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All That I Am

By Carlos Puga

[silence]

[scanner sound]

[silence]

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[Dr. Lynn]

I know you must still
have a lot of questions.
I'm not sure I'll ever be able
to answer them all.

You should know I didn't come
to apologize,
that would've been a bit
self-centered, I think.

I'm glad I came.

I miss the three
of you every day.

I've often wondered what
you all look like grown-up.

Susan, I wish your mother
could see

what a wonderful mom

you've become;

it would make her proud.

And Win, your spirit is
a wonderful gift;

hang on to it.

And Christian, stop beatin'
yourself up.

The words will come.

[typing]

[Christian]

I turned to her and said...

...turned to her and said...

[sighs]

[Rock N Roll music playing d]

Alright man.

[indistinct chattering]

Alright man, thank you.

[Friend]

Alright.

Hey. In the bathroom.

[Woman]

Do you wanna go first?

Don't worry, it's fine.

So, how do you know Margo?
Actually, I just met
her tonight.
She's friends with my--
[sniffs]
Here.
[sniffs]
Want more, or are you good?
[music playing]
[indistinct chatting]
[knocking]
[groans]
[Win]
Your phone's off, asshole.
You're late.
[moans]
[Win]
Oh hey, I spoke with
Marge's assistant yesterday,
and I think she really
liked it, Christian.
It's on your laptop, right?
Sometimes they ask to see some
of the older stuff you've
written,
any papers from college...fuck.
[banging drawers]
Fuck, are you out of
paper towels?
Oh, my god.
[Win muttering to himself]
--restaurant across
the street,
behind a red-brick building.
She moved the outdoor tables,
preparing them for the
upcoming dinner.
I thought you were gonna keep
the stuff with the little girl,
and the argument with
the parents?
But, you know what,
it's good,
it's actually better this way.

You listen, man,
I know how you feel about
using Mom's name or whatever,
but her books--

It is not finished.

There's no ending.

I told you it wasn't gonna
be ready for today,
so just don't get
your hopes up.

These guys are used to
reading rough drafts.

You have an ending,
you just haven't written
it yet, right?

[Christian sighs]

What time am I picking
you up on Friday?

[Jen]

Hey.

Hey. Uh. This is my
brother Win.

And...

And--

[Jen] Jen.

- It's Jen.

Hi, Jen.

You guys are brothers?

Yep.

[music playing]

[no audible dialogue]

Awesome dude, we're early.

Could've slept another
half-hour.

Alright man, this is it.

I'll wait for you
in the car.

Alright.

we're coming on Rockville,
and then Washington D.C.,
which is gonna be our
last stop before making
the overnight trip to
New York's Port Authority.

If you'd like to
have something to eat,
or go to the restroom,
we will be stopping
for about twenty minutes.

Thank you.

[Win]

Like, twenty-five minutes.

And how did he seem?

I mean, did he look hungover?

- No, he looked fine.

Well, it's good that it's
taking so long, right?

I mean, that means
they at least like it.

Yeah, maybe-- maybe--

In fact, that Tom published
all Mom's stuff.

I mean that's gotta be good,
right?

Hey, are you guys

at the grocery story?

Sweetie will you go get me
some bananas,
the cheaper ones?

Yeah, I'm shopping for dinner
for Saturday night,
so please, don't be late
and be there before 2.

Okay, listen, me and Christian
were talking and we decided
that your new boyfriend is
a real bummer,

I don't have time for
your crap, Win.

What did he's say about
the awards thing?

Seriously, he's a fun-sponge,
he's the worst!

Win, what did he say about
the awards thing?

You didn't tell him?

You've gotta tell him!

He's gonna be happy for you,

I promise.

Oh shit, okay, alright,
he's walking over here,
shut up.

Shut up, shut up.

Do you know that you sound
like a girl sometimes?

[Charlie]

Can we have this?

Well?

I'll call you later.

Hey, what happened?

I'm walkin'.

What'd they say?

Try something else.

What, like another genre?

Like another profession.

The only reason I got the
interview is 'cause of her
anyway,

y'know?

I'll see you later.

[Guy]

I saw you on the bus.

There's something kinda fun
about traveling by bus, right?

I'm going to see my nephew
for the very first time
tomorrow, my hometown.

I was gonna fly,
but I just figured,

I don't know,
there's something about

the road:

meeting' people,
places like this.

I never meet people on planes.

Guess I, I dunno,

I just figured it'd be
more of an adventure,
this way.

