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Little Fauss and Big Halsy

By Charles Eastman

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(wind blowing)

(distant motorcycle engine)

('Little Fauss and Big
Halsy' by Johnny Cash)

Little Fauss

And Big Halsy

Men and their machine

Motorbike racing was the game

Always pushing off for one more win

It takes nerves to take that curve

Nerves of steel climbing that hill

Twistin' that grip

Hey, Little Fauss

And Big Halsy

Tomorrow's just another day

Another day to race away

One more win

That's all we gotta do

It takes guts when the going gets rough

You gotta be tough

Give it your best

Facing that death

(cheering)

(bike engines)

(screaming)

(bike engines)

- Don't worry about it.

Everything's gonna be all right.

I'm gonna take the wife and...

(background screaming)

Where's his wife?

Aria!

(screaming)

Don't worry about it, girl.

(wailing siren)

- Was he hurt pretty bad?

- I don't know.

Somebody said he broke his back.

- My, how'd he do that?

- Cycles is a mean toy, lady.

- [Voiceover] Wait a minute, who's that?

Get that man off the course out there.

Hey Ray, get that guy off the course.

There's no walkin' on the course.
Everybody stay back
until the races are over.
(muffled radio announcement)
- Is this supposed to be supper?
(motorbike engines)
(teeth brushing)
- You just taking pictures
for yourself or what?
I'll tell you who you
ought to get a picture of.
(kissing sounds)
- Damn, dumb thing's jammed.
- You let Little look at it!
If it's broke, he'll fix it good.
Comes to anything mechanical,
Little's all but hear me.
- Get these things on that bike.
Get off the track now, move it.
Come on, let's get going there, hurry up.
Move it!
(motorbike engines)
- [Voiceover] We're gonna come
back in a couple more weeks.
- You did good, Little.
That was good, son.
- Oh, the buzzer's gone and got ya.
- Did you see me waving?
- I was going as fast as I
ever went in my whole life
and then I fell off.
- Well, you go too fast.
You stay on, you win.
That's how you win.
You gotta stay on.
- What's that? Movies?
- Come on, now. Hurry!
- Aw, ma, don't bother that fella.
- I told him we'd pay him
if it turns out any good.
- Just me and my bike?
- (chuckles) Sure, Little.
Hey, what do you think of my boy anyways
that sleeps in his room

with his own motorcycle.

- Just one for the mantel.

That's all I want.

We haven't got a single picture
on the whole mantlepiece, Seal.

- Hey, is that one of
them instant machines?

- I'll get your address.

All right now, now hold it.

Stay loose as a goose.

That's it, that's it. Relax, relax.

That's it, hold it.

- Life's too short, Donnie.

- (chuckles) Someone's had herself a brew.

- Goes by too damn fast.

- Yeah.

- Keep it there, keep it there.

Now let's see that great big smile.

Hold it, hold it, that's it.

You got it.

Oh, that's perfect. That's beautiful.

That's lovely.

I like it.

- Give the man our address, dopey.

- I can get it off your facility.

- Oh, no, no, I insist.

Here, you take one of my business cards.

- I told him the day he
starts bringing his work home
is the day I move out.

- Now you can laugh at
me if ya'll want to,

but it's a fact I ain't had a stool
since I've been in portable potties.

That's a fact.

I want, no, I want you to read that, see.

Portable potties.

P.P.

P.P. (laughs) You get that?

Mom thought of that one.

- I did not, Seally Fauss (laughs).

- I was going as fast as I ever went
in my whole entire life.

- Yeah, but you fell off.

- Yeah, I fell off.
- Try and stay on, son.
Try.
(spluttering car engine)
- Oh, come on.
Damn!
- Careful now, Little.
You don't wanna put no scratches on 'em.
- Hey, how about you guys
give us a little push, okay?
- We happen to be a little busy.
- Oh, hell, sure, take your time.
- [Seally] Come on now, son.
Push just, just a little further.
Are you pushing any?
- [Little Fauss] Doing the best I can.
- [Seally] These potties,
they seem like they's
more trouble than they's worth.
- [Big Halsy] Me and the
wife come down from Mendoza.
Dang thing cutting out
on me every five minutes.
Now the dang thing won't even start.
My wife's getting hotter than hell.
She's expecting a steak dinner tonight.
I said, ''Honey, you just cool
on down 'cause those folks
'over there's gonna
give us a little push.''
Hey, you got all your beer locked up?
- I don't sell no beer.
- You can go load your bike now.
- Sure like to buy ya'll a beer, damnit.
- Sideburned son of a--
- Now don't get riled, Seally.
- Well, he can just go straight to hell
with his flair for all I care.
- Well, they'll be stranded.
- Well, I ain't giving no
hand to no undesirables.
- Got a cigarette?
- I don't smoke.
- Ah, damn.

Just gave my last cigarette away, damnit.
Just spent my last two bucks
getting here today, damnit.
(spits) Blew my pickup coming on over
and then burned out my bike in the trial
so I didn't win nothing,
then I lost my sponsor
if I'd had any luck, which I didn't have,
so now I don't even have a smoke.

- [Seally] You ready, son?
- This guy wants a push, Dad.
- Hey, just a little shove's
all I need to get her going.
Hey, how about a push?
What the hell?
Come on, hey, I need a push, damnit!
(whistling wind)
- Let's have a nice, big smile.
Come on.
Ice cream!
Oh, that's great.
Hold it.
Hey, that was a number one.
That's really good, you
want to take another one?
- Hey, how about a beer? You want a beer?
- Oh, sure, sure.
- Hey, god damn, I forgot my wallet.
It's in the pickup.
- Oh, well here.
- I'll catch ya.
I'll catch you later.
You remember. Okay.
Give me three beers.
Man, you was really
working out there today.
Cranked around them
corners with the big boys.
- [Voiceover] You race today?
- (laughs) On that dumbass course?
Not me, buddy.
- [Voiceover] Didn't think
I'd seen you out there.
- Hey man, what class you race?

- You'd have seen me, babe,
I'd have had you to the fence.

- What class you race, man?

- Hey, give me three steaks too, huh?
And put it on my tab. My manager's got it.

- [Voiceover] Who in the hell is that?

- That's the cat who got
suspended out of Ascot.
Boozin' it up in the pits, man.

- The ol' bubble for the system.
You.
Oh, damnit!
I forgot your change.

- Oh oh oh, that's all
right, that's all right.

- Hey, where was I at?

- You were gonna tell me
how you broke your spine.
Which is what first caught my eye.

- And to this day I can't sleep in a bed.

- Hell, man, where do
you sleep, on the floor?

- That's right, that's
where. On the floor.

- Must make it pretty on little lady here.
- What?

- I mean, if your husband's
sleeping on the floor all night.
What I mean is that (chuckles)
must be pretty hard on you.

- Him?

- Well, it would on me.

- I haven't seen the floor since
I met him, much less a bed.
The whole two weeks we've been in love.

- We've been sleeping in the car.

- Oh, then you two aren't married then.

- No, this is my buddy,
this is my bosom-buddy.
Aren't ya, honey? Some him your bosoms.

- Hey, well. (chuckles)
Why don't I just get a
room out here then and uh,
we all just settle down for the night.

