

#2206

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"OUTLAW CHAMPION"

by

Patrick Hasburgh

A STEPHEN J. CANNELL PRODUCTIONS

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#2206

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"OUTLAW CHAMPION"

CAST

MILTON C. HARDCASTLE
MARK McCORMICK
DIDI

ERIC PAUL
GENA
COP
MAN
BILL ROGERS
E.J. CORLETTE (also MAN in opening scene)
MARTIN GRAYSON
ANCHORMAN
DAVIS
POLICE LT. MIKE DELANY
POLICE OFFICER PARKER

#2206

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"OUTLAW CHAMPION"

SETS

EXTERIOR

GULL'S WAY
/PATIO
MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY
DRAG RACE
SHOPPING MALL
CORLETTE'S BEL AIR MANSION
HIGHWAY
VARIOUS STREETS
VARIOUS CAR CHASES
CORLETTE ENTERPRISES (OFFICE BUILDING)
POLICE STATION

INTERIORS

GULL'S WAY
/HARDCASTLE'S DEN
/MAINHOUSE - PATIO
CAMARO
SQUAD CAR
MOTOR HOME
PICKUP TRUCK
COYOTE
SEDAN
COBRA
ELEGANT OFFICE
CORLETTE'S DEN
TAVERN
GARAGE (CORLETTE'S)
POLICE STATION
/HALLWAY

"Outlaw Champion"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - NIGHT 1

A treacherous strip of winding asphalt that separates the Valley from Hollywood and Bel Air. It is a quiet, still night and maybe a Coyote skips toward an overturned trash can. Then, after a beat, we can hear the low rumble of about five hundred horsepower.

2 ANGLE - HEADLIGHTS 2

As they sweep up the highway and the car pulls over and parks. This thing used to be a Camaro, but it has been turned into some kind of mechanical road monster. Huge tires stick out from under flared fenders and we can see eight chrome stacks jutting out from under a glass bubble on the hood. The roof is chopped and an air foil is bolted to the rear deck lid.

3 INT. CAMARO - NIGHT 3

A young kid of about nineteen years sits behind a custom steering wheel. His name is ERIC PAUL and it's clear that he spends every penny he makes as a boxboy at Ralph's Market on this sweetheart of a street rod. A pretty California blonde named GENA sits next to him. These two exchange nervous looks and Eric checks his watch.

GENA

You think this guy'll come?

ERIC

He'll come.

Eric guns his engine and slips on a pair of leather driving gloves. Then a pair of headlights round a curve in the road.

4 CLOSE ON - COBRA 4

Pulling up next to the Camaro. This is a pristine 1967

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

A.C. BRISTOL SHELBY COBRA with four hundred and twenty-seven horses and positive traction: quite simply the fastest production car manufactured... Ever.

5 RESUME - EXT. MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - NIGHT

5

These two cars sit side by side and shudder as their powerful engines cough up a couple'a thousand RPMS. We can't get a good look at the guy behind the wheel of the Cobra because he wears dark sunglasses but we know that he is lean and handsome and somewhere in his late thirties... Clearly too old for street racing.

6 INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

6

Gena strains to get a better look at the guy.

GENA

Are you sure that's him? It doesn't look like him. He's bigger.

ERIC

It's him.

Eric rolls down his window and speaks to the man in the Cobra.

ERIC

To the Coldwater loop and back, okay?

Both guys nod and Gena jumps out of the Camaro, positioning herself between the two cars with her arms raised in the air. *This girl has flagged drags before, no doubt.*

ERIC

You want to run for anything, registration, wheels?

MAN

No. Let's just do it.

Engines roar as Gena tosses Eric a sexy smile.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

GENA
(to Eric)
Win.

Then, she drops her arms and in a flash these two cars explode out of the hole, screaming down Mulholland: smoking tires and jamming gears.

7 EXT. DRAG RACE - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

7

The Camaro strains to stay up with the Cobra and we play this street race right out on the limit as these cars tear up the asphalt and bash door handles: inches from catastrophe. Then:

8 ANGLE - SQUAD CAR

8

sitting in the shadows on the side of the road as the Camaro and the Cobra blast past... lights and sirens as it squeals off in pursuit.

9 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

9

The COP behind the wheel is on his radio.

COP
I got'em going east. Bring on
the bird, we're in pursuit.

10 RESUME - DRAG RACE - NIGHT

10

The cars race by just as a POLICE HELICOPTER rises up over a hill and hits them with a beam of light from a high-powered spot.

LOUDSPEAKER (OVER)
This is the Los Angeles Police!
You are under arrest... Pull
over!

The helicopter is ignored and the race continues. We can see the Camaro pulling a couple of car lengths in front as Eric hangs on the ragged edge, way over his head. Play the action as the helicopter and squad car struggle to keep the cars in sight, then:

11 SUPER OVER: 11

"OUTLAW CHAMPION"

as Eric loses control of his Camaro and catapults off the highway and crashes into a ravine, his car coming apart in big broken chunks and fire.

12 ANGLE - COBRA 12

disappearing into the darkness.

McCORMICK'S VOICE (OVER)
This guy's all over the place.

CUT TO

13 EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY 13

A clear morning on the coast.

14 ANGLE - PATIO 14

McCormick sits, eating his breakfast and reading the sports page.

McCORMICK
I can't believe it.

Hardcastle comes out dressed in his bathrobe and pours himself a cup of coffee, taking a sip.

HARDCASTLE
(grimaces)
Me neither...
(takes another sip)
What's with this coffee?

McCORMICK
It's not coffee... Decaffeinated
ginseng root. Didi says it's
real big in New Guinea.

Hardcastle dumps his coffee into a plant box.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE
(bellows out)
Didi...!

MCCORMICK
It's not that bad, Judge.
Low on acid, good with
blueberries.

HARDCASTLE
This isn't New Guinea, kiddo...
and if I wanted to live on
roots and berries I would'a
been a raccoon.
(Beat)
I like toast.
(calls out)
Didi...!

McCormick turns back to his sports page: reading.

MCCORMICK
Would you listen to this junk.

HARDCASTLE
You get me a cup of coffee and
I'll listen to Tiny Tim.

He grabs part of the morning paper and grumbles.

HARDCASTLE
How can you expect a man to
start his day on a cup of
ginseng? Do I look like
a head hunter?
(sniffs his cup)
"Ginseng", what is it?

MCCORMICK
An aphrodisiac popularized by
the ancient God of break dancing.

They exchange looks and McCormick smiles.

HARDCASTLE
What do you want from me,
McCormick?

MCCORMICK

Your attention... Listen.

(reads paper)

E.J. Corlette will try for his
sixth straight win at
Riverside--

HARDCASTLE

(calls out)

Didi...!

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Judge. Listen.

HARDCASTLE

I was listening. E.J.
Corlette, big time race
car champion, won just about
everything you never did.
Got his face on billboards
and bank cards, sells shock
absorbers, soda pop and
pulls in about ten mill
a year.

(Beat)

And you know him, right?

McCormick nods. A little defensive.

MCCORMICK

Yes, I do. But, back then
his name was Edmund Julius
and he spelled Corlette without
the fancy "e" on the end.

