

THE BANK JOB

John Boston

Sondheim got the call at six am. He hadn't even had his first cup of coffee yet and he had to interrogate the suspect. Not a good way to start the morning. Still, if this was legit, it was a huge break in the case. He ordered two large coffees and brought them in on a cardboard tray. This asshole better drink coffee.

There had been a violent robbery in town a few days ago. A teller had been shot right in front of everyone. They had made off with over six hundred thousand dollars. Needless to say, the excrement had hit the fan. His boss and his boss's boss wanted answers.....and suspects.

Several hours ago, units had responded to reports of gunfire out at some cabins outside of town. Mr. Sam Kirkland was sitting on the front steps of what was left of the cabin smoking a cigarette. He told the officers that the money from the robbery was inside. Much to everyone's astonishment, all of the money was right there. Kirkland offered no resistance. He told the deputies he had been waiting for two hours.

It made no sense. He could have run or taken the money, but he chose not to, for whatever reason. The crime scene was a war zone. Whatever had happened there had been extremely violent and brutal. He was hoping the suspect could provide something. The chief wanted his most experienced detective to do the questioning.

First impressions are everything in law enforcement. This guy did not look like a banker robber. He looked like a hot mess. They type that would knock off a liquor store, then get caught two blocks away taking a piss. Still, he had to hear him out. What they found at that rental property was insane. He composed himself before entering. He figured he would try the good cop routine first.

"Hi. I'm Detective Sondheim. This is Detective Matheson. What's your name?"

"Sam Kirkland. Nice to meet you," he said.

"Can I call you Sam?" asked Sondheim.

"Of course."

"Well, Sam. I'm hoping you can fill in the missing pieces of this puzzle here, cause this is some puzzle we have here," said Sondheim, sipping his coffee.

"Fire away."

"You know, you have the right to have an attorney here with you before you answer any questions. Would you like an attorney?" asked Matheson.

"I don't need an attorney," said Sam.

Sondheim pushed the coffee over to him. Sam took a few big sips.

"Okay then, I guess we'll begin. Sam, were you involved in the bank robbery on Main Street three days ago?" asked Sondheim.

"Yes, I was the getaway driver. I didn't shoot anybody. Jonas did."

"Sam, before we go any farther, you are aware you could be charged with the bank teller's murder."

"I didn't shoot anybody. I'm not a murderer."

"I understand. I just have to level with you. So, you were the driver. Who were the other three?"

"Well, there was Jonas. He was the guy in charge of the whole operation. Then Big Steve, then Manuel. Don't know their last names."

"Sam, where are they now?" asked Sondheim

"That's the million-dollar question, isn't it. I'm going to level with you guys too. You're probably wondering why I turned myself in and left the money on the table, right?"

"Yes, yes we are Sam, but first we have to know where the other suspects went?"

"They took them."

"Who took them?"

"The same bunch that's been terrorizing me since I was 12."

"I see and who is this bunch?"

"Aliens."

"Aliens? You mean from outer space?"

"From somewhere other than here. They took all three of them. Maybe not Jonas. I think he blew himself up."

"Why would he blow himself up?" asked Sondheim.

"So they wouldn't take him too. Kind of a last resort."

"So, these aliens just swooped down from outer space and took the three of them in the middle of the night?" asked Matheson.

"That's correct," said Sam.

"Sam, could you give me just a minute, I have to take this call," said Sondheim stopping the tape recorder.

He stepped outside the interrogation room and walked over to the group of officers who were watching.

"You're sure this clown was involved in the robbery? He's not just some whacko?" he asked the police chief.

"He's got two convictions for armed robbery and has done time in Nevada. He also knew exactly how much money was taken, right down to the very last cent. We did not release that information. Let's just hear him out. He's our only lead so far." said Matheson.

"I feel a migraine coming on," said Sondheim.

"The chief wanted you to do this. I'd probably just beat him until he told us what we needed to know," said Matheson.

Sondheim walked back into the room and sat down.

"Sorry about that, let's continue," he said and hit the button on the recorder.

"Sam, we have recovered hundreds, maybe thousands of shell casings at that cottage. The walls have been blown apart. The place looks like a war zone. We recovered the money, then you turn yourself in.....and leave over six hundred thousand dollars just sitting there. This is out there.....I mean way out there. Nothing's adding up here. Why would you leave the money?" asked Sondheim.

