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Brothers

By David Benioff

Hand Salute!

October 7, 2007

Four days till we deploy.

Grace knows I would do anything to get back to her.

Anything.

Today, I wrote her a letter.

Good afternoon sir, I have the briefing papers from the colonel's office.

Put them on the desk.

Thank you, Corporal!

Major!

- Yeah.

Hope you don't have to deliver.

"Grace"

- God be there, be safe out there, Sam.

- Thanks, sir.

- See you when you get back.

- Alright.

- Have this.

- Love.

- Hello.

- Dad!

- Hey, baby!

- Hi, daddy.

- How are you doing? How was school?

- Great.

They gave me a new dress to dye. She's in my room.

Issy.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

- What's wrong, honey?

- You're leaving again.

- Come give your daddy a hug.

- No.

- Come on, give me a kiss, honey.

- Just go.

- Two kisses?

- No.

Three kisses?

- I wanna read my book.

- Oh, you wanna read your book?

Oh yeah?

Oh, I see a smile coming out here.

- Now, you're getting a hundred kisses.

- Relax.

- Come on, daddy's got to go.

- Okay.

- Please, daddy. Will you let him stay?

- Yeah, can't you stay?

It's my brother.

He doesn't deserve you.

I feel alive.

How about my little brother?

No fucking way.

Did you ever think of
apologizing to that woman?

- It's green.

- I got it.

So, what are you gonna do?

I don't know. I was gonna...

cash this check and who knows...

- We'll see you later.

- Alright.

Don't rob the place.

You got hot water in this place?

No hot water... I'm freezing.

- I'm sorry.

- I'm used to too much kitchen.

He didn't expect to be
deploying again so soon.

- Yeah, they're ripping your hair off.

- What are you gonna do? They called, he answered.

- We got you, granddad!

- Your raising a real hustler here, Grace.

I know.

- My birthday is this Spring.

- Didn't you say, it was at March 2?

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Are you Isabelle?

- No, I'm Maggie. If the bowl is big.

- I'm Tommy.

- Mom doesn't like you.

- Maggie!

- Well, that's what you said to dad.

This is for your mom.

- Mom, they're for you.

- Thank you.

Come in.

- Hi, sweetie.

- Mom.

- You made it.

- Yeah.

- Son.

- Sir.

- What? Hi.

- Hi.

Bless us O Lord and these thy
gifts which we are about to receive
from thy bounty through Christ our Lord.

- Amen.

- Amen.

And this is a very special meal for us
because we welcome my one son home
and we're sending another one off.
And we ask you Lord to keep him
safe and bring him back really soon.

- Amen.

- Amen.

You can do it.

You wanna try it.

Here, let me...

They're delicious.

- Why aren't you eating your peas?

- I hate peas.

- I do, too.

- Honey, eat your peas.

Hey, dad.

I like peas.

So do I.

- When are you leaving?

- Tuesday.

You love it over there, huh.

- It's my job.

- They only shoot the bad guys.

Who are the bad guys?

The ones with the beards.

Your brother's a hero.

He's serving his country.

Don't you forget that.

Will you be here for my birthday?

You know I will sweetie.

Sarah Miller's dad wasn't there for her birthday.

- Isabelle.

- It's true.

She had to bring him a cake in prison.

It's not just military families.

There's a lot of folks on a pressure these days.

There's problems in all walks of life.

Every family got their own set of problems. They sure do.

What's that suppose to mean?

Every family has their own set of problems.

- You sound like a damn parrot.

- What?

Why don't you try mimicking your brother, huh, for a change?

Dad.

This food is great, Elsie.

Thank you.

Compared to what?

- Other food.

- Prison food?

Tommy!

Excuse me.

It's okay, honey.

- It's his first night out.

- No.

Stay out of trouble.

Fine.

Be safe over there, alright.

- It's not coming off

- Try more soap.

Yeah, I almost got it.

There you go.

- Don't lose that.

- I'll do my best.

- Stick on your patience when I'm gone.

- I always do.

I love you.

I love you too.

Sam.

Take me with you.

Sure.

How about I go and
you stay with the kids?

Okay.

Don't go.

October 12, 2007

Back in Afghanistan with my men.

Weird, it almost feels like home.

Hi Cassie, George Jr.

was so great.

What's the distance to the out scene?

Three minutes up to the
tights of the out scene.

