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SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT II

by

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SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT, II

1 EXT. TEXAS - WIDE SHOT

1

Endless, barren West Texas landscape. A single rail line extends toward the horizon. In the distance we see a small train stopped beside a tiny whistle stop. A sign on the tiny depot reads: "BURDETTE, TEXAS" Below it says: "PROPERTY OF ENOS BURDETTE." A cluster of people are gathered at the rear of the last car.

2 EXTERIOR - MED. SHOT

2

The "train" is actually a three-car shortie. A locomotive and tender are at the head of an elegant, old-fashioned observation car of the type used in the traditional whistle-stop political campaigns of yore. Stretched across the back of the observation car is a banner reading: "BIG ENOS BURDETTE FOR GOVERNOR -- THE ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYERS." On the platform is Big Enos and his ever-present son, Little Enos. Gathered below them along the tracks is a scruffy collection of Mexicans, all looking either bored or skeptical.

BIG ENOS

Believe me when I tell you my good friends. With Enos Burdette in the Statehouse in Austin, this valley...

(gesturing)

...will be green with the fertility of mother nature's best -- and most profitable crops. And this railroad I built for you will carry the crops to market from your lands.

MEXICAN LABORER

But Mr. Burdette, this isn't our land. You own everything from here to Locoweed Valley.

BIG ENOS

Details, details. Put me in the Governor's chair and we'll work that all out. Hell, I might even give you the land outa the goodness of my heart.

(out of the
corner of his
mouth to Little
Enos)

Then again, I might not, you dumb shitheels.

3 EXTERIOR - TIGHT SHOT

3

At that moment a faint drone is heard in the sky. Big and Little Enos gaze upward, as do some of the peasants.

4 BIG ENOS' POINT OF VIEW - THREE WORLD WAR II B-29 BOMBERS

4

decked out in battle markings, are powering over the little railroad station.

BIG ENOS

(grimacing)

Is that who I think it is?

LITTLE ENOS

If it ain't that damned John Conn,
I'm Too Tall Jones.

5 INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - JOHN CONN

5

a large, raw-boned Texan with vaguely crazy eyes, decked out in a shopworn WW II aviator's leather jacket and officer's cap with a fifty-mission crunch, is at the controls. An evil smile is on his face and he peers out the window. He grabs the mike..

JOHN CONN

Pilot to Bombardier. Open up them
there bomb bay doors.

BOMBARDIER

(filtered)

Bomb bay doors open.

6 EXT. TRAIN - MED. SHOT

6

LITTLE ENOS

Daddy, are you thinking what I'm
thinking?

BIG ENOS

It crossed my mind, boy. But even
a low-down cur dog like that John
Conn wouldn't do such a thing.
Hell, it'd be a violation of the
articles of war. I'd report the
son-of-a-bitch to the Confederate
Air Force.

7 INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

7

JOHN CONN

Pilot to Bombardier; bombs away!

8 INT. AIRPLANE - BOMB BAY AREA 8

Three ranch hands in Levis and cowboy boots, but wearing leather flying jackets and leather WW II sheepskin flying helmets, begin to shovel a pile of cow shit out of the bomb bay.

9 EXTERIOR - WIDE SHOT - AIRPLANES IN FORMATION 9

A great cloud of brown cow shit begins to descend.

10 EXT. TRAIN 10

The cow shit splatters against the observation car. A perfect hit. Flawless strategic bombing. The laborers scatter for cover. The giant ten-gallon hats of Big and Little Enos sag under the weight of the cow shit. Their elaborate shirts and suits are soaked. They reel under the attack. As the planes lumber off, Big Enos is slumped against the back of the car, shaking the cow shit out of his hat. Little Enos is rubbing the stuff off his cheeks with the tip of his tie.

LITTLE ENOS

Daddy, this bull shit has got to stop.

11 EXTERIOR - WIDE SHOT 11

Here is John Conn's Texas ranch house -- a spread that makes the South Fork in "Dallas" look like a double-wide mobile home. Oil wells are everywhere, on the lawn, in the driveway. The flagpole is flying the Lone Star of Texas. The driveway is lined with Rolls Royces. A Western band is playing. Nearby is a helicopter and yacht. Elegant guests in Western garb, legions of waiters, etc. swirl everywhere. A typical Western barbecue.

12 EXTERIOR - MED. SHOT 12

John Conn, in an expansive mood, approaches another prosperous-looking Guest on his patio.

CONN

I reckon if I toss in another hundred million or so, I got this campaign sewed up.

GUEST

You'll need it. You only raised a little over eighty-five bucks at your last benefit dinner.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

Conn's attention is diverted by his friend, who tugs at his sleeve and points at the sky. Conn squints in the search of a rising engine sound.

GUEST

Maybe it's more of your guests.

JOHN CONN

(shading his
eyes)

Not a damn chance. Planes are too small. My people got things like DC-9's -- decent-sized airplanes. But I'll tell you one thing, when I get to be governor there's gonna be some laws about damn fools like that flying over other folks' property.

13 EXTERIOR - WIDE SHOT

13

A pair of powerful crop dusters are flying overhead in tight formation.

14 INT. CROP DUSTER COCKPIT

14

Big Enos, still wearing his shit-splattered ten-gallon, is at the controls. He has the mike in his hand. He is stern. Intent on his mission.

BIG ENOS

You ready son?

15 INT. OTHER CROP DUSTER - LITTLE ENOS

15

dressed in similar fashion, is at the controls.

LITTLE ENOS

(smiling evilly)

Nobody shit-bombs on a Burdette and lives to tell the tale.

BIG ENOS

(filtered)

Let it fly boy, let it fly!

16 EXTERIOR - WIDE SHOT

16

The crop dusters swoop low over John Conn's house, releasing a great cloud of orange paint as they pass over.

17 EXT. PARTY - VARIOUS SHOTS

17

showing guests, waiters, Western band members, etc. being soaked in paint. And John Conn suddenly looks like Ronald MacDonald. Covered with paint, he stomps around his patio in a rage. As the crop dusters dip their wings and speed away, he slips in a pool of the orange stuff and falls heavily.

JOHN CONN

(rising up,
apoplectic)

Enos Burdette. Your fat ass will never warm the governor's chair if I've got to spend every dime I've got. I'll get you even if I've gotta sell Kuwait!

18 INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE IN AUSTIN

18

Big Enos and John Conn are standing at the attention as the Governor, a large, Connollyesque figure with silver hair, paces back and forth in front of his office.

GOVERNOR

You damn fools. Dragging the Grand Old Party through the mud -- or should I say paint and cow shit -- with your high school antics. Candidates for Governor of Texas? Why don't you boys run for something a little more your size. How about Rhode Island? I understand Fargo, North Dakota is looking for a mayor.

(pause, pace)

Have you thought about running a sanitation department in a nice small town in Montana? I mean to tell you, you boys have made a terrible spectacle out of the honorable world of Texas politics. If I had my choice I'd endorse one of the Dallas Cheerleaders before I backed either one of you turkeys. But you're the only two left. It's too late to choose anybody else. I'll tell you one thing though. I am holding up my endorsement until one or the other of you can prove to me you've got enough sense to stop all these dirty tricks. Hell, you'd give the Watergate burglars a bad name!

(turns to look

at the contrite pair)

Now get out of my sight!

19 INTERIOR - MED. SHOT

19

Big Enos and John Conn scuttle to the door as the Governor watches them leave. As they reach the hall, John hurries away, but Big Enos leans heavily against the big oak door and sighs. Little Enos comes up. Big Enos rolls his eyes in an attempt to express the devastation that went on inside. Little Enos is about to speak when they hear voices from inside the Governor's office.

GOVERNOR

(filtered)

Silsbey, I don't give a hoot about U.S. Customs. I don't give a hoot about quarantines. I don't give a hoot about the Miami Port Authority. I have gone to considerable expense to obtain that gift for the Party and I want it here for the Convention. It will be the symbol by which I, Samuel Houston Fenderbaum, will be immortalized as Governor of this great state. I want that crate. That crate, Silsbey. Crate number 1444 that now lies smouldering in Miami because of your incompetence! Silsbey, get me that crate or I will make sure you get a job in the next administration, which will doom you to public scorn and probably a long jail term, regardless which of those piss ants replaces me. Now get me that crate. You've got nine days. Got it? Now get out.

20 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE

20

Big Enos listens intently, then rushes off down the hall. Little Enos is in hot pursuit.

LITTLE ENOS

Where we headed, Daddy?

BIG ENOS

To the Governor's office, son. By way of Miami. We get us that crate 1444 and we've got the endorsement. That'll put that John Conn's ass in the tall grass for sure. You watch my dust.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

LITTLE ENOS

Daddy, you are going to make one fine governor. Always one step ahead of the opposition, is what you are.

21 EXT. CONN RANCH DRIVEWAY

21

The macadam is covered with orange paint, as is the expansive portico of the house. A massive black limousine is parked in front of the estate.

21-A INT. CONN LIVING ROOM - DAY

21-A

The interior of this tremendous room is the epitome of bad taste. The walls are covered with stuffed animal heads, rifles, trophies, Texas and Confederate flags, animal skins. There are three huge oil paintings on the wall...one of General Douglas MacArthur, the other, John Wayne and lastly of John Conn. Little Enos is standing sheepishly near Conn.

JOHN CONN

(shaking hands)

Enos my boy, I just can't tell you how much this little visit has meant to me. I sure do appreciate knowing about your daddy's trip to Miami. And I want to say this...

(patting Little Enos
on the head)

...you're gonna make this state one hell of a lieutenant governor. Now what was that sheriff's name again.

LITTLE ENOS

Justice.

JOHN CONN

(looks through
notebook)

Funny, he's not on my payroll, but it's a minor detail.

22 EXTERIOR - POINT OF VIEW CONN AND LITTLE ENOS

22

A pair of ranch hands are digging post holes maybe fifty yards away from the group. Suddenly one of them strikes oil. A gusher thunders into the Texas sky.

23 EXT. PATIO - CONN

23

smiles as he watches the gusher.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

JOHN CONN

(yelling)

Cap her off boys. The storage tanks are full. Besides, we got to hold on to it till we can make a fair profit on the stuff. Hell, we ain't gonna give it away!

24 EXT. ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY - WIDE SHOT

24

The infield of the Atlanta International Raceway is clogged with vehicles of all kinds, but masses of monster semis dominate the scene. A splendidly decorated helicopter appears, hovers over the scene, then slowly descends to an open plot of grass. Big and Little Enos leap out and sprint toward the garage area, where more big rigs are parked. In the b.g., more bobtail tractors are roaring around the speedway. The noise of the roaring diesels is deafening and while we see Big and Little Enos speak to several people, we can't hear what they are saying.

25 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

25

A giant blue and silver GMC General rounds the corner of a building and rolls to a stop. Out of the tall cab steps the Snowman. He greets a few pals, then responds to a call off camera. He turns, grimaces at what he sees, starts to turn away, reconsiders and walks toward the voice.

SNOWMAN

Well if it ain't Big Wart and Little Wart.

BIG ENOS

(huffily)

Easy there, Snowman, us Burdettes don't take kindly to slurs against the family name.

SNOWMAN

Pardon me. But doggone if I didn't think you boys was a slur against your family name.

LITTLE ENOS

Listen Snowman, we didn't come here to fight....

SNOWMAN

(looming over
Little Enos)

You're smarter than you look.

CONTINUED

BIG ENOS
(pausing, then looking
furtively around)
We'd stomp your sorry ass, Snowman,
except we got us a business propo-
sition. But we need the Bandit.

SNOWMAN
I figured you'd be looking for the
Bandit.

LITTLE ENOS
You know where he is?

SNOWMAN
I figure that would depend on how
hard somebody was looking for him.

BIG ENOS
(wiping away
perspiration)
We'd be lookin' mighty hard.

SNOWMAN
Hard -- as in hard cash?

BIG ENOS
Hard -- as in a hundred thousand
dollars -- U.S.

SNOWMAN
(impressed)
You want his phone number, his
Master Charge number or the color
of his jockey shorts?

Voice over P.A. summons all trucks and drivers to the starting
grid.

SNOWMAN
But we gotta hold up the negotia-
tions. I got me a race to win.
You boys hang right there until we
get back.

Snowman jumps into his truck and rumbles toward the track.
Big and Little Enos watch him roll out of frame.

26 CONTINUED

26

LITTLE ENOS

One thing I can't stand is a dumb
redneck who thinks he's smart.

BIG ENOS

Just hold your temper, boy. Let's
let him find the Bandit for us,
then maybe we'll have to stomp his
ass, I swear.

27 EXT. RACE TRACK

27

The field of bobtail tractors approach the green starter's
flag in two by two formation. We hear a voice over the P.A.
calling the race. Snowman takes the lead, followed by --
according to the P.A., Big Red, Six Pack, Slowpoke, etc., etc.
The race unwinds with Snowman holding the lead.

28 INT. TRUCK

28

Snowman turns to talk to Fred, his dog.

SNOWMAN

Lemme see if I got this straight,
Fred. If we drive this thing 118
miles an hour for 200 miles and
collect \$20,000, how much do you
figure that works out per hour?

Fred barks three times.

SNOWMAN

Sounds right.

29 EXT. PITS - BIG AND LITTLE ENOS

29

watch the race intently.

30 EXT. TRUCK RACE

30

various shots of the trucks racing, with v.o. commentary by
the P.A.

TIME DISSOLVES

31 INT. TRUCK

31

Fred barks twice.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

SNOWMAN

That sounds about right, providin' you've adjusted for inflation, the international discount rate and Bandit's jockey-short size. Which reminds me, Fred ol' boy, we got us a couple a' live ones waitin' in the pit.

32 POINT OF VIEW FROM TRUCK

32

Big and Little Enos standing, alone and somewhat baffled, in the pits.

33 INT. TRUCK

33

Snowman is continuing to talk with Fred.

SNOWMAN

Fred boy, I know you're gettin' dizzy from all this runnin' in circles, but if you can keep your Burger Bits down for one more lap, we're gonna get to kiss a pretty lady. Right on the lips.

Fred howls wildly.

