

*The Confession*  
Michael Danese

“Welcome to the six o’clock news – I’m Reed Bramblet. Our top story tonight is a pair of brutal sadistic murders; this time is a hunting cabin 20 miles east of Little Foot. This brings the total to five of these heinous acts. Their throats were torn away, in a similar fashion to the previous three men. Police are not releasing the names of the victims yet, but I was able to confirm that both men were, indeed, also part of the Norton championship high school football team from six years ago.

They also told me exclusively that they are not sure what type of animal is capable of ripping out the throats of the victims; nothing local fits the bill, or is it an animal at all?

Personally, I’m appalled by this – and I just want to say that whoever or whatever is responsible must be a truly evil, vile creature that has no business living.”

As he speaks we see a woman watching a small black and white TV. She is in a very modest house that looks like something from the Civil War era, except for a few modern conveniences.

She is visibly upset by the news, and switches it off just as we hear, “Reed Bramblet reporting.”

Ah, but it isn’t the story that has her incensed, it is the reporter!

“Evil, vile creature! Who is this pompous ass to judge!” she yells.

Early the next day we join Reed Bramblet in his office. He is talking on his cell phone.

“Yeah, maybe we can go to New Orleans for the weekend, but I don’t want to be too far away if there is another murder or something. Do you guys have any leads, Leslie?

Leslie is Reed’s sometimes girlfriend. She is also the detective that is heading up the investigation of the “Football Murders” as they are starting to be called.

They have quite the symbiotic relationship. She leaks information to him about big cases, which makes him a local TV star, and he wines and dines her, as his salary is much larger than her civil servant pay.

“Well, ok, but if you hear of anything gimme a heads up. This is the biggest thing to hit this town in years, probably ever!” he says.

At that moment, his office phone begins to ring.

“Ok, doll, the other phone is ringing, duty calls, bye.”

He hangs up and grabs the land line.

“Hello, Reed Bramblet here,” he says.

“I’ll bet that you would love a big break on the “Football Murders” wouldn’t you,” says the voice on the line.

“What, who is this?” he says.

We see the woman in a phone booth, talking into the receiver.

“How would you like an exclusive interview with the killer? she chides.

“Listen, I don’t have time for this crap. Do you know how many calls like this I get? Maybe you should try another station. Good-bye!” he says.

“Wait, believe me, this ain’t no crank call!” she says.

“You are a sick person – people died here!” he snapped back.

“Yes, I know – I killed them!” she said.

“Maybe you should call the police – good bye!” he adds.

“I’m offering you an exclusive – imagine how that will make your star soar – you need some proof – are you aware of a bite mark on the thigh of each of the dead guys? she teases.

“No, I’m not aware of that and I’m done with you!” he says while slamming down the phone. Her anger boils over as she slams the phone several times back into its holder, almost breaking it off.

Reed sits back in his chair and shakes his head. Then he pushes an auto-dial number on his cell phone.

“Hey, Leslie, me again,” he begins. “Nobody important, it was just some crank call. Listen, waddya know about bite marks on the legs of the victims?”

His face lets us know that this is important as he listens to her.

“No, she didn’t leave a number; in fact I blew her off, why, is that important?”

Okay, calm down, how was I to know about the bite marks. You shoulda mentioned that to me!”

“Yes, I know you can’t tell me everything,” he says while holding the phone away from his face while Leslie is heard yelling from the other end.

“Okay – if she calls back I’ll get more information – sorry – but my guess is she won’t.”

He hears Leslie slam down the phone on the other end and says to himself, “Yes, and goodbye to you too.”

About the same time the next day his desk phone rings again.

“Did you check out the bite marks?” the woman’s voice says.

“Who is this? he says.

“So you did. Now you are willing to hear me out, right?” she says.

“Yeah, give me your name and number and we can get together and talk,” he says.

“Not so fast, TV boy. This will happen my way. How would you like an exclusive story, with all of the details?” she says enticingly.

“Ah, sure – what do you have in mind?” he says.

“This Friday night at 7:00. I will call you with the place. It will be a secluded location far outside of the city. Just you and a camera guy. Tell no one else,” she demands.

“7:00 Friday, camera man. Got it,” he replies.

