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Cover

By Aaron Rahsaan Thomas

Mr. Simmons! Do you have a confession?
There were three shots.
One grazed the shoulder,
a shot to the body, slug to the head.
It was a crime of passion.
Mr. Simmons, how is this case gonna
impact your political career?
We'll hold
a press conference shortly...
and I'll respond
to all your questions then.
- Can you tell us anything else about the suspect?
- Are you guilty, Mrs. Mass?
Hey, Bill. Detective Hicks here will
assist with the interrogation.
- You mean the lynching?
- Counselor Miller.
Dwight. Listen, we all know
that you're up for your boss's job.
But let me ask you a question-
Is the truth getting in the way here?
Are we being recorded or videotaped?
If we are, I'm gonna suggest my client say nothing.
Richard, don't make this thing complicated.
We have a motive- infidelity.
Access to the murder scene.
Prints on the murder weapon.
Earrings- her earrings-
found at the scene. No alibi.
We got the Holy Trinity-
probable cause, access, motive.
Let's be reasonable here.
I'm willing to make a deal.
No deals.
I'm innocent.
I'm a Christian, not a murderer.
Ah. Oh, Mr. Simmons,
I'm not the negotiator that you are...
but would you mind letting me
have a few moments with Ms. Mass here?
- Go ahead, Detective.
- Oh, I see. This is going to be a team effort.
I'm gonna need that confession.
- Time.

- Mm-hmm.

He's got a press conference.

We don't have a whole lot of time.

- That's not our problem.

- Oh, yeah, but it is. It is.

Now, you playin'

the Christian card-

good old God-fearin' black woman.

- Miss Spelman College.

- Don't patronize me.

Hey, hey, hey. It's not me that you
should be worried about.

It's the jury that you
should be worried about.

With not the slightest
hint of remorse, confession...

that jury just might give
a spiritual woman like yourself...

a free ticket to heaven-
courtesy of the state.

- Detective.

- Hmm?

- Do you go to church?

- Oh, yeah. C.M.E.

Christmas, Mother's Day and Easter.

Valerie, you don't have
to respond to any of this.

You're not on trial here.

I'm not worried,
and I have nothin' to hide.

But I must be allowed
to tell everything.

Fine.

How long is everything gonna take?

Before I was accused of murder...

before my family
was ripped apart-

Aw, Philly's all right.

Yeah, but I got big dreams,
you know?

Whoa!

The prettiest girl in the world.

Huh?

- Hey!

- What's up?

Hey, girl. Hey, Daddy.

- Everything good?

- Yes, girl.

- Practically all moved in.

- Good.

- So, how's the new place?

- Oh, it's nice. It's nice.

- It ain't big-

- Watch out now.

It's not big, but you know.

Girl, you deserve the best,

and that's exactly what you gonna get.

What I need right now is a church.

I told you, you are

gonna love Mercy Baptist.

- All right, well, I'm ready to go now.

- All right then.

- I'm late for work. I'll hit you later.

- All right.

Grandpa!

Are you helping us?

- Shh! Forget that "Grandpa" stuff now.

- Go on inside.

Don't look at that.

Daddy and Grandpa

are looking at B-U-T-T-S.

- Whoa, whoa!

- Uh-huh.

It's nice that you had such a warm
and fuzzy reception, but is this relevant?

We're not gonna be railroaded just because
your boss has a press conference.

Val, anything you say, they can take
and twist it any way that they want.

A jury can be manipulated.

I have nothing to hide.

And, yes, Detective Hicks,
everything I'm about to tell you-
it's all relevant.

So, I took a look at your portfolio.

Looks good.

I'm gonna recommend you for some
photo shoots we got comin' up.

- Are you serious?
- Am I serious?
- Don't play with me.
- I ain't playin' with you.
Chill it out. It's nothin' immediate.
- But I'm definitely down for hookin'
my girl up. - All right.
That's a real sacrifice-you givin' up
your studio for your husband's career.
You're so old-fashioned.
Well, I love my husband.
And, Zahara, he's worth it.
- What's up, baby?
- Dog! You see there?
All men are dogs.
All they need are fleas.
And I met one last week
who had some.
So tell me about
Mercy Baptist, girl.
Oh, it's a nice church.
Reverend Dunn and his wife, they don't
just talk the talk. They walk the walk.
They feed homeless folks,
teach H.I. V. prevention.
- Monday nights-women's group. Fabulous.
You must join us. - I'll be there.
Now, Reverend Dunn starts
Sunday services at 10:00 a.m. sharp.
So none of that Delta C.T.P. time.
No. C.P. time.
And you can't say it right
'cause you're wrong.
You never would've made it to class
on time if it weren't for me.
- Whatever, Miss Delta.
- That's right, "crimson and cream" baby.
Uh-uh. Pink and green-girls with the pearls.
- Dog!
- Girl, he didn't say nothin' to you.
He was thinkin' 'bout it.
For Dutch...
the move from Atlanta
was no big deal.

You know,
he grew up in Philadelphia.
But for me...
it was a place where all
our dreams would come true.
It never occurred to me
that nightmares are dreams too.
" 'W hat do we have here? '
snarled the huge wolf."
- Not good enough.
- What?
- I'm warning you.
- Mm-mmm.
Come on. " 'W hat do we have here? '
snarled the huge wolf."
Not good enough.
- I think we need to-
- Yeah.
One, two-
- What? Come on.
- three!
Come on.
I put the gun in my mouth.
I started to... pull the trigger.
I saw my daughter's face... crying.
Then I realized...
how selfish I was being.
Some days, everything matters.
Some days, nothin' matters.
I want you
to make a commitment-
every day for the next 30 days.
Deal?
I'll see you tomorrow, same time.
- Thank you, Doctor.
- My pleasure.
- Monica.
- Dutch. Good to see you.
- I'm sorry I wasn't here when you arrived.
- Oh.
I was at a conference. I'm late for
a meeting, but I need to talk to you.
- Can you walk with me?
- Yeah. Yeah.

It appears your time
at Oxford has paid off.
You've even picked up an accent.
Good for business.
I know a mind
is a terrible thing to waste.
- How are you and Kevin?
- Miserable, as usual.
But I might as well
get to the point.
We won't be able to pay
the salary you requested.
I "requested"? Oh, you mean
the salary you promised me.
No one's deceived you.
The offer was-
I moved my family up here from Atlanta.
Now you're telling me there's no money?
Every contract has contingencies-
subject to pending grants
and all the fine print.
But that's beside the point.
I want you here.
And I will do everything in my power
to keep you here.
Like old times, right?
Monica, that's inappropriate.
I'm happily married.
- Happily, so am I.
- To one of my best friends.
As if Kevin would mind.
Nothing's changed.
We need to have
this conversation later.
Come to our surprise
anniversary party.
It's Sunday afternoon
at the Academy of Fine Arts.
How can it be a surprise
when you already know about it?
There are no secrets between us, Dutch.
You know that.
Ryan Chambers is hosting it for us.
I'm sorry.

We go to church on Sunday.
Your presence is required,
not requested, Dr. Mass.
#Praise the Lord #
Come on, come on #
Come on, come on #
Come by me #
O Lord, come by me #
O Lord, come by me #
Whoo! Yeah! Come on! Sing! Yeah!

