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Highway

By Scott Rosenberg

Ice tea, Jack?
Sure, Mrs. Miranda.
Sure is hot,
isn't it, Jack?
It sure is, Mrs. Miranda.
Please, call me Jilly.
Sure, Mrs. Miranda.
Um, Jilly.
I like that...
the way my name sounds...
coming off your lips.
Jack and Jilly.
Jack and Jilly
went up the hilly.
What are you doing?
Relax, Jack.
Mrs. Miranda,
where is Mr. Miranda?
Wait, Jack.
What?
What are you doing?
What?!
It was too quick.
It was
too fucking quick.
What are you
talking about?
Quiver, quake,
tremble a little.
I didn't feel
any nervousness.
It was just like
the last time...
and the time before.
Just like last time
and the time before?
Jack and Jilly?
Jack and Jilly
went up the hilly?
How many times
are you going to use...
Jack and Jilly
went up the hilly?
I like Jack and Jilly

went up the hilly.
Yeah, I know you do.
Well, listen, pal...
this is my fucking
fantasy.
When you get
your own pool...
you can orchestrate
your own fantasies.
Fine.
Two words for you,
little man.
Jackie Fucking Collins.
Bone up.
Jack and Jilly
went up the hilly...
to get a pail of water.
Give it to me!
What in fuck's sake
is going on here?
Burt!
I can explain.
You see what
I just did there?
I was beginning
to suspect things.
You see, Jack?
I see.
He raped me, Burt.
He raped me!
Jilly, Jilly...
shut up!
You want to do something
about that thing?
Burt! No, Burt!
Mr. Miranda...
The pool guy.
The pool guy.
You know what
upsets me most...
hand to god...
is that you are
a great pool guy, Jack.
When Salvatore

was our pool guy...
I could never open
my eyes underwater.
There was too much chlorine,
they burned for a week.
But with you,
my eyes are always open.
I can play that game.
You know, the one
where I toss a penny...
in the deep end...
and then go hunt for it.
With Salvatore...
I could never
play that game.
You weren't-
No, Burt!
This smells like shit.
It's because they're
grown in shit.
You look at them?
They're blue,
means they're good.
Pilot!
What's it going to be?
I only have
30 bucks.
Pilot!
Look, just forget it,
all right?
Go read a book.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I give you Jack Hayes...
the God of Fuck.
Bro, you're never going to
believe this shit!
I am so fucking fucked.
I just had a-
I already heard, dude.
You heard?
Yeah, Dylan
and Wheezer were by.
Yo, what did they say?
Whatever, dude,

they're voids.
The point is, Jack,
can you find someone...
a little more
dangerous to fuck?
No.
But I tried, bro,
I really fucking did.
How was it?
Oh, man, it was sick.
Give it to me.
Give it to me.
He shoves a .45
straight up my fucking nose.
Grabbed this lamp-
Yeah, dude.
Did you nut?
Come on, Pilot.
No, of course not.
Because no girl
is worthy...
of the God of Fuck.
So what are you
going to do?
About what?
You've got to get
the hell out of Dodge.
What are you
talking about, man?
Burt Miranda.
Yeah?
Yeah, Burt Miranda!
Yeah, I know Burt Miranda,
I was just in his bed.
You've got to bolt, Jack!
What do you mean,
I've got to bolt?
Do you know how much
he paid for those tits?
No, how much did
he pay for those titties?
No sympathy, man.
I got no sympathy for you!
Come on.

I've been telling
you for months-
Jilly Miranda
is black death.
You don't listen.
You don't listen.
Yeah, sweet Connie.
Y'all remember sweet Connie?
Single, no kids...
full-blown football
scholarship to State.
It all changed
when that...
Delilah-eyed
sweet, sweet Connie...
moved to town.
Jerry, Rodney, Shaker,
Dale, Big Bill, Clark.
Dad, the name's Dad.
Little Bootie.
Nice work with Jilly.
What?
I said,
nice work with Jilly.
You heard, too?
Look, the thing
about owning a pecker...
is you've got to be
responsible with it.
Check it out, Bootie...
Clark's doling out
some fatherly advice.
He's drunk.
I'm not drunk.
Just a little happy.
Yo, Bootie.
I got to take off.
I know.
For a while.
Maybe a long while.
Yeah.
Late.
Late.
You know,

the inside of her thigh...
Texture like
I never came across again.
Hey, Mrs. Kelson.
Pilot ain't in.
He's at school.
He graduated two years ago,
Mrs. Kelson.
Whatever.
Where's your boy, Hayes?
Which boy
would that be?
Jack.
Everybody know
these fellas?
Work for Burt Miranda.
Used to call you
'Miranda's Pandas.'
What are we going to do?
Well, we're not
going to play...
the 'is it me?' game
again, all right?
Not again.
OK.
All right.
But is it me?
No.
What is it?
A war wound.
Really?
Maybe.
But you do think I'm hot.
Pilot!
Oh, sorry, Pi.
Pilot, I got
to talk to you.
Bye, Lucy.
Bye.
Pandas came
by Propane Lane.
Oh, let the games begin.
Look, he won't kill you,
all right?

