The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

By Amanda Silver
Good Morning.
Welcome to Seattle Today.
I am the captain of the Pinafore
- And a right good captain too
- You're very, very good
It's almost ready,
you guys.
- We'll be right down.
- We'll be right down.
Occasionally say
I'm never, never sick at sea
- What never
- No never
- What never
- Well hardly ever
I'm gonna be talking
about traveling with children.
Michael!
Emma,
stay right there.
What's the matter?
Claire, stay here.
Mommy?
Hey!
- Ooo, I'm sorry. Sorry.
- Hey, hey, hey.
- What are you doing here?
- Mommy?
It's okay, sweetheart.
- Honey, this gentleman says
the Better Ways Society sent him.
- Um... better day.
Sorry.
Better Day Society.
The Better Day Society
helps place...
the mentally disabled
with employment.
I live there.
- Of course! You're here to build the fence.
- Yeah.
I tried knocking.
Solomon, right? Rene Peterson told us
about the work you did.
I'm Claire and this is my husband, Michael.
- Yeah, we met outside.
- And this is Emma.
Hello.
It's nice to make your acquaintance, Emma.
I'm gonna throw some shoes on.
See if our guest would like anything to drink.
My mom says to ask if you want anything.
I'd like a brand new bicycle...
with a big basket...
on the handlebars
and some gears.
That sounds neat.
Yeah.
Okay, um...
okay, I see.
Um...
you wanted to take away this.
Yeah.
The new fence should contain...
the area here and the gate should be there.
Um...
do you want the fence to keep people in...
or...
keep people out?
Well... both.
But mostly to keep people out.
Okay.
Okay.
One...
two...
three... five...
nine.
Just kidding.
I got the tape measure.  
See?  
Is everything all right  
out here?  
Right... as rain.  
- Mrs. Bartel?  
- That's me.  
The doctor  
will see you now.  
- This is your first exam with Dr. Mott?  
- Yes, it is.  
The doctor who delivered  
my little girl retired.  
Dr. Mott was kind enough  
to take me on midterm.  
- He's one of the best.  
Expecting his own, you know?  
- Oh, really?  
- Take everything off,  
put the gown on, open at the front.  
- Okay.  
- Doctor.  
- Mrs. Bartel!  
- Hi.  
- I'm Dr. Mott.  
- It's nice to meet you.  
- It's nice to meet you.  
So...  
how are we today?  
Just great.  
The baby's kinda  
kicking up a storm all day.  
This is your second.  
You're a pro at this.  
I see you have  
a history of asthma.  
- Any problems?  
- No, none at all.  
- Why don't we take a look? Feet up.  
- Oh, okay.  
I didn't think it was usual to give  
pelvic exams after the third month.  
We won't again  
until the 36th week,
but... I want to make sure my new patients... have a full exam on their first visit. It's Mrs. Miller. She's calling again for the test results. Why don't you go ahead and give them to her. She's all clear. - If she has any questions, I'll call her back. - Yes, doctor. Would you hold, please? Oh, Maria, when you're in the lab, would you call in the results of yesterday's virupaps? Yes, doctor. - Sorry about that. - It's okay. Why don't we start with the breast exam? Weather's been beautiful these days, hasn't it? It has. Yeah. I love taking walks after the rainstorm. It's very important to be able... to give yourself your own breast exams. Relax. Mrs. Bartel, we need to schedule your next appointment. - Claire? - Oh, Michael! - Honey, what's the matter? - Michael. Just hold me. Honey, what's wrong? Claire? It was the way he was touching me. He wasn't examining me. It was like... he was getting off
on it.
I mean...
what if I accused him
and I was wrong?
Do you think
you're wrong now?
No.
Then we have to file
a complaint.
- Michael, I don't think I can do that.
- Claire, listen to me.
If we don't
report this,
he's gonna do the same thing
to somebody else.
You have
to trust yourself.
I don't think I can,
Michael.
I think you can.
We'll go through it
together.
Even with food and supplies
flown into the area daily,
the aid is not reaching
many of the refugees.
Dr. Victor Mott, Seattle
gynecologist and obstetrician,
was brought up today on formal charges
by the district attorney's office.
The scandal began last week when one
of Mott's pregnant patients...
went to the state medical
board claiming...
she had been sexually molested
by the doctor during an examination.
Since the patient's initial accusation,
four more women have come forward...
alleging that they, too,
had been sexually molested.
Citing the possibility of criminal
misddeeds, the state medical board...
- turned the case over to
the district attorney's office.
Dr. Mott was unavailable for comment. The suicide provision is quite clear; however, we may be able to get the insurance company to return a small settlement. Mrs. Mott, although your husband had sizable assets, they've been frozen by the state. Frozen. This is normal procedure when the estate... is probably going to be sued by a number of sources. You are free to stay in the house until you have your baby, but you should begin to make alternative plans. I'm very sorry, Mrs. Mott. Can I help? Get an ambulance here right away! My baby. We'll need blood. - Four units cross matched now! - Undo the belt. - I want vital signs! - Pediatrics is standing by. - My baby. - Now lift. She's hemorrhaging. We gotta get this baby out or we're gonna lose them both. - I feel it kicking. - You can? - Ow! Ow! - Keep her still. I can't stop this blood. Call anesthesia. I'm gonna operate. Chest compressions are reducing. We're losing him! No!
