

NOW ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?

A one-act drama

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Post 2025 Festival Version

Synopsis

A biographer obsessed with the life of a notorious felon confronts the ethics of his pursuit when he tracks the ex-convict down, only to find that the criminal is more interested in interrogating him.

Cast of Characters

ANDERS GLENN:

male, 29, a budding biographer clever researcher, also a repressed academic, vulnerable; gay, but closeted

ELMER MERRILL:

male, 45, ex-con; a headstrong mix of threat and weariness, the result of a life on the fringe; supposedly dead

Place

A cabin in Anchorage, Alaska

Time

A late autumn evening, 1975

Setting: A cabin in Anchorage, Alaska. It's barely habitable. Among the furnishings is a table with two chairs befitting a cheap one-room rental cabin from the 1950s. On the table, there's a manual typewriter, a fat 3-ring binder, and files filled with news clippings and papers. On the wall are notecards forming a timeline of events.

At Rise: Anders is sitting at the table, typing. Elmer appears, perhaps noticed by the audience only after a beat, as he gradually becomes visible, lurking in a doorway or somewhere on the outskirts of the room. Anders senses this and stops typing.

ANDERS

(without looking at ELMER)

I told you. I'm not afraid of you.

ELMER

Because you don't know enough about me.

ANDERS

(reading the quotation from a page in his binder)

But I do know you, Elmer. I mean, come on, you were once called -- and I quote -- "the most hardened, vicious criminal in the state of Alaska".

ELMER

(still in the background, almost still just a voice in the air; scoffing, shaking his head)

Says who?

ANDERS

And you left a paper trail a mile long. Court cases, jail records, newspaper articles --

ELMER

I didn't write those things.

ANDERS

Born July 12, 1930. Nome, Alaska.

ELMER

Point Hope.

ANDERS

Of course. Let me fix that. Point Hope. 1930. But you lived in Nome later, after you left home.

ELMER

Is that a jab? What? You feel sorry for me or something?

ANDERS

Just want to get it right.

ELMER

When were you born?

ANDERS

Let's just say that 1930 makes you almost old enough to have been my father.

ELMER

Yeah, imagine that. How would that have been? I bet you never had a strap laid on your ass, have you?

ANDERS

Are you proud of that?

ELMER

Ain't nothing.

ANDERS

Might be something to run away from.

ELMER

Have you ever been to Point Hope, Alaska?

ANDERS

I've never been in court, either, but I can understand --

ELMER

You -- ! Fuck you. Fuck you and your -- your pictures and maps, your binder with newspaper clippings.

(looking at the timeline of notecards)

Fuck you and the little story you make up to connect the dots -- You don't even have all these things in the right order. You know that, don't you?

ANDERS

It's more dramatic this way.

ELMER

Why don't you just tell it like it happened?

ANDERS

(studying one of the first few cards in the line)

Elmer, I just don't understand. I mean, you were only, like, 14. Why were you even sent to reform school for stealing forty bucks and some tools and stuff?

ELMER

Maybe it was for the better.

ANDERS

And in Utah?

ELMER

It was 1944. You think we had reform schools? Alaska wasn't even a state yet.

ANDERS

(flipping through the binder, reading)

See, the first report from Utah here was great: "He proves in his every word and act that he is a boy of normal mentality, ... and he speaks with poise and good judgment. ... He has considerable ability and capacity and should be able to develop into a stable law-abiding citizen."

ELMER

14 years old and happy to get away.

ANDERS

But then ...?

ELMER

Go on. Read it, if you want.

ANDERS

(reading from the binder again)

"Since the last progress report" -- and this now is just a few months later, I think -- "Since the last progress report, there has been an unfavorable change in the attitude and conduct of this boy. ... a tendency to be lazy and has developed into rather a serious offender ... The officer in charge has been rather disappointed in this unfavorable change and can offer no explanation for it."

ELMER

Well, I don't gotta tell you what happened next.

ANDERS

You were a boy. In a reform school. How did you just walk away? I mean, were they even watching you?

ELMER

They were when I took that car! Made it from Iowa to South Dakota before the fuckin' highway patrol figured out it was even gone.

ANDERS

Why, Elmer? Where were you going?

ELMER

(indicating the paperwork around them)

The real question is where are YOU going with all of THIS? Why do you care about the life of someone like me?

ANDERS

I've been asking myself the same thing. I don't know. I just feel -- I guess I just feel like we have some connection, maybe.