"It doesn't matter. All that matters is that I was right all along. Last night was proof that I'm not crazy."

"Proof of what?"

"Aliens. They've been messing with me ever since I was a kid. It's called *Alien Abduction syndrome*. I've been to a mental hospital for it. Do you guys know how terrifying it is not to have any control over your thoughts or actions? See, what happened there last night is the proof I've been looking for all these years. No one would listen to me. Now, they have to."

"Sam.....start at the beginning. On the day of the robbery," said Sondheim sipping his coffee.

I'm not a very good criminal. I'm not a very good anything. Maybe, I'm a good junkie, that's about it. I heard about these guys from a friend of a friend type of thing. I needed money and fast and this was very easy money. Right away, I knew these guys were trouble. They were not your average bank robbers. These guys were professionals. Very smart and very cool. If bank robbery was a college class, Jonas could be a professor. It was like he was built to be a bank robber.

"You don't know Jonas's last name? Or anything about him?"

Nothing. No one uses last names in this business. Most people just use nicknames. I was told I'd get fifty thousand for my services. I was told that if I screw up or take off without them, someone will be coming for my wife. I'm sure he meant every word if it. I've actually been a driver for five robberies. No one ever got killed before.

I heard the gunshots from the van. I knew we were in big trouble. I'm guessing the bank teller was our inside guy, the one who tipped off Jonas. about the huge pile of money coming into the bank. We rented the cabin because there were only two roads out of town. Cops could block both of them, then we'd be boxed in. Jonas had it all figured out. We used a dirt road off the highway to reach the cabin. He had some old cars stashed up there in the garage. He figured we'd stay there for a few days, then split up, go our separate ways. I was to get fifty thousand for my efforts. Not too bad for a few hour's work. I never would have accepted if I knew Jonas was going to kill anyone. Anyway, the plan was to say we were all computer programmers and Jonas was our boss. We had just finished a major project and this was his way of rewarding the team. He even had fake business cards he made up with his name on them, just in case. We figured some cops might show up, so he put video games and pizza boxes up there, to make it look like we were just hanging out. I'd say it was a pretty good plan. We would split up in a few days. Jonas had two other vehicles stashed in the woods behind the cabins.

"So, you guys were up in the hills the whole time? Did you have anything to do with that trailer fire on the edge of town?" asked Sondheim

Yes. Jonas used it as a diversion. Everyone was there, instead of watching the bank. Jonas told me he only hits rural banks, never in the big city. This is like the 11th one he said.

"He's hit eleven banks?"

That's what he said. Makes sense if you think about it. Much easier target than a bank in the city.

"I see. Go on."

I was pissed. Pissed at Jonas for shooting that guy and pissed at me for getting involved with these whackos. I knew I was in way over my head, but I was in too deep to pull out. I wasn't sure he wouldn't kill me too and save himself fifty grand. I was scared.

"I can imagine. So, you get to the cottage, then what?"

Jonas lays everything out. He had everything planned right down to the last detail. I was to get my money and a free motorcycle and just drive off. I knew it wasn't going to be that easy, but

Jonas just kind of had this way about him. He was educated. He started robbing banks to pay off his student loans. Once he started, he said the money was just too good to stop.

"Sam, was Jonas the one who asked for the teller's driver's license? Why did he do that?" asked Sondheim

He said if you even think of putting a dye pack in the bags, we know where you live. Worked every time.

"Guy sounds like a real piece of work."

He was. The other two were just friends of his. Big Steve's mom needed chemo. Jonas paid for all of it. Steve would have taken a bullet for him. Manuel was his Mexican connection. Jonas figured one day he might have to go south of the border and that's where Manuel came in. He had big connections down in Mexico. He worked for the cartels.

"Sounds like a charming bunch."

They're bank robbers. It kind of goes with the territory. They're not selling insurance. Jonas had some serious firepower with him. UZIs, 9mms, and ARs. Plenty of ammo. If it ever came down to it, they would have died in a shoot-out before they went to prison. You're lucky the aliens got to them first.

"So, where do the aliens come in?"

