

*HW rings doorbell at 3:32pm on October 28, 2017. DH answers the door at 3:34. DH tells his mother that now was not the time to talk and tells her to leave.*

HW: I don't feel like leaving.

DH: Ok. *He turns to go back inside.*

HW: I'm not gonn--Ok. I'll just stay here. *Leans against the wall opposite the Ring Doorbell.*  
I'm--I'm not leaving.

DH: Ok. *Starts to enter keypad to go back in the house. Opens the door.*

HW: DH! Can you just talk to me? Can you just talk to me for five minutes like an adult?

DH: I don't want to talk. *Holding the door handle, facing HW*

HW: Ok let's be miserable

DH: I don't want to talk. I don't want to talk anymore.

HW: I'm not leaving until we talk

DH: I don't want to talk anymore.

DH, *talking over HW saying please*: No I don't want to talk. I'm sorry, I don't want to talk.

HW: Please

DH: No.

HW, *whispering*: I'm your mother

DH: And I'm your son.

HW: I know and I'm trying--

DH: And I'm trying--

*Video cuts out after this 30 second exchange. However, it is DH just trying to get HW to leave.*

*Next video picks up at 3:37*

DH: ---and everybody else!

HW: I'm the one that--

DH: Because everybody else is coming after me because of you

HW: I'm trying

DH: Right by attacking me with everybody else

HW: I'm not talking--I can't make them do--deal with their own shit.

DH: Ok. Fine. Whatever.

HW: You can't blame their shit on me.

DH: Ok. Whatever. Fine. Just leave me alone.

HW: I miss you so much.

DH, *turning away from her and reaches for the door to go inside*: Ok

HW: No! I'm not leaving, DH.

DH, *entering keypad*: Ok.

HW: DH! DH, c'mon.

DH: I'm done talking to you.

HW: No

DH: I told you I'm done talking to you

HW: and I told you I'm not leaving.

DH: I'm done

HW: I'm not leaving. DH!

DH: I'm done.

HW: Stop. Come talk to me.

DH: I'm done

HW: Give me five! Five minutes.

DH: I don't want to talk. I've told you I don't want to talk. Just leave me alone.

HW: Is--is our--

DH: No! Just leave me alone. There's nothing to talk about. I just want y'all to leave me alone. That's all that can happen right now. Just leave me alone

HW: No. I'm not--listen. Listen.

DH, *sighs, pinches his nose, rubs his face. Clearly frustrated.*

HW: For the last twenty-five years I have loved you, unconditionally. I have done nothing but try to help you. And all I want to do is for us to be part of your life and I feel like you're blocking me out, son.

DH: Yeah, right now I am because I just want y'all to leave me alone.

HW: But it's not gonna fix if we just keep pushing away

DH: ok, well like I said, I need time. Look, I need time to decompress from all this shit. I need time to let all this shit process and to be able to move forward and I can't because all of this shit

HW: You just keep

DH: what

HW: you can't just keep on *makes rolling noise, gesticulates hands quickly like wheels on the bus*

DH: I'm not doing that! I am just trying to get y'all to leave me the fuck alone. So that I can do something with myself.

HW: Well you can do that with us in your life

DH: I don't want you in my life right now. I don't want you here. I don't want you to be here. I didn't want you to come today

HW: I didn't ask if you wanted--

DH: We were having this great fucking day--well we were having a great morning then my fucking grandmother texted me--

HW: What do I have to do with that?

DH: --filled with vitriol and venom and shit--

HW: what'd it say? What'd she say?

*Both talking over each other.*

DH: and now you're here--it's just pissing me off

HW: I'm just trying to fix my life, fix my husband's life.

DH: I just want you to leave me alone. That's all I want right now. Just think what I want for one second for one fucking second think what I want. I don't want you guys here. I don't want you guys in my life right now!

HW: Can I ask you a question

DH: what!

HW: If, uhm, DD did this to y'all how would you feel?

DH: well I wouldn't have let it escalate like this if it was with DD.

