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Flower

By Alex McAulay

Oh, yeah.
Mm, right there.
Yeah, you got it.
Oh, where'd you learn to
give a hummer like that?
Middle school.
That's funny.
Well, I should
probably split.
Can I drop you
off somewhere?
Mall or...
Aren't we
forgetting something?
Yeah.
Sorry about that.
-Get this.
-Yeah, getting it.
It's only 18 bucks.
I'll--
I'll get you back next time.
I don't think so, buddy.
Hey, what're you doing?
-Quick--
-Smile, Dale.
You are
on candid camera, motherfucker.
I just got head
from a 17-year-old.
Now playing at
a prison near you.
Okay, quit fucking around.
Give me my keys.
I am a cop.
You're going to prison,
you fucking criminal.
Okay,
put the phone down.
We got your
license plate on camera.
You're so fucked.
Okay, that--
That's entrapment.
That won't ever hold up

in a court of law.
We're not taking you to court.
We're just taking your money.
It's only 400 bucks.
Is that all you got
in your bank account?
How much do you
think a cop makes?
Well, that's depressing.
You're a grown ass man.
We ever catch you trolling
for underage pussy again,
I swear to God,
we're uploading
that shit to the Cloud.
Please do no do that.
That shit will spread like HPV.
You fucking... male.
Can I go now, please?
Go. Run along.
Bye, Dale.
Fuck you.
You guys wanna go
to Dairy Queen?
-For sure. Yeah.
Make me the one
In diamond chains
Don't break my heart
Cause I never felt pain
Our souls still young
Yeah we never been through
Hell and back
Tell me that's not you
Keep our eyes upon the sky
Never let the feeling die
Never catch us
In our ride
Ride
We'll never grow up
Our heaven won't change
And our blind hearts
Will never know pain
Living on clouds
Never look down

Till one day we float away
We'll never grow up
We'll never grow up
No not today
And our heaven won't change
Isn't it fun
Having no fear
To love without hurt
It's crystal clear
Keep our eyes upon the sky
Never let the feeling die
When you got me
In your arms
Arms
We'll never grow up
No not today
And our heaven won't change
Eh, Mama, come in here.
Come and tell me hi.
-Hey.
-Hi.
How you feeling,
you little nerd?
Come here.
I need some--
I need love.
-Come here.
-I can't--
-It's a fucking nightmare!
It's like nothing
is penetrating.
The finals are next week,
and I'm so fucked.
Why're you studying
if you don't wan to?
You don't have to.
Sherman's rich.
I mean, he's richer...
and I-- I want to.
This is something
that I want to do,
and now, finally,
I'm with somebody
that is supportive of that.

At least Dad wasn't
some boring loser who
collects old pinball machines.

Can you be
nicer to Bob, please?

Just don't be
so tough on him.

I know he's not cool.

No, he's not.

But he's a good, good person.

He cares about you
very, very much.

I don't want him
in our house, in our space.

It's not just
our space anymore.

-Sorry.

-Mom!

Although, I don't know
what he'd say if he found this.

Where'd you find that?

In the bathroom, last night.

That's what I was
just looking for.

Dude, whatever you do
on your own time,
is totally up to you.

-Okay.

-But you cannot just
leave that lying around.

Sherm would have a fucking
heart attack if he saw this.

-Mom...

-Mm hm.

Do we need to have
another chat with Dr. Demarcia?

No. Dr. Demarcia is
a sexual predator.

He is! Why do you
always do that?

I'm not making it up!

I'm not going back to him.

I just...

Come here...

What?

I just need you to
not freak anybody out tonight.

-Okay.

You're ashamed of me,
or something?

No, I'm not
ashamed of you,
you crazy bitch!

Just, this dinner
is very important.

All right, I just
don't want you to--

You can be scary.

So I just need you
to put it in check.

Okay?

I love you most.

Can you wash your hair
before this evening?

It just smells a little funky.

Bye!

So close!

Why don't you ever buy shit
with the money we make
from these perverts?

I've been saving up.

For what?

I'm going to DeVry, bitch!

98% acceptance rate.

Dream big or go home!

Yo, check it out.

Hot, old guy is back.

He's so hot.

He's old enough
to be your dad.

I'd fuck your dad so hard
if that was your dad.

That's a good thing.

But why is he always here?

Like, he's literally never
not at the bowling alley.

I hope he's not lonely.

Oh, I don't think so.

I feel like his dick
has a tax attorney.
No, his dick could like,
pay off his mortgage.
He's too old, Erica.
I wanna hold his hand.
What're we doing later?
You wanna come
over to my place,
play Mario Kart?
Uh, I would,
but I have to go meet
my future step-brother tonight.
I don't understand.
Your mom's been
with Sherm for a year.
Like, how have you
not met that guy?
'Cause he's been in rehab
this whole time, and now
he's coming to live with us.
Cool. Maybe he's sexy
and on heroin.
Yeah, like Kurt Cobain vibe.
-Okay.
-I want that for you.
I'll see you guys later?
-All right, good luck.
Bye.
I'm so full!
Stop eating that, then.
I'm not gonna touch it.
I won't touch it,
but it's really growing.
Do you see that thing?
It hurts like shit.
Holy shit, is that him?
Damn. He's hot!
Oh, I know.
How hot is he?
That's Shorty.
That's his sponsor.
-No.
Which one is--

Now there's Luke.
in the... That coat.
Okay, you shitting me.
What's the problem?
Mom, why didn't you
tell me that he's that?
-That he's a big boy.
'Cause I knew
you'd be a fucking cunt.
Junkies are
supposed to be skinny.
Shut up.
Just get your shit together.
Hi, guys!
-Hi!
Oh, there he is,
there he is!
Hey, gang.
Erica, can you scoot over?
Erica, please?
-All right. Hey, bud.
Take a seat, Luke.
-Plenty of room. Don't be shy.
You wanna
take that jacket off?
There you go.
Okay...
You okay?
Squeeze in there,
I don't want to get your jacket.
You got to really
squeeze yourself in there.
There we go.
Here we are.
Everybody in?
So nice to meet you finally.
It's really nice
to meet you, Laurie.
Oh, so polite.
So, any special
music requests for DJ Sherm?
-We got some hard rock,
some soft rock.
-You're so funny.