(continues reading)

The former World Drivers
Champion continues to
dominate the Can Am series
and is an easy favorite
for a third straight crown.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, I saw ol' E.J. on Johnny
Carson the other night. Heck
of a driver. You wanna write
him a fan letter?

(calls out)

Didi...!

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

That's real funny, Judge...
But, well, ah, it's just that
it's kind'a a thrill for me to
see someone from the old gang
like Edmund make it to the top
like this. I mean, seeing as
how he and I used to battle
it out back in my old dirt
track racing days.

HARDCASTLE

You and E.J. Corlette?

McCormick nods.

HARDCASTLE

You used to run up right up
in front of the grid with a
world champ?

McCORMICK

Uh, huh.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, right. 'n Wilt
Chamberlain and I were on
the same basketball team.

McCORMICK

I even beat him once in
awhile, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

Sure.

There is a beat as Didi comes around the corner. She has
just been out jogging and wears one of those slicker-type
suits. Hardcastle holds his coffee cup out to her.

HARDCASTLE

(grins)

Didi, what the hell is this?

DIDI

A cup?

McCORMICK

The Judge isn't real crazy
about the ginseng tea.

CONTINUED

DIDI

Great for the brain cells,
Milton. Goes straight to
the neo-cortex.

HARDCASTLE

Now, don't get me wrong, Didi
dear. I mean, just because
I pay the mortgage around
here doesn't preclude a kind
of household democracy. But...
you can save the peanut
salads and cucumber smoothies
for your encounter groups.
Me? I'm an honest guy and
I eat honest food. Coffee,
pot roast, bacon and eggs,
beer.

Didi shoots McCormick a look and starts to stretch out.

DIDI

What's with him?

MCCORMICK

How many guesses do I get?
(to Judge)
And just for the record, I did
beat him a couple of times.

HARDCASTLE

Then where's the business
manager, the bank account,
the breakfast cereals with
your face on the box?

MCCORMICK

Corlette got the breaks.
I didn't.

DIDI

E.J. Corlette? The race car
driver? What a fox... I
read somewhere he's dating
Princess Caroline.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED - 5

14

HARDCASTLE
(to McCormick)
An' I suppose Lady Caroline's
an old girlfriend of yours, too.

These two exchange looks: smiling politely.

DIDI
You used to be a pretty good
race car driver didn't you,
Mark.

McCORMICK
(false modesty)
Yeah, well I was, pretty good.
Fast, y'know, won some races...
Me 'n E.J., fender to fender
right down to the checker.

Hardcastle grunts and McCormick flares a bit.

McCORMICK
All right, Judge. You wanna
ask him?

Hardcastle nods and we:

CUT TO

15 CLOSE ON - A LIFESIZE CARDBOARD CUT-OUT OF E.J. CORLETTE 15

from one of those advertising displays. E.J. smiles out
and holds a can of motor oil, dressed in a racing suit
and looking like somekind of shining knight. Perfect
teeth and great hair. Then:

16 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY 16

There is an INDY RACE CAR mounted on a display ramp in
front of a motor home and we can see about a hundred auto
racing fans milling about. A large banner has been strung
and it reads:

MEET WORLD DRIVERS CHAMPION E.J. CORLETTE

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED

16

And we can see display stacks of CORLETTE TIRES, CORLETTE OIL TREATMENT, CORLETTE SEAT COVERS, batteries, car wax and etc. Then, a white limo stretch pulls up and a man named BILL ROGERS gets out. Rogers wears a nice suit, a Rolex, and sports a ten thousand dollar tan. Under his arm is a newspaper and as he walks toward the motor home a MAN with two young boys by his side calls out to him.

MAN

Where's Corlette, pal? I brought my kids out here to meet him.

Rogers smiles and hands the man a couple of cans of Corlette oil.

ROGERS

He'll be right out.

Rogers waves to the crowd and:

17

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

17

E.J. CORLETTE sits at a table and right off we can see that this guy hardly looks like the multi-million dollar marketing celebrity he is. Actually, he looks tired. And as he signs his way through stacks of autographed pictures Rogers enters. There is a heavy beat.

ROGERS

(Re: picture signing)
We've got a machine to do that, y'know. You're supposed to be shaking hands with your fans.

Corlette doesn't even look up.

CORLETTE

Maybe you should put a machine behind the wheel of that race car out there... y'know, E.J. Corlette Auto Pilot: signature edition.

ROGERS

We sent a car to pick you up this morning. You weren't there.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

CORLETTE

I didn't go home last night.

ROGERS

I know.

Rogers flips the newspaper from under his arm and puts the front page face up on the table.

18 INSERT - FRONT PAGE

18

There is a picture of Eric Paul's totaled street racing Camaro. The caption reads:

DRAG RACING ON MULHOLLAND CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM
Valley Youth Critical After Crash

We can see that Corlette is deeply upset but not surprised by the headlines.

ROGERS

You don't know anything
about this, do you E.J.?

Corlette stands and checks himself out in a mirror. We can see the CORLETTE LOGO on his sportshirt: he buttons it.

CORLETTE

(Re: shirt)

Where're we making these
things, Taiwan? The buttons
are backwards.

ROGERS

(Re: newspaper)

'cause if you do and this kid
dies we could be looking at
vehicular manslaughter...
Do you have any idea what
kind of an effect something
like that could have on
Corlette Enterprises?

Corlette picks up a stack of pictures.

CORLETTE

Yeah, the P.T.A. will recall
all the E.J. Corlette Driver
Ed video tapes.

CONTINUED

Rogers grabs Corlette by the arm and turns him around:
face to face.

ROGERS

I haven't been busting my bones
on you the last five years to
have you throw it away in a
drag race on Mulholland Highway.
Now, get out there and show
some teeth.

Corlette smiles.

CORLETTE

Maybe I should tell them that
the World Drivers Champion got
his doors blown off last week
by a guy that works at a car
wash in a '65 Mustang.

ROGERS

You don't tell them spit.

There is a beat and Rogers softens a bit.

ROGERS

Hey, c'mon E.J. The kid in
the Mustang got lucky. It
happens. You're still the
hottest shoe around. No
question.

CORLETTE

Oh yeah, I got a couple.

ROGERS

Why? You put us on the pole at
Indy. You walked away with it at
Le Mans, you're way ahead on
points in the Can Am.

CORLETTE

Because it's not me, it's the
equipment. I'm running with a
ten million dollar budget, I've
got test teams and the best
motors. Man, our cars are
so far ahead on development that
a monkey could win in them...

(Beat)

(MORE

CONTINUED

CORLETTE (contd)

So I go up on Mulholland to
see if I still have it...
And you know something? I
don't. E.J. Corlette is a hack.

ROGERS

(deadly)

E.J. Corlette isn't you, pal.
He's car wax and seat covers and
batteries, whitewall tires and
talk shows... People have put
a lot of money behind you to
make all this happen, E.J. I
wouldn't disappoint them.

There is a beat and Corlette hands Rogers the stack of
autographed pictures.

CORLETTE

Watch me.

He starts to leave.

ROGERS

We've got a grand opening at
Corlette Wheel and Tire in New
York tomorrow. You better be there.

Corlette opens a closet in the motor home and slides out
one of those cardboard cut-outs of himself.

