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SMOKEY IS THE BANDIT

Final Draft Screenplay

by

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SMOKEY IS THE BANDIT

1 INT. STAGE - A SMALL TEXAS TOWN 1

An enormous American flag covers the screen. The effect is an exact duplication of the opening scene from the movie "Patton." Just as George C. Scott mounted a small platform, stepped into frame and spoke to an unseen audience, our hero, Buford T. Justice steps up ready to deliver the most important speech of his life. As befits the occasion, he is dressed splendidly with the accent being on decorous spit and polish. Before beginning his speech, he pauses to pan the audience ever so slowly. This completed, a hint of smile plays across his face as he clears his throat and begins speaking.

BUFORD

Be seated.

(pause)

On the eve of my retirement, I am reminded of the words of General George C. Patton who said, 'No bastard ever won a war by dying for his country.' My war has been the Battle of Law and Order. Why just the other day I was looking through a scrapbook that Mrs. Justice has kept all these years. I was touched by the fond remembrances of 211s, 10-4s, APBs, 502s, and DWIs we shared together. You might say I've spent the better part of my life wading through waves of perpetrators like crap through a goose.

CUT TO

1-A SHOTS OF HICK AUDIENCE 1-A

2 EXT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2

Walking down a hallway are Big and Little Enis. They are decked out in full tilt finery created especially for them by their designer -- Yahoo of Houston. (Yahoo caters only to those who have come into considerably wealth during the last three calendar months, or to those with relatives in Abu Dhabi.)

LITTLE ENIS

(whining)

I'm bored.

CONTINUED

2

CONTINUED

2
(X)

BIG ENIS

And I'm bored hearing about your boredome. That's why I've gone to all this trouble.

LITTLE ENIS

You promise me. This is gonna be fun. As much fun as playin' with the Bandit?

BIG ENIS

Fun? I promise you you'll laugh so hard you're gonna pee in your pants watching that Countie Mountie hump his way across six states.

They reach the exterior of a door. We can hear the muffled voice of Buford's endless speech from within. Little Enis puts his ear to the door. He winces at the sound of Buford's voice.

LITTLE ENIS

Damn if he don't sound just like a dial tone.

BIG ENIS

They must be payin' 'em by the word. But don't worry, son. When we get through with him, Harpo Marx gonna seem talkative.

LITTLE ENIS

I still don't think he's gonna go for your plan.

BIG ENIS

Trust me, son, if there's one thing that egomaniac Sheriff can't refuse, it's a public challenge.

Big and Little Enis slide through the door as the Sheriff continues his speech.

3

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM

3

As the Sheriff drones on, the camera reveals the Enis' point of view of the audience and their location. For the first time, we see they are hayseed/hick-types. Toothless, American Gothic, overall-covered farmers. They are sitting in a junior high gym that has been transformed for the occasion. This audience is either sitting stone-faced or asleep. The one thing they are not, is interested in what our good Sheriff has to say.

CUT TO

4

ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE ENISES

4

as they enter and behold this sight.

LITTLE ENIS

Now I know what Jimmy Carter's
speech writers are doin' for a
living!

5

THE SHERIFF

5

continues.

BUFORD

In the Fifties, I had pinko faggot
commies to chase...and I caught 'em.
In the Sixties, I had long-hair
faggot hippies to chase...and I
caught 'em. In the Seventies, I
had....

6

BIG ENIS

6

bellows from the back of the auditorium.

BIG ENIS

What about the Bandit?

All heads immediately turn. Those that were asleep, awake. Those that sat unamused are about to be. All murmur in response to Big Enis' question -- "The Bandit". The camera cuts around the room isolating three special examples:

THE RIGHT REVEREND

The Bandit?

CONTINUED

6

CONTINUED

6

ELLY MAY JENKINS

Yeah, what about the Bandit?

OLD DEAF MAN

(with hearing
aid horn)

What bandage? Who's hurt?

(X)

The audience responds in unison.

THE CROWD

(to Buford)

Yeah! What about the Bandit?

Big and Little Enis smirk and slap five.

CUT TO

7

BUFORD T. JUSTICE, JUNIOR

7

is also swept up in the moment. And from the second row....

JUNIOR

Yeah, Daddy. What about the Bandit?

Buford, whose hairs are beginning to stand on the back of his reddening neck, double-takes at his son's remark with a disbelieving "Et tu, Brute?" expression. Then he turns to his audience.

BUFORD

Bandit? You want to know about the Bandit? You really want to know about the Bandit? Well, I'll tell you about the Bandit. I chased that boy for three thousand miles through twenty states on two different occasions.

BIG ENIS

(like Froggy
the Gremlin)

But you didn't catch him!

BUFORD

But I didn't catch him.

(then exploding)

No one caught him. But at least I tried. And you can bet....

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

7

BIG ENIS
(interrupting)

Okay.

BUFORD

Okay, what?

BIG ENIS

Okay, let's bet.

BUFORD

Bet? Bet what?

BIG ENIS

Our money against your reputation!

BUFORD

Huh? What are you talking about?

BIG ENIS

What I'm talking about is a simple contest. A little race.

The audience in emotional spasms repeat, "a race"?

BUFORD

A race? Against who?

BIG ENIS

Against the clock. And if you win, Sheriff, we Enises here will pony up two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Audience reacts. An American Gothic farmer stabs his wife accidentally with his pitchfork.

BIG ENIS

(continuing)

If you lose, you fork over that silly symbol you've been shovin' in peoples faces for so long -- your badge.

The audience reacts. The deaf farmer with the horn leans forward.

CONTINUED

(X)

7

CONTINUED - 2

7

OLD DEAF MAN

Who's Madge?

Buford holds up his hands quieting the audience. They do.

BUFORD

(to Big Enis)

Silly symbol? Nothing in the world means more to me than this badge; and nothin' would give me more pleasure than to run you and that subcompact excuse for a son into the ground. But I'm afraid I can't accept. I'm about to retire. I'm gonna relax, get to know my son here and enjoy the good life down in sunny Florida.

(X)

BIG ENIS

Sounds like you're moving into a Norman Rockwell painting.

BUFORD

You might say that. I intend to become part of the landscape.

BIG ENIS

With you in it, there won't be any room for the landscape. But take your time. Remember, we're talkin' 'bout a lot of money here -- two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So, if you change your mind, you know where to reach us.

(X)

BUFORD

Thanks, but no thanks. I now proclaim myself officially retired.

The following scenes are under titles and serve to illustrate the joys of retirement. (Note: This montage is intended to start off in a pastoral and pleasant setting that finds Sheriff Justice calm, relaxed, and adjusting to retirement. By the end of the sequence the passive Sheriff Justice will have turned into the blustering lunatic we have grown to love.)

CUT TO

8 OMITTED 8

9 EXT. BEACH - DAY 9

Buford, attired in an outrageous looking bathing outfit, is walking down a beach collecting rare shells. Carrying a bucket in one hand, with the other he reaches down, picks up a large seashell (conch), holds it to his ear, listens to its sweet "Melody du Mar", and drops the shell into his collector's bucket. He walks a few steps, lifts another shell to his ear, and drops it in the bucket. He repeats the business again. Finally, he reaches down and lifts a rather large turd. Without immediately recognizing what it is, Buford holds it to his ear. The sound is not the same. Neither is the smell.

CUT TO

10 BUFORD'S POINT OF VIEW OF THE STRETCH OF BEACH 10

before him. There stands, with a puzzled expression, the offender -- a mangy mutt.

O.c., we hear Buford moan.

CUT TO

CLOSEUP OF BUFORD'S FACE

as he grimaces stoically in disgust.

CUT TO

11 A LAWN ON THE GROUNDS OF THE TRAILER PARK 11

A group of oldsters, all wearing pink tights or garrish jogging suits, are being put through aerobic dance paces led by a particularly giddy Richard Simmons-type. Buford is not having a good time especially when this smart-ass instructor pulls him out of the group and starts using Buford as an example. He pats Buford's fat tummy, taps him under his chin, etc. Buford gives the Richard Simmons-type instructor a patient little smile and then punches him right in the kisser!

(X)

CUT TO

12 EXT. MARINELAND - DAY 12

Buford and Junior are seated amongst the many other tourists taking in the "Shamu, the Killer Whale Show." Junior is bouncing up and down like and eight year old, to Buford's dismay.

(X)

BUFORD

(to camera)

God, I hate fish! Especially big, stupid ones.

To calm Junior down he holds up his two fingers -- the automatic signal for Junior to put a cigarette in his hand. As Junior is lighting it with a big Zippo lighter, the whale goes up and comes down with a belly-whopper, drenching the cigarette, Junior and a most unhappy retired Sheriff. As Junior continues to try to light the wet cigarette, Buford bats him away and screams.

BUFORD

Will you cut that out!

CUT TO

13

EXT. PATIO - MARINA BAY RESORT - DAY

13
(X)

The thatched huts of the Polynesian bar area of the hotel provide a perfect setting for a senior citizens luau. Once again Buford is dressed in concert with the motif. He is holding a preposterous hollowed-out coconut that has been made to look like a monkey's face. There is an umbrella in it as large as the smile on Buford's face as a hula girl in a grass skirt seductively slides up to him into frame. Her arms are beckoning Buford. Accepting her invitation, he gets up out of his chair and follows her dancing across the screen. She disappears out of frame as he hulas towards her. Suddenly, Buford stops dead in his tracks.

CUT TO

13-A

ANOTHER ANGLE

13-A

as we reveal the gorgeous hula girl has been replaced by an "old broad" in a hula skirt. She cuts in by placing a lei flower necklace around Buford's head and begins to do her hula wiggle. The other old folks applaud while Buford's face turns as sour as his Mai Tai.

CUT TO

14

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

14

The following scene is right out of the infamous Symbianese Liberation Army shoot-out several years ago in L.A. A crazed man, armed to the teeth, has barricaded himself inside a small wood frame house. The front lawn is littered with his victims. The mortally wounded include a priest, a couple of cops, and several neighbors, etc.

Surrounding the house is the local S.W.A.T. team with enough manpower and artillery to return to Vietnam...but this time to get the job done right. Sheriff Buford T. Justice, the only possible man to do the job, drives up making a dramatic entrance. He quickly surveys the situation, steps out from the protection of the police, and makes a grand display of unbuckling his gunbelt ever so slowly and gallantly letting it fall to the ground. Unarmed, hands raised in a defenseless gesture, he strides towards the house wearing only a shit-eating grin for protection. An incredible display of raw guts! Just as he stands awash in the sea of dead bodies, the gunman (who looks remarkably like Richard Simmons) bolts from the house brandishing guns, rifles, and a Bowie knife clenched in his teeth. The shit-eating grin is cute, but no

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14
(X)

match for delayed stress syndrome and a steady diet of Agent Orange. Simmons begins blasting away a la Sam Peckinpaw turning Buford into a eunich. Buford howls in agony as we have a tight shot on his twisted visage.

WAVY DISSOLVE TO

14-A A MATCH SHOT OF BUFORD

14-A

only this time, we pull back to reveal he is sitting in a boat on a lake with Junior who, in an effort to cast his lure, a lime green hula popper, has caught his father in the family jewels and is beginning to reel this keeper in.

CUT TO

15 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

15
(X)

Buford hollers into the receiver.

BUFORD

Big Enis? You're on!

CUT TO

16

EXT. TURNBERRY ISLE

16
(X)

Buford's patrol car is driving along. In the b.g. we see large ocean going vessels as well as seaplanes taking off and landing. The panorama is exquisite. Buford is listening to police calls in his radio, dressed once again in his Sheriff's uniform. The urgent cadence of the police calls relaxes him as a dreamy expression plays across his face.

BUFORD

Nothing sweeter than the melody of
a 211 in progress.

Junior scans the horizon.

JUNIOR

Daddy, I hope they're not late!

(X)

BUFORD

I'd be surprised if they even show
up.

Just at that moment, we see the Enises. They are lying on the deck of their yacht. It is an eighty-two-foot ocean going yacht. The name of their ship which is clearly painted on its side reads: "WRETCHED EXCESS". Lovely ladies, scantily clad, are running about attending to their every needs. The Enises disembark and climb into their waiting red Cadillac convertible. It is a fire engine red Eldorado convertible, chromed and customized. Long horns serve as a hood ornament, a Continental kit embellishes the rear and the interior clearly cost the lives of five pinto ponies. The Enises are dressed in togas and cowboy hats. Little Enis is behind the wheel, and he is so short it appears the car is being operated by a cowboy hat. Several of their lovely attendants pop into the backseat with the Enises. They drive over to the patrol car. Buford, however, remains unimpressed. He strolls over to Big Enis.

BUFORD

Nice car boys. I once pulled over
Sonny Liston in a machine like this.

(X)

LITTLE ENIS

(arrogantly)

Impossible! You're looking at a
custom-made one-of-a-kind. Sheriff,
under the hood you got your modified
Cadillac V-8 that displaces 392 cubic
inches and....

BIG ENIS

(interrupting)

Control yourself, son. He's not
buying the car, he's just admiring
it.

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED

16

BUFORD

(interrupting)

If you boys are finished yappin',
let's get this show on the road.

BIG ENIS

Anything you say, Sheriff. Here's
the deal. What we've got in mind is
just a simple little adventure on
the open road. Lots of fresh air,
blue skies, and friendly folks. A
glorious romp through picturesque,
magnolia-scented Dixie.

BUFORD

Cut the crap and get to the bottom
line.

BIG ENIS

Well, seeing as you're a sportin'
man, Sheriff, we'll bet you a quarter
of a million dollars against your
tin star that you can't drive from
here in Miami to the Enis Ranch in
Austin, Texas, by five o'clock
tomorrow afternoon.

CUT TO

16-A ANOTHER ANGLE

16-A

Junior is standing with Little Enis over by the Enismobile.

JUNIOR

(to Little
Enis)

You look different. Taken off some
height?

LITTLE ENIS

Very funny. Has your daddy let you
drive his car yet?

JUNIOR

No, but he lets me work the siren.
What does your daddy let you do?

LITTLE ENIS

Hold the money and pay for the
hookers.

CUT TO

16-B BIG ENIS AND BUFORD

16-B

as they continue.

BUFORD

From here to Texas is only a
thousand miles.

(shrewdly)

That's too easy! What's the catch?

CUT TO

17 TURNBERRY ISLE - THE CATCH

17

Big Enis smiles broadly and beckons to something o.c. --
A Brinks armored truck drives into frame and pulls up next
to Big Enis. The armored vehicle is accompanied by two motor-
cycle policemen that are dressed like Erik Estrada. The doors
fly open, and several ladies from the Enis crew carry out,
with great care and ceremony, a six-foot stuffed Mako shark.

Junior can't take his eyes off the motorcycle cops. Pointing
at them, he turns to Buford and exclaims.

JUNIOR

Look Daddy! Fish and Chips!

A busload of fifty photographers pulls up. They get out
and start taking pictures of the fish.

CUT TO

17-A ANOTHER ANGLE

17-A

as the fish is carried right up to Buford practically
shoved into his face. Buford and the fish are practically
eyeball-to-eyeball.

BUFORD

The last time I saw a fin like that
it was on a '59 DeSoto. What the
hell is going on here?

CUT TO

17-B ANOTHER ANGLE

17-B

of Big Enis.

BIG ENIS

Junior here got our little
advertising campaign right away.
Fish and Chips! Get it? We're
opening fast food franchises all
across the South.

