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"Our deal was tacit, made that night behind our eyes, in the back of a squad car, on the way to the hotel. After our statements, we somehow end up at a movie. Disney. Fish. She spoke at the station, when it helped most, and withdrew either when she had to, or when it did the most good. It was a formality, and it was over. They were all so sorry..."

AT ANY HOUR. FROM ANY PLACE.
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CONFESSION... (A HELL OF A THING)

by Michael S. Crawford
directed by Reesa Graham



"Just beyond anger, rage, fury...whatever one chooses to term the apogee of white fire internalized, there's something else — a numb sense of purpose. The thoughtless, remorseless echo of injury, bouncing, perforce, back to its source...One can lose enough to disappear, for a time...and only be moved so far, before being somewhere else entirely..."

"From there to here, in two years. Left horsewhipping clouds; in a simple place of commensurate actions, a private universe. I am comprised only of an indescribable sense of absolute offense, which bitterly resents its own being...pure of purpose: existing solely to find its origin, lay it waste, and cease to be.

I say, "Hi." He says something."



The Players:

Heath Harper...MAN

Jenny Frame...WOMAN

Matthew Archambault...OTHER MAN

Noe Mendoza...POLICEMAN #1

Jason Oliver...POLICEMAN #2,

Emily C. Brock...POLICEMAN #3

Jonathon Colunga...POLICEMAN #4

Alexander Diaz...BAD COP

Glenn Spencer...GOOD COP



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