

Seeing her Everywhere

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Donald was no lady's man. Not by any stretch of the imagination. That's why whenever he had a little extra money, which was not very often, he got a hooker. A rock of meth and a hooker to share it with. Life didn't really get much better for Donald (Donnie) Blaelok.

He thought her name was Tracy...or maybe it was Stacey. Who cares? He flashed some money and a rock and she was in his car in no time. This was a real 9.5 out of ten on the old hooker scale. Donnie had seen just about every kind of hooker there was and this girl didn't seem to match any of them. She seemed just like a normal girl, who happened to be a hooker, just like on TV.

She even spoke like a normal person. This girl was a take-home-to-mom type of hooker. They even talked. He smoked the rock and almost passed out on the couch. She took a hit and then began coughing. She passed it back to him. He was so high, he took off his clothes. He took another big hit and fell to the floor. She began taking her clothes off as well. Even though he was high, he wasn't that high. She was gorgeous. He took another hit and threw her on the bed. He woke up a few hours later on his sofa. Tracy's naked body was lying next to him. He sobered up for a few minutes before he lit up a cigarette and opened the fridge to get a beer. He went back over to the couch and drank his beer. He looked over at the girl who was slumped over the couch in a very unnatural position.

"That doesn't look very comfortable," he said

The girl said nothing and didn't move. Donnie shook her. The girl still didn't move. Even though he was still buzzed, he knew this was not good.

"Hey, babe...come on wake up. I don't want to piss off your pimp," he said, giving her a gentle push.

The girl collapsed on the floor. She lay motionless just staring up at Donnie, who sobered up very quickly as the reality of the situation began to sink in.

"Hey.....hey, come on now, wake up," he said, putting a pillow under her head.

He noticed the area around her throat seemed to have black and blue marks on it as if she had been strangled. Donnie began to panic. What in the hell had he done? He didn't remember anything after taking the first hit from his pipe. Donnie was no saint, but he was no murderer either, no sir.

He paced his apartment for hours. He checked her pulse several times. He couldn't find one. He put a mirror over her mouth, she wasn't breathing. No two ways about it. This girl was dead.

Donnie began to panic just as the sun was coming up. He made a pot of coffee and had some cereal as he stood over her dead body. He picked up the phone a few times and thought about calling the police. He had no idea what he was going to say, other than the fact that he wanted to report a dead hooker in his apartment. Naturally, he would be charged with her murder, then he'd be sent to prison and be passed around in the shower room. The more he thought about it, the less he liked the idea of calling the police. After the second bowl of cereal, he had made up his mind not to call the police. That left only one option. Hiding the girl's dead body. He was quite sure that no one had seen him pick up the girl. Even if they did, no one would be able to make out his license plate. He just had to get the girl's body out of his apartment. He put his hand on her body. It was cool to the touch. The girl was now room temperature. The only thing he had to worry about was her pimp. He was bound to come looking for her. He would cross that bridge when he got there, right now he had to get her out of this apartment.

He frantically paced around the apartment for another hour as the effect of the meth began to wear off. He couldn't move her now, not with the sun up and everybody in the building leaving for work. He would have to leave her for later. He looked at his watch and realized that he had to be at work in a little over an hour. He remembered switching shifts with Maria at the store.

He picked up the girl and put her on the couch. He put the blanket over her and took a shower. As he left the apartment, he looked over at the girl's body. He couldn't believe what he had done. Donnie and meth just didn't mix. As much as he hated to just leave, he figured that him not showing up for work would look very suspicious if someone were to begin snooping.

He had to give the appearance of normalcy, as best he could.

He returned to his apartment desperately hoping that he would open the door and see that the girl was gone from the couch. He opened the door and saw the girl on the couch just as he had left her. His heart sank. There was no easy way out of this one.

He went over to the fridge and opened a beer. He sat back down on the couch and turned on the TV. He thumbed through the channels, there was no mention of the missing girl, not that anyone would care about a missing hooker. He made himself a TV dinner and sat back down on the couch next to the girl. He propped her up to watch TV, only to have her fall over the side of the couch.

"Holy shit," he said softly.

Another fine mess you've gotten us into here, Donnie.

He walked outside onto his balcony and looked below. He figured his best bet would be to put her in a dumpster. The garbage truck would be here in two days. He could wrap her up or put her in a big box or something. Maybe put her in a dumpster across town in case anyone traced it back to the truck and his neighborhood. He had to be paranoid at this point.

