

SYNOPSIS: JUNGLE OF HIS CHOOSING

By **SHELDON YAVITZ**

Stanton Pollard, the controversial criminal defense attorney, triggers a series of new questions following the lawyer's death in a fiery car crash in the mountains of Jamaica: Was it an accident, murder or faked? As a prime suspect in a call girl's murder, reputed to be a CIA operative with links to the Colombian drug cartel, Cuba's Castro, and Haiti's "royal family," and helpful connections in the Bahamas and the money-laundering tax haven of Sint Maarten, the Miami attorney amassed fortunes and bathed in a lifestyle of splendor with wife Sue Ann. When she filed for divorce and wished the husband dead, she opens Pandora's box for the DEA, the IRS, and a drug-smuggling kingpin client seeking revenge, and who plots with Sue Ann to carry out her obsessive wish. Fitzgerald Moore, journalist and author, contracted to write an article for a major national magazine (then expanded to a nonfiction book on the attorney's life and questionable death), sets out to research and confirm facts. His interviews with some 40 persons in the U.S., Jamaica, the Bahamas, and Colombia unravel Pollard's life. In Manizales, Colombia, he interviews the "Doctor," then clutches the golden cross about his neck as a bullet clip snaps in a hand gun following the thumbs-down gesture of the Doctor. In the final segment, Moore, on an expensive sailboat with a bikini-clad blond, is no longer interested in writing the nonfiction book. He is living a different, new life.

PROLOGUE: October, 1987. **Stanton Pollard** is dead. **Fitzgerald Moore**, a journalist and author, described as tall, thin, with wavy brown hair and a trim beard beneath intense, too alert eyes, has contracted to write an article for a major national magazine about Pollard, a controversial criminal defense attorney. He interviews **Raymond "Roy" Rodgers**, a former client and topless bar owner. First, viewing the desolate niche at a cemetery and continuing the conversation at the Treasure Chest Lounge, the site where Pollard's brother and girlfriend, an exotic dancer, were gunned down in a gangland style shooting in an apparent misdirected attempt on the lawyer's life. As Rodgers concludes, "Stan's clients think they're bulletproof, 10 feet tall and take no crap. Cross them and if they don't blow you away themselves, they hire a kamikaze with an Uzi."

Moore's interviews continue with Pollard's law partner, **Edward Crawford**, an athletically trim 5 foot 11, who is best described as uncooperative. They view Pollard's private office with a "western movie" set motif; a 9 foot stuffed crocodile that arrived mysteriously; deactivated grenades from a Cuban extortionist; and a skull from **Thomas "Dutch" Durant**, his personal client, who, like so many others were referred to by a nickname or voice on the phone. When asked whether his accidental death could have been murder, the lawyer says: "Very possible." When asked if he could still be alive, the lawyer terminates the interview.

Sue Ann Pollard, the widow (Stan died before the divorce was final), is interviewed at the Pollards' sprawling two-story plantation-style home. The curvaceous platinum blond with a molasses slow Southern drawl, bejeweled in diamonds, recalls her husband's law career with fluttering eyelashes and a yawn. She refers to him as a "pest," and his worst faults: He wouldn't change a diaper, take out the garbage or wash dishes.

"Then you were very fortunate to have a housekeeper."

"Uh-huh," she said, looking at him puzzled.

"Is Stan dead?" Moore asked.

"God, I hope so." She squeezed her young lover's hand, as memories of Dutch and porn movies, as the price for his murder, played in her head.

Moore ponders the question whether the lawyer's death in a fiery car crash in the mountains of Jamaica was an accident, murder or faked. He notes that Pollard was the prime suspect in a call girl's murder; was a reputed CIA operative with links to the Colombian drug cartel; was the subject of a federal grand jury probe that surprisingly fizzled; and was the respondent in a highly contested divorce.

CHAPTER ONE: Late summer of 1985. Grand Turk Island, in the Caribbean, an island of salt ponds, rust and corrosion, and banks. A tax haven. Dutch, a well-built, muscular man running to fat, with double chins and a shaggy mustache, scrutinized the parking lot of a small, backwater airport while impatiently awaiting the arrival of Pollard's charter flight.

They had met in the winter of 1969. Stan a young lawyer with a cubbyhole office. Dutch, then Joseph Callahan, a used car salesman and part-time college student. He was Pollard's second client; Sue Ann the first. Dutch, a young man with an auto accident case which led to a sizeable recovery, a business, a bankruptcy and a failed attempt at crime. Upon his release from prison, Dutch turned to drug smuggling, again failure, until Stan provided the contacts: an introduction to a Jamaican drug dealer, later a Colombian marijuana drug boss, and a "partnership." The marijuana loads rose from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds and with his newly found wealth Dutch lost any vestige of humility. Pollard remained detached and enjoyed the profits.

Dutch had rented a ranch-style house on the north end of the island. They were out on the patio. A tree stump and trash pile where once a shade tree stood. Dutch had cut it down. It whistled at night, and kept him awake. He is barbecuing steaks and telling stories. They are joined by Wink, Dutch's errand boy and jack-of-all-trades, in a ponytail and earring. The talk turns to **Luther "Goldie" Clampton**, hired by Dutch for a smuggling operation. His vessel had run aground, the contraband allegedly lost, with Pollard representing him after his arrest in Haiti.

Pollard is stretched out on a lounge chair gazing out on the ocean. One would not describe him as handsome. Rather, he has an honest face, sandy hair betraying a hint of gray, medium height, appearing taller in western boots, and although not overweight, offering a stocky appearance. Dutch is studying the night sky and pointing out constellations.

The Colombian suppliers dispute the loss. Dutch had taken a hard line and can't back down. Part of the load had been offloaded. Pollard agrees to protect Dutch and cover up the fraud.

