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# **My Father, Die**

By Sean Brosnan

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The world was not  
round, not from where I  
stood, watching the sun wither  
into the shadows.  
It left me knee deep  
in the winter water.  
I used to be  
comfortable in the dark,  
listening to the  
wind scream and howl,  
snapping branches off family  
trees, casting them down stream  
into the mouth of  
the Mississippi,  
into the heart of  
what I call home.  
What if she doesn't like me?  
It don't matter if  
she's likes you, man.  
She loves me.  
She would do it if I ask her to.  
Besides, you're  
my little brother.  
Wherever I go, you go.  
Ok?  
Ok?  
Yes, sir.  
All right.  
Don't call me sir, faggot.  
Fuck you.  
What if I don't like her?  
I thought you  
said you liked her.  
What if she doesn't like me,  
or what if I change my mind?  
No.  
No.  
No.  
No, man.  
It's easy.  
Once you're inside, all you  
got to do is pump like this.  
Look.

Unh.  
Unh.  
Boom.  
Check it.  
Unh.  
Unh.  
Boom.  
Don't laugh at me.  
No, man.  
No.  
No.  
No.  
Look.  
Look.  
It's like this, ok.  
Boom.  
You start with the titties.  
Ok.  
Start with the titties first.  
Ok?  
And you work your way down.  
How you doing?  
Over there.  
Ok.  
Then you go, unh.  
Yeah.  
Ow.  
Then you turn and you go, boom.  
Boom.  
I'm going to butter  
your biscuits...  
Oh, yeah.  
Bitch.  
Hey, Nana!  
Hey, Nana!  
Hey, Nana!  
Hey.  
What the fuck are  
you yelling for?  
You're trying to  
wake up my mother?  
Well, shit, we  
ain't got all day.  
Hey, Asher.

The world is warped.  
My brother, Chester,  
he taught me that.  
Chester said love  
is for the weak.  
I disagree.  
I think he's dead wrong.  
Don't you think it's a  
little weird with your brother  
watching?  
Look, buddy, I'm  
going in with her.  
You just look through the  
window and you take notes.  
Ok?  
Goddamn it.  
It's fucking cold.  
You're my foot soldier.  
Remember?  
Yeah.  
Oh.  
Keep an eye out for  
any trouble, man.  
Cause I  
seen it with my own eyes.  
Just as clear as I see a  
slug slither from one wall  
to another, it's  
like being sucked  
into the bottom of a bottomless  
pit only to be spat out again.  
She saw my silhouette, my  
shadow behind the glass.  
Nothing more than a smudge  
of a boy in the dark.  
I smell blood and rain and  
mud, but I hear nothing.  
My father's fingers ripped  
me out of the ground  
like something rotten.  
My ears rang out like the whole  
world was screaming at once.  
God, wait.  
Wait.

Wait.  
Wait  
why you fucking  
cheating on me, girl?  
With my son!  
Huh?  
I'll fucking kill you!  
This is my father's  
way of silencing the world.  
A vain  
attempt to prove himself a god.  
If only the emotions  
I felt were natural,  
natural in the same way  
venom is to the snake.  
The ground tried  
to swallow me up.  
Mother earth knows  
like moves in cycles.  
Better to stop  
what was already in motion.  
I spent years together  
killing Viet Cong.  
My hands knotted  
into little fists,  
and I screamed with  
my first death word.  
Chester.  
Chester.  
But Chester was gone.  
By the power of the almighty,  
let these men break  
free in Jesus' name.  
All men are free!  
Amazing, ain't it, Asher?  
It's amazing what  
the lord can do.  
I said it's amazing what the  
lord can do, ain't it, Asher?  
Preacher Michael: Deliver his message.  
Told me to start the  
temple of bodily saints.  
Oh, yeah.  
And skin that gator

