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# Grandview U.S.A.

By Ken Hixon

Don't you ever do that again.  
Remember the lever  
on the steering column, move it,  
you can put the wheel  
wherever you want.  
But don't move it while you're driving.  
Okay, Dad. Dad, I'm gonna be late.  
Square one's for the ignition,  
round one's for the trunk  
and don't forget to lock it.  
Tim, I forgot to tell you.  
Last button on the arm,  
that locks up all the windows  
and the doors.  
And, uh, look, don't put any scratches  
on the car, okay?  
- Uh, drive carefully.  
- Please fasten your seatbelt.  
I love you.  
Kiss me.  
- Chris.  
- That's a real honey of a car.  
Mom.  
You'll be driving a Cadillac yourself  
one of these days.  
- Please.  
- Yeah, we'll see.  
Hi, Tim.  
Goodness,  
what a fine-looking couple you are.  
You look like you just stepped off  
of a wedding cake.  
We really gotta go.  
Just one more, just one more.  
Oh, it just gives me goosebumps  
looking at the two of you.  
Oh, sorry, Bonnie.  
Please fasten your seatbelt.  
Ugh. Damn it.  
You just hold on, it'll work.  
Here, give me the pliers.  
- Ow, Mom.  
- What'd I tell you about that gum?  
- I don't know, what?

- I said, no more gum.  
You got that?  
Sick of you gnawing on that,  
not being hungry at supper time.  
- That's not so.  
- Wait a minute, fella.  
You just go on. Get out of here.  
Go on, vamoose.  
Find anything, Mr. Hurlbuck?  
Yes, ma'am, a few things.  
Yeah, like what?  
Like smoking in a food service area.  
This is The Moose,  
feeling, oh, so mellow and loose.  
So put your arms around  
your favorite memory  
and hold it close.  
Two heads beating as one.  
Dancing the night away.  
Let's go for a drive.  
- Hey, how you doing?  
- How you doing?  
You got 30 days to comply  
and bring these violations up to code.  
You write me up on everything  
but the color of the toilet paper,  
expect me to fix it  
in 30 days?  
If you need more time,  
you'll have to appeal  
to the county commissioners.  
How come all of a sudden  
you're out here nosing around?  
- Just doing my job.  
- Yeah?  
You tell the boys  
at the county commission  
I said you did a real good job too.  
You ought to get smart  
Hey, Slam, how you been?  
Who was that?  
Just more trouble.  
Thanks.  
- Mm, Bonnie

- Oh, Tim.  
- Bulls.  
- Tin.  
- Are we moving?  
- Everything is moving.  
The whole world is moving.  
Bonnie, the whole car is moving.  
- Oh, no. No.  
- Tim, what's happening?  
- Damn, the car is sinking.  
- Huh?  
- Please fasten your seatbelt.  
- Do something.  
Oh, God.  
Come on, come on.  
Dear God.  
This is really mature, Tim.  
- Holy shit.  
- Don't forget your keys.  
Tim, where you going?  
- I gotta go get some help.  
- What about me?  
You're not gonna leave me here,  
are you?  
Okay, okay.  
Come on.  
Please don't get mud on my dress.  
Hold on. Whoa.  
My father's going to kill me.  
No, my father's gonna kill you.  
- I lost my shoe.  
- Tim.  
- Damn it, I lost my shoe.  
- Forget the shoe.  
You dorkwipe.  
Found my shoe.  
This is so mature.  
This is ridiculous. Oh, my God.  
Look at my dress, it's wrecked.  
Destroyed.  
And my panty hose,  
look at my panty hose.  
Bonnie, can it.  
- Where are we going?

- Getting a tow truck.  
- Here?  
- You wanna walk two miles into town?  
Go right ahead, knock yourself out.  
Why are you treating me like this?  
What have I done?  
- You're acting like a pig.  
- Bonnie, I'm warning you, can it.  
Okay, fine.  
I'll just call my father then.  
Fine, go ahead and call him.  
Shit. Give me a break.  
He does have the advantage.  
That's right.  
A lot of his fans are booing him,  
they must love him.  
Excuse me.  
And behind him, Adam Bomb.  
Jesus H. Casper the Ghost.  
What the hell happened to you?  
Had car trouble.  
I'm looking for a tow truck.  
Looks like you need a car wash.  
He's loaded for action, ready to fire.  
We got a tow truck,  
but you'll have to talk to Mike first.  
- Where's Mike?  
- Inside, watching the derby.  
Is it okay if I go in?  
Sure, honey, for 3 bucks,  
anybody can go in.  
Heck of a show.  
Lots of blood and heavy metal.  
Forget it. Go on in.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
And here come  
the two Banzai Brothers.  
Where's Mike Cody?  
Up there.  
Maybe we'll see some of that tonight.  
- Ha, ha.  
- And behind him...  
- I'm looking for Mike Cody.

- I'm Mike Cody, what do you want?  
I need a tow truck.  
What's wrong with your car?  
It stalled in a stream.  
Stalled in a stream?  
Kind of half in and half out.  
We're gonna have  
one heck of a melee.  
Damn.

- You got any money?  
- How much?  
- Twenty if I don't get wet, 30 if I do.  
- Yeah, sure, whatever.

All right, gotta wait a minute.  
Take a last look,  
give a round of applause  
one last time  
before we start this race.  
And here comes the favorite.  
Slam Webster.  
Slam "The Ram" Webster.

- Slam, Slam, Slam.  
- Yeah.  
Slam, Slam, Slam.

There's my favorite boy out there.  
He's gonna do a real good job.  
I'm glad you like him.  
Uh-oh, here comes the one in black,  
Darth Vader.

We're gonna start  
the countdown right now.  
Five, four, three, two, one.  
And they're off. There they go.  
I kind of like that Vader  
with that there red car,  
beautiful paint job.  
He's gonna fly  
on the wheel stack again.  
Red Baron wants to take on  
the entire left side of the field.  
Here comes Slam... Oh!  
Adam Bomb wants some,  
he's right in the middle.  
- Oh, beautiful hit.