HW: I've been trying to fix it for three months!

DH: Sure.

HW: Seriously?

DH: Ok, sure.

HW: I have

DH: Sure

HW: No, have I?

DH: There's nothing else that I can say or do that I haven't already said or done before--

HW: what have you said or done to me?

DH, *turning away, shaking head and putting up hand at her*: Oh my god

HW: No! Seriously. I'm not leaving

DH: Just go back and look at everything we have said and done

HW: You just want me to leave you alone

DH: No, I'm saying look back over your old text messages, over the shit that we talked about--just think about it

HW: Did I not apologize?

DH: Just think about it. No. No. Just--

HW: No, I'm not leaving. I'm not leaving!

DH, *turning away from her*: Just leave me alone.

HW: No

DH: Just go.

HW: Nope.

DH, *reaching again for the door handle*: Ok. I'm done. I don't want to talk.

HW, *gets right behind him*: I'm coming

DH: No! You are not coming into my house.

HW: I'm not leaving

DH, *walking through the doorway*: I'm sorry, but I don't want to talk right now.

HW *gets right behind him, touching him*

DH *turns around, closing the door slightly behind him*: You are *not* coming into my house.

If you take a step in my house, I'm going to call the cops.

HW: That's fine, you can call the cops

DH: Mom!

HW: I'm not

DH: Stop

HW: you wanna call the cops on me, you call the cops on me

DH: I told you I don't want you here. I don't want you here.

HW: Well I'm not leaving

DH: And I don't give a shit what you want

HW *starts laughing, shaking her head.*

DH: I want to be left alone.

HW, *shaking her head*: I'm not going to leave--

DH: Is it too much to ask for me to say what I want? *HW nods her head* And that's what I want. I want you to leave me alone

HW, *shaking head*: Nope.

DH, *pointing towards her car*: Go back and get in your car and leave

HW: I'm not leaving. Until we talk

DH: I've already tried.

DH *shakes his head and enters our house. He closes the door, but HW sticks her foot in the doorway, preventing him from closing it.*

HW: I'm not leaving.

DH: Mom!

HW: I'm not leaving

DH, *out of frame, tries to close the door. HW does not move her foot. Several seconds of silence pass while out of frame, throwawayfamsquabble is coming out of another room in the house to see if DH needs her.*

DH *to throwawayfamsquabble*: Stay in there

HW *nods.*

HW, *after a couple more seconds of silence*: If you wanna get in the car and talk we can go for a drive

DH: I'm not going anywhere with you, I'm not talking with you

HW: ok well I'm not leaving

DH: Mom.

HW: I'm not leaving

DH, *mumbled*: this is ridiculous

HW: It is ridiculous

DH: leave me alone

HW, *shaking head*: I'm not leaving

DH: It is as easy as stepping in your car and going away

HW: nope

DH: yes

HW, *voice cracking with emotion*: When it is my child, I fight for my relationship with my child. I am fighting for my relationship because that's the most important thing in my life. And I'm not trying to make you feel sorry for me. I'm just telling you the truth.

DH: Ok. You said your piece

HW: nope. I'm not leaving

DH: There's nothing else to say

HW: I'm not leaving

DH: I never should have opened the door

HW: Yep, you shouldn't have. *after a few seconds of silence* DH? All I've wanted to do is be able to--you know--I feel like for twenty-five years you know I've loved you. And I don't know why all of this started and it just keeps on

DH: Look, I've--

HW, *voice cracking towards the end*: I can't change and make everybody else--all I can do is what I can do. That's it. I can't deal with everybody else on what they choose to act and how they act. I can't help that. I'm not telling anybody to act anyway or to think anyway. I can't help that they know things are going on. Because it's evident when we go to parties or something like that, Where is DH and them at? Because they all want you there just like we do. Because we love you guys so very much. If we didn't love you--both--all three of y'all--if we didn't love y'all then we wouldn't have ever helped<sup>1</sup> y'all. And everything that we've done for the last twenty-five years. If we didn't love you, DH. *Voice cracking much more* And the only reason your dad got frustrated with you that day was because he was tired of seeing me cry because all he wanted to do was fix it. And that's all I've wanted to do for the last 3 months was try to fix this. And the thing is that we all have to come up off of our high horse and stop fighting. And just love each other, DH.

