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# Men, Women & Children

By Jason Reitman

On September the 5th, 1977,  
NASA launched  
the spacecraft Voyager.  
Destination unknown.  
Its only cargo a set of records  
curated by American  
astronomer Carl Sagan.  
The collection was designed  
to last a billion years  
and potentially give  
extraterrestrial life  
a glimpse at humankind.  
The records were printed  
in gold-plated copper  
to prevent corrosion,  
and included  
international music,  
greetings in 59 languages,  
the crashing of an ocean wave,  
wind through an oak tree,  
whale calls,  
the human heartbeat,  
and the sound of a kiss.

**At around 12:**

Central Standard Time,  
just as Voyager approached  
the edge of our solar system,  
back on Earth,  
in an unremarkable suburb,  
Don Truby was attempting  
to log onto BangBus.com,  
a pornographic website  
featuring young actresses  
in the roles  
of helpless hitchhikers.  
However, the accumulation  
of malware  
Don gave a brief thought  
to masturbating  
using only his imagination,  
but the sheer quality  
and variety of the Internet  
had left his brain

an inferior substitute.  
In order to access  
the limitless fountain  
of pornography  
that he had become  
accustomed to,  
Don would have to use  
the only remaining computer  
in the house.  
The one belonging  
to his 15-year-old son.  
Y-O-U...  
P-O-R-N.  
Don had purchased the computer  
for his son's birthday.  
It was meant for homework.  
Jesus.  
He couldn't help think back  
to his own childhood  
when he discovered his father's  
secret stash of magazines  
while searching for  
a bicycle wrench  
in the garage.  
He felt a sadness  
about not being a part  
of that moment for his son.  
A moment he considered to be  
an intrinsic part of growing up.  
Almost a passing of the torch.  
Good afternoon,  
teachers and students...  
Just a reminder  
to all students...  
Like many Texas high schools,  
the pride of East Vista  
was their football program.  
The key to their junior  
varsity team winning district  
was sophomore running back  
Tim Mooney,  
a one-man scoring machine  
that had carried them  
to victory as a freshman.

Hey.  
Of all the posters  
in this school,  
I thought it was an improvement.  
You think this is funny?  
"DTF?"  
I know what DTF means.  
Tim? Come on back.  
I just thought about it  
a lot and  
sports just sort of  
seem a little  
pointless.  
Sports are not pointless, Tim.  
These are the best years  
of your life!  
You don't just throw God's  
gifts away like that.  
Well...  
But that's why you need  
football right now.  
We need you on the team.  
Have you told your father?  
Yeah, yeah, he knows.  
Look.  
We know you're having a tough year.  
I'm sure everything  
with your parents...  
I'm sure your mom  
left a mighty big hole  
in your life at home.  
How about I have a word  
with your teachers  
about easing up  
on your homework?  
How's that sound?  
You are seriously  
skinny this year.  
Thanks. I went on this  
super diet over the summer.  
In my opinion it worked.  
I mean, you look really great.  
I tried not eating  
one summer, but

my boobs dropped a size,  
so I quit.  
Can't be having that.  
You and Danny are  
so cute together.  
Thanks! Right?  
Have you guys hooked up yet?  
Yeah! Yeah.  
I mean, like, a little.  
You know I'm not, like,  
a total slut.  
It's a new era for  
women, okay? Just because  
I'm comfortable with my body  
and enjoy hooking up  
doesn't make me a slut.  
Just this older guy I met when  
my mom and I were in Florida.  
Yeah, okay.  
Check it out.  
- Was it gross?  
- No.  
It wasn't that bad.  
It was kind of salty, I guess.  
Did you let him, like,  
you know, finish in your mouth?  
- Allison!  
- Uh...  
Yeah. How else would I know  
it was salty?  
Why would you even have him  
take a photo?  
I need to know what  
my audience is seeing.  
Anyways, I'm just saying,  
it's... It's like, uh...  
There's like  
a natural progression.  
And if you don't sleep  
with somebody soon  
you're gonna be completely  
retarded in bed when  
you're a junior and it counts.  
My mom's here!

See ya, bitches!  
Hi, baby!  
Oh!  
New outfit?  
Another request came in today,  
so I stopped at Hot Topic.  
It's cute, right?  
Ooh!  
Okay, you've read through  
every solitary interaction  
I've had on every  
single website, Mom.  
I think I'm safe  
from "the predators."  
Oh, really? What is this?  
"U R hawt." Who is Derrick G.?  
Um...  
A friend of a friend?  
He's an adult.  
So? I can't help if some  
random guy  
finds my picture cute. Jeez.  
I can.  
Are you serious?  
Well, now we don't  
have to worry about him  
Yeah, I'd really hate to get  
any more compliments, Mom.  
It could really do  
a lot of permanent damage.  
Honey, you know I just do this  
to keep you safe.  
Whatever.  
I love you, sweetie.  
I love you, too.  
Okay, let me see your phone.  
During these  
weekly spot-checks,  
Brandy would divulge every  
username and password  
she employed online.  
As an additional precaution,  
Patricia installed a device  
that monitored

