



FFM DOPPELGÄNGER: A NOVEL

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FFM Doppelgänger  
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## prologue

yeah i was the lucky fucking guy. detective jamal rashid al-din smith-jabbar. haha! give me a damn break. yeah i was the one. i guess that moolio initially assigned. right before he was replaced by carmelo. yeah i was the one he assigned to look into the whole yusuf and aniah thing. six poor assholes. two alleged hookah spots. twelve eyes removed on site. five of them still living. over a year later. after the fuckin fact. each one of the six with their eyes gouged out while smoking hookah. then also a dead hobo. stabbed up with some kind of geometric bullshit knife or some shit. then finally a dead detective. a detective active on the damn case! dead right on the deck of the same bar. tel aviv. no witnesses. eyes clean removed. surgical retard type shit. which of course ended the entire thing. feds came in and it was done from the providence pd perspective. but fuck. this was quite some time after the fact. eighteen months. some shit like that. i'm not the best with uhhh. dates. it all blends together i guess. i mean. the first fuckin thing i noticed on the case. being a bit of a 9/11 buff i guess. between me and you. was that the owner of the bar tel aviv. his name was ziad jarrah. and you know ziad jarrah was. i mean the guy was a fuckin 9/11 hijacker wasn't he?

(well we don't know that. we haven't verified that one hundred percent.) that he had connection to. (well hold up. hold up hold up. just a second. not in this venue. let's hold off on uhhh. any mentions of intelligence agencies okay?) okay. but you know. my point is. regardless of that. leaving that aside. jarrah should have been dead. in theory correct? unless there just happened to be another lebanese ziad jarrah in the united states? which sure. i guess it's possible. but it's just a bit of a coincidence no? that was the first thing i noticed. which struck me as slightly uhhh. completely absurd? (well to be fair.) i get it. like i said. it's possible. but it seemed unlikely to me. then and now. even more so. the more

research we put in the less plausible it seemed. (okay. but let's just. let's take it from the beginning.)

scene 01: the scurvy dog 8:12pm

(lieutenant carmelo anthony and i were playing pool at the scurvy dog as we were wont to do on particular monday nights.) i said: so. you want me to look into that? i thought that went fuckin federal didn't it? that we couldn't. anthony said: technically it still is. federal. i mean technically. technically! it's nothing right now. but no. you're technically correct. but it's been a couple years now. i'm banking that. i said: the heat is off. he said: a bit. yeah. and to be fair i'm not asking you to. i don't need. obviously we don't want any heat on this to come back onto the department. that's first priority. to keep any potential blowback minimal. minimal to non-existent really. but you know. take a stab at it. while being uhhh. circumspect. if you know what i mean? i said: yeah i get it. it's your shot. he said: you're kicking my fucking ass jr. what the fuck?

i said: honestly it's pure luck. i never even play anymore. normally i'm always complete junk at this game. total asscheeks really. he said: and? i said: yeah i'll definitely look into it lieutenant. sure. why the fuck not? what's the worst that could. he said: and would you. would you be willing to team up with uhhhh. (carmelo successfully knocked the 8 ball in. just about 6 balls too soon.) i said: who? he said: fuck me. oh well. i suppose that i was fucked either way here? maybe that's a metaphor for something. but yeah. ummm. would you be okay teaming up with. um. mariah? watson. i said: watson? as in watson's sister? aniah watson's. wait. you think. he said: i get it. she's not the most unbiased party jr. but she's one of the best young detectives we have on the force. in my opinion. she's been uhhhh. rotting a bit. undercover. on the strip club detail you know? and i think her perspective could really be of value here. if tempered by a certain measure of experience. just do me a favor.

i said: best young detectives? but you just said she's been working the strip circuit undercover for like. a decade? wouldn't she just be aging out of the clubs at this point any. he said: jr. she cares about her sister. but obviously. i said: i'll keep her name off the paperwork carmelo. don't even worry about it. he said: you know. that would be great actually. i said: it'll look like just another solo jr smith-jabbar low-key detail. i can make that happen lieutenant. that's not a problem. carmelo said: just do me one favor? please. keep the fucking heat off of my asshole on this? if nothing else.

scene 02: nickanee's 2:11pm

i said: now let's see here. yeah. i'll do a vodka on the rocks. stoli please. no. ketel. no. actually. yeah. do the stoli. that's fine. now. let's see here. well. first off. first of all. my condolences on your sister. i know that's still probably. uhhh. an open. she said: wound? jamal. you know almost as well as anyone. other than maybe yusuf. that i've been an undercover exotic dancer for like. almost a decade.

i said: i actually had no idea that. she said: i know better than anybody on the force when someone is completely full of shit and being totally disingenuous. so please. just cut the shit. and let's get to the point. plus. to be honest. i've taken maybe a more. astrological perspective? on it of late i guess. i said: that's impressive. i think i've dated every astrological sign except for the three i'm supposed to get along with. but yes. i was uhhh. made aware of your background. in the department. and you. you think you'll be comfortable on this case? given the. she said: the lieutenant brought it my desk jr. if you're unsure then why don't you ask him? i said: wait. carmelo. brought it to you? do you want a drink by the way? she said: you know i don't personally subscribe to the notion that yusuf's drinking was responsible for my sister's death. but no. i learned. i said: at the strip clubs about the deleterious effects of alcohol abuse first hand? she said: more or less.

i said: so you're straight edge? she said: i don't know what that means. but no. i don't generally drink. i said: what are you. you guys? what are you guys anyway? nationally speaking? in terms of nationality? actually. you know what? no. that's inappropriate. i shouldn't care. and i actually don't even care. she said: screw you jamal. i said: duly noted.

she said: so what's the agenda? i said: as of right now? probably ping-pong between people who can give us leads on gigante and ones who can give us leads on jarrah. gigante. let's see here. greg gigante. active capo in the patriarcha crime family. was previously. allegedly. interviewed off the record by detectives tzelepi and folco. allegedly interviewed. off the record. two detectives visited his domicile unannounced shortly after the homicide of detective watson. on a premonition from tzelepi. allegedly. alleged premonition. with that said. general belief internally is that gigante may be an alleged witness to the still unsolved homicide of a homeless man known simply by the street name pork chop. which if true places him a relative distance to the (so-called) smoke shop stabbings. gigante is also allegedly involved with a mistress that exhibited. according to detectives tzelepi and folco. suspicious behavior? rumored to have possibly engaged in a previous romance of some sort with detective tzelepi. unrelated to the case. unconfirmed as well. but worthy of note. in my opinion at least.

she said: and then? i said: well we know where to find him. gigante. but it's doubtful he'll say fuck-all to any of us at this point. she said: but we could still stop by? pop in? wasn't that the last person that yusuf and folco looked into. with regard to my sister's death? i said: that was right before yusuf took leave. that's correct. folco. i don't know if he was there that day. that's unconfirmed. she said: the initial reports seemed to suggest he was. i said: it's unconfirmed. but certainly possible. there have been conflicting reports. i for one don't want to speak on behalf of detective folco so

i'll refrain. anyway. yeah. so fuckin gigante. in all likelihood. won't talk to us. jarrah. while we don't know who the fuck he is. we know where he's at. aci penitentiary. the question there is how do we get into talk to him without causing a stir internally. we need to keep this hush. she said: so gigante we can get to. but he probably won't talk. jarrah might talk. but we can't get to him.

i said: exactly. ziad jarrah. lebanese national. let's see here. involved the providence restaurateur scene for years prior to said incidents. somewhat of uhhhh. a bit of a douche-lord by many accounts. last owner of tel aviv on the water where five of the six incidents occurred. assumed to have fled the country as the investigation progressed after the fifth stabbing. eventually located and extradited per the feds. locked up on all counts but aniah's and pork chop's. and get this. his last bar manager marissa bibby? has also been reported missing since right around the same time. bibby is still missing. jarrah was extradited and charged with conspiracy and five counts of attempted homicide. jarrah. in case you're not a 9/11 enthusiast. shares a name with a 9/11 hijacker who by all government accounts died on the day of the terrorist attack in 2001. yet underground networks bloggers and conspiracy theorists alike have rumored that he may. in fact. still be alive. could he have been fucking hiding on the east coast under his birth name twenty years after the attack?

she said: hiding in plain sight? he said: because no one was looking for him? she said: you said it not me. i think. that should take precedence shouldn't it? i said: again. now i'm not sure if lieutenant anthony made this clear to you when he talked to you. but the explicit goal of this operation is not to ruffle any feathers. to perform said inquiries with maximum discretion. that we don't give the feds. who have to this point removed their cocks from our asses. that we don't give them a reason to reinsert said penises into said buttholes. she said: maybe i will have a drink?



i said: i recommend the stoli on the rocks personally. flora! but anyway. i don't disagree. with a conceptual focus on jarrah. a conceptual focus on jarrah. a more practical one of gigante. i agree there. but uhhh. she said: yes. i'll have casamigos blanco and sprite please. thank you. but jamal. because of his connection. jarrah's. to the attacks and subsequent tangential alleged connection to certain intelligence agencies and the fact he's already imprisoned we need to be hyper-aware of how we proceed? that's what you're saying.

i said: i'll plead the fifth on intelligence. but yes basically. she said: and what about the mistress? i said: what about her? she said: well. gigante won't talk to us. jarrah is off-limits. the bar manager is still mia. can we get a hold of the mistress? i said: i'll mention it to the lieutenant. see if we can maybe put in. actually. he's uhh. fuckin calling me now. sir? carmelo said: i need you to get down to tel aviv asap. or the building formerly known. whatever the fuck it is. now. i said: roger that lieutenant! quick. mariah. let's chug these. flora! could we get the tab? whenever you have a chance? but preferably asap? mariah. we need to get to tel aviv. the bar front at least. whatever the fuck it's called now. it's still empty isn't it? they never filled it after all that stuff huh? i guess that makes sense from a certain vantage point.

### scene 03: tel aviv on the water 3:33pm

i said: fuck are you doing here already bolvin? bolvin said: uhh. lieutenant anthony? he just called me. asked me to get here asap. i said: carmelo called you? he said: unorthodox isn't it? i said: you're the fuckin coroner. what is he fuckin high? how long has she been here? bolvin said: they're uh still determining that? at least that's they told me. the emts. now i think she was. i said: who called it in? folco?

he said: i believe so? i said: they're saying it's the uhh. old bar manager of tel aviv. bitch who's been missing since right before the

watson homicide. marissa bibby. dob 7/1/95. been missing since uhhh. let's uhh. mariah said: since at least jarrah's been mia. right before this place was wiped clean. bolvin: oh hello. you must be. mariah said: detective watson. mariah watson. bolvin said: ah right. yes. i think i've heard the name bandied about. but a pleasure to put a face to it! (i lifted the sheet from the body to take a peek.)

i said: the modus operandi here. bolvin said: well it's definitely not a copycat attacker. i said: it's certainly not surgical. yet even still. leaving the body here? on the deck? even a baboon could have tossed it over the deck into the water if they wanted to. somebody clearly intended for her to be found. and here. that's to be fuckin sure. bolvin said: it would seem. mariah said: slit throat. yet dumped here? hmm. i said: do we know for sure she was dumped? she said: no witnesses. i said: not impossible if it was a professional hit that was performed quick on site.

she said: but why would she be here in the first place? just hanging out at the abandoned bar front she used to work at? i said: let's see what the electronics tell us. maybe there's a series of uhh. fuckin texts that could point us. in a direction. or cell phone pings or some shit. maybe. this could be motivated by the previous attacks. you never know. a revenge kill. someone could have lured her here. then bang. slit her larynx into two. she said: could it have been one of the. previous victims perhaps? of the gougings i mean. i said: just looking at her. if you told me somebody without a set of eyes slit her throat? i'd probably fuckin believe you. she said: because five of the six are still alive. correct? i said: i have the list right here actually. all of my notes here. uhhh. we have trae nietzsche. a jayson kafka. caris sebal. a certain bam bernhard. and uhhh. one dejounte strindberg. then i have a sixth.

she said: and the sixth. who was killed. he was the one who was attacked at the pasha hookah bar? the only victim that wasn't attacked at tel aviv is dead. correct? i said: correct. the only one not

attacked at tel aviv is uhhh. also the only one who is now deceased. jalen krasznahorkai. shot in the fuckin head just a week or two after the gouging. she said: do we start at pasha then? i said: but mariah that kid is already. she said: i know jamal. but now so is this bibby girl. and if somebody killed him. meaning krasznahorkai. then that same person could be attempting to clean up other. other stray aspects of this case? i said: eh. i think that's a bit of a stretch. bolvin said: i don't know. i can kind of see it. where she's coming from.

i said: shut up bolvin. with all due respect. she said: okay. a young man gets his eyes gouged out at pasha. then. at a later date. he's shot in the head. his case. his homicide at least. remains unsolved. yet that's the only run-of-the-mill homicide in this case. because the homeless man was clearly stabbed in an unorthodox manner. aniah. my sister was obviously unorthodox as well. the pasha hit is the only homicide related to this case that seems orthodox in character. except now for marissa bibby's murder right here! i said: okay mariah. so you're saying. no i get it. although the counterpoint would be there are quite a few orthodox homicides. that occur regularly in the city?

she said: but in this case i think. i think we need to draw a distinction between the unorthodox. which includes the murder of the homeless man pork chop. as well as the gougings. as well as the murder of my sister. and then the orthodox. which include the young man krasznahorkai. and now the former bar manager marissa bibby. we could be dealing with two distinct criminal sets here jr. i said: it's a reasonable hypothetical. i'm not gonna shit all over it yet. i mean. it might be a total waste of time? but yeah. why not? let's go to pasha. i'm not opposed to it. i haven't had one of their ice hookahs in a fucking dog's age anyway.

scene 04: pasha 5:15pm

i said: is it still half off hookah before 8pm? the bartender said: ohhh no. we stopped doing that during covid., after the lockdowns. the half off promotion. that was such a great deal! i said: oh totally! fuck yeah. yeah. i used come in here at like 7:55pm every damn wednesday. order a fucking blueberry mint. tie on a couple vodka waters. leave here half in the bag! hey. is jack here by any chance? the bartender said: yeah. ummmm. i think he's just in the back right now? i said: you know. i was thinking mariah. mariah said: me too jr. about the.

i said: i've been thinking that. you know something? i've never actually seen that honey dew donuts open. she said: wait. i said: right when you get off thurbers. the honey dew donuts right on allens ave. turning right onto allens from thurbers and shit. she said: the honey dew. i said: you can't miss it. she said: honestly. i'm not sure if i've ever seen that. i said: it's quite an odd honey dew frankly. nothing around it at all. it's totally isolated. a fast food donut spot that's totally isolated geographically. it almost looks like a fake honey dew donuts. a faux honey dew. a front honey dew. like they're running coke out the back or some shit.

