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The Rich Man's Wife

By Amy Holden Jones

Have a seat.

I want you to listen very carefully,
Mrs. Potenza, all right?

You have the right
to remain silent.

Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.

You have the right
to an attorney...

and have the attorney
present during questioning.

If you so desire
and cannot afford one,
an attorney will be provided
for you without charge.

Do you understand each of these rights?

Yes.

Do you wish to give up your
right to remain silent?

Yes, I do.

Do you wish to give up
your right to speak with an attorney?

Yes. I don't need
to speak with an attorney.

I just want
to tell the truth.

It all started about three weeks ago.
My husband's house.

- Tony and I had been fiighting.

I'm not gonna lie about that.

There were problems
in our marriage...

and we both were at fault.

He was going out.

He was meeting his girlfriend.

And we both knew that I knew.

- It seemed like all we did
was hurt each other.

And that night it was especially bad
because Tony was drinking.

And when he drank,
he could be very mean.

Tony, go easy tonight,
please.

You know, I'd like
to get some someday.
Doesn't have to be today,
but, you know, someday...
if it's not
too much trouble.
So that night I decided...
if I couldn't make him
stop lying to me,
at least I'd stop
lying to him.
Is something wrong?
Come on. Sit down.
This is killing me.
I can't keep going on like this.
Leave him.
I can't.
I'll take care of you.
It's more complicated
than that.
Despite everything,
Tony does love me.
He's got a funny way
of showing it.
I didn't see you saying that when he was
helping you find investors
for the restaurant...
or when he loaned
your ex-wife money.
That was way below the belt.
Jake...
I'm sorry.
I can't play second best forever.
It's not my style.
That's why this
has gotta be the last time.
I don't want to hurt you,
and I don't want to hurt Tony.
- I love you. What am I
supposed to do about it?
I'm sorry.
You're sorry?
We're both gonna
have to try here...

and I'm willing to go fiirst.
What exactly is it
that you want me to do?
Be nice.
Okay, I will.
I'll try.
And if I'm nice, will you
do something for me?
Stop drinking, Tony.
It scares me,
and it's not good for you.
I know.
Will you try?
Yes... I will.
I'll try.
Now will you do
one more thing for me?
Will you take me on a trip?
just me and you alone, away.
josie, the timing
is terrible.
It's impossible right now.
The new pilots are shit.
The fall season is upside down, sideways.
I don't know what I'm gonna do.
Please. Please.
- All right.
- Thank you.
There's nothing
I wouldn't do for you, baby.
- Howdy.
- Hi.
- Where you headed?
- Merv Gardener's place, Norman's Pond.
- You know where that is?
- Yep. Get in.
You got a key to that gate?
Merv didn't mention
anything about it.
That's a problem.
I can't believe this.
Why didn't you fnd out
we needed a key to the gate?
It's not like you have anything

to do with your time but go shopping.
This whole trip was your idea. It's your
responsibility. Can't you do anything right?
Tony, we just got here.
Please don't ruin our vacation.
Tony! It's ready!
Tony!
So what do they want to do now?
Shuffle the whole schedule?
No, goddamn it!
Goddamn it, no!
That is exactly
the wrong thing to do.
Bullshit!
Absolutely not!
Well, look, I'll tell you
what you can do.
You can send the damn plane.
How about that?
All right, I understand.
Yes. What about Arnie?
He's in New York. Great.
Oh, what about Frank?
All right, listen, why don't you
give me an hour and then call me back?
All right?
Let me sort this out.
Thanks.
Why don't you just go?
- It's the best thing for both of us.
- What about you?
I'm gonna stay.
One of these days
Planning on a change
- What can I get you, sweetie?
- Dewars, straight up.
One of these days
Planning on a change
- You'll try him out, lady
- Thank you.
After a while
Ya gonna be mine
Gonna be mine
One of these days

On one of these lonely days
Try, try, try
It won't be long, long
Planning on a change
Planning on a change
Change, change, change
Oh, my God.
You okay?
My Jeep died.
Where you headed?
Norman's Pond.
Well, jump in.
I'll give you a lift.
Okay. I mean, if you want to stay out
here and freeze all night, it's up to you.
- It's fine by me.
- Josie Potenza.
Cole Wilson.
You look like you're freezing to death.
Why don't you put this on?
Thank you.
Come on.
That's really sweet, but
you don't have to do that.
No, no, no, it's okay. My mother would
die if I didn't walk you to the door.
You don't need
anything else?
No, I'm fine.
Thank you.
All right. Well, look, I'll come back
tomorrow and fix the Jeep.
Really,
I can handle it myself.
Look, all right. It's no big deal.
It'll save you a tow.
Okay.
Yeah?
- Here, want your coat?
- All right. Thanks.
So long.
Coil was off your distributor.
Go give it a try.
There you go.