Hold her down.
- He's gone.
- No.
- Anesthesiologist is on the way.
- We're prepping her for surgery.
Increase the drip
to 90.
Her pressure
is 80 over 40.
- She didn't touch it.
- Emergency hysterectomy.
She's been so depressed,
she won't talk. Let me try.
...against the late
Victor Mott's estate.
The suits were filed by four of the
women who claim they had been molested.
You have got to eat.
The investigation was dropped
when Dr. Mott was found dead...
from a self-inflicted
gunshot wound.
Claire Bartel has not filed a suit
although she was the first...
to accuse Mott of molesting
her during an exam.
I'll leave your food.
Her accusation prompted the other
women to come forward.
I'm coming up
to the back door.
I'm getting close
to the back door.
I am now entering...
the back door.
- Good morning, Solomon.
- Good morning.
Thank you.
You can't catch me, Daddy.
Hi, little baby.
Get back here. I gotcha!
Sorry, Mom.
Oh, don't cry,
baby.
Oh, yes, 
that's a big boy. 
Thank you, Solomon. 
Don't cry, sweetheart. 
Remember the rule at 
the Better Day Society? 
They said it's best if 
you didn't handle the baby. 
I'm sorry. I forgot. 
- I only wanted to help. 
- I know you did. 
Thanks. 
Ooo-ooo-ooo. 
They're replacing the small greenhouses 
at the botanical gardens. 
- I thought I might get one of the frames. 
- Let me guess. 
You want to build 
your own greenhouse. 
Yeah! The frame's there, 
the hardware's there. 
All I'd have to do is erect it 
and replace the glass. 
Honey, don't you think 
you're taking on too much? 
Have you given any more 
thought to hiring a nanny? 
Honestly, I wouldn't 
feel comfortable... 
having any of the girls 
I've interviewed take care of Joey. 
Claire, it's not like 
when we had Emma. 
You don't need to do 
everything yourself. 
What about Solomon? 
He could be our nanny. 
Honey, I don't think 
that Solomon... 
would make 
a very good nanny. 
Why not? 
Remember we had the talk about 
what a special person Solomon is?
- Yeah.
- Well, there are just some things... that he can't do.
What's gonna happen to Solomon...
when Solomon finishes painting the trim?
Well...
when he finishes painting, we'll have to find something else for him to do.
- Okay?
- Okay.
Hurry up, sweetheart.
- Bye, Mom.
- Bye.
Mrs. Thompson?
Mrs. Thompson!
Thanks.
- Thanks for stopping.
- No problem.
- Here you go, sweetheart.
- Thanks, Mom.
Thanks. I think it's gonna rain later.
That was really nice of you.
- You're welcome.
- Well, thanks. Thank you.
Excuse me, do you know where the Bartels live?
Well...
I'm Claire Bartel.
- Oh, hi. I'm Peyton Flanders.
- Hi.
- I was coming about the nanny position.
- Oh!
- All right. You wanna come up to the house?
- Yeah.
I can't believe I forgot I had an appointment.
I'm usually so good about these things.
Actually, I didn't have an appointment.
Oh. Did the agency
just tell you to stop by?
- Well, no. I'm not with an agency.
- Oh.
The truth is, I've only worked with one family.
They're moving and I didn't know what I was gonna do next.
I was with their little girl in the park.
Nannies talk and I heard that your family needed someone.
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have just showed up.
- I've made you uncomfortable.
- Oh no, it's fine.
You're here so come on in.
- Are you sure? Okay.
- Yeah, yeah.
Usually I have a set of questions I ask, like...
- are you old enough to drive?
- Thank you.
Oh, here.
Don't lose this.
My husband's been after me to fix this thing.
Well...
how did you come to be a nanny?
Well, um...
a few years ago
I was pregnant.
I lost the baby and my husband within days of each other.
The miscarriage prevented me from having more children.
It was a very difficult time.
A mutual friend set me up with a family looking for a nanny.
It turned out to be... a wonderful experience for both of us.
I adore children.
I love being with them, taking care of them. For me it's... the next best thing to actually being a mother. Well, I'm building my own greenhouse. And... although I'll just be right in the backyard, I'm anticipating being very busy. That's Joe. Oh! I'd love to meet him. The nursery is across from the master bedroom. Claire? I need to ask you something. I'll be right back. Excuse me. Try to open the window from the inside. If you can't, wait 'til Michael comes home. Solomon, this is Peyton. Peyton, Solomon. - Nice to meet you, Solomon. - Oh, hello. Oh, I'm sorry! I'm sorry. - I'm sorry. - That's all right. It was an accident. Anyone can have an accident. Okay. Ohh! He's beautiful. He's very hungry. I've taken up half your morning. No problem, I really enjoyed it. I should be going. I'm gonna leave a letter of reference. I can show myself out. You don't have to get up. Peyton, would you like to
have dinner with us tonight?
I'd love for you
to meet the family.
I'd love to.

