

The Other Bundy Girl
Liv Fassanella

©Liv Fassanella

Liv Fassanella
71 Hillside Ave
Winsted, CT, 06098
860-485-4218
livefass@gmail.com

CHARACTERS

Boone-----Carole Ann Boone. 56. Ted Bundy's ex-wife.
Bundy-----Carol M. Bundy. Killer. 61. No Relation to Ted.
Warden-----Ally to Boone.
Officer
Inmate
Voice
Ted

SETTING

Central California Women's Facility. 2003. Two months prior to Bundy's death.

A NOTE ABOUT CHARACTERS

Carol M. Bundy didn't have a chance to grow up. She was abused by her father from the age of ten and has had a life of promiscuity ever since. Seeing her trauma, she has trouble reading social cues, can be shocking in nature, and acts more like a rude teenage girl than a senior citizen.

Carole Ann Boone constantly carries the weight of Ted's betrayal. She is professional and reserved, but she finds a comfortable familiarity in Bundy. We see all sides of her.

3/14/2021

SCENE 1

(The classroom. BOONE stands in front of the blackboard. She writes. About 20 inmates sit at their desks. BUNDY sits in the back row, not paying any attention.)

BOONE

Does anyone want to share something that they wrote this week?

(Board silence.)

Linda?

(An inmate in the front row shakes her head.)

Come on, don't be shy!

(More silence.)

Carol? Carol Bundy?

BUNDY

Huh?

BOONE

Do you want to tell us about your writing this week?

BUNDY

No.

BOONE

May I remind you all that each of you will be sharing your work in front of the whole class next week, you may want to get some practice in now.

BUNDY

Why do we have to share our stupid personal essays?

BOONE

Thank you for participating Carol, yo-

BUNDY

I'm not participating.

BOONE

I know that sharing work about your personal lives may be intimidating, but this is a non judgmental, safe space where we will work to provide constructive feedback.

BUNDY

I'm not intimidated.

3/14/2021

BOONE

It's okay, class is over. Don't forget to read that Langston Huges essay, you won't regret it.

(The class starts to file out. BUNDY doesn't move from her chair. The room is empty except for BOONE and BUNDY.)

BOONE

Carol, class is over, you can leave.

BUNDY

Oh, sorry.

(She puts her books away and walks to BOONE's desk.)

I think I'm going to quit school.

BOONE

Oh, why is that?

BUNDY

Because there's no way I'm ever getting out of this dump so what use do I have for a GED? Even if I do manage to survive my sentence, I'll be long retired. Plus, as you can probably tell, I'm dumb as a post.

BOONE

I don't believe that to be true.

BUNDY

Which part?

BOONE

The dumb as a post part. I believe you are quite smart, you just don't try.

BUNDY

I have no reason to.

BOONE

Well, I can't say I understand what you're going through. But education is valuable beyond institutional use. It's one of the few things that is truly yours and that no one can take away from you.

BUNDY

So?

BOONE

Look, Carol. I can't beg you to finish. If you really hate it, you can go talk to the warden. The only thing I can do is encourage you not to give up.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

No thanks. I'm just gonna go. I might not see you again, so thank you for teaching this class.

BOONE

It's my pleasure, and if you decide to leave, just know you're welcome back any time.

BUNDY

Thanks, I think I'll end my life pretty soon, so I probably won't be back.

BOONE

Wait, what? Carol! Carol come back! Oh lord.

(BUNDY leaves. BOONE quickly dials the phone on the wall.)

SCENE 2

(WARDEN's office. WARDEN sits behind their desk with BOONE across from them.)

WARDEN

What were her exact words? If you don't mind repeating.

BOONE

I might be paraphrasing but...it was something along the lines of "I'm going to end my life soon."

WARDEN

And that was the end of the conversation?

BOONE

She practically ran out of the room. I called after her but I guess one of the guards started to escort her back before she heard me.

WARDEN

I'm sorry you had to hear that. These people can put our staff through the ringer sometimes. Have you noticed a change in behavior recently?

BOONE

I don't think so, no. She's not any more unpleasant than she usually is.

WARDEN

Yes, she's definitely one of those inmates.

BOONE

Pardon?

3/14/2021

WARDEN

Unpleasant.

BOONE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to gossip. I'm just trying to make sure she's okay.

WARDEN

You're just stating the obvious. That woman has killed people, I don't think it's necessary to speak highly of her.

BOONE

...I didn't know that.

WARDEN

Yeah, ever heard of the Sunset Strip Killers?

BOONE

Can't say I have.

WARDEN

I'm not supposed to go too much into it. Look it up when you get home if you want. But don't do it if you ever want to look her in the eye again.

BOONE

It never fails to shock me what people are capable of.

WARDEN

I wouldn't worry. She's been known to pull stunts like this. I'm sure she just wanted to mess with you. Try not to engage with her too much going forward. She's one of those people who once she gets an inch she takes a foot.

BOONE

Will you have someone check in her though? Just to be sure?

WARDEN

We'll do a wellness check. Make sure she has nothing in her possession that she could harm herself with. Don't let this bother you, people like this say crazy shit all the time.

BOONE

People like killers?

WARDEN

Yes. Killers, crazies, addicts, the whole lot. You really are a saint for taking this teaching job, not many people can handle it

3/14/2021

BOONE

I'm still getting used to it. I've seen a lot in my time, but it's been awhile.

WARDEN

You're doing great. Just remember, if you ever feel sketched out by anything that happens in your classroom, don't hesitate to summon the guards. They're just a walkie button away.

BOONE

So far this has been my only incident.

WARDEN

I'm glad they have someone like you. You make an effort to see the good in them. Any good that's left, that is.

BOONE

I have no reason to judge someone who's actively trying to improve themselves.

WARDEN

I'm glad you see it that way.

(WARDEN's walkie beeps.)

That's my cue.

(WARDEN gets up.)

Don't take this whole Bundy thing home, okay? It's not your job to worry about her.

BOONE

Okay. Thank you for meeting with me.

(WARDEN nods and exits, leaving BOONE alone in the office. She gathers her purse and begins to leave, but she catches sight of the open file on WARDEN's desk. She looks around and checks for cameras. She notices a security camera in the corner and promptly exits, abandoning her idea.)

SCENE 3

(BOONE's office. She sits alone at her desk, typing on a clunky, early 2000s computer. An officer knocks on her door.)

OFFICER

Ms. Boone? I have a Carol Bundy here. She'd like to speak with you, if you wouldn't mind.

BOONE

Yes that's fine. Send her in.

