



Scripts.com

# Joy Ride

By Clay Tarver

Hello?

Feeling's right, because for the first time,  
I see myself through somebody else's eyes.  
It was completely claustrophobic.

Big surprise.

Aren't we due for a hell of a downpour?

Hear they had a speed trap set up.

No one ever said

freshman year would go by so fast.

At least Colorado has seasons.

Berkeley is like summer all year.

Am I keeping you on the phone?

No, not at all.

So, what's David doing this summer?

-I don't know. Who cares?

-What?

Sorry I didn't tell you before.

I just felt a little strange.

What? I don't understand.

We broke up.

He's been acting serious and weird.

How? He was getting serious and weird?

I told you what he was like.

**Lewis, it's 3:**

I've got a final tomorrow.

I'm sorry. I'll be quieter.

Lewis?

I'm sorry.

So what happened?

He kept looking at me as if, you know...

...he totally thought he knew me,  
which he so obviously didn't.

Then he started crying, which...

...sealed the deal.

You made him cry.

I broke up with him. Wouldn't you cry?

Listen, you're cute,

but you're not that cute.

I was kidding.

Well, I'm not in the mood to go home.

I wish I had a car,

then I could just get there gradually...

...and decompress a little bit, you know?

If you had a car,  
you could stop by Colorado...  
...and pick me up.  
We'd have an adventure.  
The two of us and a windshield.  
I have a car.  
No, you don't.  
Yeah. Didn't I tell you?  
No.  
Well, I got one.  
-Sexy choice.  
-Yeah?  
Yeah. Vintage 1971, Chrysler Newport.  
I changed plans. I'm no longer flying back.  
I bought a car so I'm driving.  
By yourself?.  
No. Actually,  
I was thinking about picking up Venna.  
Mom?  
Sorry. Sorry. That's great, Lewis.  
What's the matter?  
Your brother just called.  
He was arrested again.  
Drunk and disorderly.  
Where? In San Diego?  
Salt Lake City.  
Don't worry. It's not your problem.  
What did Dad say?  
You know your dad.  
He didn't even want to talk to Fuller.  
He said if he hasn't grown up yet,  
it's never going to happen.  
Fuller.  
I know.  
I miss him, too.  
-Listen, before you start writing anything--  
-License, please. Registration.  
My brother's in jail.  
I haven't seen him in almost five years.  
I'm driving 200 miles out of my way  
to help him out.  
So that U-turn was based  
on a whole good-deed scenario.  
I'm also writing you up

for a broken taillight.  
I have one of those?  
I'm aware of how frustrating  
the prison system in this country is.  
Repeat offenders, the un-rehabilitated.  
I watch American Justice with Bill Kurtis.  
But I'm different.  
I'm reformed. You know, I'm strong.  
Officer Wilkins, this is my pledge to you.  
You will not be seeing me again.  
Two strikes are enough for Fuller Thomas.  
You look...  
...tall. Taller than me.  
How's it going?  
A lot better now.  
Kid. Goddamn.  
You came all the way to Salt Lake  
just for me?  
Technically, you are still my brother.  
Hey, this is my brother.  
-Look at you, man.  
-Mr. Thomas?  
-Thank you for coming.  
-You're welcome.  
-Thank you.  
-Sign out, please.  
You're welcome.  
Listen, I'm supposed to pick up a friend...  
...and I'm running kind of late.  
I just wanted to see how you were doing...  
...and take you where you need to go  
because I need to hit the road.  
Where are you going?  
Boulder, Colorado. Then I'm going home.  
-Perfect. That's great.  
-What?  
You know, with the exception  
of the seat spring piercing my ass...  
...this ride is excellent.  
So, who are you picking up?  
-Venna. She's a friend from back home.  
-Wait, the blinker?  
That girl from the Heights?  
The one who...

...all day long?  
-No, you haven't seen her in years.  
-You're fucking her?  
What question is more legit than that?  
Look, we're just friends, okay?  
Okay, you're not fucking her.  
But you want to.  
-You don't know what you're talking about.  
-I don't?  
All right, here's how it is.  
She's always dated guys  
from the right side of the burbs.  
You get your scholarship to Berkeley.  
She's off to the University of Colorado.  
You don't understand.  
You guys have been talking  
on the phone a lot.  
She realizes you have  
the warm fuzzies for each other.  
You're not letting on, even though  
you scrambled and bought this car...  
...just to pick her up. You're still playing  
the neutered boyfriend...  
...who's always there for her  
because you're nice.  
So, you're still good?  
Do you need me to drive?  
No more bullshit small talk about me,  
my relationships, or my car.  
Okay.  
I swear,  
I'm barely slowing the car in Denver.  
I'll give him a seven-mile-an-hour  
chance to jump and roll.  
You did your mom a big favor  
and she's happy now.  
This time tomorrow,  
you'll be here with me...  
...and you'll have a new level of stress.  
Well, I'm going to get going.  
I guess I'll see you tomorrow.  
Okay, I'll see you tomorrow.  
'Bye.  
Downsizing?

