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Interstate 60

By Bob Gale

There is this theory.
Given an infinite universe
And infinite time...
all things will happen.
That means that every event is inevitable
including those that are impossible.
that's as good explanation
for all this as anything else.
Now, a lot of stories start in bars,
so that's where we are going to stars this one.
Not because that I was there.
I wasn't.
But because it is a damn good
introduction to a very unique...
fellow.
Legends of every major culture
all contain some sort of character
whose purpose is to grant wishes.
except Americas.
The Arabs have Jinni's...
The Irish have Leprechauns...
The Chinese have dragons and monkeys...
The Europeans have fairies and wood spirits.
Who do we have?
Santa Claus?
Santa Claus just brings presents.
He doesn't grant wishes.
Satan. He grants wishes.
Zak, Satan predates American culture.
He doesn't grant wishes, he makes deals.
All right, I give up.
- What do we have here?
- No one.
That's my thesis.
Our culture is unique in having no such mythology.
Oh, you're wrong my friend.
Excuse me?
There is a fella in America,
who grants wishes.
And only one to a customer.
And who is this fella?
O.W. Grant.
That's his usual name.
He's got many others.

And he's an elusive sun of a bitch.
You'd get easier time
finding a Jinni.
So how come, we've never heard
of this O.W. Grant?
You haven't heard O.W. Grant,
'cause America, is a much younger place than
Ireland or Arabia.
Not too many people have had the chance to meet up with him.
Let me guess.
You have.
I met him out at Interstate 60.
Accidentally. That's his way.
Folks don't find him, he finds them.
He just kinda happens in to them,
and they don't know who he is or what he does...
until he does it.
And mostly messes with them, plays tricks,
'cause that's his way too,
but sometimes...
if he takes a shine to you...
he'll play it straight.
Now, one story says
that his daddy was a Leprechaun...
came over here with Irish.
Now, midgets are notorious skirt chasers
This leprechaun goes and knocks up a Cheyenne Indian...
Cheyenne get the land taken away
in the end up with the immortal, nomadic
half-breed with magical powers.
- Interstate 60, you said?
- Hmmmnn
So, what does this O.W. Grant look like?
Red bow tie.
He smokes a pipe,
curved in the image of a monkey.
Maybe you'd be better of writing your theses
without mentioning O.W.
He'd probable rather not have
people knownin' about him.
You got it.
Good night.
Hey Quincy, check this out
There is no Interstate 60.

I 65, 64, 66, and 69.

No I 60.

I guess tonight's everybody's full-of-shit night.

Guy with a red bow tie and a monkey pipe,
who grants wishes...

Right.

No, damn it, look,

I need, that bid in before twelve...

Yeah it's critical, just...

Right, call West...

Holy shit!

Broken jaw.

I'm sorry mister,

I didn't see you.

Are, are you OK

come on?

Are you all right?

Jesus.

Don't!

Stop!

Oh man!

My bike!

Look, I'm sorry.

I'll pay

Oh God damn it!

Oh God damn it!

Look at my suit.

Oh shit...

Oh fuck.

I've got a sales meeting at 11 o'clock.

This is a fuckin' disaster.

My phone is my fuckin' life line.

God damn it!

Oh I say everything happens
for a reason.

May I guess,

I just needed a new bike.

I, for one, did not need this shit
in my life.

Not today.

Of all fuckin' days!

Oh God damn it!

I wish, this had never happened!

I wish, it hadn't happened... I wish, it hadn't happened!

Was that your wish?
If you had a wish,
you wished, this hadn't happened?
Fuckin A right!
Granted!
Mr. Baker.
How did you know my name?
Damn it, I need the bid in before 12...
yeah it's critical...
look, just call West
have him fax the timesheet to the main office...
Get it there by ...
Speak up, I can't hear you.
Some people just don't know what to wish for.
As for my part in this story,
well, it began on a Tuesday.
September 18th.
My birthday.
My 22nd birthday to be exact.
Oh, I'm Neal Oliver.
And this mess, is my apartment
in St. Louis. Missouri.
Where at this particular moment
I was at MajorDecision.com.
Should I wear a tie to lunch?
Damn.
Happy birthday Neal...
Sweet
Truth.
You are not mad,
that I'm bailing on you tonight?
No, no no no.
I mean how cool it you be for you,
to bomb your psyche-test because of some stupid concert
No aah. You have got to wait until lunch.
That's your family rules.
But you can open this.
I intercepted your snail mail.
It's the reality check.
I'm game over on the art scholarship.
We should at least open it.
I can tell a rejection by weight.
You are the wrong sex, the wrong colour
and your family has too much money. I'm sorry.

Just don't, don't mention anything
to my old man, please.
You are so weird.
What?
Well, you actually suppose to cut your grapefruit in half
and eat it with a spoon
not peel it, and eat it like an orange.
Oh look... it's her.
Again.
Should I be like jealous?
Oh, maybe if she was real.
So, I had another dream about her,
last night.
She was in jail...
it's got to mean something.
I'll tell you what it means.
You saw her once somewhere
and made a subconscious impression,
the impression came back to you in a dream,
so you drew her
which made the impression stronger.
You dream, you draw, you draw, you dream
Now it's a vicious cycle.
So quit drawing her, and it'll end.
Well, thank you Karl Young.
Fact is, I enjoy drawing her.
But, am I...
Am I any good at this Sally?
'cause today is the deadline of the Conrad Competition.
Should I even enter these?
Don't ask me Neal.
I don't want to be judgmental.
But I do know, that just because you enjoy doing something,
doesn't necessarily mean that you should make it your career.
Here,
No worries.
As I said it all started on my 22nd birthday.
Specifically here.
At my traditional birthday lunch.
As always, my father had picked the restaurant.
Attending with the usual suspects.
Sally, who my parents actually liked
maybe even more than I did.
My dad. Daniel.

Attorney at law.
My mom Marlene.
The attorneys wife.
And my sister
and best friend Nancy.
Put on earth by the grace of God,
to keep me from going insane.
So what did you wish for?
Please tell me that it was something about us.
I'm guessing...
He wished to go skydiving again.
God forbid.
Oh no, no. Neal you didn't.
Why, if I tell her, it won't come true.
Actually that's an old wives' tale.
The truth is, you should always tell your wish.
Kinda Carma thing.
Put it out there, project it.
Then it just might come true.
Never heard that before.
Oh, it's true.
Believe me.
I know.
I'll cut this for you.
OK, so now you have to tell us.
Yeah, come on, tell us Neilo.
I wished for...
an answer.
An answer, OK
an answer to what?
An answer to my life.
Here it is.
Happy birthday son.
Your admission to the Bradford Law Fellowship.
Just do the interview next month, on October 15th,
and you're in.
It's all arranged.
By me.
And you can take that to the bank.
Dad, I told you,
I wasn't sure yet.
Well, I can be sure for the both of us.
Last candle gone.
Take it with you.

That is, if you want your wish granted.
Thanks.
Oh, cool.
That's my colour too. Thank you.
Sable brushes.
Nance.
You are the best Nance.
You are welcome.
As for last.
Happy birthday son.
Isn't it perfect?
Fire engine red.
You have no idea,
how hard it was to find a red convertible in this town.
Fuel injected. 160 horses.
Car phone.
Yeah, I even got you special plates.
Oh boy, I would have killed for a car like this,
when I was your age.
Aw, you know I thought it was high time for an image change,
and what better way to start.
Now, you see, the engine is a 2.5 litre dual overhead cam, inline...
As usual, it was all about him.
His idea of cool.
Red was his colour. Not mine.
It was his pet phrase on the licence plate.
Clearly he was expecting me to become him.
Well? Isn't it the best present,
you could ever get?
It's awesome. Come on Neal, take me for a ride.
Well, son...
Neal!
Oh my God!
Son!.
Somebody call 911.
Neal, Neal,
are you all right?
Talk to me son.
Neal.
Get better soon honey,
Love Mom + Dad, XO
St. Louiss finest thin crust
You're all right Neal?
Yeah, yeah, just...

it only hurts when I think.
They want to keep me overnight,
to log some tests in the morning
make sure,
my perception is like worked, yeah.
You're goddess, Nance.
I know.
So, what's your perception of a dad
who buys you the gift,
he wants for himself?
About the same as toxic wastes.
Your perception is fine.
That is one hell of a way
getting out of answering dad about the car.
Mom and dad are going to be here soon,
what are you gonna tell them?
Lies.
The truth is just gonna piss him off.
Well maybe that's a good thing.
No, no.
Because then I' gonna get the whole riff,
about how I'm letting him down
It's just easy if I roll with it.
And maybe someone will steal it.
First a little visual warm up?
I'll hold up a card, you name the suit.
I'm gonna go faster and faster.
So, see if you can keep up.
OK.
Diamond.
Club.
Spade.
Heart.
Diamond.
Spade.
Diamond.
Heart.
Club.
Spade.
Heart.
Diamond.
Club.
Heart.
Spade.