CUT TO

18

ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE SCENE

18

The same girls who have come out of the bowels of the Brink truck, clad in stylish Enis jumpsuits, immediately go to work attaching the fish to the roof of Buford's patrol car. Photographers are still taking pictures.

Buford, seeing the fish go up on his roof, explodes.

BUFORD

Get that stuffed sardine off my car!

LITTLE ENIS

It ain't a sardine -- it's our logo!
And you're carrying it!

BUFORD

Hell I am!

BIG ENIS

Look at it this way. It's part of the innovative tradition of American advertising and besides -- if you don't carry it -- the bet is off.

LITTLE ENIS

I knew he'd chicken out!

BIG ENIS

That's what happens when you retire. You get soft. But look, Sheriff. If you want to back out on the bet, no hard feelings. We threw down a sportin' challenge, but we don't want to see you hurt yourself trying to pick it up.

Buford turns to Junior.

BUFORD

Junior, get in the car. We've got two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of candy to take from a couple of babies.

Buford and Junior hop in the patrol car. Big Enis hands Buford a map.

BIG ENIS

Here's your map. Follow this route to the ranch exactly or the bet's off. Anyway, we wouldn't want you fellas to get lost!

BUFORD

Just don't get lost on the way to the bank!

Bufords starts up his engine.

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED

18
(X)

LITTLE ENIS

(snickering)

Hey, Sheriff! That badge of yours
is gonna make me one fine belt buckle!

BUFORD

Boy, the only way you're gonna be
wearing it, is up your ass with all
its points!

Buford drives off.

CUT TO

19

THE ENISES POINT OF VIEW

19

of the ridiculous looking patrol car (aka the Fishmobile)
as it pulls away. We hear the Enises laugh.

CUT TO

20

ANOTHER ANGLE

20
(X)

of the Enises and their entourage behind them.

LITTLE ENIS

I can't believe we got 'em to go for
it! Hook, line, and sinker!

BIG ENIS

Just a matter of using the right
bait. We caught ourselves a big
fish with a little word -- ego!

LITTLE ENIS

I got one question. Why aren't we
flying it?

BIG ENIS

'Cause this is gonna be more fun
than pulling the wings off of flies!

21

EXT. MARINA - DAY

21

We see a beautiful shot of the patrol car driving past the
harbor area. With ships and the water in the b.g., the
fish, mounted on Buford's roof, almost appears to be
gliding along the harbor. Slowly, the music swells -- the
ominous "Theme From Jaws."

CUT TO

22 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

22
(X)

The Fishmobile creeps slowly towards heavy city traffic. The shark's fin seems to cut through the crowded streets with the "Jaws Theme" under. A closer sight of Buford catches him mumbling expletives to himself. He is embarrassed.

CUT TO

23 EXT. ESPANOLA STREET - DAY

23

The patrol car comes down a street teeming with people of mixed ethnic origins. It looks like a little Cuba. The music fades as Buford brings his car to a halt. Buford leans out of his window and beckons to a Black Man who approaches the car. We can see Junior fumbling with the map.

BUFORD

(to Black Man
with exaggerated
politeness)

Excuse me, but would you happen to
know the way to the Florida Turnpike?

The Black Man responds generously and enthusiastically.
Unfortunately, he's Haitian.

BLACK MAN

(in French)

Avec plaisir, monsieur. D'abord, on
doit premier rue la-bas a guche. Et
puis, a doight. C'est tres simple,
vraiment!

The Black Man turns and walks away.

BUFORD

(shaking his
head)

Sumbitch.

Buford beckons to a Latin woman. He asks her the same question and gets the same kind of response. Only in Spanish. Buford is doing a slow burn.

JUNIOR

I think she said left, Daddy.

BUFORD

Of course she said left -- Damn
Commies!

The car wends its way down the street.

CUT TO

23-A EXT. BALCONY - DAY

23-A
(X)

Big and Little Enis are sitting on the balcony of a New Orleans-style brothel surrounded by working girls. They are enjoying the sight of Buford hung up in traffic. Little Enis smiles as he checks out his wrist computer.

CUT TO

24 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

24

Two men are fishing over the side of a bridge. One man lifts his rod in preparation for a cast. As he does so, the Fishmobile drives by. During his back cast, the lure lands in the fishes mouth. We hear the sound of the line running out of the reel at a furious pace until the rod is yanked out of his hand.

CUT TO

25 EXT. LOOKOUT TOWER - DAY

25
(X)

Big and Little Enis are poking each other in the ribs, doubled up in laughter. Little Enis looks through his binoculars and laughs. Big Enis grabs the glasses and looks for himself.

LITTLE ENIS

Daddy, you were right. This is the most fun I've ever had with my clothes on.

CUT TO

25-A EXT. ROADSIDE

25-A
(X)

The Enises are parked on the shoulder of the road. They are surrounded by twenty bicyclists who they have apparently waylaid. We see Little Enis paying them off.

CUT TO

26 EXT. TUNNEL -DAY

26
(X)

A wall of the cyclists who are now scattered across the road are purposefully moving slowly and blocking Buford's path with their bicycles. He honks his horn angrily as the patrol car enters the mouth of the tunnel behind the cyclists.

CUT TO

27

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TUNNEL - DAY

27
(X)

Out comes the Fishmobile with five or six bicycles and their riders plastered like mosquitoes on their windshield. One guy's face is pressed right onto the glass.

JUNIOR

What'll we do now, Daddy?

BUFORD

Turn on the wipers. What else?

CUT TO

28

EXT. ROADSIDE PASTURE - DAY

28

A table with fine crystal and silver. An elaborate meal is being served by two beautiful girls attired in French maid attire. It's the Enis version of America on \$10,000 a day. Big Enis is holding up a crystal champagne glass to the light. Enis, the gourmet, makes an observation to no one in particular.

BIG ENIS

Ya know, nothing goes better with a Moonpie then Don Perignon champagne!

(X)

LITTLE ENIS

I know this contest is only a couple of hours old, but I'm bored already.

BIG ENIS

Damn it, boy. Your attention span is about as long as your inseam.

Big Enis calls out to one of his maids.

BIG ENIS

(continuing)

Bring me the phone.

Instantly, a servant arrives with an elaborate campaign/field phone.

BIG ENIS

(into the phone)

Breaker. Breaker. This is the Money and Sonny calling Smokey. Are you there, Bear?

(X)

CUT TO

29

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

29

Buford and Junior are barrelling down the highway and hear the transmission.

BUFORD

That's a big 10-4, Money and Sonny. What do you want?

30

ON BIG ENIS

30

BIG ENIS

Listen, Smokey. My son and I are just finishing up a light, but thoroughly satisfying, lunch.

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED

30

BIG ENIS

(continuing)

Sorry you boys couldn't be here, but
if we had waited for you, by now it'd
be dinner time. Anyway, our chef's
artistry would be wasted on you good
ole boys. You know, pearls before
swine.

(X)

Little Enis leans in to the mike!

LITTLE ENIS

Oink! Oink!

He punctuates his comment with a belch.

Suddenly, the patrol car whizzes by the Enis picnic.
Junior is leaning out the window making funny faces at them.

CUT TO

31

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

31

The patrol car begins to sputter and dies. It rolls to a
stop onto the shoulder of the road.

CUT TO

32

INT. BUFORD'S CAR

32

JUNIOR

What's the matter, Daddy?

BUFORD

Gas, dummy.

JUNIOR

Must be that pizza you had for lunch.

BUFORD

I ain't talkin' about indigestion,
fool. I'm talking about gasoline.
Did you fill 'er up like I told you?

JUNIOR

No, sir.

BUFORD

Why not, moosetwat?

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32
(X)

JUNIOR

I thought we'd stop at Skeeter's Service Station on the way outa town 'cause you said you like watchin' him scrape the bugs off the windshield with his fingernails. I thought....

BUFORD

(interrupting)

You thought! Well, think in one hand and shit in the other and see what you get. Now get out and start pushing!

JUNIOR

Ain't you gonna help me, Daddy?

BUFORD

You know I got a double hernia, but seeing that you are rumored to be my son, we'll share the work. You push and I'll steer.

33

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

33

Junior gets out of the car. Walks to the rear and begins to push.

DISSOLVE TO

34

COUNTRY GAS STATION

34

Sweltering amidst waves of heat, Junior has his back to the car and is soaking wet with sweat. With his last bit of energy, he pushes the vehicle next to the gas pump. Out from the garage, the Gas Station Attendant approaches mopping his brow.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Howdy, good buddies.

JUNIOR

We need an RC and a Moonpie, some gas, and can I use your bathroom so I can make a sissy.

(X)

Buford overhearing this conversation and unable to control his rage erupts from the patrol car like Mt. St. Helens waking up after an eighty-year nap.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

BUFORD

Goddamn it, schnauzzer-breath, the
man don't care if you water your
moccasin! Just do it and let's get
goin'!

Junior shuffles off to the bathroom.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

(shaking his head
in a puzzlement)

Strange way for a lawman to behave.

BUFORD

You gotta forgive the boy. He's
suffering from a cerebral charlie
horse.

CUT TO

35 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

35

The Enismobile is tearing off up the highway.

CUT TO

36 INT. CADILLAC - ANOTHER ANGLE

36

of the Enismobile as Little Enis, flush with premature
victory, is dancing in the backseat, waving his hat: a
pint-sized Travolta from Saturday Night Fever.

LITTLE ENIS

(singing
exuberantly)

'Shake your bootie,
Shake your bootie...'

(then to
Big Enis)

Say, Daddy, put the sucker on
automatic pilot and come on back
here, get down, get dirty!

As the Cadillac goes over the crest of a distant horizon,
we see both Enises dancing to the beat of their own special
drum.

CUT TO

37 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

37

The Attendant is pulling his dipstick out of the fishes mouth. He turns to Buford, holding it up.

ATTENDANT

You're okay, Sheriff, but he's half
a quart low.

He laughs at his own joke.

BUFORD

(angrily)

Are you making fun of me, boy?

ATTENDANT

Oh, no sir. I wouldn't do that,
Sheriff. Just tell me. What did he
do? Escape from an aquarium?

He laughs again. But before Buford has the chance to strangle this guy, a station wagon pulls in with an enormous six-point buck strapped to the hood of the car. Buford turns around to look. Meanwhile, in the b.g., a couple of guys in ski masks sneak into the station to rob it. Everybody raises their hands above their heads. Buford and Junior never notice the robbery in progress.

(X)

CUT TO

37-A ANOTHER ANGLE

37-A

Junior comes running out of the bathroom, toilet paper streaming from his belt.

BUFORD

(to Junior)

That's the dumbest goddamn thing
I've ever seen!

A horn honks. Buford turns.

CUT TO

38 BUFORD'S POINT OF VIEW OF THE ENISMOBILE

38

Little Enis is "mooning" him as they drive by.

CUT TO

39 BUFORD

39

BUFORD

I'd recognize that face anywhere.
Come on, flea's pecker, let's move
it!

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED

39
(X)

Buford jumps in his car, but as Junior goes by the station wagon with the buck, he stops suddenly, draws his gun, whirls and fires into the moose at point-blank range.

JUNIOR

(embarrassed)

I thought I saw it move!

The tire on the station wagon goes flat from the bullet. Junior jumps in his car.

BUFORD

(in disbelief)

I find it hard to believe that boy came from my loins. If I've ever seen the son of a seed salesman, it's him!

Meanwhile, hearing the gunshot, the hold-up men see the police and thinking the jig is up, drop their guns and assume the position. Now everybody at the station has their hands raised. Buford and Junior don't notice them at all and drive off, as usual, totally unaware of the robbery attempt. Looking back, Buford and Junior finally see everybody with their hands in the air and wave good-bye as they drive away.

CUT TO

40 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

40

Both cars bound over hill and dale as the race continues with the Enises in the lead.

CUT TO

41 EXT. HIGHWAY

41

A highway maintenance vehicle is straddling the road as a Workman applies a fresh coat of paint to the white line in the center of the highway. The Workman sits on a little perch periodically dipping his brush in a bucket of paint.

CUT TO

42 CADILLAC

42

speeding down the highway, swerving at the last minute to avoid the paint truck.

CUT TO

43 REACTION SHOT OF WORKMAN

43

WORKMAN

Sheeeeeit!

CUT TO

44 INT. PATROL CAR

44

as it speeds towards the back of the maintenance vehicle.

BUFORD

(to Junior)

Tell the sumbitch to get out of the way.

Junior leans his head out the window and hollers as the patrol car swerves around the truck.

JUNIOR

Hey, sumbitch get....

CUT TO

45 REACTION SHOT OF WORKER

45

WORKER

Sheeeeeit!

CUT TO

46 INT. PATROL CAR

46

A white line now runs smack down the middle of Junior's face.

JUNIOR

(finishing
his thought)

...out of the way.

47 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

47
(X)

All roads feed into the center of this sleepy Southern town.

Across the street at one of the intersections feeding into the circle, a car is tentatively about to enter the thoroughfare. Tentative is the operative word because we can see from the sign on the roof of the car the vehicle is being driven by a student driver. It is a standard dual-control subcompact. The student driver is an eighty-year-old garden-variety little old lady.

48 INT. CAR - DAY

48

INSTRUCTOR

Mrs. Fernbush, why don't we review the procedures?

MRS. FERNBUSH

Why don't we!

INSTRUCTOR

Yes. Ahem! Well, look both ways before entering the flow of traffic.

(X)

MRS. FERNBUSH

Politeness pays, but looks both ways.

INSTRUCTOR

Give her a little gas and let up lightly on the clutch.

(X)

CUT TO

49

EXT. SQUARE

49
(X)

She inches out after looking both ways. From nowhere, Buford whizzes by several times.

MRS. FERNBUSH

Did you see that?

INSTRUCTOR

I certainly did. That's no way for a Law Man to behave.

Finally, she is so intimidated, she panics and slams on the accelerator rather than the brake. The subcompact lurches forward whacking her head.

MRS. FERNBUSH

What an asshole!

DISSOLVE TO

50 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

50

of the snaking freeway. All the other cars on the highway seem to stand still in contrast to the speed attained by the police car. A closer look at the road reveals that it is jammed with travelers. Amongst the vehicles is an open pickup truck filled with eight men in full tilt Ku Klux Klan regalia.

They are tailgating an ancient Ford flatbed truck, sagging under the weight of crates filled with lots of chickens. The chicken truck is being driven by two old Black Men hauling their load to market. The Klansmen are giving the chicken man a real hard time -- honking and shaking their fists.

CUT TO

51 INT. CHICKEN TRUCK

51

Terrified, but unable to go any faster, the old man looks over to his partner who is hopping mad.

BLACK MAN #1

(hollering)

I'm not afraid of those rednecks!
I'm black and I'm proud.

BLACK MAN #2

Three hundred years of experience
tells me you ain't bein' nothin' but
black and loud!

CUT TO

52 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

52

Frustrated, Buford vainly attempts to wend his way through the maze of traffic. The Fishmobile lurches forward passing the Klan truck. The Klansman driving, turns to look at Buford and seeing the fish is startled. He turns to his buddy and speaks.

KLANSMAN

Must be Catholics!

But in doing so, his car passes the chickenmobile and is greeted by a suddenly narrowing road and a sign that says:
SLOW DOWN - CONSTRUCTION AHEAD.

The Klan truck is forced to brake suddenly as it is about to col-lide with a gang of men tarring the road. Buford's fish has caused a chain reaction: The Klan Van collides with the tarring machine seconds before the chickenmobile joins the party.

