

O N T H E R O A D

by Jack Kerouac

Screenplay by

Francis Coppola and Michael Herr

Second Draft

FADE IN: EXT. AMERICAN LANDSCAPE - DUST

TRUCKING SHOT

GREYHOUND running perfectly in SLOW MOTION. It is built for running, all lungs and legs. It FREEZES and turns into the logo of a GREYHOUND BUS, that turns the corner and ROARS into the night.

INT: THE BUS - NIGHT

CLOSE VIEW - SAL PARADISE

Handsome, with dark hair and beautiful eyes. He's twenty-two years old and wears a merchant seaman's coat. He sits in the bus next to an OLD WOMAN who looks like a farmer's wife.

OTHERS

This is New York! Gosh, we're in New York.

SAL

We're still in the Bronx.

They all gawk out the windows.

WOMAN

Where are all the skyscrapers?

SAL looks out the window, then makes notes in a small nickle notebook. WHAT HE SEES: A multitude of NEGROES, fabulous and fantastic and thronging in the lights!

WOMAN

So many Negroes.

SAL

This is Harlem, lady.

FULL VIEW...THE GREYHOUND BUS Pulls through a magic universe of lights sparkling and throbbing with the intensity of a flash explosion. The Great White way itself.

INT. THE BUS - NIGHT The old woman strains to see.

WOMAN

Is this the end of New York?

SAL

Oh no, this is only Times Square.
We get off here, but the city goes
all the way down to Wall Street,
the financial district and the waterfront
and the bridges... and then
Brooklyn, across the river...

EXT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Sal gets off the bus, with his canvas bag over his
shoulder and a cigarette in his mouth. His hat pushed
back on his head, looking around and expecting everything
suddenly to happen.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

SAL PARADISE stands on the sidewalk in the thin drizzle
falling from dark skies.

SAL(V.O.)

What is this rain falling like
grace on this world, on our houses,
on our heads, what is this rain?

Liking the sound of this, he takes the notebook from his
pocket and scribbles it down. He looks about him at the
people passing by, the same people he had seen so many
times on similar streets:

WHAT HE SEES: Soldiers, sailors, panhandlers and drifters.
The young men who wash dishes in cafeterias from
coast to coast, the hitch-hikers, hustlers, the drunks.

VIEW ON SAL Walking quickly now, expansive... his eyes
full and in a reverie.

SAL(V.O.)

... All the cats and characters,
all the spicks and spades, Harlem-
drowned, street-drunk and slain,
crowded together, streaming back
and forth, looking for something,
waiting for something, forever moving
around.

VIEW ON THE STREET

The sudden garish sight of some incredible HOMOSEXUAL
flouncing by with effeminate shriek of general greeting
to everyone, anyone:

HOMOSEXUAL

I'm just so knocked out and you all
know it, you mad things!

CLOSE ON SAL Watching the girls walking in rhythmic pairs, the occasional whore in purple pumps and red raincoat whose passage down these sidewalks is always so sensational.

A TAXI pulls up to the curb in front of the Hotel Astor, a beautiful BLONDE WOMAN gets out and waves to a man wearing a Naval Officer's uniform waiting at the door.

BLONDE

Here I am, darling!

SAL looks soulfully, hungrily at her, sighs and moans softly.

VIEW ON A NEWSPAPER TRUCK moving in the rain, sweeping past SAL, REVEALING three young men strolling up the street. They are a strange trio: one is a hoodlum, one is a dope addict and the third is a poet. The hoodlum, JACK, is a sleek, handsome youngster from Tenth Avenue. The dope-addict, BULL LEE, is a thin, elegant man in his early thirties, a fallen aristocrat dressed in an old business suit and a grey fedora. The poet, CARLO MARX, only 19 years old, is wearing a strapped raincoat, a Paisley scarf, and dark-rimmed glasses with the air of an intellectual. He carries two slim volumes under his arm, the works of Rimbaud and W.H. Auden, and he smokes his cigarette stuck in a red holder.

(NOTE: From this point on, as the characters (particularly CARLO) speak, we see visual references to whatever and whomever they're talking about, as though the words can conjure images; as well as frequent glimpses of the life on the street beyond the window of Hector's Cafeteria.)

CARLO

Sal! Finally, you're back from your voyages. I've been thinking of you lately for some reason or other... actually it's probably because I've so much to tell you.

He holds up the Rimbaud.

CARLO

You've read this, haven't you?

SAL

(already overwhelmed by Carlo)
Yeah, yeah, I have. Many times.

BULL LEE

(wearily)

Why don't we go and sit down.
Let's sit in the cafeteria window
there and we can talk and keep our
eye on the street at the same time.
It's more economical that way.

INT. HECTOR'S CAFETERIA - NIGHT

They sit by the window, with coffee, and look out to the street.

VIEW OUT WINDOW The battered lonely young Negroes, the twinkling little Chinese, the dark Puerto Ricans. CARLO sticks a fresh cigarette into the holder and lights it avidly. SAL is three years older than CARLO and regards him with smiling indulgence, and great respect. BULL LEE'S mouth is turned down at the corners in a mask-like expression of weary indifference, compounded by junk need. He is wise in his own right.

CARLO

I've got so much to tell you. But listen, what's with you, you must tell me everything... What's been going on?

SAL

I came home because my father was sick. They'd just moved to Brooklyn, and he got worse and worse. And then he died.

BULL LEE

That's too bad, Sal. I'm very sorry. It's very different in my family. In my family, I'm the one who's considered by my father to be deceased.

SAL

My father was still sore because I quit college. We fought a lot the last two years. And he hated my friends. He thought you were all a bunch of bums.

CARLO can't help but be delighted by this. BULL LEE looks avidly out the window, and JACK THE HOODLUM sits silently, in his own world of criminal dreams.

CARLO

But Sal, what I really meant was, what's happening with you? With you? What are you thinking these days? What are you writing? What are you dreaming? Your vision, Sal. Please, you never give me information!

BULL LEE

Carlo, nobody questions for a moment that you're perfectly sincere, and a poet to your fingertips. But do you suppose you could stop talking for a few seconds and give Sal a chance to compose himself? My god, he's just returned from the sea. He's suffered a loss. He's trying to relax and enjoy himself... Anybody know what time it is?

They never really take their eyes off the life of the street, of the varieties of dungareed young Americans in leather jackets who are seamen and mechanics and garage-men everywhere.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: The occasional crooks and thieves and murderous hoodlums who pass in silent, arrogant, gum-chewing groups.

SAL

It's eight-thirty.

BULL LEE

Jesus Christ.

A woman's sneeze is heard, muffled and dainty, the sound going straight to SAL's heart like music. He turns to see an attractive YOUNG WOMAN sitting alone a few tables away. Oblivious to Sal and the others, to everyone in the room in fact, she takes a hankie from her handbag and with tremendous feminine delicacy she blows her nose, returns the hankie and snaps her purse shut. SAL is totally smitten.

SAL

Look, look at that wonderful girl there. See how discreetly she did that. She's so refined, so touching... And gallant, too, all alone

SAL(cont)
in this brutal city. Ah, man, a
girl like that...

CARLO smiles angelically, nods. JACK THE HOODLUM looks with hardboiled amusement at SAL, as though he were a child. SAL keeps looking at the GIRL.

JACK THE HOODLUM
Girls... I know a guy who's really
got a way with them. He's a pimp.

BULL LEE looks restlessly out at the pouring rain. Then he sees what he's apparently been looking for.

BULL LEE
I think I'll go get some air.

He leaves the table and walks out into the rain. SAL is confused by this. Suddenly JACK THE HOODLUM becomes uncharacteristically voluble; in fact almost psychopathically forthcoming.

JACK THE HOODLUM
Bull Lee's connection just went by outside, the guy he buys the dope from. I don't go for that stuff personally, it costs too much, you get all hung up on it, then you're sick all the time when you can't get it. I tried it once, it gave me a good kick, but then I got sick and I puked. I like to drink myself, to get lushed... Don't you? Listen, you know? I got something on the fire that if it comes out right I'll never have to worry about money again, I'll be all set, man. A plan, you know?

SAL
Are you telling me Bull Lee's an addict?

JACK THE HOODLUM has returned to silence, only smiling at Sal's surprised question.

CARLO
Yes, I was about to tell you, Bull Lee has dropped his old habits of psychoanalysis and jiu-jitsu and

CARLO(cont)

has begun his active participation in the phantasmagoria of modern life by - exactly! - acquiring a morphine habit. Don't you think it's perfect! I do.

SAL

Perfect?

CARLO

It all fits into the big picture, the great canvas of disintegration and sheer horror...

SAL

Well, I...

CARLO

While his wife, not to be left out, has picked up quite a habit of her own. With Jane it's Benzedrine. She spends all her time with her baby in her arms going from one drug store to the next, buying up all the nasal inhalers she can, and cracking them open for the benny strips inside.

We see JANE, a very good looking woman, her intelligent face somewhat ravaged by Benzedrine leaving a drug store with a brown paper bag, her baby son in her arms.

CARLO

She claims she can hear conversations taking place across the street. She heard the people talking in the apartment below them, and last month she heard them say they were going to call the police because of the peculiar comings and goings in Bull Lee's apartment. So Bull went down to have a word with them, and found out that they'd moved away. The apartment had been empty for a month... But I have a million things to tell you, and all of it fits into the picture, a great canvas of disintegration and sheer horror.

SAL

Carlo, man, what's all this? What is this new kick you're on?

CARLO

Why pretend that you don't believe me?

SAL

Because I don't. I believe that people will try and be decent...

CARLO

(laughing with excitement)
Well let them try, then. Look... Right across the street from here there's an amusement center... see it there? (points eagerly) It's called the Nickel-O, see the big sign? And there you have it, at around four in the morning, the final scenes of disintegrative decay: old drunks, whores, queers, all kinds of characters, hoods, junkies, all the castoffs of bourgeois society milling in there, with nothing to do really but just stay there, sheltered from the darkness as it were. In that dead green light, they look like Zombies...

VIEW IN THE POKERINO: THE NICKEL-O Across the street.
VIEW IN ON THE GAMES The characters hanging around. The games click and blink: the rows of skee-ball machines.

CARLO (O.S.)

...And when you go in there among all the children of the sad American paradise, you can only stare at them, with that sightless stare that comes from too much horror, because only a god could bear to really look at what's happening.

VIEW ON THE DERRICK MACHINE Pushing all the candy and goodies to the side, with nothing coming out.

VIEW ON THE FACES Playing Pokerino.

INT. THE CAFETERIA - NIGHT

SAL

It's just an arcade, Carlo. It's been there for years.

CARLO is almost jumping up and down.

CARLO

It's the great Molecular Comedown. Of course that's just my own whimsical name for it at the moment. It's really the atomic disease, the brand new virus of our age. It's death finally reclaiming life, the scurvy of the soul at last, a real medieval ghastliness, like the plague, only this time it will take everything, don't you see?

SAL

No, I don't see.

CARLO

You will eventually. Everybody is going to fall apart, disintegrate, people will get the hives right on their hearts, great crabs will cling to their brains...

SAL

Carlo...

CARLO

...their lungs will crumble. But now we only have the early symptoms, the true disease isn't really underway yet... Virus X.

SAL

(laughing)

Should I be taking you seriously?

CARLO

He-he! It's great! And whatever it is, I'm all for it. It may be a carnival of horror at first... but something strange and new and utterly beautiful will come of it, I'm convinced. (musing with perfect seriousness) But these are my own ideas, and I'm deviating from the conception we've all reached about

CARLO(cont)
the atomic disease. We all have it,
even you.

JACK THE HOODLUM stands, makes a hepcat gesture with his hand, a laugh without sound and a wordless So Long, and leaves.

SAL
(laughing)
Listen Carlo, why don't you go back
to becoming a radical labor leader.

CARLO
(grinning slyly)
Because this is no longer about
political movements. This is about
Art. And anyway, why do you have
to deny it? Really, now, I know
you, I can tell you have horrible
guilt-feelings, it's written all
over you, and you're confused by
it, you don't know what it is.
Admit it at least.

SAL
Admit what?

CARLO
Admit what you already told me
once: That you feel guilty of some-
thing, you feel unclean, you have
occasional visions of horror, of
feeling spiritual freakishness ...
don't you see, everybody feels like
that now.

SAL
I do have a feeling like that. (He
stammers, almost blushing)... that
is... of being guilty, but I don't
know, it's the war and everything..
I mean, things aren't like they
were before the war!

SAL feels deep inside him... afraid, that there is some
truth in Carlo's insane idea.

CARLO
Which reminds me, Sal, I wanted to
talk to you about this Alexander

CARLO(cont)

friend of yours, the poet in the Army who sends you his social conscience bleatings about the brotherhood of man.

SAL gives CARLO a strange look.

CARLO

Please, man, don't be offended by this. I completely understand and even appreciate your reverence for him... which is gone for a person like you. Really. It's just that I don't want you to confuse him with me, that's all.

SAL

Well, there really isn't much chance of that, Carlo. For one thing, Alexander's dead.

CARLO

Oh...

SAL

I just found it out when I got home.

CARLO

(deeply sincere)

Then I'm very sorry I spoke of it, very sorry.

SAL

That's alright.

CARLO

But now you must see, it all ties in. Death hovers over us like a new atmosphere, and the Nickel-O has become a great symbol among all of us, it's the place where the atomic disease was first noticed and from which it will spread, slowly and insidiously, that place there across the street. But never mind, I see a way out of all this ... a beautiful shining flower that never bloomed before, and I've seen it. I've met a cat like you've never seen before... The New Man.

SAL

New man?

CARLO

His name is Dean Moriarty... He's
a hero of the snowy west.

We see: EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY VIEW ON DEAN MORIARTY
Wearing greasy chino pants with a frayed fur-lined
jacket and beat shoes that flap.

CARLO (O.S.)

You're gonna really dig this guy,
Sal. There's nobody else like him.
He's an old friend of Chad King's.
He grew up in Denver, on Skid Row.
Raised himself in the streets. In
and out of reform school. Chad met
him in a pool hall.

VIEW - Poolball being shot. Standing behind DEAN is an
breathtakingly lascivious teenage GIRL.

VIEW ON A CAR The most fantastic parking lot attendant
in the world, DEAN backs a car forty miles an hour into
a tight squeeze, stops at the wall, snaps his fingers
then points them like pistols, mutters "Yes, Yes," jumps
out, races among fenders, leaps into another car.

CARLO (O.S.)

But he wasn't a bum like the other
guys. I mean he's smart, probably
smarter than any of us. We were
still in college and he was
already out there in the world,
living his life. He's read as much
as you or me, and all of it in
reform school libraries.

VIEW OF DEAN: Institutional library, leaving the
shelves with his arms full of books; in a room with
barred windows poring over a volume of Nietzsche, pump-
ing his arms up and down with excitement.

SAL

What was he in for?

CARLO

Mostly car theft. He said he stole
five hundred cars between 1940 and
1944.

SAL

Gee. What'd he do with them all?

CARLO

Absolutely nothing! That's the thing about this guy! He just drove them around and left them! For kicks, Sal! All for kicks!

We see teen DEAN driving a stolen convertible at eighty miles an hour, the LASCIVIOUS GIRL hugging him, her hair blowing madly. His smile is dazzling.

NEW VIEW DEAN circles the car fifty miles an hour in a narrow space, backs swiftly into tight spot.

CARLO (O.S.)

And the chicks, man, the chicks... They were all over him. Chad never saw him with the same one twice.

SAL (O.S.)

What's he doing here?

CARLO (O.S.)

Looking for kicks. And he's got Marylou with him.

New View. Hump! DEAN snaps the car with the emergency brake so that you see it bounce as he flies out.

SAL (O.S.)

Who's she?

CARLO (O.S.)

His wife, man. He married her when she was sixteen, right after he got out of jail. Actually, I think she was fifteen... Anyway, you've got to meet this man. We told him all about you, that you're a writer. About how you quit school and shipped out during the war.

EXT. NIGHT, TIMES SQUARE.

CARLO and SAL walking. CARLO lifts his face to the rain, smiling.

CARLO

Can you dig it, Sal? It's raining down pure spirit. We'd die without it.

SAL nods, surreptitiously takes his notebook out and scribbles something down. CARLO regards this happily. They move among the crowds.

CARLO

This is it, Sal. This is all of America.

SAL

Yeah? Where are the mountains?
And the wheatfields?

CARLO

Right here. Every river and road in the country runs here. All the poor haunted children of America flee here in their terrible longing. They need, they need so bad, and yet they don't know what they need.

SAL

And what do they need, Carlo?

CARLO

What all of us need... Nakedness and Poetry... All these poor lost people, who really only love each other deep down... Here they are elevated spiritually while they are degraded physically, do you see? They turn into angels here, in this terrible swamp.

SAL is incredibly moved; he looks deeply into CARLO's compassionate face.

CARLO returns the look, then puts his arm around him.

CARLO

Poor Sal. So many dead... Poor boy. All the evil skulls of the sad world are out for our skins.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. SUBWAY CAR.

We see a MAN of fifty or so and a LITTLE BOY staring across the aisle.

We see CARLO and SAL. Carlo has torn a big hole in a newspaper and is peeking through it; playfully as far as the LITTLE BOY is concerned, insanely, even menacingly, as far as the MAN is concerned. SAL looks wistfully at the two across the aisle.

LITTLE BOY

What's he doing, Grandpa?

GRANDFATHER

Just don't look at him. Don't pay any attention to him.

We see SAL, looking deeply into the man's face. We hear voices now, SAL and his father, GEORGE, followed briefly by images of the scene:

SCENE: The LIVING ROOM of the Paradise home.

GEORGE

What happened to you? You used to know some really nice fellas before you started hanging around with this bunch.

SAL

Aw Pop, there's nothing wrong with them. You don't know them.

GEORGE

They just don't seem to have anything on their minds...

SAL

They've got plenty on their minds.

GEORGE

Yeah, and I know what. A bunch of dope fiends, bums and fairies. You're right. I don't know them... But go ahead, since you're so sold on them.

SAL

I'm not sold on them.

GEORGE

No, no... you're sold on them alright. One hundred percent sold American!

SAL

Pop...

GEORGE

Listen, Sal, one thing, please,
son, promise me...

SAL

What?

GEORGE

Don't show them your notebooks!

SAL

(angry)

Oh for Christ's sake!

We hear a door slam in SAL's mind, but we're looking at the MAN and the BOY again.

The LITTLE BOY is laughing happily now at CARLO, who's making silly faces through the hole in his paper. The GRANDFATHER is red with embarrassment and outrage. The train stops at 72nd Street and the man grabs the boy and leaves the train, the boy objecting that this is not their stop.

CARLO

He knew. The child knew because he's pure. The man only knew his fear. (He laughs.) Imagine, so full of fear that he's afraid of me, and me so sweet! A nation can only exist by means of love. You can't look a man in the eye in America anymore without him thinking you're queer, or that you're going to hurt him.

SAL says nothing, watching the blur out the window; the lights in the car dim, and we see that his eyes are glistening with tears.

CARLO is reading aloud from Rimbaud:

CARLO

"Once, if I remember well, my life was a feast where all hearts opened and all wines flowed. One evening I seated Beauty on my knees. And I found her bitter, and I cursed her...."

SAL(V.O.)

The most beautiful idea on the face
of the earth is the idea the child
has, that his father knows every-
thing.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: The Paradise living room. SAL comes in,
sees his FATHER motionless in a chair.

SAL

Pop? Pop? Are you dead for God's
sake?

Refusing to believe it, he smooths his father's hair,
holds his cold face in his hands, kisses him on the
forehead.

SAL

Aw, you poor old man, you poor old
man... My father! Ruthey! Hurry
up Ruthey, for Christ's sake! Oh
somebody, hurry up! All of you!
Pop's dead! Pop's dead! What will
I do?

We fade back to the SUBWAY CAR, gently rocking, CARLO
still reading:

"Do I know nature yet? Do I know
myself? - No more words - I bury
the dead in my belly. Shouts,
drums, dance, dance, dance, dance!
I cannot even see the time when,
white men landing, I shall fall
into nothingness.

Hunger, thirst, shouts, dance,
dance, dance, dance!..."

SAL nods, moved; but he's still absorbed in his saddest
memory, while the car of the train darkens as though
entering a tunnel.

We see the WHITE LINE of a NIGHT HIGHWAY.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS.

We hear ROADSOUNDS; tires hissing, the distant honk of

horns, the gears of giant trucks shifting, the faraway sound of railroad whistles, then the wild cry of CHARLIE PARKER'S SAXOPHONE.

SAL(V.O.)

I first met Dean Moriarty not long after the death of my father. I had just gotten over a serious illness that I won't bother to talk about, except to say that it had something to do with my father, and with the friends of mine who never came back from the war, and the feeling I had in those days that everything was really dead.

With the coming of Dean Moriarty began the part of my life you could call my life on the road. Before, I'd often dreamed of going West to see the country, always vaguely planning and never taking off.

INT. LATE NIGHT. DEAN'S FLAT.

DEAN MORIARTY staring out through the crack of the door.

DEAN

(grinning)

Well, well, Carlo. Carlo Marx.

DEAN opens the door wide, revealing himself to be dressed only in a towel, without any trace of self-consciousness.

Behind him a beautiful young girl, MARYLOU, practically naked, jumps off the couch and runs into the other room.

DEAN

Good to see you boys. Come on in.
Yes, that's right, that's right...

CARLO and SAL shuffle into the room; CARLO seems uncharacteristically abashed in front of DEAN, who's like a young Gene Autry... trim, thin-hipped, blue-eyed, with a real Oklahoma accent.

CARLO

Dean, this is Sal Paradise, the guy we told you about. Sal, meet Dean Moriarty, a hero of the snowy west.

DEAN

(extending his hand)

Glad to meet you, Sal. Never did meet a real writer before.

SAL

(shaking hands)

Never met a hero of the snowy west before.

Something passes between them, a version of deep attachment at first sight. And although CARLO is smiling, there's a response from him that is less than happy.

MARYLOU comes out of the bedroom, wearing a sexy red robe. She greets the boys with her best honey-faced smile.

MARYLOU

Hi, fellas.

DEAN

Marylou, darlin, go in the kitchen and make us all some breakfast. Will you do that, darlin?

MARYLOU smiles and goes into the kitchen.

CARLO gives DEAN an intense stare from which Dean does not shrink. In shaking hands, he sits down at the couch with Dean; almost as though they are holding hands.

VIEW ON SAL Noticing the connection.

CARLO

I've been telling Sal about you.

DEAN

Man, man, here I am with a poet and a writer! I don't know how you do it. Wow, there's so many things to do, so many things to write about! How do you even begin to get it all down without getting all hung up on, like, literary inhibitions and grammatical fears?

CARLO

It's difficult, but it's easy too. It all depends on what you have in mind, what you want to say.

DEAN

(slaps his hand loud on the table)
Haw! But that's just it, man. I
want to say everything!

CLOSE UP. SAL Letting his cigarette burn down in his
mouth, fascinated.

DEAN

Now, the time has come for us to
decide what we're going to do for
the week. Crucial, crucial. Oh,
yes. Oh, yes. Oh, man the things I
could tell you, you being a writer
and all. Oh, man we must abso-
lutely find the time!

MARYLOU, with immense ringlets of hair like a sea of
golden tresses, sits there on the edge of the couch with
her hands hanging in her lap, playing with her hair, and
then SAL's hair.

SAL turns and looks at her. She smiles, her smoky blue
country eyes fixed in a wide stare, and waits like a
longbodied emaciated Modigliani surrealist woman in a
serious room. SAL moves a bit further away from her.

DEAN

(to Marylou)

Now, darling, here we are in New
Yo-k and although I haven't quite
told you everything that I was
thinking about when we crossed Mis-
souri and especially at the point
when we passed the Booneville Re-
formatory which reminded me of my
jail problem, it is absolutely nec-
essary now to postpone all those
leftover things concerning our per-
sonal lovethings and at once begin
thinking of specific worklife
plans.

MARYLOU

But Dean...

DEAN

In other words we've got to get on
the ball, darling, what I'm saying,
otherwise it'll be fluctuating and
lack of true knowledge or crystal-
lization of our plans.

The VIEW LOOSENS. WILD BE-BOP MUSIC UP

INT. NIGHT.

SAL'S room in his mother's house in Brooklyn. SAL is typing madly away.

SAL(V.O.)

I saw Dean a few times after that night, mostly in the jazz joints of Fifty-Second Street, always with Carlo and Marylou. I was living at my mother's house in Brooklyn in those days, working day and night on my novel.

A knock on the door. His MOTHER's voice.

MOTHER

Sal. There's a young man to see you.

The door opens. Behind Sal's mother, DEAN is standing there, grinning. He steps into the room and closes the door behind him.

DEAN

Sal! Come now, Sal, there's two beautiful colored girls waiting for us at Hector's Cafeteria.

SAL

Where's Ma ylou?

DEAN

She whored enough money together to go back to Denver.

SAL

Yeah? Marylou?

DEAN

Sal, my dear friend, Marylou's sweet as pie, and I do love her, but she's awfully dumb, and a twisted mind, which is often set upon doing evil. So let's go!

SAL

Wait a minute until I finish this chapter.

As SAL types, DEAN looks over his shoulder, shaking his head in wonder.

DEAN

Yes, yess, go! Oh, that's right,
that's... Wow! Yesssss!

INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAL and DEAN.

SAL(V.O.)

And it was one of the best chapters in the book, too. Then we flew off to New York to meet some girls. I was beginning to get the bug like Dean. He was simply a youth tremendously excited with life, and though he was a con-man, he was only conning because he wanted so much to live, and get involved with people who would otherwise pay not attention to him... A young jail-bird all hung-up on the wonderful possibilities of becoming an intellectual.

INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAL and DEAN talking excitedly.
People turn to look.

DEAN

Like me like you, take me or you...
You're everything, man, and you're nothing... Nothing's just the absence of everything, you dig?
Like Spengler, man, and all of those cats say the same thing, really... Between birth and death there isn't anything. And that's why, you see, I dig philosophy the most.

