

Hasbro looked up and shook his head. “Close the door” he said after the two strolled through the entrance. “Now before you answer anything, I want you to think about what you say before you say it. IAB is on their way here and should be arriving any moment now, so I’m saving all of the official questioning for them.” The Lt. looked directly at officer Casey, apparently annoyed with the other one, “You’ve been on the force almost as long as I have Bill. I expect you to keep some semblance of emotional control and restraint when you’re in the streets. I put you out there with this guy for balance, you know what I mean? So what happened? I want it straight.”

“It all went down pretty quickly El Tee.” he replied. “We were chasing these two kids who had snatched a purse when we drove around the corner and saw this guy beating feet away from us”

“Was he running?” the Lt. cut in.

“Well let’s say he was moving pretty swiftly”

“He seemed to be running to me Lieutenant” Wyatt blurted out.

“I didn’t ask you hot head” the Lt. replied, deliberately keeping his gaze on Casey “Just sit there and listen for now, I’ll get to you in a sec; go on Casey.”

“We pulled up beside him in the cruiser and told him to stop... over the mike. He looked back and turned around...” the policeman was deliberate in his recant of the incident, making sure he said exactly what the two of them had agreed on. “...Wyatt opened his door and was stepping out when this guy began to approach the cruiser... I was opening my door and Wyatt yelled for him to stay put. At the same time I heard some noise behind us and looked back and saw a kid was bolting around the corner... When I turned back around to the suspect, he was still walking forward and reaching into his sweatshirt. When

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his arm came out there was a flash and Wyatt yelled gun and released two rounds. The guy fell back on the pavement and the rest you can figure.”

“Um Hm,” Hasbro groaned under his breath. “So what did he have?”

“Nothing, El Tee. The flash must have been a reflection off of the watch he was wearing. Wyatt was closer, and you know how it is on a dark street with theses gang bangers on the loose. Things escalate quickly...you just react.”

“Detective Boltson said the guy didn’t look like a gang banger, said he was middle aged, well dressed, professional looking.”

“Lieutenant, you know they all look alike. Especially in the dark.” Wyatt cut in. “Things move quickly during a chase. Sometimes you don’t have time to think, you just have to go with your gut.” Wyatt attempted to use the rationale the desk sergeant had propounded.

“That’s your problem, asshole, you don’t think” The lieutenant’s head snapped around and his eyes became lasers, probing Wyatt’s face and the apparent emptiness behind it. “I just told you to make sure you think about what you say before you say it and what comes out of your dumb ass, ‘they all look alike’” He said the latter mockingly, in an artificially raised tone. “IAB will tear you a new one if you go out there talking like that. This shooting is also going before the anti-bias commission. You’re subject to land on Rikers if you keep that up.” He looked over to Casey and said, “I tell you Bill, I wouldn’t loose my freedom and my pension over a no thinking, ignorant assed, hot headed son of a bitch like this. But it’s your call. If youse guys stick together, we’ll do what we can to support you.” He looked back at Wyatt and said, “but I want you to know one thing you fucking freak,

I'm not losing one penny, my family will not suffer one bit because your testosterone soaked, no thinking ass can't keep control, you got that?"

"Yeah I got it" he replied arrogantly.

A knock on the door, and all three men looked up. The Lt. answered, "Yeah, what do you want?"

"Thom Farret," was the answer.

"Come on in" Hasbro answered. "How you doing Thom? I think I'm starting to see more of you than I do Maggie, well..." he scratched his head and looked off for a second to think about his wife, "...you're a site better looking and nicer to boot." he joked. "By the way, how's Denise?"

"She's fine El Tee, I'll tell her you asked about her." He answered, expressionless, then he looked at officers Wyatt and Casey. "Sorry to have to talk to you boys under theses circumstances, but the sooner we get our chat over with, the sooner we can all go home and get some rest. Lieutenant, mind if I use your break room to talk to Casey? Olsen is outside, waiting to talk to Wyatt in the cage."

"Sure, youse guys just help ya' selves. Can we get youse anything to drink? Coffee, a soda, water, anything?"

"Nothing for me right now El Tee, what about you guys, anything before we get started?"

"Nope", "Naw", were the replies from the uniformed officers. They stood and slowly walked through the now open door. Detective Olsen greeted Wyatt outside. Kate Olsen was a young detective, in her early thirties. She had been decorated several times for her work as an undercover cop in the narcotics squad and was now getting her card

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punched in the Internal Affairs Bureau. During her tour in narcotics she had proven to be an incorruptible strait shooter. A third generation NY Policeman, she had a degree in criminal justice from Columbia University and was working on a Law degree at NYU, a definite rising star.

Olsen's slender build was deceiving at first glance- a second look and it was obvious that she took her workouts seriously. She was very attractive, not like the classic ad girl, but with unique features that worked together as a package. Her auburn hair was cut shoulder length and was naturally highlighted. She wore it back, off of her face, exposing a large forehead and slightly oversized nose. She had full lips and a delicately squared off chin above a long slender neck. Her complexion was dark enough that she looked Latin or Middle Eastern, features that worked well for her as a narc. She had a warm smile that belied the seriousness with which she took her job. Her dogged search for the truth had gained her a reputation as a tough but fair IAB investigator. If you were innocent of wrongdoing, she was the man that you wanted on your investigation. If you were guilty, you tried to avoid her like poison.

Detective Farret introduced Olsen to Wyatt and Casey and they shook hands.

"How are you this evening Officer Wyatt" Olsen said, intentionally holding onto his hand a little longer than expected. "I know you're a little shaken and probably drained after tonight's events. I just have a few preliminary questions to ask you for the record." She pulled Wyatt along toward the interrogation room, still shaking his hand with the other one now resting on his shoulder. "You know that you're free to have a PBA attorney present if you like, but