That's for sure.
I mean, he's too rich...
he's paved
half the valley...
he's got major juice.
Every wiseguy
and high roller...
comes through Vegas knows
Burt Miranda.
So if he won't kill me,
what does he want?
You know, every hoodlum
has his thing.
Burt Miranda's is,
he has the Pandas...
break the feet
of his enemy.
Break my feet?
Break my feet?!
He ain't
breakin' my feet.
Broken feet are the worst,
like black death.
Totally gothic.
I mean, like,
you can't use crutches,
you can't sit
in a wheelchair...
because the weight
distribution...
making all the blood
flow to your ankles...
and making it worse.
You can't do shit.
I mean, you hobble.
No, no, you stumble.
You stumble about.
It's completely gothic.
He ain't
breakin' my feet.
He is if he bags you.
Well, he ain't
baggin' me.
Because

we're out of here.
'We?'
Yeah, we.
Oh, man,
I told you, Jack!
I've got a lot of things
going on here!
Pilot,
you're a lifeguard...
in a therapy pool,
for Christ's sake.
Look, I got to go
to Scawldy's and cash out...
I got to take Lucy
back to work...
I got to rent videos...
I got to pick up some
TV dinners for my mom-
You've been talking...
about leaving
the Veg for-for-
since you were two!
This is enough. No!
Come on!
I'm out of here!
Bro-
No! !
Bro, it'll be like...
Luke Duke,
and the other guy.
Really?
Yeah.
No!
God!
What am I
supposed to do?
You should
go to Seattle.
Seattle?
Definitely Seattle.
Why Seattle?
Does the phrase,
'What the fuck...'
'difference does it

make to your ass, Jack...
you ain't got no place else to
go,'
mean anything to you
right now?
All right, all right!
God, just tell me why.
Pop quiz.
Go.
Number of furious
kill boys...
that want to make
wine out of your feet?
Three.
Number of options
you've got?
Well, you know...
Number of options
you've got, Jack?
I've got an aunt
in South Dakota.
-Jack. -What?
Number of options
you've got?
Few.
Destination?
Seattle?
Perfect score.
Gold star, Jacky.
Higher,
bring it higher.
Get it all.
No fucking around.
Come on, bro.
Keep it steady,
hold it steady.
What's up, ladies?
Boys! What up!
What's up, Jack?
Jack!
The God of Fuck, bro!
Bro, Jilly Miranda.
Oh, no. Hello?
Hello? Bad dick!

Very bad dick!
Bad dick!
Well,
since I'm down here,
I might as well
just for a little bit-
How does everybody
on Planet Fricking Earth...
know this shit already?
You guys
never know anything.
You don't even know...
that Kennedy
was assassinated.
Wait, George Kennedy
was assassinated?
Bro, Jilly Miranda
is a deviant, OK?
She's a major deve.
She gets off on
causing trouble, OK?
But did she at least...
make you bust
a little coo-coo?
Did you? 1 1 years...
he hasn't busted
a nut, right?
Hey, five.
Taking it off
over here, boss.
Hey, Pilot, you little fuck,
did you sell that boom?
Yeah.
Hey, shut up.
Mayhem, shut the fuck up!
All right.
The hound has some
major trust issues...
with our boy
Pilot here.
Yo, wiping it off
over here, boss.
Listen, I tell you,
putting you down

at that water park...
was an entrepreneurial
milestone.
Speaking of which...
there's a rave
over by Whiskey Pete's.
Yo, sip of water
over here, boss.
Will you shut the fuck up
for a blink of an eye!
I want you over there...
with some GHB and some
window pane, all right?
Yo, I can't.
What?
I can't, man.
I'm going with Jack.
Going with Jack where?
Scawldy!
Scawldy!
I've got to bail.
Of course, right.
Burt Miranda.
Of course,
of course.
All right, man,
that's cool.
Where you guys headed?
We're thinking
Seattle, you know?
Jilly Miranda, man...
I'd like to take
a ride on her.
Little sweet ass pooper,
you know what I mean?
Wahoo! Let's go.
No, Scawldy, look...
I've got to get
out of here, all right?
What is your rush, boys?
Come on,
you've got the world...
by a fucking string
right here.

Scawldy!
I've got to go.
Yo, man,
can I have my cut?
They're after
my fucking toes, man.
Fuck! !
Well, otay.
Where you guys going?
Detroit?
Dee-troit?
Yeah, Detroit.
Detroit's cool.
Right on. Detroit's got
that old school shit...
you know what I'm saying?
Like Motor City Madman,
Ted Fucking Nugent, man.
I got you
in a stranglehold, baby
You know, Scawld...
we're thinking about getting a
stake.
Sell as we go,
finance the trip.
The Detroit trip.
What are you boys
thinking about?
What do you need?
Well, what do you got?
What have I got?
Dude, what have I got?
I got it all, man!
I got-
I'm the fucking-
Dude, I'm the fucking thing...
what is that thing
at Thanksgiving...
the horn thing,
the fucking horn thing...
overflowing with goodies?
The fucking
horn thing...
with all the fucking

goodies coming out.
Nice working with you,
fuckface.
What do you call
that thing?
A cornucopia.
Aha, there you go.
Pilot, my man,
knows everything.
He's a regular goddamn
Pat Sajak!
I got it all.
I got the kind,
daffy fucking bud, man...
the hydro nuggety-nugs...
red fiber...
herbal medications
sweep upon the nation.
The red, red, red, red fiber,
you know what I'm saying?
I've got an amino acid
concoction...
marinating in the back
right now, man.
It creates a totally
profound excursion.
It opens up all your fucking
pleasure glands...
you know what I'm saying?
You're like
in a field of snow...
but you're really in sand...
and you're making
a goddamn little angel.
Good God almighty,
you're creating symphonies,
you had no idea!
You'll be a genius,
my friend.
I got rock soaked
in the wine cooler.
I've got wine cooler
that's been soaked in rock!
I got these new 'ludes