Yeah

Hallelujah!

- Thank God!

- # Ooh #

Praise God!

- Let the church say "Amen!"

- Amen!

- Yes!

- Hallelujah!

I'm talkin' about the land
of the designer walk and the designer talk.

The designer gowns
and the designer frowns.

Designer husbands, designer wives.

Designer smiles, designer styles.

All designed by the one who knows...

the weakness of the flesh
is temptation.

The flesh may call your name...

but only God can call your soul!

Only God can call your soul!

- Yes! Surrender, rich man.

- Hallelujah!

Surrender, poor man.

Surrender, beggar man.

Surrender, thief.

- Praise the Lord!

- Surrender.

When God calls you, surrender,
adulterer.

Surrender, liar.

Surrender, kings,

the presidents and Indian chiefs.

- Amen!

- Surrender!
- The time is drawing near for you
to surrender. - Glory be to God!
Surrender.
- Thank you, Heavenly Father.
- Yes.
Now, anyone who wants
to join the church this morning...
please come down to the altar.
Let him know.
Let him know.
- Yes, God!
- Let him know.
Whoever you are, let him know.
Come down.
Come on, Dutch.
You ready? Let's go.
- I'm not goin'.
- Why not?
- I just can't.
- Dutch.
- Go.
- Is Daddy coming?
- Daddy's gonna come next time.
- Those of you in pain.
- Those of you in confusion.
- Hallelujah.
- Amen!
- Those of you in deceit and despair.
Dutch, I'm not thinking about this right now.
I can't believe you did that today.
There you go. Faith won't pay the bills.
What does that have
to do with you joining church?
Do we have to talk
about this now, here?
You don't want me to embarrass you
in front of your little friends?
Yeah, that's right.
Can we drop it please?
All right, I'll leave it alone.
I won't say nothin' else about it.
- Hey, Monica. How you doin'?
- That is you. Mmm!

- This is Val, my beautiful wife.
- I'm so glad to finally get to meet you, Val.
It's nice to meet you too. Dutch is always
telling me about the good times...
you, Ryan and Kevin
had back in school.
Well, we used to say, " A party ain't
a party until Dutch Mass shows up."
Oh? Well, happy anniversary to you.
Fifteen years of heaven and hell.
There's my husband.
He's crazy.
- Hi, baby.
- Hey. What's happenin', man?
- Good to see you, man. This is Val.
- Good to see you.
Hello, Val.
Great to meet you.
We had to work very hard
to get your husband up here...
but, uh, Atlanta's loss
is definitely Philly's gain.
I like that color on you.
Takes a real man to pull that off.
Thanks.
Hey, I'm going to the sculpture garden.
Anybody wanna come with?
Dutch isn't going anywhere
until he dances with me first.
Ooh. I would not disobey
those orders, Doctor.
See you.
Val, hey, welcome to Philadelphia...
City of Brotherly Love.
Okay.
- How are you?
- I'm not much of a dancer, so I'm gonna-
Perfect. Then I'll teach you.
Do you mind, Val?
No, no, no.
That's all right.
Y'all go ahead. Have a good time.
So you must be the lovely Ms. Dutch Mass.
- Ryan Chambers.

- It's a pleasure to meet you, Ryan.
- This is Cynda. She works for me.
- Pleasure to meet you.
- You too. - Why don't you go get me
a drink for 10 minutes, okay?
- The usual?
- The usual.
- What do you do, Mrs. Mass?
- I'm a photographer.
- So you love beautiful things.
- Yeah, I do.
- So do I.
- Mmm.

Death on a Pale Horse.

Love it.

My favorite image

is the lion attacking. You?

I don't really have a favorite part.

I guess I like the whole thing.

I bet you do.

What?

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, Ryan.

But I just love that song
off your last album.

What song?

There's a lot of songs on that album.

- #When-# No, I can't sing.
- Just let me have a little bit.
- #What you gonna do when they-#
- # Hurt you #

#Where you gonna go

when they lie to you #

#Who you gonna call

then run to #

#When you know your life ain't right ##

So, uh, you and Dutch ever dance to me?

Um, Dutch and I dance

to a lot of your music.

Right.

Stop it.

Monica, come on. Stop it.

- So tell me. How long you know Monica?
- We just met.

Let's dance.
So, Dutch told me that you,
him and Kevin...
were like the Three Musketeers
back in the day.
Yeah. The scholar,
the baller and the flirt.
So, now, you are the scholar?
Guess again, baby.
Wish I could find the right girl #
You ever wonder why Ryan Chambers...
would hit on a Southern belle
like yourself?
- At the time, yes.
- Love 'em or leave 'em.
You know what they say
about a woman scorned.
The same thing they say about
an assistant D.A. running for office.
Could we get on with this, please,
Detective?
- I knew something was wrong. I just
didn't know what. - Ah.
Hey, Val, come on.
Boy, I'm coming.
- You can't rush perfection.
- I know that's right.
- Patience.
- That's a virtue, right?
That's right. Patience.
Uh-oh.
Where did you and Monica go?
Come on.
We didn't go anywhere.
I told you.
I went outside to the sculpture garden
with Kevin and the fellas.
- Mm-hmm.
- Yeah, right.
Who's the one there dancin'
all close with Ryan Chambers?
- Oh, please!
- Yeah. That's all right.
- Jealousy is a strong aphrodisiac.

- Look at you.
- Baby, come on.
- Mm-hmm. You on my list.
Yes, I wanna know
why you didn't join church today.
- I'll join next week. Move your arm.
- You gonna join next week?
- You said we wasn't gonna talk about
that again. - I lied.
- I will join next week.
- Not because I told you.
Val, why you gotta
ruin the mood like this?
It's important. I wanna know
if somethin' bothering you.
Nothing is bothering me. I was in
a good mood until you started all this.
What is that supposed to mean?
Noth-Nothing.
Nothin'. I'm-
I got a lot on my mind right now
with the pay cut and everything.
I'm just, you know-
I'm trying to figure some things out.
We can tighten it up.
I'll skip a few pedicures.
Baby, how would you feel-
You know...
what would you think if-
- if- if, you know, like-
- What is it, baby?
Maybe I'm not the man...
you think I am, you know?
The man you want me to be.
Maybe I'm not always the woman
you want me to be either.
Come here.
Look at me.
No matter what happens...
you know that I love you, right?
You know?
Dutch, wait a minute, baby.
You're scaring me.
- Is somethin' wrong?

- No.
No. No.
Man, I'm sorry.
No, nothin'.
It's the champagne talking, baby.
I love you, Dutch.
I love you more.
Good evening, ladies.
- Let's welcome Mrs. Mass to our Women's
Faith Fellowship. - Yes.
I just want to say
how grateful I am to be here.
I'm a guest
of my good friend Zahara.
Me and my husband, Dutch, and my daughter,
Nicole, just moved up here from Atlanta.
And I just wanna say how grateful
I am to meet all you ladies...
and how grateful I am, more than anything,
to be back in the house of the Lord.
- Amen! Amen! - And I give
God all the glory and all the praise.
Amen!
I am Mrs. Persons.
I would like to welcome you.
Tell me.
What does your husband do?
- He's a psychiatrist.
- I might need him.
Praise the Lord.
Now, the topic
for this evening, ladies...
is how to-within our faith- deal with
spousal cheating in a constructive way.
Yes, Miss Gladys.
My husband cheated on me one time
with some filthy Jezebel.
- I snatched that heifer bald.
- Mm-hmm!
Her dog tried to bite me.
I snatched the dog bald too.
- Amen!
- Let's remember two things, ladies.
Let's find constructive responses,

and let's keep God in this.