ELMER

Look at us. Does it look like we have some connection?

ANDERS

I mean, I don't know, I started reading about your attempt to break out of jail in Portland, and then it became that whole -- you know, that whole peeling away the onion thing.

ELMER

Oh, what? Did it make you cry?

ANDERS

Every time I dug a little deeper, I just kept finding new information -- reform school, arrest, court, whatever -- one prison sentence after another. It was like a -- like a pinball machine, and now -- there's something about your story that needs to be told, the path you took -- all the escapes and --

ELMER

What do you know about prison?

ANDERS

What do you think?

ELMER

Well, I think there are prisons, and there are prisons.

ANDERS

I don't understand.

ELMER

The thing is, actually ... You don't need to understand. You don't need to figure it all out, you know. This -- this is nothing. There's nothing here for you.

ANDERS

But your rap sheet -- I mean, come on -- Coppola, Scorsese, Kubrick -- they're all going to be knocking at my door for the movie rights when this book is published. -- I mean, McNeil Island? Leavenworth? Alcatraz -- twice?

ELMER

Alcatraz? Forget Alcatraz. Overrated birdshit outhouse.
It's all the same as the others. You go in. You want out.

ANDERS

But every time you got out, you did something to make them throw you back in. I mean, come on, to be blunt, Elmer, buddy, you were a helluva jailbird, but you were a lousy criminal, ... well, it's just hard to believe that you did everything I read about.

ELMER

Well, "Good morning, Merry Sunshine."

ANDERS

Do you see it differently?

ELMER

You're the one who did all the research. You're the one who traveled all the way up here to Anchorage, to track down this piece-of-shit cabin, my cabin. How long you been here, anyway? Huh?

ANDERS

I don't know. Maybe a couple weeks.

ELMER

And, you know you're sleeping in my bed, right? You know that? As in, that is where I fuckin' beat off every night. So what is THAT all about? Are you in love with me or something? Wanna watch me take a piss? Wanna sniff my pits?

ANDERS

(after hesitating a second)

I just fell down a rabbit hole.

ELMER

Well, I shoot rabbits for fun.

ANDERS

It's just an expression.

ELMER

Come on. Grow up. Say what you mean. Use your own words.

ANDERS

Well, Elmer --

ELMER

People call me Skimo.

ANDERS

Skimo?

ELMER

Because who doesn't love an Eskimo?

ANDERS

I can't do that.

ELMER

No slummin' with the natives, huh?

ANDERS

(opening the binder again)

So you're right about one thing. I have done some research. And it was amazing what I could find about your history --

ELMER

It's not history to me.

ANDERS

Right. Of course. Sorry. But let's put that aside for the moment because there's really one piece of information I don't have, only one thing I still need to know.

ELMER

What now? Something the papers didn't rag on about?

ANDERS

And something the state of Alaska won't say. I guess up here you're still entitled to some privacy.

ELMER

What do you want to know?

ANDERS

(after a beat)

How did you die, Elmer?

(after another beat)

How did you die?

ELMER

(indicating the notes and binders and things)

Not sitting in a shack like this looking at all these
fucking souvenirs of better times.

ANDERS

Because this cabin's a reminder of something else, isn't
it?

ELMER

(maybe kicking over the chair)

This cabin's a piece of shit is what it is. Always has
been. But then folks like me, you know, we don't get much
to choose from. And I never had much motivation to fix it
up, either.

ANDERS

But this is where they arrested you. After the rape.

ELMER

There was no rape. I done a lot of things -- maybe -- but
I'm no raper.

ANDERS

I think you mean rapIST.

ELMER

Fuck off, will ya?

ANDERS

I'm a writer. I can't help it.

ELMER

Yeah, you look pretty helpless.

ANDERS

You were convicted.

ELMER

The charge was assault and INTENT to rape.

ANDERS

Which they say you admitted.

ELMER

You got this whole binder now, and still you don't know the truth about everything. So who is bullshitting who?

ANDERS

Then tell me: How did you die, Elmer?

(ELMER does not respond. Instead, he walks over to ANDERS and stands extremely close, toe to toe, nose to nose. ANDERS tries to remain unfazed.)

ANDERS (Cont.)

I mean, I know you died at Providence Hospital, here, in Anchorage. The obituary in the newspaper said you were living at 628 West Third Avenue. I drove over there, and from what I can tell, that's a penitentiary. So you were still in prison.

