
GRANDVIEW, U.S.A.

a screenplay

by Ken Hixon

CBS Theatrical

THE GERSH AGENCY, INC.
222 NORTH CANON DRIVE
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A Note About The Setting...

This story takes place in Grandview, Indiana. It's a small town cut from the same pattern as a thousand other small midwestern towns; conservative, grain fed, and God fearing. The local economy is based on farming and light industry. There's a Delco plant that manufactures plastic casings for automobile batteries and another firm that fabricates aluminum storm doors and windows. The big event of the year is the regional basketball tournament.

Grandview is centered around a town square dominated by a turn of the century courthouse and a few statues of long forgotten heroes. The red brick and Indiana limestone buildings surrounding the square house a typical assortment of businesses: a bank, a barber shop, a dime store, a Sears Catalogue store, and professional offices. Most of the houses are made of clapboard with large front porchs and detached garages. The streets are shaded by rows weeping willows and oak trees.

Like many towns, there's a right side of town and a wrong side of town. The centerpiece of the right side of town is a suburban development of split-level homes. Folks in Grandview refer to it as, "the northside". That is where this story begins...

FADE IN:
EXT. SUBURBS - DUSK (PRESENT DAY)

1

Split-level dream houses, one after another. Driveways filled with dream cars, dream campers, and dream boats. A Better Homes & Gardens neighborhood. It's near sunset and small plumes of smoke are rising from the backyard barbecues. WE HEAR a suburban symphony of SOUNDS: distant lawn mowers, children's shouts, the hissing of sprinklers, the drone of television sets, the sawing of a weekend carpenter, and then:

TIM (V.O.)
(singing)
Summertime and the living is easy,
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high.
Your daddy's rich and your momma's good looking,
So hush little baby, don't you cry...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, PEARSON HOME - DUSK

2

TIM PEARSON poses in front of the mirror singing SUMMERTIME in a forlorn minstrel fashion using a tube of stick deodorant as a microphone. Tim is the vision of the All-American boy: handsome, intelligent, and a Pepsodent smile. As he sings he slathers his armpits with the deodorant, then splashes down with English Leather. He finishes his sad ballad with a few good blasts of Binaca Mouth Spray.

CUT TO:

INT. BONNIE CLARK'S BEDROOM - DUSK

3

A FOUR-POSTER BED with a frilly pink spread, lace covered pillows, and an assortment of Snoopy dolls leaning against the headboard. BONNIE CLARK falls onto the bed clutching a thin bathrobe over her naked body. Bonnie's a teenage knock out: perfect body, teeth, and hair. She trembles in fear and her lips quiver.

BONNIE
No...no...please, you mustn't! Oh, please!
Don't, don't, please don't! No, no, no.
Oh God, I can't stand it...take me, take me!

She embraces herself and writhes in ecstasy. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that she is resisting an imaginary lover.

BONNIE
(continuing)
Oh, yes...yes...yes!

She sighs loudly and goes limp.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DUSK

4

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the square and the courthouse. A CUSTODIAN lowers the Stars 'n Stripes and the State of Indiana flag as an old, battered, TOW TRUCK turns onto the square and parks.

CUT TO:

MIKE CODY

5

gets out of the truck. Mike isn't a man, but an attractive thirty year old woman. (Mike is a nickname, short for Michelle.) Mike is a tom-boy grown up; no make up, sun-chapped complexion, her hair always pinned up or pulled back. She wears a man's work shirt, faded blue jeans, and dirty tennis shoes. Her tom-boy habits don't detract from her natural beauty; she's just a hard working woman with little time or inclination for glamor. She STAPLES a cheaply printed POSTER to a UTILITY POLE, it reads:

THRILLS!! SPILLS!!
DEMOLITION DERBY!
EVERY FRI & SAT NITE
8 PM
CODY'S SPEEDROME
COUNTY LINE RD.
(1 Mi. East HWY 4)
ADMISSION \$2
FUN FOR THE FAMILY

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, SLAM WEBSTER'S HOUSE - DUSK

6

ERNIE "SLAM" WEBSTER pops the cap off a can of Day-Glo orange SPRAY PAINT and shakes it up. He walks over to a dented '67 CHEVY sedan and spray paints a couple of lightning bolts on the hood. The backyard of his small, modest home is a museum of stripped cars and spare parts. Slam is thirty-two, a good looking muscular man with a tough guy facade. He makes a living driving a bulldozer for the county.

CANDY WEBSTER steps out on the back porch. Candy is twenty-one. She and Slam were married when she was seventeen. She's dressed to kill tonight, her bleached hair tortured into a Farrah Fawcett flip with kewpie doll lips and Cleopatra eyes.

CANDY

There's a hungry man dinner in the oven.

SLAM

Where you going?

CANDY

I told you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6

SLAM

Told me what?

CANDY

I'm going bowling with Martha.

SLAM

Dressed up like that?

CANDY

Well, I was going to go naked, but my ass sticks to the car seat.

She strolls back into the house. Slam watches her go, trying hard not to think what he's thinking. He spray paints SUNDAY DRIVER on the side of the Chevy.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOG 'N SUDS DRIVE IN - DUSK

7

MARY WHITCOMB sits at an outside table finishing off an order of fries. Mary is seventeen. She's too plain to be popular and too timid to be bad. Mary plays the middle and hangs out with anyone who'll hang with her. A vintage MUSTANG pulls up and HONKS. NANCY DAVIS leans out of the driver's window. Nancy is a month older than Mary but tries to look ten years older: long red fingernails, Kool 100's, tight blouses, and a seen-it-all attitude.

MARY

Hey.

NANCY

Hey.

MARY

I thought you and Benny were going to the dance?

NANCY

He's a flake, fuck the dance.

MARY

What happened?

NANCY

Come on, let's go for a drive.

CUT TO:

INT. BONNIE CLARK'S BEDROOM - DUSK

8

Bonnie fastens the last hook on her long white formal. She walks across the bedroom, kneels and carefully pries open a register in the floor. She reaches into the heating duct and pulls out a can of Emko Spermicidal Foam. She replaces the register and slips the Emko into her evening bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY, PEARSON HOME - DUSK

9

Tim sits behind the wheel of a brand new Cadillac. (Its price sticker still glued to the rear side window.) Tim is obviously uneasy with the car and the rented tuxedo he's wearing. ROGER PEARSON, his father, gives him a few last minute pointers on the car. Mr. Pearson is in his late forties. He's a man nurtured on a diet of Reader's Digest, leisure suits, Dale Carnegie, and Alka Selzer. He's in the real estate business and a County Commissioner.

MR. PEARSON

Just move this lever here to put the steering wheel where you want it, but for Christ's sake don't move it when you're driving.

TIM

Dad, I'm going to be late.

MR. PEARSON

And don't touch that, that's the cruise control.

TIM

I'm just going to pick up Bonnie and go to the dance. Okay?

Tim starts the car and slowly backs out of the driveway, his father walks along side the car.

MR. PEARSON

Okay, okay. Don't forget to lock it up. Just push that button there and it locks up everything. Okay?

TIM

Okay, I will. See you later.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF GRANDVIEW - NIGHT

10

Mary and Nancy cruise through town in the Mustang. They share a joint and listen to rock 'n roll on the radio. Mary opens a BOX with a few remnants of gift paper stuck to it. She shrieks as she discovers a long bullet-shaped VIBRATOR with an assortment of french-tickler style attachments.

MARY

Benny gave this to you?

NANCY

Yup, all gift wrapped with a big bow.

MARY

Incredible.

NANCY

He sent away for it in some porno magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

10

MARY

Absolutely incredible.

NANCY

He's acting like, hey-hey, here you go sweetheart. You know, just for you. And all the time I'm thinking how nice, the shithead never gave me a thing, right? Then I opened it up and it's that. I just about puked.

MARY

How does it work?

NANCY

Use your imagination.

MARY

I know what you're supposed to do with it, I just asked how it works.

NANCY

Batteries.

(she shivers with disgust)

Then he gets all breathy, like a German Shepherd or something and says maybe I'd like to try it and maybe he could watch.

Mary moans in astonishment, she can barely control herself.

NANCY

(continuing)

He's terminal, he's got hair on his brains.

(glances at Mary)

Put that thing away.

MARY

(mesmerized)

In-fucking-credible.

Mary accidentally turns on the vibrator. She screams and drops it, Nancy almost loses control of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY LINE ROAD - NIGHT

11

Mike Cody pulls the tow truck off the road and parks on the gravel lane leading to the Speedrome. She walks over to a delapidated SIGN facing the road. She opens a fuse box and flips a switch, nothing happens. She flips it a couple of times, still nothing. She gets a tire iron out of the tow truck and glares at the sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11

MIKE

Come on, you son of a bitch.

She jumps up and bangs the sign with the tire iron. She hits just the right spot, the LIGHTS sputter and come to life. The sign reads:

CODY'S SPEEDROME
DEMOLITION DERBY
CRASH FOR CASH
ALL AMERICAN FUN
FOR THE FAMILY

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELKS CLUB - NIGHT

12

The place is jumping. The cinder block MEETING HALL has been transformed into a do-it-yourself disco: streamers, balloons, strobe lights, and a revolving mirrored ball. The dance floor is jammed, everyone trying to keep the beat and still look cool in their formals and rented tuxedos. A BANNER hangs over the third-rate rock 'n roll BAND, the banner reads:

GRANDVIEW HIGH SENIOR DANCE - CONGRATS GRADS!

Tim weaves through the CROWD and gets in line at the refreshment table. ED MERRIMAN steps in line behind Tim. Ed plays varsity football, he's built like a gorilla with a mind to match. Fred Flintstone on steroids.

ED

Hey, Timmy.

TIM

Hey, Ed.

ED

Hey, I hear you're doing the big valedictory speech thing at the graduation thing?

TIM

That's right.

ED

Man, you couldn't get me up there in front of all those dork-heads for nothing.

JOHNNY MAINE steps over and puts his arm around Ed.

JOHNNY

With your I.Q. and speech impediment they wouldn't let you do a telethon for hoof and mouth disease.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed grunts at Johnny, he's the only guy in school who could get away with a crack like that. Johnny is the class comedian, as his outfit attests: he wears a madras tux with a shocking pink ruffled shirt.

ED

Goddam, where'd you get that clown costume?

JOHNNY

You got no taste, Edward.

ED

Yeah? Tell me, did you have to kill the guy to get the shirt off of him?

JOHNNY

Ho-ho-ho.

(leans in, confidentially)

You know Ed, you're supposed to wear your jock strap under your trousers.

Ed looks down at his pants, then realizes he's been had.

ED

You fucking crack me up, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Oh Eddie, I'd kiss you but I don't want to give you my spinal meningitis.

TIM

(cautioning Johnny)

You're hot tonight.

JOHNNY

I free-based some Clearasil on my way here.

ED

Hey, I'm having this party thing at my place after this thing. I cleared it with my old man so...you know...we'll do a little drinking and stuff. So, you guys come over, huh?

JOHNNY

Sure, maybe we can have a vomiting contest?

ED

Man, you're sick.

JOHNNY

Being sick is a definite advantage in a vomiting contest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

12

ED

What about you, Pearson? You coming?

TIM

Gee Ed, sounds great, but Bonnie and I...

JOHNNY

(interrupting)

They're going for a cruise in the Love Boat.

ED

The what?

JOHNNY

His old man just got a brand new Cadillac.

ED

Oh, I get it. Well well, you and Bonnie have a real good time.

(to Johnny)

Catch you later, crotch-rot.

CUT TO:

INT. ELKS CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

13

Tim and Bonnie slow dance around the crowded floor with their arms wrapped around each other.

BONNIE

We're the best looking couple here. I mean, we're the only couple that looks like a couple. Look at them. It's kind of sad. Just stuck, most of them. Stuck. Same old faces, same old lives. Sherry Edison and Wendy Cartmell were in the bathroom crying their eyes out. Like graduating was the end of the world. Probably is, for them. They're just stuck. Not me. Not you. Not us. Fate is a funny thing, you either have it or you don't.

Tim stops dancing and looks at her, he hasn't understood a single word.

TIM

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCESSION BOOTH, SPEEDROME - NIGHT

14

Mike and BETTY WELLES huddle behind the counter trying to repair the soft drink dispenser. Betty is a huge woman and a tough cookie. She's been at the Speedrome from the beginning. In the background is the SOUND of CRASHING CARS and CROWD NOISES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

14

MIKE

Dammit! It's busted.

BETTY

Just hold on, it'll work. Give me the pliers.

COWBOY WELLES sneaks into the concession booth. Cowboy is Betty's only child. He's in his early twenties, thin as a rail and always wears a tattered cowboy hat. Cowboy is slightly retarded, what his mother calls, "kind of slow". He quietly reaches into the display case to steal a pack of gum. Betty spies him out of the corner of her eye and slides the display case door shut on his wrist.

COWBOY

Owww! Mom...

BETTY

What'd I tell you about that gum, mister?

COWBOY

I don't know?

BETTY

I said no more gum. Got it? I'm sick to death of you gnawing on that stuff and then telling me you ain't hungry for supper.

COWBOY

That's not so.

BETTY

Oh, dammit, don't you have chores to do? Go away, get out of here, goodbye, see you.

Cowboy sulks away as LARRY HURLBUCK approaches the booth. He wears a mismatched tie and sport coat and carries a clipboard and a large flashlight. Betty gives him the once over.

BETTY

Help you?

HURLBUCK

I'm looking for Mr. Cody.

BETTY

Mister Cody?

HURLBUCK

(checking his clipboard)

Mike Cody?

Mike gets up from beneath the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

14

MIKE

I'm Mike Cody, what can I do for you?

HURLBUCK

(flustered)

Oh...yes...hi, I'm Larry Hurlbuck, I'm from the County Department of Health and Safety. I'd like to take a look at the facilities.

MIKE

I was signed off by the State Inspector for the new gas pump a month ago.

HURLBUCK

Yes maam, I have a copy of that permit right here.

MIKE

Well then, Mr. Hurlbuck, what is it you'd like to take a look at?

HURLBUCK

(refers to the clipboard)

Let's see here...restrooms, sewage connections, electrical service, emergency exits, fire extinguishers, spectator seating, food service areas, evidence of rodent infestation, so on and so forth.

Mike and Betty exchange looks, when it rains it pours. Mike lights a cigarette.

MIKE

Where would you like to start?

HURLBUCK

How about right here?

MIKE

Why the hell not?

HURLBUCK

Okay.

(refers to her cigarette)

That's the first violation right there, smoking in a food service area.

Mike flips the cigarette out of the booth.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KEEFER'S MUFFLER SHOP - NIGHT

15

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the four-bay garage. A CROWD spills out of the shop onto the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15

HERB (O.S.)

If only repairing and installing mufflers were enough. If only being a patriotic decent American were enough. Enough for freedom.

The CAMERA MOVES INSIDE the garage with its typical array of tools and equipment. HERB KEEFER addresses the gathering from an improvised platform mounted on one of the hydraulic car lifts. Beside him is a color television set and his devoted (and somewhat befuddled) wife of thirty years, ROSEANN KEEFER. A large American FLAG suspended from the ceiling serves as a backdrop. A TWO MAN NEWSTEAM is present with a VIDEO CAMERA and MICROPHONE.

Herb Keefer is a bow tie man; a self-proclaimed pillar of the community. A veteran of Korea, he still wears his salt and pepper hair in a military crew cut.

HERB

(continuing)

I'm here tonight to fight for an endangered frail freedom that has almost been devoured lock-stock-and-barrel by the well oiled, ivy leagued, sun tanned, quick talking forces of evil. Freedom from promiscuity. A smog of sin has settled over our land. A silent, tasteless, invisible, sexual carbon monoxide has seeped into every part of our society. And we the people are having our Christian values choked by the immoral gas passed by this.

(he points to the television)

This...the largest exhaust pipe of sin the earth has ever known. This box of wires and tubes and knobs is sucking the breath out of human decency. It has transformed our youth into panting, gyrating, copulating rabbits!

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

16

A full moon shines over a cornfield. It's picture perfect, a Currier and Ives print.

BONNIE (V.O.)

Oh...ohhhh...ohhhhhh...

DISSOLVE TO:

A TWO LANE BLACKTOP ROAD
bordering the cornfield.

17

TIM (V.O.)

Ahhh...ahh...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BRAND NEW CADILLAC
is parked off the road beneath a canopy of tall trees. The windows
are fogged up from the heavy breathing inside.

18

BONNIE (V.O.)

Uh...oh...uhhhh...

HERB (V.O.)

The television tells our children that anything
goes, anytime, anywhere. Instead of teaching them
the Golden Rules, it tells them that there are
no rules...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CADILLAC

19

Bonnie's rumpled corsage lies on the front seat beside Tim's rented
bow tie. They are out of sight in the back seat.

HERB (V.O.)

Instead of developing the mind and spirit of our
youth, television has swollen their little libido
glands to elephant-like proportions...

