

#2104

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"Hotshoes"

by

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A STEPHEN J. CANNELL PRODUCTION

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HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"HOTSHOES"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVERSIDE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY - DAY

This place is empty save for a lone motor-home that sits hitched up to a covered car trailer in the center of the infield. On the side of the trailer we can read:

THE LEN-CO SPECIAL
SPONSORED BY
LEN-CO AUTO-PARTS INTERNATIONAL

The scream of more than five hundred horsepower shatters the still morning air and a TRANS AM RACE CAR flashes past CAMERA and down the straightaway at more than one hundred and eighty miles an hour.

CLOSE ON - RACE CAR

a state of the art rocket fashioned out of fiberglass and ground effects. As the car blows through a series of esses we can see the driver expertly working the wheel. On the side of his multi-colored helmet the name DAVEY MOORE has been printed.

ANGLE - STOP WATCH

as the sweep hand ticks off fractions of a second and the car streaks by.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - TOM PECK

as he presses the button on the stop watch and hangs a chalk-board over the pit wall. It reads: Lap 10 - Minus 2. In the b.g. a bright red Ferrari wheels up the pit lane and a man named LENNY COLLINS gets out and walks over to TOM PECK. Collins is a stocky, middle-aged man with dark eyes and thick forearms.

COLLINS
How's he doin' out there, Tommy?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Peck keeps his eyes on the stop watch.

PECK

Real good, Mister Collins. We're lappin' just under the record and Davey's running more front end than we'll have to next week... figure we can run the same set-ups and a little softer tire.

Collins watches as the race car speeds past.

COLLINS

I wanna win this one, Tommy. I got a lotta dough sunk in this deal.

PECK

We'll give it a shot.
(beat)

I'm gonna give Davey a couple'a more'n then bring'em in. I wanna check the stagger.

Peck picks up a checkered flag and we:

RESUME - RACE CAR

as it roars down the straightaway and into a sweeping right hand turn. For a split second the car appears to be stable, and then it shudders violently and jettisons into the retaining wall at more than a hundred and fifty miles an hour. The race car comes apart and big chunks of body work and twisted aluminum cartwheel down the raceway. CAMERA FOLLOWS this horrific wreck and then after a beat, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAINT RITA'S HOSPITAL - DAY

A dignified old building with about five vine-covered stories and a wide front lawn.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

You really should eat more of this, Davey.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A YOUNG NURSE named JENNY fluffs up DAVEY MOORE'S pillow and for the first time we see this race car driver without his helmet on. Moore is in his late twenties, good looking and in traction with two broken legs. We can see some bruises from his crash and maybe a few cuts and scraps. A food tray is positioned in front of him.

MOORE

If I wanted to eat this kind of food, I would've crashed into an airport... Plastic toast, styro-foam eggs? I feel like I'm flying coach here.

JENNY

We've got a deal with the airlines. Anything the passengers don't eat we give to the patients.

MOORE

Terrific.

Jenny leaves the room and Moore pushes his food tray aside: reaching for his bedside telephone.

CUT TO:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

McCormick has the hood up on the PICKUP TRUCK and he and Hardcastle are working on the engine. Both are covered with grease and oil and we get the feeling that we have one extra chef here.

HARDCASTLE

I'm tellin' you, McCormick. It's the little thinga-ma doogle that goes into the coil.

McCormick looks to the sky.

MCCORMICK

Hey, Judge. Do I ever try'n tell you how to dole out justice?

HARDCASTLE

Matter'a fact, yeah. An' it's the coil. Always ends up being electrical in these, kiddo. Gimme a five-eighths.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCormick won't give him the wrench.

HARDCASTLE

C'mon....You wanna fix this
thing or don't ya?

MCCORMICK

Tell you what, Hardcastle. You
said I'd get ten dollars an hour
to fix this thing, right? Well,
if you watch, it's fifteen an
hour.

Hardcastle snatches the wrench and McCormick snatches it back.

MCCORMICK

And twenty if you help.

On that, SARAH WICKS calls out from the main house.

SARAH

You're wanted on the phone,
Mark.

HARDCASTLE

'N probably 'bout forty states,
too.

MCCORMICK

Whatta guy...

McCormick hands Hardcastle the wrench.

MCCORMICK

Don't fix what isn't broken,
Judge.

McCormick jogs off toward the main house and Hardcastle
cucks inside the hood of his pickup and whistles.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Davey Moore is propped up in his bed and on the telephone.

MOORE

Got your own secretary now,
huh Skid? Must be going big
time.

INTERCUT - McCORMICK AND MOORE AS NECESSARY

McCormick is on the telephone in Hardcastle's den.

McCORMICK

It's a long story. Gees, Davey, how are you?

MOORE

Lousy.

McCORMICK

Yeah, right. I read in Autoweek you got plugged into the Len-Co Special ride. Going to be his hot-shoe for the rest of the season.

MOORE

I had the Len-Co ride, Skid. I wrote the car off in turn nine up at Riverside last week...busted up a couple'a legs, but I'm okay. Gotta remember that the pedal in the middle is for the brakes, right?

McCORMICK

Ah, Dave, I'm real sorry. It was a real break for you.

MOORE

Don't be sorry...One man's bummer can be another man's blessing. Look Skid, Collins' gotta make the Riverside 1 race and I told him you're the only guy I know whose hangin' around with an F.I.A. license that's worth a decent ride. Whatta ya say?

We can see that McCormick is blown away by this offer.

McCORMICK

Don't kid me about this, Davey.

MOORE

What? You think I'd break a couple of legs to get a laugh? Take the ride, Skidder. You got a deal with that Judge, you can travel outta state now.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Gees, I don't know what to say.

MOORE

Don't say nothin'...Just keep
checkin' your mirrors.

CUT TO:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

Hardcastle pulls out from under the hood and climbs into the cab of the pickup. He turns on the ignition and grinds away.

HARDCASTLE

(sotto voice)

C'mon, girl. Get going.

The engine continues to turn over lifelessly.

ANGLE - MCCORMICK

as he exits the main house and walks toward the pickup. We can see that he's real happy. A beat, then the pickup's engine coughs a couple of times and then backfires through the carburetor: catching fire.

MCCORMICK

Ah, no.

He races to the pickup and grabs a fire extinguisher out from under the seat. He puts out the flames and gives Hardcastle a look.

MCCORMICK

Must'a been that thinga' ma
doogle that goes into the coil.