- Ha, ha.  
Slam Webster,  
ladies and gentlemen. Slam Webster.  
Slam just hit them both,  
knocking them both in a circle.  
Beautiful hit.  
Beautiful, that was so hard,  
it's worth seven points.  
There goes one,  
it's up and over into another car.  
Slam's got Pink Slip in his sights.  
- Oh! Beautiful hit from Slam Webster.  
- Ha, ha.  
Pink Slip is out of this race.  
Two running cars on the track left.  
And that is, of course,  
Slam "The Ram" Webster  
and the Chief of Police,  
Darth Vader.  
Slam doesn't see him,  
he's coming from behind. Oh!  
Slam didn't even see  
that one coming, beautiful.  
Out of the way. He made it.  
Now, he's gonna finish him off.  
- Bam! That is it, that is it.  
- Ha, ha.  
Beautiful hit from a backdoor driver.  
Yeah, Slam!  
The Force isn't with him  
this evening.  
The old Darth Vader, Tucker Smith,  
bites the dust.  
Start it up for the one and the only,  
Slam "The Ram" Webster.  
- Great, Slam.  
- Attaboy.  
Thank you, thank you,  
don't applaud, throw money.  
Slam!  
And that's all for tonight here at...  
That is it, Mike.  
I am a human being, not a light bulb.  
I'll be right back.

Whew! I think I know who you're looking for, he's up there.

- Oh, no.

- That's my daughter.

Never again, Tim Pearson.

Never in one million, trillion goddamn years.

It was an accident, Mr. Clark.

What kind of demented cabbage patch do you think I hopped out of?

- Look at her!

- Dad.

She looks like she was dragged through a goddamned barnyard.

- Horny little ba...

- Dad.

- Easy.

- Come on, lover boy.

- Come on, you son of a b-!

- Enough, mister.

This is between us, sweetheart

Look buddy, I'll give you 60 seconds to get off my property or I'll kick your tiny nuts up your big fat ass.

Sorry, Tim.

- Oh, boy.

- All right, let's go, missy.

I'm not gonna forget this, Pearson.

You too, sweetheart

You Roger Pearson's son?

Yeah.

Hey, hey.

Did I miss a good fight?

Wanna earn 30 bucks?

What did you have in mind?

Cut it out, give junior here a tow.

Man, I feel so stupid.

Well, boy, you just discovered the oldest sexual position in the book.

What?

The foolish position.

I gotta pull over for a minute.

What you just gotta remember,



your brains are between your ears  
and not your legs.

Hey, Slam.

Things a little rough  
at the Speedrome tonight?

Yeah, ha, ha.

My friend here had a problem  
out at County Line Bridge.

Oh. Out there baiting your hook, huh?  
Catch anything?

Damn.

How's that gorgeous honey  
of a wife of yours doing, huh?

- You tell me.

- Come again?

- She wasn't here tonight, was she?

- I don't wanna get messed up...

She wasn't here tonight,  
was she, Mickey?

No.

I'll see you.

Hey, Mickey.

Slam?

Slam, that you?

No, it's a burglar.

It's late, baby.

So how did you do bowling tonight?

Claire beat me three times in a row.

Let's go to bed, baby.

Hey, thanks.

How did we do tonight?

Oh, you know.

Five, six, seven...

This ain't no way  
to make a living anymore.

Watch it.

Looks like you had a rough night.

You look pretty lonely,  
sitting there all beat up.

You don't have to worry about a thing.

I'm gonna take you to junk heaven.

Oh, my God.

It's not as bad as it looks, Dad.

A door is ajar.

You should've sold out, Michelle,  
when your dad died.

Look, what if we just cut it in half?

- Five thousand?

- I'm sorry, Michelle, but it's business.

At this rate, you'll be out of business  
by the end of the summer.

All your suppliers have  
you on a cash basis.

- There is no...

- Thanks for your time, Mr. Fleming.

Hi.

- Hi.

- How are you today?

Fine.

Thanks for helping me out last night.

- It's okay.

- Really.

- Okay.

- I mean it.

Look, I'll see you.

That's a big thermometer.

Yup.

- You want it?

- No.

No, no, no, come on, take it.

They're giving them away free.

Great.

You know, I've always been interested  
in the weather.

I bet.

Smooth, Pearson.

The weather?

Duh.

- Dad?

- I'll be right out.

February, 4720.

That's up a dollar three.

February pork bellies up 187  
at 6127.

December five came up 47  
at 6267.

Farm report is brought to you hourly  
by Gordon Chemical.

Your one stop store  
for an feed and fertilizer needs.  
Back to our musical programming.  
Dad, I'm sorry about your car.  
You know, a father loaning his car,  
his first Cadillac, to his son,  
now, that's not just a father loaning  
any car to his son.  
That's a father loaning a symbol  
of his success,  
achievement and victories to his son

**and saying:**

"Here, you take this Cadillac  
and you drive it proudly  
up the road of your dreams."  
But, for chrissake,  
don't park the son of a bitch  
in the middle of a goddamn stream.  
You understand what I'm getting at?  
I think you're telling me you don't want  
me to drive your Cadillac anymore.  
I think we understand each other.  
Damn it! You turd.  
Thought you were gonna  
swim to Bora Bora.  
Ran out of air.  
See any mermaids?  
Just catfish.  
And I'm so sick of catfish.  
How am I gonna be  
the next Jacques Cousteau  
if I'm sitting in a cornfield?  
Still haven't told  
your old man yet, huh?  
Gotta tell him you're gonna  
turn down the scholarship.  
Tell him in your valedictory address,  
that would really fry his mind.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
fellow students, distinguished guests.  
Today is a very special day.  
Today is a day unlike any other day.  
Today is the day

where we wave hello with one hand  
and wave goodbye  
with the other hand.

