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...Enough to Kill

Blaire Logan

A gleaming full moon illuminated the light blue MINI Cooper. A couple nuzzled close together, their heads barely rising above the black convertible top. The woman's hair waved in the gentle breeze coming up the Hollywood hills to this lovers' lane overlook.

The man pulled back so he could hold his lover's gaze. He caressed her cheek. "Honey, I can't wait until next month."

The woman pulled him back to her, kissed him hard, and nuzzled close to his ear. "We don't have to wait until next month, silly."

Their heads bobbed from side to side in a passionate clinch. The woman broke free, sat up in her seat and faced him. She unbuttoned her blouse and reached toward the man.

"And cut," the *HawksLanding* director shouted. "Good work, you two. Everybody—that's a wrap."

Nick and Grace exchanged perfunctory smiles as they did every time they kissed for the cameras.

Grace put on her top, punched Nick in the arm, and said, "You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

He winked, smiled again as they strolled toward the exit. "I'm headed home. How about you?"

"I've gotta change first, kiss my darling Tim, grab Jimmie and head on to Little League practice. Hey, when are we gonna work again?"

"Tuesday, I think. Enjoy the weekend. Give Tim a 'hey' and the kid a hug from me."

"Same to Megan and Josh."

Nick walked out the exit to the parking lot while Grace skipped to her trailer humming the *HawksLanding* theme song.



Nick throttled his Ford F-150 Platinum toward Laurel Canyon Boulevard. A photo of Grace lit the touchscreen display, and he toggled his steering wheel switch to answer the incoming call.

"Nick, we've gotta talk...."

Silence lingered. *God dammit, what did I do now?*

“No sweetheart, this is not about us.”

He exhaled. “Okay, you had me going there. Talk quickly; I’m almost in the canyon.”

“Someone left a note in my trailer.”

“What did it say?”

She whispered, “It says—‘I know what happened five years ago.’”

Nick’s hands tensed on the steering wheel. All he heard was the rumble of the engine and the whoosh of traffic headed south on the other side of the road.

Grace blurted, “What am I gonna do?”

“You mean what are *we* going to do? Go to practice and then home like nothing’s happened. Bring the note to the Little League game tomorrow morning. You can come without Tim, right?”

“Yeah, he’ll welcome sleeping in. See you at third base.”

Nick pushed the toggle switch. *The Twins will have their work cut for them. Here we go again. Just when we thought we were out.*



The wooden bleachers creaked as Nick walked up the empty stands near third base. Grace was sitting alone on the top row, with her running shoes on the lower level, and a Dodgers’ cap pulled down to shade her eyes from the sun. The smell of newly mown grass lingered in the warm morning air. “Where was it?” he asked, sitting down beside her.

“On my vanity table...held down by our 100th episode award.”

“Any hint who sent it?”

“No. Here, take a look.” Grace handed him a plain, white envelope. “Wait, Jimmie’s up to bat. Give me a sec.”

Nick extracted the single sheet of white stationery and read in silence. All the note said was “I know what happened five years ago.” Nick tilted the sheet up toward the sun and looked for indentations. It looked as if it had been printed from a computer and not typed. He replaced the note and tucked the envelope in his shirt pocket. He lifted his ball cap, squinted into the sun, and rubbed his hands over his face. *What are we going to do?*

Nick sighed, “Well, it gets its point across fast. Not like there’s a lot of doubt what it means.”

Grace viewed the playing field and shouted, “Come on Jimmie, you can hit it.” She turned to Nick and said in a lower voice, “Who’d a thunk I’d love being a stepmom...I thought no one saw what happened. The press reported the rebel forces killed him.”

“What’s prompted this? No one has cared about what occurred in Sirte in five years. More fallout from Benghazi?”

“I don’t care why! I’m a mother with a family I love. You know I quit because the Company demanded more than I could stomach. For God’s sake Nick, we’ve got to figure this out.” Grace dropped her head down, hair swinging forward to cover her cheeks. Her breathing shuddered.

“Tell me what I don’t know. Dammit.” Feeling sympathetic he reached his hand over to lightly rub Grace’s back and shoulder.

Grace reached up and patted the top of his hand.

Nick thought, *that’s nice, but not like the old days.*

“I had no idea how different our lives would become when we married Tim and Megan.”

“You know we had to do that.”

Grace nodded, “Yep, it worked, but did you expect to fall in love?”

“Megan has become the love of my life.”

“And here we are—I’m missing Tim, and we’re watching our step kids.”

Nick squeezed her hand. *Aren’t we both ready to end this affair?* “Hey, ump! You blind? That was way outside!” He returned to the reason they were sitting together. Libya. Five years ago. They had shared a suite in the Mahari Hotel in Sirte...probably rubble now or occupied by U.S. Special Forces. “This time, we can’t get backup or use the movie as cover. Regardless of the situation, our alter egos, the Twins, need to re-appear. We can’t give in to blackmail.”

