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The Kings of Summer

By Chris Galletta

Joe!
Joe! Joe!
You've been in there
for 54... 55 minutes, Joe!
Masturbation is fun.
I get it.
It's not very green to do it
with the shower running.
Jesus!
Bring your briefs
in there with you.
You're 15 years old.
It's not cute anymore.
Got his mother's fanny.
Your final was due
a week ago, Joe.
I mean, look...
look at the board.
School's over.
We're playing hangman here.
There you are.
Hey.
So, are you guys around tonight?
Because you should totally come
to Thirsty Thursdays.
- End-of-school tradition.
- Yeah. Yeah, totally.
- I'll... I'll be there.
- Cool.
So it's at Wolf's Pond,
whenever you...
Oh... my God.
Eat shit, Toy!
I can lend you a shirt.
I've got like five
in my locker.
You know what, actually,
it doesn't look that bad.
So, pregame at Paul's

at like 7:

Paul has his own apartment?
What, you're not
going to acknowledge me?

- Hi.
- Mmm. Yeah.
Um, I will see you tonight.
Yes. Yeah, uh...
- Babe.
- Yes?
Let's go get egg bagels.
Okay. All right. Bye.
Paul. God.
I need a shirt.
That's awesome.
That is... that is great.
Actually, I need a picture.
Shit, can I get my phone?
Hey. Mrs. Keenan?
Shh!
Patrick, why are you
running around?
Oh... Grandma,
you remember Joe.
Hi, Mrs. Keenan.
Darling, would you
like a cold washcloth?
What? No. No washcloth.
How about you, Joseph?
Actually, yeah, I would...
I'd love a washcloth.
No, Mom, sit. What the hell?
What the hell is happening?
My mom reminds me of Blanka.
That's the sound I hear
whenever she speaks.
Just the gibberish
of an undisciplined animal.
It's never going to end.
Even when I'm
an adult, she'll find me,
question me.
You're being a little
dramatic, I think.
Joe, they're giving me hives.
There's no way
that they can give you hives.
Holy shit.

Hey, kiddo.

Round two. Fight!

- What, Dad?

- Should be a stud here.

Oh, what's all this?

Carol's going to be here in 30.

- Go wash up.

- Uh, Dad, you know, um,
I actually just realized
I have a party tonight,
so I'm not going to be
able to make it
for dinner and stuff.

Sorry.

Too bad.

The plans are already made.

Your sister's driving
all the way in.

I'm making lamb stew.

Are we in Beowulf?

Look, after dinner,

I was thinking

we might bring back Game Night.

It'll be fun.

Game... Game Night's

a family thing, Dad.

I'm not going to play Game Night
with some spider woman
you found in the gutter.

Carol is not a spider woman
that I found in the gutter, Joe.

She's a very nice lady
who happens to like me.

And I like her.

So, we haven't played Game Night
since Mom died, and then,
all of a sudden, you meet
some floozy and expect...

Enough! Enough, Joe.

This is not a debate.

My house, my rules.

Now, go get ready.

So, Joe,

your dad told me

that you go
to Tottenville.
Are you on any teams?
Carol, before we go any further,
you should know...
Frank is not my real father.
I love him,
and I owe him a lot.
You know,
he's very special to me,
but he's not my blood.
Is that true, Frank?
That's completely untrue.
I'm taking Ventnor.
Frank, the lamb
was delicious.
Just so tender and...
it was like I was
chewing avocado meat.
I'm not sure I know
what you're saying, Colin.
Avocado meat.
Heather, do you remember
when Dad quit because, um,
you wouldn't
trade him B&O?
- Remember that?
- Oh... oh, do I remember
when my own father called me
a "fear-mongering Chinaman?"
Yeah, I do... mostly
'cause I'm not a man.
Nor am I Chinese, so...
Oh, my God, what a panic.
That's something
my great-grandfather would say.
He's a racist.
You do that often?
Eat the hamburger
and then the fries?
You don't...
you don't mix it up?
I don't know, Dad.
Just asking.

We watched
a very good movie
on the cable last night.

- Mmm.

- Oh, honey, what was it called?
It had that guy
in it, that actor...

- What was it?
- What's his name?
Called, uh, Heimlich, the...
Yes, yes! With, uh,
what's-his-name.
The Prince,
the... the New Prince.
Will Smith?
Will! Yes. Will Prince.

- Will Prince.

- Oh, my gosh, what does he play?
- Superhero? -Oh, he plays
a superhero in this one.
Kind of a supe...
Not a cape, though.

- Yeah, it's called Heimlich.

- The darnedest thing.
Come on.
You want to be my buddy?
Yes. I would love that.
Tennessee for Park Place.
Right now, straight up.
Done.
You got it.
What? No.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

- The men are talking, Joseph.
Pipe down. - Yes. Quiet.
Quiet, everybody,
except for the men.

- We're in command of the room.

- This is bullshit, Dad.
You're pricing me
out of the goddamn game.
Your roll, JoJo.
This is collusion.
Dad, come on.