34 EXT. VICTORY CIRCLE

34

Snowman rolls into Victory Lane and dismounts from the cab, acknowledges the cheers of the crowd, gives the race queen a long, passionate kiss and snatches the winner's check away from the race official. Big and Little Enos squirm through the crowd and grab Snowman.

BIG ENOS

C'mon boy, time's awastin'.

SNOWMAN

Relax, this is my moment of glory.

LITTLE ENOS

You want the glory or the money?

SNOWMAN

That's easy, except for one thing.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

BIG ENOS

(knowingly)

Let me guess. You forgot where the Bandit is.

SNOWMAN

You got a winner. Damned if my mind ain't a blank.

BIG ENOS

Let's see if we can jiggle your memory bank.

(pause)

Two hundred thousand.

SNOWMAN

The clouds are parting....

BIG ENOS

Two hundred thousand. Take it or leave it.

SNOWMAN

Would you believe it -- I just got total recall.

BIG ENOS

Way to go, son. We'll have you counting on your fingers in a week. Now here's the deal. You and Bandit have got to pick up a little package on the Miami docks and deliver it to the Governor of Texas.

SNOWMAN

Hey, that's heavy. The Governor, huh? I'd a thought he'd make himself enough sellin' judgeships and highway contracts so's he wouldn't have to be dealin' in that kind of stuff. What a shame.

LITTLE ENOS

No, no, not that. This is strictly legal.

SNOWMAN

Sure. And you're Wilt Chamberlain.

BIG ENOS

Ain'a a damn think illegal about this, I swear. I'll stake my

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED - 2

34

BIG ENOS (Cont'd)
reputation on it. His too.
(points to
Little Enos)

SNOWMAN
That makes me feel a whole lot
better, believe me.

LITTLE ENOS
One more thing...we heard stories
'bout the Bandit slipping.

BIG ENOS
Goin' into the shit house was the
exact phrase.

SNOWMAN
Nonsense...he's in better shape
than the day he was born. Cross
my heart and hope to die.

34-A EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY - AERIAL SHOT - ESTABLISHING

34-A.

35 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - WIDE SHOT

35

We are at the athletic field where the Battle of the Network Stars is being staged. We can see an expanse of fields, small lakes and running tracks. A number of people are riding bicycles, jogging, practicing in a tug-of-war pit, scrambling over an obstacle course, etc.

36 EXT. TIGHT SHOT

36

Howard Cosell, the eminent sportscaster and humanitarian, is interviewing Norman Fell and Cheryl Ladd about why their team lost the recent potato-sack race.

COSELL
Cheryl, can you in any way attribute
your sickening defeat in this key
event in the competition to the
aromatic aromas of 'fix' that has
pervaded this arena since the games
began?

CHERYL LADD
Are you suggesting that these
things are rigged?

In the b.g. Bandit staggers back on camera and weaves off camera again. (We repeat this as many times as is deemed funny.)

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

COSELL

I am only telling it like it is.

Finally Bandit collapses in a heap behind Cosell. Two network clones appear and drag him back into the trailer.

NORMAN FELL

Howard, the next thing you'll be telling me is that somebody fixed the vernal equinox.

COSELL

Funny you should mention that, because I have an infallible source on astrophysical phenomenon....

37 INT. TRAILER - MONTAGE

37

As the network clones help Bandit in the elaborate ritual of turning middle-aged slob into youthful superhero.

Among the things we see:

Bandit sucking in his gut as a wardrobe man tightens a corset on him.

Bandit applies makeup. He keeps checking himself in the mirror and asking clones for more tan.

Bandit wedges into flashy, skintight Western garb. He uses two shoe horns to get his ass in the pants, aided by the wardrobe man.

Bandit puts on so many gold chains, it pulls his head down slightly.

Bandit pulls on his boots....

38 EXT. GAZEBO AND CATWALK

38

Cosell is now interviewing another star as Bandit struts down the catwalk and bursts into the scene.

COSELL

Well, well, Bandit. The field was rife with rumors that you wouldn't be able to make today's competition.

BANDIT

(mumbles)

In the pink.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

He staggers and almost falls.

COSELL

We haven't seen too much of you on
the celebrity circuit this year,
Mr. B.

Bandit mumbles something incomprehensible.

COSELL

(breezily
trying to
brush off
Bandit)

Would you say your brief fling as
a celebrity was based on the shatter-
ing of a multitude of sacred laws
of our land? That you are a speed-
crazed, thrill-hungry hoodlum with
a reputation for public inebriation
who deserves his status as an un-
known anonymous non-entity.

BANDIT

(out of it)

Uhghhm....

COSELL

(turning
to camera)

And now ladies and gentlemen, we
turn our attention to a pivotal
moment in this epic competition.

PAN TO

39 EXT. RACE TRACK STARTING GATES

39

The camera zooms in on the starting gates. We see only the
cowboy hats of the various contestants. The Bandit appears,
waves at the crowd (with little response) and climbs onto
the top rail. He disappears into the box. We hear a strange,
high-pitched squeal. The Bandit's head reappears. He waves
at the Starter.

BANDIT

(to Starter)

You got a drink?

COSELL (v.o.)

This contest will be decided by
the first contestant to traverse
the fifty yards and cross the finish
line aboard his mount.

40 EXTERIOR - WIDE SHOT 40

We see the starting gate head-on. The starting bell rings, the gates snap open and ten riders thunder toward the camera. They are aboard pigs, harnessed in rigs similar to those used by Seeing Eye dogs. The riders are wearing roller skates and are towed behind the pigs by a harness. Chaos commences as the first gate opens and contestants are being dragged, run over, stepped on, etc.

41 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE 41

Laughing wildly, the Bandit has produced a stick with an ear of corn dangling from the end. With the corn hanging just beyond his porker's nose, he trundles straight and true to the finish line, winning easily.

42 EXTERIOR - TIGHT SHOT - COSELL 42

is breathless with excitement.

COSELL

An amazing exhibition of pigmanship by the Bandit. Here is a man of humble beginnings, a virtual unknown, triumphing against some of the immortal superstars of the television world. A startling development. And now the world is asking, has the Bandit seen the light? Is he ready to enter the world of responsible citizenry? Only time will tell.

43 EXTERIOR - MED. SHOT - BANDIT 43

dismounts his pig, waves to the crowd (now there is loud cheering) and faints in the mud.

44 EXT. GATOR MOTEL - FLORIDA - NIGHT 44

A long, black limo pulls up in front of a cheap motel. Snowman gets out. Big Enos and Little Enos start to follow.

LITTLE ENOS

(looks around)

You call this dump a motel?

SNOWMAN

Seclusion...to get away from the mobs you know.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

BIG ENOS

Let's talk to him.

SNOWMAN

No, no. You two wait here. I ain't sure Bandit will even want to see you. I got to clear it with him first.

BIG ENOS

Why?

SNOWMAN

Man, we ain't talkin' about just anybody. I'm talkin' about the Bandit. He's got a lot of action. He's busily sifting offers right now.

45 INT. MOTEL ROOM - BANDIT

45

is drunk, hunched over a scrapbook. He drinks, cries and turns pages. There is a knock at the door.

BANDIT

It ain't locked. It ain't even closed.

Snowman sticks his head in.

BANDIT

(trying to focus)

Hey Snowman...and your brother.

Bandit staggers up. Snowman comes over, shakes his hand and holds him up at the same time.

SNOWMAN

It's just me, Bandit. How's it hanging?

BANDIT

Great. Just great. Couldn't be better. Fabulous.

He collapses on the table and begins pounding the scrapbook with his fist.

BANDIT

Snowman, how could Frog leave me? I loved her.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

SNOWMAN

(sarcastic)

Probably didn't have anything to do with those three weeks you spent at the Mustang Ranch. Or the time you pinched the senator's wife on the ass at that White House reception, or the way you was blowin' in the ear of the Orange Bowl Queen on national TV. Nuthin' like that, I reckon.

Bandit picks up the scrapbook and turns to a photograph of he and Frog alone on a beach, waving.

BANDIT

We had such good times.

He turns to another photo that depicts him having just won a trophy. He has one arm around Frog and his other arm around a judge. They are flanked by two officials.

BANDIT

I took her everywhere.

He turns to another photo depicting Bandit winning another trophy. He's being kissed by a girl in a bathing suit, but keeps one arm around Frog.

BANDIT

We were inseparable.

Another picture. This one shows him surrounded by a country western trio with Frog off to the side. He turns to another photo showing him with a row of Vegas showgirls, seven semi-nude beauties on each arm. Frog's head is barely in the photo as she manages to peek out behind the last showgirl's tailfeathers.

BANDIT

Ain't she cute here?

SNOWMAN

Where?

BANDIT

(pointing)

Right here. Damn, we had a good time in Vegas.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 2

45

SNOWMAN

Bandit, if you think that little girl was having fun watching you make an ass of yourself...
(stops)

Wait a minute. I ain't got time for this now. We got two prime suckers out there willing to pay a ton of money for a little driving job that's next to nothing.

BANDIT

Driving?

He grabs a bottle and takes a belt.

BANDIT

I don't drive any more.

SNOWMAN

Shhh...don't say that. I got Big Enos and Little Enos Burdett out there with 200 thousand dollars. Now, you just sit there and help me take it from them.

BANDIT

(slurring)

What do you want me to say?

He starts to slide off the chair. Snowman props him up again.

SNOWMAN

Nothing. Just sit still.

Snowman crosses to the door and admits Big Enos and Little Enos.

SNOWMAN

C'mon in, but don't talk much... he's meditating.

(leads them
to Bandit)

Bandit, you remember Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber. Well, they have an offer for us that you will probably want to refuse.

Bandit starts to slip out of his chair. Snowman runs over to catch him.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 3

45

BIG ENOS

Don't run off, Bandit. It's a sweet deal. Two-hundred thousand dollars just to take a package from Florida to Dallas.

BANDIT

(incomprehensible)

Hmmm....

BIG ENOS

Not good enough, huh? All right, three-hundred thousand.

Bandit's bleary gaze settles again on the scrapbook.

BANDIT

(garbled)

Frroghh....

BIG ENOS

Four? You got it. Four-hundred thousand dollars. It's a deal.

He grabs Bandit's hand and shakes it. Bandit starts to slip out of the chair again.

BIG ENOS

Don't get up. I got to go. I'll see you in Texas. Here's the number of the crate.

He hands Snowman a piece of paper with a number on it: 1444. They start to exit.

SNOWMAN

Wait a minute. Ain't you forgetting something.

BIG ENOS

What?

SNOWMAN

The money.

BIG ENOS

(to Little Enos)

Little Enos.

LITTLE ENOS

Yes, Daddy.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 4

45

He reaches in his pocket, takes out a wad and gives it to Snowman.

LITTLE ENOS

We'll give you half now and half when you deliver.

SNOWMAN

(winks)

What's the matter? Don't you trust me?

LITTLE ENOS

No, but we'll give you half now, anyway.

They exit. Snowman slams the door behind them.

46 EXT. MOTEL

46

Big Enos climbs into the limo. Little Enos starts to follow but Big Enos stops him.

BIG ENOS

Hold on, yogurt brain. You're staying here. I want you to keep an eye on those two, but mostly keep an eye on my money.

LITTLE ENOS

Yes, Daddy. Snitching on other people is kinda out of my line, but I'll try.

BIG ENOS

Thanks, son. You're stupid...but loyal.

The limo drives off. Little Enos waves.

LITTLE ENOS

Bye, Daddy. You can trust me.

As soon as the limo is out of sight, Little Enos runs to a phone booth, deposits his money.

LITTLE ENOS

(into phone)

I'd like to make a person-to-person call to Mr. John Cann...collect.

47

INT. MOTEL

47

Snowman is trying to shake Bandit alert. He's even waving money under his nose.

SNOWMAN

Great job, Bandit.

(looks, then pleads)

C'mon Bandit. We got to hit the road.

BANDIT

No way. I can't do it.

SNOWMAN

Sure you can. This money is the one thing that might save your ass and somebody's got to drive lookout for Smokey.

BANDIT

But, I....

SNOWMAN

C'mon good buddy. We can do it. One more time, you and me against the world. We don't need anybody!

Bandit passes out.

SNOWMAN

I'm gettin' help.

48

EXT. LITTLE CHURCH - WIDE SHOT

48

A quaint little church on a tree-lined street. The sign reads, "Texarkana Reformed, United, Evangelical, Fundamental Church of God, the Twelve Apostles and Assorted Saints." A wedding party is gathering. A shiny brown Sheriff's car eases to stop at the curb. It is garnished with every form of light, siren and antennae known to man. An eager young man in a tuxedo and boutonniere leaps out and ascends the steps. It is Junior, son of Sheriff Buford T. Justice, who is at the wheel of the car. Justice himself is wearing his dress uniform, complete with medals, a cap with masses of scrambled eggs, rope piping on his tunic, a brace of pearl-handled pistols, etc. As he wheezes out of the car, he is joined by a fresh-faced couple on their way to the wedding.

IDA MAY

What a fine day for a wedding like this, Sheriff. You must be mighty

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

IDA MAY (Cont'd)
proud -- havin' a wonderful boy
like you got and all.

JUSTICE

(grumpily)

The hell you say. He's got his
daddy's good looks, but his mamma's
brains -- which is none at all.
Trying to marry the same floozie
twice! If we wasn't on sacred soil
I'd boot his ass all the way to
Wichita Falls.

IDA MAY

(sympathetic)

Oh yes, of course. Now I remember.
There was that trouble the first
time. All that business with that
poor child bride being abducted by
that...

We begin to hear a faint beeping sound, which is rising in
level and frequency. It seems to be coming from Justice's
shirt.

IDA MAY

...that, that awful man. What was
his name?

The beeping rises to an awful, distracting element.

IDA MAY

Oh, yes, the Bandit!

49 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

49

Justice is looking pale. His lips are quivering with rage.
The beeps are loud and steady, coming from his shirt.

IDA MAY

Excuse me, Sheriff. That noise...
is your radio acting up?

