August: Osage County

By Tracy Letts
"Life is very long."
T.S. Eliot.
Not the first person to say it, certainly not the first person to think it, but he's given credit for it because he bothered to write it down. Now, if you say it, you have to say his name after it. "Life is very long."
T.S. Eliot.
Absolutely goddamn right.
Violet...
...my wife.
She takes pills.
Sometimes a great many.
Facts are, my wife takes pills and I drink, that's the bargain we've struck.
A little paragraph in our marriage contract.
So rather than once more vow abstinence with my fingers crossed,
I have chosen to turn my life over to a higher power and join the ranks of the hiring class.
It's not a decision with which I'm entirely comfortable.
I mean, I know how to launder my dirty undies.
Done it all my life.
But I'm finding that it's getting in the way of my drinking.
Bev!
Yes?
Did...
...you...
Oh, goddamn it!
Are the police here?
Could you come here?
Whoa.
Oh, hello.
This is Johnna, the young woman I told you about.
You tell me she's a woman.
Woman. Woman.
Whoa, man.
That I'm hiring.
Oh, you hire women's
now the thing.
I thought you meant
the other woman.
To cook and clean,
carry you to the clinic.
Hello.
- Hello.
- I'm sorry.
- Like this.
- Yes, ma'am.
You're very pretty.
Thank you.
Are you an Injun?
Yes, ma'am.
What kind?
Cheyenne.
Hmm.
You think I'm pretty?
Like this?
Like...
Careful, careful, care...
I'm sorry. I took some...
...medicine for my mu...
...for my mu...
...my muscular...
...for my muscular...
Why don't you go back to bed,
sweetheart?
Why don't you go fuck
a fucking sow's ass?!
All right.
I'm sorry.
I'll be... sickly sweet.
Sickly sweet.
I'm so... sweet.
I'm so... in love.
Sweet.
We keep unusual hours here.
My wife's been diagnosed
with a touch of cancer,
and she'll need
to be driven down to Tulsa
for her final
chemotherapy treatments.
What kind of cancer?
Oh, my God, I nearly
neglected the punch line.
Mouth cancer.
Do you have any questions?
Um, what pills does she take?
Oh, Valium, Vicodin.
Uh, Darvon, Darvocet,
Percodan, Percocet,
uh, Xanax for fun.
OxyContin in a pinch.
And, of course, Dilaudid.
I can't forget Dilaudid.
My last refuge, my books.
Simple pleasures.
Like finding wild onions
by the side of the road,
or requited love.
Oh, here. Here.
T.S. Eliot.
Read it or not.
It's not a job requirement,
just for your own enjoyment.
"Here we go round the prickly pear.
Prickly pear, prickly pear.
Here we go round the prickly pear."
Mom?
Mom!
Mom?
Mom?
You didn't hear the phone?
If it's your father,
tell him to fuck off.
It's Aunt Ivy, from Oklahoma.
...and all of Denver County.
Here's JD & the Straight Shot.
Ivy.
What's wrong?
When?
Right here on your KZLY.
It's another hot day
on the plains in Osage County.
Highs in the 90's
all over Oklahoma.
And here's a good one from...
- What'd you tell Barb?
- I told her Dad was missing.
- What'd she say?
- She's on her way.
Goddamn your father
for putting me through this.
Did you see that office of his?
And then he hired this Injun
for some goddamn reason.
Now I have a stranger
living in my house.
What is her name?
- Johnna.
- Hmm.
I can't handle this all by myself.
I called Karen.
Oh.
Yeah. What'd she say?
She said she'd try to get here.
Oh, she'd be a big, fat help.
Just like you.
Well... I need Barb.
What's Barb gonna be
able to do about it?
What'd you do to your hair?
I had it straightened.
Why would anybody do that?
Just wanted a change.
You're a pretty girl.
Why don't you wear makeup?
Do I need makeup?
Every woman needs makeup.
Don't let anybody
tell you different.
The only woman pretty enough to go without makeup was Elizabeth Taylor, and she wore a ton.
Shoulders are all slumped and your hair's straightened, don't wear makeup.
You look like a lesbian.
- Mom.
- You could get a decent man if you would just spruce up a bit.
That's all I'm saying.
I'm not looking for a man.
- How many was that?
- Wasn't counting.
Is your mouth burning?
Like a son of a bitch.
My tongue is on fire.
You supposed to be smoking?
Is anybody "supposed" to smoke?
Are you scared?
Of course I'm scared.
You are a comfort to me, sweetheart.
Thank God one of my girls stayed close to home.
In my day...
...families stayed together.
Aunt Mattie Fae's here.
She means to come in here and tell me what's what.
I don't know how Uncle Charlie puts up with it.
He smokes a lot of grass.
He does?
He smokes a lot of grass.
I told Vi, "You take all those goddamn books he's so fond of and make a big pile in the front yard and have yourself a bonfire."
Well, you don't burn a man's books. You do if the situation calls for it. The man's books didn't do anything. You get any ideas about just up and taking off, Charlie Aiken,
- you better believe I will have your...
- I'm not going anywhere.
I'm saying if you did.
I will give you two days
to get your head straight,
then it's all going up
in a blaze of glory.
Not that you got any books lying around.
I don't think I've ever seen you
read a book in my life.
That bother you?
What's the last book you read?
Well, Beverly was a teacher,
and teachers read books.
- I'm in the upholstery business.
- Oh, sweetheart.
Your daddy's done this before.
Just takes off, no call, nothing.
I told your mother, "You pack
that son of a bitch's bags
and have them waiting for him
on the front porch."
Where is your mother?
Upstairs.
He'll come back again.
I know he will.
Always does.
Beverly's a very complicated man.
Yeah, like Little Charles.
Little Charles isn't complicated.
He's just unemployed.
You don't think Little Charles
and Beverly share some kind of...
...uh, complication?
You have to be smart
to be complicated.
Are you saying our boy ain't smart?
