Slacker

By Richard Linklater
Man, I just had the weirdest dream back on the bus there.
Do you ever have those dreams that are just completely real?
I mean, they're so vivid, it's just like completely real.
It's like there's always something bizarre going on in those.
I have one about every two years or something.
I always remember 'em really good.
It's like there's always someone getting run over or something really weird.
Uh, one time I had lunch with Tolstoy.
Another time I was a roadie for Frank Zappa. Anyway.
So this dream I just had, it was just like that...
except instead of anything bizarre going on...
I mean, there was nothing going on at all.
Man. It was like The Omega Man. There was just nobody around.
I was just traveling around...
you know, staring out the windows of buses and trains and cars, you know.
When I was at home, I was, like, flipping through the TV stations endlessly,
reading.
I mean, how many dreams do you have where you read in a dream?
Wait. Man, there was this book I just read on the bus —
You know, it was my dream, so I guess I wrote it or something.
But, uh, man, it was bizarre. It was like, uh...
the premise for this whole book...
was that every thought you have creates its own reality, you know?
It's like every choice or decision you make...
the thing you choose not to do...
fractions off and becomes its own reality, you know...
and just goes on from there forever.
I mean, it's like...
uh, you know, in the Wizard of Oz...
when Dorothy meets the Scarecrow and they do that little dance at that crossroads...
and they think about going all those directions...
then they end up going in that one direction.
I mean, all those other directions, just because they thought about it...
became separate realities.
They just went on from there and lived the rest of their life.
I mean, entirely different movies, but we'll never see it...
because, you know, we're kind of trapped in this one reality restriction type of thing.
Another example would be like back there at the bus station.
As I got off the bus, the thought crossed my mind...
you know, just for a second, about not taking a cab at all.
But, you know, like maybe walking, or bummin' a ride or something like that.
I'm kind of broke right now. I should've done that probably.
But, uh, just 'cause that thought crossed my mind...
there now exists at this very second...
a whole 'nother reality where I'm at the bus station...
and you're probably giving someone else a ride, you know?
I mean, and that reality thinks of itself as this -
it thinks of itself as the only reality, you know.
I mean, at this very second, I'm in that -
I'm back at the bus station just hangin' out, you know...
probably thumbin' through a paper.
You know, probably goin' up to a pay phone.
Say this beautiful woman just comes up to me, just starts talking to me, you
know?
Uh, she ends up offering me a ride, you know.
We're hitting it off. Go play a little pinball.
And we go back to her apartment, I mean, she has this great apartment.
I move in with her, you know.
Say I have a dream some night...
that I'm with some strange woman I've never met...
or I'm living at some place I've never seen before.
See, that's just a momentary glimpse into this other reality...
that was all created back there at the bus station.
You know, shoot. And then, you know...
I could have a dream from that reality into this one...
that, like, this is my dream from that reality.
Of course, that's kind of like that dream I just had on the bus, you know.
The whole cycle type of thing.
Man, shit. I should've stayed at the bus station.
Don't touch her. Need to call the police.
Get an ambulance.
Check that bag for some I.D. You better call the family.
- Don't touch her! - I've gotta get the bag.
Hurry. I'll stay. Hurry.
What in the hell?
Well, good. So you don't need me?
- No, I don't think so. - Okay.
Look, can I help you out? Do you need a ride anywhere or anything?
No, I don't think so.
Tell you what. Take my card. Give me a call.
I wish I could stay and help, but I gotta go, really. But call me.
I'd like to hear from you. I mean it.
Whose body is this?
- Here, call this guy. - These your groceries, lady?
Hello?
Uh, yes, it is.
This is her son.
She's not here right now. I mean, I don't think she's up yet.
Oh, drag. Anybody get a licence plate number or anything?
Were there any witnesses?
Okay, so the police have been notified.
Okay, uh, good. Well, let me know if you need me for anything.
Uh, thanks for calling. Mm-hmm. Okay.
Thank you for calling. Thank you.
- Officer Bozzio and Love with the police department. - Hello, it's me.
- What happened? - I don't know.
Looks like some guy, uh, ran over his mother.
It's so personal
That no one
No one in their right mind
Would touch him with a ten-foot pole
With a six-foot pole With a six-inch pole
Well, maybe a six-inch
That's a disturbed young man with a tan
And problems so deep
And so personal torturing himself
With a tan and so personal
Past the Conoco, the Abel's
Who's that man with a tan
That's a disturbed young man with a tan

"Number three:

"Number four:
"And the fifth and final pillar of euphoria:
"A full-circle, aesthetic reevaluation.
"My current response to every worldwide or personal tragedy is:
"It's disgusting.
I love it. I hope it gets even worse. "
Okay. I'm Dostoyevsky. You're Anna. We're writing The Gambler.
Take my dictation.
Who's ever written the great work about the immense effort required...
in order not to create?
Intensity without mastery.
The obsessiveness of the utterly passive.

And could it be that in this passivity...

- I shall find my freedom? - Well, I'm headin' over there.

Hey, man. What are you doing? You're supposed to be getting this down. It was pretty good there.

- You seen Gary around? - No.

- Does he still live in the same place? - I told you. No one's seen him for months.

- Well, later. - What was that obsessiveness line again?

- Obsessiveness without personality? - What are you talking about?

Excuse me.

Say, pal! Did I overhear you say you got a friend that's missing?

Well, I doubt he's missing. He's just not around.

Oh, yeah, well. I've been reading in the World Weekly News. Just a while ago there was a guy out on the street.

He's found wandering around, didn't know who he was, where he came from. He's perfectly healthy, but he's a complete amnesiac, you know.

A lot of people like that found, uh, just wandering around lately.

You know, no history, no nothing.

- It's weird, huh? - Yeah.

You know about the suppressed transmission, of course?

- Mm-mmm. - No? Oh, well.

This is the 20th anniversary of the moon walk, you know. And way back when they're giving us that "One giant step for mankind" bit...

another astronaut's in the background yelling his fool head off... saying, "Oh, my God. What's that over in the crater? What the hell is that?"

Well, NASA cuts him off just like that. But those of us with the right kind of radios, you know what I mean? Yeah, we got enough of it. The gist of it was...

there's a giant spacecraft over in the other crater, looking at them. That's right. Oh, it all begins to leak out then... that the space program's just one giant big cover-up.

It's a covert operation between the United States government and the Soviet Union.

It's been going on for over 30 years. We've been on the moon since the '50s.

You wanna know how we got there, right? I'll tell you.

Anti-grav drive. Anti-gravity technology. We stole it from the Nazis after the end of World War II. It's perfectly obvious.

And you know, I was watching this Late, Late Show.
A lot of truth in the Late, Late Show. You know, they slip it through there, they figure nobody's watching, but -

Anyway, there's this sci-fi movie called Alternative Three.

And, uh, it's about kidnapping people, using a little psycho-surgery on them...

and, uh, turn them into zombies.

And making them colonize the moon and Mars.

Funny, huh?

Except it's absolutely true, all of it.

We've been on Mars since '62.

It was May 22nd. That's a very important date for you to remember, pal.

- Yeah, that's my birthday. - Right. So, see...

the reason we're up there covertly is because of the greenhouse effect.

It all ties in. Yeah, greenhouse effect.

By the way, they discovered that in the '40s.

You can ask yourself what they've been doing sitting on their ass for 49 years,

huh?

While we're out here with some serious social diseases and everything else.

Oh, never mind that. Everybody says...

