

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - 1950'S - NIGHT

An old suitcase is snapped shut. RANDALL THOMPSON, 60's, sits with a beer bottle in a dimly lit wallpaper-torn bedroom. He has a weathered but handsome face, a lean build suggesting he was once an athlete.

SUPER: "Los Angeles, California 1958."

A rust-spotted fan PINGS from the floor. His WIFE, 30's, stands at the door holding the suitcase. She's sweating.

RANDALL

You leaving me because I'm a drunk?

She can't even look at him. Gently nods her head. Randall moves to the fan. He fiddles with it, putting his ear close. Hands moving quickly, the fan begins a cool, almost soothing hum. He sits back down.

RANDALL

I've got no one, you know.

WIFE

What about Thurman?

Randall is silent. His wife subtly glances toward the doorway, speaks softly.

WIFE

He's still around, isn't he?

Randall takes a slow slug from the bottle.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A brightly paved roadway overlooking sunlit lush greenery. Randall barrels his late-1940's Cadillac coupe our way. He drinks from the bottle, not waving it around to get attention, not concealing it either. Some orderlies stare.

He passes a freshly painted sign: "Rawley Home For The Elderly."

INT. OFFICE - ELDERLY HOME - DAY

In a cramped clean white office, Randall meets with DR. CHARLES KENDRICK. He is in his late 20's and balding.

RANDALL

I don't remember you from last time. So how do you like working here?

DR. KENDRICK
Mr. Thompson, have you been drinking?

Randall smiles sheepishly.

RANDALL
Maybe a little.

DR. KENDRICK
Next time you come, can you look more --

Randall's eyebrows raise. Dr. Kendrick waves it off.

DR. KENDRICK
Okay. Fine. Before you see him, I think maybe I should prepare you about a few things.

RANDALL
(sighs impatiently)
Dr. Kendrick, if it's all the same, can I just see him?

DR. KENDRICK
It's been my experience that preparing a visitor helps.

RANDALL
I don't want to be prepared. I just want to see him.

Randall springs from his chair.

DR. KENDRICK
But I just think...

RANDALL
Room 117, right?

Randall strides out. Dr. Kendrick heads after him.

INT. HALLWAY - ELDERLY HOME - DAY

Randall runs haphazardly through the shiny halls.

RANDALL
Thurman?! Thurman??!

Randall flies past a door then backtracks. He stares blankly. An elderly man, THURMAN CONWAY, 80s, sits quietly in a wooden chair. His crotch is darkened. A pool of water drips between his legs and down the side of the chair. The old man doesn't seem to notice.

Randall stays silent, his beer-slicked lips parted in surprise. Dr. Kendrick catches up.

RANDALL
What did you do to him?

Dr. Kendrick says nothing.

Randall goes over. Then stops sharply, his hand immediately moving to cover his nose.

RANDALL
This is fucking awful.

Dr. Kendrick sadly nods.

DR. KENDRICK
We've tried to take care of him. We really have. But his particular condition, it only gets worse.

RANDALL
Thought he was just getting old.

DR. KENDRICK
He has a recurring dementia.

Randall shoots a puzzled look.

DR. KENDRICK
Dr. Alois Alzheimer wrote a paper that might shed some light for you. I can get it for you. It's a sad situation, but we always make sure he's comfortable.

RANDALL
With that yellow drip and the stench he's sitting with, how could he not be?

Dr. Kendrick suddenly snaps to attention, embarrassed.

DR. KENDRICK
Jesus...

Dr. Kendrick scurries out. Randall stands a little closer, fighting with the overpowering smell.

RANDALL
Thurman, it's good to see you. It looks like this thing has really taken a hold of you, kid. Guess you're not able to talk anymore and everything. Always talked too much anyway.

Randall opens up the shades. Lets the sun spray over the wrinkles of his tired face.

RANDALL

There's something I've been hiding from you, Thurman. Kinda why I was hoping we could talk.

THURMAN

What did you say, Randall? What did you say?

Randall's face is pure shock. Dr. Kendrick comes back in with two orderlies. They quickly go to work with towels.

RANDALL

You didn't tell me he could talk.

DR. KENDRICK

Oh, yes, he can still have conversations. Most of the time he's fine. Pretty sharp, actually. But sometimes he forgets. Well, forgets who he is. He'll shout random things...obviously you saw what else...But most of the time he's with us.

THURMAN

I'm with you right now, Charles. And I don't like being talked about when I'm right in front of you!

Randall smiles at this then quietly sniffs. Satisfied the smell is gone, he throws an arm around Thurman.

RANDALL

Yeah. Fuck you, doc.

Randall and Thurman laugh boisterously. Thurman moves to kiss him on the cheek. Randall uncomfortably backs away before he can.

RANDALL

Let me talk to the doctor a second, Thurman.

INT. HALLWAY - ELDERLY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Randall slips out of Thurman's room with Dr. Kendrick, closing the door behind them.

RANDALL

I, uh, I'd like to spend some time with my cousin now that he's...more like he is.

DR. KENDRICK

Of course. You can come by and see him every day. I'll get you the schedule of visiting hours right now.

RANDALL

No. No. That's not what I mean.

Dr. Kendrick looks at him quizzically. He finally gets it.

DR. KENDRICK

No.

RANDALL

I don't mean forever here. Yeah, I'm really looking to be somebody's permanent caretaker. Just thought we'd go somewhere for a couple weeks -- thought it would be nice for him to have a vacation. He looks lonely.

(off Dr. Kendrick's look)

I'm his only family.

DR. KENDRICK

Hasn't your sister been paying for him to stay here?

RANDALL

Think I wouldn't have if I had the money?!

Dr. Kendrick is taken aback. He notices the silver flask peeking out of Randall's pocket. Randall sees this. Their eyes meet.

DR. KENDRICK

No. I think you would've.

Randall nods.

DR. KENDRICK

But Mr. Thompson, I don't think you can really take care of him. I'm not so convinced that you might not need...You know, we have a sister hospital that's very good at overcoming your problem.

RANDALL
Drunk tanks.

DR. KENDRICK
We don't call them that. But yes.

Randall is silent.

DR. KENDRICK
He shouldn't go with you.
(a beat)
But I won't stop you. Not if he wants to go.

Randall starts to unfold a smile then suddenly freezes.

RANDALL
What if he doesn't?

DR. KENDRICK
Then I'll have to give you that visiting hours sheet.

RANDALL
Yeah, I see how it works. If he says no, you win. If he says yes, you'll just order him to stay here and I can't do a thing about it.

DR. KENDRICK
I gave you my word. But I'm pretty confident he's not gonna want to go. We take good care of him.

RANDALL
Oh, you're confident, are you? That's good.
(glares at him)
I hear confidence helps you score with women. That and hair.

The door opens. Thurman stands with a small monogrammed suitcase.

THURMAN
Stop being a brat.

Randall glances at the doctor hopefully. Dr. Kendrick exchanges a look with Thurman.

DR. KENDRICK
 (to Randall)
 You'll have to fill out some release
 forms.

EXT. ELDERLY HOME - DAY

Randall and Thurman walk out of the entrance. Every few steps, Randall slows so Thurman can catch up. Randall points ahead. Thurman's eyes dazzle as he sees the Cadillac shine in the lot. He moves a little faster now. After a moment, Dr. Kendrick runs after both of them.

DR. KENDRICK
 Wait! Wait!

Randall tightens. He leans like he's about to make a run for it, then decides to turn back. Dr. Kendrick pants, handing him a clipboard.

DR. KENDRICK
 You forgot...forgot to sign the forms.

Randall noticeably relaxes.

RANDALL
 Ah. I just got tired of reading all that legal stuff. Thought maybe you could forge it.

DR. KENDRICK
 (still panting)
 I can't...Forge it?...It just talks further about how we're not liable...
 (finally regains his breath)
 for anything that happens while he's gone. Just sign please.

RANDALL
 How do I know you're telling the truth? Really don't like to sign anything unless I've read it.

Dr. Kendrick flusters.

RANDALL
 Oh, look Thurman, I think I'm stressing him. Doesn't stress make your hair fall out?

THURMAN
 Believe it does.

Randall signs the rest of the papers and hands the clipboard back.

RANDALL
We're good now?

DR. KENDRICK
Yes. Yes...
(stares at Thurman)
You've got to know I don't agree with this. But I've always admired you, Mr. Conway. Only reason I'm letting you go.

Thurman is almost incredulous.

THURMAN
Admire me?
(laughs softly)
Why on earth would you admire me?

DR. KENDRICK
Well, for one, you've been a model resident. When you're up to it, always see you helping others. Always.

Thurman shrugs if off, playing it down like it wasn't true.

DR. KENDRICK
Don't be modest. I know Mr. Dorhill doesn't have to wait for a free orderly when he needs to be fed his meal. Means a lot to him. I admire that.

Randall eyes Thurman like he can't believe what he's hearing. Thurman lowers his head, embarrassed.

DR. KENDRICK
You don't think we watch? You're a good man. Always seem to do the right thing.

THURMAN
Up till now.

Dr. Kendrick says nothing.

DR. KENDRICK
I'll see you in two weeks.

Randall extends his arms and, with one sure boost, helps Thurman into the passenger side. Dr. Kendrick studies this uncertainly.

DR. KENDRICK

I have to tell you, still not sure about this.

RANDALL

What if I promise to call you from the road? Let you know how he's doing?

A long moment then Dr. Kendrick reluctantly nods. Randall smiles, jumps into the driver's seat and pulls out in a quick burst. As he catches Dr. Kendrick's disapproving stare, he slows out of the lot.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Randall's car is hightailing it down a dirt-caked city street.

RANDALL

When's the last time you were in a car?

THURMAN

Too long.

RANDALL

Hey. Um, should we put some towels on the seat?

THURMAN

Why?

RANDALL

'Cause, you know.

THURMAN

'Cause I pissed myself before?

RANDALL

Well. Yeah.

THURMAN

Seems fair. You got towels?

RANDALL

We'll stop off for some in a bit.

THURMAN

You sure I can hold it?

The sarcasm plasters a smile on Randall's face.

RANDALL

Yeah.

They drive in silence a moment.

THURMAN
Let me drive.

RANDALL
Are you allowed to? I mean, in your
condition?

Thurman gives him an angry glare.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car pulls to a quick stop. Blinding dust kicks up, pelting the windshield. Randall saunters over to the passenger side, opens the door and helps Thurman out. Slowed by arthritic legs, Thurman slightly limps to the driver's side. Randall moves to help again but Thurman waves him off.

As he begins to push his skinny butt up to the driver's seat...

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

The car hasn't moved yet. Thurman grips the wheel tightly.

RANDALL
If you don't want to, it's okay.

THURMAN
It's okay, huh? You're saying, if I'm too old.

RANDALL
No one's saying that. Don't be so sensitive. Wasn't saying anything like that.

Randall takes a drink from his flask. Thurman gazes at him with open disgust.

THURMAN
Why don't you quit that?

RANDALL
Because I can't. You know I can't. Jeez.

THURMAN
Well, you can't drink anymore for now.
I'm not in the mood to drive.

Randall doesn't say anything.

THURMAN

Just not in the mood. But moods can change.

Randall takes another sip.

RANDALL

You bet your ass they can.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Randall pumps gas in the car. He notices Thurman asleep in the passenger side window, his nose scrunched against the dirty glass. Looks peaceful. Randall can't help but grin.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Randall cuts a quick turn. They pass a hitchhiker on the road. A young man of about 20.

THURMAN

Let's pick him up.

RANDALL

You nuts?

THURMAN

C'mon, you used to hitch.

RANDALL

Times are different.

The car blows past the hitchhiker.

THURMAN

That's bad karma right there.

RANDALL

I'm hungry.

THURMAN

Bad karma. I have to go to the bathroom.

Randall looks around.

RANDALL

What do you think of that place up ahead?

Out of the passenger window, we see a neon sign: "Annie's Eatery." There's a small leaning shack of a restaurant beyond.

THURMAN

I guess.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Randall and Thurman rush in. The place fits a couple patched booths, a scattering of lopsided tables and a small but clean counter. A WAITRESS, 40's, scampers over with two menus.

WAITRESS

Two for lunch?

RANDALL

Okay. But my friend really has to go to the bathroom.

The waitress sees Thurman's spindly legs tightly wrapped around each other.

WAITRESS

Oh. Oh. That way.

Randall nods and leads Thurman toward the bathroom. When they get to the door --

THURMAN

I'll go in by myself.

RANDALL

But what if you...

(thinks of a pleasant way to refer to Thurman's condition)
"forget who you are" in there?

THURMAN

Then come in and remind me, asshole.

Randall lets go of his arm and strolls over to the waitress.

WAITRESS

Boy, I know how he feels. Oooh. There's nothing worse than when you have to go.

Randall smiles warmly. Notices she's attractive. She shows him to a corner booth and he slides in with a cool flourish.

RANDALL

What's good here, Deena?

WAITRESS

Ha! Yeah. Hmm. No customers ever call me by my name in here.

RANDALL
Well, it's on your name tag, so...

WAITRESS
No. No. Wish people would.

They exchange a knowing smile.

WAITRESS
That's what it's there for, right?

Thurman returns.

RANDALL
Still know who you are?

THURMAN
Still an asshole?

The waitress laughs. Now it's Randall's turn to look taken down a peg.

WAITRESS
I'll give you a minute to look over the menu.

She exits to another booth.

RANDALL
I'd kick you under the table, but I'd probably go to hell for hurting an old man.

THURMAN
(sarcastic)
Yeah. That's why *you'd* go.

Randall throws his head back and laughs. Smiles at him.

RANDALL
I'm glad you're here with me, Thurman.

THURMAN
Me too. So gonna try and fuck that waitress?

Randall puts out his hands, shushing him.

RANDALL
Hey! Hey! People your age aren't supposed to talk like that. You talk like that in the retirement home, Mr. Helpful?

Thurman shrugs his shoulders.

RANDALL
I'm having the tuna.

THURMAN
Burger for me.

RANDALL
Get the salad.

THURMAN
Why?

RANDALL
Burger can't be good for a guy your age.

THURMAN
Fuck you.

RANDALL
I was just saying.

THURMAN
Fuck. You.

RANDALL
'Kay, burger.

THURMAN
Thank you.

Thurman calls the waitress over.

WAITRESS
You guys ready?

THURMAN
Yes, I'll have a burger and Coke. And my
friend will have the salad.

