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Love Me

By Unknown

I'm not getting in.
Can you just go already?
Just go away!
? Now my eyes
are wide open ?
? Now that everything's
been stolen ?
? And I'm here to get it
back from you ?
? See, I ain't wasting
no more time ?
? I gotta take back
what's mine ?
? And what else
am I supposed to do? ?
. ' Here I am . '
? With my heart on the floor ?
? And my love out the door ?
? You should be knocking ?
? But there it goes ?
? I got nothing to show for ?
? Except pictures I posed for ?
? But I keep 'em in a box ?
? Under my bed ?
? I told you time and again ?
? That you never win ?
? I told you time and again ?
? But you keep doing
the same old thing ?
? When I thought
that you would change ?
? I told you time and again ?
. ' Here I am . '
? With my heart on the floor ?
? And my love out the door ?
? You should be knocking ?
. ' There it goes . '
? I got nothing to show for ?
? Except pictures I posed for ?
? But I keep 'em in a box ?
? Under my bed ?
? Oh, oh, whoa, whoa... ?
So who thinks Sylvia should
let me cheat off her calc test?

- Absolutely.
- Raise your hands. Raise them high.
Do you want to die
a terrible death?
Only by your hands.
You smell good.
What is that?
It's my lip gloss.
Do you want some?
Uh, yeah.
- Oh, Jesus.
- Aww.
I want to be in love.
No, you don't.
- Yeah, no. No, I don't. Ugh.
- No.
Who was your last guy?
Sherman McDonald, eighth grade.
And for good reason-
I'm waiting for fireworks.
She's saving herself
for yours truly.
It's called delusional, Harry.
Besides, I thought you guys already
had the we're-just-friends talk.
- Dalyn.
- What? I thought you said that--
Just stop.
Hey, I'm sorry.
So whatever happened
to Comic Girl?
Wait, were you guys
even dating?
Yes, they were dating.
Right?
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
Hey, I got a mound
of shoe boxes for you.
My mom went on another
depressed shopping spree.
Sweet!
Ugh, you guys hear?
They're searching

the Ridge-dale Woods again.
Seriously, she probably
just ran away.
She didn't run away.
What?
It's the city strangler.
It could be anybody.
It could be--
- hey!
' There it goes .'
? I got nothing to show for ?
? Except pictures I posed for ?
? But I keep 'em in a box ?
? Under my bed. ?
It's just kind of creepy,
you know?
Could be one of us.
Yeah, but it wasn't.
It's just really strange.
I wish they'd just
catch the guy already.
Oh!
- You okay?
- Yeah, just broke my knee.
Are you sure
you're okay?
I'm fine.
Hey, Lucas, why don't you watch
where you occupy space?
Seriously.
Why don't you try walking
with your eyes open?
Why don't you try walking
with my foot up your ass?
That asshole should have stayed
at his old school.
Are you sure
you're okay?
Yeah, I'm fine.
Okay, I'm out of here.
Love you.
Okay.
The financial aid papers
are on the counter and--

- what did you do to your shirt?

- Nothing. It's just paint.

Oh, Sylvia, I can't afford
a new one right now.

- Soak it.

- Okay.

And leave my ice cream alone,
or I'll have to kick your butt.

Yeah, yeah.

Attention, students.

The lacrosse team will be meeting
in the field after school today.

Thank you.

Lucas Green.

I know who you are.

This is for you.

What is this?

Just read the liner notes.

? I'm getting tired ?

? Don't want to pretend ?

? Want to show you off ?

? They think they know us ?

? They don't know us... ?

? They don't know us... ?

What do we have here?

- Give it.

- Are you serious?

Turn that thing off already.

That guy is a Lex Luthor--
a mega rich asshole.

You're rich.

Yeah, but I'm not an asshole.

And don't hang out
with that guy, for real.

For real?

Maybe you should
take a cue from him,
'cause someone's idea
of romance
is making Sloppy Joes
and watching cartoons.

Best date ever.

