

## Captain Othello Kahn

West Imperial Hwy. Los Angeles, CA, October 13th, 2006.

Another Boeing 737 landed at Los Angeles international airport as detective Iago Elliot stood over the three fresh bodies laying on the floor of the Hyperion sewage treatment plant, one of which his own wife; although it was certain that she was nothing more than mere collateral damage in a series of foul plays leading to four tragic deaths in one day. Emilia Elliot ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time. Her body lay caddywompus face down, she had tried to run away once the murderous miscreant pulled his weapon- the 45 caliber slugs unfortunately hit their marks. The other two bodies were Captain Othello Kahn and his wife Desiree; Dezi Kahn. Both were laying side by side, the Captain cradling his wife in his last moments before drawing his knife and taking his life.

Detective Elliot stood wondering just how this had happened, how it went so far; what might have been different in the series of events that led to this particular moment in time; a different, cleaner outcome. Could so much bloodshed have been prevented? Elliot accepts the fact that he will never know for sure. His sole duty as an officer of the Los Angeles Police Department to observe, uphold, and protect the laws of this nation and his home state. Also of the city that he had somehow learned to love through the years. How could a misguided hand that Elliot knew so well defy all that he lived by; cause so much pain, suffering, and damage all in one gruesome afternoon. The ugly, atrocious face of greed had popped its head up once again into the sadistic world known to Elliot, taking with it the four human lives that he now saw around him.

Iago Elliot was born and raised in Houston, Texas. When he was eight years old his father, Thomas Elliot, a white collar office accountant was brutally murdered on his way home, an event that all the psychologists he had seen since agreed on as a negative thing; he was left inured to death emotionally from that moment on.

His father had stopped one night at a gas station at around 11:30 to fill up when two white male subjects- as the police report had detailed it,- later identified as two local neighborhood boys, shot him in cold blood and drove away in his vehicle. The ugly beauty of cocaine addiction in full swing. Elliot did not really show much emotion about it while growing

up, something that further concerned everyone. For Elliot, it was more of a necessity; why linger in the past when the future holds so much more?

It did not seem to have a negative impact, however. Instead, he took to study, he was smart, his linguistics far outreached that of anyone around him. He learned how to speak well and get people to do what he wanted them to do. This came in handy many times during his promiscuous and delinquent teenage years. It saved him a lot of trouble and grief.

Elliot's mother, Sandra, was a female patrol officer in Houston. When Iago was 16, she decided that they should move to Los Angeles, California. Elliot had no desire to go but ultimately had no say in the matter. The new landscape of the Los Angeles area of California was quite overwhelming and difficult to get used to for Iago and his mother. The grotesque surroundings and events all around them- they lived in a not so great part of the city- were what had inspired Iago to join the LAPD when he turned 21. His mother retired from police work three years after Iago had signed up for it. After working only four months Elliot married Emilia Stahl, a nurse in the trauma ward of Cedars-Sinai hospital. It was the start of an interesting relationship, both worked many long hours; time off alone was very precious to them.

Elliot excelled in the force, quickly becoming a detective. His interrogation skills were much admired, he could get suspects to confess as if it were mere casual conversation. His long standing partner Othello Kahn had advanced even quicker than Elliot, becoming a Captain a few short years later; thus, leaving Elliot behind in the LAPD political ladder.

Othello Kahn was a city boy, growing up in the ghettos of the Los Angeles basin all his life. He was tall, black, and had a charm for women that was all his own. His parents both discouraged him from signing up to become a Los Angeles police officer, but he refused to listen to them, and on his 21st birthday he joined the LAPD. It was a nice advancement compared to what he had been used to living with; no drugs, no senseless killing every hour of every day, a much decreased violence level, Kahn quite enjoyed it.

He slowly worked his way up the ranks of the department, reaching Captain the past year. It was a big pay raise for him, and he finally asked Dezi to marry him. He and Dezi had been dating for almost three years now.

