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Mom and Dad

By Brian Taylor

Somehow it seems
The love I need
Is always
The most destructive kind
Yesterday, when I was young
The taste of life was sweet
As rain upon my tongue
I'd teased at life
As if it were a foolish game
The way the evening breeze
May tease a candle flame
The thousand dreams
I dreamed
The splendid things
I planned
I always built to last
On weak and shifting sand
I lived by night
And shunned the naked light
Of day
And only now I see
How the time ran away
Yesterday, when I was young
So many lovers' songs
Were waiting to be sung
So many wild pleasures
Lay in store for me
And so much pain
My eyes refused to see
There are so many songs in me
That won't be sung
I feel a bitter taste of tears
Upon my tongue
The time has come
For me to pay for yesterday
It's not my fault
you make me think bad thoughts.
Oh, right.
You're so innocent.
I'm totally leading you
down a dark path of corruption.
You're right.
If I crash and burn
on my test today,

that's on you.
Oh, yeah.
I forgot
you have your PSATs today.
Are you ready?
How can I be ready
with you taking up
all my study time?
Ha-ha.
You're gonna do awesome.
Then maybe we can
celebrate tonight?
Can you get away
from the parental units?
I'll have
to make something up,
but you know
how creative I can be.
Mom says to get
your ass out of bed.
Jesus! Knock, please!
Oh, my God! I will kill you!
...several
reports of police staying
near the Walmart
on Grounds Mountain
and also near Cornell Street.
Witnesses tell us
the driver calmly exited
the vehicle
just moments before the impact
that police say
killed the child instantly.
And reports that the woman
was in fact the child's mother
could not be verified.
Good Lord, really?
Before breakfast?
Oh, sorry, Ms. Ryan.
See that, Josh?
Always do what Mom says.
No! No! No! No!
So not funny.
Awful.

Hey, uh, can I go to a movie
with Riley tonight?

- "With Riley."

- Shut up.

Since when does anyone
under 30 go to the movies?

Sweetheart,

you're not seeing that boy.

Well, he has a name,

and I know why you don't want me
to see him.

Yeah,

because he's a junior,
and you're a sophomore.

Listen, I used to be
a 17-year-old dude once,

- So I think I know...

- Dad, gross!

- Gross?

- Yeah.

Honey, your grandparents
are coming

- for dinner tonight, remember?

- Wh... Mom, really?

Really.

What? You haven't seen them
in months,

and they're not getting
any younger, you know,
so the "movie" can wait.

Awesome!

You and Grandma
passive-aggressive
bitching at each other,
and Grandpa telling
his disgusting Vietnam stories.

"Pulled it out
and killed the Charlie bastard
with his own pigsticker."

Carly! I am so sorry.

M gan yiu, Mrs. Ryan.

I'm the Chinese.

Chinese is not the Charlie.

Well, I'm already

on the rag anyway, and I...
I can't hear you!
Hashtag,
inappropriate talk before...
- "Hashtag"?
- Son, you take my advice.
Don't ever have kids.
Oh, oops!
...Mr. Ryan.
- It's too late.
- This is bullshit!
Okay, Carly,
that is enough, young lady!
So nothing about Jeannie yet?
No. No baby news yet.
Soon, soon, soon.
This is so weak.
I can already see
how this is gonna go down.
Aunt Jeannie's gonna
have her kid today,
out of all days,
and you're going to be
the no-show for dinner.
I...
You know, I want to trust you,
Carly. Really...
I do.
Your dad and I both do,
but you don't make it easy
on us when you shut us out.
Do you mind not Facebooking
when we're driving together?
It's really
the only time we have,
just the two of us.
"Facebooking."
You know what I mean.
Yeah, whatever.
You know, I really, really hate
when you say that.
Amazing. I mean,
everything just revolves
around you, doesn't it?

Doesn't everyone's world
revolve around themselves?
Who else
should it revolve around?
Well,
you're part of a family, Carly,
and that means
that you love each other
even when
you can't stand each other,
and that you give a shit
even when you don't really give
a shit.
Yeah, that makes
a lot of sense, Mom.
Take your Aunt Jeannie,
for instance.
I mean, you could have
a new cousin today.
That is a big deal.
And all you can think about is...
You know,
I don't even know
what you're thinking about,
because you don't tell me
anymore.
We used to be best friends,
remember?
Okay. Well, that's not the case
anymore, Mom.
I have other friends.
Right.
See, it's just, for me,
you and Josh are everything.
So you don't get
to just shut me out.
Okay, it's not fair.
God, it's not my fault
you have no life!
You know what?
You're right.
Whatever.
Stop it! Stop it!
- Had enough?

- Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
No! No! Ow!
All right, Sun-Yi.
Thanks for everything.
We'll see you next week.
Bye, Lisa.
- Bye, Mr. Ryan.
- Okay, Mister.
I leave the dinner
in the fridge.
Fuck you.
Yeah, okay, that's great.
Ten... it's not a guarantee
for you.
Yeah, yeah
Look a nigga in his eye
And tell him get to runnin'
All my niggas comin'...
What the hell?
All right,
let's have it.
Ain't your brother,
Ain't your cousin
Actin' like a dick
I know these pussies
Never...
You kids need to go to church.
Searchin' for the bread
And butter
Fuck a hot bitch,
I ain't lookin'...
Dude!
- I beg your pardon?
- I don't think
you can just use my phone.
Can you?
Owned.
You can have these back
at the end of the school day.
Shh.
You still hungry,
little man?
Want some more dinner?
I'm okay, Mom.

All right. It's okay.
Josh.
Joshua!
God, it smells
like something died in there.
How am I supposed
to get that out?
Great. Perfect excuse
to get rid of it.
That's awesome, Kendall.
Thank...
Go click, click
Make them girls go
Make them girls go
Click, click, you got it
Click, click, you got it
Yes, you want it
Yes, you want it
We are so over.
- I'm dying.
- Why do we do it?
Killing ourselves
to hold back Father Time
for what, a few more months?
Why do anything? I don't know.
Be healthy, I guess.
Be healthy, my ass.
It's not about being healthy.
It's about being hot,
and hot, skinny bitch,
is in our rear-view mirror.
Speak for yourself.
I mean,
don't get me wrong.
Look at you.
You're amazing.
But that's not what
keeps your hubby
from chasing
after 17-year-olds.
It's state divorce law
that does that shit.
Yeah, if it weren't for that
juicy hunk of asada

in the front row,
I would not be keeping up
with this torture.
Okay, you know he could
sue you for sexual harassment
for shoving your business
in his face.
Are you kidding me?
He is making his way
through that class
like a stomach flu.
I'm just hoping
he gets to my row
before I have a massive coronary
and peace out, yo.
Your sister,
she's gonna pop one out, huh?
Yeah, good luck with that.
God, I need a real drink.
I saw Riley changing in front
of the mirror the other day,
and I started to hate her
a little.
She's my daughter.
I should be proud,
but all I could think was,
"One day,
those tits are gonna drop,
you little whore."
- Is that wrong?
- That's funny.
- I could have sworn...
- What?
That I got 100
from the ATM yesterday.
Oh, don't worry
about it. I got this.
Yeah.
No, it's just weird.
I don't know
what I could have done with it.
I don't know
about your little angels,
but mine steals from me

every chance she gets.

- No.

- She's a bitch.

Does anybody know

what this means?

Anyone? Bueller? No?

It refers to products designed

with a predetermined,

limited life span.

Products that are

literally built to die,

that is, to become unfashionable

or nonfunctional

in a certain amount of time.

- See exhibit A.

- Excuse me.

That's actually

the new one.

You are dexterously

missing my point,

and making it at exactly

the same time.

See, the idea is to manipulate

the consumer...

...to constantly want to buy

- the new one.

- Yeah, duh.

Of course, there's

an argument to be made

in favor of...

What's this? What is it?

- Planned obsolescence.

- Planned obsolescence.

That's right.

Without getting rid of the old,

you might never embrace the new.

The need

to continuously replace,

it forces us

to accelerate progress.

The same thing

can happen in nature.

Hold that thought.

Yep?

Sure.

Pea, you need to go
to the office.

Where was I?

You were saying how we were
the new and improved version
of last year's class.

That's funny.

Oh.

Really?

Yes?

Okay.

I understand.

All right.

Jenson... they need you
in the office, too. I'm sorry.

What's going on?

Chapter 12.

Everyone, let's go. Come on.

Problem?

