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## **The Laverna Incident**

**by: Barry Sherwood**

Jake, 31, opens the door to the interrogation room. Wearing a brown overcoat still wet from his recent return from lunch. A red file folder beneath his arm while he carries a hot cup of coffee. Closing the door, he glances over to see Eli, 25, still handcuffed to a metal table at the center of the room. Jake raises an eyebrow as he scans the man's unusual black leather outfit.

"What is this...Halloween?" whispers Jake as he walks over to the table.

"Good afternoon Mr. Eli, I am detective—"

"—I know who you are. You're a spitting image of your father," interrupts Eli in a devilish tone.

"So, you knew my father? By your outfit I guess that makes some sense," replies Jake as he sets the folder and coffee on the table.

"Yeah, I heard about his unfortunate time at the asylum," says Eli with a grin.

"Good you're a talker, I have a few questions for you," replies Jake. Jake sits down and flips open the red folder. The clock above the door ticks as the two sit in silence for a few moments while Jake reviews the sloppy handwritten police report.

"You look tired," says Eli breaking the silence.

“Says here you were mutilating a body when police found you—” replies Jake glancing up at Eli.

“—Mutilating? Please, I was freeing her soul. Besides, I think you should be more concerned about Laura and Michael,” interrupts Eli. His lips begin to form a smirk.

“How do you know those names?” asks Jake as the look of concern crawls across his face.

“I know a lot about you, I know you spend most of your lunches with a young brunette. I also know that you’re a washed up and burnt-out detective,” replies Eli as his fingers fidget with the handcuffs.

“Who are you and what do you want?” whispers Jake.

“My gauntlet. You know the one that’s in the room next door,” replies Eli as he stares at the two-way mirror behind Jake.

“I don’t think so,” says Jake taking a drink of his coffee.

“Oh, come on Jake. At least your father was willing to play,” chuckles Eli as he glances at the clock.

“What? Am I keeping you from somewhere?” asks Jake as he closes the red file.

“No, I was just trying to figure out how much time both Laura and Michael have left,” replies Eli as he stares into Jake’s eyes.

“Bullshit, I’m not sure how you know who they are, but you’ve been in lockup for hours,” responds Jake sitting back in his chair.

“True, but only after you left for work today and after I paid your family a visit,” says Eli as he bites his lower lip.

“Well, I guess we’re done here,” replies Jake as he stands up.

“124 Maxwell St, apartment 31,” says Eli as he shrugs.

“How do you—”

“—the same way I know you like to meet with the young brunette at the Sundown motel for lunch. I know you. Just like I knew your father. I know everyone’s dirty secret, tragedy, and shameful action that this family has ever tried to hide,” interrupts Eli as Jake overwhelmed by his statements rushes out of the room.

The End