Gwen?

We're home.

Okay. Is he awake?

Yeah, yeah, but he'll go right back to sleep.

Smells like something died inside him.

I'll change him.

There we go.

There we go.

Oh, man, that's rank.

Shut up, Willis. He can't help it.

Will you hold onto him for a second?

Who's my little stinker?

I'm sorry I brought you into this world...

so you could die.

Hi. I know, I know.

I know. I know.

Scurvy. Scurvy.

Scurvy?

Gwen?

Gwen!

Goddamn you, Gwen!

Dad, stop. Dad, Dad.

Don't touch me, you son of a bitch.

Okay, okay. Let's go back to your seat.

I'm going upstairs and tell your mother...

Dad... what a little cocksucker you are.

There is no upstairs. Come on.

Gwen, come down here right now!

Quiet. Dad.

I said... Dad,

this is a plane, this is a plane.

There is no upstairs.

Mom's not here.

I know it's a plane, you miserable prick!

Don't put your hands on me. Okay.

You fucker. All right, all right.

I need to take a leak.

Okay, let's do it.

No, no, Dad. This way.

Up front. There you go.

We're sorry, ma'am. Where?

Dad? No. Dad, Dad, Dad.

Oh, Jesus Christ.

Oh, I'm sorry.

Sorry. Hello.

Oh.

Wait, Dad. Here. Go ahead.

Too many goddamn people.

Is he okay?

I'm sorry.

He's, he's...He's, uh... he's fine.

He's gonna be fine.

Okay.

Son of a bitch.

You okay, Dad?

Shit.

Mallards. Couple of blacks.

Coming around.

You wanna try?

Finger on the guard.

When they get here,

lift the barrel, aim and shoot.

Understand? Yes.

Here they come. Wait. Wait.

I got it! I'll be goddamned.

You hit the cocksucker!

The hell you doing? You crazy?

I got it, Daddy.

Holy mackerel. Come here.

Your mother's gonna kill me.

Where have you been? I was worried you had an accident.

Took a while. Had to dry him off.

Dry him off?

Oof, you, he's frozen solid.

Give me that thing, John.

It's my duck.

He shot it.

What do you mean, he shot it? I shot it.

Give me the duck, sweetheart.

No, it's mine.

Willis, take your boots off.

God.

You're a good swimmer.

Quack, quack!

Quack, quack!

This is ridiculous.

All right, time for bed.

Up we go. Don't drop it.

Give me that thing, John.

No, no, it's mine.

I washed it. Let me dry it, Mom.

Gwen, let him.

Not every day you shoot your first duck.

I hit the sock-cucker.

So he's sleeping with the duck?

Yeah.

Sweet. Willis.

It's okay. There's no harm in it.

He's got a new friend.

Well, tomorrow we're eating his new friend.

How did he shoot it? Did you help him?

Just took the recoil. It was all him.

Lucky. Maybe. He aimed, though.

God.

Hell of a shot.

Willis, please be careful.

I don't want him playing with guns. He's much too young.

He can't reach 'em.

Move over, you big oaf. My back is killing me.

You smell good.

Ouch.

Stop, honey, stop.

No, no, I can't do that right now.

Okay.

You're my wild man, aren't you?

You and our little duck murderer.

My two wild men.

I love that you took him with you today.

And I love you.

Oh, God.

Pu... Pull. You pull.

Pull, Dad.

Dad, you can't smoke in here.

Let's let your mother sleep for a while. It's very early.

Good idea.

Hey!

That duck is mine.

This duck is dinner.

I should be doing that, Mom. Let me do it.

Okay.

Come over here.

All right.

Now, stand still. No jumping around, young man.

Do a steady job and don't make a mess.

You wanna pull hard to get the whole feather out, root and all.

Okay?

That's it.

Can I keep a wing feather?

Yeah, sure, one or two nice ones.

Put them in there to dry out.

Why's everybody up?

It's Saturday.

The house doesn't run itself, Willis.

You want pancakes?

Yes, please.

Okay.

Smells good.

How's the cooking going, son?

It's cooking all right.

Looks like the commies really do

have atom bombs in Cuba.

All hell's gonna break loose if Kennedy

gives in to those bastards.

Mmm-hmm.

Mom, how do you know when the duck's cooked?

When the red line on that thermometer

gets up to one-four-zero.

It'll be a little while, honey. I'll let you know.

Need a hand?

You can set the table if you want.

Okay.

In a minute.

Willis, take your boots off.

It's not ready yet.

Hmm.

Okay. All set. Here we go, Dad.

Oh. Wait. I don't need this wheelchair.

Hey, no. Sit down, sit down. It's okay.

They just want us to use it until we get outside. It's okay.

Fuck 'em. Wait. Stop. Wait.

I think I left my glasses on the... Wait.

It's probably in your inside.. No, no... Ah!

I said I left my glasses on the fucking plane.

Where?

On the... In the...

Where?

The shitter.

Okay. Wait here. I'll go back to the gate and get 'em.

I'll hold our place in line.

No. Dad, sit down.

There is no line. Just wait here.

We're not in a hurry, okay?

You know what? Just watch our stuff.