ELMER

(playing mind games)

Was I, now? Or does that just suit the story?

ANDERS

Do you know about this? I drove to the cemetery, asked for your plot. They said number 7-4-33. But look at these photos. There's no marker. Why is there no gravestone?

ELMER

Who wants to remember me?

ANDERS

All they could tell me was that you died on May 2nd, and you were buried on May 19th. Seventeen days? Isn't that a long time?

ELMER

Not if you're dead.

ANDERS

What I was thinking was that delays that long, they usually mean there was some sort of investigation. Was there? The newspapers, you know, the obituaries, they didn't report any cause of death. So I asked. I asked Providence, but the hospital won't give patient information. I asked the state of Alaska, but it won't release a death certificate to anyone but family. You were only 45. So I gotta know ... What happened?

ELMER

You need to back off.

ANDERS

The story needs an ending if I'm going to be able to sell this manuscript.

ELMER

I died. What more of an ending could a story have?

ANDERS

But we don't know if you --

ELMER

If what? If what?! You're not satisfied that your imaginary boyfriend, the "habitual criminal", the rapIST or whatever-the-fuck just dies? That ain't enough for you? Christ almighty. I mean it! If you're a writer, then you find a way to take out Elmer Merrill -- it don't matter how -- just do it and your readers are gonna be creaming their jeans to see that I got what was coming to me.

ANDERS

But I'm a biographer. It's different. I owe the reader -- I owe you -- the truth.

ELMER

Look! Fella! I'm not a fucking demon to exorcise! I'm a goddamn human being who just --

ANDERS

Who really did a lot of shitty things. You know that? ... You hurt a lot of people. ... As far as I can tell. ... I mean, yeah, I know, I wasn't here when you -- but from reading about everything now --

ELMER

Let me just tell you something. Shit starts somewhere. Don't it? The shit starts somewhere. But it didn't always start with me. Now YOU tell ME. Where did this shit start with you, this obsession?

ANDERS

Truth?

ELMER

Lying to me is just lying to yourself.

ANDERS

Your picture. In the Portland paper. Last year.

ELMER

I wasn't in Portland last year.

ANDERS

The picture was about the riot at Rocky Butte jail. How you lead the jailbreak. How it failed.

ELMER

You musta been just a kid then.

ANDERS

The article was like a "Day in History" kind of thing, you know? And Rocky Butte jail, it's not far from where I lived. So the headline caught my eye. And then the photo. It was you. Wearing a sleeveless shirt and jeans, maybe it was a prison uniform, I guess. A bandage on your arm. Giving that damn side-eye smirk.

ELMER

Listen, if you wanna fantasize about me, sexualize me, go the fuck ahead, but just know this, alright? Someone's gonna tell your story some day, too. Yeah? And it might not be some fan fucking fiction.

ANDERS

You led the jailbreak.

ELMER

It wasn't that hard.

ANDERS

But the cops shut you down fast.

ELMER

They got lucky.

ANDERS

And that's when you started to get smart.

ELMER

Oh, so that's when I started to get smart!

ANDERS

Well, started to figure things out. About the legal system, I mean.

ELMER

I worked hard to find a fucking loophole in the law. Because there's always a fucking loophole in the law. Because the law is fucking loopy. And you know what? No. One. Gives. A. Crap.

ANDERS

First you took a plea bargain, but then later you went back to court to argue coercion.

ELMER

And the judge agreed.

ANDERS

Well, eventually he agreed. Seriously, you should have sold your story to Hollywood. Because wasn't it at the last minute? On Christmas Eve?

ELMER

All that matters is that I got out and I moved on. I always do.

ANDERS

But, ironically, you didn't save any time behind bars. In fact, you were technically in prison longer because of the second trial.

ELMER

Like I said, loopy law.

ANDERS

(consulting his research)

Then you came back up here. To Alaska. To this cabin. And things went from bad to worse. Why?

ELMER

Maybe because everyone thought I raped that girl. But I didn't rape that girl. If there's one thing that's honest in all of my shit, swear to god, it's that I didn't rape no girl. A guy don't want to live with a reputation like that.

ANDERS

She was 8 years old. In the same room as her two brothers. And the newspaper said you admitted it, that you were -- and these are your words, not mine -- "lonesome, and mad and disgusted at the world."

ELMER

It was messed up. That is the only thing in my life that I've really been ashamed I saw in my record. And on account of my past record a lot of pressure was put on me and --

ANDERS

Did you plead guilty?