and recorded every keystroke  
her daughter ever made.  
We got six new  
subscribers today.  
That's awesome!  
The website had been the idea  
of a local talent agent.  
Each time she received  
an email or a new subscriber,  
Hannah felt a little bit more  
like a celebrity.  
You sure you're comfortable?  
Yeah.  
Okay. Here we go!  
Hey, Dad.  
Tim Mooney quit.  
No kidding?  
Brutal.  
What kind of mother  
abandons her family  
for California?  
I've got, like,  
a pretty hard test tomorrow  
so I'm gonna go study.  
Yeah, "studying."  
What are you talking about?  
You know, you're gross.  
He's 15.  
That's all I did when I was 15.  
Yeah, that I believe.  
So, how you feeling?  
About what?  
Oh, stop, he's right there.  
He can't hear us.  
What, right now?  
It's been almost two months.  
No, it hasn't!  
Last time was after that  
barbecue at your sister's.  
Okay, fine.  
We'll do it tomorrow.  
But it's gotta be quick.  
Don't worry, it will be.  
Chris Truby

began surfing pornography  
at the age of 10  
with a simple search  
of the word "boobs."  
This somewhat innocent query  
led to a series of clicks,  
and within an hour  
of his first search,  
Chris was watching  
a short video entitled  
"Titty Fucking Cum Queen."  
He might have thought  
this video to be unusual  
had it not already been viewed  
by three million others.  
By age 15,  
Chris found it difficult  
to achieve an erection  
without viewing a level  
of deviance that fell  
well outside societal norms.  
Hey, baby. You're going to  
listen to everything I say  
and follow all of my instructions.  
Understand?  
Now, grab that cock.  
Mmm. Don't squeeze  
too tight. Not yet.  
There she is!  
Practice run late?  
Shepherd's pie.  
Yup, we got your favorite.  
Uh, I'm gonna do my homework.  
I'll grab something later.  
I'll make her up a plate.  
Here you go, sweetie.  
Thank you.  
Dig in.  
Let me know if you want seconds.  
So did you clean up  
her Internet?  
Yes, honey,  
I cleaned up her Internet.  
Since quitting football,



Tim had invested  
over a thousand hours  
with his guild-mates  
on various dungeons.  
An incomprehensible  
amount of time  
for his father to imagine.  
A man who had been a  
first-string tailback himself,  
Kent had nurtured  
his son to play  
since his fledgling  
days in pee-wee.  
Football served  
as a common language  
for which they had  
no substitute.  
Remember when you saw her  
for the first time?  
Kissed her lips?  
Touched her soft skin?  
Do you remember when you said  
"I do" and meant it?  
Well, we do, too.  
But at AshleyMadison.com,  
we know that nothing  
lasts forever.  
And so if you are ready,  
if you are truly ready,  
then we are happy to bring  
you back to those  
"Remember When" experiences  
with someone new,  
someone exciting,  
someone anxious  
to rekindle their own.  
AshleyMadison.com.  
Ugh.  
On September 27th, 2013,  
after 36 years of space travel,  
the Voyager finally  
exited our solar system  
and entered  
uncharted territories.

But not before taking  
this photo of Earth  
from 3.7 billion miles away.  
Yes, this is us.  
Who are you texting?  
Just a friend from school.  
Uh-oh,  
"just a friend from school"?  
I think my daughter  
is texting a boy.  
So what's his name?  
I'm pretty sure  
you can let me text  
without the inquisition.  
Look who's back for more.  
I know what's been  
going through that  
dirty little mind of yours.  
Have you been following  
my instructions  
like a good little boy?  
Good.  
Um, hi!  
Hi!  
Hi, what is all this?  
We're doing a national  
talent search for kids,  
ages 6 to 16,  
who have an interest in acting.  
Oh.  
Do you have  
any performing experience?  
This is, like, perfect!  
The application includes  
just standard  
profile information.  
And we are also going to want  
her to write an essay  
on where she sees herself  
in 10 years.  
Hannah knew  
that her future would include  
a large house with a swimming  
pool in Los Angeles,

an expensive car  
with tinted windows  
to prevent paparazzi  
from snapping photographs  
as she went shopping,  
and an attractive boyfriend  
who would be famous,  
but perhaps  
not quite as famous as her.  
She mentioned all of this  
in her essay.

You were so pretty up there!  
How cool would that be!  
To, like, actually be  
on a TV show?

Pretty cool.

When I think of all the  
auditions and rejection  
and dinners and drinks  
when I lived in LA...

For you, it could be as simple  
as filling out a form.

Uh...

Hey, what's up?

Um...

Nothing. I just thought I'd sit with you,  
if it's okay.

Yeah...

Okay.

So that took courage.

It's no big deal.

I just came over and sat down.

I mean quitting football.

Oh.

Yeah, I guess so.

How'd you know  
about that, anyway?

Seriously?

Like, everybody knows.

There's an article  
and everything.

Why... Why'd you quit?

I just realized...

It didn't matter.

Well, just like that?

Do you know Pale Blue Dot  
by Carl Sagan?

Uh...

I've heard of Carl Sagan.

It's just...

It's about how...

We're just made up of  
billions of molecules.

Like, the same molecules  
that have been around  
since the Big Bang.

And they'll be around  
until eventually  
the universe crunches  
into nothing.

I find that comforting.

Okay.

The actions of, like,  
Hitler, Gandhi,  
Jesus Christ, mean  
absolutely nothing, then...

It's no big deal  
if I don't play football.

It's no big deal  
if I come over here  
and I sit at your table.

There were many  
other things that Tim wished  
to share with Brandy.