“And one more thing – if you tell the police, the deal is off – and I will kill you. And, if you tell them, I will know. Trust me on that. So, no police, I want to tell my story completely, then I’ll turn myself in,” she says.

Of course he agrees – this is the biggest break in his life, the story of the century – his ticket to the network chair.

Later that night Reed and Leslie are having a drink.

“You gotta tell me, what do you know about the bite?” Leslie says.

“I can’t reveal my journalistic sources, you know that!” he says.

“Journalistic sources, don’t give me that bullshit – you’re just looking for a ride to the network. You better tell me or I’ll bust you for concealing evidence!” she says playfully.

“Hey, I can’t tell you everything! We need some mystery in our relationship,” says Reed.

“Oh yeah, well if you want a relationship at all I need to know what is going on here” says Leslie.

“Okay – she called me back today,” Reed says.

“So, it is a she for sure?” she asks.

He gives her the silent treatment for a few moments.

“Spill it!” she demands.

“Yes, a she. I don’t know if this is bullshit or not” he says.

“And the bites?” she added.

“She said that would be the proof,” he said.

“What else did she say?” she prodded.

“She wants to confess to me and only me. That’s it,” he said.

At that moment a waitress appears at their little table in the corner. “Another round?” she asked.

“No, thank you. Just the check please,” says Reed.

A short time later they are back at Leslie’s home, in bed. There are two wine glasses on the nightstand, both are empty. She is straddling him and has his arms pinned down on the bed.

“OK, I let you have your way with me, and now you’re gonna talk. I want to know everything. I KNOW there is more. This isn’t about you – this is a police matter and I want in!” she says.

“So, who’s trying to pad their career now, huh?” he replies.

She pushes down on his arms. “Talk – Now! she demands.

“Okay, she wants to meet. This Saturday night. Just me and a camera guy. She is gonna call me with the place. But there is one thing – she said if I tell the police she will kill me. And, I kinda believe her on this one,” he says.

“Don’t be such a pussy!” she says. “I won’t let her hurt my meal ticket!”

“She said she will turn herself in after the interview. I will call you when it is over,” he says.

“Like hell you will! We will be waiting right outside. As soon as she is done she is going down!” says Leslie.

Satisfied, she hops off of him and heads for the bathroom.

He enjoys the view as she exits then thinks to himself, “I finally shut her up. Glad she bought the Saturday night story. I can’t risk her screwing up everything for me on Friday.”

It was late in the afternoon on Friday when the phone finally rings. Reed answers it before the first ring finishes.

“So, you were waiting for my call, weren’t you?” said the voice on the other end.

“Yes,” said Reed.

“Ok, here is the deal. Drive exactly 20.4 miles from the city line on Route 10. When you pass the bait shop, slow down and watch for the first right. It is easy to miss. Take that road all the way to the end. There will be a cabin there. The door will be open. The electric will be on. Go in and get set up. I will be there at 8:00 pm sharp. Remember what I said – no cops or you are a dead man,” she barked.

“Got it. We’ll be ready” he said trying to hide his nervousness.

“Calm down TV boy – this is the break of your life!” she added before she hung up the phone.

After a short while Reed called his most trusted camera man, Bob Martin. Bob is a seasoned veteran in more ways than one. He did two tours in Iraq shooting all types of horrors. His is the right man for this job, Reed thought. He didn’t give Bob any details besides “be ready” and “this could be dangerous.” He heard Bob laughing on the other end of the phone.

“Bob, I’m serious about this – better bring your shotgun just in case,” he added.

Then he called Leslie and gave him the details for the “Saturday night” meeting. He felt bad lying to her, but rationalized again that he didn’t want to screw things up. She did threaten to kill him for Christ’s sakes!

A few short hours later Reed and Bob were set up in the hunting cabin. It was just like she said. The door was open and the electric was on, but it was obvious that the place hasn't been used for years. The dust was thick, but the furniture was fine for what they needed to accomplish. The rain was pouring down. "How typical," Reed thought to himself. As Bob sets up they are talking about how crazy this is, and more than once Reed reminds Bob to keep the shotgun under the cushion and don't hesitate to use it. "And, keep the camera running – no matter what!" he adds.

