Just Before I Go

By David Flebotte
Love me tender, love me dear
Tell me you are mine
I'll be yours through all the years
Till the end of time
When at last my dreams come true
Darling, this I know
Happiness will follow you
Just before I go.
My name is Ted Morgan.
Right now I'm moments away from death.
No reason for you to feel bad, though.
I mean, I don't.
This is actually
the first time in my life
that I've accomplished something
I set out to do.
And it's fitting for me
to die here in Lake Wamsutta
because, to be honest, it's probably
the only place I ever really felt alive.
I used to come here
with my dad when I was a kid,
but we didn't come here to fish.
No, we had bigger plans.
See that thing in the sign?
That's Wammy, my hometown's answer
to the Loch Ness monster.
But Wammy was real.
We had actual footage shot by my dad,
plus eyewitness accounts
from local alcoholics.
My dad saw the good in everything.
He taught me that the world
was a safe and decent place.
Only it wasn't. He got sick
and before I knew it...
he was gone.
My brother Lucky comforted me that day
for the first and only time in his life.
But he couldn't take my dad's place.
Go! Sit! What's wrong with you?!
In the movies,
a sympathetic teacher often steps up.
But Edwina Lawrence
never went to the movies.
I used my art to express myself
and I showed them.
But then they showed me.
They took my best friend.
My mother never found a man
to replace my dad either.
So she fell in love with the King...
named Shirley.
Meanwhile, I was being tortured
by the school bully, Rawly Stansfield.
So when I was old enough,
I moved as far away as I could
and I never thought of Wammy again.
It was a silly thing
to believe in anyway.
As you can tell by where I am right now,
life never got much better.
So I went out west
where I just blended in.
I worked my way up to a mid-level job
at a mid-level company...
and watched the years go by,
all from the safety of a mid-level life.
Hey, come on. Let's go. Come on.
- And then I met Penny.
- Here we go.
Wow, he's really heavy.
- I'm Penny.
- I'm Ted.
For three years,
she was everything to me.
Everything I wasn't.
Penny loved life and I loved Penny.
Unfortunately, so did Nate,
her guitar teacher.
Do you think this is
how I wanted it to end, Ted?
I thought that we could grow together,
but you are stuck.
- What am I supposed to do without you?
- What did you ever do with me, Ted?
You have no passion
and I don't wanna end up like you.
You might as well be dead.
Maybe she was right.
Maybe I should just end it.
After all, there was no one left
to talk me out of it.
Even total strangers
agreed that I was wasting air.
It was obvious to me.
It was time to punch out.
But I didn't want
to go out like this guy.
My life had been
a complete failure, sure,
but at least I could get my death right.
I needed to go back to Kempton
and confront my own predators.
Just before I go.
Hey, Ted! Teddy!
Over here!
You got shotgun.
Honey! Kids! They're gonna freak out.
Hey, everybody gather round.
Here. You sit here. No, no, you stay.
Okay, okay, fam damily.
You all remember your Uncle Ted?
He's my only brother.
- He's gonna be staying with us for a while.
- We know, Dad.
Right... but what you don't know is why.
- And... can I be frank here, Teddy?
- Preferably not.
Your Uncle Ted's here
'cause your Aunt Penny,
who you only met, like,
twice a hundred years ago,
and now... warning, I'm gonna talk to you
like we're adults now... is a cunt.
- Okay, I'm a little sleepy.
- Now, those of you who know me
know that I don't throw
that word around lightly.
It's an ugly word,
it's a disgusting word.
Great orifice. Gives us babies,
but it's a terrible word sometimes, but your aunt is a cunt. So I never want to hear the word "Penny" spoken ever again. When you think you want to say "Penny," you say "cunt" instead. What if we want to cash in a roll of pennies at the bank? Do we say it then? No. You look that teller in the eye and you say, you would like some cash for this roll of cunts. You have my permission. I'll sign a slip or something. - Luck, come on. - I'm sorry, I digress. And even though he's been kind of a dick for barely calling or anything for the past two years, doesn't matter anymore... 'cause my baby brother's back. Okay, I'm getting a little emotional here. And you all know I break things when I cry, so I'm gonna let little brother Ted speak. Hi. I know it's been a long time since I've been back here and... just want to thank you guys for letting me stay with you during this... transition period. - My breakup with your Aunt Penny... - Cunt. Aunt... Cunt... has been difficult. It's nice to have family to turn to. Well, Teddy, we're really happy that you're here staying with us. Enough speeches. Give the man a break. He just flew 3,000 miles. Let's get this man some food. All right, here we go. Bathroom's in there. Your dad said you drew these. You're talented.
Well, they're shit, but thanks.
What's with the deadbolt?
You're gonna want to use that.
Dad will tell you.
- Good?
- Yeah.
Kathleen?
Kathleen!
What are you doing?
No, don't do that.
That's a bad idea, Kathleen.
It's a bad idea.
You should go back to bed, okay?
No! No! No!
My God, it's like you're playing banjo.
Oh, jeez.
Oh, shit.
Lucky, I was sleeping. She just
walked in, I swear. I don't know...
You're gonna wake her.
You never wake a sleep masturbator.
- What?
- I'll explain in the morning.
Didn't Zeke tell you
to deadbolt the door?
Okay, honey, beddie-bye time.
Come on.
Yeah, yeah.
Oh, hey. Teddy, there's banana cream pie
in the fridge if you get hungry, okay?
- I'm good.
- I can't...
- Mom, I can't find any clean pants.
- Look in your closet.
- Shit!
- Oh... I'm sorry, honey.
- What?!
- For the love of Pete.
Yeah, it's been going on
for the past few years.
Every time someone sleeps over,
she sleepwalks in there,
starts rubbing her button, two minutes later
it sounds like a chick's hatching.
Is she seeing a doctor?
They gave her this Zoloft shit, but she
still does all the same crazy sleep stuff.
You should see the things she does
to me when she's sleeping.
She punches me, slaps me, kicks me.
She took a shit on my pillow
right next to my head.
I'm talking this giant rosebud,
like, inches from my eyebrows.
I'd kill to wake up and find her
knuckle-deep in her own pussy.
Jeez.
- I'm sorry, Luck.
- Well, fuck it.
Gonna see Mom today?
The Monte Carlo's at your disposal.
- I got something I gotta do first.
- Dude, you gotta see Mom.
Of course, yeah, I will.
I just... gotta do this thing first.
Good morning,
I'm looking for one of your old people.
- Edwina Lawrence.
- Friend or family?
Actually, I'm one of her former students.
She was my seventh grade teacher.
Oh, and you've come back
after all these years to visit.
- How sweet.
- Yeah.
42, 43... Oh, Shirley.
- Hello.
- Fuck you.
Okay.
Mrs. Lawrence?
Mrs. Lawrence, it's Teddy.
Ted Morgan. From the seventh grade?
Are you stupid?!
How many times do I have to say it?
The numerator goes into the denominator.
Four. Four times!
Take your seat.
Go! Sit! What's wrong with you?!
I think some children
in this class know math, right?
You were pretty mean to me.
Actually, you were more
than just mean, you were cruel.
Probably the cruelest person
I've ever met.
I was popular before seventh grade.
I had friends.
You made me a joke.
You picked on me every day.
Why? I never did anything to you.
I was polite. I was an A student.
Jesus, my father had just died!
Why were you such a miserable
cocksucking bitch?!
They took my dog Pepper because of you.
He was my best friend. They took him away
because of you. I never saw him again.
I flew 3,000 miles to tell you how you set
my life on the path to ruin
and this is funny to you?
Well, fuck you!
Fuck you, you dried-up,
withered, douchebag.
Fuck you and the giant tarantula
you rode in on!
You old clam!
What the fuck are you smiling about?!
Jesus! What are you doing?
What am I doing? What are you doing
calling my grandmother a withered old clam?
- Help!
- Wait, wait, I can explain.
- Rape!
- Rape? Seriously?
This is Massachusetts,
people still come running for rape.
Don't move.
- What, the cat?
- It's not any cat.
No, no, no, no, Grandma, no.
Is she allergic?
You want me to get rid of it?
No, you can't get rid of Death Kitty. If he comes into your room and sleeps on your bed, you die. Oh, thank God. Thank God.

