



Scripts.com

# The Hanging Garden

By Thom Fitzgerald

Get your roots.  
Just get your roots.  
All right, go.  
Sweet William...  
May.  
June. Birthday's in June, right?  
That's how you got your name.  
Common rosemary, autumn.  
Autumn, when?  
October, right? Go!  
- Dauntless iris, end of May or June.  
- All right.  
- Whiskey Mac, spring.  
- Right.  
Herb-of-grace, spring and early summer.  
Violet, July.  
Fletcher, late summer.  
Mountain laurel, September.  
- August.  
- August.  
Dusty millers...  
- What was it?  
- All summer.  
Black-eyed Susan...  
- I don't know.  
- Forget it!  
- Basil...  
- I said forget it.  
I said roots!  
- Give me that!  
- No!  
I'm sorry, Willy.  
I didn't mean to hit you. I'm sorry.  
Come on, we'll get you some ice cream.  
Obedience, August.  
Aphrodite...  
fall.  
Virginia creeper, never.  
Black-eyed Susan, all summer.  
Red hot poker...  
all summer.  
Baby tears, September.  
Violet! Come here!  
What're they doing now?

Everyone's watching Basil play.  
And the priest is drinking with Daddy.  
- Any sign of him?  
- No.  
Everybody's waiting.  
They can wait.  
- Rosemary?  
- Mom.  
- Violet, let's get your dress on.  
- I don't want to.  
Go get ready. Shut that fucking dog up.  
- It's your dog.  
- Get out of here!  
Now, Violet.  
I don't want to be a goddamn flower girl!  
You going to tell her?  
I ain't starting without him.  
Mom!  
Open the door!  
It's Grace.  
Mom, are you deaf, or what?  
Hello.  
Violet would like to say hello to you, too.  
Did you take your pill last night?  
I asked you to take your pill last night  
because today is going to be very hectic.  
Are you coming down?  
Do you remember that your granddaughter's  
getting married today?  
Do you remember  
that your grandson is coming home today?  
Do you want to pin on your hat?  
Fuck me.  
If that son of a bitch ain't dead,  
I'm going to kill him.  
Get out of the fucking way!  
Love-lies-bleeding...  
summer.  
Get rid of the fucking umbrella.  
Take this.  
Fuck!  
Okay, go! No, I've got to get my skirt up!  
- Go ahead.  
- Give me those.

- Get ahead of me, go!  
- Come on.  
Honey, wait a minute, hold it.  
I've got to back up.  
Could you back up just a little? A step?  
We are gathered, this day...  
to witness the joining of a man...  
and a woman...  
in holy matrimony.  
Before the eyes of God...  
this is a sacred vow...  
the genesis of a new family.  
There are no boundaries  
to that commitment...  
Finally, you fucker!  
...for family transcends time...  
transcends place...  
transcends life and death.  
The bond you make today...  
...is not only important to both of you.  
Marriage is a celebration of God's love...  
...that you feel for Christ.  
This bond of love...  
and trust and fidelity...  
is not only important to you...  
and to your families  
and to your community...  
and to your future children...  
but this vow is important to God, Himself.  
I do!  
...to pass on His blessed spirit  
to your children...  
and your grandchildren...  
Mom, nobody asked you.  
Nana.  
...take Rosemary  
to be your lawfully wedded wife...  
to love, honor and cherish...  
in sickness and in health,  
as long as you both shall live?  
- Fletcher?  
- Yeah.  
By the power vested in me,  
I now pronounce you...

Friend of the bride?

Fuck right off.

- You look good.

- You, too.

Come here!

- Help me with this fucking dress, will you?

- Bye.

Congratulations,

quite a catch you got there.

Hold up this end,

or I'm going to soak my panties.

I've been drinking like a camel today.

Jesus.

That feels good.

I'm going to burn a fucking hole

in this thing.

You must feel

like you're in the twilight zone.

- Your husband's coming on to me.

- I'll divorce the fucker!

Are you scared?

I don't have to be scared

with you to protect me, do I?

- Fuck off! I was never like that!

- You were.

Always made me look like the stupid one.

You are the stupid one.

Give me some toilet paper.

- I can't believe Pete's still alive.

- I know. Here, hold my smoke.

It's the saddest thing. Jesus.

Been bumping his head

on the same fucking spot...

for the past two years.

Jesus, you're skinny.

