

The lights now shine very brightly. Faces, all disengaged gather around me. This is the chorus, and they are going to enter the angelic throng, one voice.

–We are the mass.

–And I am the voice.

–I thought that I had the voice.

–The purpose of this assembly is to take that voice.

–To impeach it.

–I want my voice back. I need to speak.

–Go ahead, speak.

–I'm OK.

–Stay OK.

–I need someone to stay with me. To listen to me. But I'm OK/

–Then why are you here?

–I was brought here.

–You need to be here.

–I want to go home.

–This is your new home. In the light.

–I hate it here. The smells. You want to poison me.

–You need to calm down.

–Or we'll give you something to calm you down.

–Will you calm down?

–We'll make you better.

–We can make you feel better.

–I already do.

–No, you don't.

–Is it OK to give him something.

–Him. Ask me.

–You can give him something.

–I don't want anything. I'm calm And I want something to eat.

–Are you hungry? You better be. From this point forward, we'll take your hunger from you.

–I want to eat.

–You can't eat. Light or food. You can't have both.

–I'll take food.

–You don't get food. We can't leave people in the dark.

–You're going to let me starve.

–You've refused the food.

–What food?

–It's coming.

–I've been here since morning and I haven't go any food.

–He was admitted at six in the evening.

–After waiting all day in the waiting room. Do you know who I am?

–Do you know who we are?

–You are the enemy force.

–And you know what we want.

-You're going to try to get me to talk. To reveal my mission. Offer you the organizational charts. Betray our mission.

-We want you to admit that you have a problem..

-We want you to take the treatment.

-I'm perfectly OK. If I wasn't, I wouldn't be lying here right now.

-You're messing with us. Pretending to be all OK. When we turn the lights out, you're going to go back to acting strange.

-Look at these faces.

-I'm acting strange.

-We know who you are.

-We tried to call.

-I didn't pay up. Here. I'll make my payment now.

-You better pay up.

-Are we ready to operate?

-You haven't given me any anesthetic.

-We're going to cut out the area that causes pain.

-Pain. I'm hungry. I'm being poisoned.

-You can't feel hungry. We cut out that part.

-I do feel hungry.

-It's not real hunger. It's imaginary.

-I do need to eat.

-You **want** to eat. You don't need to.

-Not anymore. Well, you do, but we'll decide.

-There was noise in my ears.

-I listened over and over again.

-I had to get out.

-It's simple.

-WE ask the questions.

-We? You or everyone at once.

-Where is the pain.

-It's in all of us. So it's only partially in you.

-You can get used to it.

-But the hunger?

-It's not real.

-I want that steak that I left at home.

-It's bad for you.

-You're going to kill me here and now and you're trying to tell me what is bad for you.

-We're just giving you something to sleep.

-For how long?

-Until you quit being an ass hole.

-It's part of my character.

-See. You have your answer.

-Then I can leave.

-No, we can give you something permanent.

Life is permanent.

- Before you put him under, we have to get him to sign some papers.
- His health insurance.
- Someone has to pay.
- I've got loads of cash.
- We can't take cash.
- I'll hide his cash.
- Do you take credit?
- We did. But you don't have enough.
- What do you take?
- Sex for pay.
- What?
- Torture.

To see it and want it and not be able to have it.

It!

What it tells me.

Tasty. That cloying feeling. Delight in the subsiding of the pain.

- If you write about it, you can get to that critical juncture. Are you there yet?
- I'm trying. But it is very difficult.
- We really have nowhere where you can hide. Nowhere to get away.\
- The machine.
- The machine did its job.
- I can leave.
- You have to stay.
- Until when?
- Until you get your appetite back.

- He was running around all night stealing donuts.
- You steal things like that, and you won't have room for your supper.
- I thought that you had things to make me better.
- We do. But the good doctor won't release them to you yet.
- He's not a doctor. I recognize him. He did torture in Guatemala.
- He's not a torturer. He's a gardener.
- Why is he prescribing medicine?
- They're medicinal herbs.
- Does he have a license.
- No. Just knowledge and desire.
- He could get arrested for that.
- They will arrest him. But they always bring him back.
- That's crazy.
- He's good. He knows what he's doing.
- So he's going to make me OK.
- I don't think that you want to let him.
- Don't worry. This story will be over soon.

–It’s not a story. It’s my life.

–Has anyone been in to see you?

–The doctor. Two doctors.

–I’m going to go away.

–That’s silly.

–It isn’t.

–No, it is.

–We’ll all be friends soon.

–How could we not be?

–I’m a girl. I can see these things.

–One doctor talked to me. And the other looked me over.

–You’re doctor of records.

–Yeah.

–The one treating you.

–The one messing with me.

–Messing how?

–Probing me. Giving me medicine.

–I thought that he stopped the medicine.

–He did. But he still casts the spells.

–What spell?

–There’s this place. This home. And they farm the stuff. Put it in bags. Then they all take it together.

–Sound like a cult.

–It is. But I want to join.

–Are they giving you anything in here?

–Something to sleep. And something else so I won’t say silly things any more.

–Why are you still talking silly?

–Either they gave me too much or they didn’t give me enough.

–How do you remedy that?

–Just to be sure, give me more. It creates a weird sense of balance.

–I wish that I could get something like that.

–I’m going to leave the state.

–That’s silly.

–He’s going on a trip.

–I need you. She needs you. You can’t go.

–It’s not until the weekend.

–What day is it.

–It’s Monday or Tuesday.

–I feel like it’s something worse.

–What?

–Thursday! I’m afraid of Thursday.

–It will be OK!

- Can't you help? Can't anyone help him.
- He can't be helped.
- I can stand to see him like that.
- It's not our doing.

I'm really doing better than they know. I am surpassing myself. If they won't give me a new identity, I'll just take them. I don't want them visiting me here. I just want to go home.

- They'll give you things to make you better.
- They only give me things that make me weak. I'm having trouble resisting them.
- You haven't revealed anything.
- I'm staying on an even keel.
- It'll get worse before the night is over.
- That it will.

- You're going to need to get me the money.
- They know who you I am. There's nothing that I can do.
- You can change your name. Change your face.
- But the numbers keep coming up the same
- 4484

-That's it. It's the relationship among them all. Add them up. Divided them. The remainder is all the same.

-That's what you need to take. You need to spend it. Just keep spending. It's the only way to escape yourself.

- I the accounts, it all turns up the same.
- You're not spending fast enough.
- They're not making what I like.
- You've been ordering.
- I'm trying.
- You have to reverse the numbers. Otherwise, they'll track you down.
- They'll track me down doing what I'm doing.
- Not if you're fast enough.
- And who's going to pay.
- Just take what you need. They'll never catch up to you.
- I'm running our of credit.
- Get new cards. New number. A new identity.
- I'm not good at making people go away. Even if that person is myself.
- How are you at hiding?

-I'm good at that. But we begin to take on characteristics of our hiding place. We lose the camouflage.

- That's why it's better to work in the dark.
- There's night vision.
- Can you find you're way home?
- That's where it all starts.
- And where does it end up?

- It's time to leave.
- They won't let me go.
- Try to hang on just one night.
- This is the one dignity that I have left.**

- Have they devalued?
- They have the farms. You can make the healing jams and then rub them on your body.
- That's top secret.
- It's the only way to counter deflation.
- You have to make your own. But you can't reveal anything about the farms.

I don't trust these damn doctors. And I want to get rid of these nasty pains. What to do, what to do.

- What the hell are you doing trying to cut yourself.
- Cutting. It's not cutting. I'm operating on myself.
- Are you going crazy?
- I'm not working alone. I have my assistant.
- Who?
- The one who's always here—Mr. Smart Genius.
- What?
- You know who he is.
- He's the best surgeon.
- He's the end.
- Then I have to operate on myself.
- You have to stop the nonsense.
- I need to keep working. I have to cut it out.

- I'm stabbing myself but it's not going in all the way.
- It's still doing the damage.
- But it's the only way to get rid of the demon.
- It's going to get rid of you.
- Not if you stop in time.
- What if you like the passage? You won't be able to stop until the resolution.
- What is that?
- You cut all the way.
- But then I expel the disease.
- For all intents and purposes you expel yourself.
- So be it.

You know what it means to look that good and not get anything for it.

- What do you mean?*
- Has anyone told you how good you look?*
- You're not good at this.*
- What?*
- If you were you wouldn't lay out your cards like that.*

-How?
-You'd be little more subtle.
-How?
-Give me one of those weird looks.
-I did. You stared at me.
-You have to look more mysterious.
-What's the difference? It's going to come down to the same thing.
-What's that?
-You realize how little time you have. What you have to get done. That one great look lasts forever. And so you do.
-I do.
-You do what?
-You make the bargain.
-Out of my life.
-Exactly.
-What can you give me?
-What I can give everyone else.
-What is that.
-The surpassing.
-You want it too. You'll just take it from me.
-But I can give you so much more. I can give you something permanent.
-But today's permanence can be bargained for something new.
-And it always is.
-This has gone on too long.
-We could start again.
-Only with new parts.
-We could work on creating the replacements.
-What would that do to me?
-I think this is going back to the beginning.
-You wanted to start something.
-Something fresh. A trip back.
-The surpassing.
-You're already surpassed if you want to work it out that way.
-That's the fresh that you were talking about.
-Going further back.
-Before the cutting and the pasting.
-You can never get to that place. There's this shot with everyone together. And another isolated one.
-I can't stop.
-But I can.

Tina, I thought that you were dead.
-I'm transfigured and now existing in three parts. That hot special part. The brain. And the truly moving part.
-And what can you tell me?

–Don't do it.
–Do what.
–Once you start to cut it up. You can't stop. You just come back with this nasty division in your self.