CUT TO

53 INT. PATROL CAR - REACTION SHOT OF BUFORD

53
(X)

He winces at what he sees.

CUT TO

54 SIDE OF THE ROAD - THE KLANSMEN

54
(X)

who have been tarred and feathered, are scattered about like so many bowling pins. With the feathers on top of their hooded sheets, they look like a flock of "Big Birds" from Sesame Street. The two Black Men are lying on the side of the road. One has been knocked dizzy by the accident. Slowly regaining consciousness and barely able to believe his eyes, the old man goes over to the stunned Klansmen.

BLACK MAN #2

I must be done died and gone to heaven.

BLACK MAN #1

God Almighty! What goes around comes around!

The other Black Man comes right up behind him and they slap a high five.

BLACK MAN #2

You ain't never lied! Brotherman, we done kicked ass.

BLACK MAN #1

I don't know about you, Home, but I don't want to hang around here. Specially from that there tree! Let's get in the wind.

BLACK MAN #2

I heard that!

CUT TO

55

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

55
(2)

The Enismobile pulls to a stop in the middle of the road.

LITTLE ENIS

What are we stopping here for?

BIG ENIS

Boy, it's time to take out some insurance and teach those county mounties another lesson.

LITTLE ENIS

I don't get it. They've lost so much time already. We're winning, aren't we?

BIG ENIS

Yes, son, we're winning. But remember -- winning isn't everything.

LITTLE ENIS

No? Then, what is?

BIG ENIS

Winning dirty, boy! What's wrong with you?

LITTLE ENIS

Sorry, Daddy. I lost my head!

CUT TO

56

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

56
(X)

As Buford comes down the road, he sees in the distance the Enismobile turned sideways blocking the road.

BUFORD

If that silly sumbitch thinks a pissant maneuver like that is gonna block Buford T. Justice, he's got less brains than....

(X)

He stops midsentence and looks over at his brainless son who is scratching his head and picking his nose with a stupid expression on his face.

(X)

Buford grits his teeth in determination, looks down the road at his obstacle, and puts the pedal to the medal. The patrol car bears down on the Enismobile.

BUFORD

Oooooe! If you Enisholes want to play chicken -- you got yourself the wrong bird!

(X)

CUT TO

57

ANOTHER ANGLE

57

of the Enismobile. Seeing the Sheriff bearing down at him, Big Enis smiles broadly, turns and whistles loudly. Suddenly, a giant milk truck pulls up alongside the Cadillac between the Enises and the oncoming cop car.

(X)

CUT TO

58

ANOTHER ANGLE

58

as Buford sees what now lays before him. He attempts to slam on the brakes, but it's too late.

BUFORD

(screaming)

Holy cow!

The police car crashes right through the side of the truck, passes right through it, sails over the Cadillac on the other side, and lands safely on the road dumping hundreds of gallons of milk into the open Enismobile.

CUT TO

59

ANOTHER ANGLE

59

of the Enismobile. It is filled with milk. Little Enis's hat is floating. Big Enis fishes around under the milk level for the little fella until he finally pulls him up by his collar. Little Enis spits milk.

DISSOLVE TO

59-A

EXT. HIGHWAY

59-A

LITTLE ENIS

Well, that was certainly a wonderful idea.

BIG ENIS

Don't worry, son. I've got something up my sleeve.

LITTLE ENIS

I hope it's a chocolate chip cookie.

BIG ENIS

I should have known from the start that this was a one man job. And there's only one man I know who's never let me down.

LITTLE ENIS

You wouldn't be talking about....

BIG ENIS

(interrupting)

You bet your ass I am. Give me the phone.

Little Enis hands him the mobile car phone. It squirts milk in his face.

CUT TO

60

INT. BEDROOM

60

A ND bedroom that's part of a simple woodframe house. What distinguishes this room is the very descript, very buxom Blonde bombshell lying languorously across the disheveled bed affecting a glassy-eye come-hither and let's go thither look. This lady has obviously either just seen God or experienced multiple orgasm or both. In an adjacent bathroom we hear the sound of a shower running. After a beat, the shower stops, and we hear the sliding glass door of the stall opening. The bathroom door is open a crack, but we cannot see in. A telephone rings. The bombshell picks up the receiver.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

BLONDE
(speaking, but
not into the
receiver)

My God! That was the most wonderful
experience of my life. You're
incredible. No man has ever made me
feel like that. Hello.

(pause)
Just a moment. I'll get him.

CUT TO

61 ENIS

61

still bobbing in the Cadillac.

BIG ENIS
(smiling broadly)
He's home and he's healthy.

CUT TO

62 INT. BEDROOM

62

The Blonde tiptoes out of bed revealing a luscious glimpse
of PG nudity. She takes the phone with her and offers it
through the crack of the shower stall to a well-muscled
masculine arm.

BLONDE
It's for you.

We hear the man greet her proposal with a distinctive
giggle. His arm grabs the phone, along with the girl, and
pulls them into the shower with him.

CUT TO

63 ON BIG ENIS

63

BIG ENIS
Listen, I realize you've probably
got your hands full, but before you
say a word, just hear me out.

CUT TO

64 THE BATHROOM

64

Two lovely limbs are now protruding from the shower stall
tangled in the telephone cord. The bathers giggle in
delight.

CUT TO

65 THE ENISES

BIG ENIS

Listen, that proposition I suggested
...it's a go.

LITTLE ENIS

What'd he say?

BIG ENIS

(to Little Enis)

Nothing. He's just laughing.

CUT TO

66 THE SHOWER

As the giggling continues, we see the Blonde hanging out of the
stall in another primeval position.

CUT TO

67 BIG ENIS

BIG ENIS

Look here, loverboy, I've got two
hundred and fifty thousand dollars
with your name on it, if you'll help
us out. When? When you deliver the
fish up at the ranch tomorrow.

(X)

LITTLE ENIS

What'd he say?

BIG ENIS

(cupping the phone)

He said he'll get dressed.

LITTLE ENIS

I think we're gettin' somewhere!

CUT TO

68 THE SHOWER

The Blonde hops out of the shower, wraps herself in a towel,
and prances over to her lover's clothes closet. We follow
her as she lovingly extracts articles of her clothing and
piece by piece hands them to him through the crack in the
bathroom door. The Blonde delivers a pair of blue jeans
with a gold belt buckle. She hands him a pair of shiney
black Tony Lama cowboy boots. She removes the red cowboy
shirt and, in a state that approximates religious ecstasy,
transports it to her beloved.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

Finally, we follow the bombshell as she fondles his buckskin colored Stetson cowboy hat. With pride and admiration, she presents the capper to him through the crack in the door.

CUT TO

69 INT. BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

69

Adoringly, she lifts her eyelids and stares in admiration toward the bathroom. As the door slides slowly open, a dreamy smile plays across her face.

CUT TO

69-A HER POINT OF VIEW

69-A

The camera slowly pans up the lone figure of her lover, resplendant and fully attired now in he-man's outfit. The music swells as the shot finally reveals the mustachioed "Bandit" -- Jackie Gleason. He giggles the Bandit giggle.

CUT TO

70 EXT. GARAGE DOOR - DAY

70

With the monstrous growl of roaring engine, the Bandits Trans Am comes bursting out of the garage

CUT TO

70-A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

70-A
(X)

The Bandit hot-roads out onto the highway. There are three kids on Honda three-wheelers who recognize him and start to wave. The Bandit continues down the highway passing a trucker who also waves and honks his horn in recognition of the Bandit.

71 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

71

A montage of orgasmic shots, lovingling photographed of the Trans Am bounding over hill and dale. Music swells under -- "The Ballad of the Bandit."

As the sequence comes to an end and the music begins to fade, we hear the voice of a lady disc-jockey, Dusty Trails, come in.

DUSTY (v.o.)

That was 'The Ballad of the Bandit.'
even though we haven't heard from him
in awhile, absence makes the heart
grow fonder. So wherever you
wander, I want to send a big country
smile cause I love your style. So,
don't touch that dial, set awhile,
and dig the sounds I'm puttin' down!

(X)

CUT TO

72 EXT. FLORIDA TURNPIKE - DAY

72
(X)

At a toll plaza on a stretch of the freeway, a remote radio broadcast is taking place. Under a banner, saluting the Florida Turnpike's 25th Anniversary, sits Dusty Trails. She is not only beautiful, but a "personality." From a makeshift broadcast facility, she continues her rap.

73 EXT. MAKESHIFT BROADCASTING BOOTH

73
(X)

DUSTY

This is Dusty Trails -- your honey of the highway, and you're listening to WENI, country music's little giant. I want to thank all you truckers for letting me ride shotgun with you til six and, as always -- thanks for the lift boys! Today, we're coming to you live from a tollbooth just outside Orlando on the Florida State Turnpike where the WENI good guys are helping the Sunshine State celebrate twenty-five years of highway happiness. The request line is open, and our number is 555-WENI. This tune is going out for Ida Mae Stark and all you other eighteen-wheel widows who find themselves used, abused, confused and definitely not amused...oh, and Ida Mae, this three-hanky-tear-jerker is one of my favorites, too. It's the South's songbird, Kitty Karlton's latest 'Running Out of Season.' Chirp on, songbird!

(Note: Original song to be written.)

CONTINUED

As the music comes up, we hear Kitty Karlton singing:

KITTY KARLTON
'You left me this mornin' with an
armful of babies,
Now I'm sittin' over coffee with
a head full of maybes.'

Dusty talks over the song.

DUSTY
(into mike)
I know how you feel.

She switches off her mike and fades the song so that there is silence in her booth. She pauses and turns to her engineer, Billy Bob, and says:

DUSTY
You know, Billy Bob, I've heard of
some dumb promotions, but a birthday
party for a highway?!? Come on,
give me a break.

BILLY BOB
It does seem silly.

DUSTY
At least it's safe. God, how I
hated that dumb remote last week
from the big-rig rodeo. I hate
trucks. I almost went blind from
the glare of the chrome.

BILLY BOB
It's a living.

DUSTY
Well, it's gettin' stale fast. It's
about time I listened to the flip
side of my life before it's too late.

CONTINUED

73

CONTINUED - 2

73

BILLY BOB

What are you saying?

DUSTY

I'm sayin' if there's one thing there's more of than truckers, it's songs about them. And from now on, I'm doin' my listening from the other side of the radio.

She stands.

BILLY BOB

What are you doin'?

DUSTY

I'm catchin' the first thing smokin!

He watches her watch a truck go by.

BILLY BOB

You're not climbin' into one of those semis?

Dusty starts throwing things into her purse.

DUSTY

Are you kidding? I don't climb onto anything I have to go up on! The first vehicle I can see over I'm taking out of her.

74

EXT. TOLLBOOTH

74

At that precise moment, the Trans Am pulls up to the tollbooth. She jumps in it. Billy Bob goes running up to the car.

BILLY BOB

What are you doing? You can't leave. What am I supposed to do?

DUSTY

Just play the last ten Willie Nelson albums and by the time you're finished, he'll have released three more.

She turns around and sees the Bandit for the first time.

DUSTY

Omigod! You're him! Amazing! If I wasn't seeing it with my own two eyes, I wouldn't believe it. You really exist. Where you been keeping yourself? In a restaurant?

(X)

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

74

He throws a quarter into the automatic toll, and the light turns green.

DUSTY

(to the
Bandit)

It ain't gettin' any greener!

He giggles and punches it. The car files out of the booth.

CUT TO

75

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

75

Buford and Junior are cruising up the Interstate with the fish secured to the roof of their patrol car. There is a smug expression on the Sheriff's face that indicates he is very pleased with himself. We pick them up in mid-conversation.

BUFORD

So Son, it goes back to Wyatt Earp
Justice who begat Bat Masterson.
Justice who begat Elliot Ness Justice.

JUNIOR

Really, Daddy?

BUFORD

You bet! It's not only you and me.
Why, we Justices have been pursuing
justice long before there was just
us.

JUNIOR

I don't understand, Daddy?!

BUFORD

You don't have to understand. It's
like a purebred bird dog. He don't
understand what makes him point at a
quail, he just points. Why? Cause
it's in his blood. It's the same
with you.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

JUNIOR

I never pointed at no quail!

BUFORD

With a brain like yours, I'm
surprised dogs don't point at you.

CUT TO

76 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

76

A beautiful Lady Trucker is behind the wheel of an eighteen-wheeler semi-rig. She speaks into her C.B.

LADY TRUCKER

That's a big 10-4, Bandit. Come on
in, your pouch is ready, Teddy. Warm
and soft, just like you like it. Come
on in.

CUT TO

77 INT. TRANS AM

77

The Bandit replaces the mike and smiles at Dusty. Dusty
smiles back innocently. She begins to rap.

DUSTY

There have been Bandit sightings
over the last few years, but this is
more than a coincidence. It must be
fate. So, where have you been
keeping yourself? In a restaurant?...
Only kidding.

(X)

CUT TO

78 ANOTHER ANGLE

78

The Trans Am pulls up alongside the big truck and slides
underneath it so that it is completely hidden as they move
down the highway at top speed. It is Dusty's nightmare
come true. Under the belly of the beast with the big
wheels wrapped around them.

DUSTY

(terrified
and to
herself)

It looks like my life is gonna be a
single and not an album!

(X)

The Bandit just giggles!

CUT TO

79

ANOTHER ANGLE

79

as the Sheriff pulls up alongside the truck. He doesn't see the Trans Am hidden beneath her.

BUFORD

(continuing
his lecture)

Yessir, I can simply sniff the air
and smell when something's fishy.

The patrol car pulls ahead of the big truck. As it does, the Bandit's Trans Am slides out from under the wheels of the big rig and pulls up until it is right behind the unsuspecting Sheriff. The Bandit then points to the steering wheel of the Trans Am, indicating that Dusty should take it.

(X)

DUSTY

(panicked)

What?!

Left with no alternative, Dusty grabs the wheel.

(X)

The Bandit stands up through the open roof of his car, pulls out a lasso, waves it in the air and lassoes the fish on the patrol car in front of him. He dallies the rope to the T-bar of his Trans Am and then slides back into his seat. **Dusty is now swept up in the moment and is beginning to enjoy the action. While all this was happening, Sheriff Justice has been continuing his dissertation.

BUFORD

And then -- wham! I catch the
sumbitch right in the act. It
happens every time. And I ain't
been wrong yet! If there's
something going down, Junior, you
can be sure I'm on top of it.

At this moment, the Bandit slams on his brakes and the fish is yanked back onto the hood of the Trans Am. Needless to say, Buford hasn't a clue.

CUT TO

as the Trans Am pulls up alongside the patrol car. Junior looks over.

JUNIOR

(pointing at
the Trans Am)

Daddy, there's a black Trans Am
alongside us just like the one
the....

BUFORD

(interrupting)

I told you never to mention that
sumbitch's name again.

Junior spots the fish.

JUNIOR

Well, the car that looks like the
one that the sumbitch whose name I'm
not supposed to mention used to
drive, is going to the Enis Ranch,
too.

BUFORD

(incredulous)

How do you know?

JUNIOR

'Cause they got a fish just like
ours!

BUFORD

What are you talking about, boy?
There's only one fish going to the
Enis Ranch and it's....

Buford reaches out the window and feels an empty roof where
a fish used to be. Junior mimics his father. Now there
are two hands flopping around on the roof. The Bandit
rolls down the tinted window, revealing his Cheshire cat
grin. Realizing his worst nightmare, Buford slowly looks
over to the Trans Am.

