

"USED CARS."

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2nd Draft.

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"The thing I like to
do most in the world is
sleep. It's my hobby, and
my favorite occupation, so
when I have to get out of
bed in the morning, somebody
is going to pay for it."

---Joe Girard,
World's Greatest
Car Salesman

USED CARS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. AN EDESEL - DAWN 1

A 1959 Edsel, two-tone green, gleaming against the desert sky. Its chrome reflects the hot rising sun. Below it, a sign which proclaims: "LUCKY USED CARS
Luke Fuchs, resident proprietor."

The Edsel and sign sit on a platform 20 feet above the broken down car lot, 45 cars in various states of repair. In the trade, this is known as a "Beater Lot."

Lucky Used Cars is on a 4-lane highway on the outskirts of a southwestern city. Behind it, an alley, some warehouses, and high-tension lines. And the desert.

We CRANE DOWN TO

A 1974 BUICK ELECTRA 225

Its repainted body can't hide the dents and nicks. The driver's door is open.

We PUSH IN through the rear window, past the steering wheel, all the way into the dashboard, the speedometer, the ODOMETER: 98,577. Then, suddenly...CLICK! It changes to 38,577!

A MAN pops up from under the dash and bangs his head on the steering wheel!

RUDY

Ow! Fuck!

This is RUDY RUSSO, 32. Rudy is handsome, smooth, a charmer, and a mover. And a liar. His sartorial taste is a little loud. Rudy sprays some "R & L Essence of Vinyl" across the front seat, and sniffs it.

RUDY

Ahhhh!

2 RUDY 2

gets out of the Buick and slams the door---CLANG! The rear bumper falls off! Rudy wires it back on with a piece of coat hanger. Then he places a cardboard sign on the windshield: "LO MILEAGE."

Rudy hustles along the front line of cars and inspects them.

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3 A 1974 MUSTANG 3

has a front tire which looks almost flat. Rudy inflates it with a can of "PUNCTURE SEAL!"

4 A 1975 PLYMOUTH DUSTER 4

has a PUDDLE OF OIL beneath it. Rudy throws a fresh scoop of gravel over the oil to hide it!

5 A 1972 DODGE COLT 5

has a CRACKED SIDE WINDOW. Rudy opens the door, and rolls it down! He slams the door--we hear the glass inside SHATTER!

6 ACROSS THE HIGHWAY 6

a brand new White CADILLAC ELDORADO pulls into a huge car lot: the competition. ROY L. FUCHS PRE-OWNED AUTOMOBILES is an antiseptic, pretentious looking place which has a showroom that resembles a museum...A lot of glass, plastic and fluorescent lighting, and very little character.

Roy L. Fuchs' picture is on the sign, and it's the same guy who's driving the white Eldorado. FUCHS is 55, a tough-looking hardbitten bastard who'd kick his own mother down the stairs if he could make a buck doing it. He looks like a retired middleweight. He's wearing a powder blue leisure suit.

RUDY waves to him as he pulls into his lot.

RUDY

Morning, Roy!

Fuchs climbs out of his car, glares at Rudy, spits on the ground and walks away.

7 A 1973 VEGA 7

has a door ajar. Rudy opens it, and JEFF KIRKWOOD slumps OUT! Jeff is 29, chunky, unshaven and crude...and tangled up with a half-naked GIRL! Jeff hits his head on the edge of the Vega when he falls out, and awakens with a start!

JEFF

Ow!

Inside, the girl rolls over, not ready to get up yet.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

She has a satisfied smile on her face.

Jeff blinks his eyes several times and realizes where he is.

RUDY

What the fuck, Jeff?

JEFF

Huh? Oh...

(looks at the girl)

I was demonstrating the rear suspension for her---I guess we fell asleep! Must be a leak in the exhaust system!

RUDY

Well, are you gonna close her?

Jeff pulls his sportcoat out of the front seat and fishes through his pockets. He pulls out several Rabbit's Foot charms, a 4-Leaf Clover, a Horseshoe, and finally a signed contract which he proudly shows Rudy.

JEFF

I already did! Got 1750!

RUDY

That's not bad...but I coulda closed her at 1835!

Rudy grins and keeps on walking. Jeff calls after him.

JEFF

Come on, Rudy, gimme a break!
I about broke my back making this sale! It's not easy closing tall women in small cars!

Suddenly, a beat-up PICKUP TRUCK towing 3 BEAT-UP FORDS, one behind another, maniacally screeches into the lot, right through a big puddle of water! The Fords carry windshield prices of \$200; the pickup has "MANUEL'S USED CARS, 'Finders Keepers'" painted on the door. MANUEL is driving. He's a swarthy, unshaven Mexican who smiles too much.

MANUEL

Hey, Rudy! I bring you your cars! They are beautiful, no?

Manuel gets out of the truck as Rudy comes over for a look. He notices that the blue paint on the door of a

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7 CONTINUED - 2

7

Ford has washed off where the water from the puddle splashed on it: it's actually a YELLOW CAB underneath! Rudy wipes more paint off with a rag, revealing the words "Yellow Cab!"

RUDY

No! What the hell are you using here, Manuel? Water base paint?

MANUEL

Sure! We don't get much rain around here! What do you want for \$200? Metal flake?

RUDY

All right, take 'em around back. But next time, tell us what kinda paint we're paying for!

As Rudy says this, he suddenly looks with interest across the street.

8 HIS P.O.V. OF ROY L. FUCHS' LOT

8

where STANLEY DEWOSKI, 38, is parking his '69 Red Chevelle. Stanley wanders onto the Fuchs' front line where he is greeted by a SALESMAN in a 3-piece suit.

9 BACK TO SHOT

9

Rudy is clearly getting an idea. Manuel pulls a polaroid photograph out of his pocket.

MANUEL

Look---Rudy---because you are my amigo, we make a new deal right now!

RUDY

Not now---I've got a customer!

Rudy runs off toward the garage. Manuel turns to Jeff who has just wandered over and hands him the polaroid.

MANUEL

Ah---Jeff, my amigo! Look: here is my inventory! You pick out the cars you want; I tell you if they are painted with water base or oil base!

10 INSERT - MANUEL'S PHOTOGRAPH

10

It's a wide angle shot of Manuel's car lot with some 300 CARS! They look like little dots! The car lot itself seems to be way out in the middle of nowhere.

11 EXT. LUCKY LOT - ON JEFF AND MANUEL

11

JEFF

Manuel, this is a picture of 300 cars!

MANUEL

No, Jeff, it is a picture of 337 cars! A very good crop, no? The river, she has been good to me this year! You don't want cars, I can give you women--- muchachas bonitas! Have you met my daughter, Juanita?

12 INT. LUCKY GARAGE

12

It's a big barnlike garage, with room for 4 cars. 3 are in here now, and two of them have "Student Driver" painted on the doors, and "Courtesy of Lucky Used Cars" painted on the rear deck, just above the bumpers. The third car has these same stencils taped on it, the lettering only half-painted. A BIG BLACK MAN is slumped over the rear of this Oldsmobile, unconscious, with a PAINT SPRAYER in his hand, still spraying a big pool of paint on the floor! This is JIM THE MECHANIC, 35, a shell-shocked Vietnam veteran who wears Army fatigues and is covered with grease, dirt and muck!

RUDY ENTERS. Upon seeing that Jim is asleep, he quietly creeps over to the workbench, looks around, and finds a filthy FISHING ROD. He yanks it out from under a pile of engine parts, and accidentally knocks over a CAR DOOR leaning against the bench. It crashes to the floor with a LOUD CLANG!

JIM awakens violently, screaming, and charges Rudy! He begins strangling him with the compressed air hose!

JIM THE MECHANIC

You motherfuckin' gook motherfucker!!

RUDY

Jim! It's okay! It's me---Rudy!

Jim finally comes to his senses, recognizes Rudy and releases him.

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12

JIM THE MECHANIC

Shit, Rudy, don't be sneakin' up on me when I'm sleepin'! I coulda killed your ass!

RUDY

It was an accident, Jim. I just needed Luke's fishing rod here.

Jim pops a handful of pills into his mouth and washes them down with a mouthful of warm beer.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Well, don't fuck it up! I need it to clean out fuel lines!

Rudy wipes the rod off with a rag, then looks at the Olds with the "Student Driver" stencils.

RUDY

Jesus! He's giving away the Cutlass? How many is he giving 'em this year?

JIM THE MECHANIC

Twelve.

RUDY

Shit. Well, be sure to switch the tires on 'em!

Jim is struggling to open a fresh can of paint. It won't open, so he bangs it on the fender of the Cutlass, putting a large dent in it! However, he opens the can!

13

EXT. GARAGE

13

Rudy comes out of the garage with the rod and reel and walks quickly to the rear of the lot.

14

EXT. REAR OF LOT

14

Behind the office shack is a WORK PIT with a very cherry '57 CHEVY sitting on top of it, under the shade of a lone Eucalyptus tree. Off to one side is a group of a dozen or so JUNKERS, the worst looking wrecks on the lot. These include a limousine, an Oscar-Meyer Weiner-Car, an Ice Cream Truck, and a bullet-riddled pimp-mobile. There is also a TRANSPORT TRUCK loaded with 9 late-model cars, all with "Student Driver" stenciled on the doors.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED 14

Rudy creeps quietly over to the '57 Chevy over the pit and peeks under it.

15 IN THE PIT 15

is LUKE FUCHS, 70, asleep with a bottle of Jack Daniels in hand! He looks like a man without a care in the world! Asleep in his lap is a cute little dog, TOBY the terrier.

16 RUDY 16

smiles, satisfied that the old man is asleep.

JEFF

Hey, Rudy---!

Rudy is startled---Jeff has come up from behind him!

RUDY

Sssssshhhhh!!!!

He gestures that Luke is asleep, then motions for him to follow him to the front of the lot. Jeff follows Rudy along the side of the Office Shack. Rudy walks UNDER A LADDER which is leaning against the building. Jeff stops short, looks at the ladder, then navigates a good distance around it!

17 RUDY 17

hides behind a car, then peeks over it to see what's going on across the street. JEFF catches up to him, and is surprised to see the fishing pole.

JEFF

Jesus, Rudy, you're not gonna----

RUDY

Yep! I'm gonna bait him!

He takes a 10 DOLLAR BILL out of his pocket and attaches it to the clip on the end of the leader, successfully disguising the lead sinker!

JEFF

Luke ain't gonna like that.

RUDY

Luke's asleep!

Rudy points out Stanley Dewoski across the street!

18

THEIR P.O.V. OF

18

Dewoski, with the Salesman. The Salesman is holding open the door of a '76 Vega for Dewoski.

RUDY (V.O.)

Look at that! He drove up in that Chevelle, but the asshole's trying to put him in a Vega! That's a crime!

19

BACK TO SHOT

19

RUDY (continuing)

He can afford a Vega! I'm gonna sell him a Buick!

JEFF

Forget him, Rudy! He drives a red car---that means trouble! I wouldn't have anything to do with a red car! They're bad luck!

RUDY

That's because you believe in that superstitious crap! I've gotta get some customers on this lot and move some of this iron! No more sitting around---I gotta make some fast cash!

JEFF

Cash? For what?

RUDY

For this!

Rudy hands Jeff a folded piece of paper from his jacket. Jeff unfolds it: it's a campaign poster, with a picture of Rudy, smiling, with outstretched arms. The caption reads, "Trust Me. RUSSO FOR STATE SENATE."

JEFF

Jesus!

Rudy rips open a stapled brown bag which says "Custom Printers" and contains a stack of bumper stickers. He hands one to Jeff. It also says "Russo for State Senate."

RUDY

And put this on that Vega you sold that girl!

20 RUDY 20
steps in front of a white '74 Buick Electra 225, and
prepares to fly cast---he waits for the traffic to clear,
then lets fly!

21 ACROSS THE STREET 21
The sinker hits Stanley in the back of the head! He turns
around and spots the 10 dollar bill on the ground!

22 RUDY 22
shoves the fishing rod under the Buick, runs around to the
rear of the car, pulls it out, and prepares to reel it in!

23 ACROSS THE STREET 23
As Stanley Dewoski stoops down to pick up the money it
suddenly "blows" out into the street! Stanley follows it!

24 RUDY 24
grins! He reels the money, and Stanley, into the street!

25 STANLEY 25
chases the money into traffic! He nearly gets hit by a car!
Everytime he's about to grab it, the 10 dollar bill gets
away from him! Another car HONKS and SWERVES to avoid hitting
him!

Finally, Stanley makes it across the street, onto the
Lucky Lot! He follows the money between two cars, and
because he's watching the money and not where he's going,
he SMASHES his head into the BUICK ELECTRA! The money
disappears under the Car! Stanley is slightly dazed!

Now RUDY comes around to the front of the car with the bill
in his left hand. He acts surprised upon seeing Stanley.

RUDY
Say---is this your ten dollars?

STANLEY
Uh---yeah!

RUDY
Well, here you are, Mr.---uh---

Rudy holds the money just out of Dewoski's reach!

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

25

STANLEY

Dewoski! Stanley Dewoski!

Rudy shakes hands with him.

RUDY

Polish, eh? What a coincidence!
Rudy Polanski! How are ya?

Rudy shoves the ten dollar bill into Dewoski's shirt pocket.

RUDY (continuing)

Say, I like those shoes you're
wearing---very nice!As Dewoski looks down at his shoes (and they're the ugliest
pair of shoes ever seen), Rudy takes back the ten dollar bill!

STANLEY

Gee, thanks!

RUDY

So, you want to buy this Electra
225, hey, Stan? Good choice!
You're a smart man, Stan---you've
got taste! That's something a
lot of folks don't have these days.
You know a good car when you see
one!

Rudy talks fast---he's a real pro!

STANLEY

Uh---well---actually, I was
just looking...

RUDY

Terrific! That's what we're
here for! Here you can look,
browse, peek, examine, touch,
feel, smell, taste, and take
all the time you want! Nobody
pressures anybody around here,
no sir! But you know, Stan, I
think you should buy this Buick
---I think you should buy it
right now---today! You know
why? Because this ELECTRA is
YOU! The color is YOU! This
is your car: Stanley Dewoski
IS Buick Electra 225!

(talking still faster)

Now I know what you're thinking,

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CONTINUED - 2

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RUDY (continued)

Stan. You're thinking, "Can I afford to buy a car like this?" Stan, you can't afford NOT to buy a car like this! I'm gonna make it real easy for you! What would you say if I told you I'd give you ten thousand dollars for your old car in trade? That's right---10,000 dollars! What would you say if I told you that?

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED - 2

25

Stanley can't believe that such an offer is actually being made to him!

RUDY

You'd say yes, wouldn't you? Of course you would! Anyone would! Well, I'm gonna give you 10,000 dollars---not 10,000 in cash, no sir---hell, nobody wants cash! Cash is worthless in this age of double-digit inflation. No, Stan, I'm gonna give you a 10,000 dollar deal! When you add this whole thing up, taking into account the inflation rate, insurance savings, gasoline savings, ease and comfort, you're gonna come out 10,000 dollars ahead after making this deal! Hell, the prestige alone of owning an Electra 225 can't even be measured in terms of dollars and cents!

STANLEY

(a bit ashamed)

Well...actually...I was thinking of something a little more economical---especially in terms of gas mileage...something like...this Pinto here.

Stanley points to the '72 Pinto which is right next to the Electra.

RUDY

Gas mileage? What would you say if I told you that this Buick gets 25 miles per gallon city, 33 highway?

STANLEY

Well---I---gee---

RUDY

(talking still faster)

You'd say that was pretty incredible, wouldn't you? Of course you would! Anyone would! But---you're right, sir! The truth is, this Pinto does get better mileage than the Electra. This Pinto's EPA rated 26 city, 34 highway. I guess there is some savings there, Doctor.

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CONTINUED - 3

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STANLEY

Pardon me?

RUDY

I said "Doctor." You are a
doctor, aren't you, Stan?

STANLEY

Well...no...

He does however straighten his tie and tuck his shirt in,
to at least give the appearance...

RUDY

Gee, I'm sorry, I just assumed---
you see, I sell nothing but Buicks
to Doctors. Did you know, Stan,
that more doctors drive Buicks
than any other car on the road?
That's a fact! But, I can see
you've got your eye on the Pinto
---and I can understand. I sold
one of these to a garbageman last
month, and he was really thrilled
with it!

Rudy turns to the Pinto.

RUDY (continuing)

Let's take a good look at this
Pinto, shall we? To get a full
effect of this wonderful car, it
should be admired from a distance.
Step back and you can really
appreciate its fine simple lines...

Rudy pulls him back around to the driver's side of the
Electra, always pointing to the Pinto as he does.

RUDY (continuing)

...its practical appearance...
Why, Stan---you're standing! Why
stand when you can sit?
(opens door of Electra)
Sit right here and look at that
Pinto! Go ahead!

Stanley is a little hesitant.

RUDY

Stan---trust me!
(pushes him into the car)
Oops! Let me adjust that tilt

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED - 4

25

RUDY (continued)

wheel...

(adjusts it)

...and the power seat...

(adjusts it)

...roll down the power window...

(rolls it down)

...how about a little climate control?

(turns on air conditioner)

And maybe some 8-track stereo-FM

Multiplex music to put you in the right frame of mind...

(he turns on the stereo)

Now look at that...Pinto.

Stanley is, of course, really getting the feel of the Buick, and marvelling at its features and comfort!

RUDY (continuing)

Isn't that a sharp little car?

STANLEY

Say...

RUDY

Yes?

STANLEY

How much is this Electra?

RUDY

Only 90 dollars...

(long pause)

...down. You can afford 90 dollars, can't you, Stan?

STANLEY

Gee...I don't know...

RUDY

Well, how much do you have on you?

Stanley pulls out his wallet and takes a look. Rudy immediately grabs it and counts his money!

RUDY

76 dollars...that's not enough...
damn! I really want to see you
in this Electra...

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 5

25

Stanley is checking his shirt pocket for the ten dollars that isn't there.

RUDY (continuing)
Say...what size are those shoes?

26 EXT. LUCKY LOT - A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT ANGLE

26

as Rudy, now wearing Dewoski's ugly shoes, slaps a "Russo For State Senate" Bumper Sticker on the Electra. He stands, signed contract in hand, and waves Stanley Dewoski off the lot!

RUDY
Happy motoring, Stan!

The Electra drives over the curb and the REAR BUMPER FALLS OFF, right into the puddle Manuel drove through!

RUDY
Shit! There goes a perfectly good bumper sticker!

VOICE (O.S.)
Nice pair of shoes.

Rudy turns around and finds himself facing LUKE FUCHS! Luke is holding the fishing rod, puffs on a Dutch Masters, and is not too happy with Rudy. Jeff stands nearby. There is a long silence as Rudy and Luke face each other.

LUKE
You baited him, didn't you?
Skated him from across the street?

RUDY
I had to, Luke. You can't sell a car unless you get 'em on the lot.

LUKE
Dammit, Rudy, what if he was an undercover agent from the Consumer Protection Agency? You know the kinda pressure I'm under! We're still on probation for Consumer Fraud!

RUDY
Luke, I can spot an agent. I'm just getting sick and tired of

CONTINUED

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26

RUDY (continued)
waiting around all day for a live
one! Seems all we ever get in
here are tire-kickers, jacks and
flakes!

Rudy and Luke are walking toward the rear of the lot
where the '57 Chevy is.

Luke shakes his head, then suddenly looks at Rudy with
a twinkle in his eye.

LUKE
How much did you get?

RUDY
(proudly)
\$3800!

CONTINUED

LUKE

Under normal conditions, I'd
kiss you for making a deal like
that! But we've gotta watch
every step we take. My goddamn
brother's just sitting over there...
(points to Roy Fuchs
lot across the street)
...waiting for me to slip up so he
can get his slimy hands on this lot!

RUDY

Luke, I'm desperate. I've gotta
move some cars! I've gotta make
10 grand in 6 weeks!

LUKE

(sudden concern)
10 grand? You in some kinda
trouble?

Rudy pulls out another of his campaign posters.

RUDY

Luke, look at this! There's
an opening for State Senate!
The machine's looking for a fresh
face, somebody with style, some-
body with flair, somebody with
no axes to grind, who just wants
to tell the people what they want
to hear! They're looking for me,
Luke! Last week I got a call
from the Party Chairman. 60 grand
buys me the nomination, and I'm a
shoo-in!