- Hey.

My name is Halsy Knox.

- Hi.

- This here's what's-her-name from Simi.

- Sylvene McFall.

- How do you do, Sylvene?

- I just guess we're all
free, white and 21 eh?

- And uh, anything goes?

(roosters crows)

(snoring)

(door creaks open)

I guess I was born for runnin'

I guess it's in my blood

'Cause the sweet sound

of a hopped-up engine

Is the sweetest sound I've heard

And I keep on movin', movin', movin'

Gotta keep on movin' down the line

Don't try to claim me, woman

'Cause I'll be gone

tomorrow by this time

I'm at home, gal, when I'm runnin'

And I guess that's all I'm worth

And maybe next to the devil,

I'm the meanest man on Earth

But I gotta keep movin', movin', movin'

Honey, gotta keep movin' down the line

Hey, don't be lookin' for me

'Cause I'll be gone

tomorrow by this time

I've had a woman in every city

I've had a woman in every town

Ain't no need to put your claim on me

'Cause you're never gonna get me down

'Cause I gotta be movin', movin', movin'

Honey I gotta be movin' along

I'm on the one-night-stand, gal

Tomorrow by this time I will be gone

(truck horn)

Gotta keep movin', honey

Look out, get out of the way, I'm gone

- Hey.

You got any lube nipples for a Yamaha 250?

No.

- No got.

- Shit.

(hums)

(whistles jauntily)

You got head gaskets?

- Oh, head gaskets we got.

(Halsy hums)

(Halsy whistles jauntily)

- [Halsy] Owner around?

- [Little] He's out to lunch.

Thought I'd promote

myself a couple of tires

if the boss was around.

Them I got seen too many races

if I head out for the desert

on Sunday, you goin'?

- It's a buck-59 for the gasket.

- Hey, let me use your torque
wrench for about five minutes.

I thought you said he wasn't around?

- He'll be back.

- [Halsy] After lunch, you said!

- Hey!

It's a buck-59.

Hey, it's a buck-59.

Hey incidentally, um.

It's a buck-50 for those
gaskets plus nine cents tax.

- You sure got some small
ideas about friendship, man.

Hey what's the matter, you
think I ain't gonna pay you
or somethin'?

- Hey, forget it.

- No, I always pay my own bills.

Where is that?

- Oh, well if you're
gonna use that gasket,
you better seat it first.

- Seat it?

- Yeah, so you don't get any blow blank.

- Well I'm no scientist,
I just ride bikes.

Is this coffee for the general use here?

- Customers.

- These sponsor guys are a pain in the ass anyway. I hate em. They don't know sugar.

- [Little] What?

- [Halsy] Sugar.

- What about it?

- Don't have to stay up all night workin' on a bike the night before. They just stay up all night lovin' the women and drinkin' it up and doin' whatever they damn want. How about a little cream?

- Hey uh, where's your wife today?

- My who?

- Oh, you know, your wife.

- Oh, uh.

Yeah, she's uh, she's a stewardess. Had an early flight out this morning.

Didn't have no time to fix me any breakfast.

Whose doughnut is this?

Is this somebody's?

Come on, I'll let you buy me a beer.

(Little chuckles)

What's so funny?

(motorcycle engines)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy

Men and their machine,

motorbike racin' was the game

Always pushin' all for one more win

It takes nerves to take that curve

Nerves of steel, climbin'

that hill, twistin' that grip

(Halsy hoots)

- [Halsy] Come on, yah, yah!

(screams)

Hey, Little Fauss and Big Halsy

Tomorrow's just another day

Another day to race away

One more win, that's all we've gotta do

It takes guts when the going gets rough

You've gotta be tough, give

it your best facin' that death
Little Fauss and Big Halsy
No one hardly knew their name
Win no praise and gain no fame
Always there when the
numbers they were called
Goin' in a rush, chewin' that brush
Gotta move on tomorrow,
they're gone, Sears or bust
(Halsy and Fauss hooting)
- You know, Seal.
We wanna hear a Little's side of it.
Before we start leapin' at conclusions.
- What we got for dessert, Mom?
- I got Whip 'N Wonder, Wet
'N Warm and Slip 'N Serve.
- Well it don't make no never-mind to me.
- Well, whichever, speak up.
- It won't stay with me 20 minutes.
- It just don't sound like Little to me.
Houndin' sheep on a cycle.
- Well where is he then, huh?
- It's not humanitarian.
- Look, Frasier done seen him.
He seen him!
- Someone on a cycle,
that don't mean Little.
'Specially bein' two of 'em.
We're the only friends
Little's got, you know that.
He don't have no friends.
Oh come on, let's eat.
(faint buzzing flies)
(faint motorcycle engine)
- Yahoo! Hi, Ma.
- Little!
Where have you been?
(Halsy burps)
(Little groans)
- [Little] Hey Ma, I
just had one beer, Ma.
Hi.
- I'll have my Whip 'N Wonder now, Ma.
- This here's my friend, uh.

My friend.

- Hello, how you doin'?

- Dinner is done.

- Oh, we ate.

- Yeah, we ate already, thank you.

- Howdie Frasier called me up.

He said two bums on bikes was

tearin' up his River Road

Acres 'til he run 'em off!

- But it's okay, we ate.

I think I gotta wash up.

- Now you hold on a minute,

Little, you hold on!

- Son, your father's speaking to you.

- Well, I know that, Mother.

I know that, but I don't feel good.

- I don't wonder.

- Hey babe, you got that

job and wanna look good

you better be clean!

- [Seally] Okay, sideburns.

I told you, I want you two

fellas to hold on a minute!

- Seally, peace.

- My friend sideburns is waitin'

here on a part from Tulsa.

And I was waitin' on a, for

a part, you know, from Tulsa?

And uh, I invited him over.

Uh, for the weekend.

- Just 'til then.

- Just 'til the weekend.

Oh.

Well you know, I think I

should wash up, excuse me.

- I gotta look for a job

for me too in the mornin'.

I can't collect my

unemployment out here 'til May.

You wouldn't know about any

positions of anything open, would ya?

I had a job out in Texas.

But my old lady wouldn't

leave her girlfriends

and go on out there. (chuckles)

They were all right, I mean,

I had this job right up

until Christmas and she

wouldn't come out there.

Well I don't give a damn, I

mean I can get a job over at

Maralinda anytime I want.

- Well I suggest you

just go to Maralinda then.

- Do you want a cup of coffee first?

- Nope, no.

Boy, these flies are

somethin', aren't they?

Where did Little go to?

Hey, buddy.

- Do you want instant frost on your

Whip 'N Wonder, or just plain?

- It don't matter beans to me, Ma.

It don't matter beans at all.

Just go right through me tonight anyway.

(motorcycle engines)

- [Voiceover] Okay, let's

everybody have our attention now.

Let's get your attention here.

Now we've got about three

minutes until starting time or less.

We're gonna have it there

and we're gonna run it right.

Come on now, let's everybody get back.

Let's give these riders

plenty of room now.

- How's it going, Halsy?

