

## 16. PUBLIC CONFESSION

I look over and she is singing my favorite song. She is in a silver Volkswagen Beetle. She has a cute black bob. As she pulls away from the light, I realize that I can't let this moment get away. It is a one in a million shot, and if I don't do something quick, I am going to lose her. As the light turns, she races to the interstate. I am a couple of lanes over. I hesitate for a brief moment. Then I jump into hot pursuit as I rapidly make my way through three lanes of traffic just to follow her.

She has already been watching me as she was singing. But now my imposition becomes more intense. I accelerate in the effort to catch her. Once I come close, I pull alongside her. She gives me a look. What am I doing? I wave my arms as if I am a crazy man. I point at her. She suddenly catches on. She thinks that maybe there is something wrong with her car. She could be afraid for her life. But instead she pulls to the shoulder.

–Is something wrong?

–That song. That's my favorite song.

–“The Big Mistake”! That's me singing!

–Yeah, I saw you singing along.

She is beaming!

–No, it's really me. I recorded it three months ago. They released it locally

–Now you're famous.

–Not quite. They tell me that I have a future. But I'm still waiting for the next step.

–It's such a fun song. When I saw you singing, I thought that this song is perfect for this girl. Now I learn that it's yours.

–Flattery gets you everywhere. My name's May. But my friends call me Pumpkin, she coos. What's yours?

I mumble something back. She seems to understand.

–Let's go get a drink.

–It's eleven in the morning. A little early for me.

–You're not a party girl. Any time's a good time.

–Actually I am. That's part of my problem.

–We can't let an opportunity like this go to waste.

–Of course not. Come back to my place.

I'm not sure if she's teasing me.

–Really. You have no idea who I am.

–You seem like a real fan.

The minute that we get to her place, she plants a big kiss on my lips. She is driving me wild.

–I need to catch my breath. Do you want something to drink?

–I thought that it was too early to drink.

–It was. Now it's almost noon. It's safe.

–I'm not sure.

–You have to get in the mood.

She puts on some music and starts to dance around the room.

–You have a great sense of rhythm.

–I better if I'm singing professionally.

She brings me a drink and gives me a peck on the cheek. Then she sits at the opposite end of the room.

–You don't want to sit next to me.

–I want to get to know you before I get in over my head.

–Good idea!

She stretches out her long legs. She is wearing lovely black pumps with a black bow at each toe.

–Are you staring at my legs?

–They're so sleek.

–I just had them waxed. And I told them don't stop.

I look around her place. All the mirrors are turned towards the wall.

–What is it with the mirrors? Are you a vampire?

–No, I'm very vain. And I didn't want to look at my face anymore. It brought me down.

–Sorry to hear that.

–It's nothing. You have two choices. We can have sex, or you can leave.

I give her the strangest look. She turns away.

–I was kidding.

–Of course, you were.

–I have the worst luck with guys. My love life is like a poker game. I keep raising the stakes. I want to be a caring lover. But every time that I'm with a guy, I'm trying to get with someone else who seems cuter or more appealing. It's almost like a disease.

I wonder if she is trying to tell me something.

–Take off your clothes. I want to see your body!

–I'm not good with nudity.

–You were the one who followed me like a cop. And now you're getting shy!

–I'm not shy. I just want to feel right about this.

–I don't object to that.

–Do you want to stroke my legs.

I nod my head. She motions me over.

–Come here.

I sit on the ground near her chair. I start to caress her legs. She lies back in her chair. In the middle of this, she stops me.

–That's enough.

She leaves me on the ground and walks to the other end of the room.

–You're not married, are you?

–No, I'm not.

–That's good. I wouldn't want to sleep with you if you were married. If I asked you to eat me out and then leave, would you feel cheated.

–It's a blessing just to be here.

–You're sort of a milk-toast.

–I'm just trying to be accommodating.