before he starts to rot.  
It's been a day already.  
Oh, and Asher.  
Hey, Asher, take out the trash.  
Lazy.  
Lazy since the day he was born.  
Preacher Michael: Jesus is good to me.  
Buck, would you lead us in?  
I know this is  
unexpected, and I'm sorry.  
Don't make me no happier.  
No.  
No.  
No.  
No.  
Hello, Asher.  
You know hunting  
season's done, right?  
Have a seat, son.  
This is hard.  
Asher, um, the  
reason I'm here, I  
got to notify all the  
necessary people that ah,  
your father got out earlier  
this evening due to overcrowding  
and um, good behavior.  
When you say necessary people,  
you mean that little  
whore, don't you?  
Yes, ma'am.  
All necessary people.  
Now look, I know he had  
four more years, but...  
No.  
Judge put a  
restraint on your home.  
Where is he now?  
No, I ain't  
seen them in a while.  
Man, I'll tell ya, a  
lot has changed around  
here since you've been away.  
So you look like you

haven't aged a day.  
You look great, man.  
You need another one?  
Why not?  
It's a lot quieter around here.  
And I seen all the boys  
from the club house.  
Why don't you put that  
one of my tab, Russ?  
Hey, Lawny.  
I'll take one too.  
My name's Lawny.  
I haven't seen you  
around here before.  
Thank you, Russ.  
To ah, shit, friends,  
family and fornication, huh?  
Thank you, Russ.  
M-hm.  
You know, my ah, old man  
used to work in a distillery.  
And he always told me  
whiskey is good at year 12,  
but it's better at 17.  
He would always say, boy, you'll  
go blind you drink that shit.  
But, but he also told me I'd go  
blind if I fiddle with my flesh  
fluid too much too.  
Look at me now.  
I got 20/20 vision.  
I'm a goddamn miracle over here.  
There were whispers about how  
my father came to be.  
Some say he was born  
and left for dead  
under a rotten sycamore  
by a whore, 17,  
only to be found and raised by  
a descendant of the slave who  
beat generations  
upon generations  
of his relatives' resentments  
into the bones of the boy.

But I do know that my father  
was a ferocious fighter,  
had great potential.  
Mama said he could have  
gone all the way to the top.  
Said the safest place  
for him was in the ring.  
She blamed America for  
sending him into the jungle.  
I blame Vietnam for not  
bringing him home in a box.  
Hey, man, hold up.  
Some cigarettes.  
Where are you headed off to  
in such a hurry there, man?  
You need a ride somewhere?  
I'll give a ride.  
Look, I don't mean to speak  
out of line or anything,  
but didn't your  
daddy ever teach you  
it's rude to walk  
out on a man just  
after he bought you a drink?  
Oh, you're in trouble, and  
you need some saving, huh?  
Well, maybe you don't need it,  
but I could tell from the way  
you looked at me in there  
that you definitely want it.  
I think you're just shy timing.  
Fuck fuck.  
You fucking idiot.  
Don't fucking move.  
You just assaulted a goddamn  
police officer, horse.  
Now, why don't you drop that  
fucking bag, put your hands  
in the air, and why don't  
you wee wee your faggot  
ass over to that car.  
That's right, fucking  
move to the fucking car.  
Spread your fucking legs.



Now, you're going to spread  
your fucking legs for me, right?  
Huh?  
Oh, yeah.  
Looks like I'm missing  
out on that, huh?  
You got a key?  
You're in fucking deep now, man.  
You're fucking deep.  
Oh, you're gonna  
fucking rot for that.  
You're...  
You fucking faggot.  
A little out of  
your jurisdiction,  
ain't you, Johnson?  
I got the call.  
I figured I'd come out  
and give your hand.  
Besides, I might  
have a related case.  
Right.  
Right.  
That going to be  
a problem, Wayne?  
I guess we can work  
on this one together.  
Tell me something,  
Russ, the fellow  
that Lawny was  
chatting up, I wonder  
if you'd describe him to me.  
Strong, silent type.  
Hm.  
Great head of hair.  
Blue eyes.  
About six feet tall.  
He wore a really bad  
cheap mix-match suit.  
Oh, and he wore a polka dot tie.  
Like this?  
Exactly.  
Tell you what, Russ, if  
he should come back, if you