- Hell! (spits)

(motorcycle engine)

(country music)

Wanted man in California

Wanted man in Buffalo

Wanted man in Kansas City

Wanted man in Ohio

Wanted man in Mississippi

Wanted man old Cheyenne

Wherever you might look tonight

You might see this wanted man

I might be in Colorado
Or Georgia by the sea
Working for some man who may not
Know who I might be
And if you ever see me coming
And if you know who I am
Don't you breathe it to nobody
'Cause you know I'm on the lamb
Wanted man by Lucy Watson
Wanted man by Jeannie Brown
Wanted man by Nellie Johnson
Wanted man in this next town
But I've had all that I wanted
Of a lot of things I've had
And a lot more than I needed
- Move out the way!
(motorcycle engine)
- Huh?
(crowd shouting over each other)
- Come on, dude!
Come on!
- [Voiceover] Come on back.
- [Voiceover] Will ya hurry up?
- There you go.
Hey, dude.
(crowd cheering)
- [Voiceover] Riders let's get ready.
Knock off that conversation,
let's be ready.
That flag can drop any time
and anybody jumps that gun
is gonna be disqualified.
Ready?
Watch that flag.
(gunshot)
Go!
(crowd cheering and shouting)
(cacophonous motorcycle engines)
- Damn it!
Ya-hoo!
Woo-hoo!
Hey man, get it on!
Hey, get on!
(buzzing motorcycle engines)

- [Little] Hey Hals, you dead?
You okay?
Hey, Halsy?
Hey.
- You ran right under me,
you bird-brained creep.
- [Little] I think I broke my leg, man.
- What the hell did you
run right under me for?
- [Little] You hurt any?
- Broke my chain, I think.
(motorcycle engines)
God damnit!
Get out the way!
God damn bike!
- What are you gonna do, Hals?
Halsy, I can't get out of my pants!
My leg's broken.
- Yeah, go on, okay.
Get out!
(motorcycle engines)
(drowned out by engines)
You got matches?
- Matches?
- How the hell am I gonna find you
if when I come back it's dark?
- You'll be back before dark.
They'll send somebody back before dark.
- Oh ho, not these Micky
Mouse Country Road shows, man.
They don't take no responsibility.
You're on your own.
- [Little] Hey, Halsy.
You'll be back before dark,
it's only four o'clock!
- Oh, oh yeah!
Only just light a match
when you hear me comin'.
Just in case.
That's right, you!
- Thanks a lot, you comin' back or not?
I got a broke leg!
- Hey don't panic, man.
You panic in this weather, it'll kill ya.

Here you go.

- What's this?

- That's what to do in case
of snake bite, read it.

(motorcycle engine)

- [Voiceover] Let's everybody
now remember this race
is all for trophies here today, gang.
So let's give everybody a nice hand
when they cross that finish line.
We've still got a lot of riders coming in.
A lot of winners to sort out.
And all of you guys know
that they get one trophy.
Get your machines and get over
there by that trophy case.
All right, now let's get over
there by that trophy case,
what do you say?

- Say, you ought to be a model.

- Would you please quit it?

- Oh, babe.

Listen, I'm an expert, do you
know how many races I won?

- Do you have to do that?

- Every time I've come some trophy chick
who thinks she's Ann-Margret.

- I never said I was any Ann-Margret.

- Listen, these hands have held
the boobs of more top-flight
actresses than trophy girls.

- Well I'm not any
trophy girl, now come on.
Please?

- You got 'em all beat, my dear.
(both laughing)

By a mile.

- [Woman] You.

- [Halsy] Two miles.

- Yeah, but you know they
don't have trophy girls
at desert endures.

- [Halsy] Yeah...

The cheap-asses, all this racing, no ass.

- Would you please take
your hands off my things?
- Some people really don't
know how to take a compliment.
- Well I thank you, but my gosh.
I mean, there's a lot of people here.
It's kind of embarrassing
in public and everything.
- Why?
- Well, I don't know but,
one thing is you haven't
even gotten your trophy yet.
- (laughs) Damned if I don't.
- Yeah.
Hey, what are you doing?
(motorcycle engine)
(crickets chirping)
(coyote howling)
- When are the other guys
gettin' back, Joe and Bill?
Oh, they'll be back here
any minute now, Don.
Hey, would you care for
a cup of coffee, Spike?
How about you, George?
Thank you, Joe.
Well, you're welcome, Fred.
I mean, Bill.
Where you workin' now, Joe?
Oh you know, down by the railroad tracks.
Oh you are? You like it?
Well you know, it's uh, oh yeah.
Oh well, would you care for an orange?
No, I don't wanna ruin my breakfast.
- Hey, dude.
I hate to tear you away
from your friends but,
(woman giggles)
I gotta split.
They got pro races every
weekend out there in California
someplace and if we split out there,
who's gonna know who's you and who's me?
- Somebody's gonna find out.

- You think you're famous?
It's a funny thing but
nobody knows me out there.
So how are they gonna know who's who,
if I'm there with your bike,
your license, your number
and you're standin'
right there to deny it?
- How will we split it up?
- Halfs!
Hold on, excuse me.
All points go automatic
under your name, not mine.
Toward your expert card, your
standing in the nationals
which the way you ride is the
only way you're ever gonna
qualify if somebody race for you.
You're actin' like you're
doin' me a favor, shit.
(car horn)
- Seems like a good deal
to me, the way I see it.
- Yeah, for sideburns.
- If I want to race pro...
Where could I race pro around here?
- What are you talkin' about racing for?
You're his tuner, Little.
He's racing, dummy, on your
bike, with your license
'cause he got throwed out.
- Meantime, I could
hit all the main events
across the country, Dad, I
can't do that around here.
- Meantime who pays?
- You know I think he done it on purpose.
- Broke my leg?
- What's a broke leg to his kind?
- You'll have to prove that to me.
- I might just do that.
(car horn)
- Well I gotta go.
- [Halsy] Hey, come on, dude!

(car horn)

- Little?

Little.

(stutters)

The best fortune to you, Little.

But I still don't see no good out of
hookin' up with an
undesirable like that though.

- That goes ditto for me.

- I know what you all mean, you know?

But if I wanna race, there's
a lot I can learn from him.

And uh...

There's a few things

I could teach him too.

Anyway.

What else is there to do?

We're gonna split 50/50.

So, um.

I got nothin' to lose.

(car horn)

- Dear god!

(truck engine revving)

(cacophonous motorcycle engines)

- [Voiceover] Wait a minute.

As Fauss went by out there,
he just took the front wheel
right off of number 80.

(cacophonous motorcycle engines)

- Halsy, come on!

- Come on, Halsy!

Come on, baby!

Come on, Halsy!

- Hey, man.

Great, Halsy. Great, man.

Hey, out of sight, man.

- Man this bike, woo!

Use them other scooters for traction!

- One more lap, wasn't even half a mile,
you would have been first.

- You know what even second pays?

\$30.

Screw first!

- Hey.

Beer's on you for a week.

- Beer nothin', I'm gettin' me a pint!

(crowd shouting over each other)

He fell right into my groove,

man, hell it took two laps

before they could even

get 'em out of there.

Did you see that?

Is he dead or anything?

Just to darn my fun?

Even though I'm workin' so

hard just sittin' in there

in that position it's just so exciting.

- There's just one thing I

wanna ask you, Halsy Knox,

and that's who the hell is she?

