

T W O L A N E B L A C K T O P

a screenplay by
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CINEMA CENTER FILMS

producer
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director
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FIRST DRAFT
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CUT FROM BLACK:

1. INT. CAR - SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

1.

Past the profile of the MECHANIC as he sits in the passenger seat staring at the Strip. He is twenty three years old. His features are soft and yet ruggedly defined. He occupies space with great assurance and poise; his gestures are fluid and coordinated. Whenever he approaches a machine or any problem requiring digital expertise he is totally focused.

It is Saturday night and the Strip is crowded with HIPPIES and TOURISTS. There are two phone booths on the edge of the sidewalk. They are both full. The DRIVER is in one, his back turned to the Car as he talks on the phone. A GIRL bends to the window and smiles at the Mechanic. He looks at her, his expression passive and unchanging. The Girl is dressed in a dirty print dress. She wears sneakers with no socks, a brown shawl around her shoulders. Her face is broad, slightly oriental. Her black hair hangs to her shoulders. Her teeth are yellow and crooked, her eyes slightly glazed. She hands two small folders to the Mechanic. He accepts them without looking at them. The Girl begins her rap, speaking very fast, as if by rote, her voice high pitched and obsessive. After every other sentence she smiles abstractedly.

GIRL

Yes, Brother. I am here to tell you right now that The Big Lie is Coming. A lie so great, believed by so many people that nothing has ever been like it before. Nothin, Brother. But the one who cherishes the book of God needs not be in darkness concerning what is soon to take place in this world. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psalms 119, verse 5... Yes, Brother, Time is Passing. Death is Coming. God says, "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after that is judgement, and everyone of us shall give account of himself to God." Romulus 14, verses 11 through 12.

CONTINUED

1. CONTINUED

1.

As she talks, a HIPPIE in a black sombrero and red tee-shirt bends down behind her and half mouths, half whispers:

HIPPIE

Ball her.

The Driver returns to the driver's seat. He is twenty-three years old. His face is lean and angular. There is a perplexed and detached look to his eyes. His movements are graceful and yet tense, nervous. When he is driving he is at one with the Car; when out of the Car he seems slightly lost, as if away from the center of himself. He stares impassively at the Girl as she continues her rap:

GIRL

(continuing)

Do not joke about hell, brothers. You are both sitting in buckets of sin. If every living person knew what every departing Soul discovers, everybody would be saved today. God permitted Death to come upon all creatures because Adam and Eve did not believe what God had said, concerning Death. God, Life, Death, Heaven and Hell are real. A doubleminded man is unstable in all his ways... "Cleanse your hearts ye doubleminded." St. James Chapter I, verse 18. "For Who maketh thee to differ from another? And what has thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"... Corinthians 4, verse 7. As God said, Brothers: "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore Come Out From Amongst them and Be Seperate..."

The Driver fires up:

The Car glides slowly into the flow of traffic. For the first time the Car is completely visible. It is a '55 Chevy two-door. It is several shades of primer grey.

CONTINUED

1. CONTINUED (2)

1.

There are wide M & H Racemaster tires. The front end is molded into one piece of fiberglass that tilts forward. When opened the engine is totally revealed. The engine is a 454 cubic inch high performance Chevy with aluminum heads. From the outside one can see the roll bar behind the two fiberglass bucket seats. Inside the dashboard is bare except for Stuart Warner gauges, Sun Tac, Water Temp, Oil Press and Amp Meter. There is a 4 Speed Transmission, Hurst Linkage and a Covico Steering Wheel. The back seat area is filled with a tool kit, spare parts and two small tightly rolled sleeping bags.

DRIVER

(speaking softly
but with an edge
of tension to his
voice)

Broadway Parking Lot on Crenshaw.

CUT TO:

2. BROADWAY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

2.

CREDITS COME ON

as the Car slowly glides into the parking lot. There are two thousand cars in the parking lot. Most are parked but a small number of the more impressive Street Racers and fast Detroit cars move in a slow parade around the lot. The occupants of the parked cars mingle with each other. There is an air of secrecy and complicated maneuvering about the whole scene. There are lots of chicks and there is a certain amount of hustling and sounding going on, but mostly the talk is about other cars and side bets. The crowd is predominantly black. The buildings around the parking lot are the new sterile shops of a mammoth shopping center. There are no lights on in the buildings. On top of the tallest building there are three plainclothes COPS. One cop talks on a walkie-talkie. A helicopter hovers overhead casting an ominous pool of slowly moving light over the crowd. The Car coasts slowly over to a MAN with a megaphone who talks constantly in a low, hushed voice to the passing drivers. The Car stops. The man is huge and pronouncedly black. He wears a faded blue denim jacket with gold lettering on the back: LA Street Racers Assoc.

CONTINUED

2. CONTINUED

2.

MECHANIC
(leaning out the
window)
You got anything fast?

MAN
(quietly, not
using the
megaphone)
'68 Dodge Charger. Says he'll
race anything. Hold on...

He is distracted by an AIDE.

MAN (CONT'D)
(using the megaphone,
addressing himself
to three men with LA
Street Racers Assoc.
on their backs)
Slim, tell Motorhead to be cool.
The Man is all over the place
tonight.

He turns back to the Mechanic.

MAN (CONT'D)
In ten minutes go out the far end.
It's at 42nd Street and 3rd Avenue.

MECHANIC
Where's the Dodge?

MAN
(distracted as
another aide comes
up)
Over by the gate.

The Mechanic gets back in the Car. They drive slowly
towards the Entrance Gate.

CUT TO:

3. EXT. GATE - NIGHT .

3.

The Car drives through the gate and parks alongside a
Dodge Charger. The DRIVER of the Dodge is black. He
is neatly dressed in fancy leather jacket, white shirt
and blue and white ascot. He looks at the Driver and
then slowly at the Car, shaking his head in painful
depreciation.

CONTINUED

3. CONTINUED

3.

MECHANIC
 (out the window to
 the driver of the
 Dodge)
 Man says you want action.

DODGE DRIVER
 Could be. But I don't see nothin
 around.

MECHANIC
 That's true. All I see is a pile
 of De-troit shit.

DODGE DRIVER
 (smiling slightly)
 That might have to cost you.

MECHANIC
 What do you have in mind.

DODGE DRIVER
 A yard would be worth my time.

MECHANIC
 Make it a deuce.

CUT TO:

4. EXT. 42ND STREET AND 3RD AVENUE - NIGHT

4.

The quiet residential street has been sealed off. Two men with flashlights stand at the far end of the street. At the starting line three men with flashlights direct the line up of cars. The Car is directed in line behind two Plymouth Road Runners. The Dodge Charger pulls up alongside the Car.

The two Plymouth Road Runners squeal off into their race.

Lights go on in two houses.

The Mechanic reaches into his wallet and withdraws four fifty dollar bills. The Dodge Driver withdraws two hundred dollar bills. A man with a flashlight wearing a blue denim jacket with LA Street Racers Assoc. on the back moves in between the two cars and pockets the bet.

CONTINUED

4. CONTINUED

4.

The starter moves to the side and raises his flashlight to start the race as the CREDITS END.

He brings his flashlight quickly down and the cars burst from the line.

The Car wins by two feet. As the Car slows, the overhead revolving red light of a squad car flashes a block away. The Driver executes a 180° SPIN OUT and roars back down the street where the other cars are scattering. The Car takes the first left and then the first right and then the first left.

CUT TO:

5-9. SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE CAR LEAVING L.A. - NIGHT

5-9.

The Car on the Freeway. The Driver keeping to the speed limit. The Mechanic sleeps in the back area.

The Car circling a ramp and moving onto another Freeway.

The Car on the Freeway. The Mechanic still asleep. Fewer lights and cars. The Driver turns on the radio. We HEAR the intimate and frenetic VOICE of an early morning disc jockey.

The Car leaving the Freeway. Moving through small, completely silent towns.

First light of dawn. The Mechanic wakes and sits up. Then moves into the passenger seat. He turns off the radio.

MECHANIC

Loose valve making noise. We might have lost a rocker arm.

10. EXT. ORANGE GROVE - CAR PULLING OVER - DAWN

10.

The sun is beginning to rise over an immense field of orange trees. The Mechanic and Driver get out of the Car. The Mechanic takes his tool kit from the back area and opens the hood. The Driver leans against a tree and closes his eyes. The road is empty. The only sounds are birds chirping and the light tapping of the Mechanic's tools.

CONTINUED

10. CONTINUED

10.

DRIVER

That Dodge had a hemi with a torque flight. He got me good out of the gate. I pulled on him in second. Pulled right up to the door in third. That was when he stopped and I finally pulled him in fourth. I believe we sawed that Cat off even if we did lose two hundred.

The Mechanic never talks when he's working, as the Driver never talks when he's driving. The Driver closes his eyes.

The Mechanic works on.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. GAS STATION - NEEDLES - LATER THAT MORNING

11.

A gas station outside of Needles, Calif. The Car stops in front of the pump. Inside the garage the feet of a MECHANIC are visible as he works underneath a car. Outside, an old MAN in cover-alls works on a tractor. A BOY, fifteen, comes out of the office.

The Mechanic and Driver get out of the Car. The Mechanic opens the hood and starts to work. The Driver stretches and looks around.

The boy looks for the filler cap but can't find it. The Mechanic comes over and opens the trunk. The filler cap is enormous holding thirty eight gallons. The boy starts to pump gas. He looks over the Car in awe as the gas pump DINGS.

BOY

Chevy block?

DRIVER

Yeah.

DING.

BOY

(looking in the window as he pumps the gas)

See you got a roll cage.

CONTINUED

11. CONTINUED

11.

DING.

The Garage Mechanic comes out from underneath the car and walks towards them wiping his hands on his jeans. He is middle-aged and openly curious about the Car.

DING.

GARAGE MECHANIC
Lot of work.

DING.

BOY
Is it a 396?

DING.

DRIVER
454.

DING.

BOY
No shit.

GARAGE MECHANIC
What kind of transmission?

DING.

DRIVER
4 Speed.

DING.

GARAGE MECHANIC
You build the headers?

DING.

DRIVER
Yeah.

DING.

The old man in cover-alls walks over to the Car and looks on.

CONTINUED

11. CONTINUED (2)

11.

BOY
How fast does she go?

DING.

DRIVER
(vaguely)
Depends on who's around.

DING.

OLD MAN
(looking at the
pump)
Never heard so much bell ringin.
Thirty gallons and she's still
goin.

DING.

GARAGE MECHANIC
I don't believe we got a machine
to properly shut you boys down.
Nossir. Old Perky Sams might
have done it but he done got his
leg smashed.

The Mechanic lowers the hood and walks back to the pump.
He looks at the pump and takes out his wallet. He gives
the boy a twenty dollar bill.

The boy gives the Mechanic his change in coins. They
get in the Car and the Driver fires up.

CUT TO:

12-15. EXT. MONTAGE - DAY

12-15.

SERIES OF SHOTS of the Car crossing the desert. The
Car going flat out at 140 MPH.

Car driving through small towns at edge of the desert
and beginning to climb into the mountains.

CUT TO:

16. INT. CAR - EVENING

16.

Dusk. A small, middle class Arizona town. The houses
are new split-level homes.

CONTINUED

16. CONTINUED

16.

The Car driving slowly down a street at the edge of town.

The Driver looks in the mirror as a Patrol Car slowly passes. There are two Troopers in the Patrol Car. The one on the passenger side looks at the Car suspiciously. He says something to the Driver. Then the Patrol Car pulls in front of the Car and slows down to 20 MPH. The Car sputters.

MECHANIC

You got to pass or foul the plugs.

DRIVER

(under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

The Car sputters around the Patrol Car. When the Driver pulls back into the right lane, the Patrol Car's RED LIGHT goes on.

The Driver and Mechanic automatically buckle their seat belts and roll up the windows. The Driver accelerates. The Car fish tails briefly and then straightens out as the MPH goes over 100. A puff of blue smoke comes off the rear wheels hitting fourth gear.

CUT TO:

17-20. EXT. CHASE

17-20.

The two cars race through residential streets, out into the country and then back again as the Car spins out and doubles back on itself. The distance between the Patrol Car and the Car grows. Street and house lights go on as darkness settles swiftly over the town.

The Car makes a hard right and then a hard left, momentarily losing the Patrol Car. The Driver cuts the engine and the Car glides into a driveway.

It is night.

The Driver and Mechanic climb quietly out of the Car. The house is a comfortable ranch house, the kind one might see advertised for a young executive in Home and Gardens. Warm light spills out of the windows onto the lawn and paved driveway. The Driver and Mechanic look in a window.

CONTINUED

17-20. CONTINUED

17-20.

The window frames a living room-dining area. The furnishings are comfortable Grand Rapids. A man sits on a leather chair watching color television. Huntley and Brinkley are on. The Driver and Mechanic can barely hear the words. A pretty woman in a skirt and blouse walks back and forth from the kitchen to the dining area. She sets the table, occasionally stopping to look at a baby lying in a crib near the couch or to watch a moment of the News. The couple are in their late twenties. The atmosphere is serene and ritualized. The Driver and Mechanic watch without comment.

The man turns the television off and sits down at the table. The woman places roast beef and vegetables on the table and sits down. They eat.

The Driver and Mechanic walk back to the Car. The Driver fires up and they glide quietly out of the driveway and into the night.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

21.

The Driver and Mechanic are rolled up in their sleeping bags next to a dirt road. The Car is parked a few feet from them.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. THE CAR - DRIVING ACROSS ARIZONA - DAY

22.

CUT TO:

23. INT. CAR

23.

The Driver sees a Pontiac GTO in the mirror. The GTO drives parallel to the car. There are two men in the GTO. They both look at the Car. The man in the passenger seat is an old farmer. He looks scared and uneasy. The driver of the GTO is in his early thirties. His light blue sweater looks expensive and yet there is a dishevelled almost maniacal look to him. He grimaces, then smiles, then waves as the GTO blasts past the Car.

The Driver and Mechanic keep their eyes focused on the road.

CUT TO:

24. EXT. LUNCHEONETTE - "EATS" - DAY 24.

The Car pulls up to a country Hamburger stand marked EATS. There are two other parked cars and a 1948 brown van. The van has a peace sign on the front door and a water can attached to a fender. Window shades cover the rear window.

25. INT. DINER 25.

The Driver and Mechanic enter, sit at the counter. There is one other man eating. Through the window the van is visible. As the Driver and the Mechanic eat their hamburgers a GIRL gets out of the rear door of the van. She slams the door. She is crying. She is dressed in old levis and an Army fatigue shirt that is much too big for her. The name tag on the fatigue shirt reads Higgins. She stares at the Car, drying her eyes on the sleeves of the shirt. She walks over and looks inside the Car. Then she returns to the van, goes inside and comes back with a small laundry bag. She walks to the Car and climbs into the back area.

The Driver and Mechanic finish eating and go outside.

26. EXT. DINER 26.

The Mechanic gets into the passenger seat. He glances briefly at the Girl but his expression remains passive and cool. His eyes are focused straight ahead when the Driver gets in and fires up.

CUT TO:

27. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY 27.

The Girl speaks from the back area. She has a young, whispery voice. It is slightly hysterical.

GIRL

It's really bumpy back here.
What kind of car is this,
anyway. You guys aren't
the Zodiac killers or anything
like that, are you?

MECHANIC

(in a broad imitation
of a Cowboy)
Jest passin through.

CONTINUED

27. CONTINUED

27.

GIRL

LP's truck was worse. He wouldn't even be awake yet when he would want to smoke up a joint. We were supposed to go to the Grand Canyon but he kept getting stoned and pulling off the side of the road.

They ride in silence.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Say, which way are we going?

MECHANIC

East.

GIRL

That's cool. I never been East.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

28.

The Car goes past a gas station as the GTO pulls out. The GTO pulls up alongside the Car. The driver of the GTO has another colored sweater. Every time we see him his sweaters are different. There is another passenger in the GTO. As the GTO pulls ahead of the Car, the driver sticks his hand out the window and gives the Car the FINGER.

CUT TO:

29. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - AFTERNOON

29.

The Girl massages the neck and shoulders of the Mechanic while looking at the Driver.

MECHANIC

She don't seem to be breathing just right. It might be the jets - possibly too lean. You hear that, just a little flat spot therè. The centrifugal advance mechanism in the distributor might be fucked up. Yeah, well, she needs a little attention.

CONTINUED

29. CONTINUED

29.

