Season One

Marcus is found dead on Tuesday June 25th.  Sharlene calls on Friday the 28th and we meet at the dock that night.

Sharlene thinks someone killed her brother Marcus.

She talked to him the previous Friday and didn't hear from him again.

Turned up dead on Wednesday I think we said.

She doesn't like Carol, Marcus's S.O.

The pictures of the crime scene make it fairly clear that Marcus was murdered somewhere else and dumped at the dock.

Those pictures, we find out later, came from a contact at the newspaper that Sharlene has.

Carol uses cocaine

Both Carol and Sharlene said that Marcus was a good guy, treated everyone well and wasn't up to anything. Carol also says that some of the employees at Imperial had it out for him.

Perhaps unrelated, not really, the grandson of Greg "Two Bits" Bianchi was beaten to death in his apartment.  He was wanted for racketeering

When looking at the pictures again later I noticed something shiny at the end of the dock.  Should probably follow up on that.

At Carol's place she has a box of his things, A copper key, his will (made out to Carol), a block of coke and a picture of Marcus and Sharlene  at Antoine's as children.  That's DeLuca's spot.

DeLuca wants to be kept updated, I have his leave to investigate.

Head back to Imperial Cab to talk with Sharleen.  Family is complicated, she says.  She’s holding things back.  Go through Marcus’s office

Find one, Vinny DeMarco in his rolodex.  Could be the guys who jumped me.  Find a list of names

Daniel Day - Pink slip for him. Disruptive, rude and drugs is scratched out. (DEAD)

Tim Michelson

Allen McCay - Shop mechanic

Weasel (Derek Johnson) runner, youngish, seems clean

Isiah Woods

**Sunday**

Have the photos I took of the pictures developed at Thompson’s.  Can see that there appears to be a broken cab sign oto.  Maybe Desoto.

Mayor Capelli has been killed by his wife.  She stabbed him 8x’s.

Jerry West filed a complaint against Day

Talk with Allen McCay, he implies that Dick Williams (O’Shea’s partner) is involved in the murder/is dirty

Go back and talk with DeLuca.  He seems to know everything and they killed Day.  He was gunned down in his car at a stop light.

Head back to the office and Janice is there cleaning up.  Give her some flowers and help her clean up.  O’Shea calls and he’s angry.  My picture is in the paper leaving Antoine’s.  Explain the situation, we exchange home numbers.

Go out with Janice for dinner, have a nice night and she gives me a peck on the check before heading home in a cab.  I walk home so I can think.  When I go inside a light flips on and there’s a big dude with a gun sitting in a chair.  It’s Dick Williams and he’s there to tie up loose ends. A fight ensues, I get shot but get the better of him and he passes out.  Call the cops, yada yada.  Dick along with all the other co-conspirators go to jail and they are all murdered over time.  I get a note on Monday from “my friendly benefactor”.

*Season 2*

Since the murder of Mayor Capelli, Leonard Sullivan, the construction magnate, has become the new mayor.  They held a special election in November.  Turns out the guy under the Mayor had a less than stellar track record, if you know what I mean.  Seems like Imperial cab has taken a hit financially due to the bad press.  I saw something about it in the paper and you don’t see as many of their cabs these days.

O’Shea received some credit in the press for assisting in the take down of Dick Williams.  It plays well in the press and he’s been lauded in the borough as a hero.  The thing is, it doesn’t go over too well with the boys in blue.  It mighta been one thing if it was just Williams but a bunch of other cops went down with him and Brian is now on the outs with his department.  Two peas in a pod, me and him.  Good thing he’s got that family to go home to.

*Tuesday December 31st 1946 (New Years Eve)*

The sky is a leaden sheet, hanging low over the city.  The weathermen have been saying for days that we’re going to get a blizzard but so far nothing but flurries.  I swear they’re in cahoots with the grocery story to sell more bread and eggs.  I change the station and find Count Basie and his orchestra playing.  That’ll do I think as I settle back on the couch and relax.

Later on I bundle up, light a smoke and head over to the Glow, stag of course.  It’s New Year's Eve after all and who knows what might happen.  I thought there might have been a little something going on with Janice but getting shot and being in the hospital kinda put the kibosh on that it seems.  That’s probably for the best, never mix business with pleasure and all that.

My shoulder aches with the cold as I wind my way through the streets. My gran always said she could tell when it was going to rain, she could feel it in her bones she would say.  I mean I never really put too much stock in it, even though she was right a surprising amount of the time.  Now that I’ve got this little piece of metal embedded in my shoulder, courtesy of a Nazi mortar round, I think I know what she meant.  I don’t know if it’s going to snow or not but I can feel the cold, like an ache.

The Glow is awash in light and sound.  A stark counterpoint to the bleak and dreary streets.  There’s a cute girl working the coat check, shame she’s gotta work tonight.  I grab a drink from Larry, the bartender, and look for a table.  Preferably outta the fray, no easy task tonight.  Evie is here and she’s with some meathead, I mean of course she is right.  Grabbing a table in the corner, I watch the two of them for a bit.  I don’t want to but it’s like I can’t help myself. It’s like scratching poison ivy.

Bubba Michaelson and his band are up on the stage and I watch them for a bit.  He’s no Count Basie but it’s good, different.  It’s got more of an edge to it that the big band stuff doesn’t have.  It feels more personal.  My eyes drift back over towards Evie and her new beau when she stands.  As she walks towards the dressing rooms I look away not wanting to make eye contact when the guy shouts over at me.  “George, George Armstrong, is that you?”  I look around, feigning surprise and I really am surprised when I see Matt Johnson standing there.  Last I heard he was living in Jersey.  Matt and I served in the 21st together.  That feels like a lifetime ago now.

What are the odds that he turns up here?  I wouldnta laid odds on it but here we are just the same.  I’m genuinely happy to see him, he was a good guy, dependable, loyal, I just wish the circumstances were different.  He comes over and sits and we have a few drinks, talking about the old days and what we’ve been up to since.  There’s a little twinge of, not jealousy really, more like loss or regret and it feels like lead in my belly.  I switch to whiskey.

Turns out Matt’s working for Sullivan Construction now.  Big beefy guy like him should be good at it I suppose.  He says It's a pretty good place to work and I think to myself, they’re going to have all the work they can get since the owner is the Mayor now.  Matt still keeps up with some of the guys from our old squad.  Bobby had the cancer God rest him.

The only other thing he can talk about is Evie.  He’s absolutely smitten.  When she comes out for her set he turns full around in his chair and just watches, mesmerized.  Goodnight Gracie.  I nurse my drink and try not to think about old times.