Detective Iago Elliot was one of his most trusted partners on the force; the two knew each other well, even through all the rank advancements that Kahn went through over the years.

They were former partners, this leaves a bond on two officers that not many people get to experience; your life depends on your partner not screwing up and getting you and possibly themselves killed.

Desiree Kahn, formerly Desiree Williams, came from an above average American upper middle class family in San Diego. Once she graduated high school and realized that her job as retail saleswoman would not get her anywhere, she enrolled in the Loma Linda medical school with the intent of becoming a surgeon of some sort, she was not sure what kind though. Twelve years later, she took residency at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center as a trauma surgeon, fixing people up after ghastly things had happened to them. It was here where she met many important people in her life. Emilia Elliot was the nurse that she had on basically every shift. The two of them hit it off immediately after they had started working together. It was also here where she first met Othello Kahn. He had been brutally attacked by a group of gang members and stabbed five times in the chest and back. Dezi fixed Kahn up and gave him the ability to live again. Not long after that painstaking three weeks, they were dating. Last year after Kahn learned that he had been promoted, he asked her to marry him, she excitedly said yes.

\*\*\*

Parker Center, Los Angeles, CA October 12th, 2006

Michael Cassio was born in Phoenix, Arizona. His parents left him for dead in front of the first hospital they could find. Cassio had grown up in foster care homes for all 18 years of his life. Once he was emancipated he worked whatever jobs he could until he had enough money to move to Los Angeles. He was an overzealous teenager, hoping to make it big as a musician in California, after all it was the entertainment capitol of the world. It never worked out and on his 24 birthday after being persuaded by a recruiting officer by the name of Elliot, he joined the Los Angeles Police force. He and Elliot were not the closest of friends, but they did know each other well and went for drinks, watched sports, etceteras together.

“Ladies and gentleman of the Los Angeles Police Department,” deputy chief Sommers started “we have gathered here today to honor a very distinguished member of our force.”

Elliot had heard this speech many times before, it was rote, mundane, it was desolate, and

most of all it was total lunacy. Michael Cassio stole the promotion from under Elliot. Lieutenant is one hell of an advancement in the force, and it should have been his.

“His service to this department and the state of California is irrepressible” Sommers continued “It is my great honor to call forward Michael Cassio to receive this achievement.”

The crowd applauded loudly, the Cassio fans going as far out of their way as conceivable to make as much of a ruckus as humanly possible. Captain Kahn was already on the stage to shake Cassio’s hand, Elliot made his way through the unruly crowd to do the same; he thought that he and Kahn were closer than what he had seen today. Elliot had three years on Cassio, the seniority alone was more than enough to promote him over Cassio. He knew that Captain Kahn had a fairly powerful influence on the board about who got promoted; he could not understand why he would choose Cassio over himself.

“Congrats Cassio, you deserved it my friend” Elliot managed to muster up with a fake smile.

“Thank you Iago!” Cassio replied with a smile.

Iago! Iago! He has already dropped the last name basis, fucking great Elliot thought. At this point, all he wanted to do was get home to his wife, get drunk; let the booze flow within him and take him places he himself could never go. Elliot worked his way over to Captain Kahn. He had been toying with the idea of a plot against Michael Cassio. He would make him look terrible, guilty, someone who never deserved a rank advancement. Kahn’s new wife would be an easy target for him.; easy bait. In all his years as a detective, Elliot learned one thing about men; the women in their lives have the most power over what they do. He had seen men do some horrible, stupid, and on exceedingly rare occasion great things in the presence of a woman. This was his perfect opportunity to get revenge.

“Captain Kahn sir, if you have some time later on, I need to talk with you about something.” Elliot said.

“Okay, I could use a break from this madness. Lets get out of here and head to my office for a bit. What’s going on?” Kahn asked.

“I’ll explain when we get there.” Elliot said, not wanting to reveal anything yet. He was still mostly unsure of how it would work.

They forced their way through the crowd and made it into the main hallway and headed

to the captains office. These promotions always struck chaos in the halls of the downtown precinct. They entered Kahn's office and Elliot closed the door behind him.