[Dr. Lynn]

You know, my whole life,

I never really found
anything quaint.
[music playing d]
[no audible dialogue]
d
[no audible dialogue]
d
[no audible dialogue]
d
[silence]
Hey, it's Christian.
Sam, uh--
Samuel's friend.
Yeah, no, I usually
pick up from him,
but I'm going out of town
this weekend.
I was wondering if you guys
can deliver out here?
Um, like, down the block
from him.
Okay, well, uh, I can just
buy like three,
or four grams or whatever.
I just gotta run to an ATM.
Sorry, tickets.
Yeah, I'll be--
No, no, dude,
I'll be here all night.
[beeping]
[cough]
[knocking on door]
Hey, man--
Hi, Christian.
We alright?
How ya been?
What do you want me to say,
Christian?
This weekend...
You decide to drop
in this weekend?
I'm not trying to put you on
the defensive, that's not why
I came--

God damnit!
Why do you do that?
Why do you always
just try to control it?
Control what?
This, talk, everything,
why do you--
you know, you try and disarm
the whole--
just cut the shit.
Tell me what you want.
I just came to
see everyone.
Are out out of your mind?
Do you actually think that
you're gonna go to Susan's?
Do you have any idea what
she would do if she saw you?
Or Win, even?
but I thought perhaps in
the spirit of your
Mom's birthday--
Shut up.
[knocking on door]
Fuck. Wait here.
[opens door]
Hey man, thanks for coming.
[indistinct conversation]
I don't know,
what's going on?
[Drug Dealer]
Oh yeah?
How long?
No, that's fine,
thank you.
You're the strongest,
Christian.
That's why I came here first.
[Christian laughs]
Did you--do you remember
the first time that you left?
Yes, I do.
Why Tuesday?
Tuesday?

The first time that you left.
It was the day before
my birthday,
that was a Wednesday.
I'm asking, why not
Thursday or Friday?
That wasn't the first time.
Might be the first you
remember, but it--
Whatever, who gives a shit,
why Tuesday?
It wasn't, it had nothing
to do with you, Christian.
Nothing.
Okay.
Do you remember what
we got you?
I remember that the gift,
it said from Mom and Dad,
and that's weird to read,
you know?
Because if it's from Mom
and Dad, then where's Dad?
Had nothing to do with you,
Christian.
I have something I want
to tell you all.
I need you to take me
to your sister's this weekend.
[Christian chuckles]
Please.
[laughs]
Oh...alright, you know what?
I'll drive you there.
But the moment that you step
out of my car,
you're on your own.
But I'll drive you.
Great. Thanks.
You can sleep here, there's
blankets behind the couch,
and there's no smoking
in the house.
I quit, haven't had

a cigarette--

- Great.

There's food in the fridge,
and I'm picking Win up
at noon.

Great.

Woodsman Supreme, I think.

- What?

That rifle, that gun,
that BB gun.

I remember.

That's what we got you.

Yeah, well,

I don't remember, so.

Goodnight.

[Kate]

Hey.

Hi.

Your buzzer's broken.

You ready?

Huh?

I'm here.

I thought I'd save you
the trouble of picking me up.

Uh.

Yeah.

One second, okay?

[phone ringing]

How are those coming?

- Good.

- Good.

Hello?

- Susan.

- Yes.

- Christian.

- Yes?

Question, would you have any
idea why Kate might be standing
in my drive way with what looks
like a weekend bag
at her feet?

Probably to save you the
trouble of picking her up?

Oh my god, does that mean

you haven't left yet?
What do you mean,
picking her up?
Christian, I can't believe
you haven't left yet!
I promised Charlie
you'd be here before bedtime.
Picking her up? For what?
I left you a message last night.
Although I should've figured
you wouldn't listen to it.
--Why would Kate be coming?
Um, because I invited her?
What--why would you do that?
Because I like her.
You like her,
what are you talking about?
You met her once!
[whispering]
We need some milk for that.
What?
What?
I wasn't talking to you.
I met her twice, actually,
and I like her.
So what if you like her?
We broke up--wait. How--how--
How the hell did you
even talk to her?
I had her address
from the thingy.
So you, what,
like you sent her a letter?
It was really nice, actually.
She's great.
You're an idiot.
Susan.
Put two spoonfuls,
and then mix it in,
and then we need
salt and pepper.
Yes. Look, she's nice,
I like her,
Charlie likes her,

I thought it'd be fun.
No, don't you think that's
gonna send Charlie some
mixed signals?
Me going over there with
a girl who's not
my girlfriend?
You showed up to her
birthday party wasted,
and puked in her
bouncy castle.
I think she can handle this.
Look, I'm busy over here,
okay?
I do this thing every year,
and it gets more
and more boring.
I like her, I thought it
would be fun, whatever.
Get over it
and get on the road.
I can't believe you
sent her a letter.
How was the meeting?
Uh, great.
I'm really excited to hear
about it.
I'll see you when
you get here.
Yeah, oka--um.
By the way...
Oh...
motherfucker.
Okay. Okay.
Okay. Listen--
Yeah?
Are you ready, Christian?
Cause I'm ready,
and so is this gentleman here,
There's a few things
I need to explain..
This gentleman who says
he's your father.
- Come on, you hit me.

- There is your father?

How, how, how is this
your father?