50 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

50

Justice now squatting on the sidewalk with his hands over his
head. He is mumbling sounds that resemble "oohhmmmm, oohhmmmm,"
as he repeats the sound the beeper quiets down and he stands
up again, still looking flustered.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

JUSTICE

That beeper's my new hemogauge. It tells me when the old ticker's getting upset -- which that word 'Bandit' does worse than anything. Then I have to relieve the stress with this special exercise developed in a monastery in Afghanistan. I bought it from a very reliable firm in Oklahoma City. Thirty-eight hundred dollars, including the instruction book, and worth every penny.

IDA MAY

How wonderful Sheriff. It must make it so much easier for you to deal with that awful business about your daughter-in-law-to-be running away with that handsome shit, Bandit.

51 NEW ANGLE

51

As "Bandit" is uttered, the beeping rises to a furious level and Justice immediately crouches and begins his weird incantations.

52 INT. CHURCH - MED. SHOT

52

The "Wedding March" begins. Junior stands at the altar. Frog, who looks wonderfully demure in a full-dress wedding gown walks down the aisle, alone except for a small ring bearer and a small flower girl.

IDA MAY

(to man next to her)

Ain't it a shame she doesn't have anyone to give her away.

As she reaches the altar, the organist stops the music. The crowd is all oohs and aahs. As she glides toward her betrothed, a phone rings off camera. The phone rings again. It's jangling everybody's nerves. Junior runs off to a side vestibule and picks up the phone.

JUNIOR

(into the phone)

Hello. Hold on a second.

(calls to Frog)

Carrie, it's for you.

CONTINUED

52

CONTINUED

52

FROG

I don't think I should take it.

JUNIOR

Honey...you gotta take it. It's long distance.

Frog sighs and picks up the phone.

FROG

(into the phone)

Hello.

53

CLOSEUP - JUSTICE

53

nervous.

54

ANGLE ON FROG

54

FROG

(into the phone)

Yes, I am. Oh, hi Cletus. Kind of busy right now. Who's in trouble? Oh, yes...I remember him... my help? Why should I help him?

(a beat)

Fifty thousand dollars...yes, that is a good reason. I'll be right there, Snowman.

She hangs up and rushes to Junior.

FROG

Junior...do you love me?

JUNIOR

Oh sure, Carrie.

FROG

Then you'll understand and I'll be back...and when I come back I'll have the money for that milking machine you want.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

JUNIOR

Oh, good...and someday we'll get
a cow.

She kisses him and starts to run down the aisle. Justice
blocks her way.

JUSTICE

Where do you think you're going?

FROG

Bandit needs me.

Justice's eyeballs begin to twirl in opposite directions and
he grabs his chest.

JUSTICE

Ban...Ban...Ban....

His beeper goes off and he does his "oohhmmm, oohhmmm"....

FROG

Sheriff, I'm really sorry about
this, I mean, really sorry, but
we'll just have to hold things up
a while longer. It's nothing to
do with Junior. He's really a
wonderful guy.

(turns to
run, then
pauses again)

And sir, I've got a feeling you'll
want to get some fresh batteries
for your beeper.

55 EXTERIOR - MED. SHOT

55

We see Frog rush out of the church, straight at the camera.
In the f.g. is the wedding car, decked with the customary
"Just Married" sign, tin cans, garlands, etc. She jumps in,
revs the engine and fires away leaving a trail of black rub-
ber smoke.

56 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

56

Junior arrives at the curb side and stands in the wispy smoke
watching his bride disappear. In the b.g. sound: the faint
noise of Justice's heart beeper.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

JUNIOR

Damned if I didn't think I was
supposed to go with her.

B.g. sound of Justice's beeper rising in intensity, to be
joined by his oohhmmm, oohhmmm ritual.

57 INT. MOTEL ROOM - TIGHT SHOT

57

Bandit's hand reaches up from the bed and grasps a can of
Budweiser. He lifts it to his lips and takes a long swig.

BANDIT

Ugh! Coffee! Damn you, Snowman,
you stuck coffee in my Bud. Don't
you know that caffeine is bad for
your health?

58 NEW ANGLE

58

SNOWMAN

Bandit, the shape you're in, you
ain't got no health.

(pause as he
rises and walks
across the room)

This trainin' program is a big bust.
At the rate we're going Big Enos
could ship his package to Texas
by third-class ox cart before
you'll be ready to run.

BANDIT

I still don't understand why you
asked Frog to come. I don't need
her. I don't need anybody.

SNOWMAN

You sure seem to need that stuff
pretty bad.

(takes the beer
can from him)

C'mon Bandit, why don't you admit
you're glad Frog is coming? Hell,
you're gonna need all the help you
can get to get in shape for this
ride.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

BANDIT

She's never been much of a help
to me.

SNOWMAN

'Cause you never let her.

BANDIT

I loved her.

SNOWMAN

Yeah, and you pushed her right out
of your life.

(picks up
scrapbook)

Look at these scrapbooks. You
think the poor girl was having
fun? She had to get in line to
see you.

BANDIT

She ran off when the going got
tough.

SNOWMAN

No, you pushed her away when the
going got good. And remember what
I told you. I told you if she
left you'd go right in the toilet
and become a boozy ex-superstar.

Bandit downs the beer, belches and grins.

BANDIT

See how wrong you were?

A light crosses the window catching Snowman's attention. He
goes to the window...looks out.

SNOWMAN

She's here.

Bandit gets up and heads for the door.

59 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

59

As Bandit exits, he stops some distance from the car. As
Frog gets out she sees Bandit and stops.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

BANDIT

(after a
beat)

Hi Frog.

FROG

Hi Bandit.

Bandit crosses over to her.

BANDIT

(surveying
her outfit)

You're looking...good.

FROG

(looking at
his paunch)

So are you.

BANDIT

Boy, sure been a long time since
we seen each other. Six or seven
months.

FROG

I don't know. It think it was more
like eight months and four days.

BANDIT

Well, I missed you, but I been
doing great.

FROG

Yeah, I've been following your
life in the National Enquirer.

BANDIT

(angry)

That stuff about me selling blood
to buy alcohol is a lie and I never
dated Lillian Gish either.

FROG

Oh, nobody believes the National
Enquirer.

(thinks...then)

I've got to send them a change of
address.

BANDIT

Well where did you go after we,
you know, split up?

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED - 2

59

FROG

To pieces, then to New York. I started dancing again. I got a good job. I was in the chorus line of Annie but I got fired.

BANDIT

What happened?

FROG

I couldn't get along with the kid. . So then I went to work in a rock musical.

BANDIT

Is that where you got those clothes?

FROG

What's wrong with these clothes?

BANDIT

Nothing...if you're in a musical.

FROG

Just because you still dress like Hopalong Cassidy.

BANDIT

(doesn't want
trouble)

I'm sorry. No more fights.
(changing subjects)
What'd you do in the musical?

FROG

I played a razor blade.

BANDIT

What?

FROG

There was a nightmare sequence where I danced out dressed like a razor blade. My dancing stunk, but the music was great. I fell in love with the composer. He was the finest, bravest, the most positive person I ever knew.

BANDIT

What happened?

CONTINUED

FROG

He killed himself.

She stifles a sob. He hugs her a bit gingerly and pats her on the back, just as Snowman enters the shot. Then Frog moves to him with a hug and warm greeting. The Bandit spots the veil sticking out of her suitcase.

BANDIT

What's this?

He pulls it out and holds it up.

FROG

Snowman, didn't you tell him?

SNOWMAN

Uh uh, it slipped my mind.

FROG

(defiant)

I was all set to marry Junior when you called.

BANDIT

Junior? How did you wind up with that turkey again?

FROG

I was lonely. He was in New York for a lawmen's convention. We hugged in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel. It felt safe...maybe because we were surrounded by all those badges.

BANDIT

Huh...you sure found a lot of people to cuddle up with fast after we split up.

FROG

You were finding them while we were together.

BANDIT

(changing
tactics)

Let's not waste time finding fault. The important thing is we're back together just like you always wanted.

- CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED - 4

59

He gives her a kiss. She enjoys the kiss, but when it's over....

FROG

Look, Bandit. Let me make myself clear. Whereas there is a certain amount of physical attraction between us and even some residual affection primarily due to nostalgia, my main reason for being here is money. Now let's get started getting your ass in shape.

She crosses to Snowman. Bandit turns to camera. To camera he smiles and mouths silently....

BANDIT

(mouths)

She loves me.

Note: The following is an montage of Bandit in various fitness activities.

60 INT. MOTEL

60

Drinking milk, coffee and juice (grimacing).

61 EXT. CANAL

61

Walking and jogging (with some effort). Frog in golfcart.

62 INT. MOTEL

62

Tries to sneak a beer, is caught.

63 INT. MOTEL

63

Lifting weights.

64 INT. MOTEL

64

Really pumping iron.

65 INT. PENNY ARCADE

65

Bandit driving a car. The camera pulls back to reveal that he is driving a penny arcade driving game.

66

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

66

Bandit, Frog and Snowman, weary but happy, are coming back to the motel after another hard day of training.

FROG

Bandit, you're getting to be your old self again.

BANDIT

(patting
her behind)

Yeah, ain't I though.

FROG

Now I just have to figure out if that's good or bad.

SNOWMAN

I think you should leave for Miami in the morning. Your driving is as good as ever.

BANDIT

What am I gonna leave in? Sure wish I hadn't sold old Trigger. I need a drink.

FROG

I guess we'll have to tell him.

SNOWMAN

Yeah.

(to Bandit)

We've got a little surprise for you. Step outside.

As they exit, Snowman points o.s.

67

NEW ANGLE - POINT OF VIEW

67

A new, ominous-looking black Trans-Am sits waiting near the motel.

68

NEW ANGLE - TIGHT SHOT

68

An evil smile crosses Bandit's face.

BANDIT

Where was that we're going?

SNOWMAN

Miami.

69 EXTERIOR - WIDE SHOT 69

As the trio enters the motel we sight Little Enos hiding behind a fire hydrant. He drops a pair of field glasses and scuttles to a nearby pay phone.

70 INT. PAY PHONE - TIGHT SHOT 70

LITTLE ENOS

(after dialing)

Mr. John Conn please. Not in 'eh?
Well, leave him this message. Tell
him the Bandit is on the roll.

71 EXT. HIGHWAY - MED. SHOT 71

We see a radar gun pointed by a Florida State Highway Patrolman at the approaching Snowman's truck and the Bandit's Trans-Am. The digital read out indicates an exact 55 mph. As they pass, the patrolman tosses them a wave.

72 EXT. HIGHWAY 72

Trans-Am and truck moving along smoothly.

BANDIT (v.o.)

Them Smokeys probably can't believe
their radar guns -- what with me
and Snowman loafin' along at the
double-nickel.

73 EXT. DOCKS - MIAMI - DAY - WIDE SHOT 73

The car and truck are winding their way through the docks of Miami. The Miami skyline is in the background.

73-A EXT. GUARD SHACK NEAR WAREHOUSE - DAY 73-A

They approach a guard shack at the edge of a giant warehouse complex. Nearby the guard shack is a huge ramp used for loading. A chunky Guard butts out a cigar and comes out to greet them.

GUARD

What you boys need?

SNOWMAN

Got us a pickup to make for
Mr. Enos Burdette of Burdette
and Austin, Texas. Crate number
is 1444.

The Guard waddles into his shack and checks a clipboard. He pours through reams of papers, heaving them on the floor as he reads them. Our trio looks on in amazement. Finally he finds a wanted sheet.

GUARD

Got it right here. Right in between crate number 1443 and crate number 1445. You want to go down to the first building on the right and hook a left. First dock on the left.

BANDIT

Right.

GUARD

No, I said left. You want to go down here to the first building....

SNOWMAN

(gunning engine)

Don't worry, we'll find it.

They drive off toward the warehouse complex. Suddenly the Guard leaps out of his hut and chases them down.

GUARD

Hold it boys. I can't let you take that crate.

SNOWMAN

What 'daya mean?

GUARD

I just checked my records. That crate's quarantined for another three weeks.

SNOWMAN

Quarantined!? You mean the crate's got measles? You got to be kidding.

GUARD

Ain't no place in the security business for kiddin'. I got it right here.

He picks up a piece of paper from the litter at his feet, finds it's the wrong one, then finds another.

CONTINUED

GUARD

There it is in black and white.
Hold for quarantine by U.S. Customs.

BANDIT

But we got to have that crate in
Texas in three days.

GUARD

(laughing)

Hell, I suppose you can take the
crate. It's just that you'll have
to leave what's in it here for
three weeks.

The trio walk back to their vehicles.

FROG

Is that what you call freight yard
humor?

BANDIT

(to Snowman)

Cletus, old bean, is there some-
thing about this deal that you're
not telling me?

SNOWMAN

Bandit, I swear Big Enos said it
would fit right in the truck, no
problem.

BANDIT

I knew there was something weird
about this.

(to himself)

Quarantined? What do they quaran-
tine? Horses?

FROG

Cows?

SNOWMAN

Rabid parakeets?

BANDIT

Mexican jumping beans?

FROG

A flea circus?

BANDIT

I mean, this doesn't make any sense.
I only know one thing; it's going

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

76

BANDIT (Cont'd)

to take more than the U.S. Government
to keep us from getting that crate
to Texas.

FROG

Terrific. I hear they've just
remodeled Leavenworth. Boy, you
get healthy one day and you're
racking your brain to figure out
how we can spend three concurrent
life sentences together.

BANDIT

A drink...I need a drink.

FROG

Coffee.

BANDIT

That's what I said...coffee.

77 EXT. MIAMI DOCKYARDS - NIGHT - WIDE SHOT

77

The Miami dockyards. Our trio works its way towards a large
warehouse. Snowman is carrying a large flashlight. They
probe at the door lock and push it open enough to enter.

78 INT. WAREHOUSE

78

Total blackness.

FROG

Is burglary always this much fun?

BANDIT

Cletus, how long are you going to
save your flashlight batteries?

Snowman turns on his flashlight.

79 INT. WAREHOUSE

79

Led by the flashlight, they probe their way among the crates
and cartons.

SNOWMAN

Here's crate number 1443. We're
getting close.

80 NEW ANGLE

80

Crate Number 1443 is about the size of a case of liquor.
Beside it is a monster box that towers almost to the ceiling.