"Alright what's this about Elliot?" Kahn asked.

"Sir, you and I have been together now for what ten years, we have a very deep trust, we were partners, you trust me, correct?" Elliot asked.

"Yes, sure, of course, why?" Kahn said.

"Well, I don't know any easy way to say this, but I do believe that the newly appointed Cassio has been doing extramarital things with your wife. They are having an affair, sir." Elliot stated sympathetically, letting the ideas in his head flow freely.

"Can you prove this? What proof do you have of this, if I may say, crazy, idea? Do you have any idea how hard I fought with her father in order to get her hand?" Kahn retorted angrily "and you want to come in here and tell me that she is unfaithful?"

Strange, he went right onto proof, no up front denial, thought Elliot. But it makes it that much easier for Elliot.

"I am simply voicing my concern, sir." Elliot said calmly.

"I ask you again what proof you have?" Kahn snapped.

Elliot needed a cover story and quick. He thought back to the last time that he and Cassio were together outside of work.

"Okay, a few nights ago, me, Cassio, and a few others from downtown went out for some drinks. The others left and me and Cassio alone and he got to talking; he went on for quite some time about the good times he and your wife have had." Elliot stated.

"That is mere hearsay, there is nothing to it. What did he say? Who were you with?" Kahn asked.

"It is not hearsay, it is truth, I was with Cassio, Roderigo, and a few others that I do not recall, it was a long night if you know what I mean. Cassio and I ended up alone. He talked about taking her on trips around parts of town, picking her up at the hospital." Elliot remarked.

"Dezi is nothing but faithful to me. This is the one thing she has promised me." Kahn said looking displeased.

"I do not question that, sir. However, I have also on more than one occasion seen Michael's car in front of the hospital when driving by on patrol. How do you explain that?"

Elliot asked.

“There may be something to it; I’ll have ask Dezi, she will not lie to me about this.” Kahn said sounding sure of her total faithfulness.

Yeah people never lie about having extramarital affairs, Elliot sarcastically thought. He was impressed at the captain’s naivety. It didn’t matter anyway, all that he was saying was total lie, it was up to Elliot to make Kahn believe it, make him doubt his wife of a year. This alibi had to hold.

“Look, sir, I did not mean to shake you up so badly on such a fine night, I just thought it would be a good thing for you to be aware of.” Elliot said and headed for the door.

“Elliot” Kahn snapped.

Elliot stopped and turned to look at captain Kahn, hoping that he would not call the bluff.

“Yessir” he said.

“I don’t need to warn you what I will do if this is wrong. I can place you on the shittiest positions of the force, I can and will make your life a living hell.” Kahn warned.

“If I am wrong sir, I deserve that and much more. Thank you for hearing me and have a good night sir.” Elliot said.

“Good night” Kahn retorted.

Elliot headed back out into the hall. He now had a lot of work to do. Kahn was almost on board with the idea of a deceitful wife, he just needed his go to guy, Dezi’s true secret admirer, the one who would get the job done for him.

“Hey Elliot!” it was Sergeant Alex Roderigo “wanna go for a drink?”

How could Elliot say no, Rederigo had been faithful to him all along, and was the only one who was truly upset when the news was cast that Cassio had been promoted. Rederigo had started medical school in the same class as Dezi Kahn and knew her well. He dropped out after three years and decided to join the police force. Dezi had promised to keep in touch, told how they would always be the best of friends. As he feared, it never happen. Once her and Captain Kahn had started dating she would barely acknowledge him. He couldn’t stand watching it, he would do anything for his second chance with Desiree.

The two off duty officers sat in a booth in Knacks bar, a total hole-in-the-wall bar off Florence Ave that the downtown officers frequented.

“CASSIO THE BETTER OFFICER?” Elliot screamed in a semi-drunken rage “what kind of shit for brains are they passing down from upstairs these days, I was the better choice and THEY KNEW IT, dammit!” Elliot slammed his fist on the table knocking silverware onto the floor.