should think anything, call me.  
Don't fucking move.  
We're closed.  
Goddamn it.  
I said we're fucking  
closed, asshole.  
What the fuck are  
you doing, man?  
Jesus Christ.  
What are you, the big, bad wolf?  
I'm little red riding hood?  
Is this a sex fetish thing?  
You want some boy pussy?  
So what.  
Who the fuck is Ivan Rawlings?  
Will Tucker put you up to this?  
You know you look  
like a goddamn idiot.  
Ah!  
Ah, mother fucker.  
Ah!  
Why you cock sucker fuck head.  
Fuck you!  
Ah.  
The fuck is wrong with you?  
Ah!  
Jesus Christ!  
You little fucking cock sucker.  
You little fuck.  
You're going to have to do  
better than this, young man.  
I ain't no faggot little pussy.  
Aye!  
Because he is my father  
and a pile of shit.  
Shit, I know you!  
Goddamn it, you're Asher.  
You're the little  
fucking retard!  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Jesus!  
I think your hold man

put down the wrong dog.  
You're still a fucking retard.  
Retard!  
Look at me!  
Look at me!  
Ah!  
Hey!  
Read my lips.  
Go fuck yourself.  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Ok.  
Ok.  
I'll tell you.  
He just got out.  
He's in Mexico.  
He's in Mexico.  
Ah!  
You little mother fucker!  
Ok.  
Ok.  
He got in some scrap with  
some cop the other night,  
and he wanted to lay low before  
he came back to the clubhouse.  
We're going to  
throw him a party.  
He didn't show.  
Ok?  
He didn't show!  
I don't know.  
I know.  
I know.  
I know.  
He's staying in the gator  
stray motel or some shit.  
All right!  
Don't shot me in the nuts.  
God, don't shoot me in the nuts.  
Don't shot me in the nuts.  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Hey!  
You gotta untie me!

Hey!

I'm gonna die here!

My brother taught

me all there is to know,  
not just in his actions,  
but also in his failures.

Showed me that the earth,  
the moon, and the stars  
holds everything we need  
to sustain ourselves.

Taught me that nature can  
be just as violent as man,  
if not more.

He was destined to be more.

I want to go home.

I need you.

Ok?

I can do this without you.

You don't want to be a  
boy forever, now do you?

Welcome to the  
gator stray motel.

How can I help you?

Rawlings.

Mr. Rawlings.

Nope.

Nobody here by that name.

Mr. Clark, nice  
to see you again.

And you.

I left my key in the room.

Ah, just a moment.

Not a problem.

Thank you.

You dropped this.

Now, you two have a good night.

Oh, yeah.

Sir, is there another name you  
would like me to check, sir?

The world is crooked.

Fathers have always taught  
their sons to replace them.

Taught them how to use  
their hands and their feet.

Taught them how to use  
their knives and their guns.  
Huh!  
Oh, yes.  
And soon  
the sons slayed great beasts,  
giant lions lay dead.  
Ah!  
Oh, yeah.  
Then the aggressive alligators.  
Then the massive  
and mindless bulls.  
Finally, when there is nothing  
left larger than the father,  
the fathers became the prey.  
And the fathers were proud.  
Oh, my god!  
Jesus, please.  
Oh, Jesus, please don't hurt me.  
No.  
Help!  
Help!  
Ah!  
Ah!  
What are you going  
to do with me?  
You're going to kill  
me too, aren't you?  
I won't say anything.  
Hush.  
You're not?  
Of course, you're not  
because you're a good man.  
You're a decent man.  
I knew it the moment i...  
Sh.  
Oh, I swear to god I  
won't tell a damn soul.  
You can trust me.  
You can trust me.  
Yes, I understand.  
Asher.  
A.  
God.

