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Super Dark Times

By Ben Collins

[heavy breathing]
[muttering indistinctly]
[moose breathes heavily]
Don't let anyone see.
Let's do this, motherfucker.
Come on.
[upbeat rock music]
[music stops]
[Josh] Oh, my God.
This kid looks like he
suffers from Goblets.
[Zach laughs] You can't say that.
He was in a fire, you know.
- [Josh] Was he?
- [Zach] Yes. He was in a...
[Josh] Well, the fire
made him look really funny.
[Zach laughs]
[Josh] This kid looks
actually spot on like a bagel.
[Zach laughs] What are you talking about?
[Josh] This kid looks
like an ice sculpture.
She always reminded me of a backpack.
[Zach laughs]
[Josh] Always.
Jasmine Stamford. Would you?
I think so.
[Josh] She would snap your dick off.
What about her?
Probably.
She's blonde though, I don't really...
You don't like blondes?
Since when have you not liked blondes?
[Josh] I don't know.
I don't know what I want anymore.
[Zach] Oh, wait a minute.
I think we all agree that
Ms. Barron is hot as shit.
Oh, Ms. Barron!
She is fucking ridiculous.
So fucking sexy.
She should not be allowed to be a teacher.
[Zach] What about her?

[Josh] Mm. [gasps]
Allison Bannister.
Obviously. Obviously.
Anytime, anywhere.
- Anywhere?
- Anywhere.
Son, I'd do that shit for the
talent show, if that's what it took.
That is disgusting.
On stage, in front of everyone.
Fuck yes! What, you wouldn't?
- At the talent show?
- Yeah, whatever.
- No. I mean...
- [blows raspberry]
Obviously... Okay.
Allison is very cute.
We know that, yeah? And she's very cool.
But, like, we know her.
You can't be saying this...
I don't know.
I like her.
Yeah, I like her too.
Yeah. Exactly. That's what I'm saying.
We actually know her.
I actually hang out with her sometimes.
It's just weird to be talking about her.
Hang out with her?
Yeah, like, in...
Like group stuff, you know, in school.
Like in history class or something.
You got any drinks?
Yeah, like, caffeine-free Coke.
Well, then...
Man, I hate the fucking winter.
It's such a goddamn schlep to do anything.
"Schlep"? What are you, a grandpa?
The cold, it's debilitating.
It's awful. It hurts my face.
I don't know. Christmas rules.
Anyway, it gets really
pretty when it snows.
- "It gets really pretty"?
- Yeah, it does.

All right, Mom. We're going out for a bit.

I'll make sure to be home for dinner.

I love you. Bye.

Bye.

- [door shuts]

- [Karen] Huh?

[Zach] You know when you're

in your maximum velocity

and the gears just don't work anymore?

[Josh] No, I have no maximum velocity.

My power is untethered and ever-growing.

[Zach] Do aliens even have feelings?

Dude, I don't care if they have feelings.

The Silver Surfer is the

loneliest dude in the galaxy.

I don't... I mean...

The Punisher's pretty haunted, dude.

Look, you have no idea

what you're talking about.

Don't even start me in

with that Punisher shit.

[indistinct chatter]

Shit. Is that Daryl?

[Zach] Leave him alone.

What's up, cock fighters?

What, you wanna go?

Huh?

- Hi.

- I'm Josh.

You don't go to our school, do you?

No. Callaway Middle. Yeah.

Go Cougars.

Oh, you're... You're

Carol's little brother?

- Yeah, I'm Charlie.

- Oh, right. Carol Barth.

I know who Carol is.

Everybody knows who Tig is.

Come on, man.

Tig Bitty Bart.

- You love it. You love it.

- Oh, my God. Stop.

You smell like a cat box.

These are fucking chopped onions.

What are you getting?
Nice.
Ew. Melon soda? Sounds gross.
They wouldn't make it if it was gross.
They make gross stuff all the time.
Pickles are gross.
- Pickles are not gross.
- I like pickles.
Hey, what do you... What
do you make of that thing?
Oh, that's been there forever.
Dried squid? Holy shit!
It's pretty gross.
Somebody eats it.
Nobody eats this shit.
Let's get it.
- Yes!
- Thank you.
Oh, shit!
Squid.
Squid. Squid.
- I wanna see you eat it.
- Squid.
Squid. Squid. Squid. Squid. Squid.
Squid. Come on.
Squid. Squid. Squid.
Squid. Squid. Squid. Squid.
Oh, God.
[laughter]
Great.
Give me some of that shit.
- Try this.
- You guys are whacked.
[Charlie] Seriously? Oh, my God, that's...
[Zach] Don't do it. Don't do... Oh!
[Charlie] Oh, my God!
It's horrible, isn't it?
It's not terrible.
It's not Skittles either, is it?
[Josh] No, it's not Skittles.
Skittles is fucking delicious.
Fuck this fucking shit.
Oh, fuck!
It's nasty. Oh, my God!

[Josh] Guys, lately I've been thinking a lot about hands.

[Zach] What the fuck you thinking about hands?

[Josh] If I got one or both hands cut off, what kind of prosthetic hands I would wear.

[Zach] If I lost a hand, I'd definitely get a hook.

[Daryl] Yeah, fucking hook.

[Charlie] Like from Peter Pan? Seriously?

[Josh] But why stop there? There's so many different types of hands. You could have a hot hand that just cooks steaks.

[Charlie] A fucking hot hand is not a fucking thing. You could fucking have lighter hands. Fucking set shit on fire.

[Charlie] Why is this bridge even closed?

[Zach] Yeah, what the fuck? You guys didn't hear? Somebody died. No one died.

- Somebody died?

- Yes.

Don't fucking cry, Charlie.

Everybody fucking dies.

[Charlie] I'm not gonna die.

I'm fucking immortal. Like Highlander.

Hey, wait up, you motherfuckers.

[Josh] Tomorrow marks the end of my week-long fast from masturbating.

[Zach] Why the fuck would you ever do that to yourself?