The problem was he couldn't get her out of the building without being seen. People were sitting in the lobby on the first floor. There were people on the street. His only option was to wait until late at night when no one was around and put her in the trunk of his car. Right now, he needed a drink.

Ten beers later and three shots later, Donnie was passed out on the couch, waiting for everyone else to fall asleep. He opened his eyes. The clock showed 7:23 AM. He jumped up and ran over to the window. He looked over at the couch. His plan was in pieces. He had a dead hooker in his room. As pretty as the girl was when she was alive, she was beginning to stink. In a few more days, the stench was bound to attract attention. That was the last thing he needed. He knew he was in way over his head. He needed help. He sat down and tried to think of somebody, anybody who could help him. Then it hit him. Bobby owed him a favor. A huge favor. Now it was time for Bobby to pay him back and even things out. He found Bobby's number in his cell phone. He called him and asked if he could meet him. Bobby agreed thinking that Donnie just wanted to buy some crank off him. Had he have known why Donnie wanted to meet him, he would never have answered his phone.

The two of them met at a bar down the street from Donnie's apartment. Donnie asked him to go back to his place. Bobby agreed, he didn't want to be seen taking money in a place like this.

As soon as he entered the apartment, the weird smell hit him. Nothing overpowering, just stale and something else. He saw the girl on the sofa.

"Damn Donnie, you didn't tell me you had a girl here."

Donnie pulled back the blanket and exposed the girl's body.

"Donnie what are you doing?" asked Bobby

"Bobby. I really fucked up here. She's dead. I mean like not alive anymore. I think I killed her. I was high on crank and I blacked out. I don't remember a thing."

"Whoa, dude. Look, I don't want any part of this. You're on your own."

"Bobby. Remember when those two detectives showed up at my door and grilled me for over an hour about where we were over the weekend. Remember how I lied for you and said we were together? You wouldn't want me to call them back and tell them I lied, now would you?"

"You wouldn't do that Donnie, you're not stupid."

"No, I'm desperate. I need you to help me get rid of her body."

"What? Are you nuts? No way."

"Ok, I'm sure I have their cards around here somewhere," said Donnie

Bobby just looked at Donnie. He shook his head and smiled.

"Fine.....give me a few hours. I have to make some calls."

"Ok. I have to go to work.....don't screw me on this one Bobby. I mean it." said Donnie.

"Yeah. Call me when you get home. Don't screw me either."

Bobby left the apartment. Donald got dressed and put himself together. It was only a four-hour shift. They would have to move the body tonight.

Donnie opened the door to his apartment and looked over at the couch. He nearly had a heart attack when he saw that the girl wasn't on the couch. He ran over to the couch. The blanket was there, but the girl was gone. He couldn't believe Bobby would move her without telling him. He dialed Bobby's number.

"Dude, why did you move the girl? I thought we were going to wait until I got home?"

"What are you talking about? I didn't move the girl, I was waiting to hear from you," said Bobby

"Well, then where is she?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean she's gone."

"Really? Well, I guess she wasn't dead after all."

"Oh no, she was dead. She didn't move for two days."

"Well, then where the hell is she?"

Bobby was right. Maybe a miracle had occurred after all. Maybe she really wasn't dead. He was no doctor, he had never taken anyone's pulse before. The mirror was dirty, that didn't mean anything. No, she had to be alive. Maybe her pimp moved her. Well, he had the only key, so how did his pimp get in. He ran into the bedroom and looked on the floor. He then looked all over the house. Her clothes were gone too. That pretty much sealed it. She had regained consciousness and just left. Maybe she smoked too much crank. He had seen some people do crazy things when they're high on crank. He sat down on the couch and began laughing almost hysterically. He couldn't believe his luck. He felt like he had just woken up from a nightmare. He lit up a cigarette and put his feet up on the table. If anyone had found the body, the cops would be waiting for him when he got home. No, he had dodged a major bullet here, a major bullet. He almost felt like going out and getting another hooker to celebrate. He almost felt like getting down on his hands and knees and thanking God, except he didn't believe in God.

The whole thing was almost hilarious. He felt like getting high just to celebrate. He was officially no longer a murderer.

The next few weeks went by without incident. He got a promotion at work. He was no longer the lowest rung on the ladder. He went to a friend's wedding. He found a telescope in the trash and it worked. He stayed sober for almost two weeks. He found a cat and began feeding it. Within a week he had adopted it. Life was beginning to look up.