Most notably, that his  
mother had left him  
and his father for California  
at the beginning of the summer  
and had kept in touch  
mainly through Facebook.

But he resisted.

While he knew, cosmically,  
that nothing mattered,  
he also realized that  
something about  
talking to Brandy did matter,  
at least to him.

And this was enough.

So, what do you think the chances  
are of Timmy coming back out?

Yeah, I don't know.

His heart just didn't seem  
to be into it, you know?

I'm hoping it's a phase, but  
this divorce has been, you know,  
it's been rough on both of us.

I know you have no perspective,  
fresh wounds and all, but  
right now you can hit anything.

Yeah, well... I'm just not  
in the hitting mood, you know.

Oof! What a waste.

Red, red, go, white, white!

White, white.

Go, red, red!

Red, white.

Cute.

Red, white, white,  
all together, let's fight!

Go red, red...

God!

Hope you can make it, ma'am.

Ready? Hut.

Hey!

Hey, you were, uh... You were  
pretty awesome out there.

- Thanks.

- You're cute, too.

Shouldn't have been that close.

All right, guys, hey.

Here we go.

What I want you to do  
is look at this number  
and tell me  
what it means to you.

Yeah, go ahead.

It's the day  
the terrorists attacked  
the World Trade Center?

That's right, Regina.

Other than the attack  
on Pearl Harbor,

it's the only time a foreign  
force attacked anything  
on U.S. soil.  
So what I want you to do is,  
I want you to pair off  
and you're gonna find  
someone to interview  
that remembers that day.  
All right, on Friday, we're  
gonna give a presentation  
on how that day  
changed our country.  
Allison Doss had  
developed a crush  
on Brandon Lender  
in seventh grade.  
It had been her greatest hope  
that he would be her first kiss.  
Brandon remained the object  
of Allison's affection  
despite having once said,  
within earshot,  
"I'd fuck her  
if I could find the hole."  
Mmm, watch me.  
I can tease you right back.  
Mmm.  
Mmm...  
Perky.  
No tattoos.  
Pussy is...  
So, Liz, I'm hoping  
you got a chance to implement  
some of the Internet  
safety protocol  
we talked about last week.  
Um, yeah.  
Uh, I think we're doing good.  
I think my kids are safe.  
So, you have all your  
daughter's passwords?  
Oh, hi.  
Sorry to interrupt.  
Uh, my name's Kent.

Is this about the video games  
and stuff?

Oh, yeah, have a seat.

Hi, Kent. Welcome.

Donna, why don't you tell us  
what brought you here tonight?

Thanks. Um, well,  
my daughter is getting to an age  
where she's starting to develop.

And, you know,

I was just wondering, um,  
what the laws were about  
what you can and can't  
post on the Internet.

That's an excellent question.

Because in our state,  
the laws are far more lenient  
than they should be.

They are?

Yeah.

If someone is sending photos  
to your daughter...

Well, um...

Yes, but I'm also  
actually wondering about if...

If she were to send her own.

Like, if she were to take  
a picture of herself  
in a bathing suit  
or underwear or, you know...

Oh, I see.

Donna, I know our kids aren't  
thinking about their futures.

Hannah's very driven.

I bet she is.

Before you go, I want to  
give you a pamphlet  
about the dangers of selfies.

Great.

- Thanks, that's helpful.

- Okay.

Okay. Um...

Uh...

Did you guys know anyone

who was, um, inside?

Like, in it? Like actually  
inside one of the buildings?

No...

We had friends

who were in New York,  
but no one got hurt.

Somehow that didn't  
make it any less scary.

Um, how...

How did you guys, like, find out  
that 9/11 was happening  
and everything?

Oh, yeah, did you  
get a text or what?

No.

There were no texts.

The reason we got cell phones  
was to make sure we could  
get ahold of each other  
in case it ever happened again.

Yeah, that's when  
everything changed.

Yeah.

Okay. Where... Where was I?

You were in your room.

Sleeping.

We didn't know  
if we should wake you.

Yeah, we wanted to hide it  
from you as long as possible.

And what were you guys doing?

Honey?

Want to take this one?

Yeah, we were, uh,  
getting ready for work.

I'm pretty sure that  
we need some poster board  
or something to put this on.

Uh, yeah.

But not, like,  
with the Twin Towers  
blowing up or  
whatever or anything.



No, I don't know, with like some, uh, police officers or firemen.

Totally patriotic.

I like that one.

He's hot.

Gonna have to clear my history after this.

What kind of things you got hidden in your history?

Oh, you know, just photos and things for inspiration.

Shit. I gotta go.

Well, I'll just finish this.

Here.

Bookmark this shit for the next time you need inspiration.

And, Kent?

You said something about video games?

Uh, yeah, my son's pretty into them.

They're very dangerous.

It doesn't matter what you read, how many studies claim that they're harmless, I can show you better studies that claim the contrary.

Well, he's on the computer a lot.

Guild Wars, I think?

That's one of the worst ones.

A couple in China played Guild Wars so much they neglected their baby and it died of dehydration.

I'm sure that's, uh, an extreme example, no?

I can show you how to uninstall the game.