Like I said, there are a few
things that I need to explain.

First, okay?

My father--how do I even
start this, um--

How about--

My father is alive.

[Dr. Lynn coughs]

Sorry, Mr. Lynn, it seems we
have a little misunderstanding.

You seem, your son killed you
off five years ago.

Okay, see that's actually a
really good place to start,

- cause it was with Susan--

- It's Doctor Lynn,
and you can call me Ed.

Oh, you're a doctor.

No, he's a psychiatrist.

Look, my sister thought it
would be a better idea--

Oh my god, your mom.

Oh, no no no no, dear

She really is dead.

- You're, you're scum.

- I know.

Scum!

He walked out,
when my mother was sick,
when she was in her last days,
he left!

To fucking Bangkok.

Two months before she died.

So Susan thought it would just
be easier for legal matters
if we just considered him...
dead.

And that is what we
have been doing.

- And you--?

- Not a clue.

I've seen him here in
going on... seven years.

Well.

That's understandable.

Dear, you can have
the front seat.

I'm gonna take a
rest in the back.

I don't know what do here,
Chris.

I'm not gonna just drive him
around like a chauffeur.

Come on.

Bob, get your ass out here!

Look at you, my god,
you're fuckin' old!

Look at your hair,
you're a q-tip!

Is this what's gonna
happen to us?

Look at you, you're still
a scrawny little piss-ant.

Give me a hug.

I'll show you scrawny.

[laughter]

- You give!

- I give, I give.

- Man.

- Look at you.

I'm gonna meet up with
you guys tomorrow night.

I got a thing
tomorrow morning.

What thing?

It's just a luncheon thing.

Oh, you won?

Are they gonna give you the--

Yeah. I mean, tomorrow's just
the luncheon with the faculty,
kind of meet-and-greet
bullshit, but...

He won the Barron's Fellowship
for Children's Authors.

That's a big deal.

Why didn't you tell me?
I, I just found out
the other day.
- Congratulations, son.
- Thank you.
Yeah, man.
Congratulations.
It's awesome.
Alright, so you'll be
up there tomorrow?
Yeah.
Alright, good.
We'll talk.
Okay.
Hey, there's some other
publishers I thought we could--
No.
Come here.
Win, just...
Listen to me.
I know that...I haven't been
there, as a big brother.
There was a lot of things
that I didn't do.
But, when this shit happened--
I'm not saying that you asked
me, but I tried.
I did.
I tried to protect you
from all the talk,
all the people...
but that was not something
that I wanted to do,
that was his fault.
So, I'm asking you to please...
don't let me do this alone.
I'm sorry bro, I bailed on that
halfway through.
You wh--you tried to do what?
With who?
You're such an asshole.
No, come on.
Jeez, you're really scraping
the bottom of the jar.

This could be better
than I thought.

Here.

That's what he got me.

What? Since when do you golf?

Since, I dunno.

No come on, it's supposed
to mean something,
what am I supposed to
say about this?

Dude, I dunno, you know she
always wanted us to relax
and take up hobbies, so...
that's it.

Alright.

Bye, Kate.

- Bye, Dad.

- See you, Win.

[music playing d]

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Can you believe that?

He just jumped right
into his arms,

- he didn't even skip a beat.

- Win--

He hasn't seen the guy
for six fucking years,
and it's just like,
chucklin', horsin' around.

Well, he's younger, you know,
he might not have--

Unbelievable.

What was that thing
with the putter?

Uh, nothing.

He had to give me a gift.

Does gift--your sister
said it was just--

No, no. You don't have
to get anything.

Yeah, but it's gonna be weird
if everyone's giving gifts

Look, it was for my

Mom's birthday every year.
She made us get each other
a gift instead of for her.
It's like some hippie shit.
And so, when she was dying
she made us promise
to keep doing it,
get each other gifts.
Get together...all that.

Hi.

How you feeling?

Uh, jet lag, I guess.

Where are you coming from?

Burma. Never been to Bangkok,
by the way.

Oh my god, the book.

Burma.

I remember you researching it.

The hook's about all this?

Uh...partly.

What am I saying, of course

I believe it, this is you
we're talking about.

Believe me, you don't even
wanna know why

I didn't tell you--

- What's Burma like?

- Just trust me on that.

No, please, keep it
to yourself.

What's Burma like?

You want to know?

Why don't you ask him about the
girl he was fucking
when my Mom died.

That's not exactly--

So, I'm very sorry that

I didn't bring all
this up on our first date.

Okay?

First date?

We went out for eight months.

Oh, yeah, I don't feel good.

Do not feel good.

Well.

What?

You don't feel well.

[music playing d]

You don't feel well.

You don't feel well.

This is why we broke up.

Hey. Hey.

What are you doing?

What are you doing?

I'm sorry, does it bother you?

No, it's great!

Jeez, that why we broke up?

I thought it was cause

you were sleeping with

other people.