After almost an hour, they are getting agitated and realize that she isn't going to show. As they begin to pack up the door blows open and she enters. The cold wind fills the room as everything, including one of the lights on a stand is tossed about.

She is tall and slender, and dressed in black, and her pretty yet rugged face is as pale as the moon. She drops her cloak to the ground. Even in the teaming rain, she is very dry, which amazes the men, since they didn't hear a car pull up.

Let's get started!" she demands.

No small talk, no excuses for being late. Reed and Bob share annoyed looks. He asks her to please sit down as the lights are turned on.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Reed asks.

Ignoring him she says to Bob with a glare, "The gun won't be necessary!"

The men share another look.

"Roll Tape," says Reed.

"Speed," answers Bob.

Reed begins, "First, please state your name, then, in your own words . . ."

She starts talking, cutting him off. "You can call me Evelyn. There is another connection between the five dead guys besides what you already know – Norton high school, football champ team mates; all five grew up here, yes. The other connection is me.

But my story starts before that. I was raised on a farm miles out of town. It was just me and my parents. No farmhands. No neighbors. . . . no friends.

My parents were nice enough, but the farm took every waking minute from them.

I was usually by myself, but I was never really alone, surrounded by all of the friends in my head. Good friends, friends that would never let me down.

When I went to school I spent most of my time alone. I really didn't know how to relate to other people. The other kids didn't understand. They made fun of me, them in their pretty dresses, with bows in their hair (her voice escalates) pointing and laughing at me! I hated them all!"

As her blood pressure rises, a hint of what is inside begins to show in her eyes, Reed and Bob both notice it.

She continues, "I wanted to hurt them, but I didn't, because I was raised to be a nice person, so I let it pass.

Eventually they just left me alone when they realized they couldn't get a reaction out of me.

This was the story of my life through high school.

Then, in the fall of my senior year, it happened."

"What happened?" asks Reed.

She continues, ignoring him.

"Brenda Johnson, who was one of the pretties that ridiculed me when we were kids, seemed to take somewhat of an interest in me. Probably just years of guilt catching up to her. She was, as

you imagine in your twisted male minds – pretty, blonde, blue eyes, cheerleader, quarterback boyfriend, homecoming queen, blah, blah, blah.

Anyway, she invited me to this beer party at a barn after the last football game. I must admit I was excited; I was never at a real party before. When I got there I stayed off to in the corner, sipping a beer and watching the festivities around me. I saw the girls in my class making fools of themselves with the boys, and the football players walked around like they were gods, and the other kids treated them like they were. Brenda came over to me as things were starting to wind down. One of the football players, Gary Grimaldi was with her. She said hello and just as quickly quarterback Brad came along and pulled her into the field. Gary gave me a beer and flashed that big grin of his.

The rest of the night was a blur. I knew what was happening, I could see it and hear it, but I was not able to react.”

As she tells her story, Reed, still not believing her, gives subtle signals of ridicule to Bob.

Perhaps he thinks she can't see him through the lights, or maybe he just doesn't care. But every time he sighs or clears his throat, she gets that glint in her eyes, and that deep growl in her voice. You just know that she doesn't appreciate the lack of respect. But as annoyed as she is, she put her feelings aside to get her story told.

She continues, “Gary took me into the field and three of the other football players were there. There was Bill Burk, Ray Politi, Jon Morris, and soon Brad Osgood showed up too. My dress was ripped off in seconds and one by one they took their turns on me. It seemed like it went on for hours. I must have passed out at some point. I woke up hours later, in the woods, alone, in the dark. My head was banging and I was in a lot of pain “down there” and I also realized a big bite mark on my thigh. I still have the scar today. I must admit, I had other plans for my “first time.” I got up and tried to walk, but the pain was just too much. I covered myself up with what was left of my dress and slept in the woods for the rest of that cold November night.”

“In the morning I made my way home and told my parents what happened. They were disgusted with me, called me a slut and worse names. I locked myself in my room and as soon as I felt strong enough, I left.

I packed a few things, took the little bit of money that I had and climbed out of my bedroom window.”

