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Vanishing Point

By Guillermo Cabrera Infante

Wonder what's goin' on.

Here comes CBS News. Must be important.

Unit 2473 to helicopter.

- Helicopter, over.

- Have you located suspect?

Suspect under surveillance.

Helicopter one to 2473.

Suspect stopped. He can't get away.

All right. All right, maintain surveillance.

(Train bell)

Kowalski!

And the keys for a sawed-off weekend.

Well, you're both welcome.

- What have you got goin' for Frisco?

- You're not goin' back tonight?

Hey, you're gonna kill yourself
someday, you know that?

- Do you know?

- Yeah, yeah.

Look, why don't you

stay over till Monday, huh?

- So you can go home right now?

- Oh, yeah. Sure, sure. Just before midnight.

Hey, look. Ya know somethin'? When the
clock strikes 12, my car turns into a pumpkin.

- Hey, Sandy. You know you're a born actor?

- Yeah. Sure, sure.

That's what my wife'll say, when I tell her
I've been waitin' up for you all night.

Hey. Look, look, seriously.

Look, why don't you stay over?

- Nah.

- You can do with some sleep, can't ya?

Look, I gotta get started out
tonight, Sandy. Now which car?

Which...?

I can't believe it,
could it be I've gone astray?

Oh, Lord, won't you help me
to find myself a place to pray?

Hey, K.

(Laughs)

What's happenin'?

What's happenin'? What d'you need?

- Speed.
- Why not? Hold that. How you doin'?
- Fine. How are you doin'?
- Lookin' good. Say when.
- Oh, oh, oh. That's good.
- Mm-hm.
- Hey, man, hold it. I'll get you some water.
- That's OK. Forget it.
- You sure?
- Yeah, I'm gonna split.
- Hang out for a while.
- Uh-uh. I gotta get moving.

"Gotta get movin',
gotta hit the road." Bullshit.
What about them two chicks
over there to slow you down, huh?

- Yeah, they're beautiful.
- So drop out and join the cause.

No offence, but I gotta
be in Frisco at three tomorrow.

- Ah, you're puttin' me on.

- Wish to God I was.

You're bullshittin' yourself.

You cannot make it.

- Wanna bet?

- This must be a souped-up somethin'?

- Yeah, it's hopped up to over 160.

- Whoo! But even so...

I'm gonna bet you the tab for the bennies.

I'm gonna be in Frisco,

and I'm gonna call you at three tomorrow.

Now, if I don't,

double the deal next time around.

- Bet?

- Bet.

Good luck, buddy!

(Dog barks)

(Farming report on radio)

This is consistent with similar studies
conducted elsewhere around the country.

On the other hand,

some other traits, such as fertility,
calf survival rate, bull inheritability,
heterosis or hybrid vigour may be

an important factor in these latter traits.
To cross even genetic unlikes
produces heterosis, for less crossbreeding.
So, just a few views of what's to come,
and what will be seen in crossbreeding,
from the day's farm report.

- Ten seconds, Super.

- (# "Super Soul Theme" by the JB Pickers)

You got it.

Ah! Good morning, folks!

This is yours truly, Super, Super Soul!

Direct and live with no net, early people.

Without a net!

Transmittin' from KOW, spelt K-O-W,

uh-huh, the noisiest, bounciest,

fanciest radio station in the Far West!

Now, let's cheer up the mornin' with some

wham, bam, zoom, boom, wake-up music,

with a little help from my friend!

Now take it away, amigo! Hey, hit it!

All right! Hubba, hubba!

(# "Got it Together" by Bobby Doyle)

Takin'me on home!

We got a long way to go today, baby!

I just got a feelin' like my life was new

And this is my first day

She said she loved me, but she started

to show me in a personal kind of way

- # Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh

- # Oh, oh, yes

- # Ooh-ooh-ooh

- # Oh, now

- # The girl has got it together

- # Got it, got it together

Hey. Pull over.