Yeah, it's
kind of cruel, Frank.
No, no.
He's just mad because he
doesn't want to be here,
so he's being a little shit.
- Oh, great.
- Oh, no.
Joe, don't go.
He's quitting.
That's nice work, Dad.
He'll be all right.
Let him walk it off.
Patrick, have you been
washing that foot every day?
Because moisture can get trapped
in there from the brace.
That's what killed
Jim Henson, you know.
Oh...
What the hell
are we talking about?
Ooh, Patrick,
can you whistle?
I like it when you harmonize
with me on the whistling.
- Patty, where you going?
- Got to go potty?
Oh, shit, he's doing it.
Joe!
Joe!
Joe...
Yeah, I'd like
to report a theft.
Goddamn it!
Yeah, his name is Frank Toy.
Brown hair, uh, height unknown.
I'll call you back.
You son of a bitch.
But...
The problem with Joseph's habit
is that one day there will be
an actual emergency
or violent crime

coming from this house.

Yeah, well,

the night is still young.

Uh, Mr. Toy, are you familiar with "The Boy Who Cried Wolf"?

Yes. I experienced a childhood on the planet Earth, so...

yes, I've heard of that one.

Do you think you can apply it to my situation in an allegorical fashion?

Okay. It's a...

- a story that involves a boy who... -Ah, ah, ah...

- constantly cries "wolf."

Stop.

And when the wolf finally comes... He doesn't know it.

- I'm sorry, "The Boy Who Cried" what? -Wolf.

- Fuck you.

- Let's go.

- "The Boy Who Cried" what?

- Stop talking.

- Wolf.

- Get the fuck off my porch before I knock your dick in the dirt.

- Come on, let's go. -I don't see what the problem was.

- Why are you yelling at me?

- What's next? Three Little Pigs?

It gets easier.

Okay? Honest. I swear.

Look at it this way:

In two years, he's going to pay for you to leave.

Yeah.

Uh, look,

this may sound desperate, but I am 100% lucid, okay?

Don't smile, 'cause I'm...

- Don't.
- No, this is very serious.
- I am serious.
- I'm taking you so seriously.
I can be packed in 15 minutes.
Just take me with you
to Granville.
Please.
Okay, I would.
Totally would, but...
Dad would want to come
visit us all the time,
and that just
wouldn't work for me.
- You're lame.
- So...
take it easy on him.
- You're getting so handsome.
- Yeah. Yeah.
- I love you.
- Hey, don't you touch me.
You love it.
Oh, hey. Hey.
- What's up? -Okay, I am
going to get you a beer
so you can catch up.
Okay.
Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!
Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!
- What's up, dude?
- Hey.
How was, uh,
fake family night?
Oh, it was great.
Nothing went wrong.
The police didn't come.
I love my father.
Shit.
- Okay, I have beer for you.
- Hey. Thank you.
- Hello. Hello.
- Hello, Kelly.
- How are you?
- I'm good. How are you?

I'm not as drunk as you are.
I think you are.
- Can I have your beer?
- No.
Hey, sorry, bro.
Keg's almost tapped.
No beer for freshmen.
Oh, but he is
a sophomore now, Paul.
Sorry, babe.
No dice, bro.
Oh, man.
You little fuck-suckers!
We're trying to sleep!
It's public property, bro!
What?
Who told you that?
We assumed!
I don't trust that old guy.
He has a shadow
behind his eyes.
How long have you
been standing there?
Hello.
That's not an answer.
You little shit dicks!
- Oh, my...
- Jesus! Let's go, let's go.
What the hell
are you doing, guys? Come on!
- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
- Let's go! Let's go!
Come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on.
Hey, Joe, do you know we've been
walking for half a mile?
I can tell
by how much we've bonded.
Well, we're lost, and, um...
you haven't said a word
this entire time, so...
How much longer?
I have no idea, Biaggio.
Let's just keep our wits,

and we'll get out of here.
Where are we?
Someplace they won't find you.
What?
Let's go, man.
We got a long walk home.
Hello? Hi.
Hi.
I just wanted to make sure
that you didn't
get shot last night.
No. No, no, no.
I survived.
I, uh, wound up getting stuck
with that kid Biaggio, though.
Oh, yeah, I spoke to him once.
He told me that his uncle died
on the Challenger.
That's the price
of space travel, right?
Uh... yeah, sure.
Um, so get ready for this.
Paul skedaddled on me
last night.
Uh, wow, that's...
that's a dick move.
Tools... out of the driveway now.
- I'm on the phone.
- Oh.
I don't give a shit.
Right now.
Is everything okay there?
- No!
- Who is this? Patrick?
- Kelly.
- Kelly. A girl.
- Jesus, that's
a pleasant surprise. -Dad...
Listen, Kelly, Joe can't talk
right now because he's grounded.
He will call
you back sometime
before his hot new bedtime

of 7:

You have a good night.

Okay.

Tools. Now.

And if they're ruined,
you're going to work
the whole set off
this summer. I mean it.

A paper route.

Big Chief Indian Corn.

Goddamn Ohio Soccer Jazz.

I don't care.

You have your pick.

This bullshit ends today.

Yes, it does.

I can't walk
all day like this, Joe.

Okay.

We're almost there.

Just 50 yards.

Almost where?

What the hell
could you be showing me
in the woods right now?
What is this, Joe?
You want your room
facing sunrise or sunset?
My what?!

This is the site
of our new house, man.