Diamond.

Club.

Spade.

Heart.

Club.

Spade.

Heart.

Did I pass?

No.

But a few people do.

Black hearts, red spades?.

Come on, that's like cheating.

Aah, experience has conditioned you,
thinking that all hearts are red,
and all spades are black.

Because their shapes are similar.

It's easier for your mind
to interpret them...

based on that passed experience,
than open to an idea that they can be different.

We see what we expect to see.

Not necessarily, what's really there.

Children who have never played cards
always pass this test.

Makes you wonder how many other things
are right in front of you, sight, sound, smell
that you can't experience,
because you've been conditioned not to?

The good news is ...

If we'll do the test again you will pass.

Once you are aware,
that there can be black hearts and red spades,
you'll be able to perceive them.

Your brain is wired,
just like the Interstate highways system.

It's easier to go from one well to go
from one well travelled place to another
but the places in between, off the highway ...

Even though they're there, most people just zip right pass them.

Well, that's cool trick

But there aren't any card games with red spades and black hearts.

Well, how do you know?

Mr. Oliver. I'm Dr. Craig.

You ready to take some tests?

Yeah.

Well, that was some warmer back to you got there, that guy Ray.

Who?

Ray. You know, that guy, who was ju ...

He just left.

You know, the tricked cards.

No, there is no one on staff, named Ray.

No, he was just here.

Wacky guy, with the cards...

with the light-green lab coat.

The staff wears blue here, not green.

But we can test your colour perception.

Dropped seven of hearts.

Come on in son.

So, how's that new car?

- Awesome?

- Yeah dad... it's very awesome.

What is on your mind, son?

I'm not so sure

about this Bradford thing, dad.

Seams little too easy, you know.

I spent years working very hard,
so it would be easy for you.

What? You want to work nights
in that warehouse for the rest of your life?

Come on dad,
that just so I don't have to ask you for cash.

Son, let me give you
some Daniel Olivier philosophy.

And you can take it to the bank.

When ever someone offers you an advantage,
take it.

And this program is an advantage.

It will get you
to any law school in the country.

America needs another lawyer.

Another good lawyer.

We can always use one of those.

- That was costs 30 Gs ?

32,200.

I outbid two major collectors
to get it.

It's a lot of money for a drop cloth.

That shows you how much you know.

That is Franklin Samuel original.
He's a name artist.
If you ever sell anything,
the operative would be if,
maybe... maybe... your opinion will count.
Look dad,
I'm just not sure, OK?
I thought about,
maybe taking some time off.
Time off for what?
Sort of take stock, you know,
try figure some things out.
Waste your time with your art?
It's a hobby son.
Would you live it that?
Look, I got you into Bradford,
because Prat's on the board,
and he won't be next year.
So if you don't take advantage of it now,
there won't be a next time.
Why not just go thru the program?
If you ultimately decide, law school is not for you,
then, I'll... live with it.
But at least you'll be Bradford fellow
and that's something you can always take to the bank.
Then you can, you know...
figure things out.
So you're going Bradford, ha.
- I thought you weren't sure.
- I'm not.
I think it would be stupid,
not to at least give it a shot.
Can't let down the old man.
Bought you off with a fancy car?
He's maximizing his options, Frank.
It's very mature.
We should be supportive,
not judgemental.
Look for the good in your fellow man.
The warm wind of romance
blows around you.
With good health,
prosperity will follow.
October 15th.

That's the day of my Bradford interview.

Let me see that.

OK, you got me.

It's blank.

What the hell?

I would never get on that shit, never.

Just, leave everything behind,

not know where are you going.

I can't believe that you would Neal.

Just, leave your friends, and your family,
and for what?

Hey, earth to Neal.

What's the matter?

Sally my fortune.

Didn't it say:

October 15th, are you sure?

Obviously it didn't.

At the restaurant, when I showed it to you,
isn't that what it said?

Why do you make such a big deal about this?

Because it is bugging me. That's why.

You're just projecting your anxiety, about your decision,
and that is natural.

It's OK. You'll do great.

Because that's who you are.

Here.. Just take a nice deep breath, relax.

Sally, listen to me.

What are the chances?

That of all cookies in that kitchen,
that exact one ended up on a plate,
that was taken to our table,
and I picked it?

It was blank, Neal.

The fortune was blank.

You projected.

I projected?

Right.

That was the politically correct way to say I was seeing things...

Well, a lovely thought.

I worked graveyard shifts at the grocery warehouse, filling orders
for the trucks to take to the various stores in the morning.

I liked it for three reasons.

I'd gotten the job on my own.

It paid enough that I didn't have to ask the old man for cash.
And it annoyed Daniel
that his son was even working at such a low-class job.
I hear you are quittin
to become some big shot lawyer in your new fancy-ass car, hmmm?
Well, lucky do.
Hey, Curby.
Get the kid a brake.
You just remember that
no matter how hard shit you think you are,
It's always gonna be more the same.
Just another High School.
- High School?
- Hell yeah.
Everything in life is like high school.
They're just changin names.
You take this place.
Instead of principle, we've got boss.
Instead of teachers, supervisors.
Instead of assignments, they give us work orders
and if you fuck up them work orders,
you get fired.
Instead of expelled.
Oh yeah, names are different,
but it is exact same shit.
High school.
Damaged goods.
Well, store can't sell them.
Guess I'll just have to take them off their hands.
Is he right, Otis?
Is everything more the same?
Yeah, if you look at it like that.
I mean, look at me,
I show up here, see the same people,
take shipment to the stores,
see those same people,
eat at the same places,
see those same people...
but not really.
See.
I like seeing those people.
Well most of them any way.
If I want something different,
I can make it different, go a different way.

Eat at a different place,
do an Interstate gig.
See I never went to high school...
Look at them.
In the morning they will get up,
and go to the store.
And the paste will be on the shelves where it always is,
and not one of them will give
a moment's thought as to how it got there.
Holy shit.
That's her.
I must have seen her on the billboard,
and that's how she got in my dreams.
You dream about her?
Yeah, yeah, Yes.
Pretty silly, huh.
Maybe it means something.
Like what?
Like the thunderbolt, you know,
love at the first sight.
Come on Otis, that's just fairytale stuff.
That's how I met my wife.
Spotted her in a crowd at the river front,
4th of July fireworks.
Couldn't take my eyes of her.
Fireworks were up there,
but I was staring at her.
And I just knew.
Well. See, all my girlfriends,
are always a reaction to the one I had last.
Janet was so opinionated about my art,
it drove me crazy.
So I found Sally, who refuses to be judgemental about it.
Meanwhile she's trying to psychoanalyse me.
So she is not the one either.
Maybe you should go after her?
Girl like that. She's a model,
she's probably got guys fallen all over her
Guys with big portfolios.
Yeah, I think it's kinda childish idea.
Chasing a dream.
Hi, your billboard on Delmar & Wicker's,
the one on the side of the building?
Yeah, whose ad agency is that?