I'll be right back.

John, John. John, come here, come here!

What?

The air here smells like rotten eggs.

Yeah, maybe it does. You'll get used to it.

I'll be back in a minute.

What?

Please do not leave your luggage unattended.

Unattended bags will be removed and destroyed.

How'd he get there?

Taxi? Of course he did.

Jesus Christ. Can you believe it?

All right, I'll let the cops know we found him

and I'll be there as soon as I can.

Thanks, sweetheart.

Give him a drink if he wants one and, uh...

But don't be late for work, though.

He can take care of himself.

Yeah.

No, you're right. He can't.

But as soon as I get there, you can take off.

What?

I am calm.

Hey, where the hell are you going?

Sorry, Willis, but I have a night shift at the hospital.

Oh.

Thanks for staying with him. No problem.

There's some fresh lasagna if you

guys want a late-night snack.

Just heat it up in the oven.

Thanks.

You left your backpack.

Good thing I spotted it. Could have been stolen.

Airports and train stations, they're full

of scumbags these days.

Thank you, Dad. I gotta go.

Bye, guys. See you in the morning, Willis.

Mr. Peterson.

Right. Bye, Mr. Peterson.

Where's your daughter?

She's sleeping.

Oh. Come on, let's go inside.

You okay? Yeah.

Where's her mother?

Eric and I are her mother.

I know. Hmm.

You hungry?

I could eat.

Why didn't you wait in the wheelchair like I asked you to?

Does your mother know about this guy?

Dad, I was worried something had happened to you.

The police were looking all over,

calling your name on the airport PA system. Ridiculous.

What does your daughter think of this guy?

Monica loves Eric.

Loves him? Really?

Very much.

What kind of doctor is your boyfriend?

He's my husband.

He's not a doctor. He's a nurse. You know that.

What do you want to drink? We got water, soda, juice.

No, no, no.

I'm gonna take an almighty crap.

Outstanding. This way.

Hmm.

Do I have my own bed?

Same one as always.

Where's the can?

Just in time.

Ah.

Oh.

What you are doing, Johnny?

It's okay. Don't worry about it.

Could happen to anybody. We've all peed in our sleep.

Your father used to shit the bed,

and that's a lot worse than wetting it.

Dad, I asked you not to talk about it anymore.

Monica, that's enough please.

Hey.

What do you mean, shit the bed?

He was afraid that there was a monster living under his bed,

so he wouldn't get up when he had to go to the bathroom.

A critter with sharp nails.

Did you poop in your bed, Daddy?

I was afraid.

I was scared of the dark,

and probably a little sick to my stomach that night.

Who are you kidding, boy?

He shit the bed on a regular basis that whole winter.

What was that monster's name? Was it Martin?

Mervin? Mortimer.

Mortimer!

He'd use his claws to scratch under the mattresses

and attack children,

and eat cats and dogs too, right?

Right. It was just a scary story I heard at school.

Anyway, there was no talking you out of it.

We ended up putting his mattress on the floor

so that no monsters could get up under it.

Wow. Mortimer. You never told me that one.

Sounds pretty scary. It was.

I'm never gonna shit the bed.

Okay, that's enough. Really.

We all wet the bed.

It's no big deal.

It can happen to anybody, and I bet you will do it again.

I'll try not to.

Dad, stop.

She's fine. Leave her alone.

I threw up in bed once when I was about your age.

Oh, God.

After seeing Hansel and Gretel on TV.

It spooked the hell out of me.

And when the witch snuck up on Hansel and grabbed him...

I woke up thinking it was me.

I completely lost it.

I puked all over myself.

What part of Japan are you from?

Nagasaki, is it?

I'm not from Japan, Willis.

I could have swore you were.

What am I, Monica?

He's Chinese, and Hawaiian on his mom's side.

See?

Ah, Jesus.

Dad, you ask the same dumb question

every time you come here.

Hey, how come you're not in school today, missy?

I got to stay home and be with you today.

How's work? Oh, that's nice.

Fine.

I wanna tell you something.

When a guy my age thinks he has to pee, he already did.

Oh, God. I'm going to bed.

Good night. Good night.

What?

Something I said?

Here we go.

Oh, it's chocolate!

Okay.

Make a wish.

Good.

Hey, sweetie...

Hey, honey, could you maybe put out your cigarette

and give me a hand?

Why?

Never mind. Who wants cake?

Johnny, you get the first piece.

It's my house.

What?

Please don't do this now.

Do what?

So now I can't relax and have a smoke in my own home.

Fuck this. Bullshit.

Who wants cake?

I do. I do!

Okay. Here we go.

Yeah, me, too. You want a big piece?

Who wants a big piece? I want a bigger piece!

I want one, Mummy.

Hear that?

Mmm-hmm.

Two hearts.

Me and the watch.

I know.

Hmm.

Aren't you going to bed, Dad?

You have any booze in the house?

A little.

Thought you quit.

Well, it's for guests.

Like Eric?

For anyone who wants it.

Anyone who wants it. Except you.

Except me.

What's your pleasure?

Whisky, if you got it.

Sure.

Since when do you like whisky?

