I've never understood the world's obsession with kissing.

And "swapping spit?" That's supposed to make me want to do it?

I guess my first wasn't so bad.

Though I remember having no idea what to do with my arms.
KISS NUMBER 2

My best friend Cat told me I should hold his face gently. And close my eyes. Don't forget. Close my eyes. Close my eyes.

Whoa! Is that Rhode Island? How does a zit get that big?

Yeah, there are definite benefits to closing your eyes.

Uh, I gotta go.

KISS NUMBER 3

Luckily, I wasn't afraid to use my arms by my third kiss.

I'll call you.

Pretty sure his tongue hit my small intestines, though he was kind enough to lick most of my face en route.
There were plenty after that.

All with varying degrees of “meat.”

KISS NUMBER 4
This one guy always led into kisses teeth-first. Teeth against teeth. Worst sound in the world. Rattles through you from your head to your toenails.

CLANK!

KISS NUMBER 5

Gahh!

Heh, heh

There was another boy. He would put his tongue between my front teeth and upper lip. He thought it was funny. I...

...did not agree.

KISS NUMBER 6
I don’t quite remember all of them.

I wish I didn’t remember more.

KISS NUMBER 7

But none came close to the awfulness that followed KISS NUMBER 8.
Laura, I didn’t mean...

I SAID GET OUT! GET OUT!

One month earlier.

You can’t deny that he’s totally hot.

You’re going to hell, Cari. You know that, right?

Shhh. My parents are gonna get pissed.

I mean, look at those abs!

6

7
Great, now Adam thinks we’re talking about him.

If we get more decent-looking altar boys, maybe I’ll stop drooling over our lord and savior.

Mmm.

---given up for you?

Adam, bells.

So, you’re telling me you come to church because you have the hots for Jesus?

Shame you never get to see the back. Betcha Jesus is got an ass that could crack a walnut... HELL, I bet it could shatter a cashew!

Nooo. I have the hots for THAT SCULPTURE of Jesus.

Shh.

Clang clang clang clang

Clang clink clink clink

Ewww.

Mom’s gonna kill him.

What are you up to?

Normal Sunday: Tornadoes game. You should come.

Normal Sunday: Tornadoes game. You should come.

Uh No. Who watches minor-league baseball? It’s just a bunch of overweight old farts secretly hoping they strike out ‘cause there is NO WAY they’re gonna run with those beer babies.

What about you, Laura?

Well...

What about you, Laura?

Well...

Maybe it’ll be good to not be in my house for a bit.

Woof! Makeover! Amanda, say goodbye to Laura’s forehead caterpillar.

Goodbye, Amanda. I shall miss you!

Stop that.
Hey, Mom and Pop Orham!

Mrs. Stevenson tells me she heard you girls use the Lord’s name in vain... How many times was it?

Eighteen!

Eighteen times? We weren’t using it in vain. I was praising him. And besides, it was only like thirteen—maybe fourteen times.

I don’t remember.

No idea what she’s talking about.

And I’ll never eat a cashew again.

Jim, stop encouraging them. Girls, let you try it, but no more sitting together.

Dad! We didn’t do anything wrong.

I’m sure Adam was flirting with someone else when he forgot to ring the bells.

Ew, he’s like my brother.

Ew, he is my brother.

Eh, he did have a decent growth spurt lately...

What? Like you guys didn’t notice!

Let’s go. If we leave the Tornado crew for too long there won’t be any food left.

Never again!

Lord, help us all

Need a ride, Cat?

Nineteen!
I'm just saying if you're dating someone in the witness protection program, I'm really good at keeping secrets.

I would only turn him in if the mob offered, like, twenty bucks or free cheese fries.

Dad, there're only forty guys at St. Francis and I'm pretty sure I already dated any worth trying out.

FIIIINE. I'll let you marry Franco. But I'm not super happy about the age difference.

Franco looks like he swallowed a basketball.

But you've got shared interests. You both want him to play in games. You always said you were going to marry him.