DH: It doesn't work like that, Mom.

HW: it does too! It does work like that.

DH: No, it doesn't

HW: Why? How? So how do you think that therapy, that talking to someone else instead of me--

DH: because I need someone I can talk to and help me

HW, *wiping eyes*: I'm trying to talk to you

DH *steps out of house and closes the door behind him*.

HW: you won't even talk to me all in the last three months

DH, *both of them stepping away from the now closed door*: because I've tried.

HW: no you haven't

*Together, they walk off to the driveway. HW is visible still in frame, DH is blocked by the garage.*

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<sup>1</sup> Helped: buying DH things and insisting we take their money or else be pegged as ungrateful; watching DD

DH, *mumbles about how this is his one day to relax, unclear.*

HW: I know. I can't go to you on Friday--I can't talk to you Monday through Friday. We just got back from Oklahoma<sup>2</sup>. I just told Dad I was going to go get some ice. He doesn't know I'm here

DH: why? Ok look. There's something very important in everything you just said

HW: mhm

DH: and I think you should reflect on it. Is this whole thing is about y'all

HW: ok why is it about us

DH: No, like y'all make it about y'all

HW: ok no I'm asking a question. Why is it about y'all--us?

DH: this whole thing all of this is about y'all. It's not about DD or the car. It is your response to all of this

*Cars passing, hard to decipher.*

DH: I had gone and talked to Dad and Dad had been like, ok--

HW: but you didn't talk to me about it!<sup>3</sup>

DH: because there was nothing--

HW: but how

DH: because there was nothing to talk about because of this

HW: How? How? Because I'm talking to you?

DH: No because everything with you, it just gets blown out of proportion.

HW: I'm not blowing anything out of proportion

DH: yes you are! I asked you to leave

HW: No but I'm not--I'm trying to help you. I'm just trying to--

DH: And I'm telling you how you can help me--

HW: I'm trying to fix it.

DH: and that's to leave me the fuck alone

HW: uh huh. I'm not leaving.

DH: that's the only thing you can do in this whole goddamn world to fix it--

*Video cuts out after 8 minutes and 32 seconds from the start. Next live view from Ring doorbell begins at 3:46.*

DH: --Is all of y'all gone. And I will come back when I am ready to come back. Because I'm tired of it. Even just this past month, like--

HW: What'd I do then?

DH: Everything. Like everything.. We tried--We have one rule. We have one fucking rule--

HW: Ok what is that

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<sup>2</sup> When DH was leading HW away from the house while he waited for FIL to show up, he learned that his parents are still contracting but that they could only get work out of state.

<sup>3</sup> Uh, remember the Friday following DD's birthday? In my very second post ever? Yeah. That's why he stopped talking to her and just talked to his dad.

DH: The--we had the one rule that DD has to be with y'all--both of you

HW: Ok can you can you--

DH: Hold on

HW: ok can you

DH: hold on

HW: Ok

DH: Again because... oh my god... *silence as he collects his thoughts and tries to remain calm*  
We had one rule.

HW: ok

DH: one rule. That was our one, solitary rule.

HW: but--but if you can't communicate it with me how do I know that? I'm asking you a question. Ok. I'm listening.

DH: And... rather than it just being, Ok you're the parents that's fine.

HW: mhm

DH: rather than it just being that

HW: mhm

DH: And at that point it had already been decided because Dad brought me aside to talk about it, and we did.

HW: Ok

DH: And we came to this agreement--

HW: ok

DH: and everything was great, everything was fine. Right?