I got the feeling that afternoon. They hadn't visited me in years. I thought maybe they just got bored with me and moved on to somebody else. It's the worst feeling in the world. You know something horrible is going to happen and there's nothing you can do to prevent it. I get so messed up, I start vomiting. Jonas asks me what's wrong. I'm not going to tell him, cause he wouldn't believe me anyway. The whole time, I'm thinking: how bad is it going to be this time? Unless you experience it, you'll never understand it. It's like being stuck in a nightmare where you can't wake up, no matter how bad it gets. Not until they're done with you. So now I'm really screwed. I've got these killers next to me and aliens just waiting for me to fall asleep. I tried to be positive. I even cooked dinner that night. I had to get their trust. One mistake and I was dead.

"You cooked dinner, what happened next?" asked Sondheim

Jonas said we were going to take turns on patrol. Two-hour shifts each. Now, I'm not stupid. There is no way they were going to leave me alone with the money while they were asleep. I knew it was a test. Jonas had everything from night vision goggles to bulletproof vests. He wasn't going to leave anything up to chance. I drew the third watch. Jonas would do last. I barely slept that night. I don't know how anyone slept that night. Between the monsters and the fact that I had robbed a bank, sleep was not something on my mind. When it was my turn, I did what he told me to. I took an UZI and some clips and just walked around the house and yard.....that's when I saw one of them.

"You mean the aliens?"

I only saw glimpses of them. Very thin. Don't let their size fool you though. Just one of them is stronger than all of us. Fighting them is almost pointless. They're just too strong. He's just staring at me. I freeze and run back into the house. Manuel is already awake. He grabs his rifle and meets me at the door. I know I have to think of something fast. I tell him I saw something outside. Now, I'm not sure why he didn't wake the others. He just goes outside with me and we look around. After a few minutes I told him, it must have just been a rabbit or something. He wasn't amused. He told me to stay in the house from now on. I finished my shift and didn't even bother waking up Jonas. He got up on his own and the first thing he does is to count the money. It was all there, so he finds me and asks me why I didn't wake him up. I told him I was going to make breakfast and had already started. I guess he liked my cooking, cause he didn't say anything after that. I had survived the first night. I knew they were coming for me. It was just a matter of when.

"Sam, if I remember correctly, we did send out several units to check cabins in the mountains. Did one of them show up at the house?" asked Sondheim.

Yup. The very next morning. Two of them show up. Jonas was kind of expecting this. Everyone knew what to do. He meets them outside and they start talking. Actually, it was just one officer. I know Jonas will kill him in a second if he suspects anything. Now, the other two are just sitting on the couch, playing video games when the officer comes in. He asks to see their IDs which they have. Jonas got them all fake IDs so it didn't make any difference anyway. Right before he comes inside, I remember the bags of money are just sitting on the bed in the bedroom. I run in there and shove them under the bed, like two seconds before the cop walks in. I could see Jonas was super relieved when he saw I had hidden the money. If he had looked under the bed and found the money, he would be dead right now. Lucky for him he didn't. I tell him I don't have a driver's license, which is crazy, cause I'm a getaway driver, but it's true, I never got one. Between prison and the hospital I never had much time to use it. So the cop eventually leaves. I just pretended I was sleeping. Jonas even gave him some pizza. I guess we were convincing, cause you never showed up.

"You would have just killed him?"

Jonas wouldn't have even flinched. He's one bad dude.

"Guess it's a good thing the officer didn't call you bluff," said Sondheim sipping his coffee.

Jonas comes in goes right to the room. He was pissed. Not at me, but at the other two. He grabs big Steve and goes: shit, I'm glad somebody was thinking in here! I almost had to smoke that cop."

Steve and Manuel knew they screwed up. Jonas took me out back for a cigarette. He tells me he misjudged me and he offers his apology. We smoke and chew the fat for a while. The whole time, I want to tell him they are coming. I want to tell him about.....them and all the horrible things they will do to me but, I know I can't. He won't believe me. My own parents didn't believe me. No one would believe me.....until now.

"Look Sam, no one in this room is going to say that aliens don't exist. I just don't see why aliens would be interested in a bank robbery. What use is our money to them?" asked Matheson.

It's of zero use. They don't care about money. They only want us. To run all those terrible experiments on us and to torture us.

"Why would aliens come all this way just to torture a few people?" asked Sondheim

I get asked that all the time. I wish I had an answer. I wish I had an answer. If I could make some sense out of all this, it might not be so horrible. If I knew why they were here, maybe I could find a way to stop them.

"So that night? Is that when it happened?"

