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Top Gear: The Perfect Road Trip 2

By Unknown

CLARKSON:

and I set off from Venice
on what should have been
the perfect road trip.

(LAUGHING)

We always had
the right car for the right road.

What a machine!

The sun shone when we wanted it to...

Look at this now.

...and the rain came when we didn't.

(LAUGHING)

It was brilliant.

Right up to the moment

when the French Constabulary
took away our driving licences.

Oh... Right.

So, this year with the lesson learned,

we thought we'd do

the perfect road trip again.

And this time we'd get it right.

(OPERATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

Do not adjust your set.

I know this how we began last year,

on a Riva Acquarama,

the world's best speedboat.

In Venice, the world's best city

- that's built on a sea.

- Yeah.

But there are some major differences

between what you saw

last year and what you'll see this time.

Firstly, he's even fatter.

- Oh, I am.

- He is.

And secondly, we have completely

changed the route.

Oh, yeah. This year we are not

going to France.

Because frankly, they are...

Well, they're a bunch of...

(OPERATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

Instead we shall be staying in Italy,

God's personal racetrack,
going from Venice down through Tuscany
and Rome
and along the spectacular Amalfi Coast.
And the cars we'll be using will be
even better than they were last year.
Faster, harder, louder.
We'd even arranged to finish on the
glittering jet-set island of Capri
in a couple of classic Ford Capris.
Nothing could go wrong this time.
(HORN HOOTING)
Frankly, the roads we've lined up
this year are biblical.
Well, they're not biblical,
they're more modern than that,
but they are magnificent.
And the cars we have to drive on them...
So, there is a whole exciting, thrilling
bag of things we've got lined up.
But one thing we haven't put in it...
Is James May.
James May. He's not here.
Which is what really makes it perfect.
You lose Captain Slow.
We can go with the sort of speeds
they like in Italy.
And I have one extra thing,
one extra little piece
of perfection this year...
- Oh, here we go.
- ...to go with the perfect road trip.
No, critical, for the first time ever.
Food, we're abroad.
Ordinarily, I pretty much starve
or survive on crisps.
This time, for the first time,
not only am I going to be able to eat
foreign food,
I'm gonna love it
because we are going to Bologna,
home of spaghetti Bolognese,
my favourite food in the world.
Bologna. Bolognese.

I'll be able to eat like a local
and love it.

(OPERATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

CLARKSON:

and were ready to meet the cars
we'd chosen
for the first leg of the journey.
Richard would be using the brand new
5.2-litre V10 Lamborghini Hurcan,
the long-awaited replacement
for the Gallardo.

And I'd be using this.

The equally new McLaren 650S,
which comes with a twin turbo
3.8-litre V8.

Now, you're probably sitting there
wondering why neither of us
has chosen to use a Ferrari 458.
And that's a good question
because it is a magnificent car.

- It is. But it has one massive flaw.

- Mmm.

- James May owns one.

- He does.

He does and he has completely ruined it.

Nobody would want to buy
Ferrari 458 now.

- No.

- Nobody.

I do not want to drive to Bologna
in James May's car.

No, it would be like going there
in his underpants.

- It would ruin the experience.

- It's worse.

Whereas in these,
our immediate future is bright.
Our immediate future is orange.
Very, very orange.

Ya-ha-ha!

(ENGINE ROARING)

What a noise!

James May thought long and hard

about buying a McLaren.
But then he realised it was much quicker
than the Ferrari, so of course,
being Captain Slow,
he'd want the Ferrari.
And that was the old MP4-12C,
that was what he was thinking of buying.
This is the 650S and this...
This is a different animal.
This looks more aggressive than the 12C.
It's got some technology from the
P1 in it and much
to the annoyance of those
who did buy a 12C,
this is a hell of a lot faster.
I have at the control of my right foot
641 brake horsepower.
I have 500 torques and all that means
I can go from 0-60
in 2.9 seconds.
The 12C was three seconds faster
round the Top Gear test track
than a Ferrari 458.
This... Oh, this is...
Jesus wept, that's quick!
When we talk about super cars
and then hyper cars,
this is hyper car speed, it really is.
And yet, like the 12C,
it's unbelievably comfortable.
It is like driving around in a cloud.
Because all the wheels
are connected electronically
rather than with anti-roll bars,
there's no physical connection
between them.
And that means
when one wheel goes over a bump,
it feels it, but none of the others do.
That's why you just glide along.
What this means is that you can go
faster and harder for longer.
Which means that pretty soon
you'll have to stop somewhere

so your colleague can catch up.

(BELL TOLLING)

- Shut up!

- I haven't said anything yet.

Yeah, but I know

what you're going to say.

You're gonna go on about

how your car's faster when it's...

It is.

HAMMOND:

CLARKSON:

It's more powerful,

it's got more torque, it's lighter...

There's no point even discussing speed,
and I wasn't going to.

I was going to say...

I don't think your car looks very nice.

- **HAMMOND:**

- It doesn't.

Because it doesn't look very nice?

Look at it, it's all angles and...

It's beautiful.

Look, I will concede, reluctantly,
it's not as visually exciting
as some Lamborghinis are
when they're first launched.

- It should be.

- Deny that the back of your car
still looks like the back
of a vacuum cleaner.

It looks like something on a shelf
in an electronic...

It does, it does.

I... Listen, I'm not saying
that the McLaren is perfect,
but it's more perfect than that is.

I want you to stop talking now
because there's a danger

- I might agree with you a tiny bit.

- (MUMBLING)

And I don't wanna do that. What I do

wanna do is drive my Lamborghini.

Right.

All right, I will concede
that the McLaren is a very good car.
But in the real world, this is better.

It's the things you can't see
that make the difference.

The turbo in the McLaren
is carbon fibre.

Very strong, very light, very good.

But you ding it,
basically you're gonna need a new car.

The tub in this is a blend of
carbon fibre and aluminium
which is easier to repair.

This interior, it's superb.

This has had proper thought put into it.

Things are where they should be,
there's no confusion and what's what
just for the sake of how it looks.

And all of the electronics
now come from Audi.

Which means they work.

There's a device which shuts down
the engine at a set of traffic lights.

And there's four-wheel drive.

But don't think that
they've made it all sensible.

Oh, my God! (ENGINE ROARING)

Listen to that.

(TYRES SQUEALING)

It's got the same
5.2-litre V10 as in the Gallardo.

It's got a new top-end
and a new exhaust system.

A point that makes itself clear
as soon as you put your foot down.

Yay!

(CHUCKLES)

It's got the same
flappy paddled DSG gearbox
as you get in the Audi R8.

Which is very good news,
because that's one of,

if not the best, gearbox in the world.
Instant!
And I've got a button here.
It's the ANIMA button.
That's Italian for animal.
I bet Hammond is sitting
in his Lamborghini now
talking about animals.
'Cause he doesn't know that ANIMA,
which is what the button's called,
in Italian, means "soul".
And there's three different modes,
so I'm guessing
they're like different animals.
The soft one is probably a hare,
fast but quite fluffy.
And then you can go for the middle one,
that's maybe a cheetah.
And then the really angry one
is a tiger. I'm going tiger.
If you push it,
it just firms up the dampers.
It doesn't turn the car
into an elephant.
It has nothing to do with animals.
He's a blithering idiot.
There are times,
pushing on like this when
the Hurcan feels more like a sports car
than a super car,
and that is a compliment.
Because what I'm saying is
it feels more like something you can use
and drive hard rather than a bauble.
The steering is superb.
God, this thing is good.
It's still a Lambo.
This is still exciting.

CLARKSON:

that the Hurcan was behaving
as a true Lamborghini should,
we headed into one of Italy's
least well-known treasures.

Bologna. Home to two basketball clubs,
the seventh busiest airport
in all of Italy
and this, a magnificent piece
of 17th century architecture
that I knew

Hammond was dying to find out about.

Pay attention, Hammond. This is the
longest portico in the world, okay.

It's four kilometres.

Goes all the way from

this part of Bologna

to a church at that part,

and it's so people could go to church
without walking in the sun.

I'm not interested.

666 arches and would you like to know
why they chose the number of the beast?

No. What I'd like to know is

where I get my spaghetti Bolognese.

- (SCOFFS)

- 'Cause that's what I'm here for.

Where is it?

CLARKSON:

(BELL TOLLS)

Obviously, I don't need to be
in the shade because I have a
Mediterranean, olive complexion.