HW: mhm

DH: And we come back and I'm trying--I'm trying real fucking hard. I'm trying really hard to even like *car drives by, cannot decipher* when Dad wasn't there we were there trying to let her spend time with y'all. She spent more time with y'all than anyone else. I tried really hard. I was trying really, really hard.

HW: ok

DH: and then Dad starts this shit again, saying how--then all this other shit.

HW: ok what--wha--what? I don't know what you're talking about. *Talking over DH; cannot decipher what he says* You have to communicate with me.

DH: Just like that--one of the things you said was you felt like you never get time with DD--

HW, *talking over DH*: But I. DH! I don't know what he said. That's not me!

DH: because you couldn't talk to me and because I'm trying to talk to you now

HW: but you didn't try

DH: I'm trying to talk to you

HW: but you're not talking to me. You're talking down to me

DH, *voice becoming emotional*: I am talking to you. I am trying with all my might right now--

HW: ok

DH: --to try to get you to understand what I'm saying but I doubt I'll be able to--

HW: Can I ask you a question?

DH: No because I'm not done

HW: Ok, but--can--lemme ask you--

DH: I'm not done--

HW: Can I talk when you're done?

DH: I don't give a shit what you think. Because what's important right now is my--it's it's how I feel. None of y'all give a shit how I feel. And I want you to fucking care how I fucking feel--

HW: Do you care how we feel? I'm just asking a qu--

DH: You can ask throwawayfamsquabble

HW: ok

DH: I stay up almost every night upset and talking--

HW: me too, me too

DH: because you guys have just drug me through the fucking mud

HW: me too

DH: No! I haven't!

HW, *voice cracking*: Yes you have

DH: No! I've-- *scoffs and walks back up the walkway to the house* I'm done

HW: No. I'm not leaving. I'm not leaving

DH: Mom

HW: I don't care!

DH: Leave.

HW: I'm not leaving

DH: I'm done.

HW: I'm not leaving *walking right up behind DH towards the door*

HW: I'm not leaving *repeats this many times during the struggle; DH opens the door, pushes her against the wall with one arm and tries to slip inside while holding her back.*

DH: yes you are

HW: no I'm not. *Sticks her foot between door and frame and crosses arms over chest.* I'm not leaving. *Mouths something at DH, whose back is to the camera, inaudible.*

DH: Mom. *he holds her back and tries to slip back through the door* Stop!

HW: No! I'm not *shoves her way into the doorway as DH enters the house. HW stands with one shoulder against the doorframe.* DH!

DH: throwawayfamsquabble, get me my phone

*A few seconds while throwawayfamsquabble finds and gives DH his phone*

DH: because I'm done. I'm done with this.

HW: me too *now standing in the house and leaves frame* Really? You're gonna have them arrest me?

DH: I don't give a fuck. I'm done.

HW: I'm just trying to have a conversation

DH: I'm gonna call Dad first and I'm gonna tell him about all this shit

HW: that's fine

DH: No I'm not, no I'm not

HW: ok

DH: Mom. Don't make me do this.

HW: it's fine if that's what--

DH: Mom!

HW: it's fine if that's what you want to do

DH: Just stop.

HW: I'm not--*undecipherable as they talk over each other*

DH: I'm not going to let you guilt me in this shit.

HW: I'm not trying to guilt you!

DH: just get out! *HW's shoulder in frame* Get out of my fucking house! *DH's hands trying to force his mother out of his house.* Just leave!

HW: I'm not leaving *DH moves her out of the house, she catches herself on the wall opposite the camera*

DH: I don't want to talk *quickly shutting door; HW flings self forward and puts her foot between door and doorframe, preventing it from closing.* I'm not having this discussion.

HW: I'm not leaving

DH: *pushes her back away from the door* I'm sorry. I'm not talking anymore.

*HW runs back to the door as he's closing it and pushes her foot between door and frame*

DH: I told you--

HW: I'm not leaving.

*DH opens the door, picks HW up by the shoulders and moves her away from the door*

HW: I'm not leaving, DH. I'm not leaving.

