

"AMERICAN GRAFFITI"

Screenplay by

George Lucas

Gloria Katz & Willard Huyck

RADIO

and
and a
the
On a dark screen an immense amber light appears and an electric humming begins. The eerie light glows brighter illuminates a single huge number--11. We hear static large vertical band of red floats mysteriously across screen.

back
appearing--
strange
drifting
Pulling back slowly, we watch the glowing band traverse and forth over the amber light and past more numbers 70... 90... 110... 130. And we begin to hear voices-- songs, fading conversations and snatches of music with static.

filling
hit
turn-up-
Week-End
was
Pulling back further, we realize it is a car radio the screen and radio stations we're hearing, until the indicator stops. There's a pause...and suddenly we are by a blasting-out-of-the-past, Rocking and Rolling, the-volume, pounding Intro to a Vintage 1962 Golden Radio Show--back when things were simpler and the music better.

legendary
shrieking
And now a wolf howl shatters through time as the Wolfman Jack hits the airwaves, his gravel voice and growling while the music pumps and grinds...

WOLFMAN

Awwrigght, baay-haay-baay! I got a

oldie for ya--gonna knock ya right
on de flowa--baay-haay-hee-baay!

Around the The Wolfman howls like a soulful banshee as "Rock
Clock" blasts forth.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN--DUSK

parking lot A neon drive-in casts long shadows across a vast
sign as the sun drops behind a distant hill. A large neon
the buzzes in the foreground... MEL'S DRIVE-IN, while in
radio of background, "Rock Around The Clock" blares from the
tuck- a beautiful decked and channeled, white with red trim,
in. and-rolled '58 Chevy Impala that glides into the drive-
the Main titles appear over action. Steve Bolander stops
walks to elegant machine and gets out. He looks around, then
covered the front of the car and leans against the flame-
conservative, hood. Steve is eighteen, good-looking in a
succeed, button-down, short-sleeved shirt. Most likely to
empty president of his graduating class. He looks around the
at him-- drive-in, then hears a funny little horn.
nearly A Vespa scooter bumps into the lot. A young kid waves
scooter and suddenly grabs the handlebars again as the scooter
the topples. Terry Fields ("The Toad") maneuvers the
white next to Steve's Chevy but misjudges and ricochets off
he's trash can before stopping. Terry grins sheepishly. He's
seventeen, short but plenty loud, both vocally and
sartorically in his pink and black shirt, levis, and
bucks. He looks slightly ridiculous but always thinks
projecting an air of supercool.

primp
He
pants to
imitating
the
barrage
unseen
about the
and
into
Steve
moustache and

Steve watches Terry smooth back his shiny ducktail and his waterfall to a perfect cascade over his forehead. He unbuttons his shirt one more button and lowers his pants to look tough.

Terry walks over and leans against the flamed car, Steve who pays him no mind. In the background, we hear the Wolfman howling with the music. The record ends and a barrage of humor begins from Wolfman Jack. The Wolfman is an unseen companion to all the kids. Witty and knowledgeable about the trivia that counts, he's their best friend, confidant, and guardian angel.

Now, a grey, insect-like Citroen deux-chevaux putters into the parking lot and stops on the other side of the lot. Steve and Terry watch Curt Henderson get out.

Curt stands by his little car. He's seventeen, a curly bespectacled, scraggly kid with a summer-grown moustache and a paperback stuck in his bermuda shorts. Curt thinks of himself as the town cynic. In reality, he's a hopeless romantic. He starts over to his buddies.

TERRY

Hey, whadaya say? Curt? Last night in town, you guys gonna have a little bash before you leave?

STEVE

The Moose have been lookin' for you all day, man.

envelope
out

Steve reaches into his pocket and hands Curt an envelope without saying anything. Curt opens it slowly and pulls out a check.

CURT

(sarcastic)

Oh great...

TERRY

Whadaya got, whadaya got? Wow--two thousand dollars. Two thousand doll--
!!

Steve looks at Curt suspiciously; Curt seems somehow guilty.

STEVE

Mr. Jennings couldn't find you, so he gave it to me to give to you. He said he's sorry it's so late, but it's the first scholarship the Moose Lodge has given out. Oh yeah, he says they're all very proud of you.

Curt hands the envelope back to Steve.

CURT

Well... ah... why don't you hold onto it for a while?

STEVE

What's with you? It's yours! Take it! I don't want it.

TERRY

I'll take it.

CURT

Steve... Ah, I think we'd better have a talk. I've gotten-

Henderson
driving
Suddenly a horn honks and they all turn. Laurie pulls into the drive-in and waves to them. She is the family's '58 Edsel.

STEVE

Your sister calls. I'll talk to you later.

CURT

Now, Steve! Let her wait.

STEVE

Okay, make it short and sweet.

CURT

Yeah, well... Listen...
(clearing his throat)
I... I don't think I'm going tomorrow.

STEVE

What! Come on, what are you talking about?

CURT

I don't know. I was thinking I might wait for a year... go to city--

her.
Laurie honks the horn a couple of times. Steve ignores
There is a long moment and Curt looks uncomfortable.

STEVE

You chicken fink.

CURT

Wait, let me explain--

STEVE

You can't back out now! After all we went through to get accepted. We're finally getting out of this turkey town and now you want to crawl back into your cell--look, I gotta talk to Laurie.

(he hands the check
back to Curt)

Now take it. We're leaving in the morning. Okay?

turn as
sporting
rumbles
Suddenly, there's an ear-splitting roar and they all
a yellow '32 Ford deuce coupe--chopped, lowered and
a Hemi-V8--bumps into the lot. The low slung classic
and parks at the rear of the drive in.

and
shirt
ducktail. A
cocksure of
Big John Milner, twenty-two, sits in his Ford, tough
indifferent, puffing on a Camel. He wears a white T-
and a butch haircut molded on the sides into a
cowboy in a deuce coupe--simple, sentimental and
himself.

STEVE

You wanna end up like John? You can't stay seventeen forever.

CURT

I just want some time to think. What's the rush? I'll go next year.

STEVE

We'll talk later.

She's
'62"
hug.

Steve walks off toward Laurie's Edsel. Laurie gets out. wearing a letterman's sweater with a large "Class of emblazoned on the shoulder. Steve goes to her and they

tune
comes on.

On the radio, the music ends, and the Wolfman's intro

RADIO

(singing)

"Here comes the Wolfman--Wolfman Jack!"

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, We're gonna rock and roll ourselves to death baby. You got the Wolfman Jack Show!

MEL'S DRIVE-IN--NIGHT

the
of hot
cars,
roller
the
with
window

As the radio blares "Sixteen Candles," we see that with darkness Burger City has come alive. A continual line of rods pulls into the parking lot to check out the parked cars, then returns to the maindrag. Carhops glide by on roller skates. Curt and John are fooling around in front of the deuce coupe. A horn honks and they turn as a '60 Ford with three girls in it slows by them. A girl leans out the window and smiles.

GIRL

Hi John!

zoom

The girls in the car all screech and giggle as they
off.

JOHN

Not too good, huh?

CURT

Why is it every girl that comes around
here is ugly? Or has a boyfriend?
Where is the dazzling beauty I've
been searching for all my life?

through

John watches the procession of gleaming cars traveling
the hot night.

JOHN

I know what you mean. The pickin's
are really gettin' slim. The whole
strip is shrinking. Ah, you know, I
remember about five years ago, take
you a couple of hours and a tank
full of gas just to make one circuit.
It was really somethin.'

scream
drive-

Suddenly, in the distance, there's a blood-curdling
from an incredible high-performance engine. The entire
in stops and listens.

CURT

Hey, John. Someone new in town.

JOHN

Ahhh.

CURT

You gonna go after him?

JOHN

Hey, listen, Professor, if he can't
find me, then he ain't worth racin',
right?

CURT

The big shot!

front

Across the swarming parking lot, Steve sits in the

leans
her

seat of his chevy with Laurie. Budda Macrae, a car hop,
down to attach a tray to Steve's window, showing off
tight blouse.

BUDDA

A cherry-vanilla coke and a chocolate
mountain. Anything else you want,
Steve?

(Steve shakes his
head.)

If there is you let me know now.
Just honk and I'm yours.

hot
other
where

She tucks in her blouse a little tighter, gives him a
look and goes to get the other tray. Budda takes the
tray around the car, almost shoves it in the window
Laurie is sitting.

BUDDA

One fries--grab it before I drop it.

Steve
with
the
too
her
with

She gives Laurie an antagonistic look and goes off.
laughs. Laurie smiles. She's seventeen, very pretty,
big doe-eyes, and a short bobbed hairdo. She pushes up
sleeves on Steve's letterman sweater, which is sizes
large for her. His class ring glints on a chain around
neck. Laurie is sweet, the image of vulnerability, but
a practical and self-preserving mind beneath.

STEVE

Where was I?

Laurie

Um, how you thought high school
romances were goofy and we started
going together just because you
thought I was kinda cute and funny,
but then you suddenly realized you
were in love with me, it was
serious... and ah... oh, you were
leadin' up to somethin' kinda big.

STEVE

You make it sound like I'm giving dictation. Well, seriously, what I meant was, that ah... since we do care for each other so much, and since we should really consider ourselves as adults. Now, I, ah... could I have a couple of those fries?

by
outdistancing
Through the windshield of the Chevy, they see Terry run in front of them, chasing Budda Macrae who's him on her roller skates.

TERRY:

Come on, Budda. Come on...

Steve watches them go by, then looks back at Laurie.

STEVE

Ah, where was I?

LAURIE

..."consider ourselves adults"...

but is
Laurie pretends to be interested in her french fries, obviously expecting something big.

STEVE

Right... right... anyway, I thought maybe, before I leave, we could ah... agree that... that seeing other people while I'm away can't possibly hurt, you know?

mask.
Laurie hasn't looked up but her mood has changed like a

LAURIE

You mean dating other people?

STEVE

I think it would strengthen our relationship. Then we'd know for sure that we're really in love. Not that there's any doubt.

They
Steve smiles and then looks to her. He stops smiling.

struggles
turns
and

listen to the radio for an awkward moment. Laurie
to hold back her tears. With obvious difficulty, she
to him and smiles. He's expected something different
doesn't know what to do, so he smiles back.

LAURIE

I think you're right. I mean, we're
not kids anymore, and it's silly to
think that when we're three thousand
miles apart we shouldn't be able to
see other people and go out.

and

Laurie takes his ring on the chain from around her neck
puts it in her purse.

STEVE

Laurie, now, listen, I didn't ask
for that back. I think that...

LAURIE

I know. I just sort of think it's
juvenile now. I'll keep it at home.
It's less conspicuous there.

STEVE

You don't want to wear it?

LAURIE

I didn't say that. I understand and
I'm not upset. I mean, I can't expect
you to be a monk or something while
you're away.

intro
drive-in
she

Steve just looks at her and nods. The Wolfman howls an
to "Gee" by the Crows. Outside, skooting around the
after Budda, Terry is pleading with the sexy car hop as
delivers a tray to a car.

TERRY

...and I have a really sharp record
collection. I even have "Pledging My
Love" by Johnny Ace. Anyway, how can
you love Nelson when he's going out
with Marilyn Gator. Since he dumped
on you maybe we could--

BUDDA

He didn't dump on me, you little
dip. Hi, Steve!

turns
leaves,

Her tone changes immediately. Terry looks sour and
around to Steve who's getting out of the chevy. Budda
wiggling her butt for Steve.

TERRY

She's a little conceited--just playing
hard to get.

STEVE

Listen, I came over here to talk to
you about--

TERRY

Any time, buddy. I'm your man. Nothing
I like better than chewing the rug
with a pal. You talk, I'll listen.
I'm all ears. Shoot.

STEVE

Shut up.

TERRY

Sure.

STEVE

Terry, I'm going to let you take
care of my car while we're away--at
least until Christmas. I'm afraid if
I leave it with my--

Terry

Steve notices Terry isn't with him any more and turns.
is standing frozen to a spot.

STEVE

What's wrong?

veteran.

Terry tries to talk, much like a shell-shocked war
His mouth moves but only a gurgle comes out.

Laurie.

Curt is standing by the Chevy, talking with his sister
She's still upset by what Steve said to her.

CURT

Hey, sis--what's wrong?

Laurie

Nothing.

about

Meanwhile, they watch Terry as Steve explains to him
the car.

Steve

Now listen, only 30 weight Castrol-
R. I've written the tire pressure
and stuff on a pad in the glove
compartment. Are you listening?

The others are watching now as Terry shakes his head
mechanically.

CURT

What's wrong, he's crying!

There is indeed a tear rolling down Terry's cheek.

Terry

I can't... believe... it.

(He starts toward the
car and gently
caresses its paint.)

I don't know what to say. I'll...
love and protect this car until death
do us part.

(He circles the car.)

This is a superfine machine. This
may even be better than Daryl
Starbird's superfleck moonbird. It
is better than Daryl Starbird's.

she'll be

Steve,

them...

wipes

face.

Laurie watches Terry, realizing that like the car,
left behind as a fond memory. She turns and looks at
who's been watching her. There's a moment between
Budda comes by with an empty tray. Terry sees her and
his eyes. He walks up to her, a strange look on his

Terry

Budda, how would you like to go to
the drive-in movies with me?

speechless. The idea is so preposterous that even Budda is

She looks around at others.

BUDDA

You've got to be kidding!

TERRY

Would I kid you about a thing like that? I want you to know that something has happened to me tonight that is going to change everything. I've got a new...

the
general
John walks up quietly and casually pulls down hard on
back pockets of Terry's low riding levis. There is
hysteria as Terry quickly pulls up his pants.

TERRY

Car!! All right, who's the wise--
(He turns and sees
John and changes his
tune.)
Oh, John--verrry funny.
(He tries to laugh
with the others.)

JOHN

Hey, did she do that to you?

STEVE

Let's get going. It seems like we've spent most of our lives in this parking lot.

TERRY

Hey, Curt, let's bomb around, I wanna try out my new wheels!

CURT

I'd like to, Toad, but I'm going with Steve and Laurie to the hop. I'd just slow you down anyway.

TERRY

Yeah, tonight things are going to be different.

JOHN

Hey, wait a minute, you're goin' to the Hop? The Freshman Hop?

CURT

Yeah.

JOHN

Oh, come on, man. That place is for kids. You two just got your ass out of there. Don't go back now.

CURT

You ain't got no emotions?

TERRY

We're gonna remember all of the good times, is what we're gonna do.

JOHN

Yeah, well, go.

CURT

Why don't you come with us?

JOHN

Bullshit, man!

CURT

Come on. For old time's sake.

JOHN

Yeah, yeah... Well, listen. You go. Go ahead, Curtsy, baby. You go on over there and you remember all the good times you won't be having. I ain't goin' off to some goddamned fancy college. I'm stayin' right here. Havin' fun, as usual.

John walks angrily to his coupe, gets in and slams the door.

Curt looks at the others and shrugs.

TERRY

Jesus, Milner, you're in a great mood tonight.

Curt goes over and stands by the window of the yellow coupe.

CURT

What's the matter John? Did I say

somethin' wrong? I'm sorry.

JOHN

Ah, man, it's nothin'.

CURT

Well, we'll see you later, okay?

JOHN

Right.

CURT

We'll all do somethin' together. You know, before Steve leaves.

John looks at him suspiciously.

JOHN

Okay, wait a minute. Now, you're not going?

CURT

I don't know.

John shakes his head. On the radio, Wolfman is taking a
call
from a listener--

MAN (V.O.)

Wolfman?

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this?

MAN

This is Joe... in Little Rock, way down in the Valley.

WOLFMAN

You callin' from Little Rock, California?

MAN

Long distance.

WOLFMAN

My, my, my... listen, man, what kind of entertainment you got in that town?

MAN

All we got is you.

into
Curt
John roars his engine and pulls the yellow deuce coupe
a screeching take-off out of the drive-in. Terry and
watch him go off.

MAIN STREET, MODESTO-NIGHT

small
night,
flamed,
way
little
During the day, G street is a line of used car lots,
shops, tacky department stores and greasy spoons. At
it is transformed into an endless parade of kids in
lowered and customized machines who rumble down the one
street, through the seemingly adultless, heat-drugged
town.

In
Guys
position of
Wolfman
dopey
drives the
Police cars glide ominously with the flow of traffic.
parked cars, couples neck between flashing headlights.
looking cool in a '56 Chevy sit in the slouched
the true Low Rider--and over it all the music and the
can be heard. Just now, it's "Runaway" by Del Shannon.
John travels with the flow of traffic, watching some
guys shooting squirt guns from a moving car. John
deuce coupe effortlessly. He looks over at a car pacing
alongside of his own.

JOHN

Hey, Zudo.

A sweaty looking guy turns and nods from the window.

PAZUDO

Hey, Milner.

JOHN

Hey, man, what happened to your
flathead?

PAZUDO

Huh?

JOHN

What happened to your flathead?

PAZUDO

Ah, your mother!

JOHN

What?

PAZUDO

Your mother. Hey, we been talkin' about you.

JOHN

Yeah?

PAZUDO

Yeah. There's a very wicked '55 Chevy lookin' for you.

JOHN

Yeah, I know.

PAZUDO

Watch out for the cop that's in Jerry's Cherry.

JOHN

Yeah. All right, thanks.

John nods and the two cars pull apart down the street.

TRAVELING G STREET-STEVE'S WHITE '58 CHEVY

along the
his
new
long
guy

The Rock and Roll blares as Terry the Toad cruises main drag, singing along with the music. Sitting low in seat, he looks around, his face aglow, experiencing a world from the inside of a really fine car. This is the greatest thing that has happened to Terry in seventeen years of being a short loser.

Terry turns a corner and another car pulls alongside. A looks out the window.

GUY

Hey, Toad.

wheels. Terry looks over and smiles coolly, proud of his new

GUY

(leaning out the window)
Is that you in that beautiful car?
(Terry nods modestly)
Geez, what a waste of machinery.

from Terry's smile changes to a scowl as the car pulls away
forgets him.. Terry accounts the slight to jealousy. Then he
Another car it and enjoys driving the beautiful Chevy again.
pulls alongside of him as he cruises along slowly.