Country...
How about...
Yeah, let's try that.
-Okay.
-That's pretty good.
Here we go.
I love this.
It has a cool...
little rhythm here.
DJ Sherm?
Yes, ma'am.
This music sucks ass.
Is that a good thing?
No.
Yes!
Fair enough.
We'll find something else.
Oh, my God,
it looks so...
A real sophie's choice.
Well, what are you
in the mood for, honey?
Something hot or cold?
Let's start there.
This is, uh,
on the pricey side.
I don't need all these sides.
-We could split apps.
-Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Not that.
So, Erica, you must be
psyched to have an
older brother type in the house
that can turn you on to music
and movies and comic books,
and things like that.
Mm,
totally psyched.
I get to have a complete
stranger living in my home.
-No offense, buddy.
Well, everybody is a
stranger until you
get to know them.

-That's true.
-I mean, just look at you guys.
You hardly
knew each other.
Now, you're like...
-We're best buds.
-Thick as thieves.
Put it up.
-Hi. You guys
ready to order?
Hi. This is the
guest of honor, right here.
Order anything you want
on the menu.
-Uh, not exactly.
-Yes, let him. Just let him.
The doctor has him
on a special diet,
so no processed sugar
or gluten or carbs
or red meat.
And dairy is discouraged.
-But, other than that,
anything you want, cowboy!
-Yes.
Besides that, anything else.
There's a lot of options.
Maybe we could grab some twigs
from that tree outside.
-Ow.
I'll--
I'll just order last.
-Sure, yeah take a second.
-Sure.
-I'll start things off.
-Thank you so much.
Yeah, I was thinking
about the hors d'oeuvres.
You know what's really looking
good to me is the salad.
Oh, yes.
Well, two salad bars
for me and my lady.
Then we can make

our own choices.
-That sounds nice.
Right. Right.
So cute.
I'm gonna look like a girl.
You also
want the salad bar?
I don't want
the salad bar at all.
I want the buffalo wing blasters
with extra butter, bacon, mash,
and an ice-cold mountain dew.
Thank you very much.
Okay, you're up, dude.
Take it.
Get a salad bar?
Okay, all right.
-Luke...
-Or jello...
It's okay.
Jut count to ten.
Just count to ten.
You got it.
Hey, Luke, come on.
You're trained for this now.
Come on, buddy.
Just do the exercises.
Do the work.
Count to ten.
Breathe through the nose.
-It's--
What can
we do, honey?
Mom, what's going on?
-Out through the mouth.
Shit!
Damn it.
He's surprisingly fast.
I think that maybe
you should go after him, honey.
What
'Cause I asked you to.
'Cause it would be kind.
I'll give you ten bucks.

-Fifteen.
-Hey, Laurie.
-Stop it, Bob, this is just--
-Twenty.
Twenty dollars,
and he better come back in.
You're not getting
20 bucks until
he's back here in his chair.
-Better be back here.
-I got it.
It's not an effective strategy.
It's effective for us.
So, that's just...
Dude?
What's up?
Running away from
your new fam already?
Hello?
What?
I just needed some air.
Kinda looked like you were
having a heart attack.
Are you okay?
It's a panic attack.
Why don't you think
of something peaceful, like...
kitten and a baby bear
making out.
-That may--
-Doesn't help.
Didn't help?
Unreal.
It's fine.
I'm used to it, really.
What were you in rehab for?
Pills.
-Oxys, mostly.
-Oh.
So, you like to get low.
I feel you.
I don't do drugs.
People think that's lame...
but fuck them, you know.

Are you okay?
I'm not--
I'm not helping?
Do you want a blowjob?
Like right now?
-Yeah, yeah, yeah.
-Yeah, you seem very tense--
-No.
And I think
it could really help with
-whatever it is
you're going through.
-Stop.
I won't ask. I just--
I'll just blow you.
I like sucking dick.
It's not--
It wouldn't be a burden.
Are you fucking with me?
No, I'm not
fucking with you.
It's not like we're related
or anything, dude.
-Calm down. Here, just--
-Jesus-fucking-Christ!
Just, no, okay?
Fine. I couldn't find
your dick anyway, asshole.
Sorry, that was mean.
And you're probably a virgin,
and you're 16.
Poor boy.
I'm 18.
And you refused
a blowjob from me?
Like, I know you're shy, but...
Oh, you're gay!
-I'm not gay!
Hey, there's nothing wrong
with being gay.
I just don't want a blowjob
from my future step-sister.
What is so hard
to understand about that?

Fuck! Leave me alone!
Okay.
Whatever!
I mean,
he's literally fat as fuck.
No fucking way.
That sucks.
He's also a weird
drug addict and very gay.
You know, if you have
a gay brother,
you get to jack off
to the same porn.
How do you know he's gay?
'Cause I tried to suck his dick
and he turned me down.
That's so fucked up.
He's like,
basically your brother.
I'm not trying to
have sex with him or anything.
I'm not a psychopath.
Oh, my God, babe!
What the fuck?
Yeah. I wasn't gonna
eat that shit anyway.
I'm sure, slut.
Hey, Ali.
Why you such
a fucking bitch?
Erica, I'm having
a lot of trouble
hearing what you're saying
without a dick in your mouth.
I really wanna punch you
in the face right now.
I just don't wanna ruin
those lip injections
that daddy gave you.
At least my daddy
is not in fucking jail.
Shut the fuck up!
Oh, shit.
Get her off me!

Get the fuck off of me.
Fucking psycho!
Momma.
Hey, Mummy.
We need to talk.
It wasn't my fault.
She fucking started it.
-Oh, no, I'm not talking
about that cunt.
-Look!
-Oof.
-Oh, it hurts.
Oh, you gotta keep it lubed up
or else it's gonna scar.
I can't even--
That's disgusting.
Listen...
Bob says you've been
really tough on Luke.
-I need you to apologize.
-Yeah.
I'm not gonna apologize.
What am I, 12 years old?
It's not a question, lady.
I'm telling you
you have to apologize.
Right, and I'm not gonna.
Okay, listen.
-He just got out
of rehab, right?
-I know that.
He's feeling really,
really tender.
-Mm-hm.
-We don't know
what that feels like.
Let's just try
to be human beings.
Bob...
is internalizing his emotions
and I'm feeling
very worried about him.
Stop it, you.
No, focus, please.

