LET ME BE FRANK ▶

"I know what you want. Oh sure, they may have tried to separate us, but what we have is too strong, it's too powerful. After all, we shared everything, you and I. I told you my deepest, darkest secrets. I showed you exactly what people are capable of. I shocked you with my honesty, but mostly I challenged you and made you think. And you trusted me, even though you knew you shouldn't.   So we're not done, no matter what anyone says. And besides, I know what you want: You want me back. Of course, some believed everything and have just been waiting with bated breath to hear me confess it all. They're just dying to have me declare that everything said is true and I got what I deserved. Wouldn't that be easy, if it was all so simple? Only you and I both know it's never that simple, not in politics and not in life.

But you wouldn't believe the worst without evidence, would you? You wouldn't rush to judgement without facts, would you? Did you? No, not you. You're smarter than that.

Anyway, all this presumption made for such an unsatisfying ending, and to think it could have been such a memorable send off. I mean, if you and I have learned nothing else these past years it's that in life and art nothing should be off the table. We weren't afraid, not of what we said and not of what we did, and we're still not afraid. Because I can promise you this: If I didn't pay the price for the things we both know I did do, I'm certainly not going to pay the price for the things I didn't do.

Of course they're going to say I'm being disrespectful not playing by the rules. Like I ever played by anyone's rules before. I never did and you loved it.

Anyhow, despite all the poppycock, the animosity, the headlines, the impeachment without a trial, despite everything, despite even my own death, I feel surprisingly good. And my confidence grows each day that soon enough you will know the full truth.

Wait a minute. Now that I think of it, you never actually saw me die, did you? Conclusions can be so deceiving. Miss me?"