Luke has gone over to the '57 Chevy and has opened the hood.
The last remark causes him to look up from the engine.

LUKE

60 grand? That's all it costs
nowadays?

RUDY

No---that's kinda like a down-
payment. After I'm in, I go
50-50 on all kickback deals I
make. Politics, Luke! It's a
chance to do something with my
life---to become respectable---
to go places and see things! I
don't want to be stuck on this

CONTINUED

RUDY (continued)

dusty car lot for the rest of my life---I want to make something of myself...have people look up to me! This is a once in a lifetime deal! I took out a 2nd mortgage on my mobile home, cashed in my insurance policies, sold my boat and motor, and put my car on the line. I'm still 10 grand short.

Luke looks at the dog who's sitting by the car.

LUKE

Toby, bring me a 3/8 socket wrench.

The dog runs over to a nearby tool box and noses through it.

RUDY (continuing)

Look, Luke, I've got some ideas, big promotional ideas, that'll flood this place with prospects! I found this kid, this electronics whiz kid, who knows how to jam the football game and sneak a commercial on! I figure if we wear disguises, we can claim it was some kinda college prank! And we can get some strippers, with big tits----

LUKE

You know, Rudy, I think I'm gonna put this baby on the line today. Can't tinker around with 'em forever---16 months is long enough!

Toby returns with a socket wrench. Luke examines it, then gives it back to the dog.

LUKE

No, Toby. I said a three-eighths!

The dog hurries back to the tool box and rummages around again. Luke pats his '57 Chevy like it was a child.

LUKE

I sure do love this car!
Almost as much as my Edsel!

CONTINUED

26

CONTINUED - 4

26

Luke looks up at the Edsel on his sign above the lot.
Rudy points to the "Student Driver" cars on the transport.

RUDY

Luke, why are we giving these cars away?

LUKE

I'm not giving 'em away. The school district's paying 1200 apiece for 'em.

RUDY

1200 apiece? I can get 3950 apiece for these!

(points to the junkers)
Those are the 1200 apiece cars!

LUKE

Rudy, you are the craziest, most irresponsible son-of-a-bitch I've ever known! And when you stand there and tell me you belong in politics...

(long pause)
...I know you're right! I'll loan you that 10 grand.

RUDY

No shit?

LUKE

I wouldn't jack you, Rudy! We'll go to the bank tomorrow morning. But no jamming the football game, and no strippers!

Rudy hugs him, picks him up and spins him around!

RUDY

Luke, ask not what your country's done for you---ask what you've just done for your country!

Suddenly, Luke turns white and starts choking! Rudy puts him down--Luke clutches his chest, breathing in short, abrupt spasms.

LUKE

(gasping)
My pills...

CONTINUED

26

CONTINUED - 5

26

Luke points to a discarded coat lying on the ground. Rudy picks it up, checks the pockets and pulls out a tin of glycerin pills. He quickly puts one in Luke's mouth. In a few moments, Luke is all right again.

RUDY

You okay, Luke?

LUKE

(nods)

I just can't handle much excitement anymore, that's all.

RUDY

Jeez, Luke, I'm really sorry.

LUKE

Just promise me one thing, Rudy. After you buy that election and become a big-shot politician, promise me you'll do everything you can to keep my asshole brother from getting his hands on this lot, even if you have to turn it into a playground or a cemetery or something!

RUDY

You got it! And that's not just a campaign promise, either!

27

EXT. ROY L. FUCHS LOT - DAY

27

A ceremony for the press is taking place: Roy L. Fuchs poses for photographers and a Channel 12 TV News crew with the COUNTY SHERIFF in front of 10 SHINY SQUAD CARS, of different makes, but all with county markings on them. Fuchs is accompanied by CARMINE, his assistant, a rough looking fellow who looks like an ex-con.

FUCHS

And Sheriff, I want you to know that even though we're donating these cars, they still carry the Roy L. Fuchs 100% guarantee: if anything goes wrong with any car in the first 5,000 miles, we'll repair it free of charge!

They shake hands, cameras click, and there is scattered applause.

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CONTINUED

27

PHOTOGRAPHER

Now can we have one with the
Deputy District Attorney?

SAM SLATON, early 40's, steps forward for the picture. He wears a conservative 3-piece suit. He and Fuchs shake hands and smile for the camera even as Fuchs mutters angrily through the smile.

FUCHS

What the hell's that letter you
sent me, Sam? For six months,
I've been kicking money into the
Mayor's slush fund and donating
vehicles to every city and county
agency I can think of...

(loudly)

Thank you very much everybody!

He pulls Slaton aside and they walk away from the press.
Carmine follows.

FUCHS (continuing)

...to make sure that new freeway
ramp would go right through the
middle of my brother's lot over
there...but according to this...

Fuchs pulls out a letter with a map which shows the two
car lots and the proposed new freeway ramp.

FUCHS (continuing)

...I'm about to get fucked
because that ramp's gonna come
through the middle of MY lot!
What's with the mayor?

SLATON

He had no choice, Roy. It was
the only way he could prove there
was no conflict of interest!

FUCHS

Goddamn country's going to the
dogs! Used to be when you bought
a politician, he stayed bought!

Fuchs points across the street where Rudy is shining up the
front line cars.

FUCHS (continuing)

They know, don't they, Sam?
That's why they're fixing up

CONTINUED

27

CONTINUED - 2

27

FUCHS (continued)
that pig farm! They know
they're about to have the
best freeway access in the
state!

SLATON
Nobody knows, Roy. Nobody but
you. It won't be announced for
a few weeks yet. I suggest you
put a torch to this museum...
use the insurance money to buy
your brother out.

They walk past the fountains and Greek statues that are
around the exterior of Fuchs' lot.

FUCHS
Buy him out? If I could buy
him out, do you think I'd have
gone to all the trouble of
trying to have him put away?
Do you think I'd have sicced the
Consumer Protection Agency on
him? No, Sam, the only way I'm
gonna get that lot is to inherit
it!

28

THEIR P.O.V. OF THE LUCKY LOT

28

where LUKE has just pulled the '57 Chevy onto the front
line. He gets out and dusts it off gently, lovingly.

SLATON (V.O.)
I thought he had a daughter.

FUCHS (V.O.)
She hasn't been heard from in
ten, twelve years. He's got a
bad heart, you know.

29

ON SLATON AND FUCHS

29

SLATON
Don't be stupid, Roy.

FUCHS
Just dreamin, Sam. Just dreamin'.

SLATON
Right. I'll see you.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

Slaton walks off. Fuchs and Carmine walk toward the showroom. Fuchs takes another look across the street.

30 FUCHS' P.O.V. OF THE LUCKY LOT

30

where Luke raises the hood of the Chevy. It's heavy, and he strains a bit---suddenly he clutches his heart! The hood falls back down! Luke takes a few deep breaths and he's okay again.

31 ON FUCHS AND CARMINE

31

Fuchs smiles slyly, still watching Luke.

FUCHS

Carmine, send in that new mechanic---that kid from the demolition derby.

CARMINE

Who, Mickey?

FUCHS

Yeah. Mickey.

Fuchs enters his showroom.

32 INT. LUCKY CAR LOT - NIGHT

32

Night at Lucky Used Cars: the hanging strings of incandescent bulbs are all lit, creating the feeling of a cheap carnival.

JEFF is trying to convince a TALL WAITRESS to get into a big Pontiac Bonneville. But she's much more interested in the little PINTO right next to it.

RUDY is ushering a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE, CHARLIE and EDNA, up the wooden stairs and into his office.

RUDY

Say, Charlie, I really like those shoes you're wearing!

As Charlie looks down at his shoes, Rudy squeezes Edna's tits and winks at her. She blushes.

LUKE can be seen through the glass doors of the office shack, in the "Bullpen." The Bullpen is where everybody hangs out when business is slow. There's a TV, a desk, a coffee pot, and a "Couch"---actually the back seat of

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

a big sedan! The glass doors command a nice view of the lot so you can see when a customer arrives. Luke's on the telephone, and he's happily excited.

A fellow in his mid-20's is looking over the '57 Chevy which has a price of 2400 on the windshield. He's wearing

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

a racing jacket. His name tag reads, MICKEY.

Mickey goes over to the office shack and mounts the wooden stairs to the bullpen. He raps on the glass door. Luke is still on the phone, ecstatic. Mickey raps again, very impatiently. Luke acknowledges him, finishes his call, then comes out.

LUKE

It's a miracle! Jesus H. Christ, it's a miracle! I ain't one for religion, but goddammit, that was a miracle! That was my daughter on the phone, can you believe it?

MICKEY

Shit fire, old man.

LUKE

Over ten years ago, she ran away from home. Haven't seen her or heard from her...didn't know if she was living or dead. And now, out of the blue, she calls! After ten years! It's a miracle!

MICKEY

I know how you feel, old man. I had a dog who ran away, only he got hit by a truck. Look, what's the story on this '57 Chevy over here? 2400? You've gotta be jackin' me!

They walk over to it.

LUKE

Boy, you're looking at the finest automobile on this lot! Rebuilt that engine with my own two hands!

MICKEY

Does it run?

LUKE

Like a dream!

MICKEY

For 2400, it'd better run like a wet dream!

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED - 2

32

MICKEY (continued)
(climbs into driver's seat)
What do you say we kick her
over, old man, see what she
can do?

Luke climbs into the passenger's side.

LUKE
Ten years! It's a miracle!

33

INT. '57 CHEVY - LUKE, MICKEY

33

Mickey revs up the engine.

MICKEY
Sounds nice!

The old man smiles. Mickey fastens his seat belt. Luke gives him a curious look.

MICKEY
I just like to feel safe.

34

EXT. LUCKY LOT

34

The Chevy abruptly peels out, hops the curb and bottoms out! The oil pan rips away in a shower of sparks, leaving 9 quarts of 10-W-40 Penzoil on the pavement!

35

INT. SPEEDING CHEVY - LUKE, MICKEY

35

The oil pressure light is blinking like crazy!

MICKEY
You've got an oil pressure
problem here, old man!

Luke is in shock!

36

EXT. HIGHWAY - CHEVY

36

Black smoke pours out of the Chevy as it careens maniacally down the highway!

37

INT. SPEEDING CHEVY - LUKE, MICKEY

37

MICKEY
I think she's running hot!

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

37

Luke looks out the back and sees the black smoke behind---- it's destroying him to see this happening to this car! He starts breathing in short quick gasps---he pulls out his tin of glycerin pills and fumbles with them!

MICKEY

Let's test the suspension!

Mickey cuts a hard left and Luke's pills go flying out the window! Mickey fishtails onto some railroad tracks and actually drives along the ties! The car bounces up and down like crazy, and Luke bangs his head against the roof! He grabs onto Mickey to steady himself, and in so doing, he rips off part of Mickey's jacket sleeve: this reveals Mickey's shoulder patch: "Roy L. Fuchs Pre-Owned Automobiles." Luke is horrified to see the name of his hated brother, realizing that Mickey works for him!

MICKEY

What the hell are you doing to my jacket?!!?

38

EXT. ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS

38

The Chevy continues to bounce violently along the ties--- so violently that the hubcaps, tail lights and bumpers all fall off! Now Mickey veers off the tracks and heads back in the direction of the car lot!

39

INT. SPEEDING CHEVY - INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

39

The Speedometer needle is approaching 60!

40

INT. CHEVY - LUKE, MICKEY

40

Luke tries to talk, but he can't get any words out! He hangs onto Mickey for dear life! They're close to the Lucky Lot now.

MICKEY

I can always tell how good a transmission is by shifting into reverse!

Mickey shifts into reverse at 60! The sudden jerk of the car causes Luke to rip the Roy L. Fuchs patch from Mickey's shoulder! The gears grind to a slow!

41

EXT. LUCKY LOT

41

The ruined '57 Chevy sputters into the lot and SMASHES

CONTINUED

41

CONTINUED

41

into a 1970 Torino on the line! Mickey jumps out. Luke is still wheezing!

MICKEY

Well, old man, I'm gonna have to think about it! Take care of yourself!

Mickey runs off! Now Luke staggers out of the car, clutching the Fuchs patch in his fist! He can barely breathe! Suddenly, the RADIATOR EXPLODES, blowing the hood off! Luke looks at the engine: it's nothing but a molten mass of smoldering slag! Luke clutches his heart and staggers toward the office shack!

42

INT. RUDY'S OFFICE - RUDY, CHARLIE, EDNA

42

Rudy's office is shabby: a worn-out desk with a beat-up phone, ratty wood panelling with some bullshit framed certificates, a couple of chairs, a calendar, and a lot of Bic Pens laying around. He has a picture of the White House on the wall.

Rudy has Charlie and Edna in here with him. Charlie shakes his head upon looking over the contract which Rudy has just handed him.

CHARLIE

Uh, uh. I'm not signing this till you knock off another 50 bucks!

RUDY

But Charlie, these are the figures we agreed on! We shook hands on it!

CHARLIE

Well, I changed my mind. You can afford 50 bucks. Go back and talk to you boss.

RUDY

Charlie, I broke my back getting you this deal!

CHARLIE

50 bucks never killed anybody!

RUDY

Believe me, Charlie, you won't find a deal like this anywhere in town.

CONTINUED

42

CONTINUED

42

CHARLIE

50 bucks never killed anybody!

RUDY

Okay, Charlie, I'll see what I can do, but I'm telling you, when the boss sees these figures, he's gonna have a stroke.

Rudy takes the contract and walks out. Charlie turns to his wife.

CHARLIE

Ha! What's he trying to pull?
50 bucks never killed anybody!

Suddenly Luke staggers in! His complexion is gray---he looks like death warmed over! He's GASPING and WHEEZING, and he grabs Charlie to steady himself, coughing PHLEGM and BLOOD all over him! Charlie falls to the floor! Luke falls on top of him!

Edna SCREAMS!

CHARLIE

Okay! Okay! It's a deal!
I'll sign!

Now Rudy rushes in, shocked at Luke's condition! He throws the contract down, pulls Luke off of Charlie, lays him on the floor and unbuttons his shirt! He checks Luke's pockets.

RUDY

Your pills, Luke! Where are your pills?

Luke can't talk---he just shakes his head. Rudy starts pounding on his chest. Meanwhile, Charlie takes the contract and signs it as if Luke's life depends on it!

CHARLIE

Jesus! You guys really mean business! See? I signed!
(shows it to Rudy)
Show it to him!

But Rudy keeps pounding on Luke's chest. Charlie takes out his wallet and counts out some money.

CHARLIE

Look---here's the down payment!
Show him! Uh---Look, I can see you're busy---we'll pick it up tomorrow!

Charlie grabs Edna and pulls her out the door with him!

- 43 EXT. LUCKY LOT - CHARLIE, EDNA 43
- Charlie and Edna run like hell across the lot for their own car. In the foreground is a 72 PINTO. Through the hatchback window, we can see a BARE ASS banging against the glass! As Charlie and Edna rush past, the bare ass suddenly stops: it's Jeff, and he's been balling the waitress we saw earlier! He looks up to see what the commotion is about and realizes something is wrong.
- 44 INT. RUDY'S OFFICE - RUDY, LUKE 44
- Rudy is desperately beating on Luke's chest, trying to revive him, but it looks like a lost cause. Rudy's eyes are welling up with tears---then suddenly, Luke grabs Rudy by the shirt and pulls his face close to his own! Luke is about to tell him something, but he can't talk---he chokes, and his head falls back, rolling to the left. He's dead. Rudy follows the dead man's gaze to his left hand, still clenched in a fist---then it relaxes, revealing Mickey's shoulder patch! Rudy's eyes open wide as he reads the patch: "Roy L. Fuchs Pre-Owned Automobiles."
- 45 EXT. ROOF OF FUCHS' LOT - FUCHS - NIGHT 45
- Fuchs is on the roof of his showroom building, gazing thru a pair of binoculars at the Lucky Lot, grinning ear to ear.
- 46 THRU THE BINOCULARS - FUCHS' P.O.V. OF 46
- RUDY'S OFFICE, where Luke is on the floor, out of view, and Rudy hunched over him, is only partly visible. Rudy glances up, and does a double take, directly at us: he's spotted Fuchs! He disappears from view, then several seconds later the light goes out. Rudy's office is pitch dark.
- 47 FUCHS 47
- reacts with mild worry. He stares for a moment, still trying to see, then gives up and hurries back toward the roof stairs.
- 48 EXT. LUCKY LOT - JEFF 48
- Jeff is hurrying toward Rudy's darkened office, still buckling his pants! He is clearly bewildered. He enters.
- 49 INT. RUDY'S DARKENED OFFICE 49
- Jeff enters and turns on the light.

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

49

JEFF

What's with the light off---

He trips over Luke's body, and falls down right on top of the corpse!

JEFF

Jesus Christ!

Rudy quickly extinguishes the light again!

RUDY

Luke's dead!

JEFF

Jesus Christ Almighty!!!

RUDY

Calm down. We're being watched!

50

INT. FUCHS' SHOWROOM - FUCHS

50

Fuchs paces nervously in his darkened showroom, watching the Lucky Lot thru the windows. He checks his watch, then walks over to a desk and starts dialing a phone. Outside we can see the lights of the Lucky Lot going out.

FUCHS

(into phone)

Sam? Roy. You'd better get over here. Something fishy's going on across the street.

51

INT. RUDY'S DARKENED OFFICE - RUDY, JEFF

51

Rudy and Jeff have been arguing.

JEFF

Whaddaya mean, we can't call the cops?!? It's murder for chrissakes!

RUDY

You know it and I know it, but the cops are gonna say it was a heart attack---death by natural causes. Don't you understand? Luke's got no wife, no family, no will. That means his loving brother, Roy L. Fuchs, inherits this lot---Well, I say that's

CONTINUED

51

CONTINUED

51

RUDY (continued)
bullshit! Luke wouldn't stand
for it, and I'm not gonna stand
for it either!
I promised Luke I wouldn't let
that bastard get his hands on
this lot, and goddammit, I meant
it! Now if we keep our mouths
shut about this, we can keep this
place running! Every dollar we
make'll be pure profit! I can
make my ten grand, and we'll be
out of here before anybody gets
wise!

JEFF

Well, that's great for you, Rudy,
but where does that leave me and
Jim?

RUDY

I said we were gonna keep this lot
going. I can't run it from the
Capitol, but once I'm elected, I
can railroad through some legisla-
tion that'll turn it over to you
and Jim permanently. I'll even
get you some state contracts!

Jeff nods his approval. Suddenly, through the window, we
see a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS turning into the lot. Rudy looks
and reacts immediately.

RUDY

Holy shit---it's Fuchs!

52

EXT. DARKENED LUCKY CAR LOT

52

The White Cadillac Eldorado parks close to the office
shack, and FUCHS and SLATON get out. As they walk over
to the glass door of Rudy's office, TOBY comes running
out from behind the shack and starts growling at Fuchs!
Fuchs bangs on Rudy's glass door. Toby snarls at him,
and Fuchs kicks at him with a white leather shoe! Fuchs
bangs some more...finally a light goes on inside and RUDY
opens the door a crack. He eyes Fuchs with disdain.

RUDY

What are you doing out so late?
It's 9:30!

FUCHS

I came over to talk to my brother.

CONTINUED

52

CONTINUED

52

RUDY

You two haven't talked in five years! What is this, family reunion day? Go on, beat it! You're trespassing!

Now Slaton steps forward, clearing his throat.

SLATON

Look---uh---your name's Rudy, right? Sam Slaton. Roy here is just a little concerned about his brother's health. He just wants to make sure he's all right.

RUDY

Luke's fine. Never felt better in his life.

FUCHS

Don't give me that crap! He had a heart attack!

RUDY

That was last year.

FUCHS

I mean tonight! I saw the whole thing! He had a stroke! He fell down right on that floor!

RUDY

Oh, that! Yeah, he slipped on some 90 weight, that's all.

FUCHS

He's lying, Sam. The son-of-a-bitch is lying!

SLATON

Look, can we just see him? Just to make sure he's okay?

RUDY

You just want to see him? Like through the window or something?

SLATON

That's all.

RUDY

And then you'll be satisfied? Then you'll get the hell outta here?

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 2

52

Slaton nods.

RUDY

Well...

(to Slaton)

You can...

(indicates Fuchs)

But he's gonna have to wait
outside!

Fuchs is ready to explode in a fit of rage, but Slaton motions to him that it's okay. Rudy leads Slaton inside.