Off Hardcastle's look:

CUT TO:

EXT. LEN-CO INTERNATIONAL - DAY

This is one of those brand new industrial parks located in Compton. A tall sign stands in front of the main gate. It reads:

LEN-CO AUTO-PARTS INTERNATIONAL

We can see that a good deal of security surrounds this place: tall fences, video cameras, armed guards and etc. Lenny Collins' Ferrari pulls in. He waves to the guard at the front gate and drives through: parking near a large warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

and this place looks like a used car lot for ultra expensive exotics. Rolls Royces, Porsches and Maseratis line the back wall. A couple of guys with spark-less cutters are chopping up what's left of a new Corvette and we can see various auto-parts being put in boxes and loaded onto a number of trucks that sit at the docks. Lenny Collins enters the warehouse and walks up to a short little guy with a pock-marked face named LARRY. Larry holds a clipboard and clearly runs this place.

LARRY

All the Porsche parts are going to our stores in Canada, but separate the radios. Those Blaupunkts are getting a good dollar in our southeast franchise... How you doin', Mister Collins?

COLLINS

I've got a hundred stores screamin' for inventory. We gonna get these guys on the road by tonight?

LARRY

We're going as fast as we can...
(Re: the exotic cars)
That's what we took last night and I want to get'em stripped down and outta here before the weekend. Business is real good.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

COLLINS

Look,.. I want you to pull the boys back tonight. Tell'em to take a week off and keep there hands offa the hot cars. We gotta big crash surplus problem and I'm running out of ways to clean up the money.

LARRY

I thought Len-Co Racing was taken care of that for us. We're runnin' 'bout a million a season through there. How's Davey? I hear he stuffed the car.

COLLINS

He's all right. But before I spill anymore dough into the team I gotta make sure this new driver works out...If we're running a high dollar team, we can't look like a bunch'a goofballs on the track. People might start lookin' at us funny.

LARRY

Who's the new shoe?

COLLINS

Some kid named McCormick...Used to run sprints. Know'em?

LARRY

Yeah, but I don't think he's raced much these last couple'a years.

MCCORMICK'S VOICE (OVER)

What difference does that make, Judge?

CUT TO:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - NIGHT

The Coyote is parked out in front.

INT. DINING ROOM - GULL'S WAY - NIGHT

McCormick sits at the table with Hardcastle and Sarah. Maybe Hardcastle sips a Brandy and Sarah pours coffee.

MCCORMICK

Driving a race car is like riding a bicycle. Once you learn, you never forget.

SARAH

Except you can't fall off a bicycle at two hundred miles an hour.

HARDCASTLE

Sarah's right, McCormick. Anyway, you haven't put any time behind the wheel of a race car since before you were sent up.

MCCORMICK

And who's fault is that?

HARDCASTLE

Yours.

MCCORMICK

Look, Judge... Haven't you ever wanted somethin' more than anything in the world? Something that maybe you'd only get one shot at even if you were real lucky?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, I wanted to play center for the Celtics but I was too short and they wouldn't lower the baskets.

MCCORMICK

I'm serious, Judge. This is a Trans Am ride. Who knows what could happen if I can be competitive in the Len-Co Special.

SARAH

You can kill yourself, that's what can happen. I don't like it, your honor. If Mark's gonna help me around the estate, he's gotta be in one piece.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

I want this one, Milt. Lenny
Collins' team is one of the best.

Hardcastle thinks for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

You think you can win?

MCCORMICK

If I didn't think I could win,
I wouldn't a asked you.

Off of McCormick's smile, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE RACE TRACK - DAY

THE LEN-CO SPECIAL roars around the track. We play this action
for a beat and on the side of the driver's bright red helmet
we can read: "Skid-Mark McCormick"

CUT TO:

INT. PIT LANE - DAY

Hardcastle eats a hot dog as he walks past the line of race
cars that sit waiting to take some practice laps. The front
shroud of one of the cars is open and we can see a couple of
mechanics fiddling with the engine. Hardcastle stops and
watches as one of the mechanics opens the engine's throttle:
it roars up a couple of hundred RPMS and then sputters to a
stop.

HARDCASTLE

You might wanna advance the timing
on that baby. She sounds a little
rough.

The mechanic looks up to Hardcastle with an expression that
says "who the fuck are you?"

HARDCASTLE

Then, again it could be the
carburetor floats. I always
break'em down and soak'em in
real good.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Again the engine roars to life and then sputters to a stop.

HARDCASTLE

Yup, definitely the carburetor.

MECHANIC

This engine doesn't have a carburetor, pops.

Hardcastle peers into the engine shroud.

HARDCASTLE

Fuel injected, eh? Well then, you might wanna check the electric pump.

The mechanic stops Hardcastle with a look.

HARDCASTLE

It's not fuel injected?

MECHANIC

Turbo charged. We stopped injectin' these engines ten years ago.

HARDCASTLE

Oh. Well then, I can't help you much. I'm not real good with turbo charged.

Hardcastle walks away and as the Mechanic looks we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - PIT BOARD SIGN

The sign reads: McCORMICK: Lap 7
Plus 2
Pit Rubber

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - PIT ROW AND THE RACE TRACK

As McCormick flies by in THE LEN-CO SPECIAL and signals thumbs up to Tom Peck who holds the pit board. Hardcastle walks up to Tom Peck. Stacks of tires and mechanical gear is everywhere.

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HARDCASTLE

How's my boy doing out there?

PECK

All right. We're going to bring'im in here for tires.

HARDCASTLE

Ya' just put a new set on, didn't you?

Peck points to the stacks of racing tires that fill the pit lane.

PECK

Our tire budget's a quarter of a million of year...We'll go through most of those just trying to sort this baby out.

HARDCASTLE

That doesn't seem to make much sense, now does it? Heck, I got over twenty thousand miles on a set of retreads I put on the pickup.

Peck signals McCormick to come in as the champ car flies past.

PECK

Is that so?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. 'Course you have to keep'em balanced to get that kinda wear.

(beat)

You guys do that, it might cut down on what you're spendin' for rubber.

Peck is just about ignoring Hardcastle.

PECK

We can afford it.

(beat)

Just who are you anyway?

Hardcastle nods to McCormick who is driving into the pits.

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CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

I guess you could say that I'm kinda his manager.

PECK

Well then do me a favor, manage him from the bleachers, okay?

McCormick rolls up and flips off his helmet, unbuckles and climbs out of the LEN-CO SPECIAL.

MCCORMICK

She's a little loose through turn three and four.

PECK

I'll put the gauges on it. Why don't you take a break, Skid and get some rest. We want some hot laps in the next session.

(aside to McCormick
re: Hardcastle)

And try 'n keep your manager outta pit row, huh? He's driving everybody nuts here.

MCCORMICK

My manager?

(Shoots Hardcastle a
look)

Oh, yeah, I'll try.

McCormick walks over to Hardcastle and tosses him his helmet. As they walk towards a parked motor home.

MCCORMICK

It's better not to offer any advice unless they ask you for it, Judge. These race car guys are kind of particular.