Dinner's on the table.

Thank you, Dad.

- Looks good.

- Oh, thanks.

- What's wrong with you?

- Nothing.

What's wrong with you?

Nothing.

- I can't help it.

- Susan.

It's killing me, I can't help it.

The conversation is finished.

- What conversation?

- It's none of your business.

- Yeah, they're my boobs.

- Susan.

What boobs? You have boobs?

Can it.

See, Mom, that's what I mean.

You can't even tell I have anything  
with this dumb thing on.

- We wear bras in this family, period.

- We do?

- I said can it.

- It's canned, it's canned.

- Took me 13 years to grow them-

- Oh, my God.

Just when they stem to show,

I have to smash them down

with a bra?

Better smashed than flopping.

I wish they'd flop.

I'd pay a million dollars  
if they'd just wiggle a little.

- Susan, I'm warning you.

- They're my boobs, Mom.

- Breasts.

- Breast, boob, what's the difference?

- A lot in your case.

- Oh, sit on it.

- Susan.

- Tim.

All right.

The conversation is finished.

Some conversation.

I thought we'd have

a little get-together in the backyard

after the graduation exercises.

Oh, I don't wanna have a party.

Oh, sure you do.

Mom, I would really just like to-?

Oh, Dad, gross.

Excuse me.

MTV Music Television.

We've got your favorite

video music in stereo.

What are you guys doing here?

We just need a couple

of hundred thousand to tide us over.

All we've got left

is the condo in Bogot.

I'm busy, leave me alone.

You can't do this to us,

not after all the things

we've done for you.

- Yeah, Tim.

- Johnny, take care of them.

Beat it.

Stick them up.

You got any gum?

What?

You got any gum?

No, sorry.

Damn.

You work here?

Yup, me and my ma.

She sells the hot dogs,

takes the ticket money.

I drive the forklift, that's my job.

Nobody can do it but me.

If you wanna drive in the derby,

what do you gotta do?

Just put it in reverse, go like crazy.

Ka-bam!

That's it, huh?

Smash them up.

- Where do you get the cars?

- I got some back there.

I got a...

What do they call it?

The front of it

looks like a rocket ship.

Studebakers,

you know, Studebakers?

Yeah, sure.

Well, it's kind of a Studebaker,

it's got a Buick engine in it.

It's a "Stud-a-Buick."

Here comes the Stud-a-Buick.

They don't make them anymore.

All out.

- You want that one?

- How much you want-?

You can't sell my cars, Cowboy,

you know that.

- Yes, I can.

- No, you can't.

- Why not?

- Because they're mine, not yours.

They are too mine.

Look, just go back to the trailer

and I'll fix you supper.

I ain't hungry.

Just do what I say, go.

Now, go.

- Come here.

- What?

You got something in your ear.

Thanks, Mike.

I didn't mean to get him in any trouble.

You didn't.

What can I do for you?

- I wanna drive in the derby.

- Why?

I thought it'd be some fun,

that's all.

- You gotta be 18.

- No sweat, I turned 18 last month.

Look, some other time.

Does that mean no?  
It means some other time.  
If you don't take my word for it,  
go ask your dad.  
What does he have to do with it?  
Go home.  
Back, back. Reach, reach, reach.  
Take it down, now stretch.  
You gotta work that body every day.  
Now, come on,  
what are you waiting for?  
Oh, hi.  
- Dinner will be ready real soon.  
- Hold it down, hands up.  
Side, side, side, side,  
side, side, side.  
I must be adopted.  
Come on, hold that  
stomach in, honey. Side, side.  
Dad, you know Mike Cody?  
What about her?  
I went to the Speedrome today to...  
- I don't want you to go out there.  
- Why?  
I just don't, you got it?  
Got what? What's going on?  
Nothing is going on.  
Do you have to resist everything  
that I ever say to you?  
I'm not resisting you,  
I'd like something better than "no."  
- You're resisting with that attitude.  
- You always turn everything around.  
Ah, don't use that Psychology Today  
routine on me.  
- I'm not in the mood for it.  
- Dinner's on.  
- Let's go eat.  
- I'm not hungry.  
Susan, let's eat.  
Susan, let's eat!  
You don't have to yell.  
Why is everyone always yelling at me?  
I'm not bothering anyone. I'm sick

of everyone always yelling at me.  
Slam, there's a Hungry-Man  
dinner in the oven.  
Where you going?  
- I told you.  
- Told me what?  
I'm going marketing, honey.  
Dressed like that?  
Well, I was gonna go naked  
but my ass sticks to the car seat.  
Bye, honey.  
Well, hidey hidey ho, Mikey.  
I haven't seen you in a long time.  
Hey, Uncle Bob, how you doing?  
My back's killing me.  
Every time I piss, it burns like  
I got a butane lighter stuck up my ass.  
Otherwise, everything's just peachy.  
How are you?  
Making it.  
What are you drinking tonight?  
I'll have a beer.  
You got it.  
How's Aunt Winnie?  
Oh, hell, she's fine.  
I need to ask you a favor.  
Shoot.  
I need to borrow some money.  
Okay.  
How much you need, kiddo?  
Ten thousand dollars.  
Ten thousand?  
Hmm. I love you, I truly do, but...  
Oh, Winnie would pass a kidney stone  
if I loaned you anything like that.  
I know, you don't have to explain.  
I know I don't, damn it, but I'm...  
I'm just sorry.  
- You were better off out in California...  
- Oh, Bob, please.  
Now, listen to me.  
You are smart and you are pretty  
and you could be or do almost  
anything in the world you wanted to,