BONNIE (O.S.)

I...I...I love you, Tim.

TIM (O.S.)

Yeah...me too.

HERB (V.O.)

Don't kid yourselves, the buck stops with all of
us. Where are your children right now? And just
what do you think they're up to?

Bonnie's shapely leg rises from the backseat. The cantata of
oh's and ah's grows louder and the car begins to pitch and yaw.

BONNIE (O.S.)

Tim...

TIM (O.S.)

...mmm...Bonnie...

BONNIE (O.S.)

Tim...

TIM (O.S.)

Oh, Bonnie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

19

BONNIE (O.S.)

Tim, we're moving...

TIM (O.S.)

Everything's moving...

BONNIE (O.S.)

Tim.

TIM (O.S.)

The whole world's moving...

BONNIE (O.S.)

Tim, the car is moving.

TIM (O.S.)

What?

BONNIE (O.S.)

The car is moving.

Tim slowly rises from the backseat. His shirt is unbuttoned and his cummerbund is riding up across his chest. He rubs a circle of fog off the window and peers out.

TIM

(panicstricken)

Oh no!

Bonnie pops up, covering her bare breasts with her hands.

BONNIE

What's happening?

Tim dives into the front seat. Bonnie rolls down the window and looks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CADILLAC

20

The Cadillac is sliding sideways down a bank of mud into a small stream.

CUT TO:

BONNIE

Her face contorts in utter disbelief.

21

BONNIE

Oh shit!

CUT TO:

TIM IN THE FRONT SEAT

He starts the engine and puts the car in low gear.

22

TIM

Please, please, please...

CUT TO:

THE REAR TIRES

They spin and spew mud. The car burrows deeper into the muck.

23

CUT TO:

TIM

He pounds the steering wheel.

24

TIM

No, no, no!

BONNIE

This is great, really great,

TIM

Damn!

BONNIE

This is so mature.

TIM

Put your clothes on.

He reaches over and grabs his trousers from the backseat.

BONNIE

My mother will kill me if anything happens to this dress.

He throws her bra at her.

TIM

Get dressed,

BONNIE

My father will kill me.

TIM

Bonnie, please.

BONNIE

My father will kill you, Your father will kill you,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

TIM

I'm going to kill you if you don't put your clothes on.

BONNIE

(laughing)

I wish I was dead.

CUT TO:

25

INT. KEEFER'S MUFFLER SHOP - NIGHT

The CROWD is electrified by Herb's impassioned speech. He's worked himself into a fine fury and his voice is growing hoarse.

HERB

And this sick, sobering realization came to me like a proverbial bolt and jolt of lightning just last Saturday night, when sitting in my living room, the family gathered together, I innocently and foolishly turned on this television set. And what came beaming across the public airwaves into my home and the minds of my children? This!

He TURNS ON the TELEVISION. The picture tube warms up and an episode of THREE'S COMPANY appears on the SCREEN.

HERB

Yes this! Thirty minutes of perversity filled with mammaries, derrieres, and menage a trois!! Three's Company, they call it...Three's Company. Dear Lord! Three's an orgy! And that's why I'm here tonight. Because our freedom is being brutally soiled by a Mississippi River of filth, evil, ungodliness and unamericanliness. Whether it be television, movies, magazines, books, billboards, music, radio, schools, Madison Avenue, Pennsylvania Avenue, or Hollywood Avenue! Let us come together and cry out, the buck stops here! Filth stops here! Here on Route Two, Grandview, Indiana!

The crowd applauds and cheers. Herb picks up a SLEDGE HAMMER.

HERB

So let us band together as the Citizens for Freedom and nurture freedom's flame! Let freedom ring!

Herb lifts the sledge hammer and smashes it into the television screen. The set disintegrates in an explosion of sparks and smoke. The frenzied crowd ducks for cover as Herb demolishes the television.

CUT TO:

EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

26

The Cadillac has developed a serious list, it has sunk a little deeper into the mud and is sliding a little faster towards the stream. Tim carries Bonnie up the embankment, straining under her weight. Each step through the thick mud is a small victory. Bonnie clings to him, gathering up her long white formal with her free hand.

BONNIE

Don't drop me, please don't drop me.

TIM

You're choking me.

He tries to shift her weight and get a better grip.

BONNIE

Tim! Stop it!

TIM

Shit, I lost my shoe.

He hops around in the mud searching for his missing shoe with his unshod foot.

BONNIE

Stop it! Forget the shoe.

TIM

Look, I had to put down a twenty dollar deposit to rent this monkey suit...

Tim slips and falls, dumping Bonnie ass-first into the mud.

BONNIE

You idiot! You stupid idiot! Oh God!

She tries to get up, but catches her heel in the hem of her dress and falls again. Tim pulls his missing shoe out of the mud.

TIM

Found it.

CUT TO;

EXT. PARKING LOT, SPEEDROME - NIGHT

27

Hurlbuck uses the hood of his car as a desk as he finishes up his report. He hands a copy to Mike.

HURLBUCK

Now you have thirty days to comply and bring these violations up to code.

MIKE

You're kidding me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

27

Hurlbuck unlocks his car and gets in.

HURLBUCK

Thirty days. You give me a ring when you got everything straightened out and I'll come by and sign you off.

MIKE

Wait a minute. You write me up on everything but the color of the toilet paper and I'm supposed to fix it all in thirty days?

HURLBUCK

If you need more time, you'll have to appeal to the County Commissioners for an extension.

MIKE

How come you all of a sudden decided to come out here and nose around? There hasn't been a single soul from the county out here in ten years.

HURLBUCK

Just doing my job.

MIKE

You sure are. And you tell Roger Pearson and the rest of the good ol' boys on the County Commission that I said you did a real good job, too.

HURLBUCK

You oughta get smart.

MIKE

I oughta piss on you.

Hurlbuck blushes, he starts his car and drives away. Mike lights a cigarette. Her hands are trembling.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY LINE ROAD - NIGHT

28

Hurlbuck's CAR turns onto the road and heads for town as Tim and Bonnie approach from the opposite direction. They are covered with mud from head to toe. Bonnie stops and looks at the SPEEDROME SIGN.

BONNIE

Where are we going?

TIM

To get help.

BONNIE

Here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

28

TIM

You want to walk three miles into town, go right ahead.

BONNIE

Don't dump on me, this isn't my fault.

Tim walks towards the Speedrome, Bonnie follows a few feet behind him.

BONNIE

Boy, are you going to pay for this, and I mean everything. Everything. Oh God, this dress is ruined, destroyed. It cost a fortune. It makes me sick. And my shoes, look at my shoes. Everything's ruined, I'm ruined...

TIM

(interrupting)

I'm warning you Bonnie, just can it.

BONNIE

All right, fine. I'll just call my father.

TIM

All right! Fine! Fucking fine. Call him, go on and call him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCESSION BOOTH, SPEEDROME - NIGHT

29

Betty Welles spears a hot dog off the warmer, wraps it in a bun and smothers it with mustard and relish. She takes a bite and half the hot dog disappears into her mouth.

TIM (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Betty turns around and gazes at Tim as if he were something from the Twilight Zone.

BETTY

Jesus H. Casper the Ghost, what happened to you?

TIM

I had some car trouble. I'm looking for a tow truck.

BETTY

Tow truck? Looks like you need a car wash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

29

Betty doubles over with laughter, great waves of laughter. Her eyes tear and she wheezes for air. Tim doesn't find much to laugh about.

BETTY

(recovering)

Oh, whew-wee...wish I had a camera. We got a tow truck, but you got to talk to Mike first.

TIM

Where's Mike?

BETTY

Inside, watching the last heat.

TIM

Is it all right if I go in?

BETTY

Sure honey, for two bucks anybody can go in.

Tim shrugs and pulls out his waterlogged wallet.

BETTY

Forget it, go on.

She presses the release on the turnstile.

TIM

Thanks. Oh, if you see a girl wandering around, tell her I went in to get a tow truck.

BETTY

Sure. What's she look like?

TIM

You'll know her when you see her.

Tim passes through the turnstile. Betty starts to giggle, then laugh, the roar. This has made her night.

CUT TO:

30

TIM

He walks up the ramp leading to the track, stops and takes it all in:

The large dirt OVAL ringed by a crumbling cinder block retaining wall and corroded chain-link fence. The weather-beaten BLEACHERS. The ramshackle two-story BUILDING housing the announcer's booth on top and the concession booth on the bottom. The motley group of SPECTATORS (less than one hundred, business isn't too good these days).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30

The GATE at the far end of the oval leading to the "GRAVEYARD", a junkpile filled with the remains of demolished cars. The thick HAZE that blankets the track; a mixture of dust, burning oil, hot rubber, and ruptured radiators. And the CARS. Every model, make, and vintage; all spray painted in a rainbow of colors with nicknames, epithets, and graffiti scrawled all over them. Doors welded shut, mufflers chopped off, all the glass but the windshields removed. DEMOLITION DERBY -- a beer belly ritual. Modern gladiators hurling their second-hand chariots against each other in a winner-take-all contest of automotive combat.

CUT TO:

SLAM WEBSTER IN HIS '67 CHEVY

31

He maneuvers through the obstacle course of WRECKED CARS. Sweat streams out from under his helmet. He bares his teeth and bills and coos as he lines up another kill. He stomps on the gas pedal.

CUT TO:

THE CHEVY

32

flies backwards SMACK INTO THE FRONT OF A FORD GALAXY. The Ford's hood folds back over the windshield and its engine destructs in a belch of dark smoke.

CUT TO:

SLAM

33

He jams the Chevy into forward and pulls away from the Ford.

SLAM

(to himself)

Slam Webster, ladies and gentlemen, Slam Webster!

CUT TO:

THE CHEERING SPECTATORS

34

Getting what they came here for.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Slam Webster, ladies and gentlemen, Slam Webster!
What a hit from a great back door driver!

CUT TO:

TIM

35

He approaches a GROUP OF SPECTATORS and asks for Mike. A MAN points to the top of the bleachers. Tim looks up and his surprise shows. He climbs up the bleachers. His curious appearance draws some amused looks and laughs from the crowd. Mike sits at the very top of the bleachers smoking a cigarette and watching the battle below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

35

TIM

Are you Mike?

MIKE

(looking him over)

Yeah.

TIM

I need a tow truck.

MIKE

Where's your car?

TIM

About a mile down County Line, near Taylor Lake.

MIKE

What's wrong with it?

TIM

It's a...stalled.

MIKE

You need it jumped?

TIM

No. I mean...it's stalled in the stream by the road.

MIKE

It's stalled in a stream?

TIM

Kind of half in, half out.

MIKE

You're kidding me? No, you're not kidding me. Jesus. You got any money?

TIM

How much?

MIKE

I don't know, thirty bucks?

TIM

Sure, fine, whatever.

MIKE

You'll have to wait until this heat's over.

CUT TO:

ON THE TRACK

36

The battle is down to Slam in the Chevy and a '51 PLYMOUTH with TAIL-A-GATOR painted all over it. The PLYMOUTH SMASHES INTO THE CHEVY. The rear of the Chevy looks like it's been run through a garbage disposal.

CUT TO:

SLAM

37

recovers from the jolt and pulls away from the Plymouth.

SLAM

I'm going to nail you, Tucker! Death to Plymouths!

CUT TO:

THE CHEVY AND THE PLYMOUTH

38

roar backwards and COLLIDE once more. They pull apart, grind into reverse and HIT again.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE PLYMOUTH

39

The ol' Tail-A-Gator himself, TUCKER SMITH, tries to jockey Slam into a hard place between two wrecks. Tucker is in his fifties, he's a demolition derby veteran, as well as the local chief of police. Tucker works the steering wheel and stick shift like a stoker on a steamship to hell.

CUT TO:

THE TWO CARS

40

SMASH into each other...WHAM! The CROWD STANDS AND CHEERS.

CUT TO:

TIM AND MIKE

41

Tim leans in, totally absorbed by the excitement of the duel on the track. He's never seen anything like it. Mike's seen it all before.

CUT TO:

SLAM

42

pulls a fast one and EVADES THE PLYMOUTH as it tries to ram him again. The PLYMOUTH whizzes past the safety of the disabled cars into an open area. Slam spins around and shoots backwards into the front of the Plymouth. The PLYMOUTH SLIPS UP ONTO THE TRUNK OF THE CHEVY. Slam drags Tucker along, like two animals in a carnal embrace. The CROWD CHEERS. The two cars disengage and Slam takes a victory lap. His Chevy barely runs, the rear tires are flat and a plume of oily smoke trails behind the car.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

43

It's a cramped room built over the concession booth with a long window overlooking the track. (It also serves as Mike's office.) The man behind the "Good Ol' Boy-Tex Ritter" voice turns out to be a sixteen year old black kid named SPENCER.

SPENCER

(into microphone)

The ol' Tail-A-Gator, Tucker Smith, bites the dust!
Adios mi amoeba! Score another one for the one and
only Slam Webster! And that's about all they wrote
for tonight here at the...

Spencer casually leans back to adjust the volume. He touches the AMPLIFIER and gets ZAPPED by an electrical short. The shock FLIPS him off his chair.

CUT TO:

THE CROWD'S REACTION

44

to the shrill-pitched FEEDBACK blaring out of the loudspeakers. It
ENDS with a snap-crackle-and-pop.

CUT TO:

SPENCER

45

leans out of the window and screams at Mike over the P.A. system.

SPENCER

That's it Mike! This mother's going to kill me!
I'm a human being not a light bulb!

CUT TO:

THE CROWD APPLAUDS

46

and CHEERS Spencer's public temper tantrum.

CUT TO:

MIKE AND TIM

47

walk down the bleachers. She lights another cigarette, it's not her
night.

MIKE

I got to stop by the office for a minute.

TIM

(he sees something)

Oh shit.

MR. CLARK, Bonnie's father, storms up to Tim with Bonnie in tow. He's
a short, barrel-chested man with the face and disposition of a pit bulldog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK
Never again, Tim Pearson! Not in one million
trillion goddam years!

TIM
I'm sorry, Mr. Clark, it was a...

CLARK
(interrupting)
I don't want to hear it!

TIM
It was an accident.

CLARK
What kind of demented cabbage patch do you think
I hopped out of? Look at her! She looks like she's
been dragged through a goddam cess pool! You horny
little stud!

Mr. Clark leaps forward and SLUGS Tim. Tim goes down, Bonnie screams,
and Mike pushes Mr. Clark back.

BONNIE
Daddy!

CLARK
Come on lover boy!

MIKE
That's enough! No fighting on the property, mister.

CLARK
It's none of your business, sweetheart.

MIKE
Look, fart-mouth, I own this place and I'll give
you sixty seconds to get the hell out of here or
I'll kick you little tiny nuts up your big fat
ass.

Mr. Clark backs away and shrinks a few inches. Bonnie kneels beside Tim.

BONNIE
Oh, Tim...I'm sorry.

TIM
Thanks alot, Bonnie.

Mr. Clark grabs Bonnie and starts to back-peddle down the bleachers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

47

CLARK
 (to Bonnie)
 Leave him alone, missy.
 (to Tim)
 I'm not going to forget this, Pearson.
 (to Mike)
 You too, sweetheart.

Mike flips him the finger. Clark huffs off with Bonnie. Tim massages his left eye, it shows signs of becoming quite a shiner.

TIM
 Damn.

MIKE
 Are you Roger Pearson's son?

TIM
 Yeah...why?

She doesn't respond. SLAM WEBSTER walks over to them.

SLAM
 I miss something?

MIKE
 You want to make thirty bucks?

SLAM
 What's up?

She hands Slam the keys to the tow truck.

MIKE
 Give junior here a tow.
 (to Tim)
 The next time you get the hots for Miss Piggy
 save yourself some money and check into a
 Holiday Inn.

She walks away. Slam stifles a laugh as Tim pulls himself up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - NIGHT (AN HOUR LATER)

48

Mike stands at the window staring out at the track below. Betty sits at the desk counting the night's receipts, there's not much to count.

CUT TO:

MIKE'S P.O.V.:

49

The track is empty except for Cowboy on a FORKLIFT TRUCK carrying away the WRECKS. Cowboy knows his forklift, he stacks one wreck on top of another with the skill of a truck stop waitress clearing a dirty table. As he hauls away the last load the STADIUM LIGHTS are TURNED OFF, one by one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUCKY LANES - LATER THAT NIGHT

50

Slam walks into the bowling alley and checks out the lanes. The place is empty, it's almost closing time. Slam's clothes are muddy from towing the Cadillac out of the stream. MICKEY, the night manager, takes a look at Slam and laughs.

MICKEY

A little rough out at the Speedrome tonight, huh?

SLAM

I just towed some high school playboy out of a mudhole over by Taylor Lake.

MICKEY

Out there dipping his wick, huh?

SLAM

Yup, in a brand new Cadillac.

MICKEY

Shit.