she said: ohhh. right. right before hit dante's. if heading downtown. in the building that looks like. it almost looks to me like it was an old diner at one point or something? i said: i've driven by it probably hundreds of times over the years. yet i can't recall even one time. not one time! that i've actually seen it open. she said: maybe it's just an am thing. a morning-only honey dew donuts? some of them are i think. i said: maybe. but i thought the whole honey dew and/or dunkin donuts complex. i thought the whole angle there. was that they were all-day coffee and bullshit shops. like isn't that the point? the coffee isn't good. the food is total shit. but you can get it at any time. not like an am only so-called true coffee shop. bistro shit. like a barista coffee shop. which even that? personally. i'm a fuckin all day coffee guy. one hundred percent. i

guess just fundamentally? i don't fuckin necessarily respect this notion that coffee shops. that it's somehow acceptable for them to close at like 2 pm. 1 pm. 3 pm. nah. fuck that.

she said: really jamal? no. for me? personally? i only drink coffee in the morning. if i drink even a sip of coffee after like. i don't know. eleven. then i'm literally up all night. i said: eleven as in 11am? or eleven at night? she said: oh no! in the morning. 11 am. forget at night. or even afternoon! almost any time after noon is just a pure no-go for me. i said: that's. no offense. but that's actually psychotic to me mariah. i literally need a mainline of espresso in the mid to late afternoon or else i essentially lack basic motor skills. yeah. um. let us get a mint hookah. just mint. yeah. please? ice hose please? if you have it? ice in the hose. yes. she said: so are we.

i said: yeah. i'll ask her again if jack is here when they bring out the pipe no homo. ugh. she said: you're ordering vodka too jr? i said: yes mariah. they don't have coffee here i don't think. maybe turkish coffee. but i don't like that personally. with the grounds in it. closest thing to an espresso pick me up is. you know. a trickle of vodka right? she said: god. you're just like yusuf. i said: you know we're second cousins right? she said: that makes a modicum of sense. i said: ugh. she said: ugh what now? i said: don't look mariah. but you see that. that fuckin guy? at the end of the bar? don't look.

she said: umm. i don't think. i said: fuck that guy. yeah. yeah yeah. i knew he looked familiar the second i laid eyes on him no homo. faggot. so i went ahead and stared at him for a bit. and i'm glad i did. just to see if i really knew him. you know? finally figured it out after a minute or so. she said: who is he? i said: cunt sold me a shitty ass bass at his used guitar shop over on north main like a year or two ago. she said: a bass? like the instrument? i said: yeah. bass guitar. electric bass and shit. used to play the lower octave notes and shit in rock songs and stuff. he runs some uhhh. used guitar shop. impressive selection actually. sold me a fuckin five string electric

bass. and to be honest with you? i've had nothing but issues with it since. i don't even play it anymore. directly because of these issues mariah. i played it for maybe a month and had like three separate issues with the shit. at first the fuckin plug in part. that broke. the part you plug the amp into. immediately that part was all fucked up. so they fix it pro bono. not bad. i mean that's what they should have done. considering they sold it to me fucked up. but it was still nice i guess. i actually gave them credit for that. for doing what they should have done. she said: okay.

i said: but then like a week later the thing stops working altogether. the entire bass. it starts fuzzing fucking out on me regularly. so now i go back over there. again. now i'm back there again. it's embarrassing. i'm pissed more that i have to go back there than that the thing doesn't work. i have to go back to them. ask them the fuck is wrong with this bass again. now it looks like i'm fucking the thing up. like i'm using it like a baseball bat. like i'm beating my wife with it. assuming i had a wife. when the reality is i'm barely even playing the thing. and it's still fucking up. when the actual reality is i've barely played this bass. and it keep shitting out on me for this or that reason. so this guy sits with the bass in his hands. he plugs it into his amp. fiddles around on the fuckin thing for a minute. then he tells me. oh it's actually fine. it's perfectly fine! that i just need to twist one of these knobs by the bottom of the strings over and over again. and then it'll work just fine. that's what he says to me. with all sincerity he says this to me. twist some fuckin knob a bunch of times. then he twists the shit like three hundred times and successfully plays a lick. yeah. uhh. just fuckin twist this knob over and over and then it'll work properly. this is what he says to me. tells me this like i'm a novice. which i totally am. like this is common knowledge. which for all i know maybe it is. jacking knobs off in order for an electric bass to actually be playable? i mean you know? i don't know. how would i? he could tell me. yeah just shove

the tip up your ass for ninety seconds before you play it. then it'll be fine! i'd probably believe him. yet. if he had i don't know. maybe told me all of that before i bought it! oh it's a great bass but just so you know you need to twist a knob twenty fuckin times before it works? if he had told me that prior to me buying it? then i probably would have passed on it in the first fuckin place. but now? now it's obviously too late to return it. fuckin cunthole. but yeah that's him. sitting right over there.

she said: i didn't even know you played bass. that's kind of impressive jr. so you're actually a musician? i used to date a guitar player in my early twenties. late teens early twenties. i said: here's the thing mariah. i don't! play bass at least. i mean i can play a rudimentary bassline and shit sure. sure at other instruments i'm a borderline virtuoso. but as a bassist i am definitely fucking not. furthest thing. honestly? i should have just stuck with the damn four string. but i had to go overboard. she said: now what's the.

i said: of course i had to go all in on a bass first time out. well what if i need to play an e in the second octave?! let's get the fifth string! that's the type of bullshit i was thinking. just pure idiocy you know? no. the five was too much. totally ridiculous decision. and now it doesn't even fuckin work. i actually completely forgot i even owned a bass guitar until i saw this guy's damn mug. i said to myself where do i know this fuckin schmuck from? his little rat ass face. oh yeah. bitch ass. i own a shitty ass electric bass he sold me. with a little southern drawl. i'll shove a fucking grit up his ass mariah. take a confederate flag and suffocate him with it. spent three hundred something bucks on this thing. now i don't even remember i have it on a day to day basis. tried to put a name to a face. a place to a face. you know. when you think about it? that's really how these guitar shops stay in business in the first place. it's the only way they're viable commercial entities. selling instruments to people who ultimately will never play them. kind of like how

uhh. gyms. planet fitnesses and shit. how gyms would allegedly just go straight out of business immediately if every person who actually had a membership actually showed up even once a week to work out. just based on the expected lifespan of the gym's machines. the depreciation schedules and shit. these institutions are essentially supported by unassuming donations. their shadow nonprofits. because it's really the same rubric for guitar shops. if they actually accepted returns from people who said. yeah this shit fuckin sucks. i played it for two weeks and i'm never gonna play this again. your electric bass has a litany of issues. i don't have time to jack it off every two days. i'd like a refund please. if they actually did that. if people like me actually did that then they'd literally all be out of business immediately. they're kept in business solely by jerk-offs like me. who buy instruments completely nonsensically. and never actually want to put in the work that they don't inform you about beforehand. the work required. the work needed to even keep the fuckin thing semi-functional. i said: jack. how's business my friend?

he said: ugh. hanging in there my man. hanging in there. as best we can at least. covid was a fuckin blow but you know. still recovering from covid. total bullshit but you know. i said: yeah i noticed. hookahs have like what? doubled in price over here. forty something for the ice? shit. i mean yeah it's worth it. but i still remember those \$12.50 days! but yeah. uhhhh. i guess when your main product-line is indoor smoking yeah. i could see that. tough times man. anyway. you know. by the way. um. this is mariah. my new partner. on this case we're diving into. or technically new-old case. cold case. you know. because we just wanted to do a quick follow up. because of the you know.

he said: yeah i know. i think i know exactly why you're here jr. i said: yeah. the whole eye gouging thing from last year and shit? now you may or may not know that the majority of that whole



brouhaha took place at tel aviv. most of those cases. but our records show that umm. one incident did occur here? with a jalen krasznahorkai? if that rings a bell? jack said: well. i said: a jalen krasznahorkai who was attacked in his eyes? eyes gouged clean out per se. and then according to the file on him. he was shot in the head and killed about a week or so after that. so we just wanted to. i mean actually. did anyone come and talk to you after that whole thing? jack said: you know. i think i got a call from a guy with you guys around that time. think his name was yusuf? yeah. he left his number and said he'd be stopping by in the next few days right around that time. but i never heard from him again after that. swear to god.

i said: right right. yusuf. yeah. so yusuf. he was the initial lead on that case. that actually lines up. he said: yeah. i guess i thought it was kind of weird. but i don't know what the normal protocols are either. i try not to know those protocols you know? never really heard much about it after that. honestly? i didn't even know the kid jalen was shot until months after all of that was in the news. i said: and how'd you hear that? he said: initially? i think that one of his friends was in here. brought it up to me. or it came up organically at some point. i mean. we have our regulars in here. you know how it is. but this kid and his boys weren't that frequent. like i knew the face when i saw it on the news. but he also wasn't somebody i'd be greeting regularly or anything like that. i said: right. yeah. this is helpful. this is quite. um. so did anyone at all speak to you about the incident that night? after it occurred.

he said: what do you mean on that night though? i said: i mean like obviously that night. he said: jr. this is what i've been trying to tell people for months now. nobody talked to me period. not that night or. i said: okay but jack. how. how the fuck is that possible? the kid had his eyes gouged out here. how did no one talk to. he said: see that's the thing jr. no he didn't. that's what i've been trying

to get across to no avail for some time now. nobody got attacked here that night. that just didn't happen. i said: jack. it says right here in the damn police file. he said: i don't know what it says in the file. because i've heard the same thing elsewhere. but i was here that night. i'm here every saturday night. and i'd one hundred percent know if anybody was attacked on premises. never mind if they had their eyes gouged out. or even outside our spot. we haven't had an incident like that here in a while bro. honestly? from everything i've heard that whole thing happened down the street in edgewood bro. and then they just assumed.

i said: jack? he said: believe me jr. jr? you know me. if it happened here i would tell you. how could i not? why would i lie? when i couldn't deny something like that happening if it did happen. i even handed over the footage! i said: footage? mariah said: wait. you said nobody talked to you. he said: yeah. from providence. but a few plain suit dudes came up in here like a week later and told me they needed all the footage. they demanded all the footage we had on-site. they said they were from the feds or something like that. and they needed the video from the whole night. so obviously. like i handed the tapes over. i gave them every tape we had on file. full disclosure. we keep ten days of footage here. i'd almost have preferred it happen here! at least then all the gossip could be more easily addressed. i can address the issue if there's an issue. i can't address issues that don't exist. you know? i could have actually talked to you guys and tried to clear things up. but like i said. somebody has those tapes. and like i said i called that yusuf guy a few times. maybe a week after he called. but he never picked up. never called me back. right before the feds came in i'd called him a couple times and left messages.

mariah said: so you're telling us. nothing happened to this jalen victim that night. here. at pasha? he said: yes ma'am. i said: okay. so let's just go with this version. i'm not saying i don't believe you jack.

i want to believe you jack. but at the same time. i just want to. i don't believe anything right now. i just need to get both sides here. so you're saying you heard it happened down the street in edgewood. like uhh. what exactly did you hear? exactly. he said: i heard it happened by the pier. maybe not quite all the way down by.

i said: by the rhode island yacht club? he said: i heard not even that far. but by the residential piers like right when you cross over into cranston. i said: like over in the arnold ave area and shit? he said: around there. yeah. i also heard that it was some crazy blink of an eye type deal. and that the kid lost both of his eyes clean. and that the family of the girl he was apparently trying to get with that night. that they were having a pi look into it before he got shot. that's what i heard anonymously. from people you know. that i'm not gonna name here for obvious reasons and whatnot.

i said: so this jalen guy. was he here at all? he said: he was here. yeah. and then he left right on camera with some white chick right around close. with both of his eyes jr! and then i heard after he got shot. like the girl's family put an end to the investigation on their end. i said: so he's here with some white bitch. leaves. ostensibly they go down to edgewood. to the piers. he tries to pull his eel out. boom. his eyes get clean gouged out. from what you're saying. mariah. that actually sounds somewhat consistent with the cases at tel aviv. jack said: i mean that's the version that i heard unofficially at least. but you know how this stuff goes. it's a rumor mill. i said: shit jack. fuck me. fuck me right in the damn asscrack. metaphorically. but no. thank you jack. this is helpful. your cooperation is much appreciated. it's frankly. illuminating is what it is.

#### scene 05: guido's 7:01pm

we sat nonchalantly at the bar at guido's waiting for trae nietzsche to meet up to discuss his version of event and i said: fuck is this

guy? mariah said: jr. it's literally 7:01. give him at least five minutes. i said: guy's been ducking the police for over a year on this shit. faggot. he's lucky i don't stick my new balance right up his asshole and book him on the spot. then have him. you know. take a wet wipe and clean his own shit from the sole of my sneaker. for violating my rights. should've been here five minutes ago. always arrive ten minutes early. on time is late mariah. have you ever heard that? oh yes. thank you. i'll take uh-h-h. yeah i'm gonna go with the tortellini alla vodka? mariah? are you hungry at.

she said: i'll just go with a caesar salad i guess? please? actually. wait. no. you know what? i worked out this morning. so i'm actually going to hold off. i'll just take a tonic water and lime for now. i said: tonic and lime? she said: just trying to stay healthy you know? i said: isn't tonic like chock full of sugar i thought? she said: no not tonic water. it's pretty much just seltzer water i believe. they just call it tonic to differentiate it. i think it's like a marketing ploy. a particular tonic added for good measure.

i said: oh okay. because i could have sworn. (a younger african-american male wearing stevie wonder era sunglasses was escorted into the entrance by a slightly older african-american guide.) mariah whispered: here he is. i whisper: trae? she whispered: yeah i think so. i said: oh hi trae. yes. trae sit down right here. thank you so much for bringing him over. no. absolutely. we really appreciate it. truly! as a long-time dear friend of the african-american community i thank you sincerely. i commend you actually. are you comfortable trae? because we could uh-h. get you a drink? a tonic and lime perhaps? vodka and water even! i'm not sure. are you 21 yet? it doesn't even matter honestly. fuck it. i'm a police officer. i can order a vodka for you if you want. whatever you want. it's on my tab tonight. trae said: um. i think i'll just do a pepsi. if that's okay? i said: okay? that's more than okay trae! one pepsi coming right up!