Yeah, in FIFTH GRADE. But I also really wanted to marry Leopardman from Danger Cats.

Ah, yes. Leopardman. How could I forget, right before Shemp.

I'd rather have my grandkids be Tornado fans than badly animated crime-fighting cats.

I demand a subject change. Superpower. Which one? Go!

I always said that Cat was my best friend, but that's not really true. My best friend position was filled long before I met her.

Really? You'd pick invisibility over flying?

It's more practical.

But flying! Imagine it! Also, you picked invisibility last time.

So? There's no rule against picking the same thing twice.

Get your asses down! You wanna jinx the whole first inning?

Relax! We've got time. Free Bird's still pimping.

Hey, Mad. Adam.
Didn’t think you’d be here. Saw your mom biting your head off after mass.

Father Tim saved me, walks right up and says I’m one of the best altar boys he’s ever had.

Geez, I hope that’s not true.

And voila, here I am. That Tim is headed for sainthood.

How’s O’Callaghan looking?

No signs of the injury. We got this one.

Oh please, he always chokes. I don’t care how much they paid for him. They should just start—

Franco.

You and your Franco, Ha.

He’s ancient. Sure, he can pitch one or two good innings, but if he did a whole game we’d be signing “get well soon” on a stuffed bears’ ass.

What are you doing?! Sit down!

Oh no. I think my arm’s stuck.

Har, Har. Get down, Jim.

Listen, you’re not SUPOSED to stand until the Free Bird tells you. Totally jimmies the whole first inning.

And this has been proven how?

With science!

Lots of lab rats in uniforms, tiny bleachers, one rat in sequins and shoulder pads...

Took FOREVER to teach it the national anthem.

Don’t be ridiculous—

What the hell?

Leg cramp.

It’s contagious!

Buncha idiots.
PLEASE RISE FOR THE SINGING OF OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Don’t blame me when O’Callaghan farts all over the mound.

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thru’ the perilous night...

Doo, doot, dooo, dooo, doooo.

Over the land of the...

All right, boys! Show ’em what you got!

Doesn’t seem fair Mrs. Girsky never has to take off her hat.

You don’t want to see that. Pretty sure her hair’s attached.

Just a client. Must not have known it was a home game.

T’ll me he did not just hit the first batter.

C’mon, O’Callaghan!

See? What did I tell you? You joked about it, but here it is Right here. SCIENCE.

C’mon, O’Callaghan!

Yeah!

Woo!

Woo!

Boo!

What? Oh, yeah.

You okay?

Doo, doot, dooo, dooo, dooo, dooo, doooo.
THAT WAS A STRIKE!

This is painful. Mom shoulda grounded me.

BIZZzzz, BIZZzzz.

Jesus, Jimmy! Tell your girlfriend to stop calling!

Sorry. I should find out what’s so urgent. Be right back.

Ball four! Booo!

Crap! Sorry. Cheese!

Oh, Cheese.

Oh, come on!

Cheese?

Franco better be pitching by the time I get back.

See, this is why I don’t want to date Adam: dry-cleaning bills.

What the hell do you want, Dina? You’re not supposed to call me.

Our relationship was over a long time ago. No, Amanda doesn’t know. I’m raising her right. There’s no room for you or...
Oh geez, Mads. You're still soaked.

Let me guess—they wouldn't give you napkins without buying something. Girsky gets cheaper every year.

Um. No. Yeah. No, they were out.

I'll go get you some TP. It's a great excuse to stop watching this bloodbath you guys started.

We started?

Hmm, so it rained cheese? I miss anything else?

No, I'll be there. Two thirty. Saturday.

Make fun of my superstitions, but you know I'm right this time.

Just some client really desperate to sign the house on Elmore.

Hey, look, Mads! They're taking O'Callaghan out. This may be your lucky day.

Who was on the phone?

What client?
MadVOTH: can’t mom-monster too close-by, pic?

omgcats: k!

