

Give Blood and Thanks

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Published in electronic form in 2009 by DannyMachal.com.

Chapter 18: Remy in the evidence room with the lead pipe

The outside of the police station looked like a movie premier. Flashing lights from squad cars and bright white lights mounted on news cameras gave the grungy building a red carpet quality. Arthur drove his boat of a car right up the middle of the crowd. Reporters and bystanders jumped out of the path of the headlights and roaring engine behind them.

"Get out of the way. Come on." He honked the horn and waved his hand out the window. The camera flashes were redirected in their direction as more people recognized the car and the Martian boys inside.

"Move it!" John screamed out the passenger window holding out his badge to the crowd.

"Detective Martian what is going on inside? Did the neglect of the department lead to one of your own dead?" A young blonde woman reporter in a short blue dress walked along side the car sticking a microphone in Arthur's face. He batted it away.

"No comment. Tell your buddies to move it or I'm running them over." After a few moments the front tires of Arthur's El Dorado caught the curb lifting the front end.

"We're here," John said.

John and Arthur got out of car and pushed their way to the entrance of the station. A group of young cadets were standing outside the door keeping the gathering crowd at bay.

John patted one of the young men on the shoulder as they slipped into the doors. "Good job boys. No one else gets in until we come out."

"Yes sir," the youngest looking of the men said.

* * *

Remy sat unconscious and handcuffed to a chair in the middle of the lobby guarded by the boy cop. The chief paced in his office talking on a cell phone to the director of the FBI. The Feds decided it was time for them to come in and handle the situation. Arthur and John sat on cheap plastic chairs in the small cramped office while the chief made his case to the director.

"I know this is a big fuck up but we can ..." Blackburn's stubby hand ran through his wispy gray comb over. The short man paced back and forth in yesterday's brown wrinkled suit still trying to rub the last remnants of sleep from his baggy eyes. He no doubt had been roused from a deep whiskey induced slumber to come and deal with this.

"Yes sir I understand." Police chief Henry Blackburn mumbled into the phone. The florescent lights embedded into the ceiling made his moistened forehead glimmer. John and Arthur both sat with their arms folded waiting for the call to end. John looked over at the profile of his brother for any sort of reaction. There was none. Arthur sat stone faced in a relaxed posture staring forward toward Chief Blackburn.

Blackburn was a surly man but had a heart of gold if you got on

his good side. The problem was there were only two ways to get on Blackburn's good side: be a top performing officer under his command, or be a blonde with huge tits. Arthur and John didn't have big enough tits but Arthur made the case for both of the Martian boys as officers who got things done. They were the golden children in the Chief's eyes hence the reason they still had a job. John wasn't officially assigned to the Snoogins' murder case but no one gave him any new assignments while we worked along side his brother. So here he was beside Arthur waiting to find out what hell the FBI was going to bring down.

"You won't be disappointed sir. I think we can have results in ... " Blackburn held the receiver away from his ear. "You got two days to un-fuck the situation or I'm cleaning out your station." The voice screeched out of the ear piece and then the line went silent. Blackburn's cellphone beeped indicating the Director had hung up. Remy started to moan. All three men looked out the window at Remy trying to raise his head.

Blackburn began to speak. "Both of you should probably lose your badges and be charged as accomplices to murder. Brody went ape shit while he was trapped in the station and now Sally is dead." Blackburn sighed. He was probably screwing her on lunch breaks in the very evidence room where she was killed.

"I don't think Remy killed her," Arthur said as he stared through the window at Remy's slumped figure. "Say that again Detective," the Chief snarled.

"Brody is no murderer. He's a war hero. I know this guy chief. He is trained to end lives and his list of decorations means he is damn good at it. But I just can't see him killing anything unless it

was a threat to our country. Brody knows his time as soldier boy is over." Arthur prepared for the backlash from the chief. He heard his Father's voice behind him instead.

"Think you know everything don't you boy?" Arthur's eyes widened and he struggled to turn his head. He couldn't move. His fists clenched tightly. "You knew that bum was crazy the moment you saw him appear in Smitty's doorway. Should have shot him then but you were a little pre-occupied weren't you? A little too busy enjoying the glass digging into your ass..."

"Art wake the fuck up bro." John shook his brother's shoulder. Arthur's trance slipped away and his senses began slowly rebooting. Arthur felt like a wrung out sponge, his clothes were damp with sweat, and the color was gone from his face.

"What the hell is wrong with you Martian? Shouldn't that have been my reaction after your little Brody defense? If you two can pull yourselves back together for just a minute, we still have a dead young woman murdered within our own walls and I see no reason to not have Brody hauled off to county tonight with charges for it." The Chief looked expectantly at Arthur for a response.

"I'm not going to let an innocent man burn for something he didn't do. Let me talk to Brody and sort it out..." Arthur said.

"What the hell is this? I ain't done nothing, I found her like that! It was that damn blender and microwave working together." Remy shouted from the lobby.

"Shut up Brody or I'll crack you again," the boy cop threatened.

