Motion to Suppress:

EPILOGUE

"Come back, you crazy motherfucker!" Sharon is shouting. Her voice gets faint. For another minute I can still see her on the dock in her cycle jacket, hopping up and down. Why'd she stay around?

She's a good girl, she'll appreciate this. "Don't let on," I yell back over the putt-putt of the outboard. She nods her head, I can see that.

I'm out on the Lake. I let the boat steer itself for a minute, catch my breath in the galley. No harm done if it gets slammed.

Man, it's cold. I set the polar bear on the table in front of me and rub the sore place on the back of my head. She surprised me there. My blood drips onto Rick's upholstery, so I'm leaving a little reward to him for the way he looks at my girl.

Nothing in my life mattered until Misty. My mama lived her short life in Philly, fending off the creditors. My real dad - hey dad, where are you tonight? I never even saw him. That leaves my sis, a lump in her wheelchair.

First time I saw Misty she was writing up a sale at her dad's dealership. She wouldn't look at me, but she let that scent of she-animal escape. She sent her signals right to me. She knew I wanted her. I needed to kiss that mouth, get my hands under that short summer dress. I needed those blue eyes to be looking up at me, me alone.

I took her to fancy restaurants in San Francisco. I bought her presents I couldn't afford; diamond earrings, one time.

Couldn't have done that on a cop's
pay alone, so I found a way to get the bread I needed. Sex with her...she had a way of being a woman that never failed me.

When the scandal hit the Force, everybody scrambled to protect their ass except me 'cause I was so distracted, so I'm the one they hung it on. I didn't care as long as I had her. I'd failed as a cop, but not as a man. She wanted to get away from her old man; we moved here. She wanted to get married; fine, we got married.

Working at Prize's I never got the same respect as a cop, and it hurt, but I never said a thing to her, just passed on my paychecks and took her down to Sacramento to the malls on the weekends, let her buy whatever she wanted.
She got bored sitting at home, so I got her the job at Prize's, where I could keep an eye on her.

When I saw the way the guys swarmed her, I thought more money would help keep her happy. I started with Sharon and Al. I made plans to take her to Hawaii, stay at a big hotel on Waikiki, lay on the beach, drink daiquiris, make love all night, no distractions.

She wouldn't go. She wasn't happy. Didn't matter what I did. I watched the security videos at work, watched her in action. I couldn't catch her. But I knew old Tony wasn't enough for her. She was my wife, but she was fucking around.

I got rough with her at home, but I could always read her. I knew when to stop. She sulked. She cried out in her sleep. "He's home, Mommy...stay away! stay away!" She had a little monster in there, poking her from inside. Then one night, I heard her talking to Clarke on the phone. I couldn't be sure she was sleeping with him. If I'd been sure then, I'd have killed them both.

Payback time. I told Clarke's wife I had a tape, got her burning. Then I went for that faker over by the hospital. When I figured out he was helping Misty work
up the steam to leave me, I talked to his wife, too. You don't put Misty on the couch and not touch her, I said. Listen at the door, I said. She threw me out, but she got the message.

I staked everything on Misty. She was my life. I fought as hard as I could.

Sharon's the one got me to the doctor on Monday. Just the flu, I told him. Take a chest x-ray, make sure it isn't pneumonia, he said. He pursed his lips. He ran some tests.

He called me this morning. Wanted to put me in the hospital, start chemo. Me, sick and bald and throwing up.
Christ, I'm going to die. Have a nice day.

I stayed home today to think about it. Smoked all my cigarettes.

LaRussa came by about five. He said he was doing me a favor. Popped the tape into the VCR knowing I'd watch it as soon as he left. Proof at last she doesn't love me - bye byes at the penthouse, my wife and my boss.

I notice it's too quiet topside, so I go up and sure enough, I'm out of gas. Good. Don't want to go so far out she couldn't swim back. I think about her in her bikini.
I'm shivering like there's no tomorrow.

Sharon came by to pay me my cut. I was drunk. We did a couple lines, but I was still crying, big bad Tony cryin' like a little kid, my head in her lap. That's when she offered to kill Misty for me. Maybe that's why she stayed around tonight.

I got so wasted, Sharon put me to bed. I didn't stay there.

I had to move. I got up, put on a CD. The Stones. The best. I used to listen to this in Philly as a kid a hundred years ago, sitting in the back room listening to my mama crying in her bedroom: "I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be - you're gonna give your love to me - I'm gonna love you both night and day - 'cause my love is real and not fade away-". Yeah.

When Misty came home, I was in the bedroom, looking for more cigarettes. She dropped Sharon's plate on the floor. So I went in.

I'm out on deck with the statue. Moon and lake. White tall mountains the only witnesses to the crime. No wind, no snow any more, black water lapping against the sides. The water's waiting.

Misty was trying to pull off her boots. I looked at my slinky little doll, and all I could remember was how crazy I was about her, how scared and mad I was I was gonna lose her. I went over to help her.

She didn't want help. So I fixed a big Yukon Jack. She wouldn't look at me. She just drank up. She mumbled something. I couldn't catch it. I had just remembered the tape, and all the bad feeling was coming back. I thought, I'll take her to bed, maybe she'll soften up later and we'll talk.

I pulled her up. All I wanted was her soft arms around me, my hands on her warm skin. Love me, please, baby, pity me, be my wife, I wanted to say. But she tried to twist away. She looked at me, and I caught fear there, not love. I held her tight. "You'll never love me how I love you,' I said, and I knew finally it was true. Right then she said, "I want out."

She was still wiggling, trying to escape. I needed to give her all my love. I couldn't let her run away.

I hit her, not hard. Funny, how fast she settled down.

Freezing as it is out here, it's not as freezing as the look Misty gave me then.

My head exploded. I lost it for a minute. When I came to, I was lying on the couch and she was knocking around the kitchen.

I knew it was over. My girl, my wife. She didn't have any heart left for me. She was beautiful and faithless and cruel. I could see she'd forget me quick as she could.

I got up, holding my head, and waited for her to come out of the kitchen. When she stepped past, I clipped her like I learned on the Force, hard this time, but it wouldn't show in the morning. She dropped like a deer, and I carried her in the bedroom and laid the covers over her, looking at her. I thought about hurting her. I thought about killing her. I couldn't do it. Tears and blood washed down me, but the waves of pain wouldn't wash away.

Then I knew how to punish her and keep her from ever forgetting me. All the years of training, being a cop, knowing how they think. Let her lie on a jail bunk for the rest of her life and think about what she did to me, until she is old and cold and nobody wants her.

I drank the rest of the Yukon Jack in the living room, making a plan. No way could I stand there in the house and hit myself with that statue hard enough to die.

Rick's boat. The Lake would do the rest. Make like she tried to hide the body. Stay close enough to the Keys to get found.

I grabbed the boat key and the statue and ran out the door into the snow and the windless night. I didn't feel the cold. I was warm with the idea I had.

Now I'm sitting on the railing, leaning over, dreaming of you the day I first saw you. We'll go down together. It's so quiet, the moon's sent a trail across the
water for me. I hurt, Misty. I don't forgive. Money isn't real. Power isn't real. This - freaking - cold isn't real.

But you and me, that's real. Yeah. I'm a stone jealous man, and you'll always be my wife.

Love you baby both night and day -

And now I'm bringing the statue up hard, because my love is real and not

THE END