Uh, you know, I was

really just looking to see if  
you knew what the game was like.  
I do know what it's like, Kent.  
It's a virtual world.  
Your son has created  
an avatar of himself.  
An avatar is an icon  
I saw the movie, yeah.  
Or a representation...  
Well, then you know  
that an avatar is often  
demonic or evil-looking.  
When he's plugged in, your son  
thinks that that world,  
the world of Guild Wars,  
is the real world.  
Our world doesn't  
matter anymore.  
His friends don't matter.  
School doesn't matter.  
You don't matter.  
"All I know is,  
you don't matter, Kent."  
I don't matter!  
"You don't matter."  
"Your truck doesn't matter.  
Your son doesn't matter!  
"And that is why  
I have installed a camera  
"in my daughter's brain  
and a seven-digit PIN code  
"on her vagina.  
"And if you'd like, I can show  
you all how to do it."  
Hey, um...  
Do...  
Do you want to go out  
to dinner or something or...  
Or drinks?  
Or coffee?  
Or what?  
I think I went  
through everything  
you could do on a first date.

A date.  
Is that cool?  
Yeah.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
Hey, buddy.  
How's it going?  
Hey, Dad.  
Did you, uh...  
Did you have a good night?  
Yeah, we just did a dungeon.  
Oh.  
Did you win?  
Yeah.  
All right, well...  
Don't stay up too late, okay?  
Okay.  
All right.  
It's weird, huh?  
How long ago that all seems?  
Mmm.  
Yeah, a school report.  
How old are we?  
I love you.  
I love you.  
You remember what we were  
doing that morning, right?  
Yeah.  
Come on.  
Do you ever get nervous?  
About what?  
No.  
I just think 'cause...  
How come you didn't respond  
to my message?  
What message?  
I wrote you on Facebook, like...  
Listen, you can be  
honest with me.  
Are you sure it was me?  
Yeah, pretty sure.  
Fuck.  
What?  
Uh, my mom.

She checks my Facebook,  
my emails, my texts.  
She must have just deleted it  
before I even saw it.  
Isn't that, like, against  
the law or something?  
She thinks she's protecting me.  
Is she watching us right now?  
No. She just  
tracks me online.  
Seems a little psycho.  
Um...  
I have a secret.  
A Tumblr account.  
And it's, like,  
the only place I can go to  
where I can just be myself.  
It's not even really me.  
Sometimes I just  
cut and paste stuff  
from other sites or  
write something just to see  
what it feels like  
to type the words.  
How does it make you feel?  
At first,  
it's kind of like  
I'm wearing a costume.  
And then,  
after long enough,  
I...  
I just forget that it's not me.  
Um...  
Here.  
Nobody knows about it.  
Not even my mom.  
So if you get a message  
from that account,  
you know it's me.  
My mom ran off to California  
with this douchebag  
named Greg Cherry.  
They just got engaged.  
She hasn't told my dad.

It's fucked.  
Well,  
I'm sorry.  
Hey, ladies.  
Oh, my God. Fuck off.  
I didn't know your brother was  
friends with Brandon Lender.  
Oh, yeah. I guess.  
I mean, they're both starters  
on the varsity squad  
or something, so, I don't know.  
He's a big old bitch,  
if you ask me.  
Oh, they're both bitches.  
Yeah. Wasn't Brandon a total  
dick to you last year?  
That was last year.  
I mean, we were freshmen.  
And now you're smokin'.  
He done fucked up.  
Oh, my God, who cares!  
Let's just watch  
Breaking Amish. Please?  
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.  
Okay, we literally watch that  
every time we come over.  
Uh, yeah, Brooke,  
we're gonna keep watching it  
till my DVR wears out and dies.  
I don't even know why they  
make other TV shows anymore.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
Where's everybody else?  
They went to the store.  
They needed mas beverages.  
You can sit down if you want.  
A Biggest Loser diet  
or some shit over summer, huh?  
Just kind of started  
watching what I ate.  
Yeah? Well, it shows.  
You're, like, a serious piece.  
Have you hooked up

with anyone yet?

A little.

Yeah? Totally could now.

Cool. Thanks.

Wait, um...

Should we...

Like...

Oh, yeah. So, uh,  
the first time, it's gonna  
hurt a little bit, but  
it's just something  
you kinda have to do  
to get it over with.

You know what I'm saying?

Right. Um...

Maybe we should just,  
like, you know...

Okay, look. We can stop  
if you want,  
but eventually  
you're gonna have to do it.  
But I'm not like a rapist  
or some shit, so...

Okay.

No, no, it's okay.

Okay. Yeah.

I'm gonna head out  
and see my sister  
this afternoon.

You know how she gets  
with all her complaining,  
she'll probably want to  
talk my ear off  
until we're both drunk on  
red wine and pass out.

So I think I'll just  
end up staying the night.

Just want to give you  
a heads up.

Okay.

Maybe...

I'll call Kent, go out  
for some beers tonight.

Yeah.

You haven't done  
that in a while.  
I'm sure he could use  
the company.  
Good idea.  
Yeah, I should be able  
to get something like that  
together for you immediately.  
Thank you.  
Okay.  
Okay, thank you.  
Talk soon.  
I'm gonna be on TV!  
First they need  
a video of you doing  
some acting, cheerleading,  
stuff around the house...  
Mom, this is it.  
Well, honey, it's a next step.  
Despite days of trying,  
Chris Truby struggled  
to become fully aroused  
while navigating  
Hannah Clint's website.  
He couldn't imagine suggesting  
the kinds of explicit fantasies  
he had witnessed online to her,  
and feared he had  
come to rely on them.  
In an effort to fix  
what should come naturally  
to any 15-year-old boy,  
Chris employed a technique  
designed to help men  
reassociate arousal  
with traditional intercourse.  
So, I was gonna go to Lauren's  
house to watch a movie.  
Now?  
Yeah.  
It's late.  
Well, how're you  
gonna get there?  
I was just gonna take my bike.