I don't really, but I'd like some now.

Unless you're saving it for some special occasion.

No.

Thanks.

Thought you were more of a beer drinker.

Not anymore. It makes me fart too much.

Join me?

In spirit.

Oh. Good one.

Dad.

What?

We can go sit outside if you wanna smoke.

I'm good here.

Eric and I don't allow smoking in the house.

Happy now?

Yeah.

You seem well rested after your nap this afternoon.

Sharper.

Does that always help? Help what?

Your mood. Your memory. Sleeping.

Naps are good. You should try one sometime.

Maybe you're right.

You never took naps as a baby.

Pain in the ass.

Yeah.

You voted for that Negro, huh?

I take it you went with McCain.

No comparison. He's an American hero.

He certainly is.

Oh.

Did they know you were a fag in the army?

Air Force.

Did they know?

I didn't really know it myself.

Maybe that's a good thing.

So, tomorrow...

Lots of fairies seem to be working in the airline business.

Mostly, uh, the stewardess guys

more than the pilots, I guess.

If we leave by 10:00,

we'll get to the Valley in time for the first appointment.

Even 10:15 would work. Okay?

What appointment?

To see the first of the houses you liked.

Huh.

The nice white one with the picket fence?

Shouldn't take long.

On Monday, we have your check-up with Dr Klausner.

And other than that, we can just take it easy for a few days,

see if any other interesting properties come up.

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

What houses?

The reason you came out to California,

to look for a place.

I'm fine where I am.

I don't need to look for a house

in this godforsaken shithole.

Okay, but...

California is for cocksuckers and flag burners.

You asked me to come get you.

Remember?

You said you couldn't handle the farm anymore.

The long winters, living all alone there.

I would never say that.

You did, Dad!

You said you wanted to come live near me and Sarah.

As long as it has a garden, you said.

Why isn't your sister here?

Is she out wasting money on women's crap

with your mother again?

It's a school night, for Christ's sake.

Sarah lives in Ventura with her family.

She's coming for dinner on Sunday.

Day after tomorrow.

I know what you're trying to do.

Just because you hate your family and our home

doesn't mean I have to.

Jesus Christ.

What?

Nothing.

How about a glass of water to chase down the whisky, Dad?

Huh.

What day is it today?

It's Friday night.

Why?

Friday night.

Every halfway decent-looking female ass that goes by,

I wonder what it'd be like to get up in it.

Even the fat ones.

Especially the fat ones.

I ask myself, "What would it be like to fuck that?"

Does that happen to you?

No.

Oh, right. You don't like pussy.

So, when you and your boyfriend

are doing whatever the hell it is you do together,

do you imagine other cocks

and balls and buttholes...

He's my husband, not my boyfriend.

And I'm not comfortable talking with you about my sex life.

Why not?

I just told you what I think about.

I'll bet you imagine sucking all kinds of dick.

If I was a fag,

I guess I'd probably

be dreaming about blowing the mailman,

instead of wondering if he was fucking my wife.

Anyhow...

Mmm.

Not yet, Willis.

We'll wait till the taxi gets here. It's cold.

Your mom will take you to school this week.

But I'll see you soon.

Maybe this weekend.

Okay, Daddy.

Willis.

Or maybe the week after.

You know you're my girl, don't you?

Yes, Daddy.

We have to go.

Okay, watch out. It's slippery.

You all right, Sarah?

I know what you're up to.

You've cooked this whole thing up with your sister.

You wanna take advantage

because you think I've lost my marbles.

But I didn't!

The bank's closed now,

but I'll straighten this whole mess out in the morning.

It will be a cold day in hell

when I let you pull the wool over your mother's eyes.

Who do you think paid for this house anyway?

Are you finished?

Oh.

Willis.

Your mother warned me last night.

Dad. You know Mom's not here.

You know that, right?

I'm not blind, Little Bo-Peep.

"Little Bo-Peep"?

Nice one.

Every once in a while you still surprise me.

What's the matter?

They take away your wings?

What?

When they found out you weren't quite the manly man

they thought they hired.

And now you're just another housewife

looking for a handout.

I took my vacation this week

so you could come out here to look at houses.

So they still let you fly?

Yeah. I have a week off from work.

Yeah, you can run, but you can't hide.

They're operating a business, son.

These executive types can't fuck around

with weak links in the chain of command.

Being a fairy outweighs

whatever you think you've done to serve your country.

Face facts.

I promised myself I was not gonna rise to the bait

and get into another big blowout.

I'm trying to help you, Dad.

You can attack me all you want,

but I am not gonna engage with you on that level anymore.

Good night.

Son.

You don't seem like a fag.

Are you sure?

Wake up, sleepy heads. Time for breakfast.

Johnny, get up. Let's go.

It's too early. Time's a-wasting.

Grab your toothbrush and clothes.

Let's go, let's go!

Come on.

What's the matter?

Thought you guys loved waffles.

Mom's are better.

Yeah, a lot better.

Well, your mom and her kitchen ain't here this morning.

Mom's waffles are homemade.

Mom has real maple syrup.

You can look at what else they got,

but that's all you get till we stop for lunch.