What, like a tree house?

No, like a real house.

I'm moving out.

We're moving out.

What the hell are
you talking about?

My mom won't let me walk
around the house
without socks on.

She's definitely
not going to let us
live out here in the woods.
No one will
find us out here, Patrick.

This house,
this land, it's ours!
We make the rules, you know?
Like men!
So we're just going
to move out here
and, uh, build a house
from scratch?
How hard can it be?
Hold on... what is this kid
doing here?
I don't know.
I'm afraid to tell him to leave.
I don't know
what he's capable of.
Forget him.
Break ground with me, man.
Look, I'm sorry, Joe,
but I can't do this.
Call me when you get home.
Patrick?
So you wore
the blue shirt today?
Not the one
with the pocket?
- He's got the blue one on.
- Yeah.
Whoa, rope in
the attitude, mister.
This is your mother
you're speaking to.
- Come on, buddy. Come on.
- Huh? Huh?
- My word. -Sorry, Dad.
- Who is he doing a show for?
Oh, my gosh, I know,
it's like he's on camera.
Are there girls around?
Yeah, there must be. Uh-oh.
Girl check.
Checking for a girl in a bikini.
Nope. I don't see one.
Those hormones are a-ragin'.
Hello?

I'm in.

- What?

- The house.

I'll do it.

Yes! Yes! Holy shit! Yes!

Okay. Awesome.

Well, we'll break ground
tomorrow.

Yeah, right.

Hello?

Joe, what do you tell your dad
when you leave all the time?

If we were talking, I still
wouldn't tell him shit.

Jesus, what happened
between you two?

Nothing.

He's just an old, lonely prick,
and I want to get out of there
before I end up
anything like him.

Joe?

Can I talk to you
for a second?

- You made this?

- I did.

Took very little time.

Very few days.

"My name is Jamal Colorado,
and I have kidnapped your son.

"He is unharmed,
and will stay that way
if you abide by
the following rules."

"Jamal Colorado"?

"Anfernee Texas"?

"D'Sean Utah"?

Yeah, I decided on the format
of Denzel Washington:

A black first name,
followed by a state.

Yeah, fuck that.

We're not using those.

Okay, Biaggio,

good effort...
although very poorly
planned out
and, um...
savagely racist.
I just didn't want
to do nothing.
Dad, um...
I'm gonna spend the night
at Patrick's tonight,
if that's okay.
Okay, and make sure
you're in bed by 7:30.
I'll call the Keenans.
Freedom!
Fuck you, Frank!
Honey, I got
the classic ciabatta bread.
- They finally had it.
- You're getting wild.
- Sliced.
- Yeah.
- This is our big day.
- You're crazy.
We usually do
rustic ciabatta.
I know it.
Mom, Dad, I'm going to spend
the night at Joe's.
Oh, okay, honey.
Well, I already made
dinner, though,
so take some vegetable soup
for you and Joe.
Uh, no, thanks.
No one likes
vegetable soup, Mom.
Well...
Okay, we're
in Pretendland, I guess.
"Nobody likes
vegetable soup."
- Did you hear this, honey?
- I heard it.

- Oh, my God.
- He's your son.
Listen, tell Mr. Toy
to put some white rice
underneath it.
It'll be delightful.
Mom, no.
No vegetable soup.
We're not eating vegetable soup.
I'm getting a Tupperware.
Here, take this tomato.
Jesus.
You okay, fatty?
No.
No, I'm not.
I- I'm really nervous.
We're really doing this, huh?
Yes, we are.
I've never done
anything like this, Joe.
It's starting to freak me out.
Well, uh, neither have I.
Kind of the point.
Yeah, yeah, I know, I know.
Just, okay, before I make
a big decision,
I always, you know,
say to myself,
"I'll do it unless God gives me
a definitive omen
in the next 30 seconds."
So, you know,
it's just some
dumb superstition I have.
If you don't want
to do it, that's fine.
But...
Sure, yeah.
It's...
Yeah, so just like,
close your eyes, and yeah.
You got it.
Oh.
Okay, let's go.

Wait, what?
No, no, that was thunder.
Definitely a bad omen.
No, come on,
that was thunder.
That's a tree.
This is a rock.
Come on, man, it's nature.
It's not an omen.
Have some common sense.
- "Common sense"?
- It's not like a raven
told us to go away.
Yeah, we're doing this.
Oh, God.
Ready?
All right, let's unpack.
I came early.
Oh, shit.
Dude.
Oh, my God.
Fuck, yeah.
Patrick.
What the f...? Jesus.
- What time is it, man?
- Who cares?
We're out in the woods.
There's no time in the woods.
Let's go exploring.
- What?
- What?
You go outside
and you look at the...
the sun, and the higher
it is in the sky,
the later it is in the day.
"We do swear,
"under pain
of friendship lost,
"to never speak
"of this enterprise
to any adult,
"and to never betray
its location

"or its participants,
"and from this day forthwith
"to boil our own water,
"kill our own food,
build our own shelter
and be our own men."

All right, we need cool names
for everything.

Like, awesome,
mythical names.

- No, we don't.

- Or, uh...

The Trees of Destiny.

Oh!

- No.

- No! The map!

