

Preparing the Defense (or Attack)

October 29, 1985

1-415-392-8600...Hello. Could you please give me directions to your hotel coming off the Bay Bridge?...O.K., I've got a pen. Go ahead please...5th Street exit off bridge, left side, can't miss it, yes, to Market Street right, yes, to New Montgomery & Market between 2nd & 3rd. Got it. Thanks...Let's see, I probably won't be able to sleep the night before and if I take just 15mg of Dalmane, I'm usually a space case (Pluto vs. my usual Mars) the next day. So what's better, no sleep and jittery or a mushy head? (They'll be sorry if I get killed on my way up there) So I drive for two hours to a city that intimidates me. It's cold and raining and I'm probably constipated as I take the exit off the bridge. I do make all the proper turns because I'm always good at that and I pull up to The Palace. But where the fuck do I park? After circling the hotel in a roundabout way, being pissed by a few "no right turns," I get the damn car parked. It's 10:40am and I'm already under some self-induced pressure for my 10:30am meeting. They probably think, though, that I'm playing the, "keep them waiting because I'm the one who's confident or in the strongest position game." Little do they know that I don't partake in that type of horseshit. I'm too decent. But that's okay. They're lawyers and I'm dealing with them and I'm a big boy now. I enter the lobby and spot Larry immediately by the haze of cigar smoke surrounding him. He's the type that's at home wherever he's at and looking comfortable. He offers to buy me a drink as I sit down and tells me that Dick Bridgman hasn't arrived yet. So I'm sitting there and I have to take a piss real bad, but I don't say anything yet. Finally, I can't stand it anymore and excuse myself to the bathroom. Shit, I can't piss. I move to a booth and think about Modesto...O.K., now I'm ready. I head back and I'm tough (but remember, I deserve punitive damages, I've been through alot [sic] and they aren't going to get away with it)...So anyway, I'll be in that big fancy hotel and after Mr. B arrives, I find out he's a nice guy, but don't let him kill me with kindness. And so we'll probably go over to the bar and take a table. I'll explain that I've been through too much to turn back and I'll be sincere because I am. I'll probably get some "punitive damages are hard to get"-type information and I'll ask, "what pays Belli's rent?," and they'll have a good answer other than the one I want. And I'll probably find out that neither Larry nor Dick are Melvin Belli and they'll learn that I've never sued anyone before and so I'll have that down and we'll have to turn to the case. Now I'm not going to have any trouble telling Dick about my conspiracy theory and Rudy Bilawski, am I? I won't and I'll tell him that Gary Turner is the key figure in my proving it. But Larry won't have my file, of course, it's too extensive and big and I won't be able to look for the Turner deposition or anything else. And I won't take anything except my mind, for what it's worth, and a list of questions most of which Mr. B won't be able to answer because he'll need to review my file. So ask how long it will take him to get through reviewing the whole thing and nail down a date. The waitress will come over and she'll be cute and I'd [sic] probably want to get into her pants because I'm in a mid-life crisis, but I wouldn't ever touch her because

I'm too loyal and good and honest and besides, I'm in San Francisco and there will be a waiter in there too and I'll be petrified that he has AIDS and she's got the virus. (That stuff came along just in time) Anyway, I shouldn't think about that stuff at this time.-- WRAP MY MIND AROUND MY CASE--MY GOAL. I'll probably find out that Mr. B has sued banks before and won big money and maybe even owns the hotel we're in and I'll be provided with info that will humble me into oblivion (or is it smitherenees [sic]), though Larry's choice is my choice, regardless. But will Mr. B take my case on my terms? All I want him to do is do his thing with what is probably an exceptional attitude: To tell the opposition, if they ever call him with a settlement offer of \$50-75 million or more (or less), to shove it up their ass. That's not going to be asking Mr. B for very much. Shit. How can I put it right. Oh well, I'll rise to the occasion like Hagler did in his last fight. Yes-sir...So anyway, I'll be up there in Mr. B's territory because he couldn't get away to see me and Larry (and Larry originally couldn't get away or come back-I've forgotten which-to see me and Mr. B). Maybe I should cancel out on them. No, I'm too decent and I don't have a secretary to do my dirty work. (Be sure to ask Judi and Julie, if I ever talk to her [sic] again, if they like their jobs) A good legal secretary has to be tough too. But I'm tough. I keep coming, I'm Joe Frazier, I'm Marvin Hagler. So time moves on and perhaps Mel Belli or Bill Shernhoff will pass by and maybe stop at the table to say hi to Larry or Dick or both and I'll probably be humbled even more. No, darn-it, I'm just as good as anybody, right? Who am I trying to kid. Then again, yes I am because I'm honest. An honest bum. But then again, I'll have earned any money I see from all of this. That green joke document will get 'em. (I can't wait to see how Larry will use it or suggest Mr. B use it)...What should I order to drink? Should I embarrass Larry and order a pink squirrel? No, it wouldn't work. Larry's probably unembarrassable [sic], and besides, it might attract the male waiter to our table. I'll order the other one, a grasshopper, it's almost as good. Anyway, it's noon and we're all pretty comfortable and possibly lunch will be suggested, but Larry's probably the type to get the kitchen to serve us in the bar even if they don't like to do it. Now, I'd really be in trouble if they pay for my lunch. It would make me feel indebted. I'm already indebted to Larry, but I don't owe Mr. B anything. I hope he doesn't pay for my lunch. Oh, what the fuck. What could it come to, a hundred bucks? But I'll get gas. I'll be immobilized. I think the whole thing will end up a wash, anyway. I don't have to give a yea or nea [sic] that day. DON'T SIGN ANYTHING! That's it, that's the plan. But I was told the initial meeting wouldn't be take it or leave it day, anyway. So why the worry, why the plan, why the strategy? It's all for naught. I'll retreat to my room in Modesto and work on Plan B for a Stockton meeting...What should I listen to on the way up there that would be apropos: "Getting to Know You" or "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face"? Oh well, I'll decide when the time comes.