

OVERDRIVE

Screenplay by

Stephen King

Property of:

DINO DE LAURENTIIS CORP
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New York, N.Y. 10023

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MEMORANDUM

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

RE: SCRIPT CHANGES

PLEASE BE AWARE OF THE FOLLOWING CHANGES. SCRIPT REVISIONS WILL NOT BE ISSUED FOR THESE AMENDMENTS. THEREFORE, NOTE CHANGES IN YOUR PRESENT SCRIPT.

1. The Patrons now have character names which do not appear in the script. They are as follows:

- a. 1ST PATRON: BRAD
- b. 2ND PATRON: HARRY
- c. 3RD PATRON: MAX
- d. 4TH PATRON: ROLF
- e. 5TH PATRON: FRANK
- f. 6TH PATRON: ANDY

2. Other changes are as follows:

<u>Appears as</u>	<u>Change to</u>	<u>Scene #</u>	<u>Page #</u>
Little League	baseball (per Hilton)	35	7
		71	15
		155	29
		173	33
Space Invaders	video game	68	15
Pepsi (machine)	Soda Time (machine)	74	16
		82	17
		89	17
		90	18
Street Washing Machine	Steam Roller	83	17
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Semi/18 Wheeler	Killer Tow Truck	350-F	68
		352, 353	69
		355	69

BILL ROBERTSON

BILL ROBINSON

Revised 6/27

FADE IN ON:

1 EXT. THE PLANET EARTH, FROM SPACE 1

It hangs in the center of the screen, enveloped in a gauzy film of atmosphere. Beyond that, nothing but black unwelcoming space.

These words appear:

"On June 19th, 1987, at 9:47 A.M. EST, the Earth passed into the extraordinarily diffuse tail of Rhea-M, a rogue comet."

And although the darkness of space does not change, the envelope of atmosphere surrounding the earth begins to glow very faintly.

"According to astronomical calculations, the planet would remain in the tail of the comet for the next eight days, five hours, twenty-nine minutes, and twenty-three seconds."

The words FADE. CAMERA HOLDS ON THE EARTH, with its faintly glowing cloud of atmosphere.

SOUND, UP: TRUCKS, passing over the drawbridge grate.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. ~~BEREATH THE WILMINGTON DRAWBRIDGE~~ DAY 2***

We are looking up at MONTAGE of shots under the bridge. Darker shapes --cars and trucks--pass back and forth overhead.

THE CAMERA PANS UP, through the drawbridge (via dissolve) and we see the grilled surface of the bridge. Cars and trucks rush back and forth around THE CAMERA.

During all this, CREDITS ROLL. Final TITLE CARD: WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA/9:47 A.M.

3 EXT. FIRST BANK OF WILMINGTON DAY 3

There's one of those TIME and TEMPERATURE digital clocks on top of the bank. It is flashing 9:48 A.M. and 79 degrees. It does that twice...and then, instead of 9:48 the clock flashes FUCK. Instead of 79 it flashes YOU.

4 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE BANK, WITH 1ST MAN AND 1ST WOMAN 4***

They've been approaching the Automatic Teller. The 1ST MAN has a newspaper under his arm. On it we can read part of the headline about the comet. The 1ST MAN is looking up.

The 1ST WOMAN looks up, following his gaze.

5 EXT. THE TIME AND TEMP SIGN, SIDEWALK POV 5

6 EXT. 1ST MAN AND WOMAN

6

1ST WOMAN
Oh my goodness!

1ST MAN
It's the comet. Everyone's got
a case of the terminal sillies.

He approaches the Automatic Teller, takes out his wallet, and sticks his MoneyCard into the slot. The 1ST WOMAN--his wife, I guess--is still looking up at the sign, shading her eyes.

7 EXT. AUTO-TELLER VIDEO DISPLAY TERMINAL AND KEYBOARD

7

ENTER MONEYCARD NUMBER, PLEASE, the VDT display says.

1ST MAN punches 2133 and EXECUTE. The screen blanks for a moment and then a new display comes up:

THANK YOU MR. REGINALD SPEAKES 249 CEDAR ST. WILMINGTON N.C.
MENU OF APPROVED TRANSACTIONS:
1. MAKE DEPOSIT TO SAVINGS ACCT.
2. MAKE DEPOSIT TO CHECKING ACCT.
3. MAKE WITHDRAWAL FROM SAVINGS ACCT.
4. MAKE WITHDRAWAL FROM ~~CHECKING ACCT.~~
5. PERFORM OTHER TRANSACTION
PLEASE PUSH APPROPRIATE BUTTON, ASSHOLE

8 EXT. 1ST MAN AND 1ST WOMAN

8

The 1ST MAN is absolutely stunned.

1ST MAN
Honey, come here.

1ST WOMAN (looking at sign)
If they catch whoever is responsible
for that, he will lose his job.

1ST MAN
This machine just called me an asshole.

9 EXT. THE VIDEO DISPLAY TERMINAL, CU

9

The display changes to read: YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE.

10 EXT. 1ST MAN

10

His mouth drops open. He thumps the machine. And from the slot below the VDT it spews hundreds of blank checking account receipts and wads of currency into his face.

...

Revised 6/14

10-A 1ST MAN AND WOMAN, MEDIUM SHOT, REVERSE 10-A***
He's staring at the machine, which is still spewing money and deposit
slips. The woman is scavenging money wildly. Others come and begin to
grab at the dough.

10-B THE SIGN, ECU 10-B***
This shot is so close we can barely pick up the word for the dots.
DIE...DIE...DIE...Over and over.

DISSOLVE.
11 EXT. ANGLE ON THE DRAWBRIDGE 11

Cars are passing back and forth on the bridge, as they do every day.

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12 INT. DRAWBRIDGE OFFICE, WITH THE BRIDGEMASTER AND HELPER 12

The two of them are playing knock gin. The BRIDGEMASTER has his back to the drawbridge. The HELPER, who looks about as bright as your average two-pound can of Crisco, is facing it.

BRIDGEMASTER

I knock.

HELPER

Huh?

BRIDGEMASTER

Jesus. Do you know how to play this game?

HELPER

Sure.

BRIDGEMASTER

Then make your last draw.

THE CAMERA PANS LEFT, to the control panel. Suddenly all the controls start to run themselves.

12-A EXT. DRAWBRIDGE APPROACH 12-A***

Vehicles approach the bridge including the Dump Truck, Produce Truck a Motorcycle and cars that will be models.

13 INT. THE BRIDGE MOTOR-ROOM 13

All at once the huge motors which raise and lower the drawbridge spin into life.

14 INT. THE CONTROL PANEL IN THE BRIDGE OFFICE 14

Slowly, the lever marked BRIDGE goes down all by itself, as if pulled by an invisible hand.

15 EXT. THE WILMINGTON DRAWBRIDGE, MEDIUM SHOT 15

The draw is starting to go up...and the traffic is still passing back and forth.

15-A THE MOTORCYCLE DRIVER AND THE REAR OF THE TRUCK, 3/4 ANGLE 15-A***

We're using the real bridge here, closed--we've already sold the fact that it's starting to open.

16 INT. A CAR ON THE BRIDGE APPROACH, WITH 2ND MAN AND WOMAN 16

2ND WOMAN
The bridge is going up.

2ND MAN
Can't be. The lights are green.

2ND WOMAN
Yes, but it's going up...stop, John!
Stop the car!

Revised 6/14

17 EXT. BRIDGE MONTAGE

17

JANGLES and BANGS as fenders are crimped. Horns blast the air.

Intercut here are shots of the stopped traffic, close-ups of cars and trucks trying to hold their places as the angle of the road steepens beneath them, longer shots of our model opening.

People are getting out of their cars and running.

Directly in front of the 2ND MAN and WOMAN'S car is a big truck loaded with produce. As the angle steepens, the truck's back doors swing open and watermelons start to roll out of the truck onto the 2ND MAN and WOMAN'S car.

As the bridge rises at a steeper and steeper angle, the cars skid backwards, crushing those which were behind and are now below. There are screams--both human and metallic. People are going to be killed.

And at the very top, a big dump-truck has been caught at the place where the bridge is splitting open.

17-A EXT. BRIDGE

17-A***

The motorcycle is in front of the produce truck. As the bridge goes up, the MOTORCYCLIST will abandon his vehicle. It will slide into the produce truck. The MOTORCYCLIST reaches the rail, then falls.

17-B EXT. THE MOTORCYCLIST, FROM THE TOP OF THE BRIDGE

17-B***

He slides down and out of sight along the side of the produce truck just like a kid down a slide.

18 INT. THE DUMP TRUCK, WITH THE DUMP TRUCK DRIVER

18

He's scared crapless, and who could blame him? The river is opening up underneath him.

SOUND, MAGNIFIED: The bridge going up.

19 EXT. THE TOP OF THE SPLITTING DRAWBRIDGE, WITH THE DUMP TRUCK

19

The Wilmington side rises out from under the rear of the truck. It shifts backwards. The rising tongue of the bridge peels off the back of the truck-bed as if it were paper.

20 INT. THE DUMP TRUCK

20

The DUMP TRUCK DRIVER SCREAMS as the cab tilts backwards and upwards. In a last despairing effort, he shifts and floors the gas.

21 EXT. THE DUMP TRUCK'S REAR WHEELS, CU

21

22 EXT. THE DRAWBRIDGE AND THE DUMP-TRUCK

22

The dump-truck plunges down into the river.

SOUND: The driver, SCREAMING.

Splash!

23 EXT. THE BRIDGEMASTER'S OFFICE 23

The door bursts open and the BRIDGEMASTER runs out onto the narrow concrete areaway by the control room. He is closely followed by his HELPER.

The air is a cacaphony of SOUNDS: Shouts, screams, honking horns, curses, revving engines. But two SOUNDS dominate: The HYDRAULIC WHINE of the bridge, which is still rising, and the SQUEALING, SHRIEKING GRIND OF METAL.

24 EXT. WILMINGTON SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, BRIDGEMASTER'S POV 24

Oh, this is a dreadful mess. As the bridge rises and the angle steepens, cars first roll back and then actually fall. The slope is very steep, and at its foot is a rapidly growing heap of twisted metal, broken glass, and mangled bodies.

25 EXT. THE BRIDGE, LONGER 25

We see people running wildly in both directions. Some are jumping from the bridge. One unfortunate jumper lands on a big barge which is passing beneath and kills himself.

26 EXT. THE 2ND MAN AND WOMAN'S CAR 26

They are almost buried in melons. Ahead of them, the truck is on the verge of falling over backwards and crushing them.

27 INT. THE 2ND MAN AND WOMAN'S CAR 27

2ND WOMAN
Back up, John! Back up!

The 2ND MAN gears the car into reverse and floors it.

28 EXT. REAR BUMPER OF 2ND CAR 28

It reverses about nine inches and hits the bumper of the car behind.

29 INT. THE 2ND MAN AND WOMAN'S CAR 29

The 2ND WOMAN SCREAMS and raises an arm as if to shield her face from the truck rising above them. Terrified, the MAN tries to open his door.

29-A EXT. THE DRIVER'S DOOR 29-A

He can't get it open fast enough because the car is half-buried in oranges from the truck.

30 EXT. THE 2ND MAN AND WOMAN'S CAR 30

The truck falls on it. Squash. Strawberry peoplejelly.

31 EXT. THE BRIDGE 31

It stops, all the way up. At the foot of both slopes are big bloody piles of Detroit rolling iron.

32 EXT. THE BRIDGEMASTER AND HIS HELPER 32

The BRIDGEMASTER is badly shocked. Tears are streaming slowly down his face. Hopeless SCREAMS fill the air from the twin accident sites.

BRIDGEMASTER
That's impossible. Lights green...
crossbars never went down...

HELPER
Huh?

The BRIDGEMASTER turns and slugs him, knocking him on his butt.

BRIDGEMASTER (screams)
SHUT UP! SHUT UP, YA FUCKIN' IGNATS
ASSHOLE! CAN'T YOU SEE WE GOT A SITUATION
HERE?

~~HELPER~~
Huh?

33 EXT. THE DRAWBRIDGE, WIDE 33

It stands serenely open with carnage and bloodshed at each of its feet.

34 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY TRUCK STOP DAY 34

This truck-stop, set in a wide turn-out at one side of a rather elderly divided highway, about a mile from the turnpike, will be one of our major settings. The left-hand section of the long low building is a restuarant. One of the signs in the window says GOOD EATS. BEST HUSH PUPPIES IN THE SOUTH, says another; TRY 'EM AND JUST TELL US WE'RE WRONG!

The fuel stations are in front, the garage behind. There is parking on either side of the back lot. Several are parked in either location. STEVE GAYTON is fueling two trucks in front of the Dixie Boy. The signs by the road say DIXIE-BOY TRUCK STOP and VIDEO GAMES and SHOWER FACILITIES.

SOUND: Clattering plates, frying eggs, and the electronic poosh-poosh-poosh of the Space Invaders game.

35 EXT. THE FUEL OFFICE, WITH DUNCAN AND JOE 35***

DUNCAN is the fuel-station manager. Both men are wearing coveralls with their names on them in gold thread. They are leaning against a wall. STEVE is talking.

35 CONTINUES

JOE
You get Mickey Mantle to his Little League game?

DUNCAN
Yeah. You can joke all you want. He put three shots over the fence. One of 'em must have gone 250 feet.

36 EXT. THE FUEL ISLANDS 36

A new truck pulls in. HAPPTYTOYS, the cheerful trailer says; Here Comes Another Load of Joy! This is our lead villain truck, a White Freightliner with a nasty vapid face. The driver, HANDY MCKAY, turns off the engine when he gets to the pumps and opens the door. *

37 EXT. THE FUEL OFFICE, WITH DUNCAN AND JOE 37***

JOE starts for the pumps.

DUNCAN
No, I'll get him--if I look at ~~those~~ numbers in there any longer I'll go nuts.

38 EXT. BY THE FUEL OFFICE 38

DUNCAN
Handy, you son of a bitch! Thought you was down Texas!

HANDY
That was last week. Give it a big drink, will you? I gotta have coffee.

DUNCAN
Right.

HANDY heads for the Dixie-Boy Restaurant.

39 INT. THE DIXIE-BOY RESTAURANT 39

It's not very crowded right now--the clock on the wall says 9:50. It's too late for breakfast and a little too early for coffee break. A big plate-glass window runs the length of the restaurant, giving a view on the parking lot, some of the pumps, and the highway. Bootns run along this window-wall, so presumably the truckers consider all this a more or less scenic view.

CONTINUES

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39 CONTINUES

There are a couple of guys in the booths. A couple more are at the counter.. To the left is an alcove with a sign above which *** reads THE VIDEO STOP NO PROFANITY OR LOITERING! There are maybe 7 customers Behind the counter, WANDA JUNE, a waitress, is futilely trying to tune the radio. Chalked on the SPECIALS blackboard: TRY OUR COMET-BURGER! IT IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!!

Behind the partition dividing the service area from the kitchen, we can see BILL ROBERTSON, the fry-cook, moving about.

WANDA JUNE
Well this damn thang!

HANDY
What's the matter, hon?

40 INT. WANDA JUNE, CLOSER

40

WANDA JUNE
This thang was workin' just fine
a few minutes ago and now I cain't
get pea-turkey on it!

She goes on trying to tune the radio.

HANDY
You want to bring me a white coffee
when you get done jerkin' on that
thing, darlin'?

OMIT 41

41 ***

42 INT. THE SHORT ORDER AREA, WITH BILL ROBERTSON

42

He's a good-looking young guy of maybe twenty-two. He's normally got a cheerful sort of "I'll bullsnitya if I can" face, but now he looks thoughtful and a little sullen. He's got four eggs in his hands. He cracks them and there they are, frying on the grill, quick as a wink.

HENDERSHOT (voice)
Robertson!

BILLY looks up, then looks down at his cooking again.

43 INT. THE HALLWAY TO THE OFFICE, WITH HENDERSHOT

43

The owner of the Dixie-Boy is a stocky cigar-smoker with a face simultaneously hard and sneaky-smooth. He looks like the kind of guy who could simultaneously pick your pocket, feel up your wife, and steal your silverware. He's holding a strip of buff-colored paper.

HENDERSHOT

Robertson! Git in here, boy!

44 INT. BILL

44

BILL

I got eggs on.

45 INT. HENDERSHOT

45

HENDERSHOT

I don't give a ladybug! Git in here, boy! (Yells) Wanda June, shut off that radio and mind them aigs for Billy!

46 INT. WANDA JUNE

46

~~She shuts off~~ the buzzing radio, walks down the counter, flips up the partition, walks through.

WANDA JUNE

It was workin' fine before!

46-A INT. THE VIDEO ALCOVE, WITH VIDEO CUSTOMER

46-A

He's playing one of three or four video games in the middle of the room. The others are showing their "come-on" phases. There are a couple of pin-ball machines along the back wall. Along the left wall are vending machines plus two pay telephones. Vending machines: cigarettes, snacks, coffee. The VIDEO CUSTOMER is intent on his game. He's really into it.

Suddenly the game's normal pattern explodes in colors and swirls. All the games come alive.

VIDEO CUSTOMER

What the fuck!

He's stunned. All the machines are going crazy. The pinball machines spit out dozens of balls.