No, no, no... Next to the Casino Queen billboard.
The girl with the phone,

says:

Blank?! No, no It can't be blank.

I was just there.

I just saw it.

No, I just saw it!

Hey, what is the sign on the right said?

What, are you nuts?

It's blank, man.

Neal Oliver.

Your appointment has been scheduled on tomorrow.

September 25th. 10 AM. 555 Olive Street.

Suite 1300.

No rescheduling.

Neal Oliver, your appointment...

- Who is this?

Hello?

Hello?

10 AM. 555 Olive Street.

Suite 1300, no rescheduling.

Morning, Mr. Oliver.

Wasn't sure that you'd actually show up.

Not everyone does.

Ray?

I've got a job for you.

If you want it.

Drive cross country.

Deliver a package.

Right, what the hell is going on here Ray?

Because I'm seeing things on signs...

In fortune cookies...

I mean, in weird messages...

Black Hearts, or red Spades.

I told you, you can see them now.

What's it all about?

It's all about you, Neal.

It's all about you.

Here's the job.

Misspelled Denver.

Did I now?

OK, so why me?

Why not FedEx?

What's in here, any way?
Can't really say.
You can't really say, because you don't know,
or you do know, and don't want me to know?
Either way, the result is the same.
So what's this job pay?
Can't really say.
What's the catch?
Or you can't say that either?
Always wanted the answers,
aren't you?
Consider it, an interesting way to break in the new century.
Or simply,
a way to break in that new car.
Before the Bradford interview.
How do you know about that?
Open it.
Sit down.
Here's the deal.
If you walk out of here with that package,
you agree to deliver it.
You don't lose it, you don't open it,
and you don't try to find out what's inside it.
You'll be compensated on the other end.
Go by way of Interstate 60.
Delivery date is October 2nd.
So you'll have time to visit some towns,
meet some people.
See what's out there.
Pick up some travellers' tales.
Highway experiences.
Episodes of the Road.
This is too surreal.
I mean, you, this office,
the 13th floor of a building that has no 13th floor
My alarm clock's gonna go off any second.
Rise and shine.
You're awake Neal.
Could be you're awake for the first time in your life.
It's our standard form.
And I'll need you to seal it with the drop of your blood.
Blood?
Of course.
I'm the DEVIL.

Just kidding.
Traditionally, a man means what he says,
he'll put his blood where his mouth is.
All right.
Oh, one more thing.
There's a killer out there.
So be careful
Now you tell me?
After I sign?
The journey of life
always includes a possibility of death.
This killer,
what does he look like?
-Who said it's a man?
- It's a woman?
It's not this Robin Fields, is it?
I know... you can't really say.
I didn't misspell the name of that town.
You'll find it.
Just go west on Interstate 60.
Look, we've been over this.
There is no Intestate 60.
There's US 60.
But there is no Interstate 60.
Look... there's got to be.
Well look at here. Here is 70.
The next major route south is 40.
So if there was an I 60,
it would have to be some where between 70 and 40.
But, as you can see, it's not there.
It simply doesn't exist.
Where do you find a highway, that doesn't exist?
Well, I decided to look where it'd be if it did exist.
Ray said that you don't find hidden places,
by sticking to the well travelled routs
So, I skipped well travelled Interstate 55,
and went south on Boob Dylan's highway 61.
And there she was again.
Telling me, I was right.
I was fast becoming a believer in signs.
It's you I'm delivering this package, isn't it?
You're Robin Fields.
Now it makes all sense.
Cool. Very cool.

Very, very cool.
You are the waiter, from my birthday party
O.W. Grant.
Neal Oliver.
It's a strange coincidence,
seeing you here again.
Only if you believe in coincidence.
I prefer inevitability.
Every event is inevitable.
If it wasn't, it wouldn't happen.
Right.
Oh, I forgot to give you, your birthday present.
Remember your wish?
An answer.
- Yeah
- That's great.
Yeah, gets greater.
Go on, go ahead. Try it.
Yes or No questions.
OK, hmmm...
Eight ball, is there an Interstate 60?
I told you, it'd get greater.
Who are you mister?
The O.W stands for One Wish.
That's what I do.
I grant wishes.
One to a customer.
Your was more interesting,
then most.
Open ended.
Signifies thought instead of greed.
That's what I get most of the time.
gimme, gimme, gimme,
gimme this, gimme that...
Usually money, or sex,
or easy living.
How I deliver.
Yeah, that depends on what mood i'm in.
Eight Ball, is this guy bull-shitting me?
Come on.
Let's find that road.
Now, one young couple wished to be married.
Live happily ever after.
So I blew up their car.

At the church, on the way to the honeymoon.
Another guy. He wanted great perfect sex every day,
with his choice of gorgeous women. No pregnancies.
So...
Everyday there is a FedEx delivery...
of a skin magazine...
box of tissues.
There's the Stop sign.
Turn right.
There is a sign post,
up ahead.
Son of a bitch.
I found it.
It was inevitable.
So, I thought all Interstates were divided highways,
with limited access.
No, when highway doesn't officially exist.
The rules don't apply.
OK, so how is it, we're on a highway,
that is on any map,
going to a towns, that presumably don't exist?
Well, there are unlisted phone numbers, right?
So, why can't there be unlisted highways and towns?
I don't buy it.
There's got to be a better explanation, than that.
Better explanation.
OK. How about it's a...
parallel dimension.
Or you're in a dream.
Or it has something to do
with your wish.
Or... you're in a coma
from when that bucket hit you.
Or maybe...
just maybe...
You're dead.
Well?
Well, what do you want kid?
I just gave you not one explanation,
but six.
All reasonable.
You want an answer,
pick one.
It want change anything.

You, you took a job,
and now you got to do it.
Yeah, but it could change something.
So, what if I'm dead?
What if I'm dead, right now.
There is no reason,
why shouldn't drive on oncoming traffic, right?
OK, go ahead.
Try it.
But that's way you accelerated in way of the big semi,
coming at us,
which should be in about 25 seconds, I figure.
Come to this.
Now, if you are dead...
Then, this is the after life,
and you made a deal with a guy, sealed in blood,
who knew everything about you,
even what you are going to say, before you said it.
Now who do you think,
that guy might be?
And...
do you think it is a good idea to piss him off?
Maybe you got a point.
Maybe I do.
Oh, I love this highway.
Me?
I consider myself an artist, too.
I see life, as..
art appreciation.
You know,
some artist can't stand the sight of their work once it's finished.
Me, I'm one of my own biggest fans.
And one of my favourites,
will be coming through that door... any moment..
Now.
Yeah, can I take your order?
15 double-cheeseburgers, please.
15 double-cheese to go.
Oh, not to go.
I'll eat them here.
Hold the order.
You're going to eat 15 double-cheeseburgers,
all by your self?
Yeah.

Why, they are real big?

You think 15 to many?

Way to many.

All right. Twelve then.

Even dozen.

Look,

are you drunk or something, mister?

Well I don't know.

Can you get drunk on six beer?

Hey fella.

I've got a hundred says that you can't eat six double-cheese,
as much less twelve.

So, what you're saying is,
they're really big cheeseburgers?

My hundred says you can't eat six double-cheese.

Well, I'm kinda hungry.

maybe you're right.

Twelve is to many burgers.

I'll tell you what?

Make it two double-cheese, three orders of fried chicken,
one BLT, two ham & Swiss on rye, chicken fried steak,
Turkey club, and two bolls chilli extra onions.

And one piece of each of those pies.

One piece of each of these pies?

Anything else?

Three order onion rings.

That's much more sensible lunch,
than twelve double-cheeseburgers.

Oh, and hold the pickles.

100 bucks.

If you can finish all that food,
in one hour.

Without getting up from that counter,
and without losing your lunch.

I'm not much of a betting man.

Two to One odds then...

No, no, I'll give you Three to One.

That's 300 to mine...

against 100 to yours.

Well, what the Hell.

It's only money.

Hal...