(i waved the waitress over and ordered a pepsi promptly.) i said: is coke okay? yeah they're telling me. i guess they actually don't have pepsi here? apparently? he said: that's fine. coke is fine. i said: yeah coke is fine. he'll go with a coke. coca-cola please. largest size you cater to too. don't skimp us on the glass. and don't make it like all ice either. please! and thank you. yeah. you know. these places. they're really dropping the ball on carbonated beverage front of late. to me? if it was up to me traе they'd all have an option of at least coke and pepsi. both lines of brands you know? at a bare minimum coke and pepsi. at least offer the flagship brands of soda. then again. i think it can be a contractual thing with some of them sometimes. personally i feel like pepsi is. i don't know. it seems like there's maybe somewhat of a latent bias against pepsi in this country? going back decades really. but anyway. first of all. first of all? traе? i'd just like to sincerely thank you on behalf of the entire providence police department. for agreeing to have this um. informal meeting with us. i realize this can be a difficult topic to discuss. for sure.

mariah said: we can only imagine what you've been through. traе said: it's okay. so. um. what did you want to ask specifically? i said: well. mariah said: well traе. again. thank you so much! but um. why don't we start with that night? if that's alright with you. we can start at the beginning of the night and work our way from there. the waitress said: tortellini alla vodka? i said: oh yeah. right here. thank you. the waitress said: coca-cola? i said: that's him. for my friend traе. now that's an extra large right? traе said: this size is fine. i said: you sure pal? traе: oh yeah. this is perfect for me. thank you though. mariah said: so maybe we start with that night. now you started at a hookah bar by the providence river. is that correct? traе said: yes. i guess it started. you know. like any other night. with a few friends. we were going to get a hookah. mariah said: i know. it hurts doesn't it? i can't even imagine. i don't know if you know this

but i actually lost my sister. she was the detective who was murdered at the same venue.

he said: oh really? i didn't know a police officer actually got killed by this guy too. she said: now you said guy? did you. i said: a man? a person who physically identifies as male? he said: honestly? that's a tough one. i'm not sure if, i said: is this supposed to be. pink vodka? traе are you hungry at all? sorry. i'm just thinking before we get into it. i want you to be fully comfortable. discussing issues like these on an empty stomach can be challenging. he said: oh no. i actually ate dinner before i came over here. i said: oh okay. yeah of course. because i was gonna say if you were hungry. have a quick bite of this. i'd even make you a small plate. i'd actually be curious about your thoughts. because i don't know. to me? it tastes almost like. like a. fuckin mac and cheese? i mean it's not a bad mac and cheese i guess. but i thought it was supposed to be. i mean alla vodka is usually pink vodka sauce no? mariah said: usually i assume any alla vodka is pink.

i said: i think the only vodka sauce is pink vodka sauce. to the best of my knowledge. traе said: ugh. mariah said: traе? are you okay? he said: i don't know. i feel. i said: your face is a little. blue-ish? traе? (and then?) he fuckin collapsed into my bowl of so-called tortellini alla vodka. (and then you called the paramedics?) well we dialed 9-1-1 yeah. he was dead at the scene though. no pulse as soon as he passed out. (do you think?) do i think the coke. i mean the coca-cola. that it was tampered with? i think it's definitely possible. at least that's one of my personal working theories. (and did they?) he spilled the glass right as he passed out. (and did you?) the next day of course mariah and i went back to guido's to put the fuckin screws to them further. that night it was too hectic to do much. it was a public scene at peak dinner hour. too many people on the scene. it was a shitshow. plus you know. i prefer it to be genuinely intimate when i really grill someone.

scene 06: guido's 9:22am

i said: no i'm not saying i don't believe you. i'm not saying that you're outright lying to me. a sworn police officer. but if you're telling me your kitchen was running at full capacity last night. that nothing was wrong? then with all due respect? you're just completely full of shit. because i ordered. and mariah can vouch for me on this. i ordered a tortellini alla vodka from your kitchen and it tasted like a goddamned mac and cheese clarissa. you realize that right? you know the difference between pink vodka sauce and macaroni and cheese? one is an actual sauce. the other is simply cheese! now. if i go back to your kitchen will i find any boxes of kraft mac and cheese?

clarissa said: detective. respectfully. i said: how are you an italian restaurant and you fuck up pink vodka? with all due respect. i mean that's fairly rudimentary is it not? pink vodka? it's marinara and alfredo mixed to a reasonable proportion. even i know that. to my mind that's a rudimentary italian dish. clarissa said: i can assure you our kitchen is quite familiar with pink vodka detective. i said: cream and marinara and shit. that's it. clarissa said: are you sure that's what you ordered though? detective smith-jabbar? i only ask because we do have a mac and cheese on the menu as well. and i can promise you it's not kraft! i said: and frankly? i think that in itself is just a little insulting. she said: but detective smith-jabbar. we all make mistakes. even sioux chefs. i'm sure if you had informed our wait-staff they would have replaced the dish for you. i said: no. i mean i think it's insulting that you even put a mac and cheese on the menu. at an establishment like this? and maybe i would have. i probably would have sent it back. asked for a replacement. had a young man not dropped dead in my fucking bowl as i was chewing my third fork full! it's a little bush league no? mac and cheese at a restaurant of this magnitude?

clarissa said: we like to cater to all varieties of people detective. we actually have a sizable working class following or various nationalities. and some prefer a plain mac and cheese. i said: i get it. i just think it's a tad olive garden-adjacent? clarissa said: well the fact of the matter is that some folks aren't familiar with the concept of a pink vodka sauce. they might possibly believe it to be alcoholic. they could be teetotalers. mariah said: but to jr's initial point clarissa. and i apologize. i realize he can be prone to digressive tangents at times. but while sure. i didn't necessarily taste the tortellini myself. i can vouch for the fact that the detective did indeed make a comment about its mac and cheese quality immediately. about the alla vodka tasting curiously like mac and cheese. and i can also vouch that trae collapsed almost immediately after his coca-cola was delivered. almost immediately after he took his first few sips of said coca-cola. which seems to lend credence to the possibility of a rogue element being present in the kitchen that evening?

i said: exactly. so there's a strong possibility. it seems entirely possible clarissa. that something is going on here. that's a possibility. that there's a rogue element present clarissa? can you guarantee us that there isn't? i guess is the follow-up here? clarissa: frankly. i mean i obviously respect the police force at large. i really have nothing but respect for the police. but these allegations are. for lack of a better phrase? they're completely baseless! you're alleging that my kitchen poisoned a young adult male. who has no eyes. a blinded young male. and a racial minority at that. and we did that. why? we assassinated a young minority man because? i said: clarissa. please. let's skip the foreplay. can we? if you respect the police half as much as you claim you do then you should know damn well that plenty of people have been clipped because they were talking to the cops.



she said: but detective. even if we assume that to be true. let's assume that i'm running a covert hit squad out of my kitchen. which is absurd. but let's assume it's credible. how would we even know which coke was this young man's? our waitress is then in on the conspiracy as well? so it's no longer a rogue element the. now it must be a full-fledged conspiracy in my kitchen? you realize we use a tap for our coca-cola. i said: and i'd like to see that tap! she said: and that tap serves literally all of our customers. so if this coca-cola allegedly caused this young man to collapse and die? then literally dozens of our other customers. who also ordered cokes on their tabs. tabs that are recorded on our receipts and on our ledger! they should also be dead. or at least severely ill. no? because we couldn't have poisoned a singular coca-cola. that's simply not possible. so what you're alleging is of such a deep conspiratorial nature. it seems like something that should. i don't know. be banned from youtube!

i said: so you're not pro-freedom of speech? is what you're saying? and you also said. i believe. that you won't allow us to examine this tap? of coca-cola? that's your final stance on that issue? she said: detective jabbar-smith. smith-jabbar? if you have a warrant you can show me then i would be more than happy to. then you can certainly examine our kitchen to whatever extent you please. i said: clarissa. again. can we cut the shit here? please? if i had a warrant we're not even having this discussion. with all due respect. if i had a warrant i'd shove it up mariah's ass and have her fart it out right here onto this bread plate. then i'd go see for myself what's going on with that coca-cola tap. clarissa said: well that's nice to know detective. i said: but again. if it's just a routine tap then what do you really have to hide? like you said. it's just a little coca-cola! what's the harm in a guy like me taking a quick peek? she said: detective. again. while i'm the manager of the establishment i'm far from upper management. i'm beholden to the owner's wishes. and frankly? i'm under strict orders from our owner. it's not my place

to say who can and cannot access out coca-cola tap detective jabbar-smith.

i said: smith-jabbar. mariah said: and where is the owner by the way? does he or she not feel as though a death in their restaurant is worthy of an in-person meeting with the police? or is this just another day at the office for him or her? she said: detective watson i believe i told you on the phone. mr gigante is currently away on. i said: mr gigante? she said: yes. mr gigante should be back in town. i believe in just a few short days. i said: mr what gigante owns this joint? she said: he's currently away on business. i said: and what's his full name. for our records? because i believe the registered owner for guido's goes by the name of dick shappy. she said: however when he returns then i'm sure he'd be more than happy to meet with you both. if you still wish to. if you still feel as though these conspiratorial allegations have any credence whatsoever. but honestly. there's really no correlation here. and i'm not sure if i would feel comfortable giving his first name in this setting. he's a private person detective. the entire staff at guido's feels terrible. truly terrible! horrendous! about the fate of this young mr nietzsche. but to suggest that it somehow has anything to do with our soda fountain. or anything to do with our operation at all. to suggest that this was anything beyond a freak medical accident is in my mind just purely ridiculous. i said: you can't just give. she said: i think anything further i would have to direct you to our legal counsel detective jabbar-smith.

scene 07: pvd pd hq 10:59pm

mariah said: i can't believe she wouldn't even give us gigante's first name. i said: bitch fucked up my name like three times. mariah said: but clearly it's our gigante. right? i said: to me. if i'm unsure about someone's name. i always play it safe. keep it vague. i don't just go around mispronouncing shit indiscriminately. sometimes less is

more. she said: it has to be greg. greg gigante. i said: if i had three nuts i'd bet two that it's gigante the capo. it's one hundred percent greg gigante. it has to be. and that's on us. that's on me actually. fuck me. damn. how did i not know gigante owned guido's. mariah said: and if there was any chance. any chance whatsoever! of any of the other victims talking to us. i said: they didn't want to in the first place. now? fucking forget it. lieutenant anthony said: well well well. look who it is??!! mr tortellini alla vodka!

i said: lieutenant. carmelo said: oh i heard all about it jamal! don't even give me that look. and i heard what you just said now too! yes. oh yes. you can absolutely consider yourself fucked! you know. if i didn't know any better detective. i'd almost say you were trying. actually making a good faith attempt. at fucking yourself up your own ass! you meet with the one victim. witness. whatever the fuck we're calling them. the one dumb fuck who's actually dumb enough to meet with you. and then you have him meet you at the establishment of the guy who. you know is. i don't know? also one of the key persons of interest in the case!!! and then you're shocked. just absolutely flabbergasted! when the entire thing blows up in your face.

i said: no. i actually totally agree lieutenant. this one. he said: oh. it's on you! consider it your epidermis jr! you're lucky i'm even keeping you on the case! what did we discuss when i first brought this to you jr? what specifically did i say to you? i said: obviously keep it. he said: i told you in no uncertain terms. to keep the heat. off. of. my. asshole! well my balloon knot is already awfully toasty!! now we have a dead victim. in a mob-owned restaurant detective. forces are at play. feathers are fucking sufficiently ruffled! these feathers are actually incredibly disheveled! fuck!!

scene 08: nickanee's 2:11pm

i said: ugh. you know. he was just a tad more agitated than i'd anticipated? mariah said: i mean. is it really all our fault? it seems like kind of. i don't know. an innocent mistake of sorts? i said: the papers are gonna be all over this shit. or whatever's left of the papers. she said: i mean. honestly? this will be like a two sentence story. i said: which is like an expose basically. in this era? she said: the way the local news is now? i said: there's nothing fuckin left of it. yeah. i'll take another? yeah. ketel and water. thanks. she said: so like how much heat is there really?

i said: exactly. it's like everyone is gonna be. like whatever the world event people give a fuck about this week. the second netanyahu or putin blow a shart everyone will forget about this locally. that shart is taking precedence in the collective consciousness of this shithole city. not some dude. she said: unless he's worried about it being flipped as police violence? i said: that's the only way this could possibly become news. he's probably worried if we poke too hard into gigante's business that. you know. i guess he feels gigante has the weight to actually spin this that way. against us. maybe? as is. i don't know.

she said: which then raises flags and. i said: no. fuck the feds. i'm not even discussing that right now. she said: i don't disagree. but what's next jr? is there a. like what's the next avenue we can proceed down here? i said: well. yeah. i mean the previous victims route may be closed for the time being? mariah: ugh. fuck me. up my ass. i said: see mariah? look at this. i'm rubbing off on you already. (a man in a black suit walked in and sat down next to me at the bar at nickanee's.) he said: detective jr jabbar-smith i presume? i said: oh fuck. mariah. look. we literally conjured one. a fed!

he said: that's funny. i said: is it? what if i pulled my penis out and urinated against this bar without even alerting the bartender that i'm doing it. would that be funny too? he said: i'm not sure? i said: because i've done it. well not me personally. but i've heard of it

being done. he said: i've been following your work for some time detective. you as well as your predecessor. and i was wondering. if you'd be willing to speak with me briefly. i said: sure. do you have a name? he said: the name's ryan. dawson. i said: do you know. he said: your partner? i'm familiar. hello mariah. shall we grab a table? i said: yeah. the deck is good. (i ordered a refill, dawson ordered to my surprise some ipa gibberish and mariah continued drinking her tonic water and lime as we went outside and sat alone at a table on the nickanee's patio.)

i said: okay. so let's hear it. mariah said: but first. who are you? i mean beyond the name obviously. dawson said: well i've already given you an obvious pen name. a nom de plume so to speak. beyond that? obviously i can only relay details that may or may not be of use to you in your case-work. none of my background personally would be relevant to you. i said: of course mr dawson. then please. proceed. dawson said: so what do you think you know then? about these occurrences? mariah said: summary version? six suspicious human mutilations surrounding the eye socket. originally all presumed to be somehow linked to establishments in the city offering hookah. upon further inspection working theory is modified to most likely water related. how or why still thoroughly unresolved. seventh incident displaying similarly surgical mutilation involving well-known homeless man. however death resulting. however as of this time non-water related. tangentially related to the previous six as said homeless man was person of interest at the time of his death. so contradictory details vis-a-vis the homeless homicide. eighth and final incident. one of the two lead detectives on the case experiences similar phenomena. except death resulting. human mutilation of a surgical nature yet again. again no witnesses. although this time due to time of day this was somewhat more explicable. or at least less inexplicable. at that point investigation goes federal. suspect ziad jarrah. owner of tel aviv is

quickly extradited from lebanon where he'd apparently fled the week previous. charged and put on trial. six of eight crimes pinned to him. quick conviction. criminal conspiracy and attempted homicide and human mutilation. the two inexplicable deaths go cold with running assumption jarrah was responsible for them as well. satiating the general public at large. putting fears at ease. dawson said: so then you're like children who can say goo-goo ga-ga and defecate themselves. whereas in order to truly solve this case you'll actually need to acquire the ability to read and write at say a middle school level.