(The Officer backs away and BUNDY enters.)

3/14/2021

BOONE

Hi Carol, have a seat.

BUNDY

No thanks. I won't be long.

BOONE

Okay then. What's on your mind?

BUNDY

I came to apologize.

BOONE

Oh?

BUNDY

Sorry I threatened to kill myself in front of you because apparently people don't like that and the warden thinks I'm manipulative and attention seeking for saying it.

BOONE

So...what you're saying is that you aren't sorry?

BUNDY

I just think people are too sensitive sometimes.

BOONE

Me. You think I'm too sensitive because you told me you were going to kill yourself and I had somebody check on you?

BUNDY

Why did you take me seriously?

BOONE

Usually, when someone makes a bold claim like "I'm going to kill myself", it's a cry for help.

BUNDY

If I needed help I would just ask.

BOONE

Then can I just ask why you said that to me?

BUNDY

I was just bored, that's all.

3/14/2021

BOONE

That's an interesting coping mechanism for boredom.

BUNDY

I guess I am sorry for scaring you. I don't mean to scare people, but I usually do. Sensitive people.

BOONE

I'd imagine people in here are pretty hard to scare.

BUNDY

You'd be surprised. Most chicks get thrown in here for prissy crimes. I'm one of the only big dogs here.

BOONE

Is that so?

BUNDY

We've gotta be around the same age, how old are you?

BOONE

I'm 56.

BUNDY

Oh, you're a baby. I'm 61.

BOONE

Only five years.

BUNDY

You'd still be the right age to be hanging on to my trails.

BOONE

The 80s were a busy time for me.

BUNDY

You were busy for a decade straight?

BOONE

Yes, kind of. Bad relationship, a baby. Busy.

BUNDY

Did you get out of the bad relationship?

BOONE

I'd rather not get into my personal life, Carol.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

You JUST told me you had a shitty relationship and a brat, that's your personal life.

BOONE

Well then I'd rather not discuss it further. Is there anything else I can help you with? I have a lot of work to do.

BUNDY

I want to be a writer.

BOONE

...Your attitude in class doesn't exactly show it.

BUNDY

I hate math. And history. And Science. They make me feel so.... I don't know. I want to write.

BOONE

Why have you never shown any interest in class? It should be a goldmine for you.

BUNDY

That class is fucking stupid. All people do is write sob stories. How they miss their kids, or how they feel bad that they were junkies, nothing interesting. I want to write science fiction, ya know, like the old radio shows?

BOONE

Carol, just because others choose to write about things you aren't interested in doesn't mean you cannot take advantage of the class to better your writing.

BUNDY

I want you to teach me.

BOONE

That's what I'm trying to do.

BUNDY

No no. I mean privately. One on one.

BOONE

I'm in charge of the entire adult ed program, I don't have time to tutor you. Besides, I'm not authorized to give private lessons.

BUNDY

But you're smart! So much smarter than any of those assholes who work here.

3/14/2021

BOONE

I don't think that's fair.

BUNDY

Let me say this, Mrs Boone. You are the only person in this goddamn institution who's shown me any respect. If I'm gonna learn, I want to do it from you.

BOONE

That's very flattering, Carol. I'm glad I've had a positive impact on you. But I really don't have time. I wish you would just pay attention in my class.

BUNDY

I just feel a.....I don't know...a connection with you? It just feels like you get me.

BOONE

On a surface level, sure.

BUNDY

Maybe it's just our names. Carol Bundy, Carole Boone, the Carol B's! sisters from another mister!

BOONE

It's just a coincidence. And my first name has an E on the end.

BUNDY

Why? What does an E do to the name Carol?

BOONE

Nothing really. Same name, just with an added bonus.

BUNDY

So you think you're better than me?

BOONE

Excuse me?

BUNDY

With your extra letter and your attitude?

BOONE

Carol, I have my finger on the security button, don't make me push it.

BUNDY

Sorry, sorry. Okay listen. Here's what we're gonna do. I'm gonna keep showing up to those classes, and then we'll work on real writing. Capiche?

3/14/2021

BOONE

That sounds very unprofessional. I'm going to have to decline.

BUNDY

Please? I'm just going to keep taking that same course over and over again and never get anywhere. Plus the warden will never know. You won't get into any trouble, I promise.

BOONE

How can you promise that I won't get into trouble?

BUNDY

What, are you scared?

BOONE

I'm not scared-

BUNDY

Really? You seem kind of scared to be in a small room with me. Is it my last name? Because don't worry, it was only a conspiracy that I copied his crimes. I was hooked on his trials though. Better than the movies.

BOONE

I...uh...

BUNDY

Whatever. But it really would mean the world to me. I'm old, Ms. Boone, and I clearly have nothing to live for. This would give me purpose! Plus, I can see us becoming real chummy.

BOONE

I don't dislike you Carol, but the idea of being "chummy" makes me uncomfortable.

BUNDY

I'll keep it professional. You won't even know I'm a criminal! Please?

BOONE

I.....I guess we could try it. Just once though, then we'll go from there.

BUNDY

Yes! Thank you! You won't be sorry, I'm gonna blow your socks off with my writing, I promise!

(The officer enters and motions for BUNDY to follow. BUNDY gets up to leave, but lingers for a moment.)

Fuck, I'm excited!

(BUNDY and officer exit.)

3/14/2021

SCENE 4

(BOONE's office. BOONE and BUNDY sit across from each other at the desk, BOONE leafs through a crumpled pile of papers.)

BOONE

I think our first lesson is going to be about keeping our work neat.

BUNDY

It's writing on a page, who cares.

BOONE

Anyone who's going to take your work seriously will care. This looks like a first grader's homework.

BUNDY

Will you just read it?

BOONE

It's too long for me to sit here and read right now, I'll look at it over my breaks. I thought I could give you some short writing prompts and see what you come up with, then we could go through and talk about them.

BUNDY

What kind of writing prompts?

BOONE

Something like.....well, I don't know. I don't read a lot of science fiction.

BUNDY

Figures.

BOONE

Sorry?

BUNDY

You seem like a square.

BOONE

What makes you say that?

BUNDY

Let's see. Your hair looks like it's just been done, your skin looks moisturized, and you dress like a telemarketer fucked a non-slutty secretary.

3/14/2021

BOONE

This is how I'm required to dress for work. Let's refocus on writing.

BUNDY

Okay. even though you don't understand my writing.

BOONE

Who says I won't understand? How about that's our first exercise. Tell me all about science fiction, and why you love it.