He knew there were a few empty apartments in his building. He didn't really pay much attention to the new tenants, except one of them was directly across from his apartment. He figured it would be in his best interest to see who moved in. The last thing in the world he needed was

some dumb ass to move in and blast music at all hours of the night. The tenant before the last one did that and it drove Donnie nuts. What kind of asshole plays their music at full volume at midnight? No, he wanted to say hi and introduce himself and let them know that playing loud music at all hours of the night was unacceptable.

He had just come home from work when she saw a woman carrying a few small boxes out of the apartment across from his. Somebody was moving in.

He walked by her and froze. He couldn't believe it. It was Tracy. The dead girl on his couch had just moved in across the hallway. She walked past him and smiled. He continued walking and opened the door to his apartment. He closed the door and watched her through the peephole on his door. He saw a man helping her carry furniture into the apartment. She hugged him and thanked him for his help. He waited until he left and then went over to see her. He had no idea what he was going to say to her. He wanted to apologize and also make sure she didn't go to the cops. He caught her just as she was leaving the apartment.

"Oh, hi there," she said

"Hi," he said nervously

"Can I help you?"

"What are you doing?" he asked

"I'm moving in. I guess we're going to be neighbors."

"Look, I'm really sorry about what happened the other night. I hope you're not upset, I mean I thought you were dead, can you believe that?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked

"Tracey, it's me. I picked you up and we went back to my place and smoked a rock."

"Look, I think you must have me confused with someone else. I've never met you before," she said moving away from him.

Tracey, I did nothing for two days but look right at you. It's you." he said

"My name is Samantha and I don't do drugs. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd like to finish before it gets dark," she said as she closed the door behind her. He heard it lock as she walked away.

His heart was pounding. Maybe he had mistaken her for Tracey. Maybe it wasn't the same girl. Yeah, he probably just made an ass out of himself for nothing. It couldn't be the same girl. No way in hell she would move into the apartment next to his after what had happened. No sane woman would anyway. He was now a believer, doppelgangers really do exist.

Except it was the same girl. Even her intoxicating perfume was the same. All of her tattoos looked to be the same as well. Yes, this was a bit of a problem.

Of course, if she wanted to play it this way, fine with him. All he was interested in was knowing he hadn't killed her. She was still alive and could go about her business, doing whatever it is that hookers do.

He continued to watch her through the peephole in his apartment. She brought in a lot of books and a computer. He figured she was a student or something. It couldn't be the same girl. It couldn't be.

But it was. He wasn't just a hundred percent sure.....he was a thousand percent sure.

He ignored the woman for a few days. He might have just moved on completely, had he not have bumped into her in the hallway one night when he came home from the bar. He passed by her in the hallway with another girl. She was wearing the same outfit she wore when he picked her up. Same sweater, same short skirt, same heels. The exact same outfit. She said nothing as she walked by him. He stopped in front of his door and looked back. He caught her staring at him right before she got on the elevator. That was when he knew he had her. It was the same girl. He didn't know why she had moved in next to him, maybe she was desperate, maybe she was so high she didn't remember. Maybe she just wanted to screw with him. Whatever the reason, he wanted her gone. She had to be setting him up for something. She wasn't a student, she was a hooker, not the other way around.

He went back to his apartment and opened a beer as he lit up a cigarette. He knew he had only one option. He had to call Bobby and see what he thought. He had gotten a pretty good look at her. He had to be sure before he went any further.

He got a hold of Bobby and arranged to meet him at the apartment. He told him he needed some crank and he had money. He knew that would get him over here in a hurry.

Bobby was knocking on the door with the hour. Donnie let him in and gave him a beer.

"Hey, bud.....you got a good look at the girl on the couch, right?"

"Yeah, she was hot. If I didn't think she was dead, I'd have banged her."

"Right. Do you think you could identify her if you saw her again?"

"Yeah, I think I could. She was pretty hard to forget. How much did you pay for her?"

"I think the dead girl just moved in across the hall."

"What?"

"Yeah, I think she just moved in across the hall."

"Really? That's weird. Why would she move in next door to you? Wouldn't she be freaked out about what happened?"

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I want you to look at her and tell me if it's her." said Donnie.

"Did you talk to her?"

"Yeah, she says she doesn't know me, but I'm not sure. That's why I need you to talk to her and see what you think."

"So you're not going to buy anything?"

"Jesus, Bobby, this is serious. I have to know if it's her."