Asher, you can do this.  
You can do this.  
Dear Nana, last time you write  
to me you said you missed me.  
What if she doesn't like me?  
It don't matter  
if she likes you, man.  
She loves me.  
I just want  
to let you know I miss you too.  
A lot has changed since Chester  
died and father got locked up.  
My mama hasn't left her  
bed in almost a school  
year, so I'm taking  
it upon myself  
to be the man of the house.  
Come on, bad boy, show  
me what you've got.  
Good boy.  
I cleaned your clothes for you.  
I hope you don't mind.  
I put some food on the table.  
Want some coffee?  
Do you have your work?  
You're still living  
at your mother's?  
Why did you come here, Asher?  
You killed who?  
They let him out?  
When?  
You ok?  
Did you get stabbed?  
Actually, you know what?  
I don't even want to know.  
Poof.  
Are you in trouble with the law?  
What you did was stupid.  
You could have got yourself  
killed, you know that?  
Just trying to make ends meet.  
Hence, the free show you got.  
Safer than other things,  
if you know what I mean.

I got a little boy.  
He's 5 now.  
Got pregnant not long  
after we stopped talking.  
C-h-e-s-s.  
Your clothes are probably dry.  
They're hanging outside.  
I gotta go to my  
mother's and pick  
him up and run a few errands.  
Nothing has moved since the  
last time you were here.  
You start hurting, there's  
some Vicodin in the bathroom.  
Oh, and Asher, please  
do not take them all.  
Dear Nana, maybe  
signing was just meant to be  
for us, our own secret language.  
I tried to speak the other day.  
But when Wayne and  
his friends heard  
the noises that came  
out of my mouth,  
they just made fun of me.  
I have decided that from here  
on out I will never speak again.  
Yours forever, Asher Rawlings.  
She's not seeing him anymore.  
I know.  
I know.  
And that's why I wanted to  
make this special for you.  
I want you to feel safe.  
You feel safe, don't you?  
Yeah.  
I love you.  
Oh, Jessy, it hurts.  
Oh, baby, it's all right.  
Ow!  
Oh.  
Ouch.  
Jessy, it hurts.  
Stop.

Ah.  
Jessy.  
Ow.  
Ow.  
It hurts.  
I'm sorry.  
Ow.  
Stop.  
Oh, bitch.  
Shit, that's fucking good.  
Jessy, it hurts.  
Oh, fuck.  
I'm gonna come.  
Ow!  
Ah!  
Oh, baby.  
I sure had a good  
time with that one.  
Ah.  
Lisa, Lisa?  
Fuck!  
Ah!  
Wait a minute.  
Slow down.  
Slow down before  
somebody gets hurt.  
Asher.  
Chess, would you like  
a little some dessert.  
Oh, yeah.  
Ok.  
Then we have ice cream  
or cookies and milk.  
Which one?  
Both.  
Both.  
Of course.  
Stupid question.  
Asher, would you  
like some dessert?  
Ok, baby, would you  
please clear your plate  
and fetch yourself dessert and  
get Asher some dessert too.



Thank you.  
He likes you.  
Do you need any money?  
I care about you, Asher,  
but I can't have you here.  
M-m.  
Thank you.  
You're just giving it up.  
Wow.  
Did you see what he just said?  
Hm?  
What's it mean?  
Asher said he's really happy  
he was able to meet you, baby.  
Tell him thank you.  
Thank you.  
So I'm just going through  
this wine like an animal.  
Next thing I know there's this  
little itty-bitty lady, right.  
She said, would you  
like an Ambien, sir?  
I'm like, fuck, yeah,  
I'd like an Ambien.  
What's it do?  
Anyway, so I walk back,  
take my shirt off, right?  
Holy shit.  
Well, I'll be damned.  
Shit, man.  
What the fuck.  
I can't believe  
you're here right now.  
Give me a second.  
Shit.  
So what the fuck, man?  
First thing you do when you  
get out is you kill a cop?  
You crazy fucker.  
Looks he tried to  
kill you, brother.  
What happened to you?  
What happened to your legs?  
Oh, I got them jammed under the

hydraulic system on the lift.  
You know my dumb ass.  
I drink too much,  
smoke too much.  
What's going on, buddy.  
What you looking for?  
Really, what happened to you?  
I need the keys to the safe.  
Oh, it's a combination now.  
6-6-6.  
Had it made custom.  
What you needing?  
What's going on, Ivan?  
What happened to my room?  
I just moved my stuff  
in after the first year.  
Shit, I didn't know.  
You weren't supposed  
to be coming back.  
I can move all my shit out.  
I can do that right now, Ivan.  
Ain't no big deal.  
Shit man, I'll do  
that right now.  
Get that shit out there.  
Come here.  
How long we've been friends now?  
I don't know.  
30 years maybe.  
I'm sorry about your  
old lady, by the way.  
Thank you.  
You get the flowers?  
I did.  
Thank you.  
You know, tank, I know the  
fucker who fucked up your feet  
is the same fucker  
who tangled with me.  
No, I'm not mad at you.  
But I need the name.  
I want to go kill  
this mother fucker.  
You know better than that.