“I drifted for a while took odd jobs, and then I ended up getting terribly sick while working on a farm. The farmer's wife took me to the doctor, Miss Olive. She wasn't a real doctor, but she gave me some herbs to drink, rubbed some ashes on my head and I felt better in a day or two. There was just something about Miss Olive that was different. I started to hang around her place. She let me help with the more difficult patients. She eventually let me move in above the barn.”

“I watched her very closely and observed her subtle magic. While she was away, I studied her ancient manuscripts. I learned that she was what some people might call a witch, but she wasn't because she only used here powers to help people. And, being so far from any real medical facilities, the people in the area came to love and trust her, and me too, for that matter. But, as I studied her and learned her ways, I always had my final day in this town in the back of my mind.”

“It turns out that the powers I learned were very strong. I practiced for years to perfect my art. I started on small animals, then on the sick, and then sometimes on the drifters that wandered

through our area. I suppose that all of the good in Miss Olive's powers was balanced by the evil in mine."

As she spoke, Reed and Bob became even more skeptical.

Then Reed says, "OK, show me some magic. Make that lamp disappear!"

Bob laughed.

Her eyes sparked and a loud crash of thunder shook the cabin, coupled with lightening that almost comes into the room and grabs the men. There is a splintering sound outside.

The men glance towards the window in time to see a large tree collapse onto their car.

She yells at them – "I'm not here to prove myself to you!"

Reed says, "But our car! That tree crushed it! How we gonna get outta here?"

She says, "That isn't my concern. We continue right now or I'm leaving!"

Then Reed nervously says, "Fine, but get to the point, all of this mumbo jumbo is boring me to tears!"

She says, "Ok, then let's begin with Mr. Grimaldi. Gary Grimaldi was the first to die, and the most deserving. I knew he would make headlines – in a town like this the star of the champion football team is a king forever. And he thought he was a king in high school too. As I said, he gave me a beer and the rest was a blur."

Reed says, "Yeah, you mentioned that – then what?"

"Do not interrupt me again!" She blurted. "Yes, he thought he was so cool. I waited until he was done work at his auto body shop, then I followed him as he went to Murphy's. He is so predictable. I patiently waited while he had his fill of beer. I waited years, what are a few more hours? When he finally stumbled to his truck I went up to him. I was looking fine that night – a tight black skirt, showing lots of leg, just like he dreams about. He flashed that same toothy grin too. I almost puked in his face, but I didn't – I let him think that I was drowning in his charms – just like the girls always do for him. He asked me if I wanted a ride – and I told him I did.

When we got in the truck I slid over close to him. His hands were all over me and I was glad to let him touch me. When he was worked up enough I asked him to pull over.

I got out of the truck and led him like a puppy. I unbuttoned my top few buttons and he lit up like a roman candle. Then I asked him if he remembered that night in high school. He said that he did, and when I told him that was me, he got even more turned on – he actually thought I enjoyed it and came back for more!

I gave him a warm, loving smile, and as he reached his arms out to me, I ripped out his throat! The look on his face was priceless! Then I ripped out his beating heart and stuffed it into his mouth! He wasn't grinning anymore! I could not stop laughing as he gurgled and choked and died, the heartless bastard that he was! But before he died I took a big bite outta his thigh – one last thing to remember me by! This was the greatest night of my life – and I was just getting started!"

She paused and smiled as we see the camera's view of the twinkle in her eye.

"Cold bitch!" thought Bob to himself.

"What is that big fella? You got something to say to me!?" she snapped to him.

"No - no – I didn't say anything!" he whimpered.

"You keep your mind on your work – I'm only tellin' this story once!" she announced.

"Yes ma'm," he whispered.

At that moment, the cameraman and the reporter caught each other's eyes. The look had that "are we getting into something over our heads here?" feel to it.

Then Reed said, "I think we are doing great. How about if we take a little break, get a drink, you know, relax a little bit. I think we can all use it."

"You stay right where you are and keep that camera rolling. We ain't stopping – you can wait until we are done to call your little detective girlfriend!"

"I wasn't gonna . . ."

Oh, yes you were – you started this and your gonna finish it – or else!" she said.

Reed stood up saying, "Look, I don't know who you think you are fooling with this dark side bullshit, as far as I'm concerned you are just some fake headline seeker."