Tomorrow can we sleep in a room like you guys?

More coffee, honey? Sure. Thanks, Jill.

Mmm-hmm.

What's wrong with you two?

I thought you liked camping.

In a parking lot?

Can we call Mom before we leave?

You called her yesterday.

But she didn't answer. Is that my fault?

I'll get a postcard. You can both write something on it.

She'd like that.

Okay, but why can't we call her, too?

Christ Almighty.

Stop crying.

Stop.

Let's go.

Come on, kids. Let's go.

You could do that, couldn't you, Monica?

She was his muse for a long time. Right?

Mostly in the 1930s.

She was the inspiration for Weeping Woman,

and supposedly in part for his famous big painting {\i1}Guernica.{\i}

Hmm. What's a muse?

It's, uh, someone who helps you dream,

who gives you beautiful thoughts

so you can make beautiful things.

Hmm.

A girlfriend that gets you up in the morning.

Hmm.

This one looks like a car wreck, though.

Huh. She was Croatian. I always thought she was Polish.

No, born in France, Croatian parents, I think.

Once a Polack, always a Polack. Trust me.

Why does she have four eyes?

Your mother loved this shit.

That's the artist's imagination.

She went with her girlfriends twice a week to an art class

run by some big queen over in Utica.

You didn't let her do that for too long.

A hundred fucking mile round trip.

She knew how to draw just fine.

She didn't need some homo to show her how to do it.

Hey, you know that painting of the farm by your bed

is done by your Grandma Gwen?

Did you reschedule the realty appointment?

You told me to cancel.

That wasn't the question, smart-ass.

Well, I just canceled this morning.

We can reschedule if you want.

We should. I just got here.

I mean, let me get my bearings, for Christ's sake.

It was nice sleeping in for a change.

And now we're doing something fun

and informational or educational,

instead of running around like chickens with our heads cut off.

Right, Monica? Are you having fun, baby?

I guess so.

This Picasso fellow.

Nice.

He may have been a commie greaseball

that painted like a retard,

but I'll bet he had his pick of all the foreign pussy.

Women love this artsy crap.

Hmm.

Who's hungry? Me.

Hmm.

If you're serious about trying again,

I can call the realtor and see if we can make

an appointment for Monday.

What's wrong with tomorrow?

It's Sunday.

Sarah's coming over with the kids. Remember?

Let's shoot for Monday morning.

Monday, sure.

Whatever floats your boat, son.

It's not about making me happy. It's what you want...

I wanna help Grandpa find his new house, too.

You got school, honey.

You already missed Friday and

I'm taking you to soccer practice after.

You gonna be alone with Monica?

What are you driving at, Dad?

What do you mean?

About Eric being alone with Monica?

Leave it, John.

I'll have the chicken satay,

pad Thai, pineapple fried rice,

and a Thai iced tea with two straws, please.

That's way too much food, sweetie.

Let her order what she wants. I'm buying.

But that's enough to feed all of us, Mr. Peterson.

Willis. How many times do I have to tell you?

Willis, it really is a lot of food.

Either the pad Thai or the...

Stop picking on the kid.

Shut up, Dad. Jesus.

She's our daughter.

And my granddaughter.

I'll have the pad Thai, then.

You can share my iced tea, Grandpa.

It's really good. Thanks, pal.

Why don't we all have Patty Tie?

Whatever the hell\Nthat is. What...

Chicken and noodles and shrimp and stuff.

You sold me.

I think I'll have the shrimp and crab curry special, please,

and a coconut water.

I'm gonna have what my granddaughter's having.

Um, I'll just share some of his. Okay?

I'm not that hungry, Poom.

And I'll just have water.

Thanks. Thanks, Poom.

Ready to order, sir?

We'll all have the meatloaf special.

Coke okay, kids?

I don't want meatloaf.

I want a cheeseburger, please.

Oh, it's just gonna screw up the whole works.

Why you always have to be different?

Bring us four meatloafs, two Cokes

and two Gennie Creams for me and the wife.

No.

Do we all have to have the same thing, honey?

Stay out of it.

Johnny, wait.

John!

Willis.

Whoa.

When Grandma died, did she say something special?

When she was dying.

What'd she say?

We can talk about that some other...

What did Grandma Gwen say, Grandpa?

What did she say?

When she was dying.

I haven't the foggiest idea.

We don't know, sweetie.

Sometimes people can't talk,

or can't think of anything to say

in their last moments.

Words aren't the most important thing most of the time anyway.

You don't know what Grandma Gwen said, Grandpa?

Did you forget because you're too old?

We weren't there.

Excuse me, ladies...

and... ladies.

I've gotta pinch a loaf.

The bathroom's in the back. I'll show you.

No, no.\NI know the way.

- He knows the way.\N- Yeah, don't worry.

Whores.

What are you going to say, Papi? (Daddy.)

I don't know.

You never know until you get there, honey.

That's what you're gonna say?

Actually, that's a pretty good one.

You never know until you get there, honey.

Hi, Grandpa.

Hello, mister.

You gonna go pinch a loaf?

No.

Oh.

Hey, look at my crooked head.

I'm Picasso.