- # The girl done got it together for me

- # Got it, got it together

And that's how it's gonna stay

- # Let me say the girl has got it together

- # Got it, got it together

- # I said the girl got it together

- # Got it, got it together

- # I said the girl done got it together for me

- # Got it, got it together

And that's how it's gonna stay
- # Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh
- # Oh, oh
Wake up, now. Hey! Pull over.
Pull over! You son of a bitch.
- # Whoa, whoa now
- # Ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh
She turned me inside out
with a kind of love
You just can't hardly find
She's got the kind of lovin' that could keep...
One rider is up, moving to his bike.
There is a yellow flag. In this race
all riders will hold their position.
Kowalski also is up and moving to his bike,
he's firing it up and he's back in this race.
- You OK?
- OK! Get him! Get him!
- # Yeah, the girl got it together
- # She got it, got it together
And now, crashing into the top ten, comes
the first really monstrous hit of the '70s,
a number that all by itself
jumped 29, 29 places in one week!
Uh-huh! There's absolutely
no doubt whatsoever, as they say,
that this will be next week's number one!
Numero uno, baby!
The itchybang entitled "Where Do You
Go From Here, Baby?" by Brian Obine!
Sock it to 'em, Brian, baby. All right, get to it!
- # Christopher came in the name of Spain
- Yeah!
- # In 1492
- Sock it to me!
Talkin' to me, now!
He said "I think the world is round
and I believe I can prove it's true"
The waters raged and his ships waylaid
But onward Christopher came
His desperate dreams finally climbed ashore
And the world's never been the same
- # Hooray for the men of vision

- # Hooray now
- # Who are never satisfied
- # Ooh-ooh-ooh
Who believe the way to move forward
- # Is to give it a better try
- # Give it a try
- # Hooray for the men of vision
- # Hooray now
- # May they never disappear
- # Ooh-ooh-ooh
Who live just to ask the question
- # Where do we go
- # Where
- # Where do we go
- # Where
- # Where do we go from here?
- # Where?
Where do we go now?
Where do we go now?
Where do we go from here?
Takin'a look through the history book
It's amazing how far we've come
Now some folks say there's no more to learn
Others say we just keep goin'
We've explored the world from inside out
(horns blare)
- # Hooray for the men of vision
- # Hooray now
- # Who are never, never satisfied
- # Ooh-ooh-ooh
Who believe the way to move forward
- # Is to give it a better try
- # Give it a try, now
- # Hooray for the men of vision
- # Hooray now
- # May they never disappear
- # Ooh-ooh-ooh
They live just to ask the question
- # Where do we go
- # Where
- # Where do we go
- # Where
- # Where do we go from here?
- # Where?

Where do we go now?

Where do we go now?

Where do we go from here?

- 123, what's your location?
- We've been in a two-bike pile-up on 53.
- Ten-four. How far out are you?
- About five miles from Thompson.
- Can you give me a description on the car?
- 1970 white Challenger.

Colorado licence OA-5599.

- Ten-four. Was anybody injured?
- No injuries.
- Ten-four. Return to your station then.
- OK.

We're on our way in, but you'd best send a truck for that other motorcycle.

Supe. Pick up on this, man.

"Attention all Highway Patrol stations."

"Suspect vehicle,
1970 Dodge Challenger, white in colour."

(# "Freedom of Expression"

by the JB Pickers)

(Truckdriver honks)

Car number 71 just crashed into car 63.

It's a pile-up. Eight cars... nine cars!

Oh, my God, it's number three, Kowalski!

Look at him riding on the roof of the car.

Greetings, sir. Let's race.

You got any balls in that mother?

(Laughs)

You bastard.

(Sirens approaching)

- Car 24 to headquarters.

- Come in, car 24.

Yeah, we lost him at the Nevada border.

Let Nevada handle it. This guy's nuts.

Ten-four.

Will advise Nevada Highway Patrol.

(# "Welcome to Nevada" by Jerry Reed)

Yeah, I got it all right.

Initials OA-5599 Colorado plates.

Now, what's this roadrunner done, fellas?

Hey, Supe. I got them on the air now.

Yeah, quite a mother. But fellas, as you

know, we can't throw anything at him
except dangerous driving and failure to stop -
misdemeanours, both of 'em, over here.

Yeah.

But you told me that once, camarada.

But has this bronco in the Jaguar
filed a formal complaint?