- So, Patrick's a wrestler?

- Oh, very good one.

- Yes, a good one.

- Very good wrestler.

So what's that,

Greco-Roman or arena?

Don't answer that.

Greco-Roman. What's arena?

Arena is pro.

Do you think

that Joe would run away

- to prove a point?

- Oh, hold on now.

We don't know

that they've run away.

I mean, there is

absolutely no reason

that Patrick would run away.

Not for Patrick to run away, no.

- Okay.

- You're right.

It's a classic kidnapping.

They took our children

and the canned goods and pasta.

All right, look,

I hate to admit it,

but Frank is right.

Right now, we have to assume

that these
are voluntary disappearances.
Wow. What do you know?
The police, always pushing
their pig Irish agendas.
Whoa.
Mrs. Keenan,
I assure you,
there is no other agenda
than to find your son right now.
No. The Irish
are the blacks of Europe.
The blacks of Europe.
- Oh, my God.
- Period.
- That's powerful stuff.
- That's not...
Okay, wow.
Sweetheart, I'm Irish, okay?
We're under a lot
of stress, Captain.
I'm sorry about...
You know Patrick
was our only boy.
- "Is."
- Did you know that?
- Yes, I do.
- Did you?
I'm well aware.
Listen, according
to the report,
\$80 to \$100 in food
and housewares is missing.
From the Toy house,
we are down a tool set,
grill utensils
and about \$240 in cash.
Now, I presume
we're not pressing charges.
Frank, would you like
to press charges against Joe?
Not at this time.
He took the Monopoly, too.
Obviously to spite me.

Maybe he just wanted
something to remember you by.
No way.
He hates that damn game.
Did you see him the other night?
Well, he used to love it,
you know,
when it was, like,
the four of us.
You're kind of shitting
on his memories, Dad.
Well, what am I
supposed to do, Heather?
You know, if I died,
he'd get
over it in about six weeks.
Uh, sir,
Chinese food is here,
so I would like to actually...
How much?
Uh, it's \$51.
\$51?
What the hell did you order?
Heather?
Don't look at me.
I got dumplings.
I'm not even hungry.
Yeah, I actually ordered a...
a large portion of the shrimp
with lobster sauce.
I figured it was pretty neutral.
We can eat it family-style.
- Neutral?
- Mm-hmm.
Shrimp with lobster sauce?
Yeah.
I can't think
of a more marginal dish
in any culture.
- Hi.
- Hey.
What's your name?
My American name is Gary.
You ever have one

of those days, Gary?

What kind of days?

The kind I'm
having right now.

I don't know what kind
of day you're having.

Where you feel
like somebody
is pissing in your face
all day long.

Is that good or bad?

- Bad.

- Bad.

Gary,
every time...

You see those wontons, Gary?

- You see the size of them?

- Mm-hmm.

Those wontons are too big,
my friend.

Everybody loves those.

People ask us for the recipe.

We won't provide it.

It's part of our training...

how to deal with people
who want the recipe too bad.

- Oh? -We have a phrase
we have to repeat.

- What is that?

- "We won't provide it."

I can see the value
of these now.

I can have the kids
from the neighborhood come over

- Oh, sarcasm, I get it.

- It's like a bouncy house.

The poor man's wit.

My question for you, Gary, is:

How do you want me to eat these
with my normal human mouth?

Do you want me to unhinge my jaw
like an anaconda?

Should I put this in my belly
and lay out in the sun

- for two months, digesting it?
- Dad, enough! My God!
- Just pay the poor guy.
- My God. Yeah, and maybe
you should get
some forks in the house
so your dad doesn't have
to unhinge his stupid jaw to...
We're done here, and for
the record, your wontons
are way too big.
Nobody can fucking eat those.
No, I can eat them;
Just give them to me.
- Good night, Gary.
- I'd be very happy to eat those.
Your house
has a bad vibe.
No more rice,
no more pasta.
It's time to eat an honest meal.
Biaggio?
You and I will take
to the trees.
Patrick,
you, uh...
Yeah, yeah, I know.
I- I pick berries and apples
and forage.
And it makes a lot
of sense, yeah.
Oh, what?
You should be the hunter
just because you're stronger?
Yeah.
Oh, don't...
don't drink the water.
Uh-uh,
I shouldn't have done that.
I'm glad you
came out, Biaggio.
I mean, this is...
this is our rite
of passage, goddamn it.

Have you ever felt
this at one with...
with yourself?
With your instincts,
with nature?
This...
this masculine?
I don't know.
I don't really see myself
as having a gender.
Is that a problem?
It's not great.
This way to the bison,
my friend.
When you get up here,
you can see a field of bison
majestically grazing.
Ooh, get your weapon ready.
Yeah.
Let's go, Biaggio.
Come on.
No, but the...
the quarter dark
is so good.
Boston Market, that's...
that's from our old life,
our weak life.
Wait here.
What will it attract...
scavengers?
Scavengers?
Look at this.
Fit for a goddamn king.
Are there any bears
in these woods?
Hope so.
A bear would feed us
for a month.
Perhaps we can disillusion him.
A bear who doesn't believe
in anything
will be easier to bring down.
I... I guess I agree with that.
Might be a little small.