Yes, that's what I'm saying.
Whew, I'm sweating.
Why is it so dark in here?
Are you sweating?
Hell, yes, I'm sweating.
Man, it's 90 degrees in here.
Whew.
Feel my back.
Oh, I don't want to feel your back.
Sweat is just dripping down my back.
- I believe you.
- Feel it.
- No.
- Come on,
- put your hand here.
- Goddamn it.
Sweat's just dripping.
Oh!
Ivy, when did this start?
This business of taping the shades?
Been a couple of years now.
Do you know its purpose?
You can't tell if it's night or day.
I think that's the purpose.
What were these people thinking,
the jokers who settled this place?
Who was the asshole that looked
at all that flat, hot nothing
and then planted his flag?
I mean, we fucked
the Indians for this?
Well, genocide always seems like
such a good idea at the time.
Right, just
need a little hindsight.
I mean, if you want me to explain the
creepy character of the Midwest...
Please. Midwest?
This is the Plains.
A state of mind,
a spiritual affliction, like the blues.
Don't.
Violet's a Clapton fan?
What are you doing?
Excuse me, dear,
could I trouble you
for another beer?
Goddamn it.
She's not a waitress.
I'll get it.
Hell, I know that.
Then get your own beer.
I don't believe you,
watching a ball game,
drinking beers.
Do you have any sense
of what's going on around you?
Am I supposed to sit here
like a statue?
I mean, you're drinking whiskey.
I'm having a cocktail.
You're drinking
straight whiskey.
Just... have a little class.
I'm gonna grab a smoke.
- You've encouraged that.
- I haven't encouraged anything.
You admire her
for getting hooked at 14.
Makes her seem even more mature.
Goddamn, it's hot.
Suppose your mom's turned on
the air conditioner?
You kidding?
Remember the parakeets?
The parakeets?
I didn't tell you
about the parakeets.
She got a parakeet for some insane
reason and the little fucker
croaked after two days, so she went
to the pet store and raised hell,
and they gave her another one,
and that one died after a day.
So then she went back, and they gave her
a third parakeet. That one died in two.
So the chick from the pet store comes
out here to see just what in the hell
this serial parakeet killer
is doing to bump off these birds.
- And?
- The heat.
It was too hot.
- They were dying from the heat.
- Jesus.
These are tropical birds, all right?
I mean, they live
in the fucking tropics.
Mom?
It's Barbara, it's Barbara.
Barbara?
Oh, my gosh!
You, come give me some sugar.
- Hey, Mattie Fae.
- Oh, Bill!
Look how skinny you are.
Mattie Fae.
Ah, will you look at this one?
You come here and give
your Aunt Mattie Fae some sugar.
- Charlie.
- Hello, Bill.
Man, you have dropped
some weight, haven't you?
- Look at you. You're so big.
- Hello, sweetheart.
Look at your boobs.
Last time I saw you,
you looked like a little boy.
- Barbara? Barbara?
- Hey, Mom, I'm here.
- Oh, Barb!
- It's OK.
- Barb, Barb, Barb.
- It's OK, Mom.
- Oh, Barb.
- I'm here.
Saturday morning,
the Indian girl made us
biscuits and gravy.
We ate some.
He walked out the door,
this door right here.
That was it.
He just left?
Uh-huh.
I went to bed Saturday night.
Got up Sunday morning.
Still no Beverly.
I didn't think anything of it.  
Thought he'd gone out on a bender.  
Why would he do that  
when he can drink at home?  
Unless you were riding his ass.  
I've never said a word to him  
about his drinking.  
I didn't, I never  
got on him about it.  
So, Sunday, still no sign of him.  
That's when I got all worked up  
about that safety deposit box  
because we kept an awful  
lot of cash in that box  
and some expensive jewelry,  
and I had a diamond ring  
in that box  
appraised over $7,000.  
Wait, wait, wait,  
I missed something.  
Why do you care about  
a safety deposit box?  
Your father and I had an arrangement  
that if something were  
to happen to one of us,  
the other one would go empty that box.  
Are you sure there wasn't some  
incident that triggered his leaving?  
- Some event?  
- Like a fight?  
- Yeah.  
- No, no.  
I mean, we fought enough,  
you know, but no.  
Maybe he needed  
some time away from you.  
Oh, that's nice of you to say.  
Hey, it's no crime. Marriage is hard.  
Under the best of circumstances.  
So, nothing?  
No, "see you later, I'm taking a walk"?  
Mm-mm.  
Good old unfathomable Dad.  
Mm-hmm.
Oh, that man.
Oh. What I first fell in love
with was his mystery.
I thought it was sexy as hell.
Yeah. You knew he was the
smartest one in the room,
knew if he'd just say something,
whoa, it'd knock you out.
But no, he'd just...
...stand there,
a little smile on his face,
not say a word.
Oh...
Sexy.
You can't remember anything unusual?
He hired this woman.
He didn't ask me.
He hired this woman
to come live in our house
- a few days before he left.
- You don't want her here?
Well, I have an Indian in my house.
You have a problem with Indians, Violet?
I don't know what to say an Indian.
They're called Native Americans, Mom.
Who makes that decision?
It's what they like to be called.
They aren't any more native than me.
- In fact, they are.
- What's wrong with Indian?
Why can't you just call people
what they want to be called?
Let's just call the
dinosaurs Native Americans
while we're at it.
She may be an Indian, but she makes the
best goddamn apple pie I ever ate.
He hired a cook.
It makes no sense. We don't eat.
Now you get biscuits and gravy.
That's kind of nice, huh?
Yeah, that is nice.
Nice for you now,
but soon you'll be gone,
never to return.
- When was the last time you were here?
- Don't start.
- All right...
- I don't care about you two, but I would like to see my granddaughter
- every now and again.
- Well, you are seeing her now.