The gas company just...  
...lets a talented man like you go?  
Just like that?  
That sucks, man. But this job kicks ass.  
You got your trailer. You're working kind  
of outside. You got a view.  
-What is this?  
-CB radio. Olive branch.  
-Check it out.  
-You put a hole in my car.  
I talked him down to \$40.  
Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9.  
We need a westbound, come on.  
You got Black Sheep here  
riding front door with...  
...Mama's Boy.  
We're on 1-80, east.  
Just wondering if you could see...  
...any bears from your rocking chair.  
You got a 40-mile clear shot,  
except for James Town.  
You got yourself a Kojak  
with a Kodak at 185.  
No cops till James Town.  
You're free to speed like a motherfucker  
for the next 40 miles or so.  
Aren't we due for a hell of a downpour?  
We got a 200-mile slipper-slide. Come on.  
Doesn't matter.  
Not from this rocking chair.  
Some people like it when it rains.  
It's going to rain hard tonight.  
Keeps everybody inside.  
What's with this guy?  
Howdy! You got Black Sheep here  
with Mama's Boy. Who we got? Over.  
Can I please get a better handle  
than Mama's Boy?  
No.  
Yo, Rainman, what's your 20?  
Can you do a woman's voice?  
-What?  
-Do a girl? Say...  
..."Black Sheep, this is Miss...."

No.  
Come on, man.  
You did a girl when we pranked....  
Mr. Schramm.  
-That was good.  
-I was nine. That's what I sounded like.  
This is like a prehistoric Internet.  
You fuck with someone in a chat room.  
It's the same thing.  
Forget it.  
Come on, man.  
Say, "Hey, Black Sheep,  
this is Candy Cane."  
Just say it. You'll be amazing.  
Black Sheep, this is Candy Cane.  
I've been looking for you all day.  
That was horrible.  
Candy Cane, this is Black Sheep.  
I'm right on schedule.  
Say, "I'll see you later on tonight, honey."  
Go, go.  
I guess I'll be seeing you later on tonight.  
Is that right?  
You got it.  
I'm pulling over right now.  
I'll see your beautiful ass in the p.m.  
-What was that about?  
-Just wait.  
Candy Cane, come on.  
I knew it. These guys are so fucking horny.  
Get him going. Get him all worked up.  
Then in the middle of it,  
say, "Guess what? I'm a dude."  
-No way! I can't do that.  
-Come on, man! Come on!  
It'll be fun.  
Come on. Just do it.  
Hey, there. Who's this?  
-Rusty Nail.  
-Nice, nice.  
Well, Rusty Nail,  
I hope you're doing better than I am.  
This drive seems like it's taking forever.  
Roger that, Candy Cane.

You got him. You got him.  
It's easier sometimes if I pretend  
the person I'm talking to is next to me.  
Pretend I'm sitting there with you.  
Just the two of us and the windshield.  
All right.  
Go, go. Tell him what you look like.  
So, I'm 5'10". I got dirty blonde hair  
down to my shoulders.  
-I got blue eyes and really soft skin.  
-This is turning me on.  
If I were there, Rusty Nail,  
you know what I'd do?  
Tell me.  
-Awesome!  
-I'd make you feel good.  
You would?  
If I asked you,  
would you unbutton my blouse?  
Sure.  
Then I'd take it off. So, now what?  
What do you want to do to me?  
-I've never really done this before.  
-This is so classic.  
I'd take off your bra.  
Okay. You take that off.  
No, no, no. We can't lose this guy. Go.  
I couldn't hear that, Rusty Nail.  
Rusty Nail? Sweetheart?  
That was almost so good! Damn.  
-Did we lose him?  
-Yeah.  
Shit.  
You're a gifted CB prank caller,  
when you commit to it.  
"I'd take off your bra."  
Don't park in a handicapped space.  
There are spaces all over the place.  
Yeah, I know. That's my point.  
Dude, I'm going to gimp it.  
I'm not just going to run in there.  
Sit here. I'll work us a deal, okay?  
If one more goddamn maid  
knocks on my door, asking about towels....