What's the rush today?

We still have over an hour.

Look at 'em.

Looks like they're waiting
for a buffet.

My mom is such a penis.

She is killing me.

She just won't let go
of that shit last weekend.

I'm totally cut off.

No credit, no ATM.

Can't even get any
of my birthday money.

- Can't you ask your dad?

- Nah.

He direct deposits
in my account.

It's not like he can just fly in
and drop me a hundo.

He's in, like, Europe
or something.

I don't know.

Fuck that dude.

Besides, I got you, fam.

Seriously, you're not gonna wash your hands?

Oh.

We are gonna get fucked up! Fucked up! Put that down! Here. Put it in your bag.

Let's go.

Whoa.

This is not normal. Whoa! Watch where you're going, fucking ham beast!

Come on.

Jesus.

Whoa, Riley, look at that.

Let me go!

- Is that McKenna's mom?

- Let me go!

No! Get off!

Let me go!

Get off of me!

Soul hurting

Soul hurting

You're finished?

You know there's still 20 minutes left.

Yes, ma'am.

And the score's pretty important to your future.

I took a lot of practice tests.

Why are the buses here?

This isn't a fucking bomb scare.

- Come on.

- Back up. Back up.

No, I'm not gonna back up.

We can't send these kids home.

We don't know what's happened!

What are they doing here?

Come on, honey.

Mom's here. Let's go.

Back up! Back up! Back up!

Back up!

- Do you see your mom?

- Yeah, right.
If ISIS dropped a bomb
on this place,
she'd be so stoked.
Come on over.
Evan, let's go.
Evan. Evan.
This is my kid!
You're not gonna tell me what...
- Back up!
- Touch me again, I'll...
Get the fuck back!
Evan. Evan!
Evan, let's go now!
Right now.
Come on. Let's go!
Hold that kid!
No!
Whoa, dude, check it out.
What in the actual fuck?
We gotta go.
My car. I drove today.
I told you to fucking stay back!
Hey, Mrs. Beasley.
Where's Amanda?
She's inside.
Commissioner?
Commissioner?
Look, look, at this time,
the last thing we want to do
is disseminate any information
that may not be accurate,
and compound the problem.
Is it true
that the murderers
and the victims are related?
Can you at least...
Some of that information
may be correct, but...
Fuck.
Come on, Dad.
Do you have kids, sir?
Do you know where they are?
I do,

and I can assure you,
I intend to see them very soon.
That's not gonna cut it.
We're gonna need
a little bit more than that...
You gotta tell us the truth!
Tell us what's really going...
Dad?
Dad! What... what the fuck, man?
Don't...
Please don't do this again!
It's me. It's your son.
It's Damon!
Ain't you had enough
of that shit?
Dad.
Put the bottle down.
What the fuck?
Dad!
No!
Dad!
No, Dad! No!
I don't know
about your little angels...
Carly?
...but mine steals from me
every chance she gets.
Well, look at you.
Look at you.
- Two kids.
- I know. Ugh, hard to believe.
And you have
- none?
- Can't wrap my head around it.
Look, you either die single,
or you live long enough
to see yourself become a cliché.
Stupid.
Ugh. So it's the best, huh?
It is, but they need you less
and less...
and...
that's sort of
why I'm here today.

Remember how you said
if ever I want to get back in...
Oh, Kendall, that was, what,
like, 15 years ago?
Uh, yeah,
that's the "ever" part.
Look,
Kendall, you are always
a rock star to me,
but this isn't something you can
just jump back into.
I get it. You're going crazy,
kids.
Crazy? Wow.
Maybe take some classes.
- Classes?
- Yeah. Something fun.
Tell me.
Oh, my God.
Are you sure?
Okay, okay.
I'll meet you at the hospital.
Yep.
God damn it!
Yeah,
like he's gonna stop.
I don't know. We're supposed
to be in class, aren't we?
World War Z just broke out
at our school. I'm pretty sure
nobody's gonna care
that we left early.
Where's the remote? We gotta
find out what's going on.
Yo, shit was
fucking retarded.
Oh, man. I need to light up.
What we had prayed...
Found it.
...was an isolated incident
is apparently far from it,
as multiple reports
are now coming in
of similar attacks

across the country.

