

FADE IN:

THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Georgia. Two-lane blacktop, stretching from here to heaven. Empty. Silent. Then, suddenly in the far distance, several dark specks rise over a hill and head straight toward camera.

Camera holds and the specks begin to take form. Vehicles. Trucks. Six monstrous eighteen-wheel diesels, coming at us, their smokestacks blasting. Sound grows louder, as we begin to hear snatches of Citizens Band Radio talk over:

VOICE ONE

-- Breaker, this is Banana Peel...

VOICE TWO

-- Yeah, Breaker go head on.

VOICE ONE

-- Thanks much. I'd like to get me a Smokey report?

VOICE TWO

-- Road looks clean as a hound's tooth.

VOICE ONE

-- Okey, doke. Last one to the Roadeo is a homo.

Voices fade and titles and credits begin. "Black Smoke Blowing Over Eighteen Wheels" by Red Simpson comes up in the b.g. as the six trucks blast right over camera.

AN AERIAL VIEW

of the trucks driving through an entrance gate to a huge parking lot. Over the gate is a sign reading: "GEORGIA TRUCK ROADEO STATE FINALS." Music and credits continue.

TRUCK ROADEO - PARKING LOT - DAY

Macks, Kenworths, Whites and Jimmys, all polished to a mirrored finish. Truck drivers decked out in their flashiest western outfits. The stands filled with spectators on the edge of their seats, watching the gearjammers put their rigs through tests of skill and reflexes -- parallel parking, driving around eggs, through complicated barricades, etc.

CAMERA PICKS UP

a customized white Cadillac convertible pulling into the Rodeo grounds. The Caddy has mounted chrome quarter horses on each front fender, bull horns on the front bumper, stacked rifles displayed in the rear. Garish. The car's Texas license plate reads "Mr. Big."

CLOSER ANGLE

The Cadillac stops. Two men climb out and wend their way through the trucks and spectators. Camera tracks behind them. Although we can't see their faces, we see that one man is pudgy and decked out in a fancy white western suit and hat. The other is younger, tall, skinny and wearing a grey western suit and hat. Kyle Brand and his son Dickey.

MUSIC AND CREDITS FADE

ANGLE - ROADEO INFIELD

The crowd roars, as the trucks race through an obstacle course.

ANGLE - THE MEN - TRACKING

Camera still on their backs.

DICKEY

(referring to race)

Is that Bandit in the lead?

KYLE

If that sumbitch was in the race, he'd be in the winner's circle by now.

DICKEY

I still think this whole idea is dumb, pop.

KYLE

Then it must be a helluva idea.

Kyle laughs. His laugh then turns into a hacking cough.

DICKEY

Why don't we just rent a Lear jet

and haul it back ourselves?

KYLE

Because I wanna see this hot shot
Bandit do something that can't be
done. Besides, there's nothing I
like better than breaking legends.

He laughs, coughs again, continues walking.

DICKEY

(not getting it)

But if it can't be done, how's he
gonna do it?

KYLE

That's the point, Dickey.

DICKEY

Oh.

KYLE

Now, you just find him, son.

DICKEY

Yes, sir.

Dickey crosses to a trucker couple, polishing up their chromed
rig.

DICKEY

Say, hoss. Where might I locate the
Bandit?

HUSBAND

Ain't seen him.

WIFE

(immediately)

Over there behind his rig.

The Husband shoots his old lady a jealous look. Dickey rejoins
Kyle and they head toward Bandit LaRue's truck.

NEW ANGLE - MOVING

as they come to the only battered, beaten-up eighteen-wheeler
at the entire Truck Rodeo. It looks like it hasn't been
washed since it left the showroom.

On one side of the truck is a faded and peeling mural of a stagecoach being held up. A teamster and a shotgun guard have their hands high in the air and a Bandit on horseback has a six-gun pointed at them.

An elaborate CB radio antenna grows out of the cab beside the driver's door.

ANGLE - KYLE AND DICKEY - FROM BEHIND

as they round the truck and stop in their tracks.

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE

A hammock is stretched from the cab of the truck to an oak tree. A man wearing a faded denim western shirt, open with the sleeves rolled up, levis and silver-toed cowboy boots is lying in the hammock. A cowboy hat covers his face.

CLOSER ANGLE

as shadows fall across the figure. The man slowly tips back his hat and we see he's in his thirties, boyishly handsome, with a cocky smile. Bandit LaRue.

FULL SHOT

And for the first time we get a look at Kyle and Dickey. Kyle is wearing sunglasses and diamond rings on every finger. His smile is as tasteless as the suit he wears.

Dickey is in his early twenties. Blonde, blue-eyed and scared to death of his old man.

Bandit looks at them for a moment, then casually pulls the hat back over his face.

KYLE

Aw, ain't you glad to see me, Bandit?

BANDIT

(hat over his face)

Yeah, it's the highlight of my day.

There's a long pause interrupted by Kyle's hacking cough.

KYLE

(to Dickey)

What's he get if he wins here?

BANDIT
(hat over his face)
If...?

DICKEY
Five thou.

KYLE
Chickenshit money.

Kyle coughs again.

BANDIT
(hat over his face)
Could you turn your head?

Bandit gets up and begins untying the hammock from the tree.
Kyle crosses to him.

BANDIT
Look, Kyle; I ain't in this Truck
Rodeo for the money. It's the
challenge. You know, the ecstasy of
victory, the agony of defeat.

Kyle looks out at the cheering crowd.

KYLE
I can't believe there's two thousand
people here to watch a bunch of guys
back up their trucks.

BANDIT
America's bored.
(then)
Now, what do you want?

KYLE
You to forget this dumbass Rodeo
and take on a real challenge.

As Bandit turns to him, we:

CUT TO:

BANDIT'S TRUCK - DAY

Bandit, wearing aviator shades and his cowboy hat, is backing the truck up and shouting down to Kyle and Dickey on the ground.

BANDIT

You're crazy, man. Smart dresser,
but crazy.

KYLE

What's the matter? Legend has it
Bandit LaRue's king of the road.

BANDIT

I can make it to Texarkana and back
in twenty-eight hours... that's no
sweat.

DICKEY

It ain't ever been done before, hot
shit.

BANDIT

(smiles at Dickey,
then)

See, running Coors Beer east of Texas
is what bothers me. It makes me a
bootlegger.

KYLE

I hear a few weeks ago you smuggled
sixteen Beaners up to West Virginia.

BANDIT

You know how rumors start.

DICKEY

I think you're just yellow.

BANDIT

Wonderful psychology. Why don't you
say something about my mom?

(then)

Excuse me.

Bandit drives toward the starting line for another event.
Kyle and Dickey run alongside.

KYLE

(coughs, then)

Look, you make this little run for me, I'll buy you a new rig.

BANDIT
(indicating truck)
Last year, this was a new rig.

KYLE
But it wasn't a Kenworth.

Dickey turns to his father, stunned, as Bandit stops the truck.

DICKEY
(sotto)
Pop, a K-Whopper's worth seventy thou.

BANDIT
(correcting)
Seventy-two five.
(then)
Why do you want this barley pop so bad?

DICKEY
He's thirsty.

Bandit smiles at Dickey again.

KYLE
I got a boy running in the Peach Tree Classic tomorrow and when he wins, I wanna celebrate in style.

BANDIT
How much style?

KYLE
Four hundred cases worth.
(a long pause)
Well?

BANDIT
(a beat)
You paying for the gas?

Kyle smiles that unwinning smile and takes out a huge wad of bills, as we:

CUT TO:

GEORGIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Picturesque. Bandit's eighteen-wheeler rolling down the Georgia highway, past lush green meadows and endless acres of pines.

Over this:

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Whaddya mean, we're not going to the show tonight?

INSIDE THE TRUCK (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS)

And for the first time, we get a real look inside the rig. It's quite a set-up. The opposite of the outside. Home on the road.

Sheepskin over the two front seats, a poster of Raquel Welch in a bikini tacked above the windshield, under which is a bumper sticker reading: "Do It For Truckers." On the dashboard, a St. Christopher medal and a chattering skull. Also, a stereo tape deck and the best Citizens Band Radio outfit money can buy.

Bandit is on the C.B.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Hot Pants, I got no choice. I gotta make a run to Texarkana. Over.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over CB)

But you been promising to take me for three weeks.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Baby, I...

MALE VOICE

(over CB)

Break. Break.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over CB)
Yeah, breaker; come on.

MALE VOICE
(over CB)
Hot Pants, this here is Sugar Man.
I'll take you to the show tonight.
Pick you up at seven. How am I hitting
you?

WOMAN'S VOICE
(over CB)
Bull's-eye, Sugar Man. Bandit?

BANDIT
(into mike)
Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE
(over CB)
Go sit on a cold carrot.

Bandit looks at the mike and we:

CUT TO:

RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Bandit's truck pulls to a stop in front of a small white
clapboard house.

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER - INSIDE THE HOUSE

Most of the furniture is old and what isn't, is covered with
plastic. No fancy carpets or objects d'art. On the coffee
table is an open, colorfully illustrated Bible. A blonde
wood television set sits in a corner of the room. There are
a lot of toy trucks lying around and over the mantel is an
oil painting of a fancy eighteen-wheeler with an epitaph
under it reading: "I'd rather be a truck driver, than be a
millionaire..."

Bandit is trying to get into the bedroom, but his path is
being blocked by a faded Georgia beauty lost somewhere in
her thirties. Waynette Snow.

BANDIT

(trying to get past
her)
Goddamn, Waynette; you sure do look
foxy today. If you weren't already
married, I'd...

WAYNETTE
Don't give me that horseshit, Bandit.
You ain't seeing him.

BANDIT
(determined)
Yes, I am.

WAYNETTE
(equally determined)
No, you ain't.

A scrawny little Kid runs through the room, followed by an
even scrawnier mutt.

SCRAWNY KID
Hi, Uncle Bandit.

WAYNETTE
(turning to Kid)
He ain't your damn uncle and get
that mutt outta here. He just peed
all over my hot curlers!

Bandit takes the moment to slide past Waynette and duck into
the bedroom.

THE BEDROOM

is dark. The venetian blinds are drawn. Bandit hurries into
the room with Waynette still hollering in the b.g.

He passes a French Provincial dresser with a small fleet of
model trucks on top and crosses to a Lump sleeping face down
on a double bed.

BANDIT
(shaking the Lump)
Cledus.

CLEDUS
(not moving)
No.

BANDIT
(shaking him again)
Wake up, man; I just got us a hot
run for big bucks.

Bandit goes to the closet and begins tossing clothes onto
the bed.

CLEDUS
(slowly rolling over)
Whadda we have to do -- kidnap the
Pope?

BANDIT (O.S.)
(from closet)
How'd you know?

He comes out of the closet with the rest of the clothes and
tosses them on the bed, then crosses to the dresser drawer
and throws a pair of socks and underwear at Cledus.

BANDIT
Look, all we gotta do is make a run
to Texarkana...
(under his breath)
...in twenty-eight hours.

Cledus Snow slowly comes up from under the covers and we get
our first glimpse of him. He's thirty-three, but you'd never
take him for a day under forty. Trucker all the way. He's
wearing boxer shorts and an undershirt. As he reaches across
to the nightstand and puts on a pair of glasses:

CLEDUS
Twenty-eight hours! You're outta
your gord.

BANDIT
Is that any way to talk to your ole
partner?
(pulling back blanket)
Look, it's only nine hundred miles
each way.

CLEDUS
(figuring quick)
That means we gotta average ninety-
four miles per.

(lying back down)
Forget it.

BANDIT
No one's ever done it before. This'll
put us on the map.

CLEDUS
Or in the slammer.

BANDIT
Did I tell you they're gonna give us
a brand new Kenworth?

CLEDUS
(sitting up)
Waynette!

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE CLEDUS' HOUSE - DAY

Bandit sits inside the cab of the truck, nervously tapping his foot and watching Cledus' kids play football on the front lawn. The mutt keeps getting in their way.

Bandit hits the horn and an instant later, Cledus steps onto the front porch, followed by Waynette. He's wearing a plaid shirt, levis, a large engraved cowboy belt and a thermal vest.

WAYNETTE
(handing him a thermos)
This ain't fair. You're letting him
talk you into this.

CLEDUS
(buttoning shirt)
I swear to God, pumpkin; I'll be
back before you know it.
(sly smile)
And then I'll make you glad you was
born a woman.

WAYNETTE
Well, I just might not be waiting
this time.

Bandit toots again. Waynette gives him "the finger."

CLEDUS

Honey, please... Don't be this way.
You know I'd do anything for you.

WAYNETTE

Anything?

Cledus nods.

WAYNETTE

Take Fred.

CUT TO:

GEORGIA HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The eighteen-wheeler heading west, stacks open.

Over:

CLEDUS (V.O.)

Believe me, man; Fred'll be no
problem.

BANDIT (V.O.)

Yeah, I can tell he's gonna be a
major asset.

INSIDE THE CAB (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS)

Fred, the mutt, lays with his head slumped over Bandit's
leg. Cledus is at the wheel, wearing clip-on sunglasses.

BANDIT

All right, Fred; enough fun.

Bandit picks Fred up and dumps him onto the sleeper
compartment behind the seats. Then, starts going over a road
map.

CLEDUS

You know of course, we ain't ever
gonna make it.

BANDIT

(not looking up)

Quit being so negative, guy; 'course
we're gonna make it. We ain't never

not made it, have we?

CLEDUS

No.

BANDIT

See.

CLEDUS

Our asses gonna be in a sling if we
get caught.

BANDIT

(looking up, straight
to him)

And if we don't, they're gonna be
riding high in a brand new Kenworth.

As "Truck Driving Man" by Red Steagall starts over, Cledus
looks at Bandit, sighs -- then punches it.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

A SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES - THE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER

roaring down the highway. Music continues, as slowly day
becomes night and the truck whizzes across the Alabama and
Mississippi State Lines.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The rig is parked on the shoulder under a highway light.
Bandit and Cledus stand by the side of the truck, as Fred
wanders aimlessly around the grassy knoll off the shoulder.

BANDIT

(snapping his fingers
impatiently)

How long's this gonna take?

CLEDUS

I don't know, man. Ask him?

BANDIT

(nervously)

We gotta let the slack out, Cledus;
this is costing us time.

CLEDUS

If you ask me, I think we should
make that run to Choo Choo Town and
pick up that load of lumber. Nice.
Easy. And within the law.

BANDIT

Also boring.

CLEDUS

But I still don't think...

Bandit walks away from Cledus in mid-sentence, heading for
the rear of the truck.

CLEDUS

What are you doin' now?

BANDIT

(starting to open
rear doors)

Running blocker.

CUT TO:

THE BACK DOORS OF THE TRUCK

As Bandit swings them open, Cledus adjusts one of two ramps
that have now been mounted on the rear of the truck's floor.
As Cledus kicks the ramp into place, Bandit climbs into the
back of the trailer and disappears.

After a moment, there is a deafening roar and suddenly, two
headlights are GLARING straight at camera.