RANDALL
I'll have the tuna sandwich.

WAITRESS
I love the tuna here. It's really good.
Are you guys related?

Thurman and Randall beam at this.

THURMAN
Why do you ask?

WAITRESS

I don't know, you kind of have the same foreheads. Sorta slopes a little. Anyway, I'll be back with your orders.

Thurman and Randall are no longer beaming. As she leaves, the guys examine each other's foreheads.

THURMAN

Everyone always said our sea blue eyes. So what's our destination?

Randall lights up, lips curling in a playful grin.

RANDALL

A surprise.

THURMAN

I don't know. Surprises aren't good for someone my age.

Randall's grin is gone. He rolls his eyes.

RANDALL

Eat some bread.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER DAY

Randall pays the check at the cashier. They turn to leave when the waitress come by, arms full of plates.

WAITRESS

Going so soon?

RANDALL

Paid the bill.

The waitress looks him over a moment.

WAITRESS

Reach into my apron.

RANDALL

What?

WAITRESS

Reach in and pull out my pad and pen. Hurry, this ice cream's gonna melt something fierce.

Randall does as told.

WAITRESS
520-873-2496.
(smiles)
It's my locker combination.

THURMAN
Well maybe he'll have to pick your lock
sometime.

RANDALL
Shut up, Thurman.

WAITRESS
You guys drive safe. Where you headed?

THURMAN
(grins)
Eat some bread.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Cadillac pulls in to a low budget motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Thurman is lying on a bed that's little more than a worn cot.
Randall comes out of the shower. As he towels off, we're
reminded even more of the athletic shape he's in for his age.

THURMAN
Even sixty years of drinking can't turn
you into a fat ass.

RANDALL
We'll find better rooms tomorrow. I
figure we'll continue going on Sixty-six.
Yeah, figure that'll get us there
fastest.

THURMAN
Can't comment. Don't know where we're
going.

RANDALL
Fine. If you want to know, we're --

THURMAN
No! No! You made the rules, now keep to
them.

RANDALL
Rules? There aren't any rules. Really
wasn't that thought out.

THURMAN

No?

Randall sits down on the creaky bed.

RANDALL

My wife left me.

THURMAN

Which one?

RANDALL

Libby.

THURMAN

Yeah, have to help me out here.

RANDALL

She was the legal secretary.

THURMAN

Oh, yeah. Yeah. I think I remember something about --

Thurman's eyes stare off. His posture sinks. He starts mumbling.

THURMAN

The devil comes for me! The devil is everywhere! Oh yes!

Randall runs over to him, jumpy.

RANDALL

Uh, Thurman? Thurman? I don't know what to do for you when you're like this. Should I just let you ride it out?

THURMAN

The devil!!

RANDALL

Riding it out works.

THURMAN

The devil!!!

RANDALL

Shit. They'll call security.

THURMAN

THE DEVIL CAN SUCK MY HAIRY OLD BALLS!!!

RANDALL

Oh man. Maybe I shouldn't have brought you here. Man. Maybe that snobby doctor was right.

Thurman lets out a throaty chuckle, hugging himself with unabashed delight. It's now obvious he's been faking. Randall can't believe it.

RANDALL

You asshole. You asshole!

THURMAN

Ha!

RANDALL

Don't do that again.

THURMAN

Ha!

Randall sits down on the bed. The room slowly becomes still and quiet. He listens to the lightest breeze.

RANDALL

You remember what happened the last time we shared a motel room?

THURMAN

We were younger?

RANDALL

Forget it.

THURMAN

I remember.

Randall sighs softly.

RANDALL

We had no idea how much our lives would change the next day. Did we?

THURMAN

Nope.

Thurman turns off the light.

RANDALL

Hey. It's only 9:30.

THURMAN

I'm eighty-three fucking years old.

RANDALL
Well, I'm going out.

Randall starts for the door.

THURMAN
Don't drink more than you can sleep off
by the time we hit the road.

Randall just walks out without an acknowledgement.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A dirty but energetic dive. The jukebox plays Fats Domino in the corner. Randall tries to sidle up to the bar. He can't seem to get in as there's a body by every square inch. He keeps trying but no one notices.

RANDALL
I'm an old man. I'd like a drink. Respect
one or respect the other.

Two college kids, ALEX and JEREMIAH, turn around. One smiles.

ALEX
Sorry. Didn't see you.

RANDALL
It's okay.

JEREMIAH
We're just really plastered.
(makes a "glug-glug" noise)
Can we get you a drink?

Randall looks at them curiously.

RANDALL
When I was your age, would have told an
old man to go fuck himself.

JEREMIAH
Where did you go to school?

Randall avoids the issue.

RANDALL
I'll take a vodka tonic.

Alex raises his glass in amusement.

ALEX
Same drink I've got.

RANDALL

It's like we've got the same mind.

They all laugh. Alex orders the drink then shakes Randall's hand.

ALEX

I'm Alex. This is Jeremiah.

RANDALL

Randall.

ALEX

Did you mean to come into a college bar?

RANDALL

No. Just looked for the first bar I saw.

JEREMIAH

Know what that's like.

As Jeremiah makes another "glug-glug" noise, the waitress hands Randall his drink. He starts into it, and downs it in two gulps. The college kids look on in awe.

JEREMIAH

That's boss.

RANDALL

(has no idea)

Yep.

INT. BAR - LATER NIGHT

Randall is leaning over the bar. Maybe the only thing keeping him up. Alex comes over, more sobered now.

ALEX

Well, me and my friends are going. You sure you're all right?

RANDALL

Yeah.

ALEX

Okay. Well. It was really great meeting you.

Randall looks at him in drunken disbelief. After a beat, he sees he's sincere.

RANDALL

Hey Alex, want to hear something useful?

Alex notices Randall's eyes have gone glassy. Alex starts looking around.

ALEX
My friends are kind of waiting.

RANDALL
Let them wait. This is good.

Alex glances back at his friends by the door. One is halfway outside, puking.

ALEX
Okay...

Randall pauses, trying to remember what he wanted to say in his head-pounding drunkenness. Suddenly snaps his fingers. Then his eyes widen, and he motions Alex to draw close. His voice grows low. Secretive.

RANDALL
All right. Here it is.
(a beat)
Fall in love just once. But do it for
real.

Alex takes in this advice. Staring at Randall's serious expression, he's even a little transfixed. Draws closer.

ALEX
But, uh, how do you know when it's real,
Randall?

Randall forms a sad tired grin.

RANDALL
When you don't have to ask.

He gives him a knowing nudge in the gut. Randall's lids flutter to stay open. Alex smiles. Randall throws an arm around him, maybe partly to keep his balance, and gives him a fatherly wink. A sweet silent moment. Only to be broken up by drunken friends razzing Alex.

ALEX
...gotta go. Take care, Randall.

Alex and his friends exit. The place goes quiet, Randall and a few scattered patrons the only ones left. He grabs at his head -- which starts to descend toward the shards of glass on the beer-kissed bar.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, we hear a rapid mumbling. We see a hint of Thurman huddled in a corner.

THURMAN

I'm a good boy. Did all my homework. I'm never going to have to use arithmetic. Never.

The door flings open. The lights flash on. Randall weaves in place, mouth slick. His forehead has a slight bandage, dried blood showing through.

RANDALL

I think we're gonna have to sleep in!

THURMAN

I'm a good boy. You understand.

RANDALL

Oh fuck. Tied one on! Met some friends. Got to get in bed!

He puts his hands out in front to grab for the top of the bed. It keeps eluding him.

THURMAN

I built the pyramids.

Randall looks up in confusion...and that's enough for him to -- THUMP! -- fall to the ground. Thurman doesn't seem to notice.

THURMAN

Ramses. Ramses.

Randall slowly gets up, and flops face down on the bed. He kicks off his shoes. They fly across the room. He starts sniffing. He turns and glimpses the wet stains at Thurman's crotch and down his leg.

RANDALL

You stink, boy. I'm as piss drunk as piss!

THURMAN

Ramses...

Randall sits up and looks at him. Thurman stares in an incognizant daze.

RANDALL

I'm the one who needs helping into bed here, smart ass.

Randall goes over to Thurman's chair.

RANDALL

Oof!

He catches the wall just as he's about to fall again. Randall swings his arm around Thurman and rolls him into bed.

RANDALL

There was a girl there tonight, Thurman. Couldn't have been more than twenty. Maybe nineteen. The tits. My god, the tits. Really makes you feel...
(searches for the word)
...alive.

THURMAN

Aunt Maggie, I did all my homework.

Randall lays the sheet over him.

RANDALL

Aunt Maggie's been dead for forty years. She had no tits.

Randall gets into his own bed. He's immediately out. There's a LOW THUMP but Randall doesn't stir.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Randall slowly wakes. Holds his buzzing head.

RANDALL

The devil finds me.

Randall gingerly steps out of bed. He crosses to the bathroom, not seeing Thurman splayed on the floor asleep.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Get up, Thurman. Got to hit the road.

No answer.

RANDALL (O.S.)

You're not still in the middle of one of those spells, are you?

Still no answer. Randall reemerges, toothbrush in his mouth. He bolts over, holding his throbbing head the whole time. Pulls Thurman up onto the bed.

RANDALL
You slept like that all night?

Thurman comes to. He's back to his old self.

THURMAN
I don't...don't remember.

RANDALL
How did you get like that?

THURMAN
Was I talking nonsense last night?

RANDALL
Yeah. A little bit. You said something about --

THURMAN
Don't ever tell me what I say!

RANDALL
What's the big deal? It was kind of funny.

THURMAN
Just don't ever tell me, okay?!

RANDALL
Okay.

Thurman puts out his hand.

THURMAN
Four fingered shake.

RANDALL
(laughs)
Man. You couldn't remember that.

Randall grins then shakes his hand, keeping his thumb out of it.

RANDALL
Want to drive today?

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

The car is still. Thurman is in the driver's seat. His hands are on the wheel, but he's motionless.

RANDALL
Think you have to turn the key.

THURMAN
Fuck off!

Randall says nothing. Thurman puts his hand on the dangling key in the ignition.

THURMAN
Okay. Hmm.

Thurman turns the ignition. His hand starts to slightly shake.

RANDALL
Take your hand off. You'll flood it.
(shakes his head)
You're flooding it.

Thurman removes his hand. After a moment, he shifts into drive.

RANDALL
Okay. Now. Just lightly put your foot on the pedal. Lightly. That's the best way to --

ERRRR!!! Thurman stomps on the pedal. They're flying into traffic.

RANDALL
Slow down!

THURMAN
Woo-hoo!!!

Thurman is cackling wildly. He dips in between one car.

THURMAN
Take that!

Flies past another.

THURMAN
Some cocks are bigger than others!

Soon, they're all alone in the fast lane.

RANDALL
You're -- You're crazy.

THURMAN
Just feeling my oats, baby!

RANDALL
Slow down.

Thurman only goes faster. He's in heaven. He's in control.

RANDALL
Slow!

THURMAN
You were never this squeamish before.

Randall looks offended.

RANDALL
Squeamish?

THURMAN
Yeah. I don't know whether to fight you
or fuck you.

Randall leans in and stomps on the pedal. Now they're really flying.

THURMAN
You bastard! God, I love this!

RANDALL
Go baby! Go!

THURMAN
This rust box can't even get near my
limit!

Randall claps his hands.

RANDALL
It's like home again. It really is.

Suddenly, a POLICE SIREN WAILS. Randall flicks a look at the rear view mirror.

THURMAN
Damn.

Thurman turns to pull over.

RANDALL
Go faster!

THURMAN
What?

RANDALL
You're slowing down. Go faster!

THURMAN
What's the big deal?

Randall opens up the glove compartment. Endless speeding tickets float out.

THURMAN
I assume those are unpaid.

RANDALL
Get going!

Thurman hits the gas hard. The SIREN IS ACHING AND DEAFENING now. The cop bursts up, right on their tail. Randall looks over. Lets out a low sigh.

RANDALL
We'll never be able to outrun 'em in this. Thurman...

Randall suddenly quiets, pensive.

RANDALL
Sorry I got you into this. I'm sure they'll just bring you back to the Home without a problem.

THURMAN
What are you saying you want me to do?

RANDALL
Think it's best for you if we pull over.

THURMAN
What will happen to you?

RANDALL
Doesn't matter...

Thurman looks at him, keeps going. The SIREN IS REALLY HOWLING now.

RANDALL
Are you going to stop?

Thurman sparks with the slightest mischievous grin.

THURMAN

I will...right...right...now!!

Thurman SLAMS on the brakes. The car flings to a TIRE-SCREECHING stop. An instant later -- BAM! -- The cop car skids into the back, jolting Thurman and Randall forward.

Both dazed but unhurt, Randall looks over at Thurman, dumbfounded.

RANDALL

Why in God's name did you do that?!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A beefy COP emerges from his squad car. As he moves for the Cadillac, we see the grill of the squad car is completely smashed in the front. He looks back at his hanging broken headlight.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

The cop, pissed as hell, motions for them to roll down their window. Thurman does.

COP

Get out of the car with your license and registration!

Randall starts to get out, resigned to fate.

THURMAN

No.

Randall freezes, curious.

COP

What did you say?

THURMAN

I said no.

COP

Listen, old man, speeding's against the law. And with the way my car's looking, that might be the least of your troubles right now.

Thurman starts laughing wildly.

THURMAN

You mean, with the way *my* car's looking.

The cop stares at him like he's crazy.

COP

Either you get out of the car with your license and registration or I'll pull you out.

THURMAN

You hit the back of my car. Did you see what you did? Did you? If you leave now, might let it go.

Now the cop is laughing, but with an angry glint in his eye.

COP

You slammed on your brakes.

The cop yanks out his night stick and -- THWACK! -- slaps it against his gloved palm with purpose.

COP

(to Randall)

Better tell him to get out of the car or this is gonna get serious.

THURMAN

But you broke the law when I stopped!

THWACK!

RANDALL

Thurman...

The cop leans in, barking, just on the verge of using the nightstick on them.

COP

I broke the law?! You tell me how I broke the law! You tell me that and I'll kiss both your sorry asses.

THURMAN

Because we're at a stop sign.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

From a WIDE SHOT in back of the two cars, we see the Cadillac is in fact parked right at a stop sign.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

The cop is silently looking over at the stop sign. His confidence is slightly shot. Randall has a small smirk.