SAL

I like poetry better. Much better.

DEAN

No, man. Philosophy. Definitely.

SAL

Poetry takes the evanescent moment and stops it, holds it frozen for your mind to savour.

DEAN

No, of course, I dig poetry. It swings, how could you not dig it? But look how much poetry there is in Neitzsche, or old Oswald Spengler, that's music, laying down the numbers number by number by which our poor soiled and exhausted civilization must fall, ba-boom ba-boom! That takes you right in there behind the door in a way poetry can't.

SAL

No, man, no... Poetry makes true music, it's already there waiting before Philosophy arrives. It's already there behind the door.

There's a beat, during which they have the same thought, and they speak at once:

SAL AND DEAN

Poetry is the door! Yes! Right!!

Laughing and pounding on the seatback, rocking so that everyone on the bus turns to stare.

SAL(V.O.)

Dean was wildly excited by everything he saw, everything he said, he was out of his mind with real belief. And a kind of holy lightning I saw flashing from his excitement and his visions, which he described so torrentially that the people on the bus looked around, I know, to see who the nut was.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

SAL, CARLO and DEAN cut through the busy mid-town traffic. DEAN and CARLO walk a bit ahead, talking animatedly, shouting to one another as they cut in front of the bleating, belching automobiles.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

The young men continue, smoking and conducting jagged conversation. DEAN is in a new suit, Western business suit; blue with pencil stripes, and a vest. We hear him interjecting, "Now, Carlo, let me speak now, here's what it is I'm saying..."

SAL(V.O.)

Carlo and Dean were like two halves of a wild out-of-control talking machine. They dug everything, they said everything; told all their old stories and made up new ones, Carlo's about the Times Square world and the poetry he read and wrote and lived, Dean's about the old Denver streets, and the prisons, and the girls he'd had, hundreds of them.

So Carlo Marx and Dean Moriarty danced down the streets like dingedodies, and I shambled after as I've been doing all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes "Awww!"

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - 34TH ST - DAY
DEAN, CARLO, and SAL are running up the stair. DEAN pulls out a watch on a watch chain, checks the time.

DEAN

Denver bus leaves in a half hour.

Then he holds up the portable typewriter that he carries.

DEAN

What do you think? Will I write great works on this?

SAL

I don't know. Can you type?

DEAN

Yes. I took a typing course in jail. I'll start writing in a Denver rooming house I know. I'll send you letters, Sal.

CARLO

Me too?

CARLO stops by one of those photographic machines. They all hurry into it. Put a quarter in.

INT. AUTOMATIC PHOTO BOOTH CLOSE...THE GROUP
CARLO takes off his glasses and looks sinister. DEAN makes a profile shot; looks coyly around. SAL takes a straight picture that makes him look like a thirty-year-old Italian who'd kill anybody who said anything against his mother.

INSERT ...THE MACHINE As the picture comes whirring out. We SEE the four pictures. CARLO grabs it, neatly cuts down the middle with a razor. Gives half to DEAN who puts it in his wallet.

INT. BUS DEPOT NEW VIEW
The three friends move toward the bus. DEAN shakes hands, still carrying his portable typewriter. He disappears into the bus. CARLO and SAL watch the bus drive off. CARLO takes his half of the picture of Dean, and puts it into his wallet.

SAL(V.O.)

Yes, and it wasn't only because I was a writer and needed new experiences that I wanted to know Dean more...

He turns back. VIEW The Greyhound bus disappearing, on the way to Denver. NEW VIEW CARLO and SAL, walking away.

SAL(V.O.)

And I did hear from Dean, a letter that began, "Dear Sal, I'm not much of a letter-writer, but here goes," followed by twelve-thousand words.

We see SAL opening a thick envelope containing Dean's letter, spreading the many pages across his desk.

SAL(V.O.)

I promised myself to go the same way when spring really bloomed and opened up the land. And this was really the way that my whole road experience began

FADE OUT: FADE IN: INT. SAL'S ROOM, HIS AUNT'S HOUSE -

NIGHT CLOSE - SAL'S INTENT FACE He studies a map on his desk. His reading lamp focused down, brightly illuminating it. He traces a route in red pencil that runs from New York City to Denver.

(NOTE: We will see this map from time to time as a reference to show Sal's movements around the country.)

SAL(V.O.)

In the month of July 1947, having saved about fifty dollars from old veteran benefits, I was ready to go to meet Dean in Denver. Carlo was already out there.

EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

SAL stands by the road with his thumb out, hitching. A car stops and he runs after it.

We see signs following one after another, naming towns and identifying state lines, and see the red line of Sal's map, taking us into Indiana.

INT. NIGHT. INDIANA DINER.

Sal sits drinking coffee, watching a bunch of teenage kids jiving to the jukebox. He's completely happy, and watches seductively as a goodlooking waitress wiggles around the end of the counter.

SAL(V.O.)

Somewhere along the line I knew there'd be girls, visions, kicks, everything. Somewhere along the line I knew that the Pearl would be handed to me. Everywhere I went I said to myself, Pass here and go on, you're on the road to Heaven.

EXT. NIGHT. BESIDE THE HIGHWAY.

SAL is hitching. An open car full of screaming teenage kids speeds by, yelling happily, "Yayyy, we won!"

EXT. NIGHT. CHICAGO STREETS. Jazz music.

SAL(V.O.)

The wind from Lake Michigan, bop at the Loop, long walks at North Clark with a cop car at my heels because I was so solitary and happy.

Beside him, we see the slowly moving police car, brutal

cop³ faces observing him as he walks.

Jazz pours out of Clark Street Clubs, SAL walks along laughing, shaking his head. In the crowd he's jostled by a happy Negro HIPSTER.

HIPSTER

I'll tell you, baby, I just love money, and I can't help myself. I don't know what's the matter with me anyway...

EXT. MORNING. HIGHWAY.

Sal hitches; a pickup truck stops for him.

DRIVER

Looks like I picked you up just in time. Up there's where Route Six and Sixty-Six cross. That's an evil intersection. Six Six Six is the Devil's number. Did you know that?

SAL

Yes, yes I did.

DRIVER

Tell me, you goin' somewhere, or are you just goin' to be goin'?

SAL

(happy)

I'm just goin'.

He takes a pint bottle of whiskey from his jacket and offers it to the driver.

DRIVER

Naw, thanks. I never drink when I'm driving'... Well, what the hell... Just don't go tellin' my old woman.

SAL, riding in a different car, dozing, looks out the window and believes he sees a SHROUDED FIGURE walking along the road. He tries to see the face but can barely make it out.

We see HIGHWAY SIGNS, ending with OMAHA. SAL sees his first COWBOY saunter by, walking along the meatpacking district in a ten-gallon hat and Texas boots.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. HIGHWAY.

SAL hitching. Mountains in the distance. A long flatbed truck stops. The bed is full of people. The DRIVER, a kid, calls to SAL.

YOUNG DRIVER

You climb on now and just hold tight. We don't never stop, so you got to piss, you just do it out into the air. Okay?

SAL

Okay!

EXT. DAY. FLATBED.

SAL is sitting next to an old HOBO.

HOBO

What happened was, when I was just a little boy this ole hobo comes up to my mother and says, "Can I have a piece of pie?", and my mother give him one. I says to her, "Ma, what is that fellow?" and she says, "Why, he's a hobo." "Then that's what I want to be, Ma." I says. She says, "You shet your mouth, that's not for the likes of us." But you see, my mind was made up, and I never forgot that day.

SAL can't get his notebook out fast enough.

HOBO

I never found noplac I don't get tired of, so there's noplac I can go except Everywhere, south in winter, north in summer....

We see SAL and a couple of the others pissing off the back of the flatbed, laughing like crazy. SAL sees freight trains roll by, hobos waving from the boxcars. He looks out at the soft lights as day breaks.

Against this we hear the plaintive voice of one of the young men on the flatbed singing:

Home in Missoula,
Home in Truckee,

Home in Opelosas
But ain't no home for me...

Home in old Medora,
Home in Wounded Knee,
Home in Ogallala,
Home I'll never be...
Home I'll never be...

A HIGHWAY SIGN announces: DENVER, 100 MILES.

SAL's Magical POV: We see the mountains and the pearly golden clouds, and GOD'S FINGER comes down out of them, pointing to Denver.

A tired, happy smile on SAL's face.

CUT TO: DAY. LARIMER STREET, DENVER.

EXT. DENVER - DAY

SAL is walking the streets of Denver. Enters the May Company building.

INT. MAY COMPANY - DAY

CARLO is working as a stock clerk. Sal finds him there.

SAL

Is Dean still in Denver?

CARLO

He's here. all right. Let me tell you. Dean has basically set up two girls at the same time, the first being Marylou. She's waiting for him in a hotel room, and Camille, a new girl, who also waits for him in a hotel room. He rushes from one to the other, neither one having any idea of course about the other one, and when he isn't doing that, he rushes to me for our own unfinished business.

SAL

And what business is that?

CARLO

Dean and I are embarked on a tremendous season together. We're trying to communicate with absolute honesty and absolute completeness

CARLO(cont)
everything on our minds. We've had
to take Benzedrine in order to do
it right, but it's going forward
with tremendous success.

SAL'S VISION: Carlo and Dean sitting crosslegged.

CARLO
We sit on the bed, crosslegged,
facing each other. I have finally
taught Dean that he can do anything
he wants, become mayor of Denver,
marry a millionairess, or become
the greatest poet since Rimbaud.
But he keeps rushing out to see the
midget auto races. I go with him,
he jumps and yells, you know, Dean
is really hung-up on things like
that. HMMMM.

SAL'S VISION: In his mind, CARLO reaches across the bed
and runs his hand along DEAN's thigh.

SAL
What's the schedule? There's
always some schedule with Dean.

CARLO
The schedule is this: He came off
work a half-hour ago.

SAL'S VISION: Dean running up to meet Marylou.

CARLO
In that time Dean is balling Mary-
lou at the hotel and gives me time
to change and dress. At one sharp
he rushes from Marylou to Camille
and bangs her once, giving me time
to arrive at one-thirty. Then he
comes out with me...

SAL'S VISION: We SEE this... DEAN with CAMILLE, a pretty
blond, seen in the window.

CARLO
First he has to beg with Camille,
who's already started hating me,
although really she likes me...
and we come here to talk till six

CARLO(cont)

in the morning. We usually spend more than that, but it's getting awfully complicated and he's pressed for time. Then at six he goes back to Marylou... and he's going to spend all day tomorrow running around to get the necessary papers for their divorce. Marylou's all for it but she insists on banging in the interim. She says she loves him... and so does Camille.

SAL

Where did he find Camille?

CARLO

His friend Roy Johnson, the pool-hall boy, found her in a bar and took her up to the hotel; he invited everybody to come up and see her. Everybody sat around talking with Camille.

We see this action played out.

CARLO

Dean arrived, but did nothing but look out the window. Then he merely looked at her, pointed at his wrist, made a sign "four" with his fingers, and went out. At three o'clock the door was locked to Roy Johnson. At four it was opened to Dean.

EXT. DENVER STREETS - NIGHT

CARLO and SAL move through rickety streets in the Denver night. They come to an old red-brick building surrounded by wooden garages and old trees. They go up the stairs.

EXT. DEAN'S APT. - NIGHT.

CARLO knocks; then darts to the back to hide. SAL stands in the door. DEAN opens it stark naked. SAL can see a BLONDE WOMAN on the bed, one thigh covered with a sheet.

DEAN

Why, Sa-a-al! Well now... ah...
ahem... yes, of course, you've
arrived... you old sonumbitch you

DEAN(cont)

finally got on that old road. Well, now, look here... we must... yes, yes, at once... we must, we really must! Now Camille... Sal is here, this is my old buddy from New York, and this is his first night in Denver ...

CAMILLE

Hello, Sal. Dean just talks about you all the time. Well, a lot of the time anyway... He just couldn't wait for you to get here.

DEAN

So you could meet my lovely Camille, Sal... and so you, my darling, could meet my Sal with the dreamy gone soul... and as I was saying or about to say, he is here in Denver, just now arrived, and it's absolutely necessary for me to take him out and fix him up with a girl.

CAMILLE

But what time will you be back?

DEAN

It is now... (looking at his watch) exactly one-fourteen. I shall be back at exactly three-fourteen, for one hour of reverie together, real sweet reverie darlin', and then, as you know, as I told you and as we agreed, I have to go and see the one-legged lawyer about those papers in the middle of the night, strange as it seems and as I thoroughly explained. So now in this exact minute I must dress, put on my pants, go back to life, that is to outside life, streets and what not, as we agreed, it is now one-fifteen and time's running, running...

CAMILLE

Well, all right, Dean, but please be sure and be back at three. It's just too lonesome here without you.

DEAN

Just as I said, darling, and remember not three but three-fourteen. Are we straight in the deepest and most wonderful depths of our souls, dear darling?

CAMILLE

Yes. I suppose we are.

And he goes over and kisses her several times. On the wall is a nude painting of DEAN that CAMILLE has painted.

EXT. DENVER STREETS - NIGHT

They rush off into the night; CARLO comes out of hiding and joins them in an alley.

TRUCKING SHOT AS THEY MOVE through the narrowest, strangest, and most crooked little city street in Denver Mexican-town.

DEAN

Sal, I have just the girl waiting for you at this very minute... if she's off duty. (looking at his watch) Rita Bettencourt. She's hung-up on a few sexual difficulties which I've tried to straighten out and I think you can manage, you fine grade daddy you. I've just got to get into her sister Mary tonight.

CARLO

What? I thought we were going to talk.

DEAN

Yes, yes, after.

CARLO

(yelling to sky, to cover his hurt)

Oh, these Denver doldrums!

DEAN

Isn't he the sweetest fellow in the world? (poking Sal in the ribs) Look at him, man. Look at him!

CARLO begins his monkey dance in the street as we saw him do in New York.

DEAN

Tomorrow, Sal, I know where I can find you a job. So I'll call on you, soon as I have an hour off from Marylou, and cut right into that apartment of yours, say hello to Major, and take you on a trolley to the Camargo markets, and take you on a trolley to the Camargo markets, where you can begin working at once and collect a paycheck come Friday. Friday night beyond all doubt the three of us... the old threesome of Carlo, Dean, and Sal... must go to the midtown auto races, and for that I can get us a ride from a guy downtown I know...

INT. CARLO'S BASEMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

SAL moves down some stone steps, open an old door, and goes through a kind of cellar till he comes to Carlo's room. The room of a Russian saint: one bed, a candle burning, stone walls that ooze moisture, and a crazy makeshift ikon, homemade by Carlo.

CARLO

(reciting)

"Denver Doldrums."

The vulgar pigeons yakking in the street outside my cell;

The sad nightingales nodding on the branches remind me of my mother. The mountains, the magnificent Rockies that you see to the west from any part of town, are "papier-mache."

The whole universe is crazy and cockeyed and extremely strange..

DEAN comes in.

DEAN

Everything's straight, I'm going to divorce Marylou and marry Camille and go live with her in San Francisco. But this is only after you

DEAN(cont)

and I, dear Carlo, go to Texas and dig Old Bull Lee, that gone cat. So let's get down to business. Crucial, crucial.

They sit on the bed crosslegged and look straight at each other. CARLO has a huge notebook into which he has kept a record of this ongoing dialogue. SAL slouches in a nearby chair and watches. They begin with an abstract thought, discuss it.

CARLO

And just as we were crossing Wazee I wanted to tell you about how I felt of your frenzy with the mid-gets and it was then, remember, you pointed out that old bum with the baggy pants and said he looked just like your father?

DEAN

Yes, yes, of course I remember; and not only that, but it started a train of my own, something real wild that I had to tell you, I'd forgotten it now you just reminded me of it...

CARLO

Are you honest and specifically are you being honest with me in the bottom of your soul?

DEAN

Why do you bring that up again?

CARLO

There's one last thing I want to know...

SAL watches their fervent game, picking up on an almost sexual intensity occurring between DEAN and CARLO. He doesn't like it. There's a vaguely sexual undertone to the next exchanges.

DEAN

But dear Sal, you're listening, you're sitting there, we'll ask Sal. What would he say?

SAL

No, no, this game is strictly
between the two of you.

This is fine with CARLO, who barely knows now that SAL
is even in the room.

CARLO

No, no, no, Dean, you're talking
absolute bullshit and romantic
posh!

DEAN

I didn't mean that at all, but in
fact, don't you think, Carlo,
there's a kind of dignity in the
way Sal is sitting there and dig-
ging us, crazy cat came all the way
across the country... old Sal won't
tell, old Sal won't tell.

SAL

It isn't that I won't tell. I just
don't know what you're both driving
at or trying to get at. I just
know it's too much for anybody.

CARLO

Everything you say is negative.

SAL

Then what is it you're trying to
do?

CARLO

Tell him.

DEAN

No, you tell him.

SAL

(laughing)

There's nothing to tell.

He has on Carlo's hat. He pulls it down over his eyes,
almost at though he's trying to hide.

SAL

I want to sleep.

CARLO

Poor Sal always wants to sleep.

Sal keeps quiet. They start in again, their dialogue overlapping through the night.

CARLO

When you borrowed that nickel to make up the check for the chicken-fried steaks...

DEAN

No, man, it was chili! Remember, the Texas Star?

CARLO

Right, right, I was mixing it with Tuesday. When you borrowed that nickel you said, now listen, you said, "Carlo, this is the last time I'll impose on you," as if, and really, you meant that I had agreed with you about no more imposing.

DEAN

No, no, no, I didn't mean that ...you harken back now if you will, my dear fellow, to the night Marylou was crying in the room, and when, turning to you and indicating by my extra added sincerity of tone which we both knew was contrived but had its intention, that is, by my playacting I showed that... But wait, that isn't it. it.

CARLO

Of course that isn't it! Because you forget that... But I'll stop accusing you. Yes is what I said...

And on, on into the night they talk like this, while SAL cuts in and out of sleep.

DEAN

When I said to you that I had to sleep because of Marylou, that is, seeing her this morning at ten, I didn't bring my peremptory tone to bear in regard to what you'd just said about the unnecessariness of sleep but only, mind you, because of the fact that I absolutely, simply, purely and without any whatev-

DEAN(cont)

ers have to sleep now, I mean, man,
my eyes are closing, they're red-
hot, sore, tired, beat...

CARLO

Ah, child.

DEAN

We'll just have to sleep now.
Let's stop the machine.

CARLO

(yelling)

You can't stop the machine!

Now the first birds of morning
start to sing.

DEAN

Now, when I raise my hand, we'll
stop talking, we'll both understand
purely and without any hassle that
we are simply stopping talking, and
we'll just sleep.

CARLO

You can't stop the machine like
that.

SAL

Stop the machine.

They both look at SAL.

DEAN

He's been awake all this time, lis-
tening. What were you thinking,
Sal?

SAL

I'm thinking you are amazing
maniacs. If you keep this up you'll
both go crazy. But let me know
what happens as you go along.

SAL walks out and leaves them in this discussion.

EXT. DENVER STREETS - DAY
SAL, alone, walks.

INT. APT. - NIGHT

SAL has met a girl, RITA BETTENCOURT, and they are in bed. They take a break.

SAL

What do you want out of life?

RITA

(rather bored)

I don't know. I'm fine just waiting on tables and trying to get along.

She yawns. SAL covers her mouth with his hand and looks at her, put off by her apparent lack of feeling.

SAL(V.O.)

I wanted to tell her how excited I was about life and the things we could do together.

She turns away wearily. They lie on their backs, looking up at the ceiling.

SAL(V.O.)

Oh where is the girl I love? I thought, and looked everywhere.

INSERT: A photo of MARYLOU... almost a pin-up.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. CARLO'S APARTMENT DOOR.

SAL knocks, hears CARLO's voice, walks in. CARLO is sitting on his bed, a letter beside him.

SAL

Dean here?

CARLO

No. In fact, he's not even in Denver anymore.

SAL

Where is he?

CARLO picks up the letter as though it weighs a hundred pounds.

CARLO

If I can believe this, he is on his

CARLO(cont)

way to San Francisco with Camille, or in fact, he may already be there. He says to say goodbye to you, and apologizes for his abrupt change of plans. We were going to Texas together on Friday, but nowhere in his letter does he offer apologies to me, or any explanation for this sudden shift in plans.

SAL

Well, Carlo, you know Dean...

CARLO

I do, and it's alright. I've been finding lately that Denver is an appallingly provincial and even boring town, and I've been longing for the old brown dirty east again, and cities where you can look up into the air instead of out towards space, empty space without end...

SAL and CARLO look out together at the mountains.

SAL(V.O.)

So Carlo left for New York, and I followed shortly after. Before me again was the great raw bulge and bulk of my American continent; somewhere far across, gloomy, crazy New York was throwing up its cloud of dust and brown steam.

We see the red-lined MAP, the line moving East.

FADE OUT: FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN. SAL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

SAL(V.O.)

It was over a year before I saw Dean again. I stayed home all that time, finished my book and went back to school on the GI Bill. I had been writing to Dean, but he said he was happy and content to be at home and had no plans as yet to come East, as he was finding peace right there where he was.

CUT TO:

Like a Demon Vehicle, the HUDSON moving at insanely high speed along a highway, the picture of aggression-in-motion. Moving up and in, we see the wild determined face of DEAN above the wheel.

The mud-spattered HUDSON draws up in front of SAL's house. SAL looks out as a weary young fellow, muscular and ragged in a T-shirt, unshaven, red-eyed, comes to the porch and rings the bell. SAL opens the door.

WHAT HE SEES: Realizes it's DEAN. SAL looks and sees two figures in the car.

SAL

(walking toward it)

I'll be goddamned! Dean! Who's in the car?

DEAN

Hel-lo, hel-lo, man, it's Marylou. And our old Denver buddy Ed Dunkel. You remember Ed, man? We gotta have a place to wash up immediately, we're dog-tired.

SAL

But how did you get here so fast? I just wrote you.

DEAN

Ah, man, that old Hudson goes! And we had financial help from Ed Dunkel's brand new wife, Galatea. Do you remember her from Denver? Well, Galatea said she'd be happy to give us the money to come east, but insisted that Ed marry her first. Which he duly and dutifully did, but then, much against my advise and even my most heartfelt warning, Ed dumped her. In Austin Texas, he just tiptoed out of the motel and jumped in the car with us and left her there. But knowing Galatea, we have not heard the last of her.

SAL

Where did you get the car?

DEAN

I bought it with my savings. I've been working on the railroad, making four hundred dollars a month.

INT. HOUSE They are sleeping on the couches everywhere. DEAN and MARYLOU sleeping on Sal's bed, ED DUNKEL on the sofa, and SAL on his mother's bed. Dean's battered unhinged trunk lies sprawled on the floor with everything sticking out. The phone is ringing, waking everyone up. Finally SAL answers the phone.

MEDIUM CLOSE

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is long distance from New Orleans.

We hear some clicking, and BULL LEE gets on the phone.

BULL LEE

(whiny nasal voice)

I have a complaint. It seems some girl named Galatea Dunkel has just arrived here in my house in New Orleans, and she's looking for a guy called Ed Dunkel, her alleged husband. Who are these people?

SAL

It's okay, Bull, I know Ed Dunkel.

BULL LEE

But I don't. And this girl Galatea Dunkel is a tenacious loser.

Suddenly GALATEA is on the phone.

GALATEA

How is Ed?

SAL

He's okay. How did you get to New Orleans?

GALATEA

I wired home for money and took a bus. They were supposed to be coming here but they didn't. I love Ed, and I'm good and determined to catch up with him.

SAL
Okay, Galatea, I'll tell him.

VIEW ON ED DUNKEL standing there. He's six foot four, mild, affable, agreeable, bland, and delightful.

SAL
(to Ed Dunkel)
What are you going to do about Galatea? She's a real nice girl.

ED
Oh, we'll see. When we get to New Orleans. Don't you think so, huh?

He clearly doesn't know what to do, and is looking for advice.

ED
Maybe I'm in love with her...

SAL
What are you going to do with yourself, Ed?

ED
I don't know. I just go along. I dig life. (using Dean's line) You know once when I was in Chicago, I didn't have a dime. I went down and talked to this girl who worked in a bakery. She gave me bread and coffee cakes free. I went back to my room and ate them. I stayed in my room eating all night.

DEAN
All right now. What we must do is eat, at once. Marylou, rustle around the kitchen see what there is. And I will call Carlo.

Suddenly everyone is snapping to. The phone RINGS again.

VOICE
Person to person for Dean Moriarty.

SAL
Hang on... Is there somebody here by the name of Dean Moriarty?

DEAN gets on the phone.

DEAN
Camille! Darling Camille.

MARYLOU giggles.

CUT TO:

NIGHT. INT. CARLO'S PAD.
They're all hanging out. CARLO is walking around in his bathrobe.

CARLO
I have an announcement to make.

They all look up at him.

CARLO
Now I'm not trying to take your hincty sweets from you, but it seems to me the time has come to decide what you are and what you're going to do. I want to know what all this sitting around the house all day is intended to mean. What all this talk is and what you propose to do. Dean, why did you leave Camille and pick up Marylou?

No answer... DEAN giggles.

CARLO
Marylou, why are you traveling around the country like this and what are your womanly intentions concerning the shroud?

Silence ...she giggles.

CARLO
Ed Dunkle...

ED almost recoils when he hears his name.

CARLO
... why did you abandon your new wife in Tucson and what are you doing here sitting on your big fat ass? Where's your home? What's your job?

ED DUNKEL bows his head in genuine befuddlement.

CARLO

Sal... how comes it you've fallen on such sloppy days and why have you failed so completely to find the girl of your dreams, the girl of your heart? The days of wrath are yet to come. The balloon won't sustain you much longer. And not only that, but it's an abstract balloon. You'll all go flying to the West Coast and come staggering back in search of your stone.

CARLO does his Voice of Rock:

CARLO

You pin a dragon to your hats, you're up in the attic with the bats. There's the Harlem Doldrums, the Holy Doldrums, the great machine descending from the sky; and when I walks on 125th Street under water with all the other fish... (suddenly, to Marylou) Sit on my lap. (to Dean) Why don't you just sit down and relax? Why do you jump around so much?