It's hot enough to melt the balls off a brass monkey.

Heard you went swimming, Daddy.

Hell, no.

You got your toes wet, though, didn't you? Hmm?

Yeah.

First time in the Pacific Ocean?

I don't need to catch the AIDS at this point in my life.

You can get the AIDS from swimming?

It's just AIDS. Not "the" AIDS.

Good thing Monica guessed where he was.

Police were pretty nice about it,

considering we wasted a few hours of their time.

And no, Paula, you do not get AIDS from swimming.

We could go to the movies.

I could take the kids so you guys can

hang out here with your father, John.

Can't you guys just sit still for a minute?

You'd think the world was ending.

How was your trip out here, Daddy?

I heard there was a lot of snow in Chicago.

Chicago? I don't live in Chicago.

The connection was pretty tight,

but they held the plane for some people coming in from Atlanta.

We're glad you made it. We've missed you, Daddy.

I'm sorry we couldn't get to the farm for Christmas.

No. Christmas is meaningless anymore.

It's all jingle and no bells.

"All jingle and no bells"? That's wonderful.

Not sure what it means, but it's genius!

Ah!

Your mother took care of her parents right to the end.

She was a goddamn saint.

Spent a whole year with them.

The kids were gone, so she went to help the old folks,

while I kept the farm going by myself.

You mean when Jill took care of Grandma and Grandpa.

You weren't alone, Daddy. I was still there.

I cooked and cleaned for us, remember?

It was the same year that John

graduated from the Air Force Academy

and got stationed in Germany.

That's right.

We spent Christmas at Grandpa's farm that year,

'cause Jill was taking care of them.

They loved her like she was their own daughter.

Big snowstorm.

Took you forever to get to Boonville in the old Chevy, Dad.

The asshole of the world.

Daddy! Daddy, you were born there!

Boonville is the ugliest town

in New York State.

Yeah. It was a little sad.

Grandma was already pretty sick by then,

but we had a nice, quiet Christmas.

You skated the whole time we were there, on their pond.

I forgot my skates at home,

and Daddy, he went into Boonville

and he bought me a new pair.

Stop talking about that place.

Oh, my God. Those huge skates.

Boys' hockey skates.

They were way too big.

The only size they had.

I had to wear three pairs of socks

just so they wouldn't wobble on me.

And, Daddy, you wouldn't even let me try them on.

You just went ahead and bought them.

Supposed to be a fucking surprise.

No, I know.

I'm just teasing.

It was a great present. Thank you.

Cost me an arm and a leg, as I recall.

You were happy, though.

You were obsessed with that guy, uh, Hansen,

who won all those medals in the speed skating.

Heiden.

Eric Heiden.

Five gold medals at the Olympics.

He was a god.

That gold pantsuit he wore didn't hurt, either.

Does that rivet you have stuck in your face

bother you when you pick your nose, Paula?

It's called a piercing,

and, no, it doesn't bother me.

Is it a dumbass fashion thing or a dyke thing?

Can't it be both?

Holy mackerel.

We've talked about this, Daddy.

When?

Last summer, at the farm, after Jill's funeral.

Paula has our blessing. What funeral?

Anyway, she's too young and it looks like shit.

Now she's scarred for life

and she'll have to marry a circus freak.

Grandpa, why do you always have to start trouble

when we get together?

Why do you dye your hair blue?

You planning on being a homo?

Daddy, please!

Hmm.

If your grandmother saw what's going on around here,

she'd be horrified.

You horrified her.

Which grandma are you talking about now?

Grandma Gwen.

She married Grandpa Michael to get away from this pork-hole.

That twerp isn't a real grandfather.

He's the man your whore grandmother sleeps with now.

Grandma Gwen is dead.

So is Grandpa Michael.

Who cares?

My father was a son of a bitch.

Guess you're a chip off the old block, then.

Not helpful.

Your real name is not Will.

It's Willis, after me.

Or isn't... You treat my mom like crap.

You treat everyone like crap.

I don't care what you think or what happens to you,

you dick.

Mmm.

Now you got me scared, twinkle toes.

Fuck you.

Monica, let's go take a nap.

There's too many grandpas and

grandmas and whores.

Monica. Vamos. Let’s go.

I never know who you guys are talking about.

Let's go. Okay, enough.

Nobody explains anything to me.

Jesus, Dad.

Will loves you, Daddy.

Daddy?

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!

You look like a goddamn girl.

Getting a haircut today, mister?

I don't want a fucking haircut.

Motherfucker!

You little shit.

I, I...

I have Jill's photo albums

that you were asking about last summer.

They're in the car.

I mean, you could put them in the new house

when you move in.

Might be nice for... for us to

go through them together.

Yeah, we should, Dad. They're...

they're incredible.

She did an amazing job.

She took pictures

of every place we went.

She wrote our names under each one,

the dates and everything,

the names of the dogs, the cats,

all the horses, everything.

Like I said, she's a fucking saint.

She talked about you constantly

at the end.

Said she loved you over and over.

A little late for that.

You know what my father said to me when I was seven years old?

He said, "Go fuck yourself with a broken beer bottle."

