



Season Two:

Episode Ten

Phillip Hedd sat nervously intent in his holding cell. He had used his phone call on the Count, who had then hung up on him. Phillip knew that soon someone would come to interrogate him. But what was he going to tell them?

He did not want to sell out the Count, because he was scared of him. However, he was not too keen on the idea of spending a lot more time behind bars. Were there any other options?

He heard the clink of a key in the door leading to the holding area, then saw a guard walking toward him. He had to make his decision soon. Sure enough, the officer opened his cell and took Phillip to Interrogation Room B.

The officer said, "Lieutenant Danvers will be in shortly to question you," then closed the door, leaving Phillip alone, handcuffed to the table.

In the short walk from his cell to the interrogation room, Phillip had decided what he would tell Danvers. He was uncertain how this would go down, but he also felt resolute.

Lt. Danvers, a stout and muscular man with a bolo tie, strode in and put his file on the table. "Did he not get you anything to drink?"

"No, sir."

"Can I get you a coffee or something then?"

"A Diet Coke, if you've got it."

"You bet, I'll be right back."

Lt. Danvers came back through the door, set the plastic cup of Diet Coke on the table and had a seat across from Phillip. "Okay, what can you tell me about the events that took place this evening?"

"Have you heard of Shady Bluff Senior Living? I work there as the maintenance director," Phillip said as he took a drink from the cup Danvers brought him.

"Sure, I've heard of it. Does not answer my question though."

“I’m getting there,” replied Phillip. “Recently there have been a lot of heinous things taking place – crimes and murders that you might be interested in. In exchange for immunity and no jail time, I can give you the name of the person responsible for these crimes. That would include what happened earlier when you found Ms. Buttons in that chest.”

“Well, that’s very interesting Phillip,” said Lt. Danvers as he leaned over the table and gave Phillip a smile. “Are you going to tell me that a new resident, one ‘Count Dandy Caruthers,’ is responsible?”

Phillip looked at Danvers with shock. “You know? I suppose you are not interested in my deal then.”

“On the contrary Phillip, I am extremely interested in your deal.”

“Okay great, I do not want to go to prison, so I’m more than willing to share any information that could be helpful.”

“Oh, you won’t be going to prison Mr. Hedd. My boss takes issues with rats very seriously. See, I work for the Count and he does not like loose ends or snitches, and I am about to take care of both.”

Horror shot across Phillip’s face as he processed what he heard. He had made the wrong choice.

“Ah, I see you have realized your fate. Do you have any last words Mr. Hedd?”

“You can’t do this to me.”

Lt. Danvers chuckled, “It’s already been done, Phillip.”

Just then Phillip became overwhelmed by stomach pain. Yet his face and hands felt numb.

Lt. Danvers checked his watch. “Right on time,” he said. “You are beginning to feel the effects of the strychnine that I gave you in your Diet Coke.”

Wide-eyed, Phillip fell out of his chair, knees hitting the ground hard, but the handcuffs kept his upper body suspended. Phillip gasped for air as Danvers moved around the table to stand over him. Danvers’ cold, dead eyes were the last thing that Phillip Hedd saw before his own closed, never to open again.

Credits

Director... Cindy Schulte

Assistant Director... Reggie Johannes

Writers... Beverly Berndt

Nancy Bartlett

Pam Patterson