i said: but can i still defecate myself? dawson said: there's been an extensively reported upon phenomena. it's possible even the two of you may be aware of it. common parlance is cattle mutilation. i said: i'm familiar. he said: the surgical deconstruction of american cows. often with certain organs removed. often with no logical explanation. sometimes with all blood mysteriously removed as well. many reports detailing scenarios where cows are killed almost instantaneously. a farmer turns around to gaze at the sun and wipe the sweat from his brow. he turns back and his cow is dead. etcetera etcetera. also wounds generally not consistent with murders of the natural animal kingdom. competing theories have circulated. perhaps a rogue element of the government performing surgical procedures on cows to detect if not deter certain diseases from entering the general food supply. more popular theories. of course. reference speculation that these incidents could somehow be connected to.

i said: ufo shit. he said: correct. modern parlance being uap. connected to so-called unidentified aerial phenomena. speculation on the origin of said uap runs the gamut from black-op government programs to extraterrestrial visitation from surrounding solar systems to interdimensional visitation from parallel dimensions to human time travelers from the future

attempting to avert planetary catastrophe to ultraterrestrial breakaway civilizations interfering to avert nuclear catastrophe for similar reasons to all of the above. other more fringe theories obviously exist in tandem. in any case. a subgenre. so to speak. of cattle mutilation is the much less reported upon phenomena of human mutilation. almost entirely absent from western media. sparse reporting even in latin america yet greater transparency than in western outlets. concentrated reporting in brazil which tracks with the general trend of uap phenomena exerting itself in more aggression manners in latin america. specifically brazil. for unresolved reasons. all of which fuels speculation that perhaps so-called deals have been struck with potential et civilizations. technology in exchange for cow eyes. technology in exchange for performing more extreme experimentation on human beings just outside of american borders. or perhaps inside just with appropriate gag orders. and so on and so on. with that said the most commonly reported feature of alleged human mutilation is the removal of the eyes. also with surgical precision. pictures are available online. quite disturbing. visiting said urls is frankly not recommended. death almost always resulting. not in visiting the urls that is. death almost always resulting in reported cases of human mutilation in brazil that is. in the most extremes of the western underground it's obviously alleged that this is much more prevalent than us government agencies would ever allow to even remotely enter the public consciousness. yet while voices relating to cattle mutilation and similar aspects of ufology have brushed upon if not wholly penetrated western popular culture. voices alleging human mutilation at the hands of alleged uap are strictly marginalized. often banned from big tech outlets outright and altogether.

i said: it's been alleged that yusuf. the original detective on this case. saw some weird ass shit at the crime scene. by the water.

dawson said: that's entirely possible. yet allow me to finish my spiel. please? maria said: by all means. dawson said: finally. ziad jarrah. lebanese national. allegedly the 9/11 hijacker with alleged extended familial ties to the mossad. alleged by conspiracy theorists to be still alive due to the relatively ambiguous nature of flight 93 in comparison to the other hijacked flights that day. furthermore, as it relates specifically to the mutilation aspects of this case. statistical studies of the towers in the decades following the so-called 9/11 attacks show literal disintegration of building material into thin air. not necessarily consistent with even a controlled demolition. particularly the work of rogue conspiracy theorist dr judy wood alleges this at length. dr wood's work in particular suggests the implementation of direct energy weapons in the penultimate taking down of the towers on september 11. whether or not planes were involved or not is left unaddressed. yet this controlled demolition aspect of the attacks exhibits details consistent with the hypothetical use of direct energy weapons. the primary issue with this hypothesis is of course that direct energy weapons don't exist. at least not on the record they do not. so again, while dr wood coyly refuses to speculate. if we assume some sort of direct energy weapon was involved in the 9/11 attacks? then logical deduction inevitably places us in the realm of either us black budget weaponry. or off-world technology. or both. technology that wouldn't be incorrectly associated with cattle and/or human mutilation. what we have here. detectives.

i said: so jarrah and his group of. eastern mediterranean associates? have somehow co-opted off-world technology and are now? dissecting black guys in providence with it? that strikes me as slightly odd. dawson said: what we're seeing. detectives. is a progressive rolling out. a dipping of the alleged black-op toe into the water so to speak. no pun intended. you may or may not be aware but there's a raytheon plant in middletown. in the southern



portion of narragansett bay. now hypothetically. let's say a black-op program were to be housed in a private contractor's facility. i said: they have some experimental tech. shoot it up a few miles north into the providence river. first maybe they misfire. hit edgewood abutting washington park. too much money. too many affluent households. in short too many whites. too much potential legal recourse. so they shoot further up and find a lounge catering to the quote-unquote inner city populations. the perfect canvas. there's a psychotic street gang on the loose. hookah brings in the ethnic minorities from the dilapidated sections of the city and you pin the violence onto the already tarnished relations between those communities. limited blowback. just a couple local cop bozos looking into it. mariah said: okay. but these. like why not go to a field somewhere?

dawson said: because that's been done. they've already acquired proof of concept. once you've dipped a pinky toe you inevitably need to continue to proceed to the. i said: ugh. please. i just. fuckin hate toes? can we use another metaphor? mariah said: so you're alleging that a government black-ops program was. i said: sending black budget tech from the bottom of narragansett bay up into the providence. she said: river to experiment on american civilians of a marginalized social standing?

i said: the whole hookah angle being an unintentionally well-designed red herring. dawson said: there's perhaps some truth to that. mariah said: but what i don't get. is like? i don't know. even if this technology could perform surgical like. i said: it doesn't map with the eye witness testimony. nobody saw a damn thing. this wasn't some farmer turning the other way in a field. this was a bar full of people. granted maybe half in the bag. but even still. we're talking about dozens of people each time. and there were five times! and not one witness account has emerged. formally or otherwise. does this tech have cloaking capability as well? if so. then how the.

dawson said: at this point. i've probably said enough. if not too much. by the way. detective smith? i put this double ipa on your tab. i hope that's okay. good day!

scene 09: mare rooftop bar & lounge 6:48pm

i said: okay. well we can't get to jarrah. he's in federal custody. and there's no fuckin way carmelo will approve us going to. mariah said: unless . . . i said: oh. there's an unless? mariah: because i just happened to notice dawson. when he ordered his beer. he also gave a card to the bartender? his card. to the bartender. i said: was he trying to slip flora the eel you think? i wouldn't necessarily blame. she said: and when you were in the bathroom.

i said: oh. i like where this is going. you sly bitch! she said: i asked her if i could. take a quick photo of it? haha! i said: god i'm really starting to appreciate you mariah. you know that? i'm actually starting to see the value you bring to this partnership. she said: so now we have his information. via the card. his title and whatnot. a few other minor details that could be of use i think? i said: what's it say? she said: that's the funny thing. it actually says his name is actually. ryan dawson? which i think is what he told us? i said: brooooo. this guy's operating on that next level. the ultimate fucking psy-op. giving your real name and then saying it's fake. absolute treachery. what pure cuntery! you have to respect it. but still. we only have his damn business card. that's still light work. because that's not gonna get us into.

she said: i actually might have that covered too. because my ex. he's a correctional officer where jarrah is being held. he's actually covering his wing right now. so if we act fast? i said: mariah. she said: i think all we'll need is a federal employee's name to get us signed in. to avert carmelo. which is exactly what we have. for records purposes obviously. i said: mariah. i'm actually proud of you. i really didn't think you. you didn't strike me as inveterately

capable of this level of treachery. she said: something that'll match up and not raise in any red flags. then once we're actually there marcus will obviously look the other way for us. i said: marcus is your ex? she said: yes jr. i said: just when i was almost convinced you were basically a corpse of dead weight that i was being forced to carry around. you go and do something like this! leveraging your sexual history for the benefit of our case? i love it!

she said: screw you jr! i said: so it's possible we can meet with jarrah. grill him a little bit. she said: not that i think he's gonna tell us anything. to be honest. but i guess it's worth a shot. i said: yeah. that's true. he won't tell us fuck-all will he? but then again he could? i mean. but then again? now that i think about it. is it even worth a shot? is the risk:reward ratio actually in our favor on this? fuck is this guy gonna spill to us really? the fact that he could potentially rat us out in a way that migrated back to the lieutenant? if he catches onto our ruse. and how good of a ruse is this really? and i can't have carmelo any further up my ass mariah. i really can't.

she said: well i think. i mean i was thinking. just in terms of the ruse. that probably just you should go? and act as dawson. and i'll stay behind. i said: yeah maybe. that's probably a good point huh. hmm. but i guess the only problem is that i look like the 20th hijacker myself. and dawson looks like fucking ryan seacrest. she said: could we get folco? i said: i mean. folco's not exactly a blue-blood either. nobody's mistaking folco for a part of the royal family. she said: yet. he's probably a modicum more blue-blood than you are at least? i said: you think? i mean. to an extent maybe.

she said: his nose is at least moderately more anglo. no offense. i said: no. oh. none taken. i guess i don't disagree. yeah folco has a more technically anglo nose than i do. he's got a little pretty boy nose. kind of a homo nose in a sense i'd say. there's no meat to it. a little girl's nose. yet i wonder. i'm just thinking out loud here. like how much more blue-blood is he really? she said: i'd say at least

twenty five percent. maybe upwards of forty-fifty percent? i said: fifty percent?! she said: is that too much you think?

i said: i mean i guess if he wears a hat maybe. then maybe the nose does make that much of a. plus his eyebrows are generally less dense i guess. mariah said: yeah. you have like. caterpillar eyebrows jr. no offense! i said: oh. none taken. yeah totally. yeah i guess my eyebrows are kind of. like a fuckin uhhh. they're like caterpillars of the insect kingdom. aren't they. hmm. yeah i guess i'm just wondering if it's worth the risk of replacing me with folco though? she said: or you can go? i mean that's probably fine too. but will jarrah believe it to be a ruse? i said: yeah maybe. i mean if he doesn't know what dawson looks like. then how would he know either way? i mean i could be a fed right? i mean. if we assume jarrah can make dawson? if he can make dawson then he's gonna make him regardless of whether or not it's me or folco right? she said: but then who else jr? i suggested folco because he's familiar with the case. and we can probably trust him. we can't just have anybody go. i said: but folco is no doppelganger of dawson either. i guess that's my point here. is that dawson will make myself or folco. or he'll make neither myself or folco. wholly depending on whether he's actually met dawson on any prior occasions. and also. do we really want folco of all people involved here?

#### scene 10: muldowney's 9:33pm

i said: so you'll do it? folco said: oh yeah i'm definitely down! and you'll buy the next round for me? mariah said: yes anthony. that was part of the deal. folco said: sweet! so. what's the latest on gigante? i said: you tell me. he said: are you gonna follow up with guido's? you're gonna follow up again right? try and see the damn kitchen over there? either way i'd be interested as to what the kitchen is like. what kind of shape it's in. because i actually eat there quite a bit! i said: probably not.

folco said: probably not what? follow up? you're not? then what the fuck are you doing on the. i said: lieutenant doesn't want any further quote-quote unnecessary heat. folco said: but a kid fucking dropped dead jr. i said: and i'm aware of that. i think. i mean it's pretty clear gigante is putting some type of pressure via backchannels and shit. he said: how the fuck would he do that? the kid died in his restaurant! you mean like. putting pressure on us?! the fucking police?! i said: basically. if you're not aware the kid is african-american who died. and we're cops. sitting right next to him. he said: oh that black lives matter bullshit again?! mariah said: what do you mean black lives matter bullshit anthony?

folco said: man. gigante. as an italian. just as an italian. if that's true?! and he's using black lives matter?! he should be ashamed of himself. a true crumb! i said: right or wrong i mean. the lieutenant probably isn't incorrect. in that gigante kind of has us by the balls here. given the proximity of federal agencies to the case at least. mariah said: what do you mean right or wrong jr? i said: so we can't go the gigante route right now. we gotta let that cool down a little bit at least. which means we're not gonna get the warrant for guido's. which means that's essentially a dead end. again. folco said: you know i know the fuckin bar manager over there right? i could maybe talk to her.

i said: and you're telling me this now? he said: clarissa right? blonde with a massive shit shooter? i said: yeah. i think. yeah i think that sounds like a generally accurate description. mariah said: oh you think jr? i said: i would say so. mariah said: i would hope so. because i'm pretty sure you got a real good look at it when we were over there interrogating her. folco said: it's amazing isn't it? i said: it's. impressive. for her frame quite. unorthodox i'd say.

mariah said: ugh. it's obviously a bbl. c'mon guys. folco said: mariah please! her butt has dimples. it's plastered all over her social media! there's no way the technology has advanced that far yet! but

yeah. jr. yeah you remember the place in eg. cigar shop. i said: you mean hill & harbor. he said: yeah. exactly. hill & harbor. she was the one who worked with becky? i said: oh. you mean the one that was behind the bar downtown at the ncaa thing years ago? he said: was that the same one? i said: i'm almost positive. if it's the girl from hill & harbor i'm thinking of? he said: no! i know exactly who you're talking about. that's the girl with the fake tits. no clarissa is a different girl. she has like bee-stings. i don't know. maybe you never met her. i said: i think. i was gonna say. i think i'd remember her if she was at hill & harbor in that era.

he said: yeah. she might've been from the era when i was going there solo a lot. now that i'm thinking of it. when i was really trying to make a concerted effort to bang becky. i said: well either way. mariah said: either way. we're working the jarrah angle for the time being anthony. i said: and if that goes well. meaning it doesn't blow the fuck up in our faces. meaning carmelo isn't having another conniption at hq. then i think we're gonna start looking at raytheon. folco said: raytheon?! the government contractor?! i said: fucking exactly antonio. ray. thee. on. he said: what the fuck do they have to do with this? i mean. they're like a public company! i said: your second cousin has connections over there still?

he said: yeah. sal practically runs the place. guy makes like 400k over there! plus he's a state senator. but i don't know what exactly i can do about. mariah said: jr. no. the lieutenant. i said: no i agree. let's see where we get with this lebanese cunt. you're right mariah. let's not get too drastic yet. another fernet?