CHAPTER TWO: The following day and a plane flight to Nassau. Dutch, the pilot, and a near fatal mishap when he dives at the airport reenacting an airdrop, and Wink throws up on the control console. During the flight, Pollard reflects on his troubled marriage to, as Dutch terms her, a Southern Baptist Jewish Princess.

A birthday party is held for Dutch celebrating one of his aliases. A restaurant with a Mediterranean ambience serves as the backdrop. **Clinton "Hog" Scroggins**, Dutch's former cell mate and now bodyguard and collector, attends along with a local Bahamian girl. Pollard is joined by **Laura Atwood**, a call girl and frequent companion. She has long brown "bedroom" hair, her pale white skin gently suntanned.

Dutch becomes loud and obnoxious as he complains of the food and service, directing crude remarks and insults at the women, particularly at Laura. After the girls withdraw to the powder room, he apologizes to Stan. "Too much liquor and blow," he says. Pollard presses for an explanation. "The last thing I want is a whore's side of the story."

"He's right," Hog chimes in, and a tale unravels of paid-for sex; both men, Dutch and Hog, dissatisfied. "Somehow her dress got torn, lip swollen, nose bleeding, butt striped like a zebra."

The story escalates to a forcible, brutal rape.

"Not me. I was only a spectator," Hog says.

"A business deal, pure and simple," Dutch adds. "I paid her."

"Not enough," Stan says. "35,000 seems appropriate. We're talking about what satisfies me."

Dutch will reluctantly acquiesce. "Go get the schmuck. Tell him he wins."

CHAPTER THREE: The next morning on Dutch's Hatteras yacht, the payment is waiting. "She'll be back. Next time, I'll make a video," Dutch jokes. The conversation shifts to protected drug flights over Cuban controlled airspace and Pollard's planned trip to the Communist island. "I'm making you a multimillionaire," Dutch laughs.

Pollard keeps a luncheon appointment at the hotel restaurant to learn that a client, **Alvin Godofsky, known as Frank “Pop” Durfee**, a fugitive, has escaped arrest in the Bahamas. Pollard picks up on a surveillance attempt and eludes the tail, making his way to Durfee’s hideaway, a pastel colored house with a chain link fence and a junk car in the yard. Durfee is pacing, drinking and chain smoking. Fatigue and worry etch his craggy, bearded face. Pollard proposes to short-circuit the investigation and accepts a diamond ring as a partial retainer.

A meeting with a local attorney follows. As they walk through a vacant car park, the rotund, balding barrister relieves himself without slackening his pace. “The art, Stan, is never piss in the wind. With that in mind, what can I do for you?”

CHAPTER FOUR: Pollard returns to his hotel. Dutch informs him that a drug carrying aircraft has crash-landed in Canada, the pilot and copilot escaping, but identifying evidence was left at the scene.

He and Laura dine under the stars at a secluded restaurant. She gives him an emerald ring and tells him that he is no longer a customer, but her lover. He informs her of the money from Dutch disguised as an inheritance. His simple paid for romance had become a complicated affair.

The following morning, the local attorney, **T. Clement Mayfield**, advises Stan that he has looked into the Durfee matter. The DEA had attempted to kidnap their client and have him summarily deported to the U.S. bypassing an extradition proceeding. Clement has interceded with a local police inspector and arranged for a formal protest from the Bahamian government, all for a price.

Closed window, drawn curtains combined with stifling heat nurture Pop Durfee’s paranoia. Stan has returned to his hideaway. “Protection is not free,” he says. “Bahamians respond only to money. 150,000 dollars, 170, considering the ring.” As Stan would later remark, the more he dealt with Pop, the more Pop annoyed him and the higher the fee quoted.

He will pay the Bahamian lawyer a retainer and catch a flight to Miami.

CHAPTER FIVE: Pollard returns home. Since its purchase, the main house has been remodeled; a separate building constructed for a law office; a pool and garage added to shelter his burgeoning car collection. Dogs, cats, geese and turkeys freely roam the estate.

With dinner under his belt, Sherlock, a cockatoo, on his shoulder, he walks out to his office. The dogs follow in a procession. An antique rolltop desk has its usual clutter. With the press of a button, the huge head of a stuffed crocodile opens revealing a cylindrical safe within the giant carcass. He removes a pair of gloves, a ribbon cassette and a typewriter printwheel. At a secretary’s desk, he types a report to the CIA, and a second coded letter arranging for a meeting for the following Friday.

Nearing 12:30 am, he returns to the house. His wife, Sue Ann, is still out. He is dozing until awakened by the sound of barking dogs and a rear door closing. Sue Ann glares at him. “Had your fill of whores and scum?” She says, tossing her head indignantly.

He finds her in the bedroom propped up by pillows. A jeweler’s loupe in one hand, the diamond ring in the other. “Four carats. wish it was larger,” she winks. He kisses the small of her neck. “Not now.” She pulls away. “Can’t you see I’m busy.” She shoves him away dropping the ring. He picks it up and says he will sleep in the guest room.

Her negligee drifts to the carpet as she enters the guest room. She straddles his body. “Go ahead, fuck me.”

“I’ve lost interest,” he says.

“I’ll fuck for it. I’ll be your best whore.”

“You’re my only whore,” he replies.

CHAPTER SIX: Mid-October, 1985. Pollard returns to Haiti accompanied by Laura. “When you have another diamond, give me a call,” his wife had said. He had relocated his hotel accommodations to Petionville, overlooking the city.

“Poverty and garbage flow downhill,” he remarks.

In Port-au-Prince, he keeps an appointment with a lawyer, Goldie Clampton's local attorney, and then proceeds to the prison. En route, he recalls a prior trip and a flash flood, "steering a Japanese compact boat."

Goldie, his sandals flapping, shuffles into the room. His shaggy, dyed blond hair black at the roots. "What the fuck took you so long?"

"Money problems," Pollard says.

"Oh, shit! Oh, God!"

"Under control."