BANDIT

But there isn't anything next to it.

SNOWMAN

(scanning the
light along the
monster crate)

Nope, nothin' but this wall.

FROG

Wait a minute. Cletus, shine that
light way up there again.

81 INTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

81

Cletus scans the light beam upward. Numbers and strange
lettering appear. The numbers are immense. The flashlight
beam picks up one at a time. They read, "1444". The lettering
appears to be in Indian ciphers.

SNOWMAN

Why would they paint the numbers of
our crate on the side of a building?

BANDIT

That's no building. It's just a
crate that's acting like a building.

FROG

I was afraid you'd say that.

BANDIT

Here's where we start to earn our
money.

82 NEW ANGLE - SNOWMAN AND BANDIT

82

begin to unlatch the crate.

BANDIT

Cletus, tell me the part again
about how easy this will be to
load on the truck.

SNOWMAN

I'm only telling you what Big Enos
told me. I can't help it if the
man is a habitual liar.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

82

FROG

I knew there was a reason why he
was running for governor.

83 INT. WAREHOUSE - NEW ANGLE

83

Snowman, Bandit and Frog inch open the giant doors. It is
pitch black inside. Bandit peeks inside.

BANDIT

Can't see a damn thing without a
light, Cletus.

As Snowman moves forward with the light, Frog takes a peek
just as the air is filled with an ear-shattering roar. Bandit
grabs her, flings her aside, just as the doors of the crate
burst open and an elephant (Charlotte) comes charging out,
trumpeting and waving its trunk wildly, which catches Bandit
and flips him into the air, doing a double somersalt. He
lands on Charlotte's back as she charges through the warehouse,
smashing crates, running through equipment, etc.

84 NEW ANGLE

84

Bandit hanging on, ducking lights and debris as Charlotte makes
her way through the warehouse. A look of sheer terror comes
on Bandit's face.

BANDIT

Noooooooo....

85 ANGLE ON FROG AND SNOWMAN

85

running after Bandit and Charlotte. They stop at Bandit's
bloodcurdling scream and react to a tremendous crash. Look
at each other and charge out of the warehouse.

86 EXT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

86

As Frog and Snowman come through the splintered remains of
the door, altered by Bandit and Charlotte, they see Charlotte
standing with one foot in the air. Very quietly they look
around for Bandit.

SNOWMAN

Bandit, where are you son? You
okay?

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

86

BANDIT (o.s.)
(from the interior
of Snowman's truck
which is backed up
to the loading docks
with the doors open)

Oh, sure.

He appears, his hat a little askew which he straightens and tucks in his shirt.

BANDIT
Caught me a little off guard,
otherwise I would have rode the
full ten seconds.

SNOWMAN
Just before you disappeared, I
thought you had him rode.

FROG
Will you two get serious.
(looks to
the elephant)
I think Jumbo has a sore foot.

She moves forward to examine the foot.

BANDIT
(grabs her)
You crazy or something. That's a
wild beast. A jungle predator...
a born killer. Better let me
handle this.

87 NEW ANGLE

87

as Bandit moves forward cautiously. Approaching the elephant slowly he examines the foot.

88 NEW ANGLE

88

as Bandit yanks out the nail, the elephant trumpets in delight, then wraps its trunk around Bandit and lifts him off the ground. The elephant begins to sway from side to side.

FROG
(to Snowman)
That's a love dance if I ever
saw one.

CONTINUED

88

CONTINUED

88

SNOWMAN

'Bout the size of my Aunt Charlotte
and dances like her too.

FROG

(to Snowman)

Good name.

(to Bandit)

While your dancing, why don't you
waltz her into the truck and we'll
get this show on the road.

89

NEW ANGLE - ON CHARLOTTE AND BANDIT

89

BANDIT

Be a good girl and put me down.

The elephant keeps dancing.

BANDIT

The story of my life. I can turn
'em on, but I can't turn 'em off.

The elephant stops dancing and sits Bandit gently on the ground.

BANDIT

Now be a love and get in the truck.

Bandit leads Charlotte towards the truck and in.

SNOWMAN

We've made a lot of noise. Suppose
anybody heard it.

BANDIT

Naw, they probably thought it was
something minor like an earthquake
or a refinery explosion.

The elephant is in the truck. Bandit and Snowman close the
doors.

BANDIT

(to the
elephant)

If you need anything Charlotte,
just whistle.

The elephant gives two giant raps on the trailer doors, almost
bursting them open. Bandit retreats.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

BANDIT (Cont'd)
Healthy little devil, ain't she?

The trio head for the car and the truck.

90 NEW ANGLE

90

as the Trans-Am and the truck make their way through the shipyard toward the gate and exit. As they round the corner, they come to a screeching halt.

91 INT. TRANS-AM - BANDIT AND FROG

91

BANDIT
(disgusted)
I have a feeling this is going to
be a long trip.

92 BANDIT'S POINT OF VIEW

92

Justice's car is blocking their exit. Junior is in the car.
Justice stands beside it, mike in hand.

93 CLOSEUP - JUSTICE

93

JUSTICE
(into mike over
outside speaker
with a smirk)
Mr. Bandit, as you can plainly see,
there is no escape. I intend to
see that the law gets its sweet
revenge. I figure twenty years
will be about right for a son-of-
a-bitch like you.

94 INT. TRANS-AM

94

BANDIT
(into mike over
outside speaker)
You make such a tempting offer.
I think I'll jump at it.

The car moves out.

95 NEW ANGLE

95

As Bandit approaches the gate, Justice's car is blocking the gate -- Bandit's car goes up a ramp and sails through the air over Justice's car and makes good his escape.

96 CLOSEUP - JUSTICE

96

We hear his beeper starting to react. He places his hands on top of his head and drops out of frame.

97 INT. TRUCK

97

SNOWMAN

Hang onto your ass, Fred. Here we go again.

He moves out of shot.

98 NEW ANGLE

98

As Snowman's truck approaches Justice's car (Justice is not visible) and slams into the rear end of it, spinning and sliding it some thirty feet, revealing Justice in his ritual position.

99 CLOSEUP - JUSTICE

99

trying to follow the truck's path with his eyes and continuing his ritual. Then rises and moves towards his car.

100 EXT. NEW ANGLE - WIDE SHOT

100

The Trans-Am speeds towards the awesome bulk of the Miami Orange Bowl. It squirts into a large door and disappears. Justice is perhaps a quarter mile behind.

101 INT. ORANGE BOWL

101

Half time has been just called. Several Steelers are exiting the field. The band enters and begins performing on the field. Cheerleaders are coming on the field for half time activities. One of the Steelers is Terry Bradshaw, who looks up as the Bandit skids around the perimeter of the field. The battered nose of Justice's car tentatively peeks into the arena.

102 NEW ANGLE

102

The scoreboard flashes a wild, multi-colored signal, "GO BANDIT," and "STAND ON THE GAS." The large crowd cheers wildly.

102-A INT. TRANS-AM - BANDIT

102-A

is driving one-handed as he waves to the crowd.

BANDIT

Hold on, I gotta say hello to a friend.

FROG

A cheerleader, no doubt.

BANDIT

If this guy's a cheerleader, women's lib has gone too far.

103 INT. ORANGE BOWL - BANDIT

103

rolls to a stop beside Bradshaw and extends his hand.

BANDIT

Terry, my man. What's happenin'?

BRADSHAW

Bandit! What have you been doing? I haven't seen you in ages.

BANDIT

(with false
modesty)

Aw nuthin' much, mostly becoming an international celebrity making movies and stuff.

BRADSHAW

(unimpressed)

Oh yeah?

(tosses football
about eighty yards)

Sorry I missed 'em. I ain't into stag movies.

BANDIT

(chastened)

Listen, don't think a thing about it. But you can do me a favor.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

BRADSHAW

Name it.

BANDIT

(gestures toward
Justice)

That pair of crazies pretending to be police officers in that wreck over there have been hasslin' me something wicked. I'd really appreciate it if you'd have one of your boys delay them for awhile so's me and my child bride here...

He points to Frog, who frowns.

BANDIT

(continuing)

...can get some peace and quiet.

BRADSHAW

For you, Bandit, anything.

BANDIT

You're a prince, Terry. See you in the Super Bowl.

104 NEW ANGLE

104

Bandit drives off as Bradshaw beckons a player to him. It is Mean Joe Green.

BRADSHAW

Joe. Those guys in that junker...

(points to Justice)

...are givin' the Bandit a bad time. You want to lay a little muscle on 'em?

105 NEW ANGLE

105

GREEN

You want 'em membered or dismembered?

BRADSHAW

Nothin' radical. Just scare 'em a little.

106 NEW ANGLE

106

As Justice approaches, Joe moves into his path and holds up his hand like a traffic cop. Justice slides to a stop at his feet.

JUSTICE

(yelling out window)

Hey boy, outa the way unless you want to be an Astroturf sandwich!

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

106

JUNIOR

Hey, Daddy, that's....

JUSTICE

Clam up! I can handle this turkey.

(to Joe Green)

Move it, bubble gut, or get ready
to get run over.

GREEN

That's been tried before. But be-
lieve me, the present statistical
data gives you a very low probability
for success.

107 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

107

Speaks to Junior.

JUSTICE

Like all these jocks -- big but
dumb as a stump.

108 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

108

In a swift, graceful move, Green bends over, grabs one corner
of Buford's car and flips it over on its roof!

109 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR - JUSTICE AND JUNIOR

109

are hanging limply from their seat belts like sides of beef.

JUNIOR

Daddy, I was trying to tell you,
that's Mean Joe Green.

JUSTICE

Now you tell me. I thought he was
one of the cheerleaders.

110 EXTERIOR - NEW ANGLE

110

Bradshaw calls to Green.

BRADSHAW

Okay, Joe, that oughta slow 'em
down a little bit. Why not let
'em go?

111 NEW ANGLE - JOE

111

nods his approval and quickly flips the car back on its wheels.
Justice leans out the window as soon as he is upright.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

JUSTICE

(sweetly)

Thanks, Mr. Green. A very neat little trick. Real fun. We'd like to do it again sometime. Maybe you could visit us in Texarkana sometime. We could do it to the mayor's car.

112 NEW ANGLE - JUSTICE

112

drives off as Green bows to the crowd, who cheers wildly.

113 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR - BUFORD

113

speaks to Junior as they drive off the field.

JUSTICE

(suddenly
brave again)

I get him inside the Texarkana limits and his ass would be in the slammer until hell froze over.

Justice picks up the phone.

JUNIOR

Who are you calling, Daddy.

JUSTICE

I am calling my kin...not that I need help...it's more a family reunion than anything.

(into phone)

This is Sheriff Buford T. Justice. I'd like to call Canada...person to person, Mr. Belvedere....

DISSOLVE TO

114 INT. TRANS-AM - ALLIGATOR ALLEY - DAY - BANDIT

114

is driving at a more leisurely pace. Looks in his rear-view mirror. He picks up CB mike.

BANDIT

How 'bout that Snowman. You got a copy?

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

You caught the Snowman with the pedal to the metal. Just jumpin' on that Alligator Alley, don't ya know.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

BANDIT

Eyeball your mirrors and tell me
what you see.

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

Clean and green, except for you.
But I also see a lot of trouble
if I don't find me a place to get
me some go-go juice.

BANDIT

There ain't nothing out here except
rattlers, Wompus cats and gators,
but I'll go on ahead and have a
look.

115 NEW ANGLE - THE TRANS-AM

115

speeds past.

116 EXT. EVERGLADES GAS STATION - DAY - THE CAR

116

slides to a stop in front of a run-down, tin-roofed gas
station. On the porch sits the lean, stoney-faced Proprietor
who makes no effort to move as they pull up. The place is
entirely deserted, save for a few chirping birds. Bandit
climbs out of the car and approaches the porch.

BANDIT

Howdy. You always this busy?

PROPRIETOR

Hell yes. I had three cars and a
motor home in here all at the same
time last April. 'Course that was
Easter weekend. Always picks up
then.

BANDIT

That kind of high-pressure business
can make you crazy, that's for
sure.

(pause)

This place reminds me of a little
roadhouse in Texas. Place called
Hamburger Dan's.

PROPRIETOR

Why don't you just cut the shit and
get on with business. I ain't
got all day.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED

116

BANDIT

Uh, you say you got diesel fuel?

PROPRIETOR

If I had any more diesel fuel, I'd have to join OPEC.

BANDIT

Excuse me, then. I'll let you get back to work.

117 NEW ANGLE - BANDIT

117

goes to the car and picks up the CB.

BANDIT

Snowman, if you got yer ears on, back it down about ten miles ahead at the sign and take a left. We got us an oil baron all our own.

118 INT. TRUCK CAB - SNOWMAN

118

answers on CB.

SNOWMAN

Ten-Roger. We truckin' as quick as we can. I want to check our passenger when we stop. I ain't heard anything for a while.

119 EXT. EVERGLADES GAS STATION - DAY - BANDIT

119

is hanging up the gas hose after filling the Trans-Am as Snowman rolls to a stop. He climbs out of the cab and begins to walk towards the pump. Before he and Bandit have a chance to speak, they hear a moan from the trailer. They rush to the back and open the doors. The elephant is lying on its side twitching.

FROG

Charlotte, poor thing...how you feeling?

BANDIT

She looks lousy.

FROG

Shh...she'll hear you.

CONTINUED

119

CONTINUED

119

They get into the truck and feel Charlotte's head.

BANDIT

What's the matter girl? I think she's got a fever. We should get her a doctor.

They react as an ambulance skids to a halt. The driver jumps out and runs to the outhouse. The Doc steps out the back and talks to our trio.

DOC

Can you tell me how the hell we get to Miami. We've been lost for three hours.

Our trio moves to the back of the ambulance and looks in.

BANDIT

What's wrong with him, Doc?

DOC

Swamp fever.

BANDIT

We've got a patient for you to look at.

DOC

I have a patient.

SNOWMAN

We've got a bigger problem.

BANDIT

And a bigger patient.

Bandit points to the truck.

DOC

I don't ordinarily make truck calls, but I'll have a look.

They move to the rear of the truck.

DOC

Ah...an elephant.