COP

But...you were speeding.

THURMAN

I haven't had a traffic violation in some time. But I've got to think not stopping for a stop sign and hitting a car that does is a bigger violation than a little speeding. Especially if the car belongs to a cute little old man. Wouldn't you say, officer?

The cop's confidence is sinking lower by the second.

COP

But, well, how was I supposed to know you were gonna stop for a stop sign? It was a high speed chase! Who stops for a stop sign during a high speed chase!!

THURMAN

So you're telling me a judge is going to allow you to get away with hitting my car, because you wanted to assume I'd break one law because I broke another? If a man steals, should we assume he'll commit murder?

The cop's jaw hangs. He turns Thurman's logic over again and again in his head. After a long moment, the cop heads back into his car. He sits there for another long moment in silence.

Then he TEARS off into the distance as fast as he can.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Randall's car parks alone in a thick dusty meadow. Flies buzz about in the midday shimmering sun.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

Thurman turns off the ignition. His chair is laced with sweat. Randall's face is frozen with amazement.

THURMAN

So why were we doing that?

RANDALL
I showed you.

THURMAN
Yeah, so what's one more unpaid ticket?
Saw the look on your face.
(almost giddy)
We're in trouble, aren't we?

Randall takes a deep tired breath then gets out of the car. From the rear-view mirror we see the trunk pop open. It slams shut and Randall gets back in. A large suitcase sits on his lap.

With a sly look at Thurman, he flicks open its golden latches. Thurman's eyes dance. In the suitcase are about ten stacks of twenty dollar bills.

RANDALL
There's probably a reward on my head.
Want to turn me in?

THURMAN
Let me think about it.

Randall smiles.

RANDALL
First one I've done in a long time. I've had better takes.

THURMAN
Considerable risk?

RANDALL
Not when you don't give a shit about your life anymore.

A beat.

THURMAN
Or when you're so close to the end that it doesn't matter.

Randall gazes at Thurman, suddenly starts shaking his head vociferously.

RANDALL
I didn't mean that we'd do a job together.

THURMAN
Why not?

RANDALL
'Cause I got enough money for our trip.

THURMAN
It's not just about the money.

RANDALL
Well, anyway, I'll pass.

THURMAN
But consider...

RANDALL
Pass.

Thurman stares at the money longingly.

THURMAN
Who drove the getaway car?

RANDALL
There wasn't one.

THURMAN
What do you mean?

RANDALL
Just was working for a rich family.
Handyman stuff, mostly for the wife. Can
you believe they kept money under their
mattress like everyone else? I mean, just
like everyone else?

Thurman nods.

THURMAN
I drove a mean getaway car.

Thurman grins at the memory then peels out of the dusty
meadow.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

They fly down a leaf-swept back country road.

THURMAN (V.O.)
So the cops are on our trail?

RANDALL (V.O.)
On my trail. But yeah.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

THURMAN

Then we'll have to keep a low profile. A very low profile. It's been a long time since I was a fugitive.

RANDALL

You're not a fugitive, Thurman.

THURMAN

I'm aiding a fugitive. That makes me a criminal.

RANDALL

You're not a criminal, Thurman.

Thurman sulks at this. Randall looks over at him.

RANDALL

...guess it makes you a minor criminal.

THURMAN

This trip just got a whole lot better!

RANDALL

Calm down.

THURMAN

And I'm driving the getaway car!

RANDALL

Oh God.

Thurman straightens in his seat, swelling with pride. Randall rolls his eyes.

RANDALL

Did you remember to take your medicine?

THURMAN

No, I -- I forgot. Damn, this is exciting!

RANDALL

Take it now.

THURMAN

It's not chewable, dolt. I need water. We better find a brook, like in the middle of nowhere, so the cops don't find us.

RANDALL
Use my flask.

THURMAN
Can't mix it with alcohol. We'll just
have to find a brook. But in the middle
of nowhere.

Randall is getting annoyed.

RANDALL
Can just stop off at a gas station or
something. Stole fifteen hundred dollars,
I'm not on the Most Wanted list.

THURMAN
Think we should find a brook. Just to be
safe.

Randall is losing it.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

As the Cadillac speeds on.

THURMAN (V.O.)
DON'T NEED A GODDAMN BROOK, THURMAN!!

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

At a paint-chipped pump, Randall pumps water into Thurman's
shaking arthritic hands. Every time Thurman tries to get the
water in his mouth, it spills through his trembling fingers.

Randall finally moves him to the side and pumps water into
his own hands. Thurman watches uncertainly. The pump quiets.
They exchange a look. Thurman pops the pill in his mouth then
drinks from Randall's hands.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Randall's car whips past a sign -- "Ma and Pa's Bed &
Breakfast." A ranch-style home with six freshly painted doors
leading to converted rooms.

INT. ROOM - MA AND PA'S B & B - NIGHT

The lights are on, Thurman lying in one of two polished brass
beds, thick blankets up to his neck. The freshly painted
walls are filled with paintings of friendly nature settings.
Randall gets in bed.

THURMAN
These beds sure beat that crappy motel.

RANDALL
Yep. Sleep like a baby tonight.

THURMAN
Are you gonna call her?

RANDALL
Who?

THURMAN
The waitress.

RANDALL
Oh. Probably not.

THURMAN
Why the hell not?

Randall shrugs.

THURMAN
She wasn't bad looking. Why not?

RANDALL
Who cares?
(off Thurman's look)
I don't know. Just don't like to feel
obligated to take the same route back.

There's a quiet KNOCK on the door.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Can we come in?

THURMAN
We're naked. So sure.

RANDALL
He's just being a nuisance. Come in.

LEANN, late-20s, comes in with a pitcher. She's un conventionally pretty and moves with a studied grace, like she might have been a contestant in small town beauty pageants. Her humble husband, HOWARD, follows with blankets.

LEANN
Thought you might like some lemonade.

THURMAN
Pink or yellow?

Leann looks nervous.

LEANN

Pink?

THURMAN

My favorite!

Leann smiles. Thurman rises out of bed. She proudly pours him a glass then sets the pitcher on a table. Howard drapes the blankets on a chair.

HOWARD

In case you might get cold. Night time,
the weather gets tricky.

The young couple stand awkwardly.

RANDALL

Uh, would you like to sit?

The young couple hide their excitement and take seats in each corner.

LEANN

We're real happy to see you. We haven't
had a whole lot of business lately.

RANDALL

I'm sure it'll pick up.

The couple exchanges hopeful looks.

LEANN

Yeah, we hope so. My father, he used to
run this place. He died and left it to
me. Don't think we're doing a very good
job.

RANDALL

Well, you've made us feel right at home.

As Leann starts to smile...

THURMAN

It's useless! Everything's useless!
Cunts!

Randall's face starts to lose color.

LEANN

Excuse me?

THURMAN

Apes! The whole bunch of 'em!

Randall stands up and pushes toward Thurman.

RANDALL

My friend here is sick.

Thurman quiets, staring off into space. Vacant eyes, like when we first saw him. This stops Randall.

HOWARD

It's not anything we should be concerned about, is it? I had an uncle talked like that.

(whispers)

It was syphilis.

RANDALL

He wishes.

(the couple doesn't get the
joke)

He's just old. You know how old people start to get.

Leann nods.

LEANN

Had a great aunt like that...Like your friend, not like his uncle.

RANDALL

So you understand.

LEANN

Of course. Well, of course we do. Anyway, there aren't any other customers he could bother.

Randall smiles at this. And keeps smiling, now noticing Leann's attractiveness.

HOWARD

Should probably get going.

They start for the door.

RANDALL

One idea.

They stop in their tracks.

RANDALL

Just a thought. You two are pretty young to call your place "Ma and Pa," aren't you?

LEANN

I know. It's just that my folks, well, they always had the name. To change it after all this time...

Howard gives Leann a nod and they start to rise.

RANDALL

No, I can see that. Sure. Well, good night.

HOWARD

You let us know if you need more blankets.

The couple leaves. Randall turns to see Thurman mumbling in the corner. Randall sits by him, chuckles.

RANDALL

You hate pink lemonade.

Randall deftly reaches into his pocket. Pulls out his flask and reaches for Thurman's glass.

EXT. MA AND PA'S B & B - LATER NIGHT

From the porch, we hear a BANGING. Randall emerges from his room, drinking lemonade. He is sloshed. He sees an overly-varnished rocking chair and collapses in it. The legs wobble loosely. After a few rocks back and forth, Leann emerges in her robe from her room.

LEANN

Thought that was you.

RANDALL

S-S-Sorry. Did I wake you and your husband?

LEANN

No. He just keeps on snoring.

Leann stands near him.

RANDALL

Your name again was?

LEANN

Leann.

RANDALL

Do you want this seat, Leann?

LEANN

No. I'm fine.

They stand there in the darkness. The traffic in the far-off distance hints at car horns. In its own way, it makes things peaceful.

LEANN

I know what you were saying in there...

RANDALL

No. No, I spoke out of turn.

LEANN

A woman like me shouldn't even be running a hotel.

RANDALL

Well. What should a woman like you be doing then?

LEANN

I don't know.

RANDALL

Then running a hotel is as good as anything.

Leann's lips form a small grin.

LEANN

You want to know what I should be doing?

RANDALL

Hell yes.

LEANN

Okay...I...I always thought I should be on Broadway. Under those hot lights.

Leann is starting to do small quick dance steps like she was in a chorus line. Randall sees her robe is starting to open.

RANDALL

Sure. Broadway. Anyone could see it.

LEANN
(still dancing)
Ever been to Broadway?

Randall's eyes haven't left her robe.

RANDALL
If I had a dollar for every time, I'd
have fifty dollars an' seventy five
cents.

Leann laughs loudly. She starts to weave a little bit.
Randall is relieved to still hear snoring from her room.

RANDALL
Have you been drinking?

LEANN
Just enough.

RANDALL
Just enough for what?

She curls into a ball on his lap. Undoes the top of her robe
more.

RANDALL
Oh. Just enough...

INT. THURMAN AND RANDALL'S B & B ROOM - MORNING

Howard enters with a breakfast plate.

HOWARD
Shoot. Forgot to knock.

THURMAN (O.S.)
That's okay.

Thurman emerges from underneath his blankets.

HOWARD
Oh. You all right now?

THURMAN
What do you mean?
(realizes)
I wasn't so well last night?

HOWARD
You weren't so bad. Where's your friend?

Thurman looks over to the empty bed. He sees the flask on the floor. Puts two and two together.

THURMAN

I think he went for a walk.

HOWARD

My wife loves walks. Gets up before me,
goes off for hours.

Thurman quietly nods.

HOWARD

(whispers)

Last night you said the C-word.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - MORNING

Thurman enters. Sees Randall and Leann tangled in sheets and asleep.

THURMAN

Your husband told me you'll be back from
your walk in fifteen minutes.

Leann jumps. She grabs her chest and regains herself.

LEANN

Oh. Hoo! Thought you were my husband.

THURMAN

Randall, we've gotta go.

(to Leann)

Your husband told me you'll be back from
your walk in fifteen minutes. Maybe you
should clean up.

She quickly rises out of bed. Thurman admires her form.

THURMAN

(whistles to himself)

Paid in full.

RANDALL

Stop being a dirty old man.

Thurman chuckles and throws him his pants.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - B & B PARKING LOT - DAY

Thurman and Randall get in the car. Suddenly Leann emerges from the B & B entrance. Randall rolls down the window.

LEANN
Just wanted to say goodbye.

RANDALL
Goodbye "ma."

Randall looks to see the husband isn't around then gives her a deep supple kiss. She starts back and, as the engine turns, leaps into the back seat. She falls halfway to the floor, her thin sun dress flopping up over her head.

Thurman and Randall watch as she lowers her dress back down. Nothing is said. Nothing has to be. Randall just drives away.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

They drive in a continued silence.

RANDALL
You know, if you want to go back...

LEANN
I don't. Nope. I want to go to Broadway.

RANDALL
How do you know we're not headed in the opposite direction?

LEANN
Then I'll go to Hollywood.

THURMAN
So which way we headed? Broadway or Hollywood.

Randall rolls down his window and takes in a breath of air.

RANDALL
It's closer to Broadway.

Leann yells with unbridled excitement.

RANDALL
But it stops well short.

LEANN
Don't care.

RANDALL
You might not find a ride.

LEANN
A woman with legs like mine?

THURMAN
She might find a ride!

RANDALL
Shut up.
(a long beat)
Hey, your husband isn't the kind to have
a vendetta, is he?

LEANN
A what?

THURMAN
Does he own a gun?

LEANN
No, he doesn't.

RANDALL
That's good.
(quietly)
Yeah, that's good.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Randall pays for the room with Thurman. Leann eyes a greenery-covered atrium with a competitor's eye.

LEEANN
We needed one of these.

Thurman leans close to Randall, out of Leann's earshot.

THURMAN
So what are the sleeping arrangements
gonna be?

RANDALL
Gee. Lemme think.

THURMAN
I'd do the same thing to you.

RANDALL
Thank you.

THURMAN
Especially if you had a condition where
you could lose your mind at any second.

Randall trades a stare with Leann. She grins flirtatiously.

RANDALL
Okay. Okay. She'll take the single.

THURMAN
I'm sorry, Randall. Just don't know when
it comes and goes.
(off Randall's disappointed
look)
Hey, hey, it's not like how a woman knows
when her lady's time's coming.

Randall winces hard.

RANDALL
Told me hers was coming soon.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Thurman buttons his pajamas and gets into an empty bed.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Randall slides into bed with Leann. They're immediately all
over each other. Mouths heatedly finding each other. Randall
suddenly stops.

RANDALL
Did you hear Thurman?

LEANN
No.

RANDALL
Oh. Thought I did.

They get back into it. Leann disappears out of frame. From
Randall's expression, it's clear she's performing oral sex on
him. He moans softly.

RANDALL
Think he's warm enough?

Leann grunts in frustration.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Randall and Leann stare at each other in bed. A sleeping
Thurman is in between them. As his head snuggles into
Randall's armpit...

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Randall looks in the rear view mirror, skittish as he drives. A cop car wails past and disappears.

LEANN

Why do you keep getting all jittery every time we see a cop?

RANDALL

Pig allergies.

Leann doesn't look convinced.

THURMAN

He's got a lot of unpaid tickets.

LEANN

Oh.

(a beat)

Wow, Thurman, you didn't even have any of your spells last night.

THURMAN

No.