Do you still have Bree?

How many horses are there now?

There are five, right?

Three.

Bree's still going strong.

Her girlfriend, Starlight, gave out.

We had to put her down in the spring.

Oh, that's too bad.

Yeah. I liked Starlight.

Stupid name. A stripper name.

Good horse.

Not as good as Bree, though.

Bree's always been too fat.

Fatter than a tick in June.

And she pulls to the right

like a drunken sailor.

But your mother just had to have that one.

Jill, you mean.

She was quite the horsewoman,

I'll give her that.

She could ride a snake on fire.

And I don't know why she wanted

that lard-ass nag.

Why... why didn't

Jill take Bree with her when you two split up?

I bought the animal.

It's mine.

Eats for two and cribs like a fucking beaver.

Huh.

Doesn't matter what you paint the rails

or the stall door with,

she gobbles wood like it was sugar.

She was always very affectionate.

She used to follow Jill around like a puppy.

A little lazy when it came to being ridden, I guess.

Your mother spoiled her.

Gave her enough apples to open a goddamn cider mill.

Jill.

Whore.

Hey, Paula...

you wanna see what's playing at the movies?

Come on, I got the Sunday paper. Let's go look it up.

Got my phone right here. I can check for you.

Maybe, uh, inside?

I'm not afraid of Grandpa.

Hmm. All right.

Not Gwen.

The other tramp.

She thought I didn't see what she was doing.

I heard her talking in the hallway.

She used to put the radio on real loud,

so I wouldn't know she was on the phone with him,

like a teenage slut.

She hated me, like you all do.

Itching like a bitch in heat.

Rubbing up against anything that moved.

Always going to the store for something.

Sneaking around.

I smelled it on her.

Everyone knew about it.

Mmm.

Boy, he really does have a green thumb

The garden looks amazing.

This backyard used to be a vacant lot.

It was all weeds and sand.

Now, look at it.

I wish he'd come and fix our yard.

Put in a rose garden or something.

Huh.

Mmm.

Tom says hi, by the way.

Said he was sorry he couldn't make it today.

He's, um...

he's helping his brother paint his house.

Oh.

It was so humid.

Hotter than hell, even at midnight.

That's the only time

I remember sweating

while I looked at a full moon.

Except when we fucked that time by Peck Lake.

Remember?

Never heard so many ducks in my life.

Deafening.

He's sundowning.

What?

Nothing, Daddy.

Women are like fish. They just keep swimming.

I caught her red-fucking-handed.

That was it. One time

and out she went.

I was just waiting to catch the bitch in the act,

so I could throw her ass out.

If you do move back here,

I'm sure you could sell the farm.

Land prices have gone back up a little, right?

It's... it's drier and a lot hotter

out here in the summers, but the horses would

get used to it, and maybe... Mmm.

...maybe Tom and I could trailer the horses across the country.

Or John, maybe.

Who's feeding them right now?

Danny?

Another goddamn freeloader.

I've always liked him.

Danny Ward's the only fag in the whole county,

and she picks him.

The only fag except for your brother,

of course, and, now, your son, too, looks like.

Your mother was a whore fag-breeder, apparently.

Five years ago,

he had approximately four inches removed from his colon?

Uh, almost six years, actually.

Lot of good that did.

Can't even get to half-mast anymore.

And when was the last time you were examined?

Examined?

You might as well cut the damn thing off,

for all the good it does me now!

Not since then.

Mmm, mmm.

Has he had a colonoscopy since the operation?

No. Mmm. Yeah.

Um, if I could ask you, please, Mr. Peterson,

to lie on your side, facing away from me.

Lie down on your side.

Roll over.

Facing away from me. That's very good.

Thank you.

Christ.

Please relax, sir.

I'm going to check your prostate. Strictly routine.

For you, maybe.

Don't let my son get anywhere near my asshole.

He's liable to get excited.

Now, Mr. Peterson, I'm gonna do a little probing.

It will be slightly uncomfortable,

but it won't take long.

Just the finger, please.

I'm too old for any real action.

Breathe easy. Just relax.

Easy for you to say.

Hmm. Find anything you like?

Not yet.

Maybe you should try my son's.

There's probably a party going on in there.

There is a little swelling.

It's nothing personal, Doc.

You may sit up now\Nand get dressed.

How long will your father be visiting?

About a week.

Maybe a little longer.

No, I'm not.

We should get his

colonoscopy done as soon as possible.

Yeah.

Just a moment.

I'm gonna check my schedule,

and I'll see if we can fit you in this week.

I'll be right back.

I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna let them

poke around in there again.

Last time, they almost killed me.

You need to do it, Dad.

It's important.

Not here.

I'm not letting some California fairy up my ass.

What the fuck are you doing in here?

Dad. Dad, Eric's trying to help.

Son, I really don't need your help!

Stop trying to run the show!

Did you pick the color?

The color of what?

This rice-burning piece of shit.

Put your seat belt on.

It itches.

Oh, fuck.

Dad, I get a fine if you smoke in the rental.

Pussy.

Ah. Mmm.

Mmm. Beautiful.

Glad to be back in the North Country?

Mmm.

