

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

VACATION

Written by

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FOURTH DRAFT

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VACATION '82

FADE IN:

EXT. - SUBURBAN CAR DEALERSHIP - LATE AFTERNOON

A 1977 sedan with serious trunk and minor front fender damage pulls up in front of a large suburban car dealership. CLARK W. GRISWOLD and his twelve year old son, RUSTY, get out. Clark is mid-thirties, handsome, fatherly. He's wearing hornrim glasses and a summer-weight suit. He's excited and happy to pick up his new car. Rusty is in jeans and a Lacoste shirt.

CLARK

(proud)

Pretty exciting, isn't this, Russ?

RUSTY

What?

CLARK

Picking up the new car. Can't wait, can you?

RUSTY

Yeah, Dad.

A CAR HIKER in greasy overalls strolls up. Clark shakes his hand and tosses him the car keys.

CLARK

Clark Griswold! Trade-in. Take her away. Say good-bye to the old gas guzzler.

The hiker jumps into Clark's old car and blasts out of the dealership driver and shoots across the street.

Clark's SALESMAN, a slick, fast-talker in a polyester hound's tooth sportcoat, comes out of the showroom squeezing a tennis ball.

CLARK

(continuing)

Hi, there, Ed!

The Salesman puts the ball in his pocket and shakes Clark's hand.

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN

Good to see you, Mr. Griswold.  
 (to Rusty)  
 How you doing, "Billy", right?

RUSTY

Rusty.

CLARK

Yep. Couldn't wait. Look at him.

Rusty, playing with a tiny portable pac-man, is uninterested. Clark gives Rusty an affectionate squeeze.

SALESMAN

Let's get it then! You bring your trade-in?

CLARK

A guy took it away a couple seconds ago.

The Salesman smiles.

SALESMAN

Come on around back.

They walk around the dealership.

CLARK

We were afraid the car wasn't going to come in on time. We're leaving in the morning for California. Takin' the whole family. The big vacation. Walley World.

SALESMAN

Sounds exciting, Claud.

CLARK

Clark.

INT. - DEALERSHIP GARAGE

SALESMAN

There she is!

CLARK

Where?  
 (puzzled)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN

Right there. The wagon.

RUSTY

That's not the car you ordered, Dad.

Clark steps over to the car.

CLARK

Take it easy, Rusty. This isn't the car I ordered, Ed. I distinctly ordered the Antarctic Blue, Super Sportswagon with C.B. and the optional Rally fun-pack.

SALESMAN

You didn't order it in Florida Orange?

CLARK

Antartic blue. The sportwagon. This isn't even the right model.

SALESMAN

You know, I think you're right, Claud. This is the new wagonqueen family Truckster. A damn fine automobile. Beats the hell outta the Sportswagon, but I want you to be happy. Davenport!!  
(hands on hips, looks  
down angrily. To himself:)  
I'm going to get to the bottom of this.

A middle-ages BLACK MAN, dressed in greasy over-alls, appears wiping his hands on a rag.

DAVENPORT

Yes, Mr. Ed?

SALESMAN

Mr. Griswold ordered a blue Sportswagon. Where is it?

DAVENPORT

I don't know, sir.

SALESMAN

(moment of discovery)  
Oh, I know what must've happened. It didn't come in.

CONTINUED:

CLARK

Ed, I'm not your ordinary everyday fool. Now, if you can't give me the antartic blue sportswagon right now, I'm taking my business elsewhere!

SALESMAN

It's going to take a good six weeks, Mr. Griswold. Tell you what... If you're going cross-country with the whole tribe, the Wagonqueen Family Truckster is your automobile. FM push-button radio, all the newest safety features, air cushions, warning buzzers...

CLARK

Okay, fine. Give me my old car back. I'm not falling for this bit.

EXT. - AUTO JUNK YARD - AUTO CRUSHER

The jaws close on Clark's old car.

EXT. - GRISWOLD HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The orange wagon pulls in the drive. Clark shuts off the engine. It runs on, shivering and chugging. Rusty gets out. Clark restarts the engine, guns it and turns it off again. It continues to run on. ELLEN and AUDREY come out of the house to inspect the new car.

ELLEN

Clark? Is that the right car?

CLARK

No, it isn't. Changed my mind.

RUSTY

They crushed our old car into a block!

AUDREY

An orange station wagon?

ELLEN

What happened?

CLARK

Nothing. The car we ordered didn't arrive in time. I got a great deal on this one.

ELLEN

Why is it still running?

CLARK

All new cars do that.

An air bag inflates as a sudden forward and final jerk of the car stops the engine. Clark is all but suffocating as he tries to extricate himself and the ignition key from a confusion of shoulder-harness release buttons, deceptively concealed air bag valve releases and a special steering column key release button; all amidst a constant cacophony of various buzzer noises.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Ellen is rinsing dishes. Clark is absent-mindedly drying them and loading them into the dishwasher.

ELLEN

You know, Clark, it's not too late to fly out to California. We only have two weeks.

CLARK

Let's not go through that again, sweetie pie.

ELLEN

Lots of families fly, Clark. Especially cross-country.

CLARK

The idea of a family vacation is to spend time together as a family. You get on a plane, everybody puts on their headphones and they're off in their own worlds. In a car you talk, you sing, you see the country, you meet the people. You share impressions, honey. You learn.

ELLEN

But it's an awfully long ride, honey.

CLARK

I'm looking forward to an awfully long ride. You see the kids all the time. I see them a few minutes in the morning, a few minutes at night and a few hours on the weekend. I'm going to turn around one of these days and realize that my little babies are all grown up. Then what?

ELLEN

I just thought it might be easier to fly.

CLARK

Nothing worthwhile is easy, Ellen.

Clark kisses her on the cheek and starts for the family room.

CLARK

(continuing)

Kids, who wants to see the triptic?  
Russ, you wanna turn off the pac-man?

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Clark changes Rusty's program to map of USA by punching some buttons on small console.

CLARK

Russ, Audrey, sit next to Dad. I figured out the whole trip on the old apple here. I wanna make sure we get the maximum amount of fun time at Walley World without missing any of the good stuff along the way.

On screen an "X" flashes in Southern California.

CLARK

(continuing)

I knew you'd be interested in this, Russ. I've got the whole thing broken down into: total miles, miles per gallon, miles per hour, cost per mile, cost per hour, cost per day, and... hours per day.

A readout shows up on lower right corner of screen: "Total miles, miles per gallon, miles per hour, cost per mile, cost per hour, cost per day, hours per day."

CONTINUED:

CLARK  
 (continuing)  
 With me so far, kids? There's  
 Walley World.  
 (indicating "X")  
 And...

A red dot appears in Chicago as Clark punches a button.

CLARK  
 (continuing)  
 ... here's the old truckster. Now  
 let me just punch up day one...  
 Honey, I'm doing day one... come  
 on in here!

A small pac man appears on the screen and pursues the car,  
 already progressing down Route 55.

CLARK  
 (continuing)  
 Rusty, d'ya mind? I'm trying to  
 explain the old trip here.

Rusty punches in from his remote control unit some attacking  
 space ships as Clark tries to avoid by moving red dot.

RUSTY  
 (having devoured the  
 car)  
 I forgot why we're not flying, Dad.

Clark is trying to keep car out of trouble.

AUDREY  
 Yeah. Jessica Forsken's dad flew  
 them first class on the Concord to  
 Switzerland for their vacation.

CLARK  
 That's the whole point of us driving  
 across our own country. I want you  
 to experience first hand your roots,  
 your heritage... Not fly over it.  
 And you're growing up so darn fast.  
 Where'd you learn about the Concord?  
 (affectionately)  
 Come on over here.

He tries to lift her up by her waist while he is seated, pulling  
 out his back and pushing Audrey's sweater just above her training  
 bra. She doesn't budge. Clark registers pain as Ellen sees  
 this strangeness through the kitchen door.



INT. GARAGE - LATER

Luggage is neatly stacked behind the wagon. Clark rubs his hands in anticipation of a well-planned operation. The kids are watching.

CLARK

(to Rusty)

Properly packing a car is a science.

He tries to open the rear door of the wagon. There is a handle on the side indicating the door swings open. But there is also a handle at top center indicating that the door drops down to open. He tries the handle on the side. It won't open. He tries the handle at top center. It won't open either. He steps back, thinks and then tries both at the same time. The door swings open and drops down. It hangs dangerously on a single bottom hinge.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Clark finishes lashing luggage to the roof rack and climbs down. He proudly checks out his work. The car is completely loaded down, clearing the ground by six inches.

CLARK

If you take the time to plan, you never go wrong.

He gets in the car and backs into the garage. He hasn't anticipated the height of the luggage on the roof. The suitcases are ripped off the rack and tumble down and open on the drive.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CRACK OF DAWN

It's still dark. Clark and the kids are in the car. He's trying to start the car. Rrrr! Rrrr! Rrrr! Ellen walks to the car thinking, running over her mental checklist of things to do before leaving.

ELLEN

Turn off the water, stove, heat and air. Lock the doors, notify the police, stop the newspapers, call to get the grass cut, put the timer on the living room lights...

She smiles. Everything's in order. Clark gets the engine started. Ellen gets in.

CLARK

Are you ready for the best vacation ever?

FAMILY

Yeah!

The car pulls out but Clark fails to notice the garden hose is caught on the bumper. As he drives off down the street, the hose is stretched to its limit and finally rips several feet of pipe out of the wall, causing a geyser of water that starts flooding the garage.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE MORNING

The station wagon rolls along the interstate. It's a beautiful day. All are singing merrily.

CLARK (VO)

(sings)

Ba-ba-ba-ba-barbara Ann.

ELLEN

(joins in)

Ba-ba ba-ba-barbara Ann.

INT. CAR

Clark and Ellen are singing. The kids are staring at them like they're crazy.

CLARK

(falsetto)

Barbara A-a-ann  
Ta-ake my ha-a-and  
Barbara A-a-ann

CLARK AND ELLEN

You got me rockin' and a rollin'  
Rockin' and a reelin'  
Barbara Ann  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-barbara Ann

CLARK

Went to a dance looking for romance  
Saw Barbara Ann so I thought I'd  
take a chance on

CLARK AND ELLEN

Barbara Ann  
Barbara Ann  
Take my hand  
Barbara Ann...

Clark turns to the kids as Ellen continues with the ba-ba's.

CLARK

Come on! Sing!  
(sings to the kids)  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-barbara...

ELLEN

(limp)

Ann.

The song ends.

AUDREY

We don't know any of your songs.

RUSTY

Are you making 'em up? They  
sound kind of made up, Daddy.

CLARK

Okay. We'll sing one of yours. You  
start.The three kids look at each other. They silently agree on  
a tune.

KIDS

(hand-clapping chant)

Work that sucker to death  
Work that sucker to death  
To death  
Work that sucker to death...

Clark interrupts.

CLARK

Wait a minute. That isn't a song!

AUDREY

It is too!

ELLEN

Daddy means a sing-a-long song.

CLARK

I got one. We all know it. It's the  
national anthem of Walley World!Clark clears his throat. He leads the family in a rousing  
rendition of the Marty Moose theme, the Wally World theme  
park's cartoon figurehead's song.

CLARK

(sings)

Who's the moosiest moose we know?

FAMILY

Marty Moose!

ELLEN

Who's the star of our favorite show?

FAMILY

Marty Moose!

CLARK

"M" is for merry, we're merry, you see!

ELLEN

"O" is for "O", gosh! "O", golly!  
"O", gee!

AUDREY

"S" is for super-swell family glee!

RUSTY

"E" is for everything you want to be!

CLARK

What's that spell?

FAMILY

MARTY MOOSE!

CLARK

H-yuck! That's me! Huh, huh. Now  
we're talkin'. How 'bout this one,  
honey. "Doe a dear..."

Ellen joins in.

BACK SEAT

Rusty has already put on headphones from a Sony Walkman; Audrey is plugging her headphones into the same Walkman and grimacing. Rusty turns up volume.

CROSS FADE Clark and Ellen singing to the rock song the kids are listening to.

EXT. CAR

leaving Chicago in B.G.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAR

whizzing past cornfields. We hear Clark singing.

CLARK (O.C.)

"...are the luckiest people in the world..." C'mon, kids!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAR

moving along another section of highway.

CLARK (O.C.)

"...Michael row your boat ashore..."  
Everybody!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

CLARK

"...Hallelujah..."

Ellen appears to be asleep. She opens one eye and interrupts:

ELLEN

Clark, honey, give it a rest,  
will you?

CLARK

Okee dokee, my little darling. Got  
to stop for gas anyway. "Oh, little  
darlin', dum dumbee doobie doobie  
darlin'..."

ELLEN

Clark?

CLARK

"...Rollin' rollin' rollin'..."

CUT TO:

## EXT. SELF-SERVICE GAS STATION

Clark pulls into the left of the pumps. Ellen and the kids get out and head for the restrooms. Clark removes the pump, but immediately notices there is no gas tank on that side of the car. He returns the nozzle, gets into the car and pulls around to the other side of the pumps. There is general confusion and honking of horns as Clark cuts off other cars waiting in line. He pulls into the other side of the pump, removes nozzle and discovers that there is no gas tank on that side either. Looking to the right he sees a man filling a tank at the back of a station wagon under the license plate. Clark confidentially grabs the top of the license plate with his left hand and pulls sharply and dramatically, ripping the plate at its hinges. He looks up with the license plate in his left hand and the nozzle in his right hand, just as Ellen and the kids approach the car. The kids get in and Ellen points to the right front fender. With her finger, she opens the little gas tank door.

ELLEN

Isn't this the gas tank, Clark?

CLARK

Get inside, honey. I'm just fixing the plates.

EXT. EAST ST. LOUIS - LATE AFTERNOON

As the car approaches St. Louis, the Gateway Arch is seen in the distance.

INT. CAR

Ellen is perusing the map. The kids are leaning over the front seat, interested in the view.

CLARK

See that, kids? That's the St. Louis Arch. The Gateway to the West. It's over six hundred feet tall and has an elevator that goes all the way to the top. That's sixty stories to you and me.

KIDS

Geez, Dad. Can we go up on it?

CLARK

Nope...

EXT. CAR

The car cruises into the Martin Luther King Memorial Bridge.

RUSTY

What river are we crossing over, Dad?

CLARK

That's the Mississippi, the mighty Mississippi, the old Miss, the old man.

Clark begins singing.

CLARK

(continuing)

"Ole man ribber, dat ole man ribber."

ELLEN

(looking at the map)

Clark, I think you're on the wrong bridge.

CLARK

What's the difference, so long as you get across the river.



ELLEN

Well, when we get across the river,  
we'll be on the wrong highway, honey.

CLARK

Oh look. There's the old courthouse.  
That's a real landmark, kids. That's  
where they made the Dredd Scott Decision.

AUDREY

Who's he?

CLARK

You mean who was he? Don't they teach  
American history anymore, kids? Dredd  
Scott was a famous negro slave who  
took his master to court to gain his  
freedom right here in St. Louis. You've  
heard of the Civil War, haven't you kids?  
Well, this is the courthouse where the  
judge heard his case and made that  
famous decision back in eighteen something  
seven.

AUDREY

Did he go free, Daddy?

CLARK

Nope. Went back to work. "You load  
sixteen tons and what do you get..."