Who are you?

You're serious? You came back here to yell at my grandma, fight a bully, and then kill yourself? Isn't that a little fucked up?

I think that any plan that ends with suicide is probably a little fucked up, yeah.

- No kids?
- Nope.

Is this like a cry for help?

Am I supposed to tell someone?

No, please don't.

So I'm just supposed to walk away and let you... kill yourself?

I'm sorry. I'm an idiot, but, yes, I was hoping so.

Hey.

I know you don't think so, but someone is gonna care and they're gonna be really pissed off and they most likely won't ever forgive you.

- Teddy! Oh, my God!
- Hey, Mom.
- Oh...
- Good to see you.

Oh, honey. What a surprise.

Oh, I'm so happy to see you!

Oh, Margaret Margolis.

10% kidney function.

No feet.

Hi, baby! Let me look at you.

God. That's a sandwich.

I can't tell you how good it is to see my baby boy again.

Thanks, Mom.

Let the boy breathe, Nance.

You're practically motorboatin' him.

- It's good to see you, too, Mom.
- How are things?
Shirley, do you have
to do that in the kitchen?
Sorry, baby. Sorry.
- So, Shirley, how are you feeling?
- Good, Ted. Can't complain.
Thank you very much, baby.
Shirley's making a comeback.
- Really?
- Yeah, look at this.
The Marshfield chili cook-off.
- Opening for Sha Na Na.
- You're gonna come, right?
- Yeah.
- Oh, good.
- Mom, do you remember Vickie Serrone?
- Oh, yeah, very nice girl.
She works checkout
at Shaw's Supermarket.
- She's worked there since high school.
- Shelves, too.
This girl knows where everything is.
Every aisle, every item.
You just try to stump her.
Two weeks ago I went in there and I said,
"I'd like some capers."
You know what she did?
She said, "Aisle seven, bottom shelf."
- Amazing.
- I don't even know what a caper is.
Shirley!
Hey, big mama.
- Where's my coffee?
- Almost ready, puddin'.
You could've given me
a little heads up on Elvis' comeback.
More like "Love Me Tenderloin."
Woman is packing on the poundage.
Went to a pancake breakfast
with her last month...
there was more batter spread that day
than on the inside
of a Boy Scout's sleeping bag.
What do you got back there?
A case of marshmallows?
That is good.
You put your secret ingredient in there.
Tell him what your secret ingredient is.
Love.
Love.
You're so beautiful.
Teddy, I'm trying to take a nap.
Get out of here.
Ted, I'm trying to sleep.
Get over here.
What are you doing here?
I've decided that I'm gonna document
this suicide thing of yours.
Jesus, would you keep it down?
And, no, absolutely not.
Why?
Look, I'm sorry
about your grandmother, okay?
I'm sorry I told you
what I told you, but no way.
Ted, think about it. When the end comes
and you have to write that note,
I mean, the note, explaining all this,
you won't have to
because I will have edited together
a snappy little 30-minute presentation
that will explain it all.
- Why are you doing this?
- To help. Also, this is kind of my field.
- You do documentaries?
- No, I work at Town Hall
and I record all of the town meetings,
so, yeah, kind of a documentarian,
record keeper.
- Greta, right?
- Yeah.
It was nice meeting you. Goodbye.
I'll tell.
I'll tell your brother
what you're gonna do.
I don't want to. I would much rather
document your impending death, but...
it's your call.
Yes!
So let's rehash.
So far you've screamed
at a 90-year-old lady
and called her a "cocksucking bitch,"
and now you're going to fist-fight
someone you haven't seen in 22 years?
You've got to admit that's a pretty
fucked-up bucket list.
You ever heard of
"getting your house in order"?
That's what I'm gonna do.
I'm getting my house in order.
Yeah, but why do
you have to kill yourself?
Why not just right your wrongs
and then keep on going?
Because...
it's what we cowards do.
So you're just gonna walk up to this guy
and say, "Hey, remember me?
You used to pick me up by the nipples
during gym class 20 years ago."
- And then, wham?
- Pretty much.
Hey, Ted, get up.
I'm hungry. Let's go, get out of here.
Excuse me.
You wouldn't happen to have
any spare change, would you?
Buzz off, loser.
I have some change, Ted.
Don't give him any money, Vickie.
He's just gonna give it to Rawly Stansfield
'cause he's too big a pussy
to stand up to him.
Thanks. Thank you.
Sorry about that. Come on.
Gross, dude, it's fucking wet.
Tomorrow I want dry money. All right?
Yeah.
- Hi, is Rawly Stansfield here?
- Yeah, he's right there.
Please don't be Rawly.
Please don't be Rawly.
Please don't be Rawly.
I'm Rawly.
Oh, shit.
Be with you in a second.
Okay, let's go.

No.
Ted, I know that your list is very important to you, but unless you've decided to add having someone feed you your own legs, I suggest we go.
It's not a list. It's just a few things.
Besides, I'm armed.
It's my brother's blackjack.
It's filled with powdered lead, you just... one blow to the side of the head, he'll go down like a ton of fertilizer.
Ted, the man just walked out of here with 200 pounds of hay on his shoulders like it was a fucking parasol. I suggest you key his pick-up and call it even.
No.
Jesus, it's like "Jurassic Park" when he walks.
- You looking for me?
- Yeah.
You don't remember me, do ya?
No.
I'm Ted. Ted Morgan.
- We went to school together.
- Teddy?!
Teddy Morgan, holy shit, man!
Good to see you!
What's going on?! What's it been?
Like 20 years or something?
Ted, man...
I was such a dick. A huge di...
I mean like the biggest dick.
Mother of all dicks, for sure.
I think about it all the time, too, you know?
My dickness.
I'm a totally different person, you gotta believe me on this. I mean I...
I'm not such a dick anymore.
I'm a pretty happy dude, actually. You know? Well, for what it's worth, I...
I really appreciate you acknowledging your dickness. You bet. You deserve it, man. It all changed for me when I met my wife.
- Late wife.
- Sorry.
Yeah.
You remember her, Teddy? Kathy Sorenson. Little bitty thing. She was president of the French Club. Remember she had a dead tooth, like, until eighth grade?
- Kind of a bubble butt.
- Yeah, sounds familiar.
How'd she pass? It was a...
it was an aneurism, actually.
- We have a son. Henry.
- All right.
Yeah, he's just about the sweetest kid you'd ever want to meet in your whole life.
- Rawly!
- Sir.
You know where I caught this little guy? Throwing rabbit pellets everywhere. I told you, this ain't no goddamn day care.
- Sorry, Dad.
- Sorry?!
It's hard to tell who the dummy is at times. Hey, Henry, how you doing? Come sit here with me. Want you to say hi to my friend. Say "hi" to Ted. Hi, Ted.
- That means he likes you.
- Hey.
- This is Greta, his friend.
- Hottie.
Almost gave myself a speeding ticket 'cause I couldn't wait to get home and dig in. Thanks. I'm kind of tired. Come on. It only tastes a little bit like dog food. Kathleen. Oh, no. Come on! You know what? Just speed it up. Speed it up. How come you never hear her get out of bed? Shut up. How come you don't deadbolt the door? I did! Guys, find a cunt, pick it up, all day long you've got good luck. I'm having to rethink this whole Penny/cunt thing. Ted, school starts in 15 minutes. I'll meet you in the car. All right? Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Whether 'tis nobler to suck dick. Will you fu... leave him the fuck alone. What? What do you got against having a little fun, dude? So, Romeo, what is it? Are you a top or a bottom? What, you don't remember, Pete? That afternoon under the bleachers must have meant nothing to you? – Fuck you. – Stop! Stop. Stop. Releax. Will you get the fuck outta here? Stop. Come on, man. Hey, you were supposed to pick me up this morning. Hello, I am talking to you. I'm trying to film a suicide note here. Can you stop and help a girl out, please? You know why I didn't pick you up? Because this is none of your business. Okay. Fine. Yeah, hi, is this the police department? I need to speak with the chief of police.
right away. It's an emergency.
It involves a family member.
Yeah, I can hold.
- You're full of shit.
- Oh, really?
Do you hear that? That's Scandal.
That's the official hold music
of the Kempton police department.
It's really too bad, too,
because I have this way
of helping you cross a thing
off your list.
Shootin' at the walls of heartache
Bang, bang, I am the warrior...
- Why aren't you buying anything?
- 'Cause I don't want anything.
I heard an old friend works here.
Thought I'd say hi.
Okay. Well, fine by me. I needed
a box of emergency plugs anyway.
I'm more at the tail end of my period,
so it's kind of a precaution,
but... you know, good to have.
If it's okay with you,
maybe we could keep a little mystery
with our totally not knowing
each other at all?
I'm sorry. Did I share too much,
Mr. I'm Gonna Kill Myself?
Ted Morgan?
Vickie Serrone?
I have some change, Ted.
Thanks.
Where have you been?
I haven't seen you in years.
- I've been living out in Los Angeles.
- You visiting your mom and Lucky?
Yeah. Yeah, it's been a long time, so...
Anyways, what have you been up to?
You look great.
Ted, it's okay, I've seen my reflection.
My feet, no, but my reflection...
Are you married?
I sure as hell wouldn't let myself
get like this if I wasn't.
I'm Vickie Dansik now.
- Five kids.
- Five?! Wow.
Is this your wife?
No, no. She's...
Greta. I'm a... friend of the family.
- Nice to meet you.
- Nice to meet you, too.
I'd love to catch up.
Maybe we could go out for a drink.
- Sure.
- Great. Let me get your number.
I'm sorry. What was that all about?
She was one of the few people who was ever kind to me. Is that enough info?
Yeah, but what do you have to catch up on?
I mean, you're gonna kill yourself.
What, are you trying to drum up attendance at your funeral?
Holy shit, she's like a part of your list, isn't she?
I mean, I don't know what part, but... am I right?
So what if she is?
Look, are we done today?
- You are one sick fuck.
- I'm glad you're amused.
Oh, hey, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, really.
Look, you can go, you can do your thing, but we have to do one thing first.
Trust me, this is a stop you're gonna want to make.
Okay, so, they give her

**her meds at 10:**

**It's 11:**
This is when she's most coherent.
So the rules are, you can tell her what your beef is... period.
You can say you hate her or whatever else you want, but no shouting, no swearing,
no obscene gestures, got it?
- Can I flick her in the forehead?
- No! You can shake the bed a little.

My dad left when I was three.
I remember that they were fighting.
I was sweeping.
I started hitting him
in the foot with the broom.
Then I was yelling, "Stop, stop."
And then the next time I saw him was...
right after my mom died.
I thought that he was coming
to take me with him...
'cause he brought me this big bag of candy.
Like bigger than my head and a dress.
And then that night he and Nana
got in a really big fight and...
the next day he was gone.
And the next time that I saw him was...
two years later at his funeral.
I'm sorry.
I know how hard it was to lose a parent.
I can't imagine losing both.
You know, it wasn't losing
the actual them that was so hard
'cause they weren't really there
to begin with, but...
it was the idea...
of them that was crippling.
- Can I ask you something?
- Sure.
Are you good at climbing trees?
What?
Shit, this is high.
Relax, worst-case scenario,
you slip and die. Mission accomplished.
- What's that for?
- Carve your initials.
See?
Susan plus Greta.
That's me and my mom. We came up here,
like, the week before she died.
Your mom climbed a tree
a week before she died of cancer?
Where there's a will, you know?
Anyway... carve.
You have to leave something behind.
Some proof that... that you were here.
Who knows, a hundred years from now,
two people who we'll never know
could be sitting in this same tree
looking at our initials.
That's important why?
Because then it's like we're still here.
- So, what are you up to now?
- I'm meeting Rawly for beers tonight.
Can you believe I've gone
from wanting to beat him senseless
to letting him buy me a beer?
No one said the path to killing yourself
was gonna be easy.
Thanks for being my death muse.
Hey, Greta.
I'm sorry about your grandmother.
Try not to do anything
too interesting tonight, okay?
Oh, shit, I gotta tell you
about this fucking...
crazy dream I had last night.
Me and you went to this
real fancy restaurant
and the waiter came up
and it was your father.
And he was, like, telling us we had
to leave, that they wouldn't serve us.
So I got mad, right?
I was like, "That's bullshit."
And I looked to you and I'm like,
"Tell him how fucked up
this shit is." Right?
And when I look at you,
you're standing right behind him.
You're a waiter, too,
and you're telling me to leave.
I couldn't believe it.
Well, in my defense,
it's not because you're gay.
It's because we just... we just...
we just don't serve niggers.
I knew you didn't like black people.
You are so racist.
You're not all black.
That's true.
Come on.
Just promise me you'll talk to somebody.
Anybody.
Okay.
They just couldn't stop
the bleeding, you know?
I'm sitting there thinking...
"It was a sneeze.
It was a fucking sneeze."
Something inside her head just blew.
Just like that, she was gone, you know?
I don't know, fuck.
And then I had to go home.
I had to tell Henry.
And he's like, you know...
He's like, "Where's Mama?
Where's Mama? Where's my mama?"
That's the saddest sneeze story
I've ever heard.
How's your dad been through all this?
He's the biggest fucking asshole
to ever slip an arm through a sleeve.
He wouldn't close the store
the day of her funeral.
Jeez.
He doesn't acknowledge his grandson
because he has Down's syndrome.
Who the fuck could hate Henry?! Who?!
Hey.
I'm really sorry about the way
I treated you in school.
If I were you, maybe a little bigger,
a little tougher,
I'd want to kick my ass
for the shit I put you through.
That fucking old man, I swear to God,
he made me his punching bag
since I could walk.
I don't know.
Maybe I just needed a punching bag, too.
That doesn't make it right,
but I am truly sorry.
Don't worry about it.
All right, I want you to take that and
I want you to smash me in the head with it.
You need to hurt me like I hurt you.
I don't want to do that.
I'm not gonna be able to sleep tonight
unless you bring the pain, bitchpants.
- I can't!
- Do it! Just do it!
Do it, you fucking pussy,
or I swear to God I will make you...
God! Fuck me! Come on!
Motherfuck-bucket!
Oh, fuck, yeah!
- You sure you're okay to drive?
- Oh, fuck, quit asking me that.
I only live like six miles
from this fuckhole.
- All right.
- Dude, so great seeing you.
You, too, buddy.
- That was fun.
- Oh, my God.
You're a good man, Ted.
Hey...
Hey, can I ask... can I ask you a favor?
Yeah, sure.
Would you help me kill my dad?
Why not?
Yes!
- All right.
- All right.
- I'll be in touch.
- Yeah.
I'm awake. I'm awake.
Shit.
I saw it was your Monte Carlo, Chief,
thought maybe you'd tied one on
and needed a lift.
No, I let my kid brother use it.
He's kind of going through some shit.
Well, just so you know, it was twice the legal limit, so...
Oh, yeah? It was twice the legal limit.
I could say the same thing about your boobies.
You should see 'em underneath the shirt.
- See 'em out of uniform.
- I don't feel good.
- What's the matter?
- I don't feel good.

Yeah, well... hey, I'll see you at lunch tomorrow, okay?
- Hey, hey.
- I'd like to see you at lunch tomorrow.

Yeah? That can be arranged.

Oh, God.

You wanna talk?
Okay.

Look at that one.

These are...
- really...
- Gay?

Yeah. Yeah, they're...
they're really gay.
- So you're...
- I think so.
- You think so?
- I mean, you know, I have a boyfriend.
- Yeah, I suck his dick.
- Okay.

Yeah, you're... you're probably gay.

What do you want me to do?
You want me to talk to your dad?
Or are you just gonna tell people through cock drawings?
No, he... my dad is...
I think I'm just sitting with it right now. You know?
I think I just kinda needed to tell somebody. Say it out loud.

So, last month at school...
I was walking down the corridor with a couple buddies of mine after practice.
Coming the other way
is Ralph Brooks, right?
He's a skinny little blond kid.
He's... gay.
Anyway, you know,
he's... he's walking towards us and...
and me and him make eye contact
and he gives me this... this...
just like fucking
half smile thing, like...
You know, like he knows....
or something.
Well, I panic.
You know, so when I passed by him, I mean,
I just slammed my shoulder into his chest.
I mean, I did it fucking hard.
You know, he just... drops.
He's just sitting there
and he's staring up at me.
I've never hated anyone as much
as I hated him in that moment.
I mean, I don't... I mean,
I don't wanna like guys.
I don't want to be hated like that.
I don't know.
Here we go.
- Can I get you anything else?
- I think we're good. Thanks.
I think somebody likes you.
Don't be a dick.
Come on, that kid is gayer than a mouse
shoved up the ass of a gerbil
shoved up the ass
of a sixth grade music teacher.
- Why are you such an asshole?
- Relax, I'm joking. Jesus.
- You're not funny.
- He didn't hear me.
I'll tell you what. I'll tickle his bag
on the way out. Make nice, okay?
- Idiot.
- And people think I'm funny.
- Yeah, your wife thinks you're a riot.
- What's that supposed to mean?
Fuck you. That woman worships
the ground I walk on.
- Why is she masturbating in front of me?
- I told you, she's a sleep masturbator.
- She's awake and you know it.
- Oh, yeah?
She's pissed at you
and that's how she's getting you back.
The woman shit on your pillow,
for Christ's sake.
She was asleep! God damn it, she was
dreaming about the time her cat had kittens.
Is she asleep
when she spits in your coffee?
I've seen it, Luck.
I got this.
And... you're welcome for the free room,
board, and transportation, too. Asshole.
After the birth of Margie, my third,
I was back in a size four a month later.
I was always thin.
I could always bounce right back.
You remember how my parents
owned that Laundromat, right?
Yeah, the Fluff and Fold.
God, I hated that place.
Every day we would just have to...
wade through a mountain
of other people's dirty laundry.
I just thought,
"I will never be like my parents."
I mean, how can they spend their lives
washing and folding
other people's sweat and stains?
Then one day I was in my cellar
washing my fourth, fifth, sixth,
load of dirty clothes
while I folded another from the dryer
when I heard the cellar door open
and a whole new pile was tossed down.
And I thought...
"Oh, my God."
Let's do a shot.
- That sounds great.
- Yeah.
Okay, so be honest.
You're actually kinda happy
that my grandmother's dead, aren't you?
- No.
- Come on, don't lie.
I'm not lying. Not long from now,
when I'm in the afterlife,
I'm gonna bump into Mrs. Lawrence
and it's gonna be all awkward
and I'm gonna be like,
"Hey, Mrs. Lawrence, how are you?"
And she's gonna be all like fake nice
to me 'cause, you know,
in heaven you gotta be polite.
You know what?
You're really kinda funny.
Thanks.
So...
why do you think
you wanna kill yourself?
I just got tired of trying
to find reasons not to.
Do you know that I fell in love
with you in fourth grade?
Geography class.
You sat right in front of me.
I couldn't take my eyes off you.
You were so pretty and kind.
You knew all your continents.
Did you really think I was kind?
I don't feel kind.
- What do you feel like?
- Like a cautionary tale.
I did what was safe, what was expected.
- I love my kids, but...
- I bet you're a great mom.
I don't wanna be just a great mom.
I want to matter and not just
as a mom to my kids and Albert,
but to me. I wanna matter to me.
You matter. You matter to me.
There's no reset button,
is there, Teddy?
You don't need one.
You're the sweetest, most gentle person I've ever known. I've always wondered how differently my life would have turned out if I was with you. You know, I remember you used to eat an apple every day for lunch. They're God's toothbrush. You always wore 7UP Lip Smacker. To this day, that's my favorite soda. Your book report on reptiles and amphibians in the sixth grade was... incredible.
- I got a B.
- Oh, that's fucking bullshit. I'll meet you at the Willow. It's up a block.
- You sure you want to do this?
- Ted, if you're looking for absolution, I don't think either one of us is getting that. So we either have sex and live with it, or we don't. Okay, I'll see you there.
Hey, man. See you tonight.

10:
Yeah.
Oh, my God.
I love the sun, I love the moon I love the way you make me swoon...
Look there.
Wait, wait, wait, wait, here. There's the two of you off on one of your Wammy expeditions. Probably made a thousand trips out on that lake. All boils down to 37 photos of a spare tire, schools of fish, and a drowned muskrat. Well, I beg to differ with you. You have way much more than that. You have countless hours together. Just the two of you. Talking and sharing and searching.
Searching for what?
We could have done the same thing
playing catch in our backyard.
Your father wanted to have
an adventure with you boys.
You have made my life complete
- Never...
- Shirley.
I'm sorry, baby. Sorry.
Excuse me, baby. Excuse me.
- Thanks.
- Sorry, Ted.
- Sounds good.
- Thank you, baby. Thank you very much.

As soon as you could talk,
you were obsessed with Wammy.
You had the lunchbox, you had the T-shirt,
you had the little cap, you had everything.
If it said "Wammy," you had it.
And your father thought
it would be so fun
for just the two of you to go find him.
I thought Dad was the one
who started it all.
He knew everything about Wammy.
He was a Wammy encyclopedia.
He was a Teddy encyclopedia.
Searching for Wammy
was your father's gift to you...
because you were so practical.
And he knew that you needed wonder.
Rawly, are you sure about this?
I mean, I know he's a dick, but...
But what?
That miserable bastard ruined my life.
He treated me like shit
since I could stand.
He was cruel to my dead wife, he treats
Henry like a stray fucking cat, man.
Fuck him! I'm going up there.
I'm gonna strangle his ass
with my bare hands.
I'll be the last thing
his bulging eyes see
before he takes his long trip

to the dark recesses of hell.

Okay, sounds like

you've given this some thought.

Come on.

All right, you rotten son of a bitch.

It's payback time.

Shit!

Dad? Daddy? Hey, Dad!

Oh, fuck, he's having a heart attack! Shit!

Don't just stand there, Ted! Call 911, man!

I thought you were here
to kill him, remember?

He was the asshole who ruined your life,

he's mean to your wife,

called Henry the "Little Engine

That Couldn't."

Ted, what the fuck, man?!

You're being really insensitive right now!

Fucking do something! He's having

a heart attack, for Christ's sake!
Help me! Help me! God damn it!

- What's happening?
- Daddy! Dad?
I got it.

Thank you.

Vickie?

What... what are you doing here?
The other night made me think.
I've lived my whole life

for other people.

For what?

We've been in love with each other since
the fourth grade. You said so yourself.

What?

I don't want to fight it anymore.

I want to give us the chance

we never had.

But you have kids and a husband.
I had them the other night, too,

when you took me from behind.

- They had sex!
- I can see it.
- Set me on fire. Start with my eyes.
- Get out!
Look, Vickie, that night was wonderful.
It was the best.
I never orgasm like that orally.
I'm still alive. Mercy killing.
I just... I think we should
slow down a bit, you know?
- Discuss...
- Vickie! Vickie!
Albert. He must have found my note.
- Don't get upset!
- You wrote a note?
Slow down! Come on, get in here. Vickie!
Who the hell is this?
Come home. I need you.
The kids need you.
Jake hasn't stopped crying.
I can't get him to eat.
I wrote this... after our LuLu was born.
Is he gonna read a poem?
"I was alone. Dinner alone.
Television alone.
Work alone. Live alone.
Sleep alone.
I thought that was good, being alone.
Then I met you.
Then we had kids,
and I realized how sad I was alone."
I mean, I'm no expert,
but shouldn't that rhyme?
Okay.
- I didn't mean... yeah.
- It's okay.
You go... there.
I think Jake's allergic to fish sticks.
It's all I can cook him
and he keeps throwing up.
You got 300 pounds of mother
of five blubbering at my table.
You gotta kick that one back
into the ocean, tout de suite.
- Would you skip the fat jokes?
- Okay.
But you and a whole lotta lovin'
gotta figure this out.
I'm sorry. Sorry, last one.
Your hair's on fire! Gotta get that.
Hey! Come here!
Hey, Romeo.
Don't be fucking rude, dude.
Look at me when I talk to you.
There just ain't much
to look at, man, that's all.
Look out, Zeke.
I think he's got the hots for you.
Fuck off, guys.
Can we go to class, please?
Yeah, I'm done with this guy anyway.
Oh, hey, Mr. James.
Come on. Guys, let's go.
- What's up, Mr. James?
- Everything okay, Romeo?
Amazing.
- Tall cappuccino.
- Thank you.
- Hey, you Ted?
- Yeah.
- I'm Zeke's friend.
- Oh.
Do you go to school together?
We do a lot of things together.
Oh, okay.
I love him, I just can't live like this.
You know, I'm fine being a secret,
I'm used to that, but I'm...
I'm not okay with being
less than a secret.
I guess I'm not exactly sure
what it is you want me to do.
Just be there for him.
You're the only one that knows
he's gay besides me and...
I'm breaking up with him and he's gonna
act like he doesn't care, but he will.
And eventually it has to come out,
even if he can't.
I don't know, just be there for him.
I never wanted you to leave your family.
You should open with that next time.
Us big women with five kids,
kindness is like...
a dinner bell.
We'll always answer.
Funny thing, another day... who knows.
I might not have, but...
that's the thing about days...
they have a mind of their own.
I'm so sorry.
I know you are.
Now...
go fuck yourself.
Yeah.
Oh, man.
I know you're awake, Kathleen.
I know you spit in my coffee, too.
You must be Ted.
Yeah, I'm Ted.
What, you don't want her anymore?
It was never my intention to take her.
Well, what was your intention?
Vickie's a big girl,
she's got five kids.
I know what I see in her, but...
you, I don't have a clue.
It doesn't matter.
We... made a mistake.
She wants to come back.
What a set of balls you have.
You blow a family apart
and say it doesn't matter?
No, I don't mean it like that.
My life is really complicated right now.
No shit. You just inherited
a single mom with five kids.
Albert, I'm...
I'm leaving.
I'm never coming back, ever.
It's your call.
You're not gonna tell me why you did it?
Does it matter?
Yeah, it matters,
'cause everything fucking matters.
I don't know.
- Memories?
- Memories.
Memories are like a magpie.
It picks up all the...
bright and shiny shit and pays
no attention to what really matters.
Tell her I'll think about it.
Thank you so much. Thank you.
Our condolences.
- Mrs. Phillips?
- Ted Morgan? Oh, my.
- I can't believe you remember me.
- Oh, of course I do.
I had you and Lucky.
Eighth grade geography.
- That's right.
- I always liked you better.
Lucky gave me a ticket last year.
He said it was for being too cute.
Aren't you nice to come
and say goodbye to Edwina
after she treated you so horribly?
Yeah, I could never really figure that out.
I guess I just had one of those faces.
No, you had her son's face.
He left right after Greta was born.
Broke her heart. And I guess she was taking
that broken heart out on you.
Oh, she's such a tragic girl.
Growing up without a father
and that thing with her mother.
Yeah, I know. Cancer.
It's an awful way to go.
No, her mother didn't die of cancer.
She took her own life.
Poor little thing, she was only seven.
Hey, you.
You all right?
People leave. It's okay.
Wake's over. Let's go.
- Can I ask you a question?
- Fire away.
Why don't you have a boyfriend?
You're really pretty.
You're totally crazy, but really pretty.
I know your mom didn't die of cancer.
I'm sorry f... for lying.
You must think that I'm...
like some kind of crazy person.
I understand.
You do?
You know, it's not your fault.
You didn't deserve that.
Greta...
I'm sorry.
I can't.
I'm not gonna be here.
Greta. Come... come on.
Come on, don't do this.
Why are you acting
like you care about me?
I do care. I care so much.
I just...
I'm done.
You're a hypocrite.
I actually felt bad for you.
I thought you were just some lonely guy.
Like I am and you didn't understand
that that's all it was, but...
you have people who care about you!
You're not lonely, you're empty!
And that's worse!
You guys wanna hit the lake?
It's hot as shit.
Then we gotta get in the car and drive.
It's too much of an effort.
What's the matter, Pete? Heavy flow day?
Fuck off.
I just want my entertainment
to involve a little less effort.
Defense! Defense!
Ask and you shall receive.
Who's up for a little fun?
Easy, Romeo.
Your clothes are gonna be waiting
for you on the roof of the school.
Oh, yeah, and all you gotta do
is walk across the school bare-ass, climb up side the ladder and get 'em. You're taking off my fucking clothes and I'm the one that's gay? Shut the fuck up, bitch. Come on, dude, get over here! He's as strong as 10 queers or one really strong 11-year-old girl.

- Zeke!
- What the fuck you asking his help for? Quit being such a fucking pussy and get over here. Zeke, please, man!
Please? What the fuck is going on? Why does he keep asking for you? 'Cause this faggot's been after my ass since fucking freshman year.
- Come on, Zeke, don't do that.
- Stop saying my fucking name!
- Dude, that's enough. That's enough!
- Get the fuck off me! Motherfuck! Stop it! Stop!
Let's get the fuck out of here! We're gonna find your son, ma'am.
- What's going on?
- Do you know where Zeke is? Zeke? No, why?
He beat the shit out of some black kid at school for no reason. Then he steals his friend's car and we can't find him anywhere.
Romeo?
Yeah, Romeo Simple. How do you know his name? Romeo is Zeke's boyfriend.
What?
- Are you saying my Zeke and this...
- He told me.
He has... drawings of penises in a bowl.
- Don't!
- Don't you talk about my son! Whoa, whoa! Everybody stand back. This is a family matter.
Oh, that's a nice shot, little brother.
Hit a man when his back is turned.
I bet you can't do that
when I'm facing you.
Oh, look, look! Here's a bowl
of dicks for you to draw!
Here, take it. Yeah, eat it!
Suck it!
- Get off me, you dumb shit!
- You don't call, you don't write,
and your bitch-ass leaves
and all of a sudden it's,
"Hey, big brother, can I come stay
at your house while I fuck some fatties?"
You're tickling me. Stop tickling.
Maybe I'd come back more
if you weren't such an asshole.
- Fuck!
- You're both assholes.
Teddy's right.
It was a year ago, it was late.
I saw Zeke kiss a boy. He was black.
- I'm afraid he might hurt himself.
- This is such bullshit!
I think I know how to find him.
- Excuse me, Romeo?
- It's okay, Mama.
I don't care who his brother is.
I'm gonna ground that son of a bitch
till there ain't nothing left of him
but teeth and eyeballs.
I'm Ted Morgan.
This is my sister-in-law, Kathleen.
Are you okay?
A fractured jaw, a busted lip, and he's
laying up here in a hospital bed. He's dandy.
I'm so sorry.
Don't worry, I'm not pressing charges,
so, please, just go.
Romeo, Zeke is missing.
He stole a car. Nobody can find him.
Do you have any idea where he might be?
- Mama, get my pants.
- You're not getting out of that bed.
- Mama, get my pants!
- Did you hear what I said?
Mama, you're more than welcome to come.
You can do your whole "Color Purple" thing
on the ride there, but I'm going.
You know how I feel
about "The Color Purple."
I'm going! I think I know where he is.
- Get my pants, Mama.
- I'm getting 'em.
What?
Oh, my God. Oh, my God, he did it.
No.
No, no. He went through with it.
- Did he do it? Did he do it?
- Sorry, ma'am, you gotta stay back.
He did it, didn't he? He killed himself.
We don't know that, ma'am.
We're trying to locate him.
- Why do you think he killed himself?
- Because he told me he was going to.
- Zeke told you this? When?
- Zeke? No, Ted!
Ted told me that he was going
to commit suicide.
Chief, they found the car.
Zeke's not there, though.
- Show me.
- Let's go!
What?
It's right up here.
Child, I ain't got on the right shoes.
This is a mess out here.
Why would y'all be in all of this mess?
- How'd you know he'd come here?
- It's his favorite place.
He likes to come here
when he wants to be alone.
It's called "World's End." He said
it's the most beautiful place ever.
You just gotta believe in the Lord and know
that everything's gonna turn out right.
- Do you think that God hates homosexuals?
- Not my God. My God loves everybody.
Yeah? What if you get to heaven
and you find out He doesn't?
Then I'm in the wrong place, 'cause if He
don't want my son, He don't want me.
And I will give Him what for
and skip off down to hell.
Be nice to see my daddy again anyway.
Hang on a minute!
Zeke!
Don't, don't, don't, don't! Stay back!
Zeke...
Romeo.
I'm so sorry. You okay?
Now that's up to you.
I can't... I can't be queer.
- I'm sorry.
- It's okay, Zeke.
We love you.
We don't care that you're gay.
Dad does.
Okay? My friends do.
I do.
I've been where you are, Zeke.
- I am where you are.
- You're gay, too?
No. No. I...
I came here to do exactly what
you're thinking of doing right now.
I'm 41 years old, I manage
a pet store, no wife, no kids.
- No anything.
- That's not the same.
Zeke!
You're right, it's not the same.
You know who you are, you just
can't get your head around it yet.
Me? I don't have a clue.
- Fucking jump.
- What?
Go ahead. Go ahead, fag, just jump.
I've never met two whinier bitches
in my entire life.
"I manage a pet store." "I'm queer."
Who fucking cares?
I'm black, I'm gay.
My mom's got a fucking drinking problem.
Had. Had a drinking problem.
I've been sober for two months.
I got my chip here somewhere.
I haven't seen my dad since I was eight,
and my fucking name is Romeo.
And I'm still more grateful
than y'all bitches.
You're gay, Zeke.
And I love you.
I love you.
So choosing a life of love from the people
that actually fucking matter
and be an artist
because you're actually talented...
if that's unbearable to you,
then you should jump.
- Jump.
- All right. Okay, okay.
Enough trying to convince
two people to kill themselves.
Zeke, it's your dad.
- I'm gay, Dad, not blind.
- Right.
You're my son and I love you.
I admit I'm not too crazy
about you liking men's penises,
but it's not a deal breaker.
Just 'cause I don't need
a drawing of a bowl full of 'em
hanging on my office wall...
- Luck, stay on track.
- Right.
Oh, no, no, no, son, don't, please.
Please.
I can't live like this, Dad.
- Do you know how I got my nickname?
- What?
My nickname, Lucky.
You know how I got it?
From... what are you talking about?
From... from the miraculous catch
you made playing high school football?
What are you talking about?
That's what I told you, but that's not... that's not why.
I got it 'cause I'm unlucky. I had no luck at all.
Unlucky was just too long.
We were learning about irony in English class and some smart-ass shortened it.
We lost that game 'cause I fumbled a couple of plays later.

