

From **Sand & Granite On Liberty** by Dawson Moore

SANDY: Male, a Southern, middle-aged English professor being held prisoner in a trailer. He is trying to convince his captor's mentally simple girlfriend to help him escape.

SANDY

I've grown very to have a very strong affection for you, Jane. I can take care of you. You understand? You don't need to rely on that man. I can extricate you from his power, if only you will let me. I love you. I can do it, take care of you as well, better than he can. We'll leave together. I still have an estate. I will keep you safe. You don't need him anymore, you do not need to need him. It's beautiful, my home. Flowers on the walkway, very beautiful. It smells like a park. In the spring, everything is a deep green, with lovely hedges. My daddy left it to me. He died an old man, confined to his bed. Jane. I do not want to die here, in this cage, at his mercy. You have to help me. I cannot bear up under much more of his tyranny. I am beginning to lose my touch with the world. I am dying in here. Jane...please.