I thought the measurements you told

your sister must have been all wrong...

so I got the big size.

I had no idea you'd...

You look very handsome...

Maybe a little thin, you know.

- You haven't been sick?

- I'm fit as a fiddle, Mom.

There's food. There's cold cuts

and all kinds of desserts.

I'm fine.

You have to have something.

You must be starving, after such a long trip.

Hello.

So, you're my brother.

- I guess.

- You're not fat.

- No.

- Where you been?

I've been away, in the big city.

- Must keep you busy.

- It does.

- Pleasure to meet you.

- It's a pleasure to meet you, too.

What's his name?

Violet.

- Anything else I should know?

- It's not funny.

I'll get you a sandwich.

Willy!

- Hi, Poppy.

- Give your father a hug.

I can't believe you're here.

You're cold.

I guess I'm hot.

Why, Sweet William!

I remember you when you were only...

- this big.

- Hi, Aunt Laurel.

Where'd you leave the rest of you,  
in your suitcase?

Mac, he's just beautiful.

- No thanks to you, you goddamn slut.

- Don't start with me today.

Why don't you mind your own business  
and leave him alone!

You want to interfere  
in someone's business...

- Poppy, it's Rosie's wedding day.

- You shut up!

You want to stick your nose  
in somebody's business...

you can just take a good long suck

on my arse.

- You got it?

- You prick of misery.

Mac...

your bottle is empty.

Sucker.

Bitch.

Ladies on the left, gents on the right.

Violet, you'll miss the bouquet.

Give me that!

Maizie O'Shea, you better get out of there.

You're not allowed

to catch any more bouquets.

At least, not till you get your divorce!

Okay, let's go.

Who's going to be married next?

Who's going to be the lucky one?

That's a bitter first taste

of married life, isn't it?

Better find her a man before she comes to.

All the gents in their spots,

shove it along, now.

I think you've done enough damage

for one day.

- It was your idea.

- You did it first!

You're supposed to know better.

Idiot.

Where'd it go?

Shit!

Jesus.

William caught it!

William caught the headband!

Violet! Get out

of the fucking street, you idiot!

We could've cracked

your fucking head open!

Fuck you.

That's exactly right, fuck me.

Take him in and clean him up.

Poppy.

He should've been on time.

There's no reason

he couldn't have been on time.

It's okay.

You're okay.

So, what do you do, now?

I'm a waiter, and when I can,  
I sing jingles on the radio.

Sorry.

- Jingles?

- Commercials.

Sing me a jingle.

My biggest gig so far has been...

W-98 FM

Radio

But there's two other people  
singing it with me.

They play it every 20 minutes, or something.

Mostly, I'm a waiter.

- Look, she's dreaming of me.

- I'll make some tea.

I never looked at the room from up here.

It's a lot different.

Be different if you were tall.

Nobody's that tall.

Magic Johnson.

- I thought I had some of that weird tea.

- Regular's fine.

There's a whole cake left.

I gave Rosemary your room...

but you've got all kinds of stuff  
in the basement.

Just take what you want.

Great, I can use my old T-shirts  
as bed sheets.

I've been taking care of your things  
for 10 years.

I just want you to look around,  
and if there's anything that you want...

I want you to take it with you.

That's why I kept your things  
in the first place.

Otherwise, I could have got rid of them.

Can he even see?

Sometimes.

Why don't you have him put down?

I've been trying



to have him put down for a year.  
Your father won't do it.  
All it is to me is suffering.  
All those years he knew not to shit the floor.  
Now, he can't help it.  
But he knows he's not supposed to.  
He feels bad about it, you can tell.  
The expression on his face when  
you come home and he's shit the floor.  
No one punishes him anymore.  
He just feels bad.  
What about Nana?  
They don't let you put down old people.  
I don't think she's got dying on her mind.  
Known that woman for 30 years.  
Never seen her happier.  
- Alzheimer's?  
- Yeah. About five years ago...  
caught her in the middle of the night  
taking the stove apart...  
trying to put out the pilot light.  
Convinced we were all  
going to burn in our sleep...  
if she didn't put out the pilot light.  
Ruined the stove.  
Took her to the doctor's.  
Said she was in the middle stage of it.  
I felt bad.  
Should've had her in there years ago.  
But who could tell?  
I thought she was just getting old.  
You didn't have any cake.  
I didn't have any because I don't want any.  
Milk?  
No.  
- Sugar?  
- No.  
Do you have to starve yourself?  
No more than I had to gorge myself, before.  
You were never fat when you were little.  
And you never ate that much.  
That was the weird thing.  
Not when you could see me.  
There was nothing you could do about it.