They speak for almost two hours, often small-talk. He thanks Pollard for the improved living conditions. "Not a Holiday Inn, but first-class. A piece-of-ass a couple of times a week." Pollard insists on a gold and diamond bracelet to cover the added expense.

On the way out, he drops by the Captain's office. "Our big, blond American has this thing for young boys," he says. "You wanted him amused."

"Put an end to it," Stan replies.

"He'll get mad."

"Screw him."

Pollard meets with **Henri Piaget**, a slender, dapper Frenchman related to the Haitian royal family by marriage, and arranges for police and military reports to justify the drug loss following a practice favored by governments that a lie becomes the truth when officially documented.

CHAPTER SEVEN: Pollard flies to Washington D.C. for a meeting with the CIA. His wife refuses to accompany him. "I told you, no trips," she says. She had taken marital prostitution to a new level proposing to work off the diamond and gold bracelet by the hour, even suggesting a cheap hotel, "no questions asked."

On G Street, he takes the elevator to the third floor of a face-lifted brownstone and enters an office inscribed Committee for Economic Development. **Webster Cox**, his control agent, extends a weak handshake. He is tall, thin, his suit too large, and appears ill. **Gerald Faulkner**, a division chief, joins them. Puffing on a pipe, he shows Pollard photographs of Cuban airfields and MiG fighters and proposes a "small project," photographing operational and maintenance manuals on the latest Russian MiG. They were calling in their marker having given him access to Cuba and a plausible identity, as a Venezuelan journalist.

Pollard suggests paying a defector to steal the MiG. "Three million in round numbers," he says. "My life insurance excludes death by spying."

CHAPTER EIGHT: The covert operation is given the green light. Prior to his trip to Cuba, there are several other stops on Pollard's agenda, the Bahamas, then Haiti and the trial and release of Goldie Clampton from prison. Next, Colombia, and a meeting with Dutch and the marijuana dealers. Laura accompanies him. Fearing CIA surveillance, he takes precautions and disguises his travel arrangement. In Barranquilla, they are met by Brujo Bella, chauffeur, translator and Santeria godfather, and driven to the distant city of Santa Marta. En route, Pollard recalls his visit years before and his first involvement with the drug traffickers.

CHAPTER NINE: Dutch and Pollard meet with the drug dealers at a wholesale food warehouse in a ghetto neighborhood. The initial topic of discussion, Dutch's video, "Smuggling as a Profession." "Destroyed," he says. "Stan made me do it. Too incriminating."

The Haitian police and military reports are produced and the drug traffickers are satisfied. "We will make it up on the next one," Carlos says, jerking a stiletto from the desk top.

Later, at an open air cafe, Dutch finds it hard to believe that Pollard went along with the deception.

"Let's say it took 10 years to even an old score."

"Pedro shot at you. Didn't he?"

"Now, it's settled," Pollard replies.

Laura joins them. She has bought a camera. She says that she has retired from prostitution and wants to be a model.

“Didn’t you just make a porn movie,” Dutch says. “Triple X.” He thumps a finger with a holier than thou attitude.

Back at the apartment, she admits to the movie, and Pollard suspects Dutch was behind it.

CHAPTER TEN: Pollard and Laura are in Caracas, Venezuela. At a split-level villa owned by **Sergio Ponton**, his alter ego and journalist disguise. She discovers a picture of him with **Fidel Castro**. “You’re a secret agent,” she says.

He denies it.

She refuses to return home, or agree to any of his proposed alternatives, claims that a former boyfriend will hurt her and take her money. Pollard calls him her pimp and loses his temper.

The following morning, he drives into the city. He has a small office and a secretary, Elena Valdez, a girl with a saucy smile and a blunt cut hairdo. She not only arranges his Cuban itinerary, but collaborates with him on a book about Cuba. To Pollard, the book is simply an entree into Cuba’s high government circles, and a cover for drug overflights and now, espionage. He will make two more stops in the city, one at a bank and the other at a lawyer’s office, both preparatory to his Cuban trip.

Laura’s remaining at the villa is out of the question. During his absence, the CIA might interrogate her, and his intelligent, inquisitive secretary might uncover his true identity. Pollard persuades Laura to remain at a small motel in the mountains, owned and operated by a former Colombian hit man, a sicario, named Quinto.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: A Soviet-made jetliner flies Pollard, using the disguise as Sergio Ponton, to Havana. He wears an off-the-rack suit and a tie purchased at a Caracas men’s shop. No vestige of the affluent Yankee attorney. His eighth trip to Cuba in less than two years.

He recollects his first incursion when he struggled with his journalist identity. His goal to rescue an American drug pilot who crash landed and was imprisoned on the island.

He located the jailed pilot, **Buddha Blanton**, involved a Cuban air force major and the Medellin Cartel in the plot, exchanging the pilot for a Cuban military advisor to a Communist guerrilla band jailed in Colombia. Corruption, a prison escape and murder, highlight the clandestine affair.

Grasping the opportunity, Pollard enlists the major in a scheme that provides for protected, illicit drug flights over the island.

CHAPTER TWELVE: Pollard arrives in Havana, Cuba. **Gabriel Haro**, elevated from major to colonel, meets him at the airport. Pollard’s prior interview with President Fidel Castro is recounted. His journalist disguise had become foolproof.

After a whirlwind of press conferences and interviews, Pollard flies with the colonel and his wife to an island resort. The colonel is more than a CIA coup. He is a handsome, movie-like hero, who has to be sold on the role. The opportunity presents itself during a walk on the beach. Pollard offers a million dollars for the colonel’s defection with a Soviet MiG, then resorts to blackmail. A scuffle ensues. He responds instinctively using his one self-defense move, and reason prevails. The colonel says that he will have to talk it over with his wife.

All night, Pollard hears the bickering Haros in the adjacent bedroom. Breakfast and lunch are eaten in silence. It is late afternoon when the colonel calls Pollard to the living room and the couple accept his proposal.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: Pollard missed Christmas at home. He spends it with Laura, now in South Florida. It’s New Year’s Eve and Sue Ann is angry. A one sided squabble, and she goes out without him, only to return with her make-up smeared, dress torn.

