

December 7, 2011 Call #1

Luke: Why didn't you answer the phone?

Mekisha: Because I was in the, my phone's in the study, and I was warming up a bottle. I have a bottle in my hand. I didn't hear it ringing.

Luke: Why do you do this to me?

Mekisha: I'm sorry.

Luke: Why do you constantly cause me fucking problems?

Mekisha: *(Crying)* I'm sorry.

Luke: No, you're not, you're yelling.

Mekisha: *(Crying)*

Luke: You're not apologetic.

Mekisha: *(crying)* I'm sorry. *(sobbing)*

Luke: I'm having to go over here by myself and be an hour late.

Mekisha: I'm sorry.

Luke: No, you're not, or you would have gotten ready.

Mekisha: *(crying)* I didn't know you wanted me to go. *(Pause)* I'm sorry. I made arrangements with my mother to watch the baby, but then you didn't seem like you wanted me to go, and besides you told me, "I'm not going." You said that so I honestly didn't think you were going.

Luke: So obviously you're not going to your criminal thing tomorrow then, right?

Mekisha: No, no. I won't go.

Luke: You won't go, it's a big sacrifice. You fuck my day up, you fucked everything up.

Mekisha: I didn't mean to fuck everything up, I'm sorry.

Luke: No, you intentionally did it.

Mekisha: What did I do?

Luke: What'd Ryan say? Did he say anything else?

Mekisha: No.

Luke: He's not going to Juju's. He's not doing shit.

Mekisha: What did I do, Luke?

Luke: If he fuckin' hangs himself, good.

Mekisha: No, Luke. Luke. Do you want us just to leave? Do you hate us that much?

Luke: You should have fuckin' gotten ready.

Mekisha: You have to talk to me. I'm not psychic. You said you weren't going. That's the last thing you said to me.

Luke: Whole fuckin' thing with Sara.

Mekisha: What about it?

Luke: You shouldn't have done it.

Mekisha: I asked you before I did it. This is not my fault Luke.

Luke: It never is. Somehow or another everybody always blames me.

Mekisha: I'm not saying it's your fault, but I agreed to take the case for free, and now I have to finish it. It's going to Grand Jury tomorrow. I have a lot to do on it still.

Luke: And as a result, I'm going over here by myself.

Mekisha: No, I would have gone with you and done this in the morning, but I didn't know you were going Luke. I have..

Luke: How 'bout was in the shower, you didn't know?

Mekisha: I couldn't get ready because you were in the shower, and then you came out of there and walked out the front door and didn't say anything to me.

Luke: You could have taken the baby. All I'm saying is there are all opportunities that you could have made overtures, but you didn't because this is what you wanted to happen.

Mekisha: No, I didn't know you wanted me to go. I thought you were mad at me. I didn't, well, well why would you want me to go with you then. I'm so confused, Luke, I'm so confused. I'm so confused. Why can't you just tell me what you want me to do? I can't guess. I didn't, I didn't know I was supposed to get ready. I didn't know.

Long pause

Luke: Alrighty. Alright.

Mekisha: Please don't be made at me.

Luke: Uh, it's not a point of being mad. It's beyond that.

Mekisha: So, you meant what you said then? You, you want me to leave?

Luke: I would be tickled pink if you'd leave, but you won't.

Mekisha: I have to find a place to go. *(Pause)* But if that's what you want, I'll leave. *(Pause)* Do you want me to leave tonight?

Luke: I don't give a shit. You want me to not come home? *(Pause)* Huh?

Mekisha: Well, if you....

Luke: You don't really care. You don't care either.

Mekisha: I...

(Baby crying in the background)

Luke: I can't believe I'm on my way over here by myself.

Mekisha: Are you having anxiety about it?

Luke: No, I'm mad.

Mekisha: Well, maybe in the future you'll communicate. I didn't know that I was supposed to go. I didn't even know it was tonight.

(Pause)

Luke: I told you, you just, you didn't write it down. You've done many things like this to me before and it's always my fault. I, I cannot, I was reading it out to you, telling you all the different things.

Mekisha: And I had a baby in my hand. You could have written it down for me like I asked you to do.

Luke: You, I don't recall that.

Mekisha: Ok, well...

Luke: Once again, once again it's always my fault. I, everything is always my fault.

Mekisha: No, it's my fault. It's my fault. I'm sorry.

Luke: No, it's clearly mine. You're quick to point out.

Mekisha: I'm sorry, it's my fault. I should have written it down the minute you told me and made sure that I was ready to go.

Luke: No. No, if you'd wanted to, you would have done that, you would have noted, you would have taken note.