but no, no, no, not you.  
You're gonna hold your head up high.  
Let me just tell you something,  
when you're neck deep in shit,  
you got no choice-  
- But to hold your head up high.  
- But to hold your head up high.  
I am my father's daughter.  
Quiet down back there.  
- Slam.  
- Give me another round.  
Listen, I'm gonna slam you  
the hell out of here  
if you break that damn game.  
Give me another round.  
No way, Jose.  
- Oh, shit, I'll get it myself.  
- Whoa.  
- Come on, I'll take you home.  
- I'm all right.  
Yeah, bullshit.  
- I'm all right.  
- Come on.  
- No.  
- Look, do you wanna fight?  
I don't hit women.  
Good, I don't hit drunks.  
Hey, I'm sorry, everybody.  
There's only two kinds of drunks.  
Those that are sorry  
and those that soon will be.  
You think you can handle him  
all right?  
Yeah, no problem.  
If he gets antsy on you,  
you just rap his head  
on the pavement a couple of times.  
What's that?  
Five hundred dollars.  
Winnie doesn't know about it.  
The Internal Revenue  
doesn't know about it.  
Nobody knows about it  
and that's just the way I wanna keep it.

- I can't take it.  
- Sure you can.  
Now just put it in your pocket.  
Oh, goddamn it.  
Come on.  
Go on now. Get out.  
Slam? Slam.  
Wait a minute.  
No, Slam, this way.  
You love anybody, Mike?  
Yeah, I guess so.  
Did you ever love me?  
You're drunk.  
I know that.  
I'm just asking you a question.  
Hey, you know...  
You are a beautiful woman.  
Don't even think about it, Slam,  
because I'll kick your ass  
drunk or sober.  
Goddamn, you're hostile.  
I'm not gonna jump on you.  
Couldn't get it up now if you were  
a pair of twins in a vat of Mazola oil.  
Stop it.  
Wait, wait. Oh.  
- Jeez.  
- Ha, ha. Oops.  
You remember that time we all went  
skinny-dipping out at the lake?  
- Uh-uh.  
- Oh, come on, you know...  
The night your old man caught us  
trying to rip off a keg of beer  
from the concession stand?  
That was a long time ago, Slam.  
Man.  
I had a crush on you.  
You always treated me  
like I had the plague.  
Because you're so goddamn weird.  
You always scared the crap out of me.  
Hell, you broke Glen Reynolds' nose  
when he tried to get in your pants.

I didn't break yours.

No, you just broke my head when you ran off with that jerk-off dopehead.

Mike?

Yeah?

It's okay, Slam.

Yo! Hey, what are you doing, birdwatching or something?

What's wrong with you, you sick?

I don't know.

Maybe I ought to call it and head home.

Yeah, maybe you ought to.

You don't look so hot.

Yeah, baby.

- Slide on in.

- Thank you, baby.

- Oh, shit.

- What?

- Ernie.

- Who?

- Ernie, Slam, my husband.

- Oh, no.

Start the car.

Out of the car, both of you, now.

Wait a second, Ernie.

I said, get out of the car.

- It's not what you...

- It's not what I what?

I suppose the greaseball there is just a fucking figment of my imagination, right?

Slam, this is Donny. We were just...

You were just boffing him in my bed, weren't you?

In my goddamn bed in my goddamn house!

I am warning you, get out of the goddamn car now.

Hey, pal, why don't you just cool off a few degrees?

You talking to me, pal?

Better move your truck, pal.

Move the pickup, right now.

What, do you think  
you're going somewhere?  
Get out of the car.  
Damn it, move the pickup.  
I'll give you to the count of five  
to get out of that car.  
- Stop it, Ernie.  
- One.  
- Get your hands off the car.  
- Two.  
Three.  
Four, five.  
Hey, I'm warning you.  
Oh, yeah?  
Stop it, you son of a bitch.  
Just get out of the car, pal.  
Fuck you, Jake, you're nuts.  
Oh, yeah?  
You wanna see nuts?  
I'll show you nuts.  
This is nuts, pal.  
Oh, shit.  
Ernie!  
Oh, shit!  
He's gone crazy.  
He's gonna kill us.  
- No, no!  
- Let go, damn it.  
- Let go.  
- Don't shoot him.  
Oh, damn it!  
Oh, my God.  
Candy, are you all right?  
I shot him, I shot him.  
Are you hit?  
Does a duck have lips?  
Okay, now you sure nobody wants  
to press charges against nobody else?  
Well, in that case, have a nice day.  
Come on, I'll give you a ride home.  
Candy, look, hey.  
You just stay away from me.  
I'll get home on my own.  
Hey.

Oh, shit.  
What are you doing here?  
I can't go home.  
Did she kick you out?  
Right on my ass.  
Got some, uh, peace-bond thing  
sworn out on me.  
Not only can't I sleep  
in my own bed with my own wife,  
I gotta fucking stay  
50 feet away from her.  
Like I'm supposed to carry  
a damned tape measure  
around with me or something.  
What happened?  
Poor judgment on my part. Ha, ha.  
- Did you beat her up?  
- Hell no.  
I beat up her boyfriend's car.  
Sells washing machines  
over in Cartersville.  
He's one of these slick creeps  
with all them gold chains  
and a Coppertone tan.  
You got the worst taste in women  
of any man I've ever known.  
Well, screw you and thanks a lot.  
What, all of a sudden, you're an expert  
on marriage, the divorced old maid?  
At least  
I'm not afraid of being alone.  
Or whatever's  
spooking you so bad,  
you'd rather eat it  
and babysit some little tease.  
Oh, hell, Mike.  
I know a lot of girls  
playing the same game as Candy.  
Suckering some airhead  
like you into playing house.  
She loves me, goddamn it.  
That's why she's slipping and sliding  
with a washing machine salesman?  
Oh, jeez,

you are something else, woman.

I mean, she's young.

This guy, Danny or Dinky or Dipshit  
or whatever the fuck his name is,  
he's got her snowed over  
with some act that she fell for.

- She doesn't know what she's doing.