- Amen.

- Yes, Miss Honeycomb?

- I kept God in it- sent my husband to meet him.

- Amen.

He cheated on me, so I went down
to Miss Dashon down in Chinatown...

got some of that

strong dust pepper...

mixed it in his mashed potatoes.

- He was null and void.

- Null and void.

His head could not lift
from the pillow.

He didn't know what happened to him.

But after that, he ain't cheat on me no more.

- Amen to that.

- Constructive responses, Miss Honeycomb.

- May I help you?

- Excuse me. Sorry I'm late.

I'm sorry.

The men's meeting is Thursday.

I told you this was a bad idea.

- I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come.

- Greg, wait.

Mrs. Dunn, I'm sorry.

Greg's my guest.

He didn't want to come, but I insisted. I told
him that he would be more than welcome.

- We beg your pardon.

- Yes, he-

- That's a group decision.

- Sure is.

I know, but Greg has something
that he needs to discuss...

that can't wait until Thursday.

His significant other just left him.

- Significant other?

- Boyfriend.

- Oh, help us, Jesus.

- If my presence offends anybody, I'll go.

Nobody said anything
about being offended.

- This is supposed to be a women's meetin'.

- Sure is.
- Tolerance, ladies.
- Compassion.

Let's remember.

We are all children of God, including Greg.

Now, Greg, the question is,
would you feel comfortable here?

- Feels just like my family.
- Welcome, Greg. Ladies.
- Welcome, Greg.
- Welcome, darlin'.
- Welcome.
- Huh!

So, Greg, would you care to share with us?

Take your time.

The thing that hurts the most-
is the betrayal.

We got engaged a year ago...

and all that time, he was cheating on me...
with another man- a younger man.

And I never saw it.

I still love him.

Oh, help us, Jesus.

What is this church
comin' to, Mrs. Dunn?

Now, if you can't
share with the group- Ladies.

I'm sorry, Greg.

May God bless you, son.

My son, uh, Randy-

He just came out of the closet.

- Do you know him?
- Good Lord! It's spreadin' all over the church.

We came here this evening
to talk about infidelity.

Can we please stick to that topic?

Charlotte, it's your turn.

Do you have anything to say?

- Hmm!
- May we bow our heads in a word of prayer.
- Heavenly Father, we come before you-
- Mm-mmm.

I'm gonna make you
an offer, Mrs. Mass.

Now, I am willing
to recommend clemency.
Lethal injection is not
the only way to go here.
A confession made
in the spirit of remorse...
is very persuasive with a jury...
and with
the district attorney's office.
Thirty-first floor.
Mrs. Mass.
- Hey.
- What was that about?
I don't know what it is with Monica.
She trippin' all the time.
- Did you ever date Monica?
- Hmm?
I didn't stutter.
Did you date Monica?
A long time ago.
Nothin' special.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah, I'm sure.
We had an agreement.
And suddenly you can't deal? Huh?
- Suddenly? Suddenly, Kevin?
- Suddenly, you-
I didn't change, okay?
Monica, I didn't change.
- I've changed.
- Then you need to change back.
Okay? We have a perfect life.
We have money. We have freedom.
And now you are miserable.
You are hysterical.
But, Kevin...
I want kids.
I want a normal life.
I want a family.
I want a husband who wants me.
I want you.
I love you. I love you.
You know I do, but this...
normal thing, I just-

I'm tired.
You're tired?
- I'm so tired.
- You're gonna have to stick to the agreement.
It just seems like-
- I...
- You're always a victim.
Everything just revolves around you, right?
Keys. I'll drive.
Get out of the car.
Give me the keys.
Monica?
I'm gonna drive. Just-
I'll drive.
Baby? Co-Come on and get in the car.
Monica?
Hey! Stop!
God, no!
The ambulance stopped just in time.
She tried to kill herself, man.
Look, she's got a lot
of narcotics in her system.
You know that conference that she attended?
She was in treatment.
I realized tonight
how selfish I've been-
not just to her, also to you.
Hey, I got some good news.
The, uh, grant came through
at the hospital.
- They're gonna give you a raise.
- Oh, thank God.
And I'm gonna give you something that
you deserve but you can't afford just yet.
I've got a piece of property
up in Chestnut Hill.
Very upscale, nice schools.
Big house.
You know, financially,
I can't even think about-
Don't worry. I'm gonna cover
the down payment.
You're gonna take care
of the monthly nut.

Just consider it a...

long-term lease.

Kevin, you don't have to do this.

You've done so much for me,
and you've done so much for Monica.

- Without your counseling, I...

- Hey.

You and I go back a long way, right?

Hey, Dutch.

Don't give up the dream.

- I got a surprise for you.

- What? What is it?

Now, if I tell you,
it's not a surprise.

How about givin' me a hint?

Now, let's just say some
of our dreams are about to come true.

- I want a hot dog.

- Oh, yeah?

- I'll go get the hot dog.

- Oh, I'll have a 20. - No.

- Why don't you just give me our wallet?

- Yeah, you got that right.

- Have fun.

- You're it!

I felt like we were movin'
in the right direction.

As my dearly departed mama used to say...

"You wanna make God laugh?

Tell him your plans."

My feet are too quick.

- Did you confront him?

- No.

You found a condom

in your husband's wallet, and you didn't-

- She said no.

- He's a doctor.

Sometimes he-he lectures
patients on safe sex.

He-He- He passes out condoms.

What do you think?

- She didn't wanna know.

- Mmm.

- Everything changed after that.

- Uh-huh.

Me, I wouldn't trust him
as far as I could throw him.

I'm just bein' real, Val.

I smell a rat.

You should have him followed.

I know this real good private detective-
same one I used on my ex.

Now, Zahara, you know that Dutch
is not that kind of a person.

What's the name of that heifer
had herself a breakdown- Monica?

That was a straight-up play
for sympathy.

I saw that crap from a mile away.

- It was a nervous breakdown.

- Breakdown, "snakedown."

Heifer'd do anything
for a little attention.

I knew this girl, stuck her hand
down a garbage disposal-
halfway cut her fingers off,
cried for two weeks.

Her husband bought her
a new house and a car.

I been thinkin' about
cuttin' my fingers off.

I just cannot get that condom
out of my head.

- Lord, why did I find it?

- You trippin'. You lucky you did.

You just gotta get your mind off it.

That's all.

- What is the chance of that happening?

- Knowin' you- slim and none.

- Thank you. - Hey,

we handlin' this new lifestyle piece at work-
rich celebrities kickin' it
in their bling-bling homes.

We could use another photographer.

That's right. I got you-
on both fronts.

- What you mean on both fronts?

- I said I'm watchin' Dutch.