That means I can take the roof
off the 650S

and not suffer at all.

Excellent.

HAMMOND:

I am slightly annoyed by how good
that McLaren looks with the roof off.

Suddenly, it's got all the drama
you need in a super car.

It looks brilliant.

Damn!

And here we are entering

the centre of Bologna,

the red city so named because

it's the communist capital of Italy.

And it's the home of Lamborghini.

That communist icon. (CHUCKLES)

In the city centre, we parked in
a square which caused no fuss at all.

- I apologise for my friend.

- Oh.

- I would really like to go.

- He gets crotchety...

I'm not crotchety.

I just want to go and eat.

- Can I go and get...

- Yes, you go...

- Bye.

- Which one do you like best?

Lamborghini or McLaren?

- McLaren.

- The McLaren?

Yeah. McLaren more than
the Lamborghini even here.

I'll have the spaghetti

Bolognese, please.

No. No, no.

I'll have spaghetti Bolognese, please.

(SPEAKING ITALIAN)

- Spaghetti Bolognese. As in Bologna...

- No. No spaghetti.

- (ENUNCIATING) Spaghetti Bolognese.

- No.

(SPEAKING ITALIAN)

- You sure?

- Spaghetti... No.

Okay.

HAMMOND:

I had to concede defeat
and join Jeremy
who just finished his dinner.

- Wow.

- Beg on.

- This is ridiculous.

- What?

You can't get
spaghetti Bolognese anywhere.

- Can you not?
- In Bologna.
- That's unbelievable.
- What have you had anyway?
I had a rag.
Sounds disgusting.
Hmm. Anyway, listen, never mind that.
I've booked a hotel for the night
and I've got an idea.
It's got one really good room, okay?
Right...
Whoever gets there first
can have the room.
- So a race there?
- Yeah.
- First one there gets that room.
- Yeah. Exactly.
- All right. Yeah, I'm up for that.
- You're up for that?
I'll just finish this
and we'll get going.
- Spaghetti Bolognese.
- Rag, mmm.
Three, two, one. Go!
Satnav is the answer here.
So, let's put it in.
Here we go.
Don't know where he's going.
What Hammond doesn't realise, of course,
is that in old cities like this,
even Audi satellite navigation
is useless.
Local knowledge, that's what you need
and I know it is right here.
I love the way the satnav is integrated
into the main instrument binnacle
rather than a separate ugly screen.
Okay.
Uh... Uh...
Sort of... I think it's that way.
(HONKING)

CLARKSON:

local delivery drivers,

I was making progress
the old-fashioned way.
Good, so right on Nosadella,
past that big statue...
Yes, I know where I am now.
I know more than satellite navigation.
Well, everybody knows more than
McLaren satellite navigation
because it knows
literally nothing at all.
It tells you where you've been.
It tells you where it thinks
you ought to be.
But it never tells you where you are
or where you're going.
There's no left here. Straight on.
No, it was right. It was right.
I should have done the right there.
In cities, most super cars,
in fact all super cars,
feel enormous and ungainly.
They really do feel like you've gone
into a china shop with a bull.
This, though, it doesn't.
It shrinks around you, it feels tiny.
And speaking of Hammond...
God!
I need to be able to select
width of street.
It's really hard to judge this car.
Squeeze it down here. Easy-peasy.
Cyclist! I had no idea he was there.
He's in my blind spot.
Which is massive.
Ooh, three here...
Now left...
This is it.
Oh, God!
Well, I didn't want the posh room
anyway. Any room will do me.
I'm not that fussed. Just a room.
(FOOTSTEPS)
(PANTING)
Oop. I hear the sound

of an approaching Hammond.
I think he's still nine
storeys away, though,
so we have plenty of time
to finish my book.
Ooh, he's getting louder.
Ah, you're here.
Why is the winner gonna be very pleased?
Well, this hotel only has one room,
and, as you can see,
I've got it.
One room? It's not
really a hotel then, is it?
It is. It's a one-room hotel.
So, what do you say?
I've got to either sleep with you...
Which isn't gonna happen.
- No, it's not.
- 'Cause I sleep like that.
Don't wanna know.
Or go all the way back down with my
suitcases and find somewhere else.
That's exactly it.
You lose, back you go.
Right. Gone.
Yeah. Sleep well.
Hope you don't die or anything.
(CHUCKLES)
I'll be fine. I'll find somewhere good.

CLARKSON:

tricky going down than it is going up.

HAMMOND:

I'll get to sleep in hospital.

CLARKSON:

inspired by the incredible views
from my hotel's only bedroom window,
I had an idea.
An idea I was keen to share
with my rather grumpy colleague.
What?
Well, the thing is, okay,

50 miles from here,
not even that, there's a racetrack.

What racetrack?

Can't remember what it's called,
but there's a big red helmet
- at the entrance.

- Let me guess.

Is there only room for one car
on the racetrack?

- No.

- And you're on it first.

No, honestly...

I think we should go there.

No, we should.

- It's a proper racetrack.

- Yes, it is.

- It is.

- All right.

Just have to look for a red helmet.

And so the search began.

(SPEAKING BROKEN ITALIAN)

You don't know. Okay.

(SPEAKING BROKEN ITALIAN)

Grazie.

They don't seem to know, Hammond.

Well, what are you asking?

(SPEAKING BROKEN ITALIAN)

Um, does that mean you're asking them
where their red helmet is?

Oh, yeah.

That might be a bit rude actually.

Eventually, after fine-tuning
our Italian, we found it.

Think you will agree, Hammond,
that is a red helmet.

HAMMOND:

red helmet, yes.

CLARKSON:

It's not the fastest racetrack
in the world,
or the most technical,
but it's sure as hell

the prettiest.

And these are the cars
we'd be driving round it.

I had gone for the new BMW M4.

And Hammond had chosen the V8

Jaguar F-Type Coup R.

A car he doesn't like very much.

(ENGINE REVVING)

Why don't you like it?

Well, I don't think it's as pretty
as everyone says it is.

- It is.

- I don't think it is.

And I don't like the noises it makes.

All those crackles and bangs.

They're artificial.

They're there because a man with
a laptop told it to sound like that.

The V6 isn't as bad,

but this V8, it's...

(STAMMERING) It's false.

So... Okay, you had a choice.

You could have any car you like here.

Why have you brought something
you don't like?

You shall see.

CLARKSON:

Listen to that.

Sounds like it's got indigestion.

And then when you lift off...

(CRACKLING)

Most people hear a car
making noises like that,
they'll think it's broken.

Don't like the interior,

I think the dials are boring.

Putting the light control
on the end of the indicator stalk,

fine in a Nissan Micra,

but in a 95,000 sports car,

it suggests they're too lazy or too mean
to develop a separate switch for it.

And I think it's too expensive.

Best part of 95,000
when you've specced it up
to anything acceptable.
Not so long ago, that was
super car money. It's too much.
It should be altogether cheaper.
So why then have I chosen this car
for my day at Mugello?
Simple.
Because it's more powerful than the BMW
and it can do this.
Some cars can be made to over-steer,
to drift and slide.
This wants to. It's all it wants to do.
(LAUGHING)
Even I can drift this and I'm an idiot!
It's just a hooligan machine.
It might be a Jaguar,
but
it ain't no stuffed shirt.
There are all of two things
I don't like about the BMW
and not just the colour
which, of course, is hideous.
See, the thing is, in essence,
this is a two-door M3,
what used to be called the M3 Coup.
But they've now called it an M4
and they've thought, "Right,
"we must make it different."
And look how much styling there is
in that bit of car.
And then look at the bonnet.
It goes up there,
then up again, then up again
and the door mirror...
Why is it so fussy?
You get the impression that
if the man who'd styled this
were given the job of styling
Angelina Jolie,
"She's got lovely eyes
so I'll give her six of those,
and 14 noses and 23 lips."

