops next to the lighted phone booth
and sits in his car, listening to the Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

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 white 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
3132. 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.

PARADISE ROAD--DAWN

John's '32 yellow deuce coupe and Falfa's black '55 Chevy
are waiting side by side on a long, straight country road,
their front wheels resting on a weather-beaten starting line.
The sky is getting lighter as the radio plays "Green Onions."

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--Laurie, what in the hell are
you doing in there? Is she gonna
ride 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 revvin' their engines; the tension builds. Terry looks nervous, the engines start to scream and Terry, his hands shaking on the flashlight, manages to flash it on.

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 scared to death. Falfa looks insane as he tromps it.

John hits fourth at about eighty-five. 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 blows a tire, 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 is panicked.

Meanwhile, the spectators have arrived, including Steve, who jumps from his car and is 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 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.

LAURIE

No, no, no. Please, don't come near
me. No, please. I think I'm gonna be
sick. Oh, Steven.

STEVE

Laurie, please.

Standing in the early light, Steve holds her. She throws her
arms around him as the crowd develops along the irrigation
ditch to watch the flaming car.

LAURIE

Oh, Steven! Oh, Steven, please, don't
leave me. Don't leave me, Steven.

STEVE

I won't.

LAURIE

I couldn't bear it.

STEVE

I won't.

LAURIE

Please.

STEVE

Believe me.

John looks at Falfa who's 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 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 even get in a car again.

JOHN

He was faster.

TERRY

It was beautiful, John. Just beauti--
what?

John stops by the open door of the deuce coupe. Terry stares
at him and squints against the rising sun.

JOHN

I was losin', man.

TERRY

What?

JOHN

He had me, man. He was pullin' away
from me just before he crashed.

TERRY

You're crazy.

JOHN

You saw it.

TERRY

No, you creamed him, from right off
the line. The guy never had a chance.

JOHN

Shit, Toad. The man had me. He was
beating me.

TERRY

John, I don't know what you're talking
about. It was the most beautiful
thing I've ever seen. That guy, he
might as well get a wheelchair and
roll himself home. Man, you got...
you got the bitchinist car in the
Valley. You'll always be number one,
John. You're the greatest.

John nods, then looks up at Terry. His face is glowing, his
glasses are smashed and his lip is swollen. John smiles.

JOHN

Look at your glasses, man.
(shaking his head)
Okay, Toad. We'll take 'em all.

TERRY

(grinning)
Right.

JOHN

We'll take em... let's get out of
here.

John climbs in the car. Terry yawns and shakes his head.

TERRY

Jesus, what a night.

He climbs in too, and the deuce coupe drives off slowly as the sun rises over the ploughed fields and on the radio we hear "Only You."

MEL'S DRIVE-IN-DAWN-CITROEN

Curt sleeps in the little car as the sky grows lighter over the empty parking lot. The phone is ringing in the booth. It continues to ring. Finally Curt becomes aware of it 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 (V.O.)

Curt?

CURT

Yeah... this is Curt, who is this?

VOICE

Who were you expecting?

CURT

Do you drive a white T-Bird?

VOICE

A white '56. I saw you on Third Street.

CURT

You know me.

VOICE

Of course!

CURT

Who are you? How do you know me?

VOICE

It's not important.

CURT

(excitedly)

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 Third Street every night. Maybe I'll see you again tonight.

CURT

No... 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.

CURT

Wait a second! Wait a second!

But there's a click as she hangs up. Curt looks at the phone a moment, then also hangs up. From the car radio, he hears the Wolfman making kissing noises.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Little kiss on your ear. Good night,
sweetheart. I'll see you later.

And then the Spaniels duh-duh-duh-duh-duh into "Goodnight Sweetheart."

AIRPORT DAY

A DC-3 prop airliner is warming up its engines as it waits to take off from a small country airport. There aren't too many people around. Just Curt and his friends and family seeing him off. Curt stands with a kindly-looking couple in their fifties. He hugs his mother and shakes hands with his dad.

Then, Curt moves to his friends. He shakes Steve's hand.

STEVE

Good luck.

CURT

Yeah, same to you. And I better see
you there next year.

STEVE

Oh yeah, I'll be there.

CURT

Sure.

Curt hugs his sister. Laurie holds on to him for a moment.

CURT

See ya later.

Laurie
'Bye 'bye, Curt.

Curt goes to Terry and John.

Curt
So long, guys.

Terry
Well, stay cool, man.

Curt
Yeah.

Terry
Ah--don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Curt smiles at Terry, who has a bandage on his forehead.
Curt looks at John and they don't seem to know what to say.
Finally, John gives Curt a little slap on the cheek.

Curt
I'll see ya, buddy.

John
I know, you probably think you're a
big shot, goin' off like this--but
you're still a punk.

Curt
Okay, John. So long.

He walks toward the plane and they all wave. He looks around
as he goes up the steps carrying a small bag and a portable
radio. The stewardess smiles as he passes her. Above the
door of the plane it reads RADAR EQUIPPED. Curt looks back
again, then goes inside. The plane takes off down the runway
and then climbs up into the sky.

INSIDE THE PLANE

Curt listens to the radio as the plane takes off. It's playing
"Goodnight Sweetheart." As the plane climbs and banks 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, through the window Curt sees the white
Thunderbird crossing beneath on the small grey ribbon of
highway. Curt watches it. Then the plane's shadow ripples
over the car and it, too, is gone.

THE BLUE SKY

As the plane flies off against the blue sky we see cameos of
Curt and his friends:

John Milner was killed by a drunk driver in December 1964.
Terry Fields was reported missing in action near An Loc in
December 1965.
Steve Bolander is an insurance agent in Modesto, California.

Curt Henderson is a writer living in Canada.

THE END