BANDIT

Very observant, Doc.

CONTINUED

119

CONTINUED - 2

119

DOC

Where's the patient?

BANDIT

That is the patient.

DOC

Really! Let me have a look.
(climbs into
the truck)

120

NEW ANGLE - MED. SHOT - BANDIT AND SNOWMAN

120

look at each other and exchange knowing grins.

BANDIT

Whatever you say, Doc. We're here
to help as best we can.

Together they slam the doors shut and slip the latches and
locks into place.

BANDIT

Now that we have our medical staff
on board, I suggest we haul ass
for Texas. Does that make sense?

SNOWMAN

Let's shake a little iron, Bandit.
We got us some miles to cover.

They exit as the ambulance driver reappears, jumps in and guns
the ambulance without looking in the back of the ambulance.

121

CLOSEUP - PROPRIETOR

121

shaking his head and heads for his rocking chair.

122

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - DAY

122

The ambulance turns onto the main road. It accelerates to
speed, then slows suddenly when a monster alligator ambles
into its path. The vehicle nose dives to a stop.

123

EXT. HIGHWAY - ALLIGATOR ALLEY - DAY

123

After the gator passes, the ambulance starts again, accelerat-
ing hard. The weight transfer causes the poorly latched rear

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

doors to open. The stretcher, complete with the patient, slides out and begins to trail the ambulance down the highway. The ambulance driver is unaware that his patient and doctor are no longer with him.

124 INT. JUSTICE CAR - ALLIGATOR ALLEY - DAY

124

Buford is hunched over the wheel, driving hard. Junior is seated beside him, looking his normal inane self.

JUSTICE

If this was Texas, we'd drain this mess and graze cattle on it. But these Florida swamp rats are too stupid to think of anything like that.

(looks toward
Junior)

Come to think of it, why don't you move to Florida? You'd fit right in with these dummies.

JUNIOR

Oh no, Daddy, I ain't never leavin' home. That's a promise.

JUSTICE

Boy, don't threaten your flesh and blood kin like that.

JUNIOR

(pointing)

Look, Daddy. Up ahead.

125 POINT OF VIEW - JUSTICE CAR

125

The stretcher is rolling down the highway at a solid 55 mph.

126 INT. JUSTICE CAR - BUFORD

126

watches the stretcher.

JUSTICE

Lookit, that damn fool in that little sports car. I'd haul his ass over if I wasn't in such a hurry.

127 NEW ANGLE - JUSTICE

127

comes along side the stretcher and slows down to match speed.
He leans out the window and yells at patient.

JUSTICE

Hey, you seen a black Trans-Am go
by here?

PATIENT

Help...Swamp fever.

JUSTICE

Don't you know you can catch more
than swamp fever in one of those
little Jap cars??
(speeds off)

JUSTICE

(turns to
Junior)
Dumb Yankee....

DISSOLVE TO

128 EXT. DRAWBRIDGE - DAY - WIDE SHOT

128

The drawbridge of a causeway is up. Boats are passing through.
At the head of the line is the shimmering hulk of Buford T.
Justice's patrol car. Inside are Buford T. and Junior.

129 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR - JUSTICE

129

fidgets in his seat. He scans the rear-view mirror, then
begins to look at the cars around him. Justice's eyes bulge
as he spots Bandit's car parked near him. Also, waiting in
line for the bridge to lower is Snowman in his truck. Justice
leaps up in his seat.

JUSTICE

Great balls of fire! The curse of
my life! Swine!

JUNIOR

What'd I do now, Daddy?

JUSTICE

Oh shut up! And wait here.

130 EXT. JUSTICE'S CAR - JUSTICE

130

squirms out from behind the wheel and skulks around a large
truck ahead of him. We begin to hear the beep-beep sound

CONTINUED

130

CONTINUED

130

increasing in frequency. He sights the familiar red shirt of the Bandit outlined against the black door of the Trans-Am. He tip-toes up to the car and grabs the red sleeve.

JUSTICE

I got you! Give up. Surrender, you son-of-a-bitch. Your ass is under arrest!

BANDIT

(cooly looking
at Justice)

Pardon me, stranger, I think you've got your hand on my arm. Maybe you'd like to remove it before I toss your blubbery bulk off this bridge.

JUSTICE

Stranger, huh? I am Sheriff Buford T. Justice and I hereby apprehend you under every article of the laws of the State of Texas except sodomy, sedition and child abuse.

BANDIT

Whoa, whoa, stranger, last time I checked this was Florida, not Texas. That kinda puts you out of your jurisdiction.

(gently)

So why don't you get on back to the asylum with the rest of the out-patients.

Justice's beeper starts and becomes very loud.

JUSTICE

Bandit, you know perfectly well who I am -- and you know perfectly well that true justice knows no limits.

(beeper very
loud)

Therefore, I arrest you, regardless of where we are.

The beeper becomes louder and Justice does his "oohhmmmm, oohhmmmm"

BANDIT

(looking at Justice)

Strange game for an adult, but everybody's got to do their own thing.

131 EXT. DRAWBRIDGE 131

The drawbridge lowers and the traffic starts moving -- Bandit and Snowman along with it.

132 NEW ANGLE 132

Traffic moving -- Justice kneeling in the street still doing his thing.

133 CLOSEUP - JUSTICE 133

His beeper has calmed down -- he looks for Bandit.

134 JUSTICE'S POINT OF VIEW 134

Justice sees Bandit's car crossing the bridge.

135 NEW ANGLE OF JUSTICE 135

Justice heaves himself into the car and tries to move. He sees the bandit rolling away, but the truck in front of him fails to move. He lays on the horn but makes no headway. Cursing, he leaps out and rushes up to the truck cab. Peering down at him is an innocent, almost baby-like face. Buford yelps at the face.

JUSTICE

All right, twit, roll this sorry hunk of scrap outa my way. This is a law enforcement matter.

BABY FACE

Sorry, pops, but I just can't get my old diesel to fire up.

JUSTICE

Listen you little punk, are you gonna move or am I gonna have to kick a little ass and take names?

Baby Face climbs out of the cab to reveal that, despite his cherubic looks, he is maybe six foot, 7 inches, 275 pounds. As he towers over Justice he reaches out and grabs his badge. He rolls it into a little gold ball, leaving it dangling on his shirt-front like a wilted flower.

JUSTICE

(stammering)

Heh, heh, I sure am glad you enjoyed my little attempt at humor. And now sir, could I offer my radio for you to call for help?

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED

135

Baby Face growls, then climbs into the truck, fires up his diesel and moves off.

136 EXT. JUSTICE'S CAR - JUSTICE

136

stands for a moment in shock, then recovers to sprint back to his car. He leaps in and starts the engine.

137 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

137

JUSTICE

Fasten your belt, Junior. We are undertaking full pursuit!

In his haste Justice has failed to notice that the red warning on the bridge are blinking and bells are ringing. The bridge is going up as he speeds ahead.

JUNIOR

Uh, Daddy, the bridge....

JUSTICE

...Will lead us to the Bandit!
Hold on and I'll show you some real driving!

138 EXT. JUSTICE'S CAR

138

Buford's car reaches the gaping bridge at the perfect moment. It almost makes the leap, but gets hung between the two open spans, its bumpers clinging to either edge.

Justice jamming the gear lever into reverse, then back to drive while he revs the engine:

JUSTICE

Looks like we got her stuck. Well, you simple fool, get out and push!

JUNIOR

Whatever you say....

139 EXT. DRAWBRIDGE

139

We see Junior step out of the car, pivot face forward and nose-dive perhaps thirty feet into the water.

140 INT. BRIDGE OPERATOR'S BOOTH

140

A grizzled old operator is chewing tobacco and reading a paper. He looks up to see Buford. He, then, looks at the lever which reads "Up" or "Down".

CONTINUED

140

CONTINUED

140

BRIDGE OPERATOR

(to himself)

Well boys, we have an important
decision to make.

He reaches into pocket and gets out a quarter. He flips it,
and laconically reads it. He then reaches for the lever and
begins reading his paper again.

141

CLOSEUP - LEVER

141

The hand moves the lever to "Up".

142

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE

142

The bridge continues upward. The Pontiac looses its grip and
falls into the water.

DISSOLVE TO

143

INT. TRANS-AM - HIGHWAY - DAY

143

Trans-Am is speeding along a highway.

BANDIT

You know Frog, getting back behind
the wheel, ditching a few smokies,
staying sober for a minute, I am
starting to feel good about myself.

FROG

That's wonderful.

Bandit checks himself in the rear-view mirror.

BANDIT

I mean, what's not to love.

FROG

When your a little better I'll
tell you. We've been running all
night. Don't you think we ought
to stop and see what the Doc has
to say?

BANDIT

(into CB)

Snowman, anything happening with
Charlotte.

SNOWMAN

Ain't heard a thing. Don't sup-
pose the Doc got squashed, do you?

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

BANDIT

Just might be. Maybe we better
have a look.

144 EXT. REST AREA - DAY

144

They roll to the side of the road and stop. The trio get out
and walk to the rear of the trailer.

145 ANOTHER ANGLE

145

FROG

How is she, Doc?

DOC

I can't tell. I'll have to get
her off the truck to examine her
properly...Where are we?

SNOWMAN

On our way to Texas, Doc.

DOC

But I have patients in Miami that
I'm worried about.

BANDIT

Don't worry about them, they'll be
fine.

DOC

You think so.

BANDIT

Oh sure. Now about the elephant.

DOC

I'll have to get her off this truck
to give her a more thorough examin-
ation.

BANDIT

(checking watch)

Why can't you examine her while we
drive? We're losing time.

SNOWMAN

Look, the elephant's health comes
first.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

145

FROG

(to Bandit)

See? He loves animals.

SNOWMAN

Yeah...and no elephant, no pesos.

Bandit realizes the truth in this and becomes very concerned for Charlotte.

BANDIT

(petting Charlotte)

You're gonna be all right, girl.

I'm here for you.

DOC

(points off)

Take her over to that grassy spot....

They move off, Doc looking in his bag.

DOC

Now, where did I put that big,
big tongue depressor?

DISSOLVE TO

146 EXT. CROSS SECTION - DAY

146

As Justice rounds a corner, there is a local police car with lights flashing. Three men are fighting. One is black and two, white. The black man has an arm around one man's neck and has a hammer lock on the other.

146-A INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

146-

JUSTICE

A lawman in trouble.

146-B ANOTHER ANGLE

146-

as Justice slides to a halt. He leaps out and immediately forces the Black man to release one of the men who breaks and runs.

JUSTICE

(watches him leave)

Good idea Sheriff, you get the rest
of the gang and I'll hold this one
until you get back.

CONTINUED

146-B CONTINUED

146-B

PRIDE

(as he struggles
with the other
man, talking to
Justice)

Where did you come from?

JUSTICE

(now helping
the other man
get loose)

Texarkana, Texas...Justice to the
rescue.

Justice now has a bear hug on Pride as the second man breaks
and runs.

PRIDE

You may be in deep trouble Texarkana.

JUSTICE

(to Junior)

Put the cuffs on him, Junior.

As Junior steps in front of Pride, his expression changes.
He looks at daddy.

JUNIOR

Daddy, I'll hold him. You put the
cuffs on.

JUSTICE

I have to do everything myself.

Junior takes Justice's place and Justice walks around in
front of Pride. He looks at Pride and we hear his beeper
start.

146-C JUSTICE'S POINT OF VIEW - PRIDE

146-C

is the sheriff judging by his star, gun, etc.

146-D WIDE ANGLE

146-I

as Justice drops to his ritual position.

147 EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

14

Frog and Bandit are walking in a wooded park adjacent to the

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

147

parking lot. They come upon a group of truckers cooking on a barbeque and raising hell.

As they approach there are various greetings from the truckers.

TRUCKER

What you running this time, Bandit?

Bandit and Frog stop beside a Trucker who doesn't look all that good as he is bruised and generally in bad shape.

BANDIT

Son, I want you to tell me who did that to you.

TRUCKER

I don't want you to get in any trouble over me, Bandit.

BANDIT

No, I'm gonna avoid trouble by staying clear of him. Tell me what happened.

TRUCKER

If your lady wasn't here, I would.

FROG

I can take a hint.

She strolls off towards the pond.

TRUCKER

Bandit, me and my buddy, Bill, made up a little song about it. It's called 'The Blue Cyclone.' I'll just sing it to you.

He picks up his guitar and does The Blue Cyclone.

148 EXT. WOODED AREA - CREEK - NIGHT - FROG

148

is sitting in the moonlight, plucking petals off a daisy and tossing them into the water.

FROG

He loves me...
He loves himself...

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

148

FROG (Cont'd)

He loves me...
He loves himself....

Bandit comes up behind her. He has an impish grin and is holding something behind his back.

BANDIT

Hi, Darlin'.

FROG

(crumpling flower)

Hi.

From behind his back he pulls out a small package that is gift-wrapped.

FROG

(opening package)

Bandit, how sweet.

She opens the package and sees it's a forty-five speed record.

BANDIT

It's my record. We only cut seventy-seven of them.

FROG

Yeah...I saw it at a couple of K Marts. They were giving it away with Coca Cola.

(turning
album over)

You know, I did a little work in the music business.

BANDIT

You did?

FROG

Uh huh. Yeah, I managed a group called The Scabs.

BANDIT

How did you ever manage to get them?

Bandit laughs at his own joke.

FROG

Very funny. It's too bad nobody ever heard of them, because I was

CONTINUED

148

CONTINUED - 2

148

FROG (Cont'd)

a great manager, but one thing I
couldn't manage to do was get them
a job.

They are interrupted by Snowman's shouts.

SNOWMAN (o.s.)

Bandit...Frog...come here, come
quick. Charlotte's in trouble.

FROG

Charlotte?

She starts off. Bandit stops her.

BANDIT

Frog, sometimes I think you like
that elephant better than me.

FROG

Hold that thought.

She takes off, leaving Bandit alone.

BANDIT

(to self)

Am I losing it?

(looks himself
over)

Naahh.

Satisfied, he follows after Frog.

149

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

149

Doc and Snowman have just finished examination. Doc looks
kind of elated. Snowman looks worried. Frog runs into the
clearing.