BUFORD

(continuing)

...sitting on the Bandit's car. Oh,
no!

**The Banditmobile is equipped with an external speaker capable
of broadcasting outside. Dusty, not the Bandit, grabs a mike.

DUSTY

Hi, ya'll! 'Bye, y'all!

CONTINUED

80

CONTINUED

80

The Bandit giggles inanely and floors it, once again giving Sheriff Justice an intimate view of the Trans Am's tailpipe.

BUFORD

(after a beat)

Ya know, I think the sumbitch put on some weight!

(continuing)

And he also turned into a thief.

CUT TO

80-A

BUFORD

80-A

slams on its accelerator, taking off after the Bandit.

BUFORD

(continuing
to Junior)

Turn on the party hat, boy! We're in hot pursuit.

CUT TO

81

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

81

The Enises are back on the road again. The Enismobile is slightly milk-logged.

As they wend their way down the road, we see their polka dot bloomers hanging from the car's antenna, drying off in the breeze. Big and Little, save for their hats, are driving in their birthday suits.

Big Enis on the CB.

BIG ENIS

Bueno, bueno, El Bandito. This is Money and Sonny. What's your 20 and what's your story?

(X)

81-A

ON DUSTY

81-A

DUSTY

This is radio Bandit comin' to you straight from the fast lane thirty miles on the downside of Gainesville. The man says you'll have your shark tomorrow before dark as long as you don't get funny with the money.

81 ON BIG ENIS

81

BIG ENIS

Who the hell is that?

LITTLE ENIS

Probably some floozy he found on the
side of the road ridin' her thumb to
nowhere in particular.

81-C ON DUSTY

81-C

DUSTY

(to the
Bandit)

I didn't mean to step on your line.
But when I see a mike, I can't help
myself. Old habits die hard.

CUT TO

82 EXT. TWO-LAND BLACKTOP - DAY

82
(X)

The Sheriff is in hot pursuit of the Bandit. Dusty is working the channels of his CB radio. Dusty speaks into the CB mike.

DUSTY

Breaker, breaker, Sheriff. This is radio Bandit calling. The man here wants to know how ya' doin'?

83 BUFORD

83
(X)

lifts his mike.

BUFORD

(into his CB)

Well now radio Bandit. Just tell him don't worry 'bout me 'cause his ass is gonna be gatorated when I get a hold of it!

CUT TO

84 EXT. HIGHWAY

84

The Bandit giggles with abandon and swerves his car off the road.

84-A EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

84-A
(X)

On the side of the road is parked a Florida Sheriff under the shade of a tree doing his damndest to avoid observing any motorist violating any law. He is more concerned with Miss July as he is staring a hole through the centerfold of a Playboy Magazine.

FLORIDA SHERIFF

(to himself)

Mmm-mm! I sho' wouldn't mind a romp through her melon patch!

Just then, the Trans Am goes whizzing by at ninety miles per hour. Unhappily, his dreams of glory are interrupted by the Bandit.

FLORIDA SHERIFF

Shee-it! What the hell was that?

(addressing

the centerfold)

Sorry, honey, I'll have to get back to you!

He turns on his lights and takes off after the perpetrator that just came between him and a wet day dream.

CUT TO

Rev. 10/21/82

84-B ANOTHER ANGLE

84-B

as the Florida cop is chasing the Trans Am down a two-lane blacktop. Suddenly, Buford comes pulling up to the local lawman so that both cop cars are neck-and-neck hogging both lanes of the road.

The Florida Sheriff calls Buford on his CB.

FLORIDA SHERIFF

(into the mike)

Excuse me, Sheriff, but I see you're sportin' Texas tags which makes you a long way from home, so why don't you just let me handle this situation here?

84-C ON BUFORD

84-C

BUFORD

Excuse me, Sheriff, but you obviously don't recognize who I am. You are addressing the Buford T. Justice, and this situation I've been chasin' is none other than The Bandit himself -- and he's mine!

84-D ON THE FLORIDA SHERIFF

84-D

FLORIDA SHERIFF

Well, Sheriff, I wouldn't give a rat's ass if you was Butch Cassidy and he was the Sundance Kid. So, why don't ya'll just get back in line, Sheriff, and let the local authority here, yours truly, take charge -- the Sheriff Purvis R. Beethoven.

84-E ON BUFORD

84-E

who flips him the bird and responds with his quaint Texas grin.

BUFORD

(indicating the digit)

Take charge of this, possum-pecker!

Just at this moment:

84-F A CAR

84-F

comes down the road at them from the opposite direction. There being no room on the two-lane, the Florida Sheriff is forced off onto the shoulder of the road where unfortunately a small subcompact is temporarily parked. Its owner, a long-hair Hippie-type, is off in the bushes smoking a joint and taking a piss.

CONTINUED

84-F CONTINUED

84-F

The Florida Sheriff's car hits the subcompact and flips over, skidding upside down on its roof, sending it back into the center of the two-lane. The Hippie's car explodes into a billion fiery fragments.

The stoner turns to see his car burst into flames. He takes the joint out of his mouth, looks it over, and remarks to himself:

HIPPIE

Far out! Now, that's what I call good shit, man!

He strolls over to:

84-G THE FLORIDA SHERIFF

84-G

who is hanging upside down in his overturned vehicle. The stoned Hippie spots the Sheriff's name tag and exclaims in an hallucinatory funk.

HIPPIE

Well, roll over Beethoven!

He starts to wander away. The Sheriff calls out after him.

FLORIDA SHERIFF

Where are you going?

HIPPIE

To tell Tchaikovsky the news!

85 EXT. STONE QUARRY - DAY

CUT TO

85

as the Trans Am drives into a large area filled with men and machines at work. The Sheriff follows him in. A chase ensues here punctuated by workers hollering salutations of recognition and admiration for the Bandit.

86 TWO FRONT END LOADERS

CUT TO

86
(X)

They are filled with sand. In the cab, one of the Drivers barks into his CB.

DRIVER

Breaker, breaker, Bandit. Can you hear me? Looks like you got a Smokey on your trail!

86-A ON DUSTY

86-A

DUSTY

Ten-four, good buddy. And he's closer than cold on ice and white on rice.

86-B ON DRIVER

86-B

DRIVER

Swing 'em by here. Maybe he'd like to go to the beach.

CONTINUED

86-B CONTINUED

86-E

The Trans Am swings around past the dump truck leading the Smokey around to the truck's rear. As Buford hits his mark, the Driver hits his levers and his dumpster lifts up covering the patrol car in sand -- completely.

CUT TO

87 ANOTHER ANGLE

87

of the quarry. The Trans Am pulls to a high vantage point where we see the Sheriff's car from their point of view.

CUT TO

88 INT. TRANS AM

88

Inside the Trans Am, Dusty's head emerges from the backseat of the car as if it were coming out of the trenches to see if the war was over. Her hair is mussed, her makeup smeared, and yet her speech is steady, almost nonchalant. Having looked death so closely in the face has given her a transcendent quality. She crawls slowly into the front.

DUSTY

(glazed)

You know, it's strange. I was never moved by the mystique of the automobile. I didn't get my driver's license til I was twenty seven. I drive a Volkswagon. To me, a car was a place where a girl got pregnant.

The Bandit giggles and drives leisurely away.

CUT TO

89 PATROL CAR

89

It is completely covered in sand. Suddenly, there's a little movement. A little shaking. Then we see the windshield wipers create pathetic little portholes through the sand.

CUT TO

90 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

90

The Trans Am continues along the highway on the outskirts of Tallahassee. The fish is now on the roof of the Trans Am.

CUT TO

91 INT. TRANS AM - DAY

91

Dusty is not deterred by Bandit's coolness. She is midconversation.

DUSTY

Listen, excuse me if I run off at the mouth a little. I'm just a hog of the monologue. When I was a kid, they called me the motor-mouth of the South. Anyway, you're the super star with the hot car and anybody who hasn't spent their life in a cave knows about you and the Enises. They make you a bet, you make them sweat, and the Bandit ain't lost yet. What is it this time?

He points to the fish.

DUSTY

(tongue-in-cheek)

I've been meaning to ask you about that. You know, there are some people who might find it -- I don't know -- just a little peculiar. I mean, driving through Tallahassee with a six-foot fish on the roof of your car.

He says nothing.

DUSTY

No problem! So you don't talk a lot. Actually, I think that's the way God planned it; otherwise, he would have given us two mouths and one ear.

The Bandit giggles and spots something down the road.

CUT TO

92 THE BANDIT'S POINT OF VIEW

92

as he approaches a white speck standing by a broken-down car.

CUT TO

93 ANOTHER ANGLE

93

as the Trans Am zooms past a beautiful young girl dressed in a white bridal gown. She is hitchhiking.

CUT TO

94 ON THE BANDIT

94

as he double-takes and keeps on going.

(X)

95 EXT. HIGHWAY

95

The patrol car zooms along. Buford barks into the CB mike.

BUFORD

Breaker, breaker, this is Sheriff
Buford T. Justice callin' the Bandit
...Listen boy, I'm offering you one
last chance to give yourself up!

96 ON THE BANDIT

96

He lifts up his mike and laughs into it.

97 ON BUFORD

97

BUFORD

Boy, I'm gonna barbeque your ass in
molasses!

98 ON DUSTY

98

DUSTY

That's pretty damn funny coming from
a guy that's got more chins than a
Chinese telephone directory.

(continuing
to the Bandit)

I know. This is where the pedal
meets the metal!

He floors it, and the Trans Am lurches forward with a jolt
that would put a smile on an astronaut's face.

DUSTY

Whooooooooaaaaaa!!!!

CUT TO

99

ON BUFORD

99

Seeing the Bandit take off, Buford's pupils dilate and his face turns so red even Stalin would be envious.

BUFORD

Hold on, Junior. I feel a hot pursuit comin' on!

And so it goes as Smokey and the Bandit tear into Tallahassee. (X)

100

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

100

The patrol car is hot on the Bandit's heels. They swerve through city streets. Buford makes a turn and there are three black Trans Ams. He follows one and pulls up behind it at a shopping center.

BUFORD

He's in there.

JUNIOR

Where's the fish, Daddy?

BUFORD

He's obviously got it with him, Dummy. Let's go!

101

EXT. CLUB

101

The two intrepid sleuths run into a door. Out of the same door a muscle-bound Bouncer forcibly escorts a little Old Man out into the street by the scruff of his neck. The Old Man looks like Dr. Irwin Corey. The Bouncer screams at the wild-eyed Old Man. (X)

BOUNCER

You sick sonovabitch. I told you to stay out of here!

The Old Man turns and says.

OLD MAN

You make a man feel about as welcome as a fart in a phone booth.

The Old Man then climbs into the Trans Am and drives it away.

CUT TO

102

EXT. CLUB - ANOTHER ANGLE

102

as we see Buford and Junior exit the same establishment. The camera has pulled back to reveal a sign over its door, a sign they obviously missed in their haste. It reads: MALE EXOTIC DANCING.

Buford's neck is redder than ever while Junior stands there with his hands over his eyes.

JUNIOR

Can I look now, Daddy?

CUT TO

102-A

BUFORD'S POINT OF VIEW - HIS PATROL CAR

102-A

It's tail is raised in the air, lifted by a local police tow truck. A black Policewoman is writing out a ticket.

CUT TO

103

EXT. STREET

103

Buford runs up to her, steaming.

(X)

BUFORD

What the hell do you think you're doing?

POLICEWOMAN

My J.O.B. And right now my gig is layin' this parking ticket on you. So later for your lip! Just behave yourself.

BUFORD

Parking ticket? What for?

She points to a sign. It reads: PARKING FOR HANDICAPPED ONLY. Buford pauses, turns to Junior, who still has his hands over his eyes, and is bumping into everything. Buford points at him, making an interesting observation.

(X)

BUFORD

(to Policewoman)

Don't he qualify? And besides, we're in hot pursuit.

CONTINUED

103

CONTINUED

103

POLICEWOMAN

You're in hot water, way off your turf; and unless that cat...

(pointing
to Junior)

...is blind, cripple, or crazy, you're as wrong as two left shoes!

BUFORD

Do you know who you're talkin' to?
I'm Sheriff Buford T. Justice!

POLICEWOMAN

Yeah, and I'm Diana Ross!

BUFORD

Look, lady, I think it's real nice that they give you a badge and a whistle and all that, but you don't understand -- this is serious!

POLICEWOMAN

Serious? What you think I'm doin'?
Playin' with you, fool. I'm serious as a heart attack!

BUFORD

(to Junior)

This is getting us nowhere.
Let's go, Dummy.

Buford hops in his suspended patrol car. Junior, who still has his eyes shut, follows with considerable ineptitude. (X)

BUFORD

(to Junior)

You give women the vote, they give you a ticket!

He puts the pedal to the metal and, although still attached to the tow truck hook, screeches out, tearing the bumper off his car.

CUT TO

104 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

104
(X)

The Policewoman jumps in the tow truck. She turns to the driver.

POLICEWOMAN

Follow that fool!

They set out after the patrol car.

CUT TO

104-A EXT. CITY STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE

104-A
(X)

As the two trucks set off after Buford, she skids to a stop, but just a beat too late. The tow truck strikes an old bag lady wheeling a shopping cart across the street. Her cart is filled with Ping-Pong balls which go bouncing off in all directions. The camera pans with the bouncing balls to reveal the red Enismobile secretly parked around the corner. Zoom in to find Big and Little Enis hiding their faces behind the pages of the National Enquirer and the Star like two low-rent spies. We can see that they've cut peepholes through the nipples of the buxom starlets on the covers. Their beady little eyes glare out through these holes enabling them to keep up their voyeurist vigil of the Sheriff's every move.

A wild chase ensues through the metropolis at rush hour. She stays right on Buford's tail. Intermittant shots of Junior in the car reveal that he still has his eyes covered. The hair-raising chase has Junior rocking back and forth at every dizzying turn, getting green around the gills. Finally, Junior asks Buford:

JUNIOR

Can I look now, Daddy?

BUFORD

Yeah, if you promise not to puke again!

Suddenly, Buford spots a means of escape -- a car wash.

BUFORD

Let's duck in here!

JUNIOR

But, Daddy, it looks like rain!

CUT TO

105 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

105

Buford makes his escape as he drives helter-skelter into a local car wash. Buford and Junior find themselves trapped in a sudsy deluge.

BUFORD

(hollering)

Junior, tell them sumbitches to turn this bubble bath off.

JUNIOR

But, Daddy....

BUFORD

Don't but me, Tickturd, just do it.

Junior obliges by opening the door and stepping outside at which point he is either (a) blow dried by a torrent of hot air, (b) sudsed down, or (c) given a coat of hot wax, etc.

CUT TO

106 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

106

The Trans Am drives out of the city.

CUT TO

107 EXT. CAR WASH - ANOTHER ANGLE

107
(X)

as Junior stumbles out of the car wash exit. He is smothered by a half-dozen carwash attendants who are toweling him down.

108 INT. TRANS AM - DAY

108
(X)

on the road again.

DUSTY

I don't really know you, and I don't wanna lay my trip on you, but as they say in the music biz -- you've got good ears. People think being a disc jokey is the height of hipness. Between you and me, everybody's 'Honey of the Highway' -- good ole Dusty Trails -- is more like the 'Dutchess of the Driveway' ...circular and goin' nowhere! You see, the only traveling I do is to work and back. For the past six years, I've been living my life in the grooves of other people's songs. Before that my Daddy sheltered, smothered, and protected me so much he must have thought he was raising an orchid instead of a daughter. What I'm trying to say is, well hell, this is the most fun I've ever had! For the first time in my life I feel like a participant and not just an observer. For that I have you to thank -- so, well, thanks!

