

S2 D13 Pang / interview surprise -- tells DM they need to talk

Pang came up to the young woman sitting at the Gaze bar waiting for her. They walked at a quick clip back to Pang's office. As the interview began, Pang watched out of the corner of her eye the progression of her ex-husband through the club.

Mohlenhoff wore a black United States of Ramones t-shirt and jeans. He was a tall, lanky man with horn-rimmed glasses. At one point he put what looked like a gym bag behind the bar. Pang needed to talk to Mohlenhoff.

At the forefront of her mind was The Old Free State. Her ex-husband would tell her if the paper was for sale. She vowed to own the paper. No matter what. She continued to have a lingering, irrational fondness for Mohlenhoff.

He did not blanch at her decision to open a strip club. Nor was Mohlenhoff judgmental when Pang decided to strip again when the mood struck her.

"So, you want to work here, huh," Pang said.

"No. No I don't. I would never work as a whore here for you. But I do have a message for you from the historical society."

"*Jhazignah*," Pang said in Korean. "What kind of message?"

"That filthy novel of yours was full of lies. You're no longer welcome in Coleburn."

Mohlenhoff stood in front of the elevated stage in the center of the club where Bleu was working the pole. .

"Is that so," Pang said.

"Yes. That is so. You're a horrible influence on the population of Coleburn. The only person worse than you is that slut Ahssa and her sex cult."

Huh, Pang thought. *Who is she talking about?*

In an effort to calm herself, she continued to watch Mohlenhoff's progress through the club. Mohlenhoff changed. He headed to the jacuzzi room with Bleu. Pang pulled out the mysterious laminated card and handed it to the woman.

On one side of the postcard was the last living picture of John Lennon. He gave an autograph in front of the Dakota Hotel to his eventual murderer. The other side showed a still from Citizen Kane. It was the instant when the Rosebud sled was thrown into a furnace.

"Know anything about this?" Pang said. "Is this from the historical society?"

The woman snorted.

"No. Not that I'm aware of."

"It was lodged in my front door this morning. So this isn't a warning from the historical society? Have any idea who it might be from?"

The woman just blinked at her in silence. Pang again looked at her ex-husband on the CCTV screens. He encouraged Bleu to take her clothes off and the two were now making out in the bubbling warm waters of the jacuzzi. Pang turned to see the young woman was now standing in the doorway of her office with a scowl.

"Let me be clear," the woman said, "you're banned from Coleburn. You can never come back to town. It's not the historical society's responsibility what happens if you break this exile."

“Wait, we need to talk some more. I have to pick up my son on Friday.”

“No you don’t.”

And with that, the young woman turned and left. Pang grabbed the card and left her office focused on the next thing on her agenda. Pang went into the stripper changing room and soon wore dental floss pretending to be a bikini bottom. She put on a sheer gossamer robe and felt a sense of pride as men around the club ogled her.

Once a stripper, always a stripper, Pang thought.

Pang opened the door of the jacuzzi room, causing the couple inside to panic for a moment. She ignored this.

“David, change. I want to give you a lap dance.”