NEW ANGLE

A beat and slowly, a full-blown SHELBY COBRA II appears from
inside the truck. As it moves slowly down the ramp, we see
it has twelve coats of black lacquer, red pinstriping,
aluminum mags, twelve-inch Firestones, the works. A mean
machine.

On the rear bumper is a CB antenna matching the one on the
truck.

CAMERA FOLLOWS

as Bandit guides the Cobra down the ramp. Cledus quickly folds up the ramp and dumps it back into the truck. He slams the metal doors closed and crosses to the Cobra.

CLEDUS

All right, here's our plan of communication, so as to avoid Smokey.

BANDIT

Go.

CLEDUS

Now, if I say go to channel three, it really means go to six.

BANDIT

(nods)

Six. Got it.

CLEDUS

If I say go to twenty-one, go to nineteen.

BANDIT

(trying to remember)

Twenty-one is nineteen.

CLEDUS

If I say go to two, it's really one.

BANDIT

(now totally confused)

Two is one.

(then)

Listen, let's just stay on the odd channels and switch everytime. Start in the basement. Now, let's haul ass.

Cledus grabs Fred, who's still peeing and bounds up the metal steps of the cab. As Bandit lays twenty feet of rubber, we:

CUT TO:

MISSISSIPPI HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Cobra followed by the Eighteen-wheeler whip past camera. (NOTE: From this point on, the Cobra will be referred to as Bandit I. The Eighteen-wheeler as Bandit II.)

INSIDE BANDIT I (THE COBRA)

The car is cherry. Wooden steering wheel, all leather upholstery stereo tape deck, harness-style seat belts and a CB radio identical to the one in Bandit II.

Bandit is talking to Cledus on the CB.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Bandit One, am I hitting you?

INTERCUT - BANDIT II (THE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER)

Cledus picks up his mike. Fred is now riding shotgun.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
You're wall to wall and tree top tall.

BANDIT
(into mike)
I'm gonna run a couple miles ahead of you. Keep both feet on the floor. We'll be moving ninety and over.

CLEDUS
(into mike; after a beat)
Bandit?

BANDIT
(into mike)
Yeah?

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Why are we doing this?

BANDIT
(a beat, then into mike)
Because they said it couldn't be done.

And:

DISSOLVE TO:

THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bandit I and II screaming through the Mississippi night.
Over this a driving Doug Kershaw fiddle.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit driving, sipping coffee from a thermos. Sees something.

HIS VIEW - UP AHEAD

A Mississippi Highway Patrol Car is approaching from the
opposite direction.

BACK TO BANDIT

as he eases up on the pedal and fires up his CB mike.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Bandit Two, do you read me?

Bandit glances up in his rear view mirror.

ANGLE - THROUGH REAR VIEW MIRROR

The Mississippi HPC, zips past Bandit and moves on down the
highway.

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS)

Cledus picks up his mike.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Loud and clear.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Pull your hammer back, Smokey's coming
at you.

Cledus immediately backs off the accelerator and slows down,
an instant before the Mississippi HPC passes by. Everything
is cool.

CLEDUS

(into mike)
He's history.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Okay, we got a straight shot to T
Town, so let her roll.

And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

As night slowly begins fading back into day, Bandit I and
Bandit II blast across the Arkansas State Line.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SUN RISING

behind a sign that reads: Welcome to Texarkana, Texas. A
beat and two blurs whip past camera. Bandit I and II.

CUT TO:

THE WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Bandit I followed by Bandit II pull into the loading area of
a large warehouse.

The place is locked up and the loading dock is empty. Bandit
and Cledus park their vehicles and climb out.

BANDIT
Shit! No one's here.

CLEDUS
(checking watch)
That's 'cause we're damn near an
hour ahead of schedule.

BANDIT
Let's keep it that way.

Bandit grabs a crowbar from Bandit I and we:

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Pitch black. A beat, then a loud smash o.s. and the door slides open, sending a stream of light across the warehouse floor.

Bandit and Cledus step inside. Bandit crosses to the light switch and hits it. Suddenly the entire room is bathed in fluorescent. We see the warehouse is filled with cases upon cases of Coors Beer.

CLEDUS
(whistles low)
Liquid gold.

BANDIT
(nods)
Redneck heaven.

They cross back to the large sliding door and as Bandit pushes it open, Cledus jumps into the truck's cab and begins backing the big rig up to the loading dock.

CUT TO:

THE WAREHOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The rig's doors are open and ready for loading. Cledus and Bandit cross to a brand new fork-lift.

CLEDUS
You know how to drive one of these things?

BANDIT
Can a pig whistle?

Bandit climbs into the seat of the fork-lift and turns the key. The engine roars to life. He grins and confidently throws it into gear. The fork-lift leaps backward and begins speeding wildly around the warehouse.

CLEDUS
(yelling)
Hit the brakes!

BANDIT
They're jammed!

RUNNING ANGLE - FOLLOWING THE FORK-LIFT

as it smashes into stacks of Coors cases, sending them flying in every direction and tossing Bandit out of the seat -- and into the air.

NEW ANGLE

as Bandit crashes to the ground, surrounded by cases of beer. He looks up to Cledus.

BANDIT

So much for whistling pigs.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Bandit II is now almost filled with cases of Coors, as Cledus guides the fork-lift's final load onto the loading dock. He and Bandit unload the final cases and Cledus parks the fork-lift.

They look around. The place is a wreck.

BANDIT

Let's get the hell outta here.

CLEDUS

Shouldn't we pay 'em for the damages?

BANDIT

(snaps his fingers)

Right. Give me your pen. We'll tell 'em to bill Kyle.

As Bandit pulls out a piece of paper and Cledus hands him a pen, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TEXARKANA CITY LIMITS SIGN - MORNING

as again, two blurs flash past camera, moving south. Bandit I and Bandit II -- heading home.

DISSOLVE TO:

ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - HIGH SHOT

It's now mid-morning, as Camera follows Bandit I and II rolling through hog country.

OVER:

BANDIT
(over CB)
We still on schedule?

CLEDUS
(over CB)
Forty-two minutes ahead.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS)

Bandit holding the CB mike.

BANDIT
(into mike)
I hate to say I told you so.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Save it. We got a long haul.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Clear and rolling.

He hangs up the mike, then sees something ahead of him he can't believe.

WHAT HE SEES

Standing in the middle of the highway is a GIRL in a wedding gown. Off to the side, on the shoulder, is a customized Camaro with a "Just Married" sign on the back and strings of tin cans, shoes and streamers. The hood of the Camaro is up.

BACK TO SCENE

as Bandit eases off the accelerator and starts to move around the Girl.

But the Girl moves with him, waving and blocking his path. Bandit's forced to pull off the road and stop. The Girl rushes up to the Cobra and opens the door.

GIRL
(climbing in)
Thanks.

BANDIT
(it was nothing)
Hey...

The Girl slams the door and turns to Bandit. She's tall and sophisticated. A hyper New Yorker in her late twenties. KATE McCONNELL.

FULL SHOT

as Bandit I pulls away in a cloud of dust and squealing tires, a beat-up VAN passes, going the other way.

THREE SHITKICKER KIDS are riding in the Van. They watch Bandit leaving the abandoned "Just Married" car and brake to turn around. Bandit and Kate don't notice.

INSIDE BANDIT I - DAY - MOVING

picking up speed.

BANDIT
(after a beat)
Who's the unlucky guy?

Kate takes off her veil and shakes down her hair. She's a beauty. Bandit immediately notices, but keeps driving. She starts talking a mile-a-minute.

KATE
Okay. I was in Texas dancing in an industrial show for Sunkist Oranges. They say I'm the new Anita Bryant. But I'm really a dancer from New York. A lot of credits. Moderate talent.

(rolling on)
Anyway, after opening night, I was walking back to the motor lodge and suddenly there he was. A tall Texan with a twenty-nine inch waist. Pure dynamite.

BANDIT
All sound reasons for matrimony.

KATE

Look, I'm a twenty-eight year old hooper who spends most of her time with fags. Besides, I'm impulsive. It runs in the family. We're all crazy. Mind if I smoke?

(lights a cigarette)

Anyway, today was the 'bid day.' But as I was walking down the aisle, I realized this is total insanity. What am I going to do in Texas the rest of my life? I can't marry Jerry Jeff. I mean, we're eventually gonna have to talk. So, halfway down the aisle, I turned and split. You think I'm nuts, right?

BANDIT

Absolutely not. In fact, I picked up a bride yesterday; except she was a singer.

Suddenly, Cledus interrupts over the CB.

CLEDUS

Bandit I, do you copy?

BANDIT

(picking up mike)

This is Bandit I, come back.

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Cledus on the CB.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Who's the broad? Over.

Bandit turns to the Girl.

KATE

Kate McConnell.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Kate McConnell. Sweet, shy... well-dressed. I'm giving her a lift to

the next waterhole.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Listen, pardner; this ain't no time
to be getting laid.

KATE

(into mike)

Believe me, that won't be a problem.

CUT TO:

BANDIT II

Cledus replaces the CB mike and slips Red Simpson's
"Motivatin' Man" into the tape deck.

CLEDUS

Never fails. Bandit gets a chick. I
get...

He looks over at Fred, who's now passed out in the passenger
seat.

CUT TO:

SHINY STRIP OF CHROME

as a pair of plyers rip it off the side of a car and we EASE
BACK to see:

KATE'S ABANDONED CAMARO

still parked along the Arkansas Highway -- now almost
completely stripped by the THREE KIDS in the Van. The car is
up on jacks, as one of the Kids, rolls the last of the four
tires to the rear of the Van. Another kid dumps the chrome
stripping into the cab, while the third, unscrews the radio.

NEW ANGLE

As a TEXAS SHERIFF'S CAR skids to a stop behind them. SHERIFF
BUELL CLAYTON climbs out. Fifty. Ruggedly handsome. An
imposing figure.

CLAYTON

Hey!

The Kids freeze, as the Sheriff strides up to them.

FIRST KID

(pleading)

I swear to God, officer; the car was. already like this, we were just trying to...

But Sheriff Clayton doesn't even notice they've stripped down the entire car. He's got other problems.

CLAYTON

Did you see the gal who was driving? She was wearing a wedding dress.

They all nod, still shaking in their jeans.

SECOND KID

(eagerly)

Yes, sir. She got into a cherry-looking Cobra.

CLAYTON

You get a look at the driver?

FIRST KID

No, but he had Georgia plates. BAN-ONE.

Clayton turns on his heels and leaps back into the Sheriff's car, muttering to himself. He jams it into gear and peels out in a cloud of dust.

The kids exchange bewildered looks, then immediately go back to stripping the Camaro.

CUT TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I - BANDIT AND KATE

Bandit watching the road. Kate watching Bandit.

KATE

Why're you driving so fast?

BANDIT

I gotta get back to Atlanta in thirteen hours.

KATE

Why? You have a bowling date?

BANDIT

Cute. No, 'cause no one's ever made it from Atlanta to Texarkana and back in twenty-eight hours.

KATE

Who'd want to?

BANDIT

I never looked at it that way.
(then)
You ask a lot of questions.

KATE

Why are you doing this obviously macho feat?

BANDIT

For a new Kenworth. That's a truck.

KATE

(incredulous)

A truck? You're doing this for a truck? That's insanity.

BANDIT

It's not a truck. It's the Rolls Royce of eighteen-wheelers.

KATE

But you could get killed, right?

BANDIT

Hey, you could get killed crossing the street.

KATE

An existentialist.

BANDIT

(turns to her)

A what?

KATE

Eyes on the road.

She lights up another cigarette, as we:

CUT TO:

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

of an endless stretch of Arkansas Highway. Camera follows two vehicles -- hauling ass. Bandit I, followed a couple of miles back by Bandit II.

INSIDE BANDIT I - DAY - MOVING

Bandit and Kate.

KATE
(leaning back in her
seat)
So tell me about yourself.

BANDIT
Okay.

A beat. Nothing.

KATE
Well?...

BANDIT
Whaddya want to know? My sign?

KATE
No. I want to know what you think
about besides ditching Smokey?

BANDIT
Having fun.

KATE
Is this fun?

BANDIT
Driving?

KATE
Driving, talking to me...

BANDIT
They're both a challenge.

KATE

You have a great profile.

BANDIT

Yeah, I do. Especially from that angle.

She laughs. Then:

KATE

Where you from?

BANDIT

Mattoon, Illinois. But I moved down south to work in the Civil Rights movement.

KATE

Seriously?!?

BANDIT

(obviously lying)

Would I lie to you?

CUT TO:

AN ARKANSAS HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

parked off to the side of the highway behind an abandoned and boarded up diner. The Patrol Car is empty and from a little transistor radio hanging on the rear view mirror, Merle Haggard sings, "I Take A Lot Of Pride In What I Am."

Camera moves off the Patrol Car and finds it's Driver, an Arkansas Highway Patrolman with crew cut, taking a leak.

Suddenly, Bandit I whips past doing at least a hundred and almost blowing the OFFICER over. He quickly zips up and races to his car.

BACK TO BANDIT I - MOVING

Kate has seen the Cop. Bandit hasn't.

KATE

Guess what?

BANDIT

I give up.

KATE

You just passed your nemesis.

He looks at her.

KATE

Smokey.

Bandit glances up in his rear view mirror.

WHAT HE SEES - THROUGH REAR VIEW MIRROR

the Arkansas Highway Patrol car coming after him, it's advertising twirling and siren wailing.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit turns to Kate.

BANDIT

Better fasten your seat belt.

Bandit slams on his brakes, locking all four tires and sending the Cobra into a four wheel drift.

KATE

(as they're sliding)

Good idea.

She buckles up, as Bandit grabs for the CB mike.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Bandit Two. I'm gonna leave you for a minute. Back in a flash.

INTERCUT - BANDIT II

Cledus on the CB mike.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Keep 'er between the ditches.

ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

Bandit I slides broadside down the highway and exits down a dirt road.

DIRT ROAD - DAY

Bandit I roars down the road, leaving clouds of dust in its wake.

HIGHWAY - DAY

The Arkansas Highway Patrol car does a 180 in the middle of the highway and takes the dirt road turnoff.

DIRT ROAD - DAY

Bandit I blasts up the dirt road, leaving trails of billowing dust behind him. The Arkansas Highway Patrol Car in hot pursuit. Over this:

KATE (V.O.)

What the hell's going on?

BANDIT (V.O.)

I forget to tell you. I'm running blocker for four hundred cases of illegal brew.

A beat, then:

KATE (V.O.)

And I thought I had problems.

INSIDE THE HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - MOVING

The windshield of the car is covered with dust. The Officer tries to squint through it, but the dust keeps building up. Finally, he turns on his windshield wipers, making the dust twice as thick. And now he can't see anything.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

Bandit looks over his shoulder. Nothing but a solid wall of dust. He whips the Cobra around a hairpin turn and floors it.

NEW ANGLE

The Highway Patrol Car misses the turn and goes off the road. Out of control, the car smashes through a clapboard fence and sails into:

A SWAMP

It lands with a gigantic splash and water fills the FRAME.