–I'm precious. I'm blessed.
–I know. And you're going to get out of here.
–It's time.
–We opened you up and checked you out and there doesn't seem to be anything wrong inside. So it's time to go.
–I was starting to like it here.
–All good things must come to an end.
–Let me tell you about the cross-dressing.
–Another day. Another time.
–The cross pollination.
–That too will have to wait.
–The cross breeding.
–Tell us about that.
–I can't. I need to get out of here. There's a wild cat in the street, and I have to catch the thing.

–What do you mean that you're letting him out?
–He's OK.
–He thinks he's OK. That's part of what's wrong.
–We checked him out. There's nothing wrong inside.
–Nothing wrong inside. He's talking about wild cats in the street. And drug farms.
–What did he say about the farms?
–That's not important.
–We checked out his metabolism. It's all OK.
–You've rearranged his personality. Who the fuck are you?
–I've been toying with the idea that I'm God. But I'm having trouble with the good part.
–Just be malevolent. It suits your better. Then we'll know why bad things happen to good people.
–Or good things happen to me. Did I say that?
–You said that you'd look after him. The only thing that you are looking after is yourself.
–I have other patients here.
–You say that to every one so in actuality you have no patients. Only that illusion that makes them all hang on. You should be sued.
–I'd like to try.
–Go ahead. I'll just say the machine fucked up.
–Machine? It's your machine.
–No, it's yours. Mine can be made to work perfectly. They can be serviced. I can maximize my diligence. Yours is only going to run down.
–Run down? You've made him run down.
–He was always like that.

–In fact, he wasn't. You're exaggerating every personality trait until it becomes a disorder. Is all that you do is give out drugs?

–They're drugs that work.

–You don't know that. You only see what you expect to see. And if you don't succeed, you blame the patient. You ought to be in jail.

–Are you trying to insult me professionally.

–No, I'm insulting you as a man. The professional insult implies that you are a professional. I never respected you so there is no possibility of a professional insult.

–Well, I can take an insult.

–That's not where it's going to stop. We're going to report you.

–What are you going to say. The man is dying.

–And you haven't tried to do a thing.

–There's nothing that I can do.

–You've made it worse.

–I've made it nothing.

–Then you've done nothing.

–I'm not a god.

–Not what you said a while ago.

–Patients want me to do magic for them. I can't. I just do what I can.

–And they look to you for more.

–They look. But it's not real.

–So why do you live off the flattery.

–Because it's all not flattery. Sometimes I succeed.

–You're not succeeding now.

–It's not me. It's the patient.

–It's always the patient. And you make it worse. They have the odds on their side, and you just whittle them away. Make them fit some prearranged plan. You have statistics. Is that how you administer death. Make people feel at ease, and then sneak up on them. I know the style. It's an approved method of torture. Kill them with their own hope.

–I treat the sick.

–You do what you're expected to do. Just so you can get close enough to administer death. But the treatments are circular. The cures are vicious. Dependency or death.

–I free them from the reaper.

–You are the reaper. Like a harpy circling its prey.

–I am not that vile.

–You administer your villainy in such small doses.

–I'm going to shut you up.

–But the sum of the doses makes you imperial. This is your regime.

–It is what the patients need.

–You are the last stop before death. What else can they say?

–They can love me.

–And they do in that perverse symbiotic way.

–What else is there.

–There is torture. But that's the next stage.

-Why did they send you here?
-I'm in pain. Can you stop the pain.
-We have things for pain. Just tell us what we want to hear.
-And then you'll let me go.
-If that's the resolution.
-And if it's not are you going to treat me here?
-What we do is based on what you tell us.
-I really don't want to talk to you.
-We can make things worse.
-You always can. But that doesn't mean that I'm going to say anything.
-What's your name.
-You know my name.
-What is it?
-This is a terrible place to begin.
-When were you born?
-You know that and everyone else follows.
-We'll still need your number.
-That's changing every day.
-What's the consistent part?
-The part that I can't count on.
-Here put this on your mouth and suck on it. Keep it in there. If you don't take this out of your mouth, you'll achieve immortality.
-I thought that came later. Is that the constant torture.
-You do want to leave.
-I have to go now. To make up for lost time.
-You can't make up. You have to give up more and more.
-Where is the recovery?
-You have to take the time. You have to give more of yourself,
-Am I being tortured for that.
-This day you can begin again.
-Really?
-No, just tell us what we want to know.
-Like what.
-Who are your contacts?
-You are at this point. Whoever wants to talk to me.
-Who are you working for.
-The same person that we're all working for in the new world order.
-What are you doing to better the world? Do you really think what you're doing can work? Who are you trying to fool.
-I'm working for the same people that you are.
-How can that be?
-I'm helping you protect freedom
-We can't even protect ourselves.
-That's the scary part.
-So tell us who's behind you.

- You are motherfucker!
- You're not going to get anywhere by calling names.
- But I'll feel so much better.

I have to make up for lost time. This is the source of my mission. It is not a mission that I am given. That would give up my sources. It would jeopardize command. I am put on my own. I have access to the tools at my disposal. I will discover my mission and carry it out. That is why I have been chosen.

I will succeed to the degree that I can piece together the organization and make do with its resources. This is why I am most valuable to interrogation and must continually elude their monitoring.

PAYLOAD

This is the ubiquitous kitchen disposal that turns the individual into a one man army. The damage leaves little doubt as to whose version of the facts reigns supreme. When defense is truly the sought after commodity, this little baby, protects your life and liberty. It puts the owner in the enviable position of dictating the terms. Those cherished objects in your environment are brought under the ultimate claim. You guarantee their existence.

ALL THAT TIME!

- It hasn't been long.
 - The big plan. They call my name. The light shines on me.
 - That's an accident.
 - I'm keeping accounts. The mask that I had to wear. The deformity.
 - That wasn't a mask.
 - Well the light went out.
 - It never was there.
 - I heard them call my name. Come here, baby.
 - It's like that for all of them They cry at night.
 - I did last night.
 - Until the big toy took away the tears.
 - I pain about that.
 - Take something for that.
 - I do. But it gets worse. I bet on a roll away.
 - What?
 - I need to make up for lost time. It's a cult.
 - What?
 - I got sucked in. I want to hunt that guy down.
 - Will you?
 - It's all part of the plan. I exchange one mask for another.
 - Was that already undercover?
 - It was a big mistake. I got to make up for the mistake.
 - What came next?
 - I hid myself in shame. That took a long time to get over. I've got to get that back.
- Later on I learned that they were keeping me in there. They spoke against me.

–They had nothing of consequence to say.
–They had their memories. Nothing is real but me My visit. Look in my eyes.
–They’ll have to avenge your little visit.
–It’s getting worse.
–I thought that we were almost over.
–We would have been, but I got betrayed.
–You sort of asked for that.
–I learned that I had a power. A power to affect the world. Are you accounting for all
this.
–I’m trying to, but I’m getting a little lost.
–It gets more intense. She tortured me.
–I heard that story. She stopped taking your calls.
–It never seem so bad when you retell it.
–I want to hear the part about the guy in your bed.
–You want to be the guy.
–You caught them both.
–What am I supposed to do?
–You told her that you stopped loving her.
–I learned that I had the power. The power to tingle and to make tingle.
–Sounds like Santa Claus.
–More sinister.
–How to break into houses.
–How to be invited in. It’s so much easier that way.
–So you turned the tables. You were the bastard.
–I am the bastard. But that is besides the point. We need a reckoning. Who got a hold of
my profile and dropped me into this house of horrors.
–You were exposed. You needed help.
–I got exposed.
–It could have been worse. The revenge story never looks that good on paper.
–It’s not revenge. It’s about setting things right.
–But so many people got involved.
–I was making up for all that lost time. I didn’t know where to stop.
–Now you have a family.
–They’re not real.
–You have to protect them.
–You can’t protect something like that.
–But the time. The love that got wasted. The catching up. I can’t.
–No one can.
–One man can.
–So...
–I’m going to be that man.
–You can’t.
–You know that I am. That’s why you’re trying to stop me.

You can’t recover.

–She has the perfect heart and the perfect skin. She’ll take me to heaven.
–And what will you do.
–Give her the perfect kiss.
–But it’s a mistaken identity.
–I’ll keep doing it until I get the right one.
–That could mean every one.
–Of that type.
–Where’s the source?

The names have been changed to protect the world.

Dean stumbles in the door. He braces himself on Sal.

DEAN: I’m glad to be out of that place.

She gives him a hug. Part in jubilation, part in domination.

SAL: My baby has come home.

DEAN: For now.

SAL: just stay here a while.

DEAN: I need to lie down.

SAL: You need to eat.

DEAN: Eat. I can eat later.

SAL: You’re going to eat.

DEAN: I’ve just escaped one master. I don’t need another.

We want to come back later after he has been fed. But we cannot leave the setting.

SAL: You’re going to eat. I’m the one running the show.

DEAN: I didn’t think that it was a show.

SAL: There’s going to be a show. And afterwards fireworks.

Let him go to bed. He doesn’t need the show now.

SAL: We’ve got the song and dance, and you’re going to hear all of it.

DEAN: I don’t think that I can take song and dance.

SAL: It comes with the price of admission.

DEAN: I just want dinner, not dinner theater.

SAL: It comes as a package.

DEAN: I just want to sleep.

SAL: First thing is you’re going to give me a hug.

DEAN: If you’re going to get me something to eat, you better get it for me. I’m in pain.

SAL: I don’t care about your pain. You’re going to do what I say.

–Sal, you’re coming on a little strong.

–I know what the role takes.
–But you're not sympathetic.
–That's not the point. I have to be honest.
–Honest, not mean.
–I'm telling like it is. like it's always been. He's a monster. We're going to expose what he did.
–They were doing that when they had him institutionalized. They didn't find out anything.
–They don't know him like I know him.
–I know that awful tale.
–So does everyone else. So we're going to get him to answer for it.