HARDCASTLE

What they are, McCormick, is prima-donna's, ... and I was just trying to tell'em how to win this deal. I mean, let's face it. A.J. Foyt doesn't have a bunch'a guys with French accents tellin' him how to win. He just puts his foot down and goes like stink.

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LARRY (the guy from the warehouse with the hot cars) wheels up in a Blue Porsche 911SC and walks over to McCormick.)

LARRY

How's it goin' out there, Skid?

McCORMICK

Real good, Larry. Tell mister Collins I really appreciate the chance to drive his car.

LARRY

Glad to have you.

(re: Hardcastle)

This your, Dad?

Hardcastle extends his hand and eyes Larry closely. We can see that maybe he's seen Larry before.

HARDCASTLE

I'm his manager. Milton Hardcastle.

LARRY

Big time, huh, Skid? Didn't know you had a manager.

McCORMICK

I don't.

Larry doesn't quite get this.

LARRY

Yeah,...Well.

(Changes to the subject)

Look, we're flying another chassis over here from Chicago. That way if you crunch the car we can still make the show tomorrow.

McCORMICK

I'm gonna try not to bend it, Larry.

LARRY

Don't worry about it. We've got a couple of races on that baby already and it's getting tired. Anyway, it's only money, Skid. You're driving for a high dollar team now. Relax.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

Larry walks off and Hardcastle watches after him.

HARDCASTLE

Y'know, I've seen that guy
somewhere before.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, you know everybody, right?

HARDCASTLE

I didn't say I knew him. I said
I saw him somewhere before. What's
his name?

MCCORMICK

Larry.

HARDCASTLE

I know it was Larry. Larry what?

MCCORMICK

I don't know, Larry, Larry. He's
a honcho with Len-Co auto-parts or
something. So be nice to him
'cause those are the guys who are
paying my freight in this race.

McCormick and Hardcastle step into the motorhome.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

McCormick strips out of his driver suit and hangs it up:
standing in his flame proof underwear.

HARDCASTLE

(re: the underwear)

Y'know, I'm not too sure I'd
wanna do something that required
me to wear flame proof underpants.

MCCORMICK

That's why they pay us the big
money, Judge. It's part of the
reward for taking the heavy risk.

HARDCASTLE

That and the fact that half the
race fans in this country like
to see you boys light up like
Roman candles after you bounce
those buggies off the walls.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK.

That isn't it, Judge. Motor racing is a precise, intelligent combination of man and machine.

HARDCASTLE

It's a blood sport, McCormick.

(Beat)

What are they paying you for this intelligent combination, anyway?

MCCORMICK

That's a little personal, isn't it?

Through this McCormick is getting dressed in his street clothes.

HARDCASTLE

Being your manager I'll keep it real confidential.

MCCORMICK

Twenty-five thousand.

HARDCASTLE

For the whole season? Not bad.

MCCORMICK

For the weekend.

HARDCASTLE

The weekend? You mean, just this weekend? Twenty-five big ones? You're kidding me,

MCCORMICK

Then there's contingencies and prize money. And I get a bonus for every lap I leap in the race.

Hardcastle thinks for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

It doesn't add up.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, I know. Foyt and Andretti are probably makes five times that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

HARDCASTLE

No. I mean it doesn't add up in a business sense. Look, that little squirt out there in the pit lane told me that you guys go through a quarter of a million a season in tires alone. Then there's the chassis, what do they go for, ten grand?

McCORMICK

Try a hundred and fifty grand. Not to mention the test budget on a new car. Another half a million, easy.

HARDCASTLE

Ya see, that's what I mean. Then there's the engines. One of those frog mechanics told me they cost about twenty-five thou a copy... and most teams have about ten of 'em.

McCORMICK

It's big business, Judge. What can I tell you.

HARDCASTLE

You can tell me where the money comes from, kid. Even big businesses don't operate in the red.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle a look. He knows where the judge is going with this.

HARDCASTLE

Now don't give me that look, McCormick. It's just that when I run some of this stuff past my meter, the red lights start flashing.

McCORMICK

Don't, trying to stir something up Judge. The dollars might not make sense to you and me, but there's tax advantages, indorsements, contingencies, write-offs, shelters.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

HARDCASTLE

Crime.

MCCORMICK

Please, Judge. I'm asking you nice. This is a big break for me... Don't mess it up.

HARDCASTLE

I'm not trying to mess it up, McCormick. I just want to know where all this money is coming from.

and on that, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

A brand new 1984 CORVETTE sits under a street lamp. It's late at night and the streets are empty. A beat, then a guy in a dark sweater, tennis shoes and black pants slips out of a roadside hedge and quickly moves to the Corvette. He pulls out a flat piece of metal that is maybe twenty inches long and slips it down into the door. In a flash the door is open and the auto alarms go off. He pulls out the ignition with a lock punch and after about five seconds the Corvette fires to life.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We can still hear the Corvette's alarms as a SQUAD CAR wheels by.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

And the cop at the wheel reacts to the sound of the Alarms. After a beat the Corvette wheels out of the side street and slides a wild turn around the squad car.

EXT. CAR CHASE - NIGHT

The squad car hits it's lights and sirens and we play a chase here through the city streets of Los Angeles. The Corvette flies over curbs, through hedges and etc. with the squad car right on its tail. After a series of screaming four wheel turns the squad car piles into a fire hydrant and the Corvette escapes into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEN-CO AUTO-PARTS INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

As this stolen Corvette drives through the front gate with its lights off and disappears into a warehouse.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. THE CITY OF RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

We can see that this is high season in Riverside and the big dollar guys are rolling in for the race.

ANGLE - COYOTE

as it wheels into the front loop of a hotel and a valet walks up to take the car. McCormick hands him a dollar.

MCCORMICK

No thanks. I'll park it myself.

Hardcastle gets out of the Coyote and nods to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

(to the valet)

Don't feel bad about it, pal. The kid won't let me drive it either.

McCormick parks the Coyote and he and Hardcastle enter the casino. McCormick wears a sportcoat and tie. Hardcastle wears his sweats and a baseball cap.

MCCORMICK

The least you could've done was wear a shirt, Judge. I mean, I wasn't asking you to put on a tie or anything. Not even a sportcoat. Just a shirt. Y'know, somethin' with cuffs and a collar.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

McCormick and Hardcastle walk through the lobby and toward a banquet room. Near the door to the banquet room is an easel sign with a placard that reads:

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CONTINUED

WELCOME TO THE RIVERSIDE
INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY'S TRANS-AM

As McCormick and Hardcastle walk toward the banquet.

HARDCASTLE

What are you so worried about.
I mean, c'mon, kid. Why should
I get all snazzed up for a bunch'a
people who used to pump gas.
They're car guys.