GIRL

Hey, kid.

the Terry looks over at the car cruising next to him. In
pushing his back seat, a guy has dropped his trousers and is
complete bare buttocks against the side window--a classic BA
is with pressed ham. Terry looks away, wondering why this
still happening to him, even in his new car.

TRAVELING G STREET-LAURIE'S '58 EDSEL

dark Curt is in the back seat gazing out the window at the
Laurie main street of the small farm community. Steve and
sitting are talking quietly in the front seat. Laurie is
her near the window and it sounds like Steve is convincing
her to move over. Laurie finally does. His arm goes around
and her head rests on his shoulder.

radio. Curt is laughing as the Wolfman harasses someone on the
The Wolfman is placing a call.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Here we go with another call out of
the station. Can you dig it? Answer

the phone, dummy.

MAN (V.O.)

Pinkie's Pizza

WOLFMAN

Ah, yeah, listen, you got any more of those secret agent spy-scopes?

MAN

Hit parade on the stethoscope?

WOLFMAN

No. No, the secret agent spy-scope, man. That pulls in the moon, the sky and the planets... and the satellites and the little bitty space men.

MAN

You must have the wrong number, partner.

WOLFMAN

'Bye.

ever-

Wolfman cuts into "Why Do Fools Fall in Love." Curt is laughing in the back of the car, as he listens to the present D.J.

sits up.

Steve slows the Edsel to a stop at the next light. Curt glances over at a classic white '56 Thunderbird and

her

In the T-bird, a girl watches him. Blonde, beautiful,

her

hair, backlit by a used car lot, seems to glow, making

of

look almost ethereal. Curt doesn't move, as if afraid

something,

scaring her away. She smiles faintly---then says

so softly it's lost...

CURT

What?

he

Curt struggles to lower his window. She repeats it, but

is

can't hear. The light changes. She smiles once more and

gone.

CURT

(shouting)
What? What?!!!

STEVE

We didn't say anything.

CURT

Quick! Hang a right!

STEVE

What? Why?

CURT

Cut over to G Street, I've just seen a vision! She was a goddess. You've got to catch her!

STEVE

I didn't see anything.

LAURIE

We're not going to spend the night chasing girls for you.

CURT

I'm telling you, this was the most perfect, dazzling creature I've ever seen.

STEVE

She's gone. Forget it.

CURT

She spoke to me. She spoke to me, right through the window. I think she said, "I love you."

They
Curt looks at his sister and Steve in the front seat.
are bored by his romantic visions.

CURT

That means nothing to you people? You have no romance, no soul? She-- someone wants me. Someone roaming the streets wants me! Will you turn the corner?

flights of
Laurie looks around at him and seems to pity his poetic fantasy. Curt sits back and shakes his head.

PARKING LOT

parking
town
leans
girls

Big John sits in his deuce coupe, backed into the lot of the Acme Fall-out Shelter Co., the prime spot in for girl watching. A guy in wrap-around dark glasses by the car next to John. They watch a group of laughing cruise by in a Studebaker.

JOHN

Oh, oh. Later.

GUY

Alligator.

into
accelerates
front
at the

John turns on his lights and swings the deuce coupe out the flow of traffic, after the Studebaker. John and pulls alongside the Studebaker. The girl in the seat rolls down her window. John grins and yells over carload of cuties.

JOHN

Hey, you're new around here. Where're you from?

FIRST GIRL

Turlock.

JOHN

Turlock? You know a guy named Frank Bartlett?

FIRST GIRL

No. Does he go to Turlock High?

JOHN

Well, he used to. He goes to J.C. now.

FIRST GIRL

Do you go to J.C.?

JOHN

Yeah, sure.

FIRST GIRL

Oh, wow! Do you know Guy Phillips?

JOHN

Yeah, sure. I got him in a class.

FIRST GIRL

He's so boss.

JOHN

How would you like to ride around with me for awhile?

FIRST GIRL

I'm sorry, I can't. I'm going steady.

JOHN

Ah, come on!

FIRST GIRL

I just can't.

JOHN

You're just ridin' around with a bunch of girls. Hey, how about somebody else in there? Anybody else want to go for a ride?

the
break
ahead,

The girls chatter and giggle among themselves. One of girls dangles a bra out the back window, and they all into hysterical laughter. The girls try to accelerate but John stays alongside their car.

JOHN

Aw, come on... I got plenty of room. It's dangerous to have that many people in a car. Cops see ya, you're had. You got nothing to fear, I'm as harmless as a baby kitten.

A small voice rises above the chatter.

CAROL

I'll go. I'll go.

FIRST GIRL

Judy's sister wants to ride with you. Is that all right?

JOHN

(grinning)

Yeah, sure, Judy--her sister--her mother--anybody. I'll take 'em all. Listen, we'll go up and stop at that light. It'll turn red by the time we get there. All right?

The first girl grins and nods. John winks at her.

JOHN

You ever get tired of going steady with somebody that ain't around--I'm up for grabs.

Studey
door
The cars stop at the light. A girl rushes out from the and runs around the back of John's coupe. She opens the and climbs in fast as the light changes.

gears
Day"
The Studebaker pulls off fast. John pushes through the and turns and smiles at his pick-up, as "That'll Be the plays on the Wolfman Jack Show.

JOHN

So, you're Judy's little sister.

old,
Webber
seems
Carol Morrison shakes her head. She is thirteen years very cute--wearing blue jeans, sneakers and a "Dewey Surf Board" T-shirt which hangs to her knees. John slightly panicked.

JOHN

Ah, shit,--how old are you?

CAROL

Old enough. How old are you?

JOHN

I'm too old for you.

CAROL

You can't be that old.

JOHN

Listen, listen. I think you better go back and sit with your sister. Hey, ah... where are they, anyway? They comin' back or somethin'? This is a joke, right? This better be a joke, 'cause I'm not drivin' you around.

CAROL

But you asked me. What's the matter? Am I too ugly?

(on the verge of tears)

Judy doesn't want me with her and now you don't want me with you. Nobody wants me... even my mother and father hate me. Everybody hates me.

JOHN

No they don't. I mean, I don't know, maybe they do. But I don't. It's just that you're a little young for me.

CAROL

I am not! If you throw me out I'll scream.

JOHN

OK, OK, just stay cool. There's no need to scream. We'll think of something.

(He looks at her as she wipes her eyes.)

It shouldn't take too long to find your sister again.

over at Suddenly, a car horn honks next to them. John looks the car.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey John--you gonna be there tonight?

JOHN

Oh, shit! Hey, get down!

onto John grabs Carol by the neck and pushes her head down the his lap so she can't be seen. John casually waves to the friend in the car cruising alongside.

JOHN

Hey, cool...

Carol's head is being held down on his lap. She looks
up at
him.

CAROL

Hey, is this what they call copping
a feel?

John jumps, and immediately lets go of her as if
burned.

JOHN

NO! Uh uh. N-O. Don't even say that.
Jesus...

John is beginning to sweat now.

CAROL

What's your name?

JOHN

Mud, if anybody sees you.

CRUISING G STREET-STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry continues to cruise the main drag, slouched low
and
looking cool in his newly acquired machine. He adjusts
his
waterfall curl as the Wolfman dedicates a list of
songs. He
passes a group of guys bullshitting around the raised
hood
of a souped-up parked car.

Terry cruises alongside two girls in a Ford. He revs
the
engine to get their attention and once he has it he
motions
to roll down their window. They flip him the bird
instead
and he lets them pass.

Terry pulls up to a stop light. The car next to him is
a '56
Ford--a good opponent and besides, the kid driving
looks
younger than Terry.

TERRY

What you got in there, kid?

KID

More than you can handle.

mounts.
car
control
intersection
returns

Terry revs his engine. So does the Ford. The tension
The green arrow for the left turn lane flashes on, the
on Terry's other side moves off, and before he can
his reflexes, Terry, too, has shot into the
while the light remains red! Terry quickly shifts and
to the starting position. The other driver is grinning.
Terry is flustered and embarrassed. Terry revs the
couple more times, concentration intently this time on
right light.

Chevy a
the

likewise
large
forgot
first

Green!... The Ford bolts into the intersection. Terry
floors the gas pedal and goes crashing backwards into a
Buick. Terry is stunned for a moment, then realizes he
to shift into first. He fumbles to get the car into
gear.

after
his

A distinguished looking man comes up to his window
inspecting the damage. Terry tries to escape, but in
panic the engine dies. He struggles to start it.

OLDER MAN

Excuse me, but I think we've had an
accident.

TERRY

Well, goddamnit, I won't report you
this time, but next time just watch
it, will ya?

the

Terry roars off in a cloud of indignant smoke, leaving

cars
crudities.

gentleman standing in the street looking dismayed. The
behind him begin to honk their horns and shout

USED CAR LOT

to
scratch
on

Terry pulls up in front of a used car lot and jumps out
inspect the damage to Steve's Chevy. He rubs a small
on the back fender, but it won't disappear. As he spits
it, a slick, baggy-suited car salesman ambles up.

SALESMAN

I'll give you \$525 for her on a
practically new Corvette... and on
top of this, I'm going to know 10%
off the low price of this beautiful
Vette. I'm talking about only \$98
down and \$98 a month. Now, how am I
able to make you this incredible
offer? I'll tell you! I'm forced to
move all the sporty cars off the lot
as quickly as I can. Boss's orders.
He doesn't want 'em. I think it's a
mistake, but what can I do?

fondle
attempts
breaks
continues

Terry begins to get worried as the salesman begins to
his new Chevy. He becomes frightened as the salesman
to drag him over to one of the 'Vettes. Finally Terry
away and jumps back into his car and the salesman
to rave on as Terry drives away.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM--"AT THE HOP"

blazers,

Herbie and the Heartbeats, wearing their matching red
rock into a raunchy rendition of their masterpiece--

HERBIE AND THE HEARTBEATS

One, two, three, four-- one, two
three, four-- BAH... BAH... BAH...
BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH...
BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH... BAH...
BAH... BAH... BAH... At the hop!!

School
crepe,
floor
seething

band
watch
ducktails,
sweaters

Pulling back from the bandstand, we see the Dewey High gym--the basketball nets swung back and draped with the lights half-low, the noise high, and the waxed being polished and pounded by stockinged feet as a mob of adolescents join in that ancient rite--The Hop. A hundred of them are dancing and swaying while the gyrates on a raised platform. Kids on wooden bleachers the whirling and spinning mass of ponytails and button-down shirts and mid calf skirts, cardigan with little belts in the back.

THE GIRLS' LAVATORY

girls.
herself
cute

Laurie stands in front of a mirror in a line of other girls. She brushes her hair, staring rather despondently at in the mirror. The girl next to her is Peg Fuller, a cheerleader.

PEG

Hey, why are you so depressed? You'll forget him in a week. Listen, after you're elected senior queen you'll have so many boys after your bod--

LAURIE

I don't want to go out with anybody else.

PEG

Laurie, I know it's a drag but you can't--remember what happened to Evelyn Chelnick? When Mike went to the Marines? She had a nervous breakdown and was acting so wacky she got run over by a bus.

LAURIE

I just wish I could go with him or something.

PEG

Laurie, jeez... Come on.

BOY'S LAVATORY

as
being
of

We move down a row of sinks at which guys are working intently on their coiffures as the girls. Ducktails smoothed; glassy waterfalls being primped; the fronts crew cuts being waxed to stand stiff.

Quentin

Steve stands looking at himself, then glances at Eddie standing next to him, dabbing something on his face.

STEVE

What's that?

Eddie jerks his hand down and hides something.

EDDIE

What's what?

Steve turns and pulls Eddie's hand up.

STEVE

Hey, zit make-up!

(laughing)

Wait till I tell--hey, everybody,
Eddie--

EDDIE

Come on, Steve--don't. Just cool it.

laugh.
mirror. He

He takes his pimple cream back and Steve continues to
He stops slowly and looks at himself again in the
finds something on his neck, looks around at Eddie.

STEVE

(quietly)

Let me see some of that stuff.

Eddie gives him the tube and Steve dabs it on his neck.

EDDIE

You leave tomorrow?

Steve nods.

EDDIE

You and Laurie engaged yet?

STEVE

No, but we got it worked out. We're still going together but we can date other people.

EDDIE

And screw around--I hear college girls really give out.

guy
torrent
noise
Panic!
each

Suddenly a voice shouts "One-two--" they turn to see a
at every toilet hit the flusher on "Three," sending a
of water down the pipes. Suddenly, there's a rumbling
as the pipes break and water gushes over the floor.
Everybody crashes for the doors, laughing and shoving
other.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM

it
over,
Eddie
moan

The guys tumble out the lavatory door and abruptly cool
as a dumb-looking paunchy teacher stops and looks them
rocking on his heels. They escape quietly. Steve and
meet Laurie coming out of the girls' lavatory with Peg.
They're watching the dancers as Hervie and his band
through a slow number--"She's So Fine."

STEVE

Come on.

LAURIE

Come on what?

STEVE

Let's dance.

LAURIE

No thanks.

STEVE

Laurie, I want to dance.

LAURIE

Who's stopping you?

at Eddie and Peg are listening and watching. Steve smiles
them like everything's okay. He glares at Laurie.

STEVE

(under his breath)

Laurie, I thought since this was our
last night together for 3 months,
you might want to dance with me.

LAURIE

How sentimental. You'll be back at
Christmas.

STEVE

I want to dance now, not at Christmas.

He takes her arm, which she pulls away.

LAURIE

Get your cooties off me--

smiles Eddie and Peg are watching with great interest. Steve
something to at them again. Then he leans down and whispers
Laurie.

LAURIE

Go ahead, slug me, scar my face. I
wouldn't dance with you if you were
the last guy left in this gym.

EDDIE

Uh, Peg, I think we should dance.

PEG

No, this is getting good.

LAURIE

I'll dance with you, Eddie. You don't
mind, do you, Peggy?

with She takes Eddie by the hand and leaves Steve fuming
Peg.

PEG

Joe College strikes out.

Eddie Steve gives her a snide look, then watches Laurie and laughing, as they join in The Stroll. The whole gym is Strolling in unison, like some strange musical military formation.

HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

hall. The Stroll music floats from the gym down the empty Curt walks along with his hands in his pockets. One last trip down the grey, locker-lined corridor. He slows and stops by locker 2127. He smiles a little, then flips the dial of the lock. Once to the right--back to the left--then to the right again. Curt hits the handle. It doesn't open. Changed already. He shrugs and goes off down the hallway.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM

clapping Curt walks in the background, behind the line of kids hears as one couple Strolls down between them. Then Curt somebody call him.

MR. WOLFE (O.S.)

Hey--Curtis!

who is Curt wanders over toward a young teacher, Mr. Wolfe, girls. surrounded by a group of admiring (and grade-seeking) five, Mr. Wolfe wears ivy league clothes and is about twenty-not much older than his students.

MR. WOLFE

Curtis, come here. Help me, will you? I'm surrounded.

GIRL

You won't dance? Come on.

MR. WOLFE

No, really, I'd like to, but I can't.

I mean, if old Mr. Simpson came in here and saw me dancing with one of you sexy little--excuse me... one of you young ladies, he'd have my rear end.

GIRLS

Aahhh.

a
The all giggle. Mr. Wolfe shrugs at Curt and heads for
into door. Curt follows him and they escape from the girls
the night.

OUTSIDE THE GYM

a
Curt and Mr. Wolfe come out of the gym. Mr. Wolfe sees
couple of guys skulking around in the shadows smoking
cigarettes and laughing. The music has changed to "See
You in September."

MR. WOLFE

Hey, Warren. Come on, gentlemen,
back inside. Put 'em out. Let's go.

CURT

(grinning as he pulls
out a pack of
cigarettes)
Kids... Want one?

MR. WOLFE

(taking one from the
pack)
All right. Hey, I thought you'd left.

CURT

No, not yet.
(looking for matches)
I have no matches.

their
dark,
Mr. Wolfe takes out a pack of matches and lights both
cigarettes. They walk down a chain-link fence, past
venetian-blinded classrooms.

MR. WOLFE

Brother, how do I get stuck with

dance supervision? Will you tell me that?... You going back East? Boy, I remember the day I went off. Got drunk as hell the night before. Just--

CURT

Blotto.

MR. WOLFE

Blotto. Exactly. Barfed on the train all the next day.

CURT

(grinning)

Cute. Very cute. Where'd you go again?

MR. WOLFE

Middlebury. Vermont. Got a scholarship.

CURT

And only stayed a semester.

MR. WOLFE

(smiling and nodding)

One semester. And after all that, I came back here.

CURT

Why?

MR. WOLFE

(shrugging)

Decided I wasn't the competitive type. I don't know... maybe I was scared.

CURT

Well, you know I might find I'm not the competitive type myself.

MR. WOLFE

What do you mean?

CURT

Well, I'm not really sure that I'm going.

MR. WOLFE

Hey, now--don't be stupid. Go. Experience life. Have some fun, Curtis.

Then a voice calls from the shadows.

JANE (O.S.)

Bill?

Wolfe
They turn and see a girl coming out of a doorway. Mr.
looks at Jane, one of his students, but doesn't say
anything.

JANE

I mean--Mr. Wolfe. Can I speak with
you a minute.

(She smiles at Curt.)

Hi, Curt.

CURT

Jane...

Then,
He looks at Mr. Wolfe, who seems a little embarrassed.
Mr. Wolfe sticks out his hand.

MR. WOLFE

Anyway--good luck, Curtis.

Curt shakes his hand.

CURT

Yeah... I'll see you. Thanks a lot.

Mr.
Curt walks back toward the gym. Looking around, he sees
back
Wolfe standing in the shadows with the girl, talking
among
intimately. Curt turns away and goes off. Before going
front
into the gym, Curt stops. He sees a white T-bird parked
a row of cars in the parking lot. He walks--then starts
running toward the car. There's a blonde sitting in the
seat making out with some guy.
something
Curt leans down to the window and is about to say
her.
to his dream girl. But she turns and he sees it's not
peeping
Her boyfriend glares at him like he's some kind of
leaves.
Tom. Curt backs away awkwardly, trying to smile. He

CRUISING MAIN STREET--'32 DEUCE COUPE

skimming
its
and
The yellow Ford coupe is gliding down the street--
around corners gracefully as the night lights glide up
lacquered hood. Inside the car, Carol glances at John
smiles. The Wolfman is howling on the radio.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

A Wolfman exclusive for ya now. The
Beach Boys, baby, a brand new group.
I predict they gonna go a long way.
This is called "Surfin' Safari."

adventures
Carol is continuing to jabber on, relating past
with her little friends. John is unimpressed.