- Who in the hell am I? Who in

the hell are you, you bitch!

- You know, if I could just

get in there all night long,

even though I'm working.

Hey, hey!

(door creaks open)

Hey, what are you sleepin' in the car for?

- Somebody's gotta guard the bikes.

- I'll guard the bikes. Go on in.

- Where'd you get that flashlight?

- Hey man, look at this.

It cleans up lint, it

air-conditions your face.

It's even got a table on the side

that gives weights and measures.

- You just gonna top it off?

- Well listen, you get

stopped by the highway patrol,

they're gonna give you a ticket

if you don't have the proper

safety equipment.

Are you goin' in or not?

- I guess I better not.

- Come on, tell them I

said it was all right.

It's okay by me, come on!

- I think I've come down with a cold.

- Oh.

Okay, let's split.

- You just cut out on Moneth?

- Yeah.

Hold on a second.

Hey, I thought you said you had a cold?

- Well, it's not that bad.

- Man, we're leavin'!

- Well I just thought I'd go say goodbye to Moneth.

- Oh, to hell with her.

What's she to you?

- Nothing.

You know, but, it's such an easy set-up like you said.

- Forget it.

- Well now is a good time to take care of the shyness I got and strike while the iron's hot 'cause nobody cares.

- Well Little, you had your chance.

- Couldn't I just, take a peak?

(Halsy sighs)

- [Voiceover] So this year's crop and to the surplus carryover is at the end of this year, the surplus is expected to be down to about 12-million bales.

And on the basis of current guesses, the surplus could be cut to about 9-million bales.

There has been a new proposal for a compromise plan.

(buzzing)

It comes from a Kansas congressman who wants a scaled-down version of the program.

- They're gonna feel awfully bad, Halsy, when they wake up and find out you're not here.

- No sir, man.

Once a chick swings AC/DC on ya, split. Once it's cool.

Twice it's queer.

(country music)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy

Man they make a winning team

Fauss supes up the engine

And Halsy is a woman's dream

But they keep on movin', movin', movin'

Honey they movin' right along

Ain't never found a place, sweetheart

I could really settle and call my home

- Hals?

- Yeah.

- Are you awake?

- I better be. I'm drivin'.

- Hey, man.

What the hell? What

did you do to this car?

- [Little] I was sleeping--

- [Halsy] Look at it!

Look at the gauge.

That dude's all the way over.

- Well, it's not my fault!

- Well you were sleeping
in the car all night.

- That's exactly what
I was doin', sleepin'!

- Well what were you
thinkin' about in there?

Well you better get on this, dude.

Son of a bitch.

(rumbling overhead)

What's it gonna do now, rain?

(sighs)

Hey if I tell you somethin',
you gotta believe me, okay?

- Well, I usually believe
what people tell me.

- No. (chuckles)

Not this you won't.

- Well, I don't know.

You know, the truth is
unless it's what people say, you know?

- I bet you think that I
make out really good, huh?

Well I don't, I don't.
I don't make out good.
You know those girls?
Do you think I don't know they're dogs?
- I didn't know if you knew or not.
- I don't know why, with
all I got goin' for me,
all I get are the dumb-dumbs.
- They mean well, I guess.
- You think I don't know who they are?
What they are?
- I don't know, if they were or not.
- You know, sometimes when drunk I...
I really think that they're princesses.
Then I wake up and,
they're just pigs.
- I just figured you liked pigs.
(both laugh)
- Hey, you thought old
Moneth was bad, huh?
- I just see, you know.
If she wasn't a pretty
girl or so indecent,
they had just, it figures.
- No man, I mean that's
what I'm tellin' ya.
It's just these gland
cases and hurtin' whores
that'll have me.
Where the hell are we?
- I don't know.
- Stay clean, man.
- Hey, I'm not so clean.
- I don't mean pure.
- Oh, I used to see my
foot sometime. (chuckles)
- I mean decent.
- Hey Halsy, you know, just because...
Just because you yank it up
all the time... (chuckles)
I'm not your pure St. Peter, you know?
- [Halsy] You know what?
- [Little] What?
- All I say is, it's just talk.

- No, you're a sure good talker, man.
You had two chicks in the sack.
Stupid me, man.
Sleepin' in the car. (chuckles)
(rainfall)
(overhead rumbling)
(motorcycle engines)
It's pre-igniting again, we
gotta go to a colder plug.
- [Voiceover] You guys wanna step it up?
We're running a little bit late.
This will be a 250 through 650 class.
We're gonna run a quarter of
a mile for at least two miles.
- Are you gonna pay attention
to what this guy's sayin'?
- (chuckles) Look over there.
- Huh?
Jesus Christ.
(men shouting over each other)
(whistling)
Oh, my hell.
Okay, get rid of her.
- Me?
It's your truck.
- Well, you're a good Samaritan.
- And you're the Don Juan.
- Hey man, just dump
her out, get rid of her.
I don't care how.
- And just leave her there?
- Well they did, didn't they?
- [Little] Yeah but they're undesirable
- Hey, I don't want her
there when I come back, okay?
Now I got a bike to ride.
(men cheering and whistling)
(woman panting)
- Hey, this is our truck.
(woman panting and moaning)
Hey, this is our truck.
(woman panting and moaning)
Uh, you need a dime or
anything to make a call?

Lady?

- Do you know where a gym is?

- A gym?

- You know, if we go into town with a gym in it.

Just let me out at the gym.

- What are you doin'?

- 'Cause I gotta start workin' out.

- Man, I wasn't payin'

no attention to her.

I don't think she knows what she's doin' or talkin' about or nothin'.

- [Woman] Who's your friend?

- What are you doin', lady?

- I don't think you can find a gym around here, lady.

- 'Cause that's the first thing you do when you start gettin' straight, is you start eatin', puttin' on fat.

Uh-uh.

You guys don't turn on, or what?

- Now listen, damnit, I told you about that light.

- I'm just trying to exercise a little.

(arguing over each other)

Just don't push!

Shit.

- Hey, get out of the car.

- Hey, wait a minute!

(truck horn)

- [Halsy] Get out the car.

- [Woman] Hey, hey, hey!

- [Halsy] Get out of the car. (laughs)

- Hey come on, I'm just trying to exercise, okay.

Wanna taste somethin' good?

- Wow, wow man.

Hey Halsy?

- [Halsy] Yeah I heard, man.

- Oh, boy.

- Do you wanna taste somethin' good?

- Hey, no that's not funny, it's just bad.

- Hey, you don't have a guitar, do you?

- Guitar?
- Do you have a guitar?
- (laughs) No we got no guitars.
- You play guitar?
- Yeah.

In New York City I play guitar.

- [Halsy] Let's go, buddy.
- [Little] Yeah.
- Somebody stole my guitar.
- No shit.
- Hey listen, it'll be okay.

You'll find a guitar.

- It's okay, don't stay, just split.
- I don't want you in my karma anyway.
I gotta be very careful
who I let in my karma.

- Your what?
- I'm not lettin' anybody in my life
when I get straight this time.

- Hey, did you ever notice
that you can drive all day
and all night,
and wherever you stop it's
the same greasy hamburgers?
The same fried egg.
Served by the same fat waitress.
It's just like you never
went nowhere at all.