I'm impressed.
What do I owe you?
Why don't you
have dinner with me?
I told you, I'm married.
Yeah.
To a guy who runs off and leaves you
in the middle of nowhere.
He had a very important
business meeting.
What could be
more important than you?
I'll pick you up at 8:00.
Okay.
The look on your face
tells me where you've been
And every time you walk
out of that door
I act a fool
to let you back in
You're not the only one paying rent
Before I get burned
you need to understand
There'll be some pain
Some shame
- What's wrong?
- That was a mistake.
It went too far. Dinner's my limit,
just like I said.
You want
to tell me why?
I think I've told you
several times now.
Would you like
something else?
Uh, you...
No.
You know, really, you're
better off anyway. I'm pretty messed up.
My father used to say, when a woman
doesn't want to make love to you,
they usually tell you the story
of their life, so why don't you?
- I'll pass.

- No, I mean it.

Tell me, you know.

How long

you been married?

Seven years.

Is he rich?

Yeah.

How'd I guess?

He must've met you

when you were a baby.

Actually, I was 17.

- Hmm.

- A runaway, high school dropout.

I was lonely,

scared, dead broke.

- Out there on the edge, you know?

- Yeah.

I got a job in a grocery store,

working as a cashier.

Men were always coming in,

trying to pick me up, and I guess...

I didn't have a very high

opinion of myself.

- You know what I'm saying?

- Little bit.

So one night

Tony came in, and...

to me he looked like a god

in a thousand-dollar suit.

Sweet.

And on our first date,

he asked me to marry him. I said yes.

Uh-huh, a regular fucking fairy tale.

The prince loved you, and,

well, you loved his money.

No, really, that's not what happened.

I loved Tony...

and I still do...

love my husband.

You know, for some reason,

I think you're bullshitting me.

Okay? Why don't you

just tell me the truth?

Y- You used him, and

now you're sick of him.
Why be so greedy?
Why don't you just, uh, divorce
his ass and collect half the money?
No, I can't do that.
I signed this paper...
that said if I leave him,
I get nothing.
See? He's
a real smart guy.
You know, excuse me
for saying so,
but he didn't even trust you
when he married you.
If someone made me
sign a piece of paper,
that would piss me off.
And I would really,
really hate them for that.
You gotta hate him.
You gotta really, really
hate him, don't you?
You do hate him, don't you?
Sometimes I do.
Sometimes... I wish he...
Sometimes, what?
I wish he were dead.
Look, let's say
you could have that, okay?
Let's say Tony
was out in the car one day,
goes off to work and
he just never comes home.
And there you are, poor
little Josie, the widow.
A certain period of time goes by.
Nobody blames you...
because you're young,
you're beautiful.
Tony was a schmuck
to begin with.
You get the house,
you get the cash.
I mean, baby,

you have it all.
Perfect solution.
I'll do it.
Do what?
I'll kill him.
Kill Tony?
Oh, no!
No! No!
You're joking, right?
What if I was serious?
Uh-uh, no. Mm-mm.
I've had too much to drink.
Wait a minute. Wh-Wh-Whoa.
Don't go. We're just talking.
Wait a minute, whoa.
Where you gonna go?
- I'm gonna call a cab.
- There's no cabs this time of night, okay?
I brought you, I'll take you home.
just come on, let's go.
You know, I thought we were friends.
We're friends, right?
You like me?
- Look at me.
- Don't touch me, okay?
- Don't touch you?
- No.
You know...
the things you want most
you pretend you don't want,
and you should really
get over that.
I'll tell you what. I haven't
played a game since I was a little kid.
Ever drive
by the moonlight?
Wait a minute.
What are you doing?
- We're driving in the dark.
- No, uh-uh. Turn the lights back on.
- No. No!
- Let me out! I want to get out!
- No! No! No!
- Sit back and enjoy.

Turn the lights back
on! Turn the lights on!
No, no! Come on!
- Oh, my God!
- Scared now, baby?
- Yes! Yes!
- Huh?
Isn't this fun?
- Stop it! No!
- Come on!
No! Stop!
Slow down! Oh, my God!
Hold on! Whoa!
Goddamn, I'm havin' fun, Josie!
- Stop! Stop!
- Oh, shut up!
- The gate up there! Stop!
- We're going right through it.
Lights out.
- Oh!
- No! No!
- Nice catch, huh? I know what you want.
- Get off of me!
You wanna go inside the cabin?
You know you want it, baby!
Get off of me!
Get off of me!
Leave!
You little fucking bitch!
That was a really
big mistake, partner.
Hey, here comes the cake.
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, dear Tony
Happy birthday to you
How old are you now
How old...
That's funny.
Look at that bonfre.
How old are you anyway?
Yeah, why don't you test your math
skills and count the candles?
Forty one.

