

JACOB

It's funnier if he's a creampuff. A big softie. He'd be having beer with the prisoners in different circumstances.

LEAH

All right, then. I think I see it. I can write that way. And you're stupid about some things, but you're selective about it. You could see the big picture, but you don't want to—you see nothing, you hear nothing.

JACOB

(in character)

"I know nothing..."

LEAH

That line has potential.

(back to us)

And we also had a survivor in the cast, as again, you probably know.

START HERE —>

MICHEL

It's not a secret, but it's not something I talk about much. Of course, I never show my bare arms on the show, you know, became of the number. I like playing someone who fools these people every week. That helps. But not everyone felt that way. We had another survivor in the pilot episode, you know, the first episode. He finished that okay, but he couldn't continue. The uniforms, you know, it brought it all back. Sometimes for me, too, of course. But I can... compartmentalize. At least as long as the show runs. I don't watch it, when it comes on. Maybe I will, at some point.

END HERE —>

LEAH

Thank you, gentlemen.

(GOTTHOLD, JACOB, and MICHEL exit.)

I'll tell you about the day I stopped writing it.

And now, I present you with the classic image of writing productivity, yes? The writer, typing furiously at his or her typewriter. To complete the picture, I suppose, I'd need to have a few cigarettes burning in the ashtray and one nearly-smoked one in my mouth—I never took up smoking, though. At least not yet.

(LEAH goes to typewriter, inserts paper, types for a few moments, demonstrating productivity. NELL enters casually, without the tutu.)