SAL: You want to eat. you're going to be honest. you're going to tell us all what it going on.
DEAN: I just want to eat.

–What's the idea of the silly names.
–We were going to go with Ron and Nanci.
–That would have made more sense.
–Anything to contrast with Sammy boy.
–I don't know anything about that.

SAL: We're going to find out who you really are. Tell us about your mother.
DEAN: Not the rotten mother story.
SAL: What do you want us to talk about? The angel and the dog?
DEAN: I really don't have much to talk about.
SAL: Tell me about the dog.
DEAN: I'll stick to the mother. It's more pleasant.
SAL: Mother, are you at the top of the stairs. You're little bastard is here to take care of you.
DEAN: What?
SAL: Come on, baby. Come in the big bed.
DEAN: I don't understand.
SAL: you can't get it up Not going up, little boy. If you can't get it up, I don't really need you around.
DEAN: What the hell are you talking about.
SAL: It's your story. Or don't you recognize it. Have they so sanitized everything for you.
Brainwashing does the trick.

We expect dinner to take place at some point. There are some nice steaks in the freezer.

DEAN: I wouldn't mine a steak.
SAL: I'm not going to cook a steak at this time.
DEAN: I could do it myself.
SAL: It's my kitchen. I decide what goes on here.
DEAN: (aside) I pay for this thing myself.
SAL: What did you say?

DEAN: I feel decrepit.

SAL: They made you a prisoner.

DEAN: Don't worry. I got out.

SAL: But it's inside you.

Dean must eat slowly, and eat he will. What to eat. Something of substance.

SAL: You can't name your own menu. I'm not your servant, and this is not a restaurant.

DEAN: Little did I know.

SAL: OK, is it butter or margarine? Bread or cake? Shrimp or scallops? Potatoes or rice? Pie or cake?

DEAN: I want it all.

SAL: Poison or remedy?

DEAN: They're one and the same.

SAL: Genesis or regeneration?

DEAN: I can't do it. I can't keep playing the game.

SAL: I'll make you cereal.

DEAN: That's all that I want. It burns inside, and it is daylight outside.

SAL: No, It's night time.

DEAN: It's daylight.

SAL: Can you see that it's dark.

DEAN: On the other side of the house it's light.

SAL: That's silly.

DEAN: Silly, but that's how things are.

SAL: You have to stop thinking like that.

DEAN: Are you trying to brainwash me.

SAL: I just want you to see things as they are.

DEAN: You're ruining the creative part.

SAL: I'm trying to make show how they are.

DEAN: I was getting used to pretend.

SAL: You need to eat

DEAN: I ate

SAL: Are we going to go through that again?

DEAN: We are, and we already have.

SAL: I would like to eat too.

DEAN: You can eat, and I'll watch.

SAL: I'm not rubbing the food on my body.

DEAN: This isn't going to be much of a story.

SAL: It really wasn't supposed to be.

DEAN: I hear the tires screech, and then he barrels away at a fast clip.

SAL: I'm the one who's running the show.

DEAN: I was afraid of that.

SAL: It is my house.

DEAN: I thought that I paid for it.

SAL: Community property. And I don't think that you're going to do much paying now.

DEAN: That's not really the point.

SAL: Are you hoping for a miracle. You're my little boy. Admit it. they experimented on you. And I got you out of there.

DEAN: I should have stayed.

SAL: At least another night.

DEAN: I could go to a hotel to get out of this.

SAL: You say that all the time. We still haven't got to the bottom of things. whatever we do tonight, we have to figure out what's at the bottom of things.

DEAN: This really isn't the time.

SAL: Who are you?

DEAN: You know. I live here with you.

SAL: Before that. You could have been some kind of mass murderer.

DEAN: I'm not like that.

SAL: You're mean with me. That temper could really put you somewhere nuts. You'd do things that you'd regret.

DEAN: It's always pretty well like that. I really do regret all the things that I've done.

SAL: You could start over again.

DEAN: Turn over a new leaf, change for the better. You've got to be kidding.

SAL: Why kidding?

DEAN: That would give in to you. Admit that I did something wrong.

SAL: You scream at me all the time.

DEAN: You do silly things.

SAL: I don't mean to. Things happen. you don't have to scream. Sometimes I get dizzy.

Everything starts to blur.

DEAN: So it's you, not me.

SAL: I've tried to tell you that I've got this problem.

DEAN: the pills are making it worse.

SAL: They make me feel better.

DEAN: There's no one to rescue you.

SAL: I could take the whole bottle.

DEAN: They're harmless.

SAL: Let me do it, and we'll see how harmless that they are.

–Am I supposed to wrestle the pills from her? Or are we supposed to discover her overdosed? I can barely move to reach her in time. You can't play fancy with the story. All this has gone too far.

–Too far. This is your character. You're both as drastic as hell.

–This isn't a job. It's a disaster.

–It's who you are. Your way of working it out.

–I've worked it out. I want to leave.

–But that option is already built in as an option. And a failed one at that. You have to do something to her.

–You've got to hit her.

–This is monstrous.

–It's who you are. You can't escape your destiny. IT was made for you by your father.

SAL: We're going to talk about your mother.

DEAN: We already have.

SAL: She was a whore, and she abandoned. She'd have different guys over all the time, all the while trying to get back your old man. In the end, you became just like her. You're having all these affairs left and right. I've caught you before.

DEAN: No, you haven't.

SAL: See! You admit it. I just don't have enough evidence.

DEAN: I admit nothing.

SAL: We'd be at parties, and I'd catch you looking down some women's dress.

DEAN: The dress was low-cut. I was looking. I never did anything.

SAL: What about that time in the motel when I went to bathroom. And I come out, and you're making a pass at my best friend.

DEAN: We were playing a game. You've done it.

SAL: Never,

DEAN: You don't like sex.

SAL: And you do. with other partners. I can sense that about you.

DEAN: You're seeing what you want to see.

SAL: That's all that you think about. The videos. The magazines. Are you queer?

DEAN: We've been through this before.

SAL: You are queer.

DEAN: You don't understand.

SAL: A woman's not just a receptacle for you cum.

DEAN: You never knew how to enjoy sex.

SAL: You forced me.

DEAN: You'd freeze up.

SAL: It was disgusting.

DEAN: You enjoyed it.

SAL: I never did. I never could.

DEAN: I cared. I supported you.

–How did you put me in this monstrous situation?

–It's who you are. You fit the profile.

–You profile criminals. Not citizens.

–You crossed the line. We had to remind you who you were.

–OK, I've got the reminder. Now you can change me back.

–We're not magicians. It's too late. You made this what it is. It's your life now.

–I don't like it.

–No one ever does.

–You could set me free.

–You do have high hopes.

SAL: You never did enough. I cried myself to sleep. You made me feel like I was nothing.

DEAN: Is this going to go on all night?

SAL: It will until you admit what you've done. How you made this mess?

DEAN: I admit it.

SAL: You have to feel it like I do.

DEAN: I'm trying. You don't understand.

SAL: I'm trying.

–I can't keep doing this scene.

–We have to get somewhere. They have to go too far. Somewhere from where they can't return,

–They just throw these meaningless barbs back and forth.

–You could get in there. Hold her back.

–Push her? That's all the ammunition that she needs. This is their balance. Push him further, and he goes over the edge.

–Get them drunk.

–They're way past that point.

–These are people who like to do weird things.

–And weird things they do.

–They're not perfect anymore. It's who they are.

SAL: Why you looking at me like that?

DEAN: Like what.

SAL: Like you want to kill me. It used to be love.

DEAN: I'm just tired. Let's go to bed so that we don't say anything that we're going to regret in the morning.

SAL: That's the idea. You always say that I can't remember anything in the morning.

DEAN: What can you remember?

SAL: How you tried to kill me. How you had your hands around my neck. How you were squeezing hard. You wouldn't stop.

DEAN: I never did that.

SAL: You wanted to.

DEAN: I never did.

SAL: You will.

DEAN: What does that mean?

SAL: I haven't finished with you.

DEAN: I'm finished.

SAL: Give me your hands. We've got you back.

DEAN: You're hurting me.

SAL: I can't hurt you. You just hurt me. You do it all the time.

DEAN: Once I start with you. I can't stop.

SAL: You'll admit it.

DEAN: We're doing this to each other. This has to stop.

–You're just making me up so that you can make it seem that someone else is pulling your chain.

–I don't understand.

–It's one person. Not two. And he is a monster. And he terrorizes other people. then he

pretends that it's a reaction to his own torture.

–It's not made up. You really are doing this.

–It's a role. And they're both giving in to it.

–What are you saying? That we shouldn't react to what's going on. Just let it happen.

–I'm not sure what I'm really saying. The drama has its appeal. But only if it really touches the audience.

–If they feel like they've known someone like this guy.

–If they know this guy. If they are part of the chosen few.

–Waiting for his visits.

–Waiting for the balance in their own lives to change. An incident. A disaster. A point of no return.

–To get them deeper in the shell. No one comes out of this alive.

SAL: I'm not sorry for anything that I did.

DEAN: You're torturing me.

SAL: You're a liar.

DEAN: What am I lying about.

SAL: Who you are. Who you hurt.

DEAN: I'm trying to be myself.

SAL: It's not good enough.

DEAN: What do you want of me. I just want the simple things. To eat. To go to bed.

SAL: You're making me pay for your enjoyment.

DEAN: Enjoyment. I move from one torture to another.

SAL: What did you say?

DEAN: I said something about torture.

SAL: Are you saying that I'm torturing you.

DEAN: I'm calling them like I see them.

SAL: How is that?

Nothing is really going to change until they switch roles. But is this enough for you? Don't you want to see more? Not just simple things. Some gore

SAL: I want you to be real for once in your life. You've turned me into this thing. Your servant. I can't take it. What you did to me.