EXT. ANOTHER BRIDGE - LATER

The station wagon crosses the MacArthur Bridge, heading the  
opposite direction it was traveling across the King Bridge.

ELLEN (V.O.)

(cautiously)

Clark? Isn't California back the  
way we just came?

CLARK (V.O.)

Of course, we're on the wrong bridge.  
What is wrong with me?

RUSTY (V.O.)

Dad? What river are we crossing now?

CLARK (V.O.)

I believe that's still the Mississippi,  
Russ.

EXT. SLUM STREET - EVENING

The station wagon cruises slowly down a street in the bowels of the inner city and stops at an intersection. A red Cadillac pulls up alongside of the wagon. Six adult BLACK MEN are in the car.

CLARK

(to Ellen)

I better ask these fellas how to get back on the expressway.

He rolls down his window.

CLARK

(continuing)

Pardon me! I wonder if you could tell me how to get back on the expressway?

BLACK VOICE

Fuck yo' Mama!

Clark quickly rolls up the window.

CLARK

Thank you.

EXT. SLUM ALLEYWAY

The station wagon creeps down a dank, dark alley.

INT. CAR

Clark is hunched over the wheel. Ellen is terrified, slumped down in the seat.

ELLEN

Clark! Where are you going?

CLARK

Will you relax?

ELLEN

This is so dangerous! We have no business being in an area like this.

CLARK

Look at it this way. This is a part of America that we never see.

ELLEN

That's good!

CLARK

No, that's bad. We can't close  
our eyes to the plight of the  
cities.

(to the kids)

Kids! Are you noticing all this  
plight?

CLARK

This'll make us appreciate what we  
have.

EXT. STREET

The station wagon pulls out of the alley into a street and  
stops. People are sitting on porches, hanging out of  
windows. A young BLACK man roller skates past the car.  
Clark rolls down the window.

CLARK

Excuse me, bros.

The young man twirls around and skates to the car. He looks  
in the window.

CLARK

(continuing)

We're from out of town.

The young man looks at the station wagon and the luggage.

YOUNG MAN

No shit, man.

CLARK

I'd really appreciate it if you  
could tell me how to get back on  
the expressway.

YOUNG MAN

What? For free?

CLARK

(smiles)

Sure.

YOUNG MAN

Fi' dollars.

CLARK

I'm not giving you five dollars  
for directions.

On Ellen's side of the car a group of GANG MEMBERS are leering at Ellen and Audrey through the window.

ELLEN

I think that's fair, Clark.

She hands him a ten dollar bill. Clark gives the man the ten dollar bill.

CLARK

Keep the change.

YOUNG MAN

Okay, man, ya see? Okay, like you see da way you pointing? Okay, man, well, dat's good 'cause, you see, dat place? Dat place, follow your finger, hold it out...

Clark holds out his finger. The man aims it out the window, down the street.

YOUNG MAN

See? See, it say rib tips?

CLARK

Right.

MAN

Okay, fuck it, you don't wanna go dat far, dat's too far. See da place say currency exchange?

CLARK

Right.

MAN

Dat's where you turn.

People start to gather around the car, sliding off car hoods, coming down off porches. Some guys are spraying graffiti on the rear end of Ellen's side of the station wagon. It reads: "Honky lips" and various other expressions.

INT. CAR

Ellen smiles nervously at the faces staring in the window at her.

ELLEN

Don't make eye contact, kids.

RUSTY

I wonder if these guys know the Commodores?

EXT. CAR

Several older BLACK MEN have joined the young man and are pointing down the street.

YOUNG MAN

You turn leff, go all the way down about half of a block, man. You gonna see a Torino wiffout no wheels. In dat Torino is my cousin, Jackie. Y'all tell him you is loss and you is my friend and he tell you how to get to where you wanna be. 'Cause you don't wanna know from me, man, 'cause this ain't my neighborhood, I'm from da west side of Chicago. I'm vacationin'.

CLARK

(sarcastically)

You've been very helpful.

YOUNG MAN

If peoples can't help peoples, man, what the fuck you got?

CLARK

St. Louis?

INT. CAR

Clark rolls up the window and sighs. He puts the car in gear.

ELLEN

Where do we go?

CLARK

Walley World, baby.

As they pull away we see the hub caps are missing and the spray graffiti on the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The station wagon rolls down the lonely highway.

INT. CAR

The kids are asleep. Clark's driving. Ellen's staring out the window. Clark looks at her out of the corner of his eye and smiles.

CLARK

Ellen? Why don't you scoot over next to me?

Ellen looks at him and smiles. She slides over next to him. Clark puts his arm around her.

CLARK

(continuing)

This reminds me of the time in college when we drove down to Ft. Lauderdale in my Austin Healy.

ELLEN

(laughs at the recollection)

I haven't thought about that for years.

CLARK

Do you remember what we did?

ELLEN

We swam and drank and...

CLARK

No, no. What we did in the car? Remember the seats that went back?

Ellen giggles.

ELLEN

It's amazing we didn't get in an accident.

CLARK

(turning himself on with the memory)

Remember how I laid back and you sat on my lap and drove?

ELLEN

I never said anything to you, but I think that's how I...

(lowers her voice)

Got pregnant with Audrey.

CLARK

Want to relive a fond memory?

Ellen laughs.

ELLEN

Are you serious?

She can tell by the look on his face that he's very serious.

ELLEN

(continuing)

No.

CLARK

Why not?

ELLEN

What do you mean, why not? Because, that's why!

CLARK

The kids are asleep.

ELLEN

We're not nineteen and on our way to Ft. Lauderdale, Clark. We have two kids.

CLARK

That doesn't mean we can't have a little fun.

Ellen starts to move back across the seat. Clark holds his arm around her.

ELLEN

Let's wait 'til we get to a motel.

CLARK

Okay, we'll wait. And I'm gonna pick the best one on the road. Wanna put your head in my lap?

Ellen looks suspiciously at him.

CLARK

That's not what I was thinking, honey.

She smiles at him and kisses him on his chin.

ELLEN  
Let's not forget this is a  
family vacation.

She starts to lower her head.

CLARK  
Wait a second.

Clark hits the little button on the side of the steering column to lift the tilt wheel. Ellen slips under it. Once she's got her head in his lap, he lowers the wheel. He settles back and pats her head.

ELLEN (O.C.)  
(troubled)  
Clark?

Clark looks down with a horney smile.

CLARK  
Hmm?

ELLEN (O.C.)  
My head's stuck.

Clark hits the little button again. It won't work. He jerks on the wheel.

ELLEN (O.C.)  
Clark! Quit kidding around! It hurts!

CLARK  
It's stuck!

ELLEN (O.C.)  
Cut it out!

He pulls on the wheel.

ELLEN (O.C.)  
(continuing)  
I know what you're trying to do  
and I think it's sick!

CLARK  
The wheel's stuck!

He grits his teeth and gives a powerful yank. The wheel lifts up and locks in the extreme uppermost position so that it's like the steering wheel of a city bus. Ellen sits up angrily.



ELLEN  
 (rubbing her neck)  
 That was a dirty trick!

Clark rattles the steering wheel trying to get it back to a more reasonable height.

CLARK  
 The damn wheel's screwed up!

ELLEN  
 Let's just find a motel. You're getting tired. You get weird when you get tired.

CLARK  
 I'll get this wheel fixed in a second.

ELLEN  
 No, let's just find a motel, please. I don't want you dozing off.

CLARK  
 I'm not tired. I could go another hundred miles. No problem.

He rattles the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The car cruises past a roadside motel.

INT. CAR

CLOSE - RUSTY

He's sound asleep. PAN UP to Audrey. She's asleep against the door. PULL BACK to Ellen, she's sleeping. PAN ACROSS to Clark. He looks perfectly normal, but his eyes are closed. Obviously he has dozed off.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Car drifts down an off ramp and past a freeway sign reading "Gas, food, lodging".

EXT. SMALL TOWN, BUSINESS DISTRICT

The station wagon roars down the street, through a red light, and across the intersection.

## INT. ALL NIGHT DINER

Patrons at a counter are drinking coffee. In the window behind them we see the station wagon roar past, inches from the glass.

## EXT. SCHOOLYARD

The station wagon crashes through a swing set as it roars across the playground.

## EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, HOUSE

A MAN is in his bathrobe waiting for his dog to finish his late night duty. An engine drones O.C. The man cocks his head, wondering where the sound's coming from. He turns and dives out of the way as the station wagon tears between the houses dragging a clothes line. The car drives down the lawn and into the street.

## INT. CAR - SAME TIME

The Griswolds are still asleep. The RADIO has drifted off the station and is CRACKLING WITH STATIC. Ellen starts to talk in her sleep.

ELLEN

Honey, it's late. Why don't you turn the T.V. off and cuddle with me.

CLARK

Okay, Coo Coo.

## CLOSE - CLARK

He kisses her, reaches for the radio, opens his eyes and SCREAMS.

CLARK

Holy shit!

Ellen and the kids wake with a start as Clark grabs the steering wheel and jumps on the brake.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The station wagon skids across the street, does a 180° turn and shoots backwards through the narrow drive-through entrance to a motel. The astonished desk clerk looks up as the car flies past the motel office.

INT. CAR

Ellen and the kids scream as the car careens out of control into the motel's central parking lot.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

The car spins around narrowly missing parked cars on all sides, as luggage flies off the roof rack in all directions. Finally, the car skids to a stop perfectly parked between the white lines in front of one of the motel rooms. There are ten inches on either side between the Griswold's car and two other parked ones.

INT. CAR

The kids have tumbled into the front seat with Ellen and they are staring straight ahead in shock.

CLARK

Up and at 'em! We're here.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Audrey and Rusty are eating Pioneer Chicken on separate beds. The television is on in B.G. We see Clark through adjoining bedroom door and out the front door, tying down extraneous luggage and entering his and Ellen's room with a couple of night bags.

RUSTY

Can I have your breasts?  
(reaching for her  
Pioneer Chicken box)

Clark has closed the outside door and now appears at the adjoining door.

AUDREY

Get off! Leave my breasts alone!

CLARK

Hey, easy, Rusty. You're growing up a little fast.

RUSTY

I gave her my damn wings, for Christ's sake.

CLARK

You kids sack out as soon as you finish eating. Okay? You know what tomorrow is...

AUDREY

Ten more hours in the car?

CLARK

Nooo... Dodge City! "Wyatt Earp, Wyatt Earp, brave, courageous, bold. Long live his fame..."

He closes the door. As he does so, we see in REVERSE ANGLE the T.V. screen in B.G. On it is a title: "Motelavision presents a special "X"-rated feature - DONKEY LUNCH."

AUDREY

I think Dad's a little over-excited.

RUSTY

Over-excited? He's totally manic.

INT. BATHROOM - CLARK AND ELLEN'S ROOM

Ellen is in a small shower; the water is barely running.

ELLEN'S POV

Shower curtain is drawn back suddenly. Clark is imitating the screeching sound from "Psycho". She's briefly startled.

CLARK

Eek, eek, eek!...

ELLEN

Clark!

He's undressed. He gets in.

CLARK

Do my back.

ELLEN

Clark, the water's starting to get cold, already.

(enticingly)

Why don't you hide under the covers and scare me, you big hunk. I'll be right in.

CLARK

Want me to do your back?

ELLEN

I already did my back.

CLARK

Want me to do your front?

ELLEN

Go do your own front. I'll be right in.

Clark exits. Ellen gets out of the shower and starts toweling off.

ELLEN

(looking at herself  
in the mirror)

Maybe you should call Catherine and Eddie to let them know we'll be there tomorrow afternoon.

CLARK (.O.C.)

Afternoon? If we're not there by 10:00 a.m. our schedule is fucked. No way we'll make the Grand Canyon by lunch on Thursday. I've planned very carefully.

INT. BEDROOM

Clark is in bed. Ellen enters and sits beside him.

ELLEN

Clark, honey. I know how much this trip means to you, and I know you want us all to have a great time. But it's a long way to Walley World, and I think it'd be easier on all of us if you'd just try to relax.

CLARK

Relax? I'm way ahead of you.

He produces two plastic wine glasses and an open bottle of wine.

ELLEN

(surprised)

When did you get that?

CLARK

When I got the chicken.

He starts pouring the wine.

ELLEN

What a nice thought.

He finishes pouring and hands her a glass. He sets the bottle on the floor next to the bed.

CLARK

Wait. Don't drink yet. Ready for this?

He drops a quarter into a "Magic Fingers" coin slot on the nightstand. The bed begins to vibrate gently.

CLARK

(continuing)

Here's to a relaxing vacation, a renewed love affair, a time of joy with our babies, a time for... I know I don't tell you this much anymore, Ellen, but the years we've spent...

As they're about to toast, the bed erupts and quakes violently, causing the wine to spill and making a loud banging noise against the wall.

ELLEN

(spilling and shaking)

Clark? Something's wrong here.

CLARK

It'll stop in a second.

He embraces her, trying to maintain the mood.

The phone RINGS.

CLARK

(continuing; answering  
the phone)

Hello. What d'ya mean what are we doing in here? It's the bed. Don't be ridiculous. Why would I pound on the wall with a baseball bat? Look, I'm sorry for the noise. It should stop momentarily.

Ellen, giggling, gets out of bed and stuffs a pillow behind the bed muffling the sound. Clark gets out of bed, grabbing an extra pillow and the bedspread. He turns off the light and they lie down on the carpet.

ELLEN

We haven't done this in a long time.

They begin cuddling on the floor.

The pillow behind the headboard slips to the floor. The noise starts up again. The door opens and the kids look in. The lights behind them show Clark and Ellen on the floor.

KIDS

Geez, what's that noise?

Clark leaps up, throwing the bedspread over Ellen, her underpants in his hand.

CLARK

Don't you knock anymore?

RUSTY

We thought you were fighting or something.

Rusty calmly unplugs the "Magic Fingers" box. The noise abates.

AUDREY

Where's Mom?

ELLEN

I'm under here, kids. Go back to bed.

AUDREY

(as they exit)

Weirdo rama!

The kids exit, closing the door. Clark rejoins Ellen under the bedspread. They begin kissing. Suddenly, there is a violent banging coming from the wall adjoining Rusty and Audrey's room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEAZY MAIN STREET - NOON

The station wagon cruises down the cheap commercial street.

SUPER: DODGE CITY, KANSAS

INT. CAR

The Griswolds are watching out the windows.

CLARK

This is the very street Wyatt Earp  
used to keep law and order on.

AUDREY

And there's where he used to buy  
his cars!

The car passes "WYATT EARP FORD CITY, HOME OF SIX-GUN DEALS  
SEVEN DAYS A WEEK!"

ELLEN

(troubled)

It looks sort of dirty and touristy.

CLARK

Ellen, the Old West was dirty. It  
was wild and untamed. This is just  
a modern version of the way it used  
to be. Everything isn't like home.  
If it were, there'd be no reason to  
leave home. Enjoy the contrasts, honey.

EXT. LONG BRANCH SALOON

The car pulls up in front of the Long Branch Saloon. The  
family gets out. A listless COWBOY in a cheap cowboy suit  
is standing on the sidewalk. He pulls a six-gun on the family,  
and fires a few rounds of blanks into the air.

COWBOY

Reach for the stars, you hombres!

The family complies.