Forty one?
One to grow on.
If he grows any more,
you might divorce him.
I'll have a very small piece.
No, thanks.
I gave that up.
Make a wish.
Almost, almost.
The smoke from this...
I got it.
Ow. Thank you.
For what?
Well, for the nice party.
For putting up with me.
I blew our vacation.
That was pretty stupid.
Stunat'.
It was selfish.
Oh, just forget it, Tony.
It was my fault too.
No. No, it wasn't.
You...
You blame yourself too much.
What's wrong, sweetie?
Oh, another
goddamn birthday.
Ya!
This is the big one.
You know, it's...
incredible.
I have to tell you,
I feel... I feel old.
Half my life is over.
How's it been?
The truth?
You're the only good thing
that ever happened to me.
Thank you.
Do you remember how it was
when we first met,
the way we were together?
Yeah, I do.
I miss that.

I miss those days.
I do too.
I would love to put the ways
we hurt each other behind us...
and... just wipe the slate.
Do you think
that's possible?
You tell me.
Yeah.
Oh, Josie.
I don't want to lose you.
Good night, Stu.
See you tomorrow.
Good night, Mr. Potenza.
Whoo!
Hey, when the rain
Do you remember
How sweet it used to be
Can't stand the rain
Against my window
Bringing back
sweet memories
I can't stand the rain
- Hello?
- Hey, it's me!
-
- I'm on my way home.
Oh, good. I was
just about to make dinner.
No, don't. I had a hell of a day today.
I'll tell you about it.
I want to take you
out to dinner tonight,
and I want you to wear that sexy number
that you wore at the
network Christmas party.
How long 'til
you get here?
- I'll be home in 20 minutes.
- Okay. Around eight.
Bye.
There's just one sound
That I just can't stand
I can't stand the...

Shut up.
All right.
What do you want?
See the park
we're coming up to?
- Yeah.
- Just make a left right in there.
You want the car?
It's yours, all right?
Take it.
Take the money too.
- Ow! Shit!
- If I want the money, I'll take the money.
- Son of a...
- All right, dickhead?
Now get out of the car. Get out!
Just come on.
All right.
Don't. Don't.
Don't do this.
You don't have to do this, man.
Let's talk, all right?
Piece of shit gun!
My God! Help!
Help me!
Help me, help me.
Help me!
Help me!
Help me!
Help me!
Damn!
That shit's gotta hurt.
Does it hurt? Huh?
Come on!
Why don't you just fuckin'
die already, okay?
Why don't you fuckin'die!
Die!
Come on!
When you're fuckin' dead, I'm gonna go
see that pretty little wife of yours.
We're gonna have
the best fuckin' time!
No! No, don't!
Don't! Don't!

The mobile customer you have called is
unavailable or outside the service area.
Please try your call later.

Tony!

Tony?

Hi, partner.

Who are you calling this time of night?

Gonna shoot me?

Go on.

I can't believe you were gonna do that.
You know, it took the whole clip to drop
that man of yours.

The whole goddamn clip!

And you know what I did?

I took him to a park.

I don't know what park.

Some park.

And pop, pop, pop, pop!

Emptied the whole fucking clip on him.

And you know,

the son of a bitch would not die.

- Imagine that.

- No!

And do me a favor. Do not sit there
and act surprised, okay?

Tony.

You wanted it done.

I did it for you!

- No.

- Just like we planned.

You're crazy.

Oh, I'm crazy?

You know, you have selective
fucking memory, is what you have.

Don't you remember?

We had dinner.

We discussed... a murder.

There were people
milling all about.

And we danced

the fuckin' night away.

Oh, we did, though, didn't we?

And I bet you

my bottom dollar...

that waitress...

that snooty little waitress...

I bet you she heard
every goddamn thing!

- Oh, yeah.

- No.

Without a doubt.

She heard you say,

"I want my husband dead,
and I want you to kill him. "

Mm-mm, no!

- Then you took me back to your cabin.

- Mm-mm. No!

You made love to me.

In my mind, anyway.

You even gave me a gun.

The gun from your cabin.

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, you did.

I'm calling the police.

And what the fuck

you gonna tell 'em?