Chat with omgcats

MadVOTH: you there?

omgcats: turn on vchat we did my hair super cute!

omgcats: friendly hand gestures are 4 yr mom, serly u never vchat no more!

MadVOTH: can’t help it, she’s got super hearing.

omgcats: her other power is super bitch, she called my mom about us goofin off 2day!

MadVOTH: we? you were the one checking out jesus’s butt!

omgcats: k changed my mind, now the hand gestures are 4 u
MadVOTH: something weird happened today

omgcats: what did u actually meet a guy u didn’t instantly hate? LOL

MadVOTH: I think my dad had an affair

omgcats: gf&ol no way

MadVOTH: I heard him with some woman on the phone.

omgcats: that’s crazy your mom may be a bitch but she’s hot & he knows it no way he’s sleeping around he’s like a priest minus the tendency to touch lil boys speaking of which srily Adam has a total hard-on for u swear i could see it through his robe puberty is being nice 2 that boy

omgcats: shit mom’s drunk ranting again brb

MadVOTH: maybe you’re right, but it really sounded…

laurapage3: Many reasons?

MadVOTH: know the feeling can’t believe adam didn’t get in trouble!

MadVOTH: what else happened?

By the way, I wanted to apologize for being so stressed this morning. Mom has been a royal pain lately.

laurapage3: None of your business.

Amanda’s asking about me?!

Ask her if she’d go out with me!

Get rejected on your own time.

laurapage3: Actually, he’s grounded all next weekend.

Stop reading over my shoulder.

I am not! Dammit, Laura! Why would you do that?

MadVOTH: poor kid he seriously needs to find someone his age to crush on he’s like an excitable puppy…one that spills drinks on me.

BING!
ADAM: Don’t... she’s just known you for too...

MOM: Gonna be pissed if you stay on that all night. I’ve got homework.

Laurapage 3: Listen, I have to go. Adam has some project.

MadVOTH: oh, never mind. Forget I said anything.

Laurapage 3: No! I want to hear the whole story. Let’s talk about it tomorrow.

Laurapage 3: Hang in there! If you need me, call.

MadVOTH: can’t really talk out loud about this.

Laura:

Laurapage 3: I know, I know!

Laurapage 3: Holy crap. Are you okay?

MadVOTH: I’m freaking out. What if it’s another kid or something? What if they get back together?

Laurapage 3: What?

MadVOTH: I think my dad’s having an affair, or had an affair. Like past tense.

Laura, let your brother use the computer.

Ten more minutes!

Laura...

Five?

Now!

There was no way my dad would have cheated. No way.

Hey, Amanda?

Yeah.
Shoes off the bed.

They aren’t touching anything!

Then you can have fun washing the sheets.

FINE. Watch your tone. You’re lucky I’m not more upset about your behavior at mass.

I didn’t do anything!

Well, now you will do something. Wash the sheets.

Who am I kidding? Dad could do better.

Get the futon cover, too.

You wouldn’t put up with this crap, would you?

Mads, I can’t believe it. Your dad?

I mean, he said it was over, right?

Mads, cheating is pretty much an inevitability of marriage.

Let’s say you eat an awesome burger. It’s like the juiciest, most delicious thing you’ve ever put in your mouth.

Next night: AWESOME, it’s another delicious burger.

And then the next night, and the next.

And before you know it you’d kill for a plain cube of tofu KILL. It’s like all you can think about. Bland, squishy, jiggly...

Enough, I get it.

It sucks, but cheating is normal. And your mom’s an ice-queen Barbie—a delicious burger left out in the snow.
I wouldn’t want to eat her. Ha-ha.

Not everyone cheats.

Say hi to Tweedle-Dum in Delusional Disneyland. Can you imagine what it would be like to only kiss one person forever?

Brrraaahhing!

Crap.

Let’s talk about something more fun, like…

The Spanish-American War?! Ohmgod, that was my favorite. How did you know, Ms. White?