You better hold onto this money.

Sure.

Yeah, I'll take some of that.
Eight Ball, is this guy gonna really eat all that food?
Can I hmm...
Can I get on this action?
Ask him.
No I like long shots.
You're crazy your knees.
My money just as good, right.
Hell about me.
Sir,
you want to drink anything with that?
There's your order.
All right. It's 13:10.
On your mark... Get set...
Wait.
Ketchup, please.
Thanks.
All right... What's the trick?
Trick?
Where is the food?
Can't all be in your stomach.
Actually, I don't know.
The fact is, I always loved eating.
More than anything.
Go into a restaurant,
want to order everything on the menu.
But, I was always frustrated,
by the small capacity of my stomach.
Well, 17 years ago,
I made a wish...
And amazingly enough it came true.
Now I have, what you might call,
a black hole in my belly.
Only I have to keep eating like this,
six or seven times a day.
Gets expensive.
So, I travel a lot,
and take advantage of guys like you to pay for it.
That's a good one.
Excuse me, mister.
I've got to know one thing.
Do you still love eating?
No...
now it's a drag.

Listen kid...
Nobody minds money taken by that guy,
he gave us good show for our money.
But I draw a line over what you did.
What did I do?
I just bet the right horse, that's all.
You run on it. I know a hustle when I see one.
I played a hunch, I swear to God.
I've never seen that guy before in my life
But your friend, there has.
Haven't you fella?
Oh, I wont deny it.
Now,
get back the money you stole, son.
Look sir, I won a couple of bets.
If that's such a crime why dont we call the police.
I am the police.
Sorry about that.
That's all my money.
Hit the rode, fellas.
OK, so what's your game Mr Grant.
'cause it seems like you know exactly what's gonna happen,
just before it happens,
and it's just like
fucking with me!
Oh, don't take it personal kid.
I fuck with everybody.
That's what I do.
If I tie highly recommend it as
an unending source of amusement.
And as far as knowing what's gonna happen.
Well... on this highway,
the past, the present, the future,
the "What if some maybe's, the roads not taken",
could all converge, get jumble up.
I just happen to be tuned into it.
That's all.
So what are you?
Like an Angel or God, or something?
Just, picking up certain people to give him a wish?
No... no,
just a guy who likes to mess with peoples heads.
I'm a Joker...
in life's deck.

But, why do it?
I enjoy it.
You should always find something to do,
that you enjoy.
Although I will admit I have been
considering a career change.
Job in a convenience store...
Or maybe becoming...
a male prostitute.
You're gay?
- You're fucking with me, aren't you?
- Yeah.
Fact is I'm a virgin.
I always will be.
My penis...
was cut off in a very weird accident,
when I was nine.
Yeah, right.
You want to see it?
Yeah... show me.
Holy shit.
Oh, God...
Oh, let me tell you, the world is very different pace,
when you're not constantly thinking about sex.
or responding sexually to everything...
Yeah.
I go to guess that'd would be.
Wait, how would you know?
How would you know,
what it's like to not have something, you never had?
Now you're thinking.
You'd be surprised,
how many people take that statement on faith.
Sounds right,
so they just except it.
As I say.
Messing with peoples heads,
can be a lot of fun.
You should try it.
Some nice scenery coming up ahead.
Hello then...
you're going my way?
If you're going west.
Then, that's my way.

Hey, why don't you hop in the back,
because huggy here is gonna wanna take a good look at me,
and if I'm in the front,
he'll have a better view.
And if you're in the back...
so will you.
I'm Laura.
Neal.
Oh, and that's Mr. Grant.
So, where you going Laura?
Me?
Oh, I'm going to a...
find a perfect fuck.
Wow, that's an interesting destination.
Yeah, ever been there?
- Can't say that I have.
- Me either.
But so far the trip's been pretty exciting.
Only, how will you know,
when you've gotten there?
That is the problem.
It's actually become my obsession,
but you don't need to hear about it.
Sure, sure I do.
The first time, wasn't that great.

I'm thinking:

This is it?
This is what all these songs are written about?
I mean, talk about hype.
Second time was a little bit better.
Third time, now that was a hot time.
Forth time, not as good as the third time.
But once I've done it enough to have all these
experiences to compare, just drove me nuts.
I mean,
what if the best one was right around the corner?
You know, how much better,
would the perfect one be?
So this became my quest.
No, there is times,
when wish I've gone to the convent.
But my obsession,
becomes your opportunities.

You little stun muffin.
You want to take advantage of a girl that can't say no?
Any guy turned you down before?
Not unless he was gay.
OK...
What number would I be?
But I have got a very,
very good hearing about you,
and there's something very, very special.
- I think I'm gonna pass, Laura.
- What do you mean, you will pass?
Guys don't pass.
Oh, I'm clean, there is no disease,
if that's what you're worried about.
I've got condoms...
all best kinds.
Come on Neal...
stick it to me.
I'm not doing it. Period.
So, you just.
You are not man enough?
You meet a real woman
and you turn in to a wuss?
Think you want measure up, hmmm?
Well, you'll never know,
will you?
Because if I don't do it...
I want be number 2000 and whatever.
I'll be number One.
That one guy.
Guy you will remember for the rest of your life.
You stay up at night,
thinking about me, wondering,
Was he the One?
The answer is yes.
I am the perfect fuck.
The one you never had...
Perfect on every way...
Look, stop it, stop it...
This is Zen thing, it's amazing...
I've never been perfect in anything before.
Well, you can fuck me.
A mind fuck, and it was terrible.
It was good for me.

What about you Mr.?
I'll bet,
you're a real man.
You're man enough to be in my book?
Oh, Hell yes.
Put me down in there.
But I sometimes got little troubles...
getting excited.
Let me take care of that baby.
Now, that's a museum you'd really appreciate.
What is it? A bunch of bogus paintings
Stop in Renburg. Have a look.
You'll find it very...
thought provoking.
450 mile to Danver.
Quarter tank of gas, and no money.
Well, when Columbus set sail,
he didn't know if it had any wind.
Stop!
Help. Stop!
Jesus lady...
Help my, please, my son...
took my car and run off. I think he's in Banton.
Will you take me there?
I've got to find him.
Look I'm sorry,
but I'm not going that way.
I'll pay you... \$53.
It's all I have just take me to Banton.
Help my find my son, please.
You need money.
She shows up.
Coincidence?
All right lady, hop in. I'll take you.
- Thank you
Well, I'll hop out.
You're gettin' in tune with the highway.
Say,
that's important.
Good luck Neal.
Hey, wait a minute. Am I gonna see you again?
Always wanting an answer.
Well, maybe you'll find it in Banton.
I'll pay you the rest,

when we'll find Philip.

Oh, I'm Susan Ross.

Neal Oliver.

- So, how old is Philip, Susan?

- 16.

He's my baby.

He's all I have.

He's run away before,
but he's always come back.

God I am so scared...

What if I never find him?

- Well, did you call the Police?

- They say I should look in Banton

It's not like I've been a bad mother.

it's just...

so hard when you're all alone.

We're gonna find him Susan.

We'll find him.

It is illegal to sell,
consume, or transport Euphoria,
beyond the city limits, under penalty of law.

Be warned, it is highly addictive.

Even in small doses.

Withdraw from Euphoria, has known to cause injury and death.

All responsible citizens, are urged to avoid this drug at all costs,
and stay in the Euphoria-free zones.

Euphoria is legal in Banton,
and is distributed within the Banton city limits.

- However ...

What kind of town is this?

it is illegal to sell, consume ..

Maybe we should talk to the Police?

Come on.

16-year-old,
in town with legal drugs, and a rave.

Sorry,

but I don't think he'll be at the library.

The next bus to the rave is leaving in five minutes...

The next bus to the rave is leaving in five minutes.

First timers?

Are you aware,
that Euphoria is being distributed inside,
that it is dangerous, and addictive substance,
and it is strongly advised not to partake of it?

Well, how can we not be?

Go on.