MCCORMICK

What they are, Judge, is rich.
Things have changed with racing
drivers. It isn't just who can
keep their foot on the gas. You
have to be a company spokesman for
your sponsor. A lotta it's public
relations.

HARDCASTLE

A lot of it's just a rub down for
a buncha who-hah's that wanna make
nice-nice with Mario Andretti. And
don't tell anyone I'm a Judge, okay.
Probably got some boys in there
hidin' out from traffic court and I
don't want to make'm nervous.

(smiles)

See. I'm not such a bad guy, right?

MCCORMICK

Just don't embarrass me, okay?
Mister Collins wants me to intro-
duce myself around and talk our
team up to the press.

HARDCASTLE

Now how could I embarrass you?
Five days a week most'a these
guys have grease under their
fingernails.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - A HAND

And this one hardly has grease under its fingernails: they're manicured and clearly have never turned a wrench. We can see a CARTIER watch on the wrist as another HAND comes into shot and shakes it.

CAMERA WIDENS TO INCLUDE - INT. BANQUET ROOM

and this place has really put on the ritz. Hardcastle is shaking hands with a RACE CAR DRIVER (CAMEO ROLE). He is a very handsome young man with blonde hair and the looks of a male model. Spotted through this crowd are various racing greats: A.J. Foyt, Mario Andretti, Rick Mears, Tommy Sneva and etc. Waiters in tuxedos pass around trays of hors d'oeuvres and Hardcastle sticks out like a prize fighter at the ballett. McCormick makes the introductions.

MCCORMICK

_____, I'd like you to meet Milton Hardcastle.

CAMEO

Nice to meet you, Milt.

MCCORMICK

_____ is driving the Frazer Team entry in the race tomorrow.

HARDCASTLE

That's too bad. I don't like it when we have to blow off one'a Mark's buddies. Good to meet you, _____.

CAMEO

(smiles)

You're with the Len-Co Team are you, Milt?

HARDCASTLE

Well, kinda. I'm sorta the kid's manager.

McCormick raises his eyes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CAMEO

Well, I hope you guys place.
Collins's sticking a lotta money
into his team, I'd like to see it
pay off for him.

HARDCASTLE

I'd like to see where he gets it.

McCORMICK

Ah, look, _____, we'll see you
out on the track, huh?

They shake hands and McCormick and Hardcastle walk off.

McCORMICK

Will you get offa the thing about
where Collins gets his money? I
told you, he owns a chain of
auto parts stores.

HARDCASTLE

Must sell a lotta seat covers.

(Re: _____)

That _____ guy's a race driver, huh?

McCORMICK

One of the best.

HARDCASTLE

Looks more like one'a those
gigolos on the cover of G.Q.

McCORMICK

Don't let it bum you out, Hardcastle,
but some'a these drivers even
finished high school.

Hardcastle looks off into the crowd of cocktail drinkers
and jet setters.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, look. It's Larry "Larry"

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - LARRY

As he makes his way through the crowd and people add lib
good luck and etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

I know this guy...I'm telling you. I know him.

Larry walks up and shakes McCormick's hand.

LARRY

Enjoying yourselves?

MCCORMICK

We're starting to, yeah.

LARRY

Well, don't be afraid to talk your way around here. The more press Len-Co International gets, the better.

(Beat)

And, Skid, Mister Collins's gonna be here in a minute. I want you to meet him, okay.

MCCORMICK

Sure. I'd like to.

HARDCASTLE

Say, ah, Larry. Have we met before? You look real familiar.

LARRY

Did you make the show at Indy last May?

HARDCASTLE

No. But I've seen you around. I'm sure of it. What's your last name? Larry what?

Larry hesitates for a beat.

LARRY

People just call me Larry, Milt.

HARDCASTLE

Larry Larry, huh?

LARRY

Something like that, yeah.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

Larry slaps McCormick on the back and walks off. Hardcastle watches him.

MCCORMICK

Maybe he's just got one of those faces, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, the kind that ya' see on a wanted poster in the post office.

Off McCormick's look we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A LIMO pulls up and Lenny Collins gets out. He is well dressed and on his arm is a beautiful young girl. Larry walks out to greet him.

LARRY

The place is really cookin', Mister Collins. Half'a the European sporting press is in there eating up these race car guys.

COLLINS

That's real good, Larry. Say, sugar. I gotta talk some business here. Why don't you go comb your hair or something.

The beautiful girl shrugs and walks off and Collins and Larry step off to one side as the Valet parks the limo. Play this as they walk toward the hotel.

COLLINS

That McCormick, kid gonna work out for us?

LARRY

I'll say he is. Skid's blowing around the asphalt 'bout two seconds under what Davey was doing for us.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

COLLINS

Maybe we got a shot at winning this thing then.

(Beat)

Look, I want you to keep McCormick real far away from the business end, y'know what I mean? We can't let him in on anything until we're sure he's a stand up guy.

LARRY

Well, he might be. I did a little diggin' into his background. Skid did some time for car theft. That's why he wasn't racing.

COLLINS

That's good news. Maybe we can make him one of the family.

LARRY

Maybe. But he's got a leaner with him named Milt somethin' that's been askin' a bunch a dumb questions.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE (OVER)

You guys run regular in those race cars, or unleaded?

RESUME - INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The press party is in full swing and we can see Hardcastle and McCormick standing with a group of race car driver's and hangers on.

MCCORMICK

High octane, Judge. They burn a little hotter that way.

A.J. HOYT (Cameo role) pulls McCormick aside.

FOYT

I hope this guy isn't your crew chief, Skid.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCORMICK
Nah, He's just sorta a friend.

HARDCASTLE
(Interjects)
I'm kinda the kids manager.

McCormick shakes his head and looks off:

HIS POV

Larry and Lenny Collins enter the banquet.

RESUME - SCENE

McCormick steps to Hardcastle and nods toward Larry and Collins.

McCORMICK
(Re: Collins)
That must be my boss.

Hardcastle looks over to Collins and we can see his expression go cold.

HARDCASTLE
Not that guy over there in the silk suit?

Larry and Collins walk over to McCormick and Hardcastle.

McCORMICK
Be polite.

HARDCASTLE
(softly)
That won't be easy.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle a look.

HARDCASTLE
Probably just a hunch, Mark.
Don't worry about it.

Larry makes the introductions and Hardcastle stares at Collins.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LARRY

Skid, I'd like you to meet
Lenny Collins, president of
Len-Co International and team
owner of our entry here at
Riverside this weekend.

They shake hands.

MCCORMICK

It's nice to meet you, sir.

COLLINS

Welcome aboard, McCormick.
I hear you're giving the
Len-Co special a real work out.

MCCORMICK

I'm trying.