#### scene 11: en route to the aci 10:11am

i said: no i get it dude. i appreciate the call. folco said: i'm sorry mannnn. it's just i don't know. i said: if your penis burns then your penis burns anthony. it's pretty black and white in my mind. nobody on the planet can help it if their cock burns when they pee.

you know what i mean? it's just one of those things. that just you know. is what it is. burning urination. he said: i think it might be like dish soap in there? i was banging this whore the other night. and after that i was you know. washing my cock off in the kitchen sink. and i think i may have used some. like dawn or some shit. tried to wash my dick off with dish soap and whatnot. and i think that it may have backfired? honestly, it probably backfired in my face. i said: anthony. soap in the peehole? who hasn't been there?! i'm sure it's not anything sexually transmitted. probably just an innocent rinse out. that's all that's probably needed. why don't you work on rinsing your peehole out this afternoon and then see how it feels. does that sound like a plan? if your cock still burns tomorrow then maybe you contact your primary care? and i'll take care of the whole jarrah thing in the meantime. does that sound like a plan?

scene 12: jarrah's jail cell 11:08am

i said: ziad jarrah? yes. i'm uh... agent ryan dawson. and you know. i was just wondering if you. perhaps had a few minutes to chat? jarrah said: i'm rotting in a prison cell. now is fine. i said: okay great. he said: but can i ask you. just one thing? i said: sure. absolutely! he said: you're the new dawson? i said: correct. um. yes my name is. ryan dawson. just here to have a friendly conversation. jarrah said: haha! of course. where do you want to begin sir?

i said: yeah. so let's um. let's start from the top here. the unsolved. unsolved cases quote-unquote. that were tangential to your case. particularly let's start with detective watson. her homicide. what can you tell me about that? jarrah said: ah. so you want to start with that? okay. ummm. let's see. what could i tell you about that? hmm. it's a peculiar case isn't it? i said: that's one way to describe it. jarrah said: well. since you came all the way here just to speak to me. i suppose i can tell you the truth. as i've come to understand it with regard to detective watson. but of course that's

only one truth. i guess just one iteration of the truth is what i can offer you. i said: of course. we all have our personal truths. it's so true.

jarrah said: to start off. to begin with. i didn't have anything to do with any of the killings. just to be clear on that point from the uhhh outset here. to me. in my mind. i'm simply a victim of discrimination. which you might. i said: how would i know about that exactly? jarrah said: oh right. of course mr dawson. yeah you probably wouldn't. i said: i'm not ashamed to say i actually wouldn't. jarrah said: has anyone ever told you that. at a certain angle? you have a bit of a levantine look about you? i said: so you had nothing to do with any of the incidents surrounding detective watson's death. is what you're alleging here today. that the incidents that occurred at your establishment or. jarrah said: i feel like we've discussed this?

i said: deja vu is pervasive in our era. he said: haha! do you want my theory? i said: i'm all ears. he said: my theory. and please stop me if i've already said this to you. anyway. my theory is that you've lost control. you. as in the united states establishment. the proverbial usg. which of course you represent. you're simply an arm of it. a fingernail of it. a cuticle component of it. that there's all types of shit flying around unchecked. and you don't know what the hell it is! that you actually don't know what the fuck is actually going on! and that you. you're just another state-sanctioned disinformation agent. to plant dirt on me. to soil my name. to toss fertilizer on my soon-to-be carcass. on my people. or even on your own government. or even on a foreign government. a foreign terrestrial government. to plant stealth allegations that ring plausible for public consumption. so that the reality of the situation. specifically the unknowability of the situation! of the reality of the current situation? remains sufficiently camouflaged. what do you think about that theory?



i said: why don't you tell me about your connections with the mossad? he said: do any of your cousins have a job? i said: to the best of my knowledge? the less retarded ones probably do. he said: oh okay. so do you go huddle up with them. in their cubicles at their places of employment? look over their shoulders and answer their emails for them? hold their little penises for them when they have to go wee wee. i said: you like the image of that? you're getting a little chubbed up thinking about little wee wees? would that be accurate to say? see. the thing is jarrah. i don't even hold my own cock when i pee. i let god decide where my urine lands. and the other thing of it is. i don't know? i also don't happen to be an alleged 9/11 hijacker. my name isn't just like ironically osama bin laden or some shit. i was never alleged to have been plotting to fly large airplanes into tall buildings. with a cousin working for an intelligence agency that. frankly? has been maybe the biggest winner of the twin towers crumbling to dust in lower manhattan two decades ago? so for me. i don't know. i'd say the math is just a little bit different.

he said: but mr dawson. what makes you think i'm him? you said you had retarded cousins right? so is it safe to assume you're familiar with special needs? now. given the median rational person's mentality. why wouldn't i change my name or some shit? if i was really that ziad jarrah? seems like kind of a high profile identity to continue to inhabit. in the united states of all places. no? i said: would you need to? he said: ah. maybe you're slightly more intelligent than your choice in cologne suggests. now. what do you mean by that mr dawson? haha!

i said: i think you know exactly what i mean. he said: maybe if i was actually. actually! him i wouldn't need to! i said: who the fuck would blow the whistle on you? without all due respect. even if a local cop. or even worse. some random citizen. even if they somehow put two and two together. which. let's be honest. they

wouldn't. but even if they did. it goes up the chain once. they're told to shut the fuck up. are they gonna go risk their pension? if they're a cop? to do what exactly? if they're a civilian forget it. we'll de-bank them. call them a conspiracy theorist. make it impossible for them to work in the corporate sphere.

he said: i mean. if they're a cop they'll? protect the propriety of their country obviously! haha! i said: oh of course. he said: but some are dumber than others ryan. listen. i'd love to crack this case for you. to do your own job for you pro bono. but all i can really tell you is that. whichever way you wanna slice it? i'm just a little bitty pawn sitting complacently in his little bitty jail cell. waiting out my term patiently. waiting for my next serving of broccoli and arsenic to arrive. wondering why you're here. interrupting my mid-morning prayer? when you know the answers to all of your own questions already. i said: you know jarrah. i guess i'm just a guy trying to get to the bottom of a few innocent deaths. trying to fill in a few blanks. that's all. he said: of course. and i'm sure you will. you seem like a smart guy. actually. maybe you can answer this question for me. when i hit parole in three to five. will i be eligible to enroll in the providence police academy? as a convicted felon? haha!

### scene 13: nickanee's 2:22pm

i said: it was like he knew. i mean. no. he definitely fuckin knew. mariah said: see jr? do you see what i mean? and you're over here saying. oh i'm just as blue blood as folco! he has a little girl's nose. that's gay. to have a little nose. blah blah blah. i said: okay mariah. she said: ugh. but what did he say exactly? i said: although he did say. you're dawson now? or maybe you're the new? dawson? the new dawson. that's a direct quote. one of the two. you're dawson now? mariah said: you're dawson. now? what does the now mean i wonder? or the new? i said: yeah. the now stuck out acutely to me to be honest. or the new.

she said: you're dawson. now? you're the new dawson? i said: is it possible. that dawson is just a name? some kind of continually shifting character. or even a cast of characters? that he's interacted with. jarrah's interacted with. i don't know. maybe over years now? she said: so maybe the dawson we talked to. i said: wasn't even dawson at all. she said: the penultimate psy-op. saying your name isn't your name. clandestinely handing out a business card that says it is your name. undermining the notion that it isn't your name. i said: only for it not to be your name at all? mariah said: god. fuck me.

i said: by the way. did they ever? you know. try to? you know. when you were uc? she said: screw you jr. i said: no offense intended. i was just. she said: no offense? intended? i said: oh. but you can go on for fifteen minutes about every individual one of my facial features that isn't indicative of an aryan bloodline? she said: jr. would you even want to be blue blood? i said: what? you think i want to be blue blood now? she said: see. that's my point. i said: but that doesn't mean you have a right to deprive me of the possibility. even if i don't yearn for said possibility. she said: obviously i never slept with any of those losers! i said: oh so they're all losers? any guy just grabbing a drink at a. she said: why? were you one of them? i said: and clearly folco. in my opinion. isn't any more than like twelve percent tops. more white passing than i am! she said: percentages make my head hurt.

i said: race is a continually shifting spectrum. she said: i highly doubt twelve percent? that that's accurate. i would actually say. i said: well either way. she said: so jarrah knew you weren't dawson. that's what you're saying. i said: yet the true nature of dawson himself? still somewhat ambiguous. a tiddly wink ambiguous! she said: yet even with that said. he still humored you. that's worth noting. i said: oh he talked to me! he had no hesitancy whatsoever in opening his mouth and letting his lips flap away. he yapped the

fuck away. although he wouldn't outright admit to being the ziad jarrah with a wikipedia page. he wouldn't admit to that outright. no. not quite. yet he made what i would call. a tacit admittance.

she said: a tacit admittance? to being a 9/11 hijacker? i said: somewhat. yes. i'd say that. she said: i mean. if that's the case? i said: then this potentially goes fuckin deep. maybe even. perhaps raytheon deep? maybe dawson. whoever he is. wasn't quite as full of shit as i personally initially believed? she said: i'm starting to see why folco and yusuf put this case to the side. i said: oh totally. they pussied out. but it's understandable why they cunted. she said: i mean i also have to think about the people around me. i said: yeah but we have to keep going now mariah. we get this far and. she said: i just don't want my mother to lose a second daughter. that's all.

i said: and i respect that mariah. honestly. i still don't even understand why carmelo would have asked you to be on the case. i'm frankly still. a tad. i'm a tad flummoxed by that fact to this day. it strikes me as almost nefariously curious. because i would have bet my left nut. and maybe even half of my right! that it was you that was the one itching to get on this case. that the lieutenant would have been talking you out of being on the case. never vice versa! when we first met the first thing i was gonna do. i was actually fuckin ready to talk you out of it. to be honest. i didn't think it was totally like. appropriate for you to be on it. also. not for nothing. had i known aniah even had a sister in the department i would have specifically advised carmelo against it when we talked. but also. what was the lieutenant even doing calling bolvin to the bibby scene? before us? but anyway. but obviously if carmelo.

she said: so? what are you saying jr? i said: so if you need to fall back on this for a few. i can cover for you. i respect that. in some ways it's probably. she said: no. screw that jr. i'll obviously still stay on. i'm not gonna just disappear at this point! i said: okay then mariah. then what are we talking about here? she said: and i think i

might even know a way we can probe them. to get into raytheon without getting the lieutenant's panties in a bunch.

scene 14: unknown

(and what were the contents of the dream that night again?) well you know. mariah and i had kind of run ourselves into a corner i guess. dawson and jarrah. how many dawsons were there? how many fuckin jarrahs? at that point it was anybody's guess. i was flummoxed. i was totally flummoxed. sure she said she had a way to infiltrate raytheon. but honestly? how fruitful was that gonna be? she was gonna get us into raytheon? fuck did that even mean? was i gonna james bond my ass into a military contractor and fistfight lex luther or some shit?

(right. right. you're mixing comic book metaphors but i get you. so like you said, you called it early.) called it early. and i passed the fuck out. like a slab of damn concrete. next thing i knew i was at a cemetery. east side of providence. bougie side of providence. there were a series of buildings that house you know. the pricey urns of the dead. outside a few of us were taking a picture in the autumn scenery. specifically aniah and mariah were going on and on about fallen leaves. dead ass foliage. they wanted to take a picture. yusuf was talking to me about the band he saw the saturday previous. he'd told me about it. brass band bullshit. i was supposed to go. i said i was sorry that i missed it. things came up. aniah said jamal is always busy now. jamal's so busy now! this is what she said. once or twice at least. jamal's so busy now! oh. jr is busy.

(and then?) and then. after all that. then i was just driving through blackstone boulevard on my way back home. initially mariah and i were going to drive together. because they wanted to grab lunch. but then i was like. should i actually leave my car at the cemetery? is that a good idea at this time of day? on a sunday? what if they close? no that wasn't a good idea. on a sunday? oh hell no! so

i went back and grabbed my own car. then mariah called me. said the spot they wanted to go to didn't open for an hour. would i wanna wait? probably not right? i said nah fuck it. you are correct in assuming i have no interest in waiting. i'm just gonna go home. so i was driving alone down blackstone. now i'm thinking about routing myself back home. instead of to the lunch spot. which isn't even open. i don't know i guess just contemplating. like was i too busy? was aniah right? the fuck was she talking about? did i need to slow my pace or some shit? but no. i had to obviously take care of things on my end. take care of my business first. i couldn't just upend my plans because aniah said so! oh aniah makes a comment and now here i am. adjusting my schedule? hell no! you know? who is she? to tell me i'm too busy? i'll tell you when i'm too busy. i'll actually tell you when i'm busy period. let me be the arbiter of my busy-ness. i'm not even busy. so i'm thinking all of this. when it occurred to me. i don't know if i want to say it was a voice that said it. i'm not sure if there. um. if there was actually a physical voice in the dream. that's difficult to ascertain to be honest.

(right. okay. go ahead. so there's a voice.) a voice was speaking about this idea of an external gaze. the concept of external bodies. i was considering a few things i guess. of course you're busy. but who exactly is considering how busy you are? is there anyone? who exactly makes this designation that you're busy. that you're anything! was i becoming too busy because an external force deemed me as such? we consider the external gaze the voice said. the external gaze is considered axiomatic. people are always perceiving us we think. yet it's anything but axiomatic this external gaze. we're constantly swayed by this idea of the external gaze. it's like a siren song and shit. and this is what's continually lost upon us. go back to the litany of books written on the subject. people don't fucking read anymore. if a oneness regenerates itself in an infinite fashion the voice said. if we begin with the idea of the one the voice said.

then the external gaze is necessarily anything but axiomatic. how could what i instinctively think and feel be anything but authentic and ipso facto rubber-stamped the voice said. it's this initial division. that's the first fallacy. that's the heresy the voice said.

(and you were driving on blackstone boulevard during this?) yeah basically. well no. i ended up looping around thayer. so i was on my way back to mineral spring at this point. i was actually looping back around to pick up some fresh fruit and a loaf of bread. i ended up buying three apples. three anjou pears. which were on sale. a bushel of bananas and a loaf of bakery bread. all for like fifteen bucks.