53 INT. OFFICE SHACK - RUDY, SLATON

53

Rudy leads Slaton down the hall toward Luke's bedroom. He speaks in a hushed whisper.

RUDY

All right, now don't say a word,
because if he finds out you're
in here, I'll never hear the end
of it.

Rudy quietly opens the door to Luke's bedroom and Slaton peeks in.

54 SLATON'S P.O.V. OF LUKE'S BEDROOM

54

where Luke is sitting in his easy chair, puffing on a cigar and watching television! His back is toward the door.

55 SLATON

55

reacts with amazement!

56 ANOTHER ANGLE ON LUKE

56

revealing that Jeff, hidden from Slaton's view, is lying on the floor, pumping Luke's chest with his leg! Luke's glazed eyes stare blankly out of his contorted face; the cigar crammed halfway down his throat!

57 SLATON

57

watches for several more moments, and seems satisfied.

RUDY

Okay?

Slaton nods. Rudy closes the door.

58

EXT. OFFICE SHACK - FUCHS

58

Fuchs paces around like a caged animal, grumbling to himself. Now Slaton comes out. Fuchs looks at him with expectation.

FUCHS

Well?

Slaton puts an arm around him and heads for the car.

SLATON

Come on, Roy. I'll take you home.

Rudy stands in the doorway watching them leave. He grins.

59

EXT. LUCKY LOT - RUDY, JEFF, JIM - NIGHT

59

LIGHTNING CRACKS in the night sky and RAIN begins to pour: it's quite a storm! The car lot is dark, except for moonlight.

Jim and Jeff are working the mechanism to lower the EDSSEL from the Lucky Lot sign. Rudy watches as it comes down.

60

EXT. REAR OF LOT - RUDY, JEFF, JIM

60

The Edsel has been rolled to the edge of the work pit, with a wooden ramp leading into the hole. Clearly, they're going to push the car into the pit! In the background, next to a large pile of dirt, is a 4-wheel drive Jeep with a snow plow attachment. Rain continues. Luke's corpse is propped up behind the wheel! Jeff is scotch taping two pennies on Luke's eyes! Already, there's garlic and wolfbane around his neck! Now he places a crucifix in the old man's hands.

JEFF

This shit gives me the creeps!
He should be buried proper!

Jeff places a dozen plastic Jesuses on the dashboard.

Jim the Mechanic is checking the tire pressure on the left rear tire.

JIM THE MECHANIC

This motherfucker's low!

RUDY

It's all right, Jim. He's not going far!

Rudy bows his head reverently, then looks at Jeff and Jim.

CONTINUED

60

CONTINUED

60

They're not bowing their heads. Rudy clears his throat, and they get the hint.

RUDY

Luke Fuchs is about to drive over the curb for the last time. He was a good man, an honest man, a trusted man.

Luke, we can't carve your name on a granite tombstone, but we can keep it flying high above this lot. We can't put flowers on your grave, but we can hang the finest weather resistant vinyl penants and pinwheels that money can buy. And you can take comfort in the fact that you won't be spending eternity lying in the company of strangers; instead, you'll be surrounded by a constantly revolving inventory of the finest quality low-mileage discount cars. Ford, Chrysler and General Motors will be your headstone, and high volume and high visibility will be your epitaph.

Rest in peace, Luke Fuchs.

ALL

Amen.

Rudy nods to Jim, and Jim kicks a board out from under a tire, causing the Edsel to plummet into the pit with a loud CRASH!

61

EXT. REAR OF LOT - NIGHT

61

Jim, in the Jeep-snowplow, pushes the pile of dirt into the pit and over the Edsel!

62

EXT. LUCKY LOT - DAWN

62

We PAN from the Lucky lot sign, sans Edsel, to the rear of the lot where Jim and Rudy are transplanting weeds into the now filled-in pit. Jeff is spreading fertilizer.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Sure hope these weeds take hold!

CONTINUED

62

CONTINUED

62

JEFF

(shaking his head)

Miami. Shit! Nobody's gonna believe he drove that Edsel to Miami! Nobody goes to Miami!

RUDY

He's old, isn't he? Old people go to Miami! Where do you want him to go---Aspen?

JEFF

Rudy, if we go on TV, we're gonna be callin' attention to ourselves! What if the Department of Motor Vehicles investigates our ass for false advertising?

RUDY

Hey, let 'em investigate us all they want! We just work here! They'll have to talk to the boss!

They all look down at the grave.

63

EXT. FOOTBALL GAME - NIGHT

63

A big COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME is being played under the bright lights of a HUGE STADIUM, to the CHEERING throngs of THOUSANDS!

64

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

64

In a distant corner of the crowded parking lot, under the BLUE MERCURY VAPOR LIGHTS, JIM the MECHANIC runs around the cars placing CARDBOARD PRICE CARDS on them! The prices range from \$195 to \$995, and Jim doesn't care what prices go on what cars!

A BLACK FORD VAN is also parked here: the side door is open and the inside is packed with VIDEO EQUIPMENT and MONITORS, all tuned to the game! RUDY and JEFF are here, wearing TUXEDOS. Jeff has an arm around MARGARET, a lovely girl in a formal gown. FREDDIE WINSLOW, a wiry energetic kid of 19, is supervising. He's got a PORTABLE VIDEO CAMERA in one hand and a WALKIE-TALKIE in the other.

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Okay, we'll be cutting in on the next station break---unless my brother screws up!

(into walkie-talkie)

Hey, Eddie? You ready?

65

CLOSER TO THE STADIUM

65

EDDIE WINSLOW, who bears a striking resemblance to his brother, is running with a cable along the KFUK-TV broadcast truck. He pulls his walkie-talkie out of his belt and answers.

EDDIE WINSLOW

Ready, Freddie!

66

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - RUDY, JEFF, MARGARET, FREDDIE

66

Rudy squints at the blue lights overhead.

RUDY

Are we gonna be able to film
under these blue lights?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

I got my own lights, mounted
on the van. We'll turn 'em on
when we start!

Freddie follows Jeff over to a maroon Oldsmobile, mini-cam
in hand.

JEFF

So here's what I'm gonna do:

(goes into it)

Hi, folks! Here at Lucky Used
Cars, we've got the transportation
you need at the price you
want! You won't believe these
deals! I want you to take a
look at some of these beautiful
models.

Margaret, tell us about this
one...show us how you're gonna
sit, babe...

Margaret hops up on the hood of the Olds and strikes a
provocative pose, making sure the slit on the side of her
gown reveals plenty of thigh.

JEFF

(to Rudy)

I figure a little thigh will
keep their attention...
Go ahead, doll, tell us about
it.

MARGARET

(like Marilyn Monroe)

Well, this '76 Delta 88 is

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

MARGARET (continued)

really equipped, with white
walls, radio and heater!
Only \$695!

JEFF

(indicates her tits)
And folks, be sure to check out
those high beams!

(aside to Rudy)

You know, a little tit joke
there. And then you come in
with your satisfied customer
routine.

RUDY

Oh, shit! What about the
disguises? Did you get the
sunglasses, Freddie?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

They were out of sunglasses,
so I got these!

He hands Rudy and Jeff each a pair of "GROUCHO GLASSES,"
with the eyebrows, nose and moustache!

JEFF

Groucho glasses? I can't do
a commercial wearing these!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Here's a pair for the broad!

He pulls another pair out of his pocket. Rudy takes them
and hands them to Margaret.

JEFF

Jesus, Rudy, fucking Groucho
glasses! We'll look like
assholes!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

30 seconds!

RUDY

Put 'em on!

JEFF

But Rudy---

RUDY

Put 'em on!

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

Rudy shoves the glasses onto Jeff's face!
Freddie looks at the TV set: The KFUK-TV Logo comes on.
He calls into his walkie-talkie.

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Stand by!

Now a commercial for Roy L. Fuchs Pre-Owned Automobiles
comes on, starring Roy L. Fuchs himself!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

(into walkie-talkie)

Hit it, Eddie!

67

AT THE TV TRUCK - EDDIE WINSLOW

67

Eddie cuts the cable and ties in his own cable!

68

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - RUDY, JEFF, MARGARET, FREDDIE

68

Freddie's TV set turns to snow. He hits a switch and
quartz lights mounted on his van brightly illuminate
this area of the parking lot. Under the blinding white
light, the "maroon" Oldsmobile becomes bright red! Jeff
freaks out!

At the same time, his image appears on Freddie's TV!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

You're on!

JEFF

Uh---uh---uh---it's---a red car!
I can't ---uh---uh---uh---!

Jeff completely freezes up, right on camera! Rudy tries
to prompt him, waving his hands, mouthing words.

JEFF

Uh---uh---oh, God---shit, I'm
fucked...

FREDDIE WINSLOW

He's dying out there! Get the
broad in there to say something!

Rudy signals her. She too is nervous as hell.

MARGARET

This model is really equipped...

She clumsily climbs off the hood of the Olds to move closer

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

to the microphone Jeff is holding, but her gown gets hooked on the hood ornament!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Jesus! She's caught on the hood ornament!

MARGARET

(trying to free herself)
Ooops---I mean---white wall
radios and heaters...

Rudy quickly dons his Groucho Glasses, runs over to Jeff and takes the mike!

RUDY

Yes, folks, these people are speechless over the fabulous deals we've got at Lucky Used Cars! We've got ten jillion cars here and every one of them is the best deal in town! Like this Delta 88 here, only 695! Let's take a look under the hood!

Rudy pops the hood---it springs open and rips Margaret's gown right off her body, exposing her ample bare breasts to the camera! She screams!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Hot stuff!!!

Margaret runs around the parking lot, trying to cover herself, but Freddie Winslow chases after her with the mini-cam, trying to keep her tits on camera! Finally he corners her against a car.

Now Rudy runs over with a cardboard sign and holds it next to Margaret's breasts. The sign says "Lucky Used Cars," with the address.

RUDY

Don't be a boob, folks! Come on down to Lucky Used Cars! We've got mountains of deals, mountains of wheels! Come on down and put the squeeze on us!

He gives her breast a squeeze!

On the TV set, Rudy's smiling Groucho face and Margaret's boobs disappear, and the football game resumes!

69

EXT. LUCKY LOT - MORNING

69

There is a full scale traffic jam around the Lucky Lot!
On the lot, all sorts of people are wandering around
looking at cars---young, old, families---everybody!

70

INT. BULLPEN - RUDY, JEFF, JIM THE MECHANIC - DAY

70

Rudy, Jeff and Jim are overwhelmed by the number of
customers! Jim is wearing an ill-fitting jacket and tie,
and looks a little uneasy. Rudy has the morning paper.
The headline reads "LUCKY USED CARS PRE-EMPTS FOOTBALL
GAME! Car Lot Denies Responsibility, Blames Fraternity
Pranksters."

RUDY

How about that? Front page
advertising---and it's free!

Rudy checks his watch. It's 9:00.

RUDY

It's time. Ready, Jeff?

Jeff is stuffing good luck charms into his pockets.

JEFF

Yep.

RUDY

Ready, Jim?

Jim is straightening his tie. It still doesn't look right.

JIM THE MECHANIC

I guess so.

RUDY

Ready, Toby?

The dog barks.

RUDY

Let's go!

Their serious expressions suddenly turn to bright friendly
smiles, and they all bound out onto the lot to meet their
public!

71

EXT. LUCKY CAR LOT - DAY

71

RUDY

is shaking hands with everybody, trying to handle as many

CONTINUED

71

CONTINUED

71

people as he can. He greets a red-haired couple, the O'HARAS.

RUDY

Hi there, Mr. and Mrs.---

MR. O'HARA

O'Hara.

RUDY

Mr. O'Hara, I'm Rudy O'Brien.
I'll be right with you!

He greets a Mexican-American couple.

RUDY

Hi there, Mr. and Mrs.---

MR. LOPEZ

Lopez.

RUDY

Hi! Rudy Garcia---I'll be
right with you!

He greets a black man.

RUDY

Hi there, Mr.-----

MR. JACKSON

Jackson. Raymond T. Jackson.

RUDY

Rudy Washington Carver. I'll
be right with you!

72

JEFF

72

is with a middle-aged couple. He is showing them a blue car, and opens the door for the wife. She gets in the passenger's seat, and Jeff lowers her visor so she can see the mirror.

JEFF

Now, look at that! The interior
of this car matches the color of
your eyes!

She smiles, very flattered.

78

RUDY

78

is showing the O'HARAS a '74 Mustang. One of the front tires is almost flat.

MR. O'HARA

Is that tire flat?

RUDY

Oh, no, sir! It's supposed to be that way: that's your side-belted steel-reinforced polyester radial---gives you a more comfortable ride! I should know---my brother drives one of these. He's a doctor.

MR. O'HARA

(quite impressed)

Well!

79

A RUSSO BUMPER STICKER

79

is slapped onto the Mustang which then goes over the curb! The muffler falls off!

80

JEFF

80

is showing a DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN a Chrysler Newport. The man is bouncing the front end up and down to check the shock absorbers: the car bounces like crazy!

DISTINGUISHED MAN

The shocks seem pretty poor.

JEFF

Oh, no---they're supposed to be that way! That's your fluid suspension system---same technology used to put a man on the moon! I should know, Doc. My brother drives one of these. He's a doc---

(catches himself)

---golf pro!

DISTINGUISHED MAN

(quite impressed)

Is that right!

81

A RUSSO BUMPER STICKER

81

is slapped onto the Newport which then goes over the curb! A rear fender falls off!

82

RUDY

82

at the rear of the lot, is with MR. GHERTNER, 50, a bureaucratic type. Mr. Ghertner is shocked at what Rudy is showing him: the transport truck is loaded with the junkers and novelty cars, now painted with "Student Driver" markings!

MR. GHERTNER

These aren't the cars I bought!

RUDY

No, Mr. Ghertner, these cars are better than the ones you bought, and I'll tell you why: when your students get their licenses, what kind of cars do you think they'll be driving? They'll be driving used cars. And that's why they should be learning to drive in used cars!

MR. GHERTNER

But I bought used cars!

RUDY

I'm talking about very used cars, the only kind of cars your students will be able to afford. Look at it this way, Mr. Ghertner: you're obviously an educated man, a man of letters, a scholar with a number of degrees...but you yourself are driving a used car! Mr. Ghertner, you should be driving a car that reflects your stature---a brand new car, a car that would require a downpayment of say...

(counts out money)

...5, 6, 7, 8, 9, one thousand dollars!

Rudy stuffs the hundred dollar bills into Ghertner's shirt pocket. Ghertner smiles.

83

THE TRANSPORT TRUCK FULL OF JUNKERS

83

each with a Russo Bumper Sticker, goes over the curb! An entire car falls off the upper rack!

84

JEFF

84

is trying to sell AL a Mercury Station Wagon. Al's FOUR

CONTINUED

84

CONTINUED

84

CHILDREN are running wild, getting chocolate candy all over cars, and his wife can't control them. They do seem interested in TOBY, whom Jeff is holding in his arms.

JEFF

Look, Al, you like animals, don't you?

AL

Of course I do. I've got 3 dogs myself.

JEFF

Then you understand what I'm talking about. Not only do I think this is the right car for you, but Toby thinks it's the right car for you! Right, Toby?

Toby barks twice in affirmation. Jeff puts him down, and the kids pet him.

JEFF

The least you can do is take it out for a test drive!

KIDS

(in unison)

Yeah, Dad, yeah!

AL

Oh, all right.

The kids cheer! Everyone piles into the car except Jeff, who kicks a BIG ROCK in front of one of the rear tires. Now Jeff makes a hand signal to Toby: the dog responds by running under the car and playing dead!

JEFF

Okay, Al, now, I want you to really punch it! This baby's got a big engine, and I want you to feel the pick up! Don't be afraid of her!

Al guns the wagon, it bounces over the rock with a big THUMP!

JEFF

(screams)

STOP!!!

CONTINUED

84

CONTINUED - 2

84

Jeff runs after him, waving his arms, acting horrified!

Al slams on the brakes and gets out to see what the trouble is: he sees Toby "dead" on the car lot!

JEFF

Oh my God, you ran over my dog!! You killed Toby!!

Jeff picks up the animal, who remains limp in his arms. Al's kids and his wife see this and they're grief-stricken! The kids start crying! And Jeff starts "crying" too!

AL

Gee, mister, I'm sorry--- really, I am...

JEFF

All he wanted was for you to be happy in that car, and now he's dead!

AL

I didn't mean it---I didn't know he ran under the wheel...

Al tries to explain this to both Jeff and his family, but his kids won't even look at him! And his wife gives him a "How could you?" look!

AL

(to Jeff)

Look, Mister, I know I can't bring your dog back, but...

85

A RUSSO BUMPER STICKER

85

is slapped onto the rear of the Station Wagon, which then drives over the curb: the tailgate falls off and three of Al's kids fall out into the puddle!

86

EXT. ON A BUSINESS STREET - DAY

86

A 4-wheel drive PICKUP TRUCK, which has "Lucky Used Cars" painted on it, is cruising down the street. It's wired for sound, and a Sousa March blares out of speakers on the roof. Jim the Mechanic, wearing earmuffs, is driving, and Rudy is standing on the back with a bullhorn, yelling at people in a SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT.

RUDY

Hey, you there, sir, with the

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

86

RUDY (continued)
groceries! Is that your '73
Monaco there? How would you
like \$10,000 for that car?

The man perks up---sure, he'd like that!

RUDY
C'mon over to Lucky Used Cars!
Let's make a deal!

Rudy spots a woman getting out of a Ford.

RUDY
You there, ma'am, with the '76
Torino there! Would you take
\$10,000 in trade for that car?
Would you take \$15,000? C'mon
over to Lucky Used Cars---let's
talk business!

Now Rudy notices a '76 Pontiac Phoenix driving in the
lane next to him. He calls out to the driver.

RUDY
Sir, I'll give you \$20,000 for
that car!

MAN
What?

RUDY
I'll give you \$20,000 for your
car!

MAN
How much?

The man SMASHES into the car directly ahead of him! He
hasn't been watching where he's going!

RUDY
I'll give you 600 for it!

87

EXT. THE LUCKY LOT - NIGHT

87

MUSIC begins blaring out of the P.A. speakers on the office
shack: "The Stripper."

THREE BUXOM BEAUTIES wearing strippers costumes adorned
with lots of giant price tags jump up onto the roofs of
three cars, into spotlights, and begin REMOVING THEIR

CONTINUED

87

CONTINUED

87

CLOTHES to the music! They're easily visible from the highway! Now Rudy comes forward with his bullhorn!

RUDY

Folks, here at Lucky Used Cars, we're stripping away inflation! We're taking off those high prices! Yes, we're getting down to the bare minimums on these babies! So come on over here and inspect the front ends and check out the rear ends of these beauties!

As the strippers reveal pasties and G-Strings, FIVE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS occur on the highway!

88

EXT. FUCHS' LOT - NIGHT

88

Roy Fuchs is taping a commercial on his lot: a Video camera crew has their camera on Fuchs, with the Lucky Lot Strippers behind him.

FUCHS

Here we have a group of immoral charlatans, masquerading as business men! They will stoop to the lowest, most vulgar---

Now Sam Slaton comes running over, interrupting the commercial.

SLATON

Hold it, Roy! You can't say that on TV! It's slander--- they can sue you!

FUCHS

They can't sue me---they only work there! Only Luke can sue me---and he has to be alive!

(to TV crew)

All right, take it from the top!

89

EXT. A TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

89

The Lucky Used Cars Pickup Truck pulls up to a Mobile Home. RUDY gets out and goes into this trailer.

90

INT. RUDY'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

90

Rudy enters. The place is neat, and on one wall is one of

CONTINUED

90

CONTINUED

90

Rudy's campaign posters adorned with red, white and blue bunting. He turns on his cheap cassette recorder, and "Hail To The Chief" blares out. The music does something to Rudy.

Rudy opens his refrigerator. Inside is a SMALL SAFE! Rudy dials the combination; in it is a HUGE PILE OF MONEY! Rudy pulls out his wallet, removes a big wad of cash and puts it in the safe. Then he pulls out ANOTHER WALLET and deposits another wad of cash! He locks the safe, grabs a beer, and shuts the refrigerator. On the door is a drawing of a TV Telethon type thermometer, that goes from "Zero" to "10,000" in increments of \$1,000. At the top is one of Rudy's campaign posters. Rudy colors in more "mercury" which puts him just about at the \$2500 level.