CAROL

So the next night we found out where
they parked and went out with
ammunition.

JOHN

Don't you have homework or something
to do?

CAROL

No sweat--my mother does it. Anyway,
he thought he was had. He started
the car and couldn't see through the
windshield--and zoomed straight into
the canal--it was a riot.

John smiles sarcastically.

CAROL

I still got some, so don't try
anything.

squirts his
swerving--A
She takes a pressurized can of shaving cream and
nose. He swipes the shaving cream on his nose--
car honks.

JOHN

Hey, watch it will ya! Jesus Christ,
thanks a lot.

(looking at her angrily)
Hey, drivin' is a serious business.
I ain't havin' no accidents because
of you.

tongue

Carol sinks into her corner of the car. She sticks her
out for a quick moment.

JOHN

(catching her look)
Come on, don't give me any grief.
I'm warning ya.

CAROL

Spare me, killer.

blaring

John

He stares at her and she shuts up. "Surfin' Safari" is
on the radio and she starts twisting with the music.
turns the radio off.

CAROL

Why'd you do that?

JOHN

I don't like that surfing shit. Rock
'n Roll's been going downhill ever
since Buddy Holly died.

CAROL

Don't you think the Beach Boys are
boss!

JOHN

You would, you grungy little twerp.

CAROL

Grungy? You big weenie, if I had a
boyfriend he'd pound you.

JOHN

(looking in the rear-
view mirror)
Sure--ah, shit, Holstein!

bubble

She looks around, and sees a police car following them,
lights aglow.

CAROL

Good, a cop--I'm going to tell him
you tried to rape me.

John pulls the car over and stops.

JOHN

Oh, no--No. Hey--

CAROL

It's past my curfew. I'm going to
tell him how old I am, my parents
don't know I'm out and you tried to
rape me. Boy, are you up a creek.

John looks at her.

JOHN

Hey--ah, really--don't say anything.

She looks at him.

CAROL

If you say "I was a dirty bird.
Carol's not grungy, she's bitchin'."

The cop is tapping at John's window. John wipes his
face.

CAROL

Say it--I'll tell him.

JOHN

(quietly)
I was a dirty bird, Carol's not
grungy, she's bitchin.'

CAROL

Okay--I'll think about it.

"The Great Imposter" can be heard on the passing car
radios.

John rolls down his window. He looks at the surly cop.

HOLSTEIN

Where you going, Milner?

JOHN

I'm going home--sir.

HOLSTEIN

Where you been, Milner?

JOHN

Ah--at the movies--sir.

HOLSTEIN

Milner, you weren't around the 12th and G streets at about 8:30, were you?

JOHN

No, I wa at the movies--like I said--sir.

car. Holstein looks at him, then steps back, looks at the

Holstein's only a couple years older than John, but the uniform separates them by light years.

HOLSTEIN

Uh-huh. Milner, the reason I stopped you was because the light on your license plate is out.

(opening his ticket book)

I'm gonna have to cite you for that. And Milner, the front end of this... this... this thing you're driving looks a little low.

JOHN

Oh, no sir. It's twelve and a half inches. Regulation size. Now, it's been checked several times. You can check it if you like, sir.

through Holstein just glares at him and then leans in close the window.

HOLSTEIN

Look, Milner.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

HOLSTEIN

You can't fool with the law.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

HOLSTEIN

We know that was you tonight. We

have an excellent description of this car. I could run you in right now and I could make it stick. But I'm not gonna do that, Milner, you know why?

John shakes his head no.

HOLSTEIN

Because I want to catch you in the act. And when I do, I'm gonna nail you, but good. Happy Birthday, Milner.

John's
Holstein drops the ticket through the window onto lap. He starts back to his patrol car. When he's out of earshot John answers.

JOHN

Thank you--asshole.

CAROL

(looking over at him)
You're a regular J.D.

JOHN

Here, file that under C.S. over there.

Carol takes the ticket and opens the glove compartment.

CAROL

C.S.? What's that stand for?

JOHN

Chicken shit--that's what it is.

CAROL

Oh...

of
police
and
She looks amazed as she adds the new ticket to a mess similar tickets crammed in the glove compartment. The car pulls by them. John scowls, then roars his engine pulls back into the stream of traffic.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

looking
Terry is looking and feeling like he's got it made. He downshifts and slows for a red light. A very mean-

next
girlfriend
Chevy

which
SuperChief.
feeling

girlfriends'

black '55 Chevy--blown, scooped and slicked--pulls up to him. The driver, Bob Falfa, has a gum-chewing sitting almost on top of him. Terry challenges the '55 by revving his engine.

Bob Falfa doesn't even look over. He revs his engine-- sounds like a cross between a Boeing 707 and a SuperChief. Terry can't believe it. He quits revving his engine-- deflated.

Terry looks over at the snotty grin on Falfa's face.

GIRLFRIEND

Ain't he neat?

him.

Terry doesn't say anything and Bob Falfa glares over at

FALFA

Hey, you know a guy around here with a piss yellow deuce coupe--supposed to be hot stuff?

TERRY

You mean John Milner?

Falfa nods slowly.

TERRY

Hey, nobody can beat him, man. He's got the fastest--

FALFA

I ain't nobody, dork. Right?

TERRY

Right...

FALFA

Hey, you see this Milner, you tell him I'm lookin' for him, huh? Tell him I aim to blow his ass right off the road.

GIRLFRIEND

(giving another snotty
smile)

Ain't he neat?

scream
smoke.
the
eyes
intersection
mouth
spaghetti-
As he

Terry doesn't say anything. There's another incredible
as Falfa roars off, leaving Terry to stare through his
Terry accelerates the '58 Chevy--at a prudent speed.
As the radio blares "Almost Grown," Terry glides past
lighted stores slowly, taking in everything with wide
from his beautiful new car.
Terry passes a steaming rear-end collision at an
where two guys and two girls are all yelling.
Then, suddenly, he spots a girl--walking--alone. His
drops open in amazement as he slows to a crawl. Debbie,
nineteen, with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white
strap dress, strolls along the sidewalk.
Terry rolls the powerful engine, but she ignores him.
passes her, he speeds up.

TERRY

What a babe... what a bitchin' babe...
And Wolfman Baby, she's all mine.

once
hair and

Terry tears around the corner and starts his approach
more. He quickly whips out his comb, touches up his
settles down into a comfortable slouch.

TERRY

Okay, honey, here I come--James Dean
lives!

times and
dudes
vicious

He hits the clutch, roars the engine a couple more
then--disaster. Debbie passes behind some rough looking
on motorcycles, parked along the curb. One especially

biker turns and looks at Terry as he passes.

Terry roars off around the block.

TERRY

Stay cool, honey--don't let those
creeps bug you. Wolfman, please don't
let those creeps bug her... please.

make
manner it
As Debbie passes the bikers, they hoot, holler, and
barnyard noises. From the cat calls, and Debbie's
seems obvious that Debbie is a girl a lot of boys have
"known."

around
slows
doesn't
She has walked clear of the bikers as Terry screeches
the corner again. He pulls up alongside her and again
to a crawl. They pass each other for awhile, but she
look over.

TERRY

Hi!
(lowering his voice)
Hello... buenos noches? Need a lift?
Nice night for a walk? Do you know
John Milner? Curt Henderson? Sure
you wouldn't like a ride somewhere?
Did anyone ever tell you that you
look just like Connie Stevens?

the
This stops her and she turns--Terry hits the brakes and
car bounces.

TERRY

You do! I mean it! Just like Connie
Stevens. I met her once.

DEBBIE

For real?

TERRY

Yeah. At a Dick Clark road show.

Debbie starts slowly toward the car.

DEBBIE

You really think I look like her?

TERRY

No shit--excuse me, I mean I'm not just feeding you a line. You look like Connie Stevens. What's your name?

DEBBIE

Debbie. I always though I looked like Sandra Dee.

TERRY

Oh yeah--well, you look a lot like her too.

DEBBIE

This your car?

TERRY

Yeah. I'm Terry the--they call me Terry the Tiger.

DEBBIE

It's really tough looking.

TERRY

What school do you go to?

DEBBIE

Dewey--can it lay rubber?

TERRY

Oh yeah, it's got a 327 Chevy mill with six Strombergs.

DEBBIE

Wow--bitchin' tuck and roll. I just love the feel of tuck and roll upholstery.

TERRY

You do?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

TERRY

Well, come on in--I'll let you feel it. I mean, you can touch it if you want--

(realizing it's coming
out wrong he gets

nervous)
I mean the upholstery, you know.

DEBBIE

Okay.

slides in
slams
date
Terry is elated. He climbs out of the car and she
the driver's side. Terry climbs back in next to her and
the door. She's sitting right next to him--like a real
should. Terry gets a little nervous.

DEBBIE

Peel out.

TERRY

What?

DEBBIE

Peel out. I love it when guys peel
out.

high-
Terry nods, checks his clutch, revs the engine to a
pitched whine and they're off--

tailing,
The tires smoke, scream, the car shots off, fish-
nearly hitting a parked car, straightening out... and
disappears down Main Street.

HIGH SCHOOL GYM--THE HOP

tough
making
On stage, the band is "taking five." They're looking
for the girls while the Student Body Secretary is
announcements at the mike.

GIRL

--a great band and they came all the
way from Stockton. Let's hear it.

There's applause as the girl continues.

GIRL

And we want to thank Darby Langdon,
who did all these neat decorations.

and
There's more applause. Standing among the crowd, Steve
Laurie both look angry.

Laurie

I don't care if you leave this second.

Girl

(into the mike)

Now the next dance is gonna be a
snowball and leading it off is last
year's class president Steven Bolander--
and this year's head cheerleader,
Laurie Henderson.

blue
Steve
There's applause, whistles and cheers from the crowd. A
spotlight floats over the dance floor and then lands on
and Laurie, who are in the midst of their argument.

Steve

What's wrong with you! You're acting
like a snotty--

everybody's
Laurie squints into the spotlight and realizes
watching them.

Laurie

Oh God, come on.

Steve

Come on what?

Laurie

(pulling him toward
the floor)

Oh, Steven--please, everybody's
watching. Smile or something.

floor.
blares
the
this
Steve
Steve gives a sick smile as she drags him out onto the
A record needle scratches and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"
out as Steve and Laurie dance alone in the middle of
floor. The crowd quiets, getting a little misty about
soon-to-be separated teenage couple. For their part,

ears. and Laurie are arguing, whispering in each other's

LAURIE

You think I care if you go off. You think I'm going to crack up or something. Are you conceited!

STEVE

Quit--quit pinching--I don't know why I ever started taking you out in the first place.

position He takes her hand from the tucked-under-the-chin and puts it around him, in a bear-hug.

LAURIE

You take me out? When we first met you didn't have enough sense to take the garbage out... I asked you out, remember?

STEVE

What do you mean, you asked me out!

LAURIE

Backwards Day--remember? If I had waited for you to ask me--even after that you didn't call me for two weeks.

STEVE

I was busy.

LAURIE

You were scared. Dave Oboler told me. Then when you did ask me out you didn't kiss me for three dates.

STEVE

Well--I was--

LAURIE

Scared--Jim Kaylor told me. I even asked my father why you hadn't kissed me.

STEVE

Your father--great!

LAURIE

He said he thought you were bright

and you'd probably think of kissing me after a while.

He moans.

LAURIE

You didn't, of course. I had to. Remember that picnic?

STEVE

Out at the canyon?

LAURIE

Oh boy! You can't remember anything-- the first one, up at the lake. That was the first time you kissed me--I practically had to throw myself at you.

STEVE

(quietly)

I remember.

hating
her.
They continue to dance slowly. Laurie starts to cry, herself for it. Steve loosens a minute and looks at

STEVE

What's wrong?

LAURIE

Go to hell.

alone,
Gets
He holds her tighter and they circle the floor, all the crowd watching quietly, the gym echoing with "Smoke in Your Eyes."

THE GYM PARKING LOT

looking
from
Curt is leaning against a car in the parking lot. He's up at the stars and listening to the music floating out the gym.

WENDY

What are you doin', stealing hub caps?

him and
that
close

A pretty, dark-haired girl, Wendy, slides up next to
leans against the car. There's an awkward pause like
which happens often when two people who used to be
meet after things have changed.

CURT

Well--hey, Wendy.

WENDY

How've you been?

CURT

Fine. Great. How've you been?

A horn honks and Wendy turns to a VW that's idling
nearby.

WENDY

I'm coming--wait a sec.

(turning back to Curt)

She's got her car. Hey, I thought
you were going away to school.

CURT

Ah, maybe... maybe.

WENDY

Same old Curt. All the time we were
going together you never knew what
you were doing... well, anyway, I
gotta go.

CURT

Hey, Wendy--where are you going?

WENDY

Nowhere.

CURT

(smiling at her)

Well, you mind if I come along?

WENDY

(affectionately)

Okay.

CURT

Okay.

They go off toward the VW and climb in.

BACK INSIDE THE GYM

lowered,
hardly
to
comes and

The hop is almost over and the lights have been conservatively. Steve and Laurie hold each other, moving and he kisses her. Still kissing, they continue circle slowly--until a short, totally bald teacher pokes Steve in the side.

MR. KROOT

All right, Bolander, break it up.
You know the rules. You and your panting girlfriend want to do that you'll have to go someplace else.

He gives them a disgusted look and starts off.

STEVE

Hey, Kroot!

The teacher turns, surprised by the omission of "Mr."

STEVE

Why don't you go kiss a duck.

Kroot's beady eyes widen and he comes back.

KROOT

What? What did you say?

STEVE

I said go kiss a duck, marblehead.

watch

Kroot is stunned and people have stopped dancing to

MR. KROOT

Bolander--you're suspended. You're--
don't even come Monday. You are out!

STEVE

(smiling broadly)
I graduated last semester.

but

Suddenly everything has changed. Mr. Kroot is furious,

Steve,

unable to do anything. He finally storms off in a huff.
Laurie and the people watching all laugh.

STEVE

(to Laurie)

Get your shoes. Let's go before we
get thrown out.

THE GYM PARKING LOT

background

Steve and Laurie walk toward her Edsel. In the
Wolfman Jack is taking a phone call from someone.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello, Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who's this?

MAN

This is Weird Willard.

WOLFMAN

Hold on a minute, let me get my pants
off... you understand?

and

Steve opens the door to the car and then turns Laurie
kisses her.

STEVE

Why don't we go to the canal?

LAURIE

(teasing)

What for?

STEVE

Listen, I can get tough with you
too, you know.

LAURIE

Yeah, hard tough.

out,

She kisses him and they get into the car. As they pull
the Wolfman continues his conversation on the radio.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

I got 'em down around my knees, man.

Wear these tight pants. I can't get
'em... All right, I'm gonna do my
little dance now, man.

as we And the Wolfman goes into an insane rain-dance rhythm
hear "Little Darlin'"

CRUISING MAIN STREET--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

with the Terry not only looks cool now, but is cool, singing
radio, a girl beside him. Hot stuff.

but by Terry ever so slowly tries to put his arm around her,
the time he manages it, he has to shift.

pistol They drive by some kids having a car-to-car water
war.

TERRY

I go to Dewey too, ya know.

DEBBIE

I never seen ya.

TERRY

I bug out a lot. When I graduate,
I'm going to join the Marines.

DEBBIE

They got the best uniforms. But what
if there's a war?

TERRY

With the bomb, who's going to start
it? We'd all blow up together. Anyway,
I'd rather be at the front. I'm like
that--rather be where the action is,
you know. Once I got in a fight with--

DEBBIE

I love Eddie Burns.

conversation Terry stops, trying to figure out where their
went.

TERRY

Eddie Burns--oh, yeah, Eddie Burns.

I met him once, too.

DEBBIE

You really think I look like Connie Stevens? I like her--Tuesday Weld is too much of a beatnik, don't you think?

TERRY

Yeah, beatniks are losers.

DEBBIE

Who do you like? I mean, singers and stuff.

Terry slowly maneuvers his arm around her.

TERRY

Ah hell--I like most of the people you like.

DEBBIE

(putting her head on
his shoulder)

That's nice--we got a lot in common.

puts

Both of them start singing with the radio. Suddenly she
her hand on his leg.

DEBBIE

You know what I'd like more than anything in the world right now?

Terry almost does a comic strip "Gulp!"

DEBBIE

I'd love a double Chubby Chuck. Isn't that what you'd like more than anything right now?

TERRY

(quietly)
Sure...

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

lines
an

The endless chrome-flashing parade continues. Among the
of fine cars, Terry is parked in the '58 Chevy next to

window

order speaker on a metal pole. Terry leans out the car
and orders into the intercom.

TERRY

A double Chubby Chuck, a Mexicali
Chili Barb, two orders of French
fries--

DEBBIE

And cherry cokes.

at

The intercom clicks on and a garbled voice squawks back
him.

INTERCOM

Ark, wark, dork.

TERRY

(pushing the button)
Now wait a minute. What? Huh?

INTERCOM

Ark, wark, dork.

TERRY

Yeah, right. Cool.

passing
rough-
window.

As they wait for their order, several guys in various
cars yell sleazy greetings to Debbie. Suddenly, a
looking face, belonging to Vic Lozier, pops in her

VIC

Hey, Deb. How's my soft baby?

DEBBIE

Beat it, Vic. I'm not your baby.

Terry nervously pretends not to hear.

VIC

Oh, come on, honey. So I never called
you back. I've been, you know, busy...

DEBBIE

Three weeks... besides, it only took
one night for me to realize that if
brains were dynamite, you couldn't

blow your nose.

VIC

Look who's talking. Who's the wimp
you're hanging out with now? Einstein?

DEBBIE

Tiger happens to be very intelligent.
Unlike you. I know every thing your
dirty little mind is thinking...

(She looks out the
window, down at Vic's
pants)
...it shows...

TERRY

Hey, now--
(his voice cracks)
I mean, hey now, buddy, the lady
obviously doesn't--

VIC

Look, creep, you want a knuckle
sandwich?