Mekisha: Well I'm sure you can find a better trophy wife to go to events with you than me.

Luke: So, you gonna leave?

Mekisha: I'll do whatever you want me to. I would rather leave on a weekend than a school night.

Luke: Why?

Mekisha: Because the, it's gonna be hard with the baby to pack up stuff. Formula and everything. So, I would rather leave on the weekend, so, why don't you go stay someplace for two days and then I'll pack up this weekend and I'll talk to Stacey about moving out.

(Pause)

Luke: Is that what you want?

Mekisha: I think it's probably best. You don't, you don't love me anymore.

Luke: K. Alright. If you really cared you'd already, you would have taken a shower and came and met me over here.

Mekisha: I'm, I'm, it's almost 7-o'clock Luke. By the time I got ready and got Grace over to my mother's, it would be 8:30.

Luke: Wait, which it... it all goes to the... showing what... It's 6:30. All I'm saying is that it just goes to show that at no point do you seek to try and make this right.

Mekisha: Try to make it right? I, I'm, I make it right by appearing with you in public and then everything's gonna be ok? Cause it's not. You're, you're verbally abusive, you're physically abusive. It's not gonna be okay, Luke.

Luke: So you, you're telling me I'm verbally abusive, that I'm physic..so what you're really saying is that you want me to kill everybody. That's what you're saying.

Mekisha: No Luke, that's not what I'm saying.

Luke: Yeah, that's what you're saying.

Mekisha: I'm saying you hurt my feelings.

Luke: No. That's not what you just said. I, I, I mean even you understand that's not what you just said. You didn't just say Luke you hurt my feelings.

Mekisha: Well that's what I meant to say.

Luke: No, you said I was physically abusive. No, you said what you meant to say.

Mekisha: No.

Luke: Those aren't even close.

Mekisha: Luke.

Luke: Those are not close.

Mekisha: Look, do you want me to go get ready. I'll go get ready right now. We're wasting all this time talking on the phone. I'll go get ready right now.

Luke: You said I'm verbally and physically abusive. That's what you just said.

Mekisha: Okay, well sometimes things come out wrong, sometime things come out wrong. You do hurt my feelings. You called me stupid earlier.

Luke: Where today did I, was I going to hurt you? I was mad. I wasn't going to touch you. I was going to throw the fuckin' laptop.

Mekisha: OK, I'm sorry. OK.

Luke: When was I physically abusive?

Mekisha: You weren't. You weren't.

Luke: I wasn't. Of course, I wasn't.

Mekisha: You weren't, Luke. Look, instead of wasting this time talking, I'll, I'll go get ready right now, okay?

Luke: You don't care.

Mekisha: I do care. But we've been on the phone for a really long time and I could go get ready.

Luke: I don't think you really want to.

Mekisha: I do. I wanted to go. I told you in the kitchen this afternoon I wanted to go.

Luke: Well. Oh well.

Mekisha: What does that mean?

Luke: Oh well. Actions speak louder than words.

Mekisha: I don't even know where it is, Luke.

Luke: Really? Shut up. Of course, you know where it's at.

Mekisha: ummm.

Luke: It's at the Reliant Center. Same place it was last year.

Mekisha: Ok, well how am I supposed to know they booked the same place they did last year. I mean...

Luke: Good judgment. Common sense.

Mekisha: OK

Luke: Deductive logic.

Mekisha: Alright, so I go 610 like I'm going to Astroworld. What exit do I take?

Luke: It's too late. You don't wanna go. It, it's too late. You wouldn't be there like you said until probably 7:45. I don't even wanna go. The only reason I'm going is out of principle.

Mekisha: What do you mean?

Luke: that you knew that I wanted to go.

Mekisha: I wanted to go too. I told you in the kitchen I wanted to go. And that's why mom offered to babysit because I said I didn't know it was tonight, I wanted to go. **Hello?**

Luke: Yeah. Oh well.

Mekisha: I'm sorry. *(Pause)* Luke, I'll come right now.

Luke: What?

Mekisha: I'll come right now.

Luke: There's no way, you don't have time.

Mekisha: *Sigh.*

Luke: It will take you an hour and a half to get ready and drop the kid off and then get here.

Mekisha: The kid?

Luke: Yeah, the baby. *(Pause)* It will take you too long.

Mekisha: I'm sorry.

Luke: No. You're not. You're sorry of all this stuff that's happened, but...*(Pause)* You haven't spoken to Ryan at all, huh?

Mekisha: Yeah, he's in the living room with the baby.

Luke: He sure has fucked me off. He and I will never be the same. We'll never be right.

Mekisha: Luke, all he did was scream cause we were fighting. He didn't do anything wrong. You act like he took sides or something.