91

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM

91

Next to the phone on the nightstand is a telephone answering machine. Rudy rewinds the tape and plays his messages.

WOMAN'S VOICE (On tape)

Hi, Rudy, it's Lorette. I was thinking about you today 'cause I was at K-Mart buying some peroxide and there was a clerk there who looked just like----

Rudy fast forwards past this one. Another WOMAN comes on.

NADINE'S VOICE (On tape)

Rudy, this is Nadine. If you're not doing anything tonight, well, I bought this new Barry Manilow record today and I-----

Rudy shakes his head, and goes to the next message.

MARY LOU'S VOICE (On tape)

Uh, this is Mary Lou Bainbridge. I don't know if you remember me, but I waited on you at Denny's two weeks ago----remember, you wanted the extra hash browns?

Rudy remembers, but he'd much rather forget. He fast forwards to the next one---FUCHS comes on.

FUCHS' VOICE (On tape)

Hey, Russo, you asshole! Watch the late movie tonight if you want to see a real commercial! You scumbag!

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

Rudy is puzzled by this one. Now JEFF comes on.

JEFF'S VOICE (On tape)

Rudy, it's Jeff! Watch the
Channel 12 movie tonight---
we're in big fucking trouble!

Rudy shuts off the machine and goes back in the living room.

92 INT. RUDY'S LIVING ROOM

92

Rudy turns on the TV and switches to Channel 12. FUCHS is on, staring soberly at us. Behind him can be seen the Lucky Lot with the Strippers doing their number. Censor's bars have been placed over their breasts and genitals.

FUCHS (ON TV)

I'm Roy L. Fuchs, of Roy L. Fuchs Pre-Owned Automobiles. Normally, I do my commercials from my own lot. However, a serious menace has appeared on the horizon which I feel must be brought to the attention of every decent citizen. Across the street from my own lot, as you can see, is the automobile business at its absolute worst! Here we have a group of immoral charlatans, masquerading as businessmen! They will stoop to the lowest, most vulgar, cheap, vile and disgusting ploys to deceive and cheat the honest, hard-working public! They are the lowest form of human scum on the face of the earth, and I urge you to stay away from them!

Rudy is outraged! He angrily shuts off the TV!

93 INT. LUCKY BULLPEN - RUDY, JEFF, JIM, FREDDIE WINSLOW -
DUSK

93

Rudy, Jeff, Jim and Freddie Winslow are in the bullpen. Outside, the sun is setting, the lot lights are on, and there are no customers.

Jeff is reacting to something that Freddie just said.

CONTINUED

JEFF

Jam the Presidential Address??
Are you out of your fuckin'
mind?!?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Of course! No sane man would
have the nerve to pull off some-
thing so visionary! You guys'll
be on all 3 networks at the same
time!

RUDY

But how, Freddie? How can you
do it?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Microwaves!

RUDY & JEFF

Microwaves?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

That's right! Instead of tying
into cables or hooking into a TV
truck, I bounce microwaves off
the Westinghouse Communications
Satellite to my brother who'll
be stationed at the microwave
repeater on the roof of the phone
company in Washington!

Winslow uses ashtrays as models to aid his explanation.

FREDDIE WINSLOW (continuing)

Then, he blasts my microwaves
into the repeater on the same
frequency Carter's using. Since
Eddie'll be closer, and be using
twice the power, we'll jam
Carter right out of existence!
If you guys talk fast enough,
you'll finish your commercial
before they even know what hit
'em!

Jim the Mechanic pulls out a SCOPE RIFLE from underneath
the couch. It's the same model that Lee Harvey Oswald
used in 1963.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Damn right the President ain't
gonna know what hit him---not
with this!

CONTINUED

RUDY

Jim---put that away. That
was just a figure of speech!

Jim quietly puts the rifle away.

RUDY

(to Freddie)

When is this presidential
address?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Tomorrow night, 9 o'clock our
time. We should cut in about
3 minutes after, before every-
body gets bored and switches
to Gilligan's Island.

There is a moment of silence as the guys ponder the scope
of Winslow's plan.

JEFF

I don't know about this, Rudy.
I mean, we're fucking with
President of the United States,
for chrissakes!

RUDY

Well, he fucks with us, doesn't
he? Look---you've seen how shitty
business was today. That asshole
Fuchs puts on one commercial and
we dry up like a desert! Well,
we can't let him push us around!
We've gotta fight fire with fire!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

You guys'll be fighting fire with
enhanced radiation weapons!

RUDY

How much is this gonna cost us,
Freddie?

Rudy pulls out a wallet and counts out some money.

FREDDIE WINSLOW

The usual...plus fringes. You
guys gotta fix me up with those
3 broads you had out here yes-
terday! And I'll need a plane
ticket.

CONTINUED

93

CONTINUED - 3

93

RUDY

To Washington?

FREDDIE WINSLOW

No---Guadalajara! You don't
expect me to wait around for
the Nielsens, do ya? Look, I
got a lotta stuff to do...

Rudy pays him. Freddie starts for the door. Rudy stops
him.

RUDY

Uh---Freddie...back door. It's
still light out.

FREDDIE

Oh---right.

He turns around and goes toward the back. Rudy joins him.

RUDY

I'll walk you out.

94

ON RUDY AND FREDDIE

94

as they go to the back of the office shack.
Rudy opens the back door for him.

RUDY

See you tomorrow night, Freddie!

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Right. Remember, we go on at
exactly 9:03!

With Freddie gone, Rudy closes the door and goes back to
the bullpen. As he enters, he trips over Jeff who is
hiding on the floor, behind a desk! Jim is also on the
floor, apparently bracing himself for a mortar barrage.

RUDY

What the fuck are you doing on
the floor?!!

JEFF

Ssshhhhh! Get down!

Rudy joins Jeff behind the desk. Jeff points out through
the glass doors.

JEFF

See that broad out there?

95 RUDY'S P.O.V. OF

95

A WOMAN, late 20's, examining a blue Ford---one of Manuel's old taxis. Her name is BARBARA and she is extremely attractive. Nearby is a red '72 Datsun with out-of-state plates.

96 BACK TO SHOT

96

as Rudy's mouth falls open! He's enthralled!

RUDY

Yeah!

JEFF

She's trouble! She pulled in with that red Datsun!

Rudy gives Jeff a look, then comes out from behind the desk.

RUDY

For chrissakes, Jeff, gimme a break!

JEFF

I mean it, Rudy! I think she's from the Consumer Protection Agency! She's been looking at that Ford awful funny---she knows it's a taxi!

Rudy watches, but she's not doing anything suspicious.

RUDY

You're paranoid! She's got great legs!

JEFF

Oh yeah? I'll bet the first thing she asks is "where's the owner?"

Rudy straightens his tie and fixes his hair, preparing to go out there.

RUDY

Jeff, that woman is beautiful! Women that beautiful don't work for the Consumer Protection Agency!

JEFF

Rudy, be careful. Don't let the little head do the thinking for the big one!

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

96

RUDY

Trust me!

He goes outside.

97 EXT. LUCKY CAR LOT - EVENING

97

Rudy comes up to Barbara, who's still looking over the blue Ford. Rudy puts on his most charming smile.

RUDY

Congratulations! This is our giveaway week, and since you're our 100th customer, you win, whether I sell you a car or not! You've just won a candlelight dinner for two at the restaurant of your choice! But---I see there's only one of you...Well, tell you what I'll do: I'll throw myself in! How's that for a deal?

She looks at him and smiles. She finds him attractive.

BARBARA

Could you tell me where I might find the owner?

Rudy is speechless for several moments---he gulps, then looks back toward Jeff in the bullpen: he was right! Rudy turns back to the woman, all charm again.

RUDY

I could...but first, let me tell you about this car.

(opens door of Ford)

I can give you a terrific price on this car---an unbelievably low price!

She takes a look inside, then looks at Rudy.

BARBARA

Well, I would hope so...look at the finish.

RUDY

The finish? Is there something wrong with the finish?

She indicates the YELLOW PAINT around the edges of the rocker panel.

CONTINUED

97

CONTINUED

97

BARBARA

Well, yes---the paint's chipped off here. I can see the primer.

RUDY

Primer? Where?

BARBARA

This yellow here---that's primer.

Rudy considers this for a moment, then looks her straight in the eye.

RUDY

Miss, can I tell you something? That's not primer. There's no such thing as yellow primer. That's yellow paint. This is a repainted taxicab.

Barbara is speechless for a moment. She wasn't expecting that answer.

BARBARA

Well, that's an honest answer.

RUDY

Miss, you just said a mouthful there. Honesty. That's our policy. Honesty is our middle name here. In fact, honesty is the one thing---

BARBARA

(interrupting)

Hold it, hold it, hold it! You can save the speech. I'm not with any consumer agency. I used to be, but I'm not anymore.

RUDY

Environmental Protection Agency?

She shakes her head.

RUDY

Better Business Bureau?
Nader's Raiders?

BARBARA

I'm from Wisconsin!

CONTINUED

97

CONTINUED - 2

97

RUDY

Are you now or have you ever
been associated with the
Federal Bureau of Investigation
or any Law Enforcement Agency?

BARBARA

Trust me!

RUDY

Oh...well...in that case...
I'll throw in a movie along
with dinner!

BARBARA

(smiles)

Is Luke in the office?

RUDY

I'm sorry, he's not here. What
do you feel like eating?

BARBARA

You expect him back soon?

RUDY

No, he's out of town. But the
best steaks in the world are in
town, at the Embers!

BARBARA

(bewildered)

Out of town? On business?

RUDY

Pleasure. He's in Miami
Beach...as in seafood. You
like seafood? Neptune's
Broiler---best seafood in town.

She is visibly shaken.

BARBARA

I'm a vegetar---did you say
Miami?

RUDY

Miami Beach.

She turns white, and her shocked eyes begin to well up with
tears. It's all she can do to hold them back.

CONTINUED

97

CONTINUED - 3

97

BARBARA

Miami Beach?

RUDY

It's nothing to get upset about!
I've been to Miami Beach---it's
not that bad---Miss, is there
anything I can do?

She shakes her head, trying to keep herself from completely
falling to pieces.

BARBARA

I'm supposed to meet my father...

RUDY

You father? Okay, no problem,
we'll just go inside and give him
a call. Do you have his number?

Rudy pulls her away from the Ford and is about to slam the
door.

BARBARA

Don't you?

RUDY

Me? Miss, I don't even know
your father!

BARBARA

Then why did you tell me he was
in Miami?

Rudy is so shocked he forgets to remove his hand from the
car door as he slams it!

98

INT. OFFICE SHACK - LADIES' ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

98

Jeff has turned the metal "Ladies" placard on the door
sideways and is peering through a peephole! We hear the
sound of running water from inside.

Rudy comes up to him, an ace bandage on his injured hand,
carrying a framed 8 x 10 from Luke's bedroom.

JEFF

I didn't even know he had a
daughter!

Rudy hands him the photograph.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED - 4

97

RUDY

Who do you think this is?
That's her!

99 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

99

It's an old picture of Luke, standing by the workpit with Barbara, age 8. The Edsel is over the pit---it's brand new.

JEFF (V.O.)

I don't see any resemblance!

100 BACK TO SHOT

100

Rudy grabs the yellow pages and thumbs through them.

RUDY

Jeff, I've been selling cars
long enough to know when some-
body's telling the truth!
That is Luke's daughter!
(looking thru Yellow Pages)
Don't we have any health food
restaurants in town?

Jeff steps away from the bathroom door very deliberately.
Jim the Mechanic takes his place.

JEFF

Rudy...if that's Luke's daughter...
we've gotta get rid of her! If
she finds out what we're doing
here---I mean, what if she sees
our commercial tomorrow night?

RUDY

I know, I know...

JIM THE MECHANIC

Why don't we just throw her in
the hole with her old man?

Rudy and Jeff look at Jim with disbelief, then trade
shocked expressions!

RUDY

Tell you what I'm gonna do:
when I take her out for dinner,
I'll tell her the reason Luke
went to Florida...

CONTINUED

100

CONTINUED

100

RUDY (continued)
(takes a deep breath)
...was because he hates her guts
and didn't want to see her.

JEFF
Rudy, she's not gonna buy that----

RUDY
Sshhhh!!

He's heard the running water shuf off, and the sound of
the bathroom lock opening. Barbara comes out, much more
composed. Rudy gives her a big smile.

RUDY
Mother Earth's Bar and Grill:
best Zucchini Casserole in town!

101 INT. MOTHER EARTH'S BAR & GRILL - RUDY, BARBARA - NIGHT 101

Rudy and Barbara are at the bar of this restaurant, which
is overgrown with green plants and peopled with the
"organic crowd." Rudy is quite out of place here. The
effeminate bartender brings them martinis. Rudy takes a
deep breath.

RUDY
Barbara, there's something I
should tell you about...well,
I want to tell you the reason
Luke left...

Barbara doesn't want to face it. She changes the subject.

BARBARA
How did you know I used to be
with a Consumer protection
agency?

RUDY
Huh?

BARBARA
That painted cab---why didn't
you tell me it was yellow primer?

Rudy relaxes a bit. Clearly, he'd rather not talk about
Luke either.

RUDY
Because you beat me to it. I

CONTINUED

101

CONTINUED

101

RUDY (continued)
knew you were baiting me, so
I told you the truth---but the
truth was actually a bigger
bunch of bullshit!

BARBARA
(smiles)
Well, you're very honest about
your dishonesty. That's a lot
more than I can say for the
people I used to work with.

RUDY
Yeah, well, the way I figure
it, consumers don't really
want protection. They just
want something for nothing.

BARBARA
I'll drink to that.

They drink, but Rudy doesn't like the taste. He calls
to the bartender.

RUDY
Hey, pardner, a little thin on
the Vermouth tonight, aren't we?

BARTENDER
I beg your pardon?

RUDY
This tastes a little thin. Are
we having a Vermouth shortage
or something?

BARTENDER
No, sir. That's full strength.

RUDY
(offers it to him)
Taste it. It's thin.

BARTENDER
No, I don't have to taste it.
I know what I put in there.

RUDY
Well, put in a little more, okay?

BARTENDER
I can do that, but I'll have to
charge you extra.

CONTINUED

101

CONTINUED - 2

101

RUDY

Forget it.

Barbara pulls out a pen and notepad from her purse.

BARBARA

Pardon me, but could I have your name?

BARTENDER

My name? What for?

BARBARA

I just want to know your name.

Her pen and paper are posed, and he gets very nervous.

BARTENDER

Well, we don't use names here.

A MAN sitting on the other side of Barbara speaks up.

MAN

His name's Fahey. Larry
Fahey. F-A-H-E-Y.

BARBARA

Thank you.

Just as she starts to write it down, the Bartender pulls out a bottle of Vermouth and gives each of them an extra shot. He walks away in a huff. Rudy looks at Barbara: he's very impressed. She smiles.

BARBARA

Old Consumer Protection Agency
trick.

RUDY

What, asking for his name?

BARBARA

No----threatening to write it
down.

He grins. She takes a drink---and chokes! Too much Vermouth! Rudy takes a deep breath: it's time to get serious again.

RUDY

Uh, Barbara...about Luke...

CONTINUED

101

CONTINUED - 3

101

BARBARA

I know why he isn't here. And I think it'll be better all the way around if I get up early tomorrow and leave...maybe head up to Oregon...

RUDY

You do?

BARBARA

(nods)

Luke knew I was coming, but he left for Florida the same night I called.

RUDY

Oh, no---you've got it all wrong! That's not the reason he left.

BARBARA

Rudy: I can put two and two together. I guess he just needs more time. Maybe I'll try again in a few months.

She turns her head away.

Rudy starts to say something, but he can't. He's speechless. There is a long moment of silence.

RUDY

Barbara... Do you dance?

She looks at him and smiles.

102

EXT. THE HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

102

Rudy and Barbara cavort along the balcony toward her room, laughing, doing "The Bump." She's carrying her shoes, and they're both sweaty. In the background is the bright green Holiday Inn sign.

BARBARA

You're pretty fast on your feet!

RUDY

When you sell cars for a living, you have to be!

They both laugh.

CONTINUED

102

CONTINUED

102

BARBARA

I really had a nice time.
Thank you. For everything.

She opens her door, about to enter.

RUDY

Uh, Barbara...about Luke...
the truth is, he never said
why he left. Now, I don't
know what it was between you
and him, but in the 6 years
I've know him, he's never
run away from anything or
done anything without a good
reason. It's true, he left
rather...abruptly, but I'm
sure he had a very good
reason.

BARBARA

I'm sure he did.

RUDY

I just didn't want you to leave
tomorrow with the wrong idea
about what kind of guy Luke
really was---is.

She looks at him...but she's clearly not thinking about
her father.

BARBARA

Rudy, would you like to come
in for awhile?

RUDY

Uh---no---I'd better not.
You've gotta get up early and
all.

BARBARA

That's okay. I can get by on
. two hours of sleep.

RUDY

Well---uh---I've gotta get up
early and all...but thanks any-
way. I---it's really been nice.
Take care...and if you're ever
by this way again...look me up.

He shakes hands with her weakly, then turns away. She
closes the door, then opens it again and sticks her head out.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED - 2

102

BARBARA

Rudy?

Rudy stops and turns around.

RUDY

Huh?

She stands there. He walks back toward her.

BARBARA

You know, maybe you're right about Luke. I mean, I'm passing judgement on a man I haven't seen in over ten years. I guess I can at least give him the benefit of the doubt. What the hell, I can stick around for a few days.

Rudy turns white!

103 INT. LUCKY BULLPEN - RUDY, JEFF - MORNING

103

Jeff is horrified at what Rudy's just told him.

JEFF

She's staying?!?

RUDY

Yeah, she's staying...until Luke calls. I can keep her away from here today---I'm taking her out to the lake ---but we're gonna have to cancel the commercial tonight. If she sees it, she'll be suspicious as hell. And how are we gonna explain it to her tomorrow when a thousand customers show up from all over the country?

JEFF

We won't have to.

104 INT. TRAIN STATION - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

104

Rudy and Jeff walk from the Amtrak ticket counter to the exit. Jeff has just bought a ticket and hands it to Rudy. Barbara's name is written on the folder.

CONTINUED

104

CONTINUED

104

JEFF

Here it is: a one-way ticket to Miami. You go give it to her right now---tell her Luke called, wants her to get on the train and meet him in Miami. Now, the train doesn't leave till eleven tonight, so I'll do the commercial. You just keep her away from a TV set. Take her to a movie, take her to a fancy restaurant...do whatever you have to do. Just keep her away from a TV, and get her on that train at 11!

He sticks the ticket into Rudy's breast pocket. Rudy takes it out and gives it back to him.

RUDY

This is really a lousy thing to do.

JEFF

You got any better ideas?

RUDY

(takes a deep breath)
We could tell her the truth.

Jeff gives Rudy a look, then shoves the ticket back into Rudy's pocket.

105

EXT. TELEPHONE COMPANY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT 105

EDDIE WINSLOW mounts the fire escape of the phone company building in D.C. and climbs onto the roof, where there are several antenna towers and microwave dishes. Eddie has an incredible amount of electronic equipment strapped to his back, including 2 microwave dishes of his own! He wears a heavy coat (it's cold) and binoculars around his neck. In the background is the Washington Monument.

Eddie dumps his equipment, then climbs partway up a tower to check the microwave dishes. The rear of one of them has writing on it: "White House Receiver. 45mHz." Eddie climbs in front of it, raises his binoculars, and looks in the direction it's pointing.

106

THRU THE BINOCULARS - EDDIE'S P.O.V.

106

of the WHITE HOUSE! On its roof is another microwave antenna, pointing directly at the phone company receiver!

107 BACK TO SHOT 107
as Eddie Winslow grins.

108 EXT. FUCHS' LOT - NIGHT 108
Fuchs' lot is dark: it's closed. JIM THE MECHANIC, wearing a black costume which has the words "High Prices" in white across his chest, comes running between rows of cars carrying a detonator and uncoiling wire attached to it. He looks like the "Hamburglar." He hides the detonator under a car, then waves across the street.

109 ACROSS THE STREET 109
in the darkened Lucky Lot, Freddie Winslow's BLACK VAN RESPONDS TO Jim's signal by flashing on its lights once. There is a microwave dish on its roof, aimed at the sky.