Leann shoots a look at Randall.

RANDALL

All right. All right. Thurman sleeps alone tonight.

THURMAN

Didn't even ask to sleep with you last night.

RANDALL

No one's saying you did, Thurman.

A tense beat.

LEANN

It wasn't so bad.

THURMAN

Thanks.

Another beat.

THURMAN

You know, I had prettier women than you.

LEANN
What did you say to me?

RANDALL
Thurman.

LEANN
What did he say to me?

RANDALL
Thurman...

LEANN
WHAT THE HELL DID HE JUST SAY TO ME?!

THURMAN
I have seen Mt. Everest. Confucius, take me there.

LEANN
What?

THURMAN
Oranges in between my thighs! Yes!

Leann calms.

LEANN
Oh. Oh. He's having one of those spells.
That's why he said...Oh.
(yawns)
Gonna close my eyes for a bit. Wake me when we stop to eat.

As she nods off, Randall catches Thurman's face in the rear view mirror. Thurman slyly winks at him then closes his eyes.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Thurman and Randall urinate near a wilting bush on the side of a rural road.

THURMAN
Trust her alone in the car like that?

RANDALL
Took the keys.

THURMAN
See, that's just it. Why are you with a girl you don't trust that much?

RANDALL
...Take the keys if I left you alone,
too.

THURMAN
No, you wouldn't.

Randall sighs.

RANDALL
Guess not.

He looks at Leann primp herself in the mirror. Randall smiles. A sweet twinkle in his eye.

RANDALL
God, I love women.

Thurman shakes his head and zips up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

A long silence. Then, the sound of SCREECHING TIRES. Thurman steps to the window, gazes out at a car disappearing on the main road. We notice Randall's parked car in the lot. The trunk lock has been busted.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Thurman awakes. Randall stands in front of him. He's pensive.

RANDALL
Um. Something happened.

Thurman wipes his eyes, still waking up.

RANDALL
The money I had...the money...

Thurman looks him dead in the eye.

THURMAN
Bitch stole your money?

RANDALL
Yep.

THURMAN
Woke up to the sound of her peeling out
with some guy. Didn't know she --

RANDALL
You saw her drive away with some guy?
There was a guy?

THURMAN
I think so. The car was pulling away
pretty fast.

RANDALL
So why do you have to say she left with
some guy?!

THURMAN
What the fuck do you care? She stole your
money. She screwed us both. Doesn't
matter who she's with now.

Randall considers this. He's very quiet.

RANDALL
Guess not.

THURMAN
(mimics Randall)
God, I love women.
(then)
How much money we got left?

RANDALL
Eighty-three dollars.

THURMAN
Boy, you're a dumbshit. What did I always
tell you?

Randall doesn't say anything.

THURMAN
Keep your money in more than one spot
and...?

RANDALL
Don't trust women.

THURMAN
No. Don't trust the wrong women.

Randall nods, pacing the floor.

RANDALL
Fucked. We're really fucked.

Silence. Thurman suddenly smiles.

THURMAN
We'll just have to do it like we always
did.

Randall stops.

RANDALL
What?

THURMAN
Let's rob a bank!

RANDALL
Where's your pills? You're losing your
mind again.

THURMAN
Don't talk to me like that.

RANDALL
Then don't talk like a moron.

THURMAN
I can do it. I can still do it.

RANDALL
Yeah.

THURMAN
Listen, you don't forget how.

RANDALL
Thurman, you can't even hold your
bladder.

Thurman's face grows dark.

THURMAN
If you say that one more time...

RANDALL
What? That you're a broken down old man?

THURMAN
I'm not kidding.

RANDALL
Yeah.

Thurman suddenly crumples to the ground. He doesn't move.
Randall panics and runs over. Thurman puts his hand on
Randall's leg.

RANDALL

I'm sorry. Be okay, Thurman! Be okay!

CLICK. Randall looks down. A gun is pointing up at him. Randall's pants leg is rolled up, revealing an empty ankle holster.

THURMAN

Don't say you're sorry to me, you pathetic drunk.

Randall backs up, scared shitless. Thurman grips the trigger tight.

RANDALL

What are you doing?

THURMAN

I want to rob a bank.

RANDALL

We can't. We'd never pull it off. Look, hey, we've got enough gas money to get you home, don't we? So you won't have to deal with my crap anymore. Okay? How 'bout that?

THURMAN

Why don't I just shoot you instead?

RANDALL

Why? Why would you want to shoot me?

THURMAN

Remember the bet?

Randall thinks a long moment. Sits down on the bed, sullen.

RANDALL

How can someone who loses his mind remember everything?

Thurman sits beside him. The gun falls to his side.

THURMAN

Yep. Bet you a hundred bucks I'd outlive you. So you'll owe me seventeen.

RANDALL

You really want to rob a bank?

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Thurman is gunning it, practically bopping out of the driver's seat with restless giddiness. Randall opens a black leather work bag and counts its contents. Red and green wires sprout out and cross, a few dynamite sticks roll around next to the gun.

Thurman's mouth upturns into a wry grin at the sign ahead:
"Third National Bank."

TH-UNK! The car SCREECHES to a choking halt. Smoke ribbons from the hood. Through the billowing blackness, that word "Bank" appears and disappears again and again, taunting them. Thurman sighs softly in disappointment.

EXT. ROAD NEAR BANK - DAY

Thick towels wrapped around each hand, Randall pops the scalding hissing hood. He pulls out a greasy wrench and gets to work. A car pulls up alongside. A MAN sticks his head out.

MAN
Need some help?

RANDALL
No. Got it.

MAN
Let me call a tow truck for you.

Randall peers around, seeing if any attention is drawn. Nothing so far.

RANDALL
It'll be fine in a second.

MAN
With that much smoke?

Thurman pokes his head out of the car. Also peers around.

THURMAN
We appreciate your concern. He's good at this kind of stuff. Don't let us slow you down.

MAN
But with all that smoke...?

Randall gives him an angry, almost threatening look. The man quickly turns back to the wheel.

MAN

See ya around.

The man pulls away. The smoke begins to disappear. Randall closes the hood and hops back in the car, wiping off his blackened oil-ridden hands. They both look nervous.

THURMAN

Thought you'd do it faster.

RANDALL

That's what she said.

They break out in laughter.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The engine only hints at a whistle as the car creeps up to the front of the modest bank.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

Randall zips up his work bag.

RANDALL

Same rules apply. Got it? I'm not out of the bank in ten minutes, you leave without me.

(a beat)

This time, you do it. Okay?

Thurman shows the slightest hesitation then nods with great purpose. Looks at his watch -- "11:47."

INT. BANK - DAY

Randall enters with his black work bag, keeping his head down whenever he passes someone. He files into the teller line.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

Thurman looks around at passersby. Starts getting jumpy. He flips on the radio -- an Elvis song. Clicks it off.

THURMAN

(mutters)

The stuff they listen to.

INT. BANK - DAY

Randall steps to a teller named WENDY. Hands her a slip of paper. She looks it over for a moment.

WENDY

I can't read this. The handwriting's pretty bad.

Randall's jaw tightens.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

Thurman eyes his watch nervously -- "11:51." His eyes move to the bank entrance.

INT. BANK - DAY

Wendy is still studying the note in confusion.

WENDY

Sheryl, can you read this? I can't read this. Can you read this?

Randall's had enough. Emerges with the gun from his work bag.

RANDALL

Stay where you are, Sheryl!

Everyone in the bank freezes.

INT. VAULT AREA - DAY

In a bright cold room, Randall attaches the last couple of pieces of dynamite on a thick silver vault. He then starts rigging the curling wires, his fingers moving efficiently, eyes deftly focused. Every tap REVERBERATES against the echo-friendly walls.

WENDY

You're gonna shoot me, aren't you? Oh my God. Please shoot me in the leg? Please? I hear that's the least likely place to kill you.

Randall stops, takes in her trembling face. She's kind of pretty in a cherubic way.

RANDALL

Don't tell anyone till I leave. But I'm not shooting anyone.

WENDY

Promise?

Wendy looks so vulnerable. Only makes her more attractive. Randall smiles.

RANDALL
Promise sweetie.

He finishes stringing the wire.

RANDALL
Okay. Move with me behind this barrier.

WENDY
Just know you're gonna shoot me...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VAULT AREA - DAY

Randall and Wendy wait.

WENDY
You sure you've done this before?

RANDALL
Tons of times. Why?

Wendy is too nervous to respond. Randall looks into her eyes.

RANDALL
Listen. I'm not gonna shoot you. You know
what the problem with the world is?

WENDY
No.

RANDALL
Everyone always thinks the worst of each
other.

Randall gives his most charming grin. She melts.

WENDY
Okay. I believe you.

RANDALL
Good. Now. Just put those little hands
over your ears. This'll be loud.

Randall puts his hands over his ears. Wendy follows suit.

WENDY
I just don't understand...

RANDALL
I CAN'T HEAR YOU, HON! HANDS OVER OUR
EARS, REMEMBER?!

WENDY
 Oh right. Right.
 (shouts)
 JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY AN EXPERIENCED
 BANK ROBBER WOULD COME SO LATE ON A
 SATURDAY!!

Shocked, Randall slowly lowers his hands at what he's heard.
 As he's about to respond -- BOOOOOOMMMMM!!!!

Pieces of silver vault door fly past them. Randall and Wendy
 are blown to the floor. Randall grimaces then helps her up.
 He's beside himself.

RANDALL
 There's nothing in that vault, is there?

Wendy looks sorry for him.

WENDY
 Sometimes they forget a bag.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

Thurman's watch -- "11:57." Thurman is breathing deeply. He
 looks at the entrance. No Randall. He stares ahead blankly.
 Back to the entrance. Still no Randall. Thurman's fingers
 near the wheel. The bank door whips open. Randall jumps in.

THURMAN
 I was just giving you an extra minute.
 That's all.

RANDALL
 Drive! Drive!

Thurman pulls away. He's whooping loudly.

THURMAN
 So what was our take?

Randall doesn't say a word.

THURMAN
 Thirty thousand? That's my guess.

Randall stares out the window.

THURMAN
 Hot or cold?

Randall just keeps staring.

THURMAN
Sometimes you're the smuggest goddamn
bank robber...

RANDALL
Ninety dollars.

THURMAN
Funny. Tell me.

Randall gestures that he's telling the truth.

THURMAN
Shut up.

Randall opens his black bag. Thurman peers. He's sick.

THURMAN
That's all there was in the frickin'
vault?!!

RANDALL
No. There was nothing in the vault. The
ninety came from wallets. You know it was
Saturday?

THURMAN
Oh my God.

RANDALL
And since banks close around noon
Saturday...

THURMAN
(shakes his head)
The vault was already cleaned out for the
day. Oh my God. Dumbshits.

RANDALL
We're out of practice.

THURMAN
We're dumbshits.

INT. TRUCKER'S BAR - DAY

Randall and Thurman sit at a trucker's bar. They don't even look at each other. Thurman quietly eats a sandwich. Randall swigs his beer, staring dismally out into space. Finally, Thurman breaks the silence.

THURMAN

We're not bank robbers anymore, are we,
Randall?

RANDALL

Guess not...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Randall and Thurman pull up to a traffic light. A DISTURBING REVVING fades in and out against the purple-streaked sky. A lane over is a suped up shark-finned Chevrolet in bright cherry red. Two tough teenage greasers behind the wheel, SETH and PETER, are laughing at them.

SETH

Sunday drivers. Hey old man -- Nice
wheels.

Randall and Thurman don't answer.

PETER

How fast does it go?

RANDALL

Not very.

SETH

No shit!

Both the greasers fall over themselves with clucking laughter.

RANDALL

It's a green light.

SETH

Thanks for the update.

Randall pulls out his gun and calmly points it at them.

RANDALL

It's a green light.

Seth sinks low in his seat and drives away.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Randall floors the car through an open yellowed field. Remnant black corn stalks are dispersed throughout and are heard crunching sporadically under the wheels.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

RANDALL
I'm sorry. All the motels we've passed
have been too expensive.

THURMAN
We'll pick up some money. I'm sure of it.

Randall is dubious.

RANDALL
This'll be fine. Seats are pretty comfy.

Randall parks the car in the field. He lays his head back to
close his eyes.

THURMAN
When's the last time you shot that gun?

RANDALL
(starting to fall asleep)
Eight years, I think.

THURMAN
That long?
(a beat)
So what happened eight years ago?

RANDALL
I hastily jumped to the conclusion that
my second wife was cheating on me.

THURMAN
Why's that?

RANDALL
'Cause I found her in bed with another
man.

Thurman starts laughing.

THURMAN
So maybe you're not Mr. Romeo after all?

RANDALL
Nah. She just did it to try and piss me
off for cheating on her.
(laughs)
Worked.

THURMAN
You shoot him?

RANDALL
Not my style. Let's get some sleep.

THURMAN
Good idea.

Thurman closes his eyes.

THURMAN
Man slept with my wife, would've been
shot dead.

Randall's eyes blink open for a long moment then he silently
turns over.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Randall counts his money as Thurman guides the steering wheel
from the passenger side.

RANDALL
Okay, we've got fifty-six bucks left.
Hmm. Fifty-six. Don't know if it'll be
enough to get us there.

THURMAN
I could help you figure it out but...

Randall takes back the wheel.

RANDALL
Not telling you where we're going. You
wanted to keep to the rules. Anyway, we
might just make it. Yeah, think so.

THURMAN
That also takes into account that we've
got to drive me back home, right?

Randall suddenly shakes his head in burning frustration.

RANDALL
Shit!

THURMAN
It might not be a problem.

RANDALL
There's no way it's not a problem,
Thurman!

THURMAN
Listen...

RANDALL

Shit! Shit! Sh--

THURMAN

I could die of old age before we head back.

Though meant as a joke, it sobers them completely. Not a word is said. They just let the car drive a while, awash in their thoughts.

They suddenly slow, blocked off by a group of suped up cars parked every which way on thin faded grass. Cascades of VROOMS echo. They park the car in the mess and head towards a young crowd gathering and howling.

They push to the front to find a lanky teenage boy standing over a makeshift yellow lane line. He waves a tattered black flag with skeleton crossbones. Two cars sit in each lane, both dragster cars. They desperately try to OUTREV the other.

They are parked at the beginning of a thin strip of shiny asphalt that goes on forever. Off to the distant side, shallow remnants of an abandoned factory imply this was once a long thriving industrial strip of town.