in powdered form.
You snort it up!
Your head flies open!
The bats fly in,
they shoot out!
I fucking
snapped out of it...
I chomped about
four of them, right?
And I was fucking
the Coke machine...
in the Motel 6.
She was coming Fresca, man,
like crazy.
I got some mushroom tea.
I got some ecstasy.
I got some opium.
And I think I hear
the police coming after me.
I hear the police coming,
I hear the police coming,
I hear the police
coming after me.
What's it going
to be, boys?
How about you give us
two Z's of endo,
100 hits of E,
and a page of blotter?
That's my man,
pots and pans.
I have it ready.
I'll fill your order.
I can't believe
that you told him...
'We're thinking Seattle.'
What kind of total void
are you, Jack?
Pilot, relax, man.
He thinks we're
going to Detroit.
Yeah? Man,
tomorrow morning...
that freak wakes up...

his nipple ring's
been torn off...
he's got a brand-new
monkey in his closet...
and a 14-year-old
Asian boy...
lying next to him
is in a diabetic coma...
he won't remember a fucking
thing about last night...
except that we're taking
our trick asses to Seattle!
Give me the keys.
So we don't go
to Seattle.
We'll just go
someplace else.
Someplace else?
Yeah, like I said...
I've got an aunt
in South Dakota.
I got a cousin...
in Albuquerque,
Tempe, Valencia.
Oh, bro!
There's a black belt
convention in Reno!
Come on!
No.
It's cool.
You're right.
I mean, Scawldy thinks
we're going to Detroit...
let's go to Seattle.
Hi, you've reached the Carnes's.
Billy's in Boston,
Amy's in Seattle...
but we're still here,
so leave a message.
That Lucy?
Uh, yeah.
How did she take it?
She took it fine,
you know, I mean...

shit, all she's going to be
without...
are my clever
observations.
You bang her yet?
Not even close, man.
If 'bang her'...
is an island
off the Caribbean...
me and Lucy are stuck
in traffic in Jersey.
Whatever. The point is...
you haven't been
to the Dan D. Fine.
Of course not,
have you?
Clark brought me
there when I was 12.
Good old Clark!
Who needs Disneyland?
It's on the way,
maybe we could stop by.
What for?
If there's something
wrong with your pipe...
the Dan D. Fine
will clean it out.
There's nothing
wrong with me.
Well, I mean, maybe...
look, man, we've got
to put miles...
between us and the Veg,
you know?
And plus, you know,
there are bound to be...
other places
like the Dan D. Fine...
further along down
the road.
What did you say?
I mean,
I think it's better...
if we just skip it.

Bro, there is nothing...
nothing like
the Dan D. Fine.
So get in the fucking car.
Let's go, you pussy.
Make a woman
out of you yet.
I don't know, Jack.
Good evening, gentlemen.
How you doing, Frood?
How's your dad, Jack?
He's all right.
Have a seat.
I didn't even take out the gock.
Leave me alone!
Mauzner, I don't care
who your daddy is, OK?
It don't give you
the right...
to come in here
and act like a virus!
Can it!
Good evening,
gentlemen.
Welcome
to the Dan D. Fine.
My name is Naomi.
Would you like
to meet the ladies?
Sure.
What's up, dude?
Maker's rocks.
Sorry, Mauzner, I don't
think we should-
Make it a double.
Gentlemen.
Huzzah, huzzah, huzzah.
Come on in, babies.
Meet your new
boyfriends.
Aren't they sweet?
Come on, don't be shy,
Let's move it,
time is money.

Come on. OK.
Introduce yourselves,
ladies.
Sophie.
Lois.
Sally Sue.
Alexis.
Natalie.
Look at those legs,
man, look at those legs.
She used to wear these...
patent leather go-go fuck me
boots riding up.
One of these
bitches quit...
and stole
all their shoes, man.
Damn shame, too,
I was hoping...
to get a stomping
tonight.
Julie.
You ever have a chick
walk on your balls?
Yeah.
Ever fuck a 14-year-old?
Sir?
Dude, I-
I forgot everyone's names.
Amateur.
OK. Go.
Cindy, Jackie, Snatchie,
Cunty, Assfuck, Blow Job.
Dude, pick a girl...
and stick your cock
in her, man.
Hey, let him take
his time, all right?
Whatever, dude.
Yeah, I'll take Lois.
Good choice.
Come on, Lois...
take him away, baby.
Unless you want

your asshole...
felched with a crazy straw...
you're shit out of luck.
Do you get it? Shit.
So, how about you, pudding?
No, I'm just along
for the ride.
What? Why?
Bro, I don't pay for it.
What are you
talking about, dude?
That's the best part.
You can do
whatever you want...
to these girls, man.
You can bend them over...
fuck them in-
Mauzner!
What?
Just pick, OK?
All right.
Bye-bye, guy.
How was it?
Yeah?
Yeah, come to Daddy.
There you go.
Those pipes working?
Man, I'm hungry,
let's get something to eat.
So it was cool,
you know?
I told her about my troubles
and she was like...
'Sexual confusion's
a tricky thing.'
Sexual confusion?
I mean, easy on the sexual
confusion trip, baby.
Make me sound like
that guy in a raincoat...
with a fistful of Vaseline,
you know?
Sexual confusion.
You don't think I have

sexual confusion, do you?

So soft.

Hey!

I don't with Lucy, but...

remember that night

with Becky Meadows?

I was drunk,

but I boned her.

I think.

Bro, I boned Becky Meadows.

Whatever.

After the initial

pre-game jitters...

it was a sensation,

you know?

