

ANDY: My wife used to say I'm a hard man to know. Like a closed book. Complained about it all the time. (pause) She was beautiful. I loved her. But I just didn't know how to show it. (softly) I killed her, Red. I didn't pull the trigger. But I drove her away. That's why she died. Because of me, the way I am.

RED: That don't make you a murderer. Bad husband, maybe.

RED: Feel bad about it if you want. But you didn't pull the trigger.

ANDY: No. I didn't. Someone else did, and I wound up here. Bad luck, I guess.

RED: Bad Luck? Jesus.

ANDY: It floats around. Has to land on somebody. It was my turn, that's all. I was in the path of the tornado. I just didn't expect this storm would last as long as it has. Think you'll ever get out of here?

RED: Yeah, one day, when I got a long white beard and two or three marbles left rolling around upstairs, they'll let me out.

ANDY: Tell you where I'd go. Zihuatanejo.

RED: Zihuatanejo?

ANDY: It's in Mexico. Little place right on the Pacific Ocean. You know what the Mexicans say about the Pacific? They say it has no memory. That's where I'd live the rest of my life, Red. A warm place with no memory. Open a little hotel right on the beach. Buy some worthless old boat and fix it new. Take my guests out charter fishing.

RED: Zihuatanejo?

ANDY: You know, a place like that, I'd need a man who can get things.

RED: I don't think I could make it on the outside. Been in here most of my life. I'm an institutional man now. Just like Brooks was.

ANDY: You underestimate yourself.

RED: Bullshit. In here I'm the guy who can get things for you. Sure, but outside, all you need is the Yellow Pages. Hell, I wouldn't even know where to begin.

Pacific Ocean? Shit. 'bout scare me to death, somethin' that big.

ANDY: Not me. I didn't shoot my wife and I didn't shoot her lover, and whatever mistakes I made I've paid for and then some. That hotel and that boat...I don't think that's too much to ask.

RED: Goddamn it Andy, stop! Don't do that to yourself! Talking shitty pipedreams!

Mexico's down there, and you're in here, and that's the way it is!

ANDY: Yeah right. That's the way it is. It's down there, and I'm in here. I guess it comes down to a simple choice, really. Get busy living or get busy dying.

RED: Andy?

ANDY: Red, if you ever get out of here, do me a favor. There's this big hayfield up near Buxton. You know where Buxton is?

RED: Lots of hayfields there.

ANDY: One in particular. Got a long rock wall with a big oak at the north end. Like something out of a Robert Frost poem. It's where I asked my wife to marry me. We'd gone for a picnic. We made love under that tree. I asked and she said yes. Promise me, Red. If you ever get out, find that spot. In the base of that wall you'll find a rock that

has no earthly business in a Maine hayfield. A piece of black volcanic glass. You'll find something buried under it I want you to have.

RED: What? What's buried there?

ANDY: You'll just have to pry up that rock and see.