- It's like you never went nowhere.

- That's just what I said.

That's what I said, dude.

(Little chuckles)

It's always the same.

- What are we gonna do about her?
- It's her lookout.
- Well sure, where are we even going?

- Just some other greasy
spoon down the road.

- Yeah.

It's just another greasy
spoon down the road.

- I gave her five bucks.
- You gave her three bucks.
- Oh, was it three?

- What's she gonna do with three bucks?

- You big lover.

(chuckles)

- I don't have to be her lover.

- (chuckles) I knew you'd
get yourself in trouble.

- Well you get yourself in trouble,
why can't I get myself in trouble?

- Hey, because I can get myself out.
I can get myself out again.

- I want her.

- You want her?

- I can want somebody too, you know.

- Oh no, man, I can get you somebody.
You could have Moneth.

- I want somebody who's my own.

What is that dope-head
community screw, man.

She's nothin' but some
mama for all them freaks.

- No man, she's all alone.

(boat horn)

- You know what I wish?

- What?

- I had me a Geiger counter.

- A Geiger counter?

- I'll marry me the first man
who comes up with a Geiger
counter and we'll live at the beach.

You know how treasure there
is buried in the sand alone?

Plenty.

- You know what I wish?

- What?

- That somebody asked me what I wished.

- Okay, what do you wish?

- I wish that we'll all be friends
and have good luck and be happy.

(chuckles)

- [Woman] How'd that happen?

- Well, I was going as fast as
I ever went in my whole life
and fell off.

Him and me.

- Yeah, I heard you break your leg.

- Hey, remember what happened in digger, he was workin' on the oil rigs.

- Digger?

- Isn't that in Oklahoma?

Where the whole town blew up or something?

- Never heard of it.

- He wasn't expected to live at first. And then he was never supposed to walk.

- Sure.

- Shit, the way he said it, I thought it was famous.

- Mm, well.

A spine's integrity.
His is broken.

- What's the leg?

- The leg?

- The leg's sport.

- [Voiceover] Slow down, slow down!
Over here, over here!
(screams) Son of a bitch!

- [Voiceover] Watch where you're goin', you jerk!

- [Voiceover] We've got a real celebrity here with us this afternoon, folks.
Rick Nifty's in from the east so this is the guy that's the guy to watch here this afternoon.
Let's get all the runners over here for a rider's meeting.

- Now all you tuners and sponsors have got to conform too. No more of these weird outfits. We got too many of these weird outfits in the pits. Now you all wanna keep racing something you can be proud of so we gotta get rid of these high heels and these tight pants.

- I see there's some pretty illustrious people here today.

- [Organizer] Now let's get

back 'cause we got a lot of things to do and we don't have much time. Come on, men, let's get going.

- Hey.

- How you doin', Rick?

- Hey, you probably don't remember but a couple years back when the army had me for a couple of years and I got this back messed up in Vietnam, you and me went a round together at Sears Points.

- [Rick] Oh, is that right?

- [Voiceover] How's it goin', Rick?

- When Uncle Sam calls you, you gotta do your duty and you do your duty even if it costs you and you gotta begin all over again.

- Look I gotta go to work if I'm gonna do any racing today.

- Oh hey, no sure, I just wanted to extend my apologies for this rotten track, excuse me honey.

This rotten track and tell you to be sure and watch out for that transmission fluid on the track and them grease stains that they left from the drag races last night.

Hey.

I wanted to tell you it's a real pleasure, a real pleasure to go around with a top professional go-faster here today.

Maybe again next year at Sears Point.

Oh hey, when is Sears Point, this year?

(background chatter)

Did you see that?

It's ol' Rick Nifty.

Rick Nifty.

Old buddy of mine.

(chuckles) It ain't even legal I got him so panicked.

Only way that dude's gonna see the finish

is to get in my draft.

I'm gonna blow that son of a bitch right off the course.

- Hey hold it, Halsy.

- He just better watch his ass.

- You just better watch yours, man.

- What they ought to do is to pay me extra just for making it interesting.

That's what these square-jaws want, is to see the real muscle fighting it out!

Two top fast go-getters, fightin' it out to the finish.

- The world starring Halsy Knox.

- How's that, Lady Godiva?

(cacophonous engine revving)

(drowned by out engines)

- [Voiceover] Go!

(muffled announcement system)

- [Voiceover] This could be an upset because Nifty is not used to being behind!

(distorted and muffled announcement system)

- [Voiceover] Look at him go!

Oh, and there goes Fauss!

Fauss gets a California bath!

- No scot-roddy Rick Nifty Van Dooz and Jim Dandy Sinclair's gonna lift his leg on me and get away with it.

That bastard think he's the only one who ever been up to Sears Point?

- When were you at Sears, Hals?

- He don't know I wasn't ever at Sears Point.

It rained the year I was at Sears Point.

Drove all the way up to 'Frisco, got up there and it rained.

- I heard they raced race or shine up there.

- Not if there are earthquakes.

Who couldn't win a race?

You fly in the morning,
you fly out at night.
You got the top tuners
workin' the top bikes for ya.
- You carried your mad
into that race, Halsy.
Which is the dumbest thing,
man, that anybody could do.
- I gotta get me a sponsor.
I gotta get me a sponsor.
- And that's where you goofed, you know?
- Somebody who knows bikes
much less throttle return springs.
- That throttle return spring was perfect.
- Man, I couldn't have
stopped nowhere in that
Micky Mouse scooter of yours, Little.
- Yeah, you missed the trail, man.
Hey, you can't ride, that's it.
You can't ride.
(melancholic country music)
True love is greater than friendship
That's right
Even though it's seems wrong
And before I'll see you
Hurt her anymore
I'll just hold to her love
But I'll be gone
You don't really want her
You're playin' a game
Oh you use her
And drag her along
And before I'll see you
Hurt her anymore
I'll just hold to her love
But I'll be gone
You'll use her, abuse her
Mistreat her then leave her
- Hey what, are you drinking
all the beer, old buddy?
(repeated clunking)
Well it's on your side, dude.
- [Little] Naturally.
(woman humming melodically)

- Halsy?
- Whaty?
- Whaty?
- Never mind, what?
- [Little] What's whaty?
- [Halsy] Never mind, damnit.
What do you want?
Didn't you ever say whaty
when someone said your name?
(woman hums melodically)
- I just want to tell you somethin'.
- [Halsy] Okay, what?
- Hey, what I was wonderin'
is when your suspension's up.
- What are you homesick?
If you're homesick, go home if you want.
- No, I want my...
I want my bike back, I
want my license back.
And uh.
I wanna be Little again, you know?
- Sure, man, screw it, right away.
I don't give a damn.
- You don't have to be dragged about it.
- They'll cancel my suspension
and I'll pay my dues anyway.
Don't worry about me.
- It's just my leg's better, that's all.
- I'm not bugged, who says I'm bugged?
Well you tell it true,
it ain't your gimpy leg
you want to exercise.
- I just wanna race is all.
- (spits) Sure, man.
It's your bike, you race it.
Only don't tell me it's
your bike you wanna race.
- Yeah, well what is it then?
- It's a chick.
- Yeah well, she ain't
your chick, you know that?
- She sure as hell ain't your chick.
- Uh yeah but it was my
idea to bring her along.

