[Sam was a prisoner of war who had been presumed dead but recently returning home. He was forced to beat his own friend and brother in arms to death while he was a prisoner, in order to survive. He believes his wife and brother slept together while he was gone. Sam is sitting in his room when Grace enters]

**Grace**: Sammy, what happened? What's going on? Talk to me. What happened? What did they do to you?

**Sam**: What happened with you and Tommy?

**Grace**: We kissed, that's it. I missed you. I thought you were dead. I couldn't get out of bed. That's it.

**Sam**: Are you telling me the truth?

**Grace**: You know I am. Now, tell me...

**Sam**: I think you're fucking Tommy.

**Grace**: Oh, Sam...

**Sam**: Where are the kids?

**Grace**: In bed.

**Sam**: They're all tucked in.

**Grace**: Yeah.

**Sam**: Say their prayers. Ok.

**Grace**: Sam. Sam.

**Sam**: What am I supposed to do now, Grace? You know what I did to get back to you?

**Grace**: No.
Sam: [Starts throwing things] You know what I did!? To fucking get back to you! [Referencing his friend] You know how he fucking suffered! He fucking suffered because of you! [Referencing his brother] And what is he doing in my fucking house and my fucking kids, Grace? You're fucking my brother!!

Grace: Sam, you know I didn't!

Sam: You're fucking my brother in my fucking house!

Grace: Sam, please.

Sam: I love you, Grace!

Grace: Please, our girls, please.

Sam: 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!

END