TERRY

Ah, no thanks, I'm waiting for a
double Chubby--Chuck...

VIC

Then shut your smart ass mouth! I'll
call ya, Deb, some night when I'm
hard up.

DEBBIE

I won't be home.

flicks it
Vic makes a kiss-off noise. She lights a match and
at him. He finally leaves.

TERRY

You seem to, ah--know a lot of weird
guys.

DEBBIE

That sex fiend is not a friend of
mine; he's just horny. That's why I
like you, you're different.

TERRY

I am? You really think I'm

intelligent?

She moves very close to him and whispers in his ear.

DEBBIE

Yeah. And I'll bet you're smart enough to get us some brew.

TERRY

Brew?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

TERRY

Brew... oh--yeah... oh, sure...

(she kisses him)

Yes! Liquor! This place is too crowded anyway.

car
Terry backs out and drives off, leaving the approaching
hop standing in an empty parking space.

CAR HOP

What about your double Chubby Chuck,
mexicali-chili-barb and

(looking at the tray)

--two cherry cokes, sir?

CRUISING MAIN STREET-'57 VOLKSWAGEN

it
We see the white T-bird ahead for just a moment, before
accelerates, passes a car and disappears, as we hear
"Peppermint Twist" from the radio.

seat,
In the VW, Curt is in the back, shaking the driver's
yelling at Bobbie. Wendy is in front next to Bobbie.

CURT

There--don't you see it? Speed up,
you're losing her--

BOBBIE

Quit shouting in my ear!

CURT

Cut around him, cut around him.

Dodge,

The little VW swerves and cuts around an old dagoed
then speeds along the fast lane.

corner.
Ahead, we catch a glimpse of the T-bird as it turns a

CURT

There, hang a right--over there!

shifting
falls
Bobbie turns, somebody honks, she hits the curb,
madly she mis-clutches; the beetle lugs forward; Curt
back in the seat and Wendy looks at him.

CURT

You lost her!

WENDY

What's wrong with you? You know Bobbie
gets nose bleeds when she's upset.

BOBBIE

I do not! You shut up!

CURT

Lost her again. Ah, Wendy, my old
lover, come back here and console
me.

WENDY

Eat your heart out. Who was she
anyway?

CURT

I don't know, but I'm going to find
out.

BOBBIE

I know her!

sweat
There are a few moments of silence as Bobbie lets Curt
it out. Finally, Curt breaks.

CURT

Okay, come on, who is she?

BOBBIE

You know Mr. Beeman? He owns Hepcat
Jewelers.

CURT

Yeah.

BOBBIE

Well, she's his wife.

CURT

But she was young and beautiful, and
cruising 10th Street. You're thinking
of someone else.

WENDY

Mr. Beeman's not so old.

CURT

What cruel fate keeps me from my
true love? How am I ever going to
meet her?

WENDY

(to Bobbie)

Did you know that my ex is going to
become a presidential aide? It's
supposed to be a secret, but his big
ambition in life is to shake hands
with President Kennedy. How are you
going to accomplish that at J.C.?

CURT

Maybe I've grown up. Maybe I've
changed my mind.

WENDY

Maybe you don't think you can do it!

CURT

Maybe you should shut up!

WENDY

Maybe I will... and maybe I won't.

CURT

Why don't you move your bod into aft
chamber, where we might discuss this
in private.

BOBBIE

(seeing that Wendy is
considering it)

Thanks a lot.

CURT

Come on, Wendy? She doesn't say anything. They pull up to a stoplight. Wendy looks at the red stoplight and then abruptly gets out of the car and jumps in the back.

WENDY

Well, slide over, I'm not sitting on your lap.

She gets in and the car goes off.

puts
remove
her.

In the back seat, Curt and Wendy are talking softly. He his arm around her and she makes a face, but doesn't it. Bobbie watches in the rear-view mirror, Curt sees

CURT

To the Opera, James.

BOBBIE

Drop dead.

CURT

Unless you want to go to Gallo Dam and have an orgy.

WENDY

You wish.

puts
Ann."

Curt looks at her and turns her head. He kisses her and his arm around her. They neck. The radio plays "Barbara

Bobbie
and
pairs of

The little VW flashes by in the stream of traffic. drives, glancing in here rear-view mirror occasionally also watching the station wagon ahead, in which two feet are dancing against the back window.

window.

Wendy pulls away from Curt's lips and looks out the

WENDY

I've been silly. I'm glad you're going to stay. Maybe we'll have some

classes together.

CURT

Maybe.

BOBBIE

(from the front seat)

Look, there's Kip Pullman! He's so neat.

her Wendy turns and leans forward, laughing. Curt watches seriously, studying her.

BOBBIE

Do you know Kip?

CURT

Huh? Yeah, I know him.

BOBBIE

Talk to him when we go by.

CURT

What do you want me to say?

BOBBIE

Anything... I just want to meet him.

and They pull up next to Kip's car and Curt leans forward yells out Bobbie's window.

CURT

Kip, baby, what's up?

KIP

Henderson, long time no see. Whadaya been doing?

CURT

Not much, just wanted to let you know that Bobbie here is hopelessly in love with you and trembles at the sight of your rippling biceps...

stops on Bobbie swerves the car away and turns a corner. She a dime at the curb.

BOBBIE

You creep, fink, son-of-a-bitch--

She turns and starts flailing at Curt with her purse.

CURT

Help, wait! Joke--Joke--Bobbie,
remember your nose bleeds!

BOBBIE

Get out--get out of my car--I hate
you!

CURT

Excuse me--ouch--Wendy--I got to go
now.

small
seats
Wendy is laughing and Curt climbs over her out of the
car. He gets out and closes the door. Wendy changes
and looks at him seriously.

WENDY

Curt, I hope I see you at
registration. Call me if you want.
It was nice seeing you again.

CURT

See ya.

sees
street.
The car pulls off and Curt watches it. Suddenly, he
something--the T-bird going the other way down the

CURT

Oh shit--there!! Wait!

He
horns
The VW's gone and Curt starts after the T-bird on foot.
runs down the middle of the street, oblivious to the
honking and the cars swerving to miss him.

runner
the
the
go by
We move with Curt as he moves like a broken field
through the traffic only to finally lose the girl and
Thunderbird and to slow and finally stop, standing on
white line. Cars slow down and kids rubberneck as they
him.

CRUISING G STREET--'32 YELLOW DEUCE COUPE

while
John is driving and the Wolfman is howling on the radio
Carol is having the time of her life.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Went to a dance lookin' for romance.
Found Barbara Ann... baby... Hey,
this one is for all you out there
watchin' the Submarine Races.

Carol
them off
And the radio moans into "Who Wrote the Book of Love."
sits with her feet up against the dash. John knocks
and she scowls at him.

CAROL

I'm so thirsty, I could die. Just a
little 10 cent coke to wet my whistle.
It won't take a minute, I can drink
it in the--

floor.
John suddenly hits the brakes and Carol almost hits the
John reaches over and opens the door.

JOHN

Why don't you just get out and get
one then! So long, goodbye, hasta
lumbago.

He
slowly.
She stares at him, shaken, looking sweet and helpless.
turns and looks at her. A tear rolls down her cheek
John can't take it.

JOHN

All right, one coke and then home.

Carol is delighted. She slams the door. John takes off.

CAROL

Isn't it great, the way I can cry
whenever I want. A lot of people
can't do that, but Vicki showed me
how. I bet you can't cry.

JOHN

Don't count on it. I may surprise
you any minute now.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

among the
the
John cruises around the lot until he finds a space
rows of dazzling cars. He pulls in and leans out to hit
intercom button.

JOHN

(into intercom)

One ten cent coke. Is ice extra? All
right, ice.

CAROL

Thanks for nothing.

friends
She looks around, sitting up so maybe some of her
will see her in John's neat car.

CAROL

Oh rats, I thought some of my friends
might be here.

JOHN

Probably a couple of weeks past their
bedtime.

CAROL

Wait, there's Dee Dee. I hope she
sees me.

JOHN

Oh Shit, Dee Dee!

yells
window
A long line of cars coast past. Occasionally, someone
a greeting to John. The car hop brings the coke. Then a
couple, Al and Linda, come over. They lean in the
smiling--John prays they don't see Carol.

AL

Hiya, John. Say, do you think if I
brought my Mopar by the shop Monday
you could spot weld the bumper
bracket?

JOHN

Have to be before noon.

AL

Sure. Hey, have you met Linda?

JOHN

No. Hi--ahh, this is my, ahh, cousin,
Carol. I'm kinda babysitting tonight.

CAROL

Babysitting!!

starts She slugs John on the arm. John grabs her arm as she
to swing again.

JOHN

Jesus--watch it, will yuh?

(smiling at Al)

Been hittin' me all night. Kids will
be kids, you know.

the She struggles to hit him and spills her coke all over
car. He pushes her rather roughly against the door.

JOHN

Watch out--damn it! Look what--why
don't you grow up!

(looking at Al again)

We don't get along too well. It's
been like this--

CAROL

You spastic creep!

the She is about to really cry this time. She jumps out of
out as car and runs off down the street. John wipes his car
Al and Linda watch in amazement.

JOHN

We don't get along too well. You
know what cousins are like.

AL

Yeah... well, I'll see ya on Monday
before noon.

subsides John mutters profanities to himself, but his anger

Carol
rolling
starts

after a few moments. He looks back in the direction
went. All he can see are two Hell's Angels on choppers
in the same direction. He looks a little concerned and
the coupe.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--'32 YELLOW DEUCE COUPE

walking
full of

John roars along looking for her until he sees her
angrily along the sidewalk--being followed by a Ford
guys.

just
also
pulls

John passes Carol and the Ford and pulls over and stops
ahead of them. Carol stops when she sees John. The Ford
stops and the guys call out to her. She considers the
situation a moment, then runs and gets in with John. He
off and she grins at him happily.

CAROL

Hi cousin, how's your bod?

SCENIC LIQUOR STORE--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

at
plan.

Terry pulls into the parking lot and stops. He looks up
the flashing liquor store sign and considers his battle
"Maybe Baby" by Buddy Holly is playing on the radio.

DEBBIE

Do you have an ID?

TERRY

No... hey, but no sweat. What'll it
be? Beer, little wine?

DEBBIE

If you could get some Old Harper,
I'd give you a French kiss.

TERRY

Old Harper, rrrright! He gives her an
OK sign with his fingers and goes
over to the store. He starts to enter,
then stops and thinks. He sees a man

in a business suit approaching, and smiles.

TERRY

Excuse me, sir, while you're in there--
I mean, since you're going in anyway,
I wonder if--

MAN

Yes, son?

TERRY

Could you--sir--could you give me
the time?

MAN

(looking at his watch)
Why sure, it's a quarter to twelve.

TERRY

Great. Quarter to twelve. Thanks a
lot.

the
man
and,
The man regards him, Terry pretends to start off until
man goes in. Terry pulls himself together as another
approaches, or rather stumbles up, being older, scruffy
essentially, a bum.

TERRY

Pardon me, sir, but I lost my I.D.
in--in a flood and I'd like to get
some Old Harper, hard stuff. Would
you mind buying a bottle for me?

The bum is still trying to focus on Terry and smiles.

BUM

Why certainly, I lost my wife, too--
her name wasn't Idy, though, and it
wasn't in a flood--but I know what
ya--

TERRY

Thanks, here's enough for a pint.

Terry
everything
The old man takes the money and falls into the store.
watches and then waves to Debbie in the car that

is cool.

in
As he waits for the bum to come back out, the first man
the suit exits. Terry smiles at him again.

TERRY

Hi. Still quarter to twelve.

MAN

Right-o. Night.

TERRY

Night.

over to
wino's
The man gets into the car and backs out. Terry goes
the window of the liquor store and looks to see how the
doing with his booze. Terry sees the liquor store owner
setting four bottles of cheap wine on the counter.

TERRY

(gesturing through
the window from
outside)

Hey, no. Not wine. Ssss--hey!

of
is
store.
The owner turns and sees Terry waving. Terry ducks out
sight. When he looks back again, Terry sees the old bum
gone! Terry can't believe it. He finally enters the

INSIDE THE LIQUOR STORE

hi-
fi.
Terry tries to look very casual as he sidles up to the
counter. Country-Western music hums over the liquor in

TERRY

(smiling at the owner)
Hi there--ah, say--was there an old
man in here a minute ago?

OWNER

Yeah. He went out the back.

Terry is destroyed.

OWNER

You want something?

behind
Terry looks at the man and the endless rows of liquor
him.

TERRY

Yeah--ah--let me have a Three
Musketeers, ah, and a ball point pen
ther, a comp, a pint of Old Harper,
couple of flashlight batteries and
some of this beef jerky.

it
The owner puts everything into a bag and starts to ring
up.

OWNER

Okay, got an I.D. for the liquor?

TERRY

A what? Oh, sure--
(feeling his pockets)
Oh nuts, I left it--I left it in the
car.

OWNER

Sorry, you'll have to get it before--

TERRY

Well, I can't. I also ah, forgot the
car.

back
money
The owner takes the liquor out of the bag and puts it
on the shelf. Terry stands there. The owner takes the
from him and gives him his change.

OUTSIDE THE LIQUOR STORE

junk.
window.
Terry comes back to the Chevy with the bag full of
Debbie smiles at him excitedly and scoots over to the

DEBBIE

Hey, did ya get it? Ya get it, ya
get it?

He hands her the bag.

DEBBIE

You got it. You got it!

She goes through the bag and finds a comb and the batteries.

DEBBIE

You didn't get it. Why didn't you get it?

TERRY

Ah, well, I needed some things and I thought as long as I was in there-- look, Debbie, can you loan me a dollar?

DEBBIE

What? Are you for real? Come on. Girls don't pay. Guys pay.

TERRY

Yeah, well, see--I've only got a fifty and he doesn't have change.

DEBBIE

Well, I can't believe this... I really cannot believe this. Here.

She takes the money from a squeeze-open plastic change purse and hands it to him. Terry smiles weakly and goes back to try his luck again at the liquor store.

He stops in front of the door as a young guy with numerous tattoos on his bulging arms approaches the liquor store.

TERRY

Hi--excuse me. I was wondering--could you, ah--

GUY

Buy you a bottle of booze. Yeah, I know. You lost your I.D. What kind do you want?

TERRY

(amazed)
Gee, that's terrific. Ah, just some

ah--Old Harper.

hands
to
gunshot!
the
gun.
and
from
heads

He takes Terry's money and enters the store. The clerk
the man a bottle of Old Harper. Terry waves excitedly
Debbie, lowering his pants a bit. Suddenly, there's a
Terry whirls to see the young man stuffing cash from
register into his pockets, backing away with a smoking
He rushes out of the store, tossing the bottle to Terry
running off into the night. Suddenly, the owner emerges
behind the counter, shooting wildly. Terry ducks and
for the car with his pint of Old Harper.

AUTO WRECKING YARD

front
and
twisted,
automobiles.
and

John's '32 deuce coupe crunches to a gravelly stop in
of a dark auto-wrecking yard. John and Carol get out
climb over the fence. They walk through a valley of
rusting piles of squashed, mashed and crushed
John sticks his hand into his pockets moodily and stops
looks at one of the burnt-out cars.

JOHN

That's Freddy Benson's Vette... he
got his head on with some drunk.
Never had a chance. Damn good driver,
too. What a waste when somebody gets
it and it ain't even their fault.

CAROL

Needs a paint job, that's for sure.

John doesn't hear her and walks on.

JOHN

That Vette over there. Walt Hawkins,
a real ding-a-ling. Wrapped it around
a fig tree out on Mesa Vista with
five kids in it. Draggin' with five
kids in the car, how dumb can you

get? All the ding-a-lings get it sooner or later. Maybe that's why they invented cars. To get rid of the ding-a-lings. Tough when they take someone with them.

CAROL

You never had a wreck though--you told me.

JOHN

I come pretty close a couple of times. Almost rolled once. So far I've been quick enough to stay out of here. The quick and the dead.

CAROL

I bet you're the fastest.

JOHN

I've never been beaten--lot of punks have tried. See that '41 Ford there? Used to be the fastest wheels in the valley. I never got a chance to race old Earl. He got his in '55 in the hairiest crash ever happened around here. He was racing a '54 Chevy, bored and loaded, out on the old Oakdale Highway and every damn kid in town was out there. The Chevy lost its front wheel doing about 85. The idiot had torched the spindles to lower the front end and it snapped right off. He slammed bam into the Ford and then they both of them crashed into a row of cars and all those kids watchin! Jesus, eight kids killed including both drivers, looked like a battlefield. Board of Education was so impressed they filmed it. Show it now in Drivers Education, maybe you'll see it. Anyway, since then street racing's gone underground. No spectators, I mean. Too bad.

CAROL

I'd love to see you race.

realizes Carol takes his hand and they walk a bit, until John what he's doing, and drops her hand and pulls away.

JOHN

Come on! None of that.

CAROL

Whadaya mean? I'm the one who's supposed to say that. Whadaya afraid of? I'll keep it above the waist.

JOHN

Funny...

(he looks at her for
a moment)

Who knows, in a few years--but not now, bunny rabbit.

CAROL

Bunny rabbit! Oh brother, you are such a drip.

rolling

She stomps off and gets back into the coupe, quickly

up all the windows. John saunters up and finds the door locked.

JOHN

Come on, open the door.

CAROL

If you say "Carol's not a bunny, she's a foxy little tail."

pocket. He

John grins and starts to pull his keys out of his

the

stops grinning: Carol grins and dangles his keys inside

car. John leans against the window, closes his eyes, a defeated man.

JOHN

(quietly)

Carol's not a rabbit, she's a foxy little tail.

He hears the button click up and slowly opens the door.

CAROL

You say the cutest things.

John gets into the car.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Sneakin' around with the Wolfman,

Baby.

as The Wolfman's gravelly voice whispers over the airwaves
John and Carol drive out of the shadowy car grave-yard.

WILSON'S APPLIANCE STORE

watching a Curt is sitting on the hood of a parked De Soto
Twelve row of televisions in the window of an appliance store.
glow in silent images of Ricky Nelson on "Ozzie and Harriet"
fades the dark showroom. Music from passing cars rises and
as they cruise behind Curt. The Wolfman can be heard.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, this is gonna strike a raw nerve,
mama. Here's the Platters.