-I'm sorry, Mr. Ellinghouse.  
-Sorry, my ass!  
Where's your boss?  
I want the real manager. The white one!  
The one whose first language  
is fucking English! Understand?  
Could I get a room for the night?  
You can disturb me. I love towels.  
-I'm not done here, friend!  
-I know that, amigo.  
I haven't slept in two days.  
You best not mess with me.  
-Just take care of your own shit.  
-Peace.  
Tomorrow morning,  
mark my words, asshole...  
...long talk with your manager.  
And your brown ass is going.  
Fucking punk.  
Dick.  
Candy Cane.  
Candy Cane.  
Hello? Candy Cane?  
-God! Did you see that fat fucking guy?  
-Listen.  
Hello, Candy Cane, are you there?  
-You are kidding me.  
-Can you believe that?  
-Have you talked to him yet?  
-No. I haven't said anything.  
Anybody out there know Candy Cane?  
Come on.  
-What?  
-Tell him you want to meet, get together.  
You want to see him later  
at the Lone Star Motel in Table Rock.  
Room 17.  
-Do you love prison so much?  
-We're in Room 18. You saw that prick.  
-The giant?  
-The prick is in Room 17!  
I can't do that.  
Come on. That guy sucks!  
He body-checked me on the way out.

I know. I saw that.  
What? You saw that?  
And you're not jumping at this opportunity  
to exact some much deserved revenge?  
Are you crazy? Come on!  
-Do it!  
-Calm down.  
This is amazing!  
Rusty Nail? Hey, there.  
Candy Cane? I thought I'd lost you.  
Well, I guess fate wouldn't allow that.  
I'm glad to know you're thinking about me.  
Listen, I'm pulling over for the night.  
Would you be interested  
in getting together later?  
Aren't you meeting Black Sheep?  
That was the plan but...  
...how about I blow him off  
and take a chance with you?  
I love you, man. That is so great.  
Relax.  
But, I'm not sure I'd be what you'd expect.  
You are a man, aren't you? With a soul  
and a heart? That's all I'd expect.  
Great.  
Listen, I'll be at the Lone Star Motel  
in Table Rock, if you're interested.  
Pink champagne.  
Tell him that you like pink champagne.  
If you could bring some pink champagne,  
it's my favorite.  
That was good.  
What room?  
Sweet.  
Room 17. Midnight. You got that, baby?  
I got it.  
I can't wait.  
That was mean.  
I know, I know.  
This is awesome!  
That guy sucks. He totally  
body-checked me on the way out.  
-Do you ever miss home?  
-Yeah.

I miss Mom's chocolate chip cookies.  
Playing football with Dad on Sundays.  
Going to....  
Wait, that's somebody else's childhood.  
What I meant was, "No."  
You should call sometimes,  
when you don't need bail money.  
How often is that?  
-I'm serious.  
-I call.  
I know what he says every time  
he hangs up.  
That I'm the world's biggest loser.  
And that's coming from a plumber.  
That's coming from a guy who wears  
a lime-green jumpsuit to work every day.  
They don't need me. I don't need them.  
It works like a charm  
if you repeat it enough.  
Listen.  
Hit the TV.  
It's Rusty Nail.  
Who the hell is it?  
I brought the drink.  
This is so amazing.  
I brought the pink champagne.  
Is this a goddamn joke?  
I swear to fucking God.  
-What, are you fucking with me?  
-This prick is such an asshole.  
That was weird.  
You know what I think?  
I think someone might have gotten hurt.  
No. We would have heard that.  
We did. There was a gasp.  
What if that Rusty Nail guy got hurt?  
That wasn't a gasp. That was a laugh.  
Where are you going?  
Are you calling Mom?  
Hi. We just...  
...heard some disturbance  
in the room next door, Room 17.  
-This is the drama queen from Room 18.  
-That's hard to say, like a thud.

We think someone might have been hurt.  
We thought you'd want  
to check that out, maybe.  
All right. Thank you.  
You know what's going to happen, now?  
The prick's going to kill the night manager.  
Hello?  
All right. Thank you.  
-The guy said everything's fine.  
-What did I tell you?  
-How are you today?  
-Pretty good.  
-Where are you boys from?  
-Originally, New Jersey.  
Why are you here?  
We're driving cross-country.  
My brother, Lewis.  
-Where is he?  
-In the room. I don't know.  
We had a little incident here last night.  
You hear any sounds? Anything odd?  
Yeah, actually...  
...next door, I heard some sounds.  
-Next door?  
-Yeah.  
-Could you describe those sounds?  
-Yeah, sure. They were like....  
No, wait.  
Like that.  
-What's going on?  
-This is Lewis.  
There was a situation last night.  
After these sounds, did you look  
out your window? Open your door?  
-No, sir.  
-What happened?  
After you shut your door around 10:15 pm,  
you saw no one until I came this morning?  
Right.  
But we did call the night manager  
because we were concerned. Right?  
Yeah, he mentioned that.  
He also said one of you had an altercation  
with the victim.