No, I'll take you.  
You seem like you're doing  
important work.  
I don't wanna distract you  
or anything.  
I can just go.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
But take your phone, honey.  
So I can track you.  
Got it.  
Ooh. Okay.  
Angelique?  
Angelique?  
Are you "BoredWife"?  
Yeah.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
"SecretLuvur"?  
Oh, God.  
At your service.  
You must be Don.  
Hi.  
You're cute.  
Thank you.  
Do you want to sit, Don?  
Okay. Sure.  
I don't really know how this  
is all supposed to go down.  
Well, we can finish our drinks  
and then we can go on our date.  
I'll have a cosmo.  
Excuse me.  
The lady would like a cosmo.  
I heard her.  
So much for incognito.  
Yeah, right?  
Have you never done this before?  
No, I don't do  
this kind of thing.  
No, no, no.  
I...  
I mean, is this what we're...  
Is this okay?



Oh, you're more than okay.  
I know you said that  
on the phone,  
but a lot of guys just say that.  
Why? Why would they do that?  
They think it makes me  
feel special.  
That's just so weird.  
I don't know. I mean,  
maybe this is just too crazy.  
No, no, no, look, look.  
I don't want you to think  
that you have to do  
anything tonight.  
There are no rules  
to this kind of thing.  
But you seem really nice.  
And you're fine as hell.  
It is, isn't it?  
It's your first time.  
Isn't it obvious?  
You want to go upstairs?  
Thank you.  
So, um,  
you're a photographer?  
Hmm?  
I see you, um,  
taking photos  
at the games and stuff.  
Mmm.  
No, it's just a hobby.  
We use the photos on  
Hannah's acting website.  
Oh.  
Well,  
she's lucky she has a mother  
who's, you know,  
"in the business."  
Tell me about it.  
I got my first headshots  
by this guy  
up in Garland.  
Yeah.  
What a creep.

Told me not to forget my  
swimsuit and aerobics outfit.  
I hope you told him to fuck off.  
I wish.  
I was 18. I didn't know.  
I hate those photos.  
Well, at least, you know,  
Hannah has someone to keep her  
out of trouble, right?  
Yeah.  
I suppose.  
She's actually up  
for this reality show.  
Wow.  
Yeah. It's kind of  
a talent search.  
Could be fun.  
Yeah.  
It's in Hollywood,  
so if she gets it  
maybe she'll meet her father.  
He was this producer that I met  
when I went out there  
to be a star.  
Oh, yeah, got it.  
I came back five months pregnant  
with this Mercedes  
that he bought me  
and a monthly  
child support check.  
To be fair, he never missed a  
payment on either of them. Mmm.  
Hollywood's loss, I guess.  
Isn't that where Lydia moved?  
Yeah, she's, um,  
going out with some, uh,  
guy named Greg Cherry.  
Really, I mean "Greg Cherry"?  
What kind of name is that,  
you know?  
It's a pretty lame one.  
It is.  
So when did you start thinking  
differently about her?

Honestly?

I know this is gonna...

Sound like a pickup line  
or something, but, um,  
meeting you was kind of  
a big deal for me.

I mean, um,  
you know, for the past year  
pretty much every night I'd just  
go to bed and watch TV and  
wonder what she was doing.  
But for the past week,  
I go to bed and wonder  
what you're doing.

I'm sorry. That was way  
too much, wasn't it?

No.

It was actually pretty great.  
I've slept with guys for less.

Oh.

Sorry.

Do you wanna hear about what I  
do for a living or something?  
You can tell me if you want to.

I'm an account services  
manager at Stanley.

And what does an account  
services manager do?

I coordinate  
daily service sales activities  
regarding distributors.

I also, uh,  
manage relationships  
with various accounts and  
I occasionally assist with  
marketing programs relating to  
distributors.

It sounds really complicated.

Nah, it isn't.

Oh, wow.

You have such a huge dick!  
Don presumed his penis to be  
of an average size.  
If his dick had, in fact,

been huge,  
he would probably have  
heard about it by this point.  
Oh.  
You like that?  
Do you?  
Yeah.  
What's the matter?  
You a scared little girl?  
A little.  
No.  
I'm excited.  
I want it.  
Where do you want it?  
In my mouth.  
Mmm...  
Maybe half of it?  
No.  
I want it all.  
I want...  
I want that big penis of yours.  
Um...  
That's right. I want it.  
I want your dick.  
Oh, attagirl.  
I want you to destroy me  
with your big fucking cock.  
Oh, fuck, yeah.  
You still in here?  
Yes, I am.  
You've been at it for hours.  
I know.  
I can't find anything.  
We're lucky.  
Then maybe you should  
take it easy on her for a while.  
Maybe I'll just call her  
and make sure  
everything's okay at Lauren's,  
and then I'll...  
You just checked her  
entire computer, right?  
Doing whatever it is you do,  
checking her email or MySpace.