COLLINS

(eyes Hardcastle)
This must be your leaner?
Hi, Lenny Collins.

They shake hands.

HARDCASTLE

Must be his what?

McCormick interjects.

MCCORMICK

Milt's kinda my manager.

Collins puts an arm around McCormick and Hardcastle eyes him
even closer.

COLLINS

You put on a good show out there,
Skid, and we might have a home for
you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Hardcastle and McCormick are walking toward the Coyote.
Hardcastle is obviously silent and deep in thought.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

What's eatin' you, Hardcastle?
You clammed up in there like you
took the vow of silence.

HARDCASTLE

A couple of things.

(Beat)

Hey, McCormick, what's a "leaner"?

MCCORMICK

Racing talk, Judge. Y'know these
guys, They got their own little
language. Kinda a fraternity thing.

HARDCASTLE

What's it mean.

MCCORMICK

Well, nothin' really.

HARDCASTLE

Nothin' what really?

MCCORMICK

Well, a "leaner" is what the guys
on pit row call someone who
just leans against something and
gives advice.

HARDCASTLE

Oh, y'mean about one step above
a go-fer.

MCCORMICK

Nah, go-fors at least go and get
things when you need'em. "Leaners"
just stand around and yak.

HARDCASTLE

I see.

MCCORMICK

Mister Collins was probably just
kiddin' you, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

It's nice to know that a guy like
Lenny Collins still got a sense
of humor.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

MCCORMICK

What do you mean by that?

HARDCASTLE

I don't know yet. Look, Mark, why don't you go back to the hotel. I wanna just nose around here and walk off a little of that party, huh?

MCCORMICK

Whenever you call me "Mark", Judge, I get a little nervous. I told you this race is real important to me.

HARDCASTLE

And you're real important to me, kid. I'll see you later, o'kay.

Hardcastle walks off as McCormick backs the Coyote out and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hardcastle gets out of a cab and enters the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hardcastle is walking down a hallway with a young BLACK DETECTIVE named BILL JENKINS. Jenkins sips coffee and straightens his tie.

JENKINS

How come when I get a call in the middle of the night, most of the time I figure old Judge Hardcastle gotta be in town.

HARDCASTLE

I didn't want to have to wake you up, Bill. But this could be important.

Jenkins and Hardcastle enter a room. On the painted glass door a sign reads: RECORDS AND IDENTIFICATION.

CONTINUED

JENKINS

What brings you to Riverside, Judge.
Somebody tell you John Dillinger
was seen carving something outta
soap around here?

INT. RECORDS AND IDENTIFICATIONS - NIGHT

File cabinets and computers fill the room and we can see
that this is where the cops keep score on the bad guys.

HARDCASTLE

I don't know, you guys make
detective and you turn into
comedians.

Jenkins smiles we can see that these guys know each other
pretty well.

HARDCASTLE

Look, Billy. I got a buddy of
mine running in that Trans-Am deal
at Riverside Raceway this Sunday...
and I think something might be
startin' to stink up his ride.

(BEAT)

Lenny Collins... You know him?

JENKINS

Not by that name... What does he do?

HARDCASTLE

He pours a lotta money into his
racing team. Millions... Which
is pretty amazing, because
Collins's a dead ringer for a hood
Judge Henderson sent up on murder
two back in sixty nine. The case
was rotated outta my court.

JENKINS

You think he's the same guy?

HARDCASTLE

I think it's a good bet... Plus
he's got a weasel named Larry
somethin' hangin' on him. I know

(MORE)

I've seen that guy around, too.

(Beat)

I wanna run 'em through your computer
and see if I can scare up an a.k.a.,
Known associates, whatever.

Jenkins nods over to the computers, file cabinets and etc.

JENKINS

Sure, I'll send one'a the girls
in here to help you out... What
do you think he's up to, Milt?

Off of Hardcastle's shrug, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREETS - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A DARK BLUE SEDAN wheels through the night.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

At the wheel is a big hulk of a guy named BARROWS. Next
to him is the guy we saw steal the Corvette at the end
of ACT TWO. His name is SLIPPERY SMITH and again, he
is dressed in dark clothes and tennis shoes.

SMITH

I thought Collins said we'd get
the week off... We're pushin
this deal a little, aren't we?

BARROWS

Hey, the checks are clearing, right?

(Beat)

Larry called. He said he wants us
to pile up some inventory. My guess
is that the racing team's back on line
and Collins wants to run a lotta cash
through it while he's got the chance.

Barrows pulls out a slip of paper and lip reads an address.

BARROWS

That must be it over there.

HIS - POV

and we can see a FERRARI 308GTB parked in the driveway of an oppulent home.

RESUME - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The Blue Sedan slowly drives down the street and past the Ferrari. In the b.g. a GREY SEDAN is parked in the shadows.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - INT. GREY SEDAN - NIGHT

As a plainclothes cop named GODFREY clicks on this radio.

GODFREY

They just went by... You guys stay on'em and I'll stick with the Ferrari.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The Blue Sedan pulls over to the side of the street and Smith slips out into the night. Sneaking from bush to bush and out of sight. A beat, then two squad cars wheel in silently and a couple of Police Officers approach the sedan with their guns drawn.

ANGLE - BARROWS

As the POLICE OFFICER sticks his service revolver into the window of the sedan. Barrows slowly raises his hands.

POLICE OFFICER

That's it punk, real slow.
You make a sound and you get hurt.

(to another officer)

Radio Godfrey and tell'em he's on.

(to Barrows)

Outta the car, pal.

as Barrows puts his hands on his head and starts to get outta the sedan, we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - FERRARI

As SMITH expertly breaks into it and fires up the engine. On that, Godfrey wheels up in his grey sedan and blocks the rear of the drive way. Smith, hits the gas and spins the Ferrari around in a circle and boils off across the lawn: blowing through hedges, rose gardens and etc. Godfrey screams after it in the grey sedan.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CAR CHASE - NIGHT

and we can see that Godfrey is one hell of a wheel man and his grey sedan must be one of those unmarked L.A.P.D.

(More)

CONTINUED

CHASE CARS. These guys go at it like a couple of lunatics and we play the chase through the streets of an L.A. suburb. After a couple of action beats, Smith tries to take the Ferrari through a blocked intersection and clips the rear of a passing semi. The Ferrari flips into the air and cartwheels down the street in what can only be described as an awesome crash, and on this, we:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - THE LEN-CO SPECIAL - DAY

With McCormick at the wheel and just this race car bashes off the race track walls and flips its way down the straightaway in a pile of twisted wreckage.

P.A. SYSTEM OVER

Skid Mark McCormick has just tagged the wall in turn six, and qualifying for the Caesar's World Grand Prix has been red flagged... We'll update you on McCormick's condition as soon as information becomes available.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE

As he jogs down the pit lane toward TOM PECK who is on the radio to the corners workers at the sight of the crash.