In all his rage, Elliot hadn't noticed the scheme unfolding in his mind, perpetuated by the fear of being stuck where he was now forever. He knew what he was going to do, he was going to kill Cassio; but wait no, he couldn't do it, he needed clean hands from the whole thing, he would get someone else to do it for him. Alex Roderigo was the perfect candidate. He was distraught enough about Dezi to do anything to get her back just one more time.

“Roderigo, what if I told you there was a way you and Dezi could still make it” Elliot asked.

“What, how?” inquired Roderigo.

“Okay hear me out, this is kinda complicated. Now, you and I both know that I am much more perfected than Cassio for the duty of Lieutenant. I thought Kahn and I were closer than we apparently are; but apparently not as close as Cassio and Kahn.”

“What does this have to do with Dezi?” asked Roderigo impatiently, annoyed at Elliot’s focus on the promotion.

The barmaid dropped off the check and Elliot paid. They both walked outside and headed West on Florence. The traffic was heavy and the sun was on its way down for the night.

“Now my friend, I can get my wife Em to ascertain a certain piece of clothing from Dezi, a scarf that Dezi does brag so much about to my fair wife. It is her good luck charm. We place this scarf in Cassio’s bedroom and when his girlfriend finds it and tries to figure it out, it will all lead to Dezi having had an affair with Michael Cassio, no one will question this. Her and Kahn will without doubt be done, and then, my friend, she is all yours.”

Roderigo flashed a pleased look over his face when Elliot revealed the plan.

Emilia Elliot grew up in Washington state, just outside Seattle. Her dream since she was a young child was to become a nurse and help people in need. She attended college in Southern California, where she became a nurse at Cedars-Sinai in the trauma room. It was here where she met Dezi Williams; the two hit it off immediately. They used to get off work and hang out at as many bars and clubs as they could find at three in the morning, then they would pass out and get

up the next day to do it all over again. The first time Emilia had Dezi over to dinner with her and Iago, Dezi pulled her aside to tell her how her husband had a wit that even a used car salesman couldn't succumb to. She also commented on how he had a kind of strange side when it came to himself, very strong headed, his conceitedness seemed a little over the top to her. Emilia brushed this off as nothing, she loved Iago even if he was a little over dignified in how he lived.

"But what about Cassio, what if he finds us out?" asked Roderigo.

"Not to worry about him, he'll be taken care of" replied Elliot.

"How?" inquired Roderigo.

"You are going to have to kill him, Alex." said Elliot calmly.

Time stood still. The air around the two officers seemed to thicken to the density of cotton. All else faded away from Roderigo and Detective Elliot. There was nothing but silence on the busy street behind Alex Roderigo. There was a brief flash of excitement and joy, then an inevitable fear. Roderigo had never killed anyone, not even in the line of duty, how could he premeditate this murder of someone he knew? His train of thought was interrupted by Elliot.

"Alex, Alex, listen to me; calm down. Now listen to me, listen very closely, 'cause if you fuck this up we're all screwed. This is going to have to look like a mugging gone bad, you have to make it look like a group of guys surrounded Cassio and stabbed him; stab him till all his life blood runs freely on the ground. Make sure he is dead, we don't need any witnesses. Do you understand? Also, wait 'till I tell you, him and Bianca need to be done and he needs to be suspected by Kahn first, okay?"

Roderigo just stood there, he couldn't even find the power to talk, to say no, to say yes, to say anything. He blinked his eyes a few times to make sure he was really there, he could not believe what he was about to agree to. But he knew deep down that he had no choice, Cassio needed to be gone if him and Desiree were to ever have a chance of being together. If Cassio lived through this, he would know everything, he would spoil their plot, Roderigo and Elliot would be slammed for life.

Elliot pulled out his cell phone and called his wife telling her that he needed to speak with her as soon as possible, it was very important. This was going to be a hard part, convincing his own wife to follow along with this plot. If she posed any threat to what he and Roderigo were going to do, he knew she would have to be killed as well, and oddly enough to him, he had no



problem with letting her go.