What’s up, all you breakers?! Welcome to Hit The Breaks. I’m your host, Marid Rodriguez.

Two days of the week had a truly sacred schedule.

Sundays it was me, Dad, Jeopardy!, Valley of the Hidden, and Hit the Breaks.

But that day Dad didn’t show. No call. Nothing.

Tuesdays it was me, Dad, mass, and a Tornadoes game.

He’s a robot. Those aren’t nipples. They’re wingnuts.

Hey.
What a horrible day.

Forget to get something?

Crap. The mail. Sorry.

Don’t worry. I love working for you and your dad.

Also, for the record, “doing the wash” doesn’t mean putting things in the machine and leaving them wet overnight.

You’re lucky I’m too tired to yell. AC went out halfway through Pilates 3. Wanted to cancel, but level threes actually liked sweating more.

Whoops.

Anything for me?

Bill. Bill. Bill. 0 percent APR. Bill. Bill.

No. Nothing

Gram and Gramp are stocking on cruise postcards.

Well, Alaska’s a lot farther than the Keys.

What’s that face for?

Tired. I’m just tired. Where’s your dad?

Thought you could tell me.

I need a shower.

Hey, why don’t we watch a movie together tonight?

One of your Lifetime ones? Yeah, think I’ll pass.
Sorry to snap before. It’s just been a rough day. I love you. Love you, too.

Sorry, Maddie. Open house on Lennox went late. How was VOTH?

Home, did you skip work and sneak off to the water park again? Not fair!

Haha, very funny. Don’t know. Was waiting for you.

Actually, I was hoping we could all watch a movie together. Amanda, you pick.

If we don’t watch this episode tonight, there’s no way to avoid the spoilers.

C’mon, Lucy. Why don’t you watch _Valley of the Hidden_ with us? We can have movie night tomorrow.

You know I have my late class tomorrow.

_PREVIOUSLY ON VALLEY OF THE HIDDEN:_ “OMIGOSH MY BABY! I CAN’T FIND IT, AND GASP! IS THAT A UNICORN?!”

“I’m from the future, and I’m here to...”

Wait, whose baby is missing?

No one’s. Sally just thinks she had a baby, but it was really a hallucination.

Which one is Sally? The blonde.
Oh. From your poster. I thought she got shot.

No, that was the other blonde.

And Virginia didn’t get shot. It was a shape-shifter posing as her. She was in a coma in a well.

Who’s that?

Carl.

Who’s he?

No way!

All you need to know is he and Sally had a fling that no one knows about.

“And you’re BOTH the father!”

Wait, how can they BOTH be the father? This is ridiculous.

It’s really great once you get into it.

 Didn’t you want to take a shower?

You got mail.

That means the kid has a partial claim to the Unicorn King throne! Oh man! Melvin is going to FREAK OUT.
This is Ave. Some.

Hey, Earth to half-unicorn man.

Sorry, I'm not feeling great. Mickey-D's isn't sitting right.

Ugh. Why do you eat that stuff? Just trying to do my part to help the gas crisis.

Ewwww.

Why don't you see if Cat wants to go? You don't want an old fart—pun soon to be intended—hanging around.

BTW, cover your nose.

She hates any movie with science, no matter how many cute guys are in it.

Sorry, Maids. I promised Father Tim I'd help with the soup kitchen. How about Adam? Lord knows he'll follow you anywhere.

Come on! I'll even wear my Vultronian ears.

The soup kitchen?
I'll volunteer Saturday, too. Sorry, no can do.

Why?

You'll be over your good deed limit. You're about to hit your quota by staying in this room.

Huh?

Oh God! My nose! It burns!

Oh! What happened?

This week on Valley of the Hidden: when breaded chicken strips attack!

Keep that up and you'll kill the homeless this weekend. What time should I get there?

We really have too many hands. And, well, to be frank, if anything is going to kill them, it's your cooking.

Jerk.

Haha. Listen, you enjoy your weekend and that's final.