Nobody could make me be skinny.  
It was one thing you couldn't make me be.  
Felt good.  
- That felt good, looking like that?  
- I didn't care how I looked.  
I wasn't going anywhere.  
Nothing fit me, anyway.  
Being fat meant  
I didn't have to play any sports.  
I didn't have to have any fights.  
I didn't have to have a girlfriend.  
So, you were fat because of me.  
No, if you'd had a different son,  
he would have been skinny.  
I am skinny.  
You have a friend now?  
Yes.  
What's his name?  
Dick.  
His name is Dick.  
What does your Dick do?  
Computers.  
Do you love him?  
Funny, that's what he says.  
Yes...  
I love Dick.  
And you're not unhappy anymore?  
I'm very happy.  
Happy enough.  
I thought I would never see you again.  
I thought you hated me.  
I love you.  
Of course I love you.  
I've never heard you tell Poppy  
you love him, but I know you do.  
Don't tell me that I love him,  
because you know I don't.  
Then why do you stay here?  
This was our house, goddamn it,  
yours and mine.  
And your sister's, and now Violet's.  
If I could have given you this on my own,  
I would have.  
How am I supposed to pay the rent?

If I didn't have you kids, I'd be...  
I'd be somewhere warm, at least.  
Sorry to have been a burden.  
Your father used to cry  
every year on your birthday.  
Poor guy!  
He blames me for you. Me and Laurel.  
He'd have let the garden die  
if I hadn't tended...  
You think everything would die  
if you didn't take care of it.  
I'm sorry.  
The place looks very nice.  
It's like I never left.  
All you gotta do is back up.  
Blessings, all summer.  
- How much for this sea gull?  
- You can have that.  
- Really? How about these two blue jays?  
- Those would be \$2.  
Those belong to my daughter.  
- How much for the doll?  
- \$2.80.  
Grow.  
Why can't she eat with the rest of us?  
- I didn't ask her why.  
- That's bullshit.  
- Did you water the garden yet?  
- Not yet.  
Get your fat ass out there  
and water it before you sit at the table.  
She's 68. She can eat where she wants.  
Don't bring her another plate upstairs.  
- Gonna get goddamn mice in the house.  
- Give me a break.  
If she wants to eat,  
she can come to the table like the rest of us.  
- This isn't a nursing home.  
- She doesn't like to climb the stairs.  
Why not give her our room?  
We'll sleep upstairs.  
- No! Goddamn it.  
- Why not?  
I want my privacy!

Listen to yourself. She's your mother.  
That's right. I used to follow her rules.  
Now she follows mine.  
Then you can help her down the stairs.  
Too goddamn bad, isn't it?  
- Too bad for everyone but you.  
- Too bad.  
- I thought I told you to water the garden.  
- I just did.  
Jesus Christ.  
How did you water the garden  
in 30 seconds?  
I just did.  
Say something.  
Don't you goddamn lie to me.  
Go on upstairs and wash.  
Water the garden right after supper.  
- Quiet!  
- Why, you gonna hit me?  
Kids, supper's ready!  
Is there gravy or something?  
I've got something for you, Nana.  
- You've been crying.  
- No, I was watering the plants.  
The big jerk.  
I brought you a present.  
It's a little beat up, though.  
What's that? My back.  
It's a sea gull!  
My goodness, I didn't know what it was!  
- Where'd you get it?  
- MacDougal had another yard sale.  
He gave it to me. Do you like it?  
He just wants to talk to people.  
Have you seen my porcelain penguin  
that was here?  
- No.  
- Who would've taken it?  
- Maybe you put it down somewhere else.  
- I know where my things belong.  
Somebody took that penguin.  
And that's not all.  
I had a whole set of these ducks.  
Four of them.