- You are cute. But still a little weak. You were supposed to get naked for me.
- You go first.
- I’m not going to let you come inside me.
- Whatever you say.
- And you will have to leave after we do anything.
- That sounds good.
- Go wait on the opposite side of the room.
- I get a call the next day from her.
- I need some help with my rent.
- You have a nice loft. You don’t have enough money for the month.
- I’m not asking.
- I told you that I’m not married.,
- I don’t believe you. You fuck like a married man.
- What is that supposed to mean?
- I can’t explain it. I just know. Now give me the money.
- You are quite bitchy.
- You don’t know the half of it. I’m capable of wrecking your life if you don’t give me money.
- You invited me over. And you can’t prove a thing.
- I’m not a simpleton. I’ve got pictures.
- Good for you! They don’t show anything.
- They show us fucking.
- We never did anything. I kissed you. I massaged your legs. That was it. We toyed with each other.
- I play rough. I want money for my rent.
- Rent of your apartment? Because if it was rent of your body, I really got nothing in return.
- Quit being a prick. Are you so reticent with all your lovers? Maybe it’s because you have that little problem.
- You like to play below the belt.
- That’s the only way to play.
- How did you get my number?
- You gave it to me after we had sex.
- We never had sex.
- You believe that some girl who look like a fashion model, and meets you on the side of the road is going to take you back to her place without an ulterior motive. You are fucked in the head. At least, you’re fucked somewhere.
- I don’t have any idea what you’re talking about. Don’t call me anymore!
- I can make your life a living hell.
- Glad to hear that! You can fuck yourself!
- And I’d do a much better job than you were able to do.
- I need you to leave me alone.
- I would leave you alone if you weren’t such a prick.

–I won't bother you anymore, and we can just call it even.

–Pay me the fucking money!

–I'm not going to give you a thing.

–Be prepared!

–Tough girl!

–You don't know how tough I can be.

I am getting nowhere with her. I have no idea what she is talking about. But she does seem pretty confident.

I show him her picture. It has her address on the back.

–Where did you get the picture?

–I stole it from her. I want you to take care of her for me.

–You won't be hearing from her again.

–They told me that you were good.

–It is as good as done.

–And your payment has been taken care of.

I never thought that I would be this extreme

I decide not to call my fiancée. Instead, I go to bed early as if nothing is happening. I don't hear from her for a few days. I scour the papers for news of her demise.

–Nice try!

–What are you talking about?

–You sent that amateur to kill me.

–What? Someone is trying to kill you. I'll be right over.

–So you can finish off what he started.

–You didn't call the police.

–So that they could find out that I was blackmailing you. No way.

–Maybe we can meet.

–You can show me how much you really love me.

–You're crazy. I wish that I had had nothing to do with you in the first place.

–You should have thought about that before you put your dick inside me.

–I was wrong. You were right. Why didn't I give you the money when you told me that you need it?

–Now I want twice as much.

–I don't have that kind of money. I'll give you what we originally agreed upon.

–The price went up. Damages. I have to pay to get my place fixed up. And I'm going to need to see my shrink.

–You don't come cheap.

–Maybe you should have given me some money that night.

–I didn't think that you were a whore.

–So that was why your dick couldn't stay hard very long.

–Huh?

–Feeling guilty for what happened?

–We can come to some agreement.

–You're going to need to open your wallet a little wider.

- How did you get away?
- You think that he’s only working for you.
- That is impossible.
- Think what you want.
- Are we going to meet?
- Maybe. Give me a time and a place.
- Your place in an hour.
- I’m not living there. But I will meet you there.
- Come alone.
- Whatever you say!
- She is not going to let me off the hook
- Seems like old times.
- That it does. So are you willing to call a truce.
- I still haven’t got my money.
- I’m not perfect.
- And you’re tried to kill me.
- No, I didn’t.
- She has me dead to rights. I am certainly out of options.
- We could have had so much fun together.
- You were hitting me for money the first thing that we were together.
- I needed you to pay for our love nest.
- What kind of love is that?
- The only kind worth having. One based on a recognition of the each other’s strengths and weaknesses.
- The only thing that you recognized is that I have money, and you wanted the money that I have. Do you think that the world owes you a living?
- When we have to deal with creeps like you, it does.
- There is only one way to deal with people like you who try to live off the hard work of others.
- If anyone has done the hard work over the years, it is me.
- Are you trying to get back at the world for something that it did you as a child?
- It’s not as if you’re my parent.
- So why are you treating me as one.
- We didn’t come here to argue.
- What did we come here for?
- You don’t have a clue.
- I didn’t think that you’d try anything.
- Why the sudden trust?
- I don’t know. I guess that I took one look at you and thought that you weren’t so bad after all.
- What do you want in the bargai?.
- We could go back to the original deal. You pay for my apartment. And I give you love.
- Love comes at a high price these days.