I know that this has been
a really, really, really
difficult transition for you,
and I know it's not easy.
I really appreciate everything
that you have been doing.
You're a sweet, sweet girl.
And I need you
to say one thing
-one nice thing to Luke.
For me.
Please. It'll go so far.
Will you give me hair tickles?
-Mm-hm.
Okay.
Practice with me.
Can we come up
with one nice thing
-that we can say
to that human being?
-Yeah.
I'll tell him, um,
that if his plane crashes
into a mountain,
he'll be able to keep
a whole lot of
starving passengers--
-Stop it!
-Ow!
It would just make
my life so much easier--
It looks like he should
smell crazy bad...
-Still not helping.
-But he doesn't.
And...
he has nice eyes.
What!
Did she say
something nice about somebody?
Shh.
Don't tell anyone.
-I'm gonna scream it
to the neighbors...

-and the secret will be out.

[upbeat song

plays in background]

All right, everybody,

hot dogs are ready.

-Come get them

while they're hot.

Hot dogs, hot dogs.

And some steamed carrot dogs

for you, Lukemeister.

Oh, there she is.

Oh, that's what I need.

-Yeah.

-Thank you.

-Cheers.

-Cheers to you.

-Top chef.

-My love.

Got some hot dogs here,

got some buns in the back.

You idiot!

-What!

Why don't you come over here

and do Chef Sherm a solid

and deliver these to Luke.

Okay, I'm coming.

It's all good, huh?

Mm-hm.

Why do I have to do that?

Erica, we talked about this.

You have to be nice to him.

Be nice.

Okay.

-Thank you.

-Thank you.

-That wasn't too bad.

-I got this.

Hello.

The Sherm wanted me

to give these to you.

Great. I'm not that hungry.

Is that your rat?

His name is Titty.

You named your rat "Titty?"

Titty boy. He only eats Cheetos
and his favorite show
is 16 and Pregnant.
I always thought
rats were gross.
Rats are like the most
misunderstood creatures
on earth, okay?
They get blamed
for tons of shit,
like the plague,
which wasn't even their fault.
Gerbils are the ones that
are actually sketchy as fuck.
Wanna go eat some real food?
-Yeah.
-Mm-hm.
-Yeah.
Cool sunglasses.
I like them.
Let's go.
Hi.
Hey.
Where you guys going?
-To go buy some crack.
You know, throw it down.
It's okay. It's okay.
They're not buying drugs, Bob.
-Just let them hang out.
-No, I get the joke.
Oh, my God.
Going to town on that thing,
aren't you! Whoa!
This is like
the first real food
I have had in months.
Don't tell Sherm.
Glad to see you happy, though.
So my therapist says that,
I have a lot of anxiety issues.
Mm-hm.
I get angry a lot.
So, food kinda just
calms me down and makes me

think less of those situations
that I get anxious over.
Sorry I've been
such a rude bitch lately.
Never really had
a brother before.
I don't know
how to act around you.
Also, you and Sherm
are like, in my space and shit,
and I don't really
want you guys there.
I mean, I've never had a sister
who tried to blow me before,
so the feeling's sort of mutual.
Offer still stands, by the way.
I'm trying to pretend
like that never happened.
Dude, you need to loosen up.
I'm serious.
I'm like the dick whisperer.
-I'm extremely gifted.
So you don't mind doing it
to guys who you don't know.
-No.
A dick is just like
a thumb without a fingernail,
if you really think about it.
Aren't you worried
about diseases or--
-No, I'm not.
-Aren't you worried about
people calling you a slut.
I don't care what
other people think about me.
Why you looking
at me like that?
It's not like
I fuck these dudes.
-Yeah.
If a dude goes around
eating a bunch of pussy,
nobody gives a fuck.
Nobody calls him a slut.

Called feminism.
Yeah, no, I get that.
I understand that.
Besides, dude, it's better
for you than eating burgers
and popping pills all day.
I don't pop pills anymore.
When I did, it was the kind
that suppressed your appetite,
not make you eat more.
So are they gonna
send you to fat camp next?
Oh, they tried to
send me to fat camp.
I came back fatter.
Sherm was really pissed.
That's Sherm.
So, what happened to your dad?
My dad's the shit.
Is that all?
He got caught a few months ago
trying to rob a casino, so...
Trial day hasn't hit,
so I'm saving up
to bail him out.
-It's no big.
-Whoa.
-Do you wanna see
what he looks like?
-Yeah.
Don't we kinda look alike?
I mean, it's kind of
a small picture, but yeah.
Oh, my God.
You okay?
What's up?
Just calm-- Luke!
Where are you going?
Luke?
Totally normal way
to end a conversation, bro.
What's up, guys?
Oh, my God.
Just leave me alone, please.

What the fuck are you doing?
Get the fuck out!
Stupid.
So fucking stupid.
Oh, my God, are you okay?
-Don't touch me.
-I'm not gonna touch you.
I'll just, um...
Don't move.
Mom!
Is he okay?
Yeah, just gonna have
a couple of stitches
but other than that,
he should be fine.
Your mom's back there
with him right now.
I know he's kind of messed up
but I feel like he was fine
a few hours ago.
Yeah, well, Luke's, uh...
Luke's a complicated little guy.
There's a lot about him
you don't really know.
Like what?
Uh, just...
Bunch of years ago,
uh, Luke, uh accused
a teacher of, uh,
uh, fondling him.
What!
Touching his penis...
private areas...
and apparently,
Luke thinks
he saw him around town,
but he won't say exactly where.
Okay.
He didn't say whether
it was today or... No?
Well, apparently,
there were some inconsistencies
with Luke's story, and uh,
the police don't

necessarily have the
evidence they need to verify...
They think he was lying.
They don't believe him.
Why would he lie?
I don't know.
It's so fucked up, Sherm.
Yeah, believe you me.
I'll tell you what...
There's nothing I'd rather do
than go over to
this motherfucker's house
in the middle of the night
with some car batteries
and jumper cables,
and go to town
on that motherfucker.
But, you know,
you got to let
the law do its thing.
Anyways...
What we need
to do right now is,
we need to
let Luke know
that we're here for him,
and we love him,
and we're here to support him.
You know, that's all we can do.
That's what we got to be doing.
-Sherm.
You can't smoke in here.
-Oh, shit.
-Yeah, no, no.
I cannot believe
that hot old guy was
a pedo this whole time!
It doesn't make any sense.
He's hot.
Like, he could get
somebody his own age.
-I know!
-I think you're
missing the point.