Besides, "The Lonely Phantom
and the Vixen,"

issue number one-- hello.
- You probably trashed it.
- I did not. I would never.
- Never what?
- What's up?
- What up, people?
- What up?
- Okay, what are we doing?
- Nothing.
? Don't you worry
about the mess ?
? It'll be cleaned up in time ?
? Gonna need the day to rest ?
? From the poison in the wine ?
? Now my head is feeling light ?
? Seems that all
that's made me mad... ?
You should be studying,
young lady.
Oh.
French sucks ass.
So...
Lucas Green.
Yeah? What about him?
He made me a mixed CD.
What?
And it's actually, like,
really good.
Yeah, I'm sure it is.
- Wait.
- What?
- Are you jealous?
- No!
In another lifetime.
I went to junior high with the kid.
Seriously, Syls,
of all people, not him.
He's a raging dick.
- Okay?
- Okay.
Okay.
Hey.
Are you stalking me?
Yes.

Hi.
Hi.
Anyone ever tell you
you drive slow?
No, actually.
Come on in.
Hmm.
Who is this one-- Lucas?
You should lay off
the crackers there, Jenkins.
You're getting a little thick
around the waist.
A bun in the oven, smart-ass.
What's your excuse?
What, you really think I'm fat?
Lucas? Oh, I didn't realize
you had a friend.
Louise, Sylvia.
Sylvia, Louise.
- Good to meet you.
- Nice to meet you, too.
Your parents are gonna be
another couple of weeks.
Shocking.
We'll be upstairs.
Dinner's ready soon.
She's taken care of me
since I was five.
She seems nice.
Remind me never
to invite you to my house.
Come on.
Your house is like a museum
or something.
It's so quiet,
so peaceful.
Yeah, quiet maybe.
My parents are never here.
Where are they?
Paris, South Africa, Russia.
And they let you stay here
by yourself?
Well, with Louise.
Oh, my God.

Oh.
This is so cool.
Who did this?
Uh, a friend.
What's in these?
I like to write reviews...
of records
just for myself, you know.
Check this out.
? I try just to love you now,
woman ?
? But you don't know
how I feel ?
? And I work hard
just to satisfy you, woman ?
? You don't know how I feel... ?
Wow.
This is so beautiful.
What is this?
My father owns this cabin
about an hour away from here.
It's, like, the perfect place
to get away.
Wow.
When I can't take it here,
I go there.
What does your dad do?
He travels a lot.
It's just an ex-girlfriend.
? You kill me
without feeling guilty ?
? This you just can't heal ?
? A man like me
ain't a dime a dozen... ?
Hey, come here.
Sit down.
? That you could beg
or steal... ?
Come on.
? You wore me out,
lost my taste for loving ?
? I lost my taste for you,
honey ?
? I'm just a dead... ?

Come on, closer.

I'm not gonna do anything.

? A dead man gone... ?

- Now lean back.

- Are you serious?

Yeah, I'm serious.

Just do it.

? And, woman, you'll know
just how I feel... ?

Okay, now close your eyes.

? Look up to the sky... ?

Trust me.

- Are they closed?

- What are we doing?

Shh.

Just-- just listen.

? Look up to the sky, yeah ?

? Woman, woman, you'll know ?

? Just how I feel ?

? Look up to the sky ?

? And, woman, you'll know
just how I feel. ?

Your dad called again.

I'm spending Thanksgiving
with you.

Look, I won't be offended
if you want to--

I'm not going.

Hi.

Mom, I'm going to bed.

So what's his name?

Mom.

Come on, what does he do?

What's he like?

He's a writer.

Harry is a writer.

Yeah, but Harry writes comics
like "Mystery Girl
and the Lonely Phantom."

Lucas writes music criticism.

I don't know what that is.

You know, like music reviews,
like in "Rolling Stone."

He writes for "Rolling Stone"?

No, Mom.

So he's a rich boy
with an attitude
and a big heart.

Shut up.

You don't understand.

Hello. I fell for your father,
didn't I?

'Cause you were on drugs.

Which is why you should
never do drugs.

Mm.

Seriously. Mom.

Do you believe
in true love?

In my life, no.

Did you ever have
any fireworks with Dad?

Maybe a sparkler.

You never had fireworks?

No. Overrated.

Besides, I have you.

You're my fireworks.

- Good night.

- Love you.

Love you.

? Woman, you'll know
just how I feel. ?

? Spoke to a priest ?

? In the dark... ?

? In the middle of the night,
in the middle of the night ?

? Uh-huh... ?

Hello?

Potter, it's Lucas.

I know who it is.

What are you doing?

Avoiding homework.

What are you doing?

Just working on my thesis
for nuclear physics.

Whoa, that is, um...

It's a lie.

I picked up on that.