[Josh] Because if you wait like a week, it feels really good when you go back to it.

[Daryl] Guys, yesterday my parents fucking rented that movie True Lies. And after they went to sleep, I fucking watched that scene where she stripped over and over and over and over and over. I must have jerked off two and a half times.

- [Charlie] Is that a record?
- [Zach] We don't wanna hear this.
[Daryl] I tried for three,
but my dick got sore.
So I went to the freezer to get some ice,
but there was none in the tray.
So I got a fucking steak instead.
[Josh] Ugh. You put it back in the freezer?
[Daryl] Fuck no. I cooked that shit up,
scarfed it and passed out on the couch.
[Zach] Dude, that's fucking disgusting.
[Daryl] You fucking idiots.
Of course I fucking put it back.
You know, that doesn't make it better.
Someone's gonna eat that.
Oh, my God. This is not the
point of the fucking story.
What is the point of the story?
- I'm getting to it.
- He's getting to it.
The point it, bitch be hot.
Like Charlie's sister.
- [laughs]
- Shut the fuck up.
Or Zach's mom.
Yes. Sorry, Zach.
You think if you jump from
up here on a boat down there,
you could break through
the deck and sink it?
[Charlie] Like in a cartoon or something?
[Josh] I doubt it.
My uncle did it one time
on the Fourth of July.
No, he didn't.
Yeah, he did.
He won a thousand bucks,
but broke his fucking leg,
'cause he slipped on a fish.
[Charlie] Guess that evens out then.
Fuck, yeah.
Slickest shit I ever saw.
[Josh] I could do it.
Are you special forces?

[Josh] No, but my uncle was.

So fuck you.

[serene music]

[birds chirping]

[Zach] I guess I just, like,
feel bad for Daryl, you know.

We used to hang out a lot in third grade.

And it's not his fault
that his dad's fucking poor.

[Josh] Still, it doesn't
make him not a douchebag.

[Zach] He's not a douchebag, Josh.

[Josh groans]

Look, he can be a little much sometimes,

but it's not like he
ever means anybody harm.

Still hang out with him like in school?

We have health together.

He's always trying to hit on Cindy Maples.

Cindy Maples is the one
that went to the hospital

because she had a frozen
hot dog in her vagina?

Yeah, yeah. That's her.

Cool.

[man] Give me that bong, Amber.

Shit.

Josh, we have to go.

[Josh] Hey, hey, hey.

- Hey. Hey!

- Josh, don't stop.

- Just keep going.

- What?

You seen my cunt?

[Zach] Forget it.

- What?

- Have you seen my cunt?

[Zach] Josh...

Dana, his girlfriend.

We haven't seen anybody's cunt.

We're actually kind of in a rush.

Josh, right?

- Yeah.

- How's Danny doing?

He get that basic training?
They break him in yet?
What?
Tell him I wanna hang out with
him when he's back in town.
I bet he's great at sucking dick now.
Josh's brother joined the Navy.
[beeping]
It's the Marines.
What?
It's the fucking Marines!
- What's that?
- Fuck you!
[groans]
What did you say?
[man] Careful, his pussy's out.
Fucking Marines.
Damn right it is.
You boys wanna join the fucking Marines?
I'm recruiting tonight.
[Josh] Fuck those fucking fuckers!
Fuck John Whitcomb too.
What kind of asshole
puts Kool-Aid in his hair?
People like that are fucking worthless.
[Zach] John is okay.
[Josh] He used to be until he started
hanging out with these pieces of shit.
[Zach] All right, Josh. We're over it.
- Doesn't matter now.
- Yeah, whatever.
Man, come on. Let's go this way.
Come on.
[Zach] That's her house.
Who, Allison?
Uh-huh.
How do you know where she lives?
[chuckles] We would take the same
bus before they changed the route.
She's cool, right?
She is very cool.
You could leave her a note if you wanted.
"Dear, Allison. I had this
idea for the talent show."

Ever told you of that
time with the glue bottle?

No.

It was like...

You know, it was like last year.

I'm doing art and you know when like...

In the glue bottles, when
the glue dries over on the top
- and you can't open it?

- Uh-huh.

So she was trying to open this glue bottle,
she couldn't get it. I don't know, she
was just struggling for some reason.

And I just couldn't stop staring at her.

And then all of a sudden,
the whole thing just ruptured.

Just went... Shit, there's
white glue all over her hands.

And she just looked
and whispered, "Whoops."

It was the most erotic moment of my life.

You know, 'cause the glue is like sperm.

Oh.

So the bottle is sort of
like the [shouts] penis!

Dude, come on. What the fuck?

Nobody is here. Nobody is here, Josh.

- The car's not in the drive.

- There's other people.

There's nobody around here.

- Oh, shit.

- Oh, shit.

- [loud thump]

- [gasps]

[sighs] Oh.

- Hey.

- You got me.

- Oh, hey, Josh.

- Hey, Mrs. Taylor.

Are you staying for dinner?

No, ma'am. I'm just here
to pick up my things.

Great. 'Cause I didn't make enough.

My, um, parents have been

wanting me home earlier lately,
because my mom gets
depressed if I'm not there.

- Aw!
- He's full of shit.
- Now...
- It's all crap.
- All right.
- Bye.
- See you, man.
- Yeah.

What are you making?

Cubed steak.

What's that?

It's a steak in cubed form.

Oh, you, sir...

had a telephone call.

Okay?

Why are you acting so weird?

It was a girl.

Allison something. The
number is by the phone.

Oh, um...

I'm just gonna be in my
room for a second, actually.

We eat in ten minutes.

[phone keys beeping]

[line ringing]

- [man] What?

- Hey, is Allison there?

No.

[Allison] Who is
that? Give it to me.

Who is this?

Uh, hey, this is Zach.

Hi, Zach. Sorry, my brother...

No, it's cool.

So, wait. You called me?

Yeah, um, sorry.

I still had your number from that
thing we did in Mrs. Moore's class,
uh, with the planets.

With the... Yeah.