You said yourself  
she's clean as a whistle.  
Just let her be  
a teenager tonight.  
That was cool.  
Yeah.  
Was that okay?  
Yeah, you were great.  
So, you still have a little  
over half an hour left  
if you want to take  
a break, go again...  
You think maybe we could just  
lie in the bed together  
and maybe you put your head  
on my chest or something?  
Yeah, that's fine.  
Damn, baby, that was something.  
Call me tomorrow.  
Hey.  
She never called.  
What?  
That's weird.  
Maybe there's something  
wrong with my phone.  
I should call my mom  
and make sure she's okay.  
Relax. Maybe she's having sex  
or something with your dad.  
Huh.  
Next weekend is  
our arch-rival, Irving.  
We want a sea of red and blue  
when we go up against  
the Aardvarks.  
Go, Olympians!  
Go, Olympians!  
Dumb bitch.  
What was that?  
I said we lost  
because of you, fag.  
How could you have lost  
because of me  
if I wasn't even there?

That's why it's your fault,  
you fuckface.

We could lose district.

- Who cares?

- Everybody cares.

Everybody!

All right, yeah, whatever.

Ah! God.

Fucker! Fuck you!

Fuck you!

So what do you want to know?

What do you want to tell me?

What's important in  
your life right now?

I don't...

Um, my dad wants me  
to play football.

Mmm-hmm.

How do you feel about football?

I don't know, it just seems  
kind of pointless to me.

Okay. Uh, what are  
some of the things  
that aren't pointless?

I don't know.

I play Guild Wars.

Is that a Nintendo game?

Uh, no, it's an MMORPG.

It's a role-playing  
game online.

You play with  
millions of other players.

Oh.

And you're probably pretty  
good at this game, right?

Yeah, I guess.

It's not really about skill.

It's more about how much time  
you put into it, you know.

Hmm.

And, uh, the people  
you play this with,  
they're your friends  
from school?

Oh, no. No.  
They're just my friends  
from the game.  
Like, I've never actually  
met them in R.L.  
R.L.?  
R.L.? In real life.  
Do you have friends in R.L.?  
Um, no. Uh...  
I used to have a lot,  
but once I stopped  
playing football  
I sort of lost most of them.  
There's a girl, though.  
Oh, nice.  
Is she in R.L.?  
Uh, yeah.  
She's pretty cool.  
Have you seen Pale Blue Dot?  
Is that a movie or a video game?  
No, it's, uh...  
It's this thing,  
this YouTube video.  
And it basically challenges  
our existence and  
whether or not we matter.  
Do you believe anything matters?  
On a grand scale? Uh...  
I think if I  
disappeared tomorrow,  
the universe wouldn't  
really notice.  
What?  
Can I show you something?  
Uh, yeah, well, I'm kind  
of busy. Just send me a pic.  
What's up?  
I only have a minute,  
but I just wanted to make sure  
you weren't chained up  
in the basement or something.  
Oh, and this.  
Hey, baby.  
What happened?

We don't know, baby.  
The doctor said someone found you  
at school. You were bleeding.  
Hi.  
I feel fine.  
How are you feeling, Allison?  
Okay, I guess.  
Am I, like, okay, though?  
Short answer is yes.  
Long answer is, it's  
a little more complicated.  
Okay, what does that even mean?  
Let him talk.  
It means I need to tell you  
a few things  
that might seem  
a little shocking.  
But just keep in mind  
your daughter's gonna be fine.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Allison, you had what's called  
an ectopic pregnancy  
and it spontaneously aborted.  
What?  
What? You were pregnant?  
How can that even happen?  
I'm sorry, Daddy.  
Don't "Daddy" me!  
The most important  
thing to remember is  
your daughter's okay.  
Um, there was  
a fertilized egg growing  
in one of Allison's  
fallopian tubes.  
This can be quite dangerous,  
especially if it ruptures.  
It can be life-threatening.  
You're actually lucky  
that it ended on its own.  
You seem to be malnourished,  
and I believe  
that's why your body wasn't



able to handle the pregnancy.  
Can I go home?  
Yeah, but I'd like to keep you  
overnight for observation.  
We're gonna keep you  
on some fluids for hydration  
and keep you monitored.  
If you all need anything,  
please have a nurse page me.  
Are you angry with me?  
I can't believe...  
I just...  
I need a little air.  
I'm Hannah Clint  
and I'm all about  
keepin' it cooking.  
And I'm all about cheering.  
This is pretty great.  
Yeah, uh...  
So, I was thinking maybe we  
could cut some of the dancing  
since it's similar to the cheering.  
No.  
No, the dance is important.  
Okay, I'll just make some cuts  
here and there then.  
Cool.  
You are actually  
pretty good at this.  
Maybe I can take you  
with me one day.  
You could be my personal editor.  
Wait, my parents are still up.  
We can be quiet.  
One sec.  
Do you want me to help?  
No. Uh, one sec.  
That's good.  
Okay.  
Mmm.  
Do... Do you want me...  
One sec.  
Are you gonna move or I...  
Yeah.

Don't you have to,  
like, have sex?  
I'll move then.  
No, wait.  
Put it back in.  
Fuck...  
Is there something  
I'm doing wrong?  
No. I don't know.  
I'm sorry.  
I guess I should text  
my mom then.  
Lucky fucker!  
How are those titties?  
Did you get your dick  
between them?  
No.  
Dude. What a waste.  
Jesus, dude, when were you  
gonna tell me?  
Well, you know, I was trying  
to keep it on the D.L.  
You can show me  
photos of trannies  
but you can't tell me  
you nailed Hannah Clint?  
Hey.  
Hey.  
So, like, what's the deal?  
What do you mean?  
I mean, we haven't  
even talked since  
last night and now you're, like,  
going around spreading  
a rumor that we had sex?  
I'm pretty sure  
we did have sex, and I  
might have told some  
of my friends.  
So I guess, you know,  
that's the deal.  
I really don't think  
that was sex.  
Would you rather I tell everyone

that you couldn't?