"Greenhouse effect. A hundred years from now.

Oh, I'll be long dead, gone and out of here."

Not so, my friend. Not so.

The government's sitting on the fact that it's 10-20 years maximum.

It's getting hotter, don't you think?

Yeah, it's not even summer yet.

Yeah, and when the polar ice caps begin to melt...

it's not gonna take a certified genius to understand that we're in serious global confusion.

I mean, really, we're in massive mainline ecological chaos.

Anyway, it's happening even as we speak.

So, I'll tell you what they've already done.

They've colonized outer space.

Oh, they couldn't colonize everybody. No, no.

That would be global bankruptcy.

We couldn't beat the greenhouse effect anyway.

This secret group, you know, the group that's in charge of the government -

Oh, yeah. They're gonna get boosted off this rock before it melts.

And the rest of us, what do they care?

We're gonna be left here to fry.

By the way, there's something you should know.

You see, this entire operation's being funded...

by the profits from the Medellin drug cartel.
And they're specifically set up by the C.I. A... to handle large sums of money being funneled into this project. Keep it under your hat.
The people they need, like scientists. You heard about that? All the missing scientists around the world, and those that are mysteriously dying... that's all part of the recruiting process.
I really hope your friend is not, well - Well, they need a lot of lackeys to do the labor though.
So they'll be looking for ordinary guys.
You know, just like you and me.
Yeah, they need those to kind of colonize things.
You know, they do a little psycho-surgery on us, a little liquid lobotomy here.
Well. And I know this for a fact.
They got this drug down in Guatemala in the rain forest.
Why do you think the C.I.A.'s down there hacking the hell out of that forest, huh?
Make sense? Sure it does.
Yeah, this drug takes away your long-term memory... leaves your short-term memory, so there you are.
You got people that don't know who they are, where they came from... but you tell them to do something, and they do it.
They can follow instructions. Perfect employees.
- Sounds like most people I know. - So.
They must like children too, because...
the statistics of the F.B.I. Since 1980... said that 350,000 children are just missing.
They disappeared.
There are not that many perverts around.
You know the worst thing about this, pal?
Is that you're in close proximity to all this.
You know, I mean, Houston's right down the road.
You know, the main headquarters. NASA.
Sure, in the main headquarters, around the world...
All right, look. I gotta go see this friend of mine, okay?
- Yeah, right in here. - Is this it? Okay.
Anyway, look, pal. It's been nice talking to you.
I really hope your friend isn't one of them already.
- I'm sure he's not. - Yeah, well.
- I just thought you had the right to know. - Thanks.
Tell you what, listen. I'm gonna stick around outside, just for a little while...
kind of make sure everything's okay.
You know, make sure we weren't followed.
Have a nice day.
- Hi, how you doing? - All right.
- Matter of fact, where are you going? - Going home.
Just a little security check. There've been some people missing.
Nothing to worry about, pal. Okay, you gotta go.
I mean, you're in a hurry. That makes perfect sense.
Things are speeding up here at the end.
Gotcha.
What a day, what a day.
The thing is, the media's trying to hold up this whole one-party,
two-faction system...
by telling you that George Bush got this mandate with 54% of the vote.
And that just doesn't take into account the whole population of the country.
They say that 50.3%, in the media...
they say 50.3% of the eligible population participated in the '88 election.
But I think the figure's a hell of a lot lower than that. You gotta consider.
Prisoners. We got more people incarcerated in this country...
than any other country in Western history.
Noncitizens, the underage, the overage, people too old to get to the polls.
People out in rural areas. People who don't have addresses.
I mean, to be conservative, the figure's more like 35%.
So Bush got 54% of 35%. What's that, 18%?
Maybe 18% of the people in this country support him.
That's nothing. That's nothing. That's not a mandate.
- The people in Nazi Germany had-- - You guys done male bonding yet?
Nazi Germany in 1932, the Nazis had maybe 34-38%.
And somebody like Pinochet who's already out of there back in Chile...
that guy's got maybe 34-43% of the vote.
So 18% is nothing.
It just seems like one day it's gonna dawn on everybody...
that this large nonvoting majority has been winning every election...
for the past three decades.
And the people who win these elections are gonna be too ashamed...
or better yet, too afraid to even take power at all.
Oh, hey. Ow, man.
- Uh, Paul's moved, man. - Where did he go?
I don't know. It's like he split, man.
He's like - He disappeared. Nobody knows where he is.
But, uh, his room is, like, totally empty.
It's got everything moved out.
And on the floor there's these postcards just sitting there.
Sitting there right in the middle. It's really bizarre.
Why don't you come look? It's really weird.
So where you getting all these statistics from anyway?
Dallas Morning News, man. You ought to read it for a change.
See, he's gone. All his stuff's gone.
- Strange. - He's a strange guy.
- What do we have here? - Those are the cards he left.
There's writing on the back of them.
They're numbered. It's like a little story or something.
"Juan Apagato spends a lot of time wandering around town.
"He tried college for a while, but it consumed too much time.
"So now he's looking for a job that doesn't involve much work.
"He rents a room in a large house and rarely sees the people he lives with.
"One is called Frank something, and he thinks there are some more... but he can't be sure."
I guess that means all of us.
"He comes from a light blue-collar family.
"He doesn't see his parents much anymore.
"He quit going to visit when they quit sending him money.
One of his grandparents died last month, but he can't remember which."
It's Uncle Fester.
"Last summer he thought about sticking his index finger in a fan.
"Someone told him his fingerprints are unique, and he believes...
"there's too much direct evidence against uniqueness.
"He thinks that differences are minor compared to the similarities.
"All his days are about the same.
"He wakes up at 11:00 or 12:00...
"eats cereal or toast, reads the newspaper...
"looks out the front door, takes a walk...
"goes to a movie matinee, listens to the radio...
"watches sitcom reruns till 1:00...
"and usually falls asleep about 2:00.
He likes to sleep. Sometimes he has good dreams."
It's the finale.
"Watch for the next episode:
"Juan joins up with an emerging European terrorist organization...
and soon returns to the U.S. With a supply of homemade nuclear weapons."
Huh. That's interesting.
Just a second.
- Hi. - Hey, guy. - Hi.
What's going on?
- Paul moved out, man. - Oh, yeah?
Yeah, took all his stuff, just left these cards here.
- Can I have his room? - Sure, why not?
Cool.
Hey, where you headed?
Oh, I got some band practice in about five hours...
so I figured I'd mosey on out.
- Okay. - See you.
Stephanie?
- Oh, hi. - Hi. Wow.
I haven't seen you around in a long time.
Yeah, I just got back about a week ago.
Dallas? Man.
What were you doing up there?
Hanging out, resting.
I was in the hospital for a while.
- Wow. - It was really awful.
- Yeah? - Yeah. It was awful.
Your parents, probably?
- Yeah, you could say they put me there. - Yeah.
So what are you up to?
Same old, same old. Just...
lollygagging around.
Still unemployed.
Uh, I'm in this band.
Well, the one I was in before, but now we've changed our name.
Ta-da
We're The Ultimate Losers now.
And, uh, the singer is still a jerk.
And, uh, well.
We're playing this Friday. If you wanna come, I can put you on the list.
I'm sleeping a lot, you know.
- Yo, hey, dude. - Hey.
Man, I am freaking out so severely. Did you hear what happened on the freeway?
You didn't see the local news today?
Oh, it's beautiful.
Man, this old man driving to town from San Antonio...
like this old man about 40 or 50 years old...
goin' about a hundred miles an hour down the freeway...
waving a gun at people, laughing.
Like, doin' fuckin' chicken squawks at people out the window...
and showing them his gun and going like -
Things like that.
People were freaked. They didn't know if he was just a lunatic, you know...
with, like a squirt gun or what.
And then, check it out, the guy started firing on the freeway...
randomly through his windows.
He shot one bullet up at the roof of his car...
and it just ricocheted around inside with him for a while.
He was, like, out of his mind. Everybody tried to get off the freeway.
Some chick who had a bullet lodged in her ponytail...
