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The Last Letter

By Paul D. Hannah

My dearest Michael,
our first date was amazing!
You are such a gentleman.
I loved holding your hand.
I owe George one for
introducing us...
My dear Michael,
thank you for inviting us
over to Sunday dinner.
I enjoyed meeting your mother.
Although, I'm not sure how
she felt about me...
Hopefully, in time she will
learn to love me.
as I lay here watching
you sleep, I realize
I'm in love with you.
I'm whispering in your ear,
"I love you. "
My dearest Michael,
I've written so many letters, but
tonight, I can't find the words.
I guess that means it's time
to stop writing for a while...
tomorrow, I'll be
Mrs. Michael Wright.
Sometimes, I feel
like I don't belong in this world.
But those feelings won't
last forever.
One day, I'll be a bride
with a pretty white dress,
and pretty hair,
with a church filled with all
of my friends.
I'll marry a handsome man
with strong eyes
who will be a hard worker
and he'll take care of me.
And, we'll have lots
of babies.
Lots and lots of babies.
Catherine and Michael
have prepared their own vows.

My beautiful Catherine.
Here on this day I stand a man
deeply rich.
Above all other blessings,
you are my greatest gift.
I am honored and humbled
by your commitment to me,
and in front of God and in
front of all these people,
and in front of Pastor,
- I commit my life to you.
Michael.
You're everything
I prayed for.
You are beautiful and you
take care of me,
in ways that every
woman dreams of.
You are my blessing.
I wouldn't want to live this
life without you.
And...
I long to culminate
our dreams,
with a child born
from this love.
You've saved me in ways
you'll never understand.
My one desire is to spend
every day from now until
eternity loving you.
This is the beginning
of your lives together.
Love each other
through everything.
I want everyone in
this room to stand
and extend your right
hand to this couple.
This is your covenant
with them.
To support their union.
With the authority granted by
the only true God,

I now pronounce you
man and wife.
You may kiss the bride.
Thank you, Pastor.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I present to you
Mr. and Mrs. Wright.
I'm sure we're okay.
May a mother dance
with her son?
Of course, Mrs. Wright.
Well, you're Mrs. Wright now,
as well.
Mother.
You look so handsome.
May I?
- Yes.
- Mmm.
You have made the worst
mistake of your life.
Come on, Mom.
Don't do this in here.
Well, you don't give
me any choice.
You don't return my calls. I've barely
even seen you since you got engaged.
Mom, you've been nothing but negative.
Why would I return your calls?
I am simply being honest,
sweetheart.
Somebody has to have
a clear eye on this.
We don't know anything
about this girl. Nothing.
- Mom, I know all I need to know.
- Hmm.
Okay?
I know she loves me
and I love her back.
What else should I know?
Please, don't be so naive.
All this puppy love is for
peasants, sweetheart.
Oh, thank you for

that lovely dance.

- What I gotta do is top my wife up.

- All right.

Hear ye, hear ye.

All right, I got it.

Speech here, speech.

A little something...

Uh.

Today, these two lovers
begin their lives.

Although I introduced them,
I like to think of myself as just a
tool in a divine plan, you know?

I know I'm a tool. I know people
think that. But this is different.

Um, from the bottom
of my heart,

I wish you both a lifetime of
love, friendship and happiness.

- Cheers. Here's to you guys.

- Brother, thank you, man.

- Happiness.

- Cheers.

Cheers, here's to them.

Cheers.

I... I hope you don't mind
me coming.

Oh, you know, I get it.

It is a bit unorthodox.

Your ex-fiancee show up
to your wedding.

Hmm. I just wanted to stop by
and say congratulations.

Thank you, I appreciate that.

Catherine?

Honey, what's wrong?

Are you happy?

Excuse me?

Are you happy?

Happy doesn't describe
what I feel.

Good. That's what matters.

I haven't slept in a month.

- So, I'm just stressed out, I think.

- I know.

I just hope your
happiness lasts.

We were happy once.

- We were happy once.

- You remember?

I do remember.

Yes, I remember.

Enjoy your day.

It's your day.

- Thanks, Claudia.

- Oh, baby.

Good morning, Mr. Wright.

How are you?

- Good morning, Julie. How are you?

- Good, good.

You've got several messages on your
desk and one is highly urgent.