INSIDE BANDIT I

roaring down the dirt road. Kate is turned around in her seat, looking through the rear window.

BANDIT
Anything?

KATE
(turning back around)
We're cool. The dumb schmuck took
the wrong turn.

They both breathe a sigh of relief.

KATE
Can I ask you something?

BANDIT
Shoot.

KATE
What do you want to be when you grow
up?

Before he can answer:

CLEDUS (V.O.)
(from CB)
Bandit I. Bandit I. Do you read me?

As Bandit reaches for the mike to answer Cledus, he glances up.

WHAT HE SEES

A TRACTOR has moved from behind a tree and is crossing the road directly in front of Bandit I.

Bandit tosses the CB mike to Kate with one hand and swerves the wheel to the right with the other.

BANDIT
(to Kate)
Say this is Bandit I. Then, over.

As Bandit blasts around the Tractor and down the road, Kate talks into the mike.

KATE
(into mike)
This is Bandit I. Over.

INTERCUT - BANDIT II

CLEDUS ON THE CB

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Where the hell are you?

KATE
(into mike)
Smokey was on our tail. We had to
take a detour to ditch the motherfu...

BANDIT
(cutting her off)
You can't swear on these.

CLEDUS
(from CB)
What's going on, Bandit? Come on.

BANDIT
(to Kate)
Tell him we'll be back on the highway
in a second.

As Kate starts talking, Fred spots some cows grazing and starts barking like crazy. Cledus can't hear a thing.

CLEDUS
(to the dog)
Shut up, Fred.

KATE
(to Bandit)
Who's Fred?

INSIDE CLAYTON'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

Sheriff Clayton's been listening to this whole exchange on his CB.

KATE (V.O.)
Bandit II. We'll be back on the
highway in a second. Over.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
I'll keep my eyeballs peeled.

CLAYTON
(thin smile)
So will I, hoss. So will I.

CUT BACK TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I

Kate replaces the CB mike.

KATE
(referring to CB)
These things are fabulous.

A beat.

KATE
You know, you're not a bad driver.

BANDIT
You know, you're not a bad passenger.

They glance at each other for a moment, then both look away.
Back at each other. Then away again. And we:

CUT TO:

ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

The eighteen-wheel Bandit II, rolling.

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE HIGHWAY

Sheriff Clayton barreling down the blacktop.

AN EMBANKMENT

as Bandit I screeches up over the embankment -- putting him
back on the highway. He floors it and they're off.

INSIDE BANDIT I - DAY - MOVING

Bandit flicks his CB selector to the next odd channel.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Bandit II, do you copy?

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Cledus picks up the mike. Fred is now snoring.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
This is Bandit II. Now, where the hell are you?

BANDIT
(into mike)
On two lane blacktop. Mile marker six-one. How we doin' on time?

CLEDUS
(checks watch, then into mike)
Thirty-eight minutes ahead of schedule.

BANDIT
(into mike)
What's your twenty?

CLEDUS
I'm 'bout four miles ahead of you, turkey.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Not for long, you ain't.

As Bandit's about to hang up the mike, a NEW VOICE comes on.

VOICE
(from CB)
Breaker. Breaker.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Go breaker.

VOICE
(from CB)
Bandit, I just thought I'd lay a
Smokey report on you.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Go head on, breaker.

VOICE
(from CB)
I would say your future's looking
dim, boss.

BANDIT
(into mike, nervous)
What's your twenty and what's your
handle?

VOICE
(from CB)
My handle's Smokey Bear and I got
you by the tail.

A SIREN BLASTS behind them, whipping Bandit and Kate around.

THEIR VIEW - THRU REAR WINDOW

Sheriff Clayton is right on their ass -- no more than three
feet away -- his siren wailing and his advertising flashing.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit slams down the CB mike.

BANDIT
(to Kate)
That's a Texas cop. What the hell's
he doing in Arkansas?

KATE
(uneasy)
I don't know. Maybe Jerry Jeff sent
the heat after us.

BANDIT
(worried)
A Texas Bear in Arkansas.
(then)

Something's up and at this point in my life, I don't want to know what it is.

He trounces on it and the Shelby Cobra II springs to life, laying twenty feet of third gear rubber. Suddenly, the Texas Sheriff's car looks like it's standing on jacks.

INSIDE SHERIFF'S CAR

as Sheriff Clayton floorboards it and takes off after Bandit I.

CLAYTON

(to himself)

I'm gonna get that bastard. No one makes Buell Clayton look like a fool. Let's get going.

ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

as Bandit I races past camera. A beat and here comes the Texas Sheriff. Hard and fast.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

Bandit is all concentration. Both hands on the wheel. Pressing 120 MPH. Kate fumbles for her cigarettes, but they all go flying out of the pack. One lands on her lap. She lights it.

BANDIT'S VIEW

up ahead, the big rear end of Bandit II.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit fires up his CB and flips to the next odd channel.

BANDIT

(into mike)

I'm whipping around you, Bandit II. Smokey on the rubber.

INSIDE BANDIT II - MOVING

Cledus looks up ahead.

HIS VIEW

Traffic. Coming head on.

BACK TO CLEDUS

keying the mike.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

You're gonna have to create your own lane, buddy. You got oncoming.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit turns to Kate. She shrugs and closes her eyes. He floors it.

KATE

(a mile-a-minute)

You know, my mother was a dancer, too. Her big shot was the touring company of 'Brigadoon.' She's been married three times. To a redneck, a poet and her tennis instructor.

(not missing a beat)

See, I motor-mouth when I get nervous. I was nervous when I first got into the car. Now I'm scared shitless.

BANDIT

Believe me, there's nothing to be afraid of.

With that, Bandit flies off the highway, onto the shoulder. Kate closes her eyes even tighter.

FULL SHOT

as Bandit pulls alongside the big eighteen-wheeler, hanging onto the shoulder for his life.

HIS VIEW

up ahead -- a dirt road crossing. He'll never make it past the huge eighteen-wheeler in time.

NEW ANGLE

as Bandit I hits the dirt road crossing, flies into the air, comes down, smashes into a highway sign and sends it

splintering twenty feet into the air. Before he can whip the wheel around, Bandit is staring at an endless row of rural mailboxes. Kate turns her head, as Bandit I mows down the mailboxes. Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap!

Bandit drops the Cobra into first, zooms past Bandit II and sails back onto the highway.

BANDIT
Still with me?

Kate slowly opens her eyes. She's alive.

ANGLE - SHERIFF CLAYTON'S CAR

trapped behind the huge eighteen-wheeler. Clayton pulls out in an attempt to squeeze between Bandit II and the oncoming traffic.

Brakes squeal, as SEVEN CARS are forced to hit the side shoulder. Just as Clayton moves halfway past the eighteen-wheeler, Cledus puts on the press -- edging Sheriff Clayton over.

Clayton's rear fender catches on the rig and rips off with a terrifying SCREECH. As his fender bounces down the highway, Clayton pulls in front of Bandit II a split-second before an oncoming BUS almost creams him.

INSIDE BANDIT II

Cledus sees the passing car is Texas heat and immediately flips over to the next odd channel and keys up his CB.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Bandit I, do I have copy?

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Bandit's pushing the red line on his speedometer and gestures for Kate to pick up the CB mike.

KATE
(into mike)
Yeah, Bandit II, Que pasa?

CLEDUS
(into mike)

That's a Texas bubble gum machine on
your back porch.

KATE
(has no idea what he
just said)
What's he...

Bandit grabs the mike.

BANDIT
(driving and talking)
Uh, Cledus; I noticed.

He starts to hang it up.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
(from CB)
What's a Texas Smokey doing in
Arkansas, man?

BANDIT
(yelling into mike)
If I knew, Cledus; I'd be on College
Bowl.

Bandit slams down the mike and the accelerator.

HIGHWAY - DAY

and the chase is on. High speed. Way over a hundred. Two
blurs through the Arkansas countryside.

INSIDE CLAYTON'S CAR

Sheriff Clayton is on his police radio.

CLAYTON
(into mike)
This is Sheriff Clayton. In pursuit
of a black Shelby Cobra, Georgia
license Boy-Adam-Nora. Ocean-Nora-
Eddie. Request assistance.

CUT TO:

TWO ARKANSAS SHERIFF'S CARS

blasting off down the highway in response. Lights twirling.

Sirens wailing.

INSIDE THE LEAD CAR - MOVING

SHERIFF WILLY BRANFORD is riding shotgun. He's fat and arrogant. He chews bubble gum as he talks on the radio mike.

A DEPUTY is driving. He's twenty-five, wears long sideburns and mirrored sunglasses.

BRANFORD
(into mike)

This is Sheriff Branford of Crossett County. We're already on this joker's case.

(he pops a bubble)

I got two units intercepting him at Hamburg crossing. You say you was a Sheriff?

INTERCUT - SHERIFFS CLAYTON AND BRANFORD

Clayton has trouble steering and talking.

CLAYTON
(into mike)

That's a big ten-four. Sheriff Buell Clayton. Texas.

BRANFORD
(stunned, into mike)

Texas? What the hell you doing in my goddam county?!?

At that instant, Clayton hits a rut in the road and drops his mike. He bends to pick it up and the car slides off the shoulder.

Before he can regain control, Clayton's headed straight for:

AN ABANDONED FRUIT AND VEGETABLE STAND

Clayton's car crashes through the stand -- flattening it.

RUNNING ANGLE

He blasts out on the other side, now sporting one busted headlight and a dented grill. Somehow he manages to make it back to the road, losing a hubcap on the way.

BRANFORD
(over CB)

I said...

CLAYTON
(picking up mike off
floor)

I heard what you said. And I said...

BRANFORD
(cutting him cold)

I don't care what you said. You're
from Texas and what you said don't
mean jack diddly here in Arkansas!

Clayton slams down the mike.

ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY - HIGH SHOT

Bandit I whips around a treacherous bend in the highway,
leaving Sheriff Clayton in the distance.

INSIDE SHERIFF BRANFORD'S CAR

The Arkansas Sheriff is mad. He spits his gum out the window --
but it's closed. The gum falls back in his lap. He looks at
it, then pops it back in his mouth again and turns to his
Deputy.

BRANFORD
What the hell you looking at?

Before the Deputy can answer, Clayton's voice is back.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
(radio)

This is Sheriff Clayton again. I
lost the Cobra, but he's deadheaded
toward you doing damn near 140. If I
was you I'd set up a roadblock.

BRANFORD
(grabbing mike)
-- And if I was you, I wouldn't be
telling me what to do! Now take a
hike, buster!!!
(he angrily hangs up
the mike and turns

to his Deputy)
Block the road.

HIGHWAY - DAY - HIGH SHOT

The two Arkansas Sheriff's cars slow down and form a roadblock.

Branford and his Deputy climb out of the car. Branford spits out his gum, as two other DEPUTIES climb out of the second car. The four officers move behind their cars. To wait.

A SPEEDOMETER

The needle pressing 120. Ease back and we're:

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

as Bandit turns to Kate, who's looking out the rear window.

BANDIT
Well?

KATE
We lost him.

Bandit sighs relief, then:

A VOICE
(from CB)
Bandit do you read me?

BANDIT
(picking up mike)
This is Bandit, you're coming in long and strong.

VOICE
(from CB)
My handle's Silver Tongued Devil and I'm here to tell you, your fellow CB'ers are mighty proud of y'all.

BANDIT
Thanks much, Silver Tongued Devil.

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL
(from CB)
But I got a bad Bear story.

Bandit and Kate look at each other.

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL
I just rolled past a county mounty
roadblock down on eighty-two.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Thanks Silver Tongued Devil, we'll
avoid.

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL
(from CB)
Keep the wheels spinning and the
beavers grinning.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Adios.

He hangs up the mike.

KATE
(referring to Silver
Tongued Devil)
Classy guy.

Bandit grins and takes a curve at 90. Then they both look
up.

WHAT THEY SEE

The roadblock. No way around it.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit looks ahead down both sides of the highway. Thinks
quick.

HIGHWAY - DAY - HIGH SHOT

as Bandit I comes roaring down the highway headed directly
for the roadblock. A farmhouse is off to the side, about a
hundred yards before the roadblock.

NEW ANGLE

Bandit I swerves off the highway, throwing itself into a

broadside. The car lurches onto the Farmhouse driveway and barrels across the front yard. It snaps a clothesline full of clothes, sending bras, panties, shirts and socks flying in every direction.

It then crashes through a chicken yard and corral fence, sending whatever animals are available -- flying toward freedom.

RACING ANGLE

as Bandit I roars across a fruit orchard, weaving in and around rows and rows of trees, finally slamming onto an access road and back onto the highway -- way ahead of the roadblock!

BRANFORD AND HIS MEN

stand there like statues with their mouths hanging open. A beat, then all four cops race toward their cars, leap in and take off.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

a rattled Kate turns to Bandit. She's about to speak, but sees his intense concentration and says nothing.

THEIR VIEW - THE HIGHWAY

up ahead. Coming straight at them, down the center of the road -- another Arkansas Sheriff's car.

BANDIT

Christ, it looks like a Smokey convention.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit whips the wheel to the right and again, the Cobra is airborne -- flying off the highway, careening down the shoulder, through a creek and up onto another dirt road.

THE SHERIFF'S CAR

spins around in the middle of the highway -- almost flipping over in the process -- straightens out and takes off over the shoulder after Bandit I.

CAMERA PANS

back to the highway. As Sheriff Branford's two Patrol cars come blasting down the highway. They stop at the shoulder. A beat. Then they take off over the shoulder in pursuit.

CAMERA PANS

back again. As Sheriff Clayton's Texas Highway Patrol car skids to a stop.

INSIDE CLAYTON'S CAR

Clayton surveys the situation. Bandit I roaring along the dirt road -- the three Arkansas Sheriff cars on his tail. He makes a decision.

CLAYTON
(muttering to himself)
We'll meet again, Bandit.

And he floors it taking off down the highway.

CUT TO:

THE DIRT ROAD - MOVING - HIGH SHOT

as the three Arkansas Sheriff's cars race after Bandit I. They're on a treacherously narrow road. On both sides -- a long sheer drop -- to water.

INSIDE SHERIFF BRANFORD'S CAR

His Deputy is doing at least 80, as he pulls within a few feet of the lead car. The Deputy angrily honks his horn.

DEPUTY
I'm gonna pass this fruit!

BRANFORD
Just back off the hammer, boy.

DEPUTY
But sir, he's gonna get away.

BRANFORD
He ain't gonna get nothin' but a
brief mention in the obituary column.

The Deputy turns to him, not understanding.

BRANFORD

(with a smile)

The bridge up ahead is out.

HIGH SHOT - THE NARROW DIRT ROAD

The four cars kicking up dust for miles.

CREEK - DAY - FULL SHOT

where the dirt road ends. But the bridge that once crossed the banks -- is gone.

A beat and Bandit I comes roaring straight toward the creek.

INSIDE BANDIT I

Bandit and Kate see the creek. No bridge. End of the road.