- Roger that.

- Three minutes!

Who is it?

It's Captain Sanders
and Chaplain Davis.

Hi.

- Hi, is your mother home?

- Yeah.

- Where is she?

- In the bath.

Would you call her for us please?

What's wrong?

- Issy.

Come in.

You've reached Capt. Sam Cahill.

Please leave a message.

You've reached Capt. Sam Cahill.

Please leave a message.

Grace.

I didn't mean to wake you up.

I'm just driving off the car, Sam told
me I could borrow it whenever I wanted to.

The tail lights are all busted.

Some asshole...

Look, I don't...

Just say it, you know what I mean?

He told me I could borrow the car
whenever I wanted, Grace.

You look at me with this pissed off look.

Sam is dead.

He crashed.

- What are we talking about?

- He's dead, Tommy.

Come in.

What, fucking come in!

I just came here to drop off...

- Why didn't you call me?

- I've been trying to call you all night.

- Why didn't anybody call me!?

- We've all been trying Tommy.

Okay.

- How did let him go over there, Grace?

- Tommy!

For what now, huh!

Come inside.

Yeah, I just had to sit

down for a second.

He's with your mama now.

They're together.

Drink.

No.

Hey girls, are you ready?

In about just one minute.

- Why did you take your dress off?

- I hate it.

You gotta put it on, okay.

We have to go.

I don't want to.

I don't wanna wear mine

either, it's itchy.

Okay, come here, okay.

Come here.

Is Dad really dead like

your mom and dad?

- I'm sorry.

- Appreciate it.

- Sorry dear.

- Thank you for coming.

Sir, your son is the best

damn marine I ever commanded.

I appreciate it.

Come on girls,

get in the car.

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Grace, Sam wrote this for you
before he left. He never wanted
me to have to deliver it.

I don't believe it, John.

I can't feel it.

Shouldn't I be able to feel it?

It's hard to accept.

He was a good friend, good marine.

- Why don't you let me drive?

- What are you talking about?

Come on, girls.

- Why don't you give me the keys, Dad?

- What makes you so responsible all of a sudden?

- Let Tommy drive.

- Let Tommy drive. Look, I tell you what...

...why don't you get a job and earn some money,
buy yourself a car and then you can drive
wherever the hell you want.

Give me the keys!

Did you hear those marines in there
today talking about your brother?

Did you?

Who's gonna stand up and
testify for you once you're dead?

It's my fault Sam's dead, right?

That's what you think.

It's got nothing to do with you, okay.

- What are you saying to me?

- Hank.

Forget it.

- You never had any guts.

- Oh, and you did.

That's why you screamed
at mom every fucking night.

That's why you drove us drunk.

Oh, hang in there, marines.

- Don't. Come on.

- Well, you put all that shit in his head.

- You'll never fill up my shoes.

- I know that.

- You never could make me proud.

- Oh, for God's sake.

- Pride is a sin.
- Stop it! Give me the keys!
Here you go.
I'm walking.
This is a nightmare.
What's going on?
What are they gonna do with us?
- Is that yours?
- Yeah.
- Is that your wife?
- Cassie...
No, she's not.
You don't have a wife.
You don't have a family.
The only person you know...
..is Private Willis and Captain Cahill.
You know nothing else.
Yes, sir.
- Hello.
- Grace.
Tommy?
Hi, I don't know it's like one in the morning...
It's three, it's three
in the morning.
Great. I had a couple of drinks.
And apparently they're the most
expensive drinks in the world.
And now, I owe like \$47.
I could've just walked out, but then,
this guy says that he's gonna tip me out of disorderly
...and then I'd lose my parole.
Which bar?
Your nose is like a lunar eclipse.
- Come on, let me touch it.
- Get your hands off me.
- Tommy, I'm sick of you.
- Just for a second. Come on.
Why get so upset with me?
- Alright, go ahead.
- See, nothing to it.
- Big deal.
- That thing is huge, man.
- Grace.
- How much does he owe you?

\$47 and two broken glasses.

-...so how about we say...

- Ready, come on, Cyrano...

- Get your hands off the bar.

- Ignore it. That thing is huge.

- How about we say fifty?

- I don't care about your money.

Just get him out of here.

I'm gonna call the cops.

Tommy, I have two little girls sleeping
in a parking lot at three in the morning.

You think you're funny?