-I don't know.
No, 'cause, like...
It's not about
who he could get.
Like, obviously
he could get girls.
But he doesn't.
And that's the point.
What are you
even talking about?
What?
We're trying to make
some money, dude.
You can be, like,
a real fun sponge.
If Luke's his type,
what makes you think
he's gonna be into you?
You're not a boy.
Okay, but it's 2016.
Sexuality and gender
are totally fluid concepts now.
Okay, so you're gonna
dress like a boy?
What? No.
Look, how do you know
that he's loaded?
He drives a fucking Saab, right?
Saab's like a mid-range car.
No, it's a European car.
It's a very nice car.
Trust me.
-Okay.
-I'm in.
-Cool. Cheers.
This is good.
Oh, it is good, yeah.
I was craving salad.
Hi, honey.
Do you want me to
real quick, fix you a plate?
We've some
quinoa set up for you.
I'm okay.

Erica, do you think
I could speak with you
in the other room?
Mm-hm, sure.
Ask him if he wants me
to fix him a plate.
What's up, Lukey?
I wanna go
back to rehab. Can--
Can you help me?
Is this about Will Jordan?
How do you know about that?
I mean, you weren't exactly
subtle back there
at the bowling alley, dude.
It doesn't matter.
The point is, I believe you.
I do.
And, I'm gonna help you.
Just forget I said anything.
Can you scoot over?
I need this side
of the bed. Thanks.
I deal with these sleazebags
on the reg, okay?
I know what goes on
in this town
behind closed doors...
and open doors.
What do you have in mind?
The way I see it,
you've got two options here.
You can either
superglue your asshole shut
and spend the rest of your life
running away from this guy
like a little bitch,
or we can bust his pervy ass...
and make the motherfucker pay!
Think about it, okay?
Hm.
I'm taking this.
So, Erica says this is like
your ex-boyfriend or something.

Was it serious?
Yeah, did you go all the way or
did you just make out and stuff?
What the fuck
is wrong with you guys?
He isn't some science project
for you to analyze.
He is a human bean.
"
-Enough!
Guys, nothing's even
gonna happen. Can we
please just get out of here?
No! This is a stakeout.
You didn't think
it actually involved
eating steak, did you?
You're so funny.
My mom keeps texting me.
I should probably go home soon.
Nobody's going anywhere
until we see this guy
molest somebody.
I don't wanna see that.
What, you think he's just
gonna molest someone
right in front of us?
-I don't know!
-I don't think he will.
He's like a pro.
That's what you get
a subterranean dungeon for.
-Yeah.
Totally. Let's get out of here.
I don't believe this shit.
Are you serious?
You guys are bailing
on me already? We've been here
for like two seconds.
Well, it's taco night.
Look, shaking down
a child molester
is like our moral obligation.
We're the only thing standing

between Will Jordan and
a whole town of innocent boys.
If we don't act now,
then other little kids might
get butt-raped
like big Lukey over here.
And 15 years from now,
they'll be popping pills
and eating their feelings, too.
Do you really want that
on your conscience?
No, I don't--
I don't want anyone to be fat.
Fuck me.
-Oh, my God, I'm so sorry.
-It's all right.
-I didn't see you there.
-It's my bad. Sorry.
It's all right.
Just wondering whose dick
I got to suck to get
some cocoa puffs around here.
Know what I mean?
Well, I'm no expert,
but I would imagine
it's not in the freezer isle.
You're so smart.
Do I know you?
No.
Is Sunglass Hut at the mall?
-Cinnabon.
'Cause I don't
work at the mall.
-So, can't help you.
-No, okay.
I know where I know you from.
Where's that?
Bowling alley!
You're hot old guy.
Me and my friends,
we go there all the time.
We've been ogling your goodies
for, like, the last six months.
-Yeah.

Oh, my God. Okay. Thanks.

-It's a compliment.

-Great!

Hey, do you mind
escorting me to the cereal isle?

You want me to escort you
to the cereal isle?

Please.

So, do you have a job
or do you just bowl 24/7?

Yeah, that's me.

Never not bowling.

Actually, my buddies and I
have a league
on Wednesday nights.

And you openly
tell people that?

Well, I tore my ACL.

I can't play basketball.

Not ready to put on
golf pants just yet.

You guys have a team name?

We do. The Gutter-punks.

-Badass, dude.

-Okay.

You know what,
we're league champs
three years running.

-Cool.

-We've even had
our own shirts made.

-Whoa, very cool.

-It is cool.

I know, that's why I said it.

Okay, what do you do for fun?

Watch movies,
listen to music,
worship the devil.

You know,
typical teenage shenanigans.

What kind of music?

Like Justin Beiber and shit?

Some shit.

Do you listen

to Andrea Bocelli?

No, I like hip hop, actually.

Oh, okay.

Well, Macklemore's not hip hop.

Mackle-- No.

-Stuff you've never
even heard of.

-Oh, my God.

Dude, I know way more
about that shit than you do.

-Yes, I do.

-Okay, who's your
favorite rapper?

-Eazy-E, and may he
rest in fucking peace.

-Eazy-E. Oh, my God.

It has nothing to do with that
movie that came out, does it?

Oh, fuck no, okay.

I know every single lyric
to gimme that nut,

-Every single lyric.

-That song is older
than you are.

-My dad.

Your dad?

-That's pretty weird.

Oh, this is your stop.

-Here we are.

-Cocoa puffs.

There they are.

-Thanks.

-You're welcome.

Erica.

-I'm Will.

-Hey.

-All right.

-Okay.

-Bye.

-Bye. See you
at the bowling alley.

Thank you

for using Jail Mail.