BUNDY

Just....tell you about it? Okay....well I started reading sci-fi when I was a kid, sci-fi means science fiction.

BOONE

Yes, I've heard that term before.

BUNDY

And I used to listen to the radio shows. Buck Rogers, Space Patrol, you ever listened to those?

BOONE

No, no. I was a Nancy Drew girl.

BUNDY

Ugh. Nancy Drew.

BOONE

You weren't a fan?

BUNDY

Fuck no.

(Beat.)

I don't know what else to talk about.

BOONE

Why don't you tell me why you like the genre?

BUNDY

Well....I think I always liked it cause it was so different from my real life. I didn't like Nancy Drew and stuff like that cause she was just another little girl. I hated being a little girl, I didn't want to read about 'em. I wanted out of the 50s and into the future.

BOONE

Did you perceive the future to be better?

3/14/2021

BUNDY

You bet your ass I did.

BOONE

So science fiction was an escape for you.

BUNDY

Yes.

BOONE

Did you write when you were a child?

BUNDY

No. My mom died when I was ten, so I was in charge of runnin' the house. I didn't even learn to write until I was grown up. I only had time to listen to the radio while I was making dinner.

BOONE

That must have been very difficult.

BUNDY

After everyone was asleep was my reading time. After I got my siblings to bed and my daddy had had his way with me, I'd go down to the basement and struggle through Issac Asimov and stuff like that.

(A moment of non-verbal communication. BOONE goes from a surprised demeanor to one of knowing empathy. BUNDY isn't responsive to it at first, but eventually meets her eyes.)

I went too far, didn't I?

BOONE

Talking about your past is completely fine, Carol.

BUNDY

What if I told you about my past with Doug?

BOONE

Doug? Was that your father?

BUNDY

No! No, My husband. Well, I guess he's not technically my husband. We were never married. But we were gonna be, but then we got arrested. Have you ever been arrested Ms. Boone?

BOONE

Do you think I've been arrested? You're the one who called me a square.

BUNDY

I figured that. But you can't judge everything on appearances.

3/14/2021

BOONE

That's very true, Carol.

BUNDY

Have you ever done anything...like....bad?

BOONE

This conversation isn't about me, we're talking about what you're writing, remember?

BUNDY

Why do you answer some of my questions about you and not others?

BOONE

I don't know....sometimes you catch me off guard. And sometimes you don't.

BUNDY

I just feel like you're hiding something big from me.

BOONE

Even if I was, it's not your business.

BUNDY

So you are!

BOONE

Carol, I can call the guard right now to come get you.

BUNDY

I get it, you hate me.

BOONE

We'll try this again tomorrow.

BUNDY

Wait wait! I'm sorry! I won't ask any more questions.

BOONE

I think we've both had enough of each other for one day. I'll give you an assignment though.

BUNDY

I thought you were gonna read my story.

BOONE

I am. But I'll give you something else to write about in the meantime.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

Alright, fine.

BOONE

Have you ever heard the phrase 'write what you know'?

BUNDY

Yeah.

BOONE

I think to strengthen your writing and your general sense of self, you should write something personal. Write about something that really happened in your life, and make it a story.

BUNDY

Like me getting abducted by aliens or somethin'?

BOONE

No, we're not writing science fiction this week.

BUNDY

Aw, come on!

BOONE

We'll get there, and,

(Flops BUNDY's crinkly pile of papers.)

clearly you've already been doing it. So you don't need much from me on that front.

BUNDY

I don't know what to write about.

BOONE

I'll make it easier for you. Fiction is a very powerful trigger of memory. We attach stories to the time in our lives when we heard it. Like how you read Asimov in your basement.

BUNDY

Where is this going?

BOONE

Write about a memory that a certain story triggers. Like, where were you when you heard your first episode of Buck Rogers?

BUNDY

I was in-

3/14/2021

BOONE

No, no. Don't tell me. Write about it.

BUNDY

Does it have to be that?

BOONE

No! Any memory you want!

BUNDY

I understand. I'll do it. But you promise to read my sci-fi story?

BOONE

We've established that you can trust me, have we not?

BUNDY

I guess we have. I'll see you tomorrow, Ms. Boone.

BOONE

Thank you for your focus, Carol.

BUNDY

Focus, what focus? I was all over the place!

BOONE

It's alright. Drafts are imperfect, and we're on the draft stage of our student mentor relationship.

BUNDY

Do I still have to call you Ms. Boone? Or can I call you by your first name?

BOONE

I'm sure the prison would prefer that I remain Ms. Boone, but I have no personal qualms with Carole. Whatever makes you more comfortable.

BUNDY

Alright. Thanks again.

(BUNDY exits. BOONE starts filing through the manuscript. She flips to page one and starts reading. Lights cycle from late afternoon, to night, to morning, BOONE remaining at her desk, reading. By the time the lights indicate morning, she is on the final page. WARDEN knocks on her door, startling her.)

WARDEN

Ms. Boone! Didn't mean to scare you.

3/14/2021

BOONE

No, that's fine.

WARDEN

Why are you here so early?

BOONE

I, uh, I actually never left. I had a lot of work to catch up on, I must have dozed off sometime in the early morning.

WARDEN

Well why don't you go home? You don't have class today, right? I'll cut you loose.

BOONE

I think I will. My head is pounding. I'll just hang up a sign to let people know I'm not available for office hours.

WARDEN

Speaking of, did I see Bundy here yesterday? If I did, it looked like you were getting through to her.

BOONE

Yes! She came in for help studying for her test. You know, studying doesn't come naturally to everyone. She seemed receptive.

WARDEN

Is she still spouting that suicidal crap?

BOONE

No, not since she apologized.

WARDEN

Good. I don't want to waste any more resources on her.

BOONE

I don't think it's fair to treat her like society's leftovers.

WARDEN

You're not getting emotionally invested in her crap, are you? Because I would seriously advise against it.

BOONE

I'm not getting emotionally invested, I'm just showing interest in her education. You have no idea what a difference a little interest can make.

3/14/2021

WARDEN

Just so long as you know that she will never be redeemed. And she might completely turn on you someday.

BOONE

I know.

WARDEN

Okay then. It's good to see she's finally getting off her ass and trying to learn though. Maybe we can give her a job around here besides laundry collector.

BOONE

That'd be good for her. Give her more self esteem.

WARDEN

Yup.

(Sarcastic)

Bundy's self esteem is my top priority. I'll see you later, Ms. Boone.

BOONE

(Contempt in her voice.)

Have a good rest of your day.

(WARDEN exits. BOONE lets out a long sigh and collapses on her desk.)

