

Red finds Andy sitting in the shadow of the high stone wall, poking listlessly through the dust for small pebbles. Red waits for some acknowledgment. Andy doesn't even look up. Red hunkers down and joins him. Nothing is said for the longest time. And then, softly:

ANDY

My wife used to say I'm a hard man
to know. Like a closed book.
Complained about it all the time.

(pause)

She was beautiful. I loved her. But
I guess I couldn't show it enough.

(softly)

I killed her, Red.

Andy finally glances to Red, seeking a reaction. Silence.

ANDY

I didn't pull the trigger. But I
drove her away. That's why she
died. Because of me, the way I am.

RED

That don't make you a murderer. Bad
husband, maybe.

Andy smiles faintly in spite of himself. Red gives his
shoulder a squeeze.

RED

Feel bad about it if you want. But
you didn't pull the trigger.

ANDY

No. I didn't. Someone else did, and
I wound up here. Bad luck, I guess.

RED

Bad luck? Jesus.

ANDY

It floats around. Has to land on
somebody. Say a storm comes
through. Some folks sit in their
living rooms and enjoy the rain.
The house next door gets torn out
of the ground and smashed flat. It
was my turn, that's all. I was in
the path of the tornado.

(softly)

I just had no idea the storm would
go on as long as it has.

(glances to him)

Think you'll ever get out of here?

RED

Sure. When I got a long white beard
and about three marbles left
rolling around upstairs.

ANDY

Tell you where I'd go. Zihuatanejo.

RED

Zihuatanejo?

ANDY

Mexico. Little place right on the
Pacific. You know what the Mexicans
say about the Pacific? They say it
has no memory. That's where I'd
like to finish out my life, Red. A
warm place with no memory. Open a
little hotel right on the beach.
Buy some worthless old boat and fix
it up like new. Take my guests out
charter fishing.

(beat)

You know, a place like that, I'd
need a man who can get things.

Red stares at Andy, laughs.

RED

Jesus, Andy. I couldn't hack it on
the outside. Been in here too long.
I'm an institutional man now. Like
old Brooks Hatlen was.

ANDY

You underestimate yourself.

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RED

Bullshit. In here I'm the guy who
can get it for you. Out there, all
you need are Yellow Pages. I
wouldn't know where to begin.

(derisive snort)

Pacific Ocean? Hell. Like to scare
me to death, somethin' that big.

ANDY

Not me. I didn't shoot my wife and
I didn't shoot her lover, and
whatever mistakes I made I've paid
for and then some. That hotel and
that boat...I don't think it's too
much to want. To look at the stars

just after sunset. Touch the sand.
Wade in the water. Feel free.

RED

Goddamn it, Andy, stop! Don't do that to yourself! Talking shitty pipedreams! Mexico's down there, and you're in here, and that's the way it is!

ANDY

You're right. It's down there, and I'm in here. I guess it comes down to a simple choice, really. Get busy living or get busy dying.

Red snaps a look. What the hell does that mean? Andy rises and walks away. Red lunges to his feet.

RED

Andy?

ANDY

(turns back)

Red, if you ever get out of here, do me a favor. There's this big hayfield up near Buxton. You know where Buxton is?

RED

(nods)

Lots of hayfields there.

ANDY

One in particular. Got a long rock wall with a big oak at the north end. Like something out of a Robert Frost poem. It's where I asked my
(MORE)

ANDY (cont.)

wife to marry me. We'd gone for a picnic. We made love under that tree. I asked and she said yes.

(beat)

Promise me, Red. If you ever get out, find that spot. In the base of that wall you'll find a rock that has no earthly business in a Maine hayfield. A piece of black volcanic glass. You'll find something buried under it I want you to have.

RED

What? What's buried there?

ANDY

You'll just have to pry up that
rock and see.

Andy turns and walks away.