Exasperated, she stops to do something she rarely does -- pauses to take a breath.

DUSTY

(continuing)

Whew, that's the longest rap I've ever had without breaking for station identification.

The Bandit smiles.

DUSTY

Boy, you're easy to talk to.

CUT TO

109 EXT. DINER - DAY

109
(X)

The Trans Am pulls into a combination gas station/roadside diner. A sign over the diner reads: "BEA'S BARBEQUE -- IT'S NOT THE BEST, BUT IT'S THE CLOSEST TO WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT NOW." The Bandit and Dusty get out of the car. The Pump Jockey speaks.

PUMP JOCKEY

Fill 'er up, sir?

The Bandit nods.

CUT TO

110 INT. DINER

The Bandit ambles into the diner with Dusty. She immediately goes over to the jukebox in the corner.

DUSTY

You can always tell the character of a place by its jukebox.

The truckstop is a typical greasy spoon where everybody is always in a bad mood and equipped with a short fuse. Everybody except Maryjo who is working as a waitress. She is a typical soft-spoken beauty whose sunny disposition is in marked contrast to her surroundings. Maryjo is sitting behind the counter watching The Honeymooners on the TV. The Bandit takes a seat at the counter and gives Maryjo a big Bandit smile. Maryjo comes over to him as he is joined presently by Dusty. Music from Dusty's jukebox selection can now be heard in the b.g.

MARYJO

(smiling)

Howdy, folks. What can I do for y'all?

DUSTY

(to the Bandit)

How 'bout the special?

The Bandit nods in agreement with another big smile to Maryjo.

DUSTY

(continuing)

We'll have two turkey sandwiches on toast, but I want mine dry and no tomato, please.

Maryjo turns to the short-order cook in the back.

MARYJO

Two gobblers on a raft, eighty-six the mayo and hold the tom on one.

Maryjo turns back to them.

MARYJO

You two ain't from around here, are you?

DUSTY

How could you tell?

MARYJO

'Cause he smiles and you used the word please.

CONTINUED

110

CONTINUED

110
(X)

Just at this moment, a Local Asshole hollers at Maryjo from a table in the corner where he's sitting with six other ugly-looking characters.

LOCAL ASSHOLE

(to Maryjo)

Hey, bitch, where's my food!?

The Bandit turns and gives him a nasty look.

MARYJO

(to the Bandit)

Just ignore him. I do.

The local character saunters up to the counter just as Maryjo is setting down Dusty's food before her. Dusty salts her sandwich and is about to take a bite.

LOCAL ASSHOLE

Thanks, lady! How'd you know I like salt?

He snatches away Dusty's plate of food and returns to his table. The Bandit gets up and goes over to the table, retrieves Dusty's lunch and places it back on the counter before her.

The Local lifts up his chair and is about to bring it down on the Bandit's head, when he suddenly turns into a two-hundred-sixty-pound Bruce Lee. Anticipating the blow, the Bandit shouts and kicks backwards instantly disabling his attacker with his well-positioned karate blow. The entire table of roughnecks rush him.

The following sequence parodies the popular martial arts epics. Dusty looks on in amazement as the Bandit, standing in the center of the diner, surrounded and outnumbered, dispenses with them all at once with a choreographed ballet of blows (often in slo-mo).

(Note: During the fight sequence the diner is all but completely demolished. At one point, one of the bad guys hurls a cue ball at the Bandit. It sails over his head and smashes the TV set with the Honeymooners still on it. That really gets the Bandit's goat. The roughneck hurls another poolball, but this time the Bandit catches it and crushes the ball with a karate chop. Then the Bandit proceeds to outdo Bruce Lee, sending the offenders through walls and windows where we find them at the conclusion of the encounter lying about decked-out in front of the diner.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED - 2

110
(X)

(Also: If possible, during the fight, when someone is knocked into the jukebox, the music might change to an appropriate tune to cover the situation.)

After the Bandit has dispensed with the ruffians, he turns to Maryjo and Dusty and, in the proper Oriental fashion, bows from the waist.

DUSTY

Ancient redneck proverb: When a good ole boy shoots his mouth off at dinner, he's fixin' to get a knuckle sandwich for dessert!

The Bandit smiles.

CUT TO

111 EXT. DINER

111
(X)

The Bandit and Dusty exit with Maryjo in tow. Bodies of the Bandit's Kung Fu exhibition are lying about in front of the diner. As an afterthought, the Bandit turns to a sign hanging over the diner's door. It reads: "If You Ain't Redneck, You Ain't Shee-it!"

The Bandit pulls it off the wall and breaks it in half. Maryjo is in awe, mesmerized by this man's man! Dusty, seeing the effect the Bandit has had on her, waves her hand slowly in front of Maryjo's eyes. They don't blink.

DUSTY

The girl's lights are on, but nobody's home!

The Bandit gets in the car. Dusty follows.

DUSTY

(to the Bandit)
Your effect on the ladies is lethal.
I've never seen anything like it!

They drive off. The Pump Jockey turns to Maryjo.

PUMP JOCKEY

Who was that masked man?

Maryjo looks at the Pump Jockey quizzically.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

MARYJO

Masked man?

PUMP JOCKEY

I just always wanted to say that!

MARYJO

(with a sigh)

That was no masked man. That was...
the Bandit!

The patrol car pulls into the truckstop a beat later.
Maryjo is swaying softly in the breeze. Buford pulls up
next to her. He looks at Maryjo who is in a trance.

BUFORD

He's been here.

JUNIOR

How do you know, Daddy?

BUFORD

(pointing
at Maryjo)

Look at her. She's been banditized!

He zooms off.

CUT TO

112 INT. PATROL CAR - TIGHT SHOT OF BUFORD'S TONSILS

112

as he issues forth a high-pitched ear-piercing "Is it Memorex?", rebel yell. As we pull back, we see the Sheriff has got one hand on the steering wheel while the other whips the side of his car with his cowboy hat.

BUFORD

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! When I catch that boy, I'm gonna barbecue his balls!

JUNIOR

It's good to see you relax, Daddy.

CUT TO

113 EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

113

As the Trans Am disappears into the setting sun it is followed by the flashing blue lights of Buford's patrol car. They seem almost pretty as darkness falls on the chase. We can hear Junior continue his conversation:

JUNIOR

You must be enjoying the race.

BUFORD

It's no longer just a race; this is law enforcement in action!

DISSOLVE TO

114 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

114

As the Bandit is bombing through the hinterland, he spots Buford again in the rearview mirror. The Sheriff is closing fast. The Bandit spots a sign that reads: MISSISSIPPI STATE FAIRGROUNDS. His eyes light up as a smile plays mischievously across his face. He swings the Trans Am off the main thoroughfare onto a dirt road headed straight for the fairgrounds. Buford spots the Bandit taking a detour, but doesn't spot the sign. He follows the Trans Am like a lamb to the slaughter.

JUNIOR

(seeing the
stadium sign)

Oh, boy!

BUFORD

(enthusiastically)

Oh, boy! Now we got him!

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114
(X)

JUNIOR

If we can just hang on to 'em!

BUFORD

Hang on? Boy, we'll be hanging like
stink on a stockyard boot!

115 EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

115

As they enter the arena, the JOIE CHITWOOD AUTO THRILL SHOW
is in progress. (Scene to come).

116 MONTAGE OF THE JOIE CHITWOOD SHOW

116

Folks recognize the Bandit and give him a standing ovation.

Note to reader: This version of the Chitwood Show will
involve the Sheriff's car being forced into high-speed
dare-devil formations, several jumps and near misses, and
will conclude with the Sheriff's car being shot out of an
oversized cannon.

CUT TO

117 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

117

The Enismobile is parked by the side of the road. It is
being leisurely waxed, buffed and caressed by the crew of
beautiful, buxom Enis girls. The camera slithers through
this luscious traveling entourage which includes a gaggle
of hula girls as we hear the voice of Little Enis o.c. He
is singing his kookie rendition of "We've Only Just Begun".
After several bars, we pull back to reveal that Big and
Little Enis are soaking in a jacuzzi. They are accompanied
by two lovely Japanese girls. They are wearing nothing but
their Stetsons.One of the Japanese girls floats over with a tray of raw
fish.

LITTLE ENIS

(to Big Enis)

Sushi?

BIG ENIS

Hell, boy, I don't know her name!
Say, what's with you? You haven't
smiled in four hundred miles.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

LITTLE ENIS

I guess I can't get used to losing.

BIG ENIS

Losing? What are you talking about? Everything's gone perfectly according to plan. When we pick up the fish from the Bandit and cross that finish line with the entire Enis clan looking on, we'll be the biggest winners since Richard M. Nixon Enis!

LITTLE ENIS

Cut the crap, Daddy. Any way you look at it, we're out two hundred fifty thousand dollars. It's a shame we have to pay anybody. Time is running out. Why don't we do what we do best?

BIG ENIS

What's that?

LITTLE ENIS

Cheat!

Big Enis starts to cry.

LITTLE ENIS

Daddy, what's the matter?

BIG ENIS

I'm just so proud of you!

CUT TO

118 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

118

The Trans Am flies by.

CUT TO

119 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - THE SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR

119

drives by. The car is scorched..

DISSOLVE TO

120 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

120

It's raining. The Trans Am approaches a Flagman in the middle of the highway. Behind him is a road crew in the process of clearing rocks from the highway. The Bandit pulls up to the Flagman.

FLAGMAN

Rockslide. You can count on it every time it rains, but we'll have it open by dawn.

DUSTY

Is there any other way around?

(X)

FLAGMAN

Not really, but...

(pointing)

...there is a motel down the road a piece.

DUSTY

(sarcastically)

Great!

(X)

FLAGMAN

(with a
devilish grin)

The wife and I think so, too!

Uncertain what the Flagman's peculiar smirk is supposed to mean, the Bandit shrugs and gives the man a "Brother are you strange" look and takes off in the direction of the motel. The Enises come out of the bushes and hand the Flagman a wad of cash.

DISSOLVE TO

121 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

121

The sign on the motel reads: THE COME ON INN. The Trans Am pulls into the parking lot and stops.

DISSOLVE TO

122 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

1

Buford and Junior drive up to the motel. The Trans Am is parked outside, but the fish is gone.

JUNIOR

Look Daddy. There's the car. But I don't see the fish.

BUFORD

He must have taken it in with him.

JUNIOR

I'll bet he took it in with him.

Buford sighs.

BUFORD

(in disbelief)

Son, if you had half a brain, you'd be a half-wit!

JUNIOR

I don't get it. I was expelled before we got to fractions!

BUFORD

Never mind!

CUT TO

123 INT. MOTEL REGISTRATION DESK - LATER

123

The clerk behind the desk looks like Ratzo Rizzo's cousin. He smiles too frequently and usually out of context. The smile on his face evaporates as he sees the two cops enter.

CUT TO

123-A CLERK'S POINT OF VIEW

123-A

as Buford and Junior enter.

CUT TO

123-B ANOTHER ANGLE

123-B

as they approach the desk.

CONTINUED

123-B CONTINUED

123-B

CLERK

Good evening, Sheriff. What brings you out on a night like this?

BUFORD

Hot pursuit!

CLERK

Well, God knows, you've come to the right place!

BUFORD

I'm interested in the cowboy that belongs to that Trans Am outside.

CLERK

Who isn't?

BUFORD

You don't understand. This is police business.

CLERK

Sorry, Sheriff, but unless you have a warrant or a room, I can't let you in.

BUFORD

Well, then, I'll take a room.

CLERK

What'll it be then, Sheriff? The Sherwood Forest Suite? Nero's Nookie? The Leave it to Beaver Duplex?

(X)

BUFORD

(shocked)

What the hell kinda place you running here?

(X)

CLERK

An adult motel!

JUNIOR

Should I wait in the car, Daddy?

BUFORD

(shaking his head
in disbelief)

Geez!

(to Clerk,
agitated)

Just give me the key.

DISSOLVE TO

124 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

124

Big and Little Enis pull up to the adult motel in their red Cadillac. Spotting the Trans Am and Buford's patrol car, Big Enis is exuberant.

BIG ENIS

What did I tell you? They're all here!

LITTLE ENIS

Daddy, you're the Darwin of the double cross! You've evolved it to an art form!

BIG ENIS

Thank you, son. Like I said, why pay two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for something you've already got?

LITTLE ENIS

But we ain't got it, yet. The Bandit's got it.

BIG ENIS

He may have it now, but the night is young, young man.

LITTLE ENIS

I can smell the wood burning, Daddy.

BIG ENIS

Son, I've got a plan that's so ugly it's gonna guarantee our admissions into the Enis Hall of Shame.

CUT TO

125 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

125

The Bandit is opening Dusty's door for her. Her room is right across from his.

DUSTY

Thank you for getting me my own room. Now, I've seen everthing. I thought this kind of gallantry went out with Sir Gallahad.

The Bandit take his hat off and in an exaggerated gesture, bends from the waist. She enters her room, and he crosses the hall and enters his own room. It is marked: "POLYNESIAN PARADISE."

CUT TO

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125-A INT. BANDIT'S MOTEL ROOM ~ NIGHT

125-A

The Bandit enters his room. The fish is at the foot of his bed. He seats himself on the waterbed in the "THE POLYNESIAN PARADISE." He takes in the decor of the room which takes its inspiration from Don the Beachcomber. It's a silly-looking place and he can't help but laugh to himself.

CUT TO

126 INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

126

Red velvet is the dominant fabric in this accurate duplication of the turn of the century San Franciscan brothel. The wallpaper is so loud you could here it in Detroit.

DUSTY

(to herself
with a touch
of sarcasm)

Nice room! I don't know how they
did it? Tasteless and yet somehow
not too subtle.

Dusty takes it all in. Attempting to shade her eyes from the loud colors, she opens her purse, removes a pair of dark sunglasses, and puts them on. She spins around in the room. Overwhelmed by her surroundings, she plops into a chair. She can't help but laugh to herself.

CUT TO

127
thru
130

OMITTED

127
thru
130
(X)

131

INT. LOBBY

131
(X)

The Clerk is standing at his post behind the registration desk. The Enises are standing in front.

CLERK

(to the Enises)

You go figure it. I got a guy here tonight who checks his girl into a separate room, and what for? So that he can shack up alone with a shark! And I thought I'd seen it all! You go figure it!

At the mention of the word shark, the Enises turn to each other and silently mouth "Shark"?

BIG ENIS

(to Clerk)

Lookehere, Son, that guy with the fish is a real good buddy of ours, and we want to surprise him, see? So how 'bout letting us have the key to his room?

CLERK

Sorry, against the rules.

Out comes a wad of bills form Little Enis's pocket.

CLERK

Gentlemen, I can not be bought!

A huge stack of bills falls on the registration desk.

CLERK

(barely missing
a beat)

But I can be rented.

And he hands them the key.

CUT TO

132 INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR

132

The sign on another door reads: MARQUIS de SADE HONEYMOON SUITE.

CUT TO

133 INT. MOTEL ROOM

133

The inside of this room looks like a medieval torture chamber. It is complete with whips, chains, body racks, etc. Buford is pacing. Junior is out of sight. The Sheriff is reading from a brochure.

BUFORD

Hmmm. It says here -- Free to all customers. Our Sensual Suana and Spa. Have your juices revitalized.