Bandit barely has time to hit the brakes, sending the Cobra into a wild fishtail. Kate desperately braces herself, hanging onto the dashboard.

FULL SHOT

as Bandit wheels the Cobra a full 360 and comes to a halt. He looks back.

HIS VIEW - DOWN THE ROAD

a half mile back, the Arkansas Sheriff's are coming on fast. Sirens blasting. The choices are simple. Give up. Or jump the creek.

BANDIT

(turning to Kate)

Listen, we can either give up or...

Kate holds the dashboard tighter and closes her eyes.

KATE

Just do it.

THE CREEK - DAY

Bandit slams the Cobra into first and takes off. Gears grind. Tires screech.

INSIDE BANDIT I

The speedometer whizzes past eighty. Bandit holds the wheel tight. Kate takes a breath, then crosses herself.

RACING ANGLE

as Bandit I blasts toward the embankment, hits the dirt incline and suddenly is airborne.

FULL SHOT - THE CREEK

Bandit I in mid-air.

NEW ANGLE

as Bandit I sails over camera and comes crashing down on the other side. They made it!

INSIDE BANDIT I

as Bandit and Kate catch their breath.

BANDIT

Your honeymoon would've never been this exciting.

KATE

I don't know. We were planning on seeing the Astrodome.

Bandit grins and as they take off:

CAMERA PANS BACK

to the creek. As the first Sheriff's car comes roaring toward the edge doing at least 95. He sees the bridge is out, hits his brakes, goes broadside and flies over the side -- into the creek.

A beat and Sheriff Branford's car comes wailing down the road. The Deputy slams down his brakes in the nick of time and the car skids halfway over the edge -- hanging suspended in mid-air halfway over the creek.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the Third Sheriff's car comes barrelling down the road, spots Branford's car hanging over the edge and brakes. But its rear end slings around, smashing into the rear of

Branford's car, sending it flying into the creek. A huge splash, then:

CUT TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

as they roar off the dirt road, back onto the highway, Bandit reaches for the CB mike.

BANDIT
(to himself)
Christ, what channel are we on?...

KATE
Eleven.

Bandit looks at Kate as she reaches under the seat for one of her errant cigarettes. Then, he punches in eleven.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Bandit II. Bandit II. Give me a shout.

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Cledus grabs the mike quickly. Fred has been gnawing on the corner of the front seat.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
I hope that's you, buddy; 'cause I'd hate to start believing in ghosts.

BANDIT
(into mike)
What does the old Timex say?

CLEDUS
(into mike)
She's losing minutes so you better start running interference or we're never gonna make it. Might I remind you this was your brainstorm.

BANDIT
(into mike)
I'll drop off my fare, hit a quick choke-and-puke and be blocking for

you pronto.

Kate tries not to react to this.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Bandit?

BANDIT
(into mike)
Yeah, guy?

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Pick up a burger for Fred. He's going
crazy.
(slaps Fred on the
butt)

Bandit puts the mike back and turns to Kate. Feels he should say something. Before he can:

KATE
You heard the man. Step on it.

Bandit studies her for a moment, then stomps on it.

CUT TO:

A TRUCK STOP CAFE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bandit I pulls in between a row of eighteen-wheelers parked in front of the cafe. A few Truckers, bragging about their rigs, check out Bandit and Kate. They're especially taken with Kate's wedding gown. She and Bandit are oblivious to them.

BANDIT
(turns to Kate)
The bus'll pick you up over there.
(a beat)
Uh... you got enough bread for a
ticket?

KATE
Enough to get to Jersey. I'll walk
the rest of the way. I've been sitting
a long time.
(a beat)

Nice meeting you. It's been a trip.

BANDIT
(it was nothing)

Hey...

KATE
Enjoy your Kenworth.

She offers her hand and they shake. Then, Bandit heads toward the truck stop and Kate to the bus stop. He turns and looks back. She doesn't.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE TRUCK STOP

about fifteen Truckers inside. Buck Owens playing on the juke box. Pinball machines going strong.

Bandit walks in and crosses to the counter. A hot-looking WAITRESS with ratted hair and painted face stands in front of a blackboard where the menu of the day is written. She straightens herself and crosses to Bandit.

WAITRESS
(coming on)
What's your pleasure?

BANDIT
(quickly)
Couple of cheeseburgers, no
condiments...

WAITRESS
No what?

BANDIT
Nothing on 'em and two cups of mud;
one while I'm waiting.

Bandit crosses to a booth, as a couple of TRUCKERS enter and join another TRUCKER sitting in the booth next to Bandit.

TRUCKER #1
Jesus, Richmond; you look like
squirrel shit.

TRUCKER #2

You wanna drive fourteen hundred miles for these cheap bastards? I feel like leaving my rig in the middle of the highway and tellin' them to kiss my antenna.

TRUCKER #1

I know what you mean, good buddy.

The Waitress comes over with Bandit's coffee. He pours in a ton of sugar and stirs. As he takes a sip, he hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hi.

Bandit whips around.

WHAT HE SEES

Kate. Standing in front of him -- sans wedding dress. She's now wearing tight jeans and a denim shirt with the bottom rolled up and knotted above her midriff. She looks foxier than ever.

KATE

(with a southern drawl)

The bus ain't passin' through these here parts for a piece.

(sliding into booth)

I know. You only have a second.

CLOSER ANGLE

as they sit across from each other.

KATE

They wouldn't take Master Charge so I traded in my gown.

The Waitress comes by.

WAITRESS

(snippy; to Kate)

Coffee?

KATE

Please.

Bandit watches as she takes a sip.

KATE
Jesus!!!

BANDIT
Trucker coffee. It's three times
stronger. Good for a hundred miles.
That, a coupla perks, and you can
leap tall buildings in a single bound.

WAITRESS
(calling O.S.)
Order up!

BANDIT
That's me.

He gulps down a half a cup of coffee and rises.

BANDIT
See ya, Kate.

KATE
Ciao.

TRACK WITH BANDIT

moving quickly to the counter to pick up his order. Behind
him; we notice one of the Truckers from the next booth gets
up and crosses to Kate.

Bandit reaches in his pocket to pay for the order:

WAITRESS
(seductive)
Sure I can't interest you in anything
else?

BANDIT
(smiles)
Another time.

Bandit picks up his order and turns toward the door. He sees
the Trucker talking to Kate. The Trucker's buddies have turned
around in their booth and are all over her.

Bandit sets the food down on the counter and crosses to the
booth.

KATE
(to Truckers)
-- Believe me, fellas; I'd love to
schmoos, but...

TRUCKER #1
Don't be so conceited. You don't
even know us.

TRUCKER #2
(an ugly dude)
To know us, is to love us.

Bandit steps between them.

BANDIT
Hey, how y'all doin'?

TRUCKER #2
Who wants to know?

BANDIT
Listen, guys; I'm in a rush. Otherwise
I'd arrange it so they had to carry
you outta here in doggie bags.

TRUCKER #1
You and what goddamn army?

The Truckers all turn to Bandit, ready to mop the floor with
him. The restaurant is silent, except for Willie Nelson, now
singing on the juke box. Every eye is on them. A brawl looks
inevitable.

KATE
(worried)
Bandit, please...

TRUCKER #2
(totally surprised,
almost yelling)
Bandit?!? You're the Bandit? The
fella been runnin' the blue troopers
ragged?

Bandit looks around self-consciously. Nods.

TRUCKER #2
Lemme shake your hand, boy! You're

my new goddamn idol.

TRUCKER #1
(slapping Bandit on
the back)

You're the rage of CB land. We been
followin' you for hours.

TRUCKER #2
If we'da known you was the Bandit,
we wouldn't a never lipped off to
your old lady.

BANDIT
Well, she's not exactly my...

TRUCKER #3
(jumping in)
Lemme have your autograph, hoss!

Everyone in the restaurant crowds around Bandit and he starts
hurriedly signing autographs.

KATE
I've done twenty-eight Broadway shows
and no one's ever asked me for an
autograph.

Then:

BANDIT
(to the group, starting
off)
Listen, guys, I gotta cover ground.
I'm due in Atlanta in less than ten
hours.

TRUCKER #1
Good luck.

TRUCKER #2
Give our best to Jimmy Carter.

Kate slips out of the booth, as Bandit crosses back to the
counter.

ANGLE - COUNTER

Bandit grabs his order and finds the OWNER facing him --

holding out Bandit's money.

OWNER
It's on the house.

BANDIT
(grins)
Thanks.

He turns to leave.

OWNER
Son...

Bandit turns back.

OWNER
Godspeed.

Bandit smiles. Then starts out. He notices Kate is gone.
Shrugs. Heads out the door.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK STOP - DAY

Bandit bolts out in time to see his Cobra pulling out, about
to take off.

NEW ANGLE

as Bandit leaps off the steps and races toward the car, just
as it peels out. He swings the passenger door open and is
half in -- half out, as the Cobra skids out the truck stop,
over the curb and onto the highway. The door's still wide
open. Bandit hanging on.

INSIDE BANDIT I

Kate's behind the wheel. She tromps on it and the car takes
off like greased lightning. Bandit's struggling to stay in
the car.

BANDIT
(hanging on)
What the hell are you doing?!?

KATE
(gestures over her
shoulder)
He's after us again!

Kate whips around a corner almost throwing Bandit onto the pavement. He grabs her arm and manages to pull himself into the car and slam the door. He looks back.

HIS VIEW - THRU REAR WINDOW

Sheriff Clayton's Texas Highway Patrol car is after them again. Siren blasting.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit turns to Kate.

BANDIT

You know this guy, don't you?

KATE

(driving hard, eyes
on the road)

I've never seen him before in my
life. I'm just trying to help you
out.

BANDIT

By stealing my car?

KATE

I would've come back for you.

BANDIT

(not believing)

Yeah.

KATE

(turning to him, dead
serious)

Yeah.

She wraps a corner doing 60, hits the highway and puts it to the floor. Clayton's battered up car is still coming on strong.

INSIDE THE CLAYTON'S CAR - MOVING

Sheriff Clayton's eyes are glazed as he tears after Bandit I.

CLAYTON

(to himself)
I'm gonna get you, you dirty,
stinking, rotten sunbitch.

BACK TO BANDIT

Kate at the wheel.

KATE
Look, the truth is, I didn't want to
be dumped at the truck stop. I wanted
to go on with you. I needed an excuse.

BANDIT
You could've asked.

KATE
You might have said no. I have trouble
handling rejection.

THE HIGHWAY

Bandit I streaks past, Kate driving. A beat and a big rig,
hauling a crane comes out of a side road. The truck moves
slowly down the highway -- a wide load.

SHERIFF CLAYTON'S CAR

roaring up.

INSIDE THE CAR

Clayton floors it and hunches low over the wheel as he passes
the truck -- afraid the crane's going to take off his head.

FULL SHOT

as Sheriff Clayton's car zooms under the crane, clearing it
by a hair. But the crane rips off Clayton's lights and siren.
Leaving only wires and a gaping hole in the roof of the car.

ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

Bandit I streaking. Kate takes a dangerous curve doing 85.
Bandit gasps, but Kate holds her own.

BANDIT
Where did you learn how to drive
like this?

KATE
Like what?

He smiles.

KATE
My first father was a redneck. He
taught me how to drive fast and pants
people.

Bandit picks up the CB mike, flicking the crystal selector
two stops.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Breaker, this is Bandit I, how are
your vocal cords?

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Cledus takes his mike. Fred is on all fours in the now chewed-
up front seat. Bouncing around.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
My vocal cords are fine, but Fred's
ain't. He's been barking, eating the
seats and driving me crackers.
(Fred barks)
Hear that? Where's his chow?

BANDIT
(into mike)
On its way. Give me a coupla minutes,
okay?

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Do I have a choice?

BANDIT
(into mike)
What's your twenty?

CLEDUS
(into mike)
'Bout fourteen miles this side of
Mississippi.

CLEDUS' VIEW

up ahead -- an Arkansas Highway Patrol car is parked off to the side, hidden by a clump of Magnolia Trees.

BACK TO SCENE

Cledus brings it down to 55 and rolls past TWO OFFICERS standing next to their car, holding a radar gun.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

I just passed two Kojacks with a Kodak.

(then)

Man, this highway's crawling with Bears. Ain't no way we gonna make Atlanta on time without you runnin' blocker.

Bandit looks back over his shoulder. Then:

BANDIT

(into mike)

I'm still trying to ditch this Texas Smokey. I don't know what the sucker wants.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

What they all want -- to handcuff a hero.

BANDIT

(into mike)

As far as John Law knows, I'm just a joy ridin' Georgia redneck. We keep 'em outta your backyard, we're cool.

(looking back again)

Now just give me five to ditch this idiot and I'll meet you in Ole Miss.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

If you don't, we can kiss that Kenworth good-bye.

Bandit replaces the mike, glances up to the rear view.

HIS VIEW - THROUGH REAR VIEW MIRROR

Sheriff Clayton -- gaining ground.

BACK TO SCENE

They're speeding around curves now, Kate doing her best to control the Cobra. She takes a corner too fast and too wide. Bandit I drifts into the oncoming lane and suddenly they're staring at:

A CAMPER

coming straight at them. A Mother, Father and Two Children all riding in the front seat.

FULL SHOT

Kate swerves back into her lane, avoiding a head-on by less than a split second.

BANDIT

I think we should switch seats.

He puts his hands on the steering wheel and his foot on the accelerator, but he and Kate get tangled up trying to make the switch.

The car goes out of control -- smashes into a guard railing and bounces back onto the highway.

They try to switch again. Impossible.

BANDIT

(fastening seat belt)

You go ahead. This seat's more comfortable.

THE HIGHWAY - DAY - HIGH SHOT

Bandit I streaking, followed in the distance by the Texas Highway Patrol car.

Coming down the highway, from the opposite direction -- is a long, long, long FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Suddenly, Bandit I swerves to the right and starts across the highway.

BANDIT (V.O.)
Mississippi's the other way!

KATE (V.O.)
You want to lose this putz or not?!?

With that, Bandit I zips between two limos heading the Funeral Procession, crosses the highway, sails over the embankment and swerves onto a bumpy dirt path.

CAMERA WHIPS BACK

to Sheriff Clayton's car -- roaring straight at us.

INSIDE CLAYTON'S CAR

Sheriff Clayton spots Bandit I across the highway, flying down the bumpy dirt path. He hits his brakes and the car screeches to a halt.

ANGLE - CLAYTON

forced to sit and wait, as the Funeral Procession passes slowly by. He's livid. Lays on the horn.

THE HIGHWAY - DAY

as the vehicles in the passing lane are all forced to come to a halt to avoid crashing into Clayton -- who sits in the middle of the highway waiting for the endless Funeral Procession to pass. Horns honk. People yell. Clayton waits.

THE BUMPY DIRT PATH

Bandit I bounces along, past rows and rows of tall Magnolia trees.

INSIDE BANDIT

Kate and Bandit bouncing from seat to ceiling.

KATE
(motor-mouthing)
-- You know, I used to be a high fashion model. Tried it for six months and almost freaked. Makeup, silly clothes, a little man saying 'darling' every two seconds...