Hey, so don't take this
the wrong way,
but I'm keeping an eye on you
at school.
Are you and Harry dating?
No.
Best friends since third grade.
Our moms went
to college together,
so, yeah, by default, I guess.
Huh.
What does that mean-- "huh"?
Just "huh."
Hey, so I was thinking
you and I-- we should
run away together.
- Screw school.
- Shut up.
Really?
Yeah, why not?
I don't know.
I've always wanted
to go to Mexico.
- Well, have you ever been?
- I've seen pictures.
I've barely been
out of my neighborhood.
I'm not exactly a worldly girl.
Well, it's a date, then.
? And I will stay
right by your side... ?
I like track two the best.
Harry's gonna rip me
a new one.
Nah.
Nice.
Dalyn's not your biggest fan.
Did she tell you we dated?
No.
Yeah, for, like, three months
in eighth grade.
After we broke up,
she called me so much
I had to change my number.

- Yeah, it was a bit freaky.

- No way.

- My Dalyn?

- Yeah.

I got something for you.

Hmm.

All right.

We've got friends or significant others
they have in common

or maybe-

what about girls

who didn't like her?

You know, like threats

of some sort?

Why didn't you tell me?

Honestly, because it was

another lifetime ago,

ancient history.

I don't give a shit

about that degenerate.

Yeah, well, it would have been

nice to hear that from you.

Well, I try to block out

the assholes of my past.

He's an asshole.

A word of warning-

if he tries to pull his little

sex god act and you fall for it,

don't come crawling to me

when he breaks your heart.

Oh.

Hey, ladies.

Hi.

So I want all the dirty,

disgusting details.

Jesus.

Hey, Harry.

Enough lattes already.

Come to the comic shop

and help me with calculus.

- Uh...

- I'm out.

See you.

Dalyn.

Yo.
Unbelievable.
Yeah, okay, I'll be over
in a second.
Okay, great.
I'll see you soon. Bye.
So, dish.
Really?
What?
We haven't even kissed yet.
Are you for reals?
Syls. you like the guy. right?
Do not tell Dalyn, please,
but "like" is a complete
understatement.
Then make a freaking move.
Do you want your first time
to be with some asshole in college
in a fraternal shithouse?
I want to be in love.
I don't want to be a total slut.
You're right.
You should totally be in love.
Okay. I gotta go.
I gotta go.
Okay.
Oh, did you hear about the police
being at school the other day?
Yeah, they were talking to some kids
about the missing girl.
Hello. Creepy.
Oh, just catch the guy already.
Who says it's a guy?
I'm just saying.
Maybe I'll see you later,
maybe I won't.
- Bye.
- Bye.
Potter.
Okay, now I'm seriously starting
to think you're stalking me.
No, I was record-shopping.
What's your excuse?
Coffee with the girls.

Are you heading home?
No, I'm about to go meet Harry.
Harry works at Donny's?
Yeah, for, like, two years now.
Yeah, there's something
I should tell you.
What?
Can we go somewhere?
- I should really go--
- Five minutes, tops.
- But I promised Harry I'd--
- Harry will understand, trust me.
Come on.
So Harry is totally
in love with you.
Yeah.
But I don't like him like that.
He's like a brother.
Aww.
I love flowers.
When she had more time,
my mom was a gardening freak.
She works two jobs now,
so I barely get to see her.
How about your dad?
Left when I was two.
Parenting is not exactly
his deal.
I'm sorry.
Was that okay?
Yeah.
I'm sorry.
What?
It's stupid, seriously.
You can tell me.
I'm not gonna say anything.
Trust me.
When I was in ninth grade,
there was this kid
Peter Sandusky.
Peter was a shit
at my old school,
super popular,
a football player.

One day
him and his friends taped me
in the girls' locker room shower
and they posted it on the web.
Oh, man.
They played this commentary
under it,
like some nature show,
me being this virginal beast
in the wild.
And then they--
after that, my mom
transferred me to Hampton.
She used all of her savings,
hence the two jobs.
What happened to Peter?
Peter was the beloved
football star.
He just got suspended
for, like, two weeks.
It's just been a while,
you know,
since I've kissed someone.
What did you need to tell me?
You never loved me!
Some doctors do obstetrics
and gynecology.
Good morning, sleepyhead.
I'm sorry.
I called a couple times.
Go figure.
I've been hanging here
with your mom, talking gardening.
And he's been telling me about
his new Vixen-Lex Luthor comic.
Harry, do you want
another juice?
- No, I'm fine. Thank you.
- Okay.
I'm really sorry about last night.
You were with Lex Luthor,
weren't you?
Oh, my God, Harry.
Did you make out with him

in his fancy sports car?