Woodsman Supreme. Rifle.

You must remember it.

Did you like it?

What?

The rifle, did you like it?

Yeah, I dunno.

Hey, you wanted it,

you asked for it for weeks,

What rifle are

you talking about?

I don't know, this BB gun that

they got me for my birthday.

Did you like it?

I'm--I never fired the thing.

- You never fired it?

- No.

Why didn't you fire it?

Cause the fucking thing didn't

come with BBs! Christ!

I don't get it!

How--how are you fine

with this,

how are you not just

running away right now?

Well, your sister invited me,

she sent me a letter.

I thought it'd be fun.

Oh yeah, this is fun?

Yeah, this is fun.
Let him walk, let him walk...
Huh?
You don't know, of course
you don't know.
[Alan]
Ladies.
Hi.
Monkey, you're naked again.
Alright, why don't you
go upstairs,
put on another pair of pants,
okay?
No, I just did
a load of laundry.
No, no, no, it's okay.
And come back down,
help your Mom with
the groceries, alright?
Do it like a monkey?
[Makes monkey sounds]
I just feel like I can't--
It'll pass.
Just like every year.
Oh, I gotta finish some stuff,
so I'll be home late. Okay?
He just smoked another joint
and passed out.
Has he always smoked pot
in front of you guys?
It would explain a lot...
you know.
Christian, I didn't even care
about the drug use at first--
Are you talking about this?
What did I say about
talking about this?
You said you didn't
want to talk about it.
And you're doing it anyway.
But if you listen to me,
I'll make it--
And you're still doing it.
Right. I'm gonna move

to another table.
I was wrong.
What did you say?
You heard me.
No, I'm pretty sure
that I didn't.
Look, I have no idea what
it's like to through life with
that kind of baggage.
This must be very hard
for you. Okay?
I was wrong. But--
No, no, no, no, no.
Just be quiet.
Let's just sit here for a
minute in, uh...your wrongness.
I'm gonna drink my water.
It tastes amazing.
You know, I found
a gray hair this morning.
Where?
Where?
On my head.
I found a gray hair.
I know, you've got
lots of them.
- What? No, I don't.
- Sure you do.
I used to count them
when you were asleep.
I'm twenty-five years old,
I don't have gray hairs.
- You're twenty-seven.
- Whatever.
Old people have gray hairs.
My father has gray hair.
I think it's a good look.
Used to watch me when I slept?
- Sometimes.
- Some crazy--
- Well--
You know, I liked it better
when it was
just sitting here in silence.

And the pajama mystery
continues.
Sure is a mystery how these
pajamas keep ending up
in my room.
We're gonna have to find out
who's doing that.
Okay. I'm going back down,
alright?
Sweet dreams.
Love you. Love you.
Alright, listen.
We're gonna have to devise
a bit of a strategy here.
For what?
For Susan.
Alright.
Hey. Hey.
Hey, what are you doing?
I have a plan.
Hey there.
Hey.
Hey there.
That was your big plan.
Get out.
Susan?
What, he--
He shows up at my hou--
what do you want me to do?
Listen to me.
I don't know what is
wrong with you that
that would make you think
scenario was even
remotely acceptable, okay,
but I want you to get that
man the hell away from
my house.
Right now, do you hear me?
And go with him if you want.
Okay, can you just relax,
Susan?
Relax? You fucking asshole,
I have a child upstairs.

And I know that with your,
with your drinking,
and your partying,
and whatever the hell else
you're doing down there,
you can't begin--
by the way, I heard that
you showed up hungover?
And--and a mess, to the--
to the interview that Win
went out of his way
to get for you?
Yeah. Yeah, right.
Well I know that you,
with your pickled brain cannot
begin to comprehend
what it means to have
a child,
so I won't try to explain
that to you.
I just want you to get him
the hell away
from my house right now, okay?
'kay, wow.
Bet you're glad you got
all that off your chest.
- Yeah, I am.
- Good.
Well, this is, I can't believe
you brought him into my house.
- What is wrong with you?
- Mom.
- Hey, Charles.
- Charlie, sweetie--
Don't call her that--
Go back to bed, okay?
Say goodnight to your
Uncle Christian
and go back to bed, please?
We'll go to the spot tomorrow,
alright? G'night.
Look...
He said that he has things that
he needs to explain to us.