RUSTY

Far out!

AUDREY

Far-fetched.



ELLEN

(hitting fingers on  
car roof)

I just broke a nail.

COWBOY

(more animated)

I'm giving you till sundown to  
mosey on over to Bat Masterson's  
Gift Ranch and pick up some of the  
Old West's finest imported treasures.The family lowers their arms, disappointed at the blatant  
sales pitch.

INT. LONG BRANCH SALOON

It's empty. The "Bonanza" theme plays on the P.A. COWBOYS  
and COWGIRL WAITRESSES stand around smoking and chatting. A  
YOUNG MAN in a cheap Wyatt Earp outfit walks up to the family.

WYATT EARP

Howdy, city slickers. Welcome to  
the Long Branch. No fightin', no  
cussin', no gun-slingin'. Y'all  
can mosey up to the bar and have  
yourselves a Red-Eye fruit punch.(breaks out of the  
routine to address  
Clark)

Our beer tap's clogged, sorry.

(back to the routine)

But watch what you say to our  
bartender, he's an ornery cuss.

CLARK

Thanks, Sheriff.

WYATT EARP

Marshal.

CLARK

Sorry.

WYATT EARP

No sweat.

(to Rusty)

Give me five, pardner.

Rusty slaps him five. Wyatt winks. The family moves to the  
bar. Clark tousles Rusty's hair.

RUSTY

That guy was a crummy Wyatt Earp.  
He's wearing jogging shoes.

Clark chuckles and slaps his hand on the bar. He calls to the BARTENDER, who has his back to the family.

CLARK

Hey, you knuckle-head. Set us up  
with four red-eyes!

The Bartender doesn't move a muscle.

CLARK

(continuing)

Hey, yellow belly, I'm talking to  
you.

Clark winks at Rusty. He's going along with the game.

CLARK

(continuing)

Hey, tenderfoot! Move your chicken  
wings, turkey!

ELLEN

Clark? That isn't nice.

CLARK

It's all part of the act, hon...  
Hey, underpants, move your...

The Bartender whirls around and levels a six-gun at Clark. He FIRES. BLAM! The tremendous blast ECHOES in the saloon. The girls scream. Clark falls backwards to the floor, thinking he's been gunned down.

INT. LONG BRANCH GIFT SHOT CASHIER

ELLEN

I don't think that was very funny,  
Clark. That kind of noise can really  
impair the kids' hearing.

CLARK

Oh, c'mon. It looked real, didn't it?  
Hell, I thought it was a real gun at  
first. Didn't it look real when I fell  
down, Audrey?

AUDREY

What?

CLARK  
Didn't it look real, Sweetie?

AUDREY  
What?

CLARK  
Oh, what's the difference. It was fun anyway. C'mon, let's pay for these and get out of here.

CASHIER  
Okay, that's one Wyatt Earp Starblaster six gun, one Wyatt Earp, the giraffe, one Wyatt Earp contact lens case and six AA duracel batteries.

INT. CAR - LATER

Ellen looks up from the map.

ELLEN  
Catherine said we just stay on 50.

CLARK  
I'm going to shoot over to 54 and zip down to Liberal.

ELLEN  
What for?

CLARK  
The House of Mud.

AUDREY  
What's the House of Mud?

CLARK  
Oh, it's only the largest free-standing mud dwelling every built. That's all. You see, the pioneers didn't have any bricks, so they used mud.

RUSTY  
A lot of times they used sod, Dad.

CLARK  
Right! And when they ran out of sod, they used mud.

ELLEN

Dodge City was enough for one day.  
And besides, Catherine and Eddie  
are expecting us.

CLARK

It's living history, Ellen. But  
if you'd rather see your cousins,  
that's fine. Personally, I'd rather  
see a pile of mud, than Eddie.

INT. CAR - LATER

Clark's driving. Ellen is staring out the window. The mood  
is somber and quiet. The long haul is beginning to wear on  
them. Clark is giving a history lecture.

CLARK

If you'll look out the windows, kids,  
you'll see wheat. That's what we  
make our bread from.

ELLEN

I think that's alfalfa, Clark.

CLARK

Really? Kids, alfalfa!

Suddenly Audrey yells.

AUDREY

KNOCK IT OFF!

Ellen turns angrily in her seat.

ELLEN

What's going on?

AUDREY

Rusty's licking his hand and  
touching me with it!

ELLEN

Rusty!

(to Clark)

Clark, tell Rusty to behave himself.

CLARK

Rusty, behave yourself!

Rusty defends himself.

RUSTY

Audrey's eating peanut butter cups  
and smiling with it stuck all over  
her teeth.

ELLEN

Audrey! Eat with your mouth closed.

CLARK

No eating in the car!

ELLEN

Share the peanut butter cups!

AUDREY

I paid for them with my babysitting  
money!

CLARK

No eating in the car!

Nerves are raw and tempers hot. The fight grows with everybody  
yelling. Ellen is hanging over the seat pointing her finger  
in the children's faces. Clark turns his attention back and  
forth from the road to the backseat.

CLARK

(continuing)

I'm trying to drive!

RUSTY

(to Audrey)

You suck.

AUDREY

(to Rusty)

Retard!

ELLEN

Stop it! Both of you! Rusty,  
watch your language.

CLARK

I'm trying to concentrate on the  
road!

AUDREY

(to Rusty)

Snothead fag!

Rusty blows up.

RUSTY

SHITFACE!

Ellen swings at Rusty. He blocks her hand.

ELLEN  
 WHAT DID YOU SAY?!  
 (to Clark)  
 Did you hear him?! Do something!

Clark turns in the seat to belt Rusty. Above the ROAD SOUNDS and the family SHOUTING, we hear the WHINE OF A HIGH PERFORMANCE ENGINE. Clark turns back in his seat and looks out his outside mirror.

EXT. HIGHWAY

A red Ferrari gains on the station wagon. COLD, SEXY EUROPOP blends with the HUM OF THE ENGINE.

INT. CAR

ELLEN  
 Audrey, give me the cups.

AUDREY  
 Ma? Why?

RUSTY  
 Because she says so, Audrey.

Clark is watching the Ferrari, oblivious to the mayhem around him.

HIS POV

At the wheel of the Ferrari is a young GIRL in her early twenties. Her blonde hair blows in the wind. Her lips glisten. A tight, white t-shirt reveals her contours. She glances over at Clark with a sexy smirk.

HER POV

Ellen is hanging over the seat trying to separate Rusty and Audrey. Clark tries to look cool with the steering wheel in the extreme uppermost position.

HIS POV

The girl smiles at Clark and shifts gears. The car lurches ahead.

INT. CAR

Clark hits the gas in a futile effort to keep up with the Ferarri. The einging KNOCKS and PINGS, sounding as if it's going to explode.

ELLEN

Not another word out of any of you.

Ellen turns back in her seat, a peaceful settlement finally worked out between the kids. She takes a deep breath and then recoils as she realizes how fast Clark's driving.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The wagon gains on a slow-moving car. The wagon veers around the other car.

ELLEN (O.C.)

(screams)

CLARK!

INT. CAR

Clark pretends as though nothing's happening. Ellen leans over and looks at the speedometer.

ELLEN

You're going eighty miles an hour!

Clark glances at the instrument panel.

CLARK

Doesn't seem like it, does it?

ELLEN

Slow down!

CLARK

Why? We're making good time.

He leans forward slightly, hitting harder on the gas pedal. The car is vibrating dangerously. Clark puts his arm on the back of the seat, ignoring the vibration and the horrible SCREAMING ENGINE.

## CLARK'S POV

Through the windshield, Clark reads the California license plate on the back of the Ferrari - LUV ME.

CLARK  
(to himself)  
"Love me tender..."

## EXT. HIGHWAY

The station wagon lunges ahead, leaving a puff of sooty black smoke hanging in the air.

## EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The station wagon pulls into the drive of a shabby split-level house on a treeless tract of land surrounded by cornfields. Up on blocks by the side of the house is an aging Ford pick-up with some mildewed furniture in the back.

## SUPER: COOLIDGE, KANSAS

A couple in their late thirties comes out of the house. The woman waves. She is carrying a baby. A toddler, wearing only a tee-shirt, clings to her skirt. A boy and a girl in their early teens come around the side of the house, followed by an eight year old sister. The station wagon stops and the family gets out, except for Rusty. They are a mess. Clothes are rumpled and wrinkled, hair is windblown and dirty. Ellen's hair, as a result of trying to make it look better, stands nearly on end. CATHERINE, a plumper version of Ellen, embraces her. EDDIE, a wiry, nervous guy with jet-black hair slicked back and a pencil mustache, juts out a trembling hand. Clark shakes it. Eddie winks and slaps him on the back. He's drinking a cheap beer. Two others are hanging at the end of a plastic looped six-pack holder.

## CATHERINE

Oh, my goodness, are we ever glad to see you folks! It's been an age! You look great!

## ELLEN

Clark, you remember Catherine and the kids. God how they've grown. Rusty, get out of the car and say hello to your second cousins.

(MORE)



Rusty gets out. He's just finishing up a portable game. He leaves it in the back seat, making video game noises.

ELLEN  
(continuing)  
Golly, Cathy, you've lost weight.

EDDIE  
And added a few more mouths to the litter.

CATHERINE  
Rusty and Audrey, you remember Vicki and Dale. This is Eddie junior and this is Junior. And this little moppet on my skirts is Daisy-Mable.

CLARK  
(bending down to  
Daisy-Mable)  
Well, how old are you, little one?

EDDIE  
Born without a tongue, Clark. Don't worry about her, though. Whistles like a bird and eats like a horse.

CATHERINE  
Why don't you take your little guests out back and show them your worm farm.

Catherine and Ellen head toward the house.

EDDIE  
(whistles)  
Hooboy! Look at the brand new car!  
What a beaut!

He admires the car, walking around to the front and studying the lines.

CLARK  
Yeah. You're looking really fit.  
So this is the old homestead, huh?

EDDIE  
Yeah. I don't know for how long, though. Bank's been after me like flies on a ribroast.

CLARK  
I know the feeling.

EDDIE

I never should've taken that second mortgage... Fuck it... Bet you could use a cool one, huh?

CLARK

Now you're talkin'...

Eddie hands Clark the can he's been drinking from. He opens one of the remaining cans for himself. Clark grabs some luggage.

EDDIE

Come on in and see the guest room. I'd help you with those bags, but since they took the kidney, I've been taking it easy.

CLARK

No problem, I'll get it. You go ahead.

Eddie goes in the house.

#### BACKYARD

There is a picnic table and a barbeque in B.G. Also in B.G., Rusty watches Dale terrorizing Eddie Jr. with worms. Vicki and Audrey are sitting on an old see-saw talking as they go up and down.

VICKI

(who is well-endowed  
for fourteen years  
old)

I'm going steady and I French kiss.

AUDREY

So? Everybody does that.

VICKI

Yeah, but Daddy says I'm the best at it.

Her side of the see-saw, which was elevated, drops to the ground suddenly.

#### WORM FARM

Rusty is watching as Dale and Eddie Jr. tie worms in knots.

DALE

Want a worm?

RUSTY

No thanks. You got Pac-Man?

DALE

Nope.

RUSTY

You got Space Invaders?

DALE

Nope.

RUSTY

You got Asteroids?

DALE

No. But my dad can't even sit on the toilet some days.

RUSTY

So what do you do?

DALE

I got a stack of nudie books higher than an elephant's eye.

Rusty's mouth drops open.

RUSTY

Want some video games?

#### DINGY KITCHEN

Catherine is loading a tray with paper plates, ketchup and hamburger buns. Junior is under the kitchen table eating a dog biscuit and paint chips from the wall. Ellen is tearing off paper towels.

ELLEN

I guess we're eleven, aren't we?

CATHERINE

No... We're twelve with Aunt Edna.

ELLEN

Aunt Edna? She's still alive?

CATHERINE

Oh, you bet!

ELLEN

(a little worried)

My goodness. Well, well. I can't wait to see Clark's face when he hears that.

CATHERINE

Oh, yes. She came to help out when Eddie ruptured his spleen, and she's been with us ever since. She wanted to go back to Lake Havasu a ~~year~~ year ago, but Eddie wouldn't let her. Frankly, without her social security, we'd never be able to live like this.

ELLEN

Gee, Cathy. You really got your hands full, huh?

CATHERINE

Oh, it's not so bad. Eddie says when the baby comes, I can quit one of the night jobs. Wanna hand me the Hamburger Helper?

Ellen hands Catherine two boxes of Hamburger Helper, and starts absentmindedly folding paper towels as she watches Catherine pour the contents of the boxes into a big bowl, add a small amount of hot tap water, and begin kneading the contents in the bowl with her hands.

BACKYARD - LATER

Eddie is turning hamburger buns on a barbeque.

EDDIE

How do you like yours, Clark?

Clark is waiting for Vicki to finish mixing up some Kool-Aid. He's holding an empty Styrofoam cup.

CLARK

Oh, medium rare... Medium, a little pink inside.

EDDIE

No, your bun. Light or dark?

CLARK

Oh,... uh... Either way is good.  
Vicki, can I help you with that  
Kool-Aid? Please?

ANGLE - VICKI

She's got her hand in the pitcher up to her elbow fishing for something.

EDDIE (O.C.)

Ummmmmm, mm, mm. I don't know why  
they call it Hamburger Helper. This  
stuff does just fine by itself.

ANGLE - EDDIE

handing Ellen plates of buns for herself and Clark. Catherine dishes out Hamburger Helper patties on the buns. Ellen brings Clark his.

EDDIE (O.C.)

I like it better than Tuna Helper,  
myself, don't you, Clark?

CLARK

You're the gourmet around here,  
Eddie.

Ellen hands Clark the ketchup.

CLARK

(to Ellen)

No meat in this?

ELLEN

(whispering)

You eat enough meat, honey. Be  
polite. Have the ketchup.

CLARK

(loudly)

Um, boy! This real tomato ketchup,  
Eddie?!

EDDIE (O.C.)

Nothing but the best.

ANGLE - EDDIE

EDDIE

Edna! Come on down. Helper's getting cold!

ANGLE - CLARK

CLARK

(shocked, but in control)

Edna? Your Aunt Edna, Eddie?

Clark covers his plate with ketchup while looking toward back door.

ANGLE - DOOR

Edna appears carrying a walker in front of her that she doesn't really need. She sets it aside after a couple of steps, looks at Clark and Ellen and heads for the picnic table. Ellen embraces her gently.

ELLEN

Aunt Edna. All these years. You're looking so well! You remember Clark, don't you?

CLARK

Hi there, Edna.

EDNA

I remember you. Weren't you the ones who sent me the fruitcake for Christmas that made me so sick for so long.

ELLEN

Oh, I'm sorry. We thought you enjoyed fruitcake.

EDNA

You enjoy throwing up every five minutes, Claud?

CLARK

Clark.

EDNA

I thought you did. Well, am I eating, or am I supposed to starve to death?

ANGLE - CLARK

CLARK  
(aside to Ellen)  
I'll go with number two.

Eddie fixes Edna a plate while Catherine seats her at the picnic table. Audrey and Vicki move up to Ellen.

AUDREY  
Ma, we're finished. Can we go  
to Vicki's room?

ELLEN  
First say hello to your Aunt Edna.