**Say around 6:**
I'll be here.
I'm in charge of
the salad dressing.
And now you're in charge of setting
the table, sweetheart.
Daddy's gonna be home
any minute.
If you don't mind my asking,
what does your husband do?
Michael's a
genetic engineer.
He works for a research
outfit called Biotechnics.
Daddy is a
mad scientist!
It's Daddy!
Here, let me help
with that.
Thanks.
Gimme a kiss.
Thank you very much.
- You helping Mom out, huh?
- Shh.
What are you
shushing me for?
Oh, Joey's asleep. Thank you.
Shh.
- Hi, beautiful.
- How are you?
- Peyton, this is my husband, Michael.
- Hi.
I gotta tell you guys,
- that was one of the all-time
great meals. - It was delicious.
I was in charge
of the salad dressing.
That's right. She did.
She made it all by herself.
When Mom finishes
the greenhouse,
- I'm in charge of the strawberries.
- Really?
- That sounds like a very important job.
- It is.
She seems terrific. What's the catch?
There is no catch.
I think she's great.
I don't think she'll be a nanny forever,
but we can get her to commit for a year.
- Let's grab her up.
- Yeah? Okay.
Oh my God!
- What happened?
- He had this in his mouth.
- Mommy's earring.
- It must have fallen out
when I was holding him.
He's okay.
I'm sorry
I frightened everybody.
- I'm glad you caught it.
- I'm glad you got there on time.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- This is for you.
- Oh, thank you. You didn't have to do that.
Oh, that's
very pretty.
They say a wind chime
helps a baby sleep.
Why don't we get
you settled downstairs,
- then we'll hang it up outside the nursery.
- Okay.
This is a little bit dark,
but your room gets more light.
This is...
the laundry room.
And this is your room.
- Ah... it's perfect.
- You like it?
There we go.
Mom, look!
We did it.
Oh boy!
Let's see.
- Emma, you can certainly shovel!
- Thank you.
How pretty!
It looks just like
your house.
Yeah, I know.
We put it out every year...
when the martins come back.
Who are the martins?
They're large swallows.
The same family comes back
every year to visit us.
Yeah!
I would come back too.
That is a beautiful
bracelet, Claire.
You like that?
I got that at an antique show.
- You can borrow it anytime.
- Well, thank you.
This must be
a special occasion.
I always feel sexy and glamorous
when I wear this dress.
It's a present
from Michael.
Okay...
which shoes should I wear,
red or black?
- Are you wearing a jacket?
- Yeah. Well, no.
- Maybe not.
- Then I'd go with the black.
You think so?
Yeah, I guess you're right.
That's them. Now I'm really late.
- Where are you guys?
- Oh, we're running late.
- Where's Marlene? She want to come in?
- Nah, she's on the phone.
Oh damn.
- What is it?
- It's just a stain.
It's perfume oil.
I must have perfume oil on my hands.
- Don't move. I'll go get some club soda.
- Thanks.
Marty, this is... Peyton.
- Hello, Peyton.
- Hello. Nice to meet you.
- I need to get something for Claire.
- Okay.
Whew!
Maybe we should go ahead and have kids.
I just want to inform everybody that this place will not hold our table.
- Hello, Marlene.
- Hello.
What's with you?
What do you mean?
Nothing's with me.
Nothing my ass.
Hi, I don't believe we've met.
- I'm Marlene Craven. You must be Peyton.
- Nice to meet you.
- Poison.
- Excuse me?
- The perfume. You're wearing Claire's perfume.
- Oh.
Well, Claire needs me upstairs.
You look great.
- You don't think that's funny?
- No.
There she is.
- Hi. Sorry.
- Hi.
You look great!
Honey, I thought you were going to wear that dress I bought you.
Is there something wrong
with what I'm wearing?
That's not what I meant.
Um... boy you look good!
You look beautiful.
Let's go. I'm starving.
You have the number
where we'll be.
I do. Have fun.
Bye.
Zombies.
The living dead.
This is great! Mom never
lets me watch these movies.
That's why we have
to keep it a secret.
Do you know what
a secret is, Emma?
Yeah, something
you can't tell anybody...
- No matter what.
- That's right.
Now we have our own little
secret club. That's our sign.
It was fun meeting your
Aunt Marlene and Uncle Marty.
They've known your mom and dad
a long time, huh?
Aunt Marlene grew up
with daddy.
They used to be boyfriend
and girlfriend when they were little.
Is that right?
Do you have
any boyfriends?
- No, I hate boys.
- You do?
If I tell you something, you
promise not to tell anybody?
I promise.
Secret club.
Well...
this mean kid at school,
his name is Roth,
he's been really mean
to me.