I didn't say anything.  
I'd never say nothing  
about shit to nobody.  
I swear.  
You know me better than that.  
We got code.  
I didn't say shit.  
I swear to god.  
I swear.  
I swear.  
I know you told him where  
I was, and that's ok.  
Am I right?  
I'm sorry, brother.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm fucking sorry.  
He shot my fucking toes off.  
He was going to shoot  
me in the balls.  
It's ok.  
It's ok.  
It's not your fault, my brother.  
The motherfucker made you  
a cripple, but like I said,  
I need a name.  
And no one came into that  
room or left that room  
except this young couple.  
Am I right?  
There was this guy  
who was in and out.  
Forgot something also.  
What did he look like?  
He had a fuzzy-looking  
animal hat and glasses.  
Did he say anything?  
Detective.  
Yeah.  
The plate is getting  
back on the truck.  
It's officer Lawny.  
We need to run an  
APB on that truck.  
Actually, sir, we found it.

You said he forgot something.  
What did he forget?  
Forgot this.  
Ok.  
Now it's time for  
you to go to bed.  
Why can't Asher hear?  
Cause he was in an  
accident when we were kids.  
How do you know  
the secret language?  
Because my daddy  
was death too, baby.  
I think it would be better for  
him if he stayed here with us.  
Do you?  
Ah-huh.  
And why is that?  
Because I think he needs  
people who care about him.  
How did you get so smart?  
I love you.  
I love you too.  
Ok.  
You go to bed.  
Don't get up.  
We're going to church tomorrow.  
Would you like to join us?  
We go every Sunday.  
You don't have to come.  
I just thought you might  
want to hang out with us.  
Well, you can't come  
looking like that.  
I think I might still have  
some of his father's clothes.  
They should fit.  
Tell me about Rawlings.  
He killed his son  
in a drunken rage.  
Made the other one death  
beating him in the head.  
This is a pre-historic  
mother fucker.

And the lord has a plan for you  
too, but you gotta ask.  
In Jesus' name, amen.  
Now who here today needs  
to be touched by the spirit?  
Needs to be touched by  
the hand of?  
Needs to be saved?  
What did you do?  
You fucking.  
What happened to  
my beauty queen?  
Just let yourself  
go, huh, boo-boo?  
By  
The law of our heavenly father.  
Yes, sir.  
Yes, sir.  
Preacher Michael come on up.  
Come up, sir and be saved.  
Preacher Michael be saved.  
Is it your legs, son?  
It is, preacher.  
Do you have faith in the  
temple and in the all mighty?  
Yes, sir.  
Yes, sir.  
I do.  
Yes, sir.  
Brother Steve, would  
you give us a hand?  
And by the power  
invested in me, I  
command the sickness out and  
put in the hands of our lord.  
Amen amen.  
Oh, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah.  
Oh, hallelujah.  
Hallelujah.  
Hallelujah.  
Let the sick and  
suffering perish the way  
the world does today.

It's sick and backwards.  
We cannot let the  
wicked run free.  
Because it was our father  
who said all men.  
Well, ain't that some shit.  
Plucked the worlds clean.  
And only those who  
repent are free.  
Lord, drive the devils out.  
Lord.  
My little brother,  
wherever I go, you go.  
And  
only those who repent are free.  
And that's  
when I heard my god speak  
to me, and he said,  
you've got to help  
your daddy shine before  
you can shine for yourself.  
God's got a plan.  
I'm just saying with  
everything that's happened,  
I don't think it's a good idea  
for you to be seen with him.  
He is a Rawlings after all.  
So what should I have done,  
left him on my porch to die?  
It doesn't seem very Christian.  
Oh, no.  
No.  
Heavens no.  
And don't be putting  
words in my mouth,  
and don't be thinking  
I'm not proud of you  
for helping him out now.  
But you've done your part.  
It's up to him now.  
He's got no reason to  
be sticking around.  
I told him that.  
I just feel guilty.