SLAM

Listen, Candy lost her purse somewhere, I was wondering if she left it here tonight?

MICKEY

What?

SLAM

Candy wasn't here tonight was she?

MICKEY

I don't want to get messed up in other people's...

SLAM

(interrupting)

She wasn't here tonight was she?

MICKEY

Shit.

(slight beat)

No.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, SLAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Slam comes in the back door and TURNS ON the LIGHTS. He pulls off his muddy boots and strips down to his jockey shorts. He takes a beer out of the fridge, pops it open and takes a long sip.

CANDY (O.S.)
(sleepy-voiced)

Slam?

He doesn't respond.

CANDY (O.S.)
Slam...that you?

SLAM
No, it's a burglar. Go back to sleep.

CANDY (O.S.)
It's late, honey.

SLAM
How'd you do bowling tonight?

CANDY (O.S.)
Martha beat me, three times in a row. You coming to bed?

SLAM
In a minute.

He drains the bottle of beer.

CUT TO:

TIM'S FIRST DREAM:
EXT. TRACK, SPEEDROME - NIGHT

52

Tim is asleep in the Cadillac, his head resting on the steering wheel. His head slips a bit and he looks around and tries to get his bearings. It is PITCH BLACK outside. He notices that both his tuxedo and the Cadillac are spotlessly clean, not a speck of mud. Suddenly, A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance. He shields his eyes from the glare. ANOTHER PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS APPEAR, THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, UNTIL A DOZEN PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS SHINE AT HIM.

TIM
What the...?

He's startled as he HEARS A DOZEN ENGINES START, one after another. Then the STADIUM LIGHTS FADE UP and he discovers that he is parked on the Speedrome track. The bleachers are empty. Facing him at the far end of the track are A DOZEN DEMOLITION DERBY CARS. They race their engines and spew ominous clouds of exhaust. MIKE CODY walks to the front of the cars and holds up a CHECKERED FLAG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

52

TIM
(yelling)
Hey, what's going on!

MIKE
(to the cars)
On your mark!

Tim jumps out of the Cadillac.

TIM
Hey! Wait a minute! What are you doing?

MIKE
Get set!

TIM
Hey!!!

MIKE
GO!!!

Mike drops the checkered flag and a solid wall of CARS RACE TOWARDS TIM.
He jumps back into the Cadillac and starts it.

TIM
Oh shit! You're crazy!

What follows is a well-choreographed demolition derby ballet with the derby cars playing tag with the brand new Cadillac. Bit by bit, blow by blow, the Cadillac is reduced to a mangled wad of sheet metal. In the process the derby cars destroy themselves and each other in an assortment of classic crash gags: flips, rolls, head-on's, rear-ender's, etc. Tim is always caught in the middle; sometimes escaping, sometimes not. He goes stark raving bonkers as he literally tries to drive his way out of his nightmare. (Throughout this hell-driving sequence there shouldn't be any stunts that suggest that anyone is physically injured in anyway, only the cars suffer any harm.) After the majority of cars are out of commission, Tim makes a break for the gate at the end of the track. As he speeds across the track, a surviving CAR SWERVES IN FRONT OF TIM and the CADILLAC ROLLS UP AND OVER THE CAR AND GOES FLYING THROUGH AIR OVER THE GATE.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, PEARSON HOME - EARLY MORNING

53

Tim snaps awake on the SOFA, he didn't make it to his bed last night. He has a gruesome black eye. He HEARS a strange MOAN coming from the entryway.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEARSON HOME - EARLY MORNING

54

Roger Pearson stands at the front door in his bathrobe with the Sunday paper in his hand. He stares at the driveway as little bleating noises babble from his lips.

CUT TO:

MR. PEARSON'S P.O.V.:

55

His brand new CADILLAC in the driveway looking like a salvaged ocean liner in its mud covered waterlogged splendor.

CUT TO:

MR. PEARSON

56

is drawn to the car as if he were under a spell. It's heart attack time. Tim steps out of the front door in his jockey shorts.

TIM

Dad?

Mr. Pearson braces himself against the car. Tim goes to him.

TIM

It looks worse than it is.

Mr. Pearson casts a withering homicidal gaze at Tim.

TIM

It's just mud, Dad.

Mr. Pearson opens the driver's door and a TORRENT OF WATER POURS OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

57

Tim gets some books out of his locker. He wears a pair of SUNGLASSES to conceal his black eye, Johnny Maine glides over on a PAIR OF ROLLERSKATES.

JOHNNY

Is it true that mud is better than Spanish fly?

TIM

Sit on it.

JOHNNY

Sit on it? The way I heard it you were rolling in it. Pulsating in it! In lathering juicy lust, groping through the thick muck of passion, penetrating the forbidden ooze of sex! Mud me, she cried hotly, mud me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

57

TIM

I'm going to mud you up against the fucking wall
if you don't can it.

Tim slams his locker shut and walks away. Johnny rollerskates after him.

JOHNNY

Hey, where's your sense of humor?

TIM

I left it in my other pants.

JOHNNY

Excuse me, pal.

TIM

Look, I'm not fit for human consumption today.
Leave me alone, I'm going crazy, if you don't mind.

JOHNNY

Bullshit. You've got it made in the shade,
Mr. High School.

TIM

Yeah? Tell you what, asshole, you give the
valedictory address.

JOHNNY

It's a piece of cake.

TIM

Then be my guest.

JOHNNY

Sure...

(ala Henny Youngman)

Good evening, ladies and germs. It's great to be here.
You should've seen the last high school I played, I
don't want to say they were stupid, but they thought a
Dairy Queen was a milkman in high heels. Hey, what's
going on here? Is this an audience or an oil painting?

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDVIEW STATE BANK - DAY

58

Mike sits beside a desk in the inner-office area smoking a cigarette and waiting anxiously. MR. FLEMING, the loan officer, huddles with the BANK MANAGER at another desk. After a few moments of whispered consultation, Fleming returns to Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEMING

I'm sorry, Michele.

MIKE

What if I cut it in half, say five thousand?

FLEMING

I'm sorry, Michele, but it's business. And at the rate you're going you'll be out of business by the end of summer.

MIKE

No, I won't.

FLEMING

You should've sold out when your dad died.

MIKE

I've got to have the money, Mr. Fleming.

FLEMING

All of your suppliers have you on a cash basis, there's that mess you dad left with the I.R.S., and now these problems with these code violations. My professional advice to you, is sell and get out with a few dollars while you still can.

MIKE

No! Goddammit, I didn't come here for a lecture, I came for a loan.

Her outburst draws the attention of the CUSTOMERS and BANK EMPLOYEES.

FLEMING

Let's not embarrass ourselves.

MIKE

Thank you for your time, Mr. Fleming.

She stands up and heads for the front entrance.

FLEMING (O.S.)

Michele!

Mr. Fleming hurries over to her. He hands her a large THERMOMETER with the bank's name printed on it.

FLEMING

We're giving these away, for free. It's a promotional gimmick.

MIKE

Thanks alot.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

59

Tim starts to enter his father's office (PEARSON'S REALTY - The Real People Real Estate People) when he SEES Mike Cody walk out of the bank. He runs after her, slowing to a casual pace when she notices him.

TIM

Hi.

MIKE

Hi.

TIM

How are you today?

MIKE

Fine.

TIM

Thanks for helping me out Saturday night.

MIKE

Sure.

TIM

Really.

MIKE

No problem.

TIM

I mean it.

They arrive at her TOW TRUCK. There's an awkward pause.

MIKE

Well...see you.

TIM

That's a big thermometer.

MIKE

Yup.

(slight beat)

You want it?

TIM

No. I mean, I couldn't.

MIKE

Take it, they're giving them away free.

She hands him the thermometer and gets in the tow truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

59

TIM

Thanks, it's great. I appreciate it...I've always been interested in the weather.

MIKE

I bet.

She drives away. Tim waves and smiles like a total jerk, then:

TIM

Smooth, Pearson, real smooth. God! I've always been interested in the weather...bleck! How stupid can you get?

He raps himself on the head with the thermometer.

CUT TO:

INT. PEARSON'S REALTY - DAY

60

Mr. Pearson sits on the edge of his desk as he lectures Tim. The walls are covered with photos of tract houses and shopping centers.

MR. PEARSON

A father loaning his car, his first Cadillac, to his son, isn't just a father loaning any car to his son. It's a father loaning his symbol of success, accomplishment, and victory to his son and saying...take this Cadillac and drive proudly up the road of your dreams. But for Christ's sake, don't park the son of a bitch in a goddam stream!

(beat)

Do you understand what I'm getting at?

TIM

I think you're telling me that you don't want me to drive the Cadillac anymore.

MR. PEARSON

I'm glad we understand each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEARSON HOME - DUSK

61

Tim and Johnny play one-on-one basketball in the driveway.

TIM

I just want to split, get away. I don't feel like giving some stupid valedictory speech about Auld Lang Syne.

JOHNNY

That's what you get for being smart and popular. You should've been twisted and repugnant, like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

61

TIM

It's cruel and unusual punishment. Man, it's making me crazy.

JOHNNY

It's adolescent menopause. You know, kind of like a vitamin deficiency? It's like Rebel Without a Cause, and you're James Dean and I'm Sal Mineo.

Tim slams the basketball into the pavement, it bounces high and Johnny retrieves it.

TIM

Why wasn't I in Berkeley in the sixties! Or Paris in the twenties! Or Pearl Harbor in the forties! Damn, anywhere but here and now.

JOHNNY

Boy, you are Grade A insane. I mean, you're ready for the jumper cables.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, PEARSON HOME - NIGHT

62

Tim steps out of the shower and wraps a towel around his waist. He examines his black eye in the mirror, it's looking better. Thoughts of the valedictory speech surge through his mind. He grasps the basin as if it were a podium and addresses the mirror.

TIM

Ladies and Gentlemen, Distinguished Guests, Fellow Students. Today is a special day...today is a different day...today is a day unlike any other day. Today we are here to...to...wave goodbye with one hand and wave hello with the other hand..

He waves both hands at the mirror like the village idiot. He catches his father's reflection and discovers Mr. Pearson standing in the doorway.

MR. PEARSON

Dinner's on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, PEARSON HOME - NIGHT

63

MRS. PEARSON places a platter on the table. She's a pleasant looking woman in her mid-forties. She wears a brightly covered jogging outfit. She is obviously peeved at her daughter, SUSAN. Susan is thirteen and going through puberty with the grace of a dodo bird: braces, ill-fitting contact lenses, cut-offs, and a Barry Manilow t-shirt. Tim sits at the table.

TIM

Looks good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tim glances at Susan, she stares sullenly at her plate.

TIM
What's wrong with you?

SUSAN
Nothing, what's wrong with you?

TIM
Nothing.

Susan fidgets with her training bra under her t-shirt. One by one, everyone stops eating and looks at her.

SUSAN
I can't help it.

MRS. PEARSON
Susan,

SUSAN
It's killing me, I can't help it.

MRS. PEARSON
The conversation is finished.

TIM
What conversation?

MRS. PEARSON
It's none of your business.

SUSAN
(to Tim)
Yeah, they're my boobs.

MRS. PEARSON
Susan!

TIM
What boobs? You have boobs?

MR. PEARSON
(to Tim)
Can it,

SUSAN
(to her mother)
See, that's what I mean. You can't even tell I have any with this dumb thing on.

MRS. PEARSON
We wear bras in this family, period.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

TIM
(feeling his chest)

We do?

MR. PEARSON
I said can it.

TIM
It's canned, it's canned.

SUSAN
It took me thirteen years to grow these...

MRS. PEARSON
(overlapping)
Oh God!

SUSAN
(continuing)
And just when they start to show a little I have
to smash them down with a bra.

MRS. PEARSON
Well better smashed, than flopping.

SUSAN
Flopping? Ha! I wish they'd flop. I'd pay a
million dollars if they'd just wiggle a bit.

MRS. PEARSON
Susan, I'm warning you.

SUSAN
They're my boobs, mom.

MRS. PEARSON
Breasts.

SUSAN
Breasts, boobs, what's the difference?

TIM
A lot in your case.

SUSAN
Sit on it!

MRS. PEARSON
Susan!

MR. PEARSON
Tim!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3):

TIM

All right!

MRS. PEARSON

The conversation is finished!

SUSAN

(under her breath)

Some conversation.

MRS. PEARSON

Susan!

SUSAN

Excuse me.

MR. PEARSON

Christ almighty, . .

MRS. PEARSON

Rog called today, he can't get off to come up for graduation but he said Louise and Aunt Ida...

Mr. Pearson BELCHES.

SUSAN

Oh dad, yuck!

MR. PEARSON

Excuse me.

He takes a couple of ALKA SELZER TABLETS out of his pocket and drops them into a glass of water.

MRS. PEARSON

(ignoring the belch)

He said Louise and Aunt Ida are going to drive up Thursday night.

SUSAN

Which means I sleep on the sofa.

MRS. PEARSON

I bought three rolls of film, I want to get a lot of pictures.

SUSAN

Not of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (4):

63

MRS. PEARSON

The weather's turned nice, so I thought we'd have a small get-together on the patio after the graduation exercises.

TIM

Mom, I don't want to have a party.

MRS. PEARSON

Oh, sure you do.

TIM

Really mom, I just want to...

Mr. Pearson emits a long-loud FART.

SUSAN

Oh gross!

Susan jumps up from the table and runs out of the dining room. Tim buries his face in his hands. Mr. Pearson downs the glass of Alka Selzer. Mrs. Pearson continues eating as if nothing happened. It's an American still life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOB'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

64

It's a dimly lit hole-in-the-wall tavern with a PINBALL ARCADE in the back room. BOB CODY (Mike's Uncle) owns the joint. Bob hasn't seen daylight in forty years; he always has a Lucky Strike perched between his lips and a 7 & 7 within reach. He sits at the bar watching the network NEWS on a TELEVISION mounted on the wall.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION NEWSCAST:

WE SEE hand-held VIDEO FOOTAGE of Herb Keefer's diatribe on the evils of television.

65

HERB

...so let us band together as the Citizens for Freedom and nurture freedom's flame! Let freedom ring!

Once again WE SEE Herb smash the TV SET to smithereens. The VIDEO CUTS TO DAVE CARTER, the typical network newsman, standing outside KEEFER'S MUFFLER SHOP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

65

CARTER

And so Mr. Keefer destroyed what he terms,
"the largest exhaust pipe of sin the world has
ever known."

THE VIDEO CUTS TO HERB AND FOLLOWERS being escorted out of the GRANDVIEW
PUBLIC LIBRARY by TUCKER SMITH AND SEVERAL DEPUTIES.

CARTER (V.O.)

Today Mr. Keefer brought his campaign for freedom
to the local public library where he and several
of his supporters attempted to destroy certain
books and publications they find offensive.

HERB

(on camera)

This place is nothing but a hot house of puerile
perversion...nothing but pornography written by
humanistic sickos!

THE VIDEO CUTS BACK TO DAVE CARTER standing in front of the muffler shop.

CARTER

Mr. Keefer and his Citizens for Freedom were escorted
from the library by local law officials, but as of yet,
no formal charges have been filed. This is Dave Carter,
C.B.S. News, Grandview, Indiana.

CUT TO:

MIKE CODY
walks into the bar.

66

BOB

Well, hi-di-hi-di-ho, Mikey. Haven't seen you in
a long while.

Mike gives him a kiss on the cheek.

MIKE

Hey, Uncle Bob. How you doing?

BOB

My back's killing me and every time I piss it burns
like I got a Zippo lighter up my ass. Otherwise,
I'm just peachy. How about you?

MIKE

Making it.

BOB

What are you drinking tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Nothing for me. Maybe a Coke.

BOB
Coca-cola,...

He goes behind the bar and TURNS OFF the TV.

BOB
Just saw Herb Keefer and his merry band on the
goddam evening news.

MIKE
Yeah? I heard that he might be on.

BOB
For someone who hates tv so bad, he sure doesn't
go very far out of his way to stay the hell off
of it.

He serves her a coke.

MIKE
He's really flipped out.

BOB
To the moon. Heaven save us from people who try
to save us.

MIKE
How's Aunt Winnie?

BOB
Oh hell, she's fine. Gone crazy on these flea
markets they've been having at the drive-in. How's
business at the Speedrome?

MIKE
Not too good. Listen Bob, I need to ask you a
favor, a big favor.

BOB
Shoot.

MIKE
I need to...I was wondering if maybe I could borrow
some money from you?

BOB
Sure, what do you need, kiddo?

He opens the cash register drawer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

MIKE

About ten thousand dollars.

Bob whistles and closes the drawer.

BOB

Ten thousand?

MIKE

I got some problems with the county over some code violations. I got to take care of it fast. I went to the bank, but no go.

BOB

Oh, boy...I love you angel, I truly do, but Winnie would pass a kidney stone if I loaned you any money. We got some money put away, but shit...I ain't going to draw a pension off of pushing beers and pretzels. And hell, if we had to count on Social Security we'd have to live in a shopping cart.