And your father, you broke his heart when you moved away. That is wildly unfair.
Am I gonna have to separate you two?
You were Beverly's favorite.
Don't pretend you don't know that.
I'd prefer to think that my parents loved their children equally.
- Oh?
Well, I'm sure you'd prefer to think that Sant-y Claus brought you presents at Christmas, too.
If you'd had more than one child, you'd know.
A parent always has favorites.
Mattie Fae was my mother's favorite.
Big deal, I got used to it.
You were your daddy's favorite.
Broke his heart.
What was I supposed to do?
Huh?
Colorado gave Bill twice what he was making at TU.
- Why are we even getting into this?
- You think Daddy wouldn't have jumped at an opportunity like that?
Oh, you're wrong there.
You never would've gotten Beverly Weston out of Oklahoma.
He gave me his blessing.
Well, that's what he told you, yeah.
And now you're gonna
tell me the true story,
some terrible shit
he said behind my back?
Everybody's on edge.
- Beverly didn't say...
- Vi, come on.
...terrible things behind your back.
He just told me he's disappointed in you 'cause you settled.
He thought you had talent as a writer.
Daddy never said anything like that to you.
What a load of absolute horseshit.
Horseshit? Horseshit?
Oh, horseshit.
Let's all say "horseshit."
Say "horseshit," Bill.
Horseshit.
Are you high?
- Excuse me?
- Are you taking something?
- A muscle relaxer.
- You listen to me.
I will not go through this with you again.
I don't know what you're talking about.
These fucking pills,
calls at 3:
- about people in your backyard...
- Stop yelling at me.
All the rest of it.
This isn't...
It isn't the same thing.
I didn't have a reason then.
So it's OK to get hooked now because you've got a reason?
I'm not hooked on anything.
I don't want to know if you are or not.
I'm just saying, I'm not gonna go through it again.
I'm not.
I'm in pain!
Because of your mouth.
Yes!
Because my mouth burns.
I have got cancer in my mouth.
And it burns. Look. Look!
And it burns like a...
...like a bullshit.
And now Beverly's disappeared,
and you're yelling at me.
I'm not...
...yelling.
You know, you couldn't come
home when I got cancer.
But Beverly disappeared...
...and you rushed right back.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Do you know where I think he is?
I think he...
I think he got some whiskey
and a carton of cigarettes,
and a couple of spy novels,
and...
...I think he got out on the boat
and steered it
to a nice spot close to shore
like he likes and...
He's fishing and reading and drinking.
Maybe even writing a little.
And I think he's gonna walk
through that door...
...any time.
Mom?
Mom, the sheriff's here.
What? Why did...
- Did you call?
- The sheriff's here.
Oh, hey, sweetheart.
Go... go back to bed.
What about Aunt Ivy?
I guess we'll stop on the way.
Christ, I have to call Karen, too.
Why the fuck
am I brushing my hair?
This is a story.
Beverly's back.
Ma'am?
Uh...
Cigar...
Cigar...
Archetects.
I'm in the bottom.
I'm in the bottom of them.
It's a good beat, right?
Yeah, Barb?
Um...
From the day...
The day.
I very nearly lost him.
Beverly?
Lost.
And then... and then...
And then you're here.
And Barbara, then you're here.
And Beverly, and then you're... here.
And then you're here.
And you're here,
and then you're here,
and then you're here.
I used to go out with that boy.
That man.
What man?
The sheriff?
In high school.
He was my prom date.
You're kidding.
Day of the prom,
his father got drunk and stole his car.
Stole his own son's car.
Went someplace.
Mexico.
Deon showed up at the house.
He'd been crying.
Confessed he didn't have a way
to take me to the prom.
So we got a six-pack, broke into
the chapel and stayed up all night,
talking and kissing.
And now here he is, showing me...
It's so surreal.
Thank God we can't tell the future.
We'd never get out of bed.
Listen to me.
Die after me, all right?
I don't care what else you do,
where you go,
how you screw up your life,
just...
...survive.
Please.
Holy shit, that's Karen.
- Do you remember your Aunt Karen?
- Kind of.
That must be this year's man.
- You OK?
- Yeah.
I used to spend so much time
in our bedroom pretending that
my pillow was my husband,
and did he like the dinner
I just made,
and where were we gonna go that
winter on vacation,
and then he would surprise me
with tickets to Belize
and we would kiss.
I mean, I would kiss my pillow.
And then I would say
that I'd been to the doctor that day,
and...
maybe I was pregnant.
I know how pathetic
that sounds now,
- but it was innocent enough. And...
- Mm-hmm.
And then real life kicks in.
Things don't work out like you plan,
'cause they never do, and
then... and then that pillow
was just a better husband
than any man I'd ever met.
And you punish yourself,  
you tell yourself it's your fault  
you can't find a good one. I don't know  
how well you remember Andrew.  
- You remember Andrew?  
- No, I remember.  
Well, I loved him so intensely,  
so the things that he did wrong  
were just opportunities  
for me to make them right.  
When he would cheat on me or  
call me "cunt,"  
I'd say, "No, love is forever,  
and this is just an opportunity  
for me to make an adjustment  
in the way that I view the world."  
And thank God I just  
looked in the mirror  
and I said, "Moron," and I walked out.  
But one day, finally I said,  
"It's me. It's just me.  
I don't need anything else.  
I can live my life with myself."  
And that's when I got my license,  
I threw myself into my work,  
and I sold a ton of houses,  
and that's how I met Steve.  
And that's how it works, Barb.  
Oh, he's ten years older, but he is such  
a thinker, and he's such a good man.  
He has such a good heart.  
He's good for me, he's good to me.  
I guess the best thing about him,  
for me,  
is that now,  
what I think about is now.  
I live now.  
My focus, my life, my world is now.  
You can't plan the future,  
you just can't.  
As soon as you do,  
something happens.  
Some terrible thing happens...  
- Like your father drowning himself.
That's exactly what I mean. You take it as it comes, here and now. Steve had this huge presentation today with some big-wig government guys who could be really important for his business, and he's been putting it together for months now, but as soon as we found out about Daddy, he just canceled his meeting. He has his priorities straight. And you know what the kicker is? You know what the kicker is, Barb? What's the kicker? We're going to Belize on our honeymoon! Is it always this hot? Usually it's hotter. That's hard to imagine. So how old are you, about 17? Fourteen. Fourteen, right. Fourteen. Know what I was doing when I was 14? Cattle processing. You know what that is? It doesn't sound good. Slaughterhouse sanitation. That's disgusting. Yeah, I wouldn't recommend it. But hey, it put food on the table. Get it? OK. What's that smell? I don't know. It's probably just that trash can over there. No, that's not what I'm smelling. What are you doing? - Do I smell what I think I smell? - I don't know. What do you smell? Is that pot? You smoking pot?
- Come on. You can tell me.
- No. No!
You're a little dope smoker.
- No!
- Then you are in luck.
Because I happen to have
some really tasty shit.
Here we go. No Pinots.
They had some decent
Californian Merlots.
Oh, look at me.
- Oh, baby.
- Look at me.
- You're beautiful, Mom.
- I was beautiful.
Huh. Not anymore.
- Oh, now.
- You're still beautiful.
Oh, one of those lies we tell
to give us comfort.
Women are beautiful when they're young,
and not after.
Men can preserve
their sex appeal into old age.
And not those men you
see with the shorts
and the little purses
around their waists.
Lord, Lord, Lord.
No.
But some men can maintain cragginess
and weary masculinity.
Women just get old
and fat and wrinkly.
I beg your pardon?
I'm still very sexy,
thank you very much.
Yeah, you are about as sexy
as a wet cardboard box,
Mattie Fae.
You and me both.
Look, wouldn't we be
better off, all of us,
if we just stopped lying
about these things...
- Whoo!
- ...and told the truth?
"Women aren't sexy when they're old."
I can live with that.
Can you live with that?
Hmm.
What about Sophia Loren?
What about Lena Horne?
She stayed sexy till she was 80.
Hmm, the world is round.
Get over it.
Hey, try this on.
I'm sorry, I won't.
You don't know how
to attract a man. I do.
That's something I always...
We just buried my father,
I'm not trying to attract a man.
I'm not talking about today, dummy.
I'm just saying this is something...
I have a man, all right?
I have a man.
You said you weren't looking for a man.
And... I'm not, because
I already have one, OK?
- Now, will you leave it alone?
- No,
- I'm not gonna leave it alone.
- No, let's not leave it alone.
I wish you both could see the
brainsick looks on your faces.
- Well, who is it?
- Nobody. Forget it.
Tell us, is he someone from school?
How old is he?
What does he do?
I'm not telling you anything.
- Well, you have to tell us something!
- No, I really don't.
Are you in love, Ivy?
I don't...
Are you in love?
Roses come to the cheeks.
Hoo!
Out, out, out!
I'm getting out.
Thank you.