called the pigs in San Marcos.
And they had six or seven pig cars chasing him into the south side of town.
He was still swingin' the gun around, man, and laughing.
He fuckin' laughed all the way.
Finally his car spun out and slammed into the grassy knoll...
you know, the median.
As soon as his car came to a halt, man...
he just put the gun to his head and blammo.
Offed himself, man. Blew himself away right there.
It's like, I don't know...
he had had enough, enough.
- It's like -- Do you know Stephanie?
Oh, yeah. I thought I heard that you were in "Timberlawn."
- I got back about a week ago. - All right, cool.
Oh, yeah. I know what I gotta show you guys.
This - This will blow your gourd.
I have this friend, all right, she's a gynecologist in Hollywood.
And she scored this for me from the lab where she works.
It's a Madonna pap smear.
I know it's kind of cloudy, but it's a Madonna pap smear.
It's got "Ciccone" on the top. That's like a medical label. "Ciccone."
Check it out. I know it's kind of disgusting...
but it's like, it's sort of...
like getting down to the real Madonna.
I don't know if you can see it now. I freaked out when it came in the mail.
It had two pubic hairs in it, and I showed it to this asshole...
and he stole one of them.
But if you look real close, you can see it's still in there.
It's about as black as they come.
Do you think maybe, uh...
you'd be interested in buying something like this?
It's like a high-dollar item.
It's, you know, one of a kind. It's like chance of a lifetime.
Yeah, I'm sure.
I'm pretty broke, though.
What about you? Do you think you know anyone who might be -
I mean, it's a little bit getting closer to the rock god herself...
than just a poster.
No? All right. You guys' loss.
I thought I could, you know, maybe swing a bargain.
- Sorry. - All right. Can't blame me. I tried.
It's a material world and I'm a material girl.
I better cruise. I gotta check this guy Chico on the east side.
He's real interested in this.
- All right. - Hey, how's your band going anyway?
What is it? Beautiful Loser?
- Yeah, it's The Ultimate... - All right. Check you later.
Losers.
So, yeah, Friday night. Guest list?
Oh, yeah. That might be all right.
Okay.
- Well. - I'll see you Friday.
All right, yeah.
Everybody's running around here wondering when the bombs are gonna fall,
and the fact of the matter is that the bombs have already fallen.
People are running around here dwelling in the 11th-hour concept...
and it's well afternoon.
I mean, our thought processes have been totally subverted...
by the concepts these people lay before us.
By the church, the schools and the media right now.
I mean, it's almost impossible to find someone out here...
that can think outside of their own caste system right now.
I mean, look at this man across the street in a tie.
This is a ruling-class man...
and he's actually suffering from oxygen deprivation. He's brain-dead.
Can I sell you a shirt? You know?
And it's like, look at this magazine. Buy this magazine.
You might be able to stimulate some thought in yourself...
you know, switch your gestalt so that you might have some perception...
and be able to see our way out of this.
Alleviate suffering, make us enjoy it or something, you know.
I mean, we're walking around here right now, and it's really time for us to take action.
All right? We're being taxed out of our asses...
to pay for a monopoly on guns by people to oppress us already.
I'm saying if I'm gonna pay taxes on guns and weapons...
that I at least wanna possess them, because I have work for them right
I have some very serious work for them. Something very permanent about death.
- We gotta go. - Remember...
terrorism's the surgical strike capability of the oppressed.
- Thanks. - Keep on keepin' on.
You ever just want to get the hell out of this country?
- And go where? - I don't know, anywhere.
It doesn't matter. Just some other place.
I don't know.
I've traveled.
And all it is is bad water, bad food, you get sick.
You gotta deal with strange people.
And when you get back, you can't tell whether it really happened to you...
or you just saw it on TV.
We finally got out of the terrific heat of the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean.
It was just a few degrees cooler.
And then as we got toward Bombay, a wonderful thing happened.
There was a breeze blowing out to sea.
And it brought the scent of spices out to us three miles out from shore.
A great wall of incense and spices.
And it was as if we were being wafted into shore on a magic carpet.
The next person who passes us...
will be dead within a fortnight.
- Paper? - No, thank you.
Two-for-one special.
- No. I don't -- Well.
- Hey, have you got change? - You've got a strong back. Get a job.
No, I mean. I have a dollar. I was wondering if I could get change for-
Change. I've got change.
You should quit. Quit.
You should quit. You should quit.
- You should quit. - Howdy.
- What do you need? - Can I have a cup of coffee?
Quit following me. You heard me: Quit following me.
You should never, never, never, never, never traumatizing.
You should never- You should never-
You, you, you -
You should - You should -You -
You should never traumatize a woman sexually. I should know.
I'm a medical doctor.
You should never traumatize.
You should never name things in order.
Hey, cool it down over here.
Ordering. Ordering one, one.
Toothpicks, toothpicks. Toothpick labeling.
- A large coffee to go. - Quit, quit.
You should quit. You should quit.
You should. You should-
You should quit traumatizing women with sexual intercourse.
I should know. I'm a medical doctor.
I own a mansion and a yacht.
You should quit traumatizing women...
with sexual intercourse.
I should know. I'm a medical doctor.
You should quit. You should quit. You should -
You should quit traumatizing women with sexual intercourse.
I should know. You should quit traumatizing women with sexual intercourse.
I should know. I'm a medical doctor.
I should know. You should quit.
You should never, never know. You never know.
Hey, watch where the hell you're going.!
See, I'm a drifter from Texas.
I smoke a lot of pot. Sometimes I trip out to acid.
And, uh, wow, it's like the most horrible scene.
Now you tell me how you can live in an apartment...
with the pieces of a person rotting away, with decay and not know it.
I was totally sick during that period.
So you didn't kill her, but you did carve her up?
- No. - Who carved her up?
There was, like, three people involved in the carving.
So you're denying that you killed her...
and you're denying that you took part in carving her up?
- Washing bones. - Why were you washing bones?
- They were smelly. - Then why didn't you tell the police-
God, that is so gross.
Hmm?
I said it's nice outside. We should go do something.
- Like what? - Well, there is a lake in this town.
We could go out there. We could go out to the hills.
We could go to the park and play Frisbee.
I hate shit like that.
All that nature.
And the sunlight's so oppressive now.
And you don't just go to the lake. You have to prepare for it.
You have to get suntan lotion and insecticide.
It's like premeditated fun.
It's too hot outside anyway.
You know, did it ever occur to you that maybe you're what's oppressive?
I mean, "Let's never go out. Let's never venture out of this one-square-mile area."
You're just what they want.
Look.
If you're so eager and all fired up...
to get out of the house today, why don't you do that?
Why don't you go to the drugstore and cash a check...
and go to the Kmart and buy a Frisbee.
It takes two people to play Frisbee.
Well, buy a boomerang.
Better yet, I got an idea.
I know something that we could do together...
and we wouldn't have to leave the house, and we wouldn't have to buy anything.
That's the one thing that would be more effective on my own.
- Oh, yeah? - They're back.
Whoa!
All right!
Come on, guys. We're wasting time.
- Diet Coke and Diet Sprite. - Diet Coke.
Hey, come on, man. This shit's getting heavy.
- Come on. - No, bug off. I don't want one.
- Lighten up a little, why don't you? - Fuck off, kid.
- Diet Coke? - Man, you guys got...
horrible attitudes.
This is it. Put the typewriter right there.
- So what do we do now? I'm really late. - First of all, give him the tent.
Now recite exactly what I told you to say and throw the tent in.
This was her tent.
- I fucked her in this tent. - A little more feeling.
I fucked her in this tent.
She's probably gonna fuck a lot of other guys.
She's off to a good start.
But she's not gonna fuck 'em in this tent.
- She's not gonna fuck 'em in this tent. - She's not gonna fuck 'em in this tent.
Throw it in.
Now the typewriter.
- Come on, man. - I don't wanna throw the typewriter in.
You gotta throw the typewriter in. That's why we brought it here.
I been thinking about it. I don't want to throw it in.
- This is juvenile. - Here, you shut up.