She quickly raised her chin and shot him a glance that knocked him back into his seat. "I don't give a shit what you think – you are getting this story, like it or not!"

"OK – Then get on with it!" He said.

"That's better – so let me see where was I - oh yes – jock number two – Bill Burk. Bill probably blotted this night out of his memory. He got a football scholarship and went off to college. He was the squeaky clean boy-next-door – to everyone but me – I knew what was in his past! All was going great for Bill until senior year. He was home for the summer when he knocked up Betty Marshal, yes – the preacher's daughter! Well, preacher Marshal hit him in the knee with a shovel and that ended his football days. And, since he couldn't play, he lost his scholarship. So, Bill and Betty were married, of course, and had a few more kids. He finally finished his accounting degree at night at the community college. Got a good job too – keeping the books at the beer bottling plant. I'm sure that he thought his small town life was just perfect – until he met me!"

"He came out from work and I was standing by his car. He said to me, "Are you okay?"

I guess the fake tears in my eyes worked. I said, "Hey aren't you Bill Burk? Before he could answer I said, "We went to the same high school – and, well, my car broke down over the hill, and as I was walking down the road and I saw you coming out . . . I got to thinking about what happened to Gary. You guys were friends, right?"

"Yes, we were very close," said Bill.

"Well I was thinking about what happened to him and I got so scared, my heart was about to beat out of my chest, and then I saw you and . . ."

"It's okay, I'm here," he said, still full of himself.

"Yes, you are. Please just hold me for a second."

"Well, okay, for a second," he said while scanning the area to make sure nobody can see them.

"Then I'll see what is up with your car," he added.

"Do you remember me, Bill? I'm sure you must! Think hard, Bill! You and your football buddies passed me around in the woods – remember?"

Bill started to move away, trying to look into my face.

Then the flash of recognition appears on his face.

"Sure – you remember! Don't you!"

Just then I ripped his throat out. He tried to fall to the ground, but I held him up with my outstretched arm as the blood spewed from his throat. I held him above my head and took a big bite out of his thigh – I'm sure he wasn't expecting that! Sure it surprised me on that night too so long ago!"

"He went limp as the blood drained from his body. I looked him right in the eyes as his life drained away too. Yes, he remembered! My plan was so perfect! I hope you are enjoying this as much as I am!"

At that, the reporter quickly turned and threw up in the trashcan next to him. “I’m sorry!” he choked.

“Don’t you dare ruin my story – now throw your jacket in that can – I don’t want to be smelling that for the rest of the night!” she commanded.

He looked right at her and thought to himself, “How could this be happening? This vile, evil bitch - Could she possibly be telling the truth? No, never, she’s seen too many slasher movies. This is an elaborate hoax.”

“Don’t you look at me like that! And don’t you doubt me for a second!” she yelled.

“Now I’m going to tell you about Ray. Big Ray Politi. Big, dumb Ray. Ray was a lineman on the team, nearly 300 pounds and none of it brains. Ray was lucky enough to get a job driving a trash truck. His career consisted of driving to everyone’s house and picking up their trash, and on some days even that was a little too much for Ray to comprehend. Ray was what you would call a homebody. Never went out, didn’t hang with the fellas, no, Ray would spend his nights watching *The Simpsons* and drinking beer, farting into the same couch cushion year after year. He would pass out, then drag his sorry ass out the door before dawn to start his rounds. Except on his last morning. He was just about to leave. He grabbed his lunch – leftover pizza from the night before, shoved it in a paper bag and opened the door. Imagine his surprise when he saw me standing there! I was wearing a black silk robe. And when he saw me, I let it fall open to show that was all I was wearing. I thought Ray was gonna die before I even had the chance to kill him. He couldn’t even talk. He just mumbled – “Are you at the right house?”

I quickly closed my robe and said “Yes, I am, darling Ray, I’ve waited so long to see you! Can I come in?”

“Sure!” Ray exclaimed. “But I don’t want to be late for work.”

“Oh, I bet you say that to all the girls when the visit you in the morning!” I said as I smiled and gave him another peek.

“NO – This never happens – really!” Ray said.

