

## Side 6

### Otto, Annalee

#### Scene 12

( ANNALEE enters, slowly pushing her father, OTTO , in the wheelchair, leisurely strolling around the stage.)

OTTO: ( *In his wheelchair.* ) How come— Why is it you never come visit me anymore, Annalee?

ANNALEE: I never know where to find you, Dad.

OTTO: I'm around. I'm always around.

ANNALEE: Around where?

OTTO: Here. There. Everywhere.

ANNALEE: You've got no phone. No texting, no e-mail, no Facebook, Twitter. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

OTTO: You found me easy enough.

ANNALEE: Yeah, yeah, I did. Just followed your trail of blood.

OTTO: (*Long pause.* ) How you been?

ANNALEE: Can't complain.

OTTO: How's that guy? That idiot you had the kid with?

ANNALEE: Jimmy.

OTTO: That's his name? Jimmy?

ANNALEE: That's the kid's name.

OTTO: Oh.

ANNALEE: The father's name is James.

OTTO: James and Jimmy.

ANNALEE: Yeah.

OTTO: Pretty close.

ANNALEE: But I never call James, Jimmy.

OTTO: Oh, why's that?

ANNALEE: I don't want to confuse them.

OTTO: Right.

ANNALEE: He doesn't even deserve a name. (*Pause.*) He's in prison.

OTTO: Why's that?

ANNALEE: He killed somebody.

OTTO: Oh. Right. Who'd he kill this time?

ANNALEE: Our babysitter. He says he doesn't remember.

OTTO: No. He never does.

ANNALEE: Boned her to death.

OTTO: Figures.

ANNALEE: Left a big mess all over the windows.

OTTO: Right.

ANNALEE: Looks like some giant insect hit the glass.

OTTO: Nasty.

ANNALEE: Me and little Jimmy had to get out of there.

OTTO: Sure.

ANNALEE: It was too creepy.

OTTO: Of course.

ANNALEE: I tried mopping it up, but it was very sticky.

( *Long pause.* )

OTTO: (*Still being pushed by ANNALEE .*) Did you ever have this dream  
—this nightmare where you thought you might have killed  
someone?

ANNALEE: (*Stops suddenly.* ) No!

*( She runs upstage, leaving OTTO in the wheelchair; stops again with her back to him.)*

OTTO: What's the matter now?

ANNALEE: *(Stays. )* I don't know.

OTTO: I've had that nightmare myself. I'm not sure who the victim was. I'm not even sure why.

ANNALEE: *(Stays. )* Don't!

OTTO: What?

ANNALEE: *(Stays. )* No more!

OTTO: No more what? I'm your father.

ANNALEE: *(Turning suddenly back to OTTO .)* I know that!

OTTO: I'll always be your father.

ANNALEE: *(Returns to OTTO and starts pushing him again. )* I know.

OTTO: You're awfully touchy lately. Things okay back home?

ANNALEE: NO! No, things are *not* okay back home. I just told you.  
Don't you listen?

OTTO: I always listen.

ANNALEE: My kid's marked for life.

OTTO: Marked?

ANNALEE: Scarred. Branded.

OTTO: (*They stop abruptly.*) Oh. His ankle?

( *BLACKOUT.* )