CORLETTE

(Re: cut-out)

Use him. He's available.

Corlette exits and we:

DISSOLVE TO

This is a modest mansion that maybe goes for about two
and a half million. Nice lawns and a winding driveway
that leads to a four car garage. We can hear the roar
of a motor coming from inside the garage and after a beat
Hardcastle's pickup pulls up the driveway and parks.
Hardcastle and McCormick get out and walk toward the garage.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(looks around)

Kind'a a nice spread for
someone who's gotta wear a
helmet for a living.

MCCORMICK

E.J.'s got his name on about
two thousand tire stores in
forty states, Judge. What
he wins in race cars couldn't
cover his wardrobe.

McCormick knocks on the garage door.

MCCORMICK

Open up.

The sound of the motor from inside shuts down.

HARDCASTLE

You're sure you know E.J.
Corlette? I mean, you don't
just barge in on a guy like
this, he might be having an
interview with Howard Cosell
or something.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle a look and knocks again.

MCCORMICK

You're not nervous are you?

HARDCASTLE

'course I'm not. I just don't
want you to make a fool of
yourself.

MCCORMICK

Relax, we're old friends.

The garage door opens and we can see E.J. standing next to
the A.C. Cobra he has clearly been working on: covered
with grease and oil. McCormick shoots him a big grin.

MCCORMICK

Edmund!

Corlette smiles back, trying to place McCormick.

CORLETTE

Steve!

There is a beat as Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look. McCormick awkwardly pats his chest.

MCCORMICK

C'mon, E.J. It's me. Mark
McCormick?

Corlette steps closer and then smiles, reaching out his hand.

CORLETTE

(polite)

Mark?

This is one of those real awkward situations.

MCCORMICK

You don't remember? It's me,
Skid.

CORLETTE

Skid...?

HARDCASTLE

(whispers to Corlette)

"Skid-Mark"

CORLETTE

(remembers)

Skid-Mark... Of course, how
are you?

MCCORMICK

(smiles)

Terrific.

(to Hardcastle)

Told you we were old pals,
Judge.

HARDCASTLE

I can see that.

(extends hand)

Sorry to barge in on you, E.J.

I, ah, hope you don't think
we're a couple of jerks.

As they shake hands:

CUT TO

20 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

20

It's a tall job in Century City and on the front lawn we can see a sign that reads:

"CORLETTE ENTERPRISES, INC."

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

What does E.J. think, that we're a couple of jerks or something?

21 INT. ELEGANT OFFICE - DAY

21

This place is rich and tasteful, loaded with hardwood and brass. A man with clean features and manicured nails sits at a desk and looks hard at Rogers who is shifting on his feet uncomfortably. The man's name is MARTIN GRAYSON and he's the chairman of the board of Corlette Enterprises.

ROGERS

I don't think so, Mister Grayson. It's just that all this success has gotten to E.J. a little. I can handle him.

GRAYSON

But you're not handling him.

He flips open the morning paper to the picture of the car crash on Mulholland.

GRAYSON

Was this deal his?

ROGERS

He didn't say. I doubt it. E.J. isn't that stupid.

GRAYSON

'cause if it is, it could kill us. This guy's supposed to be a spokesman for highway safety and last month I had to buy off a Drunk and Driving beef against him in Dallas... I got some lawyer all over my phone sheet that wants to discuss a sixteen year old girl who just happens to be a friend of Corlette's. It seems you're gonna be an uncle.

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17.

21

CONTINUED

21

ROGERS

Like I said, he's having some problems. Nothing big, it'll work out.

Grayson stands.

GRAYSON

How old is Corlette?

ROGERS

Thirty-five.

Grayson shakes his head.

GRAYSON

He'll be forty in December.

ROGERS

You don't want to retire this guy, Mister Grayson. We got a whole new product line coming out.

GRAYSON

I don't want to retire him. But, if E.J. doesn't start paying attention, showing up and signing autographs... maybe he goes out like a real hero and buys it in a race car.

Play the beat and

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

22

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - DAY

22

The pickup is still parked out in front and Hardcastle, McCormick and Corlette are circled around the 1967 A.C. Bristol Shelby Cobra. Corlette has the hood up and is working on the motor through this scene.

McCORMICK

Is this the same Cobra you ran at Sebring back in Seventy-three E.J.?

CORLETTE

Exactly, 'cept I put in a new rear end and made it streetable. you ought'a drive it, Skid. It's a real stump puller.

McCORMICK

I'll bet.

(to Hardcastle)

This thing blew the fenders off'a the sled I was driving that season.

HARDCASTLE

Might'a been the driver, kiddo.

CORLETTE

This guy was one'a the best back then, Judge. Bad breaks, that's all.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, but a real champ overcomes bad breaks.

McCORMICK

I would'a had to overcome a twenty foot cement wall, steel bars and electric gates... Race car driving wasn't on San Quentin's Rehab program.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

And whose fault is that?

McCORMICK

Yours.

Corlette isn't real sure what's going on here and he tries to lighten the moment.

CORLETTE

You wanna hand me a five eights, Judge?

Hardcastle reaches to a tool box and hands over the wrench.

HARDCASTLE

You know, I thought a guy like you would have a whole team of mechanics working on your cars.

CORLETTE

I do... But, I don't let 'em touch this one. She's mine.
(to McCormick)

Y'know, it helps me keep in touch with who we were in the old days, Skid. It was better then.

McCORMICK

C'mon, E.J. what's not to love about your life? World famous, you win the biggest races in the world. Women, money and a fancy house. Man, if I was you I'd be smoking the biggest cigars this town could make and just work on my tan between talk shows.

There is a beat.

CORLETTE

(heavy)

No you wouldn't.

(Beat)

And what's wrong with it is that I don't hang around with guys like you anymore... Just a bunch'a suits with marketing graphs and ad campaigns.

CONTINUED

He looks off and we can see Bill Rogers' white LIMO wind up the drive.

CORLETTE

Look, Skid. We'll get together, okay.

(Re: limo)

I've got some people coming over.

(shrugs)

Suppose to open a tire store in Buffalo.

We can see Rogers get out of the limo and he walks over. McCormick recognizes him.

McCORMICK

I'll call you.

(to Rogers)

Bill Rogers, right? You remember me?

Rogers nods.

ROGERS

McCormick, right? Yeah, I do. You were ahead in points on the outlaw trail back in Seventy-eight until E.J. here smoked you and took the championship.

We can see that these two guys don't like each other.

McCORMICK

He hardly smoked me, pal. I blew an engine leading the race on the last lap.

ROGERS

(smiles)

But E.J. won.

(Beat)

Anyway, I thought you were in prison.

There is a beat and Hardcastle is coming to McCormick's defense.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

He's out.

ROGERS

Good, try and stay out, kid.

(to Corlette)

You're supposed to be on a plane in forty-five minutes E.J. Let's move.

CORLETTE

I told you I'm not going.

ROGERS

We'll talk about that after the company leaves.

(to Hardcastle and McCormick)

Guys, you want to give the champ a break here? We gotta sell some tires.

Corlette is uncomfortable about getting pushed around in front of his old friend.

CORLETTE

Look Skid, thanks for stopping by. I'll call you.