We can hardly believe
what we are reporting to you
based on the videos
that are flooding in,
and we want to warn you,
this footage is very graphic.
Fucking needed that.

- Hey, you want a drink, bitch?

- Yeah.

I mean, fuck no!

Dude, get in here!

But what we know is this.

- What the fuck?

- Multiple incidents
are being reported
of parents attacking...
and, in many cases,
murdering their own children.

Riley!

Mom?

Are you okay?

I spilled my drink.

I'm sure

many viewers are unfamiliar
with a phenomenon
known as "savaging."

It's actually somewhat common
in the animal kingdom.

For instance,
in a domestic pig population,
as anyone involved in raising
livestock will tell you...

Excuse me.

You are talking about pigs?

There are children dying,
and you're talking about pigs.

Well, yes. In fact,
around 50 percent
of the piglet fatalities seen
is due to the mother attacking
or crushing
the newborn pre-weaned babies,
and no one can say

exactly why they do it.
Again, we have
to emphasize, we have no idea
what set off the incidents,
and authorities
have so far refused
to issue any statement.
All we know is what we are...
Riley?
Riley, I swear to God,
if you're messing with me,
I'll kill you.
Hey, kiddo.
Dr. Torres,
please dial...
All right,
but isn't it a fact
that we still have no real idea
what is causing this?
It could be
a natural phenomenon,
but let's just postulate
someone wants to wipe us out,
so they create
a biological weapon
or a neurotoxin which attacks
a very hard-wired human impulse,
which is to protect our young.
Any parent would rush out
in front of a speeding car,
or an oncoming train
or even a wild animal
to save their child,
but if you could take
that natural human impulse
and reverse it,
you wouldn't have
to wipe us out,
because at that point,
we ourselves
would be wiping out
our own future.
Kendall!
Oh, Jeannie!

It's about time, woman!

- Damn.

- Are you the father?

- No, I'm the...

- No, he's the boyfriend.

It's complicated. Dan the man.

I hope you remembered

to bring your camera.

Motherfucker!

I can't do this! I can't!

Dan, Dan, are you sure

you don't want to wait outside?

This might be a little more

than you signed up for.

This thing is fucked up!

Holy fucking shit!

How have you done this twice?

- You're inhuman.

- Easy there.

Less talking. More breathing.

- Okay.

- We're almost there.

80 percent dilated.

She's good to go, Doctor.

- Hey, I know it hurts. I know.

- This fucking sucks!

I know this hurts, Mama,

but trust me.

The second you see

that beautiful baby

and hear that voice,

everything will just disappear.

It's some kind of magic,

okay? Trust me.

It will go away.

It's probably

just the drugs kicking in.

No, no, Jeannie.

It's something else.

It's... It's love kicking in,

okay? So just let it come.

And push!

Do you mind? Do you mind?

Are you getting this?

Get this.

Good job, Mama.

Look at that beautiful girl!

Very strong voice.

I bet Mommy wants

to hold her daughter.

Jeannie?

Jeannie?

Jeannie, you're

holding her too tight.

- Stop.

- Stop, Jeannie.

- No! No, no, no! Jeannie!

- Security!

- Call security!

- Okay.

- Stop her!

- No!

You're holding her too tight!

- No, no, no.

- Jeannie!

What's happening

with her?

Jeannie! Jeannie, let go!

Security!

No!

Jeannie, let go.

It must have been love

But it's over now...

Call security.

No! Keep her back.

Jeannie!

It must have been love...

Jeannie!

Why is this happening to her?

What the hell is going on?

From the moment we touched

'Til the time it ran out...

What the hell

is happening here?

Security!

Jeannie! Oh, it's me!

What is happening?

- No! No! No!

- It's me! It's me!
- I got you! I got you!
- Damon. The guy, he...
Don't worry.
He doesn't want us.
Come on. Come on.
But...
Damon, what happened
to your arm?
Sweetie,
where's your brother?
He's at home with...
- with Sun-Yi.
- What about your folks?
My dad's at work,
and my mom is...
She's at the gym with...
We have to go.
We have to go right now!
Hey, um...
I'm not taking any calls,
all right?
What about your wife?
Oh, especially not.
God damn it, Brent.
It's okay. It's okay.
Excuse me, ma'am.
You're the mother's sister?
Yes. Is she okay?
She's fine.
She's been sedated.
Sedated.
We need to ask
for the baby.
No. I think I need
to keep her close with me.
Ma'am, I need you
to give her the child.
But this is my family.
Ma'am, I'm sorry,
but we must insist.
It's for the child's safety.
Please understand.
No. No.