The show's back on!

So what. Dad had an affair with some tofu.

Jesus!

This face ain't big enough for both of us, Zit.

Ugh! Can't they invent a cream that doesn't burn?

I can't believe Dina. She's got some nerve. Sending something to our house.

James, you're overreaching.
Amanda was going to find out sooner or later. How the hell was she going to find out? She's a smart girl.

I just don't want my daughter exposed to that. YOUR daughter?

Don't make this about us.

Go to bed!

Hi, it's Amanda. I know you forgive, so whatever Dad did, I should just forgive him, right? But he's lying. Can you make him tell me the truth? Or better yet, just make it so there's nothing to tell? Also, thanks for the zit. It's one of your more impressive ones. Amen.

CRASH
Good, you're up.

Why are you here? Isn't it Saturday?

Hello to you, too.

Sorry. But don't you have work?

Called in sick. Thought we could have a girls' day. Maybe check out a spa... mani-pedi, waxing...

Waxing is your idea of a fun day?

Okay. No spa.

And I'm not forcing a stranger to smell my feet.

How about we work on your driving?

Do you want to see if Cat's free to come with us?

Again? What did she do this time?

No way. Took me three months to pay off the damage from last time. Besides, Cat has a license now.

She's grounded again.

I plead the fifth, sixth, seventh, and any other amendment that gets me out of explaining.

Dad already go to the soup kitchen?

Did he...

Oh, yes.

Mom and Dad may be opposites, but they had one thing in common: they were both horrible liars.

I should talk with Cat's mom. Constantly grounded, but she doesn't learn.

The number of times I've seen her outside her house, necking in a parked car...

Necking? What are you, sixty?
Hey, what about Laura?

AMANDA: That’s horrible.

I mean, she’s super nice... and boring... and clingy.

Just because she doesn’t set things on fire and chase after boys doesn’t make her a bad friend.

Laura’s okay, but if we didn’t live close I doubt we’d be friends at all.

I didn’t say she was a bad friend.

Then it’s settled, I’ll see it she’s free.

Um... I think I’m a little old for you to be arranging playdates.

Joann?

Haha, I know. I missed this month’s meeting.

Jesus. She didn’t? Well, that’s not surprising.

Oh, great! Amanda and I are having a girls’ day... My treat... Pick her up in a half hour?

Great! Laura’s free. Come on, you’ve never had a mani-pedi. You might love it.

bzzzzzz

Saved, like always, by my Cat in shining armor.

Poop. The Winstons need me to babysit today.

They can find someone else.

Everyone else is busy.

Besides, you keep telling me I should get a job.

I mean, that’s true, but I was hoping... What about Laura...

I’ll text Laura. I gotta get ready or I’ll be late.
Your text saved my ass. Mom was driving me insane.

Super Bitch strikes again?

That’s the weirdest part. She was being decidedly UN-bitchy.

Like, super nice instead, trying to make me hang out with Laura.

Said she thinks Laura’s a good influence.

Laura’s only a good influence if you need a sleep aid.

Hey! Did you hear, Vomit Train is playing a secret show at the Zipper tonight?

Oh, I am, but Mom’s working weekends.

So, did your dad meet up with Ms. Mystery Mistress today?

I don’t want to talk about it.

Who’s the vampire?

This super hot gal from Public Jason.

Fred? Woodrow? Something like that.
Good to know he was memorable.

Maybe his NAME wasn’t, but believe me, a part of him was DEFINITELY memorable.

Ewww.

It didn’t go THAT far. But with him, hugging was more like stabbing.

La-la-la. So not listening.

If you were there maybe I wouldn’t’ve missed curfew because of a guy whose name I can’t remember. Come to the next party!

I’d get caught. Does it hurt?

Naw. Doesn’t feel like anything.

Your mom won’t find out.

Besides, you’re like a junior nun-in-training. When was your last date?

Seriously, it’s been forever. I have trouble believing there’s no one even worth CRUSHING on.