No!

I don't know why you're saying anything to anyone.

Because I thought that you were my best shot.

So I just told everyone that

I lost it, and they...

They think that I lost it, then I pretty much did, right?

That is so screwed up.

Whatever.

Okay,

so I mean, like,

what's the deal?

What do you mean?

I mean, with us?

Like, what's the deal with us?

There is no deal.

Okay? I'm pretty sure

you're, like,

a weird guy who has some serious sexual issues, and

I'm just not into

dealing with it.

I mean, I don't...

I don't know, we can talk

if you want,

but I don't really

see the point.

Whatever.

I know.

Hey, come on.

Top Chef is coming up.

Hey, I'm gonna head out to my sister's again tonight.

You good to fend

for yourself dinnerwise?

You've been going

up there a lot lately.

Is... Is everything okay?

Yeah. Yeah, uh...

You know, she's...

She's just got a lot

on her plate, you know,  
with work and...  
I don't know, I think she just  
needs her sister's ear.  
Of course.  
You want me to give you a ride?  
Oh, no, you don't...  
You don't need to do that.  
We, uh...  
Just go out with your friends.  
Go have fun!  
I want you to be happy.  
Oh, my gosh! How are you?  
I'm fine. Really.  
You okay? Are you sure?  
What happened?  
Nothing.  
It was stupid, really.  
- But you're fine?  
- Yeah.  
I was so worried about you.  
Oh, you don't need to be.  
Los Angeles.  
Hello.  
America's Next Big Celebrity.  
I'm looking for Donna?  
Speaking.  
Hi, Miss Clint, I'm just  
calling to inform you that  
unfortunately we're unable to  
invite your daughter, Hannah,  
to Los Angeles.  
Oh, no. Um...  
Is there anything, uh...  
If you could just meet her,  
I know that I could...  
Hannah's audition was  
really terrific.  
Frankly, it was one of our best.  
But our clearances came across  
a modeling website.  
Uh, yeah. Yes, um...  
Yeah, I think that we, um...  
Yeah, we were putting up

some of Hannah's  
acting and her headshots  
just to show  
her versatility, which...  
Are you familiar with  
the content of her site?  
Well, I mean, some of  
the photos are a bit...  
These kids these days,  
it's... It's not the same  
from when you and I  
were that age!  
Our producers found that  
the materials  
on your daughter's site,  
the photos  
might be deemed by our network  
as unwholesome.  
Was there a particular photo?  
Because it'd be very... We answer to our  
advertisers and they're very risk-averse.  
Anything that could possibly be thought of  
as unseemly... I mean, I mean, we could...  
We could take down the site.  
It'd be so simple.  
We live in a time when there  
is simply no such thing.  
All it takes is one download.  
Why would anyone download...  
We really wish you  
and your daughter  
the very best of luck.  
But, you know, kids are  
emailing photos and texting.  
And it's hardly unique,  
I have to say...  
It's unique to sell them.  
Wha...  
I don't know what you're...  
But I mean, we never, uh...  
I would never...  
We wish you the best of luck.  
Okay.  
Thank you.

Did I do something?  
No, no, no.  
No, I don't know what to...  
Can I get you...  
I haven't done this for  
a while, so if I...  
If you know, listen,  
there's some protocol that  
I'm supposed to follow...  
No, no, no.  
No, it's about Hannah.  
Oh.  
It was just supposed  
to be a place for  
photos and her resume  
and clips from plays.  
What are you talking about?  
Her website.  
Oh.  
And then one day I got  
a message from a stranger.  
A fan of Hannah who wanted  
to pay for a modeling session.  
I knew it wasn't normal,  
but the photos were...  
I mean, they...  
It was the same thing  
as catalogue work.  
So,  
I added a tab to the bottom  
of the website  
that said  
"Private Photo Shoots."  
Jesus!  
I never let her read  
any of the emails.  
But the acting classes and,  
you know, it's...  
I took photos of my daughter.  
And they were meant...  
I don't know how  
we got there, but...  
I just had to tell you that.  
Why?

Because I thought if I never...  
If I never talked about it,  
I wasn't doing anything wrong.  
Donna, you're the first woman  
that I've...  
You know, since my wife left me.  
Maybe we should just...  
Slow things down.  
Did you get some good shots?  
Actually, I didn't  
bring my camera.  
I just came to talk to Kent.  
You're so on his jock!  
Hey, what is up  
with that TV show?  
I mean, I'm pretty sure  
they said they  
were gonna let us know  
by, like, the end of the week,  
and it's  
pretty much the end of the week.  
So, I don't know...  
What do you think the deal is?  
We didn't get it.  
Why?  
I don't... I mean...  
I don't get it.  
I mean, I'm pretty sure  
I must have been  
one of the best ones. What...  
Did they not like  
the video or something?  
Honey, they didn't  
like our website.  
Well, then screw them.  
I thought about it,  
and they're right.  
I took down the site.  
You what?  
What about all of my fans?  
If you wanna act, you can act.  
We will get you into every  
theater program that we can.  
But that show and the website,