DEAN: What's that?

SAL: The years of abuse.

DEAN: What are you doing now?

She squeezes his hand.

I wish that I could intervene to stop this.

–How many people do we have there?

–We have the principles and an audience.

–How many people in the audience.

–There's the two of them, and then there's you. You want to be in the scene. That makes you in the scene, and outside the scene. That is too much.

–Too much for both of us.

DEAN: You're hurting me.

SAL: I'm not hurting you. I'm trying to make you see who you are.

Which is it? The locking in the closet. The slap. Or the simple abandonment.

SAL: As long as I make some contact. You know that I'm still here.

DEAN: That's crazy.

SAL: Crazy. You're the psycho. The monster. The abuser. You're beating me up.

DEAN: I really can't say what I'm doing.

SAL: But you're doing it to yourself.

DEAN: Not while you're here.

SAL: If you don't like it...

DEAN: I could go. Go to an hotel room right now.

SAL: When it gets hard, you want to leave. You learn who you are, and now you just want to get out.

DEAN: Why don't you crawl back in your cage.

SAL: I'm trying. That's how it always is. I'm a poor caged animal.

DEAN: Just let go.

SAL: I'm not going to let you go. I brought you back here. And now you're mine.

–I expected a better story.

–You have to stay with what you've got.

–Stay with it, yes. Like it, no.

–What do you want?

–I thought that I was a governmental agent.

–You are. This is your cover.

–I don't like this cover. Give me another.

–You only move on when you have mastered your first challenge.

–This isn't a challenge. This is monstrous.

SAL: You're not telling the story as it began. You were this monster who destroyed me. Then you asked me to enjoy it.

DEAN: You liked it too. Everyone does. They don't admit it.

SAL: I wanted to kill you.

DEAN: Now you have your chance.

SAL: What did you say?

DEAN: Now you have your chance.

SAL: What? Repeat that.

DEAN: Now you have your chance to kill me.

SAL: You are a bastard. You always have been. What do you want to do? Do you want to hit me?

DEAN: The idea never crossed my mind.

SAL: Good thing. You lay a hand on me, and I'll kill you. If my family saw you now, they'd kill

you.

DEAN: I always felt that.

SAL: Felt it because you're from a long line of homicidal maniacs.

DEAN: You know nothing about my family.

SAL: I know everything. You used to get drunk at night, and confess the whole story to me.

DEAN: And now you're doing a pretty good job of continuing the legacy.

SAL: Are you calling me a drunk.

DEAN: Not really. But I don't think that I could stop there.

SAL: What are you saying. That I'm a bitch. A whore. A slut. You don't like a woman unless you can make a pass at her.

DEAN: I don't know what to say.

SAL: Say what you've got to say. You've got to tell it like it is.

DEAN: We have to start somewhere.

SAL: You're always insulting me. Making me feel small. Making me feel like nothing.

DEAN: You're the one who's screaming at me. I just got out of the hospital, and you're not making me feel very welcome in my house.

SAL: What are you saying?

DEAN: I'm trying to tell it like it is.

SAL: You are an abusive bastard. This is a crazy house. And you are crazy. Crazy, crazy, crazy.

DEAN: I'm just following directions.

SAL: That's not good enough.

DEAN: I could make it worse.

SAL: You are getting closer.

-I got this strange call. The police are looking for you.

-What about?

-You don't know.

-Probably the accident.

-What accident.

I rolled up on my neighborhood. A circle of police cars with lights on illuminated the cul de sac. That flush feeling. Loss of circulation. Numbness all over.

-What is going on here?

-They're looking for you.

-I'm not going in the house.

-They are going to find you.

What did you do last night.

-What were you up to last night?

-Just driving around.

The car bounced off a wall and landed in a ditch. The wheels were knocked off the axle.

-This is going to need more than a tow. The car is finished.

-It's not my fault.

-You weren't looking.

-My hands weren't free.

DEAN: Do we have to go on all night.

SAL: We'd stop if you escalated things. If you did something really bad to me.

DEAN: What would that do?

SAL: It would change the balance of power. I'd feel really bad. But I could come back on you stronger than before.

DEAN: I don't have much left.

SAL: There's still a few soakings left.

DEAN: We're pretty far out by now.

SAL: I haven't used my best ammo.

DEAN: What could that be?

SAL: You holding me down and doing things to me.

DEAN: That never happened.

SAL: It did.

DEAN: I said that I was sorry.

SAL: It wasn't enough.

DEAN: I gave you a castle.

SAL: You left me with nothing.

DEAN: I did what I could for you.

SAL: You made a mockery of me.

DEAN: You got to make do with what you have.

–If you're going to get away with the accident, you'll need a second accident to cover your tracks.

–So what do I do.

–You have to aim the car to hit in exactly the same place.

–Will I need another victim.

–What happened?

–I think that I killed a man.

–What?

–I didn't wait around. I've never been in a situation that extreme before. I don't know if I could handle it. I want my live to stay the way that it is.

–Were you in a car accident?

–Who is this?

–Are you still alive.

–What are you asking me.

I went home and just made myself smaller, and then bigger,
In full form the world is my bigness.

–Don't try to look.

–Don't look away.

–Put the gun to his head and finish him off.

–Now pull the car back and run him over again.

–They'll find the bullet.

–How many people were with you?
Those dealt with severely are responsible.

It's all traceable.
–Be reasonable.
–They tried to kill me
–That means it is reasonable to not be reasonable.

BIGGER THAN BIGGER AND TALKING BACK TO YOU.

–That is the world, and I feel it deep. Feel it deeper when I am inside of you.
–It's some kind of spiritual backlash.
–I'll never understand.

–We didn't mess with the intelligence. IT WAS A GORILLA.
–HUH?
–A rogue.
–I don't understand.
–We gave form to the breath.
–What was in the breath..
–That is the secret. We now call it **evil**. Once it was just the wind.
FALLOUT!

It's a coming!

Touch screen.

I can't get close enough.

A tornado outside the door.
–Sal, come and see this.
–I'm afraid.
–Come quick.
–That is a big one.

Somewhere in the desert, it swirls. Before words. Before breath. All hot and inviting. It feels so smooth. I can't hold back. I know where it's going to be and I just show up. Can you give me something for the pain. I float on the wind. Do you grasp the conflict? How the fire ran through the river. It all stirred. What are you really afraid of. When you are dizzy, you know. You want that power. Know that it is something to share.

–I need it all to explode on a night like this.
–What night is it?
–We won't make the money back.

–I can't take the wind.

The air swirls. You can see it move in the heat. The reflection all angled. I fade into it.

–You knocked me down.
–What are you talking about?
–A hit and run.

–I was a witness to your accident.
–Who is this?
–I saw what happened.
–Where did you get this number.
–That’s really not the point.
–Why are you bothering me?
–I saw your accident.
–Is this a high school prank.
–It’s only a prank if there wasn’t an accident. I saw how you swerved. How sharp you took the corner. I saw the hit and run.
–Maybe I brushed a car. Not even that.
–You like to think that. I saw the skid marks. I saw what you hit. Aren’t you glad that I cleaned up after you. You owe me one.
–What are you talking about.
–I just want to be your friend.
–It don’t work like that. You can’t blackmail someone, and then expect them to be your friend.
–Who said anything about blackmail?
–You’re pushing me.
–And what are you going to do? Something nasty?
–I’m just trying to say...
–Say what?
–I know...
–That I can’t let you get away.
–You can’t. But you will.
–I will what.
–I’ll do what I have to do.
–And that is what?
–I just want to make things right.
–You should have thought about that when you left the scene.
–Then why did you clean things up?
–You didn’t want to hang around. It’s like you’ve never been there.
–I haven’t. I really haven’t. It’s your story. You talked, and I listened, and I imagined myself in your place.
–There’s quite a distance between imagining and doing.
–And I’m doing.
–Doing what?
–What I always do. That has nothing to do with the accident.
–So you have thought about giving me money.

–If you go away for good.
–Is that some kind of threat.
–Take it for what you will.
–I don't know what to make of that. It was your car. Your personal weapon. You could do that thing again. Again and again.
–That's a misnomer.
–A misnomer?
–I'm not really that sort.
–I never thought that it could be that good.
–What do you mean?
–Torturing someone.
–Just don't touch me.
–That would be reversing places.
–It always goes that way. For a long while. Then everyone denies their former life and moves on to bigger and brighter things.
–Like what?
–Herb gardening.
–A good place to hide the bodies.
–I need a new one.
–You can't get that close that easily.
–I tried.
–You swerved. If you hadn't have swerved, the hit would have been perfect. You served, and then you panicked.
–I had to get out of there.
–What did you have with you?
–Nothing really. But I couldn't really hang around.
–So you were carrying?
–Let's say that I'm making changes.
–You shouldn't try to do two jobs at once.
–I like working in bundles.
–Masses?
–Clean it all out of the way and start over.
–So the accident was just messy.
–Too nasty.
–That's why I cleaned up.
–But there's always a trace.
–I know. A seed. And it grows and grows. You want to go to the scene and find it. To check how badly I did. But that would make it worse.
–Time has a way of cleaning up everything.
–You don't believe that.
–I don't. But it makes me feel at ease.
–I'm glad that one of us can sleep.

I saw myself plowing into the car in front of me. But I did not. In the accident, there is a sense that the panic opened up a new reality. A seeing. To reach into the event as it happened, and rewind it back so it doesn't happen. That there's a whole world where

you can make these same twists. This gives the sense of a whole new way of existing. And it give a hope that you can do the same to other events.

I am at the scene of the apartment fire. That awful fire. And I try to twist it back.

BACKGROUND: This is not the first time that the arsonist had threatened her. He screamed at her from the street as she locked him out of the building. He tried to push her down the stair on another occasion. He put a dead rat in the middle of her living room floor. And he broke a window. Where would the rewinding have to begin.