No.

I don't know

what kind of car it is.

Oh.

I didn't really want to know.

I'm sorry.

I want things back

the way they were.

Nothing's changed.

You can punch me

in the shoulder if you want.

Right here.

He's an asshole.

You don't even know him.

Here.

Harry, I wasn't serious about that.

I would--

I love the comic you gave me.

It's on full display in my room.

Thank you.

I can't wait to listen to it.

Come on.

- Bye, Mom.

- Bye.

Bye, sweetie.

All right.

? Always ?

? I can feel you ?

? Getting closer ?

? To the end ?

? Always ?

? I can feel you ?

- .' Getting close... .'

-- .' Getting close .'

? Always ?

? I can feel you ?

? And my mind goes ?

? In a circle... ?

What? What?

I've got an idea.

Let's go check out your place.

Oh, fine.

- Hey.

- Mm.
What's up your derriere?
Read the last few sentences.
- Holy shit.
- Mm-hmm.
Yeah.
Hey, Jenkins.
The Kennedys found
Melissa's journal.
You know how Lucas always claimed
he didn't see Melissa
within a week
of her disappearance?
Well, did he?
Holy Mary, Mother of God.
"It's hard to perceive a person
who doesn't understand love
until you've loved that person
and they can't figure out
how to love you back.
I should tell him.
Maybe I will.
I can't decide."
Teenagers-- gotta love 'em.
"What would he say?
What would he do?"
Dated two days
before she went missing.
This is good.
This is really good.
It's time to pay our friend Lucas
a little visit.
? It's a sadder farewell ?
? My love goes cold... ?
I'm getting
the silent treatment.
Oh, no.
Because of me?
Here, sit down.
Oh, don't open the top.
Look through here.
If you open the top, you kind of see
that it's made of just paper and sticks.
- Kind of lame.

- I love it.
You don't have to say that.
No, really, I love it.
- Call me later, okay?
- Promise.
Hey there, Romeo.
Really? You guys are
following me now?
We found part of her journal.
You want to tell us
where the rest of it is?
Hey.
You didn't call last night.
I know.
Sorry, I just got sidetracked.
'Cause of those people-
the ones outside my house?
Katie called me last night.
Why didn't you tell me
you were connected to this?
I tried a few times.
I'm dating a guy
whose girlfriend is missing,
possibly dead somewhere?
- They don't know that.
- You've never mentioned anything, ever.
I know.
I know. I'm sorry.
I never wanted you
to find out this way.
Well, what did you expect?
I don't know.
Syls, I'll tell you everything.
I really don't want to talk to you
right now, okay?
Sylvia.
Thanks for letting me
visit tonight, Mrs. Potter.
Who did this one?
My friend Harry.
Do you know if it's a boy
or a girl yet?
My husband wants to keep it
a surprise.

I don't know
if I can wait, though.
So you guys have been seeing
each other for how long?
Two months.
Did he tell you about Melissa?
Has he ever
acted out violently
or gotten really upset?
No.
I mean, he can be
moody sometimes,
but usually he's just
really sweet.
That's why this whole thing
is just so crazy.
Do you think she's still alive?
Yes, you did.
Nice try.
You so did.
Come on, I know you did.
What's this?
Hey. guys. guys. guys-
Check that out.
Hey, whoa!
Nice try.
There's something
I should tell you.
I had nothing to do with it.
Melissa was my girlfriend,
so of course they think I did it.
My alibi cleared, though.
I was at the movies.
You can ask Louise.
You can ask the cops.
They don't have
any evidence on me.
I don't have a motive.
Just because I'm 13, they think
they can harass the hell out of me.
Please, you gotta believe me.
I never touched Melissa.
It's called making time
for your best friend.

I'm sorry.

The last few weeks have been crazy,
to say the least.

Lex Luthor's a kidnapper,
a possible murderer.

He's not a murderer, seriously.

Get over it.

Look, I couldn't care less
who you date.

I'm just scared for you, Syls.

Could you be any more
melodramatic?

- Everyone's talking about him.

- Yeah, that figures.

What are they saying?

Where do I start?