Yes, I made dinner again and we all took turns taking watch. I knew they were going to show up sooner or later. I was so wired, I couldn't even think about sleeping. Every time I turned a corner, I expected to see them there, with their arms outstretched, welcoming me back. They have a very strange sense of humor. I'm not sure when, it must have been around eleven or so. Big Steve was on watch. He motions me over to the window. I ask him what's happening?

"There's somebody out there. I think we're being surrounded. Go wake up the others."

I was actually hoping it was the cops and not my friends. I'd much rather spend the night in jail, than on one of their ships. I see something in the bushes. I know it's not the cops.

I do as I'm instructed. I wake up Jonas and Manuel. We all grab our weapons. Jonas and Manuel put on their bulletproof vests and helmets. They were ready for war.

Jonas told us to fan out. We all took up positions around the cabin. Steve had this machine gun with two spare clips. They even had respirators in case the cops tried to smoke us out.

"In case we get separated, we all meet at Donna's Café in Yuba City one week from now, okay?"

Everyone nodded. I wasn't sure he included me as well. A minute later, one of their lights shined down on the cabin. It was the brightest light I ever saw. It like lit up the whole sky. Everyone got nervous, real nervous.

"They're onto us boys. We can either go out there and surrender like little bitches, or shoot our way out. What's it going to be?" said Jonas as he grabbed the big bags of money. He gave one to Manuel and the other to Steve.

"I'll see you in a week, Jonas. I'd rather die out there than inside a prison cell," said Manuel.

"Guys?" I say

"How bout you Steve?" asked Jonas.

"You know I won't stop shooting till I'm out of bullets," he said.

The light came into the house. Everyone was weirded out by it. It almost seemed to creep onto you. It made your skin tingle.

"What the hell kind of light is this?" asked Manuel.

"Guys?" I say again

"What?"

"It's not the cops out there," I say

"Really? Then who is it?" asked Jonas

"Are you guys familiar with alien abductions?" I say

"What?"

"Aliens. Nasty little creatures. Not all aliens are friendly. Some are just downright evil and they are outside, waiting for us."

"What the hell are you talking about?" asked Steve

Just as he said that we heard one of their ships overhead. It made their strangest noise. It caused the whole house to vibrate. The others started to look fuzzy. I knew they were going to take us.

"Fuck this. It's on," said Jonas.

The three of them ran outside and started shooting at the light. They were firing so many rounds, I had to put my hands over my ears. Finally, the light stopped. When it turned on again, it grabbed Manuel and lifted him off the ground. He was like paralyzed or something. Steve and Jonas just kept on firing. They saw one of the aliens near the house and started shooting at it. They were just shooting at anything that moved. I'm just lucky they didn't shoot me. They ran back into the cabin and slammed the door. We all watched Manuel slowly being lifted into their ship.

"Jesus man, what the hell was that? cried Steve

"We got to make a break for the vehicles. It might be our only chance," said Jonas.

"What about him?" asked Steve looking at me.

Jonas just threw me a few bundles of cash. He didn't even say goodbye or anything. I didn't even rate a simple thank you or job well done. Nothing.

One of the aliens was in the kitchen. They make these weird clucking sounds. I guess that's how they communicate. Jonas and Steve just ran in there and started shooting. They blew the kitchen to pieces. This weird blue light came on and shined into the kitchen. It sort of grabbed Steve and just yanked him out a window in the kitchen. He was screaming. The aliens were all over the house. Jonas was blasting away, but bullets don't do anything to them.

It got real quiet after a while. I could hear Jonas breathing.

"What the hell are they?" he asked

"Aliens," I say holding my gun like it's going to do any good.

"Where are Manuel and Steve right now?"

"Probably onboard their ship.....being experimented on like lab rats."

"Experimented on? How do we stop them?" he asked

"We don't. You just wait for them to finish and hope you survive it. Until the next time." I say

"What next time?"

"It's not just a one-shot deal. Once they start doing experiments on you, they never stop.....ever."

"I know a way," he says and pulls out this hand grenade. He pulls the pins and is holding it in his very shaky hand,

"Come and get some!" he says

We hear the weird clicking sound behind us. We both turn around. I've actually never seen one of them before. Never up close and personal like this. They were small. About four feet and very thin with grey eyes. Just like in the movies. Jonas drops the grenade. I run out the back door and a few seconds later half the cabin blows up. I barely made it out alive. That's pretty much the end of the story.

Sondheim and Matheson looked at one another, then looked back at Sam.