BANDIT

Yeah, it's tough when your cheek-bones are your main asset.

KATE

(nods, then sees something O.S.)

Uh-oh.

WHAT SHE SEES

up ahead. The path ends. There's an incline and past that a long low fence. There's no way around or past it.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate and Bandit look back. The Funeral Procession has almost passed. Clayton's is waiting. Gunning his engine. He ain't giving up.

BANDIT

I think you'd better let me...

Before Bandit can finish, Kate trounces on it, driving straight toward the fence.

RACING ANGLE

as Bandit I blasts toward the incline, hits it doing 70 and sails over the fence.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

we HEAR the CRACK of a baseball bat and a CENTER FIELDER, in full uniform, takes off after a long fly ball. He stops in his tracks at what he sees.

REVERSE ANGLE

as Bandit I flies over the fence and lands in the middle of a MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME.

The Center Fielder is absolutely flabbergasted, as Kate straightens out the Shelby Cobra and takes off across the baseball field.

She roars over second base and does a 360◊ fishtail in the middle of the pitchers mound. PLAYERS scatter in every

direction.

NEW ANGLE - MOVING

as Kate speeds past the dugout and a CHEERING CROWD, back to an access road.

Up ahead. The highway. And safety.

INSIDE BANDIT I

Kate looks over to Bandit, a huge grin on her face.

KATE

Baseball needs a little pizzazz.

BACK ON THE HIGHWAY

The Funeral Procession finally passes and Clayton zooms across the highway and onto the bumpy dirt path.

BACK ON THE DIRT PATH

Sheriff Clayton's car comes to a sliding halt in front of the fence. He looks around for some sign of Bandit I. Nothing. They've vanished.

CLAYTON

(to himself)

This is beginning to piss me off.

The path is far too narrow to turn around, so as he begins the arduous chore of driving in reverse down the long narrow path, knocking off his remaining hub caps on the way, we:

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY SIGN

reading Welcome to Mississippi. A black streak whizzes past.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

Kate still at the wheel. Bandit on the CB.

BANDIT

(into mike)

-- Gimme a twenty, pardner.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
(from CB)
I'm at marker eight-five.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Son-of-a-gun. Me too.

BANDIT II

moving along the highway. Cledus looks out the sideview window of the big eighteen-wheeler.

HIS VIEW - THROUGH SIDEVIEW MIRROR

Bandit I coming up to his back door.

BACK TO SCENE

as Cledus signals with his arm and pulls the, rig off to the side of the road.

The door opens and Cledus climbs down the metal steps of the truck, followed by Fred. They both take a long, healthy stretch, as Bandit I pulls to a stop behind them.

NEW ANGLE

Bandit and Kate get out of the Cobra. Cledus is surprised to see her. She immediately crosses to him and offers her hand.

KATE
I'm Kate. You must be Cledus.

CLEDUS
(shaking hands,
awkwardly)
Yes, ma'am.

KATE
How's your twenty?

Cledus doesn't get it. Bandit laughs, unwraps the hamburger.

BANDIT
Here you go, pal.

He holds the hamburger out for the dog, who wolfs it down in one bite, then goes off to relieve himself.

Cledus takes Bandit by the arm and pulls him aside.

CLEDUS
I thought you were dumping the chick
at the truck stop.

BANDIT
I ran into complications.

CLEDUS
I hate to say it...

BANDIT
Then don't.

CLEDUS
(rolling on)
-- But everytime we've ever messed
up, it's because your rhyme's over-
ruling your reason. I know you think
you're God's gift to waitresses,
but...

BANDIT
(interupts)
Just don't worry about it.
(then)
How we doin' timewise?

CLEDUS
Not good enough to be standing here
shooting the bull.

BANDIT
(turns to leave)
We're gone.

CLEDUS
Bandit?

Bandit turns to him.

CLEDUS
(referring to Kate)
Nice ass.

Bandit grins, moves to the car.

BANDIT
(whistles to Kate)
Let's hit it.

KATE
(crossing to Bandit I)
Nice meeting you, Cledus. Keep on
truckin'.

Cledus smiles, as Bandit and Kate climb into the Cobra. Bandit starts the engine and they're off.

Cledus pulls a crowbar out of the rig and begins hitting all his tires. Checking them out. As he does this:

CLEDUS
(calling)
Let's roll, Fred.

Cledus finishes the tires, but Fred isn't moving.

CLEDUS
C'mon, Fred.

Nothing. The dog stares at him. Cledus takes a step forward. Fred takes a step backward. Cledus takes two steps forward. And Fred takes off. Running through the woods.

CLEDUS
(running after him)
Fred!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I

rolling. They're silent for a long time. Then:

KATE
You plan on driving trucks all your
life?

BANDIT
No, actually I was thinking of
becoming a brain surgeon.

She laughs, as we:

CUT BACK TO:

CLEDUS CHASING FRED

through the woods. As he's about to nab him, the Dog cuts right and Cledus sprawls left.

CUT BACK TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I

Kate and Bandit. Talking. More relaxed.

BANDIT

-- Trucking ain't the easiest life in the world. I mean, you can't make it much past fifty and you sure as shit don't get a gold watch when you hang it all up. But I like keeping on the move. You know?

KATE

Do I know? I'm an authority on it.

BANDIT

I guess if there's one lesson I've learned, it's that even misery has a tough time hitting a moving target.

(then, realizing)

I forgot your question?

KATE

You plan on driving trucks all your life?

BANDIT

(shrugs)

I... uh... I don't know. I guess don't like to think about it.

KATE

Then let's change the subject.

(a beat)

What do you think about forced school busing?

And:

CUT BACK TO:

CLEDUS RACING AFTER FRED

gaining ground. A flying tackle. And he snares him. Cledus is out of breath and pissed. Fred licks his face.

CUT BACK TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I

Bandit spots a green sedan with a radio-mike antenna coming in the other direction. He backs off the accelerator.

KATE

Your foot fall asleep?

Bandit shakes his head, reaching for the CB.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Bandit two, Smokey in a plain brown wrapper coming your way. Over.

No answer from Cledus. Kate has no idea what Bandit's just said.

BANDIT

(explaining to Kate)

An unmarked police car.

KATE

How do you know?

BANDIT

I know.

(into mike)

Bandit two, bring yourself on in.

Still no answer.

BANDIT

(into mike)

What's the matter, Cledus? You got mike fright?

(a beat, then)

Bandit two, do you copy?

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Cledus, exhausted and sweaty, tosses Fred into the eighteen-

wheeler and lunges for the CB mike.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Yeah, yeah, yeah? What's up?

Bandit glances up in the rear view mirror, sees the Smokey in a plain wrapper take an off ramp. Harmless.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Never mind. It's nothing.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Anything else you don't want me to know?

BANDIT
(into mike)
Nope. Just keep those wheels churning.

Cledus hangs up the mike, starts his rig, checks for oncoming and pulls onto the highway. Fred's head sticks out the window, his ears flapping in the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE HIGHWAY - DAY - AERIAL SHOT

Bandit I and Bandit II whizzing down the highway. Picking up time. OVER this, Kate sings "Jolene" along with Dolly Parton on the radio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I - LATER

Bandit notices a broken-down FORD with its hood up, parked off the highway. He veers the Cobra off the road, quickly opens the glove compartment, takes out two screwdrivers and hands one to Kate. She stops singing.

BANDIT
(explaining)
I'm sure the Arkansas Bears put out an all-points.

KATE

(opening door)
You take the front, I'll take the
back.

QUICK CUT TO:

A MISSISSIPPI LICENSE PLATE

fills the screen. Then the screeching of burning rubber and
Bandit I pulls away from camera -- now wearing the Mississippi
plates. And we:

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

A SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES

Bandit I running blocker for Bandit II. Hauling ass. OVER
this:

A POLICE CALL
(thick Mississippi
drawl)
All units, be on the look out for a
black 1976 Shelby Cobra, Georgia
license...

And as the voice FADES, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

MISSISSIPPI HIGHWAY - DAY

Later. Bandit I and II. Rolling.

Over:

BANDIT (V.O.)
Bandit two, I gotta make a quick pit
stop.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
Now what?

BANDIT (V.O.)
We're outta motion lotion.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
I'll keep streaking. Pick me up.

Bandit I takes an off ramp, as Bandit II continues sailing down the highway.

UNION 76 STATION

off the main highway. Bandit I pulls up to one of several islands in the large station. Trucks are gassing up at various pumps.

BANDIT I

Kate climbs out.

KATE

Save my seat.

She starts toward the Ladies Room as a young BLACK ATTENDANT struts up to Bandit I.

ATTENDANT

Say, Cobra: what's your pleasure?

BANDIT

Fill it.

ATTENDANT

Check the hood, my man?

Bandit shakes his head "no."

ATTENDANT

Aw right. This is a clean machine. Yeah, I was thinking 'bout getting me one of these myself. But I figure I'm conspicuous enough to the police as it is, so why encourage them more, if you know what I mean.

BANDIT

Yeah, I know what you mean.

The Attendant starts pumping Supreme. Bandit leans back in the seat. Closes his eyes.

Suddenly, from his CB.

A VOICE

(over CB)

Bandit, do you read me? Over.

Bandit snaps his eyes open. Who the hell is this? He grabs his mike.

BANDIT
(into mike)
This is Bandit. Who we got on that end?

INTERCUT - SHERIFF CLAYTON - TIGHT

The Texas Sheriff looks tired -- obsessed.

CLAYTON
(into mike)
Just the man who's gonna see you driven to your knees! Sheriff Buell Clayton from Texas.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Not that I don't have any respect for the law, but what's your problem, man?

CLAYTON
(into mike)
You.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Yeah, well I kinda figured that.

CLAYTON
(into mike)
You know, you may think you're gonna get away, but I promise you, everytime you turn around, I'll be there, breathing down your neck.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Well, if your breath is as sweet as your personality, I got a lot to look forward to. Adios.

Bandit hangs up the mike, as Kate comes back sipping an orange soda. She hops into the front seat, as the Attendant struts back over.

NEW ANGLE

as camera begins to slowly PULL AWAY from Bandit I.

ATTENDANT
(to Bandit)
That'll be eight-seventy two.

Bandit hands him a bill.

ATTENDANT
-- Outta ten.

Camera has now PULLED BACK enough to see:

SHERIFF CLAYTON'S CAR

parked on the other side of the gas station. The car's front end has been lifted high into the air by a hydraulic jack and ANOTHER ATTENDANT is changing a tire and replacing a broken headlight.

Clayton sits in the battered Sheriff's car, having no idea Bandit I is in the very same station.

FULL SHOT - THE GAS STATION

as Bandit gets his change from the ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT
(to Bandit)
Have a smooth one, Cobra.

Bandit nods, throws the Cobra into gear, takes off.

RUNNING ANGLE

as Bandit I sails right past the Texas Sheriff's car.

CLOSE - CLAYTON

His head whips around, when he sees Bandit I roar out of the station back back onto the highway. He's absolutely stunned.

BACK TO SCENE

Clayton starts his engine and stomps on it... totally forgetting his front end is up on jacks. Clayton's car takes

off on its rear wheels, sails halfway across the gas station,
and slams head-on into a BRAND NEW CONTINENTAL.

As the Continental sails across the islands:

CLOSE - ON CLAYTON

Watching in horror. Then, trying to compose himself.

CLAYTON
(muttering to himself)
It's all right. It's not your car.
You're doing fine. Just keep going.

CUT TO:

MISSISSIPPI HIGHWAY - DAY

Bandit I roars back onto blacktop. Hammer down.

BANDIT (V.O.)
-- Looks like a clear shot to the
'Bama State Line.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
I'll believe it when I see it.

CUT TO:

AN AERIAL VIEW

of a long expanse of Mississippi Highway. Bandit I gaining
ground and finally roaring past Bandit II. Running blocker.

Over this:

VOICE
(over CB)
Breaker. Breaker.

BANDIT (V.O.)
Pick it up, Breaker.

VOICE
Thanks for the break. Bandit, this
here's the Dixie Chicken.

BANDIT (V.O.)
What's up, Dixie Chicken?

KATE (V.O.)
Ask if he delivers?...

DIXIE CHICKEN (V.O.)
Been hearin' all 'bout y'all and
wanted to let y'all know, y'all got
the Mississippi Bears eatin' their
badges. They can't find hide nor
hair of y'all.

As Bandit I disappears around a bend in the highway, with
Bandit II following in the distance, we:

CUT TO:

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI HIGHWAY - DAY

close to the Alabama State Line. Hilly. Empty. Suddenly,
from over the top of a hill, comes Bandit I. As it races
toward camera.

SHERIFF CLAYTON (V.O.)
-- This is Sheriff Buell Clayton,
Texas Highway Patrol. That Cobra
y'all been lookin' for with Georgia
plates, ain't got no more Georgia
plates. She's now running with
Mississippi tags. Charles. Alan.
Richard. Two. Seven. Three. Vehicle
now southbound on Interstate 82.
Heading for Alabama.

MISSISSIPPI COP'S VOICE
(thick drawl)
-- That's a big ten-four, Texas.
Now, we gonna nail that joy ridin'
sumbitch.

INSIDE BANDIT I - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kate finds another stray cigarette under the seat and lights
it, as they speed toward the Alabama State Line.

BANDIT
I'm proud of you.

KATE
Yeah?

BANDIT

You only smoked three cigarettes
through the entire state of
Mississippi.

Then, something grabs them O.S.

WHAT THEY SEE

Three MISSISSIPPI HIGHWAY PATROL CARS. Lights swirling. Formed
in a solid roadblock. Waiting for Bandit.

BANDIT

Good-byes are always tough.

He immediately swerves the wheel to the right and makes a
sliding turn off the highway.

HIGH SHOT

The countryside. As Bandit I blasts across a grassy knoll
and heads toward a steep hill.

ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY PATROL CARS

as they take off after Bandit I. Sirens screaming.

RUNNING ANGLE - BANDIT

Bandit slams the Cobra into first and starts up the steep
grassy hill. There's no path. No road. He's got to make his
own.

FULL SHOT

Bandit I and the Three Mississippi Highway Patrol cars roar
up the steep hill. Climbing. Higher. Higher.

THE TOP OF THE HILL

Bandit I rolls over the top.

INSIDE BANDIT

as Bandit and Kate look over the other side. Almost straight
down. Treacherous. They look back.

THEIR VIEW

The Three Mississippi Highway Patrol cars coming on strong.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit trounces on it and the Cobra sails over the top and starts down the incline.

INSIDE BANDIT I - BANDIT AND KATE'S VIEW

of the roller coaster ride down. Bandit and Kate's stomachs dropping to their toes.

FULL SHOT

as the First Highway Patrol car reaches the top -- and without braking -- blasts over, sailing straight into the air.

NEW ANGLE

The Highway Patrol car crashes down on its two front wheels. Flips. And rolls end-over-end down the steep incline. Crashing into a tree, halfway down.