- Whose truck is it? Whose truck is it?

- It's your truck but it's my bike that's winnin' all the races to pay for the food and the gas.

- Damnit, I'm tryin' to bust my ass to score points for you and you're trying to take my chick from me.

- You're trying to take my chick from me, man!

Anyway, you don't want her now, except maybe that she aint' a whore.

- Well if that's friendship, I'm aghast.

- I never said I was your friend, Halsy. I don't even fuckin' like you.

- Oh, so he finally blurts it out.

- I don't have to blurt it, I'm tellin' you cold and clear, man, I don't like you.

I never did and everything I had to talk you about, man, I had to think up.

- Hey, we're gonna settle this, Little, before I bust you in the face.

Maybe we better call out Rita and see how she stands, huh?

Hey!

(whistles)

Ask her.

(car starts)

(clears throat)

- Little, I got it.

Little, see here it is, like I told you.

After you left with sideburns, I found this in your room.

See?

The photographer's camera.

For all we know, sideburns could have committed foul play to get this.

And they could have took you as his accomplice.

- He don't have to get rough, old Halsy.

As long as nobody ever steps up and says,
'Hey man, you ain't tellin' the truth.'
That's what he's got goin' for him.
As long as nobody ever steps up and says,
'Hey.
'That ain't what you said yesterday.'
You know?
- What, where...
What was I saying? Oh.
(sighs)
I'd just as soon have died.
Half the time I thought I did already.
Then I'd hear conversations
with other bodies.
'Are you dead?'
'Oh yeah, are you?'
And that's when I knew that I wasn't.
They bored two holes in
my head and it was...
It was pulling my head in one
direction and feet in another
and they was turnin' me over
every half hour like some
barbecued chicken on a spit.
Just to keep my poor
old spine from saggin'.
- [Rita] People die with broken backs.
- Usually people die.
But sometimes things happen
that aren't usual, I mean a
guy can fall off a 12-story
building and he don't die.
I fall down five steps
and I break my neck.
And all because of some dumb
broad named Bunny Patchen.
It was hot and I was runnin'
from the bathroom to the
bedroom, you know, and it
must have been the excitement
of the big date and all because
I got to feelin' kinda dizzy
and the next thing I know
I'm fallin' down these stairs

and then I'm in the
intensive care on that spit.
And then a bodycast, I was in
a bodycast for three months.
And all I get from old Bunny
Patchen is this get well card
saying 'Oh I'm sorry, Halsy.
'Just can't work out between
us due to the fact of all the
'things you place so much
importance on and I don't.'
- Yeah, I know, same thing happened--
- No it didn't happen to you,
damnit, it happened to me.
It didn't happen to you.
- What I mean is, you're
looking to be responded to.
- Oh, bullshit.
- Not call bullshit.
It's called moving off your center.
- If I told you I was being
tortured by wild Persian tribes
while I was travelling
around the world for the FBI
you'd listen to me but
I told you the truth
and you wasn't listenin'.
You wasn't listenin'.
So what good is the truth?
(loud motorcycle engines)
Turn right!
(bikes screeching)
(chatter drowned out by engines)
- [Voiceover] Crosses the
line, folks and officially
here is the results, first it's Ken Lomen,
second was Pearl Thumb,
third Don Dimaonds.
Just out of the winning, Halsy Knox.
(seagulls squawking)
- He asked me where my Mars was.
Keeped on bugging me about
my Mars and I tell where my
Mars is, now you come out

with where's my Venus.

- Shh, please be quiet?

- What's the matter, am I making you nervous?

- You're moving me very much off my center the last few--

- Oh hey, babe, I don't know about your center. I don't know where your center is, I don't know where my planets are, I just know we're broke. Unless you come up with something here today besides these bottle caps and pennies, I'm gonna hock this toy.

- You hock your own toy, sonny, you don't hawk mine!

- Hey wait a minute, you mean hock my bike?

Hm?

- You haven't made dime once since you went 100%. I thought that ought to tell you somethin'.

- What? Okay, what ought to tell me what?

- You need Little.
(approaching motorcycle)

- You did it!

Little Little, oh!

Little!

Woo-hoo, Little!

That's your best time yet, son! You broke your own record.

- Well, I couldn't have done it without you and your flag, Ma.

- [Mom] Oh, you. I'll get you! (laughing)

Get away from you, Little. (laughs)

I'm gonna get you, Little!

- [Little] Hey, come on, Ma. Hey, Ma.

Hey, Ma, quit foolin' around!

- Get down from there.

- Hey.

(faint country music)

Wanted man in California

Wanted man in Buffalo

Wanted man in Kansas City

Wanted man in Ohio

Wanted man in Mississippi

Wanted man in old Cheyenne

Wherever you might look tonight

You might see this wanted man

- Well howdy, folks, how you doin'?

Ma'am, how are you?

How's about a body gettin' some gas

for a broke down truck up the road?

- Sure got a lot of nerve comin' out here
with an empty tank.

- Oh, man. (laughs)

Hey, you may let me starve,

but you ain't about to

let no motor go hungry.

Wanted man by Lucy Watson

Wanted man by Jeannie Brown

Wanted man by Nellie Johnson

Wanted man in this next town

I've had all that I wanted

How's your old man?

- He's dead.

- Oh.

Oh.

I'm sure sorry to hear

that, I was genuinely

fond of the old gentleman.

- That's more than he

had to say for you, man.

- No, I'm...

I am much shocked to hear

of his untimely domain.

(brushing teeth)

(clanging)

How the hell are ya, buddy?

- What is it you want, Hals?

- (chuckles) You're mean, Little.

Now you don't respond to people

and damnit that's a bad trait.

People want to be responded to.
Looky here, I gotta bend over backwards
just to catch your eyes.
I was sayin' to Rita this mornin',
'Boy is real with old Little,
that's gonna be a tough one.'
But damnit, worth it.
- Hey Rita, how are ya?
- I'm fine, Little.
How are you?
- I'm fine too, thank you.
(Halsy clears throat dramatically)
When did you get that?
- I wondered when the heck
you were gonna notice.
- Ridin' sidehack now huh, who with?
- Well, old Jimmy Fast got
killed up at Corganville
and his wife said 'Here, take it.'
Said she never wanted to see it again.
- How's Herera?
- I gave him Rita's Geiger
counter for his half.
- No I mean, how is he?
- Well he's great,
except he's got no nose.
- Well, uh.
Who you ridin' sidehack with?
- Well I truly hoped that it
was gonna be my old friend
Little Fauss!
- Hey.
You might tell him half that thing's mine.
You know, my Geiger counter paid for it.
- Man, we couldn't hustle up enough loot
to hustle up a doctor soon
enough and now it's too late.
And hell I'd marry her like that!
Except they just caught up
with me for non-support on one
family and hell I don't even
know if I'm divorced yet!
Hell, you know me.
I'm not the kind of guy who

can just cut out on some girl.
And well, still rememberin'
how much in love that you two
were I just kinda figured
I'd maybe just step right out
of your ways if you thought
you might wanna get together
and team up again, get somethin' goin'.
- You mean come back and be your tuner
and take a shot at Rita
every once in a while, right?
- Well you have a low mind, Little.
- You just wanna pawn
that chick off on me, man.
Well, that's how it is, right.
- Hey, I don't even know if it's my kid!
Sure, for all I know it
may even be your kid.
Yes, sir.
Man, she can't even
tell me whose kid it is!
It'd just break my heart
to give up poor Rita
but if that's what I gotta do.
Be just like old times, you remember?
Lots of laughs, plenty of ass!
What do ya say, babe?
- I ain't a tuner anymore, I race.
- I want you to race.
That's what I'm here for, I
need you to sidehack for me.
- Halsy, I ain't climbin' on
no sidehack to hold you down.
I race solo, 100%.
- She's havin' a baby, man,
and I don't have a dime.
- I'm goin' to San Francisco.
- Sears Point?
- That's all I'm gonna do.
I ain't ridin' sidehack no more,
I ain't gettin' screwed up,
I'm just goin' to Sears point
to race and screw people.
- Hey.