AUDREY  
Hi. Rusty, come and pay your  
respects to Aunt Edna.  
(to Edna)  
See ya.

Audrey and Vicki go inside.

RUSTY  
(to Edna)  
Hello, Aunt Edna.

EDNA  
Can't you see I'm eating?

DALE  
We're going upstairs, Dad.

EDDIE  
Okay.

CATHERINE  
Wash your feet first.

Rusty and Dale exit.

There's a silence at the table.

EDNA  
Catherine? Did you tell Clark and  
Ellen the good news?

CATHERINE  
No, I was just about to.

Ellen smiles pleasantly.

ELLEN

What's the good news?

EDNA

You're driving me to Normie's house.

CLARK

(after a pause)

No problem. Where's Norm live?

EDDIE

Arizona.

INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM - LATER

It is a typical girl's room, perhaps a bit too young for a girl Vicki's age. Audrey and Vicki are in frilly, long nightgowns, sitting on the beds talking. Audrey is studying a small bronze trophy.

AUDREY

You won this for raising a pig?

VICKI

(proudly)

A blue ribbon.

AUDREY

Does anybody know about it?

VICKI

Everybody knows.

Vicki gets up and goes to the closet and reaches up on a shelf for a shoe box.

AUDREY

Vicki, don't get offended, but being a farmer is not too cool, you know.

Vicki sets the shoe box on the bed.

VICKI

Oh, yeah? How cool is this?

Audrey's eyes bulge as Vicki pulls out a handful of strong, sticky weed.



## INT. DALE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The room is large and for the most part unfurnished. It is depressing, with mismatched dresser and trundle bed. Rusty is in his pajamas, sitting on the bed, hungrily thumbing through Dale's men's magazines. Dale is in his underwear flexing his muscles in the mirror on the back of the door.

DALE

We got this guy who comes up in August to pick melons and he tells me lots of cool stuff. He got me the nudie magazines.

RUSTY

These are great. Would you want to sell some of them?

Dale hops in bed and clicks off the light.

DALE

Shit, no! I cherish those things and I use them a lot.

RUSTY

How do you use a magazine?

DALE

I was getting to that. The guy showed me something real neat last year.

(sly grin)

You ever bop your baloney?

## SHABBY LIVING ROOM

Catherine, Edna, Eddie, Clark and Ellen are sitting or standing around. Eddie has the last beer in his hand. The plastic holders are still attached to the can.

EDDIE

I'm glad things are going so good for you, Clark. I got laid off when they closed the asbestos factory, and wouldn't you know it, now the V.A. cuts my disability pension 'cause they said the plate in my head wasn't big enough.

He clanks the can against the side of his head spilling a little beer as he does so.

(MORE)

EDDIE

(continuing)

You never served, did you, Clark?

CLARK

I wanted to very badly, Eddie. This friggin' tennis elbow...

CATHERINE

Eddie, Clark and Ellen don't want to hear about our troubles.

CLARK

No. It's interesting.

EDNA

Why don't you just ask him for the money, Eddie. He sure as hell can't take a hint.

ELLEN

Catherine, why didn't you tell me? If Clark and I can help in any way, we'd be insulted if you didn't ask.

EDDIE

I didn't want to ask, Clark. But, could you spare a little extra cash? A little loan, just to tide us over.

CLARK

How much do you need, Eddie.

Clark takes out his wallet.

EDNA

How much have you got?

EXT. HOUSE, PORCH - MORNING

The two families are standing on the porch saying their farewells. Clark holds out his hand to shake with Eddie. Eddie produces a shoebox and proudly hands it to Clark.

EDDIE

This is for you.

Clark is puzzled.

CLARK

What is it?

EDDIE

A gift.

CLARK

You didn't have to buy me a gift,  
Eddie.

EDDIE

Go on, open it.

Clark takes the lid off the box. He looks up at Eddie with a strange smile. He looks at Ellen. She shrugs not knowing what to make of it either.

CLARK

You shouldn't have. I mean you  
really shouldn't have.

Clark pulls a pair of white patent-leather loafers with gold chains out of the box.

EDDIE

Try 'em on.

CLARK

I don't want to get them dirty.

Edna adds her two cents.

EDNA

I knew he wouldn't like them, Eddie.

Clark looks daggers at Edna.

CLARK

I love 'em, Eddie.

He slips his shoes off and puts on the loafers.

EDDIE

I knew you did because when you  
were here last time you remarked  
about how much you liked mine.

ELLEN

Well, we better get going.

They all head for the car, Eddie helping Edna along. Rusty and Dale come around the corner of the house. Dale has the ugliest dog in the world on a leash. It looks just like Aunt Edna.

DALE

Here he is, Uncle Clark. All walked and everything.

CLARK

What is that? A dog?

DALE

It's Aunt Edna's. His name is Dinky. He watches 'Family Feud!'

EDDIE

You folks didn't get to meet Dinky last night. He had the runs so he slept in the barn.

CLARK

I better make space in the back for it.

Clark takes the leash and leads Dinky around behind the car. He ties the leash to the bumper. Catherine and Ellen help Edna into the car. The kids climb in. Clark picks up Dinky and tosses him in the back window.

CLARK

(continuing)

Adios and thanks!

Clark gets in and starts the engine. Dale leans in Rusty's window.

DALE

(whispers)

Remember, keep your thumb up on top.

Rusty nods. Vicki waves to Audrey with a sneaky smile. Audrey returns the smile and carefully opens her purse, revealing a dozen flat joints. Clark BLOWS THE HORN and pulls out.

CLARK

Walley World, here we come!

INT. CAR BACKSEAT - LATER

Aunt Edna is sitting in the middle. On her left is Rusty. On her right is Audrey. They have their arms drawn in close to their bodies to avoid touching Aunt Edna. She is breathing loudly in and out of her nose.

AUDREY

Aunt Edna! Dinky's licking my head!

EDNA

(sweet but firm)

Don't let him do that. He'll get hair balls.

Tracy crouches forward out of tongue reach of the dog. Aunt Edna opens her purse and begins pulling stuff out and placing it in Rusty and Audrey's laps. They are disgusted by it. She finds a pill box and opens it.

AUDREY

Oh, P.U.!

EDNA

What's the matter with you, child?

AUDREY

Your pills stink!

EDNA

Don't be ridiculous!

(to Ellen)

Ellen, may I suggest you get this child's teeth fixed? She looks like a horse.

Edna takes out a tablet the size of a grape, sets the pill on the tip of her tongue and grimaces as she swallows it. The kids watch in horror as she chortles and gurgles. She strokes her throat to force the pill down. The choking sounds get louder and more terrible. Ellen quickly draws Edna a drink from the cooler.

ELLEN

(panicked)

Clark, she's choking! Auntie, drink this.

CLARK

(revolted)

Spit the goddamn thing out!

The kids begin to gag from the horrible sounds and Aunt Edna's contortions. Ellen hands the drink over the seat. Edna takes it and, making wetter and even more horrible sounds, washes it down. She lays back, exhausted.

EDNA

(relieved)

Ah, there! Wait'll you get to be a senior citizen and have to do this seven times a day. Now, if I don't eat soon, my blood pressure'll go to the moon.

Clark looks over at Ellen. She shrugs, "what can we do?"

EXT. ROADSIDE REST STOP

A roadside picnic area. Ellen has spread a paper tablecloth on the picnic table. The kids and Edna are seated around it. Ellen is passing out sandwiches from a wicker picnic basket.

SUPER: LA JUNTA, COLORADO

SEMI TRAILER

Clark is eating a sandwich, trying to get a look at the girl.

HIS POV

The red Ferrari is parked between two semis. The Girl is sitting on the hood of one of the trucks straddling the familiar Mack bulldog hood ornament drinking beer and talking to the truckers. She throws her head back and laughs, grabbing the bulldog with both hands.

ANGLE - CLARK

He swallows hard as he watches the Girl and chews sensuously on his sandwich.

PICNIC AREA

Aunt Edna digs into her sandwich. The kids stare at theirs.

RUSTY

Mom? My sandwich is all wet!

AUDREY

Oh, yuck! So is mine!

Ellen opens hers. She touches it. She smells it.

ELLEN

Oh, God! The dog went on the picnic basket!

Clark spits out the sandwich and gags. The kids gag and rear back from the table. Edna looks up with a bulging mouthful of contaminated sandwich, shrugs and continues eating.

EXT. HOUSE OF DOVER SOLE - LATER

The family comes out having just eaten and gets in the car.

INT. - CAR

AUNT EDNA

Clark? May I inquire as to why you were so rude to the Johnsons? I'm just curious. Did they do something to you?

CLARK

I was just being honest, Edna. They made the worst burger I've ever eaten.

AUNT EDNA

You should have had the knockwurst. It was splendid!

She robustly breaks wind without realizing it. Audrey explodes with giggles.

AUNT EDNA

(continuing)

And the kraut was out of this world.

CLARK

So much for the new car smell!

Edna tears off another one.

CLARK

(continuing)

Didn't bother your stomach at all, huh?

A final, thundering volley.

AUNT EDNA

Not in the slightest.

## EXT. ROADSIDE CAMPGROUND - EVENING

The station wagon pulls into Kamp Komfort. It's a dumpy three-acre site dotted with rented pup tents, above-ground septic tanks decorated as deer and moose, a swimming pool and a cinder block office.

SUPER: WALSENBURG, COLORADO

The kids jump excitedly out of the car.

RUSTY

They have a pool. ....

ELLEN

Oh my, aren't the woods beautiful?

EDNA

Dinkums needs a long walk and a bath, Clark.

CLARK

Rusty, take care of Dinky.

RUSTY

Dad, he bit me last night when I tried to walk him.

ELLEN

Bite him back.

Rusty takes Dinky from Aunt Edna and runs around the office to the pool. Audrey follows.

## INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Clark and Ellen are at the registration desk. A middle-aged CLERK pulls himself up out of a chair behind the counter.

CLARK

I need three tents for the night.

CLERK

All rightee, that's thirty-seven dollars.

CLARK

Thirty-seven dollars? For three tents?

CLERK

They're nice tents and that price includes scenery and wildlife fun.



ELLEN

Come on, Clark. This looks like a nice place. It's got a pool and everything.

CLARK

(gives in)

All right.

The Clerk smiles and slides a room contract across to Clark.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL

Audrey and Rusty are standing disconsolately at the edge of a small pool filled with mucky green water. There is a mallard duck sitting in the middle and cattails growing in the shallow end. Dinky looks over the edge and leaps in, splashing them.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - LATER

The family trudges up the hill to their tents. Aunt Edna is grumbling about the accommodations.

EDNA

Too cheap to pay for a motel room, Clark?

They reach the tents and Clark sets down his golf clubs and the luggage. Ellen looks into the first tent.

ELLEN

Clark, this tent smells!

Clark holds the tent flap open.

CLARK

This is your tent, Edna.

INT. TENT

Audrey and Rusty step into the tent. There are two cots and a lantern. Audrey turns up her nose.

RUSTY

It's a cool tent.

AUDREY

It's even cruddier than you.

RUSTY

You know, Audrey, it'd be real easy to beat the crap out of you.

AUDREY

You wouldn't dare!

RUSTY

Try me!

Audrey snorts and opens her suitcase.

AUDREY

You're so immature!

RUSTY

Oh, yeah? How 'bout if I tell Dad what I saw in your purse?

AUDREY

Go ahead. I'll just tell Mom what I saw you and Dale doing!

RUSTY

You mention that to anyone, and I'm going to have to kill you.

Audrey pushes past Rusty and runs out of the tent.

AUDREY

I'm telling Mom you're bugging me!

Rusty quickly pops open his suitcase, reaches underneath the clothes and pulls out one of Dale's men's magazines.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - LATE NIGHT

A few lanterns burn in tents. It's late; most people are asleep.

INT. CLARK AND ELLEN'S TENT

Clark and Ellen are in one sleeping bag attempting to make love.

ELLEN

Clark? This isn't very romantic.

CLARK

Huh?

They roll around zippered into the bag.

ELLEN

There isn't enough room for two  
in this bag.

CLARK

Honey, right now we're one person,  
one heart beating for two.

Dinky appears. Seeing them rolling around, he begins barking  
and chewing on Clark's foot through the bag.

CLARK

(continuing)

Ouch! No! Bad dog! Get out of  
here!

He kicks at Dinky, violently throwing Ellen about, because their  
feet barely fit in the end of the bag.

ELLEN

Clark! Stop it! Your toenails  
are cutting me.

CLARK

Dinky's doing it. I'm going to  
kill him. Get out of here, you  
smelly mutt!

Dinky runs off barking.

INT. KIDS' TENT

Rusty and Audrey are asleep in sleeping bags on the tent floor.  
We HEAR the BLEAT of a moose. Audrey stirs and sits bolt upright.  
In silhouette across the front of the tent we see the head of  
a moose.

AUDREY

Rusty, it's a moose! Look!

INT. CLARK AND ELLEN'S TENT

Clark and Ellen are now passionate. We HEAR another MOOSE CALL.  
Ellen looks up from Clark's embrace.

ELLEN

A wild animal!

CLARK

(misunderstands)

I can't help it! I'm going for it!

ELLEN

No, no, Clark. There's a...

She gasps. Clark looks over his shoulder.

CLARK'S POV

We see the outline of the moose at the door of the tent.

CLARK

He quickly unzips the bag and gets out in his underwear. He opens the tent flap. The moose's head is directly behind the flap.

ELLEN

Shhh! Maybe he'll go away, Clark.

Clark carefully slips the driver out of his golf bag and stands ready with it. The moose BLEATS again and sticks its head in the tent. Clark lets loose with a baseball swing and smacks the moose across the head. The moose YELPS and grabs his head with its front hooves.

MOOSE

You asshole!

Clark rears back in surprise. The moose shakes its head and then the hooves grab the horns and off comes the head. We see the Clerk from the office. He's dazed and seeing stars. He rubs his jaw.

CLERK

Jesus Christ! Whatdja hit me for?

CLARK

What are you doing with a moose head peeking in my tent at midnight?

CLERK

This is the wildlife fun, you jerk! I've been doing it for twenty-two years. Twenty-two years and you're the first son of a bitch that ever clubbed me! I oughta sue you!

CLARK

You wanna talk litigation? Let's talk invasion of privacy!

The clerk storms away. Clark puts his golf club back.

ELLEN

You don't think he'd sue us,  
do you?

CLARK

What's he going to do? Haul me  
off to moose court?

ELLEN

Clark, come back to bed.

Clark crawls in the bag head first as she giggles.

EXT. KAMP KOMFORT - SUNRISE

Clark is putting the last of the luggage in the car. He's cheerful and refreshed. Ellen hands him her vanity case. She puts her arms around his waist.

CLARK

Despite all the little problems,  
it really is fun, isn't it?

Ellen thinks for a moment.

ELLEN

(with a smile)

No. But with every new day there's  
fresh hope.

CLARK

(calls to the  
kids)

Let's get a move on! We're burning  
daylight.

The kids are refreshed and perky. They run to the car. Rusty runs Dinky on his leash, as the dog continues to GROWL and snap at Rusty's ankle.

CLARK

(continuing)

You walk him?

RUSTY

He took a big one! Right on  
Audrey's sleeping bag.

Aunt Edna shuffles to the car, putting on a great display of discomfort. Clark takes the dog leash from Rusty.