Lance Wilson said
they had a huge fight
before she went missing-
a huge red flag.

Maybe she tried to dump him
and he couldn't handle it.

Oh, and Mary Reynolds said
he's a total nut job.

Melissa's missing,
probably dead.

I'd be a little crazy, too,
if I were him.

Maybe if you and the rest
of the kids at school
would try talking to him
instead of about him,
you'd discover
that he's completely innocent.

But then again,

I guess that's a lot to expect
from a bunch
of high school assholes.

I expected more
from you, Harry.

Out.

- Fine. I'm leaving.

- Fine.

I'm sorry.

I'll call you later.
No, I have plans later.
Okay. That's great.
Awesome.
I'll talk to you later.
Have fun.
Where did you find this?
- Bye.
- Really, seriously.
Yeah, I know, I know.
Okay, careful now.
Hey, Townsend.
Good to see you, man.
Screw you.
I heard you work at Donny's.
Me and Melissa used to
come here, remember?
If you hurt her, I'll kill you.
Noted.
You want to step out
of the car?
No.
Get your ass
out of the car, son.
What'd I do this time, Officers?
You were speeding.
Are you kidding me?
We found Melissa's wallet.
Your prints are all over it.
So is her blood.
I had nothing to do with it.
Nothing to do with what?
With whatever happened.
Unless you guys have something
else for me, are we finished here?
Not just yet.
Now you're free.
Shh.
You scared the shit out of me.
I had to see you.
How did you get in?
There was a key
under your plant.
I knocked on your window,

but you sleep like a rock.

Can I?

Yeah.

Are you okay?

I'm scared,
really scared.

It's okay.

Everything's okay.

- Hey, Mr. Tucker.

- Hey, Dalyn.

- How'd the bio exam go?

- Aced it. Thanks for asking.

On a roll again this year-
very impressive.

Mr. Tucker, Mrs. Murphy was supposed
to leave a file on her desk
for one of the med schools
I'm applying to, but she's not in today.
I'm sorry, I'm a little late.
I know, but I kind of need it now,
'cause I need to fill it out by tonight.

Is it okay if you let me
in her office to grab it?

Your key works on her door,
too, doesn't it?

- Med school, huh?

- Mm-hmm.

Okay, just make sure you slip this
under my door once you get it, okay?

Okay. Thanks, Mr. Tucker.

You're a gem.

Randomly picking fights,
setting things on fire,
lying, stealing,
criminal behavior-
what if he really killed her?

It's only a matter of time
before they catch him.

Dalyn, seriously,
just chill out.

Harry, everything is
so screwed.

And Sylvia-- I mean-

- What about her?

- Well, I don't know.
Why is he so fixated on her?
What makes her so special?
? I feel so strong that ?
? It's making me weak ?
? So many times you said ?
? Go ahead, speak ?
? But I lose all the words ?
? I can't find them,
but I have to ?
? Yes, I do ?
? So I'll take my guitar ?
? I'll pour out my heart ?
? It's the one thing
I know I can do ?
? So come with me,
I'll lay you down ?
? And I'll fill the room
with the sweetest sound ?
? Just let my love ?
? Take you away, ooh ?
? I'll serenade you ?
? Why you fell for me?
Can you recall? ?
? I know sometimes
I'm like talking to a brick wall ?
? Oh, yeah, just let me
let you in... ?
That was amazing!
? This is overdue ?
." Oh, Oh... ."
- Like this?
- . Oh, Oh .
? So I'll take my guitar ?
? Pull the strings
of your heart ?
? And give you more
than I've hoped to hold onto ?
? Come with me,
I'll lay you down ?
? And I'll fill the room
with the sweetest sound ?
? Just let my love ?
? Take you away, ooh ?

? I'll serenade you ?
." Oh, Oh ."
? Whoa oh, oh, oh, oh, oh ?
? Whoa oh,
oh, oh, oh, oh ?
? Oh, na, na ?
? It's the one thing
I know I can do ?
? So come with me,
I'll lay you down ?
? And I'll fill the room
with the sweetest sound, oh ?
? Just let my love ?
? Take you away, ooh ?
? And I'll serenade you ?
? Come with me,
I'll lay you down ?
? And I'll fill the room
with the sweetest sound, oh ?
? Just let my love ?
? Take you away, ooh ?
- .' I'll serenade you... .'
- Thanks for skipping school.
Thanks for forging the note.
And thanks
for coming with me.
Thanks for letting me.
- Get dressed.
- Where are we going?
It's a surprise.
- You're kidding me.
- No, I'm not.
Thank you.
Look, can't we just, like,
go to a movie or something?
You'll be fine.
Just press the pedal,
turn the wheel-- not too hard.
Can't we do something
a little more quiet,
a little less dangerous?
I'm a delicate flower.
Yeah, I'm gonna leave you
in my dust.

