

Marcel frames Jordan; attorney skeptical

I barged in on my attorney.

“I’ve been holding out on you,” I said.

He looked at me as if I were his most annoying client. Which I think I was.

“Oh?” he said. “And why is that?”

“I didn’t think things would go this far,” I said. “I thought that since I’m innocent, it would become clear in the process, and I’d be freed.”

“I see,” he said. “Can we talk about this later?”

“But things are getting worse,” I said.

He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. “They are not going well,” he said.

“Isn’t that your job,” I said, “To get me off?”

“I’m doing my best,” he said.

Flop sweat

“You were covered with flop sweat during yesterday’s hearing,” I replied. “Is that your best?”

“What!” he shouted.

“You’re making me look bad,” I said. “You’re making it look like I’m guilty.”

“What do you want from me, Marcel?” my attorney said. “We’ll win this one.”

“Look,” I said, “I have something to tell you.”

He studied his checked his step count on his Fitbit, and sighed. I thought, I’m paying this guy

A Deadly Secret

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a lot of money. Shouldn’t he at least be courteous to me?

She’s a stalker

I explained to my attorney how Jordan had talked about killing my wife. That part was true. Jordan had said that. More than once she had said that she was glad Carla was dead. I told him that, too.

Then I told him how she’d stalked my wife on her runs. (I made that part up.)

My attorney looked skeptical.

“Why is it that people don’t believe me?” I said. “It’s going to give me a complex.”

“And how do you know all this,” he asked?

“Because Jordan told me,” I said.

“She actually told you that,” he said.

“Yes,” I said.

“When,” he said.

“About two weeks ago,” I said.

My attorney sighed.

“Look,” I said. “She has this fantasy that we’re

going to get married and ride off into the sunset. She’s nuts. She doesn’t understand that our relationship is just a fling for me.”

“And why didn’t you tell me this before?” my attorney asked.

“Because I didn’t want her to go to prison and suffer,” I said.

Attorney skeptical

“You’re such a nice guy,” my attorney said. “You warm my heart.”

“Hey,” I said, “Don’t be sarcastic. I’m paying the bills. And I’m telling you the truth. Are you my attorney, or are you the DA? I’m giving you important information.”

“And you want me to go to the judge and tell him this story?” he said.

“Yes, of course,” I said, “What do you think?”

“I think you’re just flailing, making up a story to save your skin,” he said.

I really wanted to fire the guy right there, but it was late in the process, and I restrained my temper.

“Well, you go talk to Jordan,” I instructed him. “Or better yet, have the police talk with her. You’ll see.”

I slammed the door on my way out and heard something fall in his office.

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