The cigarette machine spews pack of cigarettes and change; the coffee machine jets coffee onto the floor; the snacks came pouring out, along with more change; money falls out of the coin returns of the phones. The VIDEO PATRON stares at all of this, stunned.

47 EXT. AN ISLAND OF DIESEL PUMPS IN FRONT OF THE DIXIE-BOY 47

DUNCAN is filling HANDY'S truck. Suddenly there is a METALLIC SCREECHING SOUND. DUNCAN looks at his pump. The numbers have frozen. He taps the glass. Nothing. He hammers on top of the pump. Nothing. He pulls the nozzle from the fill-pipe and looks into it. Diesel fuel sprays promptly into his face. DUNCAN falls to the gravel, shrieking.

DUNCAN
My eyes! My eyes! MY EYES!!

48 INT. HENDERSHOT'S DESK, CU 48

The buff-colored time-card comes down on it. WILLIAM ROBERSTON is written across the top, and below are the usual time-clock punches. At the top right of the time-card is a small red stick-on star.

HENDERSHOT
You punched in at 6:58 this morning,
mah friend.

49 INT. HENDERSHOT'S OFFICE, WITH HENDERSHOT AND BILLY

49

BILL
What's wrong with that?

HENDERSHOT
Ain't nothin' wrong with it. 'Cept
that's also the time you came in.

BILL
What are you talking about?

HENDERSHOT
You bein' ob-tuse, Billy-boy. Ain't
no need for you t'be ob-tuse, smart
ole college boy like you.

He leans back and folds his hand on his paunch. He stares at BILLY.

HENDERSHOT
I'm gonna tell you this just once more,
boy. You git in here at 5:45 and you have
your cuppa coffee and then you dice up them
taters for home fries and you squeeze the
aw'ng juice and you dump them last two
dish-trucks from the night before and
then maybe have you another cuppa coffee
and a little smoke. Then it's gonna be
seven o'clock an' you can punch in an'
go to work. You--

A BUZZER sounds on HENDERSHOT'S intercom. He leans over and thumbs
it.

HENDERSHOT
Yeah?

50 INT. THE FUEL AREA OFFICE

50

STEVE GAYTON is bent over the desk, speaking into the intercom. He
looks freaked out. Behind him, JOE is bending over DUNCAN, who lies on
a cot with his hands plastered to his face.

STEVE
It's Steve Gayton, Mr. Hendershot.
Duncan Keller's had an accident.

51 INT. HENDERSHOT

51

HENDERSHOT
Oh, shitsky! What happened to him?

52 INT. THE FUEL OFFICE, WITH STEVE

52

STEVE

Got diesel in his eyes. I'll be
damned if I know how.

53 INT. HENDERSHOT'S OFFICE

53

HENDERSHOT

Is that all? Flush his eyes
and leave me alone! I got me
some talkin' to do in here!

He flicks off the intercom and looks back at BILL.

HENDERSHOT

I got to wipe everyone's ass around
here. It's a shitty job, but I reckon
somebody's got to do it, ain't that a
fact, bubba?

BILL

You want me to work nine hours a day
and clock for eight.

HENDERSHOT (admiring)

Now I know you been to college!

BILL

I don't think so, Mr. Hendershot.
Not this kid.

He stands up. HENDERSHOT taps the red star in the corner of BILL'S
time card. He's still smiling, but there is an ugly cast to it now.

HENDERSHOT

You know what this star means, don't you?
You ain't that ob-tuse, are you? On parole,
boy! Your ass either b'longs to me or it b'longs
to the state of North Cahlina! You either spend
forty-five hours a week dippin' dishes and
fryin' aigs and get paid for forty, or you
spend sixty a week cuttin' brush along the
highways an' byways in the hot sun and you
don't get paid a cent! Now what you think?

BILL looks like he's going to walk out just the same.

HENDERSHOT

Go on. You walk out that door and I pick
up this phone and call your parole officer.

BILL

This is one heliuvä racket, isn't it?

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53 CONTINUES

HENDERSHOT

You think we've reached an
understandin' here, college boy?

BILL

I guess maybe we have.

HENDERSHOT

Well that's fahn! Put this back
for me on your way by, would you?

He slides BILL'S time-card across the desk. After a moment BILL
takes it and leaves, slamming the door. HENDERSHOT doesn't mind; he
looks well-pleased.

54 OMIT

54***

54-A ANGLE ON THE BOOTHS, FEATURING ROLF

54-A***

He's sitting in a booth by himself. A couple of booths away, in the
b.g. (to the right of the frame) we can see HARRY and BRAD in another
booth, ~~having coffee and danish,~~

54-B INT. SHORT ORDER AREA

54-B***

CUSTOMER (voice)

Hey, those aigs comin' Pony Express,
or what?

WANDA JUNE (flustered)

Be right there, sir!
(over her shoulder)

Bill-eee!

55 BILL AT THE TIME-CLOCK

55

He racks his card, starts away, and then something catches his eye.

56 THE TIME-CARD RACK, BILL'S POV

56

There are twenty cards or so. Over half of them have those little
red stars.

57 INT. BILL

57

BILLY (amazed, disgusted)

Jesus!

WANDA JUNE (crazed voice)

Hurry up, Billy!

He starts toward her.

58 INT. WANDA JUNE

58

The electric knife has worked its way to the edge of the grill. The blade is pointing at WANDA JUNE. She reaches to get sausages to slap on the grill. The knife suddenly turns on and saws into her arm.

WANDA JUNE shrieks as blood sprays across the counter. She pushes the electric knife away exactly as a person would push away a wasp that has stung him. It falls off the counter onto the floor. This knife, by the way, is not a plug-in job; it has batteries in the handle.

59 INT. THE FLOOR

59

The electric knife hits the floor, turns around twice, erratically, as if orienting itself, and then begins to chop at WANDA JUNE'S white waitress shoes.

60 INT. WANDA JUNE

60

She's holding her arm against her chest, smearing her uniform with blood. As the knife begins to nip at her feet she stumbles backward ...and half-falls onto the hot grill. She screams, and BILL catches her, holds her, pulls her away.

WANDA JUNE (shrieking)

IT'S BITING ME! MAKE IT STOP BITING ME!

BILL (bewildered)

What is?

WANDA JUNE

The knife! That knife!

As concerned counter-patrons come through the partition or lean over to see what's going on, WANDA JUNE points at:

61 INT. THE KNIFE, BILL'S AND WANDA JUNE'S POV

61

Just lying there on the floor, turned off. "Who, me?"

62 INT. THE GRILL AREA WITH BILL, WANDA JUNE, SOME PATRONS

62

2nd PATRON

That knife go rabid on you, sweet thing?

62 CONTINUES

WANDA JUNE (sobbing)
It turned itself on...and it bit me!

~~BRAD~~

Short circuit, maybe.

He bends over. THE CAMERA STAYS WITH HIM. He reaches toward the knife. The knife turns on, pivots on its white plastic handle, and saws off one of his fingers just as neat as you please.

He SCREAMS. The knife goes to work on someone's Georgia Giant workboot.

63 INT. BILL AND THE OTHERS

63 **

All of them draw away but BILL. The ^{1ST} PATRON is screaming and clutching his spouting stump of his finger.

WANDA JUNE
There it goes again! It's doing it again!

BILL edges forward. The electric knife spins and buzzes on the floor.

64 INT. THE HALL TO HENDERSHOT'S OFFICE

64

HENDERSHOT comes out of his office and starts up the hall to the grill area.

HENDERSHOT (bawling)
What-in-the-name-of-sweet-Jesus-is-
goin-on-out-ere?

65 INT. " BILL AND THE RABID KNIFE

65

He kicks it. Hard. The knife flies against the wall. The battery cover pops off and the batteries fly out. The knife dies at once.

66 INT. THE VIDEO GAMES ROOM, WITH THE VIDEO PATRON

66***

At first we can't see him. All the games have gone back to their previous "come-on" stages.

THE CAMERA COMES IN AND PANS LEFT. The VIDEO PATRON is down on his knees in front of the cigarette machine, grubbing for change. He's loaded all of his pockets (and with chino work-clothes he's got a lot of pockets) with cigarette packs, snacks, and change. He's even got three or four packs of cigarettes stuffed under his hat. When he gets up and starts for the door we can see patches of coffee on the knees of his pants.

CONTINUES

66 CONTINUES

He JINGLES as he walks.

His movements are furtive. He means to escape. Gets halfway to the door when all the phones start ringing. He turns, startled, and all the machines light up again. He is drawn to the one he was originally playing, as if hypnotized. He touches it and is enveloped in weird blue fire. He's being electrocuted before our very eyes. He JINGLES MADLY. He flies against the wall. Cigarettes fall out of his pockets, his hat, his shirt. He is dead.

67 INT. THE GRILL AREA, WITH BILL, HENDERSHOT, WANDA JUNE, OTHERS 67

SOUNDS: Bam! Ka-boom! And also Ba-ROOOM!

HENDERSHOT

Now what?

BILL starts in the direction of the explosions, as a good hero should.

68 INT. THE RINGING TELEPHONES IN THE VIDEO ROOM 68***

THE CAMERA holds on the phones, then moves to a wildly flashing video game, then to another, then to a pinball machine that is an orgasm of lights and bells. Last, to the VIDEO PATRON. He is propped against the wall, dead, eyes open and starting from their sockets. His lap is full of cigarette packs. His skin is smoking.

69 INT. BILL, IN THE VIDEO ROOM DOORWAY 69

BILL (soft)

What in hell is going on here?

70 INT. THE FUEL OFFICE 70

DUNCAN is lying on the cot at the back; a wet cloth over his eyes. He's moaning. ~~STEVE GATTON~~ hovers around him like a mother hen. JOE comes out of the bathroom with a fresh cloth.

JOE

Is it any better, Dunc?

DUNCAN

Not yet, I don't think...Jesus, it hurts!

JOE swaps the rag over DUNCAN'S eyes for the one he's just brought.

THE CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the smiling picture of DUNCAN'S son, DEKE, on his cluttered desk.

71 EXT. A SUBURBAN LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD 71

SOUND: The crack of a bat against a ball. Runners advance.

72 EXT. HOME PLATE AND THE THIRD BASE LINE 72

DEKE, the boy in the picture, comes tearing down the line. He slides as the catcher receives the ball. The catcher's fast, but DEKE slides under the tag attempt.

UMPIRE

Safe!

73 EXT. THE FIELD, A WIDER SHOT

73 CONTINUES

73 CONTINUES

The COACH makes his way through the throng, mock-scowling.

COACH
Who gave you the green light, boy?

DEKE (grinning)
My conscience, Coach.

They all laugh. The COACH finally grins.

COACH
Come on...sodas. I'm buying.

He leads them toward a soda machine by the backstop. In the b.g., along the first-base line, we see a pitching machine. The COACH goes toward the Repsi machine while DEKE and the other kids talk or pick up equipment. He drops a couple of quarters into it and pushes a button. Cans suddenly spew out of all the delivery sockets. This is funny, but no joke. One of the cans hits a kid in the gut. He falls down, moaning. Another strikes the COACH in the balls. He collapses, screaming. The boys are stunned. A couple go toward the COACH.

74 EXT. THE PEPSI MACHINE

Spewing cans.

OMIT 75 & 76

77 EXT. THE PITCHING MACHINE 77
It jerks into life and suddenly begins to throw fastballs at a rate only a bit slower than a Browning machine-gun.

78 EXT. THE BOYS 78

They are under attack. Several are hit, most glancingly, one or two severely--one kid runs off, screaming, with blood pouring through the fingers he has pressed to his mouth.

DEKE lifts an arm and takes a ball on the arm.

1ST BOY
What's happening?

DEKE
I don't know!

79 EXT. THE PITCHING MACHINE 79

Belching out balls.

80 EXT. THE BOYS 80

One is hit in the temple and drops like a stone. The others run... except for DEKE, who starts toward the COACH.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 17

81 EXT. THE COACH 81

He gets to his knees.

COACH
No! Get away!

82 EXT. THE PEPSI MACHINE 82

It belches a can at supersonic speed.

83 EXT. DEKE AND THE COACH 83

COACH
Get--

The can hits him in the back of the head. He falls forward.

A baseball hits DEKE on the shoulder. He turns and heads toward the place where most of the others have gone: a chain-link fence at one side of the ball-field where bikes have been parked. A tall, rickety * scoreboard stands nearby.

SOUND: A rising ENGINE SNARL.

A municipal street-washing machine comes crashing through the scoreboard and heads for two of the boys who are already pedaling away.

84 EXT. THE TWO ESCAPING BOYS 84

They look back, scream, swerve in different directions.

85 EXT. THE STREET-WASHER 85

It swerves after one of the boys...and runs him down.

86 EXT. DEKE 86

He winces away from this, horrified...and then runs for the bikes. He gets on his, mounts up, and pedals away, looking back over his shoulder to make sure the street-washer isn't following him. All the others have already left.

87 EXT. THE PITCHING MACHINE 87

It stops throwing.

88 EXT. THE BALL-FIELD 88

Thrown balls and cans of soda lie all over the infield. The COACH and several boys, hit either by cans or balls, lie either dead or unconscious.

89 EXT. THE PEPSI MACHINE 89

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90 EXT. HOME PLATE 90

The can hits in front of it...rolls onto it...and stops. First can of Pepsi in history to make a home run.

OMIT 91

92 EXT. A STRETCH OF TWO-LANE HIGHWAY 92

This is the road which eventually goes past the Dixie-Boy Truck Stop. Here comes a fat Cadillac. It rolls past THE CAMERA.

93 INT. THE CADDY 93

The driver is CAMP LOMAN, a travelling salesman. He's fat, wears an old-fashioned fedora, and looks like Lee J. Cobb. The back of the car is piled high with boxes of stuff. His sample case, which looks like a briefcase, is on the floor.

The passenger is BRETT BROOKS, a pretty young hitchhiker. BRETT looks tough but it's at least in part a pose; she's much sweeter than she would like us to believe at first blush. She's wearing scuffed boots and jeans faded almost white. There's a backpack sitting on her right knee. She's trying to tune the radio and getting nothing but static.

CAMP

Might as well give up on that, sugar-pie.
I guess I got a bust antenna, or somethin'.
Ain't been able to get squat for the last
half hour or so.

He puts a friendly hand on her left thigh. BRETT breaks off trying to tune the radio and looks first at the hand, then at CAMP. He smiles but doesn't take his hand away. So she does, picking it up and putting it back on his own leg.

CAMP

How far you going, sugar-pie?

94 INT. BRETT, CU 94

As she bends toward the radio and starts tuning it again:

BRETT (low)

That depends on how long you can
keep your hands to yourself.

95 INT. THE CADILLAC, WITH CAMP AND BRETT 95

CAMP

I didn't quite catch that.

CONTINUES

BRETT

I said I don't really know.

But what CAMP really wants to do is resume the story of his life, which he is always eager to tell, since it's the best one he knows.

CAMP

Kinda driftin', huh? I know how it is. Been driftin' all my life. I swanny! So when I come up here--

BRETT has found a voice on the radio.

BRETT

Shhh! I got something!

96 INT. RADIO

96

RADIO NEWSCASTER (voice)

"...all over the country and, as far as we can tell right now, all over the world. We will have further bulletins as they come in, but for the moment, let me repeat this urgent message: ~~if you are on or near a major~~ highway, get away at once."

97 INT. THE CADDY, WITH CAMP AND BRETT

97

BRETT reacts to this, but CAMP is far away, thinking about all the wonders of his life.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (voice continues)

"If you are in a motor vehicle, stop and get out. It appears that the comet, Rhea-M, has caused..."

Static overcomes the voice.

BRETT

Shit!

She begins to tune the radio again but there is nothing.

CAMP

What's wrong, sweet thing?

He puts his hand on her thigh again, higher this time. They are coming up on the Dixie-Boy Truck Stop.

CONTINUES

BRETT

Pull in there. And if you don't get your hand off my leg, you're going to be wiping your ass with a hook the next time you have to take a dump.

Good ol' CAMP pulls his hand back as if it were hot--the girls you picked up hitching never used to talk that way in his day. It looks for a moment or two as if he's going to drive right on by the Dixie-Boy. BRETT grabs the wheel and yanks it.

CAMP

Hey! What are you doing?

98 EXT. THE PARKING AREA OF THE DIXIE-BOY

98

This whole area is crushed gravel. The Cadillac swerves in and stops on a slant about halfway between the lot where the semis are parked and the fueling area.

99 INT. THE CADILLAC, WITH CAMP AND BRETT

99

CAMP

You gone crazy, girl?

BRETT

Did you hear what that man said?

CAMP

Are you on something?

BRETT

Oh Jesus.

She gets out and strides toward the restaurant.

CAMP

Hey! Hey, don't you just walk away from me like that!

He's good and mad. He grabs his sample case, gets out of the car, and goes after her.

100 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY FUELING AREA

100

JOE, the fuel-jockey we last saw taking care of DUNCAN KELLER, is fueling HANDY'S HAPPYTOYS trailer.

101 INT./EXT. CAMP AND BRETT, TRUCK'S POV

101

We are looking through a GREEN FILTER--perhaps the truck's awakening mind, perhaps only the windshield's polarized glass. Either way, we see BRETT headed for the back seat as long non-sense strides and

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 2/

102 INT. TRUCK DASHBOARD 102

There is no key in the ignition, but the ignition turns.