SCENE 6

(BOONE's office. BUNDY is back across from her.)

BUNDY

Did you read it? Huh?

BOONE

Yes I did Carol, I-

BUNDY

Wait. Before you say anything, as part of our whole 'trust' thing, can you answer my questions when I ask them and not blow me off like a kid?

BOONE

I...I didn't realize you felt that way. You just tend to get distracted. I'm sorry. Anyway, I read your story.

BUNDY

Whaddya think?

3/14/2021

BOONE

I have to give it to you, it was incredibly competent. You really seem to understand what makes a good story.

BUNDY

Wow, really?

BOONE

Yes, I was very impressed.

BUNDY

Holy shit! I had fun writing it but ultimately I thought it was a piece of crap!

BOONE

Not at all. There is definite value in this story, Carol. However, it is riddled with grammatical errors and poor spelling. That's something we have to work on.

BUNDY

Aw, for real? I hate working on that shit.

BOONE

I know. It's not particularly fun.

BUNDY

You seem like you hate fun.

BOONE

I really don't understand these random jabs at my personality.

BUNDY

They aren't jabs, just observations.

BOONE

All negative observations.

BUNDY

Do you care what I think?

BOONE

No, I don't. But it's a bit rude.

BUNDY

Am I hurting you?

3/14/2021

BOONE

When someone says mean things about you it's difficult not to be hurt.

BUNDY

Do you know how many horrible things people have called me in my life? What men have called me? And you're sittin here getting all hurt because a lady is telling you you're boring.

BOONE

I think that's sexist.

BUNDY

What?

BOONE

You're saying that a woman's words hold less power than a mans.

BUNDY

Have you ever been called a whore?

BOONE

That's not relevant to anything.

BUNDY

I asked you to answer my questions.

BOONE

So you're getting hurt by me not answering your questions.

BUNDY

Yes.

BOONE

I'm a woman.

BUNDY

Women have never been all that nice to be either.

BOONE

So what you're saying is completely hypocritical. Are you ready to get back to work?

BUNDY

Sometimes you remind me of the pretty girls.

3/14/2021

BOONE

The pretty girls?

BUNDY

The pretty girls who would tease me and make me feel ugly and dumb.

BOONE

It is never my intention to make you feel stupid.

BUNDY

I don't think you mean to, but you do.

BOONE

I'm just trying to help you. It's not always easy to confront our inadequacies. But that's what learning is for.

BUNDY

Why didn't you want to answer me about being called a whore?

BOONE

Because I have been. And it's a painful memory and I don't like to talk about it.

BUNDY

I like to talk about my painful memories.

BOONE

That's a good thing. It's healthy. Especially since you're a writer, and a good writer at that.

BUNDY

So I'm healthy and you're not?

BOONE

That's a broad statement. I'd say you process your trauma in a healthier way than I do.

BUNDY

Interesting. So I have one up on you?

BOONE

It's not a competition and definitely should never be a competition.

BUNDY

We could just be even.

3/14/2021

BOONE

Huh?

BUNDY

You have your extra E and I process my trauma.

(BOONE proceeds to pull some sticky notes out of her desk drawer. She cuts one in a small square and sticks it on the E on her desk plate.)

BOONE

There. Better?

BUNDY

Ha. That's funny.

BOONE

It's funny how much it matters to you.

BUNDY

It is, isn't it?

BOONE

Well, now we're even.

BUNDY

So who called you a whore?

BOONE

If I tell you can we move on?

BUNDY

Yup. Scouts honor.

BOONE

Okay.....it was my ex husband. We were having an argument about how he had another girlfriend when we were dating and he called me a whore for being with him.

BUNDY

Even though he was the one with the girlfriend?

BOONE

Yes. Very poor logic. He thought that because I knew he had a girlfriend, and I tempted him, that it was my fault that he was cheating on Liz. He called me a whore.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

And it hurt you?

BOONE

It hurt very badly. I loved him, and I wanted him to choose me. He eventually did, but it ended up being for the worse.

BUNDY

Why'd you get divorced?

BOONE

We didn't, he passed away.

BUNDY

Were you planning on getting divorced before he passed away?

BOONE

No. Most of the time he was very sweet to me. But he was, over all, a bad person.

BUNDY

Why was he a bad person?

BOONE

I think that's enough personal information for one day.

BUNDY

You're asking me for personal information!

BOONE

You're writing assignment?

BUNDY

Yes! I think I should get to ask you about yours.

BOONE

I'm not the writer here.

BUNDY

You said it yourself, you have a hard time talking about your trauma. What if you also wrote about a memory?

BOONE

I don't think-

3/14/2021

BUNDY

Oh, come on, you square. Take a risk for once in your life.

BOONE

I...whatever.

BUNDY

So you'll do it? I write one, you write one? We trade?

BOONE

...Yes. Sure. I think that's a good idea.

SCENE 7

(BOONE's office. Another appointment with BUNDY.)

BUNDY

Sorry, I'm nervous.

BOONE

Don't be.

BUNDY

(She takes a deep breath, puts a hand on her leg to stop it from shaking.)

This is called "The Night Jack Died".

BOONE

Great.

BUNDY

(Clears her throat.)

Jack Murray died on a Tuesday night. It was a wet, heavy night. My chest ached with all the things he had done to me. I loved him, I did. He was beautiful, the only beautiful man I had ever been with. His Elvis smile, his country boy charm, his wicked dark side that only came out when he touched me. He was a Pandora's box. Once he got to your body, everything else came flooding out of him. The violence, the cheating, the sneakiness. He had a wife, and children. Yet he would spend every night at that smelly bar, crooning away with his guitar, and luring women into his trap. I was one of those women. I would take any man that breathed in my general direction, so when Jack came into my life, I thought I had been blessed by the kindest God. A God that had punished me my entire life, sending me awful man after awful man. An ugly body and terrible vision, parents that didn't love me. Now he gave me Jack. I felt whole. I didn't care about his wife, or children, or anything besides the fact that this Adonis of a man told me he cared about me. But, like everything else in my life that at first seemed good, he turned out to be a punishment in disguise. I shoved down my anger at the little things. Screwing around with other women, calling me awful things, asking me disgusting questions about my eleven-year-old neighbor. I shoved it down into my stomach until it shattered like glass, cutting up my insides and forcing blood out of my

3/14/2021

throat. That Tuesday night was the night it had to happen. Jack discovered one of Doug's kill kits and threatened to turn us in. He was lured into his van, the van where we were most intimate. He was promised his favorite kind of sex, the kind that was the worst to perform. He was enjoying himself, moaning and swearing. He had no idea that a gun was slowly being pulled out of my pocket and rose itself to the back of his head. His pleasure abruptly ended as the trigger was pulled, and his body seized. In a matter of seconds he was no longer alive. As easy as hanging up the phone. The bullet could not be traced back to the gun, that would ruin everything. So out came the knife. The first cut was soft, tendons in the neck. The knife ate all around the circumference until it got to the spine. I saw a foot come up and slam down on the back of the head. The head toppled to the floor, his blue eyes staring at the ceiling. I closed my eyes and I was in the car with Doug. He drove to the hills and instructed that the head be thrown into a ditch. I saw Jack's head tumble, rolling down the hill like a kid playing. He rolled out of sight. And that's how Jack died.