“Rough date,” he says.

“You filthy-minded shit.” Her speech slurred. “I hate you!” She hurls an evening slipper at him.

A scheduled trial is interrupted when the CIA calls him to Washington. An Air Force jet at his disposal and two hellish days of debriefing at their headquarters. Faulkner, Cox and two unnamed analysts nitpick, cross-examine and berate him. An evaluation summary characterizes Pollard as intelligent, resourceful, corrupt, a mercenary with few scruples, whose handling of the covert operation could not be faulted with one exception: his liaison with a prostitute, a highly sensitive security breach.

They had bugged his villa in Venezuela and know of Laura.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: The Treasure Chest Lounge. Dutch has tentatively agreed to buy into the topless bar. Roy Rodgers has requested Pollard's legal assistance. The bald bar owner, his beer gut draped over a snake skin belt, tugs at a jacket too tight to button. "I tell ya, he knows a thousand ways to fuck ya."

"I know," Laura mutters. She has accompanied Pollard to the lounge. She will confide in Roy that she and Pollard plan to marry after he gets his divorce.

Dutch arrives with Hog and a pudgy, well-dressed man, Jay Lampert, his new business adviser. Hog is the life of the party; Dutch, obscene and morose.

A meeting is held in Roy's private office, and the deal is structured so as to conceal Dutch's investment. After Pollard leaves, Roy breaks the news of Laura and Pollard's future marriage. Dutch's face reddens. He springs to his feet, cursing, lashing out at the blueprints, his fist pounding the desk.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: The following morning, Pollard awakes on edge. He receives a visit at his office from **Ace McGonigle**, a retired mercenary, drug pilot, and operator of a charter airline service. The Bahamian government had revoked his license predicated on allegations of drug smuggling. He is seeking Pollard's advice. He has been approached by a major smuggler, his former boss, **Remo Rodriguez**, who warns him that he faces indictment and offers an out: work with him and the DEA and not only will he avoid arrest, but his license will be reinstated. He suspects they're running drugs.

"The key is survival," Pollard says. "Take it step by step, document it, and find out your options."

The morning chill has turned to a biting cold and rain has set in. Pollard meets Goldie Clampton for lunch at a barbecue restaurant. Goldie's hair is a striking blond color, long sideburns, pompadour and ducktail. He is down on his luck, selling kilos of cocaine, and looking for Pollard to intercede with Dutch on a drug deal.

"I'm not in the drug business," Pollard says.

"Don't pull my pucker," Goldie replies. "Everyone knows there is no difference between a drug lawyer and a drug dealer."

Pollard returns to his office. Two detectives are waiting. They will tell him that Laura was found sexually abused and dead in her hotel room. Her death attributed to a drug overdose. Pollard was the last person to see her alive.

"I tell you, Pollard's our man," one of the detectives will later remark.

Pollard is unable to locate Dutch, then learns that he left suddenly and went north.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: The U.S. Attorney's Office, Miami, Florida. A prosecutor and Agent **Bernie Salerno**, DEA, await the arrival of **Karen Poston**, a criminal defense attorney, representing Buddha Blanton, arrested with a plane load of cocaine.

Salerno has a trim beard, styled curly hair, wears flashy jewelry emulating a drug dealer. Poston, short, slender, dressed in a navy blue double-breasted suit, minces no words. "My client has decided to cooperate." She offers a written proffer and suggests: "Buddha can deliver Pollard." She eludes to Cuban drug flights and proposes that they set up Pollard.

"This is better than coming," the Assistant U.S. Attorney later remarks. He and the DEA agent have axes to grind.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: Responding to a call from Ace McGonigle. Pollard travels to Freeport, Bahamas. Ace informs him that Dutch has gone to England, but prior to his leaving, offered a \$50,000 reward for the apprehension of Laura's killer. The conversation turns to the DEA and Ace produces a

letter from the Agent-in-Charge of the Miami field office clearing him of all drug charges. “Remo said he would be in touch with me as soon as I’m back in business.”

Pollard’s private investigator has been busy. Sue Ann has been under surveillance since after New Year’s Eve. A boyfriend has been discovered as well as trysts at a cheap motel with another individual. An extensive investigation conducted into Laura’s murder substantiates Dutch as the prime suspect. In addition, an alibi has been developed for Stan. A hotel guest claims to have seen Laura with another man after Pollard left the hotel.

Pollard flies to Nassau, spends the evening with a prostitute, Laura’s ex-roommate, and pays her for information.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: Colonel Haro’s wife has failed to arrive in Venezuela as planned. The date is rescheduled for mid-March with the colonel and MiG to follow.

Pop Durfee calls Stan. Following Remo Rodriguez’s advice, he had relocated in the Dominican Republic, only to be kidnapped from his condo and brought to Florida. Remo had a lawyer waiting for him, but when he sought a release on bond, the attorney refused to help. He turns to Pollard, who arranges for a bondsman.

The next day, Durfee informs him that he was brought back to court and his bail revoked. He announces that he has agreed to cooperate with the feds. “Stand-up guys rot in prison. Remo’s hired me the best. I get to keep my money You’re not worth shit.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN: March 14, 1986, the date of Mrs. Haro’s scheduled arrival. Pollard meets with Pop Durfee at a small bar. Pop says he has persons wanting to pay big money for protected drug flights over Cuba. Pollard, wearing an RF detector, realizes Durfee is “wired,” avoids any incriminating remarks and implies that he is working for the CIA.

Pollard leaves the bar, backtracks and watches Durfee leave the lounge in the company of a bar patron. They meet another by a car. Durfee is frisked and handcuffed.