Luke: He shrieked, and the things he said.

Mekisha: He said what? He said, "You want me to leave?" and you said "Yes."

Luke: And he said, said that he's mad. What, there's nowhere for him to be mad.

Mekisha: He is allowed to feel emotion.

Luke: Whatever. You know it's pretty pathetic when you're taking up for the kid and you're always fucking with him.

Mekisha: Well...

Luke: I don't care anymore. I don't care anymore. Everything's true. I mean he is fucked up and I told him the truth. He is fucked. He doesn't have a shot.

Mekisha: So, what, you're just not gonna love him anymore?

Luke: No, I'm just, I'm not gonna do anyth...I don't give a shit. It is what it is.

Mekisha: Alright, so you want me to move to Wavecrest, and what do you want him to do? Do want him to go live with Debbie?

Luke: I don't...you wanna move to Wavecrest, move to Wavecrest. I don't care, I'll file, you want me to file the papers tomorrow, I'll file them tomorrow.

Mekisha: Ok

Luke: Is that what you want? I think that's what you do want deep down. Is that what you want?

Mekisha: I think it's what you want. It's probably, it's probably best.

Luke: You think?

Mekisha: You're not happy.

Luke: Ok

Mekisha: If you were happy, you would have said honey please get ready so we can go to the Christmas party together, and instead...

Luke: We're beyond that.

Mekisha: You expected me to read your mind and then you tore out of the house without speaking to me. I didn't even know you'd left until the front door slammed. There's no communication on your end.

Luke: You know this thing started between 5:30 and 6, so it started at, you know, 6 technically, I guess.

Mekisha: Well no, I didn't.

Luke: Yeah and I'm, I'm not even close, traffic's terrible, so I'm not gonna get there until 7, 6:45, I'm not gonna get there till 7:15.

Mekisha: Well it was still hoppin' last year, so it'll, you'll...

Luke: Was it?

Mekisha: Yeah, it was.

Luke: I don't, I don't even remember. What was it like?

Mekisha: It was very crowded and busy and there was good food and good drinks. It was fun.

Luke: I honestly thought maybe you were taking a shower and that you were gonna try and come.

(Pause)

Mekisha: Well, I mean if you had said something to me before you had stormed out of the house I may had but, I mean I got the impression from the way you left that you didn't want anything to do with me.

(Pause)

Luke: So, you, uh, you aren't gonna go to your think tomorrow, right? You fucked my evening up so obviously you're not going to yours tomorrow, right?

Mekisha: Right. I'm not gonna go.

Luke: You promise?

Mekisha: Yes.

Luke: Or do you get to fuck my evening up but you still get to go to yours?

Mekisha: I said I'm not going.

Luke: Yeah.

Mekisha: I'm not going.

Luke: You know I think you want a, you do want a divorce. I really do.

Mekisha: Why are you doing this, Luke?

Luke: I, I'm pretty sure you do. I'm pretty sure you do.

Mekisha: You're the one that came in here earlier and told me that you wanted a divorce, and I started crying, and you had no sympathy for me. And now you're telling me I'm the one who wants one. I'm just really confused by your inconsistency and you telling me how I feel when you have no idea how I feel

Luke: But your unwillingness, your willingness to get one says all that needs to be said.

Mekisha: Well what am I supposed to do? I mean, you saw me in the hallway. I was literally down on my knees begging you. I was on my knees, and what good does that do me? None. So, I mean, I, I literally beg, but it doesn't make a difference. I mean you're either gonna love me or you aren't, and if you don't, then you need to divorce me.

Luke: Alright. Talk to you later.

Mekisha: Are you gonna come home tonight?

Luke: Um, I imagine, I mean, am I not supposed to? Should you want me not too?

Mekisha: Well I thought you said you weren't.

Luke: What do you think I should do? Come home or no, not come home?

Mekisha: Well, I'll talk to Stacey and see if she is willing to let me move in over there sometime soon, and, um, we can, we can take it from there. And then I'll be out of your hair.

Luke: So that's what you want.

Mekisha: Well, I just make you so angry.

Luke: As I make you angry, I guess, right?

Mekisha: I love you, Luke. But I'm...

Luke: So why are we, so why...

Mekisha: I'm scared of you.

Luke: Are you?

Mekisha: Yes. Yes. I'm afraid you're gonna break my stuff like you have in the past and hurt me like you have in the past, and I don't want Grace to be in the middle of it. I don't wanna to raise her like that. Look what happened to Ryan today. He was in the middle of all that. He doesn't need to see that.

Luke: You're gonna take him I assume, right?