HIS SENTIMENT: He wanted her to suffer. “I wish that you were in the apartment when the gas main exploded.”

THE AUDIENCE: The audience finds the scene abhorrent. But there is an absurd delight in the horror. It is not them involved. And they are drawn on by the intensity of the principles. Something that went so far beyond everyday experience. This tight rope that they weave along. They feel their lives spinning out. But they try to hold themselves back. And they pile on the arsonist. Because he is symbolic of their own drive. The rabble to which they have become attached.

THE CHAOS: He hung around. He wanted to see the result. He didn’t want to get caught. But everyone knew him. He was the prime suspect.

–Look it’s him.

THE TREND: We’d have to wind it back pretty far. Much further than we have seen already. Until he committed himself to the same mundane detail that enfold our every waking second.

We are now walking with him. It is a different story. But she keeps popping in. The irritant in his experience. He cannot get over or step around. He has made it the predicate for everything else in his experience. His desire to leave work earlier. His anger. It is the why of the accident. What we get involved. Why he walks on until he finds that he is drawn in. He has to make it happen.

There is another event. The argument that we previously witnessed.

–Did you take sides?

–It can’t be helped. It always turns out the same.

–She wants it to keep going until some kind of resolution. But her intensity has made resolution impossible.

–She wants to repeat the torture scene.

I don’t want any more torture. I have nothing much to admit. I no longer am of much use to the organization. I still want to read the reports. But I am not included.

In this version, we repeat the meeting with the Director. We will always repeat that meeting.

–You needed to start with a better school. A degree in economics.

- Dinosaur economics from London.
- Something more elegant. A bizarre combination.
- Something haywire.
- Beyond chaos.
- What would that be.
- Intent in the mess.
- The drastic is insufficiently random. Too much of a desire for the womb.

-We can train him better before we send him out there. Or we can just send him out there completely cold.

- He knew the organization all too well.
- Perceived as a threat.
- You can't be a threat if you hope to advance.
- More like a blank slate.
- Write on it what you want.
- Then you're the perfect candidate.

-I need to talk to you. I need someone close to me. Someone who can be my eyes and ears.

BACKGROUND: His ambitions were clearly directed toward advancing in the organization. He monitored all the activity of said organization, and he hoped to distinguish himself in international service. The organization was involved in domestic operations which ran in clear opposition to their charter. All those involved risked tampering with their dossiers and inhibiting any hope of advancement.

HIS SENTIMENT: He felt that he could insure his advancement by any means at his disposal. This meant using the methods of the organization against itself.

AUDIENCE: The audience detests him. He is the audience. With each step, he tells more and more about the organization.

THE CHAOS: Once he got started, he could not restrain his appetites. This made him fit the desired profile more and more. His initial deviations were anticipated. More and more he set a path that was totally incomprehensible to the other agents. He could not be brought down.

THE TREND: His defeat would require a twin. Someone who acts just like him but follows the directives of Central Command. The duplicates orders would mimic the original. Everything would move toward a final showdown.

- How did you get in here?
- I have a master key.
- You're not supposed to be here.
- You owe me a meeting.

–Owe. That’s rather extreme.
–You never listened to me the last time.
–What does it really mean to listen to you? You just talk.
–I tell the truth.
–I’m listening.
–Are you really?
–You have your five minutes.
–I control time now.
–I’m not who you’re looking for. You need to meet with the Chief Executive. And he’s totally inaccessible.
–It’s not about me. It’s about the principle. We are becoming one. One flesh. All those who submit.
–Submit?
–There are laws.
–You laws.
–Primal sympathies. That’s what all this is about.
–And you mission.
–To carry on the reign.
–What’s next?
–You are. I have to eliminate all uncertainty.
–Like what?
–Like you.
–How do you do that?
–You wrote the manual.
–So you fuck up the first meeting. And now you’re offered a second. This time you’re going to make sure. But you’ll never make it out of this office.
–Make it out. This is my office. You should have realized this when you hand-picked me.
–HA! HA! You’ve watched that stupid spy movie too many times.
–I’m going to watch it one more time. Only this time is real.
–You don’t know the difference. That’s why we sent you to observation. That’s why that agent appeared suddenly at your place. That’s why we held you for so long.
–And you think that you can stop me now. You don’t know who you’re dealing with. I can become anyone that I want.
–The will to power.
–The will to will.
–How clever!
–I am your worst nightmare. You should have listened. It’s not me who’s going to retire you. The agency is going to turn against you.
–Says you.
–Says the numbers. You’re finished.
–Not as far as I’m concerned. You’re spouting off in my office.
If this scene never took place, there is still something unanswered for. What else could explain the intense rivalry. What was the director afraid of?

If you send the angel out to others, the angel has the tendency to try to return to the self.

- No one has to know.
- I know what I saw.
- What you saw. I have never been here.
- You don't want me to say anything.
- I do.
- I won't.
- Very good.
- There is a price.
- What?
- A favor. I'd like you to do something for me.
- Something like what.
- I'd like you to take care of a little matter.
- Can the matter move?
- Oh dear, what can the matter be.
- You've making quite to do out of nothing.
- Is it really such a mess.
- We never did get on. But you can do your job.
- Very well, thank you.

The rules really change if you're doing a job for someone else. You're not supposed to feel the same levels of satisfaction.

- I don't feel really good about any of this.
- Just get it done.

BACKGROUND: There really is none. this is not my gig. I just have to take care of it. Do it all below ground.

- Sammy, we've got you cornered.
- I'm just going to move floor to floor and mow everyone down.
- That makes us so afraid. And it seems so real. But you can be stopped.
- You need to know the code.
- Are you kidding? I am the code.
- You think.
- Little friend, I put a gun to your mouth and blow your head off. now where is your room mate?
- He can't even drive straight.
- Don't you mean shoot straight?
- I'm moving.
- Friends don't do this to friends.
- Are you sorry?
- I'm so sorry, but I can't stop. And this is such a terrible day.
- No one can stop.
- I just want what everyone else wants. A proper legacy.

–POW!

–You can take that to the bank.

HIS SENTIMENT: He wants to finish it off before it can get back to him. The brick to the car. The gun to the head.

–Who did this to me?

–A friend of yours.

Lying in bed and planning my next job.

–Do you want to do what's right.

–I want to make what's right.

–And what's that.

–You know the rules. You should have crossed me. I'll spend my last day trying to hunting you down.

–It's not me. It's some rogue agents.

CHAOS: We can't do it to others if we can't take it ourselves.

What is that shit?

–Truth serum.

–I naturally tell the truth.

–What I say is the truth. And my friends backs me up.

–So patriotic.

–You don't know.

–I do. It's about the collaboration.

–No the elaboration.

–A hot lunch.

–And tippies.

–Show what you know.

–I am animal.

–And mineral, and vegetable. I can't move.

–See. The truth serum is working.

–Where have you been before.

–Another life. New Jersey. But I'm stuck in this one.

–At least you're near a mall.

–But I still need better transportation.

–Crawling won't do.

THE TREND: Now I will have to admit defeat. That would really involve giving up all my contacts. In their place, I will get real protection–better than nothing.

Show me more!

What do you want to see? Movies.

–Something dirty.

-We've done that before.
-Complete identity profile.
-I thought that they were classified.
The show is coming up

-Do you know how to play the suicide game?
-It starts with a drill.
-A test.
-I don't want to play.
-Too late. You're already down the wrong path.
-Police got the wrong guy.
-It doesn't make any difference. We just want someone to rough up before we take our
break.

-Something about the incredible erection.
-I can't make it go like that.
-The last one!
-For now.
-Don't go in the room.
-It's too hard to resist. The light offer a slight seduction.
-You could take care of it in a car.
-What's left to see?
-I could be a little more active.
-What is this all about?
-You have to give something up if you want to play.
-More than your life, and less than your death.
-The incredible.
-And then he just disappeared.
-It was for bigger and better things.
-Are you smoking?
-It's part of the game.
-You need to hold your breath.
-And spread you arm wide apart.
-A firing squad.
-No, just as firing.
-Don't let him in the house.
-They volunteered to go along.

-I have to stop for gas.
-Your tank is full.
-I've got to drive faster.
-Do you have plans to stop.
-The final stop.
-Are you members of the club/
-I belong to an organization. But I don't like to talk about it. Not in this city. Back in
Washington, I was more versed in the coming and going of the agents.

-I remember your reports.
-It was all off the record.
-As it should be when there are lives at stake.
-I need an assistant. Someone to light a match.
-Sound like fun.
-You will be an accomplice.
-To what?

-You're making an attempt on someone's life, and you almost take out yourself.

-We'd like to ask you a few questions.
-Whatever you want to know.
-Things about yourself.
-I really have to get home.
-Just a few questions. Nothing too great.
-OK, shoot.
-Where did you get the car?
-It's my car.
-Where's your registration?
-I lost it.

-Get ready. He's going to make a run for it.
-Let him go. We'll stop him.
Stopping him means what? Ending his life. Stopping him after he's done what.
-You're not going to be able to stop me.
-We've been through this before.
He gets away and where does he go.

-You were supposed to watch him.
-We were watching him.
-You were making jokes with him, and now look what's happened.
-We were watching him.
-You did a terrible job.
-What did you want? If you don't like it, why didn't you take care of it yourself.
-You know who he is. And you just let him run wild.

I'm driving. Too reckless. I'm heading off a cliff. Veering wildly along a curve. I close my eyes and just let it go. I'm going home. I running away for good.
This car can't be stopped. It passes through walls. I follow its lead.

I'm hiding in the woods. I can see police cars all around my place. I'm not going to come out until they leave.

-It's all making sense now.
-What is?