HARDCASTLE

How is he? Is he o'kay.

PECK

We don't know,.. The ambulance is bringing him in now.

HARDCASTLE

What happened?

PECK

He got it a little loose in turn two. Take it easy. He's probably gonna be all right.

ANGLE - AMBULANCE

as it whips up the pit lane and Hardcastle runs to it. A crowd is gathering and Hardcastle pushes himself through.

HARDCASTLE

Let me through,.. The guy's a friend of mine.

Hardcastle gets to the rear of the ambulance and bangs on the door. After a beat, the rear doors of the ambulance open up and McCormick smiles at Hardcastle.

MCCORMICK

Howdy, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

What are you trying to do, McCormick. Give me a heart attack?

MCCORMICK

Relax, I'm fine.
Just got it a little sideways in six.
(To Ambulance driver)
Thanks for the lift.

McCormick climbs out of the rear of the ambulance and starts to walk down the pit row with Hardcastle.

MCCORMICK

I was really smokin' out there. Did you see me?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, and you looked real good kid. And that part where you catch on fire is a nice touch.

MCCORMICK

That's racing, judge. It happens, I'm o'kay, really.

Tom Peck comes up to McCormick and Hardcastle.

PECK

Hey, skid.
(Grabs his arms)
In one piece?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCormick smiles.

MCCORMICK

Yeah... But I think we better run a little more rear sway bar. She was getting real loose out there.

PECK

Why don't you walk it off? I've got the crew setting up the T-Car, we can make the next qualifying session -- if we hustle.

Peck walks off and Hardcastle looks to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

You're going back out there?

MCCORMICK

A'course I am. These race cars are like horses, you get bucked off you gotta climb back into the saddle real soon.

HARDCASTLE

You're crazy, you know that?

MCCORMICK

(smiles)

Nah, just fast.

As they walk toward the motor home, we:

CUT TO

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

McCormick is once again climbing out of his racing gear.

HARDCASTLE

I've got to talk to you, McCormick.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Yeah, I know. You didn't come home last night. Got lucky, huh?

HARDCASTLE

Just because I'm worried about your racing around out there, don't think you can lip off.

McCORMICK

Hey, I was worried about you too. Staying out all night. What's up?

HARDCASTLE

I got some bad news, kid. After I met Collins at the party, I got a hold of a buddy's mine down at headquarters and I punched him up on the computer.

McCORMICK

Oh, gees, Judge. C'mon, don't tell me, please.

HARDCASTLE

The guy's a felon. Did time for murder two and they've got a list on him from here to Florida. Embezzlement, bunko, grand theft auto. Not to mention the fact that Collins has got dough stuffed in different bank accounts all over the country.

McCORMICK

Y'know, I knew this would happen, I knew it. I finally get a ride that could put me in Indy... and you're telling me my car owner's Al Capone... Terrific.

HARDCASTLE

I can't help it, kid. I've got an instinct for bad guys. When I saw Collins last night he kicked up something in the old memory.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

HARDCASTLE (Cont'd)

And that Larry character's dirty too. He was the wheel man for a car theft ring back in New York. Still got a couple of open warrants on him. His name's Larry Singer.

MCCORMICK

So what does that mean? You call in the cops and I end up watching the race from the bleachers, right?

HARDCASTLE

Maybe not. We don't know what Collins' up to now. So, we're gonna need someone on the inside.

McCormick smiles at this.

HARDCASTLE

A'course if you wanna stay on and risk your neck out there it's gotta be up to you.

MCCORMICK

You know I do.

HARDCASTLE

All right. But be careful. Collins' probably got enough muscle to take us both outta here, easy. And you being in that race car makes you real vulnerable. Keep your eyes open.

MCCORMICK

What are you going to do?

HARDCASTLE

Me? Hey, I'm just a "leaner", remember? I'm gonna lean around and ask a lotta questions. Maybe I can turn something and we can bust this creep. I've got the local cops workin' on it too.

Hardcastle gets up to leave.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

HARDCASTLE

Take it easy out there this
afternoon, huh?

He slaps McCormick on the back.

MCCORMICK

Hey, Judge. You keep checking
your rear view mirrors too.
Something might be gaining on you.

Hardcastle exits the motor home and we:

CUT TO

EXT. RIVERSIDE - PRESS BOOTH - PRIVATE BLEACHERS - DAY

Larry wheels up in a sedan and quickly enters the lobby.

INT. PRIVATE BLEACHER SUITE - ROOM - NIGHT

Lenny Collins sits talking on the telephone. There is a window
that looks over the race track.

COLLINS

I don't care if McCormick wrecks
a dozen of those race cars... The
more dough we run through the team,
the more cash we can clean up...
We're running a money laundry, Tom.
Not a racing team.

Larry enters the suite just as Collins hangs up the telephone.

LARRY

We got bad news, Mister Collins.

COLLINS

Yeah, I know, McCormick stuffed
the car. Big deal.

LARRY

It's not that. Barrows and Smith
got hit last night. They were
trying to boost a three-oh-eight
and they walked right into a trap.
L.A. cops caught 'em dirty.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

COLLINS

You got our lawyers on it?

LARRY

Absolutely. I'm not worried about Barrows, we pay him enough to do a couple of years for us. But Smith wrecked the Ferrari and he's pretty banged up. They got him under guard at L.A. Community.

COLLINS

Damn. All right....You tell the guys back in L.A. to keep their heads clear about this. And start shipping our cash outta the country. If the L.A. heat can connect us, they'll close down my whole operation.

Collins gets up and starts to pace his way out to the balcony.

LARRY

What do you want to do about the race this afternoon?

COLLINS

If we pull out now, it'd be like hanging a sign out if somebody's been sniffing around. We'll do the race. But if anybody starts asking questions, I want to know about it.

(beat)

Get McCormick's back-up car into qualifying.

Larry picks up a pair of binoculars and looks through them.

HIS POV

As he scans the race track below and Trans-Am cars roar around. Binoculars pan the track and hold on McCormick in the backup car. Hardcastle helps him with his belts.

RESUME - LARRY

As he hands Calico the binoculars.

LARRY

McCormick's about to take her
around out there now.

COLLINS' POV - HARDCASTLE

CALICO

Why's the old guy always hanging
around with him?

LARRY

Says he's Skid's manager, or
something.

INTERCUT - PIT LANE

As Hardcastle leans over McCormick and helps him snap down
the visor on his helmet and get his flame proof gloves on.

HARDCASTLE

Now you go easy out there,
McCormick. And remember, in
order to finish first, first
you gotta finish.