It’s not my fault all the guys at our school suck.

So stop dating guys at our school. I did.

Though if Adam keeps this growth spurt going...

He’s like our brother!

I always did like Flowers in the Attic.

Laura would FREAK.

That alone makes it worth it.

Dooooon’t worry, I’ll be good.

Besides, I think YOU should go for him.

He’s too young.

It’s two years!

I know him too well!!

There are parts of him you’ve never met...

You’re twisted.

I don’t get you. He’s hot. He’s nice. He’s totally in love with you. You’re weird, Mads. You know that, right?
Crap, I’ve only got an hour to get ready. Meeting Paul for a movie.

Like it matters.

So innocent.

Paul who? What movie?

Sweet! Your mom’s car is gone.

Thank God. That woman was gunning to wax me into a newborn.

Seen your legs recently? For once she mighta been doing you a favor.

Gotta go! Don’t freak about your dad! I’m sure he didn’t do anything.

Text me later. Love you!

I love you, too.

Patience has never been one of my strong points.

I used to think “a good imagination” was one of them...

...but I’m not so sure anymore.
You scared me! Why are you sitting in the dark?

Don’t change the subject. Where were you?

What’s the matter?

ANSWER THE QUESTION!

Where were you?

Why are you yelling?

Why are you wearing a suit to chop vegetables?

Stop lying! I know you cheated on Mom.

Well, the Gazette was doing a piece on the kitchen and they needed some of us to look nice and...

I know about Dina. I’m a “smart girl.”

What?

Dina? Wait, you think...

Why did she want to see you today?

You don’t know what you’re talking about. Why aren’t you out with your mom?

Mom was in on it?!
Mads, there are some things...
...it's better you don't know. Respect my privacy. It doesn't affect you.

Sit down. We're not done.

Sorry. I have to go and respect your privacy.

Amanda...

DON'T TOUCH ME!

Let me guess. Forgot your key? Also, did you forget you were...

...grounded.

What are you doing here? Where the hell is Catherine?

Oh God, she's not hurt, is she?

Don't just walk away from me!

Damn it.
Laura! Amanda’s here.

Amanda?”

Laura? She’s upstairs. What’s wrong?

Coming. Coming.

What happened? Are you okay?

Do you need anything?

Who hurt you?

I’ll take care of it.

Stop attacking her.

I’m okay. I’m okay.

I got in a fight with my dad.

Ohmigod, it’s Saturday. Was it about...

Sorry, I’ll be in my room if you need anything.

Are you hungry at all? We just had...

ADAM! I’m going. I’m going.
You still don’t know it’s true.

I know he was lying to me and my mom’s in on it.

Can I borrow your phone?
Yeah, sure.

Pick up, pick up, pick up.
Where are you calling?

I’m busy, Laura. What do you want?

Lost track of time. Figured if I was gonna get in trouble anyway I should make it worth it.

Cat’s at the Zipper. Can you give me a lift?

I don’t know...

No way. That place is super sketchy.

My parents will freak if I drive back by myself.

Then stay out with us.

Also... I mean...
I don’t want to sound like a mom, but do you really think going there is a good idea?

You’re upset. You need to talk it out, not get drunk at some sleazy club.

Oh, thank God!

Gerry’s bouncing. I’ll make sure he lets you in. Two-for-one ladies specials!

The punk showcase. Come! Come! Come!

Where are you? Your mom is freaking out.

Take the stick out of your butt, Laura!
ADAM!

Please, I'll pay for gas.
I can drive you.

I wasn't listening. I just walked by.
Thank you. Thank you.

Maybe I should go.
No. It's okay. I know you don't want to. Also, I'm not sure Cat could sneak more than one of us in.

Let's go. sigh
You aren't going there with bare feet.

Tie 'em tight. I'll be one more layer for the rapists to get through.
You saved me tonight.
Whatever. Just don't get killed.

So, what happened?
Long story.