-Please leave your message

for inmate-
Ray Vandross.
at the tone.
Hi, Ray. Dad.
It's me. I'm just calling.
I haven't heard
from you in a minute.
Uh, I'm sure you haven't called
'cause you're super busy
doing whatever it is
that you do.
Um... Hey, that business
that I started with my friends,
I just wanna let you know,
we're killing it.
And, I don't wanna
get ahead of myself,
but I think actually I might.
I have enough to bail
your ass out soon, so.
-so... yeah.
I feel like they're gonna
cut me off 'cause I hear
that beeping thing,
but I love you,
and I miss you,
and...
Thank you
for using Jail Mail.
Your call is now complete.
Do you think it's weird
that Will doesn't
have a girlfriend?
Why is that weird?
He's into little boys.
No, but I was just thinking,
if I was a child molester,
I'd for sure have like,
a hot significant other to
cover my tracks and alibi.
You think he's hot?
I don't think he's hot.
He's a fucking pedophile.
Granted...

He does have
a banging ass dad-bod,
but, I mean,
I don't wanna marry the dude.
You've been scrolling
through his photos for
the past hour and a half.
I'm looking for clues.
Don't be so fucking weird.
I'm trying to help you.
I never asked
for your help, Erica.
Unfortunately, you don't
really have a say in the matter.
We're vigilantes, okay.
What would Batman
and Robin do
if they saw the Joker
sticking his finger up
little boys' assholes?
Batman wouldn't be talking
about Joker's banging dad-bod.
Yeah, but Robin would.
-I know your secret.
You're jealous.
-I'm not jealous.
-Yes, you are.
-You're jealous.
You think that--
-No, I'm not.
-You think that I like Will
and it's eating you up inside.
-No.
I'm not fucking jealous
of you wanting to date
a child molester.
I know you want
a piece of this.
Your mouth has like
10,000 venereal diseases, so...
Oh!
I love this song!
Makes me feel like dancing.
You wanna see me dance, Luke?

No, I don't.
Are you sure?
What?
I don't.
It's so fun though.
I guess.
Do you know this song?
Come dance with me.
No? It's a good song.
Do you like that?
One of those?
I don't wanna dance by myself.
It's kinda embarrassing.
Come dance with me.
-I can't.
-Come dance.
Do you like when I do that?
What about like
I-- No.
No? Have you ever
danced with a girl before?
Come on,
you know the answer to that.
Please.
I don't like this music.
Oh, I don't like this music.
I'll play different music.
Come on.
Come here!
Come on. Come on,
come on, come on. Let's go.
[music plays
softly over earphones]
Are you excited
to dance with me?
We'll see.
-Come on.
-You listen to
this kind of music?
-Never thought you'd be
into music like this.
It just came up on--
I didn't pick it.
I saw you double click on it.

Fuck off, dude.
Just dance with me.
Don't be such a dick.
Look at me!
Look at me.
Just that...
You're like, squeezing onto
a fucking giant airplane
right now.
You're pretty hard on yourself.
You can grab me.
I'm not gonna break.
I lost my dream
I lost my reason all again
It's not just me for you
I have to look out too
I have to save my life
I need some peace of mind
I am the only one now
I am the only one now
I am the only one now
You may not be around
You may not be around
Hi!
-Oh, Jesus!
-You scared the shit out of me.
-I'm sorry.
-I didn't mean to scare you.
-Yeah.
I forgot that guys your age
have a higher risk
of stroke and heart failure.
Are you gonna teach me
how to bowl or what?
You hang out here and
you don't know how to bowl?
Yeah, I'm in high school, idiot.
What else am I gonna do?
Well, maybe another time.
I was hoping to get in
a few frames before they close.
My name is Will
and I was hoping to get in
a few extra frames

before they close.
Come on.
All right.
All right, straighten your wrist
and point your thumb
at the center pin there.
Not bad.
That ball was
way too heavy for me.
Well, let's get you
a lighter ball then.
Here you go.
Now, you want
to roll the ball.
You don't throw the ball.
Okay?
So, I'm gonna
have to adjust you.
You need to...
You have to
square your hips, okay?
Ready?
Now you're gonna
take some steps here.
Now step forward,
while pulling your arm back.
Now, swing your arm forward,
lower your hips,
keep stepping forward.
Ready?
I got them!
Good.
-I did it.
-See, you did it right.
What do I win?
My part in the Gutter
Can I have a shirt?
Well, you win
a series of points
up there on the board.
-You don't win an object.
But you get... See...
There you go.
That's your score.

That's yours.
I thought this was
like Skee-ball for losers.
Why the fuck
does anyone play this?
It's a good question.
Let's go play arcade games.
What do you think
is happening in there?
I don't know.
I'm hungry. Let's go eat steak.
What the fuck?
Whoa! Oh, my God, we got him!
Okay, well, it was fun
hanging with you.
You're not gonna
drop me off at home.
Why would I do that?
Don't you know what happens
to 17 year old girls who walk
home alone at night in the rain?
If I get kidnapped
and trapped in some guy's
basement for 30 years,
-totally your fault.
-All right, okay.
-I'm serious.
-All right, all right, okay.
Okay.
-Yup.
Okay, here we go.
-Two...
-Okay, you go first,
you go first.
-Three.
Oh, my God.
Shit, where's my phone?
Got it.
Oh, my God.
Hurry up.
It's so cold!
Fuck.
Oh, my God.
Fuck!

Oh, man!
Like, what!
-Good lord.
-Oh, shit, it's fucking...
-It'll warm up. It'll warm up.
Kala, can you
scrub the window?
I can't see shit.
Oh.
Are you okay?
You seem really tense.
No, I'm good.
Yeah, yeah.
Cool.
Oh, God.
-Yeah, a little.
It's kinda gross, but...
Oh, it's okay.
I don't need that.
It'll do the trick.
Here. Here!
What the fuck!
Why's she doing that?
Do you see this?
She's like
totally into it.
She's making out with him.
-Hey, hey, hey, hey--
-Sorry.
I'm sorry.
I was-- That didn't--
I just freaked out.
I don't...
What are you doing?
-Giving you a blowjob.
-Stop it!
-Whoa!
Here, I'll call you a cab
and get you out of here.
-I don't want--
-Just take all of this.
Oh, you really know how to
make a girl feel special.
I can find my own way home.