-Which of you was that?  
-Wait. The night manager said what?  
Apparently, one of you had words  
with the victim when you checked in.  
No. We never met.  
-What?  
-Ellinghouse.  
He was staying in Room 17.  
The huge guy? Yeah, I met him.  
But he's not--  
What happened to him?  
It wasn't comely.  
I don't know what that means.  
He was found early this morning  
lying face down on the highway median.  
So you're saying that the...  
...the huge guy is the victim.  
So you have no idea who might have  
visited Mr. Ellinghouse's room last night?  
No, sir.  
I wish we could be more helpful, but....  
-Is he dead?  
-Coma.  
Know what I'm thinking?  
I think taking a little look-see  
might refreshify your memory.  
Taking a look-see at what?  
Ripped his jaw...  
...clean off.  
That is the pain in my ass.  
My own personal file of ongoing shit  
I got to deal with.  
And now guess what?  
Now, I got me another one.  
Mr. Ronald Ellinghouse,  
lying two inches from dead...  
...in my jurisdiction. Why?  
Because you sorry-ass punks thought  
you'd have some fun.  
Fuck!  
I'd keep you retards in custody  
if I thought it would help...  
...answer one of the hundreds  
of new questions I got! But, no.

All you know is his damn CB handle...  
...and maybe he drives a truck.  
Do you understand the kinds of shit  
I've got to grapple with now...  
...because of what you assholes did? You!  
You got out of jail when? Yesterday?  
I want you out of here.  
This is like an old-fashioned Western.  
I want you out of Wyoming  
before the sun goes down.  
I can't believe you told him  
we invited Rusty Nail back.  
I could have been put back in jail.  
-A man's half-dead because of what we did.  
-Bullshit.  
You order 10 pizzas for your neighbor.  
A delivery guy gets there.  
The neighbor opens up with an AK-47.  
Is that your fault?  
Yeah, maybe it is.  
-Fine. Be the martyr all you want.  
-That's not what I'm doing.  
I'm trying to figure out how I can drive  
away from here after what we've done.  
Do what I do.  
Just remind yourself that  
in 100 years you'll be dead.  
-That's as close to a philosophy as I have.  
-I'm taking you to Denver and that's it.  
Great.  
Eastbound looking for a westbound  
for a bear report.  
Not a soul.  
Never any smokeys on that stretch.  
Candy Cane.  
Candy Cane.  
Hello?  
Candy Cane?  
I'm asleep.  
Hey, Candy Cane.  
Candy Cane.  
Jesus.  
Anybody out there know Candy Cane?  
Or Mama's Boy?

Black Sheep?  
-What will you say?  
-Hey, Russell.  
This is Black Sheep. Go to 23.  
Hey, Black Sheep.  
Do you know where I can find Candy Cane?  
What is your deal?  
I mean, seriously.  
I'm looking for Candy Cane.  
So you've been driving around all day...  
...looking for a voice.  
I think that you can tell me  
where to find her.  
-Tell him it was a joke.  
-I talked to her...  
...about last night  
and she said she's not interested.  
-She's not interested in you--  
-No, don't.  
Or your pink champagne.  
I need to find Candy Cane.  
You need to find  
a highly qualified psychiatrist.  
Not a psychologist.  
You're going to need some drugs.  
And you need to find a lawyer,  
because the cops are all over your ass.  
-Goddamn.  
-Give it to me.  
Hey, there, Rusty Nail.  
That was me. All right? I'm a guy.  
It was just a joke.  
It was just a joke.  
Apologize.  
-Right.  
-No, just do it.  
-Apologize to him?  
-Yeah, I'll do it.  
Listen, you sick fuck.  
You pathetic, lonely,  
walkie-talkie, freak show motherfucker!  
You get nothing from me!  
You know why?  
I have something more powerful