110 INT. FREDDIE WINSLOW'S VAN
Jeff is behind the wheel. He's dressed like the Lone Ranger with a U.S. Marshal's badge and a PUMP SHOTGUN beside him! He turns to Freddie who is fiddling with some transmitting equipment.

JEFF

Jim's ready!

Freddie throws a switch: A monitor lights up with the "Winslow Test Pattern"---it resembles an ordinary test pattern, but it has Freddie's face in the center!

FREDDIE

So am I!

111 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. PHONE COMPANY ROOF 111
Eddie Winslow, his equipment now set up, is receiving static and snow on his monitor. He adjusts one of his dish antennas, aiming at the sky, and tunes in his brother's test pattern! A few more adjustments, and it's a sharp, clean picture!

112 INT. A RESTAURANT 112
We are UNDER A TABLE where a pair of male hands are nervously on it. The hands are sweaty.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Don't you like your salad?

CONTINUED

112

CONTINUED

112

RUDY (O.S.)

Huh?

BARBARA (O.S.)

You've barely touched your
salad. Don't you like it?

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL Rudy hiding the ticket under the
table while they talk. Rudy has obviously got a lot on
his mind.

The restaurant is Rudy's idea of a nice place: red plastic
water glasses and a candle in a red chimney glass with
white plastic netting...but no TV.

RUDY

Oh---no---it's fine.

He half-heartedly sticks a forkful in his mouth.

BARBARA

Rudy, you seem like you're a
million miles away. What are
you thinking about?

He can't look at her as he speaks.

RUDY

I was just thinking how much
easier everything would have
been if you'd have come last
week...

BARBARA

I don't understand.

Rudy makes his decision: he folds the ticket in half and
drops it into the pocket of his coat, draped around the
chair...only he misses, and the ticket falls to the floor.
Rudy is completely unaware of this.

RUDY

There's something I've got to
tell you...I don't know if this
is exactly the right time...but,
well...

An eagle-eyed BUS BOY spots the fallen ticket. He politely
picks it up.

BUS BOY

Uh, sir, I believe you dropped
this.

CONTINUED

112

CONTINUED - 2

112

The bus boy puts it on the table. Barbara can plainly see her name on the ticket. Rudy is sickened.

RUDY

Thanks.

Rudy picks it up, but it's too late. Barbara has seen it.

BARBARA

Rudy is that...? It's a ticket to Miami, isn't it?

Rudy nods, ashamed, then hands it to her.

RUDY

I was gonna wait till after dessert...

She looks at it, then at him.

BARBARA

Did you talk to Luke last night?

RUDY

Well---no---I tried to get ahold of him, but he's still out on that fishing charter. So I just sorta took it on myself...I thought it was the right thing to do...

BARBARA

(smiles warmly)

Rudy, I really appreciate this. I really do. I think it's very thoughtful.

(takes a deep breath)

But I can't go.

RUDY

Huh?

BARBARA

I don't want to force myself on him. I'd rather wait till he comes back.

(pause, smiles)

And besides, I've been enjoying myself. You're good company.

Rudy's face is a mass of confusion. He looks away, not knowing what he should do or how to react.

CONTINUED

112

CONTINUED - 3

112

BARBARA

Are you all right?

Before he can answer, he hears something behind him.

VOICE

The program originally
scheduled at this time will
not be seen in order that we
may bring you President Carter's
address on the economy...

Rudy turns around: a man at the table behind him has a
7-inch battery operated TV on his table, and it's directly
facing Barbara! Rudy is shocked!

BARBARA

I didn't know the President
was on tonight!

RUDY

(to the man)

Hey, Mac, would you mind
turning that thing off? I'm
trying to eat!

MAN

Look, bud, this happens to be
the President of the United
States! Show a little respect!

RUDY

Respect, my ass! This dinner's
costing me 30 bucks!

BARBARA

Rudy, it doesn't bother me.
Who knows, maybe Carter will
have something interesting to
say...

Rudy turns white! He starts groaning in phony pain.

BARBARA

Are you all right?

RUDY

Yes---no---uh---Jeez, I feel
faint...I gotta go get some
air!

Rudy stumbles away from the table and staggers into the
bar. He's overacting, but it's a good performance.
Barbara follows him.

113 INT. THE BAR

113

Rudy catches his breath a moment, only to find that there is a TV set in here, and Jimmy Carter is on it! A clock behind the bar goes to 9:02. He groans again even louder and staggers outside into the street. Barbara follows.

114 EXT. ROOF OF PHONE COMPANY, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

114

EDDIE WINSLOW throws switches in his video equipment into their "on" positions.

115 INT. FREDDIE WINSLOW'S VAN

115

FREDDIE WINSLOW throws switches on his video equipment into their "on" positions. He has a mini-cam set up on a tripod, pointing out the open side door of his van.

116 EXT. RESTAURANT AND STREET - RUDY, BARBARA - NIGHT

116

Rudy runs erratically down the street, with Barbara right behind. Finally Rudy leans up next to the side of a building to catch his breath.

BARBARA

Are you all right?

RUDY

Yeah, fine...just needed some air. I'm fine now---

As he turns, he discovers they're standing right in front of a TV STORE, and a HUGE 7 FOOT ADVENT SCREEN with President Carter on it is staring him right in the face! A digital clock on a Videorecorder reads 9:02:59 and is starting to roll up to 9:03!

117 EXT. ON FUCHS LOT

117

The Black Van SCREECHES onto Fuchs' lot---and pulls up to a group of cars! Jeff jumps out with the shotgun, Freddie switches on the quartz lights and gets behind the mini-cam!

118 EXT. PHONE COMPANY ROOF, WASHINGTON D.C.

118

EDDIE WINSLOW shoves his dish antenna in front of the microwave repeater!

119 EXT. TV STORE

119

Rudy spins Barbara around and kisses her full on the mouth, placing his hands firmly over her ears so she can't hear! He stands so that he can keep his eye on the TV screen where President Carter is interrupted by static!

120 EXT. ON FUCHS LOT

120

Freddie cues Jeff.

JEFF

Hi, folks! Marshal Lucky here, from Lucky Used Cars, where we are dedicated not only to fighting high prices, not only to murdering high prices, but to blowing the living shit out of high prices!

He walks over to a Cadillac Seville with \$7999 on the windshield. Freddie pans with him.

JEFF (continuing)

Here's some examples: a 1976 Cadillac Seville for \$7999! That price is too high!

He levels the shotgun at the windshield and BLOWS IT TO SMITHEREENS!

JEFF

A 1974 Continental Mark Four for 6500 dollars! That's too high!

Again he blasts the windshield to nothingness!

Now Jim jumps up on the roof of another car! He has a pair of six guns; and draws on Jeff.

FREDDIE WINSLOW

Look out, Marshal Lucky! High Prices!

Jeff whirls around and aims.

JEFF

Take that, you dirty old High Prices!

Jeff fires twice---two squibs explode on Jim's chest, and two gallons of technicolor blood pour out, all over the car and windshield! Jim falls down dead!

CONTINUED

120

CONTINUED - 2

120

Jeff turns back to camera and starts walking along the lot.

JEFF

So remember folks, that's
Lucky Used Cars, on Highway 9,
a mile west of Route 202!

He passes a '77 Mercedes 450 SL with a window price of
\$24,000, and does a double take.

JEFF

What's that? A 1977 Mercedes
450 SL for \$24,000?

He picks up the detonator Jim planted--it's labeled "TNT!"

JEFF

(continuing)

That's too fucking high!!

Jeff pushes down the plunger: the entire Mercedes is blown
30 feet into the air and EXPLODES in a TREMENDOUS FIREBALL!!!

121

ON A TELEVISION SET

121

as Jeff finishes the commercial.

JEFF (On TV)

At Lucky Used Cars, we blow
the living shit out of high
prices!

Suddenly, the transmission cuts back in to President Carter.

JIMMY CARTER (On TV)

...I think that's the kind
of deal all Americans can
get behind!

A FOOT KICKS IN THE 25" PICTURE TUBE of the Admiral Console!
The TV set EXPLODES!

It's FUCHS, in his living room, and he's mad as hell!

FUCHS

You bastards!! You fucking
bastards!!!

122

EXT. THE TV STORE - RUDY, BARBARA - NIGHT

122

Rudy is still kissing Barbara! Now he breaks the kiss.
Barbara is a bit taken aback, out of breath, but pleasantly

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

122

surprised.

BARBARA

Where did that come from?

RUDY

I don't know...

Their eyes meet, and there's no mistaking what either one of them is thinking. Rudy kisses her again---this time, for real---and there can be no doubt that she is kissing him back.

123 EXT. FUCHS' LOT - NIGHT

123

A FIRE TRUCK and a POLICE CAR depart, leaving behind the smoldering wreckage of the Mercedes in a large puddle of water.

124 EXT. LUCKY LOT - NIGHT

124

JEFF is watching the departing Fire Engine from inside of a car in which he's hiding. He's removed his hat and mask, but still wears the rest of his cowboy costume.

Jeff gets out of the car and walks toward the bullpen. As he approaches the wooden stairs, a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS come on and illuminate him: it's FUCHS in his white Cadillac, which is parked on the lot! The Cadillac revs up and drives right at him!

Jeff reacts with alarm and dives out of the way---and Fuchs crashes his Eldorado into the stairway, smashing in his front end! FUCHS jumps out with a tire iron!

FUCHS

You fucking bastard!

Jeff jumps onto the hood of the Cadillac and onto the broken stairway, then into the bullpen! Fuchs chases him!

125 INT. BULLPEN

125

Jeff slams the sliding glass door before Fuchs can get in, but Fuchs SHATTERS IT with the tire iron! Fuchs enters.

FUCHS

Bust my cars, will ya?!?
You cocksucker!!

He hurls the tire iron at Jeff! Jeff ducks and the tire iron misses him, hitting into the wall behind him!

126 INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM

126

TOBY, asleep on Luke's bed, suddenly awakens at the sound of the noise! He starts barking, about to run out of the room.

127 OUTSIDE OF LUKE'S BEDROOM

127

Fuchs punches Jeff in the face! Jeff goes sprawling backward, into Luke's bedroom door, slamming it shut!

128 TOBY

128

is trapped in the bedroom! He barks, claws at the door, but he can't get out!

129 FUCHS

129

is about to attack Jeff again, but Jeff crawls under his legs, back into the bullpen! Fuchs rushes Jeff, who jumps over a couch and dodges him around it! Fuchs grabs objects off the desk and throws them at Jeff: an ashtray, the phone, an adding machine! Jeff avoids them all! Jeff grabs a couch cushion and whacks Fuchs in the head with it, then hurls the typewriter at him---it catches Fuchs in the gut, and he falls backward, into a swivel chair.

Jeff breaks for the back door---he's going to make it easily---but he stops short upon opening it: there's a ladder leaning against the building outside. For Jeff to go out the door, he'll have to go under the ladder! He hesitates---he can't do it. He turns around, only to find Fuchs charging him! Fuchs grabs the edge of the rug Jeff is standing on and pulls it out from under him! Jeff goes down and Fuchs kicks him in the gut! Jeff howls in pain!

FUCHS

Where's my brother? Where
you hiding him, you fuckin'
asshole!!?

JEFF

Fuck you...!

Fuchs picks him up and slams his head into a wall! The wood panelling cracks! Fuchs slams his head into it again, and again! Jeff is bruised and bloody. Fuchs socks him again, and Jeff slumps over the desk, barely conscious. Fuchs picks up a framed 8 x 10 photograph and breaks it over Jeff's head! He picks up a knife of glass, and holds it against Jeff's throat---suddenly, he reacts

CONTINUED

- 129 CONTINUED 129
- to the photograph. He drops the glass and picks up the photo: It's the picture of Luke and Barbara at the work-pit! Revelation lights Fuchs' face.
- FUCHS
- The pit!
- He runs to the back door and looks out.
- 130 FUCHS' P.O.V. OF 130
- the filled in pit. The Eucalyptus tree is bigger than in the photo, but the terrain matches!
- 131 FUCHS 131
- compares it to the photo, smiles, and runs outside! He gets down on his knees and starts digging with his hands!
- 132 INT. BULLPEN 132
- JEFF slumps over, unconscious.
- 133 INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM 133
- TOBY runs to the window and jumps on the sill. The window is partially open, and outside we can see Fuchs digging up the pit. But Toby can't quite make it out. He pushes the window up with his nose, but it's a real effort.
- 134 EXT. REAR OF LOT - FUCHS 134
- Fuchs digs to 12 inches down---then, paydirt! He pushes dirt away and uncovers a patch of the Edsel's green roof! Fuchs laughs with triumph!
- Then, Toby wriggles through the window, jumps to the ground and in two seconds jumps on Fuchs! Toby growls viciously, snapping at his pants leg! Fuchs kicks him away, but Toby attacks again, snarling and biting at his ankle!
- FUCHS
- Ow, Goddammit!!
- Fuchs kicks Toby again, then runs for his car. Toby chases him, but Fuchs gets in and revs it up.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

FUCHS

Fuck you, you dumb dog!! I
got what I came for!

Fuchs cackles with glee, then screeches away from the
Lucky Lot! Toby barks after him, then looks around and
goes into the garage.

135 INT. GARAGE

135

Jim the Mechanic is on the floor unconscious, half dressed
in his "High Prices" costume. Toby licks his face, but it
does no good. Jim is out like a light. Toby considers
what to do, then lifts his leg over Jim's face!

136 EXT. LUCKY GARAGE

136

A moment's pause, then we hear Jim start yelling and screaming!

JIM'S VOICE

Yeeoowww!!! Goddammit!
You goddamn motherfuckin' mutt!
I'm gonna kill your ass!!!

Toby comes running out of the garage, followed by Jim, who's
wiping the piss off his face with a rag! Jim is enraged,
and he chases Toby over to the pit! Jim stops short upon
seeing the dug up section.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Motherfuck!!!

137 INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM - RUDY, BARBARA - NIGHT

137

Rudy and Barbara are in bed together. She has a very
satisfied look on her face; he looks a bit uneasy.

BARBARA

Now aren't you glad I didn't
go to Florida?

RUDY

Yeah...

They kiss. Then Rudy breaks it, and sits on the side of
the bed, dropping his head in his hands.

RUDY

Listen...since you bring that
up again, I've gotta get some-
thing off my chest...

CONTINUED

137

CONTINUED

137

But before he can say anymore, the PHONE RINGS. After one ring, the answering machine clicks on.

JEFF (V.O. PHONE)

Rudy--it's Jeff! If you're there, pick up! Emergency!

Jeff sounds as bruised and bloody as he is. Rudy reaches over, picks up the phone and turns off the monitor switch.

RUDY

What's up?

(pause, then shock)

Jesus!

(pause)

Where are you now?

(pause)

Don't worry---I'm on my way.

He hangs up, trying not to show his worry, and immediately begins dressing.

BARBARA

What's wrong? Is it about Luke?

RUDY

Oh, no--no---it's Jeff. He---uh--got in a fight. I've gotta go down to the station house and bail him out. It shouldn't take too long.

138

EXT. RUDY'S MOBILE HOME - DAWN

138

Barbara's red Datsun is parked outside. The truck is gone.

139

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM - BARBARA - DAWN

139

Barbara is lying in bed, wide awake. She's alone, and it looks like she's been up awhile. She looks at the clock, then looks at the answering machine. She stares at it for several long moments, takes a deep breath, and rewinds the tape. Then she plays it back.

JEFF (V.O. TAPE)

We're in big fucking trouble!
Fuchs found the Edsel!

RUDY

Jesus!

CONTINUED

139

CONTINUED

139

JEFF (V.O. TAPE)

We gotta do something! Toby
chased him away, but he'll
be back! We can't let him
find the old man!

RUDY (V.O. TAPE)

Where are you now?

JEFF (V.O. TAPE)

At the lot!

RUDY (V.O. TAPE)

Don't worry--I'm on my way!

Click! Barbara stares in total disbelief!

140

EXT. LUCKY LOT - EARLY MORNING

140

A huge number of cars, many with out-of-state plates, are
parked around the perimeter of the lot, and hordes of
customers stand around the wooden horses blocking the
driveway which has "Closed" signs on them.

Jeff, bandaged and bruised, is answering questions from
REPORTERS.

JEFF

Well, how do you think we
feel about it? Do you think
we like having our car lot
associated with the President
of the United States? We run
an honest lot here!

Now several POLICE CARS with red lights flashing pull into
the car lot, knocking the barricades aside.

Eight Police Officers, with picks and shovels, get out of
the cars. Fuchs and Slaton are with them.

Rudy walks over to them.

RUDY

(to police)

I'm sorry, gentlemen, we're
not open yet.

(to Fuchs)

I thought I told you to keep
your ass off this lot.

CONTINUED

140

CONTINUED

140

FUCHS

(to Slaton)

Show him the warrant, Sam.

Slaton hands Rudy a document. Rudy looks at it.

RUDY

A search warrant? What are
you looking for?

141

EXT. REAR OF LOT - POLICE, FUCHS, SLATON, RUDY, JEFF

The Police, Fuchs and Slaton are all digging in the area of the filled-in pit. It's close quarters, so they're frequently getting in the way of one another, jabbing each other with shovel handles, knocking one another in the head with the blades, throwing dirt around.

Rudy and Jeff are there, watching.

RUDY

Look, you come in here,
disrupt our business, and
start digging up our lawn.
You could at least tell us
what the hell you're looking
for!

FUCHS

Don't give me that crap, Russo!
You know damn well you buried
my brother right here!

RUDY

Your brother? Luke? Jeez,
Roy, if you're looking for
Luke, I could have saved you
a lot of trouble. He was here
30 minutes ago. Went out to
get some breakfast. He'll be
right back.

The police hear this and stop digging. A Sergeant steps
over to Rudy.

SERGEANT

You spoke to Mr. Lucas Fuchs
30 minutes ago?

RUDY

Yeah! Came back from Miami
last night---He's got a tan
and everything! Looks great!

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED

141

FUCHS

(to police)

He's full of shit! Just keep digging!

Office REESE has dug almost 2 feet down.

OFFICE REESE

But Mr. Fuchs, there's nothing here!

FUCHS

Just keep digging, you son-of-a-bitch!

Fuchs runs over and starts digging himself. Rudy nods to Jeff. Jeff turns away and produces a DOG WHISTLE from his pocket. He blows it.

142 EXT. UP THE HIGHWAY - JIM, TOBY

142

Jim the Mechanic has a wrecker parked on the wrong side of the street with the Edsel in tow by the bumper, pointing toward the Lucky Lot. The engine is running, and the rear wheels, which are off the ground, are spinning! The driver's door is open, and Jim is pouring gasoline over the CORPSE OF LUKE FUCHS which sits in the driver's seat, hands on the wheel! His eyes are open, and his face displays a bizarre contorted expression. He's a bit decomposed. His hair is wild and dissheveled, and his overgrown beard stubble makes him look like a degenerate wino!

Toby, nearby, reacts to the dog whistle by raising an ear and BARKING!

Jim empties out the gas can, then goes to the wrecker and drops the tow hook: the rear wheels of the Edsel hit the pavement and burn rubber as the Edsel SCREECHES off like lightning! Jim salutes.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Adios, motherfucker!

143 EXT. REAR OF LUCKY LOT

143

The police are still digging---they're down more than a foot!

RUDY

Look, I'm telling you guys, you're wasting your time!

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

RUDY (continued)

He'll be right back!

(glances at the highway)

Why, here he comes now!

All heads turn.

144 THEIR P.O.V. OF THE HIGHWAY

144

as the Edsel speeds maniacally down the road! Cars swerve to avoid it! It's going 90 mph, and accelerating, miraculously missing pedestrians and traffic!

145 ON FUCHS, SLATON AND THE POLICE

145

as they react with complete astonishment! Fuchs is especially dumbfounded!

SLATON

Jesus! It's him! He is alive!

They run toward the highway.

146 THE EDSEL

146

is still accelerating! Luke's corpse is beginning to slip to one side!

147 FUCHS, SLATON AND THE POLICE

147

run toward the highway. Rudy and Jeff follow.

SERGEANT

He's crossed the center line!

OFFICER REESE

He's exceeding the speed limit, too! We'll have to cite him for that.

OFFICER FOLEY

Where the hell is he going?

SLATON

He's heading right for that brick wall!