We maintain accounts offshore
until we get approvals.
What, to get around approvals?
To get around approvals
until we get approvals.
There's a lot of bureaucracy, red tape.
I don't know what you know
about Florida, Florida politics.
Well, only what I've read, and that's...
Right, right, in this kind
of business in particular.

Charlie?
- Picking up Little Charles.
- Oh.
- I need another plate.
- When you set the table,
you don't have to sit on the corner.
Give me the wine.
Is that what you were
in such a hurry to get home for?

What the hell is on TV
that is so important to you?
Phantom of the Opera, 1925.
They're showing it with
the scene in color restored.
Oh, cool.

Wait, let me make sure
I've got this.
When you threw a fit about going
to the store with your dad...
Hey, look at me!
And you were so distraught
over the start time
of your grandpa's funeral,
was this your concern? Huh?

Getting back here in time to watch
Phantom of the fucking Opera?
I guess.
Christ.
- Phantom of the Opera, huh?
- Mm-hmm.
Hi, doodle.
Hey, baby.
Doodle?
- Oh, hey. Hey, baby.
- Hi.
- I want to show you our old fort.
- Yeah?
Man, the air in here just doesn't move.
I'll hook you up later.
I'm sorry, Dad.
No need to apologize.
I know Mom's mad at me.
Well, don't worry about her.
What'd she say?
Your mother, she says what she says.
I set the alarm, I did.
I know you did.
I loved Uncle Bev, you know that.
You stop apologizing.
I missed his funeral.
Oh, it's...
It's a ceremony.
It's ceremonial.
That doesn't mean anything
compared to what you have
in your heart.
Here, hold on.
Comb your hair.
Uncle Bev must be
disappointed in me.
Oh, your Uncle Bev
has got bigger
and better things ahead of him.
He doesn't have time for spite.
He wasn't that kind of man anyway.
Hey.
Hey, it's OK.
Just...
I know how things are.
I know how they...
...think about me and...
...something like this, you want
to be there for people.
I'm sorry I let you down, Dad.
Hey, you haven't let me down.
You never let me down.
Now, listen.
You're wrong about these people.
They love you.
They love you.
Some of them haven't gotten a chance
to see what I see.
A fine man,
very loving,
with a... a lot to offer.
Now, take this.
Give me my comb.
Oh.
I love you, Dad.
Love you, too, son.
Phantom of the Opera?
You don't remember what
it was like to be 14?
She's old enough to exhibit
a little character.
But I guess that's something
you normally learn from your parents.
That's a shot across my bow, right?
- I missed something.
- Really?
Instilling character,
our burden as parents.
Yeah, I got that part.
And you really haven't been
much of a parent lately,
- so it might be tough...
- Look, just because you and I
are struggling with this
Gordian knot, it doesn't mean...
Oh, nice, "Gordian knot,"
but her 14-year-old self
might view it differently.
Might consider it abandonment.
She's a little more
sophisticated than that,
- don't you think?
- Pretty fucking sophisticated, the restored whatever of The Phantom of the Opera.
- I know that makes your dick hard.
- Barbara.
- Precocious little shit.
- I am not defending her.
- I'm on your side.
- I'm not blaming her, because I don't expect her to act any differently when her father is such a selfish son of a bitch.
- Be a father! Help me!
- I am her father, goddamn it!
Her father in name only.
I have not forsook my responsibilities.
It's "forsaken," big shot.
No, actually, "forsook" is also an acceptable usage.
Oh, "forsook" you and the horse you rode in on.
You do not fight fair.
I've seen where that gets me.
Grow up! While you are dyeing your hair and going through your fifth puberty, the world is falling apart, and our kid can't handle it.
Our kid is trying to deal with this goddamn madhouse — you've dragged her into.
- This madhouse is my home.
Yeah, think about that statement for a second, why don't you?
Jean is here with me because this is a family event.
Jean is here because she's a buffer between you and the shrill insanity of your mother.
You'd have a lot more credibility if you had any credibility.
You're an easy mark.
You're so goddamn self-righteous, you know that?
Surely you must have realized when you started porking Pippi Longstocking that you were due for some self-righteousness, just a smidge of indignation on my part. Maybe I split because of it. Oh, is this your confession, then? When you finally unload all, hmm? You're thoughtful, Barbara, but you're not open. You're passionate, but you're hard. You're a good, decent, funny, wonderful woman, and I love you, but you're a pain in the ass!
One for me.
One for the girls.
Mom's casserole. They said you overslept. Maybe I purposely accidentally overslept. I don't know, I'm so sorry. Please.
I know you had one of the worst days of your life, and I'm sorry that I wasn't there. We don't have to do that with each other. Wait. You're breaking our rule. Well... they're on to me. Not us, just me.
I told them I was seeing someone, I didn't tell them who. I just wanted you to know, in case it came up. What?
Charles?
I adore you.
Pass that casserole, please? Oh, my... my casserole's coming. I'll eat some of yours, too. Mom, let's eat!
Oh, there he is. I wanted to put
you at the kids table,
- but they wouldn't let me.
- Where do you want me to put this?
Hi, Little Charles.
I want you to meet my fiancé, Steve.
- Hello.
- This is Little Charles.
- Jeez!
- Goddamn it!
- You goddamn clumsy goofball!
- All right, all right.
- Nobody's hurt.
- I'm so sorry!
- What about me? I'm hurt.
- You're not hurt. Let it go.
It's not a party until
somebody spills something.
- That is my casserole!
- I'm sorry, the mess I made...
- Let it go, Mattie Fae.
- I'm so sorry.
Who wants chicken? Jean?
You didn't get chicken.
- I don't eat meat.
- Pass the potatoes.
You don't eat meat?
- OK.
- Mom!
Little Charles, chicken?
Put it on for him.
He's liable to burn the house down.
All right, Mattie Fae.
Mom, stop. I don't want that.
Barbara.
Will you put this up over there?
Yeah, sure.
That is so nice.
That's so sweet.
I see you gentlemen have all
stripped down to your shirtfronts.
I thought we were having
a funeral dinner...
...not a cockfight.
Somebody should probably say grace. Barbara?
Well, Uncle Charlie should say it.
He's the patriarch around here now.
I am?
By default.
OK.
Dear Lord, we ask that you
watch over this family
in this sad time, O Lord.
That you bless this good woman
and keep her in your...
...in your... grace.
Oh, um...
I got to take this.
Work. It's very important.
- I'm working in Oklahoma, yeah.
- Uh-huh.
Oklahoma, right. Yep.
We ask that you
watch over Beverly, too, as he...
...as he...
...as he makes his journey.
We thank thee, O Lord, that
we are able to join together
to pay tribute to this fine man
in his house, with his, uh,
beautiful daughters.
We are truly blessed in our fellowship,
our togetherness,
our...
our, uh... fellowship.
We thank thee for the food, O Lord,
that we can share this food and...
...replenish our bodies
with nutrients.
We ask that you help us get better
and be better people.
Thanks. Bye.
We recognize now more than ever
the power,
the joy of family.
We ask that you bless
and watch over this family.
- Amen.
- Amen.
- Amen. So sorry, folks.
- Let's eat.
Barb, you have any use
for that sideboard?
- Hmm?
- That sideboard right there.
- You have any interest in that?
- It's so pretty.
No. I mean, why?
Getting rid of a lot of this stuff.
I just thought you might want
that sideboard.
Well, no, Mom, I wouldn't have any way
to get that home to Colorado.
Maybe Ivy will take it.
I have something like that, remember?
- Clearing all this out of here.
- It's really pretty.
I want to have a brand-new everything.
I guess I'm just sort of
not prepared to talk about your stuff.
Suit yourself.
- The food is just spectacular.
- Mm-hmm.
Johnna cooked this whole meal
all by herself.
It's what she's paid for.
Y'all did know she's
getting paid, right?
Uh, Jean?
So I'm curious.
When you say you don't eat meat,
you mean you don't
eat meat of any kind?
- Right.
- Hmm, sure.
Is that for health reasons, or...
Well, when you eat meat,
you ingest an animal's fear.
Ingest what? Its fur?
Fear.
I thought she said...
You can eat fear?
How do you do that?
You can't eat fear.
Sure you can. I mean, what happens
to you when you feel afraid?
Doesn't your body produce
all sorts of chemical reactions?
I don't know. Does it?
- It does. Adrenaline, and...
- Yes, it does.
Your body goes through a whole
chemical process
- when it experiences fear.
- Yep, and cortisol.
Don't you think an animal
experiences fear?
You bet it does.
I used to work at a
cattle processing plant.
- Lots of fear flying around that place.
- So, when you eat meat,
you're ingesting all of that
fear that the animal felt
when it was slaughtered to make food.
- Right.
- You mean I've been eating fear,
what, three times a day for 60 years?
Right.
This one won't have a meal
that doesn't have meat in it.
Well, I guess it
was just the way I was raised,
but somehow it doesn't seem
like a legitimate meal
unless there's some meat somewhere.
If I make some kind of pasta dish,
he'll be like, "That's fine as an
appetizer, but where's the meat?"
Yeah, "Where's the meat?"
Isn't that the TV commercial,
the old lady says, "Where's the meat?"
"Where's the meat?"
"Where's the beef?"
"Where's the meat? Where's the meat?!
Where's the meat?!
Hey, where's the meat?!
That's pleasant.
Well, I thought
the services were lovely.
Preacher did a fine job.
I give it a... eh.
Really? You thought so?
Great, now we get
some dramatic criticism.
Too much talk about poetry and teaching.
He hadn't written any poetry
to speak of since '65,
and he never liked teaching
worth a damn.
Nobody talked about the good stuff.
Man was a world-class alcoholic
for more than 50 years.
Nobody talked about the time
he got wrangled
into giving a talk
at the TU alumni dinner.
Oh, my. He drank a whole bottle of rum,
Ron Bocoy White Rum.
I don't know why I remember that.
And he gets up to give this talk,
and he fouled himself.
Yeah, he comes back to the table
with this great big, huge...
Yeah, I can't imagine why
no one told that story.
Well, he didn't get invited back
to any more TU alumni dinners.
I can tell you that.
Now, I don't know
that much about poetry,
but I thought his poems
were extraordinary.
And your reading was very fine.
- Thank you.
- It was, Bill.
It was nice.
Who are you?
Well, this is my fianc, Steve.
You met him at the church.
Steve Huberbrecht.
- Hide-the-what?
- Huberbrecht.
Hide-the...
Hide-a-b...
That's German.
German-Irish, really.
- I, uh, just have one...
- Oh, yeah.
Well, that is peculiar, Karen,
to bring a date
to your father's funeral.
I know the poetry was good,
but I really wouldn't
have considered it date material.
He's not a date, he's my fianc,
and we're getting married
on New Year's in Miami,
and I would love it
if you could make it.
Well, I don't really see
that happening. Do you?
Steve?
That right?
Steve?
Uh, yes, ma'am.
You ever been married before?
- Yes, ma'am, I have.
- That's...
More than once?
Three times, actually.
Three times before this.
Mm-hmm. You should pretty well
have it down by now, then.
Yeah.
Right, right.
- Excuse me.
- Yeah,
I had that one pegged, didn't I?
I mean, just look at him.
You can tell he's been married.
Do you know I went outside
to show Steve the old fort,
- and it was torn down.
- It's been gone for years.
- I was so sad.
- What's this, now?