Thurman takes in his first ever sight of a drag strip. His eyes dance with admiration. The drivers REVV even louder, building up their nerve. The crowd pulses, knowing it's time. Randall and Thurman stare with deepening envy.

TEENAGER

Ready? One...Two...

The flag whips down.

TEENAGER

Three!!!

The wheels SQUEAL sharply. Smoke jets off the shaking cracked ground. Off they go! -- almost whipping the flag man off his feet from the wind current they create. Everyone sprints madly to get the best view.

GIRL #1

C'mon Stevie!

GIRL #2

Let's go, Michael!

The two girls turn and leer at each other.

CROWD MEMBER

Gonna be a close one!

We see the cars in the distance, neck and neck, still SQUEALING bloody murder. BOOOOOOSH HHHH! A curling, blinding orange flame dances out of one of the cars -- which seems to be barreling into a zig-zagged ditch. Everyone GASPS, running in the direction of what they've witnessed.

EXT. WRECK SITE - DAY

The crowd reaches the accident. DESPERATE GRINDING is heard. The driver is having trouble getting out, his engine ablaze, his face blackened in patches on his young rosy cheeks. Two dragsters in t-shirts quickly yank him out. The driver barely moves and is set on yellowed grass.

The crowd is silent. Then, after a breathless moment, the driver wiggles a foot. Then gradually sits up and gives the thumbs up signal. He lights a cigarette. The crowd starts to applaud -- until they see the victor driving over. They applaud much louder for him.

Poodle-skirted girls run over to help the winner out of his car and go under each of his arms. Randall seems very interested in this. Then the loser slowly rises, hobbling over to the winner.

He shakes the winner's hand and we see a bunch of twenty dollar bills change hands as he does. Randall and Thurman both seem very interested in this.

Then, they quickly lose all expression. The crowd has noticed Randall and Thurman, spraying them with looks that say "you don't belong here."

THURMAN

(shakes his head)

Stupid kids.

RANDALL

Yep.

They start back to Randall's car.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Randall pulls into a spot.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - NIGHT

Randall kills the engine. They sit there a moment.

RANDALL
I can't get you home if we go any
further...

THURMAN
Okay.

Randall looks surprised.

RANDALL
Oh. Well...Well. I'm glad you're fine
with it.

Thurman just looks at him then gets out of the car.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

They pull out of the hotel parking lot.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - DAY

Randall and Thurman drive, that small suitcase by Thurman's
feet. A few moments pass when suddenly...

THURMAN
Stop the car.

RANDALL
You have to go again?

THURMAN
Stop the car right now.

RANDALL
What is it?

THURMAN
I want to go my own way.

RANDALL
What do you mean?

THURMAN
Leave me in this town.

RANDALL
Uh huh.

THURMAN
Go on. I'll be fine.

RANDALL
Shut up, Thurman.

THURMAN

I'm not kidding. Stop the car. Stop the car! I'm not going back to the retirement home.

RANDALL

Really. You'd rather live out your days in a town where you don't know anyone? Please.

THURMAN

Rather live in my mess than have someone wipe my ass with those looks they give me.

RANDALL

C'mon, can't be so bad.

THURMAN

Ever had a stranger wipe your ass?

Randall doesn't answer.

THURMAN

Are you going to stop the car?

Randall seems to think about it. Then answers in a soft sad voice.

RANDALL

Can't, Thurman.

They drive silently for a few moments.

THURMAN

DEER!!!!

Randall swerves. BAMMMM! The sound of CRUNCHING metal on metal. Whatever they've hit, they've hit it hard. Randall puts his arm on the wheel to block his head from smacking it. Car SCREECHES to an ear-shattering halt. Randall is dazed. Thurman gets out of the car and starts walking away.

RANDALL

Thurman!

He moves to get out of the car then grabs his bruised arm.

RANDALL

Ow!

Randall looks back.

RANDALL
Where's a deer?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Thurman is heading into a tall, golden tassled cornfield. Randall gets out to follow him when he's yanked by the two greasers from the previous night, Seth and Peter. We see the impact was from hitting their car.

PETER
Doesn't look like your packing today.

SETH
You're gonna get such a beat-down, old man.

RANDALL
Why don't you put a little more grease in your hair?

Seth kicks Randall in the crotch. Randall crumples to the ground.

PETER
Just stay down. Stay down.

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. The greasers gaze in disbelief. Thurman brings the gun down from pointing at the sky to pointing at them. Randall beams with pride.

PETER
You wouldn't shoot us. That gun's shaking in your hands.

THURMAN
Everything shakes in my hands these days.
(moves closer)
But somehow I never miss when I piss.

The greasers are terrified now.

SETH
Y-Y-You can get life in prison for killing someone.

THURMAN
Good point. 'Cause I got so much life left.

Peter and Seth quiet at Thurman's logic. They shake like children. Thurman points the gun back and forth at each of them. Having fun.

SETH
Stop it. Hey. Stop.

PETER
We'll give you something. What do you
want? Just put the gun away. Hey!

The hammer clicks back. Peter's voice starts to crack.

PETER
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US?!

THURMAN
How much money do you have?

PETER
I got like, uh, uh, ten bucks.

SETH
I've got thirteen. Yeah, thirteen.

The greasers yank at all their pockets, crumpled bills here
and there floating to the ground. As they pick it up, Randall
walks over to get their money.

THURMAN
No.

Randall stops.

THURMAN
I don't want to take your money.

SETH
What do you mean?

THURMAN
We're gonna take your car.

PETER
Hey, you can't do that!

THURMAN
I've got the gun. Why not?

Peter shoots an embarrassed look.

PETER
Because...My dad got it for me. I already
have to explain to him how you dented it.

Thurman starts laughing hysterically.

THURMAN

Dad got it for me? Dad got it for me?
Relax. We're just gonna take it for the
night. We're gonna go home, fix up our
car so it's in racing shape...

RANDALL

(doesn't like it)
Thurman.

THURMAN

...then we'll drive both cars out to -- do
you know the local drag strip? -- we'll
drive them out there around nine tomorrow
night. You guys'll be there. Then we'll
race. Winner gets twenty-three bucks.

PETER

I guess.

Thurman moves a little closer to Peter.

THURMAN

You don't show. You'll find your car at
the bottom of a river. With your dad
inside.

Randall looks floored at this. Thurman gives Randall the
subtlest of winks. The greasers don't know what to think.
They reluctantly nod.

SETH

Uh. Can we have a ride?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Randall drives his car with Seth, while Thurman speeds ahead
in the dragster car with Peter. Peter reluctantly points to a
mansion among many others. Thurman starts laughing
hysterically again.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Randall is hidden under the WHIRRING belly of his car except
for his legs. Thurman stands over him, hands on hips.

RANDALL

We're not doing it.

THURMAN

I've got a gun. I could shoot you.

RANDALL

So do it.

A beat.

RANDALL

I'm still here.

THURMAN

You're still an asshole.

RANDALL

Why the hell do you want to do this?

THURMAN

Are you kidding me? You're kidding me, right? You should be excited. How many times did we talk about it? You and those gifted hands, the leader of the pit crew, me behind the wheel driving us to victory lane. Remember Randall? Remember?

RANDALL

But it didn't happen. Never.

THURMAN

So what about now?

RANDALL

Wake up, idiot. This isn't victory lane. It's racing shit cars against a bunch of bored kids.

THURMAN

Yeah, but bored kids with money. A lot of money. Did you notice all the girls on the drag strip had fancy clothes? We could rob these kids blind. But legally.

RANDALL

Gambling's illegal.

THURMAN

Robbing banks is more illegal.

Randall emerges from under the car, wipes the grease from his reddened forehead. He turns the ignition. The engine chokes a little...then suddenly softly PURRS. Randall can't help but smile. Thurman smiles too. Leans in within inches of Randall, his eyes aglow.

THURMAN

Don't you remember, Randall?

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Thurman and Randall look over auto parts in greasy bins.

RANDALL

It would take every last dollar and stealing from the junk yard to fix up the car enough to have a chance.

THURMAN

Let's do it anyway.

RANDALL

Don't understand it. Why would you spend fifty bucks to try and make twenty?

THURMAN

Because everyone on the strip'll be there. If we win, they'll all want to race us.

RANDALL

Yeah. If we lose...?

THURMAN

Then I'll be blowing truckers all the way home.

Randall looks at him.

RANDALL

You really are a sick bastard.

BUILDING "THE BEAUTY" MONTAGE

Randall fine tunes the glistening transmission, twisting hard on a stubborn screwdriver.

Randall pulls out the rotting blackened gas tank and reaches for a new one.

Randall at a payphone.

RANDALL

That's right, Dr. Kendrick, he's doing fine...Where we headed?

(smiles)

Why does everyone want to know that?

Randall hammers the bent Cadillac body back into shape. He manages a small smile as CLANGS fill the night air.

Thurman massages a paint brush along the brilliant curves.

Randall lines up a new headlight.

The Cadillac is now hardly recognizable from what it was. It looks hot. It shines cool and dangerous in the hotel parking lot. Thurman and Randall gaze silently at what they've created.

End Montage.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Randall sits in his car on the pulsing drag strip. The street lights illuminate something painted in calligraphy alongside the driver-side door. Closing in, we see it says "Devil's Beauty." A crowd is there. They're taunting Randall and Thurman.

CROWD

I don't believe it! Hey Grandpa! Man,
they're crazy!

Thurman parks the greaser's car alongside. He exchanges a look with Randall. He rolls down the window.

THURMAN

These boys showing?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Peter and Seth are running down an upper class street. Peter is furious.

PETER

Can't wait to beat those geezers.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Peter and Seth finally get to the starting line, sweat running down their young faces. Thurman emerges from their car.

THURMAN

Miss your car?

The crowd laughs at the taunt. But they're laughing harder at Thurman, who takes forever to walk to Randall's car on those arthritic legs.

RANDALL

Crowd loves us.

Randall gets out of the Cadillac and motions Thurman over. Randall takes a deep breath.

RANDALL

Seeing that kid in that crash the other night...If we don't come out of this...well, we will...but if we didn't. Had something I needed to tell you back at the retirement home.

A TEENAGE BOY jogs past.

TEENAGER

Hey, old man, the girls are hot for this thing to start.

RANDALL

In a second.

The teenager gives him a dirty look and goes to his position in the crowd.

THURMAN

What is it, Randall?

RANDALL

This isn't the easiest thing for me to say.

THURMAN

Out with it. Can't be that bad.

RANDALL

I slept with your wife.

WHACK! Thurman slaps Randall. Randall holds his aching jaw.

THURMAN

Don't even joke about something like that.

Randall looks shocked at how much it hurts.

Thurman gets in the driver's side and calmly pulls to the starting line. Randall just stands there.

THURMAN

You coming?

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - NIGHT

An overdone beautiful girl shimmies to the starting line. Thurman nudges at Randall to look at the crowd. Tons of money exchanges hands. Randall doesn't even care.

Randall holds his flask in his hands. Guilty.

RANDALL
Your wife, she had a mole like a star
right near her --

WHACK! Randall's head hits the window. His tongue feels
around his burning cheek. Thurman's hand is still up in the
air from slapping him.

THURMAN
Stop kidding around. I'm getting pissed.

Randall spits blood out the window.

RANDALL
Yeah. It's a sick joke.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

The girl gyrates her hips with each count.

GIRL
One!...Two!...

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - NIGHT

Randall finally turns to him.

RANDALL
But if I wasn't kidding...

THURMAN
But you are!

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

GIRL
...Three!

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Thurman hits the pedal, fully concentrated on the hugging
road. He glances to the side -- they're a car length ahead
out of the gate.

RANDALL
But if I wasn't...you'd forgive me,
right?

Thurman doesn't want to hear him. Those bright yellow
knuckles radiate as the wheel flies sharply to the right.

INT. GREASERS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Peter behind the wheel, Seth looking at their opponent from shotgun.

SETH

Man, go faster! They're beating us!

PETER

He's starting to crack. Look at his face. Knows he can't keep up much longer. He knows!

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Thurman's eyes are one with the road, but it's obvious what Randall has said has sunk in. The silent tension is suffocating. Randall sits with those guilty eyes. Shoots a look out the far window.

RANDALL

They're pulling ahead.

THURMAN

Shut up, Randall!

INT. GREASERS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Peter and Seth are yelling in jubilation.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

THURMAN

Damn it!

RANDALL

We can catch them at the turn!

WINDSHIELD POV

Up ahead, a freakishly sharp gravelled turn -- it wildly drops, a wicked hook, calling it "Dead Man's Curve" would not be an exaggeration. The greaser's car slows a little.

THURMAN

Don't think so. No. We'd have to go full speed and we probably still lose.

RANDALL

Do it! You want to let those greasers win?!

THURMAN

Can't be done. It's suicide. Would kill us both.

Thurman starts to ease off the brake. Randall sees the greasers patting each other on the back in early congratulations. Bites down on his lip in fury.

RANDALL

You said you'd kill a man who slept with your wife.

Thurman just stares ahead.

THURMAN

Yeah. So?

RANDALL

Would you be willing to kill yourself in the process?

THURMAN

Probably.

RANDALL

When your wife orgasmed, she said again and again, "Sweet Jesus."

Thurman's eyes are now steel. He stomps the pedal in bustling rage. His breath is a LOW MENACING GROWL.

INT. GREASERS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Peter is grinning from ear to ear. Then he looks back. His face drains.

SETH

They're catching up...

PETER

They'll never make that turn.
(a beat, concerned for them)
Slow down, guys.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Randall looks scared of the monster he's created. Thurman is stomping that pedal like a mad man.

THURMAN

YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!!

Thurman flings the wheel, his arms taut and reddening.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car spits glowing sparks on the road. The body tips up around the turn. The front wheels start peeling off the road -- they hang off the ground for a moment like the car was deciding if it will tip over -- BA-DOOOOM! The wheels slam back down. The finish line is within reach.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

RANDALL/THURMAN
Woooooo!!!!!!

INT. GREASERS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Peter and Seth's shoulders slump. They're now a few car lengths behind and fading further back.

EXT. FINISH LINE - NIGHT

Randall's car hurls past the finish line! Smoke twists from the overworked engine. Seconds later comes the greasers' car.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

The two cars drive silently toward the huddled crowd. Nobody moves. The wind howls through the swaying cornfields.