(nods)

Judge.

McCormick and Rogers exchange a real hostile look and Hardcastle leads him off by the arm toward the pickup. As they walk off:

MCCORMICK

(aside to Hardcastle)

I ought'a drop that guy.

They get in and start to drive off.

Rogers nods toward the Coyote.

ROGERS

What did McCormick want?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

CORLETTE

Nothing... It was a nice change.

And we:

CUT TO

24 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

24

Hardcastle's pickup truck streaks by.

MCCORMICK'S VOICE (OVER)

Thanks for sticking up for me,
Judge.

25 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

25

Hardcastle drives and McCormick rides shotgun.

HARDCASTLE

Just because you did time
doesn't mean you can't
drive a race car.

(Beat)

You never told me you almost won
the Outlaw Championship, Mark.

MCCORMICK

I don't like to think about it
much... Y'know, racing luck.
I blow an engine and a year
later E.J. ends up with the
best ride at the Indy 500.

HARDCASTLE

And you always figured it
could'a been you.

MCCORMICK

It should'a been me. Damn.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, but look at all the neat
stuff you would'a missed out
on if you were a big shot race
car hero.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Like what?

HARDCASTLE

(smiles)

Well, like me for instance.

There is a beat as McCormick thinks about his past racing days.

McCORMICK

I mean, It's not like E.J. was that much better than any of the other drivers. We'd all win once'n awhile, work on our own cars. Hang out. But then, Bill Rogers comes out of nowhere and pulls E.J. outta the crowd. Hands him about ten million bucks and promotes him right to the top of the racing world. I never could figure out exactly why.

HARDCASTLE

E.J. was a little faster.

McCORMICK

Anyone can be faster with that kind of money and equipment. I mean, I know it sounds like sour grapes, but why him and not me?

HARDCASTLE

Maybe you don't look as good on television. Corlette uses this guy to market about a hundred million dollars worth'a car stuff a year. He's got the profile.

McCORMICK

What E.J.'s got is Bill Rogers' bankroll... And I'd just like to know who the hell he is.

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24.

25 CONTINUED - 2

25

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, that's a thought, too.

Off McCormick's look:

CUT TO

26 CLOSE ON - TELEVISION SET

26

As an ANCHORMAN reads the news.

ANCHORMAN

And another tragedy in the news tonight. Los Angeles police have informed this reporter that the recent wave of illegal drag racing on Mulholland Highway has claimed yet another life.

27 WIDEN TO INCLUDE - INT. DEN

27

As Corlette sits in his plush surrounding and watches the news: clearly shaken.

ANCHORMAN

Nineteen year old Eric Paul of Carson succumbed to injuries he sustained in a drag racing accident last night. Police have asked local residents for any information regarding the other car involved: believed to be an exotic sportscar known to enthusiasts as an A.C. Bristol Cobra. The car is bright red--

Corlette switches off the TV. There is a beat and Corlette stands, now well dressed in designer clothes. Then, Bill Rogers comes in with a couple of suitcases.

CONTINUED

ROGERS

I got us booked on another flight, E.J. But, I gotta tell you I've had it with this prima donna routine. You got commitments and from now on you show up: on time and smiling.

CORLETTE

Hey, Bill... Get the hell outta my house.

ROGERS

What? We're gonna start this again?

CORLETTE

No. Get out.

ROGERS

This isn't gonna go over big with Mister Grayson.

CORLETTE

Neither is this... That kid from the drag race last night just died.

(Beat)

I was in the other car.

There is a beat and Rogers had figured this all along.

ROGERS

That's racing, E.J. It was a stupid move on your part but it happens...

CORLETTE

Not to seventeen year old boys, it doesn't. I'm up there pushing that kid over his head 'cause he wants to be the big shot and beat a world champ... And he did. It's my fault.

CONTINUED

ROGERS

E.J. look, nobody held a gun on him. He wanted to race and he knew the risks... Okay, you're upset. We'll make a donation to the Auto Club in his name.

And on that, Corlette grabs Rogers by the lapels and pushes him up against the wall: enraged. Then he pushes him away.

CORLETTE

Y'know, something Rogers, I've wanted to bust you up for years. Maybe now's a good time.

ROGERS

Yeah, well before you do maybe you ought'a find out who I am first...

And on that Rogers pulls out a handgun.

ROGERS

I tapped you back then because you were a decent driver with a nice smile and great hair. The money came from some people you don't want to know. It's real easy to clean up dirty money in motor racing, E.J. You buy off some races, make a name for a hot shoe like you... and then launch it all into something legitimate like tires and seat covers. Big business.

CORLETTE

You never bought off spit for me.

Rogers shakes his head and smiles.

ROGERS

Yeah, I did. That's my job. I'm kind'a a banker...and if you're not nice, my people wouldn't think twice about stompin' you into the ground.

(Beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

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27.

27 CONTINUED - 3

27

ROGERS (cont'd)
You never really had it E.J.
You needed our help.

Rogers walks over to a trophy case and looks at the trophies. There is a tall one in the center:

28 CLOSE ON - TALL TROPHY

28

A miniature Sprint Car sits on top of a tall brass cone and an inscription reads:

EDMUND CORLETT - OUTLAW CHAMPION
1976

29 RESUME - SCENE

29

Rogers regards the trophy.

ROGERS
Like this one... The Outlaw
Championship was the first fix
I put in for you.

We can see that Corlette is blown away and angry.

CORLETTE
I won that title straight on
that year.

ROGERS
(shakes his head)
No you didn't. McCormick was
favored to walk away with the
race. So I put a little sugar
in his gas tank. He blew a
motor on the last lap and you
went on to become a big star.

Corlette is stunned.

CORLETTE
That's a lie.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

ROGERS

No. But you've been living one for a long time... And we both know that you don't have the balls to walk away from it now.

(Beat)

We have a tire store to open, E.J.

(deadly)

Be at the airport in an hour.

Rogers exit and we play the look of pain and confusion on Corlette's face. Then:

CUT TO

30 EXT. GULL'S WAY - NIGHT

30

The Coyote is parked out in front next to Hardcastle's pickup truck. OVER THIS we can hear a telephone ringing. Then:

McCORMICK'S VOICE (OVER)

Someone wanna answer that?

The telephone continues to ring:

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE (OVER)

Hey, anyone gonna grab the phone.

It goes unanswered and:

31 INT. HARDCASTLE'S DEN - NIGHT

31

Didi sits on the floor with her legs crossed and arms extended upward, resting on her knees. The phone still rings and after a beat Hardcastle enters and makes a dive for it, knocking it off the stand. He pulls up on the cord and finally gets to the receiver.

HARDCASTLE

Hello? Hardcastle residence.

Hello?

The phone is dead and Hardcastle shoots a hard look to Didi.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE
Why didn't you pick up the
phone, Didi?

Didi opens her eyes and smiles with a relaxed exhale.

DIDI
There are no telephones in
higher consciousness, Milt.

HARDCASTLE
Well, there's one in the
den... And the kitchen, the
gatehouse.

McCormick enters and nods to the telephone in Hardcastle's
hand.

MCCORMICK
Is that for me?

Hardcastle hangs up.