GIRL
I'm really hungry.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. CAR - HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - LATE AFTERNOON

30.

The Car turns down a dirt road and parks near a river.

The Mechanic starts to work on the engine. The Girl sheds her levis and fatigue jacket and runs into the river. The Driver walks slowly to the river bank and sits down, watching her. She splashes and swims around in small awkward circles.

GIRL
(excited as she
ducks in and out
of the water)
It's really beautiful.

The Driver rolls a cigarette. The Mechanic joins him and sits down. They watch the Girl.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Come in. Oh please come in.
It isn't cold at all.

MECHANIC
(to the Driver)
You recall that Ford with the
427 that we totaled out by
Johnson City? I sorely miss
the feel of that automobile.
I polished that crankshaft so
fine the cylinders whispered my
name. That was more rpm without
bursting than any machine I ever
knew, excepting, of course, old
Top Gas back yonder. I stroked
that 427 crank. It slipped
right in and increased the stroke
from 3.78 to 3.98. We used to
cut the tree with that Drive King.

GIRL
It isn't cold at all... It's
really groovy.

CONTINUED

30. CONTINUED

30.

She floats on her back and then swims out into the river. The Driver watches her.

DRIVER

Yeah, that was a machine. But I got as many kicks from that VW we put the 911 engine into. That was a nice little body made for surprises. I got more satisfaction out of cracking off 13 second ET's than most elevens. Webers, Mondello heads, Vertex - That was a radical little trip.

They watch the Girl. It is evening and the light is soft and fading.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Yeah... Space cushions.

The Mechanic stands up.

MECHANIC

Yeah, well, it's not a bad thing to really bomb off the line.

The Mechanic goes back to the Car. The Driver continues to watch the Girl as she comes out of the river.

31. EXT. CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

31.

They sit around a fire drinking coffee and eating cheese and apples. The shadow and presence of the Car looms just behind them. The Girl wraps her arms around her legs and slowly rocks herself. She hums softly. The Mechanic climbs into his sleeping bag. His hands folded underneath his head, he stares at the stars. The Girl puts the cooking utensils into the Car. Then she takes off her clothes and gets into the Driver's sleeping bag. The Driver sits for a long moment, staring into the darkness. Then he slowly takes off his clothes and gets into the sleeping bag with the Girl.

They make love.

CUT TO:

32. EXT. CAR - TRAVELING - NEW MEXICO - DAY

32.

CUT TO:

33. INT. CAR

33.

The Girl is lying in the back area. The Mechanic is nodding off in the passenger seat. The Driver concentrates on the road.

GIRL

(singing softly
to herself)

Put your arms around me
Like the circle round the sun
I want a little lovin
Like my easy rider done
You don't believe I love you
See what a fool I been
You don't believe I'm sinkin
See what a hole I'm in
Well I'm stealin stealin
Pretty Mama don't ya tell on me
I'm stealin back to my
Same old used to be.

The Driver sees a yellow Porsche in the mirror. The Porsche screams past the Car on the inside and GETS ON IT. The Porsche comes IN AND OUT OF VIEW in the twisting road ahead. The Car's rpms remain steady.

The Girl sits up in the back area and looks at the Porsche.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Don't you want to race him?
Isn't that what you guys do?
I mean, didn't a car just come
up and challenge you? Aren't
there always Super Cars coming
up and beeping and growling
and exposing themselves so you
guys can set your lips in thin
lines and blast off?

MECHANIC

It's too heavy to do in a Porsche
just for kicks. We'd take him in
a quarter mile but he'd probably
lose us in long time.

CONTINUED

33. CONTINUED

33.

GIRL

Well, I don't know. It gets cramped sitting in an engine with a bunch of car freaks.

She sinks down into the back area, sticking her legs over the seat.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(singing in a loud, faltering pre-sexual voice)

Oh let me be your side track till your main line comes, I'll do more switchin than your main line ever done.

The Driver accelerates to 130 miles an hour, throwing the Girl's legs back against the rear window. He suddenly slows down and continues to cruise at 60 MPH.

GIRL (CONT'D)

For Christ's sakes. I didn't mean any kind of action. Just a little race, to break the monotony.

CUT TO:

34. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SANTA FE - AFTERNOON

34.

The Girl hangs her head outside the window on the Mechanic's side. The mountains around Santa Fe are brilliantly shaded in purple and red as the sun sets. The Driver drives into the center of town and parks near the small elegant Plaza. A Mexican and Indian teenage rock 'n roll band are playing on a band stand in the small park in the middle of the Plaza. A crowd watches the musicians and a Saturday night promenade walks casually around and through the Plaza.

GIRL

(excited)

Listen, I really like it here and I want to stay in a motel. I've hardly ever done that. I want to watch TV and break the sanitary paper on the glasses and toilet bowl.

CONTINUED

34. CONTINUED

34.

DRIVER
(distracted,
watching the band)
OK... Let's do it.
(to the Mechanic)
How much bread we got?

MECHANIC
(looking through
his wallet)
Two hundred racing bread.
Twenty to spend.

GIRL
I don't need a handout. I
don't dig that. I can pay
my own way.

DRIVER
I just thought you didn't have
any bread.

GIRL
I'll get some. Take a walk
or something. Go over and
listen to the sounds.

They watch her as she walks down the street.

35. EXT. STREET

35.

She stops a middle aged COUPLE, obviously tourists.
The man is dressed in a blue jacket, black string tie
and sombrero. The woman, just as obviously his wife,
is dressed in a grey suit and brown oxford walking
shoes.

GIRL
Excuse me, sir, but could
you lend me some change to
help me get the bus home?
I'm on my way to San Francisco
but I got sick and had to use
up the allowance my parents
gave me.

The woman looks away, embarrassed. The man reaches
into his pocket. Without looking, he puts a handful of
change into her hand.

CONTINUED

35. CONTINUED

35.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir.

She stops a MAN getting out of a pick up truck. He is obviously a rancher. He's middle-aged with a stern, weather-beaten face. He's dressed in cowboy boots, jeans and a red hunting jacket.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(looking at him
mournfully)

Excuse me, sir, but could you lend me some change to help me get the bus home. I'm on my way to San Francisco but I got sick and had to use up the allowance my parents gave me.

MAN

(frowning with
disapproval)

Why don't you young people work for a change. I'm sick and tired of all this free loading.

He walks away. The Girl stops an old COUPLE coming out of a restaurant.

GIRL

(looking at them
mournfully)

Excuse me, but could you lend me some change to help me get the bus home. I'm on my way to San Francisco but I got sick and had to use up the allowance my parents gave me.

OLD WOMAN

I think you're disgraceful being out on the street like this. Why don't you work for a living.

GIRL

(moving away)

I just heard that rap, lady.

CONTINUED

35. CONTINUED (2)

35.

The Mechanic and Driver walk towards the bandstand while the Girl works the street.

CUT TO:

36. INT. CAR - SANTA FE - NIGHT

36.

They drive through the streets of Santa Fe.

GIRL

Twelve dollars and twenty cents. That's more than you guys got today.

The Driver takes a sharp turn to the left and follows a '34 coupe street runner.

They follow the coupe as it makes a left turn and then cruises down a main street. The coupe is a beautiful car with '40 Ford axle assembly with spindles, a '56 Chevy rear end with Buick brakes, and standard five windows.

They follow the coupe until it turns into an A & W ROOT BEER STAND. They circle the stand, looking at the parked cars.

MECHANIC

Check that '67 Cuda... That's nice, a '57 Chevy... Hmm, a 442 Olds. There's a little muscle around tonight. What we got over there; a Ford 429. An Anglia panel... Look at that Anglia Panel. Beautiful. An AMX. OK... Listen, we got to just rope one out... I believe I got her spotted. Look at that '67 Plymouth Road Runner and that dude in those sharp threads eatin a chili burger. That's a score. A Hemi 2-4 barrel Holly carbs. Chrome rims. Goodyear slicks. Headers. Probably a torque flight transmission. Yeah, well let's get it on.

37. EXT. A & W ROOT BEER - NIGHT

37.

The Car parks next to the Plymouth. The Driver gets out and walks up to the driver of the Plymouth. He is in his middle twenties, expensively dressed in leather jacket, slacks and black cowboy boots. He coolly looks over the crowd of assembled street runners. The crowd is mostly young kids, eating hamburgers and drinking root beer; girls coming on to boys and vice versa. It is a colorful scene. Inside a loud juke box plays the Rolling Stones HONKY TONK WOMAN.

DRIVER
(obviously polite
and soft spoken)
That's a clean machine.

The driver of the Plymouth looks at the Driver. He seems bored.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER
It's good work.

DRIVER
Not bad for a factory machine.

The Plymouth driver looks over the Driver and the car for the first time.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER
It's not exactly a factory machine.

DRIVER
(putting him on)
You mean you've got some extras
in there? Is it fast? Gee,
mister, I'll bet it's pretty fast.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER
(testy)
You want to find out?

DRIVER
Well, sure, I'd be grateful to
find out. Only thing is...

His tone changes, becoming more defined, firmer.

CONTINUED

37. CONTINUED

37.

DRIVER

I'm not exactly in the habit of seeing the Chevy work against some two bit piece of junk.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER

(angry)
Make it fifty.

DRIVER

(completing the deal,
his tone hard and
matter-of-fact)
Add a yard and a half, mother
fucker, and you got a deal.

A crowd has gathered around the scene. Kids are checking out the Car and making appropriate sounds:

BOY

Two hundred. Hey, Chuck, this guy just bet Steve two hundred dollars.

SECOND BOY

Look at the headers. What is it, a 396?

THIRD BOY

Might be bored out to 406. Probably got Crane rockers on her. Oh man, it's got a Weiland manifold.

FIRST BOY

It probably runs in the elevens.

DRIVER

(not paying attention
to the crowd around
the car)
Where to?

PLYMOUTH DRIVER

Las Palmas Road. You can follow me.

The crowd reacts by pouring into their cars and blasting off to Las Palmas Road. The Driver gets slowly into the Car, fires up. They follow the Plymouth out of the A & W Root Beer Stand.

CUT TO:

38. EXT. LAS PALMAS ROAD - NIGHT

38.

A poor residential street on the edge of Santa Fe. Beyond the low squalid adobe houses is the desert. The sky is immense, seeming to burst with stars. There is only one street light on Las Palmas Road and only a few of the houses have lights on.

A crowd has gathered at the selected 'start' line. The Car and the Plymouth pull up. The Girl and the Mechanic get out. The Mechanic hands \$200 to the boy who is acting as starter. Then the Mechanic crawls underneath the Car and unbolts the headers from the rest of the exhaust system. The boy walks over to the Plymouth and the driver gives him his \$200.

The Two Drivers look at each other.

The 'starter' feathers his fingers, moving the cars slowly forward. The crowd pulls back. The two engines REV.

The boy chops his hands down for the start.

They BLAST OFF TOGETHER.

39. EXT. FINISH LINE - 1/4 OF A MILE DOWN LAS PALMAS ROAD 39.

The Car wins by three feet.

The Car turns and comes back slowly, followed by the Plymouth.

The Driver stops and the boy gives him \$400. The Girl and the Mechanic get in.

They drive slowly down the road in the direction of the finish line. The Driver turns left and suddenly they are in the desert. He drives very slowly. Then he stops. He cuts the headlights.

There is no noise. There are no lights. The sky and the night are completely around them. They are silent.

Then the Driver accelerates to 130 MPH.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. PLAZA - CENTER OF SANTA FE

40.

The Driver pulls up to the curb. He gets out and the Mechanic moves over to the Driver's seat.

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

40.

DRIVER
(preoccupied,
almost morose)
I'll walk to the Motel.

He walks down the street. The Mechanic and the Girl drive off.

CUT TO:

41. INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

41.

The Girl jumps up and down on the bed. The Mechanic lies on the other bed, looking at her.

He gets up and turns on the TV and returns to the bed. The Girl joins him on his bed.

Together they watch TV.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. STREET - CENTER OF TOWN - NIGHT

42.

The Driver walks into a Bar. It is a worker's bar, dimly lit. A few Mexicans quietly drink and watch the TV over the bar. A fight is on. The Driver sits down at the bar and consciously turns his back to the fight on the screen. The bartender comes up to serve him.

DRIVER
A double Jack Daniels with
a water chaser.

CUT TO:

43. INT. CROWDED BAR - CENTER OF TOWN - NIGHT

43.

The Driver sits at the bar, drinking shots. The bar is crowded with young people. In the back a rock 'n roll band plays. People dance. The Driver is drunk.

CUT TO:

44. INT. SPANISH BAR - CENTER OF TOWN - NIGHT

44.

A quiet, tastefully furnished Dining Room-Bar.

CONTINUED

44. CONTINUED

44.

The bar maids wear long Mexican dresses and jewelry. The Driver walks in, standing for a moment in the doorway.

The driver of the Plymouth Road Runner sits at a table with his GIRL. The Driver stares openly at the driver of the Plymouth Road Runner and his girl. She is in her early thirties, very beautiful, her hair long and dark, her features open and floating in an intense almost ravaged way. She is on the verge of tears.

GIRL

But you're not twenty-five.
You're thirty-two. You can't
play these kind of games
anymore..

PLYMOUTH DRIVER

(trying to keep his
voice controlled)
I'm going to do whatever I want
to do.

GIRL

(her voice sarcastic,
nearly hysterical)
That's right, we're not married
are we?

PLYMOUTH DRIVER

(bitter, his anger
showing)
No we're not.

He looks down at his glass.

GIRL

(louder)
Don't withdraw on me. Just
when I need you, you turn
away.

She begins to cry.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER

You don't need me. All you
need is a lamp post to
relate to.

CONTINUED

44. CONTINUED (2)

44.

GIRL
(half rising)
Oh I hate you. I really
hate you. You're so cruel.

PLYMOUTH DRIVER
(angry)
And you're so out of your
fucking tree. If it wasn't
for your period, I'd say you
were clinical.

The Girl rises from her chair, crying hysterically. She throws her glass on the table, breaking it. The Plymouth Driver stares at her. She runs out of the cafe.

The Driver watches her go, then looks at the Plymouth Driver who is staring after her. The Driver gives him a slow thumbs up signal; the Plymouth Driver looks at him and nods, then returns to his drink.

CUT TO:

45. EXT. DAN'S MOTEL - NIGHT

45.

The Motel is arranged around a square court with cars parked in front of the rooms.

The Driver makes his way slowly to the Car. He opens the door and gets in behind the wheel. There is no expression on his face. It is quiet except for a few cars passing on the street nearby.

The Driver gets out of the Car and goes to the room. He hears indistinct voices inside. He drops the key and sinks to the ground outside the door. The voices become more distinct.

GIRL
(very quietly,
subdued)
Do you like this?...

MECHANIC
(his voice low and
distant)
Yes. I can say that I like
that. Yes.

CONTINUED

45. CONTINUED

45.

GIRL

This?

MECHANIC

That too.

GIRL

(moaning)

Oh... Yes. Yes. Take me
around the pool.

There are the vague sounds of love making. Then
silence.

CUT TO:

46. EXT. GTO - ON THE ROAD - MORNING

46.

A TEXAS HITCH-HIKER stands in the haze a half a mile
up the road. The GTO is going 85 MPH. It passes the
Hitch-hiker, then squeals to a stop. The Hitch-hiker
runs after the GTO and the passenger door which has
been flung open.

47. INT. GTO - LATE MORNING

47.

As the Texas Hitch-hiker climbs into the Pontiac GTO.

The Driver is in his early thirties. He wears a light,
very expensive yellow cashmere sweater. His blond hair
is neither long nor short. He is of medium build and
height. His face has regular features although there
is a puffiness around his eyes and mouth. His smile
is a little too loose, his gestures a little too nervous
and obsessive. He looks like an aging fraternity boy
or slightly spaced young executive that has been seized
by some mysterious and unconscious trauma. He is known
as GTO.

The Texas Hitch-hiker is a small town businessman in
his middle forties. He carries a cardboard brief case.
He wears a cheap brown suit, brown boots and brown
string tie. His manner is timid and bland.

GTO

(a little too
loudly)

Which way you going?

CONTINUED

47. CONTINUED

47.

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER
(trying to get his
breath after his run
for the car)
Amarillo.

GTO
You're in luck.

GTO slams his foot on the accelerator and the GTO leaps forward, throwing the Hitch-hiker's head back and his mouth open. He hastily straps on his seat belt as the GTO hits 100 MPH.