- Bull.

You can't tell me  
that I don't love her.

- You don't.

- Oh, goddamn it, Mike.

I love her.

She loves me, I mean...

I do things for her.

I shovel gravel five days a week  
on some kidney-shaking machine  
that gives me hemorrhoids  
the size of watermelons.

Then you zip out here and spend every  
minute away from her in the derby.

What am I supposed to do?

This place is the only thing  
that makes me different  
from almost everybody else.

I like to smash cars  
and I am damn good at it.

You know,  
you're telling the wrong woman.

You know, you shouldn't eat toast  
with braces on your teeth.

Makes your mouth  
look like a garbage disposal.

Looks like you're carrying  
your lunch in there.

- God, you are so warped.

- Me?

You know, if puberty was a terminal  
disease, you'd be the poster child?

- Go suck dead bicycle seats.

- Susan.

Are you on drugs?

What?

Whatever your problem is,

you better get yourself straight.  
And, oh, by the way, don't forget,  
you gotta wear a tie  
and a jacket for the picture tonight.  
What picture?  
You got a brain up there  
or a paperweight?  
Dad, do I have to?  
Yes, damn it, you have to.  
I'm a county commissioner  
and you're the class Valedictorian,  
and we're gonna have our picture  
taken whether you like it or not.  
Yes, sir.  
You better straighten out  
that attitude of yours, mister,  
or you and me  
are gonna go to the mat.  
If you don't realize,  
I believe that the most important skill  
you've acquired in this institution,  
and I hope you have acquired it,  
is the ability to communicate.  
A language,  
orally or the written word.  
Dad!  
- Go!  
- Go, go!  
No!  
Tim.  
Tim.  
Sorry.  
I was afraid you'd gone into a coma.  
Hey, is he finished yet?  
I don't know, I'm gonna go find out.  
- I got your dress, Mike.  
- Thanks, Cowboy.  
- Are you going to a party?  
- Mm-mm.  
Going to county commission  
meeting tonight.  
- They gonna have ice cream there?  
- No.  
- They're not?

- Uh-uh.

I don't wanna go then.

Guess I have to go without you.

Guess so.

Put that in my trailer for me, okay?

- Hi, Slam.

- Hey, Cowboy, put them up.

- Mr. Kutch.

- Yo.

What do you say?

- For everything?

- Yup.

Including that pile of batteries  
and tires back there?

- No, that's another deal.

- Hey there.

- Hi, Slam.

- How's it going?

Wait.

Look, I'm real busy right now.

- What's up?

- Uh...

I was just thinking that maybe  
we could go out to dinner tonight.

I thought you were a married man.

Just dinner, that's all.

Getting even with Candy?

Damn it,

I'm not trying to get even,

I'm trying to ask you for a date.

You remember dates, don't you?

I never remember

you asking me for one.

This is going over

like a fad in church.

Say, 3000?

Three and a half.

Three and a half?

Hey look, I'll see you later, okay?

Look, Slam, I'd like to go.

Really, I'm just busy tonight.

Look, 3250

including the batteries and tires.

Three and a half with the tires



and batteries.

How about if we have a drink  
after the derby tomorrow?

Yeah, sure, okay.

Yeah, if you want to.

- Okay.

- See you.

Three-and-a-half for everything,  
including the batteries and tires?

Draw.

- Oh, you got me.

- I did?

Three and a half, take it or leave it.

I'll take it.

Okay.

That's the best you could do, huh?

Shirt tie, and jacket.

Yeah.

Dad, one of these days,  
your stomach's gonna melt down.

It'll be like the China syndrome  
and burn right through you.

Oh, that's a pleasant thought.

Dad, what would you think  
if I didn't work for you this summer

- and I took some time off?

- Time off?

I need to do some things,  
see some things.

Great, I'll sell the house,  
we'll buy you a ticket  
on the space shuttle.

- I'm being serious, Dad.

- Seriously disturbed.

I need to get away from here,  
I need some time.

Let me tell you something.

Losers never have enough time,  
winners have all the time in the world.

Oh, boy.

That makes you an exceptionally  
high yield...

- Dad, listen to me-

- Oh, we're gonna be late.

Dad, I'm gonna turn down  
that scholarship to ISU.  
I wanna go to school in Florida  
and study oceanography.  
You what? Now you listen to me...  
- Hey there...  
- I got-  
- Randy, how are you this evening?  
- Evening. This'll just take a minute.  
Let's step into the meeting hall.  
I'll grab a few quick ones.  
Who died, Tim?  
Come on, let's have a smile.  
That's it. Thank you, gentlemen.  
Thank you, Randy. Our pleasure.  
Once this meeting is over,  
you and I are gonna sit down  
and we're gonna get  
our wires straight, you got it?  
- I'll see you later.  
- Wait a minute, hold on.  
Here, go over to the office,  
I got some Roloids on the desk,  
bring them over here, please.  
Yes, sir.  
Hi.  
Where's Pete?  
Did you hear from him?  
Come on now. Sit down, Bill.  
That's just another one of four  
or five examples of, uh,  
great potential  
for personal injury.  
And of course, the county would  
be liable to lawsuit in those situations.  
Guess that's just about all I've got.  
Any questions?  
Thank you, Larry.  
Mike, Miss Cody, are there  
any comments you'd like to make?  
My dad built  
the Speedrome in 1967,  
and since then we've had our share  
of cuts and bruises,

splinters and bumped heads,  
but no more than any other business.  
The only fatality we ever had  
was when my dad died last year  
of his head attack.

What I'm trying to get at  
is that there's a big difference  
between run-down and unsafe.  
But I'll do whatever you want,  
I just need the time.  
I need time to raise the money  
and do the repairs.