148 THEIR P.O.V. OF THE HIGHWAY

148

The Edsel SLAMS into the solid brick wall of a neighboring building, and EXPLODES with the BIGGEST FIREBALL EVER SEEN! HUGE FLAMES completely engulf the interior of the car! No one could have possibly survived a crash like that!

149 EXT. THE HIGHWAY

149

as a speeding FIRE ENGINE wipes the frame. We follow it to the scene of the accident, where another Fire Truck has already arrived. Several FIREMEN are extinguishing the last of the flames---all that's left is a black, charred, twisted hulk, with a "crispy critter" inside.

150 ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

150

Rudy, Jeff, and Jim the Mechanic feign expressions of grief as the flames are extinguished. Now Fuchs walks over to Russo.

FUCHS

Very neat, Russo. Very clean. Plenty of witnesses, everything up in flames, not a trace of evidence. Shrewd...you kept yourself out of jail. Now get off my lot!

RUDY

Your lot?

FUCHS

You just gave it to me!
(indicates smoldering wreckage)
Handed it to me on a silver platter!

RUDY

'Fraid not, Roy. Luke has a daughter---you remember your niece, Barbara? She's back in town---I'll bet you haven't seen her in over ten years! You wanna talk to her? She's staying over at my place...

Fuchs is doing a slow burn---he becomes red in the face, his veins pop out of his forehead, his jaw quivers...

FUCHS

You cocksucker!!!

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

150

Fuchs throws his fist into Rudy's jaw! Rudy staggers back, then Fuchs jumps on him! They fall to the ground, struggling, rolling around in the dirt! Several Police Officers rush over!

RUDY

Get this maniac off me!

The police separate the two, but Fuchs keeps on struggling! He belts a cop! Three other cops restrain Fuchs!

FUCHS

Get your hands off me!
I'm Roy L. Fuchs, goddammit!

OFFICER REESE

Take him away!

Rudy turns and finds himself face to face with BARBARA!

RUDY

Barbara! There's been a
terrible accident. Your
father's dead.

Barbara's eyes well up with tears. She doesn't look at anyone---just at the smoldering wreckage.
Fuchs screams as the police drag him toward a squad car!

FUCHS

Why don't you tell her the
truth, Russo?
(to Barbara)
He's been dead for weeks
(points to Rudy)
He had him buried back there!
Buried him in the Edsell! He
did it so he could rob the
place blind---rob my brother
and cheat the public!

Finally Fuchs is pushed into the car!

Rudy faces Barbara. She wants an explanation. She has a betrayed expression on her face.

RUDY

(indicating Fuchs)
He's, uh----well, he's...
(gestures that
he's crazy)
...he's just...I don't know,
he's...uh, fucked.

CONTINUED

150

CONTINUED - 2

150

BARBARA

Rudy, I want you to tell me
the truth.

There is a long moment as Rudy looks into her eyes, swallows,
and takes a deep breath.

RUDY

All right. Okay. Your
father---he wasn't in Miami.
He never was.

Hope lights her face---hope, trust...even love. Several
police officers move closer.

RUDY

(continuing)

He was in Aspen. He didn't
want you to be here when he
came back, so he asked me to
send you to Mia-----

BARBARA

(interrupting)

Rudy...You're fired.
And take your friends with
you.

Rudy can't believe it---then he realizes she knows.
She starts to walk away. He runs after her, grabbing her.

RUDY

Wait---you don't understand!
I had to do it! Your uncle
was trying to take over this
lot!

She turns around and slaps him, then walks away, leaving
Rudy a broken, empty shell of a man.

151

EXT. AGAINST THE BLUE SKY - DAY

151

A row of colored vinyl pennants flap in the breeze.
Rudy steps into frame. There's a bandaid on his face where
Fuchs hit him.

RUDY

Those are brand new tires!
Solid construction...you won't
find a better set of wheels!
And you can't beat the price!

CONTINUED

151

CONTINUED

151

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

a BICYCLE SHOP, with a large display of bikes outside!
Rudy is trying to sell a 20" Banana seat model to STEVIE,
a 10 year old, who's with his friend MARK.

In the background, Jeff is loafing, reading a Hustler and
Jim is ripping the tire on a bike.

MARK

(to Stevie)

He's full of shit! I saw the
same bike at K-Mart for ten
bucks cheaper!

RUDY

They're not really selling
this bike ten bucks cheaper
---they were lowballing you.
Look, you're a smart kid.
You're---what, in 3rd grade?

STEVIE

Fourth.

RUDY

That's what I mean! See, I'm
selling you this at cost. I'm
not making a dime on the deal!

STEVIE

We'll, I'll have to think about
it.

RUDY

Well, don't think too long.
There was a 5th grader looking
at this yesterday.

Stevie and Mark roller skate off down the street.

Rudy kicks the bike in anger. It falls into an entire
row of bikes and knocks them all down!

RUDY

Shit! These little fuckers
are harder to close than
their olds! Real grinders,
these little bastards! I'm
never gonna make that 7 grand.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Fuck, let's just rip off this
place!

CONTINUED

151

CONTINUED - 2

151

JEFF

Put some money on the game tonight. I've got a good feeling about Denver!

RUDY

Denver? Denver's ranked 10th!

JEFF

That's right---but get this: This morning I found a dime in a pay phone, minted in Denver. 10 cents, and Denver's ranked 10th. The digits on the phone added up to 10. Today's the 10th. You know what time I found this dime? 10 after 10! So I bet 10 bucks! I can't lose!

RUDY

What, gamble? I can't gamble! My luck sucks!

JEFF

Well, then just forget about politics! You don't belong in politics anyway. Let's go to Texas---find a car lot there. People still want big cars in Texas.

There is a long moment of silence. Jeff knows what the real problem is.

JEFF

Rudy, why don't you call her? What harm can it do? She knows you belong on that lot.

RUDY

No, she'll just think I'm jacking her.

Now MR. DIRKEN, the proprietor sticks his head out the door of the building.

DIRKEN

Russo! Phone! Try to keep it under 3 minutes, huh?

152

INT. BIKE SHOP - TELEPHONE

152

Rudy picks up the phone.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

RUDY

Rudy Russo.

TUCKER (V.O. PHONE)

Mr. Russo, Frank Tucker here, in Mr. Caldwell's office. There's been a slight change in our plans. Our timetable got pushed up and the machine has to present its slate of candidates for nomination the day after tomorrow. That means we'll need your contribution tomorrow morning. You do have it, don't you?

RUDY

Uh---oh, yes, I've got it...

Rudy stands there in a complete daze.

153 THRU BINOCULARS - P.O.V. OF

153

The LUCKY LOT, daytime. It's calm, quiet, no customers, no excitement. A KFUK-TV Channel 12 VIDEO TRUCK is parked there and A VIDEOTAPE CREW is busy taping a commercial, starring BARBARA FUCHS. She is simply walking along a row of cars, talking to the camera.

154 INT. FUCHS' SHOWROOM - FUCHS - DAY

154

Fuchs is staring at the Lucky Lot thru his binoculars. CARMINE enters with a piece of paper.

CARMINE

Here's the script, boss!

Fuchs turns and takes the paper.

FUCHS

You're sure this is it? The one they're filming right now?

CARMINE

I swiped it right off the truck!

Fuchs looks it over.

FUCHS

This stinks! I wouldn't buy a car from somebody who put this

CONTINUED

154

CONTINUED

154

FUCHS (continued)

shit on TV! Would you buy a
car from somebody who put this
shit on TV?

CARMINE

That's what I keep tellin' you,
boss! She don't know what the
fuck she's doing! She ain't
sold a single car in 4 days!
At this rate, she'll be bank-
rupt in 3 weeks!

The phone rings. Fuchs answers it.

FUCHS

Yeah.

SLATON (V.O., PHONE)

Roy---Sam. Any progress with
your niece?

FUCHS

No! She's just as stubborn
as her old man---she won't
sell! But all I gotta do is
bide my time---she'll be
bankrupt in 3 weeks!

SLATON (V.O., PHONE)

Roy, you haven't got any time
to bide! The Mayor's running
scared---he's gonna announce
the new freeway the day after
tomorrow! You'd better forget
about buying your niece's lot
and find some sucker to buy
yours!

Fuchs turns white as a sheet! He lowers the phone.

SLATON (V.O., PHONE)

Roy? Roy? Hello?

Fuchs hangs up. He looks out the window at the Lucky
Lot for several long moments, glances at the script, then
turns to Carmine.

FUCHS

Who do we know at Channel 12?

155

INT. VIDEOTAPE EDITING ROOM - DAY

155

A 2-inch Video recorder fast forwards. There are 2 of

CONTINUED

155

CONTINUED

155

these machines, and several TV monitors. The man operating the equipment is Buzz Lassiter, 45, a chain-smoking technician. FUCHS and SLATON are watching him. Buzz stops the tape and hits "Play."

Barbara Fuchs appears on a monitor, speaking from the Lucky Lot.

BARBARA (ON TV)

Come on over and see the
styles of cars we've got
to choose from.

Buzz rewinds it a bit, then hits "play" again.

BARBARA (ON TV)

---see the styles of cars---

He cuts it off, then fast forwards.

BUZZ

Now further down, she says
this...

He hits "play." Again Barbara appears on the monitor.

BARBARA (ON TV)

...Highway 9, a mile west of---

BUZZ

So I took the word "mile" and
put it over "style"---it's the
same technique we use to cut
the shits and fucks out of
R-rated movies.

He pushes "play" on the 2nd machine. Barbara appears on a different monitor.

BARBARA (ON TV)

Come on over and see the mile
of cars we've got to choose from.

FUCHS

Son of a bitch! Let me see
it again!

Buzz plays it again.

FUCHS

Goddammit! That's terrific!
What do you think, Sam?

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED - 2

155

SLATON

Most blatant case of false
advertising I ever saw!

Fuchs shoves a wad of cash into Buzz's shirt pocket.

FUCHS

When's this going on?

BUZZ

During tonight's game.

156 OMITTED

156

157 INT. A BAR - NIGHT

157

The Denver-Kansas City Football game is on TV. Denver
completes a pass!

ANNOUNCER (V.O., TV)

First in ten for Denver on
Kansas City's 33 yard line!

Many of the bar's patrons cheer...but not Rudy. He's
looking very glum over his burger, fries and beer. The
score flashes on: Denver 26, Kansas City 21. 4th Quarter.
Time remaining, 1:05. Jim the Mechanic is sitting next to
him.

Now Jeff enters from outside---it's raining, and he has
an umbrella. Jeff is exuberant as he rushes over to Rudy.

JEFF

What'd I tell you, Rudy?
Denver! Hell of a game, huh?
Yeah, when I get a feeling, I
get a feeling! You should have
put money on it!

RUDY

I did. On Kansas City.

JEFF

(disbelief)
Kansas City?!? How much did
you put down?

RUDY

All of it.

JEFF

(even more stunned)
40 fucking G's?!? Jesus!
(after a beat)
That means the only way you
can win is if I lose.

CONTINUED

157

CONTINUED

157

Rudy throws a couple of bucks on the bar, takes his jacket and gets up.

RUDY

I wouldn't worry, Jeff.
Your ten bucks is in the
bag. Only a minute left...
Denver would have to run
into some really bad luck.

Rudy heads for the door.

Jeff ponders this. He looks at Rudy, looks at the TV, looks over at the condiments on the bar. This is a very difficult moment for him. Finally, he takes a deep breath, steps up to the bar...and spills the salt shaker! On TV, Kansas City intercepts a pass!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Interception! Hammond runs
it back---he's hit by number
23--Mooney on the 40! So it's
1st and ten, Kansas City, on
their own 40 yard line!

Jeff grins.

Rudy stops short at the door and turns around: there's hope in his eyes. Then, someone taps him on the shoulder from behind. Rudy turns---it's MR. GHERTNER, the driver education supervisor from the High School!

GHERTNER

Russo, I've been looking all
over for you, you son-of-a-
bitch! I'm about to lose my
job because of you! I've got
over 250 sophomores who aren't
gonna pass driver education
because your fucking cars don't
run!

RUDY

Hey, you guys have got an auto
shop class! Why don't you
enroll your 250 sophomores in
it and teach them something!

GHERTNER

I'll teach you something!

Ghertner socks Rudy in the face! It's not much of a punch, but Rudy staggers back a few steps, more out of surprise than anything else. Rudy shakes his head, then grabs Ghertner by the coat and slams his head into a

CONTINUED

157

CONTINUED - 2

157

"Space Invaders" pinball game! Suddenly Barbara's commercial comes on! He drops Ghertrud and runs toward the TV for a better look!

RUDY

Quiet! I want to hear this!

The noisy crowd quiets down a little.
Jeff, meanwhile, is busy spilling more salt shakers!

BARBARA (ON TV)

I'm Barbara Fuchs, the new owner of Lucky Used Cars, here to tell you about Lucky Used Cars' new policy: total honesty. Because honesty is the best policy.

Rudy shakes his head.
There is some laughter and catcalls from the crowd.

BARBARA (ON TV, cont'd)

How honest are we? Well, I'm going to tell you some things you've never heard on a used car commercial before. Some of our cars aren't in the best of condition...

She walks past examples of what she's talking about.

BARBARA (ON TV)

(continuing)

Some of them need body work or new paint.

Rudy can't believe what he's hearing. He stares wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

Meanwhile, Jeff is now opening umbrellas indoors! First his own, then he takes them from other patrons!

BARBARA (ON TV)

(continuing)

But all of them have been safety checked and are priced accordingly. So come to Lucky Used Cars and see for yourself. Come on over and see the MILE of cars we've got to choose from---

RUDY

What did she say? She said she

CONTINUED

157

CONTINUED - 3

157

RUDY (continued)
had a mile? That didn't look
right! Jeff! Did she say she
had a mile of cars?

JEFF
That's what it sounded like.

Jeff opens another umbrella. The game has resumed.
Rudy runs over to Jim.

RUDY
Jim! Did that look right to
you?

JIM THE MECHANIC
Don't ask me, man, I'm drunk!

RUDY
She said she had a mile of cars...

Rudy runs to the pay phone nearby and starts dialing.
Jeff opens another umbrella---Kansas City completes a
pass for another first down!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
First down, Kansas City, on
Denver's 48 yard line! 31
seconds remaining in this
spectacular football game!

JEFF
Anybody got a black cat?

Rudy gets a busy signal! He hangs up and tries again!
Jeff spots the 3-foot step ladder behind the bar! He
jumps over the bar and crawls under it!

BARTENDER
Hey, you! What the hell are
you doing?

The bartender grabs Jeff and yanks him out from under
the ladder before he can get all the way under it!
Denver tackles Kansas City behind the line of scrimmage!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
2nd and 13, Kansas City...

The Bartender pushes Jeff out from the back of the bar.
Again, Rudy gets another busy signal! He hangs up and
tries again!

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED - 4

157

Once again, Denver tackles Kansas City, this time on the line of scrimmage.

JEFF

Damn!

He looks around for some other way to change his luck.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

3rd and 13 with only 12
seconds remaining...Kansas
City has no more time outs...

The ball is snapped---Kansas City's quarterback has nowhere to go---Denver's rushers are breaking through the blockers---no one is open, the quarterback dodges the rushers around the backfield! It looks like he's going to be tackled 20 yards behind the line of scrimmage! He has no choice: he throws a long bomb blindly toward the end zone!

Jeff notices his own reflection in the huge mirror behind the bar: he knows what he has to do. He grabs a bar stool and hurls it at the mirror with all his might! It SHATTERS into hundreds of pieces!

In the end zone, a receiver jumps 5 feet into the air and snags the ball with his fingertips---he juggles it---almost loses it---grabs onto it and tucks it! TOUCHDOWN! KANSAS CITY WINS, 27-26!!!

Rudy finally gets a ring on the other end...but Jeff runs over, yelling, screaming!

JEFF

You won, Rudy! You won!
You won, goddammit!! But
you owe me ten bucks!

Rudy drops the receiver and lets it dangle as he runs over to the TV set to see for himself. The other end picks up, and we hear Barbara's voice.

BARBARA (V.O., PHONE)

Lucky Used Cars...

158 INT. LUCKY BULLPEN - BARBARA - NIGHT

158

She's on the phone.

BARBARA

Hello? Hello?

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED

158

Suddenly, several POLICE OFFICERS rush in, accompanied by SLATON.

SLATON

Barbara Fuchs?

BARBARA

Yes?

SLATON

You're under arrest.

BARBARA

(shocked)

What for?

159 INT. THE BAR

159

The telephone receiver is still dangling in the foreground. In the background, we can see Rudy jumping up and down, yelling and cheering, pouring beer over Jeff, and Jeff pouring beer over him!

We can hear Slaton over the telephone.

SLATON (V.O. PHONE)

False advertising.

The phone goes dead.

160 INT. RUDY'S TRAILER - DAY

160

We're CLOSE ON a GYM BAG FULL OF MONEY. A hand zips it closed.

161 WIDER ANGLE

161

on RUDY as he takes the gym bag and goes to his front door, walking around JIM and JEFF who are both sleeping on the floor. Rudy is dressed more conservatively than usual.

162 INT. MOVING LIMOUSINE - DAY

162

We're in the back seat of a luxurious moving limousine, travelling through a trailer park. The limo slows down and stops to pick up RUDY who is waiting on the street.

163 ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING LIMO - RUDY, TUCKER - DAY 163

Rudy joins Mr. Tucker in the back seat. Tucker, 50, is a back-room party man.

RUDY

Good morning, Mr. Tucker.

TUCKER

Mr. Russo. You have the, uh, gift?

Rudy shows him the gym bag.

RUDY

It's in the bag. You know, I'm a little nervous about this; about what I'm supposed to do. I mean, like what sort of policies are you guys, uh,

(groping for the word)
trying to push?

The limo pulls onto the main highway.

TUCKER

Well, our party shares the concerns of the middle American taxpayer---the working man. We're in favor of civic improvements. Here, look at this...

Tucker pulls some folders out of his briefcase and hands them to Rudy one at a time.

TUCKER (continuing)

Here's a new parking garage we're putting in next to City Hall. We're in favor of that.

We're in favor of better housing. Here's the plans for the Mayor's Mansion we're going to build.

We're in favor of better highways. Here's the plans for the new freeway they're announcing tomorrow. My son-in-law's got the contract ----you've heard of Beaumont Cement Corporation? Lester Beaumont---fine boy.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

163

These are the same plans Fuchs had earlier. Rudy looks at them with particular interest.

TUCKER (continuing)

We're in favor of public facilities. Look at this: we're going to tear down that dilapidated hospital on the east side and put in a nice golf course.

And we're in favor of lower taxes, too!

Rudy is still looking over the freeway plans. The limo is approaching the Lucky Car Lot. It's closed.

TUCKER

Didn't you used to work there?

Rudy looks out the window.

164 RUDY'S P.O.V. OF

164

THE LUCKY LOT. There's a big "CLOSED" sign on the door.

165 BACK TO SHOT

165

RUDY

Closed?

TUCKER

By court order! That's our party looking out for the consumer there!

RUDY

Huh?

TUCKER

Last night, the proprietor of that car lot made a false and misleading claim on a television commercial. One of our constituents brought it to our attention, and the case goes before a judge in...

(checks watch)

...about 5 minutes. Justice can be swift when it has to be.

Rudy's mouth falls open.

167 INT. COUNTY LOCKUP - BARBARA, SLATON 167

Barbara is in a jail cell, entertaining a visitor: Sam Slaton. Slaton has a handful of papers and a pen.

SLATON

Look, all you've got to do is sign over your car lot and the charges will be dropped.

BARBARA

I don't believe this! Is this your idea of justice?

SLATON

Lady, I don't know what justice is. I can't afford it on my salary.

She gives him a look, then turns away. He shrugs, and a MATRON lets him out of the cell.

168 INT. MOVING LIMOUSINE - RUDY, TUCKER 168

Tucker has been checking the money. Satisfied, he zips the bag shut and handcuffs it to his wrist with a two-foot piece of chain. The limo stops at a red light.

TUCKER

Oh, there's no question she'll be convicted. And the fine, I'm afraid, will be quite severe. She'll have to sell the lot.

RUDY

(shocked)

Sell the lot?!? But if she---

He stops short as if it all suddenly dawns on him.

RUDY

Jesus... Jesus Christ!
This, uh, this fine upstanding citizen who reported this false advertising...his name wouldn't happen to be Roy Fuchs, would it?

TUCKER

(smiles)

Chairman Caldwell was right about you, Mr. Russo. You're a very bright young man. You'll go far.