DH: Stop *his hand is holding her back then he quickly starts back towards the door*

HW: just talk to me *she follows him*

DH: No. *he pushes her back again with one hand* Stop!

HW: I'm not leaving.

DH: Stop

HW: You are my son and I'm never giving up

DH: Stop

HW: I'm not giving up

DH: I am *DH tries to go back into the house while holding HW back with one hand*

Stop

HW: no

*Same struggle of DH trying to close the door and HW putting her foot in the doorway.*

DH: Jesus fucking Christ. You're acting like a child

HW: So are you.

DH: Ok, you're right. I'm a petulant child. Happy? Now leave.

HW, *shaking head*: I'm not leaving. I want to talk

*DH moves HW away from the door*

DH: we've talked

HW: No, you've talked. We haven't.

*DH fully steps out of the house and closes the door behind him.*

DH: Ok, fine. Say what you have to say then fucking leave so I don't have to deal with this anymore

HW: Ok. Let's sit--

DH: I'm not sitting. Just fucking say it then leave

HW: I'm not doing it.

DH: just leave

HW: No! I'm not leaving until we fix it.

DH: there's nothing to be fixed. I've told you that. It's done. I am done. You are done. We are done.

HW, *pointing a finger at DH*: I am not leaving! You are my son. I love you more than anything in this whole world and would give my life for you. And I will not leave.

DH: Ok say your piece. Say what you're gonna say so I can be done now.

HW, *voice cracking with emotion*: Ok that's fine. I was wrong. I did not--I thought and I'm not trying to make you feel sorry for me. *pauses*

DH: Yes you are

HW: no I'm not I'm trying to

DH: because you are trying to change it to anything else. You are trying to change the subject--

HW: You told me. When you told me that--when I was told I could not be alone with DD that was fine. I did it. But it did continue to hurt my feelings. Ok? I did not know that in a couple months it was gonna be fixed. I just wanted to talk to y'all and try to figure it out. That's all I wanted to do. I just wanted to figure it out. But I couldn't have a conversation with y'all to figure it out.

DH: Because it's always--the whole time

HW: It's not about me!

DH: because--

HW: It's not about me! I'm just trying to fix it!

DH: I know and you try to change it so that it isn't about you, so that it's about me *HW throws her head back and shakes her head* it's always someone else that's wrong

HW: DH. Don't read into shit.

DH: I'm not

HW: ok

DH: I am using your words. Talking about your actions. Even when you texted us those apologies a couple weeks ago--

HW: But you read into it!

DH: --it was always followed by a "but." You know how that saying goes?

HW: but you can read into anything!

DH: anything before the "but"

HW: but you can't even talk to me

DH: --is bullshit.

HW: Ok, I don't know about that, but...

DH: it's true.

HW: ok

DH: Otherwise you wouldn't have had "but"

HW: I --DH. We both say stuff that we don't mean. But it doesn't mean that I don't love you.

DH: Ok.

HW: DH, I want to be a part of your life again.

DH: Well it's gonna take time. I've told you--

HW: I'm here

DH: --and I told you that I will come back when I'm ready.

HW: I can't leave.

DH: I'm sorry. There's nothing I can give you. There's nothing I can do for you.

HW: Can you not calm down and just talk to--Do you not --If you get upset every night

DH: No! I don't want this. I don't want to have to think about it. I don't want to have to think about y'all or worry about this shit. I don't want to have to think about my grandmother texting me--

HW: it's not gonna stop--I don't even know what she said!

DH: I don't want to think about my sister texting me, or my mother, or my dad and have to worry about getting those texts during the day. So just leave me be.

HW: No!

DH: I just want a couple weeks of peace

HW: No. It won't happen. That's the thing. Until we fix it it won't stop.

DH: Ok. Great. So then keep doing it. And I'll just keep ignoring it. And this will just keep going on and I'll be more pissed off--

HW: I have left you alone! I'm trying to leave you alone!

DH: You are at my house. You are at my front door.