- I'm gonna tell 'em the truth.

- Oh, the truth?

The truth. Now,

what is the truth?

I would say the truth is that you're
a greedy little bitch...

who married

a sugar daddy.

And they will say

that this little bitch has motive.

And I don't.

I'm calling the police.

Oh, please.

Give me the phone.

Just give me the phone.

Give me the goddamn phone!

- Christ!

- What is it that you want?

You know, if you had been

this much nicer to me,

things-things would've

been very different.

I want 30 grand

by Friday.
And you have to suffer
just a little bit...
for the way you
treated me, okay?
Because the way I see it, you're just
a hooker with a wedding ring.
I got a feeling
that's the police.
So come on, get up. Get up,
get up, get up. Clean yourself up.
Come on. You're so pretty.
Be pretty here, okay?
They're gonna think
it was a carjacking.
You let them think it was
a carjacking, all right?
If you tell them about me,
then we both go to jail.
Okay? 'Cause I'll tell them that you
were in it with me.
- I swear to God I'll
make them believe it.
Now, we're partners,
right? Right?
Okay, go.
You, you go downstairs.
You look beautiful.
Go on.
Wipe the tears.
Mrs. Potenza?
Yes?
I'm Detective Dan Fredricks and this is
my partner, Detective Ron Lewis.
It's about your
husband, ma'am.
Somebody must've
heard something.
Nobody heard a thing.
All right, come on.
- Man, this is fucked up.
Why you guys pick me up?
He's the one who rolled up
on me. Man, this is fucked up!

I don't know why you guys didn't arrest him too. He's gonna jam me up.

Hey, can you help me?

Please, help me.

- Please, please!

- Lady, come on.

See how they treat me?

Go ahead.

Right in.

Come on in.

Sit down, Mrs. Potenza.

We'll be recording this interview, with your permission.

State your name

for the record.

josie Potenza.

Mrs. Potenza, when was the last time you spoke with your husband today?

He called

at about 7:

- He called you?

- Yes, he did.

And he told me he'd be home in about 20 minutes.

We were supposed to go out to dinner.

How can you be so sure of the time?

'Cause I looked at the clock.

And then?

I decided to call him on his car phone.

But then when I called...

I didn't get an answer.

Did your husband have any enemies?

Outstanding debts?

Disgruntled business partners?

Anything like that?

No.

Can you think of anybody who would've benefited from his death?

No, I can't.

Mrs. Potenza, do you have any idea who might have killed your husband?

No, I don't.

I'm letting the wife go.

What did you think about her?

What?

Think it was a real carjacking?

Yeah. Don't you?

Then why'd the perp leave the Caddy?

The alarm scared him away.

Did you get a good look at the, uh, widow Potenza?

She's a shitload younger than her husband.

No alibi. Alone at the time of the murder.

And black.

Well, that's got nothing to do with it.

Spouse is always a suspect, right?

He's stretchin', man.

Yeah, Ron, I'm stretching.

Oh, you remember that instateller receipt we found in Potenza's pocket?

Yeah.

What about it?

I just saw the bank video.

There was a guy standing directly behind him when he got his cash.

Yeah.

What kind of guy?

Ayo.

In full view of the camera, a black man standing behind Potenza while he got the cash.

Damn! Case closed.

Don't get all sensitive, Ronnie.

I'm just pointing out a fact.

It might've been a local out for a run.

A black man, Ron,
in the Palisades?
One dead white man,
two black suspects.
Whew!
You're on a roll.
Here we are.
Look, if you, uh, think
of anything else, just call.
This is a direct line
to my office, okay?
Thank you.
I'm sorry about everything.
Well, you've been very kind.
Thank you.
All right, and you
take care of yourself.
Okay.
Good night.
Good night.
The peace of an exclusive
Los Angeles neighborhood...
has been shattered
by news of a brutal murder.
Anthony Potenza, a prominent
executive at PBC Broadcasting,
was shot and killed last night
in Pacific Palisades.
No motive is yet known
for the killing,
but it appears that Potenza
was the victim of a carjacking.
It was shortly

after 8:

when Potenza stopped for cash
at this instateller.
Police believe the victim
was accosted here,
then driven
to a park nearby.
A violent struggle ensued,
in which Potenza fought for his life...
as he was shot repeatedly.

No suspect
is yet in custody,
but police are looking
to question this man.
Anyone with information
as to his whereabouts...
is asked to call police
immediately.

Mr. Golden, can we please
get a statement from you?
When was the last time
he was in your restaurant?

Do the police
have any idea?

Is she expecting
your visit, sir?