You'll need this.

No, thanks.

Don't be stupid.

This is the answer.

This is to everything.

And you really need it.

Susan!

He's over here.

Philip.

Oh, thank God,

we've found you.

Please, let's go home.

Chill ma, I am home.

See this? This is the place.

The happiest place on earth.

You can't stay here.

You have to come home.

But Mom!

Who's this?

New stud boyfriend?

Sure can pick 'em.

- You've got school.

- Fuck school.

I've got Euphoria.

Here, try some mom, the best.

Philip.

You can't stay here.

Yo, I'm in legal age here.

I can do anything I want.

I want... Euphoria.

You stole my car.

It's in the impound yard. Take it.

I don't want it. Eat it.

No, you take me there.

Go away. Leave me alone

Hey, what's a matter with you?

What's going on her?

Hey, now break it up.

Philip come home.

- That's it.

- Philip! Philip! Please come home.

The fact is ma'am, here your son's legal age.

He wants to stay...
He can't be forced to leave.
And...
He wants to stay.
No, they all do. They're addicts.
But he's just a boy.
He didn't know what he was doing.
Oh, no no.
He knew.
They all knew,
that's why there are all those warnings posted all over town.
Yeah, but if this drug is so addictive,
why is it legal?
Son...
This town had serious drug problem.
And all the problems that go along with it.
We tried everything.
Punishment for dealing, punishment for using.
More enforcement,
tougher enforcement, jail,
hell, public humiliation.
But, it all came down to one thing.
Some folks... just wanna get high.
So...
We came up with a radical solution...
Euphoria.
Synthetic drug. Potent, legal,
and totally addictive,
and we warn everyone, not to use it.
But like I said,
some folks just wanna get high.
One hit of this, and you are hooked.
And we own them.
Camp controls the supplies
so of course we can set the prize, and we made it very affordable.
Live in our camps, eat our food, and ...
you know, just do a couple of off jobs,
pick up some trash, mow the lawn,
clean some toilets, and you get your Euphoria.
And at night, man... party till you drop.
The thrall is so intense,
that everybody pays the price.
It's an incredible achievement, really.
Drug so powerful that it sublimates the sex drive.

You know, how many rapes we had here last year?

None.

Are you saying Philip's going to be cleaning
toilettes for the rest of his life?

With no sex drive?

He'll never marry.

I'll never have grandchildren?

It's ironic, isn't it?

Americans fought a war for freedom...

another one to end slavery.

What someone would choose to do with their freedom?

Become slaves.

But they're human beings.

They have rights.

They didn't know what they be given up.

They made a choice.

But look at them.

They seem miserable to you?

They live a simple, happy life.

No decisions... no responsibilities...

No problems...

They found their answer.

You so sure,

that your life is better than theirs?

It's like theyre animals.

Oh yeah, we're all animals.

Just that, some of us have different priorities.

That's all.

Whatever your priorities are,

Banton is a really nice place to live.

No, it's a nightmare.

Please, I want my son back.

I'll do anything.

All right than.

It comes down to three choices.

One.

You move here to the Euphoria free zone,

and that way,

you at least have the chance to see him.

Hell, some parents

end up having their children work for them.

Kind of perverse pay back.

Two. You go home.

Try to find something else

to make your life worth a while.
Or three...
Join the party.
What should I do?
You're smart... tell me what to do.
I don't know.
I guess, if it was me...
I'd want to see my boy.
But he doesn't want to see me.
Oh, my God...
It's wonderful...
I... feel so... beautiful...
I never knew, I can be so...
happy.
Well, how about you son?
You want some?
No thanks.
I'll pass.
It's Ives here.
We've got a rookie in my office,
and I've short shifted the
cleaning gall again.
Send in the zoo keeper.
- Roger that
Well, guess you'll need a hotel room for the night.
Plus, you get...
a 300 dollars finders fee.
Finders fee?
Yeah, for her.
You've just increased our labour-pool.
We pay for that, around here.
What's the matter son?
Somebody offers you an advantage... take it.
I took the room, but not the money.
I couldn't.
And even then I didn't sleep very well.
I never got the rest of the 53 bucks, but,
given the dynamics of Interstate 60,
I wasn't concerned.
I knew something would be just down the road.
It was inevitable.
What did concern me,
was whether something else was inevitable.
Eight Ball, should I be worried about this.. killer?

Can you be more specific?

Figures.

The inevitable something down the road,
was 20 miles ahead,
and he was quite the character.

What's the deal there, mister?

Hey, Bob Cody.

I don't drive.

And I don't like to hitch-hike.

When hitch-hike, I'm at the mercy of the driver.

But when I pay for the ride, I'm the employer, and I call the shots.
That's how I like it.

So.. you wanna work for me?

Well, I'm going to Denver.

I wouldn't mind making some money.

Good. I'm going to Renburg.

It's on your way.

Here's mine proposition.

You pay for gas, pay for your meals.

No alcohol while you're on payroll.

I pick radio stations. I initiate all conversations.

I'll pay you ten dollars cash every hour.

And the mileage money,
when we get to Renburg.

In all other matters...

You play straight with me, I'll play straight with you.

So, we have a contract?

We have a contract.

So, who is my new employee?

Neal Oliver.

Mr. Oliver, you may call me Mr. Cody.

Or Sir.

You got it, Sir.

He was going to Renburg.

The museum of art fraud was in Renburg.

Coincidence?

I knew then that I'd had to check out that museum.

It was inevitable.

Mr. Cody had rather unique tastes in audio stimulation.

The choice is clear. The Orient 620.

The American made car, for American made drivers...

See, that's a lie.

Orient engines are made in Japan.

Guilt Signal.

The movie everyone's talking about...
That's another lie.
We're not talking about it.
We're the United State's Post Office.
We care...
Oh, that's the biggest whopper of all.
You know, sometimes only that chairman will do.
I get no kick from champagne...
(Frank Sinatra's - Kick out of you)
There's an advert I can't figure.
What's warmer, the weather, the water... girl?
She's pretty, though.
She's Robin Fields.
She's gorgeous.
Sir.
Well, you know her?
Not yet.
I'm meeting her in Danver.
You're a lucky man.
Yeah, to be honest, I'm a little nervous about it...
Cos', you know,
what am I gonna say?
How do you start a conversation with the girl of
your dreams, without coming off like a total dork?
Don't say anything.
Let her start.
That's, a good idea.
Sit back.
Listen to sweet musical tones of her voice.
Son, you got a bag.
Yes sir, I do.
I get a kick out of youuuuuuuuuuu....
Now there's a sign that's
telling the truth, for a change.
Yeah, looks like a motel to me.
No, Frontier... ever hear of
Frederick Turner Mr Oliver?
No sir.
Well, he was an historian.
About a hundred years ago,
he came up with the theory about the Frontier.
Said, the Frontier was a...
safety valve for civilization.
Place for people to go,

to keep them from going mad.
So...
wherever were folks, who
couldn't fit in with ways things were...
Nuts, malcontents, extremists...
They'd packed up and head for the frontier.
So America got started.
All the crackpots and
trouble makers in Europe,
packed up, and went to a frontier,
which became, The Thirteen Colonies...
When some people couldn't fit in with that,
they moved further west.
Which is why all the nuts
eventually ended up in California.
Turner died in 1932, so ...
He was around long enough
to see what would happen to the World,
when we ran out of frontier.
Some people say,
we had a frontier in the mind.
And they go off and explore the wonderful
world of alcohol, and drugs, but,
that's no frontier.
It's just another way for us
to fool ourselves...
And we've created this phoney frontier
with computers.
Which allows people to think theyve escaped...
Frontier with access fees...
What about Space?
The final frontier?
Ah, Star Trek isn't Space.
That's television.
Find fuckin' frontier, that is.
Besides, how many folks can just pack up,
and go to space?
Naah, the frontier is right here.
Interstate 60.
That's why it was put here.
Give people, who wanted a little different,
place to go.
Is that really true Mr Cody?
If it isn't... it should be.