And it wouldn't have worked.
And there's more.
Richard's Jag, that has a V8.
The old M3 had a V8.
This has a 3-litre turbo-charge 6,
and I'm sorry, but
turbo charging is for the weak.
I know it's very good for emissions
and polar bears and so on,
but there has to be lag.
There has to be a gap
between when you put your foot down
and the car moving forward.
There has to be.
You can't feel it but it must be there.
It... It must.
Loser!
Very good.
There's another eco issue as well.
They fitted electric power steering.
Whatever you do,
if you have one of these,
never, ever, ever put the steering
in sport plus,
'cause then it's like a switch.
Over-steer on, off. On, off.
Right. I've now got it set up.
Gearbox in maximum attack mode.
Suspension, maximum attack.
Steering, maximum comfort.
'Cause then it'll work. See?
Easy now. Much easier.
(LAUGHS)
And loser!
Yes, very good, Hammond. Very good.
But behind all the little niggles,
there is one inescapable truth.
The old M3 did
the standing kilometre in 24 seconds.
This does it in 22.
But it's not the speed
that impresses most of all with the M4.
It's the precision of the handling.
(ENGINE REVVING)

The obvious thing about this is that
it's all held together with
a latticework of aluminium
and carbon fibre. It's incredibly stiff.
And you can feel that.

(TYRES SQUEALING)

Just a wonderful sense
of just the back starting to go
and it's all communicated beautifully.
If you set it up right.

Hey! Loser!

I've had enough of this.
As I was becoming weary
with cheery Hammond,
I invited him into the pits for lunch...
And an argument.

Why are you eating biscuits?

They haven't got spaghetti
Bolognese, have they?

Well, have rag.

- I don't want rag.

- It's lovely.

- (MUTTERING)

- You'll like it.

- I don't like it.

- That's... Quick...

Uh, yeah... But...

It's a bit

boring compared with that, mate.

This is a different animal to previous
M3 coups. It...

It's definitely different. You know,
the turbo charging and
the electric steering have really
made it very different.

But it is still a serious player.

It's properly quick.

You get... You get it right.

And what was that word you just used?

- What?

- Serious.

- Yeah.

- It is a bit serious. There is a whiff
of serious. It's taking

it all seriously. That
might be a Jag,
but it's mental. It's complete...
It's lunatic.
Even I can slither about in that
and sort it out. It's...
- It's...
- It's got a sticky front
and a loose back end.
- And who doesn't like that?
- Yeah, exactly.
Not a phrase for
a first date, obviously.
No, exactly. But I do like...
- I thought we were...
- I wasn't expecting that.
...freed from that sort of thing.
"As this argument is getting boring..."
- Well, not really.
- I was enjoying it.
"...we've devised a challenge to
see which of your cars is best.
You'll now race The Stig."
Really?
Yeah. "He will be driving
a Fiat 500 Abarth." Oh...
It's a little hatchback.
"He will be given a two minute,
30 second..."
Two and a half minutes start?
"First one to pass him wins."
Pass him?
What, as in when he's there,
overtake him?
You mean we've got to overtake The Stig?
Is that technically,
physically possible?
Stepping into the unknown.
It's like going through a wormhole.
Right.
So, with heavy hearts and wide eyes,
we lined our cars up on the start line,
next to The Stig.
- On the green.

- Okay.
- (LAUGHING)
- It's rubbish.
That was his best shot?
Two and a half minutes.
You see it's been raining.
Yes, I am aware of this. Jeremy.
I'm a bit scared.
- I've got many things to set up.
- Yes.
In drive gearbox.
Violent settings.
Okay, Jag,
I need you to behave.
Steering comfort.
Lovely.
Oh, God, I can actually see him.
This is it. Here we go! Oop!
Struggling for traction.
Oh, deary me, I've made
a mess of all that.

HAMMOND:

I stand a very real
chance of doing this.

CLARKSON:

He also has,
let's be brutally honest about this,
about 130 more horsepower than I do.

HAMMOND:

Think like a racing driver, Richard.
The problem is, I'm not
very good at doing that and the car,
I don't think wants to.
What I need now is precision.
That'll all have to come from me.
Which means I have had it,
because I don't have any precision.
Right, turn in. Just focus on
tightly clean lines.
Not sliding all the way round like this.
This isn't helping anything.

Sliding's not good.
Sliding won't help.

CLARKSON:

But it is wagging its tail
all over the shop.
Damn, damn, damn.
He's on the grass.
I've got him here, surely.
Ha-ha!
God, that BMW's got some go.
Sliding will not help.
Mustn't do it.
Just concentrate on the job in hand
which is catching The Stig.
And then passing him. Some say that
if he's ever overtaken,
he will actually lay an egg.
Still no sign of the little Fiat.
I can scarcely believe my eyes.
It's just not anywhere to be seen!
Where the hell is The Stig?
There he is!
There he is in his little Fiat.
Jeremy's on it! There is The Stig!

CLARKSON:

I've got 425.
He's in range!

HAMMOND:

He is blocking him.
He's not having it, is he?

CLARKSON:

He's being Maldonado!
Now I can't get past Jeremy.
No, not sideways. I have
to stop Hammond.
It means I can't get past The Stig
if I'm doing that!
Oh, Richard, that's not helping.
Uh-oh. Uh-oh. Uh-oh.
Oh, I've spun. Oh, shit.

(GRUNTING) Shit!
Oh, dear, I've done a bad thing.
I'll not deny it. I've crashed.
Yes, we know. I saw you go off.
I broke the car.
It's always me.
It's always me!
Right, no need to worry
about Hammond any more.

HAMMOND:

Yeah, I'd like to think that Jeremy
is doing that for the team now.
Right. Go get him.

CLARKSON:

Fake right, go left.
Yes!
What you gonna do now, Stiglet?
Yes, I've got you.
I've got you stuffed out there.
Rage emanating from every
fibre of his being,
because he knows he's history.
Victory is mine!
Right. When I see Hammond...
When I see Hammond, practise my face.

HAMMOND:

what's it like?
Actually overtaking The Stig.
What did it...

CLARKSON:

it's like a Doctor Who special effect.
It's like space and time,
they move.
Yeah, but was it like a tunnel?

CLARKSON:

(CAR APPROACHING)

- CLARKSON:

- Here he is.

- He's...
- 'Cause this has never happened.
No, it's never happened.
In his entire life.
He's never been overtaken.
(TYRES SCREECHING)

CLARKSON:

in a bad mood.

HAMMOND:

he doesn't get in moods.
He's The Stig. It's just...
It's body language...
No, his body language is bad.
- We're not looking like a...
- No, he's all right, he's okay.

CLARKSON:

(METAL CLANKING)

HAMMOND:

CLARKSON:

- Let's... Let's look at this.
- Oh, I don't wanna... Please.
Probably having me nose rubbed
in the carpet.

- **CLARKSON:**

- Yes.
And you've also done...
I notice you've done this panel.
- Yeah.

- **CLARKSON:**

HAMMOND:

- So, it's time to move on now. Um...
- It is.
- Yes, please. I'd like a lift... Yes.
- You'd like a ride in the BMW.
Yes, please.

CLARKSON:

That's childish, isn't it?

CLARKSON:

over breakfast,
we decided not to do the next leg
of our journey
in a car with a gentleman sausage
painted on the side.

This is Tuscany.

I'm trying to think what car
we should be using here.

Because it's the sort of New Labour,
lovey, spiritual home, you know,
Tony Blair,

- Polly Toynbee, Melvyn Bragg, Sting...

- What'll fit?

Yeah...

Hybrid?

We gotta blend in, we gotta
use something that's eco-friendly.

- Yeah, we'll drive a hybrid.

- Okay.

We'll eat organic vegetables. And mud.

We won't use soap while we're here.

We'll just use leaves.

I'm looking forward

to trying a new lifestyle.

CLARKSON:

we'd be driving.

The tree hugging McLaren P1.

We're actually on the motorway...

- In the car of the future.

- ...in electro-drive.

CLARKSON:

HAMMOND:

People go on about, "Oh, what are you
gonna do when electric cars come along?"

Drive like maniacs in silence.

CLARKSON:

Golf GTI just using its batteries.

And when you get bored
with the sound of silence...

(ENGINE ROARS)

...you just turn on the V8 soundtrack.

Oh, it makes some good noises.

- You feel the torque then?

- It is properly fast.

Most cars you can use full throttle
pretty much whenever you want.

But this, you just can't.

If you use full throttle in this,

you need to be

pretty certain...

- There's a big run-off.

- Yeah.

There's run-offs everywhere.

- God, the steering in this...

- Yeah, I can feel it dance.

- Absolutely...

- Yeah.

(LAUGHS)

- It must feel amazing at the wheel.

- It does.

Also, the way... You know the way
bumps can often upset a super car.

But because of the suspension in this,
they just don't.

I'm glad it feels good to drive. Good.

Really, really pleased to hear that.

Why aren't I driving?

Well, I've never driven it! It's my go.