“It’s ok Ray. Don’t you remember me? Come on Ray, I know that you had sex with lots of girls, being a big football star and everything!”

“Oh, I would remember you, and I didn’t have lots of . . .”

“Sure, you remember that special night we had together, me, you, and you buddies, after the last big game? Think hard big boy. I remember you, heaving on top of me, and jamming yourself into me, I thought you were gonna split me open!”

“I . . . I remember . . . I was really drunk . . .”

“Yes, you were, Ray, but I wasn’t. Shall I tell you all about it?”

“No . . . no.” Say squealed.

“Well Ray, I won’t then. But it is still time for you to pay.” My robe came open again, and as he glanced at my body for the last time I ripped out his jugular vein. I was getting so good at this! The big ass just stood there dumbstruck. I threw him onto the table and bit his chubby thigh, a grisly bite it was. As he gurgled and gasped I asked him again if he remembered. Then I left.”

By now, you were all over the news, calling me a vile, evil thing. Well nobody got anything that wasn’t coming to them for a long time.”

Reed glances at his phone for a second.

“Hey -- don’t you take your eyes off of me again. Remember – you are here because you wanna be here – big *career* move – and you are getting your story – right?”

“Yes, yes,” he whispered.



“Good!” she snapped back. “Because I’m getting to my favorite part – my return engagement with Jon Morris, and pretty boy quarterback Brad Osgood!”

At the mention of those names Bob shuddered.

“You got a problem back there in the dark? she said to the cameraman.

“No . . . it’s just that I covered that . . . story. I was the first camera on the scene.”

“Yes, you were, weren’t you – right alongside detective girlfriend.” She said sarcastically.

“It was like a nightmare,” he said under his breath.

“Well, at least it was for Brad and Jon, but it was a dream come true for me!”

At that Reed spoke up, “Let’s cut there – we’ve heard enough. We will make sure the story is heard.”

“It you turn off that camera the deal is off – all of it! Now you keep rolling – you ain’t gonna spoil my fun before I get to the best part! And – I’ve warned you – DO NOT interrupt me again!” As she spoke her eyes glowed, like she was on fire from within.

The reporter sunk into his chair, speechless.

“Now where was I? Oh yes – my favorite part!” At that her face quickly turned warm and inviting as she remembered her joy.

“Yes, Jon and pretty Brad. Two of the reddest necks you will ever see. The great white hunters. Yes, these boys loved to kill defenseless animals. Right here in these very woods. That is why we are meeting here. They drew their last breaths less than a mile from where we are sitting right now.”

They were in their cabin, almost exactly like this one, on a stormy night, just like tonight. They were sitting at the table, pounding down the Budweisers and playing cards. They could barely hear me knocking at the door over the Guns N Roses blaring from the tinny stereo.

Finally the music stopped and Jon came to the door.

Can I please come in? I said. Oh, you woulda been proud of me – a skimpy party dress, the tears flowing.”

“Sure!” Jon said, “Is there a problem?”

“I was with my boyfriend, and we were fighting. He pulled over, and I thought he was going to hit me so I pushed the door open and ran. I hid in the woods and watched him look for me. After a while he finally gave up and left.” I hammed it up pretty good, between the tears. I looked like a ripe Georgia peach to these boys, ready for the picking.

Brad put a hunting jacket over my cold wet shoulders and said, “That’s awful, how can a guy treat a pretty girl like that?”

“I don’t know! That’s it for him - we are through! And I thought he was “*the one!*”

Then I cried some more. Brad pulled me close and tried to comfort me. I was laughing out loud on the inside! But I could see what they were thinking – they had other plans for me – both of them, without even a look between them.

Then Jon said in the most tender voice he could muster, “Can I get you anything? Coffee?”

“Oh, thank you ever so!” I said in my best Marilyn Monroe, and giving him the sad eyes.

As soon as he cleared the door I went to work. In the blink of an eye, I broke from Brad’s fake hug and stuffed a rag halfway down his throat, then I tied him to a chair in the middle of the room. His look was priceless!

When Jon cracked the door open again I was on him faster than the light from the lamp. The hot coffee splashed up into his face and I sat him down and tied him up before he even felt the pain of the coffee. When he saw Brad he actually started crying! Damn – I love my work!