Go home.

Oh God!

- My head's spinning.

- Be careful.

- I don't think I should be carrying your child.

- Just put her in her bed, okay.

Oh yeah.

- Uncle Tommy.

- Oh God.

Uncle Tommy, wake up!

- Can you stop that?

- I'm making pancakes for mom.

I can't stop, my sister said.

Stop it.

No.

What are you doing here?

You want me to whisk in your face too?

This is not your house and
you are not the boss here.

Come on.

I'm making pancakes for mom
so she won't be sad.

- Our dad's dead.

- He knows. He's his brother.

I know that.

Don't you get on a carton, it's gross!

- Shut up, you're gross.

- Do you want a pancake?

No... I don't like that.

- Our pancakes are the best.

- Eat your own crap, alright.

- Mom, you're supposed to be upstairs.

- What are you doing?
- Surprise!
- I am surprised. Thank you.
One of the nicest little
girls in the world.
Who's that?
- Grandpa!
- Grandpa!
- Good day babies, what have you got in your hand?
- Pancake butter.
Hi, sweetie.
- Hey, let's go watch TV.
- Come on, girls.
- Bye Tommy!
- Well, we'll clean the mess up later.
Good morning.
Pancakes, huh.
Yeah, actually there's one
on the floor if you want it.
- What are they doing here?
- They're making pancakes.
Look um....
- I was a little stupid the other day...
- Oh. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
- It was okay to drive...
- Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know...
I know Sam is always smarter than me.
Not really that smarter...
He was a damn good athlete.
Remember that game
with Easton.
Truly delightful.
He have some talent too,
you know, I mean...
He doesn't quit all the time.
That was different between you and him.
Sam had no quitting in him.
I'll cut my throat to bring him back, Dad.
I don't know...
how they can live with
this kitchen the way it is.
Private, come here!
Fucking help me!
I can't see anything.

They're looking for us.

Shit!

- Should we try again?

- Not right now.

Come on man, just put it where it is.

Grace! Hey!

You remember AJ, Owen...

Sweeney, I don't remember your first name.

There was a reason for that.

It's nice to meet you, Grace.

You too.

What's going on?

We're just fixing up the kitchen for you.

Tommy...

Are you ever gonna

run this by me?

- Can you believe that? She's gorgeous.

- This is my house.

- Everybody's all grown up.

- It's not funny.

- What the hell is wrong with you, guys?

- She's been...

You have to run this by me.

I was...

- Can I get you guys coffee, something?

- No, thanks.

- Maybe a beer.

- I would like a beer too.

Don't tell them anything.

Don't you tell them anything, private.

They aren't asking me anything.

- They'll just starve us.

- Stick on, private.

- Be present.

- I am fucking present.

I'm fucking present. I've been present
in this shithole for two fucking months.

What the fuck did you save me for?

Why did you come after me?

I should've drowned in that lake.

We both be better off dead.

What day is it?

Saturday.

What time is it?

About noon.

Remember what I told you.

No information. You give them nothing.

- You give them nothing, private.

- Yeah.

- Where will they take us?

- Don't speak.

- What?

- Don't speak!

- They're gonna cut our heads off.

- Not another fucking word.

Welcome.

Use the satellite phone

to call my wife.

She is pregnant.

You jeopardized your location

and your mission, Holy Amo.

We have the same blood.

Sayid is my nephew.

Fuck!

This is our country.

You should not be here.

Tell this message to America.

You say it...

I'll force you to say it.

The girls are back.

It's a good thing downstairs.

I'll see you tomorrow.

Thanks, Elsie.

- Oh, she's painting the kitchen.

- I am.

Yeah, that's a spot right there.

You know, your dad was a great
football player in high school.

Yeah.

He was small but he was a great quarterback.

Me and AJ and Owen used to go

to the games just to watch him play.

- Have you ever had the chance to see him play?

- No.

- Issy, you're so tall.

- Thank you.

- Great job, Mag.

- Thanks Mom.

- Do they need to do their homework or something?

- No, they're just having fun.

Dip it real good.

Shit the pants!

- What are you doing?

- Painting.

These are brand new pants.

- Hey, man.

- I'm sorry.

Man, she said she was sorry.

It's okay, Maggie.

I think I have something for you, okay.

- Just wait here.

- You have a bathroom.

- No, please don't bring the paint in okay.