THE TOP OF THE HILL

As the Second Mississippi Highway Patrol car almost makes it to the top, its wheels start spinning in the thick grass.

The Driver loses it -- and suddenly, the car starts rolling backward, down the steep hill. Out of control.

THE THIRD HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

whips around the Second, as it rolls right past him -- doing 60 per in reverse.

The Third car makes it to the top of the incline. Waits. Looks down.

HIS VIEW

The steep incline. The First Highway Patrol car halfway down -- on its back. Out of it.

And Bandit I. Roaring down the hill. Toward freedom.

BACK TO SCENE

As the Third Highway Patrol car makes a decision, flies over the top. And starts tearing after Bandit.

RACING ANGLE

as Bandit I reaches the bottom of the hill, makes a sliding turn onto a rocky road running alongside a stream.

As he roars down the road, the lone Mississippi Highway Patrol car reaches the bottom of the hill, slides onto the road and takes off in hot pursuit.

ON THE ROAD

Bandit I screaming down the road, the Mississippi Highway Patrol car on top of him.

VOICE FROM MISSISSIPPI HPC
(over loudspeaker)

Pull over, Bandit. This road's a
dead end. It's all over for you,
boy!

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit looks up ahead. The son-of-a-bitch is right. Dead end.

FULL SHOT

as Bandit immediately wheels the Cobra over the embankment, down the other side, into the stream. He punches it and as water covers the Cobra, Bandit roars through the stream, swerving the wheel to the right, staying on rocks.

NEW ANGLE

The Highway Patrol car comes reeling over the embankment and splashes into the stream. It takes off after Bandit I, hits a rock, goes broadside and slides into deep water. Stuck.

THE HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

Water rising to the car's window, the OFFICER watches helplessly, as Bandit bumps across the stream, over the shoulder, back onto the highway and into the state of Alabama. Leaving only thirty feet of rubber to remember him by.

THE HIGHWAY - DAY - HIGH SHOT

As Bandit I disappears into the Alabama mountains.

A beat, and a big eighteen-wheeler rolls across the state line. Bandit II. Doing a cool 55. Georgia bound.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE ALABAMA MOUNTAINS - DAY

Bandit I weaves through the mountains. Taking turns fast. Making time. Passing signs that read: Curves Ahead, Slippery When Wet, Slow, etc.

Bandit II is keeping pace. Smokestacks blasting.

CUT TO:

THE ALABAMA/MISSISSIPPI STATE LINE - DAY

A TOW TRUCK is pulling the Mississippi Highway Patrol car out of the drink, while a REPAIR CREW attempts to turn over the Highway Patrol car stuck halfway up the hill.

TWO ADDITIONAL TOW TRUCKS stand by, waiting to haul off the other Patrol cars.

NEW ANGLE

Sheriff Clayton's car comes driving up. Its front end is now totalled and the front window is shattered.

INSIDE CLAYTON'S CAR

Sheriff Clayton sees the commotion, pulls his car across the highway and parks. He climbs out, leaving the front door open.

CLAYTON
(approaching Tow Truck
Driver)

What happened?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Bandit.

Clayton looks out over the mess. Winces.

Suddenly, a giant EIGHTEEN-WHEELER, hauling a wide load of

lumber comes barrelling down the highway. Clayton's door is still standing open and the Eighteen-wheeler rips the "Texas Sheriff's" door right off its hinges, sending it soaring thirty feet into the air.

INSIDE THE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER

A TRUCKER with a flattop grins to himself. Cops. Fuck 'em.

CUT TO:

BANDIT I - MOVING - DAY

Taking the curves. Holding the shoulder. Kate is lying back in the seat with her eyes closed. From the radio, Charlie Rich sings, "Behind Closed Doors." Bandit drives. Hums along.

Rain drops begin hitting the windshield. Bandit flips on the wipers and reaches for his CB. Turns it two stops. Now, the rain really comes down. An Alabama thundershower.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Bandit two, come on.

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Fred sleeps with his head on Cledus' lap. Cledus picks up his CB.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
I'm all ears, good buddy.

BANDIT
(into mike)
You're gonna hit some heavy precipitation in about six minutes. Better let your flaps down, these roads are killers when they're damp.

CLEDUS
(into mike, checking fuel gauge)
It shouldn't last. Gives me time to take a go-go juice break.

BANDIT
(into mike)

We'll be waiting. Over.

Bandit hangs up the mike and pulls the Cobra to a stop under a clump of trees.

KATE
(sitting up)
Are we in Atlanta already?

CUT TO:

BANDIT II - MOVING - DAY

Cledus spots a truck stop up ahead and backs off the hammer.

TRUCK STOP - DAY

as the eighteen-wheeler pulls in front of a gasoline pump. Cledus opens the door, climbs down the metal steps and stretches his legs. He motions for the ATTENDANT to fill her up, then starts toward the restaurant, passing a couple of rigs and a long row of chromed choppers parked in front.

INSIDE THE TRUCK STOP

four greasy walls. And that's about it except for an old, beaten-up pool table. Cledus enters followed by Fred. As usual, the jukebox is playing. This time, it's "Baby Boy" by Mary Kay Place.

About a dozen people sitting around, seven of which are bad-looking BIKERS and their MAMAS. Cledus crosses to the counter. He's greeted by the OWNER, a fat black man. There's a CB on the counter.

CLEDUS
Gimme three sloppy joes and a coupla
cups of hot stuff.

OWNER
(taking order)
You pass that funky Cobra on the
highway?

CLEDUS
Uh-uh. What Cobra?

OWNER
Some boy named Bandit's been givin'

the Highway Patrol shit fits.

CLEDUS

Oh, yeah. Good for him.

OWNER

I don't know where he's goin' or
what he's doin', but I sure hope to
God he makes it.

Cledus grins, then crosses to the pay phone. Fred tags along.

CUT TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I

pulled off the highway. Rain glistens off the windshield.
Time stands still.

BANDIT

Kate...

KATE

Ummm?

BANDIT

I been thinking. Maybe I should drop
you in Montgomery. I mean, the way
things are going, it might get pretty
hairy by the time we get to Atlanta.

KATE

Forget it. This is one of the longest
relationships I've ever had. I'm not
blowing it now.

He grins. From the radio:

DISC JOCKEY

(from radio)

I'm gonna dedicate this next one to
a man out there who's capturing the
hearts of us all. Hey, Bandit; take
care of yourself and your woman.
Hear? It's raining out and the Red-
Headed Stranger's singing this one
especially for you.

And from the radio, Willie Nelson sings, "Blue Eyes Crying

In The Rain." Bandit and Kate look at each other for a long moment...

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE TRUCK STOP

Cledus is talking on the phone, Fred waiting nearby. A BIKER waits to use the phone.

CLEDUS

(into phone)

Hey, pumpkin pie, how you doin'? I should be home real soon. Yeah, Fred's fine. Still po'ed? See, time heals all wounds. Anyway, just wanted to check in. Okay, sweetie. You too. Bye-bye.

Cledus hangs up.

BIKER

Hey, man; this your goddam mutt?

Cledus nods.

BIKER

He just bit me.

CLEDUS

Fred? C'mon, man; he don't bite.

Cledus begins walking back toward the counter.

BIKER

I said the mother bit me.

CLEDUS

He couldn'ta bit you. He's got better taste than that.

Laughter O.S. Suddenly, the Biker tries kicking Fred. Fred leaps back. Baring his teeth. Scared.

CLEDUS

Hey, back off, huh!?!

BIKER

Animals like this should be put to

sleep.

ANOTHER BIKER

Yeah, let's put the poor little
sumbitch outta his misery.

The other bikers chime in their approval, as the First Biker takes a pool cue off the wall rack and starts toward Fred.

CLEDUS

(angry)

Hey, pal; I told you. Cut that shit
out.

But the Biker isn't listening. He starts to swing the cue at Fred, but Cledus whirls and slams his fist into the Biker's pock-marked face blowing him into the jukebox. The record skips and jumps to Merle Haggard's "live version" of "Okie From Muskogee." Loud.

Instantly, the other bikers are on their feet. A TRUCKER stands to help Cledus and is immediately cold-cocked.

MOVING ANGLE - HAND HELD

Cledus sees he's in the middle of a powder keg -- with no way out. He backs up toward the pool table, grabs a cue.

OWNER

(yelling)

Hey, c'mon fellas...

Cledus swings the pool cue. The bikers split up. Move around him. He can't watch them all. Then like clockwork, they all rush him. Three from the front, two from the side, one over the top of the pool table.

Cledus nails one of them with a pool cue to the nuts. The Biker screams and doubles over. A Biker flies over the pool table and crashes into Cledus from behind -- knocking the pool cue away. Another Biker rushes in, but gets Cledus' Frye Boot in the gut for his trouble.

But then the other two nail Cledus from each side and it's over. They've got him. Cledus tries to shake himself loose, but the First Biker, picks himself up from the jukebox, strolls over and lets him have it twice in the groin. Cledus doubles over. Onto the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the three bikers pick Cledus up and toss him into the air, over to the other three bikers. They catch him and toss him back again.

A beat, then they run toward the window, still carrying Cledus. They swing him back and forth. One. Two. Three. Then, they toss him out the window.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK STOP - DAY

Glass shatters, as Cledus comes flying through the window, landing face down in the gravel. With a thud. Wait. And Fred is tossed out after him.

CLOSER ANGLE

Cledus slowly pulls himself up, trying to hold back his anger and humiliation. He begins walking. Fred follows. Camera stays:

CLOSE - ON CLEDUS - TRACKING

as he starts toward Bandit II. He passes something off-screen. The trace of a smile crosses his face. He keeps walking.

From O.S.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

That's seventy-three eighty-four.

We stay CLOSE on Cledus, as he reaches into his pocket and hands the Attendant some bills off-camera. Doesn't break stride. We're still close. Tracking.

A few more steps and a bag ENTERS FRAME. Cledus takes it.

OWNER (O.S.)

Pay me next time through, son.

Cledus nods, takes the bag. Keeps walking. Up to the truck. Climbing the steps.

ANGLE - THRU WINDSHIELD - TIGHT

Cledus settles into the truck.

Fred climbs over him, into the shotgun position. HOLD on

Cledus, as he fires up the big eighteen-wheeler. He glances again at something off-screen. And his smile becomes a little wider.

ANGLE - THE GEARSHIFT

Cledus' gloved hand jams the big rig into gear. The truck leaps forward. And now:

FULL SHOT

of the eighteen-wheeler, as it roars toward the long line of Chromed Choppers -- knocking them to the ground and rolling right over them. Crunch!!!!

NEW ANGLE

watching Bandit II, as it keeps on rolling. Out of the parking lot and back onto the highway. Leaving behind:

THE CHOPPERS

Complete wrecks. Chrome. Mirrors. Fenders. Tires. All crushed and mutilated. These bikes will never ride again.

CUT TO:

THE HIGHWAY

Bandit II, rolling. Over:

CLEDUS (V.O.)
Bandit I, bring yourself in.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit and Kate kissing. The first time. Tenderly. The rain has turned to a light drizzle.

CLEDUS
(from CB)
Bandit I, do you copy?

Bandit and Kate break the kiss. Look at each other. Bandit reaches for the mike.

BANDIT
(into mike)
We're listening, Bandit II. Back.

INTERCUT - BANDIT I AND II

Cledus feels better. He's eating a sloppy joe with one hand and driving with the other. The two cups of coffee are resting in coffee holders, attached to the dash.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Ran into a little hassle at the eatum-up-stop.

BANDIT

(into mike)

You okay?

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Just fine. What's the weather like?

BANDIT

(into mike)

God's back on our side, so let's get smokin'.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Roger. Keep the shiny side up and the greasy side down.

(then)

Right, Fred?

Fred barks. Cledus drives on, more determined than ever.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit fires up the Cobra.

KATE

How 'bout one more for the road?

Bandit turns to her and they kiss again. And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

THE ALABAMA MOUNTAINS - DAY

The roads are slick, but Bandit I and II take them hard and fast. Over:

BANDIT
(over CB)
-- How we doing?

CLEDUS
(over CB)
It's gonna be close. Real close.

DISSOLVE TO:

ALABAMA HIGHWAY - DAY

as Bandit I and II come rolling down the mountain. Onto the main highway. Over this from the radio, Doug Kershaw plays a mean fiddle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

A little later. Bandit and Kate talking.

KATE
(more relaxed)
-- Actually, my heaviest relationship was with a rock singer named Ramblin' Bobby Holt. When I turned twenty-one, I went to Europe with visions of being free and independent. My luck, he was on the plane. I landed in Paris and fell in love before I could claim my baggage.
(a beat)
We were together for almost a year. I thought he was it.

BANDIT
And?

KATE
He wasn't. One day I came home and found him taking a shower -- with another girl. And her sister.

Bandit whistles.

KATE
My very words.

BANDIT

Well, that's what you get for falling
in love with a guy who's first name
is Ramblin'.

Kate laughs, then:

DISSOLVE TO:

ALABAMA HIGHWAY - LATER

Bandit I roars up behind a long line of cars and campers,
crawling along at the prescribed 65.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit looking ahead. Trying to figure something out.

KATE

They should arrest people for obeying
the speed limit.

BANDIT

(picking up CB mike)

Bandit II?

CLEDUS (V.O.)

Talk to me.

BANDIT

(into mike)

We're gonna have to do a little
tightrope act.

CLEDUS (V.O.)

Let's boogie.

HIGHWAY - DAY

Bandit pulls into the oncoming lane and roars past half a
dozen cars and campers, before sliding back in. A beat and
he's off again.

BANDIT I - MOVING

as Bandit I pulls out, the VW in front of him pulls out too,
forcing Bandit I to swerve around him and onto the shoulder.
Bandit floors it, roars along the shoulder and around the

VW.

Bandit I continues passing cars, until he's forced back into the correct lane by an oncoming yellow school bus.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit flicks the CB selector over two channels.

BANDIT

All right, Kate. You clock it and let Cledus know when this school bus goes through.

Kate fires up the mike. The school bus comes closer.

KATE

(into mike)

Bandit two, you read me?

CLEDUS

(over CB)

You're soundin' real bodacious. Back.

The school bus passes.

KATE

(into mike)

A yellow school bus just flew past us. I'll count up to closing time -- starting... Now. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31...

Kate keeps her eyes on the road ahead.

THE HIGHWAY

Bandit I rolling down the highway. Kate counting OVER:

KATE (V.O.)

...40, 41, 42, 43, 44...

INSIDE BANDIT I - KATE'S VIEW

as she continues counting.

KATE

...45, 46, 47...

A black Porsche rounds the curve in the oncoming lane.

INSIDE BANDIT II - MOVING

Cledus speeding down the oncoming lane. Both hands gripping the wheel.

KATE
(over CB)
...48... 49... Here comes a black
Porsche. Pull in.

Cledus looks for a place to squeeze in. The traffic is bumper-to-bumper. He stomps on it.

HIGHWAY - DAY

Bandit II racing down the oncoming lane looking for an opening. And here comes the black Porsche. Straight at him. Finally, Cledus spots an opening and wheels the big rig in -- an instant before the black Porsche whizzes by.