“Alex, go, get yourself ready. We will do this tomorrow.” Elliot told him.

“Tomorrow. Why so soon, I need more time than that” Roderigo stated breathlessly.

“No, tomorrow, you’ll do fine. Listen to me, get yourself home, and be prepared for this. You’ll do fine.” Elliot told him.

“Alright.” Roderigo said reluctantly and walked away in a strangely familiar trance like state.

Iago Elliot had always had a very influential and persuasive way of speaking to people. When he spoke, people listened to him. When he asked- or told- anyone to do something they did it. He could sell ice to an eskimo, sell water to a fisherman, even he surprised himself at what people would do for him. But now he needed to focus, he needed to persuade his wife to do some dirty work for him, he needed that scarf of Dezi’s. He made his way to Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, where Emilia said to meet her.

“What's the matter Iago” Emilia asked troubled “you sounded funny on the phone.”

“Nothing . I was just trying to make my way to the car, that's all. Rough night; rough crowd at work.” he responded. “Look, I have a favor to ask of you and I need you to trust me, no questions, alright?”

“Okay, what is it?” she asked, looking puzzled.

“You know that scarf that Dezi has as a good luck charm in her locker,” he started “I need you to get it for me.”

“Haha, you’re kidding right?” she asked with a smile.

“Do I look like I’m playing around, Em?..... No, I need it; like I said no questions asked. I’ll explain everything later to you.” he said.

“What do you need it for. I can’t just steal it and hand it to you for anyone to get. Iago, this is crazy.” she tried to argue.

“No, no it’s not, now please just do it. This will all make sense later.....If need be I’ll go and get it myself” he threatened.

“Alright, alright, I’ll go get it, just stay here” she said with a concerned tone in her voice.

“You better make sure nothing happens to it, she will kill me if anything does.”

“Do not worry about me, Em.” he said.

Emilia hurried inside the hospital to get the scarf for Iago. She could not even imagine what he had in mind to do with it, but she was too tired to care right now. She had to be back on in 10 minutes, and she was on for another 6 hours. She made her way to Dezi's locker and opened it; it was never locked, Dezi had a bad habit of not locking it. She grabbed the scarf and headed back out to Iago. She handed him the scarf and he left.

Elliot made his way to Michael Cassio's home, where a party was still in progress, many too many happy people over something that should have been his. He parked along the curb and headed to the door. Bianca answered.

"Iago, nice to see you, please come in" she said.

"Thank you , Bianca, where is Cassio?" Elliot asked.

"In the living room." she told him.

Elliot headed in and sat in with a group of officers that he knew very well. They had been there all evening. They were sitting around telling thier war stories. Elliot sat and listened and laughed for around 30 minutes then decided it was time.

"Bianca, where is your bathroom?" he asked.

"Last door on the left down the hall." she told him.

Elliot already knew this, he was simply being polite and did not need anyone following him up to see what he was doing. He made his way to the hallway and made sure that no one was following him or watching him. The master bedroom was right before the bathroom, he opened the door and entered. He paced carefully over to the right side of the bed. He took note of the cleanliness of the room, the scarf would be very visible and obvious. He placed the scarf nicely under the pillow on what he assumed was Biancas' side. A little bit of the scarf was visible from under the pillow. It was perfect. He scurried to the door and cracked it barely open, looked out to make sure no one was there, then walked out. He headed back out and sat and enjoyed himself for another 15 minutes. He then got up and left.

When Elliot stepped outside, he pulled out his phone and called Kahn.

"What do you want Elliot?" Kahn shouted.

"Sir, what did you say your wife's special scarf look like? The one she always has around her for good luck?"

"It's blue and purple with flowery crap all over it. Why?" he inquired.

“Sir, here is your evidence. That very scarf is here at Cassio's house. I saw it on his bed.” Elliot said.

