"A lot o' people don't realize what's really going on. They view life as a bunch o' unconnected incidents 'n' things. They don't realize that there's this, like, lattice o' coincidence that lays on top o' everything. Give you an example; show you what I mean: suppose you're thinkin' about a plate o' shrimp. Suddenly someone'll say, like, plate, or shrimp, or plate o' shrimp out of the blue, no explanation. No point in lookin' for one, either. It's all part of a cosmic unconsciousness."

So, let's pretend for a moment, that I am enlightened, and open to the lattice of coincidence. And additionally, that I'm educated, and open to layer of structure that overlays everything, unifies many phenomena, and provides a workable model of how the world is expected to behave. Then, what am I to make of the intense swirl of vortices that shed from the dead aliens in the trunk of a 1964 Chevy Malibu, vortices that suck me into a punk movie version of *Where's Waldo* in which all the characters on the screen are looking for Waldo too? And though perhaps it's like trying to understand the ocean by inspecting a handful of items that have been washed up on the beach one morning, the movie begs to be viewed in the light of coincidence.

And the coincidences pile up as the plot moves forward. Of course, there is the plate of shrimp, literally the poster child for latticed coincidences as explained by Miller and again when it appears on the window of the diner where the Rodriguez brothers stop for a cold drink to combat the heat from the trunk. Or the reappearance of Otto's buddy Kevin, first as the carwash detailer as the Rodriguez brothers steal the 64 Malibu from the radiation sickened J. Frank Parnell and again given up as being dead, under a sheet in the hospital hallway, uttering the prophetic "Otto" before Otto replaces the sheet. The lady with the trash. The repeated intersection of Otto & Bud with Debbie, Archie, & Duke as they repeatedly hold up the convenience store. And the ever closer brushes with the 64 Malibu.

The pile up of these coincidences has a strange foil in the form of a host of detail mismatches from the making of the movie; a host of details that the movie's fan base seems pleased to discover and savor (witness 40000 google hits on Repo Man goofs). For example, from the very start, when the license plate of the 64 Malibu changes between 4:01 and 4:23, or the number of doors on the first car Otto repossesses. In any other movie, these goofs could just be attributed to a new director or bad luck with having the car in the starring role stolen from the set. But in a movie that revolves around coincidence, the goofs become part of the lattice of coincidence, provide footing for viewers to celebrate as they amass a host of details in search of a unifying explanation. Somewhere in here there must be a Waldo.

Unless conspiracy; unless agent Rogersz, her hazmat protected entourage, and the televangelist reverend Larry already have the key to the lattice of coincidence and are a step ahead of everyone else. "It happens sometimes. People just explode. Natural causes." Agent Rogersz, telling us to believe that there is no conspiracy, just coincidence.
Well, I never found Waldo. Watching *Repo Man* has left me stranded on a strange metaphorical beach, toeing what has washed ashore in the hope that the flotsam will tell me what causes the tides to ebb and flow. I'm disappointed that I'll never find the moon on this beach. But looking back at the last 92 minutes, it sure was a one intense ride.