What is this?
What is going on here?
We're not sure,
but until we know more,
we need to protect
the children.
Oh...
Okay.
Unspoken love
If I could only tell you
What's in my heart
But it would be so wrong
A lonely song of love
That just can never be
There's nothing left for me
But love
Sun.
Sun, is everything all right
over there?
Hi, Ms. Ryan.
Everything is fine.
How 'bout your sister?
Did she have the baby?
Okay, stop. Is...
Oh, is Joshua all right?
Uh, Joshua, he's fine.
I make him lunch.
He's hiding
around here somewhere.
Okay, is... is Mr. Ryan home?
No. He go to work.
Okay, you haven't heard
from him?
No, Ms. Ryan.
Is everything okay?
No. Listen, I am coming home.
Whose car is that?
The housekeeper's.
My dad doesn't get home
'til late.
All right, let's do this fast.
We're gonna go in.
We're gonna get
your little brother,

and get the hell out, okay?
Okay.
Sun-Yi?
Carly, you're home.
Why you not at school?
We left early today.
Okay. Come here.
I make you the lunch.
That's your boyfriend?
Mr. Ryan say no boyfriend
in the house.
You understand me?
We're only here for a minute,
okay? Uh, where's Joshua?
In his room.
I don't know
why he's not come out.
Oh, my God.
I can't get this stain
out of the floor!
No, you need... you need...
you need to leave, okay?
You need to go right now.
I clean the mess,
and then I go.
No! You need
to leave right now!
Don't worry about the cleaning!
Just get out of the house!
- Go get your brother.
- Get out!
You want the lunch, kid?
I'm good.
Everybody so crazy today.
I don't understand
why they so crazy today.
I don't clean the kitchen.
I don't know
who's clean the kitchen.
Josh?
Where are you, bro?
Hey, are you okay?
Lisa.
Something bad happened to Lisa.

I know. I know. I know.
In Chinese... I didn't...
She didn't do anything wrong.
- I know, okay? I know.
- Why'd she do it?
Just listen to me.
I know. I know you're scared.
But we have
to get out of the house
before Mom and Dad come home.
I think it's
horrible what's happening.
- Yes.
- I only wish that I...
Intellectually,
I should feel devastated.
This should be
the most awful thing
that could happen to anybody.
I get that...
but it's just not.
Look...
I'm trying to summon up
some crocodile tears for you
just so you don't think
I'm a monster...
but I can't.
So you think it's good,
what's happening?
Absolutely not.
I think it's horrible
what's happening.
But for you...
It was exactly right.
What the hell
are you doing here?
It's not what you think,
Mr. Ryan.
What are you doing
in my house?
Is my daughter here?
Carly? Joshua?
Is that Dad? I want Dad.
No, we have to leave,

God damn it.

- I need to get my backpack.

- Why?

Fine. Just get it.

Mr. Ryan, we...

we need to talk, sir.

Oh, do we need to talk?

Yeah, we do need to talk.

You can't be here.

This is not about me and Carly.

- It's about what's happening.

- I get exactly...

...what's happening.

It's called hormones.

Shh.

Yeah, believe it or not,

I used to be young once, too,

and actually,

not all that long ago,

by the way. And I think

about how things were

- in my day.

- Mr. Ryan...

But now...

the world you kids

are living in,

the things you've seen

on the Internet,

mouth to dildo,

dildo to ass,

ass to ass.

Hi, Brent, anal beads,

things I only saw

in magazines!

No!

And the expectations

that must come with that.

Dad?

Yes

Daddy!

Come on!

Dude.

Right here.

Right here.