Well, yesterday, you had 540 horsepower
and you crashed. This has 904.

Yeah, but I won't crash it.

- Shall I tell you what.

- What?

CLARKSON:

It doesn't feel like
any other super car.

- Does it not?

- No.

I don't know how it feels

because I've never driven it.

CLARKSON:

to Hammond's moaning...

You're gonna let me drive,
is that why you're slowing?

No.

...I decided to stop off at a vineyard
for some blind wine tasting.

(GARGLES)

Mmm. Mmm.

- Red.

- No! It's white!

- Oh, damn it.

- I'm sorry, mate.

Right, let's try this one, hang on.

(GARGLES LOUDLY)

Ooh, that got it.

- Beer.

- No, it's red.

- Is it? Oh!

- Right, one more. One more.

Hmm?

What are you getting?

- Red.

- No.

Well, nearly. Red Bull.

It was diet though. You see?

I threw you a blind one.

(LAUGHS) Really? Red Bull?

- Hey!

- What?

- You swallowed the wine?

- Yeah.

You can't drive!

I haven't had anything.

I've been pouring.

You've been drinking.

You cannot drive.

You did that on purpose.

No.

Get in the car. Come on, get in.

CLARKSON:

a small problem

that I'd just thought of.

- Ooh, my back! I can't get in! I can't!

- Get in the car.

- Just get in the car.

- I can't.

- Get in.

- I'm not... Look.

CLARKSON:

(ENGINE REVS)

CLARKSON:

the safest route

to the hotel.

You're a lot slower than

I thought you'd be. It's quite good.

Is it like this all the way

this afternoon?

- I'm just saying.

- Is it?

CLARKSON:

HAMMOND:

desperate to have a go in this!

You'll be able to say that

you've driven a McLaren Pl.

Think of that.

CLARKSON:

Well, just think,

no, you didn't crash once.

Yes, all right.

Well, I'll tell you what.

I'm gonna celebrate that

with a big plate of spaghetti Bolognese.

- Oh, good luck with that.

- Yes, in here.

- **CLARKSON:**

- Yeah, I think so.

HAMMOND:

Jeremy had planned a visit
to see some more old buildings.
But I'd come up with something
much, much better.

If this involves rallying,

- I'm going to kill you.

- It doesn't. It isn't.

No, but, Hammond,

this is a loose surface.

And that smells of rallying to me.

Fear not, this is something else.

- What?

- Well, you will have heard

- of the Mille Miglia.

- Yup.

A thousand miles through Italy

in something like a

1952 Alfa Romeo?

- That is what we're gonna do.

- Really?

- Well, I've had to change a few things.

- What things?

The distance.

I've brought it down a bit.

How far is it?

It's four miles.

So it's the Quattro Miglia.

Snappy title, I like that.

Yeah, it's that.

- Is it in 1952 Alfa Romeos?

- No.

We are doing it

in Ferraris.

- Really?

- Yeah. Come with me. Come have a look.

- What Ferraris?

- Have a look. Come with me.

Your car. Ferrari 355. There it is.

I know.

CLARKSON:

something was wrong.

- What is it?

- It's a Fiero underneath.

Buried deep under the Ferrari styling.

It's a Pontiac.

Yeah. Yeah.

It's a Pontiac

that is

styled by someone in a garage

whose wife's left him

to look a bit like a Ferrari 355.

- Yes.

- A car I used to own.

Oh, for God's sake.

Right, we're gonna fire it up?

- **HAMMOND:**

- (ENGINE SQUEAKS)

Listen to that. The belt's slipping.

- **CLARKSON:**

- Yeah, it is.

So from memory,

it's a Fiero engine, yeah?

It is, yeah.

V6. I think 140 horsepower

those engines had?

Thereabouts.

CLARKSON:

F355 Berlinetta on the back,

doesn't make it.

If I stencil the words "Brad" and "Pitt"

on the back of you,

it doesn't make you Brad Pitt.

No, but for a moment,

it might fool someone.

- Do you want to see mine?

- What is it?

Come and have a look.

- A Testarossa. Yeah?

- (LAUGHS)

It's got the streaks on the side.

HAMMOND:

are there! Look!

Look at the overhang.

Yeah, well, it was big on the original and it's even bigger on this one.

- Hammond?

- Yeah?

Forgive me, okay, this is obviously plastic, because all kit cars are.

Have you seen the framework?

- It's made from...

- It's 4x2.

- Yeah, it's...

- 4x2. It's wood.

Well, it's like it's a Morgan, isn't it? Coach build that.

It's a fence. With some plastic on it.

- What is that?

- That's the original...

The original Fiero had a four-cylinder engine in it.

- 2.5-litre?

- Yeah.

How many horsepower is that?

So it's a 92-horsepower Testarossa?

Yep.

- (ENGINE STARTS)

- **HAMMOND:**

Testarossa. Four cylinder.

- **CLARKSON:**

- One works!

CLARKSON:

how far away you'd have to stand for it to look like a real Testarossa. So not, mate, that's still not a Testarossa.

HAMMOND:

I think further.

Another couple of steps back.

Come on!

From here, that could be a Testarossa.

Yes, but it could also be a phone box.

- But...

- I'm sorry, so long as it's occupying a pixel, it couldn't be a Ferrari Testarossa.

Yeah.

Here we go. The inaugural Richard Hammond four-mile-on-gravel, plastic-Pontiac-Ferrari kit car challenge is about to begin.

Tre, due, uno... Vai!

And we are off.

Yes! The mighty V6 is off to an amazing start.

And the four-cylinder Testarossa has been left far behind.

Thing is, I have always wanted to do the Mille Miglia.

But I've never been invited because I'm a Brummie yob.

But even if I had been invited, I haven't got the time.

It's 1,000 miles. Takes ages.

This. Quattro Miglia. I've got time.

And for spectators, they get to see Ferraris racing in ways

they never normally would.

That was a bit skiddy.

No anti-lock brakes, no traction control.

No driver aids of any kind, just pure push-rod technology.

Why can't Richard Hammond ever dream up a motorsport that I might like?

Jeremy's lost a piece of car.

Expecting this to last four miles is like expecting a fake Rolex

that you bought for a fiver at a market stall in Hong Kong to last four trips to the shower.

It won't. It'll break.

Oh. Another piece of car.

Oh, no. Losing power.

(CAR SPUTTERS)

Many bangs. Big bangs there.
(CAR SPUTTERS AND MISFIRES)
Clear your throat, car!
Clear your throat and go!
(CAR CONTINUES MISFIRING)
And we've locked up the rear wheels.
Yeah, that's not good.
And there's nothing at all now.
Fortunately, the 355 was
in a terrible state.
The engine had cooked itself
and the alternator
had stopped alternating.
Unfortunately, however,
it was all fixable,
and many hours later
I was able to finish Hammond's
stupid little race.

- **CLARKSON:**

- Well done!
- Four miles!
- Oh, yeah!

CLARKSON:

- Feat of endurance.
- My misery is at an end.
Yes!
You have made it to stage two!
- What?
- Well, while you were finishing
the massive endurance feat,
you and car, stage one,
this is stage two!
- What is stage two?
- Well, while you were gone,
I've worked out a lap
around these buildings in this
- beautiful old Tuscan town.
- Well, how many laps?
As many as you can manage.
What, so the last one still running
is the winner?
- Yeah.

- I'm gonna drive it into a wall.

HAMMOND:

I had lined up.
It was around a stunning, deserted
Tuscan village.
(GRUNTING)
Okay, this is it.
Thing is, you wouldn't do this
in a normal Ferrari
but you'd do it in this one.
It's better.
How in the name of Zeus' asshole
have I ended up doing this?
Right. Scan flick.
Never been done in a Ferrari before.
Oh, can't see anything now.
Blind! And hot and miserable!
I can't see a thing!
Yeah, the dust is a problem
on this stage.
That's what makes it a unique event.

CLARKSON:

If I catch up to him
and ram him off the track,
then he will lose
and the misery will be over.
That's not helping.
It's not supposed
to be stock car racing.
It's the city stage.
I'm ramming him! I'm ramming him!
No! No! No!
Clarkson, it's not a demolition derby.
I'm in a Ferrari.

CLARKSON:

more and more laps,
the toll on the cars started to show.
Until eventually, Hammond's Testarossa
could take the punishment no longer.
I see steam!
(ENGINE WHIRRING)

None of these are good signs. Um...
I think Hammond's car is wounded.
I'm hoping it is.
Oh, come on.
Victory is mine and tastes sweet.