DEAN

Yes! Yes! Yes!

INT. NIGHT. WILD PARTY.

SAL, DEAN, CARLO, ED and MARYLOU are in a big Upper West Side apartment; jazz playing, rooms full of smoke, a mix of young people from very middle class University types to Sal's Bohemian friends.

GIRL

Sal, where did you find these absolutely wonderful people? I've never seen anyone like them.

SAL

I found them in the West.

VIEW ON DEAN having his kicks with a good jazz record, grabbing MARYLOU, holding her tight, and bouncing against her with the beat of the music. She bounces right back. It is spectacular to watch, a real love

dance. The gang are all dancing, and grooving on the music, drinking, smoking. So seen from SAL's point of view everything is topsy-turvy and mixed up; the booze, the sex, who's with who. The evening degenerates into every corner, every bed and couch... not an orgy but just a New York party with frantic screaming and wild radio music.

VIEW on a Chinese girl, laughing.

VIEW on DEAN, running like Groucho Marx from group to group, digging everybody.

VIEW on the door. New people come, bringing booze.

VIEW on somebody's girl, socking her date on the jaw. Commotion.

VIEW on people and coming and going through the wonderful snowstorm going on outside.

VIEW on the records changing and they have the wild sounds of Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray blowing "The Hunt."

DEAN and SAL are playing catch with MARYLOU over the couch; displaying their physical and athletic ability.

VIEW on DEAN running around with no undershirt, just pants, barefoot. And everywhere Dean goes he's saying "Yes... yes... yes... I ig it!"

DEAN has zeroed in on a beautiful and very forward YOUNG WOMAN, smoking her cigarette with a long holder, surrounded by men. He's smiling at her intently, and she's picked up on it. Among the circle around her is a SQUARE YOUNG MAN.

WOMAN

Yes, I play with the Cleveland Indians every time they come to town.

SQUARE YOUNG MAN

Hey wait a minute. They don't have women playing with the Indians.

She laughs, rolls her eyes, DEAN laughs wildly, totally digging it; she shoots him a meaningful look.

MARYLOU sees it all, smiles sweetly.

CUT TO:

An hour later. DEAN, shirtless in the midst of the crowd, with SAL, points towards an incredibly cool-looking young man who is sitting near the phonograph absolutely entranced by the jazz music.

DEAN

Do you know that cat there, that fabulous Rollo Greb cat?

SAL

No, I've never seen him before.

DEAN

That Rollo Greb, man, is the greatest, the most wonderful of all. That's what I was trying to tell you before, that's what I want to be. I want to be like him. He's never hungup, he goes every direction, he lets it all pour forth, he knows Time, he has nothing to do but rock back and forth. Man, he's the end! He is the one and only Holy Goof. You see, if you go like him all the time, you'll finally get It.

SAL

Get what?

DEAN

IT! IT! I'll tell you later, man. I have no time now.

He moves swiftly and surely towards the beautiful YOUNG WOMAN.

CUT TO:

SAL and MARYLOU and some people talking, leaning against the closed door of one of the rooms. We can hear DEAN and the YOUNG WOMAN inside, making love, DEAN calling "Yess! Yess! Yess!"

CUT TO:

Outside the window the snow is whirling.

VIEW ON SAL AND CARLO. They sit, facing one another in two chairs.

SAL

So I had this dream about a strange Arabian figure that was pursuing me across the desert... At least I think it was only a dream...

VISION A shrouded figure pursing him in the desert.

SAL

And I tried to avoid it but he finally overtook me just before I reached the Protective City. He had his back to me, but he half-turned and spoke

CARLO

What did he say?

SAL

That's just it. I didn't hear it. I never can hear it.

CARLO

Who is this?

They both ponder in silence.

VIEW ON THE SHROUDED FIGURE It lifts the shroud slightly that has been hiding its face: it is SAL.

SAL(V.O.)

Something, someone, some spi it is pursuing all of us across the desert of life and is bound to catch us before we reach heaven. Naturally, when you think about it, this is only death: death will overtake us before heaven. The one thing that we yearn for in our living days, that makes us sigh and groan and undergo sweet nausea of all kinds, is the remembrance of some lost bliss that was probably experienced in the womb and can only be reproduced in death.

DEAN is there. SAL turns to him.

SAL

But who wants to die?

DEAN

This is a mere simple longing for pure death; and because we're all of us living and never in life again, I will have nothing to do with it.

SAL

And I agree.

DEAN

And I agree that we agree. So... since we're sincerely agreed, where to now?

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

GEORGE SHEARING is performing. DEAN and SAL are there, along with Marylou.

DEAN

(sweating)

There he is! That's him! Old God!
Old God Shearing! Yes! Yes! Yes!

VIEW ON SHEARING aware of this madman behind him.

DEAN

That's right! Yes!

VIEW ON SHEARING smiling, rocking. He rises from the piano, dripping with sweat and walks off to app ause. DEAN is frantic, pointing to the empty piano seat.

DEAN

God's empty chair!

CUT TO:

INT. EARLY MORNING. CARLO'S PAD.

SAL is in the kitchen, DEAN and MARYLOU are asleep in Carlo's bed, ED DUNKEL is asleep on the floor. The phone RINGS. SAL gets it.

OPERATOR

Long distance from New Orleans.

BULL LEE (V.O.)

Say, what do you boys expect me to do with this Galatea Dunkel? She's

BULL LEE(cont)

been here two weeks now, hiding in her room and refusing to talk to either Jane or me. Have you got this character Ed Dunkel with you? For krissakes bring him down and get rid of her. She's sleeping in our best bedroom and she's run clear out of money. This ain't a hotel. Well, maybe you'll make better sense of this when you gets down here if you gets down here.

SAL

Yes, yes, goodbye Bull, we'll be there.

MUSIC UP. THE CAR IN MIST - DAY

SAL(V.O.)

Now the bug was on me again, and the bug's name was Dean Moriarty, and I was off on another spurt around the road.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

DEAN

(yelling)

Whooee! Here we go!

He hunches over the wheel and guns her.

CLOSE UP. FOOT ON THE PEDAL.

VIEW ON SAL AND MARYLOU AND ED thrown back against the seat.

VIEW ON THE CAR tearing out.

DEAN

(yelling out)

With bop behind, we go ahead! From the dirty snows of frosty New York to New Orleans, all the way to the greeneries and river smells of old New Orleans at the washed-out bottom of America; then West.

VIEW IN THE BACK SEAT on ED. MARYLOU sits between DEAN and SAL in the front.

DEAN

(suddenly tender)

Now dammit, look here, all of you,
we must admit that everything is
fine and there's no need in the
world to worry, and in fact we
should realize what it would mean
to us to UNDERSTAND that we're not
REALLY worried about ANYTHING. Am I
right?

They all agree.

DEAN

Here we go, we're all together...
What did we do in New York? Did we
quarrel? (He looks at Marylou.)
Let's forgive. That's behind
us, merely by miles and inclina-
tions. Now we're heading down to
New Orleans to dig Old Bull Lee and
ain't that going to be kicks and
listen will you to this old tenor-
man blow his man blow his top!

CLOSE ON HIS HAND He turns up the radio volume till the
car shudders.

DEAN

... and listen to him tell the
story and put down true relaxation
and knowledge.

They all jump to the music and agree.

MARYLOU

What'll we do for fun in New
Orleans?

DEAN

I don't know about you, darlin, but
personally, I plan to sit on the
levee and play with my balls.

MARYLOU

(giggling)

Dean!...

DISSOLVE TO: INT. HUDSON - LATER THREE-QUARTER VIEW
The four of them huddled in the front; the heater's
broken. DEAN is driving and poking his head out of the

window rubbing a hole in the windshield rubbing a hole in the windshield with a rag.

DEAN

Oh holy hole....

They zoom through Richmond, Washington, Baltimore.

MARYLOU and ED are asleep in the back.

CLOSE UP on SAL

SAL

I want to marry a girl, so I can rest my soul with her till we both get old. This can't go on all the time... all this franticness and jumping around. We've got to go someplace, find something.

DEAN

Ah now, man, I've been digging you for years about the home and marriage and all those fine wonderful things about your soul.

There's a momentary silence as they watch the road unspool. Impressions of the driving as the sun rises, and they cross the Appomatax River.

DEAN

Now this is the first time we've been alone and in a position to talk for many months. And of course now no one can tell us that there is no God. We've passed through all forms. Everything is fine, God exists, we know time. Everything since the Greeks has been predicated wrong. You can't make it with geometry and geometrical systems of thinking. It's all this! IT!

His car hugs the line straight and true.

DEAN

And not only that but we both understand that I couldn't have time to explain why I know and you know God exists.

SAL

Ah, but life is tough. Sometimes it hurts; there's troubles.

DEAN

Troubles, you see, is the generalization word for what God exists in. The thing is not to get hung-up. My head rings! (cries, clasping his head) Since Denver, Sal, a lot of things... Oh, the things... I've thought and thought. I used to be in reform school all the time, I was a young punk, asserting myself... stealing cars a psychological expression of my position, hincty to show. All my jail problems are pretty straight now. As far as I know I shall never be in jail again. The rest is not my fault.

Their car passes a little KID who throws stones at the cars in the road.

DEAN

Think off it. One day he'll put a stone through a man's windshield and the man will crash and die... all on account of that little kid. You see what I mean? God exists without qualms. As we roll along this way I am positive beyond doubt that everything will be taken care of for us... that even you, as you drive, fearful of the wheel... the thing will go along of itself and you won't go off the road and I can sleep. Furthermore we know America, we're at home; I can go any where in America and get what I want because it's the same in every corner, I know the people, I know what they do. We give and take and go in the incredibly complicated sweetness zigzagging every side. All that counts is purity, that there be purity.

A POLICE CAR is cruising off to the side, red lights going. They slow down.

VIEW ON THE POLICEMAN writing out a speeding ticket.

COP

You guys with California license plates think you can rush through here as fast as you want just because you come from California. You'll have to follow me to the station.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A MEAN COP takes an immediate dislike to DEAN; he can smell jail all over him.

EXT. STATION HOUSE

One of his COHORTS goes outside, where SAL and MARYLOU are waiting.

COHORT

How old is she? You know about the Mann Act.

MARYLOU

I'm married. Here's the certificate.

The COHORT takes SAL aside alone.

COHORT

Who's she sleeping with?

SAL

She's sleeping with her husband.

COHORT

Something smells fishy. (suddenly)
Who's she sleeping with?

SAL

Just like I said, her husband. Those two fellows are going back to work on the railroad in California, this is the short one's wife, and I'm a friend on a two-week vacation from college.

COP 1

(smiling)

Yeah? Is this really your own wallet?

INT. STATION HOUSE The MEAN COP and DEAN.

MEAN COP

Alright, I'm gonna fine you 25 dollars.

DEAN

But Officer, we only have 40 to go all the way to the coast.

MEAN COP

That makes no difference to me.

DEAN

But Officer, Sir...

MEAN COP

(interrupting him)

You want to go back to Pennsylvania and I'll slap a special charge on you?

DEAN

What charge?

MEAN COP

Never mind what charge. Don't worry about that, wise guy.

EXT. STATION HOUSE

DEAN comes out dejected, approaches the others.

DEAN

I had to give them 25.

ED

Hell, I'll go and stay in jail, I'll offer it.

DEAN considers it. The COP is infuriated.

MEAN COP

If you let your partner go to jail I'm taking you back to Pennsylvania right now. You hear that? Another speeding ticket in Virginia and you lose your car.

DEAN is red in the face. They get in the car and drive off.

EXT. DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT
Driving through South Carolina and beyond Macon, Georgia.

DEAN

That's the whole trouble with this country. Man, this could be the greatest, gonest country in the world, except everybody's always doing what they think they're supposed to be doing.

SAL

What do they have on you in Pennsylvania?

DEAN

I don't know. Vagrancy, probably.

INT. THE CAR MARYLOU and ED sleep. SAL is at the wheel.

SAL

I've heard it said that the world will never find peace until men fall at their women's feet and beg for forgiveness.

DEAN

I've pleaded and pleaded with Marylou for a peaceful sweet understanding of pure love between us forever with all hassles thrown out ... she understands; her mind is bent on something else... she's after me; she won't understand how much I love her, but she's knitting my doom. And also, to remind you of her Sal, she has a truly wicked tongue in her head.

SAL

The truth of the matter is we don't understand our women; we blame it on them and it's all our fault.

DEAN

But it isn't as simple as that. Peace will come suddenly, we won't understand when it does... see, man?

He looks out as faint daybreak illuminates green shoots

by the side of the road. A locomotive howls across the darkness.

DEAN

Sal!

SAL

Yeah.

DEAN

Shut off your motor, and glide into that filling station.

NEW VIEW The car silently drives into the filling station with the motor off.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

The ATTENDANT is fast asleep at the desk, a nude pin-up calendar on the wall behind him. DEAN jumps out, quietly fills the gas tank, seeing to it the bell doesn't ring. He pushes the car and it silently rolls off.

DISSOLVE TO: The car rolling along.

SAL is driving, except DEAN is steering, while he necks with MARYLOU. The radio is on full blast, some current Hit Parade tune, Strange Music In My Ear, Slow Boat To China. DEAN beats drums on the dashboard till a great sag develops in it.

DEAN

(yelling)

My God, Sal, you drive like an old woman.

VIEW on SAL; hurt reaction.

DEAN

Oh man, what kicks! Now Marylou, listen really, honey, you know that I'm hotrock capable of everything at the same time and I have unlimited energy... now in San Francisco we must go on living together. I know just the place for you... at the end of the regular chain-gang run... I'll be home just a cut-hair less than every two days and for twelve hours at a stretch, and man, you know what we can do in twelve hours, darling. Meanwhile I'll go right on living at Camille's like

DEAN(cont)

nothin, see, she won't know. We
can work it, we've done it before.

VIEW ON MARYLOU sort of nods, and then her eyes shift to
SAL, who acknowledges this and becomes content with it.

DEAN

But why think about that when
all the golden land's ahead of you
and all kinds of unforeseen events
wait lurking to surprise you and
make you glad you're alive to see?

INT. THE HUDSON - DAY

SAL is asleep. He wakes up to hear DEAN and MARYLOU
talking. It is daylight

SAL

Where are we?

DEAN

Just passed the tip of Florida, man
... Flomaton, it's called. Florida!

NEW VIEW as the car rolls down the coastal plain; ahead
are the great soaring clouds of the Gulf of Mexico.

DEAN

I tell you it's true, I started at
nine, with a girl called Milly
Mayfair in back of Rod's garage on
Grant St eet... same street Carlo
lived on in Denver. That's when my
father was still working at the
smithy's a bit. I remember my aunt
yelling out the window, "What are
you doing down there in back of the
garage?" Oh honey Marylou, if I'd
only known you then! Wow! How
sweet you musta been at nine.

He sticks his finger in her mouth and licks it; he takes
her hand and rubs it over himself. She just sits there,
smiling serenely.

VIEW ON ED DUNKEL looking out the window.

ED

Yes sir, I just wonder what Galatea
Dunkel's gonna say to me in New
Orleans.

DEAN

I bet she's gonna say, 'Hi, Ed. Where you been, honey'... One time I rode a freight from New Mexico clear to LA... I was eleven years old, lost my father at a siding, we were all in a hobo jungle, I was with a man called Big Red, my father was out drunk in a boxcar ...it started to roll... Big Red and I missed it... I didn't see my father for months. I rode a long freight all the way to California, really flying, first-class freight, a desert Zipper. All the way I rode over the couplings... you can imagine how dangerous, I was only a kid, I didn't know... clutching a loaf of bread under one arm and the other hooked around the brake bar. This is no story, this is true. When I got to LA I was so starved for milk and cream I got a job in a dairy and the first thing I did I drank two quarts of heavy cream and puked.

MARYLOU

Poor Dean.

She kisses him. He stares ahead proudly... he loves her.◀

EXT. ROAD ALONG THE BLUE WATERS OF THE GULF -

DAY DEAN is driving. The car radio is on full tilt... the "Chicken Jas'n Gumbo" disk-jockey show.

DEAN

This is it! This is the most fantastic thing that's ever happened to anybody!!! We're here! We're here in New Orleans and we're experiencing this now!!! God, it's wonderful!!! Don't worry 'bout nothin'! Now we're going to get our kicks!

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DUSK

The car moves through the humming streets of New Orleans.

DEAN

(yelling)

Oh, smell the people! Ah! God!
Life! Yes!

He darts the car and looks in every direction for girls.

DEAN

Look at her! And dig her! Oh,
I love, love, love women! I think
women are wonderful! I love women!

MARYLOU smiles a secret smile.

He spits out the window; he groans; he clutches his
head.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI FERRY - DUSK

The ferry crosses the Mississippi river.

DEAN

Now we must all get out and dig the
river and the people and smell the
world.

He bustles with his sunglasses and cigarettes and leaps
out of the car like a jack-in-the-box. The others fol-
low. DEAN rushes around the ferry with excitement, up
onto the flying bridge. We hear his mad laugh "Hee-hee

hee-hee-hee!"

DEAN (O.S.)

We must go now and visit with Bull
Lee in a formal way, and pay him a
call, and talk, and examine his
soul, and find out who he is and
what he his.

EXT. BULL LEE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bull Lee's house is outside town near the river levee.
The house is dilapidated with sagging porches and weep-
ing willows in the yard; the grass is a yard high, old
fences are leaning, and the old barns collapsed. There
is no one in sight. The HUDSON pulls right into the
yard. SAL gets out and moves to the screen door.

JANE LEE is standing on the porch with her eyes cupped
toward the sun.

SAL

Jane, it's us.

JANE

Yes, I know. Bull's out right now.
Isn't that a fire or something over
there?

They both look toward the sun.

SAL

You mean the sun?

JANE

Of course I don't mean the sun...
I heard sirens that way. Don't you
see a peculiar glow?

SAL

I don't see anything.

JANE

Same old Paradise.

SAL

Where's Galatea Dunkel?

JANE is still looking for the fire; she nods her head
towards the house. She walks with a slight limp.
Sheepishly DEAN and the GANG come out of the car and
more or less move into the house.

INT. BULL'S HOUSE

GALATEA DUNKEL comes out of her retirement in the back
of the house to meet her tormentor husband. She is pale
and looks like tears all over. Big ED passe; his hand
through his hair.

ED

Hello.

GALATEA

Where have you been? Why did you
do this to me?

She gives DEAN a dirty look; DEAN pays no attention.

DEAN

(to Jane)

You got any food?

We HEAR a car outside.

SAL(V.O.)

It would take all night to tell
about Old Bull Lee; let's just say

SAL(V.O.cont)

now, he was a teacher, and it may be said that he had every right to teach because he spent all his time learning; and the things he learned were what he considered to be and called "the facts of life", which he learned not only out of necessity but because he wanted to. He dragged his long thin body around the entire United States and most of Europe and North Africa in his time, only to see what was going on. He was an exterminator in Chicago, a bartender and a pickpocket in New York, a summons-server in Newark. In Athens, Tangier, Paris and Istanbul, he threaded his way through the crowds and throngs, always looking for the facts.

EXT. BULL'S HOUSE

BULL is arriving in his Chevvy, finding his house innundated with maniacs. His little children scamper around; DODIE, eight years old, and LITTLE RAY, one year, who runs around stark naked in the yard.

BULL LEE

(imitating W.C. Fields)

Ah, yes, the little beast.

BULL unrolls himself from the car bone by bone, and walks over wearily, wearing glasses, felt hat, shabby suit, long, lean, strange, and laconic. He's carrying a brown paper shopping bag, which he hands to JANE.

BULL LEE

There's a few quarts of milk there, and some Benzedrine inhalers... some codeine cough syrup and a new brand of suppository I've been meaning to try out... headache powders for a pickup in the morning, and so forth... Just the staples...

He turns to SAL.

BULL LEE

Why, Sal, you finally got here; let's go in the house and have a drink.

SAL stops to allow BULL to enter the house first. BULL demurs.

SAL

After you, Bull.

BULL LEE

Please, Sal, I am home here.

INT. BULL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BULL sits in his favorite chair with the Mayan Codices and an air gun on his lap. Occasionally he raises the gun to pop benzedrine tubes across the room. SAL rushes around, putting up new ones. JANE comes out with drinks, martinis.

BULL LEE

Now, Dean, I want you to sit quiet a minute and tell me what you're doing crossing the country like this.

DEAN

(blushing)

Ah well, you know how it is, Bull...

BULL LEE

Perhaps I do. Sal, what are you going to the Coast for?

SAL

I'm only going for a few days. I'm coming back to school.

BULL LEE

What's the score with this Ed Dunkel? What kind of character is he?

He indicates upstairs at the top of the stairs where ED is trying to make up with GALATEA. SAL shrugs. BULL whips out a few sticks of marijuana and they start lighting them.

BULL LEE

(smoking)

A little tea is okay, but stay away from the hard stuff... Ain't nothing better in the world to give you an appetite. I once ate a horrible lunchcart hamburg on tea and it seemed like the most delicious thing in the world.

JANE passes through the room and BULL offers her the joint.

JANE

No.

BULL

Most taciturn woman I ever knew, and Benzedrine's supposed to make you extremely talkative. I'll tell you, between her thing and my thing, we have the lowest food bills in America... Anyhoo, I was about to tell you, I was sleeping in a motel down in Texas one morning when all of a sudden I was blasted out of bed. This damn fool had just shot his wife in the room next to mine. Everybody stood around confused, and the guy just got in his car and drove off, left the shotgun on the floor for the sheriff. Man ain't safe going around this country any more without a gun.

He pulls back his coat and shows them his revolver stuck in his belt. Then he opens the drawer and shows them the rest of his arsenal.

DEAN

(offering the joint)

Who wants a blast?

BULL LEE

Everybody wants a blast. Now I got something better than that old sub-machine gun I used to have in New York... a German Scheintoth gas gun; look at this beauty, only got one shell. I could knock out a hundred men with this gun and have plenty of time to make a getaway. Only thing wrong, I only got one shell.

JANE calls out from the kitchen.

JANE (O.S.)

I hope I'm not around when you try it. How do you know it's a gas shell?

BULL hears her, but doesn't really pay attention.

DEAN

So what's the big night in New Orleans, you going to show us around, Bull?

BULL LEE

New Orleans is a very dull town. It's against the law to go to the colored section. The bars are insufferably dreary.

SAL

There must be some ideal bars in town.

BULL LEE

The ideal bar doesn't exist in America. An ideal bar is something that's gone forever. Nineteen-ten was the last good time for that sort of thing. In nineteen-ten, you could go into any pharmacy in America and purchase morphine across the counter, no questions asked. In nineteen-ten a bar was still a place where men went to meet during or after work, and all there was a long counter, brass rails, spittoons, player piano for music, a few mirrors, and barrels of whisky at ten cents a shot together with barrels of beer at five cents a mug. Now all you get is chromium, drunken women, fags, hostile bartenders, anxious owners who hover around the door, worried about their leather seats and the law; just a lot of screaming at the wrong time and deadly silence when a stranger walks in.

SAL

I don't know about that; there's some great bars in America.

BULL LEE

All right, as you boys obviously don't believe me, I'll take you to New Orleans tonight and show you what I mean.

INT: THE HUDSON - NIGHT. DEAN is driving.

BULL LEE

Take it easy, Dean, we'll get there, I hope; hup, there's the ferry, you don't have to drive us clear into the river. (leans over to Sal and whispers confidentially) He seems to me to be headed for his ideal fate, which is compulsive psychosis dashed with a jigger of psychopathic irresponsibility and violence.

CLOSE ON BULL LEE. He looks at DEAN out of the corner of his eye.

BULL LEE

If you go to California with this madman you'll never make it. Why don't you stay in New Orleans with me? I've got a nice set of knives and I'm building a target. Some pretty juicy dolls downtown, too, if that's in your line these days.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT EXT/INT. BARS

The group, BULL LEE, SAL, DEAN and MARYLOU, go in and out of the bars, taking everything in the books; grass, goofballs, bennies, liquor. MARYLOU is extremely stoned and high.

SAL

Why, Miss Lou, you look lovely and most fetching tonight.

MARYLOU

Why, thank you, Crawford, I sure do appreciate the nice things you do say.

EXT. THE LEVEE - NIGHT

SAL and BULL LEE walk along by the levee. SAL moves up to see the Mississippi, but has to press his face against a wire fence.

SAL

When you start separating the people from their rivers what have you got?

BULL LEE

Bureaucracy! Tain't nothin but
bureaucracy. And unions! Espe-
cially unions!

FADE OUT: FADE IN: EXT. BULL'S BACK YARD - NIGHT
JANE is alone in the yard, obsessively raking the tree
there for lizards. They chitter and fall to the ground.
The HUDSON pulls up.

BULL LEE

Yep, there she is at it again. She
can't sleep, so she rakes the
lizards out of that tree all night
long. Then they just climb right
back up again.

EXT. BULL'S BACK YARD - MORNING.

SAL moves out into the yard. DEAN is wearing his gas-
station coveralls and helping BULL. BULL has found a
great big piece of thick rotten wood and is desperately
yanking with a hammerhook at little nails imbedded in
it.

BULL LEE

When I get all these nails out of
this I'm going to build me a shelf
that'll last a thousand years! Why,
Sal, do you realize the shelves
they build these days crack under
the weight of knickknacks after six
months or generally collapse? Same
with houses, same with clothes.
These bastards have invented plas-
tics by which they could make
houses that last forever. And
tires. Americans are killing them-
selves by the millions every year
with defective rubber tires that
get hot on the road and blow up.
They could make tires that never
blow up. Same with tooth powder.
There's a certain gum they've
invented and they won't show it to
anybody that if you chew it as a
kid you'll never get a cavity for
the rest of your born days. Same
with clothes. They can make
clothes that last forever. They
prefer making cheap goods so's
everybody'll have to go on working

BULL LEE(cont)
and punching timeclocks and organizing themselves in sullen unions and floundering around while the big grab goes on in Washington and Moscow.