The Wolfman howls and the Platters wail into the "Great Pretender." Curt sings along, mouthing the words. Then somebody walks in front of Curt.

another Curt pays no attention, then sense the presence of
group guy. Soon he realizes that he is being surrounded by a
car of three hoods. They slink up from all sides wearing
back. coats with the name "PHAROAHS" embroidered across the

One of Curt looks them over--they all watch the silent tv's.
them, without turning, talks to Curt.

JOE

Whadaya doin', creep?

CURT

Me?

JOE

No, I'm talking to the other fifty
creeps here. You know Gil Gonzales?

CURT

Gil Gonzales... no.

JOE

Don't know Gil... you oughta. You really should.

CURT

Yeah... why?

JOE

No reason... he's a friend of ours... and that's his car you're sitting on.

off
starts

There's silence. Curt looks uneasy and slides quietly the De Soto. Curt sticks his hands in his pockets and slowly down the sidewalk.

JOE

Hey, where ya goin?

CURT

(turning)

No place. Not going any place.

JOE

Ya must be going someplace--I mean ya left here. Bring him over here, Ants, I want to show him something.

name
stitched
brings
Soto.

Ants (a tall, ghoulish-looking kid who probably got his from the scar across his face which has recently been to look like a party of ants marching across his cheek) Curt back gently.

Joe is bent over looking across the hood of the De

JOE

Here--bend down, look here. See that? Right across there--see?

CURT

I guess so--yeah.

Joe unbends and lightly punches Curt on the shoulder.

JOE

You scratched it, man. Where do you

get off sitting on Gil's car, huh,
man?

The
looking

Joe gives him another charming punch on the shoulder.
others have left the tv's and are watching Curt now,
puzzled and pained at the scratch on the car.

CURT

I'm sorry. It's not much of a scratch.
I don't think he'll even--

JOE

It ain't the size that's in question
here. It's the principle. Jeez, this
is tough... what should we do with
ya?

ANTS

Tie him to the car and drag him.

and
pondering

Curt turns and laughs at Ants' suggestion. He laughs
laughs until he realizes nobody else is; they are
the suggestion.

CURT

That's funny
(clearing his throat)
Hey, you guys know Toby Juarez? He's
a Pharoah, isn't he?

JOE

Toby Juarez. Yeah, sure we know Toby.

CURT

He's a friend of mine.

They all grin and laugh with Curt who feels better.

JOE

Sure, good old Toby. He's a friend
of yours. That's cool... we all hate
his guts.

Curt stops smiling again.

CURT

Oh--well, I don't know him that much
anyway.

JOE

We killed him last night.

ANTS

Tied him to a car and dragged him.

looks

Curt looks at them both, praying they're kidding. Joe at him, shaking his head.

JOE

This is going to take some thinking.
You better come with us maybe.
(putting his arm around
Curt)
Go riding with the Pharoahs...

CURT

Well, I don't think I can--I gotta--

JOE

I know just how ya feel.

maroon

windows

submarine

white

plaque

Joe leads Curt gently but forcibly toward an incredible '51 Merc that's been lowered and chopped so that the are like ominous slits and the whole machine has a quality. Joe opens the door and Curt slides into the fluffy interior. In the small back window, a metal reads "PHAROAHS."

kid

rest

the

The third member of the gang is Carlos, a short little about fifteen years old. He appears tougher than the with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Joe heads for driver's side and Ants and Carlos both go for the front passenger door.

CARLOS

Shotgun!

ANTS

No, I called it!

CARLOS

When?

ANTS

Before we picked you up.

CARLOS

You can't call it for the whole night,
man. I got it now. Get in the back.

climbs
from
the curb.

Carlos gives Ants a hard look and Ants backs down and
in the back with Curt. The Pharoah's Mercury roars out
the curb.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--PHAROAHS' '51 MERCURY

the
three
eyes

The radio blares "Ain't that a Shame?" as Curt sits in
back seat of the car looking very nervous. He eyes the
hoods cautiously. They are sitting super low, their
just visible over the windows.

take.
passing in
through the
Then,
the

Then, Curt happens to look around. He does a double
Through the narrow window he sees the Thunderbird
the opposite direction. Curt swivels and watches
back window as the T-bird disappears around a corner.
he shakes his head. Of all the times to be trapped with
Pharoahs.

bad

On the radio the Wolfman is giving a phone operator a
time and the Pharoahs are chuckling.

though
(with

As the Wolfman continues on the radio, the cars pass
the night like a metallic ballet. The Pharoahs' Mercury
Curt aboard) passes Laurie's Edsel...

around

Inside the Edsel, Steve is driving. He puts his arm
Laurie and she leans her head on his shoulder.

'32

As the Edsel cruises by in one direction, John Milner's Ford coupe rumbles by on the other side of the street.

INSIDE THE DEUCE COUPE

Even

Carol is laughing like mad as the Wolfman continues. John has to chuckle at the mad D.J.'s raspy patter.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this on the Wolfman telephone?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello, Collect...

WOLFMAN

Pardon me. Your name is Colette?

OPERATOR

Yes. Collect Call.

WOLFMAN

Your name is Colette Call?

OPERATOR

Sir, this is the Operator.

WOLFMAN

Are you French, Operator?

OPERATOR

This is a collect call for Wolfman Jack.

WOLFMAN

I... I love you, Operator.

OPERATOR

Is this Wolfman Jack?

WOLFMAN

Is Floyd there?

OPERATOR

It's for a Wolfman... Jack...

Carol looks over at John and shakes her head.

CAROL

I just love listening to the Wolfman. My Mom won't let me at home. Because

he's a Negro, I think... anyway,
he's terrific. Do you know that he
just broadcasts from a plane that
flies around in circles all the time?
Do you think that's true?

INSIDE STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

sitting
are
Terry drives on through the wonderful night--a blonde
next to him, he's feeling very bitchin'. He and Debbie
also mesmerized by the Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Floyd, I love you, Floyd. Is this
you, Floyd? I cannot look on thee,
love took my hand... and smiling did
reply, who made the eyes but I. Floyd,
reach out and touch my soul.

INSIDE THE PHAROAH'S '51 MERCURY

situation.
Joe
Even Curt has to laugh at the Wolfman--despite his
Little Carlos sits in the front seat and looks over at
who's driving.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your party's ready, sir.

WOLFMAN

You mean Floyd? Hello, is this Floyd?

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, is this Matilda?

WOLFMAN

No, it ain't honey--bye!

CARLOS

You tell her, Wolfman. He's my man.
When I graduate, I'm gonna be a
Wolfman. Hey, you know he broadcasts
out of Mexico someplace?

JOE

No, he don't. I seen the station
right outside of town.

CARLOS

That's just a clearing station, man.
So he can fool the cops. He blasts
that thing all the way around the
world. It's against the law, man.

In the back seat, Ants nods in agreement.

ANTS

Ah, man--they'll never catch the
Wolfman.

Curt Then Ants' nose starts twitching and he looks over at
suspiciously.

ANTS

Hey, man, who cut the cheese?

looks Curt tries to smile but looks pretty guilty. Then Joe
around from the front seat.

JOE

He who smelt it, dealt it.

(looking at Curt in
the back)

Hey, creep, scoot down. Sitting up
like that, it wrecks the lines of
the car, you know what I mean?

staring Curt scoots down to a level even with Ants. Ants is
incredible at him and grinning evilly. Then they hear an
Chevy roar, and they all turn to see Bob Falfa's black '55
lovely pass by. Falfa has a new girl with him this time, a
redhead.

JOE

There's that badass Chevy again.
Look at he snatch he's got with him.

ANTS

Hey, man, he looks like a whimp.

Curt nods and tries to join in.

CURT

Probably is. Whimps get all the
snatch.

open

Carlos and Ants look at him. Like nobody asked him to his mouth.

CARLOS

Milner ain't gonna beat that. His time has come. He's getting old. He ain't as fast as he used to be.

INSIDE THE DEUCE COUPE

little
over

Milner may not be as fast as he used to be--and having a teeny-bopper with him isn't helping matters. He looks at Carol. She's moved closer to him.

JOHN

You got two seconds to get your ass over in the corner.

CAROL

Don't worry, I won't rape you.

Carol
John

Carol slides back to her side. But as they glide along, watches John. She's moon-eyed and flipped over him.

deftly down-shifts as he approaches a light and then accelerates through the gears with a "race" expertise.

'60

There's a honk and John and Carol look over to see a Cadillac full of girls laughing at them.

GIRL

You got a bitchin' car.

John nods modestly.

GIRL

In fact, we're gonna give you our special prize for having the neatest car around. You want me to give it to you?

JOHN

If the prize is you, honey, I'm a ready Teddy.

GIRL

Yeah, well get bent turkey.

ducks
the
blinks
wipes her

The girl suddenly launches a water balloon, which John deftly, the tumescent missile catching Carol full in face. The girls roar off. John cracks up as Carol away the water, not believing what's happened. She face.

CAROL

All right, very funny. What a chop.
Ha ha. Quit laughing!!

John tries to control himself, but can't.

CAROL

Let's catch 'em at the light. Then
you jump out and flatten their tires.

JOHN

Hey, wait a--

CAROL

Just do what I say!

JOHN

Yezz, bozz....

MAIN STREET INTERSECTION

right
"Johnny
their
doors.
sinking
cream,
they

Carol jumps out of the car as John stops the car in the hand lane next to the Cadillac. As Chuck Berry wails B. Goode," they go into action.

The girls in the Cadillac recognize John as one of victims and quickly roll up all windows and lock their doors. John starts pulling the stems from the front tires, the car. Carol starts around the car with the shaving cream, spraying all their windows with the foamy lather.

Carol is having a great time and John is laughing as

back
covered
begin

continue their guerrilla attack. They finish and jump in the coupe. The light turns green and John takes off, leaving the Cadillac stranded at the intersection, with shaving cream. Traffic begins to back up... horns to honk.

CANAL BANK--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Have
stop in
and
them

The crickets chirp under the full moon. We hear "I Only Eyes for You" playing as the Chevy slowly comes to a an isolated spot along the irrigation canal. Terry gets out of the car, pops the top off two cokes pours half of them into the canal. He hums, refilling with bourbon. He goes back to the car.

TERRY

Tootie fruiti all ruti... It's Super Cola!

out
and

He hands her one of the bottles and takes a long drink of the other. He grabs the steering wheel for support his eyes begin to water.

TERRY

It's a... a little... strong, I think.

DEBBIE

(drinking)
It's the living end.

Terry takes a smaller sip this time...

TERRY

Yeaah, I guess it wasn't mixed.

DEBBIE

Wow, it's pretty tonight. It's a perfect night to go horseback riding-- I was going with a guy once who had a horse.

Terry chokes.

TERRY

Oh yeah? I used to have a couple of horses myself.

DEBBIE

Really?

TERRY

I used them for hunting. I do a lot of hunting. Deer mostly, although I got a couple of bear last year. Yep, they were good ponies--hunting ponies. I had to train 'em special, you know.

DEBBIE

Do you still have 'em? We could go for a ride.

TERRY

No, I had to sell 'em. To get these wheels... and a jeep. I also have a jeep pick-up, with four-wheel drive. It's got a gun rack. And I use that for hunting mostly.

DEBBIE

Why do you kill little animals? I think that's terrible.

TERRY

Oh, well, yeah, I figure with bears, though, it's either me or them... You know, I think you're really neat.

She's

He suddenly grabs at her, putting his arms around her. caught off-guard and tries to move away.

DEBBIE

Wait a second.

Terry immediately lets go of her.

TERRY

Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me--I didn't mean to-- maybe it's the booze or something.

She puts her coke on the floor. She unfastens the chain holding her sweater together and takes it off.

DEBBIE

There--now.

herself.
gets
encountering

Suddenly, she grabs him and pulls him down on top of
She kisses him madly. At first he's surprised, but then
the hang of it. They begin to neck passionately,
many obstacles in the cramped front seat.

DEBBIE

Ow--you pinched me.

TERRY

I'm sorry.

DEBBIE

Let me get my head over here--okay,
now you get up--

TERRY

Ow--my leg, my leg. Ow, watch it!

DEBBIE

Ummm, I just love tuck 'n roll
upholstery.

off

As they roll around, a couple of guys walk by the car
laughing. Terry manages to sit up and watches them go
into the night.

TERRY

Geez, it's like Grand Central Station
around here. Why don't we go someplace
else.

Debbie pulls him back down on top of her.

DEBBIE

Nah, come on. They won't come back.

TERRY

Wait a minute. I got a blanket in
the back. Why don't we go over into
the field?

DEBBIE

All right. Okay.

out of
canal.
radio on
call.

They both get out of the car. Terry gets the blanket
the trunk. They walk along a path next to the moonlit
Debbie carries their drinks for them. They left the
and Wolfman's voice can be heard as he takes another

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Hello.

GIRL (V.O.)

Yeah!

WOLFMAN

How old are you?

GIRL

I'm thirteen, how old are you?

WOLFMAN

I'm only fourteen.

GIRL

Oh, boy, I love you, Wolfman.

SINGERS

(singing over)

"Wolfman Jack."

WOLFMAN

Oh, now we gonna do the weather for
all the valleys and the mountain
tops. Gonna be hot... about 200
degrees in Merced, 400 degrees out
in Fresno, and I know we're gonna
have about 500 degrees up around the
valley somewhere. You got the Wolfman
Jack Show.

MINIATURE GOLF COURSE AND ARCADE

As the Silhouettes yip-yip-yip-yip into "Get a Job," we
see
the mysterious white Thunderbirds cruise by and
disappear.
The Pharoahs' Mercury turns into the parking lot of a a
miniature golf course. The doors open and the Pharoahs
exit.
There's a pause, then Ants reaches into the car and
pulls

golf

Curt out also. The Pharoahs saunter into the miniature compound.

CURT

Hey, terrific, I love miniature golf.

JOE

I hate it.

CURT

Well, I don't play that often really.
Ah--what're we doing here then?

JOE

We're outta gas.

CURT

They don't sell gas here.

JOE

No... but we're outta money, too.
Come on, Carl.

CURT

Curt.

golf

putting

enter

pinball

games,

whistling

Joe gives Curt a gentle push and they go inside. The course is empty, except for a couple of ugly girls around in the far corner. Under a trellis, Curt and Joe as the Pharoahs fool around with the candy machine, games, "Check Your Weight," and "Air Corps Gunner" pretending to play with them. Joe looks around, again.

JOE

All right, men.

pounding

boxes

Quickly the Pharoahs go into action, jimmying locks, coin returns, pulling out plugs, prying open change and stuffing looses coins into their pockets.

in a

Joe smiles at Curt, who looks sick again, involved now

ride,
Ants
He
a
undershirt
them

robbery. Ants is sitting in a "Rocket to the Moon"
pounding on it unsuccessfully when suddenly it starts.
starts bouncing up and down looking dumber than usual.
swears at Rocket to the Moon under his breath--suddenly
screen door slams. The Pharoahs turn. A man in an
stands by the "Get Your Balls Here" booth, regarding
warily.

MR. GORDON

What're you punks doing?

bounces
all
mumbling.

The Pharoahs can't think of anything right away. Ants
noisily in the "Rocket to the Moon." The Pharoahs are
looking to Joe for guidance. Joe for his part is

CURT

Hey, hi. Mr. Gordon, what's up?

The man looks at Curt, surprised.

MR. GORDON

Henderson--Curt Henderson? You with
these punks?

walks

The Pharoahs don't know what's happening yet. Curt
over to Mr. Gordon.

CURT

These are my friends. We were just...

Then

Mr. Gordon looks skeptical, then Curt smiles at him.
Mr. Gordon smiles.

MR. GORDON

Jeez, you guys had me scared.

happy.

He laughs nervously. The Pharoahs laugh. Everybody's

MR. GORDON

Hey, you haven't left yet?

CURT

Oh ah--no--no, I'm not--

Mr. Gordon looks puzzled.

CURT

I mean, I'm not leaving until tomorrow.

MR. GORDON

Tomorrow. Well, listen, Hank Anderson's inside. Come in and say goodbye. You know, Hank's the one that brought your name up on the floor of the Moose Hall. You got the check, didn't you?

at
pilfering
hands

He leads Curt toward the screen door. Curt looks around the Pharoahs, who are slowly starting to work again the machines. Inside the small office, Curt shakes hands with Hank Anderson, who pats him on the shoulder.

HANK

We are all proud of you, Curt. The Moose Scholarship couldn't have gone to a better boy. And if there's anything we can do, let us know.

MR. GORDON

Yeah, you'll stay in touch by letter, won't you?

at

There's a knock at the screen and they turn to see Joe the screen door.

JOE

Hey, we're all done out here.

MR. GORDON

All done? What--what's he mean?

CURT

Ah, he means, we're all done having loads of fun out here.

MR. GORDON

Oh, well...

HANK

Wonderful. You can have all the fun you want. This place is for fun.

CURT

Yes. Yes, it is. Thank you. Thank you both.

MR. GORDON

Good luck now.

HANK

Before I say goodbye, Curt, I want to tell you I hope you'll be taking along with you a little piece of this place.

CURT

I think I have.

HANK

Good. Don't forget us.

CURT

No, I won't forget you and you won't forget me.

MR. GORDON

Okay. 'Bye.

HANK

Good-bye and good luck.

CURT

'Bye.

JOE

It was nice to meet yuh.

CURT

Right. What he said goes for me, too.

Mercury.
grins at
Curt and Joe go out through the arcade toward the
They start walking faster, anxious to get away. Joe
Curt as they climb into the car.

JOE

Yeah, you just might make it as a

Pharoah yet, boy.

pull
Back in the office, Hank and Mr. Gordon watch the car
out.

HANK

Some day he'll make a fine Moose.

THE CANAL BANK

the
in
Steve's Chevy sits near the canal. The door is open and
radio blares, while Terry and Debbie are off somewhere
the weeds making out.

trunk.
the
seat.
Suddenly, a beam from a flashlight plays across the
Feet approach the car as the light beam moves across
interior and stops on the vacated shoes on the front

and
Debbie
the
The light beam continues past the empty bourbon bottle
starts into the direction of the field where Terry and
are lost in the throes of passionate love. As we follow
light into the field we hear footsteps.

the
moonlight as
As the darkened figure approaches the couple, we see
light go out and catch a gleam of silver in the
a switchblade springs open!