ELMER

Yeah, after I seen how the situation was. However it was proven by a doctor's testimony that there was no rape. Prosecutor said I was incorrigible because of these past convictions. He said it was following a pattern. I didn't even have a chance to explain my side. And the judge says, "Well, I think at this time it's best to impose sentence and see that you have psychiatric care." If there's something wrong, now's the time to find out while you're still a young man." Believe me, if something was wrong with me, I wanted to find out what it was, too. But guess what? I never did. Instead, I ended up back at The Rock.

ANDERS

Like I said, you were good at escaping -- and you were good at getting caught.

ELMER

That's just the way things always been.

ANDERS

And it's always kinda bothered me. I mean, I feel like you were actually a smart guy. You knew what you could do to get a quick buck. And yet, every time, you were caught and returned to jail. It was like a habit, an addiction for you. What were you addicted to? The thrill of the chase? The arrest? The escape?

ELMER

(threateningly)

Maybe your mamma?

ANDERS

(knowingly pushing buttons because he knows
Elmer's mother is dead)

And what DID your mother think of all this?

ELMER

Jesus.

ANDERS

Do you talk to her now?

ELMER

You're such an ass.

ANDERS

You don't see her?

ELMER

Do you?

ANDERS

Born 1930, Point Hope, Alaska. Mother dies when you're 3. Father doesn't know what to do, ships you off to a Catholic orphanage. You return to a new stepmother, one who wants nothing to do with you or your brother. And now neither does your father, who's actually pretty old. I mean, you were his son from his, what, second or third marriage? Not exactly a role model for stability, was he?

ELMER

He was a hard man to get along with, I'll give you that. So I didn't. But [I] suppose you know that.

ANDERS

I know he became a cop and you became a juvenile delinquent. How did that happen? The stealing the 40 bucks and some ivory, some carving tools? What was that about?

ELMER

I thought I could find a way to take care of myself, support myself. You know, get out.

ANDERS

And did you steal your neighbor's rifle, too, like they said?

ELMER

You ain't never stole anything? Where's the binder of your life? Where are all the little note cards with all the little sins you committed when you were 14? What did you steal to make up for what you didn't have?

ANDERS

My father was not like yours.

ELMER

Who did you hurt to get away?

ANDERS

My mother was not like yours, either.

ELMER

What prison did you escape from?

ANDERS

We're not talking about me.

ELMER

Do you want to know something? You're the bigger thief here.

ANDERS

How do you figure?

ELMER

This -- this whole thing -- this story you're writing -- about me -- you never asked my permission.

ANDERS

You're dead.

ELMER

It's stealing.

ANDERS

It's just a story.

ELMER

But it's my story, and what you're doing is stealing. Don't you understand?

ANDERS

(thinking he's clever)

Your escape, our escapism.

ELMER

You're wrong. Your escapism is my exploitation.

ANDERS

That's not my intention.

ELMER

Oh, yeah. Just like it was never my intention to hurt anyone when I used a gun to ask for money.

ANDERS

No, you just kept running away. When you're "lonesome, mad, and disgusted at the whole world", all you can think about is escape. To leave whatever you're doing, wherever you are. To get away. To move on. To -- I don't know -- To --

ELMER

One thing I respect a lot is the truth. I've seen enough hate, and misery, and stuff in these places that I am just tired of it. So why play games? Just tell me. What did YOU do? You said we have some connection. Well? What is it?

ANDERS

(ignoring the question)

Just let me get the timeline straight: Alaska, Utah, Oregon, Seattle, Utah again, Nebraska --

ELMER

Yeah, yeah, yeah -- Iowa, Oklahoma, Colorado, Vegas --
What's the point of staying in one place?

ANDERS

Well, yeah, I suppose it wasn't easy to settle down if the
feds are looking for you.

ELMER

Or little hens like you, pecking around with ruffled
feathers looking for a big cock --

ANDERS

But Leavenworth, McNeil Island, Alcatraz --

ELMER

Thrown in, walked out -- each and everyone of them.

ANDERS

And all of that even before the riot in Portland, before
you finally got probation ...

ELMER

Before I won a trial. "Jailhouse lawyer", remember. I
earned that title.

ANDERS

Before armed robbery -- again --

ELMER

I think this is all making you horny, you little friggin'
voyeur.

ANDERS

Well, it's clear that you like attention, too, because
otherwise why would you be here. "Lazy." "Uncooperative."
"Often going to the infirmary to get out of work."