CLARK

Rusty, give Edna a hand. I'll take the leash.

Rusty tries to steady Edna.

EDNA

Don't trip me! My bones are like China cups.

ANGLE - CLARK

He ties the leash to the rear bumper and starts loading the luggage.

ANGLE - EDNA AND RUSTY

He helps her into the car.

EDNA

Ow! You're tearing my flesh!

RUSTY

(to Audrey)  
Audrey, you're next.

AUDREY

No way, Jose.

RUSTY

Audrey...  
(he mimes smoking a joint)

Ellen approaches.

ELLEN

What's the problem?

RUSTY

I had to sit next to Aunt Edna last time. She smells like mothballs. It's Audrey's turn!

AUDREY

For your information, Rusty slept in his underpants last night.

RUSTY

Audrey! You asked for it.

Clark hears the ruckus and intercedes.

CLARK

Easy, kids! Cut it out. Everybody  
in. Boat leaves in two minutes.

He shoves them in - Audrey first.

CLARK

(continuing)

...or perhaps you don't want to see  
the second largest ball of twine on  
the face of the earth... which is  
less than four short hours away.

He closes the door, winking at Ellen, kisses her on the forehead,  
helps her in, closes her door and skips jauntily around to the  
driver's side. He gets in and starts the car.

INT. CAR

CLARK

Let's ride!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE MORNING

The car winds its way through the high mountains.

INT. CAR

The family is fresh, the day is new. Audrey's listening to the walk-man. Rusty's playing pac man. Edna is changing her dress shields. It is quiet except for an annoying RATTLE somewhere in the car.

CLARK

Do you hear that rattle?

ELLEN

Where's it coming from?

CLARK

Beats the heck out of me. I've been looking for it since we left. It's driving me crazy.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

A highway patrol motorcycle is behind the station wagon with its lights ablaze. He blows his HORN, hits the SIREN. The wagon continues on oblivious to the cop.

INT. CAR

The motorcycle pulls up alongside Clark's window. He doesn't notice. The COP waves for him to pull over.

RUSTY

Dad!

CLARK

Huh?

Out of the corner of his eye he catches the motorcycle.

CLARK

(continuing)

Oh, shoot! Now what did we do?

Audrey's eyes bulge. The dope! Someone found out and called the cops! She looks at her purse with dread. The car slows down and eases off the road. The car stops. The Cop gets out of the car and walks back to the station wagon. Audrey hands her purse to Aunt Edna.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AUDREY

Will you hold my purse?

EDNA

Huh?

Clark rolls down his window and smiles pleasantly.

CLARK

(innocently)

What's the problem, Officer?

The Cop is tough and angry. He's ready to kill. His helmet and glasses have small droplets of dried blood on them.

COP

Out of the car.

Clark swallows hard and gets out.

EXT. CAR

Clark is puzzled as to why the Cop is so mad.

CLARK

I don't think I was speeding...  
Was I weaving or something?

COP

Shut your mouth, sir. If I wasn't  
in uniform, I'd split your skull  
with the butt of my revolver faster  
than you could say police brutality.

Clark is baffled.

CLARK

Officer, w-whatever I've done, I'm  
sure I can explain...

The Cop drags him around to the right rear bumper and points to the ground. In the background a small amount of dried blood is splattered on the motorcycle windshield.

COP

Explain that, you son of a bitch.

Clark's mouth drops open, his eyes bulge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rusty's face is plastered in the back window of the wagon.

CLARK

Oh my God.

He bends down and picks up the end of a frayed leash.

COP

You know what the penalty for animal cruelty is in this state?

CLARK

(in shock)

No, sir.

COP

(long pause)

Well... It's probably pretty stiff.

CLARK

(quivering voice)

My God, you can't think I'd do that on purpose! I tied him to the bumper when I packed the car. It was confusing. I forgot. Jesus, I'm sorry. I feel terrible.

COP

How do you think the dog feels, sir?

CLARK

I told you I'm sorry. It was an accident.

The Cop relents.

COP

All right, I can buy that, sir.  
But it's a shame.

(shakes his head sadly)

I had a pooch like that when I was a kid.

He unhooks the leash from the bumper.

COP

(continuing)

I'd say the poor little guy kept up with you for a mile or so... tough little bowser.

INT. CAR - LATER

Clark's face is drawn and pale. Ellen is biting a knuckle.

AUNT EDNA

I was afraid you'd get pulled over. You've been exceeding the speed limit for thousands of miles.

RUSTY

Dad wasn't speeding, Aunt Edna. The cop stopped us because...

Ellen turns quickly to cut Rusty off.

ELLEN

He was speeding, Rusty.

RUSTY

No, he wasn't...

CLARK

Russ! Listen to your mother! I was speeding. I was driving like a maniac and we can be thankful that the police stopped us.

Cop appears at Clark's window on his motorcycle. He hands Clark the leash.

COP

Here's the leash, sir. I'm going to go back and get the rest of the carcass off the road.

EDNA - CLOSE

Her eyes show a shocking realization. As we zoom slowly to her full face, tears well up in her. MUSIC builds with the moment. She takes a gasping breath, sheds a tear, and belches.

AUNT EDNA

(with a noticable  
lack of care)

That's one, Clark.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - LATER

SUPER: DURANGO, COLORADO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car is parked in a drive-in restaurant. A WAITRESS approaches the car, struggling under the weight of a heavy tray loaded with food baskets and root beer mugs. Clark rolls his window down halfway to accommodate the clip-on tray.

INT. CAR

AUNT EDNA

This your idea of a good restaurant,  
dog killer?

ELLEN

I'm sure the food's fine, Edna.

CLARK

(to waitress)

Got it?

WAITRESS

Uh, huh...

She hooks the tray on the window and lets go of it. The tray SNAPS THE WINDOW glass in half and CRASHES to the pavement.

EXT. CAR - LATER

The car is back on the highway headed for Cortex.

INT. CAR - LATER

It is quiet once again. Ellen is asleep in the front seat. Aunt Edna is asleep in back, snoring and gurgling. Audrey is reading a book and eating shoestring licorice which she has threaded up through her shirt collar, behind her ear and into her mouth so that Rusty won't see.

Clark is driving, it's boring and his mind is wandering. The erotic moan of the Ferrari engine in the distance perks him up. Then as if out of nowhere, the Ferrari appears in his mirror. he glances over quickly to see that Ellen's asleep. Then he whips out his comb and adjusts his hairstyle, combing it forward. He wipes his mouth and adjusts his shirt. He puts his arm up and flexes his bicep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Ferrari zooms up beside the car. Clark glances over, thinking he's Robert Mitchum. The Girl waves to him. He winks at her. She lifts up her left leg and puts her foot up on the seat. Her skirt falls off her knee, exposing the full leg.

Clark swallows hard, beads of sweat begin to form on his forehead. The girl puts the Ferrari in neutral and revs the engine. Clark laughs to himself. He can play her game. He puts his car in neutral and revs his cheesy six cylinders. She revs hers again, a sexy growling high-performance MOAN. Clark floors the station wagon. It Buzzes like a vacuum cleaner and dies. The Ferrari HORN BEEPS and the car surges ahead.

The station wagon coasts down the road. Clark tries the engine. No go. He finds it next to impossible to steer it. It rolls off the road in a big lazy arc.

INT. CAR

The silence awakens the family. They look around, get their bearings. Ellen looks at Clark, puzzled.

ELLEN

What happened?

CLARK

I don't know. The engine just died on me.

He tries the starter RRRRR! RRRRR! Ellen notices his hair. She notices the sweat and the flush in his face.

ELLEN

What happened to your hair? Why are you sweating? You're blushing?

The engine kicks in and Clark puts it in gear.

CLARK

Don't be silly.

ELLEN

Are you alright, Clark?

CLARK

Me? Oh, hell yes. Fine. Having a ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As dusk approaches, Ellen cuddles up next to Clark.

ELLEN  
Isn't that a beautiful sunset?

CLARK  
(shrugs)  
Looks like cheap wallpaper.

ELLEN  
Come on, Clark. Look at those mountains. Smell this air. Could you put on a happy face for me?

Clark breaks down. He puts his arm around her and chuckles.

CLARK  
I guess there isn't much more that could happen to us.

ELLEN  
I hope not.

They kiss tenderly.

EXT. CAR

Two suitcases slide off the back and hit the pavement as the car goes over a small bump. The car continues into the sunset.

EXT. WIGWAM MOTEL - NEXT MORNING

Everybody is in the car except Clark and Ellen, who are approaching from the entrance.

ELLEN  
Clark, we've gotta go back and at least look for those bags. My credit cards are in them.

CLARK  
Ellen. Number one, there's no chance we'd find them when we don't know where they fell off. B, I've got my cards and we've still got plenty of cash...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

No we don't. You gave Eddie \$500, and everything on this... "safari" has cost twice as much as you figured out.

CLARK

There's nothing in that luggage we can't replace except for your diaphragm, and I can always cash a check down the road. Don't you trust me honey?

ELLEN

As long as you don't tie me to the rear bumper.

She gets in the car.

Clark

That hurt, Ellen.

INT. CAR - LATER

Ellen is looking at the map. Aunt Edna is clipping her nails. Rusty is listening to the walk-man. Audrey is hit in the eye by a flying nail. Clark is shaving with a portable electric razor plugged into the cigarette lighter.

AUDREY

Ouch! My eye.

ELLEN

Clark. I think we're lost.

Through the rear window we see a view of the Eiffel Tower.

CLARK

We're not lost, Ellen. Please let me do the driving. As soon as the engine cools down, it's: "Grand Canyon, look out!"

ELLEN

But Clark, the highway we were on said Grand Canyon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

And I said this is a short cut  
I worked out a long time ago on  
the computer.

ELLEN

I honestly do not think you're  
going to find the Grand Canyon  
off this road.

CLARK

Jesus. It's only the biggest  
goddamn hole in the world!

AUNT EDNA

Watch your language, Clark. Where  
were you brought up? In the jungle?

CLARK

Make that the second biggest.

AUDREY

Can we just go, already?

CLARK

Shut-up, Audrey.

EXT. CAR

Clark starts engine and pulls away, revealing a bill-  
board advertising a Las Vegas hotel revue with a collage  
of dancing girls, the Eiffel Tower, etc..

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The station wagon is speeding down an unmarked, unimproved  
road leading from nowhere to nowhere.

AUDREY

Dad, I haven't seen a car for an hour.

RUSTY

Shut-up Audrey. You don't think Dad  
knows where he's going?

CLARK

Thank you, Rusty.



INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Clark is hunched over the wheel looking out across the wasted landscape.

AUNT EDNA

You're lost!

AUDREY

Ma. I saw some detour signs.

CLARK

I didn't.

AUDREY

I saw them when you and Mom were trying to fold the map.

CLARK

(turning around)

Audrey, when they close a road they put up big signs...

He looks back at the road briefly.

CLARK

(continuing)

...Like this one.

We see horrified faces of the family as the car flies past a huge "Road Closed" sign, and flies off a five foot cliff.

The road ends abruptly at a wash. The car sails off the cliff and lands in the wash. The hood and doors pop open, the front tires EXPLODE. The luggage atop the car goes flying, Clark's golf clubs scatter.

INT. CAR - QUICK CUTS IN SLOW MOTION

Clark's glasses fly off his face.

The luggage inside the car slides forward and a suitcase smacks Aunt Edna in the back of the head. She spits out her dentures.

Rusty, who had his finger in his nose at impact, drives the digit up his nose to mid-knuckle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The radiator HISSES and sprays. The family sits stunned for a moment. Then all hell breaks loose!

AUNT EDNA  
(toothless yammer)  
My bones! My bones!

ELLEN  
I think I broke my nose!

RUSTY  
(finger in his nose)  
I stabbed my brain!

CLARK  
Where are my glasses? Ellen?

AUDREY  
I just got my period.

Clark retrieves the broken halves of his glasses. They've split at the nose bridge. He reaches down on the floor and picks up Edna's dentures.

CLARK  
Here's somebody's teeth.

As he gets out, the air bag inflates again.

EXT. CAR

Clark is standing on the roof of the car. He is wrapping his glasses with adhesive tape. He carefully slides them onto his head.

SUPER: MONUMENT VALLEY

Ellen helps Audrey out of the car. She walks bow-legged.

ELLEN  
(to Clark)  
We're going to find a bush.

Rusty staggers out and up on the roof with a huge plug of Kleenex in his nose and head held back. He looks back over his shoulder.

RUSTY  
Gee, Dad. You jumped this thing about 50 yards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

It's nothing to be proud of...  
 (to himself, with  
 some wonderment)  
 50 yards... I'd say we're about  
 three hundred miles from the near-  
 est tow truck.

AUNT EDNA

Ellen, help me out of here, will you.

ELLEN

Stay in the car! It's hot and  
 dangerous out here!

AUNT EDNA

Don't you tell me what to do!  
 I'll do what I want! I should  
 never have come on this trip. I  
 should have taken an airplane.  
 (continuing; crazy  
 toothless yammer)  
 You shouldn't even have a license  
 to operate an automobile! You  
 should be behind bars!

Aunt Edna pulls herself up off the seat. Ellen puts a  
 hand on her head and shoves her back in.

ELLEN

Edna, sit down and shut-up. Move  
 out of that seat again and I'll  
 split your lip!

CLARK

Rusty? Come on up here.

He sees that Rusty is already there.

CLARK

(continuing)  
 Oh! Russ, I'm going to have to hike  
 down the road and find a service station.  
 I want you to take care of things here.

RUSTY

You'll be okay, won't you, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

Oh, sure. Listen, I haven't had much chance to talk man-to-man with you.

RUSTY

I've only been a man for a few days, Dad.

Clark smiles proudly and tousles Rusty's hair. They sit.

CLARK

You're growing up so damn fast. I've spent fifteen years of my life at the lab developing newer and better food additives and I guess I've missed an awful lot. You know, at first I didn't want to take this vacation, but I'm glad now that I did. Because it's let me spend a lot of time with you and Audrey.

RUSTY

It's been real fun for me, too, Dad. Except for Aunt Edna.

CLARK

She doesn't mean to be a pain in the rump, that's just the way she is. Let's not let her spoil our fun.

RUSTY

I won't, Dad. Maybe she'd be a nicer person if she had a family of her own that she lived with instead of always having toglom onto somebody else's.

CLARK

You're a pretty smart little guy. Excuse me, man.

He laughs a little too hard, cries, and hugs Rusty.

CLARK

(continuing)

You know what I'd like to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clark gets down off the car taking Rusty with him. He reaches into the car, pulls out a can of beer and leads Rusty to a natural scenic lookout.

CLARK

(continuing)

When I was about your age, my dad shared a beer with me and I thought it was just about the best thing in the world.

He pops the top, sips the beer and hands it to Rusty. Rusty chugs it.

CLARK

(continuing)

When I was a boy, every summer we'd take a vacation. And you know, in eighteen years...

He takes the can from Rusty.

CLARK

(continuing; sadly)

...We never had fun.

He puts the empty can to his lips. He realizes it's empty. He looks at it, shakes it and looks at Rusty.

CLARK

(continuing)

But now I have my own family and we're on our vacation and you know what?

RUSTY

What?

CLARK

(determined)

We're going to have fun.