I've got time.
Short version: My dad's a liar. My mom's an idiot. The end.

Listen, I really don't feel like going into it.
But thanks.

It's cool. I understand.
Oh, hey! Did you hear? I made varsity, only sophomore on the team.

That's really great.

Well, they were shorthanded, so they kinda had to bump me up, but it's still an honor.

I've been running a lot. Started lifting some weights. I don't know if you can tell.

No, you can totally tell.

Mads...

...by any chance do you sing?

Mind if I turn on the radio?

What?

Oh, no. Yeah, I like music.
Wait. Stop.

What?

I should get out here. If they see me getting dropped off, they'll know I'm not twenty-one.

Maybe they'll figure you're a twenty-one-year-old who never got a license 'cause she kept driving into stationary objects?

Haha. Very funny.

Sorry. Just wanted to see you smile.

Be careful. Here, take my phone.

You can't help it. It's not like parked cars stay still.

No. No. I can't.

I'll leave it here in case you change your mind.

Fine. Don't take it.

There you are! Gerry, Mads, Mads, Gerry.

Grr!

Hi.
So this is the infamous Zipper?

Normally it’s as shitty as it looks, but not tonight! Vomit Train’s here!

They’re actually playing?

You’re gonna love ‘em. Electro-punk with a girl lead on keys. Like the bastard child of MSI and Dresden.

Two PBRs! How old is she?

I said two PBRs.

Fine. It’s not my ass.

Oh, lighten up, Chris. Don’t push your luck. You’re a lightweight if I ever saw one.

Ever since Chris decided he wanted to be a cop, he’s been a total douche.

That guy’s a cop?

Now. He keeps failing the test.

Hey, I wanna introduce you to some people.

Yeah. Not him.

Jess, Rick, Karich...

Just call me K.

This is my best friend, Amanda.

Hi.

We’ve heard all about you. I’m so glad you finally came!

What happened to Paul?


We didn’t get bumped. They overscheduled.

Yeah, seven bands is totally fine, but eight, now THAT would have been too many.

Where are they? Didn’t take their ego long to blow up. Fucking hype.

K’s just pissed since their band got bumped.
F*ck this. I'm buying shots...

Woah! Sweet!

What'll it be, new girl?

Um, I'm not really into shots.

All right, all right! We're sorry!

Sorry their band is so bad.

...for everyone but you two.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA

Where're Nate and Darren?
Prolly off somewhere being gay.

Whaaat! It's true!

Where're they?

Darren is Jess's brother. Nate's a guitar player for a couple bands.

You guys all go to Public?

She means Morristown.

Yeah, graduated last year. I always forget you go to that weird little private school.

Catholic school. With uniforms. I don't forget.

Aww, I knew you couldn't stay mad at us!

Fat chance, jerks.

Extras are for me and the new girl.

She looks like she's had the same kinda day I've had.

Kanpai, assholes.

Kanpai!

Jesus was all into turning water into wine.

They probably just forgot to write about all the times he changed water into tequila.
They aren't even that good.

Well, SHE'S my best friend when she's not sucking face with some idiot, but he was ALWAYS my best friend.

Look at their drummer! His form is horrible!

You know what else is horrible? My dad. I thought he was my best friend. MY BEST FRIEND.

I don't need her. I should play bass AND guitar. Get a double-neck thing like Prince.

Now, he's just a liar. A stupid liar.

Look at Jess. Dancing like it has a beat or something. Traitor.

Wait, Prince lied to you. What? Didn't you just say... My dad is a stupid liar.

HA HA HA HA HA HA

PRINCE IS YOUR DAD?!
How the hell can someone so little weigh so much? What did she drink?

Um...just...

A lot. Hahaha! I think I liked you better when you were a preachy straight edge.

You're so pretty. Isn't Cat pretty?

Snap out of it. I can handle My mom, but there's no way I can handle yours.

Those aren't my shoes, are they?

Where am I?

Um...about thirty seconds away from being grounded for life.
What about you?