FROG

What's wrong with Charlotte? She's
all right?

DOC

She's just fine. Now let's hope
the baby is healthy.

Bandit arrives in the clearing just in time to hear the word
"Baby."

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

149

BANDIT

Baby? Did I hear baby?

SNOWMAN

He said baby.

BANDIT

Why did he say baby?

(to Doc)

Why did you say baby?

DOC

Because Charlotte's pregnant.

BANDIT

Pregnant...who did it?

SNOWMAN

Don't look at me.

DOC

Naturally, Charlotte conceived many months ago, but it appears she could give birth any day.

BANDIT

What are we going to do?

SNOWMAN

I'll tell you what we're gonna do, we're gonna keep an eye out for the biggest goddamn stork you ever saw.

BANDIT

Don't be funny, Snowman. We're not going to let a little pregnancy stop our forward motion.

SNOWMAN

It never did before.

Bandit goes over and tugs on Charlotte's rope.

BANDIT

Okay, we're going. Somebody help me move this mother.

Frog rushes over and takes the ropes from Bandit.

FROG

Bandit, we're not moving Charlotte.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 2

149

BANDIT

Honey, we have to get to Dallas and pretty quick. Besides, it will be better for Charlotte, too. Dallas is world reknown for it's excellent elephant medical care.

FROG

Let's ask Doc what he thinks.

(she crosses
to Doc)

Doc, should we move her?

Bandit is frantically waving fistfuls of money at Doc behind Frog's back. Doc is tempted, but goes with his better instincts.

DOC

I don't think Charlotte should travel. At least not without a good night's rest.

BANDIT

Goddamnit, we can't afford a night. Now that's it. I'm putting my foot down.

SNOWMAN

Look, Bandit. I want the money as much as you do, but we ain't gonna get diddly by delivering a dead elephant.

BANDIT

Ahh, you're just getting a soft heart for that beast too. Now we're not staying the night and that's that.

Bandit goes back to Charlotte and picks up the rope. The others can see that he's made up his mind. Frog gets an idea. She saddles up to him seductively.

FROG

Bandit, I've kind of missed you and it's hard to get reacquainted at 110 mph. Would it be so bad to spend the night under the stars... together?

BANDIT

(calls to others)

Good night everybody. See you in the morning.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 3

149

Bandit takes Frog by the hand and, nuzzling her neck, starts into the woods. Charlotte lets out a low moan. They stop. Charlotte stops moaning.

FROG

What's wrong with her?

BANDIT

I don't know. Let's go...you know
...get reacquainted.

Bandit nuzzles Frog and starts off again. Charlotte moans again. They stop. Charlotte gets up and separates Bandit and Frog with her trunk.

SNOWMAN

(laughs)

She's in love, Bandit. The big
ones always did go for you.

FROG

She seems jealous of me.

DOC

Pregnant women have all kinds of
crazy emotions.

BANDIT

So do horny daredevils.

He starts to drag off Frog. Charlotte has a fit.

FROG

(sweetly)

Bandit, she really shouldn't get
too upset at a time like this.

(petting him)

Sometimes we all have to make
sacrifices.

150 EXT. WOODS - LATER THAT NIGHT

150

Pan our group as they sleep under the stars...Doc, Snowman, Fred, Frog and, some distance off, Charlotte and Bandit. Charlotte's trunk is slung over Bandit. He tries to push away in his sleep. In her sleep, Charlotte tightens her trunk around him and draws him even closer. Bandit moans.

DISSOLVE TO

151 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

151

Close on Justice and pull back after Justice's first lines.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

JUSTICE

My word. The sun will never set
on me in this town again.

By now we have pulled back to a wide shot and see Justice's
car. Pride's car is by the roadside as they talk.

PRIDE

You'll be notified of the hearing
and I can't wait to hear the
story you tell the Judge as to
how those two escaped.

(to Junior)

It's a shame one can't pick
their own parents. I am sure
you could have done better.

Pride starts for his car. Justice's beeper starts to work.

JUNIOR

I agree with that nice man, Daddy.

Justice's beeper goes crazy.

JUSTICE

(fuming)

I knew this would happen once we
gave them bussing.

CUT TO

152 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

152

The Trans-Am and truck are making good time. Intercut as they
talk on CBs. Justice's car will be gaining on them through-
out this scene.

SNOWMAN

(into CB)

Ain't seen a Smokey for hours.
Looks like clear sailing from
here to Louisiana.

BANDIT

(into CB)

Knock on wood.

(takes off hat and
offers the top of
his head to Frog)

Honey, knock on wood.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

SNOWMAN

(into CB)

You know what I'm gonna do with
my share of the money? I'm gonna
get my wife and kids something they
always wanted...a trip to Hawaii.

FROG

(into CB)

That's sweet Snowman. You sure
love your family.

SNOWMAN

(into CB)

Hell, I ain't going with them!

153 INT. TRANS-AM

153

Bandit has overheard this exchange and laughs.

FROG

Snowman sure isn't much of a
family man.

BANDIT

He sure is. Everytime he manages
an overnigher at his house, his
family gets bigger.

(thinks, then)

You know, I been thinking a
lot about having a kid...a little
girl.

FROG

Why not a little boy?

BANDIT

Well, to tell you the truth, I'm
worried if I have a son, he'd turn
out just like me.

FROG

Ah, that wouldn't be so bad.

BANDIT

Bad? He'd be magnificent...I'm
afraid a young hot-shot like that
would cut in on my action.

FROG

You're incredible.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED

153

BANDIT

That's the rumor.

Bandit looks in his rearview mirror to admire himself and gets a shocked look on his face.

154 BANDIT'S POINT OF VIEW

154

as Justice has closed up to the back of Bandit's car.

154-A INT. JUSTICE'S CAR - IN CLOSE PURSUIT

154-

JUSTICE

Hello...sommamabitch!

155 INT. TRANS-AM

155

BANDIT

(reacts;
grabs mike)

Snowman, you keep on slow boatin'.
I am gonna shake some trees. We
got our favorite County Mountie
on our donkey.

Bandit hangs up mike and then we hear:

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

Me and Fred's carrying it on
son.

156 NEW ANGLE

156

Bandit pulls out and around Snowman with Justice hot on his
ass.

JUSTICE (v.o.)

It ain't gonna be like before...
I got 460 ass grabbing, Bandit
catching cubes this time, Bandit,
so go ahead and try to run.

157 EXT. HIGHWAY

157

Bandit is leading a high speed chase by Justice. Ahead the way
is blocked by an old boy doddering across the street with his

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED

157

walker. Bandit makes a quick turn and slides through gate marked "Swamp County Fairground" with a "closed" sign pasted over it. The fairgrounds are clearly deserted. Bandit passes a maintenance man on a tractor.

158 ANOTHER ANGLE

158

Man on tractor stands up in seat and yells.

TRACTOR MAN

Hey you guys, the fair ain't open
until next spring!

159 INT. TRANS-AM

159

Bandit is struggling mightily with the wheel, twitching it full lock in both directions.

160 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

160

Buford is driving hard, but not nearly as well as Bandit. He repeatedly clouts the coaster, tearing off chunks of wood and bits of his car. Junior is being buffeted around in the front seat.

JUNIOR

Daddy, aren't you in a....

JUSTICE

(interrupts)

Shut up and watch how I do this.
Some day you may have to fill my
shoes.

He considers what he has said, grimaces, and continues to drive.

161 ANOTHER ANGLE

161

Bandit powers out from beneath the roller coaster, spots a gap in the fence and neatly leaps to the road. He is gone before Justice tries the same stunt, but with less alacrity. As he jumps the wall a tire blows and he skids to a halt.

162 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

162

Justice is pounding the wheel in frustration. We hear his beeper rising in volume. Junior tries to comfort him.

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED

162

JUNIOR

Daddy, you did real good. Only hit forty-two of them braces. I counted.

JUSTICE

We didn't hurt a thing. You think I'm some kind of a tick turd behind the wheel?

At that moment a b.g. sound of wood splintering commences. It gets louder. Buford and Junior turn toward the source of the noise.

163 POINT OF VIEW - JUSTICE

163

The giant roller coaster structure tumbles over and disintegrates in a massive spectacular collapse.

164 ANOTHER ANGLE

164

We see Justice with his head between his legs, his hands on his head. We hear only the sound of his beeper and his uuuhhhmmm, uuuhhhmmm, uuuhhhmmm mumblings.

165 ANOTHER ANGLE

165

A man sprints up to the Justice car, looking angry. It is the fairgrounds Owner.

OWNER

(stuttering)

Uh, sir, I am the owner of this roller coaster. I have a couple of questions.

166 NEW ANGLE

166

Justice rises from his meditation position.

JUSTICE

Well spit it out, boy, we ain't got all day. There's a hardened criminal on the loose.

OWNER

(stuttering)

I am wondering who's going to pay

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

166

OWNER (Cont'd)
for all this damage?

JUSTICE
(impatient)
The Sheriff's Department of
Texarkana, Texas, that's who.
Just make out a bill.

OWNER
(stuttering)
I'll be right back with a pad and
pencil.

167 EXT. ISOLATED RUNDOWN RODEO ARENA - DAY

167

The truck is parked, the Doc is leading Charlotte around in
circles. Snowman moves in the direction of the Trans-Am,
which is coming to a stop. Frog and Bandit exit the car.

BANDIT
What's the problem?

SNOWMAN
You're gonna' have to ask the Doc.

They walk towards the Doc.

BANDIT
Problems Doc?

DOC
Charlotte can't go on. I think
she's starting to have labor pains.

FROG
I think we've got to get her off
her feet.

DOC
That's definitely the problem.
She's carrying too much weight on
her feet and it's too bouncy in
there for her to lie on her stomach.

BANDIT
She's fine. She's fine. She's
just looking for a little attention.

Charlotte distinctly glares at Bandit, then she gives another
moan and slides down to a sitting position.

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED

167

BANDIT

Come on Charlotte, let's go.

(he tugs at
her ear but
she won't go)

Come on, girl.

(he claps his
hands once or
twice, but she
won't move)

This way, Charlotte.

He grabs her by the trunk and tries to pull her up. It looks like a bad dog act. She lays her head down and closes her eyes. The Doc comes over, opens one eye, looks in.

DOC

I don't think she can go on. At least I know she doesn't want to go on and it's almost the same thing.

BANDIT

She's gotta go on. We've gotta finish this job. I need the money. I need it.

Bandit is getting a little agitated. Snowman lays a hand on his shoulder.

SNOWMAN

Bandit, that's it. That's all she wrote. We gave it a hell of a shot.

BANDIT

That can't be it.

FROG

Bandit, why don't you do the right thing just once in your life.

Bandit is barely listening. He keeps looking at Charlotte.

BANDIT

How much rest, Doc?

DOC

A few hours at least.

SNOWMAN

Hey, buddy, let's take our minds off our troubles. Let's go into

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED - 2

167

SNOWMAN (Cont'd)

Mobile for a little wine, women
and song.

BANDIT

(to Frog)

What do you think, honey?

FROG

Fine, but I don't want any women.

SNOWMAN

You'll just have wine and song.
Let's go.

They take Bandit by the hand and lead him to the Trans-Am.
Bandit goes along but his mind is elsewhere.

FROG

You want to come, Doc?

DOC

I'll stay here with my patient.

They climb into the car and take off.

168 EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DUSK

168

Justice is squatting beside his car doing his oohhhmmms as
the Owner reads, with nerve-jangling stutters, a damage list
that is easily ten feet long. It's obvious that Justice has
been there quite awhile due to his appearance.

OWNER

(stuttering)

Fourteen thousand board feet of
two-by-fours, six thousand 150
watt light bulbs, nineteen bushels
of ten penny nails, twelve gross
of large carriage bolts with nuts
and washers....

JUSTICE

Ooohhhmmmm, ooohhhmmmm, ooohhh-
mmmm....

DISSOLVE TO

169 INT. DISCO - MOBILE - NIGHT

169

The joint is jumping. A multi-racial crowd jams the dance floor while a hot New Wave band plays on stage. Snowman is in the middle of the dance floor drinking and dancing with two women at the same time. Bandit and Frog are at a ringside table. She is dancing around in her seat. He is totally pre-occupied, doodling on a cocktail napkin. A couple of people walk up and ad-lib hellos to Bandit, but he pays no attention. Loud disco music pours from the club which excites Frog.

FROG

Listen to that music. C'mon, honey,
let's dance.

She begins dancing her way down the aisle.

SNOWMAN

She sure is a cute little twitcher.

BANDIT

(his mind a
million miles away)
Now if I could just figure a way
to get her off her feet.

SNOWMAN

Hell, get her drunk.

BANDIT

I'm not talking about Frog. I'm
talking about Charlotte.

FROG

C'mon Bandit, let's dance.

BANDIT

Oh, honey, I can't dance to this
music. I can't do nothing to this
music. I've tried. Wait till they
play the Tennessee Waltz.

He goes back to doodling.

170 EXT. MOBILE STREET - NIGHT

170

Justice and Junior are in the Dodge searching the side streets for the Bandit. Suddenly Junior spots a shiny, black Trans-Am parked curb side. (Note: This is not Bandit's car. His car is parked around the side of the club.)

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

170

JUNIOR

Look, Daddy, there it is.

JUSTICE

(growls in
regular voice)

Pull over.

JUNIOR

I'm not driving.

JUSTICE

(slaps him)

Don't contradict me.

Justice pulls the car over, parks in front of the Trans-Am and gets out. He swaggers triumphantly around the car, then lifts the hood, exposing the shiny engine. Making mad growling sounds, he furiously rips wads of wiring out, throws them on the ground and stomps on them.

171 INT. DISCO - NIGHT

171

The band on stage completes a tune and the Lead Singer comes forward to the mike.

LEAD SINGER

Say folks, we got a celebrity here
tonight, sitting right over there.
Ladies and gentlemen, the Bandit.

The spotlight falls on Bandit as the crowd applauds. Bandit doesn't even look up, so intently is he doodling. He discards one napkin and begins drawing on another.

FROG

Come on, Bandit. These people are
being nice to you. Pay some atten-
tion.