Christian, come on.
What do you think
he's doing here, huh?
What do you think, do you think
that he's here
to make amends or something?
- Are you really that naive?
- No.
No.
I know.
I know, I know.
But, I don't know...
Well, I mean, haven't you
ever even thought about it?
Don't you want to at least
hear his reasons?
I mean, I don't understand.
I never understood.
But...
I just want to know...
I don't--I just want to know.
Hi, Kate.
Nice to see you.
Christian tells me you have
something to say to us?
Hi, Susan.
Yes, I do, but I'd like to wait
for your brother to get here?
I'd like to have you here
all together.
[Susan]
Chris?
The other shed.
Well, it's a good as
can be expected.
Yep. Um, listen...
Susan's daughter doesn't really
know about you yet.
So I kind of think it's best
if you keep your distance,
okay?
You guys ever try to publish
any of this? Mom's writing?
Too good for it to be

sittin' here in the shed.
Is that what those are?
I had no idea.
Oh, you don't really
have a bathroom, so...
Christian, I never wanted
to be a father.
Yeah, that's clear.
Never even crossed my mind.
Never even occurred to me that
I could be one until
I met your Mom.
We make sacrifices.
Right.
I'm a person.
That's all I'm saying.
Even before I was your father.
This is perfect.
You know, there's a lot of
things I don't wanna do,
but I do them anyway.
[birds chirping]
[indistinct yelling inside]
- Hey.
- Hey.
- How's it going?
- Good.
Good. Sleep well?
I did, thank you.
You?
Yeah, yeah, yea.
Yeah.
It's nice out, right?
Uh, no.
Um, actually I think I'm
just gonna probably go
upstairs.
Okay.
- I'll see you later.
- Yeah.
- Alright.
- Alright.
Good talk.
What's your problem?

It's just a frog.

- Come on, just once.

- No

No, no. Get that fucking thing
away from me.

You're not supposed
to talk like that
in front of me.

You're such a baby.

What, yeah, alright, fine,
I'm a baby, but you know what?

Ha! You hear that?

My fifty year old
uncle is a baby.

Did you say fifty?

Come on! Chris!

- Nope.

- Just one time.

Chris.

Told you not to touch me
with that thing.

You're on drugs.

Like a fucking crazy person.

Pretty sure you're on drugs.

[music playing d]

Hey.

You know any boys that like
kissing girls with warts
That's what you're gonna get
if you keep touching those
things.

I don't kiss boys.

Fair enough, Charles.

Fair enough.

Don't touch me with
those things. Jesus.

If you didn't know me, and you
just saw on the street,
how old do you--

would you think that I am?

I don't know. Forty?

- Don't be an asshole.

- Walk faster.

Do you feel sick?

- No. Why, do you?

- Yep.

Like, stomach-sick?

Or nauseous-sick?

Or like, home sick?

Or...what kind of sick?

All of the above, my friend.

All of them?

Except for home-sick.

Yeah, I guess you wouldn't miss your apartment.

Two subways, and then the Metro-North and the bus.

That's crazy!

Hi, you guys.

- Charlie, hey!

- Hi Kate!

You guys go to town?

Do you know why birds don't get electrocuted when they're on wires?

No.

- Mom?

- No. I don't know.

Cause they're not grounded.

Isn't that the stupidest thing you've ever heard?

Like, what does that even mean?

You're the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

Who's that man outside?

Um, that is--that is...

Christian's friend.

- Oh.

- What?

How can you--how does that even possibly make sense to you?

That's not my friend.

That guy is old.

That's my friend's Dad-- who is a lot older. Christ.

Charlie, go in

and wash your hands.

Okay.

What, I don't want her thinking
that I hang out,
like, with creepy old guys
who do karate in the grass.
She already has no concept
of age as it is.

Jesus. I forgot that
he did that shit.

I know, so did I.

What's up with, um, Alan?

What do you mean?

I heard you guys this morning.

Oh god, Christian, grow up.

People have problems.

They work 'em out,
it's not a big deal.

Life isn't just,
one big party.

Yeah, alright,
you said that already.

Well, it seems like

I have to keep repeating it.

Here, the last thing I want is
him passing out in
my front lawn.

I told Charlie to go a friend's
from six to nine, so..

Dinner?

It's pretty silly-looking,
isn't it?

It's from Susan.

Well, I was feeling a little
bit thirsty. Thank you, Susan.

Sorry, go ahead?

No, nothing.

It's not my business, right?

No, no. What?

What is it?

Um...the girl.

Who is she?

She was one of his patients.

I know he seems like a really

charming man, Kate.

She also wanted me to pass
along to you are invited
to dinner,
if you would like.

- Oh, that's great.

I'd love to come to dinner,
I've got some things to do
in town,

but I'll be back for dinner.

Well--I mean, we're walking
into town, if you want to join.

Thanks. Um, I got some stuff
I gotta do here first,
so I'll probably go in later,
but you can bet I'll at dinner.

- Thank Susan for me, will ya?

- Yep.

Heard your meeting
didn't go well.

Really, I hear you've been
quite the partier.

What is it with this
parties thing?

I go out sometimes.

That's what people do
in the city, they go out.
Other times, I stay home
and I read.

So, when you're not
at home reading...

How long do you think it took
for me to find out about that
college girl?

What, like a week
after we broke up.

Yeah, kinda like that uh,
kind of like that tattoo guy?

From your building?

First of all, we've never.