He raises his big piece of rotten wood.

BULL LEE
Don't you think this'll make a splendid shelf?

The softest breeze blows in from the levee. It is a very nice day. They go into the house.

INT. BULL'S HOUSE - DAY
BULL walks past the dining-room table. Bangs on it. It's made of wood, six inches thick.

BULL LEE
This is a table that'll last a thousand years!

INT. BULL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BULL is sitting at the table, picking at his food, throwing the bones to the cats.

BULL LEE
I love cats. I especially like the ones that squeal when I hold 'em over the bathtub. I'll demonstrate.

JANE
Someone's in the bathroom.

BULL LEE
Well, we can't do that right now. Say, I been having a fight with the neighbors next door. Their kids; they have sassy children who threw stones over the fence at Dodie and Ray and sometimes at me. I told them to cut it out but the old man rushed out and yelled something in Portuguese. I went in the house and came back with my shotgun.

EXT. NIGHT. BULL LEE'S YARD.

JANE is once again out there, raking the tree for lizards. We hear wild BEBOP blasting from the house.

DEAN steps outside to take a leak. He holds his face up to the clear Southern night sky, happy.

INT. NIGHT. BULL'S HOUSE.
BULL appears nervous, fidgety.

BULL
Say, you know what I'd like to
hear right now? A good old Strauss
waltz.

SAL
Are you serious?

BULL
Perfectly serious.

CUT TO:

DEAN happily urinating. The BEBOP stops abruptly, and we hear the charming sound of TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS pouring out of BULL's house.

DEAN freezes; for all his devotion to the spontaneous life he is unprepared for this one; we see BULL smiling, rocking contentedly in his chair.

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON
The group is scouring the yard for things to do.

ED and GALATEA are separate from the others, talking earnestly, exclusively.

BULL is sitting glassy-eyed and still in his rocking chair listening to the ticking of the clock. He has obviously just fixed.

Time passes, a lot of activity, play on the lawn with the GANG. ED and GALATEA deep in their endless deliberations about the future. BULL still sits and rocks.

Time passes; several hours. BULL hasn't moved.

Suddenly, BULL leaps from his rocker, grabs a shotgun off the wall, steps to the porch, and fires off a tremendous double-barreled BLAST.

Everybody on the lawn freezes. BULL is oblivious that anything remotely unusual is occurring.

BULL LEE

Say, why don't you fellows try my orgone accumulator? Put some juice in your bones. I always rush up and take off ninety miles an hour for the nearest whorehouse, hor-hor-hor!

The ORGONE ACCUMULATOR stands there in the hot, flat yard, an exfoliate machine cluster bedecked with maniacal contrivances.

EXT. GRAETNA RACES - DAY

BULL and SAL are there at the races, mixing with the Louisiana characters, playing the slot machines.

BULL LEE

(yelling)

Damn! They got these things adjusted. You could see it right then. I had the jackpot and the mechanism clicked it back. Well, what you gonna do.. Son las cosas de vida...

They examine the Racing Form, focusing on one, Big Pop.

SAL

Big Pop reminds me of my father.

VIEW ON BULL LEE muses for a second.

BULL LEE

Well, I'm going to bet on Ebony Corsair.

DISSOLVE TO: End of the race. Big Pop wins and pays fifty to one.

BULL LEE

Damn! I should have known better, I've had experience with this before. Oh, when will we ever learn?

SAL

What do you mean?

BULL LEE

Big Pop is what I mean. You had a

BULL LEE(cont)

vision, boy, a vision. Only damn fools pay no attention to visions. How do you know your father, who was an old horseplayer, just didn't momentarily communicate to you that Big Pop was going to win the race? The name brought the feeling up in you, he took advantage of the name to communicate. (shaking his head) Ah, let's go. This is the last time I'll ever play the horses with you around... all these visions drive me to distraction.

INT. BULL'S CHEVY - NIGHT
BULL is driving.

BULL LEE

Mankind will some day realize that we are actually in contact with the dead and with the other world, whatever it is; right now we could predict, if we only exerted enough mental will, what is going to happen within the next hundred years and be able to take steps to avoid all kinds of catastrophes. This will be very clear someday if scientists get on the ball. The bastards right now are only interested in seeing if they can blow up the world.

INT. BULL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BULL disappears into the bathroom for his fix.

JANE and GALATEA are in one of the upstairs room.

JANE

What?

GALATEA

That's right. She just waltzed in and asked Ed and me if we'd mind if she watched.

JANE

Watched...

GALATEA

And I'd just met her, ten minutes before.

JANE laughs.

JANE

Well I'm shocked. But I'm not surprised.

GALATEA

Well I think it's abnormal, don't you? And I know who was behind it.

They hear the sound of voices, DEAN and SAL, approaching. JANE puts her finger to her lips.

MEDIUM CLOSE. DEAN and SAL coming up the stairs. DEAN leans close to SAL and speaks earnestly, sincerely.

DEAN

Sal, I have something to ask of you ... very important to me... I wonder how you'll take it.

SAL

Yes?

DEAN

Well, uh, why don't you work Marylou a little bit?

SAL

What?

DEAN

I want to see what she's like with you. I mean, we're buddies aren't we? You know the song, man, "My best pal and my best gal..."

They pass the room where JANE and GALATEA are standing, JANE rolling her eyes in amusement, GALATEA scandalized. They come to the room that DEAN and MARYLOU have been using. MARYLOU stretched out on the bed, waiting.

VIEW ON MARYLOU. Very sexy.

SAL

Well, if you're going to be living with Camille...

DEAN

Yes! Yes!

DEAN looks at MARYLOU. VIEW ON SAL moves closer. VIEW ON MARYLOU opens her eyes, looks pleased, extends her arms to him. It seems to be all right with her.

SAL

(hesitates)

Ah hell, I can't do this.

DEAN

Go on, man, you promised!

SAL

What about Marylou? Come on, Marylou, what do you think?

MARYLOU

Go ahead.

She embraces him, and they kiss. SAL can't forget that DEAN is there. SAL starts laughing.

SAL

I'm sorry, I can't make it. Why don't you go in the kitchen a minute?

DEAN does so, extremely cooperative. But as he leaves their room he encounters GALATEA and JAN .. GALATEA glares at DEAN with sheer disgust. JAN is her usual taciturn self, although she can't help but laugh.

VIEW ON MARYLOU. She's so lovely.

SAL

(whispering)

Wait until we be lovers in San Francisco; my heart isn't in it. I'm right, aren't I?

VIEW ON MARYLOU Her beautiful eyes. She nods yes. SAL goes into the kitchen, taps DEAN, who is still blissful and blabbering and rocking.

SAL

Go to Marylou. Dean, how did you get the way you are?

DEAN

Prison is where you promise yourself the right to live. You know ... Sal?

SAL

Yes?

DEAN

(as though he just remembered his best line: pure con)

I never saw my mother's face.

He turns, goes into the room to MARYLOU.

EXT. BULL'S HOUSE - DAY Out on the road SAL, DEAN and ED DUNKEL are playing basketball with the kids' ball and a bucket nailed on a lamppost. Then they involve themselves in all sorts of feats of athletic prowess. DEAN is amazing. ED and SAL hold a bar of iron up to their waists, and Dean pops right over it holding his heels.

DEAN

Go ahead, raise it.

They keep raising it till it is chest-high. Still he jumps over it with ease. Then he tries the running broad jump and does at least twenty feet or more.

SAL(V.O.)

As we ran I had a mad vision of Dean running through all of life just like that - his bony face outthrust to life, his arms pumping, his brow sweating, his legs twinkling like Groucho Marx, yelling, "Yes! Yes, man, you sure can go!" But nobody could go as fast as he could, and that's the truth.

GALATEA steps out onto the porch and calls ED, who drops everything and trots over to her.

VIEW SAL racing DEAN down the road. DEAN passes him like the wind.

DEAN

(yelling)

Yes! Yes, man, you sure can go!

SAL shows BULL a good trick, where he falls on the

ground in front of an adversary and grips him with his ankles and flipping him over on his hands and grabbing his wrists in a full nelson.

BULL LEE

Pretty good, pretty good.

BULL starts to demonstrate some jujitsu. Little DODIE calls her mother to the porch.

DODIE

Look at the silly men.

JANE

(barely looking)

Yes, aren't they?

DEAN

Wow. Wait till she grows up! Can you see her cutting down Canal Street with her cute eyes. Ah! Oh!

VIEW ON MARYLOU starts to really focus in on SAL; moving toward him, and flirting with him.

MARYLOU

(whispering into Sal's ear)

You know, when he gets back, Dean is going to stay with Camille. Maybe you would go with me. (kisses his ear) I'll be a good girl for you.

SAL

(hesitant)

You know, Dean loves you. You're only doing this to make him jealous.

MARYLOU giggles lasciviously; he's right.

EXT. BULL LEE'S HOUSE - RED DUSK The whole group is sitting in the car. JANE, DODIE, little RAY, BULL LEE,

ED and GALATEA stand around in the high grass, smiling. They wave good-bye, a look of longing and confusion on

ED's face. DEAN turns to the car, rubs his fly, sticks his finger in MARYLOU's dress.

DEAN

Darling, you know and I know that everything is straight between us at least beyond the furthest most abstract definition in metaphysical terms or any terms you want to specify or sweetly impose or harken back...

SAL(V.O.)

Where go? What do? What for? This foolish gang was bending onward. And then zoom, we were off to California.

The car zooms off, heading for California. JANE has turned back to the house before they clear the driveway. BULL LEE is nodding and rocking in his chair, a volume of Kafka open on his lap. Only ED remains, looking longingly at the diminishing car.

FADE OUT: FADE IN: EXT. THE CAR - DAY/NIGHT
Voyaging past endless vales and trees and levees; by Memphis, Greenville, Eudora, Vicksburg, Natchez, Port Allen, and Port Orleans and Port of the Deltas, by Potash, Venice, and the Night's Great Gulf, and out. They roll across the hoodwink night of the Louisiana plains... Lawtell, Eunice, Kinder, and De Quincy, western rickety towns becoming more bayou-like as they reach the Sabine.

EXT. THE HUDSON - NIGHT

They take a chance on one of the dirt roads, and pretty soon they are crossing the evil old Sabine River that is responsible for all these swamps. With amazement they see great structures of light ahead of them.

DEAN

Texas! It's Texas! Will you look at those oilfields!!!

Huge oil tanks and refineries loom like cities in the oily fragrant air.

MARYLOU

I'm glad we got out of there. Let's find some mystery programs on the radio.

They zoom through Beaumont, over the Trinity River at Liberty, and straight for Houston. The radio plays "The Shadow."

They stop for a HITCHHIKER, a wizened little ghost of a bum. He gets into the car.

DEAN

Now look here, pardner, I'm going to have to ask you for a dollar to help with the gas.

HITCHHIKER

Hell, what would I be doin' with a dollar. I'm just hitchin' my way east. I ain't got a cent.

DEAN

Well, I hate to be the one to tell you, but we're going west right now.

HITCHHIKER

Don't tell me. I been travelling these roads for twenty years. I guess I know east from west.

DEAN

Could be that you do, but we're going west anyway.

HITCHHIKER

(wildly indignant)

That's it! Stop the car right now, I'm getting out. I don't mind bein' shaken down for a dollar, but I'll be good and god-damned if I'll be told by anybody where I'm going.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY. We see the HUDSON speed away from the HITCHHIKER. He immediately resumes hitching west.

EXT. STREETS OF HOUSTON - NIGHT

In the empty Houston streets of four o'clock in the morning a MOTORCYCLE KID suddenly roars through all bespangled and bedecked with glittering buttons, visor, slick black jacket, a Texas Poet of the Night, girl gripped on his back, hair flying, singing,

MOTORCYCLE KIDS

Houston, Austin, Fort Worth, Dallas
...and sometimes Kansas City... and
sometimes old Antone, ah-haaaaa!

They pinpoint out of sight.

DEAN

Wow! Dig that gone gal on his belt! Let's all blow! Let's ball that jack...

DEAN tries to catch up with them.

DEAN

Now wouldn't it be fine if we could all get together and have a real going goofbang together with everybody sweet and fine and agreeable, no hassles, no infant rise of protest or body woes misconceptualized or sumpin? Ah! but we know time.

He bends to it and pushes the car.

INT. CAR.

SAL is at the wheel now, DEAN is reading aloud from his beloved Proust. MARYLOU is between them, snuggled against DEAN, totally in love with the sound of his voice, erotically hypnotized by it. He could be reading the Houston phonebook for all she cares, or knows.

DEAN

(reading)

"... Many years have passed since that night. The wall of the staircase up which I had watched the light of his candle gradually climb was long ago demolished. And in myself, too, many things have perished which I imagined would last for ever, and new ones have arisen, giving birth to new sorrows and new joys which in those days I could not have foreseen....

SAL(V.O.)

(against Dean reading)

And he went on in that amazing voice, like a man on the run. He was a con - he even read like a con - but never a con for worldly gain. We drove through the farthest towns, past the sinister all-night lunchrooms of Laredo, into the golden Texas dawn while Dean raved and picked up on everything.

SAL(V.O.cont)

But I don't think that he really
cared about Texas, or anyplace
else..

DEAN

(still reading)

"... in reality their echo has
never ceased; and it is only
because life is growing more and
more quiet around me that I hear
them anew, like those convent bells
which are so effectively drowned
during the day by the noises of the
street that one would suppose them
to have stopped, until they ring
again through the silent evening
air....

EXT. TEXAS - DAY/NIGHT

They fly the rest of the way across the state of Texas,
not stopping except once when he takes all his clothes
off, near Ozona, and runs yipping and leaping naked in
the sage. Cars zoom by and don't see him. He scurries
back to the car and drives on.

DEAN is driving, SAL is singing, "When You're Smiling",
in a style that is both corny and sincere, square and
very hip, singing it across MARYLOU to DEAN.

DEAN

Now dig it. In 1849 a huge wagon-
train was heading West when news of
the goldstrike reached them. Men
unhitched the horses from their
wagons and, leaving family and
possessions behind, galloped madly
towards California, and their mad
dreams...

He turns smiling to MARYLOU. SAL is still singing
softly.

DEAN

You alright, darlin'?

MARYLOU

Yes, darlin', I am. Only some-
times I get the strangest feeling
that I'm sort of in the way here.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY. MORNING.

SAL smiles sleepily as they pass a small church stuck there in the middle of nowhere all by itself.

HALLUCINATION/FLASHBACK: SAL, a little boy, and GEORGE, holding his hand, enter a CHURCH. SAL kneels sweetly before a cheap plaster statue of the VIRGIN. As he prays fervently, we see (SAL's POV) the head of the VIRGIN turn, and smile upon him. SAL, radiant, smiles back at her.

DEAN

Now Sal, now Marylou, I want both of you to do as I'm doing, disem-burden yourselves of all that clothes... now what's the sense of clothes, now that's what I'm sayin ... and sun your pretty bellies with me. Come on!

They are driving west into the sun; it falls in through the windshield.

DEAN

Open your belly as we drive into it.

MARYLOU complies; so does SAL. They sit in the front seat, all three.

Every now and then a big truck zooms by; the DRIVER in the high cab catches a glimpse of a golden beauty sitting naked with two naked men: you can see them swerve a moment as they vanish in the Hudson's rear-view window.

Great sage plains, snowless now, roll on. Soon they are in the orange-rocked Pecos Canyon country. Blue distances open up in the sky. They get out of the car to examine an old Indian ruin. DEAN does so stark naked. MARYLOU and SAL put on their overcoats. They wander among the old stones, hooting and howling. Certain tourists catch sight of DEAN naked in the plain, he freezes statue-like as they approach and, anyway, they cannot believe their eyes and wobble on.

DEAN and MARYLOU park the car near Van Horn and make love while SAL goes to sleep. Sal wakes up just as they are rolling down the tremendous Rio Grande Valley through Clint and Ysleta to El Paso. MARYLOU jumps to the back seat, SAL jumps to the front seat, and they roll along.

EXT: EL PASO STREETS - DAY
The car is parked in front of a bar in a shabby neighborhood. DEAN is standing at the window leaning in.

DEAN

Now we must absolutely find some money to continue our trip.

SAL

Don't look at me. I just bought a nickle notebook and it cleaned me out.

DEAN

What possibility that you might wire your mother, Sal?

SAL

I already did that. I can't do it again.

DEAN

Alright. It's good to have total clarity where our true options are concerned. Now, we don't have the gas to get out of town. I want you two to wait here for me until I return, which won't be long.

He goes into the bar.

SAL

What's he doing?

MARYLOU smiles a strange, private smile and shrugs evasively.

MARYLOU

I don't know.

Ten minutes go by and we see DEAN leave the bar with a balding, furtive MIDDLEAGED MAN. They turn the corner and are gone from sight.

CLOSE ON SAL. A look of painful understanding crosses his face.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

MARYLOU and SAL wait in the car. She puts her arms around him.

SAL

Dammit, Marylou, wait till we get to Frisco.

MARYLOU

I don't care. Dean's going to leave me anyway. I don't care what I'm doing. Can I go back east with you?

SAL

We'll have to get some money in Frisco.

MARYLOU

I know where you can get a job in a lunchcart behind the counter, and I'll be a waitress. I know a hotel where we can stay on credit. We'll stick together. Gee, I'm sad.

SAL

What are you sad about, kid?

MARYLOU

I'm sad about everything. Oh damn, I wish Dean wasn't so crazy now.

DEAN comes twinkling back, giggling, and jumps in the car.

DEAN

Well, we'll be okay for the next few hundred miles. After that, we'll just have to pick up hitchhikers. I'm positive we'll find some. Hup! hup! here we go. Look out!

And he shoots up the car, hunches over the wheel, and roars out of El Paso.

SAL stares at him but DEAN doesn't look back. He yells at a motorist, and swings around him, and dodges a truck.

EXT. APPROACH TO SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

They begin rolling in the foothills before Oakland and suddenly reach a height and see stretched out ahead of them the fabulous white city of San Francisco.

DEAN

(yelling)

There she blows! Wow! Made it! Just enough gas, nor any a drop to spare! Give me ocean! We can't go any further 'cause there ain't no more land! Now Marylou, darling, you and Sal go immediately to a hotel and wait for me to contact you in the morning as soon as I have definite arrangements made with Camille and call up about my railroad watch and you and Sal buy paper for the want ads and work-plans.

SAL and MARYLOU look at each other in surprise, but DEAN just guns the Hudson onto the Oakland Bay Bridge and it carries them in.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

The downtown office buildings are just sparkling on their lights.

EXT. O'FARRELL STREET - DAY

They stagger out of the car and take all their things out of the car and pile them on the sidewalk. They are barely out of the car before DEAN speeds away.

VIEW ON SAL AND MARYLOU

They stand in the street and watch him drive away.

MARYLOU

You see what a bastard he is? Dean will leave you out in the cold any time it's in his interest.

SAL

I know.

SAL looks back east and sighs. They have no money.

SAL

Where are we going to stay?

MARYLOU

Come on with me.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - NIGHT

They walk, carrying their bundles of rags in the narrow romantic streets. RIGHT

WHAT THEY SEE: Poignant California characters with their end-of-the- continent sadness, handsome, decadent, Casanova-ish men, puffy-eyed motel blondes, hustlers, pimps, whores, masseurs, bellhops.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

MARYLOU has been around these people before; not far from the Tenderloin; a gray-faced hotel clerk lets them have a room on credit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SAL and MARYLOU in bed at last.

MARYLOU

That was very sweet, baby. I thought you were gonna be like that.

SAL

What was I like?

MARYLOU

Just sweet and soft and real easy. It makes for a nice change, I'll tell you.

She smacks her fist hard into her palm a few times.

MARYLOU

(laughing)

Bam! Bam! Bam!

SAL

Maybe we should set up together.

She hesitates.

SAL

I mean, Dean's got his mind on some other plan.

MARYLOU

(hard)

Yeah, well, we can't ever worry about what he's gonna do. He'll just do whatever he wants to do. We know that.

SAL

(very open and tender)

I've been thinking about a girl for

SAL(cont)
a long time, all my life, and I
didn't know how to find her.

MARYLOU
You think I'm her, honey?

SAL
Yeah, maybe. You're a lot like
her.

She's moved in some immediate and momentary way. She pulls him to her and holds him tight. But we see by the look on her face that he may not have all her attention.

INT. NIGHT. HOTEL ROOM.
SAL is looking out the window at the almost empty streets of the city. MARYLOU, in the background, is curled up sleeping naked on the bed.

SAL(V.O.)
There are no more lights in those windows up there. I'll tell you what happened: some old man finished his last quart of beer and went to sleep, or an old whore fell weeping on her bed of darkness, or they saw me noticing the window four stories and across the street down the mad city night....

MARYLOU stirs behind him, a long lush "Mmmmmmmmm" comes from her. SAL returns to the bed.

INT. STREET DOORWAY - NIGHT
SAL is waiting for MARYLOU in a doorway across the street, at Larkin and Geary, hungry, when she suddenly steps out of the foyer of the fancy apartment house with her GIRL FRIEND, the NIGHTCLUB OWNER, and a greasy OLD MAN with a roll. She is afraid to give SAL the sign, though she sees him in that doorway. She walks on little feet and gets in the Cadillac and off they go.

VIEW ON SAL Now he has nobody, nothing.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - NIGHT
SAL walks around, picking butts from the street. He passes a fish and chips joint on Market Street, and suddenly the woman in there gives him a terrified look as he passes; she is the proprietress, she apparently thinks SAL is coming in there with a gun to hold up the joint. SAL walks on.

SAL (V.O.)

I stopped, frozen with ecstasy on the sidewalk. I looked down Market Street. I didn't know whether it was that or Canal Street in New Orleans, it led to water, ambiguous, universal water, just as 42nd Street, New York, leads to water and you never know where you are. What was I, a stranger, doing on the West Coast this fair night? I had the sensation of Death kicking at my heels to move on. I was delirious.

As he walks, SAL passes a corner coffee shop. He looks through the window, sees his FATHER sitting at the counter. When he looks again, it's just an OLD MAN staring back at him with uneasy hostility. In the same hallucinatory vein, he sees strange ghostly figures in the fog; he approaches the SHROUDED STRANGER, hears the pleading voice, actually his own:

SHROUDED STRANGER

Go moan for man.....

SAL (V.O.)

I was just a little kid, five or six years old, when my big brother Gerard died. All my young life I'd heard that when you die you go up to Heaven with God to be happy in Paradise, I thought that that's what really happened, and so I was happy too. I went around the house smiling and laughing while my parents naturally wept and moaned, moaned for the little boy born sick and suffering so tenderly for eight years and dying so young, and when they saw me they couldn't understand, they thought I was crazy. But I wasn't, you see, I was rejoicing. In those times, I believed that when I grew up, I'd be a priest.

And now in this foggy time, I saw my own death walking beside me in the city streets. All my yearning and searching, all my travelling

SAL(V.O.cont)

was for this... The complete step across chronological time into timeless shadows, and wonderment in the bleakness of the mortal realm, with a phantom dogging its own heels, and myself hurrying to a plank where all the angels dove off and flew into the holy void of uncreated emptiness, the potent and inconceivable radiances shining in bright Mind Essence, innumerable lotuslands falling open in the magic mothswarm of heaven. I could hear an indescribable seething roar which wasn't in my ear but everywhere and had nothing to do with sounds.

SAL picks cigarette butts up as he walks. He takes them and pours their tobacco in his old pipe and lights up.

SAL(V.O.)

I realized that I had died and been reborn numberless times but just didn't remember especially because the transitions from life to death and back to life are so ghostlyeasy, a magical action for naught, like falling asleep and waking up again a million times, the utter casualness and deep ignorance of it. I realized it was only because of the stability of the intrinsic Mind that these ripples of birth and death took place, like the action of wind on a sheet of pure, serene, mirror-like water.

Fog, hunger-making raw fog, and the throb of neons in the soft night, the clack of high-heeled beauties, white doves in a Chinese grocery window ...

SAL(V.O.)

I felt sweet, swinging bliss, like a big shot of heroin in the mainline vein; like a gulp of wine late in the afternoon and it makes you shudder; my feet tingled. I thought I was going to die the very next moment. But I didn't die.

INT. NIGHT. HOTEL ROOM.

SAL's V.O. ends on a crazy bongo-beat knocking on the door. He opens it to find DEAN, grinning happily.

DEAN

Well, ole buddy, so you're still alive and here. How are you?

SAL

Top of the world, as always.

DEAN is peering beyond SAL into the room.

DEAN

Where's Marylou, man?

SAL

The whore ran off.

DEAN

(clearly let down)

Well isn't that just what I said she'd do?

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMILLE is a relief after Marylou; a well-bred, polite young woman. But like Marylou, she's completely gone on Dean, hangs on his every word.

CAMILLE

I' so glad Dean found you. He's been looking for you for days. And nights too, for that matter.

A look passes between DEAN and SAL. Only just re-united, SAL's already his accomplice again.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

SAL relaxes a few days in Camille's house. From her living-room window in the wooden tenement on Liberty Street you can see all of San Francisco burning green and red in the rainy night.

SAL spends the days reading and writing on Dean's battered old portable.

We see DEAN and SAL come in carrying bags of groceries; tossing the cans around in the kitchen, playing like kids as CAMILLE cooks dinner, happy for the moment to have them both here.

CAMILLE

Dean has a new job. He's going to be bringing in so much money, we won't know what to do with it all, will we Dean?

DEAN

No we won't, honeycakes, we'll be baffled and overcome by our wealth.

He smiles and winks broadly at SAL.

JACK

That's great. What's the gig?

DEAN has a job demonstrating a new kind of pressure cooker in the kitchens of homes. The SALESMAN gives him piles of samples and pamphlets. The first day DEAN is a hurricane of energy.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

SAL drives all over town with him as he makes appointments.