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER
(gasping at the
sudden acceleration)
Great God almighty, mister.

GTO
(smiling with
satisfaction at the
Pontiac's performance)
She's got a hard pull, doesn't
she? 0 to 60 in 6.4. She'll
do a quarter mile in 13.40.

The Texas Hitch-hiker nods his head in timid approval and sneaks a cautious glance at GTO. GTO's mouth is pulled into a firm line, his hands are over the steering wheel in nine and three o'clock racing position as the GTO hits 120 MPH and then eases off.

GTO
Performance and image. That's
what it's all about.

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER
(shaken, his hands
pressed together)
Mighty fancy auto-mo-bile.

GTO
It's out of sight. It's more
than just a factory car. It's
an institution.

The Texas Hitch-hiker nods his head in desperate agreement and sneaks a glance at the speedometer which registers 100 MPH.

CONTINUED

47. CONTINUED (2)

47.

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER

I can see that.

GTO

I bought her in Bakersfield, California. I was testing jets at the time and it got so I had to have more action on the ground. You know what I mean?

The Hitch-hiker nods cautiously.

GTO (CONT'D)

I mean you can't stay high the same way forever. So when the 455 came out with the Mark IV Ram Air with tunnel port heads, beefed lower end and a Holly high-riser setup, I was on line. 390 hp and 500 foot pounds of torque, whatever that is. It's in the folder in the glove compartment. But she's a Road King, all right.

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER

How come you ain't in Bakersfield?

GTO

Because I'm in the Southwest.

They ride in silence for a moment.

GTO (CONT'D)

What kind of sounds do you like?

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER

Beg pardon?

GTO

Rock, Soul, Hill billy, Western. What's your taste?

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER

It don't hardly matter to me.

47. CONTINUED (3) 47.

GTO takes a cassette from the dashboard, looks at it, and puts it in the Tape Recorder to the left of the glove compartment.

The sounds of Blue Grass fill the car.

48. EXT. GTO - ON THE ROAD - NEW MEXICO 48.

The GTO holds a steady 100 MPH on the narrow straight road across the desert.

CUT TO:

49. EXT. CAR - THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - NEW MEXICO - DAY 49.

The Car is pulled over to the side of the road. The Mechanic is working on the engine. The Driver and the Girl lie on the scrubby sand near the Car. There is no traffic on the road. The immense space around and above them stretches for miles until it fades on the horizon. The road cuts through the desert in an exact line.

MECHANIC

(on his way to the
back area)

Fouled up spark plug.

The Mechanic takes two wrenches from his tool kit and goes back to the front end where he pulls the spark out with a wrench, gaps it and replaces the plug.

DRIVER

It's straight like this clear
across Oklahoma.

GIRL

(vaguely)

I wish we were back in Santa Fe.

DRIVER

What about San Francisco?

GIRL

(brightening)

San Francisco is groovy. Or
Denver. I was in Seattle
once. I ate a lot of fish
and sprained my ankle.

CONTINUED

49. CONTINUED

49.

DRIVER

New Orleans, Miami, Boston and
Chicago.

GIRL

(sitting up)

New York. What about New York?

DRIVER

That's definitely a town. The
Big Apple.

In the distance they have come from a small point
approaches. As it gets larger the point becomes the
shape of the GTO.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(to Mechanic)

The fan belt sounded a little
funny. It squeaks.

MECHANIC

I'll tighten it.

CUT TO:

50. INT. GTO - TRAVELING - DAY

50.

The Tape Recorder plays the same cassette: Blue Grass
music. The Texas Hitch-hiker stares straight ahead,
his face frozen into an artificial smile. GTO keeps
the car at an even 100 MPH. He is driving with his
left arm out the window, his right hand on the
steering wheel, a cigarette between two fingers.

GTO

So after I got shot down twice
over Korea I decided I needed
some fun and games, you know
what I mean. I just wanted to
take off a few years. I ran out
of cash and had to take a job
testing jets. But I had to have
more action on the ground.

The Texas Hitch-hiker nods cautiously.

CONTINUED

50. CONTINUED

50.

GTO (CONT'D)

I mean you can't stay high the same way forever. Right? So when the 455 came out with the Mark IV Ram Air with tunnel port heads....

They pass the Car. The Mechanic is working on the fan belt. The Girl and Driver are lying on the ground next to the Car. GTO slows, looking them over, then speeds ahead.

GTO (CONT'D)

Those sons of bitches have been following me clear across two states. Three states. They keep wanting to challenge me. They come up behind and honk and then when I keep my cool and don't get into it they get hysterical. A bunch of small town car freaks. They'd run over you if they had the chance. But that homemade stuff can't stand up to the old 455. I'd lose them in twenty minutes. Color me Gone, baby.

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER

Well, I'll tell you one thing, you sure have one hell of a fast auto-mo-bile.

CUT TO:

51. EXT. CAR - SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

51.

The Girl and the Driver lie on the side of the road. The Mechanic looks at the engine.

DRIVER

(watching the GTO disappear in the distance)

I've seen that GTO a couple times before. Believe he passed us in Arizona. Some kind of weekend warrior.

CONTINUED

51. CONTINUED

51.

GIRL

Do you notice every car on the road?

DRIVER

A lot. Yeah, I see 'em come and go.

CUT TO:

52. EXT. GTO - SPEEDING ALONG ROAD - DAY

52.

CUT TO:

53. INT. CAR - GIRL IN BACK AREA

53.

The Car is moving along the road at a steady 85 MPH.

The Girl lies in the back area, her legs tucked up into her stomach. She has decorated the area with magazine pictures of the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and Frank Zappa. The sleeping bags have been folded around her. Her head rests on her laundry bag. The effect she has managed is that of a small nest.

GIRL

Why don't I ever get to sit up front. What is this anyway? Some kind of masculine power trip? I'm shoved in back with all the goddamn tools. Screwdrivers and wrenches don't really do it for me, you know.

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)

We might have to put on a spare. The left rear is looking thin.

GIRL

Oh, man, you guys are too much. We never stop unless we break down or somebody has to take a leak.

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)

Next station we'll get a change of oil. We ought to get us some action soon. We'll need bread to do a little work on the carbs and check out the rear end.

CONTINUED

53. CONTINUED

53.

GIRL

I don't see anyone paying attention to my rear end. Listen, I have to take a leak. Honest, you got to stop this car.

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)

Put her flat out for awhile.

The Driver accelerates to 120 MPH, passing a truck.

54. EXT. CAR ON ROAD - DAY

54.

The Car leaving the truck behind until it disappears in the distance.

CUT TO:

55. EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

55.

The GTO pulls in.

Two INDIANS are asleep against the wall of the gas station. An old MAN in Levis and oil stained work shirt comes out of the office to pump gas. GTO and the Texas Hitch-hiker get out to stretch their legs. The Texas Hitch-hiker looks relieved to finally be out of the car and heads for the men's room. The gas station is set on a bleak stretch of road. There are no other buildings around. It is very quiet. The old man keeps his eyes on the ground. GTO goes to the coke machine, puts in a dime and receives a coke bottle.

56. EXT. CAR - PULLING INTO GAS STATION

56.

The Car pulls up on the other side of the pump from the GTO. The Girl crawls out and heads for the ladies room; in this case the same as the men's room.

GTO stares at the Girl and then at the Car. He puts his half filled coke bottle in the rack and then retrieves it, taking a furious sip.

57. INT. MEN'S ROOM - GIRL ENTERS

57.

The Men's Room is very small, with a sink and toilet and graffiti on the wall. The Texas Hitch-hiker is seated on the toilet with his pants still on. His elbows are on his knees and his hands support his bent head.

CONTINUED

57. CONTINUED

57.

GIRL
(looking at
him matter-of
factly)
Are you coming or going?

TEXAS HITCH-HIKER
(looking up,
startled)
Huh... Oh, well, just leavin'.
Just leavin'.

CUT TO:

58. EXT. MEN'S ROOM - TEXAS HITCH-HIKER EXITS

58.

The Hitch-hiker walks towards the GTO. No one appears to notice him. He reaches into the front seat for his brief case and walks to the side of the road.

The Driver has gotten out of the Car. He leans against the hood, staring at the GTO. The Mechanic still works on the engine.

GTO slowly puts back the coke bottle in the rack. Then he walks deliberately over to the GTO and stares somewhat to the side of the Driver. The GTO separates them.

GTO
(tense)
I don't like being crowded by
a couple of punk road hogs
clear across two states.

GTO appears slightly startled by the emotion of his accusation. He shifts his feet and tries to lean casually on the hood of the GTO but his gesture is awkward and he slips.

GTO (CONT'D)
(taking two
steps backwards)
I don't.

DRIVER
(impassive, calm)
I don't believe I've ever seen
you. Of course there's a lot
of cars like yours on the road...
They all get to look the same.

CONTINUED

58. CONTINUED

58.

He looks away.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

They perform about the same.

GTO

(trying to be cool, managing half a smile)

If I wanted to bother I could suck you right up my tail pipe.

DRIVER

(walking away to the grass at the side of the station)

Sure you could.

GTO gets in the driver's seat of the GTO. The Old Man finishes pumping gas and starts on the Car. GTO pays him and then starts the motor. He switches it off and gets out.

The Girl comes out of the Men's Room and walks over to the Driver.

GTO gets back into the GTO and puts on a cassette. Then he gets out again and goes over to the Car, looking over the Mechanic's shoulder at the engine.

59. EXT. DRIVER AND GIRL ON THE GRASS

59.

The Girl sits down by the Driver, who looks at her and then looks away.

GIRL

There's some nutty graffiti in there.

DRIVER

Yeah, I guess we're in Texas.

They are silent for a long moment. The Girl looks up at the Driver.

GIRL

I never know where you're at.

CONTINUED

59. CONTINUED

59.

DRIVER
(slightly awkward)
Oh, yeah. I was thinking
about the clutch. The clutch
is slipping a little.

GIRL
I don't even know where to
reach to.

The Driver doesn't answer. He looks away, across the
desert. The Girl looks down at the ground.

GIRL (CONT'D)
It's a strange trip, just to
drive around and try to go as
fast as you can.

DRIVER
(going over to
the car)
I guess it is.

60. INT. GTO

60.

GTO sits inside and looks out at the Car. Emotions
struggle through the rigid areas of his face. He rolls
up the window and then rolls it down.

The Girl gets in the front seat and picks up one of
the cassettes.

GIRL
(not looking
at GTO)
These are groovy records.

GTO
(still looking
at the car)
Play one. Are you traveling
with those guys?

GIRL
(looking over
the cassettes)
Yeah... Say, where'd you get
such a far out car?

CONTINUED

60. CONTINUED

60.

She hands him a cassette to play. He holds it in his hands as he answers her.

GTO

Vegas. I won it shooting craps.
Thought I'd drive to New York
and spend some money. I don't
care. I just want to hang
loose.

The Girl is not really listening. She is looking at the Driver while GTO is looking at the Mechanic and the Car.

GTO puts on the cassette. It's the Doors: BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE.

GTO (CONT'D)

How fast does that car go?

GIRL

(snapping her
fingers to the
music)

Oh I don't know. Pretty fast.

GTO

Well, I can take him. I know
I can take that antique.

61. EXT. GTO

61.

GTO gets out of the GTO, starts to walk over to the Mechanic, hesitates and walks to the coke machine. He drinks a coke and watches the Car.

The Driver comes over to the GTO, bends down to the window. The Girl is inside, listening to the music and staring bleakly out at the desert.

DRIVER

(softly)
How are ya doin'?

GIRL

(pleased to be
asked)
Fine... Better.

CONTINUED

61. CONTINUED

61.

DRIVER

I think we got us a real squirrel to run.

The Girl gets out of the GTO and goes back to the Car. The Mechanic lowers the hood down and puts the tools in the back area.

GTO puts the coke back into the rack. He walks slowly, with great determination to the Car. He faces the Mechanic and the Driver.

GTO

(slowly, his words evenly spaced out)
You've got nothing inside that engine but a bunch of worn out...

DRIVER

(interrupting)
We'll race.

GTO

(startled)
Sure we'll race. You're damn right we'll race.

DRIVER

For pinks.

GTO

Pink slips? You mean for cars? You want to race for the whole shot?

DRIVER

Right. All the rolling stock.

GTO

Where to?

DRIVER

You name it.

GTO

(laughing sardonically)
Well, in that case smart ass, I'll race you to Washington, D.C.

CONTINUED

61. CONTINUED (2)

61.

DRIVER
(matter-of-factly)
Right. Washington, D.C.

GTO
(staggered)
Washington, D.C.! Wait a second, man... No, you're on. You're definitely on. I was going there anyway.

The Texas Hitch-hiker sticks out his thumb as a FARMER in a pick-up truck drives slowly by. The farmer stops and the Texas Hitch-hiker climbs in. No one notices him leave.

DRIVER
(to the Mechanic)
Tell him how to do it.

The Driver and the Girl walk over to the coke machine.

MECHANIC
(to GTO)
We put the pinks in an envelope and mail it to D.C. General Delivery. First one there waits for his car... Here, I'll do it. I've done it before.

The Mechanic pulls out his wallet and takes out his papers. GTO does the same.

The Driver and the Girl go to the office and buy a bag of potato chips. The Old Man serves them without comment or expression.

GTO goes to his car and takes out a road map of the U.S.A. He brings it back to the Car and spreads it out on the hood.

62. EXT. CAR

62.

The Driver, Girl, Mechanic, GTO around the hood of the Car looking at the map.

MECHANIC
(marking the map with a pencil)
We'll stick to the country roads, the two lane black tops.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

62. CONTINUED

62.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Less heat that way. Never say you're racing. They'll bust you for it.

GTO

Not me, baby. They're not even going to see me.

GTO takes his map and goes back to the GTO. He gets in, slamming the door. His compressed lips and furrowed brow betray his struggle to make one last parting comment. He leans out the window as he fires up the GTO but is unable to say anything.

The GTO squeals out of the Gas Station and streaks down the road.

The Mechanic, Girl and Driver don't look up as the GTO leaves.

The Mechanic slowly and deliberately changes the rear tire. The Driver pays the Old Man. The Girl turns up the radio and listens to Western Music, slowly dancing around the Car.

63. INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - OLD MAN

63.

The Old Man sits in a battered chair watching them fix up the Car. There is no expression on his face as he watches the Car drive slowly away.

CUT TO:

64. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - LATE AFTERNOON

64.

The Car moves across the Texas Panhandle at 130 MPH. The Driver is totally involved with driving the Car. The Mechanic watches the gauge underneath the dash. The Girl sits cross-legged watching the country speed by. Over the radio an ANNOUNCER lists the current beef prices, then switches to the political news from Washington.

DRIVER

(tight-lipped,
his eyes
focused on
the road)

Turn that shit off.

CONTINUED

64. CONTINUED

64.

MECHANIC
(preoccupied with
the gauges, not
hearing)

What?

DRIVER
Turn it off. It gets in the
way.

The Mechanic turns the radio off.

MECHANIC
(stretching)
We got some good sleep last
night. Leastways I did.
We could be eatin better
for a long race. All that
sweet stuff and cokes get
to you come night. How are
your eyes?

DRIVER
Good. It all feels good.

MECHANIC
I figure we can go straight
through. Three stops for gas.
Eat light. It's best to keep
a hunger on. I'll relieve you
in six hours.

DRIVER
I feel good. I can take it
all the way.

MECHANIC
(shutting his eyes)
OK.

The Girl turns from looking at the road and stares
at the back of the Driver's neck.

GIRL
(reaching out to
massage his neck)
There's a little muscle jumping
around in your neck.

CONTINUED

64. CONTINUED (2)

64.

DRIVER

I like it that way.

GIRL

(sitting back,
then lying down)

I thought I would help out.

The Driver doesn't answer. He turns on the radio, fiddling with the dial until he finds a rock station.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(curled up on
the sleeping bag)

You don't have to keep it on
for me.

The Driver turns it off. We are left with the sound of an engine going flat out at 130 MPH.

The Girl lies in the back area, her hands cupped underneath her head, staring at the ceiling. The Driver and Mechanic stare at the road ahead. The Car holds to a steady 110 MPH.

GIRL

I'm not going fast or slow.
I'm just lying here completely
still. I'm not hot or cold.
I'm not hungry or sleepy. I'm
not looking at anything because
I don't even notice the inside
of this car anymore. I'm not
even horny.