than your psychosis: a volume knob.  
All I need to do to make you go away  
is to turn it counter-clockwise.  
You got that? You copy that?  
You know, Black Sheep,  
you really ought to get that fixed.  
Get what fixed?  
Your taillight.  
-See anything?  
-Cars and trucks. Just drive. Just be cool.  
Oh, my God.  
-Did he follow us from the motel?  
-I don't know.  
-If we keep driving, we're safe.  
-God.  
Look.  
-Come on!  
-It's okay. I saw a sign.  
Gas at Laramie. There'll be a phone there.  
I'm going to call Sheriff Ritter.  
Good. We'll turn off at Laramie.  
-Oh, my God.  
-Okay, just stay cool.  
-Oh, shit.  
-Be cool.  
Stop telling me to be cool!  
You're making me crazy.  
Get the map.  
-Fuck! We won't make it.  
-There's a town at the next exit.  
-How far is it?  
-From my cuticle to my knuckle!  
-Twelve miles!  
-That may be too far.  
Take this exit here!  
Yes! You're a genius.  
-I'll pay, you pump. Or you want to pay?  
-I'll pump.  
Table Rock, please.  
Rawlins County Sheriff Department.  
Oh, my God.  
Sheriff Ritter, please.  
SheriffRitter is not available.  
At the tone, record your message.



When you are finished recording...  
...you may hang up  
or press "1 " for more options.  
Please wait for the tone.  
You just got the gas?  
Come on. Get in the car. Get in the car.  
Come on.  
Go, go!  
-He's in there.  
-That's him?  
Keep driving! Keep driving!  
Gas!  
Oh, my God!  
-Can you see the on-ramp?  
-No.  
Okay.  
Damn it! The guy's coming after us.  
-Don't panic! We've got a full tank of gas!  
-Shit!  
We must have missed the on-ramp!  
Mailbox!  
No, no!  
Shit!  
Lewis! Lewis!  
-He said, "Lewis! "  
-Stay the fuck back! We got a gun!  
And I got a MasterCard.  
-Thanks, man. We thought--  
-You really scared us, you know that?  
It wasn't the moustache, was it?  
My old lady wants me to shave the thing.  
No, it wasn't the moustache, man.  
-What is that thing? Your club.  
-My tire thumper?  
Shit. Just checking pressure.  
Yeah, the pressure. The pressure thing.  
-You boys okay to find the main road?  
-We're fine, now that we're not murdered.  
Thanks a lot, man. That was nice of you.  
-You all have a good night.  
-Sorry about that.  
Fucking Fu Manchu.  
I've never felt like more of a pussy  
in my whole life.

Oh, my God.  
What kind of range is there on a CB?  
I don't know. Maybe five miles.  
You know,  
I think we should get to a phone...  
...leave a message with Table Rock cops  
that Rusty Nail's in the area.  
What the hell is that?  
Go!  
Go! Go!  
He's right on us!  
Man, he's right on our ass!  
-Don't use that!  
-91 1 !  
We need some help, please!  
Is anyone out there?  
Goddamn it!  
Come on!  
Tree!  
-You okay?  
-Yeah.  
I'm okay. Let's go.  
Come on, come on. Let's go.  
Shit.  
We're not moving!  
Come on! Shit! Come on!  
Come on, come on! Go, go!  
Go, go! Come on!  
Go!  
Oh, shit!  
Come on! Don't kill us, man!  
We apologize!  
Please don't kill us, man!  
We were just playing with you!  
Why?  
Just...  
...just for a laugh.  
A laugh?  
Just for fun.  
Well, I was just playing with you, man.  
Where are you now?  
Ten miles outside of Laramie. We had  
some car trouble, so we'll be a little late.  
That's all right.

-Is everything okay?  
-Yeah. It's just been a long drive.  
They fixed the taillight.  
So...  
...why don't you just come home with me?  
Blow off Denver.  
No, I'm okay.  
Listen, I don't want  
to tell Venna what happened.  
I don't want to ruin things.  
Freak her out, you know.  
Hey.  
The color's not that great,  
but it's a big car.  
I love it.  
When did you get it?  
-I've had it for a while.  
-Doesn't look too beat up.  
Actually,  
I think the dents add some character.  
Actually, I was talking about Fuller.  
-Hey.  
-Hey.  
-It's been a while.  
-Yeah.  
Well, have you named it yet?  
We were thinking either Tad...  
...or Lewis' Shitty Newport.  
She's hot.  
Have a good summer, Vee.  
This is my friend Charlotte.  
She'll be my roommate next year.  
These are the infamous Thomas boys.  
-Lewis, right?  
-Yeah, hi.  
Nice to finally meet you.  
Look, I'm Fuller,  
Lewis' older, somewhat troubled brother.  
-You're definitely going with us, right?  
-I have to go back to San Antonio.  
Isn't San Antonio on the way  
to New Jersey?  
It was nice to meet you.  
You're breaking my heart leaving like this.