One, two, three, four, five.
You have a tag on your pants.
Did you buy new clothes
for this?
It comes like that...
it's the style.
Yes!
Okay, come on.
No, the swords.
We got it.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Oh, God, okay.
Flip, flip, flip the thing,
and I'll, uh...
I'll take its life.
Strike it at its neck.
Don't compromise the meat.
- I know, I know.
- It may plead; Don't listen.
- Be cold, clinical
with the blade. -I will.
It may try to bargain...
this is natural.
- Just turn it!
- Okay!
Yeah, I'm just surprised
you found a live chicken
in these woods.
Yup, yes, sir.
That's amazing.
Biaggio,
your corn pudding is to die for.
I have to know the recipe.
Mmm.
Oh, God.
So smug.
Dude,
food attracts mice.
And you know what mice attract?
- Stupid fucking questions?
- No.
They attract snakes.
In Italian, the word for "snake"
means "the demon's cock."

- No, it doesn't. -There's
a chance that it doesn't.
Whatever, dude.
From here on out,
- all the food goes either in the
fire or in the ground. -
God, man, you're
so doom and gloom
all the time.
Just enjoy this.
It's not doom and gloom, bro.
I just found a copperhead
skin two hours ago.
I read once that animals
see fear as a color.
I thought you can't read.
No, I can read.
I can't cry.
Well, there you go.
Okay, we traced
Joe and Patrick's cell phones
to this bus.
Savanovic, Dietzel,
check under the seats,
see if the bathroom's locked.
This is an artist's projection
of what he might look like now.
The beard may be a little full.
They aren't here.
This is a waste
of real time, Davis.
You can check under
the bus if you want.
There's not a lot of air
that can make it
under there, but...
Listen to me. Our son ran away
about eight years ago.
- I'm sorry. Did he come back?
- So, he came back?
- Well, it was a really hard time
for us. -Uh, thank you.
Jesus, we don't need this
right now, sir. Are you okay?

- Uh, what does he mean?
- He doesn't mean anything.
- You need to lean on each other.
- Sir.
- Oh, my God.
- Get him back on the bus.
- Davis. -No, I don't want
to get on the bus.
I'm a licensed therapist!
This is Joe's bag.
It's empty.
- That's Patrick's phone.
- That's Joe's.
Some dude had a beeper?
That's dope.
W-Wait a minute.
What... what is that?
What does that mean?
It's a Monopoly piece.
My piece.
He's taunting me.
He's like the Zodiac Killer.
Okay, the worst thing you can do
is hope right now.
I'm just letting you know.
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
We have to do this for real.
Ready?
One, two...
a-one, two, three, four!
Cheers.
We have water, shelter.
We can put a balanced meal
on the table.
I mean, we answer to no one.
We're men.
Just now?
Just happened?
Just happened, man.
You don't say.
All I'm saying
is that if anything
was missing from all of this...
...it'd be a woman's touch.

We have Biaggio.
Doesn't count.
- Right here. Hey, hey, hey.
- Oh, what, what?
Hey.
- Hello.
- Got to get my drink on.
Hi. Do you guys want anything?
Uh, I got a Titleist right here.
It's worth like \$3.50,
so if I could get
a Sun Chips and a beer
and then 50 cents
in change,
that would be fantastic.
Okay, well, we do not
run on a barter system.
What the fuck
is a "barger" system?
- Barter.
- Barger?
When you use equal goods
or services instead of cash.
So you admit that these
are equal goods
- in your barger system.
- Yeah, but we
do not run on a barter system.
That's not the point.
You're on the news, Joe.
Your dad was on K-19.
Okay, please.
My dad is loving
every second of this, okay?
No, Joe, I seriously doubt that.
So, uh...
...does Patrick have a really
big, crazy beard now, too?
Yeah, yeah, his is a little
more serious than mine.
I have... I have thin hair.
You know, you have to groom it.
Oh, right.
Yeah, like Paul's

sick-ass goatee?

Uh...

I guess you wouldn't
have heard...

Paul and I broke up.

Oh.

This isn't over, Kelly.

This isn't over, Kelly!

Uh... uh, no,

I did not catch wind of that.

Um...

I'm sorry, though.

I, uh, came here actually
to invite you to dinner.

Uh, sort of like a...

a housewarming thing.

- If you want.

- Yeah, obviously I want to,
but how do I...

how do I get there?

Do I have to...

be blindfolded

or something?

In all seriousness,

it's of

absolute vital importance

that you not tell anyone,

- not bring anyone. No one.

- Yes.

- This is life or death, Kelly.

- Okay, okay, okay.

Okay.

Bitch.

Joe.

Dude.

Biaggio.

You're camouflaged horribly.

Dude!

Where's Joe?

What's up, man?

What's up?

Have you seen Joe?

No, I don't know

where he is.