SOUND: MOTOR RUMBLES INTO LIFE.

103 EXT. FUELING AREA, WITH JOE 103

JOE (reacts)

Hey!

The truck begins to roll.

JOE

Hey, you ain't full yet! You--

The hose snaps and diesel fuel sprays as the truck keeps on going, gathering speed.

104 EXT. BRETT AND CAMP 104

They've almost reached the restaurant.

CAMP

Sometimes I think everyone in the whole damn world has forgot what good manners is! I give you a goldang ride and lookit all the garbage comin' out of your mouth! I swanny I don't know what the w--

SOUND: The oncoming truck.

BRETT hears it just as she reaches the restaurant door. She turns left. Her eyes widen in shock and fear as she sees:

105 EXT. THE ONCOMING TRUCK, BRETT'S POV 105

It's roaring straight into THE CAMERA'S startled eye--to the people in the first three rows of the theater, it's going to look like that truck is coming right down their throats.

106 EXT. BRETT AND CAMP 106

The girl is fast--very fast. Before CAMP has the slightest idea what's going on, she yanks him out of the way. CAMP stumbles; he may actually fall down. *

CAMP

What-the-hell--

The truck suddenly fills the place where they were standing less than two seconds ago.

107 EXT. THE TRUCK, A NEW ANGLE 107

It roars across the yard and stops by the little picnic area.

108 EXT. THE PUMP ISLANDS, WITH JOE 108

He's holding the shredded remains of the hose. It's still dribbling diesel fuel.

JOE

Shit! What a morning this turned out to be!

OMIT 109

OMIT 109 ***

110 EXT. THE TRUCK PARKING LOT 110

Once more THE CAMERA PANS the trucks. They stand shoulder to shoulder, seeming to frown down at us. They are silent...for now.

111 EXT. A STRETCH OF DESERTED ROAD WITH AN OLD PLYMOUTH FURY 111

The remains of crepe streamers flutter from the car. Someone has soaped JUST MARRIED on the rear window. THE CAMERA TRACKS THE CAR as it passes, and up ahead we see a rural station.

112 INT. THE PLYMOUTH FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE SPAULDING 112

They're both cute as kittens and look all of seventeen. She's cuddled up to her brand-new hubby so close that you couldn't even get a shoe-horn between them.

CURT

We got to get some gas.

CONNIE

That's good, 'cause I got to go to the ladies'.

CURT

Can I come in and watch?

CONNIE (slaps at him)

No you cainnot come in an' watch!

112-A EXT. THE FURY 112-A

It passes an old junkyard, and in it the headlights of several junked cars wink and flash...as if to signal their arrival. *

112B THE FURY A NEW ANGLE 112B

It crosses a railroad track and approaches a gas station. As it does, the signal-lights by the crossbars wink a baleful red.

112-C INT. THE FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE

CURT is looking up into the rear-view mirror thoughtfully. He knows damn well he's seen something, but what?

CURT
Did you see--

CONNIE
What, honey?

CURT
Nev' mind.

113 EXT. THE FURY

113

It turns into the gas station. On the corner is a plant in a pot. Sticking out from behind is a bloody hand and arm...maybe part of a head.

114 INT. THE FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE

114

They both see him at the same time.

CONNIE
Is that--?

CURT
Oh Jesus!

CONNIE screams and turns away, burying her face in her hands. CURT stops the car and springs out.

115 EXT. CURT

115

He runs to the body of the ATTENDENT and looks. Urk. The ATTENDENT looks like Dinty Moore Beef Stew with a lot of ketchup mixed into it. One look and CURT looks ready to blow his Twinkies.

CONNIE
Curt? Curtis? Is he daid?

He looks around at:

116 EXT. CONNIE, CURT'S POV

116

She's walking hesitantly toward him.

117 EXT. CURT

117

CURT
No, honey. Get back in the car.
You don't want to see this, and
the whole thing smells funny.

He walks slowly toward the office, not liking the creepy silence.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--24

CONTINUES

SOUND: Motor. Loud. And CURT turns toward:

118 EXT. THE GAS STATION

118

From around the corner, where it was hiding, comes a killer tow truck.

119 EXT. CONNIE

119

CONNIE (screams)

LOOK OUT!

120 EXT. THE GAS STATION TARMAC, WIDE

120

CURT manages to jump aside, more by good luck than by skill. The tow-truck hits the pump islands and jounces over them, knocking two of the pumps down. It squeals around in a power turn and stands still for a moment, its engine revving and falling off, revving and falling off.

CONNIE (shrieks)

THERE'S NOBODY IN IT!

CURT glances briefly at her, then back at the tow-truck. ~~His whole~~ attention is focused on it. This is a good ole boy, and maybe he didn't do all that well in school, but he recognizes that he's in a life-or-death situation and is prepared to cope with that as it comes. He's like a toreador awaiting the charge of a bull.

The truck comes at him. CURT feints to the left and the truck heads that way. He leaps to the right instead, hitting the tarmac, rolling, and getting up at once.

The truck slues around in another power turn and faces him. The engine revs and falls off. It's the bull again, pawing the ground.

CURT speaks without taking his eyes off the grill of the pick-up.

CURT

Get behind the wheel.

CONNIE

Curt, what--

CURT

Get behind the wheel!

She does.

The truck charges again. CURT leaps aside again, and this time it almost gets him.

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121 EXT. THE KILLER TOW-TRUCK 121***

Racing across the tarmac. It brakes, but too late. It crashes into a litter of boards, discarded car doors and snarls of wire.

122 EXT. CURT AND CONNIE'S FURY 122

He throws himself into the passenger seat.

CURT
Go! Go! Go!

She pulls out onto the highway, fast.

122-A EXT. THE FURY, A NEW ANGLE 122-A***

It shoots back the way it came, toward the railroad tracks. The signal lights come on; the guard-posts come down all by themselves. The Fury comes to a screeching halt.

123 INT. THE FURY 123

CONNIE screams.

CURT
The other way! Move it! Move it!

123-A EXT. THE FURY 123-A

It skids around in a fast turn and starts off down the road toward the Dixie-Boy.

123-B EXT. CLOSE ON THE DEAD GAS STATION ATTENDANT 123-B

SOUND: The tow-truck, howling and roaring.

CAMERA PANS UP TO THE TRUCK as it finally pulls free, pulling wire and boards after it. It turns after the Fury, with wire and splintered boards sticking out of its grille.

123-C INT. THE FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE 123-C

(Previously 123-B)

CONNIE (freaked out)
What was that all about? How could
that truck be driving itself? What's
happening?

CURT
I don't know. I don't know.

124 THE DIXIE_BOY TRUCK STOP 124

The GARBAGE HAULER Pulls in and heads for the transient parking lot.

124-A INT HENDERSHOT AND JOE, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE VIDEO ROOM 124-A***

HENDERSHOT
Stone the crows.

Puts a cigar in his mouth

124-B INT THE VIDEO ROOM, HENDERSHOT AND JOE'S POV, WIDE 124-B***

A shambles. Machines burnt out. Litters of cigarettes, cookies, snackin'cakes, etc No body.

124-C INT HENDERSHOT AND JOE IN THE DOORWAY, MEDIUM 124-C***

HENDERSHOT
Did you do like I said with him?

JOE
Got him downstairs, sure. He was pretty crispy. What happened, Mr. Hendershot?

HENDERSHOT (lights cigar)
Fucked if I know.

125 INT. THE RESTAURANT 125

CAMP LOMAN and BRETT BROOKS are still recuperating from their close shave. The PATRONS--about eight of them--have gathered around. WANDA JUNE is also there, the blood on her uniform now drying to a maroon color. And HENDERSHOT, lighting a cigar.

CONTINUES

125 CONTINUES

CAMP

What in the dickens is going on here?

BILL ROBERTSON

That's a good question, isn't it?

MAX

That was HANDY MCKAY'S rig.

JOE

Then, who was driving it?

HANDY

I dunno. But he must have been
a hot-wire champeen.

From his pocket he takes the keys to his rig and holds them up for
the delectation of those foregathered here. Bill heads for the door.

BRETT

I wouldn't go out there, my friend.
The radio says there's something
wrong with a lot of trucks and cars
this morning. It's the comet.

HENDERSHOT

Horsepucky!

CAMP

Amen!

BILL

I'll be all right.

He goes out.

126 EXT. THE GRAVEL LOT, FEATURING THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK 126

It's sitting with its nose in the picnic area. It's not running.

127 EXT. ANGLE ON BILL ROBERTSON 127

He approaches the truck. He looks very small and very vulnerable
walking beside this steel behemoth. He pauses by the driver's side
door, then gets up on the running board and looks in.

128 INT. THE CAB OF THE TRUCK, BILL'S POV

128

Empty, of course. There's a pine air freshener hanging from the roof.
A crucifix on one sunvisor and a Playboy bunny on the other.

129 EXT./INT. BILL

129

BILL opens the door, gets in, looks in the sleeper. Nothing there.

130 EXT. THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK

130

BILL closes the door, gets down, and walks in back of the truck. He kneels down to look under it. We should feel about all of this the way we'd feel about a lion-tamer putting his head in the lion's mouth.

130-A INT THE CONTROL PANEL OF THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK, CU

130-A***

There is a click. Several lights come on.

130-B EXT BILL, CU
(previously 130)

130-B***

As he starts to get out from beneath, a hand falls on his shoulder.
He shoots to his feet and turns around. It's BRETT.

BILL
I thought you wouldn't come out here.

BRETT.
I got curious.

Already we should feel a certain magnetism between these two.

BILL
You get curious a lot?

BRETT
From time to time. (Pause) No one
in there?

BILL
Not now, no.

They start back toward the restaurant. They're not thinking about the truck, but I imagine we are; if it decides to come alive and back up, they are directly in its line of fire, so to speak.

BRETT
I couldn't get much on the radio,
and the motormouth who gave me a
ride talked over most of what I could
get, but it sounded serious.

BILL
Cars and trucks running by themselves?

BRETT

131 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY TRUCK STOP, BILL'S AND BRETT'S POV 131

A couple of trucks are being fueled; a few cars are parked near the restaurant. From this angle we can't see the truck parking area. Everything looks normal except for CAMP LOMAN'S car, parked askew on the gravel between the pumps and the road.

132 EXT. BILL AND BRETT 132

BILL
Not a cannibal car or truck in sight.

They resume walking again.

BRETT
You're cute.

He stops and looks at her, smiling.

BILL
Am I?

BRETT (looks him over carefully)
Not that cute.

BILL
Well, maybe I'll grow on you.

They start walking again.

BRETT
Look at the road.

They do.

133 EXT. THE HIGHWAY, BILL'S AND BRETT'S POV 133

It's totally deserted.

134 EXT. BILL AND BRETT 134

BRETT
Nothing. You usually have that much nothing on Route 17 at ten-fifteen on a weekday morning, hero?

BILL
Name's Bill.

BRETT
All right, Bill.

CONTINUES

134 CONTINUES

BILL
Well, since the turnpike--

BRETT
Turnpike my ass. There's an interchange
not a mile down the road. This place is
easy to get to. It's not even--

BILL (stops)
We got a man laying dead in the cellar. ***

BRETT (stops walking)
Say what?

BILL
It was the video games. Some kind of
short circuit, I guess. And we had an *
electric knife that went to work on
Wanda June and then...

BRETT
What about Wanda June? *

BILL
Well...Wanda June could burn water
tryin' to boil it.

But he looks doubtfully back at:

135 EXT. THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK 135

Silent. Dead. For now.

136 EXT. BILL AND BRETT 136

BRETT (quietly)
Maybe they're waiting.

137 EXT. THE TRUCK PARKING LOT 137

Silent, brooding, shoulder-to-shoulder. Several angles.

138-154 OMIT

DISSOLVE TO:

155 EXT. A SUBURBAN WILMINGTON STREET 155

It is quiet; much too quiet. We are looking up toward the corner.
From around that corner comes DEKE JACOBS, riding a bicycle (and
still wearing his Little League uniform, of course). He's
obviously scared, but still has himself together. He bikes up the
sidewalk, his ball-glove jiggling around in the basket of his bike,
looking at:

Revised 6/14

156 EXT. PASSING SUBURBAN HOUSES, DEKE'S POV

156***

In the extreme f.g. is a car crashed against a tree. A man, bloody and dead, hangs out. DEKE is badly scared. After he passes the car, it flashes its headlights...as if to warn the other machines that DEKE is coming.

DEKE passes another house;a woman's blood-streaked legs protrude from beneath the hedge. Another house... a man is sprawled dead on a porch swing, wearing Walkman earphones. Blood below the earpieces; presumably the thing turned itself on and just "noised" him to death.

Another house...a woman sprawled half in and out of a broken window with a hair-dryer in her hand;she has been strangled by the cord.

DEKE banks to his right onto another street and out of sight.

156-A EXT DEKE

156-A

He bikes on, cautiously. As he passes the houses on both sides, all the sprinkler systems turn on--it's almost an Esther Williams choreography. He hears them and stops. A minute before he turns around they all SHUT OFF.

156-B EXT. THE STREET, DEKE'S POV

156-B

It's like the electric knife: "Who, me?"

157 EXT. DEKE

157

He rides on.

SOUND: Jingling Good Humor bells.

157-A EXT. DEKE

157-A

He knows he better get out of sight. He goes up a walk and behind a fence or hedge.

DEKE looks out at the street.

158 EXT. THE CORNER UP THE STREET

158

It's the same corner DEKE just came around. Now an ice-cream panel truck with jolly balloons and pictures of Fudgsicles and ice cream cones painted on it comes around the corner. The SOUND of bells tinkling a tune is coming from the speakers on top of the truck. MY-TAS-T, the signs on both sides read.

CONTINUES

The red stuff splattered all over the grille and windshield of the truck is not cherry Kool-Ade. The ice-cream truck has scrubbed maybe twenty people--we may assume most were unsuspecting kids. I think we may also assume the truck found most of them My-T Tas-T.

It cruises down the street...patrolling.

159 EXT. DEKE, BEHIND THE HEDGE OR FENCE 159

He watches tensely.

160 EXT. THE ICE CREAM TRUCK 160

It reaches the end of the block and turns the corner.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 3/

161 EXT. DEKE, BEHIND THE HEDGE OR FENCE 161
He's relaxing. He picks up his bike and goes cautiously back to the street.

162 EXT. ONE OF THE BACK YARDS 162

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY, showing us a nasty story: a lawn hammock, empty. A cooler of beer. A little Sony Watchman TV in the grass. And off to one side, a power mower astride the neck and head of its late owner.

SOUND: The Watchman TV.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
"--everywhere. In New York, London, New Delhi, Moscow, Peking, the reports --what reports we have--are all the same: machines, apparantly operating by themselves or under the direction of some agency we don't understand, are going on a homicidal rampage."

THE CAMERA COMES SLOWLY CLOSER to the Watchman. We can see the announcer, but fuzzily.

163 EXT. THE LAWNMOWER 163
It's in the f.g. In the b.g., down the sightline between this house and the next, is the suburban street.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (continues)
"Speculation that the comet, Rhea-M, is somehow responsible for this nightmarish global disaster continue to--"

THE CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the street as DEKE bikes by.

At once the Lawnboy starts up with a ROAR, obliterating the ANNOUNCER'S voice.

It rumbles up the space beside the house as fast as it can go. The corpse of its late owner is out of our view at the bottom of the screen. Probably a damned good thing.

164 EXT. DEKE, ON THE SIDEWALK 164

He hears the approaching ROAR of the lawnmower and turns around, startled. He sees:

165 EXT. THE SUBURBAN HOMEOWNER'S HOUSE, DEKE'S POV 165

The lawnmower roars into view and starts clattering up the sidewalk toward THE CAMERA.

Revised 6/27

166 EXT. DEKE 166

He really starts to pedal his bike.

167 EXT. DEKE AND THE LAWNMOWER 167

At first it closes the distance a bit, and then DEKE begins to outrun it. The lawnmower stops on the sidewalk, its engine clattering.

168 EXT. THE DIXIE BOY TRUCK STOP 168

It is just as we left it: the HayppToys truck against the chainlink fence. CAMP'S car is parked askew as it was before.

SOUND: TRUCKS. A lot of them.

169-174 OMIT

169-174 OMIT****

169-174 OMIT

169-174 OMIT***

175 EXT. DUNCAN KELLER AND JOE

175

The skin around DUNCAN'S eyes is red and swelled; the eyes themselves are very badly bloodshot. But he looks determined. JOE, who is smaller, is trying to keep up with him.

JOE

Look, Dunc, just hang out a little longer--

DUNCAN

I'm going to get my boy. Christ knows what's going out out there.

They are heading toward the front pumps. DUNCAN'S car is parked in front of the Dixie-Boy, but they go a bit beyond it. A City of Wilmington garbage truck, loaded with plastic bags of goop, is at the nearest pump.

★

JOE

Man, you can't even see!

DUNCAN turns toward him.

176 EXT. JOE, DUNCAN'S POV

176

We are seeing a doubled, maybe even trebled image of JOE'S homely, concerned face.