MIKE

You don't have to explain, Bob.

BOB

Goddammit, I know I don't, I'm just sorry.

MIKE

Don't be sorry.

BOB

I'm not sorry about the money, I am, but I'm not. I'm sorry about you. You live out there all alone in some crackerbox trailer. You're smart and you're pretty and you could do or be just about whatever you wanted. But you got to be proud or stubborn or something and keep your head high. But I'll tell you something, when you're neck-deep in shit, you ain't got no choice but to keep your head high.

MIKE

(laughing)

Well, I guess I am my father's daughter, huh?

BOB

(laughing too)

Oh yeah...you sure are. All dreams and piss.

A loud string of CURSING and BANGING is HEARD from the back room.

BOB

(calling out)

Hey, keep it down!

(to Mike)

Got one of your hot dogs back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3):

66

MIKE

Who's that?

BOB

Ernie Webster.

MIKE

Slam?

BOB

Yeah, I'm going to slam him the hell out of here
if he busts that game.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, BOB'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

67

Slam is sitting at a game called FREEWAY. It's an electronic game with a display screen, built-in seat and steering wheel. The object is to steer along a curving highway without hitting any of the obstacles. Slam is drunk as a skunk. The floor around him is littered with empty beer bottles. Mike walks into the room.

MIKE

Hey Slam.

SLAM

Hey!

MIKE

What are you doing?

SLAM

Two things. One, I'm setting the world's fucking
record on this thing. And two, I'm getting shit-faced.

MIKE

Looks like you're doing pretty good.

SLAM

Oh yeah...sure thing.
(calling out, to Bob)
Another round of Stroh's back here!

BOB (O.S.)

No way, Jose!

SLAM

Oh shit, I'll get them myself.

He tries to stand, knocks over a few empties and slumps back into the seat.

MIKE

Come on Slam, I'll give you a ride home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLAM
I'm all right.

MIKE
Bullshit.

SLAM
I'm all right, all right?

MIKE
Come on.

SLAM
No!

MIKE
You want to fight me?

SLAM
I don't hit women.

MIKE
That's good, 'cause I don't hit drunks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOB'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Mike and Bob help Slam out the door into Mike's tow truck.

SLAM
Damn, I'm sorry everybody.

BOB
There's only two kinds of drunk, those who are
sorry and those who soon will be.
(to Mike)
You think you can handle him okay?

MIKE
No problem.

BOB
Just bounce his old head on the pavement a few
times if he gets antsy on you.

MIKE
I will. Thanks Uncle Bob.

She gives him a kiss goodbye and he stuffs something in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

68

MIKE

What's this?

BOB

It's five hundred dollars. Now, Winnie doesn't know about it, the Internal Revenue doesn't know about, nobody knows about it. And I'd just as soon keep it that way.

MIKE

I can't.

BOB

Sure you can, just put it in your pocket.

MIKE

You're going to make me cry.

BOB

Oh goddam! Please don't and say you did. Get him out here, go home.

He turns and walks back into the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF GRANDVIEW - NIGHT

69

Mike drives Slam home in the tow truck. They ride in silence, then:

SLAM

You love anybody, Mike?

MIKE

Of course, lot's of people.

SLAM

That's not what I mean. I mean, love somebody. A somebody kind of special kind of love.

MIKE

No.

SLAM

Did you ever?

MIKE

I guess so.

SLAM

Did you ever think that maybe you liked being in love more than you liked the person you were in love with?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You're drunk, Slam.

SLAM

I know that. I'm just asking you a question.

MIKE

Well, I don't know the answer.

SLAM

I just can't figure things.

He lapses back into his brooding, then:

SLAM

You're a beautiful woman, Mike.

MIKE

Oh boy, Slam, if you lay one finger on me I'll beat the shit out of you, drunk or not.

SLAM

Goddam, you're hostile. I'm not going to jump on you. Christ.

MIKE

Sorry.

SLAM

Hell, I couldn't get it up right now if you were a pair of twins in a vat of Mazola oil.

MIKE

Is that right?

SLAM

Yeah. You want to see?

MIKE

No!

SLAM

(laughs)

You remember that time we all went skinny dipping out at the lake?

MIKE

What are you talking about?

SLAM

Oh come on, you remember. That was the night your old man caught us trying to rip off the keg of beer from the concession stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

MIKE
(she remembers)

Oh...yeah.

SLAM
That was the first time I realized how beautiful
you are.

MIKE
You're nuts.

SLAM
It's true.

MIKE
You never paid any attention to me. You always
acted like I was some sort of toad or something.

SLAM
That's cause you're so goddam mean. You always
scared the crap out of me.

MIKE
Bullshit.

SLAM
Hell, you broke Glen Reynolds' nose when he tried
to get into your pants.

MIKE
I didn't like Glen Reynolds. I liked you.

SLAM
You fooled me.
(slight beat)
Mike?

MIKE
Yeah?

SLAM
Could you pull over? I got to...

MIKE
Sure.

She pulls over to the side of the road and Slam stumbles out.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

70

It's a mess. A small black and white TELEVISION is perched on a clothes hamper at the foot of the bed. Tim lies in the bed letting the alpha waves roll over him. The bed is littered with discarded attempts to write a valedictory address.

CUT TO:

THE TELEVISION SCREEN

71

The LATE SHOW LOGO APPEARS then WIPES to the MOVIE in progress.

CUT TO:

TIM'S SECOND DREAM:

72

EXT. SUBMARINE, SOUTH SEA LAGOON - NIGHT

(The following dream sequence is shot in BLACK AND WHITE.)

The SPLASHING OF OARS being drawn through the water is HEARD. An inflatable rubber DINGHY EMERGES FROM THE THICK FOG. It is manned by TWO SAILORS in dark sweaters and caps with blackout grease smeared over their faces. WE CAN DETECT the shadowed figure of a PASSENGER in the rear of the dinghy. It appears to be a man wearing tropical fatigues and a hat with the brim pulled low. A DECKHAND TOSSES A ROPE to the dinghy and pulls it in to the side of the submarine. He extends a hand to the passenger.

DECKHAND

Here you go, mister.

The passenger pulls off his hat and undoes her hair...it's MIKE CODY.

MIKE

It's miss, sailor.

DECKHAND

Yes maam!

They are enveloped by a bank of FOG.

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT OF THE SUB

73

cruising through the deep waters along the bottom of the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, SUBMARINE

74

Tim sits at his desk dressed in a battered leather jacket and sweat soaked Captain's hat. The CURTAIN covering the door to the companionway SNAPS OPEN and Mike enters. She closes the curtain and surveys the cramped quarters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

This sure ain't the Ritz is it?

TIM

What do you want?

MIKE

You. But I'll settle for a drink.

Tim takes a bottle of SCOTCH out the desk drawer, pours her a double, and hands it to her. She downs it in one gulp and sits on the edge of the desk.

MIKE

Now, what were we talking about?

TIM

You seem to be the one doing all the talking.

MIKE

In that case, talk is cheap.

She begins to unbutton her blouse.

TIM

What do you think you're doing?

MIKE

Paying on old debt.

TIM

You don't owe me nothing.

MIKE

You dumb sap, you've been underwater too long. Don't you know when a girl's trying to say she's sorry? That maybe she knows she didn't play fair once upon a time on an island far away? And that maybe, just maybe, she still loves you? Maybe more than ever?

TIM

(pulls her close)

You know what?

MIKE

What?

TIM

You talk too much.

He kisses her full on the mouth, she wraps her arms around him in a hot embrace. Suddenly...BAM! A HUGE EXPLOSION WRACKS THE SUB. Tim and Mike are tossed onto the bunk as everything goes topsy-turvy. THE LIGHTS FLICKER, PIPES BURST, WATER GUSHES IN, AND WARNING BELLS RING.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

75

Tim wakes up with a gasp. He TURNS OFF the RINGING ALARM CLOCK and the TELEVISION. It was a hell of a dream, and from his reaction, not a bad wet dream either.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, GRANDVIEW HIGH - MORNING

76

Nancy and Mary sit in the Mustang smoking one last cigarette before classes start.

MARY

I'm going to miss this place.

NANCY

Spare me.

MARY

Don't you feel a little sad?

NANCY

I can't wait to get away from this nerd school and this nerdville town.

MARY

I mean, college and living in a dorm. No parents.

NANCY

Give me a break, please.

MARY

And the guys, college men. I don't know if I can cut it with college men.

NANCY

Look Dumbo, the only difference between high school guys and college men, is high school guys wear English Leather and college men wear Brut.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

77

A final exam is under way. The TEACHER reads a HARLEQUIN ROMANCE while the class pour over their mimeographed test sheets. TIM sits at the rear of the room, across the aisle from BONNIE CLARK. She gnaws on her pencil and gazes at him. He stretches and their eyes meet. (The following dialouge is WHISPERED, except where noted otherwise.)

BONNIE

I'm sorry.

Tim shrugs and returns to his test.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :

BONNIE

Tim...Tim.

He looks at her.

BONNIE

I said, I'm sorry.

TIM

All right.

BONNIE

I'm so sorry.

TIM

Okay.

BONNIE

How's your eye?

TIM

Fine.

He tries to concentrate on the test.

BONNIE

I love you.

(beat)

I thought you loved me too?

TIM

Bonnie, please.

BONNIE

What about us?

TIM

Be quiet.

BONNIE

We've got to talk.

TIM

Not here.

BONNIE

Where? You're avoiding me.

TIM

No I'm not.

BONNIE

Then talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM

There's nothing to say.

BONNIE

Thanks alot. I thought we had something.

TIM

For Christ's sake.

BONNIE

How can you be so cold? How can you just throw away our love?

TIM

Dammit, we're not in love, it's just sex.

BONNIE

(loud)

You shit! So I'm just some sort of sex object?

EVERYONE turns and stares at them. (The rest of the dialouge is yelled.)

TIM

No! No more than I'm a sex object to you.

BONNIE

You're disgusting!

TIM

What's so disgusting about sex?

BONNIE

God, I hate you!

Bonnie runs out of the classroom. Tim tries to make himself invisible. Johnny stands up in another part of the room.

JOHNNY

And we'll be right back with more of Divorce Court after these words from our sponsors.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Slam sits at the controls of a BULLDOZER in the middle of a freshly graded field. The engine idles as he stares into space. RALPH (the foreman) walks over.

RALPH

Sucker jammed up again?

Slam doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78

RALPH

Hey!

Slam notices Ralph. Ralph gestures to Slam to cut off the motor.

RALPH

What's with you, you birdwatching or something?

SLAM

No.

RALPH

What are you sitting there like that for? You sick?

SLAM

I don't know...maybe I oughta call it and head home.

RALPH

Maybe you should, you don't look good.

SLAM

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF GRANDVIEW - DAY

79

Slam stops his PICK UP TRUCK at a STOP SIGN a half block from his house. Something catches his eye.

CUT TO:

SLAM'S P.O.V.:

80

Candy walks out of the front door of their house followed by DONNY VINTON. Donny is a forty year old appliance salesman with a penchant for open collar shirts and gold jewelery. He pinches Candy on the ass as they walk to his THUNDERBIRD in the driveway.

CUT TO:

SLAM IN THE PICK UP

81

He's blown away. He floors the truck and then screeches to a stop in front of the DRIVEWAY just as Donny and Candy get into the Thunderbird.

CUT TO:

IN THE THUNDERBIRD

82

Candy and Donny look out the rear window.

CANDY

Oh hell,

DONNY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

82

CANDY
Ernie.

DONNY
Who?

CANDY
My husband.

DONNY
Aw no..fuck me...

CUT TO:

83

SLAM
jumps out of the pick up.

SLAM
Out the car! Both of you! Out!

Candy rolls down her window an inch.

CANDY
Wait a second, Ernie...

SLAM
(overlapping)
I said get out of the car!

CANDY
It's not what you...

SLAM
(interrupting)
It's not what I what? I suppose that greaseball
there is a fucking figment of my imagination?

CANDY
This is Donny, Ernie...we were just...

SLAM
(interrupting)
You were just boffing him in my bed, weren't you?
Weren't you? In my own goddam bed, in my own
goddam house!

Slam reaches for the door handle, but Candy quickly locks the door and
rolls up the window.

SLAM
I'm warning you, get out the car!

DONNY
Hey pal, cool off a few degrees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLAM
You talking to me, pal?

He circles around the car and tries to open Donny's door, but it's locked.

DONNY
Better move your truck, pal.

SLAM
You think you're going somewhere? Get out the car!

DONNY
Move the truck, asshole.

SLAM
You got to the count of five to get out of that car.

CANDY
Stop it, Ernie!

DONNY
Goddammit, move that truck!

SLAM
One...two...three...four...FIVE!

Slam grabs the car's ANTENNA and snaps it off at the base.

DONNY
I'm warning you!

SLAM
Oh yeah?

Slam bends the WINDSHIELD WIPER so it sticks straight out.

DONNY
Stop it! Stop it, you son of a bitch!

SLAM
Just get out of the car, pal.

DONNY
Fuck you, Jack. You're nuts!

SLAM
Yeah? You want to see nuts? I'll show you nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3):

83

Slam climbs onto the hood of the car.

SLAM

This is nuts, pal.

He starts jumping up and down, bashing in the hood. Candy SCREAMS. Slam rears back and kicks the windshield, it ruptures into a cobweb of cracks. He hops up onto the roof and bounces on it as if it were a sheet metal trampoline.

CUT TO:

84

DONNY AND CANDY

duck down onto the floor of the car. They cower like trapped rats.

DONNY

The fucker's gone crazy!

CUT TO:

85

SLAM

leaps off the roof onto the trunk and starts kicking in the rear window.

CUT TO:

86

DONNY

reaches under the seat and pulls out a 22 REVOLVER.

DONNY

He's gonna kill us!

CANDY

(seeing the gun)

No!

She struggles with Donny, trying to get the gun away from him.

DONNY

Let go dammit!

CANDY

No! Don't shoot him! No!

CUT TO:

87

SLAM

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. He falls off the trunk. Candy SCREAMS and runs out of the car. Slam checks himself over, he's not wounded. He dashes to Candy and grabs her.

SLAM

Candy! You all right, you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

87

CANDY
(hysterical)
I shot him, I shot him...

Slam rushes to the car. Donny sits calmly behind the wheel.

SLAM
Are you hit?

DONNY
Does a duck have lips?

SLAM
Where?

DONNY
In my foot, in my goddam foot.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

88

Donny and Candy sit on opposite ends of a long bench in the otherwise empty waiting room. Slam pretends to browse through a magazine as Candy repairs her mascara stained face with a shred of kleenex and a compact. Tucker Smith, the Chief of Police, (better known as the Tail-A-Gator) enters the waiting room and takes a drill sergeant's stance.

TUCKER
Now, this is the way it is. There doesn't seem to be anyone around here who wants to press charges against anyone else. I can think of a few I could press, if I wanted to, but I won't. Not this time. But, my little lovebirds, I'm telling you, right here and now, that there's not going to be a next time. And I'll tell you why...bank robbers don't scare me, drunks don't scare me, psycho's don't scare me, but married people scare the crap out of me. So, my personal policy involving domestic disputes is to shoot the living daylights out of every goddam thing that moves and ask questions later.
(slight beat)
Have a nice day.

He walks out of the waiting room. Candy starts to leave.

SLAM
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

88

CANDY

Don't be sorry, Ernie. You can't help it. In fact, now that you're here, you ought to check in. They can clip your little paws, you can have a flea bath, you can get your rabies tag and maybe...I pray to God, they'll give you a shot of rat poison and put you out of your fucking misery!

She storms out of the room.

CUT TO:

89

EXT. SPEEDROME - DAY

A dusty DISPLAY CASE located beside the MAIN GATE. Among the Speedrome memorabilia is a FADED PHOTOGRAPH of a MAN and a LITTLE GIRL. The man has the weathered-stoic appearance of a homesteader, the little girl appears ill at ease in her frilly petticoated dress. Beneath the photo is a hand-lettered caption that reads:

ROY CODY AND DAUGHTER MICHELE CODY
JULY 4TH 1959
OPENING DAY OF CODY'S SPEEDROME

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal TIM studying the photograph. He walks along the fence circling the stadium. He takes it all in, like a child wandering through the backstage of an immense theatre: The geometric patterns of the SUPERSTRUCTURE SUPPORTING THE BLEACHERS, the LITTER beneath the bleachers, a BRA dangles on the TOP OF THE FENCE, a few feet further down hangs a matching PAIR OF PANTIES, an OLD TRAILER on a foundation of bricks in a far corner of the property. He comes upon THE GRAVEYARD, a junkyard of demolished cars. They're piled three high in some places, like dinosaur bones in a tar pit. The derby drivers scavenge the cars for spare parts. They call it gravedigging, hence the name Graveyard. Tim winds his way through the wrecks and finds himself at the gate leading to the track.