–You like staring.
–I’m not staring.
–What do you think that you’re doing? Leaning forward in your chair like that.
–I’m just gazing into space.
–You like what you see.
–I’m just looking.
–And that’s where it stops. You don’t feel things. Weird things.
–I don’t know what you’re saying.
–What do you want me to say to you? Something really sweet.
–If that’s what you want to stay. I’m just watching. Nothing more, nothing less.
–We’re getting close to some kind of resolution.
–And?
–You need to tell me a little more about yourself.
–How can I?
–I was just curious.
–Is this the new style of interrogation?
–You’re used to a little more blood.
–I’m used to none of this.
–That’s what I thought.

I don’t dare go back.
–How was your trip?
–It was great.
–We did great here too. Not really. One night he was babbling. I just gave him something to shut him up.
–Really.
–It deadened the pain. But he’s going to have questions.
–Did he eat?
–He tried to eat.
–That’s good.
–You’re going away again?
–Not for a while.
–It gives you a sense of yourself. That you believe yourself.
–I do.
–That’s the problem.
–What?
–You’re becoming just like him.
–He was my mentor.
–You better take notes. It’s all coming to a close.
–We can start again. Shake it up. Make sense of it all.
–They gave him something.
–For truth?
–They said that it was for pain, but I know that it’s pretty much the same thing.
–Is someone going to see him?
–They’ve agreed to talk to him.

–You’ve read my book.
–I’ve skimmed it.
–What do you think of the theory?
–A mole. A rogue agent. And attempt on the Director’s life.
–The Director has been replaced. Now they’re going for the Chief Executive.
–Do you feel personally threatened?
–It’s all a part of the job.
–What’s the job?
–Answering back. With full force. Much greater force than before.
–Is it revenge?
–No, it’s certainty.

–How have you been?
–Did you do what I asked?
–What?
–The errand.
–The small one.
–I need you to be my eyes and ears.
–I was. You’re asking for more than that.
–They’re keeping me sedated in here, and you expect that I’m going to get out of the bed and do what has to be done. That’s why I’m depending on you.
–I have my own projects.
–See. You’re always the same.
–I’m trying to respond. You’re so difficult. And your reports are inaccurate.
–I no longer have the resources. I’m trying to think ahead. So are they. And they change everything so fast.
–That’s why I’m asking you. You’re supposed to be the genius.
–You’re confusing me with someone else.
–I need to be alone.
–You have been.
–I’m going to need complete isolation. I can penetrate their defenses, but I’m going to need absolute silence.
–I’ll give you what you need.
–Do you need love?
–Do I look unloved?
–A lone gun man traveling through the bowels of headquarters.
–That wasn’t me.
–Who was it?
–I work outside, not inside.
–Who was it?
–I thought it was you.
–Me?
–They’re doing it themselves.

–Have you eaten?

-I had some cereal.
-He ate well last night.
-I had a steak and a salad. Vegetables and potatoes.
-That is good.
-And I slept all night.
-He didn't get up once during the night.
-He didn't get a visitor.
-What?
-What?

-They're going to see him this week.
-When?
-Wednesday.
-I can give you both a lift.
-We'll need it.

-I'm forgetting my name.
-Make one up.
-I can't remember how many times that I've been here.
-It's your first.
-Don't give them problems.

-He's forgetting himself. And if he gets pushed, he gets aggressive.
-Is this some kind of warning?
-Take it for what you will.
-What is your relationship to him?
-What?
-How are the two of you related.
-I thought that you knew that.
-You're related?
-What?
-His son?
-What?

-I want you to take these. They'll make you feel better. And Friday, we'll have some tests.

-You're going to make me feel better. But can you help me remember.
-It will come in time.
-Remember to hide your money.
-Who said that?
-What about money?
-Who's going to pay for this.
-I have coupons.

-Can you go over that again.

-We're going to take you for tests.
-More questions.
-That could happen.
-And what if you find something bad.
-Like what?
-Something deadly.
-Something treasonous.
-Anything. Something.
-I'm not involved.

-Did you kill your parents?
-I hardly knew my parents.
-That wasn't what I asked. Did you kill your parents?
-I told you that I hardly knew them.
-Why? Because you made them disappear at a young age.
-I didn't do anything all that unusual.
-So how did they disappear.
-They went away. They didn't want me, and they went away. Does that explain everything for you.
-Your fits of anger. Your feelings of revenge.
-I'm not a vengeful sort of person.
-You hid it well.
-I thought that you were going to help me.
-I'm trying to. But you're not being very cooperative.
-What do you want? To tie me to a chair and beat me?
-If that got the answers that I wanted.
-There is somewhere where you can get away with all this.
-Make it all go away.
-Yeah, but not here.
-Did you come to the right place?
-It said prescription delivery.
-And what did they bring by. More poison.
-Something to get you to stand up straight.
-So I'd answer the questions right.
-We are going to ask you something. Really just one thing.
-More like a surprise.
-A little more perfect.
-Does it hurt.
-It could.
-Then ask.
-We need to know that you are not lying.
-I've been taught to beat the system.
-And we've been taught to administer this drug.
-Great! Give it to me.
-Open your mouth.

- I'm trying to.
- Stop talking.
- I will when I figure that it's the right moment.
- How about now.
- Shoot.
- Keep still.
- I thought that was what the drug was for,
- Hold tight.
- I'm trying.
- You're squirming. I'm trying to get it in.
- You're doing a terrible job. I'm trying to get up off the floor. And I'm writhing in pain.

What the hell are you doing?

- Trying to get you to sit still.
- Why don't you just knock me out?
- Then you couldn't answer any of our questions.

- Hi, friend. How are you doing?
- How the hell did you get in here.
- I let myself in.
- The security system.
- I helped you put it in.
- You're not supposed to be here.
- So what.
- I have a gun.
- What are you going to do about it?
- I'm going to use it to protect myself.
- Think again, asshole. I'm the one who thinks ahead. You're the focus of all my anger.
- I know the cause.
- Really. Not going to do you much good now.
- I can take you apart like a book.
- Start turning.
- Who made you?
- You don't even know anything about economics. Anything about the organization.

Anything about how anything works.

- I know that you're criminally trespassing.
- That's the least of your worries. I'm a fucking maniac.
- We were friends.
- More like never. You sucked me in.
- I did really.
- We pretended to be friends.
- You pretended. I thought it was real.
- Like this whole biography that we made up for you.
- What are you talking about.
- You're babbling mother. You're looney sisters. Your psycho father.
- I thought that was your story.

-Variations on a theme. And I'm writing so well.
-I thought that you put the past behind you.
-I don't really know what is behind and what is in front.
-Keep on pushing.
-I could get closer.
-There are barriers.
-We can get over them.
-I really think that you are evil.
-Good call.
-I could stop.
-But I can't. It's like breathing. I can't stop. So I find ways to blend in.
-I thought that they trapped you in the basement.
-They didn't know who they were looking for. I just walked out.
-Walked out?
-You want to repeat the same interrogation.

-What about your mother?
-That she was just like you.
-What?
-She was a whore.
-But you told me that you slept together.
-Just a turn of a phrase. A misnomer.
-What did you do in the war?
-I hunted creeps like you.
-Are you calling me a whore too.
-I work on action, not words.
-I don't understand.
-You will.
-That's the future. That's a word.
-But the pain is present.
-I thought that you were feeling the pain.
-I was. But I took something. And when I do, I feel like superman.
-You may feel like that. But you're still pretty useless.
-I'm just trying to be myself.
-Aren't we all?
-That's what they say?
-And what they don't say.
-Can't be repeated. Boom. Do you feel it inside.

-I'm getting really confused. One of them is a killer.
-And the other is a doctor.
-Could be one and the same. Use the best methods. Acetylcholine. No trace. Breathing just stops.
-Not a last scream.
-It's like you swallow that scream.

-And the second last.

-Don't move.

-So I'll make a better target.

-So I'll just be better.

-Look at this.

-I want to feel it inside.

-You can.

-I will?

-You will.

-You give up.

-I have to go.

-You always want to leave at the best time. Please, don't leave.

-I have to go.

-It's only going to get worse.

-I need to run away. Make it all go away.

-It will. But the mist will still be there when you get back.

-What?

-Did you eat the meal?

-Can you see that I ate some of it.

-He didn't.

-My meal is on the stove. Half eaten. The other meal is for tomorrow.

-That was mine.

-Did you eat?

-I tried to eat. He didn't.

-She's lying. Look. I ate something. Look at the food on my lips. Look at my napkin.

-I tried to get him to eat. And he didn't eat a thing.

-That guy was here again.

-No, you're being silly.

-He broke into the place, and threatened me.

-That never happened.

-It did.

-This is all confusing. I need to go.

-Where are you going?

-Out.

-Out with your whores and your junkies.

-That's silly.

-You always leave when things get nasty. You're going to go out and get your dick sucked.

-You really know all about it.

-At least since I met you. It wasn't really force. He just put his dick in my mouth. And I did what I had to do. It was revenge. I hated you.

-I've got to go.

- Be sure to wipe off after you're done.
- Shut your fucking pie hole.

It's a new trick that we have. The witness becomes a trigger. He remind the candidate how he is so embroiled in his past, that it creates a certain future—the deed. The witness reminds the defendant of something that never happened, so that in repetition, it will happen over and over again.

There is a knock at the door. This is the sign of disaster.

- Who is it?
- Defender or invader.
- Neither or both.
- Are you going to let me in?
- Of course not. You'll have to find your own way in.
- You were never like that before.
- You were never like that ever.
- I was playing a game.
- I don't like games like that.
- I won't play if you let me in.
- When did you start being so crazy?
- Are you asking me to review my background?
- When was the first time that you lunged at someone. Came at them with that fury.

When was the first time. Has any ever thought that you need to be put away.

-I can't get away fast enough. That's why I want to come in. I want to feel my fingers against your throat. I want to feel your words reverberate.