Now I've only got one.  
Rosemary gave me these ducks  
one Christmas...  
when you was just little kids.  
You was just a baby.  
Damn it.  
How am I going to remember  
that Christmas?  
My first Christmas in this house.  
How am I supposed to remember that?  
I lose things in this house all the time.  
Maybe Mom knows where it is.  
I'm going to have to hide my things  
in my own room.  
My good things.  
I'll put it in this drawer.  
Laurel was here...  
your Aunt Laurel.  
That's when the ducks disappeared.  
What is Aunt Laurel going to do  
with your freaking ducks?  
Get dressed, I wanna get out of here.  
- Where you going?  
- There's a stupid dance at school.  
You're going to a dance?  
Dear God in Heaven.  
- Now, you know how to count to six?  
- What?  
If you're going to kiss a boy, you got to  
count to six while you're doing it.  
And then stop. After six, it's a sin.  
- You got pockets?  
- Yeah.  
- You carrying your protection with you?  
- What?  
Started when your father was young.  
Every party dress had to have pockets.  
Your hands.  
These'll keep you safe.  
You feel some of that...  
hocus-pocus coming into your body...  
you don't have to worry.  
I'll finish before I go.  
That's okay.

I'll do it.  
You go out...  
and have fun.  
Here.  
Have a good time.  
Thanks. I still have \$20 from last time.  
Fuck off!  
Shut up!  
- Wait!  
- Shut up!  
Come on, you guys, I want to go dance.  
I need more drugs in me  
before I go into that place at night.  
Christ! What the fuck are they thinking?  
It's like loitering around goddamn Alcatraz  
while you're out on parole.  
Willy, why don't you go dance with Susan?  
- I don't dance. I just jiggle.  
- I don't want to go in with just him.  
Get in there, both of you,  
before you drive me out of my fucking mind.  
If you go 5 paces ahead,  
no one will suspect you came in a blimp.  
I didn't mean it like that.  
It must've been just another one  
of your clever double meanings, right?  
- Smell that.  
- What?  
- Smell my finger. What's it smell like?  
- Like lobster.  
It's your sister!  
You're late.  
- Sorry.  
- The dance just ended.  
- Did your sister go home with Susan?  
- They both went over to Bet Lawson's.  
What about you?  
Does your mother know where you are?  
I told her I might come over after.  
- And what'd she say?  
- She said, "Have a good time."  
- That sounds like your mother.  
- She did, I swear.  
You better not be lying to me, Fletcher.

All right.  
Don't wake your father up.  
Take off those wet things  
before you come into this house.  
Put them by the door. I'll wash them  
so you have something to wear tomorrow.  
I'm going to bed.  
Don't make noise.  
Good night!  
Did you really tell your mother  
you were sleeping over?  
She'll figure it out.  
You don't have to take your underwear off.  
- What's the big deal?  
- Nothing.  
Didn't you ever see someone naked before?  
Yeah.  
- We partied naked at Adam's last month.  
- The social event of the season.  
Get off!  
- What do you think, I'm going to rape you?  
- No, I can do it.  
- You're small.  
- Thanks for pointing it out.  
Just what I hoped to hear.  
I mean, you're so  
anatomically gifted yourself.  
- What are you doing?  
- Relax. I'm just kidding.  
It really felt like you were kidding.  
Here, how do you like it?  
I like it a lot.  
There's nothing wrong with it.  
I know.  
So go ahead.  
I'm getting a huge one.  
I see you're getting huge, too.  
- Get out of there!  
- Oh, God.  
Holy, bloody Mother of God!  
"...Mary, full of grace.  
"The Lord is with thee.  
Blessed art thou amongst women...  
"and blessed is the fruit

of thy womb, Jesus.  
"Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners...  
"now and at the hour of our death.  
"Hail Mary, full of grace...  
"the Lord is with thee.  
Blessed art thou amongst women."  
Jesus!  
"Mary, Mother of God...  
"Hail Mary...  
"full of grace...  
"the Lord is with thee.  
Blessed art thou amongst women...  
"and blessed is the fruit  
of thy loom, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother..."  
What the hell is going on?  
William, where's Fletcher?  
This one?  
It's not the same.  
Look at that one. It's not even pretty.  
I don't think we'll find one  
exactly like the other one.  
You don't pick just any one.  
It's God's eyes into your house.  
God sees everything, William.  
I'm telling you, it's a normal thing.  
Boys just...  
They have to do something with their thing.  
They just don't know exactly what, yet.  
Ask Mac. He was a farm boy.  
Probably did the same thing, with goats.  
I can't tell Mac.  
He'd kill him. My God, he would kill him.  
What if Mac finds him doing it?  
He's almost 16 years old.  
You want to push him up the right track.  
Give him the opportunity.  
I know a woman who could help you out.  
- Oh, my Jesus, Laurel.  
- She's not a hooker or anything.  
She needs the money. She'll do it.  
She did it for that O'Leary kid.  
You know, the slow one.  
Iris...