Asshole.
What was that all about?
Dude, what happened back there?
Like, you were about to close.
That was super weird.
I literally don't know
what that perv's deal was.
Everything was going
according to plan, and then
he just got weird with me.
You were making out like
you were on a date in his Saab.
I've never seen you
do anything like that before.
Probably 'cause
she's in love with him.
Fuck you.
I am not.
He kissed me.
-You kept kissing him
after he kissed you.
-No, I stopped!
He freaked out.
He was being fucking weird.
I agree.
Okay, so then,
what's the plan?
I want our money.
What if we break in
and tie him up?
Cool... Like dom him.
Like he's out little bitch.
I like that a lot.
What if we slip
some drugs in his food
while he's not looking?
That's a good idea.
Drugs... Like what drugs?
Roofies?
That's a fucking great idea.
-That is a horrible idea.
-We can roofie him.
knock his ass out, right.
So then, once he's out,

we all strip down, not you,
take some sexy pictures, and
then extort his ass for cash.
Like literally, like, yeah.
But, who do we know
has roofies?
All right.
Here you go,
just a little bit.
-Okay.
-Just a little.
-Just a little.
-Easy...
-That's not a little.
-Jesus!
Sorry.
-It's too much.
He's not gonna
drink the whole thing now.
-Okay.
-Go get him, my girl.
Wish me luck.
-Bye.
-Okay.
Surprise!
What are you doing here?
I'm not stalking you
or anything.
I just--
I came by
to say I'm sorry.
It got weird
the other night and, uh...
I didn't bring your sweatshirt.
Um, as you can probably tell,
I have major daddy issues.
Yeah, um...
You know what,
I feel like I'm actually
the one who should apologize.
I never should have put you
in that position.
-Well, that's...
-We're both sorry.

-So...

Let's start over, as friends.

Yeah, sure. Why not?

I got you a dope-ass mix.

Thought maybe I could
bring your music tastes
into the 2000s.

Fingers crossed.

Dope

You gonna let me in or...

-I...

I don't think that's
the greatest idea, Erica.

Come on.

One beer to bury the hatchet.

One beer, then I'll go. Promise.

All right.

Just one beer

and I gotta like...

Well, fucking have half a beer.

-Half a beer.

-Half a beer, okay.

Where should--

Do you have a fridge
that I could...

-Yeah, right in the--

-Nice house.

Where's your bottle opener?

The drawer to the right
of the stove.

Found it!

Here you go.

Cheers.

If anyone asks, you did not
get that from me, okay?

Okay, Dad.

Okay, speaking of...

Do your parents
ever wonder where you are?

Not really, no.

My mom's busy with
her new boyfriend
and my dad's in jail.

How did he get there?

He got caught
being awesome in a casino.
He should be getting out
any day now, though.
You know,
my dad wasn't
really around either.
Seems like no one
stays together anymore.
I'll drink to that.
No?
[music continues
playing on stereo]
Who's that
Uh, that is my ex-wife, Brenda.
I propose a new toast.
"People sticking together."
What do you think?
Sure, I'll drink to that.
Okay, here we go.
Hm, beer's kinda skunky.
Yeah, it's the only beer
I could afford.
It's gonna taste like piss.
Where did you get this?
Ninety-nine cent store.
-I'm sorry.
You can't get beer
at the 99 cent store.
-I can and I did.
-Geez.
What, are you going
to Paris or some shit?
That was given to me
by the aforementioned Brenda.
Why the fuck
would you keep it?
To remind me
how much I hate her.
Just kidding. Kind of.
Why'd you split up?
That is a... long story.
-We got nothing but time.
-No.

Complicated.

Man, come on, tell me.

You can't say it's complicated
and not tell me.

Uh...

Well, a few years ago,
I was teaching middle school
in Woodland Pines.

You were-- That's...

A teacher? Okay, I didn't know
that you were a teacher.

Yeah, I was also
girl's basketball coach.

Oh.

Regional champs,
three year running.

Go, Roadrunners!

So, what happened?

-Well, I got fired.

Some fucking punk...

accused me of molesting him.

-Wow.

-Yeah.

You would be shocked
what a molestation accusation
does to a

perfectly fine marriage.

Did you do it?

No, I didn't do it.

Of course, not.

Kid was a pathological liar.

He never even got
his story straight.

It was like a desperate cry
for attention or something.

-That's messed up.

-Yeah.

Yeah, it is.

And the fucking...

The judge threw
the whole case out.

I mean, he had no evidence.

But still, I lose my job,

I lose my wife.

I lose my fucking dog.
My dog!
She never walked that dog.
I walked that dog.
Any idea what it's like
to walk around
in 100% shame
seven days a week,
365 days a year,
I am a fucking nobody.
So now,
I'm in this house by myself.
And you know,
what, I'm drinking terrible beer
with a 17-year-old.
I mean no offense,
but... Jesus!
My life is awesome.
Dude, stop.
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop.
Oh, shit.
I'm so sorry.
I don't know
why I did that.
I must have
tourette's or something.
Are you okay?
-I don't really--
-Dude, stop.
-Fuck!
My friends and I thought
you were a pedophile
so we were gonna drug you
and take your money,
-but it was
one big misunderstanding.
-I'm sorry.
What the fuck?
What just happened?
-You were in trouble.
-I don't know if I was.
Oh, my God, look at him.
I mean, he's really fucked up.
Okay, let's pick him up.

Erica, snap out of it.
Come on!
-Ow!
-Jesus!
Oh, my God.
Okay, yeah that's good.
All right, let's do this.
Okay, Luke,
take five over there.
Corner.
-Got it.
Put it in...
Like on your tits or something.
Yeah, like that.
Yeah, that's good.
Gorgeous. I love it.
Sit next to him.
Yeah, get on top of him.
I like that.
Yeah, touch each other.
Like that, perfect.
You look so into it.
Can you see his face?
A little bit up.
Yeah.
You get it?
No, I'm trying
to find the right filter.
Dude, just take
the fucking picture.
All right, bitch.
I'm trying to make
you look good.
Take the picture!
Perfect, we got it.
That's it.
Let's get out of here.
Wait, we're just gonna
leave him like that?
Let's just-- Let's just
get out of here. Come on.
Let's just-- Luke, let's just
get out of here.
Guys, his breathing

is really shallow.
What do you mean?
-Not that much.
You guys, come on,
seriously, we're leaving.
He just needs to
sleep it off, dude.
He'll be fine by the morning.
Plenty of people
take roofies recreationally.
-No. That's not right.
-Yes.
Dude, you said
he was a child molester.
He raped you
and he got away with it.
So...
Right?
Yeah.
Let's get the fuck out of here.
Okay, so what's our alibi?
We were at my house
watching Netflix,
then making a vision board.
-Okay.
-Hey, what should
we do with that?
What the fuck is that shit?
-That was not
part of the plan!
-We got bored!
-Oh, my God.
-We thought it was funny.
Uh, the police are here.
They wanna have
a word with you.
I'm sleeping.
There's cops here, Erica.
I'm tired.
Get up. Get up.
This is not
fucking around time!
Jesus!
Sorry, Bob.