The greasers climb out, eyes wide. Nobody says anything. As soon as Thurman and Randall climb out, THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE ECHOES. The crowd swarms around them. Thurman and Randall beam. Their eyes radiate in the adulation. For once in their life, they're winners. Peter pays Thurman the money.

PETER
Guess you can really drive.

Thurman puts out his hand for a handshake. Peter smiles. As his hand shoots out, Thurman yanks his away.

THURMAN
Go fuck yourself, kid.

The crowd loves it. They point and make obscene gestures at Peter and Seth, who jump in their car and drive off in pure humiliation. Thurman and Randall exchange a four-fingered shake.

Randall then strolls over to the drivers who were exchanging money. His face is alight with possibility.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rain softly kisses the windshield. Randall and Thurman trade prideful glances, basking in their victory.

RANDALL
Quite a night.

THURMAN
Yep. Yep. Tougher race tomorrow.

RANDALL
We should hop into bed as soon as we get back.

THURMAN
What the hell are you talking about?? We just won our first race. I'm keyed up.

RANDALL
Save it for tomorrow.

THURMAN
Let's go get a victory drink.

RANDALL
No...I'm tired.

THURMAN
Did you hear what I said? Alcohol.

RANDALL
Yes.

THURMAN
(says it slower)
Alcohol.

RANDALL
I'm quitting drinking.

Thurman stares at him.

RANDALL
Gonna try to, anyway.

THURMAN
What? What's brought this on?

RANDALL
Nothing.

THURMAN

I don't believe that. A bottle lifer like you?

RANDALL

Can't drink forever.

THURMAN

And this just came to you? Something must've happened. I mean, I'm thrilled and everything. Just surprised.

(a beat)

Really surprised.

Randall looks at him.

RANDALL

I was drunk when me and your wife, you know...

THURMAN

Let's just not talk about it.

RANDALL

No. Let's get it out of the way.

Thurman reaches into his pocket and hands Randall the gun.

THURMAN

Let's not talk about it.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A lulled filthy bar. Nobody in the place. Thurman sits with a beer at a leaning table. On the other side, Randall watches him sip.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Thurman changes the oil. Randall stands behind him. Lets out a reproachful sigh.

RANDALL

No. You gotta let it drain...No. Drain all the way.

THURMAN

Okay. Okay.

RANDALL

There's nothing left to paint on this car, so you either learn how to work on the inside...No. Here! Here! I'll just do it!

Randall snatches the dripping oil pan. Thurman is confused by the outburst. Randall's hands tremble fiercely from the DT's of alcohol withdrawal. Flecks of oil spill out from the pan onto the ground. His face is padded with sweat.

THURMAN

How's the not drinking going?

RANDALL

Great.

Thurman gazes at Randall's sweating face.

THURMAN

Let me try one more time. Okay? Remember, cars have changed a little over the years.

Randall manages a small smile. As Thurman takes back the oil pan, it trembles a little less. The sound of REVING GROWS.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

We're back on the strip. Sunshine reflects painfully off of polished car chrome. Randall stands outside his car at the starting line, Thurman REVING in the driver's seat.

RANDALL

Sorry I can't ride with you...Been pretty nauseous since I quit.

THURMAN

Don't worry about it. Probably better this way.

RANDALL

Why's that?

THURMAN

If we started to lose, might tell me you fucked my mother.

"SEVERAL RACES GO BY" MONTAGE

Randall backs away.

The flag goes down.

Thurman flies past his opponent for victory.

Thurman and Randall count the money on the blanket of a cheap bed.

The bed DISSOLVES into a nicer one...and then an even nicer one. With each bed, we see less blanket and more cash.

Thurman drinks it up with a pair of young attractive gold diggers, CHERYL and LAURA.

Randall wipes his mouth in a bathroom. Very pale. Drenched in sweat. He's getting to the tougher times of recovery.

End Montage.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Thurman, Randall and the gold diggers, Cheryl and Laura, walk into a lavish hotel room. Full bar, gold trim walls. Thurman and the girls fall on the four poster bed. Randall gets under his covers. He shivers violently in the deep throes of withdrawal.

THURMAN

You okay?

RANDALL

F-F-F-ine.

THURMAN

Do you want them to go?

CHERYL

We have names, you know.

THURMAN

Sorry Ms. Mansfield.

Laura laughs. Thurman quietly stares off.

LAURA

You can call me Jayne. And if you buy me a diamond necklace downtown, I'll...

She whispers in his ear.

THURMAN

I feel...there is much...much...

The rest is incoherent. The gold diggers laugh. Randall slowly stirs.

LAURA

Ew. You're drooling. Okay, Grandpa, I'll find your pecker in here somewhere.

Randall looks at Thurman -- his eyes are vacant. Gone.

RANDALL

Girls, I think you should go.

LAURA

No. I always earn my diamond necklaces...And it'll be fun to watch him die of a heart attack.

The girls laugh. Randall continues to look at Thurman.

RANDALL

You were on a hot streak, kid.

(then)

I'm sorry, girls, you have to go.

CHERYL

Why? Thurmy doesn't seem to mind.

LAURA

(snapping her fingers at Thurman)

He's like a vegetable. What's with him? Where'd you go, honey?

Randall rises to his feet.

RANDALL

He's had a long day. That's all.

LAURA

Think he just crapped himself.

Randall's mad now.

RANDALL

There's the fucking door!

The girls waste no time grabbing their purses. They scamper out the door. Randall turns. Sighs at Thurman.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Thurman stands naked in front of a toilet (chest high view). His mumbling is mixed with the sound of wiping. After a moment, Randall's head rises into frame.

Randall throws crumpled toilet paper in the toilet then grabs more. Without expression, he crouches back down.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - MORNING

Randall spoons at his cereal. Next to him, Thurman stares straight ahead, lifeless. His food is untouched.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Randall pulls the Cadillac up to the bustling drag strip crowd. Thurman is numb in the passenger seat.

RANDALL

If you can hear me, Thurman. Stay here.

Randall jumps out and shuffles over to a dragster car parked by the starting line. The driver he'll face, DARREN, 22, sticks his head out.

DARREN

Your boy ready to be embarrassed?

RANDALL

He's not feeling so well.

DARREN

That's nice.

RANDALL

Look. He's got this, well, kind of illness. Sometimes when people get older --

DARREN

Yeah, he's a chicken shit. I got you.

RANDALL

We can race tomorrow. His problem doesn't usually last too long.

DARREN

So then forfeit. Either get a racer in there now or pay. That's it.

Randall weighs his options.

DARREN

Just forfeit. You don't have a chance.

Randall finally leans in, whispering. His tone is tinged with anger.

RANDALL

All right. I'll race. But if you win,
just know he would've beaten you.

Randall puts his forehead to the Darren's, pure fury in his eyes.

RANDALL

By the way. That old guy was never a
chicken shit a day in his miserable life.
And if you say it again, I'll run you
right off the goddamn road.

DARREN

Talk. Talk. Talk.

Randall pulls his head out of the car. Darren smiles. BAM!
Randall suddenly head butts him. Darren is bleary-eyed,
moaning painfully.

RANDALL

This sport should really have helmets.

Randall goes back to his car and gently guides Thurman out.
He leads him over to the gold diggers.

LAURA

What are you doing?

RANDALL

You're looking after him till the race is
over.

LAURA

No. Not my thing.

RANDALL

I can't leave him in there. He needs to
be watched.

Laura shakes her head.

RANDALL

Listen, he was nice to you. He bought you
drinks all night. Told you you looked
like Sophia Loren. Be a little nice back.

She thinks about it. Randall's eyes beseech her.

RANDALL

Can you be a little nice back?

EXT. STARTING LINE - LATER DAY

Randall moves behind the wheel. His body is tight. He glances over at Darren who flashes an arrogant grin.

He then notices Thurman near the front, Laura standing next to him dutifully. Thurman is still mumbling. Randall rolls down his window.

RANDALL

Watch me win this one, buddy!

Thurman just keeps mumbling. Uneasy, Randall watches the flag girl. Her body's lascivious shimmying seems to calm him.

Randall looks back at Thurman. He's drooling himself. The flag flies down. Away they go!

Randall quickly falls behind. We hear a PLUNK! Randall ignores this, punches the gas. Darren just speeds ahead, weaving in between lanes. It's clear Randall's being taunted. PLUNK! Dirt starts to hit his windshield. PLUNK! PLUNK! PLUNK!

Randall can barely make out the road ahead. Like a thickening fog. Suddenly, his car makes an ABRUPT JERKING NOISE. Then another. Randall can only wince in disgust.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Randall starts pulling over to the side, engine JERKING throughout. As he begins to bring the car to a stop, it dies on its own. He leans out and dusts off his dirt-brown windshield. Looking ahead, he sees Darren take aim at the finish line. His arm raises out the window in brazen victory.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Randall pushes the car (in neutral) back to the starting line. His shirt is lined with sweat. The crowd is gone except for Thurman, Laura and Darren, who catches some rays on his hood.

DARREN

Need any help?

Darren starts laughing, but also sits up, ready for Randall to pounce. Randall just slides the car into park.

RANDALL

You only won 'cause my carburetor dropped.

DARREN

You were losing before that.

Randall is about to retort when...

THURMAN
He's right.

Randall perks up.

RANDALL
You with us again?

THURMAN
A little too late.

Randall smiles.

RANDALL
Don't worry about it. Don't worry.

DARREN
Can I have my money?

THURMAN
Why? Didn't earn it.

Randall pays Darren. Thurman walks over and shoves him.

DARREN
Get him off of me. I don't want to hit
him back. Get him...

Randall holds Thurman back. He's still trying to break free for another shot at Darren. Darren grins at this, impressed.

DARREN
Sure hope I have your kind of guts when
I'm old.

Darren drives off in a gust of dirt. Laura steps over to Randall.

LAURA
I gotta go.

RANDALL
Thanks for helping, Laura.

Laura walks toward her car.

RANDALL
Hey?

She turns around.

RANDALL
If we win big tomorrow, we'll buy you
something.

Laura smiles, gets in and pulls away. Randall strolls over to his car and surveys it. In a flash, he's kicking viciously at the driver-side door.

THURMAN
That's not gonna make it better.

RANDALL
(out of breath)
You got...to disappear. Let me
have...this...

Randall starts wailing on it harder. Kicking at old demons. Thurman sits down on the dusty ground and waits.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Thurman and Randall in their beds.

THURMAN
You didn't do bad today.

RANDALL
You kidding me?

A beat.

THURMAN
Sometimes I think about killing myself.

Randall doesn't respond.

THURMAN
You hear what I said?

RANDALL
Yeah.

THURMAN
Do you have a response?

RANDALL
No.

They lie in silence.

RANDALL
I'd miss you.

Thurman smiles heartily.

THURMAN

Before a week ago, you hadn't seen me in three years. Before that, what, it'd been ten?

RANDALL

Yeah. Well. Just figured you didn't want to know from me.

THURMAN

You're my cousin. That's stupid.

RANDALL

You didn't always seem so happy to see me.

THURMAN

You're my cousin.

RANDALL

I'm the reason we got caught that day.

Randall glances over at Thurman as if hoping he'll disagree. Thurman says nothing. Randall explodes, sheets flying everywhere.

RANDALL

Damn me! I was such a fucking kid! Why didn't you drive off? You should've! I told you ten minutes. I goddamn told you!

Randall shakes with fury. Thurman stares silently. Randall takes a breath and slowly quiets. Another moment and he lies back down, his body stiff, eyes numb.

THURMAN

Have you had a drink yet?

RANDALL

What do you think?

THURMAN

Have you?

RANDALL

No. Really wanted one, but...

A few silent moments pass then we hear faintly in the darkness.

THURMAN
Proud of you.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Lacquered finger nails point to a shimmering bracelet.

LAURA (O.S.)
That one!

We see Laura and Thurman standing over a thick glass case. Randall stands in a corner smoking a cigarette.

RANDALL
I said after we won big.

THURMAN
We're gonna win big. Just buying a little karma.

Randall rolls his eyes.

THURMAN
Don't remember you being a smoker.

RANDALL
Missed my bad breath.

Thurman laughs and gestures toward a salesperson.

THURMAN
Ring this one up and wrap it in one of those nice boxes. You finance, right?

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

The hood is flipped up on Randall's car. He makes some adjustments, eyes focused on his twirling ratchet.

Off to the side, Thurman sizes up his competition -- a cocky 20 year old, BRIAN, in a ripped up tank top despite light spring conditions that has everyone else in long sleeves. He flexes his muscles repeatedly for girls passing by.

The driver from Randall's last race, Darren, comes over.

DARREN
Give him a lead.

THURMAN
What?

DARREN

He's like me. Cocky. Give him a lead. When he thinks he's ahead, starts doing tricks. Wiped out at least three times that way.

THURMAN

Like I'm really listening to you.

DARREN

You don't believe me?

THURMAN

Didn't say that.

DARREN

What? You're not gonna use my tip? It's golden.

THURMAN

Go fuck yourself.

Darren is incredulous.

DARREN

You're kidding me. You won't listen? Even if you'd lose?

Thurman starts walking towards the car.

DARREN

Got guts. No brains though!

Thurman waves him away and keeps going. Randall slams down the hood. Part of the paint chips off.

THURMAN

Watch it! Hey, watch it! Now it says "Evil's Beauty."

RANDALL

Forget that. Go win us a race.

Thurman starts to move for the driver's door. Sees Randall doesn't budge.

THURMAN

What? You're not coming?

RANDALL

Nah, had my race. I lost.

(a beat)

Anyway, I'm pit crew. You're the driver.

Randall puts out four fingers for their handshake. Thurman gives him a hug. Randall uncomfortably returns it. Thurman senses the awkwardness, slowly breaking the embrace.

THURMAN

Don't worry. I won't make you kiss me.

Randall nods, self-conscious. Thurman gets in the car.

STARTING FLAG

twirls through the drizzling overcast sky then swoops down in a flourish.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Early on, the cars are battling closely for position. Cocky Brian sits low in his seat, one hand on the wheel. He shoots the other hand out the window, extending the middle finger at Thurman.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Darren shakes his head at this.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Thurman looks over at the other car. He returns the middle finger. Brian REVVS hard. Thurman's starting to fall behind.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Darren comes over to Randall and Laura.

DARREN

He's gonna lose.

LAURA

(concerned)

Will I have to bring back the bracelet?