Now, I have some estimates here.  
Well, in light of Mr. Hurlbuck's report  
I myself have some difficulty  
in seeing how we could go  
about granting you more time.  
Six months, just give me six months.  
If I haven't done everything by then,  
you can shut me down.  
We're supposed to waive the interest  
of the public safety for six months?  
That would leave the county  
in a tough position.  
Look, can we cut the crap?  
What's going on is you  
wanna put me out of business.  
Let's keep our hats on.  
I move that we vote on the motion  
before us.  
All in favor of granting...  
I don't quit so easy, Mr. Pearson,  
you ought to know that by now.  
Especially since you've had your eye  
on my dad's property since he died.  
My bags weren't unpacked,  
his body wasn't cold yet  
and you were on my doorstep  
doing your Let's Make a Deal routine.  
- I resent that, that has no bearing on-  
- On what?  
That you've managed to buy or option  
every piece of property around me?  
Now you'll either calm yourself

or I'll adjourn this meeting  
and we'll vote on this in private.  
Just tell me why you wanna  
shut me down so damn bad,  
you'd use this line of bullshit to do it.  
Because they want to build  
a Country Club there.  
It's all right here, they wanna build  
a golf course and a club house.  
You not only blew my ass  
out of the water, Mr. Smart Guy,  
you blew your own ass sky-high.  
If this deal falls through  
and I'm left holding the bag,  
I am bankrupt, busted, kaput.  
Can we have a word with you,  
Roger?  
Uh, yeah, I'll be right with you,  
George.  
Oh, goddamn it to hell.  
This was my dream,  
you and me sitting pretty  
with our own development  
of fine homes  
surrounding a private country club  
with a state-of-the-art golf course.  
And now, thanks to you,  
I have a half a dozen chicken farms  
surrounding a goddamn  
demolition derby.  
Honesty's the best policy,  
remember that one, Dad?  
Liars are losers,  
remember that one, Dad?  
Why you little...  
We'll finish this at home.  
No, we'll finish it here,  
because I'm not going home.  
And there's got to be a way  
to smooth things down.  
You okay?  
Yeah, thanks.  
Where you going?  
I'm just going.

Look, I appreciate what you did.

I mean it.

I'm going to Ruby's.

You want a hamburger?

Why did you do it?

Do what?

Save my ass like that.

This stuffs terrible.

Tasty but terrible.

When I was in high school,

we started this big rumor

that the burgers here

were made out of horse meat.

- Horse meat?

- Mm-hm.

Business sort of slacked off here

for a while.

- Would you do me a favor?

- Sure.

If I gave you the money,

would you buy me a bottle of wine?

Thanks, Kay.

- Your change is in the sack.

- Thank you.

- So, what are you gonna do?

- Get smashed.

- At home?

- Are you kidding?

Where you gonna go?

Probably to the park.

You know,

if you need a place to crash...

I'll be all right.

Okay. Thanks.

- You sure?

- Yeah.

Hey!

You got a corkscrew at your place?

So where did you get this?

- California.

- California?

I used to live there

with my husband.

You're married?

Divorced.

Hit the spot?

Yeah.

So how old are you?

Twenty-seven.

Are you sensitive about your age?

No.

You just don't like  
to talk about it, right?

Right.

Why did you come back here?

In California,  
everybody's from someplace else.

Everybody from here is from here.

I like that.

I like this town.

I like this town too,  
it's just I can't do what I want here.

- So is this you?

- What?

This picture.

Yeah. When I was a little girl,  
my dad told me that I was  
the last living descendant  
of Wild Bill Cody, I should be proud.  
Something to brag about, he said.

When I was about 13,  
I did some digging.

Found out

that there was a Buffalo Bill Cody  
and a Wild Bill Hickcock.

Whoever the hell Wild Bill Cody was,  
he wasn't my relative.

I was just Mike Cody.

And my old man was full of beans.

You know,

I never told him I knew that.

I never did.

Do you want to drive in the derby  
tomorrow night?

I don't have a car.

I got cars.

Yeah. All right.

- Mike.

- Here I come.  
Toro, toro, come on.  
Come on, get in.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
Yeah.  
Never hit the driver's door,  
it's like a gentlemen's agreement.  
What?  
Good morning, Grandview.  
Temperature's 72 degrees,

**it's 7:**

Just a reminder  
that an the float entries  
for tomorrow's big  
Memorial Day parade  
must be registered  
with the Chamber of Commerce  
before noon today.  
And, boy, it's gonna be  
a swell parade this year.  
Don't you ever get tired?  
I got a lot of hormones.  
Yeah, well, my hormones  
are all worn out.  
So, what are you going to do?  
Right now? Today?  
And tomorrow and the next day.  
There's this guy I know up in Chicago,  
he runs this, uh, scuba diving school.  
I figured I'd go up there and get a job  
and then I want to go to Florida  
to do this dolphin study thing.  
Why don't you just go straight  
to Florida?  
Because I would be lucky  
to swing the bus ticket to Chicago.  
What?  
I forgot the advantages  
of being an 18-year-old girl.  
Doing it in cars?  
Doing it with 18-year-old guys.  
You expecting somebody?  
They're here to pick up the cars.

I'm selling all my cars. Shit, I forgot.  
All right, all right, hold your horses.  
Hold yours too.

- Slam.

- Rise and shine, Sleeping Beauty.

What are you doing here?

I woke up this morning,  
got dressed, drove over to Ruby's  
like I've done  
a million goddamn times,  
especially since Candy couldn't  
cook anything that wasn't frozen  
or sealed in petroleum byproducts,  
and I suddenly realized that I would  
rather eat a maggot casserole  
than gag on one more chili dog.

So here we got the makings of a real  
old-fashioned American breakfast.

We got bacon,  
we got eggs, real eggs,  
we got spuds for some home fries,  
we got orange juice,  
we got Maxwell House coffee,  
good to the last drop,  
and last but not least,  
Hillbilly Bread, it's colossal.

None of this whole wheat  
hippie rabbit food bullshit.