BOONE

You don't think you killed Jack?

BUNDY

That's not what I'm saying.

BOONE

Your writing conveys that you didn't kill him. You say that he died, not that he was killed

BUNDY

What do you mean? I mention how I beheaded him!

BOONE

But your narrator is very removed from the whole thing. It's like you're watching it from a distance as opposed to having been there and committed the crime yourself.

BUNDY

This is creative writing. I can distance myself from it if I want to.

BOONE

That's a fair point, but it's confusing as a reader. We're not sure if the narrator is the one who killed Jack or if it was some third party. To me it felt like his head just fell off his body.

BUNDY

It's different when you love them.

BOONE

.....what do you mean?

BUNDY

When the person on the other end of the weapon is someone you love.

3/14/2021

BOONE

I understand this was emotional for you to write.

BUNDY

No. Listen.

BOONE

I'm listening.

BUNDY

It didn't feel like I killed him.

(beat.)

It felt like a dream. I wasn't completely in control of my actions, everything around me seemed kind of heightened. I didn't feel like I was there. It felt like I was watching my body perform things. I didn't.....feel anything.

BOONE

You killed your ex boyfriend and you didn't feel anything?

BUNDY

I do now! And I did a few hours later. But in the moment, it was like mopping the floor.

BOONE

Well in that case, that feeling is reflected in your writing. I'm impressed.

BUNDY

I know it's awful.

BOONE

No, it's very good, Carol.

BUNDY

Not my story, Carole. What I did to Jack.

BOONE

That's not exactly up for debate. But that's not the point. You're serving your time. That's all you can do.

BUNDY

Jack's head came off much easier than the live girl.

BOONE

I'm sorry?

3/14/2021

BUNDY

Jack was dead when I cut off his thinker. That poor prostitute was thrashing and complaining.

BOONE

(Takes a deep breath.)

I think she had the right to thrash and complain.

BUNDY

We didn't behead all of them. But Doug thought that Exie was particularly pretty and wanted to keep the head for a little while.

BOONE

As a trophy?

BUNDY

Yes. I remember putting makeup on her. After her head was off. It was like one of those Barbie head toys. I made her up all pretty for Doug.

BOONE

Did you feel coerced into doing these things?

BUNDY

Oh, yes. I've felt like that my entire life, practically.

BOONE

That couldn't have been an easy life.

BUNDY

No shit, Sherlock.

BOONE

I'm sorry. I'm just processing all of this.

BUNDY

I know. Do you want to read your story?

BOONE

Okay. Yes. Good.

(BOONE flips her stack of papers. Sits up in her chair.)

This is about me and my husband.

(She starts to read, but BUNDY interrupts.)

BUNDY

What's it called?

3/14/2021

BOONE

Shoot, I forgot to give it a title.

BUNDY

Well think of one! I had to think of one, name it right now.

BOONE

Okay, okay. It's called.....I Was Naive.

BUNDY

You can start now.

BOONE

The words "I'm pregnant" fell out of my mouth. Not because I pushed them, not because they wanted to fall. It was like the seasons changing. It just happened. Kind of like how I met the man whose lap my words fell into. I had known him for years, but only shallow things. I knew he was lovely. I knew he was smart. I didn't know how twisted he was. But his face didn't twist. In fact it lit up. The sterile, secure cell we sat in did not suit his glow. It was the youngest he'd ever looked. I had feared this buildup ever since my first morning sickness. I thought he would be upset. Stressed, forlorn, angry. But the moment he found out, he looked like a father. Being pregnant was a solitary process. I went to the doctor on my own. I went out to buy my own craving snacks. I sweated and pushed and bled on my own. But I still felt so lucky. Lucky to be loved by him. Knowing that if he could, he would be glued to my side. When I handed him his daughter, his eyes were stars. When I watched him through the window as his life was shocked away from him, his eyes were an explosion.

BUNDY

Shit.

(A beat. They take it in.)

What was your husband's name?

(BOONE freezes.)

What? I can't steal him from you, he's dead.

BOONE

.....I'd rather not say.

BUNDY

Why on earth not? It's just a name!

BOONE

It's not just a name. I'm trying to distance myself from him, and if I tell you his name you'll know who I am.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

Know who you are? Are you Supergirl or something? Did you come here undercover? What are you keeping from me?

BOONE

Not you specifically. Everyone. I don't want to be associated with him anymore. I moved across the country, avoided the media, and kept my maiden name in order to get away from him. I'm not going to give it up now.

BUNDY

So he's famous?

BOONE

Yes.

BUNDY

I always knew there was a big old secret in that chest of yours.

BOONE

There is.

BUNDY

I'll figure it out one day, ya know.

BOONE

Carol, if it gets out to the prison who I am, I'm going to have to quit my job.

BUNDY

Are YOU a criminal?

BOONE

No. But my husband was.

BUNDY

Are you an accessory?

BOONE

No. I had nothing to do with his crimes, I only knew him when he was in police custody. We were married when he was in police custody, he died in police custody. We never got to have a normal life together.

BUNDY

So you must have been in jail to meet him, right? Or were you working at a jail like you are now?

BOONE

3/14/2021

I was not in jail, I've never done anything wrong!

BUNDY

Oh I'm sure that's not true, we've all done something.

BOONE

Well of course I've done small, petty things, but I've never killed anyone.

BUNDY

Did your husband kill people?

BOONE

Yes.

BUNDY

Look, Carole. I don't think you'd be playing this yes, no, maybe game if you didn't want to tell me who he was. Something inside you wants to talk about it.

BOONE

I'm struggling a bit, Carol. You're sitting here being so vulnerable with me and I don't want to just be a statue for you to talk at. I have more in common with you than you think and I want to convey that to you. But I don't know how.

BUNDY

Why do you care? Why do you want to connect with me?