INSIDE BANDIT II

Cledus sighs relief. Then:

KATE
(over CB)
Here we go again, Bandit II.

Cledus puts the hammer to the floor.

HIGHWAY - DAY

as the big eighteen-wheeler pulls back into the oncoming lane and takes off. Camera eases back to:

AN AERIAL VIEW

of the Alabama Highway. Bumper-to-bumper traffic in one lane. Bandit I followed in the distance by Bandit II blasting down the oncoming lane doing at least 100 MPH.

Again Doug Kershaw plays OVER...

DISSOLVE TO:

SHERIFF CLAYTON'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

now almost a complete wreck. The inside of the car is soaking wet, as is the Texas Sheriff. No time to get a new front door.

Clayton is having trouble seeing through the shattered windshield and runs right over a boulder that's fallen onto the highway... leaving his complete exhaust system laying in the middle of the highway. And now, the ROAR from his engine is deafening.

NEW ANGLE

as the battered-up Texas Sheriff's car comes wailing through the mountains and descends to meet:

THE TRAFFIC JAM

backed up for miles. Clayton pulls up behind the endless line of cars and campers Bandit I and Bandit II long ago passed.

CLAYTON
(leaning on horn)
Goddammit. I'm in a goddam hurry,
goddammit!!!

Clayton continues slamming down on his horn, but no one budges. Resigned, he removes his hand from the horn. But the horn keeps blaring. Stuck.

As the car horn and engine continue blasting, we:

CUT TO:

ALABAMA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Bandit I and II moving down the bullet lane. Deadheading home. Over:

KATE (V.O.)
-- It's hard to believe this schmuck
Kyle would go to such lengths for
Coors beer.

BANDIT (V.O.)
It's not the beer. He just wants to
see me fail.

KATE (V.O.)

What kind of a guy is he?

BANDIT (V.O.)

The minute you see him, you'll know.

Doug Kershaw plays again, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INSIDE BANDIT I

Bandit picks up the CB mike.

BANDIT

(into mike)

This is Bandit. I'm about twenty-five miles outside of Georgia. Heading in on Eighty-five and looking for a Smokey report.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(from CB)

This is First Madame, Bandit.

INTERCUT - INSIDE A MOBILE HOME

Tacky. Colored candles and incense burning. Stained glass contact paper over the windows.

Sitting at a bar in the front of the trailer, sipping Old Granddad, is FIRST MADAME. Platinum hair and a see-through negligee. She's talking into a CB mike.

Behind her, in silhouette, ANOTHER WOMAN in a negligee is undressing TWO MEN in uniform. As she removes their hats, ties, belts, shirts...

FIRST MADAME

(into mike)

We knew you'd be coming our way and decided to take care of the Bears for you. You know, a little personalized roadside service.

THE HIGHWAY (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS)

A PINK MOBILE HOME sits back from the highway, sporting a very long CB antenna. Two signs rest in the front window: "Truckers Only" and "Love Gas For Sale."

Parked in front of the trailer, are TWO ALABAMA STATE TROOPER CARS.

As Bandit I whips past:

BANDIT (V.O.)
Send me the bill, First Madame.

FIRST MADAME (V.O.)
Better yet. Why don't you pay up in person?

BANDIT (V.O.)
Maybe I'll catch you on the flip-flop. Over and out.

INSIDE BANDIT I

Kate turns to him. Shakes her head.

BANDIT
Believe me, she's got a heart of gold.

CUT TO:

A HIGHWAY SIGN

reading: Georgia -- 20 Miles. A blur passes camera. Bandit I. Then a much longer blur. Bandit II.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

Kate and Bandit.

KATE
What are you gonna do when you get home?

BANDIT
Sleep for a week.
(then)
Wanna join me?

A beat, she leans across the seat and kisses him. Passionately. He goes with it.

THE HIGHWAY - HIGH SHOT - AFTERNOON

As they kiss, the Cobra veers off the highway -- out of control. It swerves back onto the highway, across the oncoming lane, then back toward the shoulder. As Bandit I weaves wildly down the highway, it passes:

AN ALABAMA STATE TROOPER'S CAR

The TWO TROOPERS inside exchange a quick look, hit their siren and take off.

INSIDE BANDIT I

Kate and Bandit break the kiss when they hear the siren. Bandit glances up in the rear view mirror.

BANDIT
Thanks, Kate.

She punches him on the shoulder.

THE HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The Alabama State Trooper chasing Bandit I.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit spots a SIX TRUCK CONVOY moving up ahead. The rear truck is hauling gasoline. There are several cars between Bandit and the Convoy.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Breaker, Breaker. This is Bandit I,
coming up on a portable gas station.
Do you copy?

VOICE
(from CB)
Bandit, this is Mister B, and I'm
gearjamming this rolling refinery.
You got another Smokey on the rubber?

BANDIT
(into mike)
What else?
(then)
Can you give me cover, Mister B?

MISTER B
(from CB)

Come head on, Bandit. We'll slip you
into the rocking chair.

Bandit looks up in the rear view.

HIS VIEW - THROUGH REAR VIEW MIRROR

The Alabama State Trooper is weaving in and out of traffic --
after Bandit. Blue lights swirling.

BACK TO SCENE

Bandit floorboards it, passing THREE CARS and sliding back
into traffic, an instant before oncoming traffic whizzes by.

A beat and he's back into the oncoming lane. Passing another
FOUR CARS and heading toward the Six Truck Convoy.

BEHIND HIM

The Alabama State Trooper passes the First Three Cars and
darts back into line, as Bandit comes back out.

ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY

Bandit I roars up to the Convoy, the Six Trucks break ranks,
leaving an opening in the middle.

Bandit I passes the first Three Trucks and slips into the
Convoy. The Trucks all close ranks around Bandit I.

ALABAMA STATE TROOPER'S CAR - MOVING

as it comes up to the back door of the Convoy. The Trooper
passes Trucks Six and Five, but Truck Four pulls out of the
Convoy, as if to pass, just in front of the Alabama State
Trooper.

The Trooper's car is forced off the highway, onto the
shoulder. He floors it, passing the Convoy -- unaware that
Truck Four has just hidden Bandit.

As the Trooper barrels down the highway, Truck Four pulls
back into the Convoy.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

Bandit pulls out of the Convoy, passing the Three Lead Trucks.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Mister B, I don't know how to thank
you.

MISTER B
(from CB)
Thank me by not getting caught.

CUT TO:

INSIDE BANDIT II - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Cledus has the hammer down. Drinking coffee.

BANDIT
(from CB)
Bandit II?

Cledus picks up his mike.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
I'm all ears.

BANDIT
(from CB)
You're about to hit a convoy. Tighten
up your rubber band. The oncoming's
clear.

HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

as the big eighteen-wheeler takes the oncoming lane and lets
her roll. As he roars past the Convoy, he gives a long BLAST
on his HORN to each of the trucks as he passes. Each truck
responds with a BLAST.

CUT TO:

THE GEORGIA STATE LINE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Alabama State Trooper who chased Bandit is parked off
the highway at the Alabama/Georgia State Line.

The Trooper climbs out of his car, to stretch his legs. He
unhooks his pistol, sits on the fender of his car. Waits.

A beat and he hears a HORN honking way off in the distance. He looks up to his left.

WHAT HE SEES

Bandit I zooming across the state line on a high road, above the highway. A hand waves to the Trooper from the Cobra.

BACK TO SCENE

The Trooper is furious. But before he can do anything, he's practically blown off his fender by a huge eighteen-wheeler blasting across the state line. Bandit II. Heading home.

DISSOLVE TO:

GEORGIA COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bandit I roars through the lush Georgia mountains and heads back toward two lane blacktop.

He hits the highway, just ahead of Bandit II. And they're off.

DISSOLVE TO:

GEORGIA EXPRESSWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Bandit I and Bandit II fly past a sign announcing: The Peach Tree Classic.

CLEDUS (V.O.)
Hot Lanta, here we come!

And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

A GEORGIA STATE WEIGHT STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Two GEORGIA HIGHWAY PATROL CARS are parked at the Weight Station. Several TRUCKS move across the scales, down the ramp and back onto the highway.

CAMERA PANS BACK

to Bandit I coming down the highway toward the Weight Station.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit sees the scales, slows and pulls off to the side of the road. He lets his motor idle, waiting for Cledus.

KATE
Why are you stopping?

BANDIT
Weight Station.

He clicks over the crystal selector another two notches and keys the mike.

BANDIT
(into mike)
Bandit II?

CLEDUS
(over CB)
I'm here.

BANDIT
(into mike)
You're coming up to the scale house.

CLEDUS
(over CB)
I'm cucumber cool.

And Bandit II rolls past them, heading up the ramp toward the Weight Station.

INSIDE BANDIT II

Cledus waits, as an eighteen-wheeler, hauling mobile homes, rolls onto the scales.

Cledus glances over to the:

THE WEIGHT STATION SHACK - CLEDUS' VIEW

TWO WEIGHT STATION WORKERS are inside. One is checking the scales, the other is rapping with TWO GEORGIA HIGHWAY PATROLMEN.

BACK TO SCENE

as the eighteen-wheeler is weighed. Then:

WEIGHT STATION WORKER
(over loudspeaker)
Okay, you're clear to roll.

The Driver moves off the scales, back onto the highway. Cledus eases Bandit II into first and moves onto the scales.

CLOSE - CLEDUS

waiting. Takes off his gloves. Wipes his hands on his vest. A little nervous. He glances up at the Station house.

HIS VIEW

The Weight Station Worker is talking to the Georgia heat. The Worker then moves to the loudspeaker.

WEIGHT STATION WORKER
(over loudspeaker)
Pull 'er ahead and park.

NEW ANGLE

as Cledus leans across Fred and rolls down the window.

CLEDUS
(yelling through window)
What's the problem?

The other WORKER starts out of the shack, followed by one of the Georgia Highway Patrolmen.

WEIGHT STATION WORKER
(over loudspeaker)
Just pull it over, please. And have your manifest ready.

CLEDUS
(under his breath)
Oh, Jesus...

Cledus pulls the big eighteen-wheeler off the scales and into the inspection area.

The other Weight Station Worker and the Georgia Cop approach the truck. Cledus hands them his manifest. The Weight Station Worker checks it out. The Highway Patrolman looks over his shoulder.

WEIGHT STATION WORKER
Paint, huh?

CLEDUS
Yep.

WEIGHT STATION WORKER
Paint ain't usually pulled
independently.

CLEDUS
Hey, I'm a truckin' whore. They got
the money, honey; I got the time.

The Weight Station Worker laughs. The Highway Patrolman
doesn't.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
Wanna open her up?

CLEDUS
C'mon fella, this paint's due in
Savannah yesterday.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
Word is some joker's running blocker
for an illegal load. We're just spot
checking.

Cledus notices the Weight Station Worker's name tag.

CLEDUS
C'mon, Ebersol... I've been through
this chicken coop a hundred times...

But the Weight Station Worker and the Georgia Highway
Patrolman have already started toward the rear of Bandit II.
The Weight Station Worker jumps up to unlatch Bandit II's
back doors.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
(to Cledus)
We're just gonna take a quick peek-
see. You'll be outta here in no...

Before he can finish his sentence, the sound of SCREECHING
TIRES whips his head around.

NEW ANGLE - WHAT HE SEES

Bandit I laying rubber all the way up the ramp, heading straight toward him.

FULL SHOT

The Highway Patrolman and the Weight Station Worker dive for cover, as Bandit I blasts past them, doing at least 90.

Bandit whips the wheel to the right and the Shelby Cobra roars around the Weight Station Shack on two wheels -- tires screaming.

The Weight Station Worker and Georgia Highway Patrolman rush back toward the Shack, completely forgetting Cledus.

ANGLE - BANDIT II

Cledus casually eases the rig into first and rolls out of the parking area, onto the highway.

BACK TO SCENE

Nobody notices Cledus drive off, as Bandit I continues screaming around the Weight Station -- tires smoking.

BANDIT I - RACING ANGLE

Bandit sees Cledus has safely returned to the highway and whips around the Weight Station Shack for the final time and hits the highway on ramp doing 100.

ANGLE - THE WEIGHT STATION

The Two Georgia Highway Patrolmen race toward their cars, leap and take off after Bandit I -- lights and sirens blaring.

THE HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Bandit I roars past Bandit II, the Two Highway Patrol Cars in hot pursuit.

INSIDE THE LEAD HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

The Georgia Highway Patrolman on the radio.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
(into mike)

...in high speed pursuit of a black
Shelby Cobra. Mississippi license
Charles-Alan-Richard -- two-seven-
three. Vehicle eastbound on Interstate
seventy-two. Request assistance.

HIGHWAY - HIGH SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

The Two Georgia Highway Patrol cars race past Bandit II.
Cledus gives them a small wave. They don't notice.

BANDIT I - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

as the Cobra comes racing up to the rear of a long line of
slowmoving traffic. Bandit moves out to pass and sees:

PICKUP TRUCK

coming straight at him.

BANDIT I

swerves onto the shoulder.

THE PICKUP TRUCK

does the same.

BANDIT I AND THE PICKUP TRUCK

Bandit I swerves back onto the highway. So does the Pickup.
And it looks like a head-on for sure.

At the last instant, Bandit swerves back onto the shoulder.
The Pickup rips past him and Bandit manages to pull the Cobra
back onto the highway and into the free lane.

NEW ANGLE

as the Pickup Truck now is face-to-face with the First Georgia
Highway Patrol car. They jockey for position. The First
Highway Patrol car swerves and passes the Pickup, but the
Second one hits the shoulder barely avoiding a head-on.

ANGLE - THE SECOND HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

as it flies over the ditch and does a complete midair end-
over-end flip -- landing in a ditch. Out of the chase.

THE EXPRESSWAY OVERPASS - LATE AFTERNOON

Bandit I races toward the overpass, the Georgia Highway Patrol car three hundred yards behind.

Bandit I takes the hairpin turn full out and goes into a four wheel drift. Bandit manages to maintain control and punches it in mid-slide, blasting the Cobra through the turn, onto the Expressway below.

CAMERA HOLDS

as the Highway Patrol car tries the same feat, loses control and crashes into the chain link divider.

THE EXPRESSWAY - FROM ABOVE

Bandit roars onto the Expressway, sailing right past A GEORGIA STATE TROOPER'S CAR, parked on the shoulder, waiting for speeders.

The State Trooper fires up his engine and with red lights twirling and siren wailing, pulls out after Bandit I.

Just as he does, the Georgia Highway Patrol car comes racing by and they slam into each other -- knocking both cars twenty feet each way.

Both cars straighten out and wait for the other to take the lead. The Trooper starts off. So does the Highway Patrol car. The Trooper stops, so does the Highway Patrol car. This goes on for several beats until they both start off at the same time -- and smash right into each other again.

HIGH SHOT - THE EXPRESSWAY

as Bandit I races down the Expressway, the Two Police cars finally get it together and take off after him.

