

KILL THE MESSENGER by Peter Landesman

WEIL: You haven't seen the east coast papers yet.

Big silent beat. The other shoe about to drop.

WEIL: I was you once, Gary. I started down this road, though nowhere near as far as you are. They tried to kill me. I didn't tell you that part. My brakes failed. Brand new car. Imagine that.

Then they saw I wasn't going to stop, so they 'controversialized' me. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?

They turn you into the story. You have a history of schizophrenia, you're a liar, you're a homo, you beat your dog, you fuck around on your wife, you're a pedophile. It doesn't matter if none of it's true. The point is no one remembers what you found, they just remember you, and you're nuts. You cease to exist.

They edited my testimony, Gary. They cut the tape and rearrange it, and have me say any old thing they want.

But this is why I called. I wanted to tell you something my father told me. He was an Air Force pilot, and when things got ugly for me he reminded me that you get the most flak when you're right over the target. That's when they empty all their guns into you.

Just remember you're not alone. I just wanted to share that with you. You hang in there, Gary.