DUNCAN (voice)

I can see just fine.

177 EXT. DUNCAN AND JOE

177

DUNCAN

I don't want to pop you one, Joe, but if you don't stop yappin at me, I'm gonna.

BILL ROBERTSON joins them. His presence moves them a little closer to the pumps, a little further from the cars. BILL'S intention, maybe. Bill's drinking a can of soda; BRETT is with him. They're getting pretty chummy, no doubt about it.

★

★

★

BILL

You really going after Deke?

CONTINUES

DUNCAN

Yeah.

BILL holds up three fingers.

BILL

How many fingers you see here?
Eight? Twelve?

DUNCAN

So I got a little double vision.
It's going away. Bill...I got to
get my boy. I got to. Anything could
be happenin' out there. Anything.

BILL

I'll go after him. Tell me what
field he's at.

DUNCAN (stubborn)

I'm all right. Just leave me be.

HENDERSHOT (voice)

What's going on here?

178 EXT./INT. BILL, DUNCAN, JOE, HENDERSHOT, BRETT, TRUCK'S POV 178

Again, we are looking through the green-tinted side window of the
garbage hauler at the group standing in the lot. In the extreme
f.g. is a dashboard fan. It begins to turn. Lights come on.

179 EXT. THE GROUP SURROUNDING DUNCAN 179

HENDERSHOT is in a famously foul mood. He jams an aggressive finger
into DUNCAN'S chest.

HENDERSHOT

You leave here without punching
out, you ain't never gonna have
to punch out again, bubba.

DUNCAN

Good. Now get ~~out~~ out of my way,
you fat fuck.

HENDERSHOT makes as if to grab him, and BILL puts a hand on his
shoulder.

BILL

Leave him alone.

179 CONTINUES

HENDERSHOT
Or what?

BILL
Or I'll knock your teeth in...bubba.

Surprised, HENDERSHOT actually does stand aside. DUNCAN starts across the lot toward his car.

SOUND: DIESEL RUMBLE.

They all turn toward:

180 EXT. THE GARBAGE HAULER

180 *

It roars forward toward THE CAMERA, short-stack blowing smoke.

181/182 EXT. THE GROUP

181/182

BRETT screams. JOE bellows in surprise. BILL grabs BRETT and pulls her back toward the building. He grabs for DUNCAN and DUNCAN pulls away from him.

He looks around, stunned, at:

183 EXT. TRUCK, DUNCAN'S POV

183

We see it doubled or trebled, through DUNCAN'S diesel-irritated eyes. It veers toward him.

184 EXT. DUNCAN AND THE TRUCK

184

It runs him down. His body catches in one of the rear wheels and begins to flop around the axle like a bloody rag caught in a washing machine.

185 EXT. JOE, HENDERSHOT, BILL, BRETT

185

She turns to BILL. He holds her, pulls her further back toward the building.

HENDERSHOT'S cigar drops out of his mouth.

186 EXT. THE GARBAGE HAULER

186

It roars across the lot. The mangled remains of DUNCAN'S body drop loose. The truck's swerves at CAMP'S car. The box sideswipes it,

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187 INT. THE RESTAURANT, FEATURING CAMP AND 2 OR 3 OTHER PATRONS 187

CAMP (outraged)
Hey! Son of a bitch!

CAMP breaks for the door. First he's been badmouthed by a pretty girl and now some sumbitch just did a Bogart on his car. He's mad as hell and he's not going to take it anymore.

WANDA JUNE
No, mister! No--

CAMP (pushes her aside)
Out my way, bitch!

188 INT. BILL, JOE, HENDERSHOT, BRETT 188

BILL pushes BRETT into the garage office. HENDERSHOT follows. JOE stands outside the office door, paralyzed, staring at the truck. BILL grabs him by the collar and jerks the jerk in to safety.

Then he starts toward CAMP.

BILL
GET BACK HERE YOU IDIOT!!

188-A EXT. CAMP, OUTSIDE THE DIXIE-BOY 188-A***

The GARBAGE HAULER pulls away from CAMP'S car and goes to the front of the Dixie-Boy lot and turns left. CAMP steps toward it, shaking his fist. As the hauler passes between the pumps (but way at the front of the lot, beyond them):

CAMP
Hey, you drunk son of a bitch!

The GARBAGE HAULER continues to the left. CAMP turns with it. When his back is to the HappyToys truck (because the hauler is now heading down the left side of the lot, back toward the transient parking area):

188-B EXT. THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK 188-B***

It starts up.

188-C EXT. CAMP AND THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK 188-C***

BILL runs toward CAMP.

BILL
Look out, you idiot!!!

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 37-A

188 CONTINUES

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CAMP hears the oncoming HappyToys truck (which is, of course, running in reverse). He looks back, terrified. He runs. BILL tries to grab his arm and pull him to safety, but CAMP knocks him aside and goes on running.

BILL is pushed against the restaurant and the truck barely misses him as it reverses past. And CAMP is running toward the drainage ditch and screening trees when:

189,190,191--OMIT

192 EXT. CAMP AND THE TRUCK

192

The truck slams him.

193 OMIT

194 EXT. CAMP

194

His body flies through the air with the greatest of ease and lands in the drainage ditch beyond the service area. We can see one shoe sticking up, that's all.

195 OMIT

196 EXT. BILL

196 ***

He runs back to the fueling office.

197 EXT. THE GARBAGE HAULER IN THE TRANSIENT PARKING LOT

197 ***

It backs into its place again.

198 INT. THE SERVICE STATION OFFICE, W/ BILL AND GROUP

198

BRETT goes to BILL; he holds her.

BILL

No one. No one in the cab of
that motherfucker at all..

HENDERSHOT (shaken)

HORSE-pucky!!

BRETT

What happens now?

BILL

I don't know.

198-A THE FUEL OFFICE OF THE DIXIE-BOY, LATE AFTERNOON

198-A ***

Two men - STEVE GAYTON and HANDY - run out. THE CAMERA
PANS WITH THEM as they reach the body of DUNCAN KELLER.
DUNCAN is face-down, a bloody mess.

Each of the men has a blanket.

STEVE

Spread yours on the
ground next to him.
And hurry up. He's
starting to draw flies.

HANDY shakes out his blanket.

198-B HENDERSHOT, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE FUEL OFFICE 198-B **

198-C STEVE AND HANDY, HENDERSHOT'S POV

198-C **

HANDY AND STEVE roll DUNCAN onto the blanket--one moves
in front of the CAMERA, to spare us the sight of DUNCAN
sunny-side-up, so to speak. They spread STEVE'S blanket
over the top, pick him up, and bring him toward the
fuel office, where the CAMERA is.

D INT. FUEL OFFICE

198-D ****

HENDERSHOT is standing by the desk. His attitude toward all this is not fear or horror, certainly not pity, but one of "Why does something always have to fuck up my day?"

STEVE and HANDY bring in the blanket-wrapped body; the blankets are already spotting blood. They look at HENDERSHOT--what do we do with him?

HENDERSHOT
Don't just stand there, for
Christ's sake! He's drippin'
on the floor. Put him down
cellar with the other one.

They go out into the hall. HENDERSHOT stands by the desk watching them go, smoking sourly.

SOUND of many engines starting up; HENDERSHOT reacts with surprise and goes to the window.

199 EXT. THE PARKING LOT, MONTAGE

199

There is a RISING SYMPHONY of diesel engines as the trucks start, one after the other. It sounds like the Indy Brickyard on Memorial Day, just after the guy says "Gentlemen, start your engines."

200 EXT. THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK

200

It returns to the picnic area.

201 EXT. THE TWO PARKING LOTS

201

One by one the trucks pull out and fall into a nose-to-tail line.

202 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, WIDE

202

The HappyToys truck fills a hole the others have left for it, joining the parade. The trucks--maybe twenty-five in all--will eventually form a circle which goes almost all the way around the truck stop.

203 INT. THE RESTAURANT

203

There are maybe eight people in here--WANDA JUNE plus seven patrons, all truckers--staring out the long glass window at the front. Their faces are ~~am~~estruck. Outside, the trucks continue to rumble past.

204 INT. THE SERVICE STATION OFFICE 204

HENDERSHOT

Most of those things got no goddam
right to be running! They're dee-po'ed!

BRETT

They're waking up.

She puts her arms around BILL. He holds her and they both watch, he
frightened, she terrified.

205 EXT. TRUCK MONTAGE 205

Wheels, taillights, grilles, mud-flaps. The SOUND is deafening, unre-
lenting. The feel is scary. These things really are dinosaurs.

206 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, VERY WIDE 206

This might even be an a helicopter shot, looking down. The trucks are
circling the truck-stop like Indians circling a wagon-train in an old
Western movie.

207 EXT. THE HIGHWAY, WITH THE FURY 207 *

This is the car which belongs to those cute l'il newlyweds, CURT
and CONNIE. It's really ~~smoking~~ seventy, eighty miles an hour.

208 INT. THE FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE 208

They're both scared and bewildered. CURT looks over at:

209 INT./EXT. THE OTHER HIGHWAY LANES, CURT'S POV 209

Another large convoy of trucks, blasting along.

210 INT. THE FURY 210

CONNIE

Where are they going?

CURT

Don't know. Chapel Hill, maybe.
Maybe Charlotte.

CONNIE

Why?

CURT

Dunno. Try the radio again.

She leans forward to turn it on. Sees something through the wind-
shield and reacts with sudden terror.

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211 EXT. THE ROAD UP AHEAD, CONNIE'S POV 211

A '52 Mack flatbed pulls out of the bushes and across the road.

212 INT. THE FURY 212

CONNIE (shrieks)

LOOK OUT!

CURT twists the wheel.

213 EXT. THE FLATBED AND THE FURY 213

The Fury swerves into the breakdown lane, squirting between the guardrails and the nose of the truck trying to block them off like an agile tailback lunging through a gap at the last possible moment. The truck's nose smashes through the guardrails a second too late.

214 INT. THE FURY 214

CURT

I think I just loaded my pants.

She's looking back over the seat and through the rear window, paying no attention.

CONNIE

It's coming after us! Curtis, it's coming after us!

CURT'S eyes flick up toward:

215 INT. THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR, CURT'S POV 215

The flatbed backs up, a snarl of guardrail cable caught in its grille like broken strands of piano-wire, and turns.

216 EXT. THE FLATBED TRUCK 216

It starts up the road after the fleeing K, moving slowly at first, then gaining speed.

217 INT. THE FURY 217***

CURT steps on it.

218 EXT. THE FURY AND THE FLATBED TRUCK 218

The chase is on.

219 INT. THE CAB OF THE FLATBED 219

Empty.

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220 INT. THE FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE 220***

CONNIE (screams)
WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?

221 EXT. THE FURY AND THE FLATBED 221

Will they? The flatbed is closing in. The terrain is flat, and the truck has a lot more go under the hood than the Plymouth.

222 INT./EXT. EXIT SIGN, CURT AND CONNIE'S POV 222

It says the exit is a mile up.

223 EXT./INT. CHASE MONTAGE 223

The truck is steadily closing in on the Fury as they cover the mile to the exit. As the exit comes up, the truck pulls into the passing lane and starts to draw abreast of the car. Then it cuts in.

CURT and CONNIE are jolted to the right. CURT holds onto the wheel grimly, gauging the distance to the upcoming exit ramp...

The truck crunches them again, crimping in the K'S side and driving it toward the breakdown lane and the ditch beyond. Here's the exit ramp at last!

224 INT. THE FURY 224

CURT (twists the wheel)
Hang on.

225 EXT. THE FURY AND THE FLATBED TRUCK 225

The Fury almost turns over...then decides to stay on all four of its wheels. It squirts up the ramp. The truck tries to follow. It misses the ramp and runs up the brushy incline instead.

227 EXT. THE TRUCK, SLOW MOTION 227

It overbalances on the slope and crashes back to the highway. Its engine is howling and snarling like a beast in pain. As it hits the highway, the cab bursts into flame.

228 EXT. THE TOP OF THE EXIT RAMP, WITH THE FURY 228****

There's a FOOD-FUEL-PHONE sign which points, of course, toward the Dixie-Boy.

CONNIE (crying)
Curtis, what is going on?

228 CONTINUES

CURT

I don't know. But I know we can call
the police from that truck-stop.

229 EXT. THE FURY

229

It turns right and starts down the road.

230 OMIT

230***

231 INT. THE FURY, WITH CURT AND CONNIE

231

He jams on the brakes.

CONNIE

Oh, my God!

232 OMIT

232***

233 INT. THE FURY

233

CONNIE

When we get to the truck-stop
everything will be all right.
Oh, yes!

She starts to laugh hysterically.

234 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, CURT AND CONNIE'S POV

234

The trucks rumble ceaselessly around it.

235 INT. THE FURY

235

CURT drops the transmission into drive. The Fury starts to creep slowly
forward. CONNIE stops laughing at once when he does this. As I would.

CONNIE

What are you doing?

CURT

Look. You see that gap?

236 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, FURY'S POV

236

There is indeed a fair-sized gap between the head and tail of the
circle of trucks.

237 INT. THE K

237

CURT

The next time that gap comes
around, I'm going to shoot through
there--

CONNIE (screams)

NO YOU AIN'T! THEY'LL GANG UP ON US
AND SQUASH US!

CURT

I can do it.

CONNIE

All so we can be inside of where they are?

CURT

What do you think's going to happen to
us if we stay out here?

Considering the flatbed that almost got them, that's a good question.

CURT

We got to get inside, honey.

~~CONNIE (whimpers)~~

I'm so scared...

CURT

You ain't alone, darlin'.

238 INT. THE RESTAURANT, WITH WANDA JUNE

238

She's by the window, looking out. Suddenly her eyes widen.

WANDA JUNE

Billy! Come here and look at these fools! *

239 INT./EXT. THE PARKING LOT AND THE ROAD BEYOND, WANDA JUNE'S POV 239

The Fury comes creeping along. We can see it through the moving trucks.

240 INT. BY THE RESTAURANT WINDOW

240

BILL joins WANDA JUNE. With him is BRETT, JOE, and a couple of
other patrons.

JOE (flatly)

They're dead.

BILL

Maybe not.

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--44

240 CONTINUES

He heads for the door. And BRETT goes after him.

241 EXT. THE FURY 241

It's almost to the verge of the Dixie-Boy's lot now.

242 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, WITH THE ENCIRCLING TRUCKS 242

The gap comes around.

243 INT. THE FURY 243

CURT

Hang on.

He floors it.

244 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DIXIE-BOY 244

The Fury shoots toward the gap. The trucks start to close it up. In the b.g. we see BILL and BRETT come out and stand, watching.

The Fury slams through the narrowing gap--too late. One of the trucks turns hard and slams into it. The Fury does a complete roll-over and comes up on its wheels again.

245 INT. THE FURY 245

The interior has been pretty well bashed up. CONNIE was wearing her seat-belt. CURT wasn't. His nose is bleeding and the side of his head is gashed. But he's conscious and pretty much okay. He slams against his door. It's crimped, but it opens.

CONNIE is dazed, not sure where she is.

246 EXT. BILL ROBERTSON 246

He's at her door in a flash. He pulls it open.

247 EXT. THE TRUCKS 247

The garbage hauler pulls out of line, intending to squash the bunch of them, Fury and all.

248 EXT. BILL AND CONNIE 248

CONNIE

My seatbelt! I can't--

249 EXT. BRETT

249

She bends and lifts one of the cuffs of her jeans to expose a scuffed and balding Desert Driver boot. She reaches into it and comes up with a straight-razor.

BRETT
Hey, hero!

She tosses it and then supports the staggering CURT.

250 EXT. BILL AND CONNIE

250

He unfolds the straight-razor and slashes the seatbelt. CONNIE screams. She has seen:

251 EXT. THE GARBAGE HAULER, BEARING DOWN ON THEM

251

252 EXT. BILL AND CONNIE

252

He pulls her out of her seat and yanks her back toward the Dixie Boy.*
As they join BRETT and CURT:

BRETT (looks over her shoulder)
BILL!

253 EXT. THE ~~TRUCK, BEARING DOWN ON THEM~~

253

They will be crushed for sure, it seems. The SOUND of the engine is deafening.

SOUND: The WHOOSH of a ROCKET.

The whole front of the truck explodes into flame.

254 EXT. HENDERSHOT, BY THE RESTAURANT DOOR

254

He's lowering a smoking bazooka. And still smoking his cigar.

HENDERSHOT
Fucking trucks are supposed to be
dee-po'ed. Well, that one's dee-po'ed
for sure.

JOE is standing nervously beside him. On the ground is an open ammo locker marked PROPERTY NORTH CAROLINA NATIONAL GUARD.

HENDERSHOT (shoulders the bazooka)
Reload me, Joey.

JOE takes a rocket out of the ammo locker.

255 EXT. BILL, BRETT, CURT, CONNIE

255

They are shadding ass for the Dixie Boy. BILL looks back at

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256 EXT. ANOTHER CHARGING TRUCK(THE MAYFRESH TOILET PAPER TRUCK) 256***

257 OMIT 257 OMIT***

258 EXT. HENDERSHOT, WITH BAZOOKA 258

Squinting. Cigar in the corner of his mouth. He fires.