But he said if I told,

I'd be dead meat.

He said that to you?

- Did your mother do anything about it?

- She tried...

but she couldn't help.

You never, ever...

let an attractive woman take

a power position in your home.

- It's very bad business.

- A power position.

You heard what I said.

What's that saying?

- "The hand with the baby... " that...

- Hey, Marl?

How much did you get for

the Fletcher house last week?

Three...

and change.

All I'm saying is

you have to watch your back.

I'm serious!

There's too much pressure.

A woman can feel like a failure if

she doesn't bring in 50 grand a year...

and still make time for

blew jobs and homemade lasagna.

Marlene's not

much of a cook.

Marlene, I think I'm

gonna bum one of these.

You're such

a bad influence.

He only smokes

around you now.

- One isn't gonna kill me.

- Oh, I got it.

"The hand that rocks

the cradle...

is the hand

that rules the world. "

You wanna look

at the baby?
Ahh, look.
Hi!
Ahh, look, honey.
- Boy or a girl?
- Boy. His name's Joe.
- How old?
- Three months.
He is beautiful.
- Thank you.
- He has your eyes, you know.
Do you really think so?
Absolutely!
Do you have any other children?
Yes, he has a sister.
Her name's Emma.
She looks more like her father though.
We have one more too, don't we, sweetheart?
- Peyton.
- Hi, Emma.
Tell me, which one is he? Where?
Take that!
- The one with the blue and gray striped shirt? - Mm-hmm.
Okay.
- Watch it, Trippy!
- Sorry, Roth.
Ouch! My arm! My arm!
I got a message for you, Roth.
Leave Emma alone.
If you don't, I'm gonna rip your fucking head off!
Ow!
I get it, ma'am.
Let me go!
Don't forget it.
Awesome! Wow, that was cool.
Ha-ha ha-ha-ha.
Secret club.
Good morning.
What's the matter?
You're not hungry, sweetheart?
Shh-shh-shh.
Claire, I thought...
maybe you could use
a cup of coffee.
Oh, thanks.
- Peyton?
- Yeah?
Have you noticed anything
different about Joe?
No, I haven't.
Why, is something wrong?
No. I was just wondering.
I'm real tired. Michael was up all
night finishing his E.P.A. proposal.

- I got up at 4:
- I hope it works out.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- See you tonight.
- You're not gonna have pancakes?
Nah, I've got to go to Federal Express
before I go to the lab.
Let me. That's the last thing
you need to worry about.
You have the time?
My proposal has to go out today.
Okay. Thanks.
I love you.
- Bye-bye.
- Bye, Michael.
How long have you
been volunteering here?
Gee, about seven years.
These days, I mainly take care
of the morning maintenance.
- Hi, Claire.
- Hi, Stan.
Kinda like a big
botanist family here,
- right, Stan?
We sit around talking about root rot, drainage properties of shredded bark and other topics like that. Is your greenhouse gonna be something like this one? Oh, well, hopefully. On a much smaller scale. I've always loved growing anything. When I was little, my parents thought I was crazy. They thought I should've been born on a farm. Hey! Ohh! Hello. Hello! Do you have relatives in Seattle? Oh no. No, I don't. My husband was my only family. He's the only one who ever... really understood me. He took care of me. He was murdered. Murdered? They never caught who did it. But I firmly believe... what goes around, comes around. Is there a bathroom here? - Yeah, down through there on the right side. - I'll be right back. Come here, little one. Do you need to be changed? Come here.
Michael's proposal. I can't find it.
It was in your purse.
I saw you put it in there!
- Claire, are you all right?
- Asthma. I'll be okay.