When he throws the typewriter in, read the passage that's marked in the book.

Look, man. This is stupid. I'm not gonna throw it in, man.
Why in the hell is he throwing it in? It's a perfectly good typewriter.
The typewriter isn't the point. The point is it symbolizes the bitch that just fucked him over.
It symbolizes the bitch that fucked me over six months ago.
And it symbolizes the bitch that's gonna fuck you over.

Fuck you. I don't wanna read your book.
- Here. You read it. - I'm not gonna read this fuckin' book.
It will make a lot more sense if you read it.
- I'm not gonna -- Hey! Goddamn!

See how easy that was?

It all makes sense if you just read this passage here.

What did you do with the bookmark?
I didn't do anything with the bookmark.
- There wasn't one in there. - This is when Leopold discovers...
that he's just been fucked over by his wife.
He says, "If he had smiled, why would he have smiled?
"To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter?
"Whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series.
"Even if the first term of succeeding ones each imagining himself to be first...
"last, only and alone.
"Whereas he is neither first, nor last, nor only, nor alone...
in a series originating in and repeated to infinity. "

Hey, wait up.
- Hey, how's it going? - Hi. Okay. Where have you been?
- Oh, nowhere. - We've gotta get a move on.
- I got you something. - What?
- Great. NutraSweet, my favorite. - Come on, I got it for half price.
- Budding capitalist youth. - Say, y'all. Y'all got some change.
- Yeah. - Nah.
- There you go. - Thank you.
- You want a soda? - Yeah, I appreciate it.

You know, there's something very wrong with that.

What, that I gave the guy your Coke? The quarter?
Both of them, both of them. It's bad for both of you.
Him because it's not really gonna help him.
And you because that relationship is naturally going to involve...
that condescending element, maybe even contempt.
Granted giving the man a quarter isn't gonna change his life around.
I do realize that. There are better ways to help.
- I've been looking into these groups. - That's what I'm talking about.
That's exactly what I'm talking about. See, we're conditioned to assume...
that suffering is bad.
It's not. See, when you pity someone...
all you're able to see is this base creature in them.
You can't see any true potential.
I think it's their potential I do see.
But it's like all these other futile causes that you fall into.
They all stem from a certain weakness.
You know, psychologically, helping everyone else out is easier.
It's an escape from working on yourself, from perfecting yourself.
Yeah, Mr. Perfect here.
You know, that's what I hate. When you start talking like this.
It's like you're just pulling these things from the shit you read.
You haven't thought it out for yourself, no bearing on the world around us...
and totally unoriginal.
Great. Personal attacks now, is that it? I thought we were beyond that.
It's like you just pasted together these bits and pieces...
from your authoritative sources.
I don't know. I'm beginning to suspect maybe there's nothing really in there.
Suspect, you're beginning to suspect.
Oh, that's rich. That's really rich.
So what? At least what is there is based on good sources.
At least I'm not chained to this slave morality that seems to rule your life.
Thank you very much. You know, everyone else just thinks you're an asshole.
- Great. - The more I get to know you...
I just feel sorry for you.
- I'm glad they think I'm an asshole. - I bet you are.
I don't think anyone who's ever done anything...
hasn't been considered an asshole by the general populace.
- I mean, Bob Dylan. - Let's forget it. We're late.
- We've already missed it. - Oh, no. Come on. Come on.
We can make it. There's gonna be five minutes of trailers. It'll be no problem.
We missed the beginning. Hang it up. I'm gonna go look at some books.
I just need to get away for a little bit. I need some quiet.
How about the next show, two hours from now.
I'll meet you there. You've been wanting to see it.
- Okay. Okay. - Okay?
I'll meet you there. See you.
Oh, I see you're reading Rush to Judgment.
- Oh, yeah. I guess I am. - Oh, that's an excellent book.
We had a class a couple of years ago, remember?
No, what class?
It was an anthropology class in ethnographic film.
Oh, yeah, yeah. The dancing birth scenes. Those death rituals.
- Yeah, yeah. - I remember that.
- What have you been up to? - Not too much.
I graduated a couple of years back. Just pretty much hanging out.
- Yourself? - Oh, yeah, you know me.
I've been, uh, keeping up with my J.F.K. Assassination theories, you know.
- Oh, really? - Yeah.
You know, you're reading one of the great books on the subject.
It's great. Rush to Judgment has all the testimony, you know... of all the witnesses who were never called before the Warren Commission. You know, like Mrs. Aquilla Clemmons...
who was that maid who lived on Patton Street who saw the Tippet shooting.
It wasn't Oswald that did it. Of course you know it was Jack Ruby.
- Oh, really? I didn't realize that. - Oh, yes.
This is also the book that's got the testimony of Sam Holland, you know... the Prince of the Puff of Smoke.
Yeah, he was up there on the overpass over Dealey Plaza...
and he was able to just see everything.
I really don't know too much about this. I was kind of just flipping through.
Oh, well, it's really good. If you like that...
you should really read one of the other books around here. It might be here.
Best Evidence. That's the one with all the head-snap stuff in it.
- Oh, yeah? - Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
Of course, if you like that, you should really read Six Seconds in Dallas...
'cause, you know, Six Seconds is the one that's got all the trajectories... and the triangulation of the bullets and stuff.
And it's great. It's just got this like second by second account... of just the entire tragic sequence, you know.
But then, of course, then there's my real favorite one right here... which you really should snap up if you can.
Forgive my Grief. It is great.

'Cause, you know, this also has all this testimony in it.
Like, gosh, you know, they talked to Mrs. Erlene Roberts, you know... who was Oswald's landlady and stuff.
Oh, yeah. And she swears that she saw this, uh, Dallas patrol car... pull up in front of Oswald's house...
- and give this little "Tit-Tit. " - "Tit-Tit"?
Yeah, yeah. It was the tip-off for Oswald, you know?
Yeah, he was supposed to go up the street up Beckly Avenue - he was in Oak Cliff- to go to the Steak and Egg Kitchen...
where he was supposed to meet with J.D. Tippet...
and have their "breakfast of infamy. "

Yeah, yeah. You know, the waitresses went on record in the Warren Report...
- saying that Oswald didn't like his eggs and used bad language. -
You're kidding.
- My goodness. - This is good.