Yeah. You know, with the song.

Dead on a plant Where the
nuts are Mostly carbon-dioxide
[imitates comical explosions]

- Yeah.

- Yeah, I totally remember that.

Yeah, cool.

Cool.

So, the reason I'm calling,
I'm having a birthday party thing.

I mean, it's really
more of a hangout.

Like, you don't have to bring
presents or anything like that.

But it's gonna be at Meghan's house,
and we're just gonna hang
out, watch some movies...

Uh, I was wondering if you
and Josh wanted to come.

You still hang out with
Josh Templeton, right?

Yeah, he just left here.

[chuckles] Oh, God. You guys...

[boy] Allison, get
off the fucking phone!

[line disconnects]

[upbeat music playing]

Boy!

[school bell ringing]

[man] Allison.

Hey, I scored your test today.

- You got a 96.

- What!

- Oh, that's great.

- That's amazing.

I know you were nervous but
your grade had one problem...

I'm looking for The
same thing as you
The lost continent
Of love

Yo.

Hey, what's up?

- Dude, use your locker.

- No.

That map shit you were asking for.

Oh, shit! I totally forg...

- [grunts]

- What's up, fuckers?

Hey, Daryl.

Hey, are you guys hanging out after school?

Yeah, probably.

Can I write "Loser" on your backpack?

What?

[boy wailing]

What the fuck?

[wailing continues]

[boy] Watch it, you piece of shit.

[microwave beeping]

Bagel Bites are the best food.

I don't like them. They

burn the roof of my mouth.

[Daryl] Because you're doing it wrong.

Charlie's mom always keeps

the fridge stacked with these.

I like Charlie.

'Cause he's smart, his sister has big tits,

and he always has fucking snacks.

Where is Charlie?

Probably sucking a dick.

He said he wanted to hang out later.

Daryl, don't sit on the counter.

This fucking guy.

Where are your folks, Josh?

Well, they both work, and then

my brother usually has like

practice or lessons or something.

So no one's here until

like 5:

His brother's like a total prodigy.

I thought you had an older brother.

Yeah, I do. Danny's in the Marines.

His shit's still here?

Shit? What do you mean "his shit"?

[Zach] Josh, you know, his shit.

Oh.

[Daryl] This place seems fucking haunted.

[Josh] This used to be a rec room.

Danny started sleeping here
after he got his job at Harveys.
Take your shoes off.
[Zach] You gotta be kidding me, dude.
Welcome, welcome.
Holy shit.
I love this room.
This place is fucking incredible!
Look at all of them.
Holy fuck.
It's a fucking water bed.
You're fucking kidding me!
Holy shit.
Look at that fucking ass.
Is that his fucking girlfriend?
Look at all these fucking asses.
Holy fucking shit!
Holy fuck.
Holy fuck. [grunts]
Dude, dude...
This is fucking weed.
- Can I have some?
- No, you can't have some.
[Daryl] Dude, I'll buy it off you.
This is 100 bucks worth, more maybe.
You should really sell this.
I have no idea.
Does pot go bad?
I don't think so.
Then he'll probably be looking
for it when he gets back.
I mean, it might. I don't know.
Dude, like a pinch. Let me get one pinch.
- Why?
- I've never done it before.
- Have you?
- No.
- You?
- Yeah.
In Colorado this one time.
[Daryl] Was it awesome?
I don't know. Just the
lights get really bright,
- and then your head...

- He won't know.
Not enough for him to know.
How long has he been gone anyway?
A year. I mean...
He has eight years of
active duty, but Christmas...
He can't even smoke weed
while he's a fucking Marine.
This isn't Vietnam or whatever.
They'll kick his ass out.
Please.
Please, please?
I'll think about it.
You'll think about it?
- That's what I said.
- Guys...
We should get a watermelon or something,
'cause these fucking
nunchucks are pretty badass.
[Daryl] Let me fucking see.
- [Zach] Come get 'em.
- No, I don't feel like getting up.
- [Zach] You're a bum
- [Daryl] Fuck you.
Hey, guys.
He's got something cooler than those.
How sharp is it?
Well...
It's not bamboo grade, so...
It's not a real, real sword, but,
it's better than just a display thing.
We used to fucking crush
milk cartons with this.
So, can we, like, do that?
This is so rad!
Yes!
[distorted] Oh, here
she comes. Motherfucker!
[all cheering]
[Charlie] That's so sick.
[Zach] Dude, do you wanna go?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, let Charlie go.
- [Charlie] Come on, let me go.

- Sure.

Here, use this.

Mm. Pretty sick.

Come on.

Come on.

Oh, fuck.

[Josh] Here. Put it up on
this shit, like a tee-ball.

[Charlie] I'm not good at baseball.

[Josh] Keep your eyes on it.

[Charlie speaks indistinctly]

[Josh] Take a deep breath.

[coughs] Jesus!

The trick is you should make the
blade seem as light as possible
in your hands.

[Charlie] You all right over there?

What? Yeah.

- What's happening?

- It's nothing. Just don't worry about it.

- What's he doing?

- [Daryl coughs]

Daryl.

- Daryl, is that weed?

- Josh.

Daryl, did you take that bag
of weed from my brother's room?

I swear to God!

- Dude, it's a fucking cigarette, man.

- Let me see it.

- Daryl!

- Let me see that shit.

- Daryl!

- Come and get it, motherfucker.

Give it to me, I'm serious.

- You want it, come and get it.

- I'm not kidding, Daryl.

Don't fucking blow smoke in my face.

- Daryl, come on...

- What?

If you took the bag,
you should give it back.

You guys are fucking lame.

Lame!