BANDIT

Huh?

(looks up,
sees crowd)

Oh, howdy folks. Hi everybody.

He stands up and waves at the assembled crowd.

LEAD SINGER

Bandit, how about a request.

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED

171

BANDIT

I'd like more whiskey in the drinks.

Crowd laughs.

FROG

(urging him)

Give them a song to play, Bandit.

And try not to make it too cornball.

BANDIT

Okay.

Bandit gets up, crosses to the Lead Singer, whispers something in his ear, comes back to the table.

BANDIT

Wait till you hear this.

172 ANGLE ON STAGE

172

The group slowly, deliberately and with much amplification plays the first four bars of "Dixie." Upon hearing this familiar refrain, every black in the club starts for the door. Then...the band moves into high gear and begins a fast, hot disco version of "Dixie." All the blacks come onto the floor and start dancing. Bandit, still doodling, jumps up from his seat.

173 EXT. MOBILE STREET - NIGHT - JUSTICE AND JUNIOR

173

continue tearing apart the Trans-Am.

JUSTICE

Now let's see that pecker neck get away.

(to Junior)

Now go get some help. Tell the police I got the Bandit held up. Tell them he's armed, dangerous and a son-of-a-bitch.

JUNIOR

Yes, Daddy.

Junior spins around to leave and runs nose on into a massive chest. The impact bowls him backward into his father and they both fall down.

JUSTICE

You stumblebum idiot! What the hell do you think you're doing?

174 LOW ANGLE

174

as they look up to see Mean Joe Green looming over them.

GREEN

That was going to be my first question.

JUSTICE

We've just disabled the vehicle of a dangerous criminal. Now we're on our way to enlist additional forces to apprehend him. Get going, Junior.

Junior starts to leave, but Green steps in his path.

JUSTICE

Get your ass out of the way, you big...

(looks at
Green again)

Say, haven't I seen you somewhere before?

GREEN

You sure don't act like you have. But let me refresh your memory... a football game....

JUSTICE

Your...your...your....

GREEN

The same guy...small world ain't it. Now about my car....

Justice and Junior cross toward the car and start working furiously under the hood.

175 EXT. RUNDOWN RODEO ARENA - NIGHT

175

Doc and Charlotte are sleeping in the same place we left them. The Trans-Am arrives and screeches to a halt. Bandit jumps out. He crosses over and begins shaking the doctor. Doc stirs in his sleep and moans.

BANDIT

Doctor, wake up.

Doc startles into full consciousness and Bandit shoves his napkin/drawing under Doc's nose.

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED

175

BANDIT

Doc, look at this. Do you think
it might work for Charlotte?

DOC

(looking at
drawing)

Emmmmm....

176 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - AT DRAWING ON NAPKIN

176

It depicts a net-like cradle attached to the four corners
of a truck. There is a slit up the middle of the cradle.

BANDIT

You see, this net would act sorta
like a hemp. We attach it about
five feet high on all four sides
of the truck and we let Charlette
just rest on it with her feet just
barely touching the ground and her
belly can hang out here.

DOC

You know, it just might work.

FROG

Let me see that thing.

She snatches the drawing and looks at it. Snowman comes up
and looks over her shoulder.

SNOWMAN

Damn. Sort of a big sling.

FROG

It looks inhuman.

BANDIT

It ain't for a human. It's for an
elephant and it'll work.

FROG

If you try to move Charlotte in
that beastial contraption, I'm
leaving you, Bandit.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED

176

BANDIT

Frog, I'm bone tired of being threatened by you. When did you get so self-righteous? You took this job for the same reason I did...money.

FROG

Oh, you're so stupid. You take off that hat more often and give your brain some air. Do you think I really came here for money? I came because I thought you had changed.

BANDIT

Why tamper with perfection?

(he takes her
in his arms)

And if you really want me to take off my hat more often, all you have to do is take me in a nice, quiet motel room and ask.

She wriggles free and slaps him.

FROG

You're not cutsey-pieing your way out of this. You're a heartless bastard and that's no joke.

She crosses to the Trans-Am and yanks out her suitcase.

BANDIT

That's right. Walk out on me when things get tough.

FROG

I'm not walking out; you're forcing me out.

BANDIT

Well, I guess that's a little better.

FROG

Ohhh....

She plants a good-bye kiss on Snowman, Doc and Charlotte, then turns.

FROG

Good-bye, Bandit. I hope you have a very lonely life. The odds are good.

CONTINUED

176

CONTINUED - 2

176

Snowman follows Frog a short distance. We can't hear the conversation. With a handshake it ends and Snowman returns.

Bandit sadly watches Frog walk away and out of sight. He sighs and turns back to Doc and Snowman who are looking at him.

BANDIT

(to Snowman)

What are you staring at?

SNOWMAN

(looking Bandit
in the eye)

Nothing...absolutely nothing.

BANDIT

Well, come on. Let's rig this thing
and go.

As Doc and Snowman set about getting ready, Bandit moves to Charlotte.

BANDIT

Are you feeling better? You know
something, girl, over the last
couple of days you've become almost
human.

Charlotte growls. She doesn't like this.

BANDIT

No offense. I just mean you've
become very close to me -- very
much a part of my life. So I know
you'll understand what I have to
do. What I have to do is make money.

(pulls out
a wallet stuffed
with unpaid bills)

Look at these bills, Charlotte.
Liquor store, landlord, an adult
bookshop. I got over two dozen
Christmas cards from collection
agencies, so you know I got to
turn you over to Big Enos. You
know what I'm doing is right, don't
you, Charlotte.

Charlotte shakes her head emphatically no.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED - 3

176

BANDIT

(stares at
her, then)

Ah, who the hell understands
elephant talk.

He walks back towards the car.

177 INT. TRUCK (TRAILER) - DAY - BANDIT, SNOWMAN AND DOC

177

are in the back of the van putting the finishing touches on their homemade maternity sling. Charlotte is in the center of the truck, her belly resting comfortably in the slit they have cut in the middle of the net. Bandit and Snowman struggle to tighten the ropes where they are affixed (on opposite sides of the truck walls). The sling is just the right height for Charlotte's feet to touch the floor lightly.

BANDIT

What do you think, Doc?

DOC

I'll tell you what I think. I
think this is going to work.

(pushes

Charlotte's belly,
rocking her gently)

It does take most of the weight off
her legs.

BANDIT

I'm a goddamn genius. Now let's
get rolling.

178 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY - BIG ENOS

178

is following a phone wire to a closet. He stops outside and listens. It is Little Enos talking on the phone.

LITTLE ENOS

(whispering)

Believe me John, You can donate
both the elephant and the Bandit to
the San Diego Zoo after this. It's
gonna work perfect...

(pause)

And while we're talking, I've been
thinking about something in a nice
red and white shag rug for the
Lieutenant Governor's office -- you
know, the Texas Longhorn colors.

179 NEW ANGLE

179

Big Enos kicks open the door, yanks the phone out of the wall and throws it through a window. Then he picks up Little Enos and hugs him.

BIG ENOS

Damn, boy, you bring tears to my eyes.

(pinches
his cheek)

You make me proud to be a Burdette.

LITTLE ENOS

(hangs there, baffled)

I figured you would be a little sore.

BIG ENOS

(expansive)

Sore? For what? Hell, boy, I'm proud. You're a real Burdette. For a long time I've wondered whether you had the guile, the treacherous heart, the larcenous soul, the love of lying, cheating and stealin' to be a member of this family. But hell, what could be more rotten to the core than betraying your own daddy as he seeks the highest office in Texas?

(pause; turns
more solemn)

Now boy, tell me what that John Conn is up to or I'll stomp your ass 'till it looks like a wet enchilada!

LITTLE ENOS

(defiant)

Go shit in your Stetson, daddy. 'Till you can offer me something better than Lieutenant Governor, I'm sticking with Big John.

BIG ENOS

(drawing back a
clenched fist)

Boy, you're startin' to push this family disloyalty a little far.

CUT TO

180 EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

180

as Justice pulls off the road behind a billboard. He gets out and moves towards a figure in the f.g. which is dressed in a light-colored uniform. His hair is white with a slight purple rinse. As Justice approaches;

JUSTICE

Sorry you'll have to move on.
This place is being used for official police work.

BEAUREGARD

Buford, you sent for me.

Buford looks puzzled.

181 ANGLE OVER BUFORD'S SHOULDER

181

We see Beauregard. One might think him a bit gay. The one next to him doesn't help as he has his hair in tiny curls like the leading lady in "10." In the b.g. we see a white police car with Texas markings.

BEAUREGARD

It's me. Beauregard. Your little brother.

JUSTICE

Oh, yeah, of course. Its' been a few years. You've changed a little.

BEAUREGARD

Haven't we all. Oh, this is P.T., my friend.

JUSTICE

P.T.? What's that stand for?

BEAUREGARD

Perfect ten.

Pause.

JUSTICE

I thought you were going to bring some help.

BEAUREGARD

I brought my entire force and I already have them deployed. I met

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

181

BEAUREGARD (Cont'd)
Belvedere in town and took him and
his force on over so everything is
ready.

We hear a car approaching and hear a male and female voice
singing "Indian Love Call." Everyone turns and looks.

182 GROUP'S POINT OF VIEW

182

A red police car approaches. It has the flag of Canada fly-
ing on the antenna and the Royal Mounted Police emblem on the
door. It carries two occupants. As it stops we:

CUT TO

183 ANGLE - JUSTICE AND BEAUREGARD

183

JUSTICE
I hope he fights better than he
sings.

BEAUREGARD
Daddy brought us up to be lawmen.
Just like Momma did you. Belvedere
is a credit to the Justice name,

184 ANGLE - RED CAR

184

Belvedere, the third triplet, has dark hair and a slightly
larger Hitler-type mustache. He is dressed in a Royal Mounted
Police dress uniform. Beside him is a lady that could be
Jeanette MacDonald, especially if you listen as they finish
the song.

BELVEDERE
Shall we my dear?
(indicates joining
the others behind
the billboard)
I haven't seen my brother, Buford,
for twenty years. What a great
way to have a family reunion, bring-
ing law and order to the world.

185 ANGLE

185

as they exit and join the others behind the billboard. As
they arrive, Belvedere embraces Buford.

CONTINUED

185 CONTINUED

185

BELVEDERE

Buford, it's such a pleasure to see you. But what an honor to be called to assist you in the capture of this criminal.

JUSTICE

I thank you, Belvedere, for making that long journey just to help one of your own.

BEAUREGARD

We must have a picture of this to show Daddy. He'll be so proud.

As Beauregard takes Buford and Belvedere and lines them up side by side against the signboard.

BEAUREGARD

P.T. you make sure that camera is working. Who knows when the three Justice brothers will get together again.

186 ANGLE

186

with the three brothers lined up -- P.T. is taking the picture.

JUSTICE

Now about this criminal....

BELVEDERE

Relax Buford, Beauregard and I have it all planned. All you have to do is lead the sheep to slaughter.

BEAUREGARD

Yes, Buford, it's the same canyon where our daddy caught those cattle-rustlers that he told us about numerous times.

The picture-taking is over -- as it breaks up.

JUSTICE

It will be my pleasure to lead that sommbambitch to his capture, so let's save our reunion and rejoicing until after the fact.

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED

186

BEAUREGARD AND BELVEDERE
Right. We'll be on our way. We'll
be waiting, little brother.

They head for their cars and leave. Justice moves his car
behind the billboard and waits.

187 INT. JUSTICE CAR

187

Justice and Junior are parked behind a giant billboard.

JUSTICE
Now I got him. I got him in the
biggest, baddest trap on earth.

JUNIOR
What big trap?

JUSTICE
Texas! That's what big trap.

JUNIOR
(pointing)
Hey Daddy....

188 NEW ANGLE

188

Here comes Bandit and Snowman trucking down the road.

189 NEW ANGLE

189

Camera shifts to reveal that the sign Justice is hiding
behind says "Welcome to Texas."

190 NEW ANGLE

190

Justice appears from behind the sign and falls in behind
Snowman.

191 INT. TRUCK

191

SNOWMAN
(on CB)
Bandit, we got you-know-who with
us again.

192 INT. TRANS-AM

192

JUSTICE

(filtered)

Bandit, it's me against you. The best driver wins with no hard feelings.

BANDIT

Do you have anyplace special you want to drive?

JUSTICE

Take the first dirt road and I'll show you.

BANDIT

That's a big ten-four.

(hangs up mike)

I believe the sheriff is up to something, but it'll keep him away from Snowman.

193 EXT. ROAD - NEW ANGLE

193

Bandit cuts off the main road into the rough country. Justice, of course, follows.

194 EXT. CANYON - WIDE ANGLE

194

Both cars enter a wide canyon with sloping walls on either side.

195 INT. TRANS-AM

195

JUSTICE

(filtered)

How 'bout this pretty scenery Bandit? We picked it special for you to meet your end. Take a look around.

Bandit looking to either side of him.

196 BANDIT'S POINT OF VIEW

196

BANDIT (v.o.)

Hot damn, Buford's gone whole-hog this time.

CONTINUED

196 CONTINUED

196

On the crest of the right hill are lined fifty red sheriff's cars. Each carries the flag of Canada on the radio antenna as well as the Canadian Mounted Police emblem on the doors. On the left are fifty white sheriff's cars. Each carries a flag of Texas on the radio antenna and a ND Texas law enforcement emblem on the door.

197 INT. TRANS-AM

197

BANDIT

(into CB)

Snowman. I got me some serious trouble. No kidding this time. County Mounties and Mounty Mounties, wall-to-wall. Maybe a hundred of them. This may be more than anybody can handle. Now listen, and listen good. Make that delivery. Get the goods to their destination. Got that?

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

Are you serious, Bandit?

BANDIT

(into CB)

This time I'm straight.

SNOWMAN

Hang on, we're on our way.

BANDIT

Forget it. You do as I say now. Deliver the goods. I'll catch you later. Give me five years or so if I get lucky.

SNOWMAN

We don't like it, but we're streakin' west. Stand on it, Bandit.

198 INT. RED SHERIFF'S CAR ON HILL - CLOSEUP BELVEDERE

198

BELVEDERE

Brother Buford, the trap is about to spring.