Yeah, right. Oh.

Whoo!

Whoa.

I'm gonna go.

I'm gonna go.

Thanks.

Has anyone ever told you
you're a slow driver?

No, just you.

- Today was fun.

- Yeah, all of it.

Check it out, boys-

Sylvia Potter,

everyone's favorite virgin.

That's out of line, man.

Peter Sandusky.

Sylvia and I go way back.

Been a long time, Syls.

You know, I've gotten

a lot of shit 'cause of you.

Let's go.

So you must be

the lucky bro

that finally popped

the Potter cherry.

Lucas, stop.

- Stop, Lucas, stop!

- Don't you ever talk to her again!

Stop. Stop it. Stop.

Stop, please!

What are you doing?

- Please, please stop.

- Anybody else got something to say?

Stop it.

You could have killed him.

I should have killed him.

What is wrong with you?

You can't let people

get away with that shit.

I'm going home.

- Okay, I'll drive you.

- No! No!

I'm walking home!

You stay!

Just stay. Just stay.
I mean, I've just never
seen him like that.
I know. Shh, it's okay.
It's okay.
I know he was just trying
to protect me, but--
Look at me, Syls.
I want you to stay away from that boy.
You understand?
I don't want you
anywhere near him.
- Hey, what's going on?
- What do you mean?
You won't return my calls.
You haven't been at work.
I haven't been feeling well.
I'm sorry I lost my temper.
I can't see you anymore.
Wh-- why?
- This is a murder investigation.
- You think I don't know that?
You've been ignoring me,
like I'm some kind of freak.
- Please don't.
- I gotta go.
Hey. guys.
Hey.
Where have you been?
Hey.
Okay.
Okay. um.
So you're gonna hate me,
but I might have
told everyone
about you and Lucas
in the woods.
It just kind of slipped.
I'm sorry. You know
how bad I am with secrets.
I can't help it.
So,.
As my ex-boyfriend,
the lead suspect

in a murder investigation,
and my best friend's
current boyfriend,
I decided to do a little
investigation of my own.
You have quite
the criminal record, Lucas Green.
Stealing, fights-
might explain a thing or two.
What do you want?
Why Sylvia?
I mean, after all these years,
you come to my school
and you choose my friend
and you sleep with her?
It's like Melissa all over again.
Look, it's none of your business.
The world doesn't revolve
around you, Dalyn.
Stop being such a psycho.
Just get over it.
You know what?
You're still an asshole.
Just get out of my way.
What?
I just need to talk.
Can you be nice to me
for, like, one minute?
I'm really sorry.
It's okay.
He beat this kid up--
I mean, like, mauled his face.
He scared the shit out of me.
And now you and Dalyn--
I was just mad.
I'm here, okay?
Harry. Harry.
What are you doing?
I'm sorry.
I didn't-- I just-
- I'm gonna go.
- Harry, please. I'm--
So then after junior high?
I never saw her

after ninth grade.

I went to Hampton,
she went to Lincoln,
end of story.

So, Dalyn.

From these photos
her mom gave us,
you were friends back then.
Yeah, in another lifetime
we were.

The three of us were friends.
And then later on,
Melissa and Lucas
started dating,
but this was long after
you and he had broken up?

Yeah.

You probably weren't too happy
about that, huh?

Her being your friend-
kind of a cardinal rule
among girls, right?

Don't date the ex?

Yeah, well,
life's not fair.

There you go.

Hi.

- I'll see you tomorrow.

- You have a good night.

You read this?

Uh, yeah.

Is it good?

It's all right,
if you're into that kind of thing.

So you get a lot
of customers in here?

Not so much.

It's a dying art.

Probably not a lot of girls, huh?

Yeah, we have
more boys for sure.

Girls aren't really into comics.

Not any I know.