- I had this weird premonition.
- And you usually follow that sort of thing?
- I do.
- It's not the first time that I did something off the wall.
- I'm still not going to let you in.
- I'll be nice.
- It goes back beyond that. You don't know what it is to be nice.
- Let me give you a hug.
- No.
- Come on out, and we'll go to a movie.
- To late for that. Don't try to sweet talk me.
- I think I know what's going on.
- What?
- You think that you can stop me from getting in.
- I think nothing of the kind.
- It is getting a little late for all of us.
- I have the right to explore.
- You do that. Now let me in.
- You're just going to come in if you want to.
- What if I pushed you?

- I'd fall. That's why you're not getting in.
- You could just fall on your own.
- Are you going to stay there all night?

We are now so far beyond the last disaster.

- Are you going to get up from that chair.
- I want to, but you don't want me to leave the room.
- I never said anything like that.
- You're still trying to tell me what to do.
- What do you want?
- I want to feel better. But all this is happening so fast.
- You need to go to bed.
- I will. But you need to leave me alone.
- You never ate.
- I'll eat in the morning.
- It's going to be a long morning.
- This is getting too long. Just get moving.
- Don't give me orders.
- That's all you understand.

I'm waiting for him to make contact. He's not going to come while she is continuing to bother me. I want to take a cab out of here. I've thought about it. I've got my stuff. But none of this is going very well.

- I want to go. I'm tired of your orders.
- Then just go. What are you waiting for? My permission.
- Something like that. I'm trying to get out of here at the right moment.
- Push things and make something happen.
- I want it to feel right. I want it to feel urgent.
- Are you in a hurry?
- I always thought that something bad was going to happen here. Now I can feel it.
- So the time is getting closer.
- He told me.
- Told you what. What are all the lights on?
- I'm afraid of the dark.
- Really?
- No, it's really light outside. I just have to get to the other side of the house.
- And I'm preventing you.
- He's not going to come while you're here. While you're bothering me. These are stages of a man's life, and he has to be aware at every stage what is going on.
- What is going on?
- I'm trying to figure it out. But you are bothering me.
- What do you want me to do? To hurt myself.
- That would be an improvement.
- How can you say something so ugly.
- It's all pretend. I just want to be left alone.

-You're not going to do anything to me.
-No more than I've already done. I can't get out of my chair.
-I can help you move.
-I'll move on my own.
-You say that now.
-This is all I can do now.
-Maybe we could start over.
-You have this well of hope.
-I want to know who did this to you.
-No one.
-You did it to yourself. Now, see what you are doing to me?
-I'm trying to make sense of it.
-Why would you care. Why would anyone care about this story?
-That's what I wonder. Since I lost contact with the agency, nothing has been the same.
-I feel like I'm going crazy.
-Anyone who has followed up to this point is a little cracked.
-To say the least.
-What are you doing now?
-I'm trying to stand up. I want to get out of here.
-The will to let it go in peace.
-In peace. Just give me that.
-I need answers from you. How to lock the door. Where the gold is buried.
-It's all in your heart.
-My heart is getting cold.
-Is it something that you took. What are all the pills doing on the floor.
-There's nothing that I can do. I'm feeling dizzy.
-You've felt like that before.
-And I've passed out. But this time I'm going to stay awake.

I can feel my identity splitting apart again.

-I need some money.
-Don't worry. Your ride is outside.
-That's an ambulance.
-You look pretty messed up.
-Where are my clothes.
-We have a costume for you.
-I'm bleeding.
-You took a nasty fall.
-He was in the house. He tried to kill me.
-We have to go.
-He's after me. I had to protect myself. I ran from him, and I fell.
-Get into the cab.
-I need my clothes.

-Where is everybody?

–They’re gone. Who are you?
–You know who I am.
–What happened?
–We needed you.
–How?
–Things went haywire.
–I could have helped.
–We were screaming at each other at the top of our voices. I was trying to find my pen and my money. Things were just out of control.
–I couldn’t have been here.
–You always say that. When you’re most needed. Mr. Smart Genius. And then you show up when you’re a total bother. You’re useless. You’re impossible.
–What happened?
–There was blood everywhere. Then there was an ambulance. It was absolutely crazy. I can convey it to you.

SAL: I’m going to report you to the police.

DEAN: There you go again.

SAL: This time is real. I found the evidence. I thought that you were crazy. But now I have the evidence.

DEAN: You don’t have a thing.

SAL: You’re so cruel to me.

DEAN: That’s not evidence..

SAL: I’ve seen your stuff. I know that you’re behind it.

DEAN: Behind what.

SAL: The disappearances of those girls. You keep things. Jewels. And their panties. I’ve seen the evidence.

DEAN: It’s not what you think.

SAL: Not what I think.

DEAN: I do my work. I keep souvenirs.

SAL: You’ve slept with these whores.

DEAN:.. Is that what you’re worried about?

SAL: Worried. Keep away from me.

DEAN: I’m not coming near me.

SAL: You better not. If you do, you’ll try to kill me. But you like it like that. Kinky. What happened? Your fun got out of control.

DEAN: What are you talking about?

SAL: Don’t lay a hand on me.

DEAN: I’m not even coming near you.

SAL: Near you. You’re choking me.

DEAN: You see what you want to see?

SAL: I see what I have to see. It’s so ugly. What happened? You lured these girls back to their rooms.

DEAN: It’s birthday pranks. From the office. From a long time ago.

SAL: Girls performing. Striptease. Naked parading and your staring at them.

DEAN: I didn't say that.

SAL: And you keep staring. And then she shakes it in that special way. The way that her hair falls on her back. Something. You say to yourself that one is for me. It's exactly like that.

DEAN: I can't let you go on like that.

SAL: Because it gets you excited. But in a totally different way. Now you're remembering what happened, and you're disgusted. Disgusted because I know all about it.

DEAN: This is utterly crazy.

SAL: Maybe. But I can see your face. See the anguish. You remember what happened. And you hate it. But it gets the blood moving. Something that you did to that girl that you can't get out of your head. Because as much as you hate what you are, what you have become, it is your sole source of your delight. You need to live your life repeating that same thing over and over again.

DEAN: That's silly.

SAL: No. Look at yourself right now. You're barely a man. But when you get that spirit in you, it's the potent remedy. You can do anything, and you no doubt do exactly that.

DEAN: I can hardly move.

SAL: But you can cross the room and pin me down. And put your hands to my neck.

DEAN: This is not a love thing.

SAL: It is a necessity. It is the thing that keeps that heart ticking. The mission that wouldn't let go. You never worked for the agency. That was your heroic fiction. As you enhanced your dossier. As you stalked the Director. All the time you were their project. And you stayed one step ahead of them. You fed off them. They wanted to find you. They needed you for some unknown reason.

DEAN: I was the next step. A species that could never be stopped. I was the ultimate agent.

I'm not really saying any of this. But it does make an interesting story. How the devil does she know about the agency. My dreams are getting weirder than my dreams.

SAL: When you were in surgery, I was going over you things

DEAN: What things? You didn't take my coupons.

SAL: You are one sick mother fucker.

DEAN: I did what I was told.

SAL: Is that an excuse.

DEAN: Freedom comes with a price.

SAL: I'm having difficulty paying it. What the hell are you writing down all the time?

DEAN: My memoirs.

SAL: You'll never get them published. Too much top secret info. And too much bull shit.

DEAN: You believe me?

SAL: If I really believed you, the police would be here now.

DEAN: You didn't call them.

SAL: I never said that.

DEAN: I hear the siren.

SAL: That's an ambulance. It's my ride.

-Did it happen like that?

–You tell me, Mr. Smart Genius.
–I don't know.
–First, it's her. And now it's you.
–Who's Sal and Dean?
–I'm tired of asking questions. It's four in the morning. We have an appointment tomorrow.
–Are you guilty of all those things?
–Guilty. I feel no guilt.
–But you did those things.
–You've seen my dossier. There's nothing to be ashamed of.
–But you've found pleasure in those little twists and turns.
–I did what I had to do.
–Are you going to tell me what really happened?
–I never laid a hand on her.
–It was poison this time.
–I didn't do that.
–You used the candle. The chemical in the wax.

SAL: You're getting difficult.

DEAN: Huh?

SAL: I'm feeling faint.

DEAN: You've been doing too much today.

SAL: No, it's you.

DEAN: I never touched you.

SAL: This is going too far.

DEAN: you don't know what far is.

–Can I finally go to sleep?
–I need to know a few more things? Do you feel remorse. If I opened up your brain, would I see something that's not there?
–It's not remorse. I feel inspired. Like it's a sacrifice. And one sacrifice follows another. I remember one in the next.
–So you're finally telling me something.
–Just what you want to hear. Just what you're so good at yourself. Disrupting people's lives. There's a place for you.
–And it's here. Right now.
–I wish that you're weren't so clever.
–You're the clever one.
–Why are all the lights on?
–To remind me that the sun is shining on the other side of the house. So the night will not confuse me.
–It's four in the morning.
–None of this is real. It's all a dream.

SAL: This time, I'm going to go to the police.

DEAN: What if I shut you up.

- That scene never happened.
- Why?
- None of these scenes happened. They're all entertainment.
- You have money and time to throw away.

SAL: Some things you shouldn't save. Blood. Bones. They're just too incriminating.

DEAN: It's not what it looks like. A bird. A rabbit. Scraps from dinner.

- She found it. Didn't she?
- The gold?
- The bones.
- Dinosaurs.

SAL: From the first time that I met you, I should have known.

DEAN: Known how?

SAL: The shape of your head.

DEAN: There's so much to get done. And I'm really running out of time.

SAL: You look crazy. That stare into space.

DEAN: I have to finish my mission. I can hardly move. I've been paralyzed by these drugs.

SAL: What have they done to you?

DEAN: I thought that I was always like that.