- Highly urgent.

- Yes.

- Let me guess. Mother dearest? Yup.

- Sounds like it.

David, all right.

I'm doing all right.

Hello?

Ms. Clark?

No.

Catherine Clark?

But... Uh, that's my maiden
name. How can I help you?

I'm Mr. Tines from

Firestone Insurance.

Okay?

May we speak?

One moment.

Hello.

May I come in?

What's this about?

It's about the fire at the
Smiths' house.

You were one of the foster
children there, yes?

Yes, but that was
some time ago.

May I?

Case number X-3052,

March 17th, 2012.

With Catherine Clark,

now Wright.

I'm sorry, what is this about?

Oh, we're reopening the case.

But... I'm not sure why

you need my help.

That was almost 20 years ago.

The Smiths' son recently came

into some money.

He hired me to investigate.

He never believed that

it was an accident.

And, the Fire Marshal's report

was inconclusive, at best. So...

Still not sure why

you need to speak to me.

You were there.

What I am specifically

interested in is

what happened

before the fire?

Claudia and I were upstairs,

doing our homework.

George and Mr. Smith's son, Nathan, were

downstairs, watching the football game.

That's it.

Right there.

The official police

report states

that you and Claudia were

the first two out the house.

Yes. That's right.

How were the two of you

down the stairs

and out of the house

before the guys who were

downstairs by the front door?

Well, the TV was loud.

Mr. Smith liked it that way.

He had that TV on so loud that

you couldn't hear anything,

anywhere else in the house.

Hmm.

How'd you know about the fire?

I could smell burnt wood.

But no one else could?

Okay, um... What happened when you went downstairs?

Well, I told Claudia that I smelled something.

So, we went down the stairs.

And, when we got down there, the door was closed to the den where the guys were.

I could hear the game. It was piercing through the walls.

And, um, we went back to the kitchen and that's where we saw the fire.

Then we went down to the den and started pounding on the door but they couldn't hear us.

You know, Mr. Smith always kept that door locked.

He didn't like to be disturbed.

How'd you finally get their attention?

We went outside around to the back and we saw them through the window just oblivious, just laughing and smiling.

So, Claudia finally threw a rock through the window.

And then they tried to open the den door but the flames were everywhere.

Is that when Mr. Smith broke the glass in the window?

That's right, yes.

And what happened then?

Well, he helped George and Nathan out first but by that time the flames had risen all the way to the upper floors.

And the ceiling came down on Mr. Smith.

Hmm.

And where was Mrs. Smith
at this time?

She was working.

She worked nights
at the local diner.

Okay, um...

Fire Marshal's report states
that the fire
started in the kitchen.

But no one was
in the kitchen. Correct?

I don't know about that.

Okay.

Okay.

That's all I have. Thank you.

Mrs. Clark, I mean...

I'm sorry, Mrs. Wright.

Wright.

One more thing.

Your medical history.

Yes?

There's some indication that you suffer
from some severe sleep disorder.

I used to.

But not anymore?

Yes, that's right.

That's all.

Um, you have my card,
so if you remember anything else,
feel free to give me a call.

I'll show myself out.

Michael?

Mr. Haynes.

Update me.

On the Kohler Project.

Well, you'll be happy to know the
Kohler Project is all but done.

The designs look absolutely
amazing and, uh,

I think the client will
be pleased.

You have a good team
under you?

I have a great team, sir,
actually.
They are great
because of you.
Wars are fought by soldiers.
But they are won by thinkers.
Thank you, sir.
That means a lot.
The firm is downsizing a bit.
To cut costs and
bolster efficiency.
We're trimming the fat, so to speak.
Becoming more lean.
Okay.
I want you to cut your team
to two.
Sir, you're asking me to
let go of three people?
I thought the company, though,
was doing pretty good.
Three of Bill's clients have
declared bankruptcy.
And the Donner building
never got its funding.
We all have to sacrifice.
And I know I can
count on you.
Of course, sir.
Absolutely.
Additionally,
I would like you to mentor
my nephew
who I think has
great potential.
These are partner level
decisions, Michael.
A man's character is
revealed in famine.
Not in feast.
Babe, I'm home.
- What you smiling about?
- Mmm.
- Go wash up for dinner.
I knew I married you

for a good reason.