The Driver and Mechanic don't answer. A raindrop falls on the window.

MECHANIC

It's going to rain. He'll
have to find a relief driver
or he'll be in trouble unless
he's got him some uppers.

They drive in silence.

CUT TO:

65. INT. GTO - TRAVELING - LATE AFTERNOON

65.

Chuck Berry's MAYBELLINE is turned all the way up on the tape recorder. GTO sings along at the top of his voice.

GTO

(singing)

Oh Maybelline, why can't you be true?
Oh Maybelline, why can't you be true?
You done started doin the things
You used to do.

66. EXT. GTO - SKIDDING TO A STOP

66.

GTO slams on the brakes and opens the door for a HITCH-HIKER running up the road. He is a large weather-beaten man in a battered Stetson, levis, boots and red and white western shirt. He runs awkwardly because of his boots.

67. INT. GTO

67.

The Hitch-hiker climbs in and sits in the bucket seat. He wipes his brow while breathing heavily. GTO blasts off, his tires leaving rubber behind him. He turns down the tape.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER

This sure is a pretty car. I got a cousin that had one like this. Used to tear up the road with it, yessir.

GTO

(grimly, as if
under dramatic
strain)

It's a test car. I'm driving a test now, as a matter of fact. I'm racing a Chevy across the country. Detroit set it up. If I win it could mean millions to the organization.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER

Is that a fact?

GTO

Yeah. I got him by about two hundred miles. No problem so far.

CONTINUED

67. CONTINUED

67.

The Oklahoma Hitch-Hiker steals an awkward glance at GTO. For the first time we see that there is something strange and rather soft about his face which at first looked rugged and virile, as if posing for a Marlboro ad.

GTO (CONT'D)

How far you going?

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER

Oklahoma City. You ever been there? They got a real sophisticated part of town there. It's not like most cities, you know what I mean?

GTO

Never been there. I can probably let you off somewhat to the south. I'm staying on the small roads on account of the law.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER

Never was one for the law myself. Say, you don't mind if I make myself comfortable, do you?

GTO

No.

The Oklahoma Hitch-hiker spreads out his legs and leans back his head, stealing another glance at GTO. Gradually his left hand sneaks across the area separating him from GTO. His hand eventually arrives at GTO's thigh. GTO stiffens and sets his mouth in a firm line.

GTO (CONT'D)

I'm not into that.

The Oklahoma Hitch-hiker withdraws his hand, letting out a sigh.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER

It might help you relax while you drive.

CONTINUED

67. CONTINUED (2)

67.

GTO
This is competition, man.
I got no time.

The Hitch-hiker sighs again, his whole manly facade seeming to fall apart.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
(trying to be brave)
Well, I guess there's nothing
wrong with trying...

GTO leans over and turns up the tape recorder.

CUT TO:

68. INT. CAR - RAIN - EVENING

68.

A sudden cloud burst covers the Car with heavy rain. The Driver pulls the Car to the side of the road. There are no wind shield wipers on the Car. The sound of the rain drowns out the radio. The Mechanic turns it off. They sit for a moment listening to the rain. It is impossible to see more than a few feet in front of them.

MECHANIC
(leaning over the
back seat, speaking
to the Girl)
Hand me the wipers. They're in
the left corner.

He takes the wipers from the Girl, opens the door and sprints outside. He puts on the wipers.

GIRL
(watching)
Why didn't he have them on?

DRIVER
Too much wind resistance.

The Girl climbs over the seat and gets out of the Car. She raises her arms over her head, smiling and laughing and walks through the rain. The Mechanic finishes putting on the windshield wipers and gets back in the Car. He is drenched. The Girl comes in and out of view. The Driver and Mechanic watch her for a moment. The Mechanic reaches in the back for a rolled up towel and begins to wipe himself off.

CONTINUED

68. CONTINUED

68.

The Driver honks the horn. The Girl waves and then thumbs her nose at them.

MECHANIC
(towel around his neck)
She's out of her tree.

DRIVER
Yeah, well we got to get on it.

He honks the horn again. The Girl has disappeared from view.

The Driver fires up and the Car starts to move. The Girl appears in front of the bumper, holding up her hand. She comes around to the Mechanic's side. He opens the door and she climbs in.

She climbs over the seat into the back area. She is completely drenched. The Mechanic throws her a towel. The Driver fires up again and they turn into the road. The Driver keeps the Car at a cautious 45 MPH.

GIRL
(shivering)
You son of a bitch. You would have left me, wouldn't you?

The Driver keeps his eyes on the road.

CUT TO:

69. INT. GTO - GTO AND HITCH-HIKER - RAIN - EVENING

69.

GTO pulls the GTO off the side of the road.

GTO
OK, get your ass out of here.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
But it's raining. You can't leave me off here.

GTO
Out. I told you to keep your claws to yourself.

CONTINUED

69. CONTINUED

69.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
Oh come on. How was I supposed
to know. I thought you was AC-DC.

GTO

Out.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
(petulantly)
Well I ain't moving.

GTO angrily pulls the GTO into the road and drives
off at 90 MPH sending water spraying up over the car.

GTO

First town and you're out.
I got no time for side tracks.

CUT TO:

70-73. EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CAR MOVING THROUGH THE
RAIN AND NIGHT

70-73.

Car passing the lumbering form of a giant trailer
truck. Water splashes over the Car as they pass.

Headlights coming through the rain; the sound of a
car passing.

Car moving slowly through a small town. There is
no one on the streets but the windows of the houses
are well lighted.

74. INT. CAR - GIRL IN BACK AREA

74.

She lies in the sleeping bag. Only her head is
visible, lying on the laundry bag. She stares at
the ceiling. She looks lost and afraid and seventeen
years old.

75. INT. CAR - DRIVER AND MECHANIC

75.

They can see only a hundred feet of road from the
headlights.

The Girl is not visible.

GIRL'S VOICE
I'm hungry.

CUT TO:

76. EXT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

76.

The rain has stopped. The Car pulls into an All-Night Diner. Several large trucks are parked. Light from the Diner shines through a red neon Coca Cola sign. The gravel is clean and defined after the rain.

The Girl, Mechanic and Driver climb stiffly out of the Car. The Girl's clothes have dried, as have the Mechanic's but they all look generally bedraggled and dirty. As they walk into the Diner they are silent and distant, as if fatigued and spaced from the road.

The Mechanic stops.

MECHANIC

I want to check on a couple of cinch studs I put in yesterday. Get me a cheeseburger with everything on it and a coke.

The Girl and Mechanic walk into the Diner. The Diner is clean and well-lighted, with a counter and several booths. Four or five TRUCK DRIVERS sit at the counter. They look up as the Driver and Girl come in. They stand near the cash register. A hard middle-aged WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

What'll it be?

DRIVER

Two cheeseburgers with onions, mayonnaise, mustard, pickles and tomato and two cokes.

GIRL

And a BLT on toast with Mayonnaise and a coke.

WAITRESS

(yelling through
into the kitchen)
Harry, two CB's through the
garden, BLT down with mayo.
Draw three.

She goes back down the counter and talks to a TRUCK DRIVER. They both look over at the Driver and the Girl.

CONTINUED

76. CONTINUED

76.

The Girl walks over to the juke box. The Driver sits down in a booth and rubs his eyes. The Girl selects the Rolling Stones I'M FREE. Then she walks over to the booth and lies down, with her head against the wall. The Driver does the same opposite her.

GIRL
(singing softly
along with the
Stones)
I know I'm free
I know I'm free
You know what I'm talkin bout
I know I'm free
That's something I know
I'm goddamned gonna be free...

DRIVER
You sing a lot.

GIRL
I only talk when I'm up tight.
I'm not into words. I like to
just flash on someone and get
outside of word games.

The Driver closes his eyes.

GIRL
You make me up tight.

DRIVER
Yeah... Why is that?

GIRL
You never say anything. I
mean I dig you and all but
you're not letting anyone
into your movie.

They are silent for a long moment. The Waitress puts their food into a bag. She stares at them. They are both lying in the booth with their heads against the wall and their eyes closed. A few truck drivers turn around and stare at them.

WAITRESS
(calling to them)
Hey, Romeo and Juliet. Your
food is ready.

CONTINUED

76. CONTINUED (2)

76.

They don't respond.

TRUCK DRIVER
Try Bonnie and Clyde.

The Waitress and Truck Driver laugh, pleased with themselves. The Driver and Girl get up and go over to the counter. The Driver pays.

77. EXT. DINER

77.

The Girl and Driver go back to the Car. They are already eating their food. They get in the Car. The Mechanic lowers the hood down and gets in. The Driver, eating in one hand, drives off.

CUT TO:

78. INT. GTO - NIGHT

78.

The GTO drives through a small town. The rain has stopped.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
(grinning to himself
slyly)
I'm not getting out.

GTO
(looking at the
hitch-hiker in
disgust)
What are you, some kind of
car molester?

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
I'm stayin on. I like you.

GTO
Listen, you goddamn cowboy
closet queen. If you don't
quit this car I'm pulling
over to the next cop and
telling him your story.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
OK. OK.

CONTINUED

78. CONTINUED

78.

The GTO pulls over to the side of the road. The Oklahoma Hitch-hiker gets out.

OKLAHOMA HITCH-HIKER
(as the GTO pulls
away)
It's guys like you that make
traveling a real drag.

CUT TO:

79. EXT. GTO- NIGHT

79.

The GTO speeding down an empty road at 100 MPH.

The red light of a Patrol Car appears in the background.

The GTO climbs to 130 MPH but the Patrol Car keeps close.

CUT TO:

80. INT. CAR - NIGHT

80.

The Girl lying in the back area in a sleeping bag.

GIRL
(half to herself
but extremely fast,
as if the words are
running up and over
each other)
It's changed since we been on
this straight line. There's no
peace in a straight line. We
can't just go to the right or
left or get lost or stop. This
is a heavy trip. This is one of
the heaviest trips I ever been
on. Wow. I don't mind little
lines. Those short races against
those weird cars. That's OK. LP
never used to go too far before
he'd pull over and just relax
or relapse or whatever he did.
He didn't play anything too
seriously. But this is heavy.
This is plugged into the track
or something...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

80. CONTINUED

80.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Wow. I must be losing control, tripping out into a word bag. I must not be gettin laid enough. Maybe I should become a vegetarian. My mouth is sure working away. No question about that. Do you hear it working away? What do you guys hear anyway? Tell me to stop. Don't let me get into a speed rap. I'm afraid to stop. It's like if I stop that engine will take over and I'll never be able to talk again. It's like we've been on this trip for weeks. But this isn't my trip. I hope you know that. This night is never going to end. It's going to be night forever. Oh wow, listen, tell me to stop...

MECHANIC

Keep talking. It helps him stay awake.

This is a moment of silence.

GIRL

I lost the thread.

CUT TO:

81. EXT. GTO AND PATROL CAR - NIGHT

81.

The Patrol car pulls ahead and forces the GTO off the road. The Cop and GTO get out of their cars. The Cop walks slowly toward GTO, his hand on his holster.

CUT TO:

82. INT. CAR - NIGHT

82.

The Driver slows the Car as he sees the flashing red light of a parked Patrol Car. The Girl sits up to watch. As they slowly pass they see GTO talking to the Cop and pulling out his wallet. The Cop has his gun half way out of the holster. GTO gestures wildly.

CONTINUED

82. CONTINUED

82.

The Driver pulls the Car parallel to the Patrol Car and stops. The Driver gets out.

The Driver takes a few steps towards GTO and the Cop.

DRIVER

He's dangerous, officer. He passed us on the right a few miles back. Must have been going about ninety.

COP

Come on over here.

The Driver takes a few steps closer to the Cop.

COP (CONT'D)

You say he passed you on the right?

DRIVER

That's right. He was weaving all over the road. He scared my wife half to death. He must be on something.

GTO gives the Driver a murderous look.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You need me as a witness or anything?

COP

I can handle it.

The Cop turns back to GTO. The Driver gets back in the Car and fires up. He BLASTS OFF the side of the road and quickly accelerates to 90 MPH. The Cop and GTO stare at the disappearing Car in disbelief.

CUT TO:

83. INT. CAR - NIGHT

83.

GIRL

This is not really like a race. I mean, first we follow him and then he follows us.

CONTINUED

83. CONTINUED

83.

MECHANIC

He needs encouragement or
he's likely to fade.

In the rear view mirror the Driver can see a pair of headlights gaining on the Car. He keeps the Car at a steady 120 MPH. The headlights slowly gain. He takes the Car up to 125 MPH but the headlights still gain. The Mechanic looks in the mirror.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

It's not the fuzz. So you
know who it's got to be.

The Girl sits up in the back area and looks out the rear window.

The Driver slows the Car down to 95 MPH. The GTO screams past then cuts the Car off.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

What the hell... That son of
a bitch is...

The Car skids off the road and stops. GTO gets out of his GTO and strides over to the Car. The Driver slowly rolls down his window.

DRIVER

(to GTO)
Hi, man.

GTO

(furious, nearly
out of control)
Listen, you creep. I don't
need any help from you.
Understand? I'm in this
race all the way and I don't
need to be patronized. Don't
put me on. I've been around
the track too many times for
that.

He sputters to a stop. The Driver, Mechanic and Girl look at him silently.

GTO (CONT'D)

(insisting)
Understand?

CONTINUED

83. CONTINUED (2)

83.

DRIVER

We just wanted to let you know we're right along with you on the road. We're all in this together. Right?

GTO

Listen, banana brain. I had that Cop eating right out of my exhaust pipe. You blew the whole thing. I was going to get a Police Escort to the state line because my wife happens to be having a set of twins.

GIRL

That's beautiful.

GTO

(calming down a little, beginning to be self-conscious)
Just don't fuck around with me.

MECHANIC

OK. Right. Let's have a truce for a few minutes. You want a hard boiled egg or something?

GIRL

(handing him a hard boiled egg through the window)
Here.

GTO takes the hard boiled egg and mournfully bites into it.

CUT TO:

84. EXT. CAR AND GTO - PARKED AT SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

84.

The Driver, Mechanic and Girl get out of the Car. The Mechanic offers GTO another hard boiled egg but GTO shakes his head, his mouth full. He goes over to the GTO and opens up the trunk. He takes out a leather brief case, snaps it open. Inside, an elaborate bar is set up.

CONTINUED

84. CONTINUED

84.

GTO

I got other items. Depending
on which way you want to go.
Up, down, sideways.

He takes out a flask and fills up a silver shot glass.
He lifts the shot glass in a cavalier salute.

GTO (CONT'D)

Here's to your destruction.

DRIVER

(drinking out of
the flask)

Same to you.

He hands the flask to the Mechanic who takes a pull,
then hands it to GTO. GTO pours himself another
shot. The Mechanic walks over to the GTO, opens
the hood and inspects the engine. The Girl gets
into the front seat of the GTO. She puts on the
safety belt and sifts through the pile of cassettes.
She finally selects one: Ike and Tina Turner singing
PIECE OF MY HEART. She mouths the words:

GIRL

You got what I want
You got what I need
I want you to give it to me
Make me say: oh oh baby...
Oh... ohhh... unnnnnhhhhh...
Unhhh... oh ba... by... chnnn
... Oh baby... Unhhhhhhhhhhhh.

GTO

(to the Driver)

Well, here we are on the road.

DRIVER

That's where we are all right.

GTO

I'm not worried about shutting
you down. You know that, don't
you?

DRIVER

I figured as much.

CONTINUED

84. CONTINUED (2)

84.

GTO

I've been around, you know. I get to one end of the country and I bounce off like a rubber ball and head right back to the other side. I've been scouting locations for a down home movie on fast cars. But a real race is more interesting. I can always choose locations along the way. You do much of this?

DRIVER

(taking a small sip from the flask)
A little.

GTO

(drinking a shot and quickly pouring himself another)
I know you're a car nut. I can spot the type. But all this speed is going to run out on you one day. You can't be a nomad forever unless you flow with it like me. Now take a little trip I took...

The Driver walks over to the GTO and looks at the engine with the Mechanic. GTO follows.

GTO (CONT'D)

(peering over the Mechanic's shoulder)
Not bad, eh? You dig the 3.90 Posi gears and high torque engine. I got a hydraulic lifter stick grind cam. I got all the top end I need, enough to pull me through the quarter at 124 MPH in 13.46 seconds.