Sir, can we at least
get a statement?

Anything I can do?
just leave, Jake.

Please.

No. You need a friend.
You shouldn't be alone now.
You don't understand.

What don't I understand?

I want to tell you, Jake, but
I can't. It's too dangerous.

Hey, come on, it's me.

- No, I'm in big, big trouble.

- It's all right.

No, listen, I know who killed Tony,
but I didn't tell the police.

It's not what
you think, okay?

I met this guy
in the mountains.

I met him at a bar, and I started
telling him about me and Tony and...

- I didn't know the man was crazy.

- Crazy? What the...

He tried to rape me, Jake.

So I used this gun to get him off me.

Then he followed me here,
and he killed Tony.

And now he's trying to say
that it was all my idea.
He said I have to pay him
\$30,000 by Friday.
Wait a minute, slow down. Why do you have
to pay him if you had nothing to do with it?
If I don't give him the money, he's
gonna tell the cops that I was in on it.
He's gonna say
it was all my idea.
He's gonna say that
I paid him to kill Tony.
Did you?
Oh, my God!
Even you think I'm guilty.
Want to know what the really
horrible thing here is?
It's that for one minute,
I wanted this to happen.
But I swear to God,
I didn't make it happen.
Do you believe me?
Of course
I believe you.
Listen, I...
I shouldn't be here.
W- We can't be seen together.
If the police find out about us...
I know. I already
thought about that.
- So how are you gonna get rid of him?
- I'm gonna have to pay him.
But I don't want you to have
anything to do with it.
I just want you to tell me
you believe I didn't do it.
Yeah, I believe you. But for God's sake,
Josie, don't tell anyone else.
Okay, I promise.
I'll call you later, okay?
Okay.
Who you callin'; Jake?
What the hell
are you doing here?

What, no hello?
How are you?
How you been doing?
You idiot.
I just saw Josie.
Are you out
of your mind?
What kind of stunt are you pulling,
blackmailing her?
What's this?
What... does it look like?
See, I been thinking.
Now that I deal with Josie
directly, why do I need you?
Okay, you thought the plan up,
but who did all the work?
I did, didn't I?
Didn't I?
Yeah, you did, you did.
You did it brilliantly.
So let's not blow it now.
I can help you get your money.
I can make sure that Josie doesn't go to
the police. That would ruin everything.
I need you.
You need me.
Got some food?
just tell me.
I'm curious.
I'm not challenging you.
Why didn't you follow the plan?
You were supposed to kill
Tony in the mountains.
An anonymous robbery, a simple hit. You
weren't even supposed to talk to Josie.
- That was the whole idea.
- That's right.
So what happened?
- "What happened?"
- Tony left.
And then I found myself with
this sweet little thing.
Decided to have
a little bit of fun.

You should know
about that, right?
But if you'd have followed the plan that
we'd agreed, to kill him and disappear...
in six months she'd have married me and
I could have paid you anything you wanted.
We can still do it.
Why don't we?
Name a figure.
How about if you
give me \$30,000?
Fine.
I'll take care of it.
You, my friend,
do not have a dime.
What puts you over the edge
in this place, anyway?
Your overhead?
This wonderful kitchen?
Fantastic furniture
you have?
If you want to know
what sunk me, it was Tony.
He brought in investors
who get paid...
straight out of the gross, so when things
are slow, like they have been lately,
then the investors still get the money,
but I go broke.
But things are looking up, man. Soon,
there'll be enough money for everyone.
Then I'll pay you double.
just... Just leave Josie alone.
I'll tell you what.
I want her to pay me.
Why?
Because I like her.
She... She said
you tried to rape her.
No. She wanted it so bad
I could smell it.
Don't fuck with me! You got what you
wanted. I'm gonna get what I need.
I don't wanna

see you again, okay?
Promise me
you won't hurt her.
Now, why should I
promise you anything?
You're just some asshole
I met in a bar, right?
I don't believe this crap! You have my
face all over the five o'clock news...
- Like I was some common criminal!
- It's not really a bad picture.
Look, I don't want any of your cracks.
I want a formal apology.
- I want you to call a press conference.
- My office will be...
a great place
to discuss this.
Why don't we step right down here
and I think we...
- Who is he?
- Oh, hell, man. Just another yo.
A neurosurgeon.
A golfing buddy
of the Mayor's.
He's suing the whole department
for defamation of character.
- Jesus.
- Dan, your ass is grass.
My wife told me I should go
in the real estate business.
Too late, man.
The market sucks.
Unless you want to go back
to walkin' the beat,
I suggest we find
another suspect.
How did the neighborhood
canvass go?
Nobody heard
or saw anything.
If it was a 'jacking, it's cold.
It may never go down.
No witnesses,
no fingerprints, no murder weapon.