He crushes the empty beer can.

CLARK

(continuing)

Don't let your mother catch you with that beer on you breath. She'll take it out on me. Well, I better get a move on if I'm going to get us out of here before dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slaps Rusty on the back.

CLARK  
(continuing)  
Good talk, son.

EXT. DESERT CAR - SAME TIME

Clark goes back to the car. Ellen is sitting in the front looking at the map. Audrey is lying on a blanket in the sun listening to the walk-man. Edna is in the back seat with a wet towel on her head. The doors are still open.

CLARK  
(to Ellen)  
I just had a good talk with  
Rusty. You'll be in good hands  
here.

ELLEN  
(perplexed)  
Clark? Where are you going?

CLARK  
There's got to be a phone or a  
gas station somewhere around here.

CLARK'S POV

His eyes scan a barren wasteland.

ELLEN  
All right, honey. But if you're  
not back in an hour, I'm gonna...

Clark hugs her.

CLARK  
I'll be fine. You'll be fine.  
I'm sure this happens all the time  
and a patrol car will be along in  
minutes.

He jogs off toward Monument Valley.

EXT. DESERT - MIDDAY

Clark is walking jauntily, and singing to keep up his spirits.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Clark is babbling happily as he staggers forward with his shirt tied around his head, and his pants rolled up to his knees.

A MESA

Two Indians sitting motionless on horseback watch him pass without him noticing them.

INDIAN

(to the other one)

What an asshole.

EXT. DESERT - A LITTLE LATER

Clark still staggers, throws his shirt and watch away as if they were slowing him down. His mouth is parched. He babbles incoherently.

CLARK - CLOSE

He stares straight ahead, squints, rubs his eyes, as if he sees something in the distance.

CLARK'S POV

Through the shimmering heat we see a distant mirage of T.E. Lawrence riding toward him on camel back. MUSIC of Lawrence of Arabia builds in background.

Clark is running now. His pants are on his head. It's easily 125°.

CLARK

Lawrence! Lawrence!

CLARK'S POV

The camel is getting closer and at a full gallop.

DESERT - SAME TIME

Clark is falling, getting up, staggering, and falling again.

Clark gets up and runs on shouting.

CLARK'S POV

The camel is within 200 yards of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESERT - SAME TIME - WIDE SHOT

Clark runs with his arms open, as a man on a camel continues speeding past him, brushing him and knocking him over. Clark falls. MUSIC subsides.

CLARK - CLOSE

Clark is on the sand breathing heavily. He looks up and sees lying next to him, a human skeleton with a rusted gas can still in its hand. He gets to his feet, starts singing and jogging with a renewed vigor.

CLARK

(singing)

"Work that sucker to death..."

EXT. RUN-DOWN DESERT GAS STATION - DUSK

Clark stumbles up to the door. Ellen is coming out of the ladies room.

ELLEN

Clark! Where were you? We were worried to death. Some very nice Indians and a man on a camel called a tow truck for us. Are you all right?

INT. RUN-DOWN DESERT GAS STATION - DUSK

Sitting from left to right with blank, exhausted expressions are Ellen, Audrey, who's holding her stomach, Aunt Edna with her broken dentures upside down in her mouth, and Rusty playing a pinball machine in the back. Clark is fooling with a salted nut dispenser. We hear MEN LAUGHING and TOOLS CLANGING on the floor in the repair bay.

AUDREY

(whispers to Ellen)

Mom, my rear touched the ground. Will I be okay?

Clark fishes out a dime, drops it in the coin slot and turns the knob. Nothing comes out. He lifts the slot cover and looks in. He sticks his fingers in and gives up. As he turns away, his dime's worth of nuts drops out on the floor. He walks to the repair bay.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLARK

(calling to a mechanic)

How much longer?

There is a roar of O.S. LAUGHTER. A giant, ox-like, 6'5" MECHANIC with greasy coveralls appears in the door, wiping his nose with a filthy grease rag. He gives Clark a toothless grin and puts his greasy hand on his shoulder.

MECHANIC

We're slow as tar, but like I say, you can take your business to the next filling station down the road.

(CONTINUED)

He turns back to the other men in the bay. He smiles and winks at them and turns back to Clark.

MECHANIC

(continuing)

He oughta be able to walk there  
in thirty, forty days! Don't you  
think so, boys?

He takes his hand off Clark's shoulder and walks back into the repair bay. He has left a greasy handprint on Clark's shirt.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

The station wagon peels out of the bay, whips around to the front of the station and SCREECHES to a halt. The two front tires have been replaced with two worn snow tires. The size of the tires causes the car to sit at a slight incline. The family walks out and gets into the car. The Men in the repair bay saunter out and surround the car. Clark pulls out his wallet to pay the Mechanic for the repairs.

CLARK

What do I owe you?

One of the Men, an assistant mechanic, steps forward and addresses Clark.

ASSISTANT

I never heard of no one so shit-  
all stupid as you driving off a  
road. You musta got manure fer  
your brains!

They Men roar with laughter. Clark forces a smile.

CLARK

Well! I'm from out of town. So,  
what's the bill.

The Men laugh again.

CLARK

(continuing; perturbed)

Come on, come on. How much?

CONTINUED:

The Mechanic puts his greasy hand on Clark's shoulder again.

MECHANIC

How much ya got?

CLARK

I'm asking how much the repairs are.

MECHANIC

And I'm asking how much ya got.

CLARK

What does that have to do with how much it costs to tow a car and fix a couple tires?

MECHANIC

(grins)

'Cause I'm going to charge you all the money you got.

Clark is outraged.

CLARK

You're out of your mind! I don't have time to play around. How much do I owe you?

MECHANIC

(serious, firm)

All of it, boy.

The Mechanic twirls a monkey wrench in his hand.

CLARK

You take credit cards?

MECHANIC

Nope.

CLARK

What's your sheriff have to say about your business practices?

There is a huge roar of laughter. The Mechanic holds out his hand and uncurls his greasy fingers. He reveals a grimy sheriff's badge in his palm.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The car is quiet except for the annoying RATTLE. Aunt Edna is snoring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

Audrey, how much babysitting money  
do you have?

AUDREY

(nervously)

How come?

CLARK

(barks)

How much?!

ELLEN

What's the matter?

CLARK

Nothing except it cost me five  
hundred dollars for two bald snow  
tires and a tow!

Ellen gasps.

CLARK

(continuing)

How much, Audrey?

AUDREY

Um... thirty... five.

RUSTY

She has forty dollars!

AUDREY

How would you know unless you went  
through my purse, you rotten sneak!

ELLEN

Rusty! Did you go through her  
private property?

CLARK

I don't give a frog's fat ass who  
went through what! We need money!  
Edna! How much do you have?

ELLEN

She's asleep, Clark.

CLARK

Look in her purse, Rusty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Clark!

Clark turns around in the seat and shouts at Rusty.

CLARK

Look!

Rusty carefully extracts the purse from under Aunt Edna's arm. He opens it and pulls out wads of Kleenex, glasses, pill boxes, a dinner roll, photos, dog biscuits and at the very bottom, a coin purse.

RUSTY

She's got eleven cents, Dad.

Clark pounds the steering wheel.

ELLEN

Won't a motel take a check?

CLARK

Maybe, but we're almost out of gas.

## EXT. - MOTEL - LATE NIGHT

The station wagon creeps slowly into the drive of a franchise motel complex. As the car passes, we see Clark, Ellen, Rusty and Audrey pushing the car.

CLARK

I think you kids understand a little better now how difficult it must have been for the pioneers.

AUDREY

They didn't have motels to push their cars into.

RUSTY

(crabby)

How come Aunt Edna gets to ride?

ELLEN

Because she's old.

CLARK

And she refused. But look at the fun she missed.

They push the car into an empty parking space. The family steps back from the car, exhausted.

CLARK

That was fun. Old fashioned hard working fun.

They all look at Clark with growing concern.

## INT. - MOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry sir. I can't take this credit card.

CLARK

Why not?

DESK CLERK

The computer says it's been reported lost.

CLARK

Oh! No, no. You see my wife lost her cards in Colorado and I had to report it and now the computer's saying I lost my cards which I obviously haven't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

Well, you'll have to straighten that out with your bank.

CLARK

Will you take a personal check?

Clark starts to write out a check.

CLERK

For how much?

CLARK

Well, how about \$300?

CLERK

I can't do that, sir.

CLARK

Look, I lost all my cash and we're on our way to California.

CLERK

Walley World?

CLARK

That's right and I'm between a rock and a hard place. I'd appreciate it.

The Clerk looks at the check and shakes his head.

CLERK

Not without a major credit card.

CLARK

I don't suppose you do a lot of vacationing?

CLERK

Hell, no. Having fun is too damn much trouble.

CLARK

I have six dollars and thirteen cents. So, I'm going to have to work something out with you.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

I told you before I...

CLARK

I'll write the check for one thousand dollars. You give me three hundred in cash and keep seven hundred dollars for doing nothing more than acting like a prick.

CLERK

Only thing I can do is have you stay here until the check clears.

Clark turns away from the desk, seething and bubbling with anger and frustration. The office PHONE RINGS and the Clerk leaves the desk to answer it. Clark pounds his fist on the counter in anger. The cash register CLICKS, WHIRRS and the cash drawer opens.

Clark looks over the counter into the open cash drawer. An excruciating moment of decision grips him. He takes the check out of his pocket and looks at it.

EXT. MOTEL

Clark runs out of the motel lobby and across to the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLARK

Let's go! Come on! Where's Edna?

ELLEN

She's in the car!

CLARK

Rusty! Get your butt in the car!

Clark jumps in and GUNS the engine. He backs out with the back doors still open. Ellen screams.

ELLEN

Clark! What's gotten into you?!

Rusty runs over and hops into the car. It SQUEALS out of the parking lot.

EXT. CAR - LATER

The car speeds down the desert highway.

INT. CAR

Clark is checking the rearview mirror every few seconds. Ellen is troubled.

ELLEN

Clark? Are you feeling all right?  
You seem awfully keyed up. Maybe  
it's the coffee you're drinking.  
Why don't you try Sanka?

A SIREN WAILS in the distance. Clark slams down the accelerator.

CLARK

Hold your hats!

Rusty looks out the back window.

RUSTY

Cops!

ELLEN

Pull over, Clark!

CLARK

Not on your life! No more damn delays!

RUSTY

He's gaining on us, Dad!

CONTINUED:

EXT. HIGHWAY

The police car pulls up close and then cuts over into the passing lane. A truck forces it back into the right lane.

INT. CAR

Clark barks an order at Rusty.

CLARK

Get in back and start throwing stuff out!

Rusty hops over the back seat.

ELLEN

Don't you dare!  
(to Clark)  
What are you doing?!

CLARK

I'm running from the law!

ELLEN

What!

CLARK

I robbed the motel!

Ellen SCREAMS.

RUSTY

Dad! He's passing! I can't get him!

EXT. HIGHWAY

The police car cuts sharply around the station wagon and continues on down the highway.

INT. CAR

Clark eases off the gas. He looks at Ellen.

CLARK

He must have gotten an inaccurate description of our getaway car. But we can't let our guard down.

ELLEN

Have you lost your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUDREY

Mom! I have to go again.

ELLEN

You'll have to hold it until we  
get to prison.  
How could you, Clark?

CLARK

It wasn't armed robbery. It was a  
white collar crime.

Rusty is standing in the footwell, looking over the front  
seat.

RUSTY

Dad! Look way up there! You know  
what that is?

CLARK

Uh, oh!

RUSTY AND CLARK

Roadblock!

CLARK

We'll run it!

EXT. ROADBLOCK

A couple of State of Arizona Agriculture Department cars  
sit on either side of the road. A sign in the middle of  
the road reads -- EMERGENCY AGRICULTURAL INSPECTION STATION.  
It isn't a criminal roadblock at all. The uniformed Agricul-  
ture Department agents see the approaching station wagon  
and step into the road, waving their arms casually to warn  
them. The station wagon barrels ahead, blowing its HORN.  
The agents look at each other with terror and dive out of  
the way.

The station wagon smacks the sign and speeds across the  
border.

(CONTINUED)

## EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

The car pulls in and stops at the pumps. Ellen gets out and heads toward the station. A young ATTENDANT approaches the car as Clark gets out and stretches.

CLARK

Fill 'er up, no-lead.

## EXT. GAS PUMPS

Clark is chatting with the Attendant as he fills the tank.

CLARK

Say, any state troopers been through here lately?

ATTENDANT

You expecting one?

CLARK

(nervous)

No, no! I thought maybe they were through here looking for, say, a guy who robbed a motel.

ATTENDANT

(suspicious)

Did you rob a motel?

CLARK

Me? Why, hell no. Why would I rob a motel? Me? Hey, Russ, would I rob a motel?

Rusty looks out of the car.

RUSTY

I don't know, Dad. You said...

CLARK

(cuts Rusty off)

You know, it's funny you would say that because just yesterday I said to my wife... where is my wife?

(calls)

Ellen!

(to Attendant)

I'll let her tell you. It's, ah...

He clears his throat and pats the pump.

CLARK

(continuing)

Say! You don't have any steel-belted radials, do you?

ATTENDANT

Sure thing.

The Attendant goes inside and Clark speeds away without paying for the gas.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER - EST.

The car cruises through the desert.

INT. CAR

Clark looks back over the seat.

CLARK

Rusty! Up and at 'em!

Rusty stirs and wakes. Edna is leaning against him. He's as crabby as everyone else and pushes Edna over on Audrey.

RUSTY

(grouchy)

What?

CLARK

Crack open those sandwiches I got at the gas station. I'm so hungry I could eat a sandwich from a gas station.

Ellen turns in the seat.

ELLEN

There's one for everybody, including Auntie. Rusty, can you wake her up? She needs to eat and take her pill.

CLARK

Let her sleep, for Christ's sake! Wake her up and we'll have to listen to her all the way to Lake Havasu.

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

She's been quiet as a church mouse  
since we left the motel.

Audrey wakes up. She shoves Aunt Edna off her and into  
Rusty.

AUDREY

Get off me!

RUSTY

Mom! Tell Audrey to quit pushing  
Aunt Edna on me.

AUDREY

I'm sick of her laying on me all  
the time.

Ellen reaches around and swats Audrey's leg. She starts to  
cry.

ELLEN

Oh, be quiet!  
(looks at Aunt  
Edna)  
Auntie!

CLARK

Ellen, we're going to be in Tucson  
in a few hours. Let her be! She's  
fine.

Ellen shakes Aunt Edna's knee.

ELLEN

(worried)  
She's not fine!

CLARK

Don't be silly.

ELLEN

She's not fine, Big Mouth! She's  
dead!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rusty and Audrey scream. Clark loses control of the car. Clark yells. It's chaos. Rusty and Audrey scramble over the seat into the front. Clark slams on the brakes.

EXT. CAR

The car jerks onto the highway shoulder and GRINDS to a halt. The luggage flies off the roof. The emergency flashers go on.

SUPER: GRAND CANYON

EXT. CAR

The family flies out of the car. Audrey and Rusty are shrieking.

AUDREY

She breathed on me! A dead person  
breathed on me!

RUSTY

Her hand touched me! She's stiff  
already!

They begin furiously rubbing their hands and arms. Clark comes around the side of the car and kicks up a cloud of dust. He pounds his fist on the car hood.