"So you want me to just knock on her door and start talking to her?"

"No, I have some mail from the last tenant who lived in that apartment. Just say the mail got delivered to your apartment and you want to return it," said Bobby

"I don't live in the building."

"Just say you do."

"What's my apartment number?"

"Just make one up."

"Alright....you owe me for this."

"Fine, here, take the mail. She's been in there for over an hour. So knock on her door, return the mail and tell me what you think. You can do this Bobby, I know you can."

"Ok. Wish me luck," he said and left the apartment.

He was gone for almost five minutes. It seemed like five hours. Bobby came back in and sat down on the sofa.

"Well, is it her?"

"I don't know, she wasn't there," said Bobby

"She wasn't there?"

"No, I knocked, no one answered."

"She wasn't there?"

"So what took you so long?"

"I had to make a call."

"You had to make a call?"

"Yup. Kind of important."

"I see."

"So what are you going to do now?" asked Bobby

"I don't know. I'm going to ask her one more time. Hey, give me a small rock."

"Why?"

"That hooker loved meth. The girl across the hallway said she doesn't do drugs. I'm going to show her the rock and offer it to her for free. If she takes it, then it's got to be her. No junkie can resist a free sample, right?"

"If you say so. Even if it is her, what are you going to do? Ask her to move?"

"I don't know, I haven't thought that far ahead. I'm taking this thing one step at a time."

Bobby gave him a small piece of meth in a sandwich bag. Donnie didn't have much money, but he gave him what he had.

"You know this is just a down payment for this, right?"

"Yeah, right."

Bobby left a few minutes later. Donnie downed a few shots of liquid courage and headed next door. He had tried to rehearse what he was going to say, but the second he saw her standing in the doorway, his plan went to hell.

"Hi. I live next door. I'm going to ask you something and I'd really like you to answer it honestly, ok?"

The girl said nothing and looked at him with a blank stare on her face.

"Did we smoke meth together one night about a month or so ago and you passed out on my couch for like two days and I thought you were dead?"

"No," she said and tried to close the door.

"Cause if you said yes, I have another rock we can smoke," he said and showed her the rock in the sandwich bag.

"I told you, I don't do drugs, now please leave," she said

Normally getting rejected like this would be devastating, but in this particular instance, it was a huge relief. She was just a doppelganger. It wasn't the same girl. No crack head could resist a free rock. He went back to his apartment and spent the rest of the evening playing video games. He was just unlucky that's all. Just unlucky. He wasn't a bad guy. Yeah, maybe he had made some poor choices when he was younger, but he had his life on track. In another year, he could be a manager at his store. In a few more years, who knows? Maybe district manager? The sky was the limit.

He went to bed that evening a happy man. Things were definitely beginning to look up for him.

He wasn't sure if he was dreaming or not. He heard someone pounding on his door. He got up out of bed to see who it was. He opens the door and it's his neighbor. She is wearing a nightgown and nothing else.

"I changed my mind, let's fire up that rock," she says

"Now, you're talking."

They take a few hits and their brains turn to mush. He starts laughing almost hysterically. She takes off her nightgown and Donnie quickly sobers up.

"I love getting high. It's my favorite thing in the whole world. I love it more than cereal....and I love cereal."

"I love to watch you get high," he says.

The two of them are now making love. Donnie finishes and collapses on the sofa. She puts her nightgown back on and leaves the apartment. Donnie just waves goodbye from the couch and passes out.

He awoke the next morning and was still high, at least he thought he was. He felt more hungover than high. He remembered finishing the last of the Wild Turkey before he went to bed. He also remembers his neighbor visiting him. It was like something right out of a porno. He felt like a king.

As the day wore on, he wasn't sure if it was a dream or not. Sometimes when you're high, everything feels like a dream and dreams seem real. He hoped last night wasn't just a dream and that his hot neighbor had gotten high with him and screwed his brains out.

"Things like that don't happen to you Donnie," he said to himself

"Sure they do, you just got to make them happen," he said to himself

He went to work that day and just couldn't concentrate. He kept thinking about her and the way she looked and smelled. She was the kind of woman you wrote poems about. The hours ticked away and before he knew it, he was back home and in his apartment. He figured it was best to leave her alone and to let her take charge. He wasn't sure just what exactly she wanted him to do, except keep her supplied with rock. He called Bobby and asked him for another rock. He's pay him the money when he got his tax return back.