Excuse me... Excuse me...
Excuse my...
Can you help me out mister?
Will work for food, eh?
OK...
Here's an apple, food.
Now, I'd like you washed
that man's windshield.
Work.
Hey man. I ain't gonna
wash his windshield for no apple.
Oh, excuse me.
It doesn't say "might work for food",
It doesn't say "restricted menus", it says
"will work for food". This is food,
That's work.
What's the problem?
I ain't doin' it,
that's all.
Now, let's be honest.
You don't want to work.
You just want a hand out,
so you can buy booze.
And nothing wrong with that. Drinking...
that's a great human tradition.
And if you'd been straight about it,
I'd bought you some Chevas.
But by holding up that sign.
You made an employment agreement.
Which I intend to hold you to.
Now...
There's the apple, you wash that car.
Fuck you man.
I don't want your fuckin apple,
so I don't gotta wash that fuckin car.
Here's what I think of your fuckin apple.
Well, now since you've took my food.
You gotta wash that car.
Wash it.
- Mr. Cody, this is really unimportant.
-Yes it is.
This jerk out here lying in writing?!
I don't tolerate lying from any one!
Especially not in writing.

You!
Watch the damn car.
You, shot the fuck up!
Or I'm gonna cut you.
You all get out of here, now!
I'm gonna call the sheriff.
Yeah, I wouldn't do that.
You see, I've got lung cancer.
I'm terminal, six months to live.
Only...
I'm not going out in a hospital.
It's dynamite.
Enough to take out everything
in radius of 150 yards.
I don't take two farts in a martini,
if I go now or later.
But if you do,
you'd better wash that car.
OK, OK mister... I'll clean it for you.
No!
He's got to do it.
What are you nuts?
Wash the windshield.
Clean it!
Wash the car.
OK, OK! I'll wash it, all right!
Turn it off.
You'd rather call the sheriff,
and have that guy shot through the head. He's crazy.
I've got much simpler solution.
Grab your cote, and snatch your hat.
Leave your worries on the door step.
Just direct your feet, to the sunny side of the street.
Say what you mean, mean what you say.
You know, if everybody followed that rule,
there would be a lot less trouble.
Now, we still have a contract Mr. Oliver.
Sure hope,
you're not thinking of breaking that contract.
Thinking about it?
Yes.
Doing it?
No, sir.
That's a very honest response.

That's a breath of fresh air.
Cigarette?
No, Thank you sir. I don't smoke.
I like cigarettes.
Package says they cause cancer,
and they do.
Say what you mean, mean what you say.
Nor, for one, for cigarettes,
I don't know where I'd be today.
I used to be in advertising.
I got paid for lying.
And one day, a little boy died
because of one of those lies.
Well, that fried me.
So, when I got my nicotine death sentence,
I decided to make the rest of my time count.
Put and end on some of those lies.
Now, for the first time on my life,
I'm fulfilled, I'm content.
Lung cancer.
Is now without its benefits.
I couldn't decide if he was for real,
or bluffing.
Totally sane or completely nuts.
Maybe the dynamite was fake,
or the detonator was.
Or... maybe not.
As Grant would say,
lots of answers, all of them reasonable.
I did know that I liked it.
That was for sure.
Sunny side of the streeeeeeeeeeeeeeet.....
Mister Oliver.
You're one of the best employees I've ever had.
I'm giving you a tip.
And my card.
You ever want to work for me again.
You call that number.
It's mine direct line.
- Good luck with that girl.
- Thank you sir.
The Museum of Art Fraud
was only three blocks away.
That Interstate 60 dynamic was clearly at work again.

And my own curiosity was definitely piqued.
Oh, you must be Douglas.
Oh, thank goodness,
I'm so glad to see you.
I didn't think you were coming.
I mean, the agency called to cancel.
I'm Mrs. James. The owner.
Hi Mrs. James...
And today we're viewing the originals, and right now...
I know you're confused...
But if you do as I say,
I'll give you a hundred dollars.
Late Mr. James was most proud of five original
masterpieces in this room.
Rarely seen,
and per his wishes never photographed.
Monet...Cezanne...
Van Gogh... Renoir...
Degas...
Each is valued in the millions.
No less than Bill Gates and
Warren Buffet have attempted to buy them.
Of course they're not for sale.
Now if we can proceed this way...
Now, take the paintings down very carefully,
remove them from the frames.
And then, after that...
put them on the easels out here.
Today you're going to be my nephew Edward.
Now, just follow my lead,
and go with the flow.
This way please.
Welcome ladies and gentlemen...
Welcome to our gallery of affordable reproductions...
It was my late husband's request,
That none of his five original masterpieces,
ever be photographed
or reproduced in any book or catalogue.
So, we offer these copies...
Rendered by my nephew Edward.
At the modest cost of \$350 a piece.
And if you have any questions,
please, don't hesitate...
to ask either one of us.

How long did it take you to do them?
How long?
I knocked them out all in a week.
I can tell.
Some of your brush work is rather uneven...
Well, you get what you pay for.
It's decent craftsmanship, perhaps a little slick.
Lacks the artist's sole.
Yeah, but I'm just an amateur.
It's shameful.
Cezanne would roll over in his grave,
to see such a mockery of his work.
Well, let's be glad for both our sakes,
that he won't see it.
Well, you've heard it from the experts.
You have no talent whatsoever.
Well, I've never been more flattered.
My late husbands desire.
Was that his masterpieces be owned
by people who will enjoy them.
Not trophy collectors.
Thus our charade.
But do you know, in eight years
I have yet to sell a painting.
Why don't you donate them to an art museum?
Oh, upon my death, clones of them will be donated.
Clones?
Oscar was an art collector, dealer.
Technical genius... and a practical joker, and
wealthy enough to indulge in his most outrageous whims.
He developed a process where by, he could duplicate
a painting almost on a molecular level.
He would borrow a grate master from a museum,
and duplicate it, and often send back the copy.
And he was never found out.
A Stary Night... the original.
The one in New York is a clone.
This Monet...
the art world thinks that the original is in Paris.
Unbelievable.
So there're all originals?
So what one do, with a collection like this?
You tell everyone they're fakes.
And so, just before he died, Oscar created this.

The Museum of Art Fraud.
The worlds grates art museum.
Masquerading as a cheap tourist attraction.
Oh, my God... that's...
My husband... Oscar Warren James.
Of course.
I must say, I was feeling pretty damn good.
Hell I was feeling inspired.
I wanted to deliver the package,
and then I wanted to go out and paint.
And I wished I could go back in time,
and enter a piece in Conrad Competition.
But... I'd had my one wish.
And I couldn't look back.
Hot and Cool.
I'm getting warmer, I'm getting colder.
Of course.
Eight Ball,
that girl is not in Danver
and her name is not Robin, isn't it?
Is she in Morlaw?
So, if I go there, will I find her?
So there it was...
The proverbial fork in the road.
My job. The word I'd given.
The contract I'd signed.
Versus the lovely Lynn.
The girl of my dreams.
Her musical voice in my head, leading me ...
Where?
So what did I do?
I did what any self respecting
hopeless romantic would do.
I rationalized.
Five days to go 158 miles.
I got time to chase a dream, right Eight Ball?
Good answer.
Drivers Licence.
What did I do, officer?
Nothing.
You're served.
You're being sued by Mr. J.J. Madison,
for your responsibility ...
in a hit and run kill of his pat cat Snickers,

three weeks ago in front of the Courthouse.
But I've never been here before.
I was in St. Louis three weeks ago.
Tell it to the judge.
I'm just process serving.
Meanwhile I suggest you head to the town
and hire yourself a lawyer...
You're gonna need one.
But first...
park your car in that lane over there, by the lake,
you can get sued for polluting the air.
Hey Mr., I'm really good, check it out
Stanford, class of 88.
Suma cum laude, but more important I know the angles.
You don't need a lawyer.
You need a good lawyer, and that's me.
Parkinson, and that's the only name you need to remember.
These other guys...
- I'm uninterested.
- Valerie McCabe. Year of 91.
I've got special rates for visitors.
And I know I can win your case.
You don't even know my case.
The Madison case?
Happens to visitors all the time.
Fact is, J.J Madison doesn't even have a cat.
He's allergic.
I can have it thrown out in no time.
Wait. He never had a cat?
So why he's gonna sue somebody for it?
Because he can.
What?
Every adult citizen of Morlaw,
is a lawyer.
So everybody sues everybody else.
It doesn't matter if there is a cause.
It's how we make sure that
everybody makes a living off the profession.
Yeah, but that's insane.
I can sue you for that.
You just made a defamatory remark
about this town.
Hey, are you looking at my legs.
I can sue you for that too.