CLARKSON:

thought differently.
It's not over yet.
- Oh, for crying out loud.
- At the heart of this machine,
that's a simple four-cylinder engine.
- Is it?
- It has at the moment
heat seized. All the metal has expanded,
it's stuck.
- Is it?
- It's like when you get a bad back
at your age.
Then every now and again, it eases.
- Does it?
- Give it a rest. The parts will contract
and it'll fire up.
It's gonna do just that.
Not... Not now...
- But in a...
- When is it going to do that?
I'll pick the moment.
I'm good at this.
I know when it'll start.
It's gonna start.
If that starts, I'm gonna kill myself.
(ENGINE CRANKING)
(ENGINE STARTS)
(HAMMOND LAUGHS)
Get in!
Get in! Come on!
Ah! Yes! That is mechanical sympathy!
I'm at one with the machine.

CLARKSON:

prancing horse whisperer was right,
the race was back on.
(LAUGHS)

I'm still in this.
I'm still racking up those laps.
Please break now. Please break.
After many more laps,
the gods of good fortune
finally decided to smile on me.
There has been
an extraordinary accident.
I've spun.
The engine is jammed on full revs.
It's in first gear.
And the clutch pedal is being held down
by a broom, I have no idea
where that came from.
Luckily though, it's held in place
by two ropes
which are attached to heavy objects.
One is a wheelbarrow
with a concrete block in it.
The other is this building.
What worries me though
is this small fire has broken out
underneath this rope.
Now, if it were to snap,
the broom would be dragged out
by the wheelbarrow,
the clutch would ping off
and the car would roar off
into that building.
I've no idea how to stop this
from happening.
I'm just a passenger in this accident.
Think, Jeremy! There must be
something you can do.
(SCREAMING)
(LOUD THUD)

CLARKSON:

(CAR APPROACHING)
- Well, mate, congratulations, you win.
- What happened?
Extraordinary crash.
- Really hard into the wall.
- But you're not hurt.

No, I was thrown clear.
Amazing! I don't know how it happened.
But I was thrown out
and it's gone in the wall.
- You did this on purpose.
- I didn't!
You've deliberately
thrown the race.
This is a hollow victory.

CLARKSON:

there was good news for Hammond
that I hoped would put a smile
back on his face.
- Do you do spaghetti Bolognese?
- Yes, sir.
- You do?
- Yes.
I'll have that then, please.
Actually, I'll have
a spaghetti Bolognese.
It's traditional spaghetti Bolognese?
- Perfect.
- At last!
- One's just proposed to the other.
- That's romantic.
A-ha.

CLARKSON:

HAMMOND:

- It's spaghetti Bolognese.
- No, it's not.
- It is.
- Oh, no, it isn't.
It is. It's spaghetti and sausage.
In Italy, spaghetti Bolognese
is spaghetti with sausage.
Look. Actual sausage.
Why don't they call it
spaghetti with saus...
- It's not spaghetti Bolognese.
- Just stop with the name!
How could... If an Italian

comes to Britain and asks for
a cooked breakfast,
you don't give him
a cooked swan, do you?
You give him bacon and eggs.

- It's not right. No.
- Eat it.
- It's not right.
- It is.

CLARKSON:

the beautiful town of Siena.
And outside our hotel,
the producers have provided two cars
that would take us in and around
it's narrow, medieval streets.
There was the new Mini Cooper S
which was shotgunned by Hammond.
And an Audi S1 which, as
a result, would be driven by me.
I was expecting a Fiesta S and a Golf GTI.
Oh, we drove those last year.

- (GROANS) Oh, yeah.
- So, this is their replacement.
- Well, it's quite interesting,
'cause I've never driven an S1 before.
And I've not driven a Cooper S, so...
So it'll be a voyage into the unknown.
- Yes, it will.
- That's what it'll be.

CLARKSON:

Siena is a rabbit warren,
made up of 6.7 million narrow streets.
In a town like this, size matters,
and the smaller the better!

HAMMOND:

And that's what troubles
me about this new Mini.
It's 10 centimetres longer
than the last model,
which was 65 centimetres longer
than the original Mini.

So, it isn't really mini.
I don't wanna sound like
somebody's dad here, but,
when are they going
to stop calling it the "Mini"?
As a bloke you are called "a young man"
for a lot of years. But the day comes,
and must come, when nobody calls you
"young man" any more because you're not!
And perhaps because it's so big,
it needs a bigger two-litre,
turbo charged engine,
which develops nearly
200 brake horsepower.
This feels a lot better than
I expected it to feel.
It feels fantastic.
It feels expensive,
which is as well, because it is.
With everything on it,
as this one has got,
you'll be looking
at the best part of 25,000.
There are some other issues as well.
The old new Mini, the one
before this one,
had a sort of zany feel to it,
had that massive speedo
that was as big as your face,
and they've moved the window
switches out to the doors.
It's got this big,
round thing in the middle,
but it's not a dial any more.
It houses the screen.
It's trying to be both
sensible and a bit crazy.

CLARKSON:

had no worries at all about the Audi S1
because on paper, at least,
it sounds like it could be a gem.
Now normally, a hot hatchback
is a normal hatchback

with a bigger engine,
and this does indeed
have the same engine
as the Golf R.
228 horsepower, two-litre turbo.
But it also has
four-wheel drive.
And that meant removing the standard
car's torsion beam
and replacing it with
a four-link setup.
Which meant redesigning
the entire rear end of the car.
That must have cost Audi a fortune!
It also has adjustable dampers and
a six-speed manual gearbox.
So what you're looking at here
is a compact,
228 horsepower, four-wheel drive,
turbo-charged Audi.
Could it be, then,
that the Quattro is back?
To find out, I radioed Hammond
and suggested a race.
Hammond, I propose
some form of competition.
Excellent! Is it rallying?
No, not rallying.
(OVER RADIO) Think about it,
both of these are rally cars.
The original Mini Cooper
and the Audi Quattro.
- Perfect...
- That was a million years ago!
These are now urban pocket rockets.
So, I propose
we have a race
into the middle of Siena. Okay,
first one to the Campo wins.
What's the Campo?
Campo is like a square
in the middle of the city,
except it's not a square.
It's where they have the horse race.

What, so it's grass?
(OVER RADIO) No. It's cobbled.
Um... Anyway, listen, right.
Last one to get there
has to wear white
three-quarter length trousers
all day tomorrow, okay?
Three, two, one...
Go!
Right. Hammond has gone wrong.

HAMMOND:

a cobbled horse track
in a square that isn't square
and if I lose,
I have to wear white three-quarter
length trousers for a day.
My life is weird.

CLARKSON:

First things first. I just put
everything in dynamic mode.
There we are.
That firms up... (STUTTERING) Oh, no.
That doesn't firm everything up.
It solidifies the suspension...
They should call it bounce-matic.
Back into auto.
And now we've lost the sharpness.
Also, it isn't as accelerative
as a Golf R. And I don't know how
that can be. I mean, it's smaller.
Why isn't it faster?
So, the Mini was too big,
the Audi was all wrong,
and we'd both entered
Siena from completely
different directions.
I think it's right in
towards the centre.
Looking on my big satnav here,
which can take into account the weather.
What it can't do is find
the Campo de... Whatever it's called.

We've established then,
that the S1 is bouncy in dynamic mode
and bland in auto mode.
But, at 25,000, it is
at least expensive.
And it's not like you're paying
for four-wheel drive,
'cause most of
the time it's front-wheel drive.
Only in dire emergencies is
half the power sent to the back.
Meanwhile, Hammond
was having some issues as well.
What I should have done
is bring a small car
rather than a Mini. Oh...
I can't do it. Uh...
- (BRAKES SCREECHING)
- Ooh! Crikey, Moses!
Sorry. I've gotten slightly distracted.
Oh... Right.
Okay.
Cars are, of course, banned from Siena
apart from these ones.
You can have as many
laws as you like in Italy,
just so long as they are not enforced.

HAMMOND:

were thinking here,
knowing we were around Siena,
"Small car. Mini. ItalianJob."
Couple of points there. If
The ItalianJob had been done in this,
they would've ended in the first scene
because the cars would've
been stuck in a tunnel.
It's big!

CLARKSON:

become less about a race
and more about survival.
No. Right. I've definitely been
there before.