(this was in the dream.) right. i was buying all this shit in the dream. yeah. right after the cemetery. i was driving when i don't know. it struck me as very reminiscent of fakhr al-din iraqi. the voice. obviously i've never heard iraqi's voice. but you know what i mean. i'm not sure if you're familiar? it was like something became i don't know. it was moderately trippy shit. coming from the cemetery and whatnot.. (right. right. the sufi you mean?) right. like monadic bullshit and whatnot. but anyway. after the dream. given all the shit that was on my mind. i mean specifically with that shit on my mind. i don't know. it moved me. i guess you could say that. so i decided to go pay yusuf a visit.

scene 15: at a derelict pond outside of yusuf's apartment

3:41pm

yusuf said: been trying to taper off the mezcal usage of late. after all this shit. i said: liquor. honestly? it's a fucking narcotic in my mind. he said: to be completely honest with you? i can fuckin attest to that first hand. that's actually a fact. it's factual in the most literalist sense. but so. what did you want to discuss regarding the whole case anyway? that i was on. with regard to aniah? i presume? i said: well. you know. i had the strangest dream last night. yusuf said: ugh. i

fucking hate dreams. i said: it was me you and mariah. and aniah too. we were at uhhh. swann point cemetery. he said: isn't that where what's his name. is buried? jizzship i think?

i said: it's possible. that name strikes me as familiar. so the four of us were there. and i don't know. he said: let me guess. aniah was mouthing off? saying some dumb ass shit. i said: exactly. he said: whenever aniah appears to me in a dream she's usually talking some bullshit. i said: yeah. she uttered some moderately cunty phrases. but nothing you know. that bad! he said: it just probably made you think. i said: exactly. it gnawed itself into my memory and began violently looping itself. in the dream. you know. sometimes you're just driving. he said: but this is all in the dream.

i said: exactly. even in a dream sometimes i'm just driving. i don't know. he said: okay. and? i said: i don't know. i was just i guess. thinking about the fuckin nature of the external gaze and shit. he said: ah. the external gaze. that's funny you say it like that. that brings me back. i said: how so? he said: i mean. i don't know about all that mystical dream shit. yet. yeah. when i was having those flashbacks. during the case. i said: right. right. he said: yeah it was way back. i don't think you ever met him. but me and this dude vincenzo. we just happened to be banging two strippers at the same time. during the same time frame i mean. not actually simultaneously. like two different exotic dancers. but you know what i mean. the liaisons were fuckin concurrent. but the one i was fuckin with. yeah she had this gaze about her. like she was wearing the colored contacts. i don't know if you're familiar.

i said: i fucking looovee colored contacts. he said: but even enzo said it. she just had a way of staring through you. in a beyond typical stripper type of way. it was some uncanny type shit. there's exotic dancing staring and then there was this. i don't know. maybe it was quasi-mystical. who knows? i said: speaking of. folco's cock is on fire again. he said: is he still trying to stick his dick in tumblr



whores? i said: i told him to rinse it out and call me later tonight. if it doesn't improve. but yeah. so how'd that go?

yusuf said: with the girl with the gaze? as far as the case went? i said: yeah. he said: i mean. i did actually try and track her down at one point. but obviously. you know? she wasn't at any of the clubs anymore. obviously. i said: did you talk to mariah about it? use her at all? he said: why would i talk to mariah about it? i said: oh. you didn't know? really? didn't she like. work undercover in the clubs for years? he said: mariah worked uc at the clubs? i said: oh yeah dude. for like upwards of a decade she did! i mean i don't know how far back your shit goes exactly. but in all likelihood. realistically she was probably in the circuit around that time. i would assume. she probably knows exactly who that girl is and where she ended up. all that shit. but to be fair. honestly? those girls. with all due respect. not all of them age well. you might have dodged a bullet by not being able to track her down. by falling out of touch. changing phone numbers etcetera. or whatever happened.

yusuf said: oh she blocked me on all her devices. that's pretty much how it ended. i guess she was pretty pissed when i started banging this other girl? i don't really know to be honest. but no. not her. not this one. no. she looks basically exactly the same. i said: oh. so you did find her? i said: well. not at the clubs. it was totally by chance actually. actually folco and i did. but like i said i had no idea. neither did he. i don't think. we had no idea any type of so-called undercover shit was going on at the clubs. never mind that aniah's sister had frequent flier miles in the division. which is weird in retrospect. now that i think about it.

i said: oh yeah! she was there. but yeah. i was only read into the program prior to partnering with her. he said: but yeah. um. we ended up bumping into the girl. i said: with the eyes. that you were at one point. banging? he said: exactly. yeah. anthony and i saw her at. you'll never believe where? i said: hooters? he said: at gigante's. i

said: when you went over there?! he said: oh yeah. i said: wait. what was it? like a big pool party or some shit? i thought it was just like. the four of you. he said: no. that's what it was jr. but she was the fourth one. i said: wait. so the girl with the gaze. he said: the stripper that i used to bang was gigante's mistress. haha! at the time at least. i mean who knows now. i said: and she was the one who was giving off the. he said: she was the primary driver of the vibes. in my mind at least. after that we let the case rest. put it to bed. i mean. there were a confluence of fucking things. but yeah. i mean.

i said: was it like personal history shit you think? the origin of said vibes. he said: there was something off jr. i don't know how exactly to explain it. but folco more or less felt the same. i said: so then. he said: mariah should definitely know of her if she was in that world for that long. if not explicitly know her. i don't know why i wouldn't have been fuckin read into that though. i said: these briefings are garbage yusuf! that's why. and frankly. even the new lieutenant. i don't know. he said: now i heard carmelo. that he actually picked mariah. he picked her to work on this case? is that actually true? i said: yeah that's my understanding at least. that he did. and yeah. i found that odd. a tad fucking unorthodox no? he said: how could you not? because i would have figured the opposite. i said: vice versa right?! yeah. i assumed mariah had bullied her way onto the case or some shit. but it almost seems like the opposite was the case. that it was she. who was bullied. he said: it could just be a resource thing. could be that the lieutenant doesn't think. that he didn't think it was going anywhere anyway. could also be optics. i said: does it look good though? he said: it's a matter of taste i suppose. but yeah. ask mariah about her. maybe you two will have more luck getting some actual background verification on her than i did.

scene 16: raytheon hq 11:44am

mariah said: yes. i need to speak with mr accardo please? charles accardo. the receptionist said: mr accardo? okay. and who should i say is here? mariah said: tell him it's chelsea fiddle. he'll know who it is. the receptionist said: chelsea. fiddle? mariah said: correct. the receptionist said: right. one moment please. i said: hey mariah. she said: what is it jamal? i said: have you ever thought about. like what if the universe is comprised of molecules on an infinitely larger being. and it's like the dark forest theory. but it's really just aliens being concerned about our fuckin nukes and shit. in the sense of like. if we cause a disturbance on this infinitely large being's epidermis. he'll swat at his skin and eradicate our entire universe?

the receptionist said: yes. miss? mr accardo said he'll be ready for you in one moment. you can proceed to the elevator. his office is on the eleventh floor. mr accardo said: chelsea. uhhh. what are you doing here? mariah said: good to see you again chuck. he said: you have a new boyfriend? mariah said: i hope i'm not interrupting your lunch. spaghetti alio again? no. actually this is my partner.

mr accardo said: oh. right. yes. that's the current nomenclature. partner. personally i always. i kind of thought it was a gay thing? but now it seems as though alleged heterosexuals are using it as well? she said: no i mean like partner as in the law enforcement sense of the word. it's asexual in this instance. but. well. you're a cuck anyway chuck. right? chuck the cuck? he said: chelsea you know i don't like that term. in our community it's actually. well it's a derogatory term. i said: mariah. what the fuck is.

she said: let's cut to the chase here chuck. i'm a registered officer of the law. he said: well that's news to me chelsea. how long has this been going on? because last i. she said: and sure. we've had our fun in the past. under my assumed name. under my assumed climaxes. and i appreciate you. to be frank. i've never personally thought of you as a cuck per se. he said: okay. chelsea. now let's wait a damn minute here. she said: but i assume you'll know exactly what i'm

referencing when i say you. owe me? is that fair? mr accardo said:  
ahem! um. yes. oh absolutely. totally fair!

she said: okay. so i'm going to need your assistance with regard to something my partner jr and i are working on that's particularly sensitive. i need your help chuck. and i know i can trust you. can't i? he said: oh. absolutely! she said: and it's going to require the utmost discretion. but of course i know you're all too familiar with that. here. this is a burner phone. have you ever seen the wire? keep it on you at all times. i'll be reaching out in the not-too-distant future.

scene 17: ptx lounge edgewood 6:26pm

i said: no but. again. mariah? that was really uhh. quite impressive. i have to say. i had no idea you had that type of shit up your sleeves! mariah: oh jamal. i said: and i totally respect women. as people. just in case you. uh. thought this was a sexist thing. because no way. i'm so pro-female! i actually went through a bit of a. like a second wave feminist phase at one point. in my early twenties i was a goddamn feminist mariah! i'm not even kidding. and in many ways. i still am. mariah said: chuck isn't a horrible man. i guess.

i said: so this guy chuck. this mr accardo. he has the goods you think? in terms of any fuckingggggg. black ops tech they may be harboring over there. all that shit. she said: chuck is the guy jr. for sure. i think. he never shuts up about his clearances at least. i said: yeah. we'll do two more. my tab. it should be open. yeah. but mariah. you know how that is. guy brags incessantly about his clearances to the person that. you know. he believes is a hooker. hypes himself up. trying to impress her. but he could be shooting blanks. he could be a damn doorman over there for all we know. i'd actually argue there's a correlation between incessantly talking yourself up and shooting pure unrepentant blanks. to be honest. she said: i'm going with my gut on this one jr. i don't know. i think

there's a really good chance he'll get us a glimpse of whatever it is we need to see.

i said: and i believe you mariah. i don't doubt your gut instinct here. although you don't have a gut. in my opinion. you're quite fit. not that i'm objectifying you! so why don't you call him. give him a buzz. tell him to meet us at nickanee's tomorrow night. we'll feel him out no homo. she said: maybe. but what about this? listen to this. because i was actually thinking of going at him alone. at first at least. having it be a one-on-one thing. since that's the historical nature of our relationship. i said: at him alone. no. no i don't disagree with that. there's a modicum of sense there. that makes some sense. decent sense i agree. make his dick tickle a little bit. ugh. listen to that. do you hear that? that's just. ugh. it's fucking embarrassing. she said: what jr? what is it? i said: ugh. you don't hear that? that woman over there? she's introducing. she just literally said hey meet dennis. my friend dennis! he's a comedian. and he said literally no i'm a retired comedian. and she literally fuckin said. the words that came out of her mouth were he's a funny guy.

mariah said: oh. the two women there. and the pudgy. i said: ugh. it's just embarrassing. like. seriously mariah. what is she trying to do with that introduction? she's trying to get her friend to suck her ex-comedian friend's cock? is that a sincere desire? you know? or is it just like. is it for her. is it a social ruse for her own benefit? you know? that type of social interaction is frankly. it's why prostitution has had such a long shelf life for our species. really. i'm not kidding. women who go around shamelessly attempting to quote-unquote set people up. in public no less! look at her friend. she obviously has no interest in dating any ex. or frankly current! comedian. this lady is putting on this song and dance for her own benefit. for her own self-esteem. she gets off on this. this is all just

an elaborate ruse mariah. it's a shameless ruse really. to make her feel better! about herself.

mariah said: shhh! jamal. they can hear you talking about them. i said: seriously? absolutely not. maybe if they didn't have pearl jam at this loud a decibel maybe. maybe! but either way. fuck it. fuck them. but yeah. i did want to. you know. before we break here for the night. and yeah i'm totally on board with you going solo with this accardo guy tomorrow. i have to catch up on some paperwork anyway tomorrow. probably better off. but yeah. i did want to run this one. mariah said: what is it jr? you seem amiss tonight. am i right on that? that you're slightly discombobulated? i said: no. not at all. but yeah. because you know i swung by uhhh. yusuf's yesterday. she said: you met with yusuf?

i said: and you know. i was discussing his case a tad. just a bit. bare minimum and shit. not at length. just dipping the old pinky finger in. so to speak. and yeah he said. she said: what did he say? i said: he actually said that the girl who was at gigante's. you know the alleged incident where he and folco went unannounced? she said: yes i'm familiar jamal. i said: yeah. now he said he actually knew her. intimately so to speak. previously. she said: the mistress you mean. of gigante? i said: now yusuf said he knew her. you know arguably romantically. apparently she was a. she was a stripper at one point? she said: a stripper? at one point? i said: an exotic dancer. yeah. and you know. he actually had no idea of your history in that space.

she said: few do. and you really shouldn't be promoting. i said: and i said you were. because it just piqued my interest a tad. i fuckin thought hey maybe mariah actually knew. or even knows who this girl is! she said: jamal. you do realize how many dancers come in and. i said: i get it mariah. i'm familiar with the basic business model of the gentleman's venue. with that said. she was working over at dante's around 2014. 2015. apparently she was like siberian

or some shit. some asiatic russian whore. prone to wear colored contacts? if that rings a bell? she said: i mean. i'd have to think. that was some time ago and. i said: yeah. i mean. think it through. see if the description jogs anything. mentally. yusuf probably has. she said: in that business? 2014 might as well be 1914 jamal. you know that much right? i said: i get it. take a year. multiply it by ten and shit to get strip club years. but yusuf might have more information. maybe we can source him again. off record. because while.

she said: oh. i don't know if that's a good idea. yusuf? source yusuf you mean? i said: mariah. we're extorting an executive level employee of one of the most highly prized military government contractors on the planet. i think we can fucking ruffle yusuf's feathers a bit. if we need to! she said: maybe. we'll see. i said: because even if chuck scopes us into some of this alleged tech. you know. we still probably need somebody close to this shit to flip. for us to have anything truly of merit here. that person could be this russian whore. because we need somebody to bump this up a notch right? to get to anything truly actionable. you know what i mean? i can't take a polaroid of a black budget fuckin flying saucer to carmelo and have him do anything with it besides crumple it up and shove it up my ass!

scene 18: ten steak & sushi 7:03pm

(so at this point?) at this point yeah. i was thinking i was gonna swing back to yusuf. see what he was up to. run my conversation with mariah by him. (right. right.) except it was at exactly this point. as i was finishing my paperwork for the day. that detective ronnie colombo sauntered over to my desk. fuckin guy looks like larry david. in the curb episode where he plays the mob guy with the fake mustache. (and you think moolio.) yeah i one hundred percent believe that. to be possible at least. that moolio enticed him to saunter over to my desk. now that i think about it. colombo and

the former lieutenant were close. so i suppose that it's entirely possible he asked him to check in. to stick his beak in. poke around for a little bit. otherwise. i know ronnie. there's no way he really gives a fuck either way. how the investigation was proceeding.

