

Tupolski His first toe, his second toe, his third toe, his fourth toe, his fifth toe.

Ariel That poor little Jew boy's five fucking toes and they were found in your house and it's nothing to do with you?

Katurian (*crying*) I just write stories!

Ariel They make a nice final fucking twist, don't they?

Tupolski Make him swallow them.

Ariel wrenches Katurian off the chair.

Ariel Where's the mute girl?! Where's the mute girl?!

Ariel tries to force the toes into Katurian's mouth.

Tupolski Don't make him swallow them, Ariel. What are you doing?

Ariel You *said* make him swallow them.

Tupolski Only to scare him! They're evidence! Have *some* sense!

Ariel Fuck off 'Have some sense'! Don't start on me again! And quit it with that 'problem childhood' shit too.

Tupolski But you *did* have a problem childhood . . .

Ariel Quit it, I said!

Tupolski And look at your hand, that's so obviously fake blood.

Ariel Oh, fuck off!

Tupolski Pardon me?

Ariel I said, 'Fuck off!'

Ariel tosses the toes on the floor and exits moodily.

Tupolski gathers up the toes, puts them back in the box.

Tupolski So moody

Pause.

Katurian I don't understand a thing that's going on.

Tupolski No? Well here's where we stand as of 5.15 p.m., Monday the fourth. Along with the evidence we found in your house, your brother, spastic or not, has, under duress or not, admitted enough about the killings for us to execute him before the evening's out, but, as Ariel said, he's hardly the brains behind the operation, so we want you to confess too. We like executing writers. Dimwits we can execute any day. And we do. But, you execute a writer, it sends out a signal, y'know? (*Pause.*) I don't know what signal it sends out, that's not really my area, but it sends out a signal. (*Pause.*) No, I've got it. I know what signal it sends out. It sends out the signal 'DON'T . . . GO . . . AROUND . . . KILLING . . . LITTLE . . . FUCKING . . . KIDS.' (*Pause.*) Where's the mute girl? Your brother didn't seem to want to spill the beans.

Katurian Detective Tupolski?

Tupolski Mister Katurian?

Katurian I've listened to your bullshit for a long time now, and I want to tell you a couple of things. I don't believe my brother said a word to you. I believe that you are trying to frame us for two reasons. One, because for some reason you don't like the kind of stories I write, and two, because for some reason you don't like retarded people cluttering up your streets. I also believe that I'm not going to say another word to you until you let me see my brother. So torture me as much as you like, Detective Tupolski, 'cos I ain't saying another fucking word.

Tupolski (*pause*) I see. (*Pause.*) Then I'd best go get the electrodes.

Tupolski exits with the metal box. Door clicks shut behind him. Katurian's head slumps.

Blackout.