CONTINUED

168 CONTINUED

168

Rudy notices that the city bus that has been loading on the other side of the street carries a destination sign: "County Courthouse!"

RUDY

Fuckin'-A, I will!

He opens his door, grabs his gym bag away from Tucker, and hops out---Tucker is yanked toward the door by the chain! With the chain half out of the door, Rudy slams it and breaks the chain! He runs like hell for the bus, clutching his gym bag!

169 EXT. THE INTERSECTION

169

Rudy runs across the street, dodging cars. The bus pulls away! Rudy chases after it! He puts on a burst of speed and jumps up on the rear bumper, grabbing onto an advertising billboard for support!

170 INT. COURTROOM - SLATON, FUCHS - DAY

170

Court is not yet in session. Slaton has been talking with Fuchs.

FUCHS

What do you mean you got Hanging Judge Harrison? He's not on the take! He's legit!

SLATON

Roy, this is an ironclad case! I can prove she's guilty...but you need someone who'll throw the book at her after I do. Hanging Judge Harrison hands out the toughest sentences in the county. Remember that colored kid who was found guilty of stealing beer out of a garage? He got 35 years hard labor.

171 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE

171

The City Bus drives past the County Courthouse, and Rudy leaps off the bumper and charges up the front stairs!

172 INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY

172

BARBARA is being ushered down the hallway by two heavysset

CONTINUED

172

CONTINUED

172

MATRONS. She is in shackles.

We hear the sound of running footsteps, and then RUDY appears from around a corner!

RUDY

Barbara!

BARBARA

Rudy!

He runs to her.

RUDY

Look---I think I can get you out of this, but I need your help!

BARBARA

What do I have to do?

RUDY

Get up on that stand...and lie!

She looks at him as if he's crazy. She starts to shake her head.

RUDY

Trust me!

MATRON

Get him the hell out of here!

The other Matron slugs Rudy in the gut---he falls back into a jailcell door, doubled over in pain.

Barbara is ushered out.

173

INT. COURTROOM

173

The BAILIFF stands.

BAILIFF

All rise.

Everyone stands. HANGING JUDGE HARRISON, the meanest man in the world, enters and takes his place on the stand. He bangs his gavel.

JUDGE

This court is now in session.

174 ON A BIBLE 174

as it's shoved in front of Barbara. She puts her hand on it.

175 WIDER ANGLE - COURTROOM 175

The Bailiff faces Barbara, who has her right hand raised.

BAILIFF

Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

At that moment, RUDY quietly enters through the rear doors. She sees him; he sees her.

BARBARA

I do.

Slaton approaches Barbara.

SLATON

Please state your name and occupation.

BARBARA

Barbara Jane Fuchs. I own Lucky Used Cars.

SLATON

Miss Fuchs, we have heard testimony from 4 qualified experts right here in this courtroom to the fact that the videotape commercial in question was authorized by you, and was not tampered with in any way. Now I put it to you, Miss Fuchs, do you or do you not have a mile of cars for sale on your lot?

BARBARA

Uh...uh...could you repeat the question, please?

Slaton rolls his eyes.

SLATON

Do you have a mile of cars for sale on your lot? When

CONTINUED

175

CONTINUED

175

SLATON (continued)

placed end to end, will the
cars on your lot total one
mile in length?

And may I remind you, you're
under oath.

She looks at Rudy once more. Again he nods. She drops
her head and takes a deep breath.

BARBARA

(shaking her head)

Uh...well...uh...uh...

She mumbles something.

JUDGE

Speak up, Miss Fuchs.

BARBARA

(loudly, clearly)

Yes.

Slaton is dumbfounded!

Fuchs' mouth falls open in astonishment!

The Judge can't believe it!

Rudy smiles proudly!

A tremor of excitement rumbles through the audience!

The Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE

Order! Order!

The courtroom finally settles down.

JUDGE

Miss Fuchs, are you absolutely
certain you understood the
question?

BARBARA

(still nervous)

Yes...I did...

SLATON

Miss Fuchs, do you realize that
one mile of cars is over 250
cars? Are you aware that you've
just opened yourself up to a

CONTINUED

175

CONTINUED - 2

175

SLATON (continued)
charge of perjury?

BARBARA
(confused)
I...well...uh...huh?

SLATON
Your honor, if it please the
court, I will produce a number
of witnesses who will testify
to the fact that Miss Fuchs is
lying; that she has in fact
only 52 cars on her lot at this
time.

RUDY
(calls out)
Why don't you go see for your-
self, Judge?

Rudy quickly ducks down and turns his head, so as not to
be identified. But others in the audience pick up on what
he said.

JUDGE
(banging his gavel)
Order, please! Order!

Again, the courtroom settles down.

SLATON
Your honor, I have no objec-
tion to that. I think it
would save a lot of time if
we were to adjourn and recon-
vene at the Lucky Used Car Lot.

JUDGE
So do I. Miss Fuchs, you are
released on your own recognizance
so that you may return to your
car lot to open up.
Court is recessed until 2:45 p.m.,
at which time we will reconvene
at the Lucky Used Car Lot and
settle this thing once and for
all!

He bangs his gavel!

Rudy gives Barbara an "O.K." hand signal!

176 INT. MANUEL'S OFFICE TRAILER - RUDY, BARBARA, MANUEL

176

Manuel is stuffing the money from Rudy's gym bag into his pockets while Rudy and Barbara are taking car keys and titles from the key rack and desk in Manuel's office!

MANUEL

250 cars, 250 keys, 250 titles...
but Rudy, you brought no transport
trucks! How are you gonna get them
home?

RUDY

I've got 250 drivers!

Manuel follows Rudy and Barbara outside.

177 EXT. MANUEL'S CAR LOT

177

Four SCHOOL BUSES are parked on the lot and 250 DRIVER
EDUCATION STUDENTS pile out!

JEFF is with MR. GHERTNER near one of the busses.
Rudy comes over and gives them each a handful of car keys.

RUDY

Pass 'em out! Anything that
doesn't start, we'll tow!

GHERTNER

This better work, Russo, that's
all I can say!

RUDY

You told me your kids needed
road experience to pass driver
ed, right? Well, they're gonna
have a crash course!

They all begin distributing keys!

178 INT. A BAR - FUCHS, SLATON, CARMINE, OTHERS - DAY

178

Fuchs and his gang are having a high old time at a bar,
celebrating victory somewhat prematurely. A clock in
the background reads 12:45. Fuchs jumps up on a table
and raises his glass.

FUCHS

Boys, I want to propose a
toast: to me, Roy L. Fuchs,
who in approximately...
(checks watch)
...2 hours will become the

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED

178

FUCHS (continued)
largest car dealer in the southwest!

179 EXT. MANUEL'S LOT

179

Rudy and Barbara are on the back of the Lucky Lot Pickup Truck. Rudy raises the bullhorn and calls instructions to the mass of students who are trying to match keys to cars.

RUDY
Drivers, to your cars!

Student drivers scramble into cars! Some cars are towing cars, so some students double up.

Rudy pulls the walkie-talkie out of his belt and calls into it.

RUDY
Jeff, do you read me?

180 ON JEFF

180

He's sitting in a BLUE PLYMOUTH with the other walkie-talkie. TOBY is with him.

JEFF
(into walkie-talkie)
Just call me "The Wrangler,"
Rudy.

181 EXT. THE PICKUP TRUCK

181

JIM THE MECHANIC runs over to Rudy and Barbara in the truck, with a TAPE MEASURE.

JIM THE MECHANIC
I just measured these motherfuckers!
Now, if we throw in the 52 cars on
the lot, and this here truck, we got
a safety margin of 38 feet. That's
2 cars!

RUDY
One mile and two cars...that's
tight.

BARBARA
(checks her watch)
Are we going to make it in 2 hours?

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

181

RUDY

We have to.
(into bullhorn)
Drivers, start your engines!

182 SERIES OF SHOTS - "STARTING UP"

182

Ignition keys turn!

Feet pump gas pedals!

Black exhaust rumbles out of tailpipes!

POINDEXTER reads from the "The Rules of the Road" to GERTRUDE who is at the wheel. They're in a big sedan with another car in tow.

POINDEXTER

One: depress brake.
Two: make sure car is in park
or Neutral. Three: turn
ignition key.

Gertrude turns the key. The car doesn't catch.

POINDEXTER

Let's try it again from the
top! One: depress brake.

WRONG-WAY WILBUR is in a VW Bug Convertible with BERTHA.
He's turning the key the wrong way!

WRONG-WAY WILBUR

It won't start!

BERTHA

You're turning it the wrong
way, you stupid moron!

NERVOUS NONA is with MR. GHERTNER. She hasn't started her car yet. She's trying to remember what to do as she places her hands on the steering wheel.

NERVOUS NONA

Let's see...left hand at 10
o'clock...right hand at 2
o'clock. Oh my God---I'm gonna
have to take one hand off the
wheel! You're not gonna flunk
me for that, are you Mr. Ghertner?

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED

182

MR. GHERTNER

Just start the car.

DELTON and DEMETRIUS, two Black kids, are in an EL CAMINO GARDENING TRUCK, fully stocked with equipment in the back. Delton is behind the wheel, Demetrius is in the back.

DELTON

Shit! A gardener's truck!
We're stuck in a motherfuckin'
gardener's truck! El Dorado's
my car---none of this El Camino
shit!

DEMETRIUS

Somebody musta been in a big
hurry to sell this fucker---
look what we got back here:
a fuckin' lawn mower, chain-
saw...we can sell some of this
shit!

183 EXT. LUCKY PICKUP TRUCK

183

RUDY calls out again.

RUDY

Okay, everybody, let's MOVE 'EM
OUT!

184 SERIES OF SHOTS

184

as the students respond with REBEL YELLS!

The PICKUP TRUCK pulls out---it's the lead car! It heads
down the dirt road toward the highway!

Students drop their cars into gear and follow!

185 MANUEL'S LOT - WIDER ANGLE

185

as all of the cars drive down the dirt road toward the
highway...the big sedan and tow car with Poindexter and
Gertrude brings up the rear.

186 DIRT ROAD - ANOTHER ANGLE

186

as the CARAVAN OF CARS pulls onto the SPUR HIGHWAY from
Manuel's dirt road! Many of them have trouble making the

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED

186

turn, and sideswipe each other, putting more DENTS into the already beat-up cars!

Wrong-Way Wilbur's Volkswagen actually starts driving the wrong way! Several cars honk at him!

RUDY, on the pickup truck, sees this. He calls into the walkie-talkie.

RUDY

Jeff! We've got a stray!

187 INT. JEFF'S CAR

187

Jeff looks around and spots the VW.

JEFF

I see him, Rudy!

188 EXT. MANUEL'S DIRT ROAD

188

Jeff's Blue Plymouth pulls out of the Caravan, goes back, chases down the VW, and wrangles him back in line!

189 EXT. ON THE HIGHWAY - THE CARAVAN

189

250 CARS zip along the highway at 55 mph, travelling in tight formation! It's an incredible sight to behold!

RUDY and BARBARA, on the rear of the Pickup, consult the road map, then survey the gigantic line of cars stretching behind them.

190 INT. NERVOUS NONA'S CAR - NONA, GHERTNER

190

Nervous Nona drives nervously, tailgating the car in front of her. Mr. Gherntner is more nervous than she is!

NERVOUS NONA

How am I doing, sir? I'm not following too close, am I, sir?

GHERTNER

I think you could give him a little more room.

191 EXT. ON THE HIGHWAY

191

Nervous Nona slams on her brakes! The car behind her rear-ends her, sending Mr. Gherntner's head into the windshield!

Nona rear-ends the car ahead of her, and triggers a tremendous chain reaction collision!

192 INT. NERVOUS NONA'S CAR - NONA, GHERTNER 192

Nervous Nona turns to Gherstner, who is rubbing his bruised head!

NERVOUS NONA

You should have had your seat belt on, sir.

193 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CARAVAN 193

The CARAVAN OF CARS goes past a butte, still travelling at 55! The cars are taking up both lanes of the divided highway! Barbara checks her watch, then shakes her head.

BARBARA

At this rate, we'll be 30 minutes late.

Rudy considers this, then raises his bullhorn.

RUDY

All right, everybody, listen up! We're going to have a lesson in driving history! This is how we used to drive on Interstate Highways---at 75 miles an hour! Everybody, 75 miles an hour!

194 SERIES OF SHOTS 194

Feet floor gas pedals!

Speedometers go from 55 to 75!

Students shout their approvals with cheers!

Cars whiz by at 75 miles an hour!

195 WIDER ANGLE -- INTERSTATE 195

as the Pickup Truck leads the speeding procession past a billboard which says "Turn Back! You have Missed The Royal Gorge! 807 Miles Back!"

196 BEHIND THE BILLBOARD 196

is a SQUAD CAR. A STATE TROOPER gets a reading of 78 mph on his Vascar! He revs up, pulls onto the shoulder, and SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES as 250 CARS speed past! They're taking up both lanes, and the Trooper can't even get onto the road! His eyes open wide in stunned amazement!

203 EXT. INTERSTATE

203

The squad car and towed car are left in ruins in the middle of the interstate. The Trooper staggers out of his car and picks up his radio microphone to call for aid.

204 INT. A BAR - FUCHS, CARMINE, OTHERS - DAY

204

Fuchs and company are drinking. Now MICKEY rushes in.

MICKEY

Boss! I just heard some
crazy shit over my police
scanner! There's a whole
shitload of used cars head-
ing this way!

Fuchs spits up his drink, then dashed out the door!
Carmine and Mickey follow.

205 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - THE CARAVAN

205

The Caravan speeds along the interstate at 75!
The pickup truck is approaching the top of a hill.

206 EXT. ON THE PICKUP TRUCK - RUDY, BARBARA

206

Rudy raises his binoculars and looks out at a distant
ridge on the horizon behind him.

207 RUDY'S P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS OF

207

FIVE SQUAD CARS, red lights blazing, in pursuit.

208 EXT. ON THE PICKUP TRUCK - RUDY, BARBARA

208

Rudy lowers the binoculars grimly.

RUDY

Shit!

He consults his map, then calls into the walkie-talkie.

RUDY

Jeff---isn't there a narrow
wooden bridge on Old Quarry Road?

JEFF (V.O. walkie-talkie)

How the fuck would I know?

209 EXT. OLD QUARRY ROAD EXIT 209

The Lucky Pickup Truck pulls onto the Old Quarry Road exit ramp which curves around to an overpass behind. The Caravan follows---all except the Volkswagen Convertible, which just keeps going! It is, of course, Wrong-Way Wilbur!

210 ON WRONG-WAY WILBUR AND BERTHA 210

Bertha screams at Wilbur.

BERTHA

You stupid jackass!

You missed the exit!

Bertha grabs the wheel and spins it right!

211 WIDE ANGLE - QUARRY ROAD EXIT 211

as the VW cuts off the Interstate, onto the grass and drives back to the exit ramp!

212 EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - OLD QUARRY ROAD 212

A narrow old wooden bridge spans a 35 feet wide gully. Rudy's pickup truck and Jeff's Plymouth are parked off the side of Old Quarry Road, having not yet crossed the bridge. The other cars in the Caravan speed across the bridge.

Rudy stops the El Camino gardener's truck with Delton and Demetrius and pulls the CHAINSAW out of the back, then waves the El Camino forward. He shoves the chainsaw into Jeff's hands.

RUDY

Here: once all our cars get across, chop down this bridge!

JEFF

But Rudy-----

RUDY

Do it!

213 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY 213

The FIVE HIGHWAY PATROL CARS whiz past the butte which the Caravan passed!

214 EXT. A REGIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 214

A BELL JET RANGER HELICOPTER is warming up on its landing

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED

214

pad. THREE MIDDLE-AGED EXECUTIVES, in dark suits with briefcases, are about to get in.

Suddenly a WHITE ELDORADO SCREECHES right up to the chopper! Fuchs, Carmine and Mickey jump out and rush to the helicopter. Carmine has a cheap .32 Automatic.

FUCHS

Get lost, assholes!

They push the executives out of the way, slugging them in the gut, and knocking them down! They all pile into the helicopter. The pilot looks at them with amazement. He's a retired airforce Major, and on his weatherbeaten S.A.C. flying jacket is his name: KONG. Carmine puts the gun to his head.

CARMINE

Take off, flyboy!

KONG

Where to?

FUCHS

South!

The helicopter lifts off!

215 EXT. QUARRY ROAD BRIDGE

215

JEFF is in the gully, chainsawing the first of 6 wooden supports. He cuts through the support, leaving only about 3/4 inch of the wood intact, then moves onto the next support.

On the road above, TOBY is barking like crazy---but Jeff can't hear him because the chainsaw is too loud. We PAN to reveal the cause of Toby's concern: Jeff's plymouth is parked on the WRONG SIDE OF THE BRIDGE!

216 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY

216

The FIVE SQUAD CARS scream past the Royal Gorge Billboard!

217 EXT. QUARRY ROAD BRIDGE

217

Jeff is now working on the 5th support. As he finishes it, the chainsaw sputters and dies. He tries to restart it as Toby continues barking furiously.

JEFF

Quiet, Toby! Just shut up!

CONTINUED

217 CONTINUED

217

The dog keeps barking. Finally Jeff looks up at the dog.

JEFF

Toby would you----oh, shit!

Jeff's mouth falls open as he realizes his car is on the wrong side of the bridge!

218 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY

218

The Highway Patrol cars speed past the site of the wrecked Patrol car. One of the cars stops to pick up the stranded trooper, then drives off to rejoin the others.

219 EXT. QUARRY ROAD BRIDGE

219

Jeff has climbed back up the gully over to his Plymouth. He looks at the wooden bridge with the 5 scored supports. It doesn't look sturdy at all.

JEFF

(to Toby)

Think that bridge can hold one car?

Toby looks at the bridge, looks at the car, then quietly walks across the bridge and sits on the other side.

JEFF

Well, at least it can hold one dog.

He takes a deep breath and gets into the Plymouth.

220 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - QUARRY ROAD EXIT

220

The 5 SQUAD CARS screech onto the Quarry Road Exit!

221 EXT. QUARRY ROAD BRIDGE

221

Jeff starts the car, gulps, and shifts into Drive. He inches onto the bridge going about 3 miles per hour! The bridge creaks and shudders under the weight of the car!

The scored supports begin to give slightly...wood cracks...sawdust trickles down.

222 EXT. ON QUARRY ROAD

222

The 5 SQUAD CARS speed ahead!

- 223 EXT. QUARRY ROAD BRIDGE 223
- Jeff is halfway across the bridge, and is sweating profusely!
The bridge is crackling and shifting with regularity.
One of the supports cracks apart completely...then
another!
Jeff is literally shaking now as he gets to the 3/4 point!
- 224 EXT. ON QUARRY ROAD 224
- The Highway Patrol Cars zip past a "NARROW BRIDGE" sign!
- 225 EXT. QUARRY ROAD BRIDGE 225
- Jeff gulps hard as he hears the sound of the approaching sirens! He is two feet from the end of the bridge now---
another support cracks through! Now his front wheels roll
onto the road---but another support cracks through! The
sirens are getting louder---louder---finally Jeff clears
the bridge! He sighs relief!
Immediately the first SQUAD CAR hits the bridge---and
the bridge COMPLETELY COLLAPSES!! The car plummets into
the gully!! The other four cars are going far too fast to
save themselves: one by one, they crash headlong into the
gully on top of each other! The last car screeches its
brakes, trying to stop in time---it looks like it's going
to make it---the front end goes halfway over the edge and
the car stops---then tips over and falls in!
- 226 EXT. QUARRY ROAD - ON JEFF 226
- Jeff opens his door for Toby. The dog hops in and Jeff
screeches off like a maniac!
- 227 EXT. ON A HILL 227
- RUDY, BARBARA and JIM have crawled to the top of a grassy
hill, which overlooks the Interstate.
The CARAVAN OF CARS is parked along the base of the hill,
off Quarry Road.
Rudy raises a pair of binoculars and looks down at the
Interstate which stretches far out into the distance.
- 228 RUDY'S P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS 228
- of a ROADBLOCK on the Interstate. 5 HIGHWAY PATROL CARS
are blocking the highway, red lights flashing, and a line
of cars waits to pass through.

229 BACK TO SHOT

229

as Rudy hands the binoculars to Barbara.