Remy's voice became calm and he began to focus on the floor tiles in front of him. "Let me go boy." The boy cop grabbed for his sap. Arthur stood up and bounded toward the middle of the lobby.

"No, I want him awake for questioning," Arthur said.

"Detective Martian sir I found him in there crouched next to Sally." The boy cop nodded toward Remy. "She couldn't have been dead more than five minutes before I arrived."

"Did you see it?" Arthur's eyes narrowed as the young man shook his head. "Well then, stand aside."

"Get me outta these cuffs Martian."

"You know I can't even if I wanted to. I don't think you killed that woman but something sinister is effecting those around you." John and the chief joined them in the lobby. A voice came from the hallway and a little short man in an EMT suit poked his head in.

"I need help getting the body up on the gurney," the man said.

"Go help the coroner kid," the chief ordered.

"Yes sir," the boy cop was glad to be out of the reach of Brody and Arthur.

"One coroner?" John asked.

"And not even our own. He is on loan from the neighboring district," the Chief replied.

"Maybe we should let the Feds in here. We could use the man power." Arthur suggested. Chief Blackburn folded his arms shifting his weight and looking at Remy. "The last thing this city needs is bunch of Federal agents combing the streets and beating on doors. Besides, we might possibly have the source for all the commotion right here. Brody what were you doing in that evidence room if you weren't killing Sally?" Blackburn asked.

"My son Roger, he was in my head. Told me he was with the microwave. I ain't seen the boy since, well, since he was a boy. It was like he could hear me inside and out. I got a reply to things I said and things I thought. She was already on the ground when I got there. That microwave was blinking at me though. Said, 'Done.' Probably a breakfast-dinner in there if you checked."

"A what?" John said. Remy looked at John.

"You know, the turkey dinner. Like a thanksgiving feast sometimes when I opened the door - it would be in there. I thought it was just a kind person leaving me food until it stopped. So I hocked it. Then the night Smitty got hurt I saw it through the window and there was another plate in there. I think it was angry." Blackburn sighed and pulled an orange plastic chair from the wall, spun it around, and straddled it in front of Remy. John watched Arthur and Arthur watched Blackburn. Student watching the teacher watching the teacher. Blackburn spoke directly to Remy like they were the only two people in the room. Direct eye contact and direct address.

"You go by Remy right?" Remy nodded. "Alright Remy we'll play it your way. Say your microwave blinded Smithe." Remy's head started to turn as he drifted off in thought. This indicated he

didn't understand something or he was about to lie. "Smitty." Blackburn said and Remy regained focus on the conversation.

"Sally's hands were gone and she wasn't burned like Smitty was. Explain that." Blackburn asked Remy. The response came from John. "Blender. Snoogins blender," John mumbled.

Arthur nodded approvingly at his younger brother. "That's the only explanation. Unless there is another person or thing we are not thinking of," he said.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Appliances don't just fucking come alive and kill people. Welcome to reality. You Martian boys need to get your heads out of your asses. We have a sick killer on the loose or in captivity already." Blackburn looked at Remy while he spoke. "This twisted guy has a body count of two and a blinded fat ass count of one. We got one homeless war hero who hears voices and two Detectives who are buying his shit." Two Detectives. John smiled.

The boy cop and the coroner emerged from the hallway pushing the gurney holding Sally's body. Her bloody stumps soaked through the heavy white sheet creating two little red stained mounds. The smell of a thanksgiving feast wafted in after them. Blackburn struggled to ignore it.

"Alright that is enough for tonight. The sun will be up soon. Morning shift will have to clean all this shit up. Boy wonder cop." The young man straightened his back. "Take Brody to a holding cell and don't let him out of your sight until properly relieved. We've got two days to bring this to some light or the Feds are going to come in here and we are all out of jobs. I'm not ready to be a washed up cop yet. So go where ever it is you go and get a few hours

of sleep. You Martian boys, me, and Remy here, are going to figure this thing out. Now if you will excuse me I'm going to need to pacify the press."

"Good luck Henry," Arthur said. "They are brutal out there tonight." Blackburn pulled some sunglasses from his pocket and put them on with a smile. He adjusted the tie on his wrinkled suit and walked out to address the crowd outside. Arthur turned to Remy.

"Sorry Brody. My fault for leaving you here," Arthur said.

"You just doin' your job Martian. Can't fault a man who invests all of himself into tracking down killers. Bound to forget a few things here and there." Arthur nodded at Remy. Remy stood and grunted as he balanced his weight on the good leg. Boy cop escorted him slowly to the holding cells.

"That is one of the toughest men I've ever seen," John said as they watched Remy turn the corner out of sight. Arthur looked at John and rolled his eyes. He picked up a hand held radio on the counter and spoke into it.

"That microwave and blender are still locked up in evidence right?" He said. The crackled response came back from boy cop, "Yes sir, locked it myself. Microwave still on the floor and blender on the shelf. Saw them on our way out with Sally's body."

"Roger that," Arthur clicked the radio off and looked at John. "Let's go, I'll sleep on your couch."