But, of course, then there's my book, you know.
- You've written one of these books? - Well, I've been working on mine.
Yeah. It's gonna be good though.
It's gonna be this totally new approach.
I was just talking with my publisher at this small press.
And, I mean, he was telling me that it's gonna be a real winner.
I was thinking of calling it something like Profiles in Cowardice or something.
But he said he didn't think it was too good an idea, you know.
And he really thought that maybe I should, uh...
do something like call it Conspiracy a-Go-Go.
That's catchy. Yeah, I like that.
I've just expanded and expanded upon it, you know. And I went on -
There's this new section about how J.F.K. And Jackie were speed freaks.
And they were just hopped up on amphetamines day in and day out.
- Is that true? - Really, really. Yeah.
At the White House they were visited all the time by this doctor...
that they came to call "Dr. Feel-Good. "
Oh, it's just crazy. It's just crazy.

Well, you know, these all look really good...
but I think I'll just wait for your book to come out.
I'm supposed to be at a movie, so I gotta get a move on.
Profiles in Cowardice or Conspiracy a-Go-Go.
- Hey, what's happening? - Hey, not much. How you doing?
Oh, pretty good. I just located this wonderful J.F.K. Memorial booklet.
- His Life, His Words, His Deeds. - Cool.
Yeah, just one more and I'll have the whole set.
All right. - The last one's the Jackie Kennedy issue...
that's got those wonderful articles like "How I Told the Children"
and "Why the Eternal Flame" and all that stuff.
Uh-huh.
So, what else has been going on?
Oh, well, I did find out some really startling information about Jack Ruby.
- Uh-huh? - You know...
I always knew all that stuff how he had been a hit man for the mob in Chicago...
and in New Orleans and stuff...
and how he was icing people at a pretty young age, but, uh...
you know, I didn't know all that stuff about his dogs.
- Dogs? - Yeah.
He was fascinated with his dogs.
He had this one dachshund named Sheba that he just took with him everywhere.
He treated her like his wife.
That Chevy still poppin' freeze plugs?
Shit. No way. It is blowin' power valves though.
And that was the same dog he took down to the city jail basement...
- when he went to silence Oswald. - Uh-huh.
- Hey. - See you guys.
Yeah. Later.
- Here. - Thanks.
Here's those sockets you loaned me.
They're all there.
Thanks. About time.
Yeah, I loaned them to somebody else though.
So you put that 383 bore kit back in here, huh?
Yeah, I got the pop-up pistons.
- Had the block bored over 30. - Yeah.
400 crankshaft.
400 harmonic balancer.
- It's practically a big block now. - You mill the heads?
No, didn't mill the heads.
Stock manifolds though, huh?
Yeah, I didn't feel like messin' with the -
I didn't feel like messin' with those headers.
Yeah, the tripower linkage never worked out on that Goat.
- What are you runnin' now? - Quadrajet.
- Uh-huh. That's all right. - G.M.
- Shit, howdy. - Good carburetors.
- Yep. Well, that's pretty clean. - Thanks.
Hey, I gotta get a front left rotor for the Goat. You need anything?
- Yeah, I could get some stuff. - All right.
- I'm going. Free ride. - Okay.
- What did you get? - Distributor.
- You gonna pay for that? - Uh-huh.
Listen, uh...
go over there by those A.M.C.'s.
There's a hole in the fence.
- Okay. - Just go through there.
- All right. - Pick you up on the other side.
You better get in back.
That's our last one.
Never mind.
- Where you coming from? - Funeral.
- Sorry. - Fuck it. Should've let him rot.
Who's that?
Stepfather.
- Didn't get along? - Hell, no.
He was a serious fuck-up.
I'm glad the son of a bitch is dead.
I thought he would never die.
He was always getting loaded, beating up my mom...
dragging us kids all over creation.
Nah...
I couldn't wait for the bastard to die.
I'll probably go back next week and dance on his grave.
Just let me out right over here.
Hey, you got a cigarette?
- Hey, you got a cigarette? - Yeah, sure.
Got a light?
Excuse me. Hi.
Do you mind if I ask you a couple questions for a project we're working on?
Sure.
Okay?
So, uh.
Did you vote in the most recent election?
Hell, no. I got less important things to do.
- What do you do to earn a living? - You mean work?
To hell with the kind of work you have to do to earn a living.
All it does is fill the bellies of the pigs who exploit us.
Hey. Look at me. I'm making it. I may live badly, but at least I don't have to work to do it. What would it take for you to get a job? Hey, I'll get a job... when I hear the true call. What's the true call? You know, the true call. I know when I hear it. - Anything else you want to add? - Yeah, there's something else. To all you workers out there. Every single commodity you produce is a piece of your own death. What was your relationship like with your parents? End of interview. Thanks. Hey, you got a light? Hey. Hey, how did you get out? - Good behavior. - Shit. - Hey, would you take over? - Okay, I got it. - Look out for the skinhead with the Mohawk. - I got it. Ma'am, excuse me. Uh, I'm with the security in the store. One of my employees saw you put something in the bag that you haven't paid for. - I don't know what you're talking about. - Ma'am, I'm gonna have to ask you... to step back inside the store back into the office so we can look through the bag. Well, I would love to, but I don't have the time. Ma'am. Believe me, if you just come back into the office into the store... it's the best thing for you to do right now to take care of this problem. There's nothing to take care of. I don't know what you're talking about. I know her. She was in my ethics class. I'm always glad to see any young person doing something. That reminds me of an apprehension I saw in France in the early '40s. They had finally found some known criminal... and they were interrogating him. Something to the effect of... "It was you who did the job on the rue de Flandue. " "No, it wasn't me. " "The concierge recognized you. " "It's someone who looks like me. " "She knew your name. " 
"It's someone who looks like me and has the same name."
"She recognized your clothes and hair."
"He looks like me, has the same name, clothes and hair."
"They found your fingerprints."
"He looks like me, has the same name, clothes, hair and the same fingerprints."