-I'll miss you.  
-I'll miss you, too.  
-I love you. Be safe.  
-Love you, too.  
That's so Charlotte.  
Waving and driving off like that.  
-You guys ready for an adventure?  
-Completely.  
Yeah, yeah, sure.  
-Shotgun. You want it, call it.  
-Shotgun.  
Hey. Welcome to Nebraska.  
See the hat I got you?  
So.  
I wanted to tell you how much  
I appreciate you doing this.  
Picking me up.  
It's the nicest thing  
anyone's ever done for me.  
This is the part where you kiss the girl.  
Well, historically.  
Lewis, you're blushing.  
-The room's this way.  
-But the bar's this way.  
Here's to....  
Nebraska.  
States? All right.  
Look what Uncle Fuller found.  
Three tequilas. All right.  
I can tie a knot in a cherry stem  
with my tongue.  
Shut up.  
Choose your weapon.  
Let's see what you're made of.  
And...  
...go.  
Done!  
You still medalled. Bronze.  
-Not even close.  
-It's straight. It's not even bent.  
May I have three more shots of tequila  
and some matches, please?  
What's your name, sweet thing?  
Come on, what's your name?

What is it?  
I'm buying drinks.  
You can call me whatever you want.  
How about I call you Peaches?  
You like Peaches?  
-No. Not really.  
-You don't like Peaches?  
What's going on?  
What? Is this your bitch?  
-Excuse me?  
-Excuse me?  
I said...  
...is this your bitch? Because if it is,  
you better shut your bitch up.  
Look at me, campus boy.  
Did you hear what I said?  
Look me in the face.  
You better shut your bitch up.  
Bitch, shut up!  
Are you mouthing off again?  
Damn!  
You can't turn your back for one minute.  
I owe you one.  
Now come on!  
It's back in the truck with you, Daisy!  
Drunk in a bar! Come on! Goddamn!  
Gentlemen.  
Careful. Those are expensive.  
What?  
-Hey.  
-Hey.  
Hey.  
-I got a plan.  
-What's your plan?  
-Let's never go back there again.  
-I can't wait to never go back there.  
I'll be in my Presidential Suite.  
Excellent. We're going to head  
to our spinning motel room.  
See you later.  
I get the orange one.  
This one.  
See, I told you this was a good place.  
Adult channels.

Are you in the mood for a story,  
or like a collection of scenes?  
She isn't a Navy SEAL.  
Takes me right out.  
Hey, Venna's great, man. She is....  
God.  
I mean, you guys are just friends, right?  
I mean, that's what you said.  
Right? I mean, you're just hanging out.  
Because if you're anything more than that,  
tell me right now and I'll just...  
...off, you know?  
Great.  
We never got those last drinks.  
Yeah.  
You know, if we want to get an early start,  
we should just crash, go to bed.  
Yeah.  
I am a licensed bartender.  
I'd show you my license,  
but my hands are full, so....  
Where's your better half?.  
He's busy. Snoring.  
I really don't think  
that I can drink any more.  
Oh, I disagree. And I'm a professional.  
You know what's amazing?  
Nobody knows where we are right now.  
We're just kind of...  
...out there...  
...floating.  
If anyone wanted to find us  
for some strange reason, they couldn't.  
What am I talking about?  
I have no idea. Here, try this.  
That's good.  
Yeah.  
Is Lewis okay?  
He doesn't normally drink so much.  
He's totally fine.  
Fuller, get the phone.  
Hello.  
Now I thought you said there was no girl.  
What?

You said there was no girl.  
Fuller.  
Listen, there isn't any girl.  
Then what is she doing in the other room  
with your brother?  
He's out there! He's watching us!  
-Rusty Nail?  
-He just called!  
-Who?  
-He called you on the phone?  
He knew you were in here!  
He's watching us!  
Somebody's watching us?  
What did he say?  
He said, "I thought there was no girl."  
Then he asked why you were in here,  
which is an excellent question!  
-We're leaving!  
-I already paid for this room!  
Just do it!  
How scared am I supposed to be?  
Much more than usual.  
Can someone please talk to me?  
How can he know we're brothers?  
We'll go to the police,  
get off the highway and go home.  
Lewis! Goddamn it!  
Something weird happened in Wyoming.  
I didn't want to tell you.  
-Tell me what?  
-The short version?  
Talk to me.  
There's a sick guy out there.  
He put a guy in a coma.  
This Rusty Nail guy did something?  
-Because of something that we did.  
-What did you do?  
What are you doing?  
He wants us to look in the trunk.  
There were signs spray-painted back there:  
Look in the trunk.  
Signs. Why do you think they're for us?  
Look.  
What's going on here?