Please,

you've been rattling on...

about the Deep Purple

concerts...

for the last 3 hours.

Oh, come on...

I bought you

a cheeseburger.

I mean, you're homeless.

Your entire life's

in the trunk of my car.

You know what?

I don't think this

is such a good idea.

Sick fuck!

Fucking bitch!

Nobody touches me!

Nobody fucking touches me!

Are you kidding me?

Are you fucking

kidding me?

Are you? Huh?

Are you fucking

kidding me?

She's just

a fucking bitch.

Get in your fucking car.

Get in your fucking car!

It's all right, it's OK.

Deep breaths.
Fucking cunt!
Hey, hey, hey.
Hey, what. You going
to beat me up, too?
I hate that word.
Fuck.
You OK?
Yeah.
Jesus,
don't tell me...
there was a time
in days past...
when you could
hitch a ride...
and the driver didn't
think...
he could put it
your fucking pail.
Don't tell me there was
a time like that.
Yeah, sure.
My mom used to hitch
all the time.
She hates it in the pail.
Shit.
Let's bail, Jack.
Yeah, let's.
Jack. Come on, man.
Hey, we're, uh...
we're heading north.
If you'd, uh...
if you want to...
OK.
Thank you.
Then there were three.
What's your name?
Cassie.
As in Cassandra?
Yeah, as in Cassandra.
What's your name?
Pilot. This is Jack.
Yeah? Why Pilot?
I don't like

to talk about it.
His mother picked up...
an airline pilot
one night-
But Jack loves to.
At a bar near DFW.
That's Dallas-Fort Worth.
They fucked,
the pilot left...
she got pregnant...
only she never caught the
pilot's name.
Mom's a peach.
She named you Pilot.
Exactly, Cassandra.
Wow.
Zowie.
What?
You did
a good thing.
Huh?
Most people when told the
story...
will inevitably say...
'Good thing he wasn't
a fisherman.'
'Good thing...
he wasn't a
proctologist.'
'Good thing he wasn't
an exterminator.'
OK, I see,
because if the guy...
had been
like a proctologist...
then Pilot's name
might be like, um...
Sphincter.
Exactly. Or Anus.
Or Hemorrhoid.
Or Dingleberry.
All right, all right.
Can we stop?
Ah, fuck!

Did you ease off the
steroids snack time?
Where are they, Scawldy?
You guys still
working for Liberace?
He's dead, OK?
Scawldy, don't be a fucking
douche bag, man.
Just tell us where
the little pricks are.
I don't know who
you're talking about.
Detroit.
What? Where?
I didn't hear you.
The fuckers
are in Detroit.
They went to Detroit.
Do you think
I'd give a shit?
Beat the fuck out
of them.
Just get out of my...
Steven, check it out.
Where you guys headed?
Uh, we're
thinking Seattle.
Thinking Seattle.
I love when this happens.
Detroit, huh?
Yeah, it's Pilot.
Yeah, I met you guys
at graduation.
Look, Mr. Carnes, I'm going
to be in the Seattle area...
and I was just wondering
if you had a number for Amy.
You don't.
Yeah, work address is fine.
I mean, the guy was
the original party poet.
How did he get
kicked out of West Point...
and write this shit?

'Gaily bedight,
a gallant knight...
'in sunshine
and in shadow.
'Fell as he found,
no spot of ground...
that looked like...'
Hold onto your spore,
Manler.
Fuck off, Goodwin.
There were two
enormous cockroaches...
fucking
in the parking lot.
Oh, you always take me...
to the nicest
joints, Jack.
Hello, hello.
Look at this trio.
The wise men.
Oh, my bad.
The two wise men
and one very lovely gown.
Here's 5 good ones.
What do you
say, Kemo Sabe?
There's 5 good ones.
And you are everything.
You're, oh...
I'm Jonathan Goodwin.
The kids call me
Johnny the Fox.
Hey, Johnny the Fox.
What was all that about?
Oh, that. That was just
about the world being...
a fucking blender...
and me being
a wild strawberry.
Speaking of which...
you all look
a little torqued...
and I am the discoverer
of picker-uppers.

Could I interest you...
in something
from the bam family?
A little crystal
and such...
whatever your flavor is.
We're actually
looking to move some ourselves.
You got dance drugs?
Yeah.
Adjectivify.
Some recently
synthesized MDMA...
which has not
yet been tasted.
I know a place.
Yeah! Come on,
baby! Whoo!
Check it out, baby!
This is where
we taste it, right?
Pilot, do me a favor.
Let me do the talking.
These kids are fucking
terrified of me.
Check it out! Whoo!
Johnny the Fox.
What's up?
Ready to surf
some warm waves, man?
How's that?
Because I am
Choo Choo Charlie.
And I got an 'E' train
pulling out of the station.
Get on board!
You giving samples?
That kind of greed
makes me think...
that you're already
stoned, Juicy boy.
Come on, bitch.
Let's test the merch.
Bitch? We're out of here,

Pilot, good-bye.
Not so fast, trick.
What?
Hey, muffin,
what's your story?
Who the fuck are you?
You're a friend
of the Fox, huh?
Well, that ain't good.
I heard he went down,
and he's going deep cover.
Look, Juicy,
don't even play.
Is that true?
You 5-0, muffin?
'Cause if it's not...
you'd look real good...
curled on the floor...
around my feet...
purring.
Yo, Harris, what
the fuck is this?
What? You want me
to switch it into hype?
You know my bio.
You know about
my two tours in the Nam.
Haung Nguyen, Mekong Delta,
with a web-footed ape.
You know how easy it is for
me to go back to that place.
You were like 6 when
that shit was going down.
Pilot, come on.
Fucking get him, get him.
What's that thing
on your finger?
My wedding ring.
You married?
It got annulled.
What's that mean?
You got divorced?
Yeah. I got divorced.
Jack! Jack!