DEAN

(excitedly)

Man, this is even crazier than the time I worked for that guy Sinah. He sold a complete set of encyclopedias. He was the maddest guy in the world. I wonder where he is. We used to get next to pretty young daughters and feel them up in the kitchen. This afternoon I had the gonest housewife in her little kitchen... arm around her, demonstrating. Ah! Hmm! Egad! Wow!

SAL

Keep it up, Dean. Someday you'll be Mayor of San Francisco.

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

DEAN has the whole cookpot spiel worked out; he practices on CAMILLE and SAL in the evenings, "seducing" CAMILLE in their kitchen at the finish of his pitch. But his energies run out; he can't maintain any level of interest.

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

The SALESMAN comes around on a rainy afternoon to find

out what Dean is doing. DEAN is sprawled on the couch.

SALESMAN

Have you been trying to sell these?

DEAN

No. I have a railroad job coming up.

SALESMAN

Well, what are you going to do about all these samples?

DEAN

I don't know.

In a dead silence the SALESMAN gathers up his sad pots and leaves. CAMILLE comes out of the kitchen and looks bleakly at DEAN.

INT. NIGHT. THE APARTMENT.

SAL, DEAN and CAMILLE are finishing dinner. It's very quiet, far from the open exuberance of their first dinner together. CAMILLE can't bring herself to look at either of them. DEAN appears not to notice; he laughs.

DEAN

Sal, we must go hear that great Slim Gaillard tonight. Darlin', call Mrs. Gallagher and ask her to watch the baby so that you can join us.

CAMILLE

No thank you.

SAL can't take the tension. He doesn't know where to look. CAMILLE gives him a sad smile, which he returns in kind.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL go to see SLIM GAILLARD in a little Frisco nightclub. Great eager crowds of young semi-intellectuals sit at his feet and listen to him on the piano, guitar, and bongo drums. When he gets warmed up he takes off his shirt and undershirt and really goes. He does and says anything that comes into his head. He'll sing "Cement Mixer, Putti Put-ti" and suddenly slow down the beat and brood over his bongos with fingertips barely tapping the skin as everybody leans forward breathlessly to hear.

SLIM GAILLARD

Great-orooni... fine-ovauti...
hello-orooni... hourbon-orooni...
all-orooni... how are the boys in
the front row making out with their
girls-orooni... orooni... vauti...
oroonirooni...

His great sad eyes scan the audience. DEAN stands in the back.

DEAN

God! Yes!

He clasps his hands in prayer and sweats.

DEAN

Sal, Slim knows time, he knows time.

SLIM sits down at the piano and hits two notes, two C's, then two more, then one, then two, and suddenly the big burly bass-player wakes up from a reverie and realizes SLIM is playing "C-Jam Blues" and everybody starts rocking and SLIM looks just as sad as ever. He grabs the bongos and plays tremendous rapid Cubana beats and yells crazy things in Spanish in Arabic, in Peruvian dialect, in Egyptian, in every language he knows. Finally the set is over and SLIM GAILLARD goes and stands against a post, looking sadly over everybody's heads as people come to talk to him. DEAN approaches him, he approaches his God; he shuffles and bows in front of him and asks him to join them.

SLIM

Right-orooni.

DEAN gets a table, buys drinks, and sits stiffly in front of SLIM. SLIM dreams over his head. Every time Slim says, "Orooni," Dean says, "Yes!" Sal sits there with these two madmen. Nothing happens.

SLIM

So what're you boys doin'?

DEAN

Oh, you know, same old thing... A-hah, a-hah, gurls, gurls, gurls... A ball, you know, Slim... I'm just looking for a ball.

SLIM

What good's a ball, man? Life's
too sad to be ballin' all the time.

A bourbon is slipped into his hand.

SLIM GAILLARD

Bourbon-orooni ... thank-you-
ovauti. There you go-orooni.

SAL(V.O.)

To Slim Gaillard the whole world
was just one big orooni. Dean and
I goofed around San Francisco in
this manner, but I was just waiting
for my next GI check so I could get
out of there and go home and leave
Dean and Camille alone to find
their way together.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

SAL buys a loaf of bread and meats and makes himself
fifteen salami sandwiches to cross the country with
again.

CUT TO: EXT. DAY. BUS STATION.

SAL and DEAN slap each other on the back, CAMILLE gives
SAL a sad kiss.

CUT TO:

SAL seen at the window of another GREYHOUND BUS as DEAN
and CAMILLE wave and the bus pulls out for New York.
DEAN makes his beat benedictory gesture, fingers snapped
and pointed out like pistols.

SAL(V.O.)

What I accomplished by coming to
San Francisco I just don't know.
Camille was nice to me, but she
wanted me to leave; Dean didn't
care one way or another. We were
like old buddies of the night grown
sad... Well, lackadaddy, I was gone
again, on my way, on my lovely
lonely sad and open road. What's
your road anyway? Holyboy road,
madman road, rainbow road, guppy
road, any road? It's an anywhere
road for anybody anyhow.

We see Sal's old MAP again, the red pencil-line being

drawn from the West Coast to New York City.

SAL looks across the aisle of the bus. There is a beautiful young MEXICAN GIRL with a two-year old boy sleeping next to her. That look comes over his face, and he stares at her longingly.

CUT TO: SAL'S FANTASY

We hear soft Mexican music, marimbas and guitars and exquisite vocal harmonies singing a love song; and SEE an enormous orchard, SAL and the GIRL picking fruit, moving in an idyllic haze, looking tenderly at each other.

Music continues, we see SAL and the GIRL in bed in an idealized Mexican shack, humble but immaculate, the child sleeping in a crib nearby. SAL smooths her hair, strokes her cheek, stares into her soft, adoring eyes. We see his lips move, telling her in Spanish that he loves her. Tears of happiness appear on her radiant face.

CUT TO: NIGHT. INT. THE BUS.

SAL looks across at the GIRL, sleeping with her mouth open, the faintest trace of a moustache, hard face, almost unrecognizable now as the girl he first saw and dreamed of. Since this is probably the third or fourth time that this has happened to SAL today alone, he is unperturbed by it; he's already looking out for the next one.

The MAP; the red pencil-line being moving from the West Coast to New York City.

As SAL speaks the following VO, we catch glimpses of his months back in New York. (NOTE: We see SAL with CARLO, BULL LEE and JANE; we see him signing books, looking up into the sweet and beautiful face of an adoring young GIRL. We see that LOOK again: can this be her at last?)

SAL(V.O.)

And so I came back again to New York. My book was published, I entertained and was entertained, and for a time I enjoyed myself. I saw Carlo and ran into Bull Lee, who was kept busy in his search for morphine, but who took us to dinner in the Village for a very civilized evening. Jane was off Benzedrine,

SAL(V.O.cont)
and was drinking several bottles of
rum a day to fill the void.

We see SAL walking now in the grey streets of LOWELL,
MASSACHUSETTS, where he had been born and grew up.

SAL(V.O.)
I went back to my old home town in
Massachusetts for a few days.

EXT. DAY. CEMETERY. SAL stands bareheaded in the rain
at the GRAVES of his brother and father. He seems to be
murmuring a prayer to himself.

INT. NIGHT. BAR in Lowell. SAL and old friends.

SAL(V.O.)
I heard again the voices of old
companions and brothers under the
bridge, among the motorcycles,
along the wash-lined neighborhood
and drowsy doorsteps of afternoon
where boys played guitar while
their older brothers worked in the
mills. And the pleasant days there
followed one on another, until
every day seemed like every other
day, and I longed for some other
motion, the open skies and open
faces of the West, and the clean
thin light of California.

VIEW ON SAL; ON THE SIDE OF A HIGHWAY, HITCH-HIKING.
VIEW ON MAP; red line running back to San Francisco.

FADE OUT: FADE IN: EXT/INT. DEAN'S HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

SAL knocks on Dean's door at two o'clock in the morning.
DEAN comes to the door stark naked and it may be the
President knocking for all he cares. He receives the
world in raw.

DEAN
(genuinely in awe)
Sal! I didn't think you'd actually
do it. You've finally come to me.

SAL
Yep, here I am. How are you, man?

DEAN

Not so good, not so good. But we've got a million things to talk about. Sal, the time has finally come for us to talk and get with it.

SAL

Where's Camille?

DEAN nods towards the upstairs, rolls his eyes like a martyr.

DEAN

So, you finally got your book out. I'm so proud of you, Sal, Camille is too, we all are, Carlo speaks of nothing else in his letters... I wrote you, I got the copy you sent us, we're all just knocked out cold. How was it, being famous?

SAL

It wasn't anything like the miracle I was hoping for.

DEAN

Well, dear Sal, walking on water wasn't built in a day.

DEAN and SAL begin talking excitedly in the kitchen downstairs, which brings forth sobs o.s. from upstairs.

CAMILLE comes down, dressed in her robe. She's been crying. She kisses SAL.

CAMILLE

Hello Sal. I thought I heard someone come in. I wish I could say I'm happy to see you, and of course I am, but it would have been better for me if you hadn't come. It's not your fault, Sal... I just don't want to lie to you. I hate a liar, don't you?

She glares at DEAN.

CAMILLE

Congratulations on your book. It's beautiful. Dean's insanely jealous.

DEAN

Aw, Camille, you know that's not true darlin'....

CAMILLE

Yes, Dean, please tell me what's true and what's not true.

The BABY starts crying. CAMILLE goes back upstairs.

CLOSE VIEW - DEAN AND SAL

SAL

(whispering)

What's the matter with her?

DEAN

She's getting worse and worse, man. She cries and makes tantrums, won't let me out to see Slim Gaillard, gets mad every time I'm late, then when I stay home she won't talk to me and says I'm an utter beast.

He runs upstairs to soothe her. SAL hears CAMILLE yell.

CAMILLE (O.S.)

You're a liar. You're a liar.

You're a liar! (sobbing)

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL can't stand Camille's sobbing and go out to buy beer.

INT. DEAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

They bring the beer back to the kitchen. CAMILLE spends the night staring blankly at the dark.

DEAN

What happened was, Marylou showed up again.

(NEW SCENE: DRAMATIZE THE FOLLOWING: PLAYED OUT IN FRAGMENTS AND SCENES APPROPRIATE TO THE ONGOING DEAN MONOLOGUE.)

DEAN

Just before I lost my car I happened to be driving down Divisadero, and I saw her going into a house with a sailor. Every night she seemed to have a different guy with her...

DEAN lurking in the shadows outside MARYLOU'S house.

DEAN

She wouldn't see me. I couldn't get anywhere near her. I started sneaking up to her place and peeping through the mail slot.

VIEW MAIL-SLOT.

MARYLOU sprawled on the bed with a MAN.

DEAN trails her around town.

DEAN

I wanted proof, man, absolute proof that she was a whore. I loved her so it made me sweat. Then I got hold of some real bad tea, green, you know, uncured, and I just smoked too much of it.

VIEW DEAN smoking the marijuana.

DEAN (O.S.)

The first day, I lay rigid as a board in bed and couldn't move or say a word; I just looked straight up with my eyes open wide. I could hear buzzing in my head and saw all kinds of wonderful technicolor visions and felt wonderful. The second day everything came to me, EVERYTHING I'd ever done or known or read or heard of or conjectured came back to me and rearranged itself in my mind in a brand-new logical way and because I could think of nothing else in the interior concerns of holding and catering to the amazement and gratitude I felt, I kept saying, "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

We SEE DEAN in bed, mouthing "Yes, yes...", sweating, pale. CAMILLE steps into the room with the baby in her arms. DEAN smiles weakly at her. She turns without smiling, and leaves him.

DEAN

Not loud. Just "Yes," real quiet, and these green tea visions lasted

DEAN(cont)

until the third day. I had understood everything by then, my whole life was decided, I knew I loved Marylou, I knew I had to find my father wherever he is and save him, I knew you were my buddy et cetera, I knew how great Carlo is. I knew a thousand things about everybody everywhere.

We SEE OLD DEAN MORIARTY, a grizzled, wasted derelict, warming his hands over a trashcan fire. We SEE saintly SAL, smiling benignly; we SEE antic, sweet CARLO, reading aloud to a group of people.

VIEW Dean takes the marijuana over to MARYLOU's.

DEAN (O.S.)

So I ran to Marylou with some of that tea. And do you know that the same thing happened to that dumb little box?... the same visions, the same logic, the same final decision about everything, the view of all truths in one painful lump leading to nightmares and pain... ack! Then I knew I loved her so much I wanted to kill her.

SAL

Then what happened?

DEAN

That was months ago... after you left. She finally married a used-car dealer, dumb bastard has promised to kill me if he finds me, if necessary I shall have to defend myself and kill him and I'll go to San Quentin, 'cause, Sal, one more rap of any kind and I go to San Quentin for life... that's the end of me. Bad hand and all.

He holds up his hand self-pityingly. He has suffered a terrible accident.

SAL

God, I didn't even notice. What happened?

We SEE DEAN strike a powerful but badly-aimed blow at a frightened, laughing MARYLOU.

DEAN

I hit Marylou on the brow on February twenty-sixth at six o'clock in the evening... in fact six-ten, because I remember I had to make my hotshot freight in an hour and twenty minutes... the last time we met and the last time we decided everything, and now listen to this:

CLOSEUP now on DEAN; his face increasingly pathetic.

DEAN

My thumb only deflected off her brow and she didn't even have a bruise and in fact laughed, but my thumb broke above the wrist and a horrible doctor made a setting of the bones that was difficult and took three separate castings, twenty-three combined hours of sitting on hard benches waiting, et cetera, and the final cast had final cast had a traction pin stuck through the tip of my thumb, so in April when they took off the cast the pin infected my bone and I developed osteomyelitis which has become chronic, and after an operation which failed and a month in a cast the result the amputation of a wee bare off the tip-ass end.

He unwraps the bandages and shows SAL.

DEAN

We know life, Sal, we're growing older, each of us, little by little, and are coming to know things. What you tell me about your life I understand well, I've always dug your feelings, and now in fact you're ready to hook up with a real great girl if you can only find her and cultivate her and make her mind your soul as I have tried so hard with these damned

DEAN(cont)
 women of mine. (yelling) Shit!
 shit! shit!

SAL(V.O.)
 That thumb became the symbol of
 Dean's final development. He no
 longer cared about anything (as
 before) but now he also cared about
 everything in principle; that is to
 say, it was all the same to him and
 he belonged to the world and there
 was nothing he could do about it.

EXT. WINDOW. DAY.
 CAMILLE glaring angrily, sadly down at the street,
 watching SAL and DEAN depart. She suddenly starts sob-
 bing, mouthing words which could be a cry for them to
 return.

EXT. STREET. DAY.
 SAL and DEAN are struggling down the street with what
 looks like all their earthly belongings.

DEAN stops SAL in the middle of the street.

DEAN
 Now, man, I know you're probably
 real bugged; you just got to town
 and we get thrown out the first day
 and you're wonderin' what I've done
 to deserve this an so on together
 with all horrible appurtenances...
 hee-hee-hee!... but look at me.
 Please, Sal, look at me.

DEAN is wearing a T-shirt, torn pants hanging down his
 belly, tattered shoes; he has not shaved, his hair is
 wild and bushy, his eyes bloodshot, and that tremendous
 bandaged thumb stands supported in midair at heart-level
 and on his face is the goofiest grin.

DEAN
 What do my eyeballs see? Ah
 ... the blue sky. Long-fellow!

He sways and blinks. He rubs his eyes.

DEAN
 We must learn now to dig and see
 and catalogue and understand

DEAN(cont)

everything. Now I propose that we do this by walking to New York, and as we do so, we'll take stock of everything along the way. Yasss...

SAL(V.O.)

I realized that it was up to me. Poor Dean... the devil himself had never fallen farther. Struggling there on the street, surrounded by the battered suitcases of his motherless feverish life across America and back numberless times, an undone bird.

SAL

Listen, I have some money, about a hundred bucks. You come to New York with me... after that, we'll go to Italy.

DEAN

Italy? (his eyes light up) Italy... yass.. how shall we get there, dear Sal?

SAL

We'll figure it out. I've got something like a thousand dollars coming from my publishers. We'll go and dig all the crazy women in Rome, Paris, all those gone places; we'll sit at sidewalk cafes; we'll live in whorehouses. Why not go to Italy?

DEAN

Why yass. (staring at Sal)

SAL stares back at DEAN.

SAL

What's the matter?

DEAN makes no answer but continues looking at SAL with the same wary insolent con side-eye.

SAL

I've got the money. Just come with me.

SAL looks at DEAN; SAL's eyes are watering with embarrassment and tears. Still DEAN stares at SAL.

SAL(V.O.)

Something clicked in both of us.
In me it was suddenly concern for a man who was years younger than I, five years, and whose fate was wound with mine across the passage of the recent years. (to Dean) What was that look?

Out of the tenement next to Camille's house file eleven Greek men and women who instantly line themselves up on the sunny pavement while another backs up across the narrow street and smiles at them over a camera. Gulls fly overhead in the sparkling air.

DEAN

(shyly; sweetly)

Well, shall we go?

SAL

Yes, let's go to Italy.

DEAN looks down at his suitcase.

DEAN

What do you think, buddy. That's got to be the beatest suitcase in the USA.

They pick up their bags and stagger to the cable-car stop.

INT. MARKET ST. BAR

DEAN is very quiet and preoccupied, looking at the old bums in the saloon that remind him of his father.

DEAN

I think my father's in Denver ... this time we must absolutely find him, he may be in County Jail, he may be around Larimer Street again, but he's to be found. Agreed?

SAL

We'll do everything we've never done and been too silly to do in the past. But Dean... where will we sleep for now?

DEAN

Maybe Galatea Dunkle will take pity
on us.

INT. GALATEA'S FLAT - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL find GALATEA sitting crosslegged on the
Oriental-type rug of her four-room tenement flat on
upper Mission with a deck of fortune-telling cards.

GALATEA

I'm not really worried this time.
He'll come back. That guy can't
take care of himself without me.

She gives a furious look at DEAN and DEAN'S friend, ROY
JOHNSON.

GALATEA

It was his friend Tommy Snark who
did it this time. All the time
before he came Ed was perfectly
happy and worked and we went out
and had wonderful times. Dean, you
know that. Then they'd sit in the
bathroom for hours, Ed in the bath-
tub and Snarky on the seat, and
talk and talk and talk... such
silly things.

DEAN laughs.

GALATEA

(looking at her cards)

When Ed's money runs out he'll be
back. Damn fool... he doesn't know
anything and never did. All he
really has to know is that I love
him.

GALATEA sits there on the rug, her long hair streaming
to the floor, plying the fortune-telling cards.

INT. GALATEA'S FLAT - NIGHT

A group of people have gathered: MARIE, a woman that
DEAN is obviously involved with, and her DAUGHTER; GALA-
TEA, ROY JOHNSON, his wife DOROTHY... all sort of sullen
in the overstuffed furniture as SAL stands in a corner,
and DEAN stands in the middle of the room with his bal-
loon thumb in the air breast-high, giggling. He spots a
man who's hand is also bandaged.

DEAN

Gawd damn. We're all losing our fingers here... hawr-hawr-hawr.

GALATEA

Dean, why do you act so foolish? Camille called and said you left her. Don't you realize you have a daughter, and another child coming?

SAL

He didn't leave her, she kicked him out!

They all give SAL dirty looks; DEAN grins.

SAL

And what do you expect the poor guy to do, with that thumb?

They all look at SAL; particularly DOROTHY JOHNSON lowers a mean gaze at him.

GALATEA

I think Marylou was very, very wise leaving you, Dean. For years now you haven't had any sense of responsibility for anyone. You've done so many awful things I don't know what to say to you. Sometimes I think you must be schizophrenic.

DEAN

Bull Lee says a schizophrenic is a guy who just found out what's been going on.

They all sit around looking at DEAN with lowered and hating eyes, and he stands on the carpet in the middle of them and giggles. He does a little dance. His bandage is getting dirtier all the time; it begins to flop and unroll.

GALATEA

You have absolutely no regard for anybody but yourself and your damned kicks. All you think about is what's hanging between your legs and how much money or fun you can get out of people and then you just throw them aside. Not only that

GALATEA(cont)

but you're silly about it. It never occurs to you that life is serious and there are people trying to make something decent out of it instead of just goofing all the time. Camille is crying her heart out tonight, but don't think for a minute she wants you back, she said she never wanted to see you again and she said it was to be final this time. Yet you stand here and make silly faces, and I don't think there's a care in your heart.

DEAN

(to Sal, but loud enough
for everyone to hear)

Nobody's pleased with me anymore... I'm gonna move to Tibet and start anew, and fuck them all... I'm drunk on what I like... I'm in love with my life, and I'm sticking to it.

SAL

Now look here, all of you, remember just one thing: this guy has his troubles too, and another thing, he never complains and he's given all of you a damned good time just being himself, and if that isn't enough for you then send him to the firing squad, that's apparently what you're itching to do anyway...

Nevertheless GALATEA DUNKEL is the only one in the gang who isn't afraid of DEAN and can sit there calmly, with her face hanging out, telling him off in front of everybody.

GALATEA

Now you're going East with him, and what do you think you're going to accomplish by that?

SAL

Aw Galatea...

GALATEA

I'm sorry, but I think it's sad.
Camille has to stay home and mind
the baby now Dean's gone. How can
she keep her job?

VIEW ON DEAN He is standing in front of everybody,
ragged and broken and idiotic, his bony mad face covered
with sweat and throbbing veins, saying, "Yes, yes, yes."

SAL(V.O.)

I was convinced tremendous revela-
tions were pouring into him, and
the others suspected as much and
were frightened. He was BEAT...
the root, the soul of Beatific.
What was he knowing?

SAL

(to the others)

We're going to Italy. (beat) Come
on, Galatea, Marie, let's go hit
the jazz joints and forget it.
Dean will be dead someday. Then
what can you say to him?

GALATEA

The sooner he's dead the better,

And she speaks for almost everyone in the room.

SAL

Very well, then, but now he's
alive and I'll bet you want to know
what he does next and that's
because he's got the secret that
we're all busting to find and it's
splitting his head wide open and if
he goes mad don't worry, it won't
be your fault but the fault of God.

GALATEA

You really don't know Dean; he's
the worst scoundrel that ever lived
and you'll find out someday to your
regret.

ROY

I know Dean better than anybody,
and all Dean is, is just a very
interesting and even amusing con-
man.

DEAN
(to Sal, with no conviction)
Ah, don't worry, dear Sal. Every-
thing is perfect and fine.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY
DEAN rushes to get a travel-bureau car. SAL's job is to
hurry to Galatea Dunkel's for their bags.

INT. GALATEA'S APT. - DAY
She is sitting on the floor with her fortune-telling
cards.

SAL
Well, good-by, Galatea. I hope
everything works out fine.

GALATEA
Sal, if you see Ed along the road
you tell him to come back to me or
I'll kill him. When he gets back
I'm going to take him to Janson's
Nook every night and let him get
his fill of madness. Do you think
that'll work, Sal? I don't know
what to do.

SAL
What do the cards say?

GALATEA
The ace of spades is far away from
him. The heart cards always sur-
round him... the queen of hearts is
never far. See this, the jack of
spades? That's Dean, he's always
around.

SAL
Well, we're leaving for New York in
an hour.

GALATEA
Someday Dean's going to go on one
of these trips and never come back.

EXT. DAY. HIGHWAY: a BUS moves east, we see Sal's MAP,
the red line approaching Denver.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. DENVER - DAY
DEAN and SAL get off a streetcar in Denver at the corner

of 27th and Federal. Their battered suitcases are piled on the sidewalk again. They are both exhausted and dirty.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

In the john of a restaurant SAL is at a urinal blocking DEAN's way to the sink and SAL steps out before he is finished and resumes at another urinal.

SAL

Dig this trick.

DEAN washes his hands at the sink. .

DEAN

Yes, man, it's a very good trick but awful on your kidneys and because you're getting a little older now every time you do this it will eventually lead you to years of misery in your old age, awful kidney miseries for the days when you sit in parks and talk to yourself.

SAL

(mad)

Who's old? I'm not much older than you are!

DEAN

I wasn't saying that, man!

SAL

Ah, you're always making cracks about my age. You don't have to warn me about my kidneys... You're old!

Just as the WAITRESS sets down the hot-roast-beef sandwiches, SAL, knowing he's gone too far, says to cap his anger:

SAL

You're just an old fag!

And suddenly DEAN's eyes grow tearful and he gets up and leaves his food steaming there and walks out of the restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY DEAM stands outside the restaurant crying.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

SAL(V.O.)

I wondered if he was just wandering off forever. I didn't care, I was so mad... I had flipped momentarily and turned it on Dean. But the sight of his uneaten food made me sadder than anything in years. I shouldn't have said that... he likes to eat so much... He's never left his food like this... What the hell. That's showing him, anyway.

DEAN comes back and sits down. SAL doesn't look up from his food.

SAL

Well, what were you doing out there, knotting up your fists? Cursing me, thinking up new gags about my kidneys?

DEAN

No, man, no... You're completely wrong. If you really want to know...

SAL

Yeah, I do, tell me...

DEAN can't speak. He shakes his head.

SAL

Go on, man, tell me.

DEAN

I was crying.

SAL

Oh bullshit. You never cry.

DEAN

You can say that? Why do you think I never cry?

SAL

You don't die enough to cry.

DEAN
(from his deepest heart)
Tell me, buddy, why? Why can't we
just be it all? Be father and
lover and husband and worker and
friend and still be out there look-
ing for our kicks?

And he starts to cry again. SAL looks up.

SAL
Oh man... Dean, I'm sorry. I never
acted this way before with you.

DEAN
Please, buddy, it's okay.

SAL
Now you know me.

DEAN
Yes, man, yes, man. But please
harken back and believe me.

SAL
I do believe you, I do.

DEAN, the holy conman, begins to eat.

SAL
It's not my fault! Nothing in this
lousy world is my fault! Don't you
see that? I don't want it to be
and it can't, and it won't be...

DEAN reaches across the table and pats SAL's arm.

DEAN
It's okay. It's good. There you
are buddy! Come on now, come on,
now, no words, come on now....