HARDCASTLE
I guess we'll never know.
(Beat)
The Didi Lama here was mediating.

DIDI
Meditating.

MCCORMICK
You're kidding.
(Beat)
I mean, no offense, but I
didn't think anyone did that
anymore. Y'know, since
Woodstock and that Baha
Barimba guy got busted for
selling coke.

Didi gets up.

DIDI
The road of enlightenment
has many curves.

HARDCASTLE
Not to mention lousey drivers.
That could'a been an important
call, Didi.

31 CONTINUED - 2

31

DIDI

And if it was, they'll call
back... When the student is
ready the teacher will appear.

And just as Hardcastle is about to puke, the telephone
rings again and Didi smiles: triumphant.

McCORMICK

(Re: telephone)

Probably a guru calling in with
your matra, Judge.

Hardcastle snatches up the telephone.

HARDCASTLE

(gruff)

Hello? Oh, yeah, sorry, E.J.

He holds the telephone out to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

'n I'll let you know when I
need a matra, kiddo.

McCormick takes the telephone.

McCORMICK

E.J.

32 INTERCUT - E.J. CORLETTE - AS NECESSARY

32

in a phone booth somewhere off the side of a road. In
the b.g. we can see his Cobra shining off in the night
and it's clear that he's upset.

CORLETTE

Yeah, Mark... Look, ah, could
you maybe meet me somewhere?

McCORMICK

Sure. There's nothing wrong,
is there? You're all right?

CORLETTE

I'd like to talk to you...
Mulholland, okay. In about
an hour by Beverly Glen?

CONTINUED

#2206

31.

32

CONTINUED

32

McCORMICK
See you there.

McCormick hangs up.

HARDCASTLE
What's E.J. want, someone to
carry his helmet?

McCORMICK
(to Didi Re: Hardcastle)
Yeah, when the insult is ready,
the insultee will appear. Now,
the sound of one McCormick,
leaving.

McCormick makes for the door. Hardcastle stops him.

HARDCASTLE
Anything wrong with E.J.?

McCORMICK
Who knows.

And on that we:

CUT TO

33

CLOSE ON - E.J. CORLETTE

33

as he sits behind the wheel of his Cobra somewhere off in
the shadows of Mulholland Drive.

34

ANGLE - THE COYOTE

34

as it swings into CAMERA and drives down the street. Then,
the Cobra pulls out and follows.

35

INT. COYOTE

35

McCormick checks his mirrors and smiles.

36

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - SCENE

36

As the Coyote stops in the center of the street and the

CONTINUED

Cobra pulls up next to it. McCormick exchanges looks with Corlette.

CORLETTE
(Re: Coyote)
Pretty nice ride, Skid.

McCORMICK
Yeah, it is, E.J. ... Care to
tell me what this is all about?

Corlette nods, then looks back to McCormick.

CORLETTE
I kind'a ask you up here to
help me with something.

McCORMICK
I'm here...

CORLETTE
I wanna know if I still have
it. Y'know, the touch, what
it takes.

McCORMICK
You won Le Mans last year...
What more can I tell you?

CORLETTE
(smiles)
You can show me.

There is a beat as Corlette guns his engine and McCormick gets the point.

McCORMICK
You mean, me and you? Runnin'
one on one just like it was?

CORLETTE
Uh huh.

McCormick guns his engine.

McCORMICK
Say when.

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33.

36 CONTINUED - 2 36
He grabs first gear and:

37 SERIES OF SHOTS - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - NIGHT 37

38 ANGLE - THE TIRES 38
As these guys load'em up and smoke up the temperatures.

39 ANGLE - THE TACHOMETER 39
The needles go to read line.

40 ANGLE - THE GEARSHIFTS 40
slammed into low gear... and as we play all the drama
and these two guys look at each other and wait for the
moment, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

41 EXT. MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - NIGHT 41

The Cobra and the Coyote stand side by side, power-breaking as their rear wheels strain against the horsepower. McCormick and Corlette exchange looks and simultaneously push their shifters into low gear, reving up and:

42 MUSIC UNDER AND IN: 42

The Beach Boys: "Shutdown"

"Tack it up, tack it up,
Buddy gonna shut you down,
It happened on the strip
where the road is wide,
Two cool shorts standin'
side by side,
Yeah, my fuel injection Stingray
an'a four-thirteen,
Reving up our engines
and it sounds real mean,
Tack it up, tack it up,
Buddy gonna shut you down...."

As these two cars rocket off the line and scream down the highway, sliding through the turns and racing with the ferocity of a hurricane. The music continues and:

43 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - DRAG RACE - NIGHT 43

As McCormick battles wheel to wheel for the lead with World Champion E.J. Corlette. These guys are risking it all, finally trying to prove who is the best behind the wheel. This should clearly be the most exciting drag racing footage we have ever filmed.

44 CLOSER ANGLE - DRAG RACE 44

McCormick slides wide in a turn and Corlette sneaks past the inside by a half a car length, winning by a heart beat. They shoot thumps up to each other and McCormick nods with a satisfied smile. Then:

CUT TO

45 CLOSE ON - A GLASS

45

as it is filled with beer and:

46 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

46

McCormick and Corlette have taken a table in the rear of this place. A juke box plays and we can see all kinds of racing posters and etc. hanging on the walls. This place is where race car drivers hang out and maybe a couple of old friends come over and shake hands with McCormick and Corlette.

MCCORMICK

(looks around)

I haven't been back here in five years. It hasn't changed.

CORLETTE

Neither have you. But you're still a sucker for an inside move.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, right.

(Beat)

C'mon, E.J. don't kid me, man. You could'a walked away with it.

CORLETTE

I can't now. And I couldn't back then.

MCCORMICK

You can and you did. You just don't want to make an old friend look bad. But, I gotta say, Skid can still keep his foot into it, huh? Maybe I shouldn't have quit.

CORLETTE

Yeah, you should have. Except for driving, the life stinks.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

I know, all those women, a couple of mill in endorsements. I mean, you'll probably end up in the gutter as a sports commentator for a hundred kay a year.

CORLETTE

If I live long enough, maybe.

McCormick responds.

McCORMICK

Relax, we're immortal, remember?

There is another beat and we can see that Corlette isn't happy and McCormick is picking up on it.

CORLETTE

Y'know, I had a girlfriend once who wanted me to quit and open a gas station in Akron, Ohio.

McCORMICK

I had a girlfriend... once.
(smiles)
Look, baseball heroes are boring. Race car heroes live for ever. Jackie Stewart, A.J. Foyt.

CORLETTE

Do they? Jimmy Clark, Peter Revson, Art Pollard, Swede Savage. Most'a the guys I used to dream about racing against are gone.

McCormick takes a sip of his beer: serious.

McCORMICK

Y'know, if it's time to hang up your helmet, it's time. Don't let anyone make you stay in the game if you don't want to.

CORLETTE

Whether I stay in racing is a business decision handled by the Board of Corlette Enterprises. I'm just the guy who puts his foot on the pedal... I'm losing my touch, Mark.

MCCORMICK

Why? Just because you only had me by half'a car length? Gimme a little credit, okay?

CORLETTE

You remember my crash last year at Phoenix?

MCCORMICK

(nods)

When the A-arm broke? Yeah.