I used to collect "Archie"

as a kid.
Not cool, huh?
Not really.
You ever see this girl in here?
Yeah, she came in last summer
to talk to the owner.
That's her comic.
I never saw her
besides that one time.
But I work nights
and weekends, so...
Hey, wow, that's good.
You want to be a professional
comic artist someday?
That's the plan, yeah.
And what's Lonely Phantom's
super power?
He can be invisible.
You should keep it up.
It's good.
Well, if you think
of anything,
just give us a call
at this number.
- Okay.
- Thanks.
? Looking for a thrill,
though I never really feel ?
? Yeah, but I can stay at home
if it's just the same ?
? I can watch the sky
falling down... ?
Sylvia.
Hey.
Hi, Brian.
What's up?
What's the boy doing here?
- Hey, don't be a hater.
- Yeah, don't be a hater.
I thought it was gonna be
just you and me.
Okay, you and Dalyn seriously
need to kiss and make up,
- for real.

- Okay.

Good, 'cause I called her.

She's coming.

Katie.

What?

Come on, come on.

This was their idea.

Shouldn't you be
with the boyfriend?

We broke up.

So that means you guys
can be friends now, right?

Okay, well, I have a toast.

And raise your glass.

Come on, seriously.

Please?

So here's to having
each other'-s backs
no matter what
and having the most
badass friends.

Cheers.

(Katie giggles 1

We think

she fought her abductor,
dropped the iPod and ran,
maybe got a little ways ahead
before they caught up.

If she fell unconscious,
they could have
carried or dragged her.

I want to search
this whole area again.

- Okay, let's do it.

- You got it.

Hey, it's Harry.

Leave a message.

-- Hi, Harry.

Nice to talk to your
answering machine again.

So if you could please get down here
in real person, that would be great.

Yeah, seriously,
we're all hanging out.

We miss you.
Call us back.
- Okay, bye.
- Bye.
- That's it. That's it.
What have you got?
Come on, find 'em, find 'em.
That's it. That's it.
Keep going, girl.
What have you got?
What have you got?
Is that something?
Good girl. Good girl.
Detective, over here!
Here we go.
Good job.
Here we go, come on.
We got something.
? Hidden behind a veil ?
? A thousand stories high ?
? Black curtain clouds a world ?
? Of weary eyes ?
? Drawn from the deepest well ?
? One thousand miles down ?
? A desert pools collected tears ?
? Deep enough to drown... ?
How the hell did you get
all the way out here?
All right, I need you guys to search
the whole place top to bottom.
Yes, ma'am.
- Hey, it's Harry. Leave a message.
Hey.
Just me, calling again
to see where you are.
All right, just call me
when you get this, okay? Bye.
I just came to talk.
Just leave me alone.
- Just five minutes, tops.
- Go away.
Sylvia, will you just--?
Where are you going?
- Away from you.

- Will you just wait up a second?

Just leave me alone.

- You trying to kill yourself?

- Stop!

Go away!

I don't know you.

You know me

better than anyone.

Just please, please,

I'm losing it.

Everything's just so messed up.

I don't have anyone.

I can't be a part of this.

Leave me alone.

Lucas.

I want everything.

Mrs. Townsend,

I can't understand you.

No, I don't know where Harry is.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, slow down.

What's going on?

They're at your house?

What?

Jenkins.

I don't know what to tell you.

He isn't here.

I just got home myself, though,
so I don't know.

I really need to talk to him
and he's not answering his phone.

He was so upset and I just--
Is there someplace else that--?

Uh, he might have
gone out to the cabin.

Whatever happened
to Comic Girl anyway?

- Wait, were you even dating?

- Yes, they were dating.

- Right?

- Yeah.

Lonely Phantom.

"Lonely Phantom and the Vixen"?

Issue number one?

Hello.

Wow, that's good.
And what's Lonely Phantom's
super power?
He can be invisible.
We got him.
Keep digging-
Melissa was so great.
And then you broke her heart,
you know?
And for whatever reason,
she started to like me.
But then,
like out of nowhere,
everything changed.
Like all of a sudden
I was nothing,
'cause you wanted her back.
I'm sure she cared a lot
about you.
-- Whoa!
I don't need your sympathy.
We can't all be as awesome
and cool as you, Lucas.
Someone has to be
the loser geek kid.
Someone has to be
the best friend.
And just like Sylvia,
Melissa just wanted
to be friends.
Keep digging-
Lucas, where are you?
I'm headed to the cabin now,
hoping you're there.
I need to see you.
I'm-- I'm so sorry.
Lucas.
Syls, it's me.
The cops are at my house.
- What?
- I don't know.
They found blood
in Lucas' driveway.
It has to do with Melissa.