"Jesus, Donnie, I'm not a bank. I'm a dealer. I don't do credit."

"It's an investment, Bobby. One that will pay out big time when my tax return gets here."

"When will that be?"

"A couple of weeks, at the most."

"A couple of weeks.....then I get back my money and another twenty-five percent, right?" asked Bobby

"Right....how much is that?"

"I don't know, like twenty bucks."

"Ok."

"Donnie, you know what will happen if you don't pay, right?"

"Yeah.....what will happen?"

"I won't sell you any more rock."

"Oh.....I'll pay, don't worry."

"Alright, I'll do it this one time Donnie. Don't ask again, understand?"

"Yeah, I won't ask. Just this one time."

Bobby stopped by within the hour. He gave Donnie the rock and left. He waited until she left, then walked over to her apartment and knocked on her door. He heard her come to the door, then she stopped when she saw him through the peephole. She slowly opened the door. She said nothing to him and they stared at one another in complete silence.

"What do you want?" she asked

"I've got a little something for us," he said waving the baggie in front of her.

"Are you serious? I told you, I don't do drugs."

"Right....I even bought a bottle of expensive wine. Not the cheap crap you find in the supermarket, real wine. Wine and meth.....doesn't get much better than that."

"Please get out of here. Go find a hooker. I'm sure you won't have any trouble finding one around here." she said slamming the door in his face.

He walked back to his apartment and waited for her to arrive.

It was around three-thirty in the morning when she knocked on his door. He was sound asleep when he heard her knocking. He ran over to the door and opened it. She was wearing the same nightgown and nothing underneath. He grabbed her and pulled her in, closing the door behind him. He poured her a glass of wine. She grabbed the bottle and began chugging. He lit up the rock and took a deep hit. She did the same and they blew the smoke in each other's faces. They finished the wine and the rock and then screwed each other before he passed out. He was probably the only person in the world that got sleepy after taking meth, but he did. After the initial hit, it was all downhill from there, and downhill came very fast.

He awoke the next morning. He looked at the clock. It was almost ten in the morning. He made a pot of coffee and lit up a cigarette. He looked out on the balcony and heard something down on the floor level. He looked below and saw two police cars and an ambulance on the street. He didn't think anything of it and went back into his apartment and turned on the TV.

He was making himself cereal when he heard a knock on his front door. He hid the weed and the pipe and then opened the front door.

He opened the door and saw two police officers standing in front of him. His heart sank. This could not possibly be good.

"Hi there officers, can I help you?"

"Maybe.....did you know your neighbor across the hall, Samantha Brees?"

"Well, I didn't really know her. I talked to her when she moved in, that's about it," he said

"So, you never saw her after that?" asked one of the officers

"I think I may have passed by her in the hallway, why?"

"Her body was found in a dumpster this morning."

"Oh, my God.....that's horrible," said Donnie

"Yes, it is. So, she was never in your apartment?"

"No.....why do you ask?"

"No reason. If you think of anything that might be helpful to the case, don't hesitate to call the Precinct. We're open 24 hours a day." said one of the officers

Donnie knew full well they knew a lot more than they were telling, but he knew they weren't detectives either. He thanked them once again and closed the apartment door. He sat down on the couch and finished his cereal. He was right all along about her. It was the same girl. One of her John's probably killed her. Too bad, the girl was gorgeous. She had the body of a porn star and the personality of the girl next door. He was so taken with her, he might just be willing to overlook the fact that she was a hooker. After all, nobody's perfect.

Not even hookers.

The detectives showed up at his apartment just as he was leaving to go hit the bars. They flashed their badges and did their whole "can we talk privately bullshit." Donnie agreed, he had nothing to hide. The detective informed him that he had the right to remain silent and blah, blah, blah. Donnie knew he was in deep doo doo.

"Donnie, I'll get right to the point, Miss Brees filed a complaint last night with the building superintendent about you. You are the only one living in this apartment, correct?"

"Yes, I live alone."

"Well, according to the super, Miss Brees said that you thought she was someone else and offered her drugs. She said you wouldn't take no for an answer. Just kind of odd that twelve hours after she complained, she winds up dead in a dumpster outback. She was stripped nude, wrapped in a blanket. Not what you expect to see when you are taking out the trash." said the detective.

"Look, guys. I know it might look bad for me, but you do know the girl was a hooker, right?"

Both detectives looked at each other. Neither one saw that coming.

"What makes you think she was a hooker?"