- [Zach] It's all right. Calm down, Daryl.
- [Daryl coughing]
- [Josh] Daryl!
- [Zach] Josh.
Daryl, come on.
Daryl, come on.
What the fuck, dude. Don't...
Don't do that.
Fuck you guys.
[Josh] What the fuck?
- Asshole!
- Dude, he's...
Just give him a minute.
How'd you like it if I came to
your house and took all your shit?
Can you relax?
Oh, you don't have anything.
You live in a fucking duplex.
- Josh, can you stop?
- Motherfucker.
Just relax.
What?
Zach, thanks for inviting me out today.
Too bad your boyfriend's on the rag.
When you get home, make sure
to slap him around a little bit.
- Both of you just shut up.
- Keep him in fucking line.
This is stupid, all right?
Daryl, give me the bag.
[shouting] Fuck!
[Charlie] Guess we should call it a day.
Here's your stuff, man.
Hey...
Dude, relax.
Relax.
- [Zach] Daryl.
- [Charlie] Daryl.
Daryl!
Stop! Stop!
Guys, what the fuck are you doing?
- What are you doing?
- Please, this is... Stop!
Guys, this is just... You're

being idiots right now.

- Okay? Can you just...

- [Charlie] Guys, please stop.

Stop!

[Zach] Guys, this is not a good idea.

[whimpering]

Josh...

- Josh!

- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

- Josh, what did you...

- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

What did you do? What are you doing?

[Daryl gasping]

[all clamoring]

I don't know. I don't know.

I don't know. Take it out.

All right. I'm gonna take it out.

What did you do! What did you fucking do!

What did you do!

Josh, what the fuck did you do!

[gasping]

Okay, I'm gonna pull it out.

No, no, no. Don't take it out!

You're supposed to leave it in.

[Daryl gasping]

Daryl.

What the fuck!

[gasping for air]

Daryl!

Oh, shit!

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Daryl!

Daryl!

Daryl!

Daryl!

Is he...

I don't know. I don't know.

Zach, can you please...

It was an accident. Please believe me.

I know, I know.

I need you to calm down, okay?

I need you to calm down.

Zach...

[sobbing] Oh, no.
Daryl.
Daryl, are you awake?
Daryl.
Is he dead?
I can't...
I can't touch you.
He's dead. We're fucked.
You stupid fuck.
[sobbing]
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry!
Zach, what do we do?
[Zach] I don't know... I don't know...
[Josh] Zach!
[screaming] Fuck!
Fuck.
We have to go.
We have to go, right now.
What are you doing?
- We gotta leave.
- What are you doing?
I'm covering him up.
It's something, right? We just gotta,
we gotta cover him up.
- Should we get help?
- No, Josh.
No one's gonna help us, all right?
We need to bury the body, okay?
I'm sorry, Zach.
[Charlie] Guys...
I think we should hide this too.
[sword clanging]
And his bike?
I'll take care of that.
Are you sure?
Yeah.
Just have to hide it.
It's getting dark.
I don't think we should both get back late.
You need to clean yourself
up before you go home.
Thank you.
[punches wall]

[grunts]

Oh, shit.

[country music playing on radio]

Oh.

Hi.

Sorry, uh...

I just stopped by. Your mom
said you'd be home soon, so...

She went downstairs to get some Cokes.

God, it looks...

I was on my bike.

Are you okay?

Hi.

Hey.

Looks rough.

We have caffeine-free
Coke, if that's okay.

There he is.

You're bleeding.

I fell off my bike.

It's okay.

Oh, it looks nasty.

You should clean it.

I will.

Okay.

I'm gonna...

I'll be in my room for a second.

- Okay.

- Excuse me.

You can go down.

- Yeah? Okay.

- Yeah.

It's, uh...

- on the left.

- Okay.

- At the end.

- Thank you.

Sure.

I was just walking and I passed by.

I guess I should have called first,

but I didn't realize I'd

be so close to your house

until I saw it, and then I said,

"Oh, that's Zach's house.

Maybe I should stop by and scream
'penis' at the top of my lungs."
She's right. You should...
You should clean it.
Yeah, I'm going to.
You know, for now I'm just gonna do this.
Do you want me to go?
You okay?
Yeah, I just really hurt my hand.
[sobs softly]
Allison...
Yeah?
I'm sorry.
Don't apologize.
I like your room.
It's cool.
[Zach] Yeah?
[Allison] Yeah.
[Zach] Uh... See you.
[Allison] Bye.
Short visit then?
Mm-hmm.
Yeah, she has to go home.
She's very cute.
[Zach] Yeah, I think so too.
I'm gonna go to bed.
It's early.
Yeah. I'm tired.
I'll probably read.
- Did you eat anything?
- I'm fine, Mom.
Okay.
I love you.
I love you too.
Hey, I'm cleaning those cuts.
Let's take a look.
Ow, Mom.
- That hurts?
- Yes.
Can you... I'm sorry.
- That, too?
- Yes. Please...
Well, shit.
I'll go get my keys.

[rattling]
[music plays over headphones]
[low rumbling]
[teacher] All right. Stephanie
is here. Larry is here.
Scott definitely here.
Greg has a new haircut. Good.
Richard, back there.
- Emily is here.
- [Emily] Here.
[teacher] Zach attack is here,
but Josh Templeton is
not. Okay. That's absent.
Good stuff.
[rock music blares]
[rock music plays over headphones]
[school bell ringing]
Charlie!
Hey, Charlie. Taking the short bus today?
Yeah, man. Short bus is
for retards like Adam.
Yo, man. That's super insensitive.
- Hey, we gotta talk.
- No, we don't.
Yeah, we do.
Excuse me.
I'll be right back.
Who's that dickhead?
[boy] I don't know. Some fuckin' dick.
[Zach] Chill for a second,
all right? Calm down.
No, just shut the fuck up
for a second, all right?
What?
Look, Josh is not coming to school.
Okay. So go talk to him.
Well, I am. I'm going to.
I'm just saying that we should
probably get our story straight...
There is no story, Zach.
Yeah, well, if somebody asks.
I don't remember.
I don't remember what I did last Tuesday.
So why would I remember

what I did this Tuesday?
Probably I went home after school,
stayed there alone until
my parents got home.

It's what I do most weekdays.

Okay, that's good.

Okay, so why did you come running
over here to the middle school
to talk to an eighth
grader you barely know?