"That's it?" asked Sondheim

"Yeah, pretty much."

"The aliens just left?"

"Yes. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: *why the hell did they leave me?* I don't know. Can't say they won't be back though. Maybe they just have new toys to play with.

"Okay, so you just sit on the steps and wait for us to show up?" asked Matheson.

"Yeah."

"So, you have no idea where any of the three are right now?" asked Sondheim

"I know they are with the little green men. Maybe cruising past Jupiter or Mars."

"The money was never touched. Don't you think that's a little odd? How does a grenade go off and the giant bag of money isn't damaged or destroyed?"

"The aliens put up some kind of force field or shield right before the grenade exploded. I think it shielded the money too."

"Are you serious?" asked Matheson.

"Yes, I'm serious."

"I need another coffee. Would you like one as well?" asked Sondheim

"Please. Just cream, no sugar," said Sami.

Sondheim and Matheson left the room and headed down the hallway.

"He actually thinks we're going to buy this?"

"No, we just have to make him think we're buying it. We've got 75% of this case solved already. We got the money back. We have our fall guy for the murder of the bank teller who tipped them off. All we need is one robber to take the fall for all this. I'm sure it won't take long to locate the other three."

"Yeah, but the money was all there. That's what blows my mind. You got three bank robbers with guns, over six hundred thousand dollars and no one takes anything. We recovered every dollar the bank lost that day. It just doesn't make any sense."

"Maybe it does. They knew we had them surrounded, or so they thought. They knew there was only one road out of there. They might have figured we would have it blocked, so what options does that leave them? We found a lot of shells, but not a drop of blood. If they were shooting at each other, where's the blood trail?" asked Sondheim.

"I can see them fleeing into the woods. It is pretty thick out there. They could have easily slipped by us, but to not take any money? I just don't see it."

"Maybe they were more worried about being caught. It's not like this was their first job, they've stolen millions over the last year," said Sondheim

"You know, we don't have a single piece of evidence to tie him to any of this. All we have is that he was found at the crime scene. We don't have any proof he was involved in the robbery at all." said Matheson

"Yeah. We have his confession but, I'm not really sure it's even admissible. A gunfight with aliens. He sounds very convincing.....*like he really believes it happened*. What about the officer who checked on them....I think it was Garcia?"

"I brought him up to ID him. Says he was sleeping on the bed with his back towards him. He never got a good look at him. Says it could be him, but he isn't sure."

"This clown doesn't even seem fazed when I bring up the fact that he might be charged with the teller's murder. I figured that would get him talking. I guess I was kind of right. I just didn't expect him to go off the deep end." said Sondheim.

"He's lying to us. The big question is why: what's he hiding?" asked Matheson.

"Right now, we have him confessing to being a getaway driver and being an accomplice to murder. We have enough to charge him. Whether it will stick or not is debatable. I'm not even sure we can do that?"

"Why not? Why can't we charge him? He's got priors for armed robbery?"

"He's also been in a nuthouse. If we play the whole confession for the jury, we'll get laughed right out of court. We can't use part of a confession, it's either all or nothing." said Sondheim

"Come on, we've got him for the robbery. We've charged people before with less evidence," said Matheson.

"We've also lost. We got a dead body this time as well. I just wish we knew where the other three ended up. Are we searching the property?" asked Sondheim.

"We got cadaver dogs and two search teams going over the area. If they're out there, we'll find them."

"Let's go ask the chief. It's his call," said Matheson.

"Okay. Let me drop off his coffee."

The men walked down the hallway and back into the interrogation room. Sondheim nearly dropped the coffee when he saw Sam was gone. They ran over to a window that had been carelessly left open.

"Dammit!"

They were on the third floor. It didn't seem possible for him to have jumped or crawled down to the street. Both men ran downstairs with a few other officers. They ran up and down the street but Sami was gone.

"SHIT! No way could he have jumped and survived. It's too high."

Sondheim knew they had screwed up and screwed up badly. It did seem almost impossible to believe that Sam could have somehow crawled out of the window and made it safely down onto the street. There was nothing for him to grab on to. No one saw anything. He knew they were going to have to deal with the wrath of the chief the next morning. He almost wanted to call in sick. Without him, they had nothing. Sondheim was sure he was involved, he just wasn't sure *how involved*. Their only lead had escaped.