This is a miracle.

Excuse me, how much is that Virgin?

This one? That's my personal Virgin.

It's not for sale.

- Is that the one?

- Yes.

Excuse me, please.

My mother-in-law has had

that particular Virgin for over 30 years...

and she broke it.

Oh, my!

Still, I don't think I could part with her.

It will break her heart.

All right.

A Virgin is a Virgin.

What name would you like to put  
on her bottom?

Her name is Grace May.

Isn't that providence? Look.

My name is Grace, too!

Father, can you bless this Virgin  
for the lady...

- It's not necessary. Don't bother him.

- That's what he's here for. It's included.

Father, are you ready

to bless the Virgin, or what?

Hang on, she hasn't got the receipt.

How many times do I tell you...

don't bless the Virgin

until you get the receipt?

I'm Iris.

I called earlier, about an appointment.

Come in.

It's okay, come on in.

Go in the house.

You, too.

This is Bud.

Wait in here, honey.

Just a second.

- You tell anybody about this, I'll kill you.

- No.

Mum's the word.

Now, you take care of mine.

Your name is Willy, right?

My name's Dusty.

Sweetie, your mom's asked me  
to take care of you.

Know what I mean?

You're a man now, right?

Not a little boy anymore.

So, it's time you got to know a woman,  
don't you think?

Sure.

Okay?

So, I'm just going to help you out a little bit.

Okay?

- You ever seen a woman before?

- I've smelled them.

- Would you like to touch them?

- No, thank you.

Would you do it for me?

There, now, that's not so bad, is it?

I wouldn't categorize it as bad.

Okay, now come here.

I can't believe it! You're full of shit!

- You don't tell anybody!

- So, was it good?

My stomach hurts.

You got sexually-transmitted stomach ache.

- You not going to school?

- He's sick.

- Sick, how?

- Crap.

- Rosemary.

- Mom.

Go wait in the car.

Yes, madam.

You don't have to go to school today.

Hello?

Is Fletcher there?

Hanh on.

Fletcher...

telephone.

- What?

- It's me, Willy.

I know.

What do you want?

- Can you come over today?

- No.  
- Tonight?  
- No.  
I don't want to come over.  
I don't want your mother callinh my mother,  
and I don't want to talk about it.  
I hot to ho to school rihht now.  
Look...  
I don't want to talk about it, okay?  
I hot to ho. Bye.  
Pansies...  
spring and fall.  
You're dead!  
I'll kill you.  
You'll be dead soon anyway, you old thing.  
I hate you.  
I'll tear your freaking tail off!  
I hate you, you freaking fleabag.  
You stupid dog.  
Rotten old thing.  
Can't even stand up, you miserable retard.  
We're going to put you in a room  
with your crazy Nana...  
and then we'll see who's mean.  
Violet!  
- You could wake the dead.  
- No, I couldn't.  
Stop trying.  
You don't have to yell, Pete can hear you.  
- Pete's deaf.  
- I'm not.  
You can't tell me what to do.  
No fucking kidding.  
I guess she did wake the dead.  
- You seen your mother?  
- No.  
Not feeling too good?  
I got a lump on my head.  
You're clumsy when you're drinking.  
It's the weirdest damn thing.  
She didn't say she was going anywhere.  
Maybe she went to church.  
She hasn't been to church in years.  
Did you ask Violet?

Violet doesn't talk to me much.

Have you seen Mom?

She's on the honeymoon.

Mystery solved.

It's nice to be back.

I can't believe you're here.

Excuse me.

- Hello.

- Good morninh, William.

Hi, Aunt Laurel.

- Your mom there?

- No, she's not home.

- You know where she is?

- She just went out.

- Has your father seen her?

- He doesn't know.

Did anybody clean up the yard?

I don't know. I haven't looked yet,

I think it's still a mess. Hold on.

Did you ever think you'd be skinny?

You're a walking disaster, boy.

Mac?

- What the hell is going on?

- What do you want?

- Did you call the police?

- I don't know what happened to her.

In all the years you've been married...

has Iris ever not been home

when you woke up in the morning?

No.

- You didn't think to call the police?

- It ain't a crime.

She could be dead.

My head hurts.

You stink like a distillery, too.

Who saw her last?