Terry reacts to the sound.

DEBBIE

What's wrong?

TERRY

I thought I heard something.

figure
figure
She kisses him and he forgets about the noise. The
retreats back to the Chevy, where another indistinct
waits.

VOICE (O.S.)

They're porking in the weeds. No sweat.

the
up and
Terry and Debbie are resting in the field, listening to radio in the distance. A car engine is heard starting disappearing down the canal bank.

are
jumps
The countryside is very quiet. Only crickets and frogs heard as Terry begins to drop off asleep. He suddenly jumps with a start.

TERRY

Wait a minute!

DEBBIE

What?

TERRY

The radio is gone... That means--the car is gone!

He scrambles to the spot where the Chevy once stood.

TERRY

Oh no!!! OH NO!!!

Debbie comes up and watches Terry look heavenward.

TERRY

Oh God--I'm sorry. But, why the car? You could have struck us with lightning or something--anything--- but not the car!

THE CANAL BANK--LAURIE'S '58 EDESEL

are
Cars are seen here and there in the moonlight along the irrigation canal outside of town. In the cars radios playing "To the Aisle," laughter can be heard in some, whispering in others.

the
Laurie
Laurie's Edsel is parked by the slow-moving water. In front seat of the car, Steve and Laurie are making out.

look

leans back against Steve, his arms around her, and they
out the window at the stars...

Laurie

You know, it doesn't make sense to
leave home to look for a home, to
give up a life to find a new life,
to say goodbye to friends you love
just to find new friends.

Steve

What? Say that again, I didn't--

Laurie

That's what Curt said.

Steve

Oh, figures.
(smiling)
You must've talked his ear off trying
to get him to stay.

Laurie

That's not true. I didn't say
anything. Curt just said at dinner
tonight he realized there was no big
hurry. He thought he should take it
easy for a while, go to J.C. and try
to figure out what he wants to do
with his life.

Steve

That sounds logical.

Laurie's expression changes.

Laurie

You think so?

Steve

Sure. I think Curt's probably right
for Curt. Not for me though. Laurie,
look at me. Now you know what I want
out of life. And it's just not in
this town.

Laurie

I'm not going to the airport tomorrow.

around

She looks sullen and he smiles a little. He turns her

seeming
seat.

and gently kisses here. They begin to make out, Laurie
a little desperate. Steve pushes her slowly down on the
He moves on top of here and his hand begins to wander.

LAURIE

Steve! Don't.

STEVE

(quietly)

It's our last night together for
three months... come on.

LAURIE

We've been through this before.

STEVE

I'm going to miss you so much. I
need something to remember you by.
You don't want me to forget you.

She closes her eyes, trying not to cry.

LAURIE

(softly)

No...

responding.

He starts to move on top of her, kissing her neck. She
struggles for a few moments, then goes limp, not

He pulls away angrily.

STEVE

What's wrong? You're just lying there.

LAURIE

Well go ahead, you want to.

STEVE

Not like that.

LAURIE

If you're not going to remember me
for anything else, why don't you go
ahead?

STEVE

You want it and you know it. Don't
be so damn self-righteous with me.
After those things you told me about
watching your brother--

LAURIE

You're disgusting! Get out of my car! I told you never--

STEVE

I'm sorry.

LAURIE

Get out! It's not worth it. I don't care if you're leaving--now get out!

door
the
the
other

She reaches past him and pulls the door handle. The swings open and she shoves Steve out. Then she starts engine and drives away, leaving Steve standing there in darkness. In the distance, he hears the laughter of couples and the drifting music from their radios.

THE CANAL ROAD

Terry

Terry and Debbie walk slowly along the dark canal. takes a large slug of his bourbon and coke.

DEBBIE

Anyway, the Goat Killer--

TERRY

Let's talk about something else.

DEBBIE

--Whenever he strikes, he leaves a bloody goat's head near the victim. Isn't that creepy?

into

Terry thinks about it and indeed it is. He looks around the darkness and then takes Debbie's hand.

DEBBIE

They thought he went up to Stockton, but two nights ago they found Carlie Johnson and Don White right here by the canal all hacked to pieces and--

TERRY

Who do you think'll take the regionals this--

DEBBIE

--not only were there bloody goats' heads, but he had switched all the parts of their bodies around. You know putting her arms on him and his legs on--

to
flat
Terry is slowing and he stops her. He motions for her
shut up and they listen. The wind whines across the
valley. Ahead there is only darkness, then footsteps!

TERRY

Wait a second. Did you hear...?

DEBBIE

You think it's the Goat Killer?

TERRY

(whispering)

No! I mean, no. Listen, I'll go for help, you stay here.

by
Terry has turned and is starting off when she grabs him
his shirt-tail.

DEBBIE

Come on, we'll hide in the field.

bushes,
She takes Terry's hand and they go off behind some
away from the black water.

Debbie looks through the bushes, squinting.

DEBBIE

Maybe if it's the Goat Killer he'll get somebody and we'll see the whole thing.

Terry stands with his eyes closed.

TERRY

I don't want to see the whole thing. Especially if it's us he--oh, why me? I'm going to look lousy with your legs and a goat's head and--

DEBBIE

Shhh--he's stopped. I can't see him
very--I think he's coming this way.

She edges off to get a better view.

TERRY

Well, as long as he's not--Debbie!
Debbie!

takes
something
behind him. He turns very slowly and looks...

the
and
A figure is standing right behind him, silhouetted by
moon, its face obscured. Terry jumps about three feet
yells.

STEVE (O.S.)

Terry!

TERRY

Who, me? Why me?

Terry stops yelling, seeing that it's Steve.

STEVE

Terry.

TERRY

Steve!

her
nervously.

TERRY

Where'd you go, anyway?

DEBBIE

Over there.

TERRY

Well, don't go off again. Come on,
let's get out of here.

town.
Terry and Debbie start to walk with Steve back toward
Terry keeps taking pulls from the bottle of bourbon.

STEVE

What're you doing out here? Hey,
where's my rod?

TERRY

(choking)
Um, oh, did I introduce you? This is
Debbie. Debbie, this is Steve.

DEBBIE

Hello.

STEVE

Hi.

DEBBIE

Hi.

They continue to walk along the dark canal bank.

STEVE

Well, what about my car?

TERRY

Um... I'ts in the garage. I put it
in the garage for safe keeping. I
mean... I don't want to take any
chances with it.

STEVE

Oh, great.

DEBBIE

Yeah. Yeah. It's a good thing too.
'Cause somebody stole our car.

STEVE

Really? That's terrible. What kind
was it?

TERRY

Gee, ah, where's Laurie, anyway?

STEVE

I guess we broke up.

TERRY

You broke up? Bull!

Steve just shrugs. The three of them go off into the
darkness.

CRUISING MAIN STREET-'32 YELLOW DEUCE COUPE

the
knob
"Do You
Want to Dance?"

The coupe makes an eccentric swerve as it cruises along main drag. Inside, Carol is looking at the gear-shift that she's taken off the shift arm as they listen to

CAROL

It doesn't look like a gear shift knob.

JOHN

Come on, will ya? Give it back to me.

CAROL

Well, go ahead, cream me. What's wrong, you're a tough guy. Break my arm, see if I care.

JOHN

Forget it.

a
the
He ignores her, and finally his silence makes her take small round knob out of her pocket and put it back on shifter where it belongs.

CAROL

I was just going to keep it for a little while. You're an ogre, just like my father. He won't let me play records, or stay out late, or anything.

JOHN

(worried)

He ah--doesn't like you to stay out late?

CAROL

No--he's terrible. Once I was at a party that didn't end till late and he called the cops. Can you imagine? It was only a little after midnight and he had the whole police force--

JOHN

Say, where do you live anyway?

CAROL

Over on Ramona, why?

(She suddenly smiles)

Oh no. Uh uh. You thought I'd tell
you where--not me, not old Carol.

The night is young and I'm not hitting
the rack until I get a little action.

looks
and
John sighs, wondering if he'll ever get rid of her. He
back at something in the rear view mirror. He speeds up
checks the mirror again.

CAROL

What do you keep lookin' at?

(she looks around
behind them)

Who's that? You know him? He's
following awful close.

JOHN

Grab onto something.

suddenly
Falfa's
He has
Carol looks scared and grabs onto the dash. John
hits the brakes. The deuce coupe noses down and Bob
Chevy has to swerve abruptly to avoid a crash.
Falfa pulls the Chevy around and alongside the coupe.
another new girl with him.

FALFA

(shouting over)

Sorry if I scared ya, man.

JOHN

(looking ahead)

Takes more than that to scare me.

FALFA

Where ya been hiding? Didn't anyone
tell ya I been looking for ya?

JOHN

Hey, I can't keep tracka all the
punks lookin' for me.

FALFA

They say you're the fastest thing in the Valley. But that can't be your car, man. That must be your mama's car. Hell, I feel embarrassed just getting near ya.

JOHN

Ya should, man--you're driving a field car.

FALFA

Field car? What's a Field Car?

JOHN

Field Cars drive through the fields, dropping cow shit all over the place to make the lettuce grow.

FALFA

(laughing)

That's pretty good. Hey, I like that paint job you got. What they call that--sorta a cross between Piss Yellow and Puke Green, ain't it?

JOHN

Yeah, well, you're car's so ugly you must have to sneak up on the pumps to get a tank of gas.

FALFA

Well, at least I don't have to move over to let a funeral go by, man.

Through all the insults, Carol has been cracking up.

CAROL

(shouting)

Your car's uglier than I am.

John and Falfa both look at her and she sits back.

CAROL

That didn't come out right...

They both stop at a light now. Falfa roars his engine.

FALFA

Come on, boy, prove it. Let's go.

JOHN

Look kid, why don't you go out and win a few races, then come back and see me.

CAROL

Oh, race him, you can beat him.

John gives Carol a very fierce look and she sinks back into her corner.

FALFA

Hey, that's a tough lookin' girl you got with you, man. What're you doin'? Trying to pick up a few extra bucks babysitting?

(grinning at Carol)

Hey, Doll. Why don't you come on and ride with me--in about ten years?

JOHN

Leave her out of this. This is just between you and me.

Falfa revs his engine again. John thinks a moment, then shifts down into first.

The light changes, and John and Falfa take off, tires screaming. The two cars perfectly in sync, rocket down the block toward the next red light. John starts to slow for the light. Falfa looks over, laughs, and runs the red light. John stops.

CAROL

Wow! He's really fast, isn't he?

JOHN

Yeah. But he's stupid.

CRUISING 10TH STREET-PHAROAH'S '51 MERCURY

Curt is still out riding with the Pharoahs. He seems a little easier with them now, after their successful heist at the miniature golf course. The radio is playing "Party Doll."

CURT

Hey--any of you guys know a blonde
in a white T-Bird?

JOE

Yeah, I seen her, what about it?

CURT

I was just wondering who she is.

JOE

She's outta your price range, man.
My brother's been with her and he
clued me in.

CURT

Price range? You mean she's a--

JOE

Yeah, Thirty Dollar Sheri. Can you
believe that? Thirty dollars.

CURT

We must be thinking of different
blondes.

CARLOS

Hey man, don't tell Joe what he
thinks.

ANTS

Thirty dollars ain't much. I saw ten
thousand once. My old man had it in
a suitcase. They caught him the next
morning though.

CARLOS

Fuzz ahead, watch it.

JOE

Where?

CARLOS

Fuzz ahead, watch it.

JOE

Where?

CARLOS

At Jerrie's Cherries. You can just
barely see the fender.

ANTS

That's rotten, man. Hiding like that.

CARLOS

That's shitty.

JOE

It's dishonest.

the Ants gives him the evil eye. Joe watches the cop car in
used car lot as they pass it.

JOE

We oughta do something. I got an
idea. I got a good idea.

MAIN STREET

from the Steve, Terry and Debbie have made it back into town
busy canal. They walk past the closed stores and stop on a
corner.

STEVE

I think I'm gonna go over to Burger
City.

TERRY

Yeah. Yeah. Laurie's probably over
there.

STEVE

You really think she's got me worried
about where she is, don't you?

TERRY

Well...

STEVE

Let me tell you something. I couldn't
care less. Want to come along?

DEBBIE

Yeah, I do. I do.

TERRY

No.

STEVE

Make up your minds.

TERRY

No, thanks. U'mm. You know we got to report the car missing.

STEVE

All right. See yuh.

TERRY

Yeah. See yuh.

Steve goes off and Debbie looks at Terry.

DEBBIE

Why can't we go to Burger City?

TERRY

Burger City? Burger City!!? How can you think of hamburgers when somebody stole my car.

She looks hurt and starts off.

ALLEY BEHIND JERRY'S CHERRIES USED-CAR LOT

saunters
like--
Curt is getting out of the low-slung Merc and Joe
around from the driver's side. He smiles, friendly

JOE

Listen, ah--Carl, I--

CURT

Curt.

JOE

Curt.

lot.
He nods at Curt, looking cautiously around the dark

JOE

Despite you scratching Gil's car, I like you. And I know what you'd like more than anything right now. Like every guy in town, you got the same secret dream, right?

Curt nods.

JOE

Ya want to join the Pharoahs. Huh?
You can admit it--you'd like to--but
you never dreamed it could be
possible, did you?

Curt shakes his head slowly.

JOE

Well, tonight, I'm goin' to give you
your chance.

about.
away,
grin.

Curt hasn't the slightest idea what Joe is talking
Joe puts his arm around Curt's shoulders and leads him
explaining what he has to do, while Ants and Carlos

among
another
as

In the middle of the used car lot, a patrol car hides
the autos for sale. Inside the car, Holstein sits with
officer who's dozing. Across Holstein's dark glasses,
reflections of the kids' cars cruising by can be seen,
Holstein waits to nab somebody.

ducks,
wanders
down.

Joe approaches the patrol car through the lot. He
carrying a length of metal cable in his hand. Curt
behind him. Joe sees him and motions for him to get

JOE

Get down!

Curt ducks down near Joe.

JOE

Okay. Now you got it? I'm stayin'
here. You're on your own.

CURT

Wait a minute, wait a minute, Joe.
What if he hears me?

JOE

Shhh. Listen. Look at it this way:
Now you got three choices. One, you
chicken out. In that case, I let

Ants tie you to the car and drag you around a little bit. And you don't want that, right?

CURT

No.

JOE

Two, you foul up and Holstein hears you and well, ah... you don't want that, right?

CURT

No, I don't.

JOE

Three, you are successful and you join the Pharoahs with a carcoat, and the blood initiation and all that, huh?

CURT

(seeing Joe walk away)
Wait--wait a minute. Wait a minute!
What blood initiation?

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, here we go baby! Here's "Come Go With Me."

see
cover,
falls.

The policeman waits for a victim. In the background, we
Curt dodging from behind one car to another. Taking
Curt makes another break toward a car--and trips and

opens
paces
behind
Holstein
door
coming
as

In the cop car, Holstein thinks he hears something. He
the door and gets out. Adjusting his billy club, he
around the used car lot officiously, while Curt hides
a Falcon and peeks out from behind a fender. He sees
walking back toward the squad car. The cop opens the
again and climbs in. The echoing sound of the calls
over the police radio blend with the Wolfman's howling
cars pass with their radios blaring.

squad
heard
to a
car

Curt is inching forward with the cable, toward the car. In the background, a slow freight train can be starting to move across the valley. Curt ties the cable post and then, looking scared, crawls under the police with the cable.

reaches

Underneath the car, Curt inches on his back and then up and attaches the cable to the rear axle of the car.

MAIN STREET

looks
he
more

Terry and Debbie are walking across the street, Terry miserable and disconsolate about the loss of the Chevy possessed for three short hours. Debbie tries to be positive about the situation.

DEBBIE

Hey, why don't we go get your jeep?

TERRY

What? What are you talking about?

DEBBIE

You know, your jeep. The one you sold the hunting ponies for. The one with the four-wheel drive.

parking

Terry just stares at her morosely. He stops by a meter and sinks down on top of it.

DEBBIE

Come on, Terry--Terry?

ALLEY BEHIND JERRY'S CHERRIES USED CAR LOT

Carlos

Curt and Joe are on the run toward the Merc. Ants and jump in as they start their getaway.

JOE

Hey, you sure you got enough slack?

CURT

Yeah, yeah. No sweat. Let's get out of here.

MAIN STREET

drag.
Pharoah's
shouting

Joe shifts into high gear and is flying down the main
Terry and Debbie look startled as they see the
Mercury roaring by--and Curt leaning out the door,
insanely.

CURT

Stand by for Justice!

Jerry's
of
siren
forward.
patrol
noses
as

Terry and Debbie watch the Merc speed suicidally past
Cherries Used-Car Lot.
Holstein spots them and the driver starts up the engine
the squad car. THE red lights start flashing and the
wails. The patrol car shifts into gear and leaps
Suddenly, there's a horrendous metallic screech, the
car hurtles up and out, airborne for a moment--then
down and bounces along the pavement, sending out sparks
it slides to a stop.

There,
their
the
whines

The driver is stunned and frozen to the wheel. Holstein
manages to remove his dark glasses and looks back.
sitting quietly in the middle of the parking lot, is
trans-axle and two rear wheels. The patrol car sits on
ground at a twenty degree angle, while its engine
impotently at top speed.

laugh--

On the radio, the all-seeing Wolfman gives an evil

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Oh, I can't believe it. Feels so
good 'cause you're sweet sixteen.

"You're
And Johnny Burnette takes his cue and croons into
Sixteen."

A DARK ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN--DEUCE COUPE

residential
population
curb
ticking.
John has glided off the main drag and into a
area. Everything is dark and quiet as the adult
sleeps through the night. John pulls the coupe to the
and turns off the engine. He turns out the lights.
Inside the car, there's silence. Only the clock
Carol looks over at John a little nervously.

CAROL

Why are we stopping here?

the
he's
John looks at her and his arm slides along the back of
seat above her. She notices his arm and the fact that
moving slowly toward her.

JOHN

(in a husky voice)
Carol...

CAROL

What?

JOHN

I--I don't think that I can control
myself any longer.

CAROL

You can't?

JOHN

No... Carol, I've got to have you.