- It's not that bad, man.

- That's easy, man.

- There's almost nothing on you man, you look fine.

That will come out?

I mean, the real major cleanup is the floor.

- They're used to that.

It doesn't look that bad.

Right. Let's hug it out.

- What are you talking about?

- Hugs.

What?

Stay away from the kids.

You have a lovely body, Owen.

Laugh at me.

Do you workout?

Can I ask you where you got your underwear?

Coz they fit, they fit perfectly like...

You three weird guys

are so fucking funny.

I'm asking you a serious question.

That's all.

- This should all fit you.

- All I need is a t-shirt, pants, pants...

- Take it all.

- I don't need all these.

You don't have to give me all these.

Take it all, Owen.

- Alright, I'll bring it back.

- Jesus, are you listening? Take the clothes.

- I'm not fucking asking you.

You want to help your friend?

No, it's his turn.

- Just be strong private.

- Yes sir.

Fuck!

Don't give them anything.

Private!

- Your life depends on it.

- Please, please.

Motherfucker!

I'll fucking kill you lately!

My name is Private Joe Willis
of the United States Marine Corps.

I was told I was coming here
to fight for my country...

...but now I realized that
Afghanistan belongs to its people.
And we have no business being here.

I love you, Cassie.

Joe Jr, your daddy always loves you.

You have two daughters.

- Great. Great.

- Come on.

Stop.

"Do Not Enter"

"Don't come upstairs, go -"

"This way"

"A little further"

Happy Birthday!

- You like the kitchen.

- I love it. Thank you.

- Mom, this is from Deedee.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- Can I help you open it?

- Yes, please.

- Is she looking out?

- No, she's occupied with her presents.

- Great job with the kitchen.

- What did he just tell me?

- He said you did a good job on the kitchen.

Okay, go, go.

Happy birthday to you!

Happy birthday to you!
Happy Birthday dear Grace!
Happy Birthday to you!
Blow out the candles!
Come on, come on!
Do it!
- Happy Birthday!
- Happy Birthday Momma!
Thank you!
- Maggie!, Maggie!
- No!
- Maggie, slow down.
- Maggie, be careful.
- What are you doing?
- I wanna get to the ice before my momma.
You gotta wait for her, sweetie.
Everybody loves Maggie.
- Why do you say that?
- Coz she's lovable.
Your dad saved me in that water
right there when we were kids.
You know you're like your dad.
Am I?
Am I like my mom?
Speed and image, yeah.
Accept to yourself, Isabelle
that everybody loves you.
Come on.
I made it!
I talked to her for over an hour.
She said to me that she hadn't
slept right in over three years.
She kept having these nightmares
that I'd come back and shoot her.
And then...
I told her that it was alright,
that I wasn't gonna hurt her.
She just started to cry.
Right there in the bank,
she started to cry.
And...
then she thanked me.
She...
she said that she felt like...

she's safe.

Like she could breathe again.

Then she asked if I wanted
to open up a bank account.

No.

- Swear to God.

- What did you do?

I opened an account.

- I'm proud of you.

I can't wait to start
bouncing checks.

When I was like...

seventeen or eighteen.

I used to listen to this song like...

- ...over and over again.

- Me too!

- Really?

- Why is that so surprising?

I don't know...

I just...

- I took you more for like an NSync fan.

- Fuck you.

Give me that.

- Really?

- Really.

You think I'm such a square.

I'm starting to reassess Snoop Dogg.

Just 'cause I'm the cheerleader doesn't...

- Yeah, and you dated a football player.

- I am such a cliché.

You were kind of a pain in
the ass, you gotta admit that.

No, I wasn't.

Guys always that girls were stocked up
if they won't talk to them.

I just didn't like you.

You're always drunk and fighting...

I have to get some air.

God!

Captain!

Captain!

Take it.

What do we do?

He has no value for us.