Babe, can you tell me how these idiots expect me to do the same amount of work with less people?

Well, companies are cutting back all over, honey.

It's all over the news.

Yeah, but, babe, we're already understaffed as a company.

Doesn't make any sense.

Maybe it's a test.

And, I mean, I already handle the most important projects.

You know, I handle all the most complex designs. All of that's me.

And then he did that thing again where he dangles the partnership over me.

He think that scares me or something?

Horrible.

Michael.

It's a game.

Play to win.

- What would I do without you?

- You like that, babe?

- I like that.

Yeah, I like that.

Want anything?

No, thanks.

Oh, before I forget.

Remember we have dinner tomorrow with Bill from the firm.

8:

Oh!

So, Catherine,

I have to tell you I cannot get Mike to shut up talking about you.

And why should he?

You know, if you ask me, a man should be singing the praises

- of his wife every chance he gets.

- Absolutely.

- Good.

- I'll say.

Michael is incredibly blessed
to have a woman put her dreams
on hold,
stay home and see to
his every need.

- Mike's gotta be pulling in the big bucks.

- I know.

Yeah. Okay, I wish.

It is not that easy in
today's economy.

How do you feel, Catherine?

Uh, about?

About not working, of course.

I work every day.

I cook, I clean, I
manage the household expenses.

Oh, that's right. Now that's
the real work, honey.

What do you do, Cheryl?

- She's a blood-sucking attorney.

- Oh, Bill.

I wish I could get her to stay at
home, but it's not gonna happen.

- Uh-uh. Never, never gonna happen.

- Never?

So, Bill, I'm curious.

How many...

How many they make you let go
of on the team?

- None.

- Really?

Yeah, I mean, why?

Because Mr. Haynes said all the
teams were downsizing, so...

You have a team.

First I've heard of it,
really.

But, guess you're gonna have to get back to
work sooner than you thought, Catherine.

- It's all over.

- Okay, enough about work, Bill.

So, Catherine,

that dress is so nice.

- Uh, your...

- Check, please.

You think I'm a burden?

What?

I can get a job, Michael.

You want a job?

I want a baby.

- Catherine.

- I want a baby.

We talked about this.

We said we would wait two years,
it has not been two years.

It's just, I'm ready now.

I've spent a year waiting.

Well, I don't think I'm ready
for that, babe.

Michael.

I'm serious.

I got loads of stress at work.

We just talked about it at dinner.

The company is downsizing.

They're not looking out for me
and babies cost money.

We gotta be smart about this.

It's not just your decision.

Well, it's the last thing I wanna
talk about right now, okay?

Catherine?

Baby!

Catherine?

Baby, you hear me?

Catherine?

Catherine!

Where is she?

Catherine?

Where is this woman?

Baby!

Catherine, I'm calling you!

Catherine!

Catherine!

Catherine, get off the street!

Babe.

Babe, are you all right?

It's okay. It's all right.
It's okay.
Let me get you a towel.
Okay, come on. Gotta get
you out of those wet clothes.
There you go.
Oh, babe.
What happened, babe?
I don't know.
I don't want to talk about it.
Okay.
But you gotta talk
about it, baby.
You have to.
You were in the middle of the
street, babe, in the pouring rain.
You could have been killed.
And I could have been killed.
You're gonna have to talk
about it.
I have a sleep disorder.
Like, what do you...
It only happens when
I'm under a lot of stress.
It's embarrassing.
It's not embarrassing.
It's dangerous.
It's not embarrassing.
You have to be able
to talk to me.
I'm gonna get you
another towel, okay?
Thank you for waiting.
So, uh,
please help me understand
what's happening.
Yes, of course.
There are several stages
of sleep.
One, which is a light sleep,
which you drift in and out of.
And then REM sleep, which is
your deepest state of sleeping.
Sigmund Freud believed