COWBOY (O.S.)

Stick 'em up!

Tim gasps in surprise, turns and discovers COWBOY WELLES. Cowboy points his finger at Tim like it were a pistol. He smiles.

COWBOY

You got any gum?

TIM

What?

COWBOY

You got any gum?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM

No. Sorry.

COWBOY

Damn.

Cowboy walks onto the track, Tim follows him.

TIM

You work here?

COWBOY

Yep, me and my mom. She sells hot dogs and takes the ticket money. I drive the forklift. Nobody but me gets to drive it. That's my job.

TIM

If you want to drive here,,,be in the demolition derby, what do you have to do?

COWBOY

Just put it in reverse and go like crazy. Ka-bam!

TIM

That's all, huh?

COWBOY

Smash 'em up.

TIM

Where do they get the cars?

COWBOY

Just get 'em, any kind. Old cars is best. Made real tough. Old Buicks and Chevies and Fords and...what do they call 'em? With the nose... like a rocket ship?

(slight beat)

Studebakers! You know, Studebakers?

TIM

Yeah, sure.

COWBOY

There's one back there, somewhere. Well, kind of a Studebaker. It's got a Buick engine in it. It's a Stude-a-buick.

TIM

A Stude-a-buick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

COWBOY

Here comes a Stude-a-buick. They don't make 'em anymore, all out. You want that one?

TIM

Is it for sale?

COWBOY

Yup, sure is.

TIM

Does it run?

COWBOY

Probably could. I could fix it.

TIM

How much do you want for it?

MIKE (O.S.)

Cowboy, you know damn well you can't go selling those cars.

Mike appears at the protective fence separating the track from the bleachers.

COWBOY

Yes, I can.

MIKE

No you can't, they're not yours to sell. They're mine.

COWBOY

They are too mine.

She points to a ladder leaning against a pole supporting a bank of lights.

MIKE

What's that ladder doing there?

COWBOY

I was going to fix that burned out one, but I can't find them big bulbs.

MIKE

That's 'cause we're out of them. That's why your mom drove over to Danville, to get some.

COWBOY

I wanted to go.

MIKE

You said you didn't want to go. Now you go over to the trailer and I'll fix some supper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3):

COWBOY

I'm not hungry.

MIKE

Just do what I say, right now. Go.

Cowboy sulks away towards the Graveyard gate.

TIM

I didn't mean to get him into any trouble.

MIKE

You didn't.

TIM

Is he...

MIKE

(overlapping)

Retarded? Yes he is. What can I do for you?

TIM

I'd like to drive out here, be in the demolition derby.

MIKE

Why?

TIM

Why not? Just thought I'd like it.

MIKE

You've got to be eighteen or older.

TIM

No sweat, I turned eighteen two months ago.

MIKE

Maybe some other time.

TIM

Does that mean no?

MIKE

It means some other time.

TIM

I thought anybody could drive out here?

MIKE

You're not anybody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (4):

89

TIM

Well, who the hell am I?

MIKE

You're Roger Pearson's son.

TIM

So what? Do I have to pass a blood test or something?

MIKE

I said no. Okay? If you won't take my word for it, go ask your old man. See what he has to say.

TIM

What does he have to do with it?

MIKE

Go home. Go back to the northside and stay away from here.

She walks away.

CUT TO:

90

INT. KITCHEN, PEARSON HOME - EARLY EVENING

Tim walks in the kitchen door. His mother is watching the RICHARD SIMMONS' SHOW on a portable TV on the counter. SIMMONS leads his studio AUDIENCE in a rigorous routine of EXERCISES. Mrs. Pearson follows along as she prepares dinner.

SIMMONS (V.O.)

...lift, one and two and three. Come on girls!
Let's make those flabby thighs fly away! Higher!

MRS. PEARSON

(out of breath)

Hi...dinner will be...ready...soon...

CUT TO:

91

INT. LIVING ROOM, PEARSON HOME - EARLY EVENING

Tim enters the living room and finds his father and sister sitting on the sofa. Susan listens to her SONY WALKMAN over the headphones and leafs through a People magazine. Mr. Pearson watches the NEWS on the TELEVISION and nurses a tumbler of scotch and water.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION NEWSCAST:
HERB KEEFER is interviewed by a WOMAN REPORTER.

92

HERB

It's a symbolic act to show the world that if we here in Grandview, Indiana can destroy the sources of evil, any town anywhere can do the same thing. I consider this to be kind of a moral pollution control.

The VIDEO CUTS TO THE REPORTER.

REPORTER

After his statement to the press, Mr. Keefer took his position, no pun intended, on a large cross constructed on the parking lot in front of his muffler shop.

The VIDEO CUTS TO a LARGE TWO-STORY CROSS constructed of plywood and 2 x 4's on the parking lot in front of the muffler shop. In front of the cross, where the vertical and horizontal lines intersect, is a TALL RISER with a lounge-style EASY CHAIR on it. HERB climbs up a ladder to the top of the riser and sits in the chair. He waves to the CAMERA. SEVERAL MEMBERS of The Citizens for Freedom gather around the bottom of the cross and APPLAUD.

REPORTER

Mr. Keefer says he will maintain a day and night vigil on the cross until one thousand television sets have been destroyed and discarded at the base of the cross...

CUT TO:

MR. PEARSON ON THE SOFA
The newscast continues in the background.

93

MR. PEARSON

Goddammit! This is going all over the country! Makes this town look like an open air insane asylum. Hell's bells, if he wanted to yank a couple of books from the library we could've worked something out. He doesn't have to pull this stuff. We don't need this kind of publicity. Goddam, this hillbilly town just can't move into the twentieth century.

TIM

Dad?

MR. PEARSON

Yeah?

TIM

Do you know Mike Cody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PEARSON

What about her?

TIM

I went out there today, to see about being in the demolition derby.

MR. PEARSON

You what?

TIM

I went out to the Speedrome this afternoon...

MR. PEARSON

(interrupting)

I don't want you out there.

TIM

Why?

MR. PEARSON

Because I don't. Got it?

TIM

Got what? What's going on?

MR. PEARSON

Nothing's going on. Do you always have to resist everything I say to you?

TIM

I'm not resisting. I'd just like something more than just no.

MR. PEARSON

You're resisting me right now with that tone.

TIM

You always turn everything around.

MR. PEARSON

You can just cut the Psychology Today routine, I'm not in the mood for it.

MRS. PEARSON (O.S.)

Dinner's on!

MR. PEARSON

Let's eat,

TIM

I'm not hungry..

He walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOG 'N SUDS DRIVE IN - NIGHT

94

Tim sits at one of the outdoor tables picking over the remains of his hamburger and fries. Mary approaches and smiles.

MARY

Hi Tim.

TIM

Hi.

MARY

You want to be left alone, don't you?

TIM

It's all right. You want a root beer or something?

MARY

No thanks.

(she sits)

You look real depressed.

TIM

Just thinking.

MARY

I think alot too.

(slight beat)

I heard about what happened today...at school with Bonnie.

TIM

(doesn't want to talk about it)

Yeah.

MARY

You want to smoke a joint?

Tim looks at her, then smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF GRANDVIEW - NIGHT

95

Tim and Mary cruise the deserted streets in his VW. They share a joint.

MARY

This town's kind of boring, but I kind of like it. I always know where I am here. It's like an old house that you've lived in for a long time and you know where all the light switches are.

(laughs at herself)

Jeez...this shit sure makes me weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM

You're not weird. I know what you mean.

MARY

You do?

TIM

Yeah. Remember when Mr. Cardarelli owned the drug store? And if it was your birthday he'd fix you a free banana split or whatever you wanted?

MARY

One time I had him fix me a free grilled cheese sandwich.

TIM

For your birthday?

MARY

Yeah, I used to love grilled cheese sandwiches. He even put a candle on it.

TIM

(laughing)

I liked Mr. Cardarelli.

MARY

Me too. I always thought you had to be old to have memories. It's like a million years ago, now.

(slight beat)

I'm really getting drippy.

TIM

I feel kind of drippy, too.

MARY

And frightened.

TIM

Me too.

MARY

What are you frightened of?

TIM

Things. I keep doing strange things, saying strange things, having strange dreams. I'm a basket case. What are you frightened of?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

MARY

You name it. Mice, water, growing up, nuclear warfare, electricity, lobsters, boys, escalators.

TIM

(laughing)

Escalators?

He takes a hit off the joint and it goes down the wrong way. He has a coughing fit.

MARY

You okay?

TIM

(recovering)

Yeah...whew...damn...

They ride in silence for a few seconds, then:

MARY

Tim?

TIM

Yeah?

MARY

Would you make love to me?

Tim is dumbstruck, he doesn't know what to say.

MARY

I'm too chubby, huh?

TIM

No. No, you're fine. You're pretty. It's just, you know...not right.

MARY

It's all right with me.

TIM

But...I...it should be with a boyfriend, someone who cares. I mean, I care, but I'm not your boyfriend, I'm just a friend-friend.

MARY

I'm sick of waiting for a boyfriend, a friend-friend who's a boy is okay with me.

He pulls the car over and stops. He looks at her for a few moments, then:

TIM

No. I can't, I'm sorry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRACK, SPEEDROME - MORNING

Slam's PICK UP is parked in the middle of the track. He's asleep in the cab. The ground outside the cab is littered with empty beer bottles. Mike walks up to the truck and leans in the window.

MIKE

Slam...Slam?

He comes to, sits up and stretches.

SLAM

Oh boy...goddam...

MIKE

What are you doing here?

SLAM

'Morning.

MIKE

You been here all night?

SLAM

Feels like it.

MIKE

Candy throw you out?

SLAM

Right on my ass. Got some goddam peace bond thing sworn out on me.

MIKE

What?

He pulls a legal document out of his pocket and hands it to her.

SLAM

She hired some dimestore lawyer and got a court order. Not only can't I sleep in my own bed with my own wife, I got to stay fifty feet away from her. Read it, that's what it says. Like I'm supposed to carry a fucking tape measure around with me.

MIKE

What happened?

SLAM

It was poor judgement on my part.

MIKE

You didn't beat her up, did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

96

SLAM

Hell no! I beat up her boyfriend's car.

MIKE

What?

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

97

Mike pours Slam and herself a cup of coffee.

MIKE

You've got the worst taste in women of any man I've ever known.

SLAM

Well screw you and thanks alot.

MIKE

You're welcome.

SLAM

That's just what I need to hear.

MIKE

You want sympathy? I don't play the violin.

SLAM

Jesus Christ, all of a sudden you're an expert on marriage? You're an old maid.

MIKE

I'm thirty years old. I am not an old maid, I'm single. And at least I'm not afraid of being alone or not getting laid or whatever's spooking you so bad you'd rather eat it and babysit some Barbie doll.

SLAM

Just a goddam minute, you're talking about my wife!

MIKE

You're goddam right I am. Candy's a dangerous little tease and you're so goofy you can't see what she's done to you.

SLAM

Oh shit.

MIKE

I've known alot girls playing the same game as Candy. Suckering some air head like you into playing house and then milking you of everything you got, buster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

97

SLAM

She loves me, goddammit.

MIKE

That's why she's slipping and sliding around
with this washing machine salesman?

SLAM

You are something else. She's young and this guy,
Danny, or Donny, or Dinky, whatever the fuck his name
is...has snowed her over with some act. And she fell
for it, she doesn't know what she's doing.

MIKE

Bullshit, utter bullshit. She knows. She's found
herself a new pocket to pick.

SLAM

Oh boy...well, you can't tell me I don't love her.

MIKE

Sure I can. You don't.

SLAM

(livid)

Goddammit! I love her! I do things for her! Shovel
dirt five days a week on some goddam machine that
shakes my kidneys to hell and gives me hemorrhoids the
size of watermelons.

MIKE

And then you zip on out here and spent every minute
you can on your cars and running the derby!

SLAM

What am I supposed to do? This is it! This place
here. This is the best I can feel, when I'm out here.
This is the only thing that makes me different from
almost everybody else. It's for me! It's who I am!
I like to smash up cars and I'm goddam good at it!

MIKE

(softly)

You're telling the wrong woman.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, PEARSON HOME - MORNING

98

Susan spreads a thick layer of butter and jelly over a piece of toast.
Tim enters the kitchen and pours himself a glass of orange juice. Susan
backs away from him as if he were a snake about to strike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

Just stay away from me.

Tim snarls at her like a mad dog.

SUSAN

God, you are warped beyond comprehension.

TIM

You know, you really shouldn't eat toast with braces on your teeth. It makes your mouth look like a garbage disposal. Looks like you're carrying your lunch in there.

SUSAN

You're so sick and gross!

TIM

Me? You know, if puberty were a terminal disease they'd make you the poster child.

She steams out of the kitchen as Mr. Pearson enters. He stares at Tim.

MR. PEARSON

Are you on drugs?

TIM

What?

MR. PEARSON

Are you taking drugs? Narcotics?

TIM

No.

MR. PEARSON

You're sure about that?

TIM

I'm sure.

MR. PEARSON

You better get yourself set straight. You've got a hell of a future, don't drop the ball now.

(slight beat)

And clean yourself up and wear a coat and tie for the picture tonight.

TIM

What picture?

MR. PEARSON

You got a brain up there or a paperweight? I told you that Randy Lewis is coming to the Commission meeting tonight to get a picture of the two of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

98

TIM

Do I have to?

MR. PEARSON

Yes, dammit, you have to. I'm a County Commissioner and you're the Class Valedictorian and we're going to have our picture taken whether you like it or not. And if you don't fix this attitude of yours, you and me are going to have to go to the mat.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

99

CLOSE UP on TIM'S HEADSHOT in the YEARBOOK. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL an entire PAGE OF SENIOR CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS. Everyone with "say cheese" smiles and stiff poses. The pages of the yearbook are FLIPPED from one photograph to the another: the GLEE CLUB, the busy STUDENT CENTER, the VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, the DRAMA CLUB, etc...

CUT TO:

TIM

100

sitting at his desk in the classroom looking through the yearbook. He yawns and massages his eyes, he's wasted. The SOUND of a ROCK 'N ROLL BAND FADES IN. The heavy metal music CRESCENDOS and ENDS, followed by the ROAR AND APPLAUSE OF A LARGE AUDIENCE.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIM'S THIRD DREAM:

INT. BACKSTAGE, ARENA - NIGHT

101

(The following dream sequence is shot DOCUMENTARY STYLE employing constantly moving HAND-HELD ANGLES.)

TIM struts off STAGE into the WINGS followed by his BAND. The AUDIENCE is CLAPPING and CALLING FOR "MORE!" Tim is dressed in tight fitting leather pants and a open silk shirt. The CREW and the BACKSTAGE GUESTS surge around him. A ROADIE (Ed Merriman) hands Tim a bottle of champagne.

ED

All right, out of fucking sight! Man you blew their brains out! You didn't take any prisoners, baby. You crippled the suckers for life!

TIM

Thanks, thanks man.

Tim pushes through the crowd and starts walking through a maze of corridors pursued by his RETAINERS and ADMIRERS. A GROUPIE (Bonnie Clark) grabs him. She's totally punked-out; pink hair and razor blade jewelry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101

BONNIE

Tim! Oh Tim, you're so...so...carnal...so deep.
So deep I can hardly walk.

He keeps moving, trying to ignore her. A REPORTER FROM THE ROLLING STONE
(Mr. Clark, Bonnie's father) puts his arm around Tim.

CLARK

Great show, solid. Got good news for you, I just
talked to Jan, you're going to be on next month's
cover.

TIM

Far out.

CLARK

You've made it, man. Absolutely. We're giving you
more pages than Springsteen. Can you dig it?

Tim's MANAGER (Johnny Maine) embraces Tim. Johnny wears a black satin
jacket with "Tim Pearson - World Tour" embroidered on the back.

JOHNNY

Hey-hey-hey! You should see the box office, baby,
looks like the U.S. Mint!

Tim's FAMILY joins the procession. MR. PEARSON is dressed like a Miami
Beach gigolo with a gold coke spoon hanging around his neck. MRS. PEARSON
wears a full-length red formal and mink stole (ala Nancy Reagan). SUSAN
stumbles along in a pair of spike high heels wearing a pair of short-shorts
and a stretch tube top that barely contains her MAMMOTH BREASTS.

MR. PEARSON

You did a fine job tonight, son. Knocked their
socks off.

TIM

If you need more money forget it.

MRS. PEARSON

Tim, don't use that tone with your father.

SUSAN

He's just pissed 'cause he'll never be as good as
Barry Manilow.

CLARK

This is going to be our hottest cover story ever.
And it's all about you...your ups, your downs,
your life, your loves...

JOHNNY

(overlapping)

Your record sales, your t-shirt sales, your poster
sales, your subsidiary rights, your municipal bonds...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

MRS. PEARSON

(interrupting)

Tim, honey, we just need a couple hundred thousand to tide us over.