"How long are we going to keep this up?"
"To the very end."
"It was you who did the job."
"No, it wasn't me."
Oh, shit.
Just a sec.
If you're here to steal something, you've come to the wrong place.
Nothing much here.
But look around, take whatever you want.
So why don't you let me put that up for you?
It's really not necessary.
No one's going to call the police or anything.
I hate the police more than you, probably.
Never done me any good.
Cup of coffee?
Delia, two cups of coffee, please.
All right, Dad.
So, what do you call yourself?
Paul Yazimsky.
- That Polish? - Uh-huh.
- He was Polish. - Who's that?
One of the true heroes of American history.
Leon Czolgosz.
The man who assassinated William McKinley.
He was an unknown Polish migrant who happened to be an anarchist...
of the "propaganda by the deed" variety.
If there were a hundred like him around today...
you could change the world.
Dad, here you go.
The only political assassination of a U.S. President.
Well, except for Lincoln, I guess...
and Kennedy probably, but Leon...
was the only anarchist in the bunch.
There was such a thing as belief put into action in those days.
What are you doing this afternoon?
Uh, nothing.
Let's go for a walk.
Back in a minute, Delia. - Have fun, Dad.
I was there in Catalonia.
Fought with Orwell. Didn't know it then, of course.
Still have my C.N.T. Card. I'll show it to you later.
Those days in Barcelona. My God.
The workers were really in the saddle then...
during the revolution.
Communists killed it long before Franco got there.
Just look at that shit.
I've always dreamed of pulling a Guy Fawkes on the Texas Legislature.
Just blow the damn thing sky high.
I've got maps in my room and I'll do it some day.
Texas is so full of these so-called modern-day libertarians...
with all their goddamn selfish individualism.
Just the opposite of real anarchism.
They don't give a damn about improving the world.
But now, Charles Whitman...
there was a man.
Twenty-three years this summer.
This town has always had it's share of crazies.
I wouldn't want to live anywhere else.
I would have been there too.
I had lunch right out front there every day that summer.
But my fucking wife, God rest her soul...
she had some stupid appointment that day.
So during this town's finest hour, where was I?
Way the hell out on South Congress.
By the time I got there, everything was blocked off.
Shit.
It's taken my entire life...
but I can now say that I've practically given up on not only my own
people...
but for mankind in its entirety.
I can only address myself to singular human beings now.
Hold on a sec. Dad?
- Telephone. It's Lourdes. - Oh, great.
My half-sister.
She might be coming for a visit.
- Where does she live? - Oh, all over.
She travels a lot.
So, he tell you any war stories?
Yeah, I never met anyone that fought in the Spanish civil war before.
Well, you still haven't.
What do you mean?
He tells everybody he fought in the Lincoln Brigade...
in Barcelona, in Spain.
Him and my mom went to Spain in, I guess, '55.
A little late.
The Lincoln Brigade.
More like the Hemingway Brigade.
- I love him though. - Great.
Lourdes will be here end of next week.
We eat an early dinner if you'd like to stay.
I gotta go.
Well, come over some other time.
Yeah, I might. I just might.
Oh, one more thing.
The first hurdle for the true warrior.
"To those humans in whom I have faith.
"I wish suffering, being forsaken, sickness, maltreatment, humiliation.
"I wish that they should not remain unfamiliar with profound self-contempt...
"the torture of self-mistrust, and the misery of the vanquished.
"I have no pity for them...
"because I wish them the only thing that can prove today...
"whether one is worth anything or not:
That one endures."
Hey, you forgot something.
And remember, the passion for destruction is also a creative passion.
Where the fuck you been, man?
Doesn't work.
- What did you get, man? - Man, check it out.
Rare Marquis de Sade, dude. Juliette. Rare Marquis de Sade.
It's a fuckin' book. Somebody else drive.
Not me, I'm not drivin'.
You. You're elected.
Man, I don't even have my licence. I got warrants out.
This whole neighborhood and you couldn't get a fuckin' TV?
Just drop me off at this guy's house.
The address, man. Take me there. Drop me off.
Oh, better than a sharp stick in the eye, I always say.
Come on in.
Did you find me any TVs?
Oh, well. I looked and stuff.
But we just - We don't have that kind of stuff usually.
I could sure use some.
Where would you put it?
Oh, no problem. We rotate the stock.
Out with the old. In with the new.
Look, this one here. It's my pride.
It's been on four years, two months.
The rest of them, I just kind of keep them going.
I'm kind of working up a harmonious relationship with them, an equilibrium.

- Have a seat? - Sure.
Uh, Pop-Tart? There's red ones. Blue ones over there.
Oh, no. No, thanks.
So, uh, what is this...
some kind of psychic TV-type parallelism?
Well, we all know the psychic powers of the televised image...
But we need to capitalize on it...
and make it work for us instead of us working for it.
- Like how? - Well, like, to me, my thing is...
a video image is much more powerful and useful...
than an actual event.
Like back when I used to go out, when I was last out...
I was walking down the street and...
this guy came barrelling out of a bar...
fell right in front of me and he had a knife right in his back...
landed right on the ground.
And -
I have no reference to it now. I can't refer back to it.
I can't press rewind. I can't put it on pause.
I can't put it on slo-mo and see all the little details.
And the blood, it was all wrong. It didn't look like blood.
The hue was off and I couldn't adjust the hue.
I was seeing it for real, but it just wasn't right.
And I didn't even see the knife impact on the body. I missed that part.
- Too bad. - Yeah.
Well, I got something to show you. I just got this new tape...
through some contacts of mine.
It's by this grad student over in the history department.
Did you hear about him? He took his whole thesis committee hostage.
- No. - Yes, it's true. It's unbelievable.
He took them hostage. The SWAT team came in and offed him.
- No. - And it's just no one's heard about it.
It's not getting out.
Uh, anyway, he made this tape.
Like, just 15, 20 minutes before he went before the grad committee.
Because he knew they weren't gonna okay his research.
