

I loved you unconditionally. Why? Because I value mystery.

I don't know where you're going but I'm not done. I'm not even fucking close to being done. But what it also makes me realize, the reason you don't get jealous is because you don't value that mystery do you?

The reason you don't value it. The reason why you never wonder if you're the best fuck I've ever had, or the most talented person I've ever been with, or the kindest, or the smartest, it's because it's inconceivable to you that there is anybody on this planet that is more interesting than you are. Your lack of curiosity is merely an extension of your narcissism, your megalomania, your egotistical view of the world. As a result of never doubting yourself, you never stopped to ask yourself; How can I be a better partner? You're good. You are set. The man I'm looking at right now is as good as he's gonna get. You yelling at me in a bathtub about how you're gonna snap me like a twig, is the best and worst of who you will be in this relationship. And that's why you can forget to thank me in your speech. Because you're not afraid that I'm gonna come home and go .... You know what? You lost me tonight. Fuck this shit. I'm out. But if you steamroll every single person in your midst, day in and day out, you are going to end up living in a fictional fucking reality. I am the last person standing. I'm the last person to look at you and go, « You know what? Up your fucking game ». If not for me, then for your work. Malcolm, if this is a movie, you hold on to me for dear life. Because that's who we've been for one another. That's who you been for me and I've been for you from the day we met. From the day that I overdosed in that market, from the day you drop me to rehab. From the first day I read your script, about me, about us, about our relationship. About how drugs were destroying my ability to love you and your ability to love me. All I wanted tonight was a thank you, Malcolm. That's it. That's all. Thank you, Marie. Thank you for loving me. Thank you for making my life better, for getting your life together. Thank you for watching a 100 cuts and reading 100 drafts. Thank you for your notes, your experience, your patience, your authentic-fucking-tacit you bring to this film. Thank you. Thank you for being a drug addict. Thank you for being clean. Thank you for dumb shit, like buying toilet paper and milk, and organizing the shit with the movers. Thank you. Thank you for doing the shit I don't wanna think about. Thank you for making me coffee in the morning. Thank you for making me smile. Thank you for the good sex and the cuddles. Thank you for doing the laundry and picking up my suit tonight and making my ungrateful ass some Mac and cheese after I forgot to thank you. Thank you for the mistakes you've made, the charm you bring. The life you bring. Thank you for loving me. Thank you for getting over this, for moving forward, for being you. Thank you for all the shit I forget to thank you for.....and thank you for looking so Goddamn sexy in that dress tonight. You make me look good. You make me a better person. Thank you for understanding that I'm not great at expressing how I feel, and it comes out in my work more than in real life. Thank you because...I know it doesn't always feel good, so I hope you can live with that. I know I'm emotionally obtuse sometimes. But I'm grateful you don't hold that against me. Thank you. For assuming the best. I love you, Marie. I'll always love you my Marie. Thank you. From the bottom of my heart. Thank you.