

SESSION IV

JF: Danielle, let me...

DW: Don't. Don't say anything just yet, please. Thank you. Okay, so...talking about shock, it is not everyday that I learn that I, myself, am woven into a detainee's master plan. And - I must tell you, John - the violence that I felt as you were telling me this was palpable. It felt like pursuit and rape. What you might think of, and describe as a heart-felt expression of love, I would describe as a violent assault, designed, intentionally or not, to take total control over me and the conversation, and to rob me of my balance and ground.

JF: I...I am deeply saddened to hear that [sniff].

DW: What are you crying? Unbelievable. Is it not crystal clear that crying is just a continuation of your campaign, your bid for power here? John. Hey. Wake the fuck up, brother. It's not going to work. You have been de-fused. You've shot your wad. It's over. Now fucking man-up; we've got work to do.

JF: No...I know...you're absolutely right. We do have work to do. Just... Okay. All right, let's...go ahead then [sniff].

DW: Okay. So this picture is starting to develop of you as a man with a plan...

JF: Ha ha [sniff]. Yeah.

DW: You call it your project, and so far, I understand it to involve killing tailgaters, having a crush on me, and having this conversation with me. Or maybe I have the sequence wrong; maybe it's: having a crush on me, killing tailgaters, then having this conversation with me. Is that it? Are there cause and effect relationships among these three things? Did the crush cause you to develop

this plan to kill tailgaters in order that...or just so that one day you might have this conversation with me?

JF: No. I mean...that's close, but it's not quite that simple; it was, again, more organic. The idea to kill tailgaters came first...well not first-first because suicide... the idea of suicide came first-first. Suicide is the first idea, the last act, and the major plot of all of this, of all of the activities, events, and sub-plots of this story.

Suicide is the project here, my project. But the idea to kill tailgaters did come before you and the desire for this conversation. Tailgating has always really irked me; I have been stewing over it for a long time, since I could drive, really...even before... because anything or anyone following too closely behind me, even just walking, has always really irked me, so much so that I developed a motto for myself: "Get off of me" or "Just Get off of Me." That was my motto. It still is. I know it's similar to "Don't Tread on Me," but I didn't derive it from "Don't Tread on Me" - at least not consciously. I thought about having a t-shirt made for me with it on the back, so anyone behind me could read it. I also had the idea of making a bumper sticker that says "Tailgaters Make Better Butt-Sniffers" or "Tailgaters Make Better Ass-Lickers," so that whenever a tailgater tailgated me, he could read a little something about himself and maybe back off...maybe save his stupid fucking life... but I just never got around to doing it, to having them produced. I could've made some money off of those...maybe. Anyway, tailgating is epidemic in Mill Valley. There are just so many motherfucking BMW-driving investment bankers and so many stupid-ass fucking forty-five year old sideways-trucker-hat-wearing Justin Bieber-ass techie-hipster cocksuckers running around tailgating

in that town. It took a real Herculean effort on my part just to get from one end of town to the other without killing someone. I became so infuriated, I started to imagine scenarios in which I did something about it, which is, I guess, tantamount to developing a plan...or starting to. But it's true, when I saw you, and – I'm sorry – fell in love with you, I experienced a sea change; you...my awareness of you, my feelings for you, my visualizations of you, my love for you caused me, motivated me...it activated and compelled me to do something, to realize all that potential energy that was turning circles in my head, to let it out, outside, to put it into practice, to express it in the world. You were the catalyst, Danielle, the key that unlocked Pandora's Box. When I look back now, I can see I was trying to impress you. However puerile and pathetic and perverted it sounds, I do recall imagining that you might think my killing tailgaters was brave and and just, that I would get caught, that we would have this conversation, and that during it, you would become so...even further impressed with me and enamored of me that you would fall in love with me too, and that we'd get married despite my life sentence. Ha ha. Ha ha ha. Deep down though, of course, I knew that this was all bullshit, that I would sicken you, that, at best, you would feel sorry for me. Still, that knowledge was not enough to stem the inexorable effusion of energy and meaning activated by my love for you...by my automatic love for you; I mean, I was and still am compelled by that love to come out and become who I am and express who I am, whatever form that expression might take. Danielle, I have experienced the most extraordinary liberation...emancipation...and catharsis of

meaning by virtue of being in love with you. Although I know it is just an illusion, I will never let it go.

DW: That's... That's... So just... What did you mean when you said that suicide is the project?

JF: The idea of my suicide has been around a long time, since I was a child, but it was my love for you that opened the door to the project of my suicide and its actualization. My love for you also gave me the strength to kill tailgaters, which functioned in my suicide project in a number of ways: it was a way to vent my very sudden and explosive anger; it was a way to right what I perceived to be un-redressed wrongs; it was a way to kill assholes; it was a way to control death; it was a way to be powerful; it was a way to project onto others what I wanted to do to myself; it was a diversion, something to do every day, a job; it was an artful expression of my innermost psycho-emotions; it was a way to get attention; it was a way to get your attention; it was a way to get caught, and it was a way to have this conversation with you. But, since I know that you will not love me back, I shall have to be satisfied with what I've got...and I am...because, for me, this is really and truly a lot.

DW: Do you plan to try to commit suicide, John? And I don't mean in the philosophical sense; I mean in the permanently dead physical sense.

JF: Yes. Yes, I do.

DW: And do you know when and how you think you'll try to commit suicide?

JF: Yes, but I'm not at liberty to discuss those sort of things with you, Danielle.

But I know that you know that there are many ways to kill yourself, and if you really want to do it, well you can do it.

DW: Okay, I need to step out for a second, John.

JF: You're going to put me on suicide watch, aren't you?

DW: I'll be right back.

JF: That's fine. Makes perfect sense, Danielle.