I'm not managing this well. I feel like I'm drowning. I'm trying to stay above the waters. The pain makes my head cloudy. They are trying to do away with me. Making me feel that it is all a justified retaliation.

They've brought him in to do away with me. I know it's going to happen in the morning. I just have to go along with him.

-Rise and shine.

I am going over the scene in my mind. I need more medicine. I am out. And the visits are getting more and more sparse. I need to get him back.

SAL: You're not going to walk out now.

DEAN: If I could, I'd go to a hotel.

SAL: Then just go.

DEAN: I'm a sitting duck here.

- Will you turn off that damn movie?
- Good, huh?
- I just want to sleep.

- One of them is not working for us.**
- A spy.**

–He had to be eliminated. No questions asked.

–Time to get up.

–I got up. And ate. And showered and dressed. Now I need to nap.

–You never ate. That was yesterday.

–That was enough.

–We’re going to have to leave at one.

–What time is it now?

–It’s ten.

–We have loads of time.

–We have to get going. Get up.

–Let me sleep some more. There’s something important that I have to do.

–Do you have any bones?

–Ten bones.

–‘dem bones.

–Lay ‘em all down.

–We’re going to carve out his brain and see why he’s been acting like that.

–I’ve been doing that sort of things all the while.

–Is that a confession?

–More like an abstract on a scientific paper.

–Great!

SAL: Why can’t you just tell it to them like it happened.

DEAN: It still wouldn’t make any sense.

SAL: It’s making sense to me.

DEAN: You really don’t know what went on at the agency.

SAL: You’re always putting me down.

DEAN: I can’t turn myself in. Not like that.

–Get out of the fucking car?

–OK.

–What are you doing?

–You told me to get out of car.

–Not while it’s moving. Besides I just said that because I thought that you’re do the opposite.

–Game theory not working today.

–We’re all feeling sort of gamey.

–It your play. A dive or just a jump.

SAL: Don’t put your hands on me.

DEAN: I had no intention of touching you.

SAL: Why? Am I unlovable.

DEAN: I'm not going there.

At this point, trembling and unable to finish, you hope for any form of contact. Something that peels back surfaces. That put you in that place before it all exploded in your face.

- I'm going to call the police.
- Don't run from me.
- Get away from me. Don't put a hand on me.

-What happens when we get too exhausted to keep doing this anymore?

- Why are you chasing me?
- I'm trying to help you.
- Help me? You're the angel.
- I know.
- The angel of no return.
- It's not like that. They want you to go in there and figure out what's wrong.
- This is the wrong place. They want to put something in me.

- I can't get him in the door.
- Does he know what is going on.
- He acts as if he does. But I don't think that he understands.
- Can't you get somebody to help your there.
- They won't leave their stations.
- Get him on the phone.

-I've got him on the phone. He's the only one that I'll talk to.
-It's the right place.
-I'm supposed to go to a military hospital. Otherwise, they're going to do experiments on me. They're going to take it out of me. And replace it with something that they can use to control me.

- It's not like that.
- How can I trust you? You're working with them.
- It's not like that.
- It is.
- If you're not going to go in there, you can get out of the car.
- I'll just do that.
- I didn't mean that. It was just a way of getting you to go in.
- I'm leaving.
- Where are you going to go?
- I have money. I can go back to his office.
- He wants you to come here. You don't know how sick you are.
- I'm totally better.
- You can hardly walk.
- OK, Mr. Smart Genius, tell me what is going on.

–I'm trying to get you better.
–You're never going to forget your mistake. It's going to haunt you. You had your chance to get rid of me. You failed.
–Where are you going?
–Police! Police!
–Quit screaming. They're all looking.
–I needed to stop you here and now. At least I can run away.
–I needed to stop you before everyone started looking.
–Do you want to kill me? I'll just run into traffic. Police! Police!

–I don't understand this scene. Is he a double agent?
–It's not about that. He just wants to get him in the building.
–To do what? To experiment on him.
–I don't know what he wants. Not at this point.

–You want to get in my head. With those rays. I know your game. You insult my intelligence.

–What's your name?
–I knew that it would come to this.
–To what?
–The Secret Game.
–It's not a secret.
–What do you want? My mission. Do you want me to give up my associates?
–I don't know. What am I supposed to want?

–I'm going to drive my car through your damn window and then set the place ablaze/ A lot of good it's going to do you after that.

–You just run through these alternative versions of your life so that you can leave when things get to be too much. You never have to deal with the consequences.
–I paralyzed on my back. There's not much I haven't dealt with.

–You like it here. Nothing really affects you. Like you're in a lab...

SAL: You going to try to shut me up for good.

DEAN: The only way out of here is to check out for good.

SAL: You're going to have to live with that shit of yours.

–There's a ringing in my ears.
–Wake up and answer the phone

DEAN: I can't hear you.

SAL: You shouldn't be doing this to me. I don't want to live with you anymore. We'll sell the house and split the profits. You can get a new place.

DEAN: Who are you?

SAL: I put you up to this.

–GREAT!

–What are you trying to do?

–I'm going to make it.

–You're driving up an incline.

–I'm going to get to the top.

–But you won't be able to maintain.

–This is bizarre.

–What's your name?

–I don't have to answer your questions.

–I don't want to take sides in this dispute.

–There is only one side. Your side.

–Give me a chance to explain my position.

–What are you doing?

–I called a cab.

–Did he call a cab?

–Yes, he did.

–Let me explain. He hasn't been himself lately. I know that you're trying to be nice. But we can't let him get in the cab. He's very confused. Can I use your phone?

–OK. I'll try to keep him quiet.

–**My cab is going to be here soon. Now leave me alone. See that guy there. He wants to hurt me.**

–He's here. Do you want to talk to him?

–Put him on the phone.

–**First, he brings me to the wrong place, then they want to do these weird tests on me, then he's threatening me. I'm going back to the doctor's office.**

–He sent you here.

–**I don't care what he says. I'm not going with him.**

–I tried to calm him down. Maybe you could tell the cab driver not to take him.

–I'll call you later.

–The cab is here. I told the driver, but he's getting in the cab.

–I don't want you to take that fare.

–**He's a criminal.**

–Sir, I have to ask you to move away from the cab.

–You can't take that man. He's not well. He doesn't know what he's doing.

–He says that you're threatening him.

–I'm not threatening him. I just want to help him

–He wants to go to his doctor.

–He's confused. He can't go with you.

–Are you his guardian?
–**He’s nothing to me. A troublemaker.**
–No, I’m not his guardian.
–Please, move away from my cab.
–I’m going to call the police on you.
–Move away from the cab.

–Thanks for your help. The cab driver is a monster. The bastard should have never taken
him.

–What can you do?
–I’ll try to get there first.

–He said that he was going to the office.
–We’ll head him off and the doctor will talk to him.

I know a short cut.

I have to fool this evil genius. He’ll go one place. And I’ll go another.

–Do you have a death wish?
–What?
–That book that you’re reading.
–Where are we going?

I’m going to make it to the office before he does.

–Where is he?
–He hasn’t arrived yet. How did you get here so fast.
–I know a short cut.
–It’s too late to do anything now. We’ll just have to wait. You could check the rest of
the hospital.

From this point on, I have to engage the descent. I am taking this driver to a wondrous
place. I will not return. It will be an imposter. They can never track me down. All that I know.
All that I have done. They will try to destroy my legacy. But you can’t detract what I have given
the people. My gift. You simply can’t take that away. And they won’t. That is my claim. That
is what I live by.

–Take this turn.

–I can’t find him.
–He’s here with me.
–At HQ.
–The one and the same.
–Why did he turn himself in.
–He’s afraid of the angel.

–Aren't we all? Well, get back over here.

The day is getting longer and closing in on me. What time that I have left if folded day on day. One day. No night. And I lose time in between what never happens. Not enough time to be too much time.

–Why did you bring him here?

–I tried to get him to go.

–**I'm going to have my tests here.**

–There are no tests today.

–I don't want him here.

–**I was chased all the way here.**

–You're talking silly.

–**They didn't want me to have my tests.**

–You are going to have to go back another day. Why didn't you do what you were told.

–They were messing with me.

–I'm sorry to hear that.

SAL: I don't have a death wish.

DEAN: Are you saying that I do?

SAL: You're trying to get me to get you out of all your scrapes. It's not that easy.

In the rewriting, the they become the forebearers of the new truth. Behind this ancient people, history can only extend itself in mere reflection. By implication, it is a reflection that can only be seen by a deity and guarantees the inviolability of the time line as it curves upwards towards its origins and absorbs all preceding eras in an echo of that golden age. The golden age is itself also an echo of a time redeemed, the true promised land. It is a history that can have no basis in historical fact. But as long as the present social realities support the dominant mythic vision, the scientific reality is only a further confirmation of the myth.

It is a fire that burns everywhere and nowhere. It is the exaggeration of desire. A conflagration that consumes everything in its path. The individual either goes along with the intensity or is swallowed up by this history.

It is the wind turning the windmills. It is the circle that turns. And turn inside.

With each turn of the circle, generation and regeneration.

And I think that I can know. But the closer that we get to the source, the more dizzying the effect. And I can feel those effects wash over me now. To see what I now see with these eyes. The more that I see the end of the one order, the more that I am driven by this feeling. As my body decays, I seem to be released into this stream of knowledge. And I soak up all the facets of this light. I flow in this river.

–Have you seen him?

–I don't think that you're going to find him.

–I was successful. I have eluded Mr. Smart Genius in his attempt to capture me.

I am being prosecuted for my beliefs. Please act as my witness. Write down what I have told you and pass it to your friends. We are the only guarantee against this conspiracy.

–I think that it is hopeless. There's nothing that he really can do now. No one will believe him.

–But he's going to reveal everything.

–All our operations are being shut down and moved to Mexico. They won't catch us. No one will.