- So, you had your husband followed.
- She did not say that.
- I did not have him followed.
- But you let it happen.
She's not responsible
for other people's actions.
Detective, I know why
you sittin' here so patiently.
You waitin' for me to slip up
and say somethin'...
that's gonna wrap up your case
in a nice little package.
- Let me make it easy for you.
- Listen, why don't we put a pin in this?
- We don't need-Shh.
- I confess. I'm guilty.
- Say again.
- I'm guilty.
I'm guilty of being... naive.
You tryin' to play us, Mrs. Mass...
like you played your husband?
You do realize these are
unfounded allegations, Dwight?
You do realize these are
unfounded allegations, Dwight?
Hold. Wait, wait.
Why would a Georgia peach
like yourself...
leave your fingerprints on a gun?
Kevin convinced Dutch that...
if he was gonna treat the rich...
he needed to be one of 'em-
adopt the lifestyle.
When I look back on it now...
either I-I couldn't see or...
Open your eyes. Huh?
- didn't want to.
- Oh, my God!
- Is this ours?
- This is ours.
The cars we didn't need
and couldn't afford.
The Louis Vuitton, the Gucci.
We had everything

a man and a woman could want.
She's got her room already.
Let's go see it. Come on, guys.
Or so I thought.
Kevin, I owe all of this to you. Thanks.
Don't thank me yet, because,
uh, you know how payback can be.
Yeah.
Oh, this house is so rare.
I'm proud of you.
It is more than I ever expected,
and I am so happy.
What if I rephrase it?
- Please tell me I'm not the only gay man here.
- I'm afraid so, baby.
Hey, uh, how's she doin'?
It's time to go.
- It's time to go!
- The party is here.
I know you meant to invite me. Is there a
bathroom up here? 'Cause my ladies need to go.
- Upstairs and down the hall.
- I think I'm gonna go with 'em.
I like the view from here. Mmm!
- Excuse me. Can I just, uh, steal my wife?
- Oh, yeah. Excuse me.
- Come on.
- What? What?
Listen.
Now, there's no way I can thank you
for your support over the years.
- But, uh-
- What you got?
- Here's a small token.
- What have you-
Oh, man! Is that-
Thank you.
Look at that man.
- What are you doin'?
- What's it look like I'm doin'?
- My daughter's upstairs.
- Dutch, no, no, no. It's all right.
- Dutch. Dutch, it's all right.
- No. This is my house.

I thought it was Kevin's house,
and I thought this was a party.

You know- Okay,

I'd like for you to leave.

- Kevin, ain't this your house?

- Is this necessary, Ryan?

I'm just tryin' to clear up
a discrepancy here. My bad.

Just get out.

Take your girlfriends and get out.

- Come on. We gonna go to a real party.

- Yeah.

A Ryan Chambers party.

Y'all wanna come to a fun party?

Come to Ryan Chambers's party. Ha!

If your significant other
isn't attending church...

this can be the beginning
of a serious rift in the relationship.

Yes. Sister Mass.

Uh.

What do you do, Sister Dunn...

if your significant other says he wants
to be a part of the church-

Mmm.

but come Sunday...

he always has some excuse not to go?

...or an excuse. What if honesty wasn't
there from the beginning?

What did you say, Charlotte?

I was...

just agreeing with Val.

- Well, amen.

- Amen.

- Hallelujah.

- Amen.

I see you wearin'

some new bling-bling, Mrs. Mass.

- It's a gift.

- Uh-huh.

- Was she starin' at me?

- She sure was.

That child

been comin' here for months...

and hasn't said a word
until tonight.

I think she got some issues.

- Hey, Monica.

- Where the hell is Dutch, huh?

- Du-

- Dutch!

- Monica, Dutch is not here.

- Where the hell is Dutch

with my prescriptions, huh?

- Monica, Dutch is not here.

- Dutch!

And, girl,

what happened to your face?

Have to hurt myself a little of today...

if that's okay with you.

- Dutch!

- Monica, Dutch is not here.

Dutch! I bet you don't know

where he puts his prescriptions.

I was in the hospital today, and Dutch

wasn't at the hospital today.

- He's not here.

- So where is he?

You obviously don't know where

the doctor keeps his prescription pad.

- Please?

- I don't know.

- Oh, no? You don't know?

- No.

Are you sure?

- What are you doin'?

- Oh, I'm high, and I'm drunk.

- And I'm drunk, and I'm high.

- You need to give me that gun.

I'm tired of giving.

All I do is give, give.

- Give me the gun. Give- Oh!

- I'm not strong like you.

- Monica, please.

- You could do it.

You could kill me.

- No!

- My heart feels dead.

- I wanna be dead!
- Oh!
- I got the gun, all right?
- Don't you understand me? Huh?
You're so naive!
I'm in love with a man...
who sleeps around!
And he knows that I'll never leave.
- And God has forsaken me! - Monica,
you cannot blame God for your problems.
- You cannot blame him for your problems.
- I do.
I do blame God.
And one day, you will blame God too.
At least my husband
tells me the truth.
Your husband?
It's pathetic.
- What's pathetic?
- Your lie.
It's so much more fulfilling
than my truth, and that's pathetic.
You wanna know where
Dutch is, don't you?
Oh, I wonder.
Hmm. Where does Dutch wake up?
Oh, Val.
It's snowin' outside.
Hmm. God has given us
another perfect day.
So you're sayin' that that's how
your fingerprints got on the gun?
Val's prints are not
the only prints on the gun.
You should have found Monica's prints on the
gun too. It's all gonna come out in discovery.
Monica's prints were on the gun,
but she has an alibi.
Now, your client,
on the other hand-
The question is not
how the fingerprints got on the gun...
but what you did with it.
Well, up until this point, I had no proof

that my husband was being unfaithful.
What? Come on. You've gotta
be the most naive woman on this planet.

- Naive?

- Yes.

- I never said I was naive.

- You didn't?

"I am guilty of being naive."

- Come on. Is this really-

- You keep out of this!

- What do you mean keep out?

- I didn't say naive.

- You just said you didn't.

- I know I didn't say naive.

- How often do you say what you don't mean?

- I didn't mean naive in the way-

- Tell me what you mean.

I love my husband!

I had faith in my husband!

And... I had a lot to lose.

Ooh. That's a nicer piece than mine.

I don't want that thing in my house.

What am I supposed to do with that?

Well, I don't need it.

I already got one.

Zahara, if you don't

put that thing away-

- You got a permit for that?

- Mm-hmm.

It's better than mace.

You should hold on to this.

Around here, you never know.

- Just in case.

- Okay, all right. Okay, just stop.

Monica came over to my house,
and-and, yes, she was trippin'.

Yes, she was high.

But, Zahara...

some of that stuff

that girl said to me-

- I don't know. It got to me.

- Pull over, Val.

You been takin' pictures
of Dutch all this time?

Baby, I know how painful this is...

but it's time you knew the truth.

For the sake of-

Thanks, Doc.

- I'll see you next week.

- Thank you.

Baby, wh-

What are you doin' here?

What's wrong?

Surprise.

So, you at the office, huh?

- I'm always at the office.

- Not always. Mm-mmm.

Saturday, you said

you had an appointment.

Here you are

walkin' out of a restaurant.

I had a business lunch with Kevin,

goin' over some clinic finances.

Why don't you just ask me?