Our old fort. We used to play cowboys and Indians.
- Daddy said rats were getting in there.
- Karen! Shame on you!

Don't you know you're not supposed to say "cowboys and Indians"?
You played "cowboys and Native Americans."

Right, Barb?
What are you taking? What pills?
Oh, leave me alone.
Uh-oh!

What, what is it?
- What is it?
- Dad?

What's the matter?
Are you OK, Uncle Charlie?
- Dad, are you...
- I got a... big bite of fear.
- Fear never tasted so good.
- Oh, you!

It's pretty good once you get used to the taste.
I'm shaking in my boots!
I do catch her having a cheeseburger every now and again.
What? No, you don't.

Double cheese, bacon, extra fear.
Mom, you are such a liar.
No, stop. You are!
If I ever called my mother a liar, she would've knocked my goddamn head off my shoulders!
You girls know there is a will.
- Mom.
- We took care of that some time back.
We don't want to talk about it.
Well, I want to talk about it!
What about what I want to talk about?
Does that count for anything?
Bev made some good investments, believe it or not, and we had some money for you girls in his will, but, uh, we talked it over after some time passed and decided to change things, leaving everything to me. We didn't get around to, you know, the... ...taking care of it legally, but you should know, he meant to leave the money to me. OK? - OK. - OK? OK. Karen, OK? - Yeah, OK. - OK. But some of this furniture, some of this old shit, you can have. I don't want it, got no use for it. Maybe I should have an auction. Uh, sure, an auction's a fine idea. Because some of this... these things, the silverware, that's worth a pretty penny. But I will sell it to you, if you like, for cheaper than I might get in an auction. Or you might never get around to the auction, and then we can just have it for free after you die. Barbara. Yeah, you might at that. Bill, I was wondering, your reading, the poems, which ones did you choose - in the end to read?
Well, I, uh... Bill, where are you living now? You want this old sideboard? I beg your pardon? You and Barb are separated, right? Oh, or are you divorced already? No, we're, um, separated. Mm-hm. You thought you could slip that by me, didn't you? Nobody slips anything by me. I know what's what. Your father thought he was slipping one by me, too, right?

- What's the matter with you?
- I'm sorry you two are having trouble. Maybe you can work it out. Bev and I separated... a couple times. Of course, we didn't call it that. Help us with an illustration from your storybook marriage. Truth is, you just can't compete with a younger woman. It's just one of those unfair things in life. Is there a younger woman involved?

- You've said enough on this topic.
- Yes. There's a younger woman. Well, see? Odds are against you there, babe. Mom believes women don't grow more attractive with age. Oh, I disagree. I think... No, I didn't say they "don't grow more attractive." I said they get ugly! And it's not really a matter of opinion, Karen, dear. You've only just started to prove it yourself. You are in rare form today, Vi. Well, the day calls for it, doesn't it? What... What form would you have me in, hmm? I just don't understand
why you're so adversarial.
I'm just truth-telling.
Some people are antagonized
by the truth.
Everyone here loves you, dear.
Oh, you think you can shame me, Charlie?
Blow it out your ass!
Three days ago,
I identified my father's corpse.
And now I'm supposed to sit
here and listen to you
viciously attack
every member of this family?
Attack my family?
Have you ever been attacked
in your sweet, spoiled life?
Tell her about attacks, Mattie Fae.
- Tell her what an attack looks like!
- Settle down, Mom.
Don't tell me to settle down,
goddamn it!
I'm not a goddamn invalid!
Am I to be abided now?
- Have I been passed over?
- Come on, honey...
This woman came to my rescue
when one of my mother's
many gentleman friends
was attacking me
with a claw hammer.
This woman has dents in her skull
from hammer blows.
What do you know about attacks?
What do you know about
life on these Plains?
What do you know about hard times?
We know you had a rotten
childhood, Mom. Who didn't?
You don't know! You do not know!
None of you know!
None of you know,
except this woman right here,
and that man we buried today.
Oh, sweet girl.
Sweet Barbara...
...my heart breaks for every
time you felt pain. I really...
I wished I could've
shielded you from it,
but if you think you can fathom
for one solitary second
the pain that man endured
in his natural life,
you got another thing coming.
You know where your father lived
from age four till about ten?
Do you? Do you?
- No.
- No.
In a Pontiac sedan.
With his mother, his father,
in a fucking car.
Six fucking years in a car!
Now, what do you want to say
about your rotten childhood?
Jesus. This is the crux