Did she take care of Mom?

What are you so concerned about?

Why not? How long can you just sit there?

Will you stop it? My head is pounding.

I'm sorry.

I'll just creep upstairs...

and change our mother's underwear

and sheets...

since the man of the house  
can't wrap his little mind around the task.  
Quiet!  
I haven't lifted a goddamn finger in 10 years.  
Did you hit her?  
You get out of my house.  
You did.  
You stupid son of a bitch.  
I didn't hit anybody, you goddamn cow.  
Who's going to take care of Mom?  
- I'm going to do it.  
- I'll do it.  
Fine, idiot. You useless thing.  
When will you learn  
to mind your own goddamn business?  
Shit. I should have shut the fucking door.  
Pete...  
I'm sorry.  
Get your hands...  
I got to take them down.  
Don't start with me. Stop fighting.  
Will you stay in one goddamn place,  
for Christ's sake?  
I'm going to roll you over.  
When I say "roll over," you roll over.  
Come on...  
- you roll over.  
- Here, I'll help you.  
I can do it.  
I came to help you.  
You're okay. It's okay.  
Relax. That's right.  
Where could she be?  
You're okay.  
I'm beginning to remember  
why you're so fucked up.  
Ten years from now,  
you'll have all but forgotten this.  
I'm going to get you, Willy.  
I catch you, you're dead.  
What can I do for you?  
You could start  
by covering up those chicken legs.  
That ain't my leg.

Rosie.

I'm right here.

She tell you she was going anywhere?

No, but I don't think she's coming back.

- She said she was glad you were coming.

- You're leaving?

No. I'll sit in this hotel room

and give you blowjobs...

while my mother goes missing,

for Christ's sake.

Mac, you ignorant thing.

I didn't see her after the wedding

because I went straight to bed.

- What time...

- He saw her last.

- You are?

- William.

- Where?

- Heading toward the rocks.

For God's sake,

she could have been swept away.

- What time?

- We talked all night.

- You live here?

- No.

- Where do you live?

- He hasn't seen them for 10 years.

You haven't seen her for 10 years

until last night, and she disappears?

- That's right.

- Right.

Would you let him answer for himself?

- I'm just saying...

- Just let him answer.

- You are?

- Rosemary. Don't you even start with me.

- And you?

- He's nothing. He's my husband.

Mom's fine, Poppy.

- His head is sore.

- What happened to your head?

- I got a lump.

- Were you in a fight recently?

- God, I knew it.

- I didn't hit her.

Did she hit you?

- I don't remember.

- Of course not.

- Will you shut up?

- I did it.

- I hit his head on the bed.

- When?

You come home after 10 years,  
hit your father on the head...

and your mother's missing?

You better run, you little squirt.

- Quiet.

- All right, people, settle down.

- Who's this?

- Youngest daughter.

- Don't you "huh."

- What are we gonna do?

Lie to the police now, too?

- Let's get out of here.

- I didn't do anything.

Come on. Willy, come here.

You deal with it. Have a drink on me...

- It's all right, Violet. We're going to find her.

- Fuck you.

Fuck you all!

Cheers.

If she's not Mom's daughter, who is she?

She's Mom's granddaughter.

But she doesn't know that.

Why didn't you just tell me?

Because you disappeared for 10 years  
without a phone call.

It's not the sort of thing  
you put on a post card.

It doesn't make any difference to me.

- It doesn't?

- Of course not.

Who's the father?

A guy I loved very much.

- Does he know?

- Apparently not.

- Do I know him?

- Yeah.

What's his name?

You.

You and Dusty Miller.

How could she do this?

We'd have told you

if we could've reached you.

After a few years, you just start believing it.

Did you take your pill last night?

- Where's her pills?

- Kitchen.

- How does she take them if she's locked in?

- You got to give them to her.

Then why do you ask if she took them?

If she answers you,

she's having a good day.

If she doesn't answer you,

she went out into space last night.

You don't know what Mom did

to keep that child from being aborted.

She harassed that woman,

gave her money, and threatened her.

I used to let men fuck me for money.

- She can understand, sometimes.

- Maybe she'd be interested to know.

Nana, I used to let men fuck me for money.

- Cut it out. Nobody ever wanted that.

- What happened to Dusty Miller?

I don't know.

She didn't hang around long after.

- After what?

- After Violet was born.

Mom wants me to take Violet.

That's why she left.