There's a logical explanation for-

And why are you talking on a pay phone

when you got two cell phones...

except but to keep it

off your call log?

- My battery was dead.

- Both of them?

- You wanna check my call log?

- I should.

- Monday, you were workin' out with the guys?

- Yeah.

Here you are comin' out of a hotel.

And these pictures here

with Monica-

Do you hug and kiss

on all your patients?

I was consoling her.

It wasn't anything like that.

It wasn't anything like that?

Dutch, come on.

You think I'm stupid?

Answer it. Answer it.

Val, you're paranoid, you know.

- Why don't you take a Valium?

- Don't play psychiatrist with me.
Who's callin' you?
- It's probably a patient.
- Okay.
- Let me see the caller I.D.
- Come on, Val.
You sleepin' on the couch.
In my house-
the house I'm payin' for?
You don't wanna sleep on the couch?
I'm gonna take Nicole,
and we gonna move back to Atlanta.
I guess I'm sleepin' on the couch then.
You happy now?
Am I happy?
Val.
Thirty-first floor.
Look, you runnin' out of time.
Detective Hicks is being
really patient with you.
But a black woman on death row
doesn't really bother me...
not when I have your fingerprints
all over the murder weapon.
Yes, my fingerprints are
all over that murder weapon...
but I have not seen that gun
in a long time.
Oh, come on, Dwight.
What are you doing here?
Mrs. Mass,
I am not a patient person.
- Jenny? Well, I'll have another triple.
- Okay.
- My son here-
- Hennessy and water. Two.
Jen, what's a pretty girl like you...
doin' workin' in a joint like this
on a Saturday night?
Don't you have a better offer?
Now, I can offer you a whole range of-
No, Mr. Mass.
I think I already heard that offer.
Sorry, Jenny. You know, he old.

- Just-

- Son.

Now...

all marriages have rocky times.

I mean, you can know more

about what women think...

than they know about themselves.

That can lead to "provocatation."

But you're just like your old man.

You're a Mass man.

The last of the Mass men.

And God saved the best for last.

- I don't know about that.

- Yes, yes.

Look at your accomplishments.

You know how proud I am of you?

- Listen. Dad, listen-

- Mm-hmm! Mm-hmm!

- Now, I brag-

- Dad, listen to me. Listen to me.

- Now-Now, I want you to listen to-

- Dad, listen to me.

- I brag to my buddies about you.

- There's something I wanna talk to you about.

- Listen to me. I wanna talk to you about something. - I brag to them all the time.

Who else got a kid who's an M. D?

This-This is my son here!

- This one! Here he is!

- That's right.

- Here he is! All right.

- Sit down, Dad.

- Let me- Let me talk to ya.

- Come on.

You been places I could only see.

I want you to look at what

you've done for your family.

They are never gonna be in need.

Look at the example

you are settin' for your daughter.

I am proud of the man you've become.

Jenny.

- Is it something I said?

- No.

- If I say it to you differently,
will you listen to me? - No.
How about if I sing to you, baby?
Now that is a hard, cold woman.
But I'm not gonna give up.
Mass man.
What is it you want to ask me, Son?
What is it? Come on now.
Come on out with it.
All right. Well, um-
Man, it's nothin'.
Just anxiety, you know?
Just Val and me
not gettin' on and-
It-It's nothin'.
It's nothin'.
Two young people in love, rich.
It's all gonna work out, Son.
Right here. Mm-hmm.
- I love you, Son.
- I love you, Pops.
Come- Hey, come on, man.
Sit down. Sit down. Sit down.
- Mr. Chambers will be down momentarily.
- Okay.
Girl, why is my first photo shoot
with Ryan Chambers?
'Cause this is gonna look
great on your rsum.
- Trust me. This is good for you.
- Good for me too.
Hey, ladies #
#What we gonna do about it #
Please tell me again #
Our friendship #
Man and woman #
Somethin' not right about it ##
Don't be intimidated.
I know it's your first time shootin' a star.
I won't bite you-
unless you request it.
Ryan.
I have got another appointment, so-
I have got to go.

- Mmm. Too bad.
- Ready?
Do I look ready?
You always look ready,
my brother.
Nice suit.
So, this how you want me?
Look up. Let me see your eyes.
They don't like my money #
Open your jacket
a little bit so I can see.
Now loosen up the tie.
Loosen up the tie a little.
Yeah.
Turn around a little.
Now give it to me from-
There you go.
It was beautiful.
Open your eyes.
Give me some of the eye-
Okay, Ryan, give me, uh-
Give me a profile.
Thank you. I think we got it.
- That was great. Thank you so much, Ryan.
- But I'm not finished yet.
I think we got some good shots.
You should be happy.
No. I got somethin' else in mind.
You just keep shootin'.
For real. We got
some really good shots.
I'm thinking about using this
for my album cover. You just keep shootin'.
All right, but it's your time
and your money.
What are you doin'?
Mmm.
How's it look on me?
Yo. Give that back to me, please.
Just let me read your palm.
I'm really good at this.
I think a life-altering experience
about to happen in about 15-
- What are you do, Stop. Get your hands off me!

- What are you doin'?

- What's up, dog?

- Dutch, what are you doing here?

- What are you doin' here?

- I'm doin' a job. It's a photo shoot.

- Just stay away from my wife! That's my wife!

- Dutch!

- It's all good, dog!

- You stay away from my wife! You hear me!

- Stay away from my wife!

- Dutch! Let's go.

Get your hands off me!

What is this, payback? Huh?

Payback? Ain't nothin'

goin' on between me-

He's standin' over there

half naked with a smile.

- Don't tell me you ain't tryin' to do nothin'!

- It's a job!

- I ain't tryin' to get with that man!

- This is your job?

- On my job!

- You are a wife, and you are a mother!

Oh, I'm your wife?

You rememberin' that now, huh?

That's what this is about-

Monica. Let me tell you something.

- Monica was just a friend.

- Hello? What about your equipment?

I don't give a damn about that equipment.

Zahara will get it next week.

This ain't over.

You sayin' that's how

the earrings got in the room.

Who leaves earrings

when they commit a murder?

Maybe murder wasn't

option number one.

Juries want cases that make sense-

in case you haven't noticed- and so do voters.

I don't know if this is the case that's going

to sweep you into office by a landslide.

- You haven't convinced me.

Has he convinced you, Mrs. Mass?

- Felons can't vote.
Supposition on top of assumption
on top of pure nonsense...
which makes it clear to me-
and will make it very clear to a jury-
that, Dwight, you have got nothing.
And you've got 15 minutes
to wrap this up...
and then I'm goin' out there
and I'm telling the press...
that we have charged
our prime suspect with murder-
with or without a confession.
Fifteen minutes.
What do you think would
have happened if Dutch hadn't walked in?
This woman is always staring at me.
- She gives me the heebie-jeebies.
- Issues. Issues.
- Valerie.
- Hey, Charlotte. How you doin'?
I know somethin' about your husband.
- And what is that exactly?
- Something you should know.
What are you talkin' about,
Charlotte?
- Loews Hotel. Go there now.
- What is this?
Room 3118.
Please be careful.
It could be very dangerous. You are dealing
with someone who can be very irrational.
Wait a second. Dutch?
Charlotte, how well
do you know my husband?
I'm not talking about your husband.
I'm sorry. I just think
you need to know.
- What in God's name?
- Charlotte!
- Val!
- Charlotte!
Let her go! You don't know what you're
walking into. You heard what she said.