(do you think moolio had any inkling about dawson. about what you guys were trying to do in newport.) at that time. honestly? it's hard to say. that i can't really answer to be honest. but so yeah. ronnie. he moseyed over to my desk faux nonchalant. while i was trying to catch up on paperwork. he said: hey jr! let's uh. go over to ten. grab a bite to eat. a little nosh. i'll drive. i said: ron. i'm finishing up some shit. give me a second. he said: yeah. no problem. take three seconds. thirty fuckin seconds. even a couple minutes. with that said. i am kinda hungry. you know?

i said: that's fine. then fuckin go over to ten and get some sushi ronnie. get a damn ribeye for all i care! he said: nah. nah jr. i'll wait for you. i want to wait for you. heterosexually i mean. let's go together. catch up a bit. i said: okay. then can i fuckin finish what i'm doing here? if that's okay with you. he said: yeah. yeah. totally finish what you're doing. absolutely. but you know. if you could also make it just relatively quick that'd be great too. i said: okay. you know what? let's just go. i'll leave this to the side for the time being. so we can have our special dinner. this special impromptu meal of yours. he said: yeah. you know. i just didn't wanna eat alone. i do it all the time! sometimes it gets lonely. but i figured it'd be nice to catch up. me and you. know what i mean? (and then he drove you to ten?) yeah. guy's a fuckin idiot. he said: you know. i don't even technically need this job. this detective shit?

i said: oh really? he said: yeah. this is honestly. this is just like spending cash for me. plus i knew moolio from silver lake. that's where i originally knew cumn actually. you know i'm from silver lake? i said: you may have mentioned it. he said: got the fuck outta there when i was young! fuck that. you know. people get caught in



loops jr. repetitive loops. they get themselves caught in these loops. and then before they know it. they're done. boom. life is gone. it's over! i said: jalaysia? yeah. get me a vodka on the rocks. plus whatever he's having. you can toss that on my tab. he said: yeah hun. give me a vodka too. you know her jr? jalaysia?

i said: yeah. he said: she's a smart girl. fuckin smart kid. but thing is? you know what the thing is with her? she has rocks in her head. that's her problem. she's at that age. the age where you go one way or the other. i said: what is she like. 31. 32? he said: something like that. early 30s. some shit like that. she's gotta get the fuck outta here. that's what she needs to do. i said: honestly. it's not a bad idea. he said: it's a great idea! it's the only. idea! once you hit say. 35? it's over for you in this business. i said: as a bartender you mean? the bartending business.

he said: after 35? forget it. you're done! you know something? i'm 67. i've never. i swear on my mother. i've never actually had sex with a girl who's over 35? ever. to this day! i said: ron. you know. that's good for you. i'm actually proud of you for that. you really shouldn't! if it's something you can reasonably avoid i mean. he said: never! but yeah. you know. like i was saying. i don't even technically need this job jr. this is just fucking spending money for me. and you wanna know why? because i went out and i saw the world. i made the sacrifices necessary to do that. i didn't come home every night and say honey i'm home! i didn't do that shit. not like a lotta these people. they stay in their neighborhoods. they never leave. they enter repetitive loops. they get so wrapped up in their routines and then one day. boom. it's over. it's actually physically dangerous. these types of loops. you know. i was probably a little younger than you. maybe the same age. i don't know. had an actually beautiful girl. i'm not even kidding. this girl was actually fuckin beautiful. she was physically attractive. and i was railing her! consistently! living with her. i had a job welding at the time.

making decent coin just welding. but i said to myself. what am i? i'm gonna come home every day and say honey i'm home? for the rest of my life? the fuck is this shit? so i broke it off with her. went down to. fuckinnn. florida! oh my god!

i said: nice down there? in florida? he said: you kidding me?! oh i had a blast! got a job as a trucker. i was living it up! and then you come back here. you always come back. and it's the same fuckin shit. always the same damn shit jr. same fuckin people doing the same fuckin shit. in their loops. lost in their little loops. in their little neighborhoods. so i ended up working a warehouse gig. the warden was actually lieutenant moolio's older brother. guy came to me one day. because he knew me from the street. from the neighborhood you know. from silver lake. he said ronnie. can you sell? i said i mean. because he knew the weight i was moving in the street at the time. nothing big. but he knew i could do it. that i was capable. sure i was selling a few pounds of weed. whatever. so i took the job. as a salesman. i was in vegas and la every other weekend for the next ten years. managing all of our distributors relations. and that's really how i made my bones.

i said: yeah? he said: yeah. you know that show ces. big show. in vegas? i said: the electronics shit. yeah of course. he said: jr. that's one side. you know the other side? i said: what is it. like pharmaceutical bullshit? drugs and whatnot? he said: no. take another guess. i can't believe you're not getting this. i said: what is it? all electronics? like tvs and then videogames or something? he said: no. no still you're totally off. one side is electronics. the other is porn! i said: oh right. right. pornography. he said: i was waiting for you to pick up on that jr. yeah i was working in the porn business out there. it was fuckin great! working with all the different distributors. i even banged a few of the porn girls too. you're bound to. that's what people don't understand. when you're

out there distributing and all that bullshit. you meet people. say hi how are you. then eventually a few you'll end up banging!

i said: that's great ron. that's actually great. he said: but that's why i say. like with this one right here. i said: jalaysia? he said: exactly. these girls. they have fuckin rocks in their head jr. she doesn't realize the clock is ticking. that her inventory has an expiration date. she might get it. maybe she gets it but she still doesn't get it. look at that guy down there. fuckin bum. that's who she's talking to? it's a joke. he's doing drop offs to her. fuckin kidding me? the fuck is she thinking? jalaysia! yeah. come over here. yeah. i've been meaning to tell you. your five year old ran up to me the other day. in the parking lot. ran right up to me! you did such a great job with her. raising her? my god! oh wow! what a great conversation we had! i think it was the best conversation i've ever had with a five year old!

jalaysia said: i'm glad you enjoyed it ron. yeah. ha. she's something else isn't she? ronnie said: oh. just a wonderful child! yeah. when you have a chance we'll both have refills. yeah. thank you so much! but yeah. jr. look at her over there. getting our fuckin drinks for us. and she's still giving that little prick attention. why? i could go over there and fuckin tell that crumb to go outside and wash my car. and he would! he'd go outside and he'd wash my car for me. i'd watch him wash my car. because he knows me. and he's knows what i'm capable of. you know. i'm sick of it in here. the people in here. i come here all the time! god jr. it's really despicable. nobody in here has any idea of what i've done and where i've been. you know what i mean?

i said: no i get it ron. but at the same time? respectfully? why do you give a fuckin shit. about jalaysia. or any of these people really. because let me tell you something. every five years there's a rotation of these girls behind the bar. good girls. maybe shitty girls. but some of them are probably good. maybe even have a decent brain

too. but you know what? they can't get out of their own way. that's consistently the case! they're making their tip money based on their toilets. or tits. whatever it might be. some of them fuck themselves up on drugs. but most of them end up just like this one. at the end of the bar this or that dickhole. a medley of dickholes clamoring for attention at the end of their bars. precisely because they're like fucking. you know. deer in the woods or some shit. in the headlights or some shit. prancing around nibbling on roughage with no greater plan or arc. they just hope they fall into a decent situation via phallus. that's it. and the reality is ron. if you want my opinion?

he said: oh i want your opinion jr! c'mon. no i'm interested here! i've talked your ear off for half an hour! i wanna hear your opinion! i said: the reality is. the way our society is set up right now. that's what really fucks these girls over. because society is now set up for dual income ron. every household is designed with dual income in mind. that's what it's based on. almost exclusively. fifty years ago. seventy years whatever. your average male. due to ruthless gender discrimination. he'd make enough money to actually support a family of four and shit. now. due to gender equality. the average guy makes enough to support slightly over half a family of four. if that. like sixty percent of a family of four. at best. so these girls. as people with waning career prospects after. say. twenty five? thirty? are essentially fucked. because any guy with half a brain looks at her and he says. yeah you might have a nice shit shooter. i might be sitting a little chubbed up under this granite counter here. but in five years you're gonna have no career. no way to make any actual coin. which means i'm gonna be paying both of our ways. can i support that? can i afford that? when i make fifty five percent of what it takes to support a family of four? or am i gonna end up living in a crackden with two kids because we're living off my one comparatively measly income. so boom. who's left? they end up at

the end of the bar. with some dude with the extra tough guy accent. who takes the brooklynese just a little bit beyond believability. some needle dick. being just a tad too colloquial for his own good. but ultimately it's enough for her. selling just enough coke to support a family of four. until he inevitably gets pinched. rats somebody out. gets addicted to his own shit. whatever the fuck. and that's it. many such cases.

he said: jr. let me tell you something. you're not wrong! and it's fuckin sad! what's happened to this country? dual incomes? when i was coming up that was a foreign phrase! might as well have been speaking chinese. but anyway. fuck is going on with this case i hear you're working on? let's move on. enough about this shit. it's depressing. i'm actually getting depressed. i'm losing my appetite and i haven't even had my meal yet. so what's going on with this one? the one you've been working on?

i said: ah. of course. he said: what? you don't think i wanted to get dinner too? what? you think this is some kind of ruse? a ploy? i said: no. of course ron. i know you're a sincere guy. he said: you know. i'm just making conversation! just being affable. i said: well. to answer your question. because i have no issue answering it ron. i did get dicksapped a bit by carmelo for the whole guido's thing. he said: and i didn't get that. i heard about that. what happened there. but what the fuck is it. it's your fault? the kid dropped dead! i said: i mean. we should have known i guess. that gigante owned the spot. he said: what are you? the providence business bureau? seems like a reach to me jr. just my two cents. but it seems like. i don't know. total bullshit to me? so what now? case is dead? you talk to yusuf about it at all? i said: why would i talk to yusuf about it?

he said: why not? he was the previous. he was the fuckin man on it. the guy. he might have some insights on the case. i could imagine at least. if it was me? i said: yeah. you know. that does make sense. maybe you know what? maybe i'll reach out to him. he said: so

what is it? like a dead end now? like there's nowhere else to go on this case? i said: do you wanna join the case ron? i can ask carmelo? i'm sure he'd be affable! he said: no! not at all. what're you, kidding me? like i said, i practically do this shit for fun jr. this is just fuckin fun for me. you know. spending money. no. but you know i think there might be. if i can be honest with you? there might be some concern in certain places. maybe with your partner over there? i said: with who? mariah?

he said: yeah. her. i said: how so? he said: i mean, you know she worked uc right? i said: i'm aware. at the strip joints. but what about it? that didn't strike me as particularly concerning when i learned of it. he said: no. nothing in particular i guess. but there just have, you know. been some rumblings? maybe about some of the contacts she made while she was. you know. in that arena. i said: okay. she made some contacts. isn't that what going undercover is predicated on? what do people go undercover to do if not make contacts and flip them? the fuck are you trying to tell me ron? is there something i need to know here. or is this just like baseless speculation. he said: jr. c'mon. let's not be silly. you know it's always a mix of the two! what isn't based in baseless speculation these days? but no. you know moolio and i. we stay in touch. and he was just having me take a peek into the old case files. i said: oh really. he said: long story short. one of the initial victims. strindberg. apparently he'd reached out. wanted to talk to somebody. and i figured. you know. it was only right that i reach out to you. you know. see if you wanted to. i said: dejoune strindberg? yeah. of course i'll talk to him. when did he even.

he said: but it has to be just you jr. just do it solo. nobody else is involved. not your partner. not carmelo. nobody. nobody else knows about this. if that's okay? i said: can he meet me. you know. like tonight would be great? ronnie said: he's right around the fuckin corner. drinking a moscow mule at rogue island. is that good

for you? why don't you go see if he's still over there? i'll settle up our tab and get a to-go box for you. i'll leave it at your desk with the paperwork.

scene 19: rogue island 8:49pm

dejounte said: i know i should have come forward sooner. i was one of the lucky ones. they were only able to take one of my eyes. but even still. it was tough you know. i said: oh no. i can only imagine man. but you know. that's funny. not funny obviously. it's the furthest thing from actually humorous. but it is curious. because i believe the paperwork. dejounte said: i think one of your guys just assumed it was both. eyes. but anyway. you weren't followed here right? you're sure of that? i said: absolutely not. one hundred percent! he said: because detective ronnie. he said i could possibly talk to you. but just you. that i can trust you?

i said: dejounte. you have my word on that. what you say here is one hundred percent confidential. one hundred and ten percent! one hundred and eleven. just strictly between me and you. and nobody else. he said: okay good. good. because i did see something that night. and i feel like it's. like i need to say something about it now. because i was there the other night. i said: wait. what other night? he said: i was outside. with trae. at the guido's place. i walked him in. i was gonna sit with you guys but i. i saw something. something that made me wanna leave. and i just bolted. i said: you bolted? he said: shit. i feel bad about it to this day. i said: at guido's you were there? you walked in trae? how did i not see that. what did you see? that would have made you leave. was there someone? or was it some thing? he said: umm. can i be honest?

i said: fucking absolutely. please! he said: it was your partner. the lady sitting next to you? that's your partner right? if i'm being honest. that's what it was. i said: my partner? are you sure? you must be confusing her with. he said: hell no! i remember what i saw

that night detective. with my sole eye remaining all i could see were two females. it was actually. it was weird how they appeared. but one of them was your partner detective. i'm sure of it! you have to believe me! i swear on my mother. i said: okay. okay. let's just back up a second dejournte. he said: you gotta. i said: no i believe you. i just wanna make sure i'm understanding you. you know. fucking correctly. right? so you saw my partner the night at guido's. where you had planned to meet with us. with trae to discuss the night.

he said: yeah. but i wanted to keep it low-key you know? i said: and you're saying my partner was at the scene. in some form. at the original scene? perhaps not a corporeal form? he said: ummm. i said: like a physical body form? he said: i can't explain it to be honest. but i know i saw her. that's just factual! that she was there. i said: and do you think these two females. that they were the ones who were responsible. for. you know. the act? he said: it was like there was no time detective. it was like i was teleported somewhere else. some other place. and yeah. i guess the two girls. they were kind of disembodied in a way. you could say that. kind of like the face guy in power rangers. i said: okay. he said: or maybe not. i don't know. all i know is somebody needed to know why i left the restaurant the other night. that's why. i said: i know exactly what you mean. right. he said: and trae saw the same shit. we all did! but nobody will tell you that. i said: you all saw the same two females? he said: so what do i do? what should i do now? i said: here's what you do dejournte. what you do is you pretend we never had this conversation. and keep your mouth shut. lay low. leave town if you can. and in the meantime? i'll do some digging on my end. does that work?