Let's get the fuck out
of here, Jack.
What's up?
Come on, let's bail.
Pilot, I'm really sorry about
what happened back there.
Man, I thought
those guys were down.
No, it's fine, man.
I'm sorry.
That's all, just sorry.
What? You jealous?
No.
It's just...
you know, he's never let me
drive before.
Well, here's the news flash.
You realize
if we boost the dose...
to another 2 1/2
grams each of these 'shrooms...
we can get
completely mashed and-
Where you going,
anyways?
I got to meet up with
a friend, make a delivery...
and then I'm off
to the emerald city-
Seattle.
Yeah?
Um-hmm.
What about you?
You know, I know
somebody in Seattle.
Of course you do.
Amy Carnes.
Oh, yeah.
Best girl, ever-
in caps.
Best girl ever.
Oh, I'm feeling that.
'Billy johnson,
he's our man.

If he can't do it,
nobody can.'
Totally.
Squad captain.
Yeah. Wholesome dreams and...
tight little ass and...
I mean, could I please have
a salad with no dressing?
I know.
Night of graduation, man.
We had a thing.
The rage-all-night party.
I never even thought she
knew I existed.
She cornered me
in the bathroom...
macked me.
We slow danced to...
'Sweet Child of Mine,'
over and over,
for hours.
She said she always thought I
was cool.
Always thought
I was better...
than the forgettables
I hung out with.
'Forgettables?'
Her word.
She knew, man.
She fucking knew.
You realize that people
are forgotten by people...
who remember every single day.
I love her.
Love, love, sweet love.
Did you fuck her?
No.
Well, I mean,
you know, I thought...
I would, you know...
like that summer, maybe.
Bird in a hand, baby doll.
She left soon after.

To go...
To Seattle.
What's with those guys?
We keep seeing them.
No doubt headed
to the land of Amy Carnes.
Why?
Kurt Cobain, son.
What about him?
Oh, he killed himself.
When?
Yesterday.
He shot himself.
For real?
For real.
Shit.
You cool?
Yeah, I'm cool.
Tony Gomez is going
to meet up with me...
and take me
the rest of the way.
Tell these guys
I said hey, will you?
All right,
see you around then.
Peace and chicken grease.
Hey, you know
where Canyondale is?
Anna?
-What? -Come here.
OK.
Fetch my glasses.
I took the kids
there last year...
to see The Boy.
It freaked them.
You a pool boy?
I used to be.
What?
You know, you guys...
aren't really
doing it right.
What do you mean?

You want to do the whole
cross-country...
on the road thing.
You should be doing it
in a convertible.
What are you doing?
Chill, relax.
I'm making a fucking
convertible.
Yeah, but now we're
completely conspicuous.
Ohh.
-Oh! -Right.
Conspicuous to what?
Umm...
to the, uh...
to the, uh...
you know.
You boys
passing through?
Yeah, we're heading
for Seattle.
Best you check out The Boy.
Excuse me?
The Boy.
Best you
check out The Boy.
Hey, where is The Boy?
Canyondale, right?
That's right.
I saw a poster
for this shit inside.
Oh, you'll get
a kick out of it.
Promise you that.
You'll get
a kick out of it.
Well?
Alligator...
What?
Alligator Boy.
That's the boy's name.
His full name
is Alligator Boy.

He's about
20 miles from here.
Hmm. What do you mean,
Alligator Boy?
I don't know.
It's just what
the dude told me.
What does that mean?
I don't know
what that means.
Let's find out.
Jack, Jack, we don't have time.
What is the rush?
What is the rush?
Is there a rush?
Don't ask me-
It's not like we're meeting
somebody up there, are we?
Whatever, dude.
Can we just have
15 seconds of fun...
in our miserable lives?
Ugh! Famous
fucking last words.
Thank you, ma'am.
You're welcome, sir.
It'll be \$10 each.
Come on.
Desmond?
Desmond?
Desmond?
Tip?
Sometimes he's shy.
I think a little
girl screamed.
Desmond gets upset
when they scream.
Desmond?
There he is.
What's wrong
with him?
He's shy.
No, I don't think
that's what she means.

I think she means,
what's wrong with him?
Yeah, that's
what I mean.
He's just bashful.
Unbelievable.
Unbelievable!
Hey, he suffers
from, uh...
ichthyosis,
which is a, uh...
a thickening of
the epidermis...
and is not dangerous
or contagious.
He's also slightly
brain damaged...
and incapable
of speech.
He's 26.
I'm 26.
It's insane.
Twenty-six!
What's he thinking?
He probably wishes you'd
stop staring at him.
Insane!
This whole-
this is insane!
Look at him, Jack.
He's like-he's the coolest
thing I've ever seen!
He's an alligator, dude!
He's an alligator boy!
That'd be a cry laden
with pain and sorrow.
In around 600 B.C...
there was a slave.
A slave of wealthy
Greek noblemen.
He was horribly deformed.
And all day long...
this monstrous-looking man...
would spin wondrous tales

of heroic animals.
Great tales, but
they tended to show...
the weaknesses of men.
So, the storyteller
was killed by a crazed mob...
who were insulted...
that his stories showed
animals as brave and smart...
and people as
weak and stupid.

Really? Wow.

Amazing.

Oh, wait.