Val, you're not listening
to me! Val.
Listen to me. I know
what I'm talking about.
Look. I got this scar when I walked in on
my husband when he was with another woman.
It got ugly. Real ugly.
You don't know.
He could be up there
with some crazy hooker.
Zahara, please get out of my car.
This is between me and my husband,
and I'm gonna deal with it myself.
If you're not gonna let me go with you,
then you are taking this.
You gotta protect yourself, Val.
This ain't heaven, baby.
There are crazy people out there.
You are putting this in your bag...
- or I am coming with you.
- No!
Take it!
Or I'm going with you.
Thank you.
Anything happens, call me, you hear?
- Fine, sure.
- All right.
Get yourself together, all right?
It's gonna be all right.
You okay?
- Hi.
- How can I help you?
Do you have a Dutch Mass
registered here?
- Dutch Mass? Let me check.
- Yes.
No, I don't see that name.
Thank you.
Oh, wait. I do have a Dr. Dutch Mass.
Would you like me to ring
his room for you?
No, thank you.
No, thank you.
Thirty-first floor.

May I help you?
- Room 3118?
- Yeah.
End of the hall.
I missed you.
I missed you.
Right there. Oh, yeah.
I missed you a lot.
Mmm. Right there.
- You've been working out, huh?
- Yeah.
You've been workin' out.
I can feel it.
Val.
I'm sorry.
Okay.
Val. Val.
I'm sorry.
Baby, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. Val.
Val, I can explain.
God, Val!
Val, I can explain.
Val! Yo, I'm sorry.
Val, wait.
Val, you gotta give me a chance!
Give me a chance!
Give me a chance to explain!
Val, wait. I'm sorry!
No, no, no. Wait, wait!
No. Wait. Please!
Wait!
- Val.
- This door's closed.
- No! Oh.
- Listen.
Val, listen to me.
Val, it's not what you think.
Val, listen to me. Come on. Come on, Val.
Baby! Stop it.
Come on, Val. Stop.
- Oh! No!
- Listen to me.
- No!

- Come back.

Do we have a problem here?

Ma'am? Sir, sir.

- You need to let her go. Calm down, sir.

- Don't make me call the police.

Hey, Val. Hey, Val!

Hey, that's my wife!

Take your hands off me!

How was the church meeting,

Ms. Mass?

Are you okay? Ms. Mass.

Mrs. Mass,

is there anything I can do?

Ms. Mass,

is there anything I can do?

- Ms. Mass!

- No!

No!

Explain to me...

how you went into that hotel room

with a loaded gun...

and you saw your husband

in that situation and nothing happened.

Nothin' happened?

Nothin' happened?

Detective Hicks...

the end of my life happened.

Everything I believed in... died.

My future, my family...

my faith, my hope...

died in that moment.

You can sit over there

and say to me...

nothin' happened?

And that was the last time

you saw that gun?

Yes.

Come in.

We're running out of time.

Meet me in the foyer.

- Five minutes.

- Ah, got it.

When was the next time you saw

your husband or Ryan after the hotel?

What are you doing here?
What are you doing here?
I got a question for you.
And I want you
to answer it honestly.
I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry, baby.
Did you use protection?
Mm-hmm.
Always?
Always?
No.
Val!
Wait, wait. I'm sorry.
Val! Val!
Please!
Daddy! Stop!
Make it stop!
- I'm sorry!
- Mommy, stop! Don't! Please.
- Stop!
- Get out!
- Go to your room, sweetheart.
- Get out! Get out!
- Come on, Nicole. Come on, Nicole!
- Daddy! Daddy!
Go to your room!
Val, open up.
Val, you okay?
Now what is going on?
When did you start drinking?
Who's taking care of Nicole?
The babysitter took her to the mall
so I could have some peace.
Val, you have got to stop trying
to hurt yourself.
Please, please, y'all,
leave me alone.
- What, alone with your booze?
- Yes.
- See, you done lost your mind.
- Hmm.
Girl, we gonna be in your face
till you come out of this room.

You have got a daughter
to raise and a life to live.

- I know.

- This is not your fault.

I just can't take
any more right now.

- Okay?

- Okay.

Mrs. Mass, you're gonna
make me get violent.

That means I'm just gonna have to rip
that weave right out your heads.

I don't wear a weave.

Oh, you gonna need one
after I'm done with you, okay?

Okay?

Hey. Put your coat on.

Let's get something to eat, all right?

I'm telling you,

I never saw Ryan that way.

And usually my gay-dar is on point.

I have always suspected
Ryan "the Secret" Chambers.

Why didn't Dutch just
say he was bisexual?

Because he's not necessarily bisexual
or gay, at least not if you ask him.

He's just D.L.- down low.

How long would you have stayed
with Dutch if you knew...

he had a thing for men?

One date, half a date.

How you think straight black men
would react to him if he came out?

What about his practice?

This is not an easy thing.

You shouldn't feel like you're
the only woman who ever went through this.

- It's not that uncommon.

- Oh, I know that's right.

Hmm. There are a whole lot
of boys who like it both ways.

Now check out the daddy with
the wife and two kids. Mm-hmm.

- Be right back.
- You kids ready to order?
- His wife is right there.
- Right there!

Yo, man, that dust in here is crazy.

- Oh, really?
- As a matter of fact, I think you have something in your eye.
- Oh, really.
- Yeah, you should let me blow it out for you.

Hey, Dad.

Oh, hey, Son. Why don't you come up here and wash your hands?

- You did not.
- He ain't my type.
- You guys, I'm sorry, but-
- Val.

They're upstairs.

Hello, Reverend Dunn, Sister Dunn.

What y'all doing here?

Just thought we'd put a few things in order.

No huggin'. No preachin'.

Someone told me a story once about a blind girl...

who hated herself just because she was blind.

She hated everyone, except her loving boyfriend.

He was always there for her. She said that if she could only see the world... she would marry her boyfriend.

One day, someone donated a pair of eyes to her.

Then she could see everything, including her boyfriend.

He asked her, "Now that you can see the world... will you marry me?"

The girl was shocked when she saw that he was blind, too... and refused to marry him.

Her boyfriend walked away in tears.

And later wrote a letter to her saying...

"Just take care of my eyes, dear."

Hmph.

Who am I supposed to be,
the blind girl?

- You were the blind girl.

- Can a blind girl get a drink?

Don't preach at me.

I already been saved.

I am a saved woman.

I have prayed and I have prayed.

You see these scars on my knees?

That's from praying.

Valerie, once you start feeling sorry
for yourself, you give away your power.

What power?

God ain't listening to me.

Stop giving Satan the glory.

I have been everything

God asked me to be.

I have been a good wife.

I have been a good mother.

Every Sunday I make sure

I'm in somebody's church.

And I take my family with me.

I saved myself for my husband.

I saved my body for my husband.

And I have never...

ever, ever thought

about cheating on him.

And I did these things not only because

I loved Dutch, but because I loved God.

You think you're the first woman

who's ever been betrayed by her husband?