-Bob, get out of my room.

-I'm sorry.

All right, here she is.

She's agreed to cooperate.

-Miss Vandross.

Sit down.

Have a seat, please.

We just wanna
ask a few questions.

Okay.

Where were you last night?

With my friends.

Doing what?

Buying tampons.

Like, what's it to you?

-Erica.

Well, the reason we're asking is
there's a man named Will Jordan
who had his garage vandalized.

His neighbor said

she saw a heavy-set young man,
and a girl

who fit your description

leaving the scene of the crime.

I don't know

what you're talking about.

What?

What did Will Jordan say to you?

We don't know what he said.

We haven't been

able to contact him yet.

How about you, big guy?

You have anything

you want to tell me?

Now Luke, just tell

the officer what's going on.

Did she make you

do anything, sweetheart?

Nope.

So, is that it?

Yup, but just know,

we will be back.

Vandalism is

a very serious crime.

Absolutely.

We got an open line here.

Let's go.

Whatever we can

do to help, we're here

-to support you.

-Thank you, sir.

Thank you.

Maybe we should go

and make sure he's okay.

-Erica, okay...

-Hi.

-Oh, honey.

What's wrong?

Is there anything

you need to tell me?

No.

Are you gonna

just stand there

and lie to my face?

I'm not lying to you.

I have no idea

what he's fucking talking about.

Erica...

I'm gonna give you

one more try.

What the fuck is going on?

-Nothing--

-There, you just did it again.

-You just lied

right in my face again.

No, I didn't.

I have been

swallowing so much

of your bullshit for so long.

-So long!

-But--

You're just gonna

stand here and fucking

lie right to my face.

This is not part of

the fucking deal that we made!

I am not lying to you.

I am not fucking lying to you.

Hey! You don't
talk to your mother that way.
Oh, no, no, no.
So, you guys are
teaming up behind my back?
Yeah, yeah.
'Cause I need fucking help.
'Cause I can't
do this by myself anymore!
You do not get to
fucking team up on me.
You do not get to do that.
You're just here
to fuck my mom
and eat our food,
-and I don't
fucking like it anymore.
-Hey!
-I'm sorry, Bob.
You can talk to me
that way all day long,
but I'm not gonna have you
talk to your mom that way,
you hear me?
You don't fucking parent me.
You are not my father, dude.
Your dad fucking left
and I got to do it by myself.
I got to do it
fucking by myself,
and I fucked up.
I obviously fucked up.
I don't know what to do.
I have given it all to you.
I cannot hold on
to anybody 'cause
you scare them all away!
Everybody!
You're just a cruel,
fucking, selfish twat!
You have scared away
every man that has ever
shown any interest in me.
And you cannot

do it with this one.
I won't let you.
'Cause he's good.
I'm done. I'm done.
Thank you.
Thank you for everything, Mom.
I can't.
I just can't.
Laurie, baby...
Are you all right?
Stupid.
You coming?
What are we even
gonna say to him?
I don't fucking know.
"Sorry for drugging you.
Here's your sweatshirt."
Will?
Will?
Will?
Will?
Oh, my God.
Do you feel anything?
Okay...
Erica...
What do we...
What the fuck do we do?
We're so fucked.
Um...
Let's, uh...
Um...
What are you doing?
-I'm getting us out of here.
It's only a matter of time
before the cops
figure out who did this, Erica.
Okay, so what about
Kala and Claudine?
We're just gonna leave them?
We're just gonna go?
Claudine's gonna sell you out.
She's never gonna
hold up under questioning.
What about our parents?

Like, what about my fucking mom?
You can send them a letter
once we've made it to Mexico.
Mexico?
You sound like a psycho, Luke.
Erica, look at me.
You're getting in this car,
and we're going. Now!
Hey, mama,
are you in there?
I'm sorry about earlier.
Lady?
You know what,
I'm just gonna come in.
I'm sorry, I'm busting.
Bob, honey...
Have you seen--
Wait, Bob?
What the fuck, Bob?
Honey, what...
Oh, my God!
So, you say
your son was in rehab?
That's correct.
Okay, for about how long?
About a year,
give or take.
Okay, now,
in the letter he says
"he kidnapped your daughter
and was running away to Mexico."
Do either or you
know anyone in Mexico?
Uh, well...
There's a cleaning lady
that comes every other week.
Uh, her name's...
-I don't think that's
what he-- No.
-Rita.
Um, was there anything
missing from the house?
Any jewelry or valuables?
Her clothes, a lot...

She took some of here...
of her cute clothes,
and she has a notebook...
-and her pet rat.
-Yeah.
Just so I'm sure I understand.
They came in,
took the rodent
and the notebook,
trashed the kitchen,
and took off.
Uh,
full disclosure
on the mess here,
uh, I smashed up the kitchen.
I read the note and
just started punching stuff.
Head up, guys.
We got a 10-54 down the street.
What the hell's a 10
It's okay, it's okay.
I'm gonna throw up.
I don't understand
how this happened.
We were just
gonna take pictures.
The whole thing
was an accident.
It wasn't murder.
Will deserved it.
Right?
You tell me
that he deserved it.
Yes!
Yes.
Ab-- Absolutely.
I mean, I guess so. I...
What do you mean,
"I guess so"?
Are you okay?
No. I'm not okay.
I'm obviously not okay.
Are you okay?
Are you a sociopath?