Grace pulled her hand away and turned to Nick, “Maybe we should tell Langley?” She took out a tissue and wiped her face.

Nick grunted, laced his fingers behind his head, and leaned back. “No, we can’t. They don’t want anything to do with us. Who could have found out what we were doing in Libya in our spare time...that is unless this is all about how crazy you got then when we were fooling around under the sheets.”

Grace winced. “Ha! I’m sure this isn’t about a little recreational sex.” She looked up and dazzled him with her Emmy Award-winning smile. She dropped her smile and became serious. “Our orders were to complete the mission *before* capture—so he’d be assumed to be another

casualty. When we eliminated him after capture, we crossed a line. Under international law, we're still liable for prosecution at The Hague."

"Wouldn't it be just like the Director to throw us under the bus to show the rest of the world the U.S. doesn't tolerate criminality." Nick yelled out to the ballfield, "Good catch, Josh. Way to go."

Covered by the cheering, he faced Grace and said between clenched teeth, "Tell me how someone found out what we did and why in the hell are they coming after us now and not going to the press?" He took in a deep bushel of warm air and snorted out through his nose.

Their silence was punctuated by the sounds of "Batter up," "Striike," and "Ball," only broken by the occasional crack of the bat meeting leather and other parents cheering. Two innings passed as the sun neared its zenith and the breeze dropped to a wishful memory.

Grace slapped her knee, "You know; Aleksander Noli had a small part in *Assassin's Vendetta*. His scenes were shot in Libya." She rubbed her chin with a forefinger. "He made a big point of saying 'hi' the other day at a Screen Actor's Guild meeting."

"Now that you mention it, I ran into him at the commissary. He asked me if I could help him get a part on *Hawks Landing*."

"Whaddya tell him?"

Nick squirmed and said with a regretful tone, "Well, perhaps I was a bit less than sympathetic. The soaps have too many foreign accents already."

Grace chuckled, and a drop of sweat dripped off her nose. "But isn't there a way we can let the Agency deal with it?"

"Are you still hung up on that? No, those wannabes at Langley have shown they're done with us. Let me call Aleksander; I'll suggest I might be able to help with a role after all. Explain the producer and I are frat brothers. There'll be new re-writes for future episodes requiring someone with an accent. His reaction will let me know if he sent the note."

"You aren't gonna strong-arm him, are you? I'm telling you I want nothing more to do with killing. One time was enough. I still have nightmares."

"Of course not. I'll just pay him off." Nick gazed out at the ball field at Jimmie and Josh, smiled as he thought about Megan, and felt the sun's rays and the lie soak into his body.



Nick set the Ford's air conditioning at sixty-eight degrees and turned on the seat cooling feature. He was so furious, heat pulsed down to his toes. *I know that sonovabitch sent Grace the*

note. When Aleksander opened the passenger door, the evening air rolled in, sending the air conditioning unit up to maximum.

The door slammed, and Aleksander blurted in a hoarse voice, “Well, Nick, let’s talk about what happened in Sirte. The Company had me there keeping an eye on you.”

“You were our backup? Who knew you were even trained!”

“Yeah and I took pictures. Nice close ups of you and your partner changing into militia uniforms. And an execution well after that raghead was taken prisoner. You’ll be hung out to dry. But, no need to share them with the Agency, especially now since the bastards terminated me.”

“You too?” Nick tried to sound sympathetic.

“We’re almost in the same boat, but until my career is as good as yours, you get to be my meal ticket. Look, all I want is some money to tide me over until you can get me a steady gig on your soap. Like I said on the phone, just fifty K until the paychecks roll in.” He stared at Nick with pleading emerald eyes.

Nick felt his chest tighten. “Why are you coming to us? We’re out of the game.”

“I’m not getting the work and my agent dumped me.”

“But you can get a job. You have talent, why us?”

“Because you’re an easy target.”

“OK, I’ll talk to the producer. He’s a fraternity brother. But this time only. Helping you only works once.”

“I promise this is it. I won’t ask anything from you again.”

You sure won’t... Nick gritted his teeth as he continued, “It’ll take more than a couple of days to get that much cash unobtrusively. How about if I get you twentysoon and the rest, and an audition, by next week, latest?”

“Okay, but you don’t get the master video recording until I get the gig. Not a guest appearance, but a series regular. Plus I want my own trailer, and I want to see the story treatment as soon as it’s ready.”

“No problem. The producer and I are tight.” Nick said with a false smile, “I assume you got the master locked up in a safe place?”

“Sure do. Safely stashed away at home.”

What an ass. Crappy actor too. Is he that stupid?

“Want to see it again?” Aleksander held up his iPhone.

Nick dug his fingers and palms into the steering wheel, “No... I was there; I don’t need to see it again. You’ve made your point.”



Nick and Grace found time to meet when the director got sick, and they were all told to go home after lunch. They needed the tryst at the extended stay hotel to focus on the situation.