that dreams were safety valves
for our subconscious desires.
In other words, it allows us to
act out things in our dream world
that wouldn't be safe to do
in the real world.
You see we have pons
in our brain that send signals
that cut off neurons
to our spinal cord,
which is why you normally
can't move when you dream.
A sort of temporary paralysis.
I was standing in the rain.
I mean, why wouldn't I wake up?
Yes, well, sleep and dreams are just
recently being researched effectively.
But what we do know is that whatever
you subconsciously believe to be real
when you dream, is.
I'm prescribing something
stronger for you.
And it should help you
to sleep, and stay calm.
Are there any side effects?
A little drowsiness from time to time, but
other than that, you should be perfectly fine.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Good luck.
What's up, little girl?
- Hi, George.
- Hey.
So, what happened?
What'd he say?
He just prescribed
stronger medicine.
That's cool.
If you actually take it
this time.
I know.
Hey, you got everything
you've always dreamed about.
Everything you've written

in your letters, you have.
Don't screw it up.
Take your medicine.
Okay.
Remember, you, me and Claudia
used to sit around
and talk about who was
going to get married first?
Yeah, I do.
I always thought it was going to
be her 'cause she's the prettiest.
I'm the prettiest.
No, I knew
it was going to be you.
You were always the best.
George,
an investigator came around
asking questions about the fire.
Who?
Did he say a name?
I think I have his card.
What did he ask you?
What does he know?
It's okay.
I'll take care of it.
I love you, George.
I love you more.
Let's get you home.
That was Myracle
Holloway and L'Marco Smith,
from the Marriage Chronicles
soundtrack with, What Happened?
It's a sunny 80 degrees
here in Southern California.
This'll be your only warning.
The Smith case is closed.
Walk away, you understand?
Walk away.
Tap the dashboard three times
if you understand.
- Hey, baby.
- Hi.
Hey.
What are you doin'?

Oh, baby, I'm tired.

I guess you're not tired.

- Are you tired?

- I'm tired.

- Are you?

- Yeah.

Hey.

Michael.

Ohhh.

Ohhh.

Mmm.

Fuck.

- Wait, baby, slow down. Baby, slow down.

- No. Don't hold it.

- Ohhh. Slow down. Slow down.

- Don't hold it.

Catherine, slow... Ohhh.

Oh, fuck.

What did we just do?

What did we just do?

Ohhh, fuck.

Ah, yes. Yes!

Look at the pretty day.

It's a gorgeous day.

Hmm?

Hello, gorgeous family.

- I love you.

- Love you more.

And Daddy loves you.

Daddy loves you!

I love you, Daddy.

I gotta go to work.

Oh, can't you just

play hooky? One day? Hmm?

Soon.

As you can see,

the numbers have definitely
gone up since the last quarter.

Michael,

you have done an amazing job
with the Kohler Project.

You did in three months what
would have taken most five.

But I am most impressed

with what you have done
with my nephew, David.
And so today,
we want to reward you
by promoting him to manager.
There is no greater reward
for a teacher
than to see his student
succeed.

Thank you.

Ma'am, it's Detective Snow,
can I speak to you, please?
There's been an incident that
I'd like to talk to you about.

Well, how can I help you?
Last year, were you visited
by a Mr. Tines?

It says here that you were one of
the last cases he was working on.

He was murdered last week.

Oh, God.

Where were you on the night
of April 5th?

April 5th, I was here
with my husband.

The entire night?

Ma'am?

Yes?

Were you home
the entire night?

Yes, I was here
with my husband.

Do you know a George Carter?

I do.

What's your relationship?

He's my foster brother.

I'm going to need you to come on down
to the station and make a statement.

I just gave you a statement, and I can't
leave. I have to stay and tend to my baby.

Do you know where I could find
this Mr. Carter, George Carter?

No.

Okay, well, thank you very

much for your time,
and here's my card, in case
he tries to contact you.
Shh, shh, shh. Come on.
Sush! Shut up.
Hey, Cat.
George.
Don't worry about anything.
I'm gonna take care of it, okay?
You just relax. I'm fine.
I'll take care of everything,
baby girl, okay?
Tell me that you didn't.
I can't talk to you right now,
I'm a little busy.
- Geor...
Shh. Just quiet down.
Come on. Very nice.
You wish your husband came home and
did that to you. You just relax.
Catherine.
Catherine.
Hey, babe!
Hey, April!
Baby, what's going on?
...What?
You should stay down,
you shit.
Well, now I'm really excited.
Your nipples are hard.
You're so beautiful.
Shh, shh, shh.
Babe, babe, it's me!
It's me. It's me.
Shh, shh, shh.
Hey, babe. We're home.
We're in our son's room.
It's okay.
Come here, I've got you.
What was that
last night?
What was what?
What do you mean, "what was what"?
What happened in Samson's room?