At least we got
one suspect left.
You don't mean you're back
to the pretty young wife?
It's the only concept's
got any life left in it.
Is either one
of you guys religious?
No, sir. But we deeply
appreciate your prayers.
Have a look at these.
Maybe you won't need 'em.
- Very nice. Very nice, indeed.
- Wait a minute.
What is she grabbin' for?
Oh, I get it.
Havin' a good time, fellas?
- Yeah, Mrs. Golden...
- Smith.
I'm back to my maiden name
for obvious reasons.
Okay.
Where'd you get
the Polaroids?
Glove compartment
of Jake's car.
Last place I looked,
naturally.
Mind if we
keep these?
My lawyer needs 'em.
You can make copies.
- Your lawyer?
- Jake and I are in court next week.
He's trying to cut
my alimony.
He is so bullshit.
Okay, let's start
at the beginning.
State your name, please.
My name is Nora Smith...
and we've been talking about
the fact that my ex-husband, Jake...
has been screwing

Josie Potenza for God knows how long.
That level okay?
- Yeah. That's fine.
- I think Jake killed Tony.
See,
Jake is broke.
Nobody knows that,
but it's true.
He wanted Tony's wife...
and he wanted Tony's money.
But he couldn't get them
both in one package.
Why do you
say that?
Because of the prenup.
They had a prenup?
I can't believe you
didn't know about that.
It's iron clad.
If Josie left Tony,
she wouldn't get a penny.
The only answer
would be for Jake...
to kill Tony,
and then marry Josie.
Why do you think we should suspect
your husband and not Mrs. Potenza?
Josie doesn't
owe me alimony.
Excuse me.
Before I go any further.
Did anyone offer a reward
in this case?
Sorry.
Shit.
How could this happen?
In the Palisades.
In the park where my
grandson plays soccer.
The important thing for you to know...
is that your friends
are here for you.
Thank you.
Have you been

to the bank?
- No.
- The accounts are all frozen.
Don't take it personally.
It's standard procedure when
somebody dies like that.
Well, how long?
Not long, I hope.
I wish that
were the only problem.
I feel personally responsible for
what I'm about to say.
I told Tony again and again.
I warned him. Not that
that's any excuse.
I don't understand.
What are you trying to say here, Bill?
Tony didn't leave a will.
As far as a legal document is concerned,
he never signed a goddamn thing...
apart from this prenup
which is tying my hands.
Tony kept everything
in his name.
Including real estate,
bank accounts, other assets.
He didn't put anything
in community property.
So the estate
is gonna have to go through probate...
before you can
touch anything.
How long will that take?
Could be a year,
maybe longer.
So I have nothing?
You've got
your jewelry.
And the car.
I could help you
liquidate them.
A loan is always
a possibility.
Trust me.

You're gonna be a very rich woman.

Eventually.

I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry.

I'm so sorry, Josie.

What a shock.

- Thank you for coming.

- Call if there's anything I can do.

- I'm so sorry. Anything...

- Thank you.

- Hey.

- Hi, Corey.

Smile, Jake. The police
are taking your picture.

What are you
talking about?

It's standard in a murder case
to photograph everyone at the funeral.

Because most people
are killed by someone that they know.

And trust.

Well, I'm not planning
anything. Maybe you are.

- Why bother? You don't
even have life insurance!

Josie, on the other hand,
just hit the jackpot!

- That's a disgusting thing to say.

- Tony was a good friend!

He doesn't deserve what he got from the
people that he trusted.

I don't know what the fuck
you're talking about.

Checked your
glove compartment lately?

- Is leather appropriate?

You know, for funerals?

Okay, what's he doin'?

He's going back to look
in the glove compartment.

Oh, yeah.

Right about now he's thinkin,

"Holy shit!"

What's he looking at?

Now, who the hell is that?

- Get a good shot of him.

- I got him.

Whoever he is,

she ain't glad to see him.

He's got his hands

all over her. Look at that.

- Damn. Where's a good

lip reader when you need 'em?

Tonight at seven o'clock I want you

to get in your car and drive, okay?

Let you know where to go.

Bring me my money.

My money.

What if I don't

have the money?

That... that wouldn't be very cool, because

then I would have to kill the other one.

What other one?

What's his name, Jakey Boy.

Remember Jake?

Yeah,

I know about him.

I been watching you.

I love you.

There's something strange going on here.

