

The Prince Of Tides

Tom: There's so much noise in New York. Sirens, horns, screaming.

Susan: Cream, no sugar, right?...*(Tom doesn't answer)* Hmm?

Tom: Oh yeah, thanks. I have something to tell you.

Susan: I know.

Tom: I don't know how.

Susan: Just say it.

Tom: It was raining that night. And Mama was teaching us to dance. One of the few times I remember having fun..... *(Tom continues to recall his memory)*

They broke into our house. Three men.... Mama cried, "Help us Tom." I wanted to, but I couldn't.... One of them raped Savannah.... One of them raped my mother.

Susan: Oh.

Tom: I guess that's not the answer to all of Savannah's problems, but I thought you should know.

Susan: God, yes. And what's Callanwolde?

Tom: That's the prison they escaped from.

Susan: Um... How old was Savannah when this happened?

Tom: Thirteen.

Susan: And, uh what were you doing while all this was going on?

Tom: I don't know.

Susan: You don't know? Maybe you ran for help?

Tom: No.

Susan: Why not?

Tom: I don't know. I don't know.

Susan: Why do you think you didn't.

Tom: Well, I don't know. Just cause.

Susan: That's a child's answer Tom..... You said before that, um, three men came in. What happened to the third man?.....Tom? ... Where was he?....Tom? ... It's ok... Tell me about him.

Tom: He said, "You move, I'll slit your throat." "Raw meat." He called me "raw meat." "Nothing I like better than fresh, raw meat." What was happening to me...was unimaginable. Literally... I didn't know it could happen to a boy...(flashback). All I wanted to do was die. Especially when I saw Luke. *(Tom continues to recall event)*.... Luke, two. Mama, one. While I did nothing.

Susan: There was nothing you could do. You were just a young boy. You had no weapon. I'm surprised you and Savannah survived it all. Um...what happened after? I mean, how did your family deal with it? Your father?

Tom: Who said we told?

Susan: You didn't tell? No one? No, you must have told the police or....Oh, Jesus Christ, Tom.

Tom: Mama said, its over. "Get these carcasses outside. Clean up this mess." She was insane that night. "This did not happen." "This did not happen." She kept saying it. Told us the minute we breathed a word about it, was the minute she stopped being our mother. Told us morning would come and everything would look nicer in the sunlight. And after we buried the bodies, I went in to check on Savannah. See how she was doing. She was trying to do what mama had said, trying to act as if nothing had happened. Putting her hair up in rollers. Only her dress was on wrong-side out. And my father came home for dinner. And we sat around and ate as if nothing was wrong.....God help me. I think the silence was worse than the rapes. Three days later, Savannah tried to kill herself. She could keep quiet, but she couldn't lie. ...And that's what I like about the South! ... Say something, Lowenstein.

Susan: How do you feel?

Tom: Oh, I feel, uh, okay. I mean, I thought I'd be on the floor after telling you this, but I feel surprisingly all right.

Susan: Are you sure?

Tom: Oh, yeah. I mean...What am I? I'm relieved. Laundry's clean and the ghost's out of the closet, and I'm....

Susan: You've really learned how to cover your pain, haven't you? Oh, you've done that all your life. That 13 year old boy is still in a lot of pain.

Tom: Don't do this to me, Lowenstein. Don't do this to me.

Susan: I can feel your pain, Tom. I feel it. Let yourself feel it. It takes courage to feel the pain, Tom. You can do it. You can handle it. Don't be afraid. It's okay.

Tom sobs

Susan: Oh, you've kept it locked up for so long. Let it go. Let it go. You have so much to cry about, don't you?...It's okay. It's okay. Yeah, feel the pain. Cry, cry. Feel the pain. It's the only way to heal yourself. That's it. Just let it go. Let it go. It's okay. It's okay.