It's nothing.
Catherine, come on.
You know what it was.
I thought the doctor said the medicine
would take care of that sort of thing.
I stopped taking the medicine.
You what?
I can't take that medicine
and nurse.
You gotta take
the medicine.
It might hurt Samson.
We don't want that.
Do we?
We'll talk about it later,
when I get back.
Thanks for breakfast.
I gotta go.
Daddy gotta go, Sam-Sam.
You be good for Mommy, okay?
You be good, you be good.
Thank you.
Have a good day.
Is Mike in there?
- Okay, thank you.
- Hey.
What's up, sib?
- How you doin'?
- What's up, G? Very busy.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah, man.
You got no time for family
anymore, man?
I know I owe you lunch. I told you I
promised you lunch. I've just been busy.
Look at all this crap,
projects and deadlines.
Wow.
Well, I hope married life is
treating you better than this, man.
Catherine's just worried about
you, so I thought I'd check in.
Worried? What do you mean?
You know that girl loves you, man.

She'd do anything to keep you happy.

Yeah.

Look, G, no offense, uh,
but what happens between me and my wife,
I think it should stay right there,
between me and her.

My bad.

I just care about
the both of you, so...

Okay, Momma's here.

Momma hears you, Samson.

I know.

I know, okay.

Come here.

It's okay.

- Tell me something.

- Mmm-hmm?

What's up with
her sleeping problems?

- Her sleeping problems?

- Yeah, sleeping problems.

- Probably nothing, man.

- What do you mean, "nothing"?

Well, come on, man. We all have something
that we don't want to tell everyone about.

You know?

What about
when you were in college
and your scholarship money didn't come
through, so I had to loan you 5,000?

I mean now, you got a big job,
you got a big office.

So, you want that back, huh?

You want the money back?

I care that you have a good job and
that you're taking care of your family.

Hello?

Catherine?

How... How did you
get in here? You have a key?

Oh, of course Michael
gave me a key.

Well, I'm sure it was
for emergencies only.

Well, when you didn't answer the door in a timely fashion, I assumed something was wrong.

No, I was cooking, and then I laid down. I didn't hear you.

You cook?

Oh, how nice! Domestic.

Well, anyway, I'm here.

Well, have a seat in the loft. I'll be right back.

Thank you.

You seem uneasy.

Oh, no, I'm fine.

Are you sure?

Have you slept?

The baby has colic and...

So, I'm just up a lot.

You know, I'm so sorry that I interrupted your day, but since it doesn't seem to be

the priority of you or my son that I get to see my grandson at all, I'm sorry.

I took matters into my own hands.

Um...

That's not how it is.

Mrs. Wright.

Oh, my goodness. Look, can we get rid of the formalities?

You treat me like

I'm a stranger.

I'm sorry.

Lorraine.

Thanks.

Well, to be honest, I think, um, being a stay-at-home mother has been

a difficult transition for me.

Oh, my God.

Funny.

I guess it's tragic going from waiting tables to being taken care of.

Let's be frank, Lorraine.

Please.

I know you think Michael
made a mistake marrying me.

I do.

Well, I'm not the mess
that you think I am.

I pray you're not.

Now, would you please
bring me my grandson?

Morning.

You know what, baby,
I gotta go. I'm gonna be late.

Okay. All right. Okay.

Mama's here.

Oh, please stop
crying, Samson.

Okay.

It's all right.

Oh, Mama's so tired.

I know.

Ah, here he is, gentlemen.

Yes, here I am.

Uh, I apologize, first and
foremost, for my tardiness.

I'm sure you will
make up for it

by wowing us with
your new design.

Absolutely.

Just as, uh,
as soon as I find it.

I do thank you for
your patience.

Michael,

we don't want to waste any more
of these gentlemen's time.

Do we?

No.

Um, essentially,
we're simply expanding on the previous
designs that we talked about before.

Wait. I don't need
it explained to me.