It was just way too radical, and way beyond anything they were doing.
- What was his thesis on? - You know, I don't know.
I'm really not sure. Something about a bronze age coming in the '90s or something.
I'm just not sure what he was up to.
Each individual has this absurd notion of this predisposition -
Hey, looks like John Hinckley.
He has this-this unending potential, this dormant potential...
this stupid idea that 95% of the brain is unused...
and that if we could tap into that we would just have...
we would have Superman or something absurd like that.
All it does is frustrate man.
All it does is remind him of his limitations and frustrate him.
It's just a concoction of lies...
a dynamic that drives man to do things.
Let me fast-forward to the part where he blows away his camera.
It's pretty good.
Every action is a positive action.
Even if it has a negative result.
What could be better than a short, uncomplicated life?
That goes out in a blaze of glory?
Rock 'n' roll.
He must've been onto something, man.
Yeah, he was.
So this is a dub of my copy. You think you'd want a tape of this?
Yeah, I have some friends in Kansas City. Pirate TV, man.
If you think you could get this out, I think it really should be shown.
Oh, yeah, definitely. But, look, I gotta go.
- Thanks a lot. - All right.
- Keep looking for those TVs. - Yeah, TVs.
I'll let you know when we get some.
Sure. I'll be here.
Hey, you got "Honor thy error as a hidden intention. "
Hey, man, uh, you want a card?
They're, uh, oblique strategies.
No two cards are alike. Think about whatever you want and take a card.
Sure.
Oblique strategies.
- What one did you get? - It says...
"Withdrawing in disgust is not the same thing as apathy. "
- Yeah. - What is this?
Well, that's her menstrual cycle, you know, 28 cups.
It's got your P.M.S. Section over here.
And that's taking up a lot of space this month.
Red ones - Well, you know about the red ones.
- Pink ones are for water weight days. - Right. The pink ones, water
weight.
Yep, cycles.
Could I have another one? Is that allowed?
Oh, sure, yeah. You can have as many as you want.
You can buffer your last thought or think about something new.
I'm thinking about something new.
What did you get?
"It's not building a wall, but making a brick."
That's right, man. That's been my day entirely today.
I can't believe it, man. I told you I was having a breakthrough day today.
Shooee, howdy, shucks. Okay, well. Yeah, I heard that.
- No, tell me all about it. - Okay. Well, I mean...
it's like I've had a total recalibration of my mind, you know.
I mean, it's like I've been banging my head against this
19th-Century-type, uh-
What, thought-mode, construct, human construct?
Well, the wall doesn't exist. It's not there, you know.
I mean, they tell you to look for the light at the end of the tunnel.
Well, there is no tunnel. There is no structure.
The underlying order is chaos, man.
I mean, everything's in one big ball of fluctuating matter...
a constant state of change, you know.
I mean, it's like across that gray quantum divide is this new
consciousness.
I don't know what that's gonna be like, but I know that we're all part of
it.
I mean, it's new physics. You can't look at something without changing
it.
You know, anything.
I mean, man, that's, like, almost beyond my imagination.
Geez, it's like that butterfly flapping its wings in Galveston...
and somewhere down the road apace it's gonna -
oh, hey- create a monsoon in China.
- Hey, can you give me a hand? - Sorry I'm late, you know.
Oh, that's all right. Time doesn't exist.
- She's one a day. - Really? One a day for you.
All right. What did you get?
"Look closely at the most embarrassing detail and amplify it."
- You wanna amplify that? - Whoa! Man, what happened to you?
Oh, well. I don't really want to go into it at the moment.
- Uh, you wanna go? Okay. - Yeah.
Hey, we're gonna ramble on, you guys.
All right, see you.
- So shooee, howdy, shucks, man. - Who's that guy?
What a day, what a day. That guy? - Yeah.
Oh, I don't know. I don't know. I don't know who he is.
Just a guy? Yeah.
- So how's your painting going? - Oh, that one?
- That same one? - Really, that same one.
Psst.
- Psst. - Hey, could we get another round?
Yeah.
Let me have two, please.
- Yeah, so what do you guys need? - More coffee, please.
- Another beer, chips. - Coffee, beer.
- Great, thanks. - Chips. Hey, may I have another card?
Yeah, sure. Go ahead.
What did you get?
"Repetition is a form of change."
It's all a whole bunch of, like, horrible values.
- More beer? - Yeah, of course.
Remember, like Saturday morning cartoons?
It's all a whole bunch of values and junk they're throwing at you.
Like take Scooby Doo, you know.
Scooby Doo, he, like, looks at you. It's like -
Like there's Shaggy and there's Scooby Doo, and they say...
"Hey, why don't you beat the shit out of this bad guy?
And, like, we'll give you a Scooby Snack."
And he'll go, "Oh, duh. " And they'll say, "Well, two Scooby Snacks."
- Yeah, bribery. - Yeah, exactly.
That's what they're teaching kids. It's like it's all bribery, you know.
And they're teaching kids fuckin' bribery.
And then you got the whole other end of the realm where there's like the Smurfs...
and then they've got their little colony group together...
where everybody hangs, you know, in their one little group...
and everybody's right together, everything flows real well.
Any time any one of them tries to take off and do their own little individual trip...
that's when Mr. Evil comes down off the hill and stomps on them.
Well, like, Smurfs, you know. It's like a family system, like it's all -
- Answering to Papa Smurf. - Yeah, it's safety in numbers.
It's like, like the Smurfs are like Mom and Dad.
And it's like they don't want your kids running off, you know.
And that's the same thing as Smurfs. They don't want, like, some Smurf...
leaving the hive colony at all, you know.
Well, listen, like...
a friend of mine has this real weird theory about Smurfs.
But I've been thinking about it, and I think it's kind of cool. Actually, I kind of agree with it. It's like about Krishna. You know, like Smurfs are blue. And he's saying that Smurfs are, like, getting kids used to seeing blue people. And it's like, you know, with Smurfs being blue... kids see blue people, they, like, relate to Smurfs. And they relate to blue people when Krishna comes about, you know. And, I don't know, I kind of agree with that.