BOONE

Because no one has wanted to connect with me in years! You've been so eager to get to know me and I really didn't know why, but you seem to know about my past in some weird, spiritual way and I guess I'm drawn to it.

BUNDY

No one's connected with you in years?

BOONE

No.

BUNDY

Not even your daughter?

BOONE

She stayed in Florida. She was happy. She has enough anonymity to keep living her life like normal. We have nothing in common except for her father.

BUNDY

3/14/2021

I had kids too. Two boys.

BOONE

Had?

BUNDY

They're still alive, I didn't kill them.

BOONE

I didn't think you did.

BUNDY

Most people assume I did.

BOONE

I don't think you're that cold blooded.

BUNDY

I can see how you married a killer.

BOONE

I just try to see the best in people. That's all.

BUNDY

That's a good thing. But it doesn't seem like it's a good thing for you.

BOONE

It's true. I've been betrayed so many times because I trust people.

BUNDY

Don't trust me, Carole.

BOONE

Then why should I tell you who I was married to?

BUNDY

Because it would be therapeutic. And we would understand each other more.

BOONE

I don't think you should understand me.

BUNDY

But you want me to.

BOONE

3/14/2021

Yes.

BUNDY

You're so confusing.

BOONE

I'm sorry.

BUNDY

You're a broken, confused bitch who's teasing me into friendship.

BOONE

Carol, no.

BUNDY

You've said nothing but bullshit for the last five minutes! I'm out.

(BUNDY gets up and reaches the door.)

BOONE

Wait.

BUNDY

What?

BOONE

(BOONE stands up.)

I was married to Ted Bundy. I had a baby with Ted Bundy. I was married to Ted Bundy until he got the electric chair.

(The two stare at each other. BUNDY slowly returns to her seat.)

BUNDY

Ted Bundy.

BOONE.

Yes.

BUNDY

Why should I believe you?

BOONE

You said you were glued to the Bundy trials, right?

BUNDY

3/14/2021

I was..

BOONE

Do you remember when he proposed to his girlfriend while she was on the stand?

BUNDY

Yeah?

BOONE

That was me, Carol. Carole Ann Boone. Big glasses, curly hair. Do you remember that?

BUNDY

It's been a long time. But I remember that. I remember feeling good that he was marrying a girl named Carol and that he had my last name. It was like he was marrying me.

BOONE

Do you think that's why you were drawn to me when you joined my class?

BUNDY

Oh my.....fuck.

BOONE

That memory stayed with you and you thought you were crazy for thinking that that girl who you lived vicariously through was me. But it is me. I'm the girl who was almost Carole Ann Bundy. The better version of you who got the guy and didn't get put in jail for it. That's why you're obsessed with me. That's why you thought I could help you, that's why you wanted to be my friend.

(A pregnant pause.)

BUNDY

Why didn't you change your name?

BOONE

Women's lib. I didn't believe in taking your husband's name. I still don't.

BUNDY

The guy I was married to before any of the others was named Bundy. I had to take it.

BOONE

Did you idolize Ted?

BUNDY

3/14/2021

I guess. He seemed like the ideal man. Professional, charming, polite, smart. Compared to all the bastards who took advantage of me, he was perfect. Like one of the heroes in my books.

BOONE

Did you believe he was guilty?

BUNDY

Yes. I know what men are capable of. I guess it didn't bother me.

(beat.)

Did you know?

BOONE

I didn't want to. It didn't seem possible that he could do what he did. I was blinded.

BUNDY

We all were.

BOONE

I should have been better. I should have accepted him for who he was and stayed the fuck away.

BUNDY

But you were in love.

BOONE

It was the only time I was ever in love. I couldn't let go.

BUNDY

Even though he brutally slaughtered women.

BOONE

Whenever the thought came to mind, I shoved it down. There was no reason to believe that he was guilty. Like what you said, he was all those things. But there was so much compelling evidence against him. Only the Ted in my nightmares was capable of shit like that.

BUNDY

Was he violent?

BOONE

It's so hard to explain. He never raped me or anything. But whenever we would...ya know..

BUNDY

Fuck?

3/14/2021

BOONE

Yes. He would get this look in his eye. A look that wasn't exactly one of pleasure, but one of malice. Fury. Almost as if he would eat me.

BUNDY

Did it scare you?

BOONE

No. Not at first. But the evidence stacked up, I kept asking him if he'd done it. His lies got worse and worse every time. Then he started to scare me. And then when I learned I was pregnant, I was terrified.

BUNDY

But you stayed with him?

BOONE

He was the father of my child. I didn't want her to be without her father. Even though it was possible he was the devil.

BUNDY

Some feminist you are.

BOONE

Okay, I opened up to you and you're insulting me again.

BUNDY

Just saying, I left my husband when he got abusive. I raised my boys on my own for a while. I'm not claiming I'm perfect, obviously, but my kids biological father didn't hold any stake in their lives.

BOONE

What have I been telling you? I was in deep deep denial! There was no part of me that wanted to believe that the sweet man proposed to me in the middle of his trials, raped and murdered hoards or women! I wanted what most women had! A family! A husband, a baby, a home. If I couldn't have the home part, I was gonna have the first two.

BUNDY

So you wanted to be a housewife yet you didn't want to take your husband's name?

BOONE

Do I have to justify all my decisions to you?

BUNDY

No. Just none of your decisions make sense, that's all.

3/14/2021

BOONE

Fine. I don't care. It's in the past. I'm done with it all. What do I care what a killer thinks?

BUNDY

You do though.

BOONE

No I don't.

BUNDY

You told me you do! You're in denial again, aren't you? You bonded with me like you bonded with Ted and you don't want to believe I did what I did.

BOONE

That's not true.

BUNDY

Admit it. You liked it when Ted fucked you like a monster. There was something in you that was attracted to the idea of him being a butcher. You liked the possibility of evil.

BOONE

Absolutely not!

BUNDY

I'm evil. And you like it. I'm the first person to remind you of Ted and you like it. That's why you took me under your wing. I know I'm ugly and rude, but I'm familiar.

BOONE

Carol-

BUNDY

Carole! When's the last time you felt love? Companionship? An intimate touch?

BOONE

Carol I'm going to call the warden.

BUNDY

I'm not gonna do anything, but if I was going to, it would feel like Ted.

BOONE

This is completely inappropriate. We were supposed to be doing a writing lesson.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

We both know this was never about writing lessons. The universe did this. It brought two lonely bitches together.

BOONE

For what? So we're both incredibly fucked up in vaguely similar way, how is that going to help either of us?