that's not what you want to do.  
Yes, it is. Mom, it is!  
You're better  
than that stupid show  
and you're better than the website.  
No, I'm not!  
No, you have to put it back up.  
I can't.  
Yes, you can.  
Just push a fucking button!  
I've allowed you  
certain flexibility,  
but right now  
I have to be your mom.  
No, you're being  
a selfish bitch.  
It's gone!  
I deleted it.  
Jameson, rocks.  
Oh, God.  
I wouldn't bother.  
I changed your passwords.  
Why would...  
What is wrong with you?  
You don't seem to understand  
how dangerous it is on there.  
The only thing that's  
dangerous in this house,  
Mom, is you!  
I'm protecting you.  
From what, having a normal life?  
Give me your phone.  
No.  
You can give me your phone  
or I can call  
and cancel the service  
and remote swipe all the crap  
you put on there.  
It's not like you  
haven't already read  
all of it, anyway.  
What's going on, Dad?  
Great group of, uh, friends  
you play with there.



Had some real nice things  
to say about  
having sex with your mother.  
You don't understand.  
They're just jokes, okay.  
Yeah, Selkis... That's how  
you pronounce his name?  
"Silk-eez"?  
Yeah, he prefers  
to have reverse cowgirl  
so he doesn't have to look  
your mother in the face.  
I wasn't supposed to know, okay.  
I figured you weren't, either.  
What the hell's that mean?  
I saw an album on Facebook.  
She posted it, and I caught it  
before she blocked me.  
She corrected it, like,  
within a few minutes.  
She wasn't trying to hurt us.  
She didn't want to hurt us?  
She abandoned us!  
She abandoned you.  
Oh, really?  
She got a bedroom for you  
out there in California?  
Hmm?  
Did you get your  
wedding invite yet?  
She abandoned us!  
Your mom's gone.  
Yeah, she's gone.  
She got bored with  
the scenery and split.  
So it's just you and me,  
and that's how it's gonna be.  
Probably forever.  
All right, Dad, whatever.  
And you're playing football  
next year.  
No, I'm not.  
Oh yeah, you are.  
No, I'm not!

I understand you needed  
the year to, you know,  
have your space and stuff,  
but you belong on that team.  
I don't even fucking  
like football, Dad. Okay?  
I like Guild Wars! Fuck that stupid game.  
It's a waste of time.  
No, that's all it is, is time!  
And I've put in months  
of my life and I...  
I'm invested now, okay?  
Not anymore, you're not.  
Because I canceled it.  
You mean, you deleted  
the application?  
Okay, I'll reinstall it.  
Thanks, Dad.  
No, you won't.  
I called my credit card company  
and told them  
to delete your account.  
So, it's gone.  
What?  
Why would you do that?  
Because, whether you  
like it or not,  
I'm doing this  
for your own good.  
Brandy?  
Brandy?  
Where's Tim?  
In his room.  
Hey!  
Tim!  
Tim!  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, Christ!  
Oh, shit!  
Get a phone!  
Hey, Dad.  
I'm so sorry.  
It's okay.  
You're really beautiful,

you know that?  
I'd like to explain last night.  
I don't know how we got here.  
I just...  
It's like we slipped, and before we knew it  
the whole reason  
we started dating or...  
had a family just...  
What do you want?  
I don't...  
But I...  
I don't...  
Cheddar? Swiss?  
Scallions? Tomatoes?  
I don't know what  
I was looking for  
when I went online...  
Chives?  
I could do turkey bacon.  
I understand you're upset.  
I just...  
I just want to know  
what you'd like in your eggs.  
Don, we need to talk about this.  
I've made mistakes.  
So have I.  
Oh, yeah.  
So have I.  
Probably worse than you.  
I don't know, Helen...  
That's just it.  
What's...  
What's just it?  
Well, we could sit here and  
tell each other  
everything we've ever done.  
Shit, everything  
we've ever thought.  
It might take a while.  
But, yeah, we could clear  
everything up and  
go to sleep tonight with some  
pretty vivid pictures  
in our heads.

Or you could just tell me  
what you want for breakfast.  
Pale Blue Dot by Carl Sagan.  
"That's home. That's us.  
"On it everyone you love,  
everyone you know,  
"everyone you ever heard of,  
"every human being who ever was  
"lived out their lives.  
"Every young couple in love,  
"every mother and father,  
hopeful child,  
"every saint and sinner  
in the history  
"of our species lived there  
"on the mote of dust  
suspended in a sunbeam.  
"How frequent  
their misunderstandings,  
"how fervent their hatreds.  
"Our imagined self-importance,  
"the delusion that  
we have some privileged  
"position in the Universe  
"are challenged  
by this point of pale light.  
"Our planet is a lonely speck  
"in the great enveloping  
cosmic dark.  
"In all this vastness,  
there is no hint  
"that help  
will come from elsewhere  
"to save us from ourselves.  
"Like it or not,  
"for the moment, the Earth  
is where we make our stand.  
"There is perhaps  
no better demonstration  
"of the folly of human conceits  
"than this distant image  
of our tiny world.  
"It underscores  
our responsibility

"to deal more kindly  
with one another  
"and to preserve and cherish  
the pale blue dot,  
"the only home  
we've ever known."