CORLETTE

Nothing broke. I went in too fast and lifted. My fault. And last month I put Teddy Rogers into the wall at Laguna Seca.

MCCORMICK

C'mon, E.J., that's just racing luck. We both know that.

CORLETTE

Not for Teddy Rogers. He's paralyzed from the waist down.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, and okay. I could'a been bumped off into the ravine up there tonight and bought the whole farm. Not your fault... Mine. I knew the risks. And Rogers and Revson and Jimmy Clark all put their own helmets on before they climbed into a race car, too.

CONTINUED

Corlette is trying to tell McCormick something and there is an awkward beat.

CORLETTE

And what about that kid who crashed up on Mulholland a couple of nights ago? He was a nineteen year old bus boy in an old Camaro with a blown motor. They don't know if he's gonna live.

McCORMICK

Yeah, that's a bummer. But, he had no right to go up and run with somebody if he didn't know what he was doing.

CORLETTE

He knew enough to be a car length ahead'a me before he flipped off the road. I was in the other car, Mark... and the kid was blowing my doors off.

Corlette gets up.

CORLETTE

E.J. Corlette, world champion jerk-off without enough stuff to beat a bus boy.

Corlette exits.

McCORMICK

Hey, E.J. wait.

CORLETTE

I can't, Skid.
(shrugs)

But I'll have one'a my guys in the P.R. department send you a picture of me and my trophy.

There is a beat and then Corlette is out the door. McCormick looks up to the T.V. that is on behind the bar. An ANCHORMAN reads the eleven o'clock news.

CONTINUED

ANCHORMAN

And nineteen year old Eric Paul succumbed tonight to injuries he sustained in a crash while drag racing on Mulholland last night. Police are still looking for a bright red exotic sports car...

And McCormick exits the bar and we:

DISSOLVE TO

The Coyote pulls in and McCormick gets out and walks toward the mainhouse. We can see that he looks pretty upset.

Hardcastle is finishing up what's left of breakfast. Didi is there and shoots McCormick a hard look.

DIDI

Maybe you'd like to explain where you were all night?

McCORMICK

That's Hardcastle's line of questioning, counselor. He's in charge of curfews, house rules and cutting the hedges...

Hardcastle looks at McCormick. Not happy.

McCORMICK

Okay, you guys want the truth? I met a girl at one of those after hours rock clubs. We drove to Vegas and got married. You'll love her, she's got three kids and great legs. Real smart too for a girl who quit school in the ninth grade to become a waitrees at the White Tower.

CONTINUED

Nobody is laughing.

DIDI

Funny, Mark. I was up all night. I called the hospitals, police departments...

HARDCASTLE

We thought something might'a happened, wise-guy.

MCCORMICK

Nothing did... I'm sorry if you were worried. I should'a called.

Didi clears the table.

DIDI

You're darn right you should have called.

Didi exits.

MCCORMICK

(Re: Didi)

Does this mean I can't use the telephone for the next week and I have to be home when they turn on the street lights?

HARDCASTLE

You were with Corlette, right?

McCormick nods.

MCCORMICK

He called me up last night so he could run me and the Coyote on Mulholland. I guess he wanted to see if he still had it...

HARDCASTLE

And you went up there to drag race him like some stupid teenager just to see if you still had it, too.

CONTINUED

There is a beat.

MCCORMICK

Yeah...

HARDCASTLE

Do you?

McCormick shrugs.

MCCORMICK

It's hard to tell. E.J.'s
not on form these days,
Judge. He's got big trouble.

Hardcastle reaches for a file that has been sitting on a
chair and hands it to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, I know.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle a look.

MCCORMICK

Judge...

HARDCASTLE

You were the one who was
wondering where the hell
that Bill Rogers guy came
from. I was just following
your lead.

(smiles)

And you know where he's from.

MCCORMICK

Judge, the Bill Rogers part
of this really isn't any of
our business.

HARDCASTLE

It is if he's been laundering
a lot of money for Martin
Grayson.

MCCORMICK

Who?

HARDCASTLE

Grayson, Martin Thomas. Also known as Billy Sands and back when Judge Henderson sent him up for racketeering he called himself Allen Parsons. Big money man for the mob, kiddo.

McCormick takes all of this in.

MCCORMICK

E.J. may be a lotta things, but he's no mobster.

HARDCASTLE

He doesn't have to be... The way I figure it, Rogers and Grayson were looking to go legit with a lot of dirty money. Corlette looked like a good front man... so they put twenty million worth of drug and racket money behind his racing career and end up with ten million to spend after taxes and expenses. All legal.

MCCORMICK

E.J. was a hell of a driver. He would'a made it on his own...

HARDCASTLE

That's not what you were saying yesterday, kiddo... Anyway, it looks like Corlette Enterprises started out with a pile of bad money and my bet is Corlette's got himself caught in the middle of something that smells bad. Probably scared.

MCCORMICK

He is...

(Beat)

That kid that was killed a couple of nights ago on Mulholland was racing with E.J.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

I know that, too.

(Re: newspaper)

The paper said that the cops are looking for some kind of exotic sports car called a Cobra. That's what E.J. drives and there's only about six of them in the state. And most'a those are owned by guys who can't drive them the way they're supposed to be driven.

McCORMICK

What should we do?

HARDCASTLE

He's your friend, Mark...

McCORMICK

What do you want me to do, Judge? Rat on'a buddy?

HARDCASTLE

Of course not. But maybe you can talk E.J. into doing what's right. See if you can get him to turn himself in. Stand up to what's coming to him. It could be a vehicular manslaughter charge, Mark.

McCORMICK

It's gonna end E.J.'s career, y'know.

HARDCASTLE

I know. But, I got a feeling that the guys behind Corlette Enterprises are gonna end it another way before this can go public.

On that:

CUT TO

49 EXT. CORLETTE ENTERPRISES - DAY 49

A limo or two circle up the elegant drive and:

GRAYSON'S VOICE (OVER)
E.J., of course I understand.

50 INT. ELEGANT OFFICE - DAY 50

Grayson is on the telephone and Rogers stands in front of a window, looking down at the street.

GRAYSON
But this kind of tragedy could
have happened to anyone...
(Beat)
I really think that would be
a mistake, E.J. A lot of
other people's concerns are
involved--

There is a beat and then Grayson hangs up. Rogers turns to him.

GRAYSON
Corlette says he's thinking
about turning himself in on
that drag racing beef. It'll
ruin us.

Rogers takes a breath.

ROGERS
I know.

Grayson comes around from the other side of his desk.

GRAYSON
In a company this size Bill,
everyone has a certain job.
Keeping our boy E.J. in line
was yours.

ROGERS
Maybe we can get him out of
the country or something.
Send him to Europe to sort
out a new chassis.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

GRAYSON

No. What we're gonna do is turn him into a hero. Send a couple of guys over to his place and pick him up... Then, E.J.'s gonna win his last race up on Mulholland just like James Dean.

(Beat)

Do it.

On that we:

CUT TO

51 EXT. CORLETTE'S BEL AIR MANSION - DAY

51

A dark sedan pulls outside and a man named DAVIS gets out and slips open the front gate. Davis waves the sedan through the gate. Behind the wheel is another rough looking dude named THOMAS.

