

Theodora

You can feel however you like about this person, but promise me you will not retaliate against those around him?

Dean

Yeah. Oh...Sure.

Theodora

Dean, this is going to be hard for you to hear.

Dean

Did you find out who did this?

Theodora

The previous owner of the house...was me.

Dean

What the fuck are you talking about?

Theodora

I sold you the house.

Dean

Why didn't you tell me that?

Theodora

Why do you think?

Dean

Because you're The Watcher.

Theodora

Let me tell you one last story.

The day we met, I told you about my husband, how he cheated, but once I found out who the woman was once I knew, he and I lived happily ever after. Well that was true for several years but we got divorced. We just grew apart. And because I was the primary earner and he was the parasite, I had to pay alimony to him.

So I started gigging again. I toured occasionally, I still had my detective side hustle. And even though I gave him half my money, I was able to suck away a little nest egg. Eight years ago he had a stroke and died. Suddenly I wasn't getting drained every month, but I couldn't find a house. Four, five years I looked. Nothing I really loved, you know? I knew it the second I laid eyes on it. Put and offer in on the spot. Thirty days later, it was mine. I even joined the Country Club. And that's when I got diagnosed. It had already spread. The doctors here said there wasn't much they could do, but there was an oncologist in Mexico who thought otherwise. But he was expensive, so I had no choice. I had to sell the house. I felt like it had all been some sort of prank. Like I'd been given this taste of paradise and it was all ripped away. And then, I shit you not, I got a phone call from a probate court in Sarasota, Florida. Turns out that my parasite, from the early days of our relationship, had hidden away 1.4 million in royalties. I hadn't needed to sell after all.

I could tell you loved it. Almost as much as I did. I just had to do one thing, and I could get it back.

Dean

Convince us to sell.

Theodora

See, I had gotten one of those "Ode to a House" letters the first month I lived there.

[“Dear 657, I think you are one of the most stately houses I’ve ever seen”.] I was charmed by it, but I didn’t know what it was. So I looked it up. I saw who Roger Kaplan was and all the students who’d done the assignment. And how much they loved him. And I also saw THE WATCHER letter that Carol Flanagan posted, accusing Roger of sending it. I didn’t think much of it. Forgot about it, really. But then I remembered. It was a perfect plan. I found a manual typewriter on eBay with the same typeface as the letters. It wasn’t hard at all.

“Dearest new neighbor at 657 Boulevard. Allow me to welcome you to the neighborhood..”

Dean

If you’re telling the truth, you got away with it. Why would you confess it to me now?

Theodora

They covered my tracks, Dean. There was no way you were ever gonna find out the truth and I know that would drive you mad. And you don’t deserve that.

Dean

What about John Graff

Theodora

Well it was no coincidence that I was the only person to find evidence John Graff existed. Because he didn’t. I made him up. The hard evidence. I wrote those letters he supposedly got from THE WATCHER. The crime scene photos, they were from a murder in Colorado. And the guy you talked to pretending to be John Graff. I hired him.

Dean

And pigtails?

Theodora

She was a performance artist, if you can believe it.

I noticed when I was there in the daytime, you never turned the alarm on. So I had to dress up as a landscaper and climb through the one window that Dakota's cameras didn't cover so well. She hid in the basement until you went to bed. I never knew about the tunnels in the basement. When you mentioned finding them, that was news to me. Maybe that was how Jasper got in and took rides in the dumbwaiter, which I had nothing to do with, by the way. That was all on him.

Andrew Pierce did live in the house, but he was a lunatic and an addict and very suggestible.

As for Mitch and Mo...who knows?

Chamberland wasn't in on it. Neither was Karen. Neither of them knew that I lived in the house or in Westfield, for that matter. Detective Chmaberlain, I called him up the day I mailed the first letter, so that I would be fresh in his mind when the idea of a private investigator came up.

This was never about you Dean. You're a good man with a wonderful family. It was about the house. It was such a good house.