You lied to me,
and an innocent man
is fucking dead 'cause of us!
Listen, we can't stay here.
We got to go.
Oh, no, no, no.
There's no-- There's no...
There's no "We"
in this anymore.
I'm not going
anywhere with you.
I didn't lie--
I didn't lie.
Okay, I did. It's--
-It's complicated, Erica.
Did he touch your dick or not?
He didn't touch me.
I saw him touching
someone else!
That's the fucking truth.
There...
There was this girl
at my school...
She must have been 12...
maybe 13.
I was going back
to get a textbook,
and I saw him...
He had his hand...
He was--
He was a bad guy, Erica.
He was a fucking creep.
I was the only person who knew.
And...
she was scared.
She was really scared.
She didn't wanna tell anyone.
I was invisible.
No one knew me.
It's not like
I had a ton of friends.
Figured if, even if it didn't
happen to me, I could...
keep it from happening

to someone else.
I don't know.
You probably hate me
but that's the truth.
I don't hate you.
I just puked.
I don't care.
Where are we?
Oh.
How did you know
where he was?
So, I kinda went through
your notebook.
last night when you were asleep.
-Oh.
-Figured you might wanna
pick him up
on our way to Mexico.
Okay... How do you expect?
We don't have enough money.
We didn't get
the rest of the money.
Holy shit!
Where did you get this, Lukey?
Sherm was saving up
for a new Les Paul
or something stupid.
This is Sherm's?
He's gonna fucking kill you.
Oh, well, you know.
-Oh, my God.
-Live and let die.
Okay!
I look like shit.
Do I look like shit?
-No, you look great.
Uh-huh.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
-Go.
-Okay, I am.
Next.
-Hello.
Yes, I'm here

to bail out my old man.
Are you a
licensed bail bondsman?
Shit, no, I'm his daughter.
-Cash.
-Do you want me
to give you the cash now?
Hold on to that.
Last name?
Vandross.
V-A-N-D-R-O-S-S.
Vandross, mm-hm.
Is that Raymond Vandross?
Well, it says here he was
released three days ago.
Nope. That's not possible.
Well, it says it right here.
Did he leave a number?
Did he say
where he was going or...
Could you tell me who--
Who bailed him out?
Well, I'm not allowed to release
that kind of information.
Is there anything else
I can help you with?
Next.
Hey, that was fast.
How'd it go?
Fucking awesome.
-Yeah.
It's fucking awesome.
Well, is he coming?
Uh, he's gonna come later.
He's gonna meet up with us...
in a bit.
All right, let's go.
Okay.
Are you sure
everything's okay?
-Yes. Everything's great.
Let's go.
Why you being weird?
If anything happened,

you can talk to me about it.
No. I said I'm fine.
All right. Okay.
You know what?
Fuck this shit.
Fuck Mexico.
Fuck my dad.
Let's go home.
I mean it.
I don't wanna run.
I don't wanna spend
the rest of our lives
looking over our shoulder
every five minutes,
and living in fear.
I wanna go home.
We can make up
some story to explain
why we did what we did.
We can figure that out.
But, I want us to go home.
Okay, let's go home.
Do you think
that's for us?
Yeah, I think so.
Okay, can this thing
go any faster?
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Should I pull over?
Do you understand
if they catch us
before we turn ourselves in,
we are fucked!
-I don't know.
I don't know
what the fuck to do.
Go faster. Just go faster.
I'm going as fast
as this fucking thing can go!
Fuck!
Luke, turn here, turn here.
I think we lost him.
-Okay.

Erica, I need to
tell you something.
Okay, well,
now's not really
the fucking time.
I know, I know.
But I don't know when's
the next chance I'm gonna get
-to tell you this.
-No, Luke.
I think you're funny
and you're cool.
-All right, Luke...
-And delicate,
When I'm with you,
I just don't wanna
be anywhere else.
What
I'm not good
at things like this, but...
I think I love you.
I love you.
-No!
I seriously fucking love you.
Fuck it!
Can I tell you something?
Sure.
Okay. I've never
actually done that before.
Really?
Yeah, really.
That was weird.
-No.
-No, in...
-No.
-In a good way.
Yeah, that was... Wow.
I can't believe
we just had sex.
-Are you sure you don't
want us to go in with you?
No, I'm okay.
I love you.
-Thanks, Sherm.

-Bye.

-Hi!

-Hi!

Hey!

-I'm fine.

-It's not that bad.

-No. Yeah.

To tell you the truth,
I just play video games
and watch TV all day.

Sounds good to me.

And it's all from
like, ten years ago,
so it kinda sucks, but...

Mario Kart, though, right?

-Nope.

Smash Bros?

-Mm-mm.

-Damn.

So, how's the Sherm?

The Sherm?

He's still-- pretty pissed,
I'm not gonna lie.

He's also a little
weirded out by the whole
"Us having sex" thing,
but you know,
he'll get over it.

-I think.

You know,

my lawyer says that

I have a really good case.

After all those girls
came forward about Will.

-Crazy.

-Yeah.

You're a hero.

Now you're my hero.

I never got to say thank you.

Thank you.

For saving my ass.

I basically owe

my whole life to you.

I'm serious.

Don't mention it.
How are you?
What's going on?
I'm good. I'm so--
I'm glad to see you...
and I...
Cut a deal with the DA
in exchange for my
home movie collection.
So...
I'm about to start
my nine months house arrest.
I have a few years' probation.
And they're still, like,
figuring out logistics,
but, um...
I got this
sick new ankle bracelet.
I'm gonna bedazzle
the fuck out of that shit!
-Mm-hm.
You look really hot.
I lost ten pounds.
Fucking shit!
Ten pounds in a month?
Food here isn't terrific.
Two minutes.
Oh, my God, okay.
I have a surprise.
You ready yet?
-All right.
-Wait, let me find it.
It's you!
Wow.
Are you sure it's mine?
Of course, it's yours.
I'm a one-dick gal these days.
This is the sound
Of your heart
The sound of your heart
It sounds lonely
I think we're drifting apart
We're drifting apart
Ever so slowly

Fade away
Fade away, my love
Fade away
Till you're out of sight
Out of sight
The sound of my heart
The sound of my heart
The sounds of me
It feels like
I'm falling apart
I'm falling apart
Ever so slowly
I've got to
Fade away
Fade away, my love
I've got to
Fade away
Till I'm out of sight
Out of sight
This is the kind of love
That never goes out of style
'Cause baby I know
That you'll always
Be waiting
And I'll always
Want to come back
This is the kind of love
That never goes out of style
'Cause baby I know
That I'll always
Be waiting
And you'll always
Want to come back
Oh, let us fade away
Fade away, my love
We've got to
Fade away
Till we're out of sight
Out of sight