199

INT. WHITE SHERIFF'S CAR

199

Buford's second twin, Beauregard.

BEAUREGARD

We are poised to leap, Brother
Buford.

JUSTICE

(filtered)

Bandit, your time has come.
Brothers, charge!!

BEAUREGARD

(screams like
an Indian)

Charge!!!

200

INT. RED SHERIFF'S CAR

200

BELVEDERE

(screams like
an Indian)

Charge!!!

201

EXT. CANYON - INCREDIBLE HIGH HELICOPTER SHOT

201

One hundred sheriffs' cars stream down the hills into the canyon with Justice in pursuit of Bandit.

202

INT. TRANS-AM

202

BANDIT

(pats dashboard)

Oh you little black beauty, don't
fail your ol' buddy now.

203

EXT. CANYON - NEW ANGLE

203

The red and white cars gather on either side of Bandit and run in a surrounding formation. However, there is one tiny hole in front.

204

INT. RED SHERIFF'S CAR

204

BELVEDERE

(into mike)

Hey you boys in front, plug that
hole! Don't let him squeeze through.

205 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

205

JUSTICE

Hey, Bandit, you can run, but you can't hide.

BANDIT

(filtered)

You may get me, Sheriff, but I hope you've got this fleet of yours covered with full comprehensive. Believe me, we're gonna bend some metal before this is over.

206 INT. TRANS-AM

206

BANDIT

(looking straight ahead, picks up mike)

Snowman, you damn fool. I told you to haul ass. Get outa here while you can.

207 BANDIT'S POINT OF VIEW - EXTREME LONG SHOT

207

Snowman is coming straight at the convoy.

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

Hey pardner, when we set out to do a job together -- we do a job and we do it together.

BANDIT

(resigned)

Well, maybe they'll send us to the same penitentiary.

208 INT. TRANS-AM

208

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

It ain't over yet, pardner. How many trucks do you see?

BANDIT

(baffled)

One. When there's one, I see one -- unless I've been drinking.

CONTINUED

208 CONTINUED

208

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

Okay, boys, do it to it!

Bandit reacts.

209 BANDIT'S POINT OF VIEW

209

From behind Snowman's truck and forming a straight line across the desert comes an incredible, colossal, endless fleet of semis, abreast, all barreling toward the red and white convoy.

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

That look any better, Bandit?

BANDIT

Prettiest thing I've seen since my high school graduation picture. But just to be sure to leave a little-bitty hole down the middle for me.

210 INT. RED SHERIFF'S CAR

210

Reaction of Belvedere.

211 INT. WHITE SHERIFF'S CAR

211

Reaction of Beauregard.

212 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

212

Reaction of Buford T. Justice.

213 EXT. CANYON - NEW ANGLE

213

The two massive formations are speeding closer to a cataclysmic collision.

214 INT. SNOWMAN'S TRUCK

214

SNOWMAN

(into mike)

Welcome to the world's biggest game of chicken. Don't weaken boys.

- 215 INTERCUTS 215
Reaction of the Justice boys getting worried.
- 216 INTERCUTS 216
Truckers hooting, hollering, honking their horns.
- 217 EXT. CANYON - HELICOPTER SHOT 217
Seconds before a collision, all 100 cars execute a massive 180-degree turn, but Bandit slips through. Now the trucks are in pursuit of the cars.
- 218 INT. SNOWMAN'S TRUCK 218
SNOWMAN
(on CB)
Hey Bandit, it worked! We got 'em on the run.
- BANDIT
(filtered)
Well hell, man, save some of the fun for me.
- 219 NEW ANGLE 219
The Bandit throws a 180 and heads for the action.
(The battle that ensues is a motorized version of a classic John Ford Cowboys vs. Cavalry battle. In the melee approximately twenty cars are wrecked in various humorous stunts.)
- 220 INTERCUTS 220
Shots of Doc and Charlotte during the wrecks to show they are okay.
- 221 INT. TRANS-AM 221
BANDIT
(into CB)
You know I've had about all the fun I can have for one day. How 'bout leading me outa here?

222 NEW ANGLE

222

Snowman breaks away from the confusion and leads Bandit off across the country.

223 INT. JUSTICE'S CAR

223

Spots Snowman and Bandit escaping.

JUSTICE

(into CB)

Hey brothers, get after that pair.
They're too dumb to know there's
no way out in that direction.

Filtered 10-4's from the brothers.

224 NEW ANGLE

224

Justice leads his brothers in pursuit of Bandit and Snowman.

225 NEW ANGLE

225

Ahead lies a ravine that seems to present an impenetrable barrier for Bandit, etc. But suddenly we see a row of ten semis lying in the ravine. They have formed a bridge which Bandit and Snowman hurtle across to freedom.

226 INT. SNOWMAN'S TRUCK

226

SNOWMAN

(into CB)

Hey, drivers, that was perfect.
Hope we can do the same for you
someday.

VOICE

(filtered)

A real truckin' treat, Snowman.
All good numbers to you and
Bandit.

227 NEW ANGLE

227

As the Justice boys speed toward the truck bridge, the last three semis pull out of line. The three cars tumble out of sight with the sound of crunching metal.

228 INT. TRANS-AM - DAY

228

Bandit and Snowman speeding along highway.

BANDIT

(into CB)

How's the patient taking the ride?

SNOWMAN

(filtered)

Ain't heard a peep.

(pause)

Hold it, the Doc just yelled at me
she's gonna have the baby.

BANDIT

We better stop and take us a peek
as soon as we can.

229 EXT. LION COUNTRY SAFARI - DAY

229

Bandit approaches a Lion Country Safari-type operation. He pulls to a stop. Opening a gate, he gestures Snowman inside. He waits for the truck to pass through, then relocks the gate.

CUT TO

230 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - JUNIOR'S HAIR

230

The wind is whipping Junior's hair as they speed along. He is making siren-like sounds. Buford demands that he screech louder.

231 NEW ANGLE - WIDER SHOT

231

We see that all that remains of Buford's car is the frame and engine, which is spewing smoke. The front seat is set at an odd angle. The car is crunched -- only six feet long. Buford has to crane his head far back to see the road.

232 EXT. HIGHWAY - ANOTHER ANGLE

232

The car approaches a line of traffic and unable to stop it, rear-ends the last vehicle sending Junior sailing and brings the patrolman in charge running to the scene.

JUSTICE

How do, Officer...do I know you?
...My name's....

CONTINUED

232

CONTINUED

232

OFFICER WISE

I still don't care if your name's
Broderick Crawford.

JUSTICE

(to Junior)

Does any of this sound familiar
to you, Junior?

OFFICER WISE

Don't you know you can't drive a
piece of shit like that on the
highway.

JUSTICE

I'll thank you not to use that
kind of language in my presence...
and in the presence of my young.

OFFICER WISE

(irritated)

Look, I'm askin' you one simple....

JUSTICE

Hold it.

OFFICER WISE

...Goddamn.

JUSTICE

Hold it...Don't you ever raise
your voice to me. Do you know
who you're talking to? I happen
to be Buford T. Justice. A
distinguished officer of over
thirty years seniority...one of the
most highly respected law en-
forcement agents in the United States
of America.

OFFICER WISE

Sir, I'm sorry...I...Well, I...
I had no idea...It never occurred
to me. Well, please, sir. you
proceed immediately. Oh, sir, I...
I hope you'll accept my apologies
for my profanity.

JUSTICE

Apology accepted. Now, fuck off.

DISSOLVE TO

233 EXT. TEXAS SAFARI COUNTRY - DAY

233

Buford passes the Trans-Am outside the game park. He hits the brakes, sending Junior headfirst over the front of the car. He lands by the rear of the Trans-Am. He spots the special license plate, BAN-ONE. Justice signals for silence. He and Junior sneak through the game farm gate.

234 EXT. TEXAS SAFARI COUNTRY - DAY

234

Charlotte is lying on her side in a jungle clearing. A huge sheet is draped discreetly over the middle and Snowman is mopping her brow. Doc keeps nervously checking under the sheet. Bandit paces back and forth, smoking cigars. All the Safari Country residents have come to see Charlotte have her baby -- lion, camel, bear, zebra and a giraffe peer out from the bushes. The scene would melt Disney.

BANDIT

How much longer, Doc?

DOC

Well, since an elephant's gestation period is about twice as long as a woman's, I'd say it'll take twice as long as it would for a woman. Of course, I'm not a veterinarian.

BANDIT

How long would it take for a woman?

DOC

I don't know. I'm not an obstetrician, either.

Bandit continues to pace.

SNOWMAN

You sure as hell are nervous.

BANDIT

Who wouldn't be? This is my first elephant.

More pacing.

235 EXT. JUNGLE THICKET - DAY

235

Justice and Junior are sneaking through the jungle.

236 EXT. CLEARING

236

Doc is struggling to hold up a newborn baby elephant for the gang of people and animals.

DOC

It's a boy!

The crowd cheers. Another small bleat comes from Charlotte's tummy. Snowman bends down and almost collapses under the weight as she brings up another newborn baby pachyderm.

SNOWMAN

And it's a girl!

They all cheer again.

237 EXT. EDGE OF CLEARING - NEW ANGLE

237

Justice and Junior at the edge of the clearing.

JUSTICE

(draws gun)

All right. This whole goddamn jungle is under arrest!

Justice shoves the gun in Bandit's ribs.

Charlotte is very unhappy that Bandit is threatened. She bellows and rears. She wraps her trunk around Justice's leg and flings him in the nearby pond.

JUSTICE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

He splashes down and immediately sinks. Junior comes running out of the brush. He goes into the pond to save his daddy.

JUNIOR

Daddy!

238 EXT. CLEARING

238

As we cut back, Charlotte is in the process of lying down. Bandit starts hustling everybody into action.

BANDIT

C'mon. Time's awastin'. Let's load Charlotte up and get her to that convention.

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED

238

DOC

Load her up? She can't stand.
What about the babies?

BANDIT

We'll leave 'em right here. It's
a perfect spot for them to grow up.

Bandit pats the two little babies.

DOC

Mr. Bandit, I'm going to have to
put my foot down. These babies are
too young to be separated from
their mother.

SNOWMAN

Now listen good, Bandit. I went
along with a lot of hardhearted
moves during this job, but I ain't
gonna be a part of separating a
mother and her newborn babies.

BANDIT

You're right. You're absolutely
right. We can't separate them.

(then)

All right, let's throw them all
into the truck.

(pats both
babies' heads)

Maybe Big Enos can use these
little guys as bookends.

DOC

You don't seem to understand.
This is a very delicate time for
both mother and child. We
shouldn't move them right away.

BANDIT

Charlotte looks strong as an ox.

DOC

She is strong as an ox. Now we
have to wait a little while until
she's strong as an elephant.

CONTINUED

BANDIT

If we wait it'll be too late to
make the convention. Now come on.

Bandit starts trying to get Charlotte up. Snowman has had
enough. He crosses over to Bandit.

SNOWMAN

Now looky here, friend. I know
you need this money real bad. Who
doesn't? But this is one thing we
can't do. It's indecent.

BANDIT

If you're finished, reverend, I got
a job to do.

He pushes his way past Snowman.

SNOWMAN

(sighs, to
Doc)

One of the many services I perform
for my esteemed buddy is, once in a
while I have to be his conscience.

Snowman hauls off and belts the Bandit, knocking him to the
ground.

BANDIT

All right, Snowman, if that's the
way you want it, but I think you
just made a big mistake.

Drops of water fall on Bandit. He looks up. Charlotte is
crying.

BANDIT

Charlotte....

Charlotte begins the elephant equivalent of sobbing as Bandit
is the soggy victim of her tearful outpour.

BANDIT

Don't cry. I can't stand to see a
woman cry.

The little babies join in the wailing chorus. He can't take
it any more.

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED - 3

238

BANDIT

All right, all right. A man can only stand so much. Screw Big Enos. Are we gonna sell what's left of our souls so we can get that fat ass into the Statehouse? Charlotte stays with us.

The three elephants immediately stop crying as if on cue.

DOC

You mean it, Bandit?

BANDIT

Yep. I've seen the light. There's more to life than money and power... there's...there's...give me a minute; I'll think of something.

239 EXT. POND - DAY - JUSTICE AND JUNIOR

239

are submerged in the pond. A lion keeps stalking the two alongside the rim of the pond. Each time, they try to move about or to shore, the lion growls and claws towards them.

JUSTICE

Sommamabitch. You go first, Junior.

JUNIOR

But, Daddy....

Justice and Junior splash about unable to get out of the water.

DISSOLVE TO

240 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - FROG

240

is sitting on a bench in front of the bus stop, waiting for a bus. She has her suitcase next to her. She hears an airhorn. She looks up. The bus is approaching far in the distance. Now we hear a second, different-sounding airhorn. She gazes off camera.

241 FROG'S POINT OF VIEW - THE TRANS-AM

241

pulls in front of the bus and is pulling three U-Haul trailers. The larger one is carrying Charlotte. Behind her are two smaller trailers each with a baby in it. Snowman, Doc and Fred are in the cab of the truck, bringing up the rear.

242 NEW ANGLE

242

Frog's face lights up. She leaves the bus stop on a dead run

CONTINUED

242 CONTINUED

242

to meet the convoy. Bandit stops and runs out. He speeds towards Frog. Bandit still has his frozen, saintly expression. They meet and begin a long embrace in the middle of the street. They break.

BANDIT

Damn. I had this saintly expression
I wanted you to see...

(holds her close)

...but now my thoughts ain't pure.

FROG

Good.

They laugh, run and climb in the Trans-Am. Charlotte and her babies trumpet in unison as our happy caravan pulls off onto the highway.

243 INT. BUS - DAY

243

We are on the back of the bus driver pulling up to the bus stop as the Trans-Am is seen going along the highway towing the three trailers.

244 INT. BUS - ANOTHER ANGLE

244

We see that Buford T. Justice is the bus driver.

JUSTICE

(glaring)

I'll get that sommamabitch, yet!

245 EXT. BUS - DAY

245

The bus speeds onto the highway in pursuit of the Trans-Am.

THE END