Pollard continues to a North Fort Lauderdale hotel and his CIA control agent. Webster Cox lies on the bed staring blindly, face gaunt. His suit drapes his frail body shroud-like. During the past year, his health had rapidly declined. He admits to having AIDS. Pollard probes; a tape recorder concealed on his person, and Cox divulges that the CIA had bugged Laura’s hotel room and overheard the murder. He refuses to produce the tape or identify the murderer.

Their conversation is interrupted by a call from Elena Valdez, Pollard’s Venezuelan secretary, who relates that the colonel’s wife had failed to arrive. She will check further and phone back.

Lex, the electronic expert, appears. A man with an unremarkable countenance. Only his turn down loafers leave an impression. Stan suspects that he overheard and taped the slaying.

Elena calls back reporting that the colonel has been killed and his wife arrested. The covert operation thwarted.

CHAPTER TWENTY: Pollard is summoned for a meeting with his CIA handlers, Faulkner and Kilmore, Cox’s replacement, at a remote motel on Delaware Bay. He takes precautions: a hidden tape recorder and private investigators, as backup.

Faulkner demands the return of the three million dollars. A heated exchange follows and a car ride. Pollard takes a hard line and issues an ultimatum: the tape of Laura’s murder or he keeps the money.

“Never happened,” Faulkner says. He envisions a Congressional investigation and press coverage.

Kilmore will call it calculated extortion, a quid pro quo, for his silence. “Lawyers are notorious for not returning a fee.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE: The CIA fails to respond to Pollard’s demands, and he moves the millions from Panama to Cyprus, to banks in Europe. In the process, he travels to Colombia. Fearing for Elena’s safety now that the covert operation has failed, she has been hidden at a huge estate protected by armed guards. To his surprise, Elena basks in her captivity. His apparent wealth has made an impression.

Pollard continues on to Cyprus, then returns to the continent and on to England. From his London hotel suite, he phones Ace McGonigle, taping the conversation. Ace has just completed his first drug flight for Remo and the DEA. "Remo left 15 minutes ago. I'm counting the money as we speak."

May 30th came and went and no Sue Ann. He telephones. She answers with a yawn.

"I'm in London. It seems you forgot."

"I don't want to talk with you when you're mean and grumpy." Her thighs clasp the head of a man.

Pollard calls his investigator and learns that Sue Ann has been seeing divorce lawyers.

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO: Pollard travels to Brighton, on the English Channel, and a bed-and-breakfast hotel operated by Dutch's in-laws. He has tea with Reggie, Dutch's wife, a former English school mistress, with auburn hair and an androgynous figure. Dutch returns and provides Pollard a grand tour of the expensively refurbished hotel. In an upstairs attic, converted to an office, Dutch talks of Laura and porno movies, denies that he killed her and produces a video taped statement of a man confessing to the murder.

During the replay, Pollard studies the subject with forced detachment.

"He got a fair trial," Dutch says.

"You could have made a mistake."

"You owe me a favor. I'm going to containers (containerized cocaine shipments). I need your help. We didn't hunt down your whore's killer for nothing."

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE: Pollard remains in England. The video taped confession haunts him. An independent investigation offers not a trace of the alleged perpetrator. He concludes that the murder remains unsolved, and Dutch still the prime suspect.

Dutch calls to tell him Hog Scroggins has been killed in a shoot-out.

Crawford phones to inform Pollard that divorce papers have been served. "The complaint's brutal," he says. "It reads as if Sue Ann were divorcing a lunatic drug dealer." She describes him as an abusive husband, and the marriage as torture, claims he conceals assets, launders drug money, and evades income tax.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR: Pollard returns home to find himself evicted from his house. The locks changed; his clothes moved to his office. The maid calls him a wife beater. His step-daughter says that they all took a vote and voted him out of the house. His stepson visits and relates that his wife is pregnant, will have to stop work and wants a new Volvo. Pollard agrees to put her on the payroll and buy her a car.

"Don't tell mom," his son says. "I promised I'd have nothing to do with you."

Pollard visits a client at the county jail and takes a town house as fee. He is no longer homeless.

Sue Ann's lawyer agrees to discuss settlement. Crawford accompanies Stan to the lawyer's office. **Antonio Torres** exudes confidence. He has a perfect nose and chin. The artificial perfection suggests cosmetic surgery. Torres enumerates his demands.

"Besides his underwear, what does Stan get?" Crawford asks.

Divorce settlement negotiations continue on, through July into September. Torres' law partners suggest that the suit be settled. The evidence of adultery overwhelming. "I'm not finished with that abrasive bastard," Torres counters.

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE: In August, Pollard journeys to Venezuela in quest of a business suitable for Dutch's containerized drug shipment venture. The solution: cocaine disguised as ready mix concrete. The drugs shipped in a 40 foot container, 475 bags of which 6 or more contain cocaine.

Dutch, mesmerized at the calculations, later remarks. "330 million gross. I can handle that."

While in South America, Pollard meets with **Roberto Gustavo, "El Patron"**, a Cartel kingpin. He sits astride a stallion, slouched in the saddle, his shirt wrinkled; jacket rumpled. "Your plan is pure genius," El Patron says.

El Patron questions Dutch's ability to handle the business. "No drug burnout is going to control my destiny." Rumors of heavy drug usage and failure to keep payments current has drastically impaired Dutch's credibility.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX: Pollard has moved into his town house. Sherlock, the cockatoo, and a macaw, his sole live-in companions. He spends time with his young sons. His stepdaughter visits spying for her mother. He buys a new station wagon for his daughter-in-law. She's dissatisfied because it is not a Volvo.

Sue Ann treats the divorce as serious business. She interrogates the children after each visit with their father, and learns that he is dating an exotic dancer.

A week after New Years, Ginger Gray moves into his house. As Stan would explain. "It just seemed to happen."

"I bet she's got a tattoo," his friend remarks.

"A little bumblebee on her ankle, but otherwise, she's just perfect."