TIM

Christ Mom, what do you do with all the money I send you?

MRS. PEARSON

We had to spend an awful lot of it for Susan's silicone treatments.

TIM

Silicone treatments? It looks like she's got a rubber plantation in there.

SUSAN

Oh, suck yogurt!

BONNIE

Like I don't want to sit on your vibes or nothing, but maybe we could get together and explore our primal aurora?

MR. PEARSON

You've got to help us out, son. All we've got left is the condo in Bogota.

TIM

Look, I've done all I can, that's it.

MRS. PEARSON

Please Tim, your dad's not well. His Alka Selzer habit is getting worse.

TIM

What about that rehabilitation hospital I sent him to? The Institute for Antiacid Abuse?

MRS. PEARSON

They tried everything, but he broke into the heart burn ward and almost ODed on Roloids.

TIM

Sorry Mom.

BONNIE

Really Tim, I've got to have your hot karma in my geothermal zone.

JOHNNY

Shit man, we'll make so much money on this tour, we'll make the Fortune 500 look like welfare mothers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3):

101

MR. PEARSON

You can't do this to us, not after all we've
done for you.

TIM

Send me a bill.

(to his bodyguards)

Get them out of here.

The BODYGUARDS put chokeholds on his family and drag them away.

TIM

(to Johnny)

Jeez, why couldn't I have been an orphan?

BONNIE

Tim! I could really dig having your baby. I'll
take real good care of it. I promise! Tim! Tim!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

102

Tim has nodded off in class. The TEACHER taps him on the shoulder.

TEACHER

Tim, Tim?

He comes to.

TIM

Oh...sorry...

TEACHER

We were afraid you had gone into a coma. I was
going to carry you down to the nurse's office and
put you on a respirator.

The classroom erupts with LAUGHTER.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KEEFER'S MUFFLER SHOP/ DINER - DAY

103

LONG SHOT OF THE CROSS in front of Keefer's Muffler Shop. The PILE OF
DISCARDED TELEVISION SETS is growing. HERB is busy updating the TALLY
BOARD beside his easy chair. (So far 397 sets have been sacrificed.)
The Citizens for Freedom have set up a TABLE to solicit contributions
and distribute pamphlets. WE HEAR A DIME DROP INTO A PAY PHONE, A NUMBER
BEING DIALED, RINGING AT THE OTHER END, then:

MIKE (V.O.)

Speedrome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103

SLAM (O.S.)

Hello, Mike?

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK through the window of the DINER to SLAM standing in a PHONE BOOTH. It's lunchtime and the greasy spoon is filled with blue plate regulars.

MIKE (V.O.)

Speaking.

SLAM

This is Slam.

INTERCUT with MIKE at her desk in the ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH at the Speedrome.

MIKE

Hey Slam.

SLAM

How's it going?

MIKE

Fine. I'm kind of busy right now, Slam.

SLAM

Right...well...I was thinking maybe I could take you out for dinner...tonight...we could...eat...

MIKE

I thought ybu were a married man?

SLAM

Just for dinner, that's all.

MIKE

What about Candy?

SLAM

I could give a rat's ass about Candy. If she can do whatever she pleases, I sure as hell can.

MIKE

Getting even, huh?

SLAM

Goddammit, I'm not trying to get even. I'm just asking for a date. You remember dates don't you?

MIKE

I don't remember you ever asking me for one.

SLAM

This is going over like a fart in church. Well, I guess I'll just hang up now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

103

MIKE

Hold on a minute. I'm sorry. I'm being mean.
I'd love to go out to dinner with you, but I
can't tonight.

SLAM

Oh.

MIKE

Really, I can't tonight. But how about we go out
for a drink after the derby tomorrow night?

SLAM

Okay...if you want, you don't have to, maybe we
could go over to Danville and go dancing.

MIKE

(laughing)

Okay...I can't dance worth a damn, but okay.

SLAM

Okay. Well...I got to go.

MIKE

Me too.

SLAM

Talk to you later.

MIKE

Later.

Slam hangs up.

SLAM

(jubilant)

All right!

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD, SPEEDROME - DAY

104

MR. KUTCH, the owner of KUTCH AUTO WRECKING, does some arithmetic on his
pocket calculator.

MIKE (O.S.)

Mr. Kutch!

KUTCH

Yo! Over here.

Mike finds him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

104

MIKE

What do you say?

KUTCH

Let's say two thousand.

MIKE

Twenty-two fifty.

KUTCH

Twenty-one fifty. Including that pile of tires
and batteries back there.

MIKE

Twenty two even, for everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEARSON'S REALTY - EARLY EVENING

105

Mr. Pearson locks the office door and looks Tim over. Tim's dressed in a pair of jeans, frayed shirt, skinny tie, and wrinkled sport coat.

MR. PEARSON

That's the best you could do, huh?

TIM

Shirt, tie, jacket.

MR. PEARSON

Yeah.

The walk towards the COURTHOUSE. Mr. Pearson pops a ROLAID into his mouth.

TIM

One of these days your stomach's going to melt down. It'll be like the China Syndrome...burn a hole right through you.

MR. PEARSON

That's a pleasant thought.

TIM

(slight beat)

I think...maybe I'll take some time off instead of jumping right into college in the fall.

MR. PEARSON

Time off?

TIM

See some things and places.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

105

MR. PEARSON

Great, I'll just sell the house and buy you a seat on the space shuttle.

TIM

I'm serious, dad.

MR. PEARSON

Seriously disturbed.

TIM

I want to get away for awhile, I want some time.

MR. PEARSON

Let me tell you something, winners never have enough time, losers have all the time in the world.

TIM

I'm trying to talk to you and all I get are quotes from Reader's Digest.

MR. PEARSON

Look, when I was your age...

TIM

(interrupting)

When you were my age, you were you, not me. Dammit, didn't you ever want to get away, spend some time by yourself?

MR. PEARSON

I got away once.

TIM

When, where?

MR. PEARSON

To the Bahamas. I won a sales contest. The prize was three days in Nassau. Your mother was pregnant with you, so I went by myself.

TIM

Did you get anything out it?

MR. PEARSON

Yeah, athletes foot. I still got it.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY COMMISSION ROOM, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

106

The COMMISSIONERS and OTHERS mill about, chit-chatting and killing time. TIM and MR. PEARSON pose in front of an American flag as RANDY LEWIS (from the County Gazette) snaps some photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

106

MIKE CODY enters and finds a seat near the front of the room. Her presence makes Tim even more uncomfortable than he already is.

RANDY

That'll about do it, thank you gents.

MR. PEARSON

Our pleasure, thank you Randy.

MR. SANDERS, a fellow Commissioner, whispers something to Mr. Pearson. Mr. Pearson hands his office keys to Tim.

MR. PEARSON

Tim, I forgot some papers I need at the office. There's a cardboard tube on my desk with some drawings in it. Run over and get it for me, would you.

TIM

Yes sir.

Tim stops by Mike on his way out.

TIM

Hi...

Mike shoots an icy glance at him, then looks away. Tim leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

107

Slam lies on the bed in his jockey shorts drinking a beer. He picks up the phone and dials.

CANDY (V.O.)

Hello...

SLAM

Yeah, this is Slam, I'm...

CANDY (V.O.)

(continuing)

...this is the answering machine of Candy Webster. Ernie Webster no longer resides at this number, thank God, and I don't have the slightest idea of how to get a hold of him, even if I wanted to, which I don't. If this is Slam calling I'd just like to warn you that anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. Otherwise, anybody else can just wait for the beep-beep and leave a message. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

The answering machine BEEPS.

SLAM

I'll be a son of a bitch. Yeah, this is Slam. I'm coming by tomorrow morning to pick up my clothes and personal items, so consider yourself duly warned, and if you know what's good for you, make sure you and that Maytag boyfriend have evacuated the premises. Got it? Ten four...roger...over and out...that's all folks.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. PEARSON'S REALTY - NIGHT

108

Tim turns on the LIGHTS. He finds the CARDBOARD TUBE on his father's desk. As he picks it up, one of the DRAWINGS slips out. It catches his interest and he unrolls it and studies it.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY COMMISSION ROOM, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

109

The commission meeting is in progress. The Commissioners, MR. PEARSON, MR. SANDERS, MR. WYNN, and TWO OTHERS, sit at a long table with NAME PLATES in front of them. MIKE goes to the PODIUM as LARRY HURLBUCK (the Health and Safety Inspector) steps down after making his report to the commission.

MIKE

(a little nervous)

My father built the Speedrome in 1959 and in all those years since, we've never had a fire, or a case of food poisoning, the bleachers have never collapsed or anything...we've had our share of cut fingers, and splinters, and bumped heads, and such, but no more than other other place of business. The only fatality we've had was a heart attack, and that was my dad. What I'm trying to get at, is that things are a bit rundown at the Speedrome, but there's a big difference between rundown and unsafe. A difference that Mr. Hurlbuck here has trouble seeing. But, be that as it may, I'll do whatever I can to make him, and all of you, happy. But I'm going have to have more time. Time to raise the money, and time to do the work.

MR. SANDERS

In light of Mr. Hurlbuck's report, I myself, have some difficulty seeing how we could possibly go about granting you more time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

MIKE

All I want is another six months. If I haven't taken care of everything by then, you can shut me down. Just give me a fair chance.

MR. WYNN

We're supposed to waive the interest of public safety for six months.

MIKE

Look, can we cut the crap? What's really going on here is you want to put me out of business.

MR. SANDERS

Let's keep our hats on.

MIKE

You're trying to freeze me out, bit by bit.

MR. SANDERS

Mike, we have quite a few items on the agenda tonight, so I...

MIKE

(interrupting)

Bob Hoffmann has written our insurance for twelve years and he calls me up this afternoon to tell me that he's either going to have to double my premiums or cancel on me.

MR. WYNN

That has nothing to do with...

MIKE

Just hold on! Somebody got to him, somebody did some creative arm-twisting.

MR. PEARSON

I move we vote on the matter before us. All in favor of granting a...

MIKE

I don't quit that easy, Mr. Pearson. You ought to know that by now. Especially since you've had your eye on my property ever since my dad died. Hell, his body wasn't even cold and you were on my doorstep doing your let's-make-a-deal routine.

MR. PEARSON

I resent that, that has no bearing on...

MIKE

(overlapping)

On what? On the fact that you've managed to buy or option every piece of real estate around me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

MR. SANDERS

Now you'll either calm yourself down, or I'll adjourn this damn meeting and we'll vote on this in private!

MIKE

Just tell me one thing, just tell me why you want the Speedrome shut down so bad, that you'd use this brand of bullshit to do it?

TIM (O.S.)

They want to build a country club out there.

ALL HEADS TURN and look at TIM. He walks to the podium and hands the drawings from his father's office to Mike.

TIM

It's all here...they want to build a club house and a golf course.

Mike stares at him, surprised and grateful to have the cavalry arrive when she was almost out of ammunition.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

110

Mr. Pearson and Tim confront each other in the otherwise empty restroom.

MR. PEARSON

You've ruined me! You've ruined something that could've made this town a whole hell of alot better, and me a whole hell of alot richer. And all because you've got some little boy crush on her.

TIM

If you wanted the Speedrome so bad, why didn't you just buy it from her, fair and square?

MR. PEARSON

Because...Mr. Smart Guy, Mr. Class Valedictorian... she doesn't want to sell. And even if she did, if she knew how big this project was, she'd have seen nothing but dollar signs!

TIM

Goddammit, it's her property. You can't do things this way!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PEARSON

Fine! That's just what I'll tell everybody who sunk their money into this. Goddammit to hell! This was my dream. I've wet nursed this thing so long my tits have dried up. A community of fine homes surrounding a private country club with a state-of-the-art golf course. And now, thanks to you, all I have is a half dozen chicken farms surrounding a goddam demolition derby!

MR. SANDERS sticks his head in the door.

MR. SANDERS

Can we have a word with you, Rog?

MR. PEARSON

Be right with you.

Mr. Sanders closes the door.

TIM

Go on and talk to them, I'm leaving.

MR. PEARSON

We'll finish this at home.

TIM

No. It's finished right now. I'm not going home.

Tim walks out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Tim gets into his car. He tries to start it, but it won't catch.

TIM

Come on!

(he tries again)

You son of a bitch!

He gets out of the car and slams the door.

MIKE (O.S.)

Won't start?

MIKE crosses the street and walks over to the car.

TIM

Yep.

MIKE

Anything I can do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
Buy me a new fuel pump.

MIKE
Thanks for helping me.

TIM
Yeah. You're welcome.

He yanks off his tie, throws it in the car and starts down the sidewalk.

MIKE
Why'd you do it?

He stops and looks at her for a moment, then:

TIM
I had a dream about you...I liked you alot better
in the dream.

He walks away, Mike follows him.

MIKE
You need a ride somewhere?

TIM
No thanks.

MIKE
I got my truck, I could give you a tow.

TIM
No thanks.

MIKE
I'm sorry,

TIM
Yeah.

MIKE
Where are you going?

TIM
Leave me alone, okay? You don't owe me nothing.
We're even, Go back to your fucking Speedrome.

She stops, stung by his anger. He keeps walking, then turns back.

TIM
You want a hamburger? Cause that's where I think
I'm going...to the Dog 'n Suds,

CUT TO:

EXT. DOG 'N SUDS DRIVE IN - NIGHT

112

Tim and Mike sit at an outside table eating their hamburgers and fries.

TIM

You know what?

MIKE

What?

TIM

I think Indiana is a good place to be from. Not much of a place to live in, just a good place to be from.

MIKE

It all depends.

TIM

Depends on whether you got an I.Q. over forty or not.

(beat)

You want the rest of my fries?

MIKE

No thanks.

TIM

This stuff's terrible, good to eat, but terrible.

MIKE

When I was in high school we started this big rumor that they made the hamburgers here out of horsemeat.

TIM

(laughing)

Horsemeat? That's great.

MIKE

Business kind of slacked off around here for awhile.

TIM

(loud)

My God, there's horsemeat in this hamburger!

The other PATRONS stare at Tim.

MIKE

(laughing)

Stop it.

TIM

This is horsemeat! Look, there's a horse shoe in my french fries!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

112

MIKE

Hey, stop it.

TIM

Did I embarrass you?

MIKE

No, just stop it.

TIM

How come your face is all red?

MIKE

I don't know why.

TIM

Maybe you're allergic to horsemeat?

MIKE

You really get wound up, don't you?

TIM

Who me?

(slight beat)

Would you do me a favor?

MIKE

What?

TIM

If I gave you the money, would you buy me a bottle of wine?

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

113

Mike comes out of the liquor store and walks down the sidewalk. Tim steps out of the shadows and she hands him a bottle of wine in a paper bag.

TIM

Thanks.

MIKE

What are you going to do now?

TIM

Right now?

MIKE

And tomorrow and the day after?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
I don't know. I got a friend in Chicago, maybe
I'll go there.

MIKE
Chicago, huh?

TIM
I'd rather go to California, but...no bucks.

MIKE
I lived there for a couple years.

TIM
California?

MIKE
Northern California.

TIM
And you came back here?

MIKE
Yeah.

TIM
You didn't like it?

MIKE
I loved it, I didn't like my husband.

TIM
You're married?

MIKE
Divorced.

TIM
How old are you?

MIKE
Thirty.

TIM
Really?

MIKE
Pretty good for thirty, huh?

TIM
Are you sensitive about your age?

MIKE
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

113

TIM

You just don't want to talk about it, right?

MIKE

Right.

TIM

I'm eighteen.

MIKE

I know, I could've sworn you were forty-seven.

The arrive at Tim's car.

TIM

Thanks for the wine.

MIKE

You going to Chicago tonight?

TIM

What? I've got one more day of school, I'll go the day after tomorrow.

MIKE

That's sensible. What about tonight? Are you going home?

TIM

You kidding?

MIKE

Where are you going to go?

TIM

No where if I can't get this son of a bitch to start.

MIKE

You can crash on my sofa, if you want.

TIM

I'll be okay.

MIKE

Okay. So long.

TIM

So long.

Mike walks away.

TIM

Hey! You got a corkscrew at your place?

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER, SPEEDROME - NIGHT

114

The trailer is a relic from the fifties: worn linoleum floors, pine paneling, and Goodwill-grade furniture. The front door opens to the living room which adjoins a galley-style kitchen. A short hallway offers access to the bathroom and a bedroom so small you have to walk over the double bed to get to the closet. Mike pulls two glasses out of a pile of dirty dishes and washes them. Tim sits at the counter separating the kitchen from the living room and opens the bottle of wine.

MIKE

And of course it turns out my dad's old army pal in the State Assembly is full of shit. That there's not a chance in hell that they'd pass a law allowing paramutual betting. So here's my old man with a half-finished horse track in a state where they don't, won't, and never will have legal horse betting. Christ...he got wall-to-wall drunk for about three days, and then, while he was drying out in the drunk tank in Danville, he had this inspiration about demolition derbies. He was a strange bastard, all dreams and piss, and zip for luck and money.