The punch line is:

the storyteller's

name was Aesop.

Really?

-Wow. -Amazing.

As in 'Aesop's Fables'?

Yes.

Really?

Wow!

Amazing!

I didn't know that.

I didn't know that

Aesop was a freak.

So, um...

where's Mr. Murray?

Long gone.

He couldn't accept Des.

He left not long

after Des was born.

But then, Des and I...

went trooping with

a well known 10-in-one.

Des was

the main attraction.

He made more money

for the carnival...

than the concession

stands.

We're just trying to get

enough money together...

to move to South Carolina.
Why South Carolina?
Oh, it's a wonderful place,
Parisville, South Carolina.
It's a small town,
but for some reason...
it's become
the winter quarters...
of all the southern carnies.
It's a virtual city
of special people.
Tranquil and sunny.
Des would be happy there.
I know my Des doesn't
have a lot of time left.
Well, about how
much money you need?
Oh, a lot of money.
How about-how much?
Oh, about \$5,000
would do us right.
With what we'd
get for the house.
Well, we'll be
back tomorrow.
Before we leave,
we'll come say good-bye.
We'd like that.
We'd like that fine.
He was amazing,
wasn't he?
Wasn't he amazing, Jack?
Amazing.
Desmond the Alligator Boy
is a major happener.
Isn't he?
Whatever you say, Pilot.
Would you want
to be him?
What are you doing?
What?
What are you
doing, you fuck?
What is with all these

stupid questions?
What? Why wouldn't
you wanna be him?
Why?
Because he's green...
because his skin
is disgusting...
because he's
brain damaged...
because his head
is misshapen.
You want me to go on?
No.
You think he's happy?
Pilot!
What? One question.
Just answer me that.
Do you think he's happy?
I don't know, Pilot.
But maybe we can
ask the old lady...
when we go
and say good-bye.
What? You don't want
to say good-bye?
I didn't say that.
Yes you did, dude!
I heard you.
Cassandra, did you hear?
I did. 'When we go
and say good-bye,'
like it was the stupidest
fucking thing you ever heard.
And it was my idea.
I did not say that.
But it was the
stupidest fucking thing...
I ever heard,
by the way.
Why?
Are you guys, by any
chance, in love?
Why? Bro, why do we have to go
and say good-bye tomorrow?

I mean, couldn't
we just have...
said good-bye today?
I'm gonna go
take a shower.
I'll meet you
all at the bar.
We gotta stop for
the night anyhow.
I mean, we've been
traveling for two days.
And plus, you know, I got some
things I gotta figure out.
What things?
I might lay
some cash on her.
Why?
Come on, man.
The whole scenario
is pretty pathetic.
Granted, but who
the fuck are you...
Donald Trump?
You didn't even
want to go see...
the Alligator Boy in
the first place, Pilot.
Yeah, but I'm glad
that you made us go.
Although, I don't think
your girlfriend dug it.
Bro, easy, easy.
What?
-Bro, easy. -What?
Easy with that.
My girlfriend.
She is witchy
though, isn't she?
If you say so.
Come on, give it-
hey, bro, give it up.
Just get the bags!
You may-maybe you
shouldn't do that.

Yikes!
Just up
the hill is a house...
overlooking Lake Washington...
where he pulled a chair
up to a window...
pressed the barrel of a
20-gauge shotgun to his head...
and pulled the trigger.
Imagine, though.
I mean, not to be
a total buzz kill, but...
imagine how many dicks
have been inside her.
What?
That pervert at
the Dan D. Fine...
said the girl who
stole those shoes...
worked there for 1 1 months.
1 1 months, Jack.
That's like-it's
like 4 dicks a day.
And, you know, I'm
being conservative.
All right, and they must've
worked, like, 6-day weeks.
6 times 4 is 24,
1 1 months is 44 weeks,
so, 44 times 24...
is 1,056.
1,056 dicks!
1,056 dicks, Jack!
Pop quiz.
No.
Come on, it's a quick one.
No.
-Come on. -No.
Go.
What is 1,056 dicks?
A lot of dicks.
Beep! Perfect score.
Gold star.
We haven't even begun

calculating blow jobs.
Obviously, the kid doesn't like
being stared at and made fun of,
so maybe she should stop
charging people to look at him.
Maybe then he could
have a peaceful life.
What?
Nothing.
Oh, god!
Two...three...four...
Oh, shit!
When worlds collide.
I worship the concept.
-Hey!
-What's up, Jack?
What are you
doing here?
Tony Gomez
was a no-show!
I'm now officially
hitchhiking to Seattle.
Dude, what are you going
up there for anyways?
A friend of mine died.
A fucked up freak
named Jimmy DeAngelo.
And he left me
his business.
Got insane in
the brain one night...
and suicide-pacted
with this other kid.
Way too much Jack Daniels,
mescaline, and Ozzy Osbourne.
Backward masking,
suicide is good.
Blah, blah, blah.
Blah, blah.
Boom !
Shotgun to the face
in the playground.
The other kid died...
but Jim hung on.

Oh, they had to do
some major surgery...
on account that most
of his face was gone.
They actually grafted some
of his ass up to his face.
But Jim had a really
hairy ass...
so he has had to
shave his forehead.
It was a bad scene.
And he drooled like
a motherfucker.
And that's what
eventually did him in.
Cause, check it out,
Jim didn't mind being ugly...
and having the hairy
forehead and no teeth.
But goddamn it, he couldn't
take the drooling.
So one night he gobbled
too many sleeping pills...
and he did the job right.
Anyway!
How come they call
you Pilot, anyways?
My mother fucked
an airline pilot...
only she never
knew his name.
So she called
me Pilot.
Good thing he
a wasn't bulimic.
Otherwise, your
name would be Puke.
A field!
We need a field!
A field
in which to frolic!
How's your head?
Good.
Good.