But where's Biaggio?
You're right here.
You're right... Oh, God.
Okay, fine, fine.
We bought a few chickens.
Less than 30, more than 25.
But the fact
is Biaggio and I
have been hunting and getting
pretty goddamn dangerous
out there.
This is hypocrisy.
Joe, listen to yourself.
How can you sleep at night?
Look, I can deal with the fact
that the chickens
were store-bought.
Okay? I can.
But it really bothers me
that the loaded potato
isn't Biaggio's recipe.
No. No, no, that
actually really is.
I... I honestly have no idea
where he's getting chives.
So, um, can I pass or...?
Judy keeps saying
that wherever they are,
at least they have each other.
I guess that calms me down
sometimes, you know?
I got to
wonder whose idea it all was.
Yeah.
Wait, are you serious?
It could have been
Patrick's idea.
No way. Oh, my gosh.
Joe is the one who drove them
to the movies
when they were nine.
Remember?
Only reason they got caught
is 'cause they went

through a drive-through.
Sunfish. Damn it.
Joe is the one who tied
Patrick's pet turtle to a kite.
Wanted to send him up
into space.
I forgot about that.
Are you laughing?
Are you laughing at that?
It was... it was more
of a laugh of admiration.
For the murder
of a turtle?
The turtle died, then?
Yeah, the turtle
died, Frank.
I suppose that's a shame.
The problem is
Joe's a mama's boy.
Clarissa was good for him.
She just let him be.
Something about his innate
sense of menace
seemed to charm her.
Now it's just the two of us.
I- I'm afraid I broke him.
I mean, our sons did run away.
They don't... they don't want
to be with us.
They don't want
to live in our houses.
I guess maybe... we did do
something wrong, you know?
What the heck?
Ah.
Patrick is the one
who set up Bicycle Olympics
in my goddamn swimming pool.
That was a nice
\$1,300 repair job.
I never called you about that.
Thought we were having
a moment just then, Frank.
And Bicycle Olympics

was Joe's idea.
Goddamn it.
Joe, I love it here.
I want to spend the rest
of my days with you.
That's an emotional fact for me.
Yes, but...
But I worry.
I can't keep my brain
from worrying.
My...
my woman brain.
Ah, my sweet Kelly,
why should we let it
ruin this moment?
Joe!
It's time to come home.
Leave us, Frank.
The forest is ours.
You're out of your depth.
You made a fool of me
in front of the whole town, boy.
A harlequin.
He is a man grown, and his path
is his own to choose.
Silence, land-trunt.
You win.
Perfect.
Joe. Hey, bro,
we got company.
Lots of company.
Hi, brother.
All right.
This is so great, Joe.
Yo, bros,
what did you guys do
with this chicken?
Melts in your
goddamn mouth, right?
So, um, do you guys eat
the same thing every night?
Yeah, a lot of chicken.
They're everywhere here.
- Right, Joe?

- Oh.
All sorts of them.
Yeah, Patrick, um,
he usually takes care
of the gathering,
you know, berries, roots.
I take care of the meat
and the protein.
And the shopping.
He's a great bargain hunter.
I do the hunting.
So, Biaggio, what do you do?
I met a dog the other day
that taught me how to die.
Yeah, uh, Biaggio here,
he's a...
he's a real renaissance man.
I have incredible focus.
You should see his hands.
So quick.
This cat right here,
he can snatch trout
right out
of the goddamn stream.
Just...
Bullshit.
No, it's true. I've seen it.
I rest my case.
Did you take anything out?
No, he doesn't
want your money.
He just does it for sport.
You know, um,
I picked those flowers myself.
Oh, yeah.
They're really pretty.
So what is
this all supposed to be?
This is the den.
Oh, this is the den.
How stupid of me.
Um, and that...
that is the master bedroom.
Wow.

This is really amazing, Joe.
I mean, I had no idea
how talented you were.
I mean, of course,
I suspected, but...
- Of course. Right.
- Of course.
That's horrible.
Yeah. Uh...
Vicki's making eyes
at you, man.
Go talk to her.
Look at her.
She's so into it.
There's no point
in me talking to her anyways.
Why not?
Joe...
I'm gay.
Are you sure? Um...
Yes.
My lungs fill up with fluid
every time the seasons change.
That's not being gay, Biaggio.
What?
I'm pretty sure
that's cystic fibrosis.
Oh.
Biaggio, I don't know why
you're smiling... cystic fibrosis
is not a walk in the park.
It's actually
a very serious medical...
Hey, what-what about Kelly?
She's just doing what...
all girls do.
You know?
Pretending like
she doesn't care.
Playing hard to get.
I don't know.
Oh, man.
Hey.
Patrick?

- Yeah?
- Can you sleep?
Um... yeah.
Well, do you want to go
for a walk or something?
'Cause I can't sleep.
- Sure.
- Okay.
Hey, Joe?
Joe, we're leaving.
Are you awake?
Biaggio!
Jesus Christ, dude.
Stay above the surface
where I could see you, okay?
Um...
Look, I'm gonna go for a walk.
Don't wait up.
You should try not
to think about them so much.
Yeah, uh...
I'm sorry I'm not more fun
to be around right now.
Call me with anything.
Okay? Anything.
I'm not far.
Yeah. Thanks.
Take care, Colin.
Have fun with... singing.
Oh. Thank you.
Thank you very much.
Um, I'm actually
part of a...
a cappella band called Mmm.
So long.
Uh, we're actually,
uh, performing
12-part harmony to, uh,
"And the Band Played On."
- Good night.
- Do you know the song?
Uh, I'll just do the chorus,
then, just real fast.
Oh, babe,