Asthma.
Michael, it...
just disappeared.
I retraced my steps. I spoke to
the manager in the restaurant.
He said he'd call
in the morning.
What did they say
when you called again?
They said they'd
consider it next quarter.
- But they said they'd consider it?
- Claire, come on.
We've been over this.
Look, everything
is gonna be okay.
- Michael, I'm so sorry.
- I know you are, honey.
I know you are.
Maybe I left it
at the botanicals.
I'm going to
get back to work.
I'm sorry.
- Michael, I'm worried about Joe.
- Why, what's wrong?
Well, it's
his eating habits.
He's not nursing
the way he used to.
How long has this
been going on?
- It's not all the time,
but... a couple of weeks.
- Did you call the doctor?
- Yeah.
- What'd she say?
She said it's fine as long
as he keeps gaining weight.
- Well... I'm sure he's fine, honey.
- Okay.
Someone named Peyton
is here to see you.
- Peyton's here?
- She's waiting in your office.
She's our nanny,
Gilbert.
Uh-huh. Okay.
Let me in on where
you do your hiring.
Hi.
Shh!
He's out cold.
I'm sorry to bother you
here at the office,
- but I just wanted to talk to you in private.
- Everything all right?
Oh, yeah. Everything's okay.
I just had an idea.
It's Claire's birthday
coming up.
I thought maybe it would be nice
to throw her a surprise party.
She's been feeling
kinda low lately,
- ...especially with this thing
with your proposal.
- That's a good idea.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
Oh... do you think,
do you think Marlene
would want to help out?
Help out? You kidding me?
She'll take over.
Well, maybe it's best not
to tell her it's my idea.
Why not?
I wouldn't want her to
think I was competitive.
You know?
About Claire's friendship.
You understand Marlene
pretty well already.
Well, good...
so I'll be going.
Okay, good.
I'm real glad you came by.
- Bye.
- Bye.
Oh!
Solomon!
I want to show you
my sculpture.
Ah...
okay.
Is... that the head?
Or is
that the foot?
No, that's part
of the fur.
Oh!
Okay, I see.
That's a piece
of art.
- I knew you'd see it.
- Yeah.
Yeah.
- Hi, Emma.
- Hi, Peyton.
Hi, Solomon.
Emma, why don't you go inside.
I've got to talk to Solomon.
- Okay.
- Okay.
Are you a retard?
No.
Did you like
looking at me?
Did you like...
looking at me?
Don't fuck with me,
retard.
My version of the story
will be...
better than yours.
I won't let
you hurt them.  
They're my friends.  
I won't let  
you hurt them!  
Oh boy.  
Solomon!  
Would you step inside  
for a minute?  
Okay.  
Surprise!  
It's for you,  
big guy.  
I was in charge  
of picking it out.  
Ohh.  
You're my friends.  
Oh my.  
Oh.  
Should've seen his face when we gave  
him the bicycle. Emma just adores him.  
Claire, there's something  
that's been bothering me.  
I feel a little awkward  
bringing it up.  
I've been noticing  
some behavior that...  
I feel might be  
inappropriate.  
I'm sorry. What  
do you mean, inappropriate?  
Something about the way  
he touches her.  
I'm sure you  
must've misunderstood.  
You're right, Solomon would  
never do anything like that.  
Besides, it would be obvious  
if Emma were keeping a secret.  
- I'm sorry.  
- Oh no, please. It's okay.  
She's coming around.  
Whoa! Whoa!  
I love you very much,  
sweetheart.
You know that
if anything happened,
good or bad,
you can tell me and I
would love you just as much.
Do you know that?
Yes.
We shouldn't have
any secrets, Emma.
Secrets between people who
love each other aren't good.
What's the matter,
baby?
Nothing.
You don't have to say.
Why can't I see
through this glass?
It's fiberglass,
a different kind of glass.
We put real glass in the ceiling
to let the sunlight through.