- Not higher than a new home and a diamond ring.
- We could go that route.
- I'm not the marrying type.
- What is your type, May?
- The love 'em and leave 'em type.
- Is that why you're so crazy about money?
- I'm just naturally crazy. You as much as said so yourself.
- Are you getting soft on me?
- No softer than you are getting on me.
- You've just got a body that's hard to resist.  
I am not good at handling temptation.
- I could do the job myself.
- Why don't you?
- I'm not good at that kind of thing.
- She seduced you again.  
I shake my head.
- You can't fool me. You should just pay her.
- I don't want to give her money.
- So you're paying me to do the job for you.
- We've had this discussion.
- And I tried to do the job. She knows what's up. She's the hardest job that I've ever had.
- She says that you and her are working together.
- Do we look like we're in it together?
- I wouldn't put it past you. She should be dead by now.
- There is nothing that I can do to make this any easier. I am going to get her the next  
time out.
- Why should I give you another chance to botch up the job.
- If you don't, I may come after you.
- You are working with her.
- Not at all. You have a duty to yourself. You have duty to the country. Take care of her.
- I told you that I'm not like that.
- That is why you hired me.
- Then take care of her.
- You're the one who's acting like a confused little girl. And she is playing the part of the  
man.
- She didn't hire you?
- I am working for you. You have to step up to the plate.
- I'm not good with sports metaphors.
- But you are good at giving orders.
- I told you already that I want her dead.
- And why is that?
- I can't have her talking?
- And what's wrong with her talking?

- She’s going to compromise my respectability.
- I think that she may have another motive.
- She’s working for someone.
- I wouldn’t put it past her. There are enough people who want you out of the way.
- But I’ve been to her place twice. And she hasn’t done a thing to me.
- She may not have the nerve.
- She’s not that different than I am.
- Why don’t you just marry her.
- It would create too much of a scandal. I don’t want her destroying the life that I already have. Besides, she’s not quality.
- She has style.
- And she’s good at what she does. All those cliches. But I can’t let her be. May feels that she is getting nowhere with her demands.
- I need to go public. I need to sell my story.
- She calls up a reporter that she knows who works for a tabloid.
- How much would you pay for a story on a married Congressman?
- That’s not really news.
- What about a Senator?
- Not these days.
- So what do you want?
- Could you bag the President?
- He’s married.
- I thought that your Senator was too.
- He loves his wife.
- Do you have something in mind?
- You called me.
- But you seem to be working on an agenda?
- If you’re so good with one public official, why can’t you move up the ladder of power.
- I could if it was worth my while.
- You’d be doing the free world a favor.
- The free world is becoming less and less free.
- You can still get cheap food at Super Wal-Mart.
- As long as gas prices hold. They were getting scary for a while.
- You can get a bicycle.
- We’re getting distracted.
- How’s your singing career going?
- I’ve been learning some new songs. I’m going to record soon. Do you think that you could help me out?
- Didn’t your present problems start with a question like that?
- I’ve got a real story. A politician is using a hit man to try to kill me. And now you’re hitting on me.
- I’m just checking out your story?
- Maybe you could check it out by meeting me at my apartment.

- It’s better if you come down to the office.
- So you are taking me seriously.
- As much as I can.
- I have proof. I have pictures.
- Are they clear? Can you make out the faces?
- Doesn’t this country have better things to do with its time than worry out who’s been giving oral sex to some public official?
- You’re the one who’s coming to me with the story.
- Don’t you think that I have bigger ambitions?
- What? You want to run for public office?
- I’m a singer!
- Nice sideline. Whore by night, singer by day.
- We all have dreams. It’s just harder for some of us to realize what we want.
- I admit that I made some mistakes. I never meant to steal any money. Or to cheat the public in any way. I met a woman. And I let her distract me from what is truly important for me and for all of you as well. She threatened to take our affair to the press if I didn’t agree to pay her money, money for her silence. I was weak. I was afraid what would happen if people found out.*
- >>I am willing to admit my error in judgement. I accept the consequences of what happened. And I promise never to let it happen again!*
- You better save that speech for another time.
- What are you telling me?
- That she’s disappeared.
- What?
- It’s all over the news. They’re going to find out that you knew her. That you were paying her hush money.
- You didn’t take care of her.
- I went to her place. She wasn’t even there.
- Fuck, what are we going to do?
- You’re going to pay me my money. And I’m going to leave.
- You need to help me. I want you to find her.
- You need to be clear on what you want. One moment you want me to kill her, and now you want me to help you find her.
- I never told you to kill her. I just wanted her to disappear.
- And she’s disappeared.
- Not like this. This is everywhere. People are talking. Even my wife said something.
- I thought that you were separated.
- We’re trying to reconcile.
- Good move!
- Quit making light of my situation.
- I’m not. I realize that you have this crazy women on the loose.
- The loose. She’s disappeared. She may be dead. And this is all going to come back on me.