"Cause I paid her money to screw me. I'm sorry she's dead, but you should probably be trying to find the last guy she was with and ask him what happened," said Donnie

"So then you picked her up on the street?"

"Yeah, I know she looked all sweet and innocent, but the girl was a closet freak. She probably just did this hooker thing on the side."

"Donnie, we've checked with several people, none of them mentioned the fact that she was a prostitute. She was working on her Master's Degree in Microbiology at the University. Nothing in her apartment would suggest she was a prostitute." said one of the detectives

"Well, she was. I wouldn't say it if it weren't true. I've seen her bring guys up to her apartment and then they leave half an hour later. What does that tell you?" said Donnie

"Donnie, would you be willing to take a polygraph test, so we could clear you as a suspect?"

"Why do you guys do the polygraph? You know the courts won't even accept it?"

"The police still accept it. No, you're right, it is inadmissible in court, but if you pass, you'd probably be dropped as a suspect."

"Well, I didn't kill the poor girl if that's what you're asking."

"So, will you take the test?"

"Fine, I'll take the test."

"Great. How about tomorrow?"

"Sure."

"Okay, you know where the main office is downtown, next to the courthouse?"

"Yeah, I know where it is."

"We'll see you around ten in the morning? Is that too early?"

"No, ten o'clock is fine. I'll be there."

"Great. We appreciate your cooperation on this Donnie."

The detectives left a few minutes later. Donnie thought it was odd that neither of them asked him where he was last night or even if he had killed her. Donnie didn't think much of it. He may have screwed her, but he was certain he hadn't killed her. He wondered if the detectives were really here to get a sample of his DNA or something. Maybe they would grill him once he got downtown. Maybe there wouldn't be any polygraph test at all.

Proving she was a hooker wouldn't be too difficult. Once he had done that, then he wouldn't even be looked at as a suspect. He called out of work and told them he wasn't feeling well. He decided not to go out and stayed at home, going to bed at a decent hour. He wouldn't mention the fact that he may or may not have had sex with her before she was found that morning, that would probably look bad. He still wasn't even sure she was in his apartment at all. He certainly wasn't going to tell them that she was on his sofa, unconscious for two days and he thought she was dead, no that would not be a good idea. Neither cop suspected she was a hooker. Why would they? Her family and friends probably didn't know. She was a student and that takes big bucks. She charged him a hundred and made him wear a condom. She does a few of those a night and she's taking home a thousand bucks, tax-free.

He found the police station and went upstairs to the detective's floor. He was greeted by one of the detectives he had seen yesterday. Donnie was still very relaxed, he hadn't done anything wrong, so why worry? He was led into an interview room. It was just like the one on TV with a two-way mirror on the wall. He sat down across from the detective. He even gave Donnie a smoke.

"We're going to be joined by another detective.....Paula McTavish. Not sure if you know her or not." he said

"Never met her," said Donnie.

His jaw hit the floor as she came into the room. Detective McTavish looked exactly like Samantha and Tracey.....exactly like her.

"Is this some kind of a joke?"

"What are you talking about Donnie?" asked McTavish

"You look exactly like her.....exactly like her.....how is that possible? Same face, same great ass, same great tits.....you are her."

"You mean I look like the victim, Samantha?" asked McTavish

"Yes.....what the hell are you two trying to pull here?"

"Donnie, Detective McTavish, and Samantha don't look anything alike."

"Of course they do, don't lie to me!" said Donnie getting very angry

"Donnie, Samantha Brees was black.....I'm white.....how can we possibly look alike?"

Donnie stopped in mid-sentence. He didn't know what they were trying to pull, but it stopped right now, he was done with them.

"Interview is over, I'm leaving," he said and stormed out of the interview room.

"Fucking cops....they're always trying to pin something on somebody," he said leaving.

Detective McTavish showed Donnie a few photos of the woman in the dumpster. Donnie stopped and looked at them.

"That's not the same girl who lived across the hall from me. It must be her friend or something."

"No, Donnie, that is Samantha Brees....that's the girl who lived across the hall from you....that is your neighbor, the one we found in the dumpster.....Donnie.....you might want to think about getting a lawyer." Said the detective.

"But you look exactly like her also.....you do.....you look just like her," said Donnie to McTavish who was reaching for her handcuffs....it was going to be a very long day after all.

This had to be a mistake. a clerical mistake. One that would be resolved very quickly. Donnie wasn't losing his mind, no.....the rest of the world was going crazy, not him