Just a weight on our shoulder.
Waste of food and water.
Kill him.
Pick up the pipe.
Pick it up.
You have a family?
Do you want to see them again?
Pick up the pipe!
- Captain.
- It's you or him.
Kill him or I will kill you.
Kill him!
- Kill him or I will cut his head off.
- Kill him!
Kill him!
Kill him!
There!
I brought you some molding.
Hey look, I don't wanna ruin anything, alright.
I just wanna be able to come over and see the girls.
Please, I would love you
to come, see the girls.
We just miss Sam.
Yeah.
That's Hank.
You still had it, huh.
When did you ever learn to be so handy?
- Got one there!
- Open fire, I got two more!
- All on board. We're moving forward.
- Come on, let's go.
Raise your hands!
- Stop right there!
- Raise your hands up. Come to me.
Come on, get your hands up.
Get your hands up right here.
Get down.
Are you a marine?
Cahill? Is that your name?
Is there anyone else with you?
Coming!
Get up! Get up!
We need a nose.
Nose!

Nose!

- Here.

- There goes the nose.

He is looking fat, guys.

Did you teach them how to throw snowballs coz they can't even hit me.

I can defeat you!

Maybe I should give you the mask.

- Oh come on.

- Issy, are you okay?

- Issy?

- Are you okay?

- Grace?

- Sucker! Sucker!

Get him! Get him!

Hello.

Yes, this is she.

You see this cheater player over here, huh.

Come on, you freaked me out.

What?

What's going on?

- Uncle Tommy she grabbed me hair.

- I'm sorry, I wanna keep playing.

- Can I go out?

- Not yet.

- Why?

- Coz we have to be patient.

- Sir.

- Welcome home, Sam.

Daddy!

- We miss you so much.

- I miss you too.

My babies.

- Don't cry.

- I love crying.

Let me take a picture.

Come on, come on, hurry.

Do you like it? Do you like it?

- It's amazing.

- I think he likes it.

- Who did it?

- Me.

- You did.

- And Uncle Tommy.

Uncle Tommy and three amigos.
Are you tired, honey?
- Come get in bed, everyone.
- This is fun.
- We missed you, daddy.
- Me too.
My girls.
And it's all so right.
Can I get up, mom?
Dad, it's not bedtime.
I locked that door.
It's broken.
I'm just gonna finish shaving.
"Hero's Body Comes Home"
- Banged up a little, huh.
- Yeah.
Can't you take that down to the mechanic?
Yeah, I got...
nothing else to do.
Are you okay?
Yeah.
Is that...After I got back from 'Nam
you know, I can't talk to your mother.
I guess I...take it out on you and Tommy.
I don't know why.
If you ever wanna talk
let me know.
Are you okay?
You're good.
Better than I thought.
You look good out there with them.
Thanks for taking care of them.
- I didn't expect that.
- It comes natural, you know.
It makes me start to think, you know.
Grace is something, huh.
Did you fuck her?
What, are you kidding?
I'd understand.
- You thought I was dead.
- Stop it.
Tommy.
I could forgive you.
What's going on with your head?

What's making you think that?
You guys just look like
two teenagers in love out there.
Really.
I mean, you know...
You can't deny that.
You can tell me.
You gotta tell me, you understand?
- I know you slept at my house.
- Sam... Sam...
Don't bullshit me.
Joe Jr., come back.
Cassie, it's fine.
Ever since his dad died I can't
let him out of my sight.
Look at him!
He's got a mind of his own.
I had this nightmare where
Joe was looking up at me.
And he's trying to tell me something.
He's trying to talk to me.
His teeth just fall out off
his mouth and there's blood...
and I'm scrabbling around picking them up.
And then last night,
your husband was there...
and he looks at my hand and he takes
my hand and looks at my wedding ring
and he just smiles at me.
- Did he say anything?
- No, he just smiled.
But I hated him.
In the dream, I hated
him for being alive.
That's why I came over
to apologize, I'm sorry.
I'm sick of feeling like this
all the time I wanna forgive them.
I wanna be able to forgive them.
For Joe Jr....
He knows.
He's just like his daddy who
knows exactly what I'm thinking.
Where are you going, huh?

- Sam.
- Hi.
Did you see him die?
No.
Did you hear anything?
Was he on his own?
He was brave.
I know that.
That's Captain Cahill.
He was friends with your daddy.
You're a good man.
Oh baby, where are
you going? Come here.
- Sir, Captain Cahill.
- Turn him in.
I wanna go back sir.
I'm ready.
I need to see my men.
How's the counseling going?
Yeah, Sir Thompson...
everything pretty good there and...
you know I'm just thinking about my men.
- I wanna get back.
- That's good.
How's your family?
- I can't be there sir.
- Yeah?
They don't understand.
I mean, nobody understands.
It's gonna take a little time, Sam.
You've been through a lot of shit.
So as your family.
I don't mind Bryan.
He never hits people.
Only the boys, that is. Not the girls.
- That is nice.
- Yeah.
And he has a dog with really big ears.
I can't remember his name though.
Elephant?
- Elephant's not a dog.
- I know that elephant's not a dog.
Then why'd you say it?
Because elephants have big ears

and so does his dog.