They think
Harry was at his house.
Wait, what?
He was at Lucas' ?
Yeah, I don't know.
They keep asking about some cabin.
They found some maps
in Harry's bedroom.
That's Lucas' cabin.
How would Harry
even know about that?
I don't know.
Oh, my God.
Sylvia, the Lonely Phantom's
girlfriend,
Harry's Comic Girl--
that's Melissa.
Dalyn, you need to tell the police,
okay? Tell them to hurry.
Okay-- wait, wait, where are you?
I'm almost to the cabin.
No, you can't go out there.
Just tell the police, okay?
No, no, Sylvia, Sylvia.
Sylvia.
And now, Lucas,
you're gonna write
your own suicide note.
Pick up the pen.
Don't do this.
Just pick it up.
Why are you doing this to me?
I would have done
anything for them.
- You treated them like crap.
- That's not true.
Noted.
Now write.
You tried-
I mean, "I tried
to pretend like everything
was normal...
like before the accident,
before Melissa died,"

but-- but you couldn't--

I mean,

"I couldn't--"

you couldn't live

with it anymore.

It was too messed up.

Everything was so messed up.

Harry.

Sylvia!

What did you do?

- Sylvia, Sylvia!

- What are you--?

- Don't go near her.

- Sylvia.

- I didn't know it was you.

- Leave her alone!

Shut up!

Untie me.

Hurry up, hurry up.

- I can't. I can't.

- You're okay.

I'll kill him, I swear to God.

Stop!

Harry! Harry, please.

- Stop.

- This is all your fault.

She loved me.

- Let him go.

Let him go.

The police know everything.

- Harry, please.

- She loved me.

Please stop.

Please don't make me do this.

Stop, Harry, please!

This isn't you.

Just let him go.

No.

It was an accident.

She just-

she just stopped breathing.

What was I supposed to do?

This isn't you.

She loved me.

She loved me.
She loved me.
You Okay?
You saved the day,
a bonafide rock star
in my book.
He lied about knowing her.
Lonely Phantom.
It's okay.
You're gonna be okay.
Okay?
It's okay.
Did you and your husband
find out yet?
A girl.
- Thanks.
- All right.
Hey, Fitz.
Give a pregnant lady
a hand, would you?
? Can I open up those eyes ?
? And see what lies behind? ?
? I put my hands in yours
and hold them tight ?
? And see what we can find ?
? If I could show ?
? You all the gold ?
? Then you would know ?
? How it all could unfold ?
? Let me open up
those pretty eyes ?
? And show you how to fly ?
? If I could show ?
? You all the gold ?
? Then you would know ?
? How it all ?
? Could unfold ?
? If I could, you know ?
? I really would, you know ?
? That I would ?
? Yeah, I'd open up those eyes ?
? Then you'd know... ?
Lose something?
Looks pretty good.

How are you feeling?
I'm better.
It still hurts.
You doing okay?
I am, yeah.
Yeah, I've..
I've just been trying to find
a little ground, you know?
I needed some time
to myself.
Ground is good.
Yeah. Yeah.
I'm really glad you're okay.
Thanks.
Look, I wanted to--
I wanted to apologize.
No, I should be the one.
I didn't believe you.
Yeah, but--
Can we just start over?
Yeah.
- I should finish.
- Oh, yeah, sure.
Okay.
You can stay and watch
the movie if you want.
It's not very busy.
Just grab a seat.
I'll come find you when I'm done.
Okay.
What did I miss?
- Hi.
- Hi.
? You all the gold ?
? Then you would know ?
? How it all ?
? Could unfold. ?
? Could unfold. ?
? I'm getting tired ?
? Don't want to pretend ?
? Want to show you off ?
? They think they know us ?
? They don't know us ?
? You're looking down, love ?

? Don't want to pretend ?
? Want to show you off ?
? They think they know us ?
? They don't know us ?
? They don't know us ?
? They think they know us ?
? Give it a night,
we'll work it out ?
? We can be nice ?
? Ah, ah, ah ?
? Give it a night,
we'll work it out ?
? We can be nice ?
? Ah, ah, ah ?
? You're looking down, love ?
? Don't want to pretend ?
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? Ah, ah, ah. ?