CLARK

Well, goddammit, anyway!

Ellen gets out of the car.

ELLEN

She must have passed away somewhere  
near Tuba City. What are we going  
to do, Clark?

CLARK

(thinks)

We could leave her here and the  
first phone we pass, we can call  
your cousin, Normie, and he can  
come and get her.

He smiles, pleased with the suggestion. Ellen turns to him viciously scolds him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

You are the coldest, meanest...

CLARK

What do you want me to do, call  
Federal Express?

AUDREY

(pleads)

Mom, we don't have to ride with  
a dead person, do we? Please say  
we don't.

RUSTY

(looking up)

It would be easy for cousin Normie  
to find her. All he'd have to do is  
look for the buzzards.

CLARK

Well, hell. Then let's take her to  
Normie's for Pete's sake. I just  
don't want to get caught up in funeral  
and inquests and all that crap.

ELLEN

You are the lowest, most selfish scum.

Clark glares at Ellen. He breathes heavily and shakes  
a finger at her.

CLARK

Don't say anything you'll regret.  
I'm being practical. If we drove  
straight through, we'd have three  
days at Walley World, at best. Three  
days.

(thinking aloud)

She can't weigh more than a hundred  
pounds...

He looks up at the roof of the car, then at Edna. Ellen  
watches and catches on to what he's thinking of doing.

ELLEN

Oh, no. No, Clark. You can't put  
her up on the roof.

AUDREY

Yes, he can!

(CONTINUED)



CLARK

You want me to strap her to the hood? What's the difference. She'll be fine. It's not like it's going to rain or anything.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The car approaches and PASSES CAMERA. We see a familiar form sitting on top of the luggage with a blanket wrapped over it.

INT. CAR

The kids are in the back seat, pressed against the doors so as not to sit where Edna had been sitting. Clark tries to cheer up the family.

CLARK

Hey, guys! Let's play 'I Spy!'

RUSTY

Dad? It's dark. How can we see what you spy?

AUDREY

Mom? I can still smell Aunt Edna. It's making me sick!

RUSTY

Hey, Dad? Do you think it's possible for there to be such a thing as a haunted station wagon?

ELLEN

Rusty! Stop it! Show some respect!

Clark turns his head back quickly and feigns fear.

CLARK

(great drama)

Listen... shh! Hear it?

RUSTY

(wide-eyed)

What?

CLARK

Shh!

(pause)

Ah! It's footsteps on the roof!

The kids scream and try to jump in the front seat. Clark is bumped and the car swerves. Oncoming headlights flood the car and HORNS BLAST.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

SUPER: LAKE HAVASU CITY

Rain pours down in sheets as the station wagon creeps along a subdivision street. Lightning flashes, silhouetting the draped figure of Aunt Edna on the roof. She looks like a ghost riding on the luggage rack. Clark hangs out his broken window, trying to read house numbers.

CLARK

There it is!

The station wagon pulls in the drive of a small adobe tract house. Clark gets out and runs up to the porch. Ellen follows, holding the map over her head to protect what's left of her hairdo. Clark RINGS the doorbell.

ELLEN

Clark? Don't just blurt it out about Edna dying.

CLARK

(sarcastic)

How about if I ask him to play 'Twenty Questions?'

He RINGS the doorbell again. He waits a moment and then KNOCKS. Then he POUNDS.

CLARK

(continuing)

Aw, for Christ's sake! He's not home!

ELLEN

Maybe the neighbors know where he is.

CLARK

(disgusted; angry)

The moron knows we're coming and he isn't even home!

ELLEN

Normie's always been flighty.

CLARK

He's always been a jag-off.

ELLEN

Will you watch your mouth!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clark finds a note taped to the door.

CLARK  
(reading aloud)  
Have gone to Flagstaff. Be back  
on Monday.

Clark kicks the front door and storms off the porch.

EXT. NORMIE'S PATIO - LATER

Clark carries the bundled form between the houses to the patio. Ellen shepherds the kids behind, holding a golf umbrella over them.

ELLEN  
(loud whisper)  
We can't leave Aunt Edna on the  
patio!

CLARK  
(loud whisper)  
Should I slip her in the night  
deposit box at the funeral home?

Clark sets the grisly bundle down in a patio rocking chair and then realizing what he's just done, shivers with revulsion. He lifts the blanket that's wrapped around Edna and gives it to Ellen. He ties Edna to the chair with a clothesline with Rusty's help.

ELLEN  
Clark, it's raining all over her.

RUSTY  
She can't catch a cold now, Mom.

ELLEN  
(sniffles)  
I hope you kids have learned something about life and... death.

AUDREY  
Yeah. Don't die unless somebody's home.

Clark steps back from Edna.

CLARK  
Let's bow our heads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The family bows their heads. The rain pours down. The wind STIRS and rocks the rocking chair. Clark leads the brief service in the only way he knows how.

CLARK

Dear Gawd, ease our suffering in this our moment of deepest despair. Yea! Admit into your heavenly paradise this good and descent member of thy flock who never swerved from the path of righteousness.

The family looks up at Clark as he delivers the prayer. They're puzzled and confused by what's gotten into him.

CLARK

(continuing)

She who lived by the example set forth by your dear son, Jesus, during his brief tenure on this our beloved planet Earth. Yea! The Hindus speak of Karma...

ELLEN

(interrupts)

Clark?

Clark turns to her, his arms still raised to the sky. Ellen takes a step forward. She's peeved.

ELLEN

(continuing)

This is a serious matter. I'll do it myself.

CLARK

I'm sorry that I'm not an ordained minister, honey. But I'm doing my best.

Ellen sighs and takes over for him. She looks heavenward.

ELLEN

Lord? We loved this woman and we hope that you have mercy on her soul.

AUDREY

Let's not go overboard, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

(continuing)

We know she deserves better than this but this is all we can give because my husband wants to get to Walley World in time for his beloved family to have their vacation. I hope you understand. Have mercy on his soul.

CLARK

Amen, let's go.

They run to the car and leave.

INT. CAR - LATER

Clark is puffing on a cigarette. Rain is pouring in the broken window on him. He holds the cigarette out of the spray.

CLARK

I think Normie'll understand when he reads the note we pinned on Edna's sleeve.

ELLEN

Sure, Clark. What's not to understand? You left his dead Mother tied to a lawn chair in his backyard. I'm sure he won't mind.

He turns back to the kids.

CLARK

Look. It's all over and done with. We'll find somewhere to stay for the night and then we'll start fresh in the morning.

Ellen looks back at them. Audrey starts to cry.

AUDREY

I don't want to be in the car anymore. I want to go home. I don't want to go to Walley World!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Clark? Under the circumstances, I wouldn't mind if we just went home. In retrospect it seems like a pretty bad idea driving out. It's been one disaster after another.

RUSTY

It's been a drag, Dad.

AUDREY

Maybe we can try it again some other time. Walley World's over-rated anyway.

Clark guns the engine.

ELLEN

(nervously)

What do you think?

CLARK

(snaps around)

I think you're all fucked in the head. We're ten hours from the fucking fun park and you want to bail out! Well, I'll tell you something! This is no longer a vacation. It's a quest! It's a quest for fun! I'm going to have fun and you're going to have fun, too. We're all going to have so much fucking fun, we'll need plastic surgery to remove our goddamn smiles! Your gonna be whistling zippitty do-dah out of your assholes.

He throws the wagon in gear and pulls out. The car vibrates and wobbles from the four different size tires.

CLARK

(babbling angrily  
to himself)

I gotta be crazy. I'm on a pilgrimage to see a moose.

(laughs)

Praise Marty Moose!

(continuing; to Ellen)

Honey? Remind me to hang myself when we get home. I'll be having so much fun I'll probably forget...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. Ellen stares in horror at Clark. Audrey lights a joint.

RUSTY

Dad? Do you want an aspirin or something?

EXT. HIGHWAY

The car wobbles violently down the highway. We hear a THUNDERCLAP.

EXT. NORMIE'S PATIO

There is a lightning flash, rain pours down on Edna's face. Suddenly her eyes open. She wakes up and realizes she's tied to a chair.

AUNT EDNA

(she struggles against  
the clothesline)

That's two, Clark.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Another chain motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Clark is laying on the bed smoking a cigarette. Ellen is in the bathroom starting to run a bath.

INT. BATHROOM

ELLEN

(angry)

Next time you have one of your outbursts, I'd appreciate it if you'd have some consideration for your kids!

CLARK

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

You don't know?

CLARK

All I know is, I'm trying my best to treat my family to a little fun.

ELLEN

Spare me, Clark. I know your brand of family fun. Tomorrow you'll kill the desk clerk, hold up a McDonalds and drive us a thousand miles out of our way to see the world's largest ball of mud.

CLARK

You have an uncanny knack for looking at the dark side of things, Ellen. That's your whole problem.

Clark stands up and grabs the ugly white shoes Eddie gave him off the bed and slips them on.

CLARK

(continuing)

You wouldn't know a good time if it came up and bit you!

Ellen stares icily at him. He walks to the door.

ELLEN

Where're you going?

CLARK

What do you care?

He walks out and slams the door.

EXT. MOTEL WALKWAY - SAME TIME

Clark closes their door. The next room door opens and an obvious hooker wearing a halter, underpants and garter belt peaks out at Clark.

HOOKER

Hey, Cowboy. You wanna have a party? You're looking fine tonight.

CLARK

You couldn't afford it, honey.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He walks on toward the bar, leaving her baffled. She closes her door.

INT. MOTEL LOUNGE

Clark is sitting at one of the half dozen booths. A LOCAL GIRL is singing and accompanying herself on the electric piano. Clark's nursing a beer and feeling sorry for himself. He looks up and jumps.

CLARK'S POV

The Girl, the mystery woman with the Ferrari, is standing at his table. She gives Clark a sexy smile.

GIRL

Waiting for someone?

Clark regains his composure. He makes a quick decision.

CLARK

You.

The Girl slides into the booth with Clark.

GIRL

(teases him)

Having a nice little family vacation?

CLARK

(laughs nervously)

It would appear so, wouldn't it?

The truth is...

(makes up something)

This is highly confidential.

The Girl nods, going along with what she rightly perceives as a big lie.

CLARK

(continuing)

I own this motel. In fact, I own the whole chain, nationwide. Twenty-two hundred units. Once a year I travel across the country, incognito, to see how the operation is running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL

Oh. I thought you were going to say you were working for the CIA.

Clark chuckles.

CLARK

That's an old bit, huh?

GIRL

Really.

CLARK

No, I'm not with the CIA. I was. But that was many years ago. I don't talk about it much. I'm more interested in my motels, really... And my airline.

GIRL

Where're you headed next?

CLARK

The Orient. Corporate jet's waiting in L.A.

GIRL

You have hotels in the Orient?

CLARK

Motels.

GIRL

That's great.

CLARK

I'm just trying to have a little fun.

GIRL

It's too bad you're married. I'm in the mood for some fun.

She finishes his beer.

CLARK

Married? Oh, those people I'm with? That's my brother's family. I borrow them on these inspection tours of mine. They sort of complete the disguise. It's fun for them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL

It's a good disguise. I like the station wagon effect.

CLARK

Well, that's a big part of it. To be convincing I have to look and act like an ordinary jerk. Stop at all the stupid sights, look like a fool.

GIRL

Basically be like you are.

CLARK

Yeah. Like my disguise?

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - LATER

Clark and the Girl walk across the courtyard, continuing their conversation.

CLARK

My credo, if I have to have a credo, is, "go for it". We only go around this crazy merry-go-round once.

The Girl stops at the edge of the pool and without hesitation, yanks off her top, drops her jeans and dives into the pool. Clark's eyes bulge as suddenly six or seven fond fantasies come to life.

GIRL

Wow! This feels great.

She pulls her hair back and takes an exhilarated breath.

GIRL

(continuing)

Well? Are you going to "go for it?"

Clark is faced with the challenge of living up to his lies.

CLARK

Umm... Here?

GIRL

For starters, sure. What's wrong? Don't you swim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

Oh, sure. I took third in the state semi-finals, senior year in high school. Yeah, sure, I swim.  
(talks himself into it)

I'm completely at ease in water.

He starts to unbutton his shirt.

CLARK

I'm proficient in a number of strokes and...

He whips off the shirt and kicks off the white loafers.

CLARK

(continuing)  
... I dive. I had Olympic diving aspirations.

He drops his drawers, revealing big boxer shorts.

CLARK

(continuing)  
I'll be right there.

He turns away from her and drops his shorts.

CLARK

(continuing; to himself)  
This is crazy. This is crazy.  
This is crazy.

ANGLE - GIRL

She watches Clark with amusement and a concealed smile.

CLARK

How's the water?

GIRL

Exhilarating.

ANGLE - CLARK

He stands at the edge of the pool, one hand protecting his modesty, the other over his head. He makes a one-handed dive into the pool. A beat and he bursts out of the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK  
JEEEEEE-SSSSSUS! COLD! COLD! FUCK!

His booming voice echos in the closed courtyard. Lights go on all over. People come out of their rooms to see what the screaming's all about.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Ellen's reading in bed. She sits up with a puzzled look on her face.

ELLEN  
Clark?

She gets out of bed and hurries to the door.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM, DOOR

Ellen opens the door, walks to the balcony rail and looks down.

ELLEN  
CLARK!!

ANGLE - CLARK

He's at the side of the pool trying to reach his clothes without getting out of the water. The Girl's laughing. Clark turns and waves to Ellen.

CLARK  
Hi, honey!

ELLEN  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

CLARK  
(big, guilty smile)  
Swimming?

He thinks of an excuse as quickly as he can.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK (CONT'D)

My back's been killing me. I thought a swim would relax the muscles. I didn't want to unpack the car just to get a bathing suit. And guess what? This person, here...  
 (points to the Girl)  
 ... was in here and I didn't see this person and that's why I yelled. I was so surprised. You can imagine. Can't you? Ellen? Hon?

O.S. the motel room door slams. Clark realizes what he's done. He turns to the Girl.

CLARK

Can you excuse me?

GIRL

If you gotta go.

He pulls himself out of the water and duck walks over to his clothes.

CLARK

You're very attractive and you shouldn't feel bad about this.

Clark slips on his boxers.

CLARK

If I weren't married, I'd stay, but I am. I hope I didn't spoil your evening. Good night. Enjoy the rest of your trip.

He heads for the balcony stairs. The Girl waves goodbye.

GIRL

You, too.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY

Audrey and Rusty are leaning over railing watching as Clark dresses. Audrey is wearing dark, round sunglasses and smoking a joint.

AUDREY

I can't believe this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSTY

Audrey, you're a dork. Put that out. You're not even inhaling.

AUDREY

So? So maybe I don't want to.

She turns and bumps into the door to their room. She takes off the glasses, opens it, and goes in. Rusty, alone now, glances to his left and sees the Hooker looking him over.

HOOKER

Hey, Cowboy. Wanna have a party?

RUSTY

Where?

HOOKER

In my bed.

RUSTY

Who's coming?

HOOKER

Just you.

Rusty disappears into her room just as Clark rounds the corner.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Clark peeks in. Ellen's in the bed. Clark feels miserable. He steps in and closes the door.

CLARK

Ellen? Honey? Are you mad?