They checked and put out an APB for Sam Kirkland along with his mug shot photo. The town wasn't that big. Not a lot of places for him to hide. Sondheim figured he'd be back in custody within a few hours, but no such luck.

The chief wasn't impressed. He said nothing as he listened to both men describe in detail what happened. When they were finished, the room was covered in an eerie silence. The chief just sat in his chair and chewed on his pencil.

"What would he stand to gain by not taking any of the money?" he asked

"We aren't really sure. When this story does hit the airwaves, it's bound to generate interest. Maybe he figured he could cash in the fame. There's a lot of money to be made by being famous." said Sondheim.

"I drove out to that cabin. My God, what a mess. Are we thinking maybe one of the group got a little greedy?" asked the chief.

"That was our theory, but the money. I just wish I knew why Sam didn't touch the money," said Sondheim.

"Still nothing on the other three?" asked the chief.

"No bodies have been found, no."

"We booked Sam Kirkland for vagrancy last year. He was squatting in one of the cabins down the road from the one where the suspects were held up.

Kinda makes you wonder if he wasn't just squatting in another cabin and he stumbles upon that war zone. He finds the money but realizes he can't just take it. He'd have to wash it first. Maybe he didn't even know about the money in the house. He invents this ridiculous story and cashes in on it. Meanwhile, the real bank robbers have split. Hard to believe, but I can buy that before I believe they were abducted by aliens. I'm sure he'll show up, sooner or later. It's not a total victory, but at least we have the money. The FBI was on their way here to interview Kirkland. Apparently, bank robbery falls under their jurisdiction. You can imagine how awkward that call was when I had to tell them the suspect escaped." said the chief.

The two said nothing and left the chief's office. Their silence said enough.

They sat outside and enjoyed a beautiful fall afternoon. They were both glad they didn't get fired.

"Do you think it's possible he could have jumped and made it? I looked again this morning. I just don't think it's possible." asked Matheson.

"Well, if he didn't jump, then where the hell did he go?"

"He had to have jumped then. He must have," said Matheson.

"We'll get him. We'll get him. Then maybe we can get the real story if there is one."

"Do you believe in aliens?" asked Matheson.

"No, I believe people will do just about anything for money. People with no conscience scare me a lot more than aliens do."

"I played the tape recording over and over. I think he thinks he was telling the truth. I mean I'd like to think after doing this for almost sixteen years that I can spot a liar. If he wasn't talking about aliens I would have believed him."

"These whackos actually believe their own lies. A liar who doesn't know they're lying. The most dangerous type of person you could ever encounter."

"Yeah. Sociopaths. No way could something like that have been true. It couldn't be." said Matheson.....it's just.....I had this really weird dream last night. More like a nightmare. I dreamt I was on board one of their ships. No matter how hard I tried to wake up, I just couldn't. They stuck this giant needle right into my belly button. I screamed and screamed, but I couldn't wake up." said Matheson, starting to shake.

Sondheim looked over at his partner. Mr. Matheson was usually very calm, cool, and collected, but now, well: *he looked very uncool, un-calm, and uncollected.*

"It was just a bad dream," said Sondheim.

"I know....I know. That's what I keep telling myself. That's what I keep telling myself. Maybe if I tell myself again, I might actually start to believe it. Cause that was the worst nightmare I've ever had in my life....bar none." he said with tears in his eyes.

"I had a dream last week that I beheaded my wife using a guillotine. Her head is laying there in a basket, completely separated from her body and she's still bitching."

"Some dreams, well they're more than just dreams. They're something else. Most dreams I quickly forget, but this one....I'll remember this one till I'm at room temperature. I never want to have another dream like that again in my life."

"It was just a bad dream amigo, I wouldn't go losing any sleep over it," said Sondheim. *Easy for you to say, you weren't the one on the examining table.*

That little shit didn't jump out the window. The aliens came back to claim their prize. Only now he brought them with him. Now it's everyone's nightmare. Detective Matheson began to fear the night after that. It had to be just a bad dream. It wasn't real. It wasn't real. He was a cop. Cops don't get abducted by aliens.

He regained composure and headed back into the building.

"Let's go find this little shit," said Sondheim.

"Right," said Matheson, who at this point, came to the unpleasant realization that they were just chasing a ghost. *Ain't none of those people still on planet Earth. Death isn't the worst thing that*

can happen to you. Being on that operating table and feeling their cold little hands all over you is. You'd wish you were dead.