You're an independent  
woman, Nana, raised  
a smart, healthy, young boy.  
You don't need to be  
raising a man child.  
Like proverb says, not my  
circus, not my monkeys.  
Yeah.  
I guess you're right.  
He's leaving tomorrow anyway.  
I told him my mother  
was coming to stay.  
White lie never hurt anybody.  
Just let me know if you  
need anything, all right?  
Ok.  
I will, preacher.  
All right.  
Bye, Lori.  
Bye, chess.  
Say good-bye, chess.  
Bye, chess.  
Come here.  
Time for bed, Chessy.  
Come by here, my  
lord, come by here.  
Come by here, my  
lord, come by here.  
Somebody is praying, my lord.  
Come by here.  
Oh, lord, come by here.  
Come by here, my  
lord, come by here.  
All right, everybody, sit  
down, relax, and be quiet.  
It is time for my sermon,  
"a walk through the fire."  
I walk through the flames.  
I'm sorry, sir,  
but services don't  
start until tomorrow morning.  
Where's the deaf  
guy and the nigger?  
Excuse me?

Ah!  
Now, you take me  
to the preacher.  
You like that?  
I know how you like it.  
I know how you like  
it, mother fucker.  
Let me see you.  
Goddamn it, Lori,  
get the fuck out!  
You stupid fuck.  
I'm sorry, preacher Michael.  
I'm sorry.  
I knew you doing  
your sermon again.  
I'm sorry.  
You're really good, Asher.  
Watch the bad guy.  
Could we get an ice cream?  
My favorite is vanilla.  
I also like strawberry.  
What's yours?  
Vanilla?  
What's your second?  
Vanilla?  
Mine too.  
Keep your arm up.  
Keep your arm up.  
Thank you.  
He was a monster.  
The lord is my  
life and salvation.  
I need to know...  
which I fear.  
Arm up.  
About the monster.  
Who lit the fire, Lori?  
One-eyed gator?  
Are we talking about a  
one-eyed alligator here?  
A one-eyed alligator  
lit the fire.  
Is that what you're saying?  
Did the one-eyed gator want



to hurt pastor Michael?  
He wanted his son.  
The one-eyed gator wanted  
pastor Michael's son.  
Hand up.  
No.  
He want to kill his own son.  
The man with the pretty  
girl and the little boy.  
His son.  
The lowly, the path  
with the light.  
Through the dark.  
Two.  
Two.  
You gotta want it.  
You gotta see it.  
Where is he?  
He left.  
He went north, said he was  
going to a friend's house.  
I swear to god he  
left a day ago.  
I'm sure if you  
could just go out...  
Oh.  
Ah!  
Oh.  
Oh.  
Oh.  
Oh.  
Oh, you, you mother fucker.  
No!  
I'm sorry.  
Oh, you're sorry for  
fucking me or fucking my son?  
Oh.  
No.  
Asher and mommy sitting  
in a tree k-i-s-s-i-n-g.  
First comes love,  
then comes marriage.  
Then comes the baby  
in the baby carriage.  
That's not all.

That's not all.  
Baby's drinking alcohol.  
Get in the back!  
Get in the back.  
Chess, I want you to lay  
down and stay there, baby.  
You understand me?  
I thought you said  
you killed him.  
You fucking lied.  
You said he was dead.  
You lied.  
Mommy!  
It's ok.  
It's ok baby.  
Cover your ears.  
Nah, I ain't touching no gun.  
Ah, shit.  
Give me that fucking gun.  
I'm out of bullets.  
I'm out of bullets.  
This mother fucker,  
I'm a get his ass.  
Stay down, chess!  
Stay down!  
I can't hit him!  
He's bleeding.  
He's been shot.  
Asher, he's been shot!  
I have dreamed so many times  
I have burnt his  
name from my skin  
leaving me with open  
wounds and deeper scars.  
Here, I have no eyes, but  
I have a tongue and ears.  
I hear my father's  
foot steps stomping  
through the corridors of my  
brain, eating at my walls.  
He does not know that  
I stand behind him.  
I pulled back his head  
and expose his throat.