of the biscuit:
We lived too hard,
and then we rose too high.
We sacrificed everything,
and we did it all for you.
Your father and I, first in our families
to graduate high school,
and he wound up an award-winning poet.
You girls, just given
a college education,
taken for granted, no doubt.
Where'd you wind up?
What do you do?
What do you do?
Who are you? Jesus!
You worked as hard as us,
you'd all be president.
You had no real problems, so you got to
make all your problems yourselves.
Why are you screaming at us?
Just time some truth
is told around here.
Damn fine day to tell the truth.
Well, the truth is...
...I'm getting full.
Amen.
There's dessert, too.
Oh, she baked pies.
They look so lovely.
I got a truth to tell.
It speaks.
- What is it, son?
- No, no.
I have a truth.
- Little Charles.
Charles, not like this, please.
The truth is...
I forgot to set the clock.
The power didn't go out.
I forgot to set the clock.
I'm sorry, Mom.
I'm sorry, everyone.
Excuse me, I just...
Scintillating.
I gave up a long time ago.
Little Charles is your project now.
Charles.
His name is Charles.
Oh, poor Ivy. Poor baby.
- Mom, please, Mom. Just please.
- Poor little thing.
She's always had a feeling
for the underdog.
Just don't be mean
to me right now, OK?
I'm not. Everybody's got the
idea I'm mean all of a sudden.
- Please, Mama.
- I'm just telling the truth.
You're a drug addict.
That's the truth!
That's what I'm getting at!
Hey, everybody, everybody, listen.
I'm a drug addict.
I love drugs.
Especially pills.
Especially downers.
You see these little blue babies?
These are my best fucking friends,
and they never let me down.
You try to get them away from me,
I'll eat you alive.
Give me those goddamn pills!
Stop it!
Holy shit!
Give me these pills!
Right now! Give me those pills!
- Barbara, stop it!
- Come on!
- Barbara!
- No!
- Please!
- Give it to me!
Hey, now, come on.
- Barb, stop!
- Stop!
Stop, goddamn it!
Oh, goddamn you!
Come on, Mama.
Damn you.
OK. OK.
OK, pill raid.
Remember this?
Remember how it goes?
Search everything.
Every closet, every drawer,
- every shoe box.
- You can't do this. It's my house.
- Karen, call Dr. Burke.
- OK.
You can't do this!
It's my house!
This is my house!
You don't get it, do you?
You don't get it.
I am running things now!
Why did Dr. Burke write so many
prescriptions? Didn't he know?
It's not just him. She's got
a doctor in every port.
And you knew this was happening again?
I'm sorry about you and Bill.
Me, too, Barb.
You think it's temporary, or...
Who knows?
We've been married a long time.
Now what?
The chemotherapy
and the radiation
coupled with the overuse
of pain medications...
- Right.
- ...without the benefit
of more thorough testing,
an MRI or CT scan,
I believe your mother is suffering
from mild cognitive impairment.
Mild cognitive impairment?
Brain damage.
It may be time to consider placing her
in a long-term care facility.
I know I'd feel
a lot more comfortable
if I knew she was receiving that
level of supervision.
And, uh, where would you
have us put her?
- A psychiatric hospital?
- Well, Beverly's gone.
Right. Well, not so much "gone"
as "dead," but I see your point.
Legal guardianship for you and your
sisters, with my recommendation...
So you're thinking, if the three
of us cooperated with this, uh,
commitment end-around, that we would be
less likely to sue your ass?
- I'm sorry?
- "Mild cognitive impairment"?
- Are you fucking kidding me?
- All right.
You know whose name is on these bottles?
- Barb.
Do you?
Your mother
is a very sick person.
We've got a whole bucket
of these at home
with your name on it,
evidence for the medical board.
Oh, let's go.
I think we're done.
- Pull the car over.
- We'll be home in a minute.
Pull the car over.
I'm gonna be sick.
Mom?
Mom!
Mom!
Where are you going?
Mom!
Mom!
Mom, wait!
Mom!
Mom.
What are you doing?
Where the fuck
are you going, Mom?
There's nowhere to go.
There's no place to go.
Mom.
I'm sorry.
Honey, please.
No, it's important I say this.
I...
I lost my temper at dinner
and went too far.
Barbara. The day, the funeral...
...the pills. I was...
...spoiling for a fight
and you gave it to me.
So...
...truce?
Truce, honey.
Yeah, sure.
Now what?
How do you mean?
Well, don't you think you should consider going back to a rehab center? No, I can't...
I can't go through that again. Um, I can do this.
You, uh...
- You took all my pills, right?
- All that we could find.
Well, I don't have that many hiding places.
Now, Mom, come on.
You want to search me? No.
If the pills are gone, I'll be fine.
I just need a few days to get my...
...my feet back under me.
I want you to know you're not alone, if you need any help...
I don't need help.
- Well, I want to help.
- I don't need your help.
- Mom.
- I don't need your help.
I have gotten myself...
I know how this goes.
Once all the talking's through, people just go back to their own nonsense.
I know that.
So don't worry about me. I'll manage, I get by.
Remember the time we checked her into the psych ward,
- that stunt she pulled?
- Big speech, she's getting clean, making this incredible sacrifice for her family.
She's let us down, but now she'll prove she's a good mother.
She smuggled Darvocet into the psych ward in her vagina.
There's the "greatest generation"
for you. She's giving us this speech while she's clenching a bottle of pills in her cooch.
- I've never heard this story.
- Did you just say "cooch"?
The phrase "Mom's pussy" seemed gauche.
You're a little more comfortable with "cooch," are you?
What word should I use to describe our mother's vagina?
- I don't know, Barb.
- "Mom's beaver"?
- "Mother's box"?
- Oh, God!
Barbara!
One thing about Mom and Dad is you got to tip your cap to anybody who can stay married that long.
Karen, he killed himself.
We don't know that for sure.
Is there something going on between you and Little Charles?
I don't know that I'm comfortable talking about that.
Because he is our first cousin, you know.
Give me a break.
You know you shouldn't consider children.
I can't anyway.
I had a hysterectomy last year.
- Why?
- Cervical cancer.
- I didn't know.
- Neither did I.
I didn't tell anyone except Charles.
- That's where it started between us.
- Why not?
And hear it from mom the rest of my life?
She doesn't need another excuse to treat me like some damaged thing.
Well, you might have told us.
You didn't tell us
about you and Bill.
- That's different.
- Why? Because it's you, and not me?
Because divorce is an
embarrassing public admission of defeat.
Cancer is fucking cancer. You can't
help that, we're your sisters.
I don't feel that connection
very keenly.
Well, I feel very connected
to the both of you.
We never see you.
You're never around.
You haven't been around...
I still feel that connection.
I can't perpetuate these myths
of family or sisterhood anymore.
We're just people, some of us
accidentally connected by genetics,
a random selection of cells.
- When did you get so cynical?
- That's funny, coming from you.
Well, bitter, yes,
but "random selection of cells"?
Maybe my cynicism came
with the realization
that the responsibility of caring
for our parents was mine alone.
Oh, don't give me that,
I participated.
Until you had enough and got out,
you and Karen both.
I'm not criticizing.
Do what you want.
You did, Karen did.
And if you didn't,
that's not my fault.
That's right, so don't lay this
sister thing on me, all right?
When I leave here, I won't feel
any more guilty than you two did.
I can't believe
your world view is this dark.
You live in Florida.
- You're thinking about leaving?
- Yeah.
Charles and I are going to New York.
What are you gonna do in New York?
We have plans.
- Like what?
- None of your business.
- What about Mom?
- What about her?
- You feel comfortable leaving her here?
- Do you?
You're going back to Miami, right?
Yes.
I... Yes.
Well, there you go, Barb.
You want to know
what we're doing about Mom?
Karen and I are leaving.
You want to stay, that's your decision,
but nobody gets to point a finger at me.
Nobody.
My three girls,
all together.
Hearing you just now
gave me a warm feeling.
- You had a bath?
- Yeah.
- Want something to eat or coffee?
- No. I'm fine, honey.
Thank you.
I'll bet this house has heard
a lot of Weston girl secrets.
I get embarrassed
just thinking about it.
Oh, there's nothing to
be embarrassed about.
Secret crushes, secret schemes.
I can't imagine anything
more delicate or bittersweet.
That's just some part of you girls
I always identified with.
No matter how old you get,
a woman's hard-pressed to...
throw off that part of herself.
That smells so good.
Oh, it's apple.
- You want some?
- Hmm.
Sure, I do.
Hey, hey, did I ever tell you
the story of Raymond Qualls?
That's the boy I had a crush on
when I was 13 or so.
Rough-looking boy,
beat-up jeans and...
messy hair.
Terrible under-bite.
But he had the most beautiful
pair of cowboy boots,
shiny chocolate leather.
Mmm.
He was so proud of those boots.
You could tell the way
he'd just strut around,
all arms and elbows, you know,
all puffed up and cocksure.
And I, I convinced myself
that I needed to get
a girly pair of those boots.
And... I was sure, if I did that,
that he would ask
me to go steady.
You know, he'd see me in the boots,
and he'd just say,
"That's the gal for me."
Oh, gosh.
Yeah.
Oh, so I found the boots
in a window downtown.
And I just... I just went crazy
praying for those boots
and I'm rehearsing the conversation
that I would have with
Raymond when, uh,
when he saw me in the boots and...
Oh, I must've asked my mama
a hundred times
if I could just get those boots.
"Vi, what do you want for Christmas?"
"Mama, I'd give it all up
just to have those boots."
You know, bargaining.
So she started laying little
hints around about a box.
There was
a package under the tree
she had wrapped up
about the size of a boot box,
real nice wrapping paper.
"Now, Vi, don't you cheat
and don't you go in there
before Christmas morning."
You know, with a little smile
on her face.
So Christmas morning,
I was up like a shot, boy,
under that tree.
I was tearing that paper.
And...
...there were boots in there.
Men's work boots.
Holes in the toes and
chewed-up, uh, laces
and, uh, caked in mud...
caked in mud and dog shit.
You...
Lord.
My mama laughed
about that for days.
Please don't tell me
that's the end of the story.
Oh.
No, that...
That's, that's the end.
You never got the boots?
No.
Uh-uh.
My mama was a mean,
nasty, mean old lady.
I suppose that's where I get it from.
You're not nasty and mean.
You're our mother, and we love you.
Oh.
Is the coast clear?
Never very.
What are you watching?
Television.
Can I watch with you?
I wish you would.
You mad at me?
Nope.
I was trying to be brave.
- I know.
- It's just...
I want people to know that
I got what I always wanted.
And that means
I am not a loser.
Hey, hey.
You're my hero.
Come over here.
I wrote this for you.
Sit down.
OK.