259 EXT. BILL'S PARTY AND THE TRUCK 259

The cab of the truck explodes.

260 EXT. HENDERSHOT 260***

BILL'S party arrives. He herds them inside, then faces HENDERSHOT.

BILL
Where'd you get that?

JOE
Oh, we got a whole bunch of stuff
like this down in the--

HENDERSHOT
Shut up, Joey. (To BILL) Found it
in my Christmas stocking, bubba. Get
inside.

BILL goes. HENDERSHOT and JOE follow.

261 EXT. THE GRAVELED AREA, RESTAURANT'S POV 261

Another truck peels out of line and smashes into CURT and CONNIE'S
Fury, reducing it to junk.

262 INT. THE RESTAURANT 262

WANDA JUNE (fearful)
Why'd it do that? Wadn't nobody in
it! Why'd it do that?

BILL (soft)
Maybe it was mad.

263 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, WIDE 263

The trucks circle. Inside that circle, the hulks of the two trucks HENDERSHOT took out continue to burn.

264 INT. THE PICTURE OF DEKE ON DUNCAN'S DESK 264

A hand picks it up.

265 INT. THE FUEL OFFICE, WITH BRETT 265

She's looking at the picture--her expression is thoughtful, sad. The door from the restaurant section opens and BILL comes in.

BRETT
How are the lovers? *

BILL
Heart-rates are slowing down a little,
I think.

He takes the straight-razor out of his pocket and unfolds it.

265-A INT. THE BLADE OF THE STRAIGHT-RAZOR, CU 265-A
Inlaid upon the blade in Olde English letters are the words
MOTHER'S HELPER.

265-B INT. BILL AND BRETT 265-B
248

He refolds the blade and holds out the straight-razor to her.

BILL
Mother's Helper?

BRETT
A girl hitching her way down to
Florida needs some protection.

She puts DEKE'S photo back on the edge of the desk and slips Mother's Helper back into her boot.

BILL
What what you're doing?

BRETT
What I was doing before every
machine in the world went into
maximum overdrive. I'm pretty scared,
Bill.

BILL
If I put my arm around you, would
you stick me with that thing?

BRETT

You don't stick a person with a
straight-razor. You kind of...

She draws her finger swiftly down through the air and makes
a whickering noise.

BRETT (finishes)

...and I wouldn't.

He comes to her and slips an arm around her.

BRETT

Yes--that's a little better.

BILL

Why Florida?

BRETT

I just needed to get away. Things
weren't so great where I was.

BILL

They aren't so hot here, either.

They look out at the circling trucks together. Now she puts an arm
around him. She looks younger, sweeter, more vulnerable.

BRETT

Can I ask you something?

BILL

Sure.

BRETT

What's a nice guy like you doing
working for a booger like that man
Hendershot?

BILL

If you're on parole you need a job.

BRETT

You're on parole?

BILL

Not many people want to hire a parolee.
On the other hand, some guys hire all
they can get. Guys like Hendershot. You
want to know what I did?

She looks up at him.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--50

265-B CONTINUES (3)

They're looking at each other. He kisses her
MOVES TO the picture of DEKE and HOLDS until

266 EXT. THE HIGHWAY WHICH LEADS TO THE DIXIE-B

He's riding his bike in the breakdown lane.

SOUND: Trucks. Lots of trucks.

DEKE immediately gets off the highway and into
his bike after him. BILL'S right. He's smart.

267 OMIT

268 EXT. THE FAR LANES, DEKE'S POV

Another passing convoy, this the biggest one
a hundred eighteen-wheelers. They head down

269 EXT. DEKE, IN THE BUSHES

As the CONVOY SOUNDS FADE, DEKE gets cautious
He remounts his bike and rides on.

DISS

270 EXT. DEKE, FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

He brings his bike to a stop. He looks awed

DEKE
Holy crow!

271 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY EXIT AND THE OVERTURNED

The flatbed has burned itself out.

272 EXT. DEKE

He rides his bike up the exit ramp.

273 EXT. DEKE, AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP

He comes to a stop and looks down the road

SOUND: The drone of an airplane.

DEKE looks over his shoulder, immediately w

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--49

265B CONTINUES (2)

Tore the

Well, yo
tongues.

She laughs. He smiles. And
and she kisses him back, c
breasts gently, just for a

They look at each other.

You're l
I must a

That's g

They look out the dirty wi
passing by. Then BRETT pic

It was h
out ther

Yeah. Du
Hendersh

She looks at the picture.

Do you tl

God know
he's gut
trying to

To his fa

Yeah. To

Ain't lif

Pretty gr

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--51

274 EXT. AN EXECUTIVE-TYPE PLANE 274

It is painted in bright, memorable colors--blue and red, let us say. Also, there's a memorable slogan on the side: TOOLKIT SPECIAL, and a wrench logo. The tail-numbers: N975B. It goes into a shallow dive.

274-A INT. THE COCKPIT OF THE TOOLKIT SPECIAL 274-A

The wheels turn in tandem; a switch flicks and air starts flowing; the radio is playing classical music. But the plane is empty.

275 EXT. THE DESERTED HIGHWAY, PLANE'S POV 275

Its purpose is clearly reconnaissance. The highway unrolls beneath it. Here's the exit with the burned-out flatbed. No sign of human life.

276 EXT. THE TOOLBOX SPECIAL 276

It pulls up and banks away.

277 EXT. HEAVY SHRUBBERY, KUDZU, ETC. BY THE EXIT RAMP 277

DEKE comes out, dragging his bike after him. He looks scared but determined. He mounts his bike and rides off toward the Dixie-Boy.

278 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, FAIRLY LONG 278

The trucks circle endlessly, motors rumbling.

DEKE (distressed voice)

Oh, no.

279 EXT. THE FAR SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, WITH DEKE 279

He's been peering out of the bushes at the truck-stop. Close by is a culvert which passes under the road and connects with the drainage ditch where CAMP LOMAN is lying. At first DEKE'S face says he hasn't the slightest idea what to do next. Then it lights up a little. Inspiration has struck. Keeping low, he moves off to the left, along the ditch which runs parallel to the road and the Dixie-Boy on the far side.

279-A EXT. DEKE, IN THE ROADSIDE DITCH 279-A

He stops and looks at:

280 EXT. A LARGE-BORE SEWER PIPE, DEKE'S POV 280

A little dirty water dribbles from its mouth into the grass. It's big enough for DEKE and goes under the road toward the Dixie-Boy, but its mouth is covered with heavy-gauge steel mesh.

281 EXT. DEKE, AT THE PIPE 281

He pulls at it, yanks at it, but the mesh is firm. He sits back, not knowing what to do.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--52

282/283 OMIT

284 INT. MEN'S ROOM OF THE DIXIE-BOY, WITH BILL 284
He's at a urinal, tending to business.

BILL
Has he really got a lot of
firepower down cellar, Joe?

285 INT. A CLOSED TOILET STALL 285
Beneath the door we can see JOE'S ~~feet~~, his pants puddled around them.

JOE (uneasy voice)
You heard him tell me to shut up.

286 INT. BILL, AT THE URINAL 286

BILL
Come on, Joey--this is serious.

287 INT. THE TOILET STALL, WITH JOE 287
He's sitting there with a skin-mag in his hands, but listening to BILL.

~~JOE (reluctant)~~
He's got a lot.

288 INT. BILL 288
Flushes. We can tell he's zipping up.

BILL
Grenades?

JOE (voice)
Well--

BILL moves to the wash basins. Turns one on.

BILL
Flame-throwers?

JOE (voice)
You're gonna get us both in trouble.

Bill finishes washing his hands and dries them.

BILL
In case you didn't notice it, we're
already in trouble.

He walks over to the stall.

BILL (continues)

289 INT. JOE, IN THE STALL

289

JOE

Everything. He's got everything.
Now leave me alone, Billy.

He flushes the toilet.

290 OMIT

291 INT. THE CELLAR, WITH BILL AND BRETT

291

BILL'S got the key to the place in one hand--I think we can assume he hawked it out of HENDERSHOT'S office.

They are looking around at bazookas, rocket launchers, crates of rockets, M-1s, M-16s, flame-throwers, grenades, etc. There's canned goods and janitorial supplies down here, but it's mainly an arsenal.

BRETT (awed)

My mother's name! You think he stole all this?

BILL

No. I think he bought it. That's what a guy like him does.

BRETT picks up a rocket launcher and looks at it.

BRETT

Buys things.

BILL

Buy cheap and sell dear. It's the American way, isn't it?

HENDERSHOT (voice)

Well, this is cute, isn't it?
The jailbird and the little road-twitch standing around and talking about the American Way. Jesus Christ Palamino!

They both turn, startled.

292 INT. THE CELLAR, WIDER (TO INCLUDE HENDERSHOT)

292

HENDERSHOT

I don't know what to make of you, boy. You bright--I know you are--but you keep bein' ob-tuse.

BRETT

Come on--we don't want to steal your stuff--we just want to get out of here.

*

CONTINUES

292 CONTINUES

HENDERSHOT (to BILL)

You're messin' where you hadn't ought
to be messin' again, boy. I guess
sometimes even college boys don't learn
their lessons until they've had their
chops busted a few times, do they?

BILL

Do you know what's going on outside,
you happy asshole? You blind?

HENDERSHOT (to BRETT)

Did the college boy here fill you in
on his illustrious career? On, he was
a bloodthirsty criminal, all right--
a regular John Dillinger.

BILL

Shut up.

HENDERSHOT (ignores him)

Couple of Charlotte cops found him in
a little grocery store with a sack of money in ****
his hand and his thumb up his ass and
a big grin on his face to pass the time
of day. Now you want to get out of here,
boy. One call and--

BILL

Who you gonna call? The North Carolina
State Police? Ghost Busters? I don't want
to play games with you, Hendershot. I just
want to get out of here.

HENDERSHOT

I'm warning you, boy--

BILL (picks up a rocket launcher)

No--I'm warning you.

HENDERSHOT is perfectly caught between fury at BILL and fear of what
BILL might do.

HENDERSHOT

When this is over, your ass is
grass, boy. Grass, you hear me?

BILL

I'll just settle for being around
when it is over.

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--55

292 CONTINUES (2)

HENDERSHOT whirls with a final baleful stare and leaves. As he tromps up the stairs:

HENDERSHOT (o.s.)
Joey! Joey, goddammit!

292-A INT BILL & BRETT

292-A *

BILL lowers the rocket-launcher. He's not shaken from his confrontation with HENDERSHOT, but we see that he is dully ashamed. His dirty secret is out: he held up a 7-11 store.

BILL
So now you know all about Dangerous Dan McGrew.

BRETT
No third graders, huh?

BILL
I owed a guy some money. I was twenty-three not real bright about some things.

BRETT (puts her arms around him)
It's all right.

BILL
No it's not. When I think about it it's the stupidity of it that really gets to me, you know? What did he say? Sack of money in my hand a thumb up my ass and a big grin on my face to pass the time of day? That was about it. No Jimmy Cagney. No Humphrey Bogart. They put that spotlight on me and I froze like a rabbit.

BRETT (hugs him tighter)
Shhh! Stop it. It's all right.

BILL
I did three years in Tankerville, and then I joined Hendershot's happy little family. I--

BRETT
Don't you ever know when to shut up?

She kisses him.

Revised 6/27

293-303 OMIT

304 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY JUST PAST SUNSET 304

It's dusky-gloomy but not yet full dark. There's an odd glow in the sky--not very bright right now. It will be brighter later on. The trucks patrol in their endless circle, motors GROWLING.

Their lights pop on all at once.

304-AEXT. THE DITCH ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD, WITH DEKE 304-A

Truck headlights splash across his face and he shrinks down. He slowly rises back up, just his eyes showing as he looks at the Dixie-Boy...so near and yet so far.

305 OMIT

306 INT. THE FUEL OFFICE, STORAGE ROOM WITH BILL AND BRETT 306***

They are on the cot where DUNCAN was lying before. They have just made love.

BRETT
I'll tell you one thing, hero.

BILL
What's that?

BRETT
You make love like Dangerous Dan McGrew.

BILL (gets up)
Come over here. I want to show you something.

(He's wearing shorts, she panties.)

306-A OMIT 306-A***

307 EXT. THE SKY OVER THE DIXIE BOY REAR PARKING LOT NIGHT 307***

It is now full dark, but the sky is lit with a bright, shifting glow like the aurora borealis.

308 INT. BY STORAGE ROOM WINDOW, WITH BILL AND BRETT 308***

BILL
It's the comet. We've been in the tail for almost twelve hours. And if it is the comet that put

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--57

308 CONTINUES

BILL (continues)
the machines in--what did you call
it?--maximum overdrive, all we've
got to do is stay alive for the
next seven days or so.

309 EXT. THE CIRCLING TRUCKS, BILL'S AND BRETT'S POV 309

310 INT. BILL AND BRETT 310

BILL
We're less than four miles from
the coast here. We'd have to use the
drains and go through a few back yards,
but we could make it in maybe two hours.

BRETT
And?

BILL
Can you sail?

BRETT
A little--Hobie Cats and things like that.

BILL (nods)-
I used to crew the big ones. Sailboats...
no motors. You dig that? No motors.

BRETT (excited by the idea)
Where would we go?

BILL
Haven. It's an island about 6
miles off the coast. An easy sail.
There are no motor vehicles of any
kind on the place.

BRETT
None?

BILL
Not a single one. It's a municipal
ordinance. There's electric power,
but killing it would be a matter of
just cutting the power-cable from
the mainland.

BRETT
And waiting for the planet to get out
of the comet's tail! You're a genius!
(Hugs him) You really think we could
make it?

CONTINUES

BILL

With all of the firepower downstairs?
You bet.

BRETT

Tonight?

BILL

Maybe we won't have to go at
all. Put that thing on and
come back to the window.

311 EXT. THE SHOWER BUILDING W/MILK TRUCK, BILL AND BRETT'S POV 311***

It sits silently just inside the circle of moving trucks, its
lights burning.

312 INT. BILL AND BRETT

312

BILL

See it?

It was circling with the rest of
them when we came over here. They
pushed it out of the way. It's out
of gas. I'm pretty sure that's what
it is. It ran out of gas.

BRETT

They can't fuel themselves!

BILL (grins)

Give the little road-twitch a cigar.

She Throws herself into his arms and hugs him hard. Kisses him.
And he picks her up and carries her back to the cot for Round Two.

313 EXT. THE CIRCLING TRUCKS NIGHT

313

314 INT. THE JUKE, WITH JOE

314

He drops in a quarter. Selects. John Fogarty starts singing
"The Old Man Down The Road"

315 INT. BY THE WINDOW, WITH WANDA JUNE, STEVE GAYTON, HANDY MCKAY 315

WANDA JUNE is looking out. There is a glass of beer in front of
her. Her hand squeezes on it, relaxes, then squeezes again.

WANDA JUNE

They can't! We made them!

316 INT. THE RESTAURANT, WIDER

316

People look around at her.

BILL and BRETT come in from the doorway to the left--they have re-entered from the inside door connecting to the fueling area, of course.

★

STEVE GAYTON puts a hand over WANDA JUNE'S.

STEVE

Now come on, sweet thang--

She pulls her hand violently away. Her glass of beer spills.

WANDA (stands)

Don't you tell me to come on! They
can't! We made them!

She runs for the front door. The people around her are too paralyzed with surprise to stop her. She pulls it open and lunges out.

317 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR, WITH WANDA JUNE

317

WANDA JUNE (shakes her fist)

YOU CAN'T! WE MADE YOU, Y'HEAR?

317-A EXT. ~~THE DITCH ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD~~, WITH DEKE

317-A

He's drowsing by the culvert.

WANDA JUNE (voice)

WE MADE YOU!

DEKE comes awake and peers at:

318 EXT. ANGLE ON THE DIXIE BOY'S FRONT LOT

318

One of the smaller trucks peels out of line and starts for WANDA JUNE.

319 EXT. WANDA JUNE

319

WANDA JUNE-

YOU CAN'T! WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF LOYALTY,
YOU PUKEY THANGS? YOU CAN'T! YOU--

320 EXT. WANDA JUNE, DEKE'S POV

320

As the truck bears down on her, BILL comes out, throws an armlock on her, and drags her back in. The truck comes to a skidding stop less than a foot from the restaurant and then backs up.

320-A DEKE

320-A

We can just see his eyes over the top of the ditch. They are full of longing to be over there with them, even if they are surrounded, rather than to be out here alone in the dark.

321 INT. JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, WITH BILLY AND WANDA JUNE 321

He's holding her in his arms. She is sobbing against his shoulder.

WANDA JUNE (muffled sobs)
They can't! We made them! They can't!

BILL and BRETT exchange a look of deep sympathy.

The lights flicker off. On again. Everyone looks up at:

322 INT. THE RESTAURANT FLOURESCENTS 322

Off. On.

323 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY SIGN 323

Off.. On.

324 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY TRUCK-STOP 324

Lights spill out of the restaurant window. The pump islands are lit; there are flourescents on in the garage bays of the service area.

All these lights go on and off twice...and then die.

325 INT. THE RESTAURANT 325

WANDA JUNE (shrieks)
NO! NOT IN THE DARK! PLEASE GOD,
DON'T LET US BE IN THE DARK!

BRETT moves to her and holds her.