52 ANGLE - GARAGE

52

Corlette stands for a beat and looks at his Cobra. It is a heavy beat and then he pulls a car cover over it in a "good bye" gesture. Then, E.J. walks over to a picture on the wall.

53 HIS POV - ANGLE PICTURE - STOCK

53

and we can see a much younger E.C. Corlette sitting behind the wheel of a sprint car. He wears a helmet and holds a checkered flag.

DAVIS' VOICE (OVER)

Better take a long look, E.J.

54 RESUME - SCENE

54

Davis and Thomas stand in the opening of the garage with guns drawn. Corlette reacts.

CONTINUED

DAVIS

C'mon, let's go, Corlette.
Mister Grayson wants to talk
to you.

CORLETTE

Trouble is, I don't want to
talk to him. Now, why don't
you punks get out of here.

Thomas makes a move toward Corlette and Corlette smacks
him with a hard right. Davis moves in and as these two
heavies overpower Corlette we:

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - COYOTE RUNBY - DAY

The Coyote streaks down the road.

MCCORMICK'S VOICE (OVER)

It's funny the way things work
out isn't it?

INT. COYOTE - DAY

Hardcastle rides in the passenger seat and McCormick drives.

HARDCASTLE

Sometimes it's funny and
sometimes it's just kind'a
sad. You really looked up
to E.J. didn't you?

MCCORMICK

I guess, yeah. But, most of
what I was was jealous. I
mean, I spent a lot of time
wondering why E.J. Corlette
got to live my life instead
of me... I really wanted
everything he had for a long
time. I kind'a wanted him to
fall on his face.

(Beat)

That makes me a jerk doesn't it.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

I think we're all jerks when it comes to that kind of stuff.
(smiles)

Once when Judge Peterson got himself an honorary Doctorate from Harvard Law School I went home and kicked in the kitchen door... And two years later when he got busted for fixing a trial I sent him a "thank you" card.

McCORMICK

You did that?

HARDCASTLE

Envy, kiddo! Y'know, there's a little part in all of us that wants our friends to fail. Not like we don't want them to do well or anything... It's just that if they get too famous we don't want to be left behind.

McCormick looks at Hardcastle and smiles.

McCORMICK

Where do you get this stuff?

HARDCASTLE

Most of it comes from watching guys like you messin' up their lives.

McCORMICK

Thanks.

HARDCASTLE

Don't mention it...

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

So, E.J. blew your doors off last night, huh?

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

57

McCORMICK'S VOICE

Okay, by a heartbeat, yeah.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

He beat you kid.

McCORMICK'S VOICE

By a half'a car length. Big deal.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

C'mon, he won. Fair and square.

McCORMICK'S VOICE

Thanks, Judge.

CUT TO

58

ANGLE - COYOTE

58

as it wheels up the driveway of Corlette's Bel Air mansion just as the dark sedan comes screaming past. We can see Corlette sitting in the rear seat with Davis.

59

INT. COYOTE

59

As Hardcastle and McCormick react.

HARDCASTLE

Let's go!

60

EXT. CAR CHASE - DAY

60

A first unit chase and we can see that Davis and the sedan are no match for the Coyote. McCormick cuts off the sedan and it slides to a stop and jumps a curb: blocking itself by a row of trees. Davis jumps out and Hardcastle tackles him as Thomas makes tracks with McCormick hot on his heels. We play a fist fight here as McCormick collars Thomas and drags him back to Hardcastle who holds a gun on Davis as Corlette climbs out of the sedan's rear seat. McCormick and Corlette exchange looks.

McCORMICK

Anyplace you'd like us to take you, E.J.?

CONTINUED

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49.

60

CONTINUED

60

CORLETTE

How about the police station.

Hardcastle smiles and we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

61 EXT. POLICE STATION - STOCK - DAY 61

Squad cars are parked out in front and the Coyote sits majestically.

HARDCASTLE

What do you have on those two creeps?

62 INT. - POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY 62

Hardcastle and L.A.P.D.P. Lieutenant MIKE DELANY walk down the hall with McCormick. Delany hands Hardcastle a file.

DELANY

Brad Thomas did some time for conspiracy to commit murder and assault and Donnie Davis just was paroled on a manslaughter ticket. They work freelance, mostly. Y'know, Hurt for Hire.

HARDCASTLE

Can you connect them to a guy named Martin Grayson?

DELANY

Who?

HARDCASTLE

Grayson... Used to go by Allen Parson.

DELANY

Henderson's case?

Hardcastle nods.

DELANY

We could try, but these guys are pros. They don't burn clients.

CONTINUED

62

CONTINUED

62

MCCORMICK
Bad for business.

DELANY
Something like that, yeah.

There is a beat as they round a corner of the hallway.

MCCORMICK
What's gonna happen to E.J.
Corlette?

And on that:

CUT TO

63

CLOSE ON - A HAND

63

as each finger is being finger-printed and then we:

64

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

64

Corlette sits at a desk and gives his statement. An officer named PARKER takes it all down as another cop wipes the ink off of Corlette's fingers.

CORLETTE
We started out side by side
and then he pulled ahead'a
me. I guess he was in over
his head.

PARKER
That can happen when you put a
kid up against a world champ.
You should'a known better, pal.

CORLETTE
I know.
(Beat)
Anyway, he got it sideways
and went over the side...
I'm sorry.

PARKER
So am I.

CONTINUED

Parker holds out a summons.

PARKER

You wanna sign this? Reckless driving, excessive speed in zone and I'm gonna put you in for felony manslaughter.

Corlette nods as Hardcastle, McCormick and Delany come into the room.

DELANY

You about finished here, Parker?

Parker nods.

DELANY

Run him over to county and I'll bring the D.A. up to speed.

McCORMICK

What's E.J.'s bail going to be set at?

DELANY

That's up to Judge Best.

CORLETTE

I don't want any bail, Mark. I deserve this. It was my fault.

McCormick sits down next to Corlette.

McCORMICK

That kid has something to do with it, too. C'mon, E.J. you can't take the whole blame.

Hardcastle turns to Delany.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, Mike. I don't think Corlette is gonna go anywhere. Would you do me a favor and release him in my custody?

CONTINUED

DELANY

Probably. But why?

HARDCASTLE

Because I think we might be able to jam up this Martin Grayson character.

DELANY

We don't have a case yet, Milt.

HARDCASTLE

I know, but we have an attempted kidnapping with these two punks Grayson put on Corlette to keep him from copping to the drag racing thing. It'd be a bad image for the tire business.

DELANY

You don't think he'll split?

MCCORMICK

No. He was coming here anyway.

Delany hands Hardcastle the paper work on Corlette and as Hardcastle sings we:

CUT TO

CORLETTE'S VOICE (OVER)

And all this time I thought it was me behind the wheel.

Hardcastle and McCormick are filling Corlette in on who he's been working for these past years.

MCCORMICK

It was you, E.J. You just had the best equipment, that's all.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

HARDCASTLE

He still beat you, kiddo.

(to Corlette)

But, nothing is ever gonna
take away what happened to
that teenage kid you were
racing with, E.J.

CORLETTE

I know.

HARDCASTLE

Will you help us?

