

KADAVERVOMAN, PART II

As always, the interrogation rooms on the third floor were small, dark, and intimidating; there were no lights in the room, save for the lone lamp that sat on the table in the middle of the floor, nor were there windows. Because of the Department's fairly small budget, only one of the three rooms had the famously useful 'two-way mirror' installed – detective Borrester chose one without this convenience, and all four of them filed inside.

The suspect, of course, sat in the suspect's chair – a small, metal, folding chair that sat opposite two cushioned chairs – these were for the detectives. That left Her to stand in the corner, watching over them like a bird of prey.

'Are you sure you don't want a chair?' Max asked. She declined.

('She's probably used to it anyway', commented Bland)

Detective Borrester clicked the lamp on, sat back down in his chair, then took his time opening the briefcase Detective Bland brought, as the suspect sat, nervously twiddling his thumbs. He quickly stole a gaze at her gaunt, barely-luminated figure in the corner. When She looked back at him, the suspect inhaled slightly, crossed himself, and began whispering a prayer under his breath.

'Nervous?' asked Bland. 'Afraid of Dogs?'

'Does that . . . *abomination* have to be here?'

Detective Borrester looked back at her. Their eyes met for only a fraction of a moment, before She looked away.

'She's a guest,' he said.

Finally, Borrester found the folder he was looking for, stood up, and began pacing about the room.

Smiling, Detective Bland retrieved a small tape recorder from the same briefcase. She pressed 'Play', and begun what seemed to be a staring game between her and the Suspect. He gulped, and broke the gaze.

'*Please state your name for the record,*' Boomed Borrester's authoritative voice, causing the Suspect to flinch.

'Seamus Michael Finnigan Wallace.'

Seamus Michael Finnigan Wallace, II. She said the name to herself, committing the name to memory.

'*Seamus Wallace,*' Borrester repeated aloud. 'Irish?'

Seamus didn't answer. His face was stony and resolute, and he seemed to want nothing more than to sink into his

chair and

'Are you aware of your rights?' Asked Borrester, as per procedure.

'Yeah.' said Seamus.

'Good. You know, Seamus, I'm tired.'

'Is that so?'

'Yup. Busy at the office last night, didn't get home 'til one in the morning, so I'm kind of cranky right now.'

'Was your husband waiting up?'

'Huh. You're funny. I was just gonna warn you about messing around with me when I'm in a bad mood --

so are you gonna tell me what the hell you were doing at that house, or am I gonna have to break something?'

Seamus Smirked. 'What house?' he said, casually.

Borrester chuckled, and rolled up his sleeves, showing his muscle.

'The house we found you in, Seamus.' he explained, 'An *official* crime scene. The same one Officer Tolbin found you snooping around in yesterday? The one wrapped up in bright yellow police tape?'

'I don't know nothin' about no murder-investigation.'

'Who said anything about a murder?' Said Borrester, coolly. Seamus fell silent. Bland smiled to herself, and scribbled something down on a legal pad.

'I was just taking a guess!' Seamus defended. *Liar.*

'So what *were* you doing there?' pressed Borrester. Seamus paused.

'Well, I was looking for my phone the other day, when that Rent-a-cop started yelling at me to leave, so I came back today.' *Liar!*

'Did you find your phone?'

'Nope.' Seamus said, smugly. But that was impossible – even in the dim light she could see the slight bulge in Seamus' pocket.

'Right . . .'

Detective Borrester chuckled for a moment, and pulled out a silver flip-phone from his pocket. He looked down at the file he had in his hand, and dialed a number. Another several seconds later, a very low quality version of '*Beethoven's Fifth*' began to play – the sound was coming from Seamus.

'Go ahead; answer it, Seamus.' urged Bland, smiling sadistically.

With a pained look upon his face, Seamus reached into his pocket and retrieved a small, black cell phone. He opened it, and put it to his ear.

'Hello?' he said, nervously.

Detective Borrester's voice came bellowing from the phone's speaker; 'YOU LYING PRICK!' he shouted. Seamus closed the phone.

'Care to explain that, Seamus?'