Zach.

If anyone asks,
we're not friends.

- [knocking continues]

- [scratching floorboard]

[Zach] Josh?

Josh?

Yo, Josh!

[knock on door]

[Karen] Zach?

Can I come in?

Uh, yeah.

Of course.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- How's your...

- Oh, it's good. It's better.

Do you remember Daryl Harper?

You two used to play together.

Yeah. But, I mean, that
was like a long time ago.

Why?

I had a call from his mom earlier.

Guess he never came home last night.

He hasn't been home yet at all.

Did you see him at school today?

I mean, I didn't see him.

But I wasn't looking for him, so...

I have no idea.

Do you remember the last
time you did see him?

Nope.

No.

His mother said something about

him going at Josh's yesterday.

Uh, no.

He didn't?

- At Josh's house?

- Yeah.

No.

No, he wasn't there.

- He wasn't?

- No, I was at Josh's all day.

He wasn't there. It was just us.

Okay.

I'll tell her.

You came home a little bit late last night.

Yeah, I guess.

Don't do that anymore.

I'm sure Daryl will turn up,

but if something happened

or some... I don't know.

Just stay close to the house

for the next few days, okay?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

Tell me how... What time did you...

Every one of us must fight the
struggle within our own spirit.

We have to decide whether
we will define our lives
primarily based on who
we are or who we are not,
based on what we are for
or what we are against.

[knocking on door]

All right. I'm awake.

- [knocking continues]

- All right, Mom.

What time is it?

Mom, what time is it?

Mom, what time is it?

Mom, what time is it?

Mom?

Mom?

[eerie music]

Daryl?

What are you doing here?

How did you get here, man?

Daryl.

[screaming]

[gasping]

Oh, God!

Mom!

Mom!

- What is it? What's wrong? You okay?

- My stomach...

- Your stomach?

- It hurts. Yeah.

Okay, don't move. I'll be right back.

That's it. Breathe.

Count to eight.

There you go.

Better?

A little better.

You haven't eaten anything, Zach.

That's probably what's wrong.

I took some NyQuil.

NyQuil?

Could have been that.

Why were you taking

NyQuil? You have a cold?

I just can't get to sleep.

Okay. Well, no more of that, all right?

You can't just be taking

that stuff willy-nilly,

especially on an empty stomach.

[heartbeat thumping]

[girl 1 whispers] Oh, my God.

Did you hear about that missing boy?

- [boy 1] Who?

- [boy 2] Daryl fucking Harper.

[girl 2] Oh, my gosh.

- [boy 3] Did you hear about that missing kid?

- [girl 3] No shit.

[boy 4] Was that the guy in science class?

- [girl 4] Oh, my God.

- [girl 5] Are you kidding me?

- [boy 5] Oh, fuck. Daryl Harper.

- [girl 6] Daryl...

[boy 5] That guy was a piece of shit.

[girl 6] Daryl Harper had a filthy mouth.

[whispers overlapping]

- Probably ran away from home.

- Good riddance.

They haven't found him.

No way.

Oh, my gosh.

He's missing, man.

- Who cares?

- Are the cops involved?

Everyone hated that dude anyway.

He's gone. He disappeared.

- The scrotum, which is a soft external sac...

- [kids laughing]

Class, settle down.

Next, we have the vas deferens.

The narrow tubes that carry sperm
from the testis to the seminal...

[p.a. scratching]

[principal over p.a.]

Attention, all students.

This is your principal,

Dave Faith, speaking.

I'm sure some of you are
aware of rumors regarding

a missing student, Daryl Harper.

I want to emphasize at this point
that they are only that, rumors.

We as a school will be
cooperating with the police.

Anyone who has any information
regarding Daryl and his whereabouts,

or even remember seeing Daryl,
on the day of the 14th is
encouraged to report to my office.

[moaning]

We're not looking to
get anyone in trouble,
only to find Daryl and return
him safely to his family.

I know we have the
holidays coming up,
but I want everyone
to be safe and careful
for the next few days

while we figure this out
and put this all behind us.

[continues moaning]

This is Principal Dave
Faith signing off.

Have a good rest of the day.

- Hi, there, Zach.

- Hey, Ms. Templeton.

- Is Josh home?

- He is.

I've just been worried about him
since he hasn't been in school.

He hasn't been feeling well.

Uh, could I come in maybe and see him?

I'll ask and see if he's up for it.

That'd be great. Thank you.

Shoes off.

Honey.

Josh.

Zach stopped by.

Give him a minute.

Thank you.

[knocking]

Josh?

It's Zach.

[Josh] I know.

Can I come in?

- Josh, can I come in?

- Yeah. I said okay.

[game playing on TV]

Hey, man.

I haven't seen you.

Yeah, Mom let me stay home.

I said I didn't feel well.

[Zach] Okay, well, I...

I don't think we should be
like acting weird or anything
though, right?

- Okay, Zach.

- Well, I'm just saying...

I don't think it's a good
time to be drawing attention...

I said okay.

Yeah, I'm sorry.

How are you?
Yeah.
Me too.
I'm not getting any sleep.
You know, my heart,
it'll just start beating
sometimes real quick.
Speed up.
All of a sudden, just...
I feel like we should go back.
- Why?
- I don't know, but I...
To check on him, you know, to see.
I keep having these dreams
and I'm thinking that...
I don't know. I just don't think it's right
to leave Daryl out there
all alone, you know.
We got to do something with the body.
Or at least let somebody
know that he's there.
Be cure...
I don't know. I just
keep thinking of his mom.
You know, what's she thinking.
She's probably waiting
for him to come home.
Don't go back there. Scene of the crime.
Yeah.
Do you still have his stuff?
What?
The bag? Do you still have the bag...
Yeah, yeah. It's here.
Like, that's good.
Just, I guess... Would you
just keep that hidden here?
Yeah. It's here until I
decide to burn it or whatever.
Will you not do that?
And can you...
Josh, it's kind of important that you,
you not do something without
talking to me about it first, okay?
I mean...