ELMER

I never had any trouble getting a job. I like to work. I'm capable of working, and it's been my temper most of the time that's got me into trouble. I will admit that. Like, for instance, if I think somebody addresses me in the wrong tone of voice, I'll call them on it, but I think I've overcome that ...

ANDERS

You didn't seem to play well with others, not many friends -- and, weirdly, every conviction is with some other accomplice, a different guy. What did you do with each of them?

ELMER

See, this is what I mean about exploitation --

ANDERS

How is this exploitation?

ELMER

(becoming more and more physically agitated)
Like I said, you're stealing my story, you don't have all the facts, and the worst thing of all is that you're spinning it so fast that there's this illusion of no cracks, no gaps. Like you have it all worked out. In fact, this -- you know, this is kinda like rape, too, if you stop and think about it. Yeah? You're the rapIST. You're violating me and forever changing how people will look at me --

ANDERS

OK, calm down, slow down.

ELMER

And you never answered my question.

ANDERS

What question?

ELMER

What happened to that creamy little 14-year-old ass of yours?

ANDERS

(after a beat)

I saw you. I saw what you did.

ELMER

You're going to have to be a little more specific, kid.

ANDERS

The hold-up. At the market. In Portland.

ELMER

What are you talking about?

ANDERS

I was coming out of the toilet. I stopped and watched you through the crack of the door.

ELMER

Fucking voyeur, just like I thought.

ANDERS

Yeah, it was ... exciting, lots of adrenaline. I couldn't take my eyes off you. The whole thing was just not what I was used to. It wasn't my world. You --

ELMER (amused)

Are you getting fucking hard?

ANDERS

You were this man, you had this look, this attitude, like that picture in the paper -- strong, defiant -- you-- you didn't care, you weren't like the other two guys with you. You were escaping -- I knew it, and I wanted that, too.

ELMER

What? What did you think you wanted?

ANDERS

I don't know -- maybe... break the rules? I mean, Oregon, you know, was like, well, nothing like Alaska. It was -- ... But when I looked at men like you, well, a 14-year-old boy like me is gonna learn pretty fast that, you know ...

ELMER

There are prisons, and there are prisons.

ANDERS

And so when they were all chasing after you, I ran up to the register and slipped some cash in my pocket. And I didn't even have to run out the back or anything because when the lady -- the cashier -- when she came back, she was only worried that I was alright. She just sent me home.

ELMER

And when you look like I do, they send you to jail.

ANDERS

It's funny. You're the first person I've told that story to. And now --

ELMER

And now what?

ANDERS

Well, I've been thinking it would make a good introduction to the book, sort of a hook, you know? To show the reader how I got drawn into your story, your life.

ELMER

And you're worried people are gonna judge you today for something you did when you were 14?

ANDERS

Some might.

ELMER

And you think I deserve that? Based only on what you write?

ANDERS

I can't really say --

ELMER

You're fucking right you can't say. Because who gives you the right to say? There's no way you can write some biography without saying. And that's not just stealing, that's killing. Because the real life will be over, and whatever you say is what lives on in its place. So tell me, who the fuck gives you the right to take another person's life like that -- like this?

ANDERS

(indicating all his research)

Well, for one thing, your story is here for the taking. It's already been told.

(pulling down a note card from the timeline)

November 1, 1949 -- you were 19 years old here -- "one boy freed, another found guilty in assault" -- an assault with attempted murder.

ELMER

Attempted and acquitted!

ANDERS

This is all I know. I couldn't find the transcripts.

ELMER (affirming)

Judge and jury.

ANDERS

I just think it's interesting that the journalist who wrote the story referred to you as the "innocent" defendant, and the jury gave the other guy 20 years. "Innocent" -- with the scare quotes.

ELMER

This is all out of order. Why do you have all of these things out of order? Show some respect, at least.

ANDERS

Oh, that's something, coming from you.

(sitting and putting paper in the typewriter)

Elmer, what happened? Just tell me, and I'll write everything you say just as you say it. Tell me what happened then, and tell me how you died.

ELMER

Fuck, you just can't ever get enough, do you? Denial isn't enough. Acquittal isn't enough. Even fucking death isn't enough. You want me to speak from the grave!

ANDERS

The truth is important to me. So I'm trying to understand what happened -- and why.

ELMER

And I'm here to tell you that you can't. I have a right to some fucking privacy.