Ellen looks up. She looks hurt.

ELLEN

Do you like that girl? Is that what you want?

CLARK

(sitting next to her  
and stroking her hair)

Oh no, no, no, no, honey. You, you...  
think I could like a girl like that?  
I love you. I'm sorry about everything.  
I was mad because you were right and  
I knew it. I was hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wraps his arms around her and holds her tight.

ELLEN

I'm sorry, Clark. I know it's not all your fault, and I know you're trying. And I'm going to try too. I do know how to have fun, and I'm going to prove it. Come on.

She takes his hand and leads him out of the room.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD, POOL

Ellen has lead Clark to the edge of the pool. She starts disrobing.

CLARK

Oh, no, Ellen. You don't have to prove anything to me, honey! Really.

ELLEN

No, Clark. I just want us to have some fun together.

She is naked and goes to the edge.

CLARK

Please don't! Ellen, the water's very...

She dives in giggling, surfaces faster than she entered, and screams.

ELLEN

Jeesus, Christ, Coold!

Once again, lights go on all over. People come out of their rooms to see what the screams are all about. Clark looks up at them angrily.

CLARK

What's the matter with you people. You've never seen anybody swim before?! Go back to your rooms! Leave us alone!

He jumps in. The people leave, muttering.



## EXT. MOTEL BALCONY

Audrey, Rusty and the Hooker watch in total amazement as Clark and Ellen splash around in the pool yelling expletives.

## EXT. FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

The car creeps along in rush hour traffic.

## SUPER: ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

CLARK (V.O.)

Almost there. Everybody ready? Any  
minute now. Whoopee!

The car turns at an off-ramp where a sign reads: "Walley World  
Next Three Exits".

## EXT. WALLEY WORLD, MOOSE CASTLE - MORNING

The spires of the Moose Castle rise from the vast amusement  
park. The wobbling, wounded station wagon limps into frame  
heading for the park.

## INT. CAR

The Griswolds are invigorated. The journey suddenly seems  
worth the sacrifice and suffering.

CLARK

(proudly)

We made it.

(tears)

We made it, dammit! We made it  
to Walley World.

The kids lean over the seat and kiss their parents. Clark  
takes Ellen's hand.

CLARK

The Griswold's are one hell of  
a family.

ALL

(singing)

"We're here because we're here..."

## EXT. WALLEY WORLD, PARKING LOT

The station wagon rolls into the massive, empty parking lot, makes a sweeping turn and parks in the last row of spaces, a good six hundred yards from the entrance. The family gets out.

ELLEN

(puzzled)

We're so far away, Clark.

CLARK

Right, and when this lot is full of cars and everybody's fighting to get out of here at the same time, we'll be the first one's out. Why? Because we're the Griswolds.

They get out. Clark looks up. He looks at Rusty, and with an impetuous twinkle in his eye, he slaps Rusty on the back in a challenge.

CLARK

(continuing)

Race you to the entrance?!

Clark and Rusty take off in a sprint.

CLARK AND RUSTY: SLOW MOTION

They pound across the pavement to the music from "Chariots of Fire". As they approach the park entrance, their expressions of joy turn first to puzzlement, then to shock.

## CLARK'S POV

Standing before the gate is a huge, larger-than-life statue of Marty Moose in overalls with a tool belt, holding a sign: "Sorry Folks! We're Closed For Two Weeks To Clean And Repair America's Favorite Family Fun Park!!"

## ANGLE - THE FAMILY

Their faces are frozen in disbelief. An insane rage is building in Clark as he pushes a button on Marty Moose which reads, "Push Me".

MARTY MOOSE

A recording of Marty Moose's cheerful voice plays repeating the exact same message we have just read. Clark's fist smashes into Marty's adorable face, tearing off his head.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The station wagon flies out of the parking lot into the street, bottoms out, turns hard and roars off, dragging the muffler.

INT. CAR

Ellen and the kids are staring at Clark as he speeds.

CLARK

(to himself)

We watch his goddamn television program every Sunday night. We buy his cheap merchandise. We go to his shit movies. He owes us. He owes the Clark W. Griswolds!

(to Ellen)

Right? Fuckin-A right he owes us!

ELLEN

(worried)

What are you going to do, Clark?  
You're scaring me.

CLARK

Don't be scared. We're just going to get our buck's worth of entertainment out of Mr. Walley, that's all.

EXT. GAS STATION

The station wagon flies into a gas station and grinds to a halt. Clark jumps out.

CLARK

(to the attendant)

Fill 'er up!

(to Ellen)

Figure the mileage. I'll be right back!

Clark races across the street, dodging cars, and dashes into a sporting goods store. BRAKES SCREECH, HORNS HONK.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

The station wagon barrels down a palm tree-lined street.

SUPER: BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

An old pickup truck is parked at the curb. A wooden sign reads -- "MAPS TO THE STARS HOMES \$3.00." The station wagon pulls up fast behind it and locks up the brakes. The OLD MAN who owns the truck jumps out of the way.

CLARK

You got Roy Walley's house on your map?

OLD MAN

Sure do!

CLARK

Take a check?

OLD MAN

Ah, sorry, no checks.

CLARK

Okay.

Clark reaches into a white store bag and pulls out a pistol with a price tag dangling from it. He trains it on the Old Man.

CLARK

(continuing)

Give me the map or you'll be sporting a third nostril.

The Old Man hands the map to Clark.

CLARK

(continuing)

Thanks much.

The station wagon peels away.

INT. CAR

Clark spreads the map out across his knees and traces down the streets with the barrel of the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSTY

Is that a real gun, Dad?

CLARK

A real pellet gun, but it'll put  
a pretty good dent in your ass.

Ellen is figuring the final reading on the gas mileage.

ELLEN

Honey? I figured out our gas  
mileage.

Clark looks up from the road and the map.

ELLEN

(continuing)

Three point nine miles per gallon.

Clark stares blankly.

CLARK

You sure?

ELLEN

It might be a little lower...

CLARK

Close your eyes!

Clark reaches the gun under the dash and fires. "PING!"  
There's an electrical short.

EXT. ROY WALLEY ESTATE - SAME TIME

A stately Beverly Hills mansion, iron gate, winding drive,  
meticulous grounds. The station wagon pulls up to the gate  
and a Security Guard steps out to greet them.

GUARD

Can I help you, sir?

CLARK

(ultra-polite)

Yes. We're here to see Mr. Walley.  
Mr. Roy Walley.

GUARD

And your names, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK  
The Clark W. Griswolds.

GUARD  
Pardon me?

CLARK  
(suddenly cold and  
businesslike)  
Pardon you. Clark W. Griswold.

GUARD  
One moment, sir.

The Guard steps into the guard house and picks up a phone.

INT. CAR

ELLEN  
(whispering)  
Clark. This is way off. I'm  
begging you. Please don't do this.

CLARK  
(quietly controlled  
now)  
Kids?? Don't you want to meet  
Roy Walley?

AUDREY  
Sure, Dad. You bet.

EXT. CAR

The Guard returns.

GUARD  
I'm sorry, Mr. Griswolds. This is  
a private residence. You'll have to  
contact Roy Walley Enterprises on any  
working day from nine to five-thirty.  
Here's a card with the numbers.

Clark takes the card politely.

CLARK  
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He floors it and the car blasts through the iron gates.

EXT. WALLEY MANSION GATES

The windshield blows out, iron shrapnel flies. The wagon grinds up the winding drive, scraping the brick wall alongside the drive in a shower of sparks ripping up plantings, toppling flower urns.

EXT. WALLEY PATIO - SAME TIME

ROY WALLEY, a rotund man in his late sixties, in suit and tie, is having a business meeting on the patio with several of his ASSOCIATES. They look up and toward the side of the house. Suddenly a pair of guard dogs and a GARDNER break through the hedge, rips through the garden and heads for the Men. They scatter. The wagon SCREECHES to a halt on the patio, the ENGINE GROWLING. Clark jumps out and drops to his knees with the pistol held in two hands.

CLARK

Freeze!

Walley and his Associates freeze in their tracks.

CLARK

(continuing)

Roy Walley?

Walley raises his hand.

CLARK

(continuing)

You Walley?

WALLEY

(nods in terror)

Y-yes. Please don't shoot.

CLARK

I'm Clark W. Griswold, Jr. This is my wife, Ellen...

Ellen gets out of the car and waves politely.

ELLEN

How do you do. I've seen you on television.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

And my kids, Audrey and Rusty.  
Okay, we're from Chicago and  
we've just been through hell to  
get out here and visit your fun  
park.

WALLEY

Please, be my guests...

Clark pulls the hammer back. Walley shuts up.

CLARK

We ruined a brand new car, killed  
a dog, lost clothes, luggage, golf  
clubs and an aunt. We were cheated,  
robbed, threatened. But I'm not  
going to cry on your damn shoulder.  
The point is, Mr. King of Family  
Entertainment, when we got to your  
friggin' fun park, it was closed!

WALLEY

We always...

CLARK

Shut your face! So, I figure you  
owe me.

WALLEY

Name your figure, sir.  
(to an Associate)  
Hank, get Mr. Griswold a check --

CLARK

I don't want money, pal. I want  
what we came for! Family entertainment,  
Roy Walley-style. So, you fellas put  
your creative heads together and give us  
a little or you're going to remember  
Clark Griswold each and every time you  
take a leak!

Walley looks to his Associates. The terrified Men are thinking  
as fast as they can.

WALLEY

Okay, uh... how about, ah...  
(starts to talk like  
Marty Moose, silly  
falsetto)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WALLEY  
 (continuing)  
 ... Uh, uh, howdy boys and girls,  
 moms and dads, uh, uh, welcome to  
 Walley World!

Clark scoots up on the hood of the car. Ellen and the kids  
 scoot up as Walley and his Men start to dance.

WALLEY  
 (continuing)  
 Uh, uh, this is a routine for our  
 new motion picture, 'Moosein' Around.'

Walley's four Associates start to sing and dance around the  
 pool. Walley follows singing as well. Grown Men acting like  
 cartoon moose to save their lives.

ASSOCIATES  
 'M' is for merry. We're merry,  
 you see!

WALLEY  
 'O' is for Oh, gosh! Oh, golly!  
 'O', gee!

ASSOCIATES  
 'S' is for super-swell family glee!

WALLEY  
 'E' is for everything you want to be!

ASSOCIATES  
 What's that spell?

On cue the family shouts:

FAMILY  
 Marty Moose!

WALLEY  
 (cartoon voice)  
 H-yuck! That's me!

EXT. FRONT OF THE MANSION

Beverly Hills police CARS ROAR up the drive. SWAT TEAMS jump  
 out. The police spread out around the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. PATIO - SAME TIME

Walley and his Associates have their pants rolled up to their knees. Their jackets are on their heads, sleeves tied in the shape of antlers. They are standing in line with their hands on each others hips singing excellent four-part harmony in chipmonk-like voices. They actually seem to be enjoying themselves, as are one or two Servants and Security People. When they finish, there is applause, and Roy excitedly suggests another tune.

WALLEY

(to his Associates)

Ooo, ooo! Remember the one from "Moosefeathers?" How the hell does that go?

He starts humming to himself in a cartoon voice.

WALLEY

(continuing)

Freddy? You start it.

SWAT TEAM

A small group of Police Commandos burst on the scene.

COP

Freeze!

Everyone freezes, including Roy and the Boys. The Cop looks at Clark, who no longer is holding the pistol, and then at Walley and his Associates, and finally choose the latter.

COP

(continuing)

Okay, you guys! Let's go! Lie on the ground face down with your legs spread!

Other Cops start moving toward them.

CLARK

No, no! Hold on there. It's me you want, not Mr. Walley.

He takes the gun from his pocket and hands it to the Cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

(continuing)

I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Walley.  
It's probably hard for you to  
believe, but we're big fans of yours.  
It's just that we've had kind of a...  
disappointing trip. I guess I went  
a little haywire.

The Cop handcuffs Clark.

CLARK

(continuing; to Cop)

Can I have a word with my family?

COP

Make it short.

Clark walks back to the family. He kisses Audrey and Ellen  
and shakes Rusty's hand with his hands shackled behind his back.

CLARK

I just hope you had at least a  
few minutes of fun. I know I lost  
my temper, but it was for you guys.  
I love you with all my heart and I'd  
do anything for you. I just want  
you to know that.

ELLEN

You're a wonderful father. I don't  
care what society will think. We  
know, and that's all that counts.

RUSTY

Dad, a guy couldn't want a more  
excellent vacation.

AUDREY

I love you, Daddy. I promise I'll  
be extra good while you're in jail.

He embraces the bunch.

WALLEY

Wait a minute, Officer. I think  
there's been a little misunderstanding  
here. I don't think I'll be pressing  
any charges.

(to head Security  
Guard)

Pete, show these good men around for  
some Roy Walley chocolate moose, and  
whatever they'd like to drink.

(he winks)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cops release Clark, exit, and Roy joins the Griswolds.

ELLEN

Mr. Walley. That's so understanding of you. You're so nice. How can we ever repay you?

WALLEY

Monthly payments'll be fine.

The family laughs. Roy claps Clark on the back and roars with laughter.

WALLEY

(continuing)

I want to tell you about the vacation my wife and I took with our kids in 1958. Let me send for a car. I want to take you folks over to the park. I'm opening it up special for you.

The biggest smile breaks across their faces.

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

The family is reunited in the non-smoking section of a DC-10. They are clean and in fresh clothes. A new spirit. They are all wearing antler hats.

ELLEN

We'll have to put Mr. Walley on our Christmas card list.

CLARK

I can't believe he's paying for these tickets. I feel like such an idiot.

Ellen and Clark kiss. Rusty and Audrey are in the seats behind them listening to inflight music. A STEWARDESS addresses the Passengers over the PA.

STEWARDESS (O.C.)

Thank you for joining us this morning on our flight to Atlanta with continuing service to New York's LaGuardia airport. Our flying time will be...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clark looks at Ellen with alarm as the plane shoves off.

CLARK  
Did she say Atlanta?

Ellen looks at Clark.

ELLEN  
She did say Atlanta!

CLARK  
(frantic)  
Hey! Lady! We're on the wrong  
goddamn airplane!

EXT. RUNWAY

The plane taxis into position and begins takeoff. Clark shouts above the ROAR OF THE ENGINES.

CLARK  
Turn this son-of-a-bitch around!

The plane takes off into the sunset.

PILOT (O.C.)  
(over the radio;  
to the tower)  
This is 191 heavy to Los Angeles  
Center, we're eastbound to Atlanta  
with a cabin disturbance. Notify  
ground authorities. Over.

TOWER VOICE (O.C.)  
Roger, will do. Over.

THEME COMES UP.

FADE OUT.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE:

END CREDITS ROLL OVER VACATION SNAPSHOT PORTRAITS.

-- Family standing next to the station wagon, in front of  
their house.

(CONTINUED)

## CONTINUED:

- Family with Eddie, Catherine, Edna and the cousins.
- Family with Wyatt Earp in Dodge City.
- Dinky with his head out the window.
- Family with the mechanic and friends at the desert gas station.
- Family with two indians and a man on a camel.
- Family with Roy Walley and Beverly Hills Cops.
- Rusty with Audrey and the Hooker. A big smile on his face.
- Clark with his arm aound Ellen.

THE END