Sexual harassment.

Is there anything you can't sue me for?

Hire me. That way everything between us is subject to attorney-client privilege.

I'm \$75 an hour. First hour is free.

Well, at least you know my case.

All right. You're hired.

Im suing you Valerie...

For the sexual enticement or the appearance thereof of the potential client on the public thoroughfare.

He only hired you,

because he found you sexually attractive.

Hurry. My office.

We can get lots a dozen more law suits, just walking down the street.

This will be essential.

Shouldn't make more then a couple of weeks.

Weeks?

No, no, no.

I have to be in Danver on October 2nd.

It can't take that long.

That's not long.

Long is our City limit sign.

We've been trying to get knew one put up for five years now.

But we forgot a file an environmental impact report, and as metal in signpost ...

is a potentially hazardous substance.

We're in court over that.

And another lawyer is challenging the census figure on the sign.

And another lawyer said we had to do another land survey to determine the exact city limits, so we know precisely where to put the sign.

So we brought an Surveyor.

But he got sued for smoking, and wasn't enjoined from finishing the survey.

I say we're at least two years, from a new sign.

And you chose to live here?

I wouldn't live anywhere else.

Every day is a new challenge.

A new precedent.

A new interpreting of the law.

It's an intellectual feast.
So if everyone who lives here is a lawyer,
How do you live?
I mean, who runs the grocery store...
Who does your dry cleaning...
Who fixes the shitter, when it breaks?
Well, we all moonlight on a law related jobs.
Police, bailiffs, court reporters...
But those other trivial things,
you mentioned?
They're done by people like you.
Awaiting trial.
It's the only way they can
afford their legal fees.
Now, I can get you a hearing
on Monday October 1st.
Meanwhile...
We'll have to call witnesses,
to testify as your character.
You know, Family.
Friends.
So, that you can qualify for your employment
program. It'll help keep cost down.
So tomorrow morning, why don't you get me
their names and numbers, and I'll subpoena them.
Well, even if they could get here...
Wouldn't they get sued too?
Of course.
But you'll identify them, and their problems
will fall on your shoulders,
which means more work for me.
I have those phone numbers
They're in my car.
I'm gonna go get them.
And I'm gonna make few calls, and be right back.
No you wont.
Fred... Mr. Oliver is a potential fugitive.
- Lock him up.
- Lock me up?
Of course.
We lawyers have to protect out livelihood.
Hey, you can't do this to me.
I have rights.
I know you do, sweetie.

I'm here to protect them.
I couldn't even blame the Eight Ball.
It said a meeting was possible.
Yeah, right...
A meteor wiping out Morlaw
was possible too.
Probably more possible than ever meeting Lynn.
Lynn!
Over here!
I'm gonna get you out!
I'm gonna get you out!
In order to get her out,
I had to get me out.
But jailbreak, was clearly not happening.
Ditto for a tunnel job.
I needed an answer,
and my Eight ball was in the car.
Damn it.
There had to be a way,
to blow this thing wide open.
And then I knew.
My lawyer needed a character witness.
I needed a witness
who was a character.
Please, state your name and occupation.
Robert Wilson Cody.
I'm...
what you might call it an axe grinder.
Mr. Cody...
please, tell the court how you know the defendant.
He was my employee.
And how would you characterize him?
Honest. Trustworthy. Intelligent.
Ask him if he's aware that
the charge against me is a lie,
and that everyone here knows it.
It's immaterial.
He can only testify as the character.
Just ask him.
The judge will pull it immaterial.
You ask him... or I'll fire you.
Mr. Cody...
Are you aware that the charge against Mr. Oliver
is not only a complete lie, but that the judge,

the plaintiff and every citizen here know it?
Objection! Immaterial. It has nothing
to do with the character of the accused.
Sustained.
Wait a minute miss... You're saying
that this is a trumped-up charge...
And you're all in on it?
Immaterial.
The witness is ordered
to ignore the question.
Well, I'm not going to ignore it, your honour.
If, what she says is true,
that's a very serious matter.
Well, serious or not,
it's immaterial to this hearing.
Next question.
Oh, judge, I asked her a question...
and I want an answer.
You don't ask here questions Mr. Cody.
You answer them.
And if you want to do what I told you to do,
I will hold you in contempt.
Hey, I'm not answering any more questions,
until somebody answers mine.
Why don't you tell me judge...
are you in on a lie here?
I fine you 500 dollars for contempt.
Answer my goddamn question, judge.
1000 dollars and 90 days in jail.
Bailiff, sergeant,
Put Mr. Cody in a cell.
Hold the go, boys.
This is dynamite.
We'll all go with a bang,
if anyone takes another step towards me...
Gentlemen, just drop your guns.
Everyone else, stay seated.
Judge...
stick your finger up your nose.
I'm not kidding.
I'm terminally ill and I'll gladly take you
all with me to hell right now.
Judge! I said, stick your finger up your nose.
You'd better do it judge.

I know this buy...
He says what he means;
he means that he says.
I'm glad we understand,
who's in charge now.
So judge..
This whole deal was a lie.
Is that right?
Keep that finger in your nose.
Yes.
Yes, sir.
Yes... sir.
All right.
Show our hands...
How many here knew that it was a
railroad job against Mr. Oliver?
Liers... Lawyers.
Mr. Oliver...
How do we teach these...
liars a lesson?
Now, read it judge.
By this order,
all legal actions, charges, fines and fees,
against any non citizen of Morlaw,
in any matter pending before any Morlaw court,
I here by dismissed,
and I declare an unconditional amnesty.
Thank you.
Bailiff.
Make a few hundred copies of that,
and post it all over town.
You know this is an interesting town...
I think I might just stay here.
Any problem with that judge?
No... no problem.
Sir.
Lynn?
Hi... I'm Neal.
I'm the guy who got you out.
Yo, please to fuckin meet you, Neal.
Man, I've been so fucked up in here,
for so long,
I thought,
I was never getting the fuck out.

Yo bitch! I want back my fuckin cloths,
you cocksucker's confiscated.
I shouldnt be fuckin wearin this,
I'm on leash no more.
Hey, handsome...
What you looking at me like that for?
I just didn't expect you to talk that way.
What, something wrong
with the way I fuckin talk?
No, no, no, no, no, no.
I mean, YES.
Yes.
You make Mike Tyson sound
like an Oxford graduate.
What do you like fuckin dissin' me?
You like saying that I never went
to fuckin school, something?
Yes... that's exactly what I'm saying...
Don't worry.
It's just an act.
Well, it sort of a test, see.
Guys are always so eager to score points on me
they would be like: Oh, no...
Lynn, no, the way you talk is charming.
Unique, refreshing, a breath of fresh air, yeah.
Air from the sewer, is more like it.
Me, I would...
never go out with somebody who talked like that.
I'm glad you would neither.
I hope you have a car.
I had to sell mine to pay my legal fees.
I have a car.
So, how many guys did told you
that you sound cheap?
You're the first.
You know,
you're better looking than I've expected.
Ditto.
Wait a minute... you've been expecting me?
Of course...
That's how the stories always go...
the handsome prince rescues princess from the dungeon.
That was the point of the messages.
The messages?

Billboards.