If that's okay.

Whatever.

What game is this?

[sighs]

Josh, what game is that?

It was a fucking accident!

Okay? It happened. A fucking accident.

Just...

What, are you trying to
break your other hand now?

Yeah, it's...

Allison Bannister is having
that party this weekend.

We should probably go.

Maybe.

I haven't gotten that
much sleep either, so...

I probably should...

That'll be good for you.

[game resumes]

And if anybody asks, we didn't see Charlie
or Daryl that day, okay?

If anybody asks,
we're already fucked.

[church bell tolling]

[heavy breathing]

[suspenseful music]

[eerie music]

Zach.

- Zach? Hey.

- Mm.

Hey.

Try to stay with us.

Okay?

- Yeah, I'm sorry.

- Okay.

All right, everybody.

Let's turn back to page 62.

[mouthing]

On top of the page. Why don't you
read the first couple of paragraphs?

Ms. Barron, can I go to the bathroom?

I'm not feeling so good.

[Ms. Barron] Yeah, go

ahead. Grab the pass, please.

Um, then we'll discuss as a class.

Boner.

[Ms. Barron] Thank you. That's enough.

What? You planning on looking at my dick?

[urinating]

[girl] I hate reading.

[boy] I'm sure that they'll

try to give us a curfew

if Daryl Doofus doesn't show up soon.

[girl] That would blow.

[boy] Little biatch is
ruining it for everybody.

[girl] Don't be a dick, Paul.

[Paul] I'm just telling it how it is.

I don't need your fucking help, lady!

[librarian] Okay, that's it. To the office.

[girl 1] That's nuts.

[girl 2] Oh, snap, you guys.

I just saw the craziest

thing in Spanish class.

You guys know Josh Templeton?

[girl 1] What did he do?

He called Mrs. Campos the "C" word.

I swear to God!

He came in with all attitude this morning.

Like totally ignoring her

when she called on him.

So she goes, "I don't

recall you being deaf, Josh."

And he was all, "I don't recall

you being such a dumb cunt."

[all laugh]

[girl 1] What did she say?

[girl 2] She sent him right to the office.

- [boy] Just now?

- [girl 2] Yeah, like ten minutes ago.

Can I help you?

Um, my mom said to wait here.

She was gonna call me at lunch.

So, uh... All right. Thank you.

[techno music playing]

[music thumping]

Zach.

- Hey.
- Oh, hey, Meghan.
I'm guessing this is Allison's party, yeah?
Yeah, this is my house though.
Great.
She said it was just gonna be
a few people watching movies.
Yeah, I know. That was the plan.
And then my grandpa got
sick, so my parents...
Oh, my gosh. I'm so sorry.
No, it's awesome.
Party on the upgrade.
Yeah, great.
I should probably go say
happy birthday to Allison.
Totally. Hey.
- You're doing it wrong.
- How am I doing it wrong?
This is the only way we do it.
Hey.
Hey.
Happy birthday.
- You came.
- Of course.
Zach. Yo.
Hey, man.
Actually, Allison. I have, um...
a present for you.
- What?
- If I can find it.
[Allison] You didn't have to do that.
[Zach] Yeah, no one else did.
It's okay. Give it to me anyways.
- Here you go.
- Thank you.
Okay.
What!
This is so cool.
Thank you.
Oh, my God. Okay.
I know how to do this, I think.
Let me see if Meghan has papers.
Sorry.

Weed? Cool.

Mm.

Josh, can I ask you something?

Yeah.

What's up, man?

You didn't tell me you were coming.

You told me to come.

So, were you in school on Friday?

Um, yeah.

Yeah, I know.

Hmm?

What's up with the weed?

What?

Isn't your brother gonna notice
that that stuff's missing?

[Allison] Got it.

Come on, guys.

Come on, man.

Okay, it's a page from the Bible,
but it's not an important one.

It's like from the
introduction or something.

The point is, it will work.

I've seen my brother do
it like a million times.

Smells so good.

Where'd you get this shit from, Josh?

For real.

Um, I know a guy.

Can you hook me up?

Uh, yeah.

Talk to me tomorrow.

Cool.

We have enough for two.

But Allison gets to go twice first,
because she's the birthday girl.

[John] Fuck that. It's puff, puff, pass.

[Meghan] Shut up, John.

[John] Pass that shit.

[coughing]

[Zach] I'm gonna go, actually.

Really?

Yeah. I just wanted to stop by.

[boy] Cool. Bye.

[Zach] Have a good birthday.

I'll see you, Josh.

Cool.

Excuse me.

Zach.

Are you okay?

Yeah. I'm not really a party person,
but I wanted to say happy birthday, so...

There's just a lot going on right now.

Mm. Seems that way.

They ran out of blue, huh?

"They ran out of blue"? What?

- Your cast, it's pink.

- Oh, oh. Duh. Yeah.

It's nice. It suits you.

Sensitive boy.

Well, if you got a lot going on,
why don't you come back
inside and hang out?

Smoke. You know. Relax a little.

I don't really do that.

Smoke, you know...

And honestly, neither does Josh.

I think he just did that
to fucking impress you.

Which is lame, you know.

I'm sorry, Allison...

Oh, fuck!

- I'm sorry.

- It's okay. It's okay.

It's all right.

[Allison laughing]

- Sorry.

- It's okay.

You got a bump on your head.

Why don't you kiss me?

I can't. I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry, Allison.

It's okay.

I've just gotta go.

Okay.

I hope you have a great birthday.

Thank you.