- Yeah?

Well?

- I'll make it a rule,
never to make no promises.

- So?

- I just want you to know though that,
that you can count on me.

- I make it a rule, never
to count on anybody.

- Good.

Then maybe we'll get along.

(faint country music)

(approaching car)

I don't wanna be tied to
a load that I can't carry

Just wanna hear that thunder roar

On trails that ain't been rode before

Don't put no chains on

me, I'm rollin' free

(muffled radio chatter)

(motorcycle engine)

(crowd cheering and shouting)

(screaming)

- [Voiceover] As he slides back down.

(motorcycle engine)

(muffled radio chatter)

- Rita?

- [Voiceover] Then the next
rider up will be one of the
local favorites, Little
Fauss on number 191.

(motorcycle engine)

There he goes, it looks like a good run.

- Oh, Little.

Whatever happened to...

Whatever happened to, oh.

(moans)

Whatever happened to, Halsy?

(Little groans)

- He knocked up some whore.

A while back.

Yeah, well he probably

had to get married by now.

(cacophonous revving engines)

- [Halsy] Woo-hoo-hoo, we did it baby!

Hey.

- Just shut up, and hurry up.

- How are we doin'?

Easy, we got plenty of time.

Hold on, I got ya.

- First aid and big smiles is not gonna get me through this.

- What a prima donna.

- You're supposed to exercise.

- I got you, babe.

- Supposed to exercise and eat.

And take breathing lessons.

And I didn't do any of it.

- Put that baby out of there, huh, we're comin'!

I got ya, now just take it easy.

- [Voiceover] Hey Halsy, you ain't gonna win this race!

- Huh, who the hell are you smartass?

How come I didn't see you?

I didn't see you 'cause you was behind me, that's why!

Easy now.

(Rita groans)

What the hell were you ridin'?

Take it easy, will ya?

I got the leg, I got it.

Hey!

Throw me that helmet, will ya, Jake?

Come on, man, I gotta get movin'.

Hey wait a minute.

Easy, I got it.

(car starts)

- [Voiceover] Okay mac, go ahead.

(Rita panting)

- I want somebody to call my father.

- No one needs to call your father, baby.

I'm right here.

I'm your father.

- If we, if we go to 'Frisco, that's where they live.

We could call and blow their minds.

- (chuckles) We're gonna

go to 'Frisco, baby.

We're gonna blow your old man's mind
and I'm gonna win the old 200.

(phone rings)

- [Voiceover] Community Hospital.

Can I help you?

- Mr. Knox.

Are you Mr. Knox?

- What? Huh?

What? Uh-huh.

Why?

- Congratulations, it's
healthy six-pound baby girl.

- What? Huh?

- Your wife, Miss Nebraska.

- Yeah?

- She's asking to see you.

If you haven't (chuckles) split.

(Halsy sighs)

(melancholic country music)

(door creaks open)

(rooster crows)

- You guys. You can't even
say goodbye and thank you.

- I was gonna say goodbye
and thank you, Moneth,
but I thought I'd let you
get your beauty sleep.

- Yeah well if you see
your boyfriend down there,
you sure tell him he taught
you all the wrong things.

'Cause you two sure like to
leave a girl high and dry,
you know that?

- Could be you, Moneth, you know that?

- Who me?

- And uh, don't you ''you guys'' me.

'Cause I'm me.

- Yeah well maybe you used to
be but you sure ain't anymore,
you know that, Little?

- 'Cause Halsy and I ain't
even friends anymore,

much less what you say, boyfriends.

- Can't you just, please?

Say goodbye?

- Goodbye, Moneth.

- Sears Point, you big-time beguiler.

I long to enter your 200 miler.

Lest I forget, though

it's needless to mention.

Your cow-palace trade show

commands my attention!

Good to see Good Year

and Triumph and Harley.

Nixon and Balman and Oldham and Charlie.

Top hot shoes and go-fasters

all racin' together.

Despite of the mother-humping

California weather.

- They'll never print that.

- Oh, they printed all

them stories and articles

on how I cycled through South America.

- [Rita] India, India.

- [Halsy] Huh?

- You told me it was

India you cycled through,

not south America.

- [Halsy] Did I say India?

Oh that's right, it was.

That's right, it was India.

Turkey and Turkeystan.

All them places.

Burma.

(Rita chuckles)

There's the fuzz.

Fuzz is here, everybody's here!

God that is beautiful.

- [Rita] Yeah it sure is.

(Rita hums melodically)

(faint whistling wind)

(motorcycle engine revving)

(Rita humming melodically)

(faint whistling wind)

Is he here?

- [Halsy] Huh?

- [Rita] Is he here?
- Who?
(Rita groans)
Hey.
(Rita hums melodically)
All I'm lookin' for out of
this is a factory contract.
I'm just tired.
I'm tired of leanin' on
dealers all over the country.
To ride them name-brands
in every fairground
and county fairs all over the country.
Just to get on some factory
team at 40 or \$60,000 a year.
That's all Sears Point means to me.
- [Voiceover] Let's play
dealer wins, it's my beer.
(overlapping conversation)
- Come on, Halsy, deal.
Come on, Frank, put 'em up.
- All right, man, let's go.
- Everybody in?
- [Voiceover] Hell, I
thought we were bein' raided.
Is poker legal in California or what?
- Lock the door will ya, babe?
- I ran into an old friend
of yours downstairs.
- Who?
- I asked him to come up.
(Halsy burps)
(background chatter)
Well, if ain't Little Fauss my old tuner.
Good deal.
How are ya?
Come on in, grab a chair.
(muffled background chatter)
- Who's into who?
Somebody's into somebody.
Do you want a beer?
You know Rita, oh yeah, you seen our kid?
- Yeah, you got a nice baby.
- Thank you, well how do you know, man?

You haven't even seen
her, she's over here.

- I seen her when your old
lady dragged me up here.

- There's nothin' like a kid in the world.
Nothin' like a kid.

- [Voiceover] Are you playin' or not?

- Yeah, hell I'm in.

- [Voiceover] Get in or get out.

- So you're in cockroach manner too, huh?

That's what I call this
place, cockroach manner.

- It's ritzy enough for me.

- Huh?

What?

- Ritzy enough for me.

- Oh no, man, I'm only kiddin'.