Tim pours the wine and proposes a toast.

TIM

Here's to dreams and piss.

MIKE

Screw that, here's to luck and money.

(beat)

You want to drive in the derby tomorrow night?

TIM

I don't have a car.

MIKE

I got cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK, SPEEDROME - NIGHT

115

A short MONTAGE of assorted SHOTS of Mike teaching Tim some of the tricks of derby driving in a '69 PONTIAC LEMANS, including:

Practicing 180⁰ BOOTLEGGERS TURNS...

Learning the art of DRIVING BACKWARDS by weaving back and forth through RUBBER CONES placed at random intervals around the track...

CUT TO:

TIM AND MIKE IN THE PONTIAC
 racing in REVERSE through the cones. (Mike sits in back since the radiator
 has been installed where the front passenger seat used to be, a trick of
 the trade to protect it from frontal assaults.) 116

MIKE
 Watch the wall, dammit!

Tim over-corrects, swerves out of control, runs over a row of cones, and
 comes sliding to a STOP a few feet from the retaining wall.

TIM
 (laughing)
 I love it!

MIKE
 You scared me to death...

TIM
 I can't wait.

MIKE
 We'll see, tomorrow night you'll be dodging cars,
 not rubber cones.

TIM
 No sweat.

MIKE
 (leans forward)
 Better keep an eye on the temperature gauge,
 Crashcup, or you'll fry this thing.

Tim kisses her, then breaks it off to check her reaction. She doesn't
 flinch. He kisses her again, this time a little longer. Again, he
 stops to check her reaction.

MIKE
 For Christ's sake, make up your mind.

He kisses her full and hard,

DISSOLVE TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER:
 EXTERIOR SHOT of the PONTIAC slowly going in a CIRCLE in the middle of
 the track. 117

CUT TO:

THE STEERING WHEEL
 has been tied off with a belt so that the Pontiac keeps turning in a circle
 as the engine idles at a slow speed. Mike and Tim are in the BACKSEAT.
 Tim has his shirt off. Mike unfastens her bra and Tim caresses her. 118

CUT TO:

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE PONTIAC
going around and around...

119

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIKE'S TRAILER, SPEEDROME - SUNRISE

120

Mike's tow truck is parked in front with Tim's VW hitched to it.

MIKE (V.O.)
(sleepy)
Oh no...I can't...

TIM (V.O.)
Come on, it's the breakfast of champions.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, TRAILER - SUNRISE

121

Mike and Tim are in bed, he lies on top of her.

MIKE
Don't you ever get tired?

TIM
I got alot of hormones.

MIKE
Yeah, well my hormones are worn out.

She pushes him off, then laughs to herself.

TIM
What?

MIKE
I haven't done it in the backseat of a car in a long time.

TIM
It's good for you. Keeps you in shape. Takes timing, coordination, dexterity...

MIKE
(overlapping)
And a big car.

TIM
No, small cars are the real test. That's the heavyweight stuff.

MIKE
I'd forgotten the advantages of being an eighteen year old girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

121

TIM

Doing it in cars?

MIKE

Doing it with eighteen year old boys.

She kisses him and he starts to mount her. They are interrupted by a KNOCK at the front door.

MIKE

Damn.

TIM

You expecting someone?

MIKE

They're coming this morning to clear out the Graveyard.
I sold the cars for scrap.

She climbs out of bed and puts on a robe. There's another KNOCK at the door.

MIKE

(calling out)

Hold your horses!

(to Tim)

And you hold yours.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, TRAILER - MORNING

122

Mike opens the front door and discovers SLAM carrying a bag of groceries.

MIKE

What are you doing here?

He walks into the kitchen and unloads the groceries.

SLAM

Rise and shine, sleeping beauty. I woke up this morning, got dressed, drove over to MacDonald's, just like I've done a million goddam times, especially since Candy could never cook anything that wasn't frozen and sealed in aluminum foil, and I'm driving down Highway 4, and I see those golden arches and I suddenly realize that I'd rather eat a turd casserole than gag on one more Egg MacMuffin. So, here we got the makings of a real old fashioned goddam American breakfast. We got bacon, we got eggs, real eggs, we got spuds for some home fries, we got o.j., we got Maxwell house coffee, good to the last drop, and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls a loaf of WONDER BREAD out of the sack.

SLAM

(continuing)

Wonder Bread! None of this whole wheat hippie
rabbit food bullshit for us. Just plain old white
bread...

He wads up the empty sack, goes to throw it away and glances in the
bedroom. He SEES TIM sitting up in the bed. The air goes out of Slam.

MIKE

(still at the front door)

You dumb ox. Why didn't you call first?

SLAM

He's a kid.

MIKE

So are you.

SLAM

Shit! You're making it with a high school kid?

MIKE

Cool off.

SLAM

I'm so fucking dumb...that's why you couldn't go
out with me last night.

MIKE

No, that's not why. He...we...I don't have to
explain to you.

SLAM

Goddammit, I thought...

MIKE

What?

SLAM

I thought you...

MIKE

I do, Slam, I like you alot. I care for you.

SLAM

Forget it, just fucking forget it. Excuse me.

He walks out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S TRAILER, SPEEDROME - MORNING

123

Mike follows Slam out the front door.

MIKE
Don't be an asshole, Slam.

SLAM
Well what in the hell am I supposed to do?
Make breakfast in bed for the two of you?

MIKE
Oh goddammit, grow up!

SLAM
Me? You got a kid in there!

MIKE
I've got a man in there. He's eighteen, which must
make you about three.

Slam gets in his truck and starts it.

MIKE
Slam, I'm sorry. Let's talk, okay? Please?

SLAM
I got nothing to say.

MIKE
Please?

He puts the truck in gear and drives away.

MIKE
(calling out)
Goddammit, you piss me off!

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER

124

Tim is in the kitchen, he has his jockey shorts on. Mike walks back into the trailer and slumps down on the sofa.

TIM
I put some water on for coffee.

MIKE
Dammit, dammit. Of all the mornings, Jesus Christ.
Goddammit, I don't need this shit!

TIM
I got to go to school.

MIKE
Take my truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

124

TIM
I can hitch a ride.

MIKE
Take the damn truck, I got stay around here anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S TRAILER, SPEEDROME - DAY

125

Tim helps Mike unhitch the VW from the tow truck. (They're both dressed.)

TIM
You want anything from town?

MIKE
No.
(slight beat)
Tim?

TIM
What's wrong?

MIKE
Don't get stuck on me, okay? Cause what we're doing,
what's happening...

TIM
(overlapping)
Don't worry. I know.

He gets in the tow truck.

TIM
(smiling)
Ain't sex great?

MIKE
(smiling back)
Go to school, Crashcup.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLAM WEBSTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

126

All of Slam's CLOTHES AND BELONGINGS have been piled in the middle of the front yard. A LAWN SPRINKLER has been placed on top of the pile, it swishes back and forth, drenching everything with water. SLAM pulls into the driveway and PARKS. He SEES HIS THINGS.

SLAM
Son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He jumps out of the truck, dashes across the yard, slips on the wet grass, and slides into the mound of clothes. He wrestles with the sprinkler and hurls it away. He gets to his feet.

SLAM

(calling out)

Candy! Candy!

DONNY VINTON appears at the FRONT DOOR wearing a pair of boxer shorts. He cradles a SHOTGUN in his arms and has a CAST on his RIGHT FOOT.

DONNY

Better hit the road, Jack. Cops are on their way.

SLAM

Candy!

DONNY

She doesn't want to talk to you.

SLAM

You're going to pay, you son of bitch! I'm going to make you both pay.

DONNY

Fuck you, pal. You ain't gonna get shit. She's gonna divorce your crazy ass and take everything you got. Every cent, pal. Including this house. So you lose, buckwheat.

SLAM

Like hell she is, that's my house!

DONNY

Yeah? We'll see about that.

SLAM

You're damn right we will!

Donny starts making SOUNDS like a POLICE SIREN,

SLAM

You wait, you crippled donkey dick! You wait!

DONNY

Why don't you wait, pal? Cause I think I hear the cops coming now.

He continues to taunt Slam with the SIREN SOUNDS. Slam storms to his truck and PEELS AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

127

Nancy and Mary sit in the MUSTANG smoking a cigarette before classes start.

MARY

This is it.

NANCY

Huh?

MARY

This is our last cigarette in the parking lot on our last day of high school.

NANCY

I'll never throw this cigarette butt away, I'll have it bronzed as a precious memory of our happy days here at Nerdville High.

MARY

Yuck, yuck, yuck.

NANCY

What? You want me to cry?

She feigns weeping and sobs melodramatically.

MARY

You're such a bitch sometimes. Would you please cut it out. Stop it!

Suddenly, Nancy's tears become real.

MARY

Nancy? Are you really crying? Hey? God, you really are.

(embraces her)

It's all right, we'll still be friends and everything.

NANCY

I'm pregnant, goddammit.

MARY

You're pregnant?

NANCY

Yes.

MARY

Benny got you pregnant?

NANCY

No, I got knocked up by a toilet seat, dumb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

127

MARY

What are you going to do?

NANCY

I'm going to marry the pervert.

MARY

You can't.

NANCY

Oh yes I can.

MARY

What about college?

NANCY

So what, big deal? You think I was going to college to be a fucking brain surgeon? You go to college to get a husband. Now I got one. Who needs college?

MARY

I don't believe you.

Mary gathers her things and gets out of the car.

NANCY

What's bugging you?

MARY

You know what?

NANCY

What?

MARY

You and Benny deserve each other.

She walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

128

MR. BARRY, the school principal, sticks his head in the door and gestures to Tim to step out of the classroom.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICES, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

129

Tim follows Mr. Barry through the outer office area.

TIM

There's nothing more to talk about, Mr. Barry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Barry opens the door to his OFFICE. Tim enters and discovers his FATHER waiting for him.

TIM

What are you doing here?

MR. PEARSON

Mr. Barry called me and said you've decided not to deliver the valedictory address at commencement.

TIM

That's right.

MR. PEARSON

And why the hell not?

TIM

I spent all morning explaining to Mr. Barry, ask him.

MR. PEARSON

I'd like to hear it from you.

TIM

Well...if you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all.

MR. PEARSON

That's cute, that's very cute.

TIM

I got to go. See you later.

Tim starts out the door.

MR. PEARSON

You're just going to run away?

TIM

I'm a little too old to run away, dad. I'm just leaving.

MR. PEARSON

And where the hell are you going?

TIM

Chicago.

MR. PEARSON

Terrific. What are you going to do for a living, wash cars?

TIM

If I have to,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2):

129

MR. PEARSON

Look, I went a bit overboard maybe, and didn't do things quite the way I should've. And you're right to be mad...I don't know what to say...business is a hard thing and sometimes you get off center and screw up.

TIM

Are you trying to apologize?

MR. PEARSON

I'm trying to explain.

TIM

No thanks.

Tim walks away, Mr. Pearson follows him into the OUTER OFFICE.

MR. PEARSON

I'm sorry, I am.

TIM

(stops and turns back)

Thank you.

(slight beat)

I'm not leaving because of you. I'm leaving because of me. I'm not happy here.

MR. PEARSON

You'll be happy at I.U. It's a good school, you'll be on your own. I mean, what the hell's so bad with the state of Indiana, for Christ's sake?

TIM

Nothing. And maybe I'll come back here. But if I do it'll be because I want to. Not because I'm afraid of the rest of the world. That's what I don't like about Indiana, is this bullshit that says...don't go out there, it's dangerous, you won't make it, they'll eat you alive, there's no place like home, stay here, this is as good as you're going to get. I don't buy it.

(slight beat)

That's my valedictory address.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, GRANDVIEW HIGH - DAY

130

The hall is vacant, absolutely still. A BELL RINGS and all hell breaks loose. WE HEAR CHEERING AND APPLAUDING as the CLASSROOM DOORS SWING OPEN and the STUDENTS rush into the hall. ED MERRIMAN whoops it up.

ED

No more fucking high school!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

130

JOHNNY drops to his knees in the hallway.

JOHNNY

Free, free, dear Lord, free at last!

It's like Times Square on New Year's Eve...

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD, SPEEDROME - DAY

131

Mr. Kutch's assistant, FRED, loads the last of the CARS onto a semi TRUCK with a flat bed trailer. MR. KUTCH counts off twenty-two crisp \$100 BILLS and hands them to MIKE.

MIKE

Thank you, Mr. Kutch.

KUTCH

You might have to go over to the D.M.V. if they give me a hard time on some of the paperwork...

They are interrupted by a LOUD CRASH. A CAR SLIPS OFF THE FORKLIFT as COWBOY PULLS FRED OFF THE FORKLIFT.

FRED

Get this bastard off me!

MIKE

Cowboy!

Mike and Mr. Kutch run over to the forklift; Cowboy and Fred wrestle.

COWBOY

They're mine!

MIKE

Stop it, Cowboy! Stop it!

FRED

Get him off!

Mike and Mr. Kutch try to separate them. Cowboy pushes Mike and she trips and falls. BETTY WELLES suddenly appears, madder than a wet hen, she grabs Cowboy and yanks him to his feet.

BETTY

Cut it out!

She SLAPS him hard, almost knocking him down. His eyes swell with tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

131

COWBOY

They're my cars!

BETTY

You say you're sorry, mister!

COWBOY

They're taking my cars!

BETTY

No sir, they are not your cars, and they never have been! You're in deep shit, mister, you better say you're sorry.

COWBOY

No! NO!!!

He runs away towards the WOODS bordering the Graveyard.

MIKE

(calling after him)

Cowboy!

BETTY

Leave him be.

MIKE

Cowboy, come back!

BETTY

I said leave him be, Mike.

MIKE

Dammit, I should've told him I sold the cars, that they were going to take them away today.

BETTY

I didn't think to tell him myself. But the damage is done. He'll work it out on his own.

MIKE

Dammit.

BETTY

(to Fred)

Sorry...you okay?

FRED

Yeah, I'll live.

BETTY

(to Mike)

Don't you think it's about time we got this clip joint open for business?

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - LATER THAT NIGHT

132

SPENCER stubs out a JOINT and swallows it. He TURNS ON THE P.A. SYSTEM.

SPENCER

Well howdy-do, folks. Welcome to Cody's Speedrome, home of the demolition derby. We're going to have another smash 'em up evening for you, just like we do every Friday and Saturday night. Now if you will, please rise for our national anthem...

He places the needle down on the TURNTABLE. WE HEAR a dissonant GUITAR CHORD, this isn't the standard rendition of the STAR SPANGLED BANNER, but JIMI HENDRIX'S electrified version on solo guitar.

CUT TO:

THE SPECTATORS IN THE BLEACHERS

133

Their REACTIONS to the MUSIC as they stand with their hands over their hearts; some dig it, some are offended.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

134

Tim is behind the wheel of the PONTIAC LEMANS. He puts on his helmet as Mike tapes a RED FLAG on a thin stick to the window post of the driver's door.

MIKE

You got to remember to break off this flag once you're out of the running, cause as long as you're showing your flag you're a fair target. You got that?

TIM

I got it.

MIKE

And you got to keep moving, if you stop for more than ten seconds you'll be disqualified.
(referring to the national anthem)
What the hell is that?

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

135

Spencer is rocking out on Jimi's patriotic hot licks. BETTY charges into the booth, snatches the RECORD off the turntable and tosses it out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

136

SLAM sits behind the wheel a OLDS 88, gunning his engine and watching Mike coach Tim.

CUT TO:

MIKE AND TIM

137

MIKE

Just let things clear out a bit, let the hot shots get their rocks off, then make your moves.

TIM

(impatient)

Yeah, okay...

MIKE

And stay out of the open, stick close to the pack, don't give anyone a clear shot at you.

TIM

Okay, right...

MIKE

And please be careful, and please watch the goddam wall.

TIM

Piece of cake.

CUT TO:

THE TRACK (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

138

TIM'S PONTIAC IS WEDGED BETWEEN TWO MOVING CARS like a piece of lunch meat. (The derby has just begun.)

TIM

Shit!!!

CUT TO:

DEMOLITION DERBY SEQUENCE:

139

A tightly edited, fast paced sequence of crashes, spins, hits, and wipe outs as the TWO DOZEN CARS in the competition are eliminated. Including INSERTS of:

Tires peeling out, burning up, going flat...

Fenders, doors, grilles, and trunks being smashed, bent, and demolished...

Radiators overheating and spewing steam...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

139

Engines blowing apart...

A steering wheel coming off in a driver's hands...

A car dropping its entire drive-chain: transmission,
driveshaft, rear axle...The sequence is INTERCUT with an assortment of ANGLES and REACTION SHOTS,
including:

The CROWD screaming and cheering as the tension builds...

SPENCER in the booth giving a mile-a-minute play by play...