My last name is Linden, by the way.

See, I knew somebody would figure out eventually.

At least that's what he told me.

Who?

O.W. Grant.

See, I made a wish to meet the right guy.

Although if I'd have known that I'd spend
a year in jail waiting. Maybe I wouldn't have.

The prince has to undergo tests and challenges,
so that the princes will be convinced that he's worthy.

And you passed mine.

So what's yours?

What? My test?

Come on. Everybody has the sympatica test.

Do you cut your grapefruit in half
or peel it?

My? I peel it.

Favourite cartoon character?

Spider-man.

Thin or thick cross pizza?

I go for thin every time.

We're three to three.

I can't bel...

OK, Close encounters?

I would get on ship, no question.

What's wrong?

This is just... it's all too perfect.

I mean, you know...

You are.

You know, when something seems
too good to be true?

Hold that thought.

You see?

I'm not that perfect.

Right. Right.

I feel much better now.

Ditto.

So, you actually wished for mister Right?

What can I say? I'm human.

Humans have certain needs.

Like companionship.

And you.

Did you wish for me?

Well, actually I wished for this.
Gives my answers.
But are they the right answers?
So far.
This were your billboards.
Obviously, I don't need them any more.
Maybe it's time for the... you know...
Happily ever after part.
Not quite.
I still have a job to finish.
Tomorrow October 2nd Denver.
Denver.
What's wrong?
Grant gave me an envelope.
He said if anyone was ever went to Denver I should open it.
I don't know
if these message if for me or you.
Neal... don't go.
I gave my word, to this guy
that I deliver this package. I have to.
Eight Ball, should I go to Denver?
Are you serious?
I'm serious.
You mean, you didn't sleep at all?
No, I couldn't.
I was possessed,
by the views.
I love it.
- You're not just saying that?
- No.
It's got soul... passion...
Take me with you.
- What about the letter?
- Screw it. I want to go with you.
Eight Ball,
should I take Lynn with me to Denver?
Bad idea.
Is that, because it's dangerous?
The killer, does it have to do with the killer?
I don't care if it's dangerous, or what this thing says.
I still want to go with you.
No, Lynn.
It would get me crazy...
I'm not gonna risk losing you,

not after I just found you.
What if I lose you?
Lynn you can't go.
The Ball is never wrong.
I'll come back, I promise.
Eight Ball, I will come back for her, won't I?
Yes.
You will come back for me.
Am I nuts?
The girl of my dreams,
and I leave her behind, because of this stupid toy.
- What's up, officer?
- Just got word, there's a killer in the area.
Orders are to close the road.
What's this killer look like?
It's coming over the radio now.
The murder suspect is white, male,
last seen driving a red BMW convertible,
along Interstate 60.
This vehicle has a white paint, splattered on the trunk lid.
You best turn around son.
It's not safe for you here.
It was ten miles before my
heart rate was back in a double digits,
and I can think straight.
Then I realised...
Eight Ball, is Lynn in danger from this killer?
Cellular service,
is not available in this area.
Beamers suck. Jeep rule!
Oh, shit...
Oh shit...
Damn punks, and their paint again!
Calling the sheriff.
Here watch where they go.
- No, no, no. Please don't call the sheriff
- The hell I won't.
I'm sick of those punks making trouble around here.
Hey, come back with my binoculars!
Eight Ball, am I the killer?
Latest reports, indicate the suspect is carrying a
murder weapon in a square box, wrapped in brown paper.
Once again, suspect is carrying a
murder weapon in a square package in a ...

Oh no.

Shit!

Eight Ball, is the murder weapon in this box?

Should I open it?

Shit.

If it is a murder weapon,

I'm gonna get my finger prints all over it.

Eight Ball, I really need an answer right now.

What should I do?

Damn you!

Yes or No questions.

Come on Neal. Think. Be logical...

He called the cops...

So, which ever way they're going,

I've got to go the opposite way.

Well, it's got to be one way or the other.

Right Eight Ball? I mean, I got two choices here,

so it's got to be one or the other. Right?

Take it to the Bank.

Sorry dad.

No, there is another choice.

Sheriffs and police in two counties

have closed up Interstate 60 in both directions

with the attend of boxing in the suspect,

who was last seen driving red BMW convertible,

with white paint splattered on the trunks lid.

I knew this wasn't my kind of car.

What were the chances?

What were the chances,

that the killer would be in a car, just like mine,

and I get white paint on mine,

just like his?

Now Grant would say, it was inevitable.

That at least once in a infinite universe,

events would happen that way,

and this was that time.

But Grant also said, on this highway,

the past and the future,

and what ifs and maybes

can all get jumbled up.

So, I had to see for myself.

Hey! Get away from there!

Who was he?

They say he was some law student

from St. Louis.
Went nuts, and killed his old man.
I love this highway.
Eight Ball, I've got a lot of questions.
Was that guy in the car...
What the hell I'm asking you for?
Robin Fields?
Is anybody here?
I'm here.
Ray?
- Delivery is for you.
- No, no, no.
I wouldn't hire you,
to deliver package to myself.
It's for my cousin.
Here he is now.
Robin Fields.
One of my many synonyms.
Cousins?
You set in my car, with your own package.
- Why didn't you take it?
- Well, you made a deal.
What kind of guy would I be if I caused you to...
violate your blood oath?
And, besides,
it's the fact that you lost all your money...
and you went to jail...
you left to girl...
ditched your car...
All, to bring this to me?
Makes it far more valuable.
Now it has... stories to go with it.
Well ...
Don't you want to know what's inside?
I did before, but...
doesn't really matter now... 'cause,
whatever it is...
won't be as good as the stories.
Well seeing as you understand that.
I'll open it.
You're not gonna light it?
I don't need to.
So, how's that new car?
Awesome?

Dad...

What's my favourite color?

Blue.

Why would you buy me a red Beamer?

Red's a great colour.

Specially for a convertible.

You know, my BMW's suppose been a great source of joy to me, so I just thought...

Happy birthday dad.

In the future,

if you want to buy me a gift...

Buy me something I want.

Not something you want.

Son... it's a gift...

And if you don't accept it...

I will take it as a personal insult.

Well, in that case we're even.

Because I consider the gift itself, to me and to who I am.

How would you like it, if I bought you an easel and a paint box for your birthday?

I never thought of it that way.

Perhaps I could've given it a little more thought.

Thank you dad.

Apology accepted.

Now the Bradford thing.

I'm not going there.

- 'Cause I'm not going to law school...

- But son?

No buts, Dad.

This is your life, you made it, it works for you.

I've got to find something that works for me.

I'm sorry if you don't approve, but you can take that to the bank.

Well, I don't approve.

And it's time you face the truth about your art.

It's mediocre, look...

Neal... great news.

That piece,

you entered in the Conrad Competition...

There's a very interested buyer, who wants to talk to you about it right now.

Come on. I'll take you.

No dad... that thing...
It's crap.
You got ripped off.
And it's upside down.
I must be feeling Alzheimers. I don't remember
entering anything into Conrad Competition.
You left it in motel.
I took the liberty of entering it for you.
Thank you, Mr...
Conrad...
Oh, you're welcome mister Oliver...
You're Neal Oliver...
I just love your painting.
Excuse my, I'm sorry...
I've just got this...
Major dj vu about you.
No, no, no.
It's OK, I did too.
Big time.
I just love this...
It's got soul... passion...
- I'm...
- Lynn Linden.
Yeah, I know.
I'm with Danver publishing, we do..
prints, posters, and art books.
Well, it's maybe a little presumptuous of me, but
would you consider doing a serious of motels, cafes,
gas stations... all in this style?
It's exactly what I was thinking.
- My brother is really talented.
- Oh, he's gonna be fine.
Just fine.
He's got a great future ahead of him.
They both do.
Say...
you have a birthday coming up, don't you?
Well, how do you know that?
Don't forget to make the wish.

SUBTITLES :

EDITTED:

RESYNCRO :

Corrected: