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# Krystal

By Will Aldis

1

[boy] There are really only two things you need to know about me.

First, I am a son of the low country, a child of the south. I'm polite, courteous, chivalrous,

I open doors, I respect my elders, I "Yes, sir" and "No, ma'am" all the livelong day.

That's a long-billed curlew, just in case you're curious.

The second thing is, I have a very weird heart. And I don't mean that in a metaphorical English major sense.

I mean physically. I have a condition.

Paroxysmal Atrial Tachycardia, P.A.T.

I have a racing heart which just gallops up to 200 beats a minute whenever it feels like it.

The doctors think my P.A.T. might be caused by stress. Which is something doctors say when they're stumped.

So that's why I'm a walker of dawn beaches and a watcher of birds, to keep as far away from this exhausted and silly and heartbreaking world as possible, to stay calm, very calm, and barely alive.

The first time I got it, the P.A.T., I mean, was in front of my house. Remember when you were a little kid and you ran for the sheer joy of running and you never, ever got tired?

[dog barking]

[car horn honks]

- [brakes squeal]

- [thudding]

[dog yelping]

That was my last morning  
of forever running.

[wheezing]

[heart beating]

[heart beating faster]

Please don't die.

Please.

[heart beating more slowly]

I waited to die too,  
and in waiting, I converted,  
a quasi-medical term that means  
my heartbeat returned to normal.

My second episode  
happened a year later.

[man] Essentially, what all  
great religions teach us  
is transformation  
of one's self.

To lie down  
on summer grass...

[boy] That's my father giving one of  
his famous home Saturday seminars  
in Comparative Religions.

He's a professor at Emery.

He's brilliant.

...and lie. Wake up!

[gasps]

[grunting]

- Well, you can imagine.

- [Santa grumbles]

[screaming]

The Devil is in the attic!

Look, son,

you didn't see Satan.

You were simply

overwhelmed with guilt

about peeking into places

you really shouldn't,

and finding magazines that I should

feel guilty about but don't.

And hopefully, you'll understand  
later, when you're married  
and lassitude has lassoed the galloping  
priapic pony of your sexuality.

- Pony? What pony? I'm getting a pony?

- No.

There's no pony. Jesus.

Then I don't think...

What are you talking about?

I'll make it simple, okay?

There is no Devil.

But there's no Santa either.

That's the trade off, Tay-Tay.

Santa and Satan

are just symbols for...

[Tay-Tay] My father's book,

The History of OM,

is about the redemptive power  
of prayer and meditation.

I tried reading it last summer.

I couldn't.

If a cartoon in a titty  
magazine just about killed me,  
a normal life was totally  
out of the question.

College, forget it.

Sex, drugs and rock and roll,  
a death sentence.

And love...

[woman] Hey.

Hi.

Are you here by yourself?

Do you have a car?

Did you drive here? Do you have,  
like, a phone or something?

I need to call a cab  
or Lyft, or whatever.

Um...

What?

You okay?

What?

I said are you...

No, not re... not really.

[woman] Well, you don't

look so hot.

[Tay-Tay] I have a kind of...  
condition.

[heart beating]

You're sweating a lot,  
do you know that?

I'm having  
kind of a hard time.

Having a hard time what?

Just breathing, actually.

Oh, shit.

[heart beating faster]

Fuck!

- Name, please.

- Krystal Bryant.

- No, I meant him.

- Oh, I have no idea.

Look, man, I don't even  
know him, okay?

He was just sitting  
on the beach, on his ass,  
and all of a sudden,  
kid has a heart attack.

See if we have anything  
on a Taylor Ogburn.

[nurse] We need the EKG...

- [doctor] Miss Bryant, I have to ask you to leave.

- He won't let me go.

Taylor Ogburn, history of  
Paroxysmal Atrial Tachycardia.

- [doctor] Age?

- [nurse] 18.

- God, remember 18?

- IV's in.

- Maybe a pulse reading would be in order?

- Great, get a pulse reading.

[nurse] Two hundred.

- [shouts] -Miss Bryant,  
that's not helping.

2-10, 2-15.

- [doctor] He's not converting.

- It's bad, right?

You're amazing.

- Just gonna put this...

- 2-40.
- 2-50.
- We're gonna have to induce conversion.
- Get me four CCs of ATP.
- Oh, God. Shot, Jesus. Needles.

Well, Miss Bryant, I'm not giving you the shot, am I?

- You can just eat me, all right?
- Miss Bryant, you're fantastic.
- 2-60, 2-18.
- ATP.

Adenosine Triphosphate.

Taylor, you're gonna feel a kind of warmth spreading up your arm, yes.

[groans]

[gasps]

Something's wrong.

- No, you're fine.
- He's not fine!
- Miss Bryant, shut up.
- [nurse] 1-80.

Yep, see?

You're converting. You're fine.

My heart is bleeding.

I can feel it opening and bleeding.

Fuck bleeding. I'm going down.

I swear to God, I'm going down.

Nurse, can we get a couple of Valium for this crazy broad?

- Get her the hell out of here.
- I can't take Valium. I'm in the program.
- Somebody do something!
- Oh, okay.
- [man] Somebody help her!
- [nurse 1] Jose, we need a little help in here!

Roll you over.

Yeah, just get her head.

She's in the program.

- [nurse 2] What program?
- [nurse 1] AA.

It's okay.

[Taylor] My brother Campbell is a hot-shit artist.

I don't know if his paintings  
are good or bad.

I do know they're big.

So big, in fact,  
that when I stand before them,  
I can literally feel  
myself shrinking.

- No thanks.

- Right. Sorry.

How many times you  
faked the P.A.T. thing?

- How do you know I ever faked it?

- I would.

At my piano recital,  
at your show in Charleston.

I knew it.

I think there are more  
but shame dulls my memory.

Have you ever been in love?

Negative.

Well, what about

Mary Elizabeth?

[chuckles]

I brought Mary Elizabeth to  
dinner a couple of weeks ago.

So before dessert, Dad and I went out  
onto the porch to smoke a joint.

When did Dad  
start smoking pot?

He says, "You ever notice, Mary  
Elizabeth has a bit of a beak?"

Imagine if she had a little mustache,  
she'd look just like Larry Bird.

Oh, my God. He's right.

Yep.

Some things  
you just can't unsee.

So I dumped him.

Her.

Was there a point  
to this story, or...?

The point is, I think love  
is just a trick God plays on us  
so we don't feel ashamed

of ourselves all the time.  
Weird to hear you  
talk about God.  
I mean, do you,  
you know, believe?  
Only marginally.  
And only when it's convenient.  
What about Satan?  
- What about him?  
- Do you believe in him?  
Hell no! Who needs Satan  
when we have Republicans?  
Morning, Mr. Spencer.  
And a good morning to you,  
my lady of ladies.  
Good morning, Taylor.  
Has our Kingfisher  
arrived from New York?  
- Not yet.  
- Oh. [sighs]  
Oh, shoot a monkey...  
Well, all in good time,  
I suppose.  
[Taylor] Vera is the Belle of the  
Honeysuckled Sunny Southern Aphorism.  
"All in good time.  
God works in mysterious ways.  
Everyone is doing  
the best they can."  
Vera, you know  
what I admire about you?  
I have no idea,  
but I'm dying to hear it.  
Your resolute cheeriness, which flies in  
the face of the world's marauding armies  
of tragedy and darkness.  
I think some young southern boy has  
been reading too much Faulkner.  
If it's not one thing,  
it's another.  
There are dust devils  
everywhere.  
And our Kingfisher is somewhere  
between here and New York.



Well, we'll muddle  
through somehow.

- Vera, when you were a girl...

- Oh, dear.

...what singers

did you listen to?

The same ones

**I listen to now:**

Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett,

Miss Joni Mitchell.

And when they sang

love songs,

did you ever get the feeling that

they were singing about something

that you knew

absolutely nothing about?

Of course.

Did you ever find out?

Of course, and so will you.

All in good time?

You're young.

Have faith, sweetness.

Well, I'm late.

Right. It's Tuesday morning.

Yes, my little group.

Vera, you wanna know

what I imagine?

Imaginings of an 18-year-old?

Darling, I'm not sure I do.

- [bell jingles]

- [people chattering]

[bell jingles]

Well, hello, dear.

Hi. My name's Taryn,

and I'm an alcoholic.

[all] Hi, Taryn.

Is this your first meeting?

Yes.

I mean, I think

I may have made a mistake.

Honey child,

if you're here,

it's no mistake.

...and the wisdom  
to know the difference.  
Welcome. First, I'd like to thank Susan  
for bringing the coffee and snacks today.  
And do we have  
any first-timers this morning?  
Bravely into the breach.  
I don't think...  
Yes, you in the back.  
Hi. My name is Taylor...  
[Taylor] Oh, fuck.  
...and I'm an alcoholic.  
- [all] Hi, Taylor.  
- Welcome, Taylor. And...  
[all] Keep coming back.  
All right, so we don't have  
any birthdays today.  
And those of you that got your chips  
this week, got them Tuesday night.  
Congratulations.  
So, I guess it's time  
to introduce  
our speaker  
for this morning.  
Krystal.  
Hi. My name is Krystal.  
[all] Hi, Krystal.  
And I'm an alcoholic  
and an addict.  
Okay. [clears throat]  
I did the stripper thing,  
I did the hooker thing,  
I did the heroin thing,  
because something inside of me  
couldn't stand  
the light of day.  
Everybody all normal,  
in shorts,  
throwing Frisbees,  
suckers.  
Why didn't they know  
what I knew?  
Sunlight is bullshit,  
darkness is king.

And drugs and booze  
were like the rain.  
But after the rain,  
I was left bone dry,  
and praying for the stranger  
lying next to me  
to have the decency  
to go away  
before I open my eyes.  
Since I got clean,  
my eyes are open  
all the time.  
And the light  
is the truth  
that God is love.  
[voice wavering] And the rain  
that washes me clean  
is the love that pours  
down on me in this room.

[applause]

Hi.

Hello. Remember me?

Yeah, you're that kid  
with the fucked-up ticker.

- Yeah, and you're...

- Late.

- [heart beating]

- I liked your speech.

- My speech?

- Yeah.

Man, I'm not exactly running  
for class president.

Right, well,

I liked your whatever.

So, I was wondering if I could  
buy you a cup of coffee.

No.

[heart beating faster]

- It's happening again, isn't it?

- What?

- The heart thing, it's happening again?

- No. Absolutely not.

Look, man, I am not taking you  
to the hospital again.

That was a one-time shot.  
Fucking needles  
and tweaked out interns.  
You're not dying, are you?  
No. No, I'm not dying.  
Then, if I were you, I'd  
consider this a pretty good day.  
[heart beats more slowly]  
I'm so proud of you.  
Do you have a sponsor?  
Only when we were young, our  
toes wiggling in evening dew...  
[Taylor] Whenever my mother  
writes a new poem,  
we have a family  
get together to celebrate.  
Streetlights were old friends  
and their breath of each side.  
No regretting, no regretting.  
The stars were lanterns,  
hung just for us.  
While once in a blue,  
blue moon  
who wept as we slept  
and awoke too soon, too soon.  
[Taylor]  
I have an announcement.  
I'm in love.  
You? Get the fuck  
out of here.  
- Honest to God, Campbell.  
- I met her at AA.  
- When did you start going to AA?  
- You don't even drink.  
Well, no, I'm not  
really an alcoholic.  
I just went to a meeting, by  
accident, because Krystal was there.  
- Krystal?  
- Sounds like some kind of stripper.  
Well, she is. Was.  
Now, can I have a drink?  
Where's this Krystal from?  
- Who cares. I love her.

- No, you don't.

How the hell do you know?

Can I have that drink now?

No, your heart and all, no.

My heart is fine.

My heart is in love.

I don't like this.

I don't like this one bit.

Love is... I don't know.

- What is love, Wyatt, dear?

- Dangerous.

But exactly, very dangerous.

Good. I could use a little danger,  
with a Jack Daniel's chaser.

You can tell a good bit about  
someone by where they're from.

- Did I ask you where she's from?

- You did.

And what did you say?

I didn't,

because I don't know.

Now can I have one of those?

Give Romeo a shot.

No. No.

She thinks I'm a drunk. How can I be  
a drunk if I've never had a drink?

It's one drink, big deal.

What could happen?

[Taylor] Whoo-hoo-hoo!

Yeah! Whoo!

Faster! Faster!

Where is she?

[Campbell] Tay-Tay, you're not  
gonna find her out there.

- Well, well, not with that attitude.

- Uh-huh.

You don't understand, man.

I'm in love.

With a stripper junkie.

She's more than that.

Aren't we all?

Me, in love, instantly.

Madly.

Head over heels... ly.

Oh, Tay-Tay,  
this is so sad, really.  
You have a near-death heart  
thing, you come out of it and,  
bingo, enter Slutina,  
Queen of the South.  
Now you're in love?  
You just don't understand.  
What the fuck's going on  
with this red SUV?  
They've been following us  
all night.  
Hey, you know this guy?  
Where are you?  
[telephone ringing]  
There.  
[grunting]  
Greenwood Gallery.  
How may I...?  
No!  
Actually, I feel like shit.  
Okay, I accept that.  
However, the marijuana  
was your idea.  
Opium?  
You are fucking-A, Tweety Bird  
right I want some more,  
and it's all your fault,  
so goodbye and fuck you!  
Oh. Hello.  
I guess our fucking-A Tweety  
Bird has arrived from the Bronx.  
Vera, I have something  
to confess.  
I'm sure you do.  
I'm not really an alcoholic.  
Well, God knows,  
you don't smell like one.  
I've decided  
to become your sponsor.  
You should be thrilled.  
Now, listen carefully,  
sweet, sweet boy. Step one:  
...to admit that I am

powerless over alcohol  
and that my life  
has become unmanageable.  
You don't have enough of a life  
for it to be unmanageable.  
And you're not an alcoholic.  
This heroin hooker,  
chicks like her don't fall  
for guys like you.  
What's wrong with me?  
What's really wrong with you  
is you're a good guy.  
Chicks marry good guys. They fall  
fuck-happy in love with bad boys.  
Oh, my God.  
You're absolutely right.  
She looks at me like  
I'm a small jar of Miracle Whip  
wearing Dockers  
and penny loafers.  
- [chuckles]  
- What can I do?  
Nothing. Your essential goodness  
dicks you completely.  
I can be bad.  
Go easy on that joint, rook.  
Fuck easy.  
That's not bad.  
All right.  
[coughs]  
Jesus. Okay, let's go.  
No, thanks. I'm going to go  
to Frenchy's for a frosty.  
But you said that you would...  
I'm too high.  
Jesus. Me, too.  
Do you think they'll notice?  
Just sit in the back,  
pretend you're invisible,  
just like school.  
All right.  
Pull.  
Right.  
[all] God grant me the serenity

to accept the things  
I cannot change.  
The courage... I don't think  
she's here, sweetheart.  
Perhaps she's at  
the gallery.  
You work at the gallery,  
don't you? If memory serves.  
[woman] We have quite  
the crowd today.  
And there is no mystery  
as to why.  
Unfortunately,  
our speaker has been delayed.  
- [door opens]  
- So in the meantime... Oh.  
Well.  
Here he is now.  
My, my, my.  
Hi. I'm Bo.  
And I'm an alcoholic  
and an addict.  
[all] Hi, Bo.  
When I first joined AA,  
I was hoping that the men would fear  
me and the women would love me.  
Now the men love me  
and the women fear me.  
I started smoking pot  
when I was 12.  
My parents told me  
every time I got high,  
I was welcoming Satan  
into my soul.  
Satan?  
He's being metaphorical, dear.  
And it took 30 years  
of using,  
and a million miles  
of bad road  
to realize they were right.  
Satan was in my soul.  
- I guess he's not being metaphorical.  
- Satan became my best pal.



I have something to confess.  
Again?  
The devil has been in my soul  
since I was seven,  
and, I'm very, very stoned.  
Fear, the fear  
that woke me in the morning.  
Fear of the dark.  
Too much light.  
My reflection in the mirror.  
Girls.  
Clowns.  
My father.  
Silence.  
And just about everything  
in between.  
But with my best friend Satan  
I was never afraid.  
And I was never alone.  
And then one afternoon,  
I woke up in Motel Hell.  
We've all been there.  
Empty bottles of Thunderbird  
all over the place, roaches.  
Both kinds.  
Weird shit written  
all over the walls.  
Flies buzzing  
around a syringe.  
And something really  
sticky in my hair.  
And then a voice.  
"Welcome to the end  
of the line."  
Whose voice?  
And then I'm praying. To who?  
Then I'm on my Harley.  
Who's driving?  
Then I'm in a meeting.  
Who brought me here?  
We know who.  
We all know who.  
God as we understand him.  
I think God brought us.

All of us together.  
And I think faith  
keeps us coming back.  
The faith that gives us wings.  
Or at least a soft place  
to land.  
[Taylor] In my father's book,  
The History of OM,  
all the major guys, you know,  
Buddha and Christ and Muhammad,  
all talk about  
how you must be reborn.  
Thou must be reborn.  
But I'd always get bored  
and stop reading,  
so I never knew exactly  
why you had to be reborn.  
Until now.  
Hey, Sport.  
What happened to you?  
He not busy being born  
is busy dying, y'all.  
- You want a ride?  
- My back of the bike days are long gone.  
Now why is that?  
I get the wind in my hair  
and I start feeling  
a little too free,  
if you follow me.  
So I walk.  
One step at a time.  
The boy...  
in the penny loafers  
and the sport coat  
on the beach?  
What about him?  
A lie.  
In a coat and tie.  
I was thinking  
that if I looked normal...  
I get the picture.  
Inside I was a zoo parade  
of fear.  
Fear of everything.

Fear of the dark,  
my reflection in the mirror...  
girls,  
my father, clowns,  
thunder, my shadow,  
the sound of my heartbeat,  
life,  
death,  
and everything in between.  
I guess that would explain  
the whole heart thing.  
I guess it would.  
I think God got us here.  
All together.  
And I think faith  
keeps us coming back.  
The faith  
that gives us wings...  
or at least a soft place  
to land.  
How old are you?  
Eighteen.  
You sure don't talk 18.  
I have a very old soul.  
Hey, Mom.  
I got math.  
Hey, baby.  
[door closes]  
[car approaching]  
[muffled hip hop on radio]  
Evening, son.  
And what a lovely evening  
it is. Am I right?  
Soft. You know what I mean?  
Like velvet.  
Like that part of a woman.  
Can I help you?  
You know, a night like this  
makes a man wish he was  
big enough to fuck it.  
And I am.  
You don't believe me,  
ask her.  
[muffled music resumes]

- Holy shit.  
- Yeah.  
Your P.A.T. thing  
must have gone crazy.  
That's the strange part.  
It didn't.  
Why do you think?  
- I think it's because I was being Bo.  
- Who's Bo?  
I think I could  
be really good at being Bo.  
What the fuck  
are you talking about?  
Bo is my paint brush.  
Henceforth,  
I paint myself in Bo.  
Who the fuck is Bo?  
And why are you walking  
like that?  
It's my Bo walk.  
- Your...  
- You know. Cool.  
With an undercurrent  
of tragedy.  
Detached from worldly bullshit  
but in touch with the pain.  
Mm-hm.  
There she is.  
Dude. She is too much  
for your little life, Tay-Tay.  
Not for Bo's.  
All right.  
[exhales quickly]  
- Son of a bitch!  
- What happened?!  
My kid, he got into a fight.  
What kind of sick fucker would start  
a fight with a kid in a wheelchair?  
My kid started it. Bobby.  
Bobby always starts it.  
The boy has stones.  
Does he ever actually win?  
Bobby always wins. He runs them  
down and then he runs them over.

Lot of anger, your boy.  
You know what? Pardon my fucking French, but  
exactly what the fuck are you doing in my car?  
Just riding shotgun,  
trying to be your pal,  
and searching the horizon for the serenity  
to accept the things that I cannot change.  
He's got a lot  
to be angry about.  
His father was driving.  
He was so loaded he backed over  
him in the driveway.  
Didn't come back either.  
This is usually where  
my gentleman callers get out.  
Yeah?  
Well, fuck 'em  
if they can't take a joke.  
[school bell rings]  
Which?  
Just suspended,  
because I didn't start it.  
- Give me the cigarette.  
- What cigarette?  
Why don't you give your mother  
the cigarette?  
Why don't you eat my ass?  
Who the fuck is this dude?  
Can I... help.  
Nope.  
You trick that thing out  
yourself?  
Trick?  
Guess who I think I saw today?  
- I have no idea.  
- Oh, I bet you do.  
- He went back to Savannah.  
- Says you.  
I saw him out the window  
in Biology, lurking.  
- No, you didn't.  
- Yes, I did.  
I know lurking when I see it  
and that fucker was lurking.

Freaking me out while I was in  
the middle of dissecting a frog.  
What the fuck is he doing here anyway?  
Lurking like a motherfucker.  
Can we watch the language  
for one fucking second, please?  
Who's the kid lurking  
in the back seat?  
Hi.  
Did my mom tell you  
about Lurker Number One?  
I guess your mom will tell me all about  
whomever when the time is right.  
[chuckles]  
What makes you think you're  
going to be around long enough?  
I have to go back to work  
or the manager will fire me.  
Keep fucking smiling.  
Could you get this dimwit home  
for me please?  
That's okay, Mom.  
I can walk.  
Yeah.  
I feel bad  
that you're in a wheelchair  
but not that bad.  
I got enough shit  
to keep me awake at night.  
And if you think that I'm going  
to act like I feel bad for you  
in front of your mother  
just so I can get in her pants,  
well, you got your head up  
your young ass.  
And know this...  
I'm not just another guy that's out of  
your life before you know his last name.  
Kid.  
How old are you, man?  
Eighteen.  
You're hitting on my mom and  
you're two years older than me?  
Fucking beautiful, 18.

I have a very old soul.  
I hope you didn't try  
that tired, old line on my mom.  
I would've thought only old bags  
would work in a joint like this.  
Or gay guys.  
Fucking birds?  
I'm running the joint while the  
old bag is having a procedure.  
Cancer, huh?  
No, not cancer,  
a procedure. Jesus.  
Hey, what's this one?  
Oh, The Trumpeter Swan.  
You like it?  
I don't know.  
It's my favorite. I've never  
seen one in real life.  
Its song is supposed  
to be amazing.  
It only sings when it flies.  
I get that.  
Somebody painted this?  
Somebody did.  
- [man] I think I'm going to cry.  
- Willie?  
Bobby.  
Didn't get to catch your name.  
Taylor.  
[chuckles] Oh, shit?  
Taylor?  
Name like that,  
sweet face like yours.  
Where I've been,  
you'd be fucking Prom Queen.  
I'm going to have to ask you  
to put that cigarette out.  
Sucking up to the boy  
to bone my old lady.  
You're obvious, sir,  
like balls on a tall dog.  
Let's take a ride.  
Come on.  
One more step, motherfucker!

Ohhh.

You got me all shook up.

[groaning]

Now, you see here,

I'm going to take the boy

back to his mama.

Then I'm going to fall on my knees and  
beg her to forgive me and take me back.

Then, we're going to go back  
to Savannah where we belong.

And she'll thank me too.

As you should,

for being a gentleman

and not turning your fucking  
lights out right here and now.

[grunts]

- Let's go!

- I'm kind of stunned it doesn't hurt more.

Get on.

All right, go!

Whoa!

Keep going, come on.

He's not getting up,

I think we're all right.

- Oh! Ah!

- Oh, my God!

[Bobby] You're heavy!

[Taylor] Thanks a lot.

Tell me something I don't know.

- Do you see him?

- No, I don't see him. I don't see him.

- I think he's following us.

- I think I need to go to the hospital.

Oh, shit.

Oh, my God!

Oh, God.

- [Bobby] Oh, God!

- [car horn honks]

[both] Oh, shit.

Yes! Yes! Yes!

All right, go. Come on!

This thing can go faster than  
that, I know it can, come on!

Fuck you, Willie!



Whooh!

[nurse] Dr. Farley?

Oh, another episode of...

No.

But apparently,

I've been stabbed.

- Whoa! Get back, Loretta!

- Ow! Okay.

I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask  
you to leave, immediate family only.

Oh, it's all right,

this is my cousin.

- Once removed.

- Who did this to you?

The Devil.

I don't have any gloves.

Don't be such a pussy.

Willie isn't the Devil.

- Should I still be bleeding this much?

- I don't have any damn gloves.

Anybody who believes in the Devil  
should give people more credit.

Right on.

Maybe some stitches.

You can't believe the people  
that I see in here.

Stupid people.

People who smell really bad.

People without proper insurance.

People that are really sick  
and they're just going to die,  
no matter what I do.

You can't smoke in here!

Ah, fuck it. Give me a drag?

Honest to God, I think

I just need some stitches.

You are a pussy.

It's just a flesh wound.

[groans]

- You know...

- Bobby.

You know, Bobby, sometimes

I wonder why I do what I do.

Well, maybe before you try to cure

the sick, you ought to forgive them.

You're right.

Of course.

- I'm just a terrible doctor.

- Yeah.

[woman on P.A.] Dr. Farley, please report to Admitting, Dr. Farley.

My leg?

Jesus Christ!

"You ought to forgive them."

You're pretty smart.

Here's how smart I am.

I know that now that old Willie is back in the picture, you don't have a shot with my mom.

No shot at all.

Not that you ever did,

Mr. Old Soul.

Does she love him?

My mom has cleaned up her act, a lot.

But there's one last thing she's addicted to that she'll never shake.

- What's that?

- Misery.

Think you can walk?

Much obliged.

[grunts] Oh!

You should forget it. Willie eats white boys like you for breakfast.

[man on P.A.] Dr. Martin, please report to...

After a million miles of bad road,

I can handle

a guy like Willie.

Yeah, yeah fuckin' Willie.

[Vera] Taylor? Is that you?

What the hell happened to you?

I'll meet you outside.

Um...

It's kind of complicated.

Is it all right if I lie now

and tell you the truth later?

- Of course.

- I fell.

I'm so sorry.

This is a new look for you.

Yes, it's very Bo.

Oh, my, my, my.

It wasn't just

a "procedure", was it?

Of course not.

You know us old southern belles.

- Is it?

- Cancer? Of course.

Fuck.

My sentiments exactly.

If I may ask, where?

Oh... here, there, everywhere.

Are you scared?

I'm not afraid.

Dearheart,

my soul is an old pro,

but my body is a rookie who can't

seem to hit a sliding curve.

However, as your Sponsor...

No, Vera don't worry

about that.

I want to make sure...

[clears throat]

we got through all 12 steps

before I set sail

for The Great Perhaps.

So, taking three or four

giant steps at a time,

here's basically the idea.

So don't drink. Don't use.

Don't lie,

ever, to anyone,

especially to yourself.

Be kind.

Be fearless.

Be gentle.

Find God.

Talk to Him daily.

Then keep coming back.

What if I keep coming back...  
and all of a sudden, I find  
myself getting in way...  
way too deep?  
That's my favorite place  
in the whole world,  
too deep.  
Oh, Lordy day,  
to be young and in too deep.  
You keep coming back, too. Okay?  
Darling, I'll keep coming back  
until I get it right.  
So, after the accident,  
my father took off.  
Six months later they found him in a motel  
room and I'll spare you the details.  
I can't walk  
and he kills himself.  
What's up with that?  
That's fucked up.  
I guess somewhere along the line  
I decided to live.  
But my mom, she didn't really  
decide one way or the other.  
So she just lives  
and dies at the same time.  
Then Willie showed up.  
And, you know, the other stuff.  
Let's get you home.  
Listen, I just want you to know  
before you jump into our lives, man,  
this might be a good time  
to reconsider.

- Whoo!  
- Yo, faster! Come on!  
- What?  
- Go!  
- Yeah! Come on! Whoa!  
- All right. Here we go!  
Yeah!  
Whoa.  
Whoa!  
That was excellent!  
- Whoo!

- Ow!  
- [Taylor] Are you all right?  
- [Bobby] Yeah.  
What the hell?  
Where's the van? What the hell  
happened to your leg?  
Willie.  
Oh, shit.  
What?  
Him.  
- [Taylor] ...I thought you were saying...  
- [Bobby] Yeah.  
[Taylor] Yeah, that's what I thought  
you were saying the whole time.  
You was just  
waving your arms.  
How in the hell was I supposed to  
know what you were trying to say?  
When I looked back to stop, I hit  
the curb, and I swear to God,  
I saw you go ten feet like a  
ballistic missile or something.  
That doesn't look so hot.  
Yeah. Well,  
it is what it is.  
Take off your pants.  
Well, an exit line if there  
ever was one. Good night, kids.  
Thanks for not  
killing me, bro. [chuckles]  
Whoa. We need to take you  
to the hospital.  
We went, but your son there  
sent Dr. Farley  
into an existential tailspin.  
He was useless.  
Am I hurting you?  
Not in a bad way.  
Why is a guy like Willie...?  
I mean why is a guy like that even  
in your world. I don't get it.  
You don't know anything  
about my world. You're too...  
Young? I know.

Blah, blah, blah.

Why?

There is a kind of guy...  
a kind of guy who figures out  
exactly where you live.

And then he just moves in.

I got sober.

I did some house cleaning.

And out with the bad air  
went Willie.

But Bobby says

that you'll go back to him...  
whenever he wants.

I guess that's the kind  
of mother I've been.

All right.

Sorry.

Um...

- What?

- Uh...

I think I should  
put my pants back on.

Oh! Right. Sorry. Okay.

- No. No. Don't apologize.

- [chuckles]

Don't ever apologize.

He's going to show up here.

Tonight, tomorrow, sometime.

He's going to come for me.

And he's not gonna  
like the sound of "no".

And he's not gonna like  
the sight of you.

I wouldn't worry  
too much about Willie.

I eat guys like Willie  
for breakfast.

I haven't heard Bobby laugh  
like that in a long time.

[bird chirps]

Beautiful.

Yes.

I was talking about the...  
that bird's song.

A Savannah Finch.

I like that you know that.

I've had to give up...

just about everything

there is to give up.

But if you don't kiss me right

now, I think I'll go crazy.

- [Taylor chuckles]

- [Krystal] You have to be quiet.

- What time is she coming?

- Actually, it's her and her son.

I've made a lovely quiche with ham.

She's not a vegetarian, is she?

- No.

- Just an ex-hooker and a stripper.

No, she's not a vegetarian.

- Where is she from again?

- Who cares where she's from?

Savannah. There. Christ.

I'm going to have a mimosa.

Anyone care to join me?

- No!

- Why not? It's after one.

I told her we're all alcoholics

and that we can't drink.

- I'm not an alcoholic.

- Neither am I.

And neither am I and the only one in  
this family who is an alcoholic is you!

And you're just pretending

to be an alcoholic

- so you can keep getting into her pants.

- Fuck you!

- Oh! Taylor!

- Hey, Dad, come on. Listen to me, please.

- I told her we were all in the program...

- Why would you tell her that?

Well...

I can't remember but I'm sure

I had a very good reason.

- That is because you're pussy whipped.

- Pussy whipped?

That's news,

don't you think, Wyatt?

- All these years wondering if he was gay?  
- Oh, God!  
- This calls for a drink!  
- No!  
- Perhaps a doobie?  
- No!  
- You're being an asshole.  
- No, you're being an asshole!  
- Boys.  
- Tay-Tay, you can put on a wife beater  
and hobnail boots  
but I can still kick your ass.  
Why are you dressed  
like that?  
Like some kind of,  
I don't know what.  
- A biker.  
- But precisely, a biker.  
Oh, big deal.  
I bought a bike.  
- What?  
- You what?  
It's all right.  
Look, it's right there.  
That's my hog.  
Ain't she sweet?  
Do you have a hernia?  
Why are you walking like that?  
- Bo.  
- Bo?  
- He's just being Bo.  
- I'm lost.  
All right, look.  
Bo is this guy who...  
Oh, this is pointless.  
Look, Mom, you have your poems.  
Campbell, you have your paintings.  
Dad you have your books.  
I have nothing except for my  
horseshit heart, until now.  
Now I have Bo. Bo is my work  
of art, and I am in love.  
You sound insane, boy.  
Yes, I've gone mad.



I have become, at long last,  
an Ogburn, and you all should  
be very proud.

I am! Chivas anyone?

And by the way, you're all  
a bunch of drunks and stoners,  
and the only reason that you get away  
with it is because you're all so fabulous  
and brilliant  
and good-looking.

Well, think I told Krystal you were  
all in AA because you should be!

And if you call me Tay-Tay in  
front of her, I swear to God...

Okay, Tay-Tay.

- You son of a bitch!

- [Poppy screams]

- Oh, my God!

- That's enough!

Stop it!

Taylor! Campbell!

- Get away from him!

- That's enough!

Stop it! No more! Stop!

- Oh! Get up! Get up! Get up!

- [doorbell rings]

- She's here. She's here!

- Get up! Get up!

Oh, God. Hi.

- Hi.

- [crashing sound]

This is so crazy.

Oh, come on in. They're just  
dying to meet you. Come on.

- Welcome.

- Excuse us.

Tay-Tay just made a mess.

I'm picking it up.

- I am so sorry.

- Hello.

- Hi. Oh, hi.

- I'm gonna check on the quiche.

Dad, this is Krystal  
and her son, Bobby.

Welcome, welcome.

Krystal, is it?

Yes, it is. Krystal.

Krystal, it is.

- Krystal. Welcome.

- Krystal it is.

Well, can I get anyone an iced  
tea or perhaps a lemonade?

- An iced tea would be lovely.

- I'll get it!

- Me too.

- Oh, yeah. Two, Wyatt. Two.

Well, why don't we  
all sit down.

Let me take your coat.

Yeah.

You have a lovely home,  
Mrs. Ogburn.

Oh. Please. Poppy.

Can I get you something  
to drink?

- I think your husband's...

- Oh! [chuckles]

What in the world is keeping  
my husband so long? Excuse me.

- Campbell...

- Hey.

...Taylor tells me  
that you're a painter.

Oh, he told you

I'm a painter because...

I am a painter,

I am, that's right.

What a charming coincidence.

Wyatt? Wyatt!

What are you doing?

We promised no drinking!

I'm forced into what someone weaker  
than myself would call a "confession".

Oh, stop flapping  
your lips, tell me.

I know her.

Bobby.

Your eyes are so deep,

I'm drowning in them.

- That was too much, wasn't it?

- Just a bit, sport.

Yeah, I'm gonna go to the...

I'll be right back.

He's so shy.

Oh, yeah, he's just the...

the King of Shy.

I need to use the restroom.

- Let me show you where it is.

- Oh, bro. I can handle it.

- Just tell me where.

- Right, right.

- Uh, down the hall and to the left.

- All right.

Fuck.

Hey, you wanna

shoot that puppy my way, Ace?

I'm getting kind

of a bad feeling.

In your heart? Do we have

to go to the hospital?

- Do we have to go right now?

- No.

- Maybe we should go now. Just in case.

- No, I'm fine.

[Poppy] Oh, fuck you, Wyatt!

Fuck you!

Fuck you! Fuck y...!

I bare you

no ill will, darling.

We women do

what we have to do to survive.

However, fuck you, Wyatt!

That's just her way of...

I don't know. Mom?

I gotta go. Where's...

Bobby?

How would you like it if I said

I had the hots for your mom?

Which I think I kind of do.

Maybe we can

work something out.

What the hell?

Goddamn it.

- Oh, sh...

- Uh-uh!

It...

Shit.

Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa.

Take it easy! Oh!

What...? What the fuck?

I didn't do anything.

I was just...

- Shut up, Campbell. Wait!

- All right.

What happened?

You know,

I thought maybe, just maybe,

I could have one normal day

in my life...

with a normal family,

in one of those houses

you drive by and dream about,

just a normal fucking day,

with my son.

Today can still be normal,

I swear to God. Right, Bobby?

I can't remember

what we're talking about.

That's because your brother

got him stoned.

And your father... Jesus!

Just when I think

I've got my life turned around,

my past comes and jumps up

and bites me in the ass

like a junkyard dog!

Ah, wait, wait, wait.

Just... just one moment.

I think there are some

situations that...

Normal? I'm an idiot.

You've just gotta learn to accept

the things you cannot... Fuck!

Shit.

Thanks a lot!

What happened?

Ask your father.

- Dad?

- Monkish silence is in order.

Oh, fuck. Getting the kid high?

What is the matter

with you people?

"You people" is your people.

Not anymore!

No, I renounce you!

I renounce you totally!

You all have everything, and for the  
first time, I had someone who was mine!

She wasn't yours.

In my heart she was!

In my heart

I was not alone anymore.

- You've never been alone.

- Alone?

I have always been alone!

Ever since finding Satan  
in the attic!

- Satan...?

- In the attic? Dude.

And I run to tell you, and all  
you did was promise me a pony.

Pony? What pony?

And now you do this.

I never promised him a pony.

Hey.

Oh, my God.

I told you to fuck off.

I tried. It didn't work.

Now listen, I know that you  
don't want to hear this.

But I really love you.

And there's nothing you can do  
and nothing you can say

that will ever,

ever make me stop.

Try this on for size...

I know your father.

[car alarm chirps]

[car alarm chirps]

[chuckles]

That's my car.  
Right? Right?  
That's, that's my car.  
You think  
you're freaked out?  
I walk into your house,  
with my son, and there he is!  
- Spanky!  
- Spanky?  
Your father.  
He told us he was a roadie  
with the Allman Brothers.  
Us?  
You know, the girls.  
Shit.  
Why did you call him Spanky?  
You are young.  
[hip hop music playing]  
[Willie] Well, well, well.  
[chuckles]  
Here's the irony of the thing.  
Oh! Irony and spanking  
in the same story.  
Your father  
gives me this book.  
The History of OM.  
And man,  
that book knocked me out,  
- right off of my feet!  
- [bell jingles]  
"To catch a raindrop  
on your tongue.  
To be alive in the dawn  
of your new skin."  
How was I supposed to know that  
Spanky was Dr. Wyatt Ogburn?  
You just assumed he was a well-read  
roadie for the Allman Brothers?  
Hi, folks.  
Um, please remember  
to not park in the front of D&D  
on the Parkway after 10 p.m.  
I just started praying.  
I started chanting.

During the actual spanking  
sessions or would you take breaks?

And we'll do birthdays  
next Monday.

Sir, we have  
a no smoking policy.

- I can't believe this.

- [woman] Everyone.

Lord, grant me the serenity  
to accept the things  
I cannot change,  
the courage to change  
the things I can,

- and the wisdom to know the difference."

- Why don't y'all have a seat?

All right, for those of you  
that had the great misfortune  
of missing last week's speaker  
and for those of you who have  
clamored for his return,  
Bo, everyone.

- [woman] Oh, yeah!

- Bo!

[man] Yeah,  
he's good, he's good.

[Bo] Hi, I'm Bo, and I'm  
an alcoholic and an addict.

[all] Hi, Bo.

When I first joined AA,  
I wanted the men to fear me  
and the women to love me.

But now the men love me  
and the women fear me.

I smoked my first joint  
when I was 12.

My parents,  
they were devout Baptists  
so they took me  
to the minister  
and he said to me every time

I smoked marijuana,

- I was letting the Devil in my soul.

- The Devil!

That's right.

Satan became my best friend.  
'Cause Satan's fuel  
is nothing more than fear,  
the fear that danced  
around in my dreams.  
Fear of the dark.  
Too much light.  
My reflection in the mirror.  
My father's eyes.  
His silence.  
His voice.  
After a million miles  
of bad road,  
I... I woke up to flies,  
buzzing around the syringe.  
Empty bottles  
of Thunderbird everywhere.  
Weird shit written  
all over the walls.  
And something really sticky  
in my hair.  
[chuckles]  
[Bo] And then a voice...  
welcomed me  
to the end of the line.  
Who's voice?  
I think God got us here.  
And I think faith  
keeps us coming back,  
the faith that gives us wings.  
Or at least  
a soft place to land.  
Happy landing, Bo.  
[Bo] So now,  
you gotta ask yourself,  
- why are you here.  
- Let's get out of here.  
[Bo] And what's chasing you?  
Who's chasing you?  
And why do you think  
he can't get you in this room?  
Boy, am I glad to see you.  
There, there, dearheart.  
I'm not dead yet.



I am, however,  
moving to Detroit.  
To live with my son.  
He insists.  
Detroit's a little better than  
being dead, don't you think?  
Vera, I don't think I can keep  
coming back anymore.  
Oh, dear.  
I don't know  
what I'm coming back to.  
You're leaving,  
the gallery's closing,  
my family is blowing up  
right in front of me and...  
she's gone.  
Ah. She.  
You know, Taylor, sometimes  
coming back over and over again  
is just plain embarrassing.  
And foolish, because the more  
you keep coming back,  
the farther and farther away whatever  
you've been coming back for gets.  
It's a corollary to this:  
the more desperately  
you think you want something,  
the more you're never,  
ever going to get it.  
So what do you do?  
You wait.  
Be still and wait.  
For what?  
For whatever  
you've been coming back to,  
to come back to you.  
And what if  
it doesn't come back?  
I don't have time  
for what-if's.  
Here. This should help.  
I'm really going to miss you.  
Now go on.  
Be young, for both of us.

["Can't Live (Without You)"]

by Air Supply]

I can't give any more

[music stops]

- [music starts again]

- [Campbell] No!

If he plays that song again I'm  
gonna blow my fucking brains out.

God.

How long do you think

he's gonna be up there?

Well, it's been days.

- What do you think he's doing?

- He's wallowing.

- On a theoretical level...

- Oh, for God's sakes.

...do you think parents are  
responsible for everything?

Generally? No.

- Specifically?

- Yes.

In that case, shall we?

I can't live

If living is without you

I can't live

I can't give anymore

- I can't live

- [knocking on door]

Son? Son?

We just... We've been talking,

and we just want to,

as a family,

apologize if we in any way...

- Stop.

- [music stops]

It occurs to me, Dad...

that I never would have met her

if you hadn't written that book.

It occurs to me, Mom, that...

her beauty would have sailed

right over my head

if I had never read

one of your poems.

And it occurs to me, Campbell, that

I never would have been bold enough  
to paint myself in Bo if it hadn't  
been for the boldness of your brush.

What have you  
been doing up here?

- Waiting.

- For what?

[cell phone rings  
and vibrates]

Hey, man!

Okay. It's okay. Where?

Okay. Got it. I'm on the way.

I can't live

If living is without you

I can't live

I can't give anymore

I can't live

If living is without you

I can't live

I can't give anymore

If living is without you...

- Is she here?

- No.

Are you okay?

Yeah, but I'm glad  
you're here.

Willie has completely  
lost his shit.

He says he went to some meeting  
and they voodoo'd his ass.

He doesn't sleep,

he just draws like a madman

- and screams at my mom that she's a witch.

- Where is she?

I'm stuck here in this fucking  
chair watching the days die  
and listening to the flies buzz and  
I got a bad case of the dreads.

The only dude

I could think of was you.

Where is she?

This oughta be good.

[car door shuts]

[sighs]

Gee. Hi. Mom. Nice to see you again.  
Glad you're still breathing.  
I'm fucking thrilled.  
Do you remember Taylor? Huh?  
What the fuck are you...? You know  
what, it doesn't even matter.  
Ah Jesus, are you high?  
- [Krystal] Yeah.  
- All right.  
Pack up your shit.  
We're getting out of here.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Give me my shit!  
Hey, no! I'm taking you, and I'm  
taking Bobby, and I'm taking you home.  
Oh, you've gotta  
be fucking serious.  
Are you kidding me with  
this shit? Fucking sterling!  
Okay, don't look in my bag if you don't  
wanna find something you don't wanna find!  
You promised!  
- Hey!  
- No! No!  
Get down! Stay there!  
Come on, I'm helping you!  
We are helping you!  
- You said you weren't using anymore.  
- I'm not using.  
I'm just tired. Okay?  
- You're gonna help. That's gonna be great.  
- Mom! Stop your bullshit!  
Every time you get  
into this shit, I get fucked!  
I'm done!  
Why do you keep  
doing this to me?  
You're supposed  
to be my mother!  
Please, just listen  
to Taylor.  
Taylor, where are we going?  
Home.  
That's a good idea.

Boy, am I glad  
to hear you say that.  
Me and your dad can explain the  
whole spanking thing to your mom.  
- I'm sure she'll get past it.  
- You think?  
Oh, sure. Women get over stuff  
like that in a heartbeat.  
They do?  
Then, and I've been giving this  
a lot of thought,  
You and I should just get it over  
with and get married already.  
I'm serious.  
You know, guys like you don't come  
down the pike every day, you know.  
Right. Thanks.  
I don't have all the time  
in the world to sit around  
waiting for the older version  
of you.  
And you've really proven  
yourself.  
I know you can take care of Willie  
when he comes lookin' for me.  
She gone.  
Where do you reckon she went?  
Fuck it. Let's do it.  
I was thinking maybe we move  
on down to Clearwater.  
Clearwater?  
Yeah.  
You can get a job, you know,  
working on, like, a boat,  
which is pretty low stress, what  
with your ticker and whatnot.  
[clears throat]  
Right, a boat, whatnot.  
And then we have a baby.  
Wow.  
And right away.  
Like I say, I don't have  
all the time in the world.  
Right, like you said.

Now, a baby can really  
do a number on your finances.  
But I think  
I've got that covered.  
I know a couple of guys  
from the old days  
who live down in Clearwater.  
And one of them has a club  
and, you know, I could  
do a little dancing.  
- A few lap dances every now and then.  
- Dancing.  
You know,  
just to help pay for the rent.  
[heart beating]  
- [groans]  
- Are you okay?  
Uh... I don't think I can drive.  
Okay. Okay.  
Okay, don't panic. Bobby!  
- [tapping]  
- Bobby, wake up.  
- What?  
- It's happening again!  
- Ahh...  
- [Bobby] What? What's happening?  
- [Krystal] It's his heart!  
- [Bobby] What's wrong with his heart?  
- Slow down. I'll drive.  
- I'm having kind of a hard time.  
Pull over, pull over.  
- [heart beating faster]  
- [Taylor] Okay.  
[Krystal] Slow down. Stop right  
here. It's fine.  
All right.  
- Taylor! What's wrong with him?  
- He's having...  
[Krystal] I thought you were friends.  
You haven't talked about this?  
[Krystal and Bobby shout]  
Hey. Oh, my God.  
Come on. You're gonna  
have to help me.

This is a really...

really bad one.

[all grunting]

All right, goddamn it!

Where is she? Krystal!

Bitch, you better get your  
motherfucking ass down here right now!

All right now.

You just turn right around...

- Willie?

- Spanky?

- [chuckling] Oh, man!

- Ain't this a bitch?

You are a sight for sore eyes.

Look at you!

Shit! What the hell are you doing  
in a fancy place like this, Spanky?

- Yeah, well.

- Yeah.

Excuse me?

- Darling, this is Willie.

- A friend of Spanky's.

Who's Spanky?

Well, he is.

Oh. Right, of course.

Spanky, I ain't seen you in...

Hey! Fuck you, Spanky!

You're the one gave my girl  
that old fag book!

I beg your pardon?

Yeah, the one about praying and fuck-all.

She done up and ran off.

Fag book?!

Now see here, Willie!

I dare you to read it!

Why don't you

double dare him, Spanky?

Everybody, shut the fuck up!

- Oh, my God!

- I am going to cut the shit out of you, Spanky!

And then I'm gonna take this here fine,  
sexy piece of elder-trim out to my ride,  
and I got the Devil with me,  
and I hear he likes to watch.

[screaming]

Man, what the hell?!

You're gonna make me lose

my damn temper, Spanky!

You cut off my toe!

You cut off

my motherfucking toe!

God!

- [screams] Oh, shit!

- Oh, my God!

Look what you've done!

You cut off my damn toe!

I'm sorry. Willie,

I didn't have my glasses on.

You got that goddamn samurai sword!

What did you think was gonna happen?!

Well, you were attacking

my family.

You done ruined

walks on the beach, man!

Oh, I got it!

I got the toe!

Hold on!

That was the attorney.

Here we go!

- Why don't you come over and grab you.

- I got you.

- Oh, God.

- Willie?

- Taylor?

- Krystal?

What happened?

Holy shit! There's more of them?

- We have his toe.

- Fuck his toe. Where's my Escalade?

Nurse, get that carjacker into OR.

Can I get an orderly out here?

Jesus Christ, am I the only effing  
doctor in this whole effing...

Krystal!

What's going on?

Okay.

Excuse me!

- Set up the ATP.



- He's not converting, is he?

2-40.

Jesus Christ!

- 2-50.

- Six CCs.

Just breathe.

- No. I don't want ATP!

- Hold.

[Farley] Taylor, take a breath. Are you listening to me? Let's go now. Come on.

Let's get that ATP rolling, all right?

Let's go. You got it.

You're in trouble.

Oh, God...

No, no. Wait, wait, wait!

- [heart beating fast]

- You can do this, Taylor.

- Huh...

- I swear to God.

You don't need that.

It's your heart, baby.

You can.

You can.

Just breathe

and listen to me. Okay?

It's just fear.

[heart beating slows down]

I know you can.

Just keep breathing.

That's right, breathe.

[nurse] Ninety.

- Eighty and dropping.

- That's right, baby.

Nicely done, Miss Brennan.

We're out of the woods.

Is every day

in the Ogburn house like this?

[scoffs] This is nothing.

You oughta see the holidays.

- [Wyatt, Campbell snicker]

- Well...

Hey.

Hey.

I need  
to tell you something.  
I feel sort of ashamed  
about that whole Bo charade.  
That's all right.  
I like you  
a lot better than Bo.  
[chuckles]  
Hi.  
My name's Taylor,  
and I'm an alcoholic.  
You actually sound  
proud of that.  
What if a guy took a couple of Xanax  
every now and then if he couldn't sleep.  
How old are you?  
[snickers]  
[Farley] A bottle of red wine  
with dinner?  
I'm a very old soul.  
[Farley] A Vicodin or two  
with my Sunday paper.  
I'm always gonna love you.  
Always.  
In Clearwater?  
What do you think?  
I think I might  
have a problem.  
It occurs to me that falling  
in love is a lot like dreaming.  
And I don't want  
to wake up in Clearwater.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm really, really sorry.  
[exhales deeply]  
- Doctor.  
- Yeah?  
- Our son?  
- Who?  
- Taylor.  
- Taylor Ogburn.  
Everything is just peachy.  
"Peachy"? Is that, like,  
a medical term?

He's okay. He's sleeping.  
We just need  
to watch him overnight.  
Y'all should get some rest. He's  
being discharged in the morning.  
[Wyatt] Well?  
- Shall we?  
- Yes, yes, yes.  
You all right, dear?  
No.  
I need help.  
[Farley]  
I do have a problem.  
I most definitely  
have a problem.  
I think I might need  
to go to a meeting.  
Tonight we're gonna party.  
And tomorrow, we're gonna go  
to a meeting, first meeting.  
- [Devil cackles] -Tomorrow or  
the next day, one of them.  
But I'll go there.  
I'm gonna go to two meetings.  
Well, I'll call y'all.  
I'm not sure when they're gonna let  
me use a phone so don't wait by it,  
but I'll check in.  
Hey.  
Look, I never said this  
out loud because...  
I didn't want it  
to seem more true.  
But I'm sorry I'm the one  
that you got stuck with, baby.  
I'm not.  
I'm not.  
Come here.  
I love you.  
I love you, too.  
[sighs]  
It's really cool that Bobby stays  
with you guys for a little while?  
For a little while,

for a lot of while, whatever.

Thank you.

I'll be back in six weeks.

You take care  
of Bobby for me.

I swear.

You take care of that heart  
of yours too, okay?

[Poppy] Down the lane,  
a million or so thrushes  
are bursting into sweet  
demented song,  
and there are cattails  
on the willow bushes.

And evenings are green again,  
are green and long.

And wouldn't  
you think I'd be used  
to hearing all the noisy  
clamorings of spring?

[Taylor and Poppy] And would have  
learned by now this April veering  
of wings and buds  
of hours lengthening?

[Taylor] Oh, I know it well  
With ears and eyes  
It's my old heart  
That still stammers  
with surprise.