

YOU SONOFABITCH! Lying bastard, you'll pay for this!"

"Calm down, Lorraine, please. We're in Spooner. Everyone in the department will hear you." Porter's voice was unmistakable.

"I don't give a shit! Let them hear me! Let them hear what a lying two-timing bastard you are. A lying triple-timer. You were going to leave Helen for me, remember? 'As soon as the little wife gets done with the shrink,' you said. 'Until,' you said, 'she could take it.' Like a sap, I made myself believe you, month after month, year after year. Meanwhile you were fucking Fulbright!"

"Lorraine. Shhhhh. Please. Listen to me. It didn't mean anything! I hated sleeping with her. She blackmailed me. She held it over my head!"

"YOUR HEAD? She held it over your puny pecker! Ugh, how could you? Is that why you killed her? Because the bitch finally told you the truth about your puny pecker?"

"Damn you, Lorraine, I didn't kill her."

"The DA thinks you did. The cops think you did. They marched in here yesterday and dragged your lying ass downtown. They asked me if I ever booked rooms for you and her."

"I know it looks bad. But I didn't do it. I swear, Lorraine, I didn't do it. I called a private detective in Pittsburgh on Wednesday. His name is Przewalski. He'll be here today. He'll take the case. He'll clear me, you'll see."

"I hope he doesn't clear you. I loved you once, James. Now I hope you fry for this, for what you did to me. I'll make sure you do. I found something interesting about Fulbright's murder the other day. It probably could save your miserable hide. I was going to turn it over to the cops. Not now. I'm going to let you fry sure as I did those eggs this morning."