So...

Big ears.

- Get it?

- It's really funny if you think about it, Dad.

- Sam, relax.

- But how's that funny?

Big ears.

Is Dad okay, Mom?

Yeah, of course.

- When is Uncle Tommy coming?

- He's coming soon, sweetie.

Okay?

He wants to play with you.

- I'm gonna check...check on daddy, okay.

- Okay.

Sammy, what happened?

What's going on?

Talk to me.

What happened?

What did they do to you?

What happened with you and Tommy?

We kissed, that's it.

I missed you. I thought you were dead.

I couldn't get out of bed.

That's it.

Are you telling me the truth?

You know.

Now, tell me...

- I think you're fucking Tommy.

- Oh, Sam...

Hey, come on, come on.

Faster, faster.

Why did you stop pulling?

Hey!

Are you girls playing?

What's wrong?

It's okay.

I was just confused.

It's gonna be okay.

Come here!

Give me a hug.

Now...

those are my girls.

Why did the girl blushed
when she opened the refrigerator?

She saw the "salad dressing".

Have I told you guys that one?

- A thousand times.

- It's still funny, though.

Have fun.

Where have you been?

I was...

I was outside.

Thinking...

and...

I was just thinking about you...

and the kids and...

the sun came up and I thought...

I'm so lucky to be alive.

We're gonna be late!

- Come on!

- Do you have a spelling test today?

Come on, grandpa.

It's my birthday. It's my birthday!

Can I open my present now?

Please.

- I think we should wait.

- Wait for Uncle Tommy.

- Pretty please!

- Let her open just one.

- It wouldn't hurt.

- You can open grandpas.

- Thank you.

- Just one.

- Okay, mom.

- Let me show you which it is.

Is it the big one?

- It's Uncle Tommy.

- Lucky guess.

Issy.

- Hey.

- Hey.

What's the matter?

Is she okay?

- Oh Grace, this is Tina.

- Hi, I am Tina.

- Nice to meet you.

- This is my brother's wife, Grace.

We're all in the dining room.

Oh my God, she's so pretty.

- Hey, guys.

- Hey.

This is Tina.

She's an old friend.

- Actually, we just met an hour ago.

- Yeah, I think an hour and a half.

You got quite a charmer here.

He's hiding inside that shell
putting its head in the shell
and its arms and legs.

And when the thing that's
scaring him goes like this...

The turtle doesn't come out so the...

thing that scares the turtle
goes away coz it thinks it's a rock.

- You are a smart girl.

- Happy Birthday.

Yes, you are.

- Be careful.

- Everyone needs some reassurance.

- Everyone's different, dad, you know.

- Stop playing with your cake.

- What do you mean?

- I just think it's necessary that...

- everybody has someone to listen to them.

- Well, you know, these days...

they need therapy if they stab their toe.

These guys are marines,

they're trained for it.

They're marines but they're still people and...

I don't think that anybody
is trained to shoot somebody.

- What do you think they are trained for?

- I think that they're...what?

- They're trained to use deadly force.

- Trained to kill.

But nobody can really be
trained to watch someone die.

- Just something that, not taught.

- Hey.

Isabelle.

- Let it go.
- Thank you.
So what do you do?
- I...I'm gonna be a nurse.
I'm in nursing school.
- Give it. Give it.
- Dad!
- Isabelle.
- That's my kitty.
- You're a nurse?
- I'm a nurse, sir. You need a nurse?
- No, that won't do.
Maggie gets everything.
- She got the best doll.
- It's her birthday, honey.
I didn't get anything that
I wanted in my birthday.
And you're in stupid Afghanistan.
Nursing.
How's nursing been for you, Tina?
It's been a challenge.
My stepfather actually encouraged me.
Where did you grow up, Tina?
Just 20 miles south,
actually I've never really left.
I'm gonna change that though.
I'm moving at home right now.
It's kind of my home because nobody
else is really there most of the time.
That's good to help me
save money for school and stuff.
- An R.N.
- An R.N., yeah.
I have another year to go,
but hopefully my grades...
Isabelle, we're trying to
listen to our guest alright.
So you're in 8-hour shifts, 12-hour?
Now, I am praying for 12-hour shift.
I have to get...
- For the money?
- Student loans are killing me.
I don't know how anyone does it.
How did they do it?

