

7. IN A BAD WAY

That evening, the chase started to weigh on her again. She wanted to get out of the house. She needed to get a drink.

Lynette encouraged her to get out, "I can't come with you. But here, take the car."

She ended up at the Roadhouse. It hosted a collection of night owls, bikers, and other more adventuresome types from the surrounding area. It had none of the manicured ways of Cordelia. Her urbane style almost seemed totally out of place. But she ordered her drink at the bar.

She was sitting by herself trying to look confident. She felt scared. What was she going to do if someone really came up to her and started talking. She imagined herself running out the door at a full clip.

After she ordered her second drink, she noticed Jack come in. He made a beeline to her side.

"What the hell are you doing in here?"

"I wanted to get away. I needed a drink."

"You could drink at home."

"I don't like to drink alone."

"This is not a fit place for a lady like you."

"Jack what's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm just saying that a lot of no-goods hang out in a place like this."

"So what are you doing in here?"

"It's part of my job."

"You're not in uniform. You're not working right now."

"I'm checking up on things." Jack felt the need to make his point to her.

"There's a little bit of no good in all of us. That's why we end up in dives like this."

"I never thought you to have a bad side."

She mused, "When it comes down to it, I don't really know what I have."

She turned away. She was looking off in space. There was a vague tear in her eye. She continued talking, "Sometimes we're all just waiting for a new lease on life. Somehow I got mine. I just hope that I can make good use of it."

"Just don't let anyone mangle it for you."

She didn't really understand what he was getting at.

He stood up to go, "I've got to get up early tomorrow."

"After your warning, you're going to leave me here defenseless."

"I just thought that you wanted to make your own way."

She coaxed him to sit down, "Come on and have a drink."

He ordered a whiskey and coke.

"You weren't looking for me in here? You weren't following me."

"I just ended up coming in here."

"I wondered after yesterday. I still don't know what was going on."

"Someone is out there."

"We don't even know if the two events are connected. It could have been some crazy

from Cordelia.”

“There’s not a lot of people there.”

“It only takes one.”

“Sienna, you’re starting to sound like a cop.”

“I just seem to be attracting some weird types.” She paused and looked at Jack. “I don’t mean you.”

He smiled, “No offense taken.”

He started to feel something that he hadn’t been touched by in years. He thought that his passionate side had faded away. He could sense that spark talking to her. He didn’t want to let it die. He tried to look in her eyes. She turned away.

“Not now, Jack.”

“What do you mean?”

“We were having a good time. Sharing some drinks. And now this. You need to put it back where it came from.”

“I didn’t say a thing.”

“You gave me that look. I’m not blind. Jack, I like you. But I’m not interested in you like that.”

He felt crestfallen. He had put himself out and now he was being cut down to size.

“I was just trying to be friendly.”

“We need to keep it that way. I’ve had a couple of drinks. But I can still think clearly.”

“I wasn’t taking advantage of you.”

“It’s just good that we got things out in the open.”

“I better go,” Jack asserted.

“I don’t want you to go.”

“I have to leave. Sorry for putting a damper on the party. I’ve probably already had my limit.”

“Have you even had one full drink?”

“I’m getting a little ahead of myself. I’ll catch up to you under better circumstances.”

What could he be getting at? She had wanted to be friendly. Maybe even sympathetic. She was afraid that she was coming over as too condescending.

“I didn’t say anything to hurt you, did I.”

“Sienna, I understand. After all the crap that you’ve been through. I’m just taking advantage of the situation. Of you staying with Lynette. I just don’t want to mess things up.”

He left her alone. At first, she felt relieved. Then she was reminded how really alone she was. She didn’t know anyone at the bar. She really didn’t know anyone in this town. And she was already getting a reputation.

A while after he left, she closed up her purse and stood up to leave. She looked around to make sure that no one was following her out. She was extra careful in the parking lot. She got in the car and started to drive back.

She was sure that this was not the first lonely night in her life. But for now, it hurt the worst. She wanted to shake off the pain. To put the blame on someone else. She was feeling more useless than usual. The alcohol hadn’t helped.

Sienna didn’t want to share any of this with Lynette. Her bed was calling her. That was

all that she thought about.

The next morning Lynette quizzed her, "Did you like the Roadhouse?"

"It was OK."

"Just OK."

"Yeah."

"Did you meet anyone?"

"Your cousin was there. I think that he's coming on strong. I don't want to date anyone." Jack was family. She felt that she needed to defend him, "I told you how great a guy he is."

"I know, I know. I just need a lot of time. I don't need a guy. Not now."

She didn't know where else the conversation could go. There was little else that Lynette could say back to her. Jack had to do his own bidding.

She hoped that Lynette wouldn't penalize her for not responding to Jack.

"Sienna, you can use the car again today. I'm going to be at work until very late."

It was a new day and time for Sienna to take stock. She had recovered from her injury. The only thing holding her back was her memory. Cordelia wasn't giving her answers. Only more questions. This would be the perfect time to leave.

She needed another walk in the wood to collect herself. It had worked yesterday. Today was more overcast. The rain would still fall. Maybe that was what she needed. A good rain could make things cleared. But everything looked more foreboding under a cloudy sky.

Even the shadows were ominous. They seemed to be saying something.

It might be better to head into town. She'd just park the car and walk. That way she could avoid a chase.

She could see him far away, but Ray Worth was giving her that stare. She needed to head in the other direction. He was probably poisoning the well. She didn't want to encourage him.

The streets were empty. Even in the day time, only a few people ventured to town. The kids were all in school. She saw some businessman chatting just in front of the courthouse. A cat crossed her path. A tabby. But nothing spectacular.

She could never imagine working and settling down here. The only thing that could ever happen to her here was disaster. She had her preview. She needed to make a move before it became worse.