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN: The Treasure Chest Lounge has been extensively remodeled. Roy Rodgers holds a Grand Opening. **Jay Lampert**, Dutch's business adviser, actively involved. Pollard suspects Lampert has undermined Dutch's business relationship with the Cartel and is being groomed as his heir apparent. Pollard decides to keep an eye on Lampert and frequents the lounge. Pollard's first meeting with Ginger Gray, his new girlfriend, is recounted. "Dumb, a bimbo," Rodgers says.

The first drug shipment arrives and is sold in 24 hours. When the third consecutive load clears, Dutch begins to double and triple the contraband. The money pours in. Pollard's share in the millions. At a meeting in Medellin, Colombia, the drug lord makes little attempt to mask his intended take over of Dutch's operation. Dutch had proposed to buy-out Stan's interest for 20 million dollars. The Cartel doubles the offer, but Dutch has the right of first refusal.

On a dreary night in late December, Pollard presses the total button on a digital calculator. The display reads 54,717,000 dollars. "Do you know how much bird seed that can buy," he remarks to the cockatoo.

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT: Sue Ann has agreed to a divorce settlement. Pollard goes to Torres' office and signs the agreement. Waiting until he leaves is **Rich Lanza**, IRS agent, Criminal Investigations. Torres' assessment of the agent: A vindictive, nitpicker with no life of his own. The lawyer is pleased; the agent angry. "Pollard's under investigation by the DEA," he says. "Busting Pollard's a guaranteed promotion. You sabotaged my future. We had a deal. Reward money. It's a damn shame. Your cooperation would have killed your upcoming tax audit."

Torres buckles under pressure and agrees to talk Sue Ann out of the settlement. He keeps her waiting an hour, then joins her and her young boyfriend, **Reynaldo Martinez**, in the conference room. Torres claims that Pollard has millions of dollars secreted in foreign banks, that he needs time to find it and that Dutch holds the answer. "I shall take his deposition I'm a divorce expert."

Reynaldo pleads with her to settle. She looks at her young boyfriend in his rugby shirt and sockless loafers. "How cute, my little baby. Be a good boy and go before mamma gets angry."

She signs a letter rejecting the settlement.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE: Pollard learns that the agreement has not been signed. He taps the home telephone and overhears conversations between Torres and Reynaldo. The young boyfriend is upset and demands money for his silence and cooperation. 10,000 cash, 25 percent referral and a lawyer to represent him at his pending deposition.

CHAPTER THIRTY: The DEA Office, Miami. Agent Salerno meets with the agent-in-charge. They discuss the Pollard investigation. "I see no priority," Wilkinson says. The fruits of his illustrious career spelled out on the wall.

"Our friend, Remo, wants him in the bag." Salerno counters, pointing out that Pollard knows about their illegal drug operation. "I couldn't deal with prison." He proposes that they put pressure on Pollard,

make him look like an informant, harass him with the divorce case. “Put him in fear and do you know what’s going to happen?”

Wilkinson nods, a wry country smile, then a crackling laugh.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE: Pollard equates the divorce to a revolution. He has moved his law office from home to a downtown high-rise and hires **Christabel Forster** with a reputation as a “hired gun.” He describes the redheaded, green eyed divorce attorney as a pit viper. A private detective verifies the involvement of Agent Lanza in the divorce case.

By mid-November, Reynaldo appears for a deposition. He refuses to testify upon being shown compromising photos of him and Sue Ann. “They know hotels, everything we bought, credit cards, the apartment, trips, photos, on the beach in Acapulco,” he tells her over the telephone.

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO: Dutch is served with a witness subpoena for deposition. He batters the process server, tears the subpoena in half and calls Sue Ann., “If you’re looking for information, it’s going to cost,” he tells her. “Earn it, like a whore,” he says.

Pollard does not learn of the conversation until after the fact. He has traveled to the Bahamas looking for Dutch only to find him off the island. While gambling at the Casino, he runs into Angela, a call girl, who has dated Dutch and made porn movies with Laura. Pollard tells her that Laura’s murderer has been arrested. Surprised by the disclosure, she admits that she had suspected Dutch, that he knew where she was staying and his obsession with her. She describes her S&M lifestyle and Dutch’s involvement and his new girlfriend with platinum hair and a Southern drawl. “Boy, is he crude, but the chick’s into crude.”

Salerno meets with Agent Lanza. The divorce has failed to provide any new revelations as to Pollard’s wealth, but Sue Ann has been dating Dutch and reporting back to her lawyer.

Salerno is impatient. “I can’t wait. It’s about time showed you how to make an asshole pucker.”

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE: Dutch suggests the city, San Juan, Puerto Rico to Pollard, the location a sidewalk cafe in old San Juan. A tranquil setting for discussing murder and El Patron’s buyout proposal. A place where his sicarios, Colombian hit men, can blend in unnoticed. Dutch refuses to match the Cartel’s offer. Angered, he admits to sexual relations with Sue Ann, but denies killing Laura. Pollard presses the point. “The CIA taped it.” Dutch will finally say. “What are you going to do about it? Kill me, chump!”

“There’s no money in murder, but the deal with the Cartel, that’s revenge.”

Pollard claims that his sicarios have Dutch under surveillance. Mistaking an innocent bystander in a parked car for one of Pollard’s men, Dutch assaults the stranger and flees on foot.

Dutch returns to Nassau and remains on his yacht in seclusion. Two of El Patron’s top lieutenants arrive and Dutch, at first buoyed by their appearance, hosts a lavish dinner at a restaurant. The party breaks early, and Dutch, along with Angela, the call girl, are joined by Nunez, who stares, nods and makes thumbs down gestures. He pays Angela for sadomasochistic sex. The girl is drugged, kidnapped and flown to Colombia. “My gift to my amigo,” Dutch says.