Mekisha: Well you don't want him.

Luke: Yeah, I don't. I don't, I mean, I love him but...

Mekisha: Well...

Luke: I don't have any use for, it's the way that he acts.

Mekisha: I know, I will, and then that way you can be a complete and total bachelor and do what you need to do.

Luke: I don't want, I don't care about that. That's not desirable to me.

Mekisha: Well, I think once you get back into, you know, fuckin' whores like you used to, um...

Luke: I'm old, I'm too old for that now.

Mekisha: Well, I think you'll figure out a way and it'll all be okay for ya.

Luke: I don't think so. That's not really who I am.

Mekisha: Oh, *(laughs)* really?

Luke: Yeah, it's not who I am.

Mekisha: OK, well, I mean you, um, had more than you can count so I don't see how you can say that, but anyway.

Luke: Two different things.

Mekisha: The fact that you're able to just wash your hands of your own blood is just amazing to me.

Luke: I didn't say wash my hands. But not take up for him, defending, make excuses for him. Big difference. Big, big difference.

Baby crying in background

Mekisha: Well when I answered the phone, I was holding the bottle, and she has been in the other room screaming ...

Luke: Alright

Mekisha: ...the whole time I have been on the phone.

Luke: Alright.

End of recording

December 11, 2011 Call #2

Luke: Hello. What?

Mekisha: I was just checking on you.

Luke: Why, you don't care about me.

Mekisha: Yes, I do

Luke: No,

Mekisha: Yes

Luke: No, you don't

Mekisha: Why do you tell yourself things that you know aren't true.

Luke: Because you don't care about me.

Mekisha: That is not true

Luke: You don't care about me.

Mekisha: That is not true Luke. I love you.

Luke: No, you don't.

Mekisha: Yes, I do.

Luke: No, you don't.

Mekisha: Why...

Luke: If what you do is love, I don't want it.

Pause

Mekisha: Oh. So, you really are going to divorce me.

Luke: No, I'm gonna kill you.

Mekisha: Luke. Please. Please. I will give you anything you want. Please

Luke: No, there's nothin' I want.

Mekisha: Why are you gonna kill me?

Luke: Fuckin who you are to me. Life disappoints me. You are just one part of it.

Mekisha: *(Crying)* No Luke, please.

Luke: Yeah.

Mekisha: *(Crying)* You promised you wouldn't kill me.

Luke: No. Oh well. I lied.

Mekisha: You promised. I've done nothing but be by your side.

Mekisha: Luke, what has got you all like this today?

Luke: You. It's all you.

Mekisha: What happened? Because I didn't get ready to go?

Luke: Yeah.

Mekisha: I didn't know you wanted me to go. You got ready, you showered, you left, you slammed the door. I didn't even have a chance to talk to you. You were angry. You didn't communicate what you were thinking to me.

Luke: What did Ryan say?

Mekisha: He said, "Where did my dad go" and I said, "I don't know" and he said, "Okay well goodnight, I love you" and I said "I love you, too."

Mekisha: Sometimes, I don't know that I've upset you until it's too late. I wish you would just tell me when it's happening.

End of recording

December 11, 2011 Call #3

Mekisha: Hello.

Luke: Hello.

Mekisha: Hello?

Luke: Yeah, I'm here. Hello!

Mekisha: I'm here too.

Luke: What are you doing?

Mekisha: Trying to finish this Grand Jury letter. What are you doing?

Luke: Deciding what I'm gonna do.

Mekisha: Where are you?

Luke: Doesn't matter.

Mekisha: Okay.

Luke: You don't care about me.

Mekisha: I, I, I do. Are you upset because I didn't call? I mean you stormed out of here. I didn't think you wanted me to call. Said you were going to a bar, so I was leaving you alone. The baby woke up, started crying and I had to get her back to sleep. I took your clothes out of the dryer, folded them and hung them up. I just took some bottles out of the microwave, and I just sat down at my desk to type some more. Half the time when you leave like that upset and I call you, you won't answer the phone anyway, so I mean, I don't know what to do. I, I, I really don't.

Luke: Oh well. Alright. I'll, I'll talk to Doren in the morning, tomorrow afternoon, about having somebody file for divorce.

Mekisha: You're really gonna do that?

Luke: Either that or I'll just fucking kill everybody. One of the two.

Mekisha: Please don't do that Luke. I just, I thought, I thought you loved me.

Luke: That has nothing to do with it. I can love you and fuckin' slaughter you at the same time. Don't you understand?

Mekisha: *(sigh)* I guess not.

Luke: Yeah, you don't. Alright.

Mekisha: Why don't you just come home.

Luke: No.

End of recording.