- No, he hasn't.

- There you are. That isn't even a felony.

- What are you gonna do about it?

- He hasn't got us bugged any.

He's the one that's gonna have
to start worryin', as of now.

- Good luck.

- Yeah. Don't you worry. We'll catch him.

(Honks)

May I help you, sir?

May I help you?

- Yeah. Fill her up, please.

- Thank you, sir.

Come on, will ya? Relax.

I'm not going to hurt you.

(Gasping)

Come on, baby.

You play ball with me, I'll let you go, huh?

Come on, tell me.

Where do you get the stuff?

Huh? Which house? Come on, come on.

Get out of here.

Get out of here. Go!

And there goes the Challenger, being chased
by the blue, blue meanies on wheels.

The vicious traffic squad cars
are after our lone driver,
the last American hero, the electric Shinta,
the demigod,

the super driver of the Golden West.

Two nasty Nazi cars are
close behind the beautiful lone driver,
the police numbers are gettin' closer, closer,
closer to our soul hero in his soul-mobile.

Yeah, baby. They're about to strike.

They're gonna get him, smash him,
rape the last beautiful,

free soul on this planet.

But it is written

"If the evil spirit arms the tiger with claws,
Brahman provided wings for the dove."

Thus spake the super guru.

- Did you hear that?

- Yep.

Where the hell'd he get so much information?

Same place as you do, Charlie.

- You mean from our own frequency?

- That's right.

How long's he been at it?

Year and a half, maybe two.

Hell, that's against the law.

- So's carryin' a transistor on duty.

- Hey. C'mon, now, that's different.

But he never says anything
to incriminate himself.

Brains and lawyers, Charlie.

As far as the law's concerned,
he's clean as Kleenex.

It's true, true, true, true, my friends.

For, by the latest information,
our soul Challenger

has just broken the ring of evil
the deep blue meanies

have so righteously wrought.

Get through 'em, baby! Get through 'em!

Friggin' faggot.

Attention. Calling car 44.

Attention, car 44, do you read me?

Gimme that.

This is car 44

reading you loud and clear, over.

Where are you, car 44?

We're on 80,

some ten miles from Argenta, over.

Oh, good. Stay with it. Watch for a white
Challenger, licence plates initial OA-5599.

Colorado plates. Last seen heading
for Dunphy on US 40 at cruising speed.

We have reason to believe it's supercharged,
so maintain double alert till you spot it.

Then call in for instructions. Over and out.

Let's go.

C'mon, let's go.

- What do you think he's done?

- Don't know.

Well, what do you think?

I think he's gonna hijack that car to Cuba!

- Don't be ridiculous.

- Hell, Charlie, I don't know.

Maybe killed somebody.

Maybe stole that big dude of his.

Maybe both.

(# "Runaway Country"

by The Doug Dillard Expedition)

Hey. What's he doin'?

Jesus Christ. Watch it.

Watch it! Watch it!

Move over. Let me take it!

Let go. Let go!

I'm gonna get that son of a bitch.

So help me, I'll get that son of a bitch.

Hello, Nevada? Hello, Nevada?

Nevada, this is

Colorado State Highway Patrol.

This is about a special query
raised by the Utah Highway Patrol.

That's correct. But later they asked
that the information be forwarded
to you guys, so get ready for some details.

Put on your tape recorders
and all that sort of jazz, huh?

This speed maniac you've
been chasing all over your territory
is a former professional
road racer named Kowalski.

K-O-W-A-L-S-K-I.

Repeat, Kowalski. First name unknown,
other particulars also unknown.

All we do know is that he's employed as
a car delivery driver by an agency in Denver.

He's presently driving a Dodge Challenger,
Colorado licence plate OA-5599.

This is not a stolen car. He's driving it
to San Francisco for delivery due Monday.

It's only Saturday. What's his hurry?

That's what we wanted to know ourselves,
so your guess is as good as ours. Ten-four.

- You all right?

- Yeah.

- He's... I lost him.

- What?

- Headin' for Tonopah.

- What's goin' on, Collins?

- Where the hell are you now?

- Are you crazy?