Yeah, that's sexy. Okay.
Hey, where's Spot?
Mom, where's Spot?
He ran away!
Run, Spot, run
Run, Spot, run

At 6:

The milkman comes around
Another day in anytown
I wake up with a frown
Another day in anytown
Run, Spot, run
Run, Spot, run
I called up Sally,
Dick and Mark
We took my dog Spot
To the park
We watched him run
And hunt and bark
Then Spot ran
Way into the dark
Run, Spot, run
Run, Spot, run
I had to go and tell my dad
I said...
Wow!
You were gonna tell me
about this at some point?
Jesus Christ.
Why do you sneak up on me
like that?
You bought a pool table?
Yeah. So?
You don't even like pool.
Can I ask how much this cost?
Don't worry about it.
I kind of have to worry
about it.
I mean,
Christmas is coming up.
Do you really think
this is the right time
to start building a man cave

in the basement?
It's not a man cave, Kendall.
Jesus!
I just thought, you know,
like... like a family room.
The whole house
is a family room.
Okay. You see, I got a problem
with that one right there,
because I bust my ass six days
a week
trying to pay this place down,
and it's like
a fucking obstacle course
trying to get out
the fucking front door.
I mean, one of these days,
I'm gonna trip over
one of Josh's toys
and take a nose dive
- straight to the emergency room.
- What are you saying?
I'm saying that maybe we need
to have boundaries.
I'm saying that
maybe there needs to be
a fucking grown-up zone,
and a fucking kid zone!
Brent... honey...
you think I want to be the one
to piss all over
your family room?
Do you think
I want to be the one
who has to build
a fucking family room?
Perfect. Yeah.
Okay. Well,
let me see if I can take care
of this for you, sweetheart.
Yeah, I think I have something.
I have just the right thing.
Oh, yeah!
You put your right foot in

You take your right foot out
You do the hokey-pokey
And you fuckin'
Work it all out
Brent, stop.
And you do the hokey-pokey,
and you turn yourself around!
That's what it's all about!
There you go.
Problem solved.
You're right, honey.
I hate pool.
Not a big fan
of machine-part sales either.
Trying to hit quotas
down there, be a big man.
Not exactly what I had in mind
as a young dude, you know.
Bright future. Everything
in the world to look forward to.
I mean, I was gonna grab
the world by the balls
and squeeze, boy!
God damn it! I remember
that kid I used to be
like it was
four fucking minutes ago!
My feet barely touched
the ground back then.
My kill ratio
was nine out of ten!
It was 100 percent sex.
But that guy, in a million years
could never have pictured
this tired motherfucker
he turned out to be!
Flat on his ass,
fat, bald,
cottage-cheese fucking ass,
Blue Bonnet butter
waistline,
with hair coming out
of my ears, my nose.
And my salary went

from 145,000 dollars
to 45,000 dollars!
Yeah, building
a fucking man cave!
That's right.
You're right!
I mean,
does any of this make any sense
to you at all?
Of course it does.
I mean...
it's not that...
as a woman...
you don't have...
career dreams,
relationship dreams.
I did. I had all that...
but there's this bigger thing.
All your life,
you know it's coming.
And there's this mix
of anxiety and...
secret excitement...
and terror...
because you know that one day...
inevitably...
you'll create this life.
The hugeness of it,
the importance of it...
everything is building
to that moment.
And then...
it happens.
And no matter what you thought
it would be...
it's not like that.
I mean, it's intense.
It's fucking bat-shit,
but it's not...
It doesn't...
Anyways, it is what it is.
Just something that happens,
and then it's...
Then it's over.

Yeah.

I know this is the way
things are supposed to be.
I... I know we're doing it right.
It's just hard to get
my head around, you know?
I mean, I used to be Brent...
and you used to be Kendall...
and now we're just...

Mom and Dad.

Fuck!

Come on!

The origin of threat
is still being determined,
but what we are being told
by authorities
is that we are under attack.
To anyone
in earshot of this broadcast,
the message is, you are going
to want to go to them.
It's your natural instinct
in the middle of a crisis,
is to protect them,
but do not go
near your children.

Are you all right?

Took a header.

Must have blacked out.

You're home early.

So are you.

They're in the basement.

Carly?

Joshua?

- Can you hear me?

- Mom?

Dude, shh.

Yes, it's Mommy.

Mommy's here.

Is your sister with you?

- Yeah, Mom, I'm here.

- Oh, thank God.

Are you two all right?

Mom...