Nick panted as he regained his breath. *Well, even an afternoon delight has lost its charm.* Grace sprawled on her back, sweat covering her body. He dozed off into oblivion on the hotel’s memory foam bed.

Grace’s voice woke Nick from a sensual slumber. “So the bastard wants a cash payoff and a part? You realize this could cost us our families, our livelihood, and our lives?” Grace said.

Nick’s foggy brain tried to make sense out of why Megan was talking about a payoff. He shook and cleared his head as he realized it was Grace.

“And he’s got a video?” she added. “We’ve got families to protect.”

Nick propped himself up on the pillows.

“Yeah, you know the video that surfaced with the militia torturing Gaddafi.”

“Yes, it was unforgettable.”

“Well, Aleksander filmed a version the media never saw.”

“Does it show us?”

“You bet. Shows you and me changing into Misratan militia uniforms and putting on balaclavas. Then of the execution clearly after he’s been taken prisoner. Aleksander’s threatening to take it to the press.”

“I think we really should let the Agency deal with him.”

“Nope, if we want to avoid the wolves, we’ve got to take care of this ourselves. The Agency will just let the criminal justice system deal with us.”

Nick stretched while Grace paced around the hotel room naked. He recognized this pattern. She was working herself up for what they had to do.

“OK, how do you think we should stop him?” Grace stopped pacing and snarled, “I don’t want to go to prison for murdering that scummyraghead after he was captured.”

Nick thought, *and a trial in the states. Megan will know what I did, what I was. It’d be the end.*

Grace continued her rant. “We’ll be on the evening news for weeks...we’ll end up in a federal pen.”

“Couldn’t we wave at each other in the exercise yard?”

Glaring at him, Grace continued to stalk around the room. “Christ, it’s hot in here.” She scanned the walls for a thermostat, marched over, and made an adjustment. The air conditioning created a cold wind.

Grace persisted in her indoor hike until she landed in front of the kitchen refrigerator. She opened the door, “Nothing cool to drink.” As she slammed the door, she turned to him and said, “Nick, we need to take action.” The cold and excitement had caused a tantalizing reaction in her nipples.

He recognized Grace’s blood lust building to tackle a mission.

Grace ran over to the bed, straddled Nick, inserting him and began a rhythmic motion. “Nick, we can’t let that pecker-head get away with this.”

She continued the rant through her undulations. “We’ve got to know we got all the copies of the recording.”

Grace increased the ferocity of her movements until the mattress moved.

“Nick, we’ll never be able to live without looking over our shoulders as long as that son-of-a-bitch walks the earth. I can’t operate that way!”

Groping, and grasping, Grace groaned, “Okay, okay, I want that bastard dead. You hear me, D – E – A – D, dead.”

Grace cried out with increasing excitement as she rode Nick like a rodeo bronco, “We’re gonna do this, we’re gonna do this, we’re gonna do this together,” and she thrust herself down.

She rose up, pumped up and down in a frantic self-indulgent demonstration of lust. She grabbed Nick’s head between her hands, pulled his hair down toward his shoulders, and screamed, “You still love me enough to kill him?”

With the question hanging in the air, Grace shrieked, digging her nails into Nick’s neck and tightening her knees around his torso. She yelled again, and what Nick heard was, “Do you love Megan enough to kill him?”

Nick roared “Yes,” grimacing as he released and arched his back, thrusting himself deeper.

Grace sighed a long, deliciously shuddering sigh, and sank softly down into Nick’s embrace. For a moment, she rested her head on Nick’s chest, her eyes closed in feline contentment.

With a start, Grace sat straight up and shouted, “We’re gonna make that bastard wish he never fucked with us.” She jumped off Nick and raced to the bathroom saying, “He’s gonna regret screwing with us, make no mistake.”

Nick lay, limp-dicked, on his pillow. *Dammit, I have to go back to my old self—the Twins ride again.*



Reclining in his chair some days later at CBS Television City, Studio 33, Nick read the front page of the *Hollywood Reporter*.

Actor Dead at Scene of Fire

Assassin’s Vendetta actor, Aleksander Noli, who was 29 years old, was found dead on the rain-soaked driveway outside his blazing home by the Valley Bureau first responders.

Noli was pronounced dead at the scene, although the Los Angeles County Coroner has yet to determine the cause of death.

Noli’s home burned to the ground, as a result of a lightning strike from the evening’s storm, although investigators from the LA County Fire Department are still on the scene. Due to the delay in getting fire vehicles through the locked security gate, the buildings were a complete loss.

A statement from his spokeswoman released on Sunday said: “Actor Aleksander Noli was killed in a freak accident early this morning. His family requests you respect their privacy at this time.”

Grace came over and sat in the adjoining chair. “So I think we’re free after today’s shoot.”

“Yep, I want to watch Josh’s school play.” He paused then said, “I think we’re all finished.”