Correction. We're still after him,
we haven't lost him. Now come on!

Stay right where you are.

We're comin' to you right now.

Come on!

Let's go, let's go.

Gimme that.

- Car 44 to headquarters.

- Come in, 44.

He's jumped the main road
and headed out into the desert.

I'll let him cook out there for a while.

He ain't goin' nowhere.

What's he tryin' to prove now?

- Any time now, Super.

- Yeah, yeah. Run a tape.

- I already ran a tape twice.

- Are you blind or somethin'?

Can't you see I'm thinkin'?

Crazy.

Kowalski.

Kowalski, can you hear me?

Do you hear me, Kowalski?

Now, I know you can hear me, Kowalski.

I'm sure you hear me now.

This very minute.

Now, you listen very carefully.

The whole mobile force of the
Nevada State Highway Patrol is after you.

They waitin' for you to come up for air.

Yeah. Now, some people imagine you'll try
to get to California through Death Valley.

And others bet you'll die there in the desert.

These few are just too happy

to see you vanish for good out there.
But my tape deck
is just as jammed with telegrams
as my head is jammed with phone calls
from people
who are wishing you well in your getaway,
no matter where it might lead you.
I wish I could help you, but I can't. I can't.
I don't think anybody can, except
for that crazy lucky streak of yours.
And now you're gonna need more luck.
All of it, perhaps, and badly.
You can beat the police, you can beat
the road and you can even beat the clock.
But you can't beat the desert.
Nobody can. You just cannot.
(Switches off radio) Go to hell.
Wait!
(# "Love Theme"
by Jimmy Bowen Orchestra and Chorus)
(Woman) I love you.
Wouldn't it be funny after all
if you did have to arrest me?
I mean, me trying to turn you on,
and you trying to turn me in.
I love this.
I love your scar.
You hate it, but I love it.
No, I don't hate it. I just hate what it means.
What does it mean?
Only if you make war on war
will you overcome it.
I love you. I love you.
- You're crazy, surfing in the middle of winter.
- I'm going out again.
Maybe I'll catch an eight-footer.
Oh! I'll ride it in your honour.
Sayonara. Remember me.
Here we are at point zero
where the Kowalski saga began.
To be interviewed by KLZ TV News is
the owner of the agency, Mr Holly Makas,
and one of the attendants, Sandy McKees.
Sandy, you knew this man best.

What do you think of Kowalski?

- He's a great driver.

- A what?

- What did you say?

- I said he's a great driver.

- We knew that.

- You won't find a driver like him anywhere...

But as a professional,
he never really made the grade.

Well, you know why?

He never really wanted to.

So far as I'm concerned, he was
number one then, and he is number one now.

(Cheering)

Can't find a driver with his potential.

Why don't they let him alone?

Let the guy alone!

Look, he never done any harm.

This is Bob Palmer

of KLZ TV News in Denver.

Super Soul needs no introduction
as our number one disc jockey,
but he's on his way to becoming
a national celebrity in his own right,
- as the invisible guide of Kowalski.

- The blind leading the blind.

Kowalski was involved in a cross-country
chase starting in Denver, Colorado.

Stay right where you are, son.

Don't move, stranger. Don't move.

I'll get him for ya.

I'll get him. I'll get him.

Stick your pretty little head
right through there, baby.

That's it. Now we got him.

Now we'll get our basket over here.

Look at that. Live and wrigglin'.

Yeah, ain't that a beauty?

Oh!

Ain't that a fat one, though?

Now we'll get him in here.

Thank you, son. That's got him.

Thank you. How many do you have in there?

I've got six rattlers, two sidewinders, and now

we've got one very precious diamondback.

- What do you do with those things?

- Trade 'em.

Trade 'em for coffee, sugar,
chewin' tobacco, salt, flour and beans.

Lots of beans, son!

You live out here, huh?

Look, I'm lost and I need your help.

Attention Kowalski.

I've got an important message for you.

Kowalski, are you listening? Now, dig this.

Coppers from the Highway Patrol
are combin' the desert, huntin' for you.

Listen carefully.

Believe it or not, they tryin' to help you.

They really are. Dig it?