Listen, follow that guy. Get a shot of his

license plate and don't let him see you.

Okay, now where's

Jake Golden?

Damn!

- Yes.

- Hi, partner.

I want you to go

to Pico and Sepulveda.

Make a right on Sepulveda

and a right again on Sardis.

Park at the end of the street and I'll

be sittin' there waitin' for you.

Got my money?

I got your money.

Right here.

You really are a stupid bitch,

you know that?

Don't push me! I don't
want to have to kill you, but I will.
This is a real good
place to do it.

- What is this?

- Give me the gun from the cabin,
and I'll give you the money.

- I'll give you the gun.

- Uh-uh!

Take off the coat and give it to me.
I'll get the gun. Come on!
Okay. Just relax,
all right?
Want the coat?
Take it.

- Help! Help!

- Hey! What the fuck is goin' on, man?

Hey, I said
let her go, puto!
You're psycho, man!
Enough of this shit.
You're next.
First, let me grab my money.
Don't wanna get blood on it.
I'm gonna kill you!
Fucking bitch!
Fucking bitch!
Help! Help me!
Help!
Shit!
Goddamn it, stop!
I will get you, bitch!
You can't get away, whore!
I'm gonna rip
your fuckin' heart out!
Shit!
Excuse me.
Josie.
What happened?
He tried to kill me.
Oh, my God.

- I'm gonna need your help, okay?

- Yeah, of course, anything.

- Let's go upstairs to my place.

- No. I'm going to the police.

- Come on.

- No. You can't do that.

Either you're coming with me
or I'm going alone. Now, let's go.

Listen, you've waited
too long to go to the police.

They'll never believe you.

You lied to them.

He's gonna kill me
and he's gonna kill you.

- No, he won't hurt me.

- Yes he will. He's been following me.

- He knows exactly who you are.

- Okay, let's discuss options.

Fuck it. What if
we just keep driving?

I'm talking about Canada, Mexico.

Why not? There's plenty of money.

There is no money, Jake.

Tony never made a will.

It's all tied up in probate.

And you know what?

If I had that money,
I would throw it all away.

That's crazy.

The money is your security.

It's blood money, Jake.

Tony never wanted me to have it.

As far as I'm concerned,
he died with it.

But of course Tony would
have wanted you to have it!

Oh, really?

Then why was it all
in his name?

Because it was his power.

Over me and over everybody.

I threw my whole life away
for that money.

There's no way I'm going to let that
influence one more decision that I make.

If I take that money, I'm going to feel like
I'm responsible for what happened to Tony.

Now where are you going?
You made a wrong turn.
I'm not fucking taking you
to the police station!
You don't know what you're doin'!
You're in terrible shape!
I know exactly what I'm doing,
and what I'm doing is what's right.
And what's right is
to never touch Tony's money.
What's right is to make
the man pay who killed him.
We're nearly...
What's right is for me to
suffer the consequences...
We're nearly at your house.
We can go inside
and discuss it there.
There's nothing to discuss!
Now take me to the police.
No.
Stop the car!
Get out.
I'm driving. Get out!
- Give me the goddamn keys!
- Josie, listen to me.
Just listen, please.
Cole won't hurt you.
That would be stupid. He's just trying to
scare you. We can handle this together.
What did you say?
I said he won't hurt you.
He's just trying to scare you.
No. That's not
what you said.
You said Cole
won't hurt me.
Well, what's the difference?
I never told you
his name.
Yes, you did.
Of course you did.
Uh-uh. I never
told it to you.

No, Josie, wait a minute!
Let me explain.
Josie!
Josie! Josie!
Josie!
Five-five-five
two-one-two-one.
- Who is he?
- Cole Wilson, convicted felon.
Kidnapping, armed robbery, drugs.
Arrested in connection with the
bludgeoning death of his ex-wife in 1990.
Hung jury.
He walked.
What the hell is this guy doing talking
to Josie Potenza at her husband's funeral?
Guess.
- Yeah. Lewis here.
- Hello?
Hello?
Oh, shit.
Josie, it's me!
Josie, let me in! Cole's car
is in the alley. He's out here somewhere.
Josie, hurry up!
Open the door.
Josie, you
have to trust me.
He might be
in the house.
Open the door.
Hurry up.
Josie, open the...
Jake!
Come on. Oh, no.
Come on, sweetheart,
say hello to Mr. Wall!
Do you like it? Is it good for you?
No, no, no. Come on.
Stand up.
You've been playing with me,
but I know what you really like.
Go ahead, scream.
Scream real loud.