JUNIOR (o.s.)

I hope they've got orange juice!

BUFORD

Shut up, numbnuts! Can't you see? That's where the prevert must be.

JUNIOR (o.s.)

Who?

BUFORD

Who? What are you? An owl? The Bandit, that's who.

Buford turns around suddenly and sees Junior for the first time. He practically jumps out of his skin.

CUT TO

134 ANOTHER ANGLE

134

that includes Junior who has managed to bound and chain himself upside down on a rack. He's covered in bondage paraphernalia.

BUFORD

What are you doing?

JUNIOR

Nothing.

BUFORD

I told you not to touch anything around here. Preversion is contagious!

CUT TO

135 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

135
(X)

The Clerk is on the phone.

CLERK

This is the Clerk at the front desk. I'm sorry I didn't recognize you before. I understand that you are the famous Bandit. I've got an emergency here in the motel, and I desperately need your help. There's a husband beating his wife on the first floor somewhere between room 108 and 112. I'd send the house detective over, but he was arrested last week for indecent exposure...Thanks, you're a real gentleman!

He hangs up. We pull back to reveal that Big and Little Enis are standing over his shoulder.

BIG ENIS

(to the Clerk)

Did it work?

CLERK

Like a charm! He's leaving his room to check it out right now!

LITTLE ENIS

Is there really a guy beating his wife in one of the rooms?

CLERK

Of course there is -- but it costs them twenty dollars extra!

CUT TO

136 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

136
(X)

The Bandit cautiously approaches room 108. From inside we hear the sounds of someone beating his wife. The Bandit knocks on the door. There is no response. We hear a loud shriek that sends the Bandit to the rescue. He swings open the door as we:

CUT TO

136-A HIS POINT OF VIEW

136-A

of the interior of room 108. There is a man and woman dressed in scuba diving outfits. He's got a leather whip, but she's not complaining.

CONTINUED

136-A CONTINUED

136-A
(X)

WOMAN
(enthusiasti-
cally)
Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

CUT TO

136-B ANOTHER ANGLE

136-B
(X)

as the Bandit quickly slams the door shut in embarrassment.

CUT TO

137 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

137

Buford and Junior snoop down the hallway until they come to the room marked "SPA". They enter and are faced with the two doors. Buford lays his ear to the second door marked STEAM ROOM. We hear muffled voices coming from within.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

BUFORD

(whispering)

The prevert's in there. I can hear
'em.

Junior removes a pair of handcuffs. The intrepid crime-
fighters enter.

CUT TO

138 INT. STEAM ROOM

The room is so steamy that visability is zero.

JUNIOR

I can't see anything, Daddy.

BUFORD

(whispering)

Quiet. I think I hear him.

Attracted to the sound of voices Buford and Junior edge
closer to their prey. At last there is a barely
discernible outline of a figure seated on the bench.
Buford, ready to make his move, motions for the handcuffs.
Junior obliges. Pouncing forward Buford makes his move
screaming wildy as he slaps the cuffs onto a wrist.

BUFORD

(hollering)

I've got you now. I'm gonna lock
your ass up and throw away the key.

At this point, an Amazon-like woman stands up attaining her
full six-feet-three inch stature. She has a loving look on
her face that approximates a rhino in heat.

TINA

Hi, there, Lover! You're early!
And look! He brought his own
handcuffs. How sweet!

BUFORD

Oh, boy!

Buford turns to Junior and pulls Tina into the hall.

BUFORD

(gently)

Give me the keys, son, so I can help
the lady remove the cuffs.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

13

WOMAN

What's the hurry, big boy? Why don't you sit down for a while so we can get to know each other, a little. After all, the night is young!

BUFORD

(screaming)

Give me the goddamn keys, and I mean now!!

JUNIOR

I can't, Daddy.

BUFORD

What do you mena you can't?

JUNIOR

I can't. I left them at home.

Buford turns to his prisoner with a grin that, if it were shit-eatin', wouldn't be hungry for a long time.

CUT TO

139 INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

139
(X)

Dusty is on the telephone.

DUSTY

Laurie Sue, you won't believe where I'm broadcasting from tonight -- an adult motel outside Baton Rouge, Louisiana. And I don't have to tell you that motel spelled backwards is 'let om'. And I hope you're sittin' down cause you're not gonna believe who I'm with -- The Bandit. That's right...What's he like? A perfect gentleman -- straight as an arrow. Hasn't even hit on me. Just your run-of-the-mill, everyday legend.

CUT TO

140 INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

140

Big and Little Enis are walking towards the Bandit's room -- number 117 -- wearing cheap wigs, too much makeup, and brightly colored dresses (although skin-tight spandex clam-diggers might be the right look for Little Enis), the two no-goodniks are about to break in disguised as twenty dollar hookers.

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED

LITTLE ENIS

How do I look, Daddy?

BIG ENIS

(giving him
a serious
once-over)You look like the daughter I always
wanted.

LITTLE ENIS

(reaching
the door)What do we do if he comes back while
we're still in here?

BIG ENIS

Don't worry, if we're caught, just
say we're gifts from the management.

CUT TO

141 INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

DUSTY

(into the phone)

Wait a second. I think there is
someone outside my door.

She goes to the door and peers through the peephole.

CUT TO

142 DUSTY'S POINT OF VIEW

through the fisheye lens of the peephole. The Enises are
in drag standing outside the Bandit's room.

Back to:

CUT TO

143 INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR

continuing Enises conversation.

LITTLE ENIS

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I can't
go in yet.

BIG ENIS

Why not?

LITTLE ENIS

'Cause lookin' at you is giving me a
boner.

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

BIG ENIS

Get a hold of yourself!

LITTLE ENIS

I'd like to...but I thought we were
in a hurry!

BIG ENIS

Let's go get our fish, cutie.

Big Enis removes the room key from his ample cleavage and
opens the door.

CUT TO

144 INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

144

She's speaking into the phone.

DUSTY

Uh, Laurie Sue, it looks like the
Bandit is getting room service. I'm
beginning to think his straight
arrow may be a little bent!

CUT TO

145 INT. BANDIT'S ROOM

145

The girls enter a dimly-lit room having more than a little
difficulty negotiating the terrain in high heels. Big Enis
stumbles over the fish and goes down gently, like a wounded
wildebeest

BIG ENIS

There goes my last pair of nylons.

CUT TO

146 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

146
(X)The Bandit peeks into room 110. There's a woman dressed in
a scimpy stewardess's uniform seated on the lap of a
contented passenger. She has a floatation device around
her neck and is demonstrating flight safety procedures.

CONTINUED

146

CONTINUED

146

STEWARDESS

In the event of an emergency, pull the flaps, and it will inflate by itself.

He pulls the flaps gladly. As the Bandit slams the door again, we hear the passenger yell.

PASSENGER

Omigod! It's inflating! It's inflating!

CUT TO

147

INT. CORRIDOR

147

Wending its way down the hallway, a bizarre procession composed of Junior, walking point with Buford and Tina still attached at the wrists. Wearing a robe and an amorous expression, Tina is delighted with the situation. Buford, on the other wrist, sensing that he is so close to his quarry, is not about to call off his hot pursuit. Tina reaches out and tickles Buford.

TINA

Kitchy-kitchy-koo! Tina loves her
Bu!

(X)

BUFORD

(whispering)

Will you cut that out, lady!

TINA

Tina. I told you. My name is Tina.

BUFORD

All right...Tina...Just keep it down.
We're in the middle of a hot pursuit.
Now remember, we made a deal. We've
got all night to socialize, but first
please let me do my job.

TINA

Anything you say, Bu.

BUFORD

(through
clenched
teeth to
Junior)

As soon as we get that goddamn fish
and the Bandit, you get a hacksaw,
and we throw this whale back.

CUT TO

148 DUSTY'S POINT OF VIEW

148

On Buford and his gang through her fisheye peephole.

CUT TO

149 ANOTHER ANGLE

149

of Dusty. She returns to her telephone and picks it up. Dusty speaks into the phone.

DUSTY

I'm going to have to get back to you
Laurie Sue. The plot is thickening.

She hangs up the phone, then dials again quickly.

CUT TO

150 FRONT DESK OF MOTEL

150

With his back to the camera, the Clerk, trying out his new raincoat, is practicing flashing into a mirror. The phone rings, and he answers it.

CLERK

(into phone)

Uh, huh...uh, huh...You say your're
alone in your room? And there's
something strange going on across
the hall? Well, where did you think
you were, honey?...Sesame Street?

He turns up the collar of his raincoat.

CLERK

(continuing)

Hang on...I'll be right down.

CUT TO

151 INT. BANDIT'S ROOM

151

The Enises are attempting to lift the fish when the door slowly begins to open.

BIG ENIS

(whispering)

Uh, oh...he's back.

LITTLE ENIS

What'll we do?

BIG ENIS

(pointing)

The closet!

CONTINUED

151

CONTINUED

151

The two of them lift the fish and make a mad dash for the closet. They disappear inside. Just as they do, the door opens and Junior, Buford and Tina come bursting in. Buford has drawn his gun.

BUFORD

Okay, Bandit, freeze!

Tina, who is afraid of guns, tries to cover her eyes and when she does, her hand, which is attached to the Sheriff's shooting arm, inadvertantly yanks the pistol so that it's aimed directly at her head. When she peeks through her fingers, Tina is looking down the business end of a .38.

TINA

(hollering)

Don't shoot, Bu!

Buford yanks his hand back and this time the pistol is pointing directly at Junior. Junior ducks, echoing Tina's sentiments.

JUNIOR

Don't shoot, Daddy.

BUFORD

I'm not shooting at anybody. The Bandit's obviously not here. Let's just find that fish. Spread out!

Junior goes one way, Tina another, and Buford a third before he is pulled back and almost off his feet by Tina. They quickly search the room and come up with nothing.

JUNIOR

It's not here.

TINA

The boy's right, Bu, if there was food in here, I'd have found it a long time ago.

BUFORD

It's got to be here! The only reason it wouldn't be in this room is if...Junior, you nitwit! This must be the wrong room!

JUNIOR

And we don't have a warrant, Daddy. That's a crime.

CUT TO

152 INT. DUSTY'S ROOM 15

She is pacing back and forth nervously. There is a knock on the door. She goes to the door.

CUT TO

153 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DUSTY'S ROOM 15

The Clerk is standing in his raincoat with his back to the Camera and facing her door. She opens the door. He opens his coat. She slams the door. A beat later, she opens the door again and throws a bucket of ice water on him.

DUSTY

(to the
Clerk)

Keep watering it. It will grow.

Back to the:

CUT TO

154 INT. OF THE BANDIT'S ROOM 154

BUFORD

Let's get out of here!

They move for the door when it begins to open.

BUFORD

(whispering)

Somebody's coming. Quick! In there!

The threesome bolt into the bathroom and close the door. Just as they do, the Enises try to sneak out of the closet, but spot the door opening and jump right back in.

Through the front door enters Dusty followed by the Clerk. Buford peeks through a crack in the bathroom door, sees these strangers, confirming his suspicions. Dusty, seeing the empty room, has a quizzical expression on her face.

DUSTY

I don't get it. I could have sworn
I saw....

She turns to the Clerk and is stopped mid-sentence by his open raincoat routine.

DUSTY

(to Clerk)

It's a good look, buddy, but do me a
favor and save it for 'That's
Incredible.'

CONTINUED

154

CONTINUED

154

CLERK

I just want you to know I'll respect you afterwards.

DUSTY

I asked for the passkey; save the pass!

CLERK

The minute I saw you I said to myself -- This is the only woman I'll ever love.

DUSTY

Well, do me a favor, Cassanova. Put your love back in your jacket and let's get out of here. I was obviously mistaken. There's nothin' happening in here.

Suddenly the front door begins to open again.

CLERK

Oh, Christ! It's every man for himself.

DUSTY

(sarcastically)

Great!

Dusty, thinking quickly, dives under the bed. The Clerk's eyes light up, and, after a leering beat, joins her. A beat later, we hear her slap his face hard.

CLERK

Ouch! I think you've made your point, lady.

He pops out and jumps into the closet, taking his proper place next to the Enises in drag.

Through the front door enters the Bandit. He is so annoyed that he doesn't notice that the fish is missing. He flops down on the bed, exhausted by the wildgoose chase!

(X)

154-A UNDER THE BED

154-A
(X)

Dusty is flattened.

DUSTY
(grunting)
Ouff!

CUT TO

154-B INT. CLOSET

154-B
(X)

Big and Little Enis sit cradling the fish while inches away a man sits cradling his overcoat. It's not pretty in there!

CUT TO

155 INT. BATHROOM

155
(X)

Buford is trapped in the bathroom and the only visible way out is through a small window over the sink.

BUFORD
(pointing to
the window;
in hushed voice)
Through there. Junior, you go first.

So, Junior, without much difficulty, climbs through the bathroom window and lands in the muddy turf below. He is followed by Buford, who then attempts to assist Tina. The window suddenly drops down, trapping Tina, as she gets stuck halfway out. Buford, losing his patience, gives her a ferocious yank. She screams -- a scream as primal as her circumstances.

CUT TO

156 INT. BEDROOM

156
(X)
(X)

The Bandit is jolted to his feet by Tina's blood-curdling yelp for help.

He rushes to the source, flings open the bathroom door, and is greeted by a shot of Tina's dangling gams.

The Bandit grabs Tina by her heels and begins to pull her back in. With Buford pulling from his end, and the Bandit pulling from the other, a tug of Tina ensues.

CUT TO

157 INT. CLOSET

Big and Little Enis poke their heads out and see that the Bandit is otherwise preoccupied.

BIG ENIS

(to Little Enis)

I think it's time for us to come out
of the closet!

The Clerk nods approvingly. Seizing the opportunity, they drag (pun intended) the fish out of their hiding place and make a beeline for the hallway.

Out the front door go Big Enis, Little Enis, one Clerk, and one fish. From under the bed, Dusty watches this exodus.

CUT TO

158 EXT. MOTEL WINDOW

Junior lends a hand and with his added muscle, tips the scales and Tina comes flying out the window, landing on Buford and Junior in a heap. The Bandit leans his head out the window and spots Buford in the muddy huddle.

Suddenly it dawns on him. His fish is gone!!

He turns and runs back into the bedroom. He sees that the fish is gone, and in its place is Dusty, sitting on the edge of the bed. She is on the phone.

DUSTY

(into the
phone)

Laurie Sue, what do two guys in
drag, one exhibitionist, one deputy,
a Sheriff chained to an Amazon, and
a six-foot stuffed fish have in
common?

She looks up and smiles inanely at the answer -- the Bandit! The Bandit returns her puzzled expression with an equally inane smile!

CUT TO

159

EXT. MOTEL

15

The Enises dump the fish into their car.

BIG ENIS

Let's get out of these dresses!

LITTLE ENIS

Why do we have to change?

BIG ENIS

Are you kidding? You know how cops are with pretty girls. They'd stop us every ten minutes and pester us for our phone number.

LITTLE ENIS

We don't have time. It's just a chance we'll have to take.

BIG ENIS

Well, at least let me powder my nose!

They run back into the motel just missing the Justice threesome come barreling around the opposite corner. Buford spots the fish in the Cadillac.

BUFORD

Well, what do you know? Junior, grab that fish. I'd give you a hand, but with Tina here I'm afraid I'm already working on a quadruple herina.

TINA

Oh, Bu...I love it when you talk dirty!