ANDERS

You did what you did in public. You were a criminal many times over. What sort of rights do felons get to their life stories when --

ELMER

What are you talking about? It's all I got left. Strip me down in prison and fuck me in the ass. Maybe I lose my dignity, but I still got the story of my life. It's all I really got.

ANDERS

-- especially when all those stories are public record in newspapers and transcripts and those kinds of things? Public record is just that -- public.

ELMER

My name -- and everything it means -- it's all I got.

ANDERS

Which name would that be? Elmer Merrill? Or one of your pseudonyms? Maybe Fred Anthony Ruben? Charles Lee Lewis? Where did that come from? Who was Fred? Who was Charles?

ELMER

Nobody, nobody. I wasn't stealing nobody's name. Not like this. Not like you are.

ANDERS

All that's not to even mention that according to your to your obituaries and a fucking unmarked plot in the Anchorage Memorial Cemetery, you've been dead since May 2nd.

ELMER

My family are still alive! Are you thinking about them?

ANDERS

You never had children.

ELMER

My brother. My sister-in-law.

ANDERS

When was the last time you talked to them?

ELMER

Nieces. Nephews. What does it matter? It's too soon for anyone. Some things are better left with the dead.

ANDERS

I did try to contact your niece. That's as close as I could get. No response.

ELMER

What would she know anyway?

ANDERS

I had to try. I was looking for closure. Just to be sure that I haven't made a mistake.

ELMER

You said I don't scare you. But I think I do. I think I do scare you.

ANDERS

No. Not really. You amuse me. You appeal to me.

ELMER

You want to be me.

ANDERS

God no.

ELMER

That word "appeal" -- it's got a lot of different meanings, don't it?

ANDERS

I suppose so.

ELMER

(throwing a paperback dictionary at ANDERS)

Look it up. I did, you know, back in the day. I had a law book in one hand, dictionary in the other. Go ahead. Look up the definition.

ANDERS

(looking up the word)

Of the word "appeal"?

ELMER

Yeah. Definition 1. Go.

ANDERS (reading)

"To strongly request something, often publicly."

ELMER (imitating)

"Why did you do all these things?" "How did you die?"

That's what you're asking for. And you have no intention to keep it private.

ANDERS (reading)

"To attract or interest someone."

ELMER

And now don't you lie: You find my whole fucking pudgy, piggy body sexy as hell, don't you?

ANDERS

Maybe that one photo. But those mugshots, they did you no favors.

ELMER

Anything else?

ANDERS (reading)

"To formally ask someone to change an official or legal decision."

ELMER

I did that. I did that.

ANDERS

Many times. State court. Circuit court. Supreme court.

ELMER

Listen, I'm fucking nobody. I did nothing "appealing". This is nothing. And right now you need to stop -- exotifying --

ANDERS

Exotifying?

ELMER

It's a fucking word if I say it is.

ANDERS

Fine.

ELMER

And you know what I mean.

ANDERS

I guess.

ELMER

Stop exotifying all the things that a nice guy like you ain't.

ANDERS (defensively)

I don't want to be a "nice guy".

ELMER

Stop using me as your shield, or your mask, or whatever. Because what does it get you? Envy? Empathy? -- Either way it don't matter no how. It's a fucking show. All for fucking show. And now the show is over.

ANDERS

Because you're gone?

ELMER (threateningly)

Better me than you. ...

ANDERS (shaken)

What do you mean by that?

ELMER

Let it go.

ANDERS

Why?

ELMER

Listen, fella, I'm getting too old for this.

ANDERS

Do you want to leave? There's the door. No one is going to try to stop you.

ELMER

As if you could.

ANDERS

A lousy criminal, but a helluva jailbird.

ELMER

Let me just say this: There's a lot of ways to get away from something you don't want. Or somewhere you're not wanted.

ANDERS

Yeah. A knife. A raft. An open door.

ELMER

You know it.

ANDERS

Some say death is an escape. ... I don't know if I believe that, but ... is that what happened? Is that why they never reported the cause of death in your obituary? Did it take 17 days to bury your body because they were investigating ... your suicide?

ELMER

No. No, there was no suicide. I always wanted to escape ... but I never wanted to die. So I always found a way to get out alive. ...

(taking the manuscript, ripping a few pages at a time, tossing them in the air)

And that, my little fan fucker, means you got no story because the story ain't over. ... Now are you afraid of me?

(Blackout.)

END OF PLAY