

SCOTT PETERSON SPEAKS TO US

by NICK ZAGONE

CHARACTERS

SCOTT

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(Scott is charming. And good-looking. He smiles throughout most of this. He's having some wine, possibly from a glass found at concessions in the lobby.)

SCOTT PETERSON

Oh my God. Ya know, it's funny the first time I think I thought of it was when I spilled wine on a couch. Can you believe that? Years ago. Laci was so upset. And company was there. She told me to get up and get some water. Add some water to the wine to clean it. Said I should just have water the rest of the night too. Got to admit I was being stupid but... see I did the same thing when I was with Amber ya know? I spilled wine on her couch and... she's so amazing, she laughed! She giggled about it and she was so sweet, she got up and got the water this time, but to dilute it, she said. "Just dilute it! Dilute it and everything will be fine." Who says that? Dilute.

But she was my sweetie. Amber. Our first date was amazing, a blind date can you believe it? We had sushi and then went to a karaoke bar and sang "Islands in the Stream". That's trust right there. Trust.

I'm not an evil guy. I never was. I just wanted to be with Amber. (through tears) And when she found out I was married I knew I was going to lose her. And I couldn't, see? Oh my god. I couldn't lose her. So I added some tears. I added some water. Like I am right now. And I said "Sweetie, see this coming Christmas is the first Christmas I'm going to be without my wife. And... and it's incredibly hard for me. I just couldn't talk about it yet. With you. I hope you please understand."

And you see I knew she would back off. And have some kindness for me and would still want me. I knew she was in love because she acted like people in love do. Like a flower, spreading, beautifully, after adding some water. (wipes away some tears)

So after that I bought the boat. And I do love to fish. I do. And it would be great for clients ya know. As a salesman, if you get the buyers stuck out on the Bay, in a boat with nowhere to go, you can work on them and by the end of the trip... well it's amazing what a little water and alcohol can do. Grease the wheels. The universal solvent. So I bought the fishing poles and the lures. Cops said I didn't buy the right ones, which is wrong, it was the media who ran with that. They were the right lures. I mean if I'm going to do this, you think I'm not going to do it right? Ya know, correctly? And it's true, ya know, you can save a lot of money by making your own anchor out of cement. Instant cement. Where you just add the water.

You know I was watching *The Shining* while I was talking on the phone to Amber. I was pretending I was in Paris while they were searching for Laci at home. Which ya know, you would have done the same thing. I had to, I had to get away in my mind but also Amber would have wanted to see me if I was in Modesto, which was impossible. And come on, I had to wait until all this attention died away. And it would have. Anyway, ya know, Jack Torrance, see he's evil see, he's submitted to the spirits in the hotel, he's evil to have done all those things. I'm not like that. I'm, I guess, oh my god, dare I say it? In love, amazingly in love for the first time? But really... it would look awful for me if I left my pregnant wife. Come on. I mean what kind of man would leave his wife for another woman before the water's even broke. The talk? My god. And Amber would just come across... well, ya know, I, we, couldn't be thought of like that. What's more evil? Just up and leaving?

But let's be clear before we get into this. Every bit of evidence that put me on death row is circumstantial. Everything. Oh my God. I have never said anything to the contrary than I came home from my fishing trip on Christmas Eve and my wife had disappeared. That's all I ever said see? How can you put a man to death on circumstantial evidence like "He sold his wife's car. If he sold his wife's car he must know she's not coming back!" Hey, do you know what the payments are on a Land Rover? When Laci's found we'll buy her another one! So let's be clear, I'm only going through what could or might have happened.

So Christmas Eve morning I added some sleeping pills to Laci's coffee. Which was my first mistake. The sleeping pills and the coffee counteracted each other and she was still awake. But they helped enough so when I strangled her it wasn't too much of an effort. She would often after walking the dog go out in the backyard and lay in the hot pool for her back, being pregnant and all. And Christmas Eve morning was no different. There she was laying in the pool. I merely went into the pool, grabbed her throat and held her down into the water. No evidence and quicker that way.

I was unable to call Amber through all this and I was so upset. She's so amazing. What kind of boyfriend doesn't call during Christmas? (tears) She didn't deserve any of this. The media really raked her over the coals. Oh my God. So she slept with me on our blind date. Are people that judgmental? The media man, people were awful to my Amber. They treated her like a common mistress, a whore... which she wasn't, she didn't know I was married. It's sad.

Anyway... once I got Lacy in the boat and in the middle of the Bay, I cut off her hands, feet and head. I tossed them in the water. They'd dissipate, I figured, fish, sharks, the

elements... and they did. And then the torso, well, that was my second mistake. Hypothetically. See, cement, when you add the water it takes about a good 48 hours to cure. Well, it seems quick-dry isn't as quick as we all would like to think. So when I weighed the torso down with my cement anchors... Wait, I have to tell you, I had to laugh at one moment. I told Laci I said, "I'm adding water honey! How's this? Is it working?! Am I adding enough water now? Huh? And it's called diluting, by the way, Diluting!"

Yeah. Well, when I threw the cement and Laci in the Bay... Well, the old San Francisco Bay holds a lot of secrets, but this one it decided to give up. The baby washed up first, unbelievably. And then Laci a few weeks later. I never figured that. I only used three cement anchors maybe... Or maybe the water, the water just...

It's been almost ten years now. And Amber's moved on, got married, had a child. Everything she ever dreamed. I never really wanted children.

People move on. I think most people have forgotten about Laci. I guess that's what's awful really. We forget about the victim in all this. She didn't deserve what happened to her. But really, no one does. No one deserves what happens to any of us.

You know, I'm really glad I was able to come out from San Quentin here to talk about this. You're really lucky, you can just go outside and in the rain, you just add the water and it just washes it all away doesn't it? In California, in Modesto for sure, things are the same. Just-- Sun. Day in, day out, and feelings after awhile begin to crack and dry and crust over... and the water? Well, what water we have, is only added... added from the ground.

(He points, cueing the music "Islands in the Stream". He has a second glass of wine.)

FADE TO BLACK