[sombre music]

Psst. Hey.
What's up?
Yo, dude. You hear that shit?
What shit?
That guy, he's dead.
They found him dead.
Yeah, I don't know anything about that.
- It's John Whitcomb.
- Wait. John Whitcomb is dead?
[boy] Dude with with blue hair.
When? When the fuck did this happen?
They found him yesterday.
He fell off the bridge.
- Fuck!
- I know.
I had algebra with him.
Small fucking world.
Yeah, it seems to be.
I was supposed to buy some
weed from him today too.
He said he was going to
hook up from some other dude.
I'm not getting my weed.
Hey...
You got some weed?
Yo, you got some weed?
[echoing] Hey, you got some weed?
[Allison] I walked in on him once
in the bathroom.
In the bus bathroom on that trip to
the Flight Museum. Do you remember that?
No, I didn't go.
Oh.
Well...
He didn't lock the door for some reason,
and I saw everything.
Full Whitcomb.
Mm.
You're friends with Tig, right?
Who?
Carol Barth.
Yeah, sort of.
Do you have her number?
Somewhere at home. I'd have to look it up.

Here. Got a marker?
Yeah.
We're gonna take that...
Trade.
So, what's this?
It's my new number.
My own line.
Mom and Dad's birthday present.
So I don't have to deal
with my brother anymore.
Call tonight and I'll dig hers up for you.
If you tell me why you want it.
Did you just buy those?
Is that okay?
You know, I don't wanna
scare you off again.
I'm messing with you, dummy.
Okay. Come on.
Walk me home.
I broke my arm once.
Is it hard to ride, you
know, with your pink cast?
No, not really.
Braking's hard.
My mom used to have a Schwinn bike.
[Zach] This is my mom's bike.
- [Allison] Really?
- Mm-hmm.
[Allison] Oh, no way.
That's cute.
[Zach] You really don't think it's weird?
[Allison] What?
That John...
He fell.
People fuck around on
the bridge all the time.
It just makes sense
that someone would fall.
Yeah, but...
What if he didn't fall?
Oh, my God.
You think he jumped?
I don't know.
Maybe. It means you're right.

It's not weird I guess, right?
Why do you care so much?
God. Wow, I sound like such a dick.
Don't I?
Why do you care so much a
kid in our class is dead?
And that kid Daryl's still missing.
I'm sorry. I don't mean to keep
bringing it up either. It's just...
I don't really feel like I have
anyone to talk to right now.
It's my fault, isn't it?
Um, what?
You and Josh?
I mean, I could tell you two were...
Well, he's got a thing for me.
I like you, Zach.
A lot sometimes.
Well, this is me.
You already knew that.
Do you wanna come inside?
[door opens]
[Zach] Hey, Mom.
[door shuts]
Mom, are you home?
[Karen over answering machine] Hey,
honey. I'm gonna be home a little late,
so eat whatever you feel
like and don't go anywhere.
I'll be home as soon as I can.
Love you.
Bye.
[beeps]
[ominous music]
[breathing shakily]
[twig snaps]
Oh, shit.
[line ringing]
- Hey.
- Hey, it's Zach.
So, could I have that number?
What number?
Charlie... uh, Carol
Barth. Her number.

Uh, yeah.

Okay, just one second.

[whispers] Asshole.

- [telephone ringing]

- [whistling tunefully]

[Charlie] Fuck. Fuck.

Barth residence.

Charlie, it's Zach.

How did you get my number?

Don't worry about that

now, all right? Just listen.

I think it's Josh.

You think what's Josh?

I think he killed John Whitcomb.

What the hell, Zach?

No, I need to talk to somebody who
knows and you're the only one who does.

So just like fucking let me
work this out, all right?

- What?

- Okay.

So fuckin' Daryl gags at a bit of fuckin'
Josh's weed, and he loses his shit.

But then the other night, all of a
sudden, Josh just like gives it all away
to some girl as a gift.

But then he says he's gonna
sell some to John Whitcomb.

- So?

- So, like a fucking week ago,
Josh is talking about how much
he fucking hates John Whitcomb,
and all of a sudden he's
gonna sell him weed?

And then all of a sudden
John Whitcomb turns up dead
at the exact same fucking spot
where we were all hanging out?
I mean, it's just a little too
fucking coincidental, don't you think?

All right, so he's
acting weird. So are you.

So am I, probably.

I know. But I couldn't

stop thinking about it.
So I decided to go out where Daryl is,
and it's fucking different.
Wait, wait, wait...
You're saying you went back out there?
- What the...
- The sword is gone.
Someone took it. I looked, I checked.
It's not fucking there.
Someone has taken the sword.
Why would you go back up to the woods?
You know that three people
know about that sword, right?
You, me, and Josh.
And I don't think he
went out there alone.
- No.
- No.
I think Josh did. I think he went there,
he took the sword, he
fucked with Daryl's body,
and then he went and pushed John
Whitcomb off the fucking bridge.
And now I have no idea where he is,
'cause he won't answer any
of my fucking phone calls.
It's so fucked up.
I know, man.
Why would you add all this extra
nonsense onto the situation?
Isn't it bad enough as it is?
You are not listening, Charlie.
Daryl is dead.
Charlie, Charlie. Listen, all right?
Josh, or fucking somebody else,
they went up there, and
if they found Daryl alive,
they fucking finished him off.
And if they didn't and they found him dead,
well, then they were just fucking
hacking at his dead fucking body.
What, so it was Josh?
He's your friend, isn't he?
Of course he is.

Then why go out of your way
to put this on him?
Is this not concerning? I mean,
where is the fucking sword?
- Do you have it?
- No.
Did you take it?
How do we know you didn't take it?
How do we know if it's even gone?
You wanna take me back
out there and show me?
Lure me back out there?
No thank you.
Charlie, you need to listen.
No, I don't. You need
to listen to yourself.
You're fucking losing it, dude.
Don't call me again.
Ah, shit!
I didn't want you to see this, Mama.
[TV plays indistinctly]
[door opening]
[footsteps approaching]
Look who I found.
Yo.
Hey.
I got chicken.
I already ate. You told me to eat whatever.
- Oh, I did?
- Yeah.
Oh. Well, then we'll reheat.
Josh, you want some chicken?
I'm fine. I shouldn't stay long.
- Do you wanna...
- Yeah.
We're gonna be outside for a sec.
- Don't go far.
- I won't.
So what are you doing here?
I don't know, dude. Just hanging out.
I'm sorry I ditched you at Allison's.
Yeah, she was pretty bummed.
What? What are you doing?
Are you like afraid of me now?

