

## NICK VEASEY

*Lanvin Dress, 2011*  
C-Type Print, 47 x 59 in



ANDY CONTEMPORARY GALLERY, LOS ANGELES

## CHOREL CENTERS

### The Escape

My night as a  
good samaritan

I was just after midnight on New Year's when I pulled away from my friend's place, the windshield still fogged from a long low rain and mist hanging above the street and sidewalks, muting my headlights. Nearing the end of the block I saw two figures cross beneath the streetlight, running. Exhilarated for the new year, drunk and racing, that was one possibility. But something about their dark swift motion alerted me, their passing which disturbed the dry-ice fog, the staggering, high-heeled stride of the one in the lead.

I slowed far in advance of the stop sign, then was not surprised, somehow, when the woman, knees bare between her coat and boots, emerged from the edge of the street. Immediately she was at my window, gesturing wildly. I rolled it down, alarmed. She was speaking in a rush of panic. Was being pursued. He had struck her, was chasing her.

"Oh my god," I said.

Then he, too, exited the shadows at the edge of the intersection and approached at a run.

"Get in the car," I told her, hitting the unlock. She ran around the front of the Honda and opened the passenger door. She was in the seat, words still spilling out in chaos, and then he was in the open door too, leaning in, warning me, "She's dangerous, unstable. She's lying." Then, "She has a gun."

A flash thought of the heavy gleaming barrel, of driving as a hostage, made me hesitate. Fuck. Fuck. The woman was beautiful, thin and dark.

"I don't have a gun. He's lying, he's crazy, he has a mental problem." The guy was young, his tan and the sparkle of his facial hair visible in the blocky interior light. The situation hard to assess, both of them wild with accusations. Then he was leaning into my car, was reaching for her, his arms, his hands on her shoulders, trying to drag her out. Her voice rose. I threw an arm across her chest.

"Let go of her, let go right now!" All of us yelling, then, and how could I get my phone out of my back pocket and call the police while also holding onto her and shifting into gear and gunning us out of there?

That was it, then: looking into her huge dark eyes trying to decide whom to believe. What was I doing, believing the guy? Weirdly the thought of Bill Cosby emerged: the he said, she said ... the he said, she said—and she said, and she, and she, and she.