Oh, I'm pretty sure I didn't do any of those things at your age.

No, I mean, what about YOU. Lying to me, trying to make sure I didn't find out about Dina.

"Girls Day," my ass!

You just gonna let Dad get away with it?

Then who the fuck is she?

Amanda!

I don't know where you got this insane idea. Dina is not who you think she is.

You're seriously not going to tell me?!

It's not my choice to make.

Oh, grow a backbone.
Okay, God. I get it. And you're making sure my stomach and I both don't forget it.

But shouldn't there be some rating system for sins?

Like drunken lawn puking. That's maybe a 2.5 on a scale of 10.

Maybe only a 2 if it's raining out.

Our father...

Murder: 10 points. Stealing: 4 points.

Putting on ice cream container back in the freezer empty: 6 points because that's just cruel.

Lord's name in vain: 0 points. Why, you were kidding about that one, right?

...who art in heaven

Lying, cheating, adultery, more lying...

...hallowed be thy name...

Maybe this scale needs to go to 11.

Leave him alone. Laura and Adam tried to stop me, so I hitched.

YOU HITCHED? Jesus, this just keeps getting better.

Hey, Mads. See you at the game?

You don't happen to know how Amanda wound up drunk last night wearing your sister's shoes?

She's grounded.

I, uh...

Hmmmm?

Oh, please.

James!
They pull another one like last time, I'm skipping the Nighthawks game. No way I'm driving way out there to watch them sleep on the field.

You're all talk, Sal. You'd never skip a game.

I'm not made of gas money!

Haha. You've had your license for what, twenty seconds?

They lose today...I boycott away games.

I'll drive you.

I'm also really good at the flight simulator games.

Three weeks, and actually he's a great driver. Winds up the Xbox was good for something.

Don't push it.

Where's lady luck?

Grounded and hopefully still feeling like death. She came home drunk.

That's not like Amanda.

Let me guess, she was with Catherine? That girl needs some serious parental attention.

I got to watch my sweet, innocent daughter fall out of a cab and shoot her dinner all over our front yard.

At least they were smart enough to take a cab.

Eh, think of all the stuff you did at her age.

That's not the point. SHE was raised right.

Jim, your mom was Mary Poppins on steroids. I swear she spent every day making us cookies, always hot out of the oven.

Almost as hot as she was. Ha!

I had the biggest crush.

Gross, Dad.

What the hell is your point?

I'm saying you were raised just fine, but I could write a book with all the dumb drunken things we did.

You're being too hard on her. It's just part of growing up.
Wow, I'm lucky I know such an expert...

...oh, wait, I forgot, you don't have any kids.

Holy crap. They're starting Franco? He hasn't started in six years!

I'm gonna go.

That came out harsher than I meant.

No, I know how you meant it. I'm gonna go.

Amanda's a good kid. You wanna be your father, I'm not going to stop you, but if you ever, EVER resort to his style of discipline, I swear to God—

I'd never do that. You know that!
You feeling okay?

Don't be dumb. Hangovers don't last two days.

Speak for yourself. My stomach abandoned my body.

Adam's having a major guilt trip for driving you.

Adam drove you? Why didn't he hang out?

Is your dad still acting super shady?

I've just been avoiding my parents.

Want me to give K your owl?

No way.

I can't look at either of 'em.

I remember pieces. Cat and Rick. I remember Cat and Rick.

Come on! He's awesome. A bit stuck-up, but cute and talented...

...er...well, at least cute.

I wasn't into K at all.

Who?

Coulda fooled us. But don't sweat it. Kisses mean nothing.

Sister Clara, was my dad there Saturday?

Your father tells me you'll be helping out at the kitchen. We're thrilled to have you.

BRRRRRRRRING! BRRRRRRRING!

Your father was doing important work last weekend.

All right, Act II, Scene I. I need a Polonius, a Reynaldo, and an Ophelia.

Lying nun? Maybe there's no such thing as a good person.