BUNDY

I don't know! Friendship! Love! Something! Don't you feel something!

BOONE

(Screaming. She stands up.)

I DON'T KNOW!

(Heavy breathing, shaking. BUNDY rises and slowly moves behind BOONE's desk. BUNDY touches BOONE's face, soft, tender. BOONE doesn't move away. BUNDY places both hands on BOONE's face, eye contact is never broken. They kiss. It should be gentle, innocent, non-threatening. It slowly becomes more hungry and the two move under the desk, still very visible to the audience. Suddenly BOONE breaks away.)

BOONE

OH MY GOD.

(BUNDY slaps a hand over BOONE's mouth.)

BUNDY

Shhh! The warden!

(BOONE calms down a little. The two process what just happened. They speak in hushed tones.)

BOONE

What are we doing?

BUNDY

I'm not sure but I think it felt right.

BOONE

It felt right but it's wrong. This is COMPLETELY unprofessional and if anyone found out about this I'd lose my job and you'd get punished.

BUNDY

Do you really care about this job?

3/14/2021

BOONE

Fuck...I don't know. I thought I did.

BUNDY

You've said fuck a lot today.

BOONE

I know. I'm going through something here.

BUNDY

It's liberating, isn't it?

BOONE

Sure. Yes.

BUNDY

Were you raised religious?

BOONE

Not really. You?

BUNDY

No. We were heathens.

BOONE

Why did you bring it up?

BUNDY

Saying the word fuck made me think about religion. How if you say bad words you won't get into heaven.

BOONE

Oh.

BUNDY

If there is a heaven, I'm definitely not going.

BOONE

I don't know if it's Heaven or Hell. I believe we all either go nowhere or the same place.

BUNDY

So I'd be with the people I killed.

3/14/2021

BOONE

I guess so.

BUNDY

They're gonna hate me.

BOONE

If everyone who has ever died is up there, I would hope that you wouldn't be so lucky as to run into them.

BUNDY

Do you think I'll run into my daddy?

BOONE

For your sake I hope not.

BUNDY

I wouldn't mind giving him a piece of my mind.

(beat.)

I hope the girls we killed found each other up there. They were all around the same age. I hope you can't cry in heaven. I wouldn't want them to spend eternity crying.

BOONE

I sure hope you can cry in heaven. Crying is the closest thing I have to praying.

BUNDY

What do you mean? I hate crying. It's pain, it's....loss.

BOONE

Not for me. When I cry it's my time to make peace with the shit happening in my life.

BUNDY

What kinda things do you cry about?

BOONE

A lot of things. I cried a lot when I was with Ted.

BUNDY

Really? I thought you were happy with him.

BOONE

I was. Sometimes I cried about how much I loved him.

BUNDY

Weird. I never cried because I was happy.

3/14/2021

BOONE

If your life had turned out differently, I'm sure you would have.

BUNDY

Maybe. What else did you cry about?

BOONE

Well, I cried because I didn't get to see him everyday. That was hard. I cried because so many people hated him and believed he was guilty. It hurts terribly to see someone you loved treated that way.

BUNDY

I felt that when Doug was on trial. I knew he was guilty but...

BOONE

Yes?

BUNDY

He didn't deserve to be treated so awful. He was an awful man and he treated me awful, but he was a person.

BOONE

Did you cry for him?

BUNDY

Yes. I also cried for myself. I've cried a lot for myself.

BOONE

We all have, Carol.

BUNDY

Even you? Seems like you only think of other people.

BOONE

That's not true. I sit in my own pity just like everybody else.

BUNDY

Oh.

BOONE

I cried so much when it turned out that Ted was guilty. I felt sobetrayed. I cried about the fact that I was capable of loving a monster. I had no idea how much I could love until I met that man. And he turned out to be the devil himself. I cried that I let the devil inside me, that I let the devil give me a baby. I cry that my baby will never know her father. I cry that even if Ted was still here, I wouldn't let him near my baby.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

I cry for my babies too.

BOONE

I bet you do.

BUNDY

They hate me, my babies. They don't want anything to do with me.

BOONE

I'm sure that's not true. They must love you deep down, they just feel betrayed, like I did.

BUNDY

They haven't spoken to me since I got in here. They were just boys. I haven't seen them grow up.

BOONE

That must be hard for you.

BUNDY

Yeah.

(Beat.)

BOONE

Lately I've been crying for you.

BUNDY

Really?

BOONE

Yeah. Girlhood has been on my mind recently. I cry for yours.

BUNDY

I've never really thought about that.

BOONE

My girlhood lasted eighteen years and yours lasted a moment. I cry for that.

BUNDY

That's nice of you.

BOONE

I also cry for your girls.

BUNDY

My girls?

3/14/2021

BOONE

You and Doug's girls. I cry for their girlhood as well.

BUNDY

Oh.

BOONE

I cry for Ted's girls. I cry for the lives that were cut short. The family members lost. The families they will never see again. I cry for their innocence that was so brutally taken. And I hope to any God that's out there that they are in their own little corner of heaven and that Ted can go nowhere near them. I hope they can cry. I hope they're together and they can lean on each other and mourn together and move on together. I hope that Ted's girls have taken in your girls and created a family together.

BUNDY

I know I said I didn't want to see them, but I hope I get a chance to apologize. I don't want them to have to see me or interact with me but I want so deeply to tell them I'm sorry.

BOONE

What about Jack? Do you cry for him?

BUNDY

Not as often. It was good while it lasted but he was scum. Doesn't mean he deserved to die. I know that now. I loved him though. I've loved so many awful men.

BOONE

It's not your fault.

BUNDY

You've only loved one awful man.

BOONE

I'm not sure that what you felt was love.

BUNDY

What do you mean?

BOONE

I suspect that you've never actually loved a man. I think you've convinced yourself that you do so that they'd love you.

BUNDY

Are you saying I've never felt real love?

3/14/2021

BOONE

No, of course not. You loved your boys, right?

BUNDY

Yes.

BOONE

Did you love your family?

BUNDY

No.

BOONE

I don't blame you.

BUNDY

I loved my little sister.

BOONE

She's family.

BUNDY

I haven't seen her in 50 years.

BOONE

Do you remember what that love felt like?

BUNDY

Warm? Safe? Protected?

BOONE

That sounds like love.

BUNDY

I feel safe now.

BOONE

You are safe.

BUNDY

I don't love you though.

BOONE

I don't love you either.

3/14/2021

BUNDY

Then what are we doing?

BOONE

Looking.

BUNDY

Looking?