I don't think it's...
Casey would waltz #
With the strawberry blonde #
And the band #
- # Played on #
Thank you.
He'd glide cross the floor
with the girl #
He adored, and the #
Band played on #
Great.
His brain was so loaded #
It nearly #
- # Exploded #
- Still going.
The poor girl
would shake with alarm #
He'd never leave
the girl with the #
Strawberry curls #
And the #
Band #
Played... #
- # On... #
- Okay. Oh, babe.
- Babe.
- Ooh!
I think I may never get
an erection again.
Dad! Jesus!
Well... I mean...
Uh, it was good
seeing you again.
All right, drive safe.
Aw, come on.
Come on, honey, he just...
serenaded me... I can't pretend
- that's acceptable.
- Right.
Thanks for giving it
the old college try.
I appreciate it.
I got to go.
Shit, I'm sorry.

Heather.

I'm not a bastard, am I?

No, Dad, a bastard would make everyone around him miserable just 'cause he is.

Hey.

Hey, uh, we...

You do your thing. Just...

I'll see you kids...

back at the house.

Look... don't worry.

He could never be mad at you.

You guys are like brothers.

This is different.

This is way different.

Did this work?

Running away?

I mean, are you

really happy out here?

Yeah. You know, I'm just...

I'm happy to be

wherever my parents are not.

Ah...

Is anything better

than a good stogie, Biaggio?

Being in a situation

where it's easier to lie

but you choose

to tell the truth.

Hmm.

Guess that is better.

Okay, I will trade

you B&O Railroad

for both your utilities.

- Eh.

- Eh...

Eh... and this "Get Out

of Jail Free" card.

Deal.

Deal. That's a good deal.

That's a good trade.

What?

Yeah.

All four railroads

for the utilities
and your
"Get Out of Jail Free" card.
Savvy.
Oh, look at that...
"Free Parking."
You know what?
I think I'm gonna buy
some more houses.
How many is "more"?
Give me a second.
Actually...
Biaggio, I will
give you Baltic,
Park Place and both my greens
- for both your oranges.
- I want \$1,000.
- I'll give you \$50.
- Okay.
Pleasure doing
business with you.
You just went
from \$1,000 to \$50?
The men... are talking.
Yes, Patrick,
the men are talking.
Realtor,
could I please get
- three hotels?
- Oh, yeah, sure. On what?
Orange. What I just bought.
There you go,
property manager.
What's up, Joe?
Nothing's up.
It's your roll.
Look, Joe, if I roll a six,
an eight or a nine,
things are gonna get
very bad in here.
I don't know what
to tell you, buddy.
Just think of all the
other numbers in the world.

Is everything okay
with you guys?
Yeah.
We're golden.
What was that play, Joe?!
- Jesus! It is a game!
- That was the lowest,
shittiest, dickhead move
I've ever seen.
Second lowest.
Wow.
No one was ever trying
to hurt you, Joe.
It was never about you!
We just... It just happened!
- Get over it!
- I'm over it!
The bitch wants you,
then she's
not good enough for me anyway!
Who the fuck are you,
Mary J. Blige?
- Jesus Christ!
- Joe, I...
Shut up, Kelly!
All right?
Everything was fine
until you came into the picture.
You're like...
Jesus, you're like a cancer!
Uh...
I'm gonna go.
What was that, Joe?
You know what?
Go be with her.
Go hang with Kelly
and your goddamn mother.
I don't...
Joe, I don't want to go.
Joe, I want to stay here.
- You want to stay here? -This
is the most fun I've ever had.
We built this house together!
- Go be with her, man, hmm?

- Joe, I don't want to go.
- Get out of here, man!
- Come on, man, I didn't...
Come on!
I'll get the tools.
We'll fix it.
Leave me alone, Biaggio.
What do you mean?
I'm saying I want to be alone.
Go away.
Don't mince words with me, Joe.
We've been through too much.
Just leave.
Kelly!
Kelly.
I didn't mean for any
of this to happen.
I didn't want
to come between friends.
I've just... I've...
No!
Damn it!
God...!
Fuck!
We didn't want to wake you.
Yeah.
Welcome home, Patrick.
Stop.
Yep.
Glad you're back.
The report says this boy
was with him the whole week.
He's given us
nothing so far.
He has a contempt
for the law
I've never seen in a minor.
Look at him.
He won't sit down.
He won't deflate the room.
It's actually
quite sophisticated.
This kid is in my head.
If you need to leave, Sergeant,

there's no shame in it.
Yeah, maybe just to...
splash a bit of cold water
on my face.
There is shame in it,
but please leave anyway.
Oh, God.
And Patrick?
He says he
hasn't seen Joe
since they split up.
No.
It stays on.
Oh, my God.
Dude!
Hey!
Dude, this is my spot, man!
You're ruining my spot!
I thought you said you'd
never been here before.
I haven't.
Freak.
- I'm sorry.
- Come on.
I got another spot.
No fear!
Sorry.
We were just... hungry.
I guess we were all just hungry.
Sorry I yelled.
Goddamn it.
"Save the heart and liver
if you wish
and cut from rectum
to collar bone."
Well, anyway, if you guys
are going to go hunting,
you're going to need these.
Uh, they're masks that you wear
on the back of your head
to keep the animals
away from you.
To keep them from stalking you,
essentially.