So, if things keep progressing the way we hope they will,

you can go home day after tomorrow.

Two more nights in this joint.

Let's see if you can digest a little solid food in the morning

and have a successful movement.

Shit.

Exactly.

And I'll check in on you after your breakfast,

see how you manage some cereal.

Did you get all the cancer out of there?

I believe so, Mr. Peterson.

Now, please try

to not shift your body position too aggressively,

cause I don't wanna have to go back in there

and redo those staples.

I hate this goddamn place.

The sooner we can get your system up and runnin'...

...the sooner you go home.

You're a warrior, Mr. Peterson.

I'm a Viking.

Of course.

I'm a fucking Viking!

Yes. Well,

you just gotta slow down a little,

so we mere mortals can keep up with you.

Come here, come here. Mmm-hmm.

Come here a second.

You know, your nurses,

you need younger nurses.

These old hags that you've got running this place

are ruining the view... Mmm-hmm.

...and they never come when you call 'em.

I'll see what I can do.

I hope so.

Come here. Wait.

Do you know first-hand

if any of them are actual prostitutes?

I'll see you in the morning.

Huh.

Try some of your broccoli, Dad.

It'll clean you out,

help your digestion work better.

I don't like broccoli.

And this chicken tastes like cardboard.

Have a sip of water.

Water's where fish shit.

You have to get used to eating less grease and processed foods.

I'd rather eat what I like and die happy

instead of living like a pansy slave.

How about a little more olive oil?

I'm afraid I can't let you have any more salt,

but oil's okay.

Or... or how about a pinch of pepper?

You've done enough damage as it is.

We'll figure out a healthy, but tasty way to eat.

Believe me, it's a learning experience for me, too.

Yeah. You need to go back to California.

Well, we'll... we'll go back

as soon as you've healed sufficiently.

Looks good.

A lot less redness.

Staples come out in five days and then maybe we can leave.

You need to go back to California.

Aw, this looks like a hippy graveyard in here.

I'm gonna make a couple of fried eggs. You want one?

No, thanks.

You really shouldn't have fried anything right now, Dad.

And where's my fucking butter?

No butter.

Oil is what you're allowed.

Allowed?

Dad, Jesus.

Now, you listen to me,

you know-it-all little shit.

This is my goddamn house,

and I will do as I please.

If you don't like it,

then you can go back to your boyfriend

and eat all the salads and nuts

and berries that you want.

If you wanna live on rabbits' food,

that's your business.

But I will not put up with this for one more minute.

Is that clear?

Is that clear?

Yes.

Son of a bitch!

I'm going to bed.

You better marry that girl, Matt.

Yeah, I think, I...

When are you gonna stop telling people what to do?

Right now.

Cheers.

Cheers.

Honey, I don't mind the radio being on,

but could it be a little quieter?

Mmm.

I didn't mean turn it all the way off.

It doesn't taste like chicken.

No. Did you think it would?

Kind of.

Do you like it?

I think so.

How can it go to heaven if we eat it?

To heaven?

It already went.

But that's silly, Mom. It's right there.

Lucky it's a young one.

Old ducks are tougher,

a lot gamier.

Gamier? Yeah. Strong tasting.

This one's tender.

Mmm, tender. Mmm.

It also helps to soak it in milk

before you cook it,

like we did all afternoon, right, Johnny?

Chew carefully...

in case you come across any shot.

It'll crack a tooth.

I didn't even find any yet.

What if I swallow one by mistake?

Don't.

I'll be done in a minute. Why don't you go in and rest?

Stop looking at me. Mmm.

Excuse me.

Go easy with that stuff. It's expensive as hell.

It's what it's for.

You got enough money to last you another lifetime.

I don't think you have to hoard your salt.

I already fed 'em. How much?

A flake and a half each.

I said I already fed 'em, Dad.

Doctor said you should take it easy. You shouldn't be...

I'm gonna take a look at my horses.

Do you mind?

Hey, Bree.

Come on, girl.

There you go.

Come on.

Go on. There you go.

There you go.

Oh.

Guess you're not worried about the price of hay.

Come on.

It's okay.

I put the horses back in the barn.

I'm gonna make some coffee. You want some?

Seen any good bucks out there lately?

Mmm.

Last week.

Nice eight-pointer.

Shit.

Danny-fucking-Ward, right on time,

always nosing around.

Huh.

Lucky he keeps your driveway clear.

Mows your lawn once in a while

in the summer, too, doesn't he?

And rakes the leaves in the fall.

How much do you pay him?

Guilty conscience, that's what that's about.

So you don't pay him. No.

He's just trying to make up for stealing my slut wife.

Maybe he's just trying to help.

You don't know the first thing about it.

He wants my farm.

He's always wanted it,

but he's not getting it.

The man is lower than dog shit.

Always moping around

and sucking up to everyone.

The worst mistake she ever made

was going with that bullshit artist.

What?

Nothing.

Don't be a coward, son.

Speak your mind.

Loser.

Next thing, you know, him and that bitch

are gonna try to weasel their way

into my house for dinner.

Not gonna happen!

The man's a piece of shit,

and he's rubbing my nose in it.