McCormick signals a thumbs up and Hardcastle taps him for
good luck on the top of his helmet. The Len-Co Special
squeals off and Hardcastle walks away down the pit lane.

RESUME - BINOCULAR MATT

and we can see that Collins is following Hardcastle.

WIDER ANGLE - HARDCASTLE

He walks over to Bill Jenkins who has just pulled into the
far side of the pit row in a Riverside Police Car. They
shake hands and:

JENKINS

How's your boy doing out there?

HARDCASTLE

We'll know real soon. It's
final qualifying now. You
dig up anything for me, Bill?

RESUME EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Collins is watching all of this intently through the binoculars. Larry stands next to him.

COLLINS

What the hell is this all about?

He hands Larry the binoculars.

COLLINS

Looks like McCormick's manager is yammerin' to the local cops.

As Larry looks down toward the pit row, we:

RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND JENKINS

HARDCASTLE

When did it go down?

JENKINS

Last night. One of the guys isn't talking, and his partner's still semi-conscious in the hospital. He wrecked the stolen Ferrari pretty bad...ran a back check on 'em....They both work for Len-Co International.

HARDCASTLE

This is coming into a little clearer focus, isn't it?...These guys are choppin' up hot cars and selling the parts all over North America. No wonder Collins is dumping all this dough into racing. The guy's got no overhead.

JENKINS

We don't have a case yet, Milt. It's all circumstantial.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, I know. Look, I'm gonna stick around here. You keep me posted on whatever you guys turn up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JENKINS
I'll do that.

RESUME - EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Collins is looking through the binoculars.

HIS POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

Jenkins drives off and Hardcastle turns toward the track and walks down the pit lane.

RESUME - EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - DAY

Collins turns to Larry.

COLLINS
I don't like this, Larry. I think we should maybe have a talk with McCormick's manager.

LARRY
It might just be a coincidence, Mister Collins. Cops like to hang around these races. Makes 'em feel important.

COLLINS
I can't risk a coincidence. Take 'em out of the play.

Off Collins' look, we:

CUT TO

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

Hardcastle watches the Len-Co Special roar around the race track amidst a number Trans-Am cars. As we play the racing action:

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)
_____ is still holding onto
the pole in the Frazer entry, and Skid
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

P.A. SYSTEM (Cont'd)

Mark McCormick in the Len-Co Special has the fifth fastest time so far in today's final qualifying session. That should put him in the middle of the third row. Right between Andretti and Foyt. Pretty fast company.

Hardcastle nods his approval and Tom Peck walks up to him.

PECK

Hey, Milt. You wanna run back to the garage for us? Skid just radioed in and we wanna change his visor. We got a box of ambers in there.

HARDCASTLE

Sure.

He walks off and we:

CUT TO

EXT. PIT LANE GARAGE - DAY

Just as Hardcastle steps in, the door is thrown shut and Larry steps out of the shadows with a gun in his hand.

HARDCASTLE

What the hell is this all about?

LARRY

I was just about to ask you the same question, Milt.

Larry reaches into Hardcastle's pocket and pulls out his wallet, opening it to the I.D.

INSERT - OPEN WALLET

and we can see Hardcastle's gold shield and Supreme Court I.D.

RESUME - SCENE

LARRY

Doin' a little undercover work,
are you, Judge...? Y'got a gold
detective shield and a Supreme
Court I.D.

HARDCASTLE

All I'm doing is getting some
visors for my driver.

LARRY

Sure you are, pal. C'mon, let's
go. Mister Collins wants to have
a talk with you.

And as Hardcastle is hustled out of the garage and into a
sedan at gun point, we can hear the background sounds from
the qualifying session:

P.A.SYSTEM (OVER)

It looks to be an exciting
afternoon here at the Riverside
Trans-Am, and the Len-Co racing
team is putting on on quite a
show.

And we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVERSIDE - RACE TRACK - DAY

Race fans pours into this facility and we can hear the roar of racing engines warming up for the Trans-Am.

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)

We are fifteen minutes away from the start of Riverside International Raceway's Trans-Am. All drivers and race cars please report to the false grid.

ANGLE - PIT LANE

Race cars are being wheeled out of the pit garages and McCormick walks toward his motor home. (Cameo) is walking behind his race car: dressed in his driver's suit.

CAMEO

You better get suited up, Skid.

MCCORMICK

(nods)

You haven't seen my friend, Milt, around, have you?

CAMEO

I saw him this morning. He was giving my crew chief a little advice on wing angles. What's the matter?

MCCORMICK

I don't know, I can't find him.

(beat)

Say, _____ . What do you know about Lenny Collins?

CAMEO

I know the guy's got a lot of money and nobody on his team talks to anyone.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

That's a little funny, isn't it?

CAMEO

Maybe... But we're race car
drivers, not cops, Skid.

(thumbs up to McCormick)

You have a good one out there,
huh?

Cameo walks off and we can see that McCormick is worried. He
jogs over to his motor home. As he opens the door...

MCCORMICK

Hey, Judge. You in there?

MCCORMICK'S POV

as he looks into the trailer and it's empty.

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Hardcase. Where the
hell are you?

CUT TO

CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE

as he is pushed into Collins' bleacher suite and bounces onto
a couch.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - BLEACHER SUITE - DAY

Larry and Collins stand over Hardcastle.

LARRY

Judge Milton C. Hardcastle,
Mister Collins. L.A. Criminal
Court.

COLLINS

How you doing, Judge. I'm
surprised we haven't met before.

HARDCASTLE

Me too. I usually got to bump
into most of the scum that washed
through the city courts.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Collins slaps Hardcastle.

COLLINS

You got a real mouth on
you, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

...it comes in handy when
I have to eat.

Larry flips Collins Hardcastle's wallet and Gold Shield.

LARRY

He's got a detective shield,
too, Mister Collins. Guy's about
subtle as a hand grenade.

Collins eyes the gold shield.

COLLINS

You must do it all, huh?
First you bust'em like a cop,
and then you hear'em on the
bench.

HARDCASTLE

Look, I'm here to watch my buddy,
McCormick race. It was just
bad luck that his car owner's a
cheap hood.

COLLINS

And I suppose you were just
rapping with that cop down
there about the weather, right?..
He didn't tell you that two of
my boys got busted last night,
huh? It had to be on the wire.

Hardcastle doesn't say a word and in the b.g. we can hear:

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)

Three minutes to the start of
The Riverside Trans-Am...
Gentlemen, start your engines.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

and as the racing motors roar to life:

COLLINS

(to Larry)

McCormick must'a been working with this guy. Tell the pit crew to make sure that he picks up more than just tires and fuel, okay.

HARDCASTLE

Leave the kid out of it. He's just a driver. He doesn't know anything.

COLLINS

I can't take that risk, Judge.