And this lets the air in so it
doesn't get too hot in the greenhouse.
Claire, Joe's intercom
conked out.
I couldn't find any
batteries in the kitchen.
- Do you think Solomon's got some in his cart?
- Well...
he's got everything else there.
Let me take a look.
Do you see
what you've done?
Sweetheart?
Come away from
the window, honey.
Emma?
Come sit down.
Peyton.
But I don't
understand.
Why did they take
Solomon away?
I guess your mommy didn't
like Solomon very much.
I wanted to help Solomon, but I was afraid she'd try to send me away too.
I hate her.
I bet your mommy wasn't mean like mine.
I didn't have a mommy.
She died when I was very little.
Your mommy died?
Then who took care of you?
I had to take care of myself.
Peyton, if something happens to my mommy, would you take care of me?
Of course I would.
And your daddy too.
I'd take care of all of you.
- Last of the boxes.
- Yeah.
Emma's gonna be okay, Claire.
But she's so different around me lately.
She's not my little girl.
She's so angry... and guarded.
I think...
maybe she blames me because I didn't protect her.
I don't think so, Claire.
Shh.
Marlene wants to get together tonight to make out a guest list.
I'm not sure this party is a good idea now.
- What do you think?
- I think we should go ahead with it.
Everyone could use
some cheering up,
especially Claire. You know how
she's been blaming herself.
Yeah, I think
you're right.
Guess I just
needed to hear it.
Thanks for lunch.
I especially liked the part where
we picked up the fertilizer.
- Oh, you liked that?
- Oh, yeah.
Hi, you two.
- Hi. Oh, can I take him?
- Oh, sure.
Hi, sweetheart. Hello.
- Let me help.
- He's getting so big.
- He's like a different kid
every time I see him.
He's got a great
set of lungs, doesn't he?
- Oh, what's the matter?
- You want mommy?
You want to go?
What happened, ohhh?
Shh.
I don't know what got into
him today. Want me to try?
- Wanna go to Peyton?
- Ah, it's okay.
Yeah.
Yeah, it's okay,
little one.
What is that
annoying noise?
Wind chimes. It was a gift
from Peyton.
Charming.
Well, I gotta go.
- Bye-bye. Thanks for lunch.
- Okay.
Marlene,
Peyton's making one
of her famous souffles.
Why don't you and Marty
stop by for dessert later?
Sorry, I can't make it.
I'm showing the Fletcher house.
Didn't you sell
the Fletcher house?
Actually I did, but
the financing fell through.
I have to start all over.
Bye. I'll call you.
Okay.
That smells great.
You know what they say.
Chocolate's a substitute for sex.
Chocolate's great, but
I don't know about that.
Guess you and Michael keep those
fires burning all the time, huh?
We certainly have
enjoyed each other.
When we first moved
into this house, we...
we christened
every room.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Well, you know.
When you have a baby you start to feel
tired and unattractive...
and fat.
I'm sure Michael is as attracted
to you now as he ever was.
A man never loses it
for his first love.
But I wasn't
Michael's first love.
- No?
- You'll never guess who was.
Marlene?
- Am I right?
- Yeah, how'd you know that?
Wild guess.
You know, it's a shame Michael's
not here. He's gonna miss it.
What's he doing so late
at the lab anyway?
That's a
good question.
I'm gonna give him
a call.
Randy and Cecie.
Dave and Loreeta.
- And Mitch.
- Mitch and the Harrisons.
- Oh, come on.
- They always invite us.
You got a light?
Can't find my lighter.
Marty's gonna throw a fit.
You know, I'm still not sold
on this whole surprise party thing.
- Because of Emma?
- And Claire.
She just hasn't
been herself lately.
How's Peyton doing?
Oh boy,
Peyton's been great.
- Has she? - I don't know
what we would have done without her.