The following afternoon, a meeting is held on Dutch’s yacht. The Cartel spokesmen take a hard line and announce an excessive price increase. Dutch stands his ground, hurls insults and orders them from his yacht. Wink, lounging in a chair, is shot and killed as a warning, and guns are pointed at Dutch. “Do you have any last comments?”

“Maybe I have been a little greedy,” he says. His mind racing; speech rapid. “We have a deal!”

Monday, January 19, 1987. Sue Ann calls Dutch looking for another bank (sex for Pollard’s secret bank accounts, but the data provided has been phony). He remarks that Pollard has one in Switzerland. The information comes with a high price tag, he says. “Hard-core S&M.”

Dutch is crude and graphic; Sue Ann reluctant, then pleading to be abused. After hearing the taped conversation, Pollard contacts Colombia and makes arrangements.

Sue Ann flies to Nassau, but can’t find Dutch, and returns home. She’s outraged when he finally calls and tries to explain that he was robbed and assaulted. “My nose broken, arm in a cast, fingers busted.”

She finally calms down. "If you tell me about the Swiss bank, you can fuck your nurse," she says.

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR: Pollard has traveled to North Florida in furtherance of a case. From the airport, he calls his office to learn that the DEA had searched it and seized several files.

Agent Salerno meets with his boss, Wilkinson, in a parking garage. The search has backfired. The documents confiscated show Pollard's involvement with the CIA and expose the DEA's criminal involvement in drug smuggling.

"Remo wants him dead," Salerno says. "We can't deal with a wiseass who's got more leverage over us than we have over him." Salerno suggests that they encourage Dutch to do it by spreading rumors that Pollard intends to cooperate with the feds.

CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE: The DEA wages a propaganda campaign including a newspaper exposé of Pollard and his career as a drug lawyer, rumors of a plea and cooperation with the government directed against Dutch. Sue Ann is provided with similar misinformation through her attorney. (Meanwhile, Pollard has stifled the investigation. The CIA has interceded on his behalf.)

Distraught, Sue Ann visits Dutch and breaks the news. "He's going to put you in jail. Make me poor. I want him dead!" Dutch finally agrees to kill Pollard. "It comes with a high price. Remember what I wanted for a Swiss bank."

He places a call to Colombia. The room is filled with the sound of leather striking her bare flesh. His contact is not home, and the telephone conversation faked. Sue Ann believes that he arranged for the hiring of hit men.

After the call, Dutch swears her to secrecy. She flies to the Bahamas under an assumed name, each trip, a payment in sexual perversion. Their telephone conversations are coded and cryptic and smack of conspiracy. Stan has little doubt that he is the object of their scheme, but seems to believe it to be another con, and Sue Ann the victim of a bizarre seduction. Regardless, he is unable to intervene. The Cartel insists that Dutch remain alive until they declare him expendable. He had forced them to renegotiate with major trade concessions.

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX: May 1, 1987. Sue Ann is on Dutch's yacht consigned to a forward cabin, spied on by concealed cameras. Dutch has decided to murder Pollard and to insure Sue Ann's silence proposes that she make porn movies. "Our private secret locked in a vault. So dirty, raunchy, you won't dare say a word."

"Are we this close, honey." She squeezes her fingertips together.

"Stan will be dead when the last flick is finished."

That same afternoon, Pollard is at his lawyer's office suggesting a settlement that Sue Ann can not refuse. Pollard hopes it will break Dutch's influence, and thwart any plan, real or imaginary.

Christabel opposes it. "We're winning. You're destroying my case."

She persuades him to wait until she obtains a crucial court order. "A few more days and they will have no bargaining power."

Pollard reluctantly agrees.

His brother is visiting him. Ginger is upset. "I was smoking a joint and kept shaving. I can't work."

Pollard suggests a vacation.

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN: While on vacation on a Caribbean island, Pollard learns that Sue Ann is involved with a movie director who won't stop taking her picture. He suspects it is Dutch, and the movies pornographic. Ace McGonigle calls and warns him that Remo Rodriguez has "put out a contract" to kill both of them.

He extends his vacation and upon returning home arranges for the installation of elaborate home security. For Ace, to be worried, the average man should be panic-stricken, Pollard concludes.

Ginger has an argument with Pollard and in a fit of temper goes back to work at the Treasure Chest Lounge. His brother joins her driving Pollard's car.

As they drive off, Pollard receives a long distance call from Colombia and news of Dutch's failed attempt to hire a hit man to kill him and of Sue Ann's involvement.

Simultaneously in the Bahamas, two armed men in an inflatable sport boat move slowly up the channel to Ace McGonigle's waterfront home. The taller of the two, thin, sinewy, scrambles to the dock and hides behind a wall. The other telephones a pay phone and a third man places a call to Ace. "Look, man, your boat is sinking."

Ace comes to a glass patio door. The assailant steps from behind the wall firing a semiautomatic. The killer moves forward with methodical determination squeezing off repeated rounds as glass shatters and the body whirls, spins and jerks in front of him.

At the same time in Miami, Pollard's brother and Ginger are being followed. As they park by the Treasure Chest Lounge, a car pulls alongside and the still air is split by the rat-tat-tat of rapid gunfire.

Roy Rodgers breaks the news to Pollard. By then, his brother, Victor, and Ginger have been dead for over an hour. Rodgers suspects Dutch. He had asked to be notified when "that bastard gets back", and now two persons were dead.

Pollard arrives at the crime scene. It looks like a war zone. He is questioned by the police, but soon lapses into the criminal's code of silence. Later, he will hear of McGonigle's murder and surmise that Remo Rodriguez was behind it.

Within 24 hours, he overhears a wiretapped conversation between Sue Ann and Dutch. She accuses Dutch of bungling the murder. He denies it, and counters. "May do it myself, or at least watch."

"You won't miss? Promise."

"Guaranteed," Dutch replies.

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT: Pollard attends the funerals of Ace, Ginger and his brother. From New Jersey, he calls his divorce lawyer and instructs her to withdraw the settlement offer. It had not yet been made.