He only had a few years with Jill.

He loved her and he made her happy. What's wrong with that?

Whose side are you on?

Oh, Jesus.

You know where the door is, my friend.

You are such an asshole.

And you're a fucking pansy.

I don't even know you, boy.

You think you can do and say whatever you want,

and we'll always forgive and forget,

but someday... I don't give a rat's ass

what you think.

Your mother's not welcome in this house,

and neither are you.

Yeah, well, she's dead.

I don't care what lies she's been...

She's dead!

And Jill's dead, too! No, no! Enough. Enough.

Help. Help me up, please.

Hey.

Christ, Dad. You all right?

Sit down. Son of a bitch!

What the fuck? No!

Get the fuck away from me!

You all right? Oh, God.

You always take her side.

You and your sister

never gave me the benefit of the doubt.

Never look at me the way you look at her.

Always sucking up to your mommy,

like a couple of spoiled brats.

I don't want her coming near this place.

She was out there last night,

prowling around,

and I told her,

I killed her fucking horse

and burned all her letters,

burned all her letters!

Gwen, I fucked your fat nag,

and then I put a bullet

in her ugly fucking head.

Jill! No!

Her name was Jill!

Bree is Jill's horse!

You don't know one person from another.

You don't know who's alive and who's dead.

Enough.

You don't even know what fucking day it is!

You can't remember anything!

You can't hear.

You don't listen to anyone anyway.

You won't accept any help.

You're never happy!

Nothing ever makes you happy.

Everyone's an asshole or a whore!

Or a fag!

You're scared to death.

No. You're afraid to live

and you're afraid to fucking die!

You feeling like a big man now?

You never said the words

"I'm sorry" or "I love you."

I've never heard those words from you.

It goes without saying.

No, it fucking doesn't!

Never in your life did you ever say you were sorry!

Never, never, fucking never!

You're the fucking coward!

When Mom lay dying in the hospital,

you never even went to see her.

Not once!

You chicken-shit, pathetic, bigoted old man!

Let's call the bitch and find out

who's the fag around here. She's dead!

A fucking...Mom is...

A dirty, rotten whore!

Then she's a dirty,rotten dead whore!

This is my house!

And you're gonna die in it! No!

Alone and miserable. Stop!

This is my house!

Stop! Stop!

She is sucking\Non that loser's needle dick.

Willis.

Kill me, then. Willis.

Just kill me, you fucking cocksucker!

Stop it!

Willis, stop it.

Gwen!

Gwen...

Dad, stop. Gwen...

Willis.

Gwen.

Dad, please.

Willis.

It's all right, Willis.

Dad...

It's okay. It's okay.

No, no, no, no.

She must have stalled out in the intersection.

Truck driver tried to veer,

but he wouldn't have seen her in time

coming out of that curve.

Where's Gwen now?

At the hospital.

She's in critical condition,

but they said she's conscious.

Was she alone?

Michael White was in the passenger seat,

took the brunt of it.

He was also taken to the hospital,

but he didn't make it.

Michael fucking White.

I knew it.

He's dead? Afraid so.

Passed away from his injuries in the ambulance.

Good.

Will you be picking up your daughter at school, sir?

I understand your ex-wife has custody,

but you're the father.

Would you like us to get her,

so you can go to the hospital?

No, I won't be going there.

Sarah know?

No, sir. I came straight here

from the scene of the accident.

I'll go pick her up, Jeremy.

Yes, sir.

Morning. Ah.

Jesus H. Christ.

You taking a bath, son?

Oh, fuck! I forgot.

Fucking hell.

Pain in the ass.

Shit. Shit.

I'm a fucking idiot!

Oh...

Can't believe I did that again after all these years.

I was reading while the tub was filling up,

and I came down to get...

Yeah, your mother did that all the time.

I should have put an overflow drain

on that years ago,

and fixed the fucking ceiling.

Yeah.

Hmm, I made a fresh pot.

Thanks.

I don't think it's that bad.

There wasn't that much water on the floor up there.

Enough, apparently.

Yeah. Sorry.

I'll pay for it, whatever the...

whatever it costs.

No, no, stop.

Another cup?

No.

Hmm. I can see why

you wanna stay here, Dad.

It's a beautiful place.

Uh-huh.

I asked Danny Ward's sister to...

check in on you more often.

She told me she comes to clean every two weeks.

Now she could come every few days maybe.

You know, get your groceries,

make sure your prescriptions are filled,

do your laundry.

All that stuff.

Whatever you need her to do.

Is that okay?

You need to go back to California.

I know.

I just wanna make sure you have a little help here.

It's all taken care of. You don't have to worry about it.

She'll just come and lend you a hand.

All right?

What's a slang word for "overactive"?

It's five letters.

The second one might be a "Y."

Hmm?

How many letters?

Five.

Hyper?

Huh?

That works.

Grandpa forgot his watch.

He gave it to me.

Really?

Wow.

Lucky girl.

That was really nice of him, wasn't it?

Yeah. We're friends.

You sure are.

Hmm.

You okay?

Yeah.

Baby.

Get off me, you fat bitch.

No.

I'm so happy.