TUCKER SMITH (the Tail-A-Gator) maneuvering through the
disabled cars like a Tasmanian devil...TIM in the Pontiac, somehow managing to survive and having
a great time...

SLAM in the OLDS 88, the cool-handed pro, all business...

MIKE, standing in the bleachers, keeping a close eye on Tim...

CUT TO:

THE DUEL BETWEEN SLAM AND TIM:

140

The battle begins suddenly as Tim escapes from a traffic jam only to take a SOLID HIT from Slam. Tim ducks his car between TWO WRECKS, trying to evade Slam, but Slam pursues him and draws him into a game of cat and mouse through the maze of disabled and skirmishing CARS. Tim is engaged by another CAR, Slam takes advantage of the distraction and scores a hard BLOW into the rear of the PONTIAC. The impact folds up the TRUNK LID partially obstructing Tim's view out the rear window.

CUT TO:

MIKE

141

pressing close to the chain-link fence watching the growing battle between Slam and Tim.

CUT TO:

TIM

142

In the PONTIAC. He is boxed in by TWO CARS and loses sight of Slam. He's sweating now.

CUT TO:

THE OLDS

143

FLIES BACKWARDS INTO THE FRONT OF THE PONTIAC, then pulls away.

CUT TO:

TIM 144
recovers from the jolt but the Pontiac stalls. He tries to re-start it,
but it's useless.

CUT TO:

MIKE 145
She sees that Tim is stalled.

MIKE
(yelling over the din)
Take down your flag! Tim, the flag!

CUT TO:

TIM 146
He can't hear or see her. He's pissed that he let the car stall. He
pulls off his helmet.

CUT TO:

SLAM 147
pulls away from the pack. He draws a bead on the PONTIAC and floors it
across the track.

CUT TO:

TIM 148
sees Slam speeding toward him like a locomotive. He suddenly remembers to
break off his RED FLAG, just as:

CUT TO:

THE OLDS SMASHES INTO THE PONTIAC BROADSIDE. 149
The car flips over onto the roof. As Slam pulls away the Pontiac catches
on FIRE.

CUT TO:

MIKE 150
screams and runs to a gate leading onto the track.

CUT TO:

SLAM 151
sees the FLAMES, screeches to a stop and jumps out.

CUT TO:

TIM 152
lies unconscious in the upside-down car. The interior is filling with
smoke.

CUT TO:

153

SLAM
rushes to the Pontiac, climbs in and pulls Tim out. Another DRIVER begins to douse the flames with a fire extinguisher. Slam drags Tim away from the burning car and kneels beside him.

SLAM
Don't move. You're safe, you're out.

TIM
(coming to)
I'm all right, ...
(looks back at the Pontiac)
Fantastic.

SLAM
Be cool, don't move.

Mike runs over to Tim. The DRIVERS have stopped, they climb out of their cars and gather around Tim.

MIKE
Are you hurt?

TIM
I'm fine.
(to Slam)
Man, I pissed in my pants when I saw you coming at me.

MIKE
(to one of the drivers)
Go find Petey.

The DRIVER runs towards the Graveyard gate.

TIM
I just got the wind knocked out of me.

SLAM
Let Petey check you out first, maybe you broke something.

MIKE
(angry, to Slam)
You asshole.

SLAM
What?

MIKE
He was stalled, he wasn't moving.

SLAM
He was showing his flag.

MIKE
Screw you, I'm sick of your shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
He's right, Mike, I forgot the flag. I'm all right.

MIKE
(to Slam)
Get out of here.

SLAM
He had his goddam flag up.

MIKE
So what? You had it out for him, you weren't trying to win, you wanted blood.

SLAM
This ain't kiddie cars, for Christ's sake. I didn't want to hurt him.

MIKE
Get off the track, Slam.

TIM
Mike...

SLAM
It's okay, it's okay. I'm going. I don't like the way the rules keep changing around here.

He starts towards his car, then stops and turns back.

SLAM
I ain't no prince, Mike...and you sure as hell ain't no princess.

He climbs into the OLDS and speeds off the track.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOB'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

154

Friday is a busy night at Bob's, the JUKEBOX can be HEARD on the street. SLAM pulls into the PARKING LOT, as he parks HE SEES:

CUT TO:

SLAM'S P.O.V.:

155

DONNY and CANDY locked in a hot-and-bothered EMBRACE. They grind against each other and exchange sloppy kisses. The seperate and get into her CAR.

CUT TO:

SLAM
watches them drive off. He starts his truck and follows them.

156

CUT TO:

EXT. SLAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT (AN HOUR LATER)

157

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the house; Candy's CAR is in the driveway.

CANDY (V.O.)
What's baby gonna do to Donny?

DONNY (V.O.)
Donny don't know?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, SLAM'S HOUSE

158

DONNY is tied spread-eagle on the bed wearing only his boxer shorts and the CAST on his foot. CANDY stands on the foot of the bed wearing a bra, g-string, and net stockings.

CANDY
Sure you do. What's baby gonna do to the big ol' mean washing machine salesman?

DONNY
She's gonna...wash me...

CANDY
Yes?

DONNY
She's gonna...rinse me...

CANDY
Yes?

DONNY
She's gonna...spin me dry!

CANDY
Oh Donny!

She jumps on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW

159

SLAM turns away from the window and sneaks across the lawn to the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, SLAM'S HOUSE

160

Candy and Donny are startled by the noise of a LOUD ENGINE staring up on the street outside.

DONNY
What the fuck's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

160

CANDY

It sounds like it's right out front.

DONNY

Probably some kids in a hot rod.

She gets out of bed.

DONNY

Where are you going?

CANDY

I'll be back.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

161

Candy cracks open the FRONT DOOR and peeks out.

CANDY

Oh my God!

CUT TO:

CANDY'S P.O.V.:

162

SLAM sits at the controls of a BULLDOZER in the FRONT YARD.

SLAM

(loud)

What's baby going to do to Candy and Donny?

He puts the bulldozer in gear and begins to crawl toward the front door.

CUT TO:

CANDY

163

screams at the top of her lungs and backs away from the door.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM

164

Donny tied to the bed.

DONNY

Hey! Candy! What's going on!

CUT TO:

THE BULLDOZER

165

plows into the FRONT PORCH, it collapses under the weight of the machine.
 Slam raises the SHOVEL BLADE and LIFTS THE PORCH ROOF away from the rest
 of the house.

CUT TO:

CANDY 166
dashes into the bedroom. Donny struggles to free himself from the ropes
binding him to the bed.

CANDY
He's gonna kill us! He's crazy! He's on a
bulldozer!

DONNY
Who? What? Slam? It's Slam! Call the cops, call
the fucking cops!

CANDY
The cops!

She runs out of the bedroom.

DONNY
Wait! Untie me! Candy!

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

The bulldozer rams through the front door, tearing a huge hole out of
the wall. The dozer crunches through the debris into the living room,
it smashes over the furniture.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

Candy is on the PHONE.

CANDY
Hello? Hello! Police? Help me! He's gonna kill
us! He's in the house...he got a bulldozer!

CUT TO:

THE BULLDOZER

bashes through the living room wall onto the DRIVEWAY. One tread of the
bulldozer lands on the trunk of Candy's CAR and flattens it.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM

Donny flailing against the ropes, The LIGHTS FLICKER.

DONNY
Candy! Untie me, goddammit! Candy!

CUT TO:

THE BULLDOZER

turns around in the BACKYARD and grinds into the KITCHEN PORCH.

CUT TO:

166

167

168

169

170

171

THE KITCHEN

Candy screams and drops the phone as the BULLDOZER CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL INTO THE KITCHEN.

172

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM

Donny is paralyzed with terror.

173

DONNY

Our father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name...

CUT TO:

CANDY

scrambles over the wreckage of what was once the FRONT DOOR.

174

CANDY

Help me! Help me!

She is FOLLOWED BY SLAM ON THE BULLDOZER. The dozer rolls out of the house onto the front yard pushing a pile of debris, furniture, and kitchen appliances.

CUT TO:

CANDY

runs down the STREET waving her arms at an ARRIVING POLICE CAR. LIGHTS ARE ON all over the neighborhood; PEOPLE have gathered to watch.

175

CUT TO:

SLAM

SHUTS OFF THE BULLDOZER. He laughs like a madman and looks back at the house.

176

CUT TO:

THE HOUSE

begins to shutter and sway, the SOUND of the structure BENDING AND CRACKING can be HEARD.

177

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM

The WALLS and CEILING begin to buckle and collapse.

178

DONNY

Help!

CUT TO:

THE HOUSE

disintegrates in a huff puff of dust. Walls fall every which way and the roof slides off into the backyard. Geysers of water spray from the broken pipes.

179

CUT TO:

DONNY

Somehow, Donny and the bed have come through unscathed. The house has fallen away and left him still bound to the bed.

180

DONNY

Get me out of here!

CUT TO:

THE NEIGHBORS

yell and applaud, what a show. SLAM stands on the seat of the bulldozer and takes a bow. TUCKER SMITH and a DEPUTY approach with their guns drawn.

181

TUCKER

All right, Slam, recess is over. You're under arrest. Just keep your hands up.

SLAM

(laughing hysterically)

Go ahead, take me away, lock me up...it's a crime to feel this good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

182

MIKE is curled up asleep on a bench. Tim walks in and sits beside her. He has an ELASTIC BANDAGE wrapped around his left wrist. He touches her face.

TIM

Mike?

She wakes up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF GRANDVIEW - A FEW MINUTES LATER

183

Mike and Tim drive through the outskirts of town in the TOW TRUCK.

TIM

(referring to his wrist)

I guess I sprained it, it's not bad. This damn bandage bothers me more than the sprain does.

MIKE

Are you still going to leave tomorrow?

TIM

The 11:15 bus to Chicago, got my ticket in my pocket.

MIKE

Are you excited?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

183

TIM
Right now I'm just tired.

MIKE
Yeah, me too.

TIM
You were real unfair with Slam tonight.

She glances at him, he's hit a nerve.

TIM
(continuing)
You blew it.

The SOUND OF A SIREN can be HEARD.

TIM
Are you speeding?

MIKE
(checking the side mirror)
It's a fire engine.

She pulls over and TWO FIRE ENGINES speed by. FLAMES AND SMOKE can be SEEN in the distance.

MIKE
Oh no...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDROME - NIGHT

184

The Speedrome is on FIRE. The BLEACHERS are ablaze and the FIRE is spreading into the building housing the CONCESSION STAND and ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH. VOLUNTEER FIREMEN pull the hoses off the FIRE ENGINES and begin to battle the FLAMES. The TOW TRUCK races up and stops, MIKE and TIM jump out. BETTY runs over to Mike.

MIKE
What happened?

BETTY
I don't know, I was doing the books and I looked out the window and everything was...

A PROPANE GAS TANK in the CONCESSION STAND EXPLODES, creating a ball of fire. Tim shepherds Mike and Betty away from the intense heat. The FIREMEN turn their hoses on the inferno. Mike watches helplessly as the fire rages out of control.

CUT TO:

THE DISPLAY CASE

185

located beside the main gate. The heat SHATTERS the glass and the PHOTOGRAPH of Mike and her father is consumed by flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPEEDROME - MORNING

186

The Speedrome is a charred, smoking pile of rubble. The weary FIREMEN wind up the hoses and pack away their equipment.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

187

Mike follows the FIRE CHIEF through the ruins to a charred GASOLINE STORAGE TANK. He points to a DRAIN VALVE at the bottom of the tank.

CHIEF

That damn valve's wide open.

MIKE

It was padlocked, you'd have to break it open.

CHIEF

Look here.

He shows her a PADLOCK laying on the ground, it's UNLOCKED.

MIKE

Oh Jesus...

CHIEF

Who all's got a key to this?

Mike doesn't respond. She turns and looks at the WOODS bordering the Graveyard. COWBOY is standing there, watching her.

MIKE

Cowboy...

She walks through the Graveyard to Cowboy. Tears begin to stream down her face. She studies him for a few beats, he is upset and frightened; the truth is easy to see in his eyes.

MIKE

Why Cowboy?

COWBOY

You took my cars.

MIKE

Oh Cowboy...

She embraces him and holds him tight. He begins to sob,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL CELL, GRANDVIEW COURTHOUSE - DAY

188

Slam lies on a bunk staring at the ceiling. TUCKER SMITH walks up to the cell and unlocks the door.

TUCKER

Okay, King Kong, you can go back to your jungle.

SLAM

What are you talking about?

TUCKER

You can go.

SLAM

How the hell can I go? You got me on two counts of attempted manslaughter and grand bulldozer theft, or whatever the hell you called it.

TUCKER

The charges have been reduced. Let's move it, it's check-out time.

SLAM

Reduced to what?

TUCKER

Building demolition without a permit. It's a two hundred dollar fine and it's been paid in full.

SLAM

Paid in full by who?

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKING DESK, COURTHOUSE - DAY

189

Slam walks out of the holding area and finds MIKE waiting for him. She studies him for a few moments then starts laughing.

SLAM

Don't get me laughing, been laughing all night. I'm sore all over.

MIKE

Jesus, Slam.

SLAM

I heard about the...did everything burn down?

MIKE

Just about.

(CONTINUING)

CONTINUED:

189

SLAM

I'm sorry.

MIKE

I'm sorry about the way I treated you last night.

SLAM

How the hell did you get me out of this roach motel?

MIKE

I found Candy and talked it over and got her to drop the charges and give you a divorce. And then I had a talk with Judge Avery, got the fine reduced and paid it. Come on, let's go.

SLAM

Just a damn minute. What do you mean, you talked it over with Candy?

MIKE

Actually I did most the talking. I told her if she'd leave you alone I'd give her five thousand dollars.

SLAM

Have you gone nuts, woman? You don't have that kind of money.

MIKE

I sure as hell do. I'm set, I'm selling the Speedrome.

SLAM

You can't sell the Speedrome!

MIKE

I sign the papers next Monday.

SLAM

What the hell's going on around here?

MIKE

Goddam, you're thick. I love you, I don't know what's wrong with me, but I love you. And I hope, real bad, that you care for me, 'cause I got to pay off Candy one way or the other.

SLAM

(beat)

I must have died and gone to heaven. I'm crazy for you Mike.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

190

The PASSENGERS file onto the BUS as the DRIVER checks their tickets. TIM stands at the rear of the line, he waves to his FAMILY. They are gathered around the CADILLAC.

TIM

I'll call you.

MR. PEARSON

Call collect.

TIM

Okay.

MRS. PEARSON

(crying)

We love you.

SUSAN

(under her breath)

I don't.

Mrs. Pearson gives Susan a sharp elbow in the shoulder.

SUSAN

Oww!

JOHNNY MAINE runs up to Tim.

JOHNNY

Hey, what's happening? They deport you?

TIM

Yup.

JOHNNY

Personally, I feel that leaving home ruins your childhood.

TIM

I got to go.

JOHNNY

Yeah. Well, thanks for leaving. Nice not seeing you.

Tim steps onto the bus.

TIM

Nice not seeing you, too.

CUT TO;

EXT. STREETS OF GRANDVIEW - DAY

191

The BUS drives through town. Mike's TOW TRUCK pulls along side, Mike HONKS the horn and Slam motions the driver to stop. The BUS pulls over and STOPS. Mike and Slam jump out of the tow truck and run over to the bus. The DRIVER OPENS THE DOOR and Mike climbs aboard.

DRIVER

Hey, where's your ticket lady?

SLAM

Just sit tight, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS

192

Mike walks down the aisle to Tim. He gets up from his seat.

MIKE

Would you still rather go to California?

TIM

What? I'm going to Chicago.

MIKE

Go to California, the weather's better.

She hands him the ROLL OF \$100 BILLS that Mr. Kutch paid her for the cars.

CUT TO:

SLAM AND THE BUS DRIVER

193

The driver's getting impatient.

SLAM

Did you ever roll a bus this size?

DRIVER

Hell no.

SLAM

I bet this mother really gets exciting once you get a few wheels off the ground.

DRIVER

Mister, I haven't had an accident in over fourteen years.

SLAM

Well good for you. I bet you sleep with your socks on, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS

194

Slam and Mike get off the bus and it DRIVES AWAY. She waves and her eyes fill with tears.

SLAM

Where's he going?

MIKE

California.

SLAM

Why you crying?

MIKE

Cause I'm happy, asshole.

They embrace and hold each other.

CUT TO:

TIM ON THE BUS

195

Trying to keep his composure and not cry. He glances out the window, sees something, and starts to laugh and laugh...

CUT TO:

TIM'S P.O.V.:

196

HERB KEEFER ON THE CROSS celebrating with his triumphant FOLLOWERS as they reach their goal of ONE THOUSAND TELEVISION SETS accompanied by the HALLELUJAH CHORUS played on a PORTABLE ELECTRIC ORGAN by ROSEANN KEEFER. Herb waves at the passing BUS.

FADE OUT:

THE END