I cut it.  
I weep as I drop his  
body to the floor.  
I cut off my father's hands.  
They seem bigger  
than I remember.  
I start a fire and  
cook them until they're  
black and charred.  
I kneel in the mud like I  
did once when I was a boy.  
I lift my father's  
hands towards my mouth  
licking his rough palms  
until my tongue bleeds.  
Then I awake.  
I'm exhausted by this long  
lapse of time eager to go home.  
They should have  
put that man down...  
Mama.  
Like a dog when  
they had the chance.  
I'm sorry.  
But Asher...  
Asher was trying to help.  
Ivan was released, and  
he came to our house.  
I don't want to hear any more.  
I don't want to hear any more.  
That boy brought this trouble  
to your porch, and now look.  
You don't think I know that?  
But we both know it would have  
only been a matter of time  
before Ivan came  
sniffing around here.  
He's going to be ok.  
It's my fault.  
Sh.  
Don't blame yourself, child.  
There's no time for that.  
Get you some rest, baby.  
You can sleep in my room.

I'll stay with him.  
I can't leave him.  
I'll be here.  
You don't want him to wake  
up and find you like this.  
It ain't fair.  
Ok.  
Let me know when he wakes up.  
Jesus, Asher.  
You scared me.  
You hungry?  
Damn.  
Why did you stop writing me?  
Was it something I did?  
Well, you certainly  
made up for lost time.  
You can sleep out here tonight.  
What?  
It's more comfortable  
than the one at my place.  
Sit down.  
That's what I said.  
That's not the real reason  
you stopped writing me, is it?  
Hm?  
His one eye is big as that?  
Bigger.  
Are you sure?  
I told you I seen him, didn't I?  
Yeah.  
Well, how come you didn't kill  
him when you had the chance?  
The timing wasn't right.  
Kill a beast like that, you  
gotta wait until he's asleep.  
Hey, where you going?  
I'm coming with you.  
Yes, I am.  
Give him some.  
Don't be a fucking asshole.  
Look, I want to do this as  
much as you do, if not more.  
And I'm happy you  
didn't kill him

the first time because this  
time I want to watch him die.

What's in it?

I told you I'm coming  
in there with you.

Mother fucker.

My dear

Nana, there are no words that  
can ever repair the  
damage I have brought  
upon you and your family.

There is not much  
more I can do to right  
these wrongs, besides  
what I intend to do today.

I want you to know  
that I have loved you  
since the first day I saw you.

The only thing I can give  
you besides this truth  
is what's in this bag.

M-m.

Now, listen carefully.

I do not see the  
sunset this fun day.

Promise me that you will send  
my body home to the mouth  
of the Mississippi.

Asher.

Fuck you.

I know you.

Hey.

You should have killed me  
when you had the chance.

Take this fucking retard!

Now you should be king.

From where I stand,  
you should be held.

Yeah, from where we stand  
they should thank you.

Ah!

Ah!

I love you.

You fucking retard.

Mother fucker.  
Hey, Asher, come on.  
Get up!  
Get up!  
Come on.  
Let's go.  
Let's go.  
Go.  
Go.  
Come on!  
Make me proud!  
Come on, mother fucker.  
The world is not round.  
Not where I stand.  
It is warped,  
contorted, crooked.  
Now, I know revenge is  
not a noble sentiment.  
But god knows it is a human one.  
So take me home, my brother.  
Take me home.  
Take me home.  
Wild horses, wild sons,  
like slaves on the run.  
Bullets to guns.  
Drop one by one.  
Feathers to bone,  
you're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
This life is unrehearsed  
said the preacher in verse.  
From the cradle to dirt.  
Silently hurts.  
Like feather to bone,  
you're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
Like feather to bone,  
you're not alone.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.