I stole the money...
from your purse.
I'm so sorry. I...
Riley, she just said
that she needed it,
and then her...
her mom...
It's okay, honey.
I understand. You must have had
a very good reason...
but that's not what this
is about.
Now I want you to unbolt
the door,
and I want you and your brother
to come out of that basement.
Do you understand?
No, Mom, we're not coming out,
okay? You have to leave.
You... you need to leave
the house, you and Dad!
Your motherfucking mother
said to open this door!
And, motherfuckers,
you're going to open
this motherfucking door!
Carly.
Not so helpful.
Joshie.
All right.
Let's try it this way.
Where are you going?
That's not gonna cut
through this door.
The hell it won't.
It's a Sawzall.
That means it saws all.
Ah, well, you know,
educate me.
Fuck this.
I'm tired of messing around
with this shit.
You want to get things done?
Huh?

I'll get things done.
Mom! Please don't!
Please.
What the fuck?
Aw, shit!
Got a fucking explanation
for this?
You really went all in
on the midlife crisis thing,
didn't you?
A fucking handgun?
Really?
Well, I mean, some psycho
could break into the house.
How am I supposed to defend us?
You do realize
that one in five children
and adolescents injured
involve firearms!
It was in a locked case.
What was the combination?
Josh's birthday.
Who wants to die today?
Speak! Speak!
Come on.
What a jerk you are.
Damn it!
Forget it.
I have an idea.
Want to get me something
for this?
Oh, you bet I will.
Okay,
just get some alcohol.
Alcohol? Okay.
Just alcohol. Okay.
Maybe I should try
to take the bullet out first.
Are you fucking kidding me?
No! No. Leave it.
I just don't want it
to get infected.
- Just leave it.
- Okay.

You ready?
One, two, three, go.
What... what was that?
It sounded like Mom.
All right. okay, okay.
Opening. Don't hurt your teeth.
Okay, okay.
Okay. Okay. Okay. Ow! Fuck!
All right.
All right, okay. Here we go.
All right. And...
one,
two...
three...
five, six.
Do you think Dad's hurting her?
I don't know.
I don't think so. I think...
I think
they only want to hurt us.
Don't worry.
Everything's gonna be okay,
'cause whatever's happening
out there...
it's gonna pass.
But until then...
we're safe here, okay?
No one can get in.
Are you sure?
We're urban savages
No one can manage us
We're gonna hit the street
We're urban savages
No one can manage us
We gotta rock the street
Locked inside your city like
I'm locked inside your cage
Capitalist corruption
Is oozing off my brain
Put locks on your cities
Put locks on your stores
Gonna burn your city down
Right on the floor
Kendall, this is a really

great idea, honey.
Corruption turning into rage
Put locks on your cities
And locks on your floor
Trapped inside a system
Like a bird locked in a cage
Okay! Let her rip!
Gas on!
Love you!
Gonna burn your city down
Onto the floor
Escape!
Wait here, okay?
What?
- Just wait here.
- Okay.
What the fuck?
I found Lisa outside...
by the bins. That explains
the mess in the kitchen.
Ah.
I was wondering about that.
Hmm.
How long do you think
it'll take?
I don't know.
It's a big basement.
We should hear them coughing.
Throwing up.
After that, we should be good
to cut the door down.
Josh, are you okay?
Hey...
listen to me, okay?
You gotta stay with me...
okay?
You have to stay with me.
I don't know
why this is happening...
and I don't know...
I don't know
what we could have done
or not done to change it.
But the fact is that...

is that Mom and Dad
want to hurt us.
They want to kill us.
Okay, but we're not gonna
let that happen, all right?
We're gonna get out of here.
You gonna hurt them?
Shh. Stay down. Go back.
Your nose.
Shh.
Do it.
Come on.
Come on.
Ah! Fuck!
I don't see 'em.
Stand back.
Stay. Stay.
Damn it, Carly! Get back here!
Mom, no! Stop!
Stop! Mom!
Hey.
Mommy...
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.
Oh, no, no. No, honey.
Honey, it's okay.
You don't ever have to be afraid
of me.
Oh, look how beautiful you are.
You did a good job.
Here.
Just a kiss of it.
There's your angel cheeks.
Thank you for making me pretty,
Mommy.
Oh, honey, you were born
that way.
There is nothing I want more
in this world than to see you...
Honey.
Mom. No!
Mrs. Ryan, no!
- Carly.
- No!
Mom! No! No!