“I reached over and pulled the rag from Brad’s face. He let out a yell that was probably heard for miles. But the only creatures that could hear it were the animals in the woods. I cackled non-stop! You boys don’t look so tough now!  
“Untie us, you bitch!” Brad said.  
I punched him in the mouth. Blood and teeth sprayed all over Jon, who was still whimpering.  
“What are you going to do! Who are you!?” said Jon.  
I grabbed Jon by the throat, but not enough to really hurt him. Not yet.  
“Surely you boys musta thought something was up with the untimely deaths of your team mates! So, what else did you have in common besides football? Come on, think – you remember me - We’re old friends, Jon!  
“You killed those guys? Our friends?” Brad said while still spitting out teeth and blood.  
“Bingo quarterback! – But the question is why?  
“Why?” said Jon.  
“Yes Jon – as I said – that is the question! Very good – you are learning!” I spat back.  
“Come on guys – You must remember me! I was your entertainment, you little *plaything* in the woods after the last big game!”  
“Both of them men sat silent, but their faces told it all as they relived that night quickly in their heads.”  
“I knew you would remember me!” I snarled.  
“Hey – come on, that was a long time ago, I got kids! You gotta let us go!” Jon begged.  
“Yeah – we are so very sorry about that – we were so drunk . . .” Added Brad.  
“Shut up tough guys – Aw, you were drunk,” I said in Brad’s face.  
“And you have kids, ” I said to Jon.  
“Well your night of fun made it so I would *never* have kids. And I’m doing your kids a favor; they don’t need a role model like you anyway!” I said.  
At that I took out a long sharp blade. They both started to squirm in their seats and tried to break free. The look of terror on their faces was a pure joy to me!  
I went over to Brad and cut the ropes from his hands, he thanked me as he choked back tears. At that moment I ripped out his throat. I made sure that the blood spattered all over Jon, who was crying like a newborn by now. As Brad bled out I bit a chunk of his muscular thigh and spat it at Jon.”  
“Sure Jon, you remember biting me on the leg, don’t you. I still have the scar – wanna see?” I joked to him.”  
He was screaming by now and thrashing like an animal caught in a trap.  
“Yell all you want, big boy, there ain’t nobody to save you. Remember me yelling that night; there wasn’t anyone to save me either!” I said.  
“Enough already – I’m tired of your noise!” Then I added a new twist – I bit his leg first, so he could feel some of what I went through. I jammed the piece of meat into his mouth, and as he choked on it I ripped a hole in his throat big enough for his whole leg to fit.  
I stood over him as the last drop of life drained from his sorry body. I gave a little whistle and walked away smiling.  
I finally completed my life’s work. I went back to Miss Olive’s and helped her to doctor the people in our town.”  
  
“You are insane, evil, vile and insane; I hope that you rot in hell after they fry you for what you did!” said Reed.

The camera man was still in shock. He knew.

“Silence!” she yelled and continued,

“I thought the story was over until I heard you defiling me on the news – you pompous bastard. I goaded you with a shot at glory and you went right for it – get the big story – bring in the killer – live happily ever after with Detective Leslie – well your’re gonna get the notoriety you crave but on my terms!”

In a flash Bob reached for the shotgun aimed at her from under the table. As his fingers brushed the trigger the gun flew across the room, spun and ended up in her hands. She gave him both barrels, then turned to Reed, who was white and sweating like a pig. She pounced on him and gutted his throat before he could take a breath. His eyes remained fixed on her as he look up from the floor at her.

“There, you got your story and your fame!” Then she left with a slam of the door into the night.

The next day was sunny and bright.

Leslie and her partner Bud, were driving up the long, dirt road.

“I’m so pissed at Reed. He hasn’t returned my calls since yesterday. If he cooked something up to blow this I’m gonna kill him!” Leslie said.

“Relax!” said Bud. “He ain’t gonna do nothing to jinx his big moment. Let’s just make sure that when we nail her the camera shows us making the arrest, not him gloating about it.”

“I know, I already thought about that,” she said.

The car pulls up to a rustic hunting cabin. The roof is damaged, and the door is swinging in the wind.