Second of all, at least
he's an adult.

What does--what does
that mean?

Well, was is she?

Eighteen?

Oh, Jesus Christ.

are we gonna just make this

about a girl being younger

and uh...hey, hey Charles?

Can you keep up?

Younger and what?

About a girl being

younger than you.

- Dude.

- Christian.

- What?

- I gotta pee.

Alright, yeah, come on,

we'll go pee.

Together.

You were gonna say younger

and prettier.

[Pat]

Mr. Lynn!

Pat!

Holy shit.

- Hey, Pat.

- Hey, Squirt.

Pat, dude.

Holy shit, man,

how are ya?

You look good, man.

I feel good.

You smell good, too.

Of course I do.

You decided on a bike yet,

Charlie?

No.

Tryin' to get this

one on a moped.

Yeah. Oh, this is

my friend Kate.

Pat, Kate.

Can I go to the bookstore?

Yeah.

We'll meet you at the grocery

store in like, half an hour?

Nice to meet you.
So how long are you staying?
Uh, just a couple days.
Yeah? Is Win here?
Is Win around?
Chris?
Um. Yeah.
Yeah, he's on his way up.
Grab a beer.
So what is there to get
into up here, nowadays?
Honestly, I don't even
know anymore.
Remember that kid Jerome
used to hook us up?
He pretty much settled down,
two kids.
- What?
- Yeah.
That fucking guy?
Yeah, for a couple
of years now.
I was wonderin' if I was
gonna bump into you.
I saw your Dad walk into
McAfee's with that girl.
What's going on there?
Alan, please, I would really
like it if you stayed tonight.
Look, it's just really weird,
Susan.
I don't wanna be here.
And I don't think Charlie
should be either,
but that's up to you.
Oh, come on, Alan.
I'll call you tonight.
Het got called in.
He's not gonna be
able to make dinner.
Aw, that's a shame.
Really would've like
to have met him.
Yeah, he's really great.

He loves Charlie a lot, so...
Everybody inside?
They all went to town.
I have to get back
to making dinner, so--
Can I help?
Would that be okay?
I can't cook, but I can dice
and chop with the best of 'em.
Sure, I'll find something
for you to do.
-- to be this big deal
around here,
because she was so young,
and she was a patient of his.
Not to mention how protective
everyone was of my mother,
cause she was sick,
it was on the news,
Susan hadn't been
in town for awhile...
Did he see you?
No. She and him were
just sitting there,
- Win's here!
--drinking coffee.
Like nothin--
- Yo. Hey.
- Hey.
- I just saw Dad in town--
- You remember these?
We scared the shit out of Susan
with these things,
like did we blow up
her dollhouse?
He was with Annie Patsy.
- Wait, what?
- He was with Annie Patsy.
I mean--
I think her hair
was different,
like she's a person now,
you know, but that was her.
God dammit...alright, listen,

just relax, let's think this through.

I mean, we don't know what they were...

It's just a dinner, there's no reason to ruin it for Susan.

How--what are you--ruin it for Susan?

We bring it up, and this whole night's going to turn into some...

I mean, she's all glowing because of my thing today, and everybody's... I mean, they're cooking together downstairs.

Oh yeah, right. Yeah.

How'd it go by the way?

Oh, it was whatever.

Stupid.

Um, well did you get a office?

I mean, what, do they give you money?

Yeah, this small little off--

I mean, it's nothing.

- Why do you that?

- What?

Why do you always downplay your shit in front of me?

Like oh, it's nothing,

it's small, like,

like you think I'm not

going be proud of you?

You think I'm gonna

be jealous?

That girl ruined our family,

and just because

you all get to play

with Dad for the weekend,

you know, fine,

don't worry about it,

I'm not gonna ruin

everyone's time here.

[laughing]

No, no, no, that wasn't
the last of it.
You remember what he did,
didn't you?
He didn't speak
the whole weekend,
three days without a peep.
And you remember what
your Mom did.
How hard she tried
to trick him into talking?
She went over the neighbor's,
called the house,
in the vain hope that
Christian would pick up
the phone.
[laughing]
He was so upset when
he said hello,
do you remember that?
Oh, you were so stubborn,
and he was so cute, Kate.
What's the matter, Chris?
Takin' another vow of silence?
Susan, this was delicious.
I think it's better
than Diane's.
- Thank you.
- Better than whose?
It's my Mom's recipe.
You know that my
Mom's name is Diane.
- You know that.
- Sorry.
And it's hard to improve
on what she did,
but I think you've done it;
my compliments.
Thank you. And Win,
I'm very proud of you.
Thank you.
And what about Mom?
Of course. To Mom.
- To Mom.

- To Mom.

Oh, before I forget,
in keeping with the spirit
of the weekend...

Win?

Aw. Dad, thanks.

Oh, wow.

- Oh my god, that's amazing.

- What's up?

Mom.

I've never seen her
at that age.