Junior grabs the fish and the three of them scurry off back to their room.

CUT TO

160

INT. BUFORD'S ROOM

160

The Justice party enter their Marquis de Sade and dump the fish.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

BUFORD

(to Junior through
clenched teeth)

Junior, now find me a goddamn saw
and make it snappy before she takes
advantage of my good nature. Now,
move it!

Junior obliges and runs out the door leaving the lovers alone
at last. Tina turns to Buford with goo-goo eyes.

TINA

(huffing and
puffing)

Alone at last!

CUT TO

160-A BUFORD'S POINT OF VIEW

160-A

of Tina as she bares down at him, loosening her robe.

CUT TO

160-B ANOTHER ANGLE

160-B

We see Buford, in horror, as his eyes and the camera follow
the descending garment. We stay on the robe as it drops
around her bare ankles. We hear Buford. He doth protest.

BUFORD (o.s.)

Now, Tina...hold on there, girl...
let's not get hasty...Tina...no...
no...no...aaaahhhh!

CUT TO

160-C ANOTHER ANGLE

160-C

as Tina jumps Buford. She lands on top, pinning him to the
bed. As the assault continues, we see the closet door
slowly open. Out comes the Bandit and Dusty. He looks
over at the lovers in action, grimaces, and almost feels
sorry for poor beached Buford. But all is fair in love and
war as the Bandit and Dusty quietly lift his fish and
tiptoe out of the room.

CUT TO

161 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

161
(X)

We see the Bandit and Dusty exit Buford's room with the fish at the far end of the corridor. They tiptoe across the hall and enter a door on the other side. We again have a clear shot of the long corridor and are able to see the shennanigans of our principal players as the fish stealing nonsense goes on all night.

A beat later the Enises, still in drag, come tiptoeing out of another door, the fish under their arms and cross the hall into another room.

A beat later, Buford, still attached to Tina, tiptoes across the hall in the other direction.

A beat later, Tina, handcuffed to the fish, crosses the corridor.

A beat later, Junior and the stewardess cross the corridor carrying the fish. (X)

A beat later, the couple in scuba gear cross with the fish. (X)

A beat later, the Clerk, working the raincoat, chases Dusty helter-skelter across the hall.

We watch various absurd combinations of our cast, in ever increasing speed, traverse the hall, entering and exiting the doors.

The last people we see are Junior and Buford with the fish.

LONG DISSOLVE TO

NOTE: Throughout the previous scene, we have a "dueling banjos" musical score under. That is to say each time someone crosses the hall with the fish, it is punctuated by a musical instrument playing the same chord.

162

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

162

The next morning Buford is rolling along again, the evening winner, with the fish on top of his patrol car again. The Sheriff is jubilant.

The patrol car speeds down the highway, but begins to wobble when suddenly a tire blows out. Buford gets out of the car and examines the tire. Angry and exasperated, he begins his standard litany of expletives when a second tire explodes.

JUNIOR

Ooooooooo, Daddy. Our tires are flat.

BUFORD

(examining
the tires)

Flatter than your mamma's chest!

(continuing)

Come on, Junior! Let's get over that hill and get some help! We ain't licked yet! Let's see some pep in your step and pride in your stride!

(barking
at Junior)

Hup, two, three, four! Hup, two, three, four!

They march in step over the hill in search of assistance.

CUT TO

163

ANOTHER ANGLE

163
(X)

The Bandit pulls up. Seeing the unattended car, he pulls off on the opposite side of the road and parks his Trans Am behind a bush. While Buford and Junior are gone, the Bandit steals the fish. Circling his vehicle as he is tying it to the roof, Dusty stands up through the open T-bar of the Trans Am and addresses him.

CONTINUED

DUSTY

Listen, a while back there I opened my mouth and out popped an autobiography. I didn't intend for it to sound that way, but like I said, you're easy to talk to. Hell, it came from the heart, not from the head, so if it didn't make much sense, I'm not surprised. When it comes to bein' serious, those two parts of my body haven't learned to work together yet. Whew...all of a sudden you're not so easy to talk to. Look, do you mind if I get personal? I mean after all, we've had some laughs, some life-threatening situations -- not that I'm complaining -- I told you, this is the most fun I've ever had, but is this all there is?? I know you know every little two lane black top south of the Mason Dixon Line, but have you ever stopped long enough to map out your life? I mean, where are you going, anyway?

CUT TO

164 INT. TRANS AM

164
(X)

The Bandit gets back into the car, looks at Dusty and doesn't answer her. She reaches over and grabs the keys from the ignition and says defiantly.

DUSTY

I'm serious. We're not going any where until you answer my question.

He turns to her, pauses a beat, and then flips down the sun visor revealing a printed quotation on a plaque attached to the back of the visor. She reads it aloud.

DUSTY

(puzzled)

Wherever you go...there you are!

The wisdom and sublime quality of that line soars directly over her head.

DUSTY

(dumbfounded)

Uh, huh...?!?!

She flips the keys back to the Bandit.

CUT TO

165 ANOTHER ANGLE

165

of the highway as Buford and Junior return empty handed from a fruitless expedition. As the patrol car comes into sight, Buford sees that his fish has been stolen. He walks by his disabled vehicle and sits down heavily beneath a tree. In the meantime, Junior approaches the trunk of the car and is about to open it to remove the jack. Buford hollers to Junior.

BUFORD

Forget it, Junior. It's hopeless.

JUNIOR

What do you mean, Daddy? They do this at Indianapolis all the time.

Junior looks over at the skulking figure of his thoroughly defeated father. He walks towards him. Buford is talking to nobody in particular. Junior is not the only witness to the seemingly defeated Sheriff. From behind the bush on the other side of the street, the Bandit and Dusty unobtrusively look on.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

165

BUFORD

(continuing
to himself)

Is this the way my last hot pursuit
ends? With a couple of lousy flat
tires? What kind of Justice is this?

JUNIOR

(hopefully)

Buford T. and Junior!

The Sheriff looks up at his son who is working feverishly
under the open hood of their car.

BUFORD

What are you doing? You know we've
got flat tires.

JUNIOR

I know, Daddy. But I'm working my
way down.

BUFORD

(sadly and
affectionately)

Let it be, son. I'm afraid we've
answered our last 211.

JUNIOR

What do you mean, Daddy?

Buford walks over and puts his arm around Junior.

BUFORD

Junior, in this life, there's two
kinds of people. Those born to
pursue and those born to be
pursued. As far back as I can
remember, I've always been the
pursuer. I'm not complaining.
Life's been pretty good to me. I've
always had something or someone to
chase. And Lord knows, I've caught
more than my share. But there comes
a time in every man's life when he's
got to face the facts.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED - 2

165

JUNIOR

Daddy, what are you saying?

BUFORD

Son, I'm saying it's time to piss on the fire and call in the dogs. I'm afraid we're gonna have to turn off our sirens, switch off our lights, and return to that rocker.

(X)

Junior is overcome with emotion.

JUNIOR

You mean I won't be your little tickturd anymore?

(X)

Junior goes to pieces.

BUFORD

Calm down, son. You'll always be my little tickturd.

JUNIOR

(sobbing)

And numbnuts?

BUFORD

(reassuring)

And numbnuts.

JUNIOR

Oh, I love you, Daddy. Even if you can't catch the bad guys anymore. Even if you are a total failure. Even if you are going to lose your badge to the Enis's. Even if....

BUFORD

(interrupting)

Now, hold on a minute, Tickturd! Buford T. Justice surrenders his badge to no man!

(X)

CUT TO

165-A THE BANDIT

165-A
(X)

He turns to Dusty and smiles at her. It's almost as if he were proud of his ancient adversary. Nevertheless, business is business, and the chase must go on.

The Bandit slams on the accelerator, peels out from behind his hiding place, stops for a moment in full view of Buford, giggles ostentatiously and drives off down the road.

Buford reacts to the image of the Banditmobile with his fish on its roof like a man possessed. Like an angry bull, he charges around to the trunk of his car and flings it open in search of his one good tire. But to his surprise, instead of the tire, out pops Tina.

CONTINUED

165-A CONTINUED

165-A
(X)

TINA

Hi, Bu!

BUFORD

What the hell?

He runs around the car, jumps behind the wheel and yells to Junior.

BUFORD

Get in the car numbnuts! I don't need tires to catch that sumbitch.

JUNIOR

(pointing to
Tina who is
standing behind
the car)

But what about....

BUFORD

(hollering
over his
shoulder)

Later for her. I'm thinking about a possee, nut puntang.

Buford and Junior peel out as Tina, a determined woman, and not a bad broad jumper either, leaps spread-eagle onto the roof of the patrol car.

CUT TO

166 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

166
(X)

As they wobble along, they can hear Tina wailing plaintively from the roof of the car to her beloved inside.

TINA

Bu! Bu!

He screams out the window to her.

BUFORD

For crissakes, woman! I've got no time for this kind of shit. Don't you know that a hot pursuit takes precedence over everything -- even romance!

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

TINA

But Bu....

BUFORD

And my name ain't Bu! Now, for the
last time, you're obstructing Justice,
Buford T. style!

JUNIOR

And Junior!

BUFORD

Geez, I've got a felon in front of
me, a fool in the family, and an
Amazon on my ass!

CUT TO

167 EXT. TEXAS STATE LINE - DAY

A sign reads: WELCOME TO TEXAS. The Bandit in his Trans
Am zooms by.

CUT TO

168 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The patrol car valiantly hobbles along way behind the
Bandit.

CUT TO

169 EXT HIGHWAY - DAY

The Bandit is racing down the road when around a bend he
finds the road covered with a herd of cattle being guided
by two old cowboys across it. The Bandit stops.

CUT TO

170 ANOTHER ANGLE

of the herd of cattle. The ancient cowpokes notice the
Trans Am as it goes by. They also notice that it's being
driven by an old friend.

COWBOY #1

I used to ride herd with the Bandit
back in Saragosa.

COWBOY #2

Oh yeah? Short horns or long horns?

COWBOY #1

Don't rightly remember. Just know
he was horny!

CUT TO

171 INT. TRANS AM

171

Dusty looks back over her shoulder and spots Buford's patrol car closing in on them. She points this out to the Bandit, and she says:

DUSTY

They're either going for doughnuts
or we're in big trouble.

No longer able to wait for the cattle to cross the road, the Bandit veers off the main thoroughfare onto a dirt road. As he heads down this track, he passes a sign that reads:
SAM HOUSTON RECREATIONAL PARK

(X)

Buford, with Tina still spread eagle on the back of his car, follows the Trans Am down this road. Seeing the sign, the Sheriff's eyes sparkle as if to suggest he is about to close in for the kill.

CUT TO

171-A ANOTHER ANGLE

171-A

of the herd of cattle. From out of the mass of steers, pop Big and Little Enis with longhorn headdresses disguised as cows. They slap five.

CUT TO

171-B EXT. STATE RECREATIONAL PARK

171-B
(X)

The park is composed of picnic facilities and a boat dock on an inland waterway that meanders through a labyrinth of Mango trees dripping with Spanish Moss.

The Bandit and Dusty pull up to the boat dock, jump out of their car and into a powerboat. They take off as fast as his giant Evinrude motor will take him.

Right on his tail is Buford, who pulls up right behind him at the dock. The two cops jump out of the patrol car.

BUFORD

Boy, we got the sumbitch now! You stay here, guard the evidence and fix the flats! Nailing his ass is gonna be the cherry on the cake of my career!

CONTINUED

171-B CONTINUED

171-B
(X)

He points to the fish atop the Trans Am. Buford trots down to the dock and commandeers a Bass Boat. Just as he is about to cast off, Tina runs after him hollering.

TINA

Bu, Baby.

BUFORD

Omigod!

She comes charging down at him, arms spread wide, like a bad deodorant commercial. Buford jumps quickly into a waiting Bass Boat that comes equipped with a guide/driver. They take off and Tina demonstrating olympian grace and style dives in after them executing the perfect racing dive. It is to no avail, as the Bass Boat, having the benefit of a headstart and a sixty horsepower engine, leaves her in their wake.

Dejected, Tina stands to her full six-foot three-inch stature, and we realize that this dive was executed in approximately two feet of water.

The folksy boatman turns to Buford with an accent as thick as molasses.

GUIDE

(looking
at Tina)

Golly, Sheriff, if I ever hauled in anything like that, I'd have her mounted.

BUFORD

Shut up and follow that boat!

TINA

Bu! Bu!

A solitary Fisherman standing on a nearby dock with his line in the water turns to her and beseeching politely.

FISHERMAN

Please, lady. You're scaring the fish!

CUT TO

172 EXT. INLAND WATERWAY

172

Buford is sitting in the raised chair in the bow of the Bass Boat. The Sheriff is barking instructions at the driver. He is impatient because the Bass Boat is unable to keep up with the much-sleeker, more powerful, Bandit-boat. Both boats weave their way through the maze of vegetation providing us with unprecedented aquatic thrills.

CUT TO

173 THE BOAT DOCK

173

Junior is guarding the car when he is approached by a beautiful Girl wearing only an apron and holding a spatula.

GIRL

Hi! Say, listen, we're having a picnic over there and, if you like, feel free to join us.

JUNIOR

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

GIRL

Well, if you change your mind, just come on over.

JUNIOR

See, my daddy told me to stay right here and keep my eye on....

She turns around and walks away, revealing a bare behind of exquisite proportion. Apparently, the apron was the only thing she had on.

JUNIOR

(continuing)

...things!

CUT TO

174 THE BOAT CHASE

174

The Bandit has had no difficulty eluding the Sheriff. However, he suddenly discovers that he has guided his craft into a watery dead end. Now Buford directs his driver to close in cutting off the Bandit's only avenue of escape.

The Bandit boldly and swiftly spins his boat around and guns its engine sending the craft straight back in a collision-course with Buford. With a skillful maneuver, the Bandit shoots past the Bass Boat, narrowly avoiding a head-on.

CONTINUED

174

CONTINUED

174

Buford turns to follow. His craft seems to groan in the effort. At full throttle, the Bandit weaves through two small row boats. One is crammed with a couple of old ladies. The other with a pair of fishermen. These light crafts bob and flounder wildly in the wake of the Bandit's powerful engine. The passengers of the two boats stand and angrily wave their fists just as Buford comes cruising through. His wake sends the old ladies into an earlier-than-expected Saturday bath. The fishermen's lines catch on to Buford's boat as he threads the needle pulling them into the drink with a resounding splash.

The Bandit's boat slides right up on the beach. He hops out, climbs into his Trans Am, and drives off out of the park.

Buford, seeing this, turns to his Driver.

BUFORD

Follow him!

The Driver shakes his head vehemently.

DRIVER

No way, fella.

BUFORD

(angrily)

You heard me. I said follow that boat in the name of the law!

The Driver shrugs his shoulders and obeys. At its fullest speed, he hits the shore, but sure enough, it stops dead upon impact. Buford, who is perched atop the elevated seat, is sent flying through the air with somewhat less than the greatest of ease. On his flight he crashes through a banner which reads "TEXAS SUN WORSHIPPER'S ANNUAL PICNIC."

CUT TO

175

THE PICNIC AREA ***(ALTERNATE CONCLUSION - STUNT TO COME)

175

With a thud resembling a dropped watermelon, Buford lands on top of a long picnic table and slides along it, sending hotdogs and hamburgers everywhere. He comes to a halt at the far end of the table and looks up. Sitting right before his eyes is a pair of bounteous bikini-clad female breasts. His nose is practically lodged between them. Included in this outing are Junior, wearing nothing but his strategically-placed holster, and of course Tina, towering above all the others.