“Why were you doing in his bedroom?” asked Kahn curiously.

“I thought it was the bathroom, my mistake. I saw that scarf, thought of what Dezi has told Emilia about a blue lucky scarf and figured I'd run it by you to see if it was the same one. If Cassio acts strangely tomorrow at all, it is pretty obvious why, Emilia will surely find it.” Elliot lied.

“Sounds like me and Cassio need to talk tomorrow. Thank you Elliot” Kahn said and hung up.

Elliot put his phone away and drove home for the night. He needed his rest, the next day had a lot in store for him. The plan was so far working out wonderfully.

\*\*\*

Parker Center, Los Angeles, CA October 13th, 2006

Michael Cassio walked into downtown as unhappy as ever, he also had a strong smell of some sort of liquor on his breath. He was carrying the scarf that Elliot had planted on his bed, the scarf that Bianca found and left him over. Elliot assumed that he brought it in to try and prove that nothing happened. Elliot thought it funny to bring the scarf to the station with him, but it surely made his ploy easier.

“What's wrong with you Cassio?” Elliot asked as soon as he saw him.

“Bianca has left me. She said she found this scarf under her pillow. She thinks that I am having an affair. This cannot be happening, I did nothing. I don't even know where this came from, I swear” Cassio replied, burying his head in his hands.

“I'm sorry to hear that, man. It's tough, I know. Hey, isn't that Dezi's scarf?” Elliot asked having seen Kahn walk in the room.

Captain Kahn had entered and was getting ready to call a meeting when he heard Elliot ask Cassio about a scarf and saw the scarf in Cassio's hand. He knew exactly whose scarf it was.

“What the hell do you think you are doing Cassio.” He shouted.

“Nothing sir” he noticed him looking at the scarf “I don't know whose this is I promise.”

“In my office now!” he shouted even louder.

The two disappeared behind the mahogany door. The shouting started soon after. Everyone gathered to listen to the show. Elliot knew full well what was going on. He was trying to envision the conversation in his mind. The argument over Cassio sleeping with Dezi and Cassio trying to talk his way out of it. Cassio, the new Lieutenant, coming to work drunk on the first day. Elliot knew that Cassio drank when things went bad, and knew that he would drink himself silly when Bianca saw that scarf. Bianca herself was no better, she would never believe it was planted. Finally, after a lot of bad noise, Kahn and Cassio came out. Cassio made his way to the changing room not to be seen again, and Kahn told everyone to get into the conference room, he would be in in ten minutes. Now it was all up to Alex Roderigo.

After the meeting, Kahn announced that he was taking the day off, he mumbled something about business to take care of, Elliot assumed it involved Dezi. Elliot’s phone rang, he looked at the ID, it was Roderigo, wonderful timing.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“Did it work?” Roderigo asked.

“Of course it worked, there was no way it wouldn’t. Now listen, Kahn is taking the day off, and I assume he is going to Dezi. Follow them, and find out where they go.” Elliot said hanging up the phone before Roderigo could argue.

Roderigo followed Kahn to his house where he went inside. 15 minutes later, he and Dezi came out and left in their car heading west. Roderigo followed them and called Elliot to let him know where they were going. They got on West Imperial Highway and followed it all the way West to the sewage treatment plant, Kahn’s idea of a romantic getaway Elliot jokingly thought. Roderigo followed and waited outside in his car on the West side of the building.

Elliot went into the changing room and asked Cassio if he wouldn’t mind riding along with him downtown to check something out for a murder investigation he was working on. Cassio said something along the line of he had nothing better to do so why not. He told Elliot he would be right out. Elliot went out to his car and waited. He called Roderigo to make sure he was ready to take care of Cassio; he said he was. Cassio came out and they headed to the plant. Elliot’s phone rang, it was Emilia.

“Yes.” he answered.

“Where the hell are you, Dezi is going to kill me. She knows it was me and now she's gone, she won't talk to me, she won't answer her phone, nothing.” she complained.

