

### Chapter Fifty-Nine

The geographical similarity between the Raymond murders had not been lost on the authorities. They had, however, played it down to the media, lest it incite an inevitable serial killer panic. But that wasn't their only problem. The death of the senator had triggered a tandem FBI investigation that had placed detectives Quan and Cole smack in the middle of a jurisdictional tug-of-war. With orders from the mayor's office to *make the case*, they were busy hammering away at their only suspect.

"I ain't got nothin' to say, mon," Griff declared, as he sat in the interrogation room of the police department, Thursday afternoon.

"We got you cold," Quan gloated, "you may as well talk to us now because once the Feds get to you, there won't be any deals."

"I want a lawyer, mon."

"You got one?" Quan asked, as Cole sat silently in one corner.

"No, mon, I ain't got one."

"Then we'll get you someone from the public defender's office."

"Listen, fella," Cole joined in, "no one from the public defender's office is gonna give two shits about you but maybe we can help."

"Help?" Griff said solemnly.

"Yeah," she said, "give us something to take back to our captain."

"How's that gonna help me?"

"If we can keep you in the system, the Feds might go away and then we can talk about a deal."

"Don't bullshit me," Griff groaned, "get me the lawyer."

"C'mon, kid, this isn't like the movies," Quan said, while gesturing for his partner to keep her mouth shut, "it'll go a lot easier if you talk to us now."

"Talk about what, mon?"

"Look, we've got your fingerprints on the plastic bag you stupidly left behind and as we speak, the lab is checking your sneakers with the footprints found at the scene."

"How you do dat, mon, nobody take my fingerprints yet?"

"Oh, don't you worry, we'll be doing that real soon in the booking room but we got your fingerprints from your immigration file."

"I ain't talkin' no more."

"You had a nice time with the wife and then you killed the husband, didn't you?"

"Huh?" Griff exclaimed quizzically.

"Don't play games with me. The senator and his wife, you did 'em both, we know it and you know it."

"You got it wrong, mon," Griff said, his chin resting in his palms.

"So, who put you up to it, the Russians?" Cole chimed in, while standing menacingly above him.

"I don't know nothin' about no Russians," he replied, while saying to himself, that if the cops don't fry me the Moscow Mafia will.

"So, you admit it, the whole thing was your idea?" Quan pressed.

"You got the wrong guy, mon, I didn't kill no woman," Griff declared, then, sweating profusely added, "I ain't no killer."

"Really?" Quan taunted, while thumbing through a file folder, "says here that you killed a cab driver in Montego Bay. Beats the shit outta me why immigration let you into this country in the first place."

"Dat was an accident, mon. Didn't see him sittin' behind my car when I backed up."

"But you killed him just the same. C'mon, son, there's history here. We know you did it, just don't know why."

"I want a lawyer!"