No, I'm not afraid of
you. There's just some...
Josh, I went off to the woods again.
- What?
- Yeah, and I saw that someone took the sword.
Did you talk to Charlie?
Obviously I fucking talked to Charlie.
Okay, why are you yelling at me?
I'm not... I wasn't yelling at you.
- Yes, you were.
- I wasn't yelling.
Look... Okay, Josh, this is...
Look, we need to be talking.
Like really talking.
Not like you showing
up at my house sometimes
and bumping into each other
at a fucking party, like...
We're friends.
And I need my friend back, you know.
Because we're in this shit together.
Whose number is that?
Josh, I'm willing to draw a line.
Really. I'm willing to
fucking put everything,
like what happened with Daryl,
and what maybe happened
with John Whitcomb...
What are you talking about what
happened with John Whitcomb?
Lower your voice. My
mom is inside, all right?
Look, I... We...
We can forget about all that stuff and...
Look, I know how you feel.
No, you fucking don't
know how I feel, okay?
All you fucking do is say a bunch of shit
that you think sounds nice,
because you're scared all the time.
Well, you're wrong.
And you're wrong about me too.
He left?
Wish you would have told

me. I could have driven him.
No, he can take care of himself.
They found that Whitcomb boy.
Daryl's still missing. It's just too much.
I keep thinking if I was their mother...
Come here.
- Mom.
- Come here.
Fucking hug me.
Jesus.
I love you, sweetie.
I love you.
Don't hurt me, please!
Hello!
Josh?
Josh?
Fuck.
Where did he put it?
Where is it?
Oh, you can't trick me.
[suspenseful music]
Oh, shit.
[doorbell ringing]
- Hey.
- Hey, Josh.
- Allison.
- Hey.
How's it going?
Fine.
[Meghan] What's with the beach towel?
It's a surprise.
You're full of surprises, aren't you?
You should come in.
I'd love to.
- What?
- Is Allison here?
Who wants to know?
[stammers] I do.
- A mess...
- Yeah. I know. Please don't do that right now.
Right, so she's not here?
- Nah.
- So where is she?
She left with the bitch

from down the street.
What bitch?
Meghan whatever.
Okay. And where are they?
Her house, I guess.
Was there a guy with them?
Fuck off.
No, please. You don't
understand. Right now you can't...
[burps] Excuse me.
[snorts]
Uh, you got a little something.
So?
So, so.
So, you went to that guy.
How much and how much?
This much and it's on the house.
No fucking way.
[gasps]
Your guy is awesome.
Fuck that. I am the guy.
You rule.
Thank you.
Zach isn't coming, is he?
Uh, no. He can't make it, unfortunately.
So what? More for us. Come on.
- Alrighty.
- Alrighty.
Ladies first.
[Allison] Thank you.
[techno music]
Shit.
[pop music playing]
[Allison] Meghan, your
mom's Chardonnay is shit.
[Meghan] Yeah, she's
cheap for being so rich.
Where did she get it from?
Yeah.
The gas station.
Josh, don't.
- Sorry.
- [coughs]
Yeah, it's rude.

- Sorry.
- [laughs]
Josh.
- I'm good.
- You sure?
Mm-hmm.
I thought we were hanging out.
We are.
So, Josh, what's the surprise this time?
What the fuck is that?
It's a fucking sword.
[Allison] That's the surprise?
That's the surprise.
[Meghan] Can I see it?
You're looking at it.
No. Like, can I play with it?
This is fucking awesome.
Ooh! Okay.
Meghan, you look like Zelda.
Zelda's the princess.
Oh. Sorry.
Whatever, man. It's all the same anyway.
That's not true. It's not all the same.
Mm.
The sun feels good.
Let me see.
No.
[makes whooshing sound]
You like that?
It's fucking rad.
[dark techno music playing]
All right. My turn.
[panting]
[muffled screaming]
[muffled sobbing]
[Zach whispers] Josh.
[Allison screams]
Josh, you fucking fuck! Open the door!
Josh!
[grunts]
Help! Help!
He's killing them! Help!
Josh!
[Allison whimpering]

[Allison sobbing]
[thudding]
I'm gonna go get help, all right?
I'm gonna be right back.
Just keep breathing, all right?
[yells]
Oh, shit!
[yells]
Josh!
[groaning in pain]
[screams]
[groans]
Josh, what the fuck are you doing?
Is she dead?
Fuck you, man. What...
Yo, what's happening? We're friends.
Remember? We're...
You're my... You're my best friend.
[stammers] Please...
I love you.
Fuck.
[yells]
[thunder rumbling]
[screaming]
[groaning]
[screaming]
[Josh grunting]
Fuck! Get off him! Get off him!
Move it! Stop it!
Stop!
Stay back... Get him...
[police radio chatter]
[police sirens wailing]
[woman] Zach, look at me. Look at me.
One, two...
Okay? What's hurting you?
Here. It's hurting here.
[indistinct]
Can you hold that, please?
Are they gonna be okay?
Let me grab a pad for you.
Are they gonna be okay?
Keep looking at me, okay?
Don't look away.

Can you take a deep breath?

Take a real nice one, okay?

Zach, please.

Can I have your attention
just for a minute?

I just wanna ask you about what happened.

Will that be okay with you?

[indistinct chatter]

[bird chirping]

[serene music]

[teacher speaking indistinctly]

[techno music playing]

[teacher] Who can tell me?

Who knows? Raise your hand.

Women's major contribution
to the industrial...

Ah, Allison.

["Ahead" playing]

I remember, I remember

Making the body search

I remember, I remember

Making the body search

I remember Making

the body search

That is was nothing

But enough for ahead

I remember Making

the body search

That is was nothing

But enough for ahead

I remember, I

remember I remember

Making the body search

I remember, I remember

I remember, I remember

Making the body search

I remember, I remember

Making the body search