CAROL

Me?

corner
He touches her hair and she slouches back into her
fearfully.

JOHN

All night you've been sitting there and you've been so sexy and it's been so hot--and I can't wait any more...

CAROL

Well--well, a lot of that's an act, you know. Like... like my crying. It was just an act.

JOHN

Well, it's been building up inside of me like a volcano, all night. Maybe if I knew where you lived I could fight it--I could take you home--but since you won't tell me, and since here we are--I've got to have you. It's too late--

CAROL

It's not too late! It's never too late! 231 Ramona--two three one--

JOHN

(smiling)

Two three one--

CAROL

I'll show you! It's easy to find.

The John starts the car engine. Carol looks very relieved.
yellow deuce coupe roars off down the dark street.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

City. Steve sits in the almost empty cafe section of Burger
his He stirs a coffee and mulls over the night's events in
watches mind. A door opens and Budda Macrae comes in. She
and him a moment, then takes off her little Bell Boy Cap
gets a cup of coffee for herself.

Steve looks up as she comes over on her roller skates.

BUDDA

Hi. You mind if I sit down?

STEVE

Hi Budda. No, have a seat.

BUDDA

I got five minutes outa the rat race,
and I saw you all alone. For a change.

thinking

She drinks her coffee and he looks out the window
about something else.

BUDDA

Where's Laurie?

STEVE

I don't know.

BUDDA

I thought the two of you'd be going
strong, this being your last night
and everything--

STEVE

We broke up.

Budda looks surprised.

STEVE

No big deal.

BUDDA

Wow... what happened?

STEVE

Nothing. We were out at the canal
and... we had a fight.

Budda smiles and he looks at her strangely.

STEVE

What's so funny?

BUDDA

Nothing. Just thinking. A girl like
Laurie--I mean, she goes to school
and is cute and popular and all, but
we're not so different. We know what
we want. I've seen her after you for
two years now.

STEVE

She's not like that.

BUDDA

Maybe not. She does have a different approach. Hers is "Never surrender," me I lay down my arms at the drop of a hat--

VOICE (O.S.)

Budda, you got an hour left, let's get on it.

BUDDA

(yelling back)

All right, relax... old fart. Listen, I'm off in an hour. If you wanta come over, my girlfriend's away for the weekend.

STEVE

I don't know...

she
going
Laurie walks up the drive-in and is about to enter when she stops and watches Steve and Budda. She thinks about going in, then hesitates, watching them.

BUDDA

Why don't you? I never got a chance to talk to you. You're leaving tomorrow. Listen, I gave up a long time ago, so it'd be just for fun. No problems.

door,
She smiles at him and he smiles back a little. At the door, Laurie turns and leaves before Steven sees her.

BUDDA

I'll see ya later then.

Steve
She gets up and goes back to the counter on her skates. Steve thinks a moment and gets up also.

STEVE

Budda, Budda wait.

her
She turns and he comes over to her as she puts back on her little cap.

STEVE

I gotta get up early and--I just don't think it'd work out.

BUDDA

She's got you so brainwashed--well, hell. Some day I'm gonna win. Don't ya think?

STEVE

Sure.

She smiles briefly, then turns and leaves. Steve watches her go.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

The drive-in remains a raucous roar: Cars coming in from the hop, from the movies, other cars going out to the canal or back out to cruise. Only the car hops, who have developed a late-hour, harried look, suggest it's nearly closing time.

The Pharoahs arrive. The Mercury swings imperiously into the lot. The radio can be heard as the rumbling engine dies. The Clovers are singing "Love Potion #9."

Curt jumps out of the Mercury elated. The Pharoahs all climb out and circle him, punching him playfully. Joe holds him while Carlos tickles him and they all laugh.

JOE

Oh mother, it's been a glorious night.

CARLOS

That was the bitchiest thing I ever seen in my whole life.

ANTS

I seen a little kid attacked by pigs once, but this was even better.

JOE

Oh boy, I'll tell you something,

that car must've jumped five feet in the air!

Curt nods, feeling pretty good.

JOE

You sure you got to go? The night's young.

CURT

Yeah, there's some things I got to do. I still want to find that blonde.

JOE

I think she was an optical delusion, man. Psychology-wise it ain't good to dwell on it. You'll alter your ego or something. Anyway, catch ya tomorrow night?

CURT

Yeah, I guess so.

JOE

Guess so? Man, we don't admit a lot of guys to the Pharoahs. You understand we're going to have to swipe your jacket and all--you gotta make up your mind.

at Curt nods, thinking about it. Then he shrugs. He looks
the three Pharoahs as they climb back into their maroon chariot.

CURT

Hey--I'll see you guys.

JOE

Sure--listen, remember, Rome wasn't buried in a night.

out Joe laughs and Curt nods. He watches the Mercury pull
little and then he wanders back across the drive-in toward his
Citroen.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

My, my, my. You only got five minutes left, if you want to talk to the Wolfman. Gonna make all your dreams

come true, baby.

radio. Curt gets into the little car and sits listening to the

The neon

MEL'S DRIVE-IN is reflected across the windshield.

VOICE (V.O.)

Wolfman...

WOLFMAN

Yeah.

VOICE

Would you dedicate a record to keep me and my girlfriend together?

WOLFMAN

Are you separated?

VOICE

Well, see, we're havin' a little problem.

WOLFMAN

I'll bring you right together. Hold on a minute, man. Hi ya, hi ya, hi, hi, hi. Everything's gonna be all right now, man, you understand? Now, let me play the record for you.

street. He As the Wolfman talks on, Curt glances toward the
quickly sees the white Thunderbird gliding by. He sits up
turns and tries to start the Citroen--but the machine barely
catch. over. He keeps trying desperately, but the engine won't

CRUISING G STREET--'58 EDSSEL

the Laurie drives slowly, alone in the Edsel. On the radio,
I Skyliners are lamenting the sad state of things--"Since
music. Don't Have You." Laurie wipes her eyes, crying with the
pacing A horn honks. She looks over to see Bob Falfa's car

him.
she
pulls

her. He's alone now and grinning at her. Laurie ignores
They drive along further. Falfa roars his engine, but
still doesn't give him any attention. He gives up and
off.

Falfa at
horn

Laurie thinks a while, pouting. She pulls alongside
the next light. He isn't looking at her. She toots her
and he turns. Laurie motions him to pull over.

follows her
determined
and
smiles.

Falfa looks surprised. The light changes, and he
to the curb. Laurie takes a deep breath, and with a
look, gets out and walks back to his car. She gets in
closes the door. They start off. He looks over and

FALFA

Hey Hey Hey, baby, what do you say?

LAURIE

Just don't say anything and we'll
get along fine.

glances at
chick.

Falfa is puzzled by the frigidity in the air. He
her then back at the road, wondering about this strange

RESIDENTIAL STREET--DEUCE COUPE

style
looks

The coupe slows in front of a modest California ranch-
home. John stops the car and turns off the engine. He
over at Carol, who seems lost in thought.

JOHN

This the first time you've been quiet
all night.

CAROL

I had fun. Goodbye.

She sits for a moment, about to say something.

CAROL

Do you like me?

JOHN

Yeah. I like you. You're all right.

CAROL

But I mean, do you like me?

JOHN

I, ah... I like you. Okay?

CAROL

Couldn't I have something to remember you by?

John gives in to her sweet gaze. He takes off the gearshift knob, gives it to her, and leans over and gives her a kiss.

JOHN

'Bye, kid.

CAROL

Gee, thanks. It's just like a ring or something.

JOHN

Yeah.

CAROL

It's like we were going steady. Wait'll I tell Marcia.

JOHN

Wait a minute, now.

CAROL

Wait'll I tell everybody.

JOHN

Don't go overboard with this thing.

CAROL

Well, I'll see you around.

She jumps out of the car and runs up the walk to the house. He watches her stop at the screen door and turn. She gives him a little wave, then goes inside.

a

John looks over at the empty seat next to him and seems little sad. He starts the engine and drives off slowly.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

I haven't cried so much. And the tears and everything, man... I leaned down towards the microphone and I almost shorted myself out.

OUTSIDE MEL'S DRIVE-IN

and is
beside

Curt has the front hood up on the beetle-like Citroen fooling with the recalcitrant engine. Steve is standing him.

CURT

Hold that up.

STEVE

(taking the hood from
him)

I've been thinking--maybe you're right. Why should I leave home to find a new home. Why should I leave friends that I love to find new friends?

CURT

Wait a minute, wait a minute. I've heard this already. Aren't you the one who for eight weeks has been telling me you have to leave the nest sometime?

STEVE

I realize that. I realize--

CURT

No--no realizing. You've been telling me all summer that it's time to pull your head out of the sand and take a look at the big, beautiful world out there. Gimme this thing.

STEVE

(letting him close
the hood)
I don't know--I--

CURT

(banging the Citroen
hood shut)
I feel like a mid-wife.

STEVE

I guess I was wrong. I may have been
wrong.

CURT

Wrong nothing. You've been talking
about getting out of this town for
eight weeks. And now--goddamnit!--
you're just--you're just mentally
playing with yourself. If you can
just relax, we'll talk about it at
the airport.

door. Curt walks around the side of the car and opens the

STEVE

Where are you going? It's awfully
early in the morning.

CURT

I have a dental appointment.

STEVE

Come on, Curt...

CURT

Just relax, wil ya? I'll see you at
the airport.

watches Curt gets into the car and starts the engine. Steve
him pull out of the drive-in, then walks off.

ALLEY BEHIND THE "COME ON INN" BAR

lot A half dozen people are standing around in the parking
behind the bar. Debbie is sitting on the hood of a car,
to be swinging her legs and chewing gum. The people all seem
Coughing is watching something on the ground behind the car.
someone heard, then gagging, and the unmistakable sounds of
being sick.

and
slides
At the back door of the bar even the cooks are looking
pointing. We hear more coughing and vomiting. A guy
up on the hood next to Debbie.

GUY

I never seen a guy lose so much. He
mustn't have been used to drinking.

DEBBIE

Oh no, he really likes to drink. He
told me.

An old man looks at his watch and then up at the stars.

OLD MAN

Gettin' late... I knew a man once
who got this sick. Billy Webber.
That was ten years ago. What do you
think that was there, that he had
for dinner?

close
sentimentally.
More groaning and gaggin is heard. An old woman moves
to the old man and he puts an arm around her

OLD WOMAN

Staying on his hands and knees like
that...

(she grins)

He looks like a dog, doesn't he?
Looks like old Ginger.

OLD MAN

Sicker than a dog, that's for sure.

the
hood
trying
The people drift off, leaving Debbie sitting alone on
car. Now, Terry slowly emerges, pulling himself up the
of the car. His face is white. He lies across the hood
to catch his breath.

TERRY

Ohh rats, I feel like--
(he notices a car
nearby and pushes
himself up)

Wait a second... hey!

slides
He staggers across the lot toward Steve's Chevy! Debbie
off the car and follows him.

TERRY

It's--oh my god--it looks like Steve's
car. Look, right here under our--
it's my car. My car. We found it.
Look!

searches
Terry staggers around and looks for the keys. He
under the front seat and over the visor.
Must've taken the keys with them.

DEBBIE

Maybe we oughta call the police.

TERRY

Never get here in time. I got a better
idea. We'll just steal it back. See
if you can find some wire around. We
only need a foot to hot-wire it...
okay?

GAS STATION--DEUCE COUPE

the
the
John pulls the coupe out of the garage and wheels up to
pumps of the gas station. An attendant nods, looking at
roaring engine.

ATTENDANT

Took the header plugs off. Expectin'
some action?

slowly.
John looks at him from inside the coupe and nods

JOHN

Yeah. Think so. There's some punk
lookin' for me.

ATTENDANT

Why the hell do they bother? You've
been number one as long as I can
remember.

JOHN

Yeah... it's been a long time, ain't it? I'll see ya. Thanks.

John drives the car out of the station and screeches
down the street.

ALLEY BEHIND THE "COME ON INN" BAR--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

Terry is fiddling around under the dashboard, trying to
hot-wire the Chevy. As the wires connect, the radio comes
to life and the Wolfman growls.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this on the Wolfman telephone?

There's the sound of a phone ringing, then the
unmistakable voice of the Big Bopper answering.

BIG BOPPER (V.O.)

Hellooo, baaaby--

Just then, Terry looks up and sees one large badass
looking at him. Terry gets up slowly and sees another big guy
standing nearby. The first badass reaches in and grabs Terry by
the shirt. He pulls him from the car. Terry is smiling
weakly.

TERRY

Ah, hi--this is my car. What I mean
is, somebody stole my car--I mean I
lost my car and I want to thank you
two guys for--

The first badass shoves Terry toward the other badass.

TERRY

--for returning--I mean finding it.
I mean, listen now, listen guys--
I've been sick recently, and this
kind of activity can really be hard
on a guy. Now, easy will you? Easy!

They throw him back and forth and start to rough him up

they
passing.

seriously. Debbie is running around helplessly while
pummel Terry. Then, she sees the yellow deuce coupe

behind the
turn.

John glances out his window and notices the fight
Come On Inn. He punches it and wheels into a fast U-

him.
and
is

The hoods have quit playing with Terry and are punching
Terry's still on his feet, mostly because he's drunk
staggering away from a lot of the blows; also, Debbie
screaming and pelting the assailants with her purse.

DEBBIE

Stop it, stop it, stop it! Help!
Police! You creeps!

lot.
in the
the

John jumps out of the coupe and runs into the parking
He grabs one of the punks and turns him--smashing him
face. The punk lands on his ass. John starts circling
other.

TERRY

Go, John!

DEBBIE

Hit him!

and
lying
in

A good fighter, John lands a couple of blows to the gut
lands him on his can. Both of them crawl off. Terry is
nearby, drunk, sick and bloodied. Debbie holds his head
her lap. John goes over and kneels by them.

JOHN

Hey, man, you all right?

TERRY

Yeah. I'll die soon and it'll all be
over.

DEBBIE

(looking at John)
Wow--you're just like the Lone Ranger.

JOHN

(eyeing Debbie)
Yeah. Listen, are you with the Toad,
or were you with them?

Terry manages to raise his head.

TERRY

You're talking to the woman I love...

His head falls back again.

JOHN

What happened, man?

hard.
Terry opens his mouth to start to explain, but it's too
He can only moan.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

hour
are
The drive-in is emptying out finally as the midnight
approaches and passes. The die-hards and the hard-ups
still wheeling through Mel's looking for remains of any
action.

come
Steve sits inside in a booth. Two gossipy looking girls
in smiling and slide into the booth across from him.

STEVE

Hi, Karen, Judy.

JUDY

Hi, Steve. Have you seen Laurie
lately?

Steve shakes his head no.

JUDY

Well, we have.

STEVE

(already annoyed)
Oh yeah. So what?

JUDY

So nothing. She was just with a really cute guy in a boss car. We wondered who he was.

STEVE

I wouldn't know.

JUDY

We do. His name's Bob Falfa.

The name registers with Steve.

Terry, his

Terry and Debbie pull into the drive-in and park. face swelling, groans as he leans toward the intercom.

TERRY

Help... I mean, I want two cherry cokes with lots of ice. Never mind, forget the cokes, just bring the ice, pronto.

and

The intercom repeats his order in a foreign language suddenly Steve arrives and opens the door.

STEVE

Out! OUT!

TERRY

What??

STEVE

I need the car--now.

in.

Terry gets out and Debbie gets out her side. Steve gets

TERRY

What's going on?

STEVE

I'm about to find out.

Debbie

Steve roars out of the drive-in, leaving Terry and standing in an empty space.

DEBBIE

I don't believe it! You practically get killed trying to get your car back, then you let him have it.

ballooning, his
Terry looks at her, his eye swollen, his lip
glasses broken. Finally, he gives up--it's not worth
the
trouble any longer.

TERRY

It's not my car.

DEBBIE

What?

TERRY

What?

TERRY

IT IS NOT MY CAR!

DEBBIE

Well, where is your car?

Terry is upset now.

TERRY

I DON'T HAVE A CAR!

DEBBIE

You don't--no car at all. What about
your jeep?

Terry shakes his head.

DEBBIE

No car... well, how am I going to
get home?

two
Just then the car hop approaches with the two cokes on
trays.

CAR HOP

Where's your car? I gotta hook 'em
to your car.

with
sound
the
Terry shrugs, standing in the empty stall, the carhop
the trays and Debbie watching. There's a low rumbling
and the girls turn as John's deuce coupe glides into
stall next to them. Terry shuffles toward John's car, a

defeated man.

window
Terry leans against John's car and John looks out the
at him.

JOHN

What's wrong, Toad? You lose the car
again?

TERRY

(softly)
No... Steve took it.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

It's a shame, Baby. I'll tell yuh...
Got to take it easy when you're
drivin' that car of yours. You got
to cruise easy, baby. Don't be doin'
any accidents or anything on me.

And the radio plays "Cryin' in the Chapel."

his
sits
with
looks
John smiles and gets out of the car. He goes and opens
hood, making a last-minute check on something. Terry
down gently on a curb by John. Debbie has been talking
some other boys. Eventually she wanders up slowly and
at Terry. He looks up at her, then away, disgraced and
embarrassed. She sits down by him and they're silent.

DEBBIE

You know, I had a pretty good time
tonight.

TERRY

Oh come on, you're just--

DEBBIE

No, no, really. I really had a good
time. I mean, you picked me up and
we got some hard stuff and saw a
hold-up, and then we went to the
Canal, you got your car stolen, and
then I got to watch you gettin' sick,
and then you got in this really
bitchin' fight... I really had a
good time.

Terry looks at her, starting to regain a little cool.

TERRY

You think so? Yeah--well I guess I have pretty much fun every night.

DEBBIE

Anyway if you're not doing anything tomorrow night, why don't you come over?

TERRY

Yeah--well, I might be busy, you know. But we could--well, I got a little Vespa I just play around with.

DEBBIE

Really? Why that's almost a motorcycle. And I just love motorcycles.

leans
He feels his swollen lip and she touches it. Then she over and kisses him.

DEBBIE

I got to go.

TERRY

Ow.

DEBBIE

Goodnight.

TERRY

See ya.

over
She smiles, walks off, swinging her purse. She looks her shoulder and smiles. He smiles back.