(Switches radio off)

- That depends, son.

- What?

You said you needed my help,
so that depends on your helpin' me first.
Helpin' me to get to where it was that...
to get to where it was that I was headed for.
One of them is... is a-comin' on, now.
I can't see a damn thing out there.
I'll bet you can't even see my truck neither,
and that's... just over there.

- Let's get the hell outta here, huh?

- No, that ain't any way to do it. That's no...

That's no way to get the hell out.

No, the best way, to my knowledge,
to get away, is to root right in where you are.
Just root right in.

They just went over, yeah? But stay put.

Tracks. Let's get down and take a look.

They must've found my old truck.

He's circling out here.

It's a truck!

It's a derelict.

Probably been there since the Depression.

He's headin' north. OK.

- Where to now?

- Straight ahead!

Name, Kowalski.

K-O-W-A-L-S-K-I.

Christian name...

Christian name, my flat foot. What is it?

(# "You Got to Believe")

- What is that?

- Faith healers. Don't you come any closer.

- You wait in this automobile, you hear me?

- OK, partner.

Them healers don't like strangers much,
especially their deacon, Jessie Hovah.

He's a... he's a mean one.

- Yeah, don't forget about the gas.

- I ain't forgettin' the gas.

- You're late.

- Mr Hovah, my truck broke down.

- Who is that man over there?

- Just like I was tellin' ya, my truck...

She ain't gettin' any younger now, and...

- Who is that man?

- He's a friend.

A friend, eh? How do you know?

Ain't that a pretty one, though?

Ain't that real pretty?

Yeah.

But we don't need 'em any more.

Look. I told you these meetings are private.

- Why did you bring a stranger here?

- Mr Hovah, I didn't bring him.

He brought me over.

- Why?

- Well, he needs some gas.

Gas.

You just take your gas
and take him out of here.

But, Mr Hovah, ain't you gonna give me
my coffee and sugar and all the...

Yeah, you'll get it.

...all the stuff that you promised me?

- You'll get it.

We just don't need the snakes any more.

We got the music.

So, we are going to...

free the vipers!

I think she's pretty much filled up now.

Yeah.

- Well, you can leave now, son.

- How?

Well, just follow the larrea belt.

- The what belt?

- The larrea belt.

I mean, always keep your eye on the trail of the sun, and never lose your shadow.

Well, then,

when you see very tall saguaro cactuses, don't lose them neither, cos that's the larrea belt.

The saguaro and a creosote tree'll take you right back onto the trail of the earth.

Uh-huh. So that... that's the road?

That's the road, yeah.

You're beginnin' to get the fundamentals of it, son.

Maybe. Well, thanks, pa.

Thanks for everything.

You're very welcome.

Hope I'll be seeing you again.

! Vaya con Dios!

Enlisted in US Army 1960.

Service in Vietnam War.

Wounded, Mekong Delta.

Honourable discharge from army, 1964.

Medal of Honor for bravery in battle.

Entered San Diego police force, 1964.

Twice promoted, detective first class 1966.

Dishonourable discharge.

Classified documents available to authorised personnel only.

Demolition derby driver and auto clown 1967, '68.

Driving licence suspended 1968.

Previous failure to submit to alcohol-level tests.

Minor jobs, other driving jobs from 1970 to date.

Additional data, none.

- Ready now?

- Not yet. Not yet.

- Well, just tell me when.

- I'm ready, but he's not ready yet.
- What?
- Forget it. I'll tell you when I'm ready.
For heaven's sakes.
Oh, come on.
- Push it.
- I am pushin'.
There's a car coming.
Be back in a tick.
Oh! What a relief.
Yes, thank you. You're very kind.
You're welcome.
Pardon me. Could you please
tell us in which direction you're headed?
- I'm goin' to Frisco.
- Oh, well, that's perfect. Thank you.
Is something wrong?
- No, why? Should there be?
- Well, you're so silent and moody.
Maybe it's just part of my nature.
Why are you laughing?
- I'm not laughing.
- Yes, you are.
Way down deep inside yourself.
It's because you think we're queers, isn't it?
Hey...
This is a stick-up.
Stick-up?
Why are you laughing, Mary?
Well, tell me. Tell me!
No, no, no, please. It hurts.
Oh, my hair!
Oh. You bitch!
(# "So Tired" by Eve)
- Hey, brother K.
- Hi.
- Welcome back. How you feelin'?
- Tired.
Oh, I bet you're tired. I bet you're tired.
- Well, you wanna know what's happening?
- Yeah. What's happening?
Big Brother's not so much
watching as listening in,
as you well might