The Driver and Mechanic don't appear to be listening to GTO. The Mechanic points out little things to the Driver, who nods quietly.

CONTINUED

84. CONTINUED (3)

84.

GTO looks at them a moment and then gets in the front seat of the GTO. The Girl looks at him and smiles.

GIRL

Did you steal this car?

GTO

Huh?... Oh, yeah. I stole it.

GIRL

You said you won it in a crap game.

GTO

I did? Well, you know, I had loaded dice.

GIRL

What do you think of them?

GTO

Who?... Oh them. Outside there. I don't know.

They both look outside where the Driver and Mechanic are talking about the GTO's engine.

GTO (CONT'D)

Listen, why don't you ride with me. Those guys aren't for you. They're losers. All they know about is cars. They won't be able to show you the kind of time I can.

GIRL

(watching the Driver and only half listening to GTO)

Where would we go?

GTO

Miami. Maybe Montreal. Or Mexico. Mexico is something else. The thing is to keep moving with a few dashes out of the country now and then. You got to have a foreign taste to keep a balance. Otherwise you fall apart.

CONTINUED

84. CONTINUED (4)

84.

GIRL
(looking at
him)
You're not very well wrapped
are you?

GTO
(defensively)
Listen, baby, this automobile
is one of the best rides in
the country. Not only that
but I got connections they
haven't even thought of yet.

GIRL
No... I don't know. Not now.
Anyway, you'll probably lose
the race.

GTO
(gripping the
steering wheel
in racing fashion)
I'm serious, you know. I'm
not just kidding around.

She leans over and kisses him. Then she gets out of
the car and joins the Mechanic and the Driver. GTO
looks at them for a moment. Then he gets out of the
car, walking around the rear end and then coming up
to the engine.

85. EXT. CAR - MECHANIC, DRIVER, GIRL AND GTO AROUND THE 85.
ENGINE

The Girl stands next to the Driver on one side of
the engine. The Mechanic and GTO stand on the other
side.

MECHANIC
(to GTO)
You could have yourself a real
street sweeper here if you
wanted to put in a little work.

CONTINUED

85. CONTINUED

85.

GTO

What for? Nobody takes me now.

MECHANIC

Listen, man, over a quarter we'd saw you off before you got into second.

GTO

Prove it.

MECHANIC

Later, later. Look, what you need is a big Chevy Rat Motor that cranks in the mid elevens. Get yourself a '68 427 Chevy and stroke it out to 454. Get some L88 heads, a Sig Erson cam, Crane roller bearing rocker arms and Crower lifters. Thompson rods. Put on a three-barrel Holley with a 1050 rating...There's a lot more. Hell, you could really honk.

GTO

I go plenty fast enough.

DRIVER

You can never go fast enough.

MECHANIC

I'll tell you another thing. You're not going to make it another fifty miles. Your shocks are loose and your threads are about ruined.

GTO

What am I going to do?

MECHANIC

Get it fixed in the next town. If they get the parts right away it should only cost you an hour.

GTO takes a fast slug from his flask.

CONTINUED

85. CONTINUED (2)

85.

GTO

That's all I need. I might
as well hand you my pink
right now.

DRIVER

Didn't you mail it in?

GTO

Sure. That's right. Of
course I did. But I can't
survive a breakdown. I
don't even have a relief
driver. At least you guys
can change off. You ought
to see what I've been
picking up off the road.
One fantasy after another.

DRIVER

We'll wait for you. It doesn't
interest me to be five hundred
miles ahead. He's got to work
on the car a little anyway.

MECHANIC

It's not like we don't know
we can shut you down.

GTO

How do I know you'll wait?

MECHANIC

I'll ride with you. The next
town is about ten miles.

DRIVER

I'll ride with him.

GIRL

I can go. I like the tape
recorder.

GTO

No, listen, I'll go in the
Chevy. I never rode in one
of those things.

GIRL

Who's going with who? I
can't drive, you know.

CONTINUED

85. CONTINUED (3)

85.

MECHANIC

You and I are going in the
GTO.

The Girl looks at the Driver, then looks away.

GIRL

Oh. OK.

The Mechanic slams the hood of the GTO. He gets in
the GTO with the Girl. The Driver and GTO get in the
Car. The GTO pulls out, followed by the Car.

CUT TO:

86. INT. CAR - DRIVER AND GTO - NIGHT

86.

GTO

It's not too comfortable
in here.

DRIVER

Yeah. It doesn't even have a
heater. Slows it down.

The Car pulls up behind the GTO, then pulls parallel.
The Driver revs his engine and looks over at the
Mechanic. The Mechanic gives a little nod.

Both cars Blast Off. GTO, who has failed to put on
his seat belt, is thrown back against the seat, his
neck snapping back, his mouth hanging open.

GTO

Holy shiiiiiiiiit!

The Car pulls rapidly ahead of the GTO. GTO looks
over at the Mechanic.

GTO (CONT'D)

(yelling to the
Mechanic)

Come on, man, you can do it.
Pull up.

By the time the Driver has shifted into third gear,
he is twenty feet ahead of the GTO. In fourth he
leaves him behind completely.

CONTINUED

86. CONTINUED

86.

GTO
(looking back at
the fast disappearing
GTO)
What are you trying to do, blow
my mind? That wasn't even a
contest.

87. INT. GTO - MECHANIC AND GIRL

87.

The tail lights of the Car disappear ahead of them.
The Mechanic slows down to a steady 85 MPH.

MECHANIC
Where to?

GIRL
It doesn't matter. Montreal
is nice but Mexico is out of
sight.

MECHANIC
I'm serious.

GIRL
(looking through
the cassettes)
So am I.

MECHANIC
I mean I feel too heavy about it.

The Girl chooses a cassette: Chuck Berry's NO MONEY
DOWN.

GIRL
I know. Only thing is, there's
this other guy in this weird
car just ahead that I...

MECHANIC
I know.

The Girl puts on the cassette and turns the sound up.

CONTINUED

87. CONTINUED

87.

GIRL

(singing along
with Chuck Berry)

Well, Mister, I want a yellow convertible
Fo'Do'de ville
With a continental spare
And wire chrome wheels;
I want power steering,
And power brakes,
I want a powerful motor,
With jet take-off;
I want air condition,
I want automatic heat,
I want a full length bed
In my back seat;
I want a short wave radio,
I want TV and a phone,
You know I gotta talk to my baby
When I'm riding along.

When the song ends they ride in silence.

CUT TO:

88. INT. CAR - DRIVER AND GTO - NIGHT

88.

GTO

When we get to that damn
town nothing is going to be
open. We're going to have
to wait.

DRIVER

It'll be light soon.

GTO

I'm getting tired of strange
towns. They're all strange
to me.

DRIVER

Best to go through 'em fast.

GTO

Everything is going too fast
and not fast enough. This
car doesn't even go fast
enough. Everything fell
apart on me, my job, my
family. Everything. I had
this job as a television producer
and one day I came in and...

CONTINUED

88. CONTINUED

88.

DRIVER

I don't want to hear about it.

GTO

What do you mean, you don't want to hear about it?

DRIVER

It's not my problem.

CUT TO:

89. INT. GTO - NIGHT

89.

The night has faded and there is a faint light on the road, a hint of dawn.

GIRL

(sleepily)

It's getting light.

MECHANIC

We'll be there soon. Do you want to stop first?

GIRL

No. I dig you and everything. But I never was any good at making it in cars.

The Girl shuts her eyes. They drive in silence as the light expands the road.

CUT TO:

90. EXT. GTO - DAWN

90.

The GTO approaches a small town in Eastern Oklahoma. They pass huge silos and a tractor factory. The town is completely still. The buildings are old and run down. The main street has only one stop light. There are no cars on the street.

91. INT. GTO - DAWN

91.

GIRL

(opening her eyes)

Where are we?

MECHANIC

Some town.

CONTINUED

91. CONTINUED

91.

GIRL

Where are the others?

MECHANIC

I don't know. Probably the
gas station.

The Girl shuts her eyes. The Mechanic drives through Main Street and pulls into a gas station at the other side of town. The Car is parked. The Mechanic pulls the GTO alongside of the Car. The Driver is asleep. There is no sign of GTO.

The Mechanic gets out of the GTO, letting the Girl sleep. GTO comes around a corner of the station.

GTO

(walking over to
the Mechanic)

The Mens Room is locked.

GTO goes over to the side of the gas station and takes a leak. The Mechanic looks at the girl and then walks slowly over to the other side of the gas station and stares back at Main Street. GTO comes back and opens the trunk of the GTO, taking out his flask. He takes a fast belt and walks over to the Mechanic, handing him the flask. Still looking at the soft light uncovering Main Street, the Mechanic takes the flask and slowly lifts it to his lips. He hands the flask back to GTO and walks back to the Car. GTO watches Main Street.

The Mechanic returns, carrying a screw driver in one hand. He walks past GTO and crosses the street, then starts to walk down a side street. GTO follows him. They are about two hundred feet apart.

The street they walk down is on the edge of town. It is very poor. Several of the houses have tin roofs and out houses. Several times the Mechanic stops and looks down a driveway. Finally he walks into a small field where there are several cars and a pick-up truck. He looks at the back of each car. Finally selecting one he bends down and starts to take off the license plate with the screwdriver. GTO comes up behind him.

GTO (CONT'D)

What are you doing, for
chrissake?

CONTINUED

91. CONTINUED(2)

91.

MECHANIC

This is the only one that has this year's plate. Looks like it has been totaled. They won't miss it.

GTO

What are you doing that for?

MECHANIC

I get nervous around this part of the country. It's best to just be one of the kids.

GTO

Oh.

The Mechanic takes off the plate. He and GTO walk back to the Gas Station.

92. EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

92.

GTO and the Mechanic walk to their cars. The Mechanic puts the screwdriver into his tool kit in the back area. He wakes the Driver. He stirs and gets out of the Car, stretching and rubbing his eyes. GTO gets in the front seat of the GTO and takes another sip from his flask. It is empty. He gets out and opens the trunk, finding a bottle of Jack Daniels underneath a blanket. He pours the Jack Daniels into the flask, missing a lot because of his shaking hands.

The Driver looks in the GTO and then around the Gas Station. The Girl is no longer in the GTO.

The Mechanic unfastens the plate on the Car and replaces it with his new plate.

DRIVER

(to GTO)

Have you seen her around?

GTO

(distracted and suddenly, obviously drunk)

Who?

CONTINUED

92. CONTINUED

92.

DRIVER

The Girl. Higgins. Whatever her name is.

GTO

No... Listen, you don't know where I can find a plate do you? I don't want to be left out in the cold. You know what I mean? I don't want to be from out of state.

The Driver doesn't answer but goes to the edge of the station and looks around down Main Street. There is no movement, no sound.

The Mechanic sits against a coke machine and closes his eyes.

GTO climbs in the GTO and takes another gulp from his flask. A truck goes by. The sound is unnaturally loud.

93. EXT. MAIN STREET

93.

The Driver walks down Main Street. Several more cars appear on the street. A drugstore opens. A milk truck goes by. He walks to the end of the street, looks both ways down the cross street and walks back.

94. EXT. GAS STATION

94.

The Driver walks into the Gas Station. He looks in the GTO. No one is there. He looks in the Car. No one is there. He goes over to the coke machine where the Mechanic is drowsing.

DRIVER

(to the Mechanic)

Where is she?

MECHANIC

(sleepily)

I don't know.

GTO is at the far side of the station trying to take the license plate off a car that is up on blocks. He is having trouble as his coordination has failed him.

CONTINUED

94. CONTINUED

94.

The Driver gets in the Car and starts the motor. He drives slowly out of the Gas Station.

GTO pauses from unscrewing the license plate. He looks at the disappearing Car.

GTO

Hey...?

He shrugs and goes back to his license plate.

CUT TO:

95. INT. CAR

95.

The Driver drives slowly down Main Street. He takes a right turn onto a side street. The Street is empty except for a milk truck and a boy on a bicycle delivering newspapers. He drives to the end of the street and then turns down another street. Finally he turns back to Main Street. He drives the full length of Main Street and out to the highway.

The Girl is standing on the edge of the road with her laundry bag.

The sun has come up. The Driver pulls over to the side of the road and opens the door. The Girl gets in.

The Driver drives away from town, into the country. They are silent for a few miles.

GIRL

(staring straight ahead)

I like the other car. I like the way the seats feel and the tape deck. I could get to like the back seat.

DRIVER

It's just another goat.

GIRL

What do you mean, goat?

DRIVER

GTO. They call it a Judge, too.

CONTINUED

95. CONTINUED

95.

GIRL

I like Judge. I don't get
along with Capricorns.

96. EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

96.

A figure in cover-alls walks down the street opposite
the gas station and disappears. GTO doesn't see him,
bent as he is on the extraordinary difficulty of
unscrewing the license plate. The Mechanic gets up
from the coke machine and sleepily gets into the
GTO.

GTO

(aloud as he
drops the screwdriver
and sinks down behind
the car)

Listen, I think I'm nodding off...

CUT TO:

97. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

97.

The Car has stopped on a dirt road.

DRIVER

Try it again. Put it in
neutral.

The Girl puts the Car in neutral.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Now start it.

The Girl starts the engine.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Now put it in first.

The Girl puts the Car in first. The Car staggers
forward and stops.

GIRL

Fuck it. I can't do it.

DRIVER

Shut your eyes.

CONTINUED

97. CONTINUED

97.

The Girl shuts her eyes. He guides her hand on top of the clutch.

DRIVER
(shifting her hand
through the gears)
First, second, third, fourth,
reverse and now neutral.

GIRL
Is this a game?

DRIVER
I don't know. Not yet.

The Driver takes his hand away.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You try it.

The Girl tries to shift. The gear grinds on the way to first.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You're right. You can't
do it.

The Driver starts to undo her blouse. She opens her eyes and strokes his face.

GIRL
I can do this.

DRIVER
You're right. You can do
this.

CUT TO:

98. EXT. GAS STATION

98.

The Driver parks the Car next to the GTO. He and the Girl get out. GTO is slumped by the rear end of the car on blocks. The license plate hangs limply on one screw. The Mechanic is still asleep in the GTO.

A station wagon drives into the Gas Station and parks near the office. A middle aged MAN in cover-alls gets out. He unlocks the door to the office and steps in. He peers out the window at the Car and GTO. Then he goes to the wall phone and makes a call.

CONTINUED

98. CONTINUED

98.

In the field behind the gas station kids arrive and start to play baseball. Two of the kids come over and look at the Car.

DRIVER
(to the Girl)
It must be Saturday.

GIRL
Or Sunday.

DRIVER
No, too much noise for Sunday.

The motorcycles come in and park near the office. Their drivers get off and come over to look at the Car. They stand silently. They are local teenagers.

GIRL
I think it's Saturday.

One of the ball players comes over and looks at the Car and then at GTO.

It is 9 A.M. and the town is fully awake. There are cars and pick-up trucks on the streets and people walking about. The sun is up. They walk over to the GTO. The Driver wakes the Mechanic.

DRIVER
(looking at the
gathering crowd)
We'd better get GTO together.

They walk over to GTO. The Driver pries the screw-driver from his fingers, and puts it in his pocket. The Driver and Mechanic lift GTO up and put GTO's arms around their shoulders. The Girl walks back to the Car, gets in.

The Driver and Mechanic slowly drag GTO over to the GTO and put him into the passenger seat. The Driver fastens the safety belt around him and slams the door.

99. EXT. GAS STATION - PATROL CAR

99.

A Patrol Car drives slowly into the station and parks near the office. The Owner of the Gas Station comes out of the office and around to the driver's side of the Patrol Car.

CONTINUED

99. CONTINUED 99.

The COP leans his head out of the window and greets him. The Owner points to the Car and to the GTO and then to the car up on blocks.

100. DRIVER AND MECHANIC 100.

DRIVER

Let's get out of here. But do it slow. I'll drive the goat.

The Driver walks slowly back to the GTO and gets in. The Mechanic gets behind the wheel of the Car.

101. INT. CAR - MECHANIC AND GIRL 101.

The GTO pulls out of the Gas Station followed by the Car which is followed by the Patrol Car.

MECHANIC

What's happening?

GIRL

The town woke up.

102. EXT. CAR, GTO, PATROL CAR - DRIVING DOWN MAIN STREET 102.

The GTO turns on right blinkers and makes a right turn down a side street. The Patrol Car follows the Car out of town.