Isabelle.

- Stop it.

- What got you into it?

I genuinely like people and I grew up...

Enough!

- Couldn't you just stay dead?

- Isabelle!

You're just mad coz mom rather
sleep with Uncle Tommy than you.

Isabelle!

Why would she say that?

- Mom and Uncle Tommy have sex all the time.

- Enough!

Can I go home now?

I wanna go to bed.

Sorry, mom.

Why did you say that?

You know it's not true.

I don't like Dad.

I'd rather have Uncle Tommy around instead of Dad.

Me too.

Daddy's gonna be better okay.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Thanks, mom.

- Mom, I love you.

- I love you, baby.

Elsie, I don't know what he's gonna do.

Where are you going?

It's none of your damn business, you know.

Just stay the hell out of it!

You gotta call the police, Hank.

What is that?

- Where are the kids?

- In bed.

- They're all tucked in.

- Yeah.

Say their prayers.

Sam.

Sam.

What am I supposed to do now, Grace?

You know what I did to get back to you?

- No.

- You know what I did!?

To fucking get back to you!
You know how he fucking suffered!
He fucking suffered because of you!
And what is he doing with my fucking house
and my fucking kids, Grace?
- You're fucking my brother!
- Sam, you know I didn't.
You're fucking my brother
in my fucking house!
- Sam, please.
- I love you, Grace!
- The girls, please.
- You know how much I love you!?
You know what I...
Grace, do you know what I fucking...
You know what I can do with
these fucking hands, Grace?
Fuck!
Fuck!
What are you doing here?
Come here, man.
What the fuck are you doing here?
Go in the room.
- Fuck, fuck!
- Don't shoot me.
- What the fuck did you do, motherfucker!?
- Don't lock the door.
Going behind my bare back!
- You called the cops.
- No.
You called the fucking cops.
Is there a disturbance?
Hold back!
- What are you doing here?
- Drop your weapon!
- What are you doing?
- Hold up. Put your gun down.
- Tommy, get back in the house.
- What are you doing?
Hold on, officers.
Calm down, captain.
- Do you know me?
- Hey you shut up, okay?
- Stay back!

- Hey! Hey! Alright.
- You're a war hero, sir.
- I'm no fucking hero! I'm no fucking hero!
- You know what I've done!?
- Hey, it's alright!
- Just relax!
- Sam!
- Put the gun down.
- What are you gonna do?
- You're gonna shoot me.
- Calm down.
- Hold your fire!
- Shoot me!
Shoot me, come on!
Shut the fuck up!
This is a family matter!
Shut up! Shut up!
He is my brother.
Just stop for a second.
- Put the gun down sir!
- Just let me talk to him, he is my brother.
Give him a minute.
- Sam!
- You are my brother, Sam!
Sam!
Don't kill yourself.
Sam!
One second.
You're my brother.
You're my family.
You hear me?
Sam!
What's going on, Sam?
I'm drowning, Tommy.
- Go! Go! Go!
- Get on the ground!
- Get on the ground now!
- Gun's here! Get down!
Get down!
Give me your hand.
On your knees!
Get him up.
My darling Grace.
If you're reading this,

it means I didn't make it back.
Nothing is certain in this life.
The only thing I know for sure
is that I love you...
and our girls.
That is the only
thing I know.

- Hello.

- Hey, Tommy.

- Sam here.

- Hey.

- I was just...thinking about you.

- Are you alright?

Yeah, I'm good.

I'm just calling...

you know...

you're my brother, Tommy.

When's your birthday, Uncle Tommy?

Okay sir, you know the drill.

See in about thirty minutes.

Sam, tell me what happened.

Sam.

What happened?

Why are you punishing yourself?

I've loved you since

I was sixteen years old.

You know that?

If you won't tell me what happened,
you're not gonna see me again.

I killed him.

I killed Joe Willis.

I don't know who said,

"Only the dead had seen the end of war."

I have seen the end of war.

The question is...

Can I live again?

Subtitle by pataygutomnachickboy