I wasn't just betrayed

by my husband.

I was betrayed by God.

God didn't betray you, baby.

As Christians, we all have our cross to bear.

Jesus is bearing the cross.

You gonna make him bear it alone?

It was a man.

It was a man!

It would be one thing

if it was a woman.

I could do something about that!
I could compete with that.
Fix myself up, look cute in his eyes,
make myself beautiful for him.
But it's a man he wants!
A man!
In the name of Jesus Christ,
Valerie.
Women who struggled through
heartbreak, pain, slavery-
And they did not do so
to see it come to this.
Rise up, Valerie.
Because someone is watching you.
And that somebody is your daughter.
And it's not the betrayal
that's important, Valerie.
It's the lesson you learn from it.
- I can't.
- Yes, you can, Valerie.
- Please, leave me alone. Please!
- Get up, Valerie.
Give God the glory.
Get up!
Take back your power.
Mommy, are you okay?
God loves you.
Yes, baby, Mommy's okay.
Remember what you told me
to do every day?
Come on, Mommy.
The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lay down
in green pastures...
he restoreth my soul, he leads me
in the path of righteousness...
for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk...
through the valley
of the shadow of death...
I will fear no evil...
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff...

they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me...

in the presence of mine enemies.

Thou annointest my head with oil;

my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy

shall follow me all the days of my life...

and I will dwell

in the house of the Lord forever.

- Your husband sleeps with mens?

- No.

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord!

Ms. Honeycomb, let's be mindful.

I know I shouldn't say this,

but I would have slit his lying throat.

- Sorry, Sister Dunn, but I would have.

- Greg, no disrespect...

- but I thinks all you gay, lowdown-

- Mm-hmm.

Down-loaded men is bringing that...

white homosexual disease

into our community.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

- Spreadin' that Al DS and not tellin' nobody.

It's a sin and a shame. And I had to

get it off my chest or else I'll bust.

- Sister Honeycomb-

- You interruptin' her.

I'm afraid for my daughters.

I'm afraid for my granddaughters.

Lord, I'm afraid for 'em all,

and I'm sorry.

But it's your fault

for all your secrets and disease.

- So what are you saying about my son?

- Ladies!

First of all, it's not "down-loaded, "

it's "down low. "

Whatever.

- Secondly, I'm a homosexual man,

and I'm proud of that... - Oh, Lord!

'cause I'm not keeping any secrets

from anybody- trust me.

It's impossible for any woman

to get anything from me.

- That's not the point.

- Sure ain't.

I don't condone what these men are doing!

I agree with you!

But can you realistically
expect anybody...

to confess anything

or to come out...

if they know this is the reception

they're gonna receive...

this is how they're

gonna be treated?

What about the way they treatin'

our daughters and our granddaughters?

I'm not touching your daughters

or granddaughters. Ew!

My son might be gay,

but I love him and he loves me.

- What are you talking about?

- What do you mean? I'm talking about my son.

We are talking about Greg.

I thought we were supposed to be

talking about Val's problems?

That's right, ladies. We are supposed

to be talking about Val's problems.

We are talking about

Val's problems. Right, Val?

- Well, I...

- We sure are.

- Heavenly Father.

- Listen.

Down-low men are only part

of this problem.

- A major part if you ask me.

- Mm-hmm.

Oh, really? What about prostitution?

Sharing drug needles?

Straight men going to Thailand and Brazil...

on business trips

bringing H.I. V. and-

and other things back to their wives

and their girlfriends?

- We're all guilty about something.

- That's right.

And by the way, I love God just as much as you do.

- But does he love you?

- Sister Honeycomb!

Look. God loves me and my son.

- Would you be quiet?

- Who you tellin' to be quiet, Boo?

Mrs. Persons, would you please sit down!

- We are in church! We're in the house of the Lord. - Yes.

Now, let's all look to God and pray together...

that he will help Val through this terrible trial and be healed.

Now let's join hands and bow our heads.

Charlotte.

- Yeah.

- How did you know about my husband?

I've been where you are.

My husband lives on the D.L., too...

but when you're

a famous entertainer...

people cut you a lot of slack.

- You're Ryan's wife.

- We're legally separated.

We have nothing together now.

Well, I just want to say... thank you.

Thank you so much.

I don't know how I'm gonna repay you.

- For what?

- Opening my eyes.

It was difficult to find out that my marriage has been a lie for all these years.

But I guess when you don't know the truth, you can't make a choice.

The important thing to remember, Val, is...

they can't win by telling the truth...

and we can't lose

by telling the truth.

So what's happening, baby?

You coming back to me? Is that it?

- No.

- No?

- I'm ending it with you too.

- So, you're a leopard who
is gonna change his spots...

'cause he doesn't wanna
be a leopard anymore?

- You're D.L. all the way, baby.

You're gonna be back. - Yeah?

- Can't have your cake and eat it too. Yeah.

- Uh-huh.

- Your marriage is proof of that.

- I think your marriage is proof of that.

You know, Monica and I got our thing together.

We have an arrangement.

- It's what's called an "arrangement."

- Oh, arrangement.

I told you that you need

to come clean with your girl, Val.

- You really do.

- What you doin'?

- I'm straightening up your tie. I like that tie.

- What are you doing?

Well, like it from a distance.

What you doin'?

- I'm not playing with you, man.

- I'm not playing with you.

It's over.

Oh, okay. It's over.

So you're gonna walk away just like that?

Well, I'm gonna be right here when you come
back, baby, because Kevin knows who he is.

Everyone knows who Kevin is.

I am free. Kevin is free.

'Cause you're D. L!

Go ahead.

Are you gonna change your spots?

You can't change your spots!

You are nothin', baby.

Look at him! Look at him! He's a faggot!

He's a big-time punk!

Sissy.

Coming clean after I caught you
red-handed really doesn't mean that much.
Yeah, but now there's-
there's no more secrets between us.
I love you, Val. We're supposed to
be together. I don't want you to leave.
You think you can do what you've done- live
a double life- and it's all supposed to go away?
Why, Dutch, why?
Why you think that?
- 'Cause you're cryin'?
- I can change.
Val, I can change. I swear.
- I swear to God I can change.
- I'm sorry, Dutch.
I filed for divorce.
This is what I get?
This is what I get for being honest?
Val, I can't stand the thought
of losing you and Nicole. I need you.
- Baby, you can't walk out on me.
- You walked out on me...
again and again and again.
Admit it.
You must have hated them-
both Dutch and Ryan.
- I would have.
- Hated them?
I wouldn't say hate.
I wouldn't say that.
After a betrayal like that?
Oh. I know you're a good Christian
and all of that.
- But a jury is gonna have a hard time believing-
- Detective.
I can assure you
that on that jury...
they will contain a number of good Christians
who won't have trouble believing.
Time is up.
- There's not much more to tell.
- Make it fast.
Ryan Chambers and all that...
it meant nothin' to me.

Baby, I swear to God. I swear to God,
it meant nothin'. It meant nothin' to me.
You a hell of an actor. You sat there
and said them same things to me.
Sitting at my table. Only you
was sitting where she was sitting.