Seamus paused. 'Well would you look at that,' he said, 'Ruddy thing's been in my pocket the whole time!'

Borrester threw up his hands in incredulity. For a moment, he looked as if he were about to say something; then he walked right out of the interrogation room, and slammed it behind himself. He opened the door a few seconds later, and motioned for Her to step outside with him.

'What can you tell me?' Max asked.

'He was lying.'

'Did you get anything else from that?' asked Borrester, constructively.

She began to think for a moment, recounting everything that had been said in the interrogation room, and even before that, when Borrester first asked her to sit in on the case.

'He was digging for something, I think.' She said, finally. 'There was dirt under his fingernails, and a bit in his hair – but he smells pretty clean. Like he showered not too long ago.'

'*Digging . . .*' Borrester mused, and absent-mindedly walked right back into the interrogation room. She followed suit.

Seamus and Stormie seemed once again locked in an invisible battle of wits, when they entered.

'You know that house we were just talking about?' asked Borrester, alerting Seamus and Stormie to his presence.

Seamus jumped, but remained silent.

'It's a funny thing, actually,' Borrester went on, '– two nights ago, a woman was raped, beaten, and executed in that house. Took a bullet to the head.' Borrester made his hand into a gun, and pretended to shoot Seamus with it.

Seamus flinched.

'Now, *I* thought we just had you down for trespassing,' he continued, 'and crossing a police line. But you know what, *Seamus*?' Presently, Borrester bent down to Seamus's level.

'You're looking *real* good for that crime.' He whispered. 'Wanna know why?'

Seamus shook his head. 'I didn't do nothin!'

'Well, my friend there in the corner thinks differently. She thinks you were doing a little digging around in that yard'

'I'm not a dog, copper.'

'You know, you're right.' conceded Borrester, 'Maybe you *are* telling the truth. But if we *do* happen to find something in that yard, you know who the first one we'll call?'

Detective Borrester pressed his forefinger to Seamus' forehead and pushed.

'I told you, I didn't do nothin!'

'Uh-huh . . . ' said Borrester, 'We believe you. You can leave now, but you'd better get yourself a good lawyer . . . '

'Hey – WAIT! I didn't do it!' Seamus shouted, desperately. He seemed to be deep in thought for a moment.

Weighing his options. 'But I know who did.'

Borrester turned. 'Seamus, Seamus, Seamus,' he said in a chastising tone. 'You're not just trying to prolong the inevitable, are you?'

'It was a guy named Paul Danaher. I swear.'

'Never heard of him.' *Nor I.*

'You don't wanna know what happens to guys who talk about him so freely.' *Mobster?*

So what did this 'Paul Danaher' tell you he did?'

'He didn't tell me what he did exactly. I'm just a gopher-boy-- he told me he left somethin' of his in the front yard at 236 Fulton Drive, and he'd pay real big to get it back – but when he told me, it sounded more like an order than an offer.'

'And what was this mystery item?'

'His ring.'

.....;

After Seamus had told them the story in full, it was Detective Borrester's decision to let him go, with the cross warning: 'We'll be in touch', and a small fine, for crossing the police line.

Now Borrester's attention was directed at another man; Paul F. Danaher.

The Crime-Scene Investigators had indeed found a ring similar to the one Seamus described – silver and gemless – in the yard of 236 Fulton Drive.

Yet Paul Danaher lived in a well-to-do neighbourhood, had a respectable official job, and, from the complete absence of a record, had kept his nose clean and spotless for years.

But if Seamus' statement could be trusted at all, Paul Danaher was their guy – or, at least, one of them.

Immediately following Seamus' interrogation, Borrester seemed itching to go and arrest Mr. Danaher.

'Can't we go pick this guy up a little later?' Stormie pleaded, 'I'm in the mood for Thai . . .'

Borrester smiled. '*How* much later?'

Instead of answering, Stormie pressed her body against Max's. Stormie looked back at Her, then, deciding that it didn't matter if She saw, kissed Max.

Deciding that She couldn't watch anymore, She turned to leave, back to the jungle that was the Third Floor.

[END of PART II of III]