EXT. DENVER - NIGHT Dean is very excited that night
because his cousin SAM BRADY is meeting them at a bar.
DEAN is wearing a clean T-shirt and beaming all over.

DEAN
Now listen, Sal, I must tell you
about Sam... he's my cousin.

SAL

But first, tell me, have you looked for your father?

DEAN

This afternoon, man, I went down to Jiggs' Buffet where he used to pour draft beer in tender befuddlement and get hell from the boss and go staggering out... no... and I went to the old barbershop next to the Windsor... no, not there... old fella told me he thought he was... imagine!... working in a railroad gandy - dancing cookshack or sumpin for the Boston and Maine in New England! But I don't believe him, they make up fractious stories for a dime. I think he's right here in Denver.

Against this, we see DEAN walking the Denver streets, inquiring about his father. He leaves a low saloon and passes a group of derlict MEN huddled on the curb, but he's not really looking, too hungry as always for the next Moment, checking out the girls on the street. One of the men turns around and watches him and we see, by the strong resemblance and by the strange look on his face, that this must be Dean's FATHER; weak and wasted, sad and perverse, silently watching his son pass by. DEAN misses him by split second.

DEAN(cont)

Now listen to hear. In my childhood Sam Brady my close cousin was my absolute hero. He used to boot-leg whiskey from the mountains and one time he had a tremendous fist fight with his brother that lasted two hours in the yard and had the women screaming and terrified. We used to sleep together in the same bed. The one man in the family who took tender concern for me. And tonight I'm going to see him again for the first time in seven years. He just got back from Missouri.

SAL

And what's the pitch?

DEAN

No pitch man, I only want to know what's been happening in the family ... I have a family too, remember... and most particularly, Sal, I want him to tell me things that I've forgotten in my childhood. I want to remember, I do!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

DEAN is happy and excited. While they wait for Dean's cousin in the bar he talks to a lot of younger downtown hipsters and hustlers and checks on new gangs and goings-on.

DEAN

Sal, in my young days when I used to come to this corner to steal change off the newsstand for bowery beef stew, that rough-looking cat you see out there standing had nothing but murder in his heart, got into one horrible fight after another, I remember his scars even, till now years and y-e-a-r-s of standing on the corner have finally softened him and chastened him completely, he's become sweet and willing and patient with everybody, he's become a fixture on the corner... you see how things happen?

Then SAM BRADY arrives, a wiry, curly-haired man of thirty-five with work-gnarled hands. DEAN stands in awe before him. He starts to order SAM a drink.

SAM BRADY

No. I don't drink any more.

DEAN

(whispering to Sal)

See? See! He doesn't drink any more and he used to be the biggest whiskeyleg in town; he's got religion now, he told me over the phone, dig him, dig the change in a man... my hero has become so strange.

INT. SAM BRADY'S CAR - NIGHT

SAM BRADY is suspicious of his young cousin. He takes them out for a spin in his old rattly coupe and immediately he makes his position clear in regard to Dean.

SAM BRADY

Now look, Dean, I don't believe you any more or anything you're going to try to tell me. I came to see you tonight because there's a paper I want you to sign for the family. Your father is no longer mentioned among us and we want absolutely nothing to do with him, and, I'm sorry to say, with you either, any more.

SAL looks at DEAN. DEAN's face drops and darkens.

DEAN

Yass, yass.

But DEAN tries to make the best of it, asking his cousin endless questions about the family.

DEAN

Do you ever hear anything from my brother Tom?

SAM

No. I believe he's living in Kansas City.

DEAN

I had two half-sisters. Last I knew they were living in L.A. What happened to them?

SAM

Afraid I can't help you there. I really don't know.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

The COUSIN drops SAL and DEAN off at the sad lights of a carnival on Alameda Boulevard at Federal. He makes an appointment with Dean for the paper-signing next afternoon and leaves.

DEAN

Oh these dumb dumb Okies... They'll never change. How completely and unbelievably dumb, the moment it comes time to act, to become human, this paralysis - scared, hysterical, nothing frightens them more than what they want... it's my father all over again!

SAL

I'm sorry that you have don't have anyone to believe in you. Remember that I believe in you. I'm infinitely sorry for the foolish grievance I held against you yesterday afternoon.

DEAN

All right, man, it's agreed.

They dig the carnival together. There are merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, popcorn, roulette wheels, and hundreds of young Denver kids in jeans wandering around. Dust rises to the stars together with every sad music on earth.

EXT. DENVER STREETS - DAY

The next afternoon DEAN and SAL go to downtown Denver for their various chores and to see the travel bureau for a car to New York.

INT/EXT. SPORTING-GOODS STORE - DAY

DEAN suddenly saunters into the store, calmly picks up a softball on the counter, and comes out, popping it up and down in his palm. Nobody notices; nobody ever notices such things. They play catch as they go along.

DEAN

We'll get a travel-bureau car for sure.

INT. TRAVEL BUREAU - DAY

At the travel bureau there is a tremendous offer for someone to drive a '47 Cadillac limousine to Chicago. The MAN who runs the bureau indicates it parked outside the window. DEAN looks, his face lights up.

DEAN

Oh... Oh my!

All the owner wants is identification and for the car to get there. SAL's papers assures him everything will come off right.

SAL

(to Dean)

And don't scrounge with this car.

DEAN jumps up and down with excitement. They have to wait an hour for the passengers they're to carry.

EXT. GRASS - DAY

They lie on the grass. There SAL falls asleep from sheer exhaustion with his face to the afternoon birds. Organ music is playing somewhere o.s.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

DEAN hustles around town. He talks up an acquaintance with a waitress, BEVERLY, in a luncheonette, makes a date to take her driving in his Cadillac that afternoon, and comes back to wake SAL with the news.

EXT. TRAVEL BUREAU - DAY

When the Cadillac arrives, DEAN instantly drives off with it "to get gas," and the TRAVEL-BUREAU man looks at Sal.

TRAVEL-BUREAU MAN

(to Sal)

When's he coming back? The passengers are all ready to go.

Two IRISH BOYS from an Eastern Jesuit school are waiting with their suitcases on the benches.

SAL

He just went for gas. He'll be right back.

EXT. CORNER - DAY

SAL cuts down to the corner and watches DEAN as he keeps the motor running for the WAITRESS, who has been changing in her hotel room; in fact SAL can see her from where he stands, in front of her mirror, primping and fixing her silk stockings. She comes running out and jumps in the Cadillac.

EXT. TRAVEL BUREAU - DAY

SAL wanders back to reassure the travel-bureau BOSS and the PASSENGERS. He sees a faint flash of the Cadillac crossing Cleveland Place with DEAN T-shirted and joyous, fluttering his hands and talking to the GIRL and hunching over the wheel to go as she sits sadly and proudly beside him.

INT. PARKING LOT

DEAN takes the girl back to a parking lot in broad daylight, parks near the brick wall at the back and makes it with her right there, in nothing flat.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Thirty minutes and DEAN roars back, deposits BEVERLY at

her hotel, with kisses, farewells, promises.

DEAN
Until New York then, darling.

BEVERLY
I can't wait, honey.

EXT. TRAVEL BUREAU - DAY

DEAN zooms right up to the travel bureau to pick up the crew.

TRAVEL-BUREAU MAN
Well, it's about time! I thought
you'd gone off with that Cadillac.

SAL
It's my responsibility, don't
worry.

DEAN becomes businesslike and assists the Jesuit BOYS
with their baggage.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY
Everyone is hardly seated before DEAN is off, the big
motor thrumming with immense power. Two miles out of
Denver the speedometer breaks because DEAN is pushing
well over 110 miles an hour.

DEAN
Well, no speedometer, I won't know
how fast I'm going. I'll just ball
that jack right on into Chicago and
tell by time.

All the cars fall from them like dead flies on the
straightaway highway leading up to Greeley.

It begins to rain but DEAN never slackens.

VIEW ON THE CADILLAC It is a beautiful big car, the last
of the old-style limousines, black, with a big elongated
body and whitewall tires and probably bulletproof win-
dows. The Jesuit BOYS sit in the back, gleeful and
glad to be underway. They try to talk but DEAN says
nothing and takes off his shirt and drives barechested.

DEAN
Oh, that Beverly is a sweet gone
little gal... she's going to join
me in New York... we're going to

DEAN(cont)

get married as soon as I can get divorce papers from Camille... Everything's jumping, Sal, and we're off. Yes! Whee, Sal, we gotta go and never stop going till we get there.

SAL

Where are we going, man?

DEAN

I don't know, but we gotta go.

The faster they leave Denver behind the better SAL feels, and they are doing it fast.

FIRST JESUIT BOY

(to Sal)

Your friend here is a real devil with a car.

SECOND JESUIT BOY

Yeah. And with a woman, too. Is he your brother?

SAL

Yeah, he is.

DEAN

(beaming)

Yess! Yess! Brothe Sal. Har-umpph... Egad!

INT. CADILLAC - DAY They approach a gas station.

DEAN

Well now, I don't know, maybe we shouldn't get gas at that station. I read recently in Petroffious Petroleum News that this kind of gas has a great deal of O-Octane gook in it and someone once told me it even had semi-official high-frequency cock in it, and I don't know, well I just don't feel like it anyway... Man, you dig all this?

The BOYS in the backseat look nervously at each other.

DEAN pokes SAL in the ribs, laughs maniacally and really floors it.

SAL

Dean, don't drive so fast in the daytime. There's troopers all over the place.

DEAN

Don't worry, man, I know what I'm doing.

DEAN comes up on lines of cars like the Angel of Terror. He almost rams them along as he looks for an opening. He teases their bumpers, he eases and pushes and cranes around to see the curve, then the huge car leaps to his touch and passes, and always by a hair they make it back to their side as other lines file by in the opposite direction and SAL shudders.

SAL

Ah hell, Dean, I'm going in the back seat, I can't stand it any more, I can't look.

DEAN

(titters)

Hee-hee-hee!

He passes a car on a narrow road and swerves in dust and roars on. SAL jumps in the back seat and curls up to sleep. One of the BOYS jumps in front for the fun.

DEAN's behavior is incredibly exciting to them.

SAL(V.O.)

Great horrors that we were going to crash this very morning took hold of me. I could feel the road some twenty inches beneath me, unfurling and flying and hissing at incredible speeds across the groaning continent with that mad Ahab at the wheel. When I closed my eyes all I could see is the road unwinding into me. When I opened them I saw flashing shadows of trees vibrating on the floor of the car. There was no escaping it. I resigned myself to all. And still Dean drove, he had no thought of sleeping till we got to Chicago.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

DEAN balls straight across at the same speed. In his tiredness he is taking greater chances than ever.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

At a narrow bridge that crosses a little river two slow cars ahead of them are bumping over the bridge; coming the other way is a huge trucktrailer. There is absolutely no room on the bridge for the truck and any cars going the other direction.

VIEW ON THE ONCOMING TRUCK

Behind the truck cars pull out and peek for a chance to get by it. The road is crowded and everyone exploding to pass.

VIEW ON THE CADILLAC

DEAN comes down on all this at 110 miles an hour and never hesitates. He passes the slow cars, swerves, goes head-on into the shadow of the truck, cuts right sharply, just misses the truck's left front wheel, almost hits the first slow car, pulls out to pass, and then has to cut back in line when another car comes out from behind the truck to look, all in a matter of two seconds, flashing by and leaving nothing more than a cloud of dust.

INT. CADILLAC

SAL goes to the back seat again. The BOYS stay in the back too now. DEAN is bent on Chicago before nightfall.

EXT. ROAD-RAIL JUNCTION They pick up two HOBOS who round up a half-buck between them for gas. A moment before sitting around piles of railroad ties, polishing off the last of some wine, now they find themselves in a muddy but unbowed and splendid Cadillac limousine headed for Chicago in precipitous haste. In fact the HOBOS up front who sits next to DEAN never takes his eyes off the road and prays his poor bum prayers.

DEAN and the others are a strange sight: all of them unshaven, the driver barechested, TWO BUMS, SAL in the back seat holding on to a strap and his head leaned back on the cushion looking at the countryside with an imperious eye, two terrified but thrilled JESUIT STUDENTS.

SAL(V.O.)

We were just like a new California gang come to contest the spoils of Chicago, a band of desperados escaped from the prisons of the Utah moon.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY They stop for Cokes and gas at a small-town station. People come out to stare silently at them. An OLD MAN sits rocking on the porch in front.

DEAN

Look at that old guy there. That's a great old man, boy. You don't see too many of those, do you?

SAL

No, you sure don't. I bet he's sitting there thinking about the old days when he was young.

DEAN

I bet he's thinking about the day when he's gonna die.

The OLD MAN says nothing, just smiles, rocks and holds his secret.

EXT. DAY. The CADILLAC on the approach to Chicago. SAL is singing Them There Eyes along with Billie Holiday on the radio.

HOBO

Well, we never knew we'd get to Chicaga so fast.

SAL(V.O.)

We had come from Denver to Chicago, 1180 miles, in exactly seventeen hours, for a mean average of seventy miles per hour across the land, with one driver. Which is a kind of crazy record.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

Great Chicago glows red before their eyes. They are suddenly on Madison Street among hordes of hobos, some of them sprawled out on the street with their feet on the curb, hundreds of others milling in the doorways of saloons and alleys.

DEAM

Wup! wup! look sharp for old Dean Moriarty there, he may be in Chicago by accident this year.

They let the hobos out on this street and proceed to downtown Chicago. Screeching trolleys, newsboys, girls

cutting by, the smell of fried food and beer in the air, neons winking ...

DEAN

We're in the big town, Sal! Whooee!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Across the street from the YMCA they find a red-brick alley between buildings, where they stash the Cadillac, already much the worse for wear, with her snout pointed to the street.

INT. YMCA - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL follow the college BOYS up to the Y, where they get a room and allow DEAN and SAL to use their facilities for an hour.

INT. YMCA BATHROOM - DAY

DEAN and SAL shave and shower.

INT. YMCA HALLWAY - DAY

SAL drops his wallet in the hall, DEAN finds it and is about to sneak it in his shirt when he realizes it is Sal's and is right disappointed.

DEAN

(handing it to Sal)

Pardon me, Madam. I believe you dropped this.

They say good-bye to the college BOYS.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

They return the Cadillac to the owner, who lives out on Lake Shore Drive in a swank apartment with an enormous garage underneath managed by oil-scarred Negroes. They drive out there and swing the muddy heap into its berth.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The ATTENDANT does not recognize the Cadillac. They hand the papers over. He scratches his head at the sight of it. SAL and DEAN get out fast.

INT. BUS - DAY

They take a bus back to downtown Chicago.

SAL(V.O.)

And we never heard a word from our Chicago baron about the condition of his car, in spite of the fact that he had our addresses and could have complained.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

A couple of BLACK KIDS are sparring for the amusement of their friends in the light beneath the marquee, feinting and jabbing and faking, laughing, having a great time.

INT. THE MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

For thirty-five cents each they go into the beat-up old movie and sit down in the balcony. The people who are in that all-night movie are beat Negroes, old white bums, young longhaired hipsters drinking wine, whores, ordinary couples, and housewives with nothing to do. THE MASK OF DEMITRIOS and BATTLEGROUND are playing on the screen, over and over all night long.

SAL(V.O.)

The people who were in that all-night movie house were the end. Beat Negroes who'd come up from Alabama to work in car factories on a rumor; old white bums, young longhaired hipsters who'd reached the end of the road and were drinking wine; whores, ordinary couples with nothing to do, nowhere to go, nobody to believe in.

People slug out of bottles and turn around and look everywhere in the dark theater for something to do, somebody to talk to. The place is filled with smoke.

DAWN. SAL is sleeping with his head on the wooden arm of a seat as ATTENDANTS of the theater converge with their swept-up rubbish and create a huge dusty pile that reaches to Sal's nose as he snores head down... till they almost sweep him away too.

SAL

Don't bother me, man, I'm happy where I am. You lost me one night in Chicago in August nineteen forty-nine. What right have you to come and disturb my reverie in this pukish can?

ATTENDANT

Oh yeah. Right right right.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

Gibberishly DEAN and SAL stumble out of this horror-hole

at dawn. They spend a good part of the morning in Negro bars, chasing girls and listening to jazz records on jukeboxes. DEAN jives and twitches madly to the music.

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

They take a bus to Detroit. They lug their wretched baggage through the station. By now DEAN's thumb bandage is almost as black as coal and all unrolled. They are both miserable-looking.

INT. BUS - DAY

Exhausted, DEAN falls asleep in the bus that roars across the state of Michigan. SAL takes up a conversation with a gorgeous COUNTRY GIRL wearing a low-cut cotton blouse that displays the beautiful sun-tan on her breast tops. She is absolutely and finally the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. She is about sixteen, and has Plains complexion like wild roses, and the bluest eyes, the most lovely hair, and the modesty and quickness of a wild antelope. At every look from SAL she flinches. She blushes and blushes.

SAL(V.O.)

Oh, a girl like that scares me, I'd give up everything and throw myself on her mercy and if she didn't want me I'd just as simply go and throw myself off the edge of the world.

COUNTRY GIRL

... and in the evenings we make popcorn on the porch.

SAL

And what else do you do for fun?
What about boys... and sex.

She stares at him.

SAL

What do you want out of life?

GIRL

Movies, going to my Grandmother's for the summer... wonderin' what kind of outfit I might wear... something like the one I wore last Easter, white bonnet, roses, rose pumps, and lavender gabardine coat.

SAL

What do you do on Sunday afternoons?

GIRL

I sit on my porch. The boys go by on bicycles and stop to chat. I read the funny papers, lie on the hammock.

SAL

What do you do on a warm summer's night?

GIRL

Sit on the porch; watch the cars in the road. Me and my mother make popcorn.

SAL

What does your father do on a summer's night?

GIRL

He works, he has an all-night shift at the boiler factory.

SAL

What does your brother do on a summer's night?

GIRL

He rides around on his bicycle, he hangs out in front of the soda fountain.

SAL

What is he aching to do? What are we all aching to do? What do we want?

COUNTRY GIRL

I don't know.

As this goes on, a sweet dreamy look fills SAL's face; we see his fantasy, Sunday evening, summer, sitting on the porch as the GIRL comes out carrying a big bowl of popcorn. She is hugely pregnant. They look at each other, eyes brimming with love. SAL takes the bowl from her and buries his face in her stomach.

INT. NIGHT. BUS. She yawns. She is sleepy.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

They struggle five miles in local buses with all their crazy gear.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

They meet a MAN who is going to charge them four dollars apiece for the ride to New York. He is a middle-aged blond fellow with glasses, with a wife and kid and a good home. SAL and DEAN wait in the yard while he gets ready. His lovely WIFE in cotton kitchen dress offers DEAN and SAL coffee but they are too busy talking. By this time DEAN is so exhausted and out of his mind that everything he sees delights him. He is reaching another pious frenzy. He sweats and sweats.

INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

The moment they are in the new Chrysler and off to New York the poor man realizes he has contracted a ride with two maniacs,

(SAL and DEAN sit in the back, talking. As their excitement builds, the car starts rocking. The MAN's eyes pop out of his head, white-knuckled grip on the wheel. But he makes the best of it and in fact gets used to them just as they pass Briggs Stadium and talks about next year's Detroit Tigers.)

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

In the misty night they cross Toledo and go onward cross old Ohio.

SAL(V.O.)

I realized I was beginning to cross
and re-cross towns in America as
though I were a traveling salesman
... saggedy travelings, bad stock,
rotten beans in the bottom of my
bag of tricks, nobody buying.

The DRIVER gets tired near Pennsylvania and DEAN takes the wheel and drives clear the rest of the way to New York. There's some mindless popular music radio station on. DEAN starts fiddling madly with the knobs. They begin to hear the Symphony Sid show on the radio with all the latest bop.

EXT. NEW YORK - TIMES SQUARE

They arrive in early morning. Times Square is being torn up, for New York never rests.

INT. SAL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY

SAL'S MOTHER is busily engaged with painters, arguing with them about the price as Sal and Dean stumble up the stairs.

SAL'S MOTHER

Sal, Dean can stay here a few days
and after that he has to get out,
do you understand me?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL walk among the homely middleclass streets of this section of Brooklyn. DEAN stands under a streetlamp, dancing in and out of it's perimeter of light, muttering, "Dark and light, shadow and substance, being and nothingness, dis and dat."

SAL is very drunk.

SAL

How come it is that you look and
look for your father, and yet you
somehow never find him?

DEAN

(evasive)

I don't know. I've often asked
myself that very same question.
Maybe I don't look in the right
places. Strange, this quest.

SAL

I haven't seen my father in a long
long time. Do you suppose that
he's dead?

DEAN

Ah, well, we know he is, buddy.

SAL

Oh woe, woe is unto me... My
daddy's gone, my big brother is
gone, my dear old friend Alexander
is gone. Killed. He was killed
in the war, a poet too, and dead...

He lies down on the sidewalk in a near-foetal position.

DEAN

Here, what's this? What's this,
buddy?

SAL

It's nothing, man. I just never outgrew my boyish desire to lie down on the sidewalk.

DEAN

Come on, buddy. Let's go into this bar.

SAL gets up.

SAL

Right. Let's go in there. But let's swagger in.

DEAN

Of course.

SAL

With a swagger, though... not a swish.

INT. NIGHT. BAR.

SAL and DEAN are having a drink.

SAL

I'm getting to be a real drunkard.

DEAN

Yeah, yeah, I can see that...

SAL

You know that?

DEAN

Yeah. What happened? You weren't a year ago... You're living under an artificial excitement.

SAL

I am?

DEAN

Yeah, you are. We both are.

SAL

When I was a kid they told me never to let a drunken man fall on me, because when a man is drunk, he weighs a thousand pounds.

DEAN

Did you believe that?

SAL

Yeah. I believed that.

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT.

SAL and DEAN walking.

DEAN

Just as we passed that other lamp I was going to tell you a further thing, Sal, but now I am parenthetically continuing with a new thought and by the time we reach the next I'll return to the original subject, agreed?

SAL

Agreed.

SAL(V.O.)

We were so used to traveling we had to walk all over Brooklyn, but there was no more land, just the Atlantic Ocean, and we could only go so far.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL are at a party in New York. The party includes CARLO MARY ANGEL LUZ GARCIS, the poet; WALTER EVANS; VICTOR VILLANUEVA, the Venezuelan poet; JINNY JONES, a former love of Sal's; GENE DEXTER; and innumerable others, including the eternally, impeccably cool ROLLO GREB. SAL is talking to a girl called INEZ.

SAL

(drunk)

I've got a friend with me you ought to meet sometime. He's a cowboy.

INEZ

Oh, I've always wanted to meet a cowboy.

SAL

(yelling across the party)

Dean? Come over here, man.

DEAN comes bashfully over. LATER. In the drunkenness

and chichiness of the party, DEAN is kneeling on the floor with his chin on Inez's belly and telling her and promising her everything and sweating. She is a big, sexy brunette.

SAL(V.O.)

In a matter of days he was dicker-
ing with Camille in San Francisco
by long-distance telephone for the
necessary divorce papers so that
Dean and Inez could get married.
Not only that, but a few months
later Camille gave birth to Dean's
second baby, the result of a few
nights' rapport early in the year.
And another matter of months and
Inez had a baby. With one illegi-
timate child in the West somewhere,
Dean then had four little ones and
not a cent, and was all troubles
and ecstasy and speed as ever. So
we didn't go to Italy.

(Against this V.O.: SAL walking around New York, Lower East Side, as we hear a haunting, passionate, but wildly untrained soprano singing Verdi's D'amor sull'ali rosee. Various shots of the streets, tenements, people, ending with a shot of the SINGER; a somewhat deranged woman of around forty leaning out of her tenement window, singing down to the people in the streets below.)

INT. PARKING LOT - DAY MUS C UP.

DEAN works in a parking lot on Madison and 40th. As ever he rushes around in his ragged shoes and T-shirt belly-hanging pants all by himself, straightening out immense noontime rushes of cars. When SAL comes to visit DEAN at dusk there is nothing to do. DEAN stands in the shack, counting tickets and rubbing his belly. The radio is always on.

DEAN

Man, have you dug that mad
Marty Glickman announcing basket-
ball games... up-to- midcourt-
bounce-fake-set-shot, swish, two
points. Absolutely the greatest
announcer I ever heard.

INT. DEAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

DEAN lives with INEZ in a coldwater flat in the East Eighties. When he comes home at night he takes off all

his clothes and puts on a hip-length Chinese silk jacket and sits in his easy chair to smoke a waterpipe loaded with tea. These are his coming-home pleasures, together with a deck of dirty cards. SAL is visiting.

DEAN

Lately I've been concentrating on this deuce of diamonds... have you noticed where her other hand is? I'll bet you can't tell. Look long and try to see. (gives it to Sal)

INSERT: The deuce of diamonds, which depicts a tall, mournful fellow and a lascivious, sad whore on a bed trying a position.

DEAN

You should try that man, I've used it many times!

INEZ cooks in the kitchen and looks in with a wry smile. Everything is all right with her.

DEAN

Dig her? Dig her, man? That's Inez. See, that's all she does, she pokes a head in the door and smiles. Oh, I've talked with her and we've got everything straightened out most beautifully. We're going to go and live on a farm in Pennsylvania this summer. station wagon for me to cut back to New York for kicks, nice big house, and have a lot of kids in the next few years. Ahem! Harrumph! Egad!

He leaps out of the chair and puts on a Willie Jackson record, "Gator Tail." He stands before it, socking his palms and rocking and pumping his knees to the beat.

DEAN

Whoo! That sonumbitch! First time heard him I thought he'd die the next night, but he's still alive.

The phone rings. INEZ answers, starts gabbing away.

DEAN

Do you know who she's talking to?

SAL

Who?

DEAN

Camille.

SAL

Really?

We see CAMILLE on the phone in San Francisco, smiling ruefully as she and INEZ talk.

DEAN

Truly. And you know what they talk about? Me. Me and them and the size of my joint.