- I'm leaving.
 - Sit your ass down.
 - Get your hands off me.
 - Don't you ever put your hands on my wife!
 - Who do you think you are?
 - Check it out.
 - Don't you ever touch me again!
 - He used me.
 - Just leave. This is between me and her.
- Just leave. - You lied to us.
- You used everybody.
 - We have an emergency.
 - Good night.
 - Just get out.
 - Let me give you a little hot tip.
 - Take your hands off her!

You can tell the tabloids this, okay?

Ryan Chambers is H.I.V. positive, honey.

- What did you say?
- Have you lost your natural mind?

Hold up. Stop.

What did you say?

Ryan Chambers is H.I.V. positive.

What have you done?

What have you done to me?

What have you done to me?

What have you done to me?

Bye, sweetheart.

Happy holidays.

We'll miss you, sweetheart.

Man, I hate you!

- I hate you, you know that!
- Hey! Hey, sir!
- I'll kill you. I hate you.
- Put it down! Drop the knife!
- I love you, and you love me.
- You love yourself.
- Man, I hate you!

- Drop the weapon and step away!

Now!

I said put it down!

I love you.

Go to hell!

God don't want you.

- Don't worry, Mr. Chambers. We have everything under control. - He just went off.

You'll burn in hell for this.

You gonna burn in hell for this, Ryan.

- Calm down!

- You'll burn in hell for this!

Let's go!

I said calm down!

You'll burn in hell for this!

- Come on.

- You go to hell!

Cute.

Open the gate!

Robert Mass?

Your bail was posted.

- By who?

- Step out.

Let's go!

Thanks for bailing me out, Dad.

It's true, isn't it?

You put your family in danger.

You don't put...

your family in danger.

Pops-

This is not what Mass men do.

I tried to tell you-

I tried to tell you.

You were so proud of me!

Thief! You stole my granddaughter,
my family, my life.

- You took every single thing I-

- I tried to tell you.

So many times.

Listen to me.

This is who I am!

This is Dutch!

I'm not your perfect son.

I can't be what it is

you want me to be!
This is Dutch. This is Dutch.
This is who I am.
This is who I am!
This is who I am!
I don't know why I'm here.
Then get on your knees, and don't get off
until you've found the answer.
You judging me?
What happened to judge
not lest ye be judged?
What happened to that?
I'm not judging you, son.
I do have a question. Are you saying
that what you did was right?
No. I'm not saying I was right.
But maybe I did the best I could.
You believe that?
How far you think that's
gonna fly with the Lord?
It's cruel and selfish to bring
a possible death sentence...
to those you say you love
for a few moments...
of lust and pleasure.
You think I don't know that?
Yeah, I'm a coward...
and I'm afraid.
What would have happened
if I'd been honest?
I'd be called a sinner.
A homo. A fag.
Do you know how hypocritical that is...
when you look at the D.L. brothers
in your own congregation?
Are you suggesting that the imperfection
of the sinners in my church...
is the reason you betrayed
your wife and child?
I'm used to people lying to me, son.
You're lying to yourself.
That's the worst of it.
We both know that if I'd been honest,
I'd have lost everything.

I hate to break the news to you, son.

You lost everything.

- Except-

- Except what?

Redemption.

God don't hold grudges.

His hands is always
stretched out to us...

whether we're riding
the chariots of grace...
or crushed beneath the wheels.

He's there.

He's there waiting for you.

The longer you wait,
the harder it's gonna be.

But you have to call him.

Just call him, son.

Call him now.

Number 16. Number 16.

- Hi.

- Hi.

I'm here to be tested.

Take this number, and someone
will be with you as soon as possible.

- Thank you.

- Okay.

Number 17.

Number 18.

Ms. Valerie Mass, your time is up,
and the offer's off the table.

- What are you talking about?

- You're being charged with first-degree murder.

Are you out of your mind? Valerie,
I'll have you out of here in no time.

- Detective Hicks, I'm innocent.

- I know you don't care about
this girl's guilt or innocence.

- Get out of my face.

- There's a long way between here and conviction...

Assistant D.A.

And you tell me, where do you think you're
gonna be when this case blows up in your face?

The election will be over by then.

Valerie Mass.

Number 225.

Ladies and gentlemen of the press,

I would like to-

Excuse me.

I'm sorry. We're going to have to delay
this press conference...

for about five minutes or so.

Now this is still a breaking story.

Can you tell us what happened,

Mr. Simmons?

This better be worth my while.

What exactly is on this DVD?

Well, I've only watched a few seconds,
and I already know...

that you can't go to the press conference
without checking this out.

This was delivered to the front desk
addressed to Valerie Mass.

- And who's it from?

- "To Valerie Mass.

A gift from me and my ex.

Charlotte Chambers."

- Talk.

- What do you want me to say?

I am who I am.

Or if you're watching this-
who I was.

What is this?

It's beginning to look like
that confession you wanted.

My death, like my life, will be spectacular.

What do you do when someone
you trust gives you a gift?

A disease without any warning.

Well, you can't blame me
for wanting to share the gift.

Yes, I'm sorry.

But who is sorry for me?

For those of you I might
have hurt, what can I say?

Be more careful.

You never know where
the bogeyman is.

And those of you who wanna

make judgment, hell, it ain't my fault.
You want guys like us
to be open and honest...
so you can publicly
humiliate us and condemn us.
I might be a coward,
but I ain't stupid.
I will never let you
treat me like that. Never!
I'll play the monster.
And I'm just like you.
I never thought
it would happen to me.
And, yes...
the bogeyman is for real.
I'm gonna give you more
of a chance than you gave me.
Bravo.
Thank you, Detective.
Captain would be better.
Captain.
Well, I am pleased to announce
that after a vigorous...
and thorough investigation...
my department has freed
an innocent woman...
who was falsely accused
of first-degree murder.
Now regardless of my political ambition-
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread...
and forgive us our trespasses...
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation-
For all of us, there is light.
But passion...
without responsibility...
is not only
a self-destructive act...
but like the godless stone
of ignorance...
dropped in the rippling pond

of tragedy.
In this day and these times...
it can destroy
those we love the most.
- Charlotte's suicide will
not keep her from God's arms.
- Thank you.
If a man does not seek humility...
humility will seek man.
Thank you for coming.
Are you okay?
It'll be good
to be back home again...
running my own studio.
I just want you to know...
that none of this is your fault.
There's nothing
you could have done...
that would have made a difference.
I've been tested and, uh...
they didn't find anything.
Same with me.
Val, I told you-
You know, I've been struggling with this.
Was I the friend
you needed me to be?
Was I the wife you needed me to be?
Was I the Christian
you needed me to be?
And... could you have stopped?
Could you?
I don't know.
I love you, Dutch.
But I can't...
trust you anymore.
- Daddy!
- Hey, sweetheart.
Oh!
I love you.
I love you more.
My beautiful girl.
- Be good. Okay?
- Okay.
Okay, go to Mama.

All right.

I love you, Son.

Are you showing the house?

Not now. Uh, the Realtor
will be here tomorrow.

Why don't you come back then?

You hear that, baby?

We might have just found
the house of our dreams.

Hey, um, you mind

if I look around inside?

It's dusty around here. You look like
you got something in your eye.

What did you say?

I think you got something in your eye.

You want me to blow it out for you?

Hey.

We'll come back

and look another day, okay?