HW: I haven't talked to you in two weeks

DH: sorry

HW: because then I tried to fix it with your wife and you thought I was going behind your

back. I was just trying to fix it, son.

DH: Ok.

HW: Do you want to fix it?

DH: No. I don't. I just want to be left alone.

*Video ends at 8 minutes and 36 seconds after start. Next video begins at 3:55pm. The next video is only a Motion capture from the Ring Doorbell and is 30 seconds long.*

*DH, inaudible as video picks up. He is looking down at his mother, pointing behind her to get her to leave. HW smiles up at him, and DH fights a smile for a fraction of a second. HW laughs and starts hugging on him while DH's face reverts back to frustration and anger. He pulls her arms off of him while she laughs.*

DH: Stop! *He releases her grip on him and shoves her aside.* I'm serious. Stop.

HW: I am too! I'm serious too!

DH: Ok, great. *Turns away and opens door*

HW: I'm not leaving

DH: Stop.

HW: I'm not leaving

DH: Stop.

HW: DH, I'm not I'm not.

*DH starts to enter house while HW is right behind him. He turns, shoves her away and slips inside. HW laughs and lunges forward, placing her foot between the frame and door. Video ends.*

4

*Another Live View video starts at 5:08pm. At this time, FIL, DH, and HW are out of frame, but bits and pieces of the conversation are captured. FIL's truck is running, so it is very difficult to hear much.*

FIL: ...these are the facts of life, this is life...

HW: Ok but I was (just trying to have a conversation?)

FIL: Ok so...(inaudible)... so back off...(inaudible)... so go! Just go!

*Some seconds of just the truck's engine*

DH: I told you...(inaudible)... so just leave.

HW: So, so even when your dad (bothered?) you--he--he did say that he loved you and that he

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<sup>4</sup> From my own memory of what happened after the video ended, she continued to joke around with him, laugh everything off and get him laughing with her. When that didn't work, she started getting weepy and emotional. A few minutes later, DH goes around the house, tries to climb the fence to get back in the house through the back, but he realizes that she'd climb it too. So he decides to start walking down the street. This is when he texts his father and tells him to come get her. FIL tries calling HotWheels first, but she's left her phone in her car. FIL shows up, but I only caught small bits of the thirty minute conversation.

wants--*cut out by FIL talking*--there's no but, there's no but!

FIL: ....leave them....stop

HW: We're not--we're not (throwing away? Screwing away?) your life. We're not trying to (inaudible). We're just trying to be a part of it--

DH, *frustrated and exacerbated*: Oh my god.

HW: --I just--

FIL, *clearly annoyed*: ...(inaudible)...this all about me, all about me--it's gotta stop. ...*(inaudible)*... let's just--

HW: Ok--can I? Do you understand?

FIL: HW, enough

*Unclear whether FIL or DH are talking. HW talks over whoever*

HW: Do you understand?

FIL: HW! Enough!

HW: We didn't mean--we're not trying to hurt you.

DH: ...(inaudible)... but we're not ready *HW talking over DH, inaudible*  
*Several seconds of truck engine when FIL's voice becomes clear*

HW, trying to interrupt FIL: But--but FIL. *HW and FIL are arguing.*

*Video ends after 5 minutes and 25 seconds from the start.<sup>5</sup> (add to footnote, editing on mobile; FIL also said, "If [throwawayfamsquabble] doesn't want us in her life then fine. But we do want to be part of yours.")*

*Motion goes off as DH enters the house at 5:19pm.*

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<sup>5</sup> From what DH recounted, there was one point when HW literally started over, verbatim, everything she had been saying to the two of them. That is when FIL gave up and told DH to call the police on her. HW finally went to her car while FIL and DH talked for a few minutes. Conversation highlights: FIL apologized for cutting DH out and blamed it on "heat of the moment," FIL said he'd change the title, FIL said he thought it was good we were trying to get away from them and pull ourselves up by the bootstraps (queue gigantic eye roll from DH and I).