Just plain old white bread.

Shit, goddamn, you're making it  
with a high school kid?

Calm down.

What the hell

am I supposed to do, huh?

Make breakfast in bed

for the two of you?

All you had to do was call first.

Sure, so you could hand me  
some crap about being busy.

I'm so fucking dumb.

That's the reason you couldn't  
go outwith me last night?

No, that's not why.

Bullshit.



Look, I'm sorry. Can we just talk?  
You piss me off!  
Hey, back to work.  
Kind of messed things up for you,  
didn't I?  
It's not your fault.  
I'm sorry.  
It's not your fault.  
He gets kind of mad, doesn't he?  
He was born mad.  
I'm really sorry.  
I...  
I'm gonna go into town.  
- Take the tow truck.  
- It's okay, I can hitch.  
No, it's okay, I have to stick around  
here all day anyway.  
Pull out the choke.  
You want anything from town?  
Nope.  
See you later.  
Ain't sex great?  
Move it.  
School is out!  
You all right?  
Where the hell have you been?  
Thought you had an accident  
or got sick or drunk or went dippy  
and jumped into the water.  
And what is this business about  
ditching your last day of school?  
I'm leaving, Dad.  
I'm catching the bus to Chicago.  
That's the way it ends,  
I mean, you just, uh...  
You run away?  
No, I'm just leaving.  
Look, Tim.  
All right,  
maybe I went a bit overboard  
and I did things  
the way I shouldn't have  
and you got a right to be mad.  
I don't know what to say.

Look, business is hard,  
sometimes you get off center  
and you screw up.  
All right, I'm sorry, damn it,  
I am sorry.

Look, give ISU a year,  
just a year, give it a shot  
and after that we'll talk about  
the, uh, oceanography thing.

No, thanks.

Well, damn it,  
what's wrong with this town anyway?

Nothing, and maybe I'll come back  
here sometime, Dad.

But if I do, it'll be because I want to,  
not because I'm afraid  
of the rest of the world.

That's what I hate about Grandview,  
is all the bull that says:

"Don't go out there, you won't make it,  
they'll eat you alive."

Well, I don't buy it.

That's my valedictory speech.

This is the  
answering machine of Candy Webster.

Ernie Webster no longer resides  
at this number.

- Thank God.

- Son of a bitch.

So just wait for the beep  
and leave a message. Bye.

Yeah, this is, uh,

Ernie Webster speaking.

I'm coming by tomorrow to pick up  
my clothes and personal items,  
so consider yourself duly warned.

And if you know what's good for you,  
make sure you and your Maytag  
boyfriend evacuate the premises.

Ten-four, roger, over and out.

That's all, folks.

Son of a bitch.

Candy. Candy!

Better hit the road, Jack.

Cops are on their way.

- Candy.

- She don't wanna talk to you.

You're gonna pay, you son of a bitch,  
you are gonna pay.

Fuck you, pal.

She's gonna divorce your crazy ass  
and take every cent you got.

Every cent, pal.

Even this house.

So you lose, buckwheat.

Like hell she is, that is my house.

Well, we'll see about that.

Just wait.

Just wait, you crippled Donkey Dick,  
just wait.

Well, why don't you wait, pal?

Because I think I hear the cops  
coming right now.

Sure you got all the slips  
for these here?

Yeah, I think that's about it.

I'm trying to find

Slam Webster.

Who? Oh, you mean Ernie Webster?

Yeah, Ernie Webster, right.

Hold on a minute.

Okay.

Hey, Mike, we're still shod  
about, uh, ten title slips.

If they're not there,

I don't know where they are.

He's probably at lunch.

He ought to be back in...

All right, when he gets back,

will you have him call Mike Cody?

No! You get down off of there.

- No!

- Get this bastard off me!

- They're mine.

- Stop him!

What the hell is going on?

Stop it, Cowboy.

Did you hear me?

Cut it out, you cut it out.  
You hear me?  
They're my cars.  
You say you're sorry.  
They're taking my cars.  
No, sir, they are not your cars  
and they never have been.  
You're in deep shit, mister,  
you better say you're sorry.  
No!  
No!  
Cowboy.  
- Leave him be.  
- Cowboy.  
I forgot to tell him I sold the cars.  
I didn't think to tell him myself.  
Well, he'll work it out on his own.  
Hey, I'm sorry. You okay?  
Yeah, I'm all right.  
Hey, don't you think it's about time  
we open up this clip joint for business?  
Well, howdy-do folks  
and welcome to Cody's Speedrome,  
home of the Demolition Derby.  
Remember, you've still got  
a few minutes to crawl over  
to Big Benny's Ptomaine Pit, home  
of the famous dysentery fondue.  
Our special  
is Polynesian muskrat  
with dirty white sauce.  
Try it with a side  
of deep fat-fried retreads.  
I'll be right there.  
But seriously, folks, Big Benny  
has an excellent selection  
of fine food, some like,  
corn dogs, hamburgers,  
hot popcorn, ice-cold beer  
and ice-cold light beer.  
Potato chips, hot barbecue.  
You know, if you still wanna go out,  
I'd like to.  
I see your high school boyfriend's

running in the derby tonight.  
So?  
So if you wanna turn this  
into kiddie-cars, that's your business.  
We're gonna have  
another smash-them-up evening  
like we do every Friday  
and Saturday night.  
Let's get right on down to it.  
Would everyone please rise  
for our national anthem?  
Is he still mad?  
Look, don't worry about him, go on.  
Now you remember,  
you break off your flag  
the minute you're out of the running.  
Because as long as it's up,  
you're fair game, got it?  
Piece of cake.  
Be careful.  
Having a little  
technical difficulty here,  
but we got that an straightened out,  
so let's start the countdown.  
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,  
five, four, three, two, one.  
And here we go.  
Holy shit.  
Red Baron...  
Beautiful hit on...  
Beautiful. Oh, what a hit.  
We got a little bit of fire...  
Beautiful.  
Oh, counter hit.  
They don't want to quit it, folks.  
Somebody must be a little hungry.  
Look out for...  
I think it's about time  
you break out your flag.  
Tim, Tim, break off your flag!  
Student Driver,  
please break off your flag.  
Tim, break it off.  
That young man