We hear raucous laughter from INEZ now, see CAMILLE on the other end smiling knowingly. DEAN gives SAL a look which says, "What'd I tell you?"

SAL(V.O.)

Of course he had to send Camille part of his pay every month for support or he'd wind up in the workhouse for six months. To make up lost money he pulled tricks in the lot, a change artist of the first order.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DEAN wishes a WELL-TO-DO MAN Merry Christmas so volubly a five-spot in change for twenty is never missed.

INT. BIRDLAND - NIGHT

DEAN and SAL go out and spend it in Birdland, be bop joint. LESTER YOUNG is on the stand, eternity on his huge eyelids.

DEAN

You hear, man, you hear that?
That's pure prayer and devotion.

SAL(V.O.)

As for me, it was another matter. Whenever spring comes to New York I can't stand that suggestions of the land that comes blowing over the river from New Jersey and I've got to go. So I went. For the first time in our lives I said good-bye

SAL(V.O.cont)
to Dean in New York and left him
there.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

SAL and DEAN talk on the corner of 47th Street and Madison at three in the morning.

DEAN

Well, Sal, damn, I wish you weren't going, I really do, it'll be my first time in New York without my old buddy. New York, I stop over in it, Frisco's my hometown. All the time I've been here I haven't had any girl but Inez... this only happens to me in New York! Damn! But the mere thought of crossing that awful continent again... Sal, we haven't talked straight in a long time.

DEAN huddles in the cold, misty spray of the rain on empty Madison Avenue at night.

DEAN

Inez loves me; she's told me and promised me I can do anything I want and there'll be a minimum of trouble. You see, man, you get older and troubles pile up. Someday you and me'll be coming down an alley together sundown and looking in the cans to see.

SAL

You mean we'll end up old bums?

DEAN

Why not, man? Of course we will if we want to, and all that. There's no harm ending that way. You spend a whole life of non-interference with the wishes of others, including politicians and the rich, and nobody bothers you and you cut along and make it your own way. (Pause) You've got to look out for your boy. He ain't a man 'less he's a jumpin man... do what the doctor say. I'll tell you Sal,

DEAN(cont)

straight, no matter where I live,
my trunk's always sticking out from
under the bed, I'm ready to leave
or get thrown out. I've decided to
leave everything out of my hands.
You've seen me try and break my ass
to make it and you know that it
doesn't matter and we know Time...
how to slow it up and walk and dig
and just old-fashioned kicks,
'cause what other kicks are there?

SAL

There's bum kicks.

DEAN

We know.

They sigh in the rain.

SAL

Yes, that's true.

INT. SAL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

DEAN takes his wallet, harrumphs, and hands Sal's MOTHER
fifteen dollars he owes her. She is completely sur-
prised and pleased. They have a big supper.

SAL'S MOTHER

Well, Dean, I hope you'll be able
to take care of your new baby
that's coming and stay married this
time.

DEAN

Yes, yes, yes.

SAL'S MOTHER

You can't go all over the country
having babies like that. Those poor
little things'll grow up helpless.
You've got to offer them a chance
to live.

DEAN looks at his feet and nods.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

In the raw red dusk DEAN and SAL say good-by, on a
bridge over a superhighway.

SAL

I hope you'll be in New York when I get back. All I hope, Dean, is someday we'll be able to live on the same street with our families and get to be a couple of oldtimers together.

DEAN

That's right, man... you know that I pray for it completely mindful of the troubles we both had and the troubles coming as your aunt knows and reminds me. I didn't want the new baby, Inez insisted, and we had a fight. Did you know Mary Lou got married to a used-car dealer in Frisco and she's having a baby?

SAL

Yes. We're all getting in there now.

SAL(V.O.)

Ripples in the upside-down lake of the void, is what I should have said. The bottom of the world is gold and the world is upside down.

DEAN takes out a snapshot.

INSERT: A picture of CAMILLE in Frisco with the new baby girl. The shadow of a man crosses the child on the sunny pavement, two long trouser legs in the sadness.

SAL

Who's that?

DEAN

That's only Ed Dunkel. He came back to Galatea, they're gone to Denver now. They spent a day taking pictures. Well, old Sal... Good-bye, good-bye.

DEAN walks off in the long red dusk. Locomotives smoke and reel above him. His shadow follows him, it apes his walk and thoughts and very being. He turns and waits coyly, bashfully. He gives SAL the boomer's highball, he jumps up and down, he yells something inaudible to SAL. He runs around in a circle. He makes one last

signal. SAL waves back. Suddenly he bends to his life and walks quickly out of sight.

SAL(V.O.)

I gaped into the bleakness of my own days. I had an awful long way to go too.

FADE OUT: FADE IN: EXT. DENVER NIGHT

SAL(V.O.)

Again I was back in the soft, dark Denver night with its holy alleys and crazy houses.

SAL and a friend, STAN SHEPHARD, start hitting all the bars in town, roadhouses out on West Colfax, Five Points Negro bars, the works.

STAN

Sal, ever since I came back from France I ain't had any idea what to do with myself. Is it true you're going to Mexico? Hot damn, could I go with you? I can get a hundred bucks and once I get there sign up for GI Bill in Mexico City College.

SAL

Sure, you can come with us.

STAN is a rangy, bashful, shock-haired Denver boy with a big con-man smile and slow, easy-going Gary Cooper movements.

STAN

Hot damn!

STAN sticks his thumbs on his belt and ambles down the street, swaying from side to side but slowly.

STAN

I can't even come home late... my grandfather starts fighting with me, then he turns on my mother. I tell you, Sal, I got to get out of Denver quick or I'll go crazy.

VISION OF DEAN. Approaching like a demon, a force of

nature, at the wheel burning up the miles between New York and Denver.

SAL(V.O.)

Suddenly I had a vision of Dean, a burning shuddering frightful Angel, palpitating toward me across the road, approaching like a cloud, with enormous speed, pursuing me like the Shrouded Traveler on the plain, bearing down on me. I saw his huge face over the plains with the mad, bony purpose and the gleaming eyes; I saw his wings; I saw his old jalopy chariot with thousands of sparking flames shooting out from it; I saw the path it burned over the road; it even made its own road and went over the corn, through cities, destroying bridges, drying rivers. It came like wrath to the West. I knew Dean had gone mad again. There was no chance to send money to either wife if he took all his savings out of the bank and bought a car. Everything was up, the jig and all. Behind him charred ruins smoked. He rushed westward over the groaning and awful continent again, and soon he would arrive.

INT. BABE'S HOUSE - DAY

BABE is an attractive young girl Sal has been involved with in Denver. It is like an old-fashioned movie when DEAN arrives. SAL, BABE, and others are sitting around on a sunny, golden afternoon toward suppertime when DEAN pulls up in front in his jalopy and jumps out in a tweed suit with vest and watch chain. His friend TIM GRAY is with him.

DEAN (O.S.)

Hup! Hup!

Instantly, instinctively, BABE dislikes this apparition.

DEAN

Ah, look at all the nice people sitting here with me, isn't that nice... (to Babe) Howdy, my name is

DEAN(cont)

Dean Moriarty. How's everything with you? Well now, look at that lovely cake. Oh, can I have some? Just me? Miserable me? Hmmm, ah, yes, excellent, splendid, harrumph, egad...

TIM

(to Sal, semi-confidential)

I tell you, Dean gets crazier every year, doesn't he?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the late night DEAN and SAL and STAN SHEPHARD and TIM GRAY go to Mexican town, Five Points. In Five Points they come across a colored guy who calls himself GOMEZ.

TIM

Hey, man, is your name Johnny?

GOMEZ just backs up and passes them once more.

GOMEZ

Now will you repeat what you said?

TIM

I said are you the guy they call Johnny?

GOMEZ floats back and tries again.

GOMEZ

Does this look a little more like him? Because I'm tryin my best to be Johnny but I just can't find the way.

DEAN

Well, man, come on with us!

GOMEZ jumps in and they are off.

NEW VIEW. CAR

STAN SHEPARD is out of his mind with joy. He keeps yelling in a high squealing voice and slapping his knees.

STAN

Sonofabitch! Hot damn!

DEAN is mad about him. He repeats everything Stan says and laughs and phews and wipes the sweat off his face (like he did before with Sal).

DEAN

Are we gonna get our kicks, Sal,
travelin down to Mexico with this
cat Stan! Yes!

It is their last night in holy Denver, they make it big and wild.

INT. RAWLINS HOUSE - NIGHT

DEAN

Just like Min 'n' Bill. We'll go
coughing and bouncing down to Mex-
ico; it'll take us days and days.

SAL looks over the map.

INSERT: A total of over a thousand miles, mostly Texas, to the border at Laredo, and then another 767 miles through all Mexico to the great city and Oaxacan heights.

SAL(V.O.)

I couldn't imagine this trip. It was the most fabulous of all. It was no longer east-west, but magic south. We saw a vision of the entire Western Hemisphere rockribbing clear down to Tierra del Fuego and us flying down the curve of the world into other tropics and other worlds. Dean speaks with definite faith.

DEAN

Man, this will finally take us to IT! (tapping his arm) Just wait and see. Hoo! Whee!

SAL

One of these days, you must finally tell me what IT is.

DEAN

That's easy. IT begins where Time ends.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - DAY
SAL and DEAN go to Stan's house to pick up STAN. Stan's poor GRANDFATHER stands in the door of the house.

STAN'S GRANDPAW
Stan ...Stan ...Stan.

STAN
What is it, Granpaw?

STAN'S GRANDPAW
Don't go.

STAN
Oh, it's settled, I have to go now;
why do you have to do that?

The old man has gray hair and large almond eyes and a tense, mad neck.

STAN'S GRANDPAW
Stan, don't go. Don't make your old
grandfather cry. Don't leave me
alone again.

It breaks Sal's heart to see all this. DEAN observes this with an oddly remote blend of compassion and amusement.

STAN'S GRANDPAW
Sal, don't take my Stan away from
me. I used to take him to the park
when he was a little boy and
explain the swans to him. Then his
little sister drowned in the same
pond. I don't want you to take my
boy away.

STAN
No, we're leaving now. Good-bye.

He struggles with his grips. His grandfather takes him by the arm.

STAN'S GRANDPAW
Stan, Stan, Stan, don't go, don't
go.

DEAN is less amused, and compassion has been displaced by cold impatience. There is clearly something going on between STAN and his GRANDFATHER that is making DEAN extremely nervous.

DEAN

The time is now Stan. Don't you worry one little bit Granpaw. We'll take good care of Stan, and return him to you before you know it in exactly the same condition he was in when we received him.

STAN walks out to the car.

STAN'S GRANDPAW

Stan. Don't go.

VIEW ON STAN. Almost unbearably torn, he runs to the car. DEAN is smiling, as though he's had a victory here.

STAN

(to Dean)

Come on, man, let's get out of here.

DEAN

You don't have to tell me twice. We are gone!.

EXT. DAY. STAN'S STREET.

DEAN hits the gas and they zoom away.
GRANPAW stands miserably in the driveway.

EXT. THE CAR - JATER

They pass Castl Rock, come to Colorado Springs at dark. The great shadow of Pike's Peak looms to their right.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DEAN

I've hitched thousands and thousands of times on this road. I hid behind that exact wire fence there one night when I suddenly took fright for no reason whatsoever.

STAN

This country gives me the creeps. No wonder you were scared.

DEAN

The whole vertical state of Texas lies before us. Before we made it

DEAN(cont)

horizontal. Every bit as long.
We'll be in Texas in a few minutes
and won't be out till tomorrow this
time and won't stop driving. Think
of it.

STAN

Oh... Oh shit!.

SAL

What's the matter, man?

STAN

I forgot to bring my bongo drums.

DEAN laughs hysterically, shaking his head and pounding
the wheel.

They drive on.

EXT. TEXAS - NIGHT MEDIUM VIEW

The land by moonlight is all mesquite and wastes. They
reach Amarillo in the morning among windy panhandle
grasses that only a few years ago waved around a collec-
tion of buffalo tents. Now there are gas stations and
new 1950 jukeboxes with immense ornate snouts and ten-
cent slots and awful songs. Texas is undeniable: they
burn slowly into Abilene.

DEAN

This utter fla ness has got to
stop! Imagine living in this town a
thousand miles from cities. Whoop,
whoop, over there by the tracks,
old town Abilene where they shipped
the cows and shot it up for gum-
shoes and drank red-eye. (yelling
out window) Look out there!

Redfaced Texans pay DEAN no mind and hurry along the
burning sidewalks. STAN leans out the window drinking
it all in, like a delirious kid.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

STAN is sleeping in the back; DEAN and SAL are talking.

DEAN

... yeah, yeah, Freddie's old lady,
Veronica, remember her? I was
fucking her regularly,

SAL

Yeah? Really? You were?

DEAN

Oh yeah. Well, maybe not exactly what you'd call regularly, 'cause I only actually fucked her once...

SAL

Yeah, but the one time you did, it was regular...

DEAN

Exactly! There you go...

SAL

She was great. But kind of funny looking. I mean, she had a beautiful body, and beautiful hair, but she was funnylooking too. Very masculine... In fact, she looks like you! She looks just like you!

DEAN

Oh no, Jesus, terrible....

We hear their WILD LAUGHTER as DEAN guns the car down the highway.

EXT. CAR. NIGHT.

We hear SAL's voice, reading the closing words of James Joyce's Ulysses:

SAL

"...the watchman going about the serene with his lamp and the awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the fig-trees in the Alameda gardens yes and the queer little streets and the pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another

SAL(cont)

and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes..."

And DEAN chimes in at every Yes with ecstatic yesses of his own.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

They stop to eat on the highway south of town, then race back to the car as STAN pays the cashier and barely makes it back to the car before it speeds off.

INT. CAR - DAY

Nightfall seems like a million miles away as they resume for Coleman and Brady, the heart of Texas, only, wildernesses of brush with an occasional house near a thirsty creek and a fifty-mile dirt road detour and endless heat. SAL is driving.

DEAN

Old 'dobe Mexico's a long way away, so keep her rolling, boys, and we'll be kissing senoritas b'dawn 'cause this old Ford can roll if y'know how to talk to her and use her along... except the back end's about to fall but don't worry about it till we get there. Hey Stan, you speak any Spanish?

STAN

Si si.

This totally breaks DEAN up.

Time Lapse; VIEW DEAN asleep in the back.

SAL(V.O.)

Here again I was crisscrossing the old map again, same place Marylou and I had held hands on a snowy morning in 1949, and where was Marylou now?

DEAN yells in a dream.

DEAN

Blow!

STAN is spooked by this, but SAL just smiles. The car pushes forty with shuddering effort. From Fredericksburg they descend the great western high plains. Moths begin smashing their windshield. DEAN wakes up talking.

DEAN

Getting down into the hot country now, boys, the desert rats and the tequila. And this is my first time this far south in Texas. Gawd-damn! This is where my old man comes in the wintertime, sly old bum.

They enter Laredo in a wilderness of Mexican rickety southern shacks without cellars and with old rocking chairs on the porch.

DEAN

Now, Sal... we might as well goof a coupla hours in Laredo and cut around and get these streets dug... look at those houses across the street, you can see right into the front room and all the purty daughters lay'in around with True Love magazines, whee!

STAN

Well let's go! Let's go!

SAL

Let's get on to Mexico. I'll get you girls there.

STAN

Si si!.

DEAN

(knocked out by Stan)

Si si... Haw haw... To Mexico then.

EXT. LAREDO STREETS - NIGHT

It is tremendously hot: they are sweating buckets. Laredo is a sinister town. All kinds of cabdrivers and border rats wander around, looking for opportunities. It is the bottom and dregs of America where all the

heavy villains sink, where disoriented people have got to be near a specific elsewhere they can slip into unnoticed.

INT. CAR - DAY

They feel awful and sad. STAN stares out the window, depressed, probably think of his Grandpaw.

But everything changes when they cross the mysterious bridge over the river and their wheels roll on official Mexican soil, though it isn't anything but a carway for border inspection. Just across the street Mexico begins. They look with wonder. To their amazement, it looks exactly like Mexico.

EXT. BORDER INSPECTION - NIGHT

It is three in the morning, and fellows in straw hats and white pants lounge by the dozen against battered pocky storefronts.

DEAN

(whispering)

Look... at... those... cats! (breathing softly) Oo, wait, wait.

The Mexican OFFICIALS come out, grinning, and ask please if they will take out their baggage. They do. DEAN can't take his eyes from across the street. He's longing to rush right up there and get lost in those mysterious Spanish streets.

DEAN

Man those guys are up all night.

They hurry to get their papers straightened. They are warned not to drink tapwater now they are over the border. The Mexicans look at the baggage in a desultory way. They aren't like officials at all. They are lazy and tender. DEAN can't stop staring at them. He turns to SAL and STAN.

DEAN

See how the cops are in this country. I can't believe it! (rubbing his eyes) I'm dreaming.

Then it is time to change their money. They see great stacks of pesos on a table and learn that eight of them make an American buck, or thereabouts. They change most of their money and stuff the big rolls in their pockets with delight.

DEAN
(softly)

Whee. Thassall!

A MEXICAN OFFICIAL grins.

MEXICAN OFFICIAL
You boys all set. Go ahead. Welcome Mehico. Have good time. Watch you money. Watch you driving. I say this to you personal, I'm Red, everybody call me Red. Ask for Red. Eat good. Don't worry. Everything fine. Is no hard enjoin yourself in Mehico.

DEAN
Yes!

Off they go across the street into Mexico.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

They leave the car parked, and go down the Spanish street into the middle of the dull brown lights. Old men sit on chairs in the night and smoke like Oriental junkies and oracles.

INT. LUNCHROOM - NIGHT

They turn sharp left into the smoky lunchroom and go in to music of campo guitars on an American 'thirties jukebox. Shirt-sleeved Mexican cabdrivers and straw-hatted Mexican hipsters sit at stools, devouring shapeless messes of tortillas beans, tacos, whatnot. They buy bottles of cold beer. They gaze and gaze at their wonderful Mexican money that goes so far, and play with it and look around and smile at everyone.

STAN
This is like Monopoly money. How much have we got here?

DEAN
Enough and lots more.

STAN
(doing the movie bit)
Hwee doan wan' your mohny... Hwee wan' your mules...

This gets another big laugh from DEAN, a sweet smile from SAL.

SAL(V.O.)

Behind us lay the whole of America and everything Dean and I had previously known about life, and life on the road. We had finally found the magic land at the end of the road and we never dreamed the extent of the magic.

DEAN

(whispering)

Think of these cats staying up all hours of the night. And think of this big continent ahead of us with those enormous Sierra Madre mountains we saw in the movies, and the jungles all the way down and a whole desert plateau as big as ours and reaching clear down to Guatemala and God knows where, whoo! What'll we do? Let's move!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

They go back to the car. One last glimpse of America across the hot lights of the Rio Grande bridge, and they turn their backs and fender to it and roar off.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

They are out in the desert and there isn't a light or car for fifty miles across the flats. Dawn is coming over the Gulf of Mexico and they see the ghostly shapes of yucca cactus and organpipe on all sides.

SAL

What a wild country!

STAN

God, it's beautiful! It's beautiful!

DEAN

Now, Sal, we're leaving everything behind us and entering a new and unknown phase of things. All the years and troubles and kicks ... and now this! So that we can safely think of nothing else and just go on ahead with our faces stuck out like this, you see, and understand the world as, really and genuinely speaking, other Americans

DEAN(cont)

haven't done before us... they were here, weren't they? The Mexican war. Cutting across here with cannon.

SAL

This road was the route of old American outlaws who used to skip over the border and go down to old Monterrey, so if you'll look out on that graying desert and picture the ghost of an old Tombstone hellcat making his lonely exile gallop into the unknown, you'll see further...

DEAN

I do, I do see further. One day Sal, they'll all be like us, looking for kicks like us, looking for IT! You wait, they'll be doing it everywhere. There'll be fucking in the streets, balling in the hall, and all because we're the way we are... And when that happy day comes, you can bet there won't be any room for us.

SAL looks at him as though he doesn't quite know what DEAN means, but he believes him anyway.

DEAN

(slapping the wheel)

My God! Look! It's the world! We can go right on to South America if the road goes. Think of it! Son-of-a-bitch! Gawd-damn!

STAN

Yeah, Gawd-damn!

They move on. The dawn spreads and they begin to see the white sand of the desert and occasional huts in the distance off the road. DEAN slows down to peer at them.

DEAN

Real beat huts, man, the kind you only find in Death Valley and much worse. These people don't bother with appearances. My God, they don't even know we've inven-

DEAN(cont)

ted the atom bomb yet! One day it will make us as poor as them, we'll be stretching out our hands like them, and they don't know! But we know...

The first town ahead that has any consequence on the map is called Sabinas Hidalgo. They look forward to it eagerly.

DEAN

And the road don't look any different than the American road, except one mad thing and if you'll notice, right here, the mileposts are written in kilometers and they click off the distance to Mexico City. See, it's the only city in the entire land, everything points to it.

GRAPHIC: 767 more miles to that metropolis; in kilometers the figure is over a thousand.

DEAN

Damn! I gotta go! Damn, what kicks! Oh, what a land. Yes! (turns to Stan) Si!

EXT. SABINAS HIDALGO - DAY

They arrive at Sabinas Hidalgo. They slow down completely to see this.

VIEW - THE TOWN The main street is muddy and full of holes. On each side are dirty broken down adobe fronts. Burros walk in the street with packs. Barefoot women watch them from dark doorways. The street is completely crowded with people on foot beginning a new day in the Mexican countryside. Old men with handlebar moustaches stare at them. The sight of three bearded, bedraggled American youths instead of the usual well-dressed tourists is of unusual interest to them. They bounce along over Main Street at ten miles an hour, taking everything in. A group of GIRLS walks directly in front of them.

GIRL

Where you going, man?

SAL turns to DEAN, amazed.

STAN

Did you hear what she said?

DEAN is astounded; he keeps on driving slowly.

DEAN

Yes, I heard what she said. I certainly damn well did, oh me, oh my, I don't know what to do. I'm so excited and sweetened in this morning world. We've finally got to heaven. It couldn't be cooler, it couldn't be grander.

SAL

Well, let's go back and pick em up!

STAN

Look! There's millions of them all along the road!

He U-turns and comes by the girls again. They are headed for work in the fields; they smile at them. DEAN stares at them with predatory eyes. SAL is love-struck. STAN leans out the window.

STAN

(yelling to the girls)

Mucho gusto! Mucho gusto!

DEAN

(under his breath)

Damn. Oh! This is too great to be true. Gurls, gurls. And particularly right now in my stage and condition, Sal, I am digging the interiors of these homes as we pass them... these gone doorways and you look inside and see beds of straw and little brown kids sleeping and stirring to wake, their thoughts congealing from the empty mind of sleep, their selves rising, and the mothers cooking up breakfast in iron pots, and dig them shutters they have for windows and the old men, the old men are so cool and grand and not bothered by anything. There's no suspicion here, nothing like that. Everybody's cool,

DEAN(cont)

everybody looks at you with such straight brown eyes and they don't say anything, just look, and in that look all of the human qualities are soft and subdued and still there. Dig all the foolish stories you read about Mexico, all that crap about greasers and so on... and all it is, people here are straight and kind and don't put down any bull. I'm amazed by this.

EXT. MONTERREY - DAY

Entering Monterrey is like entering Detroit, among great long walls of factories, except for the burros and the adobe neighborhoods with thousands of shifty hipsters hanging around doorways and whores looking out of windows and strange shops that might sell anything, and narrow sidewalks crowded with Hong Kong-like humanity.

STAN

Oh damn, look at that sun will you!

DEAN

It makes you high. Have you dug this Mexican sun, Sal? Whoo! This road is driving me... I want to get on and on...

He drives like a fiend and never rests. VIEW Outside Monterrey are enormous weird twin peaks. Monemorelos is ahead, a descent again to hotter altitudes.

EXT. THE MEXICAN ROAD - DAY

It grows exceedingly hot, swampy and strange. DEAN absolutely has to wake SAL up to see this.

DEAN

Look, Sal, you must not miss.

SAL looks.

HIS VIEW: Alongside the road strange Mexicans in tattered rags walk along with machetes hanging from their rope belts, and some of them cut at the bushes. They all stop to watch the Americans without expression. Through the tangled bush are thatched huts with African-like bamboo walls, just stick huts. Strange young girls, dark as the moon, stare from mysterious doorways.

DEAN

Oh, man, I want to stop and twiddle thumbs with the little darlings, but notice the old lady or the old man is always somewhere around... in the back usually, sometimes a hundred yards, gathering twigs and wood or tending animals. They're never alone. Nobody's ever alone in this country, and if I could only tell you all the thoughts I've had, man!

His eyes are red-streaked and mad and also subdued and tender. He has found people like himself.

They bowl right through the endless swamp country at a steady forty-five.

DEAN

Sal, I think the country won't change for a long time. If you'll drive, I'll sleep now.

STAN

I'll drive. I want to drive.

STAN take the wheel and drives among innocent childlike reveries of his own, through Linares, through hot, flat swamp country, across the steaming Rio Soto la Marina near Hidalgo and on. A great verdant jungle valley with long fields of green crops opens before him. Groups of men watch the car pass from a narrow bridge. The hot river flows. Then they rise in altitude till a kind of desert country begins reappearing. The city of Gregoria is ahead. DEAN and STAN are sleeping. SAL is driving now.

SAL(V.O.)

I was alone in my eternity at the wheel, and the road ran straight as an arrow. Not like driving across Carolina, or Texas, or Arizona, or Illinois; but like driving across the world and into the places where we would finally learn ourselves among the Fellahin Indians of the world, the essential strain of the basic primitive, wailing humanity that stretches in a belt around the equatorial belly

SAL(V.O.cont)
 of the world from Malaya to Arabia
 to Morocco to the selfsame deserts
 and jungles of Mexico and over the
 waves to Polynesia to mystic Siam
 of the Yellow Robe and on around,
 so that you hear the same mournful
 wail by the rotted walls of Cadiz,
 Spain, that you hear 12,000 miles
 around in the depths of Benares the
 Capital of the World.