Yea, me neither.

Susan.

Thank you.

I found it in the back, there.

Thought you'd want it.

Oh, my god.

Thank you, I remember.

I remember her wearing this,
do you remember this?

Yeah.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

And what about me?

What'd you get to win me over?

Christian..

What?

Compliments the food,
brings a couple of presents,
and that's it? He's back in?
And we're just supposed to
pretend that everything's okay?

- Stop it, what are you doing?

- Hmm?

- What are you doing?

- Nothing.

Sorry. Nothin'.

Everything's fine.

He's not a pervert.

You're not depressed.

I'm not a complete
fuckin' loser.

and Win's not a...

faggot.

Nice. Now you wonder why we don't include you in anything.

Hey, you. Hey.

Where were you today?

Hmm?

Dad had a date today.

Who was that?

Who did you have a date with?

I had a lunch with Annie.

What?

Yeah, no big deal!

Annie, by the way, is the girl that he molested.

Girl? She was nineteen years old--

What, were you just catching up?

Alright, that's enough.

I think I'm gonna step out for a smoke.

I thought you quite smoking.

Oh, and hey, we're all here now, I thought you had something to tell us.

The hell is he doing with her?

Oh, maybe he got horny.

Christian...

What do you think, Susan?

What do I think?

How do I know?

God, I knew this was gonna happen.

You live here, you know where all this better than we do...

I don't--I don't know what her deal is, Win?

Do you know the lengths that I have gone to get away from this?

- You had to say something?

- Fuck you.

Did you know anything about this?

He said something before
dinner, but...

- all I know is--

- Hold on, shut up.

Charlie?

Charlie?

What?

Sweetie, it's time to get ready
for bed.

- Okay.

- Thank you.

- Bye.

- Goodnight, kid.

It's late for her, so...

Kate, another glass of wine,
perhaps?

I'll take some.

Thank you.

Jesus Christ...

What's for dessert?

[glass shatters]

Fuck.

Fuck.

Kate, could you hand me
that glass of wine.

Thank you so much.

Mom, I can't find my pajamas.

Okay, come on sweetie,

I'll be--

Okay.

Whoops.

What the hell are you talking
to my daughter about?

She just told me that
you said that Young-Kim was--

Whatever, is in heaven
with mom?

His wife, your step-mother,
is in heaven with mother?

Why would you say something
like that to her?

I said she was with
her grandmother,

Charlie asked, in heaven,

I smiled.
What does that mean?
You know what that means.
She's dead.
She died a month ago.
Cancer. Same shit.
We're supposed to give a shit
about someone we never
even met?
That's your choice, son.
- How is that my choice?
- Well...
How is that my choice?
You decided, all of you,
not to come to the wedding.
You decided not to return
any correspondence.
It's your choice things
are they way they are.
What?
I didn't ask to be
in charge okay?
The decisions had to be made--
I did what I thought was best.
So you stopped him
from contacting us?
Oh my god, this is getting
better and better, isn't it?
Give me a break, it's--
it's him, the second he walks
in the house,
he's the problem,
he's the cancer,
Oh, that's a new one.
What did I do to deserve that?
How about abandoning my mother
on her deathbed, huh?
It's us Susan,
he abandoned us.
- You think I wanted to do that?
- To abandon our mother on her-
[rapid pounding]
We had a pact.
I don't expect any of you

to understand this,
but we had a pact.
After your grandmother died,
before any of you were born,
before any of this--
We said, no matter what--
no matter what...
Neither would watch
the other one die.
And this wasn't one of those
promises you make as a kid
and think you let go of
when you get older,
this defended who we were.
You think I wanted to go?
Oh, I tried.
And every time I came back--
but your mother...
she marched to a
different drum.
And she told me to go,
and I went.
This is the big revelation
you came back to tell us?
That's really admirable.
I didn't expect any
of you to understand.
Get out of my house.
You think you knew
your mother?
Why?
Because she mothered you?
Because she loved you?
Because she baked you cakes,
you think you knew her?
Did you know her neck?
I knew her neck.
Did you know the
smell of her sex?
Did you know what made
the palm of her hand perspire?
She was my partner.
And I left her on her deathbed
as you so eloquently put it,

because I loved her more
than I loved you.
That's the truth.
And that is what
I'm guilty of.
We made a choice, she and I,
and it may be impossible for
you to comprehend,
but I will be God-damned
If I didn't honor it.
Hey.
Hey. Hey.
You loved her so much that
you fucked a girl behind
her back?
It wasn't behind her back.
[crickets chirping]
Suse, where does this go?
In the oven.
That's the stove, Win.
In the oven, inside.
What's a broiler?
- What are you doing?
- Where's my jacket?
You're going out?
Yeah.
- You're going out?
- Yes, I'm going out.
You know what, do whatever the
hell you want.
I'm not doing these
weekends anymore.
It's a waste of fucking time.
Okay, so great, stop inviting
me to these fucking things.
Sorry to pull you away from
your busy schedule, Christian.
What did you say?
I said, at least it's an excuse
for you sober up,
one weekend out of the year.
Oh, okay.
Is that Dr. Seuss,
who's gonna give me a lecture?