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Brian charges further ahead. Thurman already sees the race slipping away.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Suddenly Thurman's car starts weaving, like he's losing control. Brian gazes back curiously.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Randall looks through binoculars.

RANDALL
What's he doing?

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Thurman's car is weaving fully into both lanes. Chunks of dirt kicking up everywhere.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Darren is now looking through the binoculars.

DARREN
Did the old guy die in the driver's seat?

Randall's dark expression says he's thinking the same thing.

EXT. BRIAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Brian's concern mounts. He shakes it off and speeds ahead -- then curses and slides his foot off the gas. He slows and we see what he sees. Thurman is facedown on the wheel. Brian MEEPS his horn hoping he's just asleep. No response.

BRIAN
C'mon, you old shit.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

The finish line looms ahead. Another MEEP blares.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

MEEP-MEEP! Brian gives a sad look. Suddenly Thurman's head rises. He sticks out his tongue and...FLOORS IT!!!

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Thurman is getting a lead!

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Darren watches through binoculars.

DARREN
Oh my God.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Brian sneers and starts hitting the gas. But...

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Thurman swerves in front of Brian's lane, blocking him off.

THURMAN
Little pussy!

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Randall and Darren huddle close so both can see out of the binoculars. Everyone stands near to get snippets of what's happening.

RANDALL
He's crazy.

DARREN
Go Evil's Beauty!

EXT. DRAG STRIP - DAY

Thurman blocks him again. He can smell the finish line.

THURMAN
Wooooo-hooooooo!!!

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

Thurman crosses the finish line.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

Everyone loses it. Darren and Laura kiss in wild exultation. Randall just smiles and drags on his cigarette in disbelief.

EXT. CROWD - LATER DAY

Thurman drives over, parting the transfixed crowd. All the drivers throw punches at the car. Randall tosses his cigarette and tries to get them away.

RANDALL
Hey! Hey! What are you doing!

Darren pulls him aside.

DARREN
No, man, that's the way drivers show respect.

Thurman seems to understand this. He clasps his hands over his head and waves them to each side like a champion.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A huge champagne bottle ruptures. Bubbles spill. Thurman is drinking heavily with the drivers. Randall sits in the corner sullenly. He watches for a moment. He gets up and moves to grab the bottle from Thurman.

They lock eyes. Thurman shrugs and hands it to him. Randall licks a sip. He lowers it like he was disgusted with himself. Then he starts chugging it. The crowd eggs him on with drunken delight.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Thurman drives, chugging the champagne bottle. Randall is in the passenger seat, passed out with an empty bottle against his hip.

THURMAN'S POV

The road is shaky. Lights flutter in and out. A shadowed object grows larger.

BACK TO SCENE

Thurman's drunken sleepy eyes try to focus on it.

THURMAN'S POV

The shadowed object keeps growing. We see wispy leaves flutter. They're now almost dancing on the windshield...and then...

They SMASH into the object -- an oak tree. Everything goes hauntingly silent.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

His back to us, Thurman stares out the window. A RUSTLING.

RANDALL (O.S.)
(slurred)
W-W-What are you staring at?

Thurman looks back. There's a small cut on his cheek. In bed, Randall is rubbing his eyes, just waking up. He stops on seeing the cut. Thurman lets out a low tired chuckle.

THURMAN
 ...could always black out through anything.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

The grill is dented like an accordion that drips oil. The side mirror is bent upside-down. The body is just scrape upon scrape. A cop car pulls up on the street.

COP
 I was waiting to see who owned this thing. You been in an accident?

Randall looks at the cop nervously. Goes back to studying the car. The cop drives over to them and gets out.

COP
 Somebody really did a number on your car.

The cop yanks out his notebook.

COP
 What's your name?

RANDALL
 Why?

COP
 Why? Somebody beat the hell out of your car, fella. I've seen it before. I want to do a report. Find out who did this to you.

RANDALL
 It was like this.

COP
 Come on.

RANDALL
 It's okay, officer. Really.

COP
 Hey, you don't have to feel scared. I know we've got some bad kids in this town. Hell, used to be one.
 (proudly)
 (MORE)

COP (CONT'D)

That's why I'm a cop now. I want to help you.

But Randall stays quiet.

COP

I want to help you, fellas.

Randall won't even look at him.

COP

Cop wants to do his job and no one will let him.

(under his breath)

Old farts...

The cop drives off. He makes a fast slippery turn, cutting off a family in the crosswalk to do it. Randall's eyes rest on the bent fender.

RANDALL

Well, we can't pick up another good set a' wheels with what we've got left. Maybe have a quarter of the money we'd need.

(shakes his head)

Goddamnit!

Randall puts his back to the car and slides down to the ground. He regards his reflection in a dirty hubcap.

THURMAN

We've got more like half the money.

RANDALL

Where? From what?

Thurman takes off his worn shoes. Empties a bunch of folded twenties out of each one. Shows more in his wallet. Randall is completely thrown.

THURMAN

From your original stash.

RANDALL

You stole from me? You? That Broadway bitch stole from me, you stole from me. Is there anyone I can trust here? I mean, I...

(grabs his head)

God, I'm drunk.

THURMAN

Leann didn't steal from you.

Randall is lost and dizzy.

THURMAN

I gave her half your money so she'd go away.

RANDALL

Why?

Thurman puts his foot on the fender, trying to push it back into alignment. The whole thing falls to the ground.

RANDALL

Forget that. Why? I was enjoying her. Why'd you do that to me?!

Thurman won't even look at him.

RANDALL

Thurman?

Thurman suddenly explodes.

THURMAN

Because these were my two weeks. Not hers!

Randall takes this in. Knows he's right. Randall shrinks lower, cleans off the hub cap with his shirt. Thurman hovers over him silently.

RANDALL

I've wasted my life.

THURMAN

What?

RANDALL

Don't you think I've wasted my life?

Thurman sits down beside him.

THURMAN

Think maybe you've wasted some of it.

(pause)

But you meant well.

Randall is holding back tears. They just sit there, neither saying a word. Randall finally glances back at the car.

RANDALL

This thing still run?

A wry smile creeps along Thurman's face.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Making choking noises that Chitty Chitty Bang Bang would be proud of, the car clunks down a graveled road.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

The fender lies along the back seat as they drive.

RANDALL
(shakes his head)
Man...

THURMAN
This thing isn't racing anything.

RANDALL
Racing? Hell. No way it doesn't die in
the next few hundred miles.

Thurman looks over at him, hesitant.

THURMAN
Out of curiosity. How far would it be to
Chicago?

Randall's eyes flash disbelief and anger.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DUSK

The car nudges onto Wabash Street. Chicago skyscrapers hint in the dusk skyline. The car parks at the valet of a lavish high-rise. Randall hands off the keys. The valets can't believe the incredible shitbox they're parking.

INT. ELEVATOR - HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

Thurman and Randall in the elevator. Randall grips a new cheap flask. He takes a long smooth pull, vodka dripping down the sides of his quivering unshaven chin.

INT. 11TH FLOOR HALLWAY - HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

The elevator opens. Thurman gets out first. A woman in her 70's, DEIDRA, stands at the entrance of her apartment. Wearing a little too much rouge, she smiles and scampers over.

DEIDRA
I'm so glad you're okay. That cut. Where
did you...

Deidra stops upon seeing Randall. She sniffs his breath. She coldly nods at what she gets a whiff of and motions them both inside.

INT. DEIDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gleaming marble floors and magnificent paintings adorn the walls. A cherry wood case almost as tall as the ceiling is filled with hand-painted figurines. Deidra pours each of them coffee around a sparkling glass table.

DEIDRA
Are we taking ours black, Randall?

RANDALL
Go to hell, Deidra.

DEIDRA
(stays calm)
I'll kick you right out if you say something like that again. Clear?

Randall stares.

RANDALL
Yes.

DEIDRA
So, Thurman. Are you sure you're okay?

THURMAN
I'm fine. Fine.

Deidra takes a sip then turns to Randall.

DEIDRA
So what do you have to say about all this?

RANDALL
Well, I think you're the worst sister I ever had.

DEIDRA
How about sorry?

RANDALL
For what?

DEIDRA
For what? You know for what.

RANDALL
Why don't you tell me, savior?

DEIDRA
You're not even worth the time. I'm just
gonna talk to Thurman.

RANDALL
What exactly did I do that was so wrong,
savior?

DEIDRA
Your tone.

RANDALL
Tell me, savior.

DEIDRA
You endangered him.

RANDALL
Please.

DEIDRA
You did.

RANDALL
Bitch...

Deidra suddenly kicks at Randall's chair. He jumps off before
it falls to the floor.

DEIDRA
Get out of my house! You're always --
(lets out a frustrated scream)
Always acting like you're better than me!
Like you're God's gift. Look around,
Randall. This is the life you could've
had. You just didn't want to grow up.

RANDALL
Yes, I'll have to grow up and fuck a rich
guy. Thurman, add that to our grocery
list. Celery, carrots, fuck rich guy.

Deidra backs away, trembling with anger. She can't even
speak.

RANDALL
Try not to swallow your tongue. May need
it when Moneybags gets home.

THURMAN
Enough now...

DEIDRA
I don't need this.

RANDALL
Yeah.

DEIDRA
You just don't understand what it was like while you two were in jail. I didn't know how to support myself. Couldn't even make eggs.

RANDALL
Even smell's like money in here.

THURMAN
Enough, let's --

DEIDRA
I did love him.

This stops Randall. He looks at the ground. Unlike everything else he's said, this doesn't come so easy.

RANDALL
Deidra. You became a whore.

Deidra is scalding now. In his face.

DEIDRA
No! I became a fucking lady, thank you very much! Tell you what. Tell you what.
(grabs her purse)
Here's twenty bucks. Find the nearest liquor store and then the nearest alley. Just leave me and Thurman alone.

THURMAN
Deidra, I brought him here. I need money.

DEIDRA
Come on.

THURMAN
I need twelve hundred dollars.

Deidra's voice softens now as if talking to a child.

DEIDRA

But, Thurman, you're taken care of. I called the doctor. He's gonna come get you himself. Okay? It's gonna be fine.

THURMAN

I'm not going back. I'm staying with Randall.

Randall looks nervous.

RANDALL

You just mean till we finish the trip, right, buddy?

THURMAN

Yes. Dolt.

(a beat)

Deidra, can I have the money?

DEIDRA

You're kidding.

Just then, Thurman's face lights up. He gathers his thoughts carefully.

THURMAN

We've been racing cars. Kids call it drag racing now. We won tons of money. I got behind the wheel again. It's...you should see it, Deidra. We won so much money.

Deidra isn't unaffected by Thurman's enthusiasm, but keeps her reserved expression.

DEIDRA

Then why are you asking me for twelve hundred dollars?

THURMAN

Because our car isn't fit for racing. We need money for a new one. And plus, I wanted to see you one more time before I, you know...

DEIDRA

If I believed that, I'd give you the money.

THURMAN

It's true. What, you don't believe me?
(comes over and rests his hands
on her shoulders)

(MORE)

THURMAN (CONT'D)

Deidra, I wanted to thank you face to face for all you've done for me. The retirement home, everything.

Deidra's face says she doesn't believe a word. Thurman looks her in the eye. Says this from the bottom of his heart.

THURMAN

Hey, listen to me. Deidra. You're as much my sister as you are Randall's. I should've told you that. I just wanted you to know that I always felt that way about you. We were family.

(quiets)

And I forgive you, honey.

Deidra glances at both of them. She's close to shaking.

DEIDRA

For what? Well, I don't want your forgiveness. You hear me? Listening? Randall wanted to get every last pocketbook, not me. That's why we got caught. Okay? Okay, Randall? They never told me you guys would get ten years if I admitted we did the other robberies. You think I knew? Couldn't even...make eggs.

Neither Thurman or Randall say a word. Deidra stands there for a moment then walks over to a far wall. She pulls off a small painting which reveals a stark gray safe. She starts fidgeting with the combination. Turning it ten different ways. Suddenly her hand falls to her side and she shakes her head.

DEIDRA

Forgot the combination.

She's becoming unnerved. Struggling to remember. Through her frustration, she weaves about, disoriented, not unlike Thurman gets during his condition. It's obvious she has the early lighter stages of dementia.

Thurman smiles, gently takes her hand.

THURMAN

You never needed it before.

Deidra smiles warmly now. She squeezes his hand, regaining herself. With Thurman's urging, she pulls her ruffled hair back behind her ear then presses her ear against the cold safe.

As her hands start working the combination lock precisely, we no longer see the old woman she is, but the master thief she was. She's trying to crack the safe. Click -- she's got one number. Click -- two. She lets out an excited unabashed squeal. Click, click, click -- and the safe opens.

The money sits in hundreds. She glows with delight, proudly counting out part of a stack.

DEIDRA
Here's two thousand.

Thurman kisses her softly on the cheek. She exchanges a small smile with Randall.

RANDALL
You were always better than dynamite.

DEIDRA
Should still stop drinking. You were such a smart boy. Everyone said you could've been a scientist.

RANDALL
Still could.

Deidra laughs, much to her own surprise. After a still moment, Randall and Thurman start for the door.

DEIDRA
I'll tell the doctor you'll call him when you're ready. Thurman?

Thurman turns.

DEIDRA
Looking good.

He gives her a meager wave then exits with Randall. Deidra turns and sits in an antique chair in the corner. In a moment, she's asleep, like it was all just a dream.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

In a heap of traffic, we make out a blue blur cutting through winding lanes. Bill Haley's "Rock Around The Clock" roars from a radio.

We catch a gleaming hood. The sharp tail fins are the last thing the pack of traffic sees as the car speeds on. A 1954 powder blue Chevrolet coupe. Thurman grins in the driver's seat.

INT. NEW CHEVROLET - MOVING - DAY

Thurman runs his hand lightly over the seats. Randall is swaying with the music.

THURMAN
This is beautiful. Just beautiful.

RANDALL
Thank you, Deidra!

Randall starts laughing.

THURMAN
She's not such a bad old lady, is she?

RANDALL
She didn't have to testify.

Thurman lowers the radio.

THURMAN
Would you have?

RANDALL
What?

THURMAN
Testified. If it would have saved your skin and put me and her away.

RANDALL
Fuck no.

A beat.

THURMAN
I might've.

RANDALL
Bullshit.

THURMAN
No, not then. But maybe now.

RANDALL
You're an old man.

THURMAN
I'm smarter. You know, maybe she was just smarter than us. Ever think of that?