have gathered by now.
But what you probably don't know
is that they found these two,
let us say, "gentlemen" on the road.
They was pretty badly battered up.
Yeah. They musta had
an accident or something like that.
Some smartass was puttin' pressure on them
to charge you with some ugly, nasty crime.
Let us say assault and battery.
But the two gents in question
refused to comply.
Or, as my alter ego might put it,
stickin' to their guns.
Now, listen to this. Some party or parties
are busily preparing a little welcome
committee in the Sunshine State.
The main doors, and even some side doors,
are heavily embellished
with goblins and fuzzy frills.
- You know what I mean?
- Yeah, I know what you mean.
Hang on now, brother, hang on.
(# "Dear Jesus God" by Segarini and Bishop)
All right, everybody,
clear the streets and you won't get hurt.
Hey! Hey, nigger!
Hey, loudmouthed nigger!
I'm gonna shut your big black mouth!
Let's get him!
(Music cuts off)
(Changes radio stations)
(Turns radio off)
Kowalski! Hi!
Hey.
- Hey, you need any help?
- No, thanks.
- Sure?
- Yeah, I'm sure.
- Far out, man.
- Hey! Wait a second.
- What?
- You got any ups?
- You mean speed?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I got some back at the place.

- How far is it?

- About a mile.

OK. You wanna go back? Far out.

Know what I mean?

Mississippi Queen

She taught me everything

Way down around Vicksburg

Around Louisiana way

Lived a Cajun lady

Called the Mississippi Queen

You know she was a dancer

She moved better on wine

While the rest of them dudes

was gettin' their kicks

Brother, beg your pardon, I was gettin'mine

Mississippi Queen

If you know what I mean

Mississippi Queen

She taught me everything

This lady, she asked me

If I would be her man

You know that I told her

I'll do what I can

To keep her looking pretty

Buy her dresses that shine

While the rest of them dudes

was makin' their bread

Brother, beg your pardon, I was losin'mine

Thanks.

- Do you want more water?

- No, it's OK.

- You keep these. I got a whole bunch of 'em.

- Oh, no, no. I can't use all of that.

Well, take what you need.

- Thanks.

- All right.

Person-to-person call for Kowalski.

Person-to-person call for Kowalski.

Can you hear me, Kowalski?

This is to inform you

of the latest developments.

Correction to my last delivery.

All the main doors are closed except one.

This one opens to Sonora.

Oh, far out, man. That's just
a couple of minutes up the road.

You're gonna make it, Kowalski.

Yeah, the last chance.

Hey, you, uh...

you familiar with this jock's voice?

Super Soul? Yeah. Why?

... highways and byways and freeways.

I said freeways...

- I don't know.

- That's Super Soul.

... spot our hero out there on his lonely...

- Maybe he's got a cold, but that's his voice.

- Help the man.

- You really think so?

- Cheer him on and let us know where he is...

- Wait a minute.

- ... so I can personally deliver your message...

- Hey! Come here!

- ... of goodwill to our soul hero.

- Are you listenin'?

- Come on!

We're gonna help you. Dig it? All of us.

- Listen to this.

- Yeah. So, friends, call me.

- Yeah?

- Yours truly, Super Soul...

- Whose voice is that?

- Super Soul. Who else?

- You sure?

- Course I am.

- You absolutely sure?

- Well...

Hang on a minute.

Brother K, just keep the faith in us, baby,
and we'll lead you right on to glory.

Yeah, it sounds a little different.

He sounds kind of stiff, or square.

He sounds a little mechanical.

- You sense a trap, man?

- Yeah. Maybe.

- You wait here till I get back.

- Where you goin'?

Just wait here.

You gonna stay with us?