Yeah.
But, you know, later when I got on the force and I met your mother and we had you and your brother, I started to think that maybe... my name wasn't so ironic.

What's your point?
When I was your age, some shit happened to me, too.
Happens to all of us. Doesn't mean you say "fuck it" and kill yourself. 'Cause tomorrow's totally different.

Shit's temporary, son.
I know I might not be the easiest guy in the world to talk to.
I'm not a monster. I still love you.
I love this asshole. I love all of you. Zeke.
I'm sorry.
I know I haven't been a very good mother. I...
saw things, I knew things, I just... I don't know why I...
- You're a great mother, Kathleen!
- You think so?
Yes, I do. And you're a good wife.
You can get through this, Zeke.
You have family and friends that love you.
Come on, let's get you home.
- Come on, honey.
- I don't know. I don't know.
- God, Zeke!
- Mom!
Shit!
- Zeke!
- Zeke!
Oh, my God!
- Ted!
- Ted!
Hey! I got ya!
- Hold on to me!
- Where's Ted?
- Where's Uncle Ted?
- Ted!
- Teddy!
- Teddy!
Pretty cool?
- Dad?
- Hi, Teddy.
Am I dead?
No, no, no, you're... your brain
is being deprived of oxygen.
So I'm about to die,
I just haven't done it yet?
Depends. Is that what you want?
I guess...
death seems...
I don't know... easier.
Not gonna lie to you,
death's got its perks,
but nothing beats livin'. Nothin'.
- Can I stay with you?
- No, not yet. Someday.
I'm afraid all the time, Daddy.
I know, but the trick to beatin' fear...
is to live a life so full
there's no room for it.
Fear thrives in emptiness, son.
So just fill 'up, Teddy.
I know you can do it.
Bye, Teddy bear.
- Is my baby brother okay?
- All right, just stand back, Chief.
Zeke.
- There's no pulse.
- Come on, Ted!
Oh, you took my daddy,
you can't take my little brother, too.
Ted. Oh, God. Can you hear me? Ted?
No, you can't leave. You cannot leave.
I'm so sorry that I got angry at you before.
I'm sorry that I said those things.
The real reason that I don't have
a boyfriend is that I don't trust anyone
to stick around and I can't
take people leaving me anymore,
so I need you to stay.
Please, I need to think that I'm worth
somebody sticking around for.
Ted!
Ted, it's me. Your brother, Luck.
I love you, man. Say something.
I saw... Dad.
And Wammy.
Oh, my God! He was under too long.
He's fucking retarded now!
Lucky, honey,
I'm sure he's just woozy is all.
Daddy...
- and Wammy.
- No, no, that's full-on retard.
But it's okay! I still love you, man.
You're my baby brother.
We're gonna get the best
retard specialist in the world.
We'll probably have to build
some ramps or something.
But it's okay! It's okay.
Nothing's too good for my baby brother.
Chief?
I find the word "retarded" offensive.
My sister's mentally challenged.
Oh, yeah, Kevin, you're gonna turn this
into a dick measuring contest now?
I'm offended, Kevin.
- He didn't break any bones either?
- It was the way we hit the water.
It was a little more
than a 100-foot drop.
I penciled, went right down about 20 feet.
Popped right back up. There he was.
You kinda... half penciled, half belly flopped. Knocked the wind right outta you. But the fact that you got knocked out probably saved your life. You were so very brave, Teddy. Jumping in after Zeke the way you did... and being such a terrible swimmer - and so afraid of heights. - Yeah, I know. You know, I never bragged much about you two growing up, but I want to do it now because I am so very proud of both of you. - So proud of you. - Thanks, Mom. Okay, Teddy, we gotta go. I gotta go see the hospital psychologist. Sensitivity training, dealing with Zeke's, you know... And I'll see you tomorrow when you're discharged, okay? - I love you, bro. - Love you, too, Luck. - Come on, Mom. - I'll be back. Ted. Hi. Hi. Thanks for staying. I was gonna say the same thing to you. Let's go. Emerson said it best. "When it's darkest, we can see the stars. They're always there. You just gotta remember to tip your head back and look up." I'll tell you why, 'cause I don't know why But I can tell you how it went There's a time, there was a point in time When we just stopped listening There's a ghost and it haunts this town Yeah, it haunts it up and down
You're a mess, yeah, you're a fucking mess
If you don't know that by now
You don't know that by now
Still in love with the turn
of your phrase
You're still the sound that makes sense
through these years
I don't want you to ask how I am
I just wanted you to tell me it's okay
You can fight, but can you fight yourself?
'Cause you're busy, can't you see?
If it's a heart you've been looking for
Well, you won't get that from me
You alone? Because you look alone
'Cause you're sitting on your own
Are you alive? Well, you look alive
And will you just pick up the phone?
Will you just pick up the phone?
Still in love with the turn
of your phrase
You're still the sound that makes sense
through these years
I don't want you to ask how I am
I just wanted you to tell me it's okay
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of your phrase
You're still the sound that makes sense
through these years
I don't want you to ask how I am
I just wanted you to tell me it's okay.

Love me tender, love me true
Never let me go
You have made my life complete
And I love you so
Love me tender, love me true
All my dreams fulfilled
For, my darling, I love you
And I always will
When at last my dreams come true
Darling, this I know
Happiness will follow you
Just before I go.