103. EXT. CAR AND PATROL CAR - OUTSIDE OF TOWN 103.

As the Car reaches the highway the lights of the Patrol Car flash on. The highway is empty and straight.

The Car screams up to 110 MPH. The Patrol Car, its siren wailing, stays behind. But then the Mechanic takes it up to 130 MPH and then 140 MPH and walks away.

CUT TO:

104. INT. GTO - DRIVER AND GTO 104.

GTO is still out. The Driver pulls into a gas station at the other end of town. He gets out of the GTO, enters the gas station office.

105. INT. GAS STATION OFFICE 105.

The Driver orders parts for the GTO. Then he returns to the GTO and gets in.

106. INT. GTO 106.

The Driver takes a side street that runs parallel to Main Street. He drives down the side street and parks on the corner of the road that turns into the highway. He is partially hidden from the highway.

He lights a cigarette.

The Patrol Car comes back down the highway. After it passes, the Driver makes a right turn and drives down the highway.

107. EXT. GTO - HIGHWAY - MORNING 107.

The Driver holds the GTO to 60 MPH. There is a slight knocking in the engine. The country is flat with immense fields that stretch to the horizon. It is a country of oil wells and cattle.

The Driver passes a dirt road. He stops and backs up. He turns into the road. Parked a quarter of a mile down the road and partially hidden in a small declivity is the Car. The Mechanic is working on the engine. The Girl is stretched out on the ground looking at a field of cattle. The cattle are separated from the dirt road by a wire fence. A hundred yards from the Car a boy is repairing a section of fence.

The Driver parks near the Car. He gets out slowly. GTO is still unconscious. The Driver opens the hood of the GTO but doesn't look at the engine. He walks over to the Mechanic who continues to work on the engine of the Car.

DRIVER

(to Mechanic)

She won't hold up another ten miles. The threads are gone. I got some parts.

MECHANIC

I'll get to it. But I don't have much fondness for that goat.

108. DRIVER AND GIRL - ON GROUND - MORNING

108.

The Driver lies next to the Girl who continues to watch the cattle. The boy repairing the fence has worked his way up to within a hundred feet of them. He looks at them curiously. The Mechanic works on the engine of the GTO while GTO sleeps inside, still supported by the safety belt.

The Driver caresses the Girl's breast while she continues to watch the cattle. The boy inches closer. He is tall and rangy, dressed in levis and work shirt. His face is open and innocent and it is obvious he has never been off the ranch or away from the small town he goes to school in.

The Driver unbuttons the Girl's blouse and kisses her breasts. She watches the clouds. The boy has worked himself to within twenty feet of the Driver and Girl. He is no longer able to work on the fence.

The Mechanic walks over, wiping his hands on his shirt.

MECHANIC

I wouldn't give much for that machine. It's the Howard Johnsons of the Freeway.

DRIVER

(lying on his back with his arm around the Girl)

When we get that pink we'll unload it.

The Mechanic sits down next to them. The boy stares, open mouthed.

GIRL

We could take it right now. We could leave him his brief case and just take it.

MECHANIC

I could fix it so that he could give us some competition.

GIRL

I dig him, though. He's weird.

CONTINUED

108. CONTINUED

108.

The Girl runs a vague hand over the Mechanic's face. They all three are lying down, the Girl's chest still exposed. They are comfortable and quiet.

MEHCANIC

I got to change oil in the next town.

DRIVER

Let's wait till Arkansas. That cop probably had the radio out on us.

109. GTO GETTING OUT OF THE GTO

109.

GTO slowly opens the door, sticking one hesitant foot out of the GTO. He starts to climb out but the seat belt hinders him. He groans and slowly unbuckles the seat belt. Then he gets out of the car. He leans on the fender and blinks his eyes. He slowly stares about him, finally focusing on the group lying on the ground next to the Car.

GTO

Where the hell am I?

No one answers.

GTO (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter.

He looks confused, as if he's trying to remember something.

GTO (CONT'D)

Oh yes. Who won?

No one answers.

GTO (CONT'D)

(earnestly, while rubbing his head)

Listen, tell me this one thing. Where's the road?

BOY

(awkward but trying to be friendly while staring at the Girl's breast)

Back yonder.

CONTINUED

109. CONTINUED

109.

GTO looks at the boy, as if trying to place him.
Then he shakes his head and gets back in the GTO.

110. MECHANIC, GIRL AND DRIVER

110.

MECHANIC

We got to get goin.

The Mechanic and Driver get up and go over to the Car. GTO is still rubbing his head in the front seat of the GTO. The boy is still staring at the Girl lying on the ground. She props herself up on one elbow and slowly looks at the Car, then at the GTO and then, half turning, at the boy. The boy tries to smile at her but can't bring it off.

The Driver starts the Car.

GTO

(half to
himself)

Hey, where're you going?

The Girl gets slowly to her feet and walks over to the Car. The Mechanic opens the door for her and she gets into the back seat.

111. EXT. CAR - LEAVING DIRT ROAD - MORNING

111.

The Car slowly drives down the dirt road and out onto the highway. As soon as the Car is fully on the highway the Driver accelerates to 120 MPH.

112. GTO AND BOY

112.

GTO watches the dust made by the departure of the Car. He turns back to the boy, who is staring at him.

GTO

You with me?

The boy slowly shakes his head.

GTO (CONT'D)

You know if they fixed my
car?

CONTINUED

112. CONTINUED

112.

The boy doesn't answer.

GTO (CONT'D)
(to himself)
The bastards probably fixed it.

He rubs his head, then shifts over to the driver's seat.

GTO (CONT'D)
(to the boy)
You want to drive?

The boy shakes his head.

GTO (CONT'D)
Well, which way to Arkansas?

The boy points to the East.

GTO starts the GTO and slowly backs around and heads down the dirt road to the highway.

The boy watches him go with no expression on his face.

113. EXT. GTO - HIGHWAY

113.

The GTO slowly accelerates to 60 MPH, then to 80 MPH and finally 120 MPH.

CUT TO:

114. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

114.

The Girl sits cross legged in the back area watching the road. A car passes.

GIRL
That car was from Florida.
That's the first car from Florida.

MECHANIC
That's thirty-two states.

CONTINUED

114. CONTINUED

114.

They approach a car ahead of them. The Mechanic and Girl peer at the license plate.

GIRL

Oh my God. It's North Dakota!
We got North Dakota!

MECHANIC

That's thirty-three.

They are quiet, looking at the road.

DRIVER

(trying to
participate in
the game)

I saw Rhode Island awhile back.

They are silent.

GIRL

(self-consciously,
as if she is forgiving
him)
We already got four Rhode
Islands.

CUT TO:

115. EXT. GTO - GOING THROUGH SMALL TOWN

115.

116. EXT. GTO - LEAVING TOWN - SLOWING FOR HITCH-HIKER

116.

GTO opens the door for the Hitch-hiker who walks slowly to the open door. He is black, in his late twenties or early thirties. He is dressed conservatively in a brown suit and shoes and striped tie. His face is tight and closed.

GTO steps on the gas after the Hitch-hiker shuts the door.

GTO

Which way, brother?

ARKANSAS HITCH-HIKER

Fort Smith, Arkansas.

CONTINUED

116. CONTINUED

116.

GTO

Going through there myself.
We got to make time, though.
Got a gig in D. C. You ever
hear of the Washington, D. C.
Amendments?

ARKANSAS HITCH-HIKER

(polite but reserved)

No.

GTO

It's a new group. They make
some dynamite sounds. I got
wasted back in L. A. and got
to catch them before they go
on in D. C.

The Arkansas Hitch-hiker doesn't answer. He stares
at the road.

GTO (CONT'D)

What kind of sounds do you dig?
I got a tape here.

ARKANSAS HITCH-HIKER

I like Cole Porter but I'm not
really too fond of music.

GTO

(surprised)

Oh?

117. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - MORNING

117.

The News is on the radio.

ANNOUNCER

In San Francisco today at a
meeting of the American
Ornithological Society it was
reported that several varieties
of sea birds in the Aleutian
Islands have been made sterile
and will shortly be extinct.
Scientists have discovered that
masses of birds have been made
sterile as a result of exposure
to large amounts of DDT released
into the Japanese current. And
in the world of sports...

CUT TO:

118. EXT. GTO - ARKANSAS HITCH-HIKER GETTING OUT IN FT. SMITH 118.

119. GTO LEAVING FT. SMITH 119.

The GTO passes a road house. The Car is parked outside. GTO slams on the brakes, makes a U turn, and pulls into the road house. He parks next to the Car.

120. INT. ROAD HOUSE - GTO ENTERS 120.

The road house is large and simple. Most of the CUSTOMERS are farmers or crews that work on oil rigs. The WAITRESSES are young and testy from the comments and pats they receive. There is great energy in the road house and a steady level of noise from talk and eating.

The Mechanic, Driver and Girl sit at a formica table in the middle of the road house. They are receiving stares, but not hostile ones; mostly curiosity. GTO walks over and sits at their table. They don't acknowledge him.

DRIVER

(to the Mechanic)
Too much engine power. The clutch slips. I don't want too much rubber to burn.

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)
You don't have to worry about frying the tires. Before you start you do a couple of burn-outs and heat your tires before the run. You pop your clutch at high revs and hit it forward a hundred feet. Then you back up and do it again. Helps the ET's. What you got to do is burn bleach or liquid rosin into the tires. That's how you get the pores open and get your traction.

DRIVER

(to the Mechanic)
That's artificial traction. How can they let them do it?

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED

120.

MECHANIC

That's where it's at. Some of those boys qualified at Indy with ET's between 6.43 and 6.74. It's traction.

DRIVER

Well, we'd be Class B; that is if we get down in the mid 10's. So what happens then?

MECHANIC

You make the tire larger in diameter. You go up from a 28 inch tire to a taller 30 inch tire. An eleven hundred fifteen will do it.

GTO

(interrupting)

Did you fix my short?

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)

Firestone has designed the carcass to run at 6 to 14 psi inflation on an 8 inch rim rather than the 6 inch rim. You got more balance above 100 MPH.

GIRL

(to GTO, who looks stunned and hung over; the girl is bored)

You mean your car?

GTO

Yeah. Car. What you get into to go from one place to another. It takes a shorter time...

GIRL

They fixed it.

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED (2)

120.

GTO
(holding his
head and looking
at the table)
Well, let me ask you this one
thing. Are we still racing or
what?

The Waitress impatiently addresses GTO. The others are
already eating hamburgers and cokes.

WAITRESS
What'll it be, Junior?

GTO
(not hearing
her at first)
I got speed to think of, you
know... Huh? Oh... Hamburger
and glass of alka seltzer.

GIRL
We're broke.

GTO
(not understanding)
What do you mean, broke?

MECHANIC
No bread. We got to get some
competition.

GTO
(suddenly
understanding)
Oh, broke. That's a problem all
right.

The Girl looks off across the room, snapping her
fingers and singing to herself.

GIRL
I can't get no satisfaction
And I try
And I try
And I try
And I try
And I try
Hey hey hey that's what I say
I can't get no
I can't get no
I can't get no satisfaction.

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED (3)

120.

A large beefy MAN at a neighboring table stands up and walks over to their table. He is dressed in work clothes and his bearing and physical appearance shows the effects of living out of doors. He has been talking to two other men and looking over at the Mechanic, Driver, GTO and the Girl.

MAN
(sitting down
at the table
and smiling)
Where you boys and girls from?
My buddies and I been wondering.

DRIVER
(quietly)
Passing through.

MAN
Passing through, eh? Now what
do you all mean by that?

DRIVER
Going to Tennessee.

MAN
Now that's a piss poor state
if I ever seen one.

GTO
(forcing a smile
out of his
ravaged face)
These boys here are working for
me. I'm their manager. We race
that Chevy outside. We heard
there's some good tracks down
by Memphis.

MAN
(calling to
his buddies)
They're racing that Chevy outside.

He turns to GTO.

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED (4)

120.

MAN (CONT'D)

We got a track down by the state line. Best track in this part of the country. Got some boys out there who'd shut you down without no trouble.

He raises his voice and addresses his buddies.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ain't that right, boys?

His buddies nod in agreement.

DRIVER

We'll make it.

MAN

See that you do. Say, you ain't hippies are you?

GTO

(forcing himself
to look up from
the table)

Nossir. I take care of these boys. They're home town boys.

He nods to the Driver and the Girl.

GTO (CONT'D)

Mary over here is married to John and David is his brother. It's a big family. But we stick together one way or the other.

MAN

Well, sure did talk to ya. Don't forget to make that track over by Jeffersonville.

GTO

(his facade of
friendliness
fading into a
scowl at his
glass of alka
seltzer)

We'll do it.

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED (5)

120.

The Man walks back to his table. One of the other men pays him five dollars.

MECHANIC

We got the gas to get there.
We'll use the goat to set up
a grudge race.

GTO

(to the Girl)

The first chance I get I'm
going to trade it in. I don't
like the dashboard. Never
mind the over-all performance.
Inside is where it's at. You've
got to live inside. It's your
home. Your marriage. That
whole shot.

GIRL

I like the dashboard.

MECHANIC

We can get there in three or
four hours.

They stand up, leaving money on the table for the check. As they walk out, they receive a few stares and mumbled comments.

121. EXT. ROAD HOUSE - DRIVER, GTO, GIRL AND MECHANIC EXIT 121.

GTO

(to the Girl)

I got to get me a cobra. Never
mind an Eldorado or Lincoln
Continental. If I had a Cobra or
even a Corvette I could get some
proper action. The chicks would
crawl over the hood to get at me.
Right?... Right? A 'vette would
be cool. I wouldn't turn down a
'vette. But I'd be dynamite in a
Cobra. When I get to D. C. I'll
sell that kiddy wagon you got and
put the bread right down on
something that really cooks.

They walk over to the car and the GTO.

CONTINUED

121. CONTINUED

121.

MECHANIC

If you fix what you got
you'd be OK.

GTO

No chance. I got to keep
moving. You need to keep
changing it around. Not
like you punks with just
one image. Where is that?
Nowhere. You can't afford
to get pinned to any one
car.

The Mechanic gets in the front seat of the GTO. The
Girl and Driver get in the Car.

GTO (CONT'D)

(through the
window to the
Mechanic)

No good.

MECHANIC

You might not be able to
get there.

GTO

That's true. I might not be
able to get there. But then
it's right down the road to
Jeffersonville. Right?

MECHANIC

(getting out of
the GTO)

Right.

GTO gets in the GTO. The Mechanic gets in the Car,
forcing the Girl into the back area.

CUT TO:

122. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

122.

The Girl lies on a sleeping bag in the back area. The
Mechanic and Driver ride in front.

CONTINUED

122. CONTINUED

122.

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)

I need to take a look at the inspector points in the distributor. She's not running right. We'll have to do it together. I want to watch the point arm while the engine is being cranked with the starter, the ignition off. I ain't sure if each lobe of the breaker cam is passing under the rubber block on the point arm. You know what I mean?

GIRL

When do I get a driving lesson again?

MECHANIC

Last time I tried I shorted the points to the distributor cam. You got to check for that spark between the coil wire end and the ground each time you open the points with the screw driver.

GIRL

Can't we go faster or something? There isn't any dope back here to help out..... I need help. You know that, don't you? At least stop and buy me a movie magazine. I should have gone with GTO. I dig his tapes.

She lifts one leg up, as if in exercise. Then she lifts the other leg up.

MECHANIC

It might be that fiber block on the point arm has worn and won't make enough contact with the cam. Then you got to adjust the movable points.

CONTINUED

122. CONTINUED (2)

122.

GIRL

I think that's it. It's the movable points that are fucked up all right. You take your one movable point and if it's not moving to the other point you're in trouble. Will you please turn on the radio. I'll do anything for you if you turn on the radio. Anything.

The Mechanic turns on the radio. The program is a Billy Sunday sermon.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I'll do anything if you turn the dial.

The Mechanic turns the dial to a station playing country music. The Girl sings along with Hank Snow.

A horn honks behind them. The Mechanic turns and looks back. The Driver looks in the rear view mirror. A black Dodge Challenger 440 Magnum is within a few feet of the bumper. The Dodge swerves to the left in an effort to pass but the Driver moves the Car over. The Dodge honks again.

MECHANIC

One of them Dodge Challengers. Let him go on by.

DRIVER

Not today.

The Girl sits up and looks back.