(beat)

Let's just say that neither you or McCormick are gonna finish the race today.

Off of Collins' look, we:

CUT TO

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

as the Trans-Am cars circle off a pace lap and the crowd stands on their feet cheering.

CLOSE ON - THE LEN-CO SPECIAL

As McCormick scrubs up its tires and gets ready for the green flag.

ANGLE - START FINISH LINE - DAY

As the CHIEF STARTER waves the green flag and twenty-four Race cars hit the gas and blast off down the track.

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)

And we have a clean start.

_____ has stretched out into the lead and Skid McCormick in the Len-Co Special has already jumped into third place.

SERIES OF SHOTS - RACE

and we can see a lot of close dicing as McCormick moves into second place right behind Cameo's car.

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)
McCormick is right on the
tail of our race leader and
it looks to be a real battle
here today at the Riverside
Trans-Am.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON - PIT BOARD

It reads: McCORMICK - Tires and Fuel.

ANGLE - LEN-CO SPECIAL

as it wheels into the pits and into his team slot. We can see LARRY standing. In the b.g. we see Tom Peck.

CLOSE ON - TOM PECK

as he switches the left rear tire we can clearly see that he intentionally loosens the lug nuts. He taps McCormick on the helmet and the Len-Co Special screams out of the pits.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - LARRY AND TOM PECK

As Larry pulls Peck aside.

LARRY
There's gonna be a lot of confusion
when McCormick wrecks. So, use it
to blow out of here. I'll have
Collins and Hardcastle in the car
and we'll meet you in the front
lot.

Peck nods and Larry jogs off.

CUT TO

EXT. RACE - SERIES OF SHOTS

as McCormick works his way back toward the lead.

INSERT - LEFT REAR RACING WHEEL

and we can see the lug nuts loosening and one of them falls off.

RESUME - RACE

McCormick slips the Len-Co Special into the lead and:

CLOSE ON - LEFT REAR RACING WHEEL

as it snaps off and:

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - RACE CAR CRASH

as the Len-Co Special comes apart like a crashing fighter jet.
It skids to a stop in front of the pits.

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)

We have a horrible wreck in turn
five! Skid McCormick has hit the
wall and we have a yellow flag.

CLOSE ON - McCORMICK

as he struggles free of his seat belt and jumps from the wreck
and two corner workers hustle him off the track.

P.A. SYSTEM

But McCormick appears to be okay.
It looks like he lost a wheel going
into the turn.

ANGLE - PIT LANE

McCormick climbs over the safety wall. Takes off his helmet
and walks to his pit. He speaks to one of his pit crew:

McCORMICK

The damn wheel fell off.
What are you guys doing to me
out there?

The pit crew member shrugs.

McCORMICK

Where's Peck?

McCormick scans the pit and:

HIS - POV

We can see Tom Peck sprinting down the pit lane. McCormick bolts after him.

CUT TO

EXT. RIVERSIDE RACEWAY - DAY

As Peck runs through the parking lot. After a beat McCormick strides around a corner of the building: closing the gap. In the b.g. we can hear the race continuing.

P.A. SYSTEM (OVER)
We'll try'an get a word with
McCormick's crew chief as soon
as we can locate him.

Peck dives into a sedan and we can see Larry at the wheel.

INT. SEDAN

Collins holds a gun on Hardcastle in the rear seat.

PECK
Let's get out of here.

Larry hits the gas and almost runs over McCormick who had just about caught Peck. Collins fires his gun and McCormick ducks and rolls as the sedan screams off.

ANGLE - COYOTE

as McCormick sprints to it and leaps in. The Coyote wheels off and out of the parking lot in hot pursuit of Larry's sedan.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CAR CHASE - DAY

And although Larry is a first rate wheel man, his sedan is no match for the Coyote. We play as much of a chase and we can here, after a beat, two Las Vegas police cars pull into the hunt.

ANGLE - INT. SEDAN - DAY

Collins and Peck turn and fire out the windows and the Coyote.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

swerves to miss the bullets. The Coyote pulls up along side and we can see Hardcastle can't help but grin.

RESUME - EXT. CAR CHASE

and we can see a couple of more squad cars blocking an intersection in a road block. The sedan skids into a four wheel drift and smashes into one of the squad cars. The Coyote wheels up and the smashed sedan is surrounded by cops with their guns drawn.

POLICE MAN

C'mon, outta the car. Real slow.

Collins, Peck and Larry climb out of the car with their hands raised and Bill Jenkins walks up to Hardcastle who is being helped out of the car by McCormick.

McCORMICK

You all right, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, fine. But geez, Mark, you could'a killed us.

McCORMICK

(smiles)

You wanted to catch these guys, didn't you?

HARDCASTLE

(to Jenkins)

You got enough to book 'em, Bill. Armed assault, kidnapping...

McCORMICK

(interjects)

Attempted murder. My crew chief sabotaged my car.

Hardcastle smiles.

HARDCASTLE

You mean you dragged me all the way to Riverside and you didn't win that thing?

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MCCORMICK
Whatta guy.

HARDCASTLE
Now yer cookin'.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

McCormick and Hardcastle are carrying luggage and walking toward the Coyote.

HARDCASTLE

You sure you're all right, kid? You really piled up out there a couple of times.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, I'm fine.

He looks down at his racing helmet that he is carrying and we can see that there is a big crack in it.

MCCORMICK

But I'm gonna have to get a new helmet if I'm coming back here next year.

McCormick flips Hardcastle his helmet.

HARDCASTLE

Y'know I got an old leather one from my football days. You could use that, it might bring you some racing luck.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, right. Try about five hundred dollars for a Snell approved helmet. It's got to have radio plugs, an oxygen unit and a flameproof collar. We run pretty sophisticated equipment, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

What you do is spend a lotta dough on somethin' I used to do for free on Mulholland Drive. Five hundred for a helmet, gees.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Hardcastle flips the helmet back to McCormick.

MCCORMICK

(smiles)

Hey, Judge. You don't put a
hundred dollar head in a ten
dollar hat.

They get into the Coyote and it squeals off.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The Coyote streaks by and we can see it picks up a Highway
Patrol car as it rolls down the freeway.

INTERCUT - INT. COYOTE - DAY

McCormick checks his rear view mirrors and see the Patrol ca
closing in.

HARDCASTLE

Yup, I'm kinda disappointed in
you, kiddo. I really thought
you had a shot at winning that
race.

McCormick smiles and rechecks his rear view mirror.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, well, that's racing.
(smiles)

But I got twenty bucks that
says I can win this one.

- McCormick hits the gas and we:

RESUME - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The Coyote squeals off and the Patrol car hits its lights a
sirens and as the Coyote pulls away:

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

You're on...

and we:

FREEZE FRAME

THE END