BRETT
It's going to be all right. Cool
it now. Just cool it. Shhh...

325-AEXT.. DEKE 325-A

He's peeking over the edge of the ditch at:

326 EXT. THE DARKENED TRUCK STOP 326***

The trucks go round and round. We can see a stopped eighteen-wheeler outside the circle and another inside. As the circle turns, we can see the gaps where those trucks were. Among the circling trucks we see killer two truck from other gas station.

327 INT. BILL, AT THE RESTAURANT WINDOW 327

. His cigarette winks fitfully as he smokes and looks out. BRETT joins him. He puts a friendly arm around her. Behind them we can see patrons crashed out on the floor; they're sleeping on piles of coats.

CONTINUES

327 CONTINUES

BRETT
Two more stopped.

BILL
Yeah.

328 OMIT

329 INT BILL & BRETT

329

Their attention is claimed by a CRY from outside. They look at each* other, as if asking if it was really there, and the CRY is repeated.

CURT joins them.

Long, wavering CRY.

BRETT
On Jesus. It's him.

CURT
Who?

BRETT
The guy I got a ride with. He's still alive.

The CRY comes again.

CURT
Well, let's go get him.

CONNIE
No you don't! Let some of these
here other big strong men bring
him back!

329-A ROLFE, MAX, HANDY, AND SOME OTHER PATRONS IN THE B.G. 329-A****

They look at their feet and shuffle 'em, ashamed. But they ain't going out.

329-B BILL, BRETT, CURT, CONNIE

329-B****

(previous 329pt.)

He starts for the door. BILL grabs him and hauls him back.

They are joined by JOE and HENDERSHOT. HENDERSHOT gives BILL and BRETT an evil look. They are, needless to say, on his shit list. But for the time being, it's sink or swim together and HENDERSHOT, a survival expert, recognizes it.

BILL (to CURT)
It's like the old joke--you can't
get there from here.

329-B CONTINUES

CURT

Well, what you goan do, mister? Just
stand here and listen--

SOUND: A long, pain-filled SHRIEK.

CURT

--and listen to him do that?

CONNIE (sharply)

Curtis, you shut up, now!

BILL

What do you want me to do?

BRETT

I think he wants you to be Dangerous
Dan McGrew.

CONTINUES

329-B CONTINUES (2)

BILL
Yeah? That what you want? *

BRETT
Do you want to listen to him scream? *

They look at each other without speaking.

329-C EXT. DEKE
(previous 329-A)
He crawls into the culvert.

329-C****

329-D INT. DEKE, IN THE CULVERT
(previous 329-B)
The fit is very tight. His breathing is AMPLIFIED. But he keeps moving along.

329-D****

329-E EXT. THE HIGHWAY NIGHT
(previous 329-C)
Here comes a convoy of trucks, maybe fifty of them, their headlights savage glaring eyes. They sweep past the Dixie Boy.

329-E****

329-F INT. DEKE, IN ~~THE CULVERT~~
(previous 329-D)
The SOUND of the convoy is like thunder down here. DEKE cringes, badly frightened, teeth gritted together, eyes slitted shut.

329-F*****

329-G EXT. THE CONVOY, REVERSE
(previous 329-E)
Dwindling taillights; dwindling thunder of engines.

329-G****

329-H INT. DEKE, IN THE CULVERT
(previous 329-F)
He gets moving again.

329-H****

330 INT. THE REAR OF THE KITCHEN

330

BILL and CURT are standing by the rear door. About a hundred feet out into the rear lot is a a low rectangular building. They have a makeshift stretcher and a first-aid case. In addition to these goodies, BILL has a coil of rope and the rocket launcher. CURT has some sort of automatic weapon.

HENDERSHOT and BRETT join them. HENDERSHOT is pissed like a bear about all this.

CONTINUES

HENDERSHOT

You know, I'm gettin tard of all these antics, chillun. I'm gettin just as tard of 'em as I can be.

BILL

Shut up. Bubba.

HENDERSHOT (outraged)

What?

BILL

I said shut up. I know you can understand that, so ~~don't~~ go being ob-tuse, you hear?

HENDERSHOT stares at him, frankly amazed. BILL looks at CURT.

BILL (points)

Those are the showers out there. You see them?

331 EXT./INT. THE SHOWERS, THROUGH THE BACK DOOR

331***

We should notice that there's a good stretch of open gravelled ground between the rear of the Dixie-Boy and the showers, but we should also notice that the circle of trucks passes quite far beyond the shower building. We see the ~~milk truck parked nearby,~~ headlights shining.

332 INT. THE REAR OF THE KITCHEN, FEATURING BILL AND CURT

332

BILL

The shower-drain runs into the ditch where that guy is.

CURT

Will we fit?

BILL

One way to find out.

CONNIE (voice)

Curt? Curtis?

She comes pushing through the others. She sees the stretcher and the armaments and is at once concerned.

CONNIE

What are you doing?

CURT

I'll be right back, honey.

CONTINUES

332 CONTINUES

CONNIE (more alarmed than ever)
You ain't! ***

CURT
There's a man laying hurt out there,
sugar.

CONNIE (mad)
There's gonna be a man layin' hurt in
here if you don't quit this foolishness!

BRETT
If it was your man out there you'd want
somebody to go.

CONNIE
Well it ain't! You're not going, Curtis!

CURT (quietly)
I am.

CONNIE (starting to cry)
Don't you dare make me a widow on
my weddin' day, you bastard.

CONNIE whirls and runs away. CURT looks after her uncomfortably
until BILL reclaims his attention. ***

BILL (to CURT)
No reason why we can't scoot right
across to those showers. Just pick up
your feet and try not to scuffle.

CURT (a little hurt)
I can be quiet.

BILL
Uh-huh. (To BRETT) If this works
out you can call me hero all you
want, okay?

HENDERSHOT
You boys are just as crazy as a
coupla rats in a plugged-up shithouse.

BILL (to HENDERSHOT)
And you are without a doubt the biggest
fuckhead I ever met in my life. (To
CURT) You ready?

CURT nods. He's ready, but he's scared. BILL opens the door.
They go out, BILL first and carrying the stretcher.

Revised 6/27

333 EXT. THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SHOWERS AND THE DIXIE-BOY 333

They run across it fast, like soldiers under enemy fire.

334 INT. THE DOORWAY TO THE SHOWER ROOM 334***

They dash inside. CURT is breathing fast--it wasn't much of a run, so it must be a mixture of fear and excitement.

CURT

Good thing that one's out of gas.

He points toward:

335 OMIT *****

336 INT. THE SHOWER DOORWAY, WITH BILL AND CURT 336***

BILL

Are you sure it is?

(Curt looks at Bill.)

Well...It won't do any good to worry about it now, will it? *****

337 INT. THE SHOWER ROOM. WITH BILL AND CURT 337

It's tile construction, about eight shower-stalls with narrow partitions between them. The floor is slightly slanted, and all the water runs down into a big central drain.

BILL and CURT cross to an adjoining room, filled with cooling equipment, pumping equipment, etc. *

337-A INT. THE PUMPING ROOM, WITH BILL AND CURT 337-A

There's a drain in the cement floor. They get their fingers under this and lift it up with some effort. They overturn it. BILL has a flashlight stuck in his back pocket. He shines it into the drain.

338 INT. THE DRAIN, BILL AND CURT'S POV 338

There's a wide slimy pipe, about four feet in diameter, which drops down about eight feet.

339 INT. ~~THE~~ CURT. IN THE MACHINERY ROOM

339

~~Bill~~ the rope and makes one end fast around a piece of
ma

CURT
Think that'll hold?

BILL
Fucked if I know.

~~Bill~~ drops the rope into the pipe, and climbs down it.

340 INT. ~~THE~~ IN THE PIPE

340

With ~~Bill~~ he's able to stuff himself into the transverse
pipe ~~Bill~~ crawling along.

341 INT. ~~THE~~ IN THE MACHINERY ROOM

* 341

CURT
Banzai.
He ~~sees~~ the rope.
342 INT. ~~THE~~ TRANSVERSE PIPE. WITH BILL AND CURT

342

First ~~Bill~~ and then CURT crawls past us.

343 INT. ~~THE~~

34

BILL (looking at something)
Frig.

344 INT. ~~THE~~ ~~BILL~~ almost bumps his nose on BILL'S engineer boots.
BILL ~~sees~~

344

CURT
What?

345 INT. ~~THE~~ RAT. BILL'S POV

345

It's a ~~big~~ one. It runs, squeaking, over one of BILL'S hands.

346 INT. BILL

346

BILL
I'm sending you a friend.

BILL starts ~~crawling~~ crawling again.

347 INT. CURT

347

The rat runs ~~between~~ between his supporting hands and under him.

CURT (grossed out)
Oh shit!

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--67

347 CONTINUES

He starts to crawl. Fast.

[NOTE: During this pipe sequence, we can hear the MUFFLED SOUND of the trucks circling overhead.]

347-A EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE CULVERT

347-A

SOUND of the trucks is louder. Headlights swing and merge with each other, creating a carousel of shadows. From the mouth of the culvert comes DEKE, streaked with goo and looking frightened.

He looks around and then begins to crawl rapidly up the filthy drainage ditch. He gets about thirty feet and then stops, horrified.

348/349 OMIT

350 EXT.. CAMP LOMAN, DEKE'S POV

350

He is covered with mud and blood. After being hit by the big truck, he looks hardly human. His eyes are open, bulging. He is dead.

350-A EXT. DEKE AND CAMP

350-A

DEKE passes a hand in front of CAMP'S eyes. His eyes remain fixed.

DEKE (timidly)

M-Mister?

Nothing. DEKE gulps and starts to crawl past CAMP'S sprawled body. And suddenly CAMP, not dead after all, grabs him.

DEKE is terrified. CAMP is determined...and horrible. His lips are skinned back from his teeth in a grimace of effort.

CAMP (a whisper)

Help me.

DEKE

H-H-How?

CAMP

Pull me.

DEKE

I can't. You're too heavy.

350-B EXT. CAMP, CU

350-B

CAMP

You pull me out of this ditch or I'll kill you.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE--68

350-C EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE SHOWER DRAIN-PIPE

350-C

CRAWLING SOUNDS, getting closer.

BILL, badly smeared with pipe-gluck, pokes out of the end and then allows himself to tumble into the drainage ditch, which has a shallow creek of scummy water running through it.

CURT follows, tumbling beside him.

CURT

Shit, I wish I could do that every day! What a good time! What--

DEKE (voice)

Bill! BILL!

Startled, they look toward:

350-D EXT. THE DITCH, WITH CAMP AND DEKE, BILL'S POV

350-D

DEKE is trying to drag CAMP. CAMP is clutching the boy's legs, face ploughing in the mud.

DEKE (screams)

BILL!! HELP!!

350-E EXT. THE DITCH, WITH BILL AND CURT

350-E

BILL

Jesus, that's Deke.

CURT

Who?

BILL

Never mind--come on!

They start to crawl down the ditch, fast.

350-F EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY PARKING LOT

350-F

The HappyToys truck stops suddenly. It blinks its lights. Another semi pulls out of line and heads for the drainage ditch.

350-G EXT. THE DRAINAGE DITCH, WITH BILL, CURT, DEKE, CAMP

350-G

DEKE grabs BILL, delirious with joy.

DEKE

Bill! Make him stop--

BILL

You're okay now, Deke. You're--

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERTIME 69.

350-G CONTUES

DEKE

Make him stop pulling me!

CURT ~~goes~~ around and lifts CAMP'S head.

350-H EXT. ~~CAMP~~, CU

350-H

This ~~is~~ ~~he~~ is most surely dead.

350-I EXT. CURT AND CAMP

350-I

CAMP (drops him)

He's dea--

SOUND ~~Oncoming~~ TRUCK ENGINE. They both listen.

350-J EXT. BILL, CURT, DEKE, AND CAMP'S BODY

350-J

BILL ~~spots~~ ~~up~~ the side of the drainage ditch and looks at:

351-OMIT

352 EXT. ~~THE SHOUT~~ OF AN ONCOMING TRUCK, ECU

352

353 EXT. ~~THE DITCH~~, WITH BILL, CURT AND DEKE

353

BILL ~~slides~~ ~~down~~, grabs DEKE'S shoulder, and shoves him in the *
direction of the drainpipe.

BILL

Go! Go! Go!

The ~~three~~ of them bust their buns back the way they came; it's DEKE *
first, CURT second, BILL third. Now the eighteen-wheeler the Happy
Toys truck picked rolls over the top of the drainage ditch. The cab
slams ~~down~~ ~~where~~ the people were a second ago. The box falls in
after, askew. The mucky bank collapses. CAMP is buried under the
falling, roaring truck and an avalanche of wet ground.

354 EXT. BILL, CURT AND DEKE

354

They are no longer bothering to crawl, or even crouch. They run.

355 EXT. THE CAB OF THE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER

355

It has come uncoupled from the box and has somehow managed to remain
upright. It comes roaring up the drainage ditch after the two escaping
men, rocking from side to side, big wheels fanning up water.

356 EXT. AT THE DRAINPIPE, WITH BILL, CURT AND DEKE

356

They are illuminated by the truck's headlights. SOUND of the oncoming
motor. DEKE gets right into the pipe, but CURT, half-panicked, is

356 CONTINUES

BILL doesn't climb in but dives in after him. Two seconds later the cab of the truck comes blasting along, sheeting up water, and amputates the jutting finger of piping.

357 INT. THE PIPE, FEATURING CURT

357

He's twisting his head backward with an effort. Ahead of him we can just make out DEKE, also looking back with concern.

CURT

Bill! You all right, boy?

358 INT. THE PIPE, FEATURING BILL

358

BILL

I'm okay. Will you for Christ's sake move your ass?

359 INT. BILL, FROM BEHIND

359

From this angle, as BILL follows CURT up the pipe and away from THE CAMERA, we can see just how close it was: the heels on both his boots are gone. We are looking at the bright nailheads.

360 INT. THE MACHINERY ROOM

360

The rope goes taut and begins to move as DEKE climbs up. CURT comes next. He turns and helps BILL up and to his feet.

BILL picks up the rocket launcher again and then looks at the stretcher. He kicks it aside, and the action is fairly eloquent: they won't be needing this.

DEKE

Bill? Is my dad okay?

BILL looks at him for a moment, troubled, but is not able to tell him. Not yet, anyway.

BILL

Come on.

They head for the door.

361 INT. BY THE BACK DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT

361

Most of the people trapped in the Dixie-Boy are here, but most prominent are BRETT and CONNIE. CONNIE is so worried she's just about ready to fly. BRETT is more quiet, but we can tell she's very concerned about BILL.

CONTINUES

361 CONTINUES

CONNIE

I think the truck that went over
the embankment got 'em. That's what
I think.

BRETT

No. They're all right.

CONNIE (frantic)

Then where are they?

BRETT can't answer that but HANDY, who is standing nearby, can: *

HANDY (points)

There! They just came out!

362 EXT./INT. THE SHOWER AREA, BACK RESTAURANT DOOR POV

362

Yes, we can just make them out in the glow thrown by the headlamps
of the circling trucks. BILL'S got the rocket launcher in hand.

Again, off to the left we notice the stopped flatbed--engine not
running but lights glowing. Could be out of gas...but I think most
of us now strongly suspect the truth: this baby's playing possum

363 INT. THE GROUP BY THE BACK DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT

363****

HENDERSHOT

They don't have the salesman.
Looks like some damn kid.

364 EXT. THE DOOR OF THE SHOWER BUILDING

364

BILL

You guys ready?

CURT

No. You?

BILL

Not at all.

They run for the Dixie-Boy.

Revised 6/14

365 EXT. THE MILK TANKER TO THE RIGHT 365

Its engine roars into life and it leaps at them.

366 EXT. CURT, DEKE AND BILL, RUNNING 366***

BILL turns, holding the rocket-launcher. He aims.

367 OMIT

368 EXT. BILL AND THE TRUCK 368

It's bearing down on him as he aims...and fires. The truck explodes. Milk goes everywhere. BILL, who only had the one rocket, gets up and runs for the back door of the Dixie-Boy, shepherding the other two ahead of him.

369 INT. THE AREA AROUND THE BACK DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT 369

CURT is holding CONNIE, who is sobbing wildly. BILL steps over to BRETT and hugs her. DEKE walks toward them--toward BILL, actually. He looks troubled. He has seen his dad isn't here. HENDERSHOT also comes toward BILL. He looks disgusted and angry even though things turned out all right. Come to think of it, that's probably why he's disgusted and angry.

HENDERSHOT (disgusted)
You ain't gonna be satisfied until
you get 'em right in here with us,
are you, bubba?

BILL looks at him but doesn't answer.

DEKE
Bill...where's my dad?

BILL
Deke--you've got to brace yourself
for some pretty tough news--

HENDERSHOT (doesn't give a shit)
Dunc got scrubbed by one of the big
boys out there. Tough break, kid.

370 OMIT

370-A INT. DEKE, BILL, BRETT 370-A

DEKE turns slowly to look at HENDERSHOT. His face is stunned and horrified. He slowly backs away from all of them.

DEKE (to BILL)
No! No!