Painting signs  
is a pretty elaborate thing to do.  
No, no!  
-What?  
-Don't open it!  
-Why?  
-What if there's a head or a body in there?  
-Could be a bomb.  
-Then don't open it.  
-Or him!  
-I say, don't open the trunk!  
I want to know what's in the trunk.  
What are you doing?  
Oh, shit.  
Okay, we plug it in and we don't talk on it.  
We just listen.  
Whatever he says,  
we just go straight to the police.  
I'm not moving until you tell me  
why I should be afraid of a radio.  
Candy Cane, are you there?  
Oh, that's right.  
I don't mean my Candy Cane.  
I mean yours.  
Venna?  
He knows my name?  
Let him talk all he wants.  
Just tell me where we're going!  
You know when a corpse  
can't be identified?  
No next of kin. No one to claim the body.  
What they do is, they cut off all the fingers.  
All ten of them.  
Then they cut off the jaw.  
They cut off the person's jaw.  
And they put it all in a jar.  
They put it in a jar  
with some number on it.  
Venna!  
-Oh my God, that's Charlotte.  
-What?  
-That's Charlotte.  
-Who? Your roommate?  
What the hell do you want?



I want you to go  
to the State Line Truck Stop parking lot.  
I'll find you there.  
Venna, please help me.  
If you go to the police...  
...I will take her apart, piece by piece.  
Good morning.  
He's back.  
We're here.  
Okay, here's what I want:  
Fuller...  
...Lewis...  
...I want you two to head inside.  
Take a seat at the counter.  
Order six cheeseburgers each.  
What about Venna?  
She stays put.  
But you two are going in naked.  
Naked?  
If we go in there, dicks hanging...  
...they'll just call the police.  
Oh, come on. It's just for fun.  
Bullshit, I'm staying here alone.  
Stay up front. Keep the car running.  
If you see anything, honk the horn. Drive.  
I can't fucking believe we're doing this.  
Billy, get in the car. Suzy.  
Now they know what it feels like...  
...to be the brunt of the joke.  
Your heart pounding...  
...face burning hot.  
Now they know what it feels like...  
...to be the fucking punch line.  
They told me what they did to you.  
I'm very sorry.  
It's a little late for that, isn't it?  
I bet your friends had a really good laugh,  
seeing me in the rain, holding my bottle.  
Sometimes people don't know  
what they're doing.  
They don't think what  
they do can really affect anyone.  
Well, that's a lesson your friends  
will have to learn the hard way.

You want to see Charlotte alive again?  
Here's what you do.  
Twelve cheeseburgers, please.  
You want fries with that?  
Is this a fraternity stunt? Because if this--  
A man's going to kill our friend  
if we don't do this.  
If this wasn't my restaurant--  
Listen, we're not joking, man.  
Oh, shit.  
We should go to the cops.  
Not until we find out what he wants.  
Right here. This is where we turn.  
That's what he said.  
You out there?  
We're here.  
Something special's waiting for you.  
I'd say it's about 100 feet up the road.  
So get out of the car.  
I'm not walking one foot--  
We don't have a choice. Do what he says.  
He has Charlotte. Get out of the car.  
Get out of the car!  
Goddamn it.  
What the hell is this?  
-How many feet did he say?  
-One hundred.  
Do you hear or see anything?  
This is it.  
Hi.  
He's not slowing.  
He's not going to stop.  
-He isn't slowing!  
-Run! Go!  
Run! Run!  
What the hell is he doing?  
Let's go. Let's go!  
Let's go! Come on!  
Run! Run!  
Go left!  
Keep going!  
Come on, run!  
Get down!  
-Let's go!