- She was a looker!
- Was? Did you have something to do with it.
- If I did, I wouldn't still be around.
- I can pay you more money to find her.
- I can help sweep this under the rug.
- How? You're going to destroy the offices of the newspapers and television stations.
- I've had dealings with the press.
- They probably have their own investigators working on this.
- The police are also doing their own case work.
- I thought that you didn't know what is going on.
- It's standard procedure.
- So there's nothing that we can do.
- I could find her first.
- We don't know if she's alive or dead.
- She's got to be dead. She'd have no reason to hide out.
- I thought that you knew nothing about her.
- I only know what you told me.

*I just bought this new car. I had never had a car of my own. I saved my money so that I could buy it. It was a Volkswagen Beetle. Honda. I picked out the color and everything. And when I brought it home I was so proud. It made me feel so good about myself. When I drove it, I felt powerful. More than myself.*

*I wasn't used to the roads. And the lane that I was in suddenly turned into a lane going in the opposite direction. I saw the arrow, but I didn't react fast enough. And an oncoming car hit me. It just sent me five hundred feet. And my new car was all wrecked. I couldn't drive it. I was crying. I felt like collapsing in the road.*

*–Are you hurt?*

*–A little. I'll be all right.*

*The police showed up. And a tow truck was called. I felt like someone had stolen my identity.*

*–You need a ride.*

*–Your car looks pretty bad yourself.*

*–Not at all. I hit you on the side. I just had a little fender damage.*

*–I was going to work. I called them and said that I was too messed up to go in.*

*–You're not going to lose your job.*

*–They love me there.*

*–I'll drive you back to your place.*

*I felt as if I was passing out while I was in his car.*

*–I could take you the hospital.*

*–I'm not hurt. Just shaken up.*

*Nest thing that I know, I am inviting this stranger in my place.*

*–Let me help you sit down.*

*–My leg feels a little stiff.*

*–Walk on it to see if it's all right.*

*I had trouble standing up.*

*–You do need to sit down.*

*I smiled.*

*–You're really cute.*

*He wasn't half-bad. But this wasn't the time to think about fooling around. I seemed to falter a bit. He was there to catch me.*

*He stayed sitting next to me. He held me up.*

*–I feel giddy.*

*–It's almost like being drunk. The shock just numbs you.*

*–Drunk? When I drink, I think about sex.*

*I shook my head a bit. But he took this as some kind of signal. He started to slide his hands along my legs. I was paralyzed. I wanted to tell him to stop. But I couldn't move a muscle. I squirmed a little.*

*–We can't do this.*

*–This is going to feel really good.*

*He fingers were starting to slide beneath my panties.*

*–I can't do this.*

*–This will make you feel better.*

*–No, it won't. I already feel like passing out.*

*I am waiting at a light. The girl in the Volkswagen next to me is singing.*

*–I love that song.*

*She doesn't hear me. But she smiles. When the light changes, she makes a left. I decide to chase her. This is a chance that I can't pass up.*

*She has already made her turn. I accelerate to catch her, but I barely miss the oncoming traffic. This better be worth it.*

*She is quite a ways ahead of me. But I hightail and am able to pull alongside her. I start motioning her with my arms.*

*–You flagged me down as if you there's something wrong. Are you an off duty police officer? What did I do?*

*–You were singing that song!*

*–It's my favorite song. I wish that it was me singing it.*

*–I love that song. The first time that I hear it, I just went crazy. Want to go somewhere and get a drink.*

*–No, come on over to my place.*

*It's going to be that easy.*

*She was wearing high, high heels, and her legs went up to the sky. She had on shorts. I was feeling nuts just looking at her.*

*–You're staring at my legs.*

*–You're showing quite a lot of them.*

*–Do you want to fuck?*

*–You're kind of abrupt.*

*–What were you thinking when you waved at my car.*

*–I liked the song.*

- And I like to have sex.
- You barely know me. I could be some kind of killer.
- And I could be an ax murderer. So we’ll forgive each other for past offenses and go from there.
- That sounds like a good beginning.
- Take off your clothes, and let me see what you’ve got.
- What?
- I want to see your equipment.
- I don’t understand.
- You didn’t come here to help me fix my pipes.
- I thought that you were going to sing for me.
- I don’t have a good voice. Just when the stereo is blaring loudly.
- You could put on some music.
- You like to fuck to music.
- It’s not as I’m some kind of exotic performer.
- But you do tricks with a snake.
- You have quite a mouth for such a pretty girl.
- It’s not everyday that I get pulled over by some guy pretending that he’s a cop.
- You should be afraid.
- What’s the purpose of all this sex talk.*
- It’s how we Americans work. We get you in the mood. Then you’ll do pretty much what we want.*
- I’m not really into chocolate bars.*
- Meaning what?*
- You’re not going to break me down that easily.*
- I’m going to have to beat the crap out of you.*
- I’m good with pain.*
- Not the way that we dish it out. We make you think that you’re going to die. We break you down so much that there’s not much left of you.*
- And why are you telling me this?*
- You’ve watched a dirty movie. You seem like a rational man. Maybe you can be persuaded.*
- I may look rational, but you know about my people. We all have this hot streak that we can’t control.*
- That’s why we’re here. We’re supposed to beat that out of you. And then one of us is going to pull down his pants and fuck you up the ass.*
- Again, isn’t that how you see us? We have a thousand wives, but basically we just want to ass fuck our best friend.*
- I just know that you don’t have much respect for human life.*
- This is from a country that invented the technique of carpet bombing.*
- We didn’t invent it. We just perfected it from the Nazis. What a shame to waste such a good idea on such a bunch of assholes.*
- It’s not the intent. It’s the content.*