What?

OK.

We found the shoes.

You went
through my shit?

No.

The bag,
it was open...
a little bit.

So what's your
point, exactly?

We were there,
at the Dan D. Fine.

We heard about
the shoes.

A girlfriend and I went
to Los Angeles...
to become actresses.

Yeah, it didn't
work out.

I don't think
I had any talent.

So, after a few years,
I said, 'Fuck it,'
and was heading back home.

But I stopped in Vegas...
where a pit boss comped
me a meal and a room...
and asked if I'd...
escort some friend of his,
some Texas high roller...

you know, and sit at
the tables with him...
let him rub my thigh
for good luck.

So, uh...

I did it.

The next morning,
I woke up alone...
with an envelope
on the nightstand...
filled with hundreds.

Within a couple of weeks,
I was at the Dan D. Fine.

But what about
the shoes?
I don't know.
Just some symbolic gesture
that, at the time, seemed epic,
but now only seems stupid.
So, what are you
going to do next?
I don't know.
What do you think
I should do?
Got any ideas?
Anything but home.
All right.
The 'so what' factor is...
huge.
The unlove...
at the end of the day...
shit, you can see the merit in
actually fellating the pistol,
because no matter what...
no matter how much
money you make...
no matter
how many gowns you bone...
no matter how many times
you groove...
like nobody
ever grooved before...
in a hundred years or so...
you're dust.
Crumbling soot in a pine box...
that our loved ones went
all out for...
so that you could be...
crumbling soot
in a pine box...
in a J.C. Penney suit no less.
And why?
Because we never wore
them in life...
so they just figure,
'what the fuck?'
and they stick us

in the cheapo one.
Better than the concert t-shirts
and the ripped-up jeans...
you wore in life...
and what the fuck would he know
about Giorgio Armani, anyway?
Johnny the Fox!
You're one daffy
in-vi-di-dual.
In-vi-di-dual?
Yes, sir.
J.C. Penney!
Even a freak don't deserve
to go down in some J.C. Penney!
Even a goddamn freak!
Slower.
Slower.
Like this?
Hey, you want to give
me a ride back to the Murrays'?
I don't think
I can drive.
So, clearly,
you hit that last night.
Yeah.
What was it like?
It was, uh,
it was good.
You tell her you knew?
Yeah, she was cool.
You came, didn't you?
Mrs. Murray,
what's going on?
Police won't come.
Had trouble before.
They say you want to charge
folks money to see your oddity,
then you got
to expect trouble.
What kind
of trouble?
So they won't make
the trip anymore.
You just got to wait

for the trouble to go away.
Dude, drink it.
Alligator Boy!
What's going on, guys?
Hey, meet Desmond,
the Alligator Boy.
Desmond's learning
to party.
Beer?
No, thanks.
Maybe you guys should
leave him alone.
How's that?
I said maybe you should
leave him alone.
Who are you, his mama?
No, no, it can't be
his mama.
His mama's in the house...
crying into her Bible.
Maybe this is
the boyfriend.
You the boyfriend?
You like
alligator dick?
You like to suck it?
Yo, Shanks, who is this
strong, silent type, huh?
Is this Clint Eastwood?
No, man, I think
that's Steve McQueen!
I think you're
both wrong.
This is Jack Hayes,
the God of Fuck.
The God of Fuck?
Is that what they call you?
The God of Fuck?
Tell me something.
Do you like
to get fucked?
Sorry about that, Clint.
Hey, Shanks,
check this out!

Hey, you OK?
I'm all right.
Hey, Shanks...
welcome to the human race,
motherfucker!
Come here...
I'm all right.
Leave you guys alone
for a couple hours...
and the action just pours
like silver, doesn't it?
Whoa.
I can't tell you
what a pleasure it was...
to meet you guys.
You take care.
Pilot!
All right, Des?
Pilot, let's go!
Those football turds were
just like Miranda's Pandas.
The same type of dudes.
It was fucked.
I don't know,
when you think about it...
it's like the world's
divided into two groups:
Pandas and Alligator Boys.
How much did
you give her?
Not much.
Come on, Pilot,
how much?
Just a bit-
I'm not a rich guy.
Just a bit.
'A bit?'
And what is a bit?
Don't be so nosy, Jack.
Don't be such a fucking
pussy, Pilot.
Just tell me how much.
Just a bit, all right?
The kid's dying.

I gave them a bit.
No fucking way!
-Pop quiz. -Go!
Number of possible
highways and byways...
in this fair nation
that we could be on.
A gazillion!
Number of possible
highways and byways...
in this fair nation...
that Miranda's Pandas
could be on?
A zillion!
Possible conclusion
that could be drawn...
from them being on...
this very same highway,
byway as us?
Start getting used
to loose slippers.
Perfect score.
Gold star.
Anyone care
to fill me in?
Now we're on the run.
I thought you were going
to Seattle for the scene.
Yeah, we thought we'd combine
checking out the scene...
with a little flight
to safety, right, Pi?
Right.
Hey, where we going now?
You want to check
the maps?
This doesn't
change anything.
We check out the place,
and then we split.
So, you still want
to go to Seattle.
Yeah, dude,
it'll be all right.