? Well, I've never been
a man of many words
? And there's nothing I could say
that you haven't heard
? But I'll sing you love songs
? Till the day I die
? The way I'm feeling
? I can't keep it inside
? I'll sing a sweet serenade
whenever you're feeling sad
? And a lullaby each night
? Before you go to bed
? I'll sing to you
? For the rest of your...?
Liberace, you better
get yourself together.
We have to get home and take
care of those damn dogs.
They've probably
eaten the drapes by now.
I'm sure the house is fine.
Oh, look, honey, Little Charles has got the TV on.
This one watches so much television, it's rotted his brain.
- I'm sure that's not true.
- What was it I caught you watching the other day?
- I don't remember.
You do so remember.
Some dumb talk show about people swapping wives.
- I don't remember.
- You don't remember.
Too bad there's not a job where they pay you to sit around watching TV.
Come on, Mattie Fae.
You know he got fired from a shoe store?
Mattie Fae, we're gonna get in the car and go home.
And if you say one more mean thing to that boy, I'm gonna kick your fat Irish ass onto the highway.
What the hell did you say to me?!
You kids go outside, would you, please?
I don't understand this meanness.
I look at you and your sister, and the way you talk to people, and I don't understand it.
I can't understand why folks can't be respectful of one another.
I don't think there's any excuse for it.
My family didn't treat each other that way.
Well, maybe that's because your family...
You'd better not say anything about my family right now.
I mean it.
We just buried a man I loved very much, and whatever faults he may have had...
he was a good, kind, decent man.
And to hear you tear
into your own son...
...not even a day later, that
dishonors Beverly's memory.
We've been married 38 years...
and I wouldn't trade
them for anything.
But if you can't find a
generous place in your heart...
...for your own son...
...we're not gonna make it to 39.
- I didn't mean to eavesdrop, I froze.
- That's...
You have a cigarette, hon?
No. I quit years ago.
So did I, it just sounded good to me.
I thought at dinner, at that...
horrible dinner,
it seemed like...
something might be going on
between Ivy and Little Charles.
Do you know if that's true?
Oh. Um... I'm not sure.
Just... is it true?
Yes, it's true.
OK.
That can't happen.
This is gonna be difficult.
Uh, Ivy and Little Charles have
always marched to their own...
And I'd expect this to be
toughest on you.
- Barb...
- They're in love.
They think they are. I know it's
unorthodox for cousins to get together,
- at least these days...
- They're not cousins.
Beg pardon?
Little Charles is not your cousin,
he's your brother.
He's your blood brother.
Half brother.
He's your father's child. 
Which means he's Ivy's brother. 
Do you see? 
- Go away. Go away now! Go away! 
- We're just gonna... 
All right, all right. 
You and Dad. Who knows this? 
I do and you do. 
Uncle Charlie doesn't suspect? 
- We've never discussed it. 
- What?! 
We've never discussed it, OK? 
Did Dad know? 
Yes. 
- You know, I'm not proud of this. 
- Really? You people amaze me. 
What, were you drunk? 
Was this just... 
I wasn't drunk, no. 
Maybe it's hard for you 
to believe, looking at me, 
knowing me the way you do 
all these years. 
I mean, I know to you I'm just 
your old fat Aunt Mattie Fae. 
I'm more than that, sweetheart. 
There's more to me than that. 
I don't know why Little Charles 
is such a disappointment to me. 
Maybe he... 
Well, I don't know why. 
I'm disappointed for him, 
more than anything. 
I made a mistake a long time ago. 
OK? I paid for it. 
But the mist... mistake ends here. 
If Ivy found out, it would destroy her. 
I'm sure as hell not gonna tell her. 
You have to find a way to stop it. 
You have to put a stop to it. 
Really good shit. 
What? 
Hey, you want a shotgun? 
- You know what a shotgun is?
- I know what a shotgun is.
  No, not that kind
  of shotgun. Here.
You put your lips right next to mine
and you inhale when I exhale.
Ready?
Hold it.
Don't let it out.
How about that?
It's a kick, huh?
- No, I'm cool.
- You're not passing out on me, are you?
Christ, you got a great set.
You weren't kidding.
That stuff's strong.
Show 'em to me?
I won't look.
If you're not gonna look,
then there's no point
- in me showing them to you.
- OK, OK, I'll look.
Come on, you're gonna
get us both in trouble.
No, I'm white and over 30.
I don't get in trouble.
All right. Come on, man,
listen up. Come on.
- Show you mine if you show me yours.
- I don't want to see yours.
- Hmm?
- Oh, my God!
- Hey, wait, hold on there.
- Oh, my God!
- Goddamn! Aah!
- Stop it!
- Stop! Stop!
- Ow!
Oh, my God! What is wrong with you?
Steve? Steve?
What happened?
- He was messing with Jean.
- Baby, are you OK?
- Jean.
- You're bleeding.
- What are you doing up?
- I don't know.
- Do I need to call a doctor?
- I don't know!
- Are you all right?
- Yeah, I'm fine.

Johnna, what's going on?
He was messing with Jean,
so I tuned him up.
Messing with? What do you mean, messing with"?
He was kissing and grabbing her.
I'll murder you, you prick!
Do you know how old that girl is?
- Mom!
- Get him in the house!
- I didn't do that.
- She's 14 years old!
- I didn't do anything!
- You out of your goddamn mind?
- Back off, Barbara!
- She said she was 15.