–Did you say something, boy?

–I was just complementing your asshole.

–Oh, I thought that you were calling me a faggot.

–No, sir. I was marveling about all the great accomplishments of your culture. While your people were in caves, my people were perfecting the basic details of mathematics and mapping the heavens.

–And fitting curves to the shape of your brother’s ass.

–Is there something special that you want from me?

–I want you to tell me where he is.

–He who?

–The he who is behind all this.

–You were the one talking about butt-fucking. You sound like you were behind pretty much all of this.

–Let this be a lesson to you. I am still being nice. If I ask you a question, I expect to get an answer.

–Is that how you get your dick hard?

–I am going to beat the shit out of you.

–And then I’ll tell you what you want to hear. That he is in a palace in the ancient city. That he is playing video games. And he’s waiting there with a shower and a hot meal for you.

–Is he another ass fucker?

–You Americans seem to have quite an obsession for asses.

–You have quite a nice ass yourself.

–Before this is over, you are going to beg to eat my shit.

–No, I’ll eat it willingly. I am not going to beg for anything.

–Who do you think that you’re dealing with? Listen, Haj, we have already killed a million of you.

–And there are many more. We are like grasshoppers. You kill one, and a thousand grow around us.

–More like cockroaches.

–I’ll make a deal with you. You show me the sex tape again, and I’ll tell you what you want to know.

–It’s that easy.

–I want to see her bush shot again.

–You people are a sick lot. You could be standing up for virtue and what is right. Defending the anti-occupation forces. Instead, you want to see a beaver shot.

–What can I say? I’ve been raised on too much American TV. I see things pretty well the way you do.

–You can’t see things the way that I do. I was sent here to torture you to see thing our way.

–Torture? Did you say torture.

–Forcefully execute. I meant forcefully execute.

–I think that the phrase is enhanced interrogation technique. We are always in to learning new techniques. Then we can use them on your kind.

- I ought to beat you.*
- You will. But before you do, I'd like some chips and dip. And put on MTV Jams. I just want to chill out.*
- I could also put some gin in your juice.*
- Not bad. Pull up a chair. And let's become bros.*
- You spend all your time trying to coopt our culture.*
- We used to have history and culture. But you destroyed all that because you were afraid that there might have existed evidence of a world before your first date of recorded time.*
- Haven't you read the Bible.*
- Especially the part about enhanced interrogation technique!*
- Didn't Mohammed favor torture?*
- Right next to the chapter about immolating virgins.*
- I thought that it was blasphemy to say such things in your culture.*
- I'm not in my culture anymore. You're torturing me with chips and dip. But you're going to have to do something to make it look as if you were treating us badly. We'll all form a cheerleading pyramid. And then you tap our asses. Better yet. We'll all put on bondage masks, and you can whip us.*
- I'm not a fucking queer.*
- Don't ask, don't tell.*
- I'm not in the fucking Army.*
- This is getting to be fun. Maybe you could market this game to kids.*
- I don't play games.*
- Either do I. But you are so easy to tease.*
- Where are your allies?*
- They are all around. All the people who don't look like you!*
- What is that supposed to mean?*
- I think that you have no idea what public means.*
- The manual said Pubic Confession!*
- We can work with your insurance company. If there's a way, we can find it.*
- I want to take my act to Hollywood!*
- You are going to need an agent.*
- Do I have to fuck my agent?*
- There are more complex issues of liability here.*
- They really make no sense to me.*
- That is why I'm here.*
- We have only a few minutes to wrap this all up.*
- I have nothing to say.*
- You will when we get you naked.*
- I don't want to do those kinds of movies. It's one thing to suggest. But I don't want to be more explicit.*
- Let me get you the unrated version!*
- Do you know why I stopped you?*
- Yeah, because you don't have much education, and they pay you to be an asshole.*