Yeah, maybe I'm sick of always
having to take care of you.
Yeah, well, I can take care of
myself, so thank you anyway.
When was the last time you
and I hung out,
and you weren't wasted?
What are you doing?
What are you like, are you
trying to segue into what,
Nah, how could you have a
problem if you haven't OD'd?
No, you've managed to keep it
on this recreational level.
That way we can all
pretend everything's fine,
but it's not.
You've changed, man.
It's been like this since--
Oh my god.
- It's been like--
- Shut up.
It's been like this
since Mom died.
- There it is.
- He's right, Christian.
Please spare me the
psychological bullshit
just for tonight. Okay?
You know, I thought having to
stomach Dad for this weekend
wasn't gonna be enough.
Come on, I mean at what you've
been doing all these years since
she died.
What?
What the fuck you have
you been doing?
Asshole, she means that you've
been obsessing about it
for the last five years,
writing it down.
Wait a minute.
Is this wh--

Is this why you're here,
is this why you invited her
here?

So you guys can sit me down
right now, and have this talk?
You're such like a lonely--
what are you even doing here
in the first place?

What, like you call my family
and tell them I have a drug
problem

cause you don't have a family
of your own to deal with?

Christian, stop it, she doesn't
have call your family,

you think that--you think that
I can't see myself

that you're throwing
your life away?

Okay, Susan?

Go fuck yourself.

You? The girl is prettier
than you. So what?

And you? You know what?

I didn't go to your
fucking reading.

And if you think that anyone
can endure this shit,

without at least
being a little high,

you're out of your
fucking mind.

[vomits]

Jesus.

You okay?

You looking for Kate?

You were were kind of rough
on her before.

If there was button I could
press to take Win's prize away,
I would.

No, you wouldn't.

Do you feel happy when
you hear good news?

Other people's good news?
Even your best friend,
I mean genuine happiness.
I don't know how I felt when
Mom died,
but I remembered this sense
that the whole thing
would make me appear more
interesting,
isn't that fucked up?
I actually thought her death
would improve my image.
Yeah.
Goodnight.
I left your present
by the couch.
[raindrops falling]
- You need more blankets?
- Hmm?
Were you cold last night?
Uh-uh. I'm fine.
You know it's not your fault,
right?
He's always taken
advantage of you, Christian.
You're the...
...sensitive one.
You were gonna say weak.
No, I wasn't.
Came in here to make
nice with you.
So go ahead.
I just did.
That was you making nice?
Yeah, it was.
Sweet dreams.
[birds chirping]
Hey. What'd he take?
I don't think he took
anything out of here.
I think just Mom's writing,
from the other shed.
That makes sense.
Probably the only reason

he came back.

It's just as well.

Oh come on, we weren't
doing anything with it,
it was just rotting in there.

Oh, hey!

At least he didn't take
Mom's typewriter.

Check it out,
this is sweet.

That's not Mom's,
that's yours.

How so?

That's your present,
I forgot it was in here.

- Really?

- Yeah.

The guy said Hemingway
used the same kind.

Aw, Susan. Thank you,
this is awesome.

- You're welcome.

- Thank you.

Well, I guess we're
doing presents now.

Want me to get your putter?

What?

What putter?

What, you told him

what you got him?

No, he didn't tell me--

I got it.

Come on, Susan,

We get our own gifts, now.

You guys get our own gifts?

And...

I didn't get you anything,
and I'm sorry.

Susan, seriously,

I'm sorry.

Just tell me what you want,
I'll get it.

Okay. I know what I want.

Okay.

One month, sober.
You asked me what I wanted.
Okay.
One month,
we'll take it from there.
One day at a time.
Alright.
Fine.
Just as long as we don't
ever say anything like that,
ever again.
Then I'll do it.
I'm gonna kill myself.
- Thank you.
- No, Susan, thank you.
What do you think?
Yeah, I'm so far from able
to answer that question.
Not bad.
When do you want
to take off?
Hey, can you take Kate?
- Yeah. Why?
Just tell her, uh...
Never mind, I'll tell her.
Okay.
You uh...
[ping]
I'm just gonna stay here
a couple days.
What are you gonna do?
Well, first...
load the magazine
in the well.
Slide the cocking handle
until it clicks.
Place the butt flat
against my shoulder.
Aim down the sights till the
floating dot is right in
the middle.
[fwip]
[ping]
Guys. He left a note.

What's it say?

I don't know, nothing.

And he goes on and on and on,
but it's just the same crap.

It's meaningless,

I don't know, it's talk.

It's just talk.

What do you think this is?

[music playing d]

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