No. No, I don't think so.

Is there something I can do for you?

- Well, like what?

- Like anything you want.

No, I can't think of anything.

- You don't fancy me?

- Oh, yeah, yeah. Very much.

- Then why don't we have some fun?

- Thanks. Thanks just the same.

That's OK.

- Isn't there something you'd like?

- Yeah.

Yeah, how about a smoke?

- Oh. OK, I'll roll you one.

- No, no, no, no.

No, a straight one.

Yeah.

All right.

Here. Keep the pack.

Thanks.

- You know, you haven't changed much.

- Hm?

- I said you haven't changed much.

- Haven't I?

Here.

That was a long time ago.

I know. I pasted it up when it first came out.

When I cut it out, I...

It's a lot like
shooting jack rabbits, ain't it?

Goddamn, it's hot, I know that.

(# "Dear Jesus God")

You're right, man. He sold you out.

More cops than I ever seen, man!

You were sold out.

- What the hell's that for?

- That's your pig pass.

(Siren)

(Siren approaching)

It's police! Clear the road! Clear the road!

Get those cars outta there!

Get those cars back!
That's him! That's him!
Get those cars outta here!
Get those cars outta here!
Get after him! Get after him!
Get those cars outta here! Move! Move!
- Damn!
- Hey, that's my car!
This is California. We don't call them
mothers or speed freaks around here.
But we're gonna do what you haven't been
able to do. We're gonna stop him for good.
Yes, we've been
previously informed of all that.
Thank you, Nevada.
Well, you don't need me any more.
You're in California.
You're almost home.
Can you make it on that?
You bet your ass, baby.
Take care, Kowalski.
Hey, K. I knew you wouldn't make it.
What's happening?
You happening, man.
You all over the front page.
Here's the headline. "Ex-Race Driver
Involved In Massive Police Chase."
Yeah, they even printed
poor Vera's story, plus her picture.
Hey, man. What you out there
drivin' like a wild man?
You know you're gonna lose your gig.
It's not your car anyway. What you trying
to prove, man? Are you high, or what?
Hey, K. You still there?
Look, just tell Sandy not to worry.
I'm OK, and that car's gonna be
delivered Monday, right on time.
- You're gassed, man.
- No, listen, it's...
But it's double the bet next time around, huh?
Hey, man.
Don't do no silly shit out there, OK?
- Take care of yourself.

- OK. I'll see you, amigo.

(# "Sweet Jesus" by Red Steagall on radio)

Now my soul is free from sin

Since he opened up the door and let me in

Soon I'll walk on streets of gold

I'm a sheep in his great fold

I'm no longer all alone

Since sweet Jesus

made me whole and led me home

Ten seconds, Super.

(# "Sing Out for Jesus"

by Big Mama Thornton)

Sing out strong for Jesus

Sing out for the Lord

Sing out strong for Jesus

All righty!

Good morning to all you folks out there.

Sunday morning here,

with all men of goodwill,

and some of evil will

thrown in for good measure.

All peace-loving Christians

getting ready to go to church this morning,

and here I am, yours truly, yeah, Super Soul,

bantering the stream of unconsciousness

and peddling his labels

for the sake of good music

to all you listeners out there.

But I'm here on Sunday

for the first time in my life,

and for the very first time

this KOW radio station begins,

not only to DJ and to do my own thing,

but to tell you a little story.

Now let's start at the beginning.

But before we start,

here's some

early Sunday morning wake-up music.

Sing out for Jesus

When you're tired and troubled,

come to Jesus

He's the man that really cares

- # Come sing this song

- # Sing out for Jesus

Praise Jesus the Lord
And today, in a beautiful gesture
made by beautiful people,
in beautiful downtown Goldfield,
this radio station was named KOWalski,
in honour of the last American hero,
to whom speed means freedom of the soul.
The question is not when's he gonna stop,
but who is gonna stop him.
(# "Over Me" by Segarini and Bishop)
Hello, Kowalski. Kowalski.
Please listen, Kowalski.
Oh, it's useless.
Cut it off, man.
Stop!
(# "Nobody Knows" by Kim Carnes)
Vanishing Point