scene 20: yusuf's apartment 11:31pm.

i said: she's allegedly out with a certain charles aka chuck accardo right now. higher up dicklicker at raytheon hq in newport.



according to her. allegedly she knows him from her so-called undercover era. apparently tricked him out or some shit. had some kind of arrangement with him and now she's trying to leverage it to get us inside whatever black budget programs they're housing in the east bay. yusuf said: and the name of the other guy again? the plain suit. i said: dawson. ryan dawson. could be a fed. but like i said. when i saw jarrah he made it seem as though were perhaps multiple dawsons? as if that were. yusuf said: like a code name or some fuckin shit? yeah. hmm. i could possibly see that. i said: right. but let me ask you this yusuf. now you worked with aniah for some time. what can you tell me. strictly off the record. because i've found myself coming back to this question again and again of late. about what her relationship was like. with her sister?

yusuf said: you know. it's the funniest thing jr. i've been thinking along similar lines of late. because you know. i could've sworn she was an only child. aniah. like i never once fuckin remember her having a sister at all. mentioning a sibling at all. and not just a sister. but any sibling whatsoever. not only that. the girl had every only child trait you could think of. she was the most only child ass person i think i've ever met. the very notion that she could have a sibling of any gender almost inveterately strikes me as absurd.

i said: but that doesn't necessarily preclude. he said: she could have been estranged from a sibling. true. i grant that. that's possible. maybe adopted or some shit? now when you first told me her sister was on the case. i don't know. i guess i just kind of didn't think much of it at the time. i assumed it to be the truth because the words were uttered from your mouth. aniah has a sister? of course. how the fuck could you lie about something like that? like i wasn't even supposed to think much of it. like something was telling me not to think about it. but in the interim. as i've reflected in solitude and whatnot. it's kind of fuckin. you know. it's gnawed at me. you could say that. did aniah have a. sister? a sister

that worked in the providence city police department? that i didn't know about? at all?

i said: yet. yusuf. what the fuck are we saying here? think about this. there's a person working in homicide that what? doesn't exist? she's a fuckin poltergeist working on this case with me? he said: or. is working under an assumed name? is it that outrageous jamal? if she had some type of clearance from a higher up. from higher up. think about it. she's fuckin been quote-unquote undercover for what. a decade now? hardly anybody even knows about her. i didn't fuckin know about her. who else didn't know about her? or more importantly. who actually did know about her? anyone? because cumn and i practically ran the damn department! how the fuck would i of all people somehow not know her? even if aniah didn't talk about her. i would have known! cumn would have told me if we had undercovers in the clubs. he knew i practically owned real estate in half of them. you think he'd let me meander around. no! i don't believe it jamal. not for a second. i just can't get there.

i said: so what? carmelo reopens the books on this? then he puts someone. what do you think? what? under an assumed. bullshit name? on it? to do what? why not just keep the shit closed then? why go to all of this trouble to obfuscate on a case that was already closed. yusuf said: somebody is trying to flush somebody out here jr. that's the only explanation i can think of. the question is just who. who do these people. whoever they are. want to flush out. you said it yourself. who just so happened to get this dawson guy's card? i said: mariah. he said: did you see dawson's card? do you see her grab it? i said: no. and no. he said: or even talk to the bartender about it?

i said: no. yusuf said: and who just so happened to get you access to talk to jarrah? i said: mariah. he said: and then after dawson points you in a certain direction. in the direction of raytheon. who just so happens to have the in at raytheon to get you access? she's

leading you everywhere she wants you to go. the question i would be asking is. if you want to know who she is? then you need to know who she's really reporting to. who is it that wants to lead you exactly where she's been directing you? i said: fuck. she's calling right now.

scene 21: tammany hall 12:15am

mariah said: so. good news. i'm pretty sure i got what we need and then some! i said: excellent! so uhh. chuck came through huh? she said: oh he came through. and then some! i said: so when. or what. i mean. when can we see whatever it is. the fuck it is that they have over there. in the secret hangars and shit. she said: oh he already showed me. i got it jr. i'm on this one like white on rice. i said: wait. he showed you? already? oh geez. wow. nice. she said: yeah. as soon as we met. i told him. i asked him politely enough. i told him the case i was working on. reiterated that i had him. basically by his own balls i guess. and that i needed him to show me what kind of black ops tech he had under his purview. he knew exactly what we were after!

i said: and he folded just like that. she said: just like that! god. i'm good jr. sometimes. i'm damn good! i can get a man by his two pitiful testicles when i really want to! i said: wow. mariah. i'm actually impressed. right by the testes huh. right in a vice grip. that's great. that's solid work. but so what the fuck? what was there exactly? let's dish. dish! she said: here jamal. take a look at these pictures. i said: okay. now. what am i looking at? here? she said: they're photos of what chuck said were called metapods. i said: now he admitted to raytheon employing these things for. she said: no. he wouldn't. he couldn't go that far. to admit that. i said: and you saw these things in person? she said: jamal. these are my photos! my. actual. photos. right in middletown. there's actually an underground hangar. can you believe it?! chuck took me there! it

was really kind of, unbelievable! haha! they store various off-world vehicles apparently, some of them are recovered from crashes, some are back-engineered, he even alluded to the possibility that some had been intercepted?

i said: what does that umm, mean? she said: as in we're shooting down alien spaceships? i said: as in we're shooting down, we're shooting down alien spaceships? she said: that's how i interpreted it! i said: damn, suck me sideways, so anyway, so what is this one right, she said: that's the one, like i said, what they call the metapod, that's what's relevant to us, according to chuck, i said: it looks like, uhhh, the letter c, like a shitty written letter c, she said: kind of! a c-shaped one person spaceship i guess! i said: and that's what they've been shooting up the providence river? this shit? i don't know, i'm not all that impressed to be honest.

she said: so here's the thing, i got chuck to admit to me, off record, that raytheon has yes, developed these vehicles, that they've tested them in and around the facilities, in and around, but that's as far as he'd go initially, i said: well, i mean, yeah i guess jarrah is doing time for all those crimes right now, she said: right, exactly! i said: now in these vehicles, is there technology that would be consistent with, she said: the surgical wounds? again, i couldn't get him to admit to that initially, but i mean, if the technology exists to essentially, i mean these things create their own gravity jr, that's actually how they work!

i said: did he demonstrate one? she said: look at this, i said: what the hell am i looking at mariah? she said: it like teleports from one spot to another, i said: which could explain, she said: the lack of witnesses, i said: right, because we still can't get anybody to cop to seeing anything regarding these things, she said: clearly, because now we know that they obviously didn't! because it was almost certainly a metapod that did this! i think we can say that for certain now, almost, i said: okay, but was this, like sanctioned? within

raytheon? or the us government? or both? or did somebody go awol? do these things have like. minds of their own? mariah said: well. that's the interesting part.

i said: okay. and? she said: i kept pressing him. chuck. i said: you whack. she said: screw you jr. i said: i was just kidding. i was gonna say whack him in the head. not whack him off. why? did you think. she said: you probably would have. i said: but please go on. she said: i pressed him. i said chuck your family is on the line here. like if i went public with our relationship. so finally. finally! he caved. he said raytheon had actually authorized an internal investigation into the events around the shisha stabbings. that their general conclusion. after months of investigating, was that a rogue engineer was responsible for the events. that the feds were aware of their investigation and perhaps even assisted in it. that this engineer. that they believed that he'd possibly been co-opted by a foreign element.

i said: a foreign element. so maybe this does track with jarrah! okay. let's fuckin get him then. where is he? can we have a fireside chat? maybe you can work your magic there too. she said: well. that's the thing jr. they have no idea where he is. and the other. i said: do we have a name? can we go back to jarrah? probe him a little more? she said: well. that's the other thing jamal. i said: what? she said: the name of the engineer is. according to chuck. is ryan dawson.

scene 22: [document insert: email from chuck accardo to  
chelsea fiddle 12:17am]

chelsea. thanks so much again for tonight. i hope what i provided you in terms of photo/video evidence will suffice for your case? we can always produce more in-house here if you need. hoping that tomorrow the watercooler talk will be that we should probably be good moving forward?

scene 23: [document insert: email from chelsea fiddle to  
chuck accardo 1:22am]

hi hun. oh you're too kind lol. no i think we should definately [sic] be good. we have enough at this point to say we made a solid effort i think. then we can circle back to the other thing.

scene 24: yusuf's apartment 2:41am

i said: who the fuck is ryan dawson then? yusuf said: is carmelo trying to squeeze mariah? i said: or are carmelo and mariah both plugged in with the feds? is that even possible? yusuf said: so you have one witness who says he saw two females. one of them looked like mariah. i said: according to him exactly like mariah. but then again? what the fuck does that even mean? yusuf: well we know moolio and gigante at least knew each other. at the very least they were familiar with one another. moolio and luigi. they had a decent relationship. luigi and gigante are obviously tightly connected. i think the question you have to ask is. fuck dawson. you have to start with what did lieutenant anthony really hope to accomplish by reopening this case? did he actually want to fucking solve the thing? was that an actual objective here? or was there an ulterior motive? and was that ulterior motive somehow related to hand-picking mariah to work beside you.

i said: and also. also! who the hell is mariah really? i mean what the fuck? she introduced herself to this guy chuck as chelsea fiddle. he said: could be a stripper name. i said: strippers have surnames? he said: questions that need to be answered. chelsea fiddle? i said: so is it then possible. that carmelo is trying to somehow put the screws to moolio via gigante? he said: and is mariah somehow complicit in that? is she even on our payroll? or is she still perhaps working in an undercover capacity? i said: or. is carmelo just as in the dark about mariah as i was? shit. yusuf said: what is it? i said: it's bolvin. he's texting me right now.

scene 25: coroner's office 3:34am

bolvin said: fuckkkkkkkkkkk. jr. why the fuck do i do this to myself? continuing to work this job? why couldn't i have been. i don't know. an accountant? or maybe a dentist? something with more regular hours. less corpses. steady stream of income. but less of this bullshit. but anyway. yeah. i figured i'd run this by you. before i alerted anyone else in the department. it's about the kid nietzsche. from guido's. cause of death. i said: did you figure out what type of substance? what it was running through his system? bolvin said: first of all. my apologies. we've been fucking backed up here at the office. for a few damn days now. i've barely had a minute to scratch my balls over here.

i said: bob. don't apologize to me. just get to the meat of it no homo. he said: there is no substance. that's the meat. i said: what do you mean? no meat? he said: the victim didn't die of poisoning jr. at all. i said: what the fuck bolvin? he said: surprising i know. i've actually been sitting here going a bit half nuts myself about it. a real conundrum at first. how the fuck did this guy die? because there was nothing in his system. was it some kind of proto-fentanyl that he got slipped. i said: i wouldn't be shocked.

he said: i considered that. until i finally took a look at his lineup again. i said: his hairline? yeah. he's boxed off fairly decently. bolvin said: but look closer jamal. here take this magnifying glass. take a little glance. i said: cunt bolvin. is that a. he said: it's nearly indistinguishable to the nude eye. nearly. but yes. it's an almost undetectable incision. right from his lineup right into his brain. i said: how the fuck would that. he said: your guess is as good as mine. but this. this shit? this isn't in line with the bibby autopsy. at all! no way! if anything this is a repeat of the fucking pork loin guy. i said: pork chop. he said: whatever the fuck jr. i've been going at it for fourteen hours straight over here. with this bullshit. pork chop.

pork loin. pulled pork. pork cock. i said: so nietzsche. then he wasn't poisoned at all. he said: absolutely not. i said: he was instead stabbed in his fucking goddamned brain by a microscopic. needle? he said: i'd almost say laser. i'm tempted to say the word laser here.

i said: but i was fucking sitting right there bolvin. i was eating my goddamned tortellini right next to this fuck! facing this fuck. when he dropped face first into my bowl of pasta! he said: it's curious isn't it? i said: you know. i really owe uhhh clarissa. that girl clarissa. i really barked on her over there. at guido's. eh. i probably owe her an apology? he said: clarissa? i said: yeah. the bar manager. he said: detective folco was telling me something about that actually. i said: folco was here? he said: yeah. he tried to see the body. i said: did he? he said: i told him you had first dibs. but he did. he said something about a clarissa. he said he was leaving to meet a clarissa actually. i said: why'd he tell he said: he told me to tell you. that if you stopped by. which i said you would be. he told me to tell you if you want to question a clarissa again. that he was going to see her. i said: at guido's he said: no he said he'd be at gigante's. he told me you'd know what that meant?

#### scene 26: the home of greg gigante 7:11am

(so you decided to what.) i went to fuckin gigante's obviously. (and then what happened?) i knocked on the fucking door and there she was. (clarissa?) she said: hi there. i've been waiting for you. i said: mariah? she said: the name is chelsea. chelsea fiddle. (now you're sure.) she said i could come in for a drink. we had a drink. no folco to be found. no clarissa on the premises. at 7am we had a fucking cocktail together. gigante wasn't even home! she said: did you hear about what happened? i said: at guido's? she said: yeah. that's terrible huh? i said: a tragedy in fact. i actually just got out of the coroner's office. they're saying. our coroner is saying. the kid. he was actually somehow stabbed. in the fucking brain and shit. with



perhaps a microscopic laser of some sort. she said: oh wow. i hadn't heard a cause of death confirmed. i said: initially we thought it was. that it was a poisoning. that maybe the kitchen had slipped something in his food. because he was gonna talk to us. as maybe a pre-retaliation of sorts.

she said: honestly? i don't think greg had anything to do with this. i said: how long have you been with him? she said: oh. i don't know how many years it's been now. and his wife has never inquired! it's actually a great situation for the two of us. i said: oh. they never do. but they know. she said: you're probably right. i mean. really. why would they? i said: why would they what? she said: want to confirm what they already know? i said: does the name chuck accardo mean anything to you? she said: not particularly. i said: ryan dawson? she said: isn't he on youtube? he's one of those conspiracy theorists right? i said: youtube. fucking kidding me? it's all cia-funded over there. she said: oh is it? i guess it all is these days isn't it? i said: well google in particular but. she said: would you like another drink? i said: it's not even eight am yet. but yeah. that sounds nice. she said: i knew a guy once. reminded me of you. i said: really? what was his name? she said: honestly. now that i think about it. i totally forget! i felt like i knew it just a second ago. but now i have no idea.





A sequel to the events of *Eyes Wide Shisha*, *FEM Doppelganger* follows the volatile journey of the subsequent detective assigned to the so-called Shisha Stabbings of Providence.



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