BRETT (to HENDERSHOT)
You shithead! Why--

BILL (to DEKE)
Deke--

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 72

370-B INT. DEKE AND BILL

370-B

DEKE
Is it true?

BILL
Deke--

DEKE
Is it true?

BILL
Man, you gotta--

DEKE (screams)
Just tell me if it's true!

BILL
Yeah. It's true. He's gone. I'm--

DEKE screams. Puts his hands to his face and screams again. BILL tries to hold him. DEKE struggles, screaming. BILL keeps on trying to hold him. At last DEKE stops fighting and collapses, crying. BILL holds him tightly, cheek pressed against the top of DEKE'S head. BILL is also crying.

370-C HENDERSHOT

370-C

He's looking at all this in utter perplexity. I think he's one of those guys who really doesn't think anyone in the world but him is really real.

BRETT (voice)
Mr. Hendershot?

He turns toward the voice.

370-D INT. HENDERSHOT AND BRETT
360

370-D

She slaps him in the face, hard.

BRETT (cold)
A little lesson in manners from the
road-twitch, you fucking oinker.

She walks out. HENDERSHOT can only gape after her.

370-E INT. BILL AND DEKE

370-E

BILL is hugging DEKE, who is still weeping--hugging him and trying to comfort him.

DISSOLVE TO:

Revised 6/27

371 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY DAWN 371

It's earliest dawn; maybe 5 A.M. The trucks are still circling, but now there are many holes in the circle. There are as many as fifteen trucks, large and small, pushed out of the way. Out of gas. Or dead, if you please.

372 INT. DEKE, CU 372

He's sitting by himself in one of the booths by the plate-glass window, looking out. His face is thoughtful and sad.

SOUND: Approaching engines.

373 EXT. THE ROAD 373***

Here comes an Army vehicle with a machine-gun mounted in the back. The Army vehicle park outside the circle of moving trucks and sit there, idling. Now a large bulldozer pulls up and stops near the Army truck.

374 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, WITH THE CIRCLING TRUCKS 374

They all stop at the same time, engines idling.

375 INT. DEKE 375

He's got something other than his dad to think about now. He gets up and runs for the door connecting the restaurant to the fueling area.

376 INT. THE SERVICE STATION OFFICE 376***

BILL and BRETT are cuddled together on the cot again, being a couple of spoons. Both are fast asleep.

DEKE bursts in, and BRETT wakes up at once, clutching the rather greasy sheet to herself. BILL sleeps on.

DEKE
Bill! Hey Bill!

BRETT (groggy)
Deke, what--
DEKE ignores her and begins shaking BILL hard.

DEKE
Wake up! Wake up, Bill! Something's happening!

377 OMIT

378 EXT. THE 'DOZER 378

379 INT. THE RESTAURANT 379

People are waking up. CURT and JOE are walking toward the front window. CONNIE is behind them.

BILL, BRETT, and DEKE come back from the service area. BRETT is buttoning her shirt. BILL is tucking his in.

380 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK, FEATURING THE MACHINE GUN 380

One very long HORN-BLAST.

381 EXT. BULLDOZER CAB 381

The stick-shift moves and engages by itself. The ENGINE REVS UP.

382 EXT. THE BULLDOZER 382*

It begins to MOVE TOWARD THE CAMERA.

383 INT. THE HALLWAY TO HENDERSHOT'S OFFICE 383

He comes bursting out wearing a strappy t-shirt and zipping his pants. He is, of course, smoking a cigar. Following him is WANDA JUNE, looking dishevelled and trying to put herself back together.

HENDERSHOT
What the fuck is going-on now?

384 INT. CONNIE, CU 384

CONNIE (stunned)
No...I don't believe it...

385 INT./EXT. THE ONCOMING 'DOZER, CONNIE'S POV 385

No doubt about what it's doing: Charging the building.

386 INT. CONNIE 386**

CURT pulls her out of the way.

387 EXT. AND INT. THE ATTACK OF THE KILLER BULLDOZER 387

It crashes into the restaurant portion of the building. The long show-window crashes inward, spraying glass. The PATRONS draw back, shielding their faces; WANDA JUNE is shrieking.

The booths that were by the windows are shoved across the floor, splintering and breaking. We see tread-marks on the flooring. Boards snap under the weight of the 'dozer. It withdraws, then comes again. It pushes over support beams and part of the roof comes down with a crash.

388 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 388

It seems to be surveying all of this, like a general observing his armies as they attack.

389 INT. THE RESTAURANT 389

Pandemonium. BILL drags BRETT and DEKE toward the service area. Others are hiding in the video-games room and behind the counter.

390 INT. ANGLE ON HENDERSHOT 390

He's not scared; he's pissed.

HENDERSHOT
All right. All right, goddammit!

He turns on his heel and heads back toward the office.

391 OMIT 391* * *

...

392 EXT. THE BULLDOZER 392

It stops in mid-charge and backs up. Its blades rises to the three-quarters position.

393 INT. THE HALLWAY BETWEEN HENDERSHOT'S OFFICE AND THE KITCHEN 393***

He's brought a good deal of his arsenal up here. Now he grabs a rocket launcher and loads it. He stuffs another rocket into the waistband of his pants--a tough fit, but he manages.

HENDERSHOT
You want a war? You got one!

He spins on his heel and strides out.

394 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 394

The machine-gun swings around by itself.

395 INT. THE SMASHED DIXIE-BOY RESTAURANT 395

Little by little people raise their heads and look around.

HENDERSHOT uses the counter pass-through and strides through the broken glass toward the remains of the window.

CONTINUES

395 CONTINUES

HENDERSHOT
You want it? You got it, bubba!

He levels the rocket launcher.

BILL
I wouldn't--

HENDERSHOT
Shut up, bubba.

He triggers the rocket-launcher.

396 EXT. THE BULLDOZER 396

The rocket hits it. The blade is torn off and goes flying.

397 INT. HENDERSHOT 397

He's got the other rocket out of his pants and is loading it. He's grinning around the cigar.

HENDERSHOT.
How do you like that, chicken-shit?

398 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 398****

The machine-gun swings around by itself and opens fire.

399 OMIT

400 INT. HENDERSHOT 400****

HENDERSHOT is hit and driven back to the counter. He loses the rocket launcher.

HENDERSHOT (utter total surprise)
Hun?

401 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 401****

Continues fire.

402 INT. HENDERSHOT 402****

He dies.

403 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 403

The machine-gun swivels on its mount, still firing.

404 INT. THE DIXIE-BOY, MONTAGE

404****

It's torn up by the hail of machine-gun fire. People lie on the floor, behind the remains of the booths, behind the grille counter, under the video-games.

BILL is lying half on top of BRETT by the door to the service area. He has a protective arm over DEKE as well.

HARRY, ROLFE, and FRANK are all killed during the barrage.

✱✱✱

405 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK

405

It stops firing. Smoke curls from the barrel.

406 INT. WANDA JUNE

406****

WANDA JUNE

You sons of bitches! You dirty
sons of bitches!

She gets up and grabs the rocket-launcher. She sprints toward either the door or the gaping hole in the front of the restaurant.

STEVE GAYTON

Wanda June! No!

He grabs for her. No good. She's out. BILL tackles STEVE, bringing him down out of what will soon again become a free-fire zone.

406-A BRETT AND DEKE

406-A***

BRETT (at BILL)

No!!

407 EXT. WANDA JUNE

407

WANDA JUNE

WE MADE YOU! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU CAN'T DO THIS, WE MADE YOU!

She raises the rocket-launcher.

408 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK

408

The machine-gun swivels on its mount...and fires.

409 EXT. WANDA JUNE

409

She's hit...torn up. She looks like Faye Dunaway at the end of Bonnie and Clyde as she's driven back against the ruins of the restaurant wall. She holds onto the rocket-launcher, though, and triggers it.

410 EXT. ONE OF THE OUT-OF-GAS TRUCKS

410

It explodes

Revised 6/27

411 EXT. WANDA JUNE

411

WANDA JUNE (dying)
We...made you.

She falls over.

412 INT. THE DIXIE-BOY, FEATURING DEKE, BILL, BRETT

412

People begin to realize the fireworks have stopped. They begin to move around. DEKE sits up.

BILL
Careful!

413 OMIT

414 INT. THE DIXIE-BOY

414***

DEKE stands up.

414-A THRU 414-G OMIT

415 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK

415***

Its horn suddenly begins to BEEP in a series of mixed shorts and longs.

416 OMIT

417 OMIT

418 INT THE DIXIE-BOY

418***

BRETT covers her ears with her hands.

BRETT
Why is it doing that?

DEKE
It's Morse Code. I ought to know. I got a Morse merit badge in Scouts just this spring.

419 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK, CU

419***

This close it's menacing...steely. The BEEPING goes on and on.

420-425 OMIT

Revised 6/27

(425 OMIT)

426 INT. BILL'S ~~BOOP~~

426

STEVE GAYTON

What's it saying, kid? What's it--

DEKE

Shut up, shut up!

He's ~~listening~~. Then he turns frantically to Bill.

DEKE

Paper and pencil! Quick! I can't keep up with it!

427 EXT. THE ~~ARMY~~ TRUCK

427

BEEPING in steady, rhythmic bursts.

428 INT. BILL

428

He reaches over the counter, gets a book of waitress checks and a pen and hurries back to the others. DEKE snatches the pen and sits at one of the tables. The others gather around.

429 EXT. THE ~~ARMY~~ TRUCK

429

BEEPING away relentlessly.

430 INT. THE PAD DEKE'S WRITING ON

430****

He prints in big fast block capital letters: SOMEONE MUST PUMP FUEL. SOMEONE WILL NOT BE HARMED. THIS SHALL BE DONE NOW OR ELSE YOU ALL DIE.

431 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK, BEEPING, THEN FALLS SILENT

431****

432-433 OMIT

434 INT. THE GATHERED HUMANS IN THE DIXIE BOY

434***

BRETT (stunned)

They want us to feed them.

CONTINUES

3RD PATRON

Well fuck 'em! Let 'em starve!
Half of 'em are already out of
gas! Let 'em starve! Won't take long!

JOE (excited)

We can't fill 'em anyway. We don't
have any power.

434-A INT. LIGHTS

434-A***

They come on.

434-B EXT. DIXIE BOY SIGN BY THE ROAD

434-B***

It also comes on.

435-436 OMIT

437-438 OMIT

439 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK

439

Waiting.

440 INT. BILL'S GROUP

440***

Bill begins to laugh, hard.

BILL

Turn on the pumps, Joe. I'll start.
I just hope none of 'em left home
without their American Express cards.

He heads for the door, still laughing.

441 INT. IN THE SERVICE OFFICE, WITH BILL AND BRETT

441****

BRETT catches up with him.

BRETT

Don't do it, Bill. It's a bad idea.
It's like Neville Chamberlain giving
in to the Nazis, or something.

BILL points to the Army truck.

BILL

See that?

CONTINUES

BRETT

Yes, but--

BILL

The big boys are scary, but they can't really break in here-- they'd crash through the floor and into the cellar. But there's no reason why that guy couldn't call for a truckful of napalm to hose this place down.

BRETT

Christ. (Pause) All right. Be careful.

BILL

What are they going to do? Run me down? Shit, that'd be like a junkie running down his connection.

He goes out.

442 EXT. BILL AMONG THE TRUCKS

442

He walks among toward the diesel pumps like a man walking through a pack of dozing lions. They stand still, idling. The swivel-mounted machine-gun tracks him, in case he tries something ~~funny~~. He reaches the diesel pumps and pulls one of the nozzles.

The others look on anxiously from the smashed front of the Dixie-Boy.

BILL (louder)

The mainline's open, guys! You want your fix or not? Step right up. This is the best shit on the east coast. Practically uncut.

443 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK

443

It beeps several times.

444 EXT. THE FRONT LOT OF THE DIXIE-BOY, VERY WIDE

444

The trucks rev up and begin to move. It's the circle again, but instead of going around and around, the circle becomes a snake with its head at the diesel pump where BILL is standing and its tail straightening toward the road.

445 EXT. BILL

445

BILL (low; to himself)

This could be a very long day.

He sticks the nozzle in the first truck's filler tank and starts pumping.

446 EXT. FEEDING THE TRUCKS, MONTAGE

446***

- 1.) BILL, pumping.
- 2.) The numbers on the diesel pump turning up gallons, dollars,
cents.
- 3.) The line of waiting trucks, like a flashback to the days of the
1973 oil embargo.
- 4.) The sun, beating down.
- 5.) BILL, with sweat rolling down his face.
- 6.) One of the trucks which is running pushes one of the trucks that
was stopped up to the pumps for a revivifying shot of diesel.
- 7.) The sun.
- 8.) BILL, his shirt dark with sweat. He socks the nozzle in a truck
and then looks at his hand. There are blisters on it.
- 9.) The road. Here comes one of those convoys...about twenty trucks.
They fall into line. The line is now a quarter of a mile long.
- 10.) BILL looks up at:
- 11.) The sun.
- 12.) Yet another convoy of trucks arrive. Now the line stretches
out of the lot and out of sight.
- 13.) We see from time to time St. Gayton, Joe & Curt pumping, but
concentrate on Bill.

447 EXT. BILL, AT THE PUMPS

447

BILL (sings tunelessly)
Take you for a ride in my car-car...
Take you for a ride in my car-car.
Take you for a ride...take you for a ride...
Take you for a ride in my car-car...

He socks the nozzle into a new tank. Squeezes the pistol grip.

BILL (sings)
Whack on the horn it goes beep-beep...
Whack on the horn it goes beep-beep.
Whack on the horn...whack on the--

He realizes no fuel is flowing. He hangs the nozzle up and looks at
his hand, which is covered with broken blisters. He starts away.

448 EXT. THE TRUCKS

448

They all BLAST THEIR AIR-HORNS at exactly the same second. The din
is tremendous.

449 EXT. BILL

449

He puts his hands to his ears until the HORNS stop and then turns to
face them. He is swaying on his feet, sunburned, almost done to
death.

CONTINUES

449 CONTINUES

BILL
You don't understand, fellas--
it was fun while it lasted but--

SOUND of an oncoming rumbling motor.

450 EXT. THE TRUCK LINE-UP, BILL'S POV

450

Those close to the pumps crowd forward; those further away squeeze backward, creating a gap. Through it rolls a gigantic Texaco tanker truck. The words NO. 2 DIESEL FUEL are written on the side. It rolls toward BILL, past him, and over the filler-plate. It stops just past the hatch cover. A hose falls out of the back of the truck and actually lands on the hatch. The implication is pretty clear: fill up the diesel tanks quick as you can, then get back to business, bubba.

451 EXT. BILL

451***

He bends over to get the hose...and reels. He's on the verge of a sunstroke. Hands catch him before he can fall. It's JOE.

HANDY
I'll take over here. Man, you're
~~done up,~~

*

BILL (dazed)
They don't understand.

HANDY
What's that, Billy?

*

BILL
How it is to get tired. How a
man gets tired.

They look at:

452 EXT. THE ENDLESS LINE OF TRUCKS, BILL'S AND JOE'S POV

452

453 EXT. BILL AND HANDY

453***

HANDY (bitterly)
Why should they?

*

BILL
Yeah. You yell for help when you
need it. ~~Sends a little~~

HANDY
I will.

*

~~Bill's a little~~

He pulls BILL a little closer.

HANDY (low) *

We've been putting stuff down in the cellar. The kid says there's a big sewer pipe. He couldn't get in that way because of the mesh, but we can. *

454 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 454

It beeps several times.

455 EXT. BILL AND HANDY 455***

HANDY *

I guess that means coffee break's over, huh?

BILL (bitter)

His master's voice.

HANDY *

Go in and ~~lay down~~ Billy.

HANDY takes the pump and starts feeding the trucks.

456 EXT. BILL, HEADING FOR THE DIXIE-BOY 456

He's walking like a drunk. BRETT comes out and guides him inside.

457 INT. THE SERVICE STATION OFFICE 457 ***

BRETT: leads BILL inside. We can see STEVE GAYTON outside, fueling trucks at the side pumps.

BILL

I'm all right--

BRETT

Sure. Heroes always are. Now ~~lie down~~. Let me put a cold cloth on your head.

~~legless~~ chair.

sits in
He ~~lies down~~ on the ~~cot~~ BRETT wets a rag in the little bathroom off the office. BILL is in a semi-daze.

BILL

Isn't a comet. It's a broom.

CONTINUES

Just sit still. I want to get

457 CONTINUES

BRETT

What?

BILL

Broom.

BRETT (comes back)

What are you talking about?

BILL

Say you're a race of aliens looking for
a new place to live...say you're looking
for a new planet like you or me might
look for a new house. You dig it?

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 84

457 CONTINUES

BRETT sits down beside him and puts the cloth on his head.

BRETT

No.

BILL

So here's Earth. Only it's like a big old house no one ever took care of. It's dirty and smoky and polluted. Grease on the walls...soot in the chimneys...so they send in their interstellar housecleaners...send in their broom... and sweep it clean.

BILL closes his eyes. He's going to sleep. BRETT looks at him, finally understanding what he's getting at. She's chilled.

BILL (eyes closed)

It's a broom...using our own machines to sweep...sweep us right off...

He's asleep. She sits looking at him.

458 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY DUSK 458

The trucks are still lined up at the pumps. In front we can see the 4TH PATRON pumping away.