EXT. GAS STATION NEAR GREGORIA - DAY
 As SAL pulls the car in at the gas station near sunny
 Gregoria a kid, VICTOR, comes across the road on tat-
 tered feet, carrying an enormous windshield-shade.

VICTOR
 You like? Sixty peso. Habla Espa-
 nol? Sesenta peso. My name Vic-
 tor.

STAN
 Hey, that's great. Look at this.

SAL
 (joking)
 Nah, buy senorita.

VICTOR
 (excitedly)
 Sure, sure I get you gurls, onny-
 time. (wit. distaste) Too hot now.
 No good gurls when hot day. Wait
 tonight. You like shade?

STAN
 I think we oughtta buy this.

SAL wakes up DEAN.

SAL
 Hey, man, I told you in Texas
 I'd get you a girl. All right,
 stretch your bones and wake up,
 we've got girls waiting for us.

DEAN
 (leaping up)
 What? What? Where? Where?

SAL

This boy Victor's going to show us where.

DEAN

Well, lessgo, lessgo!

STAN

I'm with you!

DEAN leaps out of the car and clasps VICTOR's hand. There is a group of other boys hanging around the station and grinning, barefoot, wearing floppy straw hats.

DEAN

Man, ain't this a nice way to spend an afternoon. It's so much cooler than Denver poolhalls. Victor, you got gurls? Where? A donde? Dig that, Sal, I'm speaking Spanish.

SAL

Ask him if we can get any tea. Hey kid, you got ma-ree-wa-na?

VICTOR

(nodding gravely)

Sho, onnytime, mon. Come with me.

DEAN

Hee! Whee! Hoo! Let s all go!

SAL passes Lucky Strikes to the Mexicans. They are getting great pleasure out of the Americans and especially DEAN. They turn to one another with cupped hands and rattle off comments about the mad American cat.

DEAN

Dig them, Sal, talking about us and digging. Oh my goodness, what a world!

INT. CAR - DAY

VICTOR gets in the car and they lurch off.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

They drive out to the desert and turn on a rutty dirt road that makes the car bounce.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Victor's house sits on the edge of cactus flats overtopped with a few trees, just an adobe crackerbox, with a few men lounging around in the yard.

DEAN
(excitedly)

Who's that?

VICTOR
Those my brothers. My mother there too. My sistair too. That my family. I married, I live downtown.

DEAN
(flinching)
What about your mother? What does she say about marijuana?

VICTOR
Oh, she get it for me.

As DEAN, SAL and STAN wait in the car VICTOR gets out and lopes over to the house and says a few words to an old lady, who promptly turns and goes to the garden in back and begins gathering dry fronds of marijuana that have been left to dry in the desert sun.

MED. SHOT
Victor's BROTHERS grin from under a tree. They are coming over to meet the Americans but it will take a while for them to get up and walk over.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

DEAN
Man, that Victor is the sweetest gonest, franticest little bangtail cat I've ever in all my life met. Just look at him, look at his cool slow walk. There's no need to hurry around here.

It is very hot. VICTOR sits down with DEAN in the front seat and points up at the burning roof of the Ford.

VICTOR
You see how hot? You have ma-ree-gwana and it no hot no more. You wait.

DEAN adjusts his dark glasses.

DEAN

I wait. For sure, Victor m'boy.

STAN

Me and Sal'll wait with you.

Presently Victor's tall BROTHER comes ambling along with some weed piled on a page of newspaper. He dumps it on Victor's lap and leans casually on the door of the car to nod and smile at the Americans.

VICTOR'S BROTHER

Hallo.

DEAN nods and smiles pleasantly at him. VICTOR proceeds to roll the biggest bomber anybody has ever seen. He rolls (using brown paper bag) what amounts to a tremendous Corona cigar of tea. DEAN stares at it, popeyed. VICTOR casually lights it and passes it around. They hold their breaths and all let out simultaneously. STAN breaks out into ecstatic giggles; red-faced, laughing so hard that tears roll down his face. Instantly they are all high.

STAN looks out the back window of the car and another of Victor's brothers, a tall Indian with a sash over his shoulders, leans grinning on a post, too bashful to come up and shake hands. The car is surrounded by brothers; another one appears on Dean's side.

Then the strangest thing happens. Everybody comes so high that usual formalities are dispensed with and the things of immediate interest are concentrated on, and now it is the strangeness of Americans and Mexicans blasting together on the desert and, more than that, the strangeness of seeing in close proximity the faces and pores of skins and calluses of fingers and general abashed cheekbones of another world.

STAN

Oh man, if I only had my bongos...

This is too much for DEAN, who falls over laughing, rolls in the dust, kicks his legs.

The Indian BROTHERS begin talking about the Americans in low voices and commenting; you see them look and compare mutualities of impression, or correct and modify, while DEAN, SAL and STAN comment on them in English.

DEAN

Will you d-i-g that weird brother in the back that hasn't moved from that post and hasn't by one cut hair diminished the intensity of the glad funny bashfulness of his smile? And the one to my left here, older, more sure of himself but sad, like hung-up, like a bum even maybe, in town, while Victor is respectably married... he's like a gawddam Egyptian king. These guys are real cats. Ain't never seen anything like it.

STAN

He looks like that guy in the movies.

SAL

Which guy?

STAN shrugs. He can't think of his own name right now.

DEAN

And they're talking and wondering about us, like see? Just like we are but with a difference of their own, their interest probably revolving around how we're dressed... same as ours really... but the strangeness of the things we have in the car and the strange ways that we laugh so different from them, and maybe even the way we smell compared to them.

STAN

Peter Lorre.

SAL

Yeah.

DEAN

Nevertheless I'd give my eye-teeth to know what they're saying about us. Hey Victor, man... what you brother say just then?

VICTOR

Yeah, yeah.

DEAN

No, you didn't understand my question. What you boys talking about?

VICTOR

(perturbed)

Oh, you no like this mar-gwana?

DEAN

Oh, yeah, yes fine! What you talk about?

STAN

Uhhh... Que habla?

VICTOR

Talk? Yes, we talk. How you like Mexico?

STAN

Love it. Just love it.

The BROTHERS ease back to their station under the tree, the MOTHER watches from her sunny doorway, and they slowly bounce the car back to town.

INT. CAR - DAY

Up and down they bounce and even Victor understands and laughs. The he points left to show which way to go for the girls, and Dean pulls the wheel around and rolls the car smoothly and surely to the goal.

DEAN

(grandly)

Yes, of course! There's not a doubt in my mind! Decidedly man! Oh, indeed! Why, pish, posh, you say the dearest things to me! Of course! Yes! Please go on!

To this VICTOR talks gravely and with magnificent Spanish eloquence, while DEAN nods mock gravely and says "Yes, yess..."

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

They are parked outside Victor's house. VICTOR is at the door of the car with his little baby SON in his arms showing him to the Americans.

VICTOR

You see my baby? Hees name Perez, he six month age.

INT: CAR - DAY

DEAN's face is still transfigured into a shower of supreme pleasure and even bliss.

DEAN

Why, he is the prettiest child I have ever seen. Look at those eyes. Now Sal, (turns to them, serious) I want you par-ti-cu-lar-ly to see the eyes of this little Mexican boy who is the son of our wonderful friend Victor, and notice how he will come to manhood with his own particular soul bes-peaking itself through the windows which are his eyes, and such lovely eyes surely do prophesy and indi-cate the loveliest of souls.

It is a beautiful speech and a beautiful baby. VICTOR mournfully looks down at his angel. The baby starts to cry. They try everything; VICTOR smothers him in his neck and rocks, DEAN coos, SAL reaches over and strokes the baby's little arms, STAN goes, "Googie googie googie," but his bawls grow louder.

DEAN

Ah, I'm awfully sorry, Victor, that we've made him sad.

VICTOR

He is not sad, baby cry.

In the doorway in back of Victor, too bashful to come out, is his little barefoot WIFE, with anxious tenderness waiting for the babe to be put back in her arms. SAL looks at her and goes, "Ahhhhh", like a breath escaping.

INT. CAR

VICTOR, having shown them his child, climbs back into the car and proudly points to the right.

DEAN

Yes.

He swings the car over and directs it through narrow Algerian streets with faces on all sides watching them with gentle wonder.

EXT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

The*whorehouse is a magnificent establishment of stucco in the golden sun. In the street, and leaning on the windowsills that open into the whorehouse, are two COPS, saggy-trouserred, drowsy, bored, who give the Americans brief interested looks as they walk in.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Some of the GIRLS inside are reclining on couches across the dance floor, some of them are boozing at the long bar to the right. In the center an arch leads into small cubicle shacks that look like the places where you put on your bathing suit at public municipal beaches. These shacks are in the sun of the court. Behind the bar is the PROPRIETOR, a young fellow.

DEAN

We'd like some mambo music. Any chance of that?

The PROPRIETOR instantly runs out and comes back with a stack of records, mostly by Perez Prado, and puts them on over the loudspeaker. The music blows and shudders directly at them.

VIEW ON THE WINDOWS In a few minutes half the town is at the windows, watching the Americanos dance with the girls.

VIEW ON DEAN, SAL and STAN. On the fast "Mambo Jambo" they dance frantically with the girls.

STAN is an amazing dancer.

Strangely the WILDEST GIRL is half Indian, half white, and comes from Venezuela, and is eighteen. She and DEAN run off to the lockers.

STAN is with a shy, giggely girl who looks to be no more than fifteen. They go off upstairs together.

VIEW ON SAL Set upon by a fat and uninteresting GIRL with a puppy dog, who gets sore at Sal when he takes a dislike to the dog because it keeps trying to bite him. Sal is trying to break loose to get at a sixteen-year-old colored girl who sits gloomily inspecting her navel through an opening in her shorty dress across the hall.

VIEW ON THE WINDOW A good twenty men lean in, watching.

NEW VIEW The mother of the little colored girl comes in to hold a brief and mournful convocation with her daughter.

VIEW ON SAL Sees this. Lets the fat girl take him off to the back.

INT. WHOREHOUSE ROOM - DAY

It is just a square room with wooden slats and no ceiling, ikon in a corner, a washbasin in another. All up and down the dark hall o.s. the girls are calling, "Agua, agua caliente!" Sal's girl charges thirty pesos, or about three dollars and a half, and begs for an extra ten pesos and gives a long story about something. Sal throws money at her.

EXT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

A crowd is gathered in the street. The cops look as bored as usual.

INT. WHOREHOUSE BAR - DAY

Dean's pretty Venezuelan drags SAL through a door and into another strange bar that apparently belongs to the whorehouse. VENEZUELA clings about Sal's neck and begs for drinks. The BARTENDER won't give her one. She begs and begs, and when he gives it to her she spills it and this time not on purpose.

SAL

Take it easy baby.

SAL has to support her on the stool; she keeps slipping off. He buys her another drink; she is tugging at Sal's pants for mercy. She gulps it up.

SAL(V.O.)

With Venezuela writhing and suffering in my arms I had a longing to take her in the back and undress her and only talk to her... this I told myself. I was delirious with want of her and the other little dark girl.

VIEW ON THE BAR VICTOR stands on the brass rail of the bar and jumps up and down gladly to see his Americans cavort. DEAN and SAL buy him drinks.

STAN and his GIRL come downstairs, holding hands tenderly, like highschool sweethearts.

VIEW ON DEAN Thrusts money at VICTOR. SAL can't take his eyes off the little dark girl and the way, like a queen, she walks around and is even reduced by the sullen bartender to menial tasks such as bringing the Americans drinks and sweeping the back.

SAL(V.O.)

Of all the girls in there she needed the money most; maybe her mother had come to get money from her to her little infant sisters and brothers. Mexicans are poor. It never, never occurred to me just to approach her and give her some money. I have a feeling she would have taken it with a degree of scorn, and scorn from her would have made me flinch. In my madness I was actually in love with her for the few hours it all lasted; it was the same unmistakable ache and stab across the mind, the same sighs, the same pain, and above all the same reluctance and fear to approach. Strange that Dean also failed to approach her; her unimpeachable dignity was the thing that made her poor in a wild old whorehouse, and think of that.

DEAN leans like a statue toward her, ready to fly, and befuddlement crosses his face as she glances coolly and imperiously his way and he stops rubbing his belly and gapes and finally bows his head. For she is the queen. VICTOR suddenly clutches at their arms in the furor and makes frantic signs.

SAL

What's the matter, Victor?

VICTOR tries everything to make them understand. The bill is over three hundred pesos, or thirty-six American dollars, which is a lot of money in any whorehouse. Still the boys can't sober up and don't want to leave. STAN holds his GIRL tight.

STAN

You think we could stay a little bit longer?

SAL

So much ahead of us, man, it won't make any difference. We really should go.

DEAN

That's right!

STAN sighs.

DEAN, glassy-eyed turns to his Venezuelan. She has passed out and lays on a wooden bench with her white legs protruding from the silk.

EXT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

DEAN, SAL and STAN stagger out. DEAN pays the policemen the four pesos and shakes hands and grins and bows with them. Then he jumps in the car.

EXT/INT. CAR - DAY

The girls, even VENEZUELA, who has wakened for the farewell, gather around the car, huddling in their flimsy duds, and chatter good-byes and kiss the Americans, and VENEZUELA even begins to weep. STAN lingers with his girl until the last possible moment, until DEAN hits the horn, then he tears himself away and runs to the car.

The car pulls out. DEAN blows a kiss.

DEAN

Good-bye Gregoria! Victor is very sad now that his American friends have to go.

VICTOR

You come back Gregoria, see me?

STAN

I'm coming back.

DEAN

Sure, man! I'll even take you back to the States if you want.

VICTOR

I think about it... got wife and kid... ain't got a money.

EXT. MORNING. THE MEXICAN ROAD

Great fields stretch on both sides of them; wind blows across the occasional immense tree groves and over old missions turning salmon pink in the late sun. The clouds are close and huge and rose. STAN stares love-struck out the window.

DEAN

Mexico City by dusk!

SAL(V.O.)

And we made it, too, a total of nineteen hundred miles from the afternoon yards of Denver to these vast and Biblical areas of the world, and now we were about to reach the end of the road.

VIEW A height from which they see all of Mexico City stretched out in its volcanic crater below and spewing city smokes and early dusklights. Down to it they zoom, down Insurgentes Boulevard, straight toward the heart of town.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

Kids play soccer in enormous sad fields and throw up dust. Taxi-drivers overtake them and want to know if they want girls.

DEAN

Whee! Look out!

DEAN drives like an Indian. He gets on a circular glorieta drive on Reforma Boulevard and rolls around it with its eight spokes shooting cars at them from all directions, left, right, dead ahead, and yells and jumps with joy.

DEAN

This is traffic I've always dreamed of! Everybody goes!

In downtown Mexico City thousands of hipsters in floppy straw hats and long-labeled jackets over bare chests pad along the main drag, some of them selling crucifixes and weed in the alleys, some kneeling in beat chapels next to Mexican burlesque shows in sheds. Mambo blares from everywhere. Hundreds of whores line themselves along the dark and narrow streets and their sorrowful eyes gleam at the boys in the night.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

They eat beautiful steaks for forty-eight cents in a strange tiled Mexican cafeteria with generations of marimba musicians standing at one immense marimba... also wandering singing guitarists, and old men on corners blowing trumpets.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The streets are alive all night. DEAN walks with his arms hanging zombie-like at his sides, his mouth open,

his eyes gleaming, and conducts a ragged and holy tour that lasts till dawn in a field with a boy in a straw hat who laughs and chats with the American and wants to play catch. Only STAN is game. They start tossing the ball back and forth.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SAL is ill with fever, delirious and unconscious.

SAL(V.O.)

I looked up out of the dark swirl of my mind and I knew I was on a bed eight thousand feet above sea level, on a roof of the world, and I knew that I had lived a whole life and many others in the poor atomistic husk of my flesh, and I had all the dreams.

SAL sees DEAN bending over the kitchen table. It is several nights later and Dean is leaving Mexico City already.

SAL

(moaning)

What you doin, man?

DEAN

Poor Sal, poor Sal, so sick. Stan has gone. His grandpaw had a stroke and Stan's gone to nurse him awhile. These good people here will take care of you. Now listen to hear if you can in your sickness: I got my divorce from Camille down here and I'm driving back to Inez in New York tonight if the car holds out.

SAL

All that again?

DEAN

All that again, good buddy. Gotta get back to my life. Wish I could stay with you. Pray I can come back.

SAL grabs the cramps in his belly and groans. When he looks up again DEAN is standing with his old broken

trunk and looking down at Sal.

DEAN

Yes, yes, yes, I've got to go
now. Old fever Sal, good-by.

And he is gone.

SAL

(to the just-closed door)

Okay, old Dean, I'll say nothing.

Against the following V.O. we see SAL's recovery. Lying
in bed reading the BIBLE, walking wearily in the city,
hitching his way north out of Mexico...

SAL(V.O.)

When I got better I realized what a
rat he was, but then I had to
understand the impossible complex-
ity of his life, how he had to
leave me there, sick, to get on
with his wives and woes.

SAL stopping at last in a small Mexican town, where he
sits on a bench in the main square. Sleeping next to
him on the bench is a WILD YOUNG MAN, a prototype of the
Hippies to come.

EXT. EARLY MORNING. MEXICAN TOWN SQUARE.

The WILD YOUNG MAN opens his eyes, smiles at the beau-
tiful morning, looks sweetly at SAL.

SAL

Good morning.

WILD YOUNG MAN

Good morning to you.

SAL

(taking out his cigarettes)

What's your name?

WILD YOUNG MAN

Wig. My name is Wig.

SAL

(offering cigarette)

Hello, Wig. What do you say this
fine morning?

WIG

I say, It sure is groovey here in
Ool-ya-koo.

SAL is charmed, enchanted. He smiles the smile of a man
restored to full health again.

FADE OUT: FADE IN: EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT
SAL stands in a dark street in Manhattan and calls up to
the window of a loft where he thinks Carlo might be.
But a pretty girl, LAURA, sticks her head out the win-
dow.

LAURA

Yes? Who is it?

SAL

Sal Paradise.

His name resounds in the sad and empty street.

LAURA

Come on up. I'm making hot choco-
late.

INT. LAURA'S APT. - NIGHT Sal goes up.

SAL(V.O.)

And there she was, the girl with
the pure and innocent dear eyes
that I had always searched for and
for so long. We agreed to love
each other madly. We decided to
work for three months and save our
money and move to San Francisco. I
wrote to Dean and told him about
our migration plans. Dean wrote
back a huge letter eighteen thou-
sand words long, all about his
young years in Denver, and about
how Inez had left him to come back
East and Camille had taken him in
again. He said he was coming to
get me and personally select the
old truck himself and drive us to
California. We had six weeks to
save up the money for the truck and
began working and counting every
cent.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

SAL* and CARLO walking in the middle of the night; CARLO reciting WHITMAN, which we hear a bit of.

CARLO

Smile O voluptuous coolbreathed
earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid
trees!
Earth of departed sunset! Earth of
the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of shine and dark mottling
the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds
brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed earth! Rich
apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes!

INT. LAURA'S APT. - NIGHT

He comes back to the apartment. LAURA stands in the dark little pad with a strange smile. She seems vaguely upset. SAL notices the hush in the room and looks around and sees a battered book on the radio.

SAL'S POV: It is Dean's high-eternity-in-the-afternoon Proust. DEAN tiptoes in from the dark hall in his stock-ing feet. He hops and laughs, he stutters and flutters his hands.

They embrace.

SAL

Ah, Dean... but so soon, man?

DEAN

Ah... you must listen to hear...

They listen, all ears. But DEAN forgets what he wants to say, can barely speak at all.

DEAN

Really listen... ahem. Look, dear
Sal... sweet Laura... I've come...
I'm gone... but wait... ah yes.

And he stares with rocky sorrow into his hands.

DEAN

Can't talk no more... do you under-
stand that it is... or might be...
But listen!

He is listening to sounds in the night.

DEAN

(whispering with awe)

Yes! But you see... no need to
talk any more... and further.

SAL

But why did you come so soon, Dean?
I mean, we're nowhere near ready to
go West with you.

DEAN looks at SAL as if for the first time.

DEAN

Ah, so soon, yes. We... we'll know
... that is, I don't know. I came
on the railroad pass... cabooses...
old hard-bench coaches... Texas...
played flute and wooden sweet
potato all the way.

DEAN takes out his new wooden flute. He plays a few
squeaky notes on it and jumps up and down in his stock-
ing feet.

DEAN

And tell me Sal, where's everybody
these days?

SAL

Oh I don't know, they're around,
here and there.

DEAN

Where's the Holy Goof, the coolest
cat of all? Where's that Rollo
Greb.

SAL

Rollo's got a job with an advertis-
ing agency writing copy.

We see ROLLO GREB as The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit.

DEAN

See? But of course, Sal, I can talk
as soon as ever and have many
things to say to you in fact with
my own little bangtail mind I've
been reading and reading this gone

DEAN(cont)

Proust all the way across the country and digging a great number of things I'll never have TIME to tell you about and we STILL haven't talked of Mexico and our parting there in fever... but no need to talk. Absolutely, now, yes?

SAL

All right, we won't talk.

DEAN

Ah, but you see what I wanted to REALLY tell you... much later... Arkansas, crossing on train... playing flute... play cards with boys, my dirty deck... won money, blew sweet-potato solo... for sailors. Long long awful five days and five nights just to SEE you, Sal.

SAL

What about Camille?

DEAN

Gave permission of course... waiting for me. Camille and I all straight forever-and-ever...

SAL

And Inez?

DEAN

I... I... I want her to come back to Frisco with me, live other side of town... don't you think? Don't know why I came. (a beat) Well and yes, of course, I wanted to see your sweet girl and you... glad of you... love you man, as ever.

INT. LAURA'S APT. - DAY

A letter comes for Dean, care of Sal.

INSERT: It reads:

CAMILLE (V.O.)

"My heart broke when I saw you go across the tracks with your bag. I pray and pray you get back safe...

CAMILLE(V.O.cont)

I do want Sal and his friend to come and live on the same street... I know you'll make it but I can't help worrying... now that we've decided everything... Dear Dean, it's the end of the first half of the century. Welcome with love and kisses to spend the other half with us. We all wait for you. Camille, Amy, and Little Joanie."

SAL(V.O.)

So Dean's life was settled with his most constant, most embittered, and best-knowing wife Camille, and I thanked God for that, and for him.

INT. EVENING. LAURA'S APARTMENT.

We see DEAN throwing his few things into "the beatest suitcase in America" as SAL and CARLO stand in the doorway watching. CARLO has a date, an attractive brunette in the style that would soon be characterized as "beat". LAURA comes into the living room, dressed for the evening, looking beautiful.

SAL(V.O)

He only stayed three or four days, and his leavetaking occurred under strange and sad circumstances. My editor had gotten tickets for a Duke Ellington concert at the Metropolitan Opera, and asked me to invite Carlo. He hired a car for the evening, and when he came to get us Dean was there. But Dean couldn't talk any more and said nothing. He just stared and looked haunted and gaunt. It was very easy to see that my editor had never met anyone like him before. He didn't understand, and wanted to be away from it at once.

We see this scene of social awkwardness occurring in LAURA's apartment; the EDITOR so uptight he can barely look at DEAN, CARLO smiling sweetly not judging any of it, Carlo's GIRL cool and amused, SAL deeply embarrassed, uncomfortable, sad. DEAN as described, a sad depleted burned-out version of his former self. Devitalized, he looks more like his father.

EXT. LAURA'S APT. - NIGHT

It is a cold winter night. The Editor's hired limousine is parked and ready to go. DEAN stands outside the windows with his bag, ready to go to Penn Station and on across the land.

SAL

Good-bye, Dean. I sure wish I didn't have to go to the concert.

DEAN

(whispering)

D'you think I can ride to Fortieth Street with you? Want to be with you as much as possible, m'boy, and besides it's so durned cold in this here New Yawk...

SAL whispers to the EDITOR. But he won't have it, he's had all of DEAN that he can possibly take.

EDITOR

(rather prissy, repressed)

No, I'm sorry. There's really no room. Look... you can see for yourself.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

SAL sits in the back of the Cadillac and waves at DEAN.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

DEAN, ragged in a motheaten overcoat walks off alone. He turns, smiles, then turns again and rounds the corner of Seventh Avenue, eyes on the street ahead. LAURA begins to cry. CARLO and his DATE look at her sympathetically.

LAURA

Oh, we shouldn't let him go like this. What'll he do?

CARLO

He'll be all right. You never have to worry about Dean.

But CARLO's plainly upset; his soft eyes follow DEAN out of sight.

We hear the strains of Duke Ellington's SOLITUDE, full orchestra.

SAL(V.O.)

And that was the last time I saw him. Off we went to the sad and disinclined concert for which I had no stomach whatever and all the time I was thinking of Dean and how he got back on the train and rode the three thousand miles over that awful land and never knew why he had come anyway, except to see me.

We see DEAN in fleeting FLASHBACK as we saw him at their earlier leavetaking, making the boomer's highball, jumping up and down, running in a circle.

We see something of a flash-forward; DEAN in the San Francisco evening with CAMILLE, his two daughters, and his baby son, staring pathetically out the window while the others eat dinner, like a caged lion who hasn't the energy to leave his confines, even though the door is open.

Back in present time we see the LIMO pulling away again from DEAN, CARLO looking sadly back out the window. The LIMO disappears into the swirling snow.

EXT. SUNDOWN. SUMMER. TWELFTH STREET PIER, MANHATTAN.
SAL sits looking across the river.

SAL(V.O.)

So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? The evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's

SAL(V.O.cont)
going to happen to anybody besides
the forlorn rags of growing old, I
think of Dean Moriarty, I even
think of Old Dean Moriarty the
father we never found, I think of
Dean Moriarty.

While against this, softly at first and never rising
much beyond a fervent remembered whisper, we hear the
voice of DEAN MORIARTY, like the river lapping the pil-
ings of the old pier, saying "Yes!... Yes!... Yessss!"

THE END