No one can hear you.
Besides, I like it when you scream.
It turns me on.
Ugh!
Oh, God. I'll kill you!
I'll kill you!
Argh!
Aah!
Ugh!
Aaaah!
Uuugh!
Aaaaah!
Uuuugh!
Uuuh! Aah!
You hear that?
- You gonna kill me?
- Only if you make me.
Better go ahead, bitch.
It's your last chance.
You're going
to make me do it.
Jesus fucking Christ, do you always need
someone else to pull the trigger for you?
Do you?
You are so fucking pathetic,
you know that?
Just go ahead and do it.
just do it!
You can't do anything
on your own, can you?
Go ahead!
Shoot!
No. I need you
to tell those cops...
that I'm innocent, okay?
I'll tell them that you paid me
to shoot your husband.
It was all
your fuckin' idea.
Uh-uh.
Bad idea.
Uuuh! Uh!
Move in. Slowly.
That's live fire,

sounds like it came from the garage.
Everybody move in.
Gunshots fired.
- Put your gun down!
- Keep your hands in the air!
Turn around!
Let's move!
Get her beyond, go!
That's exactly
the way it happened.
The last time you questioned me,
I lied, so...
you have no real reason to believe
that what I'm saying is the truth.
But I'm telling you
the truth.
I loved my husband.
And I would have never done
anything to hurt him.
But you did
kill Cole Wilson.
Yes, I did.
But that was
in self-defense.
Mrs. Potenza,
is there anyone who can corroborate
any part of what you just told us?
No.
- Fellas, the lady is amazing.
- Yeah, I almost believed her.
I guess I am a sucker.
For a while, she had me goin' again!
What a story. Know what part
I liked the best?
Where she just happened to run into Cole
in the mountains. What a coincidence.
And how she never suspected
Jake until the last minute.
But that was good!
And how she pawns her jewelry.
She had a lot of details, didn't she?
She slipped up on that one. If Wilson
took the \$30,000, where did it go?
We didn't find it

on the body.

- Well, she probably kept the money.

- Do you think Jake...

Was in on it?

If he was in on it, she
wouldn't have killed him.

- So what do we do now?

- Damned if I know.

I'm almost positive she hired
Cole Wilson to kill her husband...

and he went

out of control on her.

But we can't prove a damn thing.

We've got no evidence, no witnesses.

- She made sure of that.

- Her story makes perfect sense...

as long as there's

no one to refute it.

So, whether we believe it

or not, I'm going to have to let her go.

You can't do that.

She killed the Wilson guy!

Yeah. And with his record,
she will have no problem...

pleading self-defense.

Just imagine that innocent little
face in front of a jury.

She'll have them eating
out of the palm of her hand.

Come on. We gotta

charge her with something!

No, not without evidence.

Remember that neurosurgeon?

It's because of you, Danny, that I got
the ACLU climbin' all over my ass.

Just give us a couple of hours.

There is one witness that isn't dead.

- Now, who would that be?

- Jake's ex-wife.

- I want to bring her back.

- Why?

What she told us supports Mrs.

Potenza's story. She said it was Jake.

Yeah, but she dreamed

that up to extort alimony from Jake.
He can't pay now. Look. Maybe she's
got one small piece of information...
to help us keep
the merry widow in jail.
Jake is dead, and you think
that Josie killed him.
She is a suspect, yes.
Okay,
that's a mindblower.
All right. Let me just
get my head around this.
Poor Jake.
Yeah, it's a real tragedy.
Yeah...
He still owed me a check.
We were wondering if you had
any information that we should know.
You were friends
with Josie Potenza, weren't you?
Not exactly, Detective.
She was screwing my ex, remember?
It's not like we
hung out together.
Tony was my friend.
He loaned me money.
So he was a good guy,
was he?
As long as you weren't
married to him, yeah.
He definitely liked the ladies.
He had quite a few.
So it wasn't
a good marriage.
Compared to what?
Tony loved her. I think she loved him.
So they screwed around.
You don't think
she loved your ex-husband.
You got to be kidding me.
I mean, Jake could be
pretty charming...
when he wanted to, but...
Tony was a mensch.

Josie never would have
left Tony for Jake.
Jake knew that.
That's when he decided
to kill Tony.
You don't think Josie
had anything to do with it?
Hello-o?
Did you check out her personality?
I don't think so.
Now, if I were married to Tony,
you might have a case.
Nah. Josie's not the type
to commit murder.
She doesn't have the guts.
Or the brains.
You look like shit.
I had a long night.
You were out of there
in record time.
I've had facials
that took longer.
You should have seen me
in there. I was brilliant.
And they call themselves
detectives? Suckers!