GIRL

That guy driving that car looks weird. He looks like a road killer. He's even got a snap brim hat on. Now what does that mean? And a tie; he's got a tie on.

CONTINUED

122. CONTINUED (3)

122.

The Driver accelerates to 110 MPH. The Dodge stays on his bumper, honking furiously. But the Driver refuses to let him pass.

The Driver accelerates to 130 MPH. The Girl lies down on the sleeping bag and curls up into a little ball.

The two cars careen down the narrow black top road.

They squeal around a corner. A truck lies on its side; a car next to it has completely turned over. Broken glass lies all over the road. A man is slumped by the turned over car. A TRUCK DRIVER crawls out of the cab.

The Driver manages to avoid the truck by hurtling into a field. The Car bounces and almost tips over but manages to keep upright. The Dodge Challenger avoids the truck by inches and keeps on going down the road.

For a long moment no one in the Car says anything.

123. EXT. CAR - FIELD - DAY

123.

The Mechanic gets slowly out. He crawls under the Car. The Driver gets out, rubbing his neck. The Girl crawls out and lies on the ground. She is crying. The Mechanic crawls out from underneath the Car and walks over to the Girl.

MECHANIC

How you doin'?

GIRL

Jesus Christ. Oh Jesus Christ.

The Mechanic kneels down and touches her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(managing to
look up)

I'm OK. But I'm scared. I'm
really scared.

The Driver has been looking at her. She looks up, past the Mechanic and meets the Driver's look. They stare at each other for a few long seconds. Then the Driver walks away towards the road. The Mechanic sits down by the Girl.

124. EXT. CAR WRECK - DRIVER

124.

The Driver walks over to the man slumped by the overturned car. He looks down at the man, then lifts up his head. The man's neck is broken. He is dead.

The Truck Driver walks over to the Driver.

TRUCK DRIVER

(stunned, in a daze)

His neck is broke. He was trying to pass this other car. Come right around the corner right into me. The fool. The goddamn fool.

A pick-up truck pulls up to the smashed car. The driver gets out and walks over to the accident. A station wagon pulls up behind the pick-up truck. A woman and three kids get out.

The Driver walks back to the Car.

DRIVER

One guy got his neck broke. The other one is OK. We ought to roll before the cops get here.

The Mechanic looks at him and nods. He helps the Girl up and takes her over to the Car. She gets in. Then the Driver and Mechanic get in. The Car drives slowly off the field and onto the road.

CUT TO:

125. INT. GTO - DAY

125.

GTO keeps the GTO at a steady 90 MPH. The tape is on: The Stones' TIME IS ON MY SIDE. GTO sings along with the tape at the top of his voice.

GTO

Time is on my side
Yes it is
Tiiiiime i's on my side
Yes it is
Now you always say that
you want to be free
But you'll come runnin
You'll come runnin back to me
(MORE)

CONTINUED

GTO (CONT'D).

Tiiiiimme is on my side
Yes it is
Tiiiiime is on my side
Just wait and see.

GTO makes ecstatic faces at himself in the mirror, varying the poses from a hard, grim expression to a wide-eyed smiling idiotic look of wonder. A HITCH-HIKER stands up the road. GTO slams on the brakes.

GTO (CONT'D)

Whoa, big fella. Easy now.
Nothing to be afraid of.

The Hitch-hiker gets in. He's tall and thin with a drooping mustache. He's in his thirties. He looks tired and battered and slightly wary. He wears faded chino pants and a work shirt. He has a three day growth of beard. His hair is beginning to be long. He throws his suitcase in the back. GTO starts up and drives off.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

Appreciate it.

GTO

No trouble. How far you goin?

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

East.

GTO

New York?

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

(no expression on his face except the slight pain of having to talk to GTO)

Just East.

GTO

I can take you two hundred miles. I'm going up to Memphis to run a few of my cars.

CONTINUED

125. CONTINUED (2)

125.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER
(uninterested but
trying to be polite)

Oh?

GTO

A couple of Cobras and a Camaro.
They should do OK. I'm a little
worried about a few of the boys
in the crew.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

Afraid they'll pull out on you?

GTO

No, no. The drivers are just a
little young and inexperienced.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

(weary, sorry he's
involved in a
conversation)

It doesn't matter.

GTO

Beg pardon?

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

It doesn't matter what this
thing costs. The money bag
isn't where it's at. What was
it, seven or eight thousand?

GTO

Well, actually...

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

It doesn't matter that the
company laid it on you. That
medium is over. You know,
finished.

GTO

As a matter of fact...

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

(sadly, distracted;
looking out the
window)

It doesn't matter. Everything
is out front now.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

125. CONTINUED (3)

125.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER (CONT'D)

Out in the street. And the streets are full of fumes and guys driving off to race. What've we got? Thirty, forty years?

GTO

(forcing a laugh)
You don't exactly read me right. Not that I give a shit. But I'm in to a little caper of my own, a little caper designed to...

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

I believe everything you say, man. The point is how are you going to stop and what are you going to do when you get stopped?

GTO

(surprised)
You believe me?

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

Sure I believe you. It's easier than not believing you.

GTO

(angrily)
Listen, you don't have to put me on. I'm tired of creeps getting in off the road and putting me on.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

(calmly)
Right on.

GTO

(angrily)
What did you say? You said something. You might as well tell me what you said.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

(wearily)
I said stop the car.

CONTINUED

125. CONTINUED (4)

125.

GTO

What do you mean, stop the car?

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER

I mean take your foot off the gas and pull over. I want to get off this machine.

GTO pulls over to the side of the road. The Tennessee Hitch-hiker gets out and quietly shuts the door.

TENNESSEE HITCH-HIKER (CONT'D)

(as the GTO
squeals away,
peeling rubber)

So long.

126. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

126.

The Girl lies in the back area wrapped up in a sleeping bag. She stares at the ceiling. She looks very young and forlorn. The Driver seems as always although he is keeping the Car to the speed limit. The Mechanic rubs the back of his neck.

MECHANIC

I pulled something in my neck. But if that's all we got we're in good shape. I got to check the points and valves when we get there. Also the jets in the carbs.

GIRL

(in a weak,
timid voice)

I just don't want to hear any of that.

They sit in silence.

The Mechanic, his shoulder and neck hurting, turns stiffly in his seat to look at the Girl. He starts to say something, hesitates and is unable to speak.

The Girl smiles thinly at him but doesn't speak. He turns back and stares at the road. He turns on the radio.

CONTINUED

126. CONTINUED

126.

They listen to the weather report. When the weather report is over the news comes on. The Mechanic turns off the radio.

MECHANIC

(to the Driver)

The front end held up OK. The shocks seem to be all right but I would like to...

GIRL

(interrupting;
her voice
unnaturally
loud and
insisting)

When I went to the Grand Canyon with LP we didn't even get out of his truck. We just balled and then when we did get out it was dark and we never saw a thing.

As she talks the Driver accelerates the Car to 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130 MPH. The Mechanic looks at the speedometer and then at the Driver. The Driver's mouth is set grimly. As he goes faster the Girl talks louder.

GIRL (CONT'D)

What about GTO? He'll go straight to D.C. and get the pink slip. He'll own this car. You know that, don't you? He'll own everything you have.

She stops talking and the Driver reduces the speed to 70 MPH.

MECHANIC

(softly)

We gave him a phony pink.

They ride in silence.

127. INT. GTO - TRAVELING - DAY

127.

GTO drives within the speed limit. His face looks haggard and drawn. He starts to play the tape but then changes his mind and turns it off.

CONTINUED

127. CONTINUED

127.

He passes two kids hitch-hiking, holding a sign that says Nashville. He slows down and looks at them, then stops a hundred yards up the road. The two kids run after the car. GTO watches them in the rear mirror. When they are twenty feet away he steps on the accelerator and goes from zero to 120 in 13.5 seconds.

The two kids shout and gesture unheard and unseen obscenities as GTO speeds away.

128. EXT. GTO - ON THE ROAD - DAY

128.

The GTO keeps within the speed limit. The road winds through the Ozarks, past tar papered shacks and subsistence farms, through poor one-light towns. On the outside of a town the GTO passes an old woman and a young girl.

129. GTO STOPPING FOR OLD WOMAN AND GIRL

129.

GTO opens the door and the OLD WOMAN ushers in the young GIRL. The girl is nine or ten years old, dressed in a thin cotton dress. She is shy and wide-eyed about entering such a fancy car. With the girl secure in the back seat the old woman gets in the front seat. She wears a store bought print dress and a small white hat. Her shoes are black and wrinkled and her swollen ankles are only half covered by her white socks. She is in her seventies, toothless, with a strange smile on her thin lips.

She is unable to close the door. GTO reaches past her and closes it.

130. INT. GTO - GTO WITH OLD WOMAN AND GIRL - LATE AFTERNOON 130.

OLD WOMAN

(sternly, looking straight ahead; the tight smile never leaves her face)

Goin' to Endicott. Ten mile on. Goin' to the graveyard.

GTO

(gently)

Glad to help you out.

The old woman looks straight ahead, nodding her head from palsey or old age.

CONTINUED

130. CONTINUED

130.

OLD WOMAN

Goin' to the graveyard. Her folks buried there. Both of 'em. Killed on a Saturday night. Killed on the highway.

The girl looks out the window, showing no sign of hearing the old woman.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)
Out of state.

GTO

I'm driving to Florida. I bought my mother a house in St. Petersburg. I want to fix it up before she gets there.

OLD WOMAN

(not hearing)
City car.

GTO

It can be a city or a country car. Folks have them all over.

OLD WOMAN

City car is what killed them.

GTO looks at her and then looks away. The girl continues to stare out the window.

GTO

I'm sorry.

OLD WOMAN

(nodding her head; not hearing)
A city car is what killed them.

They ride in silence.

131. EXT. GTO - ON THE ROAD - DAY

131.

The GTO pulls up beside a small country graveyard. American flags are on the headstones and fresh flowers. The crosses are simple. There are no trees or shrubs in the graveyard.

CONTINUED

131. CONTINUED

131.

It is a bare field with a wooden fence around it. GTO gets out of the car and goes around to the other side. He opens the door for the old woman and the girl. The old woman gets slowly out of the car and waits for the girl to crawl out. They walk slowly through the gate of the graveyard. GTO watches them walk across the grass. They stop in front of a simple cross. GTO gets back in the car and drives away.

CUT TO:

132. EXT. CAR - CROSSING BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI TO MEMPHIS - AFTERNOON

132.

The Car drives slowly across the bridge.

133. EXT. CAR - DRIVING THROUGH MEMPHIS

133.

134. EXT. CAR - LEAVING MEMPHIS

134.

135. EXT. CAR - PULLING INTO DRAGSTRIP OUTSIDE OF MEMPHIS

135.

The Car pulls up to a gate. A banner over the gate reads MEMPHIS DRAGSTRIP. The Mechanic hands the Driver three dollars and they drive through the gate. Then they pay another three dollars for a pit pass.

They park in the pit area.

The pit area is composed of trailers, trucks and various vans. A wide assortment of dragsters, stock cars and funny cars are in the pits. Everyone appears to be totally focused on their cars. The Mechanic and Driver get out. The Girl sits in the back area looking through the window. The Mechanic opens the hood and starts to work on the plugs and valves. The Driver walks over to the Clearance Station a few feet away. He signs a book, pointing out the Car.

The Girl gets slowly out of the Car. She stares around her, curious, but seeming frail and lost.

The Driver walks back to the Mechanic and looks at the motor. The Girl walks over and looks at the motor. The Driver and Mechanic don't notice her. She walks away, looking at the scene. She stops next to a '34 Chevy coupe. Two men are inside, another working on the engine. She looks in the window. The two men look out then they go on talking.

CONTINUED

135. CONTINUED

135.

The engine in the coupe REVS up. The noise is total and startling. The Girl steps back, scared and upset.

She walks on. Inside the grandstand, dragsters are racing. She seems hypnotized by their long thin chassis and narrow wheel bases.

She walks inside the grandstand, which is two wooden platforms on either side of an asphalt runway. Over the runway there is a booth where the Announcer sits. As a dragster is rolled up to the starting line the Announcer announces who he is and where he is from. The Girl sits down, as if in a dream, on one of the narrow planks in the grandstand.

ANNOUNCER

Clear that Ford Station Wagon out... That's it...Now we have all the way from St. Louis a fast machine driven by Johnny Magnin: The Spirit of St. Louis.

The dragster REVS up and BLASTS OFF. The noise is literally deafening. The Girl jumps, almost falling off her seat. The dragster runs down the 1/4 mile strip in a cloud of blue smoke.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

7:21...Not quite enough for a qualifying time.

CUT TO:

136. EXT. GTO - GOING THROUGH GATE OF THE DRAG STRIP - LATE AFTERNOON

136.

GTO pulls up alongside the Car. He gets out, looking around him. He walks over to the raised hood of the Car. The Mechanic and Driver are working on the engine.

MECHANIC

(looking up)
Did you get cleared?

GTO

What's that?

DRIVER

I'll do it.

CONTINUED

136. CONTINUED

136.

The Driver gets in the GTO and backs it up to the Clearing Station. GTO looks over the Mechanic's shoulder. The Mechanic works on the engine, not paying any attention to GTO.

GTO walks away, towards the line of dragsters waiting outside the entrance of the grandstand to get to the starting line. He stops next to a Dodge Challenger which has been completely stripped down. Three men are looking at the engine which has no hood on it.

MAN

She'll do in the low twelves.
I swear to God. Old Luke had
her down to Nashville the
other day and made him some
money.

GTO tries to listen but is unable to comprehend what they are saying. He walks on, stopping by a '48 Ford Anglia. The driver of the Anglia whom GTO can't see because the windows are clouded up, REVS up the engine. The noise causes GTO to hold his ears and step back. He walks on. Another car REVS up and he grabs his ears again. The effect unnerves GTO and he looks shaken, his mouth twitching slightly.

137. EXT. GRANDSTAND - GIRL - DUSK

137.

The Girl sits holding her ears in the grandstand, as the dragsters blast off.

ANNOUNCER

There's about twenty minutes
left in qualifying. OK. All
clear on the other end. The
competition qualifying mark is
a quick 6.78 and the Howard Cam
Special qualifies with a 6.66...
Will the security guard get
those people back. That's it.
All right, here we go.

A dragster blasts off. The Girl gets up and walks out of the grandstand. She seems in a daze. She walks through the cars lined up to qualify. GTO is standing by a Cobra, looking around, but the Girl passes without them seeing each other.

138. EXT. HOT DOG STAND - GIRL - DUSK

138.

It is evening and the lights at the Drag Strip have been turned on. The Girl waits in line to buy a hot dog. A boy, eighteen, in white cover-alls and a baseball cap walks by, looking at her. He walks by again and then gets in the line behind her. The Girl pays for her hot dog and goes over to a table to put mustard and relish on it. The boy follows her.

BOY

You with Mickey Spain?

GIRL

(startled,
spilling the
mustard)

No.

BOY

You from Memphis?

GIRL

No.

The Girl moves away through the crowd. The boy stares at her and then walks after her. They wind through the cars. The boy passes a car with a man working on the engine. He stops to talk. When he looks up the Girl is gone.

139. THE CAR AND THE GTO IN LINE - DUSK

139.

The two cars are next to each other. The Mechanic now works on the engine of the GTO. The Driver leans on the front fender of the Car. Other drivers come by and look at the Car and the GTO.

GTO comes up to the Mechanic.

GTO

How does it look?

MECHANIC

Terrible.

GTO

Who are you going to race?

MECHANIC

You. Only I'm driving.

CONTINUED

139. CONTINUED

139.

GTO doesn't appear to be interested. He goes over to the Car and looks in the back area. Then he walks away.

The Girl comes over to the Car. She looks at the Driver. He meets her gaze for awhile and then looks away. The Girl gets in the Car and sits in the driver's seat. She turns on the radio and then turns it off.

The Driver gets in next to her. They stare at the rear end of the car in front of them. The Girl tries to shift the stick shift. It doesn't go.

DRIVER
(looking straight ahead)
Use the clutch.

The Girl uses the clutch and tries to shift. She makes it into first and then can't find her way out. The Driver puts his hand on top of hers and guides the stick shift.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(as he shifts)
Up. Down. Up and over. Down and over. Up.

The Girl bites her lower lip in concentration.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
That's it.

He shifts it into neutral and works it back and forth. He stops but leaves his hand on top of hers.