I am going round in circles!
What if you lived there? How would you
tell anyone it was there?
"It's the tall, brown building,
opposite the tall, brown building.
Next to some tall, brown buildings."
Well, that's everywhere!
Lost...

HAMMOND:

are quite aged.
I suspect they've been looking
for a way out all their lives.
This isn't the Campo.
It's a square but it's not
the square I'm looking for.
Oh, dead end. Not good.
Using the handbrake.
Yes! It works!
And it's a proper handbrake,
not an electronic button.

HAMMOND:

People. Everything. Really dangerous.
Scusi, coming through.
This is hopeless, I'm gonna...
Hang on, that's a big building.
This is it.
The signs are all right.
One, it's not square.
Two, it's cobbled,
three, it's got
a Jeremy bloody Clarkson in it.
Where is he?
Mmm! Hammond...
- Hello.
- Just thinking... Tomorrow,
I am going to wear blue trousers that
go all the way to the ground.
Yeah, whatever. Never mind all that.
'Cause you... What's the word? I know!
- Lost.
- Whatever. Never mind all that.
Is that a spaghetti Bolognese?

Yes, it is!

- Yes, it is. Delicious! Mmm!

- Well, I want some.

But it's not called
spaghetti Bolognese here.

- What's it called?

- It's called...

Ya-yam-a-balenda.

- Ya-yam...

- Ya-yam-a-balenda.

Ya-yam... Hello, yes,
um, ya-yam-a-balenda...

Please...

Ya-yam...

A-balenda.

- (CLARKSON LAUGHING)

- Oh, you total plum sack.

You childish...

You're a grown man!

CLARKSON:

particularly enjoyed our cars,
we left them in the Campo
and went off to find a hotel on foot.

Do you know it took them
300 years to build that?

Not interested.

But if you imagine,
starting a cathedral,
in 1714 and then finishing it today,
it would be all different as it went up.

- Not interested!

- Glass roof...

CLARKSON:

Hammond emerged from
the hotel looking ridiculous.

But not as ridiculous as he looked when
he got into the car he'd chosen.

The new Chevrolet Corvette Stingray.

So, let's just get this straight.

You're gonna drive from here in Siena...

- Mmm-hmm.

- ...to Rome.

In a Chevrolet Corvette while wearing
white three-quarter length trousers?
Yes. Well, the trousers are your fault.
And it's 150 miles,
this is a brilliant car. 150 miles
in a Corvette with the roof down
really doesn't worry me.
I'm perfectly happy.
Goodbye!

(ENGINE REVS)

Oh! This is perfection!
6.2 litres of American V8 grunt.
Apart from my strides,
I am a very happy boy today.
No, no, no, I'm the happy boy today
because I'm in an Alpha Romeo 4C.
The sun is shining.
And I am on my way to Rome.
Everything about this car,
every single detail,
was designed to be light.
The chassis, for example,
is a carbon fibre tub,
same as you get on a Formula One car or
a McLaren P1.
It weighs 65 kilograms.
The whole car only weighs 900 kilograms.
And that means it doesn't need
a big engine.
Which is why,
mounted just behind the driver
is a small
1.7-litre, turbo-charged engine
which develops just
237 brake horsepower.
Doesn't sound like much,
but in a feather, trust me,
it is.
This is so much better
than the Corvette.
Hammond?
Yes?
Do you own a gun?
- Why?

- Have you found the little cubbyhole behind the satnav screen in there?

Here it is.

Yes, I've found it.

That's where you put your pistol and your Bible.

(LAUGHING)

(IN SOUTHERN AMERICAN ACCENT)

Support the troops, God bless America. I know he's going to be laughing at me. Look at that idiot.

Brummie redneck, with his V8

(IN AMERICAN ACCENT) motor...

(NORMAL ACCENT)

But he knows as well as I do this is not some crude, primitive Yank tank.

This is a modern car, it's all new.

The only two parts carried forward from the old Corvette are an air vent in the filter system and on the convertible version, the roof latch, that's it.

Otherwise, this is an entirely new car.

From the people who put a man on the moon.

It's fast, too.

The V8 now delivers a whopping 460 brake horsepower and a top speed of 190 miles an hour.

CLARKSON:

that he knows nothing, I pulled over here, in the centre of Rome, to teach him a lesson.

- So this is Rome?

- Yeah.

I thought it was all full of old stuff.

No, no, the Colosseum and those steps, they're in a

sort of suburb, where tourists go.
This is the actual city centre here.
This is the centre of Rome?
Yes, it's why it wasn't built in a day,
'cause they had to do this place,
it took forever.
- Have you ever driven round it?

- **HAMMOND:**

- So you've never crashed here then?
- Well, no, I've never driven it.
Why don't you see if you can do a lap
of the centre of Rome
without crashing?

- I'll give it a shot.

- Give it a shot.

I will give that a go.

- Give it a shot.

- Yes.

- Ahh! Seat's hot. It's really hot.

- Is it?

Really hot,
but I'll tell you what, though.

- What?

- This is a city centre, isn't it?

- Yes.

- Well, in that case,
you know the rules, roof up.

Oh, yeah, don't want people
to see those trousers.

See? American engineering.

- Couple of AKs down here, an M16.

- Shut up.

And a "Vote Republican" flyer.

Right, ladies and gentlemen,

we're now going to see

if Richard Hammond

can do a lap of a racetrack

without crashing.

And, here he goes.

Unleash that power!

(ENGINE REVVING)

So there's a bit of a right-hander here,
I'll get over to the left, ready.

I think about that much steering,
kissing the apex.
Oh, it's a double apex corner, this.
This is nice, it's, it's...
It's like being James May.
It's restful.
I don't know why we mock him for it.

CLARKSON:

given Hammond plenty of room,
I set off, in the Alfa.
(GUFFAWING)
Because the 4C is going to be square,
it's as wide as it is long,
the grip is just incredible.
And because there's no weight
dragging you out of shape,
you can go around corners at speeds
that just boggle the mind.

HAMMOND:

the chicane.

CLARKSON:

It's sublime.
I'm totally and utterly
in love with this car.
Oh, hello, there's Richard Hammond.
Yes!
Eat my Alfa!
I'm gonna ignore that.
I'm not gonna get drawn into anything.
I am driving within my limits.
One of the, uh,
motoring magazines,
which shall remain nameless,
say that it
begins with "Au" and ends in "tocar",
they say that you can't slide a 4C.
Uh, so what was that?
Oh, God, there is the line.
I'm gonna do it.
There he is, Richard Hammond
has nearly completed his lap,

let's slow down and savour the moment.

Oh, yes, watch this.

And I crossed the line!

(LAUGHING)

Well done, mate, that is...

I'm impressed, actually

'cause that is a lot of horsepower
in that thing and you've done it.

Hammond, now bored of driving

like Captain Slow,

decided he was ready

to finally unleash his V8.

(ECHOING) And launch, launch,

launch, launch...

No substitute for cute.

(IMITATES JUGGERNAUT HORN)

He's got what?

256 brake horsepower per ton.

I've got 302 and that is better.

Fact.

He has a top speed of 160,

I have a top speed of 190.

Out of my way, insect,

in your tiny little car.

CLARKSON:

No!

This heralded the start of a

David and Goliath battle,

not seen since Minis used to

take on Ford Falcons

in the British

Touring Car Championships.

Hammond, in his Corvette,

he's destroying the rain forest,

he's killing polar bears

and

he's wearing white three-quarter length

trousers and these,

these are bad crimes.

(TYRES SCREECHING)

This is a bloody good car.

Yes, it's enormous.

But, my God, it can look after itself.

CLARKSON:

The first part of this track
is very much Corvette territory,
but the second part, where I am now,
this is Alfa town!

He's never gonna go up the inside.

No way.

Come on, little Alfa!

- And look who's coming through.

- Whoa!

(LAUGHING)

- Damn it!

- Have that!

Now I'm back on the straight again.

Oh, it's got some grunt.

(HAMMOND LAUGHING)

Massive speed through the straights.

The Big Mac is faster on the straights
than the bruschetta.

After many, many laps,
Hammond sensibly decided
we should go into the pits.

We carry on like this,
we're going to crash.

Well, you are.

What? Anyway,

- I have genuinely had an idea.

- What?

I would love to find out which of
these two is the fastest.

And the best way to do that
is to use science,
and the best way to do that
is to use The Stig.

We put The Stig in each of the two cars,
one hot lap in each car,
then we will have a definitive answer.

