

Curt walks back toward the gym. Looking around, he sees Mr. Wolfe standing in the shadows with the girl, talking intimately. Curt turns away and goes off. Before going back into the gym, Curt stops. He sees a white T-bird parked among a row of cars in the parking lot. He walks--then starts running toward the car. There's a blonde sitting in the front seat making out with some guy.

Curt leans down to the window and is about to say something to his dream girl. But she turns and he sees it's not her. Her boyfriend glares at him like he's some kind of peeping Tom. Curt backs away awkwardly, trying to smile. He leaves.

CRUISING MAIN STREET--'32 DEUCE COUPE

The yellow Ford coupe is gliding down the street--skimming around corners gracefully as the night lights glide up its lacquered hood. Inside the car, Carol glances at John and smiles. The Wolfman is howling on the radio.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)

A Wolfman exclusive for ya now. The Beach Boys, baby, a brand new group. I predict they gonna go a long way. This is called "Surfin' Safari."

Carol is continuing to jabber on, relating past adventures with her little friends. John is unimpressed.

CAROL

So the next night we found out where they parked and went out with ammunition.

JOHN

Don't you have homework or something to do?

CAROL

No sweat--my mother does it. Anyway, he thought he was had. He started

the car and couldn't see through the windshield--and zoomed straight into the canal--it was a riot.

John smiles sarcastically.

CAROL

I still got some, so don't try anything.

She takes a pressurized can of shaving cream and squirts his nose. He swipes the shaving cream on his nose--swerving--A car honks.

JOHN

Hey, watch it will ya! Jesus Christ, thanks a lot.

(looking at her angrily)

Hey, drivin' is a serious business. I ain't havin' no accidents because of you.

Carol sinks into her corner of the car. She sticks her tongue out for a quick moment.

JOHN

(catching her look)

Come on, don't give me any grief. I'm warning ya.

CAROL

Spare me, killer.

He stares at her and she shuts up. "Surfin' Safari" is blaring on the radio and she starts twisting with the music. John turns the radio off.

CAROL

Why'd you do that?

JOHN

I don't like that surfing shit. Rock

'n Roll's been going downhill ever since Buddy Holly died.

CAROL

Don't you think the Beach Boys are boss!

JOHN

You would, you grungy little twerp.

CAROL

Grungy? You big weenie, if I had a boyfriend he'd pound you.

JOHN

(looking in the rear-view mirror)

Sure--ah, shit, Holstein!

She looks around, and sees a police car following them, bubble lights aglow.

CAROL

Good, a cop--I'm going to tell him you tried to rape me.

John pulls the car over and stops.

JOHN

Oh, no--No. Hey--

CAROL

It's past my curfew. I'm going to tell him how old I am, my parents don't know I'm out and you tried to rape me. Boy, are you up a creek.

John looks at her.

JOHN

Hey--ah, really--don't say anything.