OUTSIDE RADIO STATION--CITROEN

winding
suddenly,
Then it
more
The little Citroen bumps along a lonely dirt road, its way through dark peach orchards and wizened grape vineyards. Curt watches the deserted landscape when the radio increases in volume and he turns it down. Then it begins to roar and distort eerily as the signal becomes more

powerful. Then Curt sees it.

Curt
the
glare
plays
He
intercom.

He stops the car and gets out. He stands looking at an isolated white frame house hitting in the moonlight.
looks up at a spidery radio antenna that rises toward stars, its black wires humming in the stillness.
Curt starts up the gravel walk to the door. Under the glare of a naked spotlight, he sees a small intercom which plays soft Rock and Roll. He hesitates, then pushes a buzzer.
He pushes it again and finally a voice comes over the intercom.

VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah, who is it?

CURT

It's--I want to talk to the Wolfman.

VOICE

The Wolfman ain't here.

CURT

I know, but I got to get in touch with him. I got something to give him before--

VOICE

We don't take no deliveries after eight. Come back tomorrow.

CURT

No, I can't. I want to ask him something that--

VOICE

Dedications by phone is Diamond 75044.
Wolfman Top 40 is Box 13, Chula Vista.
Wolfman Sweatshirts is Wolf Enterprises, Bakersfield. 'Bye.

CURT

Listen, I got a right to talk to him. I listened to him every night for as long--for twelve years almost. I know him and it's personal and it'll only take a minute and I bet

Wolfman would be upset if he knew a friend couldn't get in touch with--

Curt
scared, he
A buzzer interrupts him and the door opens an inch.
pushes it open slowly--no one is there. A little
goes inside and closes the door.

INSIDE RADIO STATION

electronic
Curt walks slowly down a dark eerie corridor, passing
strangely lit rooms with electronic generators, humming
dynamos and glassed-off booths filled with flashing
apparatus.

comes to
barely
windows.
off
ducktail,
Curt goes through this other-worldly maze until he
a small, dimly lit control booth. A figure inside is
visible through the reflections in the double glass
The figure turns and walks up to the window. Curt backs
a bit. A face stares at him--long hair greased in a
a short chinbeard. Then he speaks, his voice filtering
strangely through a hidden speaker.

MANAGER

What do you want?

heard.
Through the window, Curt can be seen but no sound is

MANAGER

Pull the red switch.

CURT

I'm looking for a girl.

MANAGER

Aren't we all. She ain't here. Come
on back to the booth.

ends up
Curt walks around through a few more glass doors and
in the booth with the manager.

blow
The manager sits down and leans back, turning a fan to

he
stands
on his large chest. He's a large, friendly looking man;
wears a Hawaiian shirt. He sucks on a popsicle. Curt
awkwardly.

MANAGER

Hey, have a popsicle. The ice box
just broke down and they're meltin'
all over the place. You want one?

CURT

No. Thanks. Listen, ah...

MANAGER

Have a popsicle.

CURT

Are you the Wolfman?

MANAGER

No, man. I'm not the Wolfman.

He
inspection,
it
segues
voice
and
The manager leans forward and picks up a spool of tape.
holds it up as a magician would for audience
then puts it on a machine. A record is about to end. As
does the manager punches some buttons and the record
into a Wolfman howl and then the distinctive Wolfman
takes over. The manager adjusts the monitor volume down
sucks his popsicle.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Who is this on the Wolfman's
telephone?

DIANE (V.O.)

Diane.

WOLFMAN

How're you doin', Diane?

DIANE

All right.

tape
The station manager smiles at Curt, who is watching the

and blinking lights of the large console.

MANAGER

That's the Wolfman.

CURT

He's on tape. The man is on tape.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Do you love me? Say you love me,
Diane.

CURT

Well, ah--where does he work? I mean,
where is the Wolfman now?

MANAGER

The Wolfman is everywhere.

CURT

But I got to give him this note.

MANAGER

(taking it from Curt)

Here, let me see the note.

(he reads it)

Hell, that's just a dedication. All
I gotta do is relay it. And it'll be
on the air tomorrow, or Tuesday at
the latest.

CURT

No, no. See, this is very important.
I may be leaving town tomorrow, and
it's very important that I--damn it,
that I reach this girl right now.

MANAGER

You don't know whether you're gonna
leave town or not?

CURT

Well, I'm supposed to go to college
back East tomorrow. And I don't know
if I'm gonna go.

MANAGER

Wait a minute. Have a popsicle.

CURT

No, thank you.

MANAGER

Sit down a minute.

not
saw

Curt sits down, undecided about leaving and upset about being able to get in touch with the lovely creature he earlier that night.

MANAGER

Listen, it's early in the morning. Now, I can't really talk for the Wolfman. But I think if he was here he'd tell you to get your ass in gear. Now, no offense to your home town here, but this place ain't exactly the hub of the universe, if you know what I mean. And well--I'll tell you this much--the Wolfman does come in here now and then, with tapes, to check up on me, you know, and when I hear the stories he got about the places he goes. Hell, here I sit while there's a big beautiful world out there, don't ya know. Wolfman comes in last time talking about some exotic jungle country, handing me cigars he says was rolled on the naked thighs of brown beauties. The Wolfman been everywhere and he seen everything. He got so many stories, so many memories. And here I sit sucking on popsicles.

Curt looks at him a moment.

CURT

Why don't you leave?

MANAGER

Well, I'm no kid anymore. I been here a long time. And the Wolfman--well, the Wolfman gave me my start and he's sorta become my life. I can't leave him now. Gotta be loyal to the Wolfman, you understand.

punches

Curt nods and stands. The manager swivels around and some buttons, putting on a commercial.

He turns back.

MANAGER

I tell you what. If I can possibly do it tonight, I'll try to relay this dedication and get it on the air for you later on.

CURT

That'd be great. Thanks. Really.

He shakes the manager's hand, then wipes it on his pants.

MANAGER

Sorry, sticky little mothers ain't they? Bye.

CURT

'Bye.

Curt goes out the door. He starts back out through the maze of windows and electronic machines. Echoing throughout the rooms, the Wolfman's raucous voice follows Curt. The howls and Curt turns.

Through the maze of glass, shifting like prisms, he sees the station manager sitting by the mike--howling! Then, he laughs and howls again, starting to sing a song called "Bluebirds on My Dingaling," pounding out the rhythm on the console.

CURT

Wolfman...

He backs away, leaving the Wolfman, who's on his feet now, screaming out the end of the song, dancing by himself in the little glass room, from which his voice radiates out through the night and around the world...

MEL'S DRIVE-IN

John is working under the hood of the deuce coupe when Falfa's

blasting
John
engine
She
is.

Chevy drives into the parking lot. The radio is now
"Heart and Soul." Terry moves over toward John's car.
doesn't look up, although he is quite aware of Falfa's
entrance.
Falfa slows down in front of John's car and revs his
again. John looks up--Laurie is in the car with Falfa.
She
looks determined not to seem as scared as she really
is.

TERRY

Hey, John, let me go with you. Come
on.

JOHN

Naw, man. I can't take you when I'm
racin' somebody.

TERRY

Ah, come on. Just let me go. So I
can watch. Or, I'll flag you, okay?

JOHN

All right. Go ahead.

Falfa

Terry starts to climb into the car. John looks over at
in the rumbling Chevy.

JOHN

Paradise Road.

Drive-

Falfa grins and gooses the Chevy, peeling out of Mel's
in.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--FALFA'S '55 CHEVY

Falfa looks over at Laurie, who is watching the road
nervously.

FALFA

All right now, where's this Paradise
Road?

LAURIE

You just follow this street straight
out of town... Listen, if you're

gonna race John Milner, you can let me out right when we get there.

FALFA

Why don't you shut up, baby? You ain't said one word all night long. What a weird broad. But you're gonna appreciate me soon. You're gonna be hangin' on for mercy, when I get this sucker rollin'.

looks He accelerates the Chevy, shifting up deftly. Laurie
scared now.

CRUISING 10TH STREET--STEVE'S '58 CHEVY

looking Steve is cruising along the almost deserted streets
shouts for Laurie. A T-Roadster pulls up alongside and a guy
at Steve.

DALE

You heading out to Paradise Road?

STEVE

Paradise Road, I'm not--

DALE

Some guy named Falfa going up against Milner.

STEVE

John's racing Falfa?

DALE

Yeah. Figured something was up, saw them going out of town real cautious and then--

roars But Steve is gone. Dale looks surprised as the Chevy
off toward Paradise Road.

MEL'S DRIVE-IN--PRE-DAWN

goes Curt pulls into the parking lot just as the neon sign
up out. The last cars are leaving as the drive-in shutters

booth

for the night. Curt stops next to the lighted phone
and sits in his car, listening to the Wolfman.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

I got a dedication here that's for a
friend of the Wolfman--a special
friend of the Wolfman who's leaving
town tomorrow and wants me to play
the next song for a blonde young
lady in a Thunderbird. A white T-
Bird, you understand? Now my friend's
named Curt and he wants to talk to
you out there, baby. So you meet him
at Burger City, or phone Diamond
3132. Now he's a friend of mine, you
hear, and, little girl, you better
call him, or the Wolfman gonna get
you.

his

The Wolfman howls and Curt smiles, leaning his chin on
hand, looking around the dark drive-in, wondering about
tomorrow.

PARADISE ROAD--DAWN

Chevy

road,

line.

Onions."

road

crickets

Terry

and

John's '32 yellow deuce coupe and Falfa's black '55
are waiting side by side on a long, straight country
their front wheels resting on a weather-beaten starting
The sky is getting lighter as the radio plays "Green

There are about six to eight other cars parked off the
to watch the race. Everything is quiet now, only the
ignoring the solemnity of the scene, and still singing.
jumps out of John's car, John hands him the flashlight
he takes up a position in front of the two cars.

John looks over at Falfa, who's arguing with Laurie.

JOHN

Hey--Laurie, what in the hell are
you doing in there? Is she gonna
ride with you?

LAURIE

Mind your own business, John.

FALFA

Yeah, she's with me. You worry about yourself, man.

TERRY

Everybody ready?

his
rags
John settles back in the driver's seat and positions
hand on the gear-shift, which we see is wrapped with
because of the missing knob.

builds.
Terry,
it on.
Both drivers start revvin' their engines; the tension
Terry looks nervous, the engines start to scream and
his hands shaking on the flashlight, manages to flash

coughing
the
line.
Both cars roar off the starting line, tires smoking and
screaming. Terry has his hands over his head and is
in a cloud of smoke as they pass. John beats Falfa off

almost
to
death. Falfa looks insane as he tromps it.
Out on the road, as they hit third gear, the cars are
neck and neck. Inside Falfa's car, Laurie looks scared

likewise--
crying--
Falfa regains control nervously.
John hits fourth at about eighty-five. Falfa does
but starts to fish-tail. Laurie closes her eyes, almost

to
light
car
shoots
Falfa's engine is winding out incredibly and he begins
get the edge on John. The cars rocket through the dawn
along the flashing white line until suddenly Falfa's
blows a tire, his front wheel slips off and the car

begins
smoke--

off into a tomato field, hits an irrigation ditch and flipping over wildly in a horrifying cloud of dust and

halt,
tailing it
bullet,

John sees the Chevy leaving the road and screams to a swimming through an unbelievable U-turn and high back to the crash site. He is out of the car like a running across the dirty cloddy field. The crash car is beginning to burn in the engine compartment and John is panicked.

Steve, who

Meanwhile, the spectators have arrived, including jumps from his car and is running across the field.

same
up
John

Steve and John arrive at the fire at approximately the time. They stop, the flames are getting higher, burning into the trees now. Steve looks around wildly--he sees and goes at him.

STEVE

You stupid sonofabitch, she was in that car! Why did you have--

manages to
at the
crouching,
motions

He takes a couple of swings at John, who finally tackle him around the waist. They both get up looking flaming wreckage. Then John moves around the side, trying to see past the flames--suddenly, he stands and to Steve to come over. They both circle the wreck.

state
is

Around behind the flaming car Falfa is standing in a of shock watching the car go up in smoke, while Laurie circling him, screaming and beating him with her purse.

LAURIE

I said I didn't--you lousy greasy jerk! You coulda killed me--what's wrong with you. You clubfoot...

and
not

She beats at him, crying hysterically. Steve runs over
grabs her, pulling her away. She fights at Steve, too,
knowing what's going on.

LAURIE

No, no, no. Please, don't come near
me. No, please. I think I'm gonna be
sick. Oh, Steven.

STEVE

Laurie, please.

throws her
irrigation

Standing in the early light, Steve holds her. She
arms around him as the crowd develops along the
ditch to watch the flaming car.

LAURIE

Oh, Steven! Oh, Steven, please, don't
leave me. Don't leave me, Steven.

STEVE

I won't.

LAURIE

I couldn't bear it.

STEVE

I won't.

LAURIE

Please.

STEVE

Believe me.

the car

John looks at Falfa who's shaking his head, watching
dissolve.

JOHN

Come on, before she blows.

they're a
like a

He pulls him off by the neck of the shirt and when
few yards off, Falfa's '55 Chevy does blow--exploding
small A-bomb, blowing it into Modesto history.

engine

Back on the road, John is heading toward his car, its still running, its door open. Terry runs up, trotting alongside John like a puppy.

TERRY

Jeez, did you show him! He'll probably never even get in a car again.

JOHN

He was faster.

TERRY

It was beautiful, John. Just beauti-- what?

stares

John stops by the open door of the deuce coupe. Terry at him and squints against the rising sun.

JOHN

I was losin', man.

TERRY

What?

JOHN

He had me, man. He was pullin' away from me just before he crashed.

TERRY

You're crazy.

JOHN

You saw it.

TERRY

No, you creamed him, from right off the line. The guy never had a chance.

JOHN

Shit, Toad. The man had me. He was beating me.

TERRY

John, I don't know what you're talking about. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. That guy, he might as well get a wheelchair and roll himself home. Man, you got... you got the bitchinist car in the Valley. You'll always be number one,

John. You're the greatest.

John nods, then looks up at Terry. His face is glowing,
his
glasses are smashed and his lip is swollen. John
smiles.

JOHN

Look at your glasses, man.
(shaking his head)
Okay, Toad. We'll take 'em all.

TERRY

(grinning)
Right.

JOHN

We'll take em... let's get out of
here.

John climbs in the car. Terry yawns and shakes his
head.

TERRY

Jesus, what a night.

He climbs in too, and the deuce coupe drives off slowly
as
the sun rises over the ploughed fields and on the radio
we
hear "Only You."

MEL'S DRIVE-IN-DAWN-CITROEN

Curt sleeps in the little car as the sky grows lighter
over
the empty parking lot. The phone is ringing in the
booth. It
continues to ring. Finally Curt becomes aware of it and
opens
his eyes. It takes him a moment to remember. Then,
panicked,
he jumps from the car and rushes to the booth.

CURT

Hello, hello, hello!

A soft sexy female voice is on the other end of the
line.

VOICE (V.O.)

Curt?

CURT

Yeah... this is Curt, who is this?

VOICE

Who were you expecting?

CURT

Do you drive a white T-Bird?

VOICE

A white '56. I saw you on Third Street.

CURT

You know me.

VOICE

Of course!

CURT

Who are you? How do you know me?

VOICE

It's not important.

CURT

(excitedly)

It's important to me. You're the most perfect, beautiful creature I've ever seen and I don't know anything about you. Could we meet someplace?

VOICE

I cruise Third Street every night. Maybe I'll see you again tonight.

CURT

No... I don't think so.

VOICE

Why?

CURT

I'm leaving... in a couple of hours. Where are you from?

VOICE

Curt...

CURT

What's your name? At least tell me
your name?

VOICE

Goodbye, Curt.

CURT

Wait a second! Wait a second!

phone
hears
But there's a click as she hangs up. Curt looks at the
a moment, then also hangs up. From the car radio, he
the Wolfman making kissing noises.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

Little kiss on your ear. Good night,
sweetheart. I'll see you later.

"Goodnight
Sweetheart."
And then the Spaniels duh-duh-duh-duh-duh into

AIRPORT DAY

waits
too
family
couple in
his
A DC-3 prop airliner is warming up its engines as it
to take off from a small country airport. There aren't
many people around. Just Curt and his friends and
seeing him off. Curt stands with a kindly-looking
their fifties. He hugs his mother and shakes hands with
dad.

hand.
Then, Curt moves to his friends. He shakes Steve's

STEVE

Good luck.

CURT

Yeah, same to you. And I better see
you there next year.

STEVE

Oh yeah, I'll be there.

CURT

Sure.

moment. Curt hugs his sister. Laurie holds on to him for a

CURT

See ya later.

LAURIE

'Bye 'bye, Curt.

Curt goes to Terry and John.

CURT

So long, guys.

TERRY

Well, stay cool, man.

CURT

Yeah.

TERRY

Ah--don't do anything I wouldn't do.

forehead.
Curt looks at John and they don't seem to know what to
say.

Curt smiles at Terry, who has a bandage on his
Finally, John gives Curt a little slap on the cheek.

CURT

I'll see ya, buddy.

JOHN

I know, you probably think you're a
big shot, goin' off like this--but
you're still a punk.

CURT

Okay, John. So long.

around
portable
the
back
runway

He walks toward the plane and they all wave. He looks
as he goes up the steps carrying a small bag and a
radio. The stewardess smiles as he passes her. Above
door of the plane it reads RADAR EQUIPPED. Curt looks
again, then goes inside. The plane takes off down the
and then climbs up into the sky.

INSIDE THE PLANE

playing
over
between
turns

Curt listens to the radio as the plane takes off. It's "Goodnight Sweetheart." As the plane climbs and banks the valley, the music fades and the station drifts static and other stations...and then it's gone. Curt turns off the radio and looks out the window.

white
of
ripples

As the plane banks, through the window Curt sees the Thunderbird crossing beneath on the small grey ribbon highway. Curt watches it. Then the plane's shadow over the car and it, too, is gone.

THE BLUE SKY

cameos of

1964.
in
California.

As the plane flies off against the blue sky we see Curt and his friends:

John Milner was killed by a drunk driver in December

Terry Fields was reported missing in action near An Loc

December 1965.

Steve Bolander is an insurance agent in Modesto,

Curt Henderson is a writer living in Canada.

THE END