GIRL
(trying to find something to say)
Where are we going after this?

An engine REVVING and BARKING drowns out his reply. He shrugs and looks away. She pulls at his sleeve. He looks at her, trying to speak, to say something. He shakes his head and gets out of the Car.

GIRL (CONT'D)
(leaning out the window, speaking to the Driver)
It's too heavy.

CONTINUED

139. CONTINUED (2)

139.

DRIVER
(unable to hear
because of a
motor)

What?

The Girl shrugs and looks away. The Driver goes over to the Mechanic, who is working on the GTO. The Girl gets out of the Car and wanders away.

140. GIRL WANDERING THROUGH CARS - DUSK

140.

She wanders through the line of cars, staring at them without seeing them. Men stare at her but she doesn't seem to notice them. She passes a 1955 Chrysler 300. No one is in or near it. She gets in the back seat. Engines bark and growl around her. She curls up in the back seat, her arms around her head, her knees tucked into her stomach.

CUT TO:

141. EXT. GRANDSTAND - GTO - NIGHT

141.

GTO looks blankly at the parade of cars running off qualifying times. The cars have changed to Funny Cars. GTO is unable to watch. He leaves the grandstand, walking back through the line of stock cars. He looks vaguely at the cars. He passes the Chrysler, looks in the back window and stops.

GTO gets in the front seat of the Chrysler.

GTO
(hands on the
steering wheel)
Where to?

GIRL
(from the back
seat, still
curled up)
Around the block.

GTO
(looking in the
rear view mirror)
There's a car following us.

GIRL
You get used to it after
awhile.

CONTINUED

141. CONTINUED

141.

GTO
Should I pull over?

GIRL
No. Keep going.

GTO
Should I lose our tail?

GIRL
It doesn't matter.

The door of the Chrysler opens. A large MAN in a blue sweatshirt looks in the passenger side.

MAN
Where'd Harry run off to?

GTO
He's setting up some kind of grudge race.

MAN
He's crazy. This man won't even qualify.

GTO
He's been weird lately.

MAN
See you all up at Vic's Tavern after I shut down old Sam.

GTO
Right.

142. EXT. PITS - GIRL AND GTO WANDER THROUGH THE CARS

142.

They walk up to the head of the line where the Car is lined up against the GTO. The Mechanic sits inside the GTO and the Driver sits inside the Car.

The Girl and GTO walk through the two cars and into the grandstand.

143. EXT. GRANDSTAND - GTO AND GIRL - NIGHT

143.

The Girl and GTO sit high up in the grandstand. The Car and GTO come up to the starting line. The starter gets them lined up.

CONTINUED

143. CONTINUED

143.

They blast off. The GTO wins by four feet.

GTO
(looking down
at the end of
the track)
Who won?

GIRL
You.

The Girl stands up and starts to walk out of the grandstand. GTO looks at her a moment and then follows. His face looks strained and weary. He looks suddenly old.

CUT TO:

144. EXT. PITS - MECHANIC PARKING THE GTO - NIGHT

144.

The Mechanic parks the GTO in the parking lot. He walks back to the line where the Driver has pulled the Car up to a blue '48 Anglia. The Girl and GTO stand by the Car. The Driver talks to the owner of the '48 Anglia.

The Mechanic hands the keys of the GTO to GTO. GTO takes them and puts them in his pocket. He walks back to the parking lot. The Mechanic opens the hood and starts working on the carburetor.

The Girl gets in the back area of the Car.

145. INT. CAR - NIGHT

145.

It is dark in the back area of the Car, except for a soft dim light. The Girl collects her articles and clothing and puts them in her sleeping bag.

The Mechanic gets into the passenger seat. He looks straight ahead.

MECHANIC
We'll be in D.C. for dinner
tomorrow.

The Girl doesn't answer. The Driver gets in the driver's seat.

CONTINUED

145. CONTINUED

145.

DRIVER
 (to the Mechanic)
 I set it up. We're going
 against the Anglia. I put
 up the tools against \$300.
 This is a big one. He dug
 that we lost to the GTO.

The Mechanic opens the door, looks back at the Girl.
 She avoids looking at him.

MECHANIC
 I got to check the valves.

The Driver grips the steering wheel, unable to speak.
 They sit for a long moment in silence. The Driver
 starts the Car and they move up a few feet in the
 line.

DRIVER
 (still looking
 ahead)
 She's running good.

GIRL
 (sighing, barely
 audible)
 Beautiful.

DRIVER
 After D.C. we'll go on down
 to Florida. They got some
 good beaches down there.

They sit in silence. The Driver gets out and walks
 down the line. The Girl gets out of the Car with her
 sleeping bag. She walks away, towards the parking
 lot. The Mechanic starts to follow her but then
 returns to the engine.

146. INT. GTO - NIGHT

146.

GTO sits in the driver's seat. The tape is softly
 playing Ray Charles: HIT THE ROAD JACK/ AND DON'T
 YOU COME BACK NO MORE NO MORE. In the near distance
 are the sounds of the drag strip.

The Girl opens the door and throws her laundry bag
 into the front seat and shuts the door.

CONTINUED

146. CONTINUED 146.

GTO looks at her. She bites her lower lip and stares straight ahead.

GTO starts the GTO and slowly drives out of the parking lot and onto the highway.

147. EXT. GRANDSTAND - MECHANIC 147.

The Mechanic watches the Car face off against the blue Anglia.

They blast off. The Car wins by inches.

CUT TO:

148. INT. GTO - NIGHT 148.

GTO drives at 120 MPH through a winding hilly road. It is 2 A.M. and the road is empty except for an occasional car. The Girl is half asleep. GTO drives with intense concentration.

GTO

I got a good lead. He can't catch me. As soon as we get that pink we'll split to New York. Right?

GIRL

(half hearing;
nodding off)

Right.

GTO

(nodding to
himself)

That's right.

CUT TO:

149. EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT 149.

The Car is parked in back of the line. The Mechanic walks up to the Driver who is standing by the front end.

DRIVER

The wheels didn't grab off the start. I barely got him.

He hands the Mechanic three hundred dollars.

CONTINUED

149. CONTINUED

149.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Where is she?

MECHANIC

(putting the money
in his wallet)

They split.

DRIVER

(his voice suddenly
urgent)

Let's go.

The Driver starts to get into the Car.

MECHANIC

Let it be. We don't want
that Goat.

DRIVER

(from the driver's
seat)

Come on.

MECHANIC

(getting into the
passenger seat)

Yeah... OK... But she's going
to burn you.

CUT TO:

150. INT. GTO - NIGHT

150.

The Girl is asleep. GTO drives with maniacal fury.

GTO

I've got three hours on
them. As long as they
don't pull up even I'm
all right. I'll sell
both cars and put down
ten grand on a Cobra...
Yes sir.

He pauses a moment.

GTO (CONT'D)

It won't happen. I don't
know why, but I'm not going
to get a Cobra.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

150. CONTINUED

150.

GTO (CONT'D)

Maybe a Thunderbird... Listen, I don't know where I'm going. You probably didn't suspect that but it's all I can do just to keep moving. I get up-tight just thinking about tomorrow.

151. INT. CAR - NIGHT

151.

The Driver keeps the Car flat out at 147 MPH. His hands clench the wheel. His mouth is tight with anxiety. The Mechanic, unable to look at the Driver, watches the road. His face is grim, even frightened.

The Driver is taking chances: Passing a truck at the top of a hill. Blasting through a small town at 140 MPH. Taking corners on two wheels.

MECHANIC

(as the Driver squeals around a corner)

Easy... Take... it... easy. You're gonna kill us.

The Driver doesn't hear.

CUT TO:

152. INT. GTO - EARLY DAWN

152.

Light is beginning to uncover the details of the road. The Girl is still asleep.

GTO

(gently to the Girl, with great intimacy, as if they are on a honeymoon)

Darling, we have time for a quick bite. Then we'll go on. It doesn't matter where... As long as we can rip off a quick piece now and then... No, no, forget I said that. I'm crazy about you.

CONTINUED

152. CONTINUED

152.

He is silent. He swerves the car from one side of the road to the other.

GTO (CONT'D)

Here's the way it will be. When we get the Cobra we'll go to Florida for a rest. We'll just lay on the beach and get healthy. Let all the scars heal. Then maybe we'll go to Arizona where it's always warm and the roads are straight. We'll build a house. That's what we'll do. We'll build a house because if I'm not grounded pretty soon I'm going to go into orbit.

CUT TO:

153. INT. CAR - EARLY DAWN

153.

The Mechanic and Driver concentrate grimly on the road as they speed through patches of early morning fog. The Driver is obsessed.

CUT TO:

154. INT. GTO - PULLING INTO AN ALL NIGHT DINER AND GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

154.

The GTO pulls into the parking lot of the Diner. Next to the Diner is a Gas Station. Several trucks have pulled up to be serviced in the Gas Station. Outside the Diner two pick-up trucks and a large van and a motorcycle are parked. GTO parks next to the motorcycle and gently shakes the Girl.

GTO

Food, baby. Let's get some food. I'm falling asleep.

The Girl opens her eyes, not knowing for a minute where she is. She rubs her eyes, stretches and looks at GTO.

GIRL

Where are we?

GTO

Food, breakfast.

155. INT. DINER - GTO AND GIRL ENTER

155.

GTO walks into the Diner followed by the Girl. The Diner has tables near the window and a long counter. Two truck drivers sit at one table. A farmer sits at the counter and a BOY in a motorcycle jacket. The Boy looks at the Girl as she and GTO sit down at a table near the window. The Girl notices him. She stares back. He is thin, with a handle bar mustache, leather jacket and soft self-absorbed expression. He smiles brightly. She smiles back.

GTO
(rubbing his hands
as the waitress
comes over)
Yessir, now, champagne and
caviar and chicken sandwiches
on toast... No, ah, let me
have two eggs over, bacon,
coffee and white toast.

The waitress takes the order and looks at the Girl. She is looking at the Boy. She looks at the waitress.

GIRL
Oh. Coffee.

GTO
(his face reflecting
confidence and joy)
Maybe we'll go on up to Chicago.
I got some connections in
Chicago that are out of sight.

GIRL
(sleepy, distracted
by the boy)
I don't want to go to Chicago.

GTO
That's cool. We'll check out
New York.

CUT TO:

156. INT. CAR - TRAVELING - EARLY MORNING

156.

The Car is stuck behind a large truck. The road is narrow and winding up a hill. The Driver honks but the truck keeps going at a slow snail-like pace up the hill. The Driver leans on his horn and passes the truck at the top of the hill. A car coming up the other side of the hill slams on its brakes.

CONTINUED

156. CONTINUED

156.

The Car swerves, narrowly avoiding a head-on collision and keeps on at 90 MPH.

CUT TO:

157. INT. DINER - GTO AND GIRL

157.

GTO eats his bacon and eggs. The Girl slowly sips her coffee and looks at the Boy, who slowly sips his coffee and looks at her.

CUT TO:

158. INT. CAR - ON THE ROAD - EARLY MORNING

158.

The Driver drives past the All-Night Diner at 140 MPH.

MECHANIC
(five miles past
the Diner)
You passed 'em five miles back.

The Driver does a spin out in the middle of the road and starts back the other way.

DRIVER
Where?

The Mechanic doesn't answer.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I said where?

MECHANIC
(slowly, evenly)
It's going to take a long time.
You'll have to pull over.

The Driver looks at the Mechanic angrily. He pulls over.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)
(as soon as the Car
is stopped)
They're at a Diner on the left
side of the road.

The Driver starts up the Car but this time he drives within the speed limit.

CUT TO:

159. INT. DINER - GTO AND THE GIRL - EARLY MORNING

159.

GTO mops up his egg with a piece of toast. He looks at the Girl but is unable to say anything.

The Car pulls up outside the Diner. GTO recognizes the sound first before he stares out the window. His right hand, holding a piece of toast, stops half way up to his mouth. The Girl looks out the window.

GTO

Shit.

They sit silently as the Driver and GTO come through the door. The Driver sits down opposite the Girl. The Mechanic sits down opposite GTO.

The Driver looks at the Girl calmly. She looks at her plate.

DRIVER

(looking at the Girl)

Figured we'd go on up to Columbus, Ohio. A man got some parts up there he wants to sell cheap.

They are silent. Outside, in the Parking Lot, a car drives up and parks next to the Car. It is a chopped and channeled '32 Coupe. It's a beautiful car, black enameled, with the motor exposed on the sides of the hood. The driver of the Coupe gets out and looks over the Car. A mechanic from the gas station comes over and talks to the driver of the Coupe about the Car. The Mechanic looks at the action outside.

GIRL

(looking down at her coffee)

No good.

The Boy at the counter slowly pays his check and stands up. He looks directly at the Girl. She returns his look. He goes outside.

GTO stands up and goes to the men's room.

The Girl stands up and walks out the door, after the Boy.

CONTINUED

159. CONTINUED

159.

The Mechanic and Driver watch her go over to the GTO and get her laundry bag. Then she goes over to the motorcycle and gets on the back behind the Boy.

GTO comes out of the men's room in time to see the Girl ride off on the back of the motorcycle.

The Mechanic takes a sip of the Girl's coffee. They both stand up and walk out the door.

GTO pays the check and walks outside.

160. EXT. DINER - GTO - EARLY MORNING

160.

GTO passes the Car. As he walks by he can hear the conversation between the Driver and the owner of the Coupe.

COUPE OWNER

That's a bitchin car you got there.

DRIVER

(his voice tired and flat; he speaks the ritual without feeling)

Yeah... Yours ain't so bad either. What you got underneath? A big Chrysler Hemi?

COUPE OWNER

It might cost you a little to find out.

DRIVER

We got plenty of time. I reckon we could see you for a hundred.

GTO passes the Mechanic, who is working on the valves of the Car.

GTO

(to the Mechanic)
See ya.

MECHANIC

(looking up briefly)
Later.

CUT TO:

161. INT. GTO - TRAVELING - LATE MORNING

161.

GTO passes two SOLDIERS hitch-hiking. He squeals to a stop. The soldiers run up to the car. One gets in the back, the other in the front. They are young and clean cut; privates on leave after basic training.

1ST SOLDIER

(as GTO starts up)

You got a great set of wheels here.

GTO

How far you going?

2ND SOLDIER

Goin up to New York City.
Got ten days leave.

GTO

You're in luck. I can take you all the way.

1ST SOLDIER

What's it got, 390 horsepower?

GTO

Yeah... 390. I won it flat out. I was driving a 55 stock Chevy across the country and got into a race with this GTO for pink slips. I beat the GTO by three hours. Of course the guys in the GTO couldn't drive worth a damn. But I'll tell ya, there's nothin like building up an old automobile from scratch and wiping out one of these Detroit machines. That gives you a set of emotions that stay with you. You know what I mean? Those satisfactions are permanent.

162. EXT. GTO - AS IT DRIVES DOWN THE ROAD

162.

CUT TO:

163. EXT. ABANDONED AIR FIELD - EXTREME LONG SHOT - 163.
EARLY EVENING

A hundred cars line either side of the runway. The air field has been deserted for years. Tufts of grass grow up between the cracked cement. The tall pine trees surrounding the air field are blackened and charred from a forest fire. The setting sun creates long and mysterious shadows over the runway. Most of the crowd are still in their cars, a few walk slowly from one car to the other.

The Car and the '32 Coupe are lined up at the far end of the runway. A thin middle-aged man with a gaunt and weary face acts as the starter.

164. EXT. CAR - EXTREME CLOSE UP 164.

The engine - each part in a particular focus. The Mechanic as he carefully shuts the hood and backs off. Blue smoke from the tail pipes. SHATTERING, TOTAL NOISE as the engine revs.

165. INT. CAR - CLOSE ON DRIVER 165.

His face is completely concentrated, completely involved in the moment. His lips are tense, his eyes slightly squinted. Inside the Car it is absolutely QUIET. All SOUND ceases until the end of the movie.

The Driver's right hand: The hand grips the stick shift and pushes it into first.

The Driver's hands on the steering wheel. The air strip is visible and the '32 Coupe lined up on the right. The sun is sinking fast. On the left the starter chops down his hands.

The race starts. We're instantly propelled forward within the Car. The Car seems suspended outside of time. It is as if the projector is running down as the Car floats slower and slower towards the finish line. The film stops. The heat of the projector lamp burns a hole in the frame and the entire frame DISSOLVES.

THE END