-Go, go, go!  
Come on! Go!  
Run!  
Go! Come on! Go! Run!  
Go! Run!  
Turn, quick!  
Venna?  
Lewis.  
Venna?  
Fuller!  
-You guys okay?  
-I'm fine.  
Hey, Venna.  
Did you see that? I was back there...  
...he tried to back up.  
Venna, come out. He's leaving.  
You let her out of your sight?  
Goddamn it! You let her out of your sight.  
-Where the hell were you?  
-I was over there, man! Back there!  
Lewis!  
Lewis, help me, please!  
Lewis!  
Goddamn it! Leave her alone!  
Please, we'll do whatever you want!  
You don't feel like meeting me  
at a motel later, do you?  
We'll do whatever you want!  
Meet me at the next town. Medford.  
Room 17. Midnight.  
Do not be one minute late.  
Lewis! Gas leak! Come on!  
If you could bring me  
a bottle of pink champagne...  
...it's my favorite.  
Venna.  
Seven miles!  
Come on!  
Wait! He said not to call the cops!  
Keep a lookout.  
Don't worry, I've done this before.  
We're running out of time.  
Goddamn.  
Thing won't start.

Hello.  
Need some help?  
We're fine. The damn Ford won't start.  
-He wonders why I drive a Chevy.  
-No shit.  
I have some jumper cables.  
I'll hook you up.  
No, we're fine.  
It just flooded, right?  
Take it and turn it all the way off. Then on.  
Should I show you?  
Hesitate it for two seconds.  
-There it is.  
-Perfect.  
You're the man. Thanks.  
Where the hell are you going?  
That's my truck!  
Everything will be fine.  
We'll get Venna...  
...and then we'll find Charlotte.  
Everything's going to be okay.  
Don't you think?  
Okay. Motel.  
Motel.  
-Which one?  
-He didn't say! Shit!  
Venna?  
I said, hold on!  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Can I help you?  
-Is this your room?  
-Yeah. So?  
What's the problem?  
Shit! What did we miss?  
Hello, police?  
I'd like to report some dead bodies.  
Your name, sir?  
Hello.  
Come on.  
It's unlocked.  
We're coming in.  
We're coming in.  
Venna?  
Hello?

Hit the switch.  
Nice, isn't it? Being on the receiving end?  
Where's Venna?  
Who?  
I'm not kidding! Where's Venna?  
You see, you might not be kidding,  
but I am.  
That's the point. Get it?  
Believe me, you made your point.  
All right?  
We're sorry. We told you.  
Lewis, you know what I think  
is a real kick?  
Pretending the person I'm talking to  
is right next to me.  
Right next to me.  
Not what you expected, is it?  
It's not what I expected  
when I came to Room 17, neither.  
You guys sitting next door.  
Listening through the wall.  
That's what you did, right?  
You listened through the wall.  
What do you want?  
I just want to enjoy this for a second.  
-We have to call the cops.  
-No. If we call the cops, he'll kill her.  
Well, what the fuck, man?  
You go outside.  
-Peek in his room.  
-Are you crazy?  
Do it! I'll keep him on the phone.  
Go out there now.  
Go!  
Shit!  
You still there?  
Yeah, I'm here.  
Why don't you come on over?  
Your Candy Cane's waiting.  
Listen...  
...we learned our lesson.  
-Oh, is that right?  
-Yeah.  
Yeah, that's right. So this is what we'll do.

You give us back Venna...  
...and Charlotte,  
and we'll walk away and not tell anybody.  
We sure as hell won't tell the cops.  
Watch this. It's going to be hilarious.  
Don't open the door!  
Don't open the door!  
Lewis!  
Fuller, where are you?  
Fuller?  
Come on. Let's get you off this.  
Don't!  
-What?  
-Pipe!  
There's a pipe in my leg, man!  
We've got a body in here!  
-Possible 839.  
-Search every room.  
Oh, jeez!  
What's he doing?  
Come on, come on.  
Clear the door!  
Twenty four, clear!  
On the ground, now!  
Twenty three, clear!  
Let's go!  
Police!  
Come on!  
Come on. Get on it.  
Twenty one, clear!  
Oh, jeez!  
Twenty, clear!  
Sheriff's Department! Open up!  
Sheriff! Open up!  
Nineteen, clear!  
-Venna.  
-What?  
Don't let them open the door!  
Go!  
Sheriff's Department! Open up!  
Show me your hands!  
Don't move!  
Lewis!  
Freeze right there!

Lewis!

Wait. That's my brother in back.

Get back on the ground!

Don't shoot!

Freeze!

Freeze!

-Shoot the truck!

-Shoot it!

It won't stop!

Oh, God.

I'll be okay.

Excuse me.

-Did you figure out who the guy was?

-Just some trucker, named Jones.

He drove for some ice company  
in Wyoming.

Ice company?

What?

Breaker 1-9, come on.

Breaker.

Looking for a break, westbound, 1-80.

How's that storm looking?

You raining out there?

Looking forward to the storm.

Keeps everyone inside.

Washes everything clean.

English