- Hi, sweetie.
- Hi.
- How was your night?
- Fine.
Yeah?
Michael, I called the lab.
There was no answer.
I was in one of the rooms
without a phone.
Honey, come on. I didn't mean
to frighten you.
- You been smoking?
- No, I haven't been smoking.
One of the techs was.
Must be in my hair.
Michael, you never let anybody smoke at the lab. What is this, an interrogation? 
- Well?
- Well what?
It's been a long day.
I just wanna go to bed.
I heard something.
I dropped something.
Oh.
Well, good night.
Can I fix you something?
- No, thanks, I-
- Are you sure?
I'm sure.
Good night.
Good night.
Hey, sweetie, your mom and I want to talk to you.
We heard that the Better Way Society is putting Solomon back to work.
- Better Day!
- Better Day, sorry.
Your mom and I want you to let us know if you see him...
around school
or at the house.
Sweetheart, you don't have to be afraid, okay?
I'm not afraid of Solomon.
Peyton!
Wait for me!
Peyton!
- Mrs. Bartel.
- Hi, Joe.
Mm-hmm, let's see.
Three pants, a dress, one shirt.
like starch?
Yeah, and this jacket here kinda smells of cigarette.
I didn't know
your husband was a smoker.
He's not.
What's this?
Mrs. Bartel,
your husband's got a habit
he's keeping from you.
Mommy,
what's wrong?
Mom,
let's go inside.
Emma, I want you to go upstairs
to your room and play.
But Mom—
Emma, please!
Go upstairs.
Claire?
Honey,
what's the matter?
Michael,
how could you do this?
- What are you talking about?
- You've been lying to me.
Honey, just calm down.
Don't tell me to calm down,
you son-of-a-bitch!
Honey, you
don't understand.
I understand.
You've been fucking Marlene.
All right, Claire,
that's enough!
There are people
in there.
What are you
talking about?
Talking about
a surprise party.
Oh, my God.
Everybody's
in there.
Surprise.
Surprise.
- Did you speak to Marlene yet?
I can't seem to face her.
Michael, I can't go on like this anymore.
I can't say I'm sorry...
any more than I already have.
I can't go on like this anymore either.
I was thinking... maybe we could go away for a few days.
You mean, Peyton and the kids or just us?
No, I was thinking just the family without Peyton.
I thought you liked having Peyton around.
I do, and then sometimes I don't.
You sound like you're turning on her.
It's just— you know.
So many things have gone wrong since...
since she's been here.
— Are you saying those things are Peyton's fault? — No!
I don't know.
I don't feel like myself.
Claire, honey,
come on.
Peyton's come through in some very tough times.
I know.
We'll talk about it when we go away.
We'll go away, just the family.
If there are any further services that I may provide,
do not hesitate to call, blah, blah, blah.
These are all in the Magnolia District in that price range.
Eastwind, Hobart.
These are old.
They still haven't unloaded
the good doctor's house.
What are you waiting for,
a tip?
I'm going out.
Cancel my morning.
- What should I tell Lambert?
- Make something up.
You've got a Harvard education.
Hi, sweetheart.
I'll be back in a while.
- You're not working here this morning?
- No, I have to go...
to the botanicals
to pick up seedlings.
I won't be long.
Fuckin' A.
Hello?
- Let me speak to Claire.
- May I ask who's calling?
Marlene Craven.
Want me to spell it?
Claire's not here,
Marlene.
- I'll tell her you called.
- Sure you will.
What is this, a parade?
Let's go!
Claire, I didn't know
you were here.
Someone named Marlene called,
said it's important.
Oh, okay,
thanks.
Hello, Marlene.
Claire! It's Marlene!
Claire!
- Marlene, is everything all right?
- No.
I need a doctor.
Know of any, Mrs. Mott?
Where's Claire?
Marlene, please?
- Where is she?
- She's in the greenhouse.