Which of these two very different cars
is the fastest around this track.

So, you're asking me to give these keys
to the nicest little car

I've ever driven

- to The Stig?

- You really have fallen for that.

Yes, I have.

- You're gonna have to hand it over.

- No, but I'm actually,
joking apart, I am quite
interested in that.

'Cause I would like to know...

I know in the first half of the track
the Corvette's gonna be quick,
the second half, the Alfa's quick.

'Cause the second half is Alfaland.

No, I agree. Let's find him
and make him do that.

CLARKSON:

between us leaving the pits
and getting to race control,
Stig had lined up the Corvette
on the start line.

(ENGINE ROARING)

- I like this.

- I do.

Can we get all this at our track?

Can we see into people's bedrooms
with this one?

- Yes, Jeremy.

- Can we?

No. Actually...

- There he is.

- Yeah! Oh, oh, ah...

God, he's going very fast.

I'm genuinely fascinated

- at which is gonna be quickest.

- I am.

It's just weird though, 'cause it is,
it's where we're at, it is the future
and the past have come together here
for a battle.

I'm not sure if you're not bigging
it up a bit too much.

It is, though. The Corvette is
the sort of last of the past.

- Yeah.

- And the Alfa is...

All cars are gonna have to be
built like the Alfa.

Right, so he's finished. He's gone
across the line in the Corvette.
Which meant it was the Alfa's turn.

Come on, Hammond,
it looks better than yours.

- Hmm, no.

- I admit

it's very good looking.

Your fat men from Kentucky
have done a very good job with your car.

But they are ultimately
fat men from Kentucky.

This was designed by engineers
from Milan.

The only thing is, that's a very
nice little object
but it could equally be
a very nice peppermint.

Well, that's it, it crossed the line.

- Is he across the line? He's done...

- Yeah, yeah.

Yes, he's done. There we are.

So now we wait for times.

Alfa time.

Corvette time.

(CLARKSON LAUGHING)

Two...

- Two...

- Oh, really?

- Yeah, you see. Now you see...

- Is it?

Yeah, it is.

So, all that extra power...

Oh, yeah...

And we are both at two minutes.

- We must be within nine seconds.

- Mine is...

- (LAUGHING)

- My number is less than five.

- So is mine.

- (GROANS)

Two minutes,

three...

- 1 .6, yes!

- Oh...

- But that's all there is.

- 3.4.

- And that is...

- **2:**

2:

- It's 1 .8 seconds faster.

- That's not bad, is it?

That is amazing.

Anyway, we must now

drive these cars into

the suburb of Rome

with the old stuff in it.

That's the stuff

I've seen on the telly.

Yes, you know, the stuff that,

- the tourists, the tourists...

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- So we drive them in there

and stay the night.

- Have I got to still wear them?

- Yes.

HAMMOND:

I was feeling very happy

that I put the orang-utan in his place.

But as I arrived in the suburb of Rome

with the old buildings and stuff,

I would have changed places with him

in a heartbeat.

Every single car in Rome

is a small, grey, dented hatchback.

It's just what they are.

They're not red American droptops.

You must admit,

you've got the wrong car here.

HAMMOND:

possibly argue otherwise.

Could you take a different route
to the hotel?

No. I'm driving alongside
you deliberately
so people know we're together.
I'm his mate. I'm with him.
This car sits in Rome
like a candle sits on a birthday cake.
The Corvette sits in Rome
like a turd sits on a birthday cake.
The next day Hammond insisted
we change cars.
So, as we had to drive to the
Amalfi Coast on a variety of roads,
we switched to two cars that
can do a variety of things.
The Mercedes AMG A-Class
and the VW Golf R.
Both have two-litre,
turbo-charged engines,
German built quality,
and four-wheel drive.
These are just about
the hottest, hot hatches
ever made.

HAMMOND:

I am blending,
I am in Rome,
doing as the Romans are doing,
which is a good thing.
I can see why you needed to switch
to a grey hatchback, but why did I
need to switch?
Well, you like a fast Golf.
The Alfa was fine, where is it?
I've given the Alfa back to the man
from Alfa Romeo.
So, I'm never seeing it again?

HAMMOND:

Are you going to pine for it?
What if somebody else drives it
and isn't kind to it?

What if somebody else drives it
and it really enjoys it?

No... No...

Stop saying these things.

They met in Rome.

He was a big ugly man.

She was a small slip of an Alfa Romeo.

And despite all odds,

they got together,

and they got on.

And then one day she was gone,

and the big ape was sad.

(SNIFFLES)

I liked the 4C...

HAMMOND:

still pining for his Alfa,
we left Rome for the 150-mile
drive south
to the Amalfi Coast.

This is Mercedes' first ever hot hatch,
and they just looked at hot hatches
and thought, "All right,

(IN GERMAN ACCENT) it needs to be
powerful and fast and discreet
"and stylish, quietly."

And then they just made it
the ultimate hot hatch.

(IN GERMAN ACCENT)

"There you go, we've done it."

355 brake horsepower from a modest
two-litre capacity,
turbo-charged engine,
four-wheel drive, seven speed
double clutch gearbox,
0 to 60 in 4.3 seconds,
top speed limited to 168.

(IN GERMAN ACCENT) That is it.

We have won ze game.

CLARKSON:

costs nearly 38,000,

7,000 more than the Golf.

So, is it really that much faster?

Three, two, one, go.
No. Would you just look at that?
That is just romping away.
Yeah, this is faster.
But this is 297 brake horsepower.
That's a lot from a two-litre car.
Where the hell
have they got 355 from in yours?
355 brake from a two-litre!
For a hatchback,
that is ludicrously fast.
Mindful of the premature end
to last year's road trip,
we settle down into a gentle cruise.
Oh, God, don't let him see the volcano
or we'll end up spending
the rest of the day
gawping at rocks and things.

- CLARKSON OVER RADIO: Hammond?

- Oh.

Is that Vesuvius over there?

HAMMOND OVER RADIO:

Ah, no. No, it's not.

Yes, it is, and that means
we're very close to Pompeii.

Please don't make me spend
the afternoon standing about
gawping at rocks.

You made me drive a kit car,
I'm making you go to Pompeii.

HAMMOND:

Pompeii was a bit touristy.

Hammond, I may have
cocked up a bit here.

HAMMOND OVER RADIO:

Oh, great idea this is.

HAMMOND:

our sight-seeing was impossible.

Thank you for watching.

WOMAN:

MAN:

I'm not Andrew.
Thanks for watching the show.
They think I'm called Andrew.

HAMMOND:

were soon back on our way to Sorrento.
However, the producers
then made us pull over
to do promotional activity,
at the worst location ever.
- Why didn't you read the small print?
- Why didn't you read it?
Ladies and gentlemen, propelled
in front of the camera
by the small print in their contracts...
'Cause the BBC's lawyers are better
than our lawyers,
we're here to tell you
about our new D...
- V-D...
- Our brand new Top Gear DVD is called
Top... What is it called?
Our brand new Top Gear DVD is called
"The Perfect Road Trip 2."
And here are just some of the things...
Wait, that's too much, isn't it?
Just in case you were wondering...
(LAUGHING)
Just in case you... (LAUGHING)
- Yeah, wow.
- This year for our all new Top Gear DVD,
we've been working hard
to put right all the things
that went wrong...
- Band started.
- Band started.
Kill me.
- The band is... Oh... Cannon...
- Cannon.
(CANNON EXPLODING)
Oh, that's got it, that's shifted it.
- Best location ever, I think this.
- Superb.

Hello, BBC Shop!

- Coming up now...

- Just one shop?

- What?

- Just one shop?

Hello, The Mirror, coming up...

Hello, Sun Motors, and coming up...

Hello, Blinkbox, I have literally no idea who you are, but coming up...

- Hello, Nile, coming up now...

- It's Amazon.

Hello, iTunes, coming up now,
some exclusive action

from our brand new Top Gear DVD.

"The Perfect Road Trip 2."

- Bang!

- I'm ready to pull now.

(CANNONS EXPLODING)

It's explosive!

(LAUGHING)

- Cut.

- **CLARKSON:**

- Bang.

- (EXPLODING)

CLARKSON:

obligations fulfilled,
we settled down to talk about cars.

P1.

It is the best.

- Yes.

- No, it is. I mean, it just is.

Now look, I'm not admitting to anything about it being quicker or slower than 918, but...

Yeah, I was dazzled, I'm amazed.

It feels unlike anything else.