I mean,
it's a huge place.
Bro, if it's
so fucking huge...
then how the fuck are
you going to find Amy Carnes?
How do you know
about that?
How do you know
about that, dude?
Fucking dick.
What? Did Fox tell you?
Dude, I heard you
telling him.
What are
you talking about?
This whole thing...
this whole stupid thing
was that so Pilot could...
chase after
some fantasy girl.
Dude, we macked!
Oh, God...
these guys are cool!
They're going to Seattle!
And they're tripping
to the tits!
What exactly
are you on the run from?
Why don't you tell
her, Jack?
Tell her, Jack!
I will.
I fucked a guy's wife...
and now he wants
to break my feet.
And Pilot doesn't
seem to give a shit!
Why you getting
so bent?
We had to leave,
what's it matter where?
-You're joking, right?
-No!

-No!
-You're joking!
That's sort
of pathetic, Pilot!
What is?
As if it's any of
your business.
He's your best friend,
and he's in trouble...
and you drag him
up here on a lie.
I don't know,
that's sort of pathetic...
in my book.
In your book?
Yep.
What's the title
of that book?
Is it called,
'Give me 100 bucks...
and I'll suck
your dick?'
Because I think
I read that one...
and it was, it was,
ooh, lurid!
Are you
kidding me, Pilot?
Look at yourself!
You're a drug dealer!
Settle down
with that, Yoko.
No, you settle down, Johnny.
You are no better
than them.
In fact, you're worse.
You're old.
Time out.
What happened to the hooker
with the heart of gold?
Didn't you read
that chapter?
You know, maybe
I am a drug dealer,

but I'll tell you
this much,
when I tell
my grandkiddies stories...
about my misspent youth...
I won't have to
include the fact...
that I spread them wide
for any jake...
with a fistful
of fifties!
That I saw
more strange dick...
than a draft board
doctor.
Jack.
That I could be sold,
rolled, and cornholed...
for a negotiable price.
Congratulations.
You just became
the Sir Edmund Hillary...
of assholes.
You climbed the highest
mountain, Pilot.
There's five good ones.
Whatever, right?
Yeah.
Whatever.
Hey, are you
coming or not, man?
Come on, Johnny.
What about Mom and Dad?
Get in.
But today, it is
heightened by a sense of loss.
Pilot, this is Gold...
a beautiful boy
who don't say...
Hey, Pilot! Pilot!
Come on.
You know, Skynyrd,
now that was a tragedy.
Duane Allman, tragedy...

this is a fucking blip,
you know?
Can I help you, bro?
I'm looking for
Amy Carnes.
She's at the vigil
with the rest of them.
No, dude, what was
that guy's name in AC/DC?
Hey! Nice arachnid, man.
No, no, the first guy.
No, that was the guy
that took his place.
Do you believe that guy?
Do you believe that guy?
Do you believe
that fucking guy?
He still wants to go
up there after everything.
Still wants
to go up there.
He didn't give
a shit about me.
This whole stupid trip
was so he could go...
and find
Amy Fucking Carnes.
What an asshole!
Amy.
Yeah.
Hey, yo, it's me.
It's Pilot.
That's your name?
Yeah, from
McKinley High.
I went to McKinley.
When did you graduate?
Oh, you...it's probably
because of this-
you don't recognize me
because of the spider.
You, uh...
you know,
rage all night.

'Sweet Child of Mine.'
Isn't it so sad about Kurt?
Hold my hand.
You guys, this is Pirate.
No, it's Pilot.
Shh...let's listen.
It's Pilot.
Pilot!
Pilot!
Jack! Jack!
Jack! Jack!
Pilot!
Jack! Jack!
No!
Fuck! Fuck!
Jack, Jack, Jack.
Give it up, baby.
Cassie!
You're embarrassing
yourself, baby.
Do you know
what that means?
The game is over!
Fuck you up two times!
Come on!
That's what it's about!
Let's go! Come on!
Get down here!
Watch this!
Watch this!
Watch it!
I'm sorry.
Watch it!
Jack!
Jack!
Jack!
Next time keep it
in your pants, Hayes...
or we'll break that, too.
We'll call 91 1
from the car.
Hope you have
insurance, Jack.
Adios, motherfucker.

Hey.
Hey.
How are you doing?
I've been better.
How about you?
OK.
Oh, that was kind of
unreal, wasn't it?
Totally fucking gothic.
A grade-B horror flick.
Only thing fucking missing
is fucking Christopher Lee...
Peter Cushing,
and John Fucking Carradine.
What's wrong with him?
I think he's
having re-entry problems.
Hey, kiddies.
Ooh, Jack Hayes,
you're awake.
How you feeling,
brother?
Hey, man,
I'm all right.
Jack...
Forget it.
Hey...
did you find her?
Pilot.
I'm sorry, man.
Hey, man.
It's OK.
Hey...
Who the hell needs
feet anyway?
I got to
get out of here.
What?
Yeah, I got to get back.
I got a girl in Vegas.
You feeling ready
for her?
Kind of miss her.
Can I take the Monte?

Keep it.
Maybe
you shouldn't drive.
Oh, please.
You guys are gonna hang?
Yeah.
I think we're gonna
hang for a while.
I like it.
Hit the road,
flee for your life.
Meet a doll who's got
'once in a lifetime'
and 'girl of my dreams'
and 'reason to believe'
written all over her
like so much graffiti.
Only happen to
the God of Fuck.
That's me.
Pop quiz.
Go.
How much I owe you
for helping me out?
A gazillion.
Who's the major
old school happener?
Pilot.
How much longer
are we a team?
Forever.
Beep. Perfect score.
Gold star.
Late.
Late.