CORLETTE

Yes.

Hardcastle hands Corlette the telephone.

HARDCASTLE

Just say it like I told you to.

And as he dials we:

67

INTERCUT - EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CORLETTE ENTERPRISES - DAY 67

CORLETTE'S VOICE (OVER)

You gonna have to send over
some better muscle than that,
Grayson. Those guys were punks.

68

INT. ELEGANT OFFICE - DAY

68

As Grayson sits at his desk and on the phone. Rogers is
there.

69

INTERCUT - CORLETTE AND GRAYSON AS NECESSARY

69

GRAYSON

All right, so you won this
round. But neither of those
guys are gonna burn me.

CONTINUED

CORLETTE

That's too bad.

(Beat)

I've been thinking it over.
You come up with a hundred
kay in cash and I'm gone.

GRAYSON

And if I don't?

CORLETTE

I go on the Johnny Carson
show and tell the whole world
who's behind Corlette Enter-
prises.

(Beat)

You got one hour...

GRAYSON

Where?

CORLETTE

Mulholland Highway, man.
Where else?

RESUME - INT. GULL'S WAY DEN - DAY

As Corlette hangs up and:

CUT TO

EXT. MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

Corlette wheels down the road in the Cobra and then pulls
off the road.

ANGLE - THE COYOTE - DAY

Sitting behind some trees on the roadside: out of sight.

INT. COYOTE - DAY

McCormick and Hardcastle sit and wait.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

The guys got guts, I'll give'em that.

MCCORMICK

You gotta have guts to go around the brickyard at two hundred and ten miles an hour, Judge... Too bad, E.J. took a wrong turn. Forgot who he was.

HARDCASTLE

You ever forget who you are, Mark?

MCCORMICK

You won't let me.

and:

CUT TO

RESUME - EXT. MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

As Rogers drives Grayson down the road in a cream colored sedan.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Grayson holds an attache case.

GRAYSON

E.J. goes over the wall in flames, or we all go down, Rogers.

ROGERS

Yeah, I know.

RESUME - EXT. MULHOLLAND - DAY

The sedan drives past camera and ADJUST ANGLE to reveal

EXT. COYOTE - DAY

as it pulls out.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE (OVER)
Stay out of sight, Mark. We
can't make a move until they
make theirs.

And:

CUT TO

78 ANGLE - COBRA

78

As Corlette sees the sedan and gets out. Rogers and
Grayson pull over and exit the sedan. Grayson holds
the attache case.

GRAYSON
You get the money, E.J. But
how do I know you'll keep up
your end?

CORLETTE
You don't.

Grayson hands Rogers the attache case and as Rogers walks
toward Corlette, he pulls a gun.

ROGERS
This is pretty stupid, E.J.
You should'a listened to me.

CORLETTE
I've done a lot of stupid
things, Rogers. And most'a
them were because I listened
to you.

Rogers motions Corlette toward the Cobra with his gun.

ROGERS
Get in.

CORLETTE
Where are we going?

CONTINUED

78

CONTINUED

78

ROGERS

We're not going anywhere, but you're gonna go for a ride into the ravine. Figure it will make a nice memorial poster for all your fans. Six ninety-five, suitable for framing.

Corlette goes to get into the Cobra just as the Coyote screams into view and slides into the middle of all of this. Hardcastle leaps out and pulls down on Rogers with a gun. McCormick runs to Grayson who reveals a revolver and fires as McCormick dives and rolls out of the way. Grayson dives toward the Cobra and sticks a gun in Corlette's ribs.

GRAYSON

Drive!

The Cobra takes off and McCormick sprints to the Coyote. He dives in and squeals out: the race is on.

79

EXT. CAR CHASE - DAY

79

Here we have a race for Corlette's life. An incredible chase as McCormick pulls up on the Cobra, driving like a man possessed.

80

INT. COBRA - DAY

80

Grayson holds a gun on Corlette.

GRAYSON

Lose that punk or die, Corlette.

CORLETTE

I'm trying to.

And he is, but McCormick still closes in.

81

RESUME - EXT. CAR CHASE - DAY

81

And we play this action for as long as it holds and then McCormick shoots past on the inside and slides to a stop

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

in front of the Cobra: an incredible move... And the Cobra slams off the road and piles into a mound of dirt. McCormick leaps to it and pulls Grayson out. Corlette shakes himself and gets out of the Cobra: exchanging a look with McCormick.

MCCORMICK

And I suppose you're gonna
tell me you let me win that
one, too.

CORLETTE

(smiles Re: Coyote)
C'mon, you had better
equipment, Skid.

on that we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

82 EXT. GULL'S WAY - DUSK

82

The Coyote is parked out front as the sun sets over the Pacific.

McCORMICK'S (v.o.)
And here's another one, Judge.
Listen. May 17th 1978.

83 INT. GULL'S WAY - DEN - DUSK

83

McCormick has a scrap book open and is reading the clipping as Hardcastle tries to watch the news.

HARDCASTLE
I am listening...to the news.

McCORMICK
(reads)
No doubt that Skid Mark McCormick is a driver to watch this season. McCormick won his first two races at Lancaster Speedway and is really putting the pressure on E.J. Corlette.

HARDCASTLE
Didn't E.J. show up for those races?

McCORMICK
Yeah, he did, Judge...for one anyway. But he broke a motor.

HARDCASTLE
I see.

McCormick reads another clipping.

McCORMICK
McCormick storms in point lead in the Central Division.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

McCORMICK (cont'd)
(to Hardcastle)
You want my autograph, Judge?

HARDCASTLE
I'll settle for quiet.

There's a knock on the door. McCormick opens it and E.J. Corlette steps in.

McCORMICK
E.J.

CORLETTE
Hi, Skid. Look, I just wanted to stop by for a minute.

Hardcastle joins them and nods to Corlette. They shake hands.

HARDCASTLE
How'd it go in court this afternoon?

CORLETTE
(shrugs)
I'm gonna do six months for vehicular manslaughter and I lose my license for two years.

McCORMICK
That means no more race car driving, doesn't it?

CORLETTE
It was time for me to hang it up, anyway. We both knew that...

HARDCASTLE
You got any plans after you get out?

CORLETTE
Yeah, I do. Y'know, I made a truck full'a prize money...and I figured I'd put a bid on that racetrack they're thinking about tearing down. Figure it would be a better place for these kids to run their drag races than up on Mulholland. Y'know teach 'em how to do it right.

McCORMICK

That's a good idea, E.J.

CORLETTE

Hey, Mark. Remember when I took that last race from you for the Outlaw Trail Championship?

McCORMICK

Yeah...

(to Hardcastle)

When I was in the lead and my cars fouled?

CORLETTE

They didn't foul, Mark. Rogers sabotaged your car. You would'a won it.

There is a beat and we can see that McCormick is a little bummed. Hardcastle puts an arm around him.

HARDCASTLE

Ancient history kid.

CORLETTE

No it isn't.

Corlette reaches out the door and pulls in the OUTLAW TROPHY (The one we saw at his Bel Air home). He hands it to McCormick.

CORLETTE

This has always been yours, Mark.

McCormick looks at the trophy.

McCORMICK

(soto voce)

Yeah, I know.

And we FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END