459 EXT. A CONCRETE PIPE DUSK 459

This is the pipe DEKE couldn't get into. A hacksaw is working on the mesh. As we watch, the circle is completed and the mesh falls out. DEKE, STEVE GAYTON, JOE, MAX, and HANDY come out with rocket launchers, a couple of packs filled with food.

SCRAPING SOUNDS of someone approaching through the pipe and then CURT and the 6TH PATRON emerge with more stuff. They pile it up.

STEVE

That it?

CURT

That's it.

460 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY DUSK 460

BILL comes out and walks past the Army truck. The 4TH PATRON looks over at him.

BILL

Hey, boy!

BILL waves for him to come over. 4TH PATRON looks doubtfully at the long line of trucks, then hooks the nozzle and starts toward BILL.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 85

461 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 461

The machine-gun swivels around toward BILL.

462 EXT. BILL, THE ARMY TRUCK, AND 4TH PATRON 462

BILL (to truck)
Cool it. This is just a little people
business. You wouldn't understand. Only
take a minute.

The 4TH PATRON arrives. He's understandably nervous.

4TH PATRON
Look, I really don't think--

463 EXT. BILL AND THE 4TH PATRON 463

BILL puts his arm around the 4TH PATRON'S shoulders and leads him
toward the Army truck and the Dixie-Boy.

BILL (very low)
When I say run, you run, pal.

BILL takes a grenade from his pants pocket. At the same time he gives
the Army truck a big old shit-eating grin, just to show all's well.

4TH PATRON (terrified)
But...I...you...

BILL pulls the pin and lobs the grenade into the cab of the truck.

BILL
RUN!

BILL'S arm is still around the 4TH PATRON'S neck, so he's really
forcing him to run with him. The machine-gun snaps around.

464 EXT. BILL AND THE 4TH PATRON, IN FRONT OF THE DIXIE-BOY 464

BILL
Down!

They dive through the hole and into the interior as machine-gun
bullets chew the air above them.

465 EXT. THE ARMY TRUCK 465

It blows up.

466 INT. THE DIXIE-BOY, WITH BILL AND THE 4TH PATRON 466

They look a little like they're praying to Allah.

CONTINUES

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 86

466 CONTINUES

BRETT (voice)
I never saw a hero with his ass up
in the air that way.

BILL looks up.

467 INT. BRETT, BY THE HALLWAY TO HENDERSHOT'S OFFICE 467

She's smiling at him. Could this be love? I think so.

468 EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE PIPE NIGHT 468

This is the far end, of course, across the road. Gathered around are DEKE, STEVE, JOE, CURT, CONNIE, HANDY, MAX, 3RD PATRON, and the 6TH PATRON. 6TH PATRON is up the embankment a way, close to where DEKE originally observed the DIXIE-BOY.

SOUNDS from the pipe, approaching. First BRETT comes out, then the 4TH PATRON, then BILL. BILL looks around, verifying everyone's there.

BILL
All right. Let's go. And--

6TH PATRON.
Holy shit!

SOUNDS: Revving engines, breaking wood, smashing concrete.

The others climb up the embankment and look at:

469 EXT. THE DIXIE-BOY, LONG NIGHT 469

Their slaves have escaped and the trucks are pissed. They converge on the truck-stop, battering it, reducing it to rubble. The overall feeling once again is that these are motorized dinosaurs on the rampage. The pumps are knocked over and ground to twists of metal and piles of powdered glass. The struts supporting the canopy over the pumps are knocked out and the canopy falls. The Toys 'R Us truck inflicts the coupe de grace by knocking over the Dixie-Boy sign.

470 EXT. BILL'S GROUP 470

BILL
Jesus is coming and is He pissed.

DEKE
Can we get out of here, Bill?

BILL
You bet. We're going to be quiet; we're not going to attract any attention. Because we don't want to end up like the Dixie-Boy, right?

471 EXT. BRETT 471

BRETT
Oh, you are so right.

472 EXT. BILL 472

BILL
Come on. Let's go.

They move out.

473 EXT. A WOODED AREA NIGHT 473****

We are looking at these woods from across a two-lane road with a few stores, fast-food places, etc. on it. A plane has crashed on the road. It's a smouldering wreck, but we can read the tail ID number: N975B and part of what was written on the side: TOOLKIT SPECIAL.

Close by the road: A mailbox.

SOUND: Bouy-bells.

SOUND: Branches crackling underfoot.

BILL appears. BRETT is next to him.

474 EXT. THE DRAWBRIDGE, BILL'S AND BRETT'S POV NIGHT 474

It's still up. Behind it, the sky is red with flames.

475 EXT. BILL, BRETT, AND THE OTHERS 475

DEKE
What's burning, Bill?

BILL (grim)
Wilmington, Deke. All of the east coast, maybe. (To the others) We have to cross the road. I'm going to go out and make sure it's deserted. When I wave, the rest of you come... and don't linger.

BRETT
I'm coming with you.

BILL
No you're not.

BRETT
Why?

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 88

475 CONTINUES

BILL

Don't you go to the movies?
Heroes always do this shit
alone.

He runs toward the road.

476 EXT. BILL AT THE MAILBOX 476

He crouches behind it for a moment and starts to look out. Just as he does we hear an ELECTRICAL HUMMING SOUND approaching. BILL draws back, then looks toward:

477 EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, BILL'S POV 477

Some of the others, with BRETT and DEKE in the van, have crept anxiously out of the woods to see how it's going with BILL.

478 EXT. BILL, BEHIND THE MAILBOX 478

HUMMING SOUND is LOUDER. BILL waves for them to go back.

479 EXT. THE GROUP AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS 479

BRETT looks puzzled. "What?" she mouths.

480 EXT. BILL, BEHIND THE MAILBOX 480

He waves madly for them to go back. HUMMING SOUND is STILL LOUDER.

481 EXT. THE GROUP AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS 481

BRETT understands. They fade back.

482 EXT. BILL, BEHIND THE MAILBOX 482

He sneaks a peak at:

483 EXT. THE ROAD, BILL'S POV 483

Here comes a ghostly caravan of empty golf-carts, looking somehow like Snow White's dwarfs marching back from a hard day at the mine. Their headlamps glimmer. They skirt the wreck of the plane and hum onward.

484 EXT. BILL, BEHIND THE MAILBOX 484

He draws back, sweating, as the dim glow of their headlamps washes around him and the HUMMING SOUND starts to fade a little. He looks around the other side at:

485 EXT. THE ROAD AND THE GOLF-CARTS, BILL'S POV 485

The lights are going away.

486 EXT. BILL, BEHIND THE MAILBOX 486

He looks awhile longer at the road, then back toward the woods.
He gives a come-on gesture.

487 EXT. THE WOODS 487

BILL'S group breaks cover and runs, bent-over, toward the road.

487-A A FAST FOOD PLACE, HOPEFULLY MCD'S, FROM THE FRONT 487-A**

Our group runs across the road toward it and around the side. The
SOUND of bouys is louder; we also hear the SOUND of the ocean now.

487-B THE REAR OF THE FAST-FOOD PLACE, WITH THE GROUP 487-B***

They have stopped near the drive-thru order stand. There's a menu
card, and, in the center, a battered speaker/listener for placing
orders. All are out of breath, from fear and excitement.

DEKE
How far, Bill?

BILL
To the marina? Close now.
~~Maybe~~ half a mile. Or even--

All the lights in the rear of the fast-food place go on at once--
hi-intensity arc sodiums that throw a brilliant orange glare.
From behind them, a MECHANICAL ROBOT'S VOICE comes from the drive-
thru speaker.

SPEAKER
HUMANS HERE! HUMANS HERE! HUMANS HERE!

A siren goes off from somewhere nearby.

487-C A SUBURBAN STREET OR ROAD 487-C***

In the extreme f.g. is a child's trike. SOUNDS: The siren; faintly,
the ROBOT VOICE ("Humans here! Humans here!"); and, coming closer,
the DIESEL ROAR of a truck.

Lights splash the street. From around the corner comes our old friend,
HappyToys.

487-D THE STREET, THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF HAPPYTOYS 487-D***

It comes rushing down the street toward the trike.

487-F THE STREET, FROM THE SIDE 487-F***

HappyToys runs over the trike and just keeps right on truckin'.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 89-A

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487-~~G~~ THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK, CU--FOLLOWING FROM IN FRONT, UP ANGLE 487-G*

It looks really furious.

487-H THE DRIVE-THRU SPEAKER, CU

487-H***

SPEAKER
HUMANS HERE! HUMANS HERE! HUMANS HERE!

487-I BILL'S GROUP

487-I***

They are all stunned, except for DEKE, who picks up one of HENDER-SHOT'S illicit machine-guns and aims at the speaker.

DEKE
This is for my dad, you loudmouth
piece of shit.

He triggers off a burst of machine-gun fire.

487-J THE SPEAKER, CU

487-J***

SPEAKER
HUMANS H--

It is demolished--turned into a hunk of metal and sparking wires.
It gives one final squawk and shuts up.

487-K BILL'S GROUP

487-K***

BRETT (kisses DEKE)
Not bad, kid.

BILL
Lets get out of here, fast.

They run toward the rear of the lot.

487-L HAPPYTOYS TRUCK

487-L****

It roars past a sign which reads MARINA, 1 MILE.

488-494 OMIT

495 EXT. THE FUELING AREA

495***

They all pop up from behind the drums, where they were hiding.

HANDY
Man, when that speaker started talkin,
I all but ran a load into my pants.

CONNIE
I can't take much more, mister--

★★

BILL
We're almost home free.

★★

BILL crawls a distance away from the others and looks at something.

496 OMIT

497 EXT. BILL

497

BRETT joins him.

CONTINUES

497 CONTINUES

BRETT

Are we going to make it, Bill?

BILL

To the marina? Yes. In the long run? I don't know.

BRETT

What do you mean?

BILL

Remember what I said about the comet?

BRETT

That it was a broom?

BILL

Yeah. A living broom just smart enough to get into our machines. Smart enough to burn, cut, shoot, or run down anything on two legs. Not much smarter. Something with maybe the brains of a dog--I mean, if they were much smarter they would have had us on our way over here for sure.

BRETT

So?

BILL

So dealing with a broom is one thing. What happens when the house is clean... and the new owners decide to move in?

She stares at him, surprised and scared by this new idea.

BILL

Come on. Let's do it.

He motions for the others to come ahead.

498 EXT. PART OF A MARINA NIGHT

498***

It's much later the same night. Many motorboats. A large sailboat at the far end.

499 EXT. BILL AND BRETT

499***

BILL (points)

There. That's the one I had in mind.

500 EXT. THE SIGNORA L., GROUP'S POV 500

It's a good-sized boat. It will take them all.

501 EXT. BILL'S GROUP 501***

CURT
If we don't get out of here soon, it's
going to be light.

BILL
Right.

They start down toward the boat, which is at the very end, when they
hear a RISING DIESEL SNARL from behind them. BRAD is last in line.

501-A LOOKING BACK TOWARD THE MARINA'S OFFICE 501-A***

Here comes HappyToys, with the Green Goblin's face on the front.

502-504 OMIT ****

505 EXT. BILL'S GROUP 505***

BILL
On, shit! Come on!

They run for the Signora L., CURT more or less pulling CONNIE
along, BILL with an arm around BRETT and holding DEKE'S hand.
All the lights in the docked boats start coming on. Many honk
their boaty little horns.

505-A BRAD AND HAPPYTOYS 505-A**

It hits him with its Green Goblin face.

506 EXT. :THE SIGNORA L. 506 ***

All of them jump aboard except BILL, who starts trying to untie the
heavy boatline.

506-A BRAD 506-A**

He lands on a lower dock with a soggy thump. There's a motorboat
docked here, its outboard tilted up. BRAD tries to get up, and
falls over instead, head going into the water. The outboard turns
on, pivots, and comes down as the screw starts to turn. Bloody
water bubbles up. BRAD'S arms and legs thrash spasmodically...
but not for very long.

507 OMIT **

507 OMIT

508 EXT. THE SIGNORA L 508

BILL unshoulders the rocket-launcher he's carrying and FIRES.

BILL (screams)
DIE YOU SON OF A BITCH!

509 EXT. THE HAPPYTOYS TRUCK 509

It bursts into flame, but others are coming.

510 EXT. BILL, AT THE MOORING POST 510

He can't solve the knot. He looks up.

BILL
Mother's helper! Mother's helper!

511 EXT. THE DECK, WITH BRETT 511***

She understands. She pulls the straight-razor out of her boot and throws it.

512 EXT. BILL, AT THE MOORING POST 512

He catches it. Opens it. And uses it to saw through the rope. He gives the boat a shove away from the dock and hops aboard just as STEVE fires his bazooka .

513 EXT. THE DOCK, WITH TWO APPROACHING CARS 513

The lead car bursts into flame.

514 EXT. BILL, BRETT, DEKE 514

They make sail, BILL and DEKE with fast competence, BRETT a little more slowly.

515 EXT. THE SIGNORA L, LONGER 515

As the sails go up and belly out in the mild breeze, the ship swings away from shore and begins to move on its own.

516 EXT. CARS, AT THE EDGE OF THE DOCK 516

They are idling, watching the Signora L go, like animals cheated of their prey.

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-- 94

517 EXT. THE GROUP AT THE SIGNORA L.'S RAIL 517

They raise a wild cheer. BILL puts one arm around BRETT and the other around DEKE.

518 EXT. BILL, BRETT, DEKE 518

There should be little doubt in our minds that a little nuclear family is forming right here.

BRETT

If they come--the people on the other end of the broom--what will we do, Bill?

BILL

I guess we'll fight. All of this...

He gestures with an arm to indicate, I think, the whole world.

BILL (continues)

...may be dirty and run down...not much of a place to live anymore...but it's our house, isn't it?

DEKE (to BRETT)

~~He's talking about the whole earth, isn't he?~~

BILL

I guess I am. And I guess maybe we got squatters' rights. (To BRETT) If they show up, they'll have a fight on their hands.

BRETT

It finally happened.

BILL

What?

BRETT

You're lookin' cuter, hero.

He looks at her, then kisses her. She kisses back. DEKE looks at them both with approval.

519 EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE BOAT BASIN 519

Here comes a small but deadly Coast Guard boat with a searchlight trained into the eye of THE CAMERA. There's a machine-gun mounted on the front. It opens fire.

520 EXT. THE SIGNORA L. 520

Followed closely by a small boat with a machine-gun mounted on the front.

521 EXT. STEVE GAYTON, AT THE RAIL 521

He's still got the rocket launcher, but before he can do anything with it, he's torn up and dropped by machine-gun bullets.

JOE goes for the downed rocket-launcher and he's hit.

522 EXT. BILL, DEKE, BRETT 522

BILL
Down! Down!

At the same time he runs for the rocket-launcher.

BRETT
No!

She runs to go after him and is hit. She goes down.

DEKE (screams)
Brett! Brett! JESUS, NO!

He throws himself on top of her body in a protective gesture.

523 EXT. BILL, AT THE RAIL 523

Bullets whine around him. They splinter the rail as he picks up the rocket-launcher, sights in on the C.G. boat, and...whoosh!

524 EXT. THE COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT 524

KA-BOOM! Up in flames and smoke. Maybe we could actually see the machine-gun go flying.

525 EXT. THE SIGNORA L. AND THE BURNING COAST GUARD BOAT, WIDE 525

The Signora L. is now under full sail. It doesn't look as classy as an America's Cup vessel, but she still looks mighty fine as she tacks past the burning hulk of the Coast Guard vessel and then heads for the mouth of the boat basin...and Haven.

526 EXT. BILL, BRETT, AND DEKE 526
DEKE has BRETT'S head cradled in his lap. As BILL comes back she struggles up to a sitting position.

BILL
How bad? How bad is it?

BRETT
Relax. It's going to leave a scar, but it's all right. It just grooved me.

CONTINUES

526 CONTINUES

She gets up shakily. BILL tears off the tail of his shirt. But before he can use it as a bandage, her eyes have been taken by something and she walks toward the rail.

BRETT (very softly)
Oh...my...God.

They join her. Firelight plays brightly on their faces. By now I think the other survivors have joined them, CURT with his arm around CONNIE. They look solemn, stunned.

527 OMIT

528 EXT. BILL, BRETT, DEKE, THE OTHERS

528

CURT
That's Wilmington, burning to the ground.

BRETT (reverently)
Jesus Christ.

She turns to BILL.

BRETT
Yes. If it comes to ~~that~~,
I'll fight.

DEKE
What are you talking about?

BILL puts the bandage on BRETT'S wounded arm. He looks over at DEKE and smiles at him, tiredly but with love.

BILL
Tell you what, buddy--I hope you
never have to know.

He finishes tying the bandage. He puts his arms around BRETT and DEKE again and they turn to look at the conflagration that was a small and lovely Southern city.

529 EXT. WILMINGTON, AND THE SIGNORA L. IN THE F.G.

529

Silhouetted by the flames, it turns toward the mouth of the bay again.

THE CAMERA HOLDS ON the racing fire. And then SLOWLY PANS UP to where the comet has turned the sky to glowing green fire.

HOLDS...HOLDS...and then we

FADE OUT