Randall opens the window and lets the breeze play on his hair.

RANDALL
I'm driving the first race.

THURMAN
Why?

RANDALL
'Cause I'm in the mood.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Thurman is parked on the main street of a small Illinois town, watching Randall walk to the other side. He comes across a TEENAGE BOY in a white t-shirt leaning against the local movie theatre. Randall gestures towards the car. When he gestures toward himself, the boy laughs.

INT. NEW CADILLAC - MOVING - NIGHT

Thurman and Randall in front, Randall driving. The teenage boy, now in back, points and directs.

TEENAGE BOY
Turn left up here, keep following the gravel path. You're nuts -- just thought I'd mention it.

RANDALL
We've won a few races.

TEENAGE BOY
Yeah?
(to Thurman)
Hey Grandpa? You've actually seen an old guy like this win against real dragsters? I mean, real dragsters?

Thurman displays a self-satisfied smile.

They come to a stop. The crowd blocks the view of the racing cars. But their VROOMS are deafening. Randall hands the teenager a dollar and the boy jumps out. Randall turns to Thurman, his eyes filled with reluctance.

RANDALL
How do you get that extra give?

THURMAN
What do you mean?

RANDALL

Sometimes when you're racing, notice you get off the accelerator just a little. And then, suddenly, you're able to make it fly like nothing I've ever seen.

THURMAN

Yeah. You just have to listen to the piston.

RANDALL

The piston in the engine?

THURMAN

Uh huh. It's like you get to this moment when you ease off to get it really clean. When you hear it clearly then you can buzz it.

RANDALL

You *hear* the piston?

THURMAN

I do.

RANDALL

How?

THURMAN

It's subtle.

RANDALL

It's impossible.

Thurman leans close to the dashboard with reverence. He looks Randall squarely in the eye.

THURMAN

It's subtle.

EXT. FINISH LINE - NIGHT

We see a light yellow Ford fly just ahead of a Pontiac for the victory. The winner runs his hand against the painted flames on the side of his car, a good luck ritual.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The winner drives up and jumps out. A couple of girls come over and kiss him then retreat into the crowd. The winning driver, GARY, is about 19, but he looks younger with his pronounced dimples. Randall comes over and shakes his hand.

RANDALL
Good race.

GARY
(bewildered)
Thanks.

Randall points.

RANDALL
That's my car.

GARY
Nice. Mostly see you guys in Edsels.

RANDALL
Actually, I...I wanted to ask if I could
race you.

Gary starts laughing.

GARY
Yeah. Okay.

RANDALL
I'm serious.

GARY
I wouldn't take money from an old guy.

Randall flashes a couple hundred dollars.

GARY
My car was leaking a little oil. Give me
two hours and we'll do it.

Randall shakes hands on it.

GARY
Feel like a shit for doing this.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Randall and Thurman sit quietly eating dinner. After a few moments, they lock eyes and smile. The waitress comes over.

WAITRESS
Need anything else?

RANDALL
No thanks...
(reads her name tag)
...Pauline.

The waitress politely nods then cleans off another table. Randall looks around, sees something.

RANDALL
Be right back.

Randall strolls over to the corner pay phone. He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and dials.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(from phone)
Hello?

RANDALL
Oh good. I was hoping you weren't on a shift.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey! I remember you. You're the one who reads name tags.

RANDALL
Hi Deena.

DEENA (O.S.)
Was wondering if you'd call.

RANDALL
Been on the road. Sorry.

DEENA (O.S.)
It's okay...we're having a chili special. Are you back in town?

RANDALL
Well, I don't live where you are. We were just on a road trip...

DEENA (O.S.)
Oh. Well. It's still really nice to hear your voice.

Randall smiles.

RANDALL
You know, I will have to pass by you again pretty soon.
(a beat)
Maybe we could get some dinner?

DEENA (O.S.)
I'd like that. Will you call me when you get near town?

Randall beams.

RANDALL
Okay. Okay then.
(a beat)
I guess I'll talk to you later.

Deena starts laughing.

RANDALL
What?

DEENA (O.S.)
You ask me out, I say yes and you didn't
even give me your name.

RANDALL
Randall. I'm sorry.

DEENA (O.S.)
Don't be sorry. Just don't pass through
town without calling me.

RANDALL
I won't.

DEENA (O.S.)
Bye Randall.

Randall hangs up the phone and goes back to the table. He suddenly stops in front of Thurman, slowly bends and kisses him on the cheek. He sits and stares out the window at the passing traffic.

RANDALL
Called that waitress.

THURMAN
How did it go?

RANDALL
(smiles)
I'm a smooth talker.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The light yellow Ford rambles to the starting line. Gary, that 19-year-old driver, rubs the flames on the side of the car.

Randall pulls up.

RANDALL
How's the oil?

GARY
Still dripping a little. But I feel
pretty good.

RANDALL
Wish I had some flames to rub.

Gary grins.

GARY
Just something that calms me.

Randall sits there a moment. Then turns to Thurman in the
passenger seat.

RANDALL
Thurman.

THURMAN
Yeah?

RANDALL
Do you see the other guy with someone in
the passenger side?

Thurman glances over at Gary who checks his gauges.

THURMAN
So what?

RANDALL
We get laughed at enough out here.

Thurman tries to hide his disappointment.

RANDALL
And it's not just that. Look,
sometimes...sometimes you just want to
have the victory all to yourself. Know
what I mean?

Thurman gazes up at him and warmly grins. He knows exactly
what he means.

THURMAN
Good luck.

Thurman joins the crowd. Randall moves up to the starting
line. Calls over to Gary.

THURMAN
Where's the finish line?

GARY
Feeling that confident?

Thurman has a nervous lump in his throat.

THURMAN
Hell yes.

Gary smiles back.

GARY
It's a cluster of oak trees. Can't miss
'em.

The flag man gets into position.

FLAG MAN
One...

Randall puts the piece of paper with Deena's number on the dashboard and lets out a deep breath.

FLAG MAN
Two...
(waves the flag like a magic
wand)
Three!

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Randall and Gary fly out of the gate. Gary is focused. Randall has let all that nervous energy go. He's whooping wildly, having the time of his life.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

In the crowd, Thurman is straining to see the action.

THURMAN
Is he doing good? He should've let me
drive. Is he doing good?

INT. RANDALL'S CHEVROLET - MOVING - NIGHT

Randall hits the gas and moves slightly ahead. Gary is shocked to find himself behind. Starts pumping the gas.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

BACK VIEW

of the cars flying towards the halfway point. In the reflection of the streetlights, we see Gary's car leaves a trail of sliding oil.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

Everyone's straining to see.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Randall is pulling further ahead. Suddenly, Gary starts to fishtail. Randall tries to focus on the finish line. He glances over. Gary's hood releases tiny clouds of smoke.

BACK VIEW

Gary is leaving a much thicker trail of oil now. The car shimmies to either side violently.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Gary is within inches of skidding off the path onto dangerous rock-filled terrain. Randall looks back over. Gary is desperate, pulling hard on the wheel. We can see him mouthing the word "shit" to himself repeatedly.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

Thurman stands amongst the crowd, hopeful but clueless as to where the race stands.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Gary slips half off the path. The car flips up slightly. He looks at Randall. He's scared.

INT. RANDALL'S CHEVROLET - MOVING - NIGHT

Randall turns away from Gary and stares straight ahead. He sees that cluster of oak trees near. After a thoughtful moment, he slows off the gas.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - NIGHT

Gary's car is fishtailing everywhere. It's about to go off the road -- then suddenly flips back and smashes into Randall's car.

The cars roll to their sides and crash off the path. A REVERBERATION OF COLD METAL. Dust flies everywhere. Then an almost eery silence.

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! Gary kicks out a window and pulls himself out. His face is bloodied but he manages to his feet. He limps over to Randall's car. He looks in. His face loses all color.

EXT. DRAG STRIP - EARLY MORNING

The sun has just risen. The two cars are hooked to a wheezing tow truck. They're just heaps of twisted burnt metal. Gary sits cross-legged on the ground. He's been crying. He's about to bow his head to cry again when Thurman comes over. Gary is motionless now.

THURMAN

Hey kid?

GARY

I'm sorry. God...God...

THURMAN

It's okay.

GARY

I'm gonna tell them everything.

Thurman looks over at the police scanning the damage. A cop glances up and fixes a stare on Thurman.

THURMAN

Why don't you just tell me and we'll go from there.

GARY

I thought the oil drip was so little...it was barely dripping. Car just started fishtailing, you know? I couldn't control it. Wish your friend wouldn't have tried to help me.

THURMAN

What do you mean?

GARY

He started easing off the gas. Think he was gonna try and knock my car back on the road.

Thurman glances at him.

THURMAN
Easing off the gas.

GARY
Yeah.

THURMAN
He wasn't trying to help you.

Gary looks back at the shriveled frame of Randall's car.

GARY
I saw his face. He was scared for me.

Thurman exchanges a long look with Gary then nods. As Thurman studies the sliding car tracks in the distance, tears stand in his eyes.

THURMAN
Tell them my friend caused the accident,
okay?

GARY
Why?

THURMAN
Just do it.

GARY
I don't understand...

THURMAN
My friend, he wouldn't have wanted you to
waste your life.

Gary peers up at him. Quietly nods. Thurman gently pats his shoulder. It's everything Thurman can do to keep from choking up. Says this just above a whisper.

THURMAN
You're one hell of a racer.

Thurman starts walking away. A few moments after he passes the crash scene, the COP that was staring calls out. We hear him through Thurman's ears, more like background noise than the shout that it is.

COP
We ran your buddy's identification. Sir?
Did you know he was wanted for a robbery?

Thurman doesn't react, just keeps walking.

COP

Sir?

Thurman is starting to get smaller and smaller in the distance. At the crash scene, ANOTHER COP comes over.

COP #2

Should we go get him?

(gestures toward Thurman)

If he was friends with that guy...

The first cop watches the bent figure disappear.

COP #1

Let him go.

COP #2

You think he's clean?

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Thurman stands at the entrance of a budget hotel with his suitcase.

COP #1 (V.O.)

Just a pathetic old man.

Thurman watches cars speed by on the main road. Finally, a long Plymouth pulls up. Thurman frowns at it and gets in.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Car after car passes the slow-moving Plymouth.

INT. PLYMOUTH - MOVING - DAY

Thurman is in the passenger's side. The young balding doctor we met at the retirement home is in the driver's seat.

DR. KENDRICK

How do you like the car, Mr. Conway? Just got it.

THURMAN

It's slow.

Dr. Kendrick smiles.

DR. KENDRICK

Want a little music?

Thurman shakes his head. They drive in silence.

DR. KENDRICK

Did your condition worsen? A lot of episodes?

THURMAN

Some. A few. Had some good stretches though.

DR. KENDRICK

Any since we talked?

THURMAN

Yeah.

Dr. Kendrick watches Thurman staring out the window.

THURMAN

You have a girl, Dr. Kendrick?

DR. KENDRICK

No. Why? You think I should get one?

THURMAN

Might help remove that huge stick up your ass.

Silence. Thurman immediately turns, looks remorseful.

DR. KENDRICK

Does make it hard to sit.

Thurman looks at him. Dr. Kendrick smiles. Thurman realizes it's a joke. They both start laughing. Loudly. A much needed release. For a moment, they're not doctor and patient. Almost like friends.

DR. KENDRICK

Bet you have some stories, you and your cousin. Maybe you'll tell me some when you feel like it. We've got a lot of road to cover.

Thurman is quiet. Dr. Kendrick doesn't notice, takes on a confidential tone.

DR. KENDRICK

Hope we make good time.

(grins)

Otherwise, I'll be in a lot of trouble. Out of vacation days...Bet you have some good stories.

THURMAN

They're kind of private.

Unlike Thurman's "stick" comment, this seems to hurt Dr. Kendrick. Slowly returns to a professional manner.

DR. KENDRICK

Oh. Yes. Of course...I'm sorry you didn't get to your destination, Mr. Conway.

Thurman stares dimly ahead.

THURMAN

Yeah. Well, Randall liked to bullshit. Maybe we didn't have one.

Dr. Kendrick sits there, tentative. Thurman notices this. Dr. Kendrick starts tapping the wheel nervously. Thurman suddenly perks up. His lips spread in a familiar mischievous grin.

THURMAN

You'd almost have to say our destination was his dying wish.

Dr. Kendrick doesn't answer.

THURMAN

If we had a destination. Because if we did, it was probably Randall's last wish on this earth for us to get there.

Dr. Kendrick looks everywhere but Thurman's eyes. Aimlessly stares at an open road map.

THURMAN

And it would be eternal damnation for anyone who knew of the destination and didn't say anything.

DR. KENDRICK

Well, I don't think it would be eternal damnation...

Thurman breaks out a warm gentle smile.

THURMAN

You're telling me God would allow a man to go to heaven when he didn't aid another man's dying wish? If somebody would be so callous here on Earth, you think God would assume he wouldn't be the same way in the afterlife?

Dr. Kendrick's mouth is agape.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Plymouth pulls into a huge parking lot. Steals one of the few remaining spaces. Dr. Kendrick and Thurman emerge, their eyes going wide at the enormity of the oval blacktop racetrack in the distance. They join the electrified crowd nearing the gate. A huge sign overhead: "Indianapolis 500."

EXT. RACEWAY STANDS - DAY

From the stands, Thurman and Dr. Kendrick watch the procession of race cars begin soldiering up to the starting line. Rows of exhaust shoot out like the breath of fiery bulls. Sunshine drenches every REVVING hood. Dr. Kendrick swallows a mouthful of hot dog.

DR. KENDRICK

And they said it was going to rain.

THURMAN

Great racing weather. The best.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Let's hear it for our pole position
qualifier, Dick Rathmann!

The crowd applauds spiritedly.

THURMAN

Hey. Remind me we have to stop at Annie's
Eatery in Tucson on the way back.

DR. KENDRICK

Is the food good there?

THURMAN

It's not bad.

Dr. Kendrick is puzzled by this, taking another huge bite of his hot dog. Thurman looks at a driver ready to exit his car from the pit area. The crew chief runs over and they go over final strategies.

After a few moments, the crew chief and driver start arguing. It's getting heated. The crew chief hurls his clipboard at the car and stomps away.

Thurman lets out a wistful laugh. As he puts his lips to a cold bottle of beer...

FADE OUT.

