

## 48. The Suspect

*(Cop #1 is seated at a table in an interrogation room. There is a knock on the door. #2 enters. #1 looks up.)*

- #1: Mr./Ms. Hansen. Thank you for coming in. I hope you haven't been waiting too long.
- #2: Not at all, Detective...
- #1: Dickerson. Please, sit down.
- #2: *(Sits.)* You wouldn't mind telling me what this is all about, would you? Your message didn't say much.
- #1: I didn't want to alarm you on the phone.
- #2: But it's OK in private. Fine, I'm alarmed. Why am I here?
- #1: It's about your father.
- #2: My father's dead.
- #1: I know, but we just received his autopsy report and...
- #2: Autopsy? Why was an autopsy done? His doctor said it was a heart attack.
- #1: I know, but when a relatively healthy man dies from a heart attack in a hotel room...the police usually want to check it out. Anyway, that's what the Chicago police did before they shipped his body back here.
- #2: Detective, my father wasn't a young man.
- #1: He wasn't extremely old either. Let me ask you, did he have a history of heart problems?
- #2: Not that I know of.
- #1: And his doctor didn't know of any, so there's our problem.
- #2: You've lost me. What problem?
- #1: *(Opens a folder and looks at the top sheet.)* It appears that during the autopsy, traces of a heart drug were found. This particular drug is used to stabilize an irregular heartbeat. Problem is, in a healthy person, this drug could actually cause a heart attack. Now, if you father had no problems, why would this drug be present?

*(Pause)* Any thoughts?

- #2: *(Stares at #1.)* Absolutely none.
- #1: That's too bad. I was hoping you could shed some light on this.
- #2: Well, I'm sorry. I can't. *(Starts to get up to leave.)*
- #1: You didn't get along too well with your father, did you?
- #2: You know who my father was, don't you?
- #1: Everyone knows who your father was. Why?
- #2: Because it sounds to me like you're trying to create something that isn't there. Maybe generate a little publicity for yourself along the way.
- #1: Is that what it sounds like to you?
- #2: Yes, it does. *(Pause)* Should I have a lawyer here?
- #1: Do you need a lawyer here?
- #2: I didn't think so until you started this line of questioning.
- #1: What line of questioning? All I asked was if you got along with your father. And you know, you still haven't answered me.
- #2: We got along fine!
- #1: Really? Your business partners don't think so.
- #2: Look, my father had definite ideas on how our business should be run. A lot of times we had...words over those ideas. It's natural in business.
- #1: I wouldn't know. I'm just a cop, but what I do know is now that he's gone, you're the boss.
- #2: As it should be. I was the next in line. OK? Are we done?
- #1: Just one more question. *(Picks up a photograph and takes it over to #2.)* Do you know this man?
- #2: *(Looks at the photo.)* It's Joseph Chambers. *(Hands the photo back.)*
- #1: He worked for you, didn't he?
- #2: *(Pause)* He worked for the company. My father fired him.
- #1: When?
- #2: About a year and a half ago, I guess.

- #1: When's the last time you saw him?
- #2: I don't know. I assume around the time he was fired.
- #1: Do you know where he is now?
- #2: No and I really don't care.
- #1: Well, let me fill you in. He's in a jail cell downstairs. A chambermaid at the hotel in Chicago thought she saw him coming out of your father's room. When your father turned up dead, they dusted his room and Chambers' fingerprints were on the door knob. He was arrested at his apartment here a few hours ago. Know what we found in his apartment?
- #2: Let me guess, heart medicine?
- #1: Bingo!
- #2: Well congratulations. You cracked the case.
- #1: You don't seem to terribly broken up by the whole thing.
- #2: Look, detective, you were right about something. My father and I were not the best of friends. Then again, he wasn't friends with many people. He used to say he wouldn't be surprised if one day he were killed by a business associate, competitor, or an ex-wife. He had five, you know. So, I'm not really surprised how his life ended.
- #1: And you haven't seen Joseph Chambers in over a year?
- #2: I told you I haven't. Are you implying that I had something to do with...this?
- #1: Let me put it this way, you did have the most to gain.
- #2: You're deluded, not to mention treading dangerously close to libel. You have Chambers in custody, what more do you want?
- #1: The one who planned this because I have more than a hunch that Chambers didn't. *(Takes a phone bill out of the folder and puts it in front of #2.)* See the highlighted number? Someone called Chambers from your office around six o'clock the day before your father went to Chicago.
- #2: *(Looks at the bill.)* Correction. Someone called Chambers

- from the switchboard. There are over 1500 people working in that building. Any of which could have stayed late and called. Now, do you have anything else? *(A silence.)* I didn't think so. Good evening, detective. *(Starts to leave.)*
- #1: You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?
- #2: Not really. I just know what I did and didn't do. Also, if my father taught me anything, it was not to be intimidated by people who are beneath me and not half as smart as I am.
- #1: Really, well, smart people make a lot of mistakes, too.
- #2: Not in my case. Anyway, you want to take a shot at me, fine, go ahead. But when you miss, and you will, you're going to fall, and fall hard.
- #1: Mr./Ms. Hansen, when I take a shot, I never miss and if I choose to come after you, you'll be the one falling. I guarantee it.
- #2: *(Pulls a business card from his/her pocket.)* If you need anything else, call my attorney.
- #1: Had that card all ready for me, didn't you?
- #2: I'm always ready.
- #1: We'll see. You can go.
- #2: I know.  
*(They stare at each other for a moment. #2 exits.)*