is out of commission there.  
Wait a minute, Slam.  
We got a problem here, folks.  
Break off that flag...  
Red lights on the field, will everyone  
hold their positions please?  
Is he all right?  
- Are you all right?  
- I'm okay, Mike.  
- Pearson, you all right?  
- You crazy son of a bitch.  
Mike, I'm okay.  
You weren't trying to win,  
you had it out for him.  
- I got the wind knocked out of me.  
- What's your problem?  
Get off the track.  
- Mike, I'm okay.  
- Get off the track, Slam.  
All right. All right, I'm going, screw it.  
I don't like the way the rules  
keep changing anyway.  
Well, folks, it seems to be a...  
Everything seems to be all right.  
We're out of danger, so we're  
gonna go through a short cleanup,  
- Come on.  
- so please head on over  
to Big Benny's Ptomaine Shack,  
and try that Polynesian muskrat.  
No. No.  
No.  
What's baby gonna do to Donny?  
Donny doesn't know.  
Sure you do.  
Call me Miss Baby Doll.  
Baby Doll.  
- I said Miss Baby Doll.  
- Miss Baby Doll.  
That's enough,  
I'll tell you when again.  
Down. Stay put.  
This is nice. You having fun?  
It's fun, huh?

What's that?  
Sounds like it's coming  
from right out front.  
Some kids hot-rodding around.  
- Where you going?  
- I'll be right back.  
Oh, my God.  
Candy, what's going on?  
- He's crazy, he's got a bulldozer.  
- Who?  
What? Slam?  
It's Slam? Call the cops.  
- The cops.  
- Wait.  
Untie me, Candy.  
Aah! Operator?  
Sorry, um, give me the cops.  
He's got... He's got a bulldozer.  
He's gonna kill us.  
Candy, I'm in here.  
Candy, untie me.  
Help me.  
Hey, Candy, help me!  
Our Father, who an in heaven...  
Yahoo!  
Somebody! Get me out of here!  
- Hey, you!  
- Me?  
Yeah, you, get me out of here!  
- Okay, folks, step on back.  
- Help him out.  
Okay, Slam, now shut it off.  
Come on, shut it off.  
Come down off of there now,  
you've had your fun.  
Slam, I'm warning you.  
Come down off there  
right now, you hear me?  
You're under arrest.  
Now get down off of there.  
Take me away, look me up,  
it is a crime to feel this good.  
Yeah!  
That's right.

Still going to Chicago tomorrow?

I got my ticket.

You love him, don't you?

He's crazy.

- You speeding?

- No.

Oh, no.

- What happened?

- Jesus, I don't know, Mike.

I was working on the books and all of a sudden the whole place was on fire.

Oh, my God.

Get down!

We need help here, hit that hot spot.

- Mike.

- You okay, Mike?

- Aw.

- Oh.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

Hang on.

Okay, everybody, coffee's on.

Do you want some coffee?

I'll get it.

Got to check over here.

How could you do this?

Tim.

Mike, believe me,

I had nothing to do with this.

God, I'm sorry

any of this ever happened.

Mike.

Hey, Mike, come here,

we got something to show you.

Damn valve is wide open.

It was padlocked.

Who else got a key to this lock?

Cowboy.

Better get something.

Cowboy?

Why?

They took my cars away.

Cow, this was our home.

Dad.

Dad, I'm sorry.



You want a ride back to town?  
What happened to you?  
Speedrome burnt down last night.  
No.  
To the ground.  
What are you gonna do?  
- It all depends.  
- On what?  
On you.  
Damn, I love you.  
Well, in that case,  
I better let you out of here.  
Ha. What?  
Come on, boys,  
old drives keep moving.  
Attention, attention.  
Listen, I make halfway decent  
money and if we saved,  
we could rebuild  
the Speedrome better than ever.  
- I'm gonna sell it.  
- Why?  
To Roger Pearson.  
I think he's ready  
to make me a fair deal now.  
Get us off to a good start  
I know how to get us off  
to a good start.  
- I gotta ask you something.  
- What?  
Tell you on the way there.  
- On the way where?  
- Come on.  
- Wait up.  
- Okay, Mom.  
- Take good care of yourself, eat well.  
- I will.  
Not too much junk food.  
Hey, you're gonna miss  
the parade, man.  
I guess so.  
- See you, Bonnie.  
- Bye, Tim.  
I'd give you a kiss goodbye

but I don't wanna give you  
my spinal meningitis.  
Get out of here. Ha, ha.  
I'll call you from Chicago.  
Hey, you call collect.  
Okay, Dad.  
- We love you.  
- I don't. Ow.  
Boy, am I gonna miss you.  
Yo, hey.  
Stop.  
- Yo.  
- No, don't stop.  
Hey, Yo.  
No, no, keep going, keep going.  
Open up.  
What did you do,  
fall out of your seat?  
Come on.  
- Just a minute, Slam.  
- Come on.  
- I didn't mean...  
- Just move it.  
Slam, I just...  
Happy trails, partner.  
You're going the wrong direction, kid.  
Come here.  
- What's this?  
- Money.  
For what?  
For that dolphin cruise in Florida.  
Turn around.  
Put this in the mail and the car's yours.  
Here.  
Get going, you have along drive.  
- I'm gonna pay you back.  
- We're even, kid.  
Thanks, Slam.  
Forget it. Besides, reverse gear's shot,  
the damn thing only moves forward.  
- Can I drop you guys off?  
- Nope, we're going to the parade.  
- See you.  
- Drop us a card.