“Let’s park her and hike to the cabin. We will need to hide in the woods until she is inside. I told him I would let him get his story before we grab her.” Leslie said.

“I hope he knows what he is doing. If she actually did all this she could be smarter than we are giving her credit for!” said Bud.

“Don’t worry – Bob has his shotgun ready in case there is trouble. And he never misses. I brought a few sandwiches since we might be hunkered down in the woods for a few hours,” said Leslie.

“Oh, you’re gonna make Reed the perfect little wife someday!” joked Bud.

“Can it and keep you mind on your work!” she replied though a smile.

“If this breaks the way he thinks it might clear the way for a network job for Reed and open the door for us to get married and move to Atlanta!” she added.

“What – and give up all of this?!” Brad said.

Their mood changed on a dime when they saw the tree on top of the car.

“What the . . .!” Brad said.

“That looks like Reed’s car under there! Come on!” Leslie said as she dropped the lunch bag.

They both started running towards the cabin as they drew their guns.

Bud barreled through the door waving his gun, with Leslie right behind him.

“Holy Christ – what is . . . oh my God!” Bud said as he came upon the bloodbath.

Leslie screamed as Brad hugged her to try and shield her from the view. She pushed him away after a second and looked again in disbelief.

Reed was a bloody mess, with a look of sheer terror on his face. Bob’s body was still seated next to the camera, but most of his head was splattered on the wall behind him.

Leslie turned back to Bud and he hugged her, and she accepted it this time.

Bud took out his phone and called it in.

A short while later police swarmed the cabin. The medical examiner gave the okay for the removal of the bodies. Forensic officers worked over the place.

“Looks like they’ve been dead since last night,” said the M.E.

“Oh Reed, Reed, that ego of yours finally did you in. She said no cops, so he set it up with us for tonight so we wouldn’t spook her,” said Leslie.

“Did he actually think she would turn herself in?” said Brad.

“I guess so . . . you know him, he couldn’t see past the story. Now he went and got Bob killed too,” Leslie added.

Brad went over to the camera and took out the tape.

“Well, let’s get this tape to the lab and see what we’ve got. At least we can ID her.”

A short time later they were in the lab with a video tech. They were watching the big monitor anticipating some answers.

Color bars and tone came on first.

“So far, so good,” said the tech.

Then a shot of Reed checking the mic.

“Testes, one two,” he joked.

“Sounds good,” said Bob from behind the camera.

Then the interview started. The picture was completely altered. They could see the shape of a person, but that was it.

“Shit!” said the tech.

“Oh this is worthless!” said Brad.

The sound wasn’t quite as bad. When Reed started to talk, his voice was clear as a bell. But when the alleged killer talked, her voice was garbled. Not all the way, just enough to alter it. You could still hear the conversation fine.

The three of them sat through it all without saying a word.

Until the end. When Bob was shot the camera went forward, probably as he let go of it. It perfectly framed Reed as he laid gasping and bleeding. The picture was fine at the worst possible time.

“Turn it off, turn it off!” Leslie said through her tears.

Brad tried to comfort her. She let him.

That night on the news the story broke. This time it was one of their own. Of course all of the details were not included in the broadcast, but a few choice excerpts made it onto the air.

The next day the story featuring the interview went national.

The next night it consumed all of *Nightline* and Leslie and Bud were on Larry King. Everybody in the country knew the name Reed O’Brien. The next week he was on the cover of *TIME* Magazine. He finally got the attention that he craved.

A few days later we catch up with Evelyn. She is back home with a line of patients waiting to get into her rustic office

“Okay, who’s next?” She sweetly announces to the people that are so dependent on her.

“I guess I am,” says a big teenager as he walks through the door of the office.

“Come on in big fella, and shut the door. What is bothering you?” Evelyn asks.

“I hurt my arm pretty bad at football practice. I hope you can fix it - we’re playing for the state championship next week!”

At the mention of football, we see a very slight glow come and go in Evelyn's eyes and a minute flash of blue on her face.

"Oh, let's take a look; it doesn't appear to be that bad, especially for a big strong guy like you. I'm sure I can fix you up!" she said through a smile.

C 2010 – Michael Danese