This one supposed to be me?

Yeah.

Hello?

Whoa.

Whoa.

On now to the story
which has captivated
much of Tottenville County.

Where is Joseph Toy?

It's been more than four weeks
since the 15-year-old left home.

Toy's friend Patrick Keenan
returned home safely

this past Tuesday

with his family calling it,

quote, "a miracle."

Keenan claims

he hasn't seen Toy in weeks.

Toy is described as

approximately five-foot-seven,

with straight brown hair

and blue eyes.

Anyone with information

regarding Joseph Toy should call

the Tottenville County

Sheriff's Department.

Coming up:

lead to longer, stronger...

Sure.

Every man has.

Well, there's good quitting
and bad quitting, Biaggio.

Quit drinking soda:

Good quitting.

I quit law school:

Bad quitting.

Do you see?

You should never quit
on a friend, son.

Of course you would.

Yeah, okay.

That's what I thought.

I- I don't eat cookies.

I'm sorry to bother you.

I, uh...

I can take you to Joe.

Joe?

- Dad?

- Joe!

- Dad! Dad, don't come in here!

- Are you all right?

- Joe, Joe, I'm not going to hurt you. -Joe, I'm so sorry.

Seriously, do not come in.

There's a snake.

Whoa.

What do I do?

Kelly... look at me.

Be cool, all right?

Be calm.

- Be still.

- Whoa.

- Do not move.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

It can sense fear, all right?

Don't move.

- No, no, no!

- Easy, easy.

Joe! Joe, don't be an idiot!

Be calm.

That's good.

What the hell is that?

Biaggio?

Infamata.

- Oh, God.

- Oh, my living Christ.

Holy shit.

Oh...

Joe, no! No, no, Joe!

Fuck you, snake!

He's awake.

- You're okay.

- Did it get me, man?

- Yeah, a little bit. Um...

- Small bite. -Okay.

Dad, take the head

and the body

and bury them in two separate
holes, do you understand?

The venom will attract
other snakes.

Okay.

- Dad, now!

- Okay.

Can you not just,
like, suck it out of him?

The venom has already
entered his bloodstream.

Okay, we got
to get him out of here.

- Oh! Oh!

- My God.

Maybe that's good.

Maybe that's good.

Maybe he got it out. Maybe he
got it out of his system.

Dad, can you bring the car up?

Yeah, I'll just...

I'll carry it, I guess,
or fly it over the forest.

No, I can't bring
the car up here!

Your jokes

are not funny right now!

Guys, stop yelling!

This isn't helping anything!

- He's getting worse. -Oh, my
God, he's really letting it go.

- You're pissing yourself, kid.

- Guys, he is burning up.

We need to get him
out of here.

You up for a little walk, buddy?

Pull the car up
as close as you can
to the mouth of the woods.

- You know how to put it
in gear? -Fuck, yeah.

Watch your mouth. Good, good.

Let's go! Let's go! Move!

Come here.

Did you have asparagus?

Hang on.

Uh... try these.

So...

you honestly believe

that you saw Heaven?

Yes.

There were many demons.

But I'm better now.

Stronger.

If I had to do it over,

I'd get bitten again.

I know you would, Biaggio.

You're a good friend.

Remember when I said,

"If I had to do it over,

I'd get bitten again"?

You... you just said that.

I was wrong.

I would never do that again.

Joe.

I...

I, um, got this for you

from the gift shop.

Uh, it has an eagle on it,

the snake's natural enemy.

"You're miles above the rest."

I- I guess they didn't

have one that said, uh,

"You saved me

from an agonizing death

by rapid blood oxygenation."

Uh, they did; Just no envelopes.

Look, Joe, just...

just because we're not dating

doesn't mean that I don't

care about you at all.

We didn't even know

if you were dead or not.

You know?

I would give you a hug

or something, but I don't know,

maybe you don't want

to be anywhere near me.

No.
A hug can work.
Hey.
Is he okay?
Uh, yeah.
Biaggio is in there.
Okay.
Okay.
See you, bro.
So, who's this Kelly?
Is that Patrick's girlfriend?
Yep.
Looking that way.
She looks like
a real heartbreaker.
Yes.
You were very good, Joe.
In the woods, before.
Good?
Yeah.
You were very good.
I was really proud of you.
Thanks.
Guess I'm a man now, huh?
You're getting there, bud.
No need to rush.
Stroke alert.
Fifth floor, building B.
Room 514.
Stroke alert.
So, uh...
how are things
between you and Carol?
Carol?
You're referring
to the spider woman
I found in the gutter?
That you found
in the gutter, yes.
- That's the one.
- The same. One and the same.
Things, uh...
things are actually
cooled down between

Carol and me.

It's baffling.

Just... I can't quite
pinpoint the exact moment
when everything went south.

- Yeah.

- It's a puzzle.

Sorry about that one.

It's okay.

It wouldn't have worked anyway.

She didn't...

I don't know, she...

she didn't make me nervous.

Not like your mom did, anyway.

And you need that.

Mm-hmm.

I know. I know.

What's going on over there?

Patrick's just being an idiot.