I just want to see what the

buildings will look like.
I wanna see the designs.
Indeed, Michael.
- Mmm-hmm.
- Where are the designs?
The truth is, gentlemen,
I had a, uh,
emergency this
morning at home.
I'm sure we can
all relate, and
I left
the designs on the
hard drive at home.
If I may, Michael, uh,
why not just call Catherine and have
her email over the presentation?
Two minutes,
Mr. Haynes.
Just give me two minutes.
Thank you for your patience.
Two minutes. Two minutes.
Thank you, sir.
Come on, babe,
pick up the phone!
What the fuck happened, Mike?
I don't know.
Well, is Samson okay?
Tell Mr. Haynes I
had an emergency.
- Michael!
Catherine!
Catherine Wright!
Where's Samson?
Catherine, what did you do?
What did you do, babe?
Where's my boy?
He's sleeping.
Oh!
- What the fuck
is -wrong with you, huh?
- What?
- What is wrong with you?
I gotta help you, babe.

I don't know what you
want from me, Michael.
Babe, I can't help you if you
don't tell me what's wrong.
You just sit there with this
glazed look in your eye.
You look like you're constantly
on the edge of insanity.
Insanity?
- You scare me, babe.
- No.
But you just don't understand.
You don't understand.
Well, then make me understand!
That's what I'm
asking you to do.
Make me understand.
You gotta help me understand. I gotta know
that you're able to function with our son.
I'm gonna call Mom and,
and ask her if she'll come to
the house and help out...
No!
You will not invite that
woman into my house.
She hates me.
Your mother hates me. I don't
want her in my house...
This is our home!
It's not your home,
it's our home.
You should want
what's best for our son.
I'm what's best for my son.
I'm what's best for our son.
I'm his mother.
I'm his mother. I'm what's best
for our son. I'm the one who's here.
I'm the one he needs.
I'm what's best for my son.
Take my baby.
I do everything around here.
Take my baby.
I cook, clean.

Fucking bastards.
Take my baby.
Who do you think you are?
You won't.
I won't let you.
Baby.
Catherine.
What?
Are you okay?
I'm fine.

Babe, it's 2:

in the morning.
Take my baby.
You all right?
Oh yeah, buddy, I'm fine.
You don't look fine.
I guess it's true,
Bill, you know?
Things are too
good to be true.
It usually means they are.
Well, I'm sure it'll
work itself out.
Look, I'm, uh...
I'm not very good at
this kind of stuff.
But, uh...
What kind of stuff? What?
I'm here to let you go.
Oh, Bill, that's funny.
I mean, you've always
been a valued employee.
I mean, you've gotten some of the largest
contracts this firm has ever seen.
Bill, what is this shit?
Mr. Haynes
will be forever
in your debt.
Mr. Haynes couldn't
come down here
man-to-man and fire me?
He sends you?
I fuckin' trained you, Bill.

You think this is easy for me?
That bastard owes me more
than a damn package!
Don't be unreasonable.
I don't need
Mr. Haynes' package.
And fuck you, Bill!
Take the package.
Michael!
Fuck the package.
Ugh.
Never mind. We'll take
care of this later.
Eight years I slaved for you,
And frankly, I'm shocked you
didn't see it coming sooner.
- What?
- You got soft!
You lost your edge!
I lost my edge?
You used to be focused!
You know this game!
It takes more
than just talent.
You need discipline.
That's why you had me
train your nephew. Hmm?
'Cause I lost my edge?
This is not some
moral hyperbole.
This is business!
- Bullshit!
- Business!
You fed me
some bullshit about a partnership with
no fuckin' intention, Mr. Haynes...
I don't owe you an
explanation for anything.
Hmm.
- Mr. Wright. Time to go, Mr. Wright.
- Take the severance.
- Cry to somebody else.
- I've got your cry to somebody else.
Get out.

Fuck!
Get the fuck out!
Get the fuck out!
Get the fuck off me!
If I was on the street, I'd
fuck your motherfuckin' ass up!
Well, you're not.
You're in my house.
Well, you were.
Catherine.
Babe?
Baby.
You killed our
son!
No!
No!
I've got it.
You know this too
shall pass, right?
I'll always be there
for you, Michael.
Okay?
Hey, Miss Lorraine.
You do your thing.
Thank you.
Get up.
Get up.
Son.
Mama.
You're stronger
than this, baby.
Get up.
Come on, now.
Son, come see
about your guests.
I knew you shouldn't
have married her.
Do you think
God makes mistakes?
I do not.
Why would he want
this to be my life?
I'm a murderer.
What's done is done.