But, please, Marlene,
please don't go out there.

Claire!
This is important!
It has nothing
to do with the party!
Claire!

Claire!
This little piggy stayed home.
This little piggy
had roast beef.
This little piggy
had none.

9-1-1 emergency.

What is the nature
of your emergency?
What is the nature
of your emergency?

Notify harborview,
medic one has
a respiratory arrest.
Here's the O-2.

This isn't going to work.
Forget the oxygen.

Get me my laryngoscope
and a #5 line right away.

- Oh, my God, what happened?
- You'll have to stay back.

Paramedics are
with her now.

- What happened?
- Everything's gonna be fine.
I'm assuming she's a friend.
- It's gonna be okay.
- She-

She has trouble breathing.
She has asthma.
The paramedics have
everything under control.

Hey, Al!
Take a look over here.
It's okay, Joe.
It's okay.
Claire, honey?
Can you hear me?
You're safe now.
You're in a hospital.
Just try and rest, okay?
Michael.
I keep seeing
Marlene's face.
I can't believe
she's gone.
Come inside.
That's better.
You're soaked.
Soaked through.
Peyton.
There's only one woman
for me.
That's all you need.
Thanks.
- Thank you very much.
- You're welcome.
Could someone hold the door for me?
- You okay?
- Fine.
Emma?
Fasten your seat belt,
sweetheart.
I got it.
- Hi, Peyton.
- Hi, Emma.
Hello, Claire,
it's good to have you home.
It's good
to be home.
Michael, before I forget,
the school secretary called.
Said the meeting is Thursday.
I wrote it in your book for you.
Okay, great, thanks.
It's a fund-raiser.
Peyton heard about it
when she picked up Emma.
Oh, you said I could borrow it.
Is it all right?
Oh, yeah.
I'll be right back. I want to
make sure I don't burn dinner.
It's great
to have you back.
You like it?
Peyton did it.
Someone could have
asked me first.
We thought it
would be a surprise.
We thought
you might like it.
If you don't, I'll have
her take it down.
It's okay.
All right, well,
I'll put your things away.
All right, do you have any sevens?
- Go fish.
- Whoa-ho, look what I took, huh?
Do you have a ten?
Go fish!
Keep your cards up here
so Peyton can't see them.
So you can't
see them.
Yeah, that's it.
There we go.
Did she tell you where
she was going in such a hurry?
No, she just
took off.
Told me to cancel
her morning.
What was she doing
before she left?
I had just given her these
listings she had asked for.
She looked at them.
A minute later she hurried out of here.
Listings?
These?
Those are the ones.
Mrs. Harris?
I'm glad you made it.
- Bruce Silverman, Windemere Realty.
- Oh.
Would you care
to take a look inside?
Yeah.
I'm glad you made it.
I was just on my way out.
The house was custom-built
two years ago.
It's listed well
below market value.
They're very motivated.
- May I?
- Of course.
The original owners
lived here a very short time.
New carpet throughout.
Uh, there is a nursery?
It's a perfect room for kids.
That's a strange-looking toy.
What is it?
It's a breast pump.
Breast pump?
She used it to keep
her milk up.
- I don't understand
where she could be all this time.
- I don't either.
Here she is.
- Honey, where have you been?
- Michael, I've got-
Hi, Claire, we were
worried about you.
- Claire, my God!
- She's Dr. Mott's widow, Michael.
She's what?
Get out
of our house.
She's turning on me, Michael,
just like you said she would.
She doesn't realize how I've come
through for this family.
You have to tell her,
tell her about us.
There's nothing to tell.
You should leave.
Michael, what are
you saying?
You told me there was
only one woman for you.
I meant Claire,
my wife.
Okay, fine.
I'll just get my baby
and we'll be on our way.
I- I meant,
I'll just go get my things.
Michael.
You don't understand.
I mean, leave now.
We'll send your things.
You're right, Michael.
That's best.
Peyton, the keys.
Oh, of course.
I'm sorry.
You've been so kind.
Mommy, Daddy,
what's happening-
Emma, stay there!
It's okay, Emma.
Mommy and Daddy want me to leave.
Good-bye, Peyton.
Peyton!
Call the police!
Claire, calm down.
You don't know
what she's capable of!
We have her keys!
I think she rigged
the greenhouse for me!
All right,
get the kids' things.
- We'll go to a hotel.
- Go upstairs, sweetheart.
Can you get someone
over here right away?
But it's not an emergency situation.
- Well, no.
- I'll have a car there as soon as I can.
All right,
we live at 808 Yakima.
Emma, sweetheart, we're gonna
go away for a few days, okay?
You can bring
dolly with you.
Peyton?
Peyton?
- Michael?
- Daddy?
Emma, I want you to lock
this door behind me.
- Don't open it until I come back,
do you understand?
- Yeah.
Stay here.
Michael?
Claire.
Oh.
- Michael.
- I'm okay. She's in the house.
I- I can't move.
My legs are broken.
- I'll get the kids.
- Call the police.
Mommy?
- 9-1-1, what is your emergency?
- Hello, yeah.
We need help at
808 North Yakima.
Mommy!
My family!
It's my family.
It's okay, Emma.
Mommy's here.
I'm gonna take you and Joe.
We're gonna have a real family.
You never have to see those people again.
So tell your mommy, where's Joe?
Huh?
Where is he?
He's in there.
You're not my mommy!
Emma!
Shh, quiet.
Emma!
Emma!
Emma.
You're being very bad, Emma.
You.
- You give him over.
- No!
- No?
- No!
You give me my baby or I'll bash your skull in!
Peyton!
It's my family,
Peyton.
Don't hurt my mommy!
Something the matter,
Claire?
When your husband makes love to you, it's my face he sees.
When your baby's hungry, it's my breast that feeds him.
Look at you.
When push comes to shove, you can't even breathe.
No.
- Now give him to me.
- No!
No!
Owww!
Noooo!
Oh, Solomon.
He's okay.
I- I didn't hurt him.
- I know, I know.
- Okay?
Shhh.
Emma! Emma, it's okay.
Come on, come on,
up we go.
- Mommy!
- Oh.
Let's go down
to daddy, okay?
Solomon, I need you
to do something for me.
I need you to take
Joey downstairs.
Oh no, I'm not supposed to...
handle the baby.
That's okay.
I trust you, Solomon.
It's okay?
Okay? Yeah.
Oh boy. Oh. There you are.
- Come on, sweetheart.
- Oh, he's a big baby.
- Let's go and get Daddy.
- Oh, my... little baby.
Solomon?
Come on.
Oh boy.