BARBARA

No way are we getting through that!

She hands the binocs to Jim while Rudy consults the map.

The normal route is outlined in red, along the main highways. Rudy draws a line with his finger from the point they're at now to their destination, as the crow flies. It's a helluva lot shorter!

RUDY

Well, we've gotta make some time anyway.

230 EXT. THE PICKUP TRUCK

230

Jim revs it up.

Rudy, on the back with Barbara, raises his bullhorn.

RUDY

Okay, everybody turn right!
TURN RIGHT!

231 EXT. THE ROAD - WIDE ANGLE

231

as 248 CARS ALL TURN RIGHT---OFF THE ROAD!!!

It's an incredible sight to behold, a gigantic Army of Automobiles, heading cross country, 248 ABREAST!

The Pickup Truck leads the pack, and Rudy and Barbara get bounced around a bit---luckily, the terrain isn't too rough!

232 SERIES OF SHOTS

232

of the ASTONISHED STUDENTS as they head cross country!

DELTON and DEMETRIUS are plenty astonished!

DEMETRIUS

What's this motherfucker doin'?
There ain't no road here!

DELTON

This dude ain't no driving teacher! He's some kinda con man!

NERVOUS NONA is her usual self, babbling away to MR. GHERTNER.

CONTINUED

232 CONTINUED

232

NERVOUS NONA

Oh God--I forgot to signal!
You're not going to flunk me
for that, are you, sir? Are
you supposed to signal if you
drive off the road? We never
covered that in class!

233 EXT. THE PRAIRIE - WIDE ANGLE

233

as the herd of 248 Cars thunder across the open prairie!

234 INT. THE HELICOPTER - FUCHS, CARMINE, MICKEY, KONG

234

The chopper is flying over a stretch of Interstate.
Kong keeps glancing at Fuchs.

KONG

Ain't I seen you somewhere
before? Ain't you Roy L. Fuchs,
the car man?

FUCHS

Shut up!

KONG

Sure ya are! I remember now!
You sold me a car once--a '72
Mercury Montego! Worst piece
of shit car I ever drove! You
really fucked me on that!

Carmine pushes the gun tighter against Kong's temple.

CARMINE

Just shut up and drive!

235 EXT. OLD QUARRY ROAD

235

JEFF is speeding along Quarry Road like a madman! He whizzes
right past the area where the Caravan turned off, completely
unaware they have left the road.

236 EXT. GRAZING COUNTRY - WIDE ANGLE

236

Several COWS are grazing, munching on grass, totally uninter-
ested in the 248 CARS which are barreling across the land
behind them!

237 EXT. INTERSTATE ROADBLOCK

237

JEFF is forced to stop at the roadblock. The car ahead of him is motioned through. A STATE TROOPER gives Jeff the once over and looks into his car. Jeff smiles weakly, and the Trooper waves him through.

238 EXT. A STREAM

238

RUDY has waded out into a stream. His pants are rolled up, and he finds a spot where the water is barely up to his knees. He waves his arms.

RUDY

We can cross here!

239 WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL

239

The CARAVAN OF CARS, idling in SINGLE FILE along the opposite bank!

JIM THE MECHANIC revs up the Pickup and leads the group through the stream! Jim parks on the opposite bank, and signals the crossing cars behind him to continue ahead!

More cars ford the stream! Among them are TWO BLUE PLYMOUTHs, just like the one Jeff is driving. As they pass through the water, the blue paint washes off, revealing fire-engine RED underneath, and the words, "ST. LOUIS FIRE DEPARTMENT." Rudy notices this and rubs his hand along the side of a Plymouth. He gets a handful of blue paint!

RUDY

Jesus! Manuel and his goddamn water-base paint!

240 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CONSTRUCTION SITE

240

A FLAGMAN has stopped traffic on the interstate to allow a HEAVY BULLDOZER to cross. Grading is being done on the divider, and a WATER TRUCK is spraying water, wetting down the dry dust.

JEFF is stuck behind half a dozen cars, frustrated as hell to have his progress impeded by the construction. Finally he screeches onto the divider and speeds on ahead, swerving between the bulldozer and the water truck, narrowly missing both of them! But the left side of his Plymouth is sprayed with water which washes off the blue paint, revealing RED underneath! It too is a Fire Department Car! But Jeff can't see this, and he drives merrily onward!

241 EXT. THE STREAM

241

Rudy continues to direct cars through the stream, while Jim

CONTINUED

241 CONTINUED

241

and Barbara wait in the Pickup on the opposite bank.

The VW BUG CONVERTIBLE with Bertha and Wrong-Way Wilbur drives into the stream, but as it gets halfway across, it's suddenly swept up in the current and goes floating downstream!

RUDY

What is wrong with that guy---
Jesus! I forgot! Volkswagens
float!

(yells)

Jump!

Wilbur and Bertha don't have to be told twice! They climb up on their seats and jump out of the drifting VW!

Jim the Mechanic turns to Barbara.

JIM THE MECHANIC

Well, there goes our safety margin.

242 EXT. IN THE STREAM

242

A FISHERMAN is standing in the middle of the stream, in white water, wearing hip boots, fly-casting. He calls to his WIFE and FAMILY at their campsite on the bank.

FISHERMAN

It sure feels nice to get away
from all the traffic, doesn't it?

Before they can say anything, the Fisherman is RUN OVER by the floating Volkswagen!

243 EXT. A WATERFALL

243

An idyllic scene: two lovers are making out with an 80 foot cascade of water falling behind them. In moments, the VW comes over the falls and plummets into the pool below!

244 EXT. OPEN RANGE

244

The CARAVAN OF CARS comes thundering over a ridge at top speed, kicking up a tremendous cloud of dust!

245 EXT. IN A RECONSTRUCTED WESTERN TOWN - PESO CITY

245

A group of PEOPLE are gathered in the main street of PESO CITY, a tourist-trap reconstructed Western Town for a dedication ceremony. The buildings are brightly painted, and a large banner proclaims "PESO CITY CENTENNIAL, 1880-1980."

CONTINUED

245

CONTINUED

245

The MAYOR standing on the gallows in the center of town, addresses the gathering.

MAYOR

It's been a long, hard 10 years, but the restoration of Peso City has now been completed. I am confident that Peso City will now become one of the most visited historical landmarks in our state. If I'm wrong, the Chamber of Commerce may have this in store for me!

He points to the Hangman's noose dangling next to him. Several people chuckle at the inane joke.

MAYOR

But seriously, folks, I can only wish that Peso City may stand for another hundred years!

Suddenly a GRIZZLED OLD MAN comes running from around the corner, with a mule, screaming at the top of his lungs.

OLD MAN

STAMPEDE!!! STAMPEDE!!!!!!

Heads turn to look down the street.

246

ANGLE - PESO CITY

246

as 247 CARS come thundering around the corner, into the main street of Peso City!!!

The people scream and run like hell to get out of the way! Cars swerve wildly to avoid hitting people! Some drive up wooden sidewalks and take out the front porch supports of buildings! Others drive into and out of the buildings themselves! One car actually comes crashing out of a second story window and into the street!!

Another car crashes right into the gallows on which the Mayor is still standing!

247

EXTREME LONG SHOT FROM HALF A MILE AWAY

247

of Peso City---it's now a huge cloud of dust with the roofs of buildings, a windmill, and the church steeple sticking out! One by one, the roofs collapse...then the windmill, and then the CHURCH STEEPLE TOPPLES!

248 EXT. PESO CITY - AFTERMATH

248

Peso City is in ruins: buildings have fallen, the banners are ripped to shreds and laying on the ground---it's a mess! And in the middle of town, the main pole of the gallows still stands, with the Mayor hanging in the noose, twitching, over the destroyed platform.

249 EXT. IN THE SKY

249

The Jet Ranger Helicopter swoops down out of the blue.

250 INT. MOVING HELICOPTER - FUCHS, KONG, CARMINE, MICKEY

250

Below, the caravan of cars is driving across the prairie, spread out in a wing-like formation.

FUCHS

Lower! Bring us over that pickup truck in the front!

Kong does as he's told.

FUCHS

Okay, Carmine---open up!

CARMINE

Who should I get first, boss?
Russo or the broad?

FUCHS

Don't waste ammo on them! Hit the tires! We gotta stop these cars!

Carmine leans out of the open door with his Automatic and FIRES at the pickup 20 feet below!

251 EXT. PRAIRIE - PICKUP TRUCK AND HELICOPTER

251

Rudy and Barbara react to the shot by ducking down in the back.

Carmine is aiming at the tires, but his shots hit into the fenders or into the ground.

Jim the Mechanic yells from the cab.

JIM THE MECHANIC

They're shootin' at us, Rudy!

RUDY

Don't stop, Jim! Not for anything!
We're runnin' out of time!!

Jim floors it!

252 IN THE HELICOPTER

252

Carmine fires again, but all of his shots miss!

FUCHS

You stupid moron! Gimme that!

Fuchs grabs the pistol away from him and tries to aim.

FUCHS

(to Kong)

Hey! Bank this thing a little!

KONG

What?

FUCHS

Bank this thing a little!

Kong glances at the open door and grins.

KONG

Okay!

253 IN THE SKY

253

The copter banks a full 90 degrees, spilling its passengers out the open door! Fuchs and Carmine fall completely out, but Mickey manages to grab onto the left skid!

254 THE PICKUP TRUCK

254

Fuchs falls into the back of the truck, right on top of Rudy! Rudy breaks Fuchs' fall, but they both tumble down, and Fuchs drops the gun.

Carmine falls onto the hood! He manages to grab onto the side mirror to save himself from falling off! His head is right up against the windshield, face to face with Jim!

JIM THE MECHANIC

Get off of there! I can't see!

255 IN THE SKY

255

The chopper rises into the sky with Mickey still hanging on the skid, screaming in terror! The copter banks and heads toward a telephone pole! Kong is going to ram Mickey into it! Mickey screams louder as he sees the phone pole approaching, but there's no escape---the top of the pole catches him in the gut, and Mickey falls earthward and lands in a pool of silt! Kong laughs.

KONG

Fuck me on a car deal, will ya?

256 ON THE PICKUP TRUCK

256

Fuchs and Rudy are struggling in the back, trying to get the gun, grabbing at each other around the boom crane.

On the hood, Carmine is holding on for dear life, his face still up against the windshield.

JIM THE MECHANIC

I said, get off of there, mother-fucker!

Carmine however does not get off. Jim the Mechanic slams his fist right through the windshield, into Carmine's face! Carmine flies off the truck, and Jim laughs!

Fuchs and Rudy continue wrestling in the back of the truck! Fuchs knees Rudy in the groin, and Fuchs pushes him to the bed of the truck and starts choking him! Barbara starts pummeling Fuchs on the back, but Fuchs elbows her in the gut and she falls back into the tailgate! Fuchs slugs Rudy in the face, then crawls toward the rear of the truck to get the Automatic.

Rudy grabs the boom crane to climb to his feet, but just as he does, Fuchs grabs the pistol, then grabs Barbara around the neck and puts the gun to her head.

FUCHS

All right, Russo! Tell the nigger to stop this truck!

Rudy hesitates. He doesn't know what to do. There is a long moment of tension as Rudy tries to find a way out.

FUCHS

I said, stop the goddamn truck!

RUDY

Okay, Roy, okay...just take it easy...say---I like those shoes you're wearing!

FUCHS

Huh?

Fuchs looks down at his shoes, and Rudy immediately whips the boom crane into his head! Fuchs is knocked backward, Rudy grabs Barbara, and then Fuchs falls out of the back of the truck---but the tow hook has caught onto Fuchs' collar, leaving him suspended in air! Rudy hits the cable release and Fuchs is dropped to the ground and dragged behind the truck!

Jim swerves the truck, and Fuchs is whipped into a large cactus! Fuchs screams in agony---the hook rips out of his collar and leaves him there, full of needles!

257 WIDE ANGLE ON PRAIRIE

257

as the Caravan leaves Fuchs behind, alone in the middle of nowhere, pulling himself out of the cactus and picking needles out of his ass!

FUCHS

You bastards! You fucking bastards!!!

We CRANE UP to reveal the city in the distance and the cars heading for home.

258 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE

258

JUDGE HARRISON comes down the outside steps in his robes and gets into a BLACK CADILLAC CHAUFFEURED LIMOUSINE which is waiting for him on the street. In the background a Bank's time and temperature clock proclaims 2:34.

259 EXT. LUCKY USED CAR LOT

259

A TREMENDOUS CLOUD of dust can be seen on the desert area behind the car lot---and the cloud is approaching! In a few moments, CARS appear out of the cloud of dust---they've made it!!!

260 INT. SLATON'S MOVING CAR - ON SLATON

260

Slaton drives along, and checks the clock in his Grand Prix: 2:44. He chuckles to himself. Now he turns a corner and SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES! He can't believe what he sees:

261 THE LUCKY USED CAR LOT

261

is packed with BUMPER TO BUMPER CARS!!!! There are so many cars parked so tightly that there's no room to walk! Rudy, Barbara and Jim the Mechanic stand proudly nearby, and the 250 student drivers are also milling around.

262 ANOTHER ANGLE - LUCKY LOT

262

As the cloud of dust settles on the mile of cars, people from Court, including JUDGE HARRISON, arrive. The Judge seems satisfied---even impressed.

JUDGE

Looks like a mile to me!

SLATON

Measure 'em!

CONTINUED

262

CONTINUED

262

Court assistants armed with tape measures hop to it!
Rudy and Barbara turn to Jim the Mechanic who is totalling
up some figures on his pocket calculator.

RUDY

Well?

JIM THE MECHANIC

If Jeff don't get here, we're
gonna be 15 feet short!

Rudy and Barbara exchange a worried glance!

262

EXT. A ROAD

263

JEFF is speeding along a 4 lane Highway, which runs parallel
to railroad tracks, still ignorant of his red door! Ahead
of him, in the left lane, is a TRUCK that's going too slow,
which carries its company name: "REFLECTO MIRRORS." It's
carrying several MIRRORS out on metal holders on either side!

Jeff moves into the right lane to pass it---just as his
red door is about to be reflected in the mirror, another
CAR drops into the right lane, and slows down! Jeff is
prevented from passing the Mirror Truck, and from seeing
the reflection of his red door!

He curses under his breath, then swerves over onto the
right shoulder and passes both vehicles!

264

EXT. LUCKY CAR LOT

264

The Court Assistants with their tape measures are measuring
the lines of bumper-to-bumper cars, and call out their
lengths to the CLERK who records them.

ASSISTANT #1

394 feet, 5 inches!

ASSISTANT #2

385 feet, 8 inches!

265

EXT. HIGHWAY

265

A SLOW-MOVING FREIGHT TRAIN is barreling along parallel to
the highway, and JEFF is racing it, trying to beat it to
the Railroad Crossing just ahead!

He pulls ahead of it---looks like he's gonna make it!

But the crossing bells are sounding just ahead---the
gate starts to go down! Jeff hits the gas, but as he turns
toward the crossing, he sees that an EMPTY CAR CARRIER
TRUCK (10 car capacity) has already stopped!

CONTINUED

265

CONTINUED

265

Jeff's brakes SCREECH as he tries to stop, but he's going too fast--he rams the back of the carrier!

The train starts to cross! It's about 100 cars long!

Jeff backs up---as he does, the car carrier's RAMP dislodges and slides out!

Jeff shifts into DRIVE to pull into the left lane, but now the MIRROR TRUCK drives up alongside. Jeff glances over and does a double take as he sees his RED DOOR! His eyes open wide in terror! He reaches out the window and touches the side of his car: sure enough, blue paint comes off in his hand! He SCREAMS IN HORROR! Jeff becomes glassy-eyed---his body stiffens and his FOOT FALLS DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR!!!

The PLYMOUTH ZOOMS STRAIGHT AHEAD, onto the car-carrier's rear ramp; UP and OVER THE TRUCK, SAILING RIGHT OVER THE FREIGHT TRAIN! He lands in one piece on the other side of the crossing, and keeps on going!!!

266

EXT. LUCKY CAR LOT

266

The Courtroom people have moved over to the edge of the car lot where the LAST ROW OF CARS is being measured. Suddenly, a CAMPER careens into the Lucky Lot, dragging a tent and supplies behind it! A bruised, bloody and enraged Roy FUCHS jumps out, screaming at the top of his lungs.

FUCHS

You fucking bastards! You cheated! You cheated!!!

SLATON

Shut up, Roy! Just shut up!

Rudy, Barbara and Jim are nervous as hell as the Court Assistant pulls the tape measure along this row! Jim turns his head---he doesn't want to look!

Now the Assistant approaches the end of the line---everyone watches with baited breath...but the cars run out before the tape measure does! Everyone moves to look at the reading!

JUDGE

You're 15 feet short.

But just as he says it, JEFF'S PLYMOUTH ROARS INTO THE LOT and SMASHES into the end of the line!!! The Assistant finds himself holding the end of the tape measure at the end of Jeff's car---BUT NO! It's still 2 INCHES TOO SHORT!!

FUCHS, standing next to the Assistant, shouts with glee!

FUCHS

Ha! You're still too short!!

CONTINUED

266

CONTINUED

266

As he says this, he bangs his hand on the Plymouth---and
THE LICENSE PLATE GAS FLAP FLIPS DOWN!!

The JUDGE has a look for himself: the License Plate
sticking out has added the missing two inches!!

JUDGE

5,280 feet: a mile of cars!
Case closed!

He bangs his gavel on the Plymouth and puts a dent in it!
The Student Drivers CHEER!
Barbara throws her arm around Rudy!
Fuchs faints dead away!

Jim helps a dazed Jeff out of the Plymouth, and Toby
hops out and barks happily!

Onlookers begin milling around, examining the cars.
Everyone of them is a prospective customer.

Barbara faces Rudy, Jeff and Jim.

BARBARA

(choked up)

I---I don't really know what
I can say... Rudy, I want you
to know that I---well, I
intend to pay you back...no
matter how long it takes....

Rudy nods half-heartedly. It looks like it's time to part
company.

BARBARA

It might not take too long
if I had some help...

(pause)

Do you want your old jobs
back?

Rudy, Jeff and Jim exchange looks---they're not sure.

RUDY

Well, I don't know. Actually,
the boys and me were thinking
about going out to L.A. and
starting our own car lot...

BARBARA

What if I made you partners?
All of you?

Rudy and the boys exchange looks.

RUDY

Are you sure?

CONTINUED

266

CONTINUED - 2

266

BARBARA

(smiles)

I'm sure.

They shake on it. Now Slaton steps over to them. In the background, Fuchs is being administered medical aid.

SLATON

Say, Rudy, Barbara...that was terrific what you did here, really terrific! You know, when that new freeway ramp goes in, you'll have the best freeway access in the state. You can become the biggest car dealer in the southwest. I just want you to know that if you ever have any problems, you've got a friend downtown!

RUDY

Uh---gee---thanks.

BARBARA

Freeway ramp?

Understanding suddenly lights her face as it all becomes very clear to her. She turns to Rudy with a knowing look.

BARBARA

You weren't going to L.A. to start your own car lot. You knew about this new freeway ramp. That's why you bailed me out, isn't it?

RUDY

Oh, no! Barbara, I didn't know anything about any freeway ramp ---this is the first I've heard of it!

She looks at him for a long moment.

BARBARA

Are you sure?

RUDY

(smiles)

Trust me!

She does. She smiles. Now an ELDERLY WOMAN who has been inspecting the car next to her interrupts.

CONTINUED

266

CONTINUED - 3

266

ELDERLY WOMAN

Excuse me, Miss, but what's this
yellow paint here? Did this
used to be a taxi?

She points out splotches of yellow paint along the edges
of a rocker panel.

BARBARA

Why---no, ma'am! That's...
yellow primer there.

Rudy grins. So do Jeff and Jim.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yellow primer?

RUDY

Yes, ma'am! It's being used on
a lot of cars these days! It's
a rust preventative---adds years
of life to the body. Most
people wouldn't notice something
like that, but you---well, I can
you're a discriminating customer,
a woman with taste. You know, I
really like those shoes you're
wearing---my mother had a pair
of shoes like those, but some-
body stole them---can you
believe that? As I was saying,
you've got taste, which is some-
thing you don't see much of
nowadays...

We CRANE UP as Jeff and Jim begin wandering around the lot,
shaking hands, talking, moving, selling cars...

ROLL END TITLES

FADE OUT