You've got to find the courage,
no matter how hard it might seem,
to move forward.
I know these...
These are some
tough times.
I'm cursed.
No, you're not cursed.
But we all have
our cross to bear.
I don't think I can
bear this one.
We never do.
That's why along
with the cross,
God gives us the strength
to make it through.
You're gonna get through this.
I've known you
most of your life.
I've seen you dragged from
foster home to foster home,
but you were always strong.
You're gonna need
that strength now.
And it doesn't matter if the
judge finds me guilty because
I'm guilty in my heart.
You're gonna have to find the courage,
no matter how hard it might be,
to move forward.
Michael.
Would you feel better
if they found me guilty?
Finally over, huh?
Is it?
Not guilty?
Is there anything else?
Is there anything
more that matters?
It hardly seems like a
reason to celebrate.
What are we celebrating?
How fucked up I am?

That I would kill my own
child and get away with it?

- Don't say that.

- Well, isn't it true?

You could not control
what happened.

I don't know about that.

What kind of mother
am I, George?

Huh?

I mean, wouldn't some
kind of instinct kick in?
Whether I'm asleep or alive,
wouldn't I protect my child?

Cathy, you've got
to let it go.

You've got to move forward.

I'm here to support you.

Michael's here to support you.

Michael can't stand me.

No, don't say that.

That's not true.

Michael barely speaks to me.

Cathy, you just
gotta give him time.

Look, I'm sorry I couldn't be
there for you at the trial.

I just gotta lay low
until things blow over...

Mr. Tines.

Detectives know.

Catherine.

It's my job
to take care of us,
to protect us. Okay?

You keep your mind
on your family.

You, me, and Claudia,
we made a vow and we're
gonna stick together. Right?

Hmm?

No matter what.

It's gonna work out, okay?

Don't worry.

How long are we
gonna live like this?
We can't ignore each
other forever.
It's been three months.
I'm still your wife.
I want another baby.
I want another child.
Are you... Are you crazy?
It's all I ever wanted.
How are you even
asking me this?
Michael.
Catherine, I can't find a job.
How do you expect
for me to take care of us
and this child you now want?
Well, things will get better.
And what if they don't?
What if things
don't get better?
I'll get a job.
Let me help you.
Haven't you done enough?
I'm sorry. I'm stressed.
George said he would help.
What'd you say about George?
I told him that money
was tight and he said he would help.
Don't you ever open your mouth to another
man about what happens in this house.
Hmm?
Ever.
What happened at
Haynes-Martin?
We mutually decided that change
would be in my best interest.
I see.
Look.
Miss Gainey, I think I'm more than acutely
qualified for the vice-president position.
Well, that's a matter
of opinion, isn't it?
Absolutely, pardon

the disrespect.

I just wanted to highlight some of my qualifications, that's all.

All those are evident with a quick glance of your resume.

MBA Stanford, magna cum laude, and it seems that you get the job done.

At least on paper. However, I'm not sure you're a fit.

The bulk of your experience is at one firm.

We are looking for someone a little more well-rounded.

I'm sorry.

Well, I'm aware that, you know, you're looking to fill management positions and I'm more than willing to work my way back up again.

That position pays \$50,000 a year.

That's a third of your previous salary.

Yes, Miss Gainey,

I'm very aware of that, but if given the chance...

I'm sorry, but that would be really irresponsible of me.

I think we're better off finding a more suitable candidate.

Miss Gainey, please.

Tali, can you send in my next candidate, please?

- Right away.

- Thank you.

Mr. Wright, you'll receive a letter from the HR department.

Well, thank you, Miss Gainey, for your time and consideration.

What do you mean,

"What s what?" What happened?

Stop crying!

Samson, stop crying, please!

Haven't you done enough?

Stop fucking crying!

Hi.

Hey.

What happened?

Hey, Mike.

Come join me.

I didn't wanna smoke
up your house, man.

Whew, rough day?

Yeah, you could say that.

I know it's been
hard on you guys.

I was just sitting out here thinking
about when your wife and I were kids,
we couldn't have been older than 12 when
they put us together in that foster home.
Crazy old Mr. Smith.

Hard man.

He was a mean son of a bitch.