- Let go of me!
- No!
No. No, no, no.
Baby, baby,
Carly, it's okay.
Shh. Shh. It's okay.
- Mom!
- It's okay, Carly.
No!
Holy shit!
Mom, stop!
It's usually not this bad.
I used to think
my parents getting divorced
was the hugest tragedy
of my life,
but ironically, that shit
doubled my chance of survival.
Where's Mom?
What?
Mom, stop it!
You're gonna hurt them!
Mom!
No!
No! Mom, stop!
No!
Damon?
Mom, please, no!
Come on.
Josh, come on.
Stop!
Sawzall.
Means it...
saws...
all.
Daddy, please, no.
I'm sorry I said
that you have no life, okay?
I'm sorry
that we don't talk anymore.
I'm sorry
that we're not best friends...
- Shh!
- Mom, we're a family.

We love each other.
When they can't stand
each other,
- they give a shit.
- Whatever. Whatever.
Saws...
all.
Close your eyes, bro.
Close your eyes.
No! Stop!
Shit.
I forgot. Your parents.
That was tonight?
God damn it.
Just a sec.
All right, all right.
Hold your horses. Jesus!
Mom, Dad, listen.
Dad!
Oh! Holy shit!
Dad! You killed me!
You fucking killed me!
Nah, bullshit.
I missed your gut, crybaby.
- I'm gonna get you now.
- Grandpa!
Please don't hurt Dad anymore.
Please.
Hey!
There's my little piss
and vinegar.
Mom?
Get your hands off me.
No!
You do not want to kill Brent.
Brent is your son.
As if you ever gave a shit
about him.
You were never good enough
for him.
You're a whore.
Kendall's not even a real name!
Dad, what are you doing?
No! Dad!

Well...

you fucked up, son...

but what if I told you

I fucked up even worse?

- How?

- Did you know

that once upon a time,

the Firebird

was Grandpa Mel's car?

It's true.

He bought it brand-new in '79

right off the line,

used his V.A. settlement.

Man, that car was his baby.

When I was little,

I used to watch him

polish it on the front lawn

every weekend.

And by the time I turned

into a dumb,

horny, pimple-faced

high school kid

just like you're gonna be,

it was officially a classic.

So long story short,

I stole the keys,

picked up my girlfriend.

Yeah,

this is before I met your mom.

Took it out for a little spin.

Pretty much totaled

the motherfucker.

Cool.

Well, Mel didn't think so.

I thought

he was gonna crush my skull.

But you know what he did?

He sold it to me.

And it wasn't cheap either.

I'd have to pay him back

every dime he put into it.

And if I wanted

to drive my senior year,

I better learn how to fix a car.

So I did.

I spent the whole summer
working two jobs,
paid back my dad.

"Here's ten dollars, Dad.

Here's 20 dollars, Dad.

Here's 100 dollars, Dad."

By the end of the summer,
I had that bad boy cherried out
from the ground up.

Now, you talk
about a pussy magnet.

- Dad.

- Chick magnet.

Your mom keeps telling me
to sell it,

but I just can't bear
to let her go.

Is that why Mom always says,
"I can't bear to think
about what must have happened
in that car"?

Because of the accident?

No, no, buddy. Nah.

She's talking
about something else.

I'm sorry I messed up, Dad.

Hey...

like father, like son, right?

But if you ever
touch that car again...

I'll fuckin' kill you.

Dad!

No! No, Dad!

Dad! No!

Do you remember

There was a time...

You won't be
running anymore!

Yeah.

Get your claws off me,
you goddamn filthy dinosaur!

Fucking dinosaur?

I fought in wars,

you little shit.
What have you done ever?
Come on. Come on.
Break these chains
Of love...
Now take this.
There was a time...
Days would last forever...
Come to me, cover me
Hold me
Together we'll break
These chains of love
No. Mom.
Carly?
Sweetheart?
Hey, Mom.
Hey, Dad.
Buddy.
Thank God...
you're all right.
Honey, okay,
let us out, honey.
It's okay.
I don't think so.
Joshua,
come on, big guy.
Get the Sawzall.
Cut us loose.
We want to trust you.
We really do.
But you don't make it easy.
I love you, Dad.
Oh, sweetie.
I love you, Mom.
Me, too.
Don't you know
we love you both
more than anything
in the whole world?
But sometimes we...
sometimes we...
just want to...