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit weaves in and out of traffic. Glances out his side mirror.

ANGLE - THROUGH SIDE MIRROR

The Georgia Highway Patrol car and the Georgia State Trooper racing down the Expressway, cars pulling onto the shoulder so they can pass.

ANGLE - EXPRESSWAY ON RAMP

A large red sign reads: WRONG WAY - DO NOT ENTER. Bandit I blasts by the sign and enters the on ramp. Going the wrong way!

INSIDE BANDIT

Bandit hugging the shoulder. Kate hugging the seat. Petrified.

THEIR VIEW

ANOTHER HIGHWAY PATROL CAR is coming down the ramp -- headed straight for them.

FULL SHOT

The Highway Patrol car isn't giving ground, as Bandit I roars toward him.

KATE

Oh, dear God in heaven!

THE TWO CARS

racing toward each other. Neither giving ground. A dead-on Chickie Run.

Finally, at the last possible instant, the Highway Patrol car swerves to the right, crashing through the guard railing and sailing into:

MIDAIR

The Highway Patrol car flies through the air and crashes down on the back of a moving FLATBED TRACTOR TRAILER.

The Flatbed Truck just keeps driving. Not even noticing.

THE EXPRESSWAY - RACING ANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bandit I, still going the wrong way. Up ahead -- an Expressway full of cars -- headed straight for Bandit I.

Bandit floorboards it, flies over the center divider and ends up on the other side of the Expressway, just ahead of Bandit II.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

as they race down the Expressway, flying past another billboard announcing: The Peach Tree Classic.

Bandit wipes his brow.

BANDIT

What'll we do for excitement on our second date?

Before she can answer, from the CB:

CLEDUS

(over CB)

Bandit I, let me offer my heartiest congratulations and a piece of advice.

BANDIT

(into mike)

What's that, pardner?

CLEDUS

(over CB)

Don't take that foot off the hammer, 'cause you got wall-to-wall Bears about to pour over you like maple syrup.

Bandit looks up in his rear view mirror.

WHAT HE SEES

Behind him, FIVE NEW GEORGIA HIGHWAY PATROL CARS, coming on strong.

FULL SHOT - THE EXPRESSWAY

as the Five Highway Patrol cars hit their sirens and wail past Bandit II, on their way after Bandit I.

Bandit I quickly veers off the Expressway onto a crossing highway. The Police cars all follow.

And Bandit II, continues whipping down the Expressway. Atlanta bound.

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

as he flips the CB channel over to 19.

BANDIT
(to Kate)
I think it's time to call a mayday.
(into mike)
Breaker. Breaker. This is Bandit to
Hot Pants. Come back.

A beat.

HOT PANTS
(over CB)
Why should I?

BANDIT
(into mike)
Because I need your help, sweet thing.
(glancing back, the
five Smokeys gaining
ground)
And I need it bad.

INTERCUT - A DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

A teenage hangout. Really hopping. Country and Western MUSIC blaring from the radios of Pickup Trucks, VW Vans, Sports Cars, etc, all parked in front of the restaurant. Almost every vehicle sports a CB antenna.

CAMERA FINDS a beautiful WAITRESS, holding a CB mike, stretched out of a Customized MODEL A. Inside the Model A, the Driver is eating a hamburger. The beautiful Waitress is HOT PANTS.

HOT PANTS
(into mike)
I'm working, Bandit. Besides, what's
the matter? Won't your new girl friend
help you?

BANDIT
(into mike)
Hot Pants, please. I'm gonna be flying
by in about five minutes with Smokey
on my tail. Can you lock it off behind
me?

No answer.

BANDIT
(into mike)
What do you want me to do, Hot Pants?
Beg?

HOT PANTS
(into mike)
Yes.

BANDIT
(into mike)
I'm begging.

HOT PANTS
(into mike)
I want you to know I'm doing this
against my better instincts.

BANDIT
(into mike)
But you'll do it?

HOT PANTS
(into mike)
I'll do it.

BANDIT
(into mike)
I owe you a big one, Hot Pants.

HOT PANTS
(into mike, sexily)
You sure do.

Bandit hangs up the mike and turns to Kate.

BANDIT
(before she can say
anything)
Yes, I actually dated a woman who
still wears hot pants.

CUT TO:

THE EXPRESSWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Bandit I whizzes past camera. Wait. Then here comes the
Highway Patrol. They've picked up reinforcements. Ten in

all.

CUT TO:

THE HIGHWAY - IN FRONT OF THE DRIVE-IN - LATE AFTERNOON

Hot Pants has gathered all the cars from the drive-in and lined them up along both shoulders of the highway. Some are facing east. Some west. The drivers all wait in complete silence.

Finally, in the distance, the sound of sirens. Coming closer.

LOW ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY

as a speck rises over a hill and comes barrelling down the center divider, doing at least 120. A beat and a dozen more specks top the hill and roar down the highway in pursuit.

The specks quickly take form. Bandit I followed by a dozen Georgia Highway Patrol cars. The vehicles parked along the shoulder all fire up their engines on cue. And wait.

NEW ANGLE

Bandit I roars past the cars parked along the shoulder.

The instant Bandit I clears, the vehicles pull off the shoulder and begin moving down the highway -- eastbound and westbound -- all doing a conservative law-abiding 55.

THE HIGHWAY PATROL CARS

come roaring down the eastbound lane and find the road totally blocked by teen-age traffic going both ways. They're stuck. Even the shoulders are blocked by cars from the drive-in. Just in case.

And as Bandit I disappears around a distant curve:

CUT TO:

EXPRESSWAY ON RAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

Camera follows Bandit I as it shoots down the highway and back onto the Expressway, just ahead of Bandit II.

INTERCUT - INSIDE BANDIT I AND II

Everyone breathes a sigh. Bandit clicks over the CB.

BANDIT
(into mike)
How's the clock, Bandit II.

CLEDUS
(into mike)
Ticking away, but it looks like a
clear shot to Hot Town. Green lights
and white lines all the way.

Kate turns the rear view mirror towards her and straightens her hair. Bandit glances over.

KATE
Hey, this could be the biggest house
I ever played to.

Bandit smiles as both he and Cledus trounce on their pedals.

As Bandit I and II take off, Atlanta bound, we:

CUT TO:

TWO GEORGIA STATE POLICE CHOPPERS

flving high over the highways leading into Atlanta. Over
this:

CHOPPER PILOT'S VOICE
Paydirt!

AERIAL VIEW

from the chopper. Bandit I and Bandit II blazing a trail
toward Atlanta.

THE CHOPPERS

as they swoop down toward camera.

CHOPPER PILOT'S VOICE
-- We just picked up the Cobra
eastbound on Interstate 72 heading
for the Peach Tree Classic. Over.

COMMANDER'S VOICE
All units converge.

And now:

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

of the Atlanta Expressway arteries. Every type of law enforcement vehicle in the area -- STATE TROOPERS, LOCAL POLICE, HIGHWAY PATROLMEN, the works -- are blowing down the Expressway. Blue, Red and Yellow lights swirling.

CAMERA SWOOPS IN

closer and picks up Bandit I and II. Driving like crazy. Leading the pack.

The Peach Tree Classic Track looms ahead.

CLOSER STILL - MOVING

as TWENTY-SEVEN POLICE CARS converge behind Bandit I and II, forming an endless line of flashing lights.

As the Two Bears in the sky fly in low over the Convoy, we go:

INSIDE BANDIT I - MOVING

The sounds of SIRENS and the WHOOSH of choppers is deafening.

BANDIT

Talk about being popular...

Then he looks up ahead. And is speechless.

WHAT HE SEES - THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAIRGROUNDS

Under a huge billboard announcing "The Peach Tree Classic" -- is a greeting party. TEN COP CARS block the entrance gate to the raceway. Twenty cops form a line in front of their vehicles. TV cameras are poised.

BACK TO SCENE

as Bandit fires up the CB.

BANDIT

(into mike)

I hate to say it, man; but I think it's over. Time to lay down our hand.

INSIDE BANDIT II - MOVING

Fred is now on all four in the front seat. Tail slapping back and forth. Barking like crazy.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Are you loco, pardner!?! We've come this far.

BANDIT

(into mike)

Yeah, but...

CLEDUS

(into mike)

When we agree to do a job, we do it. Right?

BANDIT

(into mike)

But they're waiting for me. They don't even know Cledus Snow exists.

CLEDUS

(into mike)

Well, they're gonna. It's time this gearjammer rode to glory.

(then)

Now, move aside; good buddy. I'm coming through.

And Cledus puts it to the floor.

NEW ANGLE

as the huge eighteen-wheeler takes the bullet lane and passes Bandit I, almost blowing off its doors.

THE CONVOY - MOVING

led by Cledus in Bandit II. Roaring toward the race track gate. Hammer down. Stacks open. Horn blaring. Bandit I right on his tail.

And behind them, twenty-seven bubble gum machines lighting up the Georgia countryside.

FAIRGROUNDS ENTRANCE GATE

The COPS see Bandit II -- eighteen-wheels of terror -- roaring down the hill and headed full steam toward them.

ANGLE - THE COPS

Some run to their cars as fast as they can, start 'em up and scatter. Others just run as fast as they can, period. Utter chaos!

BANDIT II - RACING ANGLE

as it comes barreling toward the entrance gate, cutting right through the remaining Police cars -- sending them reeling.

Then the big rig blasts through the entrance gate, demolishing it and sending timber flying sky high.

NEW ANGLE

Bandit II heads for the race track smoke stacks blasting.

A beat and Bandit I, followed by half of Atlanta's Smokeys, comes roaring through what's left of the entrance gate.

IN THE STANDS

The "Peach Tree Classic" is in progress. Stock Cars racing full speed around the track. But the CROWD'S attention is turned toward the entrance gate.

ANGLE - KYLE BRAND AND HIS SON DICKEY

sitting in a front row box. Kyle has binoculars up to his eyes.

ANGLE - THRU BINOCULARS

Bandit I and II roaring straight toward the stands.

BACK TO KYLE AND DICKEY

Kyle lowers his binoculars and turns to his son.

KYLE

That crazy sumbitch made it.

DICKEY
Congratulations. You just became a
legend maker.

FULL SHOT - THE TRACK

Stock cars whipping around the curves, as Bandit I and Bandit II cut a path across the infield and roar onto the track -- screeching to a halt directly in front of Kyle's box.

BEHIND THEM

The Stock Cars swerve, slide and sail onto the infield -- trying to avoid collisions.

The Convoy of Police Cars, their sirens blasting and their advertising still swirling, are forced to stop -- as the Stock Cars pile up in front of them. Flags go down. The race is abruptly halted. A helicopter still hovers low overhead.

ANGLE - THE STANDS

The doors of Bandit I and II fly open and Bandit, Kate and Cledus all pile out and head for Kyle's box.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE BOX

All eyes are on Bandit, Cledus, Kate, Kyle and Dickey.

KYLE
(trying to act casual)
You got my barley pop?

BANDIT
What do you think?

DICKEY
(toothy smile)
Have any trouble getting here?

BANDIT
About one to five years worth.

KATE
(turning to Bandit,
stunned)
One to five?

BANDIT

(hopefully)
Maybe six months with good behavior.
(resigned)
One to five.

KYLE
(coughs, then)
Well, I guess I gotta hand it to
you.

He reaches into his pocket and brings out a shiny new set of
keys. He then gestures toward the sidelines. They all turn.

WHAT THEY SEE

The late afternoon sun sparkles off the chrome smokestacks
of a brand-new KENWORTH EIGHTEEN-WHEELER.

BACK TO SCENE

Kyle hands Bandit the keys.

Behind them, the POLICE have all jumped out of their cars --
(which now, along with the stock cars, cover the entire
infield --) and are rushing toward Bandit and Cledus.

DICKEY
(toothy grin)
I wonder if they'll let you take a K-
Whooper to prison?

CLEDUS
(to Kyle)
Mind if I cream your son?

KYLE
(to Bandit)
Don't sweat it. I'll have y'all out
on bail in no time. Fools like you
are valuable.

NEW ANGLE - TRACKING - ACROSS THE TRACK

as Bandit, Kate and Cledus start across, toward the oncoming
rush of police.

As they walk:

BANDIT

(to Kate)
Well, at least it hasn't been boring.

KATE
Well, thanks for the lift.

BANDIT
(it was nothing)
Hey...

There's a long pause. The cops are now closing in. Cledus walks toward them -- arms outstretched.

BANDIT
(after an uneasy beat)
What can I say?

KATE
Promise me you won't fall in love
with an inmate.

He grins. The cops are on top of them. Handcuffs on Bandit. Kate moves forward, pushing the cops out of the way. And kisses Bandit.

THE STANDS

as five thousand people cheer.

NEW ANGLE

Suddenly, a deafening ROAR is heard O.S. and all heads turn to see:

SHERIFF CLAYTON'S CAR

storming through the gate and across the infield. The Texas Highway Patrol car is almost a complete wreck. So is the driver.

The car comes to a skidding halt and Sheriff Buell Clayton leaps out. He heads straight toward Bandit -- fists clenched.

CLAYTON
(screaming)
Get your hands off my daughter!

BANDIT
Your what?

Clayton takes about five more frenzied steps, then suddenly drops to the ground. And faints. Out cold.

Everybody rushes forward, thinking the poor son-of-a-bitch is dead.

KATE
(to Bandit)
He's just exhausted.

BANDIT
That man is your father?!?

She nods. Then:

KATE
I should've told you, but you would've thrown me out, right?

BANDIT
Absolutely.

KATE
(speeding)
Listen, he's nuts. I mean certifiably.
But believe it or not, he once looked great in Levis. That's why my mother married him. But like all good things...
(then)
I know what you're thinking.

Bandit says nothing.

KATE
What are you thinking?

BANDIT
(looking over at Clayton, still out cold)
You gotta admire the man's determination.

She hugs him. A beat and the cops push Bandit and Cledus into the back seat of the lead squad car.

As Two Cops move around the front, Kate leans in the rear

window.

INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR

Bandit and Cledus. Handcuffed.

KATE
(to the guys)
Well, was it worth it?

Bandit and Cledus look at each other. Then nod. Then laugh.
Kate laughs with them.

Then the Two Cops hop in the front seat, as the other Twenty-Six Smokey's head for their cars.

KATE
(to Cledus)
I'll take care of Fred.

And now it's almost over. The Cop starts up the engine. Kate and Bandit look at each other for a long moment.

KATE
See ya, Bandit.

BANDIT
See ya, Kate.

Kate backs away from the window, as the squad car pulls out, followed by the endless line of Atlanta's finest.

Their sirens now silent. But their advertising still flashing.

And now, as we pull further and further away, watching the whole event become history...

We hear:

VOICE ONE
- Breaker, Breaker. This is Banana Peel.

VOICE TWO
- Yeah, Banana Peel, go head on.

VOICE ONE
- Did ya hear they nailed the Bandit?

VOICE TWO

- Yeah, I heard. But they won't hold him for long. Anyway, he sure gave them sumbitches a run for their money.

And:

FADE OUT:

THE END