“I know. I'm going to meet her and her husband now at the sewage treatment plant on Imperial. Everything is fine though.” he said calmly.

“Fine! She's gonna kill me.” Emilia said.

“Look , I have to go, I'm pulling up now.” Elliot said.

“I'm coming down there” she said angrily.

“No, don't” he shouted, but she had already hung up.

“I'll be right back” Elliot told Cassio hopping out of the car, parked on the North side of the building, out of sight of Roderigo.

“I thought you needed my help” he said.

“Naw, just thought you would like to get away from there for a little while and cool down.” he said.

“Yeah.” Cassio replied.

Elliot got out and walked around the corner where Roderigo was parked.

“They went in there” he told Elliot, pointing to the door where Kahn and his wife entered.

“Okay, great. Cassio is just around the corner. My car is unlocked but he might be standing outside of it. I'll take care of Kahn. Now, go!” he shouted.

Roderigo scurried around the corner being careful to stay below the short wall that was there between where he was and where the car was parked. Cassio was indeed standing outside of the car. Roderigo pulled the six inch hunting knife out of the sheath and proceeded to head to the car. A plane was landing and the noise gave him a chance to move in quickly. He did, he stabbed from behind right in the center of Cassio's chest. Something was wrong though.

“Aw, shit, son-of-a...” Roderigo was cut off as Cassio took the knife quickly and stabbed him right in the stomach, the blood pouring out uncontrollably.

Roderigo was not planning on Cassio wearing a bulletproof vest with a knife plate, it was not standard issue. As soon as Roderigo had pushed the knife down his hand slipped down the blade, giving him a deep cut. Cassio took care of the rest, this part of the plan had backfired.

“What the hell?” shouted Cassio realizing that he had just stabbed an officer. Elliot was

watching from the corner.

Thwam! Thwam!

Elliot fired two rounds right at Cassio's upper torso, an amazing shot from 35 yards. The 45 caliber slugs from his Glock 21 brought him down; only one went in. It was above his shoulder and was nonfatal. The other hit his vest, which Elliot also was not counting on him wearing. The force of the hits knocked the wind out of Cassio and as he fell he hit his head on the pavement, knocking him unconscious. Assuming Cassio dead, Elliot radioed in an officer down call. In Elliot's 20/20 hindsight he realized that this was a very bad idea, but it was mostly instinct; when a fellow officer goes down, you radio for backup no questions asked. He then headed for the door that Roderigo had pointed out to him.

Elliot opened the door, his weapon holstered, he was not on any call and did not need the attention. He walked in carefully. As he had feared, Roderigo blew the plan to hell, so he had to take care of things, hoping that Kahn hadn't heard anything. If one wants something done right, one needs to do it themselves, Elliot reminded himself. The hall was long and dark, a dismal place at best. He heard the voices coming from the last door. He moved carefully down the hallway when suddenly a door closed behind him. He glanced back and saw no one there. He quickly drew his weapon and hurried to the last door on the right and entered. There was Kahn and his wife through a window. Kahn had placed a plastic bag over her head and she was turning an ugly shade of purple while struggling to get out. She suddenly stopped entirely and dropped. Kahn let her fall and fell to his knees weeping.

Emilia had seen Roderigo's car and figured he was inside with Elliot. She did not see any of the bodies around the corner from where she stood. Elliot was not on the clock, or so he told her, so she thought she knew this was his personal time, she would have never bothered him if he was on a call. She came running up the hallway just as Elliot was sneaking into the last room. Kahn heard a short commotion and suddenly saw Iago Elliot and his wife Emilia. Needing a cover, Elliot thought fast.

"Captain Kahn, what is going on here?" he asked quickly. "Is...is that your wife?"

"Yes it is. It's not what you think, she was cheating on me with that son of a bitch Michael Cassio." Kahn said.

"Cheating, so it is as we feared." Elliot said, looking sad.

“Yes, I found her scarf with Cassio just today as you know. Bianca left him because she knew as well” Kahn said.