No shit, genius.

Don't you look at me.

You fuck off!

My God! I'm sorry.

So are you going to take her?

Like I don't have enough problems?

I can't just show up with some kid.

- Sweetie, that's really too bad.

- You knew.

I didn't think she'd flee the scene.

I thought she would've just told you.



Come on to the washroom, now. This way.

Come on, you're bleeding. You cut yourself.

- Not for nothing.

- Hush up, Nana, that don't hurt.

- Why didn't she just do it herself?

- Fuck off. It wasn't like that.

- How do you force your own...

- Force you how?

I was 15 years old.

- She thought she was helping you.

- She was wrong.

- She knows.

- But now she's gonna make me take Violet.

Funny, I don't even see her...

I don't see anybody

making you do anything.

There we go. You stay here.

You, come on with me.

Come here with me.

You seeing this?

God, goddamn it!

- You see it, too?

- I see it every fucking day.

It's maddening.

That's why I had my wedding here.

So I could remember when you came back.

- Not when you left.

- I had to get out.

You got out, all right.

Sorry you're not able to just forget about it.

Neither can we.

She ain't coming back.

You don't know that.

The cop asked me if I could think  
of any reason why she would've left.

I could think of a hundred.

But hell, I got nothing to do.

I'll just cook for Poppy...

wipe Nana's butt, water his fucking garden.

You ain't giving up your life

for these people.

You got to have a life to give it up, Fletcher.

I'm going to bed.

Come on, Violet.

- I don't want to go to bed.  
- It's the middle of the night. Come on.  
Got to see Willy off tomorrow.  
Good night.  
You jealous? Don't worry.  
- You'll get to kiss him, too.  
- What?  
You've been dying to kiss him.  
You have, too,  
you've been dying to kiss him. Go ahead.  
- Go to bed.  
- Go ahead, kiss him.  
- Fuck you both.  
- That'd be incest.  
We draw the line with incest. It's a sin.  
We don't sin in this house.  
- No incest.  
- Mom would die.  
If she ain't dead already.  
Sorry.  
You ain't fooling anybody, you know.  
You ever wonder what it'd be like  
if you stayed?  
- What, now?  
- No, then.  
You and I'd be married.  
We'd have a nice little bungalow  
by the ocean, with our daughter.  
And we'd be so in love.  
But I guess we never really  
were in love, after all...  
were we?  
Your dick's sure grown in the last 10 years.  
Just the rest of me shrunk.  
Thought you'd outgrown that.  
You were the first and the best...  
but not the last.  
And not the next, either.  
No?  
You ain't even...  
a little curious?  
I don't know.  
We might get caught again.  
Not this time.

What is it?  
You just got married.  
How can you want to have sex with me?  
Because I want you to know  
that I care about you.  
What?  
Fuck.  
You know, you can just tell me that.  
You okay?  
I don't know how to help you.  
You okay?  
Sorry, I guess you took my breath away.  
I guess I got to watch that.  
You go on in.  
I'm going to talk to myself for a while.  
Good night.  
You been hanging around here  
too long, buddy.  
Morning.  
Did you sleep outside?  
Where is he?  
I buried him.  
Don't.  
Leave it.  
Stop it!  
Poppy, don't...  
Why did you do this?  
I loved you so much.  
Is it scary?  
Not as scary as staying here.  
- Everything's tall there.  
- Tall?  
Taller than here?  
You will be taller there, too.  
- Eventually.  
- Cool.  
Big cities are full of maniacs, right?  
Yeah, so what's one more?  
Listen, there's a man there.  
A very sweet...  
and beautiful man...  
and he loves me very much.  
He'll love you, too.  
So, what do you think? We get together...

act like a real family for a while?

Can I bring my knife?

- I don't know. What grade are you in?

- Five.

Yeah, you'll need that knife.

There we go.

Now, if she passes by...

she'll know we're thinking of her.

It's my fault, you know.

I broke it. I made her cut her hand.

Now you're going to have to visit a lot.

I realize that.

Can't wait.

You'll want to keep plenty of newspaper,  
until she gets apartment trained.

Fuck you.

There's no need to talk like that.

Fuck you.

You call me for anything.

Love you, buddy.

All right.

Break it up, you fags.

Are we running away?

Yeah, sort of.

No, we're just leaving.

Bye!

What kind of tree is that?

That's...

It's just a tree.

It's a spruce, you idiot.