The big surprise, uh, the Corvette Stingray, which I know you secretly like.

No, I don't secretly like it.

- I publicly like the Corvette.

- Yes.

Now, the Corvette's a good car, but...

- Come on, man.

- No, I mean, I'm...

Here we go...

The car I would take away from this
and own happily and live
in a cottage in Devon and rear geese is
- the Alfa 4C.

- Maybe walk through a park
kicking through autumn leaves with it.
I can't find the words to describe
how much I like that car.

Somewhere out there beyond the volcano,
the 4C is roaming free...

- In the hands of another man.

- May I help you, sir?

Yes, could I have, uh...

Yeah, rag, please.

- Why is it rag? You always have that.

- Rag...

In England, we call it
spaghetti Bolognese.
You've had that every day.

I know.

And that is... What, it's the same.
It's like tomatoes and meat, and...
Yeah, yeah, yeah. You'd eat it and go,
"This is a spaghetti Bolognese."

So, you've been having
spaghetti Bolognese, essentially,
every day single day of this trip.

I said, I've had a rag.
You said, "Ugh, that sounds disgusting."
But why don't they call it
spaghetti Bolognese?

- Because it's called rag.

- Why call it a rag?

- Why'd you call it...

- A rag is
a spaghetti Bolognese, yes?

- The... The same.

- (SPEAKING ITALIAN)

Why didn't... Why don't you say
spaghetti Bolognese?

Because you had a spaghetti Bolognese.
That's sausage.
- It's horrible.
- It isn't horrible.

CLARKSON:

we were faced with an exquisite
10-mile drive along the coast
towards Capri.
And neither of us could think
of a single modern car
that would capture the moment.
So we went for these two
classic Alfa Romeos.
A 1962 Touring Spider
and a 1963 Giulia Spider.
Oh! I don't think
we could've done any better.
Absolute proof that the right car,
in the right place, at the right moment
can add up to perfection.
This stretch of road,
we could've driven up and down
in any of the modern cars we've driven.
But we wanted something special,
and, boy, have we got it.
Alfas.
The Alfa Romeo 4C can trace its roots
back to this car, the Giulia Spider.
This is the dream on which
all motoring dreams are built.
I know what you're seeing
is a short Brummie
in a borrowed Italian car.
But the image in my mind
is completely different. Clark Gable.
Even Jeremy's pulling that off,
in that car.

CLARKSON:

I'm Sofia Loren.
I'm Grace... No, I'm not Grace Kelly.
She plummeted to her death
off a road very similar to this.

It's funny, isn't it? You can sail
through a beautiful bit of scenery,
looking at it and admiring it,
or in a car like this,
you can become part of that scene.
My love of cars was born
from imagery like this.
A mountain road, a soft-top Alfa,
a blue sky, the sea.
It's hard to think really
how I could be happier
in a car than I am now.
Then I remembered that actually,
there was something missing.
It's time to cue the Monro, now.
(OLD ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYING)
This is the perfect base
of the perfect road trip.
(MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING)
Soon, we arrived at the hotel
from where we would sail to Capri.
And celebrated with a glass of lemonade
and a game of tennis.
Argh!
I didn't even see it.
That was exciting.
15-love, I'm never gonna get that back,
am I? That was well done, well played.
- Yeah, I know. Cheers, mate, thanks.
- Yeah.
Good game.
- There's no clawing that back.
- No, not really.
After our epic 28-second match,
we had more lemonade and an argument.
What delicious lemonade!
I've never had better lemonade.
It's the very best I've ever tasted.
Mmm.
And this afternoon, I shall be driving
a three-litre Capri
on the island of Capri.
Oh, hang on.
No, there's only one three-litre.

- I know.
- Oh, why should you have it?
- 'Cause you can have the 2.8.
- Well, you have a 2.8. I'd rather...
2.8 is more powerful.
The 2.8 is more powerful,
and you like power, etcetera...
Yes, I know, but the three-litre's
got carburettors, yours, you...
I want the three-litre 'cause...
You've got a fuel injection?
I don't want fuel injection.
I want cars, it's a classic car.
No, no. The 2.8 is classic.
You know, you want a Capri 2.8.
- No.
- You do.
I don't.

CLARKSON:

Here is what is gonna happen.
We're gonna get a couple of speedboats.
And we're gonna race to Capri.
And whoever gets there first
has the three-litre.
Yeah, can I make it perfectly plain?
This was his idea.
He thought of it
because I can't drive a boat.
Well, that's your fault.
You should've thought of that.
Well, it was your idea.
I wouldn't have planned a boat race.
We hatched the plan.
No, we didn't. You hatched the plan
because I can't drive a boat.
It's not difficult.
Unfortunately, for the man
from Birmingham, it was.
- Are you ready?
- No, I'm not.
Why not?
I don't know how to work it.
You've got those two throttles,

there's forwards and backwards.
It's twin screw. You've got
flaps, that's for trimming it out.
As you go up, the nose of the boat will
want to rise, you put the flaps down,
and it brings the nose down
and gets you on the plane.
I'm not on a plane. Why have I
got flaps? They are on planes.

CLARKSON:

HAMMOND:

This steering, is it true that you steer
the opposite way on a boat?
If you wanna go left, you steer right.
Yes, that's true. The man's an idiot!
Two throttles, that's these levers.
Forwards is forwards, I presume.
James Bond doesn't do this
when he gets on a speedboat.
He just goes!
Are you ready? In three, two, one. Go!
Yes!
God, this is what I call motoring now.
I'm scared.
Unleash the power.
Uhh! Oh, this is nerve-wracking.
I wanna drive that three-litre Capri
on Capri. I don't want the 2.8.
Massive waves there. Don't like those.
Why are they there? Oh!
Oh, this is terrible!
Struggling, yes,
he's far, far behind now.
A speck, frankly.
This is Thunder Rider One
to Inappropriate Stork,
how're you doing?
That's not the name of my boat.
I'm doing 2.3 a side. What about you?
I don't know what you're talking about.
Look at the rev counters,
you blithering idiot!

Oh, I don't like this. Oh, my God!
Victory is mine,
the three-litre is mine.
The only trouble was,
the island that I was racing towards
didn't look anything like Capri.
Now, Capri, it's not that.
It's not that. That's definitely Italy.
Somebody has stolen Capri,
it is missing.
It's gone!

HAMMOND:

While Jeremy was busy shouting...
I think that's Capri, over there!
...I was getting
more and more confident.
I'll be honest,
it's not all that difficult.
You just sort of
put these things forwards,
and, you know...
And before I knew it, I'd caught up.
And the race was back on.

CLARKSON:

With Capri now firmly in our sight,
it was a straight-line drag race
to the finish.
Oh, he's got some speed up now.
Here we go,
a sprint to the finish line.
Oh, yes!

HAMMOND:

I began to lose my lead.
Oh, what's that you did!
The speed!
Oh, God! How does that happen?
I think my boat's got
more powerful engines.
Our finishing line was the port.
A fact I'd forgotten to tell Hammond.
Victory is mine, all mine!

Where're you going?

I'm going to the port.

Where're you going?

Why isn't it signed, for God's sake?

CLARKSON:

it was time to fess up.

Hammond, do you know how many horsepower your boat has got?

No, how many?

Wow, how many have you got?

Oh, for God's sake!

Cheating...

(HORN BLOWS)

Ferry, massive ferry.

CLARKSON:

got a man to help him park his boat...

Better reverse, better reverse.

...we were introduced to our Capris.

- They are beautiful.

- HAMMOND:

- This is it, Hammond.

- Yeah.

This is it.

This is the realisation of a dream.

I'm actually pleased I've got this one.

'Cause this is the one

that resonates more for me.

Because I'm younger than you,

this is what I think of.

The fact is, we both have Capris

and this is Capri.

This is gonna be

one of the best afternoons ever!

We've done it.

- (ENGINE REVS)

- Listen to that!

The sweet music of Dagenham!

(TYRES SCREECHING)

Unfortunately, once again,

our perfect road trip

had come to a premature end.

It's the car, does that.
I didn't wanna do that. It was him.
I didn't wanna... I didn't...
- I never drive.
- Hammond, shh!

OFFICER:

HAMMOND:

to the officers in Italian.
Which made everything worse.
(CLANKING)
A lot worse.
(METAL DOOR SHUTS)
You, total plum sack!
Would it be possible
to get a cup of tea?
(DOOR SLAMMING)