Hey, listen, I'll tell you what. I'll buy this round if you, uh, score me a pack of smokes, man. All right. But I don't know. Sounds like you're plugging for Scooby Snacks to me.

Yeah, right.

I heard you had a really great time in Europe. - Are you glad to be back? - Yeah, it was incredible.

I'm real glad to be back though. But at the time I was leaving...

I really felt the need to get out of this town. I'd just ended this two-year relationship with this guy. And now that I look back on it, it was really terrible. And, like, a boyfriend is the furthest thing from my mind.

But now that I'm back, things are rolling for me. I'm getting a lot of things done. I think I can honestly say I'm the happiest I've been in a long time. - I just feel great. - That's great, yeah.

A lot of times I leave a relationship and I feel like a whole person again. And I feel really elated. It seems then this ebb and flow thing sets in. And I start questioning everything, you know.

And as long as I'm in a relationship, I swear I cannot be objective. It seems like after we've decided that we need one another to be happy... then I start getting insecure.

I'm wondering, worrying all the time. It seems like rejection looms, ever-present. Rejection. That's one thing I'm not scared of anymore. I've conquered the fear of rejection. I guess I kind of look at it as a trade-off. It's like you reject, you're being rejected constantly. So how could you let it bother you?

No. I don't know if I buy that. I don't know that anyone can escape the fear of rejection. It's a real primal thing, you know. Can it be escap - Perhaps human beings weren't made to be happy and free all the time. We're always trying to enslave ourselves one way or another.
If it's not through career, it's through a relationship or it's through kids.
It just doesn't seem to be the natural human state.
We go through a good phase, then we regress, you know.
I mean, I'm really glad you're happy.
Just be prepared. You can always be thrown on the scrap heap.
- Hey, what's up? How's it going? - Not much. All right.
- What are you guys up to tonight? - Not much. Just kind of talking.
Just kind of hangin' out? You remember...
I was telling you about my roommate's band earlier?
Well, he had to borrow my guitar tonight, so...
I made him put me on the guest list, and I'm on the guest list.
And I could take some other people with me...
if some other people might be interested.
- Hint, hint, you know? - Do y'all wanna go?
We could maybe have a beer or-
- Sounds fun to me. - I'm not forcing you or nothing.
There's no guns involved.
You know, I'll drive.
We can go check it out. We could always go to a movie later.
- Do it, do it. - Okay, yeah.
- Great. - Cool.
Well, the problem is that we kind of have to leave now because it's starting.
- So we gotta like totally roll. - Do you have a car?
- Do I have a car? I have a van. - Okay.
- Let's go. - Let's go.
So, man, have you seen Elvis lately?
Seen Elvis lately? No.
Check it out, man. I really, honestly believe that this guy is still alive.
And I believe that he's like, you know, living in Las Vegas or something.
'Cause, you know, if the guy's half-ass cool, you know he's like an Elvis impersonator.
'Cause, I mean, that's kind of like some sort of spiritual hell...
to parody yourself at the height of your ridiculousness.
So the guy's gotta get up every day.
Get as fat as he was and just make fun of himself all day long.
Isn't that a killer job? Don't you think that's what all old people sort of do?
- Once they get over 28? - Yeah, that's a cool job. Sure.
So how long have you lived here?
Uh, somewhere in the neighborhood of about six weeks.
- That's it? - Yeah, well, you know.
I just skipped out of my old town. Been crashing on couches and shit. Do you like it here?
- I love it here except for the fuckin' ants. - Ants?
Yeah, man. All the houses are fuckin' infested with these fuckin' ants.
- You can't leave anything out. - Not mine.
Shit. You should come to my house. The other day I went and bought groceries.
And I'm fuckin' sittin' there. And I walk out of the room, I come back... and we got these Cup o' Noodles, and in fuckin' 10 minutes... the ants have chewed through the Styrofoam cup.
And they're like all the way in 'em and shit.
And they ate my crackers. They ate the Ding Dongs, believe it or not.
The only things left are cans and jars.
We gotta put the bread and everything in the fridge.
So everything's all cold and fuckin' chewy and shit all the time.
- Do you have a girlfriend? - No, 'cause women are from hell.
- Totally. - I don't think so.
They're sent here to make men just writhe in pain.
- No, you're wrong. - It's true.
Are you making anybody's life hell right now?
- No, not at all. - Cool.
- Not at all. - Wanna make somebody's life hell?
- No. - Okay.
- Do you know this guy? - No, do you?
No.
- I hope she appreciates this. - Yeah, he's a real charmer.
Really.
I'm just saying show me a woman that hates her dad...
and wants to take it out on every man ever born...
and I'll end up with her somehow.
Well, you picked the wrong night for that.
Geez, you are no fun, huh?
This band's gonna be great.
- This band's gonna be great? I hope so. - Yeah, check it out. You're gonna love this.
- These are friends of yours then? - Friends? Friends is not the word.
- Brothers of yours? - These are my homeboys.
I love to drive. Yo, lock it up, because all my really important stuff is in here.
This is my spot. They keep this here for me all the time.
- Really? - Yeah, check it out. Pretty hip, huh?
They like me here, you know. 'Cause I'm in, like, tight, you know.
Tight.
What's up, dude? I'm on the guest list. Three dollars.
The name's Steve. S-T-E-V-E.
Steve plus three or four. Sorry, Steve. Don't see you.
Dude, you might wanna check again, 'cause that's my roommate's band.
I'm supposed to be on the list. You're not on the list.
Is there a problem? Fuck. I'm not on the list.
Figures. I'm supposed to be.
You wanna go in? Okay.
I feel like hanging out outside.
Are you going in? Yeah.
What are you gonna do? Uh, I don't know.
I might hang out outside. I might go in.
Okay, I'm gonna go in, and maybe I'll see you. And if not, maybe I'll give you a call or something.
All right. I might see you inside. Have fun inside.
See you in church.
What's up, man? How's life?
All right. Couldn't get in. Universal sadness all around us.
The universe is out of hand. That sucks.
L. Ron Hubbard is gone. How y'all doing?
Hi. What's going on tonight?
Oh, my cousin's here. Rachael from Greece.
What was your name? Rachael.
That's very pretty. Thank you.
Are you enjoying yourself?
We're gonna go up to the Space. There's a performance.
Performance? That sounds like fun.
You should come check it out. I'm not sure what we're doing, but I know what we're doing. You do?
Yeah, you got three bucks? Okay, we'll see you later.
Maybe we'll see you there? Nice to meet you and have a good time.
Yeah, it was nice meeting you guys.
Yo, check it out. Liquor store, quarts of beer, three bucks. Hey.
Hey, what's going on? Uh, nothing.
What's the cover? Uh, I think it's five bucks.
But, uh, I got a stamp.
I think I can, you know, get you in or something.
See if you lick your wrist or something.
Great.
Perfect. All right. And Rachael...
you need to get a stamp. What?
You need to get a stamp also. You better have one.
No, man. I don't want him licking my arm.
Yeah, but we can get in free. We won't have to pay.
Yeah, really. Yeah, it's all right. - Free?
Here, watch. It's easy. Watch.
You just do this.
- Perfect. No problem. - All right.
- We can get in free. - Thanks.
Sure. No problem.
- Five-dollar cover. - I got a stamp.
- Hey, Kelly. Nice shoes. - Hey, what is that?
Oh, it's my PixelVision camera. It's for a project I'm putting together.
Hey, I'll tell you what. Why don't one of you take it?
Shoot whatever you want.
Pass it around and we'll see what we come up with later on, okay?
But I want my camera back, all right?
That's because they could fuck and think at the same time.
So history buried 'em.
It buries every young truth with balls that comes along.
I mean, look at Italo Balbo...
Christopher Maclaine, Richard Farina, Pierre Landais, Johnny Ace...
- Let's get the fuck out of here. - They never had a chance.
The reason these guys are being forgotten is they're not Freemasons.
The Masons are the ones that control history.
Look, every president but one, a Mason.
Every man that's walked on the moon, 33rd-degree Mason.
And look at the Warren Commission, a Shriner convention without go-carts.
Exactly. The slate of American history needs to be wiped clean.
We need to start all over again.
Let's put Larry Feynman in the history books.
Let's put Squeaky Fromme on the one-dollar bill.
At least we ought to get that Masonic pyramid bullshit off the back.
- And get some more beer? - Sounds good. Where to?
Uh, Cue Club? We only got 20 minutes.
Okay.
- Are you coming? - Nah, think I'm gonna catch that show.
Okay, you're either with us or against us.
Well, I guess I'm against you.
- Let's go. See you later. - All right. Good night.
See you guys later.
Man, there ain't no film in that shit.
I'm getting tired of this mobile home shoved up my ass
I think something else destroyed your greener grass
Witness nostalgia seems to be warbling in the throats
Every time I move it seems I barely miss that damn boat
Thank you. Good-bye. Thank you.
Show's over. Let's go.

**It's past 2:**

Come on, get out. Hit the road. Strike the pavement. Get out of here. Time to split. You gotta be somewhere. You can't be here. And I wanna go home. Let's go. You, passed out, wake up, get out of here! Come on, let's go.

- Hey, what's up, man? - Not much.
- Whose are these? - They're mine.

Oh, yeah? Well, where you from?

Yeah, she's traveling around Texas taking pictures of Dairy Queen. Dairy Queens? What the hell you wanna do that for?
- Dip cones. - Dip cones?

Nah, I'm kidding. Actually, I'm on my way to New York.

New York, huh? Are you exhibiting there?
No, I'm just gonna do some stuff.

"Do some stuff." The urban landscape guerrilla graffiti art scene. The Soho photographer trudging through the sludge of Times Square... shooting from the hip and catching the glimpses of all the garbage. Working the streets basically. Going to New York just to work the streets...

like everybody else there.

So, what, do you fancy yourself as some sort of artist, or what?
No, I'm an anti-artist.

Oh, one of those neoposeur types that hangs out in coffee shops... and doesn't do much of anything, yeah.

No, I feel like being an anti-artist means that...
I like to destroy other people's artwork.
Oh, well. In that case.

No, I'm kidding. I don't do much really.
I just read and work here and sleep and eat...

and watch movies.

Speaking of movies, you being from London...
and being a photographer and all...
you might wanna watch Blow Up tonight at 4:00.

You know Blow Up, you know.
- London and the '60s. - See you later. - Bye.

Photographing and mimes playing tennis.

No, I'm really into photography, not movies.
But movies are photography, 24 times a second.

Did I invite you over here to talk to me?
When young, we mourn for one woman.
As we grow old, for women in general.
The tragedy of life...
is that man is never free...
yet strives for what can never be.
The thing most feared in secret...
always happens.
My life, my loves, what are they now?
But the more the pain grows...
the more this instinct for life somehow asserts itself.
The necessary beauty in life is in giving yourself to it completely.
- Wake up, America. - Only later will it clarify itself...
and become coherent.
Weapons give away program.
It's like one of those government programs.
Just come and fuckin' get anything you want.
We're gonna give away all the fuckin' automatic weapons.
All the side-loaders, clip-loaders, shoot-em-backs...
Saturday night specials...
Colt. 45s, shotguns.
Anything you want, chains, knives, straight razors...
bottles, brick bats, baseball bats...
and big kind of slanted jagged kind of things.
I wanna see a goddamn big motherfuckin'...
shoot 'em up, kill 'em, bang, stab 'em, crush...
slice, kill, motherfuckin' boilin' oil.
Catapults throwin' rocks and shit and blowin' up.
Undercover shit, yeah.
So I wanna see people putting secret things in fuckin' cars...
and fuckin' explodin' and see the people explodin'.
I wanna see knife cuttin', slice cuttin' choppin' and blowin' up.
Oh, yeah. That's right.
A free fuckin' weapons give away program.
I see it. I'm gonna solve all these goddamn problems.