CUT TO

176

A TWO SHOT

176

of the Girl and Buford.

GIRL

Welcome, Sheriff. Glad you could join us.

BUFORD

(with his nose
nuzzled between
her breasts and
speaking to Junior)

God damn it, Junior. What the hell are you doing here? I thought I told you to keep your eye on things.

JUNIOR

They are, Daddy. They're on boobs.

BUFORD

I remember a time when 'boobs' meant two dumb guys.

(continuing
to Junior)

And speaking of dummies, Junior, let's get out of here.

Buford and Junior scramble to their patrol car.

CUT TO

177

INT. TRANS AM

177
(X)

As the Trans Am barrels down the highway with the patrol car in hot pursuit, Dusty's feet are on the dashboard with her arms around her knees. Her mood is between pensive and nonchalant.

DUSTY

(softly)

Hang a right.

The Bandit looks over suspiciously.

DUSTY

(continuing)

I wouldn't bullshit a bullshitter.
Trust me!

The Bandit takes a sharp right turn and indeed finds himself on a shortcut to the Enis Ranch. The Sheriff executes the same maneuver.

CUT TO

178 EXT. OUTSKIRTS - ENIS RANCH - DAY

178

Suspended midair in what looks like a military bunker are Big and Little Enis. They are wearing the uniforms of the United States Air Calvary complete with cowboy hats and ready for action. Big Enis looks through field glasses.

CUT TO

179 HIS POINT OF VIEW

179

as the Bandit passes quickly down a stretch of highway. A beat later we can see the Sheriff in his patrol car. It's not a pretty sight, having gone through its many travails, but still chuggin' along. Both cars are on the final stretch towards the finish line at the Enis Ranch.

CUT TO

180 ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE ENIS COMMAND POST

180

For the first time we can see that it is at the top of a cherry picker raised high into the air, giving them their vantage point. Big Enis raises a walkie-talkie and speaks into it.

BIG ENIS

Colonel Enis to Private Enis. Can you read me?

CUT TO

181 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

181

In a trench complete with sandbags and barbed wire, a small five-year-old-girl, also dressed like the Enises, complete with commando paint, military garb, and cowboy hat, sits on the other end of a walkie-talkie. She responds:

BABY ENIS

Yeah, Grandpa! I can hear you.

182 ON BIG ENIS

182

BIG ENIS

Damn it, girl. I told you not to call me Grandpa during military maneuvers. It's Colonel Enis. Do you get it, girl?

183 ON BABY ENIS

183

BABY ENIS

(barking as
best she can)

Yes sir. Colonel Enis, sir!

184 ON BIG ENIS

184

agreeing with Baby Enis.

BIG ENIS

That's better. Now, are you ready, Private Enis?

185 ON BABY ENIS

185

BABY ENIS
Yes, sir, Colonel Grandpa, sir!

At this moment, the Bandit's Trans Am passes by the child's position.

BABY ENIS
The Bandit is clear, Colonel Grandpa, sir.

186 ON BIG ENIS

186

He looks through his field glasses.

CUT TO

187 HIS POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE GLASSES

187

We can see the Sheriff moving down the road toward the child in the bunker.

BIG ENIS (o.s.)
Get set, girl! Hold it. Hold it.

The patrol car passes the Baby's bunker a ways.

BIG ENIS (o.s.)
(continuing)
Okay, girl! Let 'er rip!

CUT TO

188 BABY ENIS' BUNKER

188

She begins to throw a series of detonating switches that start a series of progressively larger explosions.

CUT TO

189 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

189

As explosions begin to go off all around the Sheriff's car, it begins to look as if he's accidentally driven into the Battle of the Bulge.

CUT TO

190 ON BIG ENIS

190

With his son's approval, he barks into the field telephone.

BIG ENIS
Okay, Private! Now!

CUT TO

191 EXT. BABY BUNKER - DAY

191

The littlest Enis turns to a detonating plunger. She starts to push it down, but it seems to take more power than her little arms can muster so she turns and sits down on it -- hard. That works.

CUT TO

192 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

192

The largest explosion yet envelopes the Sheriff's car.

CUT TO

193 THE CHERRY PICKER

193

The Enises are jubilant. Jumping up and down, hugging each other.

BIG ENIS

(into walkie-
talkie)

They blewed up good, girl.

194 ON BABY ENIS

194

BABY ENIS

Yeah, Grandpa. They blewed up real
good!

CUT TO

195 EXT. OUTSIDE ENIS RANCH - DAY

195

The Enises call down to their two beautiful Enis assistants.

LITTLE ENIS

Okay, girls. Bring us down.

The gals hit the switch on the base of the cherry picker and the Enises descend slowly to the ground just as the Bandit drives up in his fish-laden Trans Am.

CUT TO

196 INT. TRANS AM

196

Dusty seems to shrink in the seat in an attempt to make herself as inconspicuous as possible.

DUSTY
(mysteriously)
No thanks, I'll stay in the car.

CUT TO

197 ANOTHER ANGLE

197

as the Bandit walks up to the Enis' cherry picker bucket.

BIG ENIS
(to female
assistant)
Put the fish in my car.

The oblige, transferring the fish from the Trans Am to the Enismobile as the Bandit stands before the Enises -- palm up.

BIG ENIS
I can see that you've got the goods.

The Bandit puts out his palm. Little Enis hands him the money.

LITTLE ENIS
I reckon this was the easiest
quarter of million bucks you've ever
earned. Why all you had to do was
out-fox, out-drive, and out-wit that
over-the-hill piece of history. I
guess the only thing you couldn't do
was out-weigh him.

Little Enis laughs obnoxiously at his own joke.

A look of disgust plays across the Bandit's face as he shakes his head slowly in disbelief. Little Enis' lack of respect for the Bandit's worthy adversary, the Sheriff, is not amusing to the Bandit.

CUT TO

198

ANOTHER ANGLE

198

as the two female Enis assistants, having dumped the fish in their bosses car, walk back toward the Bandit and their bosses. They are whispering amongst themselves, obviously admiring the Bandit.

GIRL #1

That's him, ain't it?

GIRL #2

(licking
her chops)

I'll say. Ooooooeeee!

As they reach the Bandit, he turns to them -- almost instinctively, recognizing a "Banditization-in-progress."

The Bandit gives them a wink and a smile.

CUT TO

199

ANOTHER ANGLE

199

As the Girls close in on Bandit, he backs up towards the base of the cherry picker and reaches for the switch marked "UP". Suddenly, the bucket of the picker begins to raise skywards carrying its two unwilling passengers -- Big and Little Enis.

LITTLE ENIS

Hey, what the hell is goin' on here?

BIG ENIS

(to the Bandit)

Hey, what do you think you're doin'?

Bring us down! That's an order.

I'm in charge. I'm the boss. I'm
the big cheese, the head honcho,
the....

His voice begins to fade as the cherry picker ascends.

CUT TO

200 THE BANDIT

200

The Bandit turns and walks off towards his car. Dusty, having taken in his show, is smiling broadly. The Bandit gets into the car. Dusty turns to him and says:

DUSTY

I believe those two good ole boys
are higher than Dolly Parton's wig!

The Bandit drives off with Dusty.

201 THE ENIS' POINT OF VIEW OF SHERIFF BUFORD T. JUSTICE AND JUNIOR 201
driving down towards them -- literally as the dust clears.

CUT TO

202 ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE SHERIFF

202

The patrol car has been reduced to its barest elements. Buford is driving the skeleton of the former patrol car. There is a chassis. It has some kind of wheels. Buford holds the steering wheel while Junior holds the light bar over his head, maintaining a touch of law and order to their look. Their uniforms are in shreds and their faces blackened by the explosion. They may still be smoking a bit.

This remnant of the apocalypse drives right up to the Enismobile and, to the horror of the trapped Enises, removes the fish and puts it in their "car."

The Sheriff arrogantly ambles over to the cherry picker, with his son. They stand there for a beat looking at the two Enises trapped high above. Finally, he turns to Junior and philosophizes.

BUFORD

What did I tell you, Junior. Shit
floats!

Little Enis, helpless as he literally watches victory snatched away before his very eyes, has yet to accept defeat -- no matter how certain.

LITTLE ENIS

(hollering)

Stop thief. Get back here with my
fish. We've been double-crossed by
the Bandit! It's not fair!

CONTINUED

202 CONTINUED

202
(X)

BIG ENIS

(to Little Enis)

Fair? Damn it, boy. How many times
have I told you never to use that
word in my presence?

Buford hits the "down" button on the cherry picker and
climbs into his car. We see the Enises slowly descend.
The Sheriff drives off across the finish line.

JUNIOR

After all they've done to us, why
did you let them down, Daddy?

BUFORD

'Cause there's one thing they ain't
done yet -- pay us!
(turning to
the Enises)
See ya at the finish line.

203 EXT. LUSH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

203

A beautiful woman astride an elegant chestnut mare is
jumping fences, rivulets, and brooks gracefully. Around
her neck is a gauzy scarf trailing in the wind. Attached
to her fine English saddle are two saddlebags. She rides
up to an elegant antebellum mansion. A sign on the gate
house reads: "ENIS RANCH".

CUT TO

204 EXT. FRONT - ENIS RANCH

204

The woman on the horse arrives at the winner's circle
presently occupied by Big Enis, Little Enis and the winner
-- Buford T. Justice. She dismounts and hands the saddle-
bags to Little Enis. Inside is the prize money. The
Enises make good on their debt, handing the saddlebags to
Junior.

Junior has walked over to Little Enis who is holding the
fish.

JUNIOR

Did you really catch that all by
yourself?

LITTLE ENIS

You bet! Fought the sucker for five
hours.

CONTINUED

Little Enis turns to Baby Enis who has returned from the battlefield. She is pulling on his coattail. He is mugging for a group of photographers who have gathered around to record the "catch" for the "Fish and Chips" ad campaign.

BABY ENIS

(to Little Enis)

Can I play with the fish, Little Enis? Please!?

LITTLE ENIS

Go away, squirt!

BABY ENIS

Pretty please?

LITTLE ENIS

(to Baby Enis)

Look, see those boys over there. They're here to take pictures of my fish for our advertising campaign. You screwed up your last mission, you clumsy little brat. Do you think I can trust you to take care of my fish? Hmmm?

(X)

BABY ENIS

Don't worry. I'll take care of it. I promise, Little Enis. Please.

LITTLE ENIS

All right, worm, but I'll have your ass in a sling if I find just one of your greasy little fingerprints on it. Go help prepare it for the photo session. Now scram!

A crowd of beautiful people, mostly girls, Hef's kind, have gathered for the post-race promotional party and fish fry. Big Enis turns to the Sheriff.

CONTINUED

204

CONTINUED - 2

204

BIG ENIS

Well, Sheriff, you won, fair and square.

LITTLE ENIS

And, in spite of that, you still deserve congratulations.

BUFORD

Thanks, fellas, but hold the congratulations. I'm not done yet. There's still one bit of unfinished business. Where is the sumbitch?

They all look around, but the Trans Am is gone.

Buford takes off around the house followed by the others. Sure enough, there the Bandit sits, behind the wheel of his Trans Am in all his macho glory, arm-in-arm with the prettiest girl at the barbecue -- Big Enis' daughter -- Dusty Trails.

BIG ENIS

Oh no!

BUFORD

What!

BIG ENIS

My daughter...!

The Bandit hears this and scowls at Dusty. She grins sheepishly, shrugging her shoulders. Buford turns to Junior.

(X)

BUFORD

Junior, stop that car.

Junior, in an attempt to do his duty, scampers pell-mell to the front of the Trans Am and lies down in front of the Trans Am's tires.

Junior is going to see to it that the Bandit's car goes nowhere.

With victory at hand, the Sheriff ambles over to the Trans Am where he has the Bandit finally in his grasp. He cuffs him through the window.

CONTINUED

204 CONTINUED - 3

204

BUFORD
(to the Bandit)
End of the road, big fella!

DUSTY
Oh no! You can't do this! Somebody
do something!

BUFORD
Sorry, ma'am, but I've been waiting
for this moment my whole life!

LITTLE ENIS
Don't worry, sis! We'll take care
of this. Go 'head, Daddy.
(pointing
to Buford)
Bribe him!

DUSTY
(disgusted)
Typical! Please, Sheriff! We were
just gonna go for another little
ride!

BUFORD
(to the Bandit)
Well, old friend. It looks like I
finally got you!

JUNIOR
(from under
the tires)
Great work, Daddy. Now that you've
finally caught the Bandit, you can
keep your badge and retire for good.
There's no one left to catch. Why,
we can go back to Florida. Now,
we'll have time to fish together,
play golf together -- just think,
we'll have the rest of our lives to
really get to know each other.

Buford flinches at the thought just as a Woman calls out to
him from the other side of the road.

WOMAN
Bu! Oh, Bu! Come to Mama, honey
head!

CUT TO

205 BUFORD'S POINT OF VIEW OF TINA

205

her loving arms aching for his embrace, parting the sea of
party-goers.

CUT TO

206 ANOTHER ANGLE

201

as Buford turns to the Bandit and quietly unlocking the handcuffs whispers to him:

BUFORD

I'll give you a five minute head start. Get moving!

CUT TO

207 INT. TRANS AM

207
(X)

The Bandit turns to Dusty. Having learned her true identity, can she be trusted?

DUSTY

Believe me, I'm an Enis in name only. Forget about the pedigree. Like the man says, 'You can choose your friends, but not your family.' And besides, there are some advantages to being an Enis. It's almost impossible for a chick to get a gig at a country station unless she is well connected. Soooo, Daddy took out his check book and became the proud owner of the big WENI.

The Bandit turns to Dusty and speaks to her for the first time. He affects his best Clark Gable impersonation.

BANDIT

(a la Gable)

Frankly, Dusty, I don't give a damn!

He slams his foot on the accelerator and peels off down the road with her. Unfortunately, Junior is still lying under the car.

CUT TO

208 ANOTHER ANGLE OF JUNIOR

208

There are tire tracks across his chest.

As Junior stands up, the burnt rubber look he is sporting strikes Little Enis as kind of funny. Little Enis is giggling and pointing at Junior.

CUT TO

209 EXT. ENIS RANCH

209

The promo photographers are standing around the fish which has been mounted on a makeshift platform for its presentation. A flashy sign over the platform reads: FOR A DYNAMITE DINNER - EAT ENIS FISH AND CHIPS! Upon closer inspection, we detect a wire running down from the fish, across the lawn, and around a corner.

CUT TO

210 THE END OF THE LINE 2

which is attached to a detonator. Baby Enis is about to take good care of her brother's fish. Real good care! She pushes down on the plunger, but once again she doesn't have the strength and is forced to sit on it. Once again that works.

CUT TO

211 ANOTHER ANOTHER OF THE PHOTOGRAPHERS 21

As their flashbulbs go off, so does the dynamite charge, blasting the fish to smithereens. When the dust clears, the platform remains in tact, but all that's left of the fish is its head and tail.

CUT TO

212 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 21 (X)

The Bandit is off. Followed closely by Buford's patrol car which is being chased by Tina on horseback. The Enises have joined the country conga line. And the last party to join the chase is Baby Enis on a motorped go-cart.

CUT TO

213 ANOTHER ANGLE 21

as we see that madcap procession race across the top of a distant hill silhouetted against the setting sun.

THE END