Sure, it's beautiful.

TV.

You're only in San
Francisco once, I always say
and all my friends are here.

- I better get some sleep
if I wanna get some practice
laps in in the morning.

- Yeah man, sure.

You better get some sleep.

- [Voiceover] I'll go two
bucks just to get you out.

- [Voiceover] Okay, I'll see you for two.

- Me, I do all my
partying before the race.

Then I'm so hungover all I
wanna do is get that race over.

Damned if I don't race better
just tryin' to get that race
over and back on the road.

- [Voiceover] I'll raise you a half.

- It's just another greasy spoon, right?

- You don't think big, Little.

That's your problem, probably
from racin' dirt too much.

No more suckin' around for
tires and candy-ass spark plugs

for me, babe, no sir.
One year in the national
circuit, then out.
Out while I'm on top.
Go on TV as a famous sports celebrity.
Racin' ain't the only way to make money.
- [Voiceover] The dealer folds.
- Best of luck to you.
- I was even sayin' to old
Rita I thought we might go up
and visit her folks and
kinda make 'em feel good.
- You got a kind heart, you know that?
- [Voiceover] All right
deal it, man, let's go.
- Hey, it's not my deal.
Damn it, whose deal is it anyway?
I ain't runnin' a casino around here.
How's she supposed to get any sleep?
- [Voiceover] Somebody grab the cards.
- [Voiceover] Yeah, see ya.
(overlapping background chatter)
See ya later, Paul.
- [Halsy] Paul? What you talkin' about?
It's Halsy, man!
- [Voiceover] See you later, man.
- How you doin', Rita?
- I'm doin' good, Little,
how are you doin'?
- [Little] All right.
- [Rita] That's good.
What's happenin'?
- [Little] Draft board got me.
- Uh, thought you said you had to go home
and get some sleep, Little?
- Draft board's got me, I got drafted.
- Crash your bike, man, get reclassified.
- You mean, hurt myself on purpose?
- That's what I done.
- I don't feature that.
I don't feature that.
(Halsy groans)
- [Halsy] Except when you go
to wreck yourself a little,

you end up wreckin' yourself a lot.

(chimes)

- [Voiceover] Operator.

- Operator, I'd like to
make a long-distance call
to Pebble Beach, California.

- [Voiceover] What's the caller's estate?

- Uh, to the country club.

- [Voiceover] Do you have the number?

- No, I don't know the number.

And that's person-to-person
to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nebraska.

- [Voiceover] That'll be 75 cents, please.

- Okay.

(rattling)

- [Voiceover] 25 cents more, please.

- Just a minute, I'm comin' up with it.

- [Voiceover] Thank you.

- [Voiceover] Hello, who is it?

- It's Rita.

- [Voiceover] Would you speak up?

I'm sorry I can't hear you,
we got a bad connection here.

Who is it?

- Rita!

- She's gone.

- Who?

- (chuckles) Oh, who?

Who do you think, man? Rita.

She cut, split.

- She's not with me.

- Oh no, I know she's not with you, man.

What's she gonna do with
you if she cut out on me?

- She didn't even say goodbye?

(Halsy laughs)

- Who cares?

Screw her.

Once a whore, always a whore.

Hey.

What would you say to somethin' to eat?

Let's get somethin' to eat, how about it?

Some greasy spoon out there.

Come on!

- [Little] I ate.
- Come on, have a cup of coffee with me.
- I had coffee too.
- Oh well then have crumb,
hell have a toothpick.
Come on, watch me eat, come on.
I turned down Suzuki, did I tell ya?
- Good for you.
- Told them to take their
contract and shove it.
Ain't nobody gonna run
my life like that, man.
- All right.
- Sponsorship is nowhere, man.
Politics.
- That's right.
I had...
I had this offer to go race in Europe.
- [Little] Uh-huh.
- I had to turn it down
because of Rita and the kid.
Shit.
- You didn't have no offers, Halsy.
- Hey ma'am, can I have some coffee?
- Man, what a day for
her to leave on, huh?
- Oh no.
If a chick's gonna go she's
gonna go on your birthday
or on Christmas Eve, they
got their timin' down.
They know just when to cut ya.
- Hey, how's it goin', Halsy?
- Hey, what do you say, babe.
Are you hot today?
- [Voiceover] Yeah!
- 'Frisco. We made it, didn't we?
It ain't how you do, babe.
It's where you been, ain't
you learned that yet?
- It's how you do, Halsy.
- [Voiceover] With the temperature
here on the track at 111
degrees and under cloudless skies,

a North American Grand Prix.
Already we have a large crowd
to witness a professional
motorcycle road race and
we have people spaced
all over this race track
high on the hillsides
at the north edge of San
Francisco Bay here at beautiful
Sears Point International Raceway.
As we start getting underway
in just a few moments.
The factory teams doing battle.
(drowned out by loud droning engines)
And the starter's flag and we're off.
(cacophonous engine revving)
Taking the lead is Cal Grafer, number 25.
(muffled and distorted
announcement chatter)
Taking the back is a first,
we've got a duel going
between two of the unknown
first-time entries here
as number 10 Halsy Knox
and number 58 Little Fauss.
And they're really
see-sawing it back and forth.
The number 58, Fauss on the inside there.
Getting up to about half a bike lane.
And they're see-sawing it back and forth.
They are through the turns
and they should come down
the front straightaway side-to-side.
We'll find out who's got that horsepower.
But wait a minute,
approaching turn seven there,
number 10, Knox starts to stretch it out
as he pulls by off of nine.
He's up about one
length, he gets up to two
and apparently Knox has broken out now
and starting to move up.
(loud revving engines)
There he goes from fifth to fourth.

And they come down that front
straightaway around that bend
and he's got the lead.

(backfiring)

Number 10 Halsy Knox apparent
coming up with some trouble
there he's slowing down.

Once again, back in the
pack, it's number 58.

A first-timer Little Fauss
starting to put the pressure on
as he works his way by Rodder and Kazisaki
and he goes up to eighth.

Across the straightaway we
come and we've got a brand new
duel going with Little Fauss,
number 58 from Oklahoma.

Fauss again and he picks
up another position.

He's running seventh.

Up to sixth he goes.

There he goes past (drowned
out by engines) into fourth.

As they come down the
straightaway, around the bend
and he's in third position now
getting ready to take a shot
at the big boys up front
with only 10 laps to go.

If Fauss can continue the
pace, we could have an upset
this afternoon here at Sears Point.

So keep your eyes on number
58, Little Fauss from Oklahoma.

With only 10 laps to go, if
Fauss can continue the pace,
we could have an upset this
afternoon here at Sears Point.

(overlapping, atmospheric dialogue)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy

Man, they make a winnin' team

Fauss supes up the engine

And Halsy's a woman's dream

But they keep on movin', movin', movin'

Honey they movin' right along
Ain't never found a place, sweetheart
I could really settle and call my home
I've had a woman in every city
I've had a woman in every town
Ain't no need to put your claim on me
'Cause you're never gonna get me down
'Cause I gotta be movin', movin', movin'
Honey, I gotta be movin' along
I'm on the one night stand, gal
Tomorrow by this time I will be gone
Gotta keep movin', honey
Look out