Meanwhile, Sue Ann and Dutch have set sail on an old trawler. She is the designated cook and movie star; Dutch, captain, producer and director. A cameraman and three budding porn actors have joined the party. "All I do is cook. Fuck with a camera in my face." She yanks off a sandal and throws it at him.

Dutch is running, panicked, convinced Pollard will find him. Sue Ann is reduced to an amusement and perversion. He resolves to kill Pollard himself, or hide until someone else does the job.

Remo Rodriguez has no such fears. "How sweet it is," He grins, gloating. Bernie Salerno, DEA agent, appears, uninvited, at Remo's condo in the Dominican Republic. "You put us all at risk," he yells, grabbing the smuggler by the shirt collar. "Do it right, or you're next."

Pollard has disappeared. He returns to Colombia, the security of his hacienda. Safe and protected in the most lawless country in the Western Hemisphere. Elena finds him unsociable and morose. His paid mercenaries are ready to assassinate his enemies, but Pollard is unwilling to become a murderer. Finally, he decides on a car accident and a faked death. "I have to survive to make it work," he says. "That's the hard part."

EPILOGUE: Stanton Pollard has been dead for almost one year. Fitzgerald Moore has contracted for a nonfiction book on the attorney's life and questionable death. He concludes that his investigation has just begun and obtains the cooperation of Crawford, Pollard's law partner, and then interviews several of his former clients, including Durfee, Clampton and Buddha Blanton, all of whom have profited from crime, and cooperation agreements with the government. Durfee reveals that in addition to a will, Pollard left documents implicating DEA agents and Rodriguez in drug smuggling and murder and reports that Remo has been killed. "Accident?" He says. "You're pretty naive. Who did it? Take your pick."

Moore travels to Jamaica and interviews Reginald Wallace, a slightly built attorney with a strong presence. He recounts Pollard's death in a fiery car crash and of Dutch identifying the remains of the deceased. Wallace produces a written transcript of a telephone conversation between Dutch and Sue Ann made from his office. Sue Ann remarked: "I told you Stanton was in Jamaica. So gutsy, so clever. Double indemnity." Dutch threatens to expose the porn movies unless she makes more.

Moore learns from Crawford that Pollard left transcripts and tapes which have formed the basis of a lawsuit and a complaint to the Bar Association by Sue Ann against her former lawyer. The IRS agent had been drawn into it.

In Nassau, Moore boards an old trawler looking for Dutch, and instead meets **Snake Burt**, who identifies himself as Dutch's cameraman. He relates a story of Dutch being shot to death at a drug lord's home in Colombia. "This dude was weird, stared, nodded. When he did this," pantomiming the sign of two thumbs down, "You were dead."

Snake refers to Sue Ann as a prostitute, who introduced him to Dutch. He tells of nine pornographic movies starring Sue Ann, a movie studio, miles of tape, all destroyed in a fire, and of her new boyfriend, Otis, a porn actor.

Sue Ann reluctantly consents to an interview. She has little choice. Crawford, her lawyer, insisted. Moore and the attorney drive out to the residence. Sue Ann lives in the guest house, once Pollard's office, now remodeled. The older children have controlling interest in the property and have prospered. A South American has invested heavily in a family owned business.

Moore describes Sue Ann as appearing like a "glazed eyed" hippie, braless, barefoot, smelling from sex. She introduces her "husband," Otis Bowden, a black man with a swagger in his step.

She denies making pornographic movies and that she is the woman pictured in several scurrilous photographs, but her protestations can be termed tongue-in-check.

Otis, in a pronounced Jamaican accent, relates that he owns a video production company and can not afford any embarrassment.

When Sue Ann rejoins the conversation, she is wearing only a towel. The towel slips from her body. A tattoo, rings, and a bruised, welted bottom reflect her lifestyle. She offers to sell her story. Moore's publisher proves disinterested.

Over a period of time, Moore interviews an estimated 40 persons as Pollard's life, career, and involvement with the CIA unravels. Pollard's private investigator provides additional information, including details of an armored luxury car shipped to Colombia.

Moore's tentative assessment: Pollard is either alive or wielding an uncanny influence from the grave. Moore sees a recurring connection to South America. He travels to Colombia following up on the armored car lead. In the city of Manizales, two construction workers identify Pollard's picture as that of the wealthy owner of a paving company. A man called the "Doctor." Moore stakes out the residence and follows a chauffeur driven car occupied by a beautiful woman with a striking resemblance to Sue Ann. The police detain him, confiscate his camera and recorder. "If you ever follow the señorita again, you will be arrested or shot," a police officer warns him.

At the local newspaper, the morgue librarian produces a file of clippings and photographs of the woman, identified as Elena Valdez, referred to as a novelist and sculptor, praised for her charitable work and generosity. A gossip columnist offers additional information. Elena's husband is a multimillionaire philanthropist, a friend of the police chief, who actively supports causes but in his wife's name. Moore turns down an "interview" with the Doctor, but upon finding all doors closed to him, he agrees to a meeting.

Moore is picked up at his hotel and driven to a hacienda with high walls and armed sentries. The estate resembles Pollard's former home, not architecturally, but in layout. Even the dogs, and an identifiable English sports car seem the same. Moore is ushered to a guest house, in fact an office. A large white cockatoo greets him.

A chair slowly swivels and a stranger confronts him. A man who nods, stares and issues thumbs down gestures. He claims Pollard is dead, just like Dutch. Then relates that the journalist's hotel room and home have been searched and all information gathered for the novel destroyed. "Just like smut movies. Just like your amigo, Snake."

Moore hears the sound of a door creak open. A bullet clip snaps in a hand gun. The man's thumbs extend downward. Moore nervously clutches the gold cross about his neck.

In the final segment, Moore, on an expensive sailboat with a bikini-clad blond, is no longer interested in writing the nonfiction book. He is living a different, new life.