I'd run away and
he'd come find me.

Catherine got me
through all of that.

She set me free.

She set us all free.

You my man.

But Claudia and Catherine,
that's my family.

And I'll do whatever it takes, whatever
is necessary, to protect them.

Brother, you come up into my house,
offer me a beer, then you threaten me?

No, man.

I mean it kind of
sounded like...

Nah, I'm just hoping
to open your eyes.

She loves you, man.

She needs you.

I have to call you back.

Okay, bye.

Hey.

Hey.

You all right?

Yeah.

Cat said that I could stay
for a couple of days.

I hope that's all right.

Yeah. It's okay.

Thanks.

Want something to drink?

Nah, I'm good, thank you.

Okay.

What happened at the Smith house
between you, George and Catherine?

There was a fire.

You know that.

What happened?

I think that's something that you
need to discuss with your wife.

Claudia, I'm trying to
talk to you about it.

Good night, Michael.

Yeah.

Good night.

Hey, you didn't come
home for dinner.

Yeah, I'm okay.

Ate out.

You told Claudia she
could stay here?

Just for a few days.

You didn't think it was
important to tell me?

No, I thought...

You thought what?

You thought it was on
a need-to-know basis?

I mean, it's my house, right?

I don't... I don't
know shit, do I?

I didn't know about
your sleep disorder,
you're telling all of our business to
your friends around town... I mean...

That's not true.

It is true,

of course, it's true!

- Why are you attacking me?
- Because I don't trust you!
I'm your husband, Catherine.
I should know everything.
You know everything now.
I know everything now?
Okay, what happened
at the Smith house?
What?
At the Smith house,
what happened?
There was a fire and he died.
How did the fire get started?
Did you start the fire?
Did you have one of
your sleep episodes?
No.
- Huh?
- No.
Did you fucking start the
fire? Did you kill him?
- Did you fucking kill him?
- No!
- Did you kill him?
- No, no, George... George did.
He was raping me and Claudia and
then George started the fire.
And you didn't think that was
important to tell me?
It's in the past.
It's over, it's in the past.
Just like our son
is in the past?
How could you say that?
And you're asking me,
you actually ask me
to have another child?
You should have told me.
You should have told me,
I'm your husband.
Damn it!
It wasn't her fault.
Then whose fault was it?
We told police

that George was in the room
with Mr. Smith and his boy.
The truth of the matter is that George
wasn't allowed to watch the games with them.
Catherine and I
locked the door.
The TV was so loud, they
didn't even hear us leave.
By the time we got outside, George
lit the fire in the kitchen.
And this is the first time I'm saying it
out loud, and I'm sure it's her first time
saying it out loud too.
And you all think that
makes it all right?
I don't know.
But I do know that at the time
it seemed like our only way out.
Y'all are all fucked up.
You fucking set a dude on
fire, you're all fucked up.
You wouldn't understand!
Oh, yeah...
What the fuck?
You killed my grandson.
You killed my son.
Everything you touch dies.
What is this about?
It's about the fire
at the Smiths' house.
Who set the fire?
Who started it in the kitchen?
Did you start the fire?
An investigator came around
asking questions about the fire.
He was murdered last week.
I think George has
done something terrible.
The medicine isn't working.
Did you have one
of your sleep episodes?
No.
Did you kill him?
You killed our son!

Catherine?
Catherine, sweetie,
I heard a scream.
Catherine.
Catherine, what did you do?
Catherine!
Catherine, listen to me,
what did you do?
Oh, God.
Michael?
Michael?
Michael?
Michael!
I've got time of

death about 1:

Gotcha.
Michael!
What happened?
- What happened to Michael? Michael!
- Come on, ma'am.
- Michael! What happened?
- Come on! It's a crime scene.
You can't be here.
George!
It's okay.
- Okay, let's go.
- It's okay.
It's okay.
Michael!
No! No, no, no, no!
No, no, no, no, no, no!
Dear Samson,
I think of you often and I
will never forget your smile.
The way you would laugh
at the strangest things.
I miss your father dearly.
Uncle George took the blame for killing
your father even though he didn't.
The sacrifice he made,
I can never put into words.
I don't know what
the future holds.

But I will no longer try to write
the future with my words.
I will love you always.
This is my last letter.