That son of a bitch is a sociopath!
What is the matter with you?
Will you stop freaking out?
Why don't you start at the beginning?
Like, what are you even doing up?
Sweetheart, we need to know what went on here.
Nothing went on!
Nothing, OK?
Can we not turn everything into a federal case here?
OK, I just... I came down,
smoked a little pot,
just a little pot and...
then we were just goofing around,
and everything just got
a little bit crazy.
What have I told you about smoking that shit?
- Nothing happened.
- Just tell me what he did.
He didn't do anything!
What is the big deal?
The big deal, Jean,
is that you are 14 years old!
Yeah, and that's just a few
years younger than you like 'em.
I hate you!
What is the matter with you?
Jean?
Jean?
I can do without a speech.
- Where is he?
- Out in the car.
We're leaving back
to Florida tonight. Now.
Me and Steve together.
You want to give me
some grief about that?
- You wait a goddamn minute.
- And you better find out from Jean
  exactly what went on before
  you start pointing fingers.
Because I doubt that Jean's
blameless in all of this.
You know, I'm not saying
that I blame her.
Just because I said she's not blameless,
it doesn't mean I blamed her.
I'm just saying that she might share
in the responsibility.
It's not cut-and-dried.
It lives where everything lives,
somewhere in the middle,
where the rest of us live.
- Everyone but you!
- Karen...
And I'm no angel myself.
I've done some things
I'm not proud of.
Things you'll never know about.
And I may have to do some
things I'm not proud of again.
'Cause...
...life just puts you
in a corner that way.
Anyway, you have
your own hash to settle
before you start making
speeches to the rest of us.
And come January,
I'll be in Belize.
Doesn't that sound nice?
I'm taking Jean with me,
heading back to Colorado in the morning.
You're never coming back to me,
are you, Bill?
Never say never, but...
But no.
I'll probably never really
understand why, will I?
Probably not.
Where are Bill and Jean going?
Karen leave, too?
Yeah.
Is Mom clean?
- She's moderately clean.
- Moderately?
You don't like "moderately,"
then let's say tolerably.
- Is she clean or not?
- Back off.
I'm nervous.
Oh, Christ, Ivy, not today.
I have to tell her, don't I?
We're leaving for New York tomorrow.
I don't think it's a good idea for you
and Charles to take this any further.
- Where's this coming from?
- There's a lot of fish in the sea.
Surely you can rule out
the one single man in the world
- you're related to.
- I love the man I'm related to.
Fuck love.
What a crock of shit, love.
People can convince themselves
they love a painted rock.
- Looks great. What is it?
- Catfish.
Bottom-feeders. My favorite.
You're nearly 50 years old, Ivy.
You can't go to New York,
you'll break a hip.
Here. Eat your catfish.
- Oh, you're infuriating.
- I'm not the one fucking my cousin.
I've lived here year in, year out,
hoping against hope someone
would come into my life.
Don't get all Carson McCullers on me.
Now, wipe that tragic look off your face
and eat some catfish.
Howdy, Mom.
- What's howdy about it?
- Look, catfish for lunch.
Johnna? You hungry?
Ivy, you should smile, like me.
- Mom needs her lunch, please.
- OK.
- I'm not hungry.
- You didn't eat today,
you didn't eat anything yesterday.
I'm not hungry.
You're eating.
Do what I say.
Everyone do what I say.
May I ask why
neither of you is dressed?
It's not like we're
sitting here naked, right?
We're dressed.
Or should we be dressed up?
Right, 'cause you're
coming over for fish?
- I'll eat in my room.
- That's fine. Thank you.
Yeah.
- Eat.
- No.
- Eat it... Mom. Eat it.
- No!
- Eat it, you fucker. Eat that catfish.
- Go to hell.
That doesn't cut any fucking ice with me. Eat the fucking fish.
Mom, I have something to talk to you about.
- No, you don't. No, you don't.
- Barbara...
Shut up. Shut the fuck up.
Please!
- What's to talk about?
- Forget it. Eat the fucking fish.
I'm not hungry.
Eat the fish, bitch!
Barbara...
OK, fine. Fuck it.
Do what you want.
I have to tell you something.
- Ivy's a les
dian.
- Barbara!
- No, you're not.
- No, I'm not.
Yes, you are.
Did you eat your fish?
- Barbara, stop it.
- Barbara, be quiet, now.
Mom, please, this is important.
Eat your fish, eat your fish,
eat your fish,
eat your fish, eat your fish...
What the fuck?!
I have something to say.
Are we breaking shit now, huh?
I can break shit.
- Hey, see, everybody can break shit.
- Charles and I...
You don't want to break shit with me, motherfucker!
Charles and I...
Johnna, we got a little spill in here!
Barbara, stop it!
Mom... Charles and I...
- Little Charles.
- Barbara.
You've got to say "Little Charles"
or she's not gonna know
who you're talking about.
Little Charles and I...
Little Charles and I...
Little Charles and you
are brother and sister.
I know that.
- Wait. What?
- No, listen.
Little Charles and I...
I've always known that.
I told you,
nobody slips anything by me.
- Mom...
- Don't listen.
I knew the whole time Bev
and Mattie Fae were carrying on.
Charlie should have known, too, if he
hadn't been smoking all that grass.
It's the pills talking.
Pills can't talk.
Your father tore himself up over
it 30-some-odd years, but...
Beverly wouldn't be Beverly if he
hadn't had something to brood about.
Mom, what are you talking about?
Better you girls know now,
now you're older.
You never know when somebody
might need a kidney.
Why in God's name did you tell me this?
Hey, why do you care?
- You're monsters. Monsters!
- Oh, come on, now.
Who's the injured party here?
Ivy, listen...
You will never see me again.
Mattie Fae told me,
and I didn't know what to do.
I was trying to protect you.
We'll go anyway,
we'll still go away.
This is not my fault. Mom told you.
It wasn't me, it was Mom.
There's no difference.
Ivy!
Ivy, don't go!
Ivy! Ivy!
Ivy!

We couldn't let Ivy
run off with Little Charles.
It just... wouldn't be right.
She'll be back.

She's a sweet girl, Ivy.
I love her to death, but...
...she isn't strong.
Not like you.
Or me.

You knew about Daddy and Mattie Fae?
Oh, sure. Sure, but I
never told them I knew.
Your father knew.
He knew I knew, but...
...we never talked about it.
I chose the higher ground.
But if I'd had a chance,
there at the end,
I would've...
I would've told him,
"I hope this isn't
about Little Charles,
'cause you know I know
all about that."
You know, if I'd reached
him over to the motel,
I would've said, "You'd be
better off if you quit sulking
about this ancient history."

What motel?
I called over there on Monday
after I got into the
safety deposit box.
But it was too late.
He'd checked out.
- How'd you know where he was?
- The note.
He said I could call him over
to the Country Squire Motel.
He left a note?
I did call over there on Monday.
After you got your money out
of your safety deposit box.
We had an arrangement.
You have to understand,
for people like your father and me,
who never had any money, ever, as kids,
people from our generation,
that money is important.
If you could have stopped Daddy
from killing himself,
you wouldn't have needed to get
into your safety deposit box.
Well, hindsight's always 20/20,
isn't it?
Did the note say he was
going to kill himself?
Mom?
If I had my wits about me,
maybe I might've done it different.
But...
I was...
Your father and I both,
we were...
You were both fucked-up.
You were fucking-up.
You are fucked-up.
You'd better understand this,
you smug little ingrate.
There's at least one reason
why Beverly killed himself,
and that is you.
You think there's any way in hell
that he would've done what he did
if you were still here? No!
Just him and me in this house, alone,
in the dark, abandoned,
wasted lifetimes devoted
to your care and comfort.
Oh, yes, you stick that knife
of judgment in me,
go ahead, but make no mistake,
his blood is just as much
on your hands as it is on mine.
He did this, though.
This is his doing, not ours.
Jeez.
Can you imagine anything more cruel
to make me responsible?
Why?
Just to weaken me,
make me prove my character?
So, no, I waited.
I waited to get
into that safety deposit box.
I would have waited anyway.
You want to show who's stronger, Bev?
Nobody's stronger than me,
goddamn it.
When nothing is left,
when everything is gone,
disappeared...
I'll be here.
Who's stronger now,
you son of a bitch?!
You're right, Mom.
You're the strong one.
Yeah.
Barb?
Barbara?
Oh. Barb?
Barbara?
Oh, Barb!
Barbara!
Barbara, please.
Barbara!
Barbara!
Barbara?
Ivy?
Ivy, you here?
Bev?
Bev?
Johnna?
Johnna?
Johnna?
Johnna?
Johnna?
Oh.
Johnna.
Johnna.
And then you're gone,
Beverly.
And then you're gone.