BOONE

For answers. I don't think we'll find them in each other....but I think we wanted to.

BUNDY

I don't think I'm looking for answers.

BOONE

What were you looking for?

BUNDY

Absolution.

(BOONE takes as much physical distance from BUNDY as is possible from under the desk.)

BOONE

You....you want me to absolve you?

BUNDY

I figured you wouldn't but-

BOONE

But what? You thought I'd take pity on you?

BUNDY

You already have! All that crying and shit!

BOONE

That's not pity, Carol, that's empathy. What you're asking is for me to take your emotional burden away from you and stack it onto mine.

BUNDY

Why would you have to stack it on to yours?

3/14/2021

BOONE

BECAUSE IT HAS TO GO SOMEWHERE! We can't just forget about the bad we've done and leave it somewhere to rot.

BUNDY

Why not? It doesn't deserve us.

BOONE

That's not the way things work.

BUNDY

But why not?

BOONE

Because all the people who we should have apologized to are dead. So we're stuck.

BUNDY

Who do you have to apologize to?

BOONE

Myself.

BUNDY

You're not fucking dead.

BOONE

I might as well be. I forgot about myself as soon as he died in that chair.

BUNDY

Pretend I'm you. Apologize to me.

BOONE

No. I wasn't good but I was never you.

BUNDY

Forget it. You're too stubborn.

BOONE

I know.

BUNDY

So you won't absolve me?

3/14/2021

BOONE

No. I think you knew that.

BUNDY

You're a bitch.

BOONE

Okay.

BUNDY

Seems like you have no one else's shit to carry but your own and a dead mans. You should take mine.

BOONE

I refuse. You did bad things and nothing I will do can change that.

BUNDY

Whatever.

(BUNDY crawls out from under the desk.)

BOONE

Carol-

BUNDY

What?

BOONE

It's not our fault that we're the women left in the lurch.

(BUNDY leaves. BOONE curls up on the floor.)

SCENE 9

(The classroom. BOONE stands at the front of the class. BUNDY sits in the back.)

BOONE

I have to say I was disappointed in your test scores. I'm not saying all of you did poorly, some of you did very well. But the ones who did well are the minority. I'm willing to give those of you who failed a retest over the weekend. Meet me here, 8:00 AM this saturday. Any questions?

(A woman in the front row raises her hand.)

Michelle?

INMATE

Mrs. Boone, how was Ted Bundy in bed?

3/14/2021

(The class erupts into laughter. BOONE freezes. She and BUNDY make eye contact. BUNDY does not show any emotion. The class throws out random banter and insults. BOONE picks up the phone.)

BOONE

Security.

(She hangs up and storms out. OFFICER quickly replaces her.)

SCENE 10

(WARDEN's office. BOONE sits across the desk.)

WARDEN

I've heard everything through the grapevine, but I need you to tell me the facts.

(BOONE is silent.)

I know that Mrs. Bundy told her fellow inmates about your....identity. I'm sorry that happened.

BOONE

I need to leave.

WARDEN

I can assure you, Carol. We will hold an assembly to inform the inmates on your situation properly, without all of Ms. Bundy's fabrication. It may remain a point of contention but you should be able to continue your job as normal.

BOONE

No. You don't understand. I need to leave. I can't have this held over my head everyday.

WARDEN

I understand that. However, we really need you around here. You are the most valuable member of our team and without you the students in your class will flounder.

BOONE

No.

WARDEN

I...I can't force you to stay, but I really can assure you that this will blow over.

BOONE

I never wanted a building full of outlaws to know anything about me. And now it's like I'm striped naked. Please understand that I can't stay here.

WARDEN

If it means you would stay, I could entice you with higher pay.

3/14/2021

BOONE

I don't think you'd want me anymore, anyway.

WARDEN

Do you not hear what I'm saying?

BOONE

(Gets increasingly angrier.)

I had an inappropriate relationship with Carol M. Bundy. I was giving her illicit writing lessons because, frankly, she was so fucking pathetic that I took pity on her. Her attention grabbing quips started to grow on me and, honestly, reminded me of my ex husband. I was unknowingly developing familiar feelings. We had inappropriate conversations, we were intimate. I confided in her, something I haven't done in decades. We had a disagreement in values and her punishment for me was spreading my secret around the prison. I abused my power. I'm the disgusting teacher who had relations with a student. I belong here just as much as Carol Bundy does and just as much as Ted Bundy did. If you don't fire me right now I would seriously question your judgment.

(Silence. WARDEN takes it in.)

WARDEN

This is new information to me.

BOONE

No shit.

WARDEN

I can't say I didn't suspect anything. You did seem to take a liking to her. In that case, you're right. I have no choice but to terminate you. Or you can resign and it won't show up on your record.

BOONE

Whatever. As long as I don't have to fuckin' sign anything.

(BOONE leaves.)

SCENE 11

(BOONE's home. BOONE sits at a kitchen table, reading an old pulp sci-fi novel. She looks disheveled, she wears pajamas, her glasses aren't on her face. The phone rings. She barely drags herself out of her chair and crosses to the landline.)

BOONE

Hello?

3/14/2021

VOICE

Hello, is this Carole Boone?

BOONE

This is she.

VOICE

Hi Mrs. Boone. I'm calling from the Central California Women's Facility.

BOONE

Okay?

VOICE

M'am, I've been told to deliver you some information

BOONE

Alright, get on with it.

VOICE

Last night, Carol Bundy passed on. Her heart failed.

(BOONE freezes. The hand holding the phone starts to shake. No facial reaction.)

M'am, are you still there?

BOONE

Yes, thank you.

(BOONE hangs up the phone. She sits back down, in a trance like state. She slowly puts her head in her hands, spilling her coffee in the process. She ignores it. She doesn't cry, she doesn't move. She stares straight ahead, empty. A figure enters her apartment. A tall man. BOONE doesn't take notice. The man comes up behind her, turning her face to see him. We realize that it's TED. She lifts her hand to his face, taking it in, but not. TED puts her in a gentle choke hold, she lets him. TED lifts up one of her hands and holds a knife to her wrist.)

TED

I've always wanted to do this.

(He slices her wrist vertically, blood gushing down her arm. BOONE has virtually no reaction, maybe a gasp. TED repeats this on her other wrist and pushes her off her chair onto the floor. Her only reaction being some small grunts of pain. TED, with a tender touch, tucks the knife into her palm and curls her fingers around it. He leaves the apartment the same way he came in, unnoticed. BOONE bleeds. She cries softly. Goes to sleep.)

END OF PLAY