“Scarf” interrupted Emilia looking at Iago “you mean the one you begged my to get you, the no questions asked one?”

Emilia shoved Iago.

“Why dear, what are you talking about, you’re not thinking straight. I never asked you anything of that sort.” Elliot replied feeling the sweat bead up on his forehead.

“Yes, you did, just last night, you told me to get her scarf and not ask anything about it” she replied. “Is this why you wanted it?”

“Elliot, is this true?” asked Kahn.

“No, this is false, she is not thinking straight, seeing her boss dead, she’s gone insane.” Elliot replied in a rather crazed fashion.

“I loved her” Emilia said running up to Dezi and getting on her knees and looking into her cold, dark, dead eyes. “I loved her, you hear, I will not let this end this way, you will pay for what you have done Iago.”

“No Em, I won’t” he said as he drew his Glock from under his jacket. She started to run as fast as she could away.

Thwam! Thwam!

Another two shots at Emilia, his own wife. One hit her in the right shoulder, a bum shot, the other right at the base of the neck, killing her instantly. As he had though, he felt nothing killing his own wife for this cause; the ever dreaded vengeance. Elliot quickly turned his weapon back towards Kahn.

Sergeant David Edwards and another 12 uniformed officers suddenly entered and swarmed the room; there were there in response to an officer down call and heard the shots. It was clear that they were figuring out what was going on and quickly.

“Put the gun down NOW, Detective.” Edwards ordered him.

Elliot reluctantly set his weapon on the floor. He was quickly placed in handcuffs and put on his knees.

“I’m sorry Captain” said one of the uniformed officers attempting to cuff Kahn “I have to do this.”

Kahn shook him off.

“I have served my city and department faithfully. To the murder of my wife I do confess. Let me walk out in what little dignity I have left. I have done my wrongs for the day.” Kahn stated.

The officers disarmed Kahn, backed away, and let him be. He looked Elliot in the eye and kicked him right in the stomach. Officers moved in but Sergeant Edwards called them off. Kahn let the tears run down his face for what he had done unnecessarily.

“Why, why did you do this to me?” he asked Elliot.

“Demand me nothing: what you know, you know: from this time forth I never shall speak a word.” replied Elliot.

And he never did say anything. He was convicted in complete silence. Kahn slowly turned to have one last look at his wife. He slipped from his pocket a knife and with one final cry lunged the blade into himself thrice and twisted away to make sure that there was no way to be saved. He fell onto his wife and cradled her in his last moments. Elliot was lifted from the floor by the uniformed officers who read him his rights. As he was being led out, he saw Michael Cassio being treated for a simple flesh wound. They flashed each other heated glance and never saw each other again. He would now get an even better promotion; he was going to take Captain Kahn’s place in the force.

“Iago Elliot, you have the right to remain silent.....court.....attorney...” blah blah blah. What did it matter, he ended up with much blood on his hands in the end when he planned on none. They could ask all of the questions they wanted, he was going to say nothing.

Another Boeing 737 landed at Los Angeles international airport as former detective Iago Elliot stood over the three fresh bodies laying on the floor of the Hyperion sewage treatment plant. His life now over, he was placed in the back of a squad car.

Had it been worth it? Did Elliot finish with anything in the end he didn’t have in the beginning? All he knew was that all eyes were most definitely on him now. Who he was and what he did was well known, his story would be told.

As the car pulled away with the sun to its back, true, honest Iago Elliot sat in the back, a convicted felon, a killer, and conspirator. A man of many words, he persuaded many people to do many things, both good and bad, in his life. He had created a panic, a commotion over



essentially nothing, and he knew it; he liked it, he felt a strange happiness inside him over what he had done, there was no remorse. He stirred the pot the wrong way and watched to see what would happen. He didn't like what he saw and the consequence